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Vol. 34

No. 4

1910
FEBRUARY

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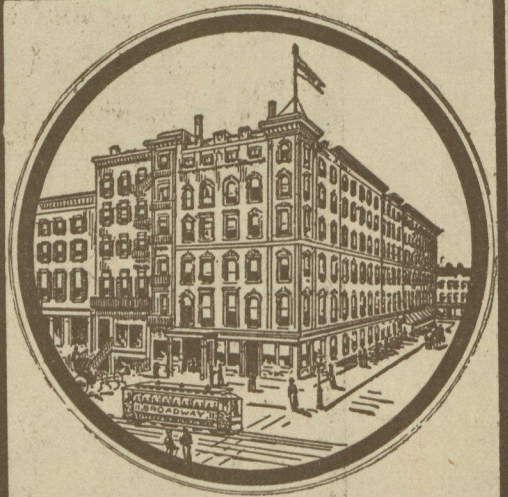
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXIV.

No. 4

CONTENTS, FEBRUARY, 1910

Light and Shadow		<i>FRONTISPIECE</i>
PAINTING BY CHARLES DAGNAC-REVIÈRE		
The Evolution of Aerial Craft	J. E. M. FEATHERSTONHAUGH	307
ILLUSTRATED		
A Farewell. A Poem	A. CLARE GIFFIN	317
A Friend Indeed. A Story	THEODORE ROBERTS	318
Tearless Forever. A Poem	E. M. YEOMAN	322
The Toon o' Maxwell.	WILL DALLAS	323
AN HISTORICAL SKETCH		
Romances of Rossland	HAROLD SANDS	329
ILLUSTRATED		
The Unsophisticated Englishman	D. G. CUTHBERT	338
A STORY		
The Bachelor and the Baby. A Story	LILIAN LEVERIDGE	347
Meanderings in Medieval Brittany	FRANK YEIGH	353
ILLUSTRATED		
Catholic Church Extension	MARGARET LILLIS HART	362
'Mandy's Paradise. A Sketch	LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL	366
Plays of the Season	JOHN E. WEBBER	369
ILLUSTRATED		
The Harbour Light. A Poem	DOUGLAS ROBERTS	380
At Five O'clock	JEAN GRAHAM	381
Current Events.	F. A. ACLAND	385
The Way of Letters	BOOK REVIEWS	390
Within the Sanctum	THE EDITOR	394
What Others are Laughing At	CURRENT HUMOUR	398

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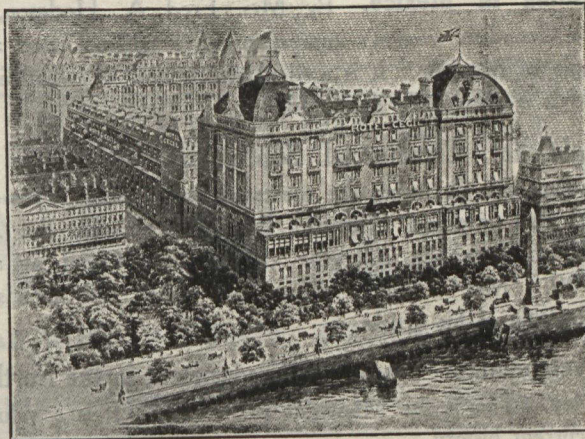
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The Canadian Magazine

FOR MARCH

The Welland Canal.—By James Cooke Mills. This is an historic sketch of a watercourse that has occupied an important place in inland navigation. It looks like a prosaic subject, but Mr. Mills makes it one of unusual interest. This article will be illustrated with reproductions of excellent photographs.

The Silver King.—By Harold Sands. This is another romance of British Columbia mining days. It is written by the author of "Romances of Rossland," which appears in this issue. The illustrations are from photographs.

Bull-Fighting in Mexico.—By Mrs. Fred A. Hodgson, being an account of a Canadian woman's impressions of a national sport among the Spanish people of Mexico. It is a vivid description of what a bull-fight really is, and it is graphically illustrated.

The Fight for Commercial Supremacy.—By Ernest Cawcroft. While Canadians are discussing the merits of the National Transcontinental Railway and the proposed Georgian Bay Ship Canal, the Americans are going ahead with the enlarging of the Erie Canal at a cost of \$101,000,000. Mr. Cawcroft shows just what this means and its relation to the title of his article.

The Development of Trade and Government in the Northwest.—By H. Cawley. This is the Montague prize essay. It is a valuable contribution to current history.

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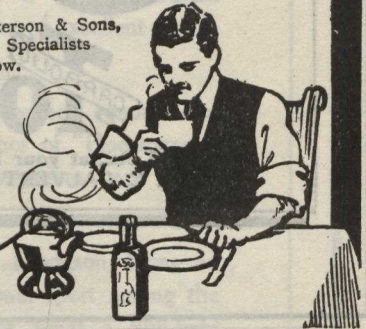
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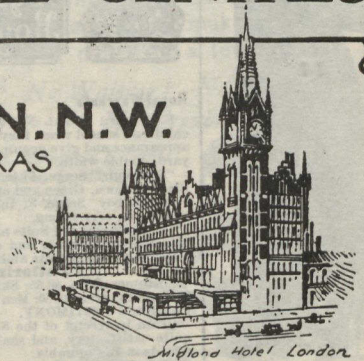
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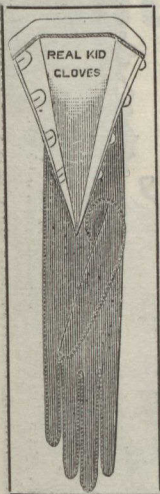
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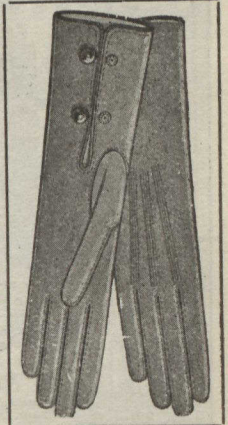
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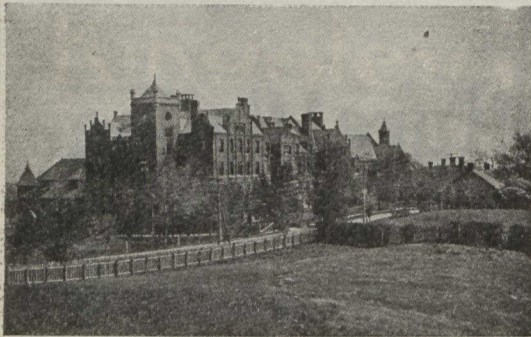
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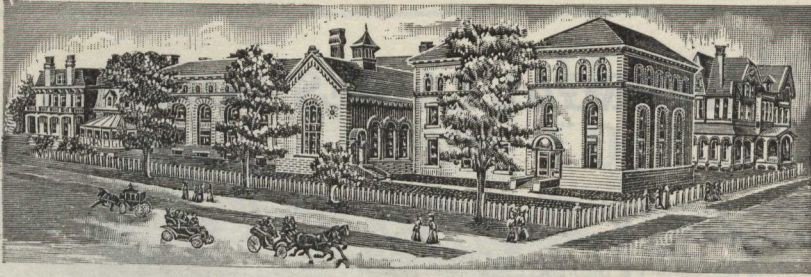
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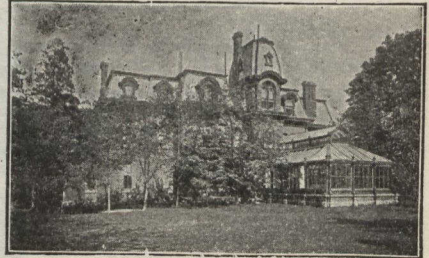
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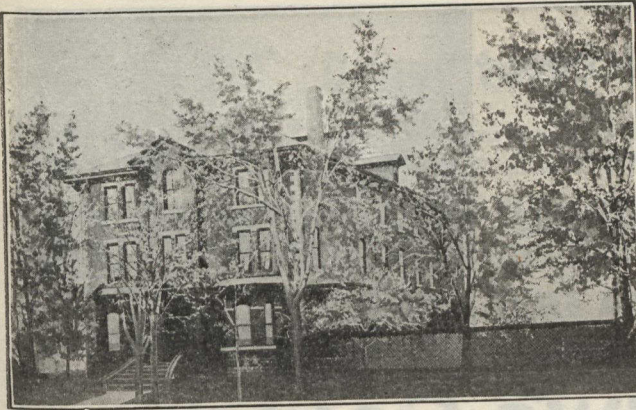
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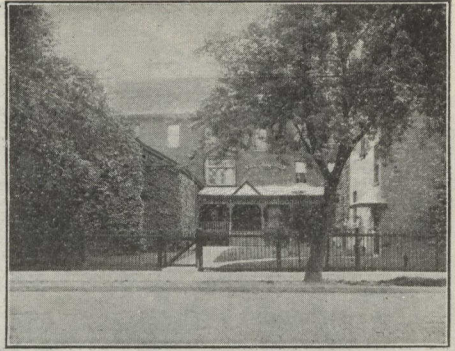
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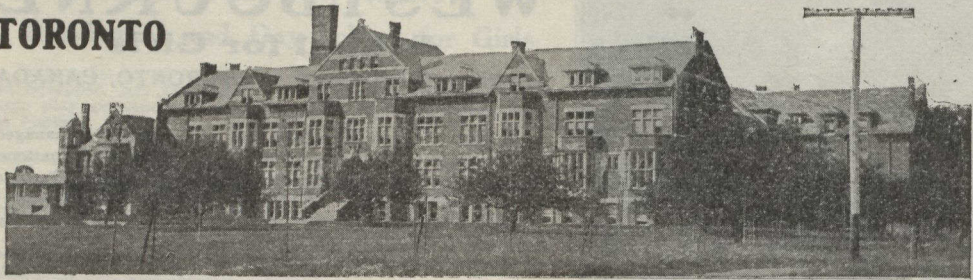
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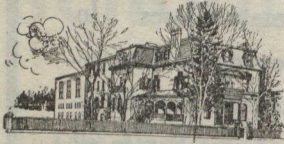


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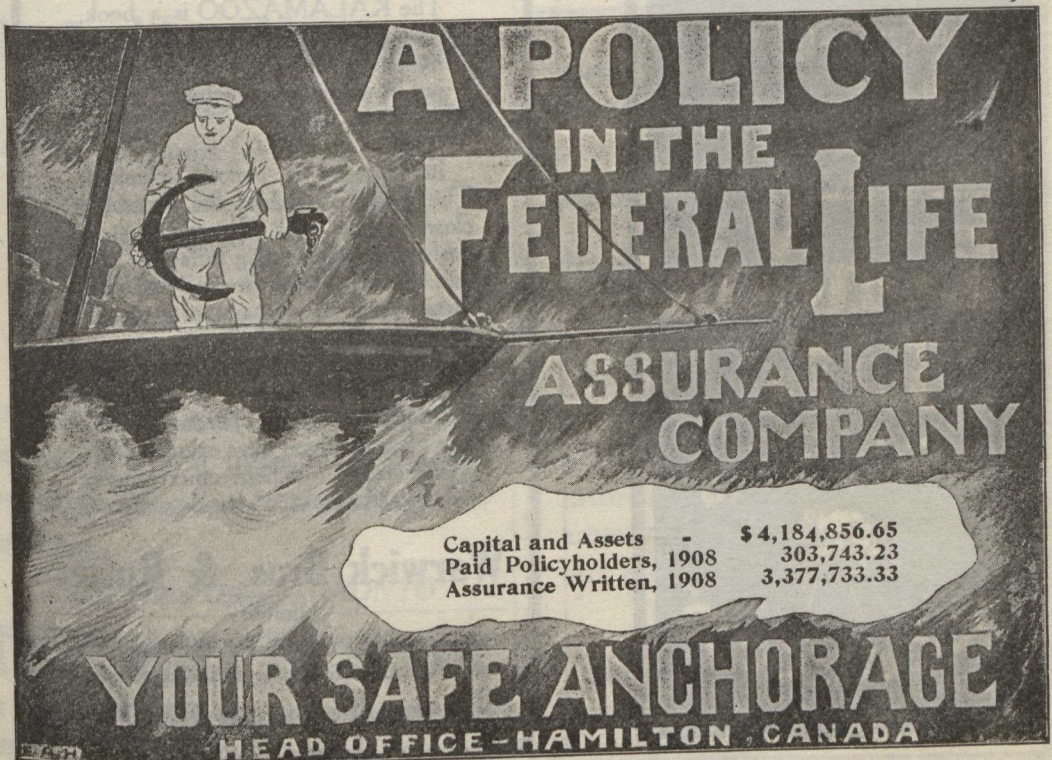
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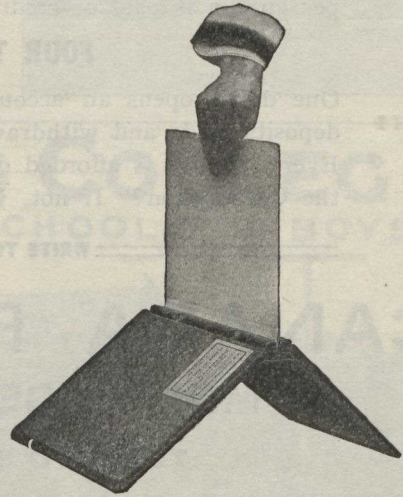
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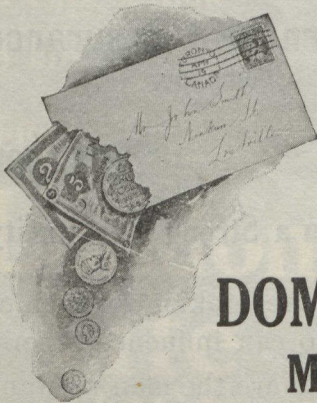
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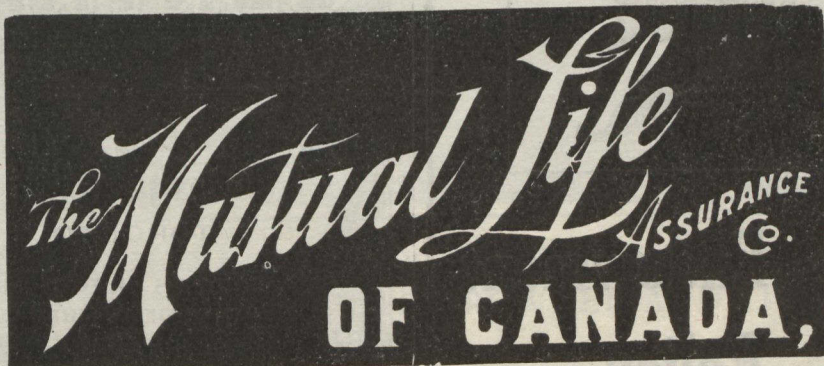
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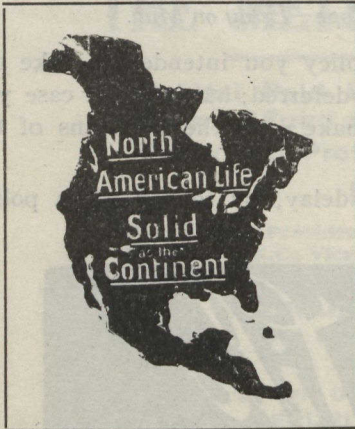
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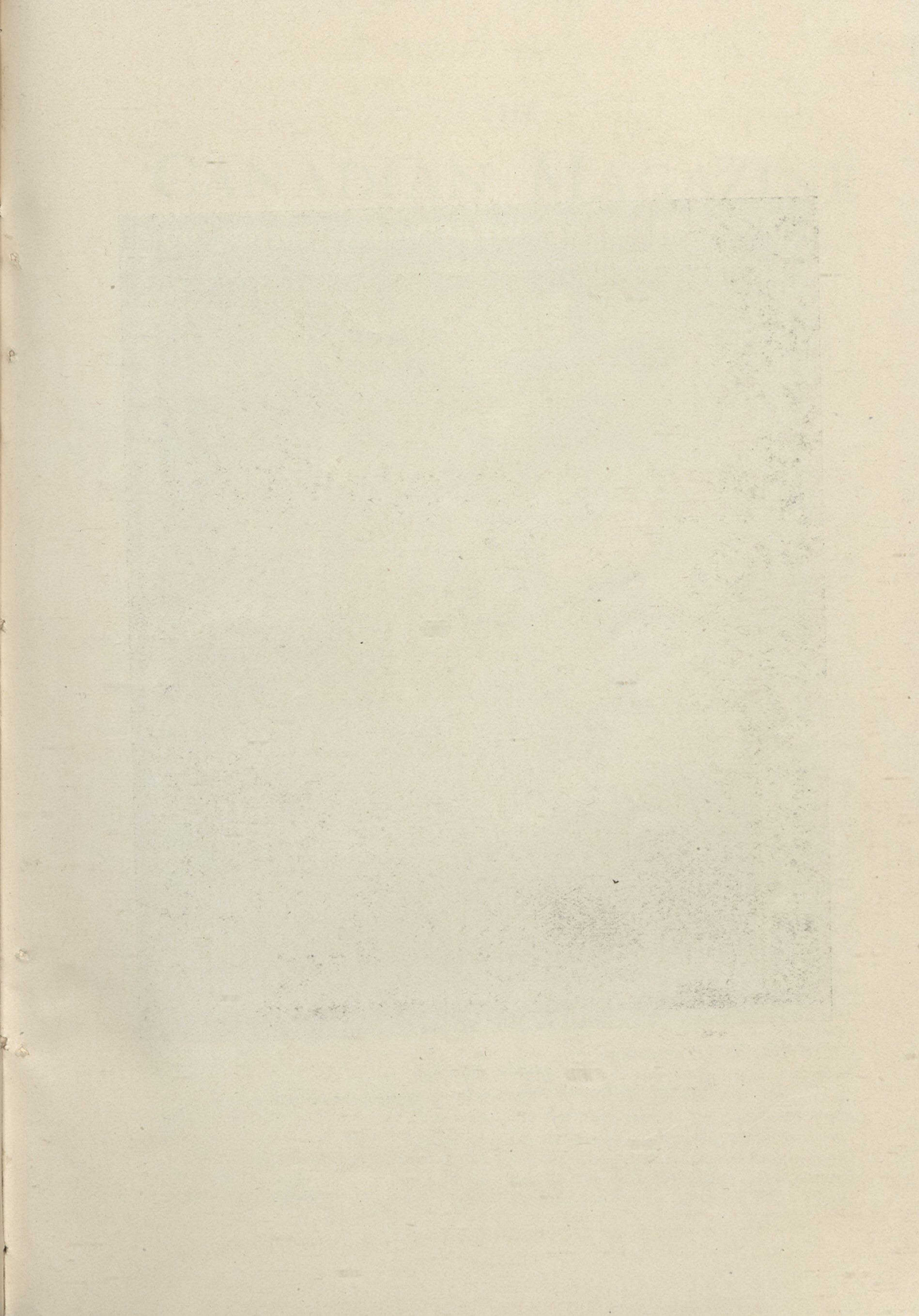
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 4

EVOLUTION OF AERIAL CRAFT

BY J. E. M. FETHERSTONHAUGH

FROM being considered the rambling dreams of insane inventors, aerial flight has now developed into a most practical reality, and all within the last decade. It has been related of Benjamin Franklin, that when he was experimenting with kites in order to ascertain whether lightning could be drawn down from the clouds, he took a youngster along with him to avoid the ridicule that would inevitably fall upon him were he seen indulging in such a childish pursuit as kite-flying. But all this is past, and now an inventor in England or on the Continent may experiment with kites or aeroplanes to his heart's content. The facilities for flying in England are very limited, and the conservative Englishman has not, up to the present, helped the inventor in any way to test his invention. An experimenter, some months ago, was trying out his machine on some marshes. A constable interfered with him, and warned him off the short grass, as he was attracting a crowd. The inventor considerably promised not to use his machine when there was a crowd about, so he made his flights in the early morning, and was again warned off by a policeman for running over some long grass that was going to be cut for hay. Again he went on to the short grass, and again he was warned off, so now he is looking for other flying grounds. The

ground referred to was a public open space owned by a certain local council. This is only one of the innumerable instances in which the authorities have endeavoured to assist the new science, and no doubt experimenters sigh for the broad expanses available in Canada.

In discussing this subject, there are four distinct types of aerial craft, unlike in principle and construction. There is the airship proper, the machine which has an envelope of gold-beater's skin or other balloon fabric inflated with hydrogen or coal-gas, and which supports a *nacelle* or framework containing the propelling machinery, steering-gear and aviators. Then there is the aeroplane which, as the name signifies, has planes which give it a lifting effect similar to that which we sometimes observe in birds when soaring. This machine is usually driven by an internal combustion engine, revolving one or more screw propellers. The third is the *helicoptère*, a machine which is lifted by means of horizontal screws on vertical shafts. The fourth is the *ornithoptère*, an apparatus designed on the principle of the bird, and provided with a mechanical system for operating flapping wings, on which depends its horizontal and vertical movement. Of the machines thus classified, there are as yet only two that have proved themselves to be practicable. These

are the airship proper (the lighter-than-air machine), and the aeroplane (the first type of the heavier-than-air machine). From past experience, it appears that these two types are suitable for entirely different uses. The mammoth airship is more suitable for military purposes, and is precluded from being of use to the sportsman or man of moderate means on account of its unwieldiness, enormous initial outlay, and the cost of upkeep, which is necessarily great on account of the expense involved in inflating it, and in the erection of a suitable hangar or shed. It will be of service in case of war because a perfected machine of this type can carry as many as a hundred men or several tons of dynamite or other explosive. It has been stated that a dirigible balloon of the existing type could float over London at an altitude of 6,000 feet and drop enough dynamite on the city to demolish it.

I have it on authority that an airship or balloon at the altitude mentioned is almost impossible to hit with the present guns, because, to my knowledge, no army or navy possesses guns that can be elevated to more than forty-five degrees. I believe that in the near future weapons will be experimented with in the British Navy for the purpose of protecting ships from an attack by aerial craft. Sir Percy Scott has already invented such a gun. Here we reach the limit of the powers and uses of the lighter-than-air machine, whereas the aeroplane would be available to the man of moderate income as well as to the millionaire. An efficient machine may now be purchased in France for £400 (\$2,000), and we all know that a reliable motor-car cannot be purchased under this price, excluding, of course, the lighter cars or runabouts so cheaply and efficiently made in Canada and the United States.

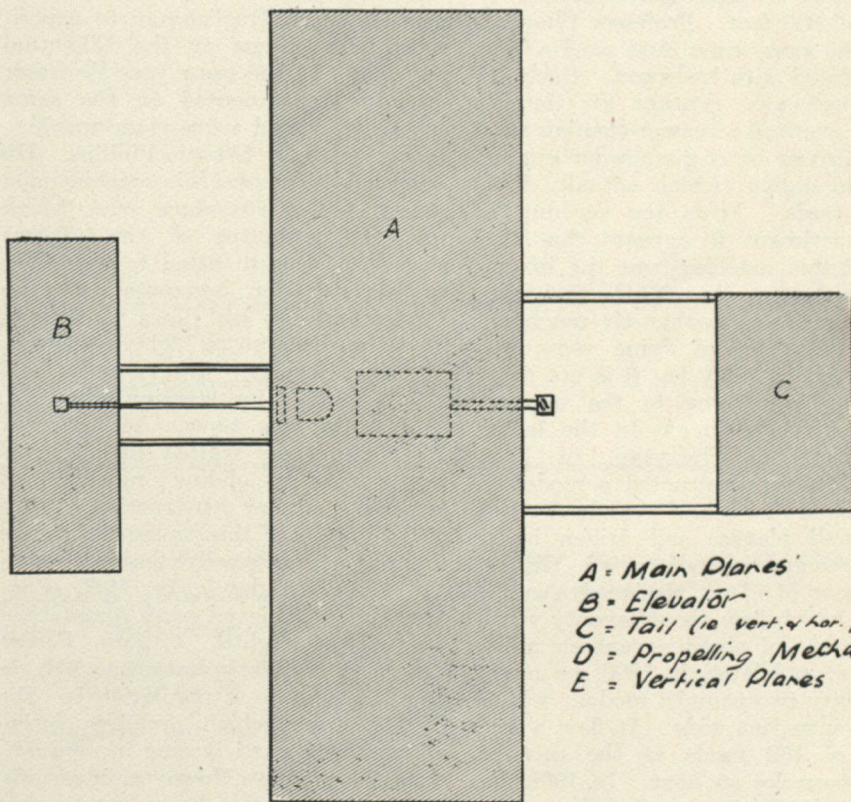
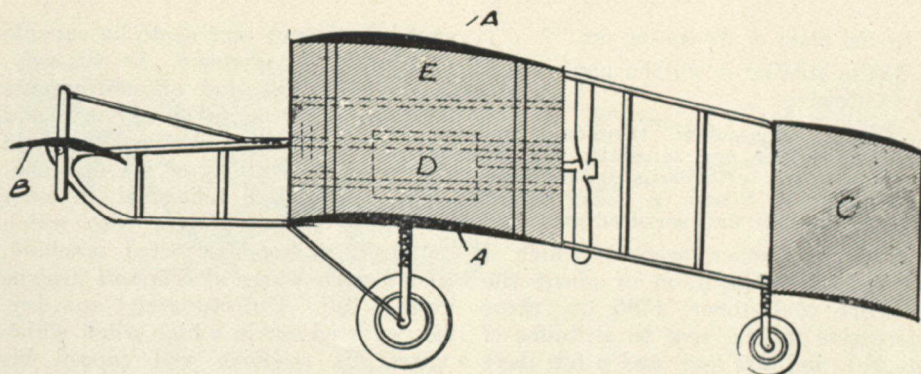
The upkeep of an aeroplane is not so great as is the case with an auto-

mobile. One of the great items of expense in the motor is the cost of tires, which constantly need renewing. This is done away with on the aeroplane. Again, the hangar in which to house an aeroplane, costs no more than a well-equipped garage, so that, from these facts, it is only fair to assume that the upkeep of an aeroplane is less than that of a motor-car of equal power.

The uses of an aeroplane are numerous. It may be of service for reconnoitering or for communication work in war, as well as for sporting purposes, and getting about in time of peace.

It has been observed by pessimists that aeroplanes are hard to drive, and are extremely dangerous. An argument of somewhat the same nature was advanced when two very efficient steam automobiles of American make came into prominence. It was said by advocates of gasolene cars that it needed an engineer to drive a White or Stanley "steamer," but this was proved to be absurd, and what applies in the above case certainly applies in the case of the aeroplane. When the novice has mastered the control of his machine, he need not fear accidents to himself if he keeps his head and does not venture out in half a gale. Considering the number of experiments with these machines, fatal accidents are very infrequent.

With regard to the history of aerial craft, the majority of people are of the opinion that, apart from balloons, aerial flight was first achieved by the Wright brothers in the United States, and Henri Farman in Europe. They have little means of knowing other than the press, from which they get their information. The press has only in the last year or so awakened to the fact that flying is a science to be reckoned with. Omitting the legend of Icarus, who flew to the sun, the first authentic account of flying is that of the Montgolfiers in a fire balloon in 1785. Upon looking up an article on aerostation in an "Encyclo-



- A = Main Planes
- B = Elevator
- C = Tail (ie vert. & hor. planes)
- D = Propelling Mechanism
- E = Vertical Planes

SKETCH OF VOISIN BIPLANE, SHOWING TAIL, AN ADDITION NOT USED IN THE WRIGHT TYPE

pædia Britannica'' of 1797, I see the following, with reference to the Montgolfiers' balloon:

"This vast machine of near sixty feet in height and forty-three in diameter, was made, painted with water-colours both within and without, and finely

decorated, in no more than four days and four nights. Along with this machine was sent a wicker cage, containing a sheep, a cock, and a duck, which were the first animals ever sent through the atmosphere. It rose to the height of 1,440 feet; and after remaining in the air for about eight minutes, fell to the ground at the distance of 10,200 feet

from the place of its setting out."

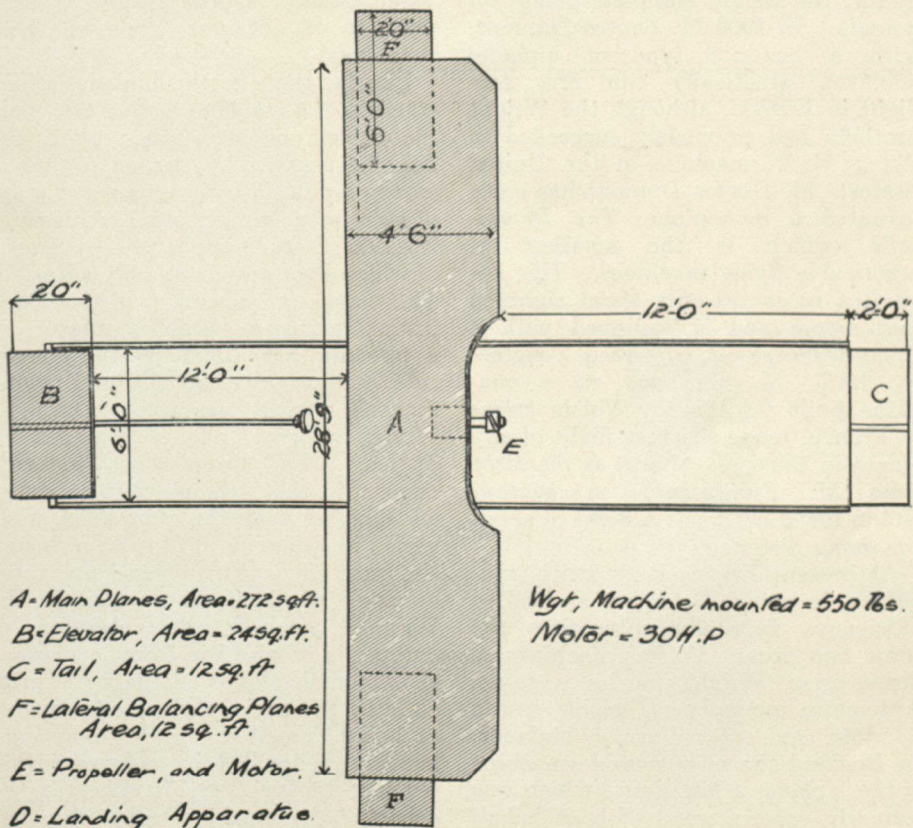
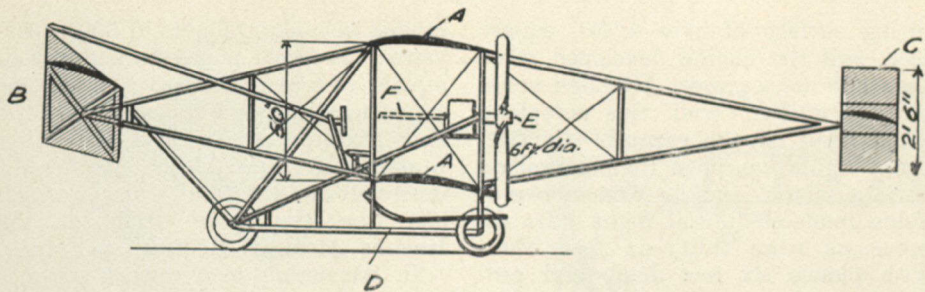
Again, further down the page, I see the following:

"As M. Montgolfier, therefore, proposed to make a new aerostatic machine of firmer and better construction than the former, M. Pilatre de Rozier offered himself to be the first aerial adventurer."

From a further account which I abridge, M. Pilatre on or about the fifteenth of October, 1785, in three successive flights, rose to altitudes of 84, 210, and 262 feet, and a few days later, with a passenger, reached a height of 330 feet. Professor Charles, about the same time, first used a balloon inflated with hydrogen. Early in the nineteenth century Sir George Cayley invented a heavier-than-air machine, driven by a gunpowder engine of crude design, which actually flew a few yards. From the account of this experiment it appears that the pilot of this machine was the inventor's coachman, who was the first man to fly in a heavier-than-air machine.

The principles of flying were discovered about 1850, but it is not until 1879 that we come to the modern phase of the science. In the latter year Laurence Hargrave, of New South Wales, constructed a model of about three and a half pounds, having two small planes, and driven by a minute compressed air engine. In the same year M. Tatin designed a small model, which flew about seventy yards at the rate of about seventeen miles an hour; and later, in 1890, he made a seventy-two-pound model, which was twenty feet wide. It flew a distance of 150 yards at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. In 1898 the celebrated Professor Langley constructed a twenty-four-pound model, equipped with a one-horse-power engine, and having four bird-like wings arranged one behind the other. It flew for the distance of one mile across the Potomac River. Up to this period, experiments seem to have been principally with models, but now came a stage in which experiments were made with gliders (aeroplanes without

motors) of such size as to be capable of carrying an aeronaut. In this way, lateral and fore and aft movements could be observed by the aviator, and from the data thus obtained he could improve the stability of his machine. In 1893 Professor Lilienthal, in order to obtain sufficient data with which to build a more perfected machine, glided with wings of different designs from a hill. Unfortunately, one day, he ventured out in a high wind, which upset his machine and caused his death. The same fate befell Mr. Pilcher, the first Englishman to experiment with gliders on the Lilienthal principle. In the same year Professor Chanute experimented on the same line, but he tried a five-plane machine as advocated by Horatio Phillips. He eventually discarded this machine, and constructed a two-plane one, which was the prototype of the present biplane. Chanute fitted to his glider an elevator for horizontal steering (*i.e.* steering up and down in order to raise the machine to higher altitudes, or bring it nearer the ground), and also a rudder for steering from left to right or *vice versa*. In 1900 the Wright brothers started their experiments with a gliding machine of somewhat similar construction to that of Chanute, and this biplane is, minus the motor, practically the same machine used to-day. In 1902 Captain Ferber achieved some remarkably fine gliding flights. Captain Ferber was more familiarly known as "M. de Rue," owing to a regulation in the French army which prohibits active officers from participating in competitions for prizes. However, if an officer assume a name he may take part in such competitions. Captain Ferber was killed last summer in France while driving a Voisin biplane. In 1905 MM. Archdeacon and the now famous Louis Blériot experimented with gliders, having them towed behind motor-boats on the Seine. One was successful, but the other machine, steered by M. Voisin for M. Blériot, fell into the



- A- Main Planes, Area=272.5sq.ft.
- B-Elevator, Area=245q.ft.
- C= Tail, Area=12.5q.ft
- F=Lateral Balancing Planes Area,12.5q.ft.
- E= Propeller, and Motor.
- D=Landing Apparatus

Wgt, Machine mounted = 550 lbs.
Motor = 30H.P

PLAN AND ELEVATION OF MR. GLENN CURTISS'S BIPLANE, SHOWING GENERAL CONSTRUCTION

river, and it was with difficulty that the aviator was extricated.

The third stage was the construction of aeroplanes provided with motive power. This period overlaps the second as the second does the first. A steam-driven machine built by Horatio Phillips in 1893 was tested by anchoring it to the centre of a circular

track. This machine lifted about 400 pounds. Concurrently, Sir Hiram Maxim constructed a huge, steam-propelled aeroplane of exceedingly clever design. The engine, as well as one of the propellers, was on view in the aeronautical section of the Sports and Travel Exhibition in London early last year. This apparatus had a total

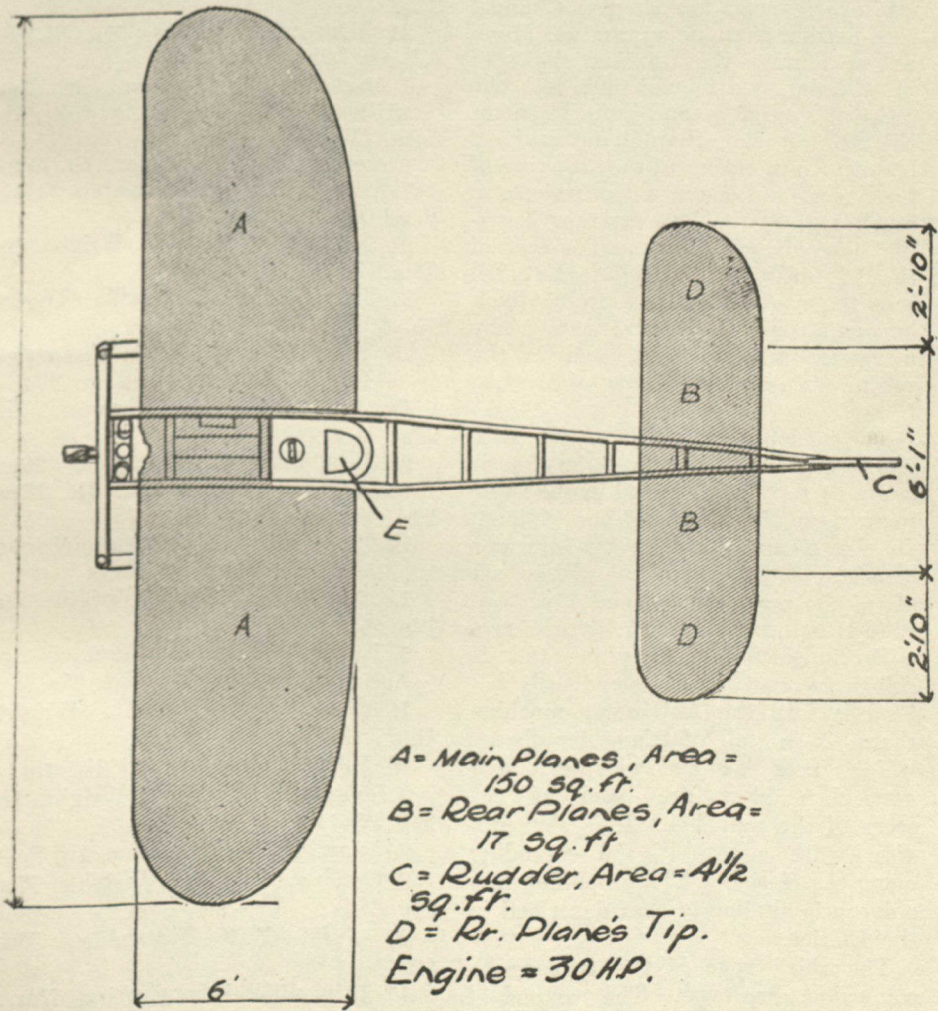
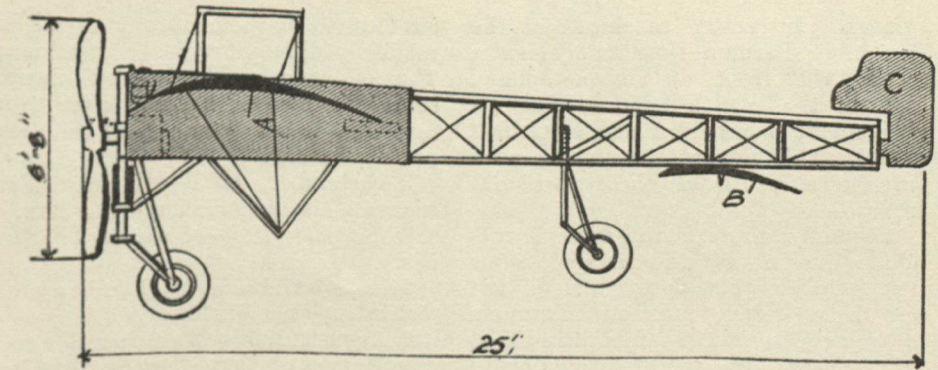
lifting surface of over 4,000 square feet, and the engine developed more than 300 horse-power. Although never allowed a free trial, this aeroplane lifted itself off the ground. In 1903 the Wrights equipped their aeroplane with a motor, and in 1904 this machine made its initial flight. Its dimensions were thirty-six feet wide, with planes six feet deep, and provided with a sixteen-horse-power motor, the weight complete being 744 pounds. In 1906 M. Santos Dumont, with a box-kite type of biplane, achieved practically the first free flight in Europe, although the Wright brothers had previously succeeded in flying their machine in the United States. M. Santos Dumont has since invented a monoplane, *The Demoiselle*, which is the smallest of practicable flying machines. This apparatus measures only about eighteen feet across and is equipped with a thirty-horse-power Darracq engine. In 1907 M. Farman, on a machine built for him by Voisin frères in France, made the first flight of any length in Europe. Almost at the same time M. Delagrangé, on another Voisin machine, made a flight of about the same distance.

At present France leads with machines, in point of number as well as efficiency. In that country there are some two dozen Voisin machines, a dozen or so Wright machines, seven Antoinette monoplanes, eight or ten Blériots, and a few Farman biplanes. In England the most notable machine is the biplane of Mr. Cody, which was formerly experimented with on behalf of the British Army, but which now is entirely Mr. Cody's property. This machine has succeeded in making a flight of some forty-five miles. There is also a Blériot at Newcastle, as well as *The Bird of Passage*, a biplane which recently belonged to Mr. Moore-Brabazon. In the South there is the triplane of Mr. A. V. Roe, equipped with a ten-horse-power motor. This machine is interesting on account of its very small engine. It has suc-

ceeded in making flights of 300 to 400 yards. Scotland possesses a Barnwell biplane of much promise. Canada has contributed the well-known *Silver Dart* and *Baddeck II*, while the United States is responsible for the Wright machines and the small Curtiss, which has won the speed trials at the Rheims Aviation Meeting in France.

In discussing heavier-than-air machines of different types it may be of value to lay readers to give a brief account of different kinds of these machines.

Firstly, there is the biplane, which consists of a machine having two main planes set one above the other, and held in position by vertical struts of wood, kept rigid by cross guys or stays of steel piano-wire, provided with turn-buckles or other appliances by means of which they may be readily adjusted. The planes are constructed of wooden frames having a suitable curvature in a fore and aft direction (the convex side being uppermost), and being covered with suitable aeroplane fabric. These planes are set at angles, the front or entering edge of the plane being somewhat higher than the rear. The angle varies in different machines, although the most efficient has been found to be an angle of about one in ten. In the Wright machine an elevator or damper is provided in front, consisting of two small planes on the same principle as the main planes, but capable of being turned up or down by connections controlled by a lever within reach of the aviator. In this way the driver of the machine may alter the height of his aeroplane above the ground in order to clear obstacles. Steering to right or left is done by vertical rudders or planes at the rear of the machine, working in conjunction with means by which the rear portions of the main planes may be warped or flexed. In this type the motive power is an internal combustion engine placed above the lower plane, and revolving two screw propellers aft of the main



- A = Main Planes, Area = 150 sq. ft.
- B = Rear Planes, Area = 17 sq. ft.
- C = Rudder, Area = $4\frac{1}{2}$ sq. ft.
- D = Rr. Planes Tip.
- Engine = 30 H.P.

SKETCH OF BLÉRIOT'S MONOPLANE "BLÉRIOT XI" (THE CROSS-CHANNEL FLYER), SHOWING MAIN AND REAR PLANES, WITH ADJUSTABLE TIPS

planes. In some machines of the Voisin or Farman type, the elevator is at the front of the aeroplane, and in the rear a box-kite like arrangement is provided and is termed a tail. This construction will be seen in the sketches of these particular machines.

Secondly, there is the type of machine known as the monoplane or single plane machine, which in the air looks much like an enormous dragon-fly. It will be remembered that M. Latham was the first aviator to attempt to cross the English Channel in a heavier-than-air apparatus. Much as we admire the Channel flight of M. Blériot, we cannot but feel the greatest sympathy and admiration for the aviator who, through no fault of his own, but, owing to the stopping of his engine failed on two occasions to reach Dover, the last attempt bringing him within a mile and a half of the Admiralty Pier. His machine fell into the sea both times, from which he was rescued in the first instance by a French torpedo boat, and in the second by a steam pinnace of H.M.S. *Russell*.

The monoplane consists of two main wings, one on either side of the chassis or framework, constructed in the same manner as the planes of the biplane. In the Blériot machine the elevator consists of two auxiliary planes set aft of the main planes, and a vertical rudder is provided. The single propeller is placed at the prow, and is driven by an engine immediately behind it. In the Antoinette machine there is a tail of triangular shape, which acts as an elevator, and vertical rudders are used at the stern of the machine. It is also provided with a stability fin extending along the chassis. The propelling machinery is similar to that described in the Blériot.

The third type is the triplane, a somewhat rare type. The method of construction is shown in the sketch of Mr. A. V. Roe's "Avroplane."

It may be of interest to some

readers to have a record of flights made by different types of machines. The following is a list, which, though somewhat incomplete, will serve to illustrate the achievements of the most noted aviators:

3 November, 1909—M. Henri Farman on his own biplane, 4h. 22m.

27 August, 1909—Farman, 3h. 4m. 56s.

25 August, 1909—M. Paulhan on a Voisin biplane, 3h. 3m.

7 August, 1909—M. Roger Sommer on a Farman biplane flew for 2h. 27m. 15s.

21 December, 1908—Mr. Wilbur Wright, 2h. 20m. 23s.

4 August, 1909—Sommer, 2h. 10m.

18 December, 1908—W. Wright, 1h. 54m. 53s.

1 August, 1909—Sommer, 1h. 59m.

7 August, 1908—Paulhan on Voisin machine, 1h. 32m. 45s.

21 December, 1908—W. Wright, 1h. 31m. 25s.

21 July, 1909—Mr. Orville Wright, 1h. 29m. 12s.

23 July, 1909—M. Paul Tissandier on a Wright biplane, 1h. 23m. 36s.

19 July, 1909—M. Farman, 1h. 23m.

20 July, 1909—O. Wright, 1h. 20m.

15 July, 1909—Paulhan, 1h. 17m. 19s.

12 September, 1908—O. Wright, 1h. 15m. 20s.

11 August, 1908—O. Wright, 1h. 10m.

5 June, 1909—M. Latham on Antoinette monoplane, 1h. 7m. 37s.

10 September, 1908—O. Wright, 1h. 5m. 53s.

18 July, 1909—Sommer, 1h. 4m.

9 September, 1908—O. Wright, 1h. 2m. 30s.

20 May, 1909—Tissandier, 1h. 2m.

9 October, 1908—O. Wright, 57m. 32s.

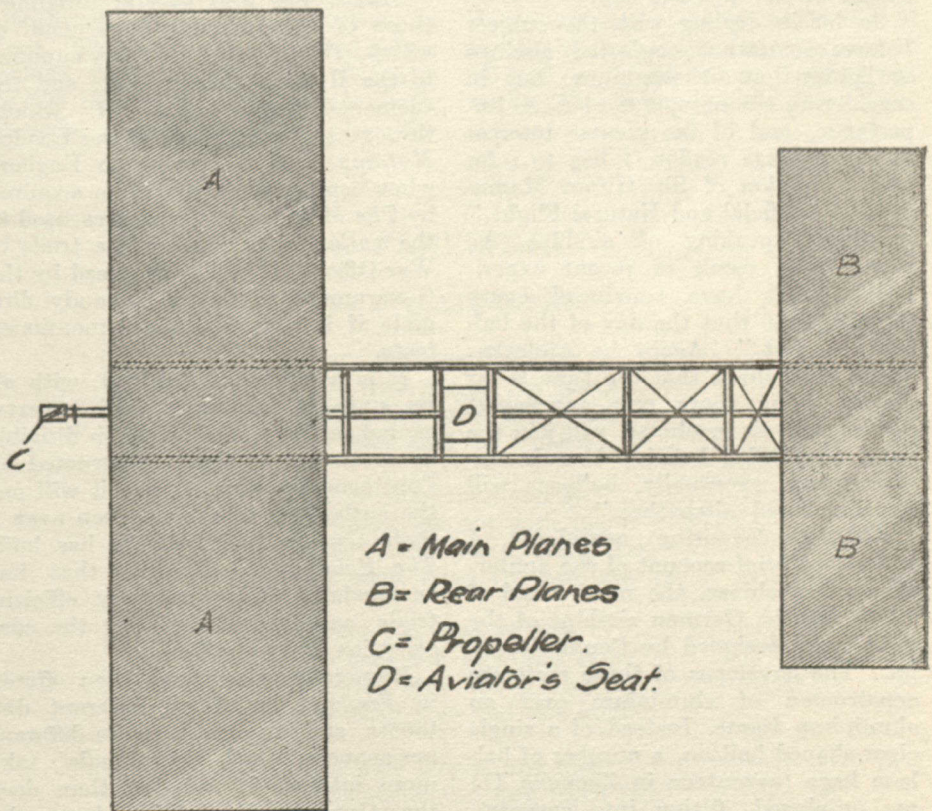
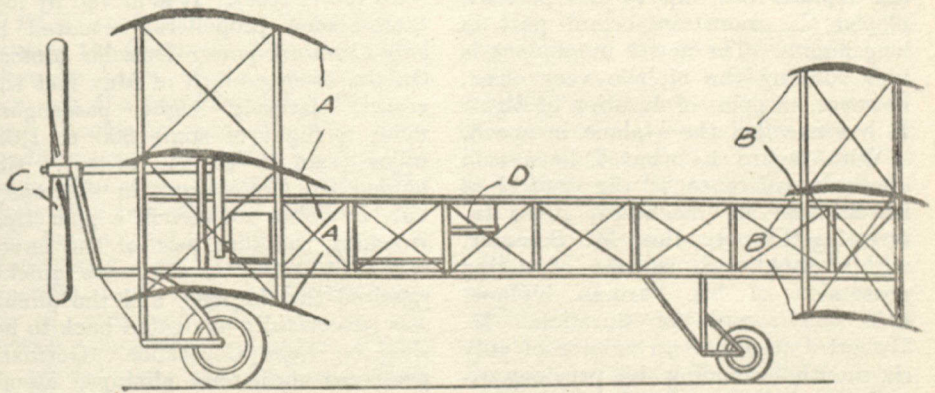
21 July, 1909—Tissandier, 56m. 52s.

17 July, 1909—Mr. Curtiss, 52m.

4 July, 1909—M. Blériot, 50m.

13 July, 1909—Blériot, 47m.

13 July, 1909—Blériot, 44m.



PLAN AND ELEVATION OF MR. A. V. ROE'S TRIPLANE, SHOWING DISPOSITION OF PLANES, MOTOR AND PROPELLER. LATERAL CONTROL IS OBTAINED BY PLANES (A), THE REAR PLANES (B) ACTING AS AN ELEVATOR

It will be seen from the above that the biplane has, up to the present, played the more important part in long flights. The newer monoplane is now running the biplane very close, however, in point of duration of flight. It has excelled the biplane in speed.

With regard to what I have said above in reference to the control of heavier-than-air machines, it is interesting to note that M. Sommer, within about two months of taking possession of his Farman biplane, held the record for duration. M. Hubert Latham is an aviator of only six months' standing, his previous experience being confined to a single flight across the Channel in a balloon. Surely this speaks well for the machines of the present day.

So far in dealing with the subject I have somewhat neglected airships or lighter-than-air machines; but in considering the aeroplane of more importance, and of far greater interest to the average reader, I beg to refer to the opinion of Sir Hiram Maxim in his "Artificial and Natural Flight," in which, speaking of airships, he says: "The result of recent experiments must have convinced every thinking man that the day of the balloon is past." Again he remarks: "I do not believe that the time is far distant when those now advocating lighter-than-air machines, will join the party advocating heavier-than-air machines and, eventually, balloons will be abandoned altogether."

Although favouring aeroplanes, I will give a brief account of the lighter-than-air machines, the most noted of which are the German airships of the rigid type, designed by Count Zeppelin. The envelopes of these craft are constructed of aluminium over an aluminium frame. Instead of a single cigar-shaped balloon, a number of balloon bags (seventeen in Zeppelin II) are employed, fitting into compartments in the envelope. The dimensions of *The Zeppelin II* are as follows: Length, 136 metres (446 feet); diameter, thirteen metres (42.5

feet); capacity, 15,000 c. metres (529,700 c. feet). It is driven by four three-bladed propellers, actuated by two 110-horse-power Daimler motors. On the twenty-ninth of May last this vessel, carrying eight passengers, made a flight of some 800 to 1,000 miles (said to be 940 miles). She landed at Goppingen, in Germany, but, in doing so, struck a pear tree, wrecking the fore part of the envelope. The Count's engineers quickly repaired the damage, and the airship was successfully navigated back to her shed on Lake Constance. Germany possesses numerous airships, among which are the Zeppelins, the Gross vessels and the dirigibles designed by Major von Parseval.

France has also several dirigibles, those of the Lebaudy type, one of which, *The Russic*, has been supplied to the Russian Government, and the Clement-Bayards, one of which, through the endeavours of the London *Morning Post* is coming to England when completed, and will be acquired by *The Morning Post* and presented to the nation upon passing the trials of War Office. It is also proposed by the Government to buy a Lebaudy dirigible if it pass the above-mentioned tests.

It is a pity that England, with all its eminent engineers and experts, cannot produce an all-English dirigible as successful as those constructed by Continental powers. Surely it will put the authorities to shame when even a little country like Belgium has built *The Belgique*, a dirigible that has successfully undergone very efficient trials, and is contemplating the construction of two others.

Numerous prizes have been offered in England for flying different distances, and it seems that the different newspapers, and individuals take more interest in aviation than does the Government. Aside from the £1,000 prize offered by *The Daily Mail* and won by M. Blériot, there is a prize of £4,000 offered by Baron de Forest for crossing the English

Channel on an aeroplane of exclusively British manufacture, driven by a British aviator. Baron de Forest at first offered a prize of £2,000 before Blériot succeeded in crossing the Channel. This he doubled when he heard of the aviator's success, on the condition that Blériot's time should be reduced. The other conditions are the same as for *The Daily Mail* cross-Channel prize. *The Daily Mail* has offered a prize of £10,000 for a flight from London to Manchester on a heavier-than-air machine, and also a £1,000 prize for a circular mile on an all-British aeroplane. Another £1,000 is offered by Sir William Hartley for a flight from Liverpool to Manchester or *vice versa* on an aeroplane, and there is also a prize of £250 offered by Mr. Austin for a fifteen-mile flight to Orpington in Kent. The latest cross-Channel prizes include £500 offered by M. Ruinat, £1,000 offered by M. Deutsch de la Meurthe, and £800 offered by the

towns of Boulogne and Folkestone for a flight from Boulogne to Folkestone and back. It would be of great help and would generally stimulate the growth of the science in Canada if something of this kind were done.

In conclusion, I would say that I would strongly advise experimenters in this science and intending aviators to procure copies of Maxim's "Artificial and Natural Flight," Lanchester's "Aerial Flight" (in 2 vols.), and the Aero's unpretentious shilling book "Flying," which will be of great use to all.

This is a new science, and there is room for very great improvement. France now excels in aeroplane manufacture, Germany in airships. Canada must not be the last to have efficient machines. Let all Canadians see if we cannot construct machines equal, if not superior, to any in Europe or in the United States, machines that we will be proud to see bearing the words "Made in Canada."

A FAREWELL

BY A. CLARE GIFFIN

Leave me alone in earth;
Go and forget the place;
Ended are grief and mirth,
I shall rest for a space.

Fill in the grave and go;
Follow me not with tears;
Here where you lay me low,
I shall sleep through the years.

Under the arch of sky,
Under the rain and snow,
Flowers may spring and die,
I shall rest and not know.

You may forget, and love
Someone you find more fair,
Up in your world above:
I shall sleep and not care.

A FRIEND INDEED

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

THE March sun was shining brightly out of a cloudless, pale blue sky, making the broad, snow-crueted breast of the River Saint John flash and shimmer like white flame. Spring-time was astir in the air; but the frosty fetters of winter still held the earth in bondage.

A few feet higher than the white river lay the white islands in mid-stream, fringed thinly with leafless alders and willows that thrust their slim fingers above the drifted snow. The wands of the Indian willows flamed a deep red. The river meadows along either shore lay as low as the islands; but behind them the white slopes ran up steeply, with here and there a gray farm-house, barns, orchards and clumps of evergreens, to the highlands crowned with maple, spruce and fir.

Old Gabe Bear, the Milicete basket-maker and fisherman, took in this scene with a comprehensive glance as he left the door of his cabin on the hill-side and descended toward the river. He had lived all his life on this great river, never having journeyed farther than down-stream to the Oromocto and up-stream to the Tobique; and yet he had never grown weary of his own valley. It was always beautiful to him, summer and winter, spring-time and autumn, night and day. And he was a charitable old soul and loved his neighbours—though some of them, I fear, did not love him in return. They looked upon him as a nuisance, with his baskets and his begging.

On the big island directly in front and below Gabe's cabin stood a substantial farm-house, several gray barns with red doors, and cattle airing themselves contentedly in the morning sunshine. The centre of this island, where the buildings were clustered, stood a full six feet higher than the other islands in this part of the river and so just out of reach of the spring freshets. On the other islands stood hay-stacks and hay-barns, but no cattle and no dwelling-houses. The habitations of their owners were on the mainland, along the sloping hills, out of harm's way. But old Gabe Bear could remember the time, nearly fifty years before, when even Savage Island had been flooded—yes, and flooded deep. The ice had jammed at a bend in the river a few miles farther up; tons of water and drift-wood had collected behind the dam of up-piled ice cakes; then, after a heavy rain, the jamb had broken in the night. The house that had then stood on Savage Island had fallen over on its side and floated away, just ten minutes after its inmates had escaped from the garret window in a "dug-out" canoe.

A well beaten path led down from Gabe's cabin to the river; and up and down and criss-cross on the surface of the river ran several sled roads, all marked out with little spruce trees placed upright in the snow at intervals of about ten yards. Gabe went down the path and struck out across the glistening crust toward Savage Island. He carried two baskets on

his arm, one white and new and for sale, the other old and stained and intended to contain whatever he could beg, in the way of provisions, from Mrs. Holder. At the time of his last visit to the house on Savage Island neither Tom Holder or Mrs. Holder had treated him generously; but his pantry was empty and he was of a hopeful disposition. Also, the house on the island was handy and he was sure of a welcome from his little friend Dorothy.

He reached the back-door unobserved by any but the cattle and the hens and Dorothy's lanky black pup, Peter. Peter did not bark, for he was very fond of old Gabe. He contented himself with squirming in and out between the visitor's short legs, gnawing at the tops of his moccasins and trying his best to swallow the red tassels on his over-stockings.

Gabe rapped on the door. He heard a clatter of pans within; and, next moment, the door was opened by Mrs. Holder. She was a good woman, but too energetic to be in full sympathy with such an indolent, visionary old body as Gabe Bear.

"Oh! It's you, is it? Well, I'm busy, and I haven't anything for you this morning. An' I don't want a basket, neither; the house is full of your old baskets already," and so saying she closed the door.

Gabe scratched his swarthy, beardless chin and smiled patiently. He stood his ground. Until he had seen the little girl, the day was not lost. In less than ten minutes the door opened again, not so wide as before, and out slipped little Dorothy.

"I am sorry mother was cross," she whispered. "She is very busy, you know, and has a bad cold. But here are a dozen and a half of eggs, Gabe, and a ginger-bread. The eggs are my own, from my own hens—so I can give them to you. And I made the ginger-bread myself. You can sell the eggs at the store, you know. They are worth twenty-five cents a dozen, now. I am sorry mother hurt your

feelings, Gabe. To-morrow I'll beg her to give me a bit of pork for you, and I'll take it over to you myself. And maybe Daddy will give me some tobacco for you."

"Dat a'right," said Gabe. "You mighty good frien' to ol' Gabe B'ar. An' Gabe don't forget his frien's, you bet. Here, you take dis fine basket. Gabe make you little play canoe, too, and some maple sugar pretty soon."

The little girl thanked him prettily; and then Gabe, with the dozen and a half of eggs in his time-stained basket, went back across the glistening river to his cabin on the hill-side.

A month later the great river, swollen by the melting snows from millions of acres, broke its roof of ice and set the giant pans adrift. The muddy waters arose, freighted with sodden ice-cakes, logs and all manner of forest waste, and flooded the low meadows and islands. But the house, barns and cattle on Savage Island stood dry, encircled by the grinding, gnawing acres of water. This was as it should be—as it had been, spring after spring, for many years. In a few days the ice would be gone and the river would shrink to its usual proportions; and, a little later, the grass would sprout green over the silt-enriched islands and meadows.

On the second day of the running of the ice some business of baskets or begging took old Gabe Bear down river. He went afoot, by way of the highroad that was now deep in mud and treacherous with "honey-pots," did his business and turned home-wards. Rain was falling; but it seemed to the Milicete that the river was lower and freer of ice than it should be under the existing conditions. He wondered at this and kept his eyes turned downward on the stream as he plodded along. By dusk he reached a point where two wooded islands, lying abreast, cut the river into three narrow channels. And here, by the failing light, he read the cause of the dwindled waters below. The three narrow channels were dammed

by crushed ice-cakes, piled high, over-riding one another and wedged tight. Behind these jams and across the islands the muddy water was rising swiftly and hurling its freight of ice and drift-wood to the forming of new barriers and the strengthening of the old. The drift, spinning sideways from the blocked channels in unwieldy masses, grounded on the half submerged islands and anchored among the trunks of the sturdy elm trees.

Gabe Bear was still four miles from home. With fear and dismay fluttering his usually placid heart, he set his feet again to the muddy road. The dusk thickened to dark and the rain continued to fall. The old man was already foot-weary, but he stumbled and splashed along at a shuffling trot that brought him to his cabin in less than an hour from the time of sighting the ice-jamb. His anxiety for Dorothy and her parents was now intense, for he found that the flood lapped the hill-side to within twenty feet of his own door. He ran into the cabin, lit a lantern and snatched up two paddles, and then hurried around to the back of the wood-shed where his old bark canoe lay ready. He thanked his stars that a whim had induced him to drag it out of its winter quarters the day before and resin its dry seams. He carried it down to the edge of the water, fastened the lantern in the bow and launched cautiously but fearlessly onto the black flood.

A few strokes of the paddle told him that the current was sluggish. He remembered the great freshet of fifty years before. Then the jamb had been above Savage Island, and the danger had come suddenly, with the breaking of the jamb, in a swollen torrent freighted with the torn masses that had delayed it in its course. But now the obstruction was below, and the flood that swelled so quietly and steadily beyond its bounds was comparatively still. Gabe took little comfort from these reflections, however.

Still waters, as well as swift, take their toll of life, so that they be deep enough. And when the ice-jamb broke what would happen? The flood would sink swiftly, of course; but the old man trembled to think of the roaring energy with which its pent up might would sweep free, wrenching to destruction everything already in its clutches as well as devouring whatever stood in its path. Even if the waters did not rise high enough to flood the upper rooms of the house on the island, the building was almost sure to be torn from its foundations and overturned in the rush of their sudden release. And the release was sure to be sudden. An ice-jamb does not give 'way gradually, with the weight of a mad river behind it.

Gabe saw a tiny light low on the black water and guessed that it was a lamp in one of the windows of Tom Holder's house. He drove the canoe toward this beacon as swiftly as he dared. The course was thick with all manner of drifting menaces — cakes of sodden ice, battered logs from above Grand Falls, and great trees that had been wrenched, roots and all, from some overhanging bank. Once he ran his canoe fairly into the top of one of these drifting trees and lost several minutes in getting clear of the elastic, snatching branches. Again, he scraped along the edge of something huge and black. He put out his hand and felt wet shingles. It was the roof of a barn that had been set afloat.

He drew near to the light that blinked so low upon the water. He heard a woman's voice calling desperately and a dog barking. By this time his eyes had become more accustomed to the darkness and he accepted the risk of thrusting his canoe along at a swifter pace. Now he could see the lamp plainly — a lamp with a blue china bowl set on the ledge of an open window. He saw the black flood swirling not more than two feet beneath the lamp. Then he heard Dorothy crying.

"Dat's a'right," he shouted. "Gabe

B'ar 'll take you off, don' you fear.'

A minute later he slid the canoe along the side of the house and gripped the ledge of the window with his hand. It was a bed-room window. His head was on a level with the eaves of the house.

Mrs. Holder lifted the lamp, raised it above her head and leaned out above the canoe. Terror was stamped plain on her white face.

"Did Tom send you?" she cried.

"No," said Gabe. "Make hurry. Put the girl in. Han' me Peter. Get in yourself, quick!"

"Where is Tom? He took the horses off in a scow—him an' Paul Hurd—as much as an hour ago. He said for us to wait till he come back. He said the house was safe."

"Dunno 'bout dat," replied Gabe, sternly. "Tom ashore, mos' likely. Best get in quickly, anyhow, or house turn over pretty soon."

"We can't go!" cried the woman. "Tom may me drowned! He said he'd come back for us."

"A'right," snapped the old Milicete. "You better drown too, maybe. Gabe goin' home. Good night."

He was angry — not with the women, but with her husband. He felt sure that Tom Holder was safe; but two men could not take a loaded scow to either shore and get back within the hour. He had said that the house was safe. What did he know of the old river?

Gabe let the canoe slip past the window.

"Come back! Come back!" screamed the frantic woman.

The old man slid the canoe into position again and held it steady.

"Get in," he commanded.

Dorothy lifted the pup and deposited him at Gabe's knees. "Lay down," snarled Gabe, and gave him a cuff on the ear. Peter lay still, wondering what could be the matter with his old friend's temper. Then Dorothy stepped into the canoe and sat down. The old man leaned forward, without a word, and patted her head. Now Mrs.

Holder began piling hastily made bundles into the frail craft.

"You quit dat," cried Gabe. "Too much load, anyhow. You get in, quick. House turn over in one-two minute." He leaned forward and spilled the unwieldy bundles of bedding into the water.

"How dare you? You worthless old injun!" cried the distracted woman.

"A'right," returned the Milicete, calmly. "Gabe hit you on de head with dis paddle if you don't get in."

Mrs. Holder's obstinacy fled at that threat. Weeping hysterically, she crawled over the window-sill and settled herself in the canoe. The water was now within a foot of the bottom of the window. The lamp with the blue china bowl still burned on the ledge, the woman having returned it to its place after her futile work with the bedding.

Gabe set his homeward course by a light in a house that stood on the hill above his own cabin. In the bow of the canoe his lantern still glimmered.

Several other lamps and lanterns were now gleaming along the edge of the flood. As the canoe neared the hill-side a heavy scow splashed close to it. Three men were rowing it desperately toward mid-stream, and a light hung from a pole at one blunt end.

"Dat you, Tom Holder?" shouted Gabe, as he paddled swiftly shoreward. He could see the young farmer plainly enough under the swinging lantern. He grinned. "Dat a'right," he continued, over his shoulder. "Ol' Gabe B'ar got your squaw an' papoose in his canoe. You best come back now or jamb may bust."

A yell of joy went up from the wallowing scow. Gabe paddled on, paying no heed to the questions that were shouted at him. In another minute his passengers were safe in his cabin and the canoe was well out of reach of the flood.

The scow toiled heavily for shore. It was within a couple of yards of the

steep hill-side when a dull, booming crash shook the still air and rolled and thundered over the water. The jamb had broken! The flood, free at last, hurled itself down the quaking valley. Gabe shouted. Mrs. Holder screamed. Tom and his companions jumped, splashed in the edge of the

swirling tide and scrambled to dry land. The scow, with its lantern swinging valiantly, raced away to destruction.

Gabe looked across to where *Savage Island* lay submerged.

The light of the little lamp was gone!

TEARLESS FOREVER

By E. M. YEOMAN

Sometimes I would that thou wert gone
 Into some softly sheltering grave,
 Where these young eyes, so blue, so brave,
 Might ever sleep serenely on,
 And weep no more with withering pain,
 Or sympathy, or see again
 Dear faces wan in death, or trace
 Woe's wounds on a beloved face
 Or worn forms dying for repose.
 Ah, pain and grief ev'n now disclose
 Their clouds upon these blue eyes' light!
 So could I wish them slumbering deep,
 Tearless forever, wrapt in sleep,
 Placid as secret haunts of night.

I would not have thee go from me
 Until God summoned thee, but, oh!
 If angels came for thee to go,
 How could I think to weep for thee,
 Since this too fragile form would rest,
 Forever calm, and undistressed,
 Earth's burdens left, with all their care,
 On shoulders strong enough to bear?
 Oh, I would weep, but not for thee,
 And but that thou wert lost to me.
 Could tears find sustenance in my eyes
 When all thy store of tears was shed,
 And thy young spirit, angel-led,
 Was gone to dwell in Paradise?

THE TOON O' MAXWELL*

(AN OWEN SETTLEMENT IN LAMBTON COUNTY, ONTARIO)

BY WILL DALLAS

AT many points in the world's history, men have stepped out from the ranks, having some ideal scheme for the reconstruction of society and the betterment of their fellow-men. Plato in his "Republic" declares: "Any ordinary city, however small, is in fact two cities, one the city of the poor, the other of the rich, at war with one another." It will be seen from this quotation that Plato was out of harmony with the social and economic tendencies of the age in which he lived. What was his proposal by which these should be changed? He proposed to alter the lives of the citizens of the State, from the day of birth. In fact he proposed to go behind that, by declaring that marriage and the number of births as well as the industrial occupations were to be controlled by the guardians or heads of the State.

Of home life, as we understand it, there would be none. Theoretically he advocated "the emancipation of woman," and yet maintained that "the woman was part and parcel of the property of man," therefore he advocated "community of wives."

Children were to be taken away from their parents and reared under the supervision of the State. The old nursery tales ("the blasphemous nonsense," he calls them, "with which

mothers fool the manhood out of their children") were to be suppressed. There would be no rich and no poor, therefore no rivalry, for all were to be provided for by the State. He admits there are difficulties to be overcome, but adds by way of a stimulant to any wavering one: "Nothing great is easy."

Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" has many of the characteristics of the "Republic," as community of goods and labour and the forbidding the private use of money. More differs from Plato, however, in maintaining the sacredness of the family relation and fidelity to the marriage contract. There was to be no community of wives in *Utopia*. All meals were to be taken in common and to be rendered attractive by the accompaniment of sweet strains of music, while the air was to be filled with the most delicate of perfumes, thus adding to the enjoyment of life.

Robert Owen, an uncrowned king in the industrial world, philanthropist and founder of the Owen system of Socialism, was born in the village of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, in 1771. At the age of nine years he had completed his school education and at ten went to service in a draper's shop in Stamford, where he served three or four years. He

*Author's Note.—The author regards this paper as suggestive only, not by any means exhaustive. He hopes that some person from this preliminary base may be able to gather from records as yet undiscovered but somewhere hidden away an exhaustive collection of historical detail regarding "The Toon o' Maxwell," to which this paper will form but an incitement.

then went to Manchester and entered the cotton mills. His industrial and executive ability are seen in that, at the age of nineteen years, he was made manager of a cotton mill employing five hundred hands, and speedily proved himself the first cotton spinner in England. A business trip to Glasgow brought him in contact with Mr. Dale, proprietor of the New Lanark mills, with whose daughter he promptly proceeded to fall in love and afterward marry. Owen induced his partners, for he was now part owner of the Chorlton twist cotton mills, Manchester, to buy out the New Lanark mills, which they did, and he settled there as manager.

Here with about two thousand people, one quarter of that number being children, he began his plans for their betterment. He improved their houses, he opened a store where goods of undoubted quality could be purchased by his employees at little more than cost price. The sale of strong drink was placed under the strictest supervision. Educational facilities were provided for the young. Thus Owen became the founder of infant schools in Great Britain. He began to write essays advocating his social and community theories, and in 1817 presented his views in form of a report, to the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor Laws. The essays and report brought him into the eyes of the people, not alone in Britain, but in Europe as well. Industrial leaders, social reformers, philanthropists, titled men, and even Royalty itself visited New Lanark to see and learn. While thus leading a remarkable industrial reform movement, his business enterprises were not allowed to flag, and he proved that it paid to deal as he was doing with his work-people and their children, for, from his business enterprises he amassed a fortune.

Like Plato and Sir Thomas More, whose disciple he undoubtedly was, imbibing some of the principles of each system, he outlined his ideal

community. He recommended that communities of about twelve hundred persons each should be settled on quantities of land of from one thousand to twelve hundred acres, all living in one large building in the form of a square, with public kitchen and dining-room. Each family should have its own private apartments and the entire care of the children till the age of three, after which they should be brought up by the community, their parents, however, having access to them at meals and all other proper times. Work and the enjoyment of its results should be in common. These communities might be established by individuals, parishes, counties or the State itself.

At this time he had gained the ear of the country and one of his warmest friends and supporters was the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. He had the prospect before him of becoming one of the greatest of social reformers and world benefactors, for in his personal character then and to the end of his life he was above reproach. Unfortunately, in the heyday of his grip of the national heart-strings, he began to advocate a very lax view of marriage, which gave offence to many and alienated them from him. Also at a great gathering in London, where he was the lion of the hour, he deliberately went out of his way to declare his hostility to all the received forms of religion, and advocated a creed or religion of his own, the chief points of which were: "That man's character is made, not by him but for him; that it has been formed by circumstances over which he has no control; that he is not a proper subject either of praise or blame; in plain English, that man is not a responsible, but an irresponsible, being, wholly controlled and governed by circumstances and environment. From the moment of that pronouncement, Owen's theories were, in the popular mind, associated with infidelity and the tide of popular opinion turned against him. Particularly true was

this among the dour Scotch, the descendants of the men who had opened their veins and with the ink of their own blood subscribed to the solemn league and covenant. They could and would, if need be, live on crowdy and oatmeal bannocks in limited quantity, but perish the thought that they should follow a man of infidel tendencies. In the bitterness of his disappointment he cried out: "Lanark people, I meant you to have a taste of Heaven below, but you would have none of the methods."

Owen died at his native village in 1858, aged eighty-seven years, but was buried at New Lanark, where most of his life was spent and socialistic theories worked out. His body lies in a quiet corner back of the church of Saint Kentigern.

*

Henry Jones, of Exeter, England, was a retired officer of the British navy, having held the office of purser. He met and heard Robert Owen when the latter was touring England and speaking before the public on his social and communistic theory. Jones became fascinated with Owen's scheme, and about 1825 went to New Lanark, Scotland, to attend Owen's lectures and study his theory and also the practical workings of such portion of the scheme as he was there carrying out among his work people. His decision was soon made: he would visit the new land across the sea, Canada, make a selection of land, then return and gather together a sufficient number of families, bring them out, and establish an "Owen settlement or community."

Mr. Jones proceeded to carry out his plan, bringing with him one Alexander Hamilton as his valet and travelling companion. The landing was made at New York, then, by such modes of conveyance as were available they crossed the State, the newly-opened Erie Canal to Buffalo being part of the route; thence by the waters of Lake Erie, Detroit River,

Lake and River Saint Clair to Lake Huron. Having skirted the shores for some miles, being impressed by the high, dry and heavily-timbered shore line, to the mouth of the River aux Perches, then a considerable stream, as it was the outlet of Lake Wawanash, a shallow body of water, in what is now Sarnia Township, of about three thousand acres and from four to six feet in depth. This river he found to be literally alive with wild ducks, the marshy ground around Lake Wawanash being an ideal breeding ground for them. This settled the matter for Mr. Jones, as here was abundant opportunity for sport, while the land seemed to him an ideal location for his proposed colony.

Returning to the old country, Mr. Jones proceeded to secure the necessary land, in what are now the Townships of Sarnia and Plympton, Lambton County, then an unsurveyed wilderness. From the Crown Lands Department of Ontario we quote the following:

"The Township of Sarnia was surveyed partly by Deputy-Surveyor Roswell Mount, under instructions from the Surveyor-General, bearing date 8th of April, 1829, and partly by Deputy-Surveyor Peter Carrol, under instructions from the Commissioner of Crown Lands, bearing date 23rd of April, 1835.

"The Township of Plympton was surveyed partly by Deputy-Surveyor Charles Rankin, under instructions dated 5th June, 1829, and partly by Deputy-Surveyor Peter Carrol, under instructions from the Surveyor-General, on the 29th of May, 1832."

Be it well understood there was no Lambton then, but the unsurveyed portion on which Mr. Jones had fixed his mind formed a part of Kent, being the nineteenth county under the proclamation of John Graves Simcoe, dated 16th July, 1792, and which by the terms of that proclamation was to "comprehend all the country not being territories of the Indians, not already included in the several counties hereinbefore described, extending northward to the boundary line of Hudson's Bay.

John Collier Jones, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, was a brother of Henry Jones. He was married to a sister of Lady Colborne, wife of Sir John Colborne, who in 1829 was to become Governor of Upper Canada. Henry Jones was enabled by this matrimonial tie with his family to induce Sir John Colborne to plead in his behalf at the Colonial Office, that he might be granted ten thousand acres on the shore of Lake Huron, where he might plant his community and work out his Utopian scheme along the lines laid down by Robert Owen. The grant was made, and he then proceeded to carry out his plan.

Mr. Jones went to Scotland and began to gather together a goodly number of families who were willing to join in his scheme. With these he sailed for Canada, by what port he entered and by what route he came we do not know, but may presume, I think, that it would be by the same route as he had previously pursued. Some time perhaps some diary will be discovered, musty with age, in which that trip was recorded. What a splendid bit of history it would be!

That band of pioneer men, women and children in 1827, with a firm-seated conviction of bettering their condition, led by a man of independent means willing in behalf of his fellow-men to invest time, labour, and wealth in this manner, endured much hardship. Night after night they would pull up their boats on the shore and make their camp. Soon the camp-fire would blaze brightly, around which they would gather and prepare their evening meal, then roll up in their blankets (women and children in the boats the men on the shore), and sleep and dream of the Arcadia they were going to establish in the wilderness of the new world.

Having reached their destination, they proceeded to establish themselves. Mr. Jones named his communistic colony "The Toon o' Maxwell," Maxwell being the residence at New Lanark, Scotland, of him whose fol-

lower he was—Robert Owen himself.

A member of the Jones family who began in 1831 (would that he had begun a few years earlier) a very comprehensive diary gives the location of the community house as being on lot fifteen, lake shore, Sarnia Township, and in 42-58 North Latitude, and 82-30, West Longitude.

The buildings erected were one storey high, of logs and boards cut out with a whip-saw. The residence must have covered a considerable amount of ground, as a large number of families made their home within it. Each family had separate apartments, thus recognising the family tie, but the cooking was done in one common kitchen, and they all met in one common dining-room for their meals. While the women thus worked in common together, in preparing the food, the men also went out together as a community to their daily toil in the new and strange work of clearing off the timber and cultivating the soil. Superannuated military stores had been drawn upon to help furnish the community for its backwoods life. Artillery harness, to which was attached chains which once had done service on board the men-o'-war were in turn hitched to ponderous carts brought by the community from Britain. The motive power was Indian ponies, the only representative of the equine race then found in those parts. A member of the Jones family of a later generation, and still living, has told us that in his boyhood days some of that ponderous equipment was still extant, and an Indian pony must have been almost hidden from sight by the harness, and had load enough in the cart without anything being added thereto.

About fifty acres were cleared and put under cultivation. The fencing of their fields by those honest but innocent pioneers, was a weary and almost interminable task. What knew they about a Virginia snake-fence. Never had any of them seen, much less split a rail, and so in a

manner as though for a king's palace they hewed out posts, and with two-inch auger and chisel cut a number of mortises right through them; then, setting them firmly in the ground, they proceeded to fit into them rails or bars hewn out with elaborate precision, with well-made tenons which were fitted into the mortised posts. A hard day's toil by all the men would only construct a few rods of fence, built in that manner, while the same amount of labour expended in splitting rails out of the timber they were burning up, and building them into a regular rail-fence would have enclosed as many acres. But they did not know, and ought not to be sneered at because of their ignorance.

At a little distance from the community dwelling-house they erected a building to be used as a store from which all supplies might be obtained. Another building was put up which was the school in which the children of the community were to receive an education, for the scholastic training of the young was one of the strong features of the Owen philosophy.

Thus they toiled on in their isolated location, for except a few French families on the River Saint Clair front, where now the south side of Sarnia is situated, there were no other white people on Canadian soil nearer than Baldoon, Lord Selkirk's colony, on the Chenal Ecarté near the south-west corner of the present County of Lambton.

In the "Life and Journals of Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by" (Reverend Peter Jones), Indian Methodist missionary to his own people, now a very rare book, we find the only known printed reference dating right back to the time of the colony. We quote from the above work, page 244, Saturday, August 1st, 1829:

"Started for Saint Clair this morning. Called a few minutes at Kettle Point, so called from the number of rocks or stones projecting from the precipice overhanging the waters, resembling iron pots of various sizes. In the afternoon we passed a new settlement of white people

eight or ten miles west [This is an evident typographical error, it should be east] of the mouth of the lake. This settlement was formed by a Mr. Jones, who tried to carry out what is called the Owen system of having all things common; but I was informed the thing did not work well here, as the colonists one after another left their leader."

It is evident by this that the settlement was a short-lived one. Only two years had gone by since its founding up to the time the record was made in Jones' Journal, and already the community was showing a thinning of the ranks by desertion.

The complete failure of the attempt was all too evident when a fire caught the community house and totally destroyed it. The date of this disaster we have been unable to place. A goodly number of the colony then left it, having learned by that time that each family could for a very small sum own a hundred-acre farm for themselves. Then, why should they submerge their personality in a community of which they had formed only a part? Two community houses were built after the fire for those who still remained true to the original idea, but on a much smaller scale than the former house. These were placed one on either side of the road they had made through their clearing. It was not very long, however, until Mr. Jones and his own family were left alone, as the exodus continued until all the others were gone.

During the period of its continuance as a community, the United States military post on the Michigan shore, ten miles away (Fort Gratiot), was their post-office and point of contact with the outer world, which they had left behind in order to establish a *Utopia* or *Arcadia* where the ordinary cares of humanity were not to be known; and by emancipation from these cares they were to be taught not to look back to the old life. The attempt ended, as most such have ended, in proving itself fruitless.

It was a costly experiment for the founder, Mr. Jones, who expended no

less a sum than ten thousand pounds sterling on the experiment, thus vindicating his singleness of purpose and sincerity of belief in the system which he believed was to be a panacea for the ordinary troubles that commonly beset the path of humanity in the journey of life.

After the extinction of the colony, objections being made in some quarters to Mr. Jones holding the large tract of land granted him by the Colonial Office and Provincial Government, now that his community was gone, he with that high honour characteristic of the true Britisher, especially those of good family and birth, as he was, voluntarily relinquished nine-tenths of the grant, refusing to hold it, and retaining only the one-thousand acres to which as a retired officer of the navy of the rank of purser he was entitled. So ended one of the most striking settlement or colonisation schemes ever attempted in our Province. Romantic in its beginnings, tragic and disastrous in its ending was "The Toon o' Maxwell, the Owen settlement in Lambton County."

Among the number of those who

composed the community we have been able to glean a few names only: Alexander Hamilton (valet to the founder), Henry Young, Thomas Steen, John McFarlane and brother, the Burys and McPhedrans. Descendants of some of these are prominent in the life of the county at the present day.

John Hamilton, of Forest, grandson of Alexander Hamilton already mentioned, has a neat little trinket which links to that Owen settlement, a silver pencil-case about four and one-half inches long, with a seal on the end. The seal is seven-sixteenths of an inch across, having a quill pen and the word "Truth" upon it. This belonged to Henry Jones, founder of "The Toon o' Maxwell," and as his personal seal was highly prized by him and was specifically left by will to that one who made the preliminary voyage and exploration tour with him to Canada and then as one of the company helped establish the settlement. Needless to say it is highly prized by his grandson (to whom it was left when the grandfather died) as a trinket linking itself to a rich bit of our early pioneer history.



ROMANCES OF ROSSLAND

BY HAROLD SANDS

IN 1892 Maurice Yenzel, a merchant of Moscow, Idaho, sold a suit of clothes for \$60,000.

Of course there is a story in that transaction, and a wonderful story it is; nothing less than the romance of Rossland and its mines. Yenzil didn't get his \$60,000 down on the nail. It was five years before he received the final payment on that suit of "hand-me-downs."

Truth to tell, Yenzel did not expect to get a cent for the clothes. One day an acquaintance he had known in various mining camps of the West wandered into his store in Moscow, dressed in his best and his worst. In other words the man's clothes were much the worse for wear, but they were all he had.

"Just come down from Rossland, broke," he explained to his friend the merchant. "I've got nothing except these 2,000 shares of *Le Roi* gold mine. Give me a suit of clothes and stake me to a meal and they're yours."

Yenzel did so, and threw the certificate for the mining stock into the back of his safe. He was out a suit of clothes and "four-bits"; that was the way he figured.

By 1897 he had received in dividends and from the sale of the stock the sum of \$60,000. The great *Le Roi* mine, after nearly breaking the hearts of those who stood so splendidly by it in the days of adversity, had first developed into the most prominent property in British Columbia, and then had been bought by the British company headed by the late Whitaker

Wright, of somewhat painful memory.

When the Americans who held the mine disposed of it to Wright for about \$4,000,000, Yenzel cashed in for that suit of clothes.

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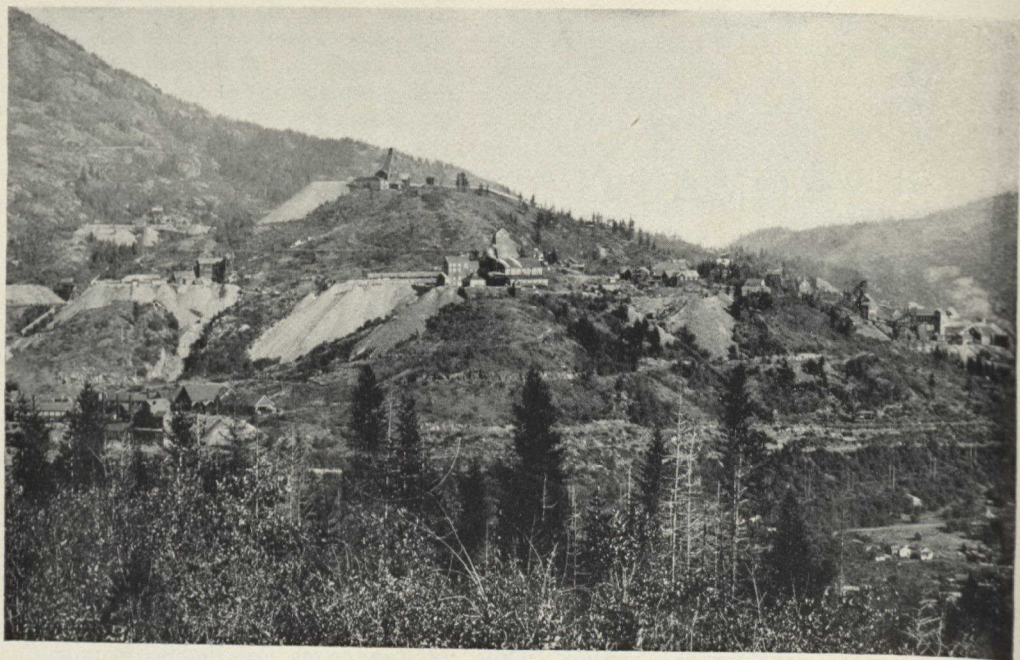
British Columbia is so full of romance that it won't do to say that the story of *Le Roi* and Rossland is unique. But it certainly is remarkable even for so picturesque a portion of Canada as the Pacific Province.

Le Roi was discovered twice. In other words, the people who did the first work on it did not name it nor did they trouble to locate their claim. After a short time they abandoned it. The story goes that they found the mine because they followed the advice of a clairvoyant. This woman lived at Colville, Washington. A party of four, including her husband and son, decided to go on a prospecting trip. Wishing to know where to go, they induced the woman to go into a trance and give them instructions.

On emerging from the trance, the clairvoyant made a chart. On it she showed the trail to the Columbia River; thence as far as the mouth of Trail Creek, and finally to Red Mountain.

"There," she said, "is a mountain of gold."

Time has proved her to be correct, but the party she advised did not benefit by her trance. True they followed her instructions, reached Red Mountain and dug into many crop-pings, but they found nothing to reward their efforts. Ore had to be



A PANORAMIC

rich in those days to pay for the cost of getting it out, shipping it and treatment. The party persevered for five or six weeks, then, finding no free gold, went away in disgust, not even taking with them samples of ore for assay.

That was in 1884. The report of that disgusted party of prospectors gave the old lady of Colville a setback as a clairvoyant. And yet, since her day, over \$40,000,000 has been taken out of her "mountain of gold."

No further work was done on Red Mountain till 1888, and it was not till 1890 that famous old Joe Bourgeois set the first stake on *Le Roi*, and E. S. Topping, deputy mining recorder at Nelson, located it. Bourgeois wasn't particularly looking for a mine when he came across the patches of red rock which led to the naming of Rossland's famous mountain. The French-Canadian was out hunting for marten and prospecting "on the side." He didn't think very much of *Le Roi*, anyhow.

Perhaps the old workings made by the clairvoyant's husband made him think it was no good. In any case he staked claims alongside, but he didn't bother with *Le Roi*, which he styled the *Louise*, except to put up what is called the initial post. So many erroneous stories have been given to the world about the actual location of the great property, that I will quote the statement of the man above all others who knows the facts. This is Mr. E. S. Topping, called "Colonel" by everybody in the mountains. Here is his statement:

"I was in the game at the opening of the jackpot and was the recorder of the district for several years, and perhaps am in a better position than anybody to give the facts.

"The first location in the country (it was called the Trail Creek District then) was made by Newlin Hoover and Olive Bordeau in 1888. They staked the *Lily May*. The second was a claim called the *Annie*, located by Newlin for me, at the east end of



VIEW OF ROSSLAND

the *Lily May*, and staked that year.

"In June, 1890, Olive Bordeau and Joe Morris went from Nelson, where the mining recorder's office was, to the *Lily May*, to perform the annual assessment work required by the British Columbia mining laws. With them was Joe Bourgeois, whose object was to look up the chance for marten trapping and incidentally to prospect.

"I don't think that Bourgeois ever did a day's work for wages in his life. He was a remarkable character. He put in the earlier part of his life as a fur trapper and knew every trading post from Quebec to the Fraser River. Soon after he came to British Columbia, about 1865, he commenced placer mining and followed that occupation with varying success till 1890.

"While Morris and Bordeau worked at the *Lily May*, Bourgeois tramped around the country, and by accident he found the large croppings on Red Mountain, at what is now Rossland. He induced Morris to go over, and

they located four claims, the *War Eagle*, the *Centre Star*, the *Idaho* and the *Virginia*. At that time there was no limit as to the number of claims one might locate."

"Colonel" Topping mentions the interesting fact that though the French-Canadian discovered *Le Roi* he did not locate it. He says:

"Bourgeois and Morris put one stake on a claim to the west of the *Centre Star* — an initial post — and called it the *Louise*. Bourgeois proposed to me that if I would pay for recording the claims they had located, he and Morris would allow me to stake the other. I, of course, accepted, and paid to Mr. Giffin, the recorder at that time, the required sum of ten dollars. A few days later I visited the new camp and named the claim *Le Roi*, and even then considered I had the best claim in the camp."

It often happens in the West that the real discoverer of a mine is the man who makes the least out of the



LE ROI NO. 2 CONCENTRATOR

property. It is worth stating, therefore, that Bourgeois cleaned up from his Rossland and East Kootenay properties about \$35,000, which was no mean sum for a man who had never driven a stake on a lode claim until he went to Trail Creek. Joe went to the Canadian Northwest, and, besides taking up a large section of land, married a young wife and acquired a fast team of horses. Joe was fond of excitement.

The famous *Le Roi*, therefore, although discovered by the fur trapper was located by the deputy recorder, whose initial expenditure was ten dollars. From that moment Topping decided to cast in his fortunes with the new camp. He would sink or swim with it. He went to Nelson, sold out his interests there, and moved to the mouth of Trail Creek, where he located 343 acres, now the City of Trail.

His next move was to secure capital to develop *Le Roi*. He didn't stop to consider whether that capital should be Canadian or American. He simply reasoned that Spokane, in the adjoining State of Washington, was the nearest city where men with some means could be induced to back him.

Americans in Spokane take great

credit to themselves for assisting the development of Rossland. While one does not desire to refuse them credit, and cannot in fairness do so, it must be stated that British Columbia has returned to them far more than they ever put into it. There have been large losses in British Columbia mining. Canadians and Englishmen have suffered these; the "velvet" has gone across the border. We have no reason to feel unduly beholden to United States capital. Yet Colonel I. N. Peyton, an American who benefitted very largely by the sale of *Le Roi* to the British American Corporation, patronisingly remarks:

"Before the advent of Spokane men and Spokane capital, Trail Creek was simply a location on the map of British Columbia, without any activity or mining enterprises. A little touch of Yankee enterprise and Yankee money was like a magician's wand. Under that potent influence the country developed from a dull, lifeless wilderness into a prosperous mining district, employing thousands of men, building up towns and cities which would never have been developed with Canadian enterprise or money."

In answer to that statement, it



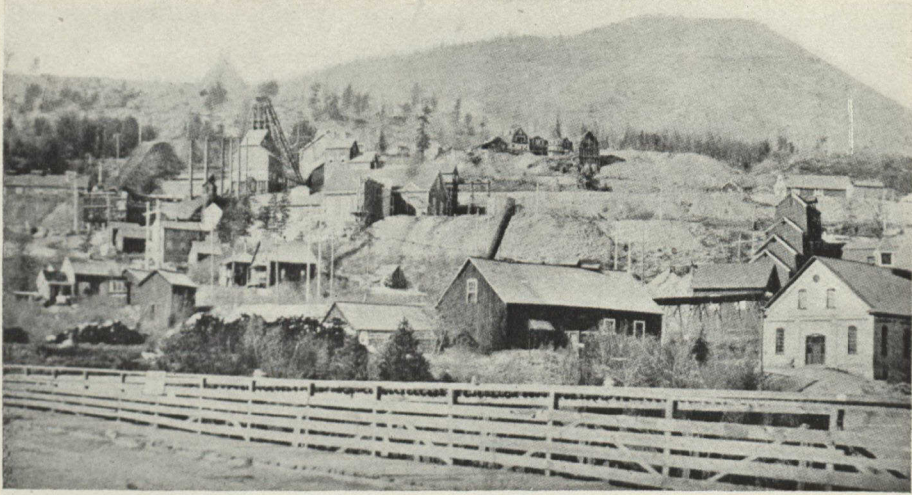
LE ROI MINE POWER PLANT

need only be said that Canadians were the pioneers in that camp and it is Canadian and British money that keeps it alive to-day. The Americans were the "middlemen," and like all of that class they made money with less risk than the others.

Let it be said, however, for the Spokane people who took over *Le Roi* from Mr. Topping, that they stuck to the mine during a most discouraging time. They knew they had a good thing, and they "glued" to it. They forced distrustful bankers to lend them money, and they did not throw up the sponge when they found themselves in debt, with no money in the treasury and with no credit. They encountered many difficulties and embarrassments in making *Le Roi* a mine. Several times they were near the limit of their endurance, and they fully deserve the prosperity which came to them. Colonel Topping sold them the mine for \$30,000. They developed it and transferred it to the Whitaker Wright syndicate for \$4,000,000. It would seem, then, that it is they who are beholden to British Columbia rather than that British Columbia owes them the thanks which Colonel Peyton makes so much of.

Connected with the acquirement of the property by Whitaker Wright and his friends is almost as great a romance as the actual discovery itself. When Whitaker Wright burst into the financial world of London he introduced American methods. Although an Englishman, he had spent a good many years on this side of the water and was "next" to all the wrinkles of company promoting. After he had been in London some time the Klondike cast the glamour of its gold all over the world. Wright formed the British America Corporation. One of his main ideas was to operate largely in the Yukon, but in order to get the large capital he required he had to have something more than mere Klondike prospects to serve as bait in London.

Therefore he determined to secure *Le Roi*. He offered a big price for it. Most of the Spokane stockholders of the old corporation were eager to sell out at his figure, but an active minority was opposed to the deal. The latter placed all sorts of obstacles in the way of the transfer of the property. It secured possession of the seal of the company, without which *Le Roi* could not be legally made over



THE WAR EAGLE-CENTRE STAR GROUP

to the British America Corporation. But Whitaker Wright had good men working for him, brainy men, men with ideas. Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, formerly an Ottawa newspaper man, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories and general all-round good sort, was one of them. While the late Earl of Dufferin, once Governor-General, was the figurehead chairman of the British America Corporation, Mackintosh was the resident director at Rossland.

Mackintosh got that seal of *Le Roi*. It required smart work at Spokane, it necessitated the hiring of a special train to rush the seal from Spokane over the Nelson and Fort Sheppard Railway to Rossland. But Mackintosh managed it. The seal was quickly affixed, the minority was brought to time, and the legal transfer was made.

Even with the great prestige of the British America Corporation behind it, *Le Roi* did not find it all smooth sailing. The famous eight-hour law strike in the Kootenays set Rossland back, and later came the prosecution of Whitaker Wright on charges connected with the accounts of one of his mining companies. He was found guilty, and committed suicide in the

London law courts almost at the feet of the judge who was ready to pronounce his sentence.

Now *Le Roi* is in the hands of a London company, of which Mr. A. J. McMillan, former agent in England for the Manitoba Government, is managing-director. Mr. McMillan returned to Rossland from London recently, and announced that he had made financial arrangements to carry on a big plan of exploration and development in the mine. It is hoped that the result of this comprehensive scheme will be the restoration of the famous mine to its old-time position of prominence.

Second only in interest to the history of *Le Roi* is that of the *War Eagle*, or the "War-r Aigle," as "Patsy" Clark's Irish miners used to call it. This property and the *Centre Star* are owned by a company whose shares are held mostly in Eastern Canada. In addition to the properties named, the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada, Limited — for such is its unwieldy title — owns the *Iron Mask*, *Idaho*, *Enterprise* and a number of fractional mineral claims adjoining these, together with the *Saint Eugene*, an extensively

developed silver-lead property situated at Moyie, British Columbia; the smelter at Trail, three miles from Rossland, originally erected by Mr. F. A. Heinze for the treatment of *Le Roi* ore, and the Rossland Power Company.

The *War Eagle* and the *Centre Star* were two of the claims that Joe Bourgeois and Joe Morris located. They were worked with varying success until, in 1894, "Patsy" Clark of Spokane bonded the *War Eagle* for \$17,000.

"The luck of Patsy Clark" is a saying in the West. Clark had not driven far into the hill before he struck the *War Eagle's* great upper chute, and in three months he declared a dividend equal to the exact amount subscribed for the company he formed. His success electrified the West. To the Canadian Butte, as they now dubbed Rossland, a remarkable rush took place. The year before the country had been languishing. The effect of "Patsy" Clark's operations was picturesquely summed up by D. B. Bogle, a former Rossland newspaperman. He said:

"Men who in 1894 were threatening suicide, in 1895 were regaling themselves on lobster and champagne."

But cold bottles and fancy fish were not all. By a logical train of circumstances, as Mr. Bogle adds, "the building of smelters, the extension of copper mining to the Boundary District, now possessed of one of the great copper mines of the world, the construction of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway and of the Columbia and Western Railway, and the development of the Fernie coal mines, all followed the discovery of the *War Eagle* ore chute. Those things would have come about in time. But they would not have come about then, nor perhaps be in existence now as productive enterprises. It was Patsy Clark who set the train in motion."

The fame of Rossland penetrated beyond the Rockies to Toronto and Montreal. The fever for speculation in British Columbia mines entered into the blood of the generally cool farmers and merchants of Ontario. The passion possessed even the financial princes.



THE TRAIL SMELTER

In 1896 George Gooderham and his son-in-law, T. G. Blackstock, decided to go to British Columbia and get into the thick of it. The miners took kindly to Gooderham, for his name was on the labels of an article which was considered as much a necessity, if not more so, as bread. They did not, however, hold the same mellow opinion of the mining engineer he brought with him. That gentleman, a graduate of Eastern Canadian colleges, they unkindly dubbed a "copper-bottomed, all-fired, eighteen-karat expert." And they proceeded to show that gentleman, at Gooderham's expense, that what he did not know about mining would fill several large books. One of the tricks practised on Mr. Gooderham and his expert is thus related by Mr. Bogle:

"Early in 1895 the south belt of Trail Creek camp had been located, and its banner property was the *Crown Point*. The chief owner was originally keeper of a cigar stand at Kaslo, now reported as a millionaire. This property was bonded by a Duluth man at \$75,000. He sank a shaft on it through a magnificent mass of ore. Unfortunately the ore gave out, and the last fifty feet of the shaft was in country rock of the most barren description. A cross-cut tunnel from the bottom of the shaft, 125 feet long, was equally resultless. The Duluth man returned the property to the owners with kind wishes.

"At the time the Gooderham-Blackstock delegation visited Rossland a few men were at work prospecting on the *Crown Point*. The foreman was a hard-rock miner of deep sagacity and wide experience. He told the owner that he could never sell the mine as it looked. He had better dress it up by flooring the shaft near the bottom of the ore and blow down a few tons as if he were starting a drift eastward:

"The expert came and inspected the mine, and Gooderham bought it, without knowing of the exploration underneath. How could such things be?

Very easily. In mining camps the strict rule is *caveat emptor*, and anyone who goes out of his way to 'cavett' an 'emport' is called a 'knocker'; and mining camps have ways of dealing with 'knockers' that are not in accordance with the Golden Rule."

Eastern Canadians rushed to secure stock in the Crown Point Mining Company when Gooderham put it on the market in Toronto and Montreal. Naturally enough, the returns did not give the shareholders any great pleasure. Mr. Gooderham realised that he must buy a real mine. It is stated that he gave Mr. Blackstock a signed blank cheque and told him to return to Rossland and buy a mine at all hazards.

Now re-appears Patsy Clark. Blackstock opened negotiations with the Spokane man for the purchase of the *War Eagle*. He offered him \$700,000. Clark closed the deal. He thought he was getting more for the mine than it was worth. He was face to face with the necessity of getting large capital if the *War Eagle* was to be mined and developed properly. As a matter of fact, Blackstock got a bargain. Fine new bodies of ore were opened up and the outlook for the mine was splendid.

But too much water brought disaster—not water in the mine, but watered stock. Mr. Bogle, who was in the thick of the excitement, vividly records what happened:

"All might have been well, but this favourable combination of circumstances, together with the more sentimental consideration that here was the banner mine of the country wrested from American control and about to pour its wealth into the lap of Canada, sent the Eastern investor off his head. He quickly raised a nominal valuation of over six million dollars. Not only that, but he poured his money with lavish hand into a horde of wildcat schemes that clustered around the *War Eagle* like jackals around a lion. Then, of course, came

the inevitable crash. All suffered loss and some were ruined. Many harsh things were said of Gooderham and Blackstock. But a calmer judgment at a safe distance must reverse the verdict.

"During a great excitement of popular feeling the mine owner is in a peculiar position. If he runs down his property, then he is seeking to get other property cheap and depress shares so he can buy them in. If he cries it up, then he is looking for a chance to unload. So it goes. The public have the bit between their teeth.

"Again, it must be remembered that the inflation which was forced on the market by the promoters of *Le Roi* was forced upon the promoters of the *War Eagle* by the market. In any case both Mr. Gooderham and Mr. Blackstock are dead. The last days of both were embittered, and those of the latter shortened, by the worry and trouble of their mining venture. The good rule of *nil nisi bonum* well applies. They were in the clutch of the

tide that they could not control."

Since the death of Gooderham and Blackstock the *War Eagle*, as already stated, has gone out of existence as a separate mining company. The Consolidated Company which now operates it and other large properties has a board of directors of Montreal and Toronto capitalists and is doing well. The average number of men employed by the company is four hundred and fifty.

Although Rossland and its mines have passed through much storm and stress, that is the usual experience of western camps, and it may truthfully be said that the city about Red Mountain is now on a sound, substantial and permanent basis. The mines around it produce annually not less than three million dollars, and the prospects for deep mining have never before been so favourable as they are at present. The next few years will probably see a wide expansion, and Rossland will entirely justify the faith of those who have stuck to it through thick and thin.



THE UNSOPHISTICATED ENGLISHMAN

BY D. G. CUTHBERT

WHEN I engaged, last spring, a young Londoner as office assistant, I confess I was moved more by compassion than business requirement.

He came in one cold, raw morning, when the thermometer was falling to zero, coatless and gloveless, while there did not appear to be sufficient blood running through his veins to keep him warm with the weather even at ninety in the shade.

There was not an unintelligent look in his pleading, watery eye, and, despite his cockney drawl, he could express himself fluently.

"Can you post?" I asked.

He said, "Ow, yes."

"Do you know anything of bank transactions?"

He nodded confidently, and declared his extensive experience.

"You are strictly temperate?" I inquired.

"Never knew the taste of liquor," he affirmed.

"Have you any testimonials? Let me see them if you have."

"Ow, yes," he said decidedly, as he dug into his pockets, outside and inside, back and front, jacket, trousers, and waistcoat.

After a pitiful struggle, he at length produced from the pocket where a watch is usually kept a small, worn, blue scrap, which, on being unfolded, testified that Mr. Alfred Hoop had served in the office of the London Bridge Insurance Company for six

months as clerk and messenger, and thereafter for a period of seven months as agent, during which time and in each capacity he had proved himself honest, accurate, and industrious. He could be honestly recommended to any Canadian firm requiring a worker who possessed these qualifications.

I do not know what great virtue the poor fellow thought lay in this testimonial; but he certainly stood there as if the heavens themselves had declared his clerical abilities.

"Have you any other?" I asked.

"Naow," he retorted. "I thought one would be sufficient."

"And where did you work previous to your engagement with the Insurance Company?" I added.

"With my uncle."

"At office work?"

"Yes, 'e's a big wholesale grocer in Hampstead."

Recollecting that I had publicly stated a few days before my belief that an unjust prejudice was entertained towards the Cockney by Canadians, I resolved to practise my precept and give this one a chance.

Accordingly, as he was willing to accept "for a start" eight dollars a week, I engaged him, hoping for the best in the future, and, for the present, satisfied in my philanthropy.

Next morning he turned up punctually, and was clamouring to be put to "somethink" before the books were out of the vault.

There was certainly some reason to think that his industry had been genuinely vouched for; and, as he again asserted he had practice in posting, I gave him the purchase journal to post into the ledger, and went about my own business for an hour.

Thinking it was then time to pay him a visit, I went over to his desk. when, to my horror, I found he had entered the dollar amounts in the folio column.

"Ain't that right?" he ejaculated dogmatically; "there's three spyces, and you put the pounds in the first."

Mentally consigning him and his pounds to a certain furnace where they might undergo a useful transmutation, I sent him out for a new, sharp office-scraper, and was thankful to find he did not return with a stable hoe.

When I had spent a valuable hour erasing the mistakes, I began to question the prudence of my philanthropy. A belated balance-sheet (for the end of the month was at hand) is not excused by your capitalist on the plea of philanthropy; and, honestly, during the first week, everything he did had to be undone, and the increase in the stationary account was likely to be remarked upon severely.

But although that young Englishman had few of the qualities a clerk should possess, he had sufficient pride for two collegians.

Rebuke was lost upon him. Though he heard it all in silence, he threw it off with a shrug of his narrow shoulders, and it was amusing, even if it were exasperating, to watch him persist in the wrong course even while the reprimand was being hurled at him, and then, either with the guilelessness of ignorance or the temerity of impudence, ask if it "wasn't orl right now?"

It was also amusing to hear him dilate on the family connection and pedigree.

The next intimation of his aristo-

cratic connection was made after this fashion:

"I see," he said, entering after luncheon, with a newspaper under his arm, "I see my old relative General Hoop is dead, at his place in Berkshire."

"Did you call him 'Wah Hoop'?" asked the customs clerk, who always attempted a pun.

"Now, that's strange," said Alfred, blinking his eyes reflectively; "exactly wot we did call him. You're a very clever fellow, Perkins, to guess so well."

"Did he resemble you, Mr. Hoop?" asked the ledger-keeper.

"Very much," replied Alfred. "My father used to say I had the same type of nose. Slightly aquiline, you know. Most successful soldiers have it."

"I wonder you ever came out to Canada to work, Mr. Hoop," remarked Perkins, the customs clerk, one day, when the Englishman had been informing us of the amount of the deceased colonel's will. "You ought to be wearing an eye-glass, and inspecting your race stud with a gold-headed cane in your hand."

"Well, it's like this," explained Mr. Hoop. "The colonel, or rather major-general, and the rest of my father's wealthy relatives quarrelled with him because he married my mother, who was poor but well-connected, and I see by this London pyper he has left us nothing of all that money. Absolutely rotten old cuss, to turn over the old man's share to institutions. But I don't care. My mother's eldest brother is good for a hundred thousand quid, and as I'm called after him I expect to be remembered before he pegs out, and after. He made all that money in Canada, too."

"In what line?" asked Adams the ledger-keeper.

"Let me see; I believe it was the lumbering," replied Mr. Hoop doubtfully.

"What's his name?" asked Adams.

"I know all the lumber kings by name — McKay, Fraser, Cookson?"

"Cookson," echoed Alfred; "that's the bloke. Lives up near Ottawar in a place called Taskyville."

"By Gor, he's right for once," said Adams, opening his ledger. "Cookson has an account with us. But are you really his nephew, Hoop — now straight?"

"I don't see why you should doubt my word," returned Hoop haughtily. "because I've got to work for my living just now. I don't mind telling you it was the old fellow (we always called him the old fellow, at home, because he was so much older than my mother, you see) who paid my passage out. Of course, I could have got a vastly better job with him, but it meant living in those wilds, which I can't stand. And then he didn't mind my making a job under another master; 'for,' says he, 'it will make the young dog more pliable when he comes into my hands.' 'Pon my word, he's a hard old pot. I'm going to see him, though, the first chance I can get. I mean to keep well in with him, you bet."

After this revelation I observed a greater respect for Mr. Hoop became the rule among the staff. They perceived that he was not absolutely devoid of common sense, and consequently not utterly fit to be cast on the rubbish heap of the world like savourless salt.

But, unfortunately, this new light in which he showed himself produced very little improvement in his work.

He wrote and figured neatly to begin with, but when half the writing and figuring had to be erased and altered, he succeeded in getting rid of these minor virtues at the end.

At last when he so far forgot himself as to post debits on the credit side, I was compelled to put a stop to this mutilation.

"Mr. Hoop," I said, calling him to my desk after the others had gone, "I have borne with your glaring mistakes longer than most men would

have done by a good fortnight, simply in the hope you would show some improvement. But you have been with us a month now, and yet there is not the slightest sign of care in your work. I should not like to dis-pense with you, if I thought you could do better, but the way things are going on at present cannot be tolerated. This is Monday; if you do not make a decided improvement by the end of the week, we can no longer keep you here. You have thoroughly disappointed me, I am sorry to say."

I expected, after this harangue, to be relieved of his services on the instant. Such a well-connected young man, I thought, could no longer stay and retain his dignity. But, instead of casting off the yoke with *hauteur*, he assumed a submissive whine.

"Give me another chance, Mr. Miller," he pleaded. "It's so hard to get another job just now. Any mistakes I have made (and I admit I have made some) have been due to sleeplessness and my nerves. I haven't slept a night since I came to Canada. But I'm taking a tonic now which is going to put me all right again. I promise you if you give me another chance that you won't have reason to find fault again."

"I trust so," I said. "I am sorry for your nerves, but an office isn't a convalescent home, you know. Well, I hope you'll do better for the remainder of the week and give us some hope."

Next morning Mr. Hoop came to his work with a little show of excitement — almost the only occasion, I think, he displayed any of his professed nervousness.

He was entrusted with the checking of invoices to start with, and then I set him to write out a cheque, a job which proved a sad stumbling block to him.

"You've written two thousand and nineteen instead of two thousand and ninety," I groaned. "What's to be done with you at all?"

"It's my nerves," he cried; "I may

as well chuck the job, Mr. Miller. It's no good, this sort of thing. I think I'll go to the country for a rest—to the old fellow at Tashyville. I had a letter from him last night urging me to come on."

"I guess it will be best for all concerned," I returned dryly. "When do you mean to go?"

"I should like to leave at once," he replied grandly, "but I suppose you will expect a week's notice. How would it do if I clear out on Saturday?"

"All right," I said, glad to be rid of him, but fearful of the trail of mistakes the week would disclose; "we do not demand a week's notice, but it will be all right if you leave on Saturday."

I could not help smiling at the patronising intonation which accompanied his generous proposal.

A short time after I heard him proudly tell Adams that he had never yet been dismissed; when he left a job he always put in his resignation.

"Some people have a wonderful instinct for danger," said Adams, with a grin; "I guess you've forestalled the sack here right enough. But I'm sorry you're going. You taught us all heraldry, and, besides, the office will appear mean deprived of the dignity of your aristocratic presence."

"I'm vastly obliged to you for saying so," said Mr. Hoop.

"But, of course," continued Adams, "it would be a pity to keep you longer from the arms of your uncle, the lumber king. Gee, in a few weeks you'll be casting the dust of your automobile on us, old man."

"Perhaps," said Hoop smiling. "I dessay the old fellow has a motor, sure enough."

"Depend on that," said Adams. "I tell you, you're a lucky dog, Hoop. I wish I was in your shoes, old man. But you don't want to ignore us for all that. You might send us a line occasionally. Say, a post-card of the place. I guess that old uncle of yours has a fine residence."

Hoop fairly beamed, and when the others in turn came and whispered their congratulations, he left, the hero of the hour.

That evening at tea-time, Adams (for we patronised the same restaurant) took up the subject of our Londoner's relationship to Cookson, the lumber king.

"I'll wager it's all a wheeze," he scoffed. "And then the yarn about his connection with the colonel, or general, with the phosphorescent nose. I'm darned if there isn't as much truth in the one as in the other. Bah, he hails from five generations of Whitechapel costermongers that survived the hanging days because there wasn't enough rope for them all!"

After a pause of mastication and meditation, he exclaimed: "Look here, Miller. I'm going to find out about that crack-pot. I know an old country fellow who boards in the same place with him. I'll pump him about Mr. Hoop's plans and pedigree, and if my suspicions are correst I'll spring a nice little joke on him, with the coöperation of you fellows."

"There's no reason why he shouldn't be a nephew of Cookson's," I said, "though his claim to relationship with the other big pot may be a hoax. Still, you never know what off-shoots you meet with here, and that type of Englishman is usually the fool who spoils the chances of the others."

"I'll know something about him to-night," declared Adams. "You'll have a laugh before the week's out or I'm very much mistaken."

In the morning he met me in the cloak-room, before the others arrived, with a beaming face.

"I saw the old country fellow who boards with Hoop, at an Oddfellows' meeting last night," he said, "and I found out from him all I want to know to spring a stunning good rise on the Cockney. This chap doesn't believe a word of the yarn about the uncles. He never mentioned it to

him because he knows better. And the best of it is that Hoop is going to get a job on Monday next, right here in the city. It seems he's got a job in a dry-goods store as assistant shipper."

"Why couldn't he tell the truth about it?" I asked, rather mystified. "I can't understand why he should start the tale of going to visit his uncle in Tashyville. And to deliberately tell us he was Cookson's nephew. I'll get at him about the new situation when he comes in, see if I don't."

"Not for your life!" exclaimed Adams. "That would spoil my little game. But did you ever meet such a liar? The deuce alone knows why he made up the yarn. Probably he thought this a more dignified way of taking leave, and fell back on the Uncle Cookson chimera for the support of the nerve theory. But look here, this is my plan of chastising him. We'll make him keep his word. We'll ship him out to Tashyville. The return fare will cost him twelve dollars, for he'll have to come back to the city. A bounder like that will starve out there."

"It would be a good way of teaching him truthfulness," I agreed. But I couldn't see how it was to be done.

Adams, however, was ecstatically confident.

"Nothing easier with that sort of cuss," he protested. "Just you wait."

When Hook came in, blowing his bare nails, for the morning was cold, he was greeted most effusively by Adams.

"A couple of days more, and you'll be speeding away to glory, old man. And think of us poor devils toiling here at the oar all the time. Can you run a motor launch, Hoop?"

"Haven't tried," said Hoop. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I see your uncle has a launch; at any rate, he bought some of the accessories for one last fall. So I find from the invoice. But you'll

learn, of course. Motor launching is rare sport."

"You bet," said Hoop. "I'll make the most of my time up there, you may depend."

"Are you leaving on the last train Saturday, Mr. Hoop?" asked Perkins, who had meanwhile entered.

"Sure," retorted Adams, with the air of one honoured by prior confidence. "Would you expect him to spend Sunday here in digs? The Sunday dinner alone would be an inducement to leave Saturday afternoon."

"Did you say you were going by the 3 p.m. train Saturday, Mr. Hoop?" asked Williams, one of the travellers, as he hung up his coat. Williams was a familiar of Adams, the ledger-keeper.

Hoop nodded decidedly.

"To Tashyville? Isn't it to Tashyville you're going?" continued Williams, coming forward.

"Yes, Tashyville, Mr. Williams. These confounded nerves of mine require a spell in the country, don't you know," And Mr. Hoop purred under the delightful interest he was creating.

"That's fine," rejoined Williams. "I'm going by that train myself, straight on to Tashyville. We'll have a time of it, Mr. Hoop."

"Gad, we shall," echoed Hoop.

"I wish I could get off," sighed Adams, "and go up with you."

"I'm going to spend a couple of days in the place," continued Williams. "I know your uncle, Mr. Cookson, very well. I sell him quite a lot of goods. Very wealthy man—practically owns the whole show up there. There's a nice little gasoline launch on the lake that you and I will have a trip in, if you'll allow me, Mr. Hoop."

"I shall be most happy," replied Hoop, swelling with importance. "I only wish all you fellows would partake of my hospitality up there."

"We know you do, old fellow," returned Adams, gratefully, "and we

can see what you'll do when you come into your kingdom."

I felt I needed to say something if I should not betray the situation by a burst of laughter.

"I have no doubt," I managed to say. "But it's time the books were taken out, boys."

"No more handling of books for you, Hoop — at any rate, for a long time to come," said Adams. "You lucky devil!"

"No more messing," said someone.

"Yes, Mr. Adams," replied Alfred, ignoring the last remark, "I rather think I am lucky. But, of course, I shall have to do something when my nerves get into order. The old fellow ain't the man to encourage idlers. 'This ain't no country for straight backs,' he says in his letter when he asked me out." And Adams at the words turned to me with wide eyes terror-stricken at such circumstantial falsehood, and, I thought, dubious whether he did not hear the truth in reality.

At dinner-time the ledger-keeper took care to knock-off with me, and as we went down the street and recalled the farce of the morning, he had to stop repeatedly to give vent to his laughter.

"You arranged all that sport with Williams and the others?" I remarked.

"Sure," he chuckled. "What torture it must have been to the poor devil to endure it all."

"I'm not so sure of the torture," I laughed. "He's by no means thin-skinned. And you were only stimulating his imagination."

"Well, the torture has to come yet," said Adams, rubbing his hands and stepping more briskly. "Just wait till you see his face at the Union Station as he disburses six dollars. Imagine his face again when he has to do likewise at Tashyville. But I'm afraid the pleasure of seeing the finale is reserved for Williams. Lord, if we weren't so busy, I would take the week-end to see it out."

"But how are you going to fix it so he doesn't get out of the game? You can't tie a chain round his neck and drag him to the station," I objected.

"That's quite easy — getting him to the station," declared Adams, with smiling assurance. "To prevent him escaping us, we're going to fraternise with him right up to train time. Take him out for a farewell luncheon, and make a jolly good fellow of him, and so on, and then bundle him into the car with Williams. He ought to stand the whole treat, seeing he's going to get the most out of it. And, look here, to put another feather in his fool's cap, you can keep back those three days' pay coming to him as arrears, when you settle with him Saturday. Tell him we forgot all about it, and consequently neglected to draw it; but we'll send it to him, care of his uncle Cookson. Gad, what a ruse! Just think, we'll have him dropping into the office for it next week like a skulking cur, for the beggar won't have a red cent when he reaches the city again. And then there's the little diversion of inquiring how the launch sailed, and what the holiday dinner he left for and so hurriedly was like. Oh, Gee! I feel faint!" And Adams went into a paroxysm of laughing that drew all eyes to him, till I was ashamed.

I confess I entered heartily into the spirit of the joke, and promised Adams to attend faithfully to the business of the arrears of pay. This I did, and when Saturday and pay hour came, Hoop's envelope was handed to him with only eight dollars.

I could see that Adams and Perkins were now getting excited, and Williams entered the office from the warehouse with unnecessary frequency.

Presently Hoop turned round from his examination of the envelope, and came forward to my desk with a thoughtful face.

"Mr. Miller," he said very affably "you have made a slight mistake in my pay. You have only given me eight dollars. Here they are, if you doubt me."

"But you forget, Mr. Hoop," I replied, "that eight dollars is your due. Eight dollars a week is your salary, you know."

"Yes, but three days' pay is due me since my first week."

"I beg your pardon," I said. "Of course, it is. But what's to be done now? We quite overlooked your arrears, and all the money drawn is now paid out. I'll tell you what, though, I'll send it to you care of Mr. Cookson, right on Monday. How will that do?"

It was one of the funniest things I ever saw, how Hoop's face fell.

"But, Mr. Miller," he stammered, his watery eyes blinking violently, "but I need it now. My fare and expenses, you know, take all I have, and I have to buy a 'grip' and other things."

"You'll manage to pass Sunday all right," I said cheerfully. "You'll have the balance on Monday afternoon sent by express order."

"I don't know — I don't know how that would work, though," he went on in a whine. "You couldn't do it just now, Mr. Miller?"

"No," I replied, emphatically.

"Well," he resumed, after a sorrowful pause, "you needn't trouble sending it by mail. If I can get to Tashyville I don't mind. I'll call for it when I'm next in the city."

"Very well," I said with an effort. "Just as you please," and I had to get up hurriedly to avoid the sight of his glum face.

"And now, Mr. Hoop," said Adams, when he had locked the safe. "you will be with us only a few hours more. But before you go, we (that is, Perkins, Williams, Mr. Miller, and myself), are going to show our appreciation of you by making these last hours — er — one unbroken spell of enjoyment. Mr. Hoop

you will do us the honour of lunching with us."

Hoop's blanched face began to recover its pristine tint at this announcement, and he bowed low, with good effect.

"It's jolly good of you, Mr. Adams, and you other gentlemen," he said, in touching tones. "It's awfully good of you to arrange this honour. But, 'pon my word, I'm teetotal and must consequently decline, on principle purely, the high honour you have so kindly arranged for me."

"So are we all, man," exclaimed Adams, with a triumphant ring that would have done credit to an orator. "all teetotallers, the whole darned outfit of us. This is only a little lunch we have fixed for you. On with his coat, Perkins. Here's your hat, old man." And without further delay Hoop was escorted on the arms of Adams and Williams, Perkins and I following in the rear.

As we sat down to lunch, Hoop's face, I thought, approximated most nearly that of a dog pelted with biscuits, and I certainly did not envy his state of mind as Williams descended on the beauties of the country; they were going to visit, and Adams declared that when Perkins and he got their holidays next month, they should pay him a visit for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. "That is, if you are not called home to your estate," said Perkins.

I could only hope that they would have the fortune to get an express train north, and Williams declared they should.

"One stop in the first hundred miles," he said gleefully.

When at length Williams called for port, I thought it prudent to remember an engagement, but I promised to see them all at the station at three o'clock.

As I descended the stairs, I heard the voice of Adams, loud above the clink of the glasses.

"And though," said the rich voice, "occasional slips were made, slips

that happen to the best of us at times, no one would charge you with a lack of knowledge of your work. And I assure you, sir, that the firm of Hackett and Cleaver are poorer to-day by a sum I should like to slap in my pants' pocket."

I believe they kept up that farce for an hour. I know when it reached twenty-minutes of train-time, they did not make an appearance, and I paced between the street and the station, with a mighty fear it was all going to end in the hotel.

At ten minutes to three, however, the quartette hove in sight, and the way they rolled along the side-walk sadly belied Adams' protestations of general teetotalism.

A similar lie was added to the record of "Ananias" Hoop, who had declared on engaging with me that he never knew the taste of liquor. It was easy to see that he had his palate to blame.

But when Adams staggered up to me, I could see that most of his drunkenness was assumed.

"It's mostly pretence with us three," he whispered, apologetically, as we hurried to the platform. "Think I would lose my senses and so much at stake? Hoop is bad, though. It would be a good joke to label him to the care of Cookson, to be left till called for."

Hoop certainly was a bit flustered, and it seemed a pity that, now the crisis had come, he wasn't alive to his position. It looked, also, very like a descent to meanness, when Adams, with a wink to me, offered to go for the tickets, and Hoop readily enough surrendered his six dollars.

There was, however, a trace of consciousness visible in his nervousness, but there was no time to ascertain how far it extended, for the bell at that moment rang.

We helped the pair in; and to hear Mr. Hoop mumble as he groped along the corridor, "I am going far away, far away to leave you now," led one to believe that they had actually per-

sued him that his own lie was truth, and that old Cookson was bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

And as his heavy eyes and flushed face, and Williams' black Mephistophelian visage, with its diabolical leer, and their mutual strains from coon-land, were borne from us, we could no longer stand the farce, but hurried to the waiting-room and laughed till we were sore.

I was the first to recover, to express my regret that they had muddled his head with liquor.

"The joke was spoiled by half," I complained. "If he had been thoroughly sensitive, the sport would have been exquisite."

"That has to come yet, when he sobers," murmured Adams weakly. "Gad, I wish I was with Williams at Tashyville, to see the poor beggar when he comes to himself! Why, he won't have enough to take him back again, and Williams is sworn not to give him a cent. Bill's going to tell us by 'phone how the poor Cockney takes it."

"I suppose it means our sending his pay by wire," I said, relenting at the thought of his destitution.

"Not at all," objected Adams. "Let him wire for it and suffer the shame. Tell him he must be here to sign for it. We can't afford to lose that show, by any means."

"But how goes the time? I have an engagement for half-past three."

Adams put his hand carelessly to his watch pocket, and then his florid face turned deathly pale.

"What's the matter?" I asked in astonishment.

"My watch!" he gasped. "I've lost my watch. When did you fellows see it on me last?"

"You looked at it when you left the office," I said.

My words were followed by an exclamation from Perkins, followed by a long and terrible malediction.

"Gad," he cried, "mine's gone too; and it's my father's gold one."

I feared it was now my turn to

announce a similar loss, but I had luckily escaped the hand of the spoiler.

"Good Heavens! And my envelope's gone, too, shouted the horrified Adams, as he dived into pocket after pocket. "My fifty-dollar watch, and twelve dollars cash! All gone!"

Perkins reported his envelope safe, but lamented for the gold watch with a loud voice reeking with objurgation.

Such a sudden change from gaiety to gravity I never saw.

"Did you notice any fellows near you in the hotel entrance as you came out?" I asked.

"Not a soul so much as touched us," asserted Perkins. "I could swear to that. And, of course, we had the room to ourselves."

Of course, I telephoned our loss to the police, and to the hotel, and we immediately hurried to interview the manager and the inspector, and, as we swung along, filled in the time with speculation and execration.

The manager expressed his sorrow, but politely told us he was not responsible. His hotel was not frequently by pickpockets. We must have been victimised at the station.

"What sort of fellow was the clerk you had been fêting?" asked the detective, stroking his stubby chin.

"Decent enough, I think," I replied, startled at the suggestion. "I never had cause to suspect him. He often stood beside the cash drawer."

"Nevertheless, we must have him back, if possible. He must stand close investigation. Let me see," and he went to a bureau and produced a time table.

"Let me see," he reflected. "That train stops first at York, at three, twenty-five. It is now half-past four.

At twenty to four, she reaches Scarboro' Junction, where the G. T. R. for Chicago is meanwhile side-tracked. It starts at three, forty-five. A hundred to one if your man hasn't transferred to her, and isn't now dashing over the line with Chicago or New York as his goal. I will take a description of him, and you can call in to-morrow morning and get a report."

We sounded him as regarded his prospects of success, but, knowing his limitations, he wisely refrained from instilling us with hope.

We adjourned to Adams' lodgings, which were not far away, with sorrowful faces and silent tongues. This unexpected turn was too appalling for speech.

We had not been five minutes there when the telephone bell rang. Adams heard it with an oath, and the next moment the landlady called him.

"From Williams," he grunted, and we both followed him to the hall.

"Watch and forty dollars gone," he repeated. "Hoop left the train at Scarboro'. Came running alongside pretending he had lost her. Damn him! Have we missed anything? Oh, shut up! It was you who suggested the drinks, you——"

At that stage I took my leave, sadly conscious of my humble abilities in many fields.

My wife gave me a momentary pang of hope when she suggested that Hoop was only keeping up the joke, and would return his victims their property when they attained a state of humility.

But the city clocks have marked the time of months, and the months cannot be counted on one hand, and still Hoop is keeping up the joke.



THE BACHELOR AND THE BABY

BY LILIAN LEVERIDGE

"A BABY, of all things! Just to think of bein' pested day and night with a little squallin' baby! Horrors!"

Jeremiah Jackson — or Jerry as he was always called — sat upon the doorstep of his rude little "shack," smoking a short, stumpy pipe, and watching the long shadows enshroud the eastern valleys in a sombre pall. The trees on the hill-tops were tipped with the gold of a magnificent spring sunset; but Jerry's eyes were with his thoughts: in the gloom of the shadows. A letter spread out upon his knees was the cause of all the trouble. He picked it up and perused it for the third time.

"Halloo, Jerry! Got a love letter?"

"A love letter! Well, not much!"

Jerry had been so absorbed in his thoughts that he had not heard a step approaching. He hastily put the letter back in its envelope while his friend Bill Haynes, a bachelor like himself, sat down on a low stump in front of the door, and proceeded to light his pipe.

"Not much!" Jerry repeated emphatically. "When you see me take to readin' love letters, Bill, I guess you can look for a snowstorm in July."

"Really? Now I should think a nice girl would be just the ticket for you, Jerry."

"Hm! You never thought a bigger mistake. I never could be bothered with women folks, but I guess I'm in for it now, worse luck."

"Why, what's up?"

"I just got a letter from my sister Helen. She—"

"Your sister!" interrupted Bill in a tone of surprise. "I never knew you had one."

"Well, I'd pretty near forgot it myself, and that's a fact. I haven't seen her for twenty years or so, and she wasn't much more'n a baby then. She got married a couple of years ago. She's just writ to say her man's dead, and she wants to come here and live with me."

"Well, Jerry, I say you're in luck. I only wish I had a sister to keep house for me."

"I'd just as lief keep my own house. I wouldn't mind Helen so much maybe if it wasn't for the kid. It'll do nothin' but squawk. I know the kind. Of all things I think babies are the limit."

Bill laughed. "You're in the soup, Jerry, for sure. It's up to you now to face the music like a hero."

"I really don't see any way out of it," returned Jerry, dolefully.

"Well, I must be off," said Bill, rising. "I just ran over to see if I could borrow a bite of bread for breakfast. The last batch I made would sink a ship; but I know you are an expert."

Jerry disappeared into the shack and soon returned with a nice loaf of bread.

"A thousand thanks!" said Bill, "and good luck to the music box. Good-night."

Jerry's first and most laborious task next day was to write a letter to his sister. When it was posted he set to work making some slight preparations for his guests. And so it came about

that one bright May day Helen and the boy came home.

At sight of his sister's pale girlish face and pathetically beseeching eyes, Jerry resolved to be good to her, and he felt a thrill of pride and gladness in his own rugged strength. As for the baby, he slept during the whole of the drive from the station, much to his uncle's relief, and so was not yet visible.

"Now, Helen, you just set down and make yourself to home," Jerry said as he ushered his sister into the shack. "It won't take me five minutes to unhitch the horses, and then I'll come in and get supper ready. No, I don't want no help. If I don't know how to get a meal by this time I ain't much good."

Helen needed no further urging, for she was very tired, and the baby who was just waking up needed her immediate attention. As her brother busied himself frying eggs and bacon, making tea, and setting the dishes on the uncovered little table, Helen's eyes wandered round the bare, comfortless room, and she determined to make life a little brighter for him. In the midst of her musings Jerry announced that tea was ready.

"Jerry, I believe you have scarcely looked at Baby," said Helen, as she took her place at the table with the little one in her arms. "Tell me, don't you think he's a little beauty?"

At this Jerry condescended to glance at the child, then answered with a half-contemptuous shrug of his broad shoulders, "Babies are all alike to me. I never could tell tother from which."

Helen laughed slightly, but the tears were not very far off. Everything in this new land seemed so strange and unhomelike, and this brother of hers was the strangest and most unhomelike part of it all. But never mind, things would look brighter to-morrow.

Things did look brighter on the morrow, to other eyes than hers. Very soon the bachelor's unlovely abode

had undergone a transformation. It seemed as if Helen possessed the fairy gift of beautifying everything she touched. Even human hearts, hard and unloving as they might be, were not exempt from her magic spell.

Meanwhile Jerry and the baby were by slow degrees becoming acquainted, and Jerry's interest in the boy began steadily to develop. Sometimes he volunteered to rock the cradle—one which he himself had made when its need was discovered—while Helen was busy with her work. Then he ventured occasionally to speak to the little lad, but at first his vocabulary was limited to two words, "Halloo, Boy!" By degrees, however, he discovered that baby's interests were varied, like those of any other sensible being, and then Helen often smiled to hear the long conversations that passed between the two. Jerry would talk long and seriously about anything and everything that happened to come into his head; to all of which the baby would answer in a soft, cooing language of its own, smiling in unmistakable appreciation of the tale.

It was Jerry who first discovered that Boy (as baby Howard was generally called) had a tooth, and Jerry proudly taught him to take his first step alone. When he began to talk not even Helen herself took a keener delight in Boy's unique sayings and doings. Little by little the child found his way through his uncle's rough exterior to the warm, true heart within. Helen saw it and was glad.

One bright sunny evening Helen sat at the open window watching the two playing a merry, romping game upon the grass. She smiled to hear the peals of baby laughter that now and again rang out, waking the answering echoes from the hills. "If anything happens," she thought, "I can trust the child with Jerry. His own father could not have been kinder," and then a slight shadow, as of a premonition of coming trouble, settled over her face. She had not felt at all strong of late, and life's trivial round

was daily becoming more of a burden. Her mother in Helen's infancy had died of heart failure. What if— But Helen refused to harbour the unwelcome thought. "It is only a fancy," she told herself impatiently, "I shall be all right, now the weather has grown so warm and bright."

But the warm days brought no new strength to Helen, and in the dawning of the June-time Jerry noticed the change in her. "It is nothing, nothing," she answered brightly to his troubled inquiries, "I shall be better soon." Jerry took particular care after that to make Helen's work as easy as possible, and in a thousand ways he lightened her burdens.

But the end was near. Helen was stricken with a sudden illness, and before the roses had faded Jerry sat by the bedside of his dying sister, and received from her lips a sacred charge.

"I shall not be here long now, Jerry," she said, "and I leave my boy to you. Will you promise me that you will take care of him?"

Jerry's voice was hoarse with unwonted feeling as he answered, "Don't, Helen. Don't say that. Couldn't you stay with us a little longer? Boy and me, we couldn't do without you."

"For your own sakes I would gladly stay if I might, Jerry, dear; but it isn't to be, you know."

"You don't know what your comin' here has been to me, Helen"—Jerry's eyes were misty as he spoke—"I never knew what home and love was till you came, and now—"

"Poor Jerry!" Helen gently placed her thin, weak hand upon his toil-hardened one, and tenderly the brown closed over the white. "Poor Jerry! But you haven't given me that promise yet. Will you be good to my boy?"

"I will, Helen. You can reckon on me."

"Don't let him forget his mother. Help him to be good, and teach him to pray. Will you?"

"I ain't much at that sort of thing

myself, but I'll do the best I can for the little chap."

"Thank you, Jerry. Now I am quite content. I know I can trust you."

Helen closed her eyes with a little weary smile. Soon after came the "one clear call," and her spirit "crossed the bar."

When kind and sympathetic friends had laid the weary mother down to rest in the church-yard under the hill, Jerry looked the future in the face. Many had been the suggestions and offers of assistance concerning the orphan child, but to one and all he had answered firmly, "I'm going to take care of him myself. I promised her."

Everybody was amazed, but as Jerry was quietly determined, they all went away and left him alone with his charge.

Jerry was by no means as confident inwardly as his manner led one to suppose. He felt bowed beneath the weight of this new responsibility. While he tried to amuse the child and keep him from thinking of his terrible loss, his own heart was full of sorrow, and he felt helpless and desolate indeed.

At last that first long day was ended, and bedtime came.

"I'm seepy, Uncle Jerry. Put my nightie on," was Boy's request. This was not very difficult, but Jerry's unaccustomed fingers bungled sadly over the task.

Next the little fellow knelt by the side. Claspng his hands and shutting his eyes tight he began, "Now I lay me down to seep." Having waited in vain for a prompting, he raised his head, asking in a perplexed tone, "What next, Uncle Jerry?"

Uncle Jerry didn't know what next. It came to him in a flash that he who had promised to teach this little child to pray had himself almost forgotten how. Again came the impatient question, "What next?"

"I don't know, Boy," Jerry at last was forced to confess.

The child lifted a perplexed little face. "Don't oo know how to say oor prayers?"

"I guess not."

"Oo must be a heeven. Heeven don't say any prayers. Mamma said so."

"I guess I am a heathen right enough, Boy."

There was a moment of shocked silence. Then Boy turned round and resumed his prayer unaided, concluding with, "Pease Dod make Uncle Jerry a dood boy. Amen." Then, unconscious of the sword-thrust he had given, he lifted his face for the customary good-night kiss, and soon was treading the flowery ways of dreamland.

Jerry sat for a long time with his head bowed upon his hands, thinking.

Early the next morning Boy was awake and clamouring to be dressed. It had been comparatively easy to take the little garments off, but how to put them on again was quite another question. "Why, oh, why, didn't I try to remember how these things go?" Jerry asked himself over and over, "It's as bad as going through the bush without blazing a trail and then trying to come back the same way."

At last he got all the clothes on, but somehow they didn't look right; and soon Boy gleefully discovered that his stockings were inside out, his suspenders upside down, and his dress turned back to front. There was nothing for it but to unfasten all those troublesome buttons and strings and do it all over again. The whole process occupied more than an hour, and when Jerry went to complete his preparations for breakfast he found the potatoes burnt to a crisp, the tea boiled black, and the eggs as hard as bullets.

And so, one by one, the summer days went by. Boy was Jerry's constant companion in the fields, the woods, or the stable. When it rained Jerry stayed at home and they kept holiday. They played games, told

stories, and did many delightful things. Sometimes it was unavoidable that Boy must be left at home alone. Although at such times he got into all kinds of mischief, Jerry didn't care as long as no ill befel him.

Oh, they were rare good friends, these two; but sometimes Boy was naughty, and then it puzzled Jerry how to "teach him to be good" as he had promised. Boy would sometimes take a wild ride on the old sheep's back, to the imminent peril of his life and limbs, or swing on the brindle cow's tail, and laugh gleefully at his uncle's horrified alarm. He dug up the potatoes in the garden on an average once a week to see how they were growing. He white-washed the dog, and painted the kitten a strikingly brilliant blue. When his uncle objected to this proceeding he dropped the long-suffering kitten into the flour-bin to turn it white again. This is merely a sample of Boy's daily behaviour. He was continually inventing something new in the way of mischief, and Jerry at times became almost distracted.

A few weeks after Helen's death, Jerry, on account of the shocking condition of Boy's clothes, was obliged to resort to the long-forgotten wash-tub. As was his custom he put everything into the water at once, his own dark clothes and some very muddy socks along with Boy's little white embroidered petticoats and a fine lawn dress or two. It puzzled him very much that in spite of all his rubbing they came out of the water about ten degrees blacker than they went in. The next morning when he had put one of Boy's clean (?) dresses on he regarded the effect with wrinkled brows. As well as being woefully smudgy it was crumpled beyond recognition. It suddenly dawned upon Jerry that the dress needed ironing.

"That'll be a new trick for me," he mused, "but I guess I can manage it. I've seen Helen do it, and it looked easy."

That evening a trio of Jerry's old chums, Bill Haynes among the number, called for an hour's chat and a smoke. As they neared the shanty they beheld through the open door a sight which made them pause a moment in amusement. Near the kitchen stove, which was red hot although it was July, stood Jerry, his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, and the sweat streaming down his face. In one hand was poised a flat-iron, and in the other he held a much-befrilled white petticoat, which he was surveying with critical disapproval.

"Well, I'm blest if I won't have to advertise for a wife after all!" he exclaimed under his breath. A little explosion of laughter made him turn around sharply. At sight of his visitors he tossed the petticoat in one direction and the iron in another, and strode to the door with an ominous frown.

"If you're tired of life and want to be cremated free of charge, just walk right in, boys. It's as hot as a volcano in here!"

This invitation was declined with thanks, and the men seated themselves on the grass outside.

Bill asked, "What's the trouble, anyway, Jerry?"

"You'd better ask what ain't the trouble. I'll be tarnally thankful when that boy grows out of his baby clothes. I've bin tryin' to iron some of 'em, and if they weren't bewitched I'll eat my hat. They wouldn't come smooth nohow. I thought maybe the irons weren't hot enough, so I made up a roarin' fire and then tried again; but the thing pretty near burnt up. I couldn't see nothin' for smoke."

"I guess you'll have to get the woman all right enough."

"Say, Tom, if you feel inclined for war, just keep on."

"No, thanks, it's too hot for any such exertion; but the air does smell rather brimstony around here. I'll be careful," and with that the subject was adroitly changed.

The next day Jerry and Boy drove over to Miss Matthews, their nearest neighbour, with all the troublesome garments. With a good deal of shame-facedness and hesitation Jerry explained his trouble and asked advice. Mrs. Matthews and her sweet young daughter Mary were very sympathetic.

"Don't you trouble your head about it at all, Mr. Jackson," the good woman urged. "Just let me and Mary see to the boy's clothes. We'd be only too glad to."

Jerry consented to this proposition with much relief, but when the weather became cold another difficulty arose. What was to be done with Boy? It was too cold for him out-doors with his uncle, and if left in the house a thousand possible catastrophes might be the result.

As usual, Mrs. Matthews came to the rescue. "Leave him with Mary and me for the winter. It would be better for both of you, and we would be delighted to have him." So that was settled. Boy became an inmate of the Matthews household, and every Sunday he looked forward with delight to a visit from Uncle Jerry.

The winter passed pleasantly to Boy, but to Jerry it was long and dreary. He longed for, yet half dreaded the time when his little nephew might return.

At last the leaves grew green again and the birds were madly singing mating songs. There was no excuse for Boy to remain away any longer; so one day Jerry drove over to bring him home. Mrs. Matthews was out, but Mary got the boy ready to go.

The time had come to say good-bye, and he threw his arms round Mary's neck with many kisses. Boy and Mary were staunch friends by this time. "I'm ready now, Uncle Jerry," he said as he relaxed his clinging embrace.

"All right, Boy; so am I. Good-bye, Mary. I shall always remember your kindness to the little chap." Then he turned to the door.

This careless leave-taking, however, didn't suit Boy.

"O, Uncle Jerry! Oo never tised Mary," he cried reproachfully.

Jerry looked uncomfortable, and Mary blushed. "Oh, hush, Boy!" she exclaimed.

But Boy was not to be hushed.

"Oo never tised Mary," he repeated. "Gor and tiss Mary."

"You mustn't say such things, Boy," said Mary.

"I guess Mary doesn't want any more kisses," said Jerry.

"Ess Mary does. Doesn't oo, Mary?"

"Come, Boy, you mustn't keep me waiting any longer," interrupted Jerry; but Boy was resolute.

"I'm not doin' one step till oo tiss Mary!" he declared.

Mary's confusion was becoming painful. She hardly dared to lift her downcast eyes; but Jerry's glowed with a sudden light.

"Mary!" There was an unusual ring in the voice, and Mary looked up, but only for a moment.

"Mary," Jerry continued, talking very fast and twisting his cap nervously in his hands, "if you'd only come and take care of Boy and me there ain't nothin' I wouldn't give. I haven't much to offer you, but there's a hundred and fifty acres of as good land as you'd find anywheres in the country. There's the horses and a couple of cows. We could keep more, and maybe some pigs and sheep and hens if you was there to look after things in the house. There's a good place for a garden, too, if you'd care to have one. They pay a good price for any kind o' garden sass down at the village. The shack ain't bad. Helen fixed it up real smart, but things is a little upset since she died. I don't know how to keep 'em nice. I don't know how in conscience I'm going to bring up Boy in the way he should go; and I promised her. If you'd only help me!"

Here Jerry paused to wipe the perspiration from his face.

Mary's face was hidden behind Boy's curly head, but she lifted it to ask, "How do you want me to help you, Jerry?"

"Why, I want you to marry me. Only say you will, Mary?"

"Jerry, do you think it's just a farm and a house and horses and cows and pigs and hens and garden sass I want to marry?"

Jerry's face grew troubled. "You know, Mary, I ain't got much money; but you're welcome to share all I got and all I make."

"Oh, it isn't money!"

"What is it, then?"

"Why, you know it's the man himself a girl thinks most about; it isn't what he has, and—"

The hope died out of Jerry's eyes, and he turned toward the door, saying despondently, "I ain't much of a chap, I know; but then, I ain't never had no chance. I'm a big fool to suppose you'd care for me. Good-bye."

"But Jerry, stop!"

Jerry turned a pitiful, questioning face, and Mary continued: "I never said I didn't like you well enough. I do like you. You are good and kind and honest, and that is more to me than money. But you never said a word about yourself at all; and you never said—" Here Mary stopped, blushing and confused.

"I never said what?"

"You never said you—"

"Go on, Mary. What didn't I say?"

"You never said if you loved me." Mary's cheeks were flaming.

"Why, Mary, of course I love you, love you better than anything in the whole world. I supposed you knew."

"Well, then, Jerry—maybe—"

"Uncle Jerry," here interrupted Boy, "I want to do home. Hurry up and tiss Mary and tum."

Their eyes met in a swift smiling glance. "I guess you won't mind now, will you, Mary?"

Mary made no protest, so Boy, the incorrigible, had his way.

MEANDERINGS IN MEDIEVAL BRITTANY

BY FRANK YEIGH

ONE of the gateways of medieval Brittany is Saint Malo, and one of the most medieval of cities is this same ocean-bounded stronghold. When approached from the sea by way of the Channel Islands, the grim gray walls encircling the place loom up in all their massive strength, while above walls and steep shining roofs and blinking dormer windows towers the peaceful spire of Jacques Cartier's Cathedral. In its pavement is set a marble slab marking the spot where the intrepid sailor knelt in prayer on the eve of his voyage over the undiscovered seas, and not far from Saint Malo itself is a spacious farmhouse where the discoverer of Canada was born.

Picturesque in the extreme is the sight of Saint Malo itself from the ramparts. Surely there were never so many tall houses squeezed within such a circumscribed area; never were streets so crooked or sidewalks so ridiculously narrow. And when one climbs down the stone steps of a corner wall tower and threads the maze of *vias* and avenues for himself, one feels as if one were at the bottom of well or canyon, with a narrow strip of sky overhead and frowning walls close on either side. True, a bit of a square opens up in an unexpected corner and courtyards are revealed through low arched entrances, but for the most part Saint Malo is a labyrinth of the narrowest of narrow streets, bounded by stone houses that

have seen many a century of time, many a siege and conflict.

At Saint Malo one is on the edge of an ideal wonderland. An embarrassment of routes, by sea and river and land, invite the traveller, but no mistake will be made if the fussy little steamer be taken up the charming little River Rance to Dinan. There you will find yourself in an ancient town saturated in an atmosphere of medievalism, where the old timber houses nod their heads together high aloft, and where the park-like ramparts speak eloquently of the brave fighting days of old. It only needed the marching of an army corps over the cobble paved streets at the day-break hour of the next morning to complete the illusion that the middle ages had come to life again; that the town was being besieged and that French history was being remade.

But the modern is submerging the medieval in such accessible points as Dinan and Dinard. The latest Parisian models and London fashions are crowding out the picturesque costumes of old Brittany. The seeker for the real Brittany must needs go farther afield, and if he seeks as far as Quimperle or Quimper, a rich reward will be his due.

It was on the market square of Quimperle that I saw a rare exhibition of unique head dresses and voluminous short skirts, for it was market day and the streets were thronged with peasants who were "doing the city" after



A STREET IN SAINT MALO

the day's huckstering was over. From an uncertain direction came the sound of the finian — the Brittany bagpipes — and before I knew it, I was at an open-air Brittany wedding. The rattle of sabots on the paving stones showed that a national dance was in full swing. Fat old market dames skipped as lightly as the lassies; a stray sailor from Brest had the pick of the girls, a swagger Parisian taking second place. The dancing over, a procession was formed, headed by the happy peasant couple—she gay in her starched headdress and circlets of flowers; he in his best velvet suit, with new ribbons to his hat. Into an old timber house the wedding party made its way and when the stranger

with the camera—evidently *Anglaise*—was invited too, he had no hesitation in promptly accepting. It was indeed his only chance to see the interior of a Brittany home, with its timbered ceiling, deep-set fire-places, old oaken chests and queer beds set in the wall like shelves in a cupboard. It was his only opportunity of seeing the bride dance first with a beggar, to bring her good luck, and then to watch the dispensing of the wine of the marriage feast in such rare old china as to tempt one to envy, if not to a worse sin. The stranger repaid their hospitality as best he could by photographing the blushing and bashful couple, and wishing them more happiness than they will ever know what to do with, and he often wonders how Jean Marie Richard and his wife are doing in their far-away corner of a foreign land.

Then there is Quimper—curious old Quimper—with its river full of picturesque craft, its superb cathedral, with the nave curved to the right in imitation—so it is said—of the falling of Christ's head to one side on the cross, and with its market huddled close to the cathedral walls. I'll always remember Quimper for the night march past of a corps of cavalry and for the strangely thrilling music of the magnificent band. How the high houses threw back the echoes; how the note of bugle and drum resounded through the town! Any other sightseer would have followed that band as long as I did, along with all the rest of the inhabitants, for it seemed to help the imagination to reproduce the old revolutionary fights in these very streets.

The military parade formed a fur-

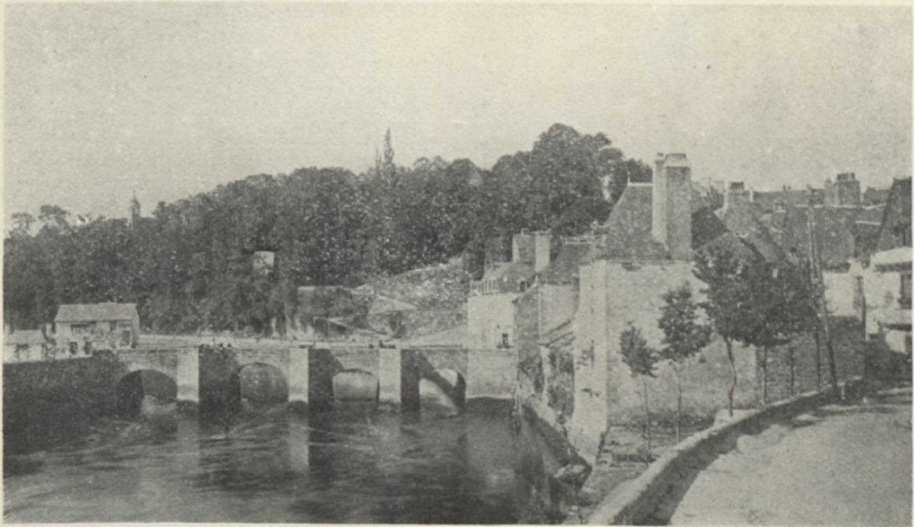
ther reminder that the French army is omnipresent. There appeared to be two men in uniform for one in a blue blouse, and little wonder with a standing army of six hundred thousand! Each town of any size has its immense barracks and each barrack overflows with fighting men. And when one journeyed farther south to Brest, and several thousand navy men mingled with the soldiery, militarism was very much in evidence.

Brittany is still the land and home of superstition. It is indigenous to the soil. No country is richer in legends, no people are more deeply steeped in the atmosphere of the legend. This is partially due to the Druidical chapter in Brittany's history. Wherever cromlech or menhir have survived the wreckage of time, there is to be found a local centre of superstition, the very stones being used to give realism to strange faiths and stranger beliefs, and if they are sought out or visited under the wing of a storm or the weirdness of a midnight moon, then the resultant effects in curing human ills will be all the more wonderful.

The proximity of the sea is also

responsible for other features of Brittany folk-lore. The note of sadness in the ocean wave seems to reproduce itself in the human note of its coastal dwellers, just as death itself is an ever-present factor in their lives, coupled with a deep-seated belief in various forms of spiritualism.

A trip through the Morbihan, or Finistere, or the Côtes-du-Nord will reveal many superstitious rites, and many wayside crosses or Druidical remains where they are localised. A pathetic search for health is at the bottom of nearly all these surviving beliefs of the Middle Ages. This is easily accounted for in a land where the prevailing ignorance of the laws of health is responsible for numerous ailments. In the typical little hamlet of Tréguier, the beautiful tomb of Saint Yves is a pilgrimage magnet. A narrow aperture is utilised by the hunchback who, though deformed since birth, has an unconquerable belief that the saint will perform a cure such as legend asserts he has often done. For the good Saint Yves was, it seems, a hunchback in his youth who, on his death-bed, ordered his tomb to be built as erected, promising



THE BRIDGE AND PROMENADE AT AURAY, BRITTANY

that every unfortunate cripple who passed through the opening would have the favour of his prayers. So the "Hunchback Hole" may be seen in the ancient churchyard of Tréguier.

A wide range of "cures" are involved in other queer ceremonies. The passing of a child through a circular druid stone will cure it of rickets, or one affected with warts throws, while blindfolded, a handful of beans into a holy well, wishing hard all the while, and lo, the warts will have disappeared within twenty-four hours.

To cure a headache, the patient pricks the forehead with a needle, and with the blood that comes, pricks the outline of a cross on a cross that stands in the Morbihan. Hard by is a companion cross where those who visit it leave behind cap or bonnet, and diseases of the scalp are in consequence cured.

Saint John's Day is a great day in the Brittany saints' calendar. If one is afflicted with lameness, or is a cripple, and is held over a bonfire on Saint John's Day, the ordeal will surely bring to pass a cure. To

be effective, however, those who hold the sufferer over the flames must have undoubted faith that a miracle is to happen.

Many a Breton peasant retains a belief that the dead do not stay in their tombs, but wander about during the night on All Souls' Eve. Food is placed on the tables for these ghostly wanderers who, on that night of the year, revisit their old homes. Other peasants will spend the entire night at the graves of relatives, pouring milk on the earth.

Warnings are as frequent as they are uncanny. When a candle floats out of the Church of Mazollac and falls down a chimney, then death is near any sick one in the home. Candles, indeed, play an important part in the superstitions of the Breton. Should a candle at a wedding go out before the ceremony is at an end, one of the two will die before a twelve-month.

Equally effective are the happier portents of love and marriage. Surrounding a cross at the Auray Pardon I observed a crowd of girls who were



BRITTANY FARMHOUSES



A CANAL SCENE, GUINGAMP, BRITTANY

forcing pins of all kinds and sizes into the wood. The operation was a mystery until I read Baring Gould's explanation that the maidens took that extraordinary method of reminding Sainte Anne of promises made to secure husbands or bring slow-witted lovers to time!

The lassies down Quimper way have another method of bringing the same results to pass. Needles are set afloat in a still pool. If they sink, spinsterhood is the sentence; if they float, domestic bliss will ensure. A *fiancé* of Pont-l'-Abbe has to deposit a sum of money with his bride-to-be, to make sure a happy marriage. If the man fails to keep his part of the contract he loses his deposit. Betrothed couples will sometimes meet at a graveyard and there seal their vows of love and allegiance over a tomb. These strange customs and beliefs go

to prove the assertion of a French writer that the people of Brittany have remained pagan to the marrow of their bones.

Many another queer custom appertains to these simple-minded folk. At Laiderneau, near Brest, pilgrims make a circuit of the cemetery on their knees. At Le Conquest is yearly witnessed an imposing procession of fishing boats, the women being clad in white. The thirteenth of September is the day of days in Carnac, when the annual benediction of cattle takes place, Saint Nicodemus being specially interested in the welfare of these animals.

At Saint Hebert a curious sacrificial offering is made of cows' tails, the altar being heaped high with them, while at Sainte Eloi horses are led to mass.

Brittany is furthermore a land of



THE DRUIDICAL STONES AT CARNAC, BRITTANY

fairs. Horses, cattle and pig fairs are common, each being utilised as a holiday and merrymaking time, when the peep shows and the dancing bears and the French "Aunt Sallies" are in great demand. The yearly pardon at Saint John, near Plougastel, is celebrated by a fair of singing birds. At Penze a marriage fair is held at Michaelmas, while, at another point, the Breton lassies sell their long black hair to Parisian purchasers.

Guingamp is one of the quaintest towns of Brittany, where ancient houses line the winding streets. One of its religious fêtes is marked by a night procession, when thousands of pilgrims, clad in striking costumes, each bearing a wreath of flowers and a lighted taper, march through the streets to the old church, singing Latin psalms as they go. Reaching the church, the tapers are laid on a shrine, the leader sings the song of *Madame Marie de Bon Secours*, whereupon the throng breaks out with rejoicing and the rest of the night is given over to drinking, singing and dancing. Food offerings are made at the shrine and are afterwards sold by

auction at the towering Calvary in the cemetery.

But the sight of sights in Brittany is the famous Auray Pardon, where the mother pardon of Sainte Anne is held on the same day as in Sainte Anne de Beaupré in Quebec. Along with many thousand Bretons I journeyed to the out-of-the-way town of Auray, secured a seat in a dilapidated old diligence drawn by a woe-begone span of horses, and thus covered the five miles of white roadway to the miracle church and its tented town. The highway presented a nightmare in humanity in the blind, the deformed, the crippled, the paralysed making their way or being carried to a place where perchance their faith may win the reward of a cure. It was as if all the incurables of France had congregated on the Auray road.

It was a wonderful scene when the place of the Pardon was reached. Situated in a lonely country district is the group of buildings, ranging from a substantial stone church, seating two thousand, to a temporary booth or tent. There must have been twenty-five thousand people present

on Sainte Anne's Day, many of whom had walked or driven long distances. The church was filled and emptied every few hours, to accommodate the seething mass of worshippers. Impressive beyond description was the service, even to one of another form of faith. As the vast congregation rose or knelt, it had the curious effect of a field of snow rising and falling caused by the white starched caps of the women. A splendid brass band supplemented the organ and choir in a musical service that was strangely moving.

But the scenes outside the church were even more appealing. There was all the stir and bustle, the chaffering and dickering of a Continental market at the long line of shops and booths. The chief articles of sale were connected with the Pardon: candles little and large, short and long, bought to be placed on the altars. The total business in this one line of goods must create an exceptional demand for tallow! Cheap or-

naments filled some counters, while others were strewn with beads. Food was of necessity offered for sale at scores of booths, though many a visiting pilgrim ate his frugal meal seated on the curb or grass. On the outskirts of the crowds, huge cauldrons were steaming hot with mysterious soups and stews, and, venturing to experiment with one, I received more, in quantity at least, for a sou than anywhere in France.

Everyone — pilgrims and tourist alike — visited the sacred fountain where, after kissing the stone rim, the faithful dipped their hands in the water as they prayed, or filled bottles to take home with them. And as at Sainte Anne de Beaupré, La Scala Santa provided a massive stairway up which long streams of devotees made their way on their knees.

When darkness came the scene was changed to a vividly dramatic spectacle as a seemingly endless procession of bishops, priests, nuns and pilgrims, numbering into the thou-



A BRITTANY PEASANT



WAYSIDE WELL AND SHRINE NEAR AURAY, BRITTANY

sands, marched from the great church, surmounted by a gigantic bronze figure of Sainte Anne, to the sacred stairs. The myriad torches, swaying too and fro, lighted up the Place of Pardon with strange effect, the while the refrains of chants and prayers filled the air with an impressive note of sound. Long will the memory of the Auray Pardon remain with me; long will I recall the suffering crowds that thronged its church and chapels and sacred fountains in search of pardon and healing.

Leaving Auray, a leisurely train carried the wandering traveller to yet

another strange corner of the world — to the Carnac country, down by the wind-swept shore of the Bay of Biscay; to the land of the Druids and their mysterious stone remains. Again I found myself in a rickety carriage, behind a venerable horse, driven by a picturesque peasant who wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, from which long ribbons fell over his shoulders; an old velvet coat to match, a once highly ornamented vest, baggy trousers and highly coloured slippers with rope soles. Climbing a hill, a novel sight met the gaze. The wild moorland contained literally miles of Druidical stones, while every field had a group or circle of its own. In no less than eleven long lines stand four thousand of these granite unsolved problems of a past age, forming the largest and most remarkable collection of cromlechs and menhirs in the world.

The mystery of it all is the dominant thought in the mind of the beholder.

Who put such tremendous stones in place, ranging from the upright giant menhir, twenty feet high, to another, now prone, that measures off sixty-four feet? Where were the great boulders obtained, for they bear evidence of having been brought from a distance? What kind of people were the Druids in their civilisation and religion? How came they to disappear as completely as the Neutral Indians from the Niagara Peninsula? Time only echoes back the interrogations. It is her secret.

Groups of peasant children gathered from the nearby farms and village, clamouring to act as guide, their

wooden shoes creating as great a clatter as their tongues. Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, I wandered among the stone lines, followed by my sou-seeking body-guard. On one stone pile a crucifix was fastened, illustrating how the modern Catholic had turned a pagan monument into a wayside cross before which the passing pilgrim offers up a prayer. Other stones, in small groups of a score or more, are formed into chambers with a hugh flat stone on top for a roof and upright ones as walls. Some special form of sacrifice or service was probably held within these enclosures.

The peasants have many curious explanations of these prehistoric boulders thus left stranded in their fields and along their highways. One is to the effect that the four thousand stones were once pagan soldiers who, while pursuing the good patron saint through the country, were turned to stone at the very moment when they were driving him into the sea.

Nearby stands the Carnac church, with a statue of Saint Cornelius, who is claimed to be the hero of the tale. It used to be believed by the early Britons that Satan brought the bould-

ders of Stonehenge from Ireland to England, for what purpose, however, it is difficult to imagine. One belief long survived, that the spirits of the dead lived in the stones thus erected, who demanded that suitable sacrifices should be offered upon them to the departed ones of earth. It is possible, therefore, that these curious piles of granite had something to do with the worship of the dead, or that it took a form of ancestor worship, as in China. Whatever the guesses of scholars, these curious reminders of a vanished race remain one of the baffling mysteries of our day.

Thus at every turn in this olden land of the Breton are curious sights. At every turn, too, are matchless glimpses of the sea, its coast dotted with quaint little fishing hamlets. Inland, castles and palaces add their notes of interest to the landscape, while in Brest the quiet countryside is exchanged for a great modern city, the naval headquarters of the nation.

Wherever one meanders in Brittany, from Saint Malo to Saint Nicholas, from Morlaix to the Morbihan, it is a land of charm, a land of plenty, and happily a land of peace.



CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION

BY MARGARET LILLIS HART

A LITTLE over three years ago a movement began in the United States having for its object, speaking broadly, the preservation of the Faith to those settled in the isolated parts of the country and to the countless Catholic immigrants who, flocking to the shores of America from the many countries of Europe and scattering all over the face of the continent, were in danger of losing the religion they had brought with them, not through any fault of theirs, but through the circumstances of their new surroundings, which only in rare cases contained upon their schedule either church or priest to minister to the spiritual needs of an incoming people. Though the church had been increasing enormously in established centres, yet, owing to conditions which up to that time had apparently been regarded as unpreventable, thousands had been lost annually in outlying districts, ever since the great influx had begun, and the idea that something could be done and should be done at once to prevent further losses, occurred first to a young priest, the Reverend Francis Clement Kelley, D.D., of Chicago, who, at the time of what may rightly be termed his inspiration, was pastor of a humble little parish in the State of Michigan. By what process of thought Father Kelley arrived at conclusions which ultimately proved pregnant with great things, does not come within the scope of this article.

It is sufficient for present purposes to state that the ideas formulated by him in the connection found a warm friend in the Most Reverend Doctor Quigley, the great Archbishop of the great archdiocese of Chicago, and likewise also in the other prelates of the Church in the United States, and, to meet the palpable need for a general and active missionary propaganda, an organisation was evolved known as the Catholic Church Extension of the United States.

Some idea of the way in which this organisation commends itself to the bishops of that country may be judged from the fact that scarcely three years after its inception, in the closing days of 1908, a call from the Archbishop of Chicago was able to bring together in the metropolitan city of his diocese, what was perhaps the largest representation of prelates, priests and laymen of the Catholic Church ever gathered on the North American Continent. This event, known as the Missionary Congress, is recorded in a large volume of several hundred pages, containing the addresses delivered and the papers read, all bearing on missionary work and endeavour. Prior to the Congress and since, practical lines in the mission field were and are in active operation, and a great factor in giving publicity to the movement is found in the magazine *Extension*, founded by the Reverend Father Kelley to help on the cause, which now claims upon its circulating lists the

names of one hundred thousand subscribers. The methods employed in the work of extension will be touched upon later, when we come to consider the situation as it exists in places even dearer to the Canadian reader, the fruitful territories of the broad Dominion of Canada. For Extension as a separate though coöperative institution exists here and its inauguration came about in the following manner, as told in the *Catholic Register and Extension*, now the organ of the society, by the Very Reverend A. E. Burke, D.D. and LL.D., President and Managing Governor of the Canadian organisation:

"In the month of June last," writes Reverend Father Burke in the issue of January 7th of this year, "we happened to be on a Saint Lawrence River boat *en route* to Chicoutimi and with us were, among other distinguished clerics and laymen, His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Monseigneur Sbarretti, His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop McEvay, the Right Honourable Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, and the Very Reverend Francis Clement Kelley, President of the Catholic Church Extension of the United States. The Apostolic Delegate had long been convinced that Canada required a society to care for its home missions, and with the enthusiastic American at his side, it was not long before a meeting was in progress in some private compartment with a view to the organisation of the Canadian work. We ourselves were on deck, admiring the beauties of the landscape and listening to the captivating reminiscences of a distinguished jurist, when a clerical messenger summoned us to the presence of the assemblage, where we were thus abruptly accosted: 'Doctor Burke, we are fully convinced that Church Extension should be undertaken at once in Canada, and that you should undertake it.' He blurted out in the hackneyed phrase: 'This is so sudden; but if I could get an Archbishop and a Catholic layman of

position and influence I would try.'

"Both are here," said they all confidently. 'The Archbishop of Toronto is out there on deck and so is Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. Go and secure them!'

"Well, we went, and both took up the matter enthusiastically and promised all the assistance in their power. Need we add that they have kept the promise magnificently, and in such a manner was the movement of Catholic Church Extension set afloat in Canada."

Though little more than a year since this decision was made, much has been accomplished. The society has been regularly incorporated, it has obtained the authorisation of Pope Pius X., and has stretched out in practical directions and made considerable progress towards the accomplishment of its self-appointed work, the objects of which are as scheduled: To foster and extend the Catholic Faith; to develop the missionary spirit in the clergy and people; to assist in the erection of parish buildings in needy places; to support priests for neglected and poverty stricken districts; to extend the comforts of religion to pioneer localities; to supply altar-plate and vestments to poor missions; to encourage the circulation of Catholic literature; to found a seminary for the education of missionaries; to direct Catholic colonists to suitable localities; in a word, to preserve the Faith of Jesus Christ in thousands of scattered Catholics in every portion of our land, and especially in country districts and among immigrants. An altogether new and unique feature in the propaganda is the establishment of the "Chapel Car," which is an ordinary railway car fitted up with all the appointments for holding religious services and to which a missionary chaplain is attached. This little "chapel on wheels" remains for a few days in different parts of the country, and during its stay attracts to itself those to whom it is destined to minister

from all the surrounding districts.

Toronto has been selected as the headquarters of the Society, which has as patron His Excellency the Most Reverend Donatus Sbarretti, Delegate to Canada, and the Most Reverend Fergus Patrick McEvay, Archbishop of Toronto, as Chairman of the Board of Governors, which includes the following: Right Reverend J. A. Archambault, D.D., Bishop of Joliette, Vice-Chairman; Most Reverend Louis Nazaire Begin, D.D., Archbishop of Quebec; Right Reverend J. C. McDonald, D.D., Bishop of Charlottetown; Right Honourable Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, K.C.M.G., Chief Justice of Canada; Honourable Alexander Taschereau, D.C.L., Minister of Public Works, Quebec; Honourable Justice Beck, Judge of the Supreme Court of Alberta; Reverend J. T. Kidd, Toronto, Secretary. Reverend Hugh Canning, Toronto, is Diocesan Director, and his work consists in going from place to place explaining the objects and needs of the Association and gathering funds to carry out its various plans.

The great activity of non-Catholics was no small incentive to the formation of a general organisation along the same lines within the Catholic Church. In a sermon delivered by the President of United States Extension in Saint Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, the speaker enumerated the colossal activities of outside denominations in missionary endeavour, which, since the founding of the first Protestant Home Mission in 1798, had been continuous in labours in this direction.

A late incident that for a time gave promise of developing a controversy of some magnitude was the attack by *The Catholic Register* of the methods of the Presbyterian Home Missionary Society with regard to the Ruthenians of the Northwest. Supported by this active missionary body, much has been accomplished in the way of both philanthropy and religion amongst these people, who now number about 150,000 all told, scattered

throughout the West of Canada. Amongst the media to which the Home Mission gives monetary assistance is *The Ranok*, a newspaper circulated amongst the Ruthenians. At least one number of this paper contained matter that was regarded as false and offensive to Catholics. As the bulk of these people are of the Catholic Faith, only one conclusion could be arrived at for the circulation of such literature, that of lessening the respect of the readers for the Catholic Church. The Home Mission Board, it is true, may have known nothing directly about the publications of *The Ranok*.

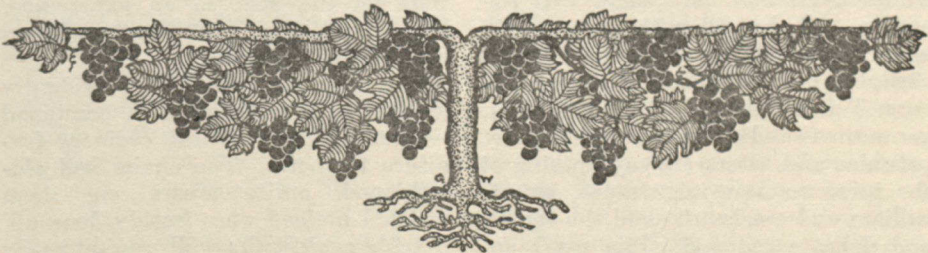
It came to light, too, that an "Independent" church had been established for the Ruthenians. In this new church were found the Mass, the Confessional, the Seven Sacraments, pictures and images of the Blessed Virgin and various rites and ceremonies which until now were surely never found in places of worship arranged and supported by funds from other denominational coffers. In this connection Catholics have no quarrel with Presbyterians, and the teaching of straight Presbyterianism would, at least, be immune from the charge of subterfuge, but the establishment of a religion in which many of the old forms of Catholicity are retained could be done, one would think, only for purposes which, to say the least, are not along the most commendable lines of a missionary campaign.

It is not to be concluded from what has gone before that the Catholic Church has been either supine or idle during preceding years. By every right and circumstance she is preëminently a missionary organisation. Scripture history and tradition show her in this light. It is to her that the entire Christian world must look for its first professors of the Faith, and while teaching others, the Apostles (her first members) met persecution and death. In the new world, and par-

ticularly in New France, her great heroes in the cause of Christ have given us the most fascinating pages of Canadian history, as portrayed in "The Jesuits of North America," by the pen of one alien in faith and country—Francis Parkman. In later days the Church has had missionaries whose every day was a life of suffering and self-effacement, whose travels over the untrodden snows and trackless forests, in order to bring the comforts of religion to those otherwise forgotten in isolated places, will never be fully recorded. There are to-day pastors, many of them, labouring and enduring under conditions as acutely pioneer as were those of the days now a century old. There have been also, and still are, other societies, notably that of the Propagation of the Faith, the labours of which have been world-wide, and local endeavour has not been wanting. When we speak of Extension as something new, the meaning is that the exigencies and conditions of the present time have been recognised and provided for in a special way. It is seen that America, and particularly Canada, is now the scene of movements unparalleled elsewhere on the face of the globe. Canada is engaged in the great work of making a great nation, the elements of which are of so heterogeneous a nature as to bode

ill for the future, unless properly moulded in its formation, but which if skilfully worked upon by the first craftsmen will give to posterity a people sterling and virile — a nation without fear and without reproach. To attain this, every Christian admits that religion is a most potent factor. It is not astonishing, then, that the Catholic Church, whose adherents are counted by hundreds of thousands amongst the foreign element now seeking our shores and others native to the soil, should be amongst those to make special and comprehensive provision for the many who claim her assistance, as for example the one hundred and fifty thousand or more Ruthenians now living in the West. To render to these people and all who seek it the spiritual help necessary through channels suited to the requirements of the day, is the work of Catholic Church Extension.

A rather striking coincidence in connection with the society is that the President of both branches is a Canadian. Doctor Kelley, founder and President of United States organisation, is a native of Prince Edward Island. The Archbishop of Chicago, the Most Reverend Doctor Quigley, by whom the great Congress was convened, is also a native of Canada, the little town of Oshawa claiming him as her most distinguished son.



'MANDY'S PARADISE

BY LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL

IT was in a little village tucked away under the bluffs beside the Missouri that I met Dan Evans. Such a sleepy, picturesque spot is inconceivable in connection with the bustling world west of Chicago, but there it lies to-day as it lay sixty years ago, only infinitely more beautiful in its surroundings of highly cultivated farmland rolling softly into space as far as the eye can reach. The shifting nature of the soft clay soil having made the land uneven in the early days, and the railways having designed to cross the river a few miles farther up and down, Claremont remains a mere collection of small houses upon one of which you are always stumbling as you round a bluff or dive into a hollow in an hour's walk.

During such a walk it was that one evening we stood spellbound before the prettiest cottage of them all. We had stolen away from the tennis court, and were chatting gaily as we strolled along toward a hill where we had been told we could obtain an unrivalled sunset effect.

Suddenly the road we had taken came to an end, and there was the cottage, all covered with honeysuckle and creepers, lying as it seemed in a veritable bed of blooms of gayest colours. Tall hollyhocks, vivid marigolds, geraniums and poppies, sweet-peas, petunias and asters (to say nothing of the more modest mignonette, sweet-william and candytuft, and the tender and delicate red and white rose) appeared to vie with one another in putting forth a variety of colour quite startling in effect to the unprepared eye.

As we stared in our admiration, Dan came round a corner of the house with a watering can in his hand and stopped.

"We have taken the wrong road, I'm afraid," ventured some one. "We are on our way to Jule's pasture to see the sunset."

"Yes, y' hev got considerable outer yer way," he responded, "y'll hev to go clear up to the top of the road again, an' turn to the left. But if y'll wait five minutes I'll come show you a short cut that'll save more'n ten."

He came down to the gate and opened it hospitably, inviting us by the act to enter. Silently he led the quartette of strangers up the path between hedges of sunflowers, and, entering the cottage, placed chairs for all, and went out. His silence seemed to be part of him and contained no trace of awkwardness or churlishness. It appeared to exact the same from us, for no one spoke again until he returned from the garden. Perhaps, however, this was due to a certain strange feeling in the air that we were on the edge of an experience, that something quite extraordinary was going to happen.

The room we occupied — evidently the living and dining-room combined — contained most of the ordinary furniture for both. The chairs had old-fashioned antimacassars on them which I noticed were freshly done up. A table against the wall was set ready for two, the plate, cup and saucer at one end being turned upside down and a glass filled with red and white roses placed on the plate. It looked

queer somehow. The linen was spotless and good, and the china simple but dainty.

My eye travelled around the walls, covered with pictures selected with evident taste, until it fell upon an enlarged photograph of a woman's face. The sad eyes looked straight out at me and appeared to be asking something. Beneath was a vase of roses, and foliage trailed about the frame above. On a sideboard a dozen small jars of freshly made jam were arranged in a row. Through the open door I could see a well-kept kitchen, shining pots, and a table white as driven snow. A corner of a "horse" with what was evidently the recently ironed week's wash on it, chiefly household linen and a few pieces of man's underwear, were also to be seen just inside the door.

The sound of a man's step aroused me. "It is too late for the sunset to-night," he said, "but ef you come I'll show you the short cut to the pasture."

Again we followed him, though lingeringly now, and somehow curiously reluctant to depart. We stood admiring the garden while he locked the door and joined us. "What a lovely garden" seemed so obvious and trite a remark that the sudden light in his eye and the eager response, "Do you like flowers?" surprised me. "I will cut you some," he said.

"Of course, I love flowers," I answered, "but who could help admiring this dear old-fashioned garden." He had whipped out a pair of folding scissors from his pocket and was cutting away at the sweet-peas.

"Do you take care of this yourself?" I asked, understanding him to be like most of the cottagers a business man in the city.

"Yes." It's my life. She — my wife, 'Mandy — was fond of them." His harsh western voice softened, or rather lowered itself to a deeper tone, as he pronounced the last words "She died, seven years gone, and sence then I've lived here by myself.

I've no relations, nor anybody belongin' to me."

Nobody spoke, for we all had a breathless fear of saying the wrong thing and preventing him from giving us the story. He went on snipping in silence until my posy was complete, and as he handed it to me said "Would you like one?" to Jane.

"It's a queer mixture, no doubt, to some tastes," he proceeded, "but I love it, 'cause she did, and she laid it out. Her Paradise, she called it. I never used ter care fer flowers an' trees an' plants somehow till I knew her. I was born 'n raised in Chicago myself. But she liked pictures an' books 'n them things, 'n allus pined fer a garden after we was married, and I made up my mind I would give her one 's soon as I could. When she first sickened, the doctor, he said the city quarters was too cramped like fer her. She ought to hev plenty o' light an' sunshine, an' fresh air, and be out o' doors. So I bought this place an' we moved cut — eight years gone it is. She planted the honeysuckle herself, the day we came out to see the place first, an' she put her arms around my neck and said, "We're goin' to be, oh, so happy here, Dan! We're goin' to grow old together an' be a Darby and Joan here."

He seemed to like to talk of her and by this time we were absorbed in his story. I could see the little woman with the sad eyes, her innate refinement and gentleness bravely defying the foreknowledge of death which was to rob her of her joy so soon, and, for the sake of her Dan, putting a bright face on it all.

"Consumption it was," he continued, "but she would never rest or give in. She died one Sunday, sweepin' the front room after breakfast. I was in the back and heard her drop. I rushed in an' found her. As I took her in my arms, she gave me one look and then it was all over. She knew me, though."

After a pause he went on: "Sence

then I've kep' on just the same, trying to do things as she did. Yes, it keeps me busy, for I do all the work, but I don't hev time to think o' my lonesomeness. Ef I did I might be wantin' to go away to her, an'—an' mebbe I could not resist the temptation."

He presented the third bouquet to Jackie, and led the way back to the house, for it was getting dark and we had all forgotten about the pasture. As we sat down again in the cottage at his request, he pointed proudly to the jam. "I made that yesterday evenin'." He opened a jar and made us eat some. He seemed quite happy.

"Yes, I'm busy all the time. I get up early mornin's an' water the flowers while the oatmeal is cooking, and I've time to tidy up before I catch the eight-three train. Sunday nights I allus put the clothes to soak, an' run down about four in the mornin' and touch a match to the fire. They are boiled by the time I get up an' I rinse them and leave them in clear water till I come out at night. Tuesday evenin' I iron them and am clear of them for the week."

My eye rested on the vacant place at the table and his quick glance caught mine as he said:

"Yes, I've allus kep' it set and put a fresh napkin just the same. Perhaps it looks odd, but there's no one to see but the dog and the cat and they can't say so. I suppose I'll go on doin' it for years and years."

His voice broke slightly for the first time, as the prospect implied by his last words loomed before him. It was as if his only possible life was in the present and the past, and that he dared not contemplate the days to come on earth. In all he had said there was the tone of a brave acceptance of things as they were, a self-respect and a real dignity in the face of his awful loneliness that was truly splendid; but in that moment his courage seemed to falter. He left us abruptly and went into the kitchen

When he returned, I noticed his eyes were brighter as he placed some glasses and a bottle on the table with the words:

"It's the last of her raspberry vinegar. I would like you to taste it."

Noticing a slight hesitation on my part to rob him of it, he added quickly in a whisper:

"Please do. She would be unhappy if I treasured it, an' God alone knows but I may be with her to-night."

I gulped it down immediately with a dry sob, and rose.

"Did your muvver die?" asked Jackie, looking up innocently, his five-year-old brain having caught the sense of what was said without understanding it.

"No, it was my wife," Dan answered simply.

"Well, will you come home wif us and be my other daddy?"

He took the child up in his arms tenderly and said:

"Will you come and see me again?—and I will show you the little chickens that came out yesterday."

He repeated the invitation to us as his big form stood framed in the doorway. He followed us to the gate and as he closed it, advised us to hurry for it looked as though there might be a storm coming.

And a storm came that night—one that left its traces on many homes throughout the State. Before morning we were obliged to seek the cellar in terror of the tornado that swept over Claremont and left its scattered homes devastated or wrecked.

The first casualty reported to us in the morning was that of Dan Evans. His pretty home had been blown into the river with him in it. Not a trace of the building was left above ground; the cellar alone with a few articles of debris and a tangled and partially uprooted mass of honeysuckle and other plants were all that was left of 'Mandy's Paradise, where Dan had whispered in his one weak moment:

"God knows but that I may be with her to-night."



MISS GRACE FILKINS, IN "AN AMERICAN WIDOW"

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

WITH the "Awakening of Helena Ritchie" came the first real awakening of the dramatic season. The state of somnolence to which summer heat usually reduces all theatrical life extended this year far beyond the calendar limits. Even such heroic efforts as "The Ringmaster" (Olive Porter) or "The Dollar Mark" (George Broadhurst) to reach the dramatic emotions of the public through its conscience along the time-honoured but usually successful lines of the wicked capitalist, failed to rouse more than passing interest. Equally high enterprise went unrewarded in the great Drury Lane spectacle, "The Sins of Society," and this in spite of the lure of its title, a cast of unusual prominence, and spec-

tacular feats of no mean order. The curtain had rung down on these strenuous but uninspired efforts, one after another; "Stars" of modest magnitude had been placed conspicuously in the local firmament in an effort to cheer the dramatic gloom and at least lure our fancy; but here at last was a real play and a "star" that could shine by the light of its own genius in a firmament not made with hands. "Arsene Lupin" had thrilled; "Billy," "The Florist Shop," "Is Matrimony a Failure?" and "Detective Sparkes" had compelled the homage of unreserved laughter, but it remained for Miss Margaret Anglin to strike the first full, rich chord of dramatic emotion.

In spite of an unusually successful



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN,
IN "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RITCHIE"

dramatisation of Mrs. Deland's novel. Miss Anglin's task in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" is not easy. In the first place, to take up the problem as it stood a generation or two ago, makes a considerable demand on the patience of the modern playgoer. Old Chester is, theoretically at least, so long outgrown that the external conflict provided for *Helena Ritchie* holds a basis of unreality, which only the illusion of personal suffering could make real. It is this illusion which Miss Anglin is fortunately able to supply, this touch of personal, poignant grief, that grips our emotions, and compels our sym-

pathies, in spite of the dramatically unconvincing and intellectually unsatisfying narrative.

Helena, unable to endure the brutality of her husband, has sought freedom and a new life in a little New England town. There she receives, surreptitiously, of course, the consolation and visits of a lover. Against the background of the New England conscience this situation is gradually exposed with woeful consequence to *Helena*. The real action and the "awakening" turn on the refusal of the lover to marry her when the death of the husband makes this possible. The artificiality of the ser-



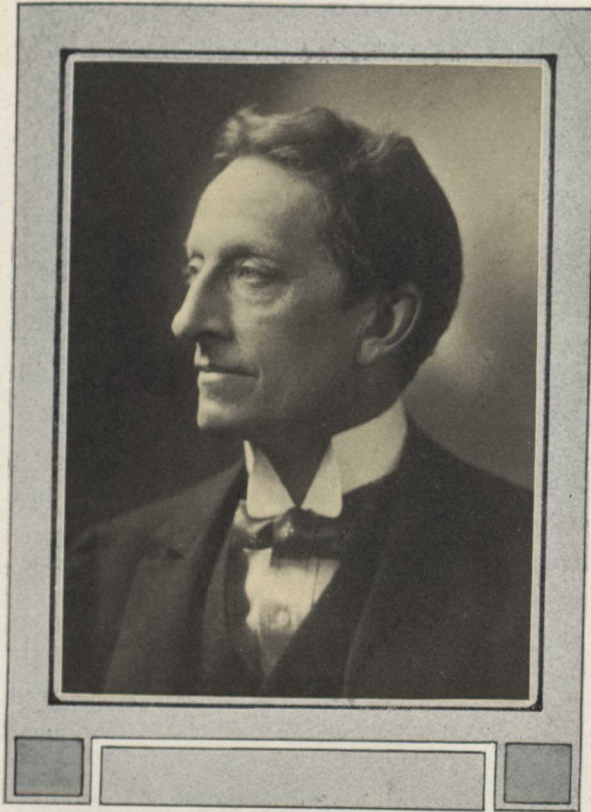
MISS VERA STOWE,
IN "DETECTIVE SPARKES"

timents aroused will be evident enough, but of the quality and the sincerity of the emotions portrayed there can be no question. *Helena* at least, whatever the agencies provided, is consistently developed and "awakened" with a fine breadth of feeling and a keen intuitive sense of the character's innermost psychology. There are moments, too, of real greatness, when the art of the actress seems to find complete expression. One might wish for a little more of the gaiety and irresponsibility of the first act, but that would be asking for another play. Altogether the portrait is one of the best rounded in all of

Miss Anglin's gallery, and it marks an important development in her art.

"The only Law," by Wilson Mizner and Bromson Howard, was the best of the very early offerings, and its only moderate success must be charged to the reminiscent note that haunted it. Its lines were brighter and its tale more interesting than a number of its successful forerunners of last season, but following, and not anticipating, them was its offence.

It is a "tenderloin" story in which a young woman of not very certain character is engaged in the genial but not very creditable task of "milking" a rich young broker, who is genuinely



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON, WHO IS APPEARING IN A NEW PLAY,
"THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK"

in love with her, for the benefit of a worthless hanger-on whom she imagines she loves. Thanks to the intervention of a genial, humorous, magnanimous "wire-tapper," by name *Spider*, she realises, in time to save the situation, both her own perfidy and her lover's worthlessness, and, rather illogically, marries her rich benefactor. *Spider*, a piece of genuinely humorous characterisation of a dry quality, was admirably played by Mr. Ben Johnson.

"Arsene Lupin" is another glorification of the burglar's art, but instead of the "tenderloin" the field of his burglarious operations is a French chateau. The career of this now celebrated thief needs no retelling. In the dramatic narrative he

is masquerading as the *Duke of Charmerace* in the household of *Gournay-Martin*, a rich French plebeian who has just bought, from the young duke, the Chateau of Charmerace in which to hang a magnificent collection of paintings. Negotiations are also under way for the marriage of the daughter with the duke, making the situation quite complete for his depredations. In the duel of wits between *Lupin* and the famous detective *Guerchard*, which is, of course, the thrilling feature of the play, the resources of this clever thief are amply demonstrated. A number of complications arise in which the audience is as completely thrown off the scent as the famous *Guerchard* himself. In fact, the identity of *Lupin* passes

from one character to another with bewildering probability before it is finally established in the duke. In this, of course, a stage tradition has been violated, but the audience enjoys its dilemma and is held in quite breathless suspense to the last. As entertainment, "Arsene Lupin" is the success of the season. And with the exception of Doris Keane, its undoubted success has been demonstrated in spite of very ordinary acting indeed.

The amiable quality of Mr. Channing Pollock's "Such a Little Queen" is admirably suggested in the title. This is a pleasant, fantastic comedy compounded mostly of romance of

the *Cinderella* order, in which we are treated to the spectacle of a fair queen taking her first lessons in domestic economy in a Harlem flat. Deeper woes, mental and spiritual, are provided when the young queen fares forth to earn her livelihood as a typewriter operator in the unsympathetic environs of New York business life.

Dramatic coincidence has provided as her companion in exile and sharer in these vicissitudes the deposed young *King of Bosnia*, who ultimately becomes the fairy prince of the tale, and takes her back to share the throne that has been restored to him.

In addition to an entertaining com-



MR. FRANK WORTHING AND JANE COWL, IN "IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?"



MISS ELSIE FERGUSON,
IN "SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN"

edy, Mr. Pollock had in mind a sympathetic adjustment of certain differences of viewpoint between the well-bred but effête old world and the under-bred but highly potential new world; between the aristocratic sentiment of tradition and the democratic passion for economic progress and material well-being. In this naïve task, the author has not been wholly successful. Complete success would call for a much closer analysis and certain subtleties both of observation and expression that do not appear. Kings and queens in real life, moreover, being somewhat inaccessible—even to American dramatists—Mr. Pollock has had to take these royal personages from fairy tales which are accessible and construct a psychological study from his mental processes.

Interest in the offering lay in the performance of Miss Elsie Ferguson, who for the first time assumed stellar proportions. To the rôle of *Anna Victoria, Queen of Herzegovina*, Miss Ferguson brought grace, undeniable personal charm, gentleness, winsomeness and authority, and an art that met admirably the demands of a more or less complex rôle. This young actress has a personality that is peculiarly appealing, and an irresistible note of pathos in her voice captures our sympathies from the start. For such a little queen we can forgive much.

Mr. George Arliss is the only excuse for the dramatised "Septimus." But those who have witnessed his artistic performance will readily agree that the excuse is ample and that without



MISS HEDWIG REICHER,
IN "ON THE EVE" AND "NEXT OF KIN"

it we would have missed one of the few agreeable experiences of the season. Beyond this we had a rather spineless play, with plot all awry and an assemblage of stage characters that bore little of the image of their creator. Even without the confirmatory evidence of experience, the genial discursive *Locke* would seem as hopeless of successful dramatisation as, say, Jane Austen. And of the entire list—"Morals of Marcus," "Beloved Vagabond," "Idols" — "Septimus" would seem most hopeless of all. The retiring, gentle qualities that make this character are precisely the opposite of the qualities we ordinarily associate with the theatre. His mind, whimsically enough, may be occupied with high explosives and dynamic laws, but his heart beats as

gentle as a dove's behind the grim monsters he is inventing. Mr. Arliss has vitalised the part somewhat, probably through the necessities of his own vital mentality; and between this and a necessary condensation on the original narrative, the projective power has been raised. But the drawing is there in all its delicate light and shade, thanks to the sympathetic quality of this actor's art, and the sureness and refinement of his acting methods. It is the abundant humour of *Septimus* that carries the play, a humour based on his impracticability (automatic perambulators, for instance, to do away with nursemaids because policemen occupy their attention), but a humour that is always kindly and that has occasional little touches of genuine sentiment and



MISS RUTH ST. DENIS,
INTERPRETER OF HINDU DANCES

sweetness. All this Mr. Arliss conveys with a charm that is irresistible, and at the same time he manages to suggest, through impracticableness and apparent simplicity, the thinker and the man of brains.

Another offering that is similarly indebted to the chief actor, is Jerome K. Jerome's, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." We were made familiar with the theme of this play in Mr. Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." Each takes for his motive the mysterious stranger whose divinity is soon established and who proceeds to set the house he has entered in some kind of spiritual order. But this is as far as the Jerome adaptation goes. Instead of the suggestive setting of a vicarage, for in-

stance, through which Mr. Kennedy attacks ecclesiastical institutions, Mr. Jerome has chosen an ordinary English lodging-house, peopling it with more or less familiar types sketched with marvellous fidelity, whose very human frailties are the subject of the stranger's generous solicitude. Mr. Kennedy also makes his stranger a servant, and reads us a profound lesson on the dignity of service; while in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" the stranger is merely a fellow-lodger, a fellow-traveller along the ordinary ways of life. Altogether the treatment of the latter is on a more intimate plane, the comedy plays much nearer the surface of things, the symbolism is not rushed so far—in fact, the allusions are all

to the better "self," and while the arm of coincidence has again been greatly shortened, the "influence" is exerted through very human and quite plausible agencies.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" lacks the great literary and dramatic interest of Mr. Kennedy's play, but, as may already be inferred, it holds elements of popular appeal which the latter, through very excess of other elements, lacked. In a strict sense, the new offering is not a play. There is no plot, no dramatic conflict, merely a sequence of events thrown on a screen with kaleidoscopic effect. One great advantage that this play has over its famous forerunner, as already hinted, is that the rôle of "The Stranger" is in the hands of that authoritative English actor, Mr. Forbes-Robertson. What it would be without him is highly problematical. Its strength, its appeal, even its credibility, are vested in the personality of this actor. And with him it becomes one of the sweetest messages ever delivered from the stage. One could wish at times that he had some of *Manson's* eloquent lines, so great are his own gifts of eloquence. But lines of unmistakable poetic beauty have been given him, and these he renders with a tenderness and charm that nothing could exceed. "Leavings are wasted sadness," he explains to the little maid in his final scene, gently admonishing her to close the door behind him softly, that none may know of his passing. The spiritual ecstasy of such moments is not to be described.

"The Harvest Moon," by Mr. Augustine Thomas, is one of the most interesting plays that has so far appeared, and one of the few of serious purpose that have met with success. As in "The Witching Hour," the author has again attempted to throw some side-lights on mental processes. In the present instance, his theme is the influence of adverse suggestion, exhibited in the case of a sensitive young girl of talent, whose stage am-

bitions are checked and self-confidence destroyed by constant suggestions of her resemblance, temperamental and otherwise, to a weak and erring mother, long dead. At this juncture a famous French playwright and psychologist appears on the scene, and to him the young girl turns for advice. He diagnoses her case at once and gives her persecuting relatives a practical illustration of his theory. It also develops, incidentally and by way of human interest, that this playwright is the girl's father and that the mother's character has been greatly maligned, because misunderstood.

The play is unusually well acted, Mr. George Nash, as the French dramatist, scoring a brilliant success and Miss Norwalk, as the daughter, succeeding in conveying the right impression of exquisite sensibility, combined with sweetness and strength.

"The Melting-Pot," by Israel Zangwill, in spite of a large initial conception, the nobility of many of its lines, and some really poetic touches, is neither a great work of art nor an important human document. As a brief for the Jew—and it becomes that—it is passionate and earnest but not emotionally convincing. The theme of the play, as its title suggests, is the transmutation of the foreign elements through the refining process of American crucible:

"America is God's crucible — the great melting-pot — where all the races of Europe are fusing and reforming. Here you stand, good folk, think I, when I see them at Ellis Island; here you stand in your fifty groups, with your fifty languages and your histories and your fifty blood feuds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you have come to—these are the fires of God! A fig for your feuds and vendettas. Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians—into the crucible with you all! God is making the American!"

A fine text and a big theme, assuredly, but both were subordinated from the outset to very inferior sentiments.

The leading exponent of the author's ideas is a young musician, survivor of Kishineff and still tinged with morbidity as a result of those horrors. Dramatic coincidence has provided a love interest between the young hero and the transplanted daughter of the Russian officer responsible for the atrocities. This brings on the main action of the play and incidentally introduces the question of mixed marriages, which we are to understand is a bone of contention between the orthodox and unorthodox Jew. Mr. Walker Whiteside, in the rôle of the young hero, has some fine acting moments, and Miss Chrystal Herne plays an extremely difficult part with conviction, sincerity and delicate artistry.

We get much nearer the problem of the Jew in Bernstein's "Israel," one of the strongest plays of the year. *Thibault*, the young hero, son of the *Duchess de Croucy* and a notorious Jew-baiter, has openly insulted a Jewish member of his club, *Justin Gutlieb*, for the purpose of ridding the club of his obnoxious presence. A duel is imperative, when the mother intervenes. In a powerful scene between the *Duchess* and *Gutlieb* it develops that this object of the son's antipathies is his own father. This is followed by another powerful scene between mother and son, in which the fact of his origin is disclosed to *Thibault*. The irony of the situation need not be dwelt upon. In the original, *Thibault* commits suicide—the only logical thing for him to do under all the circumstances—but in the English version a happier though utterly illogical ending is provided. The great dramatic interest of the play centres in the powerful second act, the wringing of the confession from the mother, in which we see again, even more clearly than in "The Thief," the author's cumulative percussive method of moving towards a climax. In these scenes Miss Constance Collier, as the *Duchess*, rose to superb heights. The rôle demands

capacity to suggest both subterfuge and great underlying tendencies, dignity and strength as well as weakness and despair. All these things Miss Collier concentrates in a performance that compels complete admiration. Graham Browne, as *Thibault*, was equally effective.

With few exceptions, the half-season has been singularly unsuccessful in serious offerings. Stephen Phillips' "Herod"—the most ambitious literary offering we have had—mounted in superb splendour and acted with unusual intelligence by William Faversham and Julie Opp, attracted only brief notice. Alfred Sutro's "The Builder of Bridges" lasted only a short season. "The White Sister," in which Viola Allen appeared to better advantage than usual, failed of any popular interest.

"On the Eve," a rather sombre drama of modern Russian life, by Martha Morton, will be remembered best for having introduced to the English speaking stage Miss Hedwig Reicher, a superb actress and possibly the most beautiful woman on any stage. Well known in Berlin and among the German playgoers of New York, Miss Reicher is the most important acquisition the American stage has received since Nazimova. It is gratifying, therefore, to know that she has since found a more successful popular vehicle in Charles Klein's "Next of Kin," soon to receive its Metropolitan *première*.

"The Fourth Estate" scored only a fair measure of well-earned success. This is an out-and-out newspaper play, in which the power and influence of the press are flatteringly set forth. The story is interesting in the telling, and the final scene, showing a composing-room with its rows of linotypes and other newspaper paraphernalia, is a triumph in stage realism. Not even the bridge scene in Rupert Hughes' labour play, "The Bridge," surpasses it.

The half-season's yield of comedy offerings, particularly of farce come-

dy, on the other hand, has been conspicuously successful. "Detective Sparkes," "Billy," "The Florist Shop," "Is Matrimony a Failure?" "The Lottery Man," and "Seven Days" make up a round half-dozen of highly successful offerings of this kind. "Billy" tells an amusing story of a famous half-back whose efforts to conceal the possession of four front store teeth, especially from his betrothed, and later to keep secret their temporary loss, results in a series of amusing complications, from which at times extrication seems hopeless. The theme is slender enough, of course, and the subject might be thought to present some difficulties of popular exploitation, but, thanks to the brightness of the treatment and the quality of the acting, any such difficulties were overcome. Mr. Sidney Drew was delightfully droll as *Billy*, and Miss Jane Marbury, as the tantalising sister, struck a new note in comedy work.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" develops a highly farcical situation, in which the marriages of a certain community of complaining benedicts are suddenly discovered to be invalid. The value of liberty, however, would seem to be in proportion to the restraint. Uncomfortable hotels and lonesome bachelor quarters soon bring the husbands back to voluntary bondage, and after the ladies have had their innings, of course, life flows on again in the old domestic channels. Mr. Frank Worthing is the particular star of the occasion, if a company of such uniform excellence as Mr. Belasco has provided may be said to have a star.

"Seven Days," by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, holds perhaps the most novel and amusing situation of the six. A household in which some complicated situations have already developed is suddenly quarantined during the progress of a house party. The servants have managed to make their escape, but the

rest of the household, which by this time includes a burglar and a policeman, are kept under strict surveillance. The humorous possibilities of the situation may easily be imagined.

A comedy along more legitimate lines, which should have received a larger measure of attention than fell to its lot, was Kellett Chambers' "An American Widow." Few American comedies have had more to recommend them. The gay *Mrs. Killigrew*, whose year of widowhood has just expired, is suddenly confronted with the fact that an important "string" has been attached to the deceased *Killigrew's* will. Probably with some inkling of her weakness for titled foreigners, he has bequeathed her his fortune on the understanding that her second husband shall be American born. This, it transpires, seriously upsets certain plans already under way looking to the coveted title. A solution, however, is found in a technicality. The will says nothing about a third or subsequent husband. A second marriage on the understanding of immediate divorce is therefore gaily negotiated, but, in the usual perversity of such things, the bride falls in love with the obliging second husband and is thereby exposed to the conflicting emotions of love and ambition. It is altogether an excellent comedy and charmingly acted by Miss Grace Filkins in the engaging rôle of the dashing *Mrs. Killigrew*.

"Penelope," by W. Somerset Maugham, is the latest and most refreshing comedy offering to date. It is not quite the polished gem "The Mollusc" proved to be last season, but it is a comedy of undoubted brilliance, of gay, scintillating wit, and it holds a clever twist that is both novel and refreshing.

Penelope, the wife of a fashionable London physician, has discovered that her hitherto faithful husband is philandering with one of his titled patients. She impulsively decides on divorce, but the wise counsel of her family, to let the philandering run its

course, prevails. Incidentally she is to substitute for her overfond exactions — of which the husband has apparently grown tired — an attitude of cultivated indifference. Between the two and on the theory that "only in Paradise does man want what he has," the plan succeeds admirably, and in due course the husband returns properly chastened and penitent. There are many amusing and complicating situations before this is accomplished, and the clever turn is given to the action, on the husband's discovery that his wife has all along been aware of his philandering. From the offender he becomes the offended, and he rates his wife for her apparent moral insensibility to the situation. Altogether it is a clever incisive reading of human nature with, of course, a decidedly cynical flavour. The bright, particular star of the occasion is Marie Tempest, a *comedienne* of

unrivalled ability in this field.

Musical comedy would seem to have come into its own again. At least, there are encouraging signs, and, in a production of such a high order of merit as "The Chocolate Soldier," much more. Adapted from Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," Mr. Oscar Strauss, the composer, has risen to the intellectual demands of the partnership and given us a score of wonderful haunting melody. "The Gay Hussars" and "The Dollar Princess," while perhaps not quite measuring up to the standard of the Strauss piece are of good quality.

A unique experience of the present half-season was the reappearance of Ruth St. Denis in her interesting Hindu dances. An American girl, Miss St. Denis has made an earnest study of the East, and is able to reflect its spirit and colour in her work to a remarkable degree

THE HARBOUR LIGHT

By DOUGLAS ROBERTS

The god of night awakens
 To guard the pass of day;
 Pale-eyed beneath, the setting sun
 Peers out across the bay,
 And sees the sailors bringing
 Bounties from the sea,
 As they row back with singing,
 Coming home from sea.

Across the tides of night time
 It bars the blackened sky,
 As, guided through the driving night,
 A shadow ship draws by,
 And, when the dawn is breaking,
 It beholds again
 The fisher folk a-making
 Out to sea again.



At five O'clock

A THANKSGIVING

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

Long enough have I lived and sought to
know the value of things,
To know the gold from the tinsel, to
judge the clowns from the kings;
Love have I known and been glad of,
joys of the earth have been mine,
But to-day do I give thanks for a rarer
gift and fine.

For the friendship of true women, Lord,
that hath been since the world had
breath,
Since a woman stood at a woman's side
to comfort through birth and death.
You have made us a bond of mirth and
tears to last forever and aye—
For the friendship of true women, Lord,
take you my thanks to-day.

Now much have I found to be glad of,
much have I sorrowed for,
But naught is better to hear than foot
of a friend at the door;
And naught is better to feel than the
touch of a sister hand
That says, "What are words between
us—I know and may understand."

For the friendship of true women, Lord,
that hath lasted since time began,
That is deeper far and finer far than the
friendship of man to man;
For the tie of a kinship wonderful that
holds us as blood-bonds may—
For the friendship of true women, Lord,
take you my thanks to-day.

Many the joys I have welcomed, many
the joys that have passed,
But this is the good unailing and this is
the peace that shall last;
From love that dies and love that lies
and love that must cling and sting
Back to the arms of our sisters we turn
for our comforting.

For the friendship of true women, Lord,
that hath been and ever shall be
Since a woman stood at a woman's side
at the cross of Calvary;
For the tears we weep and the trusts
we keep and the self-same prayers
we pray—
For the friendship of true women, Lord,
take you my thanks to-day.

✱

THERE were four women who sat
before the glowing grate fire—
coal, not gas—and discoursed of many
things. The Christmas holidays had
brought together these who had once
sat at the same frugal boarding-
school repasts and had extricated
themselves painfully from the same
"scrapes." Talk about the frail
bond made by school-girl friendship!
There is no tie quite so subtle as that
which unites those who were "at
school together." While it may be
old-fashioned to prefer the girls'
school to the modern co-educational
institution, there seems an air of
feminine jollification about the for-
mer which the latter never dares to
acquire. However the "systems"
may be, these four who had come
from the uttermost parts of Canada
found that the old days were good to
talk about, while the coals turned
scarlet and then slowly dulled to
gray.

"Do you remember how we read
'Jane Eyre' after the bells rang for
lights out and we were supposed to
be dreaming of the next day's alge-
bra? I'll never forget that maniac

laugh"—and a matron from Edmonton shivered as she spoke.

"And do you remember how we quarrelled about Rochester? I said he was a cad and you insisted that he was a bold, rugged hero," said a matron from Montreal.

"He *was* a cad, though," admitted the first speaker. "I suppose a very young girl has the idea that a man who bullies a woman and stamps about like a Lord of Creation is a remarkable personage, to be regarded with a devotion which increases with his savagery. I have changed my mind about Rochester. I do not believe that Charlotte Bronte could have known many really nice men."

"I wonder," said a third, who was given to views on suffrage and social settlements, "whether it is true that women writers are guilty of exalting cads to the hero's place. Now, I have just finished reading 'The Testing of Diana Mallory,' and the lover of *Diana* is a cad of the first degree. I don't see what Mrs. Humphry Ward means by making *Diana* fall in love with such an apology for a man."

"Is he as bad as *Manistey*?" asked the fourth of the group. "I always think of him as Mrs. Ward's very worst hero."

"Well," concluded the matron from Edmonton, "they can't be more of a libel than the heroines of most men novelists. Think of *Dora Copperfield* and that unspeakable *Amelia Sedley*! I can hardly forgive Thackeray for that dreadful cry-baby, who had not an idea from first to last."

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WHEN we look back on the fiction ladies of the last century with the exception of George Meredith's wonderful group, and Sir Walter's stately dames and maidens, they are a rather poor lot, as presented by the masculine novelists. On the other hand, it may be true that the average woman novelist finds it hard to depict a hero vitally and naturally. She seems to think that if she gives him a

cigar and makes him call each masculine associate "old man," as he slaps him on the back, that the task is complete and that everyone must recognise the hero as a modern product of the club and the stock market.

It must be admitted that the modern woman — on the Continent, at least — has not the same degree of patience and long-suffering as inspired the ideal heroine of the Middle Ages. *Patient Griselda* is usually quoted as the extreme example of feminine meekness, and truly she was a very martyr to her stern and unbending spouse. Men have given us so many of these excessively meek heroines that we are forced to the conclusion that man admires the woman who will not answer back. Hence women become impatient with men's heroines, while men smile sweetly on the masculine characters who adorn the feminine page.

However, as the exception proves the rule, we occasionally find the cad flourishing in the novel which admits masculine authorship. For instance, there is the professor-hero in James Lane Allen's latest novel! Now we have all delighted in "The Kentucky Cardinal," to say nothing of "Aftermath," and in this recent work of fiction we find the same love of the forest and the soil which made his earlier works a literary refreshing. The Bluegrass State is wonderfully pictured as *The Shield* and its Yuletide splendour is described in a fashion which makes the Earth Festival of the Evergreen immortal.

The Nature of the book is Kentucky at its fairest; the Human Nature is banal and boresome. The hero of the tale, a college professor who has almost reached middle age, actually addresses his wife in such high-flown style as this: "Comrade of all these years, battler with me for life's victories!" The modern wife of practical ideas might well wonder what had befallen her worthy partner if he were to address her in such

terms, over the croquettes or the marmalade.

But there is further unkindness. Frederick (for such is the husband's name) takes upon himself on Christmas Eve to read a legendary yarn about the mistletoe to his fond wife, and in the course of the narrative the poor lady becomes convinced that Frederick's love for her is on the wane. (If she had only read the woman's page in the Saturday supplement, she would have discovered that the one sure way to retain a husband's affection is to massage with skin-food every evening and greet him with a smile). Josephine thereupon questions the fickle Frederick. Now, it is most unwise to ask questions on any subject, but most of all on such dainty trifles as masculine affections. Let us take it for granted we are beloved and all will be well.

However, if a woman *will* ask questions, the only proper and comfortable course for the man, is to tell ever so many fibs and to tell them without hesitation. Frederick resorts to heroics of the most high-flown order and when his "comrade of all these years" asks if he still cares for his work, he replies with kindling ardour:

"As the mariner steers for the light-house, as the hound runs down the stag, as the soldier wakes to the bugle, as the miner digs for fortune, as the drunkard drains the cup, as the saint watches the cross, I follow my work, I follow my work."

Is not that a curious bit of rhetoric from a middle-aged husband to his wife? Truly, Frederick is a terror to talk! But when his forlorn wife asks him if he is tired of her, forsooth, this unchivalrous professor is so abominably rude as to refuse to speak. The worthy Josephine consequently goes away and mourns bitterly, while the reader longs to tell her that Frederick is not worth a single tear. It is only fair to state that Mr. Allen is going to write two other books on this subject during the year and in

the end Frederick may be less of a cad than he seems at present.

At the time of writing, however, he is just the shabbiest order of hero one can imagine, while every woman who aspires to write a novel may feel comforted as she reflects that no feminine fountain pen has sent forth a sorrier hero. Frederick, moreover, is a libel on the men of old Kentucky. The men of the Southern States are the most chivalrous on the globe (always excepting Ireland), and it would be quite impossible for a Southerner to tell the lady the truth in that silent and sullen fashion. Frederick, in short, is the most horrid man we have read about, and we are glad that he did not live. A poet does him justice in the following pertinent lines:

An expert in the woodman's craft,
Instructor in a rural college,
Professor Fred was plainly daft
On mystic, legendary knowledge.

Beneath the tree on Christmas E'en,
With all the Christmas candles burning,
He read his wife, poor Josephine,
A screed of queer, symbolic learning--

A yarn of Oak and Mistletoe,
Of Primal Maid and Forest Lover,--
And all to let the lady know
That he was growing weary of her!

And she? It seems she found it right
To love him still. This Fred was lucky!
A boor so crudely impolite
I thought they lynched in old Kentucky.

Ah, Mr. Allen, change your pen!
Forbear to blow these murky bubbles,
But write, as write you can, of men--
Not freaks with manufactured troubles.

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A BUSINESS man, who was talking recently about the large number of women in business life made the remark: "Why can't these girls stay at home and learn to bake bread?" The woman of whom he asked the question replied briefly:

"Perhaps it is necessary for them to go out and earn dough."

It was a rather slangy retort, but there is more truth than romance in the situation. No one is denying that the majority of women wage-earners would prefer the seclusion of a home, the joys of culinary conceits and having one's own fireside to the noise and hurry of business life. There *are* women who prefer the independence of a professional or business career to anything which domestic life has to offer. But these women, while quite sincere, are in the minority. Most women are more at home with the sewing-machine than with the typewriter and prefer a rolling-pin to a ledger. There is a popular sort of sketch or story which represents a belated or benighted spinster mourning over the exceeding loneliness of her lot and shedding salt tears over her solitary condition. In fact, these sketches are enough to bring a sob to the throat of the most hardened—unless the reader happens to be a busy bachelor maid, who has no time for such fancied tribulation and considers the world a friendly old place—after all.

The young girl from the country or the small town who leaves a comfortable home in the belief that a business position in the city means advancement and a brighter life is likely to change her mind after a few years' experience over those nerve-racking "keys." A girl from a pretty West Ontario village, who had been one of the noble army of wage-earners in the city for three weary years, retired from the scene with a farewell sermon of this order:

"Yes, I'm going home to cook and wash and make beds. I'm just tired out — tired of the noise and the rush of the city, and I never want to see a trolley car again. I've earned eight dollars a week, but five dollars and a

half went for room, board and car fare. I've bought bargain hats, bargain coat suits and cheap blouses, and have managed a small bank account after all. But it's not worth it, and, anyway, Mother needs me, and I'm glad to go home."

So Mabel has departed, leaving the scene of business clamour with heartfelt relief. Will she tire of the small village and long for the noise and cheap theatres again? I hardly think so, for she is a wholesome type, with a genuine fondness for outdoor joys, as well as a feminine appreciation of the household duties and pleasures. City life on six, seven or eight dollars a week is a poor substitute for a quiet home on a wide village street, where the lilacs bloom in May and where asters make glad the month of September. Most women were not meant for business activities, and the sooner the domestic girl concludes that the kitchen and the parlour are to be preferred to eight dollars a week in the city turmoil, the happier the home will be. The girl who has a city home and whose daily work "down town" is merely a matter of pocket money is in a more fortunate position and can devote herself to a bank account with a fair chance of success and a corresponding independence.

The father who wonders why his daughter wishes to leave home and earn her own living, when there is no stern necessity for such a course, would do well to ask himself why he has not seen fit to give her an "allowance"—that joy of the feminine managing-heart. It is a recognition of her worth to the home life and a test of her own financial ability. The "non-allowance" system is the explanation of much discontent on the part of the aspiring daughter.

JEAN GRAHAM.



Current Events

By

F. A. ACLAND

IT is not, of course, safe to forecast an election, especially one across the seas, but if any general conclusions are to be drawn from the mass of contradictory cables and letters that reach the Canadian press, and from a closer examination even of the speeches of the men most prominent on either side, it would be that the Unionist cause has perceptibly weakened since the real onset of the contest in Britain. Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill, who by a curious chain of circumstances have become the central figures on the Liberal side of the struggle, are waging a hot and furious campaign, while Mr. Balfour, the leader and the most attractive figure on the other side, is partly disabled by illness. We must not, of course, in the meantime, take as gospel all the stories that are sent across the wires suggestive of a general excess of imbecility on the part of the peers. Such men as Lords Lansdowne, Curzon, Milner, Rosebery, and Cromer, bear names that are written permanently in British history and are identified with great services rendered to the Empire; all these do not, it is true, occupy precisely the same position in the struggle, but they are agreed in their antagonism to the Liberal financial policy which has precipitated the contest, and they are not to be dismissed with ridicule. Equally futile, on the other hand, is the charge made by some of the minor lights of the

Unionist party to the effect that Mr. Lloyd-George is a traitor to king and country and Winston Churchill to his class; the Chancellor of the Exchequer has a brilliant and honourable record whatever shall be said of his statesmanship, and Mr. Churchill is by no means the first aristocrat who has turned Radical. These last named leaders on the Liberal side are themselves responsible in part for the rhetorical excesses of the campaign and are really forcing the fighting at every point; the fact that they also have been singled out for special attentions from the Suffragettes has probably increased their favour with the multitude.

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The issues of the election are confusing and contradictory. The question of tariff reform is bound up with the continued existence of the Lords' veto, and the two are identified with opposition to a radical policy of land reform. In addition, come the issues of Home Rule and naval defence, each cutting athwart the respective parties to some extent. The Liberals are keeping to the front so far as possible the constitutional aspect, the direct encounter with the Lords, and the Unionists are endeavouring to do the same with regard to tariff reform; on the whole the Liberal forces are being the better led and the attack on the House of Lords is producing a clatter that resounds around

the civilised world. Owing in part, no doubt, to the increasing facilities of the cable, in part to the genuine and intelligent interest which more than at any time in Canadian history is taken by our people in British affairs, the present election is attracting attention in this country to an unprecedented degree, while at all the capitals of Europe the leading features of the situation are familiarly discussed.

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It may well be doubted if the outcome will, after all, be as sensational as the campaign. If the veto of the Lords disappears in its present form it may be pretty confidently assumed that it will be revived in some other form, or that some other method yet more effective than the present will be devised for checking the popular chamber. There is no great country with a single chamber parliament, and in the different commonwealths carved out of the British Empire it has not been found practicable to depart from the principle of two houses. The United States Senate, it is well known, has the most sweeping powers, and never for a moment allows itself to become subservient to the House of Representatives.

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It is the fact that the House of Lords is based on the hereditary principle that weakens its case and largely puts it out of court when its attitude becomes in any way aggressive, while a very moderate degree of activity throws it immediately on the defensive. Both parties in the Lords have agreed as to the desirability of a change, and the change will probably be in the direction indicated by the special committee of peers over which Lord Rosebery presided. The report of this committee so greatly minimised the hereditary principle that it was calculated that of the 592 existing peers only 180 would be qualified to sit in a House modelled

on the lines suggested, while nearly twice that number of other men would be, by various processes of selection other than birth, given seats beside them. It need hardly be remarked that such a radical reduction of the number of representatives of the hereditary principle would not render the House of Lords less able and influential, but rather more so, and its power must increase accordingly.

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This condition is faced frankly enough, indeed, by many opponents of the present system, who declare themselves ready to accept a second chamber from which hereditaryism has been largely, if not wholly, eliminated. It is to be feared, however, that when the veto comes from the Upper House, no matter how the latter is constituted, there will be from the popular chamber an outcry hardly less strenuous than the present. Human ingenuity has not yet devised a political system that works without a jar, and the hereditary system now prevalent in Britain, closely analysed, is hardly less anomalous than the appointive system prevailing in the case of our own Dominion Senate, or the States-rights system of the United States, which permits Nevada and Utah and tiny Rhode Island, say, to vote down New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois. The British people are, however, evidently getting tired of the all-hereditary plan, and whatever the issue of the present battle, we may look for its partial disappearance.

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Mr. Asquith has definitely committed the Liberal party to a policy of Home Rule for Ireland if sustained in power. It is doubtful if, as an electioneering move, the declaration was particularly judicious, since the Irish voters in Great Britain could hardly have voted Unionist in any case, while the announcement has

had the effect of welding tariff reformers and Unionist free traders somewhat more closely together. The probability is that the more advanced wing of the Cabinet forced a definite declaration on the subject. Mr. Asquith has not been an enthusiast for Home Rule in the past, and though he was, of course, a member of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Government of 1892, he is generally understood to have weakened in the cause after the terrific overthrow of 1895, much as did Lord Rosebery. The situation is therefore much as it was when in 1885 Mr. Gladstone first pronounced for Home Rule, save that so far there is no sign of any Liberal cave, such as then split the party. It is possible that twenty-five years' discussion of the proposition of Irish Home Rule has enabled the people of Great Britain to look on it without the intense aversion that was then manifested. As to this, a few weeks or months at most will tell. In the meantime, it is probably a coincidence only, though a dramatic one, that Mr. Asquith's declaration was made within a few days of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Mr. Asquith's great political master, Mr. Gladstone.

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If one were looking for interesting coincidences, a further might be found in the fact that this same month of December, which a hundred years ago saw Mr. Gladstone born, now sees Herbert Gladstone, the son of the great Liberal leader, appointed to one of those great pro-consulships of the Empire which are made more or less a subject of ridicule nowadays. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is a rather signal instance of the failure of heredity in the matter of high intellectual abilities. It is hardly pretended that he would have secured Cabinet rank had he not been fortunate enough to bear his father's name. There is perhaps some risk involved in sending to South Africa just as it starts on its career as a new commonwealth a

statesman somewhat below the normal type of those selected for similar positions, but it may be confidently assumed that the Colonial Office will for many a day keep in the closest touch with the new Dominion, and will allow the Governor-General very little leeway. It must also be conceded that while the appointment of Mr. Gladstone may be to some in South Africa an unpleasant reminder of the Majuba Hill incident, brought about by his father's policy, it will be to others, and those probably the majority, an evidence of the desire of all parties in Great Britain to continue the policy of frank and friendly confidence which has so happily replaced the frictions and animosities of the evil days of Krugerism. Mr. Herbert Gladstone will, no doubt, take a peering, and if no great issue arises during his term in South Africa may be expected to acquit himself respectably of the largely perfunctory duties of presiding over the inauguration of the fourth great commonwealth of the Empire.

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The dominant note in the tributes paid the memory of Gladstone on the occasion of his centennial was that he had been "the friend of little nations," and it is hardly possible for citizens of the Empire not to feel some pride in the fact that the anniversary should be celebrated in the University of Athens and that Bulgaria should send representatives to participate in the commemoration ceremonies in London. It must be admitted, however, that the statesmanship giving rise to this particular aspect of Gladstone's reputation may often have been sentimental rather than practical in character. Greece itself has been for a generation, and is to-day, hovering on the verge of anarchy, and her alien king may any day be deposed or assassinated to make way for the nominee of a political cabal whose programme has no affinity with national ideals or aspira-

tions. The throne of Servia is occupied by a ruler who pardoned the treacherous murderers of his predecessor and welcomed the opportunity of doing so, while the people, on their part, do not seem to object. In Central America the small nations are at one another's throats whenever they are not making internal chaos; they are really no more than warring groups of politicians who have not learned how to govern themselves, and there is among them all no genuine national sentiment. It is plainly to be seen therefore, that the principle of the preservation of small nations may well be carried to excess. In national life, as in all other things, evolution and organisation are slowly but surely merging the smaller nations into the greater, just as the greater have been themselves, as a rule, formed by the same process; it may be sometimes pitiful to see the small nation in its final stages, but destiny is full of tragedies.

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Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd-George recently found themselves on the same platform, where the subject of discussion involved to some extent the question of the place of the little nations in the world. Both, as it happened, represent little nations, Mr. Lloyd-George being, as all the world has been made aware, an ardent Welshman, whilst Mr. Balfour is a distinguished Scot. The former of the two represents the type which opposes the merging process, the latter that which assists it. The compromise reached as between the two ideals or forces has yielded fairly practicable and equable results in the case of the nations of the British Isles; the life of the smaller nations persists and enriches the common traditions and spurs the common energies, while the evolution of a mightier nation than any could have become singly has proceeded. It required all Mr. Balfour's fine delicacy of speech to touch on these points before a Welsh audi-

ence, and state plainly, yet without offence, views which probably hardly appealed to the majority present, for the smaller the nation the more particularist, and Welshmen are prone to push their nationalist proclivities to the furthest point. Before quoting a few sentences from Mr. Balfour's charming and scholarly speech, it may be well to premise that the exact occasion was the annual dinner of the Honourable Society of the Cymmrodorion, which, it may be necessary to explain, is devoted to the literature, science and art of Wales, and the fact that the banquet of such a society should be held in the English metropolis gave a special point to the remarks of the speaker.

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Mr. Balfour said incidentally:

"I am not going into intricate questions of race, though I believe they are the most important of all, and I think also that probably on them the best light is thrown by those linguistic studies which are one of the great subjects of investigations by this society. I do not believe myself in any sharp divisions of race within these islands. I do not believe that history bears it out; I do not believe that anthropology bears it out; I do not believe that minute study of character of different districts bears it out. There are differences, of course, but they melt into one another, and you cannot say 'This man is a Welshman and therefore he is descended from such a Celtic tribe; this man comes from Ireland, that man comes from Northumberland, that one from Yorkshire, and therefore he is of such and such descent.' There is no such thing in these islands as a man of pure descent from any race whatever; and I believe if the truth were known you would find that a race which has left no literature, no body of laws, no customs, no records behind it, has nevertheless left that which is as important as anything written either on parchment or upon stone or printed in books—has left in each one of us that trace of inherited aptitude of blood, an inheritance of people who were here long before either the Celtic conquerors of one race or the Celtic conquerors of another race, or the Danes or the Saxons, or the Normans ever landed upon these shores. We are, after all, not precisely it may be of identic

blood, but there is no sharp distinction to be drawn anywhere from the east coast of Kent to the furthestmost part of Ireland in which you can say: 'Here one race ends and there another race begins.'"

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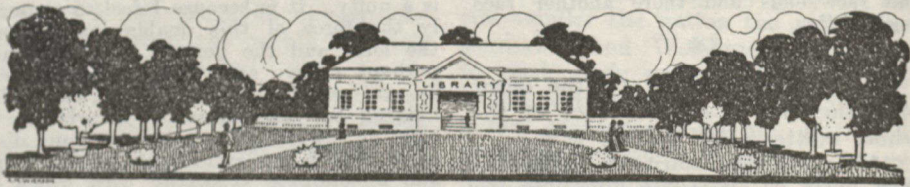
And again, touching on the spirit of nationality itself, the root of the whole matter, Mr. Balfour says:

"After all, the spirit of nationality must never be allowed to grow into the spirit of particularism. If each nation were an absolutely flat, unvaried plane of culture, each nation being a mere replica—with all the uninteresting flatness of the copy—of every other nation, the world would lose greatly. It would lose also, perhaps it would lose even more, if each community which could trace some separate tradition of civilisation for itself were to say, 'That tradition and that tradition alone will I develop. I will not join in the common chorus of civilised humanity, but I will sing my own tune in my own way, and I will take no share in the common work of literature and imaginative development.' Those are the two rocks, the two dangers, which lie before us. I am an immense believer in these separate nationalities. I think they give a quality, a tone, a variety to the common work of western culture which can never be got in any other way. But like every other very good thing they can be abused. You do find people who hold extravagant views of particularism and would have a purely Scotch, a purely Irish, a purely Welsh, whatever it may be—literature, music, art. That is not the way to do it. It is not the way it was done in the great days of Welsh literature. It is not the way it was done when Scotland contributed, as Scotland, its quota to British literature. It is not the way it ever will be done, and it is not the way, I am convinced, this society ever desires it should be done. They work through these records of marvellous historic and literary interest with a view of making every inhabitant of this island at the same time remember his origin, the origin and history of the particular part of the island in which he lives, and yet in full consciousness that all this leads up to the greater and fuller national life in which the particular is

not forgotten, is not ignored, loses none of its effects, but joins in the full and harmonious chord in which the notes may be different but in which the effect is a unity. It is because I feel so strongly the force of this double inspiration, the local and the general, that I think perhaps I have some title to be present on an occasion like this. I can add nothing to your stores of knowledge. I have no critical gifts to put at your disposal, but I can assure you of the deep and affectionate sympathy with which I regard all the efforts you are making to elucidate the best history of Wales, to bring into true and full relief the life and work of all great Welshmen, and to make them a model to all future time of what Welshmen can do, not merely for Wales, but for that great English-speaking community of which we are all an integral part. I go far beyond even the limits of this island and of this Empire. We must all see that whatever be the future of the world, the prevailing language of this island is going to be the dominant language of the future for all great literary and scientific purposes. That conviction does not militate in the least degree in my judgment against the studies which are the objects of this society. On the contrary, I believe it is the consciousness that the particular and the general are not inconsistent, that the local patriotism and the larger patriotism work together for a common end. I believe that conviction is growing. I believe this society will foster it, and it is in that faith that I wish it an ever-growing measure of success."

The ideal of Mr. Balfour is a high one, but it is one that must be realised to the full if the Empire, with its ever-increasing sisterhood of nations, is to be placed on an enduring basis. The same process of unification and organisation, the same tendency to a larger patriotism, is at work the world over, and that is the truest statesmanship which most readily discerns the hand of manifest destiny and does least to thwart or impede the movement of the great natural forces of the world.





The WAY of LETTERS

THE "great Canadian novel" will probably never be written, for the country is too diverse in its interests and environment to focus into one expression. In a sectional way "Anne of Green Gables" speaks for the quiet life of the East. "The Seats of the Mighty" is at least a record of the atmosphere of the French régime. Miss Laut has pictured the life of the early West, while numbers of writers have described pioneer life in Upper Canada. "Ralph Connor," however, has given us the novel of the evolving Canada, the Canada of the melting-pot stage of to-day. "The Foreigner" is an epic of the dramatic life which accompanies the settling of the western plains. Doctor Gordon is himself a resident of Winnipeg, and it is of Winnipeg and Saskatchewan he writes, with, we should say, a correct knowledge and certain touch. The main characters of "The Foreigner" are Galicians, members of the Slav race which has swarmed into Western Canada by tens of thousands in the past twenty years. *Kalman Kalmar*, the hero, was a newsboy in Winnipeg until nearly killed and driven out by a family brawl on the north side, the description of which is one of the notable episodes of the book. The youth goes thence to *Jack French's* ranch in Saskatchewan, where the responsibilities incident to the proprietor's dissipations, and the good influences of a nearby home

missionary, make a man of him. Young *Kalman* then discovers a coal mine, and, better still, a handsome young Scottish maiden, daughter of the capitalist who takes up his mining proposition. In the end the uncouth young Galician becomes a Canadian of whom the country might be proud. That it is a reasonable evolution will be the verdict of most readers. That it may happen to others and, in lessening degree, to the majority of *Kalman's* race, is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"The Foreigner" is a well-sustained story. It bears the mark of sincerity, and is better work than most of Doctor Gordon's recent books. It contains some revolting scenes of western life, but these will not be regretted if they arouse the thoughts of more Canadians to their responsibilities as nation builders. That Doctor Gordon has done a patriotic work as well as given us a great Canadian novel, will be the verdict of the reading public. (Toronto: The Westminster Company).

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DOCTOR GRENFELL ON LABRADOR

Any book on Labrador prepared with a reasonable amount of accuracy would be of general interest, but when we find the subject dealt with by so capable an authority as Doctor Wilfred T. Grenfell, the celebrated missionary-doctor to the Arctic, the book is bound to be one of consider-

able importance. Such a work is "Labrador: The Country and the People," which is profusely illustrated, with reproductions of excellent photographs. To most persons, Labrador is an unknown land, but according to this book it has immense natural resources, magnificent grandeur in its rugged and mountainous scenery, full of fascinating colours and picturesqueness. Besides this, Doctor Grenfell discusses the possibilities of the land, tells about the people, of their occupations, their habits and customs, and their social life in general. In order to make the book comprehensive and correct in particulars, chapters have been contributed on the geology of Labrador, the birds, fishes, flora, insects and mammalia, by such men as Doctor Reginald A. Daly, Professor of Geology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Doctor E. B. Delabarre, Professor of Psychology at Brown University; Doctor C.-W. Townsend, of Boston; Mr. Charles W. Johnson, Curator of the Boston Society of Natural History; Doctor A. P. Low, Deputy Minister of Mines in Canada, and Mr. William B. Cabot, of Boston. (Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. \$2.25 net).

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DOCTOR MACPHAIL'S ESSAYS

A number of essays by Doctor Andrew Macphail which appeared first in *The University Magazine* have been published in book form. Although Doctor Macphail became generally known, first as a novelist, he being the author of "The Vine of Sibmah," and later as the editor of *The University Magazine*, he has since shown a keen appreciation of public affairs, particularly of the larger political questions, while as an essayist he is perhaps at his best. Not every one will agree with his views, but he is an enthusiastic Imperialist and a keen supporter of the doctrine of colonial contribution of some kind to Imperial defence. His

collection of essays in book form is entitled "Essays in Politics," and begins with "The Patience of England" and ends with "British Diplomacy and Canada." (London: Longmans, Green and Company Cloth, 6/ net).

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MISS CARY'S LAST NOVEL

Miss Rosa N. Cary's last novel, "The Key to the Unknown," continues consistently the style of novel that this prolific writer has so frequently produced. It is an inoffensive story — that of a young woman who, contrary to the usual practice, endeavours, because of her humble station in life, to induce her lover, who is more highly placed, to abandon her in favour of one of equal rank with his. But the lover is constant in his devotion and in the end marries the girl of his choice, in spite of her circumstances. (Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada Cloth, \$1.25).

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PATRIOTISM IN ART COLLECTING

It is worth while to note that in "The Art of the Belgian Galleries," the author, Miss Esther Singleton, has observed the scarcity of foreign paintings in the national or civic collections at Antwerp, Brussels and Bruges, excepting, of course, Dutch paintings, which by many critics would not be distinguished from the Flemish. This is an important fact, because it shows that those by whom the collections were made must have had in view the fact that peculiar interest to Belgians, as well as to visitors, would attach to the work of native painters. That kind of patriotism is commendable, particularly where the artists of a country have easy access to galleries containing works by foreigners. This volume is profusely illustrated by a judicious selection of examples in Belgian art, and the text is readable and informing without being pedantic. (Boston:

L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$2 net).

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LONDON'S LATEST NOVEL

There is no doubt that Jack London can write an interesting novel, and he is as well an exceptionally fine descriptive writer. But there is some doubt as to whether or not he will ever be able to produce a really strong novel. However, great things are expected of him by some critics, having in view particularly his latest book, "Martin Eden." In this book there is perhaps some autobiography, because, like the author, the chief character struggles upward from obscurity to fame as a writer, but it is to be hoped that there the autobiography ends, because *Eden's* career afterwards is not a pleasant one, and he would be a very keen enemy indeed of Mr. London's who would wish him a similar fate. (Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

THE INDIANS OF THE WEST

Mrs. Amelia M. Paget has made a most valuable contribution to the literature dealing with the North American Indian. "People of the Plains," while not set forth as an exhaustive discourse on the manners, customs, and characteristics of the red man, possesses nevertheless what many volumes of the kind lack, the results of personal observation and contact. The author's father was a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and Mrs. Paget naturally therefore saw a great deal of the habits and peculiarities of the Indians. There is scarcely a doubt as to the authenticity of what she has written, because Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, of the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, who edited the book and wrote an introduction to it, refers to the volume as follows: "The present work is no compilation, it is a statement of personal experience, and has all the merit of original

observation. One cannot deny to these pages the interest which flows from this source. No literary charm can condone for imperfect material, but often the author's knowledge of his subject lends a certain grace to his style; this latter claim may safely be made for these unaffected chapters." The volume contains a number of full-page illustrations, some from photographs and some from original drawings by Mr. Edmund Morris. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1).

*

AN OPPENHEIM ROMANCE

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has written another novel, which must make about the thirtieth. The story centres about a set of card-sharpers who commit a number of villainies. There is a charming heroine, who supplies the title, "Jeanne of the Marshes," there is a very wicked step-mother and there is a hero of tremendous strength and overpowering stature who appears at the proper moment and rescues an honest young Englishman from a cruel death. The book can be read in an hour and forgotten while you read the first chapter of the next best seller. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

"MASTERMAN AND SON"

The motive of W. J. Dawson's new book, entitled, "Masterman and Son," seems to be the characterisation of *Archibald Masterman*, a contractor over fifty, and his son, *Arthur Masterman*, who thought himself an important factor in church affairs, had struggled through commercial difficulties to a fortune, and was considered by many to be a model type of self-made man. His nature, however, was inflexible; his methods of business were questionable. Therefore, when he decided to take *Arthur* into his business enterprises, and have him follow the principles adopted, trouble arose. The son's ideals were high

enough to cause him to frustrate his father's plans. Separation resulted. The son left London to go to America, to direct his own energies. His experiences in New York and Kootenay were many and varied. Meanwhile, his father became financially ruined. When Arthur learned this, the ties of kinship asserted themselves, and he returned to England to be the comfort and mainstay of his father. Uncomplainingly, but determinedly, *Masterman* faced his humiliation, donned his "jeans," and hired out to the labour of his younger years. He accepted sympathy from no one, not even from his son, but stood courageously and unconquered by his pet principles till his death. There is a love affair in which the son participates. The story has some adventure, humour, pathos and much thought that is suited to this day and generation. The book is above the average. (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company).

*

NOTES

—"The Marks of Pottery and Porcelain" is the title of a new large volume, a comprehensive and convenient dictionary of the marks found on pottery and porcelain made in all parts of the civilised world, covering a period from the Middle Ages to 1850, with a large number of later marks. (Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada).

—An admirer of Robert W. Service, Poet of the Yukon, wishing to obtain a copy of the first edition of "Songs of a Sourdough," was advised by the publisher to search for it in obscure book stores. He accordingly went to a little shop in the city where he lives, and when he asked whether they had a copy of "Songs of a




MR. WILLIAM TALBOT ALLISON,
AUTHOR OF A RECENT PUBLICATION ENTITLED
"THE AMBER ARMY AND OTHER POEMS"


Sourdough," the young woman behind the counter advised him to try a music store, as they sold only books.

—If well directed and properly appreciated, the "craftsman" form of constructing or decorating can be highly commended. Its chief attraction is its simplicity. This is well demonstrated in a recent book by Gustav Stickley entitled "Craftsman Homes." The volume is excellently illustrated with reproductions of architectural drawings and photographs, showing, for instance, what an important note in decoration, as well as an article of use, a mantelpiece can be. (New York: The Craftsman Publishing Company).





Within The Sanctum



TO administer well the affairs of a country like Canada — a country of immense stretches of territory, racial differences and animosities, local and provincial ambitions and peculiar resources — the Government must possess rare and versatile statesmanship. Even to such a Government, the building of a navy is an undertaking of extraordinary importance, because it is a momentous departure from a condition that, with us, has existed from the beginning. But momentous as is such a departure, it should not be allowed to tend the people, and naturally likewise the Government, to overlook other things that are surely as important, even of more pressing need of attention. Ordinary undertakings are unattractive. They do not admit of much party juggling. Maybe they are lamentably local in their scope. They lack novelty, and do not appeal to the imagination. A navy, on the other hand, is an alluring spectacle, and talk of it sounds well in the public ear. Even if it has no war to wage, it is a national bulwark, and the idea of it saves the Dominion from the odium of self-helplessness.

*

A navy, as a matter of course, should be more attractive to maritime than to inland provinces, and we should naturally expect that it would be supported with greater zeal by the people of Nova Scotia and British Columbia than by the people of Mani-

toba and Alberta. But the people of Nova Scotia and British Columbia (and they are by no means exceptional) demand more of the whole country than the building of a navy, for indeed they, as well as every other Province of the Dominion, are urging for especial legislation that would be, and in certain cases is, of singular benefit to them. And it is of these provincial demands and necessities that we should not lose sight.

*

To begin in the East: Nova Scotia looks to the Dominion for her steel bounties, the protection of her coal, the maintenance of her seaports and the safe-guarding of her fisheries. These are the chief industries of Nova Scotia, and to sacrifice any one of them, or even to imperil it, would immediately arouse the indignation and antagonism of the people of that Province. Few persons indeed would question the wisdom of policing our fishing grounds, but the same cannot be said of the bounty. To bonus an industry in Nova Scotia and to maintain the bonus indefinitely is not likely to find sympathy in Manitoba or Saskatchewan; but it is easier to keep a thing going than to start it. The fisheries of Nova Scotia provide an important item in the aggregate trade of all the Provinces. They require unceasing attention in order to offstand poachers, prevent exhaustion and protect life and property. The oyster beds, owing to lack of fore-

sight, are in grave danger of depletion, and the far-famed *malpecques* of Prince Edward Island are said to be almost exhausted.

*

Prince Edward Island does not trouble the Dominion Government very much. It is the smallest of all the Provinces, and the most isolated. But it has a grievance against the rest of the Dominion: it wants a tunnel under the Northumberland Straits, so that in winter it need not be cut off from the mainland. As it is, all the ice-breaking apparatus that the Dominion has been able to supply has failed to keep navigation in the Straits open all year round, and as a result the people of "The Island" are obliged, not merely to remain at home but as well to rest ignorant of much that goes on in the world beyond. This is a condition, serious as it is to the people of Prince Edward Island, in which it is difficult to interest the people of the Western Provinces, but the Dominion is expected to grapple with it, notwithstanding the more absorbing topic of a navy.

*

New Brunswick attracts the Federal eye little more than her sister of the Straits. She is a province of timber lands, moose barrens, and an ambitious city. Saint John has a magnificent location; she is exerting her utmost to outrival Halifax as a winter port. By some transportation experts she is regarded as the natural seaport in winter for trans-Atlantic trading vessels, and since the Canadian Pacific Railway Company considerably increased their dockage facilities there the claim of the capital of New Brunswick to first maritime honours has been greatly enhanced. The inland shipping of the Province, particularly on the Saint John River, is more picturesque than important. So that, while we admire New Brunswick for her sportsman's

paradise and the admirable hospitality of her people, we are not greatly worried over the demands she makes on the Federal exchequer.

*

The Province of Quebec is often accused of being the nursery of race and creed prejudices, while, as a matter of fact, she is not. The people of Quebec are quite content to let the other Provinces pursue their respective courses, if they, in turn, are permitted to pursue theirs. Given some protection to the tobacco industry, the right to control their own timber lands, the privilege of their original civil laws and language, the opportunity to improve the condition of rural education, a new wharf or dry-dock here and there, and the proud position of Montréal at the head of ocean navigation, and they will not greatly burden the rest of the Dominion, unless in exceptional instances like the Quebec Bridge or some undertaking whose object is purely political.

*

Ontario is the great champion of provincial rights. Of course, for that she should provoke the friendliness of the other Provinces, because if it should be found, for instance, that the Dominion Government cannot defeat the ends of Provincial administration by granting a Federal charter of about the same character as one that has been refused or cancelled by the Provincial Government, then the other Provinces will have their powers likewise extended or acknowledged to that extent. But Ontario has other characteristics. She has a fondness for Government buildings, and her system of canals and expenditures on inland navigation are a heavy drain on the purse of the Dominion. By her own people she is regarded as the banner province, and she is the first to test and benefit by rural mail delivery; that is, daily delivery from farm to farm. She is magnificent, nevertheless, in her own independence, or at least in what she

regards as her own independence. Doubtless, she leads in education, but the means thereto is something that concerns only herself, and therefore the rest of the Dominion need not grumble. Should the proposed Georgian Bay Canal be built, Ontario will boast of one of the very greatest inland waterways in the world.

*

Towards the Federal Government just now Manitoba leans mostly with respect to an extension of territory northward to Hudson Bay and the building of a railway to Fort Churchill or Port Nelson. She has been dubbed the "Postage-stamp Province," and she quite naturally resents very keenly an appellation that is not unapt, particularly when one considers the size of her three nearest neighbours—Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta. On Ontario her watchful eye is cast at present, and when it comes to a division of the northern spoil, she would like to get the lion's share, even though she is not the lion. She is eager to maintain her position as the most progressive Province in the practice of public ownership. She has already secured control of Northern Pacific Railway lines in the Province, but their operation she has handed over to the Canadian Northern Railway, retaining control of rates. She has also bought out the Bell Telephone system in the Province, but as yet this particular experiment is supposed to be doubtful.

*

Saskatchewan and Alberta have interests in common with Manitoba, in as much as they are strongly urging their respective Governments to erect or purchase terminal elevators to be owned and operated by the people. It is pretty safe to say that the representations of the Grain Growers' Association will be carried out, and already the Government of Manitoba is practically pledged to support the proposition. But whether the eleva-

tors will be national or provincial is not settled, but it looks like a venture for the Dominion Government alone. The object is to enable the producers of grain to sell direct to the consumers either in Eastern Canada or in foreign markets and thereby retain for themselves the profits that now go to the middlemen—the grain dealers. They would economise in many ways, and make in the marketing of grain grown in the West as great a change as has been made in the marketing of fruit grown in the Niagara Peninsula.

*

This coming together of the grain growers for mutual benefit promises to be one of the most interesting studies in economics that has been furnished in a long time. One thing it will surely do: it will show the farmers of the West that if they act in unison they can exert, not merely a tremendous influence on legislation but actually an overwhelming influence. Farmers are slow to act with a singleness of purpose and in concert, and the fact that they are now beginning to do so in the West is due to the simple fact that they are specialists — simply growers of grain. If their interests were divided, as is the case where mixed farming is practised, they would not come together so readily, and indeed the present movement is by no means spontaneous; it is rather a result of much campaign work by far-sighted persons who foresaw what could be accomplished if the grain growers would only act together. But it is difficult to induce some farmer to spend a dollar for which there is no visible and immediate return. Enlightenment in this respect has begun, and when once it becomes general—well, the farmer will be king.

*

But elevators owned by the public are only one of the things that the people of the Prairie Provinces want.

They will soon be asking for wide, well-constructed macadamised trunk highways over which a gasolene traction engine will haul with ease huge tanks filled with grain from farms along these highways or adjacent to them. It will not be possible for railways to run to all points, but the haulage by the farmers, which otherwise would be a gigantic undertaking, will by these trunk roads be greatly facilitated, and grain-growing at long distances from the nearest point of railway shipment be rendered profitable.

*

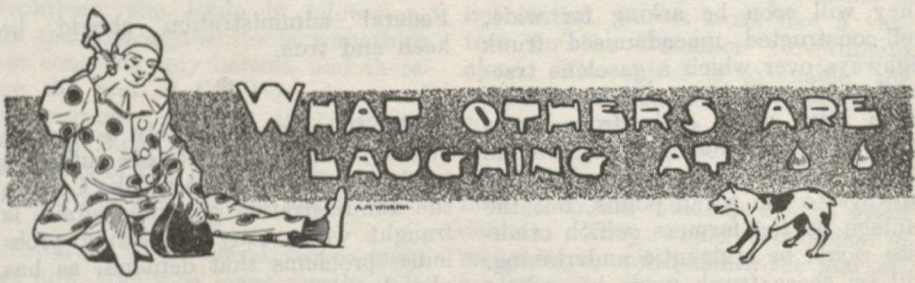
British Columbia is the Province farthest away from the central Government, and yet she has been at times the most perplexing. Her problems are entirely different from those of the other Provinces, which, after all, have many interests in common. She is the intake from the Orient, and to her the "Yellow Peril" is a real menace. It is unfortunate enough in all conscience to have to grapple with the perplexing problems that arise with the presence of an increasing number of Japanese and Chinese, but there is a clear difference when it comes to the question, Shall we refuse hospitality to fellow-subjects of the King, simply because they happen to be Hindus, of yellow skin? With these problems British Columbia would fain struggle herself; but this is an instance in which it has been found advisable for the Dominion Government to step in and prevent complications that might otherwise end in grave international consequences and perhaps involve the mother country. This is an instance where the sense of the

Federal administration should be keen and true.

*

The foregoing is merely a sketchy outline, but it is doubtless sufficient to show that in a country like Canada the administration of public affairs is fraught with many perplexing problems, problems that demand, as has already been said, rare and versatile statesmanship. The situation is almost at complete variance with that of the United States. In Canada the powers of provincial legislation are defined, with the residue given to the Dominion. It means that whatever the Provinces may do is set down in the British North America Act, and whatever is not set down devolves upon the Dominion. For instance, the Provinces may frame their own civil laws, but they may not appoint judges; nor have they anything to do with the framing of the criminal code, which applies to all the Provinces alike. They have nothing to do with such things as the customs duties, inland revenues, or defence. As the country develops, new questions arise, and the importance of the Dominion Government increases accordingly. Sometimes there is a clash between the Dominion and a province over a new condition. The disposition of alien races in British Columbia is an instance. In the United States the powers of Congress are defined, with the residue left to the States. The result is that Congress is not so important a body as the Dominion House of Commons, but the States legislatures have a wider scope than the legislatures of the Canadian Provinces.

The Editor



HAD HEARD HIM MENTIONED

It was at a White House reception that a Philadelphian picked up a choice gem which he never tires of telling.

A charming girl of eighteen, the daughter of a western publisher and quite a society queen in her own city, had been brought to Washington by her father, and at one of the White House receptions was presented to President Roosevelt.

As her small hand disappeared within the hearty grasp of the President, the maiden looked up to him and smiling sweetly said: "I'm awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Roosevelt. I've often heard father speak of you." —Philadelphia Times.



A WINE LIST

—Life

HIS CHARITY

He was poor, but otherwise honest, and he had just proposed to the heiress.

"Are you sure," she queried after the manner of her kind, "that you do not want to marry me for my money?"

"Of course I don't," he replied "I am anxious to marry you because I haven't the heart to let you become an old maid merely because you happen to have a paltry half-million."—The Wasp.

*

PART OF THE TREATMENT

Tompkins had suffered terribly, and at one time it appeared that his illness might have a fatal termination. But skilful doctors and a pretty nurse tended him most carefully, and the crisis was successfully passed. The pretty nurse was Tompkins' one ray of sunshine during his weary hours, and he fell desperately in love with her.

"Nurse Edith," he said one day. "will you be my wife when I recover?"

"Certainly," replied the consoler of suffering humanity.

"Then my hopes are realised. You do really love me?" queried the anxious Tompkins.

The pretty nurse stammered. "Oh, no," she said, "that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a man who has lost both of his legs."—The Montreal Star.

THE BATTLE OF BOSTONTOWN

Constructively to right of them,
 Allegorically to left of them,
 Metaphorically in front of them
 The imaginary instruments of war
 constructively thundered;
 It was theirs to cogitate upon the reason why,
 So that they might differentiate
 between those who should constructively die
 And those who, constructively overwhelmed, should fly—
 Otherwise, some responsible head
 might have blundered.

Into the supposed jaws of death,
 Into the for-the-sake-of-argument jaws
 of perdition,
 Stormed at with theoretical shot and shell,
 Rode the metaphysical six hundred;
 Bridges succumbed to metaphorical stress,
 The constructive heroes perished apparently at the moment of success—
 Fatally wounded in the subliminal consciousness,
 While, constructively, all the world
 wondered.

Honour, mathematically, the charge they made.
 Euclid's theorems for the part they played,
 While the differential calculus and logarithms in mines constructively laid,
 Detonated and left the ranks constructively sundered—
 Subtracted from the constructive jaws of death.
 Letting "x" equal the theoretical jaws of perdition,
 The problem is to solve the equation trigonometrically,
 And we shall have the remainder of the six hundred, constructively.
 —Chicago *Evening Post*.

*

THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER

"I want a box of cigars for a fair, slim gentleman, please."—*Punch*.



THE ADDER'S STING —*Life*

AT BRIDGE

Conceited Bridge Player — "Come here and sit by me, Kittie. You can learn a good deal by watching my game."

Kittie Quicktongue — "No thanks. I never could profit by other people's mistakes."—*Life*.

*

CONSCIENCE-STRUCK

Alderman Mulcahy, of New York, discussing credit, said: "The man who asks for credit awakes your suspicion, and your suspicion usually turns out to be just.

"A bartender told me how, the other day, a seedy chap turned to him from the free-lunch counter and said:

"Can't you trust me for a glass of beer till to-morrow evening, friend?"

"No, sir! Nix!" said the bartender.

"Well, I'm sorry," said the man. "It seems kinder small to eat the amount of free lunch I've done and then not buy nothin'."—*Cleveland Leader*.



HIGHLAND FERRYMAN (during momentary lull in the storm): "I'm thinkin', sir, I'll just tack yer fare; there's no sayin' what might happen tae us." —Punch

THE BATTERY

There had again been trouble in the O'Hagan household, and O'Hagan had the word of sympathy when he next met his neighbour.

"'Tis not much of a team ye make, ye and yer woife," said O'Hara.

"An' that's where ye're wrong," said O'Hagan. "'Tis the foine team we make entirely. Me woife pitches an' Oi catches."—Puck.

*

AN EXCEPTIONAL GENTLEMAN

"I concede to you," said a man in a discussion on American politeness, "that the southern man is a gentleman, but that is all.

"But I know the western man is," replied his friend. "Take President Taft; he is from the West, and I say he is an exceptional gentleman."

"Exceptional!" snorted the man. "How can he be an exceptional gentleman?"

"Well," suavely replied the friend, "I saw President Taft recently get up and give his seat to three ladies!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

DO THE NEXT BEST

It is absolutely impossible to say what we think. The best we can do is to think what we say.—*Life*.

*

VICARIOUS

The first grade teacher had been able to spank Tommy with the greatest enthusiasm, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said the first grade teacher one morning, after her colleague had related his many misdemeanours.

"About eleven o'clock Tommy appeared at the first grade teacher's door. She dropped her work, seized him by the arm, dragged him to the dressing-room, turned him over her knee and did her duty.

When she had finished she said, "Well, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors."—*Everybody's*.

BOVRIL

Is Concentrated Nourishment

For years Beef tea was in every sick-room. It was thought to be nourishing but doctors have shown that it has no food value.

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BOVRIL nourishes where beef tea only stimulates—

BOVRIL enriches the blood where beef tea only pleases the palate—

BOVRIL is always ready, but beef tea requires great care and hours of preparation.

BOVRIL costs a mere trifle compared with its value—beef tea is expensive.

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A-1-10

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Ale and Porter

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A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE

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MOST

ACCEPTABLE

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"A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE CANDY HE SENDS"

OF COURSE

IT'S

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KNOWN THE WORLD OVER FOR
PURITY, QUALITY, AND FLAVOR.

When near our Store, a glass of our
Unexcelled Chocolate Ice Cream Soda
and other Fountain Drinks will refresh you.

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SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT is the food that brings fullest enjoyment of Winter Work or play because it is rich in the heat-making, muscle-building elements and because it is so easily digested. It gives the litheness and suppleness of limb that make the human body a thing of power and beauty.

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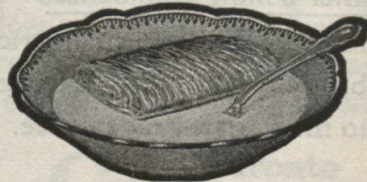
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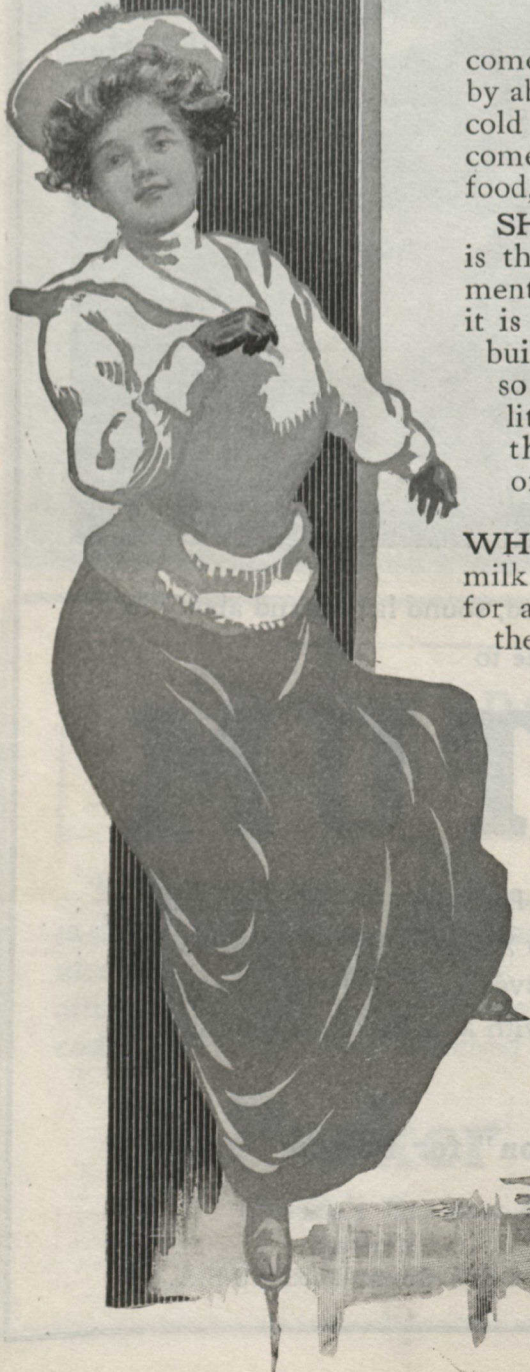
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It suits everybody, old and young, all like it and all are the better for partaking of it.

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They would rather have CORN BRAND SYRUP on their bread, biscuit, rolls or toast than butter, jam, preserves or anything else.

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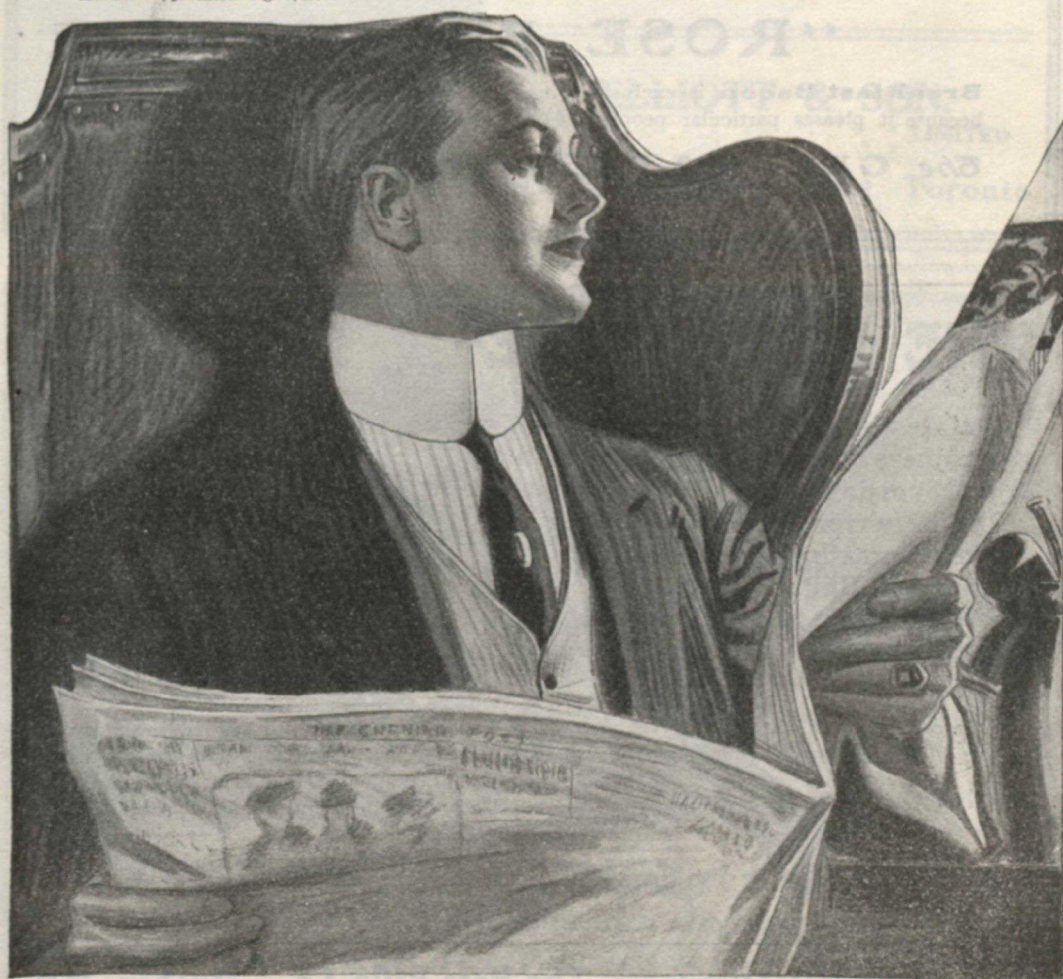
Fashion endorses the close front folded collar. It is the notch in the "Belmont" and "Chester" that makes them sit close in front. No folded collar with a buttonhole meets in front and *stays that way*. They are the easiest collars to put on and take off.

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Ara-Notch, patented Aug. 3, 1909





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Breakfast Bacon is exclusively used by many of the best Hotels and Clubs, because it pleases particular people. Have you tried it? Order of your Grocer.

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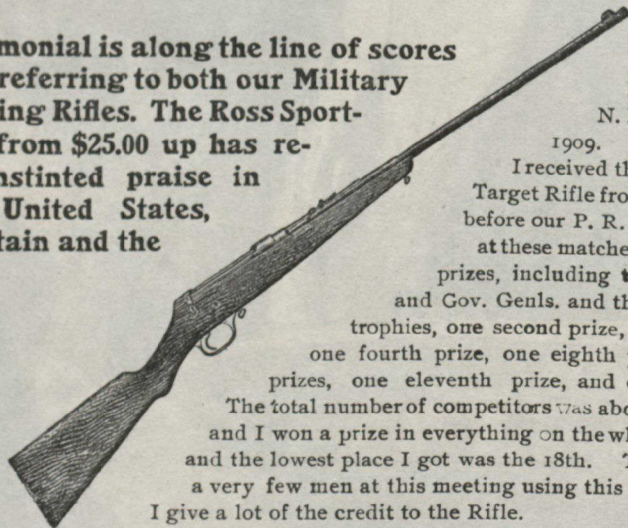
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This testimonial is along the line of scores of others referring to both our Military and Sporting Rifles. The Ross Sporting Rifle from \$25.00 up has received unstinted praise in Canada, United States, Great Britain and the Colonies.



Mount Pleasant,
N. B. October 14th,
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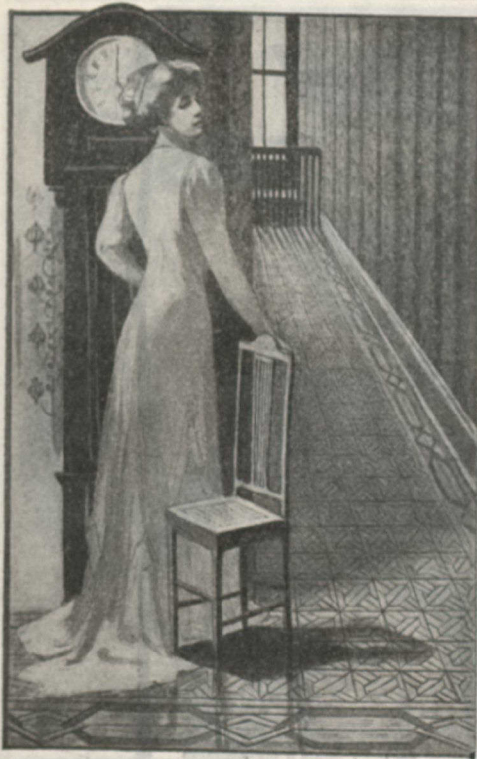
Dear Sirs:—

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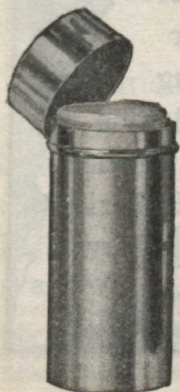
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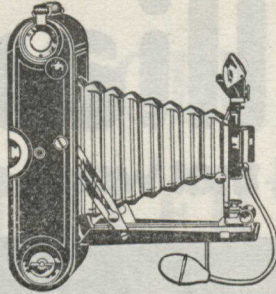
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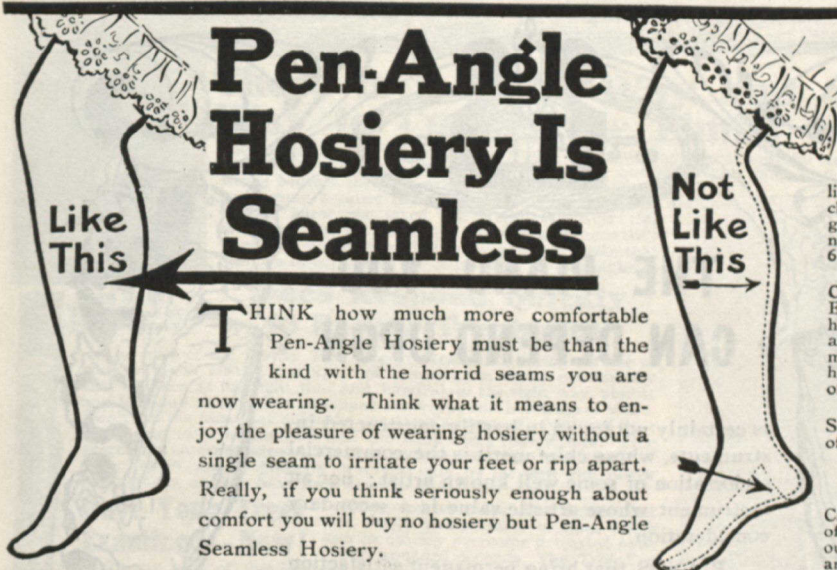


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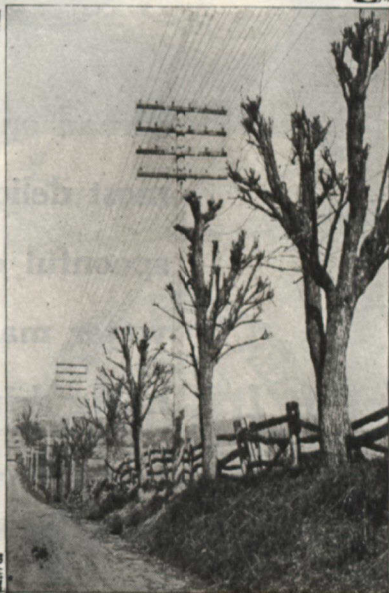
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And I'd order it home
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By the Cross of St.
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But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they sell

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

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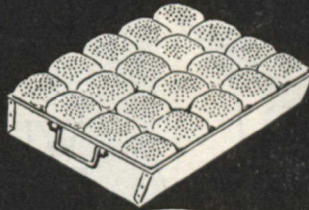
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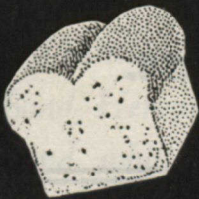
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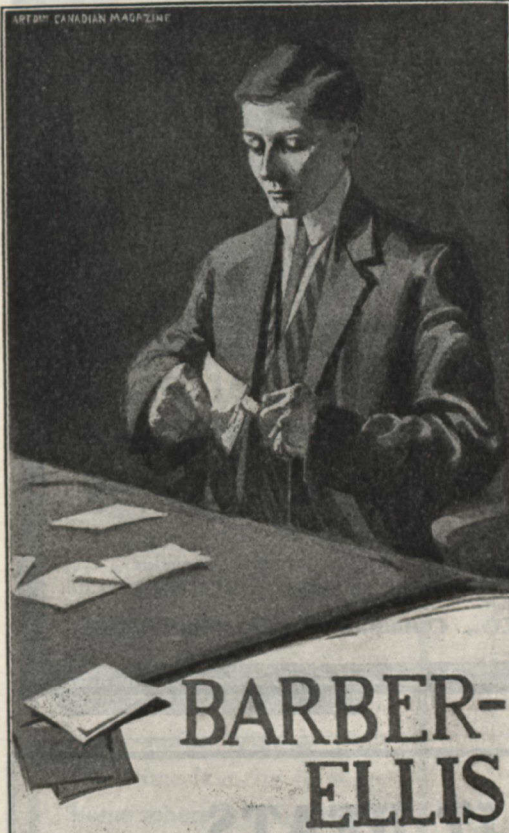
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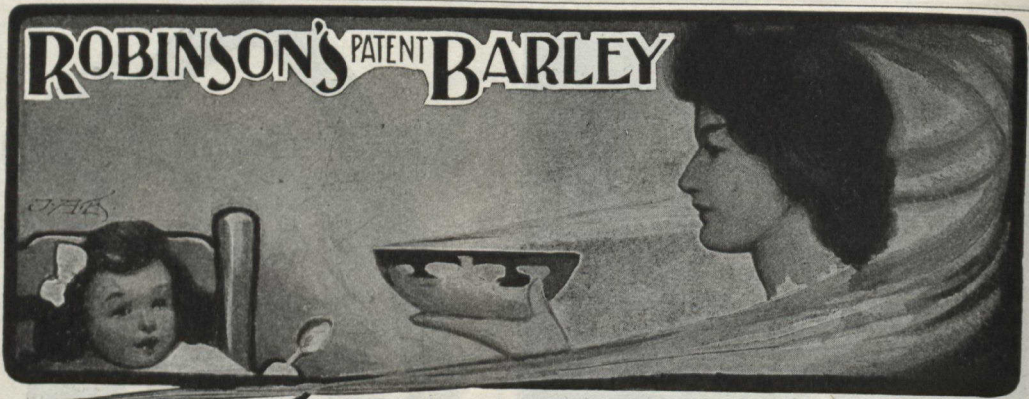
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ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE



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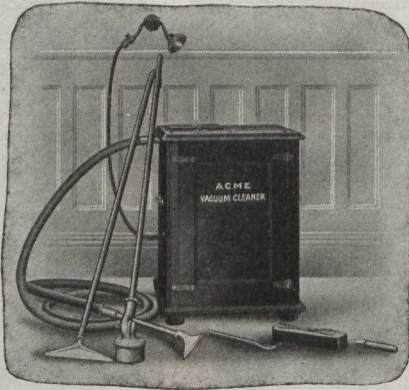
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to fully satisfy
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Seal Brand Coffee

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In 1 and 2 pound sealed tins—never in bulk—at your grocer's.

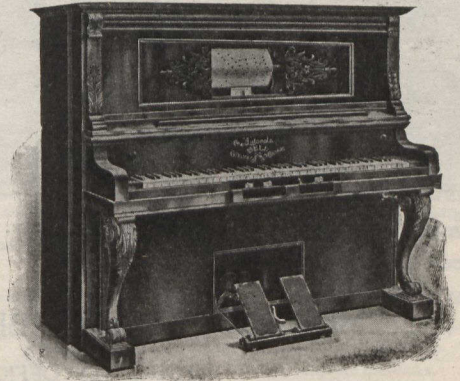
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The Autonola

PLAYERPIANO

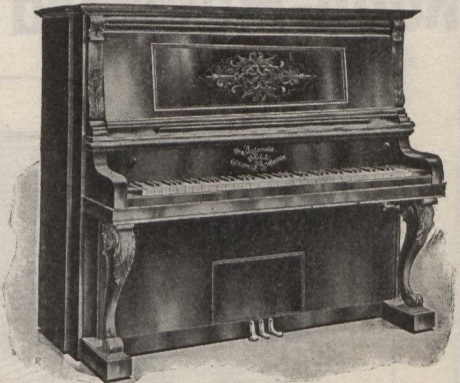
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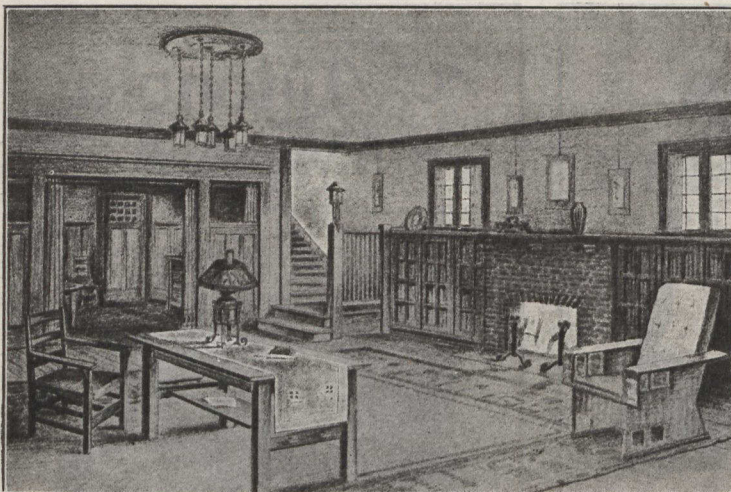
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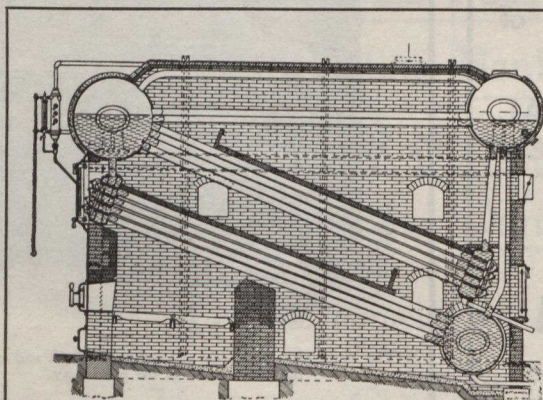
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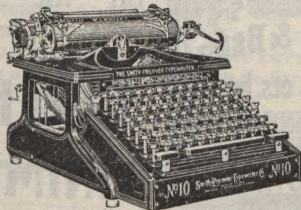
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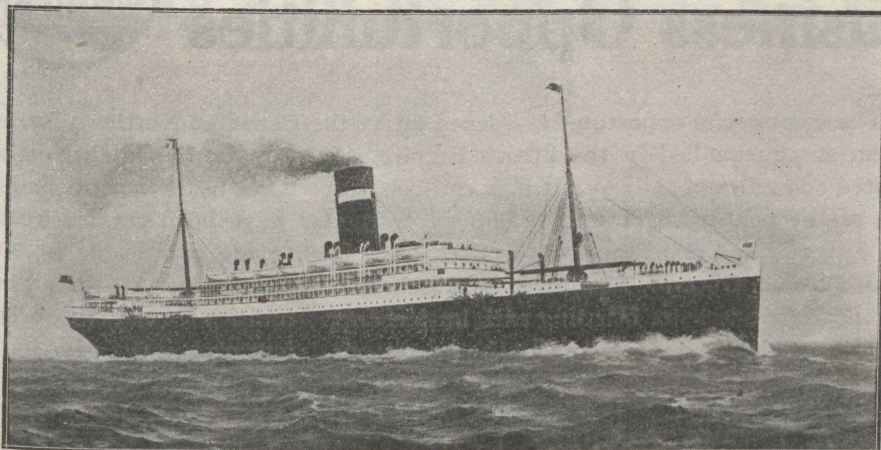
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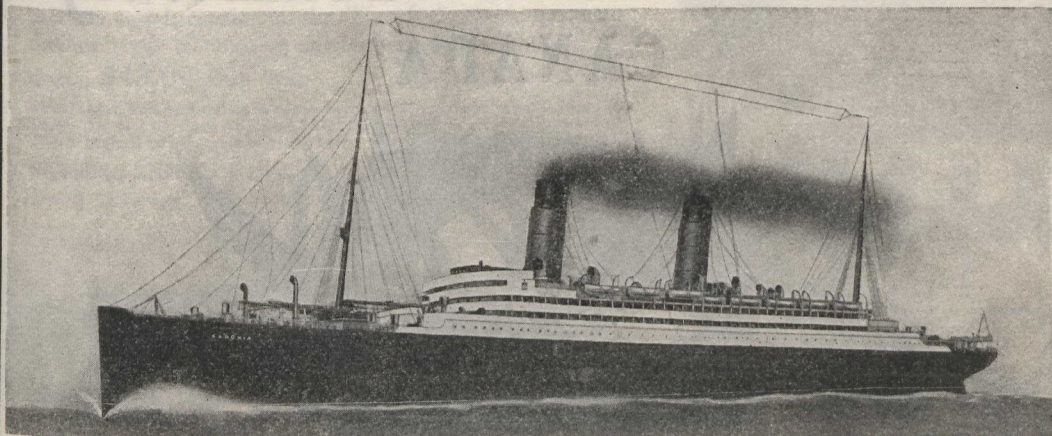
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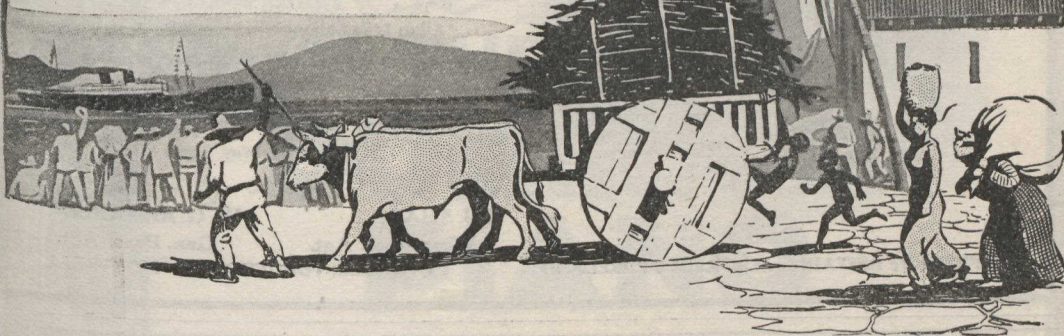
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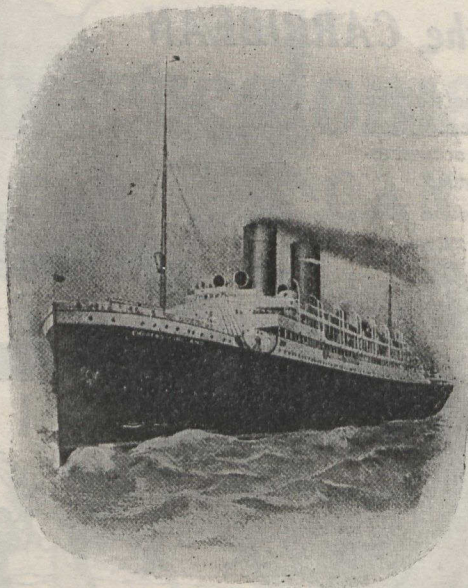
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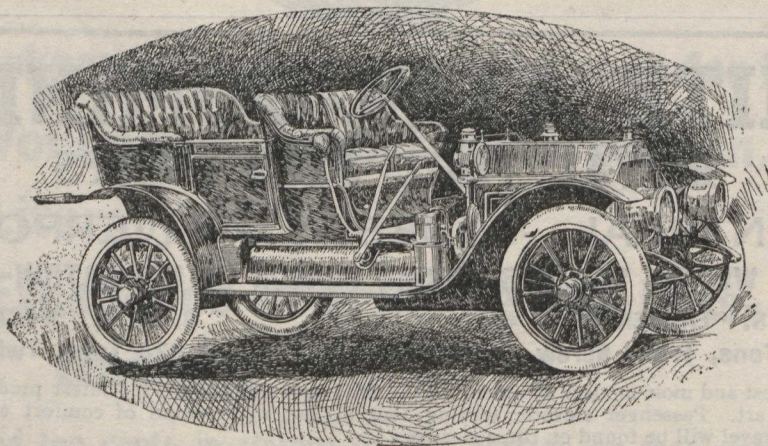
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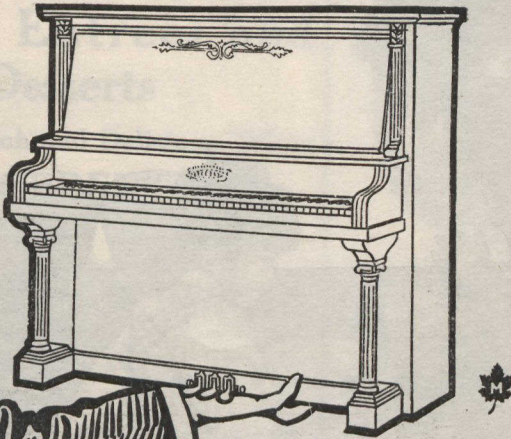
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And every delight and happiness lost is something missed from life that makes it poorer and so much less worth living. The truth of it is, be one rich or poor, they cannot afford to be sick. Sickness is a dead loss without any prospect of gain.

Dyspepsia and divorces and the d— and d— all begin with a "D," and it is proper that they should. They somehow seem to belong together and are chums and comrades.

A successful case of dyspepsia is a regular incubator for hatching trouble and unhappiness, and the person who has dyspepsia has the seeds of war in his hat.

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If you value your happiness and that of your friends, GET RID OF YOUR DYSPEPSIA. Once this was easier said than done, but it isn't now; the disease has been studied up and out and it has no mysteries.

Dyspepsia, briefly summed up, means that the stomach's chemical laboratory is out of order and is mixing right fluids and foods the wrong way. Instead of nourishing, nutritious material being made, useless and annoying gases are being manufactured and sent through the system, not to nourish and give cheer, but to annoy and aggravate and starve.

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*"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."*—Shakespeare.

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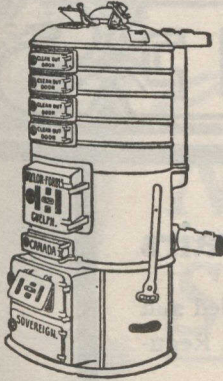
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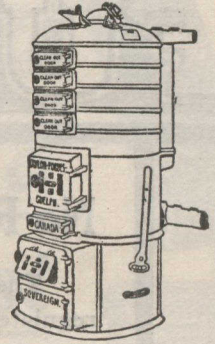
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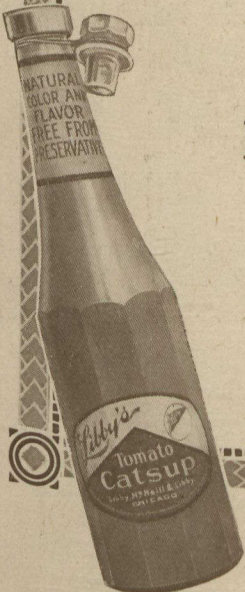
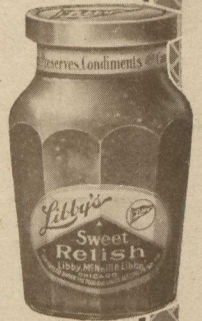
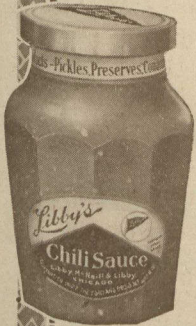
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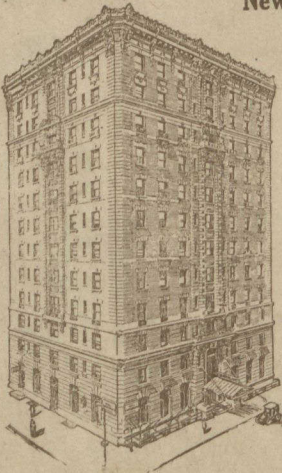
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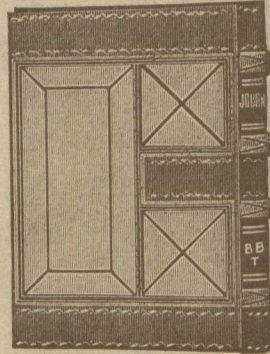
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