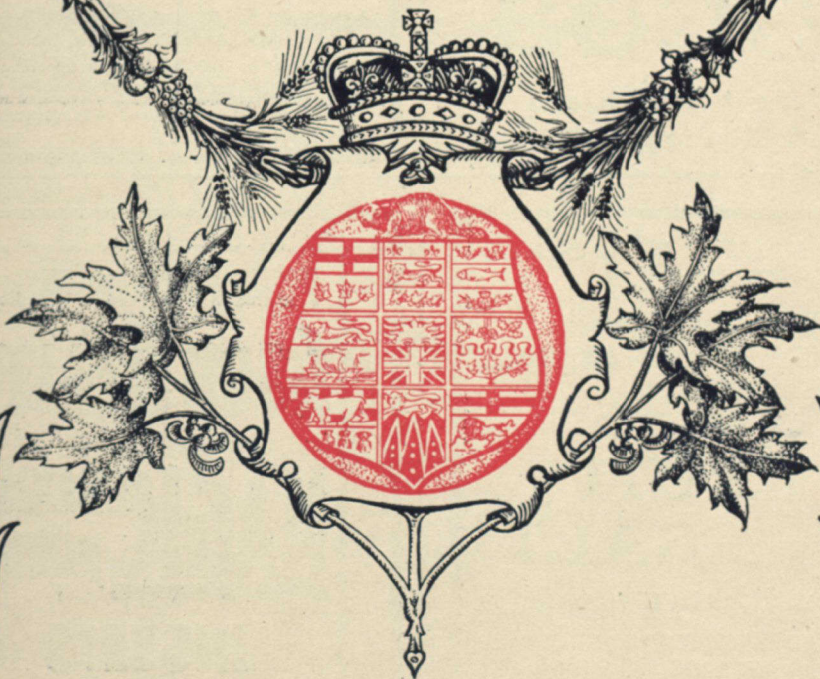


THE  
**CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE**

JULY  
1905



Vol. XXV

No. 3

PUBLISHED BY  
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TORONTO, CANADA.

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**The Life and Works of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.**, richly illustrated with five coloured plates, is an article on "the leading landscape painter of his day" whose pictures in the Turner Room in the National Gallery of London are a heritage to be prized by the British Empire. Turner gloried in the splendour of Southern colouring, and "The Grand Canal," "Dido Superintending the Building of Carthage" and "Ulysses Defying Polyphemus" are indicative of his mastery of gorgeous display. "The Fighting Téméraire," perhaps his most interesting subject to the British public, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1839, and in its treatment of the departure of the sombre old battleship from Plymouth harbour, shows the master's versatility.

**A Day in Malta**, by Jean Templer, is an interesting sketch of this picturesque little island, once the home of the Knights of St. John, now one of Great Britain's crown colonies. Illustrations of Valetta will be given.

**Electoral Management** is a reply to the article on that subject by H. B. Ames, M.P. contained in the May number. Written by "A Candidate," it contains information and estimates of a surprising nature to those outside political activities.

**By the Book**, by Albert R. Carman, author of "The Pensionnaires," is a delightful summer story of love and literature, into which another "Grizel" enters.

**Ontario School Life Sixty Years Ago**, by Rev. W. T. Allison, will give mature readers a backyard glimpse at the rough benches and primitive frame school-houses familiar to them half a century ago.

**Will o' the Wisp**, by Norman Duncan, the famous writer of Labrador stories, is a Newfoundland tale in his strongest style.

**Canadian Celebrities**. In the August number there will be a sketch of Dr. Alfred Thompson, M.P., who comes from the Yukon, the land of Jack London, and is a worthy representative of northernmost Canada.

**St. Columba's Spring**, by Marie Dhu, and **An Idyll of the Island**, by T. W. King, are stories from Canadian writers, the former being Gaelic in subject and the latter very near home to Toronto readers.

AN INDEX TO VOLUME 24 WILL BE MAILED ON APPLICATION.

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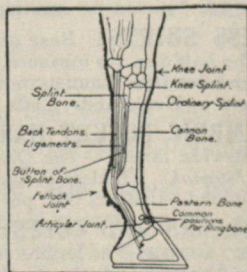


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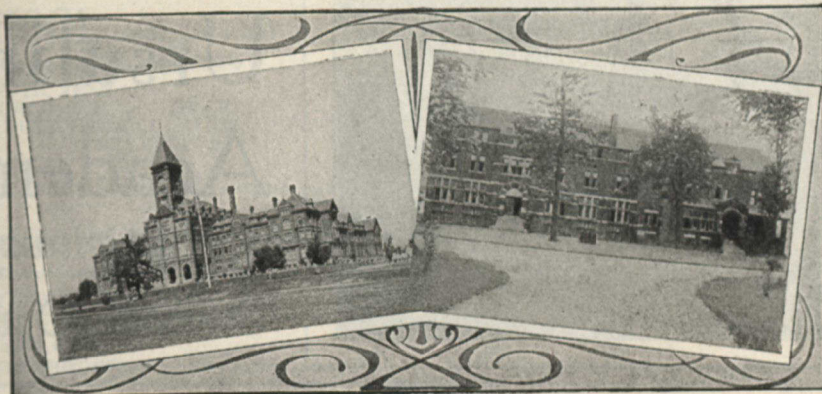
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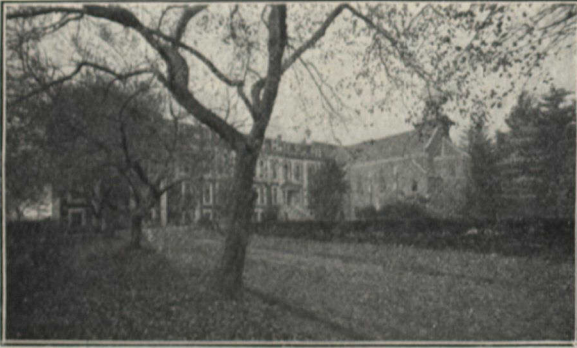
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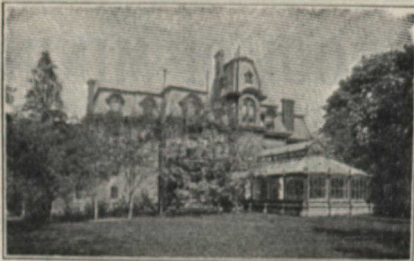
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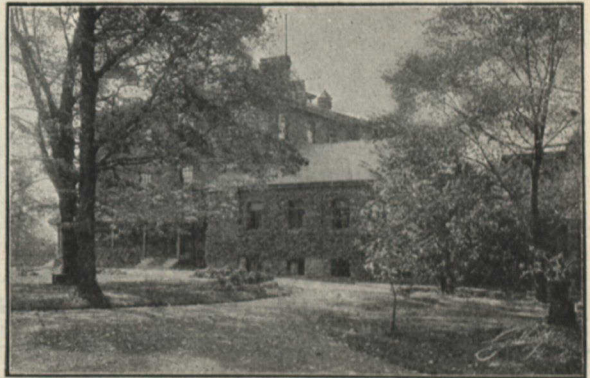
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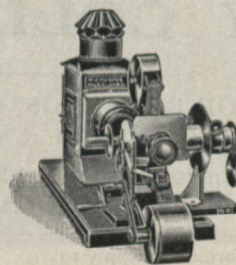
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is a useful man sometimes, but the

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If you have not already written for a copy of our 1905-06 Calendar, it will be worth your while to do so when you have a College Course in mind. All regular courses commence on September 13th.

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		Gain over last year.
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## FOREST, FIELD AND MINE

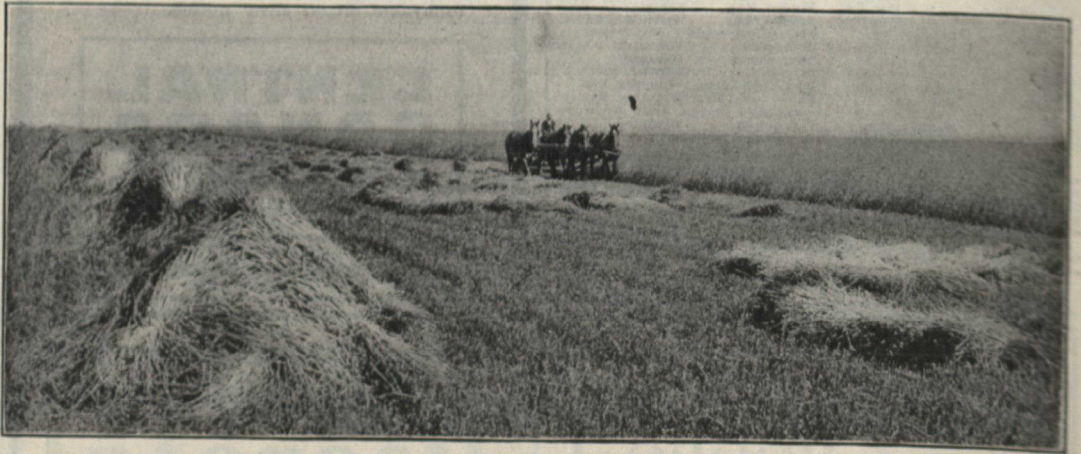
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HON. J. J. FOY, Commissioner of Crown Lands - - TORONTO, ONTARIO

# WESTERN CANADA

## Produces the Most Remarkable Yields of GRAIN, ROOTS and VEGETABLES

The productiveness of the rich loams and soils that are to be found almost everywhere throughout the Province of Manitoba and the territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, are now so well known that it is a subject of great interest throughout all the Western States, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Continent.



CUTTING WHEAT IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

During the past seven years the immigration has been most phenomenal, and the prospects are that during the next few years this immigration will continue in largely increasing numbers. It is confidently assumed that the same degree of success that attended the work of the farmer during the past few years will be repeated in the future.

**FREE HOMESTEADS** may be had in almost all the land districts. Adjoining land may be purchased from the railway and land companies. Many cases have been recorded where the farmer has paid the entire purchase price of his land out of the first crop.

**The matter of climate** is one that demands the attention of those seeking a home. The climate of Western Canada is one that is highly spoken of by all who have made it their home, and requires no further comment. Hundreds of letters in the possession of the Department of the Interior give evidence of its healthfulness and its desirability when compared with that of other countries.

**Socially**, there is everything that is desired. There are to be found there the several fraternal societies, schools, churches and other organizations calculated to be to the upbuilding of a community, and are in evidence wherever there is a settlement.

**Markets** for the sale of grain and other produce of the farm are at every railway station, while elevators and mills make competition keen. The prices are always high and the railway rates are reasonable.

Nearly fifty thousand Americans took up land either in Manitoba or the Territories during the past year, and as fully as great a number is expected during the season of 1904. It is only a matter of computation how much the area which will be placed under cultivation will exceed the 4,687,583 acres of 1903. Besides the Americans spoken of, fully as large a number of British people became settlers. In addition to these the continentals added largely to the population.

**Ranching** is an important factor in the prosperity of Western Canada and the very best results follow. Leases may be had from the Government or lands may be purchased from Railways and Land Companies.

**Wheat Districts.** The wheat districts are located in a less elevated country than the ranching section, and where the snow lies on the ground during the winter months and where there is sufficient rainfall in summer to grow wheat. Generally speaking, the wheat districts now opened up comprise the greater part of Assiniboia lying east of Moose Jaw, where the Red River Valley extends its productive soil, renowned the world over as a famous wheat belt.

Over 240,000,000 acres of land in the above-mentioned districts are suitable for raising wheat. The wheat belts, although colder than the ranching country, are ideal countries for wheat-growing. The cool nights during the ripening period favour the production of firm grains, thus making the wheat grade high in the market. Wherever wheat is grown, oats and barley grow, producing large yields. Government statistics covering a period of twenty years show that the yield of wheat runs about 20 bushels to the acre, barley over 40, oats also yield splendidly.

In most cases the yields are regulated largely by the system of farming practised. The best farmers summer fallow a portion of their farms. Usually one-third of the acreage is worked as a summer fallow. On the large wheat farms the grain is threshed and run into small granaries having a capacity of 1,000 bushels. These are left in the field until time to haul the grain to market. The wheat zone of Canada is spreading farther north, and we doubt not that wheat will be grown much farther north than at present.

**Mixed Farming.** To-day mixed farming is adapted to the greater part of Manitoba, taking in all of Assiniboia not included in the wheat belt, the Saskatchewan Valley and southwestern Saskatchewan, extending into northern Alberta. In many districts stock raising, dairying and general farming crops go hand in hand. The pastures are good. Aside from the wild grasses, brome grass and western rye grass furnish good hay crops and are grown not only where mixed farming is in vogue, but in the wheat districts as well. Dairying is one of the growing industries. In many sections creameries have been started which are paying good profits to their patrons. Hog and poultry raising are profitable industries. Roots and vegetables thrive well. Wild fruits of many kinds testify to the possibilities in fruit-growing for home consumption at least.

**Large Tracts Open for Settlement.** New lines of railroads are being built into the new districts just opening up. The country may be said to have never had a "boom" familiar to many of our readers. The growth of Western Canada up to the present time has been slow, but we believe sure. The soil varies in different sections of the country, still it is more uniform than in many of the States. The general character of the soil is a dark loam underlaid with a clay subsoil. Good water abounds everywhere.

A letter addressed to the undersigned will secure a copy of the new *Canadian Geography* and all other information necessary.

W. T. R. PRESTON,  
Canadian Commissioner of Emigration,  
11-12 Charing Cross, LONDON W.C., ENGLAND.

W. D. SCOTT,  
Superintendent of Immigration,  
OTTAWA, CANADA.



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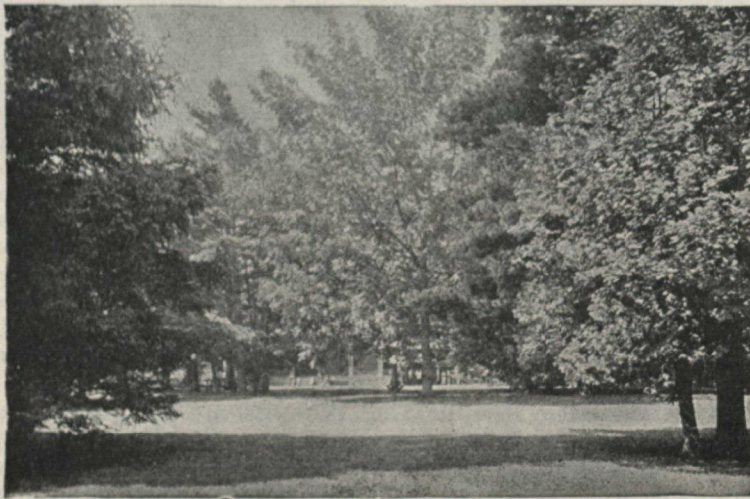
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AWARDS

Gold Medal, Paris, 1900

Gold Medal, Ottawa, 1889

Gold Medal, Montreal, 1881



CANADIAN VISITORS TO ENGLAND

# HOTEL RUSSELL

LONDON

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



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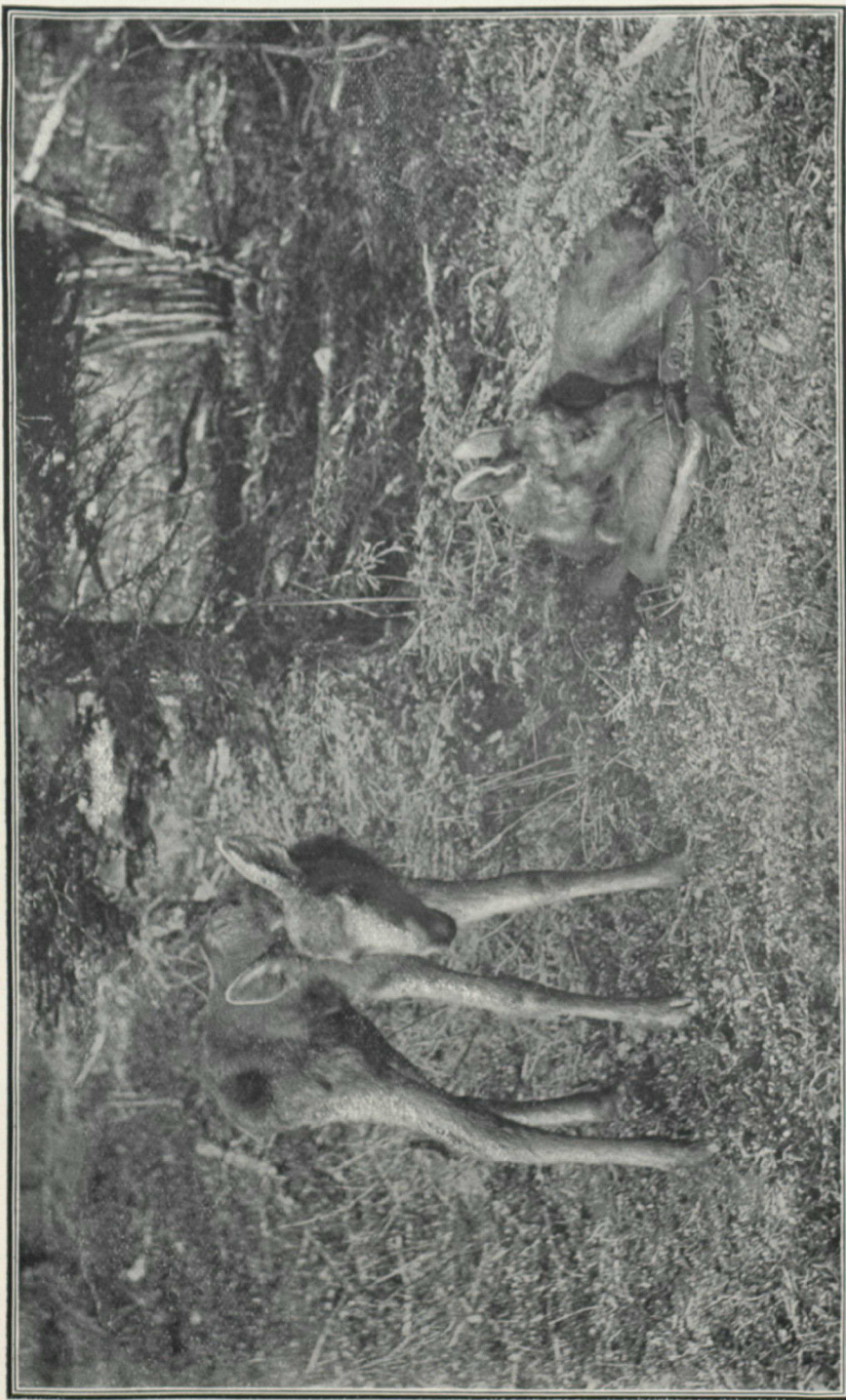
Quickly made, with a cup of boiling water, a small quantity of Armour's Extract of Beef, salt and pepper and you have a delicious beef broth ready to serve, that is appetizing and strengthening. It keeps the digestion normal and helps digest other food and get the full nourishment out of it without the aid of Drugs; particularly grateful after bathing or any violent exercise, or on chilly days and nights, or whenever a warming drink that will tone, stimulate, and sustain is desired. Take a jar with you on your vacation. It may prevent an illness. Ask for Armour's beef broth (hot or cold) at the golf club, boathouse, café, or restaurant.

*A Connecticut School-Teacher Says:* "I know of nothing which more quickly braces me up and makes me feel as if something was still worth while than to brew one of those magic cupfuls of Armour's beef tea, and fatigue and nerves disappear. Better than all bromides and other sedatives is Armour's Extract of Beef, and many a convalescent have I urged to speedy recovery by a gift of a neat white jar bearing that well-known label."

CULINARY WRINKLES tells how to use it. A copy sent postpaid to any address on receipt of a 2-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing.

**Armour Limited, Toronto**





TWO MOOSE BABIES

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN LAST YEAR ON MARSHALL CREEK IN THE ALSEK GOLD FIELDS, YUKON TERRITORY, BY J. DOODY



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXV

TORONTO, JULY, 1905

No. 3

## Homes and Haunts of Joseph Howe

By EMILY P. WEAVER



JOSEPH HOWE was, *par excellence*, a Halifax man. Turn where one may in the old garrison city by the sea one comes constantly on the footprints of the great Nova Scotian. His first home was a cottage (long ago burned down) standing on that high ground from which Pine Hill Presbyterian College now overlooks the North-West Arm. Of this home Joseph Howe retained throughout his life the tenderest recollections, and in his poems we have many allusions to the "Arm's enchanted ground" and to

"The dear old place, so quaint  
and queer,  
Our home for many a pleasant  
year  
By pine groves from the world  
shut out."

In those days the Arm had not become, as it is now, the summer play-ground of all Halifax, but the boy Howe took full advantage of the endless opportunities it offers for sport, and was inspired by its beauties with a deep and lasting love of Nature, for which he very early sought expression in verse.

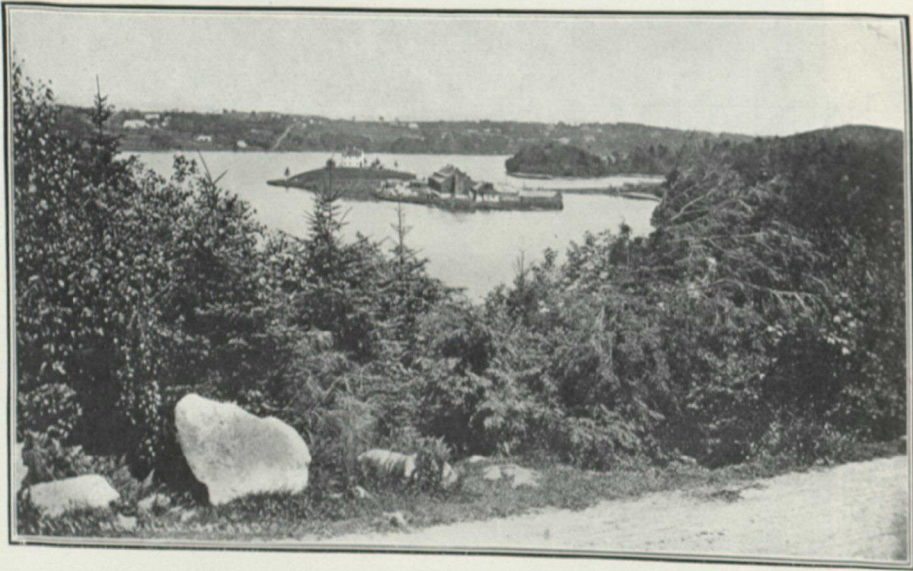
"The rod, the gun, the spear, the  
oar  
I plied by lake and sea—  
Happy to swim from shore to  
shore,  
Or rove the woodlands free.

To skim the pond in winter time,  
To pluck the flowers of spring,  
'Twas then I first began to rhyme,  
And verses crude to string."

A hundred years ago Pine Hill seemed far out of the town—the nearest school, for instance, was two miles away, but it is within the limits of the modern city. This is not the only change that the passing century has brought to the scenes amid which Joseph Howe spent his boyhood. The grey Martello Tower, despite its delusive air of hoar antiquity, was not in existence at the time of his



HOWE'S OLD HOUSE, BEDFORD ROAD, NEAR DARTMOUTH



MELVILLE ISLAND, NORTH-WEST ARM, HALIFAX

birth, and we can fancy the sturdy little fellow, in his eighth or ninth year, watching with eager interest the slow rising of its massive walls. The park then, and for thirty-five years later, was in a state of nature, while the modern defences of the point between Arm and harbour were represented by a battery at Point Pleasant, and an earthwork a little below the Howes' cottage. From this rude fort, the remains of which have been dubbed the Seven Bunkers, a great chain was stretched to the opposite shore to secure the upper reaches of the Arm from invasion by a hostile fleet.

The Haligonian of to-day, having grown up secure from war's alarms, hardly takes seriously the elaborate fortifications with which the Imperial Government has surrounded his beloved city, but when Howe was young the strength of chain and tower, the efficiency of garrison and battery were matters of immediate practical interest to all the citizens. During the first ten years of the boy's life, Napoleon's wars raged almost incessantly, and many a naval combat occurred off our coasts between French and English vessels. Nor was this all. In Joe's fourth year it was rumoured that our American neighbours were preparing to join the

fight, and John Howe, the father of our hero, was sent into the States to investigate the grounds for this disquieting rumour. Four years later the long-threatened storm broke, and war with the people of the other half of our own continent gave fresh importance to the question of defence.

During these years many French and American prizes were taken at sea, and their crews were confined on Melville Island, which lies in a peaceful little cove half a mile from the head of the Arm. The presence of these captives gave to the pretty islet a romantic and mysterious interest in the eyes of Joe, and half a dozen years after the proclamation of peace had set the prisoners free he published a poem on "Melville Island," which attracted a good deal of attention in Halifax. Even the governor, Lord Dalhousie, condescended to compliment the boy poet, and the encouragement he received doubtless inclined him to continue to use his pen in verse and prose. Melville Island—it may be said in passing—is again, after years of disuse, a military prison, not now for foreign enemies, but for offenders belonging to the garrison.

Four years before Joe's successful excursion into literature, he and his par-



MCNAB'S ISLAND, FROM THE CITADEL—WHERE HOWE WENT COURTING

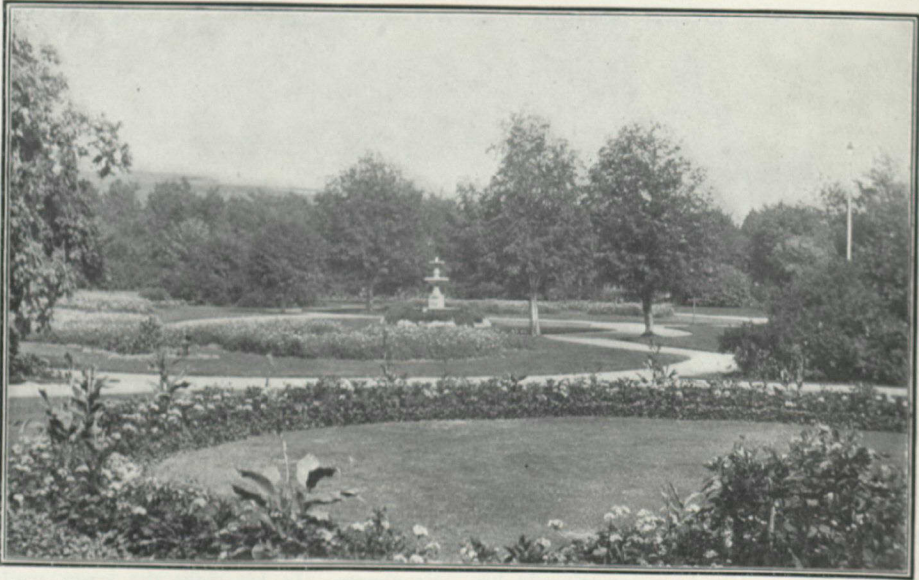
ents had left his first home, and had moved into Halifax. Young as he was, the lad was sent to learn printing in his father's office, where the *Gazette* was published. This place of business stood on the site of the present post-office building. It was a large, old wooden erection, finally destroyed by fire, after several narrow escapes from that fate, a few years before Confederation. There, and in the Post Office, then on Barington Street, Howe spent ten years of his youth, learning printing and finding time to do something towards the improvement of his rather neglected education.

From this apprenticeship his next step was to the editing and publishing of a newspaper in which he had a half share. A few months later he became sole editor and proprietor of the *Nova Scotian*. His office in these days was at the head of Bedford Row, a street now chiefly remarkable, to strangers at least, for its quaint appearance on market days. There and on other sides of the post-office building, country-folk with chickens and flowers, Indian basket makers and coloured vendors of ferns and wild berries, spread out their wares along the sidewalk, and sit down, with stolid patience, in rain, shine, frost or snow, to wait for customers.

In his early manhood, another island near Halifax acquired for Howe a romantic charm. In his sight the large, well-wooded island which divides the entrance of Halifax harbour into two passages of unequal width and depth became "yon fairy isle," for there dwelt one who seemed to him the fulfilment of his boyish ideals of "maiden loveliness." This lady belonged to the family from which "McNab's Island" takes its name, and in that quiet



HOUSE AT POPLAR GROVE, HALIFAX, ONCE OCCUPIED BY JOSEPH HOWE

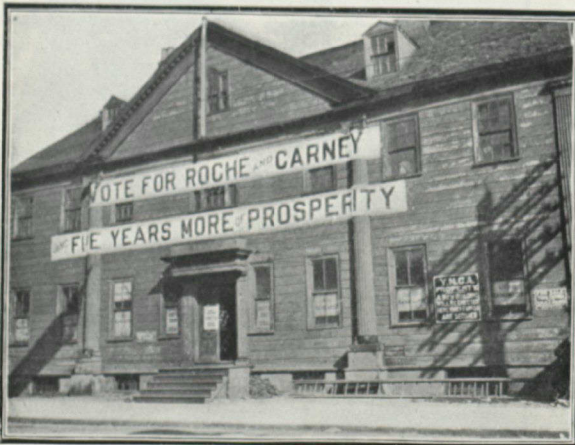


PUBLIC GARDENS, HALIFAX

These are as extensive and as beautiful as any in Canada and owe their origin to Howe's agitation of 1836

little world she passed the days of her girlhood. But we have it on the authority of his own poems, that the young printer and editor often found time, amidst his manifold occupations, to cross the dividing waters and spend his evening hours in the sea-girt home of his princess.

In 1828 these frequent journeys ended



OLD MASONIC HALL, HALIFAX

Where Howe made many of his famous orations

with the marriage of Joseph Howe and Miss McNab, and the sequel of their love story may be summed up in the time-honoured phrase, that they "lived happily ever after," so far, at least, as their happiness depended on each other. In Howe's later, as in his earlier, poems many an eloquent, though sometimes unpolished line, sets forth the virtues and the graces of his wife. On his fifty-ninth birthday, in a simple little poem from which we have already quoted, he writes:

"And now that I am growing old,

My lyre but loosely strung,  
For God's best gift my thanks  
be told,

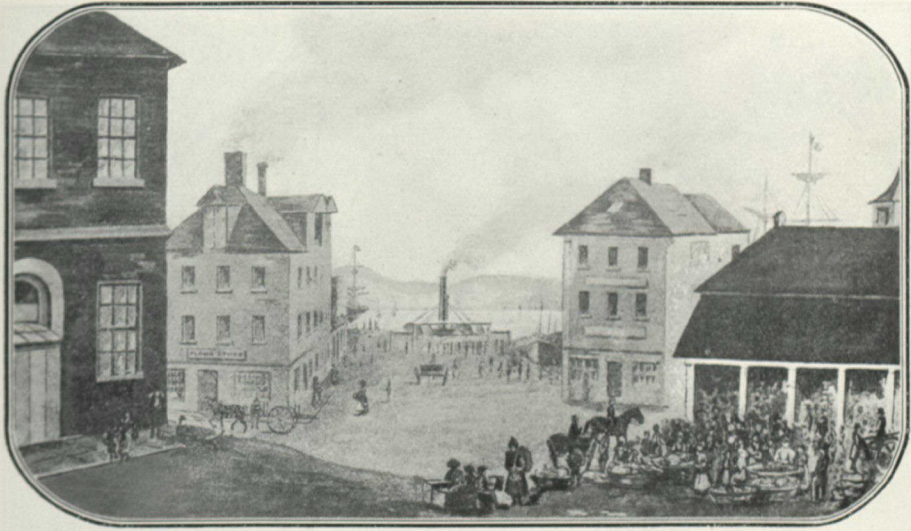
I loved while I was young.

For five-and-thirty years that  
love

My varied life has cheer'd,  
Through all its mazes deftly  
wove,

The light by which I steered."

After his marriage Howe often changed his place of abode, but it is not now an easy task to trace these



MARKET SQUARE AND FERRY DOCKS, HALIFAX, 1840

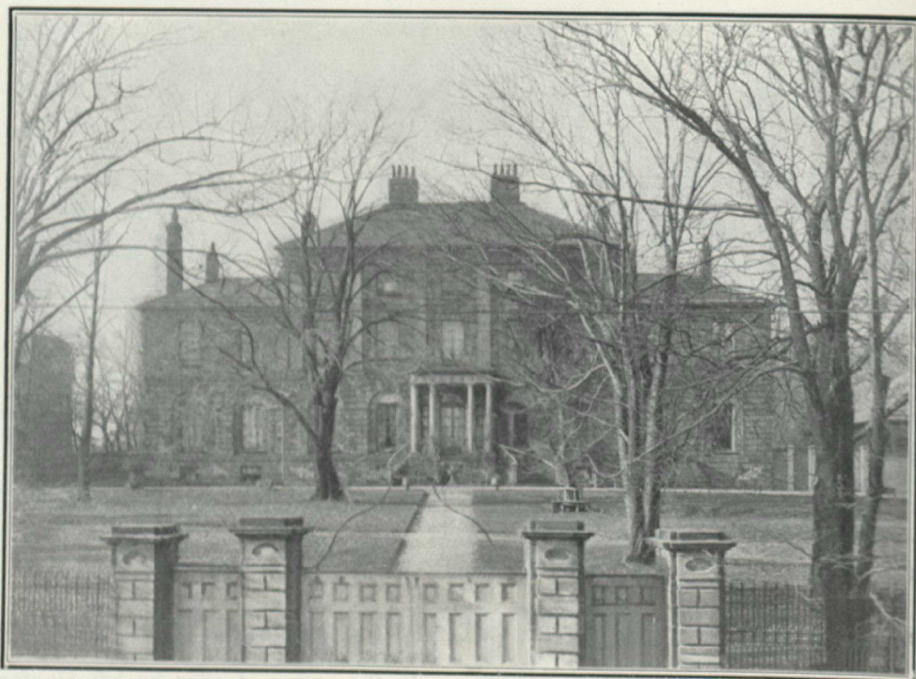
changes with precision. At one time he lived in Granville Street, opposite the Province Building, where the office of the *Recorder* newspaper now stands. Here he was said to have been dwelling during that exciting period of his life when he

severed his connection with the Coalition Government.

In the spring of 1845 he left Halifax and went to live near Upper Musquodoboit. With his family of growing boys and girls around him he spent, in that



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, HALIFAX, 1840



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX, WHERE JOSEPH HOWE DIED

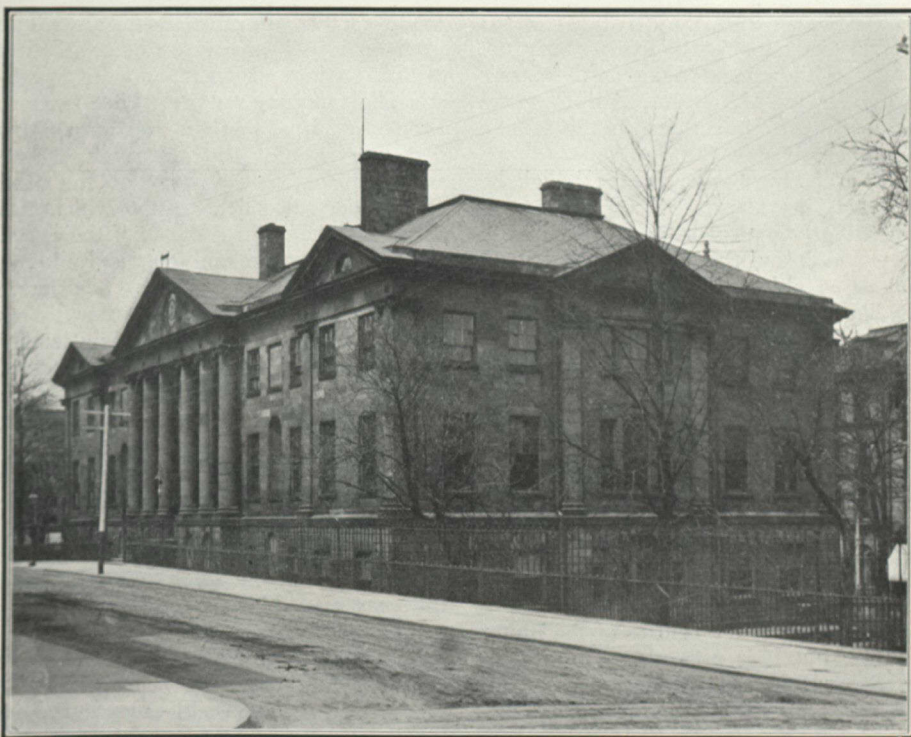
quiet country place, "two of the happiest years" of his life. He worked his body and rested his brains, ploughing, mowing, reaping, and for recreation reading the poets and the *Edinburgh Review*. But politics were not forgotten. In the summer time he addressed numerous meetings in the villages and country towns of Nova Scotia, especially in the months preceding the general election of August, 1847.

The Reformers gained a majority, and a few months later Howe again took office, but this time all his colleagues belonged to his own party.

He now returned to Halifax and, as far as I can gather, at this date occupied a roomy frame house (still standing) in Poplar Grove, a quaint-looking "no thoroughfare" off Jacob Street. It is easy to imagine that the situation may once have been pleasant, but time has dealt hardly with this bit of old Halifax, and all the buildings that give upon the Grove are now more or less dilapidated. Howe's old house looks a little less tumbledown than many of its neighbours, but, behind

it, shutting out light and air from its eastern windows, has risen a huge clothing factory.

At the time when Confederation was under discussion, Howe lived in a very different place. He had again retired to the country, but his new home on the Bedford Road some little distance out of Dartmouth was easily accessible from Halifax. This low, irregularly built dwelling stands in the midst of a green pasture field, and commands a pleasant view of the harbour and the city. Rows of trees, planted on two sides of the lot, at a respectful distance from the house, must once have given the place a cosy and homelike air, but it is now uninhabited, and looks as desolate and melancholy as a neglected grave. Bricks are falling from the chimneys and glass from the windows. The porch door swings open but the grass grows rank and thick to the very steps. A balcony, from which Joe Howe, with his keen love of beauty in nature, must often have watched the sun going down behind the hills of Halifax, is boarded up with rough planks. At



PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, HALIFAX—OPENED IN 1819

the back of the house masses of ruinous stonework half embedded in a bank of earth mark the spot from which the barn has recently been torn down, and prophesy the fate soon to overtake the house itself.

But, though the dwellings which from time to time Howe called by the beloved name of "Home," are thus fast disappearing from the face of the earth, the associations connecting him with Halifax are by no means limited to private houses and printing offices. The Public Gardens (generally acknowledged to be amongst the most beautiful on this continent) are a noble memorial of Howe, for in a series of articles published in the *Nova Scotian* in 1836, he gave the first impulse to their creation.

Beginning his public work as a writer, Howe soon came to close quarters with his political opponents, and the old Masonic Hall on Barrington Street was the scene of some lively en-

counters. There sixty-four years ago Howe and his great Conservative rival, Johnston, met on the same platform for the first time. The occasion was the refusal of Sir Colin Campbell to act upon Lord John Russell's despatches of October, 1839. In the same building, Howe and Annand, elected after a lengthy struggle to represent Halifax in the Assembly of 1840, were entertained by their supporters at a public dinner; and Howe, not dreaming of the bitter strife still before the advocates of Responsible Government, declared his intention to "be done with excitement," and urged his followers "to give Lord Falkland a generous, manly support." In the same place, eleven years later, he made a great speech on railways and colonisation, apropos of the promise of an Imperial guarantee for the interest of a large sum to be expended in constructing intercolonial railways, and there he uttered a daring prophecy, which many years ago was to

a large extent fulfilled, "I believe that many in this room will live to hear the whistle of the steam engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days."

But even Howe (born fighter though he was) was not always leading the strenuous life of political contest or agitation. We have it on the best authority that that same old hall was associated with his lighter moments, for once he thus "drops into poetry":

"Oh, were you at the Fancy Ball,  
Or did the pastime see, man—  
The stately old Masonic Hall  
Lit up with life and glee, man?"

The old building has undergone many vicissitudes. On a June day in the year 1800 its corner-stone was laid, with much pomp and ceremony, by the Duke of Kent. After that it was for many a long year one of the centres of the life of Halifax, but it is now almost as dilapidated as Howe's Dartmouth house. Of late years its front windows have displayed an assortment of pumps, lead pipes and kitchen sinks, but at the time of the last Dominion Elections it had regained something (in use, at least), of former dignity, and was adorned with huge posters informing the public that it was the "Liberal Headquarters." It is likely soon to be removed to make way for a handsome modern structure.

A little north and east of the old Masons' Hall, in the centre of the town as first planned, is the Province Building, a stately stone edifice finished in 1819. This building, of all in Halifax, witnessed the greatest triumphs of Joseph Howe. In the library, once the room where the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia held its sittings, he stood his trial for libel, and put to confusion the self-seeking and corrupt magistrates of Halifax County. In the Assembly Room he made many a powerful speech, fought with dogged persistence in the cause of liberty, and presided for three sessions as Speaker. The internal arrangements of this chamber have, however, been considerably altered since the days when Howe was the most im-

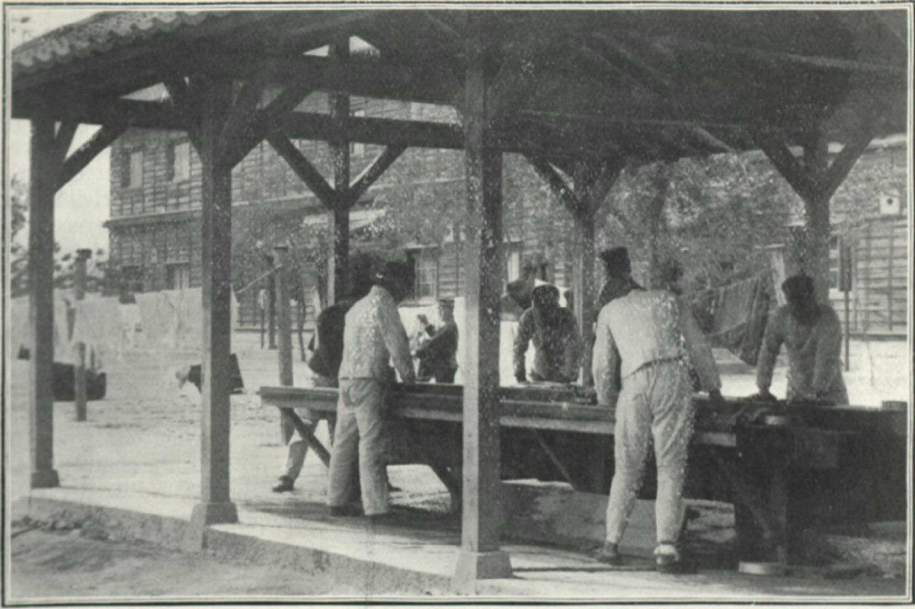
posing figure in the Assembly. The "red benches" have given place to rows of arm chairs and desks, and the Speaker's chair occupies a different position. From the walls, to right and left of this seat, portraits of the old rivals, Howe and Johnston, look down upon the calm of the one-sided deliberation which has succeeded the eager contests of their day.

At the opposite end of the building, towards the south, is the Legislative Council Chamber, where Howe with his fellow-members of the Assembly attended many a time to listen to the speeches of the Queen's representatives in Nova Scotia; and where, as a worn-out old man, broken down with the toils and strife of his political life he himself was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of his native province.

Thus it came about that Government House, that fine old stone building begun the year after Howe's birth, has a very special association with the great Reformer's last days. Of course, in earlier years he had frequently been present at the social functions held there, but now for three brief weeks it was to be his home. They were weeks of pain and feebleness, but the end came suddenly. He passed the night of suffering before his death in his study with his wife and son beside him. At dawn he moved to his bedchamber, and a few minutes later entered into rest.

For two days he lay in state in the large room in the north wing of Government House, then he was carried to his grave in Camp Hill Cemetery. Sailors, soldiers and militiamen lined the streets and minute guns boomed solemnly from the citadel while the funeral procession (the greatest till then ever seen in Halifax) passed from Government House to the burial ground. An obelisk marks the spot where the old Reformer lies. Hitherto no other monument has been erected in Halifax to his memory, but last year the long neglect was repaired, and a statue of Joseph Howe was placed in the centre of the green enclosure on the south side of the Province Building, where he accomplished so large a portion of his life's work.





JAPAN—WASH-DAY AT THE BARRACKS

## Hiroshima—a Japanese Port

As Seen by a Canadian

By M. R. ELLIOTT

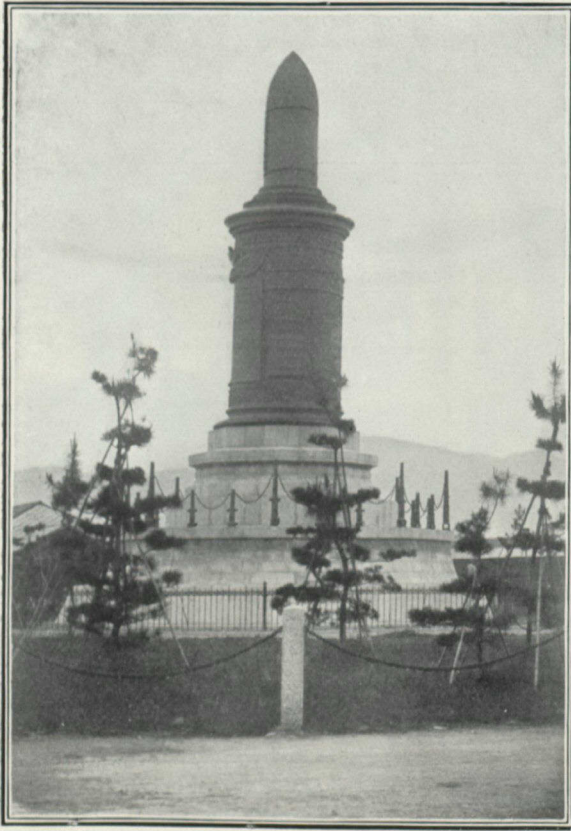


HIROSHIMA (pronounced Hē-rō-shē-mā) is built on a delta formed by the mouths of the Ota River, which divides into seven branches before emptying into the sea. At the mouth of one of these branches is situated the busy little port of Ujina (Oō-jē-nā), from which the Red Cross ships and most of the transports start for the seat of war.

For a year past this city has been a busy place. In peace, the headquarters of the Fifth Division of the Imperial Japanese Army, it never lacks soldiers; but since the beginning of the war with Russia one cannot go on the street without seeing them in all directions. They are quartered all over the city, in every available place, temples and private dwellings alike, being filled to their utmost

capacity. No one is allowed to decline to take them in—"foreigners" excepted. Of course you will understand that we are the foreigners here. A small sum per day—18c. for a private, and 23c. for an officer—is paid by the War Department for board and lodging; but this is not enough to cover expenses, and this billeting, therefore, becomes a heavy tax upon the people. Although the foreigners do not think it wise to undertake this work, they have all contributed liberally to a fund to help care for the widows and orphans which are the natural outcome of war.

The British and Foreign Bible Society's agents have distributed 200,000 Testaments and Scripture Portions to the soldiers leaving here for the front. Mr. Lawrence, who had charge of the work,



JAPAN—A MONUMENT MADE FROM METAL OF GUNS CAPTURED IN CHINA-JAPANESE WAR. THE RAILING IS MADE FROM THE BARRELS

spent several weeks here. He was obliged to board with one of the resident missionaries, being unable to find lodging in the Japanese hotels, on account of the great number of soldiers. Whenever possible, these books are distributed to the individuals; and, when permission to do this could not be obtained, they were handed to the superior officers, with the understanding that they would give them to the soldiers under their charge. This work was no light one, but much help was rendered by the Japanese pastors and Christian workers. I am sure that some similar work has been done by the American Bible Society, but as they operate in another part of the Empire, I am not conversant with what has been accomplished by them.

In addition to the permanent Red Cross Hospital, five branches have been erected in different parts of the city for the accommodation of returning sick and wounded soldiers. I had the privilege of visiting two of them recently, with the wife of Major Inoue (Ē-nō-oo-ē), a member of the Visiting Committee. I had been wanting to go for a long time, but did not like to go alone; for not every one is permitted to visit the wards.

After giving our cards to the men at the entrance to the grounds, we went on to the buildings—a long row of one-storied structures, with covered corridors leading from one to the other. Here, after registering in the visitors' book, and presenting our gifts of fruit and illustrated papers for the soldiers, we were shown through the wards. The day was very hot, and, as visiting hours are from one to four o'clock, we were obliged to be out during the very hottest time of the day. The long row of cots were filled with soldiers. Most of those we saw were eye patients. There were five

or six in one ward, each of whom had had one eye removed.

We then went to headquarters, as I wished to introduce my friend to Dr. McGee, who is in charge of the nine American Volunteer Nurses, who came here some time ago. She and most of the nurses were in Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American war. Several of them were also in Manila. Dr. McGee is a daughter of Simon Newcombe, a noted American astronomer and writer on political economy.

We found Dr. McGee in her office—a large room which had been nicely fitted up for her use. She was just completing her arrangements to start on the hospital ship, *Kosai Maru*, the following morning. I may say that she has now returned, and

gives an interesting account of her trip. Each of the nurses has taken a trip to Manchuria and back.

These ladies have received most enthusiastic receptions wherever they have gone. They have been feted alike by royalty, nobles, Buddhists, Shintoists and Christians. All night, as their train was steaming toward Hiroshima, at every station crowds were anxiously waiting to see them and offer their gifts and words of welcome. Here, receptions were given them by all classes. I was privileged to be present at the Christian Workers' dinner given them, and afterwards at an entertainment accorded by the Christians of all denominations throughout the city. The dinner was purely Japanese, and we all sat on little square cushions on the floor around the room. A card inscribed with the name of each guest indicated where we were to sit. The nurses, the guests of honour, were interspersed among the party. Lacquer trays, on which our food was served, were placed before each person. Those who are not accustomed to sitting on their feet are at a disadvantage at such a time, as it is necessary to do a good deal of shifting about from one side to the other, the effect of which is often far from graceful. "Hirano" Mineral Water, an exhilarating product of Japan, had been supplied in liberal quantity by a friend.

After adjourning from the feast, we went to the entertainment given by the officers and members of the Red Cross, which opened by an address of welcome and a reply by Dr. McGee, a charming woman, who certainly does honour to her position and country. The latter, of course, had to be interpreted, which always takes longer than the original. Then came some real old Japanese music and dancing—the latter being



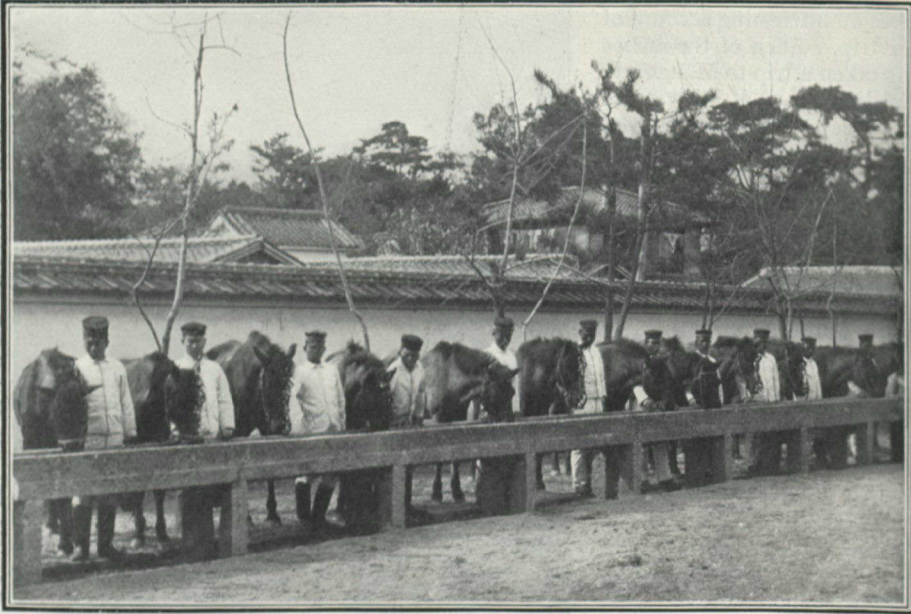
MISS ANITA NEWCOMBE MCGEE

An American woman who has been prominent in Red Cross work in Japan

greatly appreciated by the Japanese, especially those of the old school. But the music fails to charm the untrained ear of foreigners. However, the elaborate costumes of the performers and their most formal posing are certainly very interesting.

Three blind musicians, who played the "koto" (Japanese harp) and flute, were exceedingly skilled—decidedly the best I have heard in Japan.

It was brought to a close by a representation of Ancient and Modern Japan, by about a score of persons, from the modern Christian minister, in European attire, to the old Shinto and Buddhist priests, "Samurai," feudal lord, farmer, mechanic, bride, and so on. This was by



JAPAN—CAVALRY AT THE WATERING-TROUGH

no means the least interesting item on the programme.

A party of us got permission to visit the Red Cross hospital ship, the *Kosai Maru*. We went to Ujina, the port above mentioned, the ladies in "jinrikisha" and the gentlemen on their wheels. We were met by a steam launch and taken over to the vessel, and brought back after we had finished. We were treated to tea and cake in the cabin, introduced to the captain, commander and two physicians, all of whom spoke English; shown the plan of the ship; registered in the visitors' book, and invited to try the piano which one of the party did. We had chosen Saturday for our visit, as some members of the party were not free on other days, and we really had not thought of a Japanese boat following the method of all good housewives and having a general cleaning up on Saturday. However, after a little pleasant chat, we were escorted over the boat by the officers and physicians, and were delighted with what we saw. Everything clean and up-to-date. The scouring was still in progress. The large steam washer, mangle and drying-

room were of interest to me; also the apparatus for disinfecting clothes. All the latest surgical instruments, X-rays outfit and many other interesting things were to be seen. One room was provided for insane patients. The beds were clean, and the captain informed us that the filling in the mattresses was changed every time they returned from a trip. Each bed had a strip of pockets stretched across the head for the accommodation of the small belongings of the occupant. This, the captain told us, with pardonable pride, was his own idea. Very delightful swinging beds, with woven wire mattresses, were furnished for the officers. I should like to have a similar one myself, on my return to the home land.

In the chief nurse's room, I was pleased to see a Bible lying on the table. One of the officers volunteered the information that he was a Christian.

As it is the custom here to take a present with one when paying a visit, we gave them two rolls of Berean Sunday School Lesson pictures which, thanks to a home Sunday School, were in our possession. These seemed to be much appreciated.



JAPAN—CAVALRY SOLDIERS AT MESS

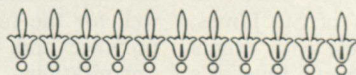
The sick and wounded soldiers are all taken ashore as soon as they reach port, so we did not see any of them; but it was indeed a privilege to see the ship.

The special training given both to men and horses before leaving here has been a most interesting sight to one who has seen so little of militarism, brought up in fair Canada. The parade ground seemed a veritable battle-field except for the absence of blood.

I wish particularly to speak of the good order maintained throughout this exciting time. I have walked up and down the streets of this city in the evening, as well as the day-time, meeting thousands of soldiers, frequently being obliged to wait for a considerable length of time for a long line to pass, and have never met with

the least rudeness. It seems really marvellous.

The Emperor subscribed the sum of \$10,000 for the thorough cleaning of this city, the idea undoubtedly being to avoid any epidemic which might arise and spread among the troops were special precautions not taken. In my ten years in Japan I have never seen anything like it. Hundreds of coolies were employed, and the open sewers received such a cleaning out as perhaps they had never had before. The heaps of rubbish in front of every house, waiting for the carts to come and remove them, met our gaze wherever we went, and all tended to assure us that as far as possible every care would be taken for the welfare of the people.





HON. LOMER GOUIN  
Premier of the Province of Quebec

## Canadian Celebrities

NO. 62—HON. LOMER GOUIN



THE period of political unrest and uncertainty which had been vouchsafed once more to the Province of Quebec has come to an end, and Hon. Lomer Guoin is the undisputed leader of his party and Premier. It cannot be truthfully said that Sir Louis Jetté's chief constitutional adviser has had a turbulent career, yet the eight years of active political life generously placed to his credit by the electors of St. James, Montreal, have been replete with events of more than ordinary interest. Quebec's present Prime Minister has not been in the past, and will not be in the future, a stormy petrel, yet he has been through party affiliation a thoughtful spectator

of many of the stirring scenes which enliven the pages of French Canada's political history. He has grown up and received his tuition in a school that has acknowledged Sir Wilfrid Laurier for years past as its head master, and while there are probably no black marks against the new Quebec leader for an infringement of party discipline, his personal friends have not failed to notice an independence of character that augurs well for the future administration of the province and the well-being of political organisations generally. The Premier has undoubtedly won the confidence of his party, and as a departmental administrator his record is a good one, but his reputation as a successful helmsman

to the ship of state is, of course, to be made. The recent commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in Manchuria was a brilliant success at the head of an army corps, yet he failed before the superior leadership of the Mikado's great field-marshal, and the problem "will Lomer Gouin be the Oyama of Quebec Liberalism? is one which time alone can decide.

There is, however, a misconception which should be at once eradicated from the public mind, and that is the prevailing outside opinion that Hon. Mr. Gouin is at the head of the government of his native province by virtue of his family connection. All those who have occupied seats in the Quebec Legislature since 1897, and who have seen him at work on the floor of the Assembly, in committee and at the head of his department, are unanimous in the belief that such an impression is erroneous in the extreme. It is true that the memory of the late Hon. Honore Mercier was evoked to Mr. Gouin's advantage when he defeated Mr. Auge in 1897, but from the moment he crossed the threshold of the Quebec Legislature, the man who was one day to lead his party received no favour or preferment on account of family consideration or revered memories. He has steadily forged his way to the front, and if the member for St. James is at the head of his province to-day it is because of his strength in debate, his business methods, and his ability to marshal a very strong following from both the Montreal and Quebec districts.

This risen star in Quebec's political firmament is not a popular man in the every-day sense of the word, and it is not likely that he will ever appeal to the French-Canadian heart as did Joseph Adolphe Chapleau or Honore Mercier; but it is not going beyond the realm of discretion and truth to say that the good old French-Canadian farmer who keeps a jealous eye upon the purse strings of the province as well as the bankers and business men of all races, are heartily tired of what may be called skyrocket politics. They demand above and before all a businesslike administration of public affairs.

Although a strong party man, Mr.

Gouin has at times scandalised some of his most rabid partisans by expressing admiration for certain of his political opponents and, like a good many other public men, he had not been in the Legislature very long before many preconceived ideas of men and measures were dissipated, and he has been ready at all times to acknowledge real worth and to accord his appreciation irrespective of party name and religious faith. As far as one can judge the new leader has no religious or national prejudices of an objectionable nature, and those of other races and creeds have found in his make-up all those attractive attributes which constitute the well-educated, high-minded and patriotic French-Canadian gentleman. Those who know the Premier best say that he entertains very strong ideas as to the part the English-speaking minority should play in Quebec politics. In a word, Lomer Gouin has ideas of his own, and will no doubt cause more or less heart-burning amongst friend and foe, as the gradual development of these particular ideas is accomplished. It is understood that the Prime Minister, realising the all-important position held in commerce and finance by the minority, will endeavour to impress upon the English-speaking people of Quebec the importance of sending strong men to the Legislature, and to take a greater interest in the government of the province in which their lot is cast and where they have so much at stake. It may also happen that the ties which bind together the governments at Ottawa and Quebec will be somewhat loosened on account of the very strong ground Premier Gouin will be obliged to take in the question of better terms, for this above all others will be the strong card of the new régime. It is, as a matter of fact, the most attractive plank of Quebec ministerial policy, as viewed from a provincial standpoint, and it goes without saying that Hon. Mr. Gouin will be loyal first to Quebec, and afterwards to Laurier.

As the accompanying picture indicates, the subject of the present sketch is a young looking man to rule over a great province, and as he takes his daily walk, accompanied by a close friend, in St.

James Street after cabinet meetings, it would not be suspected that this unassuming, quiet-looking gentleman was the guiding hand of the Province of Quebec.

Hon. Lomer Gouin was born in the parish of Grondines, County of Portneuf, in 1861, and it was while attending college at Levis that he met young Turgeon from Bellechasse, now the Hon. Adelard Turgeon, his trusted friend and colleague, and the most eloquent of several eloquent ministers. He studied law in Montreal, and after associating himself with the legal firm of Pagneulo and Taillon, and later on with the present Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, Mr. Gouin became second in the firm of Mercier, Gouin and Lemieux. To-day the Premier's law firm is composed of Hon. Lomer Gouin, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Solicitor-General of Canada, and Mr. Brassard. The leader's presence in early life in a Conservative law firm has probably given rise to the statement that, like Gladstone, he began his political career as a Tory; but be this as it may, it is not probable that the present leader of the Liberal party of Quebec will be offended if he is designated as a Conservative-Liberal. It was as president of the Club National that the speaking talent of Quebec's Premier began to manifest itself, and when he unsuccessfully opposed Sir Hector Langevin in Richelieu in 1891, his addresses were most favourably commented upon by both parties. When the reconstructed ministry, with Hon. E. J. Flynn at its head, appealed to the Quebec electorate in 1897, Mr. Gouin defeated the Con-

servative member for St. James division by nearly eight hundred, and during the following sessions he was considered one of the most promising of Premier Marchand's supporters. As a minister under Hon. Mr. Parent, Mr. Gouin's progress was very rapid, and for several years he was designated by the occupants of the government benches as the future leader of the party in the province.

The latest chapter of happenings in Quebec would not be complete, however, without a passing reference to Mr. Gouin's attitude in connection with the retirement of Hon. S. N. Parent from the premiership, and frequently the Premier has been charged with disloyalty towards his leader. Very little can be said, however, about the incident, as very few are in the secrets of the chief actors. The allegation is made, however, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in discussing the events which provoked Mr. Gouin's advent to power, made the remark that the present Premier's conduct from the beginning to the end of the crisis was marked by a perfect loyalty to all concerned, and this version has apparently been accepted by all sections of the Liberal party in Quebec.

The Prime Minister of to-day married in 1888 Miss Eliza Mercier, daughter of the late Premier and Nationalist leader. This accomplished lady passed away only a few months ago, beloved by all those who knew the true worth of a devoted wife and mother. The Premier has two young sons attending school in the city of Montreal.

*Austin Mosher.*





# George Brown on Confederation

By *THE EDITOR*

**N**O session of a Canadian parliament is more memorable than that of the Province of Canada which began on the 19th of January, 1865, and which for two months discussed the question of Confederation. It will be remembered that legislation and administration in Canada was well-nigh at a standstill because of the deadlock created by the equal representation of Upper and Lower Canada, and the practical impossibility of forming a government which would command a majority. Then again, a union of all the British North American colonies had been discussed for years, and had been mentioned in at least one speech from the Throne. The three maritime colonies proposed to form a Confederation of their own, if a larger union were not proceeded with at once; indeed, it is possible, they would have preferred a smaller union. The Charlottetown and Quebec Conferences were held in 1864, and at the latter the basis of a possible Confederation of Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was decided upon. It then remained to secure the legislative approval of the different governments.

The Canadian Parliament discussed it thoroughly; on the one side were Macdonald, Brown, Galt, McGee and Cartier as advocates of the measure, and on the other Dorion and Dunkin as opponents. Finally the Legislature passed it by a majority of 91 to 33, and the Legislative Council by a vote of 45 to 15.

The speech of Sir John Macdonald was quoted in part in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* for July, 1901. It may not be amiss to quote here part of the speech of the Hon. George Brown, who on this occasion left the Opposition and threw the weight of his influence on the side of Confederation. He said:

"Sir, I venture to assert that no scheme of equal magnitude, ever placed before

the world, was received with higher eulogiums, with more universal approbation, than the measure we have now the honour of submitting for the acceptance of the Canadian Parliament. And no higher eulogy could, I think, be pronounced than that I heard a few weeks ago from the lips of one of the foremost of British statesmen, that the system of government we proposed seemed to him a happy compound of the best features of the British and American Constitutions. And well, Mr. Speaker, might our present attitude in Canada arrest the earnest attention of other countries. Here is a people composed of two distinct races, speaking different languages, with religious and social and municipal and educational institutions totally different; with sectional hostilities of such a character as to render government for many years well-nigh impossible; with a Constitution so unjust in the view of one section as to justify any resort to enforce a remedy. And yet, sir, here we sit, patiently and temperately discussing how these great evils and hostilities may justly and amicably be swept away forever.

"We are endeavouring to adjust harmoniously greater difficulties than have plunged other countries into all the horrors of civil war. We are striving to do peacefully and satisfactorily what Holland and Belgium, after years of strife, were unable to accomplish. We are seeking by calm discussion to settle questions that Austria and Hungary, that Denmark and Germany, that Russia and Poland could only crush by the iron heel of armed force. We are seeking to do without foreign intervention that which deluged in blood the sunny plains of Italy. We are striving to settle forever issues hardly less momentous than those that have rent the neighbouring republic and now are exposing to it all the horrors of civil war. Have we not then, Mr. Speaker, great cause of thankfulness that we have found a better way for the solu-

tion of our troubles than that which has entailed on other countries such deplorable results? And should not every one of us endeavour to rise to the magnitude of the occasion, and earnestly seek to deal with this question to the end in the same candid and conciliatory spirit in which, so far, it has been discussed?

"The scene presented by this chamber at this moment, I venture to affirm, has few parallels in history. One hundred years have passed away since these provinces became by conquest part of the British Empire. I speak in no boastful spirit—I desire not for a moment to excite a painful thought—what was then the fortune of war of the brave French nation, might have been ours on that well-fought field. I recall those olden times merely to remark the fact that here sit to-day the descendants of the victors and the vanquished in the fight of 1759, with all the differences of language, religion, civil law, and social habit, nearly as distinctly marked as they were a century ago. Here we sit to-day seeking amicably to find a remedy for constitutional evils and injustice complained of—by the vanquished? No, sir—but complained of by the conquerors! Here sit the representatives of the British population, discussing in the French tongue whether we shall have it. One hundred years have passed away since the conquest of Quebec, and here sit the children of the victor and the vanquished, all avowing hearty attachment to the British Crown—all earnestly deliberating how we shall best extend the blessings of British institutions—how a great people may be established on this continent in close and hearty connection with Great Britain. Where, sir, in the page of history, shall we find a parallel to this? Will it not stand as an imperishable monument to the generosity of British rule? And it is not in Canada alone that this scene is being witnessed. Four other colonies are at this moment occupied as we are—declaring their hearty love for the parent State, and deliberating with us how they may best discharge the great duty entrusted to their hands, and give their aid in developing the teeming resources of these vast possessions.

"And well, Mr. Speaker, may the work we have unitedly proposed rouse the ambition and energy of every true man in British America. Look, sir, at the map of the continent of America and mark that island (Newfoundland), commanding the mouth of the noble river that almost cuts our continent in twain. Well, sir, that island is equal in extent to the kingdom of Portugal. Cross the streets to the mainland, and you touch the hospitable shores of Nova Scotia, a country as large as the kingdom of Greece. Then mark the sister province of New Brunswick—equal in extent to Denmark and Switzerland combined. Pass up the river St. Lawrence to Lower Canada—a country as large as France. Pass on to Upper Canada—twenty thousand square miles larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together. Cross over the continent to the shores of the Pacific, and you are in British Columbia, the land of golden promise—equal in extent to the Austrian Empire. I speak not now of the vast Indian Territories that lie between—greater in extent than the whole soil of Russia—and that will, ere long, I trust, be opened up to civilisation under the auspices of the British American Confederation. Well, sir, the bold scheme in your hands is nothing less than to gather all these countries into one—to organise them all under one government, with the protection of the British flag, and in heartiest sympathy and affection with our fellow-subjects in the land that gave us birth. Our scheme is to establish a government that will seek to turn the tide of European emigration into this northern half of the American continent—that will strive to develop its great natural resources—and that will endeavour to maintain liberty and justice and Christianity throughout the land.

"Sir, the whole great ends of this Confederation may not be realised in the lifetime of many who now hear me. We imagine not that such a structure can be built in a month or in a year. What we propose now is but to lay the foundations of this structure—to set in motion the government machinery that will one day, we trust, extend from the Atlantic

to the Pacific\*. And we take special credit to ourselves that the system we have devised, while admirably adapted to our present situation, is capable of gradual and efficient expansion in future years to meet all the great purposes contemplated by our scheme. But if the honourable gentleman will only recall to mind that when the United States seceded from the Mother Country, and for many years afterwards their population was not nearly equal to ours at this moment; that their internal improvements did not then approach to what we have already attained; and that their trade and commerce was not then a third of what ours has already reached; I think he will see that the fulfilment of our hopes may not be so very remote as at first sight might be imagined. And he will be strengthened in that conviction if he remembers that what we propose to do is to be done with the cordial sympathy and assistance of that great power of which it is our happiness to form a part.

"Such, Mr. Speaker, are the objects of attainment to which the British American Conference pledged itself in October. And said I not rightly that such a scheme is well fitted to fire the ambition and rouse the energies of every member of this House? Does it not lift us above the petty politics of the past, and present to us higher purposes and great interests that may well call forth all the intellectual ability and all the energy and enterprise to be found among us?"

\*Rupert's Land was transferred to Canada in 1869, and the North-West Territories and Manitoba were formally admitted to Confederation on July 15th, 1870. One year and five days later, British Columbia entered. On July 1st, 1873, Prince Edward Island completed the circle. Thus was the hope fulfilled, of creating a country which would extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

After requesting that the subject should be discussed without mere fault-finding and partisanship, but "in the earnest and candid spirit of men. . . loving the same country," he went on to point out that the scheme was necessarily somewhat of a compromise. He said:

"No constitution ever framed was without defect; no act of human wisdom was ever free from imperfection; no amount of talent and wisdom and integrity combined in preparing such a scheme could have placed it beyond the reach of criticism. And the framers of this scheme had immense difficulties to overcome. We had the prejudices of race, and language and religion to deal with; and we had to encounter all the rivalries of trade and commerce, and all the jealousies of diversified local interests. To assert, then, that our scheme is without fault, would be folly. It was necessarily the work of concession; not one of the thirty-three framers but had on some points to yield his opinions; and, for myself, I freely admit that I struggled earnestly, for days together, to have portions of the scheme amended. But admitting all this—admitting all the difficulties which beset us—admitting frankly that defects in the measure exist—I say that, taking the scheme as a whole, it has my cordial, enthusiastic support, without hesitation or reservation. I believe it will accomplish all, and more than all, that we who have so long fought the battle of parliamentary reform ever hoped to see accomplished. I believe that, while granting security for local interests, it will give free scope for carrying out the will of the whole people in general matters—that it will draw closer the bonds that unite us to Great Britain—and that it will lay the foundations deep and strong of a powerful and prosperous people."



# Some Autonomy Documents

By THE EDITOR



AS the subject of Autonomy in the North-West has been a subject of much discussion in recent months and because the chief documents will be historically valuable, some of these are reproduced below. It is interesting to trace the history and the changes from the Haultain Bill to the Ottawa Bill and to examine the text of each in the light of recent discussion.

The first document of importance is a Memorial of the North-West Council dated May 2nd, 1900. It reads as follows:

## MEMORIAL

Of the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories to his Excellency the Governor-General in Council, of May 2, 1900, upon the financial and constitutional position of the Territories, and all correspondence relating thereto.

*(Printed by order of the Legislative Assembly.)*

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,  
REGINA, July 20, 1900.

The Honourable,  
THE SECRETARY OF STATE,  
Ottawa, Ont.

SIR,—I have the honour to transmit herewith for submission to His Excellency the Governor-General, an Address passed by the Legislative Assembly of the Territories, on the second day of May last, signed by the Speaker.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,

A. E. FORGET,  
*Lieutenant-Governor.*

To His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir Gilbert John Elliot Murray-Kynynmond, Earl of Minto and Viscount Melgund of Melgund, County of Forfar, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Minto of Minto, County of Roxburgh, in the Peerage of Great Britain, Baronet of Nova Scotia, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, etc., etc., Governor-General of Canada.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY—

We, Her Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories of Canada, in Session assembled, humbly approach Your Excellency for the purpose of representing—

That by the British North America Act,

1867, it was (amongst other things) enacted that it should be lawful for the Queen, by and with the advice of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, on Address from the Houses of the Parliament of Canada, to admit Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territory, or either of them, into the Union on such terms and conditions in each case as should be in the Addresses expressed and as the Queen should think fit to approve subject to the provisions of the said Act;

That by an Address from the Houses of the Parliament of Canada Her Majesty was prayed to unite Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territory with the Dominion of Canada;

That in order to further the petition of the Parliament of Canada, Her Majesty, under the authority of The Rupert's Land Act, 1868, accepted a Surrender from the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay of all the lands, territories, rights, privileges, liberties, franchises, powers and authorities whatsoever granted or purported to be granted by certain Letters Patent therein recited to the said company in Rupert's Land;

That in the said Address it was represented to Her Majesty, as a reason for the extension of the Dominion of Canada westward, that the welfare of the population of these Territories would be materially enhanced by the formation therein of political institutions bearing analogy, as far as circumstances will admit, to those which existed in the several Provinces then forming the Dominion;

That the Houses of the said Parliament of Canada by their said Address expressed to Her Majesty their willingness to assume the duties and obligations of government and legislation as regards these Territories;

That in pursuance and exercise of the powers vested in the Queen by the aforesaid Acts, Her Majesty, by and with the advice of Her Most Honourable Privy Council, ordered and declared that from and after the fifteenth day of July, 1870, Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territory should be admitted into and become part of the Dominion of Canada, and granted power and authority to the Parliament of Canada to legislate for the future welfare and good government of these Territories;

That by the British North America Act, 1871, the Parliament of Canada was further given power from time to time to make provision for the administration, peace, order and good government of any Territory not for the time being included in any Province;

That under the several authorities so given the Parliament of Canada has created political institutions in these Territories bearing a close

analogy to those which exist in the several Provinces of the Dominion;

That by the Confederation compact the Provinces which formed the Dominion on the fifteenth day of July, 1870, were furnished with the means of carrying on local self-government upon certain well-defined bases;

That the Territories being an integral part of the Dominion, and having had imposed upon them the duties and obligations incidental to the political institutions which have been given to them, and which said duties and obligations the Parliament of Canada has declared its willingness to assume, are entitled to such Federal assistance for their maintenance as will bear due proportion and analogy to that given to other portions of the Dominion for similar purposes.

That repeated representations have been made in various ways to the Government of Canada with a view to obtaining just and equitable financial assistance towards providing for the proper and effective administration of local affairs in the Territories and for the public necessities of their rapidly increasing population;

That such representations have been met by intermittent and insufficient additions to the annual grant, the provision so made by the Parliament of Canada never bearing any adequate proportion to the financial obligations imposed by the enlargement and development of the political institutions created by itself;

That it is desirable that a basis should be established upon which the claims of the Territories to suitable financial recognition may be settled and agreed upon;

That we do therefore most humbly pray that Your Excellency will be graciously pleased to cause the fullest enquiry to be made into the position of the Territories, financial and otherwise, and to cause such action to be taken as will provide for their present and immediate welfare and good government, as well as the due fulfilment of the duties and obligations of government and legislation, assumed, with respect to these Territories, by the Parliament of Canada;

And furthermore that, by the British North America Act, 1871, it was (amongst other things) enacted that the Parliament of Canada may from time to time establish new Provinces in any Territories forming for the time being part of the Dominion of Canada but not included in any Province thereof, and may, at the time of such establishment, make provision for the constitution and administration of

such Province, we do therefore most humbly pray that your Excellency will be also graciously pleased to order enquiries to be made and accounts taken with a view to the settlement of the terms and conditions upon which the Territories or any part thereof shall be established as a Province, and that, before any such Province is established, opportunity should be given to the people of the Territories through their accredited representatives, of

considering and discussing such terms and conditions.

All of which we humbly pray Your Excellency to take into Your Excellency's most gracious and favourable consideration.

*Speaker of the Legislative Assembly  
of the North-West Territories.  
Legislative Assembly Chambers,  
Regina, N.W.T., May 2, 1900*

#### MR. HAULTAIN'S BILL.

On December 7th, 1901, the Hon. F. W. E. Haultain wrote to Sir Wilfrid Laurier at some length, explaining the reasons for immediate autonomy. The letter is interesting, but too long to reprint in full here. One quotation and the full text of Mr. Haultain's proposed Bill are given.

He says:

This request is made in the belief that such an enquiry will make it clear that the establishment of a Province in the Territories upon equitable terms will relieve the Dominion of any necessity for annually considering Territorial questions. It is thought that the time is opportune for looking into this matter. Our official machinery is now upon a working basis and it does not appear that any disturbance of the equilibrium can result from the operation of the increased powers and added duties that will follow the change. The present tentative nature of much of our legislation and some of our public institutions can be amended by the introduction of measures tending to place them upon a permanent footing, which work can be better done in the near future than at a time when the weakness and ineffectiveness of much of our work due to causes already referred to, have had time to create public dissatisfaction and uneasiness. During the consideration which I have no doubt will be given to this part of the prayer of the Legislative Assembly there are some matters which, we respectfully submit, should receive most careful and thorough examination. It goes without saying that the principles of the British North America Act will form the basis of the constitution of any Province created. We seek for no advantages over any other Province, and we do not anticipate that we will be denied any privilege given elsewhere. After giving some earnest thought to the matter of presenting this part of the subject as desired by the sub-committee of the Privy Council, I have concluded that I cannot do so in any better manner than by submitting the views of the Executive Council of the Territories in the form of a draft Bill, in which the several points we would like to have brought to an issue are duly set forth, making such comment upon the principles involved as occurs to me in connection with each section or group of sections, and from this point onwards this communication will take the form thus indicated.

The Bill, with two of Mr. Haultain's comments, is given below. Parallel with it is given the Bill introduced during the present session of the Ottawa Parliament. There are two Bills really, one for Alberta

(No. 69) and one for Saskatchewan (No. 70), but as only clause No. 1 in each is different, only one Bill is given. The two No. 1 clauses are printed consecutively.

#### HAULTAIN'S DRAFT BILL.

An Act to establish and provide for the Government of the Province of

His Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enacts as follows;

1. On, from and after the first day of January, 1903, that portion of the territory known as Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territory admitted into the Union or Dominion of Canada by Her Majesty Queen Victoria by and with the advice and consent of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council by Order bearing date the twenty-third day of June, 1870, under the authority of the 146th Section of the British North America Act, 1867, described as the Provisional Districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta as the said Districts are defined by Orders of His Excellency the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada made in Council on the eighth day of May, 1882, and the second day of October, 1895, respectively; and that portion of the Provisional District of Athabasca, as the said District is defined by Order of His Excellency the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada made in Council on the eighth day of May, 1882, and the second day of October, 1895, respectively, lying to the south of the fifty-seventh parallel of north latitude, shall be formed into and be a Province which shall be one of the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada and which shall be called the Province of

MEMO.—In considering the question of the area to be included in this Province it may be claimed that the area proposed is too large for one Province. In this connection it should first be noted that the proposed area when compared with several of the other Provinces of the Dominion stands as follows:—

Quebec .....	347,000 sq. miles.
Ontario .....	220,000 "
British Columbia..	383,000 "
Proposed Province.	404,000 "

From this comparison it will be noted that the proposed Province contains an area considerably larger than that contained in either of the three other Provinces mentioned, but it must be remembered that a large portion of the district of Athabasca and of the northern and eastern portion of Saskatchewan proposed to be included in the new Province will never, owing to situation or physical

#### OTTAWA BILL.

An Act to establish and provide for the Government of the Province of Saskatchewan.

(Clauses 17, 18, and 19 will be moved in Committee of the Whole.)

WHEREAS in and by *The British North America Act, 1871*, being chapter 28 of the Acts of the Parliament of the United Kingdom passed in the session thereof held in the 34th and 35th years of the reign of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, it is enacted that the Parliament of Canada may from time to time establish new Provinces in any Territories forming for the time being part of the Dominion of Canada, but not included in any Province thereof, and may at the time of such establishment, make provision for the constitution and administration of any such Province, and for the passing of laws for the peace, order and good government of such Province and for its representation in the said Parliament of Canada;

And whereas it is expedient to establish as a Province the territory hereinafter described, and to make provision for the government thereof and the representation thereof in the Parliament of Canada: Therefore His Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enacts as follows;—

1. The territory comprised within the following boundaries, that is to say,—commencing at the intersection of the International boundary dividing Canada from the United States of America by the west boundary of the Province of Manitoba, thence northerly along the said west boundary of the Province of Manitoba to the north-west corner of the said Province of Manitoba; thence continuing northerly along the centre of the road allowance between the twenty-ninth and thirtieth ranges west of the principal meridian in the system of Dominion lands surveys, as the said allowance may hereafter be defined in accordance with the said system, to the second meridian in the said system of Dominion lands surveys, as the same may hereafter be defined in accordance with the said system; thence northerly along the second meridian to the sixtieth degree of north latitude; thence westerly along the parallel of the sixtieth degree of north latitude to the fourth meridian in the said system of Dominion lands surveys, as the same may be hereafter defined in accordance with the said system; thence southerly along the said fourth meridian to the said International boundary dividing Canada from the

features, or both, contain anything more than a very small and scattered population. The area which it is proposed to include in the new Province is practically the area administered by the present Territorial Government and the experience of the past few years has indicated that there is no difficulty in properly administering the area from one centre.

2. On, from and after the said first day of January, 1903, the provisions of The British North America Act of 1867, except those parts thereof which are in terms made or by reasonable intendment may be held to be specially applicable to or to affect only one or more but not the whole of the Provinces under that Act composing the Dominion, and except so far as the same may be varied by this Act, shall be applicable to the Province of \_\_\_\_\_ in the same way and to the same extent as they apply to the several Provinces of Canada and as if the Province of \_\_\_\_\_ had been one of the Provinces originally united by the said Act.

3. The said Province shall be represented in the Senate of Canada by four members until it shall have according to decennial census a population of two hundred and fifty thousand souls and from thenceforth it shall be represented therein by five members and thereafter for each additional increase in population of fifty thousand souls according to decennial census there shall be an increase of one member in its representation until it is represented by twenty members.

4. The said Province shall be represented in the first instance in the House of Commons of Canada by ten members and for that purpose shall be divided by Act of Parliament or by Proclamation of the Governor-General into ten electoral districts each of which shall be represented by one member: Provided that on the completion of each decennial census hereafter the representation of the said Province shall be readjusted according to the provisions of the British North America Act, 1867.

MEMO.—By the Manitoba Act passed in 1870 Manitoba was given a representation of four members in a House to be elected in two years. The census taken in the following year showed a population of 18,995, which would have entitled her to one member. In 1881 the population

United States of America; thence easterly along the said International boundary to the point of commencement,—is hereby established as a Province of the Dominion of Canada, to be called and known as the Province of Saskatchewan. [Bill No. 70].

1. The territory comprised within the following boundaries, that is to say,—commencing at the intersection of the International boundary dividing Canada from the United States of America by the fourth meridian in the system of Dominion lands surveys; thence westerly along the said International boundary to the eastern boundary of the Province of British Columbia; thence northerly along the said eastern boundary of the Province of British Columbia to the north-east corner of the said Province; thence easterly along the parallel of the sixtieth degree of north latitude to the fourth meridian in the system of Dominion lands surveys as the same may be hereafter defined in accordance with the said system; thence southerly along the said fourth meridian to the point of commencement,—is hereby established as a Province of the Dominion of Canada, to be called and known as the Province of Alberta. [Bill No. 69].

2. The provisions of *The British North America Acts, 1867 to 1886*, shall apply to the Province of Saskatchewan in the same way and to the like extent as they apply to the Provinces heretofore comprised in the Dominion, as if the said Province of Saskatchewan had been one of the Provinces originally united, except in so far as varied by this Act and except such provisions as are in terms made, or by reasonable intendment may be held to be, specially applicable to or only to affect one or more and not the whole of the said Provinces.

3. The said Province shall be represented in the Senate of Canada by four members: Provided that such representation may, after the completion of the next decennial census, be from time to time increased to six by the Parliament of Canada.

4. Subject to the provisions of the next following section, the said Province shall be represented in the House of Commons by five members, each of the electoral districts defined in Schedule A to this Act returning one member, such representations to be readjusted from time to time according to the provisions of the fifty-first section of *The British North America Act, 1867*: Provided that, upon the completion of the next quinquennial census for the said Province, the representation thereof shall be readjusted by the Parliament of Canada in such a manner that there shall be assigned to the said Province such a number of members as will bear the same proportion to the number of its population ascertained at such quinquennial census as the number sixty-five bears to the number of the population of Quebec as ascertained at the last decennial census; and in the computation of the number of members for the said Province a fractional part not exceeding one-half of the whole number requisite for entitling the Province to a member shall be disregarded, and a

had increased to 62,260, entitling her to three members. British Columbia, admitted in 1871 with a population of 36,247 entitling her to two members, was given six. In 1881 the population was 49,459. The territories are now entitled on the basis of redistribution under the B.N.A. Act, 1867, to six members, and the present rate of immigration and the prospects of immediate increase, which are much more promising than in the case of either Manitoba or British Columbia, which were given respectively four and three times the members they were entitled to on the same basis, would seem to indicate that the number of ten or twelve members in a House which is not to be elected for three or four years, errs if at all in the direction of being too few rather than too many. Even at the present moment the immigration for the year just about to close, will give an estimated increase of more than 25,000 to the population as shown by the census lately taken.

5. The Executive Council of the Province shall be composed of such persons and under such designations as the Lieutenant-Governor shall from time to time think fit.

6. Unless and until the Executive Government of the Province otherwise directs the seat of Government of the same shall be at

7. All powers, authorities and functions which under any law or custom which were before the coming into force of this Act vested in or exercisable by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories with the advice or with the advice and consent of the Executive Council thereof or in conjunction with that Council or with any member or members thereof or by the said Lieutenant-Governor individually, shall as far as the same are capable of being exercised after the coming into force of this Act be vested in and shall or may be exercised by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of \_\_\_\_\_ with the advice or with the advice and consent of or in conjunction with the Executive Council or any member or members thereof or by the Lieutenant-Governor individually as the case requires, subject nevertheless to be abolished or altered by the Legislature of the Province.

8. There shall be a Legislature for the Province consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor and of one House styled the Legislative Assembly of

fractional part exceeding one-half of the number shall be deemed equivalent to the whole number.

5. If there is at the time this Act comes into force a subsisting Parliament of Canada, the readjustment authorised or provided for by the proviso to the next preceding section shall not have effect until the dissolution or expiry of such Parliament, but the said Province, and the Province of Alberta, also established by an Act of the present session, shall, until such dissolution or expiry, continue to be represented in the House of Commons as provided by chapter 60 of the Statutes of 1903, each of the electoral districts defined in that part of the schedule to the said Act which relates to the North-West Territories, whether such district is wholly in one of the said Provinces, or partly in one and partly in the other of them, being represented by one member.

6. Until the Parliament of Canada otherwise provides, the qualifications of voters for the election of members of the House of Commons and the proceedings at and in connection with elections of such members shall, *mutatis mutandis*, be those prescribed by law at the time this Act comes into force with respect to such elections in the North-West Territories.

7. The Executive Council of the said Province shall be composed of such persons, under such designations, as the Lieutenant-Governor from time to time thinks fit.

8. Unless and until the Lieutenant-Governor in Council of the said Province otherwise directs, by proclamation under the Great Seal, the seat of Government of the said Province shall be at Regina.

9. All powers, authorities and functions which under any law were before the coming into force of this Act vested in or exercisable by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, with the advice, or with the advice and consent of the Executive Council thereof, or in conjunction with that Council or with any member or members thereof, or by the said Lieutenant-Governor individually, shall, so far as they are capable of being exercised after the coming into force of this Act in relation to the Government of the said Province, be vested in and shall or may be exercised by the Lieutenant-Governor of the said Province, with the advice or with the advice and consent of, or in conjunction with, the Executive Council of the said Province or any member or members thereof, or by the Lieutenant-Governor individually, as the case requires, subject nevertheless to be abolished or altered by the Legislature of the said Province.

10. The Lieutenant-Governor in Council shall, as soon as may be after this Act comes into force, adopt and provide a Great Seal of the said Province, and may, from time to time change such Seal.

11. There shall be a Legislature for the said Province, consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor, and one House to be styled the Legislative Assembly of Saskatchewan.



9. The constitution of the Legislature of the North-West Territories as it exists on the first day of January, 1903, shall subject to the provisions of this Act continue to be the constitution of the Legislature of the Province of \_\_\_\_\_ until altered under the authority of this Act; and the Legislative Assembly of the said Territories existing on the said first day of January, 1903, shall unless sooner dissolved continue as the Legislative Assembly of the Province of \_\_\_\_\_ until the completion of the period for which it was elected.

10. In and for the Province the said Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to irrigation and subject to any rights acquired under any Act of the Parliament of Canada before the first day of January, 1903, the property in and the right to the use of all the water at any time in any river, stream, watercourse, lake, creek, ravine, canyon, lagoon, swamp, marsh, or other body of water shall on, from and after the said date belong to and be vested in the Province unless and until and except only so far as some right of some person therein or to the use hereof inconsistent with the right of the Crown and which is not a public right or a right common to the public is established.

11. In addition to all other powers the Legislative Assembly of the Province shall have the powers conferred on the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories by the nineteenth section of chapter twenty-two of the Acts of the Parliament of Canada passed in the fifty-fourth and fifty-fifth years of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

12. The judges of the Courts of the Province shall be selected from the bar of the Province, or from the bar of some other Province in which the laws relative to property and civil rights and the procedure of the Courts are the same as in the Province of \_\_\_\_\_

13. Except as otherwise provided by this Act all laws in force in the North-West Territories on the first day of January, 1903, and all courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction and all legal commissions, powers and authorities existing therein on the said date shall continue as if this Act had not been passed, subject nevertheless (except with respect to such as are enacted by or exist under Acts of the Parliament of Great Britain or of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland) to be repealed, abolished or altered by the Parliament of Canada or by the Legislature of the Province according to the authority of the Parliament or of the Legislature under this Act.

14. All public officers and functionaries, judicial, administrative and ministerial, holding office in the North-West Territories on the first day of January, 1903, shall continue to hold such office in the Province of \_\_\_\_\_ with the same duties and powers as before until otherwise ordered by the Governor-General of Canada or the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province according to the authority of the Governor-General or the Lieutenant-Governor under this Act,

12. Until the said Legislature otherwise provides, the Legislative Assembly shall be composed of twenty-five members, to be elected to represent the electoral divisions defined in Schedule B to this Act, having due regard to the distribution of population and existing local divisions.

13. Until the said Legislature otherwise determines, all the provisions of the law with regard to the constitution of the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories and the election of members thereof shall apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Legislative Assembly of the said Province and the elections of members thereof respectively.

14. The writs for the election of the members of the first Legislative Assembly of the said Province shall be issued by the Lieutenant-Governor and made returnable within six months after this Act comes into force.

15. Until otherwise provided by competent authority, and subject to the provisions of this Act, all laws and ordinances not inconsistent with this Act in force in the territory comprised in the said Province on the thirtieth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and five, and all courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction, and all commissions, powers and authorities and all officers, judicial, administrative and ministerial, existing or holding office at that time shall continue therein as if such territory had not been established as a Province.

16. The provisions of section 93 of *The British North America Act, 1867*, shall apply to the said Province as if, at the date upon which this Act comes into force, the territory comprised therein were already a Province, the expression "the Union" in the said section being taken to mean the said date.

(2) Subject to the provisions of the said section 93, and in continuance of the principles heretofore sanctioned under *The North-West Territories Act*, it is enacted that the Legislature of the said Province shall pass all necessary laws in respect of education, and that it shall therein always be provided (a) that a majority of the ratepayers of any district or portion of the said Province or of any less portion or subdivision thereof, by whatever name it is known, may establish such schools therein as they think fit, and make the necessary assessments and collection of rates therefor, and (b) that the minority of the ratepayers therein, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, may establish separate schools therein, and make the necessary assessments and collection of rates therefor, and (c) that in such case the ratepayers establishing such Protestant or Roman Catholic separate schools shall be liable only to assessment of such rates as they impose upon themselves with respect thereto.

(3) In the appropriation of public moneys by the Legislature in aid of education, and in the distribution of any moneys paid to the Government of the said Province arising from the school fund established by *The Dominion Lands Act*, there shall be no discrimination

15. Until altered by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council the Seal of the North-West Territories shall be the Great Seal of the Province of

16. The penitentiary situate in the Province of Manitoba shall until the Parliament of Canada otherwise provides be the penitentiary for the Province of

18. All lands belonging to the Crown situate in the Province of other than lands reserved by Statute or Order in Council for the use of Indians or for and earned by any person or corporation and lands entered for homestead or pre-emption but not granted and all sums due and payable on the first day of January, 1903, for such lands shall belong to the Province.

19. All mines, minerals, timber and royalties belonging to the Crown situate, being or arising in the Province of and all sums due and payable on the first day of January, 1903, for such mines, minerals, timber or royalties shall belong to the Province.

20. The Province shall receive and retain all the public property of the North-West Territories not otherwise disposed of in this Act.

21. All buildings in the North-West Territories belonging to Canada used or intended for court houses, jails, and land titles offices and for residence and offices of the Lieutenant-Governor and Government of the North-West Territories together with all appurtenances connected therewith and all moneys the proceeds from the sale or leasing of school lands in the North-West Territories and all moneys forming the assurance fund under the provisions of the Territorial Real Property Act and the Land Titles Act, 1894, shall be the property of the Province of

22. The following amounts shall be allowed and paid by Canada by half-yearly payments in advance as an annual subsidy to the Province, that is to say:

(a) For the support of the Government and Legislature, fifty thousand dollars.

(b) On an estimated population of two hundred and fifty thousand at eighty cents per head, two hundred thousand dollars, subject to be increased as hereinafter mentioned, that is to say:—A census of the Province shall be taken in every fifth year reckoning from the general decennial census of one thousand nine hundred and one, and an approximate estimate of the population shall be made at equal intervals of time between such quinquennial census and such decennial census; and whenever the population by any such census or estimate exceeds two hundred and fifty thousand, which shall be the minimum on which the said allowance shall be calculated, the amount of the said allowance shall be increased in accordance therewith until the population reaches one million three hundred and ninety-six thousand and ninety-one, after which there shall be no further increase.

between the public schools and the separate schools, and such moneys shall be applied to the support of public and separate schools in equitable shares or proportion.

[17. The following amounts shall be allowed as an annual subsidy to the Province of Saskatchewan, and shall be paid by the Government of Canada, by half-yearly instalments in advance, to the said Province, that is to say:

(a) For the support of the Government and Legislature, fifty thousand dollars;

(b) On an estimated population of two hundred and fifty thousand, at eighty cents per head, two hundred thousand dollars subject to be increased as hereinafter mentioned, that is to say:—A census of the said Province shall be taken in every fifth year reckoning from the general census of one thousand nine hundred and one, and an approximate estimate of the population shall be made at equal intervals of time between each quinquennial and decennial census; and whenever the population, by any such census or estimate, exceeds two hundred and fifty thousand, which shall be the minimum on which the said allowance shall be calculated, the amount of the said allowance shall be increased accordingly, and so on until the population has reached eight hundred thousand souls.]

[18. Inasmuch as the said Province is not in debt, it shall be entitled to be paid and to receive from the Government of Canada, by half-yearly payments in advance, interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum on the sum of eight million one hundred and seven thousand five hundred dollars.]

[19. Inasmuch as the public lands in the said Province are to remain the property of Canada, there shall be paid by Canada to the said Province annually by way of compensation therefor a sum based upon the estimated value of such lands, namely, \$37,500,000, the said lands being assumed to be of an area of 25,000,000 acres and to be of the value of \$1.50 per acre, and upon the population of the said Province, as from time to time ascertained by the quinquennial census thereof, such sum to be arrived at as follows:—

The population of the said Province being assumed to be at present 250,000, the sum payable until such population reaches 400,000 is to be one per cent. on such estimated value, or \$375,000;

Thereafter, until such population reaches 800,000, the sum payable is to be one and one-half per cent. on such estimated value, or \$562,500;

Thereafter, until such population reaches 1,200,000, the sum payable is to be two per cent. on such estimated value, or \$750,000;

And thereafter such payment is to be three per cent. on such estimated value, or \$1,125,000.

(2) As additional compensation for such lands there shall be paid by Canada to the said Province annually for five years from the time this Act comes into force to provide for the construction of necessary public buildings,

23. The Province shall be entitled to be paid and to receive from the Government of Canada by half-yearly payments in advance interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum on the excess over the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ of a sum to be ascertained by multiplying the population of the Province by 32.46 and for the purpose of this section the population of the Province shall until after the next decennial census be deemed to be two hundred and fifty thousand: Provided that immediately after the census of \_\_\_\_\_ there shall be a readjustment under this section on the basis of the population as ascertained by such census.

24. The Province shall be entitled to receive by half-yearly payments in advance from the Government of Canada interest at five per cent. per annum on the sum of one dollar per acre for each acre of land in the Province granted by the Dominion otherwise than for homesteads or pre-emptions under the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act or in settlement of halfbreed claims.

17. Nothing in this Act shall in any way prejudice or affect the rights or properties of the Hudson's Bay Company as contained in the conditions under which that company surrendered Rupert's Land to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and all rights, privileges and properties conferred on Canada by the said conditions shall in so far as they relate to matters within the legislative authority of the Province belong to and be vested in the Province.

one-quarter of one per cent. on such estimated value, or \$93,750.]

20. The Dominion lands in the said Province shall continue to be vested in the Crown and administered by the Government of Canada for the purposes of Canada, subject to the provisions of *The North-West Territories Act*, as amended, with respect to road allowances and roads or trails as in force on the thirtieth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and five, which shall apply to the said Province with the substitution therein of the said Province for the North-West Territories.

21. All properties and assets of the North-West Territories shall be divided equally between the said Province and the Province of Alberta, and the two Provinces shall be jointly and equally responsible for all debts and liabilities of the North-West Territories; Provided that, if any difference arises as to the division and adjustment of such properties, assets, debts and liabilities, such difference shall be referred to the arbitration of three arbitrators, one of whom shall be chosen by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council of each Province, and the third by the Governor in Council. The selection of such arbitrators shall not be made until the legislatures of the Provinces have met, and the arbitrator chosen by Canada shall not be a resident of either Province.

22. Nothing in this Act shall in any way prejudice or effect the rights of properties of the Hudson's Bay Company acquired, held or existing under and by virtue of the conditions of the deed under which that company surrendered Rupert's Land to the Crown.

23. The powers hereby granted to the said Province shall be exercised subject to the provisions of section 16 of the contract set forth in the schedule to chapter 1 of the Statutes of 1881, being an Act respecting the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

24. *The North-West Territories Act*, being chapter 50 of the Revised Statutes, and all Acts in amendment thereof, are hereby repealed, except with respect to, and in so far as they apply to, the Yukon Territory.

25. This Act shall come into force on the first day of July, one thousand nine hundred and five.

#### AN AMENDMENT

Only one amendment to the above Bills No. 69 and 70, as introduced into the House, has been decided upon. This is an amended clause 16, which was introduced because certain ministers and members objected to the original clause. The amended clause is as follows:

*Section proposed to be substituted in Committee of the Whole for section 16:—*

16. Section 93 of *The British North Am-*

*erica Act*, 1867, shall apply to the said Province, with the substitution for paragraph 1 of the said section 93, of the following paragraph:—

1. Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to separate schools which any class of persons have at the date of the passing of this Act, under the terms of chapters 29 and 30 of the Ordinances of the North-West Territories, passed in the year 1901.

(a) In the appropriation by the Legislature or distribution by the Government of the Province of any moneys for the support

of schools organised and carried on in accordance with the said chapter 29 or any Act passed in amendment thereof, or in substitution therefor, there shall be no discrimination against schools of any class described in the said chapter 29.

(b) Where the expression "by law" is employed in sub-section 3 of the said section 93, it shall be held to mean the law as set out in the said chapters 29 and 30, and where the expression "at the Union" is employed, in the said sub-section 3, it shall be held to mean the date at which this Act comes into force.

On May 15th, in the House of Commons, the Minister of Justice explained the difference between the original clause and the clause as amended, as follows:

Section 16, as originally drafted, was intended to confirm the minority in the rights they now enjoy and makes:

First. Section 93 of the British North America Act applicable to the new province as if it were a regularly organized province coming into the union at the date of the passing of this Act;

Second. Re-enacts section 11 of the North-west Territories Act of 1875;

Third. Makes provision for the continuation to the schools of the minority of the grant now made in aid of education by or through the territorial government.

The effect of the section which it is proposed to substitute for the original section 16 is to limit the rights and privileges of the minority to those secured to them by chapters 29 and 30 of the ordinances, to the exclusion of the rights and privileges guaranteed either by section 11 of the North-West Territories Act, 1875, or any other legislation in force in the Territories with regard to any class of schools.

The rights and privileges which result from the right of effecting the separation, and which the proposed substituted clause 16 preserves to the minority, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, in a public school district, appear to be these:—

(1) Right of separation—by the ordinance—common to Protestants and Roman Catholics alike;

(2) Half-hour religious instruction—by ordinance—to Protestants and Roman Catholics alike; common to public and separate schools;

(3) First and second Catholic readers—by regulation;

(4) Right to elect trustees, who choose the teacher—by ordinance common to all schools.

I thought proper to carefully draft what I intended to say on the subject and read my opinion, so that there might be no doubt or uncertainty as to the position I take.\*

\*Hansard, p. 5983 et seq.

AREA OF THE PROVINCES.

Sessional Paper No. 97, of the present session, 4-5 Edward VII, gives, some interesting figures with regard to the area of the new Provinces:

LAND AND WATER AREAS IN THE PROVINCES OF SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA

According to the Surveyor-General's Estimate

Saskatchewan.		Alberta.
Land suitable for grain growing.....	86,000 sq. m.	80,000
Land requiring irrigation.....	32,000	41,000
Land suitable for ranches or other description of farming.....	106,887	113,559
Water.....	27,000	20,000
Total area of Province.....	251,887	254,559

According to Sessional Paper 102, the Province of Manitoba at its creation contained 13,500 square miles. By the Act of 1881, this was extended, and it now contains 73,732 square miles. It will thus be seen that each of the two new Provinces will be about three times the size of Manitoba.

It is interesting to note how small is the amount of land granted to railways as compared with the total area. The grants according to Sessional Paper No. 97 are as follows:

Alberta.....	13,151,264 acres.
Saskatchewan.....	12,874,573 acres.
	26,025,837

Total area of the two Provinces 500,000 square mls. or..... 320,000,000 acres.

The grants to railways are thus less than one-tenth of the whole area. There are other alienations, such as Indian Reserves, Hudson's Bay Co., School Lands, Parks, etc., which will about equal the area alienated by railway grants.

At the present time the Provincial areas are as follows:\*

Ontario.....	260,862 sq. miles
Quebec.....	351,876 "
Nova Scotia.....	21,428 "
New Brunswick.....	27,985 "
Manitoba.....	73,372 "
British Columbia.....	372,630 "
Prince Edward Island.....	2,184 "
Saskatchewan.....	251,887 "
Alberta.....	254,559 "

\*Statistical Year Book, 1903, p. 2.

# The Enoch of To-day

BY JESSIE K. LAWSON

“AND Enoch walked with God,”—so reads  
 The record of a wondrous life,  
 Ages ere dogmas, forms, or creeds,  
 Had vexed men's souls with blood and strife.

And still we speak as though but one  
 E'er trod that unfrequented way;  
 While here, beneath this century's sun,  
 Lo! Enoch walks with God to-day.

Not he who late brings up the rear  
 On all attacks on vested sin;  
 Joining the ranks at last through fear  
 Or being scorned by those who win.

Who preaches Christ by dint of gold,  
 Labelled by Truth—the price of blood;  
 Not thus did Enoch preach of old,  
 Or soul of man e'er walk with God.

But with us, of us, kith and kin;  
 His step with ours upon the street;  
 In men who choose the nobler way;  
 In earnest womer, brave as sweet.

With steady will and purpose high,  
 And words of strength upon their lips;  
 From platform and from press they cry  
 Like souls in the Apocalypse.

Their feet stand in the people's place,  
 Their voices echo in the land;  
 Oppression flees and finds no place,  
 Who shall their righteous ire withstand?

The homes of want, of woe,—the jails—  
 The hospitals, their footsteps know;  
 Through noisome slums where faints and fails  
 The human soul, with God they go.

With God they go and in His light  
 See souls by men so cheaply priced,  
 Needs must they up with all the might  
 Of word and deed to prove the Christ.

Ah! think not though the world be old,  
 And men have left the ancient road,  
 Lost is the pearl or dimmed the gold,  
 That Enoch walks no more with God.

# The Antiquity of the "Ronald"

## A DONALD STORY.

By W. ALBERT HICKMAN,  
AUTHOR OF "THE SACRIFICE OF THE SHANNON."



HIS was in the days that were, when Caribou had no waterworks. Caribou—there is but one—Caribou in Nova Scotia—Caribou the beautiful that slopes down on the north side of a grand harbour in the southern bight of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

A thin-cheeked man, driving an express waggon which contained three big, black, lumpy sacks, stopped in front of the weather-stained wooden building that held all the fire-fighting apparatus of the Caribou Fire Department, over which old Donald McDonald, with the black cocker spaniel, presided as chief engineer.

The doors of the engine house were open and inside could be seen the glint of polished brass and copper and steel. The man climbed down from the waggon, straightened his spectacles and went over to the door.

"Well!" he said, "what have you been doing to the old 'Ronald'?" This remark was seemingly addressed to a pair of boots and blue overalls which, together with an apparently endless wire-wound hose, projected from the low boiler of an exceedingly large fire engine. From the stack of the engine proceeded a pillar of smoke, black smoke, that drifted slowly up and flattened against the ceiling of the engine house. There was no answer to the question, but instead, the boots jerked spas-

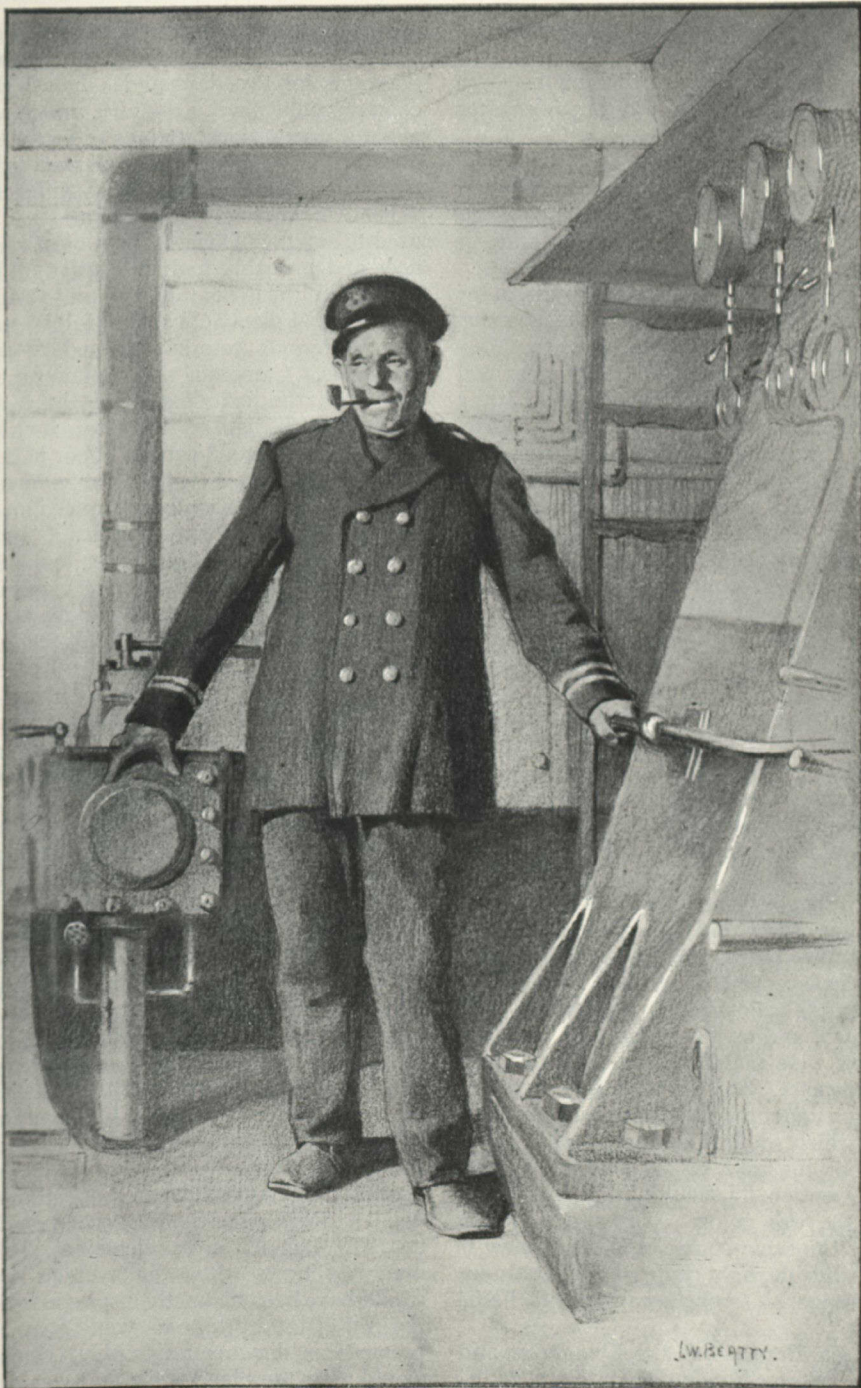
modically and from the interior of the fire-box there came forth the deafening snare-drum clatter of a pneumatic caulking hammer. The black spaniel had evinced his belief in the importance of the whole proceeding by sitting up and watching the feet judiciously, and even going so far as to get up, turn entirely round, and sit down in a different place three or four times a minute, each time looking about hurriedly, apparently in the hope that there might be some other individual to witness such an extraordinary phenomenon. To realise what this means you would have to know the black spaniel. After the hammer had stopped a voice of exceeding deliberation sifted out through the grate bars in a mixture of Highland and Lowland Scotch that was not necessarily so characteristic of Nova Scotia as of the speaker.

"Ees that you, Dr. Saunderson? Oo! a joost been"—another pause while the caulking hammer thundered again—"a joost been puttin a noo booyler on her. Theyre! thut'll do. Thut'd not leak wi' eight hoondred poon's pressure. Weel, how are ye?" The last as the gentleman backed out of the fire-box and exhibited to the daylight a grizzled head and a clean-shaven face with a long upper lip—a face at present almost unrecognisable under a coat of red lead and precipitated lamp black from the engine torch. It was Donald McDonald, of course, and the black spaniel, feeling that for the time his responsibility had ceased, retired to his end of the coal bin and slept. Donald wiped

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NOTE—The "Donald" of this story is the same imperturbable old engineer of Mr. Hickman's great tale of the ice-crushers, "The Sacrifice of the Shannon." Part of the preface of that book, which applies here, is as follows:—

"Donald's dialect is a Nova Scotia product, and was studied in a number of individuals who exhibited no predilection toward specialising in either Highland or Lowland Scotch peculiarities, but who seemed to be in every case impartial, and to add to the fusion an indescribable something that recalled Vickers-Maxim and Barrow-in-Furness."



“Donald was a remarkable man in many ways. He used to be the chief engineer of the *Dungeness*, the biggest of the MacMichael boats.”

his hands on a bunch of waste and glanced meditatively at each cock.

"Y' know," he said sententiously, "a leetle extra theekness een a booyler often cooms een handy."

The Doctor laughed. "So I've heard," he said, and Donald smiled the peculiar dry smile that had become famous as the only known indication of any emotion he might feel.

Donald was a remarkable man in many ways. He used to be the chief engineer of the *Dungeness*, the biggest of the MacMichael boats, and without apparent reason that craft used to make a short trip a day shorter and a long trip a week shorter than any freighter whose screws churned the waters of the Gulf. Irland, the captain of the *Amphitrite*, the flagship of the revenue cruisers in the Gulf, often told of one calm night off Heath Point, Anticosti, when he saw coming up from the southward, a big boat with a wall of water ahead of her, and her funnels vomiting black smoke and ejecting live coals like a volcano. He had taken her for one of Her Majesty's cruisers bound from Halifax to Quebec. He had watched her raise, high-bowed, dead astern, and then a haze had come down and he had lost her, until an hour later she rushed at him out of a bank of fog, swung off a point to port and almost stunned him with astonishment when she disclosed the four masts and peculiar sheer of the *Dungeness*. Her bows were piling up hills of white water; her displacement wave lifted the *Amphitrite* in the air once and dropped her with a swash, and as she boiled past her twin screws were pounding the sea into phosphorescence, which shone and kept on shining under the cloud of half-burned coal into which she had disappeared.

"For the sake of my reputation," Irland went on, "I shouldn't like to say how fast she was going. We were pottering along the same course, and all I know is that when daylight came we could only see a smudge of smoke away up off Fame Point."

When Donald left the *Dungeness* and came ashore she came down to a most ordinary speed, and couldn't be persuaded to do otherwise, though an M.I.M.E. went down and worried the engine room

crew and rigged strings to her cross heads and sat on her gratings and took indicator diagrams for two days and a half. Her captain could never explain it and never made a very serious attempt to probe the mystery. He was deeply pleased with Donald's results; that was sufficient. When MacMichael was asked about it he used to say that Donald was a born engineer and probably had little ways of his own, and then he would hum. MacMichael had plenty of coal of his own, and the *Dungeness* certainly seemed to pay dividends. Cameron, the captain of the *Duncriff*, the next in size of the MacMichael boats, used to freely state it as his opinion that Donald carried about half as much steam again as he was allowed. Donald's own replies to any question on the subject were always cryptic.

"Y' see," he would say, after removing from his lips the three-inch black clay pipe that he was popularly credited with being able to smoke while asleep, "Y' see, the *Doongeness*'s got a gran' good set o' engines 'n' a most extraoordinar' fine nest o' booylers; 'n' y' know a leetle extra theekness een a booyler often cooms een handy," and he would smile at the black cocker, whose tail would stir up a great cloud of coal dust from the floor. The reiteration of this axiom tended rather to the confirmation of Cameron's hypothesis; and there the matter rested.

Undoubtedly Donald's most marvellous characteristic was his imperturbability. In all the time he had been in the *Dungeness* and throughout his entire connection with the Caribou Fire Department he had never been seen in a state even bordering on excitement. The greater the crisis the more supernaturally cool he became, until in moments of greatest danger his voice would be low and even, and he would answer inane questions in an elaborate detail and with a suavity that would render eternally famous any professional diplomat. At times when the average man would have been distinctly displeased with the rest of the world, and would have expressed his displeasure audibly, Donald would wear the bland smile that was normal on such occasions, and the variations in which were, as I have indicated, the only index of any thing he might feel.



MacMichael was right when he said that Donald was a born engineer. As has been stated elsewhere he got in love with an engine as a man may get in love with a woman. When he left the *Dungeness* and came ashore he was incredibly melancholy and for two weeks would hardly say a word to anyone. He would go down and sit on the Government wharf and look eastward past Cole's reef out into the Gulf where the *Dungeness'* smoke had faded away. Not only did Donald love an engine but he knew instinctively how to get the most out of one—anything from a pumping station to a portable saw mill. He would feel the throttle, alter the valve travel, close till she sighed, open till she trembled, and then start off with a spanner and a copper hammer, listening for knocks. When she shut down he would hunt up special packing for certain places, until she would run as if the makers had set her up at an exhibition, and her rods would shine until you couldn't say whether they were moving or not.

Now, as has been recorded earlier, Caribou had no waterworks. The result was that when there was a fire, water had to be pumped from the harbour to the scene of the conflagration. In the early days there had been a hand engine, and its crew of Nova Scotia Scots had been developed until they were second to none on the continent. But Caribou grew, and just at the time Donald came ashore the Town Council had bought a steam fire-engine, the "Ronald." She was a big engine with a single-cylindrical pump and one big "athwartships" fly-wheel. Donald was looked upon as the most desirable of possible engineers, so a deputation waited on him and he consented to take charge. The final result of it all was that the fire-engine worked her way into his affections, and he became as fond of her as he had been of the *Dungeness*. As time went on Donald and the "Ronald" accomplished some prodigious feats. The "Ronald" would seem to be doing her best until a crisis arrived, when, for some mysterious reason, she would suddenly develop an utterly new order of capability, and would split up faulty lengths of hose and tear off sheets of shingles in a way that was magnificent to see. This peculiarity came to cause engine and engineer to be regarded by the fire-

engine enthusiasts of Caribou as worthy of a veneration that almost amounted to awe. On such occasions the few who knew Donald's record in the *Dungeness* would grin at each other and retire down the wharf a hundred feet or more from the "Ronald" and sit on mooring posts with expressions of pleased expectancy; but nothing ever happened.

Caribou continued to grow and the Town Council decided to get another engine. This time an amateur engineer in the Council, named Garton, said it must be an engine of the rotary pump type; so a rotary pump it was.

She came in quietly one day on the evening train and was promptly named the "Caribou." Jimmy McKenzie, an individual with a bushy grey beard, who used to work in the foundry, was duly elected engineer. The "Caribou" had no cylinders and no fly-wheel, and when she went she didn't make a chug-a-chug-a-chug like the "Ronald," but instead she made an egregious whir-r-r-r; in fact, when she was doing her best she howled, literally howled, as only a rotary can. So as they were in no way alike, she and the "Ronald" bred no inter-rivalry, and Jimmy and Donald dwelt together in peace.

A few years passed and Donald made up his mind that the "Ronald" needed a new boiler. The Town Council couldn't be brought to see this, but Donald was obdurate, and the Town Council submitted gracefully, in a way to which they had grown accustomed. So Donald made a design in accordance with certain ideas of his own, took it down to the boiler shop of the foundry and went to work.

Just at this time the Town Council decided that they must have still another engine, and Garton discoursed on the advantages of a new double-cylindrical machine built in the United States and known as the "Dewey." So the "Dewey" was chosen and ordered. She was not a rotary like the "Caribou," but a cylinder pump like the "Ronald," and her performances might with fairness be compared with those of the old engine. The situation contained the germs of strife. Besides, when Garton was dissertating he had said that Caribou was growing, and that he, personally, felt that it was time they

had a modern double-cylindere engine—something more efficient than the somewhat antiquated apparatus they had at present, an opinion with which the Council seemed to agree. The proceedings were reported to Donald, who smiled and said nothing—until he was alone with the black spaniel, when, after getting the pipe going satisfactorily, he ejaculated, “Anteequated! Did y’ hear thut, Conoon-drum? Anteequated!” and Conundrum’s tail became a nebula. Then the two of them went off down to the foundry where the “Ronald’s” new boiler, the wonder of that establishment, was being completed. It weighed four hundred pounds more than the old one if it weighed an ounce.

It was a few weeks after this, when the “Ronald” had been re-assembled and Donald was putting on the finishing touches, that Dr. Saunderson turned up and addressed the boots and blue overalls as before recorded. Like the majority of the people of Caribou he was interested in the fire-engine question, and an ardent admirer of Donald’s.

“I hear we are to have a new engine,” he said, continuing the somewhat uncertain conversation.

“Aye!” said Donald. It was an exceedingly non-committal reply.

“I hear she is to be a double-cylindere ‘Dewey.’ The agent says she will be able to throw two streams as high as the ‘Ronald’ can throw one.” Donald was tightening a gland; he stopped and looked meditatively at the “Ronald.”

“Aye,” he said ingenuously, “they beeld marrvellous engines these days.” The Doctor would have to be more direct.

“What chance do you think the ‘Ronald’ will have with her?” Donald slowly screwed on the top of an oil cup and smiled and talked between the puffs of his pipe.

“Th’ Ronald’s a leetle anteequated, y’ know,” he said, “a—what ha’ y’ got een the bags.”

“Albertite.”

“Oo, thut’s the noo cannal coal they foond over een Noo Brunswick.” The Doctor was a great mineralogist.

“We don’t know,” he said, “whether it’s a cannal or a bitumen or an asphalt, or what to call it, but we do know that

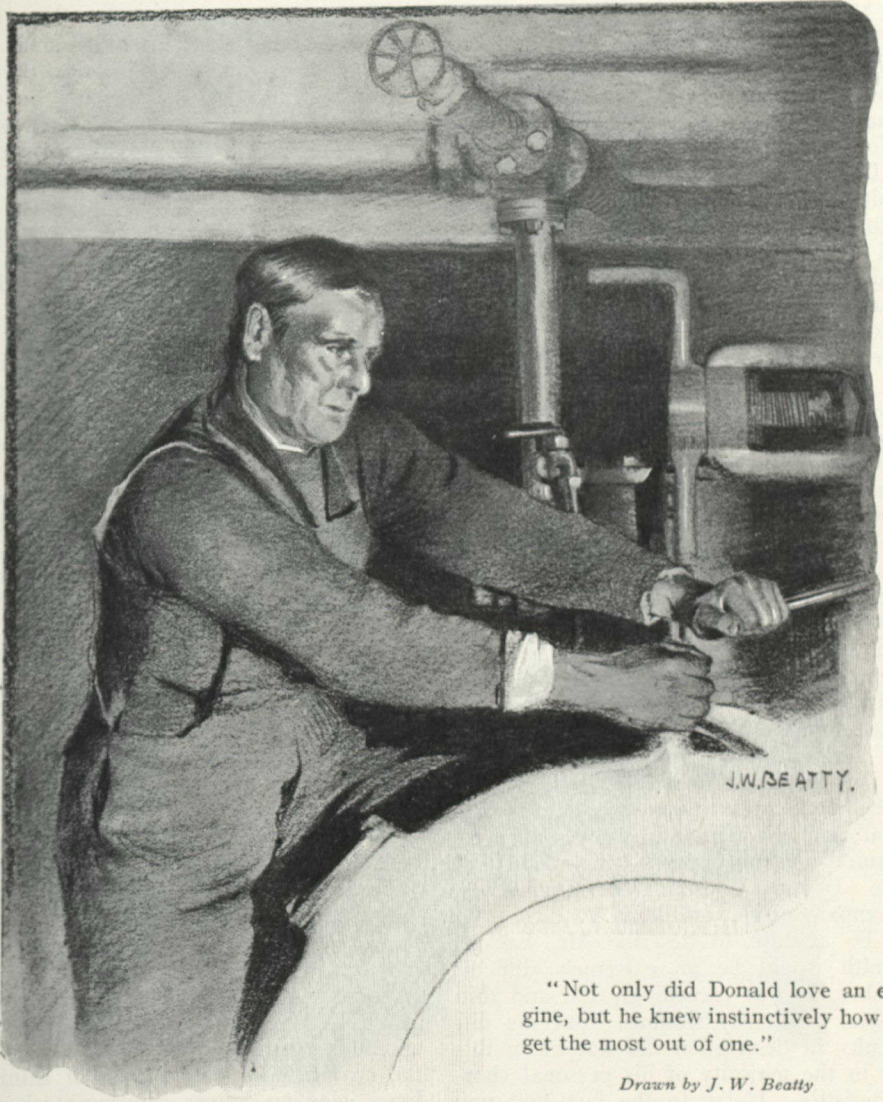
it burns like a house. I’ve been testing it for gas production and I have these three sacks over. I brought them down thinking you might try it in that whitewashed stove of yours. You might test it as a steaming coal if you have time.” Together they carried the three sacks in and piled them in the coal bin. The black cocker, to indicate the almost inexpressible extent of his appreciation, crawled on top of the pile, turned round three times to beat down the grass of ancestral tradition, and after elaborate preliminary adjustments with a view to accommodating his anatomy to the various protuberances, prepared for slumber. Donald was accustomed to gifts of this sort from the Doctor.

“A’m mooch obleeged t’ y’,” he said, “a’ll try’t soom day.” As the Doctor was leaving he reverted to fire-engines.

“I suppose they’ll be having a test to compare the old engines with the new one when she comes. I know you’ve done everything I ever saw you try, but I don’t think much of your chances this time.” The old man smiled and said nothing and filled the black pipe, and as the Doctor drove away he took off the oil-soaked cap that he used for starting hot valves, looked into its crown and scratched his head. Then he addressed the black spaniel.

“Conoon-drum, y’ might sheeft a leetle an’ let me get a loomp o’ thut Albertite.” He untied one of the sacks and took out a few lumps of the black glistening stuff. He broke a piece off and held a lighted match to it; it burned briskly. Then, though it was summer, he opened the door of the whitewashed stove, lighted a bunch of oil-soaked waste, threw it in, then a handful of kindling and a shovel of coal. He sat down and waited for ten minutes, then opened the stove door again and threw in the Albertite. Through the chinks in the stove he could see a white flame that roared up the stovepipe and made it crack like a forest in a frost. The old engineer rubbed his fingers through his grizzled hair and indicated his approval by a series of grunts in different keys.

“Thut stoof’d undootedly ha’ ’ts uses,” he mused, “t’ d be harrd on th’ grate



"Not only did Donald love an engine, but he knew instinctively how to get the most out of one."

*Drawn by J. W. Beatty*

bars, but—" and the rest was indistinguishable among the puffs at the black pipe. It was getting dark as he tightened the last connection on the old "Ronald," and his life-trained hand felt the bite of the metal that told it when to stop. Every ring sat on every length of packing so that neither steam nor water could pass, though the rods could glide through by their own weight. Every nut was set up until the metal faces grounded and clung with a hold that no jarring could

start, and with the last touch the "Ronald" became an inflexible entity, as though she were a machine of one piece. Donald lay down the spanner and held the engine torch over his head. He slowly looked over the new boiler and then over every line in the big engine from pole to coal box. He grinned at the spaniel.

"Noo they can breeng along theyre dooble-ceelindere 'Dewey's,'" he murmured. "Coom, Conoondrum, let's go and get soom supper."

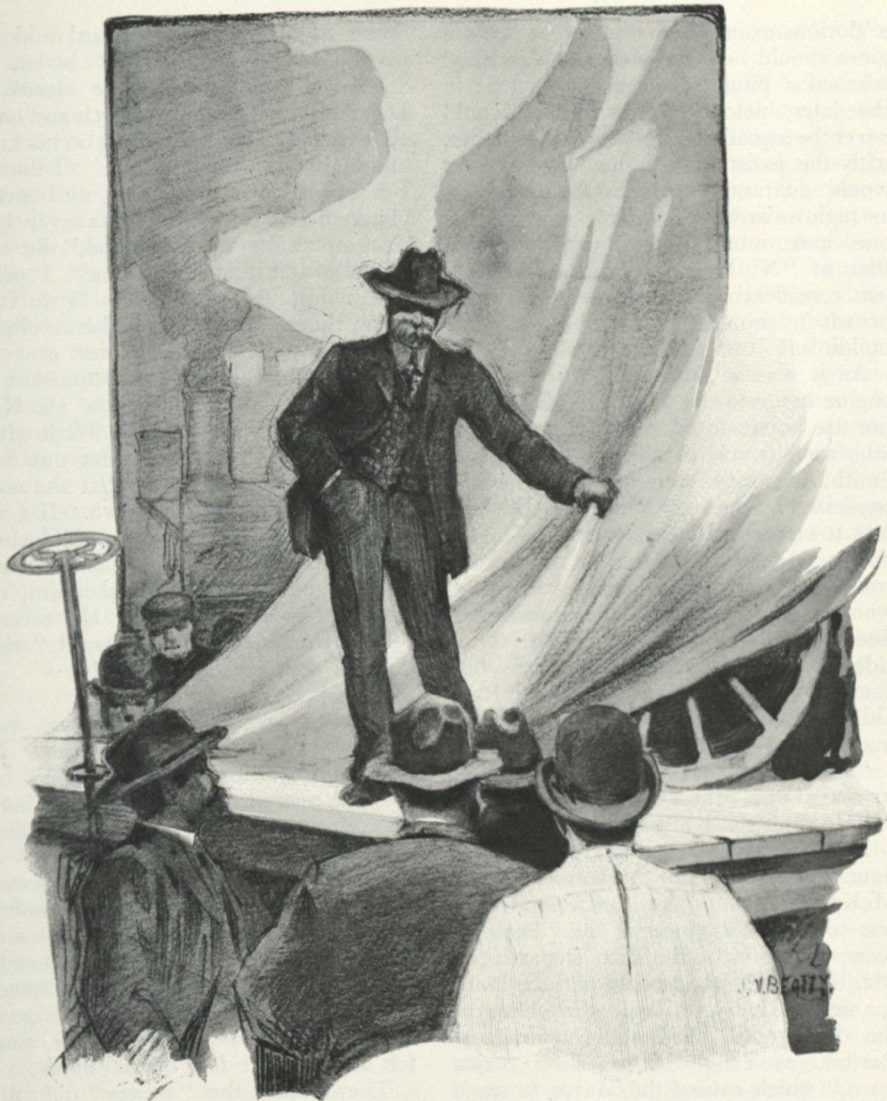
Next morning the *Halifax Chronicle* commented on the enterprise of the Caribou Town Council, asserting, much to the edification of that venerable body, that by being the first to introduce into Nova Scotia one of the magnificent "Dewey" engines, "now generally admitted to be the most powerful fire-engine made, they had given an example of a progressive municipal spirit that might be worthily imitated by many a larger and richer town." The Caribou Town Council immediately ordered fourteen lengths of new hose.

One beautiful sunny day, a week or so later, the noon train brought in a flat car on which was a large angular object covered with tarpaulin and burlap. It was the new engine. A considerable proportion of Caribou's population went to the station along with Donald and the black spaniel. Donald joined Dr. Saunderson, who was with Jim McIntyre, a particular crony of his, and they went on together. When they reached the centre of interest they found that the car had been shunted into a siding, and that the engine was being rapidly divested of her wrappings by a gentleman with a jack-knife and a serrated nasal drawl. The gentleman's name was Smith, Ezekial Smith in full, and he had accompanied the engine from "the works" of the Dewey Consolidated Engineering Company of Deweyville, N.Y.

To attempt to describe Mr. Ezekial Smith would be an extremely difficult task. He was exceedingly tall and thin—one might say sinuous. But the difficulty in description did not lie in this or in the majority of his personal characteristics. It lay in the fact that you could not concentrate your attention on any particular part of his anatomy long enough to describe it without being at once attracted back to his moustache. That moustache, in its turn, was beyond all adequate description. It was black, and almost as deep as it was wide. Its width was considerable. Its individual hairs sprouted outward and downward, forming arches which hid Mr. Smith's mouth so completely that its presence could only be inferred by the outflow of language and by a thin stream of tobacco

juice which ran persistently down the left side of his chin. A rough and extremely diagrammatic conception of the contour of this moustache may be obtained by calling to mind the teeth of a horse rake; but unlike these teeth, which are scattered, it was very thick, so thick that it had to be dexterously parted by a sideways motion of the plug every time its owner wished to take a chew of tobacco. Jim McIntyre said that he "didna see how he cood get much guid oot o' soup wi' 't." Mr. Smith seemed to be as fully impressed with the relative importance of the appendage as was the public, for while the average man would mop his forehead or his neck, Mr. Smith would wipe the moustache and it alone. It had one striking peculiarity, a peculiarity which at first excited much wonder. This was exhibited in its tendency, at times, to coalesce locally, to go off into a bunched condition until it resembled the tufts of bristles on a flue-brush. At the same time it would rise and project almost horizontally forward, until Mr. Smith's nose rather called to mind a red tropical moon rising over a jungle. A careful study of the gentleman's actions at these times at last led to the conclusion that the phenomenon betokened the presence of a smile beneath. It may be said that the general effect of the moustache on the face of Mr. Ezekial Smith was to give an indefinite expression of sadness which, as it was borne out by none of Mr. Smith's actions, led to an incongruous result.

When the last wrapping fell from the engine a hum of admiration arose from the crowd. She was a mass of shining brass, glowing copper, glinting steel and red paint. Donald's keen eye ran over her critically. He saw the powerful-looking twin steam and water cylinders, and instead of the ponderous athwartship fly-wheel of the "Ronald" he noted the two polished wheels set fore and aft. Her frame was light in design but as strong as a cantilever bridge, and to the crowd, able only to call up pictures of the "Caribou" and the "Ronald," she appeared positively airy in structure. Garton talked learnedly about "magnificent proportion and distribution of



"It was the new engine"

*Drawn by J. W. Beatty*

strains," and Mr. Ezekial Smith's moustache went off into the bunched condition before mentioned, which took the crowd's attention away from everything else until it had been violently wiped back to shape again.

When the men Garton had brought began to work the engine down the skids, under Mr. Smith's direction, that gentleman began to breed ungodly language

until Jim McIntyre, who used to follow the sea, said he had seldom heard anything finer, and Donald replied that "proobably 'twas nothing to what he cood ha' done wi'oot the moustache."

By the time Mr. Smith reached the ground he got properly under way and undertook to make patent to the world that, while the primary function of the "Dewey" was to fight fires, it stood as

a glorious example of what other fire-engines should be—and were not—and had reached a pinnacle of excellence that in the later history of this planet would never be equalled. He asseverated that, with the assistance of the "Dewey" he would guarantee to throw two streams as high as any other engine could throw one, and wound up with the assertion that in "N' Yawk, now, they're usin' 'em considerable for taking off old clapboards 'n' shingles 'n' tearin' down frame buildin's."

As it was a short distance from the engine house to the harbour, Caribou did not use horses to take out its fire apparatus and, much to the disgust of Mr. Smith, drag ropes were produced, hooked on, seized by the crowd and the "Dewey" was towed enthusiastically to the engine house. As she was being backed in they could catch a glimpse of the "Ronald," who, by contrast, looked very much subdued. The doors were closed. Outside was the crowd. Appearances had counted for something: the old "Ronald" had fallen a little in popular estimation.

"Donald'll have to drive her t' keep up t' that one!" they said.

"He can't do 't!" said someone.

Inside were the Mayor and Garton, Dr. Saunderson and Jim McIntyre, Jimmy McKenzie and Jake Anderson, who was to be the engineer of the "Dewey"; Kerr, the chief of the Fire Department; Mr. Ezekial Smith, Donald and the black spaniel. Mr. Smith, still stirred up by the drag ropes, incidentally referred to Caribou as a "one horse Nova Scotia town," which caused the Mayor to stand on one leg and rub it with the other. Smith then cast a pitying glance at the "Caribou" and said "Silsby."

"Yes, Silsby!" said Jimmy McKenzie, truculently; but the conversation went no farther. Then Mr. Ezekial Smith's gaze fell on the "Ronald," and his eyes and moustache seemed to protrude simultaneously. He stood for thirty seconds as one from whom the power of speech and action have departed. The smoke from the regular puffs of Donald's pipe floated slowly upward and the corner of his lips gave a barely perceptible twitch. Mr.

Smith at last stepped forward and laid his hand on the "Ronald's" boiler.

"Well, I'm damned!" he ejaculated. Donald lighted the engine torch and handed it to him. He went down on his knees and looked into the fire-box. "I thought I'd seen about all the kinds uv blankety blank fire-engines that wuz ever built since the time of the Flood," he continued, "but this knocks me. I calculate a nest uv them boilers 'd do fur'n ocean liner. Uv all the damn clumsy pieces of machinery that was ever put on wheels, if that ain't the clumsiest I'll eat my suspenders, buckles 'n' all. Now, there's a machine that don't weigh within fifteen hundredweight of what this does, an' you can bet your life that she could go out and lick the other two. If I wuz you," turning to the Mayor, "I'd chuck them two engines and get one 'Dewey' in their place; take up less room, cost less, 'n' do more work." He reverted to the "Ronald." "Say," he said, "where did you pick up that boiler?"

"We beelt 't," said Donald.

"I guess you did. How do you move it round?" Donald had noted Mr. Smith's aversion to the drag ropes.

"The men grow fery lar-rge oop here," he said; "we use them eenstead o' horses, so weight ees no conseederation."

"Well, you got plenty of it, anyway."

"Aye," was the reply, "y' know, a leetle extra theeckness een a booyler often comes een handy," and Donald's smile was as bland as usual. He handed Mr. Smith a bunch of waste to wipe his hands on. For some reason Mr. Smith felt an indefinite fear of that smile.

They wiped the "Dewey" off, filled her boiler and tank and oil cups, backed her up to the hot water connections, and she was ready for work.

It was arranged that the following day at noon there should be a public comparative test of the three engines. The test never came off.

Donald and the black spaniel had gone home late to supper and had come back about dark. Mr. Smith had been furnishing Jake Anderson with full information as to the various idiosyncracies of the "Dewey." When Donald had reached the engine house he had started

to polish up the "Ronald's" air dome. In the meantime Mr. Smith and Jimmy McKenzie had got involved in a discussion concerning the comparative merits of rotary and cylinder pumps. This discussion had started quietly enough, but as time went on it had increased in intensity, until it had reached a stage when it was becoming remarkable for strength of diction. Mr. Ezekial Smith was speaking.

"If you'd ever been in N' Yawk," he shouted, "I guess you'd damn well know what a real fire wuz like. Why, I've seen a whole blankety-blank block of buildings ten stories high, an' all afire, put out with half a dozen 'Dewey's'."

"'Dooeys' be damned!" thundered Jimmy. "A suppose they're thut because they're good at long range, like the greatest Admiral een th' worrld." Jimmy was becoming spiteful. "Noo Yor-rk!" he continued, "Noo Yor-rk!! A wiz een Noo Yor-rk before y'r father cud deesteen-guish hees wheeskers frae the rest o' his face. Deed he hae a moustache like thut one o' yours, d'ye ken?" and just then there broke in the sonorous clang of a bell, and the spaniel jumped from the coal bin and began to whirl around, half in the air and half on the floor, like a black teetotum. A fire furnished the one type of occasion on which the black spaniel had ever been known to evince marked enthusiasm as to the progress of the world in general. Truly, Providence disposes. It was the bell on the King Street Church ringing for a fire. Boom! Clang! Boom! Clang! Clang! The black spaniel fairly stood on his hind legs and cheered. Donald, who had been dis-canting to him on the futility of losing one's temper, tossed the waste he was using into a leather bucket with the accuracy bred of long practice, held the engine torch in a gas flame and then to the basket of oil soaked waste and swung this under the grate bars. He turned off the hot water connections and was ready. Sandy had the fire going in the "Caribou" before the bell had struck ten strokes, and Mr. Ezekial Smith and Jake had fallen over each other in getting the "Dewey" under way.

The big dowers swung open and Kerr

rushed in followed by the crowd. The chief held up his hand.

"It's the New Academy!" he roared; "take all three engines to the central wharf!" The hose carts bounded out from next door, followed ponderously by the hook and ladder waggon. The crowd ran out the drag ropes of the three engines, while they lined up on the poles.

"Are you ready, Donald?" Donald, from his position on the coal box of the "Ronald," stuck his head out from behind the boiler and nodded, and as the engines rolled over the sills he grinned at Mr. Ezekial Smith, whose moustache immediately went off into bunches. Jimmy was a little ahead of them all with his fire, and he knew it, and on the way down the hill, with one foot on the boiler, he hung with both hands to the brakes and stoked with his other foot. When the engines reached the wharf, Mr. Smith bounced over and examined Donald's gauge.

"What!" he snorted, "forty pounds; why, I guess my engine's goin' to blow off. There she goes. What did I tell you! Oh! She's a daisy to steam."

"Whut's 't for?" queried Donald.

"For? To pump water! What in blazes did you think it wuz for, to shoot ducks?"

Donald ignored the question.

"An' why don't y' poomp water?" he queried suavely.

"Because the hose ain't on yet."

"Aye! An' when th' hose ees on a'll ha' plenty o' steam too. Een th' meantime, y're blowin' steam eento the air." Mr. Smith returned to his engine. A few moments later the "Dewey's" hose was coupled and the signal came for her to go ahead. Mr. Smith opened her up. *Pa-tuck! P'tuck, P'tuck, a tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck* she went, and her hose bulged and got rigid; then the "Caribou" started: *Pup-pup-pur-r-r-r whirr-r-r-r-r-r-R-R-R*. Then Donald took off his cap and started the throttle of the "Ronald": *Pa-chirr, pa-chirp, pa-chug, a-chug-a-chug-a-chug-a-chug*, and Jim McIntyre, with his foot on the hose, felt the throb and pound of the water. Donald lit the engine torch and with the engine torch lit the black pipe and surveyed the scene with contentment.



HER EXCELLENCY LADY PLUNKET  
Wife of the Governor of New Zealand  
*Photo by Alfred Werner, Dublin*

## Her Excellency Lady Plunket

By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON



HE appointment of the fifth Baron Plunket, head of the house of Plunket, to the post of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony of New Zealand, has for the first time given to a daughter of Rideau Hall the position of Vicereine of a British dependency. For Lady Plunket, better known to Canadians as Lady Victoria Blackwood, was born at Ottawa, and is the youngest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. In Lady Dufferin's charming "Canadian Journal" occurs the entry, under date May 17th, 1873: "A little girl was born this day, and the Queen has telegraphed that she will be her godmother."

A month later the christening took place at the English Cathedral in Quebec, Lady Dufferin acting as proxy for the Queen in the capacity of godmother, while the Prime Minister of the Domin-

ion, Sir John A. Macdonald, assumed the vows of godfather. "At the ceremony Lady Victoria Alexandrina Muriel May behaved admirably, and slept soundly the whole time in spite of a deluge of Jordan water." The Queen's christening present was a large medallion with Her Majesty's head in raised gold in the centre, surrounded by rows of diamonds, pink coral and pearls, having engraven on the back the words, "Lady Victoria Alexandrina Blackwood, from her godmother, Victoria R." To the end of her life the Queen was a warm friend to her Canadian godchild, and many tokens of Her Majesty's thoughtfulness are among Lady Plunket's treasured memorials of her beloved Queen. On Lady Victoria's third Christmas, Lady Dufferin says: "There was great excitement at receiving a box directed to me from the Queen. It contained a pretty doll dressed in the smartest blue velvet



gown for Victoria. She was delighted and carried it about all the evening."

Pretty glimpses of Lady Plunket's childhood peep out from the pages of the "Journal." Returning to Tadousac after a fishing expedition the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin find their children in the early morning waiting to give their parents a warm welcome. But the mother is not satisfied until she has seen her baby, "such a fat fairy, so pretty, with golden hair curling all over, and

A descendant of the gifted Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Lady Plunket has inherited marked dramatic taste, besides being possessed of the family histrionic ability.

When Lord and Lady Dufferin left our shores in 1878, they were not privileged long to enjoy their charming Irish home, Clandeboye, for in February of the following year Lord Dufferin was appointed Ambassador to St. Petersburg. Thither Lady Victoria accompanied her parents,



CLANDEBOYE, IRELAND, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF DUFFERIN

Lady Plunket's Early Home

large dark-grey eyes. Such a merry, happy little thing; she stands at a chair, and crawls about everywhere."

The amateur theatricals at Rideau Hall, instituted by Lady Dufferin, herself a fascinating actress, are among the many pleasant memories of Lord Dufferin's régime. In these plays Lady Dufferin often played the leading role, while in the fairy extravaganzas given at Christmas time, the baby Lady Victoria, an important member of the cast, appeared to enjoy her position as the cynosure of all eyes.

afterwards residing in Constantinople, Egypt, India, Rome, and Paris.

In her childhood she was taught at home by a governess, her education being continued at Boulogne-sur-mer and at the Cheltenham Ladies' College. It was in Calcutta, while Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of India, that Lady Victoria made her entrance into society, unaffectedly enjoying the gayeties of the brilliant viceregal court. Lady Dufferin at the time was absorbed in her scheme for the alleviation of the sufferings of the women of India, and many a brilliant fête which



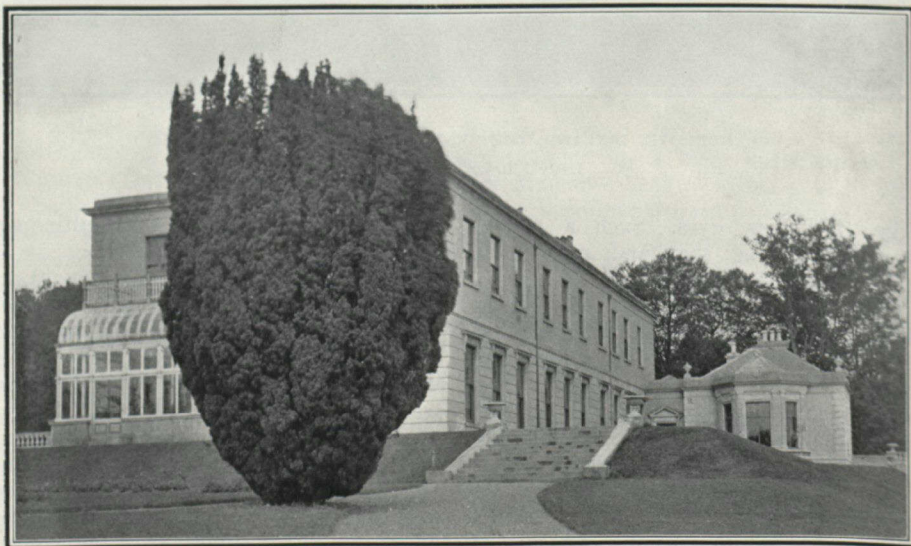
LADY PLUNKET, WHEN LADY VICTORIA  
BLACKWOOD

*Photo by Kate Pragnell*

contributed much to the development of Oriental loyalty, was preceded by hours of hard work in the practical part of the Vicereine's noble scheme, while

the daughters of the house studied and practised the art of nursing. At the conclusion of Lord Dufferin's splendid work for the Empire in India, he was appointed to the post of Ambassador to Rome, whither he went in 1888. It was in Rome that Lady Victoria made the acquaintance of Lord Plunket, who was then Honorary Attaché to Lord Dufferin at the British Embassy. They were married in 1894 in Paris, the civil ceremony taking place at the Embassy, Lord Dufferin being at the time the British Ambassador to France, the religious ceremony being solemnised at the English church. A quite unusual interest was taken in the marriage, Lady Plunket being extremely popular at almost every court in Europe.

Since her marriage Lady Plunket has lived in London and at old Connaught, Lord Plunket's charming place near Bray. Of late years she has resided at the Private Secretary's Lodge in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, while Lord Plunket was private secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which office he held under Lord Cadogan, and later under Lord Dudley, until his appointment in 1904 to the Governorship of New Zealand.



OLD CONNAUGHT HOUSE, LORD PLUNKET'S FAMILY SEAT IN WICKLOW COUNTY, IRELAND



THE GARDEN AT OLD CONNAUGHT

Lady Plunket, like her sisters, Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, who is a graceful public speaker and a lucid writer on philanthropic questions, and Lady Hermione Blackwood, who wears the badge and dark-blue armband of a Queen's nurse, does not readily accept limitations as to the scope of woman's work or the sphere of her influence, and every movement which aims at the relief of suffering or the solution of perplexing social problems, has Lady Plunket's practical sympathy.

Singularly happy as has been her life, yet Lady Plunket has known sorrow, for dark days came to the happy home at

Clandeboye, when in 1900 the Earl of Ava, the heir of the house, was killed in beleaguered Ladysmith, and when the youngest son, Lord Frederick Blackwood, was so severely wounded in South Africa that his life was despaired of. When the cloud of anxiety was lifted, it was not long before the chief of the house, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, was laid to rest with his ancestors. With the stricken widow and her family in those sad days the people of Canada sympathised deeply, for Lord Ava was to them one of their own lads, and Lord Dufferin one of their truest friends.

## My Greatest Day

By C. W. YOUNG



ALL of one long summer day we had fared down the I.C.R. from Quebec to Dalhousie, enjoyed the magnificent scenery of the Metapedia Valley, for there were day trains in those days, luxuriated for another day along the de-

lightfully picturesque north shore of the Bay of Chaleurs on the comfortable old steamer *Admiral*, and at nightfall came to the wharf at the land-locked basin of Gaspé. There were preparations to make next morning, and it was after dinner before we drove up the York River, crossed it a few

miles above its mouth, and then climbed the mountains, the view unfolding as we ascended, till the whole beautiful harbour was within the range of our vision, the landscape dotted with little white villages; in the distance Gaspé Head, and nothing thereafter between us and Europe.

Several miles we travelled along the table-land, stopping to pick the abundant blueberries by the way, and then down a steep, rocky road to the St. John River, where we pitched camp for a couple of weeks.

In spite of the time of the year—mid-July—there was a white frost on the ground when I stepped out of my tent at four o'clock next morning. The sun was already up, however, and the day promised well for a long trip up the river.

The camp was just at the head of the McDonald Pool, alongside of which for several hundred yards stretched a natural rock terrace, as smooth and even as a city granolithic walk. On shore there were several steps, each a few inches high, but the strata were deeper in the river, and there were thirty or forty feet of water in the centre of the pool. Many salmon and trout innumerable could be seen swimming about, but I was willing to forego the pleasure of a cast till after breakfast.

Not so my guide and companion of years, John Eden, who, besides being a king of cooks and a canoe man to remember, was an adept at casting. I hesitated to plunge into the icy water, and instead took a sponge bath, which was cold enough, and was indulging in a vigorous towelling when John came on the scene, and taking up a rod prepared for a cast. He landed a trout or two, cast again, when whizz went the reel.

"Don't you want to land this fish?"

"Well, wait a minute till I get on some clothes."

"Never mind; just step into your slippers, and you will forget all about your clothes in a couple of minutes." And I did. The salmon was a good one and put up a stiff fight. He took a fierce run down the pool, and I followed him, the smooth terrace making splendid walking, or running at times. Now the fish jumped, was reeled in, and off he went and jumped again. It was hard work to check him at

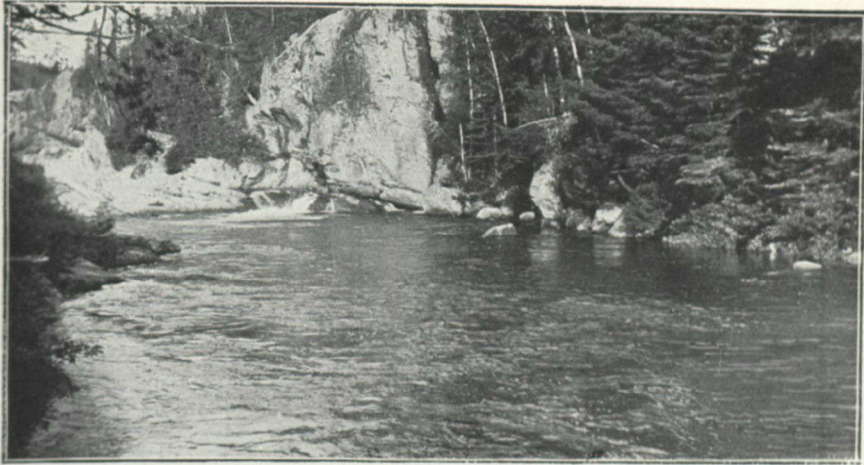
the foot of the pool, for it was no fun to scramble over the brush and logs beyond; then he worked back and settled in the deep water. The edges of the rock terrace were rough and jagged and there was every chance of fraying the line or leader and losing the fish; it took time and patience to weary the captive. The butt of the rod was kept out well and at length the strain told; he came up, ran once or twice more, and finally rolled over and over in sheer exhaustion. Up, up, from one terrace to another, till at last he was within reach of the gaff, and on the shore a moment later. Thirty pounds, if an ounce, and a beauty.

No further towelling was necessary to restore circulation, and by the time the morning toilet was complete, breakfast was ready, with salmon steak as the principal item on the menu. Nobody ever ate it fresher.

No photograph is extant of this battle between a man and a fish, both in the garb of nature.

With such a beginning there should have been a great day's sport, and there was. In St. John, as in all the Gaspé rivers, the trout and the salmon run together, and while the latter are abundant their smaller cousins swarm to such an extent as to be a nuisance under the circumstances. No fingerlings either, but huge fellows from a pound to six or seven pounds each. As we went up the river we cast over every pool but failed to raise a salmon. They might have been there, though we didn't see them; but the trout would keep rising and it was necessary to kill them as quickly as possible, with little or no disturbance of the water. This was not easy sometimes, as even at the end of a sixteen-foot salmon rod, a trout anywhere from a couple of pounds up will fight with a good deal of energy. The catch of trout at each pool was strung on a withe of ozier, and left in the water to be picked up on the return journey.

At last we found the salmon in a small pool, with sheer rock forty or fifty feet high on one side, and on the other a dense growth of underbrush. All afternoon we worked trying to get the fly to them without avail. Towards evening we got the key to the situation, when a lucky cast



SALMON POOL IN THE ST JOHN RIVER, GASPÉ

from the shelving face of the rock up stream raised a fish and he hooked himself firmly. But that was only the beginning. Down into the centre of the pool he went, and he had to be followed or lost, though there was only a very precarious foothold by jumping from one rock to another at the base of the cliff. It was a case of drowning if one ever slipped into the icy, foaming torrent.

It took grim determination to strain the rod and leader to its utmost while the fish forty feet below was chugging and boring away at the bottom, and one was tempted to end the struggle suddenly and let the captive free. But Eden was hopeful; the fish would get tired some time, and must come up sooner or later. An extra length was spliced on to the gaff, and as soon as the huge fellow—a thirty-three pounder—came within striking distance he was impaled. It was not easy to get back to solid ground, but there was satisfaction in winning the fight.

Just at the tail of the pool were two salmon circling round among the trout.

“One of those fellows will take the fly if you can get it to him,” said Eden.

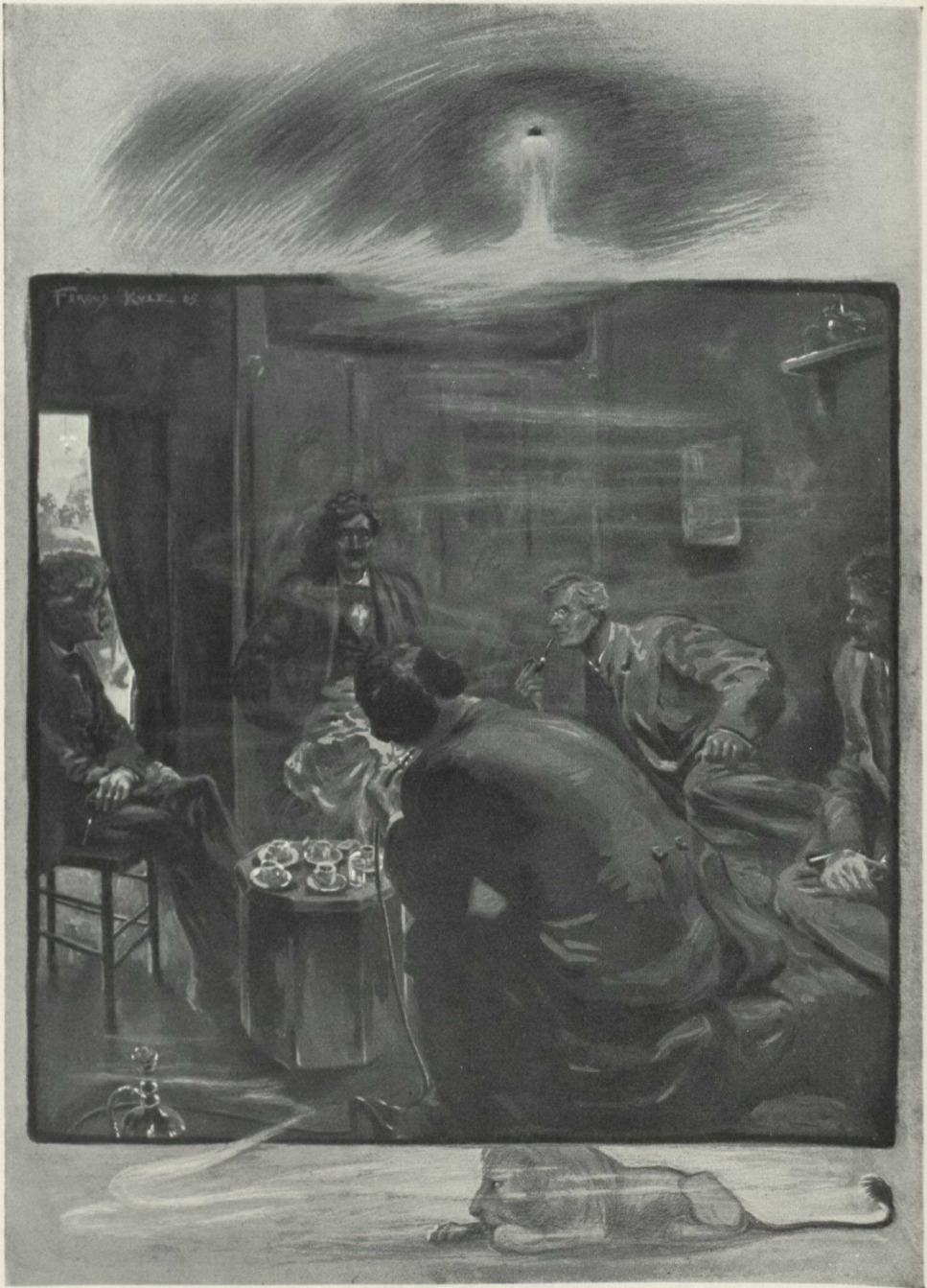
Several trout were landed and then the salmon took his innings. This time there was good footing and shallow water, and not for an instant was the fish out of sight. His mate followed him in his last pilgrimage right up to the gaff and might have been gaffed himself if another implement had been handy. Not a big salmon this one, twelve or fourteen pounds, but full of fun, every inch of him.

“Two within an hour; not so bad,” said Eden; “but we must quit or we can’t get to camp before dark.”

Nor did we; we picked up the trout strings as we went down, till the extra weight caused the canoe to grate on the shallows. There must have been 200 or 300 pounds besides the salmon. This would seem like useless slaughter, but the guides were glad to salt the trout for the winter, and in a salmon river trout are vermin; if they could be netted out it would be so much the better.

This was a great day.





“‘Oh, do not go,’ Meester Fiani he cry, so-o verree sad was he.”

*Drawn by Fergus Kyle*

*To illustrate "The Dream of Nageeb Fiani"*

# The Dream of Nageeb Fiani

A Story of the Syrian Quarter, New York

By *NORMAN DUNCAN*, Author of "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," etc.



It was evening; the evening of a June night, when the magic of such hours, subtle and beneficent, attunes the heart to all the life of a tenement street, wherein the laughter of children strikes the sweetest chord. In the back room of Nageeb Fiani's pastry shop—which, as many men know to their delight, is in Washington street near the soap factory—five little cups of coffee were set out on a tabouret near the divan. Indeed, young Yusef had but now said a respectful "Master" to the Doctor Effendi, touched forehead and breast, smiled upon the company, and fluttered through the door of the common room, where some of the buzzing crowd were clapping their hands to call him. The steam from the cups gratefully tinged with perfume, which Yusef had been careful to add for the Doctor's delectation, drifted over the divan; so, in a moment, as upon the magic carpet, the aliens from Up Town were transported far, far from all consciousness of trucks and skyscrapers and cable gongs and the implacable clock; and it seemed to them, of a sudden, that lolling and dreams and soft light, and the love songs Fiani made and played were more to be desired than any other thing—for that is one of the virtues of the tawdry, ragged old divan in the back room of Fiani's pastry shop in lower Washington Street, nor is the like of it to be found elsewhere in the great city.

Now, Nageeb Fiani is the greatest player in all the world, upon the oud and the canoun and the violin, as the Doctor has said, and as all the world knows; and so great is his fame that there is none, no, not even among the Syrians of Washington Street, where envy abounds, to cast a slur upon it; and the music he makes of himself in the dark, is sweeter than that which has passed through the ears of an hundred generations to this present time—yes, even a thousand generations of men, whence

has come the music of the blind Prince, whose songs shall be sung to the end of the world!

"O Nageeb, my friend," said one of the aliens, who is a friend of this man, "why are you so sad to-day?"

Indeed Nageeb was very sad; for sure, he had smoked seven cigarettes without saying a word, nor could the wreathing smoke hide the melancholy of his dark, soulful face, nor could the arack lighten it, though he had taken three glasses.

"Why so sad, O Nageeb?" Khalil Khayat, the old editor of *Kawkab Elhorriah*, interpreted into the Arabic.

"Yess—sad," said Nageeb Fiani, with a smile and a sigh. "I have sad—ver-ee sad, to-day. Ah-h! Las' night I have dream—so sad thee dream. I am not get better yet."

Then that it might be interpreted to the company, Nageeb told the dream to Khalil Khayat, who loves children and liberty, and is, therefore, most obliging; and so tender was the story that this Khalil, listening enrapt, let six matches burn to the butt without touching them to his pipe, which was out all the time, and grew cold for the first time that day.

"Ah," said Khayat, turning to the company, when Fiani had come to an end of it, "Meester Fiani he have a dream las' night. Et ees because of thees dream. I am now tell eet to you."

"Nageeb, he dream he ees een a place which eet ees ver-ee dark; an' thee place, eet ees a great place, an' lonlee, an' havin' much, much sand, but he have hees violin weeth heem. Eet ees so dark, thee place, an' so far off from the dwellin' places of men, that Nageeb he thenk they have be fear-r-ful creatures een thee air, an' great, hungry an-i-mals, weeth blazin' eyes all 'round, een every place where thee beeg, theeek, dark eet ees, which eet ees everywhere. But Nageeb he ees not afraid so much, for he have hees violin weeth heem;

and so he sit down by a small river, which eet ees flowing so-o sweetly by hees side, an' hees violin eet ees by heem, near hees han'.

"By-'n'-by, there come from the dark, which eet ees mos' black an' far off, a mighty lion, an' thee lion, which eet ees thee mos' ragin' an' fear-r-rful lion any men they ever saw, spring from thee blackness an' come roarin', an' roar-r-in' an' roar-r-rin' to Meester Fi—"

"Yess," solemnly interrupted Fiani, who had followed earnestly all that Khayat had said. "Fear-r-rful. Like, what you call, like thee hell."

Khayat laughed aloud. "'Like thee hell,'" he repeated, laughing again. "That ees swearin', Nageeb."

"Ox-cuse me," Fiani laughed. "I not know. Ox-cuse me. Go on Meester Khayat. I am now shut up. Ox-cuse me."

"Well," continued Khayat, "Thees ter-r-ible creature eet come ragin' veree hard straight at Meester Fiani where he sit by the sweetly-flowin' leetle river. Eets beeg mouth eet open mos' wide, an' eets eyes glow like thee coal which eet ees on the narghile of thee Doctor Effendi, an' white froth an' blood drip from eets fear-r-rful jaws. Which, when Meester Fiani see thees, he have great fear, and hees heart eet grow cold like thee ice, of fear, an' hees feet they would not move one eench, for they were as eef tied to the groun' by the evil genii which dwell een thee dark place.

"'O Allah!'" Nageeb he have cry; which eet ees een thee Arabic language, 'O God.' He cry: 'O God save me from thee fear-r-rful beast.' But eet ees eef thee ear of thee dear good God eet ees deaf (which surelee eet never ees), for no angel deed come flyin' weeth a flamin' sword to slay thee fear-r-rful creature.

"Now when thee beast he have come so near that thee hot breath of heem eet have touch' Meester Fiani's face, Nageeb he take up the violin veree queek, an' he play eet—he play sweet, so-o sweet an' so soft; an' what he play eet ees thee las' music which he have make himself."

"Las' music," said Fiani, as though anxious to impress the listeners with something which had materially to do with the outcome of the story. "Las' music I

make—myself—what I make weeth my—my—my heart. My own. You onderstan'?" Then a word or two swiftly to Khayat in the Arabic.

"Ah! He say," said the old man, "that eet ees a song of love what he play; so-o sad a song that he have many time weep while he make eet, which eet was veree hard to make."

"Sure," said Fiani, with a quick, nervous nod, "I weep when I make eet, thee music. One week it take—one week."

"What he want to say ees," said Khayat picking his way to a clear sentence, "that thee music mus' be veree good music, because—"

"Yess," Fiani broke in in great excitement. "Yess, yess. Ver-ee good—veree. Sure!"

"Because," Khayat went on, "thee lion eet stop eets awful ragin', an' creep to Meester Fiani veree slow an' veree kin'. Eet close eets beeg mouth, an' eets eyes they be-come soft weeth love: for the beast eet like thee music so-o much. Now, Nageeb he play, an' play, an' play, an' keep playin' thee song which he have made himself; an' thee lion eet purr like a leetle cat, an' rub eets great head against Meester Fiani, an' at las' eet lie down at hees side, an' go to sleep. But Nageeb he play, an' play, an' play, an' keep on playin', for he theenk eef he have stop thee music thee lion eet weel have wake up an begeen eets fear-r-rful ragin', which eet ees so fearful Meester Fiani he have not want to see eet.

"By-'n'-by, out of thee far deep darkness, where thee lion he have spring from, there come a young lady; an' she have all 'round her a be-u-tee-ful gold light, like thee light of angels."

"Ah-h!" sighed Fiani, clasping his hands and lifting up his eyes.

"An' this lady she ees a beautiful lady—thee mos' beautiful lady you ever deed see; for her hair eet ees like thee night for darkness an' like thee silk for shining, an' her eyes they are like thee mos' bright stars which they do sparkle een thee deep sky, an' her arms an' breas' they are like—like—you mus' ox-cuse me," the old man burst out. "My Eenglish eet ees too small to tell eet. The young lady she ees so-o beautiful that I do not know what words to say. Ox-cuse me, I have regret that I



cannot de-scribe such beautee in Eenglish. Een Arabic, there are many sweet words—so-o sweet!”

“Ah!” Fiani sighed again.

“Well,” said Khayat, at a loss, “she was the mos’ beautiful lady you see. Ah!” he exclaimed, catching at a simile, “she was beautiful like an angel, God heemself he have made. She have come out of thee darkness, shining mos’ glorious; an’ Meester Fiani he have love her most much when he have see her. He love her so much that he have shake like one leetle leaf in thee storm. But he have fear she will be devour by the lion. Ah! but no, he theenk; he weel play all times—forever—an’ keep thee lion een sleep, eef she weel but not go away.

“Now, when thee lady she have see thee lion, she stop still, an’ she have a mos’ dreadful fright. Then she—”

“Yess,” Fiani whispered, “she veree much ’fraid.”

Khayat smiled gently. “Then she turn slow, an’ as eef weak; an’ she ees about to run away.

“O Beautiful Lady,’ Meester Fiani he cry, playin’ veree hard, so veree ox-cited ees he, ‘do not go, but come.’

“Then the young lady she point to the lion an’ tremble mos’ exceed-ing-lee.

“O, do not go, Beautiful One,’ Fiani he cry once more.

“I am come to hear thee music,’ thee beautiful young lady she say. ‘I deed hear eet far off een thee darkness, an’ I am come close to hear more, eet ees so-o sweet. But I have fear of thee lion.’

“O Lady,’ Nageeb he make answer, ‘see thee great lion he ees asleep. I am play an’ he weel sleep.’

“Oh,’ she say, ‘I have fear he weel wake up an’ devour me.’

“Do not fear, dear lady,’ say Nageeb, ‘I am play forever for you.’

“But the pretty lady she turn about an’ go, slow, slow, away; an’ she weep as she go, for she would so-o much like to stay

an’ hear thee sweet music; which Nageeb he have play all thee time they have talk.

“Oh, do not go,’ Meester Fiani he cry, so-o veree sad was he.

“Then he jump up on hees feet. But she ees now going fas’, far away from heem—so fas’ as eef she have ween’s.

“Oh, please come back! Come back, Beautiful One!’ he cry loud, sheddin’ tears.

“Thee lion he wake up fear-r-ful mad, for Meester Fiani he have stop thee play; an’ he begin ragin’ veree hard an’ veree terrible, but Nageeb he think onlee of thee beautiful young lady. He put out hees arms to beg thee dear one to come once more, eef onlee for one leetle minute. Then the violin eet fall from hees han’s an’ on a sharp stone eet break—smash—een one million pieces. Meester Fiani he wake up weepin’ veree much, and there is no more any beautiful lady, nor any ragin’ lion, nor any sweetly flowin’ river, nor any lonlee sandy place where the evil geniï have their dwelling, but onlee hees leetle room on the top floor of number 2,100-Rector Street, two doors from Washington Street; and the violin eet have not been broken in one million pieces, for thee noise was not that noise, but thee noise of the Ninth Avenue Elevated train, which eet have just rush by hees window.”

“I am so-o sad all day,” said Nageeb Fiani ruefully, “because I am no more can play for thee sweet lady.”

Now when all this came to the ears of the aliens of the Up Town, they no longer likened Nageeb’s Fiani music to the song of the screech owl and crow, but said that, proceeding from the heart of a man that could dream such a dream, it must surely sound sweet in the ears of those who had been born in the land, and if there be any fault in it, it is not the fault of that great player who gives voice to the song in his heart, whatever it may be, but of those elsewhere born, whose ears God has made indifferent to it—which is not a fault after all, but a misfortune.



# The Redemption of the Bond

## A STOCK SPECULATION STORY

By PHILIP MARCHE



HE Manager of the Portsburg Branch of the Gibraltar Bank was in the office of his Montreal broker—watching the tape. In Portsburg he was quite a personage, and neither the Senator nor the County Judge could give him odds. But in Montreal his consequence was not so momentous; there were others—bigger and heavier. To play the part of high-cock-a-lorum, whether of a puddle, a fish pond or a mighty ocean, money is necessary; and the manager had found that the supply which came to him in the orthodox way, through the regular channels, was not enough. To this circumstance might be traced his presence in the broker's office. Not only had he discounted the increased income which his optimism told him the future most undoubtedly held, but, drawn by the resistless suction of vanishing margins, he had transgressed that commandment of the money god which says:—"Thou shalt not speculate with thy neighbour's goods." Now he would give much to stand where he once had stood, for his transgressions spelled prison bars.

It was the Christmas season, and stocks were slowly recovering from the overthrow they had experienced at the hands of "tight money." The manager had not gone in at the top, but at one of the stopping places on the way down. Things now looked better; the dismal prophets had ceased their croakings, and the voice of the bull was again heard in the land. Haltingly and waveringly the manager's stock had risen with the market. Then had come a burst of speed. A gain of three points on Saturday and he was nearly even. Monday morning found him in Montreal determined to sell out and to quit the game forever.

The ticker was working furiously, with the tape running out rapidly: "100 X 1 147 $\frac{1}{8}$ , 200 La 49, 400 Cx 123 $\frac{1}{4}$ ." His own stock came a point higher than Saturday's closing. He waited a little. The market

was strong and active; another advance was scored. His order to sell was handed in; and in twenty minutes more he was out on St. James Street with the broker's check for a few dollars and a certain bond that belonged of right to a tin box in the branch safe at Portsburg. How to regain this bond was what had been worrying him. Now that he had it the rest would be easy—merely to restore it to Caxton's box. He would do that first thing in the morning.

The principal object of his trip to Montreal thus happily accomplished, he was not long in polishing off the incidentals. Besides some little presents for his wife and boy at home, these included a visit to his head office to confer with the General Manager respecting the affairs of his branch. He was considerably chafed by an admonition from his chief that a certain big borrower's account at the branch was not being handled with the firmness and watchfulness it demanded. As it was not the part of wisdom to argue with the ruler of the salary sheet and the promotion list, the manager had promised improvement with the best grace he could muster and had taken his leave.

On his way from Montreal in the afternoon, after he had shaken off the effect of this disagreeable interview, his spirits kept gradually rising. It was not however till he reached home that the full rebound of relief and freedom was experienced.

His wife was one of those well-favoured, conscientious little women, overflowing with sweet domesticity and good sense, to live with whom is one of the most priceless boons this world can bestow. Her husband's uneasiness had occasioned her no end of trouble; but she forebore to question. As his dejection deepened, her concern increased; and it was with the utmost difficulty that she held her peace. During his absence in Montreal she had given way to the most gloomy forebodings, and had spent an utterly dismal day. When, therefore, he came bounding into the house

late in the evening, saluting her with a buoyancy and lightheartedness he had not worn for months, it acted on her depressed spirits like an instantaneous and most powerful stimulant. Nothing would do but she must awaken young Oscar and bring him downstairs. This she did, and when Master Curly-Hair had rubbed his sleepy blue eyes into wakeful brightness, the three of them—father, mother and five-year-old—had a romp so glorious that the child, at least, remembered it to the end of his life. At last, tired out, the boy had to be gathered up from a rug whereon he had fallen asleep, and bundled into his cot. It was no perfunctory thanksgiving that the parents sent up that night to the Guardian of the Universe; and the one with the closer knowledge of the perils that had encompassed them, privately expressed and felt the most intense gratitude for the forbearance and mercy that had snatched him from the jaws of dishonour; and had given him hope and good cheer in the place of gloom and despair. Furthermore, he preferred the most earnest and penitential request that for the future his feet might be kept on firm ground and in the path of rectitude.

The next morning came fine and clear; the bright sunlight and the translucent air seemed like God's messengers sent to accept the petition and seal the compact that had been sent up the previous night. The manager went to the bank early, and busied himself with the correspondence and some minor duties until such time as the safe would be opened. By and by the teller and the accountant operated their respective combinations; the teller took out his cashbox and bore it to his cage to make ready for the day's business. The manager then took the pile of letters he had been reading to the accountant's desk in the main office. As he laid them on the desk, he said:

"I've some papers to put in my private box, Luxter. You might give me the treasury key for a moment."

The accountant handed over his bunch of keys and went to work at the letters. The manager went to the vault. The safe door was closed but not locked. He swung it out, and having turned Luxter's key and his own, opened the treasury compart-

ment—supposed to be under the joint care of both manager and accountant—in which was kept the reserve of cash, the securities and other documents. He put in his hand for Caxton's box, and drew one out, but it was not what he wanted. Then another; but no. Nervously, one after the other, he pulled out all the boxes in the compartment and turned over all the bundles, but no box of Caxton's was there. Sick at heart he went over them again with no better success. What could have happened? Caxton had never during the last five years disturbed his box more than once annually—to cut off the coupon from this particular bond, now about to be replaced—and there were yet several months before his visit was due.

Faint with fear the manager allowed his head to fall against the cold gray flanges of the safe. He saw himself going through the horrors of an exposure, suffering an ignominious downfall, and perhaps being branded in public with the name of a felon. He thought of his wife and his boy, and of how his thankfulness of yesterday with its splendid resolves for the future had been turned into mockery. How long he remained in this posture he never knew, but a sudden desperate resolve to know the worst aroused him. Straightening himself, and summoning all his will power, he waited a second or two, then called out in what he imagined was his natural voice: "Luxter, come here!"

Startled by an indefinable something in the tone of the command, Luxter hurried to the vault. When he reached it his alarm was not diminished by the pallor he noticed on the manager's face.

"Anything the matter, sir?"

"No! Nothing that I know of. I see Caxton's box is gone. Was he in yesterday?"

"Yes! After hours. Said he wanted to take an inventory of its contents for his lawyer. He's going to bring it back to-day."

There was a pause that seemed death-like to the manager. At length he forced himself to say:

"All right Luxter. That's all, thank you. You took his receipt, I suppose?"

Luxter nodded an affirmative and returned to his desk, puzzling a little as to the

cause of the agitation which his superior could not entirely conceal. But never a suspicion of wrong-doing entered his mind. He had unlimited faith in his manager—otherwise he would not so freely deliver up his keys or allow his watchfulness to wane.

For a little time after the accountant had gone the manager rummaged among the boxes and bundles, to give colour to his pretext of having private papers to put away. Then he shut and locked the compartment and the safe, returned Luxter's keys, and retired within his own office. When he had gained its privacy he sank into the chair at his desk, and leaning forward with an air of utter desolation, started to take stock of the new and alarming complication that confronted him. Having fallen into temptation he was not, after all, to escape the penalty—the cost must be paid; the bill footed. His deed had proved to be like the issuing of one of the notes of his bank, payable on demand—which, circulating for a time as money, must finally come home to be redeemed. This was redemption day. But *was* it? What if he destroyed the bond, and denied all knowledge of its abstraction, asserting that Caxton must have taken it away the last time he opened the box. The course involved the risk of his Montreal broker coming to a knowledge of the affair, and furnishing destructive evidence against him. Another way was to go straight to Caxton's house and making a clean breast of it, throw himself on the old man's mercy. Caxton was not such a bad old fellow, and if he could reach him before the bond was missed all might yet be well.

Something in the manager's nature that savoured of his wife, made him adopt this latter, more praiseworthy course.

Hastily putting on his overcoat and hat he hurried out of the bank and up the street ere the resolution had time to cool. The house was but a few blocks away, and five minutes brought him to the door. His summons was answered by Mrs. Caxton, a white-haired, motherly woman.

"Mr. Caxton went to his lawyer's office half an hour ago. Won't you come in? He won't be long. No? Well you'll find him at Holborn's. Good morning!"

The resolution waned, but was still strong enough to carry him to Holborn's

office, by way of another street. He was losing his bearings. The path seemed tangled. His conduct *now* might depend on circumstances that met him.

When he reached the lawyer's office the clerk there told him that Mr. Caxton and Mr. Holborn had gone to the bank—that something seemed wrong. Anticipating now an ugly scene, the manager dragged his steps in the direction of the bank. As he came to the door his fortitude returned; he drew himself up to his full six feet, and assumed the dignity that can be worn only with an honourable and straightforward purpose. He entered the bank. The clerks were looking in a scared kind of way at the closed door of the manager's room, whence issued an angry voice, recognised as Caxton's. The banker opened the door and went in. Caxton and Luxter were standing face to face in the centre of the room; the lawyer was leaning against the desk, on which lay Caxton's box—wide open. With his hand on the knob the manager heard the close of Caxton's speech.

"The *bond* was there, I tell you. There aint any use denying it."

They all turned as the door opened; and Luxter, who was about to repeat his stout assertion that Caxton must have himself taken out the bond, addressed himself to his superior instead; and began to explain the trouble. But he was cut short.

"I'll deal with the matter now, Luxter. You may resume your work."

Luxter bowed his submission and retired. The manager then turned to the lawyer.

"Mr. Holborn, if you will suffer Mr. Caxton to have a few minutes privately with me, he can go afterwards to your office and inform you of the result."

The lawyer, also, bowed and withdrew; and Caxton, the despoiled security box, and the manager were alone. When he had closed the door of the room, the last-named drew a paper from his pocket and spreading it on the desk before his visitor exclaimed:—

"*There* is your Town of Portsburg debenture."

Caxton looked at it, then at the manager. Finally he exploded into speech.

"But how did it get out of my box?"

The banker pulled out his bunch of keys

and fitting one to the old-fashioned padlock that hung on the box worked the lock back and forth.

"I took it out. I stole it—but told myself it was borrowing. I got behind; and speculated in stocks, handing in your bond as security. Unlike most speculators I happened not to be ruined, but to come out alive. Yesterday in Montreal I redeemed your bond, and intended to replace it this morning but the box had gone. As to what shall be done, the matter is in your hands." The banker inclined his head, and stood with folded arms before the fussy old gentleman, waiting for his sentence to be pronounced.

At the sight of his bond Caxton's anger had subsided. He was now completely nonplussed. He looked at the manager; then at the bond; then at the box. He fidgetted with his watch chain, and wiped his glasses. An onlooker would have supposed *him* to be the culprit, the other the judge. At length he grabbed up the bond, bundled it into the box and snapped the lock.

"I don't care if you did steal it. Here! Put this away in the usual place. Good morning,"—and he rushed away leaving the manager standing in the middle of the room, blank with astonishment.

Caxton, after leaving the bank, went straight to his house. He was a Presbyterian of the old school, dogmatic and stern with a horror of lies; yet, after the lapse of half an hour he telephoned the lawyer that the bond had turned up in a desk at his home; and that he was sorry to have made such a fuss.

Close on the manager's heels as he had entered the bank and joined the three in his office, was a dark, sharp-looking little man with alert eyes. He was accompanied by a younger man, and by an hotel porter staggering under the weight of a large, square-sized, black-shaped valise. This stranger entered the bank and walked with an air of great confidence and assurance right in behind the railings to the inner office, just as Luxter came out of the private office of the manager. The clerks all recognised at once the person of the Bank's Inspector, come to make one of his periodical unexpected visits. Luxter hastened to take his commands. The Inspec-

tor's assistant also came in; the porter deposited his burden and left. While they waited for the manager to become disengaged, Luxter told the Inspector of the business in hand—the matter of Caxton's bond. The Inspector pricked up his ears and was on the *qui vive* at once. Here was a case for searching investigation at the very outset of his visit. When he had heard Luxter's version he said to him:

"What sort of character does Caxton bear?"

"The very best," replied Luxter. "I think he's just as straight as can be; and I can't make head or tail of it."

"Do you and the manager *invariably* go together to the safe when anything is deposited or taken out?" and the keen little eyes bore piercingly upon him. Luxter blushed, stammered, and grew confused—after the manner of one found out in serious dereliction of duty.

The Inspector thought he saw; and forbore to press the matter further.

"No more now, Mr. Luxter. A little later I'll want you again."

By this time the manager's door had opened, and Caxton had gone. The Inspector moved to present the credentials that gave him authority to overhaul the branch. The manager was coming out with Caxton's box. They met at the door. Unhinged and unstrung by the day's succession of untoward events, the manager started violently when his eyes fell on the person of his new visitor. The box nearly dropped from his grasp. The Inspector saw the signs of agitation, and this circumstance also was recorded in his mental notebook. The manager was quick to recover; and when greetings had been exchanged, both men entered the manager's room.

Everything of course must remain exactly as it was on the Inspector's arrival—the cash, notes, and securities must be counted and examined just as they happened to lie; and no one was permitted access to them except under the Inspector's eye. The assistant was even now engaged in checking the teller's cash.

If the emissary of the head office expected to have occasion for the exercise of his excellent detective qualities, he was disappointed; for as soon as the details of the inspection were mapped out and the pre-

liminaries begun, the manager had for the second time made a confession of his fault. On this occasion, sparing himself as little as he had done in the interview with Caxton, he gave full particulars of the affair.

When the Inspector had heard them he was quiet for a while. Then he said: "I'm very sorry, Mr. Burleigh. My duty is plain. It's clearly a case for a special report, and I shall have to send it at once."

The manager took the decision in silence. He knew what it meant. The Inspector, in his report to the head office gave first a clear account of the whole business; then told what he knew of the palliating circumstances—how restitution had been made, so that neither the bank nor its customer would suffer loss; of the straightforward, manly way in which the culprit had confessed his fault; his evident sincere determination to live within his income in future; and the firm conviction which he (the Inspector) had that this was the sum total of the irregularity. All told, this was slim enough defence. But the Inspector did his best.

Down in Montreal, in the head offices of the Gibraltar Bank, a kindly-looking, gray-headed man sat at one end of a long, low black-covered table. He was reading the report which the Inspector had sent in, of what had come to light at Portsburg Branch. As he read, his face darkened into a frown which continued to grow blacker till he had finished. Then he put the report to one side and gazed—still frowning heavily—at the line of tall buildings on the opposite side of the street. In a little while some of the sternness disappeared and he reached over and touched the call-bell for his secretary. That officer responded at once. Without changing the direction of his look, the Chief Officer of the Bank tapped the papers that lay on the table and asked:

"The Portsburg man—he has a wife and family, has he not?"

"Yes, sir," the secretary affirmed, and remained standing at attention. Then, perceiving that his chief continued to gaze silently and abstractedly out of the window he discreetly withdrew on tiptoe.

After a full half-hour had passed, his summons rang out again, and once more he hurried to the inner room. The Gen-

eral Manager handed him the papers he had been reading and said:—"I've been trying to think of some other solution of the Portsburg affair; but we *can't* help it. He'll *have* to go. There's *no* other way."

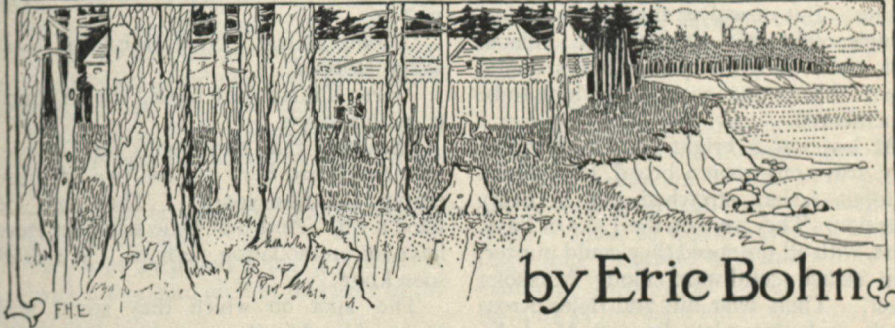
The mandate that the wires bore to Portsburg directed that the manager's resignation be handed in; and that till other arrangements could be made, the Inspector take charge of the branch.

And so the manager stepped down and out, and another ruled in his stead. The priest in the money god's temple had broken the laws—by touching the sacred thing—and the sword had to fall, not from a spirit of vindictiveness, but because it was decreed and must ever be so. For wherein would consist the virtue of laws if they were not enforced; and wherein the sanctity of property if the ministers at its very altar profaned it?

Although the case of the Portsburg manager had been settled, the General Manager could not drive it from his mind. It was not the first time he had been under the disagreeable necessity of dismissing officers of the bank, yet somehow or other he felt dissatisfied. There was no doubt about the gravity of the offence, and the thing had been formally and officially brought to his notice. He *could* not have acted otherwise. But notwithstanding the technical correctness of his position, the spirit of unrest and discomfort possessed him. His memory harked back to that occasion when he himself, a mere junior, had committed a serious fault, which would have nipped his career in the bud if it had been found out.

The upshot of the business was that he wrote a letter to a friend who was under an obligation to him for services performed in by-gone days. This letter was instrumental in bringing to the deposed branch manager an offer of a good position in a large and flourishing mercantile establishment in Winnipeg. Needless to say, the offer was accepted; and the reader will be glad to learn that our whilom banker amply redeemed himself, and won his way into the high places. The fact, however, that he could never discover who it was that had come to his rescue and had given him the fresh start in life, always bothered him.

# THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohn

*Author of "How Hartman Won."*

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal and thence westerly along the Ottawa and Madawaska Rivers.

THROUGH interminable forests of spruce, pine and hemlock, through scraggy underwood, through tamarack poles, through dense cedar hedges, in and out among boulders of rock, hard as adamant, jutting crags and angry precipices, over mounds of granite and shelving plates of limestone, over hill and down dale the men of the 100th slowly made their way. cutting down brushwood among rocky masses, made a narrow lane through which soldiers, two abreast, could force a march; but to make sleigh roads for teams to transport goods for settlement and garrison was a more difficult matter. The way through the frozen wilderness was unbroken, and Indian guides as well as their own scouts were sent on ahead to locate the road they must cut. Even a deadlock was possible, and to save interminable journeys around impassable ra-

vines, teams would be unhitched and horses saddle-bagged and led singly, while men carried goods in their arms or on their shoulders through the deep snow to the smoother way beyond.

Many more day passed away, as slowly but surely they forged ahead in a southwest direction. Monotony of labour, monotony of snow, monotony of cold, but variety of wilderness. Sometimes troops of squirrels chattered and scampered around them. Bold black fellows would run down tall pines and angrily interrogate the drivers and, having delivered their message, dart back from tree to tree and disappear in the distance. Mink would run in and out among the boulders, sometimes brought down by a soldier's gun, but more frequently lost in a hole in the ice, to reappear next minute where distance lent safety to the view. Now and then a wildcat was seen

as well as heard; and in the early dawn, the tail of the red fox, as he darted across the smooth surface of a frozen lake, and startled the deer as they lay in a sheltered nook or browsed among the bushes. But of wolves they saw no more, though night was often made hideous with their unearthly yells, always reminiscent of that one occasion so long to be remembered.

At last, on a bright March morning, they drove out upon a broad, level plain. Octopus feelers stretched out in every direction. They were on the Lake of Bays. Next, with all the speed they could muster, they struck southward along Muskoka River. Then over hill and dale, across ponds and streamlets beyond Muskoka Lake. South and west was still the watchword—till Waubashene was left behind—and finally, one mid-day in the bright sun, the terminus was reached.

"All things come to him who waits, and prays the Lord to guide him," piously exclaimed the Chaplain.

"God be praised, we're here at last, thanks to our perseverance," echoed Sir George. "But waiting would never bring a man to his destined haven. Egad! this is a fine spot. Looks well in winter, what must it be in summer?"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Doctor, whose expletives were always in French, "if yonder is not a schooner frozen fast in the ice!"

"Yes, and by heavens, there's a man on her deck taking stock of us," cried Cummings.

At this moment the men gave a loud cheer, which was answered by a whoop from the owner of the boat, frozen in the bay beneath them.

"The unexpected always happens," said Sir George. "Who could imagine that we would find a brig here? Captain, send down Bond and Hardman to tell the man I would like to converse with him."

In a short time the men of the little column, as well as horses and sleighs, were gathered in an open space above the crest of the hill. On two sides and behind them the forest extended illimitably, while through the more scattered trees in front, the surface of the bay stretched out for miles. It was here they purposed camp-

ing in temporary shanties and tents until permanent houses could be built.

A week's rest at Rock Lake had improved Helen's condition and now with joy she welcomed the end of their long march.

"Home at last," cried Harold as their sleigh stopped.

"Even if it is a snow bank," she responded with a laugh.

"Scarcely that bad," said Sir George, who overheard her. "I see two or three empty shanties yonder. They can be fixed a bit. And that little schooner may have accommodation perhaps. We shall soon know."

The spot on which they stood was tramped hard by the many feet of the men, and Helen alighted.

"I wonder if there is a woman on board?" she questioned.

"If there is she's had a winter of it," commented Harold. "Though not as hard as you have had, dearie."

"I can sympathise with any of your sex now, our own women particularly," exclaimed Sir George, extending his hand to Helen, "and I congratulate you, Mrs. Manning, most cordially for the brave and noble fight you have put up during the whole of this terrible journey. We are all proud of you, and when I tell your uncle, Sir Charles, of the doings of the brave little lady we took out to the west he will simply be amazed."

Helen's cheeks flushed and her eyes dropped as she murmured her thanks, but her thoughts were wandering off in another direction.

"You are not going back, soon?" she asked timidly.

"Certainly not for a while; but when summer comes I may have to, unless you make the new fort so charming by your presence that even an old fellow like myself cannot tear himself away," replied the Colonel, gallantly.

"But how could we possibly do without you?"

"Oh, that can easily be managed and, to save time, preliminaries are already being arranged."

A momentary chill passed through Helen's frame.

"You are cold," said Harold, noticing



the sudden whiteness of her face. "Let us step to the fire."

In another minute they were beside the newly-lit wood, and Helen watched the men felling trees for the larger camp of the night.

"This is Mr. Latimer, Sir," said the Corporal to Sir George, touching his hat; with him were Hardman and the shuffling skipper. "He owns the craft."

"Good day, Sir," exclaimed the man with a general air of amazement on his face.

"Good day to you," Sir George replied, extending his hand.

"We were surprised to find a boat in the ice with a live man on it at this time of the year."

"No more'n I was to see youse, Sir; an' where the deuce you all comes from beats me."

"On sledges, straight from the Pole," returned the Colonel with a smile.

"So I suspect!" a humorous twinkle taking the place of the look of astonishment. "But I didna think the Yankees could scare redcoats so far north as that."

"Not so bad! But who have you on that boat of yours? or are you alone? In fact have you any accommodation to spare? Two or three berths for instance."

"There's me an' my old woman. If she's willin', possibly we might take in two or three women folk, if they can put up with our fixin's."

The man took a side glance at Helen, who stood by the fire, and then at the other women; but his eye immediately reverted to the first face. She had regained her colour and was attentively observing him.

"Thank you," returned the Colonel, "but how do you happen to be frozen up in this plight?"

"That's easy told," returned the man with a nod. He evidently wanted to have a talk. "Fact is, I'm a trader, dealin' with Indians and Whites all around Georgian Bay. But you see this war business kinder knocked me out a bit, for it wan't safe to run a craft right in the teeth o' destruction, so I waited till fall, like, and when the gunboats laid up for the winter, I pitched in and did a rushing bizness right up to December. When the big gale hit us, I thought it would blow the *Bumble-bee* to pieces, but it didn't. She just drifted

right to where she is. Lor' how it did blow that night! An' it friz, too, like all creation! When mornin' came we was froze in as solid as a rock, an' here we are yet, an' likely to be for a spell. Turn about's fair play. Straight bizness—none o' yer foolin'! Where did youse all come from?"

"From Halifax."

"How in Sam Hill did you do it?"

"By cutting our way through the woods."

"Well! I swa'an." The man pulled out a jack-knife and began whittling a stick. Then he expectorated an exceedingly long distance, and finished by exclaiming, "Golly, but you're bricks—and to think of having a leddy with you, too."

"Thank you," said Sir George.

"And how much farther be you going? Clean through to the coast?"

"No. This is the end."

"An' you'll stay here?"

"Yes."

"An' build a barrack for the sojers?"

"Yes."

"By jehupitee cripes! If that don't beat all! I must tell my woman. Won't the *Bumble-bee* make a fortin'!"

Latimer clapped his knee in high glee. Then he turned to shuffle down to the boat to tell his better half the good news.

"Stay," called Sir George, and turning to Harold he continued: "You and your wife had better go with Mr. Latimer and see what accommodation he has to offer. It might save time."

So, accompanied by Bond, they followed the man in single file down the footpath through the snow. A steep but straight defile led to the level of the frozen lake. About twenty yards from the shore lay the *Bumble-bee*. It was a small craft with two masts and about nine feet beam. The gunwale stood several feet above the ice, and beside the little midship cabin, the whole of the poop had been boarded in by a railing. A pile of wood lay beside the boat, and as Helen stepped across the little gangway, she noticed that the foredeck was cleanly swept.

With arms akimbo, a middle-aged, stern-faced woman stood in the narrow doorway, but her thick homespun dress and general air of tidiness and thrift gave confidence to her visitor, notwithstanding

the puzzled look of inquiry with which she returned Helen's salutation.

"These people want to know eff we'll tak' in boarders?" said Latimer, by way of introduction. "What say you, Meg?"

"He means," said Harold "that we are stranded, and would like you if possible to accommodate this lady and two or three other women until we can build our own quarters?"

For a moment or two the woman looked straight into Helen's frank and kindly eyes. Then her hard expression softened, and a smile lit up her face as she accepted Helen's hand.

"I guess I can," was her answer. "It ain't much, but such as I have she's welcome to. About t'other women I don't know, for I haven't seen 'em yet."

Helen's eyes filled with tears.

"Thank you warmly," she said. This was the first kindly greeting she had met with from a woman since setting her foot in Upper Canada.

"Step right in, marm. The coop is warm if it is little, and there's a chair you can sit down in," pointing to a little rocker which Latimer had made for her. "It's kinder comfortable."

"I'm sure it is," said Helen; and slowly she rocked herself to and fro, while she listened to the talk of the woman.

She felt strangely attracted by her. Some old memory link of the past was roused. Had she seen that face before? and if so, when and where? While talking and asking questions, Helen's mind was in an analytical mood, dissecting, so far as she could, everything associated with her appearance and life. Who was she? Where had she seen her? Was it possible their lives had ever touched each other—this woman, double her own age—and of different station? Yet, there was a link somewhere. Of this she felt sure. She must solve the mystery. But not now. To find a spot to rest in was enough for the present.



#### CHAPTER XXIII

THE few remaining hours of that 31st of March were well occupied by the men of the rooth. Larger and better camps were pitched to last for many nights

instead of one, until real barracks could be built. The Indian wigwams, of which several were standing along the shore, proved to be useless, but a couple of trapper-forsaken shanties for the time did duty as officers' quarters. Fortunately in each was a rough fireplace, and big fires soon dried the dampness, and made them passably habitable. So with the women on the *Bumble-bee*, and officers and men in their camps, the first night passed away.

On the following morning the men strengthened their stakes, while Sir George and Captain Payne had an earnest consultation over plans for the future.

"Of course," said Sir George, "a fort and barracks will have to be built at once; whatever we do afterwards, the question is which shall be first and where shall we put them."

"Both important questions," returned the Captain. "There is another serious one, too. In three or four weeks, perhaps half that time, winter will break up. The spring thaw and cold rain will come, and better shelter for our people will then be imperative."

"True," said the Colonel. "You already have your plans."

For some moments there was a pause, while they scanned the outlook.

"Yes," said the engineer at last, "beside the men's camp, near the margin of the hill, will be a good place for the garrison. It commands the whole length of the bay to its mouth, and Beausoleil Island beyond. You couldn't have a better place for a fort. In it you might have officers' rooms as well, and later on build your ship-yard at the foot of the hill down by the bay."

"What about the men's quarters?"

"Build them right behind the fort."

"Have you noticed that little narrow island to the north of Latimer's boat?"

"Yes. It commands the mouth of the harbour direct, and would be a fine place to build a magazine with a battery of guns."

"A good idea, Captain. When summer comes, perhaps we can manage it with our light cannon. It is lucky they were no bigger. If they had been it would have been difficult to portage them so far through the woods."

"To put up the buildings every man will have to work," said Payne.

"There need be no reserve on that score," returned Sir George. "How are you off for tools?"

"Starting at London and ending at Montreal we secured a full complement, including axes, broad-axes, shingle knives, cross-cut saws, etc. Then all the drivers are skilled woodsmen and can show our men how to use them."

"When will you be ready to start?"

"Immediately after mess."

"Another thing, Captain, we must not forget that Mrs. Manning is here to stay. One of our first buildings must be for herself and her husband."

"I thought of that. How would it do to put up a house at once big enough to hold them and the officers too?"

"You might throw up a little cottage for them and a larger one for ourselves. That would be better than the double combination. Then we could wait a bit. For that matter we might build the new fort of stone, of which there is an abundance."

In another hour a score of axes were at work. Busy hands swung them from morning until evening for many successive days. Saws were used to cut the logs into necessary lengths, while the little Frenchmen with their teams snaked the logs out of the woods into the clearing where the houses were to be built.

Some of the men cleared the ground of underwood and dug cellars with bevelled edges for the coming dwellings; others discovering a spring, hollowed out the surface, put in a cedar block curb, and turned it into a flowing well; while another gang felled clear stuff white pines, sawed them into short lengths, and split them into shingles.

And so, under control of Captain Payne, this complex host of industry busied itself day after day, from early dawn until the darkening. The weather was in every way propitious, and though it thawed in daytime it always froze at night. The sun, in a clear sky, daily reached a loftier altitude and shed a warmer ray, melting the snow until the water ran in ripples to the lake. But the tightening each night saved the situation. Everybody knew

that warm weather was coming, and with so much impending, not a moment was lost. And so the weeks passed by, until one afternoon a change came. A man was squaring the butt end of a log when Captain Payne joined him.

"Can you have all ready for the raising to-morrow morning?" he asked.

"For the first cottage, yes," the man answered, resting for a moment upon his broad-axe. "It's the little one for the lady. Bateese and Bouchere are both good hewers, and they will have the logs for the other by the time we put up the first."

"That's satisfactory. I'm glad you are prompt, for we are going to have rain."

"Bateese say it will come inside of two days," replied the man, glancing at the hazy mist which was gradually darkening the sky.

"Oui, monsieur, rain sure," cried Bateese from the end of the log he was hewing. "Dem litle clouds lak sheep-wool all de sam, wid haze where she touch de snow, sure sign, sure as shooting—sure as de diable."

"How can you tell? You were never here before, Bateese."

"Sure all de same. Place make no difference. Jes as it was in Kebec."

"You had better push things anyway, Blake," said the Captain; "he is probably right. Come what will, we must have both houses shingled before the storm breaks."

"And so we shall, if the good Lord will only keep it off two days longer. But there's a pile of work to do yet. The shingles are ready, but the roof-slabs have to be split. We'll need more men, sir."

"You can have twenty more for the barrack gang," said Payne.

"That's all we've room for, but they'll be needed. Let us have 'em soon, sir."

"All right, my man."

At this moment there was a wild yell in the woods, following a crash among the trees, and at once from different directions men rushed to the spot from which the sound came, while at the same time a messenger hurried in.

"What's the matter?" cried Sir George.

"Teddy Barnes is killed. He is dead, sure! Oh, where is the Doctor?"

But Beaumont had heard, and with long strides was hastening to the spot. Though

unconscious the man was not dead. A big shingle tree in falling had brought down a slanting spruce, pinning Teddy down in the snow without killing him outright. When the Doctor arrived the men were trying clumsily to extricate him.

"Sacré," screamed the Doctor. "Stop, I say. There's only one chance to save him. The log must be cut. Bateese, you are the man. Swing your axe for your life. Now, all take hold, and lift the tree bodily till he cuts it loose."

The shrill words of Beaumont calmed the excitement and brought order out of chaos. Every one sprang to his post, and the mighty effort of the men in direct line, perceptibly raised the upper end of the heavy tree. On examination, the Doctor was convinced that the deep snow in the hollow in which he lay had saved the man from instant death.

With energy Bateese swung his axe. Every blow sank deep in the soft green wood. Quickly the bevelled notch in the one side was cut, followed in similar fashion on the other. In a few minutes the work was done, the axe penetrating from side to side through the upper half.

"Now, reddey—leeft, garçons, leeft," cried Bateese. "Steddy."

With a bound the Frenchman was at the Doctor's side, and while the men lifted till the timber snapped, the two gently drew out the body of the boy; but an ominous sound jarred upon their ears. The bones grated upon each other. Then on a stretcher covered with blankets they gently laid the lad and bore him back to the camp.

"Will he live?" Sir George asked in deep concern.

"No," said the Doctor. "The poor fellow's pelvis is smashed. He may not even become conscious again, for his skull is fractured as well."

"Pray God he may not then," said Sir George, fervently. "Better to die than live in hopeless agony."

By the time they reached the men's quarters every one in camp knew. They gathered together in groups and discussed the event—the first calamity since their arrival in Penetang. A more careful examination now corroborated the doctor's

opinion. Consciousness never returned, and by sundown he was dead.

"What about the lad's burial?" Chaplain Evans asked of Sir George before retiring for the night.

"To-morrow is Sunday, let us have it then," was the sorrowful answer. "Reveille at eight, breakfast at nine, full parade at ten, funeral at eleven. Preach the Sunday sermon, Chaplain, and let the boys have a good one. They deserve it. Then we'll give poor Barnes a full rifle salute and taps as well."

"You are right, Colonel," returned the Chaplain; there was moisture between his eyelids; "but it is too bad to have death in our ranks so soon."



#### CHAPTER XXIV

THEY buried the broken body of Teddy Barnes in a little oak grove on the lower plateau; and the dead leaves on the branches sighed in gentle requiem to the words:

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," as they fell from the clergyman's lips.

With serious faces soldiers stood around the open grave. Earth dropped upon the coffin. The boom of guns echoed over forest and lake; and then as the sounds died away the shrill note of the bugle told of a spirit that had gone so soon to the God who gave it. The funeral service was ended.

"My men," said the deep voice of the Colonel as he glanced at the faces around him, "this sad duty is over. We have buried a comrade who fell, not fighting in battle but doing his duty; and in his burial we have given him the honours due the bravest soldier, when struck down at the cannon's mouth.

"But, my men, we do not live for the dead but for the living. We are still practically without shelter, and though it is Sunday, I must bid you work with might and main. Every man must be at his post. The quarters for the officers and barracks for the men must be built and have the shingles on before the rain comes. Otherwise we must face disaster. So I bid you disband until after dinner, and then at one o'clock sharp, your work must begin again."

Standing around the grave of their comrade, the two companies of the rooth sent up a rousing cheer for their Colonel, and then scattering, each man went where he listed.

"That Colonel of yours is well named," said Latimer to Helen in the afternoon, as he entered the little coop of the *Bumble-bee*, where she was writing. "He's got a mighty good head-piece. Those fellows of his work like niggers when he tells 'em to."

"And should they not?" she asked, looking up from her folder.

"Of course it's their duty and all that, but I've often seen fellows shirk right agin orders the moment the captain's back was turned."

"Perhaps they didn't have the right kind of a captain."

"That's about it," returned Latimer, nodding his head. "Though it's not their regular dooty and it's Sunday, them sojers are working like all possessed—one lot sawin' an' choppin' an' splittin' an' haulin'—t'other lot havin' a reg'lar raisin'-bee. They'll have the walls o' both them housen up by night or my name ain't Latimer."

"I don't think Sir George would have the men working that way to-day if it was not necessary," said Helen seriously; but she remembered a note in her diary written in the days of their long march.

"It's necessary sure enough, or they wouldn't have a shingle laid before the flood comes. But the funny part of it is that the boys should put in their best licks to-day. I reckon that speech of the Colonel's did the business. If I'd been one of them, I'd ha' done my best, too!"

For some time Latimer stood beside the little stove without further comment, and Helen resumed her writing.

"Say, Mrs. Manning!" he exclaimed at last. "Do you think the Colonel has any idee how the war's going? In a week or two the snow 'll be gone an' the ice broke up, and to me it 'pears like he must be 'specting the Yankee ships up to the bay here, or he wouldn't be buildin' a fort."

"You'd better ask the Colonel," replied Helen, diplomatically. "I can't tell you; perhaps he can. But about the ice and snow, once get our buildings up and the

sooner they go the better. This terrible winter seems to have lasted a year at least."

"Golly, no. It has just been the ordinaire. Still I'll be glad to have it open up and get my boat out agin. Do you know it's jess bootiful out yon' on the water when the spring comes. The hull east side of the bay is chuck full of islands and they're as purty as a picter. There are thousands of 'em, little bits of fellows and great big ones, scattered up and down like lambs on a pasture field, or hickory nuts in the woods. An' then they're all covered wi' bushes and trees like. What I've seen of 'em allus looked like the place my old mother told of, where the fairies lived; and, by Jove, nobody but fairies could live there anyway for they're nothing but solid rock, the hull kit of 'em."

"Now you're talking sense for the fust time," said Mrs. Latimer, from the other side of the cribbed little room. "It's one o' the most dangerous lakes you could find anywheres. Nawthing but rocks, rocks, rocks, an' many a boat goes to smash on 'em every year, an' no tellin' how many lives are lost, for they never come back to tell the story."

"I didn't say they warn't dangerous," returned Latimer, sagely holding his head to one side. "I jess said they was bootiful, and so they is. It ain't every one can tell a purty thing when they see it; and more than that," he added sententiously, "the bay is prolific."

"Of rocks?" his wife asked in supreme contempt.

"Naw," he replied in disgust, "of fishes."

"Awh!" she interjected.

"I don't think there's a place on the lakes where the fishin's as good as Georgian Bay. There's white fish and salmon trout, an' bass an' pickerl, an' sturgeon an' muskilonge, an' goodness knows how many others. Oh, you can talk as you like, but when the sun is settin' in big gold flashes—green islands all around you—clear water, still as glass, beneath you—an' then the bass catchin' your hook as fast as you throw it in, life's just about worth livin'."

"Ned's on one of his tangents again," said Mrs. Latimer with a shrug. "If the

*Bumble-bee* ever gets stranded on the rocks it'll teach him sense, but nothin' else will."

"Don't be hard on a fellow, Meg," replied the man good-naturedly. "Many's the time the *Bumble-bee's* taken in fish by the bushel, and she never got stranded on the rocks yet; please God she never will. She can run agin the wind as fast as any smack I know of, an' I guess Ned Latimer understands her gearings."

"It was running her gearings put us in this blessed hole, I reckon."

"We might have been wus off. Lots o' firewood, lots o' fish an' venison, friendly Injuns for neighbours, an' not so terribly cold after all, even if we was friz up in the ice."

And the philosophical skipper went off to take another look at the progress of the "Raisin'."

"Latimer's allus easy goin' an' onreasonable," said the wife as she watched him through the little window, while he ascended the hill.

"It must have been hard for you to spend the winter locked in here," said Helen. She felt like reconciling the incongruities between the ill-mated pair, "but I shouldn't think Mr. Latimer an unreasonable man. He may have made a mistake in letting his boat drift into the bay so late in the season. Still he has made it comfortable for you, and I wonder what I could have done if your homelike schooner had not been here, with a kind hostess in it to welcome me."

"I suppose things is never so bad as they might be," said Mrs. Latimer, her face relaxing a little. "And I'm glad to do something for you—even if it ain't much."

Again Helen was startled. It was when the hardness wore off the woman's face that the forgotten expression came back again. She had surely seen it before, and the softened tone seemed familiar. Could she trace it back through the years to the days of her childhood? It could not be black-eyed Susan, who pinched her when she cried, and threatened to pinch harder if she told. This woman's eyes were grey. Nor red-headed Molly, who, in her afternoon walk, invariably left her with her mother, to be stuffed with black toffy, while she went off to gossip with the barber's son? Her hair was too black ever to

have been red. Nor the maid who frightened her with ghost stories. Nor the namby-pamby one who cuddled her with kisses and called her beatific names, until in childish indignation she savagely rebelled.

All these in rapid movement of memory were set aside; but the more she thought the more convinced she became, that in the big medley of servants' territory of the long past, this woman somewhere played her part. But the cobwebs of memory were lifting. She would find her soon.

"You have not always lived on the lakes, Mrs. Latimer?" she asked at last.

"I never did till I married Latimer."

"And before that?" said Helen.

"I was from New York, but that's ten year ago, and Latimer was a British subject."

"And did you never cross the ocean? One would think that living so much on the water, you would be sure to go over the sea."

"So I have, Mum. So I have. I went over twenty year ago come June, as servant to a New York lady, and stayed there for a year, but I didn't like it, so I come home agin."

"Twenty years ago. And did you live for some time in South London near the Thames?"

"Yes I did," answered the woman, with a sudden start.

"And worked as nursemaid for Mrs. Brandon, of Russell Street, near Battersea Park?"

"Good gracious alive, yes! Did you know her? Be you—"

"Yes, I am little Helen Brandon, the child you put straddle-legged round your neck to run a race with another nurse-girl from Henley Street, at the other end of the row."

"Land sakes! be you that child? Who'd 'a thought it? An' then to meet you here out in the wilds o' the wilderness!" The woman rose, and with flushed and agitated face came towards her.

Helen extended both her hands, and Mrs. Latimer grasped them within her own.

"It was rough play, and weren't the square thing to do, I reckon; still I don't think I hurt you, child."

"You didn't hurt me much, but I was terribly afraid you might fall. If I remember right the other little girl screamed frantically at the last."

"And well she might," returned the woman with a grin, "for Ann did the very thing you were afraid of. She stumbled and rolled over and I won the race."

"I must have been sadly frightened, for I remember crying over it in my little bed that night, and my mother insisted upon knowing the cause—so I told her—and I never saw you afterwards."

"Oh, she gave me my *congé* next morning, but I didn't care, for I had decided to come back to the States as soon as that month's work was up."

"You did not take another place, then?"

"No, I sailed on the next ship and then worked out in New York until I came across Latimer—and was fool enough to marry him."

"I hope you don't regret it."

"Humph! don't I? But I'm glad to know who you are. There won't be no more races; but I'll do all I can for you, an' help you to fix things too when they get your house built. I took an awful fancy to you when you was a kid, even if I was a leetle rough."

"I felt sure I knew you from the first," said Helen earnestly. "I must again thank you for your kindness, and I am sure we shall be very good friends."

"It is just a joy to see you when I think it out. The long ago is only like yesterday. Just to think that the first white woman's face I should see in four months should be that of the little rosy-faced darling that I dangled in my arms and round my neck twenty long year ago. Ah, there comes Latimer agin." And her face hardened. "What does he want now, I wonder? Why can't he let us be?"

TO BE CONTINUED

## Manhood's Estate

Suggested by the transference of British Fortresses in Canada to Canadian garrisons,  
July 1st, 1905

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD

YOUTH must lean on the mother's arm and obey the mother's will:  
But manhood faces the world alone,  
And bends its ways till they fit his own:  
Yet manhood honours his mother's name and loves his mother still.

Some said—but they spoke in ignorance, and in words of little weight—  
"The child must be a child until he reach a man's estate;  
But when ambition flaunts before, and duty lags behind,  
Maternal regulations he will scatter to the wind."

But the mother smiled at the foolish speech, for she knew that her child was true;  
And she said, "The things that I wish of him are the things that my son will do;  
I pronounce his absolute liberty, I remove my slightest ban,  
And I give him the keys of a continent, with the bidding, 'Be a man!'"

Youth must lean on the mother's arm and obey the mother's will:  
But manhood faces the world alone,  
And bends its ways till they fit his own:  
Yet manhood honours his mother's name and loves his mother still.

# A Queen of Tatters

By BLANCHE L. MACDONELL



"**W**HAT a face! Surely here is the tragic in the midst of the commonplace. Those eyes make one think of the Cenci—a sort of petrification of desolation—a frozen horror—and withal an expression of stern resolution." Bruce Colman shivered. "And yet she is only a young girl."

The proprietors of the Irrewadian Hair Remedy congratulated themselves that their living model was decidedly catching. How far would four dollars a week go in printing? Yet for that pittance a gentlewoman's pride was being stung to death, and on it two girls were slowly starving.

Though New York was sweltering under the blaze of midsummer heat the mighty tide of the city's life knew neither pause nor remission. Loraine Armand sat in the shop window, exposed to the gaze of the curious spectators. At first she had used her rich brown hair to screen her shamed face, but the Shebersteins objected to modesty in the way of business and counted upon beauty as part of the attraction. The incongruity of that delicate, refined face with the squalor of its surroundings claimed Bruce Colman's attention. The irksomeness of the hours could only be fathomed by one who had drained the cup of humiliation to the dregs; the girl had sunk to a dead level of wretchedness in which every misery was conceivable. Death would have been welcomed as a friend, but there was frail, invalid Betty to be considered.

"The face is familiar," muttered Bruce. "It is—oh! it can't be—it is Miss Armand."

A few years before, visiting Montreal he had met and admired Loraine.

The girls had been brought up by a grandmother, a sweet, quaint gentlewoman with the soul of a sister of charity. Their Huguenot ancestors, originally de St. Armand, had played a prominent part in the history of Canada, and when it became necessary to earn a living the sisters had come to New York with an innocent idea

that when they condescended to ask favours the only course left open to the world was to smile courteously upon them. Loraine furnished up her trifling stock of accomplishments. Alas! they were so pitifully meagre. Marked talent, specially trained ability would have made its way; for simple endowments like Loraine's there was no market. Thus began the struggle in which the helpless measure themselves against the merciless strength of the world.

"If we were feminine black sheep, breaking every law in the decalogue, shocking, hot as pepper naughtinesses, we should find plenty of people to coddle us; but unpicturesque, self-respecting gentlefolks, asking only a chance to earn a decent living, are left to their own devices."

If Betty Armand endured the martyrdom of a suffering body she enjoyed the compensating advantage of an undaunted spirit.

"In every deep there is a lower depth, and while I have you I am not altogether desolate," rejoined Loraine.

"I have long been acquainted with the refined poverty that pities itself because it cannot drive a carriage and have new dresses *ad libitum*," protested the younger sister; "but when one is forced to economise on postage stamps, to allow one's clothes to fall into rags because you cannot afford a spool of cotton, one has reached the depths of what George Eliot called 'soapless poverty.'"

Bruce Colman hated his horribly commonplace existence and yet had never reached any higher standard. His natural refinement rendered excess and extravagance distasteful. Why should he struggle for superfluities? His hard-headed old father, who from a railway navy had risen into the ranks of the capitalists, could not understand his only son.

"I never had any education, and just see me," he would say, swelling out his



great chest. "He has had the best schooling that money can buy, and he does nothing."

"Bruce is young; give him time," pleaded the mother.

"And him twenty-six. When I was barely ten I was earning my own living. I knew the value of a nickel, and I had learnt how to be spry."

As Mrs. Colman considered her only child's ways and methods absolute perfection, his father's trenchant criticisms aroused but a faint echo in her placid mind.

"If he would only be in earnest about something, but my fine gentleman does not even care about spending money," he grumbled.

"Every young man is not as steady as our Bruce," his mother defended him. "It would kill me to see him like those Tawse boys and many others."

The living advertisement haunted Bruce Colman's imagination. He strolled around to look into the window occasionally, then constantly, until the day in which he missed doing so was desolate. Once, as Loraine's head turned mechanically from side to side, his eager gaze met hers, she flushed hotly. Life became full of purpose. He ventured into the shop, and the Shebersteins with cheerful affability pressed their wares upon the heedless youth who was ready to buy anything if only he could feast his eyes upon the object of his adoration. He lavished a little fortune on combs, brushes, and perfumery, becoming the disgusted possessor of gallons upon gallons of the hair remedy, which he did not in the least know what to do with. Whenever he appeared the shop girls giggled and exchanged significant glances.

One evening he was hanging about in the vicinity when the establishment closed. Loraine came out; obeying a hasty impulse, he followed her. Suddenly she turned and faced him.

"Were you following me?" she asked quietly.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"For some time past your persecutions have exposed me to coarse ridicule; if it

continues I shall be forced to give up my situation. For the sister who depends upon me, that simply means starvation."

"I never meant—the most profound respect," he muttered, abashed.

Loraine dismissed his confused apologies with a contemptuous gesture. Compliments and gallantries belonged to a former stage of existence; the desolate present had to be faced. "To you this is the sport of an idle hour—"

"No, on my honour, no," he protested eagerly. "But since you object, I will not intrude again."

His heart was heavy. The episode had been interesting, exhilarating; this ending would leave a void.

It had been raining, the pavements were slippery as glass. He heard a stifled cry as the girl fell.

"You are hurt?" anxiously.

"My foot is twisted. How shall I get home?" Loraine tried to steady the quivering of her lips. How humiliating it would be to break down and cry!

Bruce lifted her into a hansom. After they had driven a great distance, the girl regarded her companion thoughtfully, and concluded she would allow herself the luxury of complete indifference to circumstances.

"Perhaps you really mean to be kind; we have suffered so much that we have grown suspicious. When you see how we live you will understand how little I have to do with trifling."

The Armands had found refuge in a French-Canadian settlement near the East River. Plump, brown-eyed children played *cache-cache* on the stairs and shouted at each other in shrill French. In this spot the strangers had created an atmosphere of their own; having a church where miracles were performed by the good St. Anne, and a priest of their own persuasion.

"I may come to inquire for you?" he ventured. "I am not quite a stranger. You may remember having met me three years ago at Mrs. Holmston's, in Montreal, Miss Armand?"

The little cripple, believing in her own intuitions, promptly settled the matter.

"Oh, yes! Pleasant things gave up happening before we were born, and we are

quite miserable enough without afflicting ourselves. My tongue is rusting. We are forgetting how to be young."

Lorraine's foot did not improve. Every day she went to the shop but she grew white and haggard under the strain. Her suffering made life a tragedy to Bruce. A weight of responsibility descended upon the man who had never felt a care; it seemed that with the love and the poignant pain a new soul was born within him. At last he spoke.

"It kills me to see you suffer, while I, a great, strong, useless fellow revel in luxury. I would entreat you to become my wife this instant, but my father has threatened to cut off my allowance if I marry against his wishes, and he rarely goes back on his word. In that case I should be a beggar and of no use to you. I am looking for employment, but I have had no especial training. I am horribly ashamed of my worthlessness."

He looked so handsome, manly and honest that only a hard heart could resist his pleading. Betty believed in Bruce's capacity, was convinced that good fortune must come, and proved herself the sweetest of confidants, the most zealous of partisans.

In the splendid Colman household matters were not progressing favourably. The servants contemplated giving warning in a body; the mistress was reduced to the verge of nervous prostration. The man who had manipulated stocks and bonds, and dividends, not to speak of trusts and corners of tremendous magnitude, failed to bend one quiet young fellow to his will. During the progress of a long life of success Mr. Colman had learnt to believe that his own inclinations should rule the world. He had despised his son as a feeble lad; when Bruce stood firm as a rock he began to respect him as a man. Still, it was monstrous that the son for whom he had schemed and slaved should be entrapped by a minx in a barber's shop. Gentlewoman, indeed! He knew that description of gentlewoman, and was a match for any such crafty baggage. He was persuaded that money could do anything, and prepared a plan of campaign.

"I don't care what it costs I shall buy

that flimsy, fly-away creature off," he concluded.

He found Miss Armand's address and wrote to propose an interview.

As he glanced around a squalid neighbourhood he concluded with a comfortable sense of virtue:

"Being an adventuress does not apparently pay very well. In this world people mostly get their deserts."

Portly and short of breath the long flight of stairs taxed his patience.

"When folk perch so near heaven they ought to be more like angels," he grumbled.

"Come in," cried a thin treble voice.

The room was neat, and bare and dark. On the poor bed was a form so tiny that it looked like a child's, but the eyes were those of a suffering woman.

"Mr. Colman, kindly find a seat for yourself, for I am tied down here and cannot move."

"Miss Armand?" in a puzzled tone.

"Miss Armand's sister. Quite the same thing," with an airy gesture. The sight of that wasted hand and arm sent a pang through the robust, prosperous man.

"No bigger than a plover's claw," he mentally ejaculated. "Looks as if she were starved. Is it a child, or a woman, or some kind of little old fairy?"

All the time he was uncomfortably conscious that a pair of brilliant dark eyes, with a suspicion of mockery, were watching him curiously. It certainly was absurd that he should be embarrassed before a slip of a creature to whom he had come to offer money.

"I called—my son—"

"Yes," with suave encouragement. "you came to spy out the nakedness of the land—it is spread out before you."

At the idea of resistance Mr. Colman recovered his spirit.

"I may as well take the bull by the horns. My young idiot of a son has some maggots in his head about marrying."

"Yes, my sister." Betsy's brave spirit rose above disaster.

"I have done well for him, and I expect him to do well for himself. No necessity for sentimental nonsense between us. I can afford to pay"—for an instant he faltered, abashed by the expression of the bright eyes,—"yes, liberally. I won't

haggle about the price. It is natural you should want to get all you can. If your sister will send my boy about his business I will make it worth her while. All boys are fools and mine—"

"I quite agree with you; yours is no exception. The only discernment he has ever shown was when he fell in love with my sister." Betty was like a dove with ruffled plumage.

"I want him to marry his equal," he stammered.

"As this is an informal social function I shall not hesitate about speaking plainly." No one had ever accused Betty Armand of not having a fine spirit of her own. "There is inequality, but the advantage is on our side, not on yours. We do not fear having our record known. Our people devoured the cake and left us not even the crumb of the plainest loaf, but they did it bravely and generously. Have you anything to boast of except your money?"

Mr. Colman fairly gasped under this attack. It was many a long year since anyone had ventured to place the truth plainly before him, yet there was a fair-mindedness about the man that led him to relish plain dealing, and a latent chivalry in his nature to which the physical weakness and brave spirit appealed powerfully.

"My sister has as fine a spirit as any gallant St. Armand of them all. Yes, she is a living advertisement—are you capable of realising what that means to a proud and delicate-minded gentlewoman? But it is to keep me from starving, because I am a helpless creature who can do nothing to help myself. And her kindness and patience and faithfulness to her duty—" Betty's voice choked.

Mr. Colman had never in his life felt more uncomfortable. It seemed that he was being assaulted by his own weapons, and in place of dealing out high-handed justice was being reproved. The strong

spirit, the tender heart, dominated him. Had he been told that he would have been completely routed by a creature with nothing in her favour but a pair of bright eyes and an eloquent tongue he would not have believed it possible.

Betty promptly checked her tears and continued briskly: "I am determined you shall know the truth if you never heard it before. In all the years of his life, with all the advantages you have given him, has your son accomplished anything for himself, or for anyone else? Before he met my sister he was an idle, purposeless lad; she has given him an aim; in loving her he has attained his manhood. Suppose you could succeed in separating those two (and I only do him justice when I say that is not likely) you would deprive him of the idealising, uplifting love which is the strongest power in all the world."

Mr. Colman's fortune was largely due to his capacity of shrewdly estimating all the points of the situation at a glance.

"Would he be willing to buckle to? To take hold in the works?" he inquired doubtfully, somewhat ashamed of his swift revulsion of feeling.

"He has been tramping about the city seeking any sort of employment however humble. There is the making of a man in one who can do that."

"I will see her—and well, yes—if he is willing to work faithfully at the iron works and gives me satisfaction—mind, I'll have no skulking, or playing at business—I work steadily and I expect others to do the same—I'll see."

"Only try him." Betty's quaint, elfish little face dimpled into smiles.

Bruce became his father's trusted partner. Mr. Colman learnt to be proud of his beautiful, gracious daughter-in-law, but he finds endless interest and amusement in Betty's wild sallies and shrewd comments.



# Like a Gentleman

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW



THE men who knew Will—Pelham will do as well as any other name—as the best half-back of his year at Yale, will not believe this story. Two or three New York Clubs may, for they have seen strange things in their time, but the passing of men to unmentionable places is not discussed in clubland. A few women remember him but they are probably married, and have half forgotten the handsome face of the debonair young man about town whom their mothers had labelled “impossible.” A man who has been expelled from his college, even for a boyish prank, has to conduct himself in a manner that is more than seemly if he wishes to meet with the approval of a strict father, and that indefinable thing known as society, especially if the members of the said society know that the making or unmaking of the said young man rests largely with the rich father aforesaid.

Far away out on the north-western plains he is yet remembered as Broncho Bill, the most daring whiskey smuggler of the days when the Canadian Northwest had a prohibitory liquor law, and it was a source of much profit and more adventure to run whiskey across the border from Montana, under the noses of the Canadian North-West Mounted Police. No one knows what were the particulars of the rupture between Will Pelham and his father. People knew that it had occurred, and on the principle that “unto those that have shall be given,” sympathised a little with the Puritan father. The men of the frontier care little about what is frequently a delicate subject in the far West—a man’s past—and recognised, admired and appreciated the enterprising efforts of Broncho Bill in outwitting the officials of two governments. From the Saskatchewan, in the far north, to the Sun River in the South, Broncho Bill was a man of consequence. The saloons of Helena and Butte echoed and re-echoed with laughter at his clever befooling of what was supposed to be the

smartest quasi-military constabulary in the world.

“We’ll get you yet, my boy,” said a Mounted Police sergeant one night, in the pauses of a poker game at Fort McLeod.

“Perhaps you will, old chap,” said Bill quietly, “but you’ll have to pay for it. It’s your business to catch a whiskey trader if you can—you’re paid for it—and it’s the whiskey traders’ play not to be caught. Now, I never sold any whiskey to an Indian or anybody that didn’t know what he was doing, and what he was buying. This liquor business all around anywhere sort of tangles up a man’s moral ideas, when the law steps in and says that a white man can’t have a glass of lager because a buck Indian a hundred miles away cuts himself loose when he smells a bottle of Florida Water. But there’s one thing I think all you redcoats in the force understand. You drink contrabrand whiskey when you get the chance, and I don’t blame you—that’s your own affair. And when you are sent out to arrest a man for running it in, I don’t blame you for arresting him if you can—that’s business. But don’t blame the other man for doing his little all to keep from putting in a year or two in penitentiary for something both sides are guilty of. Now, I’m not going to serve in any penitentiary that I have heard of yet. Your business may be some time to catch me, and my business will be not to get caught. You see, boys, the game’s fair all round; we both take our chances, and you’ll not catch me as long as either hand can hold a gun. Now, who’s deal is it?”

And the sergeant laughed and asked Bill to caché a two-gallon keg in the usual place on the Old Man River, on his next trip north, and paid him for it. And a month afterwards the sergeant was glad when news was brought in by one of the scouts that Broncho Bill was moving north with a load of contrabrand, and that he was to take five men and capture him dead or alive. He was told to be careful to bring the liquid evidence of Broncho Bill’s

wrong-doing back with him. The said evidence had to be destroyed some time or other, and the sergeant knew that the fort's three months' deprivation from alcoholic stimulant had brought about a condition of mind and body throughout Troop K, Canadian North-West Mounted Police, that would cause it to be destroyed rapidly. As he clattered out of the fort at daylight, at the head of his half-dozen troopers, he knew that the long-awaited commission was in sight for the man who captured the most daring whiskey trader of the border, but he half regretted that Broncho Bill wouldn't have time to make that promised *cachê* on the Old Man River prior to his arrest.

"We'll circle round," he said, "and get in between him and the boundary line, and make a sure thing of it, and light on him to-night."

Broncho Bill moving rapidly northwards thought he heard hoof-beats in the stillness of the northern night. He asked Montana Dick, his whilom partner, to stop for a minute while he listened with his ear to the trail.

"About half-a-dozen of them," he quietly said, as he placed himself among the kegs in the rear of the waggon, and told Dick to move on and veer slightly off the trail to the left, and they might strike cover to *cachê* the stuff, and told him to be quick about it.

There was no bluff or coulee within miles on the level prairie that Bill knew, and as the hoof-beats grew more distinct he knew that it would be a race and a running fight on the open starlit plains, and he took up his Winchester, and buckled on his cartridge belt.

"Now," he said quietly to his partner, "they'll hear or see us in a few minutes, so let 'em loose."

And as the long black-snake lash came down on the backs of the half-broken bronchos from ears to tail, they sprang into a maddening gallop. On and on into the night, over the rough prairie, plunged the heavily laden waggon, swaying and plunging, but Broncho Bill knelt among the kegs and looked where he could see some quickly-moving objects outlined against the sky.

"They'll see us in a minute," he mutter-

ed, "but if I drop a couple it may stop them."

There was a pause for a few seconds among the pursuers, and Broncho Bill said as quietly as before:

"They see us, Dick. Keep them moving."

The half-bred horses of the Mounted Police, however, were gaining in spite of the efforts of the four bronchos, and Bill filled the chambers of his Winchester, and saw that his six-shooter was all right. And still they bounded on. Not a vestige of cover could be seen ahead or around. Then the bullets of the Police carbines began to whistle in the air.

"Throw out the stuff, Bill," said his partner, "and we'll travel lighter."

"Not a drop," answered Bill; "might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb, and we're not caught yet."

But the bullets came thicker and faster.

"Say, Bill," again suggested his comrade as he felt the thud of a bullet in the seat beside him, "it's looking as if we've got to throw up our hands this time." And he turned for a moment to see what reception his suggestion would meet with—and looked down the barrel of the rifle of Broncho Bill, who said slowly and distinctly:

"When you drop those ribbons, Dick, something else will drop just about the same time. Keep 'em moving, I say."

And again and again came the black-snake down on the straining bronchos. But nearer and nearer came the pursuers, their furious gallop confusing their aim, but with his head crouched down on his shoulders, Montana Dick urged his already half-exhausted horses with voice and whip. And then came the fierce bark of the Winchester behind him, and he could hear Bill say:

"That's one."

Again the rifle spoke. There was an oath, and a muttered "missed." Then another shot and a death scream rising high above the roar of racing horses.

"Got him," he could hear Bill say as he pumped up another cartridge, and in the desperation of despair Montana Dick plied again and again the cruel lash on the backs of the struggling horses.

"A hanging business, now," he said,

and his head crouched lower for the angry hiss of the flying lead showed that they were getting in closer range. Again the Winchester barked, and Bill said:

"Another one down. Only four now, Dick."

The grain-fed Police horses were now within a hundred yards, and the whiskey smugglers could hear above the clatter of hoofs the call of the sergeant in the lead:

"Halt! In the Queen's name, halt!"

"Halt be d—d," roared Bill, with a ring of fierce defiance in his voice. "Halt yourself." And his eye glanced along his rifle for a second, and the sergeant's horse plunged forward on his head with a bullet in his chest.

"On, men, on," fiercely called the sergeant as his men rushed past him. "Fire—and shoot to kill." And the little troop swept on.

"Shoot to kill, eh?" Montana Dick could hear his comrade fiercely mutter, for the fever of fight was in his veins. And Bill levelled his rifle. "Two can play at that—hit, by—" And then in a choked voice that still retained its fierceness: "Keep 'em moving, Dick. Keep 'em moving," and fell back among the kegs.

The whip dropped from Montana Dick's hands, the reins slackened, and they were covered by the revolvers of three policemen.

They placed him in the little troop-hospital at Fort McLeod, and were good to him. The sergeant and the others would drop in when allowed, for the Canadian North-West Mounted Police like anyone, white or red, who dies game, and they also knew that a man with a bullet through one of his lungs was not long for this world.

The captain commanding the Post came in and did what he could and spoke to the dying man, and the hospital orderly thought

it was the pain of his wound that made Broncho Bill's face suddenly flush, and then grow deadly pale, when he told him the captain's name. He didn't know that it was the name of the man who had married the little golden-haired sister, to whom Broncho Bill was a girlish hero, and who had been loved with all the intensity of an ill-regulated, passionate nature, in the half-forgotten days of the past.

The Canadian officer and the New York belle had met at the Montreal Carnival, the great winter event of Canada, some years before, and in the hurly-burly of his western life the brother had heard the name, and that was all. And then came upon Broncho Bill the old human longing to meet the little sister of his better, purer past, to hear one word, to touch the hand of one of his own blood, before he went alone on his journey into the great beyond.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Bill?" asked the kindly commandant one day, as Bill lay pale and silent, and the end was growing near. "Do you wish me to write to any of your friends?"

And the wild longing came upon him with fiercer force to see the girl sister he had loved, who was almost within the sound of his feeble voice. His white lips tightened, and his teeth clenched, and the commandant little thought of the fierce battle within the whiskey trader's soul.

"Are you sure there is no one whom you wish to know how you are?" again asked the kind voice of the man, as he took the trembling hand of the whiskey trader in his own.

Broncho Bill half rose from the pillow, and through the torrent of blood that rushed from his lips, the officer heard a half articulate "No thank you." and Broncho Bill fell back—dead.



# The First Dominion Day

By CANADIENNE

THE old homestead on the Bay of Quinte is looking so radiant in its array of vines and roses that it is hard to believe in the existence of cold gray stone beneath all the brilliance of green leaves and pink petals. But there is sure to be a shaded corner on the back verandah, the pleasantest spot on the "Parker place," and there, looking out on the blue waves she has known from childhood, is a sweet-faced woman whose smile is as welcome as it was nigh forty years ago to the man who is walking up from the shore.

"There is a letter, Edward," she calls, as he reaches the steps; "it's from Julia. She and Frank and the children will be sure to come down for Dominion Day."

"That's good news, Hester—but we'd hardly forgive them if they didn't come home for our anniversary."

"You're a foolish man, Edward. The wedding wasn't until September."

"I mind that well. But it was on the very first Dominion Day, when we were driving home from Belleville, that you promised to quit tormenting me. Don't you remember?"

Does she? She knows the very gown

she was wearing—white, with a sprig of lavender, and there was a wide leghorn hat, trimmed with lavender ribbon, and she remembers the moss rosebud he wore in his button-hole.

"But I doubt whether I haven't tormented you since, Edward?"

"Many a time," he says, with a laugh whose jovial echo gives him the lie. "Well, it's become a great day, Hester, and we didn't know much in our young days of the 'Maple Leaf Forever.' But there wasn't a happier boy in all Canada on the 1st of July, 1867, than Ed. Parker."

"Nearly forty years," sighs the wife. "I remember the flags and the shouting and speeches. The year before, you had been away fighting the Fenians, and now we're waiting for the grandchildren to come home."

"You're as bonny as ever," he declares doggedly, "and I pulled that boat across the bay just now as if '67 were only ten years back." He has passed his sixtieth birthday, but she smiles her belief in his strength and her comeliness and the old lovers sit on the back verandah in the June sunshine, while the spell of the first Dominion Day is all unforgotten.

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## Where Dreams Are Sold

BY EDITH GWYNNE

AT the silken sign of the Poppy,  
At a shop that is never old,  
Where a twilight silence lingers,  
It is there that dreams are sold.

There's the scent of Love's lost roses,  
The soft echo of childhood's laugh,  
There's the ring of empty glasses,  
For the white lips never quaff.

To the crimson sign of the Poppy  
We all come when the daylight dies,  
When the curfew music quivers  
'Neath the gray of evening skies.

Just beyond the gates of the sunset,  
Where the grim toll of death we pay,  
We shall find the shop of dream-wares,  
Where the poppies hang alway.

So, we long for dusk of the twilight,  
When, with wealth of no earthly gold,  
We shall come where sleep-flowers cluster  
To the shop where dreams are sold.

# Current Events Abroad.

THE expected happened when Togo, in the battle of the Sea of Japan, virtually annihilated Russia as a maritime power. The latter had about as much chance to come out victorious as some untrained, ponderous countryman who should try conclusions with Mr. James Jeffries. Japan was the scientific pugilist going up against a rank greenhorn. The despatches tell us that the officers of the *Alexander III*, for example, were the favourites of St. Petersburg society, and that her men had been acting all winter as guards at the palace? Is this the material of which Aboukirs and Trafalgars are made?

Does not this battle raise the disturbing

question whether any country whose population is eminently an inland population can ever become a formidable maritime power? Japan is a maritime power. A large part of the diet of her people is taken from the sea. A large number of her people have been virtually born in boats—have been cradled in the deep. Money can get ships built and great cannon cast, but you cannot build sailors nor cast them. It was stated in the Spanish-American war that a farm lad from Kansas made as good a man-o'-warsman as a fisher boy from Gloucester, and that as a matter of fact there were far more of the former than of the latter in the American navy. And that the American navy did so very well in 1898 seemed a confirmation of the loose assertion that farm lads were quite as good navy material as fisher lads. The generalisation, however, was formed on very scanty data. The rates of remuneration on American warships are handsome as compared with the other navies of the world. The pay for gunners and experts of that class is positively princely and good men are naturally attracted to the United States service from all parts of the world, and one would have to know what part

this foreign-trained element played in the naval battle off Santiago before a final opinion could be formed. It would take a number of very carefully ascertained facts to convince one that lads from the prairie could in a reasonable time man navies as efficiently as those storm-bred youths who spend their lives rocking on the mighty surges that roll over the Grand



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN



Banks where the Newfoundland fishermen fish for cod. The whole course of the naval war between Russia and Japan supports a contrary view. It may please inland countries to cherish a different belief, but they will be enlightened in some red hour when they put the matter to a practical test.

It was felt that the erasion of the Russian fleet must ensure peace, and as a matter of fact at the moment of writing the first steps have been taken to that end. President Roosevelt has borne an honourable part in bringing the combatants together and it must be said that Japan has stood in no punctilious attitude in regard to it. She might well have said that if Russia desired to sue for peace she would find Japan willing to listen. Instead of that, however, she has promptly accepted the President's suggestion. We may be sure nevertheless that Japan's terms will be stiff. She was compelled to go to war in order to preserve her national existence. She saw approaching her shore a power which had conquered a way across Asia. Russia had established an immensely powerful naval base, within two days' sail of the Japanese coast, in a harbour filched from China. She was making her familiar preparations for the "assimilation" of a whole Province of the Chinese Empire. She was, moreover, squeezing timber and other concessions from the Korean Government on the Yalu River, showing that Japan's immediate neighbour was to be the next victim of her aggressions. When Japan endeavoured to get some disavowal of intentions with regard to all this her representations were treated with what may well be called arrogant contempt. Her diplomatic notes remained unanswered for weeks while

## TEDDY AS ARBITRATOR



THE RUSSIAN BEAR—"And they say he is to arbitrate for me. Heaven help me!"—Bartholomew in the *Minneapolis Journal*.

Russia was quietly preparing to back up her insatiable appetite for conquest by hurrying more and more Cossacks to the front.

That Russia has singularly failed to implement her bluffs makes it none the less necessary that an exemplary restraint should be placed upon her. The restriction of her naval power in the Pacific would be a quite legitimate demand on the part of Japan. That power would be lacking in good sense if she put herself in a position to allow Russia to begin preparing for the next struggle a generation hence by laying the foundations of an immense naval armament at Vladivostock. Japan never could have any ease while that was going on. There would be a ruinous competition in building great ships that would be good for neither country. No guarantee of peace would be more binding and substantial than the restriction of Russia's naval activities in the far East. She has few interests in the Pacific Ocean that are not connected with schemes of conquest, and as Japan has spent millions and scores of



THE POINT OF VIEW

—Detroit Journal

thousands of lives in declaring that these dreams of universal dominion are as dust and ashes there is no reason why Russia should be encouraged to amass the material for future wars on the shores of the Pacific. In Europe, of course, she would have to be left free to her own impulses.

The resignation of Delcassé is a significant event at the present moment. In some quarters it has been interpreted as a concession to Germany on the Morocco matter. There can be no doubt that France's alliance with Russia was intended to intimidate Germany. The possibility of being beset front and rear by two powerful nations had a tendency to keep even the stirring German Emperor quiet. He was quick to read the signs of the times, however, and to perceive his opportunity. Russia not only had her hands full, but had, moreover, been shown to be an appearance and nothing more. When therefore France and Britain undertook to shape the destinies of Morocco without consulting anybody else, and when France further issued orders to the Sultan as to how he should demean himself, Emperor William ostentatiously paid a visit to Tangier. His visit was followed by an intimation from the Sultan to France which might be interpreted as meaning that if Paris would mind its own business the Sultan

would endeavour to do the same. M. Delcassé is a sincere peace man and under the circumstances he seems to have felt that the easiest way out of the difficulty was to let some one not committed to his declarations to take his place. M. Rouvier, the Prime Minister, is his successor. There is no likelihood that under him France will abandon its pretensions in Morocco. With the support of Great Britain there is no need of that, but the possible advent of a

new British Ministry whose foreign policy might be different to that of Lord Lansdowne, suggests a shortening of sail and a watchful eye on the weather. One of the features of democratic government is this lack of continuity, but it undoubtedly has some compensating advantages.

It will grieve all friends of the people of the Scandinavian Peninsula if Norway and Sweden should separate with blows. Present appearances do not justify us in thinking that they will. If the rupture proves to be merely a political one the hope may be indulged that after a time better counsel will prevail and the breach be healed. The union of the two countries was so loose that although it had been in existence for almost a century it never became real. There was not even a common national name. The country was Sweden and Norway, but the people were Swedes and Norwegians respectively. Difference of commercial aims has served to prevent a complete fusion. Sweden is ambitious to engage in manufacturing and has adopted protection, the popular device to that end. Her shipping interests are undoubtedly considerable, but do not form so great a percentage of her mercantile life as they do in Norway. Latterly, in order to prevent cheap imported goods from coming over the border from Norway, Sweden has

heightened the tariff wall between herself and her co-partner. With these antagonistic views of trade the Norwegians have felt that the same consul could not adequately represent both countries at foreign ports. But if there is one thing upon which it is absolutely necessary to have a united national policy it is the political relations with the outside world. On this rock the union of Sweden and Norway has split.

The union of Holland and Germany is being discussed in an academic way by European publicists. Germany, of course, fervently hopes for it, and there are not wanting Dutchmen who think that it would advantage their country. The reigning house of Holland would then bear the same relation to the Empire that the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony or Wurtemberg do now. The benefits to the Empire would be enormous. Holland virtually stands astride of German commerce and in case of war what Nelson did a hundred years ago to Denmark might be enforced against Holland. Her harbours might be seized against her will, and Germany effectually bottled up. Holland has moreover not inconsiderable colonial possessions. They are not suitable for white colonisa-



#### UNDESIRABLES

CONSTABLE JOHN BULL—"We've admitted a good many aliens before now—in fact, I'm a bit of an alien myself; but in future we're going to draw the line at the likes of you."—*Punch*

tion, but at all events they would furnish for Germany a field for adventure over the seas. The project for a Dutch-German union looks, however, quite chimerical. The masses feel themselves to be a distinctive people; their history is a glorious one, and in these feelings they will be seconded by the dynasty which would have very little to gain by merging its independence in the German Empire. The consent of the Dutch is necessary to the realisation of such a project, for every State in Europe would protest against a forcible annexation of the Netherlands.

*John A. Ewan.*



#### SHOWER AND SONG.

The summer showers are falling  
 Out on the furrow'd main;  
 But ocean's fields are barren—  
 The showers fall in vain.

A dreamer's songs fell fruitless,  
 The world brought forth no grain;  
 It was the field was barren,  
 The songs were potent rain.

—James A. Tucker.

#### OUR NEW CITIZENS

THAT clever and warm-hearted Irish woman, "Kit," has given expression to exceedingly pertinent advice regarding our welcome to the new English immigrants who are just now pouring into the Dominion. The first days and weeks in the new country must be desperately hard and desolate, even if industrial conditions in England are sending hundreds of her people to Liverpool and Southampton. No immigrant from the British Isles should be regarded as a "foreigner" in Canada, and a kind word, where more cannot be given, may go far towards making the newcomer feel that he is no stranger on Canadian soil. It is somewhat inconsistent for us to smile or sneer at the accent

of Yorkshire or of Devon while we occasionally fall into nasal imitation of Vermont or Illinois. These are sturdy settlers who are coming to us this spring and there is room for all of them—in old Ontario, in new Ontario and out in the west, where the infant provinces are priding themselves on their newborn importance. The best citizens we can have in our young country are those who are slow to forget the old, and who drink loyally the toast—"The land we left and the land we live in." The maple leaf is no less dear because we have tender thoughts of the shamrock, the thistle or the rose. The British poet, born in Bombay, realised this imperial feeling when he wrote:—

"Buy my English posies,  
 Ye that have your own,  
 Buy them for a brother's sake  
 Over seas, alone!  
 Weed ye trample underfoot—  
 Floods his heart abrim—  
 Bird ye never heeded,  
 Oh, she calls his dead to him."

The Mayor of Liverpool was excusably provincial in his late lament over emigrants leaving England for Canada, when he reflected that they were honest and industrious citizens. But they would not be departing from England if there were room for them at "home" and the British Empire means something more than "the Strand and Holborn Hill." Perhaps when the Mayor of Liverpool comes out to take a trip over the Grand Trunk Pacific he may not feel so mournful over the English who will help to make Alberta and Saskatchewan.

#### THE NATIONAL COUNCIL

THE arrangements for the Annual Meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada, to be held in Charlotte-

town, P.E.I., from June 28th to July 5th are now complete and the Agenda promises a more than usually interesting series of meetings. One evening will be devoted to papers and addresses upon the development of Art, especially the revival of Handicrafts. Mrs. Dignam, President of the Woman's Art Association, will be one of the speakers, and Mrs. Orr, a distinguished Club woman in the United States, will be another. The Premier of the Province will be in the chair. A second evening will be taken up with the consideration of the work of Historical Societies, when papers will be given by Miss Margaret Allen, of Bowmanville; Mrs. Marshall, of St. John, N.B., and others, the chairman being His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of P.E.I. The third evening session will be equally interesting, especially to those of the public who know little of the Council and its work. Lady Drummond, of Montreal, will give a paper upon the Council's aim, and Mrs. Boomer, of London, will speak of the place of the Local Council in the municipality. The Mayor of Charlottetown will be the chairman.

A delegation from the National Council recently waited upon the Premier of Ontario, to urge the importance of making provision for the custodial care of feeble-minded women from 14 to 45 years of age. They were much encouraged by their reception, and are again to meet the Premier and other members of the Government concerning the same matter.

The need of an extension of such clauses of the Shop's Act as would be applicable so as to insure proper provision for women employed in offices, is another matter which will be brought before the Government of Ontario shortly by the National Council. Many instances are known where women here suffered seriously in health for lack of proper sanitary arrangements in buildings where they are employed.

The Ingersoll Local Council have been successful in securing the passing of a by-law in that town prohibiting expectoration on the streets and in public buildings.

The Victoria Local Council reports the addition of five more societies in affiliation this year, showing the growing con-

fidence felt in the usefulness of the Local Council in that city. The Ottawa Local Council has been taking active measures towards the establishment of a Sanatoria near that city for the treatment and care of tuberculosis. They are also trying to secure the suppression of the circulation of pamphlets which have been distributed in the houses, advertising certain medicines, and have also been taking steps to secure vacation playgrounds for children of the city. Through the efforts of the Local Council of Vancouver, a course of lectures to men, and one to women, on "First Aid to the Injured," have been held, the Council contributing the sum of \$30 for the necessary equipments.

#### ALLEGED IDOLATRY

A WRITER in a London weekly speaking of the American novel thus expresses himself, "The mixture of breathless gush and crude sentimentality, set in an atmosphere of crying insincerity, which characterises nine-tenths of the American novels which are published, is the natural result" of the idolatry which is paid to American women. This is a rather curious explanation, but such sentiments seem to be generally expressed by the modern English reviewer—as witness an article entitled "The Credit Side of The American Ledger," in a recent number of *The Academy*. The writer reviews at some length Professor Hugo Munsterburg's book, "The Americans," and has this to say regarding the American woman: "From her youth up she is treated and educated as a superior being. In reality she is the last word of ultra-individualism. Reared in an atmosphere of privilege rather than duty, even before marriage she enjoys all the social freedom of the married woman." Truly it would seem that from the European point of view every American woman has what we call on this side of the Atlantic "a good time." As to blaming the "idolatry" of women for the "breathless gush and crude sentimentality" of the American novel, the writer is surely ignoring the frequent tendency of the American literary or journalistic production to "over-emphasis," as Mr. W. A. Fraser has called it. There is such a liberal use of adjectives

that such words as "superb" and "grand," to say nothing of the overworked "elegant," become meaningless and one turns with relief to the Englishman's "not half bad," or the Scot's dry "I've seen waur." This gush is the natural weakness of a new country and will be outgrown when the nation finds herself. It is not singular that a country which is continually asserting that it has the best of everything should exalt its womankind into a lower order of seraphim. Of course, there is crying insincerity about all such alleged adoration, but the latter is only an aspect not the cause of American shallowness. In the meantime, the American women surveys herself complacently as she is pictured by Gibson or Christy and probably approves of the amended declaration: "All men are born free and equal, but all women are born superior."

#### MORE SHAWISMS

THAT delightful person, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, is being talked about and written about to an extent which, as a certain magazine declares, he must find very gratifying. It is difficult to dodge paragraphs about the gentleman whether one reads English or American journals. His views on social questions are sometimes amusing and invariably startling. In fact he frequently seems to be playing the part of the mischievous small boy who delights in making staid and respectable people jump. Mr. Shaw is always setting off social and political fire-crackers for the pleasure of the explosion. The views of his Lady Geraldine on the momentous subject of husbands are worth quoting: "Geniuses are morbid, intolerant, easily offended, sleeplessly self-conscious men, who expect their wives to be angels with no further business in life than to pet and worship their husbands. Even at the best they are not comfortable men to live with; and a perfect husband is one who is perfectly comfortable to live with. Do you suppose that I am a bit less happy because Sir John does not know a Raphael from Redgrave, and would accept the last waltz cheerfully as a genuine something-or-other by Bach in B minor? Our tastes are quite different, yet, where will you find such a

modern Darby and Joan as we are? . . . I believe that community of taste for art has just as much to do with matrimonial happiness as community of taste for geography or roast mutton and no more."

#### AN INTERESTING PAMPHLET

THE fifth transaction of the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto, has recently been published in attractive form and contains six articles, among which are "Papers concerning Rupert George, Captain of H.M.S. *Hussar* (1794)," and "Some U. E. Loyalist Epitaphs." The latter article, by Miss Sara Mickle, gives some quaint old inscriptions and is written with a literary grace too rarely found in essays on historical subjects. One amusing epitaph was discovered in an "eastern town, not so very far from Toronto":

"Ye weak, beware; here lies the strong,  
A victim of his strength.  
He lifted fourteen hundred pounds,  
And here he lies at length."

"When at Chicoutimi some years ago, a search in the neglected churchyard, knee-deep in grass, tangled weeds and tall oxeyed daisies, revealed the following tender record of one who must have been 'lovely and pleasant in her life,' for of her it is said, 'She is speaking to God and to his angels of the friends she left behind her on earth'."

In many of the epitaphs the addition of the word "Loyalist" shows the esteem in which the name was held and most modern Canadians will agree with the writer's conclusion:

"The few scattered examples of these wayside records that have been given go to prove that the 'King's men,' as they were sometimes called, remained true to their principles—small wonder they were proud of the name, United Empire Loyalists, for it contains a prophecy."

#### ENGLISH TEETH

MRS. JOHN LANE has lately written an article for the *Fortnightly Review* in which she declares that the English have little regard for their teeth. She becomes positively pathetic on the subject:

"As England never considers the millions she annually spends in gunpowder, why does she not pause in her martial career and spend a few thousand pounds in tooth-powder? . . ."

Toothache is undignified; there is nothing interesting or romantic about it! There is about it a touch of the ludicrous which its concentrated anguish does not justify. It is curious that so intense a suffering should be so undramatic; but it is the one agony which does not desert us this side of the grave, and which even the genius of a Shakespeare would hesitate to bestow on his hero or heroine. Anguish comes to them in many ways, but the great poet discreetly avoids teeth."

This is one respect in which the Canadian can claim superiority over the Old Countryman. The English complexion may make the Canadian cheeks look dull and sallow in comparison but the Canadian teeth exhibit fewer cavities and a greater wealth of gold deposit than the neglected grinders of the British Islanders.

#### THE SPELL OF THE CITY

MR. RIDER HAGGARD, during his brief visit to Canada, gave the people of the Dominion some wholesome advice about keeping away from the cities and remaining in the small towns and rural districts. Excellent advice it may be, for cities have been recently described as "a disease of civilisation." And yet there is in the dirty, noisy city the magnetism of humanity, the call of the crowd. The country boy leaves the farm with all its delights of country air, pure milk and



HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND LADY GREY

From a photograph taken during their recent visit to Toronto

(Copyright by Galbraith Photo Co.)

quiet evenings and spends a few years in the hurried, frantic life of the department store. Then he goes back to the country home and enjoys it wonderfully for the first twenty-four hours. Then he begins to get lonesome, pines for the hard pavement, the clattering cars and the unfragrant flight of the automobile. The author of "She" was very much in the right about where most of us should live, but he left out of count, as so many advisers do, the strong fascination of the crowd, the strength of the desire "to see what the others are doing."

Jean Graham.

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## A GROWING EXPENDITURE

**P**RESENT indications point to a huge increase in the yearly expenditures of the Federal Government. The country is growing. The demands from all portions for expenditures on capital and on current account are yearly increasing. The Federal revenues are growing beyond the expectations of even the most sanguine, but the expenditures are equally promising. There was a time, when the Liberal politicians in opposition thought the increase in revenue and in expenditure was criminal, but they now realise, in power, that their views were impossible. This is not said to attempt to discredit them in any way, but simply to show that criticism of a government by an opposition may not always be just or well based.

On the top of the natural growth of revenue and expenditure comes a well-supported demand for greater Provincial subsidies. These payments have grown as follows:

### SUBSIDIES OF PROVINCES.

1873.....	\$2,921,400
1883.....	3,606,673
1893.....	3,935,765
1903.....	4,402,503

After July 1st of the present year there will be two new Provinces and the annual expenditure will be increased as follows:

### SASKATCHEWAN.

For Government.....	\$ 50,000
In Proportion to Population....	200,000
Because of no Provincial Debt..	408,775
Compensation for Public Lands	375,000
Public Buildings.....	93,750
	<hr/>
	\$1,127,525

### ALBERTA.

Ditto..... \$1,127,525

Total Increase..... \$2,255,050

The other Provinces are anxious that the Provincial subsidies, now reckoned at 80 cents per head of the population, shall be increased. They claim that the Fathers of Confederation did not foresee that the Provinces would have so many requirements, nor that Federal revenues should develop so rapidly. That the latter have grown remarkably may be seen from the following comparison:

### DOMINION REVENUE.

1873.....	\$20,813,000
1883.....	35,794,000
1893.....	36,168,000
1903.....	66,037,000

Thus while the Dominion revenue has trebled, the payments to the Provinces have scarcely doubled, will be little more than doubled after July 1st, 1905, when there are nine Provinces instead of seven. Or to put it in a fairer way, say the Provincial Governments, while the Federal revenue has increased forty-six millions, the payments to the Provinces has increased less than three millions.

It may be pointed out, however, that the Dominion Government has never found any difficulty in disposing of its revenue. The expenditure has increased as follows:

### FEDERAL EXPENDITURES

1873.....	\$19,174,000
1883.....	28,730,000
1893.....	36,814,000
1903.....	51,691,000

At the same time the net public debt has increased from one hundred million to two hundred and sixty million.

In addition to the necessary growth of Federal expenditure and the probable increase in Provincial subsidies, there is the naval contribution which is to take the form of maintenance of Halifax and Esquimalt, and the building of the new trans-continental railway from Winnipeg to Moncton. Again, the present political situation is likely to lead to generous ex-



penditures of all kinds. The present administration will find many special pleas for expenditures because it has recently put a great strain upon party fidelity. In all such instances, experience has proven, governmental spending shows a decided tendency to develop rapidly.

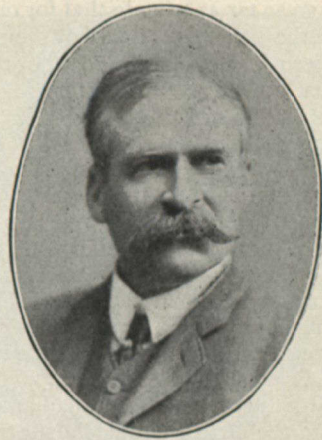
#### FORESTS VS. TAXATION.

MR. Thomas Southworth, director of Forestry for Ontario, says that he hopes to live to see the Province of Ontario derive a yearly revenue of \$30,000,000 from its forest reserves. This is the most startling statement that has been made in Canada since Dr. Saunders made his estimate of the wheat-growing capacity of the West. If this is possible in Ontario, it should be equally possible in Quebec and British Columbia, and proportionately possible in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Mr. Southworth figures it out this way. Ontario's present forest reserve comprises 7,000,000 acres. An acre of forest land is supposed to produce annually, according to experts, 720 feet, board measure. Allowing for water areas in the Ontario reserve, for spots not well seeded, and for waste in cutting, 300 feet b.m., would not be an unreasonable estimate of the merchantable lumber. He allows fire losses to reduce this to 150 feet b.m. per acre per year. On 7,000,000 acres this would produce 1,050,000,000 feet annually. At \$5 per thousand this would mean \$5,250,000 a year. By increasing the reserves to 40,000,000 acres, as he thinks may reasonably be done, \$30,000,000 a year may be secured.

Mr. Southworth is not a dreamer; he has been studying this problem for years. His estimate is based upon careful study and much investigation. His views are given in full in an exhaustive article in the January *Canadian Lumberman* which is worthy of close study on the part of those interested in lumber and in provincial revenues.

This estimate means only 75 cents per acre per annum. The Prussian Crown Forests yield a net income of \$1.45 per acre under an expensive system of management. The Crown Forests of Saxony yield \$4.50



MR. THOMAS SOUTHWORTH  
Director of Forestry for Ontario

per acre per year, net. A Nebraska experiment has shown that as much as 1,200 feet of pine per acre per year can be grown on the sand plains there. At \$5 a thousand this would be worth \$6, and at \$10 per thousand it would be worth \$12 per acre. This is some of the evidence on which Mr. Southworth bases his belief that 75 cents per acre for Ontario is a moderate and unambitious estimate.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA DISSATISFIED

THERE is a continuous rumble of dissatisfaction in British Columbia over the relations of that province with the Federal authority. The amount of money collected by the Federal Government in British Columbia and placed in the Federal treasury is considerably larger than the amount spent by the Federal authority in that portion of the Dominion. Consequently there is a cry for "Better Terms."

The Canadian Pacific Railway was built partly to induce British Columbia to come into Confederation, but the people there are not willing to have this work for ever considered as a "crowning mercy." They claim that this railway was the salvation of Canada as a whole, that it has been of immense benefit to Eastern Canada by affording a market of great value to eastern merchants and manufacturers.

They go so far as to state that for one dollar of the benefit to British Columbia it has been eight dollars to the rest of Canada.

The building of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway opened a way to the Kootenays for the people of Eastern Canada, and the granting of a bonus to it was made to serve the interest of Manitoba and the Territories. When that bonus was given, freight rates on certain materials were lowered, but none of those materials were of British Columbia origin. Therefore, it was not built peculiarly and specially in the interest of the Province by the Pacific.

The construction of the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific "represent the enterprise of eastern politicians and eastern railway men and eastern interests." British Columbia's interests were not consulted and were not considered. Therefore it is not to be said that Canada has undertaken to promote these enterprises for the benefit of British Columbia.

Just here it may be remarked that the attitude of the Grand Trunk Pacific management towards British Columbia has deepened the feeling of discontent in that province. At first it was proposed to put in the charter a provision that the British Columbia part of the road should be built eastward through British Columbia simultaneously with the building westward from Winnipeg. This clause was withdrawn, but Mr. Hays wrote a letter to Senator Templeman assuring him that this principle would be observed. Afterwards, the Grand Trunk Pacific management demanded, as the price of fulfilment, immense subsidies in land and concessions from the British Columbia Government. This seems like a piece of sharp practice and it should receive the attention of the Dominion Government.

To return to the main subject: British Columbia feels that a greater share of Federal attention should be paid to that province. There are many railways required. Since 1882, some 115 railways have been subsidised in Canada, of which only five are in British Columbia. Of the twenty-eight millions paid out in subsidies, only one and a quarter millions were for British Columbia roads. Then there are indus-

tries to be encouraged in the same way as manufacturing in the east has been encouraged by tariffs and bounties. The provincial grant is inadequate to British Columbia's needs.

This discontent may or may not be wholly just, but it is quite evident that it demands serious attention. Manitoba has been filled with settlers and gridironed with railways. The Territories have been the especial care of the Department of Interior, and much has been done to assist in their development. British Columbia has been somewhat neglected. Her time has now come. Her needs are great. She is quite justified in keeping her claims well advertised and she deserves every consideration at the hands of the remainder of Canada. If Canada is to be a united country, justice must be done to every province. No part of the Dominion should be coddled at the expense of another. The measure of British Columbia's claim is her contribution to the general revenue.



#### IMPERIALISM SIMPLIFIED

**S**AYS the iconoclastic *Saturday Review*: "The Empire will not be on a sure basis until we have established through all its parts a community both of Imperial rights and Imperial duties."

Freely translated, this means: (1) A Governing Body for the Empire in which every organised part shall be represented. The Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland does not now represent the Empire.

(2) A general foreign-commerce policy to be observed by all the units.

(3) A general inter-imperial trade policy approved by all the units and tending to develop each one with the least damage to the trade of the others.

(4) An Imperial navy, controlled by Imperial, not British power.

(5) An Imperial army, controlled by Imperial authority. This army would consist of both British and Colonial regiments, raised, equipped, and maintained by the units perhaps, but in time of war coming under a truly central and representative body.

(6) The transfer of the control of the colonies from the British Parliament and

the British Cabinet to newly constituted Imperial bodies.

Is Great Britain ready for this? Are the colonies ready for it? Whatever the answer may be to these two questions, this is the goal toward which we are somewhat heedlessly but perhaps wisely drifting.

THE HOWE STATUE

In December last Halifax unveiled a monument to Nova Scotia's greatest orator—Joseph Howe. The statue is the work of Hebert, who seems to be Canada's favourite sculptor. It was cast in Paris, and is nine and a half feet high. With its pedestal it attains a height of twenty-seven and a-half feet. On either side of the statue are bas reliefs representing scenes in Howe's career which are historic—one, the famous trial for libel; the other, Howe addressing the House of Assembly. On the sub-base, beneath the stone on which is the name Joseph Howe, is the following inscription:

JOURNALIST, ORATOR, POET,  
STATESMAN, PROPHET,  
PATRIOT, BRITON,  
BORN AT HALIFAX, DECEMBER 13,  
1804.  
DIED IN GOVERNMENT HOUSE  
JUNE 1, 1873.

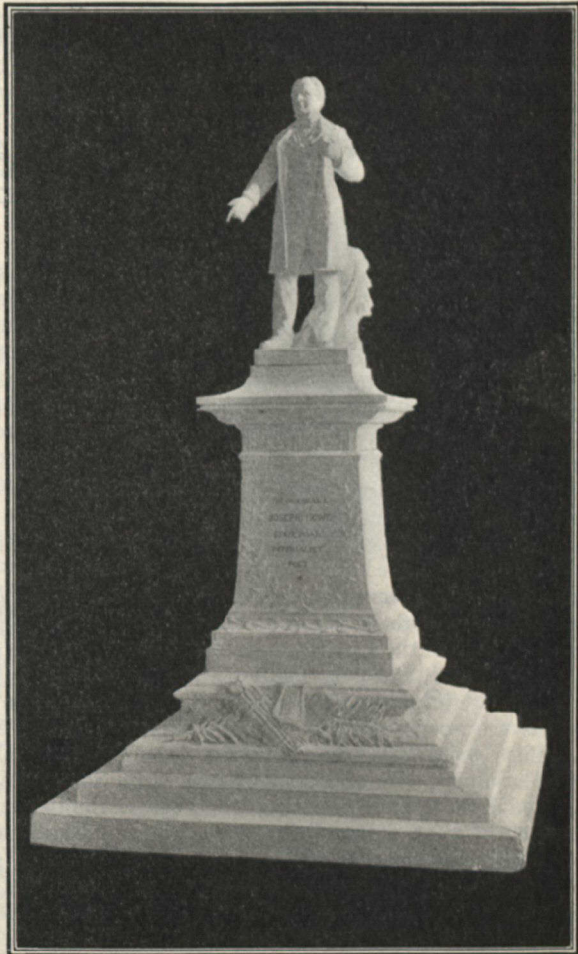
Then comes a sentence from one of his speeches:

"I wish to live and die a British subject; but not a Briton only in name. Give me, give my country, the blessed privilege of her constitution and her laws; let us be content with nothing less."

On the four cartouches on the corners of the sub-base are the following inscriptions, representative of outstanding qualities of the great Nova Scotian:

"INTEGRI CIVIS." "DICENDI PERITUS"  
"VIR PROBIS." "JUSTITIAE VINDEX."

A verse of one of Howe's noble poems,



THE HOWE STATUE  
Erected in Halifax in December

"Our Fathers," might fitly be quoted in connection with the erection of his own statue. The province that he loved has been true to his teaching in honouring the man who wrote these lines:

"The Roman gathered in a stately urn  
The dust he honoured—while the sacred  
fire,  
Nourish'd by vestal hands, was made to burn  
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,  
Honour the Dead; and let the sounding lyre  
Recount their virtues—higher still, and  
higher  
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers,  
And, o'er the old men's graves, go strew  
your choicest flowers.

# About New Books.

## A NOTABLE DISCUSSION



NOTABLE discussion regarding the respective virtues of United States and British publications has been proceeding in Toronto. The London *Outlook* took occasion to remark that it could not understand why Canada allowed her postal and tariff regulations to facilitate the introduction of United States literature. Mr. W. A. Fraser, the Canadian novelist, whose home is only an hour's train-run from Toronto, replied at some length in the *Toronto News* of May 16th. He stated that the English magazines are cheap in price, cheap in matter, and decidedly inferior, that British authors and artists are poorly paid; and that British novelists write books in which we "find filth, adultery, immoral suggestions, sin clothed in the apparel of desire, salted with a pinch of weak denunciation in the way of squaring the author with an outraged public." He particularly condemns Mrs. Humphry Ward and Marie Corelli, but also pays his respects to "The House with the Green Shutters," "The Queen's Quair," and "The Masquerader." He admits that United States literature suffers from over-emphasis, but commends it for its wholesomeness.

A reviewer in a London daily paper, in dealing with three volumes of current fiction, labels them "shockers." These three are "The Secret Passage," by Fergus Hume; "Sins of the City," by William Le Queux, and "The Conscience of a King," by A. C. Gunter. He says: "Crime and mystery, puzzling for a time, but eventually happily settled, these are the unflinching subjects of the sensational tale-mongers' unsublime art." The reviewer might have included in the list Conan Doyle's latest Sherlock Holmes tales. All the books that have to do with murders and other heinous

sins are likely to have little to do with literature—they are written by men without ideals, and, one is almost tempted to add, without morals.

This letter brought a defence of English publications from Mr. William Tyrrell, a Toronto bookseller. He easily meets most, if not all, of Mr. Fraser's arguments. Of the United States weeklies, Mr. Tyrrell says:—

"Apart from the fact that *Collier's Weekly* is, like many other American Magazines, both boastfully confident of all things appertaining to the United States, and ever ready to be anti-British, they are both of them decidedly inferior to any of the British illustrated weeklies, such as the *Graphic*, *Sketch*, *Black and White*, or *Illustrated London News*."

Of the magazines, Mr. Tyrrell points out that the *Cosmopolitan* is persistently, and Scribner's occasionally anti-British, while the two leading feminine magazines "give a large share of their columns to the fostering of a shallow and sentimental make-believe of culture, as undesirable as it is useless." He then refutes Mr. Fraser's argument that British magazines are "cheap," and says:

"I take the responsibility, however, cheerfully, and even at the risk of introducing 'doubtful literature' into the home of some 'simple' Canadian, I append the following list of British magazines, and would say of them (with a full knowledge of what I say) that, judged by literary or artistic standards, they are, as a group, unsurpassed and seldom equalled by any periodicals in the world:—*Blackwood's Magazine*, *The Studio*, *Chambers' Journal*, *The Strand*, *Boy's Own Paper*, *The Captain*, *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Black and White*, *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Contemporary Review*, *The Sketch*, *Windsor Magazine*, *The Queen*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *Nineteenth Century*, *Lady's Realm*.

Unfortunately, many of these have not the wide circulation in this country which they deserve, but this is mainly because of postal conditions, which greatly hinder the importation of British periodicals, and which also

give every advantage to their competitors from the United States."

Mr. Tyrrell then answers the argument that United States artists are superior to British by pointing out, what all cultured Canadians know, that the *Studio* is the most artistic publication issued in the English language, and that no United States weeklies can compare in artistic value with the *Graphic* and other British illustrated weeklies. That British authors are poorly paid is also denied—though no denial is necessary.

Comparing authors, Mr. Tyrrell points out that United States authors seldom have any sustained strength. "The bulk of them produce two or three works of very unequal merit and then are heard of no more." He denies that popularity is a test of greatness and eulogises the greater artistic value of English fiction. He concludes:

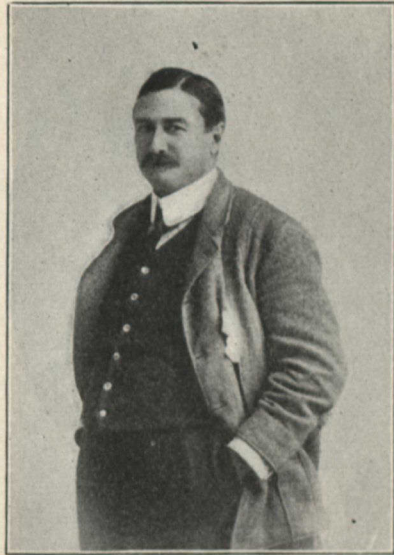
"Be it far from me to excuse or encourage the reading of fiction that will debase or degrade, but the adult mind cannot always be content to live on the bread and milk diet which seems to be Mr. Fraser's highest ideal. Are we always to remain children and be satisfied with the limitations of a 'David Harum,' or 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch'; to accept as sufficient works of fiction like 'The Virginian,' or 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come?' These are good so far as they go, but, like much of present-day American fiction, they deal (well, it is true) but chiefly with the obvious things of life. The things we can see and taste and hear, and handle with our hands, must always interest us, but there lie in the human heart matters of deeper and more subtle interest, hidden wells of emotion and passion which must always fascinate and attract so long as human life endures."



#### A CANADIAN SCIENTIST

THERE is nothing so likely to bring home to a reader the folly of wasting time on current fiction as a short course of study in science—even the reading of a popular compendium. The latest work\* of this kind comes from the pen of a graduate of the University of Toronto, now resident in Washington, Pa., Robert Kennedy Duncan. It is difficult to decide,

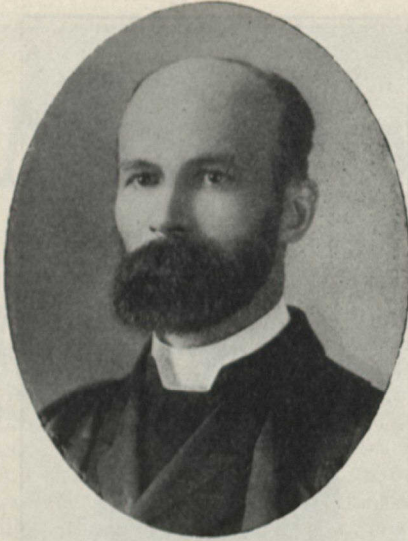
\*"The New Knowledge," a popular account of the new physics and the new chemistry in their relation to the new Theory of Matter, by R. K. Duncan. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 263 pp., illustrated.



HAMPDEN BURNHAM  
Author of "Marcelle"

after reading his book, whether he should be labelled a scientific journalist or a journalistic scientist, since the book is so cleverly prepared for popular reading and at the same time deals purely with scientific investigations and discussions. Molecules, atoms, ions, corpuscles, radio-activity, organic and inorganic evolution, and all the other subjects peculiar to modern scientific investigation and speculation are discussed in the light of recent discovery. Yet, the discussion is never overloaded with scientific phraseology. It is a popular treatment.

There is no doubt that much of the scientific knowledge of to-day is new—hence the author's choice of title, "The New Knowledge." It comprises both the new physics and the new chemistry. The heat of the sun, the nature of electricity, all "contemporary natural knowledge" has been greatly extended by recent investigations. Hertz's discovery of electromagnetic waves; Moissan's revolutionary work with the electric furnace; Rontgen's X-rays; Rayleigh's and Ramsay's discovery of the rare gases of the atmosphere; Dewar's liquefaction of hydrogen; Becquerel's and the Curies' discovery of radio-activity, and all that this has meant



MARSHALL P. TALLING, B.A., PH.D.  
Author of "Inter-Communion with God"

—these are some of the notable recent additions.

—In addition to a discussion of the larger problems there are explanations of curious phenomena—how a comet's tail, twenty million leagues in length, grew in two days; why there are magnificent red clouds around the sun, some of them 60,000 miles in height; how clouds are formed by the bombardment of solar corpuscles, and so on. In fact, any serious-minded individual will find in this volume sufficient information and food for thought to last him many a day.



#### A CANADIAN WRITER

REV M. P. TALLING, B.A., Ph.D., is a "Durham Old Boy," and was born in the town of Bowmanville, where he received his public school and collegiate training. In 1888 he graduated from the University of Toronto and two years later he completed his course at Knox College, afterwards taking a charge at St. James Church, London. After seven years of ministerial work in London he resigned his pastoral work to take a post-graduate course and finally received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the Wooster University. Since that time, Dr. Talling has been engaged in literary work. His

first book, "Extempore Prayer," was issued two years ago and is now in its fourth edition. It has been officially recommended for use in theological colleges in Canada and the United States. "Inter-Communion with God,"\* a new work from his pen, is highly recommended by Dr. Milligan, Moderator of the General Assembly, by Rev. Principal Sheraton of Wycliffe College, and others. Regarding it the *Canadian Baptist* says: "It is sure to make a stir, owing to the new and striking way in which the author presents the religious man as investigating his own relations to God."



#### BIBLIOGRAPHY

Something should be done towards a revision of Horning and Burpee's "Bibliography" of Canadian Fiction. Perhaps the Canadian Society of Authors would undertake the task, and in that case these two gentlemen who prepared the volume might be members of the committee. In any case there should be a revised edition within the next year, or at least an appendix with corrections. In this volume the following books are erroneously classed as fiction:

Roughing it in the Bush, Mrs. Moodie;  
Life in the Clearings, Mrs. Moodie;  
Reveries of an Old Mother, C. E. Lewis;  
Backward Glances, Thomas B. Smith;  
Pen Photographs, Daniel Clarke;  
Scenes and Adventures, J. W. D. Moodie;  
Hudson's Bay, R. M. Ballantyne;  
Winter Studies, Mrs. Jameson;  
Stories of New France, Machar and Marquis;

Stories of the Maple Land, Miss Young.

And no doubt there are other similar mistakes. Gardner B. Chapin is classed as a native author, while the evidence is to the contrary. Mrs. C. F. Thompson's "Sketches from Life," Toronto, 1876, is omitted, as are Mary Catherine Crowley's three books, "A Daughter of New France," "The Heroine of the Strait," and "Love Thrives in War." There are other notable omissions, and there are many points which need clearing up. "Kaboosa," by

\*"Inter-Communion with God," by Marshall P. Talling, B.A., Ph.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Mrs. Anna L. Snelling, is another work which might reasonably be included. The Ballantyne and Kingston lists are imperfect. If the Society of Authors will not take up the task, perhaps the Library Association will step into the breach. Much good work has been done, and the longer the remainder of it is undone the more difficult it will become.



RIDING AND DRIVING

IN spite of the fact that the American Sportsman's Library is edited by so unfair a person as Caspar Whitney, the volumes are valuable. This is especially true of "Riding and Driving,"\* the virtues of which are due no doubt rather to the authors than to the editor of the series. Each author is a specialist in his work and also an enthusiast. He aims to give knowledge and also to help popularise one of the greatest and most wholesome of pleasures. The successful breeder and handler of horses is the man who recognises that there is a scientific side to riding and driving. The farmer's son who knows nothing of this philosophy or science will never rise to be a great breeder or owner. Yet this is a business which will absorb as much mental effort as any other. Besides, the expert handler is the man who can get most from an animal with the least expenditure of that animal's effort, and he is the one who has good, well-trained horses suitable for race track, horse-show, or other exhibition work. This profusely illustrated volume aims to give the citizen-owner of horses all the knowledge which is necessary to his success as a rider or driver.



A NEW NOVEL

MR. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM delights in writing a novel with a mystery, and his latest production, "The Master Mummer,"† has the inevitable mystery appearing in the second chapter

\*Riding, by E. L. Anderson, and Driving, by Price Collier, in one volume. New York: The Macmillan Co.; Toronto: The Morang Co. Cloth, 441 pp. Illustrated, \$2.00.

†"The Master Mummer," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated.



MR. JACK LONDON

Mr. London's new book "The Game" is attracting considerable attention. Mr. London has also written "The War of the Classes," "The Call of the Wild," "People of the Abyss," "The Sea-Wolf," all published by Morang & Co.

in the form of a pretty girl, while the third chapter contains a murder that fairly conducts the reader into an unpleasantly murky condition of affairs, which, however, clears successfully. In fact, the hero and the heroine are last seen in a charming old garden where lavender and mignonette are the "insistent" odours. The story is only mildly mysterious, after all, and has too distinct a flavour of "The Prisoner of Zenda" to be regarded as stimulating or original. There is only one Princess Flavia and Anthony Hope is her creator. However, the book is much more delicate in literary workmanship than such clumsy imitations as "A Puppet Crown" and "Graustark." Mr. Oppenheim's story is suitable for an afternoon in the hammock or on the Niagara boat.



NOTES

There was one notable French settlement, or attempt at settlement, in Upper Canada about the beginning of the century. The story is interesting though it has little bearing on the general trend of events, nor

has it any importance in general history. What there is to know of the settlement is contained in a thesis prepared by a Yale graduate, Lucy E. Textor, and published in the "University of Toronto Studies," History and Economics, Vol. III, No. 1. Considering the opportunities, the author has done extremely well.

The histories of the United States are increasing in number with each successive publishing season. The Macmillan Co. are issuing a six-volume work by Edward Channing, a man whose name is greater than his accomplishment. The language of the first volume is often ludicrous. For example, describing the landfall of Columbus, and the vessels waiting for the dawn, he says:—"When daylight came the land turned out to be an island." What public school essayist could match that phrase for inelegancy? Nor is this an isolated failure to choose words which are proper and dignified. This volume deals only with the period between 1000 and 1660. The material is fairly well handled, though it can scarcely compete successfully with Fiske. Nor, according to the scholars, does it add anything to our knowledge of the period. (Toronto: Morang & Co., \$2.50).

Mr. John Mackie, a Peter-like follower of Henty, writes a story entitled "Rising of the Red Man." (London: Jarrold & Sons.) It will interest the boy to whom it is given, but it will not ensure a proper conception of the reasons for the half-breed rebellions or the character of Louis Riel. It is over-coloured.

Louis Pendleton's "A Forest Drama" has its scenes laid in Canada. Even the heroine's name—Alberta—savours of the West.

The *Victoria Colonist* speaks highly of the growing group of authors in that city. This includes Vincent Harper whose first volume "A Mortgage on the Brain" has just been issued; D. W. Higgins, author of "The Mystic Spring"; Gordon Smith, whose stories have appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE; T. L. Grahame, Miss Cameron, C. H. Lugin, and N. de Bertrand Lugin (Mrs. Shaw). Vancouver also is the home of several authors of note; Mr. Henshaw, Harold Sands, Mrs. Le-fevre and others.

Dr. J. M. Harper, of Quebec, the well-known educationist, has written two stories which have been published in one volume by the Quebec News Co. "The Little Sergeant" is a tale of that memorable Christmas of 1775, when Montgomery appeared before the gates of Quebec. "That Norwood Business Romance" deals also with an historical incident in the history of the Quebec district at the time its pioneer wooden railway was constructed. The volume is illustrated with Quebec scenes.

"Marcelle," by Mr. Hampden Burnham, the author of "Canadians in the Imperial Service," and "Jack Ralston," a new Canadian historical novel of the time of Frontenac in New France, is announced for publication about the 1st of June. Mr. Benjamin Sulté speaks well of Mr. Burnham's romance, which will be published in Canada by William Briggs, of Toronto.

The title of Mr. W. T. Dawson's collection of essays and addresses, "The Evangelistic Note,"\* is somewhat unfortunate, as it suggests Moody and Sankey and Gospel hymns. Anything further removed from the ordinary trap-clap of the modern "evangelist's" address than these essays it would be difficult to imagine—they are virile and lofty in sentiment and the form of expression is undefiled English that suggests Henry Drummond, and yet has a quality all its own. The essays are written by a man who is not only possessed of deep religious feeling, but is also possessed of literary culture and a remarkable gift of picturesque expression. The address on "Self-Reservation," delivered to the students of Yale University, New Haven, is the most striking in a collection that has not a weak member.

Dr. Andrew Macphail, of Montreal, has written a volume entitled "Essays in Puritanism." (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) The five essays deal with five wonderful characters: Jonathan Edwards, John Winthrop, Margaret Fuller, Walter Whitman and John Wesley. The essays are fairly well done, although one hesitates to recommend them as model literature.

\*"The Evangelistic Note," by W. T. Dawson. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.





# Idle Moments.

## NIGHT

He looked into the great glass globe,  
And wondered much just why  
Those gold fish didn't try  
To have a rest or go to sleep,  
And not forever—ever keep  
On swimming by.

He thought of just the proper plan—  
"D' poor fins tannot wink,  
It's dark dey need, I fink—"  
And so into the water clear,  
The household pet—that baby dear!—  
He poured the ink.

Margaret Clarke Russell.

## IT REMINDED HIM

THE best remedy against a lapse of memory is the piece of thread tied about the finger. But there is a well-authen-

ticated case of a man whose wife tied a piece of thread around his finger in the morning to remind him to get his hair cut.

On his way home to dinner he noticed the piece of thread. "Yes, I remember," he said, and, smiling proudly, entered the usual shop and sat down before the accustomed artist.

"Why, I cut your hair this morning, sir!" said the astonished barber.—*Exchange.*

## STODDARD'S "PSALM."

Some years ago a biography of Longfellow appeared. The author sent a copy to Richard Henry Stoddard with a suitable inscription on the flyleaf. Mr. Stoddard, who was a great friend, of



"Father, it's raining." . . . "Oh, well, let it rain." "I was going to, Father."—Punch



CURATE'S WIFE (given to nerves):—Hoppitt, would you mind seeing me as far as my house? The lane is so dark.

CHERRY CLODHOPPER:—Well, I'd rather not, mum. I promised my young woman I'd chuck that all up.—*From Judy.*

course, interested in everything pertaining to the poet, seated himself before the fire and spent two hours in going through the book. The work proved to be particularly strong on the anecdotal side, apparently not altogether to Mr. Stoddard's liking. Reaching the last page, he turned back to the flyleaf, drew a pencil from his pocket, and wrote below the inscription:

Lives of great men all inform us  
That, when we are safely dead,  
Lies large, immense, enormous,  
Will write things we never said.

#### LARGE FARMS

"Yes, sir," resumed the western farmer, as the crowd of agriculturists seated themselves around the little table; "yes, sir, we do things on rather a sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plough a straight furrow until autumn. Then he turned round and harvested back.

"We have some big farms up there,

gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one which he had to give a mortgage on, and I pledge you my word the mortgage was due at one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see, it was laid out in counties.

"And the worst of it is it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief—women yelling, children howling, and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule teams, and he was going around bidding everybody good-bye."

"Where was he going?"

"He was going half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet. Up there we send young married couples out to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."—*Tit-Bits.*

#### A BARGAIN

Prince Bismarck, it is said, once had to confer the Iron Cross on a hero in the ranks one day, and, thinking to try his humour on the man, he said: "I am authorised to offer you instead of the cross a hundred thalers. What do you say?"

"What is the cross worth?" quietly asked the man.

"About three thalers."

"Very well, then, your Highness, I'll take the cross and ninety-seven thalers."—*New York Daily Tribune.*

#### LOGICAL

A believer in mental healing recently inquired of a friend's small son: "How is your father?"

"Father is feeling bad, and complains much of his health," said the boy.

"That's all nonsense," replied the friend; "the next time your father complains, you must tell him that it is all imagination. Tell him to brace up; there is nothing the matter with him—he just thinks he is sick."

Two or three days after the gentleman again met the boy, and inquired about the health of his father. "Father thinks he is dead, sir," replied the boy.—*Argonaut.*

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



## THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF WILD ANIMALS

THE photography of wild animals is an interesting study in itself, for the conditions are such as to make the



THE WOODCHUCK

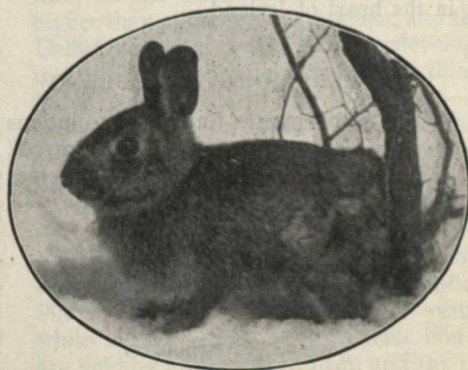
work of the photographer extremely difficult. To photograph a wild animal in its natural habitat requires an amount of time and patience which few people have at their disposal. In such cases the only thing for the animal photographer to do is to place his camera in position near the burrow or feeding ground of his subject, connect the shutter by means of a fine tube with his place of concealment some twenty or thirty feet away, cover his apparatus with leaves and, bulb in hand, patiently await developments. And even then it is a rare chance if he succeeds in getting even a passable photo of the animal in question.

There are, however, various other ways of accomplishing the desired result. If, for instance, the photographer can gain the confidence and friendship of the wild

animal, the work may be done under more favourable conditions. But, although the process of making friends with wild life is interesting in itself, it requires scarcely less time and patience than the more direct method.

Perhaps, after all, the most satisfactory results can be secured, with the least effort, by taking captive the animal to be photographed, and placing it in natural surroundings under such conditions that it cannot escape until the work of photographing is finished. The two accompanying photographs will serve to illustrate. The wood hare was photographed in its natural habitat in the thickest of a wooded ravine, but it was tied to the foot of the shrub in such a manner that it could not escape.

In such cases, of course, care has to be exercised that the strap or cord does not injure the animal's leg, and that it does not show in the picture. The picture of



THE WOOD HARE

the woodchuck, on the other hand, was taken among the shrubbery of an enclosed garden, sufficiently resembling the shrubbery of the woods to appear natural. In both cases the animals had been taken captive some days previously and were released as soon as a satisfactory photo was secured.



DISEASE CARRIED BY SPRAY

A FRENCH military surgeon in Algiers has recently found that spray driven ashore from a stormy sea can effectively transmit disease germs. Carrying on his investigation at Bab-el-oued, near Algiers, at a point where a number of sewers discharged into the sea, he found that the spray, which was driven some 150 feet ashore and high into the air, contained three times the number of germs ordinarily present in the air. This spray forms a mist which permeates the houses near to the water's edge, and in it a number of virulent bacilli were found. When a gale is blowing off shore the effect is still more pronounced, and the proportion of germs increased, and the investigator is convinced that steps should be taken to protect shores from sewage pollution.



PAPER FROM PEAT

IRISH paper manufacturers are discussing with great interest the project undertaken by William M. Callender, of New York, to manufacture paper from Irish bog peat. The process is being put to the test near the famous bogs of Allen, in the heart of Ireland.



ANSWERS TO MAY PROBLEMS

THE word puzzle found few solutions and not one completely correct. A.B., Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, comes nearest as follows:

- "Black" to "Green."
- Bleak.
- Break.
- Breek.
- Greek.
- Green. Five changes.

- "Green" to "White."
- Greet.
- Three
- Threw.
- White. Four changes.

- "White" to "Black."
- While.
- Whale.
- Leach.
- Chalk.
- Black. Five changes.

- "Wrong" to "Grown."
- Grown. Transpose.

The last part of the answer is incomplete, as only one letter may be changed at a time.

Several excellent solutions have been received for the division problem; notably those from "Jean," Moosejaw; F. E. White, Hedley, B.C. (long); R. H. Philimore, Montreal (long); W. M. Marshall, Goderich; and F. E. Cann, Oshawa. The first solution is as follows:

$$7ab)x77xx7(cde)$$

(a) Now  $b \times e$ , must end in 7, and  $7ab \times e = x777$ . There are two combinations, 1,7 and 3,9.

- (1) Now  $7a1 \times 7$  cannot end in 777.
- (2) Now  $7a7 \times 1$  cannot give  $x777$ , so these numbers will not suit.
- (3) Now  $7a3 \times 9$ , if  $a=5$ , would give 6777, which would be satisfactory.
- (4) Now  $7a9 \times 3$  would not give  $x777$ , no matter what  $a$  would become. Therefore divisor is 753.

(b)

1	
753)x77xx7(23	The first digit in the
1506	dividend may be 1;
—	substitute and test by
27xx	dividing.
2259	
—	
5xx7	

In this way the last figure in quotient could not be 9, for in multiplying we get 6777 and  $5xx7$  is the greatest value.

(2) The first digit may be 2; substitute and try.

753)277xx7(369	When $x, x$ are 8, 5 as
2259	can be readily seen the
—	problem works.
52xx	
4518	
—	
6xx7	
6777	

Therefore  $753 \times 369 = 277857$ , the dividend.

# CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —  
Business Men.

## THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE

THE first session of the Ontario Assembly under the Whitney Government was prorogued on May 25th, having lasted for two months and having been characterised by few new measures. The amendments to the license law, while not of a drastic nature, were such as seemed to meet with the approval of the public. Those licensed hotels that were merely bars and were equipped with practically no accommodation for the travelling public, have in many cases been refused a renewal of license, others have received temporary permits, and in other instances better accommodation has been demanded. It is intimated that during the recess the Government will consider the whole question, with a view to further amendments in the law, and reduction of licenses.

In railroad legislation the Government has announced that the system of railroad subsidies is not to be continued and that the perpetual franchise to electric railroads will not be considered with favour. The cancelling of the second power concession to the Nicholls syndicate may result in "the adoption of a policy which shall give cheap electric service to the communities of Southern and Western Ontario."

Undoubtedly, the most remarkable measure of the session was the University Act, which, in the aid extended to the Provincial University, and in the creation of a large public hospital in connection with that institution, showed an educational policy of breadth and liberality in keeping with the growth and needs of the Province. The second clause of the Act empowers the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council on behalf of the Province of Ontario in contract with the Trustees of the University of Toronto to pay to them an annual sum not exceeding thirty thousand dollars per

annum for a period not exceeding thirty years. Of the money so to be raised \$300,000 may be applied towards reorganising Toronto General Hospital, and \$50,000 in and towards the erection of a residence for men students. The board appointed by the "Act incorporating the University Residence Trustees" to receive donations, to erect the residence and to manage and administer the same shall be Edwin Canfield Whitney, of Ottawa; the Honourable Samuel Hume Blake; Zebulun Aiton Lash; Joseph Wesley Flavelle; and William Thomas White, of Toronto.

The "Succession Duty Amendment Act" provides for an additional duty where more than \$50,000 passes to any person by bequest. The act does not apply to property devised or bequeathed to any corporation or association, or any person or persons for religious, charitable or educational purposes to be carried on within the Province of Ontario.



## CANADA'S CREDIT

IT is an evil omen for the Empire that the British public is not investing as freely as in former years in Canadian securities, though Canada's credit never stood higher than at the present moment, and the Danaë shower of profits from the development of her chief national asset—the illimitable grain fields of the Northwest—is now falling into the treasury of every Canadian business. Last year provincial, municipal, corporation and Grand Trunk Pacific bonds to the value of more than £10,000,000 were sold in Canada, and British purchases amounted to little more than five per cent. Investors in the United States took about seventeen per cent., while all the Grand Trunk Pacific bonds are held by an American firm, and the remaining half were taken by Canadians.

There is reason to believe that British holdings in established Canadian undertakings have been slowly but surely diminishing in aggregate amount for some years past, and it would be interesting to know whether this process of withdrawing the tentacles of British capital—a "dying octopus," according to a transatlantic economist—is going on elsewhere in the circuit of our Imperial interests.—*London Outlook*.



#### TURBINE BATTLESHIPS

THE British Admiralty is asking for tenders for turbine machinery for a new battleship. This is a sign that the new idea in marine propulsion has made an impression in very conservative quarters. The *Victorian* and *Virginian* may be epoch markers as well as record makers.—*Montreal Gazette*.



#### PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS

IN Germany, the railroads are owned and operated by the Government, and nobody ever heard of traffic being blocked by a strike, says a writer in a United States magazine. In Austria the story is the same. In Australia it is the same. In New Zealand it is the same. Nowhere on earth, so far as I know, has there ever been a strike when the principle of government ownership was in operation. Take those cities of England where the street cars are owned and operated by the city government. Who has ever heard of a strike on those lines? From Liverpool to Birmingham and from Birmingham to Glasgow, you will find the principle of public ownership applied with perfect success and nowhere has the operation of public utilities by the public been stopped by a strike.

It seems almost impossible for the people of our great cities to learn the lesson taught by our own troubles, and taught further by the object lessons furnished us by nationalities which are not such cowardly slaves of the corporations as we seem to be. The most amazing feature in American life to-day is the audacity with which predatory corporations ride forth, like the feudal barons of olden times, to strike down the average citizen and rob him of what he makes as fast as he makes it.

Individually, we have plenty of courage, but, collectively, we are the most cowardly creatures on earth. The communal spirit seems to be dead within us. Public opinion is in its infancy. The strength which lies dormant within us because of our numbers seems to be a fact of which the masses are totally ignorant.



#### QUEBEC LEGISLATURE

THE first session of the eleventh Legislature of the Province of Quebec was prorogued on May 20th. During this session, Mr. Parent resigned, and Mr. Gouin succeeded to the Premiership. Some notable changes were made in the revenue laws. A tax of two cents per \$100 upon the transfer of stocks and bonds was adopted; non-resident commercial travellers having no place of business in Canada, must pay \$300 each for a license; navigation, telegraph and trust companies must pay special taxes. An additional subsidy of \$50,000 was granted in aid of elementary schools. Premier Mercier's law granting a hundred acres of land to the parents of twelve living children was repealed. The original idea was that the parents would grant the land to their sons and thus colonisation would be induced. Disappointment at the results and the presence of fraud led to the repeal.



#### IMPERIAL PROGRESS

THE London Chamber of Commerce has sent out a notice to the Boards of Trade in the Empire, convening a congress of Chambers of Commerce, to be held in London, in June, 1906.

The proposed congress will be the sixth of the series, the fifth having been held in Montreal in 1903. It was attended by 500 delegates.

The present notice is only preliminary, but a number of suggestions are made as to the subjects to be discussed. They include the commercial relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies, inter-colonial trade relations, bounties, codification of the commercial law of the Empire, and bills of exchange and lading. The subject of the defence of the Empire and many other important questions will be discussed.



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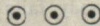
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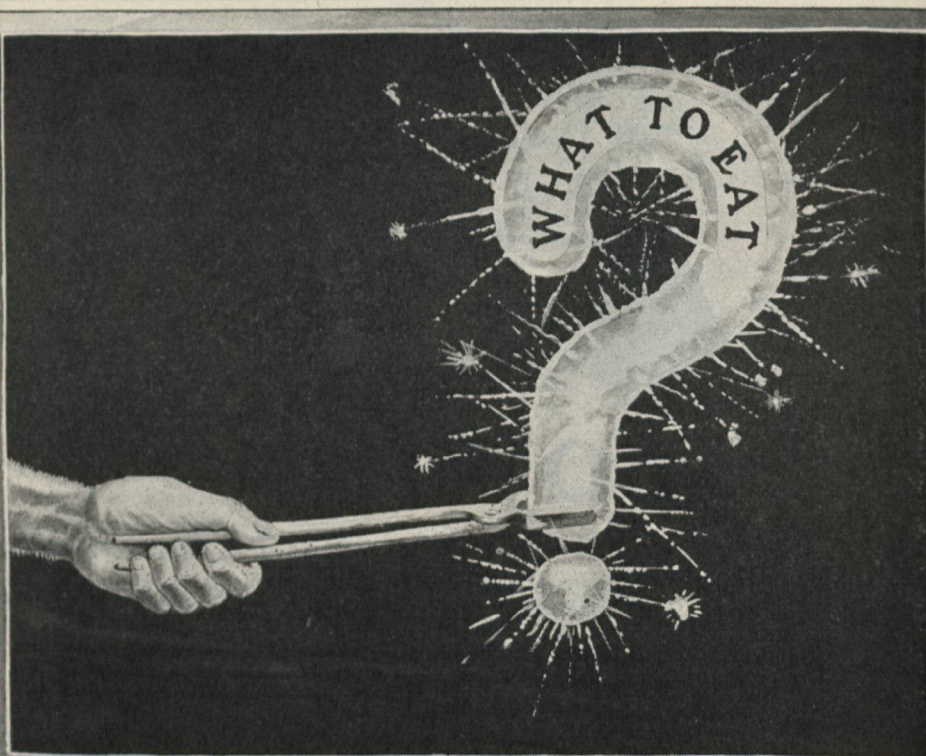
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## A Revelation in Human Food

Many people suffer from what is known as starch indigestion.

This is shown by gas and all sorts of stomach and bowel trouble, (sometimes ending in appendicitis) brought on by the undigested starch in wheat, oats, white bread, cake, puddings, etc., etc.

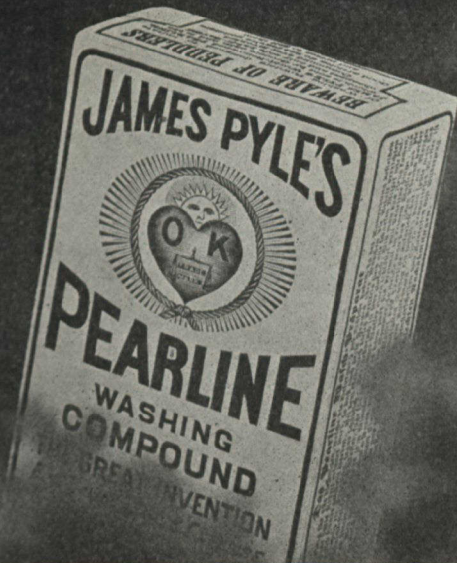
Nature ultimately punishes anyone who continually takes medicine or drugs to smooth over or nullify bad conditions of the body. The only safe way to cure such is to correct or remove the cause. Therefore it is plain that people who show some weakness in digesting the starchy part of food, (which is much the larger part of all we eat) must be helped by having the starch digested or transformed before being eaten. The safest and truest way to do this is to imitate nature and avoid all chemicals or outside and unnatural things. The body digests starchy food by first mixing it with the moisture or juices of the mouth and stomach, then warmth or mild heat from the body grows or develops diastase from the grain. Time is also an important element and when all work together and the human organs operate properly the starch is slowly turned into a form of sugar, as it must be before the blood will absorb it and carry the needed energy to different parts of the body. Of course if the body fails to do its work perfectly trouble sets in.

So in the making of the famous food, Grape-Nuts, moisture, warmth and time are the only things used to turn starch into sugar, thus imitating nature and keeping the human food in original purity, free from outside things and just as Mother Nature intends it shall be kept for advantageous use by her children. The food is fully cooked at the factories and with a little thick cream poured over is crisp and delicious.

Grape-Nuts food brings peace, health and comfort when people are in despair from the ails resulting from undigested food.

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PURE EGYPTIAN



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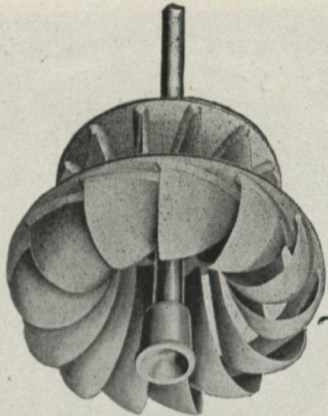
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GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-  
tion, London, (Eng.), 1900.

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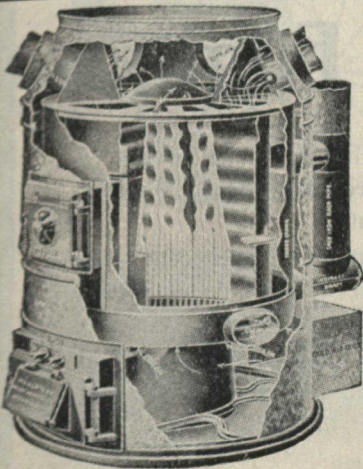
The Symbol



of Quality.

*"Count the time you lose  
trying to make good bread  
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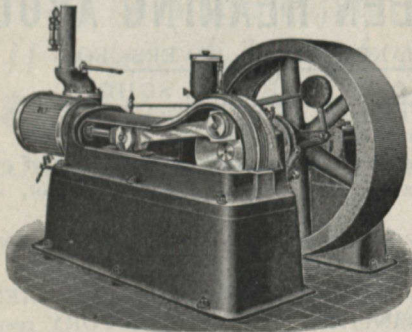
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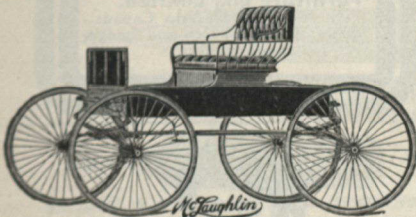
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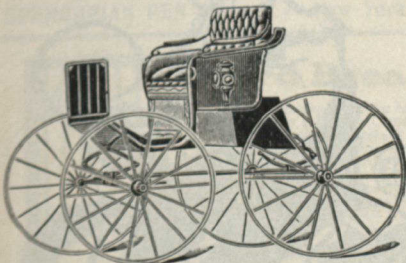
QUALITY COUNTS

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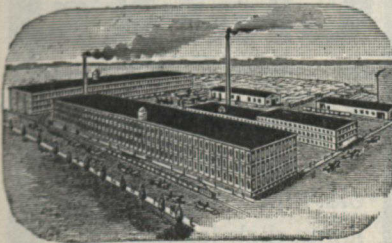
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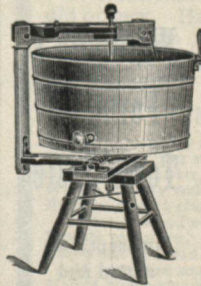
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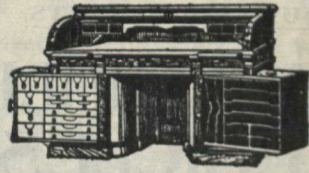
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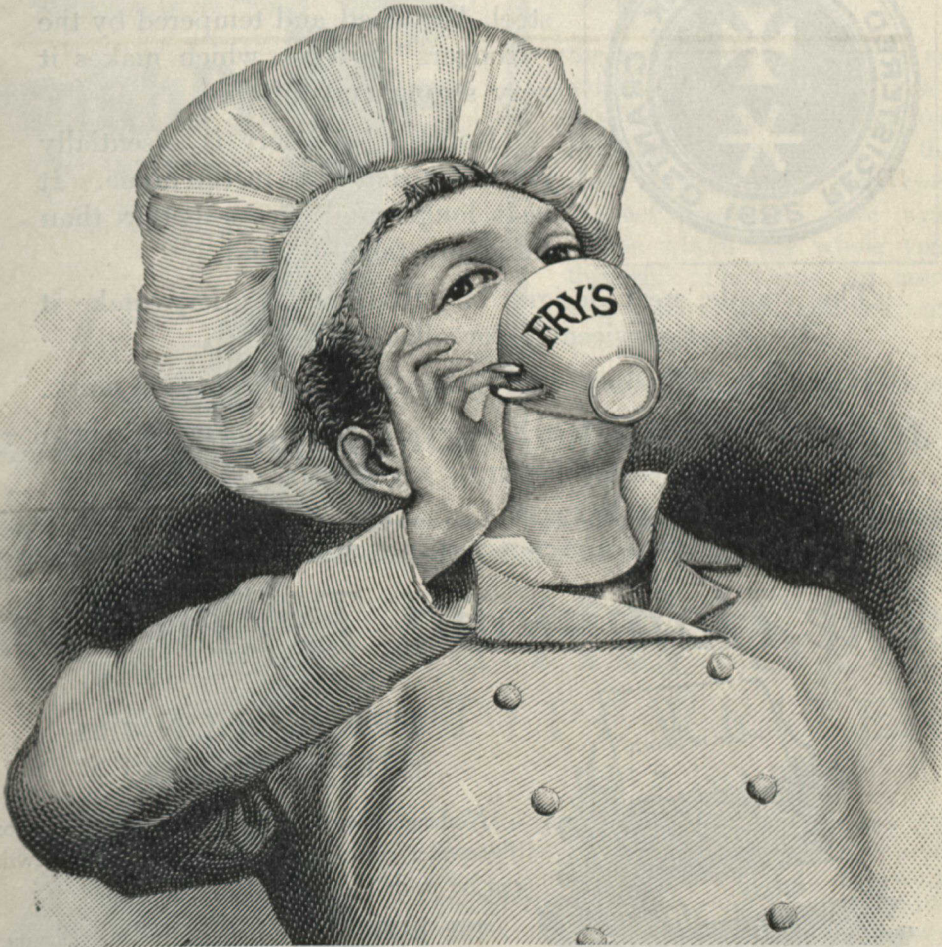
But no other flour maker in Canada has all these requisites and facilities, therefore no flour equal to ROYAL HOUSEHOLD is made in this country.

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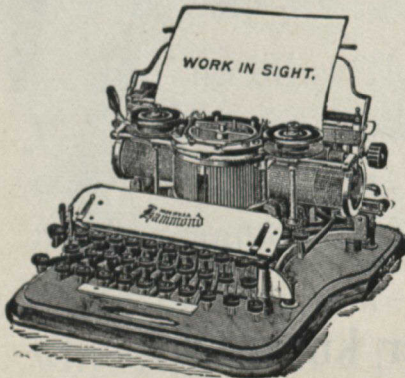
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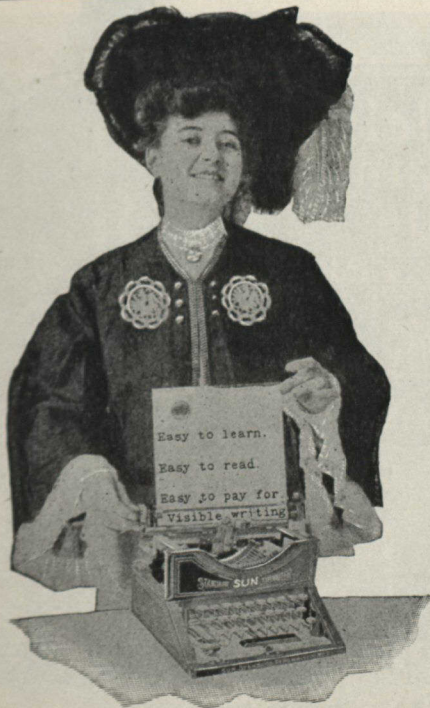
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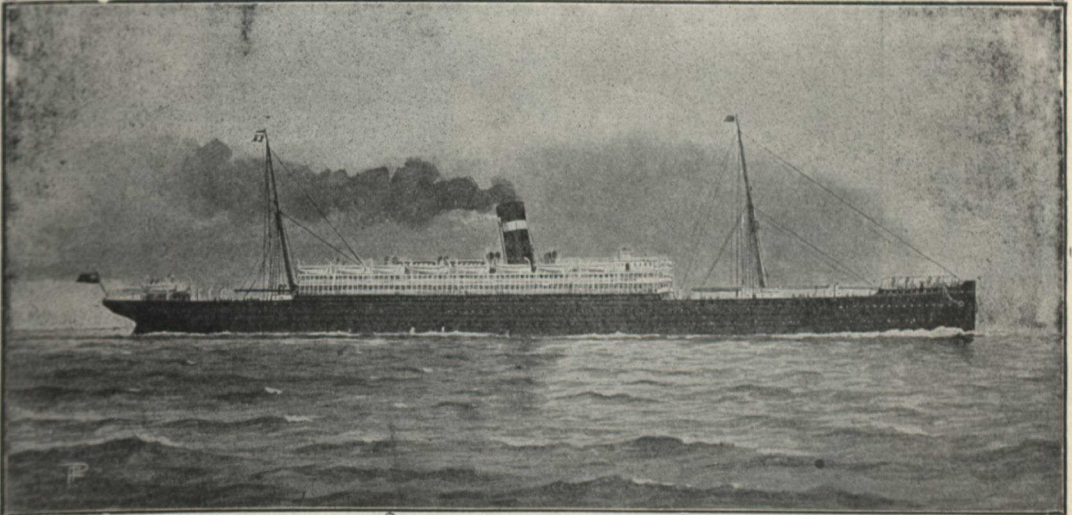
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New Allan Line Turbine Triple-screw Steamer "Victorian."

**NEW FAST TURBINE-ENGINED STEAMERS**  
**VICTORIAN, 12,000 Tons**                      **VIRGINIAN, 12,000 TONS**

**NEW STEAMERS**  
**TUNISIAN, 10,575 Tons, Twin Screws**    **BAVARIAN, 10,375 Tons, Twin Screws**  
**IONIAN, 9,000 Tons, Twin Screws**

These splendid new vessels, the pioneers of the new method of propulsion without noise or vibration, and possessing all the luxuries of the highest-class hotel, make their first voyages in April, and, together with the well-known and popular steamers Tunisian and Bavarian, will constitute a weekly service between Montreal, Quebec and Liverpool. The time from Port to Port will average under seven days. With their splendid suites of rooms and cabins on Promenade and Bridge Decks, passengers may enjoy all the luxury of modern travel combined with a panorama of scenery unequalled on any other route. Average speed 17 knots. Speed on trial trips 19.50 and 19.83 knots.

1905			PROPOSED SAILINGS			1905		
From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL	From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL			
1 June	BAVARIAN	Friday, 16 June	10 Aug.	TUNISIAN	Friday, 25 Aug.			
8 "	VIRGINIAN	" 23 "	17 "	VICTORIAN	" 1 Sept.			
15 "	TUNISIAN	" 30 "	24 "	BAVARIAN	" 8 "			
22 "	VICTORIAN	" 7 July	31 "	VIRGINIAN	" 15 "			
29 "	BAVARIAN	" 14 "	7 Sept.	TUNISIAN	" 22 "			
6 July	VIRGINIAN	" 21 "	14 "	VICTORIAN	" 29 "			
13 "	TUNISIAN	" 28 "	21 "	BAVARIAN	" 6 Oct.			
20 "	VICTORIAN	" 4 Aug.	28 "	VIRGINIAN	" 13 "			
27 "	BAVARIAN	" 11 "	5 Oct.	TUNISIAN	" 20 "			
3 Aug.	VIRGINIAN	" 18 "	12 "	VICTORIAN	" 27 "			

**TUNISIAN** embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, September 6, 1903, 12.25 noon; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, Sept. 12. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 5 hours, 27 minutes.

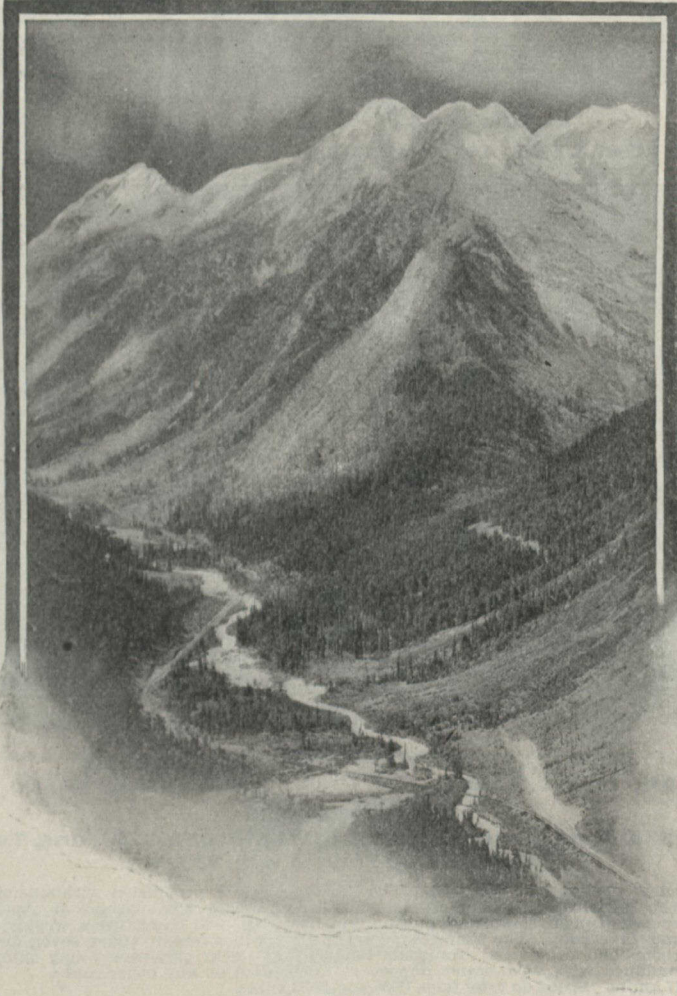
**BAVARIAN** is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 3 hours, 12 minutes, the fastest on record over this course.

**IONIAN**—Average time of this Steamer between HALIFAX and MOVILLE is 7 days, 6 hours. Her record passage is 6 days, 11 hours, 30 minutes.

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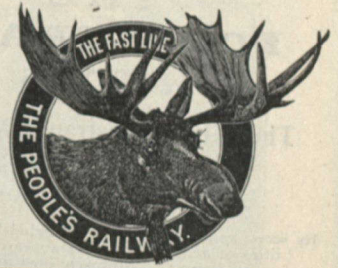
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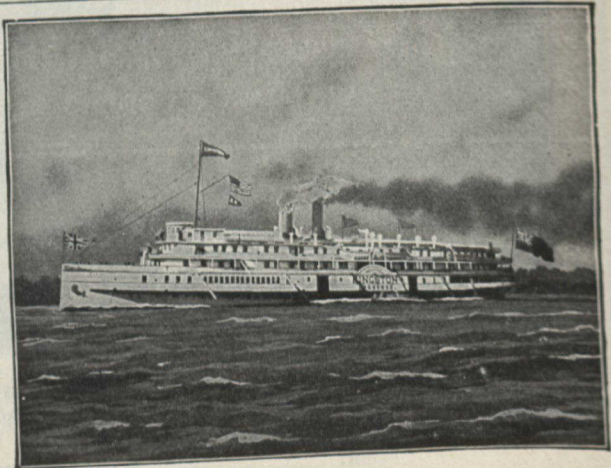
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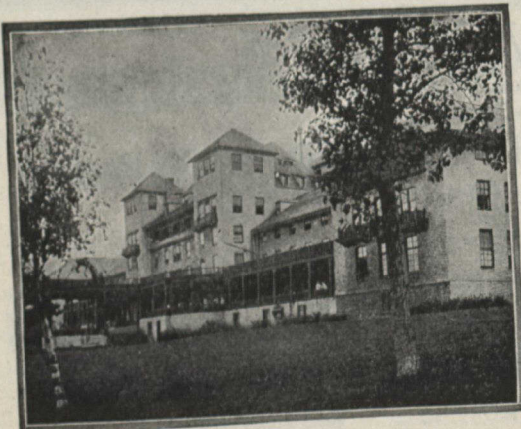
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 and all points South, East and West

	B	A	C	B	A	C	B
		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. TORONTO .....		7.30	9.00	11.00	2.00	3.45	5.15
Ar. NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE .....		9.40	11.15	1.15	4.15	6.00	7.30
Ar. QUEENSTON .....		10.05	12.05 pm	2.00	4.45	6.45	8.15
Ar. LEWISTON .....		10.15	11.45	1.45	5.00	6.30	8.00
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. LEWISTON .....	A.M.	7.55	10.30	12.15	2.00	6.00	7.45
Lv. QUEENSTON .....		7.35	10.05	12.00 n'n	1.45	5.30	7.30
Lv. NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE .....		8.15	11.00	12.45	2.25	6.20	8.10
Ar. TORONTO .....		10.30	1.15	3.00	4.45	8.30	10.30
		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Column A. In effect May 15th to October 14th, inclusive. (Sundays excepted).  
 Column A, B. In effect May 29th to September 23rd, inclusive.  
 Column A, B, C. In effect June 12th to September 9th, inclusive. " " " "

SEASON ENDS OCTOBER 14TH

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 At Niagara-on-the-Lake, with Michigan Central Railroad.  
 At Queenston, with International Railroad Company.  
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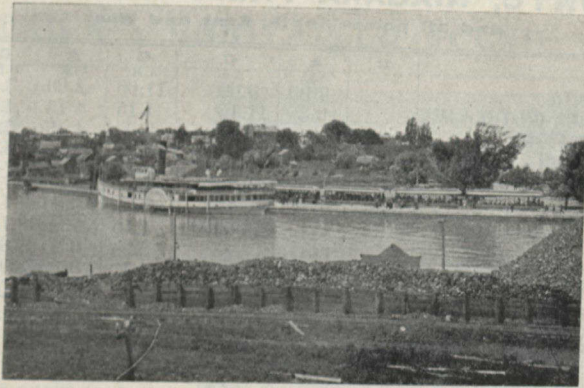
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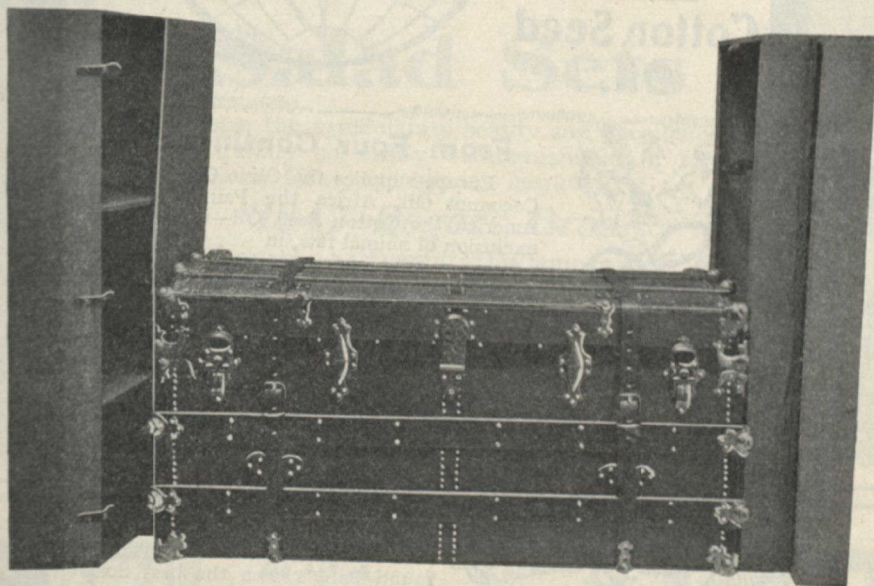
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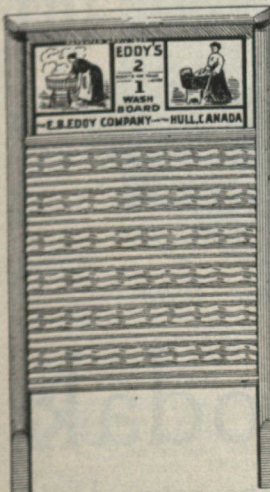
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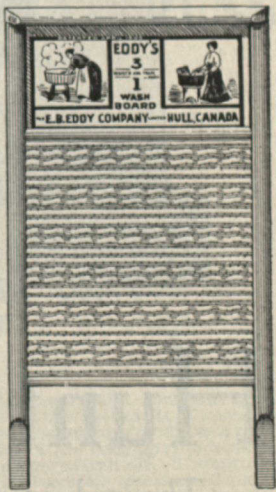
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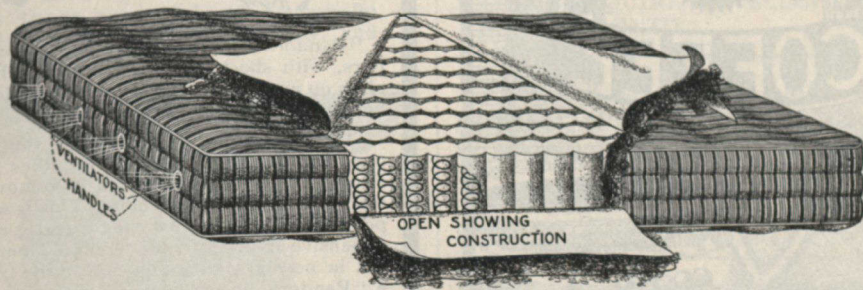
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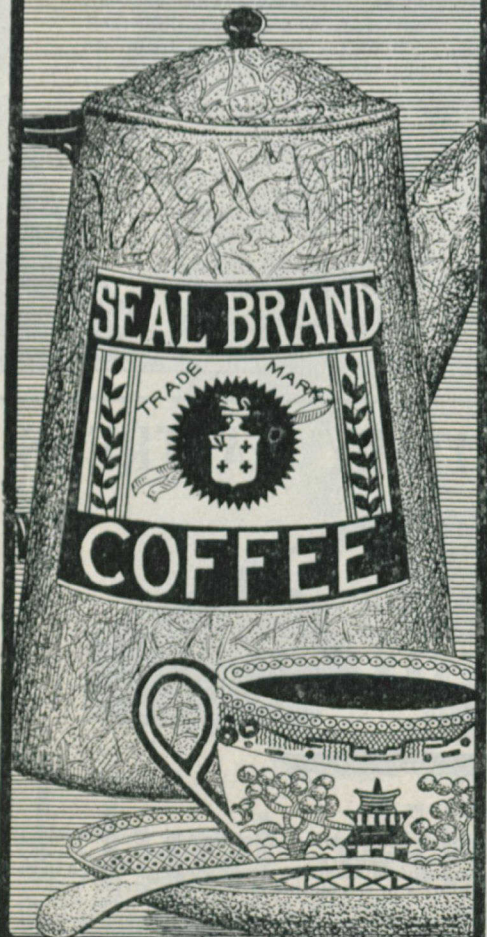
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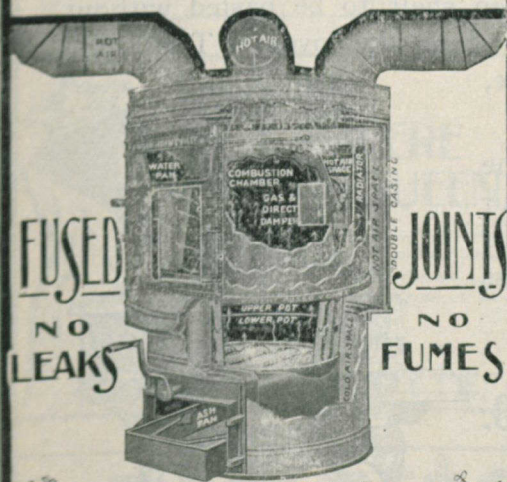
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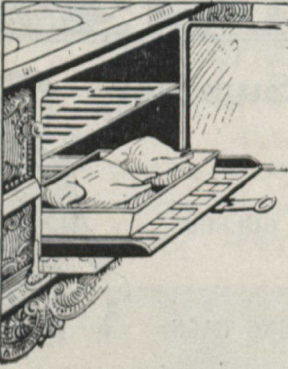
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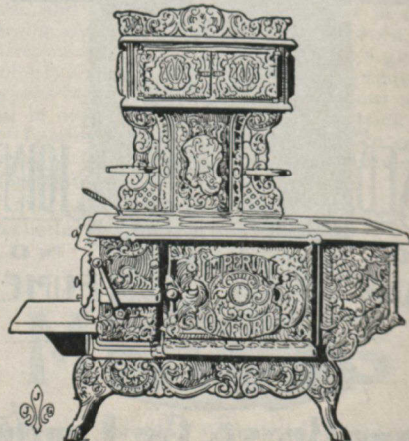
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IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

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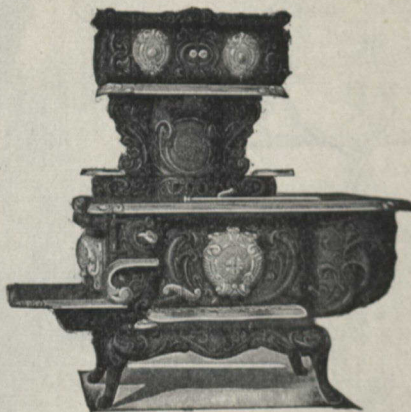
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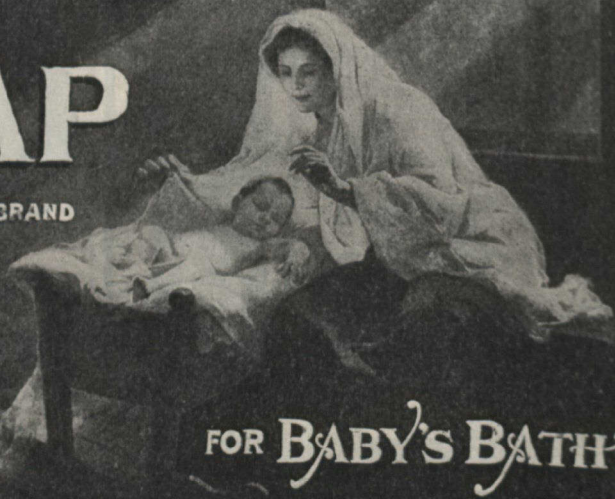
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