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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY

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CANADA FOR CANADIANS

SOME GOOD THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

APRIL 1904

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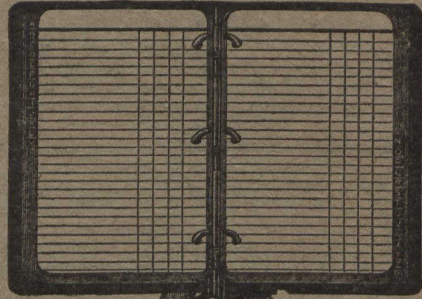
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The
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OF CANADA**

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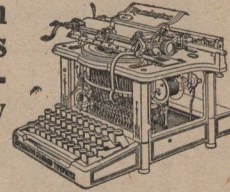
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1904

No. 4

"JEEMS:" A CANADIAN RURAL SKETCH

By R. M. JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE genial warmth of a cloudless June morning, together with the vision of a rural landscape, where woodland and fields commingle harmoniously, rarely fails to hearten the wayfarer to that degree of optimism which carries us aloft to the Mount Pisgahs of fancy landmarks of a lifetime. Rural scenery wherever it carries unmistakable evidences of prosperity, awakens in all but the most sordid, an element of the romantic. The well-ordered aspect of a country farm makes us forget the inner adjuncts of toil and hardship belonging thereto, and quite insensibly we long for the freedom and hospitality, if not also the full participation in the kindred sympathies of a country life. Such an enchanting view did a casual tourist encounter one bright June morning, as quietly wheeling along the broad acres of two well equipped and carefully managed country farms came beneath his eye. As he passed the substantial line fence he involuntarily exclaimed: "That's grand! My! but I'd like to own all that—and live there. I wonder"—His musings, however, did not take cognizance of an episode just then occurring along the pale of that line fence, itself an expression of romantic activity, the outcome of propinquity of space, and the solar smile of a summer day. The old "line fence"—so often in many places the cause of innumerable squabbles

and law suits—becomes here the arena of an interesting introduction leading up to the appearance in local society of an exceedingly bashful young man. The sequel of the story may or may not prove the truth of the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way."

The particular characters of this story are only two. Their respective positions were very similar. There were two adjoining farms, two prosperous owners, and an only child in each family. These were respectively, Melinda Jones and James Parker. The latter was in his own neighborhood almost a stranger. Yet he was well known in colloquial usage by the dialectically acquired and quite explicit name of "Jeems"—Miss Jones was known well and favorably as "Lindy" Jones. Both were just turned their majority. In all else they were utterly unlike each other, and almost strangers, although lifetime neighbors on adjoining farms. So it was on this morning they happened to be near together, but otherwise, if old custom prevailed—to no purpose whatever. "Jeems" was so bashful that nearness to a charming maiden conferred on him no personal favor. He was not at home with them at all.

Thus it happened on this morning "Jeems" was busy at the summer fallow in the lower field, beside the line fence. On the Jones' side, Melinda was busy taking her usual outdoor exercise by caring for a healthy looking patch of potatoes.

As she plied her hoe leisurely but dexterously, she seemed a vision of health and physical beauty. She was a charming vivacious young lady, and plenty of her friends stood ready to vouch for that. "Jeems" was a sturdy built, but plain-looking young man. No one could criticize his industry, for few could equal his carefulness and dexterity at farm work. Yet his external appearance, owing to neglect of new-fangled frills, was verdant in the extreme. As he labored this morning, the straight, even furrows, the well-groomed and sleek horses, the carefully arranged harness and the workmanlike air of the young man himself were easy to distinguish. He was no slouch in any degree. He worked slowly and steadily, turning his team with a graceful curve at the line fence, and resting occasionally at the other end. If he was aware of his bewitching neighbor's contiguity, he made no sign whatever. It may have been an accident, but just as Melinda came near the fence, his team stopped and failed to obey the signal of reins and voice to turn around upon the next furrow. It was an awkward moment for Jeems as the pair could not help seeing each other, and Miss Jones seemed good-naturedly inclined for company just then. A very pleasant voice saluted him in response to his awkward acknowledgment of her bow.

"Good mornin' *Mister* Parker. You are workin' hard this mornin'!"

"G—good mornin' Mis'—Mis' L—Lindy. Oh! n—no! I—I—I ain't workin'. No! I ain't—none too hard—I—I ain't. Y—you be—be—be workin' some y—yourself I—I seen lately—"

"Oh, no! *Mister* Parker, I ain't doin' much at all. I like hoein' just fur pastime—fur exercise you know. It's nice to get some sunlight. This be a real fine mornin', ain't it?"

"Yep! Mis' L—Lindy. I—I—gosh! Yep it's fine. I—I think, Yep! Them be fine taters there. Gosh! Yep! I ain't hed time to look toward them before, I—I ain't."

"Why, now! Mr. Parker, seems to me you always worked too hard. We never see you to parties, or visitin' nowheres.

What have you been doin' all the time? You air a eatin' yourself to death with workin'. You orto see the young folks same as I do."

"Gosh! Mis' Lindy, I—I ain't got time. I—I—you know I ain't at home to young folks same as you be. I never hev time, an' I'm—I'm allus tired when night comes anyhow."

"Well, now! I declare! That is too bad, Mr. Parker. You *must* change your ways. You really *must* make friends with folks. Won't you? Now, you aren't a long ways off. You orter come over—come over and call on us. You live so close and hain't ever been over. Small wonder you go no-where, when you don't drop over to see your nearest neighbors. Now, Mr. Parker, do take my advice and spruce up; you aren't a little boy any more."

"I guess—I guess Mis' Lindy—you're 'bout right. I—I hain't—I hain't figgered on it much. Yep! you're 'bout right, you—you—be."

"I rather think Mr. Parker, I ought to give you a regular talkin' to. It's time you had it for you've been behavin' so different from what you ought to been. You can't guess how sorry people be that you ain't 'quainted with 'em, an' you kin make friends purty quick, if you'll only try."

"Wall! Mis' Lindy! Maybe I—I hain't doin' right, and perhaps I could try to see folks a leetle. I hain't seen you very offen."

"No, indeed, Mr. Parker! you haven't; not since we went to school together. I know you were awful shy in them days, but that's not sayin' you hain't that way yet, be you? Mebbe it were because Mis' Parker haven't no girls—same as I was, I hadn't a brother. Remember the time that dog chased us, when we were kids goin' to school? I hain't forgotten how you walloped that dog. I was awful skeered that time, and I never fergot it."

All this sounded very nice to Jeems. He was getting acquainted, and very much encouraged simultaneously. The feeling of diffidence he had hitherto experienced was modified a trifle. He had much more confidence in himself. The horses stood as if non-plussed, but patiently enough. They gazed upon the pair anxiously, as if won-

dering what this unwonted colloquy over the line fence could mean. Jeems betrayed no anxiety to begin work again. Being well aware of his bashful feelings and anxious to allay them. Lindy proceeded cautiously. Here was a good chance. Jeems in turn thought painfully of those numerous suitors he had seen attendant upon the fair Melinda on Sundays specially, and week days generally. Then he remembered his own plain face and figure. Was she making fun of him? He leaned awkwardly against the fence, at the same time eyeing her shyly. There was a pleasant reassuring smile, and she seemed so charming, he could not but feel a trifle relieved. There was a pause after the last remark that was getting alarmingly embarrassing. Contrary to his wont he became the agent of terminating it. He gave himself a nervous hitch which brought him quite a space nearer his new adviser.

"Well! Mis' Lindy! Gosh! I—I guess—Yep! I guess you're about right. I am rather lonesome anyway; dreadful lonesome sometimes 'thout folks company. I—I orto call round somewhere an'— and get shook together a leetle sorter like. My! Yep! Gosh me! Guess I'll—I—I yep! I'll try, yep! I'll try an' come over, an' call, Mis' Jones, some night—come to think, I might tomorrer night, tomorrer night, if you like!"

"That's right, Mister Parker. I am real glad to hear you talk that way. It sounds so sensible. I'll try and waken you up to your dooty a little, an' get you 'quainted with folks just as you ought to be. Come over airly, 'cause one of them fellers of mine might drop in and sorter spoil your visit. (This hint was by no means thrown away). And mind you needn't go and spruce up like some young folks do. I don't care to see that all the time. Besides you haven't got time for that anyway just now." This was very considerate and encouraging, seeing that he would have been at a disadvantage for time and suitable attire.

"Well! Mis' Jones, I dunno. Yep Mis' Lindy, I'll try and come for sure. Wall! Gosh! them horses air resty, I must be

movin'. Sorry to detain you so long—good mornin' Mis' Lindy!"

"Good mornin', Mr. Parker. We've had a pleasant chat together, haven't we? Now be sure and come, won't you? I'll expect you, you know." With this they separated.

CHAPTER II.

When left to himself Jeems was in a very uncertain mood. He was continually veering from an atmosphere of exhilaration to one bordering on dejection. In fact his natural humility would not allow him to indulge in hopes so roseate as now and then come unbidden to his mental vision. He was quite restless a good portion of the day before the time matured for the appointment. Outwardly there was nothing wrong except that when the expected hour drew near his regular duties were performed with amazing alacrity. When he thought of those other possible visitors, his actions became almost feverish in their haste. There was yet one formidable obstacle to be removed ere he could get away. He was much afraid of that. Never at any time had he ventured from home without permission from his father, yet he was now fully of age by a good margin. Requests for absence had been rare, and always for reasons more easily explained than this. Just what harm could be in a neighborly call could not account for his hesitancy in this. However, he went through the preparations preliminary to a full-dress departure after supper, which by request would be quite simple. He combed his hair very neatly, and brushed his best jacket, and his new working trousers, and put them on. His mother, a quiet but genial spirited lady of forty-five, noticed these preparations with amused surprise. What was *James* going to do to-night? She said nothing, but awaited his expected explanation. Hiram Parker, the head of the house, was not a very observant man, but far more a matter-of-fact sort. He had noticed his son to be in a tremendous hurry for once—nothing more. After supper had passed in its usual

quiet way, Jeems suddenly straightened up and the following colloquy ensued:

"Say, pap! there hain't much to do to-night, be they?"

"I dunno, Jeems; hev ye done most of the chores?"

"Yep! I hev—pap—'cept milkin' the roan cow, which is allus done after supper. I'll soon hev that done."

"Well, I swan, you be in a hurry for onct. I never! You were mostly done two hull hours later'n this. You hev been hurryin', sure."

"Well, pap! I—I thought—if—if you didn't mind I'd like to go over this evenin'—to call on the neighbors, pap—just to get woke up kinder like."

"Why, land sakes, boy! Of course ye kin go. Where be ye goin'? Well, I guess it's none of my business though."

"Well, pap, I guess you orter know. It's only over to Jones'; I hain't goin' fur, you see—only kinder goin' to call on the folks to get sort of woke up, you know. Mis' Lindy says I need it bad, and sorter ast me over!"

Whatever effect this remark had on Parker, senior, was not fully apparent. He merely said in reply: "Well, Jeems, I guess she's 'bout right—you needn't wait to milk that cow. I'll 'tend to that. You kin go right off as soon's you're ready."

The ordeal he dreaded was past. He wasted no time in getting started; nor had he far to go. The twilight shadows were beginning to appear as he crossed the line fence, the half-way mark. He was in a strange mood just then. The only thing now to consider was his possible reception at the Jones' mansion. Conflicting emotions began to play havoc with his average equanimity, as we could readily expect in the guise of so bashful a mortal already set forth in so unusual and arduous an undertaking. He was in that peculiar ethereal state, so like that said to be experienced by the victims of Cupid's darts before the declaration day. Was he also a victim? We shall see. In the meantime we will travel back to the fireside he had just departed from and witness the psychological outcome of this trip upon the Parker homestead, and

upon the spiritual mood of his parents, whose lives had grown, in the long years of arduous labor, matter-of-fact, undemonstrative, sluggish in the nature of the emotional, and the fire of youthful affections dormant, but in nowise extinguished. Even so the sleeping volcano held secure by eruptive effluvia requires but an outlet to make its presence known.

Not in many years had Mrs. Parker shown so much animation as now, that she had seen her dearly-loved son set forth on so peculiar an errand. For years his growing shyness had worried her somewhat, and she had hoped in vain for his fraternizing in the young folks' circles. She was almost despairing of any such results at last, for his shyness appeared to be a fixity. Now he had gone off voluntarily to visit a young lady. There were bright possibilities ahead of a happy outcome, if he were treated tactfully. Her husband, silent, undemonstrative, and almost mechanical, through the rigid adherence to labor, was surprised out of his sluggish demeanor by his wife's lively mood. She had the same merry spirit she had in Jeems' babyhood. There were sad memories there, too.

Ever since that day twenty years ago, when little Jennie had closed her eyes to earthly visions and gone among the shining ones over yonder, the brightness of youth had slipped away from Mrs. Parker. Hard work had been their lot, and also of their son. The active element was wanting, however, in his upbringing—hence his seclusion and diffidence tended to increase. He was always dutiful and lovable. He had never ranged from home. Something of her spirit served to reawaken her husband to the situation, and by mutual interests aroused, the veil of years was lifted, and they were young again, as when lovers they trod the earth with happy hopes before them. Their sympathy went out quite easily to the future of their dearly beloved and only son now grown to manhood—before they had realized it fully, and without the degree of active sympathy conducive to his best development from the vigor of a training realized too late to amend, unless the years to come could undo it in a demonstration of

kindness hitherto unshown to the shy, silent, obedient boy. The conservatism of that household vanished in a night. When Jeems came home he came unknowingly into a new world of family sympathies, helpful, indeed, to his enterprises for the future.

CHAPTER III.

Now, let us follow the invited guest on his evening journey. After crossing the line fence his natural course would have been a straight one—across the fields to the homestead. The wish was paramount to take that direction. But the nearer he approached the appointed goal, the more his legs seemed to be out of harmony with his paramount wish, for they persisted in leading him off in a tangential course. By dint of perseverance he continually recovered his direction, until finally he had so reduced the circle of his circuitous approach that he reached the front door-step with fear and trembling notwithstanding. His final arrival was accelerated greatly by noticing the dim shadow of a covered buggy approaching the front gate. Melinda had seen a certain portion of his wavering journey from an upstairs window. She must have felt very sorry for him. He was none too early as it was.

The time for action had arrived. At the very moment that a fashionably attired young farmer was tying his horse at the front gate, Jeems knocked timidly at the kitchen door. He was received by Farmer Jones himself, in his hearty old-fashioned way. Silas Jones had acquired a degree of affability under the progressive influence of his daughter Melinda and the tolerant contact with her frequent accessions of suspected suitors, who affected usually a genial regard for Jones, senior. Wise ones were they. Silas asked his neighbor's son inside with alacrity. One might be suspicious on that account, but the families were, after their fashion, long-standing friends, and he would be glad to see "Jeems" crawling out of his shell. At the same moment Mrs. Parker ushered a richly perfumed young

bachelor into the parlor. Melinda was not in sight. A few minutes later, the parlor visitor departed from the front door in haste, and in a very unceremonious manner, as if sorely offended over something. This was quite unknown to Jeems. As this was "Jim" Robinson's evening out, no other interruption came. The coast was clear for Jeems to get acquainted.

Silas Jones drew him readily and tactfully into conversation on various farm topics. He was not nearly so shy with old people, although in a degree apprehensive of the younger branch. So the old farmer led him off into a confab, and he soon forgot, as he warmed to his subject, all about his personal feelings. Mrs. Jones created a slight diversion just as he was waxing eloquent on the merits of various animals on the farm. She welcomed him in her quiet hearty way. After a few judicious inquiries about the folks and a compliment or two graciously applied to himself, she allowed their talk to proceed. She explained that Lindy would come in in a few minutes, as she had a few trifling matters to see to first. Jeems felt right at home. He was in full swing about the crops and seeding when Melinda came in to join the family circle.

Melinda's welcome was simple and tactful enough. She came in as though he were merely a casual visitor, one over whom no fuss was to be made. She stopped short, bowed and addressed him cheerfully. James forgot to rise and bow in turn. She addressed him thus wise:

"Why! Mister Parker, how dy'e do. I'm pleased to see you right to home as you 'pear to be. You are lookin' well after all the hard work you've been through to-day. Why, pap! you ain't talkin' all about the old farm, surely? You'll make him dreadful tired. Now, Mister Parker, you just come into the parlor with us and we'll have a sing-up. You kin sing can't you? No use to deny it. I've heerd you in meetin', an' really you ought to belong to the choir. You kin beat most of them fellers in it all hollow. Come right in, please, come along, pap! and mam! an' we'll get the organ goin'."

There was a general movement to the

parlor. Jeems, however, was far in the rear, but he managed to follow them in. He was delighted just the same, for he liked music very much, besides he had never been entertained before in just this way. After a brief prelude, Lindy and her mother started a well known Gospel hymn. Quite irresistibly Jeems was drawn to join in. As the rhythm stole into his fancy, he began to beat time with his toe, then to hum and then to add a low voice accompaniment of the tenor part. Finally he so forgot himself that he sang for all he was worth. He fairly made the windows rattle. He had a splendid tenor voice, which, though untrained, was natural, very rich in volume and flexibility. The old folks were surprised out of their equanimity at his awakened appearance. They were also delighted. After a few pieces had been rendered in fine style, Lindy turned from the organ and complimented him on the singing. She asked permission to suggest his name to the choir leader for membership, and insisted on having him join it. She herself was organist, and she was sure that he would be their leading singer in a very short time, if he would only try. Contrary to his usual custom, he gave a surprisingly ready assent to a proposition that might have made a much bolder person shrink with apprehension.

Had he been in the number of pronounced admirers of Melinda Jones, there were reasons why he should have joined that choir. The most active of her many persistent suitors had all gained access to it, and the choir was already over-crowded with the tenor and bass quality. Sopranos and altos were plentiful also, possibly to save Melinda from extra embarrassment in her choral duties. It was apparent in itself that nearness to Miss Jones was not always the open sesame to her favor, for the very presence of so many rivals was in itself a foil to the ultimate success of any particular one. Now there was to be one more added on the ground of musical merit alone, and the feminine authority who controlled that choir in some degree, predicted thereto the eclipse of all the rest of the basses and tenors by his presence. It would be a splendid

victory over his diffidence for Jeems himself, if he ever reached the choir seats. But what would people say? Jeems Parker, the hopelessly bashful young bachelor in the choir on Sunday morning? What might we expect next?

The decisive estrangement between a firmly acquired diffidence, and the ego, the social self of the new visitor was drawing near. But first there was a battle to fight more severe than his former ones. Just as Melinda was remarking about the choir, the old folks began to manifest signs of weariness. After a yawn or two Mr. Jones excused himself and retired from view. A moment later Mrs. Jones smilingly said good-night, and left them together. Here was a situation Jeems in all his fancies had never dreamed of. It was not so bad as long as the old people were there. But to be left alone with a young lady so bewitching as Melinda, he had not counted on that. In a moment he had the most distressing experience of funk he had ever known. His condition left him so mute that his state of mind was outwardly not very manifest. Nevertheless he was ready to bolt. The good sense and tactful experience of a young lady who had played hostess frequently under similar circumstances, enabled her to express herself in a way so reassuring as to prevent a crisis that had meant the shy young man's social undoing for good. If he bolted now, he was never to be gained again in this way. So potent were her few remarks that he was drawn slowly from his panic into a conversation, though wanting in aesthetic polish owing to crude ruralism, by no means devoid of interest or mutual profit to their growing friendship.

From what has been said, it is easy to infer the outward aspect of Jeems. Although trained by the country school only to such a degree as the average farmer's boy whose lot at home is to share in farm responsibility, the higher range of literary and scientific culture was a sealed book to him. Unlike the average young men who moved freely in the country circles and claimed the attentions of the fairest, but in so doing affected to be conversant with the current views of art, science, literature and

music, and also quoted poetry in meaningless jargons, Jeems was more honest. He could not if he would. He loved animals and understood fully the paraphernalia of the farm, the growing of crops, and the important business phase of prices. About these he could talk freely—especially horses, when anyone could corral him sufficiently to force a conversation. The society man eschewed these subjects in disdain, and so, too, thought Jeems, did all his lady neighbors. Thus seemingly interdicted, he had little encouragement to attempt gaining congenial companionship in the way he now had it granted him so graciously and considerately to his conversational limitations.

CHAPTER IV.

Melinda Jones was clearly accomplished in two things: firstly, the power of accommodation to various kinds of persons, and far better, the ability to direct conversation, something well known in social circles as an invaluable faculty. She began, “Well, Mister Parker, I am so pleased you hev come over to-night. You hev been singin’ just lovely, and it did me real good to hear you. We never had anything ekal to your singin’ in our choir since I kin remember. You like singin’, don’t you?”

“Why, I—I—Mis’ Lindy, I—I—you—you know I kaint sing—very—very—good, I—I—kaint. I—I—wish I could, just like Jim—Jim Robinson, your feller, an’ that—that Grant feller, only—only better’n them. I—I love music. I—I—it kinder makes me fergit myself.”

“Yes Mr. Parker I often feel that way myself. Seems as if earth were heaven when we sing them beautiful gospel songs and play the organ music with them.”

“Yep! I think I’d like to have a regular time singin’; and—and Mis’ Lindy, you do—do play beautifully, you do; even if—if I do—do say it myself. I—I—don’t mean nothin’; I d—don’t.”

“Why! Mr. Parker you hain’t said anything wrong. You needn’t blush over that. There’s only you and I here—and we’re

good friends, ain’t we? I’m powerful sorry we’ve not been acquainted much. Ever since you chased that dog that skeered me. I remember that, you see—I’llus will remember how skeered I was. But James—I mean Mr. Parker—I’m going to ask you for a favor since we’re such friends. I want you to make lots of friends, and I know you’re goin’ to get ’quainted right away and enjoy yourself, an’ you won’t be losin’ any work by it eether. You’ll feel lots better by knowing folks an’ hevin’ comp’ny of your own age ’casionally. Now, Mr. Parker, I want you to spruce up a little. There be lots of young men who hain’t got much of anything, goin’ round with buggies, and gold mounted harness, an’ fine clothes, same as though they were rich. An’ here you be a-hidin’ yourself all the time when you should be makin’ friends an’ drivin’ out ’casionally same as the rest of the young folks do. That’s what makes people human, you know. If we don’t make friends we’ll never be natural at all. Now, Mr. Parker, let’s be good friends, and you’ll take my advice, won’t you?”

“Well, Mis’ Lindy—yep! I—I—when you was talkin’ I—I was thinkin’ you—you were right. I—I kinder hanker sometimes for a few friends. You kin count on me right straight, only I be a leetle bashful—terrible bashful I be—’cause I’m not used to people same as you. Pap—he don’t believe in gallivantin’ round the kentry with hosses an’ buggies, I think it must be awful nice. I had a ride in one onct. It were old Dr. Peebles’ buggy—pore old chap—he’s gone now! Well I—I kinder think I’ll see pap ’bout it, mebbe he’ll let me. I ast him if I could come over to-night, and he let me come right smart. Pap’s real good to me; so’s mam; an’ I’m most grateful to ’em all my life. They be quiet folks though, but I—I guess they hain’t no objections to me hevin’ friends ’mong the young folks—so it’s all right; I—I guess I’ll ast, Mis’ Lindy, an’ see ’bout that buggy.” This was the longest speech Jeems had ever made. He was getting confidential and confident of himself simultaneously.

“Yes, Mr. Parker, I’m glad to hear you talk that way, I’m sure your folks will be

reasonable, for they are real fond of you, I know, same way pap an' mam are real fond of me. I think they'd hate to have me go a long ways off to stay. I always want to be close to them, while they live. After that I don't much care where I be, long's I'm happy. An' you know it's nice to be near home, ain't it? I was over to your place awhile ago, an' Mis' Parker was tellin' me what a helpful boy you were. It's nice for you to be good to your mother in place of the girls she hasn't got—"

"No—Mis' Lindy, I hain't—I hain't done much of anything 'ceptin' what I ought. I'm glad mam's pleased just the same. I was just thinkin' 'bout that hoss an' buggy. I—I think I'll see pap about it right away. I dunno but I've got a fine drivin' hoss ready to hand. Ever seen that bay three-year-old with the white star in his face—the racer-built one?"

"Why, yes! He's a beauty. I think he would be a fine driver; go like the wind, and so pretty, too."

"Well! you see pap giv' me that there horse when a colt six weeks old, an' I've keered for 'im ever since. Hain't broke yit, but he will be mighty soon. 'Bout time, I guess. And—won't I—won't I make the fellers stare? But if—if I git that buggy, what'll I do then?"

"Why, Mr. Parker, you can drive your mother and father to church on Sunday morning instead of havin' the old carry-all as they usual' do. It's not so comfortable you know. Then, too, you can take your lady friends for a drive sometimes in the evenings."

"Yep! so I can; never thought of that before; how smart you be fer helpin' a feller think. I hain't got any lady friends 'ceptin' you. Supposin' I—I ast you to go—go fer a drive sometime?"

"Yes! Mr. Parker, I should be pleased to go if I had time, or if you gave me plenty of notice when you were coming. But you're going to have heaps of lady friends besides me pretty soon, so I mayn't have a chance very often. But I've some more advice for you. You mustn't be angry or ashamed or misunderstand me. I've always noticed how neatly you keep your clothes,

but they're generally so plain an' old-fashioned that them fellers I spoke about, sorter make fun of you. Now, you must get a nice suit of clothes of the latest style; not that I myself care so much, but I'd like to see you spruced up, so that those fellows who laugh may be made more respectful to equals."

"No, Mis' Lindy, I—I ain't mad at all at what you've said. It's 'bout right; there hain't no use bein' old fashioned in a new buggy, be there? An' then you're goin' sometimes yourself? I'd like to please you a leetle. But—land sakes! Mis' Lindy! who'd believe it! It's ten o'clock; I—I must be goin', I hev had a real scrumptuous time; I—"

"But, Mr. Parker, you needn't go just yet. You must let me give you a lunch before you go. I'm a leetle hungry myself. I can soon get it, you know. I have some nice cake and pie—you like pie, don't you? This way, please!"

"Wall, Mis' Lindy—Gosh—yep! I guess I do. Thanks! Yep. This is just fine. Did you bake this yourself? My, this coffee tastes good! Pork sandwich? Thankee. I do like sandwich. Thankee! thankee! This jam's best I ever had. Thankee! you air makin' me hungry. Gosh! This air scrumptuous pie. Thanks, I've hed 'bout 'nough. Guess I must be goin' now, I've got to be round airy an' this be powerful late for me."

"Come this way, Mr. Parker; let me find your hat. It's a beautiful night, isn't it?"

"Yep! but it ain't near as nice—as—as—as—you be. I—I don't mean nothin'. I—I don't."

"Why; I declare! Mr. Parker; you are flatterin' me, you are. I'm nothing to be compared to the stars and the fairy moonlight. Come over again some time soon. We've had a nice time, haven't we? Good-night!"

CHAPTER V.

Of the trip homewards we will detail but little. Jeems was in a semi-ecstatic state. At least, in spite of his affirmed desire to get back home he had the same obliquity of

movement in getting homeward bound, whether it was the strain of the evening had made him erratic or the good things of the cupboard wooed him back. Hardly the latter we infer. It had been a great adventure for him. He slept the sleep of the just and awoke two hours later than usual much to his confusion on realizing the same. No notice was taken of his delinquency, as far as he knew, and what chores he had done before breakfast were of necessity very light. They were largely finished before he appeared. The folks were amazingly good-natured this morning; so it seemed anyway, and so unusually considerate. He was much brighter himself. The last night's episode had, beyond all doubt, a far-reaching enlivenment on his spirits. Hiram Parker opened the conversation at breakfast regarding experiences—

"I hope you hed a good time over to Jones' last night, Jeems."

"Gosh, pap! Yep! you're right, I did. Never 'njoyed myself more'n my life before. The Jones used me fine, an' I sorter got 'quainted with Mis' Lindy. Now, pap, she kinder giv me good advice. She said I was shuttin' myself up too much, an' I orto visit folks a trifle more, an' go drivin' a leetle. Now, pap! I think it would be nice if I hed a new buggy 'longside that bay colt to take mam an' you out drivin', an mebbe Mis' Lindy, too, sometimes. She an' me's goin' to be real good friends, an' help me to get 'quainted with folks. I'm skeered to say it, pap, but I'm a bit behind the times, an' if you haint no objection I'm goin' to spruce up a bit."

"Wall—Jeems—I'm glad you've hed such a good time, and got such good advice, seems as we'd been a bit slow, an' you kin count on that buggy soon's you want it. Mam an' me was talkin' last night, an' we decided we'd kept you workin' too hard 'thout any amusement 'n young folks' company, an' we're goin' to sorter make up for it. Kinder think we'll hev two buggies, so's you kin hev more time to yourself. You kin spruce up all you like—we ain't skeered of the farm comin' to any hurt through you—I'm glad the old carryall's 'bout done up. It won't be needed any more."

"Well, pap, I hain't complainen', you've allus been good to me, an' you're real good to let me hev thet buggy—an' a new suit of clothes, too, I guess, if I ast for them. I kin break the colt before Sunday, I guess. Well, we'll be goin' to work. Good-bye, mam."

The day following brought developments. What they were or what the brief conversation over the line fence purported need not be detailed. A revolution was in the air of the neighborhood. People were on the *qui vive* of expectation. They knew little, and what little they did of the new departure, aroused a deep vein of curiosity as to future events. Sunday morning was near at hand. For even so small a clue as buggy buying, which had not escaped the lynx-eyed agents of gossip, there was a large congregation at church to watch the progress of events.

CHAPTER VI.

Sunday morning was clear and cool; quite propitious for the day's surprises. By nine o'clock a full half-dozen rigs had driven up and departed from the Jones' front gate without the cheerful occupancy of Miss Jones. When Jeems drove up there was a vision of newness—covered buggy—fine harness—a newly broken driving horse—a fifteen dollar suit—new shoes and christie—above all, a decided air of newness in spite of his bashful demeanor in Jeems himself. He was the privileged escort to morning service for the much courted Miss Jones, and he had done justice to the occasion of his apparent privilege. Nobody knew him. He passed one or two of the curious but disappointed visitors of the morning, who had lagged to find out their supplanter's name and degree. Melinda was ready when he came, and the new horse, which seemed to enjoy the experience of initiation into horsedom, went circumspectly, betraying a jaunty disdain for other steeds of his kind. When the church platform was reached, Jeems quite oblivious of the curious on-lookers, helped Melinda out, and went to the shed to tie up. He was scarcely recog-

nized as yet. It was a trying moment for Melinda. She was aware of the ridicule which would attach to her should he act foolishly at this juncture. There were more difficult things to come. When Jeems reached the door he was terribly bewildered. He recollected then what he was doing and expected to do. Miss Jones, though a trifle agitated, as the time was up for her to take charge of the organ, succeeded in leading him quickly up the long aisle into the choir seats, and pointed him to a seat, right amongst her persistent admirers. We can judge whether he was welcome or not. He was introduced a moment later to the leader, who had discreetly expected him, and was taken under his wing for the rest of the service, which began in a few minutes. On the face of the congregation there was amazement and incredulity when he was recognized beyond doubt, "Jeems Parker." Many side glances were exchanged and many smiles. What next? The minister was perplexed also, but none the less delighted. There were two middle-aged people there who were more than pleased. Jeems was everything to them.

The service that morning was memorable. There was a new and powerful tenor voice, which, as the service of praise advanced, gained confidence and strength, and finally eclipsed the less disinterested male members of the choir by the volume of melody he evoked, in spite of his lack of training. There were no flat notes in his parts. There was plenty of envy and mortification near by him though. The choir leader was happy. Here was the voice he had longed for, but refrained from soliciting—for many a day. He knew the voice very well, but had given up hopes of gaining its owner, owing to the well-known disability, now seemingly partly removed. It was a great victory, and a greater prospect for the church in the musical service. He was soon to retire owing to growing age. Here was his successor right to hand. No less than four resignations from the choir were tendered after the service, and duly accepted. "We won't stay if that dunderhead is going to join, not much." The young ladies of the congregation were interested

somewhat. Perhaps they were agog for a romantic culmination for some one of their number. Melinda was a study. She was non-committal. Jeems managed to shake hands with a few, but with none so heartily as his beloved pastor who welcomed this innovation of his more heartily than anyone else. He knew Jeems, and prized his presence very much. Jeems was again favored with the privilege of driving Melinda, in spite of the efforts of several others to forestall him. Nothing eventful occurred on the way. He stabled his horse and received the general hospitality of the Jones' household.

It was a great change for Jeems. Hitherto he had spent Sunday afternoon snoozing on fine days on the barrel-stave hammock in the orchard, all other weathers upstairs in bed. There were to be no more lazy Sundays for him. He would enjoy relaxation in the company of his friends in a human-hearted way. No reference was made to the day's proceeding, of a personal nature. Before evening he had made several new acquaintances, of people, too, he had known casually all his life, but without intimacy of any kind. Jeems puzzled the folks, but they were glad of the change, just the same, however surprising it might be. When the bay colt got home that night it was after the **liveliest** day's jogging he had ever experienced, and one that added considerably to his monetary value, Sunday though it was. There were many future excursions in store for him. Jeems, for one thing, like a dutiful son, failed to stay late, as he remembered the evening chores. This was his first Sunday away from home.

CHAPTER VII.

The weeks passed quietly by for Jeems and Melinda. It became apparent these were very good friends. The rival suitors for her favor became less and less persistent, and the other young ladies of the section rejoiced in a considerable increase of masculine attentions. They were grateful to Jeems. While not exactly monopolized by them, Jeems was oftener at the Jones' place

than any others nearby. He felt more at home there. His manners became freer and more polished. His speech was more grammatical. His ideas were less confused, and his stammering address almost gone. It is safe to say that he had taken many more advisory hints in his submissively grateful way. On the other hand, Miss Jones was not so forward in many ways. She wished Jeems to be a real gentlemanly fellow, but she must not help him too much, so as to make him entirely a dependant, for, above all things, individual action was necessary. Then also there was Mother Grundy and her pert arrangements of their friendships. It was not easy to say unpleasant things, for Jeems had become a desirable member of society. These friends found many things to talk about. Jeems in his loneliness had become akin to animals, birds and flowers, and in his unscientific way could tell much that the more learned scarcely knew. Melinda was amazed at some of his natural lore, and the interesting freedom of exposition he acquired once he became entirely accommodated to her ways. He was no longer bashful with her in the former degree before they met beside that line fence. There was real good fellowship between them.

As the weeks passed on, Jeems became aware of the consequences of his persistent visitation over the line fence. Many of the neighbors were aware of the outcome long before he was himself. Melinda had grown shyer and shyer in demeanor. She was no longer dictatory. She received him gladly, entertained him in the same hospitable way, and accepted his escort everywhere they went. There were no other applicants. The fact was significant enough, only folks made out *she* was the one who was behind the astonishing transformation. The Parker farm was nearby, and valuable. What more? Jeems began to realize his feelings little by little, finally he knew for certain he was in love, and that Melinda was very precious to him. He wasn't very sure whether she loved him in return. He knew she liked him, and valued his friendship very much. Her shyness helped him to understand himself still more. At last, after

three months' steady courtship, he decided to propose, cost what it might, on the following Sunday when returning from church. He had tried to tell his feelings several times and failed at the crucial moment. He would do or die this time. It was a queer place and time but Jeems didn't mind that. It had to be gone through with, somewhere, somehow, sometime.

When the day of decision arrived, Jeems was excitable and fidgety all the way to church and during the service. He was trying to compose a suitable speech as a medium of conveying his affectionate regards and wishes. He could not hit on anything just satisfactory, and as the climax grew nearer, he became more and more restive. He sang beautifully however, and in a much more cultured form than that memorable Sunday three months before. His perturbation was hardly noticed. After service he fairly hustled Melinda away from the church. But he did not select the shortest way home. He took a round-about and far less frequented way. If she guessed what was in his mind, she made no sign other than an increased timidity and gentleness, such as the real woman instinctively experiences, when about to receive a declaration of reciprocal affection from the man her heart would call husband. Jeems had become very dear to her. It was altogether different from any expectation she ever had and she was mentally prepared as to her duty for the future.

The crucial moment had arrived. Jeems pulled his horse down to a walk. He looked shyly at his charming companion's now blushing face. Straightway his own became crimson out of sympathy. He started to speak—stuttered, gurgled and stuck. He started again, stuttered, gurgled and stuck as before. He tried a third time with the same result. At his fourth attempt all he could say was "Melinda." It was said in so positive and so peculiarly eloquent a tone, that his meaning was beyond doubt. A very soft voice said in his ear—Yes! James, I understand, and a soft little hand stole into his own as he looked into her face with rapturous delight. What happened between that time and their arrival in the Jones'

farm-yard will not be related. It is an infringement on human nature to detail such happy experiences. However, when Mr. and Mrs. Jones appeared, he took off his hat gingerly, blushed rosy red, and nodded, saying, as he turned to Melinda, also blushing deeply,

"Mrs. James Parker that's to be if you hev no objection—kin we get married next Christmas?"

The news was no surprise to Melinda's parents. It was what they had wanted to see for years. Their congratulations were therefore hearty and unaffectedly sincere. Melinda, their only child, would be near them always in their declining years. The same feeling of gladness pervaded the Parker homestead when the news was announced. They, too, were expectant and alive to the value of the alliance for the increased family happiness.

Preparations went merrily on for the Christmas wedding. People were saying "I told you so!" But the couple most interested were happy and they didn't mind a little jollying from the neighbors thereby.

Christmas day was a propitious one. The sun shone clear on the newly fallen snow, and the merry jingle of sleigh-bells rang in the air. The wedding party was a happy one, James Parker, no longer the unpolished,

uncouth, bashful youth, but a well-dressed, self-possessed, gentlemanly-looking fellow, thanks to the cultivating power of love and a capable maiden's teaching—did his allotted duties circumspectly and well. "Jim" Robinson, the formerly disappointed suitor of Miss Jones, was best man. His heart had been consoled, for his engagement to Sylvia Graham, Melinda's special chum and bridesmaid, was now announced, and they were to be "next"—on the Rev. Jesse Lee's card for matrimonial engagements. The reverend gentleman was especially delighted to-day. This union augured well for the local church, as both were prized members thereof. He ate a goodly share of turkey. His congratulations were profuse. His fee was ample—for had not his wife already peeked into a mysterious envelope? He had nothing to regret, and much to hope for from this hymeneal knot. At 4.30 p.m., there was a copious shower of rice and old shoes, when the happy couple stepped into the gayly adorned cutter and started for the station, amidst the merry jingle of bells and falling snowflakes. The last heard of "Jeems" as the train steamed out was—

' I guess, Melinda we'll hev a scrumptuous time down to Niagary; won't we, dear?"





DR. JOHN FORREST

LIEUT. GOV. A. G. JONES

HON. W. J. STAIRS

C. F. FRASER, ESQ.

ROBIE UNIACKE, ESQ.

MR. A. STEPHEN

HON. J. W. LONGLEY

HON. R. L. BORDEN

MAYOR A. B. CROSBY

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF HALIFAX.



CITY HALL—HALIFAX.



INSTITUTION FOR DEAF AND DUMB—HALIFAX.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE—HALIFAX.



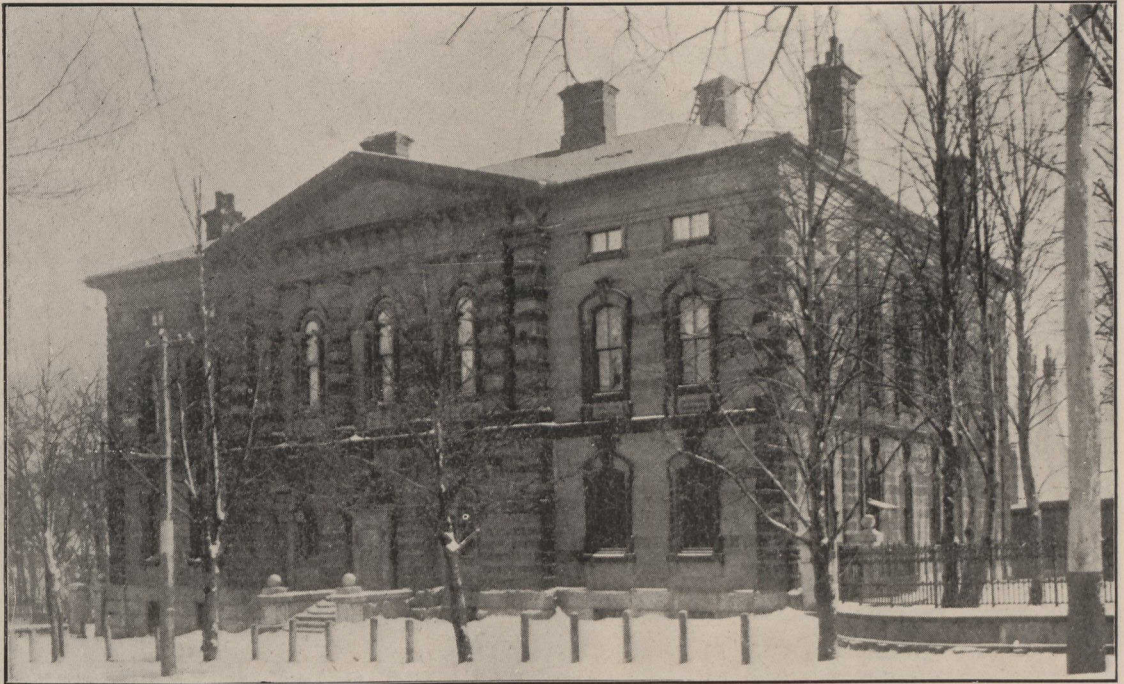
SCHOOL FOR BLIND—HALIFAX.



ADMIRALTY HOUSE--HALIFAX.



BELLEVUE HOUSE—HALIFAX.
RESIDENCE OF GENERAL COMMANDING FORCES IN CANADA.



PROVINCE BUILDING FROM HOLLIS STREET—HALIFAX.



PINE HILL COLLEGE—HALIFAX.



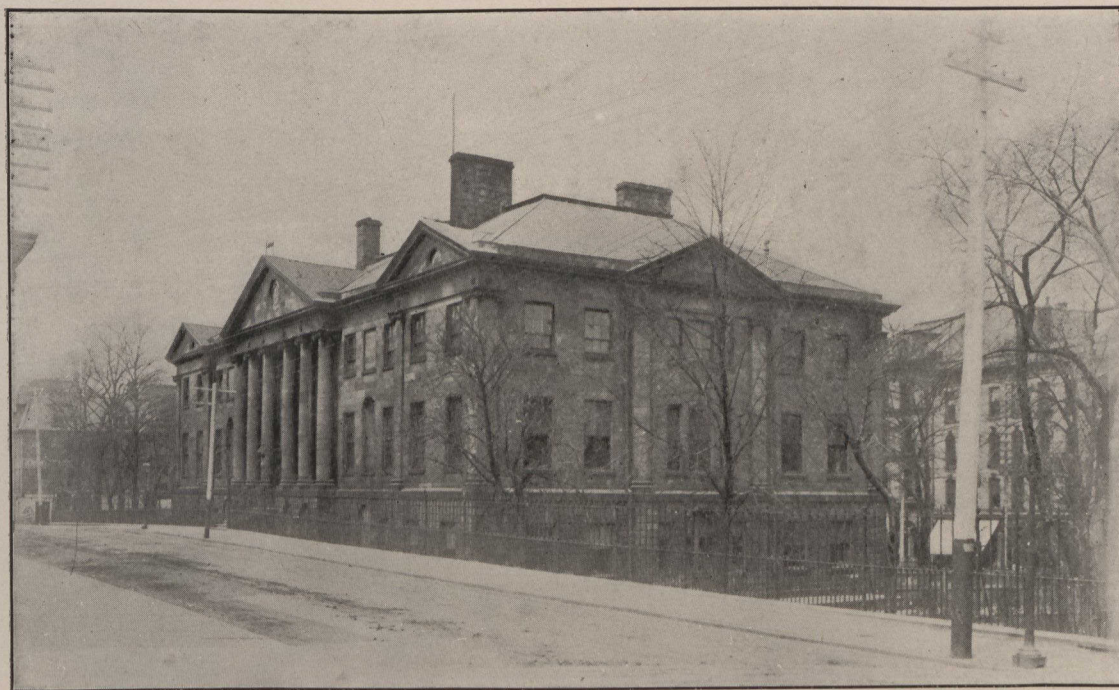
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA, HOLLIS STREET—HALIFAX.



HALIFAX LADIES' COLLEGE.



BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING—HALIFAX.



PROVINCE BUILDING FROM GRANVILLE STREET—HALIFAX.



BANDSTAND, PUBLIC GARDENS—HALIFAX.



VIEW IN PUBLIC GARDENS—HALIFAX.



BAND HOUSE ON PRINCES LODGE GROUNDS—HALIFAX.



PUBLIC GARDENS—HALIFAX.



VIEW OF HOLLIS STREET—LOOKING NORTH.



HALIFAX HOTEL, HOLLIS STREET—HALIFAX.



THE NEW ARMORIES—HALIFAX.



MONUMENT TO PARKER AND WELSFORD



MONUMENT TO SOLDIERS KILLED IN S. AFRICA.



HALIFAX—NOVA SCOTIA.



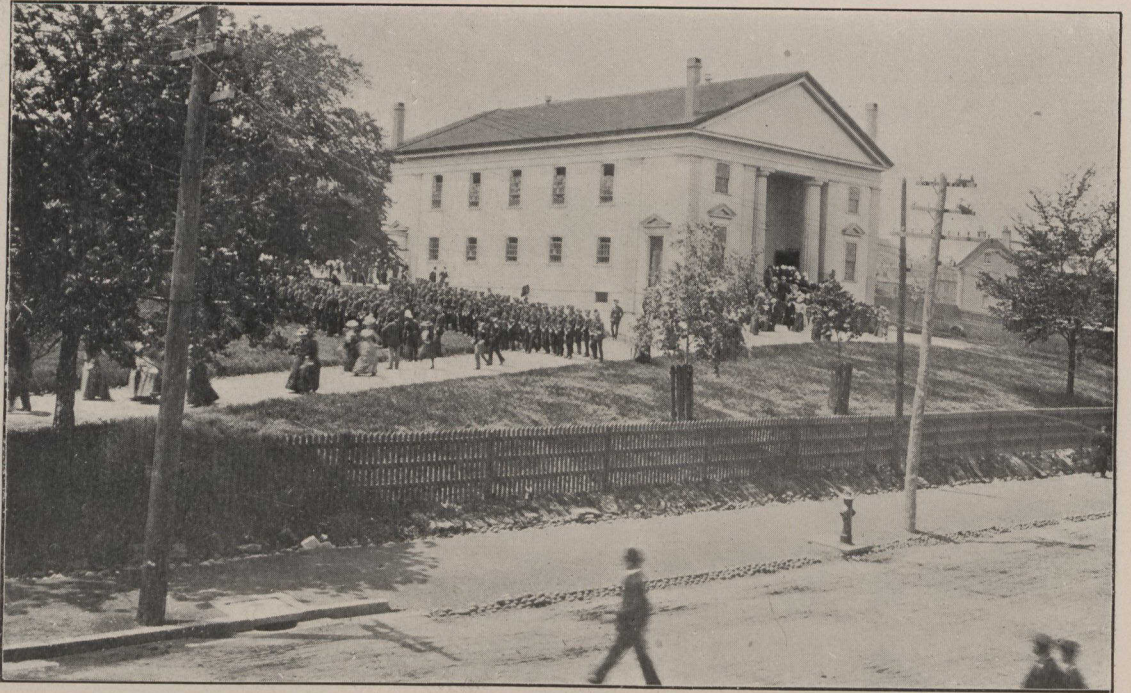
A TYPICAL NOVA SCOTIAN SCENE.



MARTELLO TOWER IN POINT PLEASANT PARK—HALIFAX.



VIEW ON NORTH-WEST ARM—HALIFAX.



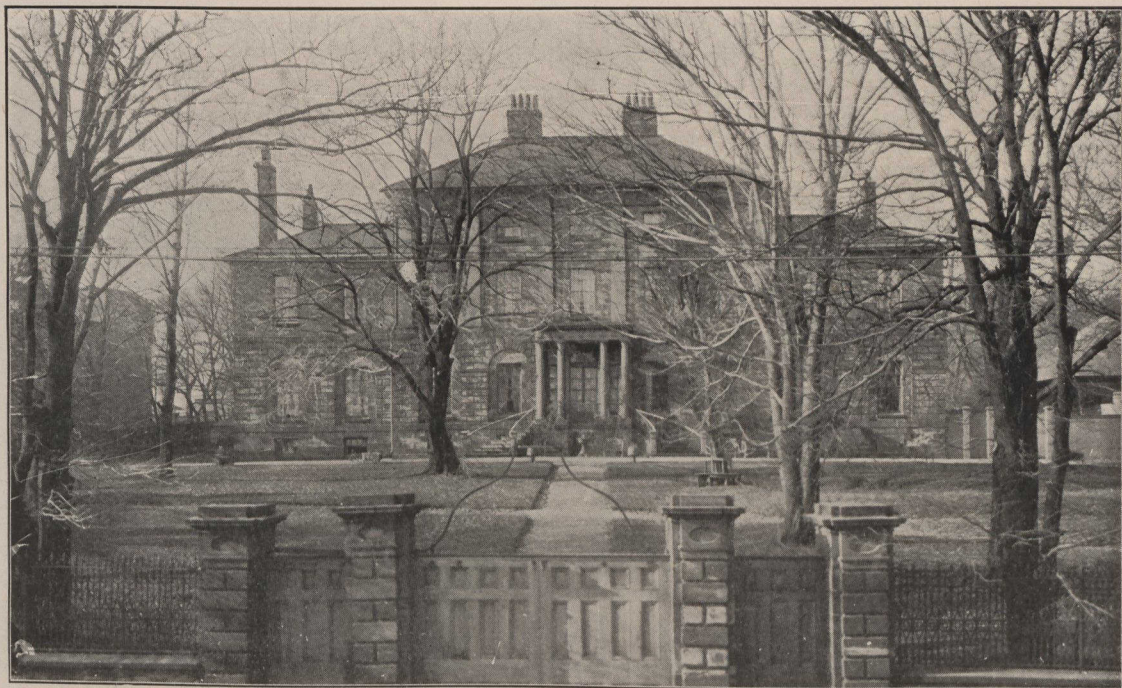
CHURCH PARADE, GARRISON CHURCH—HALIFAX.



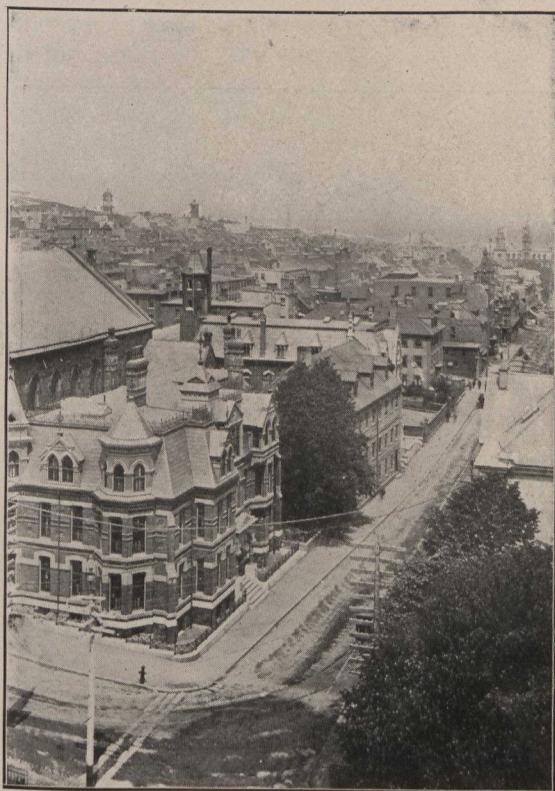
OLD DUTCH CHURCH—HALIFAX.



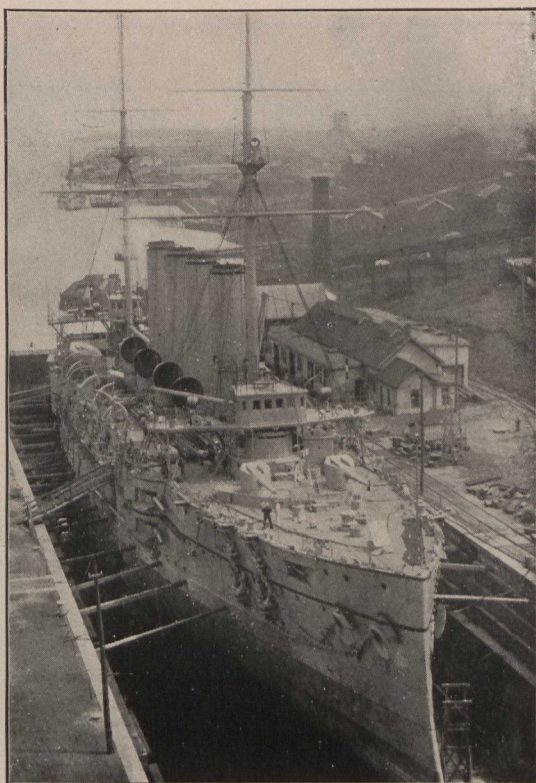
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—HALIFAX.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE FROM HOLLIS STREET—HALIFAX.



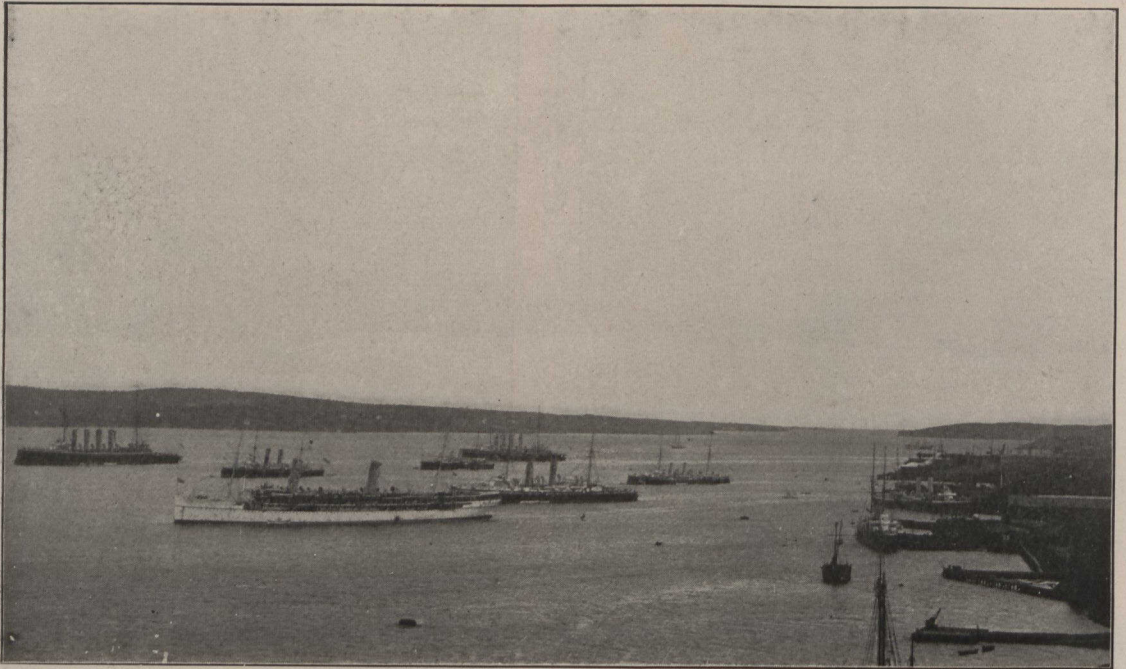
BARRINGTON ST., LOOKING NORTH—HALIFAX.



WARSHIP IN DRY DOCK—HALIFAX.



REGATTA ON NORTH WEST ARM—SHOWING N.W.A. ROWING CLUB HOUSE—HALIFAX.



VIEW OF HALIFAX HARBOR.

HALIFAX—THE CITADEL OF THE COAST

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THE capital of the Bluenose Province possesses certain claims to distinction which are not shared by any of her sister cities. In strategic importance she stands alone. She has been called the key to the Dominion. Whether the phrase fits precisely or not, this at least is true, that as to defensive strength she has no rival upon the continent.

Then she possesses a harbor which, when Bedford Basin is taken in account with it, need yield the palm to no other haven for shipping the wide world over, and is unquestionably the best winter port on the Atlantic coast. Finally, in the matter of picturesque situation and surroundings Quebec alone may successfully challenge her supremacy.

Bearing in mind the length of her life, and the importance of her history there is ample justification for the wonder so often expressed that Halifax has not grown and prospered after the fashion of Montreal and Toronto. The explanations offered are various, and some of them can hardly be considered complimentary to the enterprise and industry of her citizens. But they need not be considered here. The growth that Halifax has accomplished certainly has nothing of the mushroom about it. On the contrary, it is eminently solid and genuine, and if financial strength in proportion to population be made a test there is perhaps no other city in Canada could make a better showing.

Although the French had abundant opportunity during their long fierce struggle with the British for the possession of Canada to put to good use the splendid harbor which Champlain in 1631 mentioned as being "*une baie fort saine*" (a very safe bay), they somehow failed to appreciate its advantages, preferring Louisburg instead, and it was left to the British, under Lord Cornwallis, to select it as the Government headquarters. The Indian name it had

hitherto borne of Chibouctou, signifying "chief-haven," was then officially changed to Halifax. This was in October, 1749, and with that date the actual history of the city begins.

With the British Government behind her Halifax quickly arose to importance. In 1758 she was the rendezvous of the great fleet gathered for the reduction of Louisburg, that wasps' nest whose stings had come unendurable, and more than one hundred and fifty ships of war lay at anchor in her spacious harbor.

Not many years later, during the War of the Revolution, an equally imposing sight was presented by nearly two hundred warships and transports riding at their moorings when preparations were being made for General Howe's operations upon New York.

The Government dockyard was established so far back as 1759, and has ever since been maintained on an extensive scale, being of course particularly busy during the summer season when the big warships come up from the West Indies.

Halifax is also a military centre as well as a naval station of the first magnitude. A large garrison is kept there at all times, comprising Royal Engineers, Royal Artillery, and regiments of the line, and according to a recent announcement this force is shortly to be greatly increased.

While the vast expenditure of British gold which the presence of the fleet and garrison entails, and the dozen or so mighty fortifications that render the city practically impregnable represent, could not of course fail to be an advantage to Halifax, in some ways it would seem that it has by no means been an unmixed benefit. There are many indeed who hold the opinion that both socially and commercially the Bluenose capital has been a loser rather than a gainer by having the red coats and blue-jackets in her midst.

However that may be, there is no contradicting the fact that they constitute one of the chief attractions of the place, and that their influence has been to make it decidedly the most English of Canadian cities, where the Old Country is as naturally and habitually called "home" as in India or Australia.

Aside from her imperial importance as a strategic point Halifax was destined by nature to be a centre of trade and shipping. She was within easy reach of the great fisheries, and soon came to do a big business in outfitting fishing schooners, and handling the scaly harvest they garnered from the deep. Such old-established firms as Stairs, Son & Morrow, Black Brothers & Company, and the like have made fortunes for successive generations out of this business, and it is still a profitable one, although perhaps not quite as extensive as of yore.

When the fish came back in payment for the outfits and supplies they were forwarded to the West Indies or to the Mediterranean for sale. This meant a fleet of schooners and brigantines that flitted between the north and south, taking away the "Newfoundland turkeys," as the dried cod are humorously called, and bringing back sugar, salt, fruit and other tropical products, not to forget Jamaica rum.

The Harts, the Wests, the Cronans, the Butters, and so forth, had this interest in hand, and right well they cared for it, finding employment for a large number of men and vessels, and receiving as their reward, in spite of the fluctuations of the traffic, very handsome returns upon the whole.

In the palmy days of wooden ships, before the ugly iron tramp steamer banished the white-winged beauties from the seas, Halifax was a very large owner of ships, and even built a few within her city limits, the Macpherson ship-yard formerly being one of the sights of the north-end.

But wooden ships that were wont to pay for themselves in a couple of voyages across the ocean, or one trip around the world, now with difficulty yield a very moderate percentage, and their numbers have woefully decreased.

As the ships went the steamers came, and in regard to steamship enterprise Halifax

holds a high position, for was she not the home of Sir Samuel Cunard, founder of the famous Cunard Line, whose proud boast it is never to have lost a single one of the millions of passengers it has carried across the Atlantic.

Sir Samuel was one of the chief pioneers of the ocean steamship service, and his name is still preserved by the firm of S. Cunard & Co., which represents the Allan and other lines, although it has ceased to direct vessels of its own.

At the present time there are, beside, the Allan lines of steamers running from Halifax north, south, east and west, whereof the enterprising firm of Peckford & Black control the more important ones. The arrivals and departures of vessels average about twelve thousand yearly, with a total tonnage exceeding three millions. As this means about forty per working day throughout the year it may be easily understood that the Halifax Custom-house is one of the busiest in the Dominion.

A glance at the Government returns shows that the imports at this port for the fiscal year 1903, were \$7,986,000, and the exports, \$7,983,000; that is over \$15,000,000 in all. Now, as the total imports and exports of the province were a little more than \$30,000,000 it is seen that Halifax had one-half of the whole business of the province, which certainly speaks volumes for the diligence of her merchants.

The harbor of Halifax, being the source of her importance and prosperity, deserves more particular mention. Here is the tribute paid to it by Captain J. Taylor Wood, the famous captain of the blockade-runner *Tallahasse*, than whom there surely could be no more competent authority:

"From an acquaintance with some of the best harbors in the world, such as Naples, San Francisco, Rio de Janeiro, I know of none that combines as many advantages as Halifax. The harbor opens directly on the Atlantic; easy of access at all times; comparatively small rise and fall of tide; safe and commodious; of uniform depth, ten to twelve fathoms; good holding ground; well buoyed and lighted; with a pilot service of experienced men, who, for twenty-five years,

have never had a craft in their charge take the bottom, or meet with a mishap. A stranger coming into the port was praising it to an old pilot. The latter said, 'Aye, sir, but it is not what you see, but what you don't see.' 'What do you mean?' enquired the stranger. 'I mean, sir, you don't see the bottom,' intimating that its freedom from rocks and shoals is the great beauty of the harbor. There are numerous wharves, both public and private, alongside of which the largest vessels can lie free from all dockage dues while handling cargo."

Beyond the harbor, and easily entered through the Narrows by the very largest vessels, lies Bedford Basin, a superb sheet of water, upon whose broad bosom the combined navies of the world might float with abundant mooring-room. In this respect at least Halifax is unique among the ports of the globe.

Then behind the city, and creating a peninsula of the piece of land which the city partly occupies, the beautiful North-West arm still remains a free resort for pleasure-seekers, its nearer shore being parcelled out among wealthy residents, whose homes and grounds bespeak substantial comfort.

The fortifications which defend the harbor deserve more than passing mention, for in defensive and offensive strength they are unparalleled upon the continent. Beginning with "Spion Kop," a name that manifestly recalls the Boer war, and York Redoubt outside the entrance of the harbor, there are Forts Ogilvie, Cambridge and Point Pleasant, hidden among the trees of the peerless park, and the Citadel rising up behind the centre of the city.

On the other side of the harbor are Ive's Point, and Macnab batteries, on Macnab's Island, while Fort Clarence guards the Eastern Passage, and Fort Charlotte monopolizes George's Island, which seems to rest upon the bosom of the watery expanse like an emerald in a silver setting.

The majority, if not all of these enormously costly works were carried out by an eminent English contractor, John Brookfield, who settled in Halifax many years ago, or by his son Samuel, to whom also is due the great graving dock, and other undertakings of large proportions.

Reverting to the commercial aspect of Halifax, the absence of an extensive manufacturing interest is to be noted. There is to be sure the Acadia Sugar Refinery and the Dominion Cotton Mill, which are both doing well, the Dartmouth Rope and Twine Works, the Henderson and Potts Paint factories the Moir Confectionery and Biscuit factories, the Keith and O'Mullin breweries, and the Macdonald and Hillis founderies.

But even taking these prosperous establishments into account they would at best make a small showing beside that of other Canadian cities where the conditions for manufacturing seem to be more favorable. May be the future has in store some important developments in this direction that will give Halifax a higher rank among industrial centres.

The financial strength of the city has been already referred to. In this regard she certainly furnishes a fine illustration of the adage that it does not do to judge by appearances, for if ever there was a place guiltless of pretence and display it is the Bluenose capital.

Barring the noble old province building, a gem of architecture in its way, and the stately Government House, there are no particularly imposing edifices to be noted. Even the residences of the wealthiest citizens are, for the most part, wooden structures, with exteriors begrimed by the reek of soft coal, although their interiors are extremely comfortable, and often elegant.

Yet, the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Royal Bank of Canada, two of the most prosperous financial institutions in the Dominion, belong to Halifax, and so, too, do the Union Bank, the People's Bank, and the Halifax Bank, which was recently absorbed by the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Moreover, the Bank of Montreal and the Bank of British North America have important branches there. In the matter of bank clearings Halifax stood fifth among Canadian cities for the year 1903, with a total of \$93,169,000, being an increase of more than \$4,000,000 over the previous year. It will, therefore, be understood that, despite her sobriety of appearance, Halifax is no mean city, and can well afford to sub-

stantially support any undertaking to which she commits herself.

With a population exceeding 40,000, Halifax has an annual revenue for municipal purposes slightly exceeding half a million dollars, raised upon a total assessment of some \$24,000,000. The civic debt, according to the latest statement available, was about \$3,500,000, certainly not an alarming amount for so well-to-do a city. Indeed, so thoroughly sound and straight has been the conduct of municipal affairs for a generation past that those sinister words "boodle" and "graft" would require to be explained to the average taxpayer, and then they would have no personal interest for him.

It would be unpardonable to conclude an article upon Halifax without mention of her two supreme attractions, the peerless Point Pleasant Park and the exquisite Public Gardens, which, under the devoted care of Superintendent Power, have become the most beautiful of their extent upon the continent.

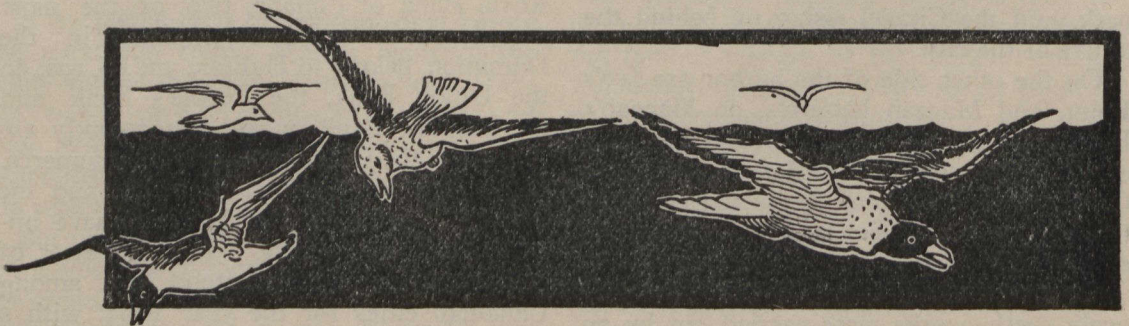
Whatever else may fail of satisfying the critical visitor these never do. The one representing nature unadorned the other the perfection of landscape gardening, they have each their own surpassing charms, and, without being rivals, co-operate in sustaining and spreading the fame of the city they adorn.

A few words in conclusion as to the social side of Halifax. In certain respects she is unique among Canadian cities. She alone is both a military and naval station, and can boast of a real Admiral, and a veritable General, as well as a Lieutenant-Governor, with their uniformed satellites to make brilliant her functions and festivities.

Furthermore, she knows no "close season" as do her Western sisters. The merry whirl of hospitality goes on the whole year round. In the dog days, when society, with a big S, religiously deserts Montreal and Toronto for instance, Halifax is at her very gayest. Yet in mid-winter what with dance, and drive, and dinner, skating, snow-shoeing, tobogganing, there is no chance for moping. Indeed it may be safely affirmed that in proportion to her population Halifax does more in the way of entertainment throughout the year than any other city this side the Atlantic.

The "dear dirty old city," as her children call her, has by no means yet achieved her destiny. There are great things still in store for her. Meanwhile her portrait has been etched with the skill of genius in Kipling's unforgettable quatrain:

"Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth;
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie;
The Warden of the Honour of the North
Sleepless and veiled am I."



“MURIEL”

By WATERWITCH

“OH, Muriel has simply wrecked her life; didn't you hear about it?” said Helen. “Wait, Jack, and I will tell you what happened when you went away, and you can judge for yourself.”

My sister disposed of the tea tray, and began to draw on a pair of white boating gloves. We had been having tea on the lawn before joining a yachting party at the pretty Club, fifteen minutes' walk away from my brother-in-law, Tom Harding's house, where I was staying, and now as we strolled leisurely along, Helen, who was my older sister and thought herself vastly superior in the world's ways, because she had been married for years, while I was still a bachelor, regaled me with a brief sketch of what had taken place since I, a third-year medical student, had departed to walk the London Hospitals, and then settled in a small but flourishing town to cast in my lot.

“You will remember,” began Helen, “Irene and Muriel were both pretty girls even at sixteen, which they must have been when you left, and after their father died so suddenly they were found to be almost entirely without means, and each started to try and make her own living—they went everywhere, being great favorites, and had lots of good offers.”

“What sort of offers?” I interrupted, “positions do you mean?”

“Why no, stupid!” exclaimed Helen vaguely, “marriage, of course—”

“Oh, I thought you were talking about them earning their own living.”

“So I was, Irene was companion to Mrs. Henry Alverstone, and Muriel taught music and began a little school. Irene, like a sensible girl, took the first rich man who proposed to her, and did well for herself—he isn't much to look at, and is rather inclined to be dissipated, but I don't fancy that troubles Irene, she has stacks of money,

travels about all over the world, and has a good time generally. What more could she want?”

“Then you wouldn't mind Harding having a hump or two and being bleary-eyed so long as you could run about all over the continent and enjoy yourself?” I interrogated.

“Oh, Jack, don't be a goose; you know I am not worldly-minded,” said Helen with dignity. “Of course dear old Tom is perfect, but he isn't overdone with money or anything like that you know. By the by, you will see Irene Vanbright this afternoon, she happens to be staying in the neighborhood—”

“But Muriel,” I interrupted, “what became of her?”

“Oh, yes,” said my sister, hurriedly, “we are nearly there and I have not yet told you about Muriel—well, she really did make a fool of herself, she wouldn't marry anyone and worked herself nearly to death for five years or more, then went and fell in love with a miserable insurance agent or something, and they were moved to some out-of-the-way place nobody ever heard of, and I suppose lived on nothing—she is simply buried alive.”

“How very imprudent,” I remarked, sarcastically, “really quite inconsiderate of Muriel.”

At that moment we reached the Club House, where I was introduced to a party of jolly people who had gathered together to go out for a sail in my brother-in-law's yacht. Certainly none of the ladies to whom I was presented was the girl I used to know as Irene Ellsworth, and I was wondering if I should be disappointed, when I observed from the dinghy in which we were then seated that some of the guests were already aboard the *Arrow*, and a few minutes later I found myself on the deck, the beautiful yacht scudding away before

the breeze, and talking to the handsomest woman on board, Irene Vanbright.

"It brings me back my girlhood," she said, with a glance calculated to thrill a less impressionate heart than mine, "to be here with you."

"I am indeed fortunate," I replied, "to have chosen to visit my old home at a time when the same idea possessed Mrs. Vanbright; you were a child when last I saw you, and now—"

"Now," she said, coquettishly, "you find an old woman and call her Mrs. Vanbright; may I not be Irene still to you, Dr. Reade?"

"Certainly, I always think of you as such," I replied, "but years rob us of many privileges."

"Ah, we all grow old together," said Irene, dramatically; "such a pity is it not, and how little one finds of joy and pleasure in this world after all, do you not think so? I married young and very well, so all my friends thought, and I suppose have had as happy a lot as falls to most women. I have money, friends, amusements, all the traveling I could desire, and yet, ah, how tired one grows of it all, how tired!"

"Where is your home when *not* traveling about?" I enquired, "where do you live?"

"Oh, in New York, of course," said Irene, "where else *could* one live? We really have a splendid home and a pretty summer residence at Staten Island. You must come and see us when you leave Helen, Dr. Reade; my husband is hospitality itself, and would be delighted. We try to keep our house well furnished with guests."

"You spend most of your time abroad, do you not?" I asked.

"Yes, a good deal of it," she answered, but my husband detests travelling as much as I adore it; he is not a restless soul like poor unfortunate me, so we don't bore one another. Twelve years of conjugal felicity would kill one's good opinions of each other, you know, so we prefer each to gang our ain gait. Are we not a sensible modern pair?"

"Modern is just the word," I said dryly,

"but tell me of Muriel, your sister; what of her?"

"Oh, poor Muriel, you have remembered her," said Mrs. Vanbright. "Now, she *did* indeed make a sad botch of her life. You know she was always sentimental, believed in love, marriages made in heaven, and that sort of thing and she carried her theory into practice, and married a penniless nobody, Dr. Reade, actually; such a pity, wasn't it? He took and buried her alive in some awful little wayside town, literally out of the world, and after four years getting along, heaven only knows how, he died, and Muriel has shut herself up more than ever, and believes, I suppose, that she is broken-hearted."

"Muriel, a widow," I ejaculated, "and do you never go to see her; does she not visit you?"

"My dear Dr. Reade, it would kill me," said my companion, settling herself more comfortably amongst the luxurious cushions with which the boat abounded. "Of course I write often, and she knows my home is open to her whenever she chooses to come, but she seems to take a melancholy pleasure in staying alone and refusing condolence."

Then as Irene wandered on about Muriel's want of common sense, her husband's selfishness, and so on, I tilted my hat low over my eyes and pictured Muriel as I had seen her last—a slender girl with her hands full of wild flowers, stooping over a child's cot in the town hospital, the slanting rays of the setting sun streaming in through the narrow window on her fair gold-tinted hair, the tender flush that had arisen as her eyes met mine, who had visited the hospital by accident that day, and the half apologetic words, "I was in the woods this afternoon and the flowers made me think of Dolly, so I brought her some," but the wan, pleasure-lit face of the little girl had shown me it was not Muriel's first act of charity.

"Dr. Reade, you are not listening," came to my ears, and broke my reverie, as, with a playful poke of her parasol, Mrs. Vanbright became aware of my absorption. "I want to know if you don't agree with me that love is an exploded idea in marriage,

but quite allowable to be used as a pastime in good society between the sexes."

"Oh, by all means," I answered, "always provided that both parties bound by the matrimonial law are equally willing to view the matter in the same light."

"Yes, of course; now, I would so hate to bore Mr. Vanbright with being devoted to him, and why, just because one happens to be married to a man, one should insist upon dragging him about all over the world in search of amusement, like a poodle on a string, when he is really much happier at home. Oh, dear!" as the yacht changed its course, and the men of the party were required to get busy at the ropes, "what an unsatisfactory thing is yachting!"

My sister's guests then claimed my attention somewhat to my relief, for the memory of her as I had known her was more acceptable to me than the existing Irene Ellsworth.

That night over my pipe, in the silence of my brother-in-law's otherwise deserted snugery, I reviewed the years that had gone by. They had brought me prosperity, for I had devoted myself with untiring zeal to my profession, always adhering to my opinion that no man should ask a woman to be his wife unless he could give her every comfort. Until lately my means had not warranted entertaining any thought of matrimony, and though all through my life the remembrance of Muriel had been dear to me, I knew she was married, and felt she could never come nearer than my dreams. Now she was a widow, and I determined to see her, and judge for myself what the years had done to Muriel Fairgrieve. The idea of her living alone was appalling, perhaps in need, anyway unprotected. I would not go to New York just yet; I must find her and see how she carried on her existence.

CHAPTER II.

Two or three days later I found myself walking up a winding country road on the outskirts of the town of Peterborough. The beauty of scene, and freshness in the air, added a zest to my pleasurable anticipation

of meeting once again the girl of my dreams—had I idealized her too much? Was it possible that she too would be a woman of the world like her sister? if so, she had certainly chosen a strange place to live, for though the town itself was busy enough, this solitary lane to which I had been directed had little to recommend it with the exception of the scenery. Over the hedges which bordered most of the gardens a glimpse of blue lake was visible, and the tall trees with their luxuriant foliage formed a sort of avenue on either side of the road. The dwellings were small for the most part, and few and far between—I was to know when I reached Mrs. Fairgrieve's by the white palings and size of ground in front of the cottage. Presently it came in sight, and my heart began to beat faster, and yet I felt as though I had already seen her, so sure was I of her image.

Such a small house it was, quite by itself, with a tiny grass plot in front, and white-washed fence. They had evidently been in the habit of spending their summers there, and she—Muriel—had taken it now for good, perhaps for economy's sake. I thought of Irene Vanbright and her grand residence in New York, and ground my teeth.

The window ledges were covered with flowers, spotless curtains with dainty frills showed behind them. A willow grew low over the cottage, and its branches stooped caressingly to the veranda roof. The front door stood wide open, and a child played just inside with a kitten and a spool.

"Muvver, Muvver," she cried, as I approached and prepared to knock, and disappeared into a room within—and almost immediately a slight form dressed in black stood before me. The golden-tinted hair was gathered into a loose knot now at the back of her head, and she was taller, otherwise the sweet face and girlish figure were surely unchanged.

"Dr. Reade, where have you dropped from, or is this merely a coincidence?" said Muriel, with outstretched hand, and the smile I remembered so well.

"Certainly not," I replied. "I have travelled many miles to see you."

"Oh," she breathed softly, "the sight of my old friend does me good; how fond we were of you, Irene and I, long ago. Come in and tell me all about yourself—how are you?—where have you been all this time?"

The unselfishness of her nature, manifest at once in her enquiries as to my concerns were as balm to me after other women I had met. Just as I had pictured her, so indeed was Muriel, and as I sat and talked to her of my life since I saw her last, my career, my final visit home, and desire to see old friends, I took in the sweetness and refinement, not only of her person, but of her little home, and marvelled—how could she do it, she who had lost so much? Her child (Muriel also) was very biddable, and sat playing at her feet, while every now and then the mother's tender hand caressed her bright hair. The pathetic was indeed visible in that scene, and yet withal it was so fair and peaceful, and Muriel's face, which surely should have been sad, was like sunshine.

She never spoke of her own affairs until, on my remarking about a glimpse of lake to be obtained from the window near which I sat, she said: "Our garden runs right down to the lake at the back, will you come out?" and led the way round the veranda through a small kitchen garden to a wild uncultivated piece of ground beyond which sloped to the water.

"We can't afford to have it kept very nice," she said, simply. "I have planted a few things for amusement and economy's sake combined, and this long grass running to the lake is Baby's and my chief delight, as it makes a nice playground and is quite safe; it is shallow just here, and she is never far out of my sight."

"Do you live altogether alone?" I asked, gazing wonderingly at the girlish form beside me, who after all must be nearly thirty now. "Why don't you go to Irene, or let her come to you?"

"Oh, I have Chloe," she answered, "my faithful friend and maid; she is out once a week, and this happens to be the day. Irene is good, very good, and writes asking us to go to her, but I would rather be at home while Baby is so little and restless and—"

"How in the world do you put in the time?" I interrupted.

"Why, the time is all too short for me," smiled Muriel; "I have Baby and her home to look after, my garden and my sewing, and for recreation there are books which I love, and my music to be kept up so that I can teach a little, it helps things along you see."

"Oh!" I cried, sharply, the contrast between the two sisters' views of life forcing itself upon me, "forgive me, but I suppose you are not very well off?"

"Do not misunderstand me, please, Dr. Reade," she said, proudly. "We have all we need, Baby and I; my dear husband did not leave us unprovided for, but," with a look of pain in her sweet eyes, as she turned toward the water, "I want to work and fill every moment, or this—this separation from him would kill me. Oh, I must live; I want to, for little Muriel, and I have a great deal still to make it worth while," she went on bravely; "life itself is beautiful, is it not, and all this?"

She waved her hand with a gesture full of grace toward the trees and sky above her, and then with a smile looked up at me.

"But we will not talk of me any more, please," she continued. "Your life is just beginning—mine is about over."

"What nonsense!" I said irritably; "surely you don't mean that at your age you are never going to love again, or give anyone else the right to—to love you."

For a moment a wave of indignation swept over Muriel's features, she gave a little gasp and turned quite pale.

My own tactlessness and presumption shamed me, and I said hurriedly, "Forgive me Muriel, I fear that I have hurt you, but indeed you have been in my thoughts all these years, dear little friend of long ago, and when I knew of your bereavement I hoped that some day it might be my privilege to come again into your life, and perhaps help you to forget these sorrowful days, and bear your burden."

Muriel's eyes were moist, but oh so tender and womanly, as she turned them again upon me, and something in my face must have told her my heart's deep longing, for in her next words I knew that my suit was hopeless.

"You are very kind Dr. Reade, and I

appreciate to the full your visit to me to-day, and the friendship that prompted it. For old sake's sake I shall lay bare my heart to you as something tells me I may do, and as I have done to no one in the world before. You did not know my husband, but he was a man amongst men. My life with him was one short blissful dream from first to last. I cannot talk of him, but *because* of him I learnt to live, *for* him I live on now, my one greatest desire to be worthy to meet him hereafter. Till then—I await him—that is all.”

“God bless you Muriel,” I breathed fervently, raising the frail little hand to my lips in farewell, “I think I understand, but—I shall come again.”

I went again, a year later. I could not keep away. In every dream of mine she had a part. I loved, I longed for her. It was summer again when I crossed the little threshold. The child was out in front with Chloe.

“My mistress is down at the lake,” said

the girl as I passed; “she is not feeling very well.” I hastened round through the kitchen garden, breathing in the fragrance of her flowers as I went. I could scarce keep from singing as I flung across the grass, so joyous was I to be near her. I could see the slight form, in black still, on the bench beside the water, her arm was over the back, her bright head resting wearily upon it.

“Muriel,” I said softly, fearing to startle her. Then louder, as she moved not, “Muriel!”

Then a terrible fear seized me. I put my hand upon her shoulder, and stooping over, looked into her face. It was still and white, but a fair smile shone upon it. The separation was over, Muriel had gone to her beloved.

My life would have ended there, *too*, I think, but for one who has dwelt with me ever since, and made sunshine in my heart, the *little* Muriel.



SONGS OF THE SEASON

THE EMPTY NEST.

He came exultant from the sombre wood,
This sweet-voiced bird, and to the new-born blue
Of God's spring skies he poured the melody
That told of love as deathless as 'twas true.

And God's dumb things, who heard and understood,
Learned the sweet story of a mating time,
In melody impassioned and divine,
Sung by the songster from the sombre wood.

But no sweet voice in answer came to him,
Altho' he sang the carol she loved best,
The mate who shared the joys of bygone springs;
And reared the tiny fledglings in his nest.

At twilight to the far-off glowing west
A song went forth, a low heart-broken strain,
Then back into the shadow passed again
The bird who came and found—an empty nest.
A. P. MCKISHNIE.

GOOD FRIDAY.

I allus likes it when Good Friday comes
An' everybody's jolly good an' kind,
'Cause then they give them lovely hot cross buns,
To little boys what's sense enough to "mind."

My brother Fred comes home from college then,
An', oh say Fred is just the jolliest lad,
My mamma says he's not a studious boy,
But I think that he's most as good as dad.

When it gets dark my dad comes home from town,
An' takes me on his knee an' calls me "kid."
I start a search all through his clothes for things
I'm sure are somewheres in his pockets hid.

It must be awful not to have no dad,
An' maybe not to have no mother too,
I guess there aren't no kids as bad as that,
I know I'd die right off. Say, wouldn't you?

Then when the bell has rung an' we sit down,
You "mustn't touch" till dad has said the grace.
I think Good Friday got its name because
There always are such good things in the place.

But soon I have to go to bed an' then,
I think that someone must for spite,
Just to get even for the fun I've had,
Make it so hard to go to bed that night.

JAS. P. HAVERSON.

VOICES OF THE STORM.

Where sweeps the broad St. Lawrence
I stood one windy day
Upon a rocky islet
That faced the open bay,
And watched the breakers leaping
In towers of snow-white spray.

Like some invading army
Upon the rocks they bore,
With clamor and confusion,
And wild, tumultuous roar;
Their mists, like smoke of battle
Rolled white along the shore.

Upon my brow in baptism
Cold, stinging drops were flung,
And in mine ears like music
The storm's wild chant was rung,
The chorus of the waters
That know nor speech nor tongue.

An elemental passion
Was in the stress and sweep,
And all at once responsive
I felt my pulses leap;
There seemed a subtle kinship
Betwixt me and the deep.

I shared its wild commotion,
The springs of its unrest—
The secret of its tumult,
Was hidden in my breast,
And in my heart a nameless,
Wild exultation pressed.

Long past the day! Still often
Its mood will o'er me fall;
I hear again those distant
Storm-voices call and call,
And know this busy getting
And spending is not all.

HELEN A. SAXON-



THE house stands at the southern limits of the City of London, and looks out upon green meadows and winding cow-paths and dark knolls of distant woodland. It is not much of a place to look at, crude, gray with the weather, and with a roof spreading wide like a Swiss thatch. The window-sashes are rusty with the remains of a coat of red paint. The wide doorway is partly boarded up and six feet of tangled weeds, phlox and Virginia Creeper separates it from the old picket fence that skirts the roadway. Within this humble dwelling, upon a mere pallet, lies one of the country's grand old men, a veteran of the slave days, and the hero of a thrilling escape. His name is Augustus Green, and he is one hundred years old.

It was his aged wife who came to the door when I knocked. No, Mr. Green was not so well to-day, but still he might be able to see a visitor. She disappeared into the next room whence a voice was asking in laboring accents who the caller was. Shortly afterwards the bent figure of the old man, wrapped in a quilt, came slowly and painfully into the room and he sat down upon an old couch over against the wall. He is always glad to see visitors, but the old joints are so stiff now and the old pulses beat so slowly that it is all he can do to get from his bed to the broken lounge.

This is the story of Augustus Green's escape from the Maryland slave traders to Canada in company with his brother Isaac; They were both born in slavery about twenty-five miles west of Baltimore, and their parents being the property of a slave-owner whose estate was not very far away, Augustus and his brother occasionally were

able to visit them. Maryland at that time was a great slave-raising state, and the Maryland dealers as a rule treated their human property with the consideration born of business foresight. But if a slave ran away and was recaptured he was at once sold down south where Canada's borders would be beyond reach, and where the drivers were as relentless as their bloodhounds. In Maryland none of the slaves thought much about escape, for on the whole, they were contented with their lot.

The two Green boys were within a very short distance of a slave mart, and grew up amid the sound of the auctioneer's mallet and the harsh voices of the bidders. They had often heard about Canada, but the thought of escaping did not enter their heads. Then one night 'Gustus was up in the hay at one of the stables and overheard some of the negro men talking about the beauties of Canada, and what a glorious thing it was to be free. He used frequently after that to lean out of the stable windows in the evenings and listen to the conversation of the men below. At last one day he made up his mind that, please God, he would soon try to reach this Canada, and on speaking to his brother about it, found him perfectly willing to make the attempt. They had both grown to be stalwart young men, and were liable at any time to be sold to a chance buyer, and perhaps taken south to a living death.

When the boys told their father of their determination to escape or die on the road he tried to dissuade them, but seeing that they had firmly resolved to go, agreed to give them every aid. It would require much money, and to get the sum together meant

a year or two of hard scraping and saving. By doing odd jobs and being smart and active in attending to gentlemen's horses, the boys managed to save little by little and spent not a single cent. It was the custom to send the slaves out to work for anybody who would employ them, the wages being paid over to their master. The employer gave the slave board and clothing and generally about sixty dollars at the end of the year, and at last Augustus and Isaac had what they considered sufficient for the journey.

There was an old colored fish peddler who used to come about that neighborhood. He was a free negro and made his living selling fish back and forth to a place called



Little York, forty miles distant from where the Green boys were. The old fellow was shrewd and cautious, but on a bribe of forty dollars he agreed to assist in the escape.

The night fixed for the attempt closed in black as pitch. There was no moon. A cautious frog-call brought the two negro lads from behind the shrubbery at the appointed rendezvous, and without delay they crept into the false bottom which the old peddler had arranged in his wagon. When the sun arose next morning they were just nearing Little York. It was an anxious ride, for they did not know at what moment they might be missed and horsemen be sent in pursuit. The old peddler, too, was taking his life in his hands by aiding them for he was likely to be strung up to the nearest tree in short order if they were discovered.

All had gone well and the boys were beginning to congratulate themselves, and to stretch their cramped limbs, when all at

once they heard the cadence of approaching hoof strokes on the beaten turnpike. The horseman came rapidly up from the rear, and the two beneath the fish box held their breath as he drew rein alongside with a great clattering of pebbles.

"Hi, you!" he called, "what kind of fish you got there?"

"Perch, shad, herring, all fresh," sang the old peddler. "Want some, sah? I'se shuah you ain' gwine get no feesh better'n dese inside dat dere box."

The wagon stopped, the man peered over at the fish and finally decided to take some. While the transfer was being made to a basket which the stranger carried, the old negro kept up a continuous flow of talk. It was not until the hoof-beats had died away in the rear that the young runaways breathed freely once more.

"I was done scare dey was gwine call fo' black bass," said the aged narrator, but the laugh that for a moment beamed on his kindly old face was cut short by a spasm of pain that made me close my note-book and hastily put it in my pocket.

"I'se gwine be—puffically right—in one minute," he gasped. "Don' go. I have dese pains most hard in dere sometimes," and he pointed to his chest that had once been so powerful. "I like to see you, dat's honestly so, an' maybe it'll do me some good to talk a bit."

The old fishmonger left Augustus and his brother after seeing them safely through the toll-gate at the opposite side of the town. The broad road lay ahead of them, and the two boys set off for an abolitionist's house three miles away, and there they were taken in, and remained in hiding until dark. These abolitionists were men whose principles were so antagonistic to the slave traffic that at great personal risk they were willing to help runaway negroes in their escape northward. Their houses, old farm dwellings most of them, contained underground apartments and here, food, shelter, disguises and kind treatment were always freely given to the unfortunate runaways. Everything was done in strictest secrecy, for to aid a runaway slave was a penitentiary offence.

That night the owner of the house where

the Green boys had stopped, went out and secured half a dozen negroes to aid in getting them across the river. Not far from the house was a very long bridge, and here men were stationed for the very purpose of stopping runaway slaves. It was Sunday, and shortly after dusk when the party set out. The six negroes got into line with 'Gustus in the middle and Isaac behind, then boldly started off for the bridge at a brisk pace. They had not gone far before they came within view of a river patrol consisting of several men. One of the six negroes shouted some banter, for he was well known to them.

"Hello, there, Jake, going to church?" one called out.

"Yes, sah."

"About time you were getting there."

"Yes, sah."

"Well, all right, hustle along, and be sure you don't forget how to pray, you black sinners."

"No, sah," cried Jake over his shoulders.

That was all, and the two boys were soon on the other side in safety.

The hero of the story slowly rocked himself to and fro as he sat on the couch in his faded quilt, and recalled these scenes of his youth and strength.

"We come all through from the United States to Canada," he said, "and we nevah had to raise a hand against one single pusion, and we was so glad. We was boun' we wasn't gwine be taken; we would be shot down fust, fo' we was boun' fo' freedom or die on de way. But thank de good Lawd we nevah got scratched. Some used to sass us lil' but we tol'm to stay on deir own side de road."

The time of the year at which they had started out was a very bad one for they reached the shore of Lake Champlain in the spring just as the ice was breaking up. The last few days had been very anxious ones, as the lads had seen and read posters all along the roads—advertisements containing a complete description of themselves and offering five hundred dollars for them, dead or alive. The posters had overtaken them and were in advance for the remainder of the journey to the border so that risks were trebled.

It was a raw cold day and a biting wind was blowing when the runaways finally crawled out of the woods and looked across the wide expanse of tossing ice-floes, on Lake Champlain. Canada was in sight, but it was almost as much as their lives were worth to attempt to cross on the ice. A boat would have been useless even if one could have been found, and for a time Augustus and his brother were at a loss what to do. They were already benumbed with the cold and exposure, and at last, growing desperate, 'Gustus cried out;

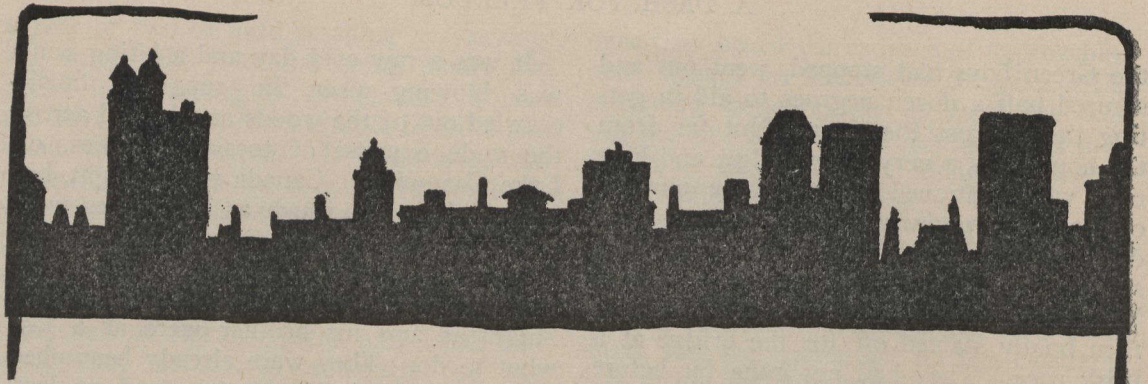
"Well, Isaac, if God helps me, I'se gwine get 'cross, so come on."

That was a terrible experience. Sometimes they were obliged to leap cracks many feet in width, and sometimes they were wildly carried down the current on a block of ice. Finally, when they were within a few feet of the Canadian shore, they sprang into twenty feet of dark, icy water, and swam to the land. This was the moment for which they had waited so long and for which they had risked everything. In a frenzy of delight the two young men rolled on the ground, catching up handfuls of withered grass, shouting and laughing their glee until the woods echoed again and again. They were—FREE.

Never was a heartier meal more quickly disposed of than the supper of oaten cakes and boiled herring which the famished boys enjoyed that night in a farm-house not far distant. They afterwards made their way to Montreal, Que., and secured work. Augustus finally settled in London, Ont., where he now is.

"Ef you seen how strong I was when I come here you would not think there was anything to me now." A quiver passed over the old black face as he looked about the thread-bare room. "I won' be here much mo' 'trudin' on folks."

I came away with the mental vision of a bent and age-worn figure wrapped in an old quilt and seated upon a broken couch. Forlornly slanting on the dingy wall above his head hung the text: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you," and above the door, faded and in tatters, the motto, "Home, Sweet Home."



TORONTO

VS.

NEW YORK

- CLEMENS. -
03

FOR many people in Canada the name of New York has a peculiar fascination, and justly so. It is the name of one of the world's greatest cities.

The best route for a Torontonion to enter New York is by the New York Central, as that company's depot, the Grand Central, places you in a locality convenient to all car lines. You may notice that the baggage system is much simpler than ours, but that the station itself, interior or exterior, cannot for a moment be compared with our Union depot, with its beautiful lobbies and waiting-rooms.

After having thoroughly refreshed yourself you will be able to start out to receive your first impressions of New York.

Torn-up streets and noise seem to predominate; but after crossing 42nd Street to Broadway you soon forget the noise, and become very interested in the stores and buildings. Perhaps a still better way would be to turn down Fifth Avenue, and follow it to where Broadway crosses. Fifth Avenue stores are certainly well worth the turn.

As you near the intersection of these two streets you will perhaps become aware of a wind that seems to come from below, above, and all sides, at one and the same moment. You wonder what kind of a place you have struck, but do not be alarmed; look up! It is only the flatiron building. From this point you may pass up Broadway.

The most charming time to see this noted thoroughfare is at night about the time the theatres are going in. This is a sight to be seen, not written about.

On Broadway or Fifth Avenue you can form your best ideas, or it may be your worst, of the New Yorkers. Merchant princes, the well-to-do, the poor, people of all nations and climes, crushing along the streets, all bent on the one great American object, money-making.

The parks and squares constitute one of the city's chief features. Central Park, Morningside, and Riverside Drive being the most important parks, and Madison, Union, Washington, and City Hall the finest squares. Central Park is about two and a half miles long, and probably three-quarters of a mile wide, and is situated directly in what is called the residential district. It contains a number of statues, fountains, lakes, and very beautiful walks. Other places of interest are also numerous. The Metropolitan Gallery of Art, containing this continent's finest collection, the Egyptian Obelisk, the Mall, the Zoo, the Belvedere, a castle-like lookout, and an old fort. Riverside Drive follows the Hudson River from 72nd Street north, and beside the many palatial residences that overlook it, there are also Grant's Tomb, and the Soldiers' Monument. But, strangely enough, even the famous streets of great New York cannot surpass the stately beauty of University Avenue and Queen's Park. Everyone has heard of Fifth Avenue. This is where wealth and fashion chiefly abide.

A number of the houses here are lavishly ornate, but, being set directly at the edge of the sidewalk, much of their most effective beauty is lost.

Now, we will return to the business section, not by a surface car, for they are very slow, much slower than ours, but by an elevated, or "L," as New Yorkers call them, and get off at the 23rd Street station. This is the chief shopping district, in which most women would revel. All the large department stores are between 34th and 19th Streets. Ladies will, perhaps, be glad to hear that Toronto can boast of a store that covers about one-third more ground than the largest here, although not nearly so high.

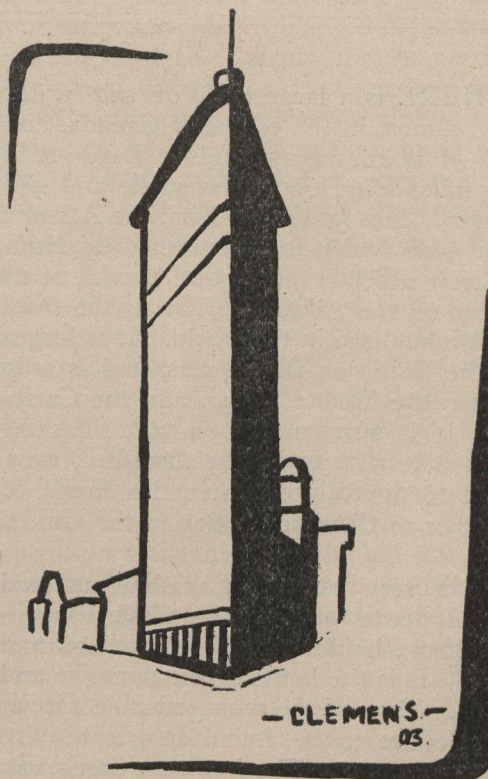
We will now pass down to City Hall Square; here we are met by another disappointment. The City Hall, instead of being a huge, marble-lined, stone pile like Toronto's, is a small building not unlike the front section of our Normal School.

From here we might take a glimpse of famous Wall Street. There is not another street on this continent (if I were an American I would say the world) like Wall Street. It is the motive power and capitol of American commerce and industry.

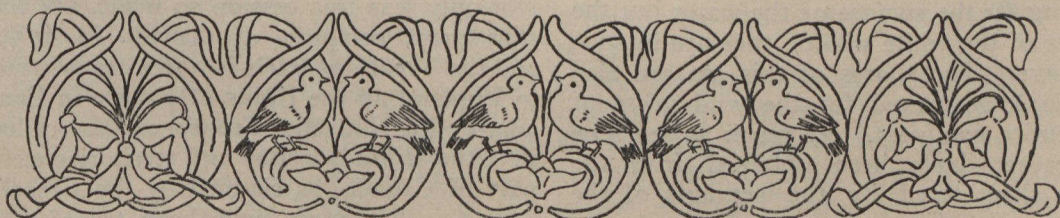
There are many very fine hotels in New York. But our own "King Edward" surpasses most, and equals, with perhaps one exception, the best of them.

Let us draw another comparison. When New York had only a population of 250,000, did she have the magnificent build-

ings, the beautiful parks, the fine residences, and the excellent colleges that Toronto has? Toronto could out-do her at every turn. Canada is a wonderful country, one to be proud of; the beginning of a great nation,



and Toronto one of its greatest cities. Let us remember that the colors in the maple leaf are brighter every year, and never forget, "Canada for Canadians."



THE CANADIAN SEA

By LEX

THERE is a large body of salt water almost in the centre of Canada, and it is known as Hudson Bay. It is 1,000 miles long, 600 miles wide, and 480 feet deep. It is 500 miles from the Atlantic Ocean with which it is connected by Hudson Strait which is only 45 miles wide at its entrance on the Atlantic. This is the third largest inland sea in the world. It is larger than the Baltic or Black seas, and is only less than the Mediterranean and the Caribbean. It is surrounded on all sides by Canadian territory, and is, therefore, comparable to the White Sea in the North of Russia, or to Chesapeake Bay in the United States.

It is a very valuable Canadian national asset. It teems with all the edible fishes—cod, salmon, halibut, grayling, pickerel and chaplin. It is the home of the porpoise and the seal. Two of the most valuable species of whale are to be found in great numbers in its waters. The immense bowheads, 80 to 100 feet long, whose bone is worth \$14,000 per ton, and each containing 1,500 pounds, which with the oil, makes each whale worth \$20,000. There is also the short or white whale, which averages 13 or 14 feet long, and is very valuable for its oil. According to their own statistics the Americans realized from the Hudson Bay whale fisheries in ten years, \$1,371,000. It is said that in some seasons the spectator can see nothing on the surface of the water but the bodies of the white whales, they are in such numbers. The shores of this sea are also the feeding ground for the wild geese of the entire continent. As much as ten tons of feathers have been obtained from the geese slaughtered by the servants of the Hudson Bay Company.

The exclusive title to this valuable sea is clearly in Canada. There may have been navigators who sailed along the Atlantic

northern coast before 1610, such as the Cabots, but there is no doubt that Henry Hudson was the first man which sailed into, and discovered the bay. It makes no difference that this discovery was an accident, as he thought it was the northwest passage to India. However, he it was that in the British ship *Discovery*, in the year 1610 sailed into, and discovered this body of water. He remained in the southern part of it during the winter of 1610-11, and in June, 1611, was sent adrift in an open boat with a number of his crew, and was never heard of afterwards.

The importance of this event lies in the foundation which it lays for the subsequent action of the British Government, which in 1670—59 years afterwards—granted a charter to the Hudson Bay Company for the exclusive use of this body of water and all its surrounding shores and territories.

After the granting of this charter it is true the French disputed the exclusive possession of the Hudson Bay Company, by reason of their occupation and sovereignty of Nouvelle France, of which they claimed that Hudson Bay and territories formed a part. But, however this may have been, it is certain that the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 ceded to England the bay and straits of Hudson, "together with all lands, seas, sea coasts, rivers and places situate in the bay and straits or which belong thereto." Not only was this cession so made, but the subsequent conquest of Canada in 1759, and the Treaty of Paris in 1763, transferred to England all the rights of France in Canada, or La Nouvelle France, as they called it. And if Hudson Bay and territories were part of Canada, as claimed by the French, then this bay must have been transferred to the English by the conquest and Treaty of Paris of 1763.

It is true the undisputed title to Hudson

Bay was not acquired by England until 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht—that is, forty-three years after the grant of the charter to the Hudson Bay Company, —but the company never surrendered or gave up their charter, but constantly asserted their rights under it; and the moment the full right was acquired by England, the former grant became valid by estoppel, and secured to the company all the rights granted by the charter in 1670.

Since 1713, and more especially since the Treaty of Paris in 1763, the Hudson Bay Company have remained in the active and undisputed exclusive possession of Hudson Bay. Its vessels have made two, three and four voyages to and from its waters every year. There was nothing to break the silence and monotony of the vast regions, save the episode of the North-West Company which was soon settled. The vigor with which the Hudson Bay Company treated the North-West Company shows how determined they were to protect their exclusive rights in Hudson Bay and territories.

It is said that the Americans are now about to set up pretensions to navigate and fish in the sea on equal terms with Canadians; but there are no grounds for believing that they have any such rights. Indeed, the *New York Sun*, in a late editorial, expressly recognizes Canada's exclusive right to the sea, but says it would be more profitable and politic to leave it open. However, no official of any kind has in any way claimed to have any rights whatever in the Canadian sea.

American impudence and bluff go a great way, but they scarcely go the length of claiming what they have virtually disclaimed. The treaty of 1818, made between England and the United States, gives to the people of the United States the right to fish on the west coast of Newfoundland and along the Labrador coast, three miles from the shore, as far north as Hudson Straits, "but without prejudice to the just rights of the Hudson Bay Company." Now, when the Americans signed and accepted that treaty they knew that the Hudson Bay Company had, and exercised, exclusive rights in the whole width of Hudson Straits, and how can they now claim to fish in the

straits or bay three miles from the shores or otherwise?

Canada, now, practically stands in the shoes of the Hudson Bay Company, which was in undisputed exclusive possession for nearly 200 years up to 1868, when the company sold to Canada for \$1,500,000, which sum Canada paid. Canada also reserved to the company certain rights in the territories, which rights are becoming more valuable every year by the efforts she is making to civilize and settle the country.

For thirty-five years Canada has had possession of Hudson Bay. During that time she has had custom houses at Port Nelson, Fort Churchill and Moose Factory. In the year 1884 she despatched the *Alert* to the bay. This vessel remained there three years; in 1897 she sent the *Diana*, which remained there a year; and in 1903 she sent the *Neptune*, which is to remain in the sea eighteen months or two years. This last expedition was sent when the bill was introduced to formally annex the bay to the Dominion by calling it the Canadian Sea. This occurred long before the Alaskan award, so there is no chance of saying it was chagrin that caused Canada to take action. There is no body of water in the world that will be more appropriately named when the Bill is passed, being surrounded on all sides by Canadian territory which the Americans could not make use of for any purpose whatever. What would Americans think if a Canadian claimed the right to fish for oysters in Chesapeake Bay as a part of the open ocean? This bay is not quite so large as the Hudson Bay, but it occupies an analogous position. The Americans should have enough privileges of their own to preserve, without wishing to encroach on those of others.

The practical value of Hudson Bay is becoming more apparent every day. Already eight railways from the settled parts of Canada are projected to its shores. Mr. Clergue, of the Algoma Central, promised to place Hudson Bay fish on the Chicago market every day, and last session there was a railway chartered from Port Simpson to Fort Churchill in connection with a line of steamships from the latter place to Liver-

pool. That this project is not only feasible, but promises the most favorable results, may be seen by the following:

	MILES
Winnipeg via Hudson Bay to Liverpool.....	3,625
" " Montreal to "	4,228
Duluth " Hudson Bay to "	3,728
" " New York to "	4,201
St. Paul " Hudson Bay to "	4,096
" " New York to "	4,240

The distance from Vancouver to Liverpool is 1,300 miles shorter by Hudson Bay than by the present route.

To take advantage of these distances and navigate Hudson Bay, a company has lately been formed, called the Lake Superior, Long Lake and Albany River Railway. The representatives of this company in Canada have been investigating the subject of the navigation of the Straits. The bay itself is never frozen entirely over, as the water there is warmer than that of Lake Superior. The average season of navigation is three months and a half, and the navigation is not more dangerous than the St. Lawrence up to Montreal thirty years ago. Some of the New England whale fishers say that the Hudson Straits are not so dangerous as the Straits of Belle Isle, owing to the absence of fogs. Only two Hudson Bay vessels have been lost in 274 years. The season in Hudson Straits can be extended one month longer than it is now by the proper surveying of its shores, the erection of lighthouses and signals, and the adoption of the Marconi wireless telegraph system. A season of four months will enable the farmers of the Canadian North-West and the Western

States to ship the same season a large proportion of the year's crop. A great outcry is being made every year about the want of transportation when the output is only fifty or sixty million bushels. What will be done when the output is five hundred millions, since it has been proven that good No. 1 hard can be grown north of the 62nd parallel, 1,100 miles north of Montreal? Nothing but the navigation of the Canadian Sea will ever enable Canada to realize the full value of the North-West.

As a means of defence the Canadian Sea is an inestimable asset to the Dominion. Canada can open her back door at any time. Everything points to preparations being made so soon as we have the report of the *Neptune*. In the past we have been shockingly remiss. We have taken a leading part in laying the Pacific Cable, on which there was a million of a deficit the first year, while we have not, comparatively speaking, spent ten cents on our own magnificent inland sea. The inauguration of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway must give a great impetus to Hudson Bay improvements. It will run within one hundred miles of tide-water. There is a good harbor on James Bay on the Quebec side. No doubt a branch line will be run from the main line to this harbor, and this will enable us to test thoroughly the feasibility of Hudson Bay navigation. It was once said a steamship could never cross the Atlantic. The surest precursor of Canada's magnificent destiny will be the first steamship that navigates the Canadian Sea.





J. W. Tyrell, Surveyor and Explorer, on
Canadian Rights to Hudson Bay.

THE following letter, written by J. W. Tyrell, formerly of the Canadian Geological Survey, should be of more than ordinary interest to Canadians. It is well known that Mr. Tyrell has spent years in the exploration and survey of the territories bordering on the Hudson Bay, and is therefore thoroughly qualified to discuss the subject:

"In the columns of the press of late we read many articles of more or less interest relating to our 'great inland sea,' and, I suppose, it is only natural that anything appearing under the name of 'Hudson Bay' should be of exceptional interest to me, as many of its harbors, and hundreds of miles of its coast line have been chartered from my surveys—made from time to time for our Canadian Government, but from a national standpoint, the question of Canadian rights and jurisdiction in that region should be one of deep and living interest to every British subject, particularly on this side of the Atlantic.

"We, as true Canadians, should, and doubtless will, to the utmost of our ability, maintain our rights, whatever they may be, in our 'great inland sea,' and the sooner we ascertain just what those rights are, the better, and the less trouble we will be storing up for the future. If you will pardon me for making further personal reference, I would state that the expedition of the present

year, now wintering in Hudson Bay is by no means the first one to assert Canadian jurisdiction, and hoist the British flag on those northern shores, for, upon four different occasions, not only has it been my privilege to plant our colors, but many other explorers have done so before me, in the name of our 'King and country.'

"In regard to the entire shores of Hudson Bay, and its numerous islands, I do not think there can be any question as to ownership, as they are certainly British territory and part of Canada. The only question, to my mind, is, whether the bay is exclusively British, or is it an open sea?

"In regard to physical conditions, the facts are these:—Hudson Bay lies entirely within British territory—no other nation having lands bordering upon it, or in any way accessible by means of its waters. The only means of access and egress between it and the Atlantic Ocean is through Hudson Straits, which are four hundred miles in length, and about forty miles in width at the narrowest parts. These being the physical conditions of things, it is 'up to us' to establish our exclusive rights, if we are entitled to such.

"If I may trespass still further upon your valuable space, I would like to make a brief quotation from a letter of my own, published in the Toronto 'Globe' of September 26th, 1896, as it expresses to-day, as then, my feelings and facts upon the question:—

"'I have observed the islands and shores

in many localities swarming with walruses, and I have witnessed such numbers of reindeer as only photographs can describe. These, as well as the other products mentioned, have a high commercial value, but I will not further dwell upon this subject, except to speak briefly with regard to the whale fisheries, through which alone Canada has already lost many millions of dollars. I might quote figures to prove me, but it will be sufficient to state that the assertion is not made without ample information upon which to base it. An average right whale, in bone and oil, is valued at from ten to twenty thousand dollars, and, as three or four whales are commonly captured by one vessel in a season, it is readily seen what are the possibilities of a single whaling voyage. It is, of course, a well-known fact that foreign whalers have for years been fishing in Hudson Bay and the adjacent waters to the north and east.

"I have seen as many as four vessels in one season myself, so that, although, by the treaty of Utrecht, the sovereignty of Hudson Bay was ceded to Great Britain, it is just possible that through long continued acquiescence, these foreigners may be establishing rights, whilst ours are being allowed to lapse. It is certainly high time that our Government should take steps to assert Canadian jurisdiction in our North Sea, and this cannot be better done than through an expedition, etc.

"Such an expedition on board the whaling steamer *Neptune*, charge of Commander Lowe, is now wintering in Hudson Bay, and it is greatly to be hoped that through his actions our rights may be respected."—*Toronto Globe*.

The establishment of railway connection with the region just described, is a subject which seems to be arousing an increasing amount of attention; it is well known that a number of rival companies have been falling over one another with charters and proposed routes, all of which look more or less to Government aid, and none of which have yet passed the pen and ink stage. No doubt the rivalry of promoters and the conflicting interests of land, timber, and mineral owners tend at present

to obstruct development, but it is almost a certainty that in the near future some practical solution of the difficulty will be found, whether by the discovery of a route which will require a minimum of Government aid, or by a continuation of the Government's Temiskaming road. The immediate object of a railway line would be the natural products of the region surrounding the inland sea. The proposal to make it a route for the shipment of grain would necessarily be a later consideration.

Panama Canal and the Transcontinental Railways.

JAMES J. HILL, president of the Great Northern Railway, and promoter of the Northern Securities Co. is opposed to the construction of a Panama canal. In his opinion, while it may cheapen bananas, it will not have an important effect upon transportation, the facilities for which are probably as good as any in the world.

"What we really want, and what is more important to us than canals, are new markets for our home products, our wheat and oats and rye and barley, and our agricultural produce. Within a few years we will be cut off from our neighbor on the north, who is taking a considerable amount of our agricultural produce. England's preferential tariff policy will add ten cents to every bushel of wheat. It seems to me that the important thing just now is to find new markets rather than to build canals to help the transportation of bananas. The Chamberlain policy will cost the American Northwest \$18,000,000 a year."

Canadian Coal.

RECENT investigations have shown that we have abundance of coal, also that the areas of distribution are separated or distributed in such a way as to be within moderate hauling distances from all parts of the Dominion. Several new deposits of considerable extent have been discovered in the West, which promise to be of the greatest importance to British Columbia and the North-West Territories. These include both bituminous and anthracite coal.

Regulations have been recently drafted

limiting the price of coal discovered on Dominion lands or Indian reserves to not more than \$1.75 per ton direct to customers. This will insure a supply of cheap fuel to a portion of the West which is practically devoid of wood.

A discovery of anthracite was made a few months ago in the Dunsmuir coal fields on Vancouver island. It is predicted that this will be of great importance in connection with the Coast-Kootenay line and the trans-Pacific shipping trade. The full extent of this and other western discoveries is, as yet, unknown, but coal mining in the West is an assured fact.

Ontario is probably one of the least favored of the provinces in the matter of coal supply, but was, until lately, the possessor of immense quantities of hardwood. Cheap transportation by water has enabled her, however, to utilize the product of the Pennsylvania coal measures.

In the East, the mines of Nova Scotia exhibit a constantly increasing output which will probably soon pass 5,000,000 tons per annum. The abundance of coal in this province, and the facilities for mining it, are placing Nova Scotia in strong competition with England, whose mines have passed their maximum productiveness.

There is a sort of morbid interest in the consideration of how long coal, as a fuel, will last. We may rest assured that the supply is sufficient for some centuries, but the time must come when our descendants will have to grapple with the problem. It is probable that the difficulty will be partially met by the use of electricity for heating,

cooking, lighting, and various industrial purposes, also by the use of peat and compressed fuel. One estimate places the supply in Great Britain as sufficient to last for about 371 years at the present rate of output, coal being found there at a depth of 4,000 feet and over.

Spread of the Trust.

IT is reported that the Standard Oil Co. have obtained control of the entire output of the Ontario asbestos mines from which comes all but a small percentage of the world's supply. This right has been acquired by virtue of a long time lease or contract.

The variety of uses to which asbestos can be applied is shown by the fact that the company proposes to manufacture one hundred different articles of this material. Aside from any new ventures in manufacturing, asbestos admittedly occupies a high position in the industrial world of to-day, which makes it more than ever undesirable that our supply should be controlled by such an agency.

Anthracite in the West.

AN examination of the anthracite coal bed discovered on the boundaries of the Canadian National Park near Banff, discloses a solid ten foot seam of the very best anthracite. The seam runs ten miles in a north-westerly direction, and varies from six to ten feet in thickness. Analysis shows it to contain from 75 to 80 per cent. of carbon. Extensive development work is now under way.



HUNGRY EAGLES

BY ROLAND OLIVER

APOLOGISTS are busy attempting to mollify Canada, or at least minimize the painful impression created throughout the Empire by the Alaska Boundary Award. Whatever Canadian sentiment may portend, we require no more transatlantic newspaper opinions. The outspoken chuckles and veiled threats of American politicians are not more insulting to us than the consolatory sugar-sticks of the British Press. Downing Street, for diplomatic reasons, aided by a willing tool, Lord Alverstone, has consummated one more blunder in the delimitation of North American territory. It is due to the people of Canada to safeguard against any further land-stealing on the part of the great Republic.

The United States of America have no good intentions regarding Canada. It is safe to say they never had. Stock markets are manipulated to throttle our industries, Tariffs are designed to cripple our trade. Every favor they grant us is at 300 per cent. discount. The great American eagle is hungry. Steel corporations, sugar trusts, oil trusts, coal trusts, railway syndicates and steamship mergers are not enough to satisfy its capacious maw. United States commerce will soon become an Ishrnael among the nations. Their business ideals are unhealthy, their politics demagogism; their notion of international justice, nil. The Monroe doctrine can only be violated by the United States. Nowadays, the great American Eagle is hungry. Eagles like lambs. Several have been caught lately. Hawaii was secured by the vilest of intrigue. The Philippines deprived the eagle of some little plumage before they gave in to their new-found *liberty*. Panama will prove a dainty morsel. Cuba has been laid on the shelf for a spare meal. Canada is the choice viand that just now troubles the predatory bird. It is possible that she may find

a fully-grown masculine sheep. The Greek god of war was called Ares. Newfoundland is being cautiously seduced from her allegiance. Even old John Bull is a very fat lamb for the slaughter.

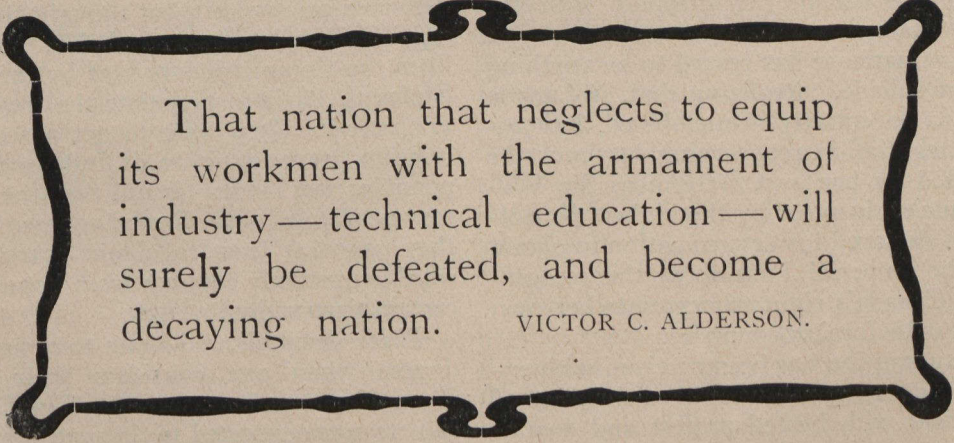
Yes! Monopoly-fed plutocrats cross the ocean, purchase estates, hobnob with the nobility and general society, enter politics, preach free trade and anti-imperialism with the most consummate cheek imaginable. Canada, England's premier colony, is all but obliterated in favor of American snobbery, whose chief end is merely intended robbery. Preferential tariffs are not popular in Washington. Still further, titles and American heiresses are in frequent conjunction, instance, Baroness Alverstone. If the British public do not soon give over this namby-pamby business they may as well move Westminster to Washington, and organize the United Columbian Empire under the Grand Supreme Potentate, Elihu Root. Great Britain may help the States, but there will be no return of the compliment.

Diplomacy may mean much in international affairs, but British diplomacy in North America has not always been brilliant. More incompetent mollicoddles could never have been chosen than those who negotiated the first boundary treaties with the United States. Practically at one stroke there was sacrificed, without protest, the State of Maine, the State of Michigan, and the whole Western belt due west from the southern end of Lake Michigan northwards to the present boundary. What immense franchises were lost is now fully appreciable. There were American tricksters in that deal. By the Russian treaty, Great Britain paved the way for the present trouble, by granting a maritime shore limit where none should have been given. It is not clear that Russia ever had any special rights on the Ameri-

can Continent, outside of Alaska proper. Again, by allowing to France the retention of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and the "French Shore," a graceful, but endlessly vexatious, act was performed. Complete confederation is in abeyance through that difficulty. By the Ashburton Treaty, more territory was filched from Canada. Then the United States were allowed to purchase Alaska, and it is safe to say it was done out of spite. There has been more or less trouble ever since in that sphere.

When, to finally adjudicate the Boundary dispute, the Colonial Office ratified a treaty constituting an international tribunal of impartial jurists, Canada expected at least

fair play. Fair play was never inherent in the United States' mind. "What we have we hold," was their motto. Baron Alverstone agreed with three pronouncedly partisan jurists upon that point, giving them the hog and Canada the ears, even when the forequarters had been incontestably vindicated. There will be no fortifications on Sitkan Island. We still have friends "over the water." The most subtle, pertinacious, sneaking, hypocritical foe Canada has is that "free" and "enlightened" land that waves the Stars and Stripes—the paradise of Dr. Goldwin Smith.



That nation that neglects to equip its workmen with the armament of industry—technical education—will surely be defeated, and become a decaying nation.

VICTOR C. ALDERSON.

CANADA AND THE TREATY-MAKING POWER

BY KNOX MAGEE

FOR more than one hundred and twenty years Canada has been the victim of diplomatic bungling induced by Anglican egotism, allied with the British variety of statesmanlike stupidity. From 1782 till 1903 the history of Anglo-American diplomacy is a monotonous record of Yankee aggression and British self-satisfaction engaged in a series of struggles that have invariably ended in complete triumphs for our neighbors, almost always at our expense. Canada has been the paymaster, though she has played no part in the various international games that concerned her. For more than a century she has been content to stand aloof and observe the humiliating spectacle of British statesmen displaying their hopeless incapacity and utter unfitness for representing Canada in her disputes with the United States.

At last patience has ceased to be anything short of suicide. Realizing that, if Canada is not to be entirely dismembered, international negotiations concerning her must be conducted by her own statesmen, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, inspired by the highest patriotism, has declared his determination to obtain from the Imperial Parliament the recognition of Canada's right to negotiate her own treaties with foreign countries.

The suggestion has been received with expressions of approval, with head-shakings of doubt, and with heated protest and denunciation, according to the degree of knowledge, Anglomania, or partisan prejudice that inspires the commentator.

A rapid review of Anglo-American diplomacy during the last hundred and twenty-one years will, I venture to think, make clear the wisdom of the Premier's course.

"The Provisional Articles" of 1782, which led to the treaty of 1783, introduced

to international politics a new element, which has since come to be known as "American Diplomacy." It is not surprising, perhaps, that British statesmen failed to appreciate the craftiness of the representatives of the United States who were sent to negotiate the treaty that officially ended the War of Independence; but it is almost inconceivable that the British Cabinet should look on the insulting demands of Franklin, Jay and Adams as reasonable requests, and as such, worthy not only of serious consideration, but of actual acceptance. Yet such was the result of the first Anglo-American diplomatic negotiations.

The Congress of the United States wanted, above all else, peace. It hoped for British recognition of American Independence. It would have liked many more very desirable concessions, but thought the granting of them highly improbable. On these lines the Commissioners sent by the United States to Paris to negotiate the treaty were instructed. They were to get peace. They were to get recognition of Independence, if possible; but if they found that the British representatives were firmly opposed to this, they were at least to obtain a truce that would save their country from hopeless and certain destruction.

These demands, moderate to a surprising degree when one considers their source, were, of course, kept secret. The Commissioners were expected to demand everything in sight, and then gracefully to relinquish the more preposterous of their claims.

They succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. Great Britain not only recognized the Independence of the thirteen states, but with a display of stupidity that can only be described as idiotic made them a present of 415,000 square miles of territory that had never been thought, even by the Commissioners, to belong to the United States. This

territory included what was unquestionably the best part of Canada—territory that is to-day found on the map under the names of the various states into which it has been converted—Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Alabama, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. It was this territory that the greatest number of the Loyalists occupied, and it was from this country, in which they were hewing out their second colonial homes, that the men who had sacrificed everything for Britain were driven. This was the consideration that the defenders of the Empire received at the hands of the stupid Government of their weak-minded King. Nor was this all. The United States were given the “right” to make full use of Canadian waters for purposes of fishing—a “right” to which they had no more right than they would have to fish in the waters of Italy or Greece. Is it any wonder that George III., on the conclusion of this disgraceful peace, prayed to heaven that posterity would not lay the downfall “of this once respectable Empire” at his door? This is the treaty that a member of the French Cabinet of that day said that England had “bought, not made.” This is the treaty that an American writer calls, “A bargain struck on the American basis.” This is the treaty that Winsor, the American historian, says “endowed the Republic with the gigantic boundaries on the south, west, and north, which determined its coming power and influence, and its opportunities for good.” This is the treaty that Wharton, the well-known American authority on international law, declares “presents an instance of apparent sacrifice of territory, of authority, of sovereignty, and of political prestige, which is unparalleled in the history of diplomacy.”

After this sweeping give-away of British possessions one would naturally expect the nation to be on its guard against the grasping impudence of the United States. One can readily imagine a country that had been humiliated and swindled nursing a grudge against the people that victimized her, and awaiting an opportunity to square accounts. But one cannot readily comprehend the motives that inspired Great Britain to persist in her policy of self-destruction for the benefit of her most bitter foes and persistent

despoilers. Yet such was the course that British statesmen complaisantly pursued.

In 1794 the treaty known by the name of the American representative who obtained it was signed in London by the British Government and Mr. Jay, of the United States. Nearly a year later, after the most bitter and insane controversy in the Republic, an outburst of disapproval that almost terminated in a rebellion against Mr. Washington's Government, the treaty was finally ratified by the Senate and President. By this bargain Great Britain gained nothing, while the United States obtained trading privileges and boundary concessions to which they were not entitled, and which paved the way for more absurd demands, for the War of 1812, and for the giving away of more Canadian territory.

At the end of the War of 1812-14—a war that had been made possible only by American treachery in taking advantage of Britain's being engaged in a single-handed fight with Europe—the British had every advantage that a nation desirous of dictating her own terms of peace could hope for. Not a single Yankee soldier, who was not a prisoner, was left on Canadian soil, the capital of the United States had been captured and burned by the British forces; Detroit, Fort Niagara, and a large part of Maine had been conquered, and parts of Maryland and Virginia overrun. Besides these tremendous advantages, Napoleon had abdicated and retired to Elba, thus leaving Great Britain free to devote her undivided attention to the more vigorous prosecution of the American War.

Under such circumstances one would naturally expect a treaty that would retrieve the errors of 1783 by restoring to Canada the land of which she should never have been dispossessed. This is the least that even moderation could have demanded.

But this would presuppose God-given reason to exist in British statesmen and diplomatists. The Treaty of Ghent restored to the United States all the territory that she had lost, and contained the consent of Britain to the appointment of a ^{commission} to settle the boundary between Canada and her marauding neighbor—thus leaving the way invitingly prepared for the notorious steal

that in history passes under the name of the Ashburton Treaty. For absolute stupidity this treaty can make claims second only to that of 1783.

By the Treaty of Ghent all that Great Britain obtained as a recompense for an unprovoked and costly war was the abrogation of privileges of fishing in Canadian waters, which had been foolishly granted to the Yankees by the Treaty of Peace. But, as could be expected, John Bull's heart failed him, and by the Treaty of 1818 Canada was once more sacrificed and the States again obtained the liberty to help themselves to our fish.

The Ashburton Treaty of 1842, which settled the long-disputed boundary between Canada and the State of Maine is one of the most interesting, because one of the most disgraceful, bargains ever struck between Great Britain and the United States.

Lord Ashburton—otherwise known as Mr. Alexander Baring—the gentleman representing the British Government, obtained his appointment by reason of his strong friendship for, and popularity with, the people of the United States. Superior qualification! But besides this he was a wonderfully successful merchant, and was accompanied on his mission to America by a suite of gentlemen of very "high social standing." With such equipment, how could success fail to be achieved?

Opposed to this noble lord and his suite of gentlemen "of high social standing," were, Daniel Webster—a person whose only qualifications were brains, eloquence and adroit diplomacy—and the representatives of Maine, who "did not consider themselves sent to argue the question of right in regard to conflicting claims of the disputed territory, nor to listen to an argument in opposition to the claims of Maine."

As in the Alaska Boundary case, the result was a foregone conclusion. Canada was robbed of 4,489,600 acres of land, and Lord Ashburton was banquetted in New York!

The enthusiasm with which Ashburton fought his case is demonstrated by his utterances after the treaty had been signed. In 1843 he stated that "the whole territory that we were wrangling about was worth noth-

ing." And again in 1846 he said it was "a question worthless in itself" and that "it would be madness to go to war for *nothing but a mere question of honor.*" He did not take the trouble to have a search made for the map used by Franklin in negotiating the Treaty of Peace in 1783, on which this boundary was distinctly marked, and which gave to Canada even more land than she claimed. He even told his friends that it was very fortunate that this map did not turn up during the negotiations, "for if it had, there would have been no treaty at all. Nothing," he said, "would have induced the Americans to accept the line and admit our claim; and with the evidence in our favor it would have been impossible for us to concede what we did, or anything like it." Needless to say, the astute Daniel Webster knew of the existence of this map. "I must confess," he said, "that I did not think it a very urgent duty on my part to go to Lord Ashburton and tell him that I had found a bit of doubtful evidence in Paris, out of which he might perhaps make something to the prejudice of our claims; and from which he could set up higher claims for himself." No one can blame Webster. He was under no obligation to Ashburton or to the British Government to furnish them with brains.

When Great Britain awakened, some time in 1843, and discovered the magnitude of her criminal stupidity in making such a treaty as was that signed by Ashburton, she at once set to work to retrieve a part of her lost respect and fortune. Negotiations were almost immediately opened with Washington, having as their object the settlement of the long-disputed north-western boundary.

The time seemed, to the simple-minded statesmen who were amusing themselves with the destiny of the Empire, most favorable for obtaining a treaty that would give at least justice to the Mother Country. True, Britain was, for the moment, decidedly popular with the States. English diplomats were welcomed in America as the best friends of the Republic—friends from whom anything could be obtained. But the memory of the Ashburton Treaty, far from rendering our neighbors grateful and desirous

of dealing liberally in subsequent disputes, only sharpened their appetites for another gorge of Canadian territory.

After several years of wrangling, during which time the United States put forward every effort to rush their settlers into the disputed country, a treaty was finally signed, which gave to the States the entire territory in dispute—several millions of acres—known as Oregon. This, in spite of the fact that a few years previously the Washington Government had been willing to compromise! This, in spite of the fact that the Republic never had the shadow of a legal claim to the land! This, in spite of the fact that it had been partially settled by Scotch and Canadian pioneers, and ever since its discovery claimed by British subjects! Disgusting!

The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, while unquestionably one-sided, was thought by our neighbors, who were now become used to having everything their own way, to be not sufficiently partial to them—consequently, in 1866 it was, by their act, terminated.

The Washington Treaty of 1871, complying with what was now a well-established precedent, admitted Great Britain's liability for the "Alabama claims," adjusted the ever-present fishery question, gave to the United States free navigation of the St. Lawrence River up to latitude 45 deg. forever, while Canada obtained the privilege of free navigation of Lake Michigan for a period of ten years! Rights for ten years on one side, and forever on the other! Idiocy!

Another clause of this treaty provided for the free use of the canals of the United States and Canada by the ships of both countries, but in case "the Dominion of Canada should deprive the citizens of the United States of the use of the canals of the Dominion on the terms of equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion," the United States should have the right to suspend the privileges granted to British subjects. No clause giving Great Britain a similar right in case the States should in the same manner discriminate, was provided! Suicidal imbecility!

No clause was provided for the paying of damages to Canada for the notorious Fenian raids, though Britain meekly handed over

fifteen million dollars in payment for her comparatively insignificant negligence in permitting the "Alabama" to equip and sail from an English port to assist the rebellious South in the Civil War. When Canada protested against the injustice of ignoring the Fenian claims, the Earl of Kimberley, then the Colonial Secretary, sharply replied that "Canada could not reasonably expect that this country (Great Britain) should, for an indefinite period, incur the constant risk of serious misunderstanding with the United States." Unnatural, infanticidal mania, superinduced by gradually acquired diplomatic cowardice!

Sir John Macdonald, who represented Canada in the negotiations that terminated in this Washington treaty, was disgusted alike by the swinish greed of the Yankees and the childish pliability and indifference of the British Commissioners. In private letters to his friends at home he thus expressed himself: "The American Commissioners have found our English friends of so squeezable a nature that their audacity has grown beyond all bounds. . . Having made up my mind that the Americans want everything, and will give us nothing in exchange, one of my chief aims now is to convince the British Commissioners of the unreasonableness of the Yankees." But, like all true lovers, the gentlemen from England refused to believe that the object of their affection could be aught but perfect. Consequently, a little later Sir John again wrote: "I am greatly disappointed at the course taken by the British Commissioners. They seem to have only one thing in their minds; that is, to go to England with a treaty in their pockets—no matter at what cost to Canada."

But who need be surprised? After all, Canada is—to use the words of Beaconsfield—only "a wretched colony." Wretched, indeed, when its destiny is left in the hands of such men!

Since 1871 Anglo-American diplomacy has gone on in the time-honored way. Several treaties concerning Canada have been agreed upon by the representatives of the two countries and thrown out by the American Senate. No agreements seriously affecting Canada have come to aught, with the exception of the Joint High Commis-

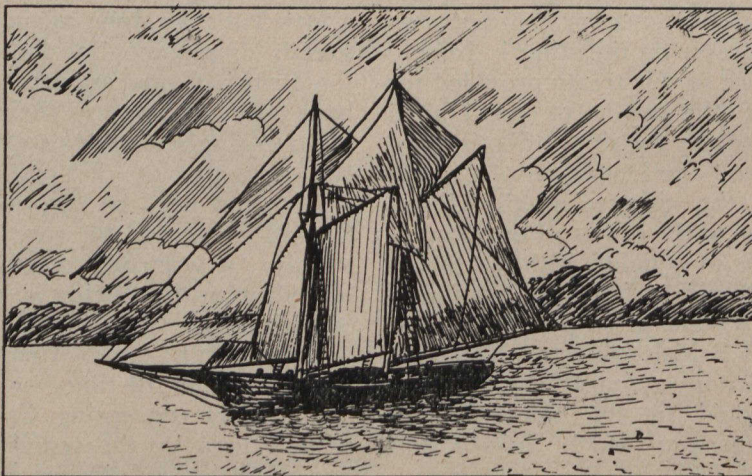
sion, which was to settle all outstanding disputes, and the treaty which furnished Great Britain with the opportunity she had long sought for bestowing upon her beloved Yankees the Canadian territory that they desired in the Yukon.

The Commission soon suspended operations because Canada refused to follow in the footsteps of her worthy mother, and gladly hand over all that was asked of her. What the Alaska Boundary Treaty came to we all know to our sorrow and eternal indignation. The name of Alverstone will go down in history linked with that of Ashburton—a hyphenated epithet to be hurled at him that surrenders his country rather than put his manhood to the test in her defence.

Are not these proud chapters in the history of British Empire-building? Is it not a pretty record on which to base an argument in favor of a continuance of conditions that have made such a record possible?

Why, in the name of common sense, should English politicians make our treaties for us? Is the Englishman possessed of a

divine right to dictate the affairs of the whole Empire? Is he more intelligent, more honorable, more British than his Canadian brother? Has he a better claim to the making of our treaties than we have for making his? "Ah!" he will say, "but you must have my help in enforcing your treaties." Quite true; but when he gets into a war in the precipitation of which we have had no hand, is not the assistance of the "wretched colonial" soldier sought? It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. All that is required to make the success of the Canadian treaty-making power assured is a realization by English statesmen that Canada is as important and responsible a part of the Empire as is the island of Great Britain, and as such entitled to equal respect and authority. If the happy day ever comes when enlightenment on this obvious point breaks upon the English mind, history will record the real foundation of a world-wide Empire that has its existence, not merely in maps and children's text-books, but in the domination of the globe. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is taking the surest steps to bring about this consummation.





Protection in the United States.

THE American Protective Tariff League recently adopted the following statement: "There can be no reciprocity in competitive products that does not conflict with the doctrine and policy of protection to all industry and all labor. We are unable to perceive the necessity for the abandonment of the protection in order that our foreign trade may be increased. With a foreign trade aggregating two and a half billions of dollars, and steadily growing, it would seem that we are already getting a fair share of world traffic. But it must not be forgotten that our internal trade reaches thirty billions of dollars yearly. To the care and preservation of the great home market protection stands especially committed. Under protection our foreign trade has enormously increased, while the vast volume of our internal trade is at once the marvel and the envy of all the world. True American policy is protection of all the opportunities and possibilities of the American market for American enterprises, and fair, equal trade treatment for all other countries."

A Stimulus for Railroad Construction.

EDWARD ATKINSON, the eminent statistician, says the United States contains wheat land enjoying superior advantages to Canada, and advocates freer

admission of Italian and other European peasants to develop it. He hints that the United States might abolish the bonding privilege, and thus cut off Canada from the sea. He refers to the estimate of the Canadian wheat supply made by statistician George Johnson. Johnson proves that upon 11,500,000 acres of land (represented in a diagram by one square out of 67 of the wheat "potential" of the Dominion of Canada), all the wheat, 200,000,000 bushels, that the United Kingdom has ever imported in a single year, might be grown. The Canadian wheat grower, however, is under disadvantages. He works by a single crop method, with little mixed farming, during a short, hot summer. For five months in the year the canals and rivers of Canada are frozen, and during this most important period the crop must find its way to British vessels across United States territory. The imports and exports of the Dominion are now permitted to pass in bond *by courtesy only* of the executive officials of the Government, not by treaty. If the Chamberlain policy of free import of Canadian wheat should be adopted, coupled with a tax or duty on wheat grown in the United States, how long would it be before the permission would cease and instructions be given to no longer pass Canadian imports or exports over American roads, but to subject them all to the payment of duty?

The preceding is an outline of an article which recently appeared in Bradstreet's, which, with regard to bonding privileges, shows the probable result of an extension of the Canadian tariff, including the withdrawal, on the part of Canada, of similar privileges to American railways. While this might cause considerable temporary hardship, perhaps nothing would more quickly stimulate the construction of adequate railway facilities, whether to the Eastern seaboard or to some point on Hudson Bay. If such lines were constructed the resulting benefit to Canada would more than offset any regret we might feel at the loss of carrying trade which would be suffered by certain American railroads and steamship lines.

Profit and Patriotism.

FROM the time Mr. Chamberlain first outlined his proposed preferential tariff, discussion has waged hotly both for and against. Arguments have been wrenched and twisted by friend and foe until, in many cases, all resemblance to the original has been lost. Meanwhile Mr. Chamberlain, evidently undisturbed in the pursuance of his plans, has called together a commission composed of able business men, whose duty it will be to frame a tariff scheme which shall commend itself to the good judgment of the English people. This must needs be the test of the commission's labors. Mr. Chamberlain possesses no inquisitorial powers to force his views on the British public, and must rely solely upon the strength of his position.

The English elector, like the Canadian, may consider profit before Imperial sentiment, but when profit and imperialism are combined, as in the present instance, there should be but one result.

Mr. Chamberlain has been frequently quoted as making this or that dogmatic assertion with regard to protection, but, if actions speak more plainly than words, the tariff commission is a direct refutation of the charge, and shows his evident intention of trying to fit the tariff to the needs of the country, and not the country to the tariff.

It has been said that the British elector

will never consent to a tax on food, but the proposed tax on wheat must be taken into consideration with proposed reductions on other lines, such as tea and sugar. In any case it is "up to" the Britisher to demand a definite statement of the proposed tariff platform, and to use his franchise accordingly.

Some are misled in their estimate of the situation by a false conception of the comparative values of protection and free trade. It is quite consistent with protectionist views to admit that free trade might, under certain conditions, be the best policy for a nation, and it certainly proved to be so for England at a certain period of her history; but, where were the great colonies of England at that time? And where, indeed, was the great nation to the south of us? These were certainly not serious factors in the situation in those days. Free trade is said to be commercial competition on equal terms, but the terms are plainly unequal when a country like England throws open her ports to nations which, in turn, debar English exports by high tariffs. Something in the nature of retaliation or protection is the natural remedy.

NOTES

A Canadian trade commissioner in South Africa recently booked orders for over 48,000 plows.

In the House of Representatives at Washington, an argument was recently made by Mr. Sullivan, a Massachusetts democrat, in favor of reciprocity with Canada. Such a treaty, he declared, would defeat the Chamberlain project for improved tariff relations between Great Britain and her colonies.

The preference which Canada will receive after March 31st, from the New Zealand tariff, should be a valuable acquisition in many branches of trade. New Zealand's custom is well worth seeking, as her imports amounted in 1901 to \$57,513,853. Of this amount only \$205,266 worth came from Canada.

Mr. Jardine, Canadian Government representative in South Africa, regrets to say, that Canadians are slow to take advantage of the openings offered for trade. German and United States firms, by the introduction of the characteristic business methods that prevail in these countries, were laying hold of the trade that might be coming the way of Canadian manufacturers. Moreover, Canada cannot hope to successfully compete with those countries, until she has the same advantages; that is, an adequately protected home market.

The placing on the Canadian market of American goods at prices less than the cost of production may sound very well to some, but it should be remembered that every dollar's worth of goods so disposed of in this country by American manufacturers, helps to retard the development of Canadian industry. It should also be remembered that, to allow the American trusts to kill off, or obtain control of Canadian competitors by such means, will not benefit the Canadian consumer.

President Drummond emphasizes the fact that the tariff should be framed especially to meet Canadian conditions—that these conditions should be taken into consideration in regard to every individual item.

“The request of the provincial saw-mill men for an import duty on rough lumber, seems to us to be so reasonable, and so just, and so essential to the fostering of one of the most important industries of the province, that the Federal administration should not hesitate long before granting what they ask for.”—*Nelson News*, B.C.

Mr. W. D. Reid, vice-president of the Reid Newfoundland Co., in a recent interview at Montreal, stated that at no time in the history of Newfoundland was its industrial prosperity so widespread. As to the confederation of the colony with Canada, Mr. Reid was of the opinion that if the

question aroused any interest at all, the sentiment was adverse to union; but, as far as he could judge it was not a live issue at all, nor was it likely to be, even at the next election.

“Uncle Sam has only begun to accumulate a troublesome surplus of manufactured product. In the last fiscal year he was kept busy supplying his own customers. Now the question is, how to dispose of the increasing superfluity. It is to solve that problem that his salesmen are forcing business at cut prices on this market.”—Address of B. E. Walker at the annual meeting of the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

In a ringing speech in the Manitoba Legislature, Premier Roblin introduced a motion strongly favoring the Chamberlain preferential tariff. The Premier's broad-minded stand for the integrity of the Empire brought enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the house.

An article in *The Westminster Gazette* states that a visit to Canada has disclosed the fact that resentment regarding the Alaskan decision has not altered the popular attitude towards Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. Canadians are Chamberlainites to a man. They are heartily in accord with a scheme which promises them profits and extends its advantages to Canada's best customer, the British consumer.

The fact that the press of the United States can see so little merit in the Chamberlain proposals, should be an additional argument for protection.

It is not thought likely that trade negotiations between Germany and Canada will be concluded until the fiscal question in England has been settled, although the German Government would be glad to settle the matter as soon as possible. The German sugar export which reached as high as 13,000,000 marks (\$3,250,000), in 1902, has almost entirely disappeared.

SOME GOOD THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

The Monopoly of Natural Products.

TO what extent have the "natural products" of the earth been monopolized in the United States—such as coal, petroleum, iron, copper, lead, zinc, salt, phosphates and the like?

To what extent have the "natural monopolies," such as street railway franchises and the like, been monopolized?

These questions cannot be answered in a magazine article, nor will any attempt here be made to answer them, but only to show how rapidly the monopolization of these things are going on. It will be interesting to inquire whether the complete monopoly of them is inevitable.

The two greatest trusts in the world are the United States Steel Corporation and the Standard Oil Company. Both, although they are manufacturers and refiners, belong also to the class of natural monopolies. The steel corporation is estimated to control from 65 to 75 per cent. of the iron and steel output, and the Standard Oil Company has an almost complete mastery of the petroleum production of the United States, which is at present nearly one-half of the world's output.

The steel corporation, with stocks and bonds having a par value of \$1,528,000,000, owns seventy-eight blast furnaces with an annual capacity of 6,500,000 tons of pig iron—about one-half the product of the United States. It owns 150 steel works and six finishing plants, with an annual capacity of about 10,000,000 tons of finished material. It owns about 75 per cent. of the ore mines in the Lake Superior region, 72,000 acres of coal lands, 18,500 coke-ovens, and 125 lake vessels.

The Standard Oil Company, with a capital stock of \$97,000,000, controls petroleum refineries in all of the principal northern cities in the United States, produces about 70 per cent. of this country's total output of refined oil, and also controls oil wells in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia.

There is one significant difference between the two trusts. The Standard Oil monopoly is founded upon secrecy. Its owners are not friendly to the publicity law which created the Bureau of Corporations at Washington, and will not assist it in obtaining information for the use of the President. The Standard Oil stock has never been listed on the New York Stock Exchange. It is traded in freely on the "curb," where it is not required to make any statements or reports. The company has never made any voluntary disclosure of its financial condition or trade operations. No Masonic lodge has ever guarded its secrets more closely. The same policy has been pursued as regards the other Rockefeller trust—the Amalgamated Copper Company.

On the other hand, the United States Steel Corporation has been a publicity company. Its financial operations have been conducted in the regular list of the New York Stock Exchange after meeting every requirement of the governing committee, of that institution. It has, moreover, made regular and very full reports of its financial condition, and has generally pursued the policy of taking the public into its confidence. As between the Standard Oil Company and the United States Steel Corporation, one as an example of secrecy in business administration, and the other publicity, the latter, measured by market prices, is a failure compared with the other, for while the stock of the Standard Oil sells far above par, the stocks of the Steel Corporation sell at figures which, from the Wall Street standpoint, are a public vote of "no confidence." But it may be questioned whether this is a complete test of the market value of publicity. The Amalgamated Copper Company is quite as secretive as the Standard Oil, and its stock has declined proportionately to that of the Steel Corporation.—*The World's Work.*

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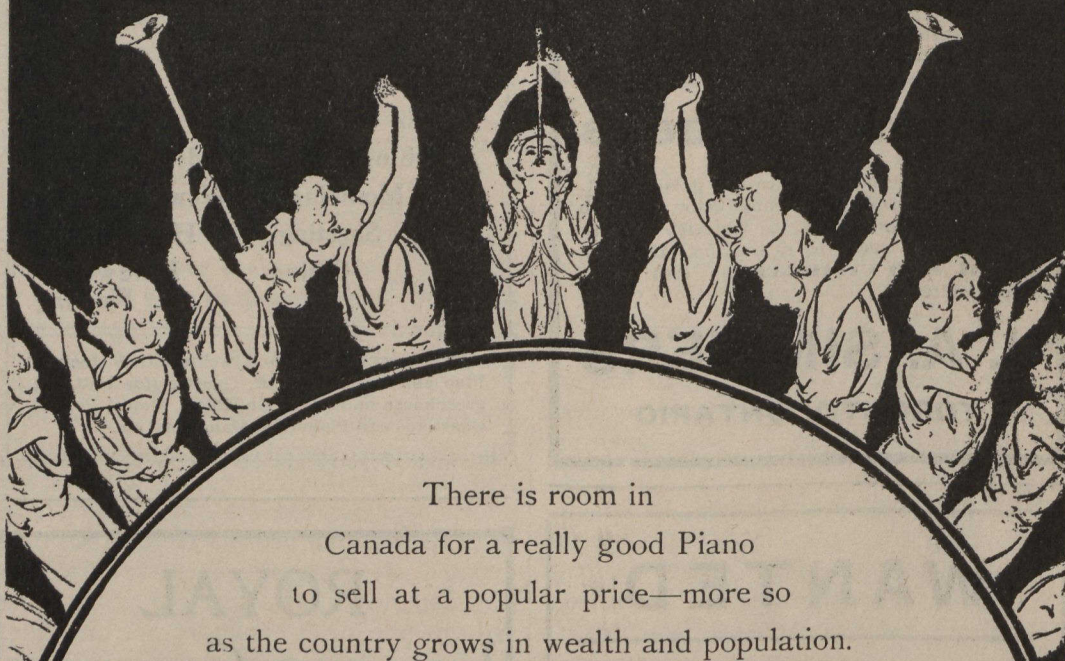
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Liszt Piano Company

190 WRIGHT AVE., TORONTO

Glove Bargains

THE Four Items given below are reserved for our Mail Order Customers. The values are simply WONDERFUL. The Kid and Suede Gloves will be found as satisfactory as any Dollar Glove anywhere. Orders received during March and April are sure to be filled; later orders will be filled as long as the goods last.

<p>Mail Order Special 10 59c. Ladies' Real French Kid Gloves, Glace or Dressed Finish, two domes, neatly stitched backs. Shades Black, White, Tan, Brown, Grey and Mode. Made of genuine kid skin, by one of the best Grenoble makers. This quality cannot be sold for less than \$1.00 anywhere in Canada. Our Special Mail Order Price, per Pair..... 59c</p>	<p>Mail Order Special 11 59c. Ladies' very fine French made Suede or undress kid gloves, two domes, Paris point back, self or white stitching. Shades Black, Tan, Mode and Grey, made by one of the best Grenoble makers. This quality cannot be sold for less than \$1.00 anywhere in Canada. Our Special Mail Order Price, per Pair..... 59c</p>	<p>Mail Order Special 12 25c. Ladies' Fine Frame Made Lisle Thread Glove, with lace palm and back. Black, White and Grey. Regular 50c. quality. Our Special Mail Order Price, per Pair..... 25c</p>	<p>Mail Order Special 13 15c. Ladies' White Net Gloves, with lace palm and back. Regular 25c. quality. Our Special Mail Order Price, per Pair..... 15c</p>
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Hosiery Bargains

THE Four Hosiery Items given below are reserved for our Mail Order Customers. We have provided quantities that ought to last through the Spring Season. However the values are so exceptional that we fear some of the lines will disappear in short order. Therefore, we can only guarantee to fill orders received in March and April. Later orders will be filled if we have the goods.

<p>Mail Order Special 14 35c. Ladies' very fine pure wool English made plain black cashmere hose, full fashioned with grey toe and heel or fashioned leg with seamless foot, medium weight. Would be extra good quality at 50c. per pair. Our Special Mail Order Price, per pair 35c or 3 for \$1.00</p>	<p>Mail Order Special 15 25c. Ladies' fine pure wool plain black cashmere hose, with white, red or blue silk embroidered fronts, medium weight, perfectly seamless, double toe and heel. Our Extra Special Mail Order Price per Pair..... 25c</p>	<p>Mail Order Special 16 15c. Misses' and Boys' 2-1 rib black cashmere hose, with 6 fold tucked knees, double sole, toe and heel, good weight, English make, will give splendid satisfaction, sizes 6½ to 8½. Our Special Mail Order Price per Pair 15c</p>	<p>Mail Order Special 17 21c. Misses' and Boys' very fine pure wool 2-1 rib black cashmere hose, with 6 fold tucked knees, double sole, toe and heel, good weight, English make, sizes 6½ to 8½. As good as can be bought anywhere for 35c. per pair. Our Special Mail Order Price per Pair..... 21c</p>
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ADDRESS **THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED TORONTO CANADA**

Since organization, twelve years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members **\$3,034,722.51**. All **withdrawals** have been **paid promptly**. Every dollar paid in, with interest, being returned to the withdrawing member when the required period has been reached.

12TH ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
York County Loan and Savings Company
(INCORPORATED)
.... OF
TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31ST, 1903

TORONTO, February 29th, 1904.

To Members :

The management have much pleasure in presenting the Twelfth Annual Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1903, which shows the continued growth of the Company.

Cash paid withdrawing members amounted to \$768,063.43, an increase over the previous year of \$31,715.37.

The Assets have been increased by over half a million dollars—\$515,841.25, and now stand at \$2,087,977.03.

\$10,000.00 has been transferred from the surplus profits to the Reserve Fund, which now amounts to \$65,000.00.

The new business written, also the increase in membership, was larger in amount than any previous year.

The Directors are determined that the greatest carefulness and economy shall be practised in the management so as to ensure the continuance of the unequalled success which has attended the operation of the Company.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate - - - - -	Capital Stock Paid In - - - - -
Real Estate - - - - -	Dividends Credited - - - - -
Municipal Debentures and Stocks - - - - -	Amount Due on Uncomplete l Loans - - - - -
Loans on Company's Stock - - - - -	Borrowers' Sinking Fund - - - - -
Accrued Interest - - - - -	Mortgages Assumed for Members - - - - -
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc. - - - - -	Reserve Fund - - - - -
Accounts Receivable - - - - -	Contingent Account - - - - -
Furniture and Fixtures - - - - -	
The Molsons Bank - - - - -	
Cash on Hand - - - - -	
Total Assets - - - - -	Total Liabilities - - - - -
\$2,087,977 03	\$2,087,977 03

TORONTO, February 15th, 1904.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company**, and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND, } Auditors.
G. A. HARPER, }

Results of Systematic Savings

Date.	Total Assets.	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
Dec. 31 st , 1893	\$17,725.86	\$3,548.51	
" " 1894	68,643.14	15,993.59	
" " 1895	174,608.04	43,656.88	\$1,000.00
" " 1896	288,248.97	89,339.27	2,000.00
" " 1897	469,109.92	96,894.88	13,000.00
" " 1898	540,394.91	247,691.87	18,000.00
" " 1899	732,834.27	220,852.70	25,000.00
" " 1900	1,002,480.89	298,977.95	40,000.00
" " 1901	1,282,808.26	513,355.37	45,000.00
" " 1902	1,572,135.78	736,348.06	55,000.00
" " 1903	2,087,977.03	768,063.43	65,000.00

General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.

A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., Vice-President.

R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

V. ROBIN, Treasurer.

E. BURT, Supervisor.

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THE MOLSONS BANK

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 1855

Head Office, Montreal

Capital Authorized	\$5,000,000.00
Capital, (paid up)	3,000,000.00
Reserve Fund,	2,850,000.00

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

WM. MOLSON MACPHERSON, S. H. EWING,
President. Vice-President.
W. M. Ramsay, J. P. Cleghorn, H. Markland Molson,
Lt.-Col. F. C. Henshaw, Wm. C. McIntyre.
JAMES ELLIOT, General Manager.
A. D. DURNFORD, Chief Inspector and Supt. of Branches.
W. H. DRAPER, H. LOCKWOOD and W. W. L. CHIPMAN,
Inspector. Assistant Inspectors.

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Chicoutimi, Que., Clinton, Ont., Exeter, Ont., Frankford, Ont.,
Fraserville, Que., Hamilton, Ont., Hensall, Ont., Highgate, Ont.,
Iroquois, Ont., Kingsville, Ont., Knowlton, Que., London, Ont.,
Meaford, Ont., Montreal, Que., Montreal, St. Catherine St.
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Morrisburg, Ont., Norwich, Ont., Ottawa, Ont., Owen Sound,
Ont., Port Arthur, Ont., Quebec, Que., Revelstoke, B.C., Ridgetown,
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lin, Milne, Grenfell & Co., Ltd. Liverpool—The Bank of Liverpool,
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Antwerp—La Banque d'Anvers. China and Japan—Hong Kong and
Shanghai Banking Corporation.

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tland, Maine—Casco Nat. Bank, Chicago—First Nat. Bank. Cleve-
land—Commercial Nat. Bank. Philadelphia—Fourth St. National
Bank, Phil. National Bank. Detroit—State Savings Bank. Buffalo—
Third National Bank. Milwaukee—Wisconsin Nat. Bank of Mil-
waukee. Minneapolis—First Nat. Bank. Toledo—Second National
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&
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What event could possibly more deeply interest the Stenographic Profession, than the advent of the new

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Herewith is shown a cut of the home of the L. C. SMITH machine.

There has never been a typewriter invented which has caused such a furore of excitement as the invention of the L. C. SMITH. It is a genuine writing-in-sight machine. There is no need to turn the roll a couple of spaces in order to see what has been written. The writing of the L. C. SMITH is kept permanently before the operator.

Of course we rent, sell, exchange and repair all makes of typewriters, as usual. We also keep in stock the very best brands of typewriter ribbons, carbon paper and typewriter supplies.

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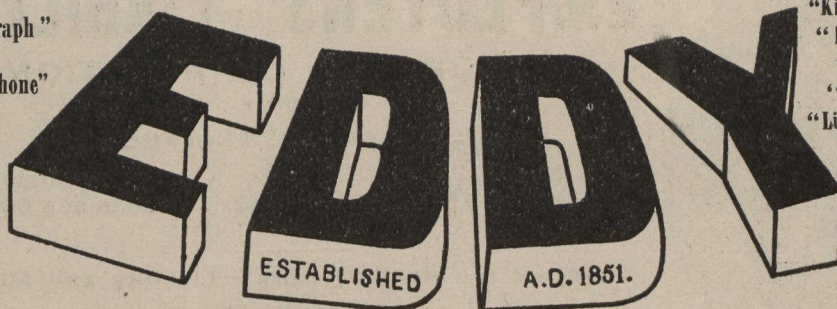
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THE VOKES HARDWARE CO., LIMITED,

111-113 YONGE ST.
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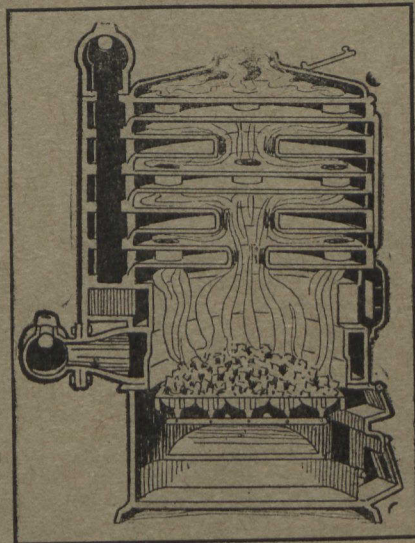
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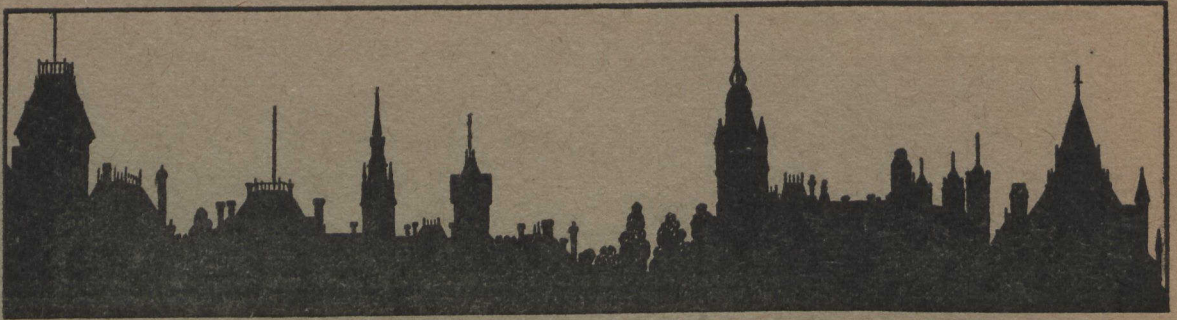
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