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THE
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JULY, 1900.



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CONTENTS :

	PAGE.
Hull-Ottawa Fire, From Parliament Hill.....	FRONTISPIECE..... 194
The Hull-Ottawa Fire.....	FRANKLIN GADSBY..... 195
With Illustrations from Photographs taken during the fire and after.	
The Pagan Indians of Canada.....	M. O. SCOTT..... 204
With Illustrations from Pictures of Indian Life.	
The Salvage of the Santa Maria.....	W. A. FRASER..... 216
A Canadian Story by the Author of "The Eye of a God," etc., published in Canada by Special Arrangement.	
Canadian Celebrities.....	A. H. YOUNG..... 224
No. XV.—The Rev. T. C. S. Macklem, M.A., LL.D.	
St. Stephen's, Walbrook—Wren's Finest Church.....	H. C. SHELLEY..... 227
With Ten Special Illustrations.	
A Romance That Failed.....	WILLIAM R. STEWART..... 236
With Three Drawings by D. C. Hutchison.	
Bribery and Corruption.....	REV. PROF. E. W. HUNTINGFORD... 244
From Its Own Point of View.	
Star Telesm.....	HELEN MERRILL..... 246
Twenty Years on the War Path.....	FREDERIC VILLIERS..... 247
IX.—Dead Horse Picket.	
The Toiler King.....	W. A. FRASER..... 251
A Poem.	
The Future of Imperialism.....	JOHN LEWIS..... 252
A Notable Contribution to the discussion of this subject.	
A Missionary of the Cross.....	W. A. R. KERR..... 258
A Story of New France.	
A Lease of Life.....	H. MAX BONTER..... 262
Being an Incident in the Career of a Soldier of the War of 1812. As told by himself.	
The Discovery of the First South African Diamond.....	268
The Queen's Plate.....	HORSEMAN..... 270
The Lake St. John Country.....	E. T. D. CHAMBERS..... 273
Current Events Abroad.....	W. SANFORD EVANS..... 275
People and Affairs.....	JOHN A. COOPER .. 279
Book Reviews.....	283
Idle Moments.....	285
"My First Sweetheart," by Newton MacTavish; "A Log Jam," by J. Harmon Patterson.	

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A War Number

The May, June and July issues of The Canadian Magazine have been Peace Numbers. For three months Military articles, South African letters, photographs from the front and much interesting information has collected. All this will be embodied in the August issue which will be entitled A WAR NUMBER. It will not be a screaming, boastful issue, but rather one containing information which will be both useful and interesting. It will be enclosed in a special coloured cover intended to commemorate the services which Canadian soldiers have rendered to Her Majesty.



THE BRITISH AND CANADIAN ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE CORPS, with pictures of the first Canadian Ambulance, the new Canadian Badge, etc., will be a leading feature.

THREE SIEGES AND THREE HEROES will include descriptions of the three famous sieges of the Boer war: Kimberley, Ladysmith and Mafeking, with special photographs and pictures sent specially from South Africa. A high price has been paid for a set of rare and interesting photographs for this article.

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THE STORY OF A PICNIC.

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks,
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.—*Leigh Hunt.*

One of Toronto's good hearted hostesses gave a picnic one day in June—up the Humber. She was not one of the sort who entertain only pleasant and agreeable people, or social favorites.

"I am going to try an experiment," she confided to a friend. "I shall ask a dozen of the most unpopular young people I know; the girls who never have a good time, or any attention—and the disagreeable men."

The friend felt sorry for her and said so, but she seemed confident.

"I know a way to entertain them. Books can do what I cannot."

With the help of six young ladies, thirteen lunch baskets were made ready; and instead of two or three heavy hampers, lugged by two or three rebellious men, each one had but a small share to look after. Thirteen is now known in certain quarters as a lucky number.

In every basket the clever hostess slipped a book which she judged would be the most acceptable to its temporary owner.

The Humber was reached early in the afternoon by car; and five boats were selected to convey the party up stream to the Old Mill—four skiffs and a canoe. The chaperone arranged them as nicely as anyone could an uncongenial company, reserving the most unmanageable man to paddle with her. He was a cynic, tired of life, morose and silent; but she was so pleasant and chatty that he simply had to talk. She began of books.

"Books," he sneered, "there hasn't been an interesting book written for a hundred years." She smiled, but didn't pursue that subject then.

The whole affair was a novelty. Instead of the usual table spread for the Company, the Thirteen were allowed to retain their baskets and partake of the contents individually when and wherever the fancy seized them. Well pleased, they scattered in many directions, though before sundown some twos had joined baskets.

When it was time to re-man the boats, the chaperone had a time hunting The Thirteen—just before dusk.

She found the Disagreeable Man stretched upon a kopje, perfectly lost in "THE REALIST," which, in a shamefaced way, he admitted *was* "startling."

A shy man had mustered sufficient courage to read that very funny book "THREE MEN ON WHEELS" to the prettiest girl.

A twentieth century young woman was devouring "THE GARDEN OF EDEN" all alone.

A man with hunting instinct in his veins read "THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY" from cover to cover to a timid, tender-hearted maiden—showing her the pictures on every page as he went along—and, when the chaperone came upon them, the feminine portion was in tears over the story of poor Wahn, and that cold-blooded man only sat and laughed at her.

A sentimental girl was found reading "SOPHIA" and glancing over the cover now and again at her very stoical companion in a soldier suit who was deep with Lieut. Winston Spencer Churchill in "LONDON TO LADYSMITH VIA PRETORIA."

The chaperone herself had given as much time as she could spare from her duties to "JANICE MEREDITH," the prettiest story she had read for years. She sat up late that night to finish it.

She had taken two copies of "FEO," by Max Pemberton, being sure that it would be liked; and the other books were "JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND," "A MASTER OF CRAFT," "RICHARD CARVEL," "LADY BARBARITY," and James Lane Allen's new book "THE REIGN OF LAW," a beautiful story of American life after the civil war. All the books were begged as loans until finished; and the hostess is planning another picnic, as the success of that day's outing is talked of yet among the Lucky Thirteen. It was quite a coincidence, and yet not a surprising one, that all the books were from THE COPP, CLARK PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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"Although it is dramatic even to being stagey and spectacular at times; although it deals with passion in its most violent forms, to say nothing of subterfuge, cheater, and much that is repellant to refinement and nobility—yet it is a book of sharp and dazzling contrasts, and is, in the main drift of purpose, Christian and spiritual. It is replete with sensation, suspense and surprise."—*S. S. Times*, Philadelphia.

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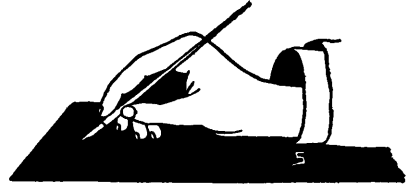
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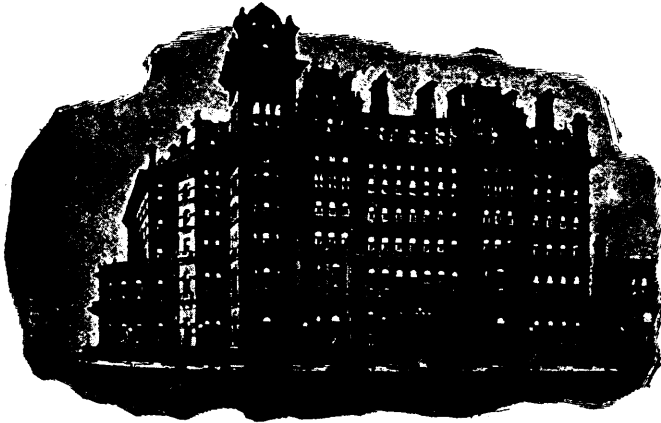
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Reserve Fund	- - -	1,500,000

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GEORGE GOODERHAM.

1st Vice-President and Chairman of
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J. HERBERT MASON.

2nd Vice-President :

W. H. BEATTY.

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and interest allowed. Debentures
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By order of the Board.

GEO. H. SMITH, Secretary.

WALTER S. LEE, General Manager.

Pamphlets



THE CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION PUBLISHES AN INTERESTING SET OF PAMPHLETS GIVING FULL PARTICULARS AS TO ITS DIFFERENT PLANS OF LIFE INSURANCE, AND WILL BE PLEASED TO SEND THEM ON APPLICATION TO THE HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, OR TO ANY OF THE ASSOCIATION'S AGENTS.



Confederation Life ASSOCIATION.

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ACTUARY.

J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.

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DAVID DEXTER,
Managing Director.

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1875	\$ 29,594	\$ 53,682	\$ 4,626	\$ 1,177,085
1880	89,200	227,425	26,682	3,064,884
1885	270,698	753,662	113,314	8,259,361
1890	489,858	1,711,687	176,152	13,710,800
1895	735,080	3,136,012	328,428	19,312,477
1900	1,051,403	4,663,554	358,902	26,945,441

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(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.)

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TORONTO, CANADA.

JOHN A. MCGILLIVRAY, Q.C., S.S.,
TORONTO, CANADA.

The Spectator

FOR THE

No. 3,732.]

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1900.

PRINTED BY J. FAIRBANKS, 187 POST OFFICE AVENUE, TORONTO.

THE WEEK	Two Corrections	17
France—	A Domestic Other	17
War Office Reform and the Civilian Element	The Out of the American War to	17
Germany and the Monroe Doctrine	Men and Money	17
Economic Conditions	Sir A. Milner and Mr. J. Milner	17
The Empire in Action	Equiped at War	18
South Africa	Of Mountaineering (from the Peninsula)	18
The Value of Honours	ART	18
Our Amphibious Army	The Fandrich Exhibition at the Academy	18
The Filling of the Trenches	BOOKS	18
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—	James Mack Tully	19
The Blood Accusation	An American in England	19
"How Old is King Richard?"	The Crownwork of the Upland	21
The Chief Lesson of the War	Notes of the Week	22
The Cape Dutch	The Magicians	23
The New Century	CURRENT LITERATURE	24
"The Soul of the Earth"	PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK	26
Shoulds in War	ADVERTISEMENTS	27-30
Blue Civilian		
"I've Got the Order in My Pocket"		

* The Editors cannot undertake to return Manuscripts, in any case.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE general military situation has not changed much since last week, but there have been movements in the southern and western sections of the theatre of war which have been, on the whole, favourable to the British. They

intentions.—whether, that is, he is going to make a turning movement to the west or to the east. Whether a turning movement, if made, will be of wide or narrow compass, or whether he will again make a frontal attack, having, of course, first heavily bombarded the enemy's positions. The only positive pieces of news about the position in Natal are the following. The Tugela is falling, and Buller has now nearly thirty thousand men and some sixty-six guns of various kinds. Our scouting and reconnoitring has erudently improved, as we constantly hear of small bodies of our men, both regulars and irregular, surprising parties of the enemy and inflicting losses on them which, if slight, are worrying, while themselves having no losses. Again, the correspondents give the traction engines which have arrived a very good character, and Mr. Winston Churchill describes them as drawing trains over the veldt with great rapidity, "manoeuvring and climbing steep gradients with apparent ease," and declares that they are "capable of drawing heavy supplies anywhere." As regards the enemy's entrenchments, we are told that they are being extended daily, and now cover nearly twenty miles. It is also reported that on Thursday morning our big guns vigorously shelled the Boer positions, and "smashed" a portion of them. Whether any real damage was done is, of course, impossible to say. With such knowledge we must be content till next week. Mean

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correspondents, though allowed to tell us about the activity of every bit of cover and moving slowly but surely, shooting the Boers, give no indications as to what are General Buller's "only when they saw the enemy." Early in the action



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THE HULL-OTTAWA FIRE FROM PARLIAMENT HILL.

OTTAWA IS ON THE LEFT, HULL ON THE RIGHT, AND THE OTTAWA RIVER FLOWS BETWEEN.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XV

JULY, 1900

No. 3

THE HULL-OTTAWA FIRE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE FIRE
AND AFTER.

By Franklin Gadsby, Press Gallery, Ottawa.

IT was about half-past ten of the morning of April 26th that a lamp upset in Antoine Kirouac's humble tinder-box dwelling over in Hull.

There was a big gale blowing from the northeast, and Antoine's house was in the midst of hundreds of others similarly inflammable. At eleven o'clock fifty dwellings had gone up in smoke, and the flames were striding forward with Gargantuan paces. The gentlemen who write about the Parliament at Ottawa sat in their cosy room in the House of Commons, and wondered nonchalantly whether they ought to send anything to their newspapers about it. Was it an ordinary Hull fire, or would it turn out a great conflagration? They contented themselves with telegraphing that a serious fire was in progress, and that if the wind did not abate the Eddy colony of factories would be destroyed.

At twelve o'clock the flames, following the yellow wall of timber and frame houses, had worked down to

the river bank. Presently they leaped the river to the Ottawa side. Bronson's lumber yards were ablaze. The whole industrial district of the Chaudiere was threatened. Over in Hull the fire retraced its steps and licked up the Eddy factories. The gale was still piping and screeching with inexorable fury. A national calamity was imminent. Not only Hull, but Ottawa, was threatened with obliteration. From that time on, the newspaper men threw off their indifference, and kept the wires hot with panicky messages. It was hard for them to keep their feet on the



GUARDING HER HOUSEHOLD GOODS.



PHOTO. BY JARVIS.

A STREET IN HULL AFTER THE FIRE.

ground when there was so much alarm in the air. At three o'clock in the afternoon one telegraph company went out of business, its offices and wires having been burnt. The other company doled out five-hundred-word despatches to the correspondents who were beset with demands from all over the world for "fire copy" and plenty of it.

The bare facts of the matter are that the fire blazed a crescent-shaped path five miles long and a mile wide, destroying in its journey the public buildings and the residential part of Hull, the industrial area of the Chaudiere, and the suburbs of the Ottawa labouring classes at Mechanicsburg, Rochesterville and Hintonburg. Fully fifteen thousand people were rendered homeless, and fifteen million dollars worth of property was annihilated. The relief fund for the homeless—most of whom have already left the public shelters—now approximates a million dollars. Insurance to the amount of \$4,000,000 has been paid. Hull will be rebuilt on fire-proof lines, but in Ottawa the capitalistic interests were too strong, and lumber will be piled, as usual, where it pleases the mill-

owner. The "yellow wall" of sawn deals is being reared once more. In spite of the disaster, in spite of well-meant advice, Ottawa shrugs its shoulder and continues in the same old ways. The lesson has not been burnt in. It is easy to conceive that the city council meets in the upper town of Ottawa, which is stone and brick built, and which, moreover, is safeguarded, because it lies on a natural bastion of rock, terminating at the western end of Sparks Street. At very few points can this rampart be escalated, and the heart of the city may always be saved if fire companies are stationed at strategic places.

The most vivid picture of the fire, that lingers with me, is one seen at half-past seven in the evening from Parliament Hill. The shades of night are falling, and a glorious sunset flames behind the purple Laurentians. But Nature's splendour is eclipsed by the red hell that flares and flickers in the valley of the Ottawa. The erstwhile flourishing city of Hull seems to be utterly doomed. The fierce gale has swept the fire westward to the limits of the town. Now the fire of its own force and volition shouldered back



PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY. THE HULL POST OFFICE AND COURT HOUSE.

against the wind and eats up massive buildings like so much paper. I note one roof after another twinkle, glow and burst out in garish effulgence. The millions of feet of lumber all along the river banks are alight. The lurid, enfolded smoke floats in dense plumes over Parliament Hill and the towers of the national buildings. Half the population of Ottawa is lined along the escarpment of the cliff, watching the spectacle. It is not often you have a chance to see a city burning at your feet. Nero is notorious, but Nero had not a vantage point like Parliament Hill. There are young girls in this throng who have watched all afternoon, and will watch far into the night, for the scene is terribly compelling in its fascination. Also there is a spice of danger. At any moment the fire may leap across the Ottawa to Lower Town, and once those tinder-dry dwellings feel the caress of the fire, there will be, as somebody at my side says, "hell to pay."

So much for Hull. The red glow in the south-west tells us that the cordon of fire is closing in on Ottawa. The firemen have been working like heroes. Only a bite and a sup since

eleven o'clock in the morning. They have fought stubbornly, yielding inch by inch, never retreating until the flames scorched their heads or burnt their hose-lines. The police are doing their duty manfully, but the fire-line is hard to maintain against distracted men and women who see their little all going up in sparks and cracklings.

Darkness hovers over the whole city for the electric light works have been destroyed. There is nothing to divert the attention from the menacing grandeur of the conflagration. The river flows along black and sullen save where it is traversed by broad red shafts of light from burning deals or mill flumes. Only one building stands unsinged on Chaudiere Island, the iron-sheeted structure of the Ottawa carbide works. It looms up like a great unwieldy ghost. Over in Hull to-day the humble but devout people, as they saw the fire drawing ever nearer, hung sacred pictures on the door jambs to avert the wrath of *le bon Dieu*, or else they fled to the cathedral and prayed wildly for the flames to abate. Alas that prayers are not always answered! An hour later these suppliants were fleeing barefooted to the river. Oh, the pity of it!



PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY.

HULL—THE EDDY CO.'S PAPER MILLS.

The weary mothers with babes at the breast and a queue of little children following. Little girls with their Sunday hats carefully preserved in band-boxes. Little boys with pet guinea pigs or rabbits, and one little fellow, not more than three years old, with a pair of red-topped boots with copper shields strung over his arm. All these homeless people stream through the streets of Ottawa and even the most worldly sighs at the thought of it. The unutterable misery of these poor people, stripped of all their chattels and their means of livelihood taken away touches our hearts most keenly. I met one poor Frenchman on Parliament Hill among the crowd of spectators. His house in Hull had been one of the first to go. He was gazing with strained eyes at the destruction of the city. He had lost all. But mostly he deplored that he had not saved a little souvenir of his dead child. "Ah," he moaned, "the locket of Marie with her picture in it! I shall not see it again." And so there is deep and tender sentiment in a rough mill-hand after all. He is much more than a mere clod.

At eleven o'clock at night I make

another fire patrol, first through the Government Park. All the spectators have been turned out because it is after hours. The only men I meet are the brass-buttoned policemen keeping their vigil. Only the main entrance of the House of Commons is open. A cordon of police guards the national buildings and all strangers must show their business. The air ducts which open on the cliff of Parliament are rigidly sentinelled by militia. There are rumours—false, it is true, but nervous—that a Fenian plot is afoot, for the fire comes close on the heels of the Welland Canal outrage. Long lines of hose stretch out in all directions from the Parliament buildings. From the top landing of the Lovers' Walk the scene is superb. It is like looking on the Phlegrean fields or into the crater of an active volcano. Although it is a chilly night and top coats are grateful, the heat from the burning deals across the river is fierce enough to scorch my face. The situation has not much changed, save that the Hull cathedral which seemed doomed to destruction earlier in the evening, still stands intact and the flames are walking away from it. This looks like a

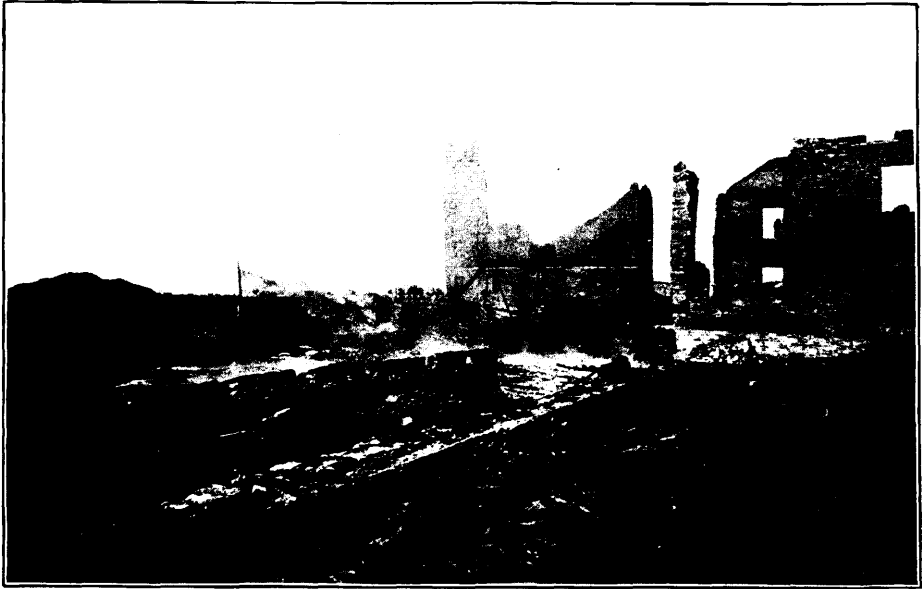


PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY.

OTTAWA—THE MACKAY FLOUR MILL.

miracle and will be so regarded by the truly pious. Eddy's sulphite works, the most combustible area in Hull, is untouched, although the fire crackles and sputters just across the roadway. The fire brigade of the mill have toiled like demons. When the church people begin to canonize the miracle-workers they should not forget the men at the sulphite mill. The various colours of the fire are curiously contrasted. To the east it is a light yellow. The ground burnt over flickers a dull but angry red. The deals burn with a bright orange glow. The village of Hintonburg, away to the southwest, flames like some Gargantuan rose garden; a point farther south the fire takes on a pale white hue. It must be the atmospheric conditions that make the difference. I go as far along Rideau street as I can. This brings me to the edge of the natural bastion I have mentioned before. Below are the flats. It is a scene for Doré to paint and for Dante to write about. The reek of the pit in your nostrils, sidewalks torn up, telegraph poles and trees afire, sparks flying, flames hissing, a hopeless huddle of broken wires, hoses reels clanging along, gaunt walls

of gutted houses showing dimly through the smoke—everywhere confusion and terror.

It was the next afternoon that I made a survey of the ruins. The fire, be it remembered, has swept an area of five miles. Generally speaking, it follows the form of a crescent, beginning in a line with the ferry landing at Hull, bending westward along the curve of Main Street, swerving sharply into Bridge Street and the Eddy colony of factories, thence over the Chaudiere bridges to Chaudiere Island, onward to the mainland and across the westward flats of Ottawa clear to the gates of the Experimental Farm. It was this crescent I determined to negotiate, but it turned out a terrific task, and I gave it up readily enough when I reached the Ottawa shore. The trip, however, took me through the most picturesque part of the desolation. Landing on the quay at Hull I stepped over some very precarious planks to the shore. This brought me to the Eddy sulphite works and the Roman Catholic cathedral—the eastern limit of the fire, if we except a blaze which started in Gilmour's mill, a mile and a half down the river. The sulphite works



PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY.

OTTAWA—NO. 1 BRIDGE AND ELECTRIC POWER WORKS.

and the church are both doing business at the old stand, just as if nothing had happened. Also a quaint little undertaker's shop around the corner which advertises naively that its prices are the

lowest and its hearses the most beautiful. The high fence which surrounds the sulphite works is singed; the telegraph poles are burned and a snarl of tangled wire sprawls over the road-



PHOTO. BY JARVIS.

OTTAWA—THE BURNED DISTRICT.

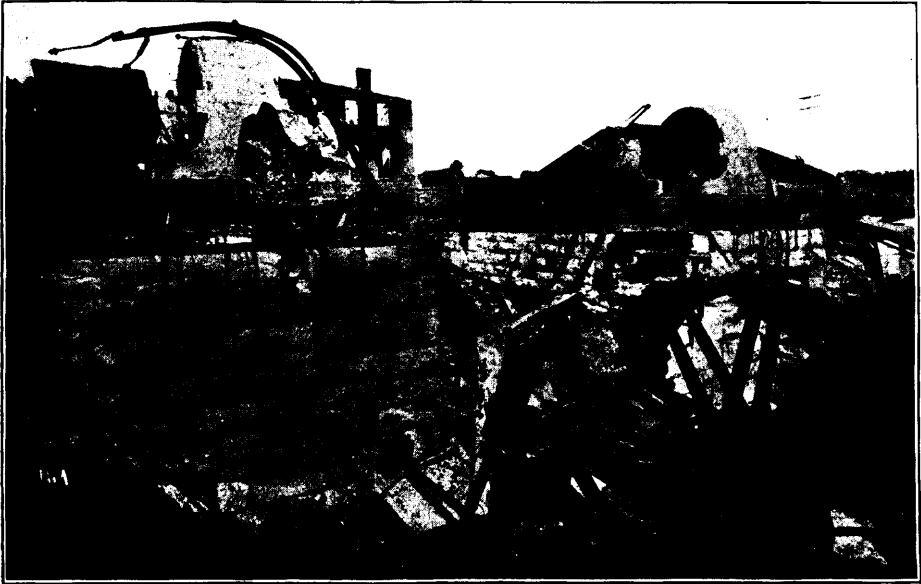


PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY.

OTTAWA—THE ELECTRIC CO.'S POWER HOUSE.

way. Several piles of deals in the upper yard are charred at the ends, three Canadian Pacific freight cars, not twenty feet to the east, are perforated with the flames, the trams of the Wright cement works are burnt to the trucks, and the metals of the tramway ripple and writhe like the Ottawa in spate. The heat has been fierce enough to twist these iron rails like willow wands. All these things serve to show how valiantly the fire brigade of the sulphite works fought to ward off such a tremendous foe. There is no use following streets in an expedition like this. Streets may be faintly indicated by a litter of old stoves or charred bedding, but practically, Hull, from the ferry landing westward, is as bare as God made it, save and except for the ruins which mark where houses and proud public buildings once stood. There will be a deal

of surveying to do before the town lots can be relocated. The chain and theodolite have their work cut out for them.

Plunging at once into the waste, the first thing to observe is that this hard Laurentian rock has been burned to the chalky hue and brittle consistency of the lime they made in the kilns of the Wright cement works. Take your cane and tap the mother rock. It splinters under the ferrule. Here we



A SEA OF FIRE.



DRIVEN FROM HOME.

(From an amateur photo. by E. A. McNeill.)

are amidst the relics of a thousand homes, the small pitiable chattels of the humble poor. Awhile ago there were trees and verdure surrounding these thrifty cottages. Now everything has disappeared, and Mother Earth shows only her hard, stony skeleton, unfleshed and indurate. A few steps the other way through red ashes and smouldering rubble, and we come upon the remains of the Wright cement works. The red brick-kilns, round shaped like Martello towers, stand straight and strong, but the stone buildings which clustered about them have vanished as if they never were. It is noticeable, indeed, all through Hull that the factory chimneys of brick withstood the ordeal, while the factory buildings of stone succumbed. This must mean either that brick is better than stone to endure fire or that being more stoutly built and more firmly laid they do not disintegrate so easily.

From where I stand I can see the ruins of the post office, four gaunt stone walls and a gaping loophole where once was the city clock. The town hall is gutted and tottering. The Palais de Justice is dismantled as far as the justice end of the establishment is concerned, but the jail and the prison walls are almost unsinged. The prison wall is a splendid piece of masonry, and the coping stone is as white as if

it had not been in the very midst of a seething furnace. Perhaps it was one of the whims of the fire to pass the jail by and to destroy the place that keeps the jail full.

Here is the mutilated bulk of the little Anglican church, the façade of the belfry still sharply outlined against the sky. Over there is the eviscerated shell of the Wright mansion. The garden wall is unharmed. Down there is a

ragged huddle of buildings, the Eddy factories, the match works, paper and pulp mills, pail and tub department, all gone up in smoke, nothing to show for millions of dollars except a few tottering walls and a jumble of helpless machinery! Coming a little nearer, I find dynamos and turbines, pistons, cylinders, all tumbled together, all their strength which depended on steam and electricity gone from them, and two little water wheels which take their impulse from a tail race of the Chaudiere, clacking away as busily as a couple of old gossips over the backyard gate! In such ways does honest, unassuming Nature take vengeance on the elaborate engines of human art!

It is the "big North slide" which I follow to the Eddy factories through the reek and smoke of the smouldering ashes. The big North slide has a strange, unfamiliar look, stripped of its flumes, weirs, dams and other artificial checks and channels. We have a chance to see the naked gorge and the laminated Laurentian cliffs on each side. There is little water in the channel; it has been dammed somewhere above, but its absence only serves to make the scene more rugged and terrible. From the cliff crest to the scanty stream that dribbles into the turbulent Ottawa it is eighty feet. There was a wooden bridge here over which ran a

railway track. The bridge has dropped into the water and the severed rails are twisted into the weirdest convolutions. Just here is a Frenchman raking in the ashes of his home. He is anxious to talk and I have nothing better to do than to listen. "I have lost," he said, "nine hundred dollar. It was my all. I save not even the stove pipe, though I put him in water. Also I lose twenty-four bottle of the good white wine." He pointed sadly to a heap of shattered glass. "Well," he went on, "I spend all night at the bottom of the cliff. The fire come over me. It was hot—ver' hot. I see the bridge fall. By God, I was afraid."

Further on is another ratepayer of Hull looking over his prospects. "I have left," he remarked musingly, "the two town lot, the t'ousand dollar insurance and the mortgage. I wish to God they burn the mortgage. But the vault was too strong. Why should that be, tell me, when the prothonotary's, the sheriff's, the city clerk's vaults all crumbled up like so much paper? But here is the vault with my mortgage as snug as a cupboard."

At last we come to Bridge street and the Eddy ruins. The scene is lamentable—frayed wires, broken wheels, huge iron hulks—once costly machinery, wrecked steam tubes, detached dynamos, twisted trestles, and right in the midst of it the Eddy fire engine, stove in by a fallen telegraph pole. The "devil's pot," as they call a certain conjuncture of discharging flumes, is boiling fiercely. The Chaudiere doesn't shut up shop, but there are no wheels to turn and no factories to utilize its tremendous powers.

Over the Chaudiere bridge we go—it is unscathed—and now we are on Chaudiere Island amidst the ruins of the McKay flour mills, the electric light works, and the Booth saw mills and lumber yard. The fire has made a clean sweep of the Booth lumber, the Booth houses, built for his employes, and even the palatial home of the great captain of industry himself, but the saw mills are safe and streams of water from Mr. Booth's own pumping house

are playing on a great heap of burning coal by the roadside.

Between us and the mainland is a shapeless raffle of steel girders and stringers, once a bridge. Over these we fare, our hearts in our mouths, and we are back in Ottawa once more. Here the ruthless march of the fire around the city is open to our eye. There are many people gathering nails from the ruins. Why? we ask. Oh, they are very good nails—they have been through the fire—what you call tempered. We shall use them to build new houses. Such is the indomitable Canadian spirit.

The fire has a grim humour of its own. We notice everything consumed right up to the wall of a saloon on Duke street. It has never a blister. To-day it is coining money, for fire needs much liquid to drench it. Across the road is another groggery. At least it was there once. Now nothing is left but the license. This seems unfair. But what would you? Here is a solid stone shop burnt to the pavement, and a miserable little wooden smithy, cheek by jowl with it, bears not a scar. Here is a flimsy little shack unmarred—it has gone through four fires—and not a hundred feet away two splendid stone residences are so many heaps of rubble.

Many uproarious stories are afloat of burned whiskers and singed hair. Also there is one of a lady who weighed nearly three hundred pounds. Her husband could find nothing better than a cart in which to move her from danger. He started off jauntily up a steep hill, but the tail board came loose and the lady rolled out and down. "Stop her! stop her!" shouted the anxious husband. "Oh, no, let her slide!" came a voice from the crowd, "there are plenty more. You can get a lighter one next time."

The church of St. Jean Baptiste sits proudly on a hill. Behind this the fire did not prevail, though it strove hard to escalate. Let us thank Heaven for the hills and the everlasting girdle of rock, for it was these saved Ottawa.



KOOTENAY INDIANS, ST. EUGENE VILLAGE, NEAR FORT STEELE, B.C.

THE PAGAN INDIANS OF CANADA.

By Marshall Owen Scott, Press Gallery, Ottawa.

THE painted red men of the prairies and forests we still have with us. In the Sun Dance, the Potlatch and other pagan practices,—the war-whoop is heard, and the tomahawk and scalping-knife flash in the light. The revolting savagery of the Wehdigo¹ has

¹ Report of Deputy Superintendent, Department of Indian Affairs, December 31, 1899, page xxix.:

“The Indians as a class are law-abiding in a marked degree, and serious crime is rare among them. In the course of the year some few of their number were charged with having taken human life. One case was the deliberate and apparently unprovoked murder of an inoffensive settler at Kamloops. . . . The other cases were of a widely different character, and occurred among Indians far removed from civilizing influences, and the taking of life was prompted by motives of self-preservation and sanctioned by established tribal usage.

not yet been completely stamped out, and the horrible feastings of the Hamatas² have not entirely ceased.

But civilization is winning its way. The best strains of Indian blood are sending in their young to be educated in ever-growing numbers. The most de-

The Indians put to death were what the Wood Crees call ‘Wehdigos,’ that is, possessed of an insane desire to kill and eat the flesh of their victims, and such cases are by no means uncommon among them. The lust to kill would not apparently differ materially from the homicidal mania which occasionally seizes upon members of any community, and the explanation of the peculiar and revolting cannibal accompaniment will no doubt be found in the direction given by insanity to the impulses of people in whose lives the main occupation and all-absorbing interest is killing in order to eat, and with whom the ideas of killing and eating are consequently inseparably connected.”

based of the old pagans of inferior blood are dying out faster than men of good race who wish to improve themselves and those who are to come after them. In many tribes where paganism overwhelmingly predominates, many degrading features of their rites are being modified. Morality among the women in tribes where chastity was comparatively unknown, is increasing. There are red men to-day who, under

civilized teaching, build houses and own lots, or have bank accounts in the cities of the pale-face. The wigwam and the log-cabin are seen side by side.

In the same villages are Sun Dances and the worship of the Most High. Where paganism is supreme there is sloth and foul things unspeakable. Where the prayer of the pale-face is heard, intelligence, thrift and progress



ARRIVALS AT FAIRFORD, MAN., FOR ANNUITY PAYMENTS.

² Trial of George Hunt, at Vancouver, B.C., (reported April 27, 1900) for taking part in an Indian potlatch, and assisting other Hamatas to carve and eat a human body:—"Vancouver, April 27.—George Hunt was tried before Justice McColl and Judge Bole, charged with taking part in an Indian celebration or potlatch, and mutilating and eating parts of a dead body. These celebrations are contrary to Section 114 of the Criminal Code. To Cop, an Indian of the To-Nak-Lak tribe, said he was at a Hamata dance, at Alert Bay, on February the 17th, and saw Hunt there. He said that a Hamata was one who dances and eats a human body. At Alert Bay, a Hamata bit a boy and two men. He cut strips of flesh

appear. Tens of thousands of red men who have given up paganism for civilization, are raising cattle and grain,

from a living boy's arm with a razor, and then went out and came back with a human body. Hunt, who had been there all day, got a red cedar turban like the rest of the Hamatas wore, and danced round and round the house, singing in Indian, and then carved the body up and gave it to the dancers. They ate up all the flesh, and the bones were wrapped in a blanket and taken away. When the eating was finished, prisoner stood up and advised the people to say nothing about it, as it was a serious affair."

and industriously lifting themselves from the depths, in the same communities as pagans who, naked, painted and feathered, perform the dances and observe the rites of the savages of the plains and forests who were their forefathers.

Counting the avowed pagans of Canada, together with the red men who profess no religious belief, and are undoubtedly pagans too, they are found by the last official numbering to aggre-

gress, with the help of Section 114 of the Criminal Code of Canada, which forbids and punishes certain pagan rites, are gaining. In a few years, at the present rate of progress, there will be comparatively few left to perform the pagan dances but the wrinkled, toothless and tottering old savages with one foot in the grave.

It has taken three hundred years, very nearly, to smash the pagan predominance and set up in its place, to



AFTER ANNUITY PAYMENTS, TRADER'S TENT, LAKE MANITOBA RESERVE.

gate a fraction under thirty per cent. of the entire Indian population of Canada, some thirty pagans out of every hundred Indians.³ Thirty pagans, against seventy souls professing some sort of religious belief may seem a large proportion, but the tide is turning, and the missionaries, the Mounted Police, and the advancing waves of

³ Department of Indian Affairs, Annual Report for 1899, page 499. See "Pagans," and "Unknown."

the extent witnessed to-day, the worship of the Lord of heaven and earth, and the belief in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

On the third day of October, 1535, Jacques Cartier, with some Indians who had brought him up from Tadoussac, on the Lower St. Lawrence, to the Indian settlement of Hochelaga, made the ascension of the mountain that rises north of the present city of Montreal, to survey the surrounding



FINISH OF A CANOE RACE, PENELAKUT, KUPER ISLAND, B.C.



FINISH OF BOAT SAILING RACES, PENELAKUT, KUPER ISLAND, B.C.



INDIAN PLACER MINERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE MINES NEAR GLADWIN, B.C.

country. As far as his eye reached, east, west, north and south, stretched the forest primeval, with a dancing, endless expanse of foliage in all the glory of its autumnal splendour,—bounded on the far north by the Laurentides, on the west by the setting sun; to the south and east by the broad, sparkling St. Lawrence, at the foot of the mountain, with another great river, the Outouais (now the Ottawa) coming down into it from the northwest. Except for the blue smoke of the fires of a Huron-Iroquois settlement, there was not a sign of human life to be seen in all that vast region. Quarter of a century before, the fierce Algonkins, holding the country north of the Outouais, had scalped and tomahawked, and with flames and horrors of savage warfare, driven the Iroquois before them out of all that country, and on the south shore of the St. Lawrence the war-whoop of the Iroquois brave has never since been heard. The Algonkins went back in triumph to their wigwams with the scalps of their foes at their belts.

Cartier was there, not to save souls, but to find the high road to China and Japan, not to Christianize pagans, but to discover the fabulous kingdom of the Saguenay, with its imagined gold and silver and precious stones.⁴ He had not penetrated the wilderness to hew a road for missionaries. That was to come later, when in 1603, Champlain with his Indians from the Lower St. Lawrence, pioneered the path that the servants of the Most High might follow. In 1615, Champlain painfully forced his way through forests and rapids, and around cascades, foot by foot, up the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, by Mattawin and Lake Nipissing, to the west, till he found the Huron nation. Then he rested. With him were twelve Frenchmen, ten Indians, and the Recollet Father Joseph Le Caron.

Red with the blood of savage and pale-face were the years that followed. Champlain's Indian alliances

forced him to fight with the Hurons in their invasion of the Iroquois country, (1615) the Mohawk branch of the Iroquois having previously ravaged the region of the Algonkins between Quebec and Montreal on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The Iroquois league at that time included the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onandagas, Cayugas, Senecas and Delawares. Afterwards the Tuscaroras joined the league, and the five-nations confederation became the six-nations league. The confederacy, thus strengthened, formed plans to attack and subjugate all lesser tribes and force the captives to go with them on the war-path, to finally establish the supremacy of the red men over the pale-faces. The Dutch and English colonies were firmly established to the south-east of them, and the French to the north. The league occupied the vast forest areas between Vaudreuil and Kingston on the south side of the St. Lawrence. Whilst the Iroquois defeated some of the nearest tribes, other red-skin bands were fiercely exterminating each other. The bloodshed continued until 1644, when the French with their allies entered into a treaty of peace with the Iroquois; but in 1646 the Iroquois again sounded the war cry, raised the hatchet, and attacked the French settlements and the Hurons, pillaging, killing and burning, until in 1650 all Upper Canada was practically the hunting ground of the confederacy. Thenceforth, until the victory of Wolfe at Quebec in 1759, the Iroquois proved a veritable thorn in the side to the French. After the final occupation of Canada by the British, the Indians were gradually settled in military reservations, and the savage wars of the red men ceased, it is to be hoped, forever.

From the arrival of the first French missionary, in 1615, to the acquisition of Canada by Great Britain in 1763, the Roman Catholic fathers had the field among the friendly savages to themselves. The British took hold of the government of the country, and Protestant missionaries began to appear. Results are shown, in the

⁴ Sulte's "Valley of the Grand River," Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, 1898, section ii, page 108.

religious census of the Indians for 1899, just published by the Department of Indian Affairs, two hundred and eighty-four years after the advent of Père Joseph Le Caron, namely: Roman Catholic Indians, 39,784; Anglicans, 16,362; Methodists, 10,757; Presbyterians, 1,367; Baptists, 922; Congregationalists, 72; professing other forms of Christian belief, 460; pagans, 15,147; religion unknown, (pagans, of course), 14,100. In almost every official report of Indian agents, found in the blue book for the past year, the pagans are shown to be usually ignorant, indifferent and lazy; the Christians intelligent, willing to learn, industrious and hopeful.

Before dipping into the story of the past year among the red men of Canada, it may be useful, in order to compare present conditions with those prevailing in former years, to quote from an account given by Captain John Smith, of the United Presbyterian Mission, in 1874, of Dalles Mission,⁵ after the Indians had been for some time in contact with the whites. Although the mission was situated south of the Canadian boundary, the experience of workers both sides of the line wherever similar influences prevailed was very much the same. "A more degraded set of beings, I am sure," wrote Smith, "did not exist on the earth. The mind of man could not conceive that human beings could get so low in the scale of humanity as they were; and I am sure, if they had been left to the instincts of their own wild savage nature, they could never have been so low down as they were. God's holy Sabbath was set apart as a day of licentiousness and debauchery. . . . Their women were unchaste and were taught to believe that lewdness was a commendable practice, even a virtue. Diseases and death were entailed on their posterity.

Previous to Captain Smith's administration, polygamy was indulged to its fullest extent, and the women were bought and sold and used as beasts of

burden, and when old they were kicked out to get their living as best they could or to die of want. All this is changed. The leaven of Christianity has been at work, polygamy is abolished, men, women and children live moral lives. In 1880, agriculture flourished, the Indians had their own flour mill, waggon shop and blacksmithy, and sixty children in the agency school could read English.

In Canada, civilized teaching among the pagans have borne similar fruits. The men of God are resolutely backed up in their civilizing labours by the men of the Canadian Government, and a fine proof of the uprising from paganism to Christianity is afforded by the work of the Anglicans and Roman Catholics among the Blackfoot Indians of Blackfoot Agency, Northwest Territories, to take one of the first instances at hand out of scores. These tribes are the Blackfeet proper. The Bloods, Peigans, and South Peigans, on the American side, who speak the same language, are branches of the Blackfoot nation. The late Chief Crowfoot was the recognized head of all the tribes during his lifetime. These Indians are mostly pagans, but the Christian priests have been holding regular services among them and nursing their sick, and quite a number of the pagans have been attending the meetings, and a large proportion have permanently joined the different denominations. The corresponding changes in social and economic conditions have been most marked. The Indians live in tents in the summer and in log houses during the winter. They have engaged in farming and raising cattle, in herding for ranchers, haying and general farm work, "giving good satisfaction to their employers." A number of the Indian women are employed by ranchers' wives, washing and housework. The men took a hay contract and received \$1,397.50⁶ as proceeds. They cut and stacked thirteen hundred and fifty tons of hay, besides for their own cattle, for farmers, for the Agency,

⁵ "History of Indian Missions on the Pacific Coast." Myron Eells. Page 103.

⁶ Blackfoot Agency Report, Indian Affairs, 1899. Page 129.

the schools and ranchers, realized \$522 by the surplus oats, and out of the proceeds of their labour purchased a self-binder and seeder. They also mined seven hundred and sixty-two tons of coal during the year and sold it to settlers, the Northwest Mounted Police, the schools, agency and so forth. They worked the drifts during the winter. They have bought four thoroughbred short-horn bulls to add to the eight they had before, and the last round-up showed a calf-crop of ninety-three. The girls especially are making good progress at the schools, speak English well, and are quite clever at knitting, washing, cooking and baking bread. New waggons and implements were bought by Yellow Horse, White Pup, Yellow Tail-Feathers, Running Marten, Running Rabbit's Son, White Eagle, Little Axe, Big-Road, Bear Chief, Many Good, The Cutter, Bad Old Man's Son, Greasy Forehead, Wolf Collar, Big Old Man, and Crow Shoe. The Indians during the year earned \$7,365 from the sale of ponies, beef-cattle, and from other sources, including the amounts given above.

The Sun Dance on this Agency, it is confidently predicted by the agent, will soon die out. It was held this year in August, a later period than usual. The women, as a rule, are moral, compared with those of other tribes.

There are red men in bands that were not so long ago pagans, who own houses in the city of New Westminster, B.C., on which they pay taxes. They live chiefly by fishing, and supplying the New Westminster market with fish. They take an interest in education, attend church, and are described by their agent as an industrious, good people.

Great progress of late years has been made in the Get-an-max band, Upper Skeena River Agency. The agent describes the band as very intelligent, and in many respects equal to the whites in handiwork and accomplishments. Their services are much sought after in the mines and kindred pursuits. The wages for men working

on the trails are \$3.50 per diem, with board, and the pay in the mines exceeds that rate for good workmen. As an instance of an individual Indian's progress, the agent cites one Moat, who does good work as a carpenter, and is able to put up a house to order, of any ordinary description, faultlessly. Many similar examples, too numerous to enumerate, could be given. The women have proved not less apt. "Every woman not beyond middle age has become an adept in sewing, mending, knitting, washing, cooking, baking good yeast bread, and in the way of ordinary housekeeping and cleanliness."

The Kis-piox band, of the same Agency, who as pagans proved very refractory and obdurate, have become as Christians most amenable to order. A sawmill, equipped by the means and through the exertions of the Indians, has been constructed on Sic-e-dack, one of the Kis-piox reserves, at a cost of \$3,700, and is doing good work in turning out lumber. The band planted their first potato patch only a few years ago, and now they have sixteen acres of garden plots.

A bright change from paganism is the experience of the Indians of the Kit-wan-gagh band in the Upper Skeena River, B.C., Agency. The agent reports that "a splendid little church," with an organ, has been constructed by the Anglican Church Missionary Society. The children are attending the church school, and the red men, under the influence of Christian teaching, are described as courteous to strangers and in favour of any movement to better their condition. Many have become quite proficient in the use of tools, and a wood-turning lathe is in operation and doing good work in beautifying the Indians' homes. They have put up frame and log houses and stables, and have some live stock. Whilst the men catch salmon, keep cattle, hunt and trap and get out cordwood along the river, the women keep house and gather and dry berries for winter use.

Led by their religious instructors

and the government agent, the Indians of Bood Agency, Calgary, N.W. T. Inspectorate, who are largely taking to Christianity, are reported by Inspector T. P. Wadsworth to be making progress, at any rate, in material prosperity. The Indians, on the first of September last, had the large sum of \$16,670 placed to their credit at the Union Bank, Macleod, in addition to their annuities. They had earned the money by cutting, stacking and selling hay to ranching companies, police, railway contractors and settlers, by teaming lumber and coal, and by other labour.

Paganism seems to have been almost obliterated among the Fort Simpson band of Indians, occupying one of the principal Tsimpsian Indian settlements on the north-west coast of British Columbia. Results: the Indians own and operate a furniture factory and shingle mill, and have four Indian trading stores, two public restaurants, a paint shop, and a glazing and blacksmithing shop. Their municipal affairs are controlled by an elective council.

One of the many bands that remains almost wholly pagan is the Oweekayno, also on the north-west coast. Missionaries have worked among them for years, but very few have become Christians, and their children are described as exceedingly dull at school. These Indians are steadily decreasing in numbers, and improving very little in any way. The same story is told of a number of tribes that have refused to embrace Christianity, and cling to their old habits.

Women are constantly prominent in the Agency reports. The Spallumcheen band, in the Okanagan district, having ceased to be pagan, now raise horses, cattle and pigs, hunt and fish, cut and sell timber and work for settlers. The women, besides their domestic work, manufacture deer-skins into buck-skins, which they sell or make into articles of clothing, moccasins, mits and gloves; they make baskets of cedar roots, mats of rushes to be used for summer tents and ground

covering, and gather wild berries, and work as servants for the white settlers.

"It is not uncommon to find a woman working at a sewing machine," writes R. H. Pidcock, Indian agent of the Kwawkwalth Agency, Quathias-ki cove, B.C., who are now largely Christianized. There is a great "abundance of household utensils to be seen in their houses, generally of the best quality." Many of the men are good carpenters, and there are a few workers in gold and silver.

A volume could be filled with similarly gratifying accounts of the effects of civilizing influences on the pagan red Indians of Northwestern Canada and the Pacific coast, but enough has been written for the purposes of this sketch. This portion of the subject may be fittingly concluded with an account of a novel method tried by one of the Indian agents in order to persuade his red-skinned charges to give up the pagandances. John P. Wright, agent at Crooked Lake Agency, Eastern Assiniboia, has charge of the Sakimay Band, consisting chiefly of Salteaux, with a few Crees, nearly all pagans. He suggested that instead of paying the annuities on the four reserves, as usual, last year, he should pay all at the Agency on one day, the following day to be devoted to sports of various kinds. This was done, and a programme of twenty-five events carried out, for which seventy-five prizes were awarded. The prizes were in the shape of goods and money subscribed by the whites of the surrounding country, and the events consisted of horse-racing, foot-racing and other competitions. Over a thousand persons were present, everything went off well, and everyone went home satisfied with the first year's annual sports; and as a consequence no Sun Dances have been held in the Agency this year.

In the Touchwood Hills Agency, Assiniboia, Indian Agent S. Swinford, writing from Kutawa, on the 20th of July, 1899, says the old religious pagan festival of the Sun Dance is no longer spoken of there. Neither are so many offerings of print and cloth found

hung up in the trees as sacrifices to the spirits. He thinks none of the adult Indians will ever accept the Christian religion, but many are losing faith in their old beliefs, "and fifty years hence the few that are left will, no doubt, have adopted the religion of their missionary teachers, and will have but a slight knowledge of their ancestors' religious ceremonies."

In Central Canada, as in the far distant regions, not only are Christian influences winning converts steadily from paganism, but the character of pagan observances is becoming less objectionable. The fact was brought out by a statement made in the House of Commons by Mr. Osler, member for Toronto West, based on the Archæological Report of Ontario for 1898. Mr. Osler called attention to the assertion, among other things, that "all the old heathen rites are still continued" on the Reserve of the Six Nations Indians, in the very heart of one of the most densely settled sections of Canada. The Indian Department thereupon deputed Mr. J. A. Macrae, Inspector of Indian Agencies and Reserves, to proceed to the reserve and investigate. Mr. Macrae found the pagans on the reserve to number 918, out of a total of 3,000 to 3,500 souls, and such pagan rites as were still practiced, to be, what his informant, Mr. Hill, an Indian of the band and a Christian, described as of the simplest sort. Many of these pagans were also stated to attend Christian churches.

These pagans, like the Christians, have regular Sunday meetings in their Long-houses, when they are addressed by their head-men. The talks are upon morals and ethical matters. "They believe," says Mr. Macrae, "in the existence of God, and in future states of reward and punishment, but have not openly professed belief in our Saviour, though many are said to entertain such belief; herein alone do they differ from the Christians." They, however, continue the pagan dances, which are thus described by Mr. Macrae:

The Burning of the White Dog.—

This is a sacrifice to propitiate God, and appears to be similar to the offerings of the Jews. The dog is humanely killed the night before the first full moon in February. When the moon is full, the dog is burnt on a pile or pyre of wood, and the people in attendance are exhorted by the oldest and most esteemed of the chiefs. When the sacrifice is completed, the congregation adjourns to the Long-house, where it is addressed by different speakers, religious songs taking place between the speeches, with which songs the congregation marks time by bodily movements, termed a dance, but which merely consists of a movement of the feet and bending of the knees. Nothing of a reprehensible sort takes place, and the ceremony is conducted with the utmost propriety and order.

Green Corn Dance.—This is a thanksgiving service held when the corn is ripe. The Long-house is decorated with the fruits of the field, as the altars of Christian churches are on similar occasions. The speaking, singing and accompaniment with physical movements are similar to those of the Burning of the White Dog, the only difference being the burden of the speeches. Thankfulness is the note prevalent at the Green Corn dance for the bounty of the Creator; propitiatory prayer is the predominant idea connected with the White Dog ceremony.

The False Face and other dances are in no wise objectionable save in so far as they retard acceptance of the Christian religion. They are gradually falling into disuse, and unopposed, excepting by teaching and example, will before long be remembered only as a tradition instead of being actively practised.

Only two years before this, the pagan dances on the reserves were very realistic and impressive, according to a work on the Six Nations Indians, dedicated to Hon. A. S. Hardy, Premier of Ontario.⁷ The writer says: "The

⁷ "The Six Nations Indians in Canada." J. B. Mackenzie. Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Company, Limited. 1896.

pagan Indian still celebrates what he calls dances. Here the war whoop, energetic and abrupt at onset, with its shrill sustained *crescendo*, its uncourteous rending of the empyrean, greets the air, carrying disquiet, not to say alarm, to the uninitiated; here the war dance, with its affluent bestowal of paint and feathers on the performers, the mixing of the grotesque with the awful in its accompaniments, with the flaming novelty, exaggerated ensemble of costumes which do duty at the function, gets free indulgence."

To appreciate the value of the uplifting of the red man from the lower planes of paganism to the brighter spheres of Christianity, it may be well to touch briefly on the pagan beliefs of the Canadian Indians in the early days of missionary effort. One who lived among the Iroquois when they were engaged in deadly warfare with the Hurons on the one hand and the French on the other, quoted by Mr. David Boyle, Archæologist of Ontario,⁸ wrote on the subject as follows: "They are entire strangers to all religion. They have . . . a Genius which they put in the place of God, but they do not worship or present offerings to him; they worship and present offerings to the Devil, whom they call Otskon or Aireskuoni." Mr. Boyle, however, objects to the latter part of the statement, and says, "It is well known that the Oskons, Ottikons or Okies of the Iroquois and Hurons correspond very closely to the Manitous of the Algonkins, comprehending all forms of supernatural being, from the highest to the lowest, with the exception, possibly, of certain diminutive fairies or hobgoblins, and certain giants and anomalous monsters, who appear under various forms, grotesque and horrible, in the Indian fireside legends."

Another writer⁹ says they had no

religion, having neither altars, priests, temples nor oblations, and whatever idea they had of God was so hazy and obscure that it comes not within the range of definition. They, however, believed in the existence of good and bad spirits, and to appease the one and draw upon themselves the favour of the other, offered sacrifices on the slightest provocation. Tobacco was thrown into the fire with the hope that its smoke would be pleasing to an Oki, and oil poured upon the water when a storm threatened, with an appeal to the Manitou to have pity on them." Elsewhere, Dean Harris writes: "They had no idea of God as we understand the word. The sighing of the winds, the melancholy moan of the midnight forest, the clash of thunder, the gleam of lightning, were the voices of the shadow-phantoms that hovered in the air around them. Every lake, stream and waterfall," the account goes on to state, "every rock, cliff and mountain, every object even of their own handiwork had its spirit. Asleep or awake, and always, the Indian was in close contact with the spirit world. Besides these, he had a guardian Oki or Manitou to whom he attributed power to protect him and to bring him good luck when engaged in warfare or hunting. Such an Oki was usually that of some animal that appeared to him during one of his voluntarily prolonged fasts during boyhood undertaken for the express purpose of seeing something." If a bear, he henceforth carried a bear's claw as his medicine or fetich; if a wolf, its tail or its tooth; if a hawk or a woodpecker one or more of the feathers. The red man's ideas of immortality were peculiar. Not only would he himself reach the happy hunting ground of the departed, but there he hoped to find the ghosts of everything earthly—woods, rivers, beasts, birds and fish, clubs, knives, bows and arrows, wampum and clay pots."

So much for the pagan Indians of the early days of Canada. The present conditions of the red man of the Six Nations Reserve, who is still a pagan,

⁸ "Notes on Primitive Man in Ontario." David Boyle, Archæologist of Ontario. 1895.

⁹ "History of the Early Missions in Western Canada," by Very Rev. W. R. Harris, pp. 41, 42. Toronto. 1893.

is different. "He remains," to quote once more from Mr. Mackenzie,¹⁰ "deplore it as we may, an invincible devotee of Manitou, the Great Spirit, at once stringent and regular in his observance of the rites the relation imposes. There has been an undoubted decline in, if not a positive discontinuance of, his once pronounced veneration, falling short, in the case of the Six Nations, of the revolting worship of images as symbolic of some ultra-marvellous virtue, that was thought capable, at their caprice, of being enlisted in their service; of some extravagant power, through their meditation, forced to react upon, human affairs . . . Resisting the mutations of time, however, there linger memories of his gloomy tenets; there are, at the expenditure of much and careful effort, but too frequently, erected, monuments to fatuousness and credulity, in the designs that decorate specimens of his handiwork. . . It is no novel exercise for him, when perfecting samples of the elaborate wood carving in which he is so strikingly proficient, to engrave as the central feature of his production, some unnatural human figure, planned evidently to represent one of the aforetime conjurors with Indian destinies, one of those mystic wielders, deft controllers, of spells and charms. Can it fail to excite wonder that such refinements upon hideousness and repulsiveness as are these effigies, should to the comprehension of any, have stood for

¹⁰ The Six-Nations Indians in Canada. J. B. Mackenzie. Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Company, Ltd. 1896.

transcendent efficacy, betokened an overruling might!"

To sum up, the story of the pagans of Canada, black and awful and dyed with blood as it has been in the past, is full of cheerful hope for the future. The Queen's representatives in Canada have known how to keep faith with and earn the confidence of the red men, and the servants of the Most High have shrunk from no sacrifice to perform their self-imposed duty of winning the pagans. There are still roving bands of red men of the plains and forest of the far Northwest, who sullenly hold back from improvement, but for every tribe that resists, a dozen or more have turned to the light. Where a hundred red men refuse to allow their children to be educated in the language and ways of the pale-face, a thousand now gladly welcome the school, the hospital and the rewards of advancing civilization. Another decade of progress such as the past decade has witnessed and the pagan dances will be numbered to a great extent among the memories of the past, and the Indians in the mass will scarcely be distinguished from the rest of the labouring population in anything but the name and the hereditary outward stamp of their race.

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THE SALVAGE OF THE SANTA MARIA.

By W. A. Fraser, Author of "The Eye of a God," Etc.

A FEW thousand years ago the Atlantic battered a pocket into the rock coast of New Brunswick, and long after, when men found this arm of the sea, they called it the Bay of Fundy. Then they started a city, and named it St. John.

St. John was founded for the glorification of Nathan Weller, and to the end that he might become rich. He firmly believed this, and shaped his life accordingly. That was the only thing he did believe in; that and Old Man Weller. Ships and tugs and loading gear and the souls of men of the sea were all his.

He was as hard as a dry salt cod. When his sailors were drowned, that was their lookout; and the underwriters paid for the boats. When they came back into port with cargoes of much profit, it was all his, and to the glory of his extreme cleverness.

Much of this sort of thing makes a man like—like—Old Man Weller.

If Weller could have hired Satan, he would have had him and kept him in his place, too, but Satan was not in the labour market, at least not his entire services, so Old Man Weller had to be content with Jim Lester.

When Weller sent Lester to Liverpool, Captain Bell, who was given to psychological research, said: "What the devil's up now? There's some square work to be did over there." But wondering and finding out were two quite different things, and nobody knew except Weller and Lester, until as it is written at the end of this tale.

Lester bought the Santa Maria, a sailing ship of 600 tons register. She was an old hulk, but Lester had not gone to Liverpool to make mistakes. She was overhauled, and her name altered to Dumfries Castle. When she cleared from Liverpool the underwriters had been touched for every shil-

ling they would risk on hulk and cargo.

Now Lester's correspondence to Old Man Weller anent the ship was circumspect to a degree. No suspicion of obliquity could be read in or between the lines; simply the new ship, Dumfries Castle, had cleared with a full cargo all duly insured. He even omitted to mention her original name.

It was Christmas morning in St. John when Old Weller said to Captain Bell:

"The tug Lion, that went down the bay after a wreck, has blowed a hole in her boiler. She's a crazy thing anyway—worse than a rickety old woman. She's lyin' down there rollin' about like a jellyfish, an' eatin' into the profits at the rate of twenty dollars a day."

"That's bad, sir," said Captain Bell, thinking of the soft job the boys aboard had, but wishing to mollify the rapacious owner. "She ought to have a new boiler in her."

"Boiler be hanged!" cursed the old man; "you're all happy schemin' to pile up expenses on your owners. Get you the Jane Ann out, an' away down an' bring the rotten tub in. I'll discharge every mother's son of the lazy crew."

Captain Bell cast a net for his men and, getting up steam on the tug, started down the bay. Just as he was clearing from the wharf Pilot Carey asked for a free passage down in hope that he might pick up a ship needing his services. "Of coorse," assented Bell. "Get aboard."

About fifteen miles out he met the Lion coming along under full steam with her ship in tow. By some means they had patched up her boiler, and were making for port. The Jane Ann stopped her engines, reversed, and slowly drifted as the Lion passed close.

"Where are you bound?" sang out Bailey from the Lion.

"Came down after you," answered Bell. "The ould man heard you'd broke down, an' he's pinin' away over the loss. D'ye want help?"

"No."

"Well, I'll away down the bay then to the south'ard, an' look for a bite," answered Bell. "Tell the ould man."

The bell tinkled full steam ahead, and the Jane Ann swung her nose seaward on a prospecting tour for ships needing a tow up. Being under steam and that far out, the Captain reasoned that it would be good management to try to pick up something to pay expenses.

Two hours' steady steaming, when suddenly the Captain descried something on his starboard bow looking very much like a ship on the rocks. "I believe that's a wreck," he said to the pilot, who was at his elbow.

The latter took the glass from the Captain's hand, looked long and earnestly, and answered: "Right you are. It's a ship high and dry."

The wheel was put over a bit; the engine chucked and thumped in its worn bearings, and the Jane Ann steadily crawled close to the thing they had seen.

"She's not on the rocks at all," remarked the Captain, eyeing her critically; she's just ridin' to the two anchors as quiet as a duck."

"There's not a soul on her decks," exclaimed the pilot, much wonder in his voice.

"Blow the whistle, Billy," cried the Captain to one of the tug hands; "perhaps they're eatin' their Christmas dinner."

The shrill whistle of the tug called to the great ship, but there was no answer—no sign of life.

"Gad! it's like a ghost ship," said Bell with a touch of awe in his voice. "Give her another toot, Billy."

Again the steam screamed and struggled through the brass dome of the whistle, but still there was no response.

"She's abandoned," remarked the Captain.

"She's like a graveyard," echoed the pilot.

"I believe it's a ha'nted ship, sir," hazarded Billy.

"Work the Jane alongside," commanded Bell, "an' we'll soon see."

When they were close enough Billy threw a line across the bow of the ship. Bell watched this performance critically.

"She's solid," he ejaculated with a sigh of relief. "I half expected to see the line go clean through her an' down into the water. She's like a spirit ship, she's that quiet. Up you go, Billy, an' make fast," he ordered.

As the man clambered over the rail and snubbed the line, Pilot Carey followed eagerly; and before the Captain well realized what his mission was, this wide awake mariner was screeching, "I claim salvage on this ship!"

This galvanized Bell into action and, ranging himself alongside of the man who had sought to forestall him, he called out: "I'm with you, my smart buck; I claim salvage for myself, an' the men, an' the tug."

It was an extraordinary spectacle: the great ship riding quietly at anchor, with six inches of snow all over her deck, and her stern almost brushing against the rocks that arose out of the sea not half a cable-length away.

They were all wrangling as to who was entitled to salvage—who was first and who was last—when the engineer, Jack O'Brien, made a discovery. "None of youse'll get salvage, I'm thinkin'," he said; "here's a cat-track in the snow; and while there's life on the ship there's no salvage, for she's not abandoned, accordin' to the coorts."

"That's right," echoed the pilot; "Billy's right. If there's a parrot or a cat, or even a pig on the ship, we're done for. But in the name o' Heaven, where's all the crew gone—there's nothing wrong with the ship?"

"Perhaps there in the cabin," ventured Billy; "anyway, the cat'll be there."

"Let's go down an' see," said Bell to the pilot. The latter didn't relish the invitation overmuch; the cabin might be full of dead men, or ghosts,

or almost anything. All the weird sea tales he had ever heard about murdered ship's crews came thronging in upon his excited imagination; but still he couldn't well remain behind. The Captain might steal a march on him over the salvage question.

"Lead on," he said valiantly to Bell; "we must investigate this."

His legs felt hopelessly inadequate as he followed the Captain cautiously down the companion-way. Billy and Jack O'Brien were at his elbow. The cabin, dimly lighted, was as silent as a tomb; nothing moved, no one spoke; no challenging voice demanded what they wanted; if a voice had suddenly broken the eerie stillness it is certain they would have fled up the stairs. The Captain surreptitiously pinched his leg to make sure it was not all a dream.

"Look, man! what's that?" exclaimed the pilot in a voice of intense fright.

"What's what?" asked the Captain.

"There!" and Carey pointed with outstretched finger to the farther end of the table. A pair of great yellow, baleful eyes was glaring at them from the Captain's chair. They stood for an instant, constrictive little gripings clutching at the skin over their backbones, when suddenly the thing "meowed."

"It's the blasted cat!" ejaculated Billy in a tone of disgust.

"Heave him overboard," said Bell to the pilot, "if you hope to get salvage."

"I can't," answered Carey, "do it yourself."

Just then Jack O'Brien made a rush for the cat. There was a demoniac scramble; the table went over with a crash; chairs were banged about; the pilot was upset by something or somebody; unearthly screams rang through the cabin, and the Captain swore afterward that he smelt brimstone. At any rate, in eight seconds Bell found himself standing in the snow on the deck, and the pilot half over the rail on his way to the tug.

"Come back—where are you going?" the Captain called.

"It's a devil-ship," gasped Carey, turning a face the colour of a soap-stoned canvas toward his friend.

O'Brien was standing on the deck laughing.

"Where's the cat?" asked the commander.

"The divil flew away wid her, I think," answered O'Brien, "for she's not on the ship now."

"That settles it, then," asserted his officer; "I claim salvage for all hands."

Haunted or not haunted, he reasoned that the ship was solid enough; and visions of great prize money passed through his mind.

Again they ventured down into the cabin and searched diligently, but there was not a soul on the ship.

"What's the name of her?" asked the Captain, a thought striking him suddenly.

"The Santa Maria," answered the pilot, who had been rummaging in a cabin. "Here it is marked on a life-buoy."

"Well," said Bell cheerfully, "it's a big haul, b'ys; an' now we've got to get her out of here before anybody appears or a blow comes up."

But this latter proposition presented an unexpectedly serious problem. They were too short-handed to man the ship and get her anchors up. But the commander was equal to the new emergency. "Billy," he said "you an' the pilot stay here an' hold the ship, an' we'll away down to Irishtown with the tug, for a dozen, big, lusty Irishmen to help us out."

It was ten miles to Irishtown, and when the tug returned with twelve rough fishermen aboard, ready for anything, her Captain got a surprise. As the Jane Ann rolled clumsily around the rock headland, beyond which was the little cove wherein rested the prize-ship, he saw something which brought him to the rail with a proper mariner's adjective on his lips.

On board the ship a battle was being waged. Five men were industriously striving to deposit Billy and the

pilot in the sea. The two were fighting valiantly, but the tug pulled alongside just in the nick of time.

As she rubbed saucily against the wooden sides of the *Santa Maria*, a big, red-faced man stepped to the rail and said: "Sheer off! What the devil do you want here?"

"Who the thunder are you?" roared back the commander of the tug.

"I'm the Captain," snorted the red-faced man; "and I forbid ye to come aboard."

"Captain nothing!" retorted Bell. "The Captain an' crew of this ship is all drowned."

"Not much! I'm the Captain, an' this is the crew," asserted the other.

"A Captain an' his crew don't desert their ship," declared Bell logically. "I tell you they are all dead; an' if they're not they soon will be. Up, boys!" he exclaimed to his recruits, "an' if anybody opens his mouth, throw him overboard."

His men swarmed over the rail and joined Billy and the pilot. The others massed back on the poop of the ship, standing sullenly, waiting for commands from their leader.

"Where did these tramps come from, Robinson?" asked Captain Bell.

"From the shore, sir," Billy answered.

"Yes," broke in the red-faced man; "we dragged our anchors in a blow last night, an' thought the ship was goin' to pieces. We couldn't save her by sticking to her, so we got ashore in a boat."

"That's all in me eye, Biddy Martin," answered Captain Bell derisively; "we salvaged this ship when she was abandoned, an' the Captain an' crew all drowned. If you're to stand up an' argue the matter there, we'll just have to make it sure, that's all."

"What do you propose doin' with the ship?" asked the red-faced man, beginning to weaken in the face of superior numbers. "We'll tow her in to St. John, an' if you behave yourselves we'll give you a lift that far, but we're in charge, mind you—in posses-

sion—an' we'll just turn the key on your riff-raff in the fo'c's'le to keep you quiet like, an' to show that the ship's ours!"

A hawser was run out, the wheezing *Jane Ann* put her shoulders lazily to the trace, and, as the big ship strained away from the rocks, the anchors were weighed, and the procession started for St. John.

Just where that particular degree of latitude bisected its angle of longitude was the happiest group of mortals on the face of the waters. All except the red-faced man and his companions. The pilot was in charge of the *Santa Maria*. Pompously he strode up and down the quarter-deck, turning over in his mind the value of the ship and cargo, and how much of it would come to him because of the salvage.

Captain Bell eyed the great wooden prize proudly as she surged along in the wake of the black, grimy *Jane Ann*. "Lord knows what it will lead to," he mused. "Ould Man Weller'll be that pleased he'll put me in one of his big ships, I do believe. It was the luckiest thing I ever did in me life, goin' down the bay this mornin'. This is a Christmas box with a rush."

"Then he scowled ferociously. The big moon-face of the man who claimed to be Captain leered at him over the rail of the ship. "I'll lock that gosssoon in a cabin when we get into port," he said. "I don't like the look of him."

It was black night when they got into St. John.

The big anchor of the *Santa Maria* was dropped, the heavy link cable scuttled noisily through her bow, and she swung majestically, head on, to the rising tide; the tug stole sleepily into her berth beside the dripping, evil-smelling wharf, and her petulant, worn engine sighed wearily as the last wet puff of steam was let off through the pet-cocks.

The pilot and the men remained aboard of the salvaged ship. Captain Bell went home to the wife to tell her the good news. Neither of them slept a wink. Over and over the excited

Captain told the tale of how something had whispered to him to go on down the bay after meeting the old Lion.

"It was Santa Claus," ventured the wife; "or, perhaps, Providence."

"It must have been Santa Claus then," retorted the husband, "for Providence doesn't bother much with sea-dogs. Look at the hungry orphans all over the town, an' the fathers that should be feedin' them linin' the stomach of some shark. We'll buy a little craft of our own out of our share," he assured the wife, "an' make money be the barrel, just like the ould man does."

In the morning Bell was down at the office, waiting for his employer. "I'll be the first to tell him the good news," he thought.

"Old jelly-fish'll soon be down," said a red-headed, roustabout clerk whose business it was to attend to everything from codfish to insurance. "He'll be down early this morning, for fear Christmas has upset some of us a bit."

"Tut, tut!" said the Captain, "you shouldn't call the ould man 'jelly-fish'; that's mutiny; he's not a bad sort."

The red-headed man was pouring a scuttle of coal in the stove. He looked in blank, utter amazement at his companion, and the coal, diverted from the hole, pattered over the floor. That anybody should defend Old Weller's character—that one of his employees should speak well of him—was a revelation.

"What's come over you?" he gasped. "Has the old man given you a ship?"

"Never mind, never mind," answered Bell soothingly.

At that moment a heavy step sounded, the latch lifted with a vicious rasp, and burly Old Man Weller stepped into the office. His cold, fishy eyes searched the room for signs of something leading up to business.

"Good mornin', sir," cheerily called out the Captain; "compliments of the season."

"Huh!" grunted Weller. "What did you do yesterday after you passed the Lion?—burnt up coal, I suppose."

"We had great luck, sir," exclaimed the Captain blithely.

"Got back without being towed, eh?" sneered the other.

"We salvaged a big ship."

"You what?"

"Salvaged a ship," repeated the Captain, "and towed her into port last night. The b'ys are aboard of her now."

The big man's face brightened until it became almost congenial. It was little things of this sort that touched his heart.

Nothing softened him so much as the making of a few thousand dollars, and it had been gained in a single day.

He became almost human.

"I'm proud of you, Captain," he said, holding out his hand.

"Faith, I'm proud of meself!" ejaculated Bell ingenuously.

"What's her name?" asked Weller.

"The Santa Maria."

"She's a Spaniard, with that name. There may be Spanish gold in her."

"God knows!" replied the Captain; "she's full of something. I'm sure it's a valuable cargo."

"How is the salvage fixed?" queried Weller. "Were you first aboard, and did you claim it in the name of the tug an' her owner? Is she salvaged in my name?"

The Captain explained the thing fully.

"And who's this pilot you're crackin' about?" the owner asked.

Bell explained.

"Curse his meddlin' hide!" exclaimed Weller. "Will he be claimin' a bit of the salvage, too?"

"That he will," answered the Captain. "I felt like throwin' him overboard."

"It would have been a good rid-dance," snapped the great man, pacing impatiently up and down the office. "Where's the ship now?"

"Ridin' at anchor as sweet as a babe, off Nelson's dock."

"Come along, an' let's have a look at her. We can have a tot of something to warm us up on the way down," said Weller.

"My Aunt!" muttered the clerk, as the two disappeared through the door; "the old jelly-fish is getting generous."

From Nelson's dock they got a good view of the Santa Maria. It gladdened the avaricious heart of the rich man; it also set him thinking. If the cargo were as good as the hulk the salvage would be something terrific. It would be cruel to pay out so much good prize money to a worthless lot of fellows who would drink it up and be unfit for work in the meantime.

His big brain hammered away at this point until it developed a plan.

"Huh!" he said, thoughtfully; "we'll never get a dollar of salvage on yon ship. The owners will fight it in court till we're all in our graves. I know what that's like."

Bell's face fell. Courts are the terror of all mariners. There was some dependence to be placed in a raging storm; one could tell pretty near what it was going to do; but a law court, with solemn judges and fierce, questioning lawyers—that was terrible in its uncertainty!

Twice the Captain had been in the courts, each time for battering mutinous sailors over the head with a belaying pin, and each time he had been roasted and toasted by a shrill-voiced attorney until he had wished to Heaven that he had been at the other end of the belaying-pin himself. He fairly envied the men with the mashed heads; their punishment had been light compared with the tortures of the court inquisition. In the end he had been fined; also assured by the Judge that he had just missed going to jail.

"The courts are the very devil," continued the owner.

"They're that, sir!" fervently echoed the Captain. "I'd rather be in a cyclone in the Jane Ann, an' that's bad enough."

"The Jane Ann's a good sea-boat," exclaimed Weller, angrily.

Bell said nothing, and the big man continued in a soft voice: "Come up to the office till we talk this thing over."

On the way he invited the Captain into the Mariner's Rest again, and treated him to two diplomatic toddies. At the office he unburdened his mind.

"It'll be a big fight over that salvage. I don't think it'll be good enough to risk. Have you an' the boys money to pay for the litigation?"

"Money for law!" exclaimed the Captain. "Money with the b'ys fer law! Sure they're all overdrawn in the slop chest."

"An' you'll expect me to pay the big court fees, eh? I'll not do it—not a blasted penny!"

The Captain's heart was in his boots. He knew the old man would lose a hundred dollars rather than see one of them make fifty, he was that selfish.

"But, sir," said Bell, despondently, "I think the coorts would give it to us."

"When you are in your graves," snapped the big man; "an' then if the owners said they'd had enough. They'll never say that, though. I know them. I'll tell you what I'll do, Bell"—the red-headed clerk pricked up his ears as he stood beside his desk, listening to the inquisition. "You've always been a faithful servant to me—a good man—an' I never go back on a faithful servant."

The clerk smiled sardonically as he bent his head close down over the men's time sheets, where he had been busy cutting from their pay the slop-chest account.

"I'll help you out of this matter if you'll deal fair. If you'll sign off your own claim, an' get the men to sign off I'll give every one of them twenty pounds, an' you fifty for your trouble."

"You'll never get them to agree to that, sir," said Bell, decisively; "they're that built up over it."

"Then they'll not get the price of a red herring out of it," exclaimed Weller, angrily. "I'll discharge every mother's son of you for disobeyin' orders in goin' down the bay."

He filled a black-bottomed clay pipe and sat sullenly sucking the rank smoke through its strong stem. Bell knew that mood; it meant unreasoning ob-

stinacy. Right or wrong didn't matter; it was the power of money and influence behind a selfish, grasping nature.

Men said that Weller was entirely bloodless—that he considered his fellows simply as tools to be used in building up his edifice of wealth. They were absolutely right.

"I couldn't go to them with that offer, sir," said the Captain, breaking the ominous silence. "They'd never take it."

"I should think not," muttered the clerk to himself, dabbing his pen viciously in the ink. "The old shark!"

Weller didn't answer at once, but sat with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as though the whole matter were one of complete indifference to him.

"Where are the men you said boarded the ship an' claimed to be the crew? I ought to hear their story before I pay out even twenty pounds apiece. I might lose it all."

This was a veiled threat; Bell knew that.

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose they're somewhere about." He knew right enough, but he had no intention of playing the old man's game if he could help it.

"Never mind," exclaimed Weller magnanimously; "I don't want to be hard."

"Of course not, of course not!" muttered the clerk; you're soft as granite."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make it *fifty* pounds apiece, an' give you a hundred for yourself. Go an' see the boys, an' if they'll sign off all claims for that I'll pay them cash out of hand an' take my chances, win or lose, in the courts with the owners. If they don't agree, I'll fight on the other side, an' we'll see who comes out on top."

He rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe with sharp, vicious taps on the top of the stove, buttoned up his pea-jacket, and, with his square jaw set like a capstan, put his hand on the latch and, as he opened the door, said: "I'm going home to dinner; I'll be back in an hour. If the boys are will-

ing to take the good offer I've made, have them here, an' we'll settle the thing in five minutes. If they're not willing, tell them to clear out of the ship, or I'll send the police aboard to remove them."

His burly figure rolled out of the door and, as it slammed to, the clerk put his pen behind his ear, came around the rough pine desk and standing opposite the Captain, said mockingly, "The old man's not a bad sort."

"He's as hard as a second-hand clothes-dealer," muttered Bell, staring moodily into the fire. "The b'ys'll not take it."

"Then they'll take nothing," exclaimed Red Head. "It's fair robbery, but they can't fight against that sort of thing. It's your choice between the devil and the deep sea. He'll hunt up that scab crew and break every one of you. I know him. He's a beastly bad sort, that's what he is."

"You think I'd better advise the boys to take the fifty pounds?"

I *think* nothing—but it's all they'll ever get; and they'll have to look sharp that he doesn't skin them out of that."

"I believe you're right, Bankes," said the Captain. "I'll go off an' tell them to take it."

"Wait a bit—try for more. Agree to that, with another fifty all around and a hundred for yourself if the old man secures the salvage. Have it hard and fast in writing. Get a lawyer to draw it up."

"I'll have to hurry," exclaimed Bell, "to be back on time."

In an hour the Captain and the crew of the *Jane Ann* were back in the office, and, sharp on time, the owner brusqued in.

"Good day to you, boys," he said, friendly enough. "Good day, sir!" they responded, cap in hand. "You had rare fishin' yesterday," he continued with forced geniality.

"Yes, sir."

"Well?" he asked, looking interrogatively at Captain Bell. The Captain coughed to clear his throat, pulled the lining in and out of his cap nervously,

and stammered: "We've been talkin' it over, sir."

"That's right," snapped Weller encouragingly.

"We've been talking it over, an' the boys think it's not enough, sir."

"What are they doing here, then?"

"Well, we thought, sir, that we'd like to make an offer that appeared fair, not wantin' to be hard like on our side."

The clerk nodded encouragingly at the speaker, who was watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Didn't I tell you—never mind; spit it out! Let's have it! You have queer ideas of what's fair, I've no doubt."

"Well, sir, the boys'll take fifty pounds apiece, as you offered, an' I'll take a hundred; an' if you get the salvage, they're to have another fifty, an' I'm to have another hundred."

There was silence for a minute, like the lull before a storm.

Weller scowled viciously at the men, who shifted uneasily. All at once he made a discovery.

"Where's the pilot—I don't see him?"

"He wouldn't agree to it, sir. He says he'll have the salvage or nothing, so we left him behind."

"Where is he?"

"On the ship."

"I'll fix him!" said the big man fiercely; "an' I'll just show him what he's missed. Come here, Bankes!" he commanded the clerk. "Draw up an agreement with these men an' the Captain in accordance with the bargain you've just heard. I'll show Mr. Pilot—he'll not get a blasted penny."

"Thank you, sir," said the Captain.

"Thank you, sir," chimed the others, individually and in chorus.

"An' make out checks to pay the amounts," Weller added. In an hour it was all settled.

"I've done a great stroke of business this day," muttered the ship king to himself when the men had gone. "I've only one to fight; I'll break him."

"Get me a boat," he ordered the clerk; "an' come away aboard ship

till I see what she's like, an' settle this pilot."

As Weller clambered like a great bear over the rail of the ship, he saw a big red-faced man walking impatiently up and down the deck.

"Who are you, my good fellow?" he asked.

"I'm the Captain of the ship Dumfries Castle," the man answered touching his cap.

"The Dumfries Castle? That's my ship. Where is she—gone to the bottom?"

"No, sir, this is the Dumfries Castle."

Weller looked at the red-faced man furiously. He wasn't drunk; he must be mad.

"This is the Santa Maria," he exclaimed angrily.

"Yes, sir, she was the Santa Maria before we went to Liverpool; but she changed owners there, and they named her the Dumfries Castle."

A sense of desolation came over the hard, grasping ship owner—and no wonder—for he realized that the Santa Maria was his own ship, salvaged by his own men. And not two hours since he had paid them heavily for thwarting the very scheme he had tried to carry through with the help of his hired villain in Liverpool.

He understood it all now. The Santa Maria was to have been battered on those rocks by the first storm. His meddling crew had spoiled that.

Also the red-faced Captain knew. He had had his instructions from the agent in Liverpool, and this was the owner who was to have paid him much good money for something.

He looked in the eyes of the ship king and Weller looked back into his—and they both knew.

The money Weller had just paid out was gone hopelessly; the insurance would not come his way; and there was the pilot to settle with. He was mad clean through. He would fight the pilot anyway; and he did.

The pilot carried the case into court. The crew of the tug were called as witnesses.

It was going against Old Weller. There was no doubt that they had salvaged the ship, whoever owned it.

Billy Robinson was in the witness-box.

Suddenly the old man's lawyer, a vicious, ferret-faced little man, turning fiercely on the witness, said: "Now, Mr. Robinson, you're not telling the truth; there was a live cat on the

ship and you threw her overboard?"

Thrown off his guard by this sudden accusation, Billy answered angrily: "That's a lie! Jack O'Brien threw her over the side."

A roar of laughter followed this break, but the admission destroyed the pilot's claim.

There was no salvage on the Santa Maria.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XV.—THE REVEREND T. C. S. MACKLEM, M.A., LL.D.

IN a low, rambling house on the left bank of the Welland River, locally known as Chippawa Creek, the new Provost of Trinity College and Vice-Chancellor of Trinity University was born. From the verandahs one got a view of the Niagara River near by as it widens to form the rapids which have hurried many a boat and its crew to destruction as they tried without avail to make the mouth of the creek.

Before the Welland Canal and the railroads had cut off its carrying trade, Chippawa, like Queenston, flourished, was populous and wealthy, and received honourable mention in the war of 1813. Any trade which was left to it was finally destroyed by the Fenian Raid in 1866, and the town became a veritable deserted village till fire swept away large numbers of empty houses and thus relieved the loneliness. So it came to pass that only a few substantial dwellings, belonging mainly to the estate of the Bank of Upper Canada, alone remained to testify to the former prosperity of the town, until the electric railway from Queenston brought tourists once more and, with them, renewed life.

Any one who has gone by car or on foot through Victoria Park must remember, at the rapids, the beautiful Dufferin Islands with the swirling water rushing in and out among them. In earlier days they were called the

Clark Hill Islands, after Colonel Clark, their original owner. By him they were given to the Street family, a name not unknown in the legislative history of this province, and remembered among the benefactors of Trinity University in connection with the building of Convocation Hall. To this same family belonged the Provost's mother, through whom and, if I mistake not, through his father also, he claims the proud distinction of U. E. Loyalist descent.

It matters much where and in what circumstances a man was born—how much he alone can tell in after years when revisiting the scenes of his boyhood. If one could choose his birthplace, I can imagine none more attractive or more likely to leave its impress upon the character than this neighbourhood of three or four of our most famous battlefields, from which the invaders were driven back over the border. There, too, Niagara Falls roll on in beauty and grandeur, varying with the season or the play of light, and make their mighty music, sometimes as soft as a mother's lullaby, sometimes as sad and solemn as a march for the dead. And the spray rises light, fleecy, and soft from the Horseshoe in June, but weeps drearily and disconsolately in November like some living creature that can never find comfort anywhere.

All these scenes, and the pretty

church in whose yard his forefathers sleep, were exchanged in due time for Toronto and school. The school selected was Upper Canada College, which, having already furnished the University of Toronto with its present Head, not to mention other members of its staff, has now done a like service for Trinity. In Trinity three of us, besides the Provost, are striving to put to good use what we learned in the old buildings in King St. while we are always proud to remember that, before our time, our honoured Chancellor also was an "Old Boy," as we sons of Upper Canada College call ourselves.

Not to indulge in reminiscences of schooldays that could hardly interest the general public, I must pay

a tribute to the men who are now living in retirement or who have done with life altogether, but who stood *in loco parentis* to generation after generation of us—Messrs. Cockburn, Buchan, Wedd, Martland, Brown, and others. To Mr. Buchan, perhaps more than to any one else who had to do with his school life, Dr. Macklem would acknowledge his indebtedness. His nobility of soul, his kindness, consideration, justice, and aptness to teach make his influence a living thing to this day. Mr. Cock-



PHOTO. BY BRYCE, TORONTO.

T. C. S. MACKLEM, LL.D.

The First Canadian Provost of Trinity College, Toronto.

burn's business ability, energy, and capacity for ruling; Mr. Martland's character as a man of the world, devotion to duty, and unostentatious helpfulness; Mr. Wedd's cheerful and sunny disposition, his scholarship and unaffected goodness; Mr. Brown's profound learning and his patience in trying to make the unmathematical mind comprehend the mysteries of mathematics—they all call up grateful memories and make one long to emulate their good example in training men.

In October, 1881, there was a change in the principalship, and boylike we took advantage of the fact to bring about other changes if possible. The *College Times* had been twice suppressed, once for reasons best known to Mr. Cockburn and the proprietor of the *Evening Telegram*, and again, some years later, for causes somewhat similar. Inspired by a desire to express their thoughts in print and urged on by "Old Boys" at Varsity, some of the seniors asked for permission to revive the paper. After "considering the matter" the Principal consented and the paper appeared with T. C. S. Macklem as editor. A better edited school paper I have never seen, and I have seen many.

Too soon the delightful year in the Sixth, with its interesting studies, games, squabbles, and standing up for old institutions, its "at-homes," and all the rest of it, came to an end and we took our several paths, some to business, some to universities. One crossed the ocean and entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, which has already given a Provost and two or more professors to Trinity. There he studied, rowed, wheeled, and took his degree, returning to Canada to be ordained and to become curate at All Saints' Church, Toronto. Eighteen months after his return he received the appointment to the newly erected parish of St. Simon and built the church now in use. Two years since he was elected to the oversight of the missions in the Diocese of Toronto and a few months ago to the office of Rural Dean of Toronto. Both of these responsible positions he declined, and now he is Provost of Trinity College.

As a member of Synod and its committees, the Provost has displayed tact, statesmanship, ability to lead, and a conciliatory spirit. These qualities, together with an aptitude for finance and a decision of character indispensable in a ruler, admirably fit him for his new position.

Canadians are glad to see one of

themselves called to the discharge of duties so important as those devolving upon the Head of a University, and many would say that his being a Canadian is not the least of the Provost's qualifications. Nativism may run mad,—it has run mad when people have begun to cry "Canada for the Canadians." This cry is as foolish and harmful as that other which has been heard at times, "No native need apply." Coming years will give us wealth and consequently greater opportunities for acquiring the culture and grace of the older lands. Our conditions hitherto have made life and manners cruder and rougher than our forefathers' life and manners were when they landed in the country. To regain what we have lost we must now and then bring men from abroad. The plan Trinity has followed this time is the best—to get a Canadian possessed of European training and experience.

Character is the main consideration in the universities of Europe, learning and research being made to take the second place. To mould the characters of men and women is the noblest work a man can be given to do. Could fathers and mothers do it unaided, it were better perhaps to leave it to them. But, as they cannot, we take their sons and daughters for three years or four and stand in the place of parents to them throughout their course. We cannot forget, then, that we owe to this foster family of ours duties far beyond the lectures delivered in the classrooms. The moral and spiritual part must be cultivated as well as the intellectual. Trinity stands for the discharge of duties such as these and, through her residences, for training students to live together as members of a society and to have respect for one another's rights. The Provost did well to remember these aims which Trinity has faithfully pursued for forty-eight years when he was stating his views about the future. She cannot give them up for temporal advantage, and he, I am sure, will guide her wisely.

A. H. Young.

ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK—WREN'S FINEST CHURCH.

By H. C. Shelley.

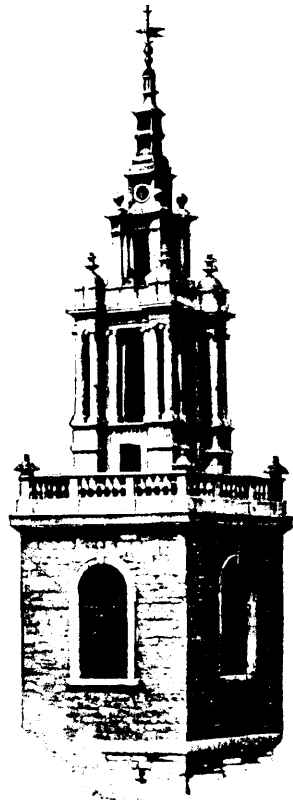
WHEN Charlotte and Anne Brontë found themselves unexpectedly in London one Sunday, their first thought was to devote the morning of that day to hearing Dr. George Croly preach. Forgotten to-day in the stress of newer reputations of an equally fleeting kind, that clerical poet and romancer was a prominent figure in the literary firmament of fifty years ago; and his fame had made so deep an impression in the solitary parsonage at Haworth that it was natural for the two sisters to desire to gaze upon his features and hear his voice. So, from the quaint old Chapter Coffee House in Paternoster Row, they wended their way to St. Stephen's, Walbrook, wholly indifferent to the attractions of the huge cathedral of St. Paul's, under the very shadow of which they had fixed their temporary home.

But a disappointment was in store for the Brontë sisters; Dr. Croly was absent from his pulpit that day. It is probable, however, that the two novelists were somewhat compensated for their disappointment by the beauty of the building in which they found themselves; and if they had felt any regret that they had not visited St. Paul's instead, they might, had they known it, have taken comfort from the fact that they were worshipping in a temple which was Sir Christopher Wren's first study for his famous masterpiece.

Walbrook, a narrow thoroughfare leading from the Mansion House to Canon Street, perpetuates the fact that this street was, in the early days of London, the channel of a small stream of that name, which entered the city through the wall between Bishopgate and Moorgate, flowed down this lane, and emptied itself into the Thames at Dowgate. So long

ago as 1135 a church was built in this street to the honour of St. Stephen, but that structure was situated on the west side of Walbrook. Three hundred years later a mayor of London purchased the site on which the present building stands, and by 1439 a new church was erected to take the place of that which had been demolished on the opposite side of the street. Restored during the reign of the first Charles at a cost of over £500, this fifteenth century structure was one of the eighty-five churches destroyed by the fire of London—a conflagration which spared only a dozen out of the ninety-seven Christian temples situated within the city walls.

On the charred ruins of the Great Fire of 1666 Sir Christopher Wren laid the foundations of the solid structure of his fame. Never in the history of the world has an architect had such an oppor-



tunity of making posterity his debtor; and it is not Wren's fault that the London of to-day requires such constant demolition and reconstruction to make it better fitted to discharge the functions of the most important city of the modern world. His plans for the entire rebuilding of the devastated city embraced wide streets, magnificent quays along the banks of the river, and numerous other well considered improvements. Few of his recommendations, however, were adopted and consequently the nineteenth century has to grapple with work which might have been done more effectually in the seventeenth.

Prevented from being the architect of London city, Wren fell heir to the almost equal distinction of being the architect of London churches. In addition to St. Paul's Cathedral, about fifty churches in the city area owe their form to his fertile brain. In estimating this enormous bulk of work at its proper value several easily forgotten circumstances need to be taken into account. The builder in

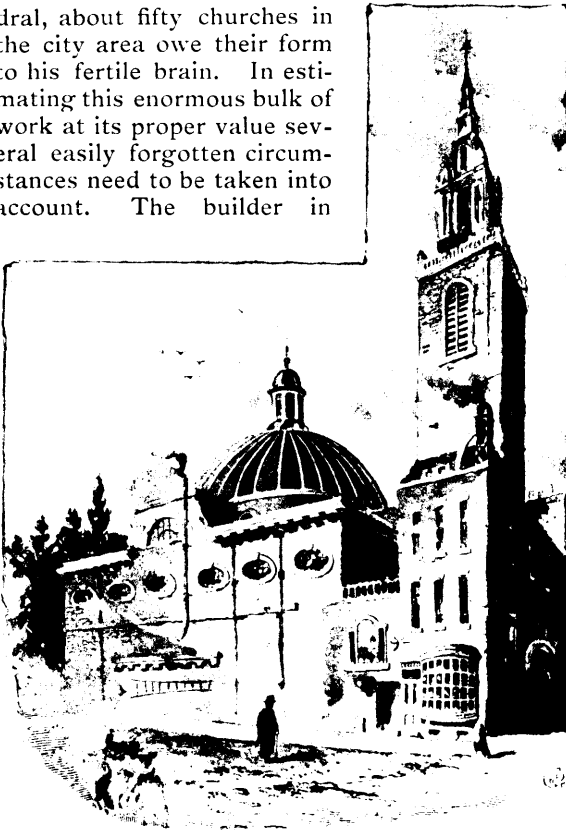
those times was, to a far greater extent than now, the interpreter of the architect; and the vast amount of work which the Great Fire caused speedily drained the market of the most capable builders. A year after the fire, an Act of Parliament was actually passed for the purpose of inviting artificers to London to rebuild the city. Again, in view of the many churches requiring to be rebuilt at the same time, the monetary question must have assumed an unusual importance. For two or three churches there might have been ample funds forthcoming; half a hundred must have been a distressing tax upon even the most generous benevolence. This is a fact, then, which has to be considered in judging the structures which Wren raised, for it cannot but

have handicapped him very seriously in many ways.

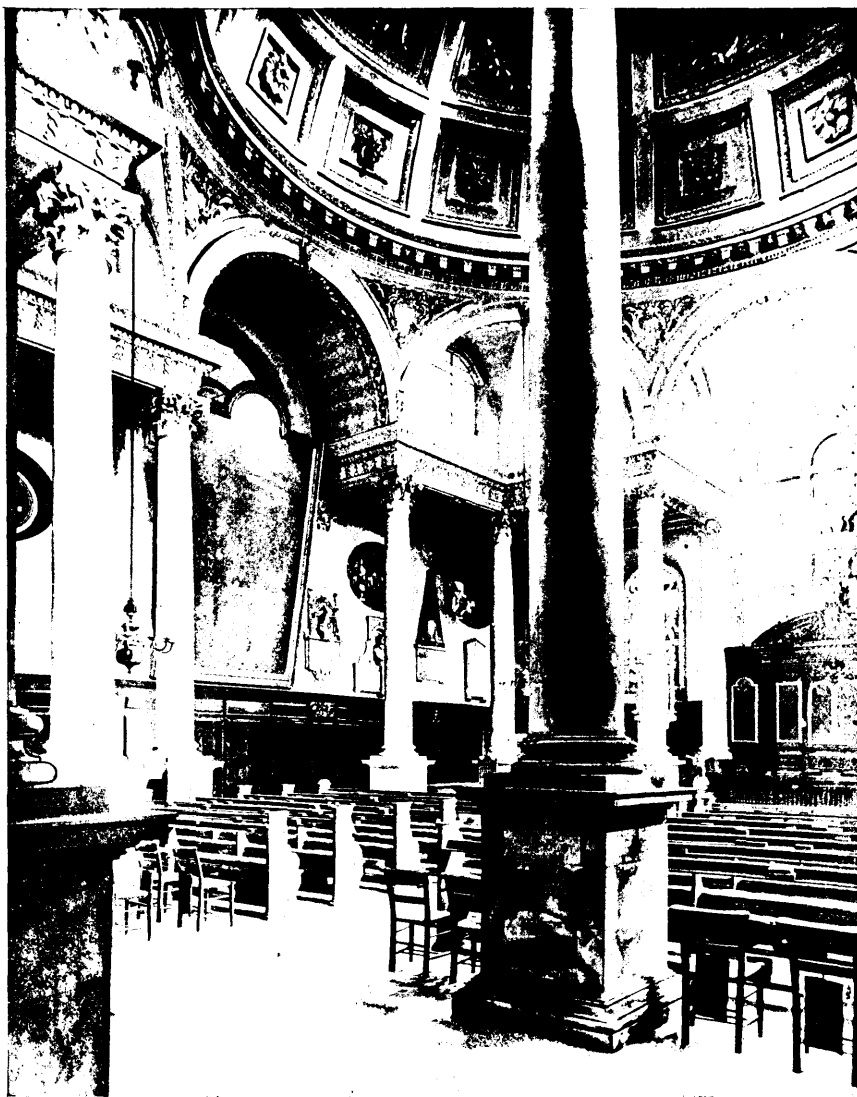
More than that, let it ever be remembered to the glory of the great architect that the laborious work he discharged in rebuilding the churches of London was carried out for the paltry remuneration of £100 a year.

Some of the church authorities, however, had the grace to recognize that their debt to the architect was not discharged by their proportionate share of that meagre salary; and it is pleasant to find the following entry in the vestry book of St. Stephen's, Walbrook: "Ordered that a present of twenty guineas be made to the lady of Sir Christopher Wren, as a testimony of the regard the parish has for the great care and skill that Sir Christopher Wren showed in the rebuilding of our church."

It was in October, 1672, six years after the Great Fire, that the foundation stone of the present church was laid; and when it had been



ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.



ST. STEPHEN'S—THE INTERIOR.

brought to completion, in 1679, the total sum of £7,652 had been expended. The bulk of that sum was raised by public subscription; but the Grocers' Company defrayed the cost of the substantial wainscoting, which was removed in 1888. Even in the seventeenth century, St. Stephen's, Walbrook, was evidently regarded as one of the most important churches in the city, for the foundation stone was laid in the

presence of the Lord Mayor, several members of the Grocers' Company, the Surveyor-General and other persons of distinction.

Before remarking on the peculiar features of the church, justice demands that brief mention be made of its builder. Thomas Strong was the son of a Hertfordshire mason named Valentine Strong, whose memory is enshrined in this curious epitaph:

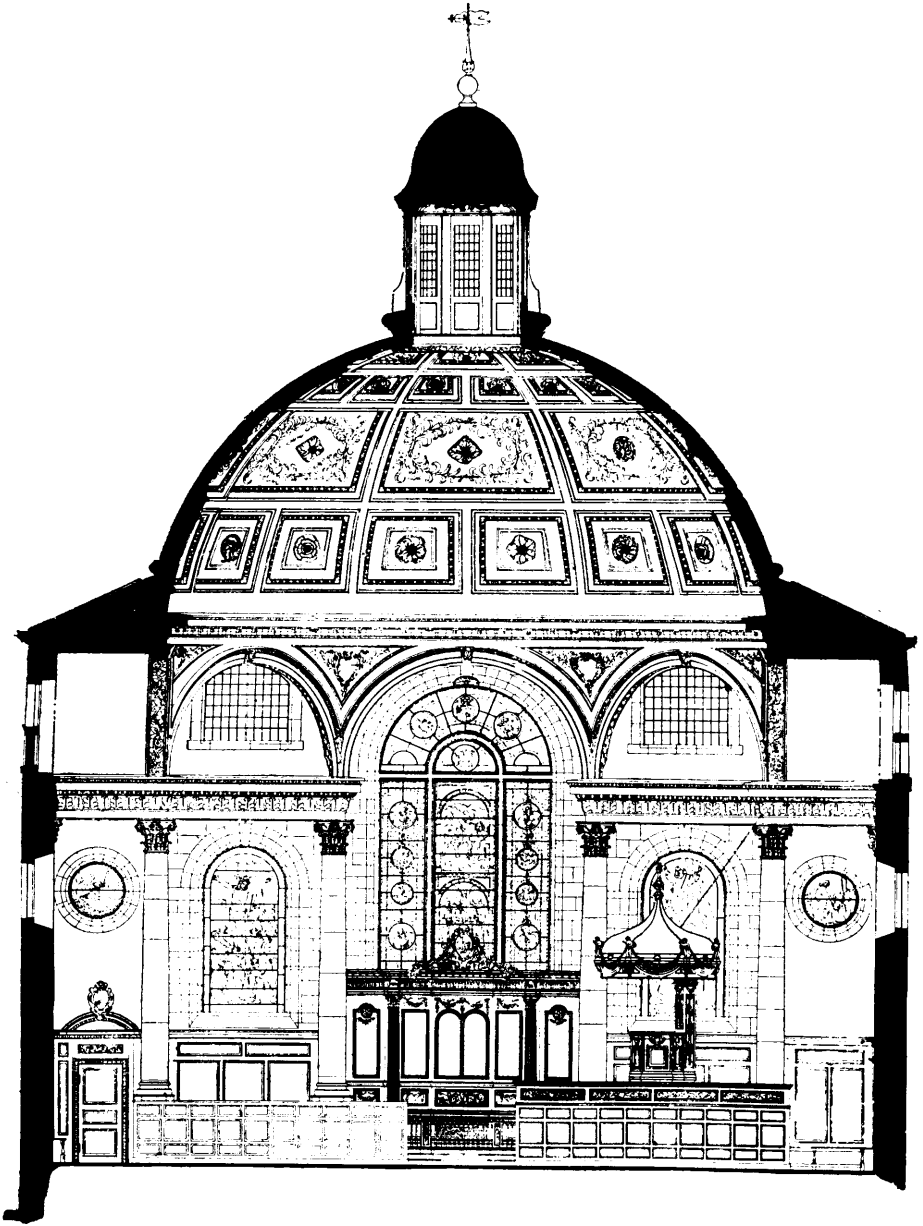


ST. STEPHEN'S—THE ORGAN.

“Here’s one that was an able workman long,
Who divers houses built, both fair and strong ;
Though Strong he was, a stronger came than
he,
And robb’d him of his life and fame, we see :
Moving an old house a new one for to rear,
Death met him by the way, and laid him here.”

Thomas Strong was one of the builders who were attracted to London by the Act of Parliament mentioned above. He took a great many workmen with him, and that he had no reason for regretting the step may be inferred from the fact that he laid the first stone in the foundation of St.

Paul’s Cathedral in his capacity as a contractor for the rebuilding of that structure. As St. Stephen’s was begun three years before St. Paul’s, it may well be that the mason as well as the architect derived not a little advantage from working out in the smaller building some of the ideas which are repeated in the larger structure. Not, however, that there is anything experimental about the work which Thomas Strong put into St. Stephen’s Church ; on the contrary, that building has all the appearance of having been the final



ST. STEPHEN'S—TRANSVERSE SECTION.

effort of a ripe experience, and is no discredit to the son of that Hertfordshire mason who built his houses "fair and strong."

All competent critics agree in praising the architectural beauties of St. Stephen's Church. Canova was greatly impressed by the building, and

is credited with the declaration that he would gladly pay another visit to England to see again St. Paul's, Somerset House, and St. Stephen's. "It is not only said," affirms one authority, "to be Sir Christopher's masterpiece, but that Italy cannot produce a modern edifice equal to

this in taste, proportion and beauty."

One reservation, however, has to be made; the beauties of St. Stephen's must be sought within rather than without. In truth, the exterior gives no clew to the riches within. Of all Wren's numerous London churches, this is decidedly the least attractive when viewed from without. Handicapped by the exigencies of a very narrow thoroughfare, the great architect wisely resolved to lavish all his skill upon the interior of the building; and the present surroundings of the church justify his resolve. It is closely crowded in on all sides by business pre-

mises, and there is absolutely no standpoint from which one could admire its exterior beauties, if it had any.

As to the charm of the interior of St. Stephen's, let Mr. J. Elmes, the biographer of the

architect, speak: "The beauty of the interior of this church arises from its lightness and elegance. On entering from the street, by about a dozen or

more of steps, through a vestibule of dubious obscurity, on opening the handsome folding wainscot doors, a halo of dazzling light flashes at once

upon the eye, and a lovely band of Corinthian columns, of beautiful proportions appear in magic mazes before you. The expansive cupola and supporting arches expand their airy shapes like gossamer;

and the sweetly proportioned embellished architrave cornice, of original lightness and application, completes the charm. On a second look, the columns slide into complete order, like a band of young and elegant dancers at the close of a quadrille. Then the pedestals concealed by the elaborate pewings, which are sculptured into the form of a solid stylobate, opening up the nave under the cupola to

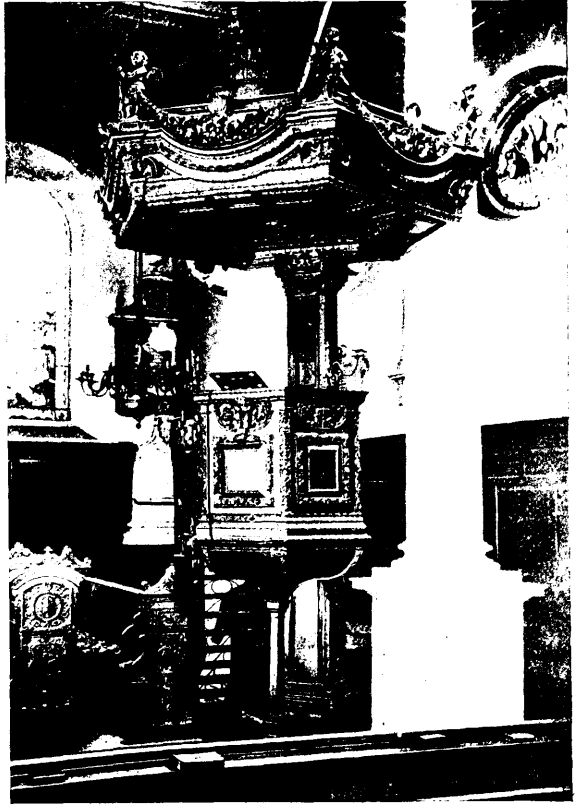
the great recess which contains the altar, and West's fine historical picture of the stoning of St. Stephen, lift up the entire column to the level of the eye,



their brown and brawny solids supporting the delicate white forms of the entire order.... He who doubts the excellencies of Wren as an architect of the first order should deeply study this jewel of the art—find fault if he can; but first qualify himself by trying to surpass it."

Something of the old charm of the church disappeared with the removal, in 1888, of much of the wainscoting and all the ancient pews; but it may be questioned whether Sir Christopher contemplated fixed seats of any kind in the building. Certainly most of the old prints of the interior show it devoid of any seating accommodation; and if those prints distort the perspective of the building somewhat, they at the same time do fuller justice to the conception of the architect than any view obstructed by pews. As will be seen by the picture which shows the view of the church obtained from the pulpit, the old heavy pews have been replaced by seats of a more open character, and these impede far less than their predecessors the harmonious beauty of Wren's design. No matter, then, from what standpoint the interior is studied, one cannot fail to be struck by that "lightness and elegance" upon which Elmes laid so much stress.

St. Stephen's is particularly rich in exquisite carving, the bulk of which is the work of "that incomparable young man Gibbon," whom John Evelyn unearthed at Deptford in such a tragic manner. Grinling Gibbon did not gain much from Evelyn's introduction of him to Charles II, but he profited largely from being brought to Wren's notice by the famous diarist. Hence the plethora of his work in Wren's churches—work which is seen at its best in St. Stephen's. The pulpit, the



ST. STEPHEN'S—THE PULPIT.

font cover and the organ case were all wrought by Gibbon's deft hand, and these carvings have all the merits and fewest of the defects of his best productions. Apart from these carvings, St. Stephen's has few added beauties to boast of. The mural monuments are not particularly striking, and the stained glass window to Dr. Croly is not an overwhelming success. But on the whole, no one will regret the absence of extraneous attractions in St. Stephen's, Walbrook; it is glory enough for any building to be sealed as the master effort of Sir Christopher Wren.

ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

From "Inigo Jones and Wren," by W. J. Loftie.

"St. Stephen's had the good or ill fortune to belong to the Grocers' Com-

pany. The consequence is both that the authorities were able to incur a little extra expense in the original design, and also that ever since, with every changing caprice of architectural taste, they have done their best to obliterate Wren's handiwork. The church is very well known, and visitors are fortunate who saw it before the last alteration.

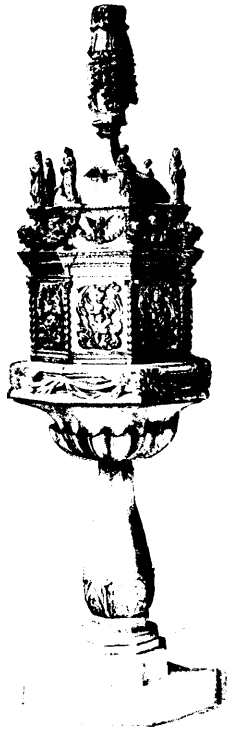
The part of the curious passage from Elmes [already quoted] relating to the pews should be specially noted. The arrangement of the dark oak wainscoting produced a most interesting scenic effect. When you entered from below, the church seemed to rise above you. All its architectural features began to show, so to speak, above the level of the tall sombre pews. The size, and especially the height of the church, were so enhanced that it was impossible to believe that it was only 87 feet 10 inches by 64 feet 10 inches, with 63 feet to the top of the highest part of the dome. Fergusson, who was no enthusiastic admirer of Wren, says that here he produced the most pleasing interior of any Renaissance church, which has yet been erected. Farther on he repeats: 'There is a cheerfulness, an elegance and appropriateness about the interior which pleases every one.' The leading idea of the architect was to place 'a circular dome on an octagonal base, supported by eight pillars,' and Mr. Fergusson considered this was an early and long a favourite mode of roofing in the East, and the consequent variety obtained by making the diverging aisles respectively in the ratio of 7 to 10, infinitely more pleasing than the Gothic

plan of doubling them, unless the height was doubled at the same time.' What Fergusson meant by 'the East,' I do not know. There was nothing to compare to St. Stephen's in India, Syria or Egypt before the time of Wren, whose design, in any case, must be accounted wholly original.

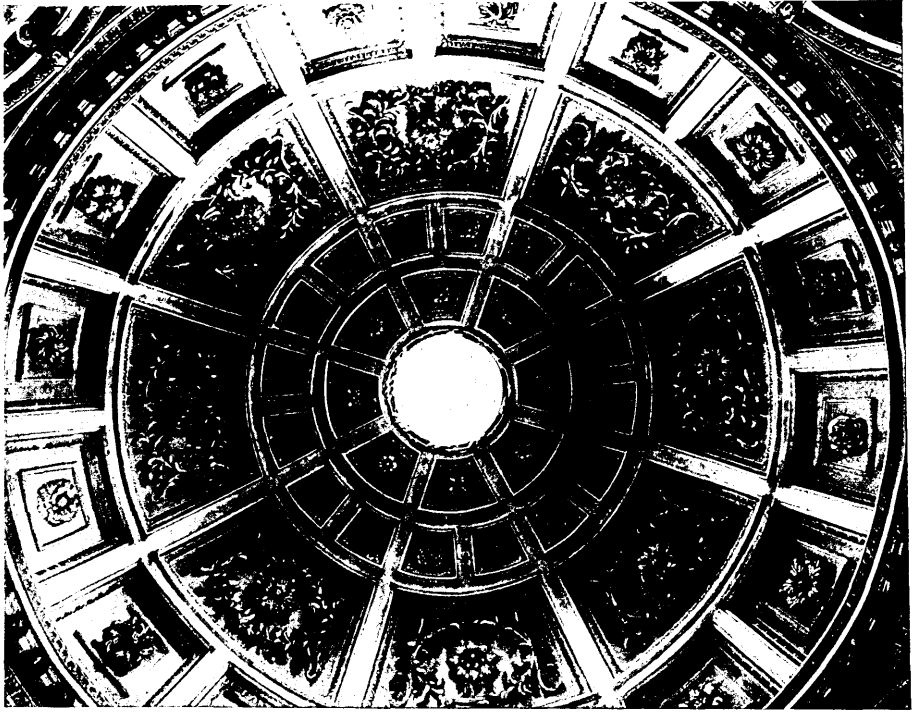
"This church has always laboured under the same disadvantage as St. Paul's. The authorities concerned with it have always had too much money. I have not heard that St. Stephen's has been scheduled for destruction by the committee; but after the 'restoration,' we may regard its ruin with comparative equanimity. The great scenic charm of the interior has been carefully and elaborately removed. It no longer bursts upon the view as we ascend from what Elmes calls 'the vestibule of dubious obscurity.' The interior has been gutted. The paneling which had such a magic effect has been removed. The floor has been laid down with coarse mosaic. The pedestals of the pillars are exposed, with a disastrous result; and in the centre a few yellow oak seats, fresh from Tottenham Court Road, have been placed, as if to accentuate the smallness

of the congregation. We all admire courage, and perhaps some readers would like to know the name of the gentleman who ventured so boldly to improve upon Wren's masterpiece. It is Peebles, and he is understood to be a very accomplished architect.

"Mr. Wheatley says that Wren was averse to the use of these panellings, and that they were forced upon him by the Grocers' Company, and Miss Phillimore speaks of 'the disfiguring



THE BAPTISMAL FONT.



ST. STEPHEN'S—THE DOME.

pews' which she desired to see removed. Neither of these writers apparently understood that even if they were forced upon Wren, which I must take leave to doubt, he used them in such a way as to make them an integral part of the design. Tinkering of all kinds has gone on for many years, and the 'restoration' of Mr. Peebles was only the final step in a long series of such ruinous operations. Among the first was a frightful vandalism, the insertion of mock mediæval stained glass in the windows. But the treatment of this little gem of architecture is not a subject pleasant enough to be dwelt on here. It has always been very difficult to obtain access to the interior on a week day; and the visitor need not now go to the trouble which in Canova's time and later was necessary before the key could be found.

"It has often been remarked by

architectural writers that St. Stephen's would form an admirable model for a modern church. Several attempts in this direction have resulted in failure. The reason is easily found. If an imitator either enlarged or diminished St. Stephen's, the proportions would be lost. A St. Stephen's double the size would have a wholly different effect. It is so small that the imitators have generally tried to build something larger; but there would be great difficulty in making the needful calculation. It cannot be done by rule of thumb. It may be worth while here to mention that some admirable drawings of St. Stephen's, by Mr. Edmund H. Sedding, were engraved in the *Builder* on 3rd January, 1885, having gained the Royal Academy medal in 1884. The drawings were made before the church was 'restored.'" [One of these drawings is reproduced with the present article.]

A ROMANCE THAT FAILED.

By William R. Stewart.

THERE was really no reason in the world why Frederick Goodwin should have answered "No" when asked if he was a married man. For he certainly was married, and had always been quite willing that people should know it. Indeed, he was rather proud of his wife, who was stylish and good-looking and very good company too.

And yet he did say "No," and although it was not a prompt, emphatic "No," but came from him in a halting, hesitating tone, and in two syllables, thus: "N-no," necessitating an "Oh, no" immediately afterwards to make it effective, still the fact remained that it was said, and said more or less deliberately.

Of course, it is not strictly accurate to say there was no reason for this denial; and yet, the next minute he was rather sorry for it, in a way, and was sorry the next day as well, and would have unsaid it a hundred times before the voyage was over had he had the courage to do so, which he hadn't.

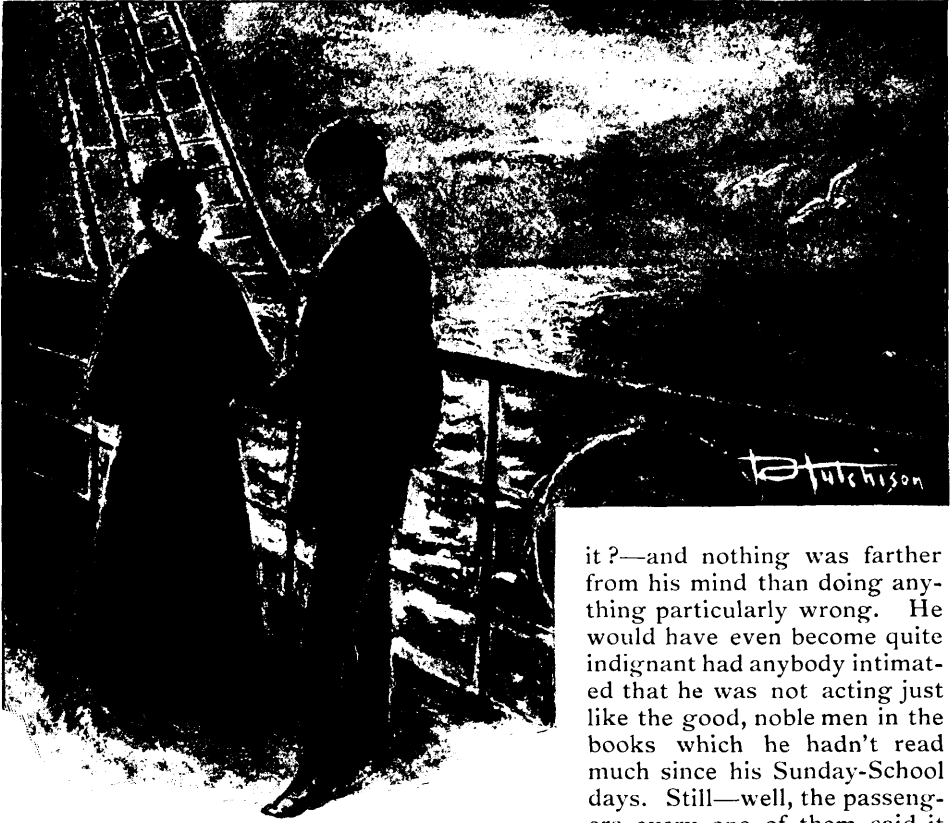
The fact was, he was not paying much attention at the time, and had spoken before he really considered what he was saying. And then when Mrs. Portman and the Misses Portman looked at him so curiously as he lisped out the "N-no," he instinctively felt that the denial was doubted, and followed it up with quite an emphatic "Oh, no". And thus once said and asseverated there was nothing for it but to stick to it.

But do not imagine that Frederick Goodwin was by nature prone to habitual wanderings from the paths of truth. The present occasion had its mitigating circumstances; or rather, they were tantalizing circumstances, such as any man might fall a victim to, and Fred was never very strong at resisting temptations, anyway.

To begin with, it happened at sea; which of itself was a point to be considered, for the customs of the promenade deck are not so rigid as the etiquette of the drawing-room. And the Misses Portman were very pretty young ladies—almost the only pretty ones on board, in fact—and what interest could they be supposed likely to take in Fred if he were a married man? He liked young ladies' society, too, Fred did, if he was married—he was only twenty-nine at that—and six or seven days at sea passed only in the company of other men and married women was not half so pleasing a prospect as a little harmless flirtation with the Misses Portman.

The passenger list was not a very large one that voyage. It was the winter season, when folks travel south rather than west, and the weather for some time back had been cold and stormy. It was thus it happened, as already related, that the Misses Portman—Fannie and Jennie were their other names—were almost the only really pretty young ladies on board. And it was under such circumstances too, that, as also already related, when Mrs. Portman, on the second day out from Southampton for New York, asked: "Are you a married man, Mr. Goodwin?" Mr. Goodwin said "N-no. Oh, no."

It was astonishing how quickly Fred and Fannie—to call them by more formal names were quite impossible, even though Fred was married, which Fannie didn't know—it was astonishing, be it said, how quickly they seemed to take to each other, and how fond they grew of each other. Mrs. Portman noticed it, the other Miss Portman noticed it, the passengers noticed it. It began before breakfast, when they were the earliest of the passengers on deck for a morn-



ing constitutional; it continued all forenoon, when they sauntered about the ship, and read and talked to each other; in the afternoon, when they did the same, and ended only when they retired at night, which was never very early and sometimes quite late.

It is wonderful what pranks Cupid can play with two young hearts at sea, especially in the long quiet evenings, when the great solitude of the vast ocean rolling majestically on every side, and the pathetic loneliness of the moon, as it shines over the heaving billows, give to everything an air and aspect if not utterly unreal at least of complete dissimilarity to the material world to which we are accustomed. The world! What is the world? The ship we're sailing in, and we its only inhabitants; the only life the present one.

And so Fred Goodwin allowed himself to dream on—it was a very pleasant dream, why should he spoil

it?—and nothing was farther from his mind than doing anything particularly wrong. He would have even become quite indignant had anybody intimated that he was not acting just like the good, noble men in the books which he hadn't read much since his Sunday-School days. Still—well, the passengers every one of them said it

was a love-match pure and simple, so there must have been something going on that Mrs. Fred at home would not have approved of, and that Miss Portman at sea would not have permitted had she known that a Mrs. Fred existed.

Now, when Fred Goodwin said "No; Oh, no!" (in the manner and under the circumstances already narrated) he fully intended to make amends, later on, for the little discrepancy between fact and statement into which he had so unpremeditatedly stumbled. A simple and easy way of accomplishing the reparation, he reasoned, would be by making it known to the Portmans, in a seemingly off-hand manner, that he was engaged to be married—that, in fact, the nuptial knot constituting him a Benedict was to be tied soon after his return. "An engaged man is as uninteresting as an actually married one,"

he said to himself, "and that will set matters right again. I don't want to do any deceiving, even if nobody is likely to care two straws whether I'm married or not."

But somehow the opportunity to set matters right had a way of not presenting itself which was quite remarkable. Every morning Fred arose with the laudable resolution that another sun should not set before every compunction of conscience and qualm of honour were satisfied by the confession—or rather, the half confession which he had figured out to be about equal to a whole one—that he would make.

Of course, before breakfast was not a good time to introduce the subject, for people only talked about the prospects for the day's weather then, and how many knots the ship had made during the twenty-four hours, how each had slept during the night, and such like topics of casual import.

Then, after breakfast seemed to be just as bad. The days were so pleasant and sunshiny, and Fannie such good company, and so many other topics of conversation *would* keep cropping up, that Fred was perforce obliged to postpone it till the afternoon.

The afternoon was no better. Indeed it seemed to be distinctly worse, for whereas in the morning he was a number of times on the very verge of dragging this confession of his into the midst of most inopportune topics, in the afternoon he never once felt the impulse to refer to it at all, if, indeed, he did not forget the resolve of the early morning.

The evening was worse still. He did make one desperate effort after the sun had gone down, but it resulted in a miserable failure. It was a particularly beautiful evening. The full moon was shedding its soft white rays over all the expanse of scarcely rippled ocean; a balmy warmth was in the listless air that was not the sultriness of heat-parched brick and stone and pavement; occasional seagulls sailed and darted round and above the ship, while the steady, monotonous churn of

the engines down below, and the scarcely audible hum of distant conversation, all combined to make Fred, who was standing alone on the deck and leaning over the railing, feel sentimental. His thoughts strayed from the sea to the land, to the cosy little home where Mrs. Fred and the children were—for he had children, too, had Fred, a couple of them—and even in the half-light of the ended day, and with none else around, Fred could not help blushing just a bit.

It was while the blush was yet suffusing Fred's rather prepossessing countenance that Fannie, who had been down below for some time, came on deck and joined him at the railing. Fred was still feeling sentimental, for his thoughts were still on land, and he decided that the moment had come.

"Fannie," he said, and being slightly embarrassed by uncertainty as to how best to go about it, he absent-mindedly took her hand in his, "Fannie—"

Now, anybody of common sense knows that a confession of the kind Fred had in mind simply could not be made standing alone on deck with a pretty girl, her hand in his, the moon shining placidly down, the waves rippling gently, the seagulls sailing almost motionless, the engines churning a soothing accompaniment, and all the rest of it just as we have described it as being on the evening in question.

Fannie looked up quite surprised, for there was something in Fred's manner that was a departure from the even tenor of their previous flirtation. Still, Fannie did not withdraw her hand, though, to do her justice, it must be admitted she did not return Fred's spasmodic pressure.

"Fannie," repeated Fred, and again stopped.

"Well?" replied Fannie, after an unduly long pause on Fred's part.

"Do you know, Fannie, and by this time Fred had sufficiently recovered himself to relax the warmth of his clasp on the unresisting but unresponsive fingers, "do you know that

I was just thinking of home. I couldn't help feeling a little homesick—well, no, not homesick," he corrected himself as he thought he noticed an offended movement on Fannie's part, "but just a bit, you know, sort of sentimental. And, you know, when a fellow has a—a—mother, and—sister, and a—good mother and sister too,—and—and—you know—the boys at home—why, a fellow can't help feeling a little lonesome for them at times, can he?"

The next day Fred made no effort to carry out his resolution whatever. The day following he thought about it but did nothing, and, in short, when the big steamer steamed into New York harbour and finally tied up at her berth the setting right had still to be done.

At Albany the paths of Fred Goodwin and the Portmans divided: Fred went to Montreal, the Portmans to Buffalo. Let us exercise our privilege of author, and draw a veil over



DRAWN BY D. C. HUTCHISON.

"FRED GOODWIN FRAMED AND MATURED HIS PLAN."

"No, indeed, one cannot," responded Fannie, and, would you believe it? she actually squeezed Fred's fingers for just one little instant, while a far-away look crept into her pretty eyes which Fred couldn't see in the gloaming.

At any rate, it was all up with Fred's attempted confession. He couldn't have told it to save a kingdom, and—it was even a later hour than usual when they separated that evening.

the parting of Fred and Fannie. We do this partly out of consideration for Mrs. Fred at home, who might reasonably have objected to the warm pressure of hands and mutual promises to write soon, and partly out of consideration for those of our readers who have straight views on such matters and would object even more strongly than Mrs. Fred, who knew Fred better than they do, and knew Fred's little weaknesses, and that at bottom



DRAWN BY D. C. HUTCHISON.

"WAS IT AN APPARITION?"

he wasn't such a bad sort after all.

There was a short wait at Albany before Fred's train continued on its journey to Montreal, and he went out and walked about, and thought the situation over, and wondered what was to be done. There was Fannie going to write to him, and he had promised to write to her, and—and—well, he certainly had said things during those past eight days that she might have misinterpreted, and he supposed there was no doubt she was really in love with him and believed that he entertained similar tender sentiments with respect to herself. There was certainly trouble in the prospect, and just how to get out of it, with honour to himself and consideration for Miss Portman, was the problem which occupied his thoughts pretty much to the exclusion of everything else.

Indeed, with such intentness was Mr. Fred Goodwin engaged in its consideration, and so little did the merely material affair of where he was walking engross his attention, that he walked out of the railway shed and fell down an embankment of some twenty feet or so into a lot of coal dust and tin cans and other equally unpleasant debris to tumble amongst. But he felt more comfortable after that, for it gave him something to swear at, which is always a relief in such circumstances.

When Fred Goodwin reached Montreal his wife was at the station to meet him, with the children, and for the time Miss Fannie Portman was forgotten. But she came back to perplex him the next day, and occupied his thoughts fully as much as the business duties of the office.

There seemed but one way out of the difficulty—suicide. But Fred was not yet tired of living, nor altogether prepared to die, and he resolved to cease to exist only with respect to Miss Fannie Portman, of Buffalo, N.Y., and, of course, such friends of the latter to whom she might convey the sad intelligence.

So Fred Goodwin framed and ma-

tured his plan. When it was fully developed he looked upon it and pronounced it good and proceeded to carry it into execution. He needed an accomplice, and the accomplice was procured. The latter was a printer, and between them the following death notice resolved itself into type, to be in due time mailed to Miss Portman :

DIED—In this city, on the 13th inst., Frederick George Goodwin, accountant, aged 29 years. Funeral from his late residence, Union ave., on Wednesday, the 15th inst., at 3 p.m., to Mount Royal Cemetery.

Now Frederick George Goodwin, as already related, had no intention whatever of departing this life so far as the world outside of the immediate circle of the Portmans, of Buffalo, was concerned, and he consequently did not have the above notice inserted in a newspaper. This was where the services of the printer accomplice came in, for the latter set the notice up in type, and ruled it off in the regular way, and set up other type round about it, and ran the reverse over some standing matter in one of the forms, and, behold ! the result was for all the world like an ordinary newspaper clipping, torn out rather carelessly, with the notice of the death of Frederick George Goodwin marked with X's in pen and ink at the top corners, and fragments of other printed matter at the sides and top and bottom and on the other side as well.

This brief and mournful announcement was sent to Miss Fannie Portman, 801 Swan Street, Buffalo, accompanied by a much longer, but quite equally mournful pen-and-ink corroboration by the accomplice, in which it was stated that the departed had died very suddenly ; that he had contracted a severe cold on the train from New York, which had developed into congestion of the lungs, and ended fatally within two days. As the end approached, added the letter (and even the cold ink seemed to grow soft and tearful-looking in sympathy)—at the end approached and the deceased realized that his moments were numbered, he had sent for the friend whose sad duty

it was now to pen these lines. To him he had confided the deep attachment he had formed for Miss Portman, and had charged him to faithfully convey to her his dying blessing and to tell her that his last thoughts, as his last words, were of his dearest Fannie.

"That ought to fix it," said Fred, as he and the accomplice completed the note and despatched it upon its way. "The poor girl will feel pretty bad for a time, I suppose, but it was the best thing to do under the circumstances. Anyway, she knew me for only a week, and will get over it after a while."

"Oh, she'll get over it, don't worry," comfortingly assured the accomplice, whose faith in the constancy of woman was not great.

But the next day it occurred to Fred that it was not all right yet, and that there remained something else to be attended to. What if Fannie, inconsolable, should want to come to Montreal to strew a flower or two on his grave and mingle her tears with those of his bereaved mother, and so should write to that mother (Fred had told her he had a mother living), or should write to some other of his relatives, whose addresses she might easily obtain through the medium of the directory! Here were portentous possibilities, which demanded attention. He had already committed suicide; he must commit murder as well.

So Fred sat down and deliberately killed off his poor old mother—and she had been a good mother to him—and assassinated his uncle, and quietly removed his aunts and cousins, and left himself without a solitary relation in the wide world. Then he called in the accomplice again, and the latter copied it out into another letter to Fannie and told her, delicately, and in a manner full of sympathetic sadness, how it had occurred to him that Miss Portman might possibly desire to communicate with some of the late Mr. Goodwin's relatives. Unfortunately, Mr. Goodwin had no relatives living, at least none that the writer knew of.

His father had died several years before, and his mother had succumbed, quite unexpectedly, to heart disease only a few days ago—while, in fact, Mr. Goodwin was crossing the ocean. (The letter hinted that it might have been partly due to the shock of his mother's death that Mr. Goodwin's own ailment had ended fatally as it had.) An uncle of the deceased who had lived in Montreal, had recently died, and any other living relatives that he might have had were not now in Montreal, and were not known to the writer.

"There," said Fred, relieved, "that'll settle it anyway. It's not pleasant to have to kill so many people, but what else was there to be done?" And with this utilitarian consolation he slept better that night.

With all the threatening features of his little romance on the Atlantic thus happily disposed of, Fred proceeded to forget the incident, recalling it only in his lighter moments, and at such times only to smile quietly to himself over it and think what a tremendous fellow he could be among the women if he only tried. But of course he had no intention of trying; he was too loyal to Mrs. Fred for that. He did hope, though, that Fannie had not cut up too much over his death, and taken it to heart; for he was a sensitive and kindly man, was Fred, and could not endure the thought of another suffering on account of him.

It was perhaps a matter of two weeks after his return to Montreal that Fred stood one evening in the waiting-room of the Bonaventure depot in that city. He had escorted thither Mrs. Fred, who went to see a friend off on the Toronto train, and having stopped to say a word or two to a male acquaintance, had become momentarily separated from his better half and her companion.

He had finished his conversation and was turning around to rejoin them when—was it an apparition?—there was Fannie Portman walking directly towards him. She was accompanied by a tall, dark gentleman, and they

had evidently just alighted from the western express.

In another moment she had seen him, and though she blushed slightly, and showed a momentary embarrassment, she came forward smiling with out-stretched hand.

"Why, Mr. Goodwin, how are you? I scarcely expected the pleasure of meeting an acquaintance so soon in a strange city." Whatever embarrassment she might have felt, none showed itself in her voice and smile.

Fred shook the proffered hand automatically, and automatically raised his hat and bowed. Automatically, too, he said "How do you do?" and never felt quite souncomfortable in his life. It certainly was just a trifle embarrassing to be found alive after one's death notice had been sent out.

"You'll come around and see us, won't you, and show us around your city, Mr. Goodwin," she continued. "You know strangers are at a disadvantage in a new place. We shall be staying at the Queen's."

Fred promised he would, but without enthusiasm.

"Oh, I was forgetting. My husband—Mr. Wetmore—Mr. Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin came over with us on the *Germanic*, Jack. You remember Jessie speaking about him."

Mr. Wetmore did not remember, but was very glad, indeed, to make Mr. Goodwin's acquaintance, and hoped he would come and take dinner with them at the hotel the next evening, if he had no other appointment.

Unfortunately Fred had another appointment, but would be pleased to call some other time.

"Married!" mused Fred to himself after they had parted. Then he glanced quickly round for Mrs. Fred. Why hadn't he thought of it before, and got even by introducing his wife? It was too late now, however.

As Fred walked home that evening with the sharer of his joys and sorrows—such of them at least as he confided to her, the latter remarked upon his unaccustomed preoccupation. He was strangely plunged in silent cogitations,

spoke little, and every now and then a perplexed half-smile passed over his countenance and marked the presence of unspoken thoughts of more than usual seriousness.

As Fred sat in his little smoking room that evening, a sanctum into which Mrs. Fred seldom intruded, smoking his pipe with an earnestness which he seldom displayed at that or any other occupation, there rang at his door bell, and a minute or two later was ushered into his presence, his accomplice of the printing house. To Fred, absorbed in thoughts of Mrs. Wetmore—Miss Fannie Portman that was—there seemed a strange coincidence in this visit so soon after the meeting at the depot.

"Here's something that will interest you, Fred," announced the accomplice, smiling. "The fair Fannie of your ocean voyage is still waiting for the letter you promised her. She'll probably be writing herself soon to see what's the matter."

"I think not," said Fred quietly.

"Well, here is all our correspondence back again, anyway," continued the accomplice, "death notice, letter of condolence and all. 'Returned for better address. Not at 801 Swan Street' is stamped across the envelope, which seems to have been sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington and opened. Sure Miss Portman told you 801 Swan street?"

Fred looked up his notebook and found upon examination that the address was 301, not 801. And as the Portmans did not live in Buffalo, but were simply visiting friends there, and accordingly were not known, the explanation of the returned letters was easy.

Then Fred laughed. And when the accomplice had been told the story of the Bonaventure depot *he* laughed. After which both—particularly Fred—had many things to say of woman's fickleness and infidelity, of how a poor chap could never know when he was not being taken in and made game of, and of how Miss Fannie Portman must have been engaged to that other chap

all along, and was only amusing herself with Fred as a convenient means of pastime. Though on this latter point Fred was not so enthusiastic as the accomplice, for he had been taking some quiet pride in thinking, as has been mentioned, what a tremendous fellow among the women he might be if he tried.

The next day Fred left his card at the Queen's for Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore,

who, as it happened, were out when he called (which he had taken good care to see would happen). And some days afterwards, in a burst of confidence, he could not help telling the whole story to Mrs. Fred (with such few variations and embellishments as he considered essential to her full enjoyment of the narrative), and Mrs. Fred thought it was a capital joke indeed.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

FROM ITS OWN POINT OF VIEW.

By Rev. Professor E. W. Huntingford, Trinity College.

WHEN an election is taking place the men who have the votes to give are usually spoken of as the "free and independent" electors. The words may be used with a certain amount of mental reservation, there may be a good deal of mockery lurking in them; but, whether they are called so in express terms or not, electors do like to think themselves free and independent. Of course they are not. Everyone knows that they are not, and they know it themselves; but it sounds well. There is no such thing as absolute liberty upon this earth any more than there is equality; and fraternity does not improve its chances. Anyone who yearns to be entirely free had better set up for himself upon a desert island where he can be like Robinson Crusoe or Alexander Selkirk, "monarch of all he surveys,"—a style of living which approaches remarkably near to the luxury of penal servitude, to such an extent do extremes meet. The conventionalities of the world, the usages of society, the opinions and wishes of the rest of mankind curtail everyone's freedom to some extent; and in politics men depend to a very large extent upon party platforms which are built for them by others. They think they make their own opinions for them-

selves, but very few do, any more than they make their own clothes; they put them on ready made, and they don't always fit.

Would it do to have no party platforms? Would things get on any better if there was no such thing as party organization or canvassing? Supposing it were possible for an election to be suddenly sprung upon an unprepared community; supposing a certain number of candidates were presented to the people, whose personal characters were better known to them than their politics, and each free and independent voted according to the promptings of his own inner consciousness, would the electors know which way their representative would go on any particular question? and would the representative know which way his constituents expected him to go? And in a House composed of members thus elected, what difficulties there would be in forming well defined parties! They would divide one way upon one question and another upon another, and the Government would be hard put to it to know whether they had the confidence of the House or not, and whether the House had the confidence of the country or not.

In some primitive states of society

rival candidates have settled their claims by a free fight. This occasionally happened in ancient Rome, the State which laid the foundation of modern social systems, and it has not been absolutely unknown in Ireland. There have been times when the results of elections depended upon sentiment, when the issue turned upon personal feeling, the liking for this or that man's ways and private character.

But such things are getting rather out of date ; in these days the real interest is money. When all is said and done, the practical issue in the mind of each voter is "which party will bring most grist to my mill if it is in power?" If he thinks that one platform has a tendency to put more dollars and cents in his pocket, then he votes for that party ; if the other party can persuade him that they can make him richer, then he gives his vote to them. And what is to settle his decision? The most practical considerations, of course. When a man comes to you and says, "I have here an invention which enables me to control the riches of the world," and offers you a share in his discovery and the benefits which ensue from it, you will perhaps begin to thank him, with that warmth of emotion which characterizes you, for his extreme kindness and liberality to an entire stranger. But when he suggests that all that is needed is a little financial support from yourself to put the scheme into working order, the hard and suspicious side of your human nature comes into play and you begin to think. You notice that his pants bag at the knees, that his coat is just a trifle shiny in parts, and that his linen is not quite so clean as what a Cræsus might be expected to wear. Unworthy suspicion! Perhaps such a man has a soul above mere smartness of apparel! But the suspicion sticks; you put yourself in his place; you imagine what you would do yourself if you had come into possession of the secret key to unlimited wealth. You know very well that you would keep it to yourself; you wouldn't give it away to the first man you met

on the street, at all events; you would work it for yourself first, and so prove to the world that there was something in it. What is the use of promises? You want proofs, proofs that you can understand and see.

A political party makes its appeal to the voter much in this way. They come and say to him, "Put us into power and we will enable you to make money." He thinks, "Stop a moment, have you made any yourselves? Because, if you haven't, I don't feel like trusting myself to you for the business."

But if the politician says to him, "Look here, we know how to get the dollars; put us into power and we will enable you to get them too. Is it proofs you want? Here's a ten dollar bill for you."

"I believe you," says he; "I'll vote for you."

Presently another comes along and says, "What that fellow was telling you is all nonsense. My party knows a good deal more about enriching the country than his does, and we have done better for ourselves, too. What do you think of this?" and he gives him a twenty dollar bill.

"Well," says the voter, "that seems to alter the case, I'll vote for you!"

It is quite possible that some people would condemn a transaction of this sort, and that they would even use hard and unsparing words of it. In England boroughs have even been disfranchised for such trifles. That only shows how absolutely some people can miss the bearings of things. They talk about dishonesty, about corruption; as if it was dishonesty to do a man a good turn when he does you one! as if it was dishonesty to put into power the party who you are convinced can do best for you! as if it was corruption to listen to a solid argument, the only kind of argument which is of any real value—except, of course, bullets; but they have the disadvantage that a man thoroughly convinced by them loses his vote *ipso facto*, as a rule.

We have been looking at this matter from the elector's point of view;

let us look at it also from the point of view of the candidate for election, especially when he is elected.

He expends money. Now, no wise man expects to *get* something for nothing, nor does any one but a fool think of *paying* something for nothing. What return, then, does our friend reckon upon for his expenditure? Is it the honour of being declared member for Jonesville? Is it the delight and satisfaction of hearing his own voice in Parliament? Is it the power which he feels is in his hands as he records his vote upon questions of momentous interest to his country? There are those whose vanity on the one hand or whose old-fashioned notions on the other are satisfied with such things. But we assume that our friend is a practical man, just as much as the elector, and up-to-date. "Honour, power," says he, "what are they worth?" He sees that they give him not only the position of a public man, with letters after his name, so that he can be sure that he is somebody, and that other people know it, but they provide him besides with various opportunities of taking out of the pockets of the community the money which he has put into it, and perhaps more, if he has luck—who knows?

What these opportunities are, this is not the place to say, and he does not talk about them publicly himself; but they seem to be well known to a good

many people, particularly party journalists, and, curiously enough, those of the opposite party; and they, for their part, invariably speak of them with pious horror, which is still more curious.

Why should a fuss be made about what is, after all, a mere matter of business? What need is there to drag in such words as "honesty" and "dishonesty?" Why make a pretence of surprise with horror-struck liftings of hands and abuse "the politician?" Money is paid and money is made, and politics is a game in which large sums change hands. Well, the money circulates at all events, and the circulation of money means prosperity; and if a man is clever enough to spend his money, or anyone else's money for that matter, so as to be in a position to gather in the spoils of victory, he deserves the reward of his cleverness. He is the ox treading out the political corn, and it is but common fairness that he should not be muzzled.

This theory seems to be based upon sound reasons, and to be in conformity with many of the facts of the practical politics of the day as they are stated by the journals, who are our instructors in Political Science. There is, however, a wild possibility that it may be considered wrong. If so, there is perhaps "something rotten in the State of Denmark." What needs altering. And who shall do it?

STAR TELESM.

I HAVE no heart to-night to sing,
 And sitting here I think of you;
 No dusky bird is on the wing,
 One star burns brightly in the blue.

I think of you, nor hath the night
 A trace of sadness for me now;
 She charms me with her shadow-light,
 The carmine star upon her brow.

Your star—above the fading hills
 I watch for it when twilight falls;
 When life with quiet dreaming fills,
 And thro' the dusk the robin calls.

Helen Merrill.

By FREDERIC VILLIERS, WAR ARTIST & CORRESPONDENT.

IX.—“DEAD HORSE PICKET.”

IT is a dull and unprofitable time for the war correspondents when, after the British public has been worked up to a high pitch of excitement and expectancy by the opening telegrams of the commencement of wars, the time comes when both belligerents, after a few outpost affairs, mark time for awhile, preparing for some grand *coup*. It is at this period all kinds of rumours are rife, and the war correspondent must use considerable discrimination. Many a time a canard will appear in some rival daily which will bring down the wrath of one's own journal. And anxious telegrams are despatched, inquiring: “Why on earth haven't you sent us this? What are you up to? Keep awake!” &c.

In fact, to the conscientious correspondent the waiting for the campaign to begin is exceedingly trying. Many war correspondents had been vegetating in this way in Alexandria, after the famous bombardment by Sir Beauchamp Seymour, waiting for the military programme to develop.

Transports with British troops were now arriving daily at the Marina, and the long-looked-for advance against the Egyptians was anticipated at any moment. The war correspondents mostly congregated, of an evening, at the Hotel-de-Nil, apparently in amity

and good-fellowship, but each man keenly watched his colleague in case that he might have any exclusive news worthy of a telegram to the London papers.

I had returned late one night to my quarters at the Hotel Abbat, after quite a jovial meeting of the correspondents at the rendezvous. It seemed to me that I had hardly fallen asleep, when I was startled by a loud knocking at my bedroom door.

“What the deuce are you up to?” I shouted, as I sprang from my bed. “You'll break the door in. Here! Stop that row. I'm coming.”

And in another moment I opened the door.

“You must have taken too much whiskey last night. I've been trying to wake you for the last fifteen minutes!” said my friend and colleague, Drew Gaylor, the correspondent of a London daily.

“Well, what is it all about, now you're here!” said I. “At this time in the morning, too, to kick up such an infernal shindy!”

“Put on your boots and come along,” said my friend, as he looked at his watch. “In another hour the first dance of the ball of the campaign, for a surety, will begin.”

I looked at him as I sat on the edge

of the bed, half-dazed with my sudden awakening.

"You're sure it isn't a fool's errand?" I asked, "for you know we've been sold with scares upon scares for the last five days."

"No, it's all right," he answered. I got the tip last night. The first regiment has been on the march for the last two hours already, and this time business is meant, for a certainty."

"Well, Gaylor, it's very good of you to trouble yourself about me. But I haven't got a horse, so don't let me be a burden to you," still doubting the news; "I will come on later."

"I've got a mount for you," said my friend. "It's all right. She is a sorry-looking beast, but she will carry you through the day for what work we want. Saddle, bridle, and all, so don't waste time; get into your boots and come along. We shall be the only men there; and, Villiers, you will have to thank me for a good start in this campaign, for we shall be back with the news before the other fellows have been fully awakened to the fact that there is fighting going on."

It was not long before I was out in the open, and mounted on the grey mare Gaylor had so thoughtfully brought for me. My quarters were near the Ramleh railway station. The Mediterranean washed the shingle just below my window.

We rode along the shore for a few hundred yards, skirting the famous obelisks which had been standing monuments in Cleopatra's time, and which were now lying half-buried in the sand and the scum and wash of the tideless sea.

I little thought at that moment that only a few years later I should be looking at one of those obelisks from the luxurious table of a dining-room on the Thames Embankment, and that shortly after I should be smoking a cigar in the moonlight while trying to decipher on its base the hieroglyphics on the faces of the other in Central Park, New York City.

It was scarcely yet dawn, and we

would not trust ourselves to the possibility of delay at the Rosetta Gate, for the draw-bridge was never down till sunrise, so Gaylor stuck to the railway embankment. This was a very good idea, as the metals ran straight through the enemy's line, and by following them we were bound to get somewhere near the front.

It was rather risky work in more senses than one, for there was a dull, grey mist hanging around us, forcing us to keep well between the rails for fear of a tumble down the sides of the embankment.

After the first excitement, at suddenly finding myself on the eve of a big adventure, I pulled myself together and began to examine the steed that was carrying me. She was an iron-grey weak-kneed looking brute, with her right ear lying flat along her neck. This gave her a very vicious aspect. I had seen horses up country in Australia look similar to my animal, when on the point of buck-jumping, so I said to Gaylor:

"What are the bad points about this horse? She looks a vicious beast, anyway."

"Oh, it's all right, Villiers; she's as quiet as a lamb now."

"Was she ever wicked?"

"Yes, she had a devil of a temper once, but I cured her."

"Well, how do you account for that ugly-looking ear?"

"That's the point," said my friend.

"She showed a bit of temper one morning, for not only would she not let me mount her, but she wanted to eat me at the same time. So I simply tried an old South African dodge, which is always efficacious. I gave the brute a clout over her right ear with a crowbar which laid it flat along her neck, as you see, and it has remained there ever since."

"That was rather an extreme measure, wasn't it?" said I.

"Yes, but it did its work thoroughly. You can trust that animal with your best girl now; she is as sweet a tempered beast as you can come across."

I was young and trustful in those days, and though it seemed a cruel way of horse-training, I never doubted my friend's South African experiences for a moment; especially as the mare picked her way over the sleepers, and never showed a bit of vice or temper all through the day.

On approaching the village of Ramleh the line swerved to the left, and passed through a station that had a suggestion of a Swiss chalet about it. At the back of the station, on a hilly piece of ground which further dipped down towards the sea, were a few rather fine-looking villas; and in a garden, in the centre of a clump of palm trees, was the hotel, "De Beau Sejour." There was not, however, much of *beau Sejour* now about the vicinity, for down by the station on the night before, under the Egyptian moon and the shadow of swaying palms, a bloody little skirmish had taken place. The modern chalet of the station had received an unbidden visit from the picturesque, ancient-garbed Bedouins of the desert. The ticket-office was riddled with bullets, and the signal-post for the down-line was so knocked out of gear that it was no longer in working order. This mattered little, for there was no train service nowadays, with the exception of the iron-clad truck on which a six-pounder had been mounted by the bluejackets. The line was always clear to them; if not, they cleared it with common shell.

There was not a living creature in or round this village of *beau Sejour* when he passed through that morning, save a few stray dogs, which had been sniffing about the bodies of two or three of our Bedouin enemies who had bitten the dust in the night attack on the station, and were now lying prone across the metals about a hundred yards away.

Out towards the desert on our right, the line ran along a high embankment over the plain, looking in its contortions like a veritable sea-serpent stranded on the sand. The head of the monster seemed to rise a little as it was lost in the enemy's camp at Kaffir-

El-Donar, its tail trailing off through the chalet station, where for the moment we had come to a halt.

A ration of canned beef and cold tea was consumed under the shadow of the booking-office. The sun, although even now only half an hour above the horizon, had dispelled the mist hanging over the desert, and had created mirages so wonderful in their realism, that Gaylor and I felt inclined to race down to one of those fairy lakes and take a headlong dip in its cool, opalesque waters.

About a mile from the station we came across some men of the 60th Rifles. These were stripped to their flannels, and hastily throwing up breast-works. From one trench a grim relic had been unearthed—an almost perfect skeleton of a man. Tommy, with his usual humour, had made a scarecrow of it, and had stuck it up on the top of the parapet as a wholesome and significant warning to the enemy's marksmen. Every moment fresh objects were being discovered, as Mr. Atkins sweated and swore at his work, now metal buttons, now belt-clasps, and now shreds of cloth. Examining some of the buttons, I found them to be of English regimental pattern. But a belt-clasp was decidedly French. Why, of course! Here we were preparing to fight on the very ground where, three-quarters of a century ago, the English under Abercrombie, fought the French, under Menon, and both found a common grave. Well, to what better purpose could the death of those brave men be put than that their dust should protect the living from the bullets of the foe? When Tommy Atkins realized that the bones were probably of those that were once brethren-in-arms, there was seen no more scarecrows decorating the parapets of the trenches.

Our scouts were already in touch with the enemy. Down by a fringe of palms, fig trees, and wild cacti, skirting a road running at right angles to the railway through the enemy's lines, little puffs of smoke floated upwards.

Men were busy down there killing

each other. Round and about a few mud huts, the red fezes of the Egyptians could be distinctly seen, on the yellow sand, like the red spots dancing before one's eyes in a bilious affection. They, however, did not trouble the retina for long, for our advancing line of skirmishers pressed them too hard, and they soon broke and ran towards the shelter of their works. An officer riding a white horse tried to rally the stragglers, but his charger was shot under him, and discretion being the better part of valour with him, he hurriedly joined the retreating movement of his men.

The horse he left behind lay dead in the shadow of a thick clump of palms at the angle of the road. That corner became historic during the campaign; it was always under the enemy's fire, and when the Egyptians neared that unsavoury spot, they were always under our fire.

I remember later on in the day moving along the road, not knowing that the enemy's bullets swept so far. I was riding about three hundred yards behind a famous British officer, who was killed in the Khyber during the recent war in India, when he and his aide-de-camp, without any warning, on approaching the angle, plunged down the left bank of the road, carefully avoiding that clump of trees. I thought this was strange behaviour until I neared the spot myself, when a sound, like the buzzing of mosquitoes, aroused me, and the twang of a bullet or two on to the body of the dead horse caused me to follow the example of that famous British officer.

"Dead Horse Picket" became noted for the pungency of its situation, for being between two fires, the Egyptian officer's charger was left unburied.

The atmosphere in the vicinity of the picket made one plug one's nose with tobacco whenever the wind blew off the desert in the direction of the camp.

The miseries of war, even in this uninteresting petty skirmish, were only too apparent. In the shadow of one of the mud huts on the roadside lay a negro woman dying. She had just

been delivered of a child, which lay dead in the sand by her side. Bending over her was an Arab woman who had pluckily remained behind when the peasantry took to flight on the approach of the British. I made signs that they need not fear, and gave them some water. This premature birth had been brought on by fright, on account of the expected cruelty of the British soldiers, tales of which retreating Arabs had dinned into the woman's ears. I assisted her comrade in placing her in the shadow of an adjacent hut, but in a few moments the poor creature had passed away.

With the exception of the dead horse and the negro woman, no other casualties occurred in the first infantry brush with the enemy, and the British soldier was soon upon the road, climbing up the fig trees and quenching his thirst with the green, juicy pods.

Occasionally a bullet came in his direction, but figs were a luxury, and Tommy didn't mind running a little risk. We ascertained, however, as the result of this skirmish, that Arabi intended to remain simply on the defensive, that the enormous wall of sun-dried mud cutting the road and railway at Kaffir-El-Donar was to be our objective, and the Egyptian commander would not trouble us until we attacked his stronghold.

The whole affair was hardly worth the trouble of turning out of our beds so early, but still Gaylor and I were the only correspondents on the spot, and probably my sketch would make a good poster for the newsboys to cry in the streets of London, and so, therefore, we hurried back with the material. Dusty and weary, we sighted the walls of Alexandria. The draw-bridge at the Rosetta Gate was just being raised up for the night, as we spurred our horses on to its rotten planks, and trotted through the streets of the town to our quarters.

As we walked into the Hotel Abbat, we could not hide our satisfaction in scoring over our fellow-correspondents. We took our seats at the table and commenced dinner. Our colleagues

had not seen us all day, and they looked at us with inquiring glances. A gloom began to settle on their faces, as they noticed our excellent mood, for there had been thunder in the air, and they suspected that we had been where the storm had burst. There were only two London papers next morning that published the first infantry brush with the enemy in the Egyptian campaign of '82, by their special correspondents. The vicious-looking brute I had ridden to the skirmish I saw no more. Three months afterwards I was requested by letter to visit the headquarters staff in Alexandria.

After being served with a cup of coffee and a cigarette, one of the officers said :

"Were you ever acquainted with Mr. Gaylor, the war correspondent, who has recently gone back to England?"

"Oh, yes," I replied ; " I knew him quite well."

"We want to know whether you remember how many horses he had?"

"Oh, I can tell you that easily enough. He had two, one of which I've ridden myself. One was a brown, the other a grey horse."

"A grey mare, Mr. Villiers. Do you know where he got the grey mare?"

"No," I replied.

"We put this question," said the officer, "because there is an old Arab, who has been bothering us for many weeks now, and who accuses Mr. Gaylor of having taken the horse from him, or at all events of flinging him a napoleon and requisitioning the animal ; and the Arab does not consider that adequate payment for his steed. He gives a full description of the mare, does the Arab. He says she has a broken right ear that lies back on her neck."

"Ah," I cried, "that Arab must be a lying old scoundrel ; it is certainly a description of the horse I rode, but Gaylor himself broke her ear to cure her of her bad temper."

The officers looked at me with astonishment.

They were even more astonished when I told them of Gaylor's South African experience in taming horses, and then they broke into roars of laughter.

Then it dawned on me, and I laughed too.

To be Concluded.

THE TOILER KING.

SEEDTIME.

GOD drew the toiler's eyes across a land that promised
 fair,
 All upturned to the smiling sky her bosom he laid bare :
 Shamefaced, across the russet quick she drew
 Her mantle, diamon'ed with the evening dew.

HARVEST.

Then, when the languorous summer day was done,
 All blushing from caress of amorous sun,
 She rose, and shook her garment out with care :—
 The toiler's wealth in golden grain was there.

W. A. Fraser.

THE FUTURE OF IMPERIALISM.

By John Lewis, Editorial Staff of Toronto Globe.

SO rapid has been the progress of Imperial ideas in Canada during the past three or four years, and especially during the war in South Africa, that it is natural for Imperialists to believe that the feeling will not evaporate in mere sentiment, but that in some way the progress will be marked and made secure; that there will be a permanent change in the relations between the United Kingdom and the outlying communities of the Empire. The subject is usually discussed under one of three heads: (1) Imperial Federation, (2) Preferential Trade, (3) Military Co-operation.

Imperial Federation has been advocated not only as a means of strengthening the Imperial bond, but as a means of placing the Colonies on an equal footing with the United Kingdom. In theory they are not equal. The Parliament of Great Britain is a Parliament elected, as to its popular branch, by the people of the United Kingdom alone; and yet in theory it has complete power over the Colonies, and can make, amend, or even abrogate their constitutions. The Ministry, which is a committee of that Parliament, virtually appoints the Governors of the Colonies, and one Minister is called the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and exercises some authority even in those which are self-governing. Thus, say some of the advocates of Imperial Federation, we are placed in a position of inferiority. We are subjects of the Queen, but we ought not to be subjects of subjects; and to the extent that the Imperial Parliament exercises authority over us, we ought to have a share in electing its members. It is difficult to answer this reasoning, except by pointing out that, as very frequently happens in the working of British institutions, theory is tempered by practice. We are left, in ninety-

nine cases out of a hundred, to manage our own affairs; the British Parliament would not dream of altering our constitution except at our own request; we give the Colonial Office very little to do, and the Governor-General is bound to act upon the advice of Ministers responsible to the Parliament and the people of Canada.

During the excitement of the last few months, however, the question has arisen, "If we are to take part in Imperial wars, ought we not to have some voice in the making of the conditions which maintain peace or lead up to war?" It is much easier to answer yes than to devise any means by which our voice can be made effective. Wars are not made by formal resolutions or Acts of Parliament. They frequently arise from conditions over which Parliament has very little control. Where war is not actually forced upon us by the enemy, it is largely due to conditions created by the policy and administration of the Executive, and by diplomatic agents in all parts of the world. Parliament has, of course, the right to refuse funds for the war, but when war is once in progress, this check is merely nominal, while public opinion is far more likely to be a whip than a curb. The history of the beginnings and causes of some wars is familiar enough. Some act of one nation causes another nation to expostulate; diplomatic notes are exchanged; men in newspaper offices write saucy or fiery articles; the situation becomes "strained"; war breaks out; peaceful citizens who do not want their windows broken take refuge in time-honored formulas, "Whatever may have been the cause of this most unfortunate war, we must show a united front to the enemy," or "I am opposed to war in general, but not to this particular war." The moral is, that

the only means of exercising influence in foreign relations is to have a share in the choosing of the Ministry, or to have the ear of the Ministry. It is on the conduct of the Ministry, on the conduct of the diplomatic agents whom it appoints, that the question of peace or war largely depends. A Minister may bring about war either by weakness or by undue aggressiveness. To give a familiar instance, we find some people blaming Mr. Chamberlain for the present war, and others saying that the original cause was the weakness of Mr. Gladstone in giving up the Transvaal nearly twenty years ago. But it is generally recognized that if you desire to give an effective expression to your own views, you must have a voice which will help to determine whether a Gladstone influence or a Chamberlain influence shall prevail in the Ministry.

To give the colonies such a voice is a problem of some difficulty. What we call the Imperial Parliament is also a domestic parliament, dealing with such matters as education, the services in the Anglican church, the water supply of London, and even the muzzling of dogs. The difficulty is not overcome by saying that the representatives of Canada and Australia need not vote on these local questions. The Ministry is a unit, and it not only governs but controls legislation of all kinds, domestic as well as Imperial, relying on its parliamentary majority. If colonial representatives helped to sustain or defeat a Ministry on a colonial or Imperial question, they would, perforce, help to sustain or defeat it for all purposes; and they would thus be compelled to take sides on English domestic questions. A solution of the difficulty would be Imperial Federation in the full sense, that is to say, a true Imperial Parliament for the Empire, with representatives from England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, Canada, Australia, etc., and a domestic legislature for each; following the example of the Federal Parliament and the local legislatures of Canada. But while this plan is adequate in theory, all that we

know of the history and temper of the English people would lead us to dismiss from the range of practical politics the idea of constructing a brand new constitution for the Empire.

Less difficulty arises in the way of giving the colonies a consultative voice in Imperial questions, by which colonial representatives would have no power to make or break British ministries, but would serve as a link between the colonies and the British Executive, informing the Ministers of the state of colonial feeling and informing the colonies of the Ministerial plans, consulting with the Ministers and with other persons of influence in British politics. Two methods have been proposed. One is to give Canadians and Australians seats in the House of Lords. This is on the whole the worst proposal that the perverse ingenuity of man could by any possibility have devised. If the colonial peers are chosen by the British Executive, there is no guarantee that they will represent the choice of the people of the colonies. If they are chosen by a colonial government, Liberal or Conservative, they will be chosen for party reasons and the positions will be regarded as rewards for party services. If they are chosen by the Parliament, we may expect either political appointments, or the wire pulling and log rolling which characterize elections to the American Senate by the State Legislatures. The popular election of a Lord is, I suppose, not seriously contemplated; the suggestion sets in motion a very odd train of reflections. But however the selection might be made, the colonial peer would not be a good representative of colonial public opinion, and time would put him more and more out of touch with his constituents if so they may be called. The connection of English with colonial opinion would be purely aristocratic; and tremendous social pressure could be brought to bear upon the budding peer by the men with long rent rolls and historic names, while the echoes of colonial disapproval would sound very faintly in his ears. If

would be absurd to compare such men as representatives of colonial opinion with the Governments and free Parliaments of the colonies.

The most feasible suggestion that the discussion has elicited, is that representatives of the Ministries of the various parts of the Empire should meet occasionally or periodically, and exchange views on Imperial questions. This is not, perhaps, a very ambitious or far-reaching proposal; but it must be borne in mind that an Imperial Council would really have very few questions with which to deal. The affairs of Canada and of the Australian Colonies are almost entirely managed by their own Parliaments and Legislatures. India and Egypt are governed by a civil service of very peculiar training and experience; and the advice of a Canadian or Australian on such matters would be regarded as little as the advice of an Indian officer as to how we should govern Canada. South Africa is now in a state of transition, but will, it is generally supposed, come into the same class with Canada and Australia. The Council would be required to deal with a very few leading questions in their large outlines. It would be purely advisory, having no taxing or law-making powers; and its chief value would be in giving the colonial Ministers a better idea of the drift of Imperial affairs, and in exchanging information as to how far each of the Parliaments represented would be likely to go in various Imperial projects. If this proposal is modest, it is also practical, and does not call for the recasting of the constitution or interfere in any way with existing institutions.

A measure of preferential trade now exists through the action of the Canadian Parliament in admitting British imports into this country at two-thirds of the ordinary duty. It is probable that this is as far as the Canadian Parliament would go without some reciprocal action on the part of the Parliament of Great Britain. The argument of those who favour such a reciprocal arrangement may be thus stated: The

people of Great Britain are now dependent to a very large extent upon foreign sources of food supply. By this condition, in the event of war, they might be in serious danger of being starved into submission; and a very heavy blow might be struck at them by an embargo on the export of wheat and other food from the United States. A protective duty on foreign wheat and other staple foods would stimulate production in the United Kingdom and the colonies, and would thus eventually render the Empire self-sustaining in that regard. To this argument, which is military in its character, there are added the usual arguments in favour of protection. If protection were applied, not only to food but to manufactures of cotton, woollens and iron, the staples of English and Scotch industry, and if these staples were admitted into the colonies free of duty, the British manufacturer would have the whole Empire for his field, in the same manner as the Massachusetts or Pennsylvania manufacturer has the market of the United States; and he would thus be far less dependent than now upon foreign markets.

It cannot be denied that standing alone this is a seductive programme. There are, however, some difficulties in the way of its practical application. It would be necessary for its advocates to carry on at one and the same time a protectionist propaganda in England and a free trade propaganda in the colonies. I shall not endeavour to estimate here the chances of the British people returning to protection. If the change were seriously proposed, the heat of a contest would develop on both sides forces which cannot be measured in advance by a person writing at a desk four thousand miles away. But there is a political difficulty which may, without presumption, be pronounced very formidable. Party government prevails in England, and one can hardly imagine protection being carried without the support of one of the great political parties. One might go a step further and say that it will not be carried un-

less it is taken up by the Conservative party. It is almost certain that the Conservative party would not take such a step in the present condition of affairs. On the question of the war in South Africa, and of the political settlement after the war, the party is united, and undoubtedly has the support of the vast majority of the electors. The Liberal party is divided and unpopular. Politicians are practical people, and are always amenable to the argument, "let well alone." It is unlikely that the Conservative party would borrow trouble by introducing a new and uncertain issue, no matter how strongly they might be convinced that protection would be good for the country. They would argue that it would at once solidify the Liberal party and give it "a happy issue out of all its troubles"—a platform on which all its members could stand, a theme for oratory, and an opportunity for evoking enthusiasm, by an appeal to the old Liberal traditions. New life would be infused into the Cobden Club, its literature would be no longer merely academic, and Cobden, Bright and Gladstone would once more be names to conjure with. It is doubtful whether the Conservative party would call these forces into life unless it were in sore need of a policy, and unless also it had a condition of depression and general discontent upon which to work. It might perhaps be putting it rather strongly, to say that a despondent party and a despondent country would be conditions precedent to a revival of protection in Great Britain; but I think that is approximately true. Lately there has been advanced a proposal for a very limited measure of protection; namely, the substitution of a duty on wheat, say four cents a bushel, for the present duty on tea. Whether this could be placed before the British people without raising the whole issue of free trade and protection is doubtful; it is a matter as to which it will be wiser to watch public opinion in England than to prophesy.

I come now to the propaganda which

it would be necessary to carry on in the colonies. Mr. Chamberlain has said that a necessary condition for the serious consideration of the project would be the free admission of British manufactures into the colonies. It is true that Mr. Chamberlain's *ipse dixit* does not settle the question. But in this case what he says is in accordance with considerations the force of which everyone must appreciate. The British manufacturer does not want a preference on paper. He wants to sell his cottons, woollens, and products of iron and steel in this market in increased quantities. In order to make it worth his while to appeal for a great fiscal change in England, Mr. Chamberlain wants to be sure that the increase will be very substantial. Therefore, he says, in effect: We do not want merely a preference over the foreigner, but absolutely free admission of our goods into your markets. The English conception of the scheme would be that England and Scotland should be the Pennsylvania and Massachusetts of the commercial union, and Canada and Australia the Minnesota and Texas. It is just here that the ideas of the British manufacturer and of the Canadian manufacturer are likely to come into conflict. One of the arguments used by Cobden in favor of free trade was that it would bring about a condition under which Great Britain, while buying its food from the United States would pay for it in British manufactures. He pictured the people on one side of the Atlantic as mechanics and artisans capable of producing a vast supply of manufactures; the people on the other side as agriculturists, producing infinitely more than they could themselves consume of corn, pork and beef; and the two "anxious and willing to exchange with each other the product of their common industry." His argument failed to take account of the industrial ambition and resources of the United States, by which in the course of time it became itself a great manufacturing community, and a rival as well as a customer of Great

Britain. It is easy now to be wise after the event, and to see where Cobden was in error ; but the fact is that a similar error is involved in the idea of preferential trade. It means that we are to purchase the manufactures of England and Scotland with our surplus food. Is it not a fact, however, that we have, like the United States, industrial ambition and resources of our own, and that as the country grows it will become more and more a manufacturing community? We all know how popular is the argument that our people ought not to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the United States, which means that they ought not to export logs and ore and import furniture and ploughs, but ought to carry their own products to the highest point of manufacture in their own country. In regard to Great Britain the argument would not be put so bluntly ; Protectionists would not say, perhaps, " We do not want to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for England ;" but the feeling would exist, and would probably be expressed in somewhat more courtly language and in action. The Australian federation delegates were interviewed in London recently, and with every one of them the leading idea was that federation would result in the development of Australian industries. Preferential trade will probably be favoured just so far as it does not interfere with that industrial ambition and no further.

If we wish to enter the Zollverein outlined by Mr. Chamberlain we must make up our minds whether we intend to admit British goods into our market on equal terms with the product of our own factories. For the present it is very doubtful whether the people of Canada are ready for that measure ; but the future development of the country might change the point of view. The population of the western wheat country is likely to increase very much faster than that of old Canada, and its political power will grow in proportion. A community almost purely agricultural would be likely to look with

favour on a proposal for free trade prices for cottons, woollens and iron goods, coupled with some preferential treatment for its wheat in the British market, if that could be obtained. But this is looking pretty far ahead ; and it does not seem pessimistic to say that the day when Great Britain shall be willing to adopt a measure of protection, and when Canada shall be willing to adopt free trade as to British goods, is at least remote, and the prospect somewhat doubtful. In the meantime the indications are that the preference on British imports will be retained but not increased. It will have a very considerable influence on British imports ; but we need not expect that under any conditions our imports from Great Britain will ever equal, or nearly equal our exports to that country. The reason is very simple ; that Britain is in absolute need of food from abroad, while our purchases from Great Britain are purchases of choice rather than of necessity. Our sales of food to Great Britain, especially of wheat, will increase with our powers of production, and every year will bring the Empire nearer to the point of containing its own food supply.

Unless or until some form of Imperial Federation, or of mutual preferential trade is devised, our relations with Great Britain will be based upon friendship, and on the desire for concerted action in time of war. As Canada and Australia grow in population, the union will come more and more to assume the form of an alliance, differing from the old shifting alliances, arising out of the exigencies of European politics, in the fact that it will be natural and enduring. The most solid benefit which will result from this arrangement will be the opportunity for free and peaceful development for each of the communities composing the Empire. It will give us the nearest approach to universal peace that we are likely to obtain in the present condition of the world. But this assumes that it is to be used for purposes of defence only, and that we are not to become, as

Kipling says, "Drunk with sight of power." We need not cherish the illusion that we are free from those faults which we condemn so freely in Frenchmen or in Americans. Man is a fighting animal, and no one more so than the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt. We must give up another illusion: that the masses of the people do not want wars, and are dragged unwillingly by the ambition of princes into quarrels in which they have no interest. Princes and politicians may still have their war-like ambitions, but they have more difficulty in restraining the people than in egging them on. The disastrous war with Germany was rapturously applauded by the democracy of France. We all saw with what wild delight the American people plunged into the war with Spain. The human heart is much the same organ everywhere. We enjoy no immunity from the excesses of martial spirit. The new cheap press, with its enormous circulation and power, is not a restraining influence in England any more than in the United States, although it does not go so far in violence or sensationalism. There is a tradition that when once the country is at war, criticism as to its causes should come to an end, and public men of both parties should act in harmony. To suspend criticism in this way, is termed patriotic; to do otherwise is condemned as factious. But suppose that a Ministry in a doubtful case decides upon a compromise which means peace, it enjoys no such protection, though the peaceful settlement may be eminently wise and statesmanlike. There is no tradition that discussion and criticism should be suspended; the Opposition may make the most furious attacks on the peace Ministry, and may by so doing increase instead of injuring their reputation for patriotism. They are in no danger of being mobbed, they may find themselves popular heroes. There is thus the minimum of free speech for the advocates of peace, and the maximum of free speech, amounting to unbounded license, for the advocates of war. I

refer to these matters in order to emphasize the point that we as Canadians cannot shift these responsibilities either to British ministers or the British people, but must form our own independent judgments upon them.

The real benefits of the union of British communities will be enjoyed in time of peace; but the union will naturally seem to be stronger in time of war. In war the nation lives under high pressure, and its virtues as well as its faults are displayed in all their strength. Comfort, wealth, human life itself are freely sacrificed, and many of the selfish and ignoble qualities of the heart seem for the time to be obliterated. When peace returns these feelings will subside, and the Imperial sentiment will appear to have grown weaker, though it will be really only latent. Thence may arise a temptation to court conflict as a means of reviving the sentiment. A man who would propose to introduce cholera in order to evoke the heroism of nurses, or to burn down a city in order to evoke the heroism of firemen, would be justly regarded as a dangerous lunatic; but there is a glamour about war which dazzles the eyes of emotional people and prevents their seeing quite clearly. Ruskin, while he was an admirer of soldierly virtue, was no admirer of war, and his idea was to turn the soldierly spirit into the pursuits of peace. As one reads of the ease with which enormous sums of money are raised for war; the skill and energy shown in organizing, feeding and clothing vast bodies of men; the courage, cheerfulness and patience displayed by soldiers suffering from thirst, exposure, fatigue and wounds, he feels that there are great reserves of human power which some moral Tesla may be able to turn to other purposes than those of destruction. Canadians can do a great service to the Empire and to humanity by throwing all their influence on the side of restraint; holding themselves ready to take their fair share in the defence of the Empire, but doing all that they honourably can to preserve peace; allying themselves

with the sober patriotism of the United Kingdom, not suffering themselves to dance to any tune that the London music halls may play, and being exceedingly careful that the growth of power is not accompanied by the growth of a domineering spirit. Great are the sacrifices that have been made on the battlefields of South Africa ; yet there is probably no more valuable service that has been rendered to the Empire than the maintenance of good relations with the United States, without loss of national self-respect, and the maintenance of good relations between French Canadians and people of British descent in Canada. If we were continually quarrelling with our neighbours we should be a burden and a source of anxiety instead of a source of comfort to the Empire. So it would be if we were continually quarrelling with our

French-Canadian fellow-citizens, and continually appealing to England to settle our disputes. On the whole, and making allowance for some little outbreaks of irritation, we have avoided these mistakes. We have achieved such a settlement of the race question that it is looked upon as the ideal of all who are working for the reconciliation of Dutch and English in South Africa. When once that reconciliation is accomplished it will be regarded as a triumph of statesmanship, and any man who would wantonly imperil it would be branded not only as a reckless demagogue, but as a traitor to his country. In the desire for new achievements in Imperialism, it will be wise not to lose sight of what has already been done in the building up of a free and united Canada.

A MISSIONARY OF THE CROSS.

By W. A. R. Kerr.

IT was an evening late in August, and Père Louis and I were sitting on the edge of a towering cliff that looked northward over the St. Lawrence. Our little Indian mission station lay close at hand down on the beach, but we often came at nightfall to watch the sun set beyond the hills across the river.

I turned to look at Louis, for I thought I heard him move. I was going to make some remark, but stopped as I saw the expression on his pale face. A tear stood in his eye, and the corners of his mouth twitched as he lay staring blankly at the west. He seemed to be looking through and beyond the glowing background of cloud and mountain into some more distant landscape.

A chill air suddenly blew in from the water. My companion shivered and coughed.

"Shall we go down?" he said, rising abruptly.

I got up, and we walked silently down the side of the precipice where on the right it fell away to the rock-strewn shore. I entered our little cabin and lighted a candle. Louis followed me in, shut the door, and threw himself on a low seat covered with a bearskin. I stepped over to a tiny shelf and was laying my hand on a volume with "Thomas Aquinas" on the back, when Louis spoke:

"Come and sit down, Jean. You can read again. Do you mind listening to me for awhile? You must have wondered"—here such a coughing spell seized him that I was alarmed—"wondered at the way I acted on the cliff yonder half an hour ago."

I said nothing, for I did not know what to say.

"Well, this is my birthday," went

on Louis, "and that sunset reminded me of one I saw ten years ago to-night in Venice."

He stopped again, and putting his hand on his chest drew several long breaths.

"How old do you think I am?" he asked suddenly.

I looked curiously at the man to whose aid I had been sent by the Bishop of Quebec. His hair was thick, but gray; his face did not seem old, yet it was drawn and worn-looking; his frame was spare and his shoulders bent.

"Really, I don't think I could guess," I replied; "perhaps forty-five?"

He laughed slightly but bitterly.

"I am thirty-three to-day."

Père Louis stretched out his left hand, palm upwards.

"Do you notice anything strange about my hand?" he asked.

"I see a small, dark-coloured blotch on it," I replied.

"Yes, well, that's about enough," and again I heard the bitter laugh.

"It began eleven years ago to-night," commenced Louis, "when I attended a great masque given by Count Adriano, the head of the highest family in Venice. I was myself the heir of a large fortune and the son of a long line of noble ancestors. What drew me to the Count's palace was the report that his niece, the Donna Lucia, was to be present. I had seen many celebrated beauties, but none of them had ever attracted me particularly. I used with amusement to watch my friends lose their heads at the sight of a pretty face, and spend a week of misery because a girl refused to look at them. I had never experienced this myself, and at last began to think that there must be lacking in my make-up the iron which feels the influence of the magnet. Not that I shunned the company of ladies, or I should not have been at the masque.

"I remember Lucia as I first saw her that night. She was dressed in some black stuff, and wore no jewelry.

She was tall—very tall—and slim, but she carried herself splendidly; her hair was almost black; her face oval, her skin clear, and her eyes an uncommon gray-brown, with a strange light in them.

"From that evening I was able to understand how a man might be miserable for, not a week, nor a month, but a lifetime, if a woman frowned on him. But that was not my fortune. Lucia returned my affection, and we were betrothed. During the months that followed Venice held at least one being who was as happy as the day was long.

"Our wedding was fixed for a year from the day of the masque at which we had first met. I forgot to say that that also happened to be my birthday."

At this point Père Louis rose, walked over to a small pantry, poured out a glass of wine and sat down again.

"At last," he resumed, "came the day preceding our marriage. I was occupied the whole morning and afternoon with personal business. Just as I was about to leave my residence in order to pass my last bachelor evening with my fiancée, an old family servant plucked me by the sleeve and muttered stammeringly that he would like to speak to me.

"'All right, Francesco,' I replied; then thinking of Lucia's welcoming kiss, I added, 'but don't be long.'

"He drew me into a room off the hall and stood before me, shifting uneasily on his feet, his head hanging down.

"'There is something you should know, signor,' Francesco began, 'but—but I can't bear to tell you.'

"I was becoming impatient, and he plainly saw it, for evidently fearing I was about to leave him, he went on, speaking thickly and unsteadily: 'Only your mother and I knew it, signor, and—and I thought something might happen to hinder your marriage. Your mother would have told you, signor, but she died, you remember, very suddenly in the end.'

"Francesco paused out of breath and looked up at me. Seeing I was

waiting for him, he said: 'It is—that is—I mean, signor, it is about your father.'

"I started involuntarily. My mother—it flashed on me—who had died several years before after a protracted illness, had one morning summoned me to her bedside. She said she feared she had not long to live and wished to tell me something very important. Just as she was about to speak, her face whitened, her head fell back, and she was dead. I saw it all again vividly, and now, my heart misgiving me, I turned on Francesco and said roughly to him: 'What do you mean? Quick! I have no time to lose.'"

Another fit of coughing attacked Père Louis, and it was some minutes before he could proceed.

"The story old Francesco told me would be too much for me to repeat to-night, and I will just give you the gist of it:

"My father, it appeared, had been a man of unusually lawless and reckless nature. Becoming involved in some feud, he was forced to flee. He embarked on a Portuguese ship for India. On his arrival there he entered the service of the Maharajah of Rajpore. This prince soon discovered my father's military skill, and with him at the head of his army the Maharajah's invincible troops became a terror to his weaker neighbours. On one occasion, however, my father's plans for a raid were betrayed, and he fell into the hands of his intended victim. This man—I have forgotten his name—threw him into a prison filled with lepers. My father had been a month among these loathsome creatures before a rescue party from the Maharajah freed him. But he had had enough of India. Never suspecting the object of his imprisonment with the lepers, he returned to the Maharajah's court, and laden with gifts, though with the horror of his incarceration still in his mind, set sail for Lisbon. The feud which had driven him away had, in the lapse of years, died out, and my father settled down quietly at Venice. He soon married, and I was his only child. But within a twelve-

month after my birth, leprosy, contracted during the imprisonment he remembered so well, declared itself, and in another year he was dead. This was the secret, said Francesco, which my mother had always meant to tell me, but had put off the evil day till I should be old enough to understand. And then, doubtless, in her enfeebled condition her attempt to tell me had killed her.

"When Francesco finished speaking, I began slowly to grasp what the real result of the story must be. I commenced pacing the room, shivering to think of the horrible outlook before me. I knew enough about medical science to recognize that there would be no escape for me. Already I saw the red patches on my hands, the loathsome decay of foot and face; already I noticed how my servants deserted me; how my former companions avoided me—the plague spot. And the unfairness of it all! What had I done, or my father either, that I should suffer unknown tortures? I cannot say how long I kept rushing up and down the room, curses and prayers alternately crossing my lips. At last I flung myself into a chair and tried to be calm. I painfully endeavoured to think over what I must do. Lucia was still waiting for me! I wrote her a note in an unsteady hand, saying I was unavoidably detained, and would be with her shortly.

"When I had sent off this letter, and was once more alone, thoughts came thick and fast. Suddenly—I do not know why it was it had not occurred to me till then—there flashed through my mind with stunning force the thought that I must give up Lucia. How I spent the next hour I cannot describe. I sometimes wonder that I did not go out of my mind. At last I settled down into a state of lifeless apathy, and scarcely knowing what I was doing, I got up and went out into darkness which was falling on the city."

Suddenly Père Louis coughed wearily and put his handkerchief to his mouth. When he took it away I noticed blood on it.

"Are you not over-exerting yourself?" I asked.

"No, I would rather finish, if you don't mind hearing me out," he replied. After another glass of wine he began again.

"The last dark red glow of the sunset was just dying out, and a far-away music lingered on the listless breeze. It was soothing to watch the stars gradually appear, and after a while the great yellow moon came up over the horizon, looming big through the earth-mists. I was lifted out of myself and my sense of self-importance diminished. My annihilation meant nothing to sky, stars, or men; my burden must be borne alone and silently.

"I had wandered unconsciously on towards Count Adriano's palace. On seeing it before me, I clenched my teeth, and resolved to go in and say my last farewell to Lucia, for I could not bear to live longer in Venice, and our parting would be easier now than later. As I entered, the servants, I remember still, looked curiously at me; my attire, I suppose, was in some disorder. As soon as she heard my footsteps Lucia came tripping towards me with such a welcome in those wonderful eyes. I caught her to my breast, kissing her madly. She looked startled at my vehemence. I drew her into a small reception room, sat down beside her, on a divan, and after a moment's silence began to speak.

"It was breaking day. Lucia and I had said good-bye. We had kissed our last kiss and looked our last look. She made me promise to live my life out; for her sake I swore never to think of suicide. She said she would take the veil; and then, just as the damp haze to the east commenced to glow, we parted.

"As I turned away from the Count's palace, it was with the settled conviction that I must quit Venice at once

and for ever. I had a friend, a Jesuit, and to him I determined to apply for counsel. He listened very sympathetically to my story and advised me not to enter a monastery—which I at first thought of doing—where, he said, I would have too much time to brood, but to join the Society of Jesus, and then, having completed my novitiate, to go as a missionary to some outlying field, where the work would be hard—for instance, New France. I followed his advice to the letter, and two years later sailed for Quebec.

"You know the rest. For eight years I have stood this climate, these endless journeys, and the gnawing despair which has been all this time eating out my heart. Then this summer you were sent down to help me, for the Bishop heard in some way of the hemorrhage I had last spring. But nothing could persuade me to leave my little village now. Perhaps, after all, I have been of some use here, and you don't know, Jean, how I have enjoyed your company for the past few months. Ten weeks ago those little livid patches appeared on my hands, and they have since been growing. Am I, too, to fall a victim to leprosy? No, I know I shall not, for no one as far gone in decline as I am ever lived through the cutting air of a Canadian autumn."

Père Louis paused and slowly pressed his hand to his breast.

"Just one thing, Louis—what about Lucia?"

"Lucia? Only last night I saw her in a dream. She had grown even more beautiful, and the light in her eyes was that of long ago, and she was beckoning me—"

Père Louis suddenly put his handkerchief to his mouth, but a torrent of blood swept round it and through it, and he fell heavily forward on the floor.

Père Louis, a missionary of the Jesuit order in New France, was dead.



A LEASE OF LIFE.

BEING AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF A SOLDIER OF THE WAR OF 1812,
AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

By H. Max Bonter.

I.

I AM an old man now, my boys, and it will not be long before I am laid in the cold earth, under the free soil of the Canada I love so well. My hair is white as the driven snow and my body is bent and feeble with age, but the mind that rules this old and battered frame is as vigorous as when, on that lovely day in October, thirty years ago, we fought for our hearths and our homes and for the glory and honour of Canada; and when, with the thunder of Niagara booming dully in our ears from the distance, we drove the invader headlong over the pine-clad cliffs of Queenston, and gained a victory that will live long in the minds of men.

Ah! well do I remember that autumn evening when we lay round our bivouac fires, and watched the moonlight glinting through the pine-trees and darting queerly over the bosom of the narrow river, that alone separated us from three thousand of the enemy's riflemen. Two score York volunteers reclined in the ruddylight of the blazing fires, eating, drinking, laughing, singing, swearing, carousing as only soldiers can. Bearded and battle-scarred veterans mingled with youths with the down still on their faces and the innocence of boyhood in their eyes. Farmers' sons and plowmen from the north, bearing on their stalwart frames the stamp of honest toil, laughed and joked with professional men from the city, and drank from the same canteen with the refined, the educated and the cultured. All were supremely, uproariously, profanely happy.

For some weeks, we—Captain Chisholm's Company of the York Militia—together with Captain Denis' Company of the 49th Grenadiers, had been quar-

tered in the quaint little village of Queenston, snugly ensconced in a vineyard in the rear, and well sheltered from the uncertain and harassing fire of the enemy. Provision was fairly plentiful and of good quality, but our clothing and shoes were in tatters; and for want of tents and camp utensils we slept on the ground under October skies, and broiled our daily ration of beef on the points of our bayonets before a log fire. We had received no pay for months, and small prospect was there for getting any; but the courage and spirit we had displayed withal, had won from General Brock the highest praise and commendation. Added to this we were hourly subjected to a desultory fire from sharpshooters, secreted on points of vantage on the opposite height; and having been forbidden by our general to reply, loud and long were the curses hurled at the Americans, and dire threats of vengeance and retaliation were made by the enraged volunteers.

On that evening before a memorable day, Pierre Lascelles and I strode away from the hilarious throng around the fires and sought repose in a lonesome pine grove near the village. Pierre was a French Canadian by birth, (although he spoke English fluently and well) handsome, dashing and brave as he was generous. He was my friend and comrade-in-arms, and I was greatly attached to him. Yes, if necessity arose I would have died to save Pierre, for what was life to such a grizzled old veteran as I? Pierre was young and innocent and just beginning to taste the cup of life's happiness; whilst I—but it mattered not—the world would revolve as before, and a

lone grave in the wilderness, with mayhap some simple inscription, would remain as silent chronicles of the life of Lambeth Keene, soldier, who lived a loyal citizen and died in the defence of his country.

Reaching the grove, we threw ourselves on the ground and smoked in silence. The panorama that stretched out beneath us was so beautiful that it will never fade from my memory, and I can see it now, even as I saw it then, complete in every detail.

Directly in the foreground were our own campfires, with those of the Grenadiers slightly to the left; and in the luminous circles cast by the blazing logs lounged picturesque groups of soldiers, whose shouts and laughter were borne to us strongly on the breeze. Farther still, with glimmering candles showing fitfully through the starlight, reposed the village of Queenston, so so silent and still that it seemed as if the inhabitants were fully conscious of the great storm that was brewing around them. Half-way up the mountain-side the banked fires of an eighteen-pounder redan battery blinked queerly, and the dark shadows of the men of Williams' Company of the 49th Light Infantry could be seen, flitting spectre-like among the fires. Away down the river a red glow in the haze of the evening showed the position of the 24-pounder battery at Vrooman's Point, held by Hatt's gallant Lincoln Volunteers. On the opposite height of the gorge, and close by the American village of Lewiston, the watchful campfires of the enemy gleamed red through the gathering darkness; and at intervals sudden splashes of sparks and flame leapt luridly towards the heavens as the soldiers fed them with dry brushwood, resinous and highly inflammable; and the fierce crackling that ensued could be heard dimly above the swirl of the water and the answering roar of our own watchfires.

As we lay and smoked the sky became overcast with clouds, and drops of warm rain fell gently.

"Come," said Pierre suddenly, "Let's

go down to the village; Marie will be waiting for me."

Rising, he stretched himself, and I knocked the ashes from my pipe and followed him. Leaving the whispering pines, down into the valley we walked sharply, and stopped at a garden in the centre of the village, in the midst of which nestled a small cottage, surrounded by trellised grape-vines and fruitful orchards, with their luscious products hanging temptingly within reach. In response to Pierre's knock a beautiful apparition appeared in the doorway—a girl, just budding into womanhood—with dark brown eyes full of eagerness, and a wealth of auburn hair that fell in sweet confusion over her shoulders. She held a candle above her head and looked questioningly into the darkness. Pierre's voice, however, reassured her, and with an exclamation of delight she hastened to open the gate. I refused her kind invitation to enter—God knows how hard it was!—and strode quickly back up the portage road to the camp in the vineyard.

Mary Clinton was a noble woman—Pierre worshipped her—I loved her—she loved Pierre—that was our story.

It would have broken Pierre's heart if he had known I loved Mary Clinton, and I thanked God he did not know, and determined he should never know if it were within my power to prevent it. Ah! if he could have read my thoughts through the long nights of autumn, lying close by his side and listening to his youthful sleep; if he could have known of the anguish that tore my breast day after day through the long and weary marches; if he could have but realized the great and hopeless love I bore her, torturing my frame and wringing silent groans from a hardened soldier—if he could have known all this, and known it as I knew it, Pierre Lascelles would have become a changed man; the sunshine would have died out of his face; the laughter from his eyes; the great burden of life would have fallen upon him, and joy in his soul would have been crushed forever.

Pierre and I had become acquainted with Mary Clinton in a somewhat romantic manner on the afternoon of our arrival in her native village. Returning from a stroll in the woods, we had chanced upon a beautiful girl in distress. A drunken soldier of the 49th was barring her progress, muttering lewd expressions of endearment the while, and endeavouring to clasp her in his arms. In response to her appeal for help Pierre promptly knocked the man down and escorted the trembling girl home, which act gained her entire confidence and heartfelt gratitude. As for the fallen and baffled lover, I saw him safely lodged in the guard-house.

Since that event Pierre had been a frequent guest in the Clintons' cottage, and a strong attachment had sprung up between the young people. However, Mary's father did not look upon Pierre with favor in the light of a son-in-law, although he was well educated and possessed considerable means; so they often resorted to clandestine meetings, and thus defied the parental vigilance that overshadowed them when Pierre chanced to visit the cottage.

And through it all I loved her devotedly, silently, hopelessly. Nearly all the pleasure of life was gone from my soul, and I felt that nothing remained but to die on the field of honour like a Briton and a soldier.

As I walked swiftly along the wagon-road through the darkness my thoughts flew back to a battle-field of long ago, and once more I could see the flashes of an enemy's musketry through the trees and the rapid marching of men; I could hear the sullen blare of the bugles and the rolling beat of the drum; the hoarse shouts of command, the dogged cheers of defiance, and the answering roar of the field-guns. The ardour of the fight was upon me, and I felt again the fierce pleasures of action, whilst loud and chill the cheers of victory rang in my ears, drowning the throbbings of the great love I strove to conquer. Ha! the blood coursed through my veins as under the influence of old wine, for once again I was

the old campaigner, grim and undaunted and fearing not death.

Under the influence of these emotions I strode into the centre of the circle of fires, where the group of carousers was the largest and the laughter and ribaldry the loudest. Old soldiers marvelled to see gloomy Lambeth Keene take part in the jokes and jest alike with recruit and veteran.

"Come, Keene, gi' us a song o' th' ould sod," stuttered O'Leary, who had evidently been imbibing too generously from the rum keg.

"An' a good ol' campaignin' story!" bawled another inebriate and the others took up the cry, and finally, sitting astride of a barrel—I recked not of their banter, for my brain was awl-ahirl—all through that autumn evening I made merry by the fires, swore louder than any at the enemy and told stories and sang the stirring songs of old Ireland over and over again to the applauding volunteers.

"I will die in action," I kept muttering to myself, "and none shall ever know of my love for her," and the thought seemed to give me a savage joy.

As I stretched myself on the cold ground to sleep and heard the bugle blow for "taps," and then almost as an echo, a faint reply from the other side of the river, I dimly remember a soldier saying:

"Th' divil must be in Keene t' night—I've known 'im for years, but niver before 'ave I seen the bhoys so wild an' reckless."

And O'Leary was right—I was possessed of a devil.

II.

Long before dawn on the eventful morning of the 13th October I was awakened by the startling blare of the bugles, the fierce roll of alarm drums and loud cries and shouting from the volunteers.

"The enemy! they're coming!" was the cry.

Springing to my feet I hurriedly threw on my accoutrements and looked around for Pierre. He was not to

be seen. In reply to my anxious enquiries I learned that he had not been in camp since the previous evening, and wondering, and vaguely fearful that something serious had befallen him, I fell into line with the Grenadiers and a few of our own men under Captain Dennis—a braver officer than whom never led men into action—who had been detailed to intercept the Americans at the landing. The remainder of the volunteers and a few of the 49th were to be left as a guard to the village. A warm rain was falling gently and save for the flickering light of the lanterns everything was in darkness. Boom! came the deep note of the gun in the redan, startling the slumbering noises of the hills and awakening thundering echoes over the valley. Officers were shouting commands and the volunteers were massing silently and quickly. At this moment Pierre himself hurried up and took his place on my left. His manner betrayed great agitation.

“Lambeth, old friend,” he whispered, in a voice trembling with emotion, “Not a word to any one. Marie and I were secretly married this morning. Just as the words were pronounced that made us man and wife the bugles blew the assembly and I knew that the enemy were coming. I tore myself from her arms—*mon Dieu!* never will I forget how she clung to me!—”

“By the right, quick march! double!”

I thanked our captain from the bottom of my heart for that command, for Pierre did not see the sudden grief on my face nor the startled look spring into my eyes as he told me the words that sounded the death-knell of my hopeless love. She was lost—lost—the world had become suddenly black and I staggered and almost fell. But then a great revulsion of feeling came. What mattered it? I was going to my death and little Pierre would be happy in the love of a true wife. The thunder of the enemy’s batteries at Lewiston and our own answering boom was as sweetest music to my ear. Sharply through the village, where the women

and children had already begun to take refuge in the cellars, we went at the double, and halted not until we had gained the ridge that overlooks the river, where, dimly outlined against the frothing water, confused and hesitating in the darkness, were drawn up on the bank over three hundred of the enemy’s regulars. They had just landed and were in great disorder, as was evident from the swearing and gesticulating of the men and the hurried commands of the officers.

“Fire!” came a sharp command from our captain, and we poured a rattling volley into their yielding ranks, and then another, and still another. The suddenness of the attack, the rapid and effective way in which we loaded and fired and the uncertainty as to what the number of our force might be, completely disheartened them; and disdaining alike the threats and entreaties of their officers, they scurried quickly back to the river and gained shelter under the shelving bank, where the panic at length having subsided, a heavy fire was soon opened upon us, lying all unsheltered in a perilous position. Notwithstanding that we were outnumbered six to one, and that our adversaries were well protected by the riverbank, we were manfully forming up for a charge when the batteries at Lewiston, noting our position from the flashes of musketry, concentrated their fire in our direction and began throwing grape and round shot that screamed and whistled warningly above our heads. Thus, the ridge having become too dangerous to be held with impunity, we retreated in an orderly manner to the shelter of the village, to await daylight and reinforcements.

For a short while we lay behind hedges and fences and maintained a dropping fire on the enemy at the river bank, whose dark blue uniforms appeared but half-distinctly through the uncertain light of the early morning. Pierre was moody and depressed and kept constantly glancing toward the home of his new-made bride and muttering short prayers for her safety

from the shells of the Lewiston batteries. I was cold and wet and my teeth chattered as I aimed and fired at the phantom foe. I was tired of such dull and annoying warfare and chafed and fretted for action. Flasks of rum were passed among the men, and that helped to revive the current of life and to drive the cold and chills from our stiffened frames. Thus the minutes passed by

Morning dawned gray and chill and a thin mist rose slowly from the bosom of Niagara, disclosing four boats filled with soldiers pushing off from the Lewiston landing. At this moment, above the shelving bank of the river appeared the head of a column of troops, (those we had scattered in the darkness), advancing in the direction of the village, with the intention, no doubt, of attacking our greatly inferior force. Captain Dennis, apprehensive that we should be overwhelmed by numbers, hastily ordered a bugler to call down to our support the Company of the 49th Light Infantry stationed at the redan battery on the heights. In response to our appeal, down they came at the double, and as the enemy entered the outskirts of the village, we met them by a sullen British cheer and a rolling volley of musketry.

"On men! on for the honour of America!" came the cry, but our only answer was a hail of bullets that drove them precipitately back to the shelter of their friendly river bank, leaving several dead and wounded on the field.

Then, through the pungent smoke of the battlefield, General Brock came riding up, his noble figure and dauntless bearing exciting the courage and admiration of the men. He was splashed with mud from head to foot, having galloped all the way from Fort George, attracted by the booming of the cannon and the blazing beacons on the height. Reining for a moment to acknowledge our salute, he galloped up the steep incline and dismounted at the redan. Scarcely had he leapt from his horse when a volley was fired at the gunners from above by a large force of the enemy who had clambered up an al-

most inaccessible fishermen's path and gained the heights from the rear. No time was there for generalship, for they followed the volley with a rush, and soon the Stars and Stripes waved over the battery. Fortunately, the gunners had had presence of mind to spike the piece, and it was thus rendered harmless in the enemy's hands for the time being at any rate.

Meanwhile, in spite of the scathing fire from the 24-pounder at Vrooman's Point, which raked the river and the Lewiston landing from below, reinforcements for the enemy had been steadily arriving, boat after boat crossing and depositing its complement of soldiers on the landing beneath the village of Queenston. Several detachments were also sent up to reinforce the Americans on the height, and their force at that point now amounted to over nine hundred men.

As we stood chafing and fuming for the fray, General Brock rode up and dismounted, leaving his horse in the village, and led us on foot to the charge of the heights. We advanced warily and swiftly over the covered ground, and broke into a steady double whenever we came within view of the sharpshooters on the height, and at length, having reached the base of the mountain, we took shelter behind a high stone wall and waited for the word of command. Captain Williams, who had been sent forward with a detachment to turn the enemy's flank, was pressing them hard in that quarter and they were giving way. Seizing the favourable moment, our general sprang over the wall and led the way to the charge, shouting words of encouragement and waving his sword for a general advance.

At this moment, two companies of the York Militia hurried up, much exhausted, having run all the way from Brown's Point, a distance of over three miles, to our assistance. Waiting for them to draw breath, our general turned once more toward the height and shouted that memorable battle-cry that afterward inspired us on many a bloody day:

“Push on, the brave York Volunteers!”

But scarcely were the words fallen from his lips, when a ball struck him in the breast and he fell mortally wounded at our feet. Ah! then, my boys, did we show to the world the courage inspired by that gallant soldier. With a cry of vengeance on our lips, up, up the bloody slope we charged, led by lion-hearted Colonel McDonell, who also died like a soldier and a man at the foot of that fatal height. Up, up we swarmed like demons, with the leaden hail of death hissing about us, and comrades falling at every step.

“Pierre, my lad, for God’s sake keep behind me,” I cried. “I shall die, but you must live—live to make *her* happy.”

But he heeded not, for the fire of youth and the ardour of the fight were upon him, and he scaled the slope with the wild gleam of action in his eyes. I cried out to him again, but he would not listen.

“Merciful heaven,” I groaned, “If Pierre is killed it will be worse than death to her—if he is brought back to her stiff and cold, with a bullet in his heart—O God, and a bride but this morning!”

Low clouds of rolling smoke hid the top of the height, but through the mist the powder-blackened faces of the enemy were visible, pouring a murderous fire into our men at close range. We were almost upon them. Pierre had outstripped me and was in the front rank, pushing eagerly forward toward the summit, and offering a splendid mark for the American riflemen. A strange madness seized my soul. I was temporarily insane. I made strenuous efforts to reach him, and heard but dimly the fierce cries and execrations, and the awful oaths of action. Ha, at last! As we gained the crest and sprang forward with a mighty cheer at the enemy, I grasped Pierre’s shoulder, and forced myself in front of him. He tried to pass me, but I dashed madly forward with our battle cry:

“Push on, the brave York Volunteers!”

But, hardly had the echoes died away, when I stumbled and lurched forward upon my face among the rocks. The great clamour of the fight melted away into the distance, and the crackling of the muskets seemed to come from far, far over a great river that opened out beneath me. Then I felt myself lifted in gentle arms, and a voice, which I recognized as O’Leary’s, muttered:

“Shot through the lungs—poor Keene, your fightin’ days is over.”

III.

How beautiful the river looked with the sun gilding the foaming wavelets and baptizing the rugged and pine-clad gorge in a flood of gold.

This was my first thought as I awoke to consciousness in the hospital at Queenston, and looked out over the delightful harmony of the landscape that had so recently been deluged with the blood of men. Even though I had courted death, and had come so very near to obtaining it, I awoke to find myself granted a new lease of life. The feeling that I was still alive, and might recover, was not unpleasant. Pierre and his wife—my comrade and my lost love—were seated near the bed-side, conversing in low tones, and making plans for their future happiness. I gathered from their talk that Mr. Clinton had at length relented and accepted Pierre as his son-in-law; although he had at first been furious, and swore he would never speak to his daughter again. But Mary’s tears and Pierre’s manly avowals that all the fault of the secret marriage was his alone, had finally won the day, and the father had repented of his harsh words and forgiven them—and they were happy.

So I lay and listened to their converse, and as she talked the glance of her eye and the music of her voice cast out the devil within me, and I found myself revolving plans of my own for the future of my comrade and his wife.

Suddenly Mary looked up and caught my eye riveted upon her face.

"Why, Pierre," she exclaimed, "he is awake!"

The next instant Pierre was by my side and grasping my hand.

"Lambeth, my tried and true friend," he said in a choking voice, "you saved my life. I would most assuredly have been killed if I had received that bullet. Your great vitality was the only thing that pulled you through. If you had not made that heroic sacrifice, Marie, my darling, my wife, would have been a widow—a widow—mon Dieu! on her wedding day!"

"Do not speak of it," I whispered hoarsely, looking out over the river again; "tell me about the fight—what happened after I fell?"

Pierre's manner instantly changed, and his eyes blazed with martial fire as he related how General Sheaffe had arrived just in time to gain a great victory; how our men had formed a semi-circle, attacked the enemy from the rear, and swept the last shattered remnant up to the cliff overhanging the river; how they had struggled vainly

and hopelessly for a few moments before the resistless charge of our men, and then, scrambling, and tumbling, and leaping down the cliffs, and finding no boats at their disposal, many had plunged into the torrent and were drowned; while the remainder, together with the whole force stationed beneath the heights, amounting in all to nearly a thousand men, had surrendered unconditionally to General Sheaffe.

"Ay, it was indeed a glorious day for Canada," I exclaimed with enthusiasm.

And then she came up to the cot and took my hand and looked into my eyes. Will I ever forget that moment?

"And you saved the life of my Pierre," she whispered, holding my hand and looking at me. I dared not speak, for my brain was in a tumult, but I read the admiration in her eyes.

"May I, Pierre?" she asked softly, while the crimson dyed her glorious face, and, still holding my hand, before I could divine her intention she had stooped and kissed me on the lips.

DISCOVERY OF THE FIRST SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND.

THE story of the discovery of the first diamond in South Africa is told in a MS. by the late W. Guydon Atherstone, M.D., F.R.C.S., and F.G.S. published recently in *The Cape Illustrated Magazine*. He claims that the Portuguese long knew of these treasures but thought it unsafe to reveal them to the world. In March, 1867, however, the first South African diamond was found under peculiar circumstances which Dr. Atherstone has thus described:

"I was sitting in my garden, in Beaufort Street, Grahamstown, one Sunday in March, 1867, when the monthly postman handed me a letter from Colesberg,

on opening which something fell out into the long grass. The letter was from Mr. Lorenzo Boyes, Clerk of the Peace for that district, of which the following is a verbatim copy:

COLESBERG, March 12, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR,

I enclose a stone which has been handed to me by Mr. John O'Reilly as having been picked up on a farm on the Hope Town district, and as he thinks it of some value, I send the same to you to examine, which you must please return to me.

Yours very sincerely,

L. BOYES.

"The letter was not registered or sealed, simply fastened by gum in the usual way. After an excited search I

found the stone, ran with it to my laboratory, took its specific gravity and hardness, etc., and at once decided that it was a genuine diamond. My reply was equally laconic:—‘Your stone is a diamond, 21 carats, and worth about £800. Please seal the next, as this was nearly lost on opening the letter.’

“I showed the stone the same day to my neighbour, Bishop Ricardo, who shrugged his shoulders, and smilingly said, ‘Why there are thousands of those in the bed of the Orange River.’

“‘So much the better,’ said I. ‘They must be all diamonds.’ The next day I took it to our Lieut.-Governor, who kindly said his A. D. C., Mr. Byng, who was going the following week to Cape Town, would give it to the Colonial Secretary. No one in Grahamstown would believe that it was a diamond.

“Perceiving the importance of such a discovery to the Colony, I at once wrote to the Hon. Richard Southy, Colonial Secretary, announcing the fact, and suggesting that diamonds should be sent to the Paris Exhibition, and afterwards sold for the benefit of the finder. On receipt of my letter the Colonial Secretary at once telegraphed to me to send it to him and he would deliver it to the Crown Agent for transmission to the Paris Exhibition. At Cape Town it was recognized by Mr. Herrieth, the French Consul, the Capidary Houd, and other competent judges, and was subsequently sent through Emanuel’s (the jeweller’s) house in London, to the Paris Exhibition in 1871, and purchased by the Governor of the Cape Colony, Sir Philip Wodehouse for £500.

“Meanwhile Emanuel sent a competent geologist, Mr. J. R. Gregory, to verify the discovery. Finding the whole of the country volcanic, he naturally concluded that diamonds

could not exist there now; if there had been any fraud or imposture with regard to the discovery of Cape diamonds it would have been in connection with the above-mentioned stone, the first to be proved genuine, but I think subsequent events have proved that my theory was correct, viz:—that the diamonds could and did exist in the throat of the volcano produced by the former union of this continent with the southern part of Asia. When these two continents were still united, the rainfall of both was accumulated during the cretaceous age, and was dammed up, forming lakes above the mines. The water gained access through fissures of the molten rocks below, and the pent-up steam, escaping in the line of least resistance, showered forth ashes, mud, rounded fragments of older rocks and lava.

“That this condition of affairs really existed, has been proved by the fossil remains of creatures living in those lakes, which epochs of the world’s history have been amply explained by Professor Owen Seeley and others, (though it has not yet received the sanction of savants in general) even when the final bursting of the barriers which once united the two continents took place, the Island of Madagascar being the only link remaining.

“Two years afterwards I visited the mines, which now all the world knows of.

“Mr. Emanuel took an exact copy of the first diamond, scratched as it was, which he gave me, and also of the uncut Dudley Diamond, ‘Star of South Africa,’ for which £20,000 was given.

“The history of the arrival of Cecil Rhodes upon the scene, and his subsequent acquisition of a new continent to the Empire of our Queen, is too well known to need mention here.”



THE QUEEN'S PLATE.

IT has been said that "horse-racing in some shape or form will always be carried on where the English language is spoken." To express the whole truth this does not necessarily mean that every horse-race is popular with speakers of English. With them a popular race must be free from base and defrauding influences. They believe there is room for the existence of the sport as affording a source of pleasure and an encouragement to the improvement of the breed of horses. So far as horse-racing does not extend beyond these bounds it is popular "where the English language is spoken." But when it becomes a business it is no longer popular, for as a business it is likely to be degrading. To arouse general interest the race must be absolutely free from the semblance of a deal; it must not be contested for the amount of the prize alone, the victory must be an honour to the winner.

We can then readily understand why the annual race for the Queen's Plate, which is run by the Ontario Jockey Club on the Woodbine track at Toronto, is the greatest race in Canada. It fulfils the conditions of a "popular" race more closely than does any other Canadian event. It is a race for a prize of fifty guineas given by Her Majesty Queen Victoria from her privy purse to the winner of a mile-and-a-quarter running race, only those horses to contest that have never been outside of Canada and have never won a race. The purse is small; it is the honour that is coveted, not the money. The prize does not cover the training expenses in most cases. The race is uncertain, for the contesting horses have no records; there is opportunity for speculation, and this lends a charm that appeals to the public. It is a race of the people, not of the close followers of the track. It does not bring out the best racers of the continent; the

qualifications necessarily exclude even the best province-breds, yet the general public does not mind that. It is a race that encourages good breeding, that affords good sport and high honour. It is, in short, a race of the highest standard. These features please a discriminating public, and the people make it the greatest race in Canada.

Moreover, it links the popular love of sovereignty with that of sport. The Queen donates the prize, it is her race, and anything monarchical appeals to popular sympathy. None other than the Queen's Plate concludes to the tune of "God Save the Queen." As the race has now been run continuously for forty years, it is the oldest fixture in America. Consequently there has grown about the Queen's Plate a body of traditions giving it that dignified reputation that sets it above every other race.

Every year the Plate grows in popular favour. Each year the crowd that doffs hats to "God Save the Queen" grows larger, and each year the name of the winner is awaited throughout the country with growing expectancy. The occasion of the race has now become one of the greatest society events of the Queen City. Of late years it has been run fittingly on the Queen's Birthday, and the bright spring holiday air that prevails lends its additional charm. It is a question whether the description of the dresses in the society columns in the newspapers is not longer than the report of the sporting editor. It has been of late the occasion of a visit of the Governor-General and the Vice-regal party. The Lieutenant-Governor usually attends, while other high functionaries of the State invariably put in an appearance. Men and women who know nothing about racing in general can discuss intelligently the merits of the horses competing in this event. One can also say with a tolerable certainty that there is

no annual sporting event over which so much money changes hands. To bet on the Plate is regarded as something approaching a privilege or duty—with restrictions of course to the betting classes. Altogether it is the greatest sporting event in Canada to-day, and seems likely to remain so to a distant future.

The Plate has always been for province-breds, and there has been little change in the conditions for competitors since it was first given. The regulations now in force are :

The Queen's Plate: \$1,250 added; the oldest fixture run continuously on this continent; probable value, \$1,600. Fifty guineas, the gift of Her Majesty, with \$1,000 added by the club. The first horse to receive the guineas and stakes, and \$700 added by the club. The second horse \$200, and the third \$100. For three-year-olds and upwards, owned, foaled, raised and trained in the Province of Ontario, that have never won a race either on the flat or across country, have never left Canada, and have never been for a period of more than one month out of this province. One mile and a quarter. (A piece of plate will be presented by the club to the winner.)

The Queen's bounty was first secured for Canada in 1860. Royal plates have been given for centuries in England as an encouragement to horse-racing, and there were Queen's Plates and perhaps King's Plates run prior to 1860 in Canada. But it is not likely that the colonial sportsman had any better authority for the style and title of the race than their own attachment to the British throne and to the well-remembered sports of their native land. The origin of the present royal donation is easily explained. A petition to the Queen from the Toronto Turf Club was sent to the Colonial Office by Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General, April 1, 1859. The prayer of the petitioners was for a Queen's Plate of fifty pounds. On the 18th July of the same year a despatch was sent from London granting the Plate, "to be run for at Toronto or such other place in Upper Canada as Her Majesty might appoint."

Since then Her Majesty has appointed many places. For four years, 1860-

1863, the race was run at Carlton, when, under pressure from members of Parliament, the "feast" became a movable one, and the fall courses at Guelph, London, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Whitby, Kingston, Ottawa, Barrie, Woodstock, Prescott and Picton became in turn the scene of an annual struggle for the guineas, only surpassed in acrimony, so it is said, by the yearly struggle among politicians for having the race allotted to this, that or the other constituency. By being a spoil of office it became a matter of a great deal of interest, and in its early contests the Plate attained to much of that importance that is now attached to it. Yet at first the respectable inhabitants of Toronto did not show much interest in the race, a fact which led to its removal from Carlton, Toronto's race track. But in 1881 the Ontario Jockey Club was organized, whereby racing was established on a new basis in Toronto, and in 1883 Lord Lorne, acting on the belief that the race would be run more in accordance with Her Majesty's wishes if permanently established and controlled at the headquarters of the Ontario Jockey Club, gained Her Majesty's sanction to an understanding with the promoters of the new club that it should revert to and not again leave the Queen City. Under central authority chaos had given place to law and order, and the rascalities of the turf were almost entirely eradicated, so that since that date the Plate has been kept free from depraving influences and has continued to grow in popular favour. Moreover, the situation in Toronto was central and the course therefore accessible to a greater number of people than was any other in Ontario. Since 1883 the race has been run upon the Woodbine, and it is now a fixture for Toronto society.

The race was originally mile heats, and was so run until 1868, when it was made a two-mile dash. In 1871 the distance was reduced to a mile and three-quarters, but remained at that only one year. Then it became a mile and a half, and this was the regulation

course until 1886, Wild Rose being the last winner at that distance. Since her year it has been a mile and a quarter.

The most interesting historical feature of the Queen's Plate since its inauguration is the success of the Waterloo horseman, Mr. J. E. Seagram M.P. For eight years, from 1891 to 1898, the yellow and black, the Waterloo colours, came first under the judges' eye and in six of these cases Mr. Seagram also captured the second prize. Needless to say, Mr. Seagram regards this record as a triumph and it has made him probably the greatest Canadian horse-breeder. All his successes were won in a good field of starters and in most cases were hard-earned. Perhaps more skilful riding has won many times for the Waterloo stables, for Mr. Seagram has provided himself with the best jockeys of the continent.

But the desire to win Her Majesty's guineas is noticeable in more than the Waterloo stables. The ambition is to be found the province over. When Mr. Wm. Hendrie, of Hamilton, captured first place with his Butter Scotch in 1899 he regarded his success as much a triumph as his capture of the Futurity Stakes with Martimas. Three years ago a strong candidate for the guineas, the strongest candidate in fact against the Waterloo stables during the eight years of the Seagram regime, turned up in eastern Ontario when Miss Jones' horse, Wicker, ran Ferdinand and Bon Ino such a hard race. Wicker has been pronounced the best horse that has been beaten in the contest. She certainly was unfortunate in having such strong competitors as Ferdinand and Bon Ino.

It would be interesting to know which was the best horse that ever won the Queen's Plate. The best time made in the mile and a quarter was made by Ferdinand in 1897 when she covered the distance in 2.13. But the condition of the weather and the track have a great deal to do with the

determining of the speed. No doubt Victorious has proved himself the highest class of horse, judged by victories achieved after his maiden triumph in the guineas; but perhaps, having regard to the physical disabilities under which he ran, the handsome but unfortunate O'Donohoe would have been even a better race horse than the Son of Terror and Bonnie Vic. At any rate, he was better bred and better looking, while in all essential working points Victorious had none the best of it. Bonnie Bird ranks about the best of the others.

The following table gives a concise history of the race:

YEAR.	WINNER.	WHERE RUN.
1860....	Don Juan.....	Carlton
1861....	Wild Irishman.....	Carlton
1862....	Palermo.....	Carlton
1863....	Touchstone.....	Carlton
1864....	Brunette.....	Guelph
1865....	Lady Norfolk.....	London
1866....	Beacon.....	Hamilton
1867....	Wild Rose.....	St. Catharines
1868....	Nettie.....	Gates' Track
1869....	Bay Jack.....	London
1870....	John Bell.....	Whitby
1871....	Floss.....	Kingston
1872....	Fernaught.....	Ottawa
1873....	Mignonette.....	Barrie
1874....	Swallow.....	Hamilton
1875....	Trumpeter.....	Woodstock
1876....	Nora P.....	Woodbine
1877....	Amelia.....	Prescott
1878....	King George.....	London
1879....	Moss Rose.....	Pictou
1880....	Bonnie Bird.....	Ottawa
1881....	Vice-Chancellor.....	Toronto
1882....	Fanny Wiser.....	Toronto
1883....	Roddy Pringle.....	Toronto
1884....	Williams.....	Toronto
1885....	Willie W.....	Toronto
1886....	Wild Rose.....	Toronto
1887....	Bonnie Duke.....	Toronto
1888....	Harry Cooper.....	Toronto
1889....	Colonist.....	Toronto
1890....	Kitestring.....	Toronto
1891....	Victorious.....	Toronto
1892....	O'Donohoe.....	Toronto
1893....	Martello.....	Toronto
1894....	Joe Miller.....	Toronto
1895....	Bonniefield.....	Toronto
1896....	Millbrook.....	Toronto
1897....	Ferdinand.....	Toronto
1898....	Bon Ino.....	Toronto
1899....	Butter Scotch.....	Toronto
1900....	Dalmoor.....	Toronto

Horseman.

THE LAKE ST. JOHN COUNTRY.

By E. T. D. Chambers.

SOME of the most charming scenes in the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's *Little Rivers* are laid in that romantic northland of Canada, which was practically unknown to tourists and sportsmen until the construction of the Quebec and Lake St. John railway, a decade and a half ago. While the cultured reader is captivated by the purity and elegance of the learned doctor's prose, the lover of nature is charmed with those scenes of natural beauty that are as graphically depicted by the author's pen as by the skill of the illustrator. The angler to whom Sir Humphry Davy has familiarized the traun and *salmo hucho* fishing, turns with eager delight to the doctor's chapter on trout fishing in that famous Austrian stream, and the tourist who is attracted by the blended beauty of water and landscape, lingers in admiration over the pictures of the wooded still waters of the Penobscot, pretty Ampersand lake and the view entitled *Floating on the Placid Cam*. The stamp of elegance, nay, of something akin to feminine grace and beauty and fashionable civilization appears upon these pretty prints. But the men and women belonging to the large and constantly increasing class of health and pleasure-seekers who prefer the wooing of Nature in her wilder moods and more primeval forms, where the conditions of travel and of camp life are more nearly akin to those of original man, and where the pursuit of sport is attended with more of success as well as of adventure, will find still more to attract them in the views of the camp on the island, the Vache Caille Falls, fishing in the foam, and in the wild descent of the rapids, entitled *Down the Peribouca*, that forms the frontispiece to this famous book of sport and of travel.

"My Lady Greygown," who was

the doctor's plucky companion on his sporting trips into this wild north country, is not by any means the only lady who has accompanied her husband down the seething waters of the Grande Décharge, and every year witnesses an increasing number of lady and gentlemen tourists in the territory that has become famous as the home of the ouananiche.

All lovers of the gentle Izaak recall his milkmaid's song, commencing

"Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field
Or woods and steepy mountains yield,"

and Dr. Van Dyke's admirers were afforded a new pleasure after his return from the land of the ouananiche, when he gave them the "old song with a new ending," consisting of the four lines quoted above, with the following original addition :

"There we will rest our sleepy heads,
And happy hearts, on balsam beds ;
And every day go forth to fish
In foaming streams for ouananiche."

Many a happy honeymoon has been spent within these last few years at the Hotel Roberval overlooking Lake St. John—the old Pikouagami of the Montagnais Indians. Nowadays it is the fashionable things for those who follow Mr. Howells' hero and heroine on a tour of the Saguenay, to visit, first of all, the cradle of that dark, mysterious river at Lake St. John, by way of the Quebec and Lake St. John railway, that traverses for 190 miles the Laurentian Mountains, the oldest mountain chain on the face of the globe. It would be difficult to imagine a more attractive ride than this through a forest-clad mountainous country, picturesquely dotted with lakes of various sizes, sometimes rocky crags hundreds of feet in height overhang

the railway. At others the train winds its way around the sharply curved edge of precipitous heights, whence the traveller may gaze perpendicularly down into a ravine, many, many scores of yards below.

The only signs of civilization to be seen along two-thirds of the length of the railway, are the club-houses or landing places of the various fish and game clubs who lease fishing and hunting privileges from the Government. Some of these clubs are Canadian. Many more are composed almost exclusively of Americans. Some of them have as many as a hundred and fifty members, and have erected club-houses costing \$10,000 each. Many of them control from four to five hundred square miles of territory each, where moose and caribou are plentiful and speckled trout of seven and eight pounds are to be caught.

An even vaster club than has been is now in process of formation in England and the United States. The price of membership is \$500, and even at this figure, no less than 5,000 members are looked for. Of course these figures cease to be surprising when it is borne in mind that membership in the Restigouche Salmon Club costs \$7,500, and that the new organization expects to control many more miles of salmon fishing than the Restigouche club has ever owned. Its prospectus states that it controls the fishing in the waters of thirty thousand square miles of territory, and salmon fry have already been planted in many of the more important rivers, while ouananiche and trout are most abundant. In the acquiring of property for club purposes, such as fishing and hunting rights, real estate for club-houses, steamers, etc., the members of the club calculate upon the expenditure of a million and a half to two million dollars in the Lake St. John district.

The enormous rivers that flow into Lake St. John, such as the Ashuapmouchouan, the Mistassini and the Peribonca are from three to five hundred miles in length. By ascending them to their head waters in the

birch-bark canoes of Montagnais Indian guides, the sources may easily be reached by them of many of the streams that flow from the interior of Labrador into James Bay, Ungava Bay, Hamilton Inlet and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. All the country drained by these rivers is dotted by lakes, upon many of which the angler's flies have never been cast and the eyes of a white man have yet to rest.

An enormous trade development is taking part in the Lake St. John country. The rich farming lands south and west of the lake furnish immense quantities of cheese to the Quebec and Montreal markets, and the larger part of the deal trade of the port of Quebec is furnished to it by the Quebec and Lake St. John country. Its enormous forest lands furnish logs for many mills, and the next few years will witness the investment of many millions of dollars in the pulp industry in this section of the country. According to the statistics collected by the Quebec Government's department of lands, forests and fisheries, the Lake St. John territory is so lavishly supplied with pulp wood, that its first cut will yield a product of almost a hundred million cords, sufficient to supply seventy million tons of pulp.

The rivers of this territory are officially declared to be capable of furnishing over 650,000 horse power, which exceeds that of all the rivers in Sweden and Norway, where the pulp industry is carried on to so considerable an extent. Several applications are at present before the Government for water powers and pulp wood limits, both from American and English capitalists. There is already a very large pulp mill at Chicoutimi, which is about to be enlarged to four times its present capacity, and two different syndicates that propose to operate on the Grande Décharge of Lake St. John talk of investing from two to five millions of dollars in the same industry. And yet the extent of territory in this Lake St. John region is so great that tours of hundreds of miles may be made by portage and canoe without the sight of a single human habitation.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

A GAIN has China become a storm-centre. This time the immediate cause is not the jealousies of the foreign powers engaged in the exploitation of that country, but a rising of a large section of the native population, directed, apparently, against all foreigners. It is not at all surprising that the Chinese should resent foreign encroachment. They would have lost the last spark of political manliness if they accepted the situation with indifference. And we know, as evidenced by that attachment to the soil of his country which makes every Chinaman desire to be buried in China, that there is still left a rudimentary kind of patriotism. As bearing materially upon the present situation we must keep in mind that the rulers of China are not Chinese at all, but Tartars. A partial parallel is found in the case of the British in India. About 250,000 military families, differing in race and customs from the mass of the inhabitants, living in cantonments, occupy the chief administrative positions and are supported by money extorted from the people. They maintain their position by keeping the Chinese in a state of almost hopeless ignorance and by keeping their spirit crushed. Despite their efforts, however, there is chronic rebellion. In 1898 a somewhat formidable movement developed under the leadership of educated Chinese. It was about this time that Kang - Yuwei obtained the assent

of the Emperor to reforms calculated to meet the most reasonable demands of the Chinese. The Empress Dowager put a stop to what promised a betterment in the condition of the country by seizing power and adopting drastic measures against the reformers. Chiefly, no doubt, for the purpose of diverting the attention of the Chinese from their Manchu rulers, she recently issued edicts instructing her viceroys to resist further foreign aggression. It would not be hard to persuade the people that the foreigners were enemies. We may thus hold her largely responsible for the recent attacks. There is no evidence to show that the Chinese themselves would be opposed to intercourse with western peoples if they were not kept in enforced ignorance. There is much evidence to the contrary. It is the Manchus who are the schemers. But the Chinese may be expected to be opposed to foreign domination. If the Manchu dynasty, with its corrupt and heartless supporters, could be got rid of, there might be some hope for China



FROM "BULLETIN," SYDNEY, N.S.W.

THE NEW AUSTRALIAN TERROR.

Australia blames the outbreak of the Bubonic plague on the rats.



UNCLE SAM—NO, THANKS, SONNY; I HAVE TROUBLES ENOUGH OF MY OWN.

—Pittsburgh Despatch.

from the natural forces of evolution. But it is hard to see how this can be accomplished, unless the Boxers can hold the foreign troops in check sufficiently long to turn their attention to their Tartar oppressors. They will certainly do this if they have the opportunity. This, however, the foreign powers cannot well permit, for in the process all foreigners would be massacred and all foreign property destroyed. And the loss of life among the natives would be appalling, for they kill promiscuously. In the great Tai-Ping rebellion, which "Chinese" Gordon finally put down, and which was a rebellion against the Manchus, it is commonly stated that the incredible number of 20,000,000 persons perished. The civilized world could not permit a repetition of such slaughter and would, therefore, hardly be justified in standing off to see the Chinese work out their own salvation. Thus is the situation in China one of extreme difficulty, quite apart from the jealous ambitions of the foreign powers.



From what we can learn the Boxers were originally a peaceful organiza-

tion, which has suddenly, and, perhaps, without serious premeditation, taken the aggressive. They have rallied to them vast numbers, and present a motley host of bloodthirsty but ill-armed men. They have murdered foreigners, burned houses, torn up railway tracks, cut telephone wires, and have been bold enough even to attack foreign troops. The Imperial troops have marched against them on many occasions, but have either marched back again, or fled back again, without imposing any check. The Empress Dowager has undoubtedly connived at the rebellion, if not taken means to instigate it. But there is occasion to believe that she is realizing she has raised a tumult which she cannot control, and which threatens the power of the Manchus even more than that of the foreigners. The question in everyone's mind is:—To what extent is Russian intrigue responsible for the outbreak? It has occurred at a time when Britain is largely tied up in South Africa, and when Russia happens to have in the Far East, not only a greater force of men than the British, but also a greater number of warships. It is not impossible, of course, that Russia has had some influence on the attitude taken by the Empress Dowager, and it can be seen how Russia might find opportunities she could turn to account. But, on the other hand, when, Britain, Japan, Germany, the United States and Italy are cleared for action, it would seem to be a bad time to try any sharp practice. We can account for all that has happened without looking to Russian intrigue. According to Mr. Wyndham's statement, the powers are working harmoniously together. If the powers control Pekin and the road to the sea, and can unite on some man to act as another Gordon, the insurrection can be quelled. But there are possibilities of the gravest complications. At the time of going to press the position of the foreigners in Pekin are perilous in the extreme, and the reinforcements under Admiral Seymour, moving up the railway from

Tien-Tsin, are being harassed and have, perhaps, been blocked.

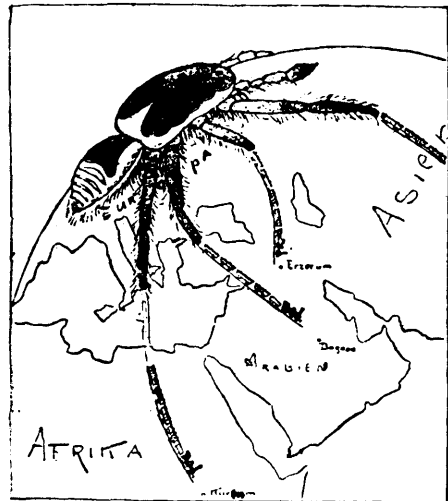


On June 5, Lord Roberts entered Pretoria. In Canada the occasion was anticipated by a few days with a remarkable outburst of jubilation, which showed, among other things, that we have felt the strain of anxiety during the past few months. Contrary, however, to general expectation, the occupation of Pretoria has not proved a crushing blow to the Boers. It was followed by a revival of the fighting spirit among them. Commandant Botha's defence of his position, fifteen miles east of Pretoria, was, perhaps, the most skilful work of this able leader. But he was outnumbered and outgeneralled by Lord Roberts. The comprehensiveness, precision and energy of Lord Roberts' campaign are a continual object of admiration. We can see, as phase after phase of the war appears, just why every move was made—why troops were sent by way Beira; why Hunter was moved up the line to Vryburg; why Buller's advance was so timed; and why Methuen, Brabant and Rundle were left behind in the Orange River Colony. There were forces enough under command of these latter generals to hold the Boers in check until Buller and Lord Roberts had completely closed the gap to the north, but through lack of shrewdness somewhere minor disasters occurred, reminiscent of the earlier stages of the war. At the same time full credit must be given to the cleverness of General De Wet and to the spirit shown by the Boers. Buller's forcing of the passes in northern Natal was a thoroughly creditable piece of work. Our own Canadian boys have borne their full share of the fighting, and have well maintained the standard which they themselves have set up as that below which Canadians must never fall.



With the hopelessness of the Boer cause in the field now so patent that further resistance takes on the charac-

ter of criminal waste, attention will be directed more and more to the settlement by which the foundations of future peace and harmony are to be laid. We have not yet been given the details, but Mr. Chamberlain has stated, with perfect plainness, the general intentions of the Government. The territories of the two Republics are to be fully incorporated into Her Majesty's dominions, and are to be deprived of all separate independence. At first they will be administered as Crown colonies, but as soon as possible they will be given the full measure of self-government, as it exists in Canada and Australia. Lord Salisbury has added that the policy of the Government will be one of appeasement, of affection and of mutual co-operation. The difficulties over which this policy is to prevail will be found, not only in the old Free State and the Transvaal, but also in Cape Colony. It is a question whether parliamentary government will be possible in Cape Colony for the present. It, too, may have to be made a Crown Colony. The Ministerial crisis that arose because Premier Schreiner could not obtain the consent of his colleagues to measures dealing with the trial of active supporters of the Boers, dis-



THE EUROPEAN SPIDER SPINS ITS IRON WEB
OVER ALL THE WORLD.

—From *Ull* (Berlin).



KRUGER TWISTED THE LION'S TAIL, AND—
From the *S. Australian Critic* (Melbourne).

franchising under certain conditions, and the condoning of necessary acts under martial law, is but the first evidence of the difficulties to be faced. The temper of the Afrikander Bund, whose adherents are a considerable majority in the Colony, is such that co-operation may have to wait until time can bring appeasement.



Morocco is becoming an object of increasing international interest. It lies just at the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, and therefore possesses an importance beyond its undeveloped natural resources. Three nations have special interest in Morocco. Spain's connection with Morocco is a matter of history. It was from Morocco the Moorish conquerors came, and when after centuries of struggle Spain drove from her coasts the invaders she carried the war into Morocco and captured much of the sea coast, several towns on which she still holds. If the independence of Morocco is to be destroyed, Spain regards the country as her peculiar province in Africa. France

also wants it. This conflict of desires has been for years the greatest cause of difference between France and Spain. France now possesses Algiers to the east of Morocco and wishes to extend her territory to the Atlantic, and also to secure a port opposite Gibraltar. It is at this point that Britain is interested. She might leave France and Spain to settle between themselves the ownership to the rest of the country, but she would have something to say about the disposition of a few miles of coast on the Straits. The question comes up in a definite form just now, because French troops have come into conflict with the Moors over boundary disputes and sharp fighting has taken place. The death of the Grand Vizier a few weeks ago seems likely to occasion internal dissensions, which may afford just the opportunity France is waiting for.

The Sultan, a mere boy, who was the puppet of the Grand Vizier, is not believed capable of handling the turbulent elements in his kingdom. The French disclaim any unfair intentions, but the Spanish press is suspicious and has been speaking with considerable warmth. It is another Chinese problem on a small scale.



Kumassi is still besieged. The relieving force has been delayed by heavy rains, by the difficulty of obtaining carriers, and by opposition from the rebels. Reinforcements are being gathered from various quarters and a considerable force will soon be at the command of Colonel Willcocks, who is intrusted with the relief. There is a fear that Kumassi may not be able to hold out until help arrives. The garrison are already on half rations and the supply of ammunition is so small that it is being used only to repel attacks. It is reported, too, that rebellion is spreading to other parts of the West Coast. These things form some of the burdens of Empire. Colonial assistance is again being sought. Mr.

Chamberlain has cabled to Canada offering to officers of the Canadian Militia ten appointments in the West African Constabulary; and a similar offer has probably been made to Australia. He has also cabled to the West Indies announcing that the War Office is prepared to accept a composite volunteer contingent from Jamaica, Trinidad and Demerara.



Another burden of Empire, a pitiful

one, is famine-stricken India. The famine has now lasted seven months. The heroic efforts of the officials have accomplished much, but the task is stupendous. Plague follows in the wake of famine and claims its victims by tens of thousands. To keep alive is nobler than to kill. The nation that is killing and being killed in Africa and China is throwing itself with no less strenuous energy into the saving of life in India. A philosophy of public morals might begin with this paradox.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

ON the first of this month Canada will celebrate the beginning of her thirty-fourth year as a federated Dominion. The progress during the thirty-three years is very gratifying. The total foreign trade has increased in value from one hundred and twenty million dollars to three hundred and fifty millions, and the internal trade in even greater proportion. The number of newspapers passing through the mails has increased from eighteen to one hundred and five millions, and the number of letters from eighteen to one hundred and fifty millions. The Governmental revenue has grown from thirteen to fifty millions. The miles of railroad in operation in 1868 were but 2,269, as against 17,000 in 1899. The number of depositors in the Post Office savings banks has grown from 2,102 to 150,000, and the deposits from less than a quarter of a million, to over thirty-five millions.

Almost greater and more important than these evidences of material prosperity, is the growth in political unity and national spirit. For many years after Confederation there was constant talk of secession in one or other of the seven provinces. Now Canada is a proud name in every province, and in every part of each province. The national spirit has grown in strength and majesty, and is mak-

ing for the building of a strong, vigorous and intellectual nationality, seeking not only material welfare, but the righteousness which exalteth a people.



On the sixth day of last month, the Conservative party wore the red rose in honour of the chieftain who died on June 6th, 1891. Sir John A. Macdonald spent the most of half a century in the public service, and was undoubtedly a man of extraordinary parts. The yearly decoration of his monument at Toronto, and of his grave at Kingston recall his services, and serve to impress upon the minds of present-day politicians that the man who serves the state faithfully will be gratefully remembered. These events should also impress upon citizens generally that the present must not be allowed to crowd out the past, that the graves and memories of our dead heroes should be kept green. Apparently, however, the Conservatives are overlooking the latter point in their anxiety to make party advantage out of the memory of one who belonged, after his death, not to the Conservative party, but to the nation.



The Government has appointed a Commission, consisting of Chancellor Boyd, Judge Falconbridge, and Judge

McTavish to inquire into the alleged frauds "during and for several years prior and subsequent to the general elections of 1896, for the election of members to the House of Commons of Canada." This is the result of a recent controversy in the House at Ottawa. What the result will be is hard to forecast. That there were frauds seems most likely. That one party was more guilty than the other seems quite unlikely. That one party only will lose by the investigation is not to be expected. Both have been too anxious to hold the reins of power, and both have given too much chance to the unscrupulous heeler. It is to be hoped that the Judges will search all testimony most thoroughly in order that our political methods may be purified. Purification is what our politics need, and a comprehensive report by this Commission should do something to attain the desired end.

*

A Methodist Quadrennial General Conference has recently been held in the United States. Its greatest piece of work is portrayed by a cartoonist, who represents the Methodist minister as going home to hang up his hat and to take the furniture off the wheels. Itineracy has been abolished. Some years ago the rule was three years; then it was extended to five; and now the term is indefinite.

In Canada we have the itineracy system in the Methodist Church, and the term is three years, with the option of a fourth. The new system of an optional extension has been satisfactory and the term will soon be five years.

The great difference between an Episcopalian minister and a Methodist parson is the greater personal sympathy of the former. He has—in many cases—seen his congregation of fathers and mothers grow up from boys and girls. He has watched them play cricket and use the skipping rope. He has seen their faces grow solemn under the bishop's words at Confirmation. He has watched the strained facial ex-

pression as two have stood before him at the altar to take the vows of eternal faithfulness to each other. He has been present at "the hanging of the crane." His prayers have been a comfort in the dark hour when new life was dawning. He has known all their pleasures and sorrows.

No matter how clever a sermonizer a Methodist clergyman may be, he cannot gain the hold over his congregation which the Episcopalian or Roman Catholic priest gains by long intimacy. Eloquence may sway the feelings and arouse the emotions; but such stirrings are weak when compared with the composite power of the parish priest who has served a lifetime among his people. When the sermonizer is matched against the pastor the battle is unequal.

Both systems have their other side, but itineracy is a relic of the day when preachers were uneducated, and that day has almost passed. The Methodist Church has ceased to be a home missionary society, having transferred the greater part of that work to the Salvation Army. It is now a "church" with all the glory and dignity which that form of organization implies. A "church" need not retain itineracy to secure efficient teaching and preaching.

*

Now that the United Presbyterians and the Free Church of Scotland have consolidated, the question of disestablishment is being revived in the northern half of Great Britain. These two parts of the Presbyterian body in Scotland are not in the establishment. The three branches of Scottish Presbyterianism can be united only by disestablishment. Now that the two disestablished portions have united, there seems greater reason for total disestablishment. When the Synod of the United Presbyterians and the General Assembly of the Free Church meet together for the first time on November 1st, something will be said on this subject.

*

If Prohibition has been an unsuc-

cessful cause in Canada, it was owing to the fanaticism of its supporters, rather than the lack of righteousness in the reform itself. Temperance has been gaining ground because sensible people recognize that over-indulgence in intoxicating liquors is harmful to the individual and unpleasant to the respectability of the community.

While we have grown temperate, we have not become total prohibitionists. The liquor traffic has been regulated by law and restrained by public opinion, and consequently drunkenness in Canada is unpopular, and on the decrease. Common sense has done by regulation and restraint what fanaticism said was inadequate; common sense has accomplished something and fanaticism nothing.

Fanaticism in the meantime has been toned down, and approaching more nearly to common sense. When the Privy Council decided that a provincial legislature had power to pass a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, the prohibitionists at once set to work to try local option on the provincial scale. It had been tried on the county plan and had failed. That it will fail in its new form is likely, but not certain.

Two provinces have enacted prohibitory laws. The Province of Prince Edward Island, with a population of a hundred and twenty-five thousand and with a water boundary, should find little difficulty in enforcing a prohibitory law. The necessities of the tourist traffic may cause some trouble if public opinion in favour of the law is not exceptionally strong. On the other hand, Manitoba will experience much difficulty in enforcing a prohibitory law in a province which borders for many miles on one of the States of the American Union.

Prohibition of public selling of liquor would be more easily enforced than total prohibition. This would also do away with most of the evils of which the temperance advocates complain. Because these two provincial laws go farther than this, they will probably be unsatisfactory.

✱

While the advocate of prohibition is becoming less fanatical, the advocate of religious teaching in the public schools seems to be as earnest as ever. The Archbishop who prescribes the religious duties of the Roman Catholics of Manitoba has expressed himself as dissatisfied with the existing laws and regulations concerning separate schools in that Province. The whole country breathed more freely when a settlement of the Manitoba school question was announced. The Archbishop and his sympathizers at Ottawa and elsewhere have dispelled the illusion which was giving so much satisfaction to Canadians generally. While respecting the wishes of His Grace of St. Boniface, one must express the hope that he may discover that our politicians have had enough of contact with this delicate subject.

In Toronto there is an energetic lawyer, a member of the Church of England, who entertains views concerning religious teaching in the public school, which are very similar to those held by the Archbishop of St. Boniface. The other day he, with two other prominent Episcopalian, went before the Toronto Methodist conference and explained his views concerning voluntary schools. He desires to have state-aided schools in which religious instruction may be imparted instead of the present undenominational state-supported public schools. The Methodists appointed a committee to consider the question with the Anglican committee.

Any reasonable person can see at a glance that if a township now possessing ten public schools should reorganize and decide to have Roman Catholic schools, Anglican schools, Methodist schools, Presbyterian schools, Baptist schools, Christian Science schools and others, the system would be unwieldy and insufficient. In towns and villages the objections would be equally apparent. In cities they would be less noticeable. On the whole they would be disastrous, and the above-mentioned energetic lawyer

should be wise enough to see this. Our public schools are none too good for the age. His energies are being devoted to making them still worse. Will some of his friends please reason with him for the benefit of the country? That he should have enlisted the aid of such a scholarly gentleman as Prof. Clark, of Trinity University, past president of the Royal Society of Canada, is somewhat astonishing.

✱

It is somewhat discouraging to notice how often the members of the House of Commons forget the dignity which is becoming to the people's representatives. Robert Holmes, M.P., writing for his paper, thus describes the scene which took place when the member for Jacques Cartier brought up the "emergency food" question :

"During my two terms in Ottawa I have witnessed some pretty stormy scenes in the House of Commons, but for downright disorderliness and ugliness, disregard of parliamentary rules, and refusal to be governed by the Speaker, the row which took place on Wednesday caps them all. . . . A good many members took part in the discussion—in fact several tried to take part at once, and amid the babel of tongues, cries of 'order,' shouts of 'sit down,' and general disturbance, stood the Speaker, vainly trying to bring order out of chaos, and control a mob that did not want to be controlled. The atmosphere was hot outside, and hotter in; bad-tempered Conservatives threatened to 'knock-the-stuffing' out of equally quick-tempered Liberals. For four hours Parliament lost its dignity and was a veritable bear-garden, all because a Conservative member made an unwarranted attack on the Minister of Militia, on the strength of a newspaper paragraph."

And this from a Liberal member of Parliament!

Surely Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper, both courtly and dignified in manner, can control the members who follow them so slavishly when the votes are counted. Do they not realize that the country's dignity is in their keeping and in that of their followers? And what is most regrettable is, that the worst offenders against the dignity of the House are not the ordinary rank and file, but those who

sit close to the leaders on both sides. With such support it is small wonder that Speaker Bain has decided to retire at the end of this parliamentary term.

✱


There are some fears in Canada caused by talk concerning Imperial representation. The fears are divided into two kinds: fears that representation in Imperial councils will not come soon, and fears that it will come too soon.

At present we are represented in London by a Canadian High Commissioner, and an office filled with Englishmen, who know as much about Canada as the average Canadian knows about Persia. Any move that would give this country changed representation would be a decided reform. Improvement in our London office must be the first step. There will be many steps before parliamentary representation is reached.

The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who has made himself the Apostle of the Imperialists, says that the first step—from his point of view—is to create a new Imperial Court in which Canada, Australia, India and South Africa will be represented by seven colonial law-lords. This sounds like a concession, but when analyzed there is difficulty in locating the said concession. Supposing we do send one law-lord to that court, would we be likely to get more attention or more justice than the Privy Council now gives us?

Mr. Chamberlain misjudges us if he thinks we can be blinded by any bauble of that kind. When we ask for representation we shall require of him the real thing. We have not asked for it yet, and so Mr. Chamberlain need not become anxious about any phase of the question. He may have our cleverest lawyer if he is willing to pay him as handsomely as is reported. That is a different matter from Imperial representation however. One law-lord to represent a nation of six million people—how absurd!

John A. Cooper.



BOOK REVIEWS

CANADIAN HISTORY.*

THERE are already in existence several volumes presenting intelligent summaries of the History of Canada. The latest addition to the list is by Miss Weaver. One cannot but admire the industry which the writer has displayed in getting her facts together, and the general accuracy and clearness of arrangement which distinguish the book. The simplicity of style is also a point in its favour. Intended for use in schools, the little volume is not without its claims upon the educational authorities for that purpose. The chief complaint one feels disposed to make is that the inclusion of so much material—even if it be well condensed and brought together with skill into narrative form—tends to weary and repel the youthful pupil. Without professing to be inspired by an exact knowledge of what the ideal book of this nature should be, we cannot help thinking that a work presenting the salient features of our history would be better, dealing fully with these, but omitting weary details. Be sparing with dates, we would say to the writer of such a book, and rest content with sending pupils away from our public schools in possession of a general acquaintance with the outstanding features of our history. Miss Weaver has done her work well, but, like several of her predecessors, seems determined to fill the child's head with facts rather than to have impressed on the mind a vivid picture in outline which may be filled in later on in life.

* A Canadian History for boys and girls. By Emily P. Weaver. Toronto: Wm. Briggs and the Copp, Clark Co. (50c.)

An idea of this kind—applied to the Canada of to-day—appears to have animated Mr. Peacock in his really admirable little manual.* We do not remember to have seen before so perfect a reproduction of various phases of our national life. Designed apparently to interest British children in our Canadian scenery, industrial conditions, and ways of living, the book is almost certain to be read, and once read, never wholly forgotten. It has taught the present writer a number of things hitherto little understood, and less appreciated. The opening chapter on Canadian history affords a partial illustration of how much may safely be omitted from a narrative of events, without impairing the educational value while stimulating a student's intelligent curiosity. Principal Grant's luminous preface is worthy of him, and the illustrations are of average merit.

CURRENT FICTION.

In "The Farringdons," † Miss Fowler has developed to a fine point her talent for epigram and incisive delineation of character. The heroine is an attractive girl brought up in a narrow Nonconformist circle, and in spite of her little vanities and soaring ambitions, turns out a fine woman. To her patient lover, who is like no other man in his excessive modesty, but masculine enough in his stupidity, Miss Farringdon is a source of long-drawn out torment, and the reader is tempted a

* Canada: A Descriptive Text Book. By E. R. Peacock, M.A. Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Rutter.

† The Farringdons. By E. T. Fowler. Toronto: Morang & Co.

dozen times to knock the heads of the two together for their wearisome obduracy. The identification of the modest lover with the missing heir is not a very clever expedient, and were it not for its undoubted humor and sparkle the book would not have been the success it has been.



Mr. Jacobs spins a good yarn about nautical persons, and if his sense of the ludicrous shows better in a short than in a long tale, he is seldom dull. The crafty seaman, who is the hero of this story, is a victim of his own liking for entanglements in love affairs. The sailor may have a sweetheart in every port, but he must be careful not to have too many in one port, and the fate of Captain Flower has a spice of cruelty about it, in spite of its being deserved.

The old judge who advised Monica Randolph to "talk with your mother," gave the only advice possible under the circumstances. Unfortunately, Monica's views of love were not those of her parent, who thought it wrong for her daughter to fan an ardent flame for a married man, and who (after experience) was unfavourable to divorce. Monica compromises by going to Europe and maintaining a close correspondence, at long range, with the forbidden fruit.† The girl's nature is sensuous if pure, and her ideas hopelessly advanced even if they are a natural product of a certain kind of modern education. In the European city where she takes up her abode, the memory of the far-off lover grows dim, and when his letters cease, Monica is ready for another breach of the conventionalities. The death of her mother is the removal of the last steadying influence, and Monica once more drifts into dangerous relations with another benedict. The authoress intends us to sympathize with her heroine, but it is hard to see why marriage, with its

obligations to society, should be re-organized in order to please a limited number of ill-regulated young women. There is a refinement of touch in the writing which redeems the book from reproach, and the "chaff" between the girl-friends is bright and readable.



WESLEY AND METHODISM.

There is a good deal to be said in favour of the custom of dealing with heroes and great movements in literary monographs. This is one of a series.* Mr. Snell draws what is doubtless an honest, as it is an interesting, picture of the religious revival of the eighteenth century. From that revival much good has sprung, and few religious bodies in our day have so much reason to be proud of their origin as the Methodists. Perhaps the nearer we get to John Wesley the less of a saint and the more of an imperfect human being he appears. But this is the age of critical analysis. We are not engaged, as the Greeks were, in elevating our early heroes into gods. A few distinguished writers would have it so, but the labours of research, scholarship and the love of truth tend the other way. Of John Wesley it may be said that he did some foolish things (his choice of a wife for one), but his nature was refined and lofty, and his example an inspiration. These are some of the inferences which are drawn from the book, and it is written with some spirit and discrimination.



"A TREASURY OF CANADIAN VERSE."

The sudden death of Dr. Rand has given a sad interest to the publication of his "Treasury of Canadian Verse." Fortunately he lived to see the book published, and to know it was assured of a thoroughly appreciative reception at the hands of the Canadian public. No doubt it will also be well received in the United States and Great Britain. Dr. Rand, who was not only a poet

* A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† The Garden of Eden. By Blanche Willis Howard. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

* Wesley and Methodism. By F. J. Snell, M.A. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.

but an artist with all of an artist's taste, was greatly pleased with the appearance of the book, and a careful revision of it in its completed form gave him complete satisfaction with his own work in the selection. He felt, after a deliberate examination, that there was no poem in the book that, if he were again preparing it, he would feel like excluding. The preparation of such a book, as anyone knows who is at all acquainted with the large amount of existing material for selection, involved not only a need for wise discrimination, the possession of poetic taste and good judgment, but also a great deal of patient labour. The collection of biographical notes of the authors also involved a large correspondence, and a great deal of careful research. In placing before his

countrymen such a representative collection of the cream of Canadian poetry, Dr. Rand performed a task that will, apart from the merit of his own poetical work, give his name a place in the annals of the literature of Canadian poetry. His "Treasury" is a monumental work, and it is exceedingly fortunate that its publication has fallen upon a time when Canada is occupying so prominent a place before the world as she is to-day. It is understood that sometime before his death Dr. Rand had completed a long poem entitled "Song Waves," some stanzas of which were published in the Christmas number of *Acta Victoriana* last year. It was his intention to have this poem published in a little volume, and we hope that, though he has passed away, the poem will yet be published.

IDLE MOMENTS

A LOG JAM.

BUMP, bump, bump, thundered the logs over the Falls, striking on the rocks on the bottom, then shooting half their length into the air, whirling, rolling, turning, churning the water into a mass of foam through which they looked like huge fish at play.

The bumping soon increased into a steady roar, as the run began in earnest. Two men, stationed at the dam above, regulated the run of logs, and kept them from going down cross-wise and thus causing trouble. This dam was some little distance above the Falls, but the space between had been so arranged as to render a jam very improbable; when the logs left the dam they had a straight run over the Falls.

All day the wind had been contrary, blowing the logs up the river where the current was slow, but at night-fall

the wind had died away and the logs were returning. The men, who had been lounging idly around, were called out and given their stations. All was now life and motion for two or three miles along the river.

The "boss" was moving about in the darkness, and no one knew where he would appear next. About midnight he came to the Falls; he could see nothing but a mountain of logs. There was a jam. Hastening to the dam, with lurid language he ordered the boom to be run across, and the stop-logs put in. Men were coming from above and below, but owing to the darkness nothing could be done, so the drivers hurried off to gain what sleep they could before morning.

When the earliest streaks of light had begun to appear in the eastern sky a large crowd assembled at the Falls. Thousands of logs were piled in one

huge mass against the wall of rock. As the water was now shut off there were no Falls. The dam was opened, but the water made no motion among the logs.

In every jam there is generally one log called the key; if this be discharged the whole mass rushes down with a roar louder than thunder. It is wonderful how expert these men become at the work, and the accuracy with which they locate the log they wish to move. Dynamite is sometimes used, but not until all other means have failed. In this case it was decided to use horses; it is done in this way: the team is hitched to a long rope running through a block, one end is coiled twice around a stump and held by two or three men. To the other end is attached a kind of hook, which is driven into the log; when the horses pull and the log turns the hook slips off; but should the jam suddenly give way, and the hook catch, the men let go the rope which runs through the block, leaving the horses free. Volunteers were called for, to go down and fasten the hook; several men came forward, and one was selected for the perilous task. With hook in hand he goes nimbly down the mass, and drives it into the log pointed out by the boss; then he springs lightly away. The horses are started, the log turns. A quiver goes through the heap, but no more. Again the hook is fastened; again the log turns; but with no better success. The driver goes down a third time and fastens the hook. It falls off. He stoops down to get it. With a mighty roar the whole mass rose up as a wall, then fell forward sending up clouds of spray high above the trees. A mighty crash, a low rumble, and then the steady roar of the Falls was the only sound heard. The water leaped and sparkled in the rising sun, and danced down the slope in glee as though no bruised and mangled body lay in the depths below.

The men stood staring at the river in silence. "Down with the stop-logs," shouted the foreman, and a dozen men sprang to obey, while several hurried down to clear away the

logs as best they could, as the water lowered. Then with long pike-poles they searched for the body of their comrade. By noon he was found; crushed beyond all recognition. A rough coffin was soon prepared, and in the little churchyard by the river he was laid to rest. Scores of rough men gathered around the grave, listening with uncovered heads to the solemn words of the minister, as he committed the "dust to dust," and warned the living of their own day of dissolution. While over all, like a sad and plaintive requiem, resounded the mournful roar of the Falls.

J. Harmon Patterson.



MY FIRST SWEETHEART.

I WAS schoolmaster; she, school-mam.

The old clap-board schoolhouse stood at the bottom of the hill. A brook meandered through the playground. It became wider and deeper in the meadow farther down. At the bridge it was deepest. There the willows stretched out over the water. If a person leaned too far, in reaching for a straight, lithe gad to whip a youngster with, he would fall in.

The schoolhouse was divided into two. I taught the big ones in the big room; she, the little ones in the little room.

I did the whipping.

Sometimes, after four, I have stood at the window, watching her form disappear beyond the hill; or if no youngster to whip detained me, she and I have taken the short-cut across the fields, where in summer clover scented the air, and sweet June grass waved toward the meadow.

We boarded at the farm house, nearby.

One morning a man came to the schoolhouse, and asked to see her. I told him to rap on the side door.

I never had been jealous before. I mightn't have been then, had I not seen her start at sight of him.

When he had gone she came to tell

me that Johnnie needed punishing ; he was always into mischief. I asked her why she hadn't employed her "gallant" to champion her. She blushed and bit her lip.

"I thought it your duty."

"My duty is to conduct this school properly."

She hesitated.

"At any rate, the boy needs a whipping."

"Then I shall consider it your duty to whip him."

"I shall not."

"Neither shall I."

At dinner we were quiet. The farmer's wife didn't say much, even about the sugar season having been a failure.

I had been thinking. I went to my room. Instead of spending a few minutes translating Greek, I decided to go to the bridge and get a willow stick. The one I had was broken. I vowed that had it been any other girl I wouldn't have budged even that much.

When almost within sight of the bridge, I heard a splash. Hurrying towards the willows, I saw the school-mistress over head in the clear water. I plunged in.

As she caught her breath she gasped:

"How did you happen to come?"

"Because I like you," I answered, holding her more closely in my arms. "Had you been any other girl, I wouldn't have budged an inch. But what on earth were you doing here?"

She blushed, and the long, dark lashes shaded the azure of her eyes.

"I came to get a stick to whip Johnnie."

The water was warm, but we both were sociably wet.

By detaining school a half-hour we had yet time to hurry to the house and change our clothing. I was ready first, as her hair would not readily respond to the application of tongs. I went around to the kitchen, and told the farmer's wife that if she would give me a cake of maple sugar I'd try a new mode of punishing at school. She smiled almost audibly as she handed it to me.

Toward four that afternoon I went into the little room and told Johnnie to come to me when the other children had gone.

He came, looking very doubtful.

"Well, Johnnie," I said, "you have been into mischief again."

"Yes, ma—sir."

"What did your teacher say?"

"Please sir, this morning she said she would get you to whip me, but this afternoon she called me up, and kissed me, and gave me a cake of maple sugar."

"Well, Johnnie," I replied, "I have great confidence in your teacher. I believe that I can do nothing better than follow her example."

I handed him the sugar.

As he closed the outer door behind him, through an open window I heard:

"Some one must look after the child; wait."

I rose in my chair, and saw the man who called that morning standing in the side doorway.

Next moment the schoolmam came and asked if I would give her an order on the trustees for the past two months' salary. She took it and gave it to the man. He went away.

I waited a few minutes. As I did not hear her go out, I went over to the door that connected the two school-rooms. She was leaning over her desk, her face buried in her hands. She was not sobbing loudly.

I went in. She told me a sad story; which I promised never to repeat.

An hour later she wrote her resignation.

Two trustees called next day, shortly after school was dismissed.

"We thought she would stay the next six months anyway," said one.

"The scholars all liked her," said the other.

She stood on one side of the desk; I opposite.

"Are you wanting more salary?"

She blushed slightly; then raised her eyes to me.

"Perhaps you don't agree?"

"It is not that," I answered; "but I must admit that we have decided it

were better for her to go. I shall at least teach out the year. Meantime, she will prepare her trousseau. You may congratulate me."

She and I often speak of the old days, even now; but, somehow, we never refer to that man. He, poor fellow! was my wife's wayward brother.

Newton MacTavish.

THE POM POM GUN.

From the Toronto "World."

WHICHEVER way we turn,
It's pom pom boom;
The British are astern.
Pom pom boom!
Our hopes we must discard—
They pom pom and bombard—
Now that is mighty hard
On Oom!

When Cronje he was caught,
Pom pom boom!
We knew the thing was hot,
Pom pom boom!
We thought our splendid slobs
Were up against some snobs,
But here is Little Bobs!
Poor Oom!

Is Canada down there?
Pom pom boom!
For the others we don't care.
Pom pom boom!
Each Boer will save his neck,
The Canucks are on deck,
So we will further trek,
Says Oom.

Glory be to God!
Pom pom boom!
Old Kruger is a fraud.
Pom pom boom!
They've got them in their clutch
Will they let 'm go? Not much.
Hear the cursing of the Dutch—
At Oom!

Is Helena big enough?
Pom pom boom!
That little island rough.
Pom pom boom!
It may be rather small,
But we'll fix it up next fall
With a bed against the wall.
For Oom.

The Khan.

THE LITTLE AUTOCRAT

(From The Blue Pencil Magazine.)

OH, Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Grundy!
Why, pray, were you born,
To vex the suffering souls of men
Through noon and night and morn?
You own the salon, club and street,
You fill the payers, too;
I fear the earth would go to smash
If it were not for you.

"On dit," "das giebst," "on parle," "they say"—

It's all the same, you know;
You change the language, but it's e'er
The same old scandal-show.
You put the saint upon the rack,
You boil the fool in oil;
The prig, the cad, the parvenu,
You keep in hot turmoil.

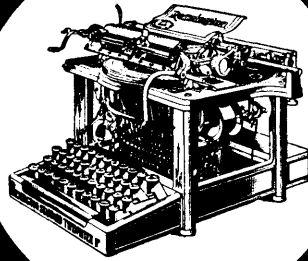
Oh, Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Grundy!
You're the silent queen
Who rules the modern world like iron,
Oft heard but never seen.
Bullets and spears and Maxim guns
Are naught to your sly stab,
With but one poisoned dart, keen-tipped
With golden gifts of gab.

Alas! you know our weaknesses,
You know our foibles, too;
You know we hate you, yet dare not
But keep good friends with you.
And whether telling truth or lies,
You're bound to interest us;
And yet to be ignored by you—
Will e'er such luck be blest us?

A Victim.

A
**Remington
Typewriter**

renders double the service
of any other writing
machine.



REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER COMPANY

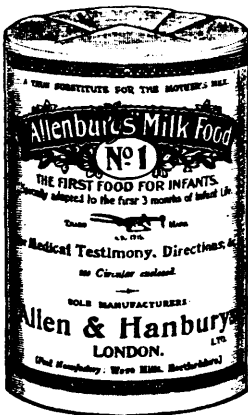
6 Richmond Street East, Toronto.

OTTAWA BRANCH:—5 O'Connor Street.

SPACKMAN & CO., General Dealers, 119 St. François Xavier Street, Montreal.

The
“Allenburys” Foods.

A PROGRESSIVE DIETARY, unique in providing nourishment, suited to the growing digestive powers of YOUNG INFANTS from birth upwards, and free from dangerous germs.



The “Allenburys” Milk Food No. 1

Specially adapted to the first three months of life.

The “Allenburys” Milk Food No. 2

Similarly adapted to the second three months of life.

The “Allenburys” Malted Food No. 3

For infants over six months of age.

No. 3 Food is strongly recommended for **Convalescents, Invalids, the Aged,** and all requiring a light and easily digested diet.

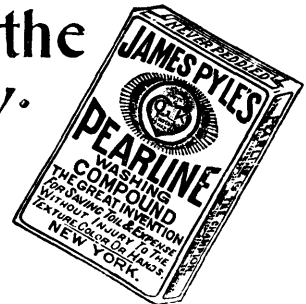
PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING AND MANAGEMENT FREE.

Canadian Agency:—W. LLOYD WOOD, TORONTO.

Don't argue
with Dirt.

Use Pearline
without Soap

Pearline *Best by Test.*
does away with half
the work, —
and makes the
other half easy.



At all Grocers.
Millions use it.

Beware of substitutes claimed
to be the same as, or as good
as Pearline—they are not.

Our trade mark gives faith.

When your jeweller shows you some silverware, you probably cannot tell whether it be sterling or plated. You turn the article over and look for the stamp.



If our sterling trade mark be on it you know it is $\frac{925}{1000}$ parts pure silver. You know a house of our standing, and doing the large business we do, could not afford to mislead you.

Our patterns are unsurpassed.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.,

Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

A. J. Whimbey, - Manager for Canada.

Chester



Suspenders

Good Judges Know

They are all that suspenders should be—stretch only when you do and do not lose their stretch as others do.

The "Chester" at 50c. A cheaper model at 25c. Sample pairs, postpaid, on receipt of price. Nickeled drawers supporters free to purchasers for dealer's name if he is out of them. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass. Branch factory, Brockville, Ontario.

WARM WEATHER BREAKFASTS

Grape-Nuts

Require No Cooking.

EASY FOR THE COOK.

As the warm days approach, it is well to give some thought to an easy way to prepare breakfast. A food that is already cooked and simply needs to be treated with a little cold milk or cold cream, is ideal on that point, and such a food can be found in Grape Nuts, at 15 cents per package.

It is sold by all grocers, and is so highly concentrated that not more than three or four teaspoonfuls are required for the cereal part of the meal. This makes the food very economical, and does not overtax the stomach with a great volume of food.



"Good things should be praised."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Portia"

A most aristocratic Notepaper, is one of our latest creations. This beautiful production of a smooth, unglazed surface, white, wove paper, with Envelopes to match, pleases the most fastidious correspondents and adorns the desk of many ladies noted for their *fin de siècle* taste and excellent discernment.

Reject inferior notepapers. Insist that your stationer procures you the correct "Portia" manufactured by

THE BARBER & ELLIS CO., Limited,
Manufacturing and Wholesale Stationers,
TORONTO.

CANADA'S GREATEST PIANO & ORGAN HOUSE
GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING
 188 YONGE ST. TORONTO

**YOU CAN SAVE MONEY
 BY BUYING FROM US.**

It is an admitted fact that we do the largest retail Organ and Piano business in Canada. This is simply because we give better value for the money than is obtainable elsewhere. We are enabled to do this because we have consolidated the interests of twelve different makers under one roof, one management and one expense. No matter what make of piano or organ you require put our assertion to the test by writing us for Catalogues and prices.

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66 KING ST. W.

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ALBERT Soaps



**“Baby’s
 Own”**

Commands by far the largest sale of any soap in Canada. Many people would rather run a mile than use any other.

It is Pure, Fragrant and Cleansing.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS., MONTREAL.

**“My Face
is My
Fortune.”**

If a woman's face is her fortune, then there's very good reason why she should safeguard her complexion by using pure Soap—beware of trying to get too much for your money in Soap. Look into quality rather than quantity.

That famous English Complexion Soap, “Oriole Soap,” is **pure Soap**. It is made from pure Vegetable Oils and healing Balsams from the far East. Even the tender skin of an infant is absolutely safe with Oriole Soap. Put up and sold only in handsome hinged metal boxes.

Oriole Soap.

Ten Cents, of best dealers everywhere.



Don't let

your grocer, or
any other person,
talk you into buy-
ing any but

Clark's Canned Meats

or Clark's Pork and Beans.

You may pay much more for some other kinds, but you cannot improve on the quality of “Clark's,”

WM. CLARK, Manufacturer, MONTREAL.



TO BE OBTAINED AT
ALL
DRUG STORES.

CARLSBAD NATURAL Mineral Waters

From the Celebrated Alkaline and Saline Springs,
SPRUDEL, SCHLOSSBRUNNEN, MUHLBRUNNEN,
At the Famous Health Resort of Carlsbad, Bohemia,

are now imported in bottles and may be used in the treatment of all cases in which the CARLSBAD Cure is indicated when patients are unable to visit the Spa for

**CHRONIC GASTRIC CATARRH,
HYPEREMIA OF THE LIVER,
GALL STONES, DIABETES,
CHRONIC CONSTIPATION,
RENAL CALCULI, GOUT,**

and diseases of the spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

The Natural Carlsbad Sprudel Salt

contains all the essential ingredients of the "SPRUDEL," is alkaline, and readily soluble in water.

To avoid imitations, please see that the WRAPPER round each bottle of SALT bears the Signature of the Sole Agents,

INGRAM & ROYLE, Limited,
LONDON,
LIVERPOOL and BRISTOL.

A PURE
GLYCERINE
SOAP
for the
TOILET
Manufactured by
JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
TORONTO.

**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

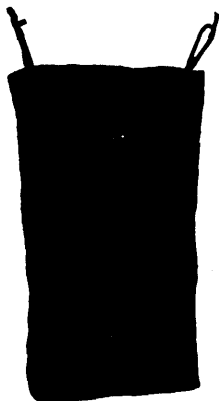
**PURIFIES
AS IT
BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN
No
will do it.**



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 51 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient):—"As young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin prepara-

tions." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. **Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.
For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.
Also found in N. Y. City at B. H. Macey's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.



**FEARMAN'S
FAMOUS**



**ENGLISH
BREAKFAST
BACON**

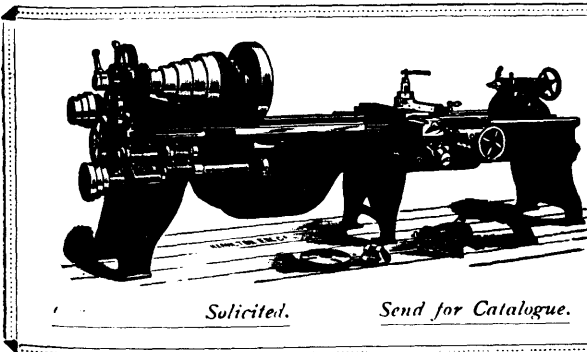
**THE STANDARD OF
EPICUREAN TASTE**

For Sale by all Leading Grocers

**Perfect Construction.
Fair Dealing.**

Singer machines are so simple that a child can understand them; they are so strong that a bungler can hardly get them out of order. Every part is made with such scrupulous care, from the best materials, fitted in its place with the utmost exactness, and tested and re-tested so many times before leaving the factory, that it never gets the "fits" which try a woman's patience, destroy the fruits of her labor, and consume her time in vexing attempts to coax the machine to a proper performance of duty. Singer machines are sold directly from maker to user; they are guaranteed by the maker, always ready to furnish parts and supplies in any part of the world, and not by a middleman totally unable to render this service. *Buy a sewing-machine of the Present, and not one of the Past.*

**Get a Singer. You can try one free.
Old machines taken in exchange.
The Singer Manufacturing Co.
Salesrooms in every city in the world.**



**John Bertram & Sons
Dundas, Ontario, Canada.**

**EQUIPMENTS FOR
Ship Yards, Boiler Shops,
Locomotive Shops, Car Shops
Machine Shops, etc.,**

Consisting of Machine Tools for working Iron, Steel or Brass.

Solicited. Send for Catalogue.



Guaranteed Good

Every piece of enameled ware bearing Kemp's

Granite or Diamond

label has our guarantee.

You'll be money in pocket if you ask your dealer for them—they don't cost more, but last longer than others—that's why careful shoppers always choose Kemp's

KEMP MFG. CO., TORONTO

WE EMPLOY EVERY METHOD OF MAKING PLATES FOR LETTER PRESS PRINTING



TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.

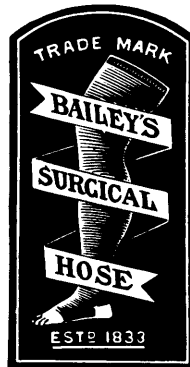
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FACILITIES AND CAPACITY UNEXCELLED

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Varicose Veins.

BAILEY'S Elastic Stockings

A badly fitting stocking, or one made of unsuitable material, is not only no good, it is positively harmful

"Varix," all about Elastic Stockings, how to wear, clean, and repair them, post free 5 cents.

New 80 page Catalogue of Surgical Appliances 5 cents. Wholesale Depot for Every Article for Sick Nursing. Established A.D. 1833. Nurse Catalogue, 165 pages. Wholesale prices. Send Professional Card.

W. H. BAILEY & SON,
38 Oxford St., London, W., England.

TEABERRY for the TEETH

That nasty taste in your mouth will be removed if you clean your teeth regularly with this well-tested, healthful and safe dentrifice. Not alone clean teeth—but beautiful white teeth will be yours by the use of Teaberry. The gums are hardened and your general health is made better for what measure of ill-health comes from poorly cared-for teeth.

Sold by all druggists at 25c. a bottle.
ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

APIOL & STEEL for Ladies PILLS

A REMEDY FOR ALL
AILMENTS. Superseding Bitter
Apple, Pil Cochia, Pennyroyal, etc.
Order of all Chemists, or post free
for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS,
LIMITED, TORONTO.

OR
MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON.

APIOL & STEEL for Ladies PILLS

HARD TO BREAK.

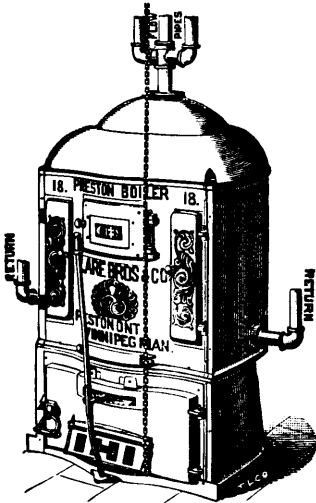
But the Coffee Habit can be Put Off.

"I was a coffee user from early childhood but it finally made me so nervous that I spent a great many sleepless nights, starting at every sound I heard and suffering with a continual dull headache. My hands trembled, and I was also troubled with shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The whole system showed a poisoned condition and I was told to leave off coffee, for that was the cause of it. I was unable to break myself of the habit until some one induced me to try Postum Food Coffee.

"The first trial, the Food Coffee was flat and tasteless and I thought it was horrid stuff, but my friend urged me to try again and let it boil longer. This time I had a very delightful beverage and have been enjoying it ever since, and am now in a very greatly improved condition of health.

"My brother is also using Postum instead of coffee and a friend of ours, Mr. W., who was a great coffee user, found himself growing more and more nervous and was troubled at times with dizzy spells. His wife suffered with nausea and indigestion, also from coffee. They left it off and have been using Postum Food Coffee for some time, and are now in a perfect condition of health." Grace C. M., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Put a piece of butter the size of two peas in the pot, to prevent boiling over.

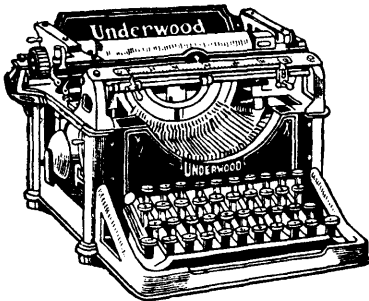


People Who Think of Heating

their buildings with HOT AIR or HOT WATER should consult CLARE BROS. & CO., PRESTON, ONT., if they want the latest and up-to-date apparatus to burn either wood or coal. Heating has been our specialty for the past thirty years. Our goods are of SUPERIOR quality and fully guaranteed. If you send us dimensions of your building we will cheerfully give you an estimate for heating, and advise you as to the best way of doing it.

CLARE BROS. & CO., Preston, Ont.

Toronto Agent—A. WELCH, 302 Queen West.



THE UNDERWOOD

The Underwood Typewriter...

Read what the largest user of Typewriters in Canada, says :

TORONTO, Ont., Mar. 15, 1900.

J. J. SEITZs, Esq.,

General Mgr. Creelman Bros. Typewriter Co., City.

Dear Sir:—I have concluded to place a few more machines in our Typewriting Department, and the splendid satisfaction given by the 40 new Underwoods purchased from you last September warrants me in placing my order for another lot of Ten machines of the latest improved Model.

While I can buy first-class second-hand machines at about half the rate you have quoted for the Underwood, I feel that it will pay in the end to secure the best available, and the pleasure and profit our students enjoy from the constant use of new machines prompts me to make this additional investment in their behalf.

Please let us have these as early as possible, and oblige,

Yours very truly,

W. H. SHAW, Principal,

Central Business College,

Toronto, Ont.

How and Where to Buy Hair Goods

BEST QUALITIES. LATEST STYLES. LOWEST PRICES.

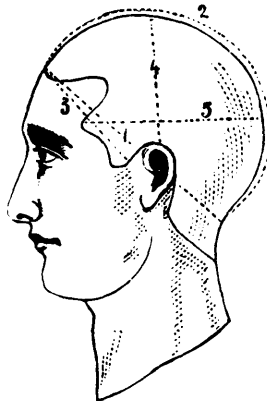


Coiffure "Fatima," with Artificial Front.

A most elegant and pretty Paris Style of 1900.

"Fatima" Bang, made of the best Natural Curly Hair, \$5.00, \$7.50 and \$9.00.

When ordering send Sample and the Amount.



How to Take the Measure for a Wig.

Do you wear a Toupet, Wig, or Head Covering? Then make it a point to come to us the next time. We are experts in Wig making. A bad fitting Wig makes the life miserable. We can suit you in any part of the country. Send free on application full particulars, prices, etc. Our goods are made of Best Qualities and Lowest Prices.



Now is the time to buy cheap Switches. We have an immense stock to choose from. Send a cut sample of your hair.

See our Prices of full size 3-strand Switches, as well as single strands.

18 inch long hair Switch,	\$2.50.	Single strand,	\$1.00
18 " " " " " "	3.00.	" " "	1.50
20 " " " " " "	4.00.	" " "	1.75
22 " " " " " "	5.00.	" " "	2.00
24 " " " " " "	6.00.	" " "	2.50
26 " " " " " "	8.00.	" " "	3.00
28 " " " " " "	9.00.	" " "	3.50
30 " " " " " "	11.00.	" " "	4.00
16 inch full size Natural Wavy,	\$3.50.	Single strand,	\$2.00
14 " " " " " "	4.00.	" " "	2.25
20 " " " " " "	5.00.	" " "	2.75
22 " " " " " "	6.00.	" " "	3.00
24 " " " " " "	7.50.	" " "	3.50
26 " " " " " "	9.00.	" " "	4.00
28 " " " " " "	11.00.	" " "	5.00
30 " " " " " "	13.00.	" " "	6.00

Rare shades of hair such as Drab, Blond, Auburn, are 30 per cent. extra to above prices. Quarter gray, 25 per cent.; half gray, 30 per cent.; three-quarter gray, 35 per cent.; seven-eighths gray, 40 per cent. Extra.

Send sample of your hair and we will send you the nicest Switch you ever bought for that money. Our Patent Self-Fastening Switches are made in 6 sizes, from \$4.00 up to \$25.00.

If you want to keep your front and back hair tidy use one of Armand's Invisible Real Hair Nets. Small size front Net, 10c., 3 for 25c.; medium, 15c., 2 for 25c.; large size, 20c., 3 for 50c. Back Nets with Elastics, 15c., 20c. and 25c. each. Send sample of your hair to match color.

J. TRANGLE-ARMAND & CO., 441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Streets, Toronto, Ont.



No. 4 Smith Premier has 84 Characters.

The Smith Premier Typewriter

THE BEST VALUE WRITING MACHINE

Simple, Durable, Mechanically Correct

Factory and Home Office :

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Write Canadian Representative Nearest You for Catalogue, etc.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.—W. J. ARNOTT & CO.

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of all makes 50% below factory prices. Send for price list. Machines rented for practice or office use.

ELLAM'S SELF RISING DUPLICATOR

which makes from 700 to 1000 copies per hour, either hand or typewriting music, drawing, etc. Supplies for all makes of duplicators.

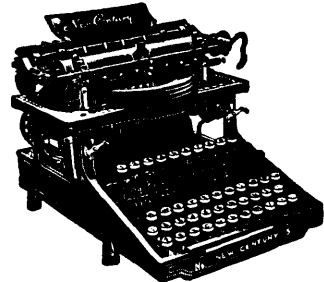
Price List on Application.

Canadian Typewriter Exchange

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The New Century,
 The Foremost Typewriter of the Age.

Velvet Touch,
 Easy Action
 Least Fatigue
 To Operator



Examine it
 And you Will Keep It.
 It Has No Equal.

Catalogue Free.
 American Writing Machine Co.,
 302 B'dway,
 New York.

Holders of 22 Special Royal and Imperial Appointments

To

H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
 H.I.M. The Empress Frederick.
 H.M. The Queen of Denmark.
 H.M. The Queen of Greece.
 H.M. The Queen of Sweden and
 Norway.
 H.M. The Queen of Italy.
 Etc., Etc.



And under the Patronage
 of the Courts of Great Britain
 Germany, Russia, Austria,
 Italy, Denmark, Spain,
 Sweden and Norway,
 Greece,
 Etc., Etc.

To HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Egerton Burnett's Royal Serges

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Pure Wool. Lasting Wear.

For **LADIES, CHILDREN, and GENTLEMEN** in all Climates and
 Seasons. Navy Blue, Black, Cream, Khaki, and other fashionable colours.
Prices from 1/1½ (27c.) to 13/6 (\$3.27) per yard.

E. B.'S Tweeds, Homespun, Trouserings, Dress Fabrics, Etc.

Comprise a vast variety of shades and prices.

ANY LENGTH SOLD.

**Ladies' Tailor-Made Costumes from 26/- (\$6.30),
 Gentlemen's Suits from 35/- (\$8.45), Made to Measure.**

**GOODS PACKED FOR EXPORTATION. SPECIAL TERMS FOR THE COLONIES, ETC.
 PATTERNS, ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS, AND SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS**

POST FREE FROM

EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.,
R.W. WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

Brain Fatigue.



It is better to brace up the system to its normal tone than go on day after day worrying and worn out all the time. A bottle of

Hall's Wine

will make all the difference both in the desire to live and in the pleasure of living.

It is a scientific concentration of rich old port, the original Liebig Company's Extract, and the extractive principle of coca leaf.

Hall's Wine as a nerve and blood tonic is unequalled; eminent English physicians prescribe it to convalescents after severe illnesses.



Sold by druggists, licensed grocers, and wine merchants.

Proprietors: Stephen Smith and Co., Ltd., Bow, London, England.

ENDORSED BY MUSICIANS.

The Pianola

Is an Instrument by means of which ANY ONE can play the Piano.

CLAIMS.

The Pianola provides a source of pleasure for everyone, whether he be novice or skilled musician.

It overcomes the difficulties of the unskilled by supplying the necessary technic to play any piece.

It satisfies the artistic demands of the musically cultured by allowing the player instantaneous control of the expression.

It responds to his will—the rendition has therefore a musical personality the same as when played with the human fingers.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

“The instrument works in every respect, absolutely perfect, and I am by this sensational and epoch-making invention more delighted than ever.”—*Emil Sauer.*

In a recent letter in which he orders two more Pianolas for friends in Germany

SUBSTANTIATION.

“Any one hidden in a room near by who will hear the Pianola for the first time will surely think that it is a great virtuoso that plays; but after a while he will perceive his error, because your instrument never plays false notes.” (Literal translation).—*Moszkowski.*

“I feel quite sure that nothing has more closely approached hand-playing.”—*Rosenthal.*

“I am astonished at the possibilities of the Pianola, and the inventor commands my most profound admiration in bringing out an instrument whose playing has the characteristics of the work of the human fingers.”—*De Pachmann.*

“In the hands of a competent player all the shading, crescendo, as well as modification of tempi, are remarkably accurate.”—*Emil Paur.*



Pianola in use with Upright Piano.

Write us for full particulars.

PRICE \$275

Can be bought by instalments if desired.

Wherever there is a Piano there should be a Pianola.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited,

Sole Representatives,

32 King Street West, TORONTO.

Try

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FLUID BEEF

It
is
the
Best



BESSON & CO., Limited,

“Prototype” Band Instruments

*Used by the leading Musicians and
Bands throughout the world.*

AGENTS:

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P. GROSSMANN'S SONS, 65 James St. North, HAMILTON, ONT.
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LARGE ASSORTMENT FOR

EXHIBITION,

Bicycle, Sports, Horse Racing, and
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WE MAKE POSTERS OF ALL KINDS FOR ALL PURPOSES.

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Toronto Lithographing Co., Limited,

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I CROWN THEE "KING QUALITY"

THE KING QUALITY Shoe has all the merits of the best made shoe in America, made of the finest kid, oak sole leather, skilled workmanship and studied styles, with lasts modelled from nature's feet insure comfort, wear and elegance. Insist upon seeing the trade mark, "KING QUALITY," on each shoe, with stamped price on the sole, and then you know you are getting the best. The price is \$3.00; Goodyear Welt, cork insole, \$4.00; men's cork insole, bench made, \$4.50.


Do not be talked into a higher priced shoe, as these are as good as the best made, and anything cheaper must necessarily be taken out of the cost.

Manufactured only by

The J. D. KING CO., Limited


TORONTO

Tel. 2741



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COWAN'S



COCOA

HYGIENIC COCOA

Pure, Healthful, Delicious.

Cowan's Hygienic Cocoa

Sold in Tins Only.

CONFECTIONS THAT ARE VERY EXCELLENT—

Cowan's QUEEN'S DESSERT CHOCOLATE,
CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS,
CHOCOLATE GINGER,
CHOCOLATE WAFERS,
and CRYSTALLIZED GINGER.

Ladies can use these and give them to their children with perfect safety. They are absolutely pure.

Drawn for Canadian Magazine

For Constipation

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Hunyadi János

NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

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Sure

YOU GET THE

GENUINE



The "SAFETY" Acetylene Gas Machine

Manufactured by

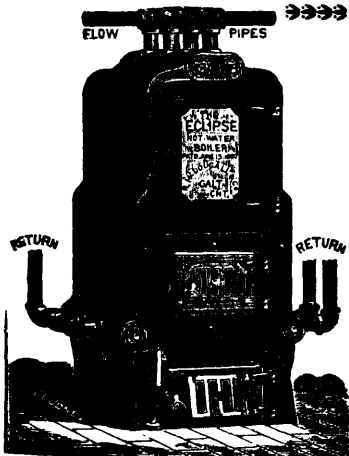
THE SAFETY LIGHT AND HEAT CO.,
DUNDAS, ONT.

Read what some of our friends say of us:—

Dear Sirs,—I have had a 25 light Safety in use in my store for the past nine months and I am very well pleased with it. I believe it to be the best machine in Canada.
C. W. PAPST, Seaforth, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find cheque to cover account. "We have set up machine and it is giving good satisfaction."
Estate late WM. STAFFORD, Lancaster Machine Works, Lancaster, Ont.

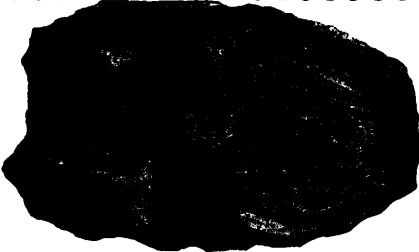
Gentlemen,—The Acetylene Gas Machine purchased from you for St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Carluke, continues to give good satisfaction.
WM. URIE, Chairman Board of Managers, Carluke.



THE BEAUTY

Of an "ECLIPSE" Hot Water Boiler is the even temperature obtained in your house. It is very easily regulated, and with a moderate amount of fuel, the Eclipse does the rest. A post card will bring booklet giving full particulars from the manufacturers,

The R. McDOUGALL CO., Limited, GALT



TRADE MARK

This Mattress is sold wholesale to Hotels and Institutions by
THE OSTERMOOR BEDDING CO.,
 434 Yonge Street, Toronto,
 AND **THE LOCKHART BEDDING CO.,**
 Queen's Block, Montreal.

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, \$15.

is making new friends every day; you should see their letters—we will mail you copies of some if you will ask for them. One person has asked: "What do you mean by saying that your mattress is always

"SENT ON SUSPICION."

We mean just this: **Sleep on it 30 Nights** and if it is not all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked." There will be no unpleasantness about it at all.

Send for Our Handsomely Illustrated Book and Price List whether you need a mattress now or not. It will interest you to know about the *best and cheapest* mattress in the world, and where you can buy one in your town.

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 pounds.....	\$9.00	ALL
3 feet wide, 30 pounds.....	10.50	6 FEET
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 pounds.....	12.00	3 INCHES
4 feet wide, 40 pounds.....	13.50	LONG.
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 pounds.....	15.00	

Made in two parts, 75 cents extra. Express charges prepaid EVERYWHERE.

TAKE CARE! DON'T BE CHEATED! Some furniture dealers, when they have not the Ostermoor Mattress in stock, will try to sell you an inferior imitation as a substitute. Be wise, refuse it. Without the tag sewed into the mattress with our trade mark printed (see picture above) none is genuine. Only one dealer in every town has the Ostermoor Mattress for sale.

THE ALASKA FEATHER AND DOWN CO., Limited, 293 Guy St., Montreal.

We have cushioned many churches. Send for our book, "Church Cushions."

THE SECRET

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 SUCCESS
 OF THE

Whaley-Royce Pianos



Is because they are Made as Near Perfect as the Finest Material and Skilled Labor can make them.

They are recognized throughout the Dominion as the Highest Type of Piano Making. **SEE THEM, HEAR THEM,** and you will not wonder why. Every Instrument Guaranteed for 7 years.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED. Catalogue and Prices on Application. Terms to suit the most modest income.

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.

Lowest Prices Ever Quoted. Fine Catalogue with 500 Illustrations Mailed Free.



WRITE US FOR ANYTHING IN MUSIC OR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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Western Branch, WINNIPEG, MAN.

158 Yonge Street, TORONTO, ONT.

The "Dominion"
Pianos

60,000
IN USE



An
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of
art.

Canada is justly proud
DOMINION Organ & Piano Co.

**Exquisite
Flavor**

These are the four corners
on which this famous In-
dian tea has built up such
an enormous trade in Eng-

**Great
Strength**

land, and it is on the same foundation that the trade is being built
in Canada.

Ram Lal's PURE INDIAN TEA

This tea is grown in India, under European supervision, for the
English market, the most exacting in the world. It is not an ex-
pensive tea, for though it costs a little more per pound it more
than makes up the difference in strength. It is put up in sealed
packets only. Ask your grocer for

**Uniform
Quality**

Ram Lal's
Pure Indian Tea

**Delicate
Aroma**

A pure hard Soap

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Somatose

A TASTELESS · ODORLESS
NUTRIENT MEAT
POWDER



It contains all the albumi-
noid principles of the meat
in an easily soluble form.

It has been extensively em-
ployed and found to be of the
greatest service in Consumption
and diseases of the stomach.


It is of great value in
convalescence from all diseases.

DONINION DYEWOOD & CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

the Agency and depots in Canada for all "BAYER'S" Pharmaceutical Products (Wholesale)

PACKARD'S "SPECIAL" Shoe Dressings

KEEP THE
LEATHER
SOFT
IN ALL
WEATHERS.



S S Montreal April 10th 1900

L B Packard & Co
Montreal

Dear Sirs -

In answer to enquiries made by your agent on the qualities of Packard's
Special Russel Combination I say yes that I consider it to be the best combination
ever introduced I have used it and am highly pleased with its preserving qualities
and also the brilliant and lasting polish produced by the waterproof paste

Yours truly
M Steele Walsh
Commanding Troops on Board the Montevideo

GIVE A
BRIGHT,
LASTING
AND
WATER-
PROOF
POLISH.

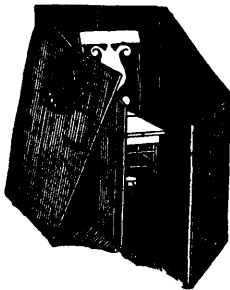
ALL
COLORS.

ALL
COLORS.

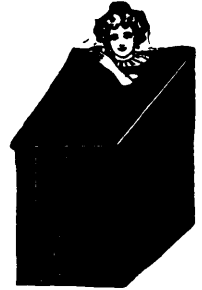
FOR SALE AT ALL SHOE STORES.

15c. and 25c. SIZES.

OPENS THE PORES



This is the secret of the wonderful curative power of the **Buckeye Folding Bath Cabinet**. All the beneficial effects of Turkish, Vapor and Medicated Baths may be had at home at a trifling cost. Properly taken, every pore is opened and the medicated vapors are naturally absorbed, strengthening the entire body. **The Buckeye Bath Cabinet** is manufactured at our own factory under personal supervision. The Cabinet is **supplied with a door and an opening for the arm**, convenient for bathers in removing perspiration from the face or otherwise adding to their comfort. It is absolutely germ proof and needs no care and is light and simple in construction. We sell on approval to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Price \$5.00, including **Alcohol Safety Stove and Recipes** for all kinds of medicated baths. **LADIES** should have our **Complexion Steamer**, used in conjunction with the Cabinet. The only sure method of drawing away all impurities, leaving the skin clear and soft as velvet. Price, \$1.00 extra. **AGENTS and SALESMEN**.—We want agents and salesmen to represent us in every section and we offer **money making terms** to active men and women. **FREE**—Descriptive Booklet and testimonials to all who write. Address **MOLLENKOPP & McCREERY, 959 Dorr Street, Toledo, Ohio.**



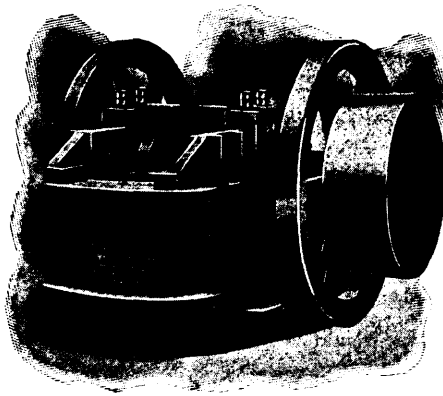
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IN USE.

The Farrel Crusher

1900 PATTERN - NEW STYLE B

The latest
production of
Specialists in
Crushing
Machinery



A good range
of sizes.
State your
requirements and
ask for prices.

EFFICIENT - DURABLE - SIGHTLY

Sole Canadian
Manufacturers

THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.,

23 Lansdowne St., SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Branches in
Principal Canadian
Cities.

Superior Merit.

Remarkable Curative Properties of a Remedy for Indigestion and Stomach Weakness.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a preparation for the cure of dyspepsia and the various forms of indigestion and stomach trouble, owes its great success as a cure for these troubles to the fact that it is prepared for disease and weakness of the stomach and digestive organs *only*, and is not recommended or advised for any other disease.

It is not a cure-all, but for any stomach trouble it is undoubtedly the *safest*, most sensible remedy that can be advised with the prospect of a permanent cure. It is prepared in tablet form, pleasant to taste, composed of vegetable and fruit essences, pure pepsin and Golden Seal, every one of which act effectively in digesting the food eaten, thereby resting and invigorating the weak stomach; *rest* is nature's cure for any disease, but you cannot rest the *stomach* unless you put into it some-

thing that will do its work or assist in the digestion of food.

That is exactly what Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do, one grain of the digestive principle contained in them will digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs or similar wholesome foods, they will digest the food whether the stomach is in working order or not, thereby nourishing the body and resting the stomach at the same time, and *rest* and *nourishment* is nature's cure for any weakness.

In persons run down in flesh and appetite these tablets build up the strength and increase flesh, because they digest flesh-forming food which the weak stomach cannot do, they increase the flow of gastric juice and prevent fermentation, acidity and sour watery risings.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found at all drug stores at 50 cts. per package.

Only a Suggestion.

But It Has Proven of Interest and Value to Thousands.

Common sense would suggest that if one wishes to become fleshy and plump it can only result from the food we eat and digest, and that food should be albuminous or flesh-forming food, like eggs, beefsteak and cereals; in other words, the kinds of food that make flesh are the foods which form the greater part of our daily bills of fare.

But the trouble is that while we eat enough and generally too much, the stomach, from abuse and overwork, does not properly digest and assimilate it, which is the reason so many people remain thin and under weight; the digestive organs do not completely digest the flesh-forming beefsteak and eggs and similar wholesome food.

There are thousands of such who are really confirmed dyspeptics, although they may have no particular pain or inconvenience from their stomachs.

If such persons would lay their prejudices aside and make a regular practice of taking, after each meal, one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets the food would be quickly and thoroughly digested, because these tablets

contain the natural peptones and diastase which every weak stomach lacks, and by supplying this want the stomach is soon enabled to regain its natural tone and vigor.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets digest every form of flesh-forming food, meat, eggs, bread and potatoes, and this is the reason they so quickly build up, strengthen and invigorate thin, dyspeptic men, women and children.

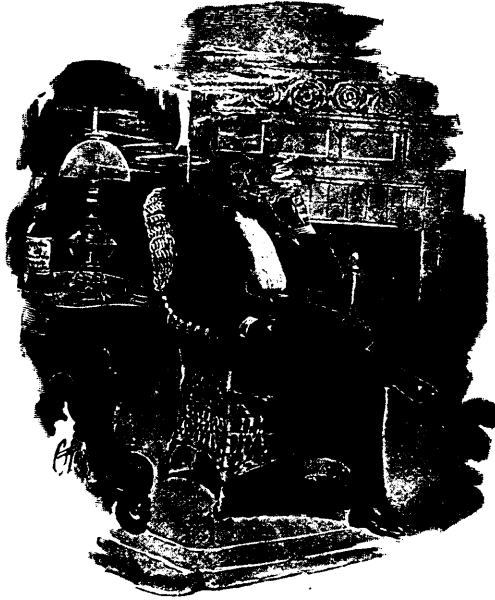
Invalids and children, even the most delicate, use them with marked benefit as they contain no strong, irritating drugs, no cathartic nor any harmful ingredient.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the most successful and most widely known of any remedy for stomach troubles because it is the most reasonable and scientific of modern medicines.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by every druggist in the United States and Canada as well as in Great Britain, at 50 cents for complete treatment.

Nothing further is required to cure any stomach trouble or to make thin, nervous, dyspeptic people strong, plump and well.

A Better Cocktail at Home than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.



THE CLUB COCKTAILS

**Manhattan, Martini,
Whiskey, Holland Gin,
Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.**

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality. Connoisseurs agree that two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

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TEETHING
POWDERS**



WARNING.—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S
TEETHING POWDERS.**

Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

Depot—125 New North Road,
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Health, by Right Living.
The Jackson Sanatorium.

Dansville, Livingston County, N.Y.

Established in 1858. Most beautiful and commodious Fire Proof Building in the world, used as a Health Institution. All forms of Hydro-therapeutics, massage, rest cure; electricity administered by skilled attendants; a staff of regular physicians of large experience; accommodations and service of highest class; superior cuisine, directed by Emma P. Ewing, teacher of cooking at Chautauqua. Do not fail to write for illustrated literature and terms if seeking **health or rest.** Address,



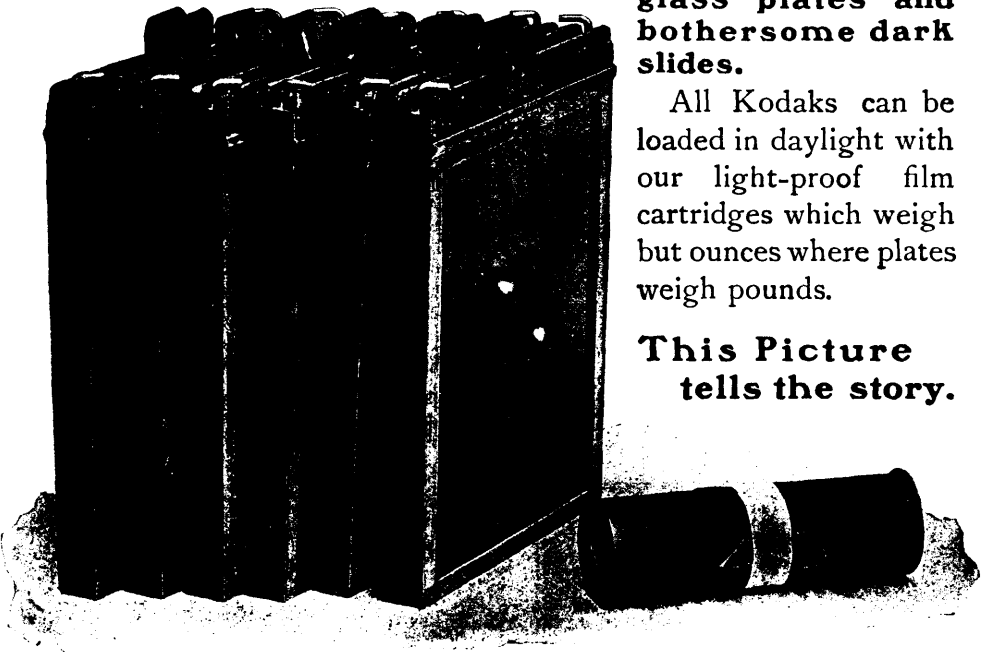
Box 1885.

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If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

KODAKS

do away with cumbersome plate holders, heavy, fragile glass plates and bothersome dark slides.



All Kodaks can be loaded in daylight with our light-proof film cartridges which weigh but ounces where plates weigh pounds.

**This Picture
tells the story.**

1 dozen 4 x 5 glass plates and holders for same.
Weight 2 lbs. 8 ozs.

Kodak Cartridge containing 1 dozen 4 x 5 Films.
Weight 2½ ozs.

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\$5.00 to \$35.00.**

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Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.



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Oxford Gas Ranges

Have patented burners which minimize the supply of gas needed to furnish intense heat, that's why they're so popular.

It's not extravagance, but real economy, to buy an Oxford — you actually save money on fuel through the hot season, and have all the extra comfort and convenience thrown in.

Better see them right away — you'll find just what will suit you among the many sizes, styles and prices.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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QUEEN OF RADIATORS.



COMBINES IN CONSTRUCTION EVERY
GOOD POINT * * NO BOLTS NO PACKING
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made to your own

Sketches or Drawings,

Riveted or Seamed,

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Fan or Blower Work.

"You guarantee the dimensions, we guarantee the fit."

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MAKES THE SHADE RUN PERFECTLY TRUE

The Improved "Hartshorn" has many advantages such as unbreakable brackets, fine bearings, scientifically constructed springs and clamps for fastening on the shade, doing away with all tacks.

DON'T have some poor imitation palmed off on you, but see that you get the genuine, with the Stewart Hartshorn autograph on label.

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can be depended upon to work right at all times.

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chooses the **most modern labor and fuel-saving appliance** for house-keeping. The Famous Active has a **Thermometer, Ventilated Oven, Cemented Bottom**, which are all original features, and **SAVE FUEL, Work and Worry. Heavy Cast Iron Linings, cannot Crack or Crumble. Duplex Grates.**

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London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

PAMPHLET FREE from your local agent or our nearest house.

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ARE OBJECTS OF BEAUTY,
THE CREATION OF ARTISTS,
THE PERFECTION OF WORKMANSHIP.

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Use the genuine
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER

"The Universal Perfume."
 For the Handkerchief
 Toilet and Bath.
 Refuse all substitutes.

IT RESTORES THE
 NATURAL WHITENESS
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 AT ALL DRUGGISTS—
 25 CENTS A BOX—

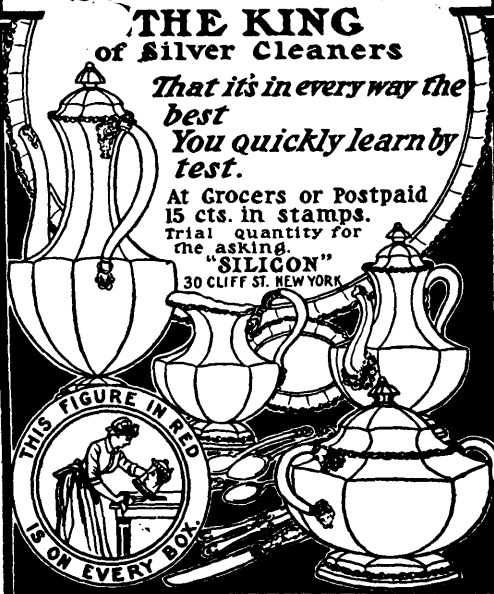
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FOR THE TEETH

LOPEZA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

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 SILVER POLISH
THE KING
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*That it's in every way the best
 You quickly learn by test.*

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Wear Pember's Wigs

The Pember
Pompadour Bang has no equal for simplicity,
 natural and stylish appearance.

The Pompadour style has recently been
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Ladies of Canada, the Pompadour is still supreme.
 We have them—full Pompadours and parted on either
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USE
Winsor & Newton's
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FOR SATISFACTORY RESULTS.
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Dealers, Importers and Exporters of Postage Stamps exclusively.



No DOUBT ABOUT IT.

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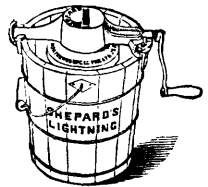
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NEWMARKET.

Ask your grocer for
Windsor Salt
For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

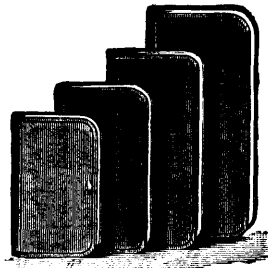
Easy crank—quick freeze—little salt—ice in moderation. Lightning Freezer.



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REGISTERED TRADE MARK



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Cutlery that bears it is sure to be of the very best steel.

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 MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED
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FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS AND THE AGED.**

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NEAVE'S FOOD has for some time been used in
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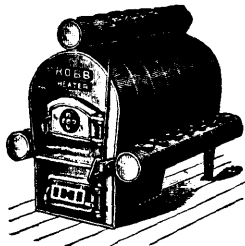


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AFTER BATHING AND SHAVING.

TRADE MARK

Delightful After Bathing
A Luxury After Shaving

A POSITIVE RELIEF FOR
PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN,
 and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration.
 Get **MENNEN'S** (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it. Refuse all other powders, which are liable to do harm.
 Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents (Sample free.)
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WILL BURN
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Hard coal is the only fuel than can be used successfully in the ordinary hot water heater. If soft coal is used, the soot must be removed every day or two. This is seldom properly attended to, and as soot is a non-conductor of heat, much fuel is wasted.

The heating surfaces of the **ROBB HEATER** are so arranged that soot cannot collect, and any kind of fuel can, therefore, be used in the most efficient manner.

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Midland Railway Hotels of England.

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Buffets at all Principal
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Cable Address to each of the above Hotels, "Midotel."

The above Hotels are famed throughout Europe and America for their comfort, cuisine and moderate charges.

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The overland train service has been very much quickened—96 hours Toronto to the Pacific Coast.

THE “IMPERIAL LIMITED” trains will run DAILY between Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, CROSSING THE CONTINENT IN EACH DIRECTION IN ABOUT FOUR DAYS.

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Leave Montreal daily (Sunday included) 9.30 a.m.

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

Dining Cars will run between Montreal and Banff, meals west of that point being supplied at Company's Chalet Hotels, Field, Glacier and North Bend.

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

ROBT. KERR

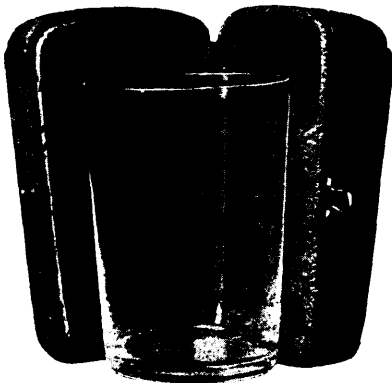
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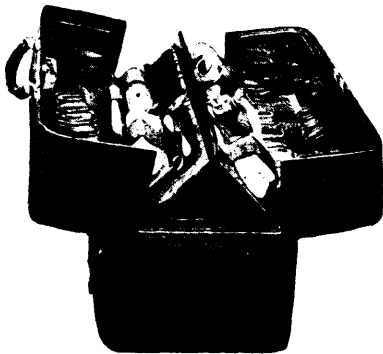


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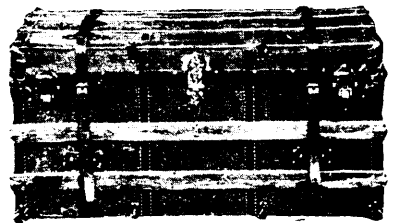
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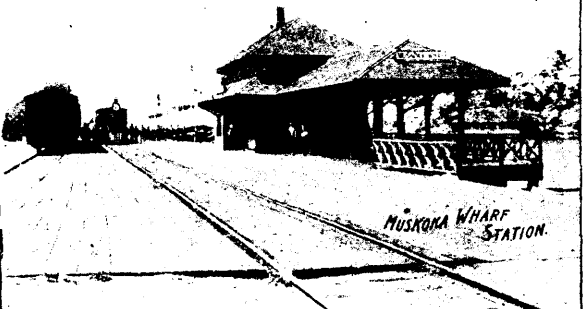
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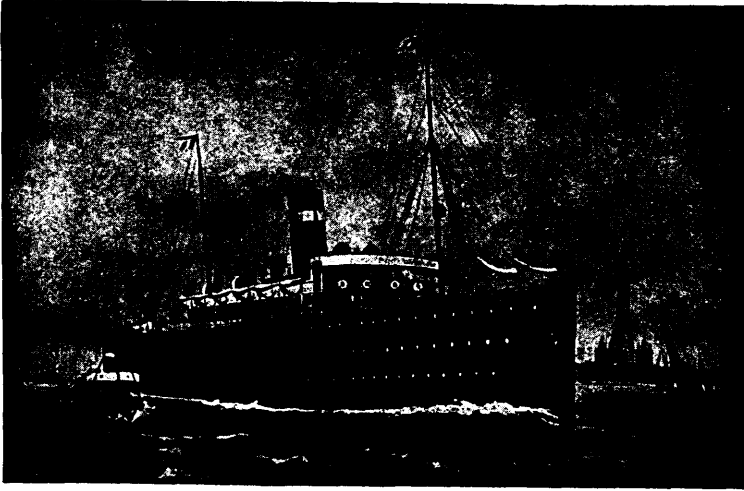
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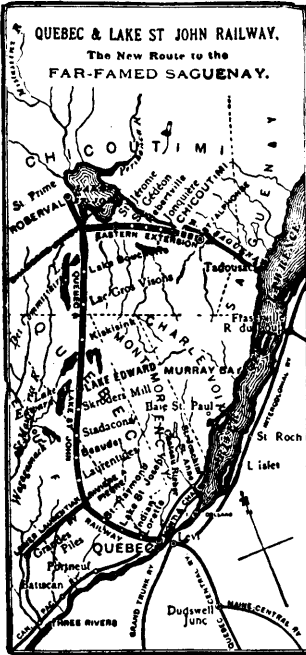
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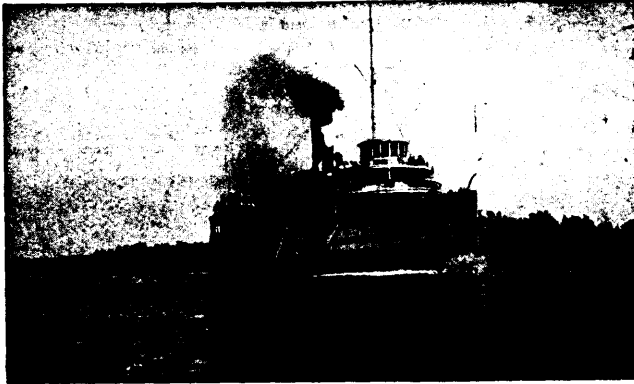
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