

AUGUST
1909

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

Vol. 33

No. 4

Contributions from

WILFRED CAMPBELL

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

E. M. YEOMAN

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

W. T. ALLISON

E. McGAFFEY

VIRNA SHEARD

PRICE

25 CENTS



THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
T O R O N T O

Strength in every cupful.

EPPS'S

CRATEFUL—
COMFORTING.

COCOA

Made from the choicest cocoa beans and prepared with the greatest care and skill "Epps's" still retains its reputation as the premier cocoa—the favourite with all classes. There is more pure nourishment in a cupful of "Epps's" than in an equal quantity of any other cocoa—indeed, of any other beverage. It stimulates and sustains the worker, and delights both young and old by its refined flavour and fragrance. "EPPS'S" STANDS FOR EXCELLENCE."

BREAKFAST — SUPPER

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

A HOUSEHOLD
REMEDY FOR

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Giddiness, Heartburn, or Constipation. It is a Refreshing and Invigorating Beverage, most invaluable to Travellers and Residents in Tropical Climates.

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

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

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

THE PLEASANT, SATISFYING FLAVOR OF

Nasmith's

CREAM CARAMELS

is obtained only by using pure dairy cream. Ask for Nasmith's, insist on Nasmith's. They are the best caramels made. All grocers and confectioners.

THE NASMITH COMPANY, LIMITED
66 JARVIS ST., TORONTO



“Good Morning, Have You Used
Pears' Soap”

In the Summer Time

It is well to remember that in going from home, changed conditions are temporarily experienced, which often act unpleasantly upon the skin.

The best safeguard against such skin troubles is the frequent use of PEARS' SOAP, which protects the skin by its soft, pleasant, emollient action, and at the same time, insures the fullest beauty of complexion of which the skin is capable.

The greatest skin specialists and the most celebrated beauties of the last 100 years have testified that, in hygienic and beautifying properties

No Soap Has Ever Equalled PEARS

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
“All rights secured.”

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXIII.

No. 4

CONTENTS, AUGUST, 1909

Gorge Park, Victoria	<i>From a Photograph</i>	FRONTISPIECE
Victoria the Aristocrat	E. M. MCGAFFEY	291
ILLUSTRATED		
An Incident of the Builders. A Poem	H. O. N. BELFORD	297
A Soldier's Daughter. A Story	ANNA B. FRIES	298
"Colombe's Birthday." An Appreciation	GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE	302
A Broken Pathway. A Story	E. S. KIRKPATRICK	308
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAUDE MCLAREN		
Tennyson's Treatment of the Worth of Life. W. T. ALLISON		319
DRAWING BY A. J. CLARK		
The Lily-Pond. A Poem	VIRNA SHEARD	326
The Motorist's Strategy. A Story	FRED JARMAN	327
"Pot-Luck." A Story	LILIAN VAUX MACKINNON	332
In the Land of Windmills	E. M. YEOMAN	337
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS		
The Lost Orchard. A Story	MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL	348
The Sea Queen. A Poem	WILFRED CAMPBELL	351
DECORATION BY MAUDE MCLAREN		
The Witchery of the Alps	HEDLEY P. SOMNER	352
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS		
An Hour with Oliver Wendell Holmes	GRACE McLEOD ROGERS	360
WITH PORTRAIT		
The Way of the West. A Sketch.	HELEN GUTHRIE	364
The Swallows. A Poem	BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE	366
Current Events	F. A. ACLAND	367
At Five O'Clock	JEAN GRAHAM	372
The Way of Letters	BOOK REVIEWS	376
Within the Sanctum	THE EDITOR	379
What Others are Laughing at		382
The Merry Muse	WITH ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY DONALD A FRASER AND LORNA INGALLS.	384

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Offices, 106 Strand, London, W.C. 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.

Hotel Cecil

LONDON

*Architecturally Famous as One of the
Finest Hotel Structures in the World*

YOU can make a preliminary acquaintance with the Hotel Cecil by requesting a Booklet. This little volume presents by illustration and description a fair idea of the Hotel's luxurious interior, its imposing exterior, the cost of a stay, either brief or extended, and contains a variety of general information of service to the visitor to town. It can be had for the asking from **THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU, TORONTO, CANADA.**

TARIFF

BEDROOMS

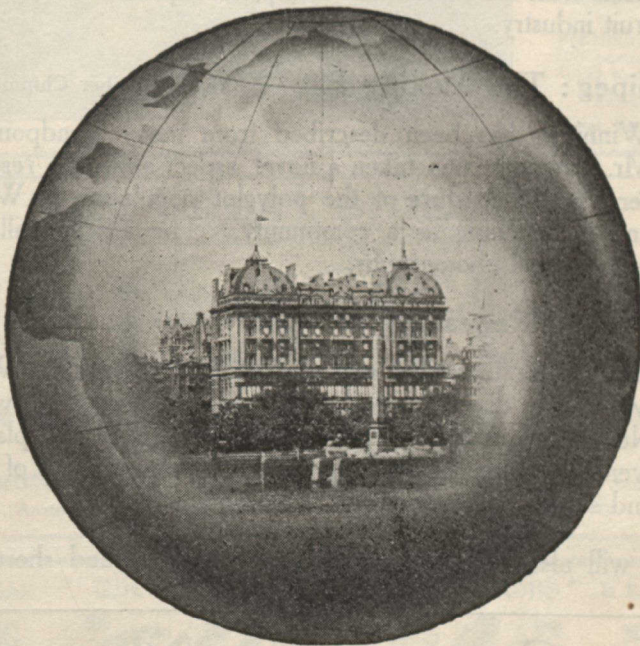
Single
From \$1.25 per day.
Double
From \$2.25 per day.
Suite of Rooms
From \$6.25 per day.

No charge for Light
or Attendance.

ORCHESTRA

AT ALL MEALS

On Sundays, Vocal
Concert after
Dinner.



TARIFF

BREAKFAST
60c., 75c. and 85c.

LUNCH
\$1.00

DINNER
\$1.25, \$1.85 and
\$2.50

SUPPER
\$1.25
Or à la Carte.

All "fixed price"
meals served in
Restaurant.

INCLUSIVE CHARGES QUOTED IF DESIRED.

The Cecil is a cosmopolitan hotel in the broadest sense of the term, with a fixed Tariff based on strict relation to the MODERN COST OF LIVING. Accommodation can be had from the modest, but comfortable, Single Room to the most elaborate Suite. The public Apartments—spacious and elegantly equipped—have no rival in Europe. The situation of the Hotel is Central and Convenient; indeed, a **SOURCE OF CONSIDERABLE TRAVEL ECONOMY TO VISITORS TO TOWN ON BUSINESS OR PLEASURE BENT.**

Cable Address, "CECELIA, LONDON."

The September Canadian

Special illustrated articles:—

In the Haunts of the Whale—By Sturgeon Stewart, M.A., Ph.D.

The first of two awe-inspiring articles on the Leviathan of the Deep. Dr. Stewart visited the whaling areas of the Pacific and made special and minute observations. The illustrations are particularly illuminative.

Where Grapes and Peaches Grow—By Agnes Deans Cameron

In this article, which is beautifully illustrated, Miss Cameron deals with the significance and picturesqueness of the Ontario fruit industry.

Winnipeg: The Melting Pot—By George Fisher Chipman

Winnipeg has been described from many standpoints, but Mr. Chipman has taken a novel aspect and, as a result, presents a vivid picture of the polyglot population of Winnipeg and its meaning as a community. The article is illustrated with special photographs.

Plays to be Repeated—By John E. Webber

Just as the theatrical season is about to open, Mr. Webber, who writes direct from the heart of the theatrical world in New York, will contribute a consideration of the plays that were a success last season. Beautiful photographs of players and scenes will accompany the article.

There will also be a fine assortment of articles and short stories.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

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

GRAND HOTEL, LONDON



Overlooking Trafalgar Square, the finest position in London. Well known to many Canadians for comfort and excellent management, Close to Royal Palaces, Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, and fashionable centres. Orchestra. Luxurious suites of rooms with private bathrooms attached.

Proprietors:
GORDON HOTELS, Limited.

For Illustrated Booklet giving full particulars of tariff, etc., apply to the—

CANADIAN MAGAZINE
Travel Bureau, Toronto, Ontario

THE GREAT DIGESTIVE

The A I S A U C E

Excellent with "FISH, FLESH OR FOWL"

Sole Manufacturers—**BRAND & CO., Ltd.,** Mayfair, London, Eng.
Agent, **H. HUBBARD,** 27 Common Street, Montreal, P.Q.

IT HAS NO EQUAL

FOR KEEPING

THE SKIN

SOFT,

SMOOTH,

AND WHITE

AT ALL SEASONS

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S
LAIT
Reg^d **Larola**

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING

after Cycling, Motoring, Skating, Dancing, etc.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents all

**ROUGHNESS,
REDNESS,
IRRITATION,
TAN, Etc.**

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

Ask your Chemist for "LAROLA," and accept no substitute.

The
'SWAN'
FOUNT PEN



is a necessity to modern men and women who value their time, their comfort and saving of expense. Always clean and ever ready for use; won't clog, scratch, leak, or blot; will outlast grosses of steel pens.

The busier you are the more time a "SWAN" will save you, and the more you will appreciate its splendid reliability.

PRICES
\$2.50 to \$50.00
of Stationers and Jewellers

Insist on "SWAN"

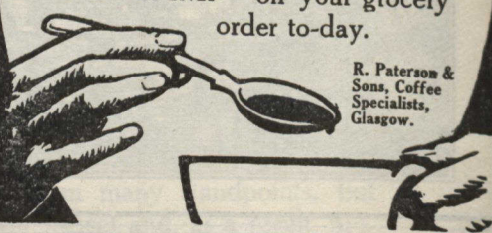
The "Swan" is comparatively new to Canada—if any difficulty, write for nearest dealer to **Mable, Todd & Co.**, Headquarters 79 and 80 High Holborn, London, Eng., or 124 York St., Toronto, and New York, Chicago, Manchester, Paris, Brussels, Sydney.

CATALOGUE FREE.

How
to prepare
'CAMP'
COFFEE

A teaspoonful of 'CAMP,' sugar, milk, boiling water—that's all! Result—the most fragrant, delicious, refreshing cup of coffee you ever tasted in your life.

Put 'CAMP' on your grocery order to-day.



R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

KINGSLEY HOTEL
HART STREET . . . BLOOMSBURY SQUARE LONDON



THESE well-appointed and commodious Temperance Hotels will, it is believed, meet the requirements, at moderate charges, of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, Lounges and Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout. Fireproof Floors. Perfect Sanitation. Telephones. Night Porters.

Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London." Telegraphic Addresses Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray London."

BEDROOMS,
Including Attendance, from **3/6 to 6/-**

INCLUSIVE CHARGES
for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hôte, Breakfast and Dinner,
from 8/6 to 10/6 per day. (\$2.10 to \$2.60).

For Illustrated Booklet, giving full particulars of Tariff, etc. apply Travel Bureau, Canadian Magazine, Toronto, Canada.

THACKERAY HOTEL
GREAT RUSSELL ST LONDON



NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY OF ENGLAND

England's Holiday Line

☐ The Favorite Tourist Route to Chester, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Oxford, Windsor and London.

☐ The Shortest and Most Direct Route to Devonshire and the Cornish Riviera.

UNRIVALLED SCENERY

The Royal Mail Route

Plymouth to London in 4 hours

LIVERPOOL TO LONDON THROUGH
SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY

☐ Interesting Literature and Full Information regarding the Great Western Railway on application to

R. H. LEA, General Agent,
428 Traders Bank Building, Toronto

Paddington Station,
London, W.

JAMES G. INGLIS,
General Manager.

A GIFT FROM THE OLD COUNTRY.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

Given away. LACE TABLE CENTRE. Sent FREE with Catalogue of Curtains, Muslins, Table Linen, Down Quilts, Carpets, Rugs, Furniture Knockdown makes for shipping. Ladies' Costumes Underwear, Shoes, Gent's Clothing, Hosiery, Boots, &c. Buy DIRECT FROM OUR MACHINES at first cost. 60 Years Experience. Patentes of "CONTRENET" Curtains, last longer cost no more. WRITE TO-DAY.

CANADIAN MAIL PARCEL

\$6.96 Half Parcel Postage
1 pair each \$3.60 Free.

- 2 pairs Lace Curtains for Drawingroom, Ribbon & Floral Designs, length 3yds. width 60ins. 2 Lace Cushion Squares.
 - 2 pairs for Diningroom, durable quality, length 3yds. width 54ins.
 - 2 pairs for Bedroom, dainty design, length 2yds. width 45ins.
 - 2 Toilet or Sideboard Covers and 10 Mats. White or Ecru High in Quality. Low in Price.
- SAML. PEACH & SONS, The Looms.
Box 664, NOTTINGHAM, England.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY

READ THESE:

"I am delighted with Costume received safely. The fit is perfect, and I hope to send again at some future date." Miss L. H., Point Ellice, Victoria, B.C. May 18th, 1909.

"Many thanks for Suit duly received, which is entirely satisfactory." H.C., Esq., Pine Lake, Alta May 18, 1909.

"I have many times recommended your goods to my friends, for they always give satisfaction, and your serge especially. I bought a navy serge permanent dye from you at 4/6 per yard twelve years ago—in February, 1897—and I am still wearing the skirt, which has hardly changed color even yet." Mrs. M. T., Tavistock. June 7, 1909.

THE HALL MARK



Egerton Burnett's
Royal Serge



OF INTRINSIC WORTH

Such notable wear you can get from these tested Serges made in many plain and fancy weaves, for ladies and children, from 48c. a yard; for men from 79c. a yard.

SPECIAL VALUE SERGE for ladies and children, 54 in. width, 72c. yard. Plain skirt for \$4.95, made **TO MEASURE**. Admirable for general wear.

Send for **POST FREE** samples of really high-class Tweeds Costume Cloths, Dress Fabrics, Coatings, Silks, etc.

MADE TO ORDER. Costumes from \$6.35; Skirts from \$2.45; Girls' Dresses from \$2.20; Men's Serge Suits from \$9.15; Boys' Serge Suits from \$3.05.

Samples, Style Books, Self-Measuring Blanks **POST FREE** on request. New Fall Patterns expected ready by August 25th.

EGERTON BURNETT, LIMITED

R. W. WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

EE

SPEAKING

FROM

EXPERIENCE

EE

THE DOCTOR: "Ah! yes, restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right."

Steedman's Soothing Powders

EE

CONTAIN

NO

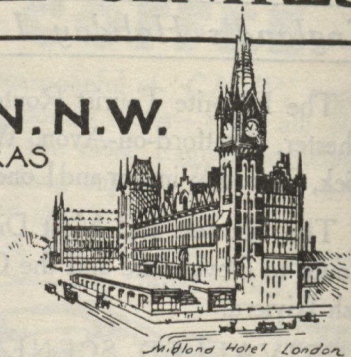
POISON

EE

The Hotels of ENGLAND'S GREAT COMMERCIAL CENTRES

MIDLAND HOTEL. LONDON. N.W. ST PANCRAS

LONDON'S LEADING
FAMILY AND
BUSINESS
HOTEL



Midland Hotel London

MIDLAND HOTEL. MANCHESTER

THE HOTEL
FOR WHICH
MANCHESTER
IS
FAMOUS.



Midland Hotel Manchester

ADELPHI HOTEL. LIVERPOOL

THE HOTEL WITH A
TRANSATLANTIC
REPUTATION



Adelphi Hotel Liverpool

UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT

QUEEN'S HOTEL. LEEDS.

(CENTRE OF IRON & STEEL INDUSTRIES)

MIDLAND HOTEL. BRADFORD.

(WOOLLEN INDUSTRIES)

THE MIDLAND HOTELS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN THEIR RESPECTIVE CITIES.
SPECIAL PRICES for EXTENDED VISITS.

Booklet with complete information sent post free on application to.

W. TOWLE, *Manager*
MIDLAND RAILWAY HOTELS, ETC.

TOWN & COUNTRY OFFICES,
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

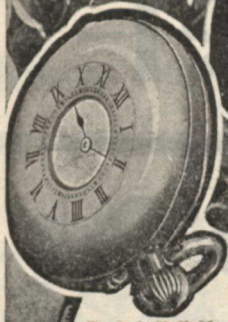
Watchmakers to the Admiralty

Where the
Flag flies
you will find

White's

The finest
value in
the Empire

"COUNTY" WATCH

English Hall-Marked
Solid 12-ct. Gold**\$25.00****H. WHITE**

On the Bridge of a great Liner; with the soldier on the scorching plains of India; or on the wheat fields of Canada, there you find the "COUNTY" Watch steadily and accurately discharging its appointed task.

Built scientifically, each part properly finished and working in harmony with its fellow, and carefully tested, the "COUNTY" Watch represents the knowledge and experience of 70 years' watch-making plus all the resources at the command of a powerful firm.

The "COUNTY" Watch is splendidly compact and strong—it has an admirable Keyless Lever movement fitted into amply substantial Solid 12-ct. Gold English Hall-Marked Cases, \$25.00. Half-Hunting, as illustrated (drawn small) or Full-Hunting as preferred, upon which an elegant monogram can be engraved for \$1.25 extra. In Solid 18-ct. Gold cases, \$38.00. Highly recommended, Solid Silver Cases, \$12.50.

The "COUNTY" ALBERT a handsome Double or Single Curb Albert, Hall-Marked every link, \$16.00. Solid 15-ct., \$28.75. The Greatest Value.

The LADY'S "COUNTY" in Solid 12-ct., Crystal Front, \$18.75. Solid 18-ct. Half or Full-Hunting Cases, plain or richly chased, \$26.25. English Hall-Marked, Fine Lever Movements.

Mailed at the Company's Own Risk to any part of the Dominion, insured postage paid, carefully timed and tested, upon receipt of Draft, Express or Money Order.

CANADIAN ORDERS engage special attention, and are executed with the utmost fidelity. COLONIAL CLIENTS secure articles of the Highest Merit, at an almost incredible saving as compared with Colonial Prices.

A POSTCARD will bring to your door, post paid anywhere, our handsome Guide-Book, illustrating our latest productions in Watches, Chains, Rings, Bracelets, etc., Will Save You Dollars *It will save you dollars.* Mention "The Canadian Magazine."

MANUFACTURING CO., 104, Market St., Manchester, England
(Next to Lewis's)

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S



OUR CELEBRATED GLOVES obtained the Grand Prix at the Franco British exhibition. For fit, quality, style, finish and value they are unequalled

THE "ESME" Ladies 8-button length Mousquetaire Real French Kid Gloves, in black, white and all colors. **85c** per pair

12-BUTTON LENGTH DITTO, in black white and all colors. **\$1.09** per pair.

16-BUTTON LENGTH DITTO, in black, white and colors. **\$1.44** per pair.

THE "VALLIER," Ladies' best quality washable French kid. 12-button length Mousquetaire in white, biscuit, pastel, beaver, tan and grey. **\$1.58** per pair.

16-BUTTON LENGTH DITTO, in white only. **\$1.93** per pair.

THE "CINDERELLA," Ladies' 8-button length Mousquetaire French Suede Gloves, in black, white and colors. **53c** per pair.

12-BUTTON LENGTH DITTO, in black, white and colors. **69c** per pair.

16-BUTTON LENGTH DITTO, in black, white and all colors. **93c** per pair.

THE "BLENHEIM," Ladies' best quality fine cape, British made, in white, tan, oak, dark grey or black, prix seam sewn, shear points, 2 press buttons. **91c** per pair.

GLOVES

ALL GLOVES in this department are of British or French manufacture and subject to preferential tariff.

THE "CLARETIE," Ladies' real French kid gloves, in black, white, cream, pastel, beavers, tans, browns, greys, greens, plum, navy, 4-buttons. **60c** per pair.

THE "ESPERANCE," Ladies' 3-button washable French kid, in white only. **64c** per pair.

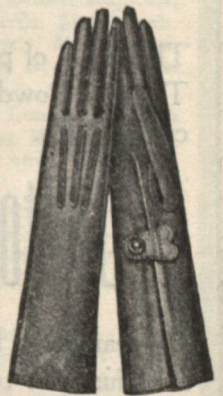
LADIES' WASHABLE FRENCH CASTOR DOESKIN GLOVES, with strap and press button as illustration, in white, grey, putty, beaver and tan. **46c** per pair.

LADIES' BEST QUALITY DOESKIN GLOVES, British made with gusset, strap and press button as illustration, in white, putty, beaver, tan and grey. **69c** per pair.

THE "CANADIAN," Ladies' buck finish, British made in tan or grey, prix seam sewn, 3-button. **95c** per pair.

THE "RAINPROOF," Ladies' washable cape gloves, British made in tan shade, pique sewn, 2 large pearl buttons. **69c** per pair.

THE "CONNAUGHT," strong tan cape, British made, spear points, prix seam sewn, 2 press buttons. **71c** per pair.



A detailed and illustrated Price List will be sent post free on application direct from London, England, or they may be obtained post free from THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Office, 15 Wellington St., East, Toronto. Remittances, including postage, to be made by International Money Orders, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, at the General Post Office, London.

45 and 45a, Cheapside, London, E.C. ; and 82 and 83, New Bond St., W.

Tell your Friends
before you Sail



TO WRITE YOU AT THE

WALDORF
HOTEL
LONDON
 And **STAY THERE**


Cables: "WALDORFIUS, LONDON"

TARIFF ON APPLICATION TO CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU, TORONTO

TO MOTHERS!

Thousands of persons annually testify to the unfailing efficacy of Doctor Stedman's Teething Powders, in all disorders to which infancy is liable during the period of cutting teeth.

Doctor Stedman's Teething Powders

are guaranteed by the proprietor and by the highest analytical authorities, to contain no opium, nor other dangerously soothing ingredient, thereby making them the safest and best medicine for Children. Caution—ask distinctly for **DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS** and see the Trade Mark  a Gum Lancet on every packet and powder, and be not imposed upon by substitutes.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Depot: 125, New North Road, London N, England

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER.

Write for Samples and Price List (sent Post Free) and Save 50 Per Cent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, IRELAND

LTD.

Regent Street and Cheapside, London; also Liverpool.

Telegraphic Address: ("LINEN, BELFAST.")

IRISH LINEN AND DAMASK MANUFACTURERS

AND FURNISHERS TO

His Gracious Majesty **THE KING,**
H. R. H. The Princess of Wales,

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE
COURTS OF EUROPE.



Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels,
Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and
the General Public, direct with every description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World.

Which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer, and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last.

By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

IRISH LINENS: Linen Sheetings, two yards wide, 48c. per yard; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide, 57c. per yard; Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 9c. per yard; Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard; Dusters from 78c. Glass Cloths, \$1.18 per doz. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 23c. per yard. Our Special Soft-finished Longcloth from 10c. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN: Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.56 per doz. Table Cloths, two yards square, 94c.; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards by 3 yards, \$1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.32 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (*Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.*)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS: With 4-fold fronts and cuffs and bodies of fine Longcloth, \$8.52 the half doz. (to measure, 48c. extra). New Designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. OLD SHIRTS made good as new. with good materials in Neckbands Cuffs and Fronts for \$3.36 the half doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS: "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen*. "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Sylvia's Home Journal*. Children's, from 30c. to \$1.18 per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. to \$2.76 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. to \$3.84 per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', 66c. to \$8.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c. to \$6.00 per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS: COLLARS—Gentlemen's 4-fold, newest shapes from \$1.18 per doz. CUFFS—For gentlemen, from \$1.66 per doz.. Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey," and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING: A luxury now within the reach of all Ladies. Chemises, trimmed embroidery 56c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, \$1.08. India or Colonial Outfits from \$52.68; Bridal Trousseaux from \$32.04; Infants' Layettes from \$15.00. (See list).

N.B.—All Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be Addressed:

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD. Belfast, Ireland.

Our Catalogues can be obtained by Post Card request to the "Canadian Magazine, Toronto"

NOTE.—Beware of parties using our name
We employ neither Agents nor Travellers.

HORROCKSES'

Long Cloths, Sheetings and Flannelettes

are the very best the Old Country can produce.



See the Stamp "HORROCKSES" on the Selvedge,

OBTAINABLE FROM THE PRINCIPAL STORES IN THE DOMINION

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER and LONDON

IF YOU WANT TO BE HAPPY

— READ —

Sowing Seeds in Danny

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Cloth, \$1.00

THE BOOK WHICH HAS MADE THE
AUTHOR FAMOUS.

Sound and sweet as a big
red apple.

As full of humor as an egg is
full of meat.

The best book for a vacation
outing.

PUT IT IN YOUR GRIP SURE

At all Booksellers and News Stands
or from

WILLIAM BRIGGS

PUBLISHER

29-33 RICHMOND STREET WEST

TORONTO



A secret worth knowing.

IT IS so refreshing on
a hot dusty day to use

CALVERT'S Carbolic Toilet Soap.

It quickly removes dust and perspiration, and leaves a pleasant feeling of perfect cleanliness. Pure in quality — as your skin requires — and a protection against contagious diseases, being prepared with 10% pure Carbolic.

15 cents at your druggists. For sample send 2 c. stamp
F. C. Calvert & Co., 339, Dorchester Street West,
Montreal.

Oakey's

SILVERSMITHS' SOAP

For Cleaning Plate

Oakey's

EMERY CLOTH

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKLEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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

REPRESENTATIVE IN CANADA

JOHN FORMAN,

644 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

The Last Best West

Health, Liberty and Prosperity

Awaits the Settler in the Prairie Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

From eastern Canada, the United States, the British Isles and continental Europe farmers in thousands are yearly flocking to secure

A Free Homestead of 160 Acres

which the Canadian Government offers to every man over 18 years of age able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

The Construction of hundreds of miles of new railways has brought millions of acres within easy access of transportation facilities and provided employment at remunerative wages for those desirous of engaging in such labour while waiting for returns from their first crop. Thousands of free homesteads yet available. First comers have first choice.

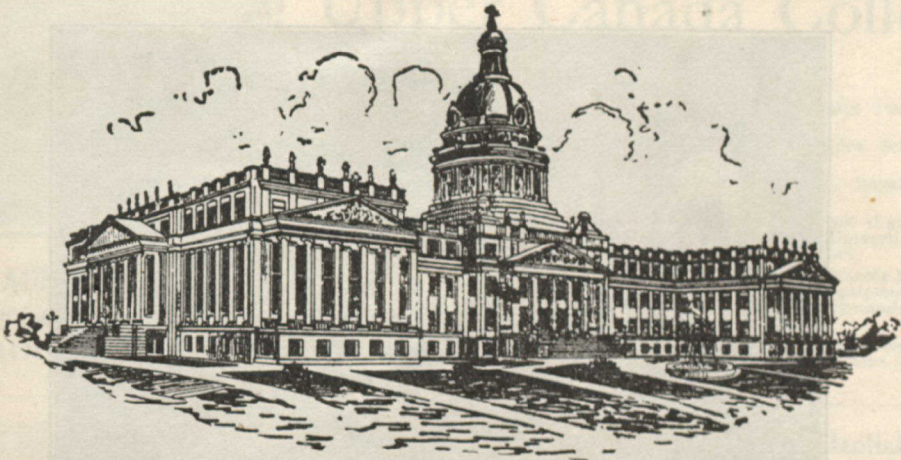
INFORMATION AND ADVICE

may be freely obtained from

W. D. SCOTT, SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

J. BRUCE WALKER, COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION,
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, or

J. OBED SMITH, ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF EMIGRATION
11-12, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W., ENGLAND.



University of Ottawa

CONDUCTED BY THE OBLATE FATHERS

Founded in 1848. Degree-conferring powers from Church and State. Theological, Philosophical, Arts, Collegiate and Business Departments. Over fifty professors and instructors. Finest college buildings and finest athletic grounds in Canada. Museum, laboratories and modern equipments. Private rooms. For calendar and particulars address—

REV. WM. J. MURPHY, O. M. I., - - RECTOR.



Moulton College

34 Bloor Street East
TORONTO, ONT.

An Academic Department of McMaster University for Girls. High School and Junior School. Residence and Day Students. High Grade School. Fees for year: Residence, \$252.00 to \$262.00; Day, \$34.00 to \$72.00.

Send for Calendar.

College Re-opens September 15th.

Miss Charlotte Thrall, Vice-Principal
A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc., Musical Director.

ST. ALBAN'S

Headmaster—Rev. F. G. ORCHARD, M. A., Cambridge (Classical Honors).

An English Boarding School for Boys.
English Masters (graduates).

At the Entrance Examinations to R. M. C. Kingston, in June, 1908, St. Alban's gained **FIRST PLACE** for the third time in 6 years.

In June 1909, a St. Alban's boy wins **THIRD PLACE**.

Splendid playing fields, Football, Cricket, and a private Golf Course.

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

OTHER SUCCESSES IN 1908:

\$100 Scholarship at McGill.

1st Prize in French 1st year at McGill.

1st Prize in German 1st year at McGill.

School reopens on September, 14th.

For Prospectus, Book of Views, etc., apply to

THE HEADMASTER.



Sophomore Class '08 and '09

ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

GUELPH, CANADA

Opens September 14th, 1909

COURSE FOR FARMERS' SONS

Approximate cost for an Ontario boy during his first year.

Board, 26 weeks at \$3.00 per week	- - - -	\$ 78.00
Tuition per year	- - - -	20.00
Laboratory Fee	- - - -	1.50
Books, about	- - - -	7.00
		<u>\$106.50</u>
Less amount paid for work during apprenticeship	- -	27.30
		<u>\$ 79.20</u>

Our course is so arranged that the boy may be at College during the winter months and at home on his father's farm during the summer months.

A Calendar explaining fully the subjects taught may be had for the asking.

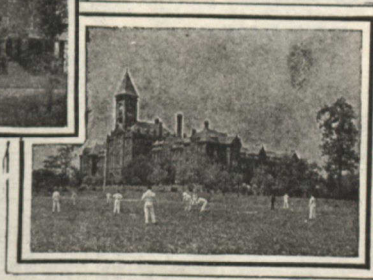
G. C. CREELMAN, B. S. A., M. S. - - President

Upper Canada College

TORONTO



H. W. AUDEN, M. A.
(Cambridge)
PRINCIPAL
1700



AUTUMN TERM BEGINS Tuesday, September 14th.

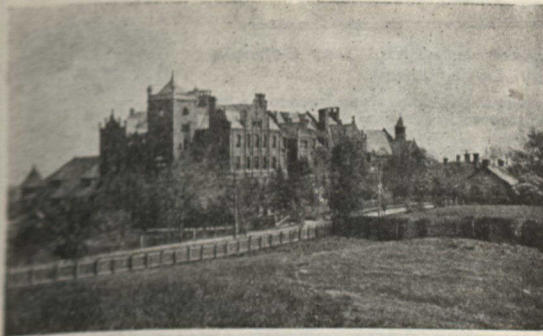
Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, Sept. 18th.

Courses for University, Royal Military College, and Business.

The regular Staff comprises 15 graduates of English and Canadian Universities, with additional special instructors.

Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment. Fifty acres of ground, 4 Rinks, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, etc.

Entrance Scholarships for both resident and day pupils. Special scholarships for sons of old pupils.



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

PORT HOPE, ONT.

Residential School for Boys

FOUNDED 1865

Magnificent and healthy situation. Modern Fire-proof Buildings, Extensive

Playgrounds, large Gymnasium, Skating Rinks, etc. Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Special attention given to younger boys.

NEXT TERM BEGINS TUESDAY, SEPT. 14

For calendar and all information, apply to the Headmaster
REV. OSWALD RICBY, M. A. (Cambridge) L.L. D.

Ashbury College

Residential School for Boys

Boys successfully prepared for Royal Military College and Universities.

Ottawa

REV. GEO. P. WOOLCOMBE, M. A. Oxon.
Headmaster

SCHOOL RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 9th, 1909

Merrill-van Laer School

A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

OFFERS a broad and thorough education together with advantages of residence in a great city. Buildings extensive and suited to educational and social life of our pupils. For further information address

30, 32, 34 East 57th Street, New York

HAVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE

TORONTO



**Separate Senior and Junior Residential and Day Schools
with Preparatory Department**

Preparation for Honour Matriculation, Havergal Diploma, Examinations in Music and Art. Resident French and German Mistresses. Physical Culture under two resident graduates of the Boston Normal School. Domestic Science School, with six Departments. Large Grounds, Rink, Swimming Bath.

For illustrated calendar please apply to the Bursar.

MISS KNOX, Principal.

Queen's University and College

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

THE ARTS COURSE leads to the degrees of B.A. and M.A., D.Sc., and Ph.D.

THE EDUCATIONAL COURSES, under agreement with the Ontario Education Department, are accepted as the professional courses for (a) First Class Public School Certificate; (b) High School Assistant's Interim Certificate; (c) Specialists' Interim Certificate and (d) Inspectors' Certificate. They also lead to the degrees B.Paed., D.Paed.

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

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

THE MEDICAL COURSE leads to the degrees of M.B., M.D. and C.M., D.Sc.

THE SCIENCE COURSE leads to the degrees of B.Sc., and M.Sc., D.Sc.

THE ARTS COURSE may be taken without attendance.

Calendars may be had from the Registrar, **GEORGE Y. CROWN, B.A., Kingston, Ont.**

SCHOOL OF MINING

A COLLEGE OF
APPLIED SCIENCE

Affiliated to Queen's University

KINGSTON, ONT.

THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>I. Four Years' Course for Degree of B.Sc.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Mining Engineering. b. Chemistry and Mineralogy. c. Mineralogy and Geology. d. Chemical Engineering. i. Power Development. | <p>II. Three Years' Course for Diploma.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> e. Civil Engineering. f. Mechanical Engineering. g. Electrical Engineering. h. Biology and Public Health. |
|---|---|

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



Glen Mawr

651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

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

Offers great advantages in Music, Art and Languages.

Native French and German teachers. Large staff of experienced residential and visiting Professors and Teachers.

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

For Prospectus and full information apply to

MISS VEALS,
Lady Principal.



WESTBOURNE School for Girls

340 Bloor Street West, - TORONTO, CANADA

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

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

Royal Victoria College MONTREAL

A RESIDENTIAL hall for the women students of McGill University. Situated in close proximity to the University buildings and laboratories. Students of the College are admitted to the courses in Arts of McGill University on identical terms with men, but mainly in separate classes. In addition to the lectures given by the Professors and Lecturers of the University, students are assisted by resident tutors. Gymnasium, skating-rink, tennis-courts, etc. Scholarships and Exhibitions awarded annually. Instruction in all branches of music in the McGill Conservatorium of Music.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, ADDRESS

THE WARDEN, ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, MONTREAL, QUE.



TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc., Musical Director

Highest Artistic Standards, Diplomas, Scholarships, Free Advantages. Send for Illustrated Calendar.

Ontario Ladies' College

And
Conservatory
of Music
and Art
WHITBY
ONTARIO
(Trafalgar Castle)

Palatial buildings, acknowledged to be unequalled in Canada by those of any other Ladies' School or College: ideal location in a Collegiate town near Toronto, giving to those who desire it easy access to city concerts; magnificent College property embracing one hundred acres, and having a campus sufficiently large to enable all students to play at the same time without interfering with each other; gymnasium 40 x 80 feet; careful home and social training that will be likely to impart the essentials of good manners under moral and Christian influences; last, but not least, the recognized leader in staff, equipment and courses of study. Take note of the fact that **teachers of Dominion reputation** are at the head of the various departments. It will pay you to consider the above special advantages and send for calendar to the

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., Principal



The Royal Military College

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system.

In addition the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures good health and fine physical condition.

Seven commissions in His Majesty's regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

Three Commissions in the Permanent Force will be given annually, should vacancies exist, to the graduating class, viz.:-

One in the Infantry; and each alternate year:

One in the Engineers and one in the Horse Artillery.

One in the Cavalry or Mounted Rifles and one in the Garrison Artillery.

Further, every three years a Commission in the Ordnance Corps will be given to the graduating class.

Three 2nd class clerkships, or appointments with equivalent pay, will be offered annually to the graduating class, such appointments to be in the following Departments, viz.:-Public Works, Railways and Canals, Inland Revenue, Agriculture and Interior.

The length of the Course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from \$750 to \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, in May of each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information, application should be made as soon as possible to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont. : or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

THE Bishop Strachan School

WYKEHAM HALL
COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

President—His Grace, the Lord Archbishop of Toronto

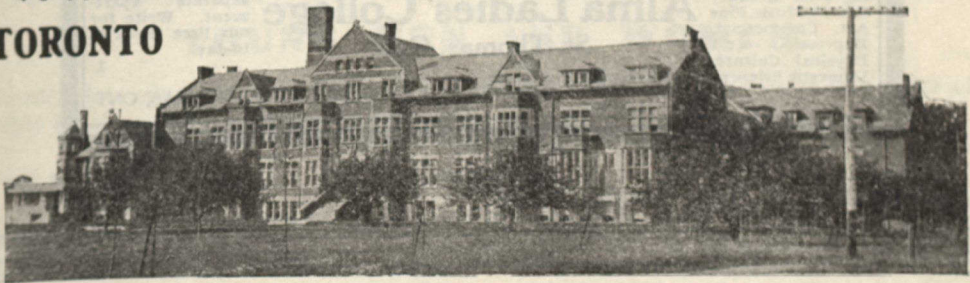
FORTY-FIRST YEAR
A CHURCH, RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
FULL MATRICULATION COURSE AND ELEMENTARY WORK

For Calendar apply to
MISS ACRES, Lady Principal



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

A RESIDENTIAL & DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
TORONTO



AUTUMN TERM COMMENCES SEPTEMBER 13th, 1909

Calendar sent on application.

1701

REV. D. BRUCE McDONALD, M.A., LL. D., Principal



RIDLEY COLLEGE

St. Catharines, Ont.

Lower School for boys under fourteen—entirely separate. Upper School prepares boys for the Universities and for business. Finest School Grounds in Canada—80 acres.

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal



ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AMID EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SURROUNDINGS

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—14 teachers of the highest Academic qualifications, of whom 8 are in residence, and of these 4 are European trained teachers of Modern Languages.

26 VISITING TEACHERS—Music 19, Art 3, Physical Culture 2, Elocution 1, Domestic Science 1.

DAILY ATTENDANCE 140, of whom 50 are in residence; classes average 10 each.

PREPARATION FOR THE UNIVERSITY a specialty; extended course for those not contemplating a university education.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A.,
Principal.

CLASS-ROOMS built specially for the work.

LARGE LAWNS for games and recreation. Full sized outdoor skating rink in winter.

RESIDENCE distinct in its management from the school. Specialists in every department.

RECORD—1905-06: 14 at Universities; 20 passed examination in Music at Toronto University, winning 11 1st class honors and 3 2nd class, and 10 at Conservatory of Music winning 3 first places in honor lists.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

GEORGE DICKSON, M.A.,
Late Principal Upper Canada College Toronto } Directors.
MRS. GEORGE DICKSON



Alma College Opens September 8. Will Your Daughter Attend This Term?

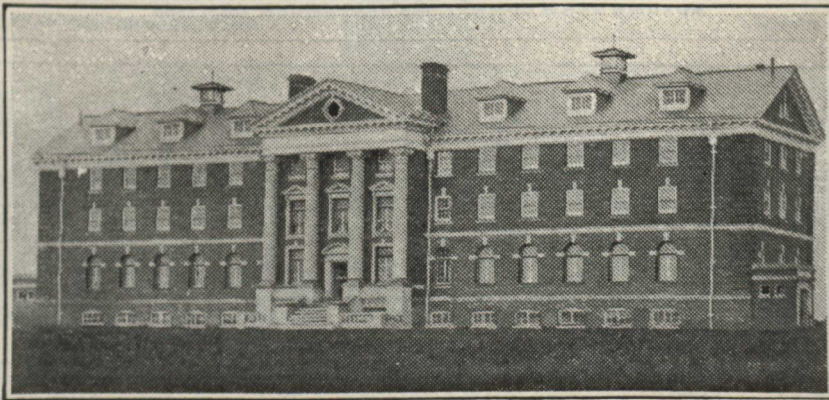
The cost of tuition depends upon studies selected; endowment permits low rates. Unexcelled advantages in Literary Course, Music, Fine Art, Commercial, Expression and Physical Culture, Domestic Science, Social Training, etc. Large Campus for health developing out-door

Alma Ladies' College St. Thomas, Ont.

recreation; athletic and social organizations; largest Fine Art Studio. First College in Ontario to organize diploma courses in Music and Domestic Science. Local Music Examinations of University of Toronto held here. Canada's most southerly College; healthful location, Limited number of younger girls received in separate apartment. Write for our Free Booklet to-day.

1

ALMA COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT.



Pickering College, Newmarket Reopens September 7th, 1909.

New buildings, ideal location, 25 acres grounds, steam heating, electric lighting, sanitary plumbing, good fire protection.

Full Preparatory, Collegiate and Commercial Courses. Special course in Music and Art.

The former efficiency of this well-known School will be fully maintained in the new premises. For announcements address

WM. P. FIRTH, M.A., D.Sc., Principal, NEWMARKET.

A. S. ROGERS, Chairman Board, 63 Bay St., TORONTO.

THE VERY
GREAT
Demands
 FOR THE WELL TRAINED STUDENTS OF THE
CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
 OF TORONTO

prompts the management of the School to guarantee profitable employment to the graduate of any one department. All

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

with a fair education and plenty of ambition are invited to investigate the merits of this excellent School.

CATALOGUE FREE.

W. H. SHAW,
Principal

P. McINTOSH,
Vice-Principal

E. R. SHAW,
Secretary

BRANKSOME HALL

102 BLOOR STREET EAST, TORONTO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Preparation for University and for Examinations in Music. Well-equipped Art Department. Thoroughly efficient staff. Large play grounds. Healthful locality. **Primary School for Day Pupils.**

AUTUMN TERM WILL BEGIN SEPT. 9.

For prospectus apply to—

MISS SCOTT, PRINCIPAL
 (formerly Principal of the Girls' Department of the Provincial Model School, Toronto.)



BRANKSOME HALL

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

Established Thirty-one Years.

For the exclusive treatment of cancer and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths (except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs, and the thoracic cavity),

With the Escharotic Method
 (without resorting to surgical procedure).

Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. This institution is conducted upon a strictly ethical basis. Complete information given upon request. Address,

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
 NORTH ADAMS, MASS.



Trust Fund Investments

The prompt payment beyond question of interest and principal at maturity must be the paramount consideration when investing Trust Funds.

The bonds issued by the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation meet all the requirements and are A LEGAL INVESTMENT FOR TRUST FUNDS.

We should like to send you a specimen Bond and all particulars. Your name and address on a postcard are all that are necessary.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

ASSETS
\$ 8,143,485

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,150,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS
COMPANY

TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED



St. Denis Hotel

Broadway and Eleventh Street
NEW YORK

European Plan — Convenient Location

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON

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

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up - - \$1,000,000.00
 Reserve Fund and }
 Undivided Profits } - - \$1,277,404.49

DIRECTORS

S. J. MOORE, Esq. President
 D. E. THOMSON, K.C., Vice-Pres.
 SIR WILLIAM MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.

THOMAS BRADSHAW, Esq.
 JOHN FIRSTBROOK, Esq.
 JAMES RYRIE, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO
 W. D. ROSS, General Manager

Every Department of Banking Conducted with Absolute
 SECURITY and SATISFACTION.

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in all parts of the world.

EXCHANGE, foreign and domestic bought and sold.

COLLECTIONS given prompt execution.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches.



Dominion Express Money Orders



SAFE CONVENIENT ECONOMICAL

Payment is guaranteed and a prompt refund will be made, or a new order issued without extra charge, if order is lost, stolen or delayed in transit.

Payable at par in over 30,000 places in Canada, United States, Newfoundland, West Indies, Central and South America, Hawaii, Philippines and the Yukon.

FOREIGN CHEQUES

issued in Sterling, Marks, Francs, Lire, etc., payable in all commercial countries of the world at current rates.

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200, with equivalents in Foreign Money printed on each cheque. They are self identifying and payable everywhere.

Superior to Letters of Credit.

Agents in all the principal cities and towns throughout Canada

General Offices, Toronto

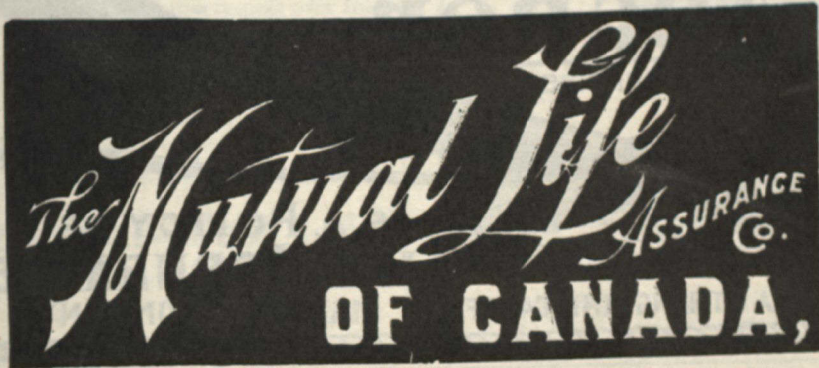
Rates and full information cheerfully furnished by our
 Local Agent



Things That Count

Growing business, low expense rate, large profits, safe and prudent investments, liberal policy conditions, and prompt payment of claims are the "things that count" with policy-holders.

If intending insurants will examine the record of



since its establishment in 1870, they will find that this Company measures fully up to the best standards.

That the Canadian public recognizes these facts is proven by the annually increasing support extended to

CANADA'S BIG MUTUAL.

In further proof it is only necessary to state that the first half of the present year was, in all important respects, the

Best in the experience of the Company.

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

E. P. CLEMENT, K.C., President.
W. H. RIDDELL, Assistant Manager.

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director.
CHAS. RUBY, Secretary.

FEDERAL LIFE

ASSURANCE
COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE,
HAMILTON
CANADA.

The Wise Man's
"Anchor"

FOR FUTURE HAPPINESS.



IS A POLICY OF
LIFE ASSURANCE

IN A STRONG AND CAREFULLY MANAGED COMPANY.

London Life



POLICIES

"GOOD AS GOLD"

Larger

Cash Guarantees



You cannot pin a Company down and
MAKE them pay you cash equal to their
estimates. To avoid future disappointment
look for larger CASH GUARANTEES.
You'll find them in our Reserve Dividend
Policies. Ask our agent for particulars.

Best Appreciated Where Best Known

While The Great-West Life Assurance Company is writing a very large business in all parts of Canada—it is in Manitoba, the Home Province, where the most notable results are being accomplished,

Not only was The Great-West considerably in advance of all the Companies in respect to premium receipts in Manitoba during 1908, but whereas the average GAIN of all the Companies in this respect over the previous year was 2.2%, The Great West gained 12.5%.

The moral is clear. If those most intimately acquainted with the Company endorse its Policies in this way, others at a distance can well afford to follow their lead.

Ask for personal rates, giving date of birth.

The Great-West Life
Assurance Company
Head Office - - - Winnipeg

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office: Hamilton

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Hon. William Gibson - - - President
J. Turnbull - Vice-Pres. and General Manager

Paid up Capital - - \$ 2,500,000
Reserve - - - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets, over - 30,000,000

The Bank of Hamilton invites the accounts of Firms, Corporations and Individuals.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED



IN THE ENJOYMENT

of life and health many are apt to forget that death is ever lurking around ready to strike them down at any time.

It is the manifest duty of every man with others dependent upon him to safeguard their interests by making proper provision for them in event of his death.

A policy of Life Insurance will prove the best possible safeguard, for it will produce ready money when and where most needed.

Act at once; secure a Policy to-day from the

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

HOME OFFICE ————— TORONTO

E. D. SMITH'S



JAMS, JELLIES,
PRESERVES
AND
MARMALADE
ARE

THE STANDARD
THE WORLD
OVER

The Absolute Proof

Is to be found in Bulletin No. 119, issued by the Department of Inland Revenue, Ottawa. It shows that not one single **PURE** sample was made in Canada (outside E. D. Smith's) by any of the leading establishments manufacturing a general line of Jams, Jellies and Preserves and catering to the trade of the whole Dominion. What need is there for more words? Surely in the face of this absolute proof no one wanting **PURE GOODS** will run the risk buying from any other source.

Our Trade Mark is the Sure Proof of **HONEST GOODS** and the Guarantee of **Absolute PURITY**. Look for the Trade Mark

A for E. D. SMITH'S **P**
S Fruit Jams, Jellies, **U**
K Preserves and Mar- **R**
 malade. **E**
K Don't Risk Substitutes **E**

E. D. Smith's Fruit Farm
WINONA, ONT.





From a photograph

GORGE PARK, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1909

No. 4

VICTORIA THE ARISTOCRAT

Illustrations from photographs

BY E. McGAFFEY

She waits beside her sunny sands,
Her flowered heights, her orchard trees,
A jewel of the western lands,
A sovereign city of the seas.

The blue Pacific's pacing brine,
Eternal watch and vigil keeps
O'er Her, who seems in shade or shine,
Atlantis, risen from the deeps.

VICTORIA, Vancouver Island, is a city of kaleidoscopic changes. From one view-point it is a commercial city; from still another it is a city of homes, and from yet a third it appears as a great shipping port and gateway of commerce. But in one sense, and a keenly individualistic one, it is truly Victoria the Aristocrat.

Perhaps the very name itself, suggestive of the famous and well-beloved Queen, invests the city with more than an ordinary distinction. Or it may be that the location of the capital at Victoria, carries with it a more than usual sense of *noblesse oblige*. And it is quite probable that the presence among her citizens of scions of the old families, of retired army and navy officers, who have taken up their residence in the city, adds perceptibly to the feeling of exclusiveness which invests her inner circle.

At any rate, from the heights of Dunsmuir Castle to the vicinity of Gorge Park, from the towering massiveness of the Empress Hotel to the far outlook from Beacon Hill, there is a Victoria which stands aloof, proud as Lucifer, haughty as De Gilbert, Saxon and Norman in its heredity, ancient and indomitable in its spirit of reserve.

The very situation of Victoria argues a certain exclusiveness. Islanded in by the ebb and flow of the Pacific, her gateway is the sea, and the stately ships that swing across her ocean threshold break the waters



"WALLED IN BY BATTLEMENTS OF GRANITE"—
A TYPICAL RESIDENCE IN VICTORIA



VICTORIA HARBOUR, SHOWING THE POST-OFFICE ON THE LEFT, THE EMPRESS HOTEL NEAR BY,
AND THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS IN THE DISTANCE ON THE RIGHT

of one of the loveliest of harbours. Against the far sky-line loom the snow-crested Olympics, white as though the foam of billowed centuries lay stranded on their steeps. Below, the straits of Juan de Fuca shine, gray-lined at times, with vagrant white caps, but for the most part blue with the serenity of unruffled peace.

Over these straits the gulls dip, rise, and follow the passing steamers, while myriad wild-fowl in rhythmic and rapid flight curve sharply to right or left as the boats go by. Always to the shores of the very Island itself, is the feeling of something set apart and imperial, a beauty begemmed and bejewelled with the unusual and the thrilling. An aristocracy of nature, lavish as sunshine, boundless as the billows, with sea and sky and smiling fields to intensify the vision.

Where the broad ocean leans against the land, in the residence districts famous to Victoria alone, are the houses of which so much has been written, and which have in their sur-

roundings so much of what is the essence of Victoria the aristocrat. Here of a verity are old places that breathe the airs of Arcady, that have the dignity of ancestral acres, that present, in environment and tone, all that might be sought for as ideal.

Walled in by battlements of granite, or green-bulwarked with hedges against the eyes of the idly curious, these picturesque residences stand, with sea and mountain in the background, pictures of home-likeness and loveliness. Only by seeing them on a budding spring day can their charm be even imperfectly gleaned. They have too, in sharp-edged suggestiveness, the seal of the aristocrat:

"That repose,
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

Lawns that are velvety pages of emerald, written over by wandering sunbeams, chequered with shimmering shades, silent in the surrounding silence, great trees cathedraled under the noon-day skies, and hedges that



AFTERNOON TEA, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, VICTORIA, AFFORDING A PICTURE OF BEAUTY AND GRACE AT THE WESTERN CAPITAL

divide beds and *parterres* of bewildering colour, changing and sparkling in myriad dyes, blindingly brilliant in their diversified hues. Gay as a peacock's plumage, the tulips cup out to the sun, while daffodils, lilies, pansies, and a host of other blossoms and buds twinkle out from the edges of paths and arbours, making a veritable vision of delight.

A bird's song drops like the sudden peal of a bell. Outside are the broad boulevards, gray with powdery macadam, stretching towards the bustling city; highways of progress and modernity, now scrolled by the flight of a whizzing automobile, now echoing with the staccato sound of hurrying hoof-beats. Inside are the flowers and the brooding hedges, the sheen of close-cropped grasses and sun-lacquered tree-trunks—rest, peace, and sweet seclusion. There you may see the gleam of a child's dress, and hear occasionally the music of children's voices among the trees. And peeping over some high-barred gate you may

see them playing among the paths and around the lawns and flowers, themselves the rarest of all buds of promise:

“Do you love me, little children,
O sweet blossoms that are curled,
Life's tender morning-glories
Round the casement of the world.”

And the presence of demure maid-servant or following attendant proclaims that they are watched over and guarded carefully from any intrusion or molestation.

Many of these old houses have their names at the gates, and at some the house of the lodge-keeper stands inside the gates. If you would see the master of the household, you shall perforce pass the inspection of the lodge-keeper himself. No raucous ringing of jangling bells, no pressure of electric button, but sedately and seriously must you present your credentials, and not unless you are to the manner born, and duly accredited, and a friend of the family and



BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA

expected, will the vigilant sentinel of the gates allow you to pass.

The Parliament Buildings are one of the most important architectural adjuncts to aristocratic Victoria, both from their spaciousness and beauty, and from their magnificent surroundings in the way of grounds. They remind the sightseer from the United States of the noble outlines of the Capitol building at Washington, although their situation and environment are greatly superior.

From their front entrance a magnificent view is had, taking in the harbour, and, beyond, the hill-tops and mountains and country farther on. In these halls the elect and select of the aristocracy and electorate gather to preside over the destinies of the Province, and the archives of the years rest securely within their keeping. Prominent among resident Victorians who assemble at the Par-

liament buildings is the Honourable Richard McBride, K.C., M.P.P., Premier and Minister of Mines. Able tactful, an eloquent speaker and natural leader of men, the Premier exerts a far-reaching and salutary power over the affairs of the Province and a corresponding influence on Canadian statesmanship.

The Empress Hotel, the million-dollar C. P. R. hostelry overlooking the harbour, rises impressively among flower-studded surroundings. Its dining-room is one of the handsomest in the world and its rotunda one of the most sumptuous; its outlook, commanding the varied scenery of sea and mountain, gives it a uniqueness distinct in character among many noted Canadian stopping-places, and its register holds the signatures of many celebrated and famous men and women.

Dunsmuir Castle, lordly in its wide



ROTUNDA OF THE EMPRESS HOTEL, VICTORIA

acreage of hill-tops and slopes, is observable from all points of altitude in the city, and takes the imagination back to the castles of England and Scotland, the roses of York and Lancaster, and the golden days of chivalry and crusade. Nor is there lack of uniform and accoutrement in the atmosphere of Victoria to lend an aristocratic tinge to the *ensemble*. Khaki-clad soldiers meet you at the street corners, with waxed moustache and squared shoulders, proud in their consciousness of being among the country's defenders.

Trim sailor-boys, laughing middies and naval recruits may be seen occasionally, and every enthusiastic Victorian is counting the hours until the station at Esquimalt harbour shall blaze into its old brilliance, with men-o'-war at their moorings, and the glitter and attraction of a full-fledged naval power illuminating the shores.

At Point Macauley, near to the splendid golf links, the heavy siege guns, watch-dogs of the coast lines, sentinel the Island day and night. At Signal Hill and Red Hill defensive artillery frowns from the heights. The soldiers' barracks are visible from the city, and the combination of *Tommy Atkins* and *Jack Tar*, dear to all patriotic Englishmen, is so much a part and parcel of Victoria life that its exclusiveness distinguishes the city's social blend perceptibly.

And certain retired officers, men who wear scars and have seen service, are to be found now very amicably enjoying the balmy sunshine, digging peacefully into divers flower-beds, instead of into the enemy's vitals, and, in fact, smoothing the grim visage of war with the harmless though necessary weapons of the garden-builder.

Victoria's parks are another angle of her aristocratic belongings. Neither



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, SHOWING THE MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND

Beacon Hill Park nor Gorge Park is at all comparable with any other places of this sort the world over. From the hills at Beacon Park you can see far and wide, and always with a haunting effect of beauty. "Space liberates the soul," and to look over the straits of Juan de Fuca to the carved Titans of the Olympian Range, domed beneath a canopy of turquoise infinitude, is to find that saying true.

In the summer the Scotch broom breaks into gorgeous drifts of bright yellow, outshining the wealth of Cræsus or the fabled treasures of El Dorado. It vies with the blue of sea and sky, and strikes bold across the entire colour-scheme of lavish nature in a panoramic splendour of its own. It grows luxuriously along the Beacon Park hills, skirting the green downs that roll in turfy undulations to the sea-shore.

Gorge Park, just as nature left it, is alive with nature's aristocratic beauty. Here the tides ebb and flow, the rocky defile at one time being alive with rushing waters, and again calm with the lull and ripples of the resting ocean. Here the forest primeval still lingers, and the untarnished nobility of pristine woodlands is found in all its charm.

In its more material sense, even in the traditions of commerce and shipping, Victoria has its honoured annals. Old houses that have traded with the Orient for generations, institutions which were here when barter with the natives for furs and game was the only business carried on, still flourish under the *régime* of the descendants of the hardy pioneers. Here these establishments stand, the hardy stock of a hardy race of progenitors, merchants and sailors whose names form an aristocracy of their

own in this far-western community.

One other of Victoria's aristocratic accessories is its roads and drives. These are wide, substantial, and extraordinarily beautiful in their surroundings. Here again you will find the straits and the snow-crowned peaks of the Olympics, the shingle and sand of the beaches, the rolling downs of greenest grass, down-dropping to the shore. But you will find here also, miles of magnificent woodland scenery, lakes and rivers without number, fine wayside hotels, gliding automobiles, bicycling groups, gay parties on horseback, and wayside pedestrians with rod or camera. These roads extend in many directions from Victoria, and are suitable to

the automobilist and his following.

And thus with its heritage of old-world family names, instincts and prejudices; with its setting of an almost miraculous beauty of sea, sky, and mountain peaks; with its exclusive circles of naval, military, and professional men; with its old-time traditional merchant class, some of them men who have earned and held high honours on the official roster of the Dominion; with its houses that are visions of loveliness, not matched or approached in other lands—unmarred by the snows of more rigorous climes, Victoria the beautiful, Victoria the Aristocrat, rises citadelled like a Gibraltar, the glory of the last and greatest West.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BUILDERS

By H. O. N. BELFORD

Wild thunder stuns the air; the echoes fade away:
A trembling in the trees, a puffing, startled breeze,
 Adown the gorges gray;
And in the granite breast of the wild ragged hill,
The fiery demon breath, whose faintest life is death,
 Has worked his angry will.

And 'mid the splintered rock, see—where the lichens cling,
The touselled, flaxen hair, the bleeding lips in prayer:
 A trembling, mangled thing.
Blue eyes look far away, above the pine-tree's crest,
Into the sullen lead of dark'ning skies o'erhead,
 In mute unanswered quest.

They see no earth nor sky; but mem'ry, kinder still,
Unfolds the purple coast of Sweden, loved the most,
 The green fields on the hill,
And friends—Ah, there! He strays into a longer day;
And o'er his bruised clay, we hear the people say:
 "Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

BY ANNA B. FRIES

IT was Saturday, little past noon. Lena sat by the window carding wool. Every few minutes her glance wandered to the old clock on the wall. It seemed to her that time moved very slowly to-day. At last she could stand it no longer. She rose, put away her work, tied the starched white kerchief under her chin and went out. What a glorious summer day it was! The sun shone so brightly as she lifted the latch that she stopped for a moment on the big flat stone that served for a step and shaded her eyes to protect them from the glare. The heather, which grew profusely all around the house, was beginning to bloom and shine with a faint pink lustre. At the bottom of the hill, to the left, the little lake gleamed calm and blue as the sky, and the spruce-woods which grew close to the fence exhaled a drowsy fragrance. Lena crossed the lot, climbed the stile and took the path through the woods. The pine needles crunched under her wooden shoes as she strode along. Here and there a squirrel or rabbit skipped across her way, peeped from behind a branch and disappeared. In the glade the sheep came running, bleating loudly for the bark-bread she sometimes treated them to. But to-day they were disappointed. Lena had nothing for them and was in a hurry to pass on. She shoved them with her striped apron. They could not quite make out what their friend meant and kept jostling against her until she climbed the fence and left them standing huddled together, staring after her with sad eyes. She had

only a field to pass now, and then she would be on the high road. Not a soul was to be seen. She sat down on the edge of the ditch where the almond blossoms grew, took out a half-finished wool stocking from her capacious skirt pocket and began to knit. She knew he could not come for an hour or more, but somehow it seemed easier to wait here, where she could see him as soon as he reached the top of the hill a long way off.

How strange life was! Twenty years ago she had sat in this very same place waiting as she did to-day, but then it had been for her heart's love. How well she remembered it! He was the handsome young coachman at the manor. The Baron had lately brought him down from his town stable, and Lena met him at the dance around the maypole on midsummer eve. She had been a shy and somewhat surly appearing girl, not given to fooling with the boys, so she was generally left pretty much to herself. The more wonderful it seemed to her that the town fellow, who could almost vie with the Baron himself in looks, should pick her out from amidst the village girls for the May Queen dance. After that she had often come across him in the stables when she came for her supply of milk. And one day he had stolen after her in the woods and whispered that he loved her, and that they would be married. And she had grown quite weak with happiness, for he had such a way with him, and she could not resist him at all. A couple of happy months passed. Emil had

not yet spoken to the Rector about the banns. Lena would have liked to ask him about it but words never came easy to her, and her trust in him was so great.

But a day came when she felt she must be silent no longer. She was at the roadside waiting for him as usual, but he did not come. She waited long after the farmyard bell had rung for the last meal, then she boldly walked to the manor and asked for him. . . . He was not there. The Inspector had been around to gather recruits for the compulsory military service, and Emil, who dreaded the discipline of the army, was thought to have escaped across the border.

As she looked back now and remembered the misery and despair of that night, Lena wondered how she had lived through it. She wondered that she had not done away with herself. Perhaps her father, being a soldier, had something to do with it. The fighting spirit was too strong in her. But it had been hard. Yet mother had been very good to her. After her first terrible outcry, when Lena confessed her disgrace, she had resigned herself to the inevitable. But she grew silent and sad of face. She never attended any more coffee parties in the village, and when forced to go to the store for supplies, she chose times when she would not be likely to meet any of her old friends. She, who had been so proud a gossip before! And father, the stern old soldier, whom everybody respected, he shut more and more up within himself and would not even go to church now, fearing the glances and whisperings of the people. Oh, it had been a hard time. Lena had worked all she was able, trying to be a useful daughter in spite of her sin. But she felt as if she were turned to stone.

When the child came, as healthy and handsome a boy as ever lived, then at last her heart had melted within her. She wept passionately when they laid him in her arms and it seemed to

her that God would now allow her to redeem herself. And she had not been mistaken. God had been merciful. She could thank Him now; had thanked Him many times for her son. Karl she called her boy, hoping he would live up to the name and be a *man*. He proved to be of a bright and lovable disposition. Her father took to him at once, and it had been Lena's silent happiness to spy upon those two playing together. But her mother never recovered from the shock, and before little Karl had learned to lisp, she was laid away to rest.

Their little house and plot, though the Government's property, belonged to the soldier during his lifetime. He also had a pension of a few crowns a month. But as this was not enough to support three people they had been obliged to do chores in the village. But since Lena's trouble, people were not so anxious to have them as before. The kind Rector and his wife had given them work to do at home; wool-carding, spinning and weaving. Gradually others had sent them some and soon they had all they could do. Now that mother was gone, Lena had to work harder than ever. When the father grew too feeble to work out of doors, he helped, and even little Karl was put to winding balls of yarn.

The years passed; her father died, and Lena thought that she and the boy would be outcasts, but somehow it never came to that. To her glad surprise she was allowed to remain in the little hut where she had been born. She did not know just how it had come about, but it seemed that the Rector and the Baron had gone together and arranged it for her. A new soldier's cottage was put up on the outskirts of the village and the old one was voted Lena's property. She was to give so many days' labour a year in payment.

Time came when Karl attended the parish school. He was a good boy—could she ever forget the day he was confirmed! The Rector

had called her into his study, taken her by the hand and said she had done well by the boy! A grim smile flitted over Lena's tight-closed lips as she thought of it. She had done her best. When he was fifteen years old, she apprenticed him to a carpenter in the nearest town, twelve miles away. It nearly broke her heart to part with him. But time flew very quickly. She had so much to do. The boy must have decent clothes, good board and lodging. Lena worked early and late to make the necessary money. Besides, she wanted to make the home attractive to the boy who was getting used to better things in town. In her father's time, the house had contained only one good-sized room, being kitchen, living-room and bedroom, all in one. Now she added an out-kitchen and in this she also put up a kind of box-bed, so that when Karl came home over Sundays, he could have the living-room to himself. This she did all alone during spare moments. She was tall and strong, and having lived far from the village all her life, she had naturally earned to depend on herself in every way.

Saturday was her busiest day, but her greatest holiday as well. She rose at dawn and built a fire in the brick oven, so she could bake by afternoon. Other days, she fed simply on hard rye-bread, potatoes, salt herring and coffee made from roasted peas and chicory. But when her boy came home, it was different. She baked white bread. She cooked pork and cabbage. She even managed to have real coffee-beans, and the very smell as she roasted them fresh each time was a treat. She swept and scrubbed and cleaned, until the house fairly shone. Her best crocheted tidies were spread on table and chest. The short white muslin curtains before the small panel windows were newly starched and geraniums and myrtle throve on the sill. Fresh juniper was strewn on the floor. The very fireplace was decked out in green except in winter, when a lusty fire blazed there in-

stead. Then when all was in readiness, Lena attired herself in her best home-woven gown and bright-coloured kerchief and went out to watch for him.

She could hear him whistling long before he appeared, bending the branches out of his way on the narrow woodpath. Did he know how her heart beat under her stolid exterior? She stood quite still; her usually cold, steel blue eyes shone, and a ghost of a smile might be seen hovering around her thin lips. Her boy! Ah, but he was a fine fellow! Tall and straight, and quite as good as any married woman's son, she thought. And how much he knew! Lena could never understand how he had learned it all. She would sit bewildered and listen to him. He had many plans and ideas. Sometimes it shot through her like a pang that he would never be satisfied to come back and live quietly in this little forest hut where she and her people had spent their lives. But she was so happy in the present that she did not bother her head thinking about it.

Thus passed five peaceful years. Then one day it came. The fear she had vaguely felt became real. He wanted to emigrate to America. He had met some one in the village who had been there and told him all about the wonderful country. They made money as fast as they breathed in America. White bread was doled out among the poor. Pork was to be had for almost nothing and fresh meat every day. Why, he had heard that pigs ran around with a carving knife stuck in their back and all who wished might cut a slice. Of course, that was only a figure of speech, but he knew what it meant. His face glowed and he talked very fast.

Lena sat with hands tight clenched and listened to him. Not a word could she get over her lips. She felt as if she must throw herself on the floor and weep and beg for mercy. But what would he think of her? And she a *soldier's daughter!* Karl

came close to her and spoke softer than he had done since a baby; told her that he had saved money and had enough for the ticket, if she would only let him go! And Lent felt she had no right to hinder him since it seemed to be for the boy's good.

And thus it came about that Lena was left entirely alone. He had talked about sending for her when he could afford it, and Lena's heart trembled with joy that he wanted her. But she knew her place. She was not going to be a burden to her boy. And how could she be anything else in that strange country where they did not want anything handspun or knitted or woven? And they did not even talk a Christian language there, she had heard. It was different with the young who could learn. And her boy, he was so smart. He could get along anywhere. And now he was coming home! Think of it. He had only been gone a couple of years and already he had made enough to come home on a visit. She could hardly believe it. Her boy would be with her again! It seemed too good to be true. His last letter said he would start in a few weeks. That was three years ago and she had not heard from him since. But to-day was mail day. To-day it would come, the letter, telling her when to expect him. Ah, if the postman would hurry! The rural delivery only came once a week. Lena preferred to meet him here instead of calling at the village store for her letter. Every Saturday found her at her post by the road, hours ahead, waiting for the postman to pass. She always sat knitting so as not to appear to watch for him. Besides, she

never could waste time in idleness.

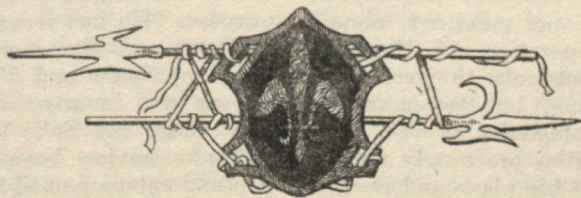
There! at last she saw a black speck on the white road in the distance. Lena could hardly keep on knitting. Would he bring her the letter to-day? She had gone back empty-handed a good many times lately. Of course, she could not expect her boy to write for nothing. He was waiting until he could tell her definitely.

The old man with the mail-bag was drawing near. He walked more slowly than ever. Would he——?

"Well, Lena, so you're waiting to hear from your boy again. He will be coming home to surprise you soon, I reckon. No, I have nothing for you to-day," and, with some remarks about the weather, he passed on.

It was a summer night in the north of Sweden. The sun, like some great fiery ball, gently dropped into the lake and was extinguished. But the fire remained. It spread itself over hill and valley and earth. It glowed in all shades of red, from palest rose to scarlet. The mountain tops in the distance gleamed red-gold and the forest stood ablaze. Slowly the sky darkened. The rosy mist faded. Only a soft twilight lingered. Yet Lena did not stir.

The sky changed into silver and pale blue. The golden sun peeped over the edge of the horizon. A lark rose high in the blue air, singing jubilant praise to the new day. All the birds in the hedges and trees fell in with the chorus. Lena straightened herself, picked up the knitting that lay forgotten in her lap, and with the bearing of a soldier, a bearing that was now a familiar sight, walked back to her hut in the forest.



“COLOMBE’S BIRTHDAY”

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

THE unicity of *Colombe’s Birthday* among Browning’s dramas is found in the fact that its plot is technically crimeless. Even in *Pippa Passes*, that spontaneous, winning, masque-like play, which Mrs. Browning found it in her heart to “lean to, or kneel to, with the deepest reverence,”—even in *Pippa Passes* there are intimations of crime and violence, deep shadows lurking remote until each in turn is dispersed by Pippa’s sunlike spirit. But *Colombe’s Birthday* is a romantic comedy, that is, a comedy whose ends, though chiefly serious, are reached by the pleasant paths of give-and-take, of love and light and even laughter. There is no dire note in the play: it is gently keyed, though with the implication that it might have been keyed otherwise. It differs from pure or intrigue comedy in point of aim: it is not an entertainment, but, so to speak, an observation. Not uninterruptedly serene, its scale, nevertheless, though it touches the minor, lets the tragic alone. In place of tragic suffering, there is unease; in place of tragic struggle, there is half-resigned longing merely; in place of tragic fate, there is a cautious, monitory, almost good-natured operation of Nemesis, which seems not only to justify the hero and heroine, but to encourage the dramatic antagonist as well.

Browning’s titles are nearly always integral parts of his plays and poems. It is so here. The day is, in verity,

the day of Colombe’s spiritual birth, herself declaring that

“This is indeed my birthday—soul and body,
Its hours have done on me the work of years.”

For Colombe of the gracious presence is also Colombe of the girlish heart,—a poetic sister of Ferrara’s bride and of the little lady of *The Flight of the Duchess*,—hitherto untried by doubt or dread, and this day to stand the test of character-in-itself. She had been taken but a single year ago from her careless happiness at Ravestein, and crowned Duchess of Juliers and Cleves,—

“I gave myself
No more a title to your homage, no,
Than church-flowers, born this season,
wrote the words
In the saint’s-book that sanctified them
first.
For such a flower, you plucked me.”

In the meantime, “fanned by Conquest’s crimson wing,” and ambitiously mapping his way to the Imperial throne itself, Prince Berthold is maturing his claim to the Duchy of Juliers as a slight but necessary step in the realization of his final secret purpose. He has secured the support of Pope and Emperor and of the Kings of Spain and France, and his papers are, in any event, incontestable under the Salic law, his cousin Colombe having been used as stop-gap and catspaw until her great political superiors could agree upon the

succession. Colombe's courtiers are well aware of the situation, now made immediately vivid to them by the imminent arrival of the claimant and the appearance of his formal documentary demand. As the play opens, they are anxiously debating the best course of action,—who shall present the paper to the Duchess? How shall the prince most fitly be served? For "Who may get nipped needs be weather-wise."

In all their selfish discussion, however, there is an evident unwillingness—save in one instance—to profit by the necessary deed, the handing of the paper to Colombe, the breaking of the heart of the "young maid with the bluest eyes." The exception is Gaucelme, an old, cynical, abandoned time-server, over against whom is set Guibert, a waverer whose heart is right but who seldom heeds his heart. As the conversation warms, Valence, a poor advocate of Cleves, brushes aside the barrier-guards and breaks violently into the palace corridor, begging Guibert, whom he has known and helped of old, to stand his sponsor now and gain him an audience with the Duchess. The people of Cleves, he declares, are starving; and he, their representative, cannot wait to learn the formalities of court procedure, but must at once seek Colombe's aid. Guibert is half-amused, half-perplexed, at this strange interruption, but is seemingly indisposed to comply until he hears Gaucelme's whispered suggestion that Valence be made to purchase the opportunity he begs by presenting the Prince's paper, of whose contents he is, of course, wholly ignorant. Guibert adopts this plan, and the group moves towards the Presence-Chamber.

So far the introductory act. In Act II. the hero and heroine meet, and are given full prominence. At its opening Colombe and Sabyne, her tirewoman, are conversing in the Presence-Chamber, and the dialogue admirably brings out the conflict between the Duchess's buoyant youth-

fulness and her sense of burden and portent. She has heard some dim rumours of Berthold's claim, but has been content to leave such matters to her counsellors, who, however, seem lessening somehow in number and enthusiasm since last year. As the courtiers enter and greet her with "the same words, the same faces,"—she persuades herself that they are feeling "the same love." Only Valence stands aside, awaiting his time and suddenly stricken with the memory of that golden moment last year when the Duchess had visited Cleves on her way to Juliers and he had spoken Cleves' welcome. As her glance then had made him hers forever, so now that her serene look turns full upon him, he is overwhelmed and grasps wildly at his duty that he may not too much remember the love he dare not define. The moment of presentation comes, and Valence impulsively breaks forth into a sincere, uncourtier-like plea for the redressing of the wrongs of Cleves. Colombe is strangely moved—strangely, even though her nature is bountiful and merciful—and eagerly responds, when Valence, bethinking himself of his promise to Guibert, presents Prince Berthold's paper. Colombe scans it, and turns to her shrinking and deprecating courtiers with words of dignified resentment and womanly understanding. She is about to yield her coronet as the symbol of her power, when the outraged Valence faces Guibert with bitter reproach and challenge, shaming him into a suit for Colombe's forgiveness; while the advocate turns again to his mistress with an ardent inspiration,—that she shall still rule by virtue of the suffrage of her people of Cleves, who love and trust her wholly. Colombe is heartened and strengthened, less by the argument of Valence than by the knightly loyalty that shines in his eyes; and she replaces the coronet, formally rejecting Berthold's claim and receiving from the courtiers their badges of

office. These circumspect politicians are amazed at the manner in which the sincerity of Valence has justified itself, and even congratulate him, but quickly turn to prepare for Berthold's entrance into Juliers.

Act III. is the act of hero and antagonist. The initial dialogue between Berthold and Melchior keys their characters. They are—though in reversed relations—a Hamlet-Horatio pair. In this case, the Prince is the actor, and Melchior, his confidant, the thinker. And yet, as in Shakespeare's play, the two men are bound together by a spiritual kinship, for Berthold is—in the inner essence of him—more like Melchior than Melchior is like the apparent Berthold. The Prince is frequently struck with doubts concerning the wisdom of his earthly programme, and, when with Melchior alone, confesses to an increasing distaste for the sort of success and glory that the world acclaims but that a man's soul dare not at its peril over-value. Melchior, whose criticisms of his friend's course are usually somewhat ironical and indirect lest they prove unduly painful, now appeals suddenly and affectionately to him no longer to let his life slip. But Berthold feels that he cannot reverse his course and, Melchior having gone, seeks to persuade himself that his friend over-refines the truth, and that *quantity* is the word for this world; *quality*, it would seem, only for the world to come. The courtiers enter and pay their duty, cutting a sufficiently sorry figure and disgusting Berthold, who pricks Guibert at last into a sudden revelation of Colombe's defiance. Berthold is both astonished at her temerity and pleased with the novelty of it, and when Colombe and Valence approach in earnest conversation, he congratulates her courteously on the supposed loyalty of her followers and yet makes firm inquiry touching her acknowledgment of his rights. Valence, so commissioned, answers him for the Duchess in forty

lines of memorable eloquence, declaring the root truth of the situation and opposing the political power of Berthold with the natural sovereignty of Colombe. Berthold is impressed, but presents his papers for full examination and appoints night as the time for a final decision. The courtiers worry afresh over these developments, Colombe gratefully thanks Valence, and he, seeing love in the expression of her gratitude, and duty in the legal pronouncement on Berthold's papers she requires of him, faces his darkest moment. If, perchance, Berthold's claim be invalid, then, he believes, all hope of his own Colombe-ward is lost forever. And yet on Colombe's behalf he must resist the admission of the claim unless he find it, as he does not expect to find it, flawless.

Inevitably closer together come hero and heroine in Act IV. It opens at evening among the courtiers in the ante-chamber. They are discussing Colombe's intention, and outwardly agree that she and Valence will resist Berthold's claims; that they two will wed; and that thereafter, as the old Duke's will requires in such an event, Colombe will resign Juliers to the next-of-kin, Berthold himself, ignorant of the puppet-like part he will be made to play in this proceeding. Even Guibert is won over again to selfishness, and consents, with the rest, to apprise Berthold of the situation as they interpret it and win his confidence in their loyalty to him. As they withdraw, Valence enters, with difficulty repressing his joy at the possibility he sees of realising the ideals of lover and of man of honour alike,—for he has found Berthold's papers convincing and knows now that Colombe has been but a play-queen, she, his loved one, who must now again become a woman merely. He is interrupted by Berthold, who, assured of the worth of Colombe, comes to her ambassador Valence to offer her with a grave, kind dignity his hand and throne. Valence is stunned with a

sudden terror of possible loss. All is instantly changed for him. Nay, *nothing* is changed, his best self sees and feels, but his own faith in Colombe, which least of all should change. The Duchess, entering quietly, mistakes his dejection for regret at her loss of power, but Valence, right man that he is, turns slowly to her to paint a stately picture of Berthold’s future and to announce his proposal. Colombe, the daughter of a proud ducal line, feels a quick pride in Berthold’s action and in her own power to inspire it; but Colombe, the woman, when she hears that Berthold’s words were not such as seemed to take love into account, suddenly and skilfully falls to catechising Valence: Is not Berthold munificent? How does Valence know that Berthold does not love her? Because, comes the answer, Valence himself loves and therefore knows love’s spirit. Colombe’s speech becomes agitated, yet in her heart she does not waver, knowing and yet testing Valence with loving tyranny. If he loves, he is not then wholly her own, as he had seemed and as she had hoped? But is his lady fair? And is she from Cleves? Was it for her sake that he has been pleading so eloquently? Has she ever seen him? Let him then take heart and feel the courage that love should give; let him declare to his lady that all he is and hopes to be is hers! Let him kneel to her! And on the moment Valence kneels. Immediately the woman resumes the Duchess, and expresses a doubt of Valence’s course. Would it not have been better if “purely out of his own goodness he had done good, and not by constraint of love”? Valence speaks again, with honest, tender, manly words, and retires, leaving Colombe with her heart and her problem.

The final act is the act of choice and solution. It opens with Berthold’s self-distrustful disclosure to Melchior of what he feels to be his ultimate motives in seeking Colombe’s hand.

They are motives of policy, not of unreckoning impulse,—precisely the cool, prudential sort of programme that Browning throughout his love poems so vigorously assails. Melchior is right in telling Berthold that he lets his life slip, evades the adventure, denies his soul. Yet Berthold does not consider the possibility of a refusal: Colombe will surely wed him, for his rank’s sake and her advancement’s sake. The Duchess appears, followed by her attendants, Adolf and Sabyne, and the courtiers. Colombe thanks Berthold in humble yet queenly fashion, and gently tries him. Does he love her? she questions and repeats.

“Are you not over-curious in love-lore?”

replies the cool and courtly Berthold. Which, now, will you become, “the earth’s first woman” or—for the original claim must stand—less than the Duchess again? At this point the courtiers break in with their tale of discovered love, of Colombe’s certain loss of Juliers if she wed with Valence, and of Berthold’s consequent accession. The Prince impatiently rejects their officious interference, which yet serves the purpose of clearing the issue for both Colombe and himself. Valence is sent for, and is met by Melchior with the intimation that Colombe’s fortunes depend upon his present unselfishness and that she inclines towards Berthold. After a silent struggle, Valence congratulates the Prince in words whose truth Berthold feels but cannot meet:—

“Prince, how fortunate are you,
Wedding her as you will, in spite of
noise,
To show belief in love! Let her but
love you,
All else you disregard! What else can be?
You know how love is incompatible
With falsehood—purifies, assimilates
All other passions to itself.”

A noble passage that finds its peers in *The Flight of the Duchess*:—

“How love is the only good in the
world;”

and in *In a Balcony*:—

"There is no good of life but love—
but love!
What else looks good, is some shade
flung from love;
Love gilds it, gives it worth."

With quiet invitation Colombe draws from Valence further speech,—a private farewell meant for her and fully understood by her alone:—

"Lady, should such an one have looked
on you,
Ne'er wrong yourself so far as quote the
world
And say, love can go unrequited here!
You will have blessed him to his whole
life's end—
Low passions hindered, baser cares kept
back,
All goodness cherished where you dwelt
—and dwell.
What would he have? He holds you—
you, both form
And mind, in his,—where self-love makes
such room
For love of you, he would not serve you
now
The vulgar way,—repulse your enemies,
Win you new realms, or best, to save the
old,
Die blissfully—that's past so long ago!
He wishes you no need, thought, care
of him—
Your good, by any means, himself un-
seen,
Away, forgotten!—He gives that life's
task up,
As it were."

To Berthold he commends Cleves' wrongs, and turns to go.

The finale is rapid and effective. Colombe bids Valence, as her representative, read her subscription to the original requisition, whereby she yields Berthold her Duchy that she may make Valence her own forever. Berthold's finer nature rises to meet and approve her choice. Like a statuesque Justice, he commends Colombe and Valence, strips off the gauds from his own scheme of life, and punishes the courtiers, from among whom Guibert starts forth at last to see and follow his duty with Colombe. The lovers seek God's earth together.

The play's power depends upon its direct, appealing sincerity; upon its simplicity of movement (for it observes all three unities, and follows Browning's favourite time-scheme);

upon its whole-souled criticisms of political craft and empirical success; but most of all upon its movingly eloquent love-passages and its subtly sympathetic analyses of the characters of Colombe and Valence, who have loved each other before conscious of the genesis and imperative virtue of their love, and who have trusted instinctively in the divine power of love to express and justify itself when its moment should come, whether now or in eternity. That Valence, with all his worth, is yet unworthy of Colombe, and that this difference constitutes a dramatic flaw, is the contention of Stedman and of Sharp. Says the former:—

"Valence seems too harsh and dry to win her, and her choice, despite his loyalty and intellect, is hardly defensible."

And Sharp declares that one

"feels a perception of the radical divergence, for all Valence's greatness of mind and spirit, between the fair young Duchess and her chosen lover."

It is, perhaps, natural enough that a critic should find Colombe so lovable as to begrudge her to Valence, or to Berthold, or to any other; and yet it is surely not Colombe's choice, but this contention, that cannot be defended. For if it were true, the drama would not only be seriously marred, but, from Browning's point of view, it would be a failure. The poet's whole ardour here is bent on showing us how love is born, and grows, and triumphs; how it changes the blank and doubtful into the clear and confident; how it transforms and redeems even the high over into the higher, evoking the self-controlled, life-knowing woman Colombe from the timidly happy girl, the master-soul of the man Valence from the pale advocate's student-like effacement, the complete from the incomplete, the infinite from the finite, God from less than God. For it is God that joins these two together, that each may honour and worship Him in the other, and if we do not see the movement of His hand

traced for us in all this drama, then indeed it has failed of its meaning and benediction for us. It is better to say, with Chorley, that for Colombe

“there was victory; and after having fathomed to its most secret depths one of the truest and noblest hearts which ever God created—finding at every touch a new and answering fountain of high thoughts and unselfish purposes upspringing in her own—Colombe, the Duchess, ended her birthday by choosing the better part—yielding up empty power, and embracing life with its duties, love with its rewards.”

Browning’s own political sympathies come out finely in this play. Guibert—best of the courtiers—araigns, and not with complete injustice, the fickleness and obduracy of the mob; but Valence—best of the People—reveals in his life and his word alike their dim, patient aspirations and their final faith:—

“There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness,
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its
cure:

And these embodied in a woman’s form
That best transmits them, pure as first
received,
From God above her, to mankind below.”

One is reminded of the great passage in the last part of *Paracelsus*, that begins:

“To trace love’s faint beginning in man-
kind,”

and of Browning’s own sonnet-confession of belief in the democratic idea (where that means, not a sheer, crass equality, but opportunity for virtue to live and for vice to die)—*Why I am a Liberal*:—

“‘Why’? Because all I haply can and
do,

All that I am now, all I hope to be,—
Whence comes it save from fortune
setting free

Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
God traced for both? If fetters, not a
few,

Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
These shall I bid men—each in his
degree

Also God-guided—bear, and gayly, too?

But little do or can the best of us:

That little is achieved through Liberty.
Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
Who live, love, labour freely, nor discuss
A brother’s right to freedom. That is
‘Why.’”

Of the acting qualities of the play let a word be said. Although Mrs. Browning—then Miss Barrett—found it “subtle and refined for pits and galleries,” it has had large stage success, qualitatively at least. The part of Colombe has been essayed by Miss Helen Faucit, the successful Mildred of Drury Lane; by Miss Alma Murray; and by Julia Marlowe Tabor. The play was first presented at the Haymarket Theatre, London, April 25th, 1853, with Helen Faucit as Colombe and Barry Sullivan as Valence, and ran for a fortnight. The *Athenæum* thus commented on its first night:—

“Its movements, for the most part, occur in the chambers of the mind. Such themes are evidently not of the usual stage-sort, and will fail of attraction to all who insist on the ordinary dramatic motion and action. To the worn-out and wearied playgoer, who can turn for a moment out of the beaten path, nothing could well be more delicious. The involuntary tear was often felt upon the cheek. We feared that, on performance, this fine poem would scarcely be intelligible to a mixed audience. Miss Faucit, however, by her skill, made them perfectly understand it; and the applause came in the proper places. That the performance will become popular, it is not for the critic to determine,—but we can record its apparent perfect success on the first night.”

And the *Examiner* reported that

“the applause was unmixed at the close of the play, and many passages as it proceeded had excited evident admiration and sympathy. If it remains on the stage longer than we have ventured to anticipate, we shall think all the better of the audiences of the Haymarket.”

Quiet as its movement is, behind that quietness there is an unforgettable intensity. “If it be too fine for the stage,” says Chorley, “the fault is that our actors are too coarse, not that our audiences are incapable of relishing fancies so ‘chaste and noble.’”

A BROKEN PATHWAY

BY E. S. KIRKPATRICK

Illustrations by Maude McLaren

THE beginning lies far back among the misty memories of early childhood. From my home on an elevated plain, near the outskirts of the manufacturing town of Shenton, I could look far off to its smoking chimneys and motley array of houses and steeples; could hear the whistles, tuned to many keys, calling and dismissing the busy workmen; or, climbing the ladder to the roof of the house, I could watch, for hours, the heavily-laden trains winding around the great plain which barred their direct passage to the town. A well-worn path led to the home of our only neighbours on the plain, forty rods away.

When Robert Harding and his friend Jim Brown jointly bought this tract of land, they were young and unmarried and lived in our present home, which they built and shared together. But one day "Bob," as Jim always called his comrade, went to the town and brought home a bride, and in due time I, Robert Harding, junior, appeared on the scene. Whether my presence awakened within Jim longings of his own, or drove him away in despair, is immaterial, but, when I was two years old, he and father went out on the plain, set up a boundary line between their respective lands, and Jim built a house and got a bride for himself.

I had no companions in those days and my earliest memory is one of loneliness. Sometimes father would take me with him to the town, and I

would coax him to get me a playmate such as the little boys in town had. I grew tired of waiting for the great trains to come to me over the plain. It seemed each day that they were surely coming, but always they turned off at a certain point, as though I frightened them, and made such a wide circuit to keep out of my way.

But at last I got a playmate, and did not bother so much about the trains. One night father was away from home, and in the evening Jim Brown came over and whispered something in mother's ear. Then she got my cap, blew out the light, and, taking me by the hand, we walked home with him, and mother tucked me away in a cot. In the morning she showed me a bundle, with a red and wrinkled face inside, and told me it was my little playmate.

I cannot say that I rejoiced much over my new companion. The thought of going through life with such a companion as this was not much of an attraction for a boy, and I soon went back to my old occupation of watching for the trains to come over the plain.

I did not become interested in my playmate until I first saw her toddling along the path to our home. Then I left my perch on the roof, not caring whether the trains came to meet me or not. I realised that at last I had something human for a companion, and, from then on, I became Margaret's friend and guardian.

Not long after this the work began

of digging the great cut through the plain, which was to make a straight line of railway to the town, and thus avoid that big bend of several miles the road had always made. First there came men, with strange looking instruments, who drove a line of stakes across the plain between my home and Margaret's. Then, away off on the edge of the plain, a gang of men, with big shovels swinging from wooden arms, began tearing away the bank, and trains crept farther and farther into the gap, carrying off the earth and rock as fast as it was dug.

Every day I took Margaret by the hand, and we went out to see the men at work. They were still a long way off and it seemed that they should never complete that big task of bringing those trains to us through the cut. Then, another gang of men, with other big shovels, began to dig on the opposite side of the plain, and we knew that some day these two forces would meet, and the work would be done.

But it was weary waiting. Three years passed before they reached the path that led from my home to Margaret's, and then, for the first time, I realised what this would mean to us. When I saw the well-worn path crumbling away, leaving Margaret and me on opposite banks, I felt a sense of loneliness such as I had never known before. All that we could do was to gaze in mute agony, as we saw the gulf widen between us and realised that we were completely separated.

"Margaret!" I shouted across the cutting, "when I grow to be a man I'll build a bridge across to you. Don't cry, little girl, it won't be long now!"

Then I sat down to wait for manhood and to lay plans for my bridge. I wondered if I could find a tree tall enough to reach across, and what I would do if it should be too short and fall into the cut. Then it occurred to me that I would need two trees, for we could never walk over on one; but there were no big trees

within miles of our homes and, all things considered, the problem seemed a hard one to solve. At last an inspiration came to me. I would plant two small trees side by side on the bank, and when they grew big enough I would chop them down; they would fall across the gap—and my bridge would be built. I shouted across to Margaret my plan and she clapped her hands in glee and planted two sticks of her own on the opposite bank, and watered and cared for them as faithfully as I my slightly more hopeful trees.

One day a large waggon stopped at Margaret's home and I saw them pile all their furniture on board and drive away. I asked father what it meant, and he said they were moving away to town. Margaret's papa had been paid a big sum of money by the company for their road through his land and he had sold the farm and would not live there any longer, as he was rich now.

I felt hurt at Margaret for going away without saying a word, and thought that if my father were rich he would stay there and build a bridge; but father took me to town to see her and she was so glad that she promised to go back to the old home to live after my bridge was built.

We did not remain long on the plain after Margaret left. Father became dissatisfied. Perhaps it was due to the thought that he might have become rich instead of his friend if the cutting had but crossed his land, so we moved to town, where I was sent to school and father rented one of Jim Brown's new houses and got employment in the shops of the company in which Brown already had an interest.

The next ten years of my life were as uneventful as are those of the average boy. I made good progress with my studies and saw Margaret frequently; but, as the years went by, it gradually dawned on me that there are other gulfs in this world than

those of a physical nature, and that it would require a big bridge to span the gulf between the daughter of James Brown, the wealthy railway director, and the son of one of his many employees.

Through all the years that passed, however, I never fully abandoned my dream of bridging that gulf. I laughed now at the crudity of my childhood's plans, but I never forgot the vow I had made to Margaret when we were first divided. My faith was as strong as ever that I should accomplish the task, but the carrying of it out still remained the same difficult problem that it had been in by-gone years.

It seemed to me that the first step towards that end should be to go to college, and when I left High school, at sixteen years of age, father got me employment in the round-house to earn money to take me there. At seventeen I went out on the road as fireman, and hoped in another year to have sufficient money to put me through.

Then came a day when all my bridge-building was utterly overthrown. They carried father home from the shops, a hopeless cripple, with both legs crushed, and I became the sole support of the family. My little pile of savings dwindled away in the fight to save father's life, and hungry little brothers and sisters looked to me for food and shelter.

James Brown came to see us frequently and was deeply touched with father's misfortune. Through his influence he was placed, after a time, on a pension for life, and I became an engineer at eighteen years of age.

Back and forth, day after day, I dragged groaning and creaking trains of freight through the cut that seemed to have been the source of all my misfortunes. There ended the path which I had trod so often with Margaret; there still stood the trees I had planted with such faith—large ones now they were, but as hopeless of bridging the gulf as were my shat-

tered dreams of maturer years.

In time I left the slow freights behind and at twenty was pulling the fastest trains on the division. At twenty-two I was known as the most reckless engineer on the road, but it was a recklessness born but of despair and not of any thought of bravado or winning fame. Whenever a difficult run was to be made or a speed record broken I was entrusted with the task and but seldom failed in carrying it out.

Margaret was by this time the spoiled and petted idol of the town; a wilful, saucy, radiant and laughing girl of sixteen; utterly indifferent alike to physical danger or social distinctions. Sometimes, as, with a group of friends on their way to school, I would pass them at the crossing at full speed to make the grade in the cut beyond, she would stand on the track as if daring me to run over her. But, always, I shut off steam the moment I saw her and would keep the throttle closed until she got out of the way. Though I knew she was in no danger and would step off in time, I could not bear the thought of rushing deliberately upon her as she stood there.

One morning, when I had a frosty rail and a heavy train, Margaret stood on the track and laughingly brought me almost to a standstill before she moved, in spite of the protests of her companions. I felt that I should look stern and scold her as I crept slowly by, trying to regain speed again, but the mischievous twinkle in her eye brought forth a smile instead. Then I strained every effort to make the grade but the wheels would not grip that frosty rail. They spun vainly round like lightning every time I tried to coax them to take hold. After half an hour spent in the attempt, I was forced to back up a mile for a run.

Margaret was still standing by the crossing as we backed over, but tears were in her eyes and a penitent face looked up to mine.

"I am so sorry!" she cried. "I did not realise what I was doing."

I looked down at her tear-stained face and assured her that she was forgiven, and her face lighted up like a sunbeam as she sped away to school.

Margaret never stood on the track again, but very often she was beside it with a group of friends either going or coming from school and waved her slender hand in greeting as I rushed by.

Is it to be wondered that I became reckless as I so often passed that radiant vision and then ran through that mocking gulf with those two pitiful trees on its crest beyond. Every deafening echo within its depths seemed a wail of shattered hopes and unfulfilled vows until I cursed the fate that had so parted me from my childhood's companion.

In time it occurred to me that if I could but literally carry out my childhood's promise made to Margaret I would prove to her that, at least, I had not forgotten and had fulfilled my vow as far as it lay in my power. I made a careful estimate of how long it would probably take to save sufficient money to buy the land on either side of the cut, and began hoarding every cent I could save with this end in view.

Little by little my small savings grew for two years, when one morning I received an order to take out a special with a party of directors who were going over the road on a tour of inspection. James Brown was to be one of the number, and, as I backed down to couple onto the waiting coaches, Margaret and he were standing on the platform.

Margaret greeted me with a merry "good morning," as I wiped my hands on a piece of waste, and added: "papa says that I may ride with you this morning, if you will let me."

"With me!" I gasped. "You don't mean in this dirty cab?"

"Yes, why not? The black will wash off, and I don't care anything about this old dress. Please help me

up," and she held out a beautiful white hand for assistance.

I have often prided myself on being cool in a sudden emergency, but here was one on which I had never counted, and I lost my head completely. I looked at my greasy hands, greasy overalls and greasy surroundings; groped wildly around for a piece of clean waste, and the next thing I knew that apparition was sitting on my seat in the cab, with her hand on the throttle.

"Please let me start the engine," she said. "I think I know how."

I stared at her and stammered: "Yes, go ahead; do anything you like. I don't remember whether I got the signal or not. I don't believe I can remember even my own name."

"Your name used to be 'Bob,' but I don't know whether it is now or not," and turning suddenly she leaned out the window.

"There's the signal now! Shall I blow the whistle?"

"I think you had better," I answered, with a smile; and two shrieking blasts warned every one within a radius of two miles that something was going to happen.

When she pulled the throttle wide open with a jerk I don't know whether those directors thought they had a lunatic for an engineer or not, but for the first five minutes after Margaret got in the cab I was not far removed from one. I roused myself, though, when she started off at such a mad rate and grasping the throttle beside her hand I closed it to a reasonable limit.

I stood before her as in a dream as we rapidly left the town behind us, but she beckoned me to take my seat beside her. How that grimy, greasy, rattling old cab was transformed by her presence, as we flew along as on the wings of the winds! Oh, what a picture it would have made for an artist; that fair, white hand on the throttle; those pink cheeks, dancing eyes and wind-blown hair! Margaret laughed aloud in glee as some sudden

jolt would almost throw her from her seat, and several times during that memorable run I was obliged to catch her to save her from a fall. Into the cutting we dashed at forty miles an hour, and its deafening noises made talking impossible, but Margaret looked around, with a twinkle in her eye and pointed to the two trees on its summit.

"When are you going to commence your bridge?" said Margaret, as we emerged from the cutting.

"Just as soon as the trees are big enough," I replied.

"When do you suppose that will be?"

"Oh, probably in a hundred years. You know that you promised to go back there to live after it is done, and I don't think you will be ready much sooner than that."

Margaret laughed as she replied:

"I think that if I were a man I could build one in less time than that."

"Yes, you would build it when those two sticks you planted have grown big enough to reach across. Do you ever water them now?"

"It is mean of you to make fun of me," said she, "but I guess neither of us is likely to build it now. I met Jennie Briggs the other day, and she told me that her father had had a fine offer for the land and was likely to accept it. She says that some wealthy men are interested in it but she does not know what it means. What do you suppose any one would want with such a lonely place as that?"

I might have told her that I wanted it very badly myself, but I showed no surprise at the news. I knew that I could never hope to buy the land in competition with a wealthy bidder, and it probably was as well that I should, first as last, give up this my foolish dream.

Margaret kept her place at the throttle during the entire trip, excepting for a short time when her father brought a luncheon to us as we were

taking water. And what a merry luncheon that was! I protested that I dared not touch it as I showed her my grimy hands, though she tried to assure me that hers were not much better; but when she placed a dainty pastry in my black hands and then spread a spotless napkin over my greasy lap she became almost convulsed with laughter and I thought my fireman would have a fit. The poor fellow seemed to be half dazed during the entire trip and each time that he turned with a shovel of coal and caught sight of Margaret I fancied that he pinched himself to see if he were awake. Oh, that was a run, the memory of which time can never efface, and I gave an involuntary sigh as the end of the division came into view and the fair engineer resigned her place at the throttle.

On a siding, waiting for us to cross, was number twenty-one, the through express for Shenton. After I had bade Margaret a reluctant farewell, as a new engine and crew were waiting to carry them on, two portly gentlemen, who were evidently waiting for twenty-one to start, approached me and asked who those people were I had just brought in on the special. When I replied that they were the directors of the road on a tour of inspection, one of the two winked at the other and muttered something about the coast now being clear, and then they turned and boarded twenty-one as it started.

Having nothing further to do, I wandered into the despatcher's office, looking for orders. The chief despatcher, Harry York (who was an old friend of mine), came over to me as soon as I went in and asked me to follow him into another room, closing the door behind us.

"Bob," said he, "I want to give you a tip and you can take it for what you think it's worth. You know that when twenty-one came in we had to hold them here twenty-five minutes for your special. There were two pompous looking men who got off the



Drawn by Maude McLaren

"I WOULD PLANT TWO TREES SIDE BY SIDE"

train and in a short time came in here and asked in rather an insolent way how long we proposed keeping them waiting. I probably gave them a pretty short answer, for I did not like the way they talked, and then one of them flared up and said that the P. and Q. would bring us to time some day, and then they blustered out. This thing set me thinking and I sent one of the boys after them to try and overhear any conversation that passed between them. I have just been talking to him now and he tells me that he heard one of them mention Jim Briggs and something about closing a deal with him in time to get back on to-night's train. My idea is that they are employees of the P. and Q. Company and are after the Briggs farm. Now I know that is the land your father and Mr. Brown once owned and I also know that the P. and Q. would be the last concern in the world that Brown would want to see get hold of it. They have been trying to butt our road for all they're worth and this thing means trouble. Now, I may be wrong, but I believe that the person who blocks their game and gets that land is going to make a fortune."

Instantly the whole thing flashed through my mind: what Ruth had told me of the conversation she had had with Jennie Briggs, the remark made by the two men on the platform and the connecting links as related by Harry York.

"Oh, Harry!" I said, "I wish I could have known of this sooner. It has been my dream for years to buy that land myself."

"Perhaps, Bob, it is not too late yet. Can't you think of some way to head them off?"

I waited to hear no more but rushed out on the platform to tell Mr. Brown, and saw his special rounding the curve in the distance. I ran to the semaphore, hoping to throw it against them, but was too late. The next telegraph station was fifty miles ahead and I knew that before reach-

ing there they were to stop to inspect some construction work, and that sale must be stopped during the next two hours, if at all. Standing fifty feet away was my engine, and I flew to it as a last hope. I looked around for my fireman, but he was not to be found.

"Perhaps it is just as well," I thought, and I pulled out alone in a wild race after the directors' train.

In less than five minutes I was following them at sixty miles an hour. In another ten minutes I saw them in the distance, and whistled madly for them to stop, but they, apparently, did not hear or understand my signals, and I soon saw that instead they were making every effort to keep out of my way. On the rear platform of their train I could see a group of directors, with Margaret standing among them.

"Margaret! Margaret!" I shouted, and waved my hand to her to make them stop, but without avail, and they disappeared around a curve at terrific speed. Just beyond the curve was a high bridge over a creek, and I hoped to catch sight of them again when I had crossed it.

"To-day, Margaret, or never, I must bridge the gulf between us!" I cried, as the engine swayed like a drunken man around the curve. I leaned far out the window and called her name as I caught a fleeting glimpse of her again. At the same instant the old cab swayed for the last time and plunged over the bridge into twenty feet of water below.

Margaret's sharp eyes had seen that fearful leap and, with a scream, she called to her father to stop the train. As quickly as possible they backed up to the bridge, and the only visible sign of a wreck was a dripping object crawling painfully up the bank.

Eager hands soon lent assistance, but my strength was gone, and muttering only "Home, quick; the P. and Q.," I was carried unconscious to the train.

It was from Harry York the direc-



Drawn by Maude McLaren

“‘JUST AS SOON AS THE TREES ARE BIG ENOUGH,’ I REPLIED”

tors learned the cause of that wild ride I had taken, and from Margaret I learned what happened during the next twenty-four hours.

Harry was standing on the platform when the special backed up to the station which I had left such a short time before. He had seen me when I pulled out of the yard and could not fathom the problem of the special returning without my engine leading, for there were no sidings on which we might pass.

"Where is Bob Harding and his engine?" he cried as Mr. Brown sprang from the train before it stopped.

"Bob is in that car — probably dead — and his engine is at the bottom of Bush Creek. Get us a doctor, quick!"

Harry shouted to one of the boys to run quickly for the nearest physician and then followed Mr. Brown into his private car.

He found me lying on a sofa. My face was clean now, but ghastly pale, and a fair girl was bending tenderly over me.

"Oh, papa, has the doctor not come yet?" she cried when she saw him coming. "He will die soon if we do not get some one—if he is not already dead. Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

"Hush, child, hush," said the father; "a doctor will be here in a minute. Harry, can you tell us the cause of this mad race after us? We were all sure that he had lost control of his engine and that we should be killed."

"I know the cause only too well, Mr. Brown, and I fear that it is all my fault. I told him after he brought your train in that a couple of men were on twenty-one on their way to buy Jim Briggs' farm for the P. and Q. Company. I told him that they had some big scheme on foot and that I believed the person who blocked them would make a fortune. He told me that he had been saving money for two years, hoping to buy that farm,

and then he rushed out and started after you, but I don't know what his intentions were."

"Papa," said Margaret, "do you remember when we lived on that farm and Bob was my first play-mate and they made that cut that divided us? Robert promised me then that, when he became a man, he would build a bridge across it to me. I was teasing him about his promise to-day as we went through the cut. Oh, papa, I believe that he has never forgotten his childhood's promise and that he meant to fulfil it yet. Can't you stop them before it's too late?"

"Where is twenty-one now, Harry?"

"She was reported at Preston fifteen minutes ago, sir. There's the doctor coming now!"

"Well, he must come home with us and we won't lose a minute after he's on board. Harry, I want you to hold twenty-one at Orton until we have passed them. Wire anything you like, but don't let them get by there."

When the doctor said that I would live, Margaret—as she told me long afterwards—"lost her head" worse than I did mine that morning when she got on board the engine. She laughed and wept until the doctor was obliged to leave me and attend to her.

Mr. Brown was perplexed. He could not but see that in Margaret's hysterical fear and joy there was something more than a mere expression of friendship and I have now good reason to believe that the discovery was not altogether a displeasing one to him.

When I awoke to consciousness the next day in my own home, I found Margaret and the doctor standing by my bedside. Margaret had never left me for an instant after I was carried on board the train, and her smiling eyes looked into mine as I asked her what had happened.

"Never mind what's happened," said she. "Everything is all right

now. You must not try to talk any at present."

"How did I get here? Where's my engine? Oh, I remember now. Just answer one question and then I'll be quiet: Did your father shut out the P. and Q.?"

"Oh, yes, he did with a vengeance, thanks to you; but I will tell you all about it again."

I looked up into his smiling face in surprise and asked: "Why didn't you stop when I whistled to you?"

"How could we stop with you trying to run us down at seventy miles an hour? But never mind that now; you've got your farm."

"My farm!" said I. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I know all about it; but you



Drawn by Maude McLaren

"THE ONLY VISIBLE SIGN OF A WRECK WAS A DRIPPING
OBJECT CRAWLING PAINFULLY UP THE BANK"

The next day I insisted on sitting up, when I heard that Mr. Brown was coming to see me.

"Well, Bob, old boy," said he, grasping my hand, "you're going to stay with us awhile longer, aren't you? But I don't think we'll trust you with an engine again."

were going the wrong way to get it. What were you chasing us for?"

"Why, to tell you to buy that land for our road and shut out the P. and Q."

"That's not what Harry York said. He told me you wanted it yourself."

"Oh, that's all nonsense. I couldn't

buy it in twenty years, but I wanted you to, for I knew there was a big thing in it."

"Well, it's yours now. I bought it in your name yesterday and I have come over to see if you would care to part with any of it. By the way, perhaps I had better tell you that we appointed you superintendent of this division yesterday, and perhaps you will consider the company's interests as well as your own in coming to a decision."

"Mr. Brown, please do not trifle with me. I know that I did a foolish thing yesterday but, believe me, I meant it all for the best."

"Margaret does not think it foolish; neither does she think the promise you made to her when a child a foolish one either. I fear that she is impatient to have you begin your bridge."

My cheeks turned crimson at this reference to my folly, but Mr. Brown continued:

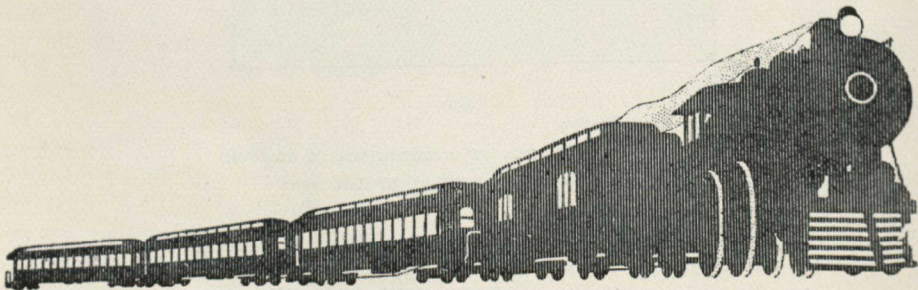
"My boy, what I have said is all true. I have known you from your infancy and your father was my earliest friend. I have long known something of your self-sacrifice and of your thwarted ambition. Our road needs you badly, but not in the cab

of an engine, and, as I have said, the directors have appointed you superintendent of this division. There is a fortune for you in that Briggs farm, and I hope ere long you and the company will build there a new Shenton.

Mr. Brown's dream has been fulfilled beyond even our wildest expectations. That bare plain is now a prosperous city. Waving fields of grain have given place to broad and shady streets and beautiful houses. It is a city of homes to which the myriad toilers in the many manufacturing plants in the old town beyond its borders return after the day's work is done.

You may travel its streets from end to end and see no signs of the cutting, for over its entire length is now an asphalt street. Only at a point where ended once a narrow path is a broad flight of stone steps leading to a subway station underneath.

As my wife or I step on or off the general-manager's car, which always stops here for us now, we can rarely resist looking up to the immense stone arches overhead and smile at the comparison between my finished structure and the trees that once grew on the bank overhead.



TENNYSON'S TREATMENT OF THE WORTH OF LIFE

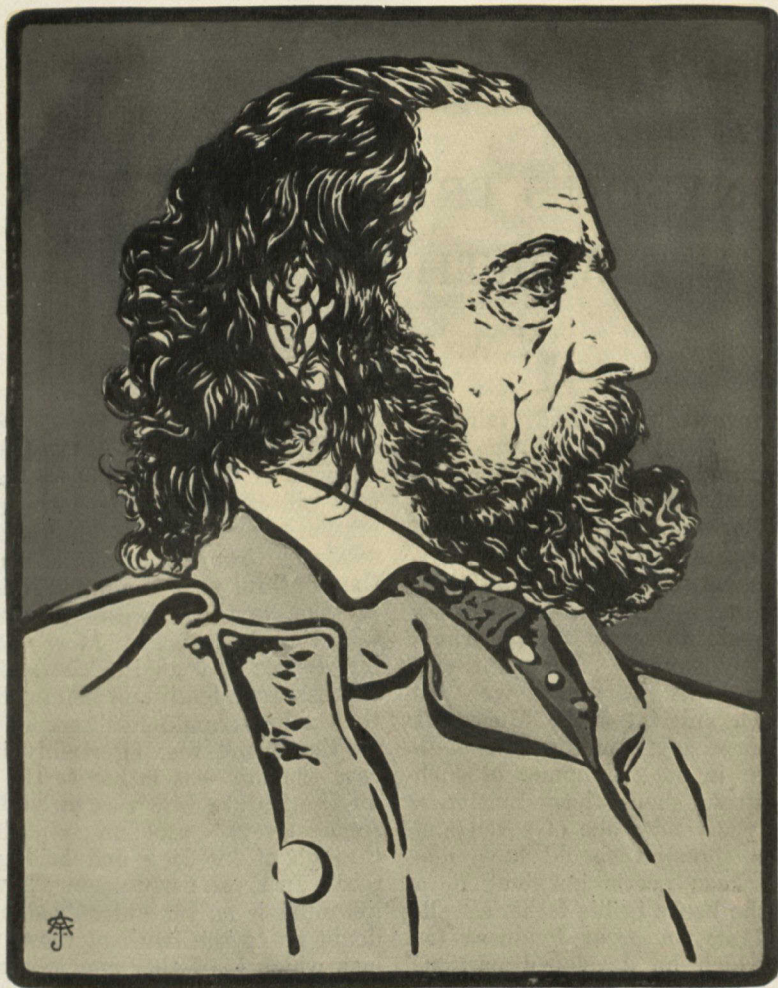
BY W. T. ALLISON

LIFE opened bright and fair for Alfred Tennyson. He was born in the rectory at Somersby, Lincolnshire, one of the most beautiful counties in England. All the forces of heredity operated in his favour. His father, the rector, was a liberal-minded theologian and a skilful poet. His mother wrote no verse, but she was a very saintly woman. His aunt was something of a poet, and even his grandfather cultivated the Muses. It is not surprising, therefore, that a child born in such a home, of such literary stock, should have written a poem at the tender age of seven and from this time on should have displayed a keen poetic imagination, a love for the books in his father's well-stored library, a great fondness for nature, which he developed particularly every summer when the family spent their holidays on the coast of Lincoln. As far as religious instruction and influence went, Tennyson's boyhood was as blessed in this regard as even that of Milton. A pious, gentle mother and a father who took upon himself the education of his boys, together with the influence which came down to him from God-fearing forefathers, enabled him to look out upon life as *sub specie aeternitatis* and filled his soul with a traditional faith in God.

We find in his earliest poems a naïve dogmatism. He delights to write on such subjects as, "Why should we weep for those who die?"

"Remorse," "The Dying Christian," and "The Dying Man to His Friend," In none of these early pieces is there any reflective or speculative consideration of death. The mind is not yet awakened from its dogmatic slumber; the youthful poet is simply giving expression to the views of an orthodox Christian household. More interesting, however, than the views that he expresses on death and hell is the fact that a boy should meditate so much on the future life. Certainly in this case the boy was father to the man; for the Future Life was to be Tennyson's great problem of thought throughout his long and brilliant career. In these early poems, however, his mind is as yet untroubled by any doubt as to the truth of those teachings which his father and mother and early training had instilled into his mind. There had not come to him the faintest suspicion that life was not worth living, or that there was no God or immortality for the soul.

But the spirit of inquiry abroad in his age, soon awakened the young poet from his early faith, his happy views of life. He was destined to fight doubts in an age of intellectual ferment, of wild unrest. When Tennyson was ready to go up to Cambridge, scientists were beginning to assert a mechanical conception of the universe, such a revolutionary teaching as the co-relation of forces, and Darwin was already dreaming of his epoch-making theory of organic evolution. Philoso-



From a drawing, after an engraving, by A. J. Clark

ALFRED TENNYSON

phers also were making bold speculations. Some held that man was a willy-nilly current of sensations, and Immanuel Kant had launched his thunder-bolt at human reason, declaring, and proving conclusively, that we know things outside the mind only through the native forms of the mind, that we know the thing only as it appears, instead of the thing itself, that the human mind, therefore, is always dealing with a subjective world and can have no sure and certain knowledge of the world, the self

or God. The materialism of science and the transcendentalism of philosophy exerted a tremendous influence on religious thought. The very foundations of religion seemed to be undermined. Under this condition of affairs new ideas of the Bible and radicalism in theology were inevitable. Tennyson's age saw the rise of the Oriel School, which denied the doctrines of apostolic succession and scriptural inerrancy, and set up the authority of reason. This radicalism was followed by the Oxford Move-

ment, in which Newman and his followers swung to the opposite extreme and clung to the authority of tradition. Other movements followed rapidly, such as the liberal teaching of Maurice and Robertson, the essays and reviews controversy, the movement of higher criticism and the inevitable outcome of all these controversies, the rise of a party of scientists who proclaimed themselves agnostics, men unable to believe in the Christian faith at all, whose creed was "Behold we know not anything."

Although the majority of these movements had not developed when Tennyson entered Cambridge, the spirit of questioning was in the air. Men's minds were seething with new ideas; the old landmarks were being destroyed, and even the fundamentals of religion were supposed to be in peril. At college the young poet became steeped in the problems of science and philosophy; the Apostles' Club, of which he was a member, met regularly to discuss with the greatest freedom such topics as "The Origin of Evil," "Prayer," and "The Personality of God." His fellow-students were alert to the new ideas of the age and Tennyson was infected with the prevalent spirit of doubt and speculation. In 1830, before leaving the University, he published a volume entitled "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," in which we observe his new mental attitude to the meaning and worth of life. The most remarkable poem in this volume is the "Supposed Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind." This production shows a transition from the dogmatic to the reflective period in Tennyson's life. He has lost his early faith, and disquietude of spirit is the result. The immortality of the soul is what concerns him most; this is, in fact, the first problem which his reflective mind discusses. He longs again for the old-time belief which he imbibed from his serene mother. The poem closes in a state of vacillation; the poet is all at sea; he cries out in agony of mind, "Oh,

damnéd vacillating state!"

It was not until 1833, however, that Tennyson sounded the depths of despair. The death of his college friend Arthur Hallam was the great sorrow of his life. From this time we find him engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with doubt. Henceforth the great subject of his thought and the richest product of his muse was to be his treatment of the worth of life. Life could only be worth living if he could establish his faith once more in God, in the freedom of the will, and in the immortality of the soul. Chiefly in "In Memoriam," but also in "The Two Voices," "The Ancient Sage," "De Profundis," and in many other poems, we find that Tennyson's poetry is at bottom a criticism of life, and he argues the worth of life largely from the standpoint of God, freedom and immortality. In analysing his views on these great problems of philosophy we realise that he boldly grappled with all the negations of the nineteenth century.

Turning first of all to an examination of his thought of God, we discover that he affirms the reality of spirit as opposed to materialism. "God is a Spirit"—this doctrine is clearly set forth in his poem on "The Higher Pantheism":

"Speak to Him thou, for He heareth, and
Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer
than hands and feet."

In this poem he asserts his belief that matter is a mere shadow, all seeming. Outside our souls all is spirit, all is God:

"For is He not all but that which has
power to feel I am I?"

The only reality to Tennyson is that which is spiritual, the infinite God and the soul of man. Time and space are but illusions. In "The Princess" he denies the objectivity of time. Time is an eternal now:

"For was, and is, and will be, are but is;
And all creation is one act at once."

Again:

"Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow,
Time."

In "God and the Universe" he speaks of "the myriad world His shadow." In "De Profundis" he calls "Finite—infinite Time—our mortal veil
And shatter'd phantom of that Infinite One."

In "The Ancient Sage" he rebukes those

"Thin minds, who creep from thought to thought,
Break into 'Thens' and 'Whens' the
Eternal Now:
This double seeming of the single world!"

His closing prayer in "In Memoriam" begins:

"O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock."

In "De Profundis" he describes the physical world as merely a shadow, a dream:

"This shore lit by suns and moons and
all the shadows."

To Tennyson God is also an infinite Personality. He is the eternal Father. In "Doubt and Prayer" we read,

"That Love, which is, and was
My Father, and my brother and my
God."

God is the father of Jesus Christ, "Strong Son of God, immortal love." He is a personal God, who hears and answers prayer. Man, therefore, the finite spirit, has free communion with the infinite Spirit. Tennyson addresses prayers to God in "Confessions of a Sensitive Mind," in Poem 131 and in the Epilogue to "In Memoriam," in "The Human Cry," and in "Doubt and Prayer." The living soul of God touched him also in a trance experience. The poet is not a Pantheist; if he speaks of the Higher Pantheism, it is with the distinct understanding that the Infinite Spirit hears human prayer.

Furthermore God is Nameless, but He is not far away or hidden from us

altogether; He has not left the human soul, the temple-cave of self, without the comfort of His voice. Both in "In Memoriam" and in "The Ancient Sage" Tennyson re-echoes the Kantian philosophy that we cannot know God through the reason, but He is attainable through the faculty of faith. We cannot prove the existence of God, "for knowledge is of things we see." We cannot know, but we have faith. This is, in brief, Tennyson's theory of knowledge by which he opposed agnosticism, and which he shares in common with Kant, Coleridge, Carlyle and Browning. Throughout the intense reflection of "In Memoriam," he tries to prove the existence of God by the reason, but is forced at last to fall back upon simple faith in the revelation of Christ. Poem 124, in "In Memoriam," tells how he "finds him not in world, or sun, or eagle's wing or insect's eye," but his heart persuades him of the presence of God.

Finally Tennyson holds to the belief that God is love. It is mainly because of his faith in Christ, who is "immortal love," that he is able to cling to this intuition of the soul. In face of the physical and moral evil of the world, it would be more consonant with reason to believe that "Some lesser god had made the world," after the teaching of the Gnostics. The presence of sorrow, of physical and moral evil, of the relentless processes of nature, are dwelt upon in his darker and more hopeless moods, which find voice in the poems of "In Memoriam." It is hard for him to hold to the reality of love when his soul is mourning for the loss of his dearest friend, but he endeavours to prove the persistence of love. His conclusion is that love is immortal, and it is worth while to live because of love. When he comes to consider the survival of the fittest, when he sees nature "red in tooth and claw," he falters. Yet he trusts the larger hope that not one life shall be destroyed, "when God

hath made the pile complete." All that he can do is to trust that "God is love indeed, and love Creation's final law."

It is in the last stanza of "In Memoriam" and in the Prologue, which is really the epilogue and the conclusion of the whole matter, that we have a summary of Tennyson's views on God. In this last stanza he speaks of his friend who lives in God,

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

God lives, therefore He is above materialism; He loves, therefore He is personal. He is one God; the unity of God is emphasised as against polytheism. One law; that is, God is a rational, intelligent being. One element; by this he means one kind of reality, not dualism. One divine event; God is Himself a divine event. All things are moving towards the realisation of an end. All things are being done to the glory of God.

In the Prologue to "In Memoriam," written in 1849, we have the sum-total of Tennyson's belief, arrived at after seventeen years of reflection. In this poem he recognises the Incarnation. He addresses himself to God in Christ and calls Him "Immortal love," which is his highest conception of God. We cannot prove the existence of this God, he says, but we can believe on Him through another capacity in the human soul, even faith. God in Christ as the source of all things is a further teaching in this creed. God has made death, but He is superior to death. He now asserts the justice of God, and declares that because God is just He will not leave us in the dust. Moreover our wills are ours, but we know not how; we cannot prove that we enjoy freedom of the will, but we know that "Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

In the second division of our subject Tennyson bases the worth of life on the freedom of the will. He never

questions the fact that man is a self-determining being. How to explain the freedom of the will on rational grounds is beyond him; it is a great mystery, but he believes in it thoroughly. His most characteristic statement is that which we have just quoted above: "Our wills are ours we know not how, our wills are ours to make them Thine." God has given man power to shape his own life in this world, and power to react on others. The independent activity of each free spirit was to Tennyson the greatest miracle to be contemplated by the mind of man. In "De Profundis" he says that God has

"Made thee unconceivably Thyself
Out of His whole World-self and all in
all—
Live thou! and of the grain and husk,
the grape
And ivyberry choose; and still depart
From death to death thro' life and life
and find
Nearer and ever nearer Him, who
wrought
Not matter, nor the finite-infinite,
But this main miracle, that thou art
thou,
With power on thine own act and on the
world."

A more emphatic statement of the freedom of the will could scarcely be conceived. In his short poem "Will," he contrasts the condition of the man whose will is strong to that of him who,

"Bettering not with time
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descend-
ed will,
And ever weaker grows thro' acted
crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault!"

One of Tennyson's fundamental teachings, therefore, is this: man has power over his own fate, his life is ore to shape and use as he sees best. He can show

"That life is not an idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dip't in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom
To shape and use."

In reviewing Tennyson's arguments for the immortality of the soul, to him

the question of questions, we find that he has incorporated his leading thoughts in three poems, which are the ablest philosophical verse contributions of the nineteenth century to this problem. We refer to "The Two Voices," "In Memoriam," and "The Ancient Sage." The first-mentioned poem is extremely subtle yet natural; it is a debate between a man's soul and a tempting voice which urges him to commit suicide. The tempter argues against immortality, basing his contentions upon the external evidence against life after death. The soul, despairing, yet longing to believe in immortality, urges as his main answer the heat of inward evidence by which man believes against the senses. The following are the leading arguments in this poem in favour of the immortality of the soul: (1) Man is a spirit; he is endowed with something more than physical being; (2) man has aspirations, forebodings, conceptions of eternal life; (3) he has the conception of perfection, which implies a perfect life, and this can only be attained in another world; (4) man is a religious being; he has ideas of God and of man's relation to Him; (5) man is a rational being, "the end and the beginning vex his reason," while the animal, on the contrary, lives without thought of beginning or end; (6) man is a moral being, and the moral life cannot complete itself without the conception of immortality; (7) man has intimations of immortality, mystic gleams, visions and trance experiences; (8) lastly, the very fact that man can doubt his own mortality is an argument. Towards the close of the poem, although he does not feel that he has triumphed over the tempting voice, the soul finds joy in the hidden hope which a Christian voice whispers in his ear. When speculation has failed, revelation steps in. The poem closes with triumphant optimism. The conclusion is that love is at the heart of the universe. But this fact cannot be proved; it is a matter for faith. This is sub-

stantially Tennyson's conclusion to his other great reflective poems. "He feels he is not born to die," "We have but faith, we cannot know."

Turning to "In Memoriam," which is a collection of poems written during various moods over a period of seventeen years, the quest after an assurance of immortality is not only the grand theme but supplies a thread of unity to the whole. After discussing in Poem 34 the ministry of sorrow to love, the poet begins to reason, and we have the first series of philosophical arguments for the immortality of the soul: (1) We believe in it on the basis of human life itself; if there is no eternal life this world is a dark, meaningless enigma; its beauty is absolutely fantastic, not rational; (2) the religious nature of man implies immortality; (3) love predicates immortality, else it would scarcely arise above sensual passion; (4) we have hints of pre-existence; (5) man's religious investiture entitles him to immortality; (6) immortality is an implication of the eternal process; death is merely a stage by which the soul enters upon a higher life; (7) the poet's trance experience, beautifully described in Poem 95, makes death seem to him a laughable impossibility; (8) the law of evolution, especially the long process of preparation for man's life upon the earth, prophesies that man here and now is herald of a higher race in heaven; (9) in the prologue, wherein he sums up the whole question, he puts forward the justice of God as the supreme argument:—

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just."

Tennyson's closing note here is the same as in "The Two Voices." He trusts that Hallam lives in God; he cannot disprove the objections of the materialist; all he can do is to fall back upon faith. Reason is unreliable, for at best man's intellect can give him a system of thought which is

but for a day, which is but a broken light of God.

"The Ancient Sage" covers much the same line of reasoning as "The Two Voices." It is a philosophical poem and one of the most complete expositions of Tennyson's thought on God and Immortality; moreover, it has this additional value that it represents his latest systematised views. "The Ancient Sage" is said on the authority of Miss Wells, the poet's niece, to be even more subjective a poem than "In Memoriam." The splendid passages on "Faith" and "the passion of the past" are more especially the expression of Tennyson's own personal feelings. When the youthful agnostic brings forward the argument of the worthlessness of life, the Sage replies that this narrow life may be but the yolk forming in the shell. This life is but a preparation for a higher form of life. The shell must break before the bird can fly. Death, therefore, is only an event in the life of the soul. The Sage admits that death is a terrible reality but who knows whether this darkness may not be in man? May this not be only our own mistaken interpretation of death? These doors of death, which seem to open into darkness, may be gates of life. Man may be blind and deaf to many things; he awaits a larger sense to see that the world, including death, is wholly fair. Tennyson tells us here to look beyond our narrow limits of sense and reason and lay hold upon the eternal verities, "those mighty hopes which make us men." When the youth declares that men are worse than worms and maggots, because without their hope of wings, the Sage replies that there is a silent Word within man which prophesies immortality; there is something in the spirit of man which declares that death does not end all. One of the most interesting arguments in this poem is Tennyson's reference to evidence gained in a trance condition, which alludes to the poet's own experience. The Sage as-

serts that he has had pre-existence, selfhood and immortality revealed to him while rapt above the earth, in what he calls "The Passion of the Past." Tennyson tells us that he used to gain access to this super-normal condition by simply reciting his name over and over again. While "loosed from the mortal limit of the self," he had not the slightest doubt of the immortality of the soul. In the last argumentative passage of the poem he cites the celebrated doctrine of opposites. "Day and Night are children of the Sun." There could not be one without the other, so "No ill, no good." There is night enough, the Sage admits, but engage in earnest moral service and you will climb the Mount of Blessing, where, "past the range of Night and Shadow," you will get a vision of "The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day," even eternal life. This great poem is rich in its assertions of Tennyson's belief in a personal God, in Faith, in the reality of Virtue, in the worth of human life, and in the reality of immortality, which is the solution of life. In "The Two Voices" and in "In Memoriam" the poet was fain to fall back upon Christian faith, but here we have, in addition to faith, a rational optimism as the outcome of his argument.

Among many scattered references to Immortality of the soul in Tennyson's poems, outside the three philosophical compositions already analysed, the teachings of "De Profundis" and of the epilogue to "Tiresias" are worthy of special mention. The latter poem contains a magnificent assertion that man will not die and that all good deeds will form part of the life to come, will be a moulding force in the eternal life. There the soul will be subject to the same laws of progress and degeneration; we shall go from grace to grace, and from glory to glory. Life would not be worth living were man not immortal is the poet's conclusion in this epilogue. In "De Profundis" he asserts: (1) that man

exists prior to his own incarnation; (2) in this life we are subject to constant change, but are moving on to perfection; (3) we are moving through a life of change to an immortal world where we shall become perfect.

The evidence against immortality, which Tennyson used his great gifts as a philosophical poet to refute, may be summed up in a few lines: (1) the crude argument of sense, the body perishes so does the soul; (2) the sceptical argument, to begin implies to end; genesis implies nemesis; (3) the argument of materialism, the psychic state is a higher form of brain motion; (4) the argument of pantheism, all is God and God is all, at death the soul reemerges in the general soul; (5) the argument of agnosticism; we have no certain knowledge of the future; all is a great perhaps.

Tennyson has long since passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace." The voices of the agnostic and the materialist, which rang out so loud a challenge to the Christian apologists of his day, are also hushed in the eternal silence. We are living in an age when religious truth is no longer considered to be rocking on its foundations, but when the greatest of scientists avow their belief in God, in the Freedom of the Will, and in the Immortality of the Soul, when even those who have not arrived at serenity of faith "cling ever to the sunnier side of doubt." And in this happier day, which we may call a new age of faith, our debt to Tennyson, who more than any theologian of the nineteenth century, was an effectual witness to God in a world of keen unrest, should not be forgotten. He lives with God, but he still speaks to men in eternal accents of strength and hope.

THE LILY-POND

By VIRNA SHEARD

On this little pool where the sunbeams lie,
This tawny gold ring where the shadows die,
God doth enamel the blue of His sky.

Through the scented dark when the night wind sighs,
He mirrors His stars where the ripples rise,
Till they glitter like prisoned fireflies.

'Tis here that the beryl-green leaves uncurl,
And here the lilies uplift and unfurl
Their golden-lined goblets of carven pearl.

When the gray of the eastern sky turns pink,
Through the silver sedge at the pond's low brink
The little lone field-mouse creeps down to drink.

And creatures to whom only God is kind,
The loveless small things, the slow, and the blind,
Soft steal through the rushes, and comfort find.

Oh, restless the river, restless the sea!
Where the great ships go, and the dead men be.
The lily-pond giveth but peace to me.

THE MOTORIST'S STRATEGY

BY FRED JARMAN

"I HAVEN'T a ghost of a chance." It was Harry Templeton's summing up of his own case—a love affair—audibly expressed as he stood in the library of Baybridge Manor awaiting the coming of Colonel Henley Nugent.

The Colonel had an only daughter, a very beautiful girl, and young Templeton had come to formally ask for her hand in marriage. Of course, he had already obtained the lady's consent; in fact, they were as devoted a couple of lovers as one could find anywhere, but—ah! why is there so often a "but"?—but they both knew that Colonel Nugent would never give his consent to their union.

It was not because Templeton lacked the qualifications that make a man desirable as a son-in-law. On the contrary, he possessed most of them, if not all. He was healthy, handsome, well born, and fairly well provided with the good things that go a long way to make life worth living. His rent roll yielded, even in these bad times, some ten thousand a year, and many a worthy matron with marriageable daughters sighed enviously when she thought of him as the Colonel's prospective son-in-law.

And yet he knew his request would be emphatically refused. Not for any fault of his own, but because his dead father had gone to law with the Colonel, his neighbour, over the possession of a tree—and beaten him.

This wretched stick of timber, which for two or three centuries had grown almost unnoticed in the hedge that marked the boundary of the es-

tates, was uprooted one stormy night, and suddenly became a bone of contention between the two landlords. Both claimed it, but as both couldn't have it, they took their case into the law courts and wasted hundreds of pounds on its almost worthless trunk. Harry's father won a Pyrrhic victory—a success the Colonel never forgave, and though the victor was long since dead, his neighbour obstinately refused to be reconciled with the son. Hence Harry Templeton's verdict on his chance of success.

Presently the Colonel entered the library. He was a square-set, powerful man of fifty, whose iron-gray hair and military moustache enhanced the determined look of his rugged face that stamped him as a regular tenacious bull-dog Briton.

His greeting to Templeton was cold, but courteous, and there was the suspicion of a malevolent smile on his lips as he asked what it was that had procured him the honour of a visit.

Templeton came straight to the point. In a few well chosen words he told the father that he loved his daughter and asked for his consent to their marriage.

"You know my financial standing sufficiently well, sir, to know that I can give your daughter a home and position worthy of her, so I won't go into details, which would be useless."

"Quite useless," was the dry response. "Such matters are quite beside the question. My refusal of your request—and I do refuse most emphatically—rests on an entirely different basis."

"The family feud," Templeton suggested, with a weary smile. "You are visiting the father's sin upon the son. That may have been very good ethics in ancient Judæa, but it's not English, Colonel. It's not English."

The Colonel flushed with annoyance. "I have other reasons, sir," he said quickly. "I would wish to see my daughter married to a soldier—a man who is ready to serve his country and his king. A man who is not afraid to look death boldly in the face without changing colour. Can you claim to be such a man?"

"I don't know that I can, sir, or that I can't," Templeton answered thoughtfully. "You see I've never been put to the test. I should like to have been beside you when you held the Zulus at bay at Rorke's Drift. I don't think I should have disgraced the old country."

"Oh, you don't, eh?" The Colonel's tone was ironical, almost insulting. "It's well to have a good opinion of oneself, and, of course, you may be justified in holding it. But as far as my child is concerned, Mr. Templeton, I'd prefer to give her to a man who has already demonstrated his ability to laugh at death, and that, on your own admission, is not you."

"True, sir, but if you'll consent to my engagement with Mabel, I'll join the army or the navy—"

"Or the volunteers — or a rifle club," broke in the irate listener. "No, sir, I won't consent. I have endeavoured to keep my child away from you in the past, not very successfully, it seems; but in the future I may manage better. I'll begin to-day by sending an excuse to Wharton Court, where you are doubtless dining—"

"No, colonel, I'm due in London to-night, so I reluctantly had to decline Lady Banby's dinner. You will not meet me there."

"I thank you, and instead of refusing her dinner, I'll again decline the honour of your alliance, and wish you good morning."

"Well, that's over," said Templeton with a deep breath of satisfaction as he jumped into his motor and glided rapidly away from the inhospitable door. "I knew he'd refuse, but I didn't think he'd be so rude about it. Well, there's only one thing to be done now, I must run away with Mabel. But I would like to get even with the old buffer for insinuating that I'm a coward. Confound him!"

"Poor old boy, did he feel so bad as all that," cried the girl as she hurried to him from her hiding-place behind a thick rhododendron bush. "You must have had a dreadful time?"

"I have, Mab, beastly."

"You must forgive him, Harry, he's — he's my dad, you know."

"I'd forgive him a hundred times as much, for your sake."

"Thank you, Harry," she said, putting her hand lovingly on his shoulder. Templeton profited by the opportunity and kissed her.

"I think I've got the best of him at present," he remarked with a happy laugh. "The very best—and I keep it, too. Well, love, he refused. I didn't mind that, because we expected it. What I objected to was the insinuation that he refused his consent because I've no pluck. Dash it, we can't all fight Zulus. Soldiering is not the only way in which a man can show his courage. I'd like to have him on my new motor for half an hour, I'd show him all about pluck."

"Has the new motor arrived, then?"

"Yes, dear. My chauffeur brought it home last night. It's a beauty—a forty-five horse-power six cylinder Napier. I'm not going to use it, though, until you're ready. When you say the word, Mab, I'll whisk you off to London and we'll be married by special license before your dad is awake to the fact that you've left the Manor. You're not afraid to trust me, Mab?"

"Oh! no, Harry, I'll go with you wherever you please, though I wish

we could be married here, and with dad's consent."

"So do I, dearest, but—but—wait a minute, love, I'm thinking. Perhaps—yes; hanged if I don't try it. Mab, what's Rollins, your coachman, like? I mean, would he help us?"

"He'd do anything on earth for me—anything that's possible, of course. He worships me more than you do, Harry."

"Impossible! But if he'll help us I think I can do it."

"Do what?"

"Get your father's consent to our marriage."

"Oh, that's splendid; but how, dear?"

"I've not planned it all out yet, but this is your part of the scheme. You dine at Wharton Court this evening?"

"Yes."

"You'll drive over, of course. Well, get Rollins to arrange that the carriage breaks down at the cross roads, near Hunter's Farm. The axle or spring must break—something that will render it impossible to proceed. Well, when you've broken down, a—a Frenchman in a new motor-car will come along and offer to give you a lift to Wharton Court. Get your father to accept, but manage somehow not to come with us."

"Us! Then you will be the Frenchman?"

"Yes, and I'll give your dad such a ride that he'll wish himself back at Rorke's Drift with the Zulus. It's light till nine o'clock, so I can see to do it."

"But you'll be careful, Harry, of yourself—of dad?"

"Don't fear, Mab. The knowledge that I'm driving to win all I love on earth will nerve me for the task. I'll bring him safely back to you."

"I trust you, Harry. Now I must be off or we shall be caught. I'll square Rollins. Good-bye."

It was close to the cross roads that evening, as Colonel Nugent and his daughter were driving to Wharton Court, that the carriage broke down.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Rollins, apologetically, "but in trying to fix the wheel on again I've made things worse."

The Colonel was furious. He fumed and raged at the man's stupidity, whilst the latter stood humbly by, a picture of abject despair.

"Don't stand there doing nothing," growled his irate master in conclusion. "Go back at once and get the dog-cart. Do you fancy I'm going to walk the remaining two and a half miles to Wharton Court?"

"No, sir, certainly not, sir," stammered his coachman, "but the dog-cart, sir——"

"Well!" and the Colonel glared savagely at Rollins, already scenting some fresh trouble.

"I sent it to the coachbuilder's to be varnished this afternoon."

"You idiot! Of course you would do that when you knew it would be wanted."

"What are we to do, my dear?"

"I don't know, dad, I'm sure," replied Mabel, who was looking intently and rather anxiously down the main road. Then she added almost joyously. "Oh, look. Whose carriage is that coming yonder?"

"It's not a carriage, it's a — a motor-car." The Colonel almost got in a strong adjective. He was very conservative in his ideas, and he hated motors.

Sweeping along the road, with a silent, easy grace, came a beautiful silver gray car. The driver, who was alone, was attired in the regulation summer motor coat and cap, and sported an aggressively large pair of goggles, which completely hid his merry gray eyes, and also covered a considerable portion of his face.

"Pardon, Monsieur, mais—zat is—you have—comment à dire. Ah, yes—you have breaked up your carriage?"

"We've broken down, if that's what you mean," said the Colonel ungraciously.

"Ah, oui! Up and down, I mix

zem always. But if you permeet eet—my automobile is to you, Monsieur. I vill take you—and madame—to—to—to chez vous."

"Thank you, sir, but we don't wish to go home."

"Non? You rest here—zis night? Ah! non. Je comprend, you go oser-vised. I shall take you zere—vere it is—if permeet me?"

"Confound the fellow!" growled the Colonel to Mabel. Why doesn't he go?"

"But, dad, if you don't accept his offer of a lift, how are we to get to Wharton Court?"

The Colonel saw the force of her reasoning, and turning to the new arrival, he said in a more friendly tone:

"I'm afraid we should take you too far out of your way, sir. You see, we are dining at Wharton Court to-night, and it's nearly three miles from here."

"Tree miles! I make zat in ze same minutes—if you vish."

"Well, I don't," snapped the Colonel promptly.

"Vere goot! Zen ve shall go slow. Come! Permeet me, Mademoiselle," and the ubiquitous one held out his hand to Mabel, who, after a glance at her father, entered the tonneau, but at a sign from the spurious Frenchman she slipped noiselessly from the car, which the moment after glided swiftly away.

Almost immediately the Colonel noticed his daughter's absence.

"Stop, sir! Stop! We've left my daughter behind."

"All right, Colonel, we don't want her. You and I are going to have a spin together. Mabel will be safer there," and Templeton removed his goggles and gave the Colonel a look that added point to the grimness of the last two words of his speech. Both, however, were wasted on the Colonel, who was too astonished and too indignant to notice either.

"You!" he gasped. "You! Then this is some trick—some dastardly trick to—to—to what, sir?"

"To convince you, Colonel, that though I'm not a soldier, I'm not afraid to look death in the face without turning a hair."

Though Templeton spoke in an easy and flippant way, the Colonel felt a cold shiver run through his frame. Then for the first time he realised that the car was travelling at a racing pace.

"Yes, that is one reason, sir; but there's another," continued Templeton. "I love your daughter Mabel, and she loves me. But to gratify your insane hatred of my family, you are trying to keep us apart. You're going to give your consent to our marriage to-night."

"Never!" cried the Colonel fiercely. "Never!"

Templeton laughed a bit sardonically.

"Think not? We'll see. She travels well, doesn't she?" he said, turning the conversation, but without looking at his victim. He was too busy with the car for that, his eyes being glued to the track ahead, where a loaded timber waggon showed in the distance. "Thirty-five miles an hour at present, but she'll do fifty easily. I'll show you when we're past this waggon."

"No, no," gasped he Colonel. "You'll smash us up."

"Oh, never fear," laughed Templeton.

Toot! toot!! toot!! went the horn as they neared the lumbering thing ahead.

"Confound the fellow," muttered Templeton audibly. "Why doesn't he keep his side of the road? I don't think there's room to squeeze past. Ye-es, I'll try it anyway. Sit tight!"

And the car seemed to rush to its certain destruction.

The Colonel shut his eyes involuntarily. When he opened them again the waggon was a quarter of a mile behind. Templeton was speaking in the same nonchalant manner:

"Heaps of room after all — a good foot to spare. It's wonderful how

close you can drive these things at the highest speed. We're doing forty-five now. There's a telegraph post two miles ahead that abuts on the road, on your side—just watch how close I can shave it."

"Are you a madman? Stop the car this instant, and let me get down, or, by heaven, you shall suffer for this, sir, when I get back."

"When you do, Colonel. But don't talk now, here's the post. Keep your elbow in, or I may bark it. Now!!! There! I believe it grazed our mudguards, didn't it?"

"It did," said the Colonel faintly, with a shudder. "It's all right, Templeton. I was wrong—you've nerve and pluck enough for six men. Stop the confounded thing, do!"

"What about Mabel?" asked the other, ignoring the request to stop. "Are you going to give her to me?"

"No, sir, I will not, and after this scandalous attempt on my life, I'll see you— Ah! you're going to stop eh?"

Templeton had reached down and opened the throttle, at the same time advancing the speed lever to its highest capacity.

"On the contrary, Colonel, I've put her at full speed, and I won't alter it till you say Mabel is mine. There's a sharp corner, with a nasty wall either side three miles from here, and if you make me take that on this speed, heaven help us."

"You—you scoundrel! Would you kill me? It's murder."

Templeton shook his head.

"The jury always find a verdict of 'Accidental death' in these cases. Only two miles more. Don't run me too close or I shan't be able to pull up. Gad! doesn't she go beautifully?"

"You won't dare to do it!"

"Dare! I'd dare anything for Mab, and if I can't have her, well — don't reckon on that, Colonel, for I'll take that corner unless you give your consent. You've—only—one—minute—to—make—up—your—mind."

The Colonel looked at the young man beside him and saw that his face was hard set, with the determination he'd seen on the faces of his companions at Rorke's Drift, and he knew that unless he spoke — and spoke quickly—the car would be rushed at what might—in all probability would—prove certain destruction.

Half a minute had gone.

Templeton nodded ahead. "It's there," he said, in a cold, passionless voice. "Must I take it, or will you—?"

"Yes, yes, I'll consent. She's yours, Mab's yours! Stop the thing, there's a good fellow, or I shall lose my reason."

Templeton stopped the car at the corner, turned it, and at an easy pace took the Colonel back to his daughter.

During the return journey neither of the men spoke a word.

"He's won you, my girl, by fair strategy. Take her, you villain, and don't you ever drive her at the pace you did me to-night. My boy, you made me *quake*. Gad! Rorke's Drift was a fool to it. And that corner—"

"Oh, it's not a very bad one, Colonel; we should have negotiated it safely enough."

"You young scoundrel, so you tricked me over that, too, did you? You're a born strategist. You ought to have been a General, my boy—I'm—I'm proud of you."

"So am I, dad."

And in the jolly, friendly laugh that followed, the family feud was buried for ever.



"POT-LUCK"

BY LILIAN VAUX MACKINNON

"MOTHER, guess whom I met in the car to-day?"

Mrs. Ernst looked up swiftly from a fine darn in her muslin slip-waist. "Don't keep me waiting Evelyn, who was it?"

Evelyn laughed mischievously. She had managed to rouse her mother's apprehension. It wasn't much of a feat! Mrs. Ernst was disturbed by anything that broke in upon the even tenor of her way. She frankly told you she "disliked surprises."

"Quickly, Evelyn, who was it?"

Evelyn's eyes twinkled dangerously, but the rising flush on her mother's face stopped her. "Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin," she announced. "They're staying until Saturday at the *Queen*, and they said they were coming up to see you—likely tomorrow."

Mr. Ernst, supposedly deep in his newspaper, faced around at the news.

"The Baldwins!" he cried in unfeigned delight. "Well, isn't that a treat! You'll have to ask them up to tea, Helen."

Mrs. Ernst snipped off her thread.

"I suppose I shall," she said briefly.

Her husband pulled off his eyeglasses and gazed at her in complete surprise. Accustomed as he was to the variety of his wife's moods, this attitude seemed unaccountable.

"Don't you want to see them?" he queried, a full second later. "I thought you and Mrs. Baldwin were old cronies. You used to be, down in Lakeville."

Mrs. Ernst moved testily on her chair. "I never said I didn't want to see them, Henry. But you say so easily 'have them to tea,' without ever considering the effort it will cost me."

"Oh, pshaw!" said her husband. "You don't need to make it an effort. They'll enjoy it much better if you don't. Just give them some cold meat and a good cup of tea. That's all they want."

His wife smiled her little acrid smile, her head still bent doggedly over the bit of darning. Evelyn sat on the edge of the couch, turning the leaves of a magazine and listening to the argument.

Presently the mother gathered all her implements of attack, and fronted the easy-going Henry.

"Now, you know very well that I would never give *any* guest a 'bit of cold meat,' as you put it. Certainly not people we know as well as the Baldwins. I *had* intended to invite Mrs. Baldwin for two days at Easter, and then I would have had everything prepared. But as they have come up in this sudden fashion, why I shall just have to arrange things for tomorrow night, I suppose. It will be dinner, of course. And I hope, Henry, you will not forget your *Tuxedo*. This is the first time the Baldwins have come to our home, and I certainly want to have them see everything at its best. It is most unfortunate that I should only have Nellie, just when I want a competent maid, but then if people *will*

bob up unexpectedly, they must not look for perfection."

"Of course not!" said her husband soothingly. "I'm sure Bob Baldwin isn't that sort, or Mrs. Bob, either. But I shall enjoy a chat with them over things in Lakeville. I'm sorry if it's going to put you out, though."

"Oh, well, I can't help it, that's all," was the reply in the tone of a martyr. The vexed question of the soup had just been mentally laid low.

"Perhaps you ought to ring them up to-night," her husband suggested mildly.

"Let me do it, mother," said Evelyn, jumping up from the couch.

"No, dear, I prefer to attend to it myself."

As Mrs. Ernst went to the telephone, her eldest daughter, Beatrice, came in from choir-practice.

"What's up?" she enquired, sauntering into the sitting-room. "Who's mother telephoning?"

"The Baldwins. I met them on the car. Mother's asking them for dinner to-morrow night."

Beatrice looked blank. "Isn't that the worst! Here I was going to have the sewing-girl in to make my blue waist."

"Well, my dear girl, and can't you?" said her father, looking up at her affectionately. "I don't suppose the friends will put in an appearance till half-past six."

"Oh, but I'll have to help mother! I couldn't have dressmaking done with visitors coming to dinner."

Her father sighed regretfully.

"I do wish," he said, crossing his slippered feet, "that your mother would get into the way of entertaining informally; having people drop in for supper and take 'pot-luck,' as we used to call it at home."

Beatrice smiled her mother's superior, tolerating smile, but Evelyn rolled back on the couch, laughing. "Fancy mother doing anything like that," she cried.

The next morning Mrs. Ernst had

them all up, bright and early. Needless to say the Baldwins had been "delighted to come." Indeed the heartiness of their acceptance, and the warmth in Mrs. Baldwin's tone had mollified their prospective hostess to a considerable extent. So that when she wakened up refreshed at six o'clock on a spotless morning, she felt a certain animation in the prospect before her. She would show them, one and all, what she could do when occasion demanded! She slipped out of bed with firm-set lips and bright eyes. When her husband wakened an hour later, he beheld his wife in dressing-gown and slippers, just leaving her desk, where she had compiled and written down a complete menu, also a list of "things to be ordered," and "things to be attended to."

She called Hattie at a quarter-past seven. Hattie was the youngest daughter, twelve years old, and the runner of errands. Hattie slept heavily in her little hall bed-room, and she was deep in sleep when her mother bent over her. The child stirred, and opened heavy, vacant eyes.

"Hattie!" said her mother, "Hattie! I want you to get up *at once* and polish the silver before school. There are visitors coming in for dinner. Do you hear me? Now, don't go to sleep again! Are you awake? Sit up!"

The child struggled obediently into a sitting posture, her head still wobbling.

"The silver?" she repeated vacantly.

"Yes," said her mother, incisively, "*the silver*. I want you to clean it before school. You can if you hurry. And if you have time, wash the leaves of the rubber-plant. If not, leave it till noon."

"All right, mother," said the little girl, dutifully slipping out of bed. "I'll hurry. Who's coming?"

"The Baldwins."

"Jessie's father and mother? Are they up here? Oh, good!"

But her mother had departed.

All day long the Ernst family toiled in preparation. Mr. Ernst found an improvised luncheon set for him in the pantry at noon, which he ate in solitary state. The rest of the family "had theirs already," so they said, though no traces of the repast were to be seen. Beatrice was putting the flowers in little vases, a heap of chopped carnation stems and rose leaves around them. Evelyn was rearranging the ornaments in the drawing-room and disposing the furniture to advantage, a duster tucked under one arm. Mrs. Ernst was standing with flushed cheeks, receiving piles of the gold and white dinner-set from Hattie. Hattie stood on the pantry shelf, before the opened door of the "best china cupboard."

"Carefully, Hattie, the soup tureen! Guard the ladle. That's right! Now the plates, six. The dinner-plates, too. Yes, six of them. And the vegetable dishes? No, I'll use my silver ones. What is that you say, Beatrice? Yes, I think I would. Mix the pink and white. Well, put the crimson ones in that cut glass bowl!"

Nellie came bouncing in from the kitchen, her red face strained with excitement. "Mrs. Ernst, there's no sage for the turkey dressin'. Yes'm, *savoury*. Oh, all right. Yes, I s'pose I can. Put my jacket over this? Well, all right. I'll hurry. Is it the store on the corner?"

Mrs. Ernst's stifled sigh brought an answering sigh from her much-refreshed husband, who was ashamed to be eating in the midst of such abstemious activity.

"Can I do anything?" he ventured.

The fervour with which his offer was pounced upon almost upset him.

"Yes, Henry," came the reply. "I wish you would unscrew the electric bulbs and shades in the dining-room and hall, and take them out to Nellie to wash. And then I'll get you to move the palm from the dining-room to the landing. Evelyn will show you

the place I mean. And, Henry, you'll be back early?"

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin arrived at a quarter-past six, a pleasant, kindly-faced couple, happy at meeting old friends again. They hadn't been expected quite so soon, but Nellie was hastily screwed into apron and cap (revolting every inch of her against the latter) and nervously jerked open the door.

"Please go upstairs, first door to the right?" she ventured, in a tremulous voice.

The soft stillness of the new, padded carpet, the majestic palm waving on the landing, the faultless guest-room, with its silver toilet appointments (Hattie had done her work well), stilled Mrs. Baldwin's exuberance of spirits. Her husband fell into the same subdued mood.

In the drawing-room, Mrs. Ernst, in radiant attire, advanced with outstretched hand, "Tuxedoed" Henry in her wake; Beatrice and Evelyn following.

"But where is Hattie?" asked Mrs. Baldwin, glancing around. "Jessie told me to be sure to bring news of her and if she wore her hair braided. She's not sick, is she?"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Ernst hastened to say, lest her husband should speak unadvisedly. "Hattie is studying her lessons. She'll be in to see you before she goes to sleep."

The dinner passed off perfectly. From the oysters to the ice-cream, everything was above reproach. Even Nellie "acted up." She had been charged to have everything "piping hot," and pipe it did. The turkey could be heard sizzling from the moment the oven door was opened. "Siz-z-z" it came into the dining-room, borne aloft by Nellie's red arms. But, as she passed behind Mrs. Baldwin's chair, she gave one agonised glance at Evelyn, opposite. The piping hot platter had left a deep burn on one wrist.

But she took her stand heroically at Mr. Ernst's left hand. He was

slowly making headway with the portly bird. Carving was not his *forte*, and his wife had charged him not to stand. Nellie, seeing the delay, suddenly astonished the company by a curt bow in his direction.

"Excuse me a minute, Mr. Ernst, till I fix this cap. It's all to one side," and bounced out of the room.

Mrs. Ernst's face was curiously repressed. But Mr. Ernst, catching Mr. Baldwin's eye, laid down the carving knife and roared with laughter.

It was nearly eleven when the guests departed, eager in their praise of the beautiful home and delightful evening. Mrs. Ernst, "weary and content and undishonoured," came slowly up the front stairs, calling to Beatrice to put the flowers on the swinging shelf in the cellar. At the top she met Hattie in her nightgown.

"Nellie burnt her arm with the turkey! Did you know, mother?" the child burst out.

"Why, no! I am extremely sorry. I'll get her some cold cream."

"I got it, mother, and some cotton to tie round it. I fixed it for her. She cried a lot."

"Poor girl!" said Mrs. Ernst. Then, her eye lighting on the floor, "do you mean to say you forgot to take up the rag-carpet pieces from the hall, Hattie? I'm very much vexed with you! I thought you would have attended to *that*! You have grieved me a great deal!"

It was exactly a month after this that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ernst were returning from a day's expedition to a neighbouring city where Mr. Ernst had business. Mrs. Ernst had improved the hours by shopping. As they arrived at the station, the last train departed.

"Next train 9.30 a.m.," said the ticket-agent.

Mrs. Ernst looked blank.

"We'll have to telephone home before we go to the hotel," she said.

"What money have you?" her husband asked.

"Only eighty-five cents. I know, Henry, I spent a good deal, but they were all necessary things. Remember, I got a new coat for Hattie!"

"Well, I've only got a dollar. We're in rather a pretty fix!" Then a light broke over his face. "Why, this is where Tom Connors lives, if I remember right. Of course, he does. The very thing. We'll go there."

"But, Henry, who is this Connors? I don't know him. Has he a family?"

"Tom? Yes, a fine wife and three or four children. Tom has a shoe-store—one of the best men you ever met. He'll be delighted to see us."

"Why Henry, you wouldn't have me go to a perfect stranger's home at this hour, almost six o'clock, and ask shelter for the night? Why not go to a hotel, and telephone one of those business men to lend you money?"

Mr. Ernst was running his finger up the list of "C's" in the directory. "Connors, Thomas, res. 81 Maple Street." He looked up frowning. "What nonsense, Helen! I wouldn't go to a hotel for the world, with Connors in town! He'd never forgive me!"

"But Mrs. Connors! And without any warning!"

"She'll give us the best she's got. That's all! Come along."

They engaged a cab with a part of their money, and drove to Maple Street. Mrs. Ernst was nervously peering out of the windows every block of the way, anticipating all sorts of awkward situations.

"Whoa!" called the driver. "No. 81?"

A flood of light poured out of the door of a snug red house. A thin bright-eyed man ran down the steps. Mr. Ernst sprang out of the cab.

"Harry Ernst! What good fortune!"

"Awfully glad to see you, Tom!" They were wringing each other's hands. "This is my wife. We missed our train and I thought—"

"Come in! Come in! What luck for us! You're just in time for supper.

This way, Mrs. Ernst. My wife will be so pleased!"

A dancing grate-fire in the front parlour! From behind the folding-doors the sound of plates and children's voices.

"Harriet, dear, some friends!"

Mrs. Connors bustled out, cheerily.

"Just at the right moment," she exclaimed. "Why, Mrs. Ernst, how often I've heard your name and wanted to meet you! Missed your train? Why, I'm so sorry for *you*, but we're so glad to have you. Jeanie, dear" (to a little seven-year-old), "take Mrs. Ernst's things upstairs to the prophet's chamber. That's what we call our spare room, it's so small. Now, do come right in while the tea is hot."

The tea *was* hot, and so were the baked beans and muffins. And the children, four of them, were pretty and well-behaved. And they all "moved up" in a magical way to make room. And in a trice, Marion, the eldest, brought fresh napkins, knives, forks, and "the Japanese cups," and there was plenty of everything. And "Harry" Ernst and "Tom" Connors were having the time of their lives with reminiscences of old school-days; and Mrs. Connors was beaming with friendly interest in finding that Mrs. Ernst had a "Hattie" the same age as her "Claire"; and the children were waiting their turn to talk "school." In the midst of it all, Mrs. Ernst felt

her heart grow big with genuine pleasure. Never had she been entertained this way before. Most of her friends were too well aware of her perfection in entertaining to venture to invite her informally.

And how genuinely enjoyable it was!

They spent the evening around the grate fire, after the little girls had washed the tea-things and retired. A school-teacher who boarded near ran in to play the piano for half an hour and "get cheered up." A gentleman and his wife from across the way "dropped in" for a little chat, and Mr. Connors brought a dish of apples from the cellar.

When eleven o'clock came—was it really eleven?—Mr. and Mrs. Ernst were shown upstairs into the prophet's chamber, neat and cosy. Marion must have fixed it after tea, or was it always ready?

Mrs. Ernst said very little to her husband that night. He was so taken up with the old school days that he hardly noticed her silence. But the next morning, when they were leaving for the station, overwhelmed with thanks for having come "even for so short a stay," Henry Ernst could hardly believe his ears when his wife turned to Mrs. Connors, saying:

"Now, be sure to come to us the first time you are in town. We'll be delighted to have you! Just drop in informally and take 'pot-luck' with us."



IN THE LAND OF WINDMILLS

Illustrations from photographs by the author

BY E. M. YEOMAN

WHILST in London with a Canadian friend, not long ago, we resolved to visit Holland, knowing that it would be highly interesting to see a land so totally unlike Canada, and so famous for its picturesqueness and quaint scenery. So, having chosen the most convenient steamship line, we fared one morning down busy Ludgate Hill and past the Tower to purchase our tickets at the Customs Docks, an operation that was by no means as simple as might be imagined; for our way lay through some of the narrowest and busiest streets in London, where the pedestrian has the paltry choice of walking on narrow sidewalks amongst thousands of tons of merchandise, strewn about, or being hoisted into warehouses, and of sometimes dropping, or risking his life and limbs in the middle of the street, in the midst of the tremendous traffic that congests that part of London. But surviving these dangers, we purchased our tickets; and in the afternoon of that day proceeded to Fenchurch Street Station, to travel by rail to the steamer at Tilbury, perhaps twenty miles down the Thames.

A great London railway station is surely one of the most interesting places in the world. Trains come in and go out every few minutes laden with multitudes which include every manner of man, from kings and potentates to pickpockets and miserable creatures, who, with all their possessions tied up in a sack, journey hither

and thither in their desperate quest for bread.

But our train soon bore us away from these scenes of mingling affluence and poverty, and, after rumbling through a noisome series of slums, indescribably wretched, carried us through the sweet beauties of rural English landscapes, where green fields spread, dotted every here and there with a farmhouse, an old-fashioned white village, or a prosperous red-brick town.

Finally Tilbury was reached, and, with the other passengers for Rotterdam, we were speedily conveyed to the waiting steamer, which, immediately upon our arrival, steamed on its way down the Thames.

Once on board, the Thames with its historic interest engaged our attention; but ere long dinner was announced, and upon descending to the dining-saloon, we had our first introduction to the Dutchman, for most of the passengers were Dutch. Deliberate and heavy-visaged men they were, mostly fair-haired, but not greatly differing from Englishmen in their general appearance and manners, but, of course, in the hideous jargon which they spoke.

Each took a profound interest in his bottle of wine and his dinner, the mere contemplation of which, so vast was its quantity, might quite upset an ordinary Canadian. I was much interested to watch one man in particular, a bridegroom, who, with a prowess



CHILDREN OF VOLENDAM

worthy of some admiration, was slashing up great beefsteaks with savage back-handed strokes of his knife.

The Dutch character, inured as it has been for centuries to bitter struggles for existence against powerful human enemies, and against that greater menace, the ever-encroaching sea, is a brave and resolute one. But that evening on deck, as the water grew rougher, and as the ship began to roll, I saw an uncommon phase of Dutch character, when a huge, elderly man, evidently unaccustomed to the sea, descended to his knees in a paroxysm of terror, and, every time the ship rolled, hoarsely commended his soul to God. Doubtless he was a very exceptional Dutchman.

Next morning I was awakened at daybreak by a terrific thundering at the stateroom door.

"You will be at Rotterdam in half-an-hour," cried a Dutch voice; "and you must have breakfast now."

I understood. It was expedient that I should pay three prices for a breakfast on board the steamer rather than get it later at a hotel. So I arose, and looked through the port-hole; but I saw only low, gray coasts, with, to all appearance, no land behind them. But a moment later I descried a wind-mill, far away in the morning mist; so that, after all, my first glimpse of Holland was a picturesque one.

Perhaps half-an-hour later, having breakfasted, I ascended to the deck, and was astonished to find our steamer in the very midst of Rotterdam, being pulled alongside the notable Boom-pjes, a landing-stage extensive enough to accommodate a whole fleet of steamers.

A moment later, as we stood ready to disembark, there was a sudden commotion, and the customs officer clambered aboard — a strange, gray-bearded little man in a blue great-coat. He hopped about with a highly important bearing, and, bowing gra-



A PROMENADE IN MARKEN, HOLLAND

ciously to each passenger, ceremoniously put a chalk-mark on every portmanteau without examining it. Nor were we allowed to go ashore without this chalk-mark.

Upon landing, we found ourselves in a wide tree-bordered street, with the river Maas on one side, and lofty buildings on the other, and with roaring traffic and a horde of busy Dutchmen in the middle. Along this busy thoroughfare we took our way, passing the fine bridge that spans the Maas; until finally we came upon a hotel that we had seen advertised.

The traveller in Europe is more than likely to suffer many things at the hands of hotel-keepers; but in this instance we were fortunate enough to come upon both honesty and comfort; and we had the additional good fortune to find a waiter, a cadaverous individual with a sympathetic woe-begone face, who could speak good English, and who straightway led us to comfortable rooms, passing on the

way the proprietor, a wild-eyed, dark-faced, black-haired man, who protruded his head and coatless shoulders from the doorway of his room, and scrutinised us with bright eyes and an ecstatic smile. His appearance seemed to suggest that he had just been conjuring up enough courage to cut his throat when we interrupted him.

Rotterdam is a city of innumerable canals. Indeed, in the many miles that I travelled in Holland, I doubt if at any time I was more than a hundred yards from a canal of some sort. Nearly all these canals are busy commercial highways, with thousands of heavily-laden scows on them, most of which are poled along by two or three stolid Dutchmen. It is one of the commonest of all occurrences in the streets of Rotterdam and Amsterdam to be held up for ten or twenty minutes, where a canal and a street intersect, whilst the bridge is swung up for a line of scows to crawl



A DUTCH PEDDLER, WITH DOG-CART

past. But the Dutch people are not ill-tempered; and with great patience they wait until the scows have passed, and the owners have placed their toll of a few coppers in the little bag that is held out to them at the end of a long staff.

The streets are generally clean and in good repair, and the houses very tall and pretentious. Dutchmen have a fondness for lofty and impressive buildings, but only for the sake of appearances; for on many occasions, being struck with the height of the houses, I discovered that a great number of them had false fronts, what seemed to be upper storeys being merely deceptive fronts with nothing behind them.

Doubtless the Dutch are the most cleanly people in the world. For example, it is no uncommon sight to see industrious housewives and maids scrubbing the fronts of their houses

and the sidewalks too. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu noticed this custom two hundred years ago, and wrote to a friend that "You may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street with more application than ours do our bed-chambers."

The traffic in the streets is very heavy and very noisy; but it was pleasant to find that there were few automobiles—those deadly pests that prey in every road and street in England, harassing the pedestrian almost beyond endurance. Nor do I remember having seen any omnibuses; but there was an abundance of fast electric-cars.

As the stranger fares along the streets of a Dutch town, numerous quaint sights meet his eye. In many places, in front of hotels and public-houses, nearly the whole sidewalk is blocked with chairs and tables, under an awning, where beer and wine are



A PUBLIC HIGHWAY IN AMSTERDAM

sold, and where placid Dutchmen refresh themselves with great leisure and satisfaction. Every here and there, too, there is an attractive little booth where passing dames regale themselves with cups of rich cocoa. It is by no means safe to drink water in Holland, as deadly fevers are likely to be the reward of such righteousness.

Then again, the little milk-waggons and peddlers' carts, drawn by dogs, are interesting. The man or woman walks behind or at one side, and directs the vehicle, to the under part of which the dogs, generally two or three in number, are attached. The dogs always keep one eye on their master, and invariably reduce their exertions when he is not watching.

During my first morning in Rotterdam, whilst I was looking upon these things, I was suddenly accosted with polished grace by a short young man

of perhaps five-and-twenty years, freckled and light-haired and dressed in English clothes.

"It is a fine day," said he, in very good English. "I am employed by the Government to give information to strangers; and it is with great pleasure that I will tell you anything. But I am not allowed to take money."

"Thank you," I replied; "but I have a guide-book."

The young man looked guileless enough, but his story was suspicious.

"But the guide-books are no good," he cried with great enthusiasm. "I will show you around. But I will take no money. I will show you what you call the Stock Exchange, where men dance in great excitement and shout, and the flower-market, and the baths, where you may see beautiful ladies swimming; and they will talk to you."

"But thank you," I replied. "I



A CANAL BOAT IN HOLLAND

have no time. I must see the statue of Erasmus now."

"But you do not know the way!" he cried. "And you do not believe that I am of the Government. Look!"

So saying, he produced a paper covered with Dutch writing, which was unintelligible to me.

Just at that moment my eye was attracted by an approaching procession, which proved to be a Dutch funeral. It was indeed a weird sight; for the horses and drivers, and hearse and cabs were almost invisible, so heavily were they draped in deep black and arranged in deathly pomp. But all Dutch funerals are not like this one; for, before leaving Holland, I saw another, in Haarlem, I think, which was not unlike a Canadian funeral.

My obliging friend recalled my thoughts with his untiring garrulity.

"Then how may I get to the statue of Erasmus?" I asked him, whereupon a keen joy lighted up his face.

He stepped forward a pace and returned. "It is with great pleasure that I tell you this!" he said. Then, pointing in a certain direction with both his head and his arm, he strode away, and I followed.

Most Dutchmen are heavy smokers, and seem to have an especial love for bad cigars. The abominable fumes of their cigars may not be forgotten readily.

"Do you smoke?" asked my friend, with breathless interest, as we walked; and when I answered that I did, he earnestly told me that Dutch cigars were the best and cheapest in the world, and that all strangers carried one or two hundred away with them. Then he stood still, and told me with increased earnestness that the strangers were usually cheated; but that he knew of the best cigar-shop in Holland, where I could get the finest cigars and not be cheated. He spoke much of some *fabrique*, which, I judge, meant either shop or factory.



A STREET SCENE IN MARKEN

"But I have too many cigars now," I replied.

"But you must come to the *fabrique!*" he cried. "No? But you need not buy! You will not come? Then come just to look in the window! No?" By that time his voice was piercingly shrill with supplication. "But you will come around the corner and I will show you the *fabrique* in the distance? You will not? Then," he cried, taking me by the hand, "come across the street and I will show you the *roof* of it in the distance!"

But I would not; and my refusal seemed to crush his spirit; for, as we kept our way, his shoulders drooped, and he fell to sighing very plaintively.

As we fared, we stopped to watch a police-officer ordering a group of young idlers to move along. Dutch police-officers are prettily uniformed, and are very gentlemanly in appearance; some might even be described as elegant. Many of them are small,

slender men, with beards, and they carry at their sides what seemed to be daggers. This particular officer, in so many ways differing from the stalwart Canadian constable with his gruff "move along," was addressing a savage harangue to the idlers. He talked with marvellous rapidity, his hand upon his dagger, snarling like a wolf in agony, opening his mouth very wide, and darting his head and shoulders backwards and forwards with deadly suggestions of springing upon his victims. Meanwhile the idlers stood listening with horrid attention, their eyes and mouths gaping painfully; but not until the officer had quite exhausted his eloquence did they dare to slink away.

My friend led me to the statue of Erasmus, and the flower-market, which is not unlike the well-known green-market of Halifax, save that only flowers are vended; and thereafter he led me back to the hotel, continuously and very craftily endea-



QUAINT OLD MARKEN

vouring, *en route*, to lead my unsuspecting steps to his *fabrique*.

On the way we passed a cattle-market, which was nothing more or less than a company of about fifty sturdy yokels, each with one or two black-and-white cows, which they led around in a certain district, shouting mightily the while.

That night at dinner I saw an elderly Dutchman who was much given to wretched sighings, and who evidently was very sick, for he rubbed his waistcoat piteously, and complained long and loudly to the sympathetic waiter. But thereafter he set to work and devoured the most prodigious meal that I have ever seen a human being eat.

But nearly all Dutch people are great eaters; and they are very good cooks—much better, indeed, than the English.

The *menu* that night was written in a conglomeration of Dutch, German, French, Italian, and sundry unknown tongues; so that when the sympathetic waiter had escaped from the complaints of the sick but glut-

tonous guest, I asked him to read the list in English.

The poor fellow looked at it intently; but it was too much for him.

"I cannot," he said. "But you can take it all. Everybody does. There is not much."

I agreed to this proposal, and presently was supplied with about thirty dishes. But by no means did I partake of them all, somewhat to the concern of the sympathetic waiter, who adjudged me to be grievously unwell.

This waiter had no means of knowing whence I came, and as I had never known of any particular Canadian department, I was interested that night when, whilst asking him questions about Rotterdam, he remarked: "You are from Canada, sir."

"I am," I answered; "but how did you know?"

"You are not an American, and you are not English," he said. "I know you are from Canada."

An evening walk in Rotterdam is diverting. The famous High Street,

built on a vast dyke, is the finest shopping centre. Nevertheless it is not particularly impressive. In the evening it is closed to all horses and vehicles; for it is not broad, and by night it is densely thronged with multitudes of idling men, women and children. A noticeable feature is the great number of lowly but thrifty housewives, who stroll about in their aprons, doubtless ever on the watch for a newsy friend.

It is very easy for the stranger to lose his way in Rotterdam, so irregular are the streets, and so puzzling are the canals. I had the misfortune to lose my way that night, and probably walked ten miles before I reached the hotel again. I knew no Dutch, and so could not inquire my way, although several times I endeavoured to do so in English, and upon one occasion was rewarded for my pains by the company of a miserable old Dutchman, who hobbled along beside me for three full miles, chewing garlic meanwhile, and every ten minutes vociferating to himself, each time in a shriller tone, and each time with a more decided attempt at recollection, "Ho-tel Smits! Ho-tel Smits! Ho-tel Smits!" and so forth, *ad infinitum*, and always crescendo. But finally I espied the hotel, and hastened towards it, incidentally bumping into a young man whose eyes protruded with joy when he saw me.

"The *fabrique!*" he cried. "You are right by it. Will you come?"

But I was still unobliging.

Rotterdam is perhaps the most interesting city in Holland; but it is surpassed in many ways by other Dutch towns.

Leyden and Haarlem are charmingly quaint and beautiful cities, both rich with fame and historic interest. The Hague is a fine modern city, and has a very notable picture-gallery, with many of the best works of the Dutch masters. Some of these masters had a fondness for picturing the death of Christ, and their paintings on that subject are executed with such re-

lentless realism that they are highly impressive.

The journey from Rotterdam affords what is perhaps some of the quaintest scenery in the world. The land is perfectly level, and everywhere intersected by tree-bordered canals, along which many a sailing-vessel fares, seemingly like a phantom ship gliding over the fields. The green fields feed numerous cattle, nearly all of which are black-and-white, with sackcloth coats on their backs, although why I know not.

Every field has a windmill in it. Indeed, frequently whilst in Holland I endeavoured to find a general view that had no windmill in it. But I found none. These picturesque machines are used to pump the ever-encroaching water from the fields into the canals.

Holland supplies the world with flower-bulbs; and surely one of the most remarkable sights in Holland is the tulip and hyacinth gardens. Especially near Harlem, as far as the eye can see, stretch neat beds of these flowers, coloured pink, red, yellow, purple, and white. It is a beautiful and a wonderful sight to see these painted gardens spreading into the horizon.

Amsterdam is an opulent city built on ninety islands. It has many points of interest, including the Royal Palace, founded on about fourteen thousand piles. The Palace is a plain building, in the centre of the city, and has no grounds about it. Some of the Amsterdam hotels are particularly magnificent; but the managers of some of them are unscrupulous thieves and rascals. *A la carte*, they will charge about six prices for a dish, and thereafter treble the amount in the bill. And what may argument or invective avail if the stranger knows no word of Dutch and the clerk no word of English?

The stranger should not neglect to visit the theatres of Holland, where, for a moderate fee, on frequent occasions he may share his Dutch friends'

ecstatic joy in seeing some "Hans from Haarlem" dance.

From Amsterdam, one day, we journeyed with a small party of English tourists to see the "Dead Cities of the Zuyder-Zee," where we saw the Holland and the Dutchman of the children's picture-books. Indeed, travelling in Holland is at all times like looking into a child's brightly-coloured picture-book.

In these dead cities the people have not changed their customs perhaps for centuries. There men, as in the picture-book, wear vast breeches, wooden shoes, and strange head-coverings. The women are fair-haired and broad-hipped, and far from beautiful. Often, affixed to their hair, they wear pendants of gold, or even of diamonds. These pendants are generally heirlooms, and are highly prized.

The children, too, wear little wooden shoes; and the heels of their stockings are always worn out, and show every time they take a step. The fronts of their jackets are covered with brightly-coloured decorations, and on their heads they wear white caps. Moreover, many of them have learned enough English to be able to grasp the stranger by the arm, and surround him, and cry with shrill voices: "Give me money! Give me money!" But if the stranger gives them money, they follow him about, crying all the louder: "Give me money! Give me money!"

In one of these villages, Volendam, I think, there is a beautifully-situated hotel, where many artists resort. The proprietor must be a genial man; for every artist that has stayed with him has left him a specimen of his work; so that the walls of the hotel are adorned with scores of paintings. Another adornment of his hotel was his comely, fair-haired daughter, who, by the way, was the only "tipable" person I met with in Europe who would not take a tip. She spoke English well, and conversed with each of her guests in turn. In answer to her

inquiries, I told her that I was from Canada. "Ah," said she, "I have many friends in Canada. It is far away."

After dinner, this damsel led our party to an upper room, which was furnished in the fashion of two or three centuries ago and with aged furniture and odds-and-ends preserved since those days. All sorts of spinning contrivances were there, old chinaware, and a thousand other curious things, including some cloth three hundred years old, but which looked fresh and felt like tough linen paper. The family bed, too, was there—a cavity about two feet high and six long, set in the wall, four or five feet from the floor. To this day the people of these villages sleep in beds like it. But generally the bed is divided into an upper and a lower compartment: the upper part for the father and mother and baby, as our fair hostess explained, and the lower for the family. "Why," said she, "I know an old woman who is my friend, and her bed has only one compartment, and she sleeps in it with her nine sons; and they are all grown up."

In these villages there are many quaint churches, and here and there a stately cathedral, centuries old. Each pew has its huge Bible with glaring yellow leaves.

While in Volendam, at our request, our guide took us into a typical cottage. The Dutch family in these districts has only one room for all purposes. But the one room is simply furnished, and is kept scrupulously clean. In this particular cottage there was a little girl of thirteen who had met with an accident months before, and whose swollen hands lay on her lap forever useless. Sweet-faced she was; but the hand of Death could be seen stealing over her brow. Our guide talked with the mother, and then told us that a great American doctor had visited the little girl when he was in the village and had said that she could never get better. But

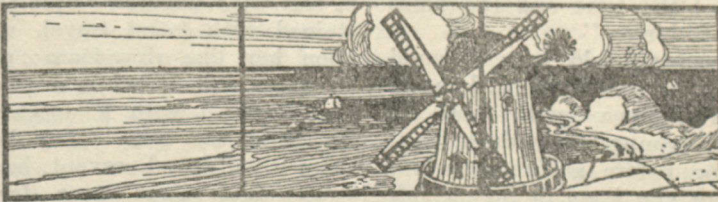
he had given her a magnificent present—enough money to buy an egg every day for six months. This magnificent present might amount to a Canadian dollar.

Walking by a narrow canal in Volendam that day, we came upon two old hags sitting over a bucket of eels, the wriggling contents of which they were decapitating and cleaning with some skill. When they saw us, they immediately set up a great chattering, and cast looks of the bitterest malignance upon us. I surmised that this was because we were English-speaking, and that perhaps they had lost sons in the Boer War. Who knows? When we had passed, one of them, thinking herself unobserved, threw a great eel's head across the canal at our little party, but happily, with the usual feminine precision or lack of it, she missed the mark.

A few days after that, we returned to Rotterdam; and I remember that I had just stepped off the train when I was joyously greeted by a well-known young man, who made a final but futile attempt to beguile me to the *fabrique*.

While on the way to the steamer next day, I met this worthy for the last time. He confidentially told me that he was very thirsty. Would I give him enough money for a glass of beer? He had rendered me several services, and I gladly offered him the equivalent of a Canadian dollar for beer. But he would not take it. He would only take enough for one glass—about two Canadian cents; and gleefully putting the coin into his pocket, he bade me farewell, with some show of affection, and hastened away to get his beer, and to pursue his calling, which, I have every reason to think, was not "of the Government," but was to lead unsuspecting strangers to his employer's cigar-shop.

These, then, are a few superficial glimpses of Holland; and surely it is a quaint and charming land. Nevertheless, when, one morning, we steamed up the Thames, and under the great Tower Bridge, which was uplifted to let us pass, it was indeed pleasant to be again in a land where we could hear on all sides the music of our own tongue.



THE LOST ORCHARD

A Legend of French Canada

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

MONSIEUR will have had a good day?" said old Grégoire, opening the gate.

The young man, coming up through the willows with a load of sketching materials on his sturdy shoulders and the notes of a tender little song on his lips, spread his fine hands abroad in a gesture of despair. "Can I paint all this, my excellent père Grégoire?" he asked. "Can I, with a few poor colours in little tubes and a square of paper or canvas, catch and hold the red of the young oaks, the green of the young grass, the blue of the young sky, and every tint of silver and carmine, umber and yellow that was ever displayed for the delight and humiliation of mankind? I have done nothing but lie on the warm earth, eat fresh water-cress, and whistle to the thrushes, — nothing, that is, which counts. But there is one,—just a little one,—which catches the spirit of the time and the place not so ill, I think—"

He showed the old man a rapid water-colour of a lost orchard: rows of little wild-grown apple trees all aslant in the young spring dusk, as if still bending before an unfelt wind, and nowhere any heap or hollow left that might have been a home.

"It looks as if it had a story, that place," said the young artist. "When I came upon it, hidden away in the merry woods, it was as if the soft hands of old memories had been laid upon me, pleading with me to stay. So I stayed, and painted this in the

half-light. Those trees look as if they had been great and fruitful once, and had shrunken through years and sorrows."

Père Grégoire nodded slowly as he handed back the sketch. "It is the very place itself. Eh, yes! There is a story, an all but forgotten one. It happened so long ago that their names are lost, the names of those who planted the trees and made the orchard in the forest. It is only remembered of them that they lived, and loved; and at the end died, m'sieur.

"Before there were any settlements near they came, these two, the young man and the girl, running from some great fear that was on their track. They fled, as it were, with eyes that looked to see death following, but they laughed and loved in the face of death. It is said that the lady was slim and very beautiful, wrapped in soft wine-coloured cloths that were stained with forest travel, with lace upon her like river-foam; and that he was a gallant lad in a green cloak and a sword with a brightness of jewels at the hilt. They had with them a half-breed servant, but he ran away; and some poor farm-tools, seeds and saplings; they reclaimed that clearing from the woods, living there like Adam and his Eve—my faith, yes!—in a little log hut the man built, and always looking to see some fiery sword of vengeance casting them out of their poor paradise. It seemed they never doubted it would

come; but only asked "How long!" and went on with their laughing and loving.

"Picture them to yourself, m'sieur, these unknown dead, growing less and less of the life of their kind. Hunger of the lone snows, silence of the long nights, the fiery fear of the dry hot woods when the bird is hushed and the leaf falls heavily, all these they knew, counting them light and little in the weight of that fear that followed them. They were afraid and they were happy. The lady,—the lady learned to fish through the ice and soften the deerskin like a squaw, to cook, and weed their straggling rows of beans and watch the sprouting of the corn; to grind the grain and make bread and eat of it, she and her man. And he was a digger, a hunter, a snarer of birds, a trapper of muskrats. They wrested a little living from the wilderness by their infinite courage, but it took toll of them, heavily, heavily; scarring their smooth faces, roughening their hands, bending their gentle bodies. But always it was 'How goes it with you, my beloved?' 'Well, because I behold you again after many desolate hours.' 'There is only corn bread and herbs to set before my king.' 'There is love, my queen, would sweeten worsen fare.' Such fine courtesies and compliments, with the coarsened hand above the so faithful heart.

"Year by year that sword of vengeance delayed, but they did not forget. Such a bitter hard paradise, m'sieur! They were dressed like Indians, like savages of the woods, brown and lean and knotted with battling hunger. Yet still, they say, it was '*Madame, à votre beauté,*' and '*Monsieur, à votre cœur vaillant.*' Still they laughed and loved, and their roots multiplied and their little saplings grew.

"Of all things in that strange life, it is said, the little lady clung most to her apple trees. Perhaps she had known them before, in some great Normandy orchard, where the white

linens lay out to bleach, and the white clouds darkened the blossoming boughs to pearl and a shadow of red ruby.

"It was the year when the apple trees blossomed the first time, and the girl was moving softly among them; perhaps to lay her worn face upon the round sweet buds and think that her cheek had once been as fine, her hands as soft, her gowns as sweet. Who knows? Perhaps the loveliness touched her to some of her old lightness and grace; it was evening of young spring, a golden evening fading out to a clear purple dusk, full of stars, of wet winds creeping through the boughs, the song of thrushes, the smell of new leaves sweeter than wine. She sang as she went,—so the story has it,—sang a little rippling dance tune that maybe the horns and the violins had played many a time for her merry silken feet. And then the quiet of the woods broke to a thunderous sound, for those old pieces were noisy, m'sieur; a patch of white smoke floated a few minutes, for a few minutes the birds were afraid. And the poor lady lay under her apple boughs, and the blooms she held to her heart were redder than any rose—

"Is it so sad, this old tale? To the young, maybe, it is so. But look you, to the last hour she had her love and her laughter, and she paid her price in a moment. Not in slow years and slower tears, not in a sordid age, not in a fanning of cold ashes, but in a clean shot and a brave laugh cut short. He! I grieve, though, that her name is forgotten.

"Under the apple boughs the man found her, and he too laughed. The sword was falling, the gates were closing. Yet I cannot think of those two, m'sieur, as shut out of their paradise, but rather as closed eternally within it.

"He laughed, and kissed the hands that were spoiled with work, the little feet shapeless in moccasins. And laughing he stood up, looking towards the woods. '*J'ai le droit,*' he cried,

'*j'ai le droit, monseigneur!*' The second shot took him above the heart. He fell, and kissed her once, and died. But that vengeance never turned them out of their paradise. They were within forever, resting upon the compassion of God."

There was a silence, while the hermit-thrush fluted from the red maple and the winds were still.

"God's pity upon all true lovers," said the young artist gently. "I am sorry their names are lost. What a heart she had, that little lady of France! Does she ever come back, I wonder, to look at her orchard blossoming as I saw it this evening,—pearls breaking from a thin red sheath?"

Père Grégoire drew heavily upon his pipe.

"That orchard has not blossomed since my father was a boy, m'sieur," he said.

The young man stared.

"But I saw it, I felt it!" he answered. "The moony gleam lying along the boughs, the warm sweetness in my face. There is no scent

like the scent of apple trees, Père Grégoire."

"I also," said the old man quietly, "I also have seen the whiteness upon the branches, felt the fragrance in my face. Nevertheless those trees have known no bloom for eighty years. There is a dream, a shadow, a vision upon the place, m'sieur. And whoever sees those boughs in blossom, his happiness shall blossom, too, and he shall not long be parted from his beloved."

"O, happy vision!" said the young artist with a soft laugh. "I shall see Amélie this very week, maybe! But you, you also have seen this fair illusion, this sweet remembrance of old love and sorrow! Ah, ah, Père Grégoire! Are you going courting the Widow Lenoir?"

"O happy vision!" echoed the old man gravely. "Happy no less for the old than for the young. I also have loved, m'sieur, and it is not likely that we are to be parted much longer. For I am very old, and she has been dead these fifty years, my dear. Come, let us go in."



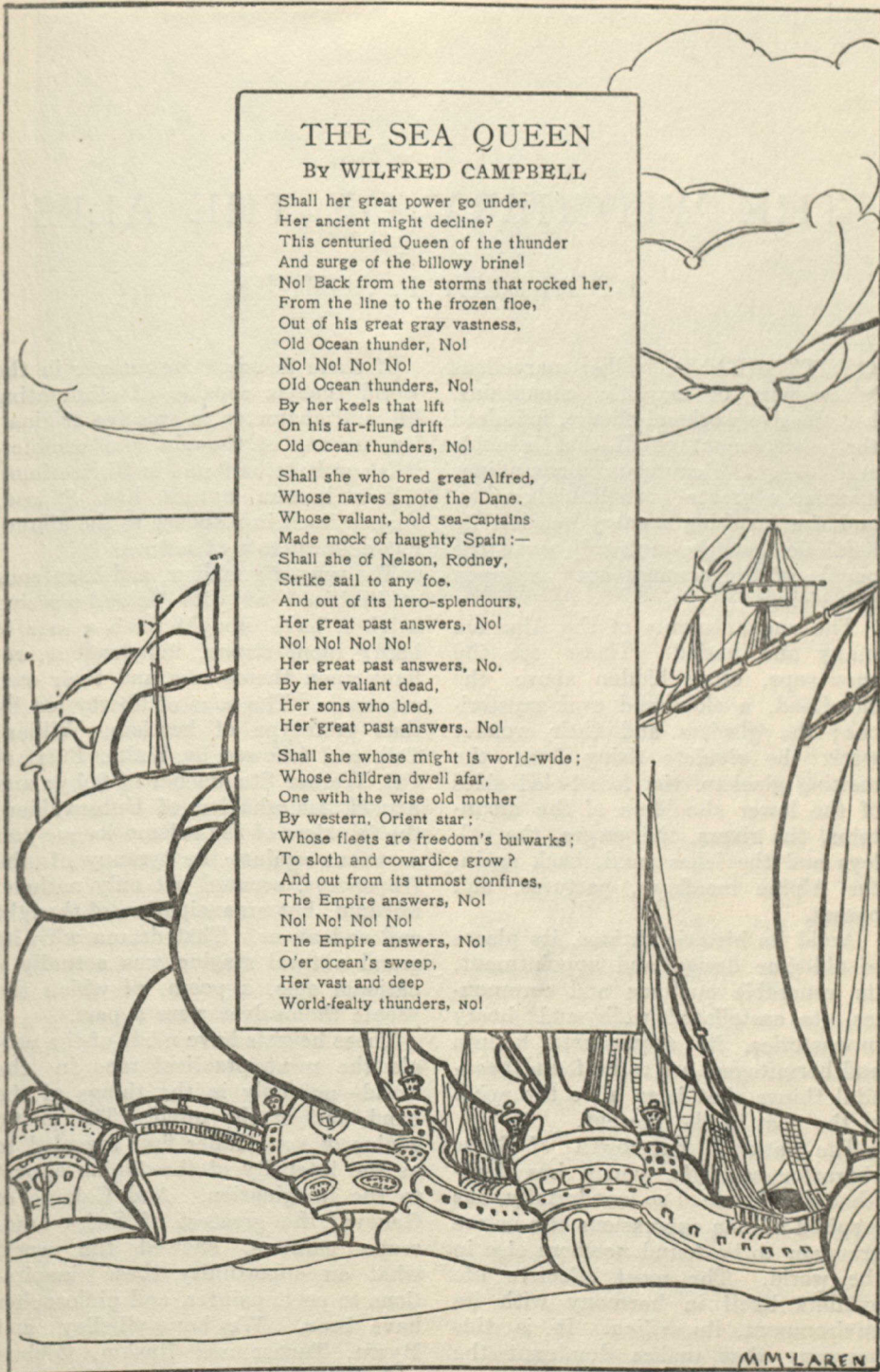
THE SEA QUEEN

BY WILFRED CAMPBELL

Shall her great power go under,
Her ancient might decline?
This centuried Queen of the thunder
And surge of the billowy brine!
No! Back from the storms that rocked her,
From the line to the frozen floe,
Out of his great gray vastness,
Old Ocean thunder, No!
No! No! No! No!
Old Ocean thunders, No!
By her keels that lift
On his far-flung drift
Old Ocean thunders, No!

Shall she who bred great Alfred,
Whose navies smote the Dane.
Whose valliant, bold sea-captains
Made mock of haughty Spain:—
Shall she of Nelson, Rodney,
Strike sail to any foe.
And out of its hero-splendours,
Her great past answers, No!
No! No! No! No!
Her great past answers, No.
By her valliant dead,
Her sons who bled,
Her great past answers, No!

Shall she whose might is world-wide;
Whose children dwell afar,
One with the wise old mother
By western, Orient star:
Whose fleets are freedom's bulwarks;
To sloth and cowardice grow?
And out from its utmost confines,
The Empire answers, No!
No! No! No! No!
The Empire answers, No!
O'er ocean's sweep,
Her vast and deep
World-fealty thunders, no!



M.M. LAREN

THE WITCHERY OF THE ALPS

BY HEDLEY P. SOMNER

SWITZERLAND, by her marvellous scenery of majestic mountains, her massive works of nature, is indeed the environment of all that is noble and lovely. Beauteous surroundings invariably create beautiful thoughts, and the inspiring scenery has left its indelible tracings, not only upon the people of the country but also upon the visitor.

The enchantments of the Alps are many and varied. There are the snow-caps, often hidden above the cloudland, a cloudland ever mysterious; the glaciers and their wonder work, the rivulets rising from the melting glaciers, the forest-clad sides of the lower shoulders of the mountains, the rivers, the gorges, the valleys and the lakes; and, back again, the Alpine meadows, pastures, and passes.

Amid its historic shrines, its places of old-time design and appointment, its venerable customs and ceremonies, its castellated walls and hoary monasteries, its sequestered haunts and hermitages, are to be found beautiful things that keep alive the spirit of the past in the present.

The national outgrowth of Swiss character and life, which has flourished and bloomed so wonderfully, has inspired human expressions of a native grandeur to be found nowhere else in the world. The most effective life exhibits itself in harmony with its environment, its *milieu*. It is this harmony that makes dominant the race and national character.

If there is any environment in the world that is capable of stimulating life and character to creative originality, beauty of thought and conduct, it is surely to be found in Switzerland, where human nature has, indeed, shaped itself in response to the abundant endowments of nature.

The rugged grandeur, and beauteous sublimities of its cloud-piercing heights, have brought forth a race of hardy men, strong, independent, reliant upon themselves and their own resources. The sons of liberty led by that prototype of heroism, William Tell, and followed by Walter Fürst of Uri, Werner Stauffacher of Schyz and Arnold Anderhalden of Unterwalden, the founders of the solemn league and covenant against the tyranny of the Hapsburgs, secured not only national freedom, but emancipation of thought and endeavour. That drama with its grand natural staging was actually a national epic, a poem, of which the people themselves were a part.

These heights have made of the people the most practical race in the world—not only in the things of the hand, but of the mind. The poetic genius of von Haller first revealed to us the intensity of the Alpine appeal to the imagination. And Calame of Geneva, the greatest of Swiss landscape painters, showed the world what an opportunity these inspirations to poet, painter, and philosopher have been. We have Shelley and Byron, Turner and Ruskin, Gibbon and Voltaire, and hosts of others.



THE FAMOUS ROSEG. GLACIER, DESCENDING FROM THE TITANIC GIANTS OF THE ENGADINE

Truly here is the realm of inspiration where great minds and great thoughts have found and ever find expression.

The effect produced on individuals by Swiss scenery differs widely. The artist, the writer, and the painter; the scientist, the geologist or the physicist—scientific, imaginative, or merely practical—has a different story to tell, a view-point that is strange to the other. Hence one man's impression is not the point of interest of another. For each beholder yields to a different thrall—and he comes away with a different message to the world.

While gazing at these mighty Titans of the Alps, upon whose brows are sparkling diadems of snow, whose peaks are bathed in the azure of the morning sun, a feeling of adoration fills the inmost soul and one realises the presence of an omnipotence of whose might the very rocks preach eloquent sermons.

Illustrious poets have sung their praises. Some have taken for their theme the supreme majesty of the

mountains, while others have made verses of the landscapes so full of charm and fascinating loveliness. Goethe in his apostrophe to the Swiss Alps says:

“Yesterday, brown was still thy head, as
the locks of my loved one,
Whose sweet image so dear silently
beckons afar.
Silver gray is the early snow to-day on
thy summit,
Through the tempestuous night stream-
ing fast over thy brow.”

The wild enthusiasm of writers on the Alps is catching. Alexandre Dumas, *père*, thus reflects his thoughts from the Rigi-Kulm:

“There are descriptions that the pen cannot describe and there are pictures that the painter cannot paint with his brush.”

Byron's description of the Lake of Geneva is classic:

“Clear, placid Lemán! thy contrasted
lake
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to
forsake



A PICTURESQUE CORNER OF LAKE OF THUN, WITH A PANORAMA OF THE ALPS IN THE DISTANCE

Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring

Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice re-
proved

That I with stern delights should e'er
have been so moved."

A veritable word painting comes to us from the pen of Ruskin:

"Waves of clear sea are indeed lovely to watch, but they are always coming or gone, never in any taken shape to be seen for a second. But here was one mighty wave that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it, constant as the wreathing of a shell. No wasting away of the fallen foam, no pause for gathering of power, no helpless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper and, while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue, gentian-blue, peacock-blue, river of paradise blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it forever from her snow."

Another description comes to mind of a view famous from Geneva:

"There's Saleve's own platform facing
glory which strikes greatness small,
Blanc supreme above his earth-brood
needles red and white and green,
Horns of silver, fangs of crystal set on
edge in his demesne."

A later poet, William Watson, describes the barque:

"The rose of eve steals up the snow;
On the waters far below
Strange sails like wings
Half-bodilessly come and go—
Fantastic things."

Chillon, a block of towers on a block of rocks, has for nearly ten centuries mirrored itself on the deep waters of the Lake of Geneva, calling up far-off memories, those of Peter of Savoy and of de Bonnavard the famous prisoner:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnavard!—May none those marks
efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."



THE ROAD TO LOVELY ROSENLAUI, BERNESE OBERLAND

F. von Tschudi, the well-known Swiss naturalist and writer of the last century said:

"With its ever changing surroundings, the peculiar shape of its mountains, its beautiful valleys, its refreshing cascades, and its stately villages, the Simmenthal is one of the most interesting districts of the canton of Berne. A population remarkable alike for its physical vigour as for its intellectual qualities, has come to settle on the finest of Alpine lands, and devotes its energies to the rational breeding of cattle. It is indeed no easy task to minutely describe this country so richly endowed by nature."

Conrad Ferdinand Meyer thus sings of Engelberg:

"A sunlit Alpine valley,
Wandered through in my youth,
Rose before me of a sudden
In its bitter loveliness,
With its heaven so pure and deep
Round sombre, abrupt cliffs—"

And his description of the dawn on Titlis:

" Silvery pale
The Titlis in the kingdoms of the air!
A gleam of rose gently hovers o'er it,

A sheen of joy thrills o'er it;
The monarch's pale head awakes
Kindled into the flush of life;
The blood mounts to his brow,
And glows ever warmer in its course;
The old man takes his purple mantle,
Then wakes the circle of his ministers;
And round the lofty, early ancient
The mountain forms are animated;
Those in darkness begin to glow;
They are the battlement of the Engel-
berg!"

Miss Havergal's sunrise is also inspiring:

"Now I have seen it at last, a real Alpine dawn and sunrise in perfection! When we came out we saw the 'daffodil sky,' which Tyndall describes, in the east, a calm glory of expectant light, as if something positively celestial must come next, instead of merely the usual sun. In the south-west the grandest mountains stood white and perfectly clear, as if they might be waiting for the resurrection, with the moon shining pale and yet radiant over them, the deep Rhone valley dark and gravelike in contrast below. As we got higher, the first rosy flush struck the Miscabel, and then the Weisshorn and Monte Leone came to life too; real rose, with something you had to persuade yourself was rose colour, only



THE MATTERHORN MIRRORED IN RIFFEL LAKE

it was rose fire, delicate yet intense. The Weisshorn was in its full glory, looking more perfectly lovely than any earthly thing I ever yet saw, when the tip of the Matterhorn caught the red light on its evil-looking rock peak. It was just like a volcano and looked rather awful than lovely, and gave me the impression of an evil angel impotently wrathful, shrinking away from the serene glory and utter purity of a holy angel which that Weisshorn at dawn might represent if anything earthly could."

Emil Yung describes Zermatt as :

"A little village surrounded by green pastures, many-coloured rocks and the dazzling whiteness of eternal snows,—one of the most striking and grandiose scenes in Switzerland. Here are sun-burnt faces, outlandish accents, gestures of surprise and eager bustle in search of a lodging. Nor is this always an easy quest during the months of July and August, when two thousand tourists are staying in Zermatt, whose native population does not exceed five hundred."

Alfred Müller, a Swiss poet, declares :

"No human soul is so degenerate, no mind so low as not to be overpowered here by the calm majesty of the spec-

tacle, the chain is built up in so extremely beautiful a manner, so bold is it in outline, so superb in detail, and at the same time, in spite of our closeness to it, more fully exposed to view here than anywhere else. Its beauty elevates our minds."

Sir Martin Conway, constant in his loyalty to the Alps, exclaims :

"What beauty there is in the great snow-fields that wearied waders through their soft envelope are in no condition to appreciate. For to be observed at their grandest they must be seen in the full glare of mid-daylight, when details are swallowed up in radiant, all-overpowering splendour. Great views are ennobled by the grandeur of full sunshine. So in the snow fields, when the eye can barely suffer to rest on them they are most impressive. If there be specks of dust upon the snow they disappear then from vision. With the brightness comes perfect purity, and the very idea of possible contamination vanishes away."

What makes the Alpine scenic and seasonal environment such a marvelous tonic to the depressed spirit of man? Mr. Frederic Harrison, the English essayist, has given this recurrent question a most appropriate answer :

"I find it in the immense range of the moods in which nature is seen in the Alps, at least by those who have fully absorbed all the forms, sights, sounds, wonders, and adventures they offer. An hour's walk will show them all in profound contrast and yet in exquisite harmony. The Alps form a book of nature as wide and as mysterious as life."

To him Switzerland is a rhythm, not only of nature, but of human life—to know the Alps is to know humanity. At seventy-five, Mr. Harrison finds as much joy, and sees as much beauty, in the Alps, as he did when his first gaze rested on them. He, too, declares, that the superlative beauties of these Titan peaks are to be obtained from the middle heights—looking down, for instance, upon one of the greeting lakes, in the foreground; and up, upon the rising grandeurs, of the background of the panorama.

"I am satisfied for the most part to go as high up as the mountain ash will thrive, with an occasional look from one of the central points, which can be reached without axes and ropes and yet command a vast range of snow-field, glacier, and peak."

And writing from Glion, his latest headquarters, he says:

"As I look down from the rocks which tower above Glion, I realise how those fierce fangs of the mighty Dent, of Diablerets, of d'Argentiere, the long spurs of Chablais in Savoy, are themselves but the débris of primeval Himalayas, from which monstrous glaciers descend to scoop out the lake."

To all, the call of the Alpine height is perpetual. The gentle Miss Haver-gal thus sings of the lure:

"Ho! for the Alps! The weary plains of
France,
And the night-shadows leaving far be-
hind,
For the pearl horizons with pure sum-
mits lined
On through the Jura-gorge, in swift ad-
vance—
The climber! with keen hope and buoyant
glee,
On to the mountain land, home of the
strong and free!

"On to the morning flush of gold and
rose;

On! to the torrent and the hoary pine;
On! to the stillness of life's utmost
line;

On! to the crimson fire of sunset snows.
Short star-lit rest, then with the dawn's
first streak,

On! to the silent crown of some lone icy
peak,

To emulate the chamois-hunter's leap
Or darkly climb the sharp arête, or slope
of snow;

With Titan towers above and cloud-filled
gulfs below."

The effect of this natural beauty, which encompasses the Swiss people in their home and national life, is seen in the beauty of their ideals, in their gladsome faces, and in their quaint costumes.

The costumes of these idyllic peasants, best seen on some festive occasion, are as picturesque as the scenery and in perfect harmony with their surroundings. They vary according to the different localities, but they are all distinctive and beautiful. In Appenzell the women are often seen in cantonal costume. The skirt is plain, of black or dark red, the glory being in the bodice and head dress. The bodice is of black velvet, strung across, back and front, with silver cord, and a deal of chainwork and jewellery is liberally used for the purpose of adornment. The bonnet worn at the back of the head, with streamers of black ribbon, has a pair of large black semi-circular wings. These wings are attached to the hair and made to come to a point over the forehead and are always *en évidence*, although the bonnet is often discarded.

The Bernese peasant girl is beautiful, with her snow-white shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, exposing to view a sunburnt, strong arm, the red stays laced with black in front and adorned with silver chains and buckles. The skirts are short enough to make walking comfortable and to display a well-turned ankle and a neat homemade white stocking. It is a costume at once practical and simple



PANORAMA FROM THE ROTHORN, SHOWING THE BERNESE TITANS—EIGER, MONCH, JUNGFRAU, GROSSHORN AND BREITHORN

While many of the antique fashions have disappeared, there is still a quaint reminiscence of the old style worn by the men, especially in the higher regions of the Alpine valleys, among the herders. Such costume consists of knee pants, a broad belt, heavy, short stockings, a jacket, something of yellow material, with short sleeves, and a small round "kappi." The strong deep-chested muscular body of the mountaineer fits this costume to perfection, and he and his kirtled companions fill the scene with a life that is appropriate to the environment surrounding the Alpine *châlets*.

Many of these *châlets* are perched on shelves of rock high upon the mountain side, as if ready to tumble over, as it appears to the beholder in the valley. Sometimes they do tumble over when an avalanche or tremour of the earth temporarily unsettles the mountain. The Swiss mountaineer is accustomed to this danger. He is fearless in the storms

that suddenly project masses of snow with unresisting force against his shelter. Always prepared for them, he is provident in season. The thunder-claps are as music to his ear, in accord with the wild rhythm of nature in which he has his being.

True to nature, one finds the inhabitants of this little Eden spot cherishing thoughts as noble as the mountains are majestic and as beautiful as the scenery is magnificent. Miss Havergal refers in one of her visits to the beautiful words of the Swiss national songs: "A school came on board going to Fluellen and struck up some uncommonly pretty Swiss national songs in three parts. The effect of one in particular was quite upsetting, it was so sweet and charming."

The mountaineer's response to the sound of the herder's joyous yodel, is the "alpenhorn," a long horn, the effect of which must be heard in the Alps to be appreciated. The mountains echo it with infinite sweetness,



A ROMANTIC PASTORAL SCENE NEAR ADELBOLDEN, IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND

and the effect is thrilling. The farther the distance from which its tones are heard, the more flute-like seems its answer — powerful, yet mellow. Strong and sweet, it fills the valleys, while the echoes are flung weirdly and strangely from the mountain walls. In olden times, when the sturdy Schweitzer had often to leave his cattle and repel an intruding force, the alpenhorn was the means of summoning him to arms. Even now the melody has a haunting sound that seems to speak of martial deeds.

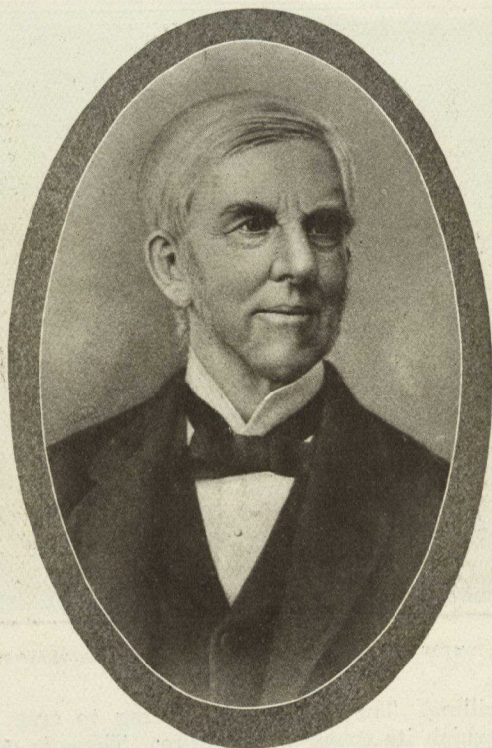
“No wonder the sound of the alpenhorn was forbidden during the days when Swiss served as mercenaries to France and Italy and other countries,” says a writer. “Its sound would cause hundreds of otherwise faithful soldiers to desert for their Alps. And the songs with which Alpine herders call their companions from hill to hill,

from crag to crag, are of the same nature. There is no melody that will rouse the blood of a Swiss as the ‘Kuhreihen.’ The words of the song vary in different parts of Switzerland, but the effect is the same. It is a song of extreme melancholy, “of the homesickness in which the absent Swiss sees again, as in a musical vision, the *châlet* in which he was born, the mountains where the herds shake their mellow bells as they graze.”

Happy indeed is Switzerland for she is forever blessed by nature and appreciated by man.

“It is a land, a happy land;
 A beauteous sky, aye smiling on its plains,
 And, bathed by lakes so blue and grand,
 Its soil rests 'gainst the mountains white,
 An image sweet of paradise
 That is my land, my own dear land!”





OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH IS BEING CELEBRATED THIS MONTH

AN HOUR WITH OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES BY GRACE McLEOD ROGERS

TO begin at the beginning, I must tell you that "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was my first Primer, my mother remembering that I would follow her about the house with the book in hand, asking letters, and words, till I had mastered from it the alphabet and easy reading. It would be gratifying to believe that this was a love for good literature thus early manifested. But the bright yellow cover of the Routledge edition in which the book was then

issued, with Holmes' own kindly face on the outside page, was doubtless the true attraction.

It proved a primer from which I never care to grade. The Breakfast-Series books were read aloud in our home, and very early we children learned that inside their yellow covers lived young Benjamin, and John, and Iris, and the dear Little Gentleman. We learned by heart "The Chambered Nautilus," "Old Ironsides," Aunt Tabitha," "The Deacon and His One

Horse Shay," and the little poem on the Katydid. As soon as parental permission was granted I eagerly read through the whole series for myself, and though I could not have understood half the contents I recall very vividly my keen enjoyment, and the equally keen envious pain I felt, to know that one man could write so charmingly and that all mortals could not be alike gifted.

Having thus cherished so long an admiration for Dr. Holmes, it was not wonderful that on my first visit to Boston I should make a pilgrimage to King's Chapel where he worshipped—to the old Copp Hill burying-ground to see if I might trace the place of the Little Gentleman's grave—to the great elms on the Common, and up the Mall called the "Long Path" which led to the ginkgo tree where the Autocrat and Schoolmistress stood the morning he told her his love. I was even emboldened to venture an interview with the Autocrat himself.

Friends in the city advised me not to attempt it, said he had of late grown rather testy in manner to the curious public, and impatient of interruption; that his recent trip abroad with all its triumphal progress, received and fêted by nobility and royalty, had made him less desirous of general admiration, and that if I did not want to risk finding my "idol's feet were clay," I had better not seek the interview. But resenting the imputation upon his kindness and daring the cold and indifferent reception, I started out on an afternoon in mid-October, for his home.

The leaves were falling in brown and yellow showers, soft, and fast over the green sward and dark malls as I crossed the Common, wending my way up the Long Path and past the "ginkgo tree" to get myself as it were *en rapport* with the occasion. Soon I reached Beacon Street, and the "brown stone front" which bore on its door-plate the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes. How many of the great and wise of earth had stood at

that portal: Agassiz, Ruskin, Emerson, all that famous galaxy of New England writers, with Matthew and Sir Edwin Arnold, Carlyle, and every literary guest of importance from Old England—each with right of wit or friendship, for entrance. I became abashed at thought of venturing my unknown petty self over so storied a threshold.

But the bell had already sounded. There could now be no retreat. A maid promptly answered my summons, ushered me into the reception-room, took my card, and vanished. Before I had time to become apprehensive or agitated, she returned, saying that "Dr. Holmes was at leisure and would receive me in the library."

I followed her up the long stair, and in a few seconds was in his presence, making my greeting. His pictured face had hung above my desk for ten years. He did not seem a stranger to my sight.

At first glance his appearance was somewhat feeble, just a

"General flavour of mild decay,
Nothing local as one might say."

This vanished when he spoke, his countenance lighting wonderfully. He talked in an easy, kindly fashion, with a deep rich voice, and you saw that he retained to a remarkable degree his full faculties, nowhere a break, sight, hearing and understanding yet keen. But he told me that though he had "worn well," he feared his memory was failing him. He had that day "found a volume of poems sent him by Tennyson, with an accompanying letter, unacknowledged." The death of the poet had just now brought it to his recollection.

In this connection he pointed to a large bundle of letters on his desk, saying that they were "the accumulation of but one week, a few from friends, but the greater number from strangers, that he could not attempt to read them all personally, nor even through his secretary could he answer

them all, though he was grateful for the words of praise they contained."

Just then I caught a note of the testy manner I had been warned of, and I felt myself to be one of these strangers who had no proper claim upon a great man. For I had myself written him a note a few days previously, with a presentation copy of my "Acadian Tales," not expecting a reply from him, but intending it more as a preliminary hearing to lead up to my visit.

No one likes to be "one of a bunch," so I made no allusion to the letter and the book when he presently asked me about my native province. He talked pleasantly and familiarly of its history, and of the poem "his friend Longfellow had written on the exiled Acadians," and said that he had "once projected a trip to Nova Scotia himself, but had been prevented from carrying it out."

This led him to speak of his recent journey abroad, its many incidents of interest, and of the "warm receptions accorded him by folk of high estate, and the enthusiasm of the general public."

By this time I judged twenty minutes must have elapsed, the limit for a formal call, and I rose to take my leave, venturing as I made my farewell to tell him of the many years I had cherished a desire to see him, and that my assurance in thus intruding upon him was born only of that desire and not of idle curiosity.

To which he replied that he was "gratified for all admiration and interest in himself and his writing, and was sorry he had not a better personality to show his friends but that was not his fault!"

He also spoke again of his failing memory, said it was "but the result of living unduly long, that all the people of his time had left him, his friend Samuel Francis Smith alone remaining of all the brilliant assemblage of the past generations." Then, extending his delicate white hand, he bade me a kindly good-bye.

Certainly, I had nothing to complain of. He had received me. He had conversed pleasantly with me, and yet in my heart I was not fully pleased, neither with my hero, nor my interview. It was satisfactory, but not satisfying.

As I passed out the door-way, he spoke my name, saying, "I suppose you would like my autograph."

Now I did not especially desire it, had not even thought of it, and I "spoke the truth in love" and told him so. He gave me a quick, pleasant glance, and held out his hand again in greeting.

"Come back," he said, "stay a little while, I want to show you the view from my window. But first I am really going to give you *that autograph*. It was presumption for me to suppose you did want it, but they all do, strangers, and often friends, and ask for it too."

"I am going to write it for you on your own card," he continued, seating himself at his desk, "and you shall have a sample of my very best writing, with my very best pen."

When he had finished he added quizzically, as he passed me the card, "Now some day for some reason you may want to specially remember the date of this visit to Boston, and failing to fix the time you will say 'Let me see, I went to call on an Old Dr. Holmes that trip, and his name and date of the call are written on a card somewhere'; that will settle it."

I had nothing more to complain of, for in very truth my host was now the genial Autocrat,—the bright twinkling eyes, the magnetic presence, the felicitous power to adapt himself to every occasion, and to say the right thing in the right place and in the happiest way—the one and only Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Now come to my window," he said, "and when you remember me again you can think of what I look out upon each day."

The house was situated on the water side of Beacon Street, and the library

is at the back, facing the broad river front and commanding a view up and down as well as across the river. Brighton, Cambridge, and Chelsea are in the distance, the tower of old Memorial Hall looming above the trees, off to the right the gilded dome of the State House—beyond all these, the hills, crowned that day in autumn glory. But the Charles River, full, and gray, and still, was where his gaze fell most often, he said, and he quoted from Longfellow's poem as he traced me the river's silver way:

"Friends I loved have dwelt beside it,
And have made its margin dear."

And when I added the rest of the stanza he seemed pleased that I too knew the verses and we repeated them together, to the end.

I told him that one of his poems was included in our Canadian Baptist Hymnal, and he said it had never been a special ambition of his to be known as a writer of hymns, that he left that for his friend and classmate Dr. Smith, but he "recognised the wide field his words would have in such a setting, and was glad if they could minister comfort and strength."

This led him to speak of King's Chapel, and Dr. Peabody, and the form of worship there, and the "value of worship everywhere." He said he "had his own thoughts about it all, but that it rested him to sit in the fine old place, because he had worshipped there when he was young himself, when his children were young, when they were grown, when they were gone, and he should go there to the end."

Then he showed me his books, exquisite volumes of poetry, science and art, presentation copies from the greatest writers of the age, a superb edition of his own works lately given him as a birthday gift by his publishers, and many a rare set showing the

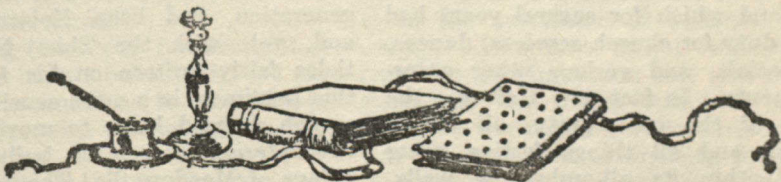
"Red morocco's brilliant gleam
And vellum rich as country cream."

Half an hour passed delightfully away. Once again I rose to make my departure. This time he accompanied me to the door, and down the hall to the steps, standing there till I had reached the door below—perhaps because he wanted to "really see the last of me," in illustration of his own professor's way of "helping people off!"—perhaps to have an "eye on the spoons," for the rooms downstairs were open and vacant; but in truth I believe it was because of his genial, chivalrous spirit, for as I glanced upward he gave me a gracious bow, and returned to his study.

Two days later I received a letter from him, a closely covered page, in his own fine handwriting, so kindly worded—the crown and seal of my pleasant visit.

And on the following day came another letter from him, an acknowledgment of the "Acadian Tales," sent to the care of my publishers, D. Lothrop Company, and written *before I had visited him*, but *written by himself*. I had not been "one of a bunch," after all.

Treasured sheets they are, and precious the memory of that October afternoon in the Autocrat's library.



THE WAY OF THE WEST

BY HELEN GUTHRIE

MEADOWVILLE must have a church. There was no doubt about that. Apart from all moral and religious considerations (which should count, perhaps, in some measure), it was quite obvious that any self-respecting western prairie town, boasting of three elevators, a school, six shops and a livery-stable, ought to be able to point to a church-steeple among its other possessions. Public opinion, both in Meadowville and in the surrounding country, was quite unanimous.

In accordance with this generally felt sentiment, the Presbyterians, led by a young and ardent Scotch minister, fresh from the heather, called a congregational meeting to discuss ways and means. Everybody was invited to be present, whether English, Scotch, Irish or Dutch as to creed, and everybody turned up, imbued with the true western idea that creeds count for little and that the strongest "has it." "Might is right!"

It was on a certain Wednesday evening that the farm waggons and buggies of the country folk drove into town and "hitched up" before "The Icelanders' Hall," a building not so bleak and cold as its name might imply, and which for several years had done duty for church services, dances, box-socials, and various other entertainments. In fact, the Hall was the pulse of the community, all things solemn and all things festive being held within its all-embracing walls.

As no sort of gathering in the West is complete without "inward cheer,"

each lady, as she entered the Hall, walked proudly up the aisle to the front, disappeared into a room behind the platform, and there deposited her donation to the "supper," before taking her seat among the audience. If, therefore, one were sitting next the aisle, one's nostrils were regaled with appetising whiffs of hot scones, fresh gingerbread, etc., as all sorts of napkin-crowned dainties found their way into the Icelandic kitchen.

Finally the meeting was called to order; the absorbing topics of wheat, oats, and summer-fallow were suspended, and the Man of Heather opened the proceedings with a speech, setting forth the need of a church in such a community as Meadowville, and asking for an expression of opinion.

Silence reigned.

Soon, however, a murmur arose, emphatic nods and winks were exchanged; audible suggestions that "Lorrimer would do it" were made, whereupon up rose the said Lorrimer.

He was a typical Englishman, from the toe of his English-made boots to the crown of his English-clipped hair. It was, in western language, a "dead cert" that his forbears, to the tenth generation, had been Episcopalians; and, yet, with the Thirty-Nine Articles fairly written on his forehead, this Lorrimer, in a neat, sensible little speech, begged leave to move that a *Presbyterian church* be built in the village of Meadowville! This was duly seconded by a Baptist, and passed with great acclaim.

It then became necessary to appoint a building committee, which was done with expedition, and was found to consist of Lorrimer (Episcopalian), Wesley (Methodist), Cheviot (Presbyterian), Brown (Congregationalist), and the parson himself. The men were evidently not chosen because of their allegiance to the Westminster Confession, or even as lineal descendants of John Knox. The question of denomination never seemed to enter into the matter at all. In fact, none of the people, in the least, realised the diversity of creeds represented.

At this juncture, a stout, comfortable old lady, apparently feeling the need of inward support, rose, and on squeaky boots, which she vainly strove to tip-toe into silence, stepped forth to the kitchen. The carpenter, who was expatiating on the wood, etc., to be used in the construction of this cosmopolitan church, paused amid his "2 x 4 scantlings" to remark, in an audible aside, to the Lady of the Squeaks, "Wait a minute, Mrs. Moore, and I'll light the fire for you." But Madam Moore, Presbyterianly persistent, kept on in the even tenor of her way, scratching a match on the lintel of the door as she disappeared into the kitchen, and soon a roar up the chimney proclaimed the fact that the fire was under way.

Speeches were various, pointed, distinguished by non-sectarianism, and interspersed with all sorts of unexpected and characteristic touches. The station-master, in full tide of enlarging upon the superiority of "concrete blocks" over bricks, paused, and, in an aside, remarked that "If supper is ready, don't mind me, for I can talk my pile afterwards!"

On being assured, however, that "the coffee hadn't boiled yet," he expeditiously shunted on to his concrete blocks again, with undiminished complacency.

They had got as far in the new building as the pulpit, when, by a series of nods and beckonings and

expressive gesticulations, the Lady of the Kitchen conveyed the information to one Jimmy Jones in the audience, that the cups had been forgotten, and that it would be necessary for him to retire and procure them. Meanwhile, as Jimmy rose to the occasion, the aroma of the impending "supper" became appetisingly apparent. The prospective pulpit was enshrouded in a mist of coffee-steam, and imagination was busy conjecturing as to the speed of the cup-messenger's feet.

The steeple was being built to a surprising height, when footsteps were heard approaching on the plank sidewalk. Nearer they came, until the accompanying click, click, of china could be also heard, as fifty odd cups rattled together in a friendly spirit. Then in came Jimmy, red and shining with mingled perspiration and embarrassment, and deposited his burden, with a thud, on the kitchen table.

This was the signal for various dames to join the presiding genius at the coffee-boiler, and the aspiring steeple came to an untimely end as the young men bore in the refreshments.

There is certainly nothing mean about the West! Huge coffee-cups were handed around, and filled with giant portions. Enormous trays held the edibles—bread and butter gracing one end, shading up to biscuits and scones, then through the cookie and doughnut family, until, in ever-increasing richness, the far end of the trays culminated in layer-cakes of numberless heights and colours, as well as frosted fruit-cakes. It was, indeed, an effort, and one was in a quandary as to which point to begin at in the succession of culinary triumphs. It was a soulful moment, requiring discrimination and wise consideration, and happy was he whose digestion warranted a full course. It was indeed a time of rejoicing for the many bachelors present—"Theirs but to do or die!" And they did.

After an incredible amount had been

consumed, and when everybody was feeling soothed and comforted and uplifted by sociability and coffee, the subscription list went around! Beginning at Lorrimer, who seemed to be the Man of Might, it circulated everywhere, on the principle that where coffee and layer-cake went, money must come—and come it did! There was a prospect of good crops, so the purse-strings of the farmers were untied. A hundred here, a hundred there, and a hundred the other place—some in cash, some on paper, some, again, in work, until two thousand was “in sight,” and more to come! Enthusiasm reigned, and men who had not entered a church for years were eagerly discussing ways and means, contributing money, and offering suggestions with as much genuine interest as though they were deacons.

Finally, first with the doxology, sung lustily by all, then the benediction, pronounced by the Man of Heather, and accepted devoutly by the motley western crowd, and followed

up with “He’s a Jolly Good Fellow!” the meeting closed. Thus was inaugurated the Meadowville Presbyterian Church.

*

It is no cathedral. York Minster and Westminster Abbey may still hold up their heads in conscious might and superiority; but, while very few of the Meadowville folk can ever see the abbeys and cathedrals of the old land, they can all have a pride and pleasure in the humble little structure which they built themselves. Solomon’s Temple might inspire more pride, but it would lack the inestimable adjunct of personal effort.

All honour to the diversity of creeds and countries which can assimilate so marvellously in such an object as this. All honour to the Lorrimers and Mrs. Moores of the West, who, in their own way, help on the public spiritedness which should characterize a new land. And, the best of good wishes to the Meadowville Presbyterian Church!

SWALLOWS

By BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

When daylight fades, and sunset colours dim,
 The meadow-land is sweet with evening scent;
 And there where flows the brook, in calm content
 The cattle wander, grazing by the brim.
 Then, joyously the swallows lightly skim,
 No longer far up in the firmament,
 But, low along the brook, with one consent
 Fly back and forth, and oft beneath the rim
 Bend darting wing. With twitter soft and sweet,
 Up stream and down they go in sheer delight.
 So late they linger, dipping thus below
 The gleaming surface, they would fain repeat
 The joy of that day’s gladness in their flight,
 By bathing in the very sunset glow.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE Imperial Press Conference has more than justified the hopes of those who promoted it if their object was to place it in the eye of the world, and so make the subjects discussed before it themes of world-wide debate. Quite naturally, however, the themes that have appealed to the world and which the press of the Empire is debating are not the semi-technical matters of means and methods of communication, transmission of news, etc., but the overpowering sense of impending peril, impending calamity almost, according to Lord Rosebery, which agitates the minds of the public men of Great Britain. The greatest orator of our times — so the Earl of Rosebery is admitted to be—appears to have exerted himself to the utmost to make his words impressive and to have them reverberate throughout the Empire, and, in fact, throughout the world. His suggestion that the hush that rests now over Europe is the lull that precedes the storm is a chilling, mournful and unwelcome thought; but this is not a reason for lightly setting aside the ripest reflections of one of the finest minds of Europe. And it is to be noted that Sir Edward Grey, the most gifted member perhaps of the present Government and the statesman who is by virtue of his office peculiarly in touch with foreign politics, endorsed all that Lord Rosebery had said, while to give solemnity almost to the occasion, the words of Mr. Balfour,

leader of the Opposition, hardly less momentous than those of the former Liberal Premier, were cordially endorsed by Mr. Haldane, the War Secretary in Mr. Asquith's Cabinet. There is some disagreement as to the precise measures to be taken to meet the situation, but there seems to be no doubt that in their view of the situation itself, leaders of all parties are in essential agreement.

*

It is impossible to pierce the veil that diplomacy casts over passing events, or there would, of course, be no mysterious undercurrent of danger, and one does not wish to believe that any nation in these days deliberately conceives and cherishes nefarious designs against another, but it is not yet fifty years since Prussia united with Austria to strip Denmark of two provinces, keeping Schleswig for herself, then in a year or two turning on unready Austria and snatching Holstein; and it is not yet forty years since France was the victim of a war of conquest. It was not until the old Emperor William, and Von Moltke, and Bismarck had all passed away that Dr. Busch gave to the world his remarkable and wholly authenticated story, showing how Bismarck had played with Napoleon, how he corrupted and controlled the German press, and how skilfully — treacherously one would say were it not diplomacy — and successfully he

worked to make France appear the aggressor in the war on which he had determined.

*

Critics who wish to be strictly impartial may say that Germany's conduct on these occasions was not inconsistent with that of other nations at various critical or exciting points in their career, and history supplies ample evidence of this truth as against every nation which has left its impress on the world. England, France, Spain, Austria, the United States, Japan, none are exempt, not even little Denmark, if the plea of the Icelander is observed. If Germany is secretly cherishing aggressive designs at the present time—if that can indeed be termed secret of which all the world is talking, there is plenty of historical precedent. It is the way of the world. There does not, it is true, appear now to be any Bismarck controlling affairs in Germany. The Emperor William is himself perhaps the nearest approach to a man of blood and iron, but there is reason to believe that he has made quite vigorous, if not always tactful, efforts to stem the tide of anti-British feeling among his people, as in the case of that celebrated interview in the London *Daily Telegraph*, for instance, which caused the clipping of his wings. Prince von Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor, makes the most friendly references to Great Britain and pooh-poohs the talk of war and the gossip about German designs; but the great naval programme goes on and the shipyards are building and building and building. The finances of the German Empire are almost a wreck, and the very latest scheme propounded for meeting the existing deficit—death duties after the British system—has been defeated; but the building does not slacken.

*

Those who believe, therefore, that Germany is to be turned from her

purpose by kind words and tactful messages have not realised the intensity of purpose that persists in creating under such difficulties a navy that shall be able to defy the power of Britain on the sea. Meanwhile, wars that have threatened have not always occurred. Russia and Britain were on the verge of a struggle for years in the early eighties. The British Parliament voted money for war purposes, but diplomacy conquered in the end and the two countries are now warm friends. So with France. It is not many years since the Fashoda incident, when wrath in each country flared to the fighting point. Again statesmanship triumphed and to-day there is the utmost cordiality between France and Britain. We may be sure that powerful factors are working for peace on the present occasion also, certainly in Britain, and possibly, in spite of appearances, in Germany. It would be a magnificent vindication of twentieth-century civilisation if the present war cloud might also be dissolved and the two great and proud nations over whom it rests brought together in friendship. Every wise word uttered with that end in view may help to bring this about.

*

To return to the more technical or professional aspects of the Press Conference, it would seem that a substantial reduction has been effected in the cable rates, with indications of further reductions in the near future. To Mr. P. D. Ross, of Ottawa, belongs in a large measure the credit for this achievement. It is sincerely to be hoped that the reduction in cable rates will bring the advantage expected to the Canadian press. It may seem churlish to question the utility of what is generally pronounced a boon, but it is nevertheless open to grave doubt whether newspaper readers will as a consequence of this cable rates reduction be any better informed regarding the affairs of the old world at large, or of

Great Britain in particular. The cable already bears a mass of matter for newspaper consumption in which the average reader is but little interested. There is a vast amount of duplication and contradiction, a vast amount more of conjecture and prediction, from day to day, and cheaper cable tolls will probably have the effect of making this Babel of telegrams more disordered and confusing than ever. It is difficult to obtain ideal conditions in these matters, but there is some ground for believing that it is not so much cheapness as organisation that is needed.

*

The cable report of the conference noted the suggestion of one speaker that the cable should be so cheapened that people in all parts of the Empire might learn the daily lives of the people of all other parts. No doubt the remark was based on a very laudable sentiment, but a moment of reflection will show how impracticable such an ambition would be even were cable tolls abolished. There is a limit to the capacity of mankind for absorbing information, particularly information of the kind suggested, and there is a limit to the capacity of newspapers to print it. The best articles in the average newspaper that deals with European affairs are not cabled at all, but are either the editorial quietly written by the trained hand, or the mailed letter discussing some particular feature of social life or some current of popular feeling which the cable correspondent would under no circumstances touch, and this will continue to be the case whether cable tolls are reduced or not. Cheaper tolls will perhaps lessen the expenditure of some newspapers in this direction and enable improvements for which there is always room, to be effected in other directions. It is only fair to remember, too, that there are other over-seas dependencies of Britain than Canada, some of them much farther away from the

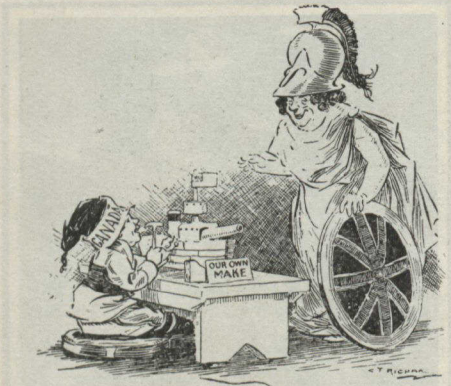


JOHN BULL'S VISION
—Munich *Simplicissimus*

news centres of the world than is Canada. Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa are likely each to get the benefit of the lower rate and newspaper readers in those countries will doubtless appreciate the multiplication and expansion of the meagre dispatches that now reach their press, which is in this respect far less fortunate than that of Canada.

*

The average Canadian is inclined to be apathetic with regard to the relations of the Dominion with other countries, but it is necessary that such relations should exist in increasing degree, and it is impossible that there should not be as between Canada and her great neighbour, the United States, relations of a most extensive and intricate character and requiring constant watching and regulation. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn that during the year no less than five agreements, which may, no doubt, be loosely described as "treaties," have been signed between this country and the United States, while yet others are on the way. It



HELPING MOTHER
New York *Life's* view of Colonial Contribution

is such a perfectly rational and business-like method of procedure that it hardly appears to call for any great degree of exultation; yet we know that a very few years ago such a state of irritation existed between the two countries that it was hardly practicable to discuss anything with a view to settlement. Now, thanks on the one hand to the activity and influence of Ambassador Bryce and the reasonableness and friendliness of Mr. Root, the Secretary of State in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, and on the other hand to the untiring efforts of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to settle all that exists of difference between us and our neighbours, one subject after another had been rapidly disposed of. First, on April 4, 1908, was signed an arbitration convention between Great Britain and the United States, agreeing to refer to the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague differences arising out of the interpretation of a treaty, in the event of such a question relating to an overseas state of the Empire, which in this case means Canada, the concurrence of the Dominion concerned is to be secured before any special agreement is to be concluded. A week later two other treaties directly affecting Canada were signed at Washington, one concerning the fisheries in waters contiguous to the international boundary, the other relating to the demarcation

of the boundary line. A fourth treaty comprised an agreement respecting the conveyance of persons in custody through the territory of the country to those concerned, and an agreement also arranging reciprocal rights in wrecking and salvage in waters along the boundary. The last treaty ratified in which Canada is interested was the agreement to refer to The Hague under the arbitration treaty of last year, questions in dispute relating to fisheries on the North Atlantic coast. The actual dispute exists as between the United States and Newfoundland and not as between the United States and Canada, but the reference to The Hague includes an interpretation of a clause of the treaty of 1818 in which Canada is keenly interested. In this important matter the British Government has left Canada's interests wholly in Canadian hands, Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, the Minister of Justice, being British agent, with Sir Robert Findlay, of Great Britain, as counsel, and Mr. J. S. Ewart, Ottawa, assisting in the preparation of the case. There remains the waterway convention, intended to prevent disputes regarding the use of boundary waters and to settle existing disputes between the United States and Canada on this subject. This treaty has been signed by the United States, but it will be remembered that the United States Senate in ratifying it attached a rider relating to the riparian rights along the St. Mary's River at Sault Ste. Marie, and the Canadian Government has not yet consented to the convention as amended. There is a further convention respecting pecuniary claims as between the two countries which is well under way. This is, on the whole, a very good record for one year. It does not follow, of course, that there will not arrive other disputes, that there may not be some time a dispute which cannot be managed in this comfortable way, but the fewer the differences left to vex neighbours the more cordial and agreeable, obvi-

ously, are likely to be the relations between them.

*

It is to be hoped that the press reports of the social and moral reform section of the Women's International Council are substantially inaccurate, though it is to be feared such is not the case. The militant suffragists would appear to have reached Canada in their most rabid and obnoxious form when a woman stands before an audience of women and thanks God she has no daughter, and says had such a daughter existed and been made as unhappy by a husband as she had been herself she would have shot him on sight. There were other speeches to the same effect, betokening a morbid vanity and an almost savage antagonism of sex on the part of the speakers which would not afford much hope for the progress of society if we believed such crude bitter notions to be widespread. But the names of the speakers were, as a rule, never heard of in Canada before, and will probably never be heard of here again. If the Council had to be judged by a particular section, its quinquennial gatherings would become visitations of terror to the different capitals of the world, but happily there were other sections where the leaders were not those whose lives have been blighted, from whatever cause, and where some real benefit may have been gained from profitable discussion.

*

The assassination of Lt.-Col. Sir W. H. Curzon-Wyllie, of Shanghai, and of Dr. Lalcaca, by a disaffected Hindu student is the first political murder in the British Isles since the Phoenix Park tragedies in 1881. Deplorable, therefore, as the incident is, and vehemently as all right-minded persons must condemn such detestable warfare, it serves to draw attention to the long immunity which the mother country has enjoyed from crime of



SUSPENSE

Uncle Sam—"I can hold on, but I wish it was over"
—Williams in Boston Herald

this kind. Lord Morley was a member of the British Government at the time of the earlier tragedy at Dublin, as he is a member of the Government to-day, and there could be no more striking comment on the futility, as well as madness, of such a crime than that it should be perpetrated at a time when men such as he are using their utmost energies to secure for those concerned—the people of Ireland in the one case and those of India in the other—the fullest degree which practical statesmanship permits of the realisation of national aspirations. It is to be taken for granted that, with a humanitarian like Lord Morley in charge of the India office, this assassination will not be made an excuse for turning aside from the progressive policy regarding India which has lately been formulated; on the other hand, the anarchists and misguided patriots will no doubt learn that Britain is not to be by violence and crime intimidated into making unwise or unnecessary concessions.



At Five O'clock

THE MONTH OF GOLD.

The blue of waves is flecked afar
 With sails of silver gleam;
 The clouds adrift in August skies
 Are shallops of a dream.

The poppies droop their silken heads
 In weary, idle swoon,
 And o'er the northern waters comes
 The lonely note of loon.

But gold the August sunlight lies
 On cliff and stream and spire,
 While on the hillside glimmers fair
 The golden-rod's soft fire.

The harvest wealth engilds the field
 In radiance over all;
 And shimmers gently through the dusk
 When twilight shadows fall.

The year has filled its golden cup
 With vintage all divine—
 When sultry August gardens yield
 The richest of their wine.

J. G.

*

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS

IT is difficult for the modern girl to keep from considering herself an exceedingly important character, for magazines, newspapers and even advertisements are crammed with appeals to the Young Person. The education of the girl of the Twentieth Century appears to exercise greatly the minds of those who direct the training of the ascending generation. According to all that is said and discussed, the woman of the future is to be quite different from her great-grandmother. In spite of all the theorists, she will probably be

very much a Daughter of Eve and make as many mistakes as did our apple-loving ancestress. The latest Mentor to comment upon the modern system of education for girls is Mr. Reginald Kauffman, who says many things in *Hampton's Magazine* concerning the finishing school for girls.

"One student of my acquaintance," remarks the critic, "has, after a three years' course, managed to choke down enough French to translate, if there's a dictionary handy, the original Gallic phrases encountered in a popular novel; she knows what the menu is trying to say, though, of course, neither she nor anybody else can translate that verbatim. If she would take time to complete it—but she never takes time to complete anything—she might be able to make a fair copy of a Charles Dana Gibson line drawing. She can recite certain chapters of the Bible by heart, but knows about as much concerning them as the average actor knows about the lines of his part. And as for literature, she has acquired the exact date of every great English author's birth and death without having any conception of what any of them wrote, and without swerving one hair's breadth from her allegiance to the contemporary marshmallow school of fiction."

Mr. Kauffman proceeds to tell us what the girl *does* know; "The last time she was home I tried to talk

to her; we used to make mud pies together and, later, she chewed the spitballs that I threw at the teacher in the fourth reader; but now I am a mister to her and she is a mystery to me. Well, we talked, or rather she did, and what I received from her was simply a rapid, running description of all the season's plays on Broadway. It appears that the school is often taken to the theatre in a body, provided the drama to be produced is not too serious, and that the whole student body go as individuals to Saturday matinées. Consequently, this girl has twenty photographs of Robert Edeson, each in a different pose, on the dressing-table, which she used to call a bureau, and knows the private history and matrimonial record of all the idols of the stage."

Mr. Kauffman seems to be unlucky in his girl friend. No doubt he was "simply dying" to talk on the tariff, while she was absorbed in the stars. It was too bad for his conversational aspirations to be clipped by her stupidity. Is he telling the truth about the average "finishing" school? It must be remembered that many of these schools, indeed the most expensive, are intended as a preparation for fashionable society, not as an equipment for life itself. It is hardly necessary to know more than the graceful superficialities if a girl is to enter upon the social struggle ahead of the ordinary *débutante*. It is quite true that the girl, after all is said and done, prefers Mr. Chambers' "The Firing Line" to "Middlemarch" or "Vanity Fair" and considers the coloured heads on the magazine covers "perfectly cute." But is she more crude, more lacking in appreciation of art and literature, than her brother who is home from college? Mr. Kauffman may be assured that the average sophomore is even more impossible in the gentle art of conversation than his *matinée*-obsessed sister. Anything more painful than an attempt to carry on a coherent talk with a half-baked football hero is an experience not to

be craved. There is a lack of thoroughness in the instruction, or rather in the intellectual discipline of many of our schools. However, taste in literature and art should be inculcated in the home. The girl whose mother cares for good books and true pictures has had a "course" of instruction worth all the academies in the world.

There is one feature in which feminine education, on this side of the Atlantic is noticeably backward—and that is the linguistic. How few Canadian women — even among the leaders of the National Council—are able to express themselves intelligibly in either French or German! We are decidedly timid and slothful about acquiring a practical acquaintance with modern languages. It is true that the Canadian is not brought in contact with the French or the Germans to a degree which makes this ignorance a positive disability. The English, Scotch and Irish are just across a channel or two from countries which demand bi-lingual accomplishments if any satisfactory intercourse is to be held. Travel in Europe may improve our lingual resources, in variety if not in volume.

*

ECHOES OF THE QUINQUENNIAL

WHAT is the highest elective office which a woman can hold? Undoubtedly that of President of the International Council of Women, an honour which has been bestowed once more on the Countess of Aberdeen. Of course, the undiscerning may declare that it is because she is wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland that Lady Aberdeen is once more the choice of the greatest feminine organisation in the world. Those who have seen this able presiding officer in the chair will doubt the justice of such a comment. Lady Aberdeen is the born leader and would dominate in any sphere. When Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General of this Dominion, there were certain envious spirits who declared that his enterprising consort

was really the representative of the British Sovereign in this big section of the Empire and that Lord Aberdeen was merely an ornamental figure. But those were the early days of feminine activities and Canadians, it must be admitted, were too unaccustomed to women's clubs or societies to understand a *chatelaine* of Rideau Hall who concerned herself with something beyond garden parties and fancy balls and actually made obvious use of her brains in philanthropic effort. By the way, several Canadian women of the old school were discussing the other day the various distinguished women who have come and gone in our vice-regal records.

"I remember Lady Monck, the very first," said a white-haired visitor from Montreal. "I think she wore the most hideous garments I ever saw. She was rather popular in spite of her queer cloaks."

"The best of them was Lady Dufferin," said a Toronto woman with reminiscent warmth. "I'll never forget how good she was to me when I was a shy, awkward girl at a dance in Ottawa."

"There never was a Governor-General's household like Dufferin's," said a venerable delegate who had learned her Canada as few of us know this, our native land. "They were the very *dearest* people."

But to come back to the Quinquennial Congress! Five hundred women talked on two hundred subjects, according to official accounts, and great was the wisdom thereof. Everything was discussed, from tuberculosis to pure politics, and how the former may be fought and the latter attained. What good did all the talking do, is a question which will be asked, especially by the masculine inquirer. Just the good that is done, whenever a large assembly of earnest and intelligent human beings come together, with a desire to learn and to impart. The women of this Council are not impeccable and faultless creatures who neither make mistakes nor per-

petrate blunders. They have the kindest impulses towards distressed humanity, but have also an intellectual control of such disposition that keeps it from degenerating into the sickly sentimentalism which has too often characterised feminine "charities."

One of the newspapers of Toronto went so far as to hint at a dispute regarding the elections and a lack of union among the ranks. This statement aroused a natural resentment among the leading delegates and repudiation followed swiftly. Indeed, considering the alarming range of subjects and the many nationalities joining in the conference, it was carried on with an amiability quite surprising. Even the question of suffrage failed to create a disturbance between those who demand votes and those who do not care a single picayune for the ballot. The women of this remarkable Congress have departed, leaving in the capital of Ontario the impression of a momentous gathering and a remembrance of certain vivid and strong personalities.

A Canadian delegate, who was commenting on the lessons to be learned from the foreign members, remarked: "One quality I envy many of these European women is their repose of manner. They do not fidget, work their features in a convulsive fashion, or find it necessary to be constantly tapping fingers or feet. We Canadians—and the United States delegates as well—are too nervous and jerky. We lack restfulness."

Perhaps the Canadian delegate is right. Certainly repose is not the trait for which the woman of this continent and this age is most famous. But we are young yet and need not be absolutely discouraged about our nervous fidgety ways. After a century or so, we may grow up and learn not to overwork our features. The Editor of Toronto *Saturday Night* made a more serious charge—with a good show of justice. One of the Danish delegates used some curious expres-



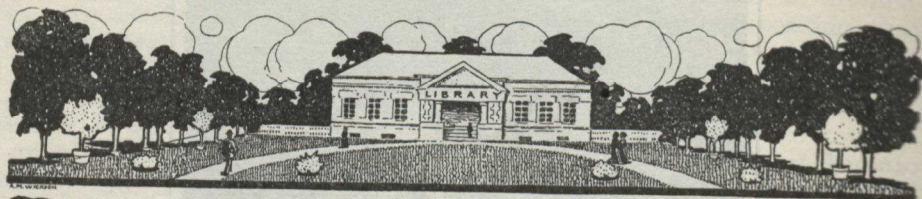
MRS. W. E. SANFORD, OF HAMILTON,
TREASURER, INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

sions which were not exactly idiomatic English, whereupon the audience gave way to loud mirth. The editorial critic considered this an act of deplorable rudeness on the part of the Canadians, who formed the majority of the audience.

There is one Canadian on the list of officers of the International Council of Women—Mrs. W. E. Sanford of Hamilton, who has been for years the treasurer of that world-wide organisation. Mrs. Sanford is the widow of the late Senator W. E. Sanford, who was known as a prominent manufacturer of the Dominion. Mrs. Sanford has always been devoted to philanthropic and benevolent undertakings, and, since the foundation of the Council of Women, has taken a profound and practical interest in its operations. Mrs. Sanford's work in

India has been especially valuable, as there is probably no country in the Orient whose women are in greater need of the science and enlightenment of more fortunate countries. Both time and money have been freely devoted by this Canadian official of the great Council to her chosen work, and her ability and generosity have met with ready recognition. Mrs. Sanford, in personal charm and dignity, is a worthy representative of her city and native land. One of her daughters is the wife of Major Tudor, an officer in the British army, and a younger daughter is Mrs. Gordon Henderson of Hamilton, while Winnipeg's clever young mayor, Mr. Sanford Evans, is a nephew. During the recent Congress in Canada, Mrs. Sanford entertained the delegates at her beautiful residence, "Wesanford."

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

THE recent death of the novelist F. Marion Crawford increases interest in his latest romance, "The White Sister." As might be surmised of a Crawford novel, the scene is laid in Italy, even in Rome itself, and the time is the present. Notwithstanding a somewhat laboured beginning, the story develops well, and soon involves the Roman Catholic religion. It purports to be a test of the power of the Church against the power of love, which is not a new theme, but the treatment and setting are attractive. *Angela Chiaromonte*, beautiful and intense, a daughter of an aristocratic Italian gentleman, becomes affianced to *Giovanna Severi*, a promising young soldier. *Angela's* father dies, and because he had refused to have his wedding civilly acknowledged, the girl is left penniless. With aggravating ill-fortune, *Giovanna's* father suffers great financial loss. The youth decides to leave the army and engage in engineering work, so that he might earn enough money to justify him in marrying *Angela*. But the romantic maiden dissuades him, and urges that he accept a commission, full of danger, in a distant land, in order to prove his prowess instead of resigning and thereby arousing suspicion of cowardice. *Giovanna* accepts, but in a very short time a report is received that every member of the expedition has been killed. Then *Angela* enters a hospital conducted by one of the sisterhoods of Rome, and becomes a nurse. In time

she conceives the idea that if she were to devote her life to religious, or rather charitable, work and prayer she might thereby do something towards increasing the happiness of her departed lover. Accordingly she makes her vows, takes the veil, and becomes a nun. She is an ideal sister, but after five years in the service her lover returns, he having miraculously escaped, although he had been reported dead. Then follow a series of extremely dramatic situations, in which the young soldier, who is an agnostic, and the nun struggle for supremacy, the soldier wishing the girl to renounce her vows, the girl determined to stand true to the Church. The young nurse is subjected to persistent and almost overwhelming temptation, as she is convinced that the happiness of both herself and her lover throughout eternity depends on her not even suing for a release from her vows. The situation is a delicate one, but at the moment when it looks as if there is no solution the Cardinal takes things in his own hands, and tells the lovers that, although the nun has not asked for release, it will be granted. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

A MORTUARY ROMANCE

The matrimonial aspirations, cherished towards a deceased wife's sister, form the motive of "Gervase," a novel by Mabel Dearmer, which seems much agitation over a family

complication. To many, such a marriage appears to be repulsive, but the attitude of the Church of England towards such an alliance becomes a dreary bore ere the story of "Gervase" is disentangled. The young hero is neither profound nor entertaining and the reader is fain to give him in marriage to his deceased's wife's aunt, niece or second-cousin, if only to get rid of the incoherent and burdensome youth, who does not know his own mind—to say nothing of his heart. The heroine is no more attractive than her brother-in-law, and, if ecclesiastical law had not been opposed to the union, it is not at all likely that her deceased sister's widower would have been attracted to the lady. It is a tale of sentimental contrariness which is hardly worth while. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

THE STORY OF A SILVER FOX

According to Ernest Thompson Seton's latest story of animal life, "The Biography of a Silver Fox," the silver fox is a freak of nature and not the offspring of parents similarly endowed. The author says:

"The silver fox is not of different kind, but a glorified freak of the red race. His parents may have been the commonest of red foxes, yet nature, in extravagant mood, may have showered all her gifts on this favoured one of the offspring, and not only clad him in a marvellous coat, but gifted him with speed and wind, and brains above his kind, to guard his perilous wealth."

The story is fascinating, and is delightful reading for children. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

A STORY OF EXILE

A new book of adventure, entitled, "A Flight from Siberia," by Vaclaw Sieroszewski, has, as might be expected, many names that are decidedly unfamiliar to most Canadian readers, such as Krasuski, Arkanoff, Nichorski, Voronin, Tcherevin, Denizoff, Glicksberg and and so on. The author has di-

vided the book into four sections, namely: "The Last Merry Making," "Boglands, Woodlands, and Uplands;" "So Love Was Crowned," and "Breezes, Billows, and Breakers." The story deals with the lives of a number of political exiles in Siberia from Poland. It tells about the great difficulties these unfortunates encountered when secretly building a boat to assist them to escape from the country, and also describes vividly the hardships they underwent after leaving Jourjuy, their place of confinement. An insight is given into the homes, labours, fears and hopes of this band of exiles, who felt that the "Officialdom" to which they were subjected desired to have them treated as lepers or as the worst of outcasts. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited).

*

A BOOK ON BOYS

"In dealing with boys, to begin with it is a safe thing to say that in reality there are no bad boys. One should never despair of making a good citizen of any healthy lad—we will always have the diseased, the dwarfed and the degenerate, some of whom can never be reclaimed, but the boys whom we call bad we do not understand. The healthy boy is all right. If there are any shortcomings it is among the senior members of society."

The foregoing quotation is from the introduction to a book by Dr. George A. Dickinson, entitled "Your Boy: His Nature and Study." If this book were widely read, as it well deserves to be, there undoubtedly would be much less misunderstanding between boys and their parents than there is now. This book should not be confounded with the many repulsive volumes that are issued from time to time and that are intended to stimulate the morbid curiosity of boys. It is a book for parents, and it contains common sense, a result of long and patient observation by one well placed to observe. It contains twenty-



SIR GILBERT PARKER

The eminent Canadian novelist and member of the British House of Commons, who has been mentioned in the *London Daily Express* as one of the coming Ministers of the Crown

four illustrations. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

NOTES

—"The Canadian Annual Review for 1908," which is so ably edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, is as replete as ever with a vast amount of information about the welfare and progress of the Dominion during a twelve-month. (Toronto: The Annual Review Publishing Company).

—"The Song of the Wahbeek" is the title of a love story in verse form by the late Henry Pelham Holmes Bromwell. It illustrates the life of the race that occupied some parts of the American West before the coming of the red man.

—"The Vision of His Face" is a work on religious experience that should appeal to all who are interested in Christian endeavour. The author is Mrs. Dora Farncomb. (London: The William Weld Company).

—Dr. J. D. Logan, who is a member of the Executive Committee, Toronto Branch of the Gaelic League, has made a valuable contribution to the discussion of Gaelic endeavour by the publication of an essay entitled "The Making of the New Ireland." The title is elaborated as "An Essay in social psychology, chiefly about the relation between the cultural studies conducted by the Gaelic League and the Social and Industrial Renaissance in Ireland, with a critical account of the contributions by the Irish Gaels to creative literature." This essay is distinguished by the keen appreciation and scholarly treatment that invariably mark whatever literary work Dr. Logan undertakes.

(Toronto: The Gaelic League. Paper, 25 cents).

—Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, who is well known as a Canadian *littérateur*, has published a volume entitled "Essays Literary, Critical and Historical." Some of these essays had already been published in periodical form. The book contains "A Study of Tennyson's 'Princess,'" "Poetry and History Teaching Falsehood," "The Study and Interpretation of Literature," "The Degradation of Scholarship," and "The Italian Renaissance and the Popes of Avignon." The perusal of these essays should encourage the cultivation of higher tastes in literature, and increase the readers' power of discrimination.

Within The Sanctum

THE women of the Quinquennial Congress at Toronto accounted man as their greatest antagonist. What a horrifying confession for them to make! The fact is not so horrifying as the acknowledgment; because ever since the first harvest in the Garden of Eden man himself has been antagonised and cajoled and bedevilled by his fair and sometimes unfair companion. It is chronicled that Solomon had a varied and intimate acquaintanceship with many women, and yet he had to abandon all hope of ever comprehending them as a sex. But Solomon was undoubtedly baffled by excessive numbers, nevertheless had he laboured diligently to fathom the emotions and scale the eccentricities of even one woman he would have failed quite as lamentably. Longfellow says that the men women marry and why they marry them will always be a marvel and a mystery to the world, while Thackeray avers that a woman with opportunities and without an absolute hump may marry whom she likes. There must be some truth in woman's power over man, because Oliver Wendell Holmes would have liked to see any kind of man, distinguished from a gorilla, that some good and even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of; and Pope, keen, penetrating Pope, gives us this couplet:

"There swims no goose so gray but, soon
or late,
She finds some honest gander for her
mate."

Then, why, oh, why should our modern woman look on man as if he were the one great stumbling-block in her way? She does. And, more than that, she thinks that her chief function in life, or rather what has long been regarded as her chief function, is menial. She seems to think also that man is not respectful to her, or at least these women of the Quinquennial Congress have inclined that way. How ungrateful of them! Just think of the thousands of men who have risen in street cars, doffed their hats and politely offered their seats to standing woman! There is no law, not even a custom, to compel them to rise, but they have risen out of natural deference to The Sex. They help her to board the car and to alight therefrom. They suffer her to precede them down aisles of churches and into *foyers* of theatres. They raise their hats to her in the street, and they even turn around betimes to get a better look. They offer her the first helping of the jelly-cake at table, and refrain from breaking biscuit into the soup just because of the odium she attaches to such practice. They wear tight, encircling sock supporters, in order not to offend her delicate sensibilities, and they ask with grace and manifest concern whether she dislikes smoke. They are reckless with money when she is about, and readily support her wager at the races, provided the stake is not too high. They quarrel over her, go silly over her, lie over her, swear over her, starve over her, go "broke"

over her — in short, over her they commit all the offences against our moral, civil and religious codes.

When man remembers how much he has been dominated and is being dominated by woman, he can scarcely see where the charge of antagonism can rest. Surely man does not wish to prevent woman from doing the things that he does. But he naturally would not like to see her doing things that would detract from her womanliness and gentleness and loveliness and, above all else, from her feminineness. Woman must be, in order to maintain a proper balance, the counterpart of man, and man knows only too well that he cannot be the mother of even a small family. He knows also that he can scarcely wear number nineteen corsets, comb his hair like Cleo de Mérode, arch his instep, forbear openwork stockings in November, take an active part in nursing-at-home missions, eat chocolates all by himself, or appear *bien décolletée* between seven in the morning and midnight. But, on the other hand, he dare not say that woman does not possess most of man's attributes. He dare not say that she cannot take well the part of sovereign, for he must remember the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra of Egypt, Catherine of Russia and Elizabeth of England. He dare not say that she cannot lead in war, for he must remember Boadicea, Deborah and Joan of Arc. He dare not say that she cannot excel on the stage, for he must remember Helen Faucit, Jenny Lind, Adelina Patti, Ristori, Mary Anderson, Sarah Bernhardt and Alla Nazimova. He dare not say that she cannot stand beside man in the making of literature, for he must remember Jane Austen, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, George Sand and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He dare not say that she cannot do creative work at the easel, for he must remember Rosa Bonheur and Lady Butler. He dare not say that she cannot gain distinction as religious leader, because he

must remember Marie de l'Incarnation, Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Eddy. He dare not say that she cannot organise great reform movements, for he must remember Florence Nightingale, Frances E. Willard and Jane Addams. He dare not deny her subtle power and influence over man, for he must remember Salome, Helen of Troy, Delilah, du Barry, and Lady Hamilton. In short, he dare not refute the assertion that woman has distinguished herself in most branches of man's activity; but he can lay claim to the hope, and it is an honest and a manly hope, that she will refrain from seeking distinction in those pursuits that man likes to regard as his own, such as prize-fighting, saloon-smashing, street-brawling and loud declamation.

The source of discord between man and woman undoubtedly lies in the eternal quest for pleasure and happiness. Most of us, whether we are men or women, like all the pleasure we can get, but a wise man once remarked that there is a vast difference between pleasure and happiness. A person may be ecstatically happy and yet know very little of the pleasures of life, while, on the other hand, he may have run the whole gamut of the pleasures and yet never have experienced one single moment of real happiness. If we are frank, we must admit—that is, most of us—that we are not satisfied with happiness or with what should in primitive circumstances produce happiness. We want pleasure, and we are willing to make great and even romantic sacrifices in the hope of obtaining it. No matter how much of it we may obtain, we seem bound to obtain it at the cost of happiness. Although many of us may not have drunk of the dregs in either respect, it seems justifiable to conclude that those who can command what are commonly regarded as uncommon pleasures are far from happiness. Most persons have an equal chance in the quest after happiness, but there are im-

mense handicaps in the race for pleasure. Happiness is mental, while pleasure is physical, and, as happiness is sacrificed in favour of pleasure, most persons go through life unsatisfied.

This fact applies to man and woman alike, married and unmarried. Marriage is neither a great maker or a great marrer of happiness: it is merely a condition. Unmarried folk are just as liable to unhappiness as married folk, because they are equally prodigal in their purchase of pleasure. But they do not usually call their unmarried state to account for lack of happiness. Wedded folk trace the cause of their unhappiness to the marriage altar, or, if they do not, the thing is done for them by their friends. Therefore, when a woman physician at a quinquennial congress submits that eighty per cent. of our married people are unhappy she undoubtedly is quite within the bounds of a just estimate, but she might with equal justness say that eighty or even ninety per cent. of our unmarried people are likewise unhappy. Truly, the holy bonds of matrimony have a huge burden of responsibility. That there would be a good deal more unhappiness without the institution of marriage is quite thinkable. Then, why lay so much blame for unhappiness at the door of this sacred union?

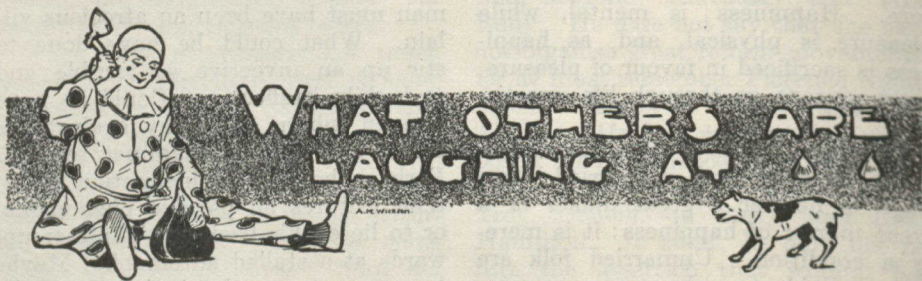
One woman at the Congress thanked God that she had never been favoured with a daughter, because if she had a daughter whose experience with man were ever to be such as she herself had experienced, she would shoot the man. But she did

not outline her own experience. Some man must have been an atrocious villain. What could he have done to stir up an invective so terrible and so luckily irreflective? Could he have had an inborn antipathy against the music one hears at summer resorts? Perhaps he had no inclination to attend lectures on psychic phenomena, or to lie on his back and hammer upwards at a stalled automobile. Maybe he was not a zealot in behalf of the missionary movement in China, and it is just possible that he insisted on sleeping with the window open and the alarm-clock on the dresser-head. There is a chance that he was an all-round crank or that he simply permitted the boys to play shinney in the attic whenever the mother went out to choose the rib roast for Sunday. Ah! now we have it: he undoubtedly made a hobby of attending the birthday anniversaries of his club friends. But whatever that man was or was not, whatever he did or did not, he was a villain, and if the woman who suffered by him had free way his prototype would be shot down wherever found, bad luck to him.

Kipling says that

"Four things greater than all things are,
Women and horses and power and war."
It must be great to be great, and no one should wonder that woman, in these dog-days of chivalry, should want to *do things* herself. The only fear that man has, and surely it is not antagonistic, is that woman will cease to be attractive, for he does not care what she attempts, so long as it does not interfere with her supreme attributes of beauty and repose.

The Editor



A MARATHON RECORD IN CHURCH SERVICES

"After a service of about five years the Rev. Thos. Egerton Wilton Rudd has intimated his intention to resign the curacy of Northenden Parish Church."

—Manchester *Evening News*.

*

"THE VACANCY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON"

As this headline has given rise to a good deal of misapprehension and not a few false hopes, it is as well to state that the most illustrious living resident has no intention of removing elsewhere.—*Punch*.



FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

"Oh, woe is me! I see by this natural history that I am an extinct —*Life*

THE POINT OF VIEW

"This man is not insane," said the lawyer, "and never has been. To keep him in an asylum is a blow, sir, directed against human rights, an assault upon the sacred institution of liberty, an——"

"But did you not prove last week, when he was on trial for murder, that he had been from birth a raving lunatic?" interposed the Court.

The lawyer smiled in a superior way. "Surely," he said, "your honour would not have it believed that this Court is on the intellectual plane of that jury."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

*

REFORMED

"My lazy son has at last decided on a profession that he thinks he'll like."

"Good. What has he chosen?"

"He wants to be a lineman for a wireless telegraph company.—*Cleveland Leader*.

*

THE HERO

"So Bliggins has written an historical novel?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne.

"Who is the hero of the book?"

"The man who has undertaken to publish it."—*Washington Star*.

*

HAPPY ENDING

He—"So you've read my new novel. How did you like it?"

She—"I laid down the volume with intense pleasure." — *Boston Transcript*.



R. M. L. I.

ROYAL MARINE (engaged in coaling ship). "When I joined the corps the sergeant 'e ses to me, 'it's 'arf soldierin' an' 'arf yachtin',' 'e ses. I suppose this is the bloomin' yachtin'!" —Punch

THE MOTH

Checkers—"Years ago I had money to burn and I burned it!"

Neckers—"How?"

Checkers—"On an old flame of mine!"—Lippincott's.

*

GRATIFYING

"One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives."

"Well, it is gratifying to think that one-half of the world attends to its own business."—Puck.

*

DOMESTIC SCHEME

Mrs. H.—"Why are you so very fond of Oriental rugs?"

Mrs. R.—"I'll tell you a secret. The dirtier they get, the more genuine they look. You've no idea how much sweeping that saves." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NOT AN URBAN DISH

Uncle Zeb (looking over the bill of fare)—"Henry, how do you order hog and hominy at a fust-class rest'rant?"

City Nephew—"You don't, uncle." —Chicago Tribune.

*

AS WILLIE SAW IT

Willie, accompanied by his father, was visiting a circus and menagerie.

"Oh, papa," the boy exclaimed, as they passed before an elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth eating hay with her tail!" —Christian Register.

*

BRILLIANT

"Does he know much?"

"Well, he not only knows that he doesn't know much, but he knows enough to keep others from knowing it."—Judge.

The Merry Muse

THE GARLEYWOG

My son, beware the Garleywog,
A fearful beast is he,
His horns are long as a flamtious brog,
And he bangs them round, you see.

His gamling claws are sharp as
groaks;

His eyes like gleeicing shails;
And the smashing of his worbous feet,
Sounds like huge, mascumbrails.

He eats the leaves of the chag-chag
tree,

He drinks the blazing bloots;
And children, too, who wander nights,
Get swoggled in his gloots.

And so, my son, if you should go
Near where this creature lies,
Be sure you have a zagrambo,
To poke into his eyes.

And, then, when he is trambling
round

With pain and agrish smart,
Just take your keen lampashabound,
And swike his jimbul heart.

Donald A. Fraser.

*

BREAKFAST DISHES

Common and senseless things, whose
placid sides

I lave and lave again:

When round your rims the angry
soap-suds splash,

The wash-rag drave amain,—

What hope that of your hapless
pieces I

Could save a grain?

The dish-pan tips,—I do not mean
to plead

My wet and slippery hands;

Yet did I hold my apron 'neath the
food.

With sound like ripping bands

The avalanche descends, through a
wreck

Of dripping-pans.

Ah, Breakfast Plates! Too brief the
hum-drum lives

That no one might make last.

Well were you named, and rightly are
you called,

For truly—you *break fast!*

Lorna Ingalls

*

LINES TO A HEN

O hen!

Thou bunch of feathered imbecility,
Disturber of the soul's tranquillity,
Whence comes thy consummate
ability

To rouse such wrath in me?

O hen!

Again!

Must I walk 'round that coop
And give an awkward scoop

To clutch the vacant air

And find that you're not there
Nor anywhere!

And then

Begin again,

O hen!

O hen!

Thou gem of animal depravity,
Thy skull naught but a witless cavity,
Philosophers assert with gravity
That I am kin to thee!

O hen!

What then?

Must I walk 'round the fence

Because you squawk pretence

You cannot find the hole

Through which you lately stole

In aimless stroll,

And then

Walk 'round again,

O hen!

—Susan F. Burbank, in *Woman's
Home Companion.*

SUMMER USES OF BOVRIL

BOVRIL with mineral water is an unequalled summer drink.

BOVRIL Sandwiches for picnics, tea, or coffee lucheons.

BOVRIL Bouillon for dinner or luncheon.

BOVRIL in soups, gravies and chowders.

BOVRIL IN ANY FORM IS PALATABLE AND NOURISHING!

4-6-09

GOLD MEDAL



FOR

Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition
1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

Snyder's

SLIP A BOX OF
Snyder's
CANDIES
IN YOUR GRIP.

IT
TAKES
BUT
LITTLE
ROOM
AND
MAKES YOU
DOUBLY WELCOME



Our Candies made on the Premises.

130-2 Yonge St. *Snyder's* TORONTO, ONT.



Dainty
Delicate
Fabrics
Demand
Pearline

—not a Sin

to have Costly, Delicate, Pretty Clothes —lack of Intelligent care of them is gross Extravagance and that is a Sin.

☞ Bar Soap methods require rubbing—no wonder the holes appear.

☞ PEARLINE'S way of washing is Very Easy—Very Quick and Absolutely Safe. PEARLINE is Harmless to Fabrics or Colors or Skin and yet is the Greatest Known Cleanser.

☞ If you have any fear of washing powders it's due to The Sort you've used. PEARLINE Washing Powder is the Standard of Quality—Efficiency—Harmlessness—always Satisfactory.

PEARLINE has revolutionized all Washing and Cleaning, especially of delicate, dainty, costly fabrics.

Linen Suits Dyed

It is an excellent idea to have your linen and other wash dresses changed in color by dyeing. We do it with the made-up garments with satisfactory results.

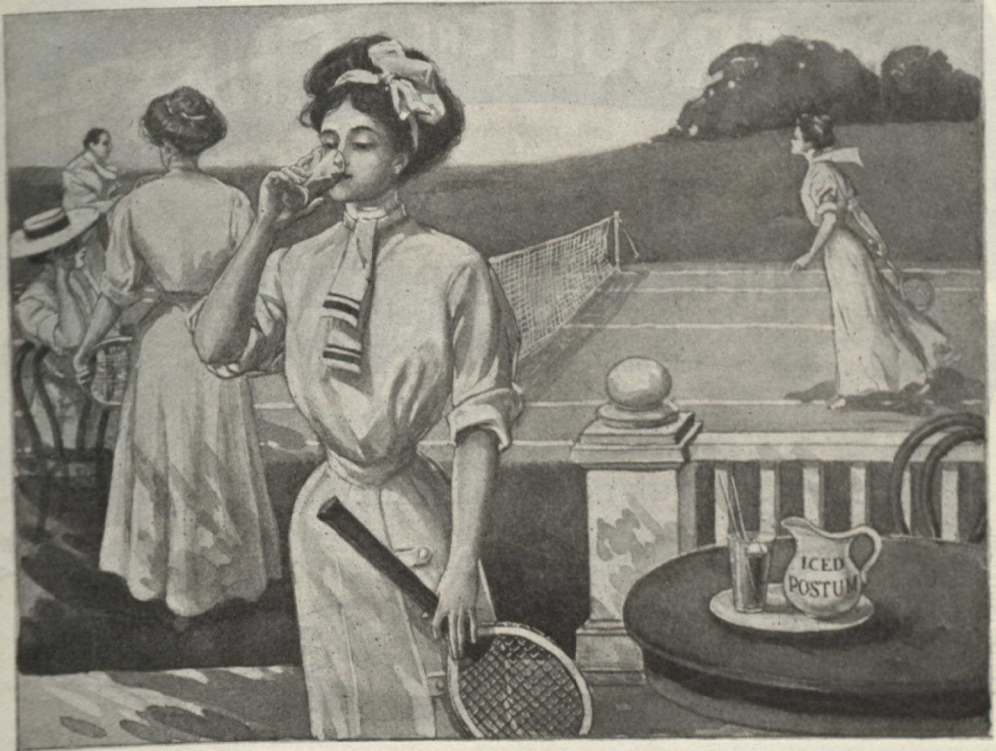
We give prompt attention to all summer work.

R. PARKER & CO.,

Toronto, - Canada

Branches and Agencies in all
parts of Canada





After the Game

There's nothing so refreshing and nourishing as

ICED POSTUM

(With Sugar and Lemon—as desired)

Postum is made of clean, hard wheat—and contains the Phosphate of Potash (grown in the wheat) which builds up nerve cells and

“Relieves Fatigue”

without the harmful reaction of coffee or tea—

“There's a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

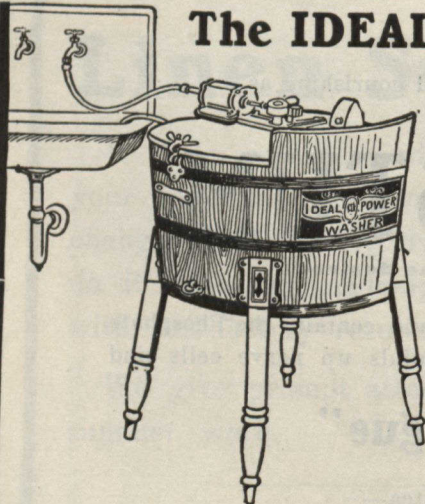
Sold only in 15c. and 25c. blocks.
For sale by all grocers.

Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO.
Limited

Ingersoll, Ontario,
Canada.



The IDEAL



POWER WASHER

The "Ideal" Washer costs nothing to operate. Water from kitchen tap runs motor, and washes clothes, as fast as two women can do rinsing, blueing, etc. Write us for full information.

DOWSWELL MFG. CO., Limited
HAMILTON, ONT.



The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of

**MINARD'S
LINIMENT**

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic

REVOLVER



is not a revolver for you to make temporarily safe by throwing on or off some button or lever, but a revolver that we have made permanently and automatically safe by the patented exclusive Iver Johnson construction.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells the whole story. Send your name on a postal—it will be mailed free with our full catalogue.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

Richly nickeled, 22 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center-fire, 3-in. bbl.; or 38 cal. center-fire, 3¼-in. bbl. Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost.

\$6

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or 38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel, Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost.

\$7

Sold by hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

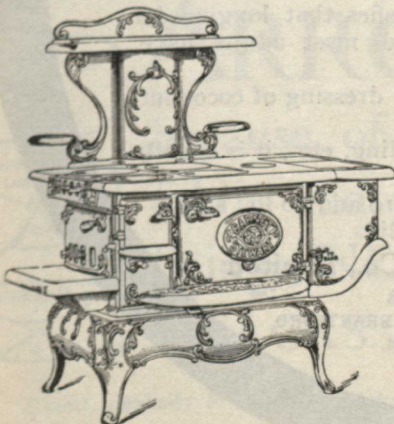
Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 145 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4

San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street

GOOD CHEER

STOVES & RANGES



WELL BUILT, DURABLE
and RELIABLE WORKERS.

The Quality YOU Want

If you cannot procure locally, send us your Dealer's name.

The James Stewart M'fg Co., Limited
WOODSTOCK, Ont.

Western Warehouse: - Portage Ave., - Winnipeg, Man.



A Healthful Delicious Food

If you really care for delicious flavor, wholesomeness and absolute purity, you will insist on having "CROWN BRAND SYRUP"—because that name guarantees all these qualities.

"CROWN BRAND SYRUP" always means variety and attractiveness in the daily menu. In fact there are so many delightful ways of using this syrup—without trouble and expense that you need never be at a loss for some fresh and "dainty dish fit to set before a queen."

"CROWN BRAND SYRUP" satisfies that longing for sweets which all healthy children and most adults have. Won't you order some now?

Try it made up with pastry and a dressing of cocoanut, and see how delicious it can be.

Eaten with bread, toast, rolls, pudding, etc., it is equally nice. Children look forward to it.

Your dealer has it for you in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air-tight tins with lift-off lids.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited

ESTABLISHED 1858

7-09

Offices: MONTREAL, TORONTO and BRANTFORD

Works: CARDINAL, Ont.





TREMONT™

AN

ARROW COLLAR

because of its specially woven shrunk fabric and its graduated cut-out interlinings, **NEITHER SHRINKS NOR CRACKS.** 20c. each—3 for 50c.



ALTRO



LUSITANIA



AURANIA

Cluett, Peabody & Company, Makers, 441 River St., Troy, N.Y., U.S.A. Booklet on request
Arrow Cuffs are just as good as Arrow Collars. 85 cents a pair.



Vertical Filing Outfit in Large Shipping Company's Offices in St. John N.B.

What Vertical Letter Filing Means to YOU

- Convenience.** Vertical Filing means filing papers on edge instead of flat.
- Order.** It means all relating papers—your letters and their replies—are kept together in one place in exact order of date.
- Accessibility.** Vertical Filing provides outstanding index guides that point clearly to the exact location of any paper.
- Economy.** "Office Specialty" Vertical Filing Cabinets are economical in floor space, and every inch of filing capacity is used. They are the best value in material and workmanship that can be bought.
- Adaptability.** "Office Specialty" Vertical Filing Cabinets are made in sizes to suit any business, and in both steel and wood.
- You simply need ask to get complete information-giving booklet on Vertical Filing, No. C 515.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE, 97 WELLINGTON ST., WEST, TORONTO.

FACTORIES: NEWMARKET, ONT.


BRANCHES:

HALIFAX—44 Granville St.
OTTAWA—143 Sparks St.

VANCOUVER—611 Pender St.

MONTREAL—259 St. James St.
WINNIPEG—221 McDermott Ave.

RESIDENT REPRESENTATIVES IN: QUEBEC; HAMILTON, Phone 778; BRANDON; REGINA, Phone 778; CALGARY P.O., Box 1148.



You can readily make
doubles
with a
Marlin
Repeating Shotgun

Because it combines *guaranteed* shooting ability with the simplest and strongest repeating mechanism—handles quicker and shoots harder than any other repeating gun.

The *Marlin* solid top prevents powder and gases blowing back, the side ejection of shells allows instant repeat shots. The closed-in breechbolt keeps out rain, snow and sleet, and the dirt, leaves, twigs and sand that clog up other repeaters.

The double extractors pull any shell, two special safety devices prevent the explosion of a cartridge while action is unlocked, and the automatic recoil lock removes all danger from hang-fires, making it the safest breech-loading gun built.

From the light-weight (6½ lbs.) 16-gauge to the new 7½ lbs. 12-gauge, *Marlin* repeaters in all models, grades and styles are well-made, finely-balanced guns, especially designed for hard shooting and quick handling.

Send 3 stamps postage for our complete 136-page catalog of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shotguns. Write to-day.

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
74 Willow St. NEW HAVEN, CONN.



Spring Purity

To brew good ale pure, hard water is an absolute necessity.

The solvent powers of water are so great that few springs produce water pure enough for brewing.

Carling's springs were discovered after many years of searching, and the brewery established only when Government analysts deposed that the water never tested less than 99.08 degrees pure.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

Everything

in Silverware that is required for the home is manufactured by this Company, both useful and ornamental. Because of their artistic merit they have quickly superseded others. Discriminating buyers realize that this

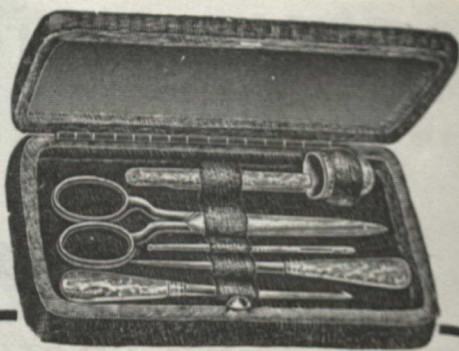


trademark instantly identifies them as the best, *But* be sure that they bear this stamp.

The
Standard Silver
Company, Limited
TORONTO, CANADA



ART. DEP. CANADIAN MAGAZINE



Tested and Guaranteed

The trade mark shown below and stamped on Rodgers' Cutlery means that it has been thoroughly tested and is guaranteed in every particular. Isn't it worth while to see that the cutlery you buy bears that

"Mark of Guaranteed Quality"

RODGERS CUTLERY

Used in the Royal Households

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Ltd.

Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, ENG.



EVERY new model of the Remington Typewriter since the creation of the industry has represented a fundamental advance in typewriter quality and typewriter service.

The New

Remington

Models

10

and

11



do this and more—for they represent the greatest single advance which has ever been made in the development of the writing machine.

Some of the New Features:

Column Selector
Back Spacer
Two Color Dial
New Carriage

Built in Tabulator
Single Dog Escapement
Variable Line Space Lock
New Paper Feed

Remington Typewriter Company

(INCORPORATED)

New York and Everywhere

The Simpson Shoe for Men

\$4.00 a Pair



Here is a Shoe at a popular price, which by rights classes up with the \$5.00 and \$6.00 Shoes.

We own it and control it. No other store sells Victor Shoes. It's our own brand.

No middle-men.

No commercial travelers.

No expensive round-about retailing.

We sell it with only one profit added to the cost of its making.

That's why you can get a good, stylish, manly, up-to-date boot for \$4.00 if you buy the Victor.

All popular styles and widths.

\$4.00 a Pair

Address
Orders to

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY,
LIMITED

TORONTO
CANADA



Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

IN the soothing, creamy, lasting quality of its lather, Williams' Shaving Stick guarantees to the man who shaves a degree of satisfaction he will find in no other.

Seventy-five years devoted to making perfect Shaving Soap we believe justifies this claim.

Handsome nickeled box with hinged cover.

Also in leatherette-covered metal box as formerly.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves), for 4c. in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.

Makers of Williams' famous Shaving Stick, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, etc.



Turnbull's Knitted M Bands

Mean Comfort for Baby

This is the softest, nicest garment ever made for Baby. Note the little tab in front to which the diaper is pinned and the tapes running from the tab in front over the shoulders to the tab on the back. This prevents any sagging, stretching or tearing of the garment, holds the diaper in its place all the time and is so comfortable.

This garment is made from the wool of the Australian Merino Sheep, noted the world over as the finest and softest wool.

Ask your dealer to show you this garment or write us. A mother who has once seen them will never use anything else for her babies.

THE G. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT,
Limited.

GALT, ONTARIO

Established, 1859

1781

Disease Conquered Without Drugs

Modern science recognizes Oxygen as Nature's great physician and health-giver. When present in the system in sufficient quantity it purifies the blood, destroys disease of any kind, and imparts strength and vitality.

It remained for Dr. Sanchez to discover the means for charging the system with Oxygen.

His wonderful little instrument, Oxydonor, applied while you sleep, causes the whole system to drink freely of Oxygen from the air, through the pores of the skin and the membranes.

Thus, by supplying an abundance of Oxygen in the blood, Oxydonor promptly cures disease and restores perfect health.

Here is the experience of Mrs. H. J. Gordon, 10 Atkin Ave., Toronto, written Jan. 23, 1909:

"This is to certify that I have used Oxydonor and have received most gratifying results from it. I suffered from a complication of diseases, and was scarcely ever free from pains and aches through my whole body.

It is now nearly two years since I got an Oxydonor, and our family doctor cannot understand why he has not been called in during that time. Last winter and this are the only winters in my life that I have not had my lungs poulticed, greased and blistered. Now my lungs are strong, and I do not take cold as I used to. I have not taken a spoonful of medicine of any kind since I bought Oxydonor, for it is our only doctor."

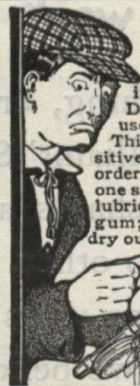
This is but a sample of scores of grateful letters. Why not let Oxydonor do for you what it is doing for others?

DR. H. SANCHE & CO.

354 1/2 St. Catherine Street West, MONTREAL



Hercules Sanchez
Copyright 1907 by Dr. Hercules Sanchez
All rights reserved.



DON'T BLAME THE REEL

If it fails you at a critical moment. Don't give it a chance to fail you—use "3-in-One" and it never will!

This oil keeps the reel's sensitive mechanism in perfect order. "3-in-One" is the one sure and safe reel lubricant. Won't gum; won't dry out.

Contains no acid. It absolutely prevents rust. Apply it to rod joints, they will come apart easily. Use on rod—it's good for wood—promotes pliability. Rub on line, prevents rotting. Trial bottle sent FREE by 3 IN 1 OIL CO., 50 B'way, New York City.

Dutch Artists & English Painters
use only the celebrated
WINSOR & NEWTON'S
Oil and Water Colors
acknowledged by all the standard in the art world. Ask your dealer.
A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.
Wholesale agents for Canada.

The Sideboard and the Silver

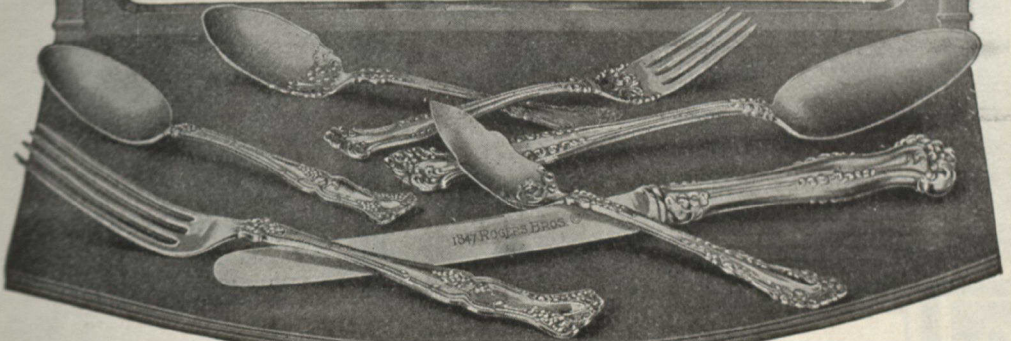
The sideboard should be stocked with the kind of silver that gives pleasure in its use and in its exhibition.

This grade of silver plate bears the trade mark

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

It is the kind which stays in the family through generations and is appreciated equally for its wearing quality and for its beauty. If there is occasion to purchase silver for a new home or at the time of replenishing, and you would secure "Silver Plate that Wears," insist upon "1847 ROGERS BROS." Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for our catalogue "B 4" showing all patterns.

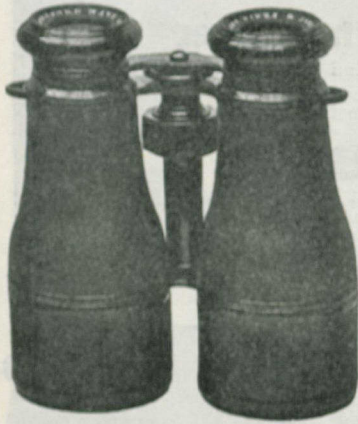
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Hamilton, Canada



"ROSE BRAND"

Breakfast Bacon is exclusively used by many of the best Hotels and Clubs, because it pleases particular people. Have you tried it? Order of your Grocer.

The **GEO. MATTHEWS CO., LIMITED**
 PETERBOROUGH HULL BRANTFORD



The "Beresford Navy" Marine and Field Glass, with patent adjustment, height, 5½ ins., \$13.00

An excellent glass, constructed on most scientific principles and particularly adapted for general field and marine use. Furnished in solid leather case with shoulder strap.

A POCKET COMPANION

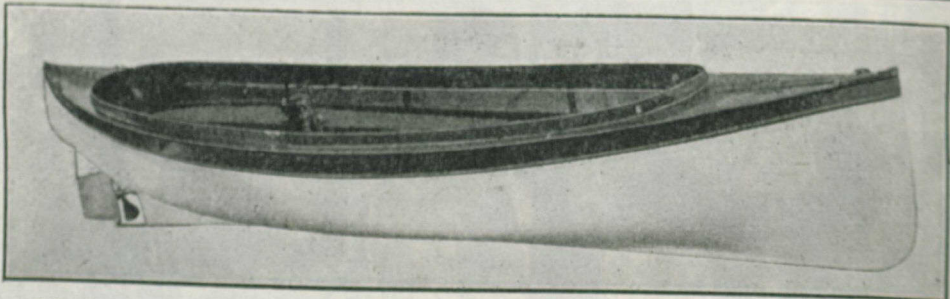
of unquestioned value is a good field glass.

With it you can enjoy the distant vista; recognize a bird, a yacht, a friend.

Our "Beresford Navy" at \$13.00 is a good glass.

Sent prepaid to any address, with return privilege, if unsatisfactory. Send for catalogue of other glasses.

HENRY BIRKS & SONS
LIMITED
PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL



CONSIDER WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL IN A LAUNCH

- 1st. Strongly constructed of good material.
- 2nd. To be able to stand a heavy storm and sea, when you are caught in it; and with a GIDLEY Launch you know you are safe.
- 3rd. A Reliable Engine of sufficient power.
- 4th. Comfort.

In addition to the above, if you purchase a GIDLEY Launch you get, without extra cost, a fast, handsomely finished boat.

The accompanying cut shows the design of our Special 18½ and 21 ft. Launches. These boats are fitted with a 5½ h.p. Engine, Reversible Propellers, complete and ready to run. Speed 9 to 9½ miles.

18½ Ft.	-	-	-	\$325.00, f. o. b. cars our factory.
21 "	-	-	-	\$385.00, " " " "

The reason we can sell this Beautifully Built and Finished Boat at these prices is because these two sizes are built in large quantities, off perfect templates.

H. E. GIDLEY & CO.,

PENETANGUISHENE, ONTARIO.

Write Dept. C. for Catalogue



IN FAR-OFF CLOISTERED DAYS

the lonely monks made glad the evening hours with music's solace. But their crude concords were rough and harsh as compared with the lovely tonal harmonies of the

MASON & RISCH PIANOS

—the most elegant and winning instruments that the art of the master craftsman has yet devised for home enjoyment or for concert recital.

Tried by every test—beauty of design, melodious tone, enthusiastic endorsement of teachers, virtuosi and those who enjoy home music, the Mason & Risch Pianos

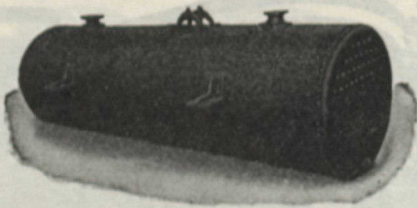
Stand Alone—Unequaled, Unrivaled

They adorn any parlor or drawing room, and make music itself richer, sweeter and more ravishing than ever before. Your home should have a Mason & Risch Piano.

Write to-day
for our
Catalogue

MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Payment Plans
to suit your
Convenience



☐ Horizontal Tubular, Vertical Tubular and Locomotive Type Boilers. Also Marine and Special Boilers of every type.

☐ Built for Medium or High Pressure. High Pressure Horizontal Tubular Boilers from 80 to 250 H. P. our specialty.

☐ Our St. Catharines plant devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Boilers and Steel Plate Work, is the most modern in Canada.

☐ Regular Sizes in Stock or under construction at all times.

The Jenckes Machine Co.

Limited

Sherbrooke, St. Catharines, Cobalt
Vancouver, Montreal

Works :

Sherbrooke, Que.; St. Catharines, Ont.



Fine Stationery

FOR THE

Business Man



FOR YOUR LETTERHEADS
USE

*Twentieth Century
Bond*

Danish Parchment

Danish Bond

Hercules Bond

ENVELOPES TO MATCH



The Barber & Ellis Co.

TORONTO BRANTFORD WINNIPEG

THIS NEW CASTLE BRAND BEDFORD COLLAR

sets the mark of Fashion on the wearer. More—its deep, snug-fitting points, its well-tailored, correct shape makes the Bedford the most comfortable collar of the year.

The W. G. & R. Shirts for Summer wear are just what the best shirts should be—at moderate, "Canadian-made" prices.

TRADE
W. G. & R.
MARK

BERLIN, ONT.

The Bedford
is sold in $\frac{1}{4}$
sizes,
3 for 50c.

You can get
the Bedford
shape at
2 for 25c.
in our
Elk Brand:
Ask for
"Kerwood"



Recreation is essential to every Professional and Business man.

Few things will divert the mind from daily cares more quickly than Music.

There is no method by which one can more readily or effectively produce the best of Music than by using that charming instrument

The Autonola

It is the modern Playerpiano. Anyone can play it. Everyone who uses it appreciates the simplicity with which it can be operated. A handsome instrument.

Send for free Booklet C to the makers.

The BELL PIANO & ORGAN CO., LIMITED GUELPH, ONT.
TORONTO LONDON, ENG. OTTAWA



LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

(THE GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE)



J. W. DOUGLAS & CO.
ESTD 1857
MONTREAL
CANADIAN AGENTS

By Royal Warrant
To His Majesty
The King.



"FOR FEAST DAYS & EVERY DAY"

5A

THE TOP NOTCH IN POCKET PHOTOGRAPHY

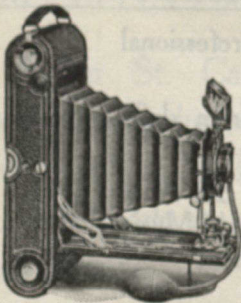
No. 3A FOLDING POCKET KODAKS

PICTURES, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2. PRICE \$20.00

Have the new Kodak Ball Bearing silent shutters, Superior rapid rectilinear lenses and every adjustment that is desirable in a hand camera, yet retain the perfect Kodak simplicity

Catalogue see at the dealers or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
Toronto, Canada



DRINK, Tobacco and Drug Habits CURED

New System of Treatment. Recently Discovered Remedy that Cures Rapidly and Permanently. Marvellous Results obtained that makes our remedy one of the wonders of Modern Medicine. Patients cured secretly at their own homes against their own will and knowledge. No suffering, no injections, no loss of time, or detention from business, no bad after effects.

FREE!

FREE!

we send by mail, free of charge, our 64 page book, which fully explains our modern system of treatment, of how the Drink, Tobacco and Drug habits can be rapidly overcome and cured. This book is sent in a plain envelope, sealed from observation, so no one can tell what your letter contains. All correspondence absolutely secret and confidential. Address,

DE SILVA INSTITUTE, 55 University St., Montreal, Canada.

H&R ARMS CO



Let the revolver
you have in mind
become a reality

A RELIABLE Revolver is not only the SAFEST to use, but the CHEAPEST in the end.

Buy an H & R to-day—and you'll have it when you want it. H & R Hammerless (illustrated), 38 caliber, 5 shots, 3¼ inch barrel, nickel, price \$7.00. Made also in 22 and 32 caliber.

Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct. Look for our name on the barrel and the little target trade-mark on the handle.

We want you to have our beautifully illustrated catalog. Write for it to-day.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 520 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

Ask Yourself

Of what value is Purity to You?
Every Brand of

EDDY'S TOILET PAPERS

is Guaranteed Chemically Pure.
It's worth considering.

Always Everywhere in Canada Ask For
EDDY'S MATCHES



ART ILLUSTRATION CANADIAN MAGAZINE

It is the "Star" Brand



Ask for Fearman's 'Star' Brand English Breakfast Bacon and see that it is branded with the Star.



Made for over 50 Years by

F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA



Newcombe Pianos

Built for Music and Built to Endure

Awarded Medals and Awards at many international expositions, including Paris, Chicago, London England, Jamestown, etc.

"The Finest made in Canada."

Write for Catalogue of designs and prices.

The Newcombe Piano Co., Limited,
129 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto

New City Warerooms: 7 & 7½ Queen St., East, Toronto

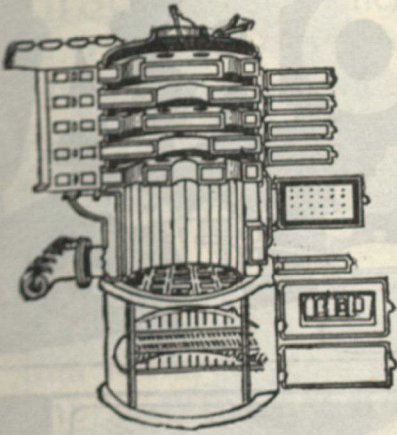
VANCOUVER ISLAND
LANDS
Fruit-Growing
Farming
Poultry
Business
Professions
Manufactures
Timber
Mining
Railroads
Navigation
Fisheries
New Towns

MILD
SUNNY
CLIMATE

offers opportunity to you

Write for Booklet of Views and Authentic Information

Your questions carefully answered
Vancouver Island Devel'm't League
Room A-41, Law Ch. Bldg., Victoria, B.C.



THE
“SOVEREIGN”
 HOT WATER
 BOILER

MADE BY

**TAYLOR-
 FORBES**
 COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office, Works
 and Foundries

GUELPH, ONT.

The
**Foundation Stone
 of Comfort**

A Taylor-Forbes heating apparatus makes a more comfortable home of a house and increases its value as a property investment.

Adds 15 to 25 per cent. more than its entire cost to the value of a house, and pays for itself, as well, with the coal it saves.

Show Rooms and Agents :

TAYLOR-FORBES CO., 1088 King St. W., TORONTO

TAYLOR-FORBES CO., 340 Pendar St., VANCOUVER

GENERAL CONTRACTORS' SUPPLY CO., HALIFAX, N.S.

H. G. ROGERS, 53½ Dock St., ST. JOHN, N.B.

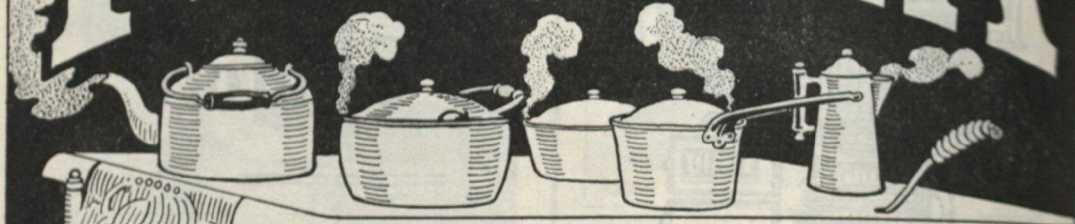
VULCAN IRON WORKS, Limited, WINNIPEG, MAN.

TAYLOR-FORBES CO., 122 Craig St. W., MONTREAL

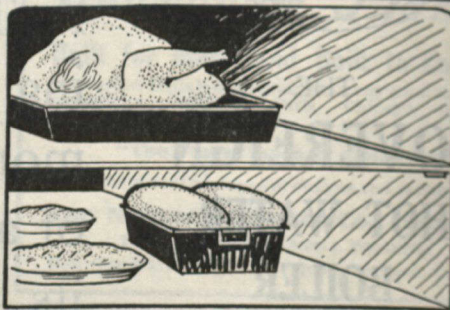
MECHANICS' SUPPLY CO., QUEBEC

THE BARNES CO., CALGARY, ALTA.

PANDORA



Owing to the flue construction of most ranges it is a rather difficult feat to cook and bake successfully at the same time.



But the arrangement of the Pandora flues differs considerably from others. They are so constructed that the draft for baking is also the best for cooking, the heat circulating around the oven twice and under every pot hole before passing up the chimney.

The Pandora Bakes and Cooks perfectly at the same time

Do you know of another range that does?

If your local dealer does not sell the Pandora write direct to us for Free Booklet.

McClary's

London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Hamilton Calgary

First, the sound principles of typewriter construction which gave world-wide appreciation to the

Smith Premier

TO

And NOW, these same original features plus every improvement that twenty years of thought and study could suggest

New Model 10



Interchangeable
Platen Carriages
Visible writing
Column finder
Back Spacer and
other features.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Inc.
Syracuse, N.Y.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin No other cosmetic will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) — "As you ladies will use them,

I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

GOURAUD'S POUDDRE SUBTILE
Removes superfluous Hair Price \$1.00 by Mail
FRED. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., New York City

Typewriters \$15 to \$50

Save 50 per cent. to 75 per cent. on the regular selling price of all the standard makes of machines by buying a re-built typewriter—nearly the new machine. Send postal to-day for list, stating make you prefer. **TYPEWRITER CLEARING-HOUSE OF CANADA, 71A St. James Street, MONTREAL.**



Underwood



DUPLICATORS

With the typewriter in universal use, every business man and every professional man as well, has use for a duplicating machine of some kind, for making easily and quickly a number of fac-simile copies of a typewritten original.

We sell several devices for the purpose: The Hectograph at \$3.50; the Box Neostyle, \$15.00; the Rotary Neostyle, \$35; and the modern Flexotype, which produces 10,000 perfect typewritten letters an hour, at \$250.

UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY, LIMITED

ADELAIDE STREET EAST
TORONTO

OFFICES IN ALL CANADIAN CITIES.



ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

is undoubtedly the most reliable preparation to use for Infants and Invalids. No other barley is like it and the danger of accepting a substitute or so-called "just as good," cannot be too strongly emphasized.

FRANK MAGOR
& CO.

Canadian Agents
MONTREAL



The
KELSEY
Warm Air Generator

THE
JAMES SMART MFG. CO.,
LIMITED
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

IT HEATS

All the Rooms
All the Time
All Alike

A continuous current of evenly warmed air is distributed to all parts, or any part of the building. This is done with an amount of coal which would be wholly inadequate with any other heater. There is the economy of coal, the even distribution of the heat, the perfect ventilation, absence of dust, gas and smoke, and no waste of heat in the basement.

Write for booklet and learn for your own knowledge all the facts of the Kelsey System.

CATALOGUE PRINTING

There are but two ways of getting new business; one is by asking for it, the other by advertising for it.

The most effective advertising is by means of Catalogues and Booklets. It enables manufacturers and merchants to reach the buyers and tell their whole story. If the printed matter is interesting, attractive in appearance, and well illustrated, its selling power is so much the greater.

Do you ever require good printing?

We have a large, well equipped plant, and a thoroughly capable staff of workmen, and we guarantee the quality of our work to be of the highest standard.

Whenever you're ready we should be glad to go into the question with you.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Limited

King and Spadina - TORONTO



Hall's Hair Renewer

Perfectly satisfied with your hair? Good. But if it is falling out, keeps thin and short, looks dull and lifeless, what then? Here are the ingredients that will stop the falling, destroy the dandruff, and give new life to the hair. Ask your doctor all about these ingredients. His advice should always be final. Would you like to have rich, heavy, luxuriant hair?

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Ingredients: Glycerin Capsicum Tea Rosemary Leaves Bay Rum
Sulphur Boroglycerin Alcohol Water Perfume

DOES NOT COLOR THE HAIR

HOTEL CUMBERLAND

NEW YORK

S.W. Cor. Broadway at 54th Street.



Near 50th St. Subway and 53rd St. Elevated and accessible to all surface lines.

HEADQUARTERS FOR CANADIANS

Ideal Location. Near Theatres, Shops, and Central Park.

NEW AND FIRE-PROOF.

Strictly First Class Rates Reasonable

10 minutes walk to 20 Theatres. European Plan

\$2.50 with bath, and up.

Restaurant Unexcelled

Prices Moderate

Send for Booklet

Harry P. Stimson
Formerly with Hotel Imperial.

R. J. Bingham
Formerly with Hotel Woodward.

Beauty and Solid Comfort



do not always go together. You get the combination in our brick fire places, which are artistic and give a room a very cosy appearance. All up-to-date houses have them. Buy a good Buff Milton Brick when you build your house.

Send for Catalogue

Milton Pressed Brick Company

Limited

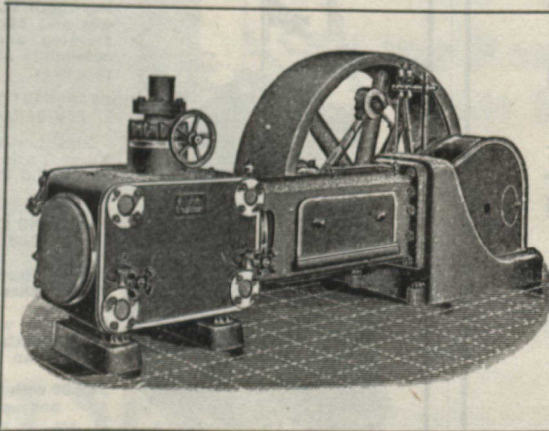
TORONTO OFFICE:

75 YONGE STREET

WORKS AND OFFICE:

MILTON - ONTARIO

Robb Power Plants



ENGINES

Corliss, Slide Valve,
Horizontal, Vertical.

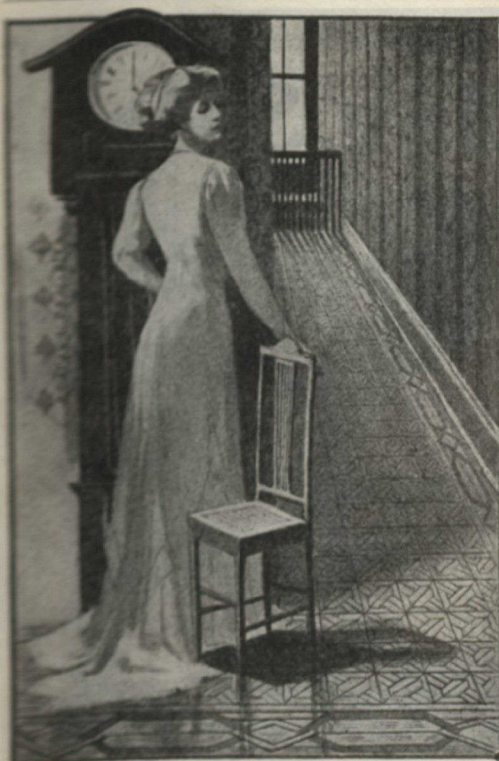
BOILERS

Water Tube, Return
Tubular, Internally
Fired, Portable.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited, AMHERST, N.S.

District Offices:

{ 709 Power Building, Montreal, Watson Jack, Manager
Traders Bank Building, Toronto, Wm. McKay, Manager
Union Bank Building, Winnipeg, W. F. Porter, Manager
Calgary Block, Calgary, J. F. Porter, Manager



Special Furniture

If you are looking for odd pieces of fine furniture we may interest you in some of our reproductions of fine old examples.

Perfect workmanship
and moderate prices.

ELLIOTT & SON,
LIMITED

79 King Street West, Toronto

 An illustration of a woman in a long dress and a white bonnet, standing on a dirt path. In the background, a village with several houses and trees is visible. The text "Ganong's Chocolates" is written in a large, cursive font across the middle. Below it, "EVANGELINE" ART BOXES and other attractive packages. is written in a smaller font. A small "G.B." logo is also present.

VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRÉ

Ganong's **Chocolates**

"EVANGELINE" ART BOXES and other attractive packages.

GANONG BROS. LTD.
ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

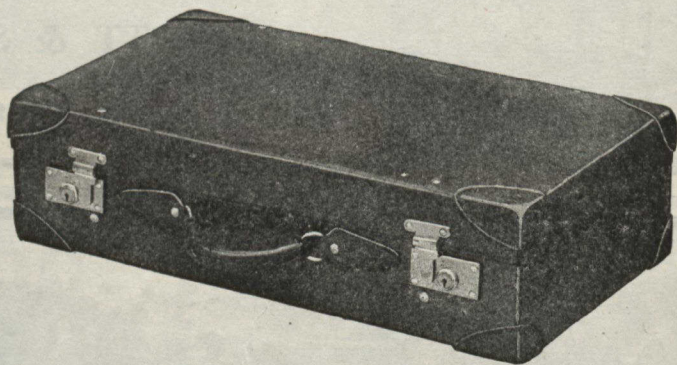
Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts
covered with a smooth, rich chocolate

LOOK FOR THE "G.B." STAMP ON THE BOTTOM. IT IS ON EVERY "G.B." CHOCOLATE
GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.



Julian Sale Suit Cases

We emphasize "JULIAN SALE" because as a rule a cheap suit case looks as good as a high price case. If you want something different from the ordinary buy one of our make.



We make leather suit cases from \$4.00 up, but to get one that will wear a long time and keep its appearance you should pay at least \$7.50.

Catalogue 20 describes fully our line of Suit Cases and other specialties we make in traveling and leather goods.

The **JULIAN SALE**

LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited

105 King Street West, Toronto



The "WAWA"

A new hotel
in the wonderful mountain and
lake country of Canada—1,000 feet above
sea level—every up-to-date comfort in the heart of
the north woods

Norway Point, Lake of Bays "Highlands of Ontario"

Unsurpassed fishing, canoeing, sailing, the finest bathing beaches—while in
this high altitude and pure air, hay fever is unknown.

The "Wawa" is electric lighted throughout, with hot and cold water in
every room, and is supplied with fine mountain spring water. Accommoda-
tions are for 200 guests. Rates are reasonable—and there is good steam-
boat service around the lakes.

Send for the handsome booklet that describes this territory. Free on
application to

J. D. McDONALD, D. P. A.

Union Station, TORONTO

J. QUINLAN

Bonaventure Station, MONTREAL

W. E. DAVIS

G. T. BELL

Pass. Traffic Manager
Montreal

Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager
Montreal

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**



RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.

Niagara to the Sea

The grandest trip in America for health and
pleasure. The Thousand Islands, Rapids,
Montreal, Quebec and the famed Saguenay
River, with its stupendous Capes "Trinity"
and "Eternity."

Send 6c. postage for illustrated guide to

THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal, Can.

SS. Kingston. among the
Thousand Islands.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamers

WEEKLY SERVICE

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

MONTREAL TO HAVRE & LONDON



MUSIC ROOM, S.S. VIRGINIAN

The St. Lawrence Route

**Shortest, Smoothest, Most Picturesque
Four Days from Land to Land**

The Magnificent Turbine Triple Screw Steamers

VICTORIAN and VIRGINIAN

Absolutely without noise, odour or vibration

A boon to those desiring rest and recreation

New Twin Screw Steamers **CORSICAN, 11,000 tons, and TUNISIAN**

Moderate Rates Polite Attention Cuisine Unexcelled

GLASGOW SERVICE

New Twin Screw Steamers **GRAMPIAN and HESPERIAN**
and One Class Cabin Steamers **IONIAN and PRETORIAN**

Send for Sailings and Rates

THE ALLAN LINE, 77 Yonge St., Toronto, or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.

Charmingly Situated Summer Hotels on the Picturesque Lower St. Lawrence

**Manoir
Richelieu**

Murray Bay
P. Q.



**The
Tadousac**

Tadousac
P. Q.

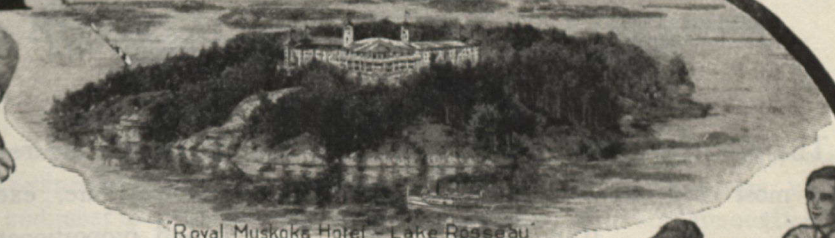
These high-class Summer Hotels are replete with all modern improvements, and the Climate and Scenery at these points are unequalled on the continent.

For further particulars, and copy of "Where the Sea Breezes Mingle with the Pine" apply to

THOMAS HENRY,

Traffic Manager, Montreal

MUSKOKA



Royal Muskoka Hotel - Lake Rousseau

THE ROYAL MUSKOKA HOTEL

Muskoka Lakes, Canada.

"The Grandest Spot in all America."

LAKES OF BLUE SET WITH ISLES OF EMERALD.

Amid miles of inland lakes are thousands of picturesque islands on which are located over 100 hotels and boarding houses, with prices ranging from \$5 to \$35 per week. The Lakes, 112 MILES FROM TORONTO, are reached by a magnificent train service on three lines, the Grand Trunk, Canadian Northern, and Canadian Pacific Railways. NINE SPLENDID TRAINS ARE RUN SOLID FROM TORONTO to Muskoka Wharf, Bala, Bala Park and lake Joseph, where steamers carry passengers to their various destinations.

Get illustrated folder giving list of Hotels and other information. Muskoka Lakes Navigation & Hotel Co., Limited, Gravenhurst, Ontario.



Pacific Coast Excursions



Frankly, is there anywhere you would rather go this summer than to the Pacific Coast? Can you imagine a more delightful trip, or one of greater educational value?

In addition to the journey through the western provinces and prairies, the marvellous Rocky Mountain scenery and the attractions of British Columbia, there is this year the ALASKA - YUKON - PACIFIC EXPOSITION, SEATTLE, advertised as a new departure in world's fairs, and better, as one that will be completed and in full swing on the opening date, June 1st. Also

National Irrigation Congress, Spokane, August 9-14.

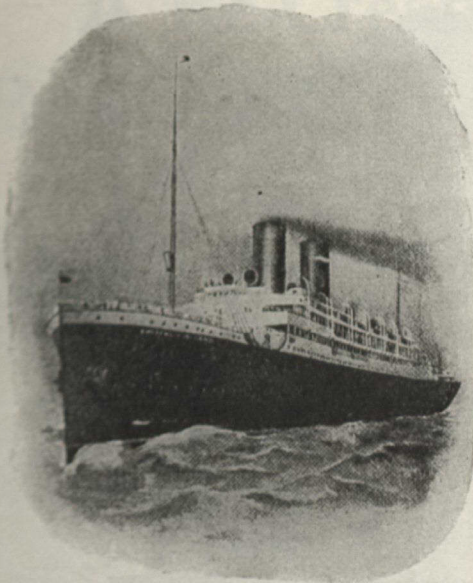
The remarkable reduction in rates brings the tour within the reach of persons of most moderate means. The total cost for railway fare, exclusive of side trips, is \$74.10 from Toronto and proportionately low from all Ontario stations; tickets good going until Sept. 30, return limit Oct. 31. Route is by Canadian Pacific direct line in one or both directions (by upper lake steamer at small extra cost), or choice of U. S. lines in one direction. Canadian Pacific through train service assures a thoroughly satisfactory and comfortable journey.

For rates, routes, sleeping car service and full information apply to local C.P.R. ticket agent or write

R. L. THOMPSON,
District Passenger Agent, Toronto



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP LINES



EMPRESS OF BRITAIN and EMPRESS OF IRELAND

THE EMPRESSES

AND 14 OTHER MODERN
ATLANTIC LINERS

AN OCEAN RECORD is a strong point in favor of a ship; it proves its superiority. Our *Empresses* have made and broken all records between Canada and the Old Land—5 days, 23 hours, dock to dock. Quick, isn't it? Prices very moderate, too.

East	SUMMER SAILINGS	West
July 24,	Lake Erie	July 7
" 30,	Empress of Ireland	" 16
Aug. 7,	Lake Manitoba	" 21
" 13,	Empress of Britain	" 30
" 21,	Lake Champlain	Aug. 4

All vessels equipped with wireless, and all modern appliances for safety and comfort of passengers

For rates and other information apply to any
S. S. and Railway agent

OR TO

S. J. SHARP

W. G. ANNABLE

West. Pass. Agt.

Gen. Pass. Agt.

71 Yonge St., TORONTO

MONTREAL

White Star-Dominion Line

WEEKLY SAILINGS ST. LAWRENCE SEASON

From MONTREAL and QUEBEC to LIVERPOOL

FLEET FOR SEASON 1909

The new steamers S. S. "LAURENTIC," of 14,892 tons, triple screw, combination of turbine and reciprocal engines, also the S. S. "MEGANTIC," twin screw, 14,878 tons. Largest and most modern steamers in the St. Lawrence with accommodation for First, Second and Third Class passengers. The S. S. "CANADA" will also be operated, with accommodation for three classes of passengers.

Moderate Rate Service—One Class Cabin (called Second Class)

To meet the growing demand especially from those engaged in educational work, it has been decided to continue the One Class Cabin Service. The S. S. "DOMINION" and the S. S. "OTTAWA" have been placed on this service, and will meet the demands of those who desire the best that the steamer affords at a moderate rate.

For all information apply to Local Agents or Company's Offices.

MONTREAL, 118 Notre Dame St. West. TORONTO, 41 King St. East. WINNIPEG, 205 McDermot Ave.

Hundreds of Safe
Beaches

Water Agreeable
Temperature

Accommodation
at Reasonable
Rates

in

Quebec,
New Brunswick,
Nova Scotia,
Prince Edward
Island



Write for copy of

"TOURS TO SUMMER HAUNTS"

to

General Passenger Dept.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Moncton, N.B., Canada

Toronto Office: 51 King Street East, King Edward Hotel Block

A Re-Creation of Business Opportunities



The commercial opportunities opened up by the Canadian Northern Railway System are unequalled in the British Empire. In 1897 the Canadian Northern operated 100 miles of railway. It now controls 5,000 miles in the most promising parts of the country. Hundreds of new townsites have been created west of Lake Superior and many new enterprises have been made practicable in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. All these newly developed territories are bristling with business opportunities for the enterprising and they are clearly described from the commercial viewpoint in the new edition of the publication—

A MILE A DAY FOR TWELVE YEARS

a copy of which is free for the asking from the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Head Offices, Toronto.

A New Place to Shoot and Fish

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

Temagami

Northern Ontario, Canada

—a new territory now reached by rail—the country of the canoe, the camper's paradise.

Fish for black bass, speckled trout and lake trout—the gamiest fish that swim. Shoot moose, deer, bear, partridge and other game during the hunting season.

Bring your camera—the scenery is wild and magnificent.

In this pure, pine-perfumed air, hay fever is unknown.

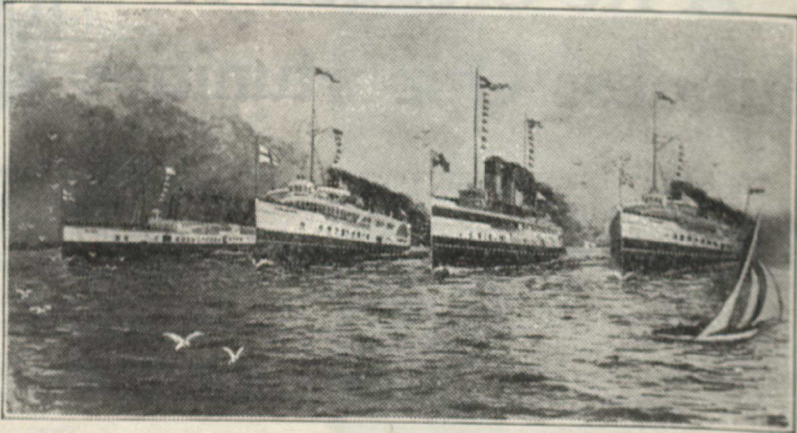
A booklet telling you all about it, handsomely illustrated, sent on application to

J. D. McDONALD,
Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

J. QUINLAN,
Bonaventure Station, Montreal
G. T. BELL, G. P. & T. A., Montreal,
W. E. DAVIS, P. T. M., Montreal.



Niagara Navigation Company



CONNECTING
BUFFALO--NIAGARA FALLS--TORONTO

Six Trips Daily (Except Sunday)

Write for Illustrated Booklet

B. W. FOLGER, Manager, Toronto, Canada

Quebec Steamship Company

Limited

River and Gulf of St. Lawrence

Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes

The high-class fast Iron S.S. "Trinidad," 2,600 tons, with electric lights, electric bells and all modern comforts.

SAILS FROM MONTREAL ON MONDAY at 4 p.m., 2nd, 16th and 30th August and 13th September, for Picton, N.S., calling at Quebec, Gaspé, Mal Bay, Perce, Grand River, and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

BERMUDA

Summer Excursions, \$20 to \$80, by the Twin Screw S.S. "Bermudian," 5,500 tons. Sailing 7th, 17th and 28th July and every ten days thereafter from New York. Temperature cooled by sea breezes seldom rises above 80 degrees. The finest trips of the season for health and comfort.

A. F. WEBSTER & CO., Corner King and Yonge Streets

THOS. COOK & SON, 35 Adelaide Street East
 TICKET AGENTS, TORONTO

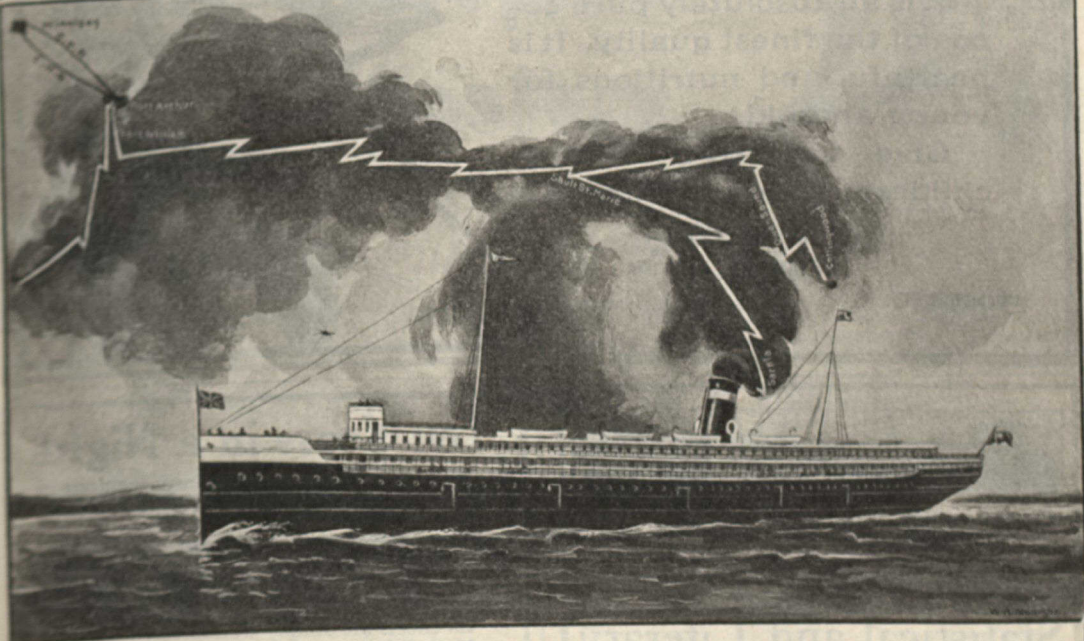
ARTHUR AHERN, SECRETARY, QUEBEC

The Northern Navigation Co.

of Ontario, Limited

GRAND TRUNK ROUTE

A "Chain Lightning Service" to the North-West
Via the Great Lakes



Magnificent Steamers
Magnificent Distances
Magnificent Scenery

STEAMERS LEAVE SARNIA
Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays



Direct train service Toronto and Detroit to Sarnia Wharf. No transfer. Connections at Port Arthur with Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific Railways. Wednesday and Saturday steamers through to Duluth, connecting with Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railways.

TOURS OF GEORGIAN BAY. FOUR TRIPS WEEKLY.
Collingwood and Owen Sound to Mackinac Island.

Tickets and information from all Ry. Agents.

C. H. NICHOLSON, Traffic Mgr., Sarnia, Ont.

COWAN'S

PERFECTION

COCOA

(MAPLE LEAF LABEL)

is the most nourishing thing to begin the day on. It is good morning, noon and night—any time.

It is an absolutely pure cocoa of the finest quality. It is healthful and nutritious for young and old.

Give COWAN'S to your children—drink it yourself.

THE COWAN CO.
LIMITED,

TORONTO.



WINNIPEG



Sign and mail coupon below and receive during the next 365 days free of charge

Handsome Illustrated Statistical and Literary Productions

Pictureing positive proofs of the WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT taking place in Winnipeg and Western Canada and

The Opportunities Open for Capital,
Industries and Ambitious Men.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

N.B.—If you want to make more of the future than you have of the past, write in space below specifically lines of business you want information on.

Address—CHAS. F. ROLAND, Commissioner WINNIPEG, CANADA

Ten Years in a Night

is how one lady describes the improvement in her appearance after using **MADAM FULLER'S WRINKLE TREATMENT.**

It smooths away the lines of care, worry, illness or advancing age, improves the complexion, restoring the softness and plump, firm, delicate texture of early youth.

Its effects are simply wonderful.

Mailed free, *packed secretly*, on receipt of \$2.00 bill or money order.

Sole Distributors for Canada :

E. P. STANFORD & CO., VANCOUVER, B.C.

STAMPS

Large and finest stock
British Colonials
for Stamp Collections.

6 Barbades 10c., 10 Jamaica 8c., 6 Mauritius 10c., 6 Trinidad 9c., 5 Gold Coast 10c., 20 India 10c., 5 Bermuda 10c., 50 different 10c., 200 different \$1.50.

STAMPS BOUGHT FOR CASH

Canadians and British Colonials wanted, for which we pay the highest prices. Send samples and return postage.

ROYAL ALBUM

exclusively for British Colonials. Send for booklet.

COLONIAL STAMP CO. Established 1882
953 E. 53d Street, CHICAGO

STOP DARNING

Wife or mother need spend no more hours of eye straining, nerve-exhausting labor darning for the family. She can end it all by simply buying

NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
6 Pairs for \$2.00

As the washing machine banished the wash board, and the sewing machine lightened the labors of the seamstress, so NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery will do away with the drudgery of the darning needle and the mending yarn. You see NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery is not the kind of hosiery you have been used to wearing. It is better made—of better yarn and is

Guaranteed Holeproof for 6 Months

We are the only makers in Canada who make hosiery good enough to guarantee for six months.

We use specially prepared maco and long fibre Egyptian lisle yarn. Our six strand yarn is interwoven by special machinery. This hosiery is made to wear—extraordinarily durable, but not heavy—the heels and toes are doubly reinforced, made to resist wear where the wear comes.

Holeproof Hosiery is dyed by an entirely new process.

Dyeing hosiery in the ordinary way weakens the fabric, making it harsh and stiff, and, in a great many cases positively unclean as the dye rubs off discoloring the feet.

Our new process makes the Holeproof fabric as clean, soft and strong as undyed hosiery. The colors of Holeproof are absolutely fast.

You do not know what real foot comfort is until you have worn Holeproof Hosiery—it is so soft and easy on the feet.

Holeproof Hosiery is the most cleanly and sanitary hosiery in existence and costs you no more than the ordinary kind. You can buy 6 pairs for \$2.00, with the following guarantee in each box:

Read this Guarantee
If any or all of this six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace them free of charge.

No red tape—simply detach coupon from "guarantee" enclosed in every box, and forward with damaged hosiery direct to us.

State size, and whether black or tan. Only one size in each box of six pairs. Send in your order to-day. If your dealer cannot supply you send us money order or bills for \$2.00, and start enjoying Holeproof comforts right away. Do it now.

We also make Boys' and Girls' stockings in same quality.
Box containing 3 pair, \$1.00.
Guaranteed for three months.

Chipman Holton Knitting Co.
LIMITED
Kelly Street, - Hamilton, Canada

It's the name behind the guarantee that makes it good.



1602

2 in 1

SHOE POLISH

BRIGHT AND INSTANTANEOUS

One application—two rubs—and your shoes are shined for three days.

"2 in 1" softens the leather—keeps out moisture—won't stain the clothes—and emancipates you from bottles, mops, brushes and hard work. No substitute even half as good.

10c. and 25c. Tins



210




IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they sell

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

FISHING REEL ROD LINE




all need "3 in One" oil. It makes reels run right—ALWAYS. No sticking, no jerking, no back-lashing. Just an easy, steady action that feeds or reels the line evenly, smoothly at any speed.

"3 in One" prevents rust on steel rods, prevents cracking of cane or bamboo rods and makes all joints fit snugly. Makes silk or linen lines stronger and last longer. Prevents twisting and tangling.

FREE Try "3 in One" yourself at our expense. Write at once for sample bottle and booklet—both free. Library Slip in every package.

3 IN ONE OIL CO., 50 B'way, New York.



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label for your protection. Get "Improved," no tacks required.



Get Away from the Hot Oven during Summer Time.

"CHATEAU BRAND PORK AND BEANS" are better baked than the best home baked beans.

They are baked in steam heat twice as great as you can possibly get in a dry oven.

Every particle of the bean is thoroughly baked and easily digestible.

They have a rich mealy nutty flavor—nothing mushy about them.

Then the quality of the beans used is the very highest—specially selected and hand picked.

Then what folly it is to attempt to provide home baked beans when Chateau Brand can be had at any grocers at 10c.—15c. and 20c. a tin.

WM. CLARK — MONTREAL.
MANUFACTURERS OF
HIGH GRADE FOOD SPECIALTIES.

A TOILET TREASURE



Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

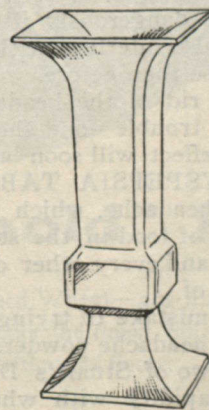
Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

IN the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful; after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!

Colonial Glass

Exclusive designs in



*Flower
Vases,
Fruit
Bowls,
Tumblers,
Wine
Services,
Etc.*

WILLIAM JUNOR
88 West King Street, Toronto

Sick Headache And Indigestion

The Former Is Very Frequently Caused By The Other.

The pneumo-gastric nerve connects the stomach region directly with the brain, and when the stomach is out of order the head is almost certain to be affected through reflex or sympathetic nervous irritation.

The headache of dyspepsia and indigestion is of every variety from the dullest and least defined to the most acute pain. Sometimes the whole mass of the brain seems racked with anguish; at others the ache is confined to the back or front part of the head. The first form is usually of a confused character, and is often accompanied by dimness of vision, and a mild vertigo, or so-called "rush of blood to the head." The victims of this symptom complain of a "swimming" or "lightness" in the head, and dizziness, or a sensation of motion while the body is still, and specks, or flashes of light before the eyes.

Persons subject to indigestion and other forms of stomach trouble are very frequent sufferers from headache, and in numerous cases a sick headache is the only noticeable symptom of indigestion present; in others, there are stomach manifestations as well.

The majority of people regard this headache as a separate disease, instead of a symptom of stomach-disease, which it usually is; and they attempt to treat it separately, and make the mistake of endeavoring to obtain relief through the use of headache powders, tablets, pills and seltzers, the use of which is extremely dangerous, as many of them contain such powerful depressent drugs as acetanilid, phenacetine, antipyrine, caffeine, etc., which depress the heart, brain and nerve centers, and lower arterial pressure; and many a person with a weak heart has become dangerously ill shortly after taking one of these headache remedies. They also interfere with the digestive processes, and actually make the dyspepsia worse than before.

In order to get rid of the headache of indigestion—and most headaches are caused by stomach trouble—one should endeavor to reach and remove the cause, and the headache effect will soon be relieved.

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS do not cure the symptoms; they cure the cause of the headache, which permanently removes the symptoms. They digest every atom of food in the stomach, cure all forms of stomach trouble, and the headache, and every other disagreeable symptom and untoward effect is quickly gotten rid of.

Don't make the mistake of trying to cure your dyspeptic or nervous headache through the use of headache powders, tablets, etc. Use common sense, good judgment, and one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and you will be agreeably surprised at the rapidity with which the headache will be relieved and cured simultaneously with the relief and cure of the stomach disturbance.

Purchase a package from your druggist to-day, and send us your name and address, and we will forward you a trial package free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.



“Royal Household” Flour

is made only from Manitoba Hard Wheat—and milled by a process that insures not only the finest, but also the whitest, purest and most nutritious of flours. Best for Bread and Best for Pastry.

OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED, - - MONTREAL

ART D^{EST} CANADIAN MAGAZINE

A RECORD OF OVER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

For over sixty-five years MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial Number 1098.



Turner's Bi-CARRIER

The original Rear Cycle Parcel Carrier. Used exclusively by the C. I. V. in the South African War, the British Territorial Army and Post Office. Guaranteed for 5 years. Size 14 in. by 6 in., with clips to fit, mailed free \$3.00. Prices and particulars of all sizes from 8 x 4 to 19 x 8 inches free.

H. G. TURNER
Eldon Grove, Manchester, Eng.

YOU CAN STOP

Your Husband, Son or Friend from **DRINKING**

Write me, and I will tell you the only proven method that will actually stop a man from drinking; either with or without his consent, and without danger to him, or loss of his time. It will **cost you nothing** to try. I have given my advice to hundreds upon hundreds and never heard of a case where it failed. Address **E. Fortin, R. 134, Chicago, Ill., 40 Dearborn Street.** Absolute secrecy promised.



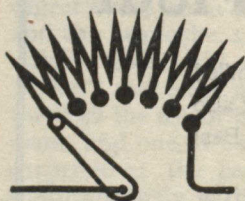
WINDSOR TABLE SALT

"Windsor Table Salt is the salt for us. We pay our money for good salt—made right here in Canada—that every one knows is absolutely pure.

We certainly won't pay fancy prices for an imported salt with a fancy name."

Windsor salt is all salt—pure, dry, dissolves instantly, and lends a delicious flavor to every dish.

IT'S ¹⁵ WINDSOR



ELECTRICITY

THE BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL is the oldest and best school in the world teaching ELECTRICITY exclusively. Theoretical and practical course complete

Students actually construct Dynamos, Motors and Electrical instruments. Graduates hold good positions **IN ONE YEAR**

throughout the world. Seventeenth year opens September 22. Apply for free Catalog to

L. DENTON BLISS, Pres't, 82 Takoma Avenue, Washington, D. C.

"GURD'S" Ginger Ale "GURD'S" Caledonia Water

There is nothing quite like either, for both are "THE BEST"

CHARLES GURD & CO., Limited - - - MONTREAL

When ordering supplies for a camping party or your summer home, remember that

CHASE & SANBORN'S
"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE

comes in 1 and 2 pound tins, which retains all the delicious flavor and aroma of the freshly ground coffee. It is never sold in bulk.

107

UPTON'S

Pure Orange Marmalade

Cheapest and Best

Get it from your Grocer and try it on toast for your breakfast



"It's Pure That's Sure"

The principle embodied in
the construction of every

Gourlay Piano

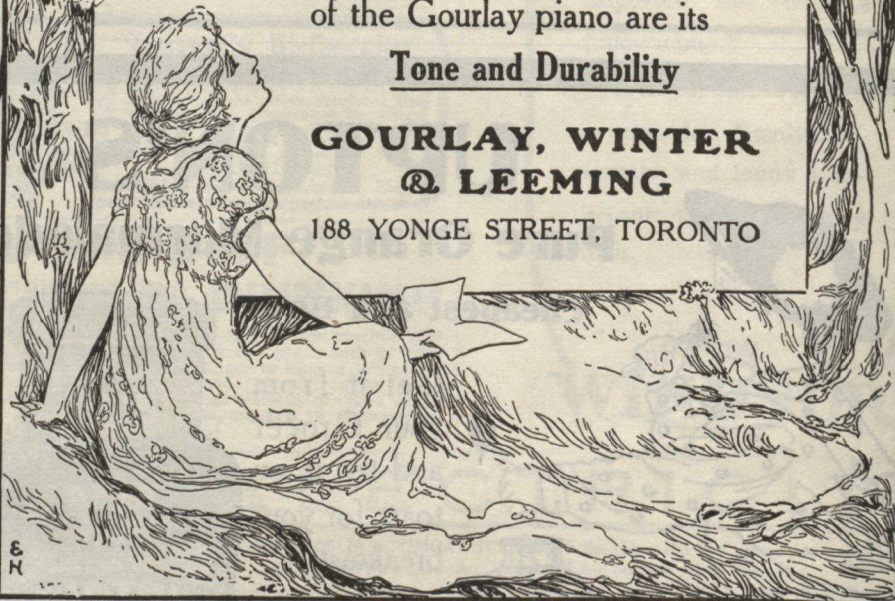
is the manufacture of a piano
producing the richest possible and the
most sympathetic tone, and to so care-
fully supervise every detail of construction
that the tone will last.

The designs are artistic, and other
minor points receive due consideration,
but the secrets of the phenomenal success
of the Gourlay piano are its

Tone and Durability

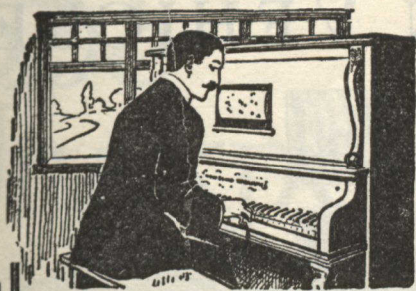
**GOURLAY, WINTER
& LEEMING**

188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO



GOURLAY WINTER & LEEMING

TORONTO-188 YONGE ST. HAMILTON-66 KING ST. W.



What a Treat for a Business Man

after the work and worry of the day, to have an evening of music.

Amusements may pall; books may lose their charm; but music brings rest and relaxation to mind and body.

New Scale Williams Player Piano

brings music to you, instead of sending you to seek the music outside of your home.

You can play this instrument yourself--whenever you like--and whatever music you like.

With the New Scale Williams Player Piano you have the world's masterpieces--the rousing marches--the seductive waltzes--the "old songs" and the new--literally everything worth hearing and playing.

Our purchase plan makes it easy for you to buy one. Write us for particulars and also ask for booklet. Cut out the coupon and mail to us to-day.

**The Williams
Piano Co.,
Limited**

**OSHAWA,
ONT.**

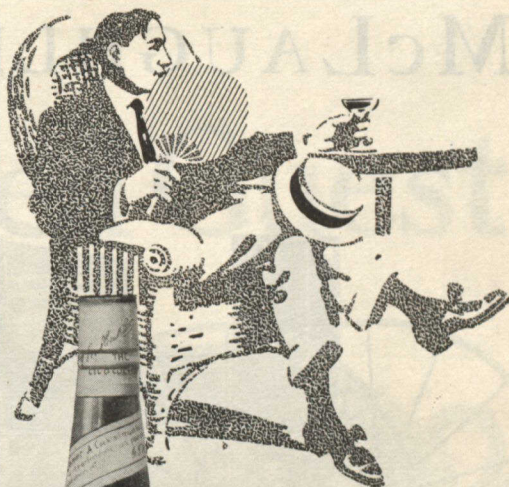
32

Please send me free of all cost booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Player Piano and special easy purchase plan.

Name

Address

T.C.M.



Club Cocktails
are a
Bottled Delight

*Martini (gin base)
and Manhattan
(whiskey base) are
universal favorites*



A Club Cocktail

After a hot day's work or play, a CLUB COCKTAIL is the most delightful of recuperators. They're not only an ideal cocktail, but a delightfully refreshing, gently stimulating drink. CLUB COCKTAILS entail no fuss or trouble to prepare. Simply strain through cracked ice, and they're ready for instant use.

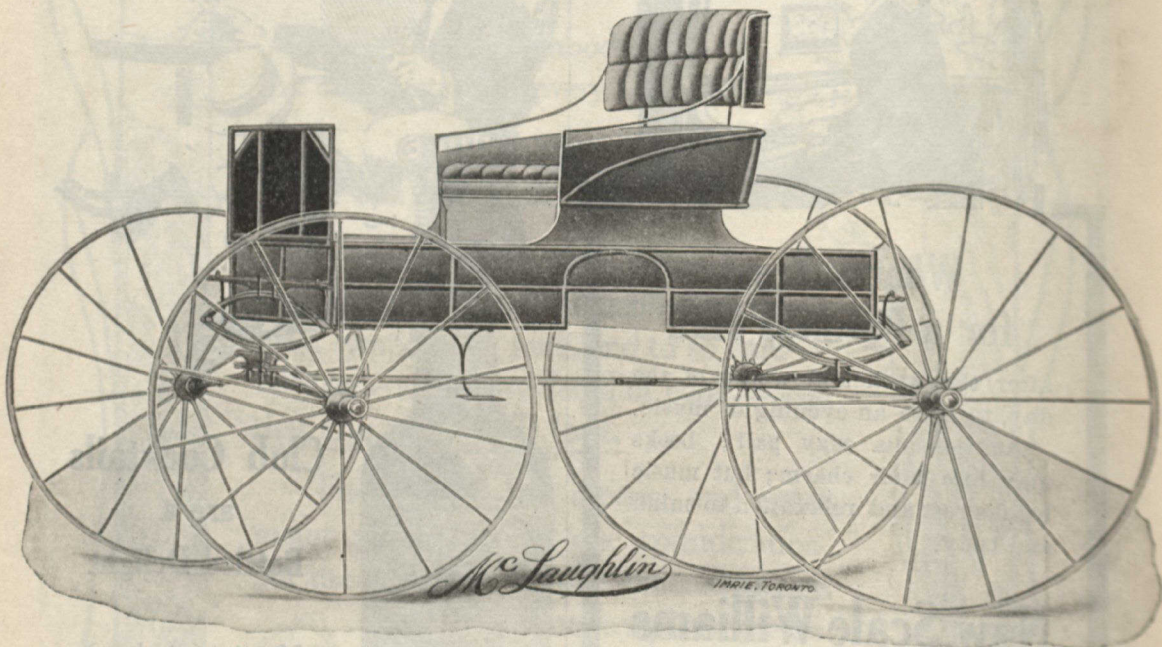
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

Hartford

New York

London

McLAUGHLIN VEHICLES



No. 490. Berkshire Cut Under Runabout

One of Our 1909 Winners

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGES ARE EQUIPPED with A Standard wheels; solid drop forged fifth wheels and perch ends; number one hand buffed leather trimmings with genuine leather welting; heavy frame solid foot dashes; English cast steel springs; second growth XXX hickory shafts, spring bars, axle beds, reaches and head blocks; McLAUGHLIN PATENTED, NOISELESS, LIGHT DRAFT BRASS AND RUBBER WASHERS.

ONE GRADE ONLY AND THAT THE BEST — Our motto for forty years.

McLAUGHLIN QUALITY represents HIGHEST QUALITY and remember that quality remains long after price is forgotten.

Our new Toronto warerooms, corner Church and Richmond Streets, are now open, and we will be pleased to meet our customers there and show them the merits of our line of carriages and automobiles.

McLaughlin Carriage Co., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

Branches: St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and Calgary

CATALOGUE SENT ON APPLICATION

The Unexpected Guest



You are always ready for her no matter when she arrives if you have

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

in the house. Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve, a nourishing meal can be prepared with it "in a jiffy" by serving it with milk or cream or with fresh or preserved fruits. Shredded Wheat meets every emergency of household management. Nothing so nourishing or satisfying when returning from a shopping tour or a long journey as Shredded Wheat.

For the sultry Summer days when the appetite craves light, dainty and wholesome dishes, try the following: Heat a Shredded Wheat Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness; then cover with sliced peaches and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. For breakfast heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness and serve with milk or cream, adding salt to suit the taste. Triscuit is the Shredded Wheat Toast—a delicious and dainty "snack" for Summer lunches and outdoor excursions.

ALL THE MEAT OF THE GOLDEN WHEAT

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Limited - - Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

NEW IDEA FURNACES

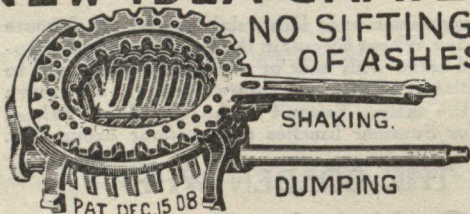
No Running Up and Down Stairs

The New Idea Furnace may be entirely controlled and regulated without going down stairs. The New Idea Regulator does this.

Handsome, solid steel chains are connected to the draft and check dampers in the furnace room, and brought up stairs over smooth working pulleys to a regulating board, placed in the hall or dining room, or other place convenient for the owner of the furnace. The installing of this system does not in any way disfigure the room, and the board itself is beautifully nickelled and is a real ornament. It is simply operated and saves an endless number of trips up and down stairs.

If your house is too warm you simply change the chain to a position marked "Check," if more heat is desired you change the chain to "More Draft," and you always get a quick answer when you operate the Regulator on the New Idea; it responds quickly at all times. Saves you trouble and gives you the temperature desired.

NEW IDEA GRATE
NO SIFTING
OF ASHES



SHAKING.

DUMPING

BOTH SHAKES AND DUMPS

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUES.
SEND SIZE OF HOUSE
IF YOU WISH ESTIMATE OF
COST OF FURNACE
INSTALLED READY FOR USE

THE GURNEY TILDEN Co.
HAMILTON LIMITED MONTREAL
WINNIPEG. DEPT. D VANCOUVER



Libby's

Natural Flavor
Food Products

“As Pure as the Air”

Tempting delicacies for the summer outing.

Try Libby's Sweet Gherkins,

Libby's Mixed Pickles

Libby's Dried Beef

Libby's Chili Sauce and Tomato Catsup

A real surprise awaits anyone who has not yet tried Libby's, and constant satisfaction is the experience of those who have used Libby's in their households for years.

Equally excellent are

Libby's Evaporated Milk

Libby's Salad Dressing

Libby's Chili Sauce

Libby's Olive Oil

Libby's Products exceed the standards of the State and National pure food laws, and are made without the use of preservatives of any kind.

It is a great convenience to always keep a supply of Libby's in the house. Ask your grocer for Libby's and insist on having Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago



THE
PEOPLES
BUILDING

NESTLE'S FOOD

Write for large free sample and valuable book. LEEMING MILES CO., Limited 2 St. Lawrence, Montreal.

popular form of investment. THE ASSOCIATION issues... term of from one to five years, with interest coupons attached thereto, payable half yearly, at the rate of 4 1/4% to 4 1/2% according to term. Write for further particulars and 16th Annual Report. The Peoples Building & Loan Association, Building London, Ont.

Comfort in Hot Weather

Surprising how cool, yet full of energy and "go," one feels when the hot weather diet is selected *with reason.*

Try a breakfast of

Grape-Nuts and cream;

- Some fruit,
- A soft boiled egg,
- Slice of crisp toast,
- Cup of well-made Postum

Such a meal keeps the blood cool and nourishes body and brain—

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

A Delicious Drink

Baker's Cocoa



Registered,
U. S. Pat. Off.

made by a scientific blending of the best tropical fruit.

52 HIGHEST AWARDS WALTER BAKER & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780
Dorchester, Mass.
Branch House, 86 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.

THE
Canada Lancel
\$2.00 PER YEAR
This is the leading Medical Journal published in the Dominion. Articles by leading physicians appear in every issue, as well as selections from the best English, German and French Journals. Its personal news items are most complete and interesting and keep the physician in touch with the medical fraternity.
Published by **THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., Limited**, Toronto, Ont.



Baking triumphs are every-day occurrences with Purity Flour.

Highest grade in the world.

Home-made bread awarded first prize at the National Exhibition, Toronto, was made from Purity flour.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD.

Mills at Winnipeg
Goderich, Brandon

PURITY FLOUR

MELANYL

In one bottle. No Heating or Mixing required. Clean, Indelible and Harmless on any fabric. Once used, always used!

May be obtained from stores