

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Steamship Disaster in Holland

Illustrated

Prince Albert--A City of To-morrow

Illustrated

St. Patrick's Day and its Fate

Illustrated

The Gresham Hotel Roberies

Illustrated

JOHN·A·COOPER·Editor

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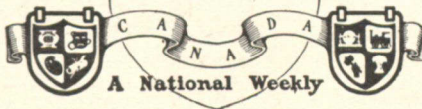
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The Canadian Courier



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Editorial Chat

IN this column the editor has been chatting confidentially with his readers, and at times he may have seemed egotistically inclined. His aim has been to be frank rather than egotistic. He fully realises that in the final test it is not what he says but what he does that will count.

This week he would like to record again something about the progress which the CANADIAN COURIER is making. During the past ten days five hundred and fifty new subscribers have been added to the list. Ninety-five per cent. of these are for one year or longer. This is a record which the editor believes has never been equalled in Canada.

If there be a doubting Thomas in the community, and he is-within reach of this office, we will be pleased to show him the list and prove the foregoing statement. A national weekly which aims to be the leading exponent of Canadian thought could not afford to leave any one in doubt as to the accuracy of its statements.

Next week, the cover will be ornamented with a very successful effort by one of Canada's cleverest artists, Mr. C. W. Jefferys. It will be done in colours, and should be fully as pleasing as any cover that has yet appeared.

The issue of April 6th will have a striking automobile cover design, by Mr. Tom. O. Marten, whose previous efforts have elicited much comment and praise.

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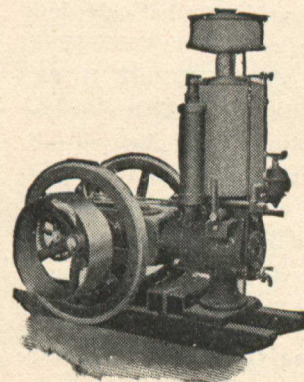
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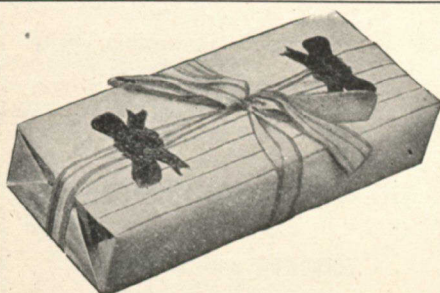


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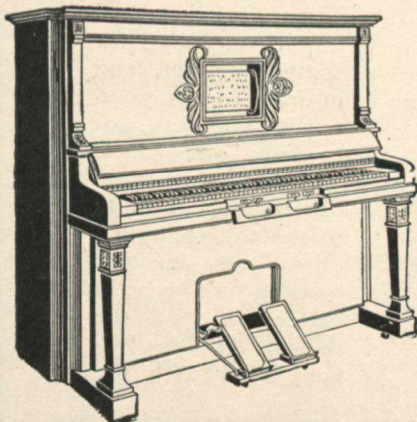
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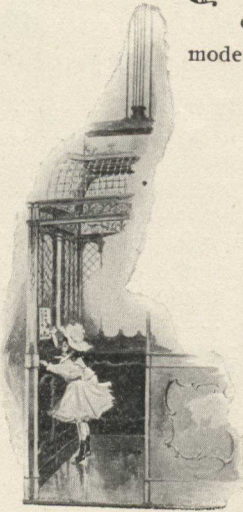
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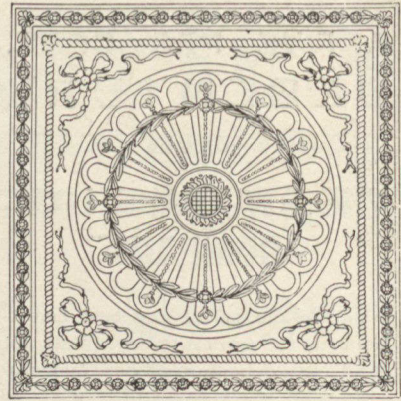
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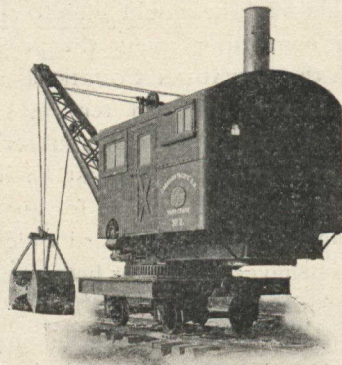


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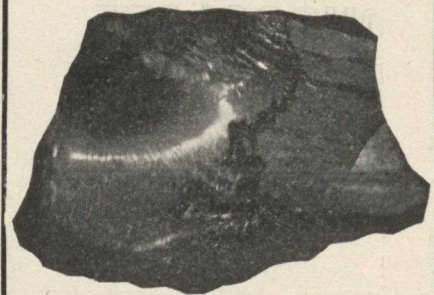
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The Canadian Courier

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Vol. I

Toronto, March 16th, 1907

No. 16

Topics of the Day

BEFORE the Canadian Club of St. John, Dr. Parkin endorsed Lord Strathcona's statement that before the end of the century, Canada will have eighty million people. These honourable gentlemen are entirely too optimistic. Such a growth is not impossible, but it would mean an intermixing of races which would submerge the present people and their descendants. Perhaps Lord Strathcona would not mind cutting his estimate in two to oblige those of us who desire to see the future Canadian nation maintain all that is best in the Canadian people of to-day.

* * *

When the New Brunswick Legislature met on Wednesday of last week, the events were of unusual interest. At noon Premier Pugsley and his four colleagues were sworn in before the new Lieutenant-Governor. The House met at three o'clock and the Hon. Mr. Robinson announced his resignation as speaker. With due formality, Mr. C. J. Osman was elected to succeed him and the House took a recess. At four o'clock, Governor Tweedie entered and the usual ceremony after the election of a speaker was performed. Mr. Robinson, the late speaker, became a member of the cabinet shortly afterwards. It was a wonderful series of kaleidoscopic changes in the various administrative offices.

* * *

From musical and dramatic development, His Excellency the Governor-General has turned public attention to cadet rifle-shooting. He is giving a trophy for cadet corps competition on much the same lines—the most efficient provincial units to meet in a Dominion competition. In encouraging cadet rifle shooting, Lord Grey is following Lord Roberts who has done much to develop this branch of a citizen's education.

* * *

An associated press despatch emanating from Toronto says that in "value of mineral productions" Ontario is first among the provinces of the Dominion. This is not true, if the estimates published by the British Columbia Government are correct. In 1905, the value of the minerals produced in the Rocky Mountain province was twenty-two millions of dollars, while in Ontario it was a little less than eighteen millions. Last year, British Columbia produced twenty-six million dollars worth of minerals as against Ontario's twenty-two. Ontario is doing well, but British Columbia with a per capita production of \$132 a head, is doing even better. In copper alone, the increase last year was almost fifty per cent. This progress has been made without any boom and without the aimless speculation which usually accompanies booms, and the trade would thus seem to be even healthier than in Ontario.

* * *

The nationalisation of the larger ocean ports is one of the great questions before the Canadian people. There must be a national port in British Columbia, or perhaps two or even three. Montreal has been made a national port and Quebec will require more attention. These two

will serve the St. Lawrence trade. Then there must be one or two winter ports in the Maritime Provinces. The dredging of the various harbours, the building of the necessary docks and the providing of freight sheds, elevators and transshipping facilities such as steam cranes, will require vast expenditures. During the next ten years this little item in Canada's development will cost fifty millions of dollars. If the trade of this country is to come and go only through Canadian ports there must be facilities for the greatest vessels afloat. Harbours do not grow, they are made, and the making is a tremendously expensive business. Canada's growing pains are quite noticeable.

* * *

A rather curious coincidence comes to light. At the first meeting of the Canadian Club of Victoria, Chief Justice Hunter advocated a provincial university to keep the young men of that province from going to foreign universities. At the first meeting of the Canadian Club of St. John, Dr. Parkin advocated a central Maritime university for much the same reason.

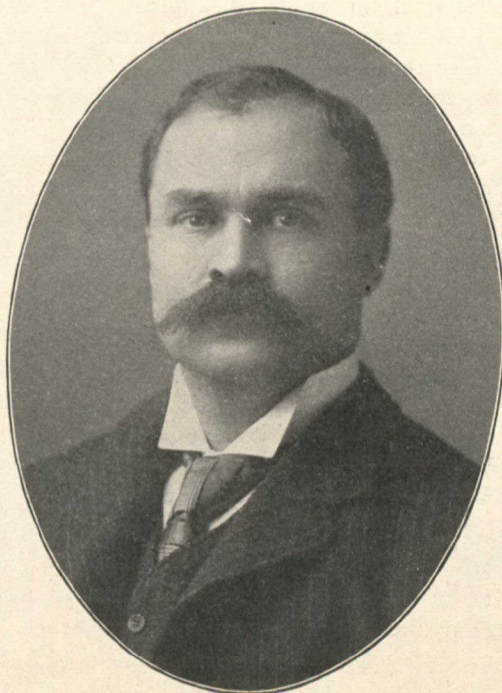
It would seem as if all the great questions of the day are now being discussed before Canadian Clubs. The editor of a national weekly, such as this, must keep closely in touch with these organisations if he desires to record from week to week the various phases of national thought. Canadian Clubs are likely to be a political and social factor of tremendous power and influence.

* * *

"The greatest annual fair in the world" is the phrase which all the enthusiastic citizens apply to the Industrial Exhibition of Toronto. In many respects the statement is correct. This Exhibition has acquired its prominence and its excellence mainly because of the quality of the men who have composed the Board and filled the Executive offices. These men have performed valuable but purely voluntary service. The presidency has come to be one of the high honours of the city. At the recent annual meeting it was bestowed upon Mr. W. K. George, a gentleman who distinguished himself as president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in the year of its visit to Great Britain. Mr. George will worthily maintain the traditions of the office.

* * *

The Manitoba Elections are now but a memory. Mr. Roblin has been sustained by a stout majority, although the Opposition has slightly increased in strength. In other words the people have told Mr. Roblin's Government that they have more confidence in it than in its opponents, but that there is no intention of giving it a majority which will be productive of a proud and haughty spirit. The result also indicates in a measure that the postage-stamp province is ambitious to reach Hudson Bay. If the Conservative premier of Manitoba and the Conservative premier of Ontario could agree upon the division of the undivided northern lands, there is little doubt that such an agreement would necessarily carry much weight at Ottawa.



Mr. W. K. George

President Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

THE socialist trio in the British Columbia legislature refused to rise when the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province came into the Chamber. As a gentle protest, little exception can be taken to this act. The

GOVERNORS AND SOCIALISTS lieutenant-governors of the Provinces are really too haughty. They cannot go anywhere on official business without having some soldiers and a tin-colonel or two trotting around after them. A silk hat, a frock coat and a decently clad secretary should be sufficient.

The reply of their defenders is that the lieutenant-governors' display is made to present and reinforce the dignity of the law. The socialist, having no respect for anything except his own unbridled wishes, would not be influenced by this defence. Yet it is an argument worth considering. It is quite true that the lack of gold braid in the United States bred a disregard for the might and majesty of the law. They are going back to braid over there, just as a precautionary measure.

When the Socialists go so far as to claim that lieutenant-governors, chief justices and all government authorities are simply agents for promoting the interests and maintaining the ascendancy of the capitalist class, they become ridiculous. They verge on the ludicrous. The law extends its sheltering mantle to all classes and the poorer a man is the more he should respect the law which will protect him and his children in their efforts to raise themselves from one economic state to another.

Nevertheless, our lieutenant-governors might quietly abandon the plumed hat and the gold braid. They have no more need of it than have the provincial premiers. When there is a state function at Ottawa, or in a provincial capital, in the nature of vice-regal drawing-room, they might be allowed to dress up a bit as the privy councillors do. These occasions are not numerous and remain the exceptions which may prove the general rule. Modesty of dress and conduct among officials does not necessarily detract from their dignity: it is their manner and bearing which counts.

TO the ordinary citizen, "cutting a melon" is a phrase which makes him think of balmy September days. To the extraordinary citizen, the man with wealth and a knowledge of the game known as finance,

CUTTING MELONS "cutting a melon" brings to his mind balmy days which may occur in any month in the year. In fact, among financiers, melon cutting is usually a pastime of the winter season, although late fall and early spring are not objectionable.

To cut a melon properly, you must first find your melon. Melons do not grow on every tree. They thrive best in sunny board-rooms, with long mahogany tables and a liberal supply of leather-covered chairs. The latter are very handy when the actual "cutting" is due.

To grow the melon it is best to have a franchise of some kind—gas, water, electric light, or some natural monopoly. Any real large corporation will do if a franchise is impossible. Handle it well, and it will soon sprout a melon. More capital is needed. Issue new stock to the old stockholders at a low price. Give out as your reason that the low price is necessary to induce the public to take up the issue.

The actual cutting of the melon should be done with due ceremony. The fruit is watched and the time for the cutting arranged by the "insiders." The real business should be done with pomp and display. A senator, a member of Parliament, a prominent educationalist and one or two men high in the esteem of the general public should be invited when the propitious day arrives. Let them make a few speeches about the future of the country, the great possibilities and such like. Have the meeting well written up in the newspapers at so much an inch; get the banks, transfer companies and brokers all in line to raise a cheer and then divide the fruit.

And yet if the capitalists did not provide melons for the public of to-day, what would happen? The public would keep its money in bureau-drawers or in the savings banks, and industry would languish for lack of capital. Melons are positively necessary, it would seem, in order to get people to invest their capital in undertakings which are of an industrial or semi-industrial nature. When the world gets wiser, melon-cutting may disappear. In Great Britain they have tried to eliminate melon-cutting but they have not wholly succeeded. They have, however, eliminated its worst features. This should be Canada's aim.

THERE is much talk about the boom in Winnipeg, Port Arthur and Fort William, Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, and other new cities. Every little town in the West is talking about its wonderful development.

QUEBEC'S BOOM They rather pity the poor, old, effete East. Yet it is doubtful if there is a city in the Dominion making more progress than the Ancient Capital. Quebec is the oldest city in Canada—three hundred years of age in 1908. For a long period it was so overshadowed by Montreal that it seemed to be shrinking back into insignificance.

To-day all this is changed. The Quebec Bridge is approaching completion and Intercolonial trains will soon be running across the River. The impossible is almost accomplished. The Grand Trunk Pacific is building north and south. The Canadian Northern Quebec Railway is building a direct short line to Montreal, the portion from Quebec to Garveau Junction being the only uncompleted link. Another line is being built along the South Shore to serve much the same purpose, through the southern counties. The Canadian Pacific steamers have made Quebec their summer port. So much for the railways and steamboat lines.

Electrical development is proceeding fast. Five thousand horse power is being developed at Montmorency Falls and a contract has been made for the immediate development of six thousand horse power at another Falls, but twenty miles away. Ultimately both these stations will be enlarged. To this is added the pulp and paper development of the Province. The city is crowded with new business men, many of them from the United States. Mines, quarries and pulp limits are talked of in hotel corridors and on the street corners.

Quebec's day has come and no one will be jealous. The West has had its share. Ontario needs no coddling. The progress in historic Lower Canada has been inevit-

ably slower, but its great resources were bound to be discovered in time. There is every indication that from now on, that Province will not lag behind in the industrial and commercial race, and the City of Quebec will lead in the renaissance.

THE appointment of a committee by the Ontario Legislature to take evidence on the child labour question takes time by the forelock. For while the reports of the factory inspectors show that there are not lacking examples of the evils attaching to child labour, at the same time there has not been a general development of vested industrial interests dependent on the exploitation of children. The experience of the United States shows that the employment of children of immature age and its attendant ills is not an old world phenomenon alone. In the Southern States the children of the "poor whites" are aiding in shifting the centre of the American cotton industry from New England to the section adjacent to the Gulf of Mexico. At the same time these states have shown themselves incompetent to deal with the evils arising from the untrammelled employment of children. It is this which leads to the attempt to have the Federal Government deal with the matter indirectly through the increasingly elastic interpretation of the interstate commerce clause.

The justification of governmental regulation of the conditions of employment of children depends not on humanitarian grounds alone. It is demonstrable that life-blood is too costly a dye stuff to enter into cotton fabrics. To permit children to be employed in workshops and factories is to permit their physique to be stunted and deteriorated. The nation that through such a method of industry gains temporary cheapness is living

out of capital not income. Children worked out before their time fall far short of their maximum wealth-producing power. Enfeebled physique, resulting from high pressure activity at an immature age, is transmitted to future generations. In the interest of the highest development the brunt of the competitive struggle, which is after all a man's game, should not fall upon the poorly defended child.

MORE than ten years ago, Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" described, among other automatic wonders in a modern Utopia, a magic button which would under pressure yield any class of musical composition desired. In the Canadian Courier there was described two months ago, Dr. Thaddeus

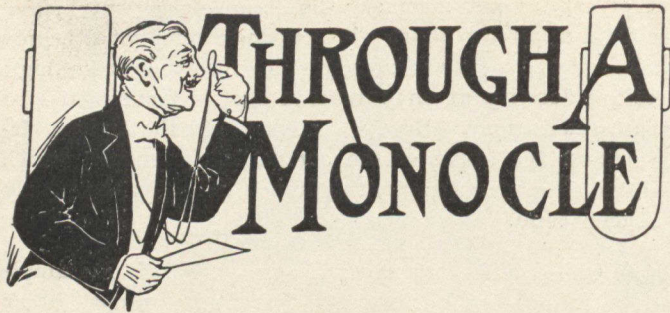
A MUSICAL MARVEL

Cahill's recent invention which an English magazine called the dynamophone. Last week a page of the "Illustrated London News" was given up to this invention, now called the telharmonium, by which music is transmitted to any distance, while the performer controls vibrating currents from a series of dynamos, each of which corresponds to a separate note of music. Electricity, which has worked such transformations in almost every department of industry, is now being used in the more subtle realms of art and music. It is said that Dr. Cahill's invention will send the music to the people and change the system by which the rich may enjoy the best music. Nothing will ever take the place of the individual human appeal of the great artist, but it seems as if the telharmonium were to work a revolution in the concert system. And the beauty of the arrangement is that the listener can never be disturbed by the people who come late and then insist on rustling their programmes.



THE MIS-FITS OF THE CIVIL SERVICES OF CANADA.

When men are appointed to office haphazard, without any system, there are bound to be many mis-fits. Under a Civil Service System worthy of the name, each man would be specially examined to find out his particular qualifications. If he developed any special abilities, they would be recognised and utilised. Every civil service in Canada needs reorganising in order to make mis-fits impossible. Driving square pegs into round holes, or the reverse, is but a natural result of the present deleterious and pernicious system of appointing only party workers to public office.



SEVERAL Winnipeg clergymen threw themselves into the Manitoba campaign just about in time to trip and fall under "Bob" Rogers' steam roller. Not that this will make the Ministers sorry they spoke. This is one advantage that a Minister who goes into politics has over the ordinary citizen—he feels almost as happy when he is beaten as when he succeeds, for he possesses the sublime consciousness of having done his duty. Of course it grieves him to see the cause of the righteous forsaken; but he himself, at all events, did not forsake it. And the fact that comparatively few turned out to be faithful in the hour of trial lends an added glory to the few. It is about a "toss-up" whether a really sincere Minister of the Gospel gets more satisfaction out of a magnificent victory or a heroically-endured defeat under such circumstances. In a victory, the straight and narrow path is a trifle crowded. As the young soldier said who was being congratulated on his bravery in a great battle—"Yes, but there were so many of us."

* * *

Of course, there are worldly-minded clergymen who do not take this view of the matter. They want to win; and they take a riotous joy, that is almost "lay" in its abandon, in "beating the other fellows." But I am talking of the devoted Minister who always regards himself as fighting on behalf of the Almighty, and who believes that "God and one man are a majority," no matter what the returning officers may report. But I sometimes permit myself to wonder if a Minister ought really to meddle with politics. If he were to look at his calling as a "business proposition"—which he would never dream of doing—he would see at once that he should not get into any dispute which must deprive him of the "custom" of half the population. When a Minister takes sides in a political dispute, he weakens and possibly destroys his influence with the men who are on the other side of politics. He may be right; but they do not think so. The consequence is that his power to minister to them in matters of the spirit is either lost or largely curtailed. As far as they are concerned, his usefulness is gone.

* * *

Now, of course, as a citizen, he has every right to take part in politics. I am not calling that in question, I am merely asking whether he should take advantage of this right. He has solemnly chosen to devote his life to the preaching of the Gospel. He has stepped aside from the ordinary dusty highway of human competition where men are jostling each other that he may act as a member of the moral ambulance corps and succour the morally wounded and carry religious balm to the dying. Tacitly, he has promised to give up everything that will hamper him as a moral Red Cross knight. "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." In two words, he has voluntarily assumed the role of a non-combatant in order that he may go in and out among the people on his errand of counsel and mercy without arousing their suspicion that he may be serving a selfish and worldly end. Now it cannot be doubted for a moment that when he allows himself to be drawn into a political affray, he does hamper his effectiveness as a spiritual and religious guide. I am quite

conscious that he will say that only in that way can he smite certain giant evils; but could not this two-handed broadsword side of the battle be left to a special corps of lay-workers who should be religious in purpose but who had not set themselves apart as spiritual physicians, claiming the special privileges of a non-combatant?

* * *

We have had the opportunity lately in Canada of seeing two Shaw plays, the principal roles being carried by two very different actors. "Man and Superman" came first with Loraine as "John Tanner"; and then we had Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson in "Caesar and Cleopatra." The latter, Shaw has classed amongst his "Plays for Puritans," but the former would hardly bear such a classification. Yet it surely must be plain to anyone that the former was Shaw, while the latter was—Pshaw! "Man and Superman" was written because Shaw had it in him and could not keep it back. It is the very soul of the man laid bare. It is the Truth as Shaw sees it. But "Caesar and Cleopatra" is the effort of a dramatic Carlyle to caper in a lady's drawing-room for the pleasing of fastidious superficialities. The wit of "Man and Superman"—which was merely the edge of the sword—made people think that Shaw ought to be able to write a witty play—"for Puritans"—and they seem to have cajoled him into trying it. And he has managed to get some wit into it, but no soul.

* * *

Loraine was nothing short of a miracle as "John Tanner." He was more than a perfect actor—his understanding and presentation of the part was almost superhuman. Shaw gives him long lectures to deliver to poor "Tavie," and he delivers them without once suggesting that he is speaking a piece by rote. You can see the man think out his reasoning as he sits on the stage. Contrast this with Forbes-Robertson's wooden recitation when he first comes on and apostrophises the Sphinx. You can see that Robertson is speaking a piece from memory, and his recitation would win a prize at any school closing. Loraine would have obviously thought out his reflections on first seeing the Sphinx as he stood there in the moonlit desert. That Robertson is a great Hamlet, everybody knows; but when he comes to play a modern drama or to even a modernised picture of an ancient event, he is too much the elocutionist and too little the character. It was a great thing for Shaw that his "Man and Superman" was not burdened with a smooth-voiced lecturer like Forbes-Robertson.



An Object Lesson for John Bull.
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The Result in Manitoba

By Our Own Correspondent

IN Manitoba the result of the Provincial Election held on March 7th has been the return of the Roblin Government by a very large majority. The Liberal Opposition will have a few more seats in the new House than in the old one, but there has been comparatively little change in the general vote of the Province. In the election of 1903 the Roblin Government secured thirty-one seats and the Opposition nine. One of the seats then won by the Opposition was afterwards lost at a bye-election, so that the parties stood thirty-two to eight before dissolution. One new constituency was created in the city of Winnipeg at the last session of the Legislature and of the forty-one seats the Opposition has this year carried eleven. In two outlying constituencies the election is postponed for a week and these constituencies are practically certain to go with the Government so that the result will be thirty Conservatives and eleven Liberals elected.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the result was the decisive defeat of the Liberal leader in Portage la Prairie. Mr. Brown has never held a seat in the Legislature. He was a candidate in 1903 but was defeated by a small majority. The Liberal Opposition has been very weak in leadership for many years and when Dr. Greenway withdrew to enter the House of Commons the Liberals realised that it was necessary to obtain a new leader who could unite the party and direct its affairs with some energy and skill. In the Legislature, Mr. Mickle alone had experience and his inclination led him to avoid the labour and responsibility of leadership. At a convention of the party held early in 1906 the Liberals chose Mr. Edward Brown as leader and he at once threw himself into the work of preparing for the campaign. Probably no man in the Liberal party could have done more than did Mr. Brown to consolidate his party and give it heart, but he made some political mistakes and failed to present a case against the Government that was sufficiently strong and convincing to overcome the great advantage any vigorous Government has in good times. His personal popularity in his home town of Portage la Prairie does not seem to have increased, for despite his added prestige he was defeated by Mr. Hugh Armstrong by a large majority of 223 votes as against a majority of only 31 in 1903. Mr. Armstrong has undoubtedly grown in popularity in the last four years and he had a splendid organisation. Another notable defeat for the Opposition was that of Mr. Horace Chevrier, the member for St. Boniface, who was the most active and trenchant Liberal member of the Legislature. The Liberals lost six out of eight seats they held in the last Legislature. But as against these losses some good gains were made, the one of the most importance being the election of Mr. Crawford Norris in Lansdown. Mr. Norris was one of the Liberal leaders in the Legislature from 1899 to 1903, but was defeated at the elections in the latter year. On the whole the Opposition is stronger in personnel, as well as in numbers, than the late Legislature.

Mr. R. L. Richardson, whose political history has been varied and turbulent, his last experience as a candidate being as the opponent of Mr. Sifton in Brandon in 1904, this year accepted Mr. Brown's leadership and stood for the constituency of Killarney. Mr. Richardson had for some months been devoting his paper to the cause of agitation against the grain dealers of Winnipeg and he made his appeal to the electors on his claim that the Government was involved and was largely responsible. He was decisively defeated.

On the Government side the most striking loss was the defeat of Dr. McFadden, the Provincial Secretary, in

Emerson. Dr. McFadden had a close run in 1903 in the three-cornered contest and in a straight fight with his Liberal opponent he has lost. Attorney-General Campbell has the very narrow majority of two in Morris. The other ministers have large majorities. The Government carried three seats out of four in Winnipeg and carried also Portage la Prairie and Brandon.

A Government with a large surplus and an administrative record against which nothing more definite than insinuations has been brought is hard to defeat in good times. The Conservatives held out the record of the past seven years and compared it with the previous conditions under Mr. Greenway's administration as a ground for a renewal of power. The Liberals criticised the various claims made and promised retrenchments and changes in method. Mr. Brown had also some constructive proposals such as Government elevators and compulsory education for the cities. The former was not made very definite and the latter threatened to bring up the old school question and was a weakness rather than a strength to the Liberals.

Some heat and even bitterness was imparted to the campaign by the manifestoes or pulpit utterances of three or four ministers who based their attacks on the Government's temperance record. But attacks of this kind and criticisms of administrative methods are not ordinarily very effective. A measure of uncertainty existed, however, owing to the dissatisfaction among the farmers because of the poor train service provided by the railways this winter and also because of the suspicion of trust methods among the grain dealers. Unrest always tells against a Government, but the result in this case shows that it could not be shown that the Roblin Government was responsible for anything that was unsatisfactory in the general conditions.

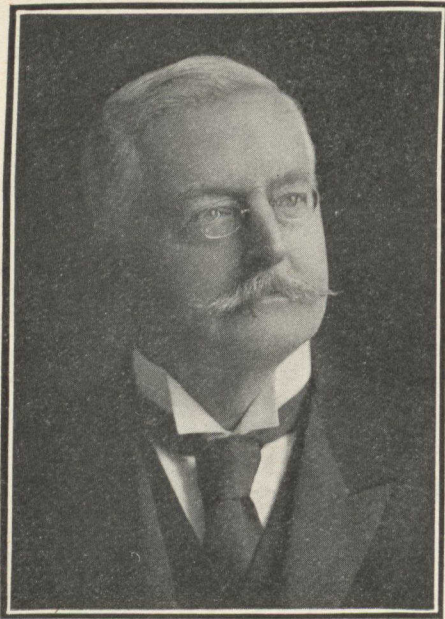
As the main issue of the campaign, Mr. Roblin put forward the boundary question. Sir Wilfrid Laurier had not extended Manitoba's boundaries when the new Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were created, he had practically invited Ontario and Saskatchewan to put in claims to territory Manitoba believed should have been given to her without question, and he delayed a settlement until the rival claims had gathered strength. Mr. Brown held that the matter was not an issue in the Provincial elections because there had been no difference between the parties in Manitoba on the subject. Mr. Roblin contended that, since concurrent legislature of the Province and the Dominion was necessary to any alteration of the boundaries, it was of the utmost importance to have in power in Manitoba a government that would yield nothing of the rights of the Province. He pledged himself to stand for Manitoba's full claim and charged an understanding amounting as he termed it to a conspiracy, among the Liberal leaders to give Manitoba less than her rights. To the carrying out of such an intention it was necessary that there should be in power in Manitoba a Government willing to accept what Ottawa decreed, and it was argued that Mr. Brown's attempt to prevent the raising of an issue and the unfortunate wording in the plank in the Liberal platform dealing with the boundaries were among the evidences of a dangerous understanding with Ottawa. The case was very strongly presented and had an important effect on the result.

The Right Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington, will visit Toronto next month. He will be the guest of Professor Goldwin Smith and will address the Canadian Club.

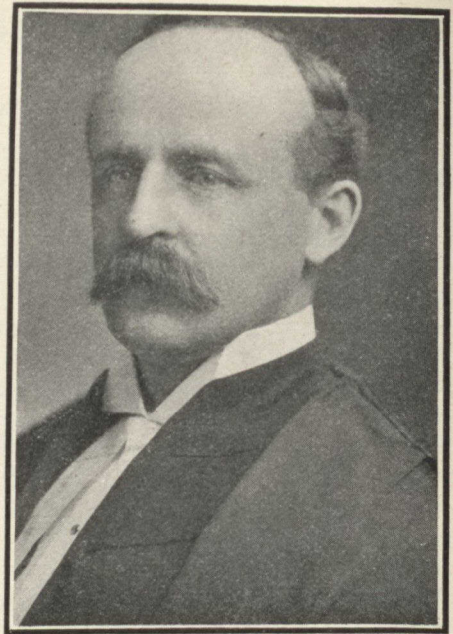
St. Patrick's Day

The Famous 17th

CONCERNING THE ANNIVERSARY WHICH IS OBSERVED BY IRISHMEN THE WORLD OVER IN MEMORY OF THE GREAT PREACHER WHOSE NAME IS YET THE MOST REVERED IN THE GREEN ISLE HE LOVED.



Hon. J. J. Foy.
Attorney-General of Ontario.



Mr. Justice Anglin.
Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Oh, the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen Leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's Native Shamrock.

—Moore.

THE cycle of time brings another year of prosperity, another generation of mankind, another St. Patrick's Day, the day that sends a wireless electric thrill of sympathy through all true and loyal Irish hearts the world over. It brings to the scattered children of the Isle of Gael many dear and tender memories of the old land of raths and round towers and holy wells. Wherever the Irish foregather they will celebrate on St. Patrick's Day the glories and accomplishments of the men of their blood.

In the land of the Irishman's adoption it is a day of rejoicing and mirth, when fiddle and bagpipe once more vie with the harp and the jig and jug hold sway, when every Irish heart throbs anew for the land of its forefathers, and every Irish muscle ceases its battle of life to pledge again its fealty to the cradle-land of St. Patrick and renew its loyalty to the God whose gospel he preached.

The early history of St. Patrick's Day, like that of the saint himself, is very much a matter of conjecture and under dispute. According to the best authorities St. Patrick was born in the village of Memphiturn in the north of England in the year A.D. 386 and came to Ireland about 400 A.D. It is impossible, however, to say just when the 17th of March began to be set apart as St. Patrick's Day and celebrated as the national holiday of Ireland. Suffice it to say that it antedates the Normans and is to-day, wherever an Irish heart beats, looked forward to and cherished as it was in the days of Ireland's glory and supremacy.

Tradition associates the Shamrock with St. Patrick. It was first worn by the early Druids and converts in commemoration of the fact that the Saint, when preaching the doctrine of the trinity, made use of this little plant bearing three leaves upon one stem as a symbol of the great mystery of the Divinity. At first a symbol of religion it soon became a national emblem used by a patriarch to signify a truth, accepted by a nation to unify it, the Shamrock soon became part of Irish life and history and is to-day, as of yore, worn by the sons of Erin on their great day.

St. Patrick's Day in Canada has become an occasion of general celebration, whether the Irishman be of pure Celtic blood or of the Saxon admixture of the North. In Ontario, for instance, members of the Legislature, whether of Ulster or Connaught descent proudly wear the mystic trefoil when St. Patrick's Day comes round.

There was a memorable anniversary of the day in South Africa when seven years ago, by order of Queen Victoria, the Shamrock was worn in honour of the brave Irish soldiers who had fought with such reckless gallantry. On that occasion, Mr. Kipling, who was at Bloemfontein contributing to the columns of "The Friend," published an adaptation of a certain famous song.

"Oh! Terence dear and did you hear
The news that's going round?
The Shamrock's Erin's badge by law
Where'er her sons be found.
From Bobsfontein to Ballyhock
'Tis ordered by the Queen—
We've won our right in open fight,
The Wearin' of the Green."

There is a movement on foot to revive the ancient Gaelic customs on St. Patrick's Day. The Ancient Order of Hibernians of Toronto will hold a great revival at Massey Hall, while the I. P. B. S. will also enjoy a banquet that is now regarded as an annual event. In Ottawa under the leadership of that brilliant Irishman, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, Mayor of the city, several gatherings will be held. That oratory and song will adorn these celebrations is a matter of course, for Ireland is the land of the harp and the silvery tongue.

The honouring of St. Patrick, St. Andrew or St. George means no discontent with the land we live in, nor is the maple leaf less significant because we wear the "chosen leaf" one day in the year. From ocean to ocean, in hut and castle, the exiles of Erin will join hands and hearts on another St. Patrick's Day.

An Independent View

IN her famous book, "Legends of The Monastic Orders," Mrs. Jameson gives a summary of the life of St. Patrick. She says:

"St. Patrick, who styles himself 'a Briton and a Roman,' was carried away captive into Ireland when a youth of sixteen, and was set to tend the herds of his master. Being born of Christian parents, he turned his misfortune to good account, making his captivity a school of patience and humility. The benighted condition of the people among whom he dwelt filled him with compassion; and when afterwards he made his escape and was restored to his parents and his home, he was haunted by visions, in which he beheld the yet unborn children of these Irish pagans stretching forth their little hands and crying to him for salvation. So he returned to Ireland, having first received his mission from Pope Celestine, and preached the Word of God, suffering with patience all indignities, affronting all dangers and fa-

tigues with invincible courage, converting everywhere thousands by his preaching and example, and gaining over many disciples who assisted him most zealously in the task of instructing and converting these barbarians. He himself preached the Kingdom of Christ before the assembled Kings and Chiefs at Tara; and though Niell, the chief monarch, refused to listen to him, he soon afterwards baptised the Kings of Dublin and Munster, and the seven sons of the King of Connaught. After forty years of unremitting labour in teaching and preaching, he left Ireland not only Christianised, but full of religious schools and foundations which became famous in Western Europe and sent forth crowds of learned men and missionaries; and having thus founded the Church of Ireland, and placed its chief seat at Armagh, he died and was buried at Down, in the Province of Ulster."

St. Patrick was born March 17th A.D. 464.

A Leading Humanitarian

IS. General Booth a preacher or a humanitarian, or is he both of these combined? This is a question which any person might reasonably ask. General Booth started upon his career as an evangelical preacher and became a regenerator of the "unwashed." He aimed to bring this portion of the masses into contact with religion and found he could only do so by building cheap churches. He needed workers to help him and these we call officers; those among whom they worked became known as soldiers. Thus was founded the Salvation Army, the most remarkable religious movement of modern times.

General Booth has, however, gone beyond evangelical work. He is doing for this age what was done in previous ages by Howard, Wilberforce and men of that character. He is attempting to improve the social and economic conditions of the people as well as their religious feeling. You cannot make a hungry man re-

ligious. Christ fed the multitude and General Booth is following his example.

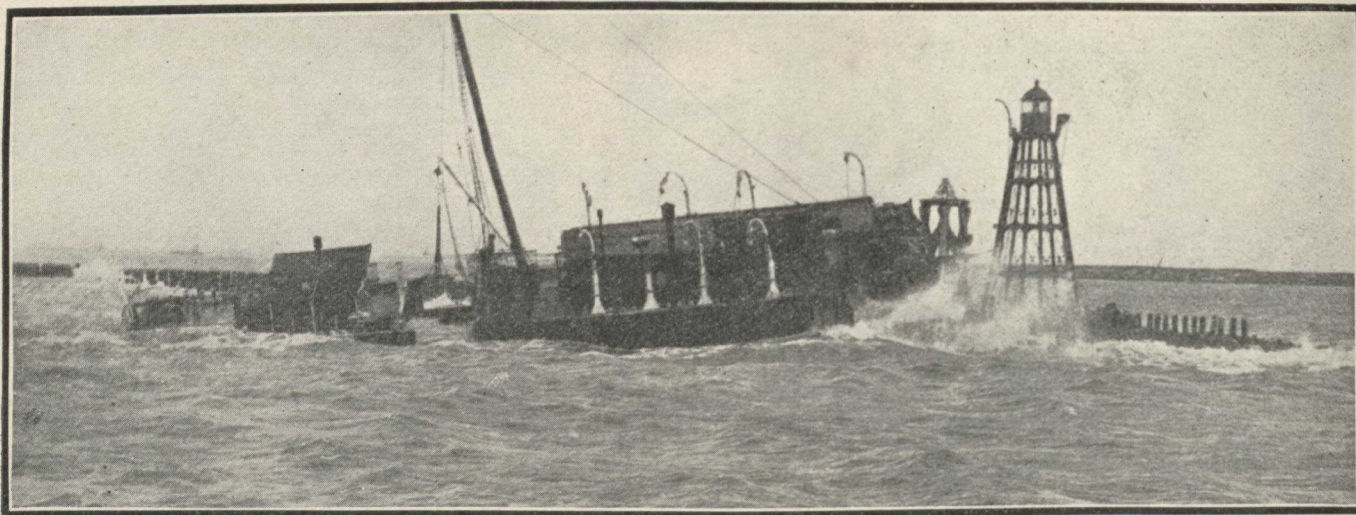
So with the gaol-bird and the fallen woman, they must be given an opportunity to reform as well as a chance to get religious training. In fact religious teaching can only be disassociated from material assistance among those who are economically independent. In so far as the modern Protestant churches are concerned, they have confined their efforts to instructing and saving all those who had sufficient ready cash to pay pew-rent. Those who have this cash are good Protestants. On the other hand, General Booth has gone to the classes who had neither money nor goods, and he has invited them in. Having secured them, his influence naturally made them economically independent. So long as they did not get too wealthy they remained with him—soldiers in his army.

In this way, General Booth has done more to raise people from the lowest grade to the higher grades than any other social reformer of the age. He has also initiated, in both Great Britain and the United States, a movement "back to the land." He has attempted to show that many of the strays and waifs in the cities would become better citizens if they could be transplanted to the country where the influences are better and more wholesome. In England the movement is becoming general. His organisation is giving considerable attention to emigration to the colonies. This fits in with his "back to the land" policy. Those who go to the colonies become farm labourers and have opportunities of acquiring land on reasonable terms.

Canada owes much reverence to General Booth, not only for the social work his army has done, but for his assistance in adding to the number of new citizens coming into the country from Great Britain. Both for this and his general work as a preacher and a humanitarian he deserves the cordial welcome which he is now receiving.



Funeral Procession of the late Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger, I. O. F. Passing the Temple Building, corner Richmond and Bay Streets, Toronto. City Hall in the distance.



The good ship "Berlin" was driven on the Pier at the mouth of the River Maas, Holland, in a great gale. The rear two-thirds of the ship is shown in the photograph, the forward third broke off and was submerged.

Steamship Disaster in Holland

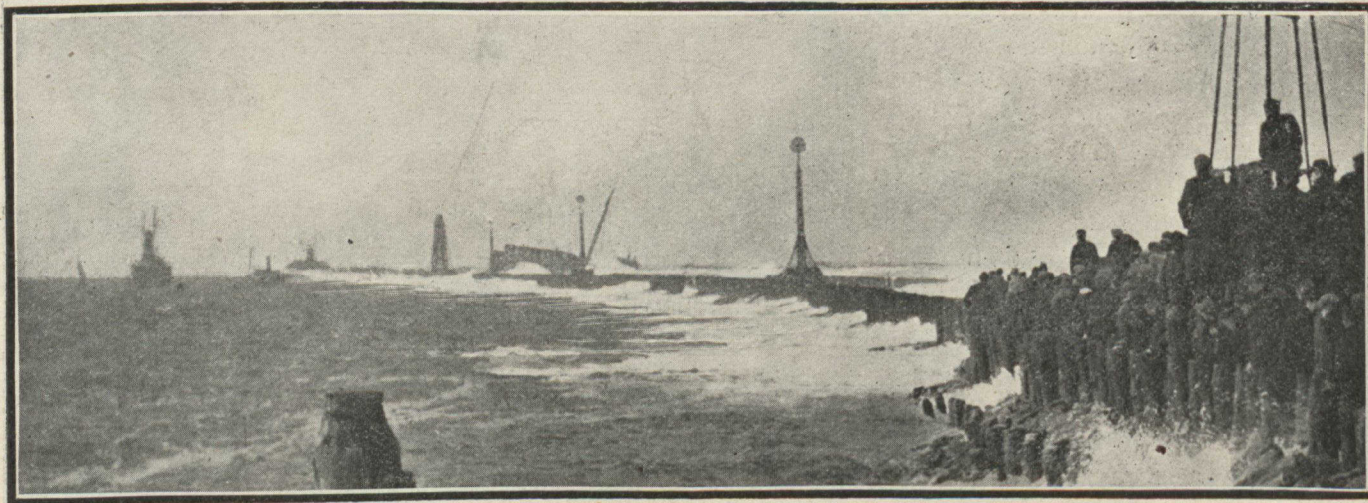
THE passenger steamer "Berlin," on her way from Harwich, England, stranded on the north pier of the Hook of Holland, at the mouth of the Maas at five o'clock on the morning of February 21st. A great gale was blowing in the North Sea when the "Berlin" started but the weather was no worse than on the previous night when similar vessels made the trip without mishap. As the "Berlin" was entering the waterway at the entrance of the River Maas, however, she apparently became unmanageable on account of the force of the wind and was driven ashore.

The alarm was given and the lifeboats from the shore proceeded to the assistance of the stricken steamer, but the seas were so high that the boats were unable to approach the "Berlin" close enough to take off the passengers and crew, and the lifeboat men had to sit helpless while the steamer pounded until she broke in two. The "Berlin" seemed to strike about midships, as her forepart broke off and sank immediately, while the afterpart remained imbedded in the sand and a few persons could be seen clinging to her until late in the afternoon. During the first day Captain Parkinson of Belfast, who was en route to take the command of the steamer "Myrmidon" at Amsterdam, was rescued by a lifeboat

as he was clinging to a piece of wreckage after having been washed off the deck of the "Berlin."

On February 22nd, after thirty-six hours' fierce strife with the waves, a band of heroic Dutch rescuers saved three women and eight men from the wreck. With the true stubbornness of the Netherlands they returned again and again, when they found wind and waves too much for them. Among the most determined of the rescuing force was Prince Henry, who took his first trip on a tug in order to investigate. Captain Jansen's lifeboat, "Helvoetsluys," reached the neighbourhood of the wreck and launched a small boat with a picked crew. It was late in the afternoon before the exhausted survivors were transferred to the larger vessel and finally to the automobiles which the Prince Consort had ordered. The final act of rescue took place on the morning of February 23rd when a lifeboat went out at low tide and saved three more women who were huddled together on the hurricane deck.

The "Berlin" had a crew of sixty and was carrying one hundred and twenty passengers, all of whom with the exception of fifteen were either frozen to death or drowned. The storm is described as one of the worst ever known in the North Sea, with a wind blowing with the hurricane force of one hundred miles an hour.



Photographs by Topical Press, London.

A general view of the "Pier" or "Breakwater" running out into the sea to protect the entrance to the Harbour. Near the lighthouse in the distance, on the far side of the pier, is the wreck. Boats anxious to help are about. The angry sea forbids any one to approach while it swallows its hundred and fifty victims. A great crowd covers the land end of the pier and watches the attempts at rescue.

Some Canadian Tales of the Day

"And that Reminds Me of—"

CERTAINLY the amazing scene in the House of Commons recently must remind a good many old-timers—genuine old-timers, and not middle-aged chaps like you and I—of the broil that preceded the resignation of the Macdonald administration in 1873. Sir Donald Smith—he hadn't received the accolade then, and he is, of course, Lord Strathcona now—had long been a friend and even crony of Sir John Macdonald. The Pacific Scandal loomed up, and Smith bolted both his support and his friendship for Sir John. The Premier knew defeat was coming either in the House or at the polls, but they say that Smith's secession made him angrier than any other incident during that time of turmoil. When the House of Commons had adjourned, Sir John went into the lobby in a towering rage. Just then Donald A. Smith passed, and Sir John, the story goes, made a half movement at him. "I can lick that man Smith quicker than h—I can scorch a feather" roared the infuriated Premier. But Alonzo Wright, the "King of the Gatineau," and some others saw to it that no fracas took place.

Clarke Wallace's Retort

THE late Clarke Wallace was the possessor of one of the roughest tongues owned by any public man in Canada when he became worked up. In the fierce campaign of '96, which preceded the defeat of the Tupper Government, Wallace, as we all remember, went up and down Ontario and journeyed as far afield as Manitoba denouncing the Remedial Bill. He returned to Toronto in time to hear that one of the cabinet who had stood by Remedial legislation was to address his constituents in his home town the next afternoon. Tired, and with the dust of travel still on him, Clarke Wallace boarded a train for the East. He had a cherished and particular private feud with the Minister, and he proposed to meet him within his own barbian and challenge him to public debate.

Wallace's train arrived at the minister's town in the middle of the afternoon. As he disembarked, he saw the public square jammed with a roaring, cheering, hissing mob of citizens. They were not all by any means with their member, for many of them were Conservative Orangemen who had become much wrought up over the Remedial Bill.

As Clarke Wallace, leaning heavily on his trusty stick, limped his way through the crowd, he was noticed by "the Brethren" and a mighty cheer went up for the Grand Sovereign of the Order. Slowly he climbed the steps leading to the platform whereon sat his enemy. And the minister raised no hand in greeting. Wallace sat down, stood up again, took off his hat and demanded that he be given half an hour in which to reply to the Minister. Consent was given—it would have been fatal to refuse it. The member of the Government made his speech and then Wallace waded in. He took the Remedial Bill and tore it to shreds. Then he sailed into the minister himself—a gentleman who possessed liberal ideas as to the best methods of amusement. The administration of the department was rotten, roared Wallace, proceeding to detail evidence to support his statements. Finally, when he made one particularly ferocious charge of maladministration, the minister ceased his writhing and arose.

"I give you my word," he drawled, "I never heard of the case before."

Wallace swung on him like a tiger. "Heard of it!" he shouted, "Heard of it! Carousing all night! Sleeping all day! How could you have heard of it?"

And the admiring howl of "the Brethren" must have sent a vivid fear into that minister's mind. However, he was re-elected and sits in the House of Commons to-day.

The Archbishop and the Lunatic

WHEN Archbishop Matheson of Ruperts' Land left Winnipeg for England last year he was prepared to meet many distinguished brother prelates and statesmen and merchant princes, for His Grace was

in search of funds to help carry on the immense work of his see. The Archbishop, however, encountered one Englishman whom he does not want to meet again in a hurry. It was at Euston Station that he arrived barely in time to "make" his train. A watchful guard, seeing the archiepiscopal apron and gaiters, grabbed His Grace's bag and, shouting "Here y' are, me Lord," shoved him and it into a dark compartment in one of the carriages. At once a loud and melancholy voice was raised. "I am a poached egg!" it wailed, "and I can't find my toast!" The Archbishop's nerves are pretty fair, he says, but he has mild objections to travelling with men who are certainly crazy. He is prepared to take a chance on the others. So the prelate's head was projected from the window and in response to archiepiscopal bass roarings the guard returned. The poached egg gentleman was marched off by a bobby and His Grace went on his way in solitude—which, you must know, is the most popular method of making a railway journey in England.

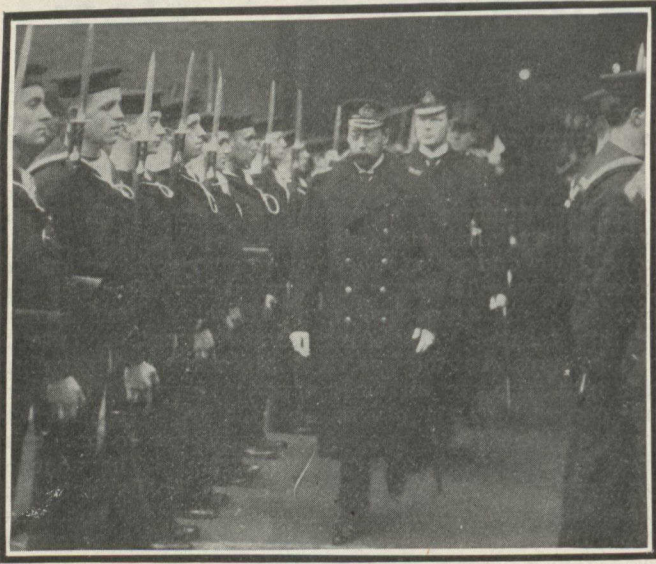
Railway Competition Again

SO very dark have the details of this little incident been kept that even the Canadian Pacific officials assert that they know nothing about it. Nevertheless the facts appear to be as will be recited. Everybody knows that the Canadian Pacific people last summer opened a new hotel in Winnipeg, a hotel which, as every Winnipegger will tell you within ten minutes of your arrival, is the largest in Canada. The Royal Alexandra—that is the hotel's name, but that is not the name that the railway people first pitched upon. You know there is soon to be a third transcontinental railway to rival the C. P. R. and C. N. R. It is, of course, the Grand Trunk Pacific. The G. T. P. authorities eighteen months ago offered a reward to the person who should select the most fitting name for their Pacific terminus. Hundreds of Canadians entered the competition. The C. P. R. folk went on with their hotel-building. Horrors! One day a whisper came to them that the G. T. P. folk were about to announce the town-naming award, and that the successful competitor had pitched upon Prince Rupert as the title of the municipality. Prince Rupert was the name—kept a great secret—for the Winnipeg hotel! Table and bed linen had been ordered with "Prince Rupert" cunningly interwoven in the fabric. Services of china bore the hotel crest and the unlucky words. A die for stamping the hotel silver had been manufactured but fortunately had not been used. All of the other articles had to be discarded. The name Prince Rupert was abandoned and the Queen's style and title substituted. The loss went up into the thousands, but railway competition is railway competition and it breaks out in curious places.

A Lady of Resource

MOST Canadians have heard or read of the beautiful Countess of Warwick, who has for many years been an ardent socialist. The name and fame of Warwick are so closely associated with feudal privileges and king-making power that it is difficult to associate a countess of that line with anything so modern and undecorative as socialism. Lady Warwick's views are described by one writer as a kind of pink-tea democracy, rather than the red variety.

Her sister, also a woman of physical charms, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, has recently shown that she holds in light esteem the convention that a feminine aristocrat shall be useless. Not content with being known as a perfectly-gowned woman and one of the cleverest amateur gardeners in England, she has also undertaken to carry on an industry which appeals to every housewife. She is going to establish a fruit-bottling business at Broughton, Oxfordshire and is confident of success, as the trade in bottled and tinned commodities has greatly increased of late. The gardens at Broughton Castle are the most beautiful in the county, with their hundreds of different kinds of tea-roses. If equal success crowns her efforts in fruit bottling, Lady Gordon-Lennox may prove a formidable competitor to Californian and Chicagoan firms, which have been rather unpopular in England since last year's "exposures."



His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, reviewing the Royal Naval Volunteers, at their Drill Hall, Lambeth, London. The Prince, who held the rank of Vice-Admiral, has been recently promoted to a full Admiralty. The Naval Volunteers of London, are an exceptionally fine body of men. They are drawn mostly from the offices in the city, and since the opening of the Naval Volunteer Movement not long ago, they have admirably shown that the English citizen has in him the making of a sailor.

British Gossip

SOUTH Africa is once more in the foreground. During the last week of February King Edward opened the exhibition of South African products, which is said to be a surprisingly complete affair of its kind. His Majesty was presented with a walking-stick of rhinoceros horn, cut from a single specimen, which was brought down by Mr. Louis Solomon, to whom it was given by the old chief of the Bamangwato Kaffirs. Queen Alexandra was presented with a fan, having handle and sticks of South African gold. Since the new Transvaal Constitution has become an accomplished fact, the political situation in South Africa is once more a matter for alarm or hope.

* * *

The Prince of Monaco has lately been in Glasgow, where he lectured on the Meteorological Exploration of the High Atmosphere, which, together with the study of oceanography, is his chief hobby. While it is from the Casino in Monte Carlo that the Prince draws his ample income, he is said to disapprove of gambling, and is never seen either in the Casino or on the Terrace there.

* * *

The London papers are still talking of the robbery which took place almost a month ago, whereby Mr. Charles Wertheimer, a well-known connoisseur, lost art treasures valued at upwards of two hundred thousand dollars, including Gainsborough's "Nancy Parsons" and Sir Joshua Reynolds' "The Hon. Mrs. Charles Yorke." These valuable pictures will probably take a trip across the Atlantic, only to return ultimately to the land in which they were painted, where they will be enhanced in value by their adventures in the hands of an artistic "Raffles."

* * *

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have lent Stafford House for a concert and an exhibition of Keats and Shelley relics, to be held on March 29th. The fund to be benefited is that which is being raised for purchase of the house in Rome in which Keats died. There will be established in the historic old building a library and museum in memory of the two poets.

* * *

The new chief Conservative Whip, Mr. Percival Hughes, is an energetic and brilliant member of that party, whose first actual work was as secretary to Colonel Fred Burnaby, whose trustee he is and whose posthumous novel he edited.

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill is likely to be a prominent figure at the Colonial Conference next month. It was rumoured that, during the shuffle taking place after Hon. James Bryce's appointment to Washington, Mr. Churchill would be likely to hear the call, "come up higher." However, with the Colonial Conference so near at hand, he preferred, so say his friends, to remain an Under-Secretary. It is to be hoped that his manner to colonials visiting England will be more urbane than was his bearing when he was a guest in the colonies. The majority

of his Canadian hosts regarded him as "one of the least of God's mercies."

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East Africa is said to possess a strong fascination for those Englishmen who have purchased large estates there. Lord Delamere and Lord Hindlip are predicting a prosperous future for the country in agricultural products and in rubber.

* * *

Alien invasions seem to be the fashionable trouble. Lanarkshire, the most populous of Scotland's counties and the principal source of the country's mining industries, is afflicted with a large Polish settlement. There are ten thousand in this county alone, producing a social problem for the local authorities. The Lanark natives describe this foreign settler as a miserable citizen, with little sense of honour and slight regard for cleanliness.

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The King of Siam is to visit London this month. He was in England during the year of the Diamond Jubilee. His Majesty rejoices in the title, King Chulalongkorn, which is a cruel injustice to the newspaper world.

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It is proposed to add the name of Sir William Howard Russell to the list of war correspondents on the memorial tablet in St. Paul's and to erect a bust of him.

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The marriage of Mr. Mark Hambourg, the celebrated pianist, and Miss Dorothy Mackenzie took place this week.

* * *

The University of Cambridge has decreed the abolition of the dignity of Senior Wrangler, while the "Tatler" urges that the title be bestowed on the lady known as the leader of the suffragettes. But she would probably object to be "Senior" anything.

* * *

Australian precious stones are in demand in London and an effort is being made to introduce the Queensland sapphires. If Mr. Kipling's poetry be also truth, the opals and pearls of the Commonwealth of the Pacific ought to find many English admirers.

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Though he is now in his one-hundred-and-seventeenth year, James Loughran, of Derrynoose, Armagh, Ireland, has not, until within the last fortnight, been obliged to consult a doctor. He naturally wonders why anyone should wish to emigrate from such a healthy country as the Land of St. Patrick.

* * *

Edinburgh is to attempt a new way of dealing with the unemployed. The corporation are purchasing a farm fifteen miles from the city which has 235 acres, 70 being unimproved moss land. Refuse from the city is to be deposited on about 100 acres. The aim is to use the whole farm for spade work, and to sell market garden produce.

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The new University College of North Wales is to cost one million dollars for buildings alone. King Edward will lay the foundation stone next summer.

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The New Theology is still holding a prominent place in the public interest. Two Congregational ministers who are believers in its doctrines have been blackballed a second time by the London Board of Congregational Ministers. It is said that Dr. Robertson Nicoll, known to both religious and journalistic circles, who has repudiated Rev. R. J. Campbell's views, is to address the board of Congregational ministers in April.

* * *

Father Bernard Vaughan in his Lenten sermons continues to preach strenuously against the doings of fashionable society and by some irony the papers continue to chronicle a large attendance of the "smart set."

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The poverty of British universities has again been brought to the notice of the public by an appeal issued by the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of Cambridge University, declaring that the sum of \$7,500,000 is needed to equip the University properly. The British press comments unfavourably on the indifference of Englishmen of wealth to university needs and supports the appeal of the Duke of Devonshire.

* * *

A letter of great historical interest will be offered for sale in London shortly. It is the order for the massacre of Glencoe issued in 1692, which intensified so bitterly the strife between Campbells and Macdonalds.

Sporting Comment

WHILE the Capital lacrosse team of Ottawa is headed for England next month a still more ambitious enterprise is under way under Canadian Lacrosse Association auspices. It is no less than the taking of a lacrosse team to Australia. The Canadian national game has made rapid strides in the Antipodes and Australians now believe they have teams able to cope successfully with the best Canada can produce. At any rate they are anxious to see where they really stand and President J. C. Miller of the C. L. A. is in receipt of a cable offering him a guarantee of \$9,000 to take a team to the other side of the world. He has accepted the offer, selected his team, and if no hitch occurs will set out on the longest journey a lacrosse team ever took about June 1st.

* * *

And the trip, if it takes place, should do the game a world of good, both at home and abroad. Thousands of Canadians who have never seen a lacrosse match, will be lead to wonder what manner of game the Indians invented that follows the English speaking race to the uttermost parts of the earth. They will satisfy their curiosity and at the same time satisfy themselves that the baseball we import from our cousins across the line will never occupy first place in the affections of Jack Canuck. For your brother Jack loves a scrap. He proved that when he hustled for South Africa to help his mother whip the Boers, and, lacrosse is the merriest and most scientific scrap that ever whirled down through the years without putting one mound in the cemetery or adding one to the list of permanently injured.

* * *

Curling is practically over for the season and already its sister sport, bowling, is beginning to shake herself out of her winter sleep and smooth her tangled tresses in preparation for a new summer season. Whether bowling is curling on the green or curling is bowling on the ice is a question often asked and just as often answered. But the answers differ widely. Anyway "ye ancient game of bowls" has become one of Canada's most popular sports. It is not as accurate or scientific a game as curling, but it has all the good-fellowship belonging to the winter sport, and besides, its surroundings are so delightful, and it can be played with so little exertion that it fits and fills the lazy summer afternoons as nothing else can do. Bowling is essentially a gentleman's game. Away back in the days of chivalry none but gentlemen born were allowed to play it. It still retains all the characteristics of its gentle breeding and imparts them to its players. There are no disputes in bowling, the question of amateur and professional is never heard in regard to it and the little tricks that are looked on as clever in the more strenuous sports would cause a bowler to open his eyes with amazement and horror.

* * *

No one is prepared to say who threw the first bowl but it is known that Henry VIII. contrived to frequently break away from weddings, divorces and executions to roll a game. Then they tell that Drake was bowling when the Spanish Armada hove in sight. But like a true bowler he did not let a little thing like that interfere with the game. He first trimmed his opponent and that great work accomplished he went joyfully forth and trimmed the Spaniards. In Canada no game has made such rapid strides in the past ten years. In Toronto and its suburbs alone there are nearly two thousand bowlers and scarce a town or village in Ontario but has its bowling club. The visit of a team from Britain last year was a fresh incentive to the popularity of the game. It also proved that Canadians are not yet perfect in the sport. But they are learning fast and when the visit of the British team is returned, as it probably will be next year even Scotland will have to look to her laurels.

* * *

It seems impossible to get through a hockey season in that headquarters of the sport contiguous to Ottawa and Montreal without at least one fatality. This year "Bud" McCourt, a Cornwall player was the victim, his death being caused by a blow on the head received in a melee while playing against the Victorias of Ottawa. The fatality has naturally brought up the question of the reformation of the game. It is pointed

out that hockey can be played and is played in the Ontario Hockey Association without loss of life or limb. Players in that body know there are rules against rough play that they must obey or quit the game. That knowledge has the desired effect. Further east the controlling bodies fail to control. The police frequently have to step in and the concluding chapters of the game are played in the police court. In strenuous sports there must be some restraining force other than the law of the land, and unless the association in control furnish that force hockey in certain sections is bound to fall into disrepute even if it does not become necessary to abolish it entirely.

* * *

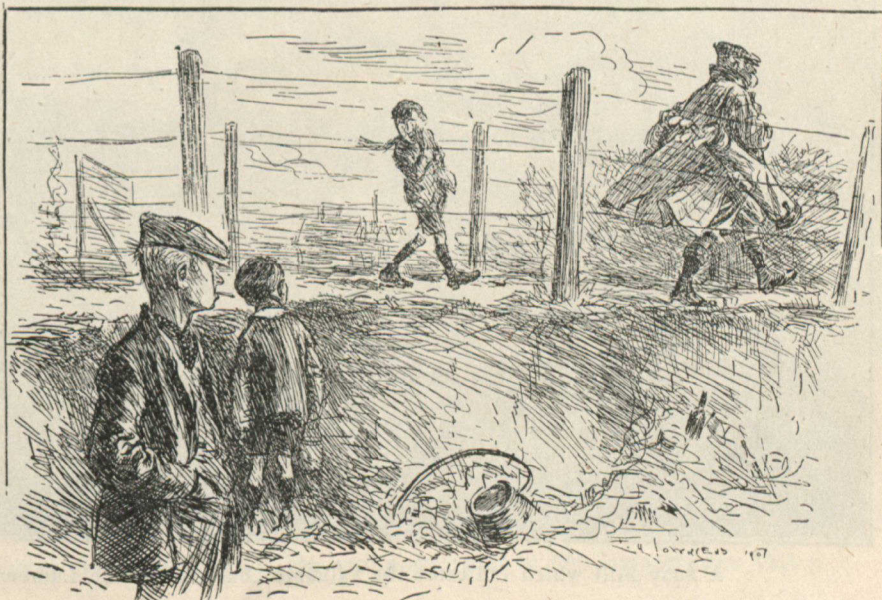
There's a rather under-sized newspaperman out in Regina. Living as he does in the still cold that makes such great curling ice, he has never delivered a stone nor responded to the great shout "Sweep, mon, sweep." How do I know? Simply because he comes out with a big double column head line, "Mayor Curls While Others Wait." And then he proceeds to berate Mayor Smith because in the excitement of a curling game he forgot some measly little meeting at the city hall. Now if that newspaper chap had been a curler he would have learned "When business interferes with curling, stop business." Every curler knows that and very few of them don't live up to it. Mayor Smith simply lived up to his reputation as a good curler. Some narrow-minded people will blame him. But they are not curlers and know not what they do.

* * *

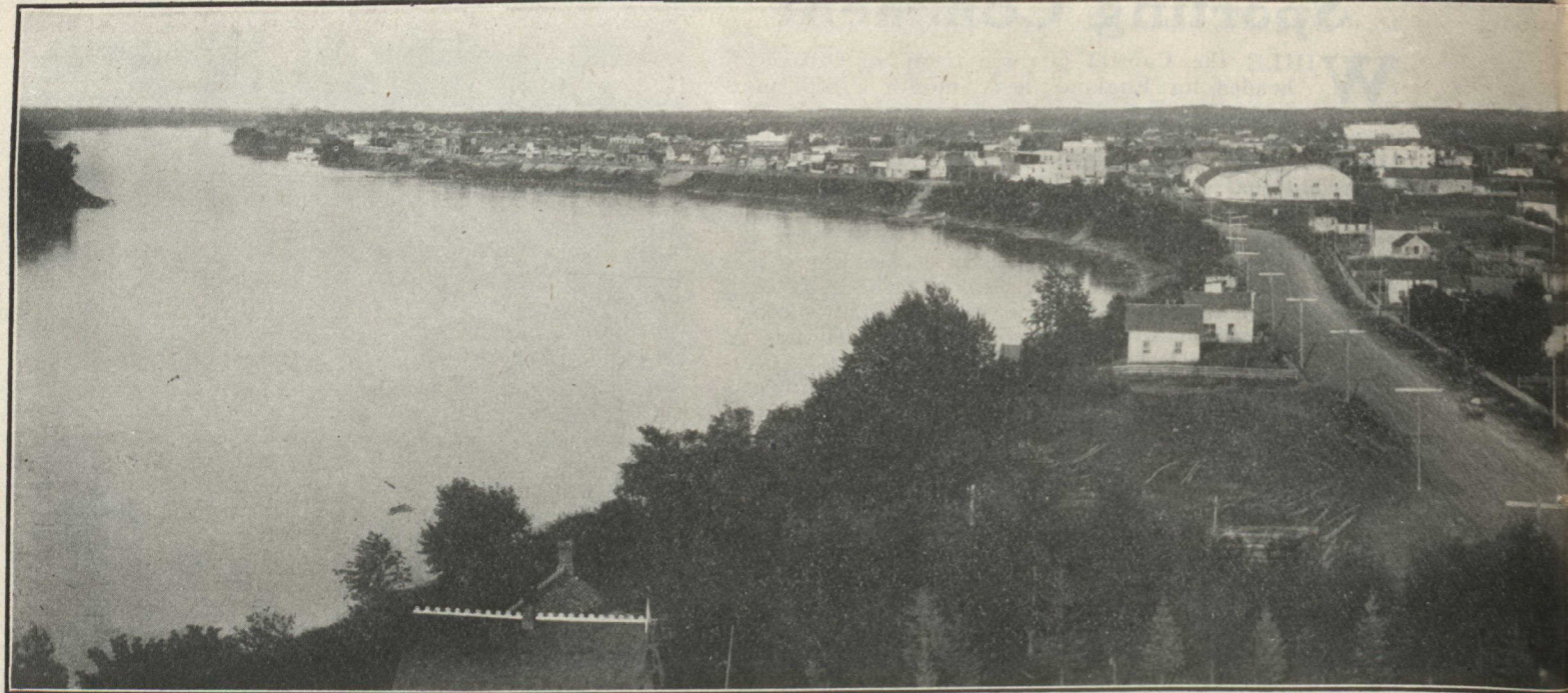
Two lacrosse bodies meet on Good Friday, the Canadian in Toronto, and the Manitoba and Northwestern in Winnipeg. The former, known in the world of sport as the C.L.A., is the biggest body of its kind and of almost any sporting kind in the world. Last year one hundred and thirty-six clubs were represented at the annual convention and the fight for the presidency was carried on for weeks in advance with all the wire-pulling and energy of a political election. It is said the election expenses of each candidate footed up to well over \$500. And when you come to think that there are between three and four thousand lacrosse men in the big association each of whom is anxious to close his lacrosse career by wearing a jewel that proclaims him a member of the College of Past-Presidents, you cease to wonder that the man who wins has to do a power of hustling.

* * *

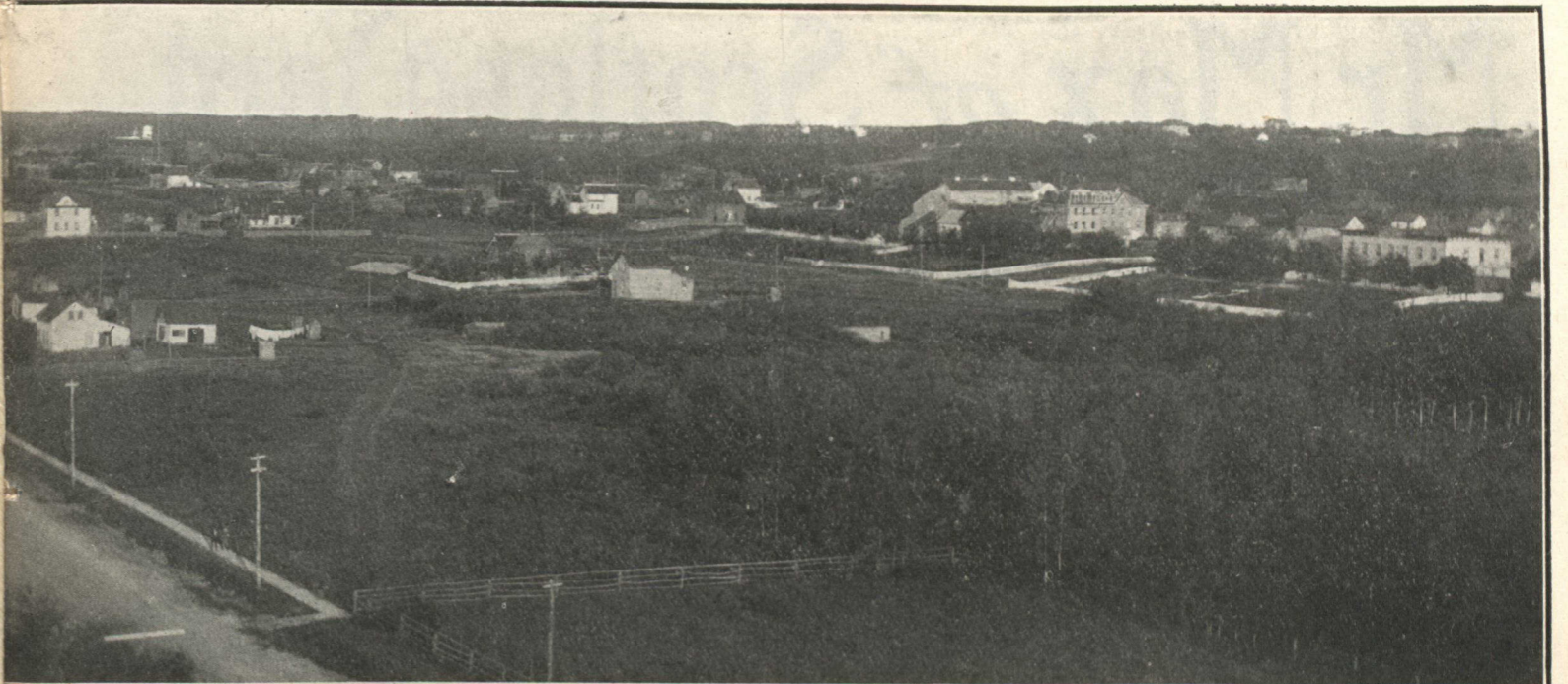
Even if Eddie Durnan didn't bring back the rowing championship of the world from Australia, he proved to the folks down below that the sport is not entirely dead in Canada and that its followers here still think enough of the rowing supremacy to send after it every time they can find anything like a suitable messenger. A strong effort will be put forth to get Towns to visit Toronto for another race for the friends and backers of the Toronto sculler are satisfied that it was the climate that beat him. However, before anything else is done Towns will probably take on young Webb of New Zealand. And if he does there is a strong suspicion in well-posted quarters that after the race he'll have no world's championship to peddle. For you know Towns never was a wonder and he's getting pretty well up in years. He must be forty by this time.



"Wot are yer a-follerin' 'im for, Bill?"
"I'm going to listen to 'im play gowf!"—Punch.



General View of Prince Albert, looking down the Saskatchewan, showing the Main Street along the Bank, and the beautiful Residential Hill in the rear.



Load of Forty Spruce Logs on its way out of the woods, near Prince Albert, Sask.

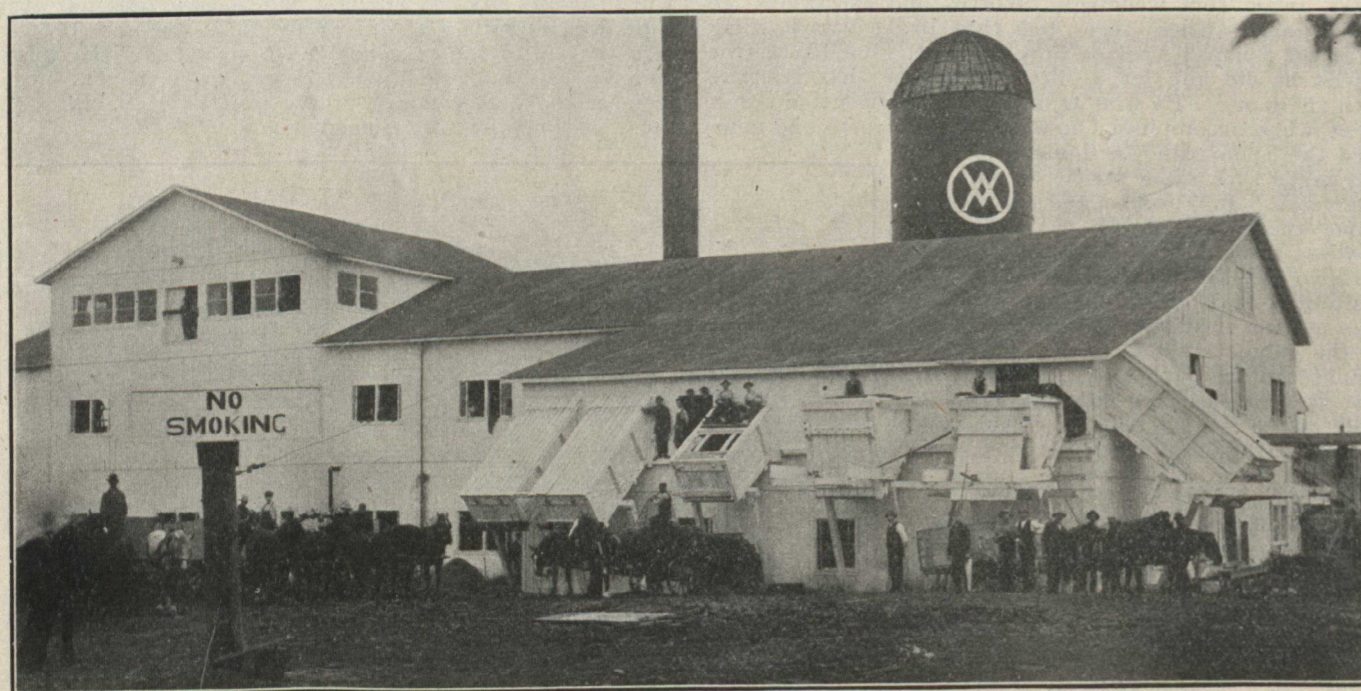
A City of To-morrow

One of the most picturesque and progressive towns in the Saskatchewan Valley is Prince Albert, the enterprising young city on the banks of the lower North Saskatchewan. This town is in the midst of a great arable tract, but a few miles above the Elbow, joining the North and South Saskatchewan; near the famous Carleton River district, the most fertile in all the lower Saskatchewan region; a young city of many and varied interests; celebrated in local history as being near Duck Lake, the scene of the uprising in 1885; later as the abiding-place of Almighty Voice, whose famous ambush in a bluff near the town the settler will point out as you drive past. In Prince Albert, too, you may see the relics of the Sioux people who escaped across the border after the massacre of Custer. There also you may see hundreds of Doukhobors from the villages up the Saskatchewan.

The main street of Prince Albert is perhaps the finest in the whole valley, since it fronts along the river with no buildings to shut out the great water-escape here half a mile in width. Not for scenery or history alone is Prince Albert conspicuous in the traveller's eye. The town is busy. With the coming of the railway, industry once languishing has sprung to life. The great spruce forests of the upper Saskatchewan and the northern rivers find their way to the Prince Albert saw-mills. An illustration of the magnitude of this industry is afforded by the accompanying views.



Noon Spell at the Saw Mill.—Prince Albert, Sask.



A busy Mill which indicates the valuable character of the Lumber Trade along the Saskatchewan.



Nowhere in the world can a team of horses draw more than on the hard snow roads of the Saskatchewan Valley.

SOME INTERESTING PICTURES FROM THE CITY OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Mr. Max of Scotland Yard

by Charles Oliver

III. The Gresham Hotel Robberies



I HAD had a touch of fever—the legacy of the South African campaign—and had slept very badly. I was good for nothing when I got up, and lay idle all day on my sofa, listening to the drip of the incessant rain.

About five o'clock old Doidge opened my door cautiously.

"Are you asleep still, Captain?" he asked.

"I think not, Mr. Doidge," I answered.

"Then I can come in? And how's the head?"

"I believe it's better, thanks, but I can't tell you definitely till I stand up."

"You just stay where you are," he said, firmly. There's no sense in playing the fool with them fevers. And if you want company you can have it. Here's Mr. Max come to ask after you. Will you see him?"

"Oh, that's very kind of him," I answered. "But I don't think I'm up to talking."

"You have no call to be up to talkin' when Max is about," urged the old man. "He's been sittin' in my bar hinderin' of me, and tellin' me lies for an hour on end. Hang the man! I don't believe he took his breath more'n once. You'd better see him. Let alone it's bein' unfriendly, it won't do to be moeful. And I want to be rid of the chap."

"Well, then, ask him in," I said. "And let's have tea, will you?"

"Come in, Mr. Max," called Doidge down the passage. "Our fever's somewhat abated, and we shall be pleased to see you."

"I'm sorry you're down," said Mr. Max, coming up to the sofa and taking my hand. "Hand a bit moist, I feel, so I suppose the temperature's moving to normal."

"Yes, I'm over the worst now. I shall be about to-morrow."

"That's right," said Mr. Max cheerfully. "The wind has got around, and I think I can promise you a fine day to-morrow. Eh, Mr. Doidge?"

The old man sniffed a bit contemptuously. "Oh, promise away," he said. "I'm not one of the sort who promise more'n it is in their power to perform. P'raps you're right and p'raps you're wrong. There ain't no tellin' till to-morrow. Take tea, Mr. Max?"

"I should just say so, Mr. Doidge."

"Well, there, you right surprise me, Mr. Max," said the old innkeeper, shaking his head. "Just like an ordinary man!"

He went out, closing the door quietly behind him. Then he opened it again, and put his head in.

"Tea?" he asked, with a grin. "You're sure? Not blood?"

He sputtered with laughter, and we could hear him chuckling to himself as he went away down the passage.

"That's his notion of having his little joke," said Mr. Max, with a smile. "Well, it's harmless enough. He's a good old fellow, but a confounded chatterer. I've been with him for an hour, and, I assure you, I could hardly get a word in edgeways. I can't make out how he does it; he never seems to take breath."

I laughed at the idea of the two sitting opposite to each other and trying to talk one another down. It seemed to be another variety of the old problem of the invulnerable armour and the irresistible torpedo. Mr. Max did not notice my amusement. He was strolling about the room, interesting himself in my possessions and surroundings.

"You do not object to my prowling, Captain Grensley, do you?" he said. "Curiosity was once my business, and now it is my hobby. I like this window of yours, giving on to that little bit of garden, and the gate

beyond on to the moor. It is very satisfactory to be able to get out that way without having to run the gauntlet of the bar company and old Doidge's harangues. Ah! you have your service revolver here, I see."

"I don't know why on earth my man put it in," I answered. "And I am not a bit of good with it, either."

"I have been a shot in my day," said Mr. Max, handling the weapon. "Not quite in the first rank, perhaps, but not very far below it, either. But I don't set much value on the thing. It isn't trustworthy. We've all heard of these gentlemen who can put a bullet into the ace of hearts twenty times running at fifteen paces, but who has seen them? Not I, for one; and not you, for two, I'll be bound. The safest end of the revolver, in my opinion, is the butt; you can put in some useful work with that in a crowd. No, I never carry the thing, and I've only got one that I keep as a memento. And that's an idea. Would you like to hear how I came into possession of it? It is just the story for you to-day—won't get on your nerves a bit, I promise you."

"That's very kind of you," I said. "But Doidge will be bringing the tea in a minute."

"Doidge's minutes are not told off along the same measure as other people's," answered Mr. Max. "I'll back myself to finish the story comfortably before the old man comes. Here goes!"

"I suppose you never heard of the Gresham Hotel robberies? The company had very good reason for keeping them dark, for it's fairly fatal to an hotel when the report gets about that property isn't safe there. And it wasn't safe once in the Gresham, I can tell you. Robberies went on all over the place, high and low, on all floors, in all the rooms. It was money and jewellery that disappeared invariably. The manager, Mr. Irvin, was at his wits' end. The whole staff of servants were dismissed twice, but it was no use. The robberies went on worse than ever; people began to whisper and custom to fall off. Then the manager did what he ought to have done long before; he came to us and asked the chief to send down the best man he had. The chief sent me.

"The Gresham was an old-fashioned hotel that did a very large business with foreigners. I looked at the visitors' book the evening I got there, and there were any amount of great guns of all nationalities on the list—Russian Grand Dukes, German Princes, American millionaires, French ex-Royalties; it was dazzling, and I said as much to Mr. Irvin.

"It's not what it used to be," he replied, with tears in his eyes. "I have known the day when an Archbishop was of no more account here than you or I."

"Speak for yourself, sir," I answered, "for I know my value if other people don't, and I don't set such great store on Archbishops."

"We had a long talk over the matter, and it was arranged that I was to come in as a waiter. In a huge place like that the waiters change frequently, and are hardly known to each other personally. The manager promised to see to it that I made no great blunders.

"And of course," I said in conclusion, "you must keep the thing absolutely to yourself, or you might as well put a chimney-sweep on the job."

"Oh, we must have Father Mactane in with us," declared Mr. Irvin. "He'll be of the greatest service, I assure you."

"And who may this Father Mactane be?" I asked coldly. "I generally do my work singlehanded."

"The oldest resident in the hotel," answered the manager. "He has been with us now—let me see—five years. A treasure, sir—just a prize customer. He pays up by the clock, and is most popular with our clients. He speaks four languages. You see, this is rather by way of being a Catholic house, and our clients like to have one of their priests about. He gets to know them all—it's wonderful. And they just adore him. He's got his head screwed on pretty straight, too—he'll help us no end."

"Why does he live here?" I asked.
 "He's got some work in a seminary, where he goes every morning. He makes a good thing of it here, too, I should say."

"Well, can I see your Father Mactane, at any rate?" I asked.

"Mr. Irvin went to the telephone.

"Father Mactane is now coming downstairs," he said to me.

"In a minute the door opened and a great burly ecclesiastic entered the room. He wore a long soutane or cassock, with a little cape over his shoulders, and his hands were folded in front of him over a great breviary or prayerbook, from which hung a quantity of blue silk markers. The priest had a jolly red face and a pleasant twinkle in his eye that corresponded well with his Irish name. He spoke for the most part a pure enough English, but when interested or excited he lapsed into a fine brogue.

"Father Mactane," said the manager, 'excuse me for bringing you down, but I want to introduce you to—in short, to—'

"An agent from Scotland Yard," I put in, understanding Mr. Irvin's desire that I should introduce myself after my own fashion. 'In fact, Mr. Max.'

"The great Mr. Max!" said the priest. "The right man in the right place, Mr. Irvin, the authorities have done the very best they could for you. You may look upon the unpleasant business which has worried us so they say over there—you'll pull us through."

"I am sure of it," said the manager, politely, 'and I should like to explain to you the course we propose to adopt, and to ask you to give us your valuable co-operation.'

"Bravo!" cried Father Mactane, enthusiastically, when Mr. Irvin had finished, 'a magnificent idea. We've only got to work together, and we must nail the thafe. And what are we to call you, Mr. Max? Faith! I like the look of you, and if it were for my choosing it should be Pat. And that's the best compliment that I can pay you. But I suppose it wouldn't do; the more so as you can't speak the language. You'd better be John—just plain John.'

"It was arranged like this, and Father Mactane left us.

"We'll pull you through," he said, 'as he went out, 'and please the pigs!—as they say over there—you'll pull us through.'

"I entered on my duties the same evening, and had soon taken all my bearings. Business was made for me all over the house, and, wherever I went, there it seemed to me was Father Mactane gliding noiselessly down the carpeted corridors, his eyes fixed on the ground and his hands folded over his fat breviary. As he passed, he would give me a wink more or less pronounced, according to circumstances. It appeared as if the thief or thieves had somehow got wind of the manoeuvres, for the robberies entirely ceased for some weeks.

"One morning, as I passed Father Mactane's room, he put his head out of the door, and asked me to come in. He locked the door behind me, and pointed to a waiter, whom I just knew by sight, standing in the middle of the room, morose and silent.

"I have asked you to step in, John," said Father Mactane to me, 'as I wish to have a witness of what I am, reluctantly, obliged to do. One witness I must have for my own security, more I will not have for this fellow's sake. And you persist, William, in your denial?'

"The man nodded sulkily.

"I accuse this man," said Father Mactane, turning to me, 'of having substituted a half-sovereign for a sovereign, which I purposely left on my table. The sovereign was marked, and I find it in his purse, which he has put into my hands. And you still deny, William?'

"The man nodded again.

"Then you must go," said the priest. 'Unless you are out of the house in an hour I shall take legal proceedings.'

"The man looked up.

"I must go then, in any case," he asked, 'guilty or not guilty?'

"You must go," answered Father Mactane with a sigh.

"Then I'll trouble you," said William, boldly, 'to give me back my half-sovereign, at any rate.'

"Convicted out of his own mouth!" cried the priest. 'You hear, John? Take your purse, you miserable William, and begone without one wur-rd.'

"He looked rather fine as he stood there with his breviary in one hand and the other outstretched. William slunk away.

"How hard it is to be hard!" said Father Mactane to me. 'But to tell you the truth, John, good, plain thavin'—honest thavin', so to speak—is not so repulsive to me as this wretched fancy work.'

"This little incident would have made no impression on me had it not been for the fact that on that very same afternoon, when I was taking a constitutional, I saw Father Mactane and the fancy-thief in a hansom cab, laughing together in a way which seemed to indicate that the priest's righteous indignation and William's abasement had melted into thin air.

"I returned at once to the hotel, and took the liberty of making a very thorough investigation of Father Mactane's rooms. There was little in them that was in the least degree compromising. As the net result of my search, I had no more than a pawn-ticket, which I discovered strayed into a corner between the lining and the cloth of the priest's overcoat. It seemed to me rather strange that a man who was always in funds and could live in a first-class hotel should be, or have been, a client of the three gilt balls. But that was little to base a theory on.

"That evening there was another robbery in the hotel. A French marquise had missed a pearl brooch of value. Father Mactane, who was in spiritual relations with the marquise, and had the advantage of speaking her language fluently, was sent for.

"It's bewildering," he said, when he came down into the manager's room—'bewildering. The brooch has disappeared from madame's dressing-table—simply disappeared. She has not left her room to-day, and, except myself and her maid, she is sure that no one has been inside her door. What do you make of it? It rests between the maid and myself. The maid has been with the marquise all madame's life; and for myself, well—'

"He spread out a great red hand whimsically. He would have spread out both, but the other held his breviary.

"But it is black, my poor Mr. Irvin," he went on, 'very black. The marquise will say nothing for the moment, but she only suspends her decision. Mr. Max, what are we to do?'

"I do not know what you are to do," I replied, 'but I know what I am to do before I am much older, and that is to nail the thief.'



Drawn by G. Butler.

"Could you give me five minutes in the office?"

"A few days after this I came suddenly upon Father Mactane quietly leaving a room on the first floor, with his eternal breviary. He started when he saw me. The start would have been imperceptible for most men, even of the profession, but for me it was as patent and as suggestive as a three-foot jump into the air.

"Ah! Mr. Max," he said. "It's you, is it?"

"He pointed over his shoulder to the door behind him.

"As the song has it, 'All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid me,' he whispered.

"You're a good man, Father Mactane," I said, with a laugh, "and the sinners are lucky."

"They are that," he answered. "And I've got one or two more to see before dinner, so I'll be going on."

"Don't let me hinder you from your good works," I said.

"I took the nearest way to the office, where I found the manager.

"If you've got a minute to spare, Mr. Irvin," I said, "will you go to No. 97 on the first floor and ask—who is No. 97 on the first floor, by the bye?"

"The Duchess of Gratz," he answered. "A Hungarian Princess."

"I know," I said, "an old sinner."

"On the contrary"—he took me up with some warmth—"young, pretty and pious."

"Then one part of my information at least is incorrect," I answered, "and perhaps the other is too. Well, I will stay in the office, and perhaps you will go up to No. 97 and ask Her Grace if she—if she—yes, if she has said her prayers to-day. Or, if you like, ask her whether she dines here to-night. Ask her something."

"The manager looked at me as if I were mad.

"She always dines here," he murmured.

"It's all right," I said. "But you must not waste time. We have not got too much of it. Dinner is in half-an-hour."

"Mr. Irvin shrugged his shoulders, and went off. I posted myself in the passage in such a way that no one could come in or go out without passing within an arm's reach of me. In a minute the manager came down.

"There's no one there, he grumbled, with a puzzled look. 'I went into all the rooms.'

"I wanted to make quite sure," I said. "Well, now, there are three things to do. First, send my card to Scotland Yard. Second, wait here for an instant while I go into the dining-room. Tell me who passes in the meanwhile. If Father Mactane comes down, keep him in conversation a minute or two."

"I went into the dining-room, which was quite empty, and with my pocket-saw cut three-quarters of the way through a back leg of Father Mactane's chair. Then I rejoined Mr. Irvin in the hall.

"No one has passed," he reported.

"Very good. Now I will relieve you here. The third thing you have to do is to follow the Duchess of Gratz up to her rooms when she comes in and request her to examine her jewel-case immediately. You needn't tell her about the 'old sinner.'"

"Here she is," said Mr. Irvin, as a very pretty and distinguished-looking young lady came across the hall. He went with her, and came down in a few minutes.

"Diamond earrings," he whispered to me, with a sob. "I'm ruined!"

"Not a bit of it," I answered. "Don't fuss. When two friends of mine come to see me station them handy for your office, and leave me the office clear at, let us say, ten minutes past eight. I want striking room."

"The gong sounded, and Father Mactane came down, genial, smiling, bowing all round. I was waiting at his chair. I pushed it in behind him, and, in doing so, kicked away the weakened leg. Father Mactane went sprawling to the ground, the breviary escaped from his hands and a most unclerical expression from his lips.

"Sh!" I whispered. "What an example for the ould sinners!"

"Faith! you're right," he answered.

"He grabbed his breviary, before I could give it to him, but I had learned what I wished to. I had listened to the fall of the book and knew that there was a hollow in it somewhere.

"Dinner went off quietly enough, and at the end I whispered to Father Mactane: 'Could you give me five minutes in the office?'"

"He looked at me sharply, then nodded, and followed me into Mr. Irvin's room. I shut the door behind us.

"What is it now?" he asked.

"I am curious," I answered. "I should so much like to see that breviary of yours."

"Ye vagabond!" he cried. "I thought that was what you were up to. And how's this, Mr. Max?" he asked, whipping out a revolver—the one I keep as a memento of him.

"In a minute the weapon was flying harmlessly out of his hand, and he was rubbing his wrist. 'That's how it is, Father Mactane,' I said.

"Ye've broken me ar-r-m, ye dirty blackgaird!" he cried.

"I've two men handy," I remarked.

"Ah! then I give in," he replied.

"That was how I got one of the cleverest dodgers in London, Captain Grensley. Half of the breviary was hollow, and there we found the earrings. Of course, Mr. William was an accomplice; that little comedy was arranged to put me off the track. But it had just the opposite effect, you see."

"How did you send that revolver flying so neatly?" I asked.

"With my foot," said Mr. Max. "You see, Captain Grensley, I know all about the French method of boxing, and was smart with my feet once. I am not so bad even now. Look here—and here—and so—and——"

The door opened, and Doidge appeared with the teatray.

"Oh, monkey-tricks, eh?" he said, sniffishly. "Well, you'll take a hinterval for refreshment, at any rate, I s'pose?"

A Prisoner of Hope*

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume: Esther Beresford is a beautiful and charming girl, who has lived in England with her French grandmother, Madame de la Perouse, and has taught music in a girls' school. Her step-mother's sister, Mrs. Galton, appears on the scene and it is arranged that Esther is to go out to Malta to join her father and step-mother. But before her departure, Geoffrey Hanmer, an old friend, declares his love for Esther who promises a future reply to his proposal. She embarks with Mrs. Galton and her two exceedingly disagreeable daughters. Captain Hethcote and Lord Alwyne, two fellow-passengers admire Esther extremely, and Mrs. Clare-Smythe, a cousin of the latter also seeks her friendship. The Galtons become vulgarly jealous of Esther's popularity. The "Pleiades" reaches Gibraltar at sun-rise and some of the passengers are on deck for the sight. At last they arrive at Malta, and Esther looks forward to meeting her father. Her father's household is uncongenial, but Esther makes a friend of her youngest step-brother, "Hadji Baba." Her step-mother, "Monica," is disposed to be kind and rejoices when Esther goes to dinner at the "Palace." Lord Francis Alwyne's attentions flatter the girl who enjoys the gay life of Malta exceedingly. Attracted solely by his wealth and position, she finally becomes betrothed to Lord Francis. "Hadji Baba" is taken ill and Esther refuses to leave

him. Madame Perouse becomes anxious over Esther's happiness and Geoffrey Hanmer decides to leave for Malta, hoping to help the girl whom he still loves. In the meantime, Esther has broken her engagement with Lord Francis, in consequence of the latter's resentment of her unselfish devotion to her little brother.

CHAPTER XII.

"Unless you can muse in a crowd all day, on the absent face that fixed you,
Unless you can love as the angels may, with the breath of heaven betwixt you:
Unless you can dream that the faith is fast, through believing and unbelieving,
Unless you can die when the dream is past, oh! never call it loving.

IT was the dead of night when little Hadji Beresford died, and, seeing that he was so much weaker, and they knew the end was coming, his father and the nurse had sat up with him for several hours to share

Esther's watch: for Hadji would not let her out of his sight. His feeble hand had held hers since the change for the worse had swept over his tiny frame. He had made so gallant a struggle for his life that his father knelt by his bed and wept for the little boy who had been the pet and plaything of the house. They could not disguise from Monica Beresford the fact that her child was dying, and she roused herself with the shock of the intelligence, and had come to his room wrapped in shawls, on the arm of the ayah. She sat in the shadow with her eyes on the face of the dying child, the fever that was in her deadened for the moment by her grief.

Death is so terrible a visitor that before him the woman who had allowed herself to drift into invalid life, felt every pretence drop from her, and the reality of suffering sternly face her. She looked at the stooping figure of her husband in the shadow of the curtain, and suddenly remembered what a poor wife she had made him. There was Kopama, the faithful ayah, crouched on the floor with her eyes on the face of the child she loved; there was the shadow of the nurse through the archway of the next room; there was Esther, in her white muslin gown, with Hadji's hand in hers; and the child that lay dying had no mind for his own mother—there lay the sting. She had neglected him in his life, and now that he was closing his eyes to a world in which he had been ill-cared for, it was not her face that he would see last upon the shores of life, but Esther's.

"Hadji," she said once, and then again with a sob, "Hadji."

The child heard her, and lifted heavy eyelids for an instant.

"Mummy, dear," he said; "I love you," and the poor woman was content.

Hadji seemed to have a thought for everyone, even though speech was difficult. He smiled at faithful Kopama, and had the old shake of the hand for Delaney standing in a far corner of the room.

"How kind everybody is, daddy," he said, speaking slowly, in his own polite fashion; "I wish I was not so tired and then—and then—we might be all so happy together. You are not crying, daddy—don't cry—it is all golden light and glory out there—O, Essie—the light—the light—and the angels!"

He threw up his little arms, and Esther laid him back on his pillow, dead. It fell to her lot to comfort the father and mother, who turned to each other in trouble as they had never done before. And she left them together, Monica wrapped in her husband's arms, her head on his shoulder. She had no one to console her for the loss of the child she loved, for Gran'mere was so far away; and Alwyne cared nothing as to whether Hadji lived or died, since he had never troubled to call at the house and inquire for the invalids, or even to write to her.

For Frank was sulking, since in all his happy, debonaire life, he had never been thwarted before; and he was intent on showing Esther that so long as he could not bend her to his will, he cared nothing for her interests. She would come back to him soon, like a bird to its lure, and from the height of his regal generosity he would forgive her; for with all the power of which he was capable, he loved her, though his love was not so strong as his pride.

Riding and driving with another woman, and enjoying himself apparently to the top of his bent with no thought of Esther's anxiety, Lord Francis Alwyne went his serene way. But day and night the face of the girl he loved was with him, although he never spoke of her. Her answer to his letter had touched his pride keenly, and he was determined to show her that other women were only too ready to take her place if she failed him. But he loved her so much that it was very difficult to keep to his resolution as the days went on, and Esther showed no signs of giving way.

All that night Esther lay sleepless, fighting with her tears. She had never seen death before, and little Hadji had wound himself so closely round her heart that his loss was a sorrow greater than she had imagined possible. When the slow morning broke, she smoothed her hair, and put on another gown, and, before waking the other children to help them with their dressing, she slipped out on to the balcony, and stood there looking out at the garden, bright in the autumn twilight. Little Hadji was walking among fairer flowers in the meadows of Paradise, and her mind went back to him with a keen touch of agony. Soon she must awaken the children to tell them that their little brother was dead, and she dreaded their questions and their grief. She longed for the grey country about Aborfield, the warmth of the love that had been her own there, as a little shy child

in a black frock to the moment that she had left the cottage as a young lady in a smart gown with a heart beating high with hope and excitement. Even the dull school life at Grandchester, where she had been sheltered and protected by kindly folk, appealed to her now, and she wished suddenly that she had never left it.

Her heart cried out for her home, and she could hardly see the radiant landscape because of her tears.

"And bid my home remember me, until I come to it again!"

How often she had read those words in lesson time with never a thought of what they might some day mean to her! Brilliant blue sky and dazzling white stone houses, fronting a sea blue as a sapphire mirror, lay under her eyes. The purple of the caper blossom, and the crimson of the climbing geraniums, with the pink of the oleander, and the innumerable shades of countless roses, made the garden a mosaic of colour and beauty. But she would have bartered every one of these blossoms willingly enough for the grey sky over Weymouth Bay, the sodden grass white with November rime, the frost-touched chrysanthemums, and all the shivering chill of an English autumn, so that she had her little "Gran'mere" in her arms again, and Louise Michaud kissing her hands with all the affection of the Breton peasant.

There was a figure of a man standing at the garden gate looking up towards the house, and at the sight of him her heart seemed suddenly to stop beating, and then to leap forward again till all her pulses were racing in sympathy. For it was Geoffrey who stood there, looking up at the shuttered house with an intent gaze that brightened to a smile of greeting as he recognised the slight figure in the dark gown above him.

"Geoffrey!"

Esther's cry broke in a sob as she fled down the stairs and through the garden, where he met her half-way upon the path.

"Esther, my darling!"

Esther never knew how it happened, but suddenly his arms enfolded her, and she was sobbing out her joy and her amazement on his shoulder, while he soothed her as best he might, and led her to a sheltered seat where they might be for the moment out of sight and sound of the awakening house.

"I don't know why I am crying," said Esther at last, dashing away her tears with a little sob; "but Hadji is dead, and I have been so lonely and unhappy—and—so—so foolish!"

Geoffrey Hanmer looked at her gravely. The lovely face was thinner than when he last saw it, and there were dark shadows under her eyes; but he saw she was an Esther awakened to love and womanhood, and no longer the girl who had left Aborfield so lightly so short a time before.

"Directly I heard that you were in trouble and anxiety, I came to you," he said, striving to keep the wonderful joy from his eyes and lips; "it was the wish of Mme. de la Perouse that I should come, since she could not."

So he had not waited an instant, but had left everything to help and comfort here.

"Then you understand," she faltered; "you did not—blame me for stopping here with my father instead of going to the Palace?"

"We should have blamed you very much, and thought it very unlike Esther if you had done anything else," was his grave reply.

"I—I have been very foolish, Geoffrey."

Esther could say no more, but, turning, picked a handful of white daisies that grew against the wall, and in her nervousness began to pick them to pieces.

"You have been very foolish, Esther; does that mean that you are still engaged to Lord Francis Alwyne?"

"Oh no—no—I told him that our ideas would—would never be the same about people and things, and that I had made a mistake in thinking that we could ever be happy together."

"Nothing. I think, perhaps he did not believe that I was in earnest."

"Shall you show him that you were in earnest, Esther?"

Ah! how close he was to her, and how she was trembling. He took one of the daisies from her lap, and began to pull off the petals. "She loves me—loves me not—loves me—" while at every fall of the white flakes her breath came tremulously: "loves me not—loves me—Oh, Essie, Essie, is it true? Do you love me?"

How different was this masterful wooing to Alwyne's cool demands for her love. How different she felt, how frightened, and yet how wonderfully happy. It was the same Geoffrey in his shabby clothes, with the same

kindly, quiet face, the same unfashionable bearing, but she loved him, and she knew it now with a certainty that there was no mistaking. He held her hands so tightly that she could not free them, and she gently turned her blushing face towards him, so that there was no escape for her.

"Yes, Geoffrey," and, seeing that she was very near to tears, he caught her in his arms, and she hid her face upon his shoulder.

"But, Essie," he said, a few moments later, "do you mean to tell me that you are contented to come and live at the shabby old Hall on nothing a year, and to help me to clear off the mortgages? Perhaps you will have to help me with the chickens and the dairy, dear heart, and I thought that you could not bring yourself to contemplate matrimony with a poor man."

"Oh, I was wrong! I was horribly wrong!" cried Esther. "I shall love to be poor—it is better for me—it is what I want. I have had such horrible thoughts and ideas while I was among all these rich people, and I want to forget them."

Geoffrey Hanmer rose to his feet and drew her arm in his, and together they walked the length of the garden in silence, she wondering, and he too deeply moved for words.

"You are quite certain, my darling, that you will never regret this step?" he said at last; "remember that you will have to see other people richer, perhaps and more influential: and I could not bear to think that perhaps some day you would live to regret that you were not Lady Francis Alwyne, and probably to be a marchioness in the future."

"Geoffrey, I think that you are hard upon me; I have been a foolish girl, but, perhaps—perhaps it was your fault."

"My fault! You are a true woman, Essie, for you lay the fault upon the man in the cleverest fashion, though how you can attach any blame to me is beyond my comprehension," he cried whimsically.

"Because—because, Geoffrey, you did not tell me that you knew I loved you, you did not make up my mind for me," she whispered, for his face was very close to her own.

"Before I kiss you, Essie, tell me that you would be content to take me as I am, with my poverty, my anxieties."

"Oh, quite content, dear Geoffrey, and longing to share every trouble with you."

"My love—my dear," and Geoffrey Hanmer closed her lips with a kiss.

It was at this moment, when they stood lost in the Paradise of their own happiness, that Alwyne rode up to the gate unseen by the lovers. He had been driven by the force of his unhappiness to humble his pride, and return to the girl he loved. He was not clear as to what he intended to say to her, but he felt that he was compelled to see her, and to convince her that she had been wrong in her attitude towards him. It was absurd to think that he could allow himself to be jilted by a little girl who had nothing to recommend her beyond her loveliness, and he was quite prepared to go halfway along the road of submission to meet her, with a magnanimity of which he had hardly believed himself capable. He checked his horse at the gate, and when the reality of the sight of Esther in Geoffrey's arms swept full upon him and convinced him that his eyes had not played him false, the whole fabric of his pride crumbled to ruin about him, and he saw himself for the moment as he really was, in the light of Esther's love for another man. There was no mistaking her attitude, or the lover-like gesture of the man who held her against his breast, and with a rush of anger against the fate which had deluded him, he rode furiously away. The spatter of horse's hoofs upon the dry road drove the lovers apart, and for an instant Esther, realising what had happened, stood pale and trembling.

"Geoffrey, it is Lord Francis Alwyne."

Hanmer gave a great laugh. "By Jove, Essie, he has learnt a hard lesson this time; I am very sorry for him. Ah! If I had come here and found you standing so with him, I think it would have killed me."

And his arms tightened upon her waist again at the thought.

"Geoffrey, I must write to him."

"You shall write and say anything you like, sweetheart, for to have lost your love must be the most cruel thing on earth to happen to any man."

Esther's little tremulous, blotted note did not reach Alwyne till many days later; for when he returned to the Palace after a furious ride, it was only to find a telegram waiting for him to summon him home imme-

diately, on the death of his eldest brother. The responsibility of his position had by that time so thoroughly filled his mind to the exclusion of every other feeling, that he was actually conscious of relief that he was no longer bound to Esther Beresford, and could seek a more suitable wife for his present elevation to an important rank in the marriage market of the world of London. But the scar that Esther had inflicted on his heart would ache sometimes when in after years he met her moving like a queen in society, her gracious loveliness undimmed by the flight of time.

* * * * *

Since there was no reason why Esther's marriage should be delayed, and the fact of her engagement had ceased to be a nine days' wonder in Malta, there was a quiet wedding at an early hour of the morning in St. Paul's church, attended by a few only of her nearest friends.

The real truth of Hanmer's handsome fortune had leaked out through Major Beresford, to whom it had been confided as an inviolable secret; and Esther herself was the only person in the island who was not aware of its existence. In the ten days that elapsed between Geoffrey's arrival and their wedding, it had been quite possible to keep Esther completely in the dark as to his affairs; and Lady Adela Stanier and Nell Clare-Smythe were only amused by her ignorance.

"She is a clever little thing after all," said Mrs. Galton resentfully, when Major Beresford paid an elaborately careless call upon her the day before the wedding, to give her all the latest details; "and it is absurd to tell me that she knows nothing about Mr. Hanmer's money. I am sure that if Sybil or Carrie were going to marry into twenty thousand a year, they would be the first to find it out, so don't tell me that Esther knows nothing."

"I suppose that Sybil found out the latest details of Mr. Macrorie's private income before she was engaged to him?" said Major Beresford, politely, as he rose to take his leave; "shall we see you all at the church to-morrow?"

And he left Mrs. Galton speechless with such anger as comes only to a spiteful woman who finds herself at a loss for words in a situation where nothing but congratulation to an enemy is possible. But nevertheless, Mrs. Galton and her two daughters were seated in the church next morning to watch the arrival of the happy little bride in her simple, white muslin gown. Jack Hethcote was the best man, and the only bridesmaid was Budge Clare-Smythe, who carried a posy of oleander as rosy as her gown. Esther saw through a mist of happy tears the faces of M. de Brinvilliers and Nell Clare-Smythe nodding and smiling at her, to keep up her drooping spirits, as she told the girl later. Kopama and the children were there too, with wide eyes of delight; and Mrs. Beresford, with a face changed and sad, but still instinct with new hopefulness, for they were to go home to England at once; and Geoffrey Hanmer had made the future wonderfully easy for them, with a delicacy that could not hurt even the proudest of feelings.

"O, Geoffrey, I can help you now we share our poverty together," Esther said, under her breath, as they stood aside to let Lady Adela Stanier and her husband sign the register; and she wondered why Geoffrey held her hand so tightly.

"Esther—wife—" he said, and his voice was like a cry of joy; "I have deceived you; you have not married a poor man after all. Mrs. Clare-Smythe—you tell her—I cannot!"

And with her eyes on Nell's face, Esther heard the story of her husband's inheritance.

"And now," concluded Nell Clare-Smythe: "don't be a silly little goose, and be disappointed, or anything ridiculous of that sort, for I won't allow such a thing! Fancy you with a yearly income as large as my whole fortune! I vow it is absurd!"

But Esther's eyes sought her husband's, and read there only measureless love and content.

"Dear Geoffrey," she said simply; "as long as I am with you, everything is easy—poverty or wealth."

* * * * *

"Geoffrey," said Esther, as they were pacing the deck together the night before the "Japan" reached the mouth of the Thames, "Geoffrey, what a happy woman I am! I have nothing left to wish for in the world."

"Nor I," said Hanmer, gently, as he lifted the edge of his wife's cloak under cover of the darkness and laid it to his lips; "we have love, fortune, everything. Pray God to give us thankful hearts."

"I pray it every day," said Esther, with a little sob.

FINIS.

THE TALK

THE Victorian Order of Nurses held its ninth annual meeting at Ottawa last week. Four districts have been closed, Fort Francis and Buckingham because of new hospitals there, and Red Deer and Bracebridge for other reasons. New districts have been opened at Fort William and London and a nurse has been sent to assist Dr. Grenfell in Labrador. New Liskeard, Ont., and High River, Alta., received special nurses during epidemics last year. There is a total of 104 nurses now working, being an increase of eighteen for the year. The work in general shows great progress, several new hospitals and additions having been erected.

Senator Davis has brought up the question of Western telegraphic rates. A message from Ottawa to Halifax, 949 miles costs thirty cents, while a message from Ottawa to Fort William, 800 miles, costs seventy-five cents. This was an example. The Senator from Prince Albert also touched upon the high press rates and declared that the newspapers of the West were deprived of eastern news. Long distance telephone rates were also much higher than in the East. The Railway commission is expected to deal with the matter.

A convention of Bi-Lingual school teachers was held in Ottawa last week, teachers from Quebec and Ontario attending. Mr. Bourassa, M.P. for Labelle, gave an address on "The Preservation of French by Teaching and National Unity." He advocated a thorough education for French-Canadians and a preserving of the highest standards of the French language.

It is believed that as much coal-bearing land remains still under Government control in Alberta, Saskatchewan and in the Peace River District as has been already alienated. It is proposed that hereafter a twenty-one year lease be granted to private individuals wishing to get control of coal-bearing lands and that an annual rental be charged therefor by the Government. This rental will probably be one dollar per acre and the lease will have to be taken out for a minimum area. This minimum area will, it is said, be about 2,500 acres, so that annual rental cannot be less than \$2,500. This will insure prompt development and meet the obligations as to speculators holding coal lands for raise in price without doing anything to develop them. It will also pave the way for future Government ownership and operation of coal mines if it should be deemed advisable.

On account of the cancellation of the contract with the North Atlantic Trading Company, the interior department has made a new arrangement for obtaining high class immigrants from continental countries. An order-in-council has been passed under which bonuses will be paid to European booking agents for farmers,

farm labourers, gardeners, stablemen, carters, railway labourers, navvies, miners and female domestics who are sent out as immigrants.

It has been decided to pay a bonus of \$2.50 for adults and \$1.25 each for children.

In Prince Edward Island schools there were 18,986 pupils enrolled last year. This is the smallest number since 1877.

Two United States postal officials have been at Ottawa negotiating a new arrangement for second-class matter—newspapers and periodicals. Some time ago the Canadian authorities gave notice that the existing arrangement made in 1875 was unsatisfactory. The chief complaint is that the United States is sending ten tons of this class of mail into Canada for every ton returned and that the present free exchange is one-sided in its benefits.

Saskatchewan is creating its own University and a bill is now going through the Legislature giving it incorporation and providing for its maintenance.

New Brunswick has an exhibit at the Sportsmen's Show now being held at Madison Square Garden, New York. The game exhibits are full bodies of the animals, not heads only.

Senator Charles E. Casgrain, died at Windsor, Ont., last week, at the age of eighty-two. He was born in Quebec in 1825. He has lived in Essex County for many years; the French-Canadians in that district are numerous.

Tillsonburg gave a banquet last month to Mr. J. M. Clark, the newly-appointed Ontario Immigration Agent in the Old Country. As Mr. Clark has been closely connected with both the agricultural and the trade interests of Oxford County for many years, he ought to know just the kind of immigrant for which the Province of Ontario is yearning.

Mr. George R. Smith, member for Megantic in the Quebec Legislature, delivered an important speech in that assembly last week on the needs of Protestant elementary education in the rural districts, in which he declared that, according to the last report of the department, fully 200 of the 800 rural district schools are taught by uncertified teachers.

The officers of the 14th Regiment, P. W. O. Rifles, Kingston, Ontario, are proud over a gift just received from Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, whose title the 14th Regiment bears. The gift is a large and beautiful autograph photograph of Her Royal Highness who was much interested on her visit to Kingston with the Prince several years ago when she learned of the name borne by the Kingston Rifles.

The latest news from Cobalt states that a vein was found at forty-five feet which yields a tracing of gold at twenty dollars to the ton. This was on the Gordon Cobalt property which is situated a little south of Clear

Lake. No wonder that a New Yorker asked Mr. A. S. Vogt if Toronto is not a place where you change cars for Cobalt.

Chatham may be added to the list of Ontario towns which are agitated over the subject of gas. It is stated that the citizens of Chatham have a substantial grievance against their representatives in the Council for what they regard as a complete surrender of the corporation to the Gas Company.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture, the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, various local and district associations, and the Farmers' Institutes are at the present time co-operating in a very vigorous campaign for the furtherance of the fruit-growing industry. One phase is an agreement for a series of meetings to promote the organisation of co-operative fruit-growers' association.

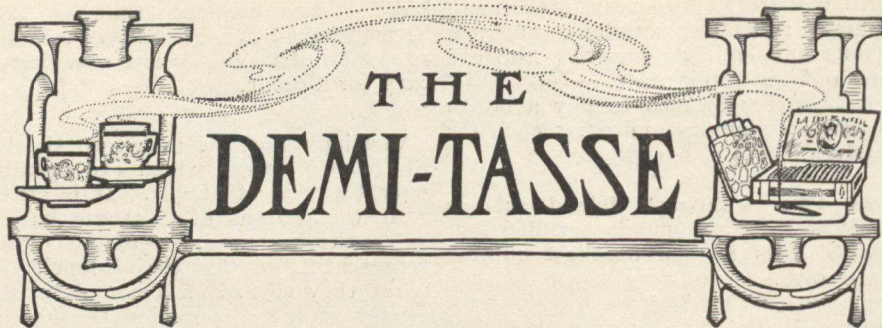


Col. R. R. McLellan.

The Man from Glengarry

THE death of Col. R. R. McLellan, ex-M.P., on March 8th, removed a public-spirited citizen whose personality was of unusual interest and magnetism. Col. McLellan's grandfather came from Rossshire, Scotland and fought in the War of 1812, while his father was a veteran of '37. His own title was earned as commanding officer of the 59th Battalion. He was to the military manner born and exceedingly popular as an officer.

He was one of the most famous of the Glengarry contractors, his last work being on the north shore of Lake Superior on the C. P. R. He was a director of various railway companies, honorary president of the Farmers' Bank of Canada, a director of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co. and of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. He was also a governor of the Cornwall General Hospital which, with Queen's University of Kingston, shared in his most generous benefactions. The McLellan Scholarship at Queen's for Glengarry students proved his loyalty to his own county. Brave, clear-headed and warm-hearted, Colonel "Rory" McLellan will be long missed and remembered.



To the Irish Blood

We follow the star of the vision,
Whose light to our souls doth
stream ;
For us swing the ivory portals,
Where the pearls of fancy gleam,
'Mid the coarse, Philistine banter :—
" 'Tis the mad Celt's madder
dream !"

Oh, we are the world's great lovers ;
To our hearts Love fled from the
skies ;
For we know the secret of laughter
And we know the passion of sighs—
And your vanity's fief to our blarney,
And your heart to our Irish eyes.

Then, fill me a cup, 'till I drink to
St. Patrick,
Drink to the harp strains, the songs
that beguile :
Drink to our emblem, the mystical
shamrock !
Up with it ! Down with it ! The
Emerald Isle !

—M. W. W.

Wrathful Rogers

Naughty Robert Rogers ! He has
no respect for the best-selling novelist
this country has produced. There
was a solemn hush after he called the
author of "The Prospector" by such
dreadful names as heeler and un-
truther. The very Rocky Mountains
seemed to threaten to fall on the
ruthless Rogers. But when he went
on to say that the purpose of all
these political sermons was that the
"silly novels" of the clerical opponent
might be advertised there was a
shudder all the way from Vancouver
to Glengarry.

To modernise Edmund Burke's im-
mortal outburst, it seemed as if the
sword of every Sunday-School Su-
perintendent must leap from its scab-
bard, to avenge even an adjective
that threatened the "Sky Pilot" with
insult. But a brilliant revenge is
within the grasp of the man behind
the pen. Six months from now there
may appear such a romance as will
make all former records look like
faded laurels. "The Graftor" or
"The Man from Manitou" (not Man-
itoulin) will expose to a not-easily-
horrified public the political ways of
Winnipeg. Of course it will be fiction
with all the fights and flirtation that
made "The Doctor" the cutest story
you ever read. Then will the cabinet
minister wish that he had kept silence
regarding the Connor campaign, since
Roblin didn't really need the Presby-
terian vote, anyway.

With wrathful Rogers in Winnipeg
and threatening Fowler in the Wash-
ington of the North, the political
circles of this fair Dominion are not
exactly stagnant. It now remains
for someone to accuse Mr. W. A. Fra-
ser of having something to do with
Toronto License complications and

Rev. R. E. Knowles of going to Ot-
tawa to see about getting Hyman's
place.

* *

A Lyric of Licenses

Sing a song of licenses,
A bottleful of rye,
Many worthy grafters
With fingers in the pie.

When the pie was opened
The censors had their fling.
The "Globe," it nearly had a fit
And didn't say a thing.

The Colonel's in the counting-
house,
Counting out his money ;
And Whitney's in the parlour,
Calling Hossack "honey."

But Pyne's among the timber
tall,
A-holding of his breath :
Those Grits are such a fiery lot,
He's scared almost to death.

* *



The Better Half.

Strong-minded Old Lady (to the new Vicar's
Wife). "Oh yes, Mum, I've 'ad my ups and downs,
but I never 'ad what you may call a serious trou-
ble. I've only lost two husbands!"—Punch.

* *

An Expensive Joke

"I've had to buy my wife the most
expensive hat you ever saw," said
Jones.

"How's that?" asked Briggs.

"Well, it was like this. She was
reading the evening paper, aloud, and
came to the heading, 'Was Thaw In-
sane at the Time of his Marriage?'
Of course, I chuckled like a brute and
said: 'Certainly! Every man is.'
Then Mrs. Jones said that was a low
form of wit and I had no business to
be discussing such a thing as the
Thaw trial before the children. Just
as if she hadn't started it! Anyway,
there was such a chill for a whole day
that I told her to get a new hat be-

fore the best ones were taken. She
came home perfectly radiant and said
it was the new shade of Copenhagen
blue with a large bow of champagne
ribbon at the back. All I know is
that the bill was twenty dollars."

"They're all alike," said Briggs
sadly.

* *

Horrible

There's a western member at Ot-
tawa who spends his idle moments in
perpetrating such puns as would give
the author of the "High School
Grammar" a severe nervous shock.
The Westerner reduced one of the
French members to inarticulate dis-
gust some weeks ago by saying :

"What would happen if the Gover-
nor-General were to return Root's
visit and the Secretary of State were
to order drinks?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, you see the drinks would be
en route."

* *

A Roland for an Oliver

The Canadian child is said to re-
semble the United States' juvenile in
a lack of respect for the aged. Re-
cently a small girl in a Canadian
city was rebuked by her grandmother
for using a quotation from the Bible in
a frivolous connection. The other day,
the twelve-year-old Dorothy looked
up in surprise as she heard her grand-
mother say laughingly :—

"Oh, well ! 'Sufficient unto the day
is the evil thereof.'"

"Grannie, you're using Bible
words," said Dorothy solemnly.

"What's the matter, child?"

"You said words out of the Sermon
on the Mount and you told me I had
to be very serious whenever I quoted
the Bible."

Dorothy's grandmother quailed be-
neath the accusing eyes of her pre-
cocious little mentor and came to the
conclusion that the modern child is
entirely too forward to be lovable.

* *

Another Exile

There came to the beach
A poor exile of Erin ;
The dew on his thin robe
Was heavy and chill.
Ere the steamer that brought him
Had passed out of hearin'
He was Alderman Mike
Introducin' a bill.

—Kipling.

* *

An Iconoclast

A story comes from England about
a certain Colonel in the Royal Horse
Artillery who had the reputation of
lacking in imagination, with a care
for nothing but his beloved guns. He
happened to be visiting Egypt with
some friends and naturally went to
see the Pyramids.

"So there are the Pyramids, eh?"
he said as he gazed stolidly at them.

"Yes," said an enthusiastic friend,
"are they not wonderful—stupen-
dous?"

"Oh, yes," grudged the Colonel, "I
suppose they're all right in their
way."

"I should say they are," returned
his friend. "Think of their standing
for all these thousands of years!"

"Humph!" said the unimpressed
soldier. "Give me a couple of bat-
teries and I'll guarantee to knock
them to pieces inside a week."

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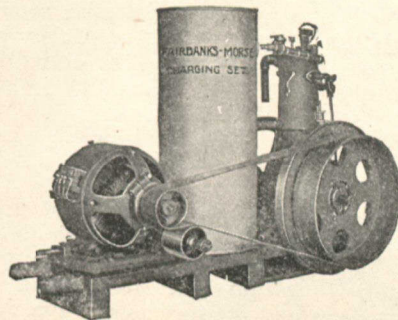
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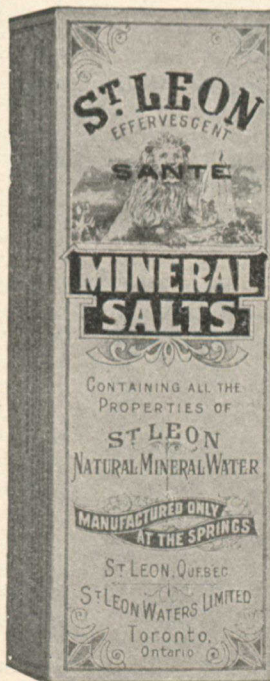
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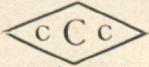
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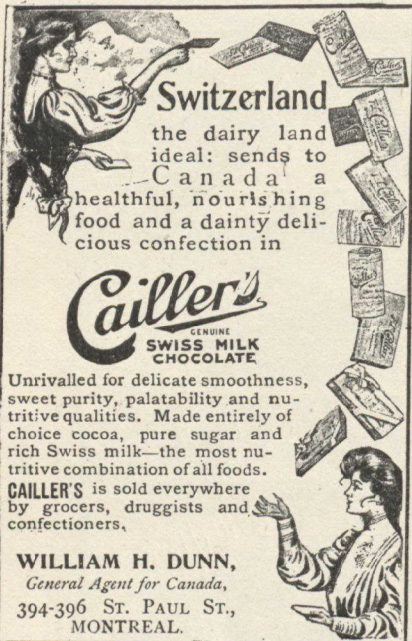
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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

MR. HENRY W. SAVAGE is to produce at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next month, the widely-known new grand opera, "Madame Butterfly." The story was originally told by Mr. John Luther Long. Giacosa, the Italian librettist, translated it into Italian, for which Puccini wrote the wonderful music. Mr. Elkin translated the libretto again into English and finally Mr. Savage has arranged for its American production the most charming scenic effects.

Mr. Savage's "Madame Butterfly" company now comprises an international gathering. Miss Elza Szamosy is a Hungarian; Miss Florence Easton is a London prima donna, but a Canadian by birth; Miss Rena Vivienne, while an American girl, won her grand opera honours in Italy; Mlle. Dora de Fillipe is a native Parisian; Miss Estelle Bloomfield is a New York girl who studied and made her debut in Germany; Miss Harriet Behnee, the contralto, came from the German Opera Comique at Berlin.

Years ago, Mr. David Belasco saw the dramatic possibilities of Mr. Long's tragic story of the little Japanese girl, "Cho-Cho-San" and made it into a one-act drama which was a striking success. But through the Italian medium the story has acquired an added grace, while Puccini's exquisite colourful music does melodious justice to the delicacy and pathos of the lines. It is the Japan of pale-blue hills and cherry blossoms, of misty gardens and pink dawns that is revealed to the occidental world, while the story itself illustrates Mr. Kipling's famous couplet:

"Oh the East is East and the West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."
* * *

The impression made by Miss Marie Hall, who played in Montreal and Toronto last week was such that she gave a second concert on Thursday of this week in Massey Hall, Toronto. All sorts of heartrending stories about her semi-starvation and playing on the streets in her childhood have been circulated with assiduity by press agents whose imagination is of the melodramatic order. Similar yarns were related in New York about the early "destitution" of Miss Margaret Anglin and created much amusement among the Canadian actress's friends.

The truth about Miss Hall is that her father, himself a violinist, recognised, when she was a very small girl, that his daughter possessed genius and sent her to the best teachers available. She managed to gain an audience with Kubelik who was much struck with the young girl's playing and who advised her to study under Sevcik in Prague, who proved a most painstaking and inspiring master.

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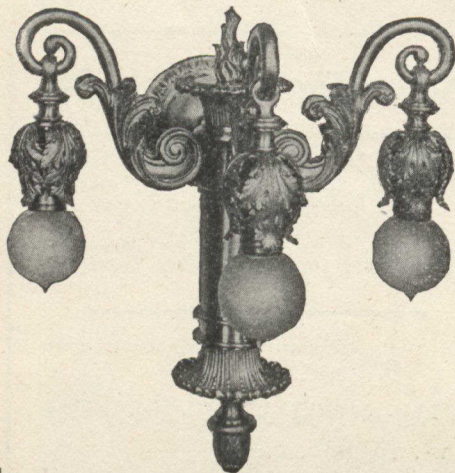
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are willing to admit that there is an unearthly quality about her interpretations. Call it magnetism, temperament, or whatever you will, there is that elusive yet irresistible force of individual treatment which elicits at once the enthusiastic response of an audience. Never have instrument and player seemed to form a more striking unity than when this delicate young girl draws the bow across strings that are magic beneath her spell. Technical triumphs are hardly realised, so completely does she make the hearer forget everything but the magnetic beauty of the Vieuxtemps Concerto or the Tschaiakowski Valse. Her return to Toronto this week is in response to a general demand.

* *

Some of the New York critics found the programme at the Mendelssohn Choir concerts erring in over-length. Toronto audiences are notoriously exacting in the matter of many numbers and the encore fiend shows himself by the clapping score at every concert. Madame Melba was so indignant some ten years ago with this provincial characteristic of the Torontonians that her final acknowledging nod was as expressive as if she had stamped her foot. But two hours is long enough for a city concert. More than such a period of music, making a strong emotional appeal, brings a reaction not to be desired. It is the fault of the public, not of the performers, that programmes are unduly lengthened. But Toronto's propensity to demand encores should be taken into consideration by either chorus or soloist.

* *

Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who was in Canada last year in a dramatisation of Frank Norris' "The Pit" is playing at His Majesty's in Montreal this week in "The Law and the Man," which is to be presented next week at the Princess Theatre, Toronto. The play is Mr. Lackaye's own dramatic version of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," and forms a prologue and four acts. The intensity of "Jean Valjean's" tragic suffering is relieved in the dramatic setting by the romantic love story of "Marius" and "Cosette."

* *

That light and extremely modern musical comedy, "Peggy From Paris" is to enliven Canada for about a fortnight. "Peggy," as most people know, is one of George Ade's humorous affairs and has been adding to the gaiety of nations for some years. It is almost plotless and trite in some respects but nevertheless has many amusing moments. But why will not Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle come again in "The County Chairman"?

Madame Schumann-Heink, whose appearance in San Francisco has been an occasion for the most enthusiastic display of appreciation is to be heard in concert in Canada next month.

* *

Miss Eva Gauthier, the young Canadian vocalist who is winning many laurels, appeared in Toronto last week and sang most acceptably at a Conservatory concert.

* *

Dr. C. A. E. Harriss will have his Coronation Mass, "Edward VII.," performed in Queen's Hall, London, England, in honour of the premiers who will be in attendance at the colonial conference.

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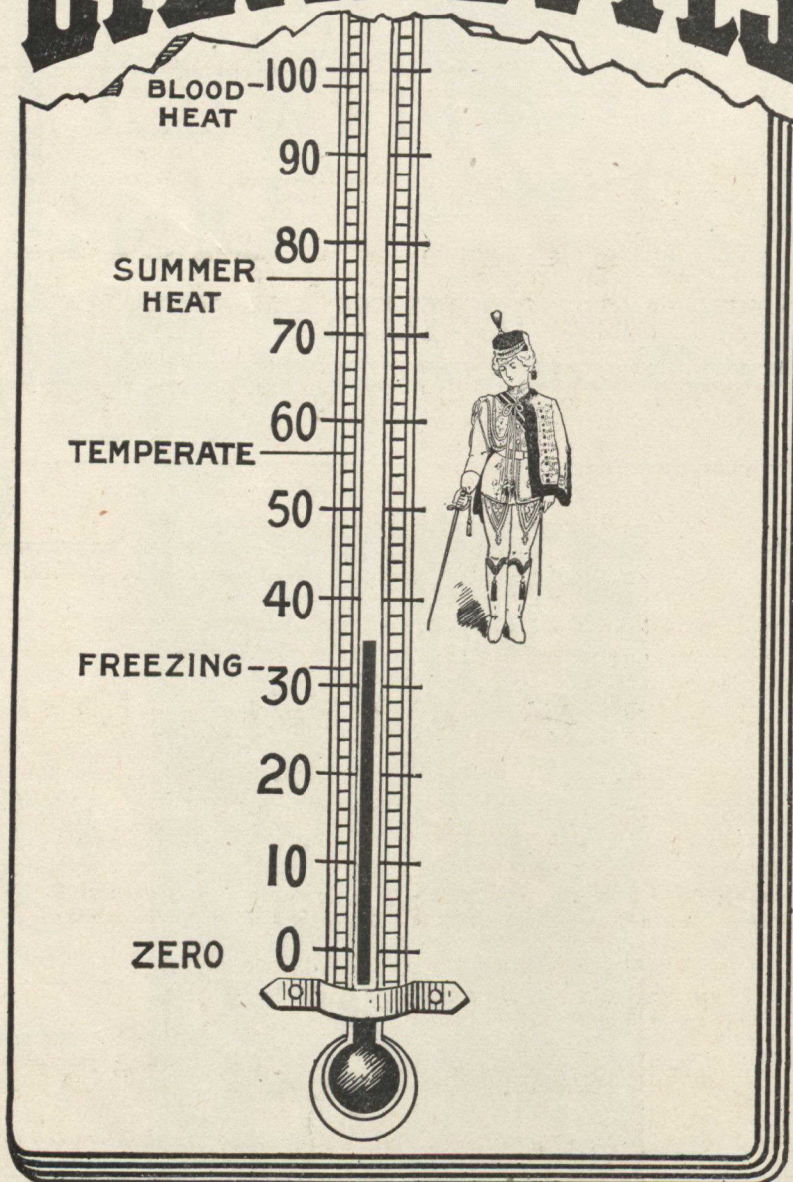
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Hen Lunches

AMONG the many innovations in Great Britain for which America is responsible, says an English writer, is that most paralyzing form of entertainment known as a "hen lunch." Of course, there may be women who enjoy lunches of this description, though personally I have never met one. At the same time, it is worthy of note that, although we may not all give them, most of us, at any rate, go to them.

You have only to watch the guests coming into the room on such occasions to realise the inherent suspiciousness of women towards each other. At an ordinary dinner party the average woman enters the room with an air of pleasant expectancy; she knows—especially if she is the last to arrive, and every self-respecting woman invariably endeavours to be that—how much depends on instantaneously creating a favourable impression on her fellow guests, and should she find herself among strangers she is all the more likely to redouble her efforts to be agreeable. At a "hen lunch," on the other hand, she enters the room with a protest, and after pecking the hostess on the cheek takes a rapid mental survey of the assembled guests. The moment lunch is announced every eye is fixed on the door to see who is going to lead the way downstairs. The consciousness of being the most important person present lends to the female who eventually heads the procession to the dining-room an air of superiority, which is only equalled by the suspicion with which all the others regard her; and woe betide the unhappy hostess should the matter of precedence not have been rigorously adhered to.

During the lunch itself conversation is apt to become either stereotyped or aggressive. It may be that the depressing conversation at "hen lunches" is due to the fact that nobody drinks anything but water. This, again, is an American innovation, but while in that country wine is frequently not even offered, here, at any rate, hock and claret are invariably handed round, though rarely partaken of. Now, to discuss the advantages or disadvantages of teetotalism is not my intention. I merely wish to state the fact that, if I ever found myself in the unfortunate position of having sixteen women to lunch, nothing short of a pint of champagne in my bedroom before they arrived and a cocktail in the drawing-room after they had gone would enable me to survive such an ordeal.

A Believer in Ghosts

ARECENT English lawsuit revives the question as to the "walking" of ghosts. Suit was brought by the owner of a house at Egham, claiming damages from newspapers for publishing the story that the house is haunted. Mr. Stephen Phillips, the poet-dramatist, left the house in 1903, on the plea that the ghosts on the premises were a disturbing element. The papers considered this too interesting an exit to pass unnoticed and gave the poet and the landlord much free advertising; but, needless to observe, refrained from publishing cuts of the ghosts.

Mr. Phillips refuses to say much on

the subject of his spook sub-tenants, except to assert with firmness that they were a real presence and behaved themselves unseemly. But it is hard for even the quietest ghost to find a welcome. People have an absurd prejudice against them and refuse to make them feel at home. A ghost may occupy a mere streak of sunlight or the space of a moonbeam but no one seems to want him around. I have never heard of a ghost that wears squeaky shoes or whistles "Beldelia." But in spite of his unobtrusive ways the ghost is not a domestic pet and probably never will be. His appetite is next to nothing but his appearance is resented.

After all, the ghost is somewhat to be blamed. He is not troublesome in any strenuous style but he fails to show that spirit of comradeship which usually makes friends. He may have been the jolliest of good fellows when he tabernacled in the flesh, but spookship has changed all that and made him a positively glum and taciturn creature. Sometimes he does groan, and in that case he is decidedly irritating because he never will tell just what is the matter with him and his host doesn't know whether to offer him a cocktail or an iron pill. The shrieking ghost is nearly always feminine and indulges in that unpleasant practice popularly called "curdling the blood." She waits until the very youngest member of the family is peacefully slumbering and then opens her immaterial mouth and emits a high soprano shriek that curls every hair on the baby's head. Perhaps it was a ghost like this which disturbed the poet's household. No wonder that the author of "Nero" and other idylls objected to her loud ways and decided that an early move would save a later pilgrimage to the lunatic asylum.

Canada has a comparatively limited stock of spooks. A new country cannot hope to do much in the fine arts and ghosts are extremely particular as a rule about styles of architecture. They prefer old abbeys, ancient castles and ruined towers. The ghost will never be a democrat and simply loathes co-operative house-keeping and cheap lunches. However, even in the land of the Maple there are a few abodes which have a haunting distinction. Niagara has several old houses where ghosts of military gentlemen have been known to promenade. Hamilton possesses at least two haunted houses, while Montreal and Quebec, as becomes their dignified age, have several dwellings where spirits give an occasional performance. Toronto is quite plebeian in this respect but there is a Rosedale ghost that does credit to his bringing-up and has been known to alarm a series of households. But of course we do not believe in ghosts—in the daytime.

J. G.

A Girl's Wish

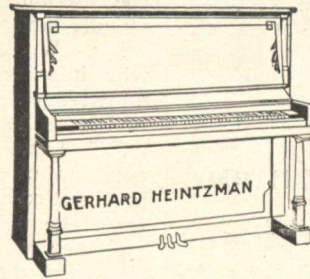
I wish I was a little boy
Like Tom, and then I'd wear
My hair quite short, and Buster suits
And have a Teddy bear.

But then I couldn't play with dolls,
And wouldn't have a curl,
Goodness! but I guess I'd best
Be glad I'm just a girl.

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The Lone Furrow*

IT is pleasant to note that when "a Canadian novel" is mentioned, the buyer of books does not shrink. The pride of the country is growing, and a Canadian artist, a Canadian musician or a Canadian writer need not fear to acknowledge the nationality. Shortly it may be an advantage.

Mr. W. A. Fraser is a writer who has never feared either to acknowledge his nationality or to write of life as he sees it. His latest novel "The Lone Furrow" is a frank exposition of village life as it is found in the Province of Ontario. It deals with the characteristics, the comings and the goings, the loves and the hates, the strivings and the failings of his neighbours, for Mr. Fraser is a villager. Ever meet him? He is the sublimest egotist you ever saw, and if you go near the village where he lives don't fail to call on him. He will tell you all about his work and himself and you will be interested. He will also tell you many things about the world of London and New York that will surprise you—you who forget that a Canadian village is in daily telegraphic contact with the whole world.

Perhaps that word "egotist" will dismay you. Do not let it. Isn't Ralph Connor an egotist? He tried to break up the Manitoba government the other day. Are not all our writers and artists egotists? Ever meet a real live artist with "A.R.A." after his name and note his delicate modesty? Yes, Fraser is an egotist, but his egotism has enabled him to dissect the life around him with a steady hand and a keen, true sense of fitness.

"The Lone Furrow" is a splendid story, the best long story that Mr. Fraser has produced—much better than "Blood Lilies," more human and touching than "Thoroughbreds." It is one of his magnificent, robust short stories told at some length, but with more delicacy and greater attention to detail. It seems so much more gentle in its language that one wonders if Mr. Fraser is trying to cultivate a new style. Probably not; just suiting his language to the story of the gentle wife whose husband, the minister, disappeared in the night and did not return. What faith, what forbearance, what fortitude, what love—that never abandoned hope and never allowed a word of criticism. Jean is a womanly woman and our hearts go out to her.

This wonderful story is almost a sermon on drink and drugs. It is not maudlin nor mawkish in its sentiments, as are some semi-religious novels. Its Christianity is above dogma, and implies honesty of thought, of action, and of motive. It is rather hard on the church members who sell musty hay, stale eggs and second grade apples. Its religion might be summarised by saying that it is based upon the Bible and Common-Sense and that it banishes tradition and traditional authority. Yet, after all, these are things which are only felt as the story carries you along—all the characters are so human that argument is silenced by admiration. Mr. Fraser has done a excellent piece of work.

*The Lone Furrow, by W. A. Fraser, New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, 354 pp.

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¶ These costumes are made in our own factory under the careful supervision of an expert, through whose hands every garment has to pass before being sent out. We feel confident that not only will you be perfectly satisfied if you purchase one of these stylish costumes, but you will be perfectly delighted.



S.D. 2030

S.D. 2030. Woman's Stylish Tailor-made Suit of imported worsted, in light and medium grey shades, check patterns; one of this season's most fashionable fabrics. Made in latest bolero style, tastefully trimmed with self-strapping buttons and soutache, short sleeves, fancy vest front, detached shaped Princess belt, skirt 9 gore, 2 box pleats down front, side pleats, inverted pleated back.

Mercerized lining \$10.75
Silk lining \$12.75

S.D. 2030A. Same style as 2030. We are offering above style, where preferred, made in imported French Venetian, black, navy, brown and green, making a very effective and dressy plain cloth costume.

Mercerized lining \$11.50
Silk lining \$13.50

Regular stock sizes 32 to 42 bust; skirts, 37 to 43 length; bands, 22 to 29.

Special sizes 10 per cent. extra and are not returnable.

Any customer selecting this stylish and attractive costume will be more than satisfied.

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA