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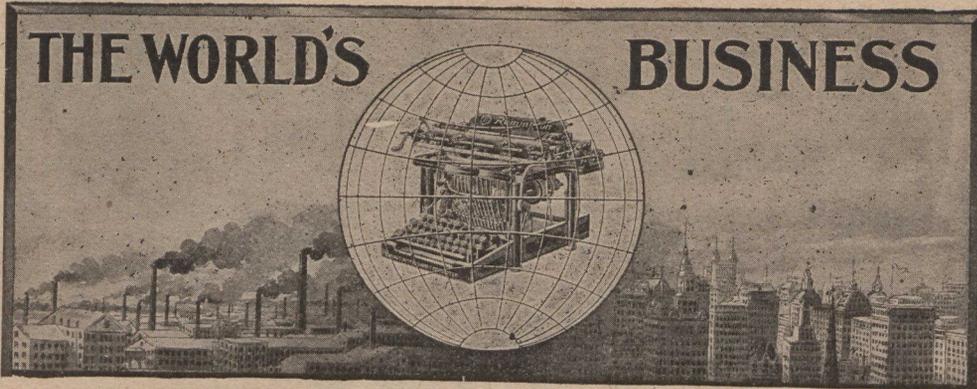
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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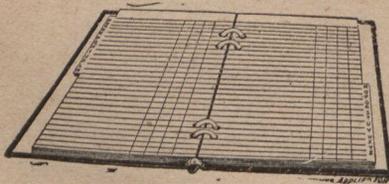
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

VOL. III

TORONTO, JULY, 1903

No 1.

CURRENT COMMENTS

A Business Men's Congress

DURING the latter part of next month an unique conference of the Empire's business men is to be held in Montreal. Every three years a congress of the Chambers of Commerce within the British Empire is held at some important centre, attended by delegates from the colonies and from the larger cities of the United Kingdom. The triennial turn comes again this year, and Canada's commercial capital has been chosen as the place of meeting. The congress has never before met outside of the British Isles, and this year's innovation may therefore be taken as a compliment, with great results possible.

To this meeting in Montreal will come delegates from every part of the Empire—from England and Scotland, from South Africa, from Australia, and from our own Canadian cities. Their business together will be the discussion of commercial, industrial, and economic questions bearing upon the welfare of the British Empire, and the assembling of such a body, under such auspices, cannot but be of benefit to the various countries represented. It is a radical departure from the "little Englander" methods, whose results will be the widening of acquaintance, the strengthening of Imperialism, and the expansion of business relations.

So far as Canada is concerned the chief benefit will, perhaps, be in the atten-

tion which will be called to her recent development and her industrial possibilities. The delegates to the congress, all of them men of business ability and gathered from opposite quarters of the globe, will be given their first introduction to Canada in the form of a tour from coast to coast at a time of year when the country is at its richest. It is safe to say that to the great majority of these men their visit will be an eye-opener, and while the deliberations of the congress will be of great importance, Canada will profit by the advertisement of her resources and her industries. Active preparations are being made for this unique convention, and Canadian Boards of Trade are arranging local programmes for the over-sea delegates. It will be an Imperial conference of practical business men, who will carry back to their homes practical impressions, and it is therefore fitting that Canada should prepare to play the host becomingly.

Canada's Right to Preferential Trade

THE most significant sign of the times in the relations of Canada to the rest of the Empire is that foreshadowed by Mr. Chamberlain in his recent speech at Birmingham. Canada's right to preferential tariff, in return for the preference given voluntarily by Canada to England, and the wisdom of the mother country's fostering the good-will and business relations of the colonies, were the themes of the Colonial Secretary's speech,

which has been received with general approval. Mr. Chamberlain takes the pains to explain that he is still a thorough free-trader and does not wish a protectionist policy, for which the people of England are not yet ready. But he claims that that interpretation of free trade is too narrow which will not permit of cultivating colonial devotion and friendliness by a business preference over foreign nations. Canada has taken the initiative by giving a preference to British goods of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., and is ready to still further increase that preference if England will show some inclination to reciprocate; but will probably cancel the preference if such appreciation is not given. She has, moreover, imposed a surtax on German goods in the patriotic interests of Canada-British trade.

Mr. Chamberlain recognizes in Canada the greatest and most prosperous colony of the Empire, but a country, like all the British colonies, independent and self-governing. She has recognized her obligations to the Mother Country in many ways, of which the trade preference is one of the most important, and it is England's wisest policy to meet these advances in a like spirit. Mr. Chamberlain believes in an empire "which, although it should be its first duty to cultivate friendship with all the nations of the world, should yet, even if alone, be self-sustaining and self-sufficient, able to maintain itself against the competition of all its rivals." To this end the commercial goodwill of such colonies as Canada is absolutely essential, and while committed to a free trade policy, England should be free to negotiate, and, if necessary, to retaliate, whenever her own interests or her relations with the colonies required it.

With these views most Canadians will be in hearty accord. The present situation demands some such remedy as that proposed by Mr. Chamberlain, who, while he admits that the time is not yet quite ripe for action, has started public opinion in the right direction. Ties of blood, and race, and sentiment are strong, but commerce is at the root of modern statescraft, and Canada's Imperialism can only be lastingly strengthened by better trade relations.

The Transportation Commission

THE decision of the Dominion Government to appoint a transportation commission was referred to in the May NATIONAL MONTHLY. The members of the commission have since been chosen, and will at once begin their investigations. At the head, as chairman and convener, is Sir William Van Horne, and associated with him are Mr. John Bertram, of Toronto, and Mr. E. C. Fry, of Quebec. The questions which this commission will have to consider are concerned mainly with the transportation of western produce from the place of production to the markets of the world. The great problem is how to reach the Atlantic seaboard in the shortest time, and connected with this are a multitude of such considerations as the most practicable routes, the navigation of the St. Lawrence, harbor facilities, storage requirements, etc. Into all these matters the commission will carefully inquire, and Canadian business men will look for a practical and definite report.

There can be no doubt about Sir William Van Horne's fitness to lead this important commission. He has been a railroad man since he was fourteen years of age, and the success of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been largely due to his energy and ability. His mastery of details in early life prepared him for the position which he now holds as Railroad King of Canada, and his wide acquaintance with the transportation business of the Dominion gives him a peculiar equipment for the work which the Government has asked him to undertake. The prompt appointment of such a commission, with so capable a personnel, is the most practical step yet taken in this now pressing problem.

Improving the Tax System

IMPORTANT changes are proposed in the Ontario assessment system. For years the taxation of property-owners and wage-earners, and the collection of taxes in the more complicated cases, have presented difficulties that have caused public officials to strongly desire some measure of tax reform, whereby a more adequate means of municipal assessment might be provided. The

recommendations of the Assessment Committee embodied in the proposed Act are a step towards this desired reform.

Real property is to be assessed at its actual value, "the value of the buildings being the amount by which the value of the land is thereby increased." The most important reform is in the abolition of the personalty tax, for which a substitute is afforded in the form of a business tax on merchants, manufacturers, etc., and a house tax on every occupant of a dwelling. The business tax will be seven and one-half per cent. of the rental, which will be estimated at seven per cent. of the value of the premises; the house tax is fixed at five per cent. of the rental.

The income tax will be retained, but somewhat modified. Salaries under \$1,000 are exempt, but incomes derived from investments, stocks, etc., will be taxed at from five to seven mills on the dollar. By this provision a corporation will be taxed as a corporation at the municipal rate, and its shareholders will also be taxed upon their incomes from its stock. Machinery used in manufacturing will be exempt.

The new system is not without complications, but these will be largely removed when the law has been put into application. The tendency of the system will be ultimately to simplify and unify the entire basis of, and methods of taxation, and its great advantage is that assessment will be more equally divided. All values will be taxed, and while there are reasonable exemptions, revenue will be derived from sources which heretofore it has been practically impossible to reach.

The Guardians of the West

THE peaceful opening-up of the Canadian West and the establishment there of a law-abiding social life have been largely owing to the faithful work of the Northwest Mounted Police, than whom there is nowhere in the world a more effective band of soldier-policemen. A lone woman can go in safety through any part of the western wild. The settlement of the plains south of the boundary was attended with massacres and atrocities beyond description; but there

has been nothing of the kind in Canada, and the credit is due to the Northwest Mounted Police.

Seventy-nine detachments cover a territory some 1,000 miles wide and 500 miles from north to south, over which they have absolute police control, guarding against thieves, smugglers, criminals, forest fires, and all emergencies that threaten the peace of the settler. They are under strict military discipline, and, chosen from various sources, represent the physical perfection of the plainsman. The thousand men who thus keep the peace of the Western Territories form an organization quite unique in any part of the world. They are subject to great hardships, and undergo daily experiences of which the world never hears, but which are as truly heroic as the deeds of soldiers.

The patrols of the Mounted Police are being yearly extended northward, and it is expected that this year they will reach beyond the Arctic circle. A patrol has already been established eight hundred miles north of Edmonton, and by the end of the year there will be another at Fort McPherson, a thousand miles further north, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. The Yukon district has been covered for some time, and when the Mackenzie patrols are established, communication will be maintained between Dawson City and the extreme North. The efficient policing of the new Western country in this way is a precautionary preparation for future colonization, and settlers will not be long in following the Mounted Police.

Ontario's New Railway

VERY satisfactory progress is being made in the construction of the Temiskaming Railway, which is being carried on by a commission appointed by the Ontario Government. As this is a government undertaking, the public are closely interested in it, and its ultimate success will have much to do with the future of government and municipal ownership. So far the construction policy of the new line has proved a good one.

The laying of rails began last month, thirty-five miles of the route being fully graded. The first section of the road has,

moreover, been the hardest to build in respect to grades, leaving a very low curvature for the balance of the route. A superior road-bed has been built, and the experience of nearly all other railways, in being afterward obliged to straighten their lines and re-grade grades, is being guarded against by careful surveying at the time of construction. The commission is acting upon the policy that the important consideration is not so much the first cost of the railway as the minimum at which it can be operated in the future. The total cost will, it is estimated, amount to \$30,000 per mile, for which New Ontario will be given a road without a superior in Canada.

How the Temiskaming Railway will be operated after its construction has been completed, has not yet been decided. There are the alternatives of sale or lease to a private company, or maintenance and management by the Government. The public is largely in favor of Government control, provided that other roads be given running rights over the line. New Ontario is a country of such great possibilities that it is desirable that its resources should be opened up and its transportation facilities controlled in the fullest interests of the public.

The Need of Publicity

A STRIKING illustration of the fact that modern business is dependent upon publicity is afforded in the case of the American bicycle trust. A few years ago, when the bicycle boom was at its height, forty-two manufacturing plants, controlling seventy per cent. of the total business, were amalgamated, with a capital of \$40,000,000. The prospects of the new concern were bright; but the trust suddenly collapsed, without paying a single dividend, and the various properties went back into private hands.

There were several reasons for this collapse, one of them doubtless being that bicycle-riding became less of a craze among all classes of people, and the demand for wheels dropped off. But the chief reason was, as Colonel Pope, the head of the trust, now admits, that too much dependence was placed upon the reputation of the past. Confident in the

strength of their union, the amalgamated manufacturers sought to reduce expenses, and stopped advertising. Their logic was that, a trust having no rivals, it was not necessary to keep their goods before the reading public. Facts proved it otherwise, however. When people no longer saw the advertisements, they stopped buying wheels, having nothing to specially urge them of their need of them. The trust saw its mistake when it was too late, but Colonel Pope, who has re-entered the bicycle business, now announces his intention of resuming advertising on a gigantic scale. The result, he believes, will be a bicycle revival.

Our object in referring to this incident is not so much to give any particular advertising argument as to show one of the first essentials of the conduct of modern business. The commerce of the world is to-day based upon publicity, and without it failure is certain. It is true of the smallest retail merchant, and it is true of nations. In whatever various ways he sees fit the would-be successful business man must keep his business before the public, and Canada as a whole must likewise advertise herself to the world. The fact that we have great resources will not alone bring us national prosperity.

A Canadian Scholar

IT is a matter of pride to all Canadians when one of their countrymen is honored in the outside world. Not infrequently we learn to appreciate our native men of genius only after others have praised them, and it has long been an unfortunate but just complaint that Canadian people are neither responsive nor appreciative. This may partly explain why so many of our most talented sons have gone to other countries, where they have brought credit to themselves and their native land.

One of Canada's most deserving scholars is Dr. Robert Bell, director of the Geological Survey, whose abilities have recently been recognized by Cambridge University in the conferring of the honorary degree of Doctor of Science. Such an honor from such a source may be taken as meaning something, and Dr. Bell's career shows that he has earned it. Born in Toronto Township

in 1841, he has been connected with the Geological Survey since he was fifteen years of age, devoting his vacations to survey work during his college terms, and even while Professor in Chemistry at Queen's University. He has explored through Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories, and the Mackenzie River country, travelling on foot, on horseback, and by canoe, over vast tracts of wilderness. After forty-three years of field work of this kind he was two years ago made acting director of the survey.

In connection with his survey work, Dr. Bell has published some thirty pamphlets and reports, of great scientific value, descriptive of the topography, geology, and botany of Canada. He is a naturalist as well as an explorer, and no one has done so much to gather the facts concerning this great country and to make them known to the world. His publications on scientific subjects include more than 190 titles. His valued services to Canada have been long recognized, and his latest honor is one which comes rightly to one of the most representative of all our Canadian scholars.

Technical Schools and the Trades

THE aim and purpose of technical education have unfortunately been often misunderstood both by students and by the employers of labor. Trade schools have been looked upon by the one as a short cut to success and efficiency, and by the other as a false encouragement to young men who imagine themselves to be competent without the practical experience of the workshop. The managers of one or two well-known manufactories have stated that they have never found any benefit from employing school-trained foremen, and the adverse attitude of the Toronto Trades and Labor Council toward manual training in the public schools is significant, as showing the position taken by the labor men themselves.

The technical school, rightly understood, however, is not open to these objections. Technical education does not supplant the training of the workshop, but supplements it. It does not make mechanics, but it makes better mechanics out of men who are me-

chanics already; or, if it begins with a boy, it teaches him the theory and then sends him to a shop for his apprenticeship. The best technical schools in Canada are following closely along these lines. They teach Theory, giving the student a basal and intelligent knowledge of principles, but emphasise the fact that when he leaves the school he is not a master of his craft, but must still gain his practical experience as an apprentice, unless he has had such experience before entering the school. It has been the confessed purpose of some schools in other countries to take the place of workshop apprenticeship, but in Canada another policy has been adopted, and there can be little doubt that it is a wiser one. Canada needs thorough mechanics, and when technical education is rightly understood it will be seen that it is an invaluable means to such an end.

Canada at the St. Louis Exposition

EACH of the great world's fairs, which are being held now nearly every year, is expected to outdo in some respects its predecessors. The exposition to open next year at St. Louis will, in point of cost, greatly exceed any previous show, representing a capital of over \$40,000,000. In size, variety, and splendor, it will be one of the modern wonders. But its greatest interest to Canadians, at present, is not in the extensive preparations that are being made for it, but in the fact that Canada will be substantially benefited by an important exhibit and a Canadian bureau.

Some eight or ten million people will probably visit the exposition, and their attention will be called to Canada by means of a carefully-planned enterprise, whose object is to develop the summer resort industry. The tourist business has immense possibilities, and so far as it has been exploited in Canada has proved highly profitable. Canada's advantages in this way are unexcelled, nature having provided the chief essentials for a successful industry that might become as truly national as the growing of wheat. Not only is there the immediate profit resulting from tourist travel, but permanent business interest very frequently follows a traveller's visit. One of the largest pulp and

paper mills in Canada owes its origin to a fishing trip made some years ago by a party of capitalists in search of recreation. Business investment, and sometimes permanent residence, follow a summer's experience of Canada's climate and scenery and an acquaintance with her resources.

Recognizing these facts, the vast concourse of people at the St. Louis exposition will be invited to Canada by an attractive exhibit of Canadian summer resorts and a bureau of information and suggestion. There could scarcely be a better opportunity of reaching a constituency of people who travel, and who might very likely visit Canada as a result of the exhibit. It is national advertising of a practical kind, with quick results probable. The summer resort industry is worth developing on its own merits, but is doubly important in view of the business investments which it may lead up to, and in this way the St. Louis Exposition will very likely prove a good thing for Canada.

Baths for the Public

PUBLIC bathing-places are one of the necessities of this season of the year. Nearly every large city is recognizing their necessity nowadays and making appropriations for their establishment and maintenance, and there is no expenditure of civic funds that is more generally approved and appreciated. Montreal has recently voted an increased allowance, with which two new bathing-places will be provided this year; Halifax has five or six floating bath-houses; Toronto has excellent facilities at very little expense; and some of the towns along the St. Lawrence are agitating that steps be taken in the same direction. On the Atlantic sea-board every town and village has the ocean before it, and in the summer resorts the bathing-house business has developed into profitable proportions.

A Tribute to Sir John A. Macdonald

F. D. MONK, M.P., leader of the Conservative party in Quebec, was accorded a warm reception at the Queen's Park Ceremonies on Saturday, June 6th. He had left the active arena of politics to come to Tor-

onto to render homage to the departed statesman. Sir John, he said, was recognized as the greatest of all colonial statesmen of the British Empire. If you want to judge of a man's work you must see what impulse the life of a great man gave to the destiny of his country, and see what a large place he had in the hearts of his countrymen, to judge of the great benefit he had been.

Mr. Monk said there was just as strong a feeling in Quebec Province for the late Sir John as there was in Ontario. He had met Sir John, and the life of the great man had left a magnetic charm which still lived in the hearts of all true Canadians.

If his eventful career were followed, it would be found throughout to contain a policy kind and thoughtful for the welfare of all classes. He had founded a great commonwealth which would live forever under the protection of the British emblem. It was he who had promoted the Canadian emblem of the maple leaf. He had united Upper and Lower Canada into one large province; then, not content, had gone on developing and working out the great schemes which he afterwards so successfully carried out, those of the great confederation of the whole of Canada. He was the author and founder of most of the free institutions which we at present enjoy in this great land of ours.

CANADA MUST BE INDEPENDENT.

Sir John, he said, had always maintained that Canada should be an independent nation, and not depending upon any foreign country for a living. Then it was as a vision, as a theory only, and his opponents had told him so, but the great man had lived to see the veil lifted, and with pride and joy had seen his whole work revealed as a certainty.

He had bound the provinces of Canada closely together, and had instituted practices and made laws which had afterwards promoted the patriotic cry: "Canada for Canadians."

In closing, Mr. Monk said, the greatest monument the people of Canada could raise to the memory of the departed patriot was that already constructed in the hearts of the people—a monument of affection and pride.

CANADA TO CARNEGIE

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THE man who imagines that the measure of his wealth is the measure of his wisdom commits at the outset a grievous error, which inevitably leads to greater ones. Of this you, sir, afford a conspicuous instance. Essentially a self-made man, for which let all credit be given you, it may be added that you entertain quite too exalted an opinion of your maker. Having founded one of the greatest industrial enterprises in the world's history, and so become a money-king, you have upon the strength of that achievement assumed the role of prophet and teacher. You have put forth a work entitled "Triumphant Democracy," wherein you undertake to show that no other form of government, no other methods of business, no other canons of knowledge can stand comparison with those of the United States, and yet—curiously enough—having "made your pile," you have betaken yourself to effete old England, there to spend your days and your dollars in anything but Jeffersonian simplicity.

On more than one occasion you have seen fit to pay your respects to Canada in a way that has not been conducive towards the growth of that good feeling which otherwise your donations for libraries would have tended to promote. You have opened your mouth, and then put your foot in it, so to speak, and, although, upon reflection, you have deemed it expedient to materially modify your first utterances, and have even endeavored to make them out as being mere *obiter dicta*, and not carefully-considered conclusions, nevertheless the sting has remained, and you are in consequence very far from being so well-beloved in the Dominion as your brother Scot, Lord Strathcona, for instance, whose engaging modesty you might do well to emulate.

It is very evident from what you have let fall in this off-hand manner, and which is therefore all the more likely to fairly represent your mind, that the extent of your actual knowledge of

Canada is by no means so great as you would like the public to believe. In fact, the very positiveness of your prophecies, when taken in conjunction with the curious ignoring of actual conditions, arouses the suspicion that, to your mind, the wish has been father to the thought, and it is not so much what may happen as what you are desirous should happen, that you take pleasure in foretelling.

What do you know about Canada anyway? Have you ever studied her history, either personally or by proxy, as it is understood you have prepared your books? Have you traversed her vast domain from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Have you made the acquaintance of her people, who, despite your lightsome statement, are not "mostly Scotch," but are a rare blend of

"The English honor, nerve and pluck ; the Scotsman's love of right ;
The grace and courtesy of France ; the Irish fancy bright."

These be pertinent questions, which, in the modern language of the street, it is "up to you" to answer satisfactorily ere your comments and criticisms can be accepted as having authority.

Before proceeding to present to you some considerations that, if you are at all open to reason, should not fail of modifying your views, it is interesting to speculate as to the exciting cause of your manifest animus against Canada. Wherein, we ask, have we offended? We have sought no quarrel at your hands. On the contrary, we have perhaps been over-ready to accept your bounty, and in other ways contribute to the growth of your *amour propre*.

Can it be that, notwithstanding your brave talk to the effect that nothing here should ever trouble the United States, that our steel industry is a figment, and Cape Breton a mirage; that, standing alone, we can never become a great industrial nation; and that we have no future, save as a part of the United States; notwithstanding all this, you,

in the depth of your heart, believe no such thing, but are really concerned lest the march of years and the progress of events should evolve precisely opposite results?

You profess yourself a hard-shell, hide-bound Democrat. You can see no good whatever in such a system of government as that under which we live so contentedly. You have no use for Kings, Lords, and Commons. You would always spell people with a big P, and peers with a small one, saving, of course, when the latter accept your hospitality at Skibo Castle, where you display such splendid state.

Now, is it our chief fault that we are a part of the British Empire, and not of the American Republic, and do you really covet us for your own, in order that by our absorption it may indeed be proven that Britain's colonial empire is after all only a "political catchword"?

In default of your frank avowal of what is really in your mind, we can only indulge in surmises, and as these are not particularly profitable, we would crave your attention in some aspects of Canada which you apparently overlooked in your haste to pronounce judgment.

The Dominion of Canada is not yet two score years of age. Previous to Confederation the different provinces now composing it had practically nothing in common save their connection with the Crown. They were to all intents and purposes independent entities, and consequently no large undertaking of a public character was possible. Naturally enough their growth was inconsiderable, and it is not difficult to understand that the idea of annexation to the United States should find a place in the thoughts of some of the leading men.

But Confederation changed all this. The minds of the people were then touched to larger issues. The conception of a national life that should ere very long bring Canada forward to a place amongst the colonial powers of the world, banished all further notion of annexation, and Canadians, ceasing to regard the United States with eyes of awe and envy, began to speak familiarly of "our Sister Republic."

From that day the development of this

Dominion has surely been such as to make it absolutely clear to all, save those who are determined not to see, that, instead of our inevitable destiny being absorption into the United States, the possibility of an independent existence is not as ridiculously remote as the future you so confidently predict for us; or, at all events, that, in the event of Imperial Federation proving something more substantial than an iridescent dream, the position of Canada amongst the constituent colonies shall be of unquestioned prominence.

It would not be difficult to find many justifications for our having a good conceit of ourselves, but we shall be content with a brief reference to but a few. There is, for instance, our Canadian Pacific Railway. Despite the huge population, and the vast financial resources of the great American Republic, it yet remains for her to be able to boast of a line of railway banding the continent from ocean to ocean under one ownership, and holding its own in equipment and management with any of the lines which must needs supplement one another ere they can transport you from New York to San Francisco.

Then, again, there are our canals, with which those below the boundary line can be compared only to their own humiliation. With us an ocean-going steamer may voyage inland to the far western shores of Lake Superior, but with you the possibilities of interior navigation are confined to an ordinary barge, which needs only a pair of tow-horses for motive power.

Comparisons are odious, of course, but at times they serve our purpose better than any other line of argument, and we have one more to make at this point. Next to the negro, the Indian has unquestionably presented the most serious racial problem the Republic has had to solve, and the world knows how she has done it. Like the buffalo upon whom he fed, the redman has been improved off the face of the land that was his by God-given title at a fearful expenditure of blood and treasure. The horrors of that long, ruthless struggle need not be recapitulated, but the pages of their record can never make pleasant or elevating reading.

How has it been with Canada? Here, too, the Indian was the man in possession, and the progress of settlement compelled him to "move on," yet there has never been an Indian war, nor even an uprising. Never has the pioneer settler had reason to fear for his scalp or his stock. The redman has had even-handed justice of the same quality as his pale-face brother. He has been dealt with honorably and liberally, and so taught to believe in the good faith of the authorities that when led by that foolish fire-brand, Louis Riel, the half-breeds of the Northwest twice rose in rebellion, in spite of his frantic efforts, not one Indian tribe could be persuaded to join him in his mad enterprise.

To-day the Indian is as peaceful and contented a member of the community as any other. He has become in many localities a self-supporting tiller of the soil. He is no more a source of danger than the beaver, and it is safe to say that for every dollar expended upon him by the Canadian Government for his control and maintenance there have been ten thousand dollars, not counting human lives, expended by the Government of the United States upon their red-skin wards.

Now, sir, surely a country that can thus happily and successfully solve a problem which has driven to distraction both the statesmen and people of the great Republic is entitled to more respect than you seem disposed to display towards her?

This is by general consent the age of the dollar. We often hear the shrewd, if perhaps somewhat sordid, expression that "money talks," and before we have quite done with you, sir, we would like to direct your attention to a few figures that will evidently convey to you some novel information in the form that is most likely to appeal to your intelligence.

As we have already noted, the Dominion of Canada dates back no further than 1867, and in order to show her progress, we will institute comparisons extending over the period between 1870 and 1900, thus covering three complete decades.

In 1870 the total revenue in round numbers was \$15,500,000, and the expenditure \$14,345,000. In 1880 they had risen to \$23-

300,000 and \$24,800,000 respectively. In 1890 they were \$39,879,000 and \$35,994,000; and in 1900 \$57,030,000 and \$42,975,000.

Now these totals, of course, fall absurdly short of the billion-dollar budgets in which our American cousins take such pride, but we submit they show a gratifying growth in resources and opportunities.

Turning from public finance to private, as shown in the transactions of the banks, we find that in 1870 the paid-up capital of the chartered banks was \$32,000,000, their assets \$102,000,000, and their liabilities \$66,000,000. In 1880 these three items were \$60,500,000, \$181,000,000, and \$108,000,000; while by 1900 they had grown to \$64,735,000, \$440,000,000, and \$340,300,000.

Side by side with this development of commercial banking, there has been a striking and significant growth in the Post-Office Savings' Banks, which so directly represent the results of the thrift and provident ways of our people. In 1870 there were 226 such banks, having 12,178 depositors, with \$1,500,000 to their credit. In 1880 the banks were 297, the depositors 27,445, and the deposits \$3,900,000. In 1890 they were 634, depositors 111,230, and \$21,738,000; and in 1900 they had swelled to 847 banks, 151,000 depositors, and \$37,500,000 balances. All of which goes to show that Canadians understand how to lay by for the rainy day.

One of the most important factors in the development of a country is its railroad system. This is especially true of Canada, which may justly be called a land of magnificent distances. The fostering of this development has consequently always commanded the earnest attention of our legislators, who have sought to promote it to the utmost extent consistent with the general good. In 1870 there were only 2,497 miles in operation in the Dominion, with earnings of \$13,485,000. In 1880 there were 6,891 miles, earning \$23,000,000. In 1890 the figures were 13,256 and \$46,000,000; and 1900, 17,657, and \$70,000,000.

Let us turn now to the statistics of trade and commerce, and see what they tell us. In 1870 the imports totalled \$75,000,000, and

the exports \$74,000,000, whereof \$57,000,000 were the produce of Canada. In 1880 the figures were \$86,500,000, \$88,000,000, and \$72,000,000 respectively. In 1890 they stood at \$121,850,000, \$96,750,000, and \$85,000,000; and in 1900 at \$189,000,000, \$191,800,000, and \$168,900,000. Not at all a bad showing, surely!

Now just one more comparison, and we shall have done with figures. Perhaps the best test of a nation's intellectual growth is the development of her postal system. Where letters multiply, and newspapers and periodicals become as thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa, there you may confidently look for an intelligent, enquiring, enterprising people. Let us see how it has been with Canada.

In 1870 she had 3,820 post-offices, through which passed 24,500,000 letters and 20,150,000 papers and periodicals. In 1880, 5,773 offices distributed 45,800,000 letters and 45,120,000 papers, etc. In 1890 the figures were 7,913, 94,100,000, and 70,980,000 respectively, and in 1900 they reached 9,627, 178,292,000, and 113,418,000.

It misses of being necessary to confess that any or all of these statistics may be made to look very small when put in comparison with the corresponding totals for the United States. We have no thought of presenting them with that object, but simply for the purpose of founding upon them the claim that a country which, despite an undeniably disappointing rate of increase in population, has accomplished such material, social, and intellectual progress, is perfectly competent to work out her own future in entire political independence of her gigantic neighbor.

A few words further, and we have done, not because we have exhausted our ammunition, but because we must not unduly prolong this fusillade. You have been pleased to show especial contempt towards our steel and iron enterprises. "The steel industry is a figment, and Cape Breton a mirage. It was ridiculous to compare anything that the Canadians could do with what was done by the United States with its 80,000,000 peo-

ple, and which was making more steel than the rest of the world."

Ne sutor ultra crepidam, the shoemaker should not venture to criticize anything save shoes, was a shrewd adage of the ancients, which in this instance at least you have followed, for it must be frankly admitted that as an authority upon steel you are in the words of the late lamented Artemus Ward, "ekalled by few, and exselled by none." But where did you get your notion that the future of Canada depended upon the development of her steel and iron industry? Verily you are barking up the wrong tree. Permit us to point out that the most important natural resource of the country is neither iron ore, nor coal, nor even the still almost illimitable forests, but "Manitoba hard." The remarkable movement of settlers across the international boundary *from south to north*, which is causing as much concern to the Republic as it is giving satisfaction to the Dominion, is not inspired by a desire for iron mines, but for wheat-growing lands.

The highest grade of wheat known to the world is that called "Manitoba hard," and with regard to it, Canada will ere long be mistress of the situation. The production of hard wheat is limited to Siberian Russia, to the two states of Dakota and Minnesota, and to our own Northwest. Now Siberia will not for a long time be a considerable producer; the hard wheat region of the United States is a mere bagatelle, and, therefore, the domination of the hard wheat industry of the world, and consequently of the food supply of the human race, will be in the hands of the Canadian farmer. Incomparably better than the iron and coal mines of the Pittsburg district, than the diamond diggings of South Africa, than the gold reefs of Australia, are those glorious plains which will soon swell in billows of golden grain from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, and which, perhaps, constitute in themselves the true reason of your statement that Canada's only chance of a future is to throw in her lot with the American Republic, for it is not what you really foresee, but what you ardently covet that inspired your prophecy.

THE OLD BOYS' MOVEMENT AND THE HOME-COMERS' FESTIVAL

WITHIN the past few years there has manifested itself in Canada a somewhat novel and noteworthy movement resulting in the formation of a number of so-called "Old Boys'" societies, which promise to exercise a decided influence upon the life of the community. They are in no sense political, philanthropic, or educational organizations, but thus far have been of a purely fraternal and social character, although, as we shall presently point out, they may, and indeed ought, to take on a more serious purpose, which would render them of substantial benefit.

So far as we can learn, the Durham County Old Boys are entitled to be considered the pioneers in the new development, but they were quickly followed by others, and the list is constantly increasing, so that ere long it may include every one of the older counties in the province, and thence spread, let us hope, to the sister provinces.

The inspiration of the movement probably came, like many other good ideas, from the United States, where associations, clubs, and societies, having for their purpose the recalling of the past in one way or another, abound to a remarkable degree, and where banquets, picnics, barbecues, excursions, and similar joyous methods of meeting are in vogue throughout the year.

Some of these have grown into great organizations, with permanent headquarters and paid officials, and their influence has extended even into the political arena, although this was not at all germane to their original object.

There is a certain element, both of humor and of pathos, about the whole thing, which strongly appeals to one. Neither the United States nor the Dominion can lay claim to any sort of antiquity, as compared with the empires and kingdoms of Europe, for instance. We are still in our callow youth, so to speak. Yet we have already begun to cherish with ardor the pretence of age, if

the phrase may be permitted. An endearing form of address that is applied entirely irrespective of the facts is "old man," and every excuse is seized for employing the epithet "old" in connection with persons, places, and things.

To this sentiment the Old Boys' associations minister in a pleasant way. They bring together again those who, although they have much in common in their youth, have drifted apart in the course of years, and are glad to revive former friendships, or they unite on a common ground of interest those who have hitherto been entire strangers.

To attend one of their meetings, and to hear from the lips of whitehaired judges, bank presidents, doctors, and merchants of high estate, the reminiscences of their boyhood days, the merry pranks they played, the queer characters they knew, and the great changes that have taken place in localities and people with the flight of years, is an experience of uncommon interest, and one is brought to realize the force of Wordsworth's lines in regard to how the past has "deposited upon the silent shore of memory images and precious thoughts that shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

As we have said, the impulse of the movement would not appear so far to carry it beyond the social reunion phase. The winter banquet and the summer picnic have been the chief features of its expression, and we would venture to suggest that, as it grows and gathers strength, there is a field of usefulness before it which it would do well to occupy.

This young Canada of ours has made history at so rapid a rate, and has not only opened up so wonderful a future, but has already achieved so astonishing a present that there is no small danger of the memorials of the past being lost sight of in the whirl of things.

We have very little indeed that may be

properly termed antiquities. Our historic ruins are few and far between. Nevertheless there do exist among us certain objects and materials which should have consequence in our eyes, and be deemed worthy of preservation, and in the absence of any active antiquarian or historical societies it is just here that the opportunity for the Old Boys' associations presents itself.

Dr. Bain, the genial and erudite librarian of the Toronto Public Library, can tell harrowing tales of the ruthless destruction of letters and documents which had high historical value, in regard to which the possessors were either ignorant or indifferent. In one instance that came under his immediate notice, a quantity of papers bearing upon the early history of the Province of Ontario were consigned to the bonfire on the occasion of a particularly severe attack of the house-cleaning mania suffered by the lady of the house into whose custody they had come, and in another case the most earnest representation of their historic value did not avail to rescue from destruction in a similar way another collection of documents that were somewhat considered by their feminine guardian to be of purely private interest.

Then again, the newspapers, the brief abstracts and the chronicles of the times in which they are published, are apt to be held in small esteem after they have been perused. They are tossed aside to the rubbish heap, or are utilized for sundry humble purposes. Yet every village, town, and city should see to it not only that complete files are kept of all local publications, but that such fragments as may remain of those of the past be carefully preserved for the benefit of the future historian, to whom they would be of the utmost value.

Some years ago an effort in this direction was made by a private individual in Nova Scotia, and it was amazing what a mass of printed material he was able to gather and preserve that would otherwise have been entirely lost.

Another line of usefulness open to these associations is the marking with descriptive tablets buildings or other objects that have in some way figured in the history of the localities. The Antiquarian Society, of Mont-

real, and the Canadian Club, of Toronto, have already shown the way in this matter, and their example might be followed to great advantage.

Finally, these associations could accomplish much permanent good by offering substantial rewards for historical investigation after the manner of the late Thomas B. Aikins, of Halifax, who for a number of years provided, in connection with King's College, a handsome prize for the best historical essay upon a designated county of the province, the result being a series of essays by some of the ablest writers of that prolific province, wherein the local history of the counties is preserved for all time in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

Why should not a beginning be made with the County of York, for instance? Let the Old Boys put their heads together, and their hands in their pockets, with the result of raising a substantial sum to be offered as a reward to the writer who shall prepare the best history of the county within the compass of say sixty thousand words, thus guarding against undue prolixity and minuteness of detail. We would strongly commend the idea to the Old Boys, and shall hope to see it carried out at no distant date.

In the meantime it is to be trusted that the whole movement is no mere passing phase of life, but embodies the qualities of permanence, for even though it should not develop in any or all of the directions suggested, it will nevertheless accomplish some good, particularly if it is kept absolutely free from all tinge or taint of politics, which have been the bane of so many other promising organizations. It cannot fail to promote solidarity of feeling, and that is something of which the Dominion cannot have too much, in view of her geographical characteristics.

Although not arising directly out of the Old Boys' movement, yet having a great deal in common with it, is the *Home Comers' Festival*, for which such elaborate preparations are being made. For the genesis of this idea we have again to turn to the sister Republic, and it would seem that to Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, belongs the glory of having first made the sug-

gestion which has rapidly developed into a wide-spread institution. Among all the older states of the Union the Home Comers' Festival has been adopted and enthusiastically celebrated, and now we are making a trial of it in Canada, whither all good ideas are bound to come before they are very old.

It is a matter for the deepest regret that the man who, perhaps more than any other, had the project upon his heart should not have lived to see its fulfilment. In the untimely passing away of Mr. Walter H. Massey, the City of Toronto lost a citizen whose value may not be expressed in formal words. Possessed of great wealth, he had in an unusual manner that pure public spirit which made him ever concerned with regard to the higher interests of the community, and he gave himself and his wealth with splendid unselfishness to the promotion of these interests. The idea of a Home Comers' Festival appealed to him strongly, and, looking at things in the large way that was his wont, he contemplated nothing less than a national reunion, a home-coming of Canadians without reference to the immediate locality to which their early days belonged.

Upon consideration, however, it was felt that there were difficulties in the way of realizing such a conception that could hardly be overcome, and so, although Mr. Massey could no longer lend the inspiration of his presence, and the aid of his counsel, the Toronto Board of Trade determined to carry out the scheme to completion, and hence the Festival, which will signalize and make memorable the first week of the month of July, 1903.

The purpose of this celebration may be easily stated. The sons of Toronto have not been home-keeping youths. They have gone abroad in quest of fame and fortune, and have won no small share of both. The majority of these out-goers have settled in the United States, within comparatively easy reach of this city. They will be taking a summer holiday of some kind. Why should they not come here, and renew and revive the old associations?

Toronto folks are generally credited with being in no special need of repeating the old Scotchman's prayer, "Oh Lord, gie us a gude conceit of oorsels!" Yet it must be

admitted, without cavil, that they have ample excuse for entertaining a good conceit of their city, which may certainly be pronounced as possessing summer attractions that are unsurpassed upon this continent.

Superbly situated upon the shore of a magnificent lake, affording unlimited facilities for every kind of water pleasure and sport, embowered in foliage, and gay with flowers and verdure, blessed with a delightful climate, adorned with the most comfortable of homes, rich in beautiful and spacious parks, surrounded by enchanting scenery, lying in easy proximity to practically boundless fishing and hunting territory, and having for its residents, it goes without saying, a people whose intellectual, social, or moral status can stand comparison with that of any other city on the globe, Toronto has done well to offer a hearty welcome to her home-coming sons.

Nor need it be assumed that the spirit in which this is being done is purely a sentimental one, for there is a practical side to it which must not be left out of account. Our country is just now enjoying wonderful prosperity and

"Looking into the future, far as human eye can see,"

there seems substantial prospect of the good times continuing for many years yet. As a natural consequence of this pleasing state of things, there has been a significant and gratifying improvement in material conditions.

Toronto has grown during the past few years at a rate, and in a manner not paralleled by any previous period in her history. This fact the "Old Guard," who have stayed by their native city, and made her what she has become, are desirous to impress upon those who have gone afield. They want them to realize how fine are the capital's present circumstances, and how bright the promise of the future, and they are not without hope that, as the result of this visit, a goodly number of her guests may be influenced to repatriate themselves, and settle down again in their Mother Land with the conviction that after all there is no place like home.

The work of preparation has been conducted under the direction of the following

gentlemen, who have been sparing neither of labor nor cost in the good work, and whose very names constitute a guarantee of the undertaking being carried out in effective and fitting style: Mayor of Toronto, Thomas Urquhart; President of Board of Trade, John P. Ellis; Chairman of Old Home Committee, Noel Marshall; Secretary of Committee, Stewart Houston; Chairman of Publicity Committee, William Stone; Chairman of Aquatic Sports, Capt. R. K. Barker; Chairman of Land Sports, A. F. Rutter; Finance Committee, A. E. Ames (chairman), J. F. Ellis, J. W. Flavelle, Edward Gurney, Robert Jaffray, Chester D. Massey, Noel Marshall, Frederic Nicholls, H. M. Pellatt, D. R. Wilkie, E. R. Wood (treasurer).

The programme is planned to cover four days, thus including the great national holidays of the Dominion and of the United States, and includes such events as a Military Review, Dominion Regatta, Home Comers' meeting in Massey Hall, Home Comers' banquet, and sports of various kinds on land and water, besides affording ample opportunity for the private reunions and rejoicings which will be a hardly less important feature of the proceedings.

One further feature of the celebration remains for notice. The committee did a very wise and patriotic thing by offering liberal prizes, ranging from \$100 to \$25 for the best poems embodying the spirit and sentiment of the occasion, and in response thereto nearly two hundred were submitted by Canadians at home or scattered all over the continent. They were carefully examined by a competent committee of college professors, with the result that Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, of Ottawa, was awarded the first prize, Miss Helen Merrill, of Picton, the second, and Miss Marjorie Pickthall, of Toronto, the third.

Although poems of occasion are very apt to fall short of fairly representing the genius of their authors it may be said with regard to these that they manifest a high order of merit and we are glad to give them a place upon our pages, in order that they may become known to a wider circle of readers than if their publication be confined to the local papers.

THE HOME-COMERS.

From the smoke where cities welter,
From the quiet glens of earth,
To the land that gave us shelter,
To the land that gave us birth;
We, the wanderers, the dreamers,
That for lore or fortune roam,
In the gladness of the morning,
In the light, come streaming home.

Men whose fathers, mocked and broken
For the honor of a name,
Would not wear the conqueror's token,
Could not salt their bread with shame,
Plunged them in the virgin forest,
With their axes in their hands,
Built a Province as a bulwark
For the loyal of the lands.

Men whose fathers, sick of dead lands,
Europe and her weary ways,
Saw the fading emerald headlands,
Saw the heather quenched in haze,
Saw the coast of France or Flanders,
Like a glimmer sink and cease,
Won the ample land of maples,
The domain of wealth and peace.

Won it by the axe and harrow,
Held it by the axe and sword,
Bred a race with brawn and marrow—
From no alien over-lord.
Gained the right to guide and govern;
Then, with labor strong and free,
Forged the land a shield of Empire,
Silver sea to silver sea.

Fighting makes the heart grow fonder,
Labor makes the heart grow fain,
Still wherever we may wander
We are of the lion strain;
We may trample foreign markets,
We may delve in outland loam,
Yet when memory cries and calls us,
All our hearts come leaping home.

Now from smoke where cities welter,
From the quiet glens of earth,
Come we to our land of shelter,
To the land that gave us birth.
Lo, we bring thee our achievement,
Won by strength and patient pain—
Thine the strength, and thine the patience—
Bring it to thy breast again.

And we bid Ontario quicken,
Under snow and under sun,
Where the spruces root and thicken,
Where the waters flash and run;
Bid the towns of glad Ontario
Gather to a diadem,
Deep encrusted round Toronto,
As with gems the peerless setting folds and
holds the gem.

—Duncan Campbell Scott.

Second Prize—The Home-Comers.

Across the dawn the Whitethroat calls—
 Thrice happy the impassioned song
 That from the leafy thicket falls
 To greet the homeward-coming throng:
 "Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada."
 Oft he repeats each perfect note,
 A-tremble from his shining throat,
 Adown the land where maples rise,
 And elms to arch the sapphire skies:
 "Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada."

The homeland sea is broad and blue,
 The homeland shores are fair to view—
 Along the sunlit summer days
 Visions of half-forgotten days,
 Like dim mirages, in the soul
 Their holy images unroll.
 For him, homecoming, as of old,
 Afar the twinkling roof-tree gleams;
 And brightly haloed he beholds
 The splendor of his dreams—

Toronto, of the golden north,
 Whence, harking back, have ventured forth
 A thousand fearless hearts to fight
 Life's battles by the alien light
 Of other lands; and after years
 Of silent longing, smiles and tears,
 Strange winds, and stars, and creeds, come home
 To view once more their native land,
 And in the shadow of its domes,
 Clasp one another by the hand.

The Whitethroat calls across the dusk,
 From woodland sweet with pine and musk,
 What time the purple twilights rest
 Upon the city's glimmering breast:
 "Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada."
 The night wind hushes, and more near
 The sound of revelry I hear;
 And by the starlight's opal beams
 My woodbird whispers in its dreams:
 "Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada."
 —Helen M. Merrill.

Third Prize—The Home-Comers.

Bounded by saltless sea and pine-crowned hill,
 Tall-spired and tree-embowered, the city lies;
 And the loud songs of labor upward rise
 From street and factory, from forge and mill.
 Beside her wharves the steamers lift and strain,
 While the dark smoke drifts down and fades, and far
 On her fair upland heights the orchards are,
 With garden-plots, and fields of ripening grain.

How many hearts have held this picture dear?
 How many hearts still hold it, and shall hold?
 How many hearts, as the long years unfold,
 Find all their dreams, their tenderest memories, here?
 How many, cradled here, that rove and roam
 In distant lands, where statelier scenes may please,
 Yet hold this picture holier far than these—
 Each street a heritage, each house a home?

How many, wandering long in devious ways,
 Have stood 'neath alien skies at set of sun,
 When the hot labor of the day was done,
 And pierced with longing eyes the northward haze?
 Thinking they saw the well-remembered place—
 The old brown house beneath familiar stars,
 Green maple trees without the orchard bars,
 And, by the open doors, their mother's face?

Toronto's well loved sons rove far and free,
 Seeing strange flow'rs call round the circling years;
 But all their hopes, their loyalty is here,
 Fair lakeside city, centred safe in thee!
 And with a deep-grown love no time may stem,
 Where'er they dwell, in land of palm or pine,
 Still in their strong and faithful hearts you shine
 An unforgotten haven unto them.

But now in vain the ocean hems them in,
 Vainly the country of their choice would bind,
 For, young of heart, they turn and leave behind
 The distant refuge that they strove to win,
 And swift they speed across the leagues of foam,
 Leaving with scant farewell the unloved land,
 Once more to taste old joys, and clasp the hand
 Of brotherhood that claims a common home.

Their's is the thrill and their's the happiness
 That sees on every side some well-loved place;
 To them each building owns a welcoming grace,
 Each wayside tree spreads arms to greet and bless;
 To them each stone is dear, and memory lends
 Soft gleams and tenderest shadows everywhere;
 Each night to them is kind, each day is fair,
 Each hand a comrade's, and each face a friend's.

Then welcome them as well befits their worth—
 These kindred wanderers come from far and near;
 Let the days pass in lengthening rounds of cheer,
 While tranquil skies shine softly on the earth.
 Let the deep circling woods, the fruitful plain,
 Show all their treasures to the passing hours,
 And the rich land put forth her fairest flow'rs,
 When the Queen City greets her sons again.

TORONTO.

—Marjorie Pickthall.

WHISKEY PREVENTS TROUBLE

BY DEMAR

TO assert that an intoxicant, in the role of peacemaker, paradoxical though this may seem, was the preventer of an unprovoked assault that might have resulted disastrously, is but to state the truth. But to the facts:

My friend, Mr. Joseph R—, and I, with our coats, guns, spaniel and all the other necessities for a two weeks' duck-shooting trip, were en route from the city of K—, up the river R—, some forty miles, there to portage into the back lakes. We had planned to start on a steam barge, but as she was not ready to go, and we were, we rowed slowly on, intending to board her when she overhauled us, which she did at the first locks, some five miles up the river. Here we put our boats and all aboard, thinking we were the only passengers, for nobody was to be seen after she left the lock, except the captain in the wheel-house, a mere youth, and the old engineer, back in the engine-room, aft. We chatted with both, who very evidently were of the same opinion as ourselves, that we four were all the boat contained, and they told us to make ourselves comfortable, and that we would be at the portage about two in the morning. It was a beautiful, still, moonlight night, and the old barge slowly puffed her way, shedding a shower of sparks, through the narrow channels of the dismal marsh and great Drowned Land, with its ghost-like forms, the relics of a former forest, and on through the graveyard stillness of the night, broken only by her muffled puff and the occasional "squawk" of a crane. Enjoying the beauty of the weird scene, we smoked the pipe of peace, congratulating ourselves on the happy beginning of our journey, and looking forward to grand sport.

My friend Joe, though small in stature, was every inch a man, and could be depended upon to stand by a friend through thick and thin. To say that he was a sportsman was to say much, but not enough of him, for he was one of the best shots, one of the most thoroughly posted

men on the habits of game birds, and how to hunt them, one of the most interesting conversationalists and considerate gentlemen, that it had ever been my good luck to know—when he wasn't drunk. But, unfortunately, the poor fellow was a confirmed dipsomaniac. Now and then, like most of them, he would straighten up for a time, and it was only during such times that I would solicit his company for a shoot. Liquor he would, and must have at all times, but on such occasions as this he allowed me to be judge of when he should have another drink, so both for his good and safety, and my own, I never let him take enough to become top-heavy. Years before I had had some narrow escapes from being shot by him, and he from shooting himself, for, when drunk, he would attempt to wheel round, and blaze away, as if sober. No shot was too difficult for Joe. I've seen him flush and drop, consecutively, four partridge straight, in thick bush, without having seen one of them, he could follow their flight so accurately by sound. It won't surprise the reader now when I say that Joe had an "elegant sufficiency" of assorted stimulants along. Amongst them a dozen of Seagram's best, and for fear that they might "give out," a demijohn of alcohol to dilute into proof. It's only fair, though, to say that Joe went about doing good(!), not living for self alone, but wanting everyone to "take a nip." Many's the time he tried to play the game on myself, so I'd invite him in return, but it didn't work. Drunk or sober, he was quick-witted, and it is due, perhaps, to this that both of us are not among the angels.

Well, time passed most pleasantly. We were now entering "Twelve-mile Lake," near the far end of which we were to disembark to portage. But, great Scott, look here! One, two, three, four, of the toughest looking villians imaginable, climbing up out of the hold! They swagger up, goose-file, to where we are sitting

on the roof of the little engine-room, upon which our guns and effects are piled. "Where in hell are you fellows going?" was one big bully's polite enquiry. Remembering, probably, the old adage that a "drop of oil goes further than a pint of vinegar," Joe very meekly informed him, but was told in return he might go to hell if he liked. "Have you anything to drink?" "No," said I quite gruffly. Then I could see them "size me up," and nudge one another, and presently the quartette, each with a gait that denoted half a "jag" on, adjourned the meeting, reassembling in the hold. Joe turned to me with "By Jove! I know who those fellows are. That's the gang, I'll bet, that the police of K—— are after for beating old Mr. —— half to death, and they've walked down through the bush and boarded the barge at the lock, unseen." This was pleasant news. "Stay here," said I, "while I see the captain." It was the "first he knew they were aboard," but "couldn't put them off till he got to the end of the lake." The engineer was "surprised." Presently they came on deck again and stood up back of the wheel-house. Joe decided to interview them, while I was to remain and guard our belongings, but he hadn't more than joined them before one of them came back to interview me, beginning with: "What have you got here?" at the same time picking up Joe's gun. I haven't much patience with gentlemen of this stamp, and commanded him, most emphatically, to put that gun down. He did, but I thought I could detect a kind of you-be-damned manner of compliance; then he joined the rest. Joe says he came back swearing like a trooper, and narrating, with many interjectory oaths, what had taken place between that "big bloke with the big boots" and himself, and swearing he'd "get even with him." They plied Joe with all kinds of questions about me. "Who was I?" "Where did I come from?" etc., etc. To all of which Joe made discreet replies and could see that they didn't know me. But with one accord they decided to "do me up." Joe pleaded, trying in every way to mollify them, till at last, changing his plan,

he advised them to "steer clear of him or get the worst of it." They left Joe, descending once more into the bottom of the boat, and Joe said, "seemed to be looking for something." I had half a mind to put a couple of cartridges in my gun, but was afraid I might do what afterwards I might be sorry for. So I dropped down into the engine-room and was supplied with a good, heavy stick. Meantime Joe had disappeared, but before long he returned, telling me that he found some of them armed with cudgels, and the only barrier between them and me now was that he had confessed to having a bottle of whiskey, and had asked them to have a drink, which invitation they had eagerly accepted. "Where's that alcohol? Give me a glass!" Down into the depths Joe went, demijohn in one hand and tumbler in the other. Pure alcohol, three times the strength of ordinary whiskey!

The time for Joe's return hung heavily upon me, and I admit I was trembling with fear, fear for ourselves, and fear for the toughs, for I had determined to lay low the first of them that should approach me hostilely.

At last I could bear the suspense no longer, thinking that something must have happened to Joe. Approaching the ladder that led below, I listened for quite a while, but heard not a sound. Then descending, stick in hand, I found Joe stretched out at the foot of it, glass in one hand and demijohn in the other. "Hic!" "Say, 'sthat you, old boy?" "Hic!" "Look at them!" "Hic!" I had no particular desire to see the gentlemen just then, and carried Joe and the demijohn up the ladder, and laid him out on the deck, near the engine-room. "Had to, myself, old man!" "Hic!" "But 's all right now!" I went below and found them insensible. After unbuttoning their neck-gear and putting them in positions so they wouldn't strangle, I left them, and just then the captain gave a toot of his whistle to announce that we were opposite our portage, but Joe had to be lowered into his boat and towed to shore, and there I had to stay till he sobered up.

WITCHCRAFT AND LOVE

By C. H. YOUNG

UPON the northern shore of the Bay of Quinte, not many miles from the City of Kingston, there lived in 1866, a farmer of English extraction by the name of Lancelot Maine. He was a quiet man under ordinary conditions, but a terrific adversary when provoked. He had a wife and a daughter (their only child) who had just emerged from her seventeenth year. It could be plainly seen that they were in flourishing financial circumstances, and that they lived quite happily.

During the summer of 1866, parties of men called Fenians, travelled over many parts of Canada. The presence of these insolent-looking men was a source of much irritation to Lancelot Maine, as, indeed, it was to many others. It wasn't very pleasant to meet these strange people upon the highway at night, nor to watch them prowling over the fields by day; and our friend found it difficult to forbear from gathering together the neighbors and falling upon them right and left.

There was one man, however, who tried his patience more than all the others of the Fenian Society who frequented the neighborhood. This was a big, uncouth looking fellow, who patrolled the roads daily, going up in the morning and back in the evening. His only companion was a Newfoundland dog which always kept close beside his master.

One evening the daughter was milking in the barnyard. The shadows of night were falling upon the earth. The sky was heavily overcast and the sighing wind foretold a stormy night. Her father had not yet come from the hayfield. She was milking away hurriedly, when a scraping on the fence caused her to look around. She saw three stalwart Fenians, each with a formidable bludgeon in his hand, advancing towards her. With a scream, she dropped her pail and ran for the house. At this moment Maine appeared from behind the barn, and, seeing how matters stood, his wrath rose in a flood.

"What d— business have you in my yard?" he demanded.

The men looked at each other and then at the enraged farmer.

"We have no business here, we know," one of them said at length. "We did the girl no harm. She merely got frightened at us. We came to ask her for a drink of milk."

"What impudence!" cried Maine. "Not a drop will you get. Take yourselves off, and if you dare to come here again, look out."

The intruders looked at each other again, smiled indifferently, and without another word went out of the yard and across the road into the forest.

As the family were sitting at a late supper that evening discussing the various events afloat concerning the Fenians, a loud knock came at the open door. They all looked instantaneously and beheld in the doorway the man who walked the road daily, and the dog close at his heels.

"Well my man," said the farmer, rising and going towards him, "what can I do for you?"

"Did you see anything of three men around here just at dusk?" he asked in a coarse voice.

"I did, and an ungainly looking trio they were. Where they went, I don't know."

"You lie," cried the man with fury. "You know that they are over there in the woods dead, and you murdered them."

"See here, you son of Perdition!" exclaimed Maine, springing forward and giving the man a blow that nearly floored him; "I know nothing of these men and won't parley with you. Get away with you."

The dog seeing his master thus assaulted leaped in front of him and stood snarling menacingly at the courageous farmer.

"I'll put an end to your noise," said

Maine glancing at the brute and then starting back for his pistol. But before he had secured it the man was already out of the yard.

"You'll suffer for this," he called back; and was heard muttering curses as he hurried away.

"I think you had better go over to neighbor Marks," said Maine, to his now thoroughly frightened wife and daughter, after consideration. "There's no telling what that fellow might not do. I'll get a few of the neighbors and come back to watch the house."

They locked the doors and went quickly across the fields to Isaac Marks.

By this time the storm had set in and when Maine and the neighbors he had secured to watch with him, got to the house they were drenched. They dared not kindle a fire, and sat down, cold and wet to watch for the coming of the enemy.

Their vigil was uneventful until midnight, when violent weeping was heard from the direction of the front gate. After listening to it for some time one of the men volunteered to ascertain who it was so distressed. He went out cautiously, and returned in a few minutes with information that there was an old woman, dressed very shabbily, leaning on the gate weeping bitterly. They concluded that this was a ruse to draw them out into the darkness and decided to let her continue to weep. All the remainder of the night her weeping was kept up; but when light came no woman could be seen.

The men made a search but found no traces of her. A little way into the woods, however, they found evidences of a struggle—spots of blood, bits of clothing, broken clubs and the grass trodden down. This was supposed to be the place where the three strange men had been murdered, if indeed they had been. The searchers exchanged superstitious looks and went silently away.

For five consecutive nights Maine and his friends watched the house, but nothing whatever occurred. No Fenians were

seen by day either; the entire neighborhood seemed to be forsaken by them. The farmers began to feel that they would have no more annoyances.

The summer faded into autumn; and one evening as Maine was sitting beside his door smoking his pipe, an old crippled woman hobbled up the path and confronted him with a triumphant and diabolical smile.

"You be the man," she said in a squeaky voice. "You be the very man. Nice and happy you be with the brand of murder on your soul. You thought no one would find you out; but I did."

Hearing the voice, Mrs. Maine and her daughter ran to the door. The old crone looked up at them, and laughed until she was nearly exhausted.

"So you come to look at me; did you?" she gasped at length. "Don't you think me pretty? I'm almost as pretty as the girl be. But her beauty shan't last. Lancelot Maine hear me. When I wept at your gate last summer you helped me not. If you had I'd never curse you for murdering them three poor men. Now eat the fruit of your unfeeling heart. Your daughter is sweet and graceful, in three days she'll be a maniac. This is your curse in the eye of heaven."

She flourished the staff she carried wildly in the air, and shuffled off down the path. They were unmoved, except in a mirthful way, by the incident, for they thought her a lunatic.

At the specified time for the fulfilment of the woman's words, however, the daughter began to show symptoms of approaching mania. What feelings filled the breasts of the fond parents as they watched the malady creep upon her! Before night fell she was raving mad. When darkness had fully set in she uttered several screeches, rushed from the house, and in a few seconds had disappeared into the woods. The parents and neighbors searched all night for the girl, but did not find her. They concluded that she had been spirited away by witchcraft.

But I am glad to write that Ella Maine

met with no misfortune. She was the victim of witchcraft; but the old woman's vile decree had nothing to do with it. It was a witchcraft more potent than hers, the witchcraft of Cupid. It was Cupid's spell which led her into the forest that autumnal night.

Marshal Stroud was Ella's lover. He was a worthy young man in every way; but for some reason Maine had taken an unremovable dislike to him, had ordered him from his door and forbade all communications with his daughter. But she met Stroud after for all that. She always went for the cows, and they had a trysting place in the woods, where they passed a short time together once or twice a week.

On the night after the announcement of the curse they met, and she unfolded a

remarkable plan for their elopement. Her plan was that she should feign madness and take to the woods, where he should be waiting for her with a gig. The plan was carried out; and, eluding the searching party, they drove to the town and were married.

Everyone in that neighborhood knows of the scheme of the lovers now; but Maine refuses to believe it. Even if it were so, and, if his daughter is really living, he says he will shoot Stroud if he ever meets him. And as the old man has yet vigor enough to direct a bullet, his son-in-law and daughter think it prudent to stay away.

Maine believes to this day that his daughter was the victim of witchcraft, which is a remarkably correct belief, could he but understand.

CANADA FOR ME

Fair are the isles of the ocean,
Where the Shamrock, Thistle and Rose,
Tiny emblems of devotion,
In tenderest fancy repose.
But fairer to me and dearer
Than the fairest isle of the sea,
Is the dear land of the Maple,
Oh, Canada for me.

Bright are its sparkling fountains,
As the sunny days of my youth,
Lofty and grand are its mountains
As the storied temple of truth.
Broad are its forests and prairies,
Boundless and kindly and free,
Joyous the ways of its waters,
Oh, Canada for me.

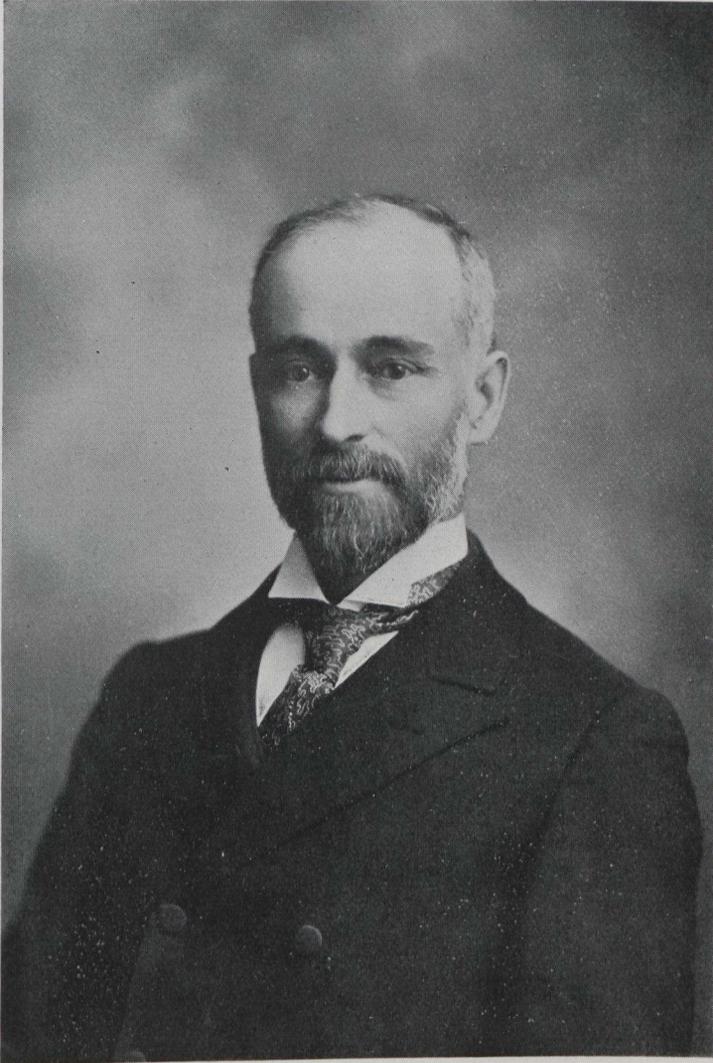
Wide as the span of the ocean,
Are its mountains, forests and plains,
Free as the billows in motion,
Her people in unity reigns.
Pride of the Empire of freedom,
Cradled 'mid oceans three,
Perish the land of the tyrant,
Oh, Canada for me.

Here with its emblems before me,
Still green from the forests I love,
Proudly I sing I'll adore thee,
Wherever in life I may rove.
Land of my birth ever dearest,
Here's to thy sons and to thee;
Others may sing of their own lands,
Oh, Canada for me.

—C. Raitt.

JULY, 1903

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA



MAYOR URQUHART

TORONTO

THE QUEEN CITY OF CANADA



YONGE AND KING STREETS



SHERBOURNE STREET



TORONTO STREET



JARVIS STREET—NORTH FROM CARLTON STREET



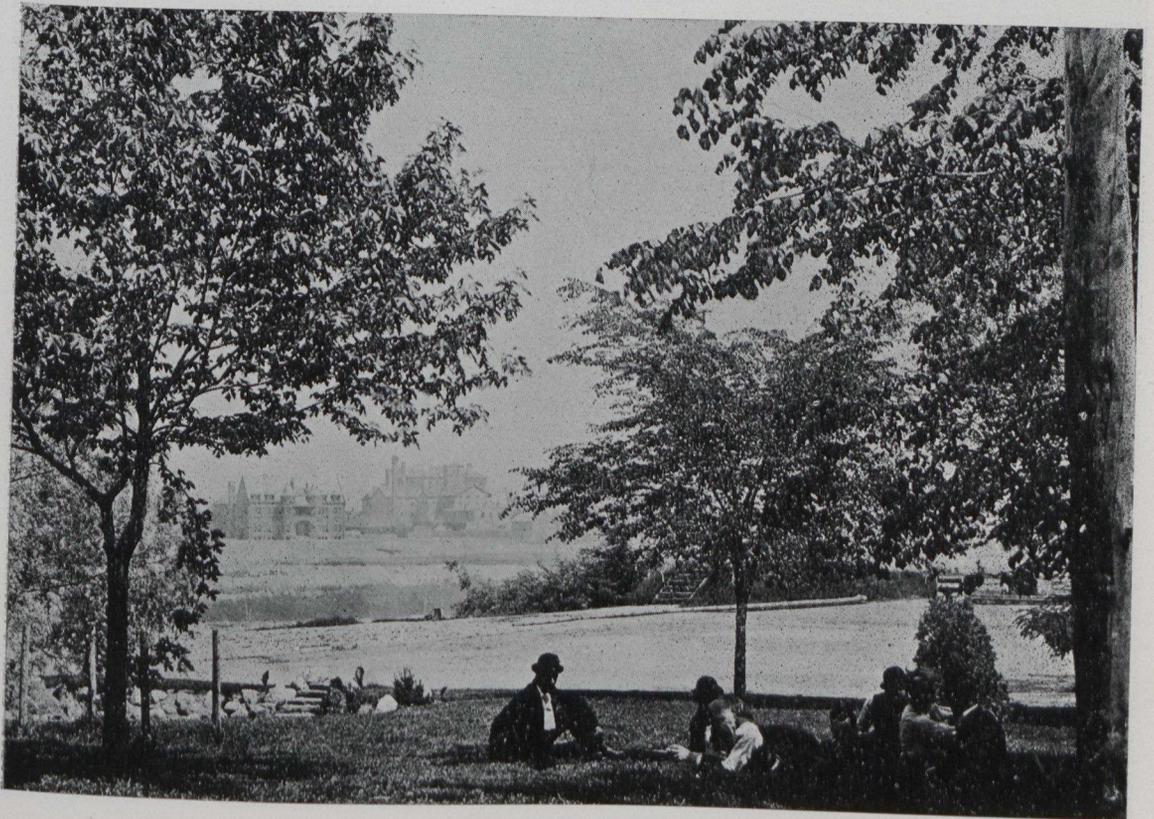
ROSEDALE DRIVE



ALLEN GARDENS



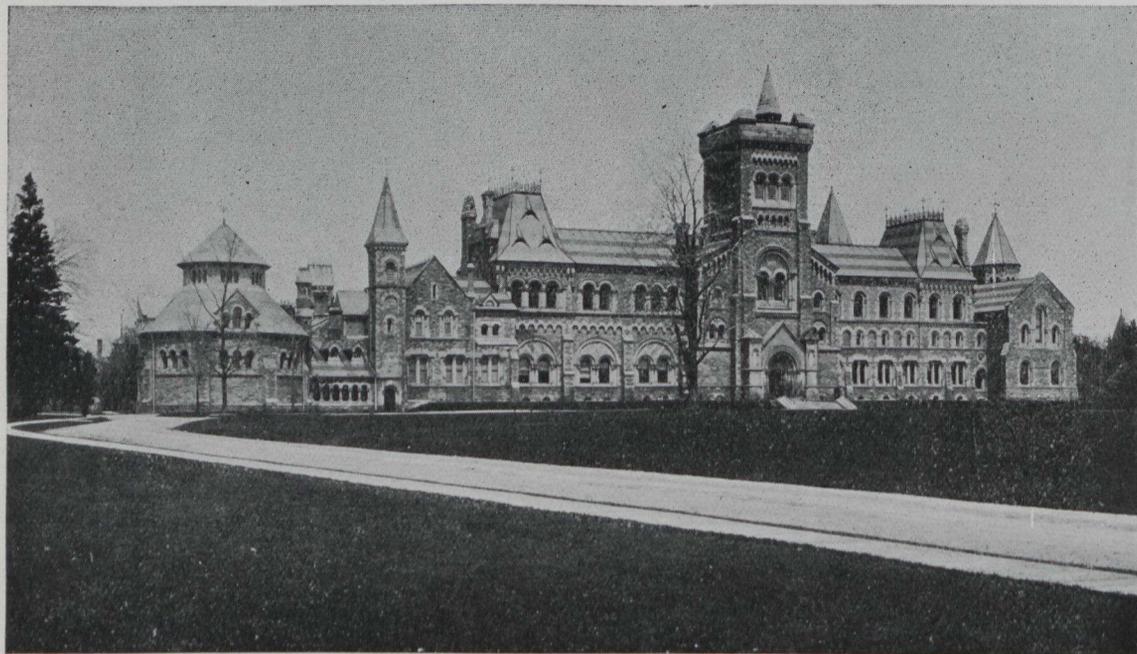
RESERVOIR PARK



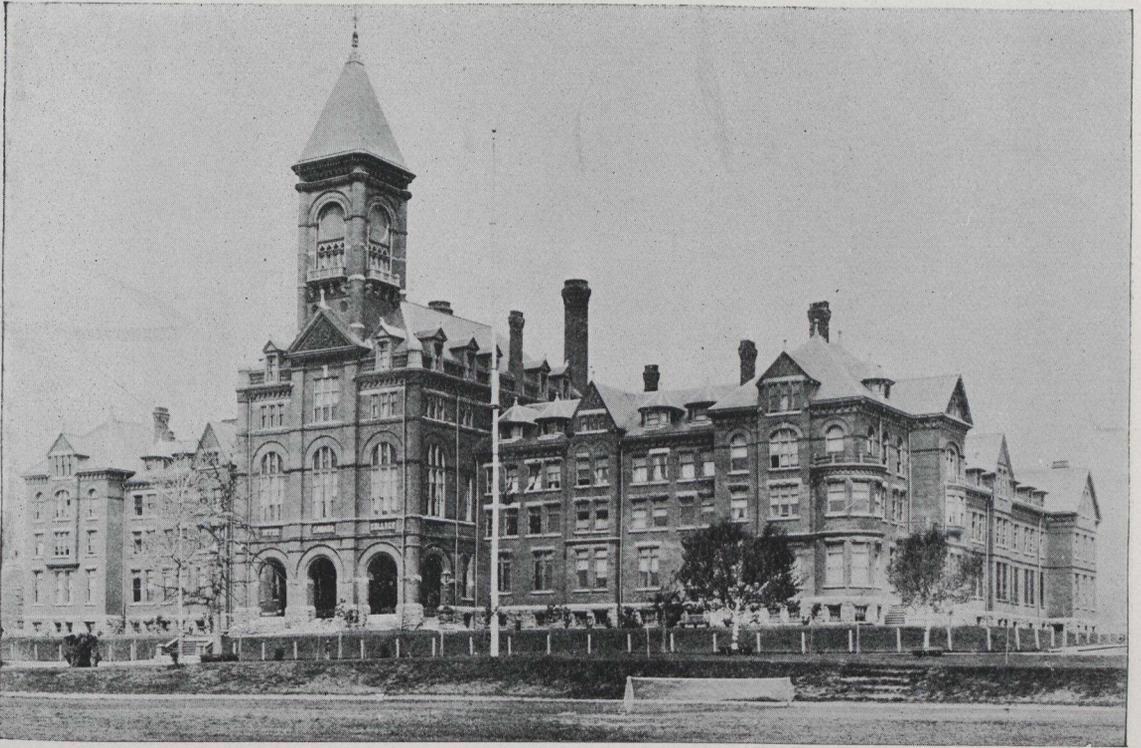
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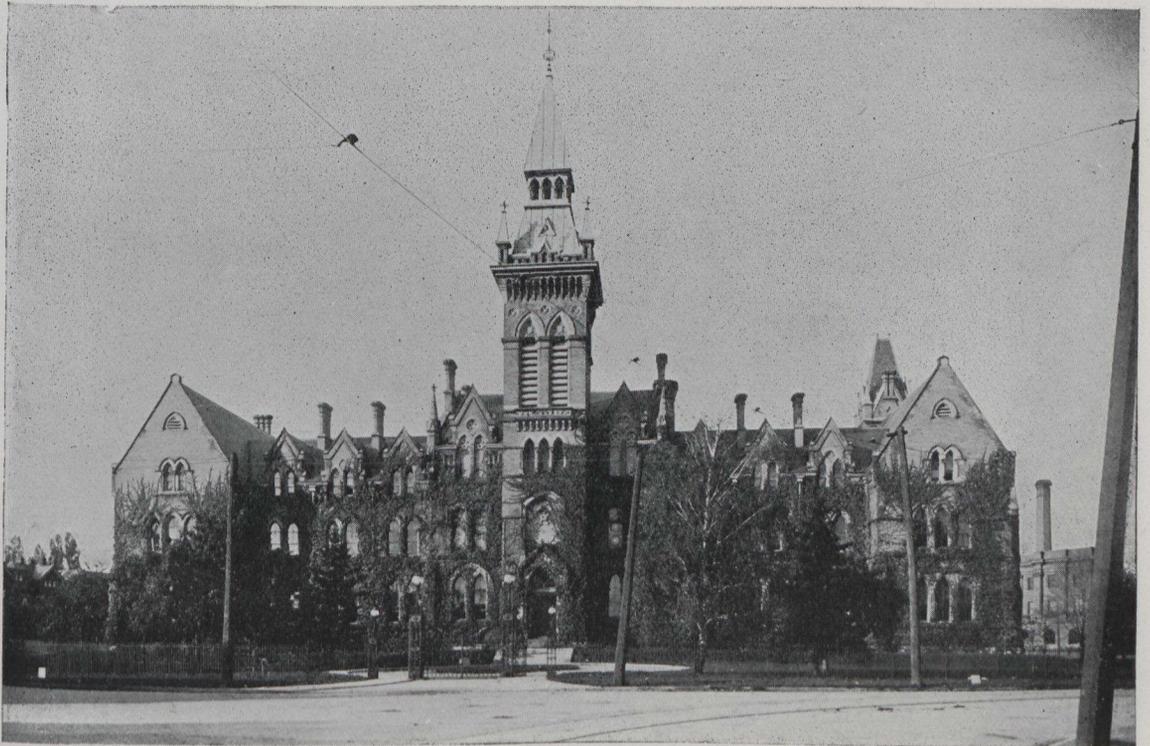
CITY HALL



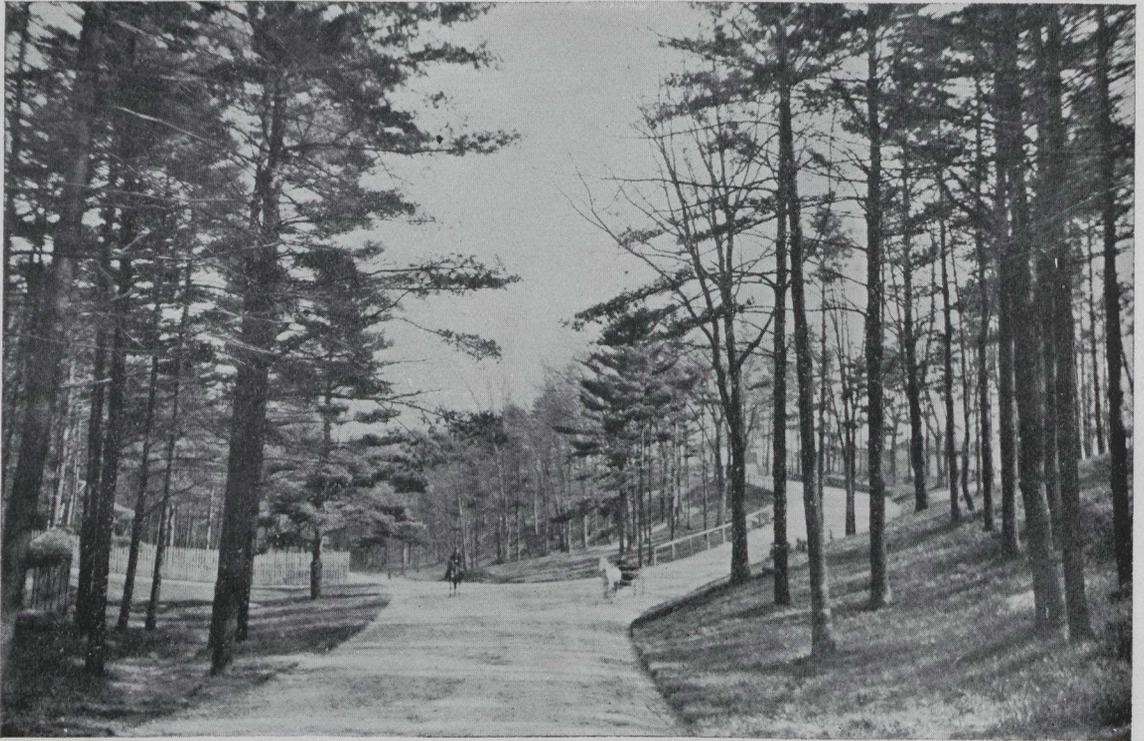
TORONTO UNIVERSITY



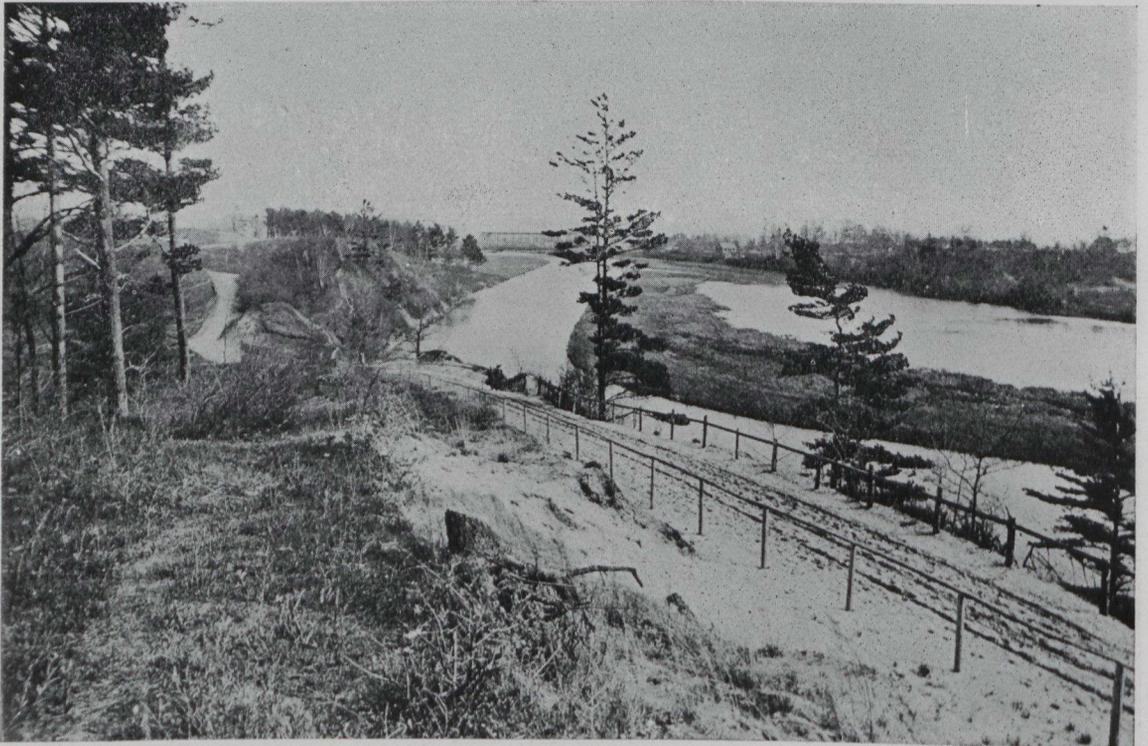
UPPER CANADA COLLEGE



KNOX COLLEGE



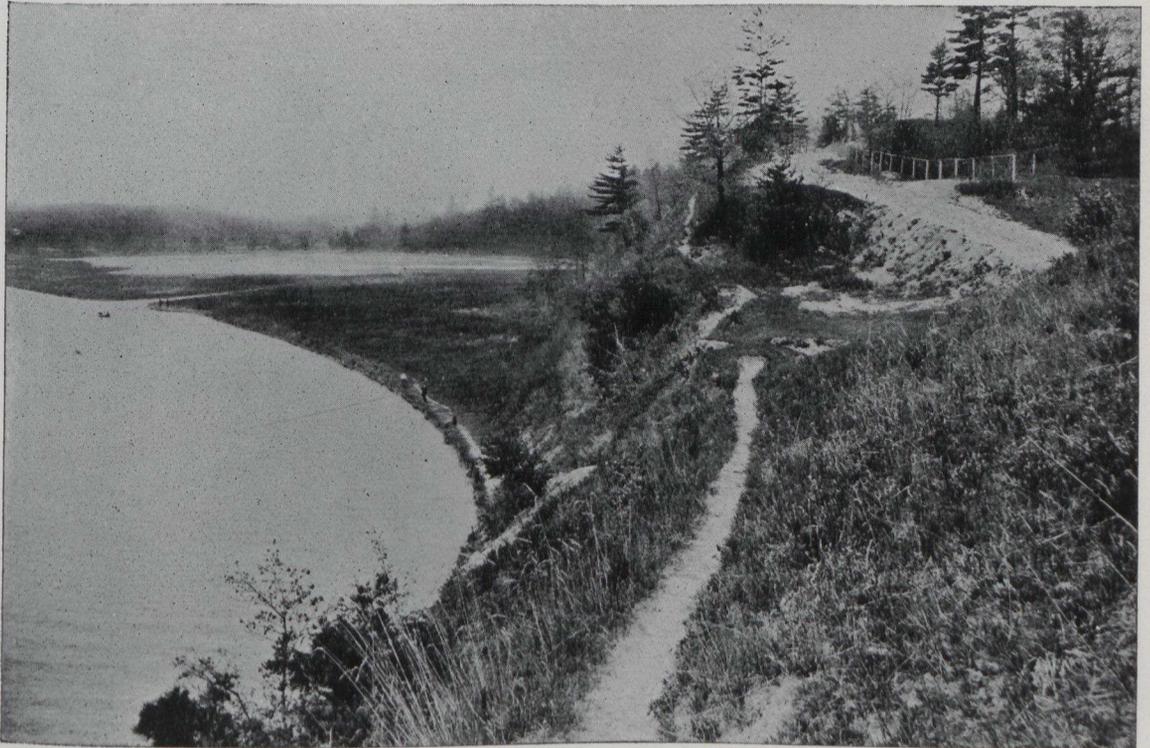
ROADWAY IN HIGH PARK



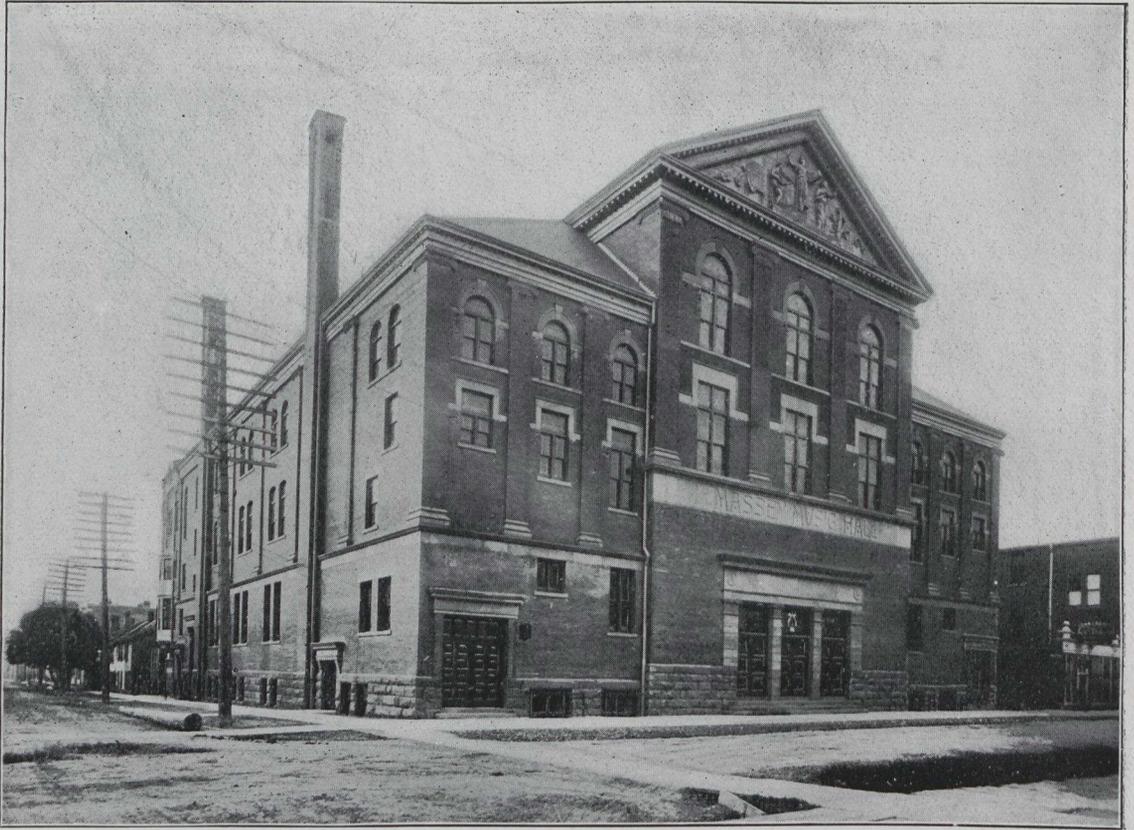
SCENE ON RIVER HUMBER



DRIVE IN HIGH PARK



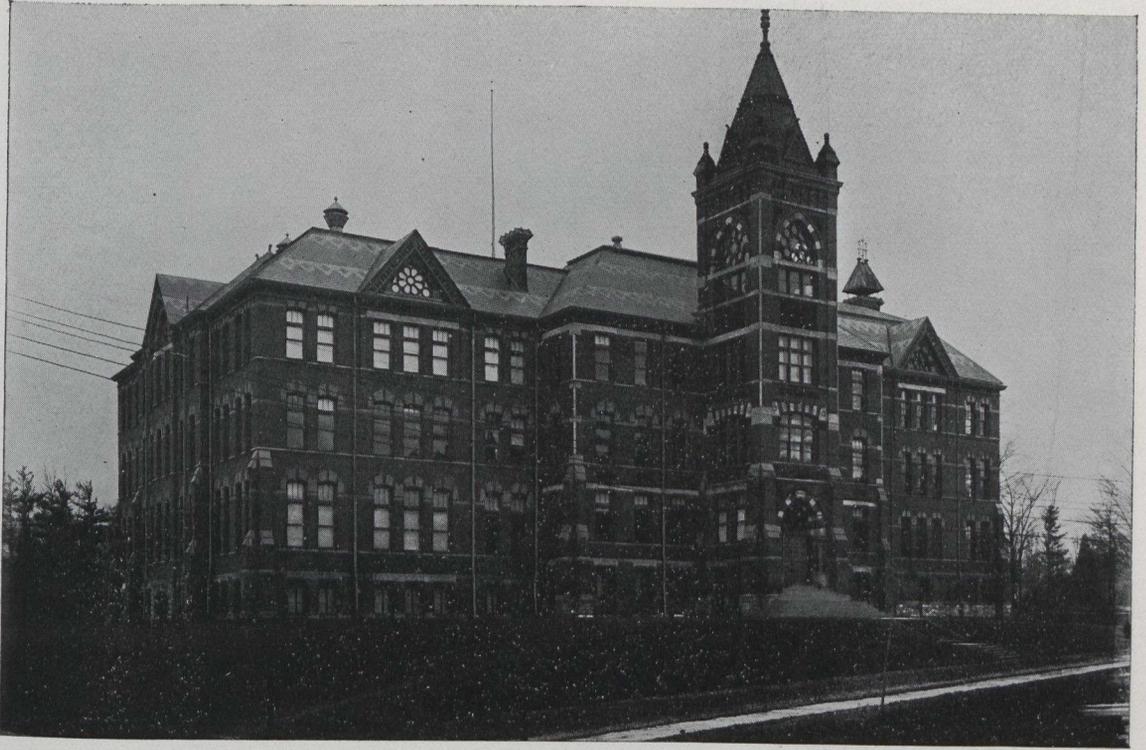
RIVER HUMBER



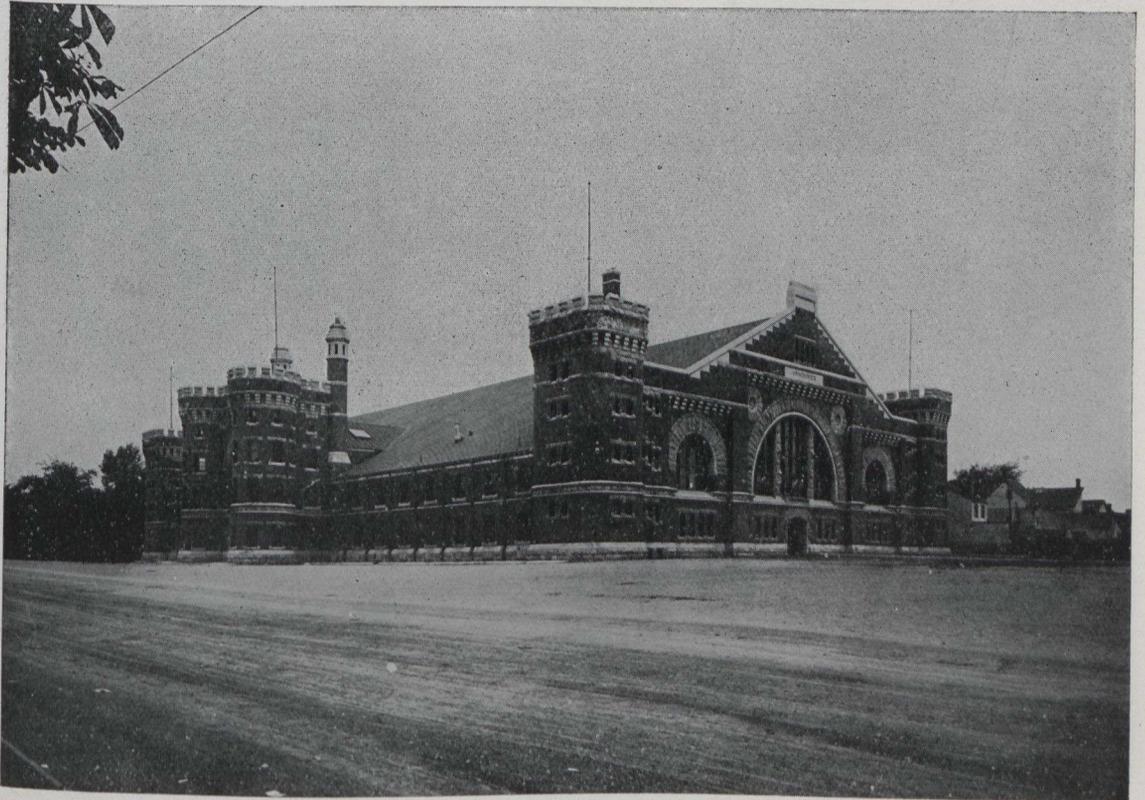
MASSEY HALL



TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC



SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE



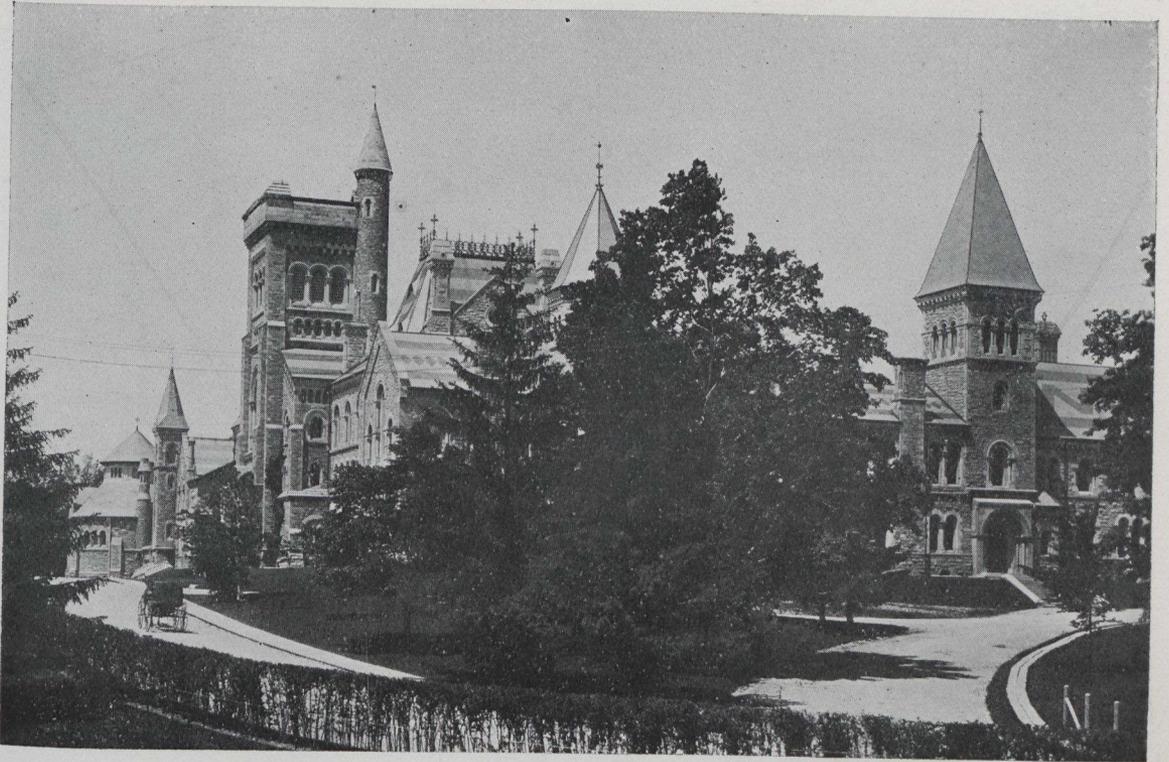
ARMORIES



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS



KNOX COLLEGE, TORONTO



UNIVERSITY, TORONTO



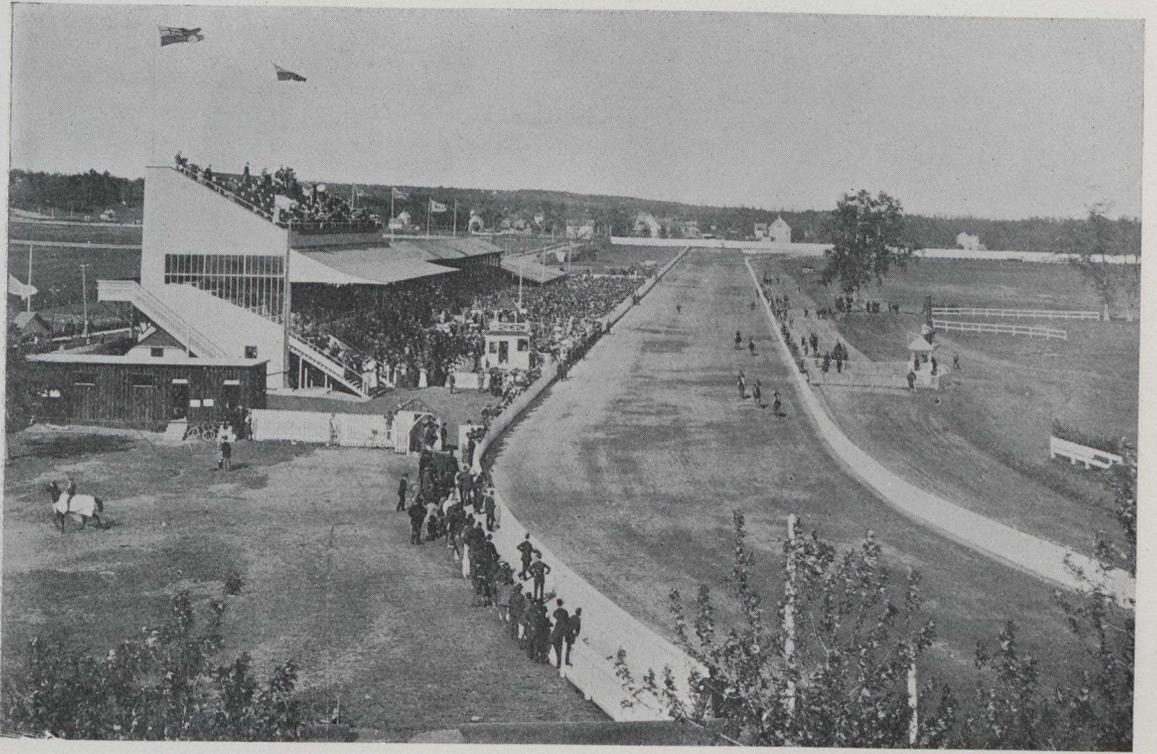
TRINITY COLLEGE



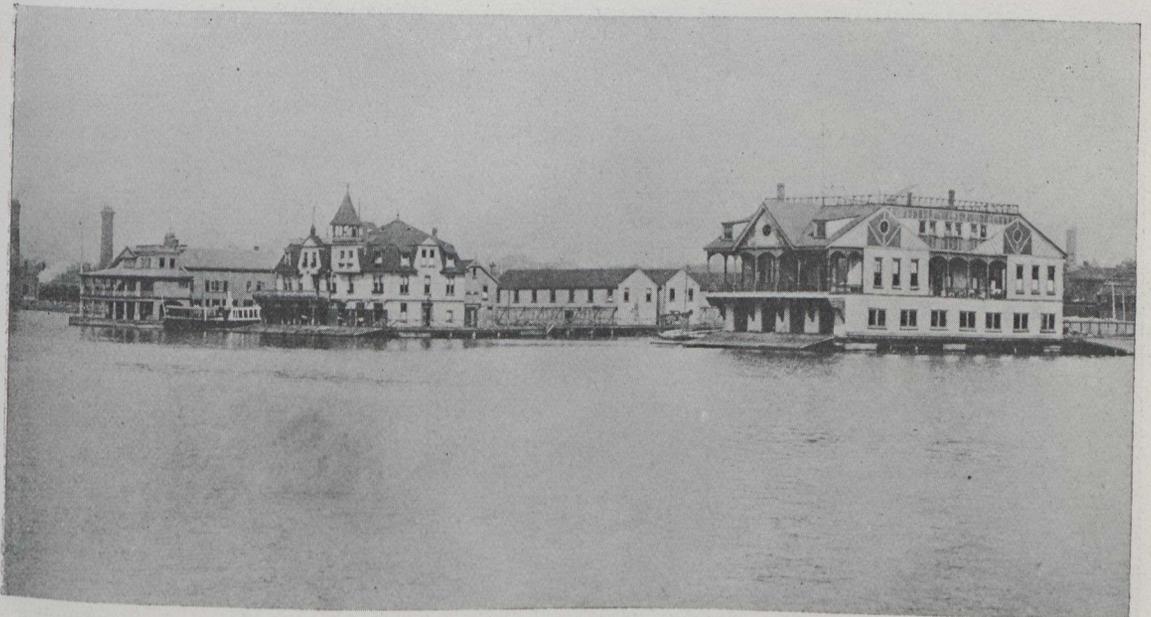
VIEW FROM PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS



YONGE STREET WHARF



WOODBINE RACE TRACK



BOAT CLUBS



UNION STATION



THE BREAKWATER, ISLAND PARK, TORONTO

A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE ON THE IVORY COAST.

By ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE

THE old diver screwed up his left eye and pressed his finger-tips together in a fashion which foretold a narrative of the most conscientious and indubitable veracity.—“You see,” he said, “it was Captain Isaac’s own glittering bright idea, the hiring of black Freetown Kru-boys for that *Dundern Castle* job. We were with the London Salvage and Wrecking Co. then, and they were shy of it from the beginning.

“True it was, the *Dundern* lay only three days south of Freetown, and Krus made good ‘A.B.’s,—they agreed to that, all right. But salvaging was a mighty sight different from ‘fore-the-mast work, and while shipping such-like three-shilling-a-week black labor always gave you a chance to cut down on expenses, there was always a bigger chance of its queering the job altogether.

“But nothing could argue against old Isaac.—‘I know Krus,’ he says, ‘and I know what’s in ‘em. I don’t say as they’ve ever done salvage-derrickin’ and tenderin’ for divers; but I do say that they’re more intelligent than fox tarriers, and once they get holt of an idear, they grip to it like bull-pups. Give me only Hutchins for first officer, and Jack and Andy to dive, and with fifteen men I can sail and stoke the *Eliza* down to Sierra. There I know a Portugee that’ll pick me out the thirty finest Kru-boys on the Two Coasts and come along himself to interpret. I’ll guarantee to get out every foundered cask o’ palm-oil in the *Dundern* inside o’ three weeks with them—and four casks’ll more than cover their whole keep and wages. You just give ‘em one try, and if there’s any loss, I’ll make good myself.’ And it ended with their letting him have it his own way.

“We had straight steaming down to Freetown, and there the Captain found his Portugee,—Dominguez, his name was,—and through him got his thirty choice Kru-boys. I couldn’t just see, myself, on what ground the selectin’ was done, but old Isaac was satisfied. And three days later, we’d finished the run along the coast, and hove to off the *Dundern*.

“Well, those grinnin’ black images carried lines through the surf onto her like so many rubber monkeys; and *then*, I tell you, he couldn’t cackle over them enough.—‘Now you see the vally of Krus,’ he says, as we begun cleatin’ together a lighterin’ raft,—‘and before these here operations is through with, you’ll see more.’

“By next day noon we had the raft anchored, and half a cable’s length of block-and-tackle connection with the *Dundern’s* waist. So we sent the diving-pumps and gear aboard, and seeing that the water fillin’ her was as dead still as cold tea, the rest of the job seemed likely to be easy and oneventful.

“It wasn’t, though. No sooner had Andy and me been got into the suits and started down, than the whole squad of Krus to be apprenticed to the pumpin’ showed signs of quittin’, and of quittin’ rapid, too. One was for takin’ a header over the side, and the rest was only a little less leery of our manovers. It looked to me as if they thought our tenders were layin’ out to can up and drown all and sundry two by two,—Andy and me bein’ willin’ sacrifices to encourage the others, so to speak. And we palavered with them reassuring-like for a good half hour. Then seein’ plain enough that talkin’ was no good, we decided that the only way to make them see how lunny and ongrounded their suspicions was, would be to give

them an object lesson. So we got back into the armor, and went down again.

"Well, that object lesson didn't do exactly what we figured it would. For, as the tenders told us after'ard, the whole time we were under water in the hold, those lads just laid flat on their faces and clawed the deck! And when we came up and started for them, they just naturally monkeyed up the riggin' and went crazy!

"As for Dominguez, the interpreter, he kept pullin' a sick and oily smile, and sayin': 'Z'are-a poor, seempla fellah, senior, mucha seempla. D'they thenk you h'ought-a to be d'thrown.' And,—(what was considerably more to the point,)—'D'they thenk you're-a soam devla doctoars. Saind them back h'on the sheep; and w'en they're-a more qui-ed, I tell-a d'them there's no fear-a.'—So we freighted them back to the *Eliza*, which move came pretty near bein' the end of *that* salvin' job!

"For, as near as we could ever learn, those Krus from the *Dundern* fairly tumbled over themselves to pass the scare on to their fellows. They told them it was a witch-ship they'd been seduced onto, and the devil-doctorin' we'd begun on the *Dundern* was, never a shudderin' doubt, only to get our hands in for far worse devillin' on the *Eliza*; and, in short, if they hoped to save their immortal souls, by all their heathen gods and fetishes, it behoved them to act most mighty swift and vigorous,—which they certainly did!

"Lucky enough for Andy and me, old Isaac had seen to it at Freetown that they brought no arms on board. For I reckon their idea was to get us, the boss devil-doctors, out of the way before tacklin' our servants and followers. And when we strolled into their fo'c'stle quarters that night, without our protectin' 'witch-armor,'—thereby givin' them just the chance they wanted,—my word, but they were sudden! Nothing but the tangle we got into saved us!

For when they threw themselves howlin' on us, we each got hold of two or three of them, and we all went down in

one kickin' heap together. The period of chokin' and yoopin', screechin' and gougin' that followed was like nineteen Bedlams havin' one grand, fraternal delirium. And it was only ended by the onlimited use of crows and marlins in the hands of all our mates on board.—When they *did* get us out at last, we came more like two 'straw-clogs' from a threshin'-machine than anything else I can think of.

"While Andy and me was wall-paperin' ourselves with court-plaster, the rest gathered 'round us and held a general pow-wow and council of war. Andy was unreasonable indignant, and talked fierce in favor of stringin' up a Kru every watch for an example to the others, till we'd rid ourselves of the whole bunch. But the Captain said that that was 'vengeful and onhumane, and besides,—though jist then it didn't look as if they was exactly the kind of help he wanted,—it was goin' to be hard toughin' to put that salvin' through without them.'

"Dominguez, bein' hit up for his opinion, again opined that they were 'poor, seempla fellah,' innocent of any wrong intentions, and if we all slept together in the cabins, with two sentries outside, and another at the engine-room door, no harm could come to us!

"At that, old Isaac had to put a limit on the language of Hutchins, the mate; for it was *his* business to look after the *Eliza* while the bulk of us was hoistin' on the *Dundern*. But when he suggested runnin' them Krus back to Freetown, the Captain wouldn't hear of it. It would take a week, he said, and by that time he calculated to have the oil half out.—'Dominguez,' he goes on, 'you'd ought to be able to help us someways. And indeed, it's your bounden duty to, for wasn't it you that brought all these blood-huntin' varmints aboard? Now here,' he says, 'here I am fixed without ankle-irons, and the homicidin' heathen would chaw through hemp like tobacco twist! Nor there wouldn't be no security in coopin' 'em up in the fo'c'stle; for there's so many of 'em, and they're so fierce and hostile, that they'd do us dirt

somehow or other. I could put a watchman in over 'em, but how do I know they wouldn't do *him* first jiffy he batted an eye?"

"Dominguez was plainly dubious, too, and he shook his head slow and worried, like a mule with a bull-thistle under his tongue. But when we'd all about thought ourselves bug, suddenly he throws out his hands and shoots his shoulders up under his ear, and shouts,—'Ha, senior, I know heem! Let a *sobmarino*— (meanin' one of us divers)—een the coat and hadt-a of the *sobmarino* mek guard-a ad the door. They nevra pass or toach-a heem!"

"And it didn't take old Isaac fifty years to see the entire likeliness of that.—For the next three weeks Andy and me spent triple time in armor, and four hours out of six we were spellin' each other on sentinel go in the fo'c'stle!

"The salvin' of the *Dundern* palm-oil I'll pass over rapid. Excep' that it was rackin' hard work for fifteen men, and was as profitable as it was hard, it was nothin' out of ordinary. As for our divin' part of it, that turned out a good deal easier than the average under-sea derruckin' job. It was a trifle risky, for of course only one of us could be in the *Dundern* at a time; and if he'd got his lines fouled and cut, he'd have had to whistle for long enough before the other'd been able to come and help him out. But no accidents happened. It was just slow, even-runnin', straight-away hoistin', and we coined money for the Company, day in day out.

"Yet us two kind of lost interest in that end of our work, comparin' it with the job we had in the fo'c'stle of the *Eliza*; for that was somethin' altogether new and unique, and on it we could get in frills and fine work. Old Isaac reversed the mast-head jack hopin' the mutiny-call might be seen by some Free-town-bound craft that'd take his blacks off and home for him. But *mutiny* wasn't the right word; it wasn't even *just* to that daffy-house of Kru-boys. For under our managin' they walked Spanish, and mighty circumspect at that. Do-

minguez had guaranteed that if we slung our hammocks and slept outside the fo'c'stle door, and stood our helmets on our sea-chests to keep an eye on the rascals between times, two or three hours a day a-piece would be ample and sufficient. And in the main we found he was right.

"Weights, I needn't say, we discarded altogether. Yet when we went further, and counted on the armor alone bein' enough without the hose and air-pump, we figured wrong. Not doin' anything but just hold ourselves planted at the door like them old knights, you see in museums, might suit *us* all right; but we soon found that them Krus was gettin' used to it, they was losin' their rightful awe and fear, and was in danger of becomin' entirely too familiar and free-and-easy. Ahead of us there was three weeks more of it at least, and we had to make up our minds that if we were goin' to keep them from growin' altogether contemptuous of us before the job was through with, we'd have to make use of all our machinery,—yes, and keep chillin' off their blood with new acts and turns of devillin' all the time as well.

—"Unless you'd seen it you couldn't 'a' believed what willin' spirits and helpers at the pump that understood their business got out of them two ordinary 'S. & C.' divin' suits. From the first week on, we give a regular 'continuous performance'; and I'm safe in sayin' that no vaudyville or variety theatre ever give a better. It didn't only keep the Krus out of mischief; it was free entertainment to all on board. The men used to come near fightin' for the privilege of pumpin' for us. And the things they said about the stunts we thought up,—well, it ain't in modesty to repeat them.

"Only old Isaac, who didn't think of nothin' but the double time it was takin' to derrick out the palm-oil, and Hutchins, who was a most ugly-natured man, anyway,—they were too grouchy mean to own up to their admiration. And they must have felt it, too, and that a whole lot stronger than the crew, along of their being better eddicated and more refined,

—in a way of speakin'. It seemed like the more inventin' we got, the more they pretended not to notice it, and only snarled on continuous about our bein' short-handed.

—“What was some of the acts we invented?”—Well, that's answered right away and in the nateral course of events, too. For Friday afternoon of the second week, when the oil was about half transferred, what should come nosin' along the coast, and north'ard too, but a little English gun-boat! And before we thought she'd a' had time to make out our distress colors, she was droppin' her dinghy.

“It was the lootenant-commander himself and his middy that come aboard us. And old Isaac welcomed them as fervent as pay-day. Nor he wasn't slow in gettin' to explanations, neither. In about five minutes he and Hutchins was bringin' them down to where I stood guard in the fo'c'stle, and if the lootenant hadn't understood the sitoation before, he certainly did then. And he bust out and laughed and laughed, till you could see how it was hurtin' him. Then when he'd put his eye-glass back for about the fifth time, he managed to pull himself up, and,—‘Captain,’ he says, ‘you're a genius! A conference of the fleet wouldn't have thought of this!’

“‘Oh,’ says old Isaac, beamin' like all a Cunarder's brasses, and twice as brazen,—‘it ain't nothin', nothin' at all. It jist come to me nateral-like. But it keeps a man busy thinkin' up variati'ns of the entertainment, so to speak.’—(I all but throwed a fit to hear him!)—‘Jack,’ he goes on, to me, ‘get yer tin whistle and play somethin' for the commander.’

“Dog bite him, if I couldn't have butted him bowl-shaped first, but I had to do it! And all the satisfaction I could think of was to make up my mind to give him our *Yankee Doodle*; for the Captain was the p'isenest kind of Britisher, and nothin' but our deep-sea repitations ever got Andy and me onto the *Eliza*.—So I rolled the lip end of the whistle into a bit of rubber I kept for the purpose, and shoved it up anunder the elastic of my left

wrist-band. And when the men at the pump began to give me the bellows, I reached round with my right, and fingered the stops. And if I'd been first-behind-the-drum on the mornin' of the Fourth, I couldn't have played it more brash and defiant.

“I could feel the Captain's and Hutchins' boots was burnin' hotter and hotter on the deck all the time it was goin' on. But that lootenant, he didn't take any offence,—far contry, he took it like a cylinder full of laughin'-gas! Before the first verse was over he had to set down on Andy's dunnage-chest. And through the rest of it, he just wallowed 'round, tryin' to steady himself by the middy, and grippin' out weak and blind for the string of his eye-glass.

“And, for all I'd stirred old Isaac's mad up again' me, that tickled him back into chirpiness again.—‘Mebee,’ he says, ‘before you take off these he'pless Free-towners, mebee you'd like to see some more of the performance we've been givin' them,—some of the *duet* part of it, as y' might say?’

“And the lootenant draws his hand across his eyes with a kind o' sob, and says:—‘Gad knows, Captain, if it won't prove the death of me,—but go ahead!’

“So Andy was sent for. And seein' as old Isaac was feelin' so expanded and generous at the prospect of gettin' those Kru-boys off his hands, and seein', too, as nothin' much could be done on the *Dundern* without a diver, anyways, he sends out word that all the other men could come in and see the show at the same time.—‘Tell 'em,’ he says to Hutchins, ‘tell 'em it's to be a grand, farewell, benerfit concert,—and in honor of disting'ished visitors as well.’

“When Andy came aboard I told him how the old scoundrel was takin' the credit of all our inventions; and mighty raw he was to hear it, too. But then again, all we could do was to get Cooky John to come in and help us with his fiddle and lay out some new stunts, and swear to let them ‘disting'ished visitors’ judge for theirselves who the geniuses on board was! And we done it, too! We

give a 'benefit concert' such as won't be beat in this century on all the Equator seas!

"We led off with a little, heel-and-toe clog, 'Cooky' turnin' loose *The Fairy Dancers* by way of accompaniment. And clog-dancin' with fifteen-pound leads on your feet is clog-dancin' that you can't mistake for anything else. Every time we brought both hoofs down at the end of a verse, I thought we were goin' through to the keelson. And it took the crew just where they lived! We had to give them ten minutes o' *The Dead March in Saul* to break them off yellin' for more of it. The Krus jabbered frantic; and the lootenant, he showed a lot of appreciation, too.

"Then Andy went on alone and performed what he called 'The Grand Swell-and-Collapse Act.' His suit was always too big for him, and without a belt it seemed if it had 'a' been made just on purpose for that turn. He started in as flabby of air as he could live, and he locked his arms behind him like a boy goin' to say a piece. But that was only so as, when the right time come, he could throw open his wristbands both at once, and in half a jiffy.

"Then he stood there silent, and took wind, and *swelled!* It wasn't hasty or excited, but just grand and imposin'! and it gave them Krus the back-bone freeze, now I tell you those! And when, all of a sudden and unexpected, he spread his thumbs and punctured hisself like a penny balloon, they all went down in one heavin' win'-row, screechin' bloody murder.—Yet they *liked* it! There was no doubt about that. For all their palpatatin' shudders, they come back for more every time.—And Lord, in simple justice to Andy and me, there was reason enough for that!

"Next, the two of us did a kind of cakewalk to the tune of *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*. It was pretty ponderous and freight-trainy at first; but once the pump-men began to lighten us up with wind, we unlimbered, and got into it spry as Old Dan Tucker. And as we swung our feet shuffle-and-slap in the

swing-arounds, I kind o' whistled the time, too, by thumbin' on my escape-valve. That chirped up the performance a whole lot, even if it couldn't make it *altogether* jaunty and bird-like. And I must say, for a pair of lead-loaded gas-engines on a high-steppin' promenade, we done well. Anyways, we near brought down the house. Even Hutchins and old Isaac had to join in and encore. As for the lootenant and the middy, they rolled around on their boxes like a pair o' buoys in a ground swell.

"But our last act took best of all. For we ended with *America*, which is the same tune, o' course, as *God Save the King*, and it was grand! We sang it as no two men ever sung it before. Not that we made any particular *noise* and *riot* out of it;—Lord love you, it was just its bein' so far opposite to that that made it so soul-thrillin'. For singin' that comes through an eighth-inch copper kettle sounds mysterious and far-away and solemn, like the voices of angels. Those Kru-boys listened just naterally fascinated. And between the verses, while 'Cooky' was loopin' decorations all around the music with his fiddle, we walked up and down, stately and religious-like, and beat time slow and reverend on each other's helmets. Oh, we didn't leave nothin' out that'd make it impressive, you can be sure of that!

"And the '*grand f'nally*,' even if it wasn't exactly as we'd planned it, was a great act, too. You see we got so worked up and enthused ourselves, that our hose-lines went completely out of our minds; and first think we knew we were all tied up together and sprawlin' over each other on the floor, like two rubber-jointed coal-stoves in a 'half Nelson'! —We always felt that them Krus wanted that last stunt encored especial', and in their own 'poor innocent' way, was tryin' to encore it theirselves. But they didn't show any eagerness to come forward and pat us on the back none!

"The 'disting'ished visitors' did, though. For all they were usin' their handkerchiefs and holdin' their floatin' ribs, they couldn't gasp out compliments

enough. We got from them what was worth goin' on with the show for a year for.

"And there was somethin' comin' to old Isaac, too.—'Now,' he says, 'I suppose you'll be a-wantin' to get these lads safe under your hatches before night'

"'Captain,' says the lootenant,—'I thought I could at first, but as I see the situation now, I can't take them from you, I can't really!'

"Well, at that old Isaac was about the hardest-jolted sea-farin' man between Table Bay and London.—'You can't take them from me?' he says.

"'No,' says the lootenant, 'it'd be too cruel. We haven't so much as a magic-lantern a-board, and *you,*' (and he bites back a kind of whimperin' groan,)—'and *you're* giving them Earl's Court and Drury Lane all in one! And what's more,' he says, 'in this happy family of yours,—and God bless it,' he says,—'you're solving the native problem,—how to deal with subject races, y' know. And if I interrupted such an experiment, the Empire would never forgive me, it wouldn't really!—Cecil,' he says, startin' with his middy up the companion,—'it's time we made our return to the *Lapwing.*'

"For two minutes followin' old Isaac could only keep openin' and closin' his mouth. But Hutchins had the use of his tongue, and the language he came after them with was more blisterin' hot than the *harmattan*. He'd studied a lot of Admiralty law, along of tryin' to get the Captain of the Fleet court-martialled for runnin' into his garbage-tow in the manoevers off Portsmouth;—and law he give that lootenant by the scorchin' cable's length!—'And it ain't on'y disregardin' of the Mutiny Act,' he shouts, windin' up, 'it's refusal to succor distressed shippin', and you can be hung at the yard-arm for it!'

"'In that case,' says the lootenant, 'in

that case, Cecil, we can't make too much haste to get back under our guns.' And they tumbled down into their boat, both of them bustin' loose again. And the more and ragin'er Hutchins and old Isaac bawled after them, the more they rocked back and forward between the seats and yelled!

—"There ain't much more to tell. If there were ever two men in the world worse-tempered than the cap'n and the mate of the *Eliza* durin' the next fortnight, I've still to hear o' them. A pair of six-year-olds with the hives would have been smilin' cherubs beside them! And Andy and me had to stand for pretty nigh as much of their jaw and hands as them unfortunate Kru-boys did.

"As for *them*, after that last grand performance, they demeaned themselves mighty awed and subdued until we were steerin' into Freetown harbor. Then, first thing we knowed, they were all in one yellin' stampede for the upper deck and shootin' overboard like a string of frogs from off a boom-log. Nor they didn't stop swimmin' for any last long lingerin' looks back neither!

"And, seein' as there hadn't been no reg'lar contributors to that benefit concert, and seein' as none of them Krus ever come back for no wages, when we got into London the Company office decided that they couldn't do better than donate half the amount due them to Andy and me. And for our *part*, we didn't hesitate none about takin' it, for, in a point o' law them Krus certainly was the audience; and it was no more than just and right for them to do the payin'. Moreover, we couldn't but feel that if it had been left to them themselves, they'd have owned to the amount of real fine art we put into that whole 'continuous performance' and recompensed it accordin'."

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

BY EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER II.

WINNIPEG.

Although its name, *ouie nepique*, signifies "muddy or turbid water," Winnipeg, as everyone knows, is a city of sunshine and exuberance. The Chicago of Canada, it sits where the forest ends and the prairie begins. Indeed, at first view, it seems a large bit of life thrown haphazard in the wilderness. It is the golden gate to an immense and wealthy country. A few years ago a hamlet of traders and designated Fort Garry, to-day it has a population of over 50,000 and each man so strong in brawn and brain he ought to count two. Its main street, which is 240 feet wide and two miles long, is indubitably one of the finest in the world. Winnipeg is a place of big ideas that are rapidly materializing.

We reached this city on Saturday and found it hard to awaken into any feeling of Sabbatical straitness. Sunday seemed a day for idleness, and "the kindly medicine of rest." One is not long here until one begins to observe among the males a special prairie face and physique. As yet, it is too young to be strongly marked, but it is surely coming.

The women complain that the climate dries their skin and causes it to wrinkle, but, indeed, I was led to believe otherwise, for the young girls born and reared in the West appeared to me to possess a certain warmth of coloring and clearness of complexion that reminds one of the Irish girls. The Winnipeg maiden does not belong to the attenuated girl race depicted by Burne-Jones, but her glowing, well-moulded body conveys an impression of graceful strength that "well might shake the saintship of an anchorite." I did not particularly notice her eyes, but

the Padre did. He says they are very big and soulful, and really well worth studying.

Winnipeg is proud of her three great authors, and well she may be, for their writings have the flavor, individuality, and warmth that is drawn from the tang of soil and race. They are Miss Agnes Laut, Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, and the Rev. C. W. Gordon, better known as "Ralph Connor."

The people are natural and unconventional. A Winnipeg boy will laugh out loudly where his Ontario cousin would simply smile. Perhaps it is a heartiness bred from the electricity in the air. Certain it is, things are done "for all they are worth." Rent, food, and dry goods are expensive, but, on the other hand, wages are high. During our stay of three weeks, we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mulock, who told us that when they first came to Winnipeg, coal was \$17.00 a ton. Its usual price now is \$10.50.

Ask a Winnipegger if the weather is cold in winter, and he will answer: "Cold? Yes, but you know, we don't feel it."

Regarding the mud of the city, there is nothing on the earth's surface to touch it. It is like one piece of big banana peeling, only much filthier. To be accurate, I believe it is a mixture of Portland cement and glue, but the people will tell you that it is indicative of good soil. At its height, or rather depth, the women wear short skirts and rubber boots.

And the people even find an excuse for the mosquitoes. These sanguineous pests are worse in the wet season, and so pre-
sage a good harvest. To a southern "tenderfoot," the air seems to be made up of oxygen and mosquitoes. They drop down from above, come up from below,

blow in upon the wind, no one knows how, but they are always there. Open a book and you will find them crushed between each leaf. They are the most awful mosquitoes it has ever been our misfortune to meet—or to be meat for. They are procrastinating miscreants that skulk about you undecidedly, reconnoitring your ankles, all the while whining an obligato recitative in C sharp, just to keep you in suspense before drilling holes in you. Nor can you sleep at nights with the windows open, for these sleep-dispelling ruffians crowd in, ever ubiquitous, insatiable, and hot-tongued with all the spirit of the furies. While at play, the children wear paper in their stockings to protect their legs. One lad told me it was futile to reason with a mosquito, for it was only the female insect that bit. Science, I believe, bears him out.

It is useless to scoff and say we exaggerate the evil propensities of these little midgets, but was it not "the little people" who killed "the very strong man Kwasind" on the River Taquamenaw, and "the little foxes" that ate Isaiah's grapes? No wonder the Indians regard mosquitoes as agents of an evil spirit. They have a tradition that there once lived on the banks of the Fraser River a bad woman, who caught young children, and carried them in a basket woven of water snakes. One day the children peeped out of the basket and saw her digging a pit, and making stones hot in the fire, and they knew she was going to cook them as Indians cook their meat, and so they plotted together what they would do. By and by the old hag came to the basket and lifted them out one by one, and told them to dance around her on the grass, and she began putting something on their eyes, so that they could not open them; but the elder ones watched their opportunity, and while she was putting the hot stones into the pit, they all rushed forward and toppled her over, and piled fire into the pit on top of her till she was burned to ashes. But her evil spirit lived after her, for out of her ashes,

blown about by the wind, sprang the dreadful pest of mosquitoes.

Under the chaperonage of Sergeant Page, I visited the barracks of the 90th Canadian Rifles. The Sergeant has been in service twenty-seven years, and has fought in nearly every country in the world. At present there are few men in the barracks, for while the military pay is 40 cents a day, the regular wages in the city is from \$1.75 to \$2.00. Their quarters are comfortably fitted up, and the men have plenty of recreation in the way of books, billiards, cricket, and hockey. They are not, however, anxious to work too hard, for although there is no tuition fee, the men will not take the benefit of lessons in fencing or boxing. They do not keep their accoutrements in the spick-and-span condition of the English soldier, neither do they salute their superior officers nor visitors.

The horses in the stable were clean-limbed and well-groomed animals, and looked as if they had plenty of grit, bottom, and staying-powers. It is a noteworthy fact that the bronchos taken to South Africa did not stand the voyage as well as the Ontario horses. Out of 375 of the former shipped from Halifax, only seven were landed in Africa.

The annual Exhibition at Winnipeg is a big event in the Manitoban calendar. It is held in July. From the photographs I turned over in the rooms of the Agricultural Society, I should judge the mechanical and agricultural arts are not so much the "drawing cards" as the nice long stockings of Miss Dottie May. Of course this all goes to educate the farmer, and is really much more entertaining than a big pumpkin or a patchwork quilt.

The Indians had come into the city for their annual Treaty money, and so we had an opportunity of closely observing these hangers-on of civilization. Now and then a touch of manliness could be seen in the facial expression of the "braves." It is said that they have improved of late years in the matter of domestic economy, and no longer spend their money in "fire-

water," or "things wherein is no profit." They lay it out wisely in useful articles, such as clothing, food, and household conveniences. Yet the Indian is indubitably on the road to extinction. He has run against the sharp point of destiny. His brain and nerve are too soft for our highly complex civilization, and so he shrivels. Disease, hereditary and acquired, indolence, disappointment and starvation, are decimating them rapidly. Whiskey, too, is doing its deadly work. The Indian Commissioner at Winnipeg reports increasing drunkenness on the Reserves. He says that in all the small towns that are springing up near Reserves, intoxicants are sold, and in some way, either directly or through middlemen, the Indians secure liquors. Traders can sell on the Reserves essences and pain-killer, which contain such a large percentage of alcohol as to render them intoxicating, and this in spite of all the agents and mounted police can do. An Indian will not inform against the ringleader in illegal practice.

One of the most interesting people I met in Winnipeg was Chief Ashman, a full-blooded Cree from St. Peter's Reserve. There was no doubt whatever of his being a converted Indian, for in walking he allowed me—only a white squaw, after all—to take the lead on the crossings. He is a fine looking man, with a massive head and chest, and is the possessor of a stately, reserved manner that would grace any position. His clothing was modish and well carried. It would be impossible for me to describe the unique eloquence of this Cicero of the wilds, his flexible, sonorous voice, copious in vowel sounds, and his quaint language and similes, as he told us of the burdens, hopes, and tragedies of his people. As we listened to the story, we felt never could nobler lance be lifted than in the redressing of the wrongs which our countrymen have brought on the Red Man.

Crossing the Norwood Bridge at Winnipeg to the French village of St. Boniface, we dropped back another century

and to another country. With the sweet bells that Whittier made famous ringing in our ears, we wander through the cemetery, billowy with graves, and pluck bright blooms from the sleeping place of Louis Riel.

As night falls, it softens the grim harshness of the great crucifix that towers over the tombs. The outstretched figure of the Nazarene, with its pierced hands and thorn-stung brow, lifts its burden and hurt from our hearts. All is still but for the soft chant of the vespers, the drowsy chirp of the broodlings overhead, and the grey-clad nuns stealing through the dusk. Gradually we melt into it all

"And leave the vain, low strife,
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and
power,
The passion and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour."

CHAPTER III.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

An outlook over the prairie is like an invitation into boundless space. Its immensity is almost terrifying. It is an illimitable expanse with madness in the heart of it. The cottages loom up like white sails in a green ocean. In the clear atmosphere the natural range of vision is materially extended. There are no objects in the middle ground, no perspectives, and so you are unable to estimate relative size or distance. A cow may be a bird, or *vice versa*.

Emerson says in every landscape the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and earth. This is particularly true of the plains. Nature has few lines. She is either round or moving, except in a dead calm, but here the horizon line is hard. The sun apparently rises out of the ground and sets in it at night.

From the train, the monotony is maddening. One feels like getting out on the platform to recite "Excelsior," but to know the spell of the prairies you must get out and away from the railway. From the swiftly-moving express the plains are a spiritless mass of color, but on the land one

can "babble of green fields" that take in the whole gamut. For the very reason that the prairie offers so few salient points, the picture appeals to the eye more effectively than a mountain scene. The "values" count. Every stroke tells. On a May day in the prairie one understands Emily Bronte's passion for her desolate brown moors. There is a charm in the sense of isolation that is a far remove from loneliness. Thoreau says, "In a pleasant spring morning all men's sins are forgiven. Through our own recovered innocence, we discern the innocence of our neighbors." Like the nameless, aimless birds, we wander out in the sunshine with no higher object than living to live.

The bump of locality is not much use on the plains, for they are a sea of green, trackless, and uncharted. We are not long in need of guides, for attracted by the report of our guns, we soon have an escort of lively young Indians, eager to pick up the fallen birds. To watch the boys cook and eat the game is to enjoy a primordial scene in a primordial setting.

In the pale-face the hunting instinct, while never extinguished, is modified. In the Red Man it is a passion. Watch an Indian lad stalk a bird. It does not fly on the tree for the reason that there is no tree. It just rises and settles again a few yards away. The boy trails it up closer and closer with a feline softness of tread, a queer, slurring movement that belongs only to animals of prey, and then, standing stiff and tense as a finely-bred setter "making game," this Napoleon of the wilds concentrates the whole energy of his body on a piercing point and sends his arrow home.

Next to the Indian boy, the merriest thing on the plains is the gopher. It gets through the business of life on a dance. All its energies are intensified in its trail. It is the last thing to wave defiance at you, as he playfully dives into his little mound. Like the conies, they are "an feeble folk," but "exceeding wise." Just scoop out a burrow and judge if he who gathers in summer is not a wise son. Many a golden bit these frisky rascals cost the farmer, and so at one time the Government gave the Indians a bounty

of two cents for each gopher tail. Some Indians made as much as \$10.00 a day, and a merchant told me that one day he paid out \$700.00 in awards. The game went on merrily and so did the Government largess until it was discovered that the wily hunter was confining his efforts to the gopher's tails to the entire neglect of their heads, so that they might go free to rear fresh broods of nice little tails at a penny each. Nowadays, the farmer poisons the gophers with wheat boiled in Government strychnine.

The gopher is a very obliging little chap. He will stand up like a begging pug and let you shoot at him. Of course, being a woman, your bullet is far wide of the mark, and he dives into his earthen fastness only to nonchalantly reappear a minute or two later and give you another chance. Eventually, an Indian will whistle him out of his burrow and catch him for you with a noosed string.

The badger makes larger holes than the gopher, but it is almost impossible to catch one, for he will tunnel as quick as you can dig after him, and besides there is a fine for killing him, as he destroys the gophers.

Nor will the Indian boy, with his knowledge of prairie craft, let you shoot at a Jacksnipe, or, to use his term, "the yellow legs." It would mean that you would of a certainty be struck by lightning. The meadow-lark, the feathered music-box of the prairie is, however, fair game and so are the wild doves, plovers, and mallards. The mallards build their nursery in the sedgy sloughs (pronounced slews), and to view them at nesting-time, you must not be squeamish about wet feet and draggled skirts. A frightened mother-bird, a sharp cry of alarm, five white eggs in a nest, and then you almost want to apologise for your intrusion. The water in the sloughs is a pale olive green and all through the summer it is covered with ducks—hundreds of them. The boys tell me that the water, if bathed in, will cause an irruption on the skin. Later in the season these tarns dry up, and it is from their bed the farmer cut his hay.

On the prairies, a bluff is not a hill but a copse of wind-dwarfed poplars, birches or willows. Of late years, where the fire has not passed over the ground, these clumps of

trees have been springing up and there is a future claimed for them.

There is no rose without its thorn nor any prairie jaunt without its stings—flying-ant stings. These abandoned insects are even worse than mosquitoes. They “come off the grass” in multitudes no man could number, and do their best to eat you up. In spite of all Sir John Lubbock and other eminent *savans* have said, I must confess, I see nothing to admire in them. Their sting is like wire, and I was their vast pincushion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREAT LONE LAND.

Three hours of inky blackness, a half-light of a dull grey dun, a dawn stretching along the horizon like the painful welt of a burn, a fading of the flush into filmy blister, and a full round sun risen from the earth like a golden coin from the mint of God—this is day in the Northwest Territories.

The porter tells me we are in the Territory of Assiniboia and that the time changes to allow for Westering. He is not to be entrapped by any questions on the subject and scored one by assuring me it is because the sun cannot keep pace with the C.P.R.

The Indians of this Territory formerly used heated stones for cooking their food and so were called “Stony Indians,” the Ojibway of which is *Assin*, a stone and *bwan*, an Indian. It is from these words we have the name Assiniboia.

The land is suitable for either ranching or agriculture, but the wire fences have sewn the shroud of the cattle industry in this district. The ground is broken by shallow dells and gullies, with gentle rising ground between. At Qu’Appelle we have reached an altitude of 2,050 feet. A few miles westward, we enter the great Regina Plain, a treeless expanse of agricultural land, composed of rich soil, which does not change to a depth of twenty feet.

Regina, as every one knows, is the headquarters of the thousand sleuth-hounds known as the Mounted Police. These true rough-riders who patrol the plains and boundaries to prevent cattle “lifting,” the illicit

liquor trade, and to look after the Indians, are mostly men of gentle blood. These top-booted troopers, brawny and brown with wind and sun, active, supple, and erect, give you above all else an impression of hardy, clean manhood. And why not? They live all day under the big, blue sky, and fear nothing that breathes. They must inevitably possess the equanimity of good digestion and well-oxygenated blood. The country, too, recasts them into broader mould. No man could be petty who sweeps constantly through such leagues of pure air.

Regina is the capital of the Northwest Territories. These Territories comprise an area of 2,500,000 square miles, and are more than twice as large as all the provinces put together. In 1871, the Government paid the Hudson Bay Company \$1,500,000 to surrender their privileges and powers over this area, and it was then merged into the Crown.

The Territories are now moving for autonomy, and want to be made into provinces. They have petitioned for an inquiry into their position. They have no power to amend their constitution, to borrow money, or deal with public domain. They cannot establish asylums, charities, or hospitals. They have not the administration of the criminal law, nor any right to subsidize railways, or to direct their own immigration policy.

Manitoba would like to relieve the pressure by taking to herself a slice of Saskatchewan and Assiniboia. Not that she has really anything to complain of, for although Manitoba is the smallest province in Canada, she is the keystone to the whole, and must be content with that very great distinction. Her plaint reminds us of the tragic story of a greedy little boy we read of:

“Once when I was a little boy,
I sat me down to cry,
Because my little brother
Had the biggest piece of pie.

’Twas not but I had quite enough,
But then I couldn’t see
The reason that my brother
Should have twice as much as me.”

Two hours’ run from the capital is Moose Jaw, with a population of 2,500. The name is an abridgment of the Indian name, which

literally translated is "The-creek-where-the-white-man-mended-the-cart-with-a-moose-jaw-bone." The country hereabouts is very beautiful and fertile. A young farmer told me that last year he sold 17,000 bushels of wheat. He intends going to Ontario to look for a wife next winter.

Leaving Moose Jaw, we pass through the Old Wives' Lakes, which are entirely alkaline, having no outlets. In all directions the green-swathed prairies are scarred with myriad trails and round wallows where the buffaloes took mud baths to free themselves from vermin. Buffalo bones have a monetary value now, and piles of them ready for shipment to the East have been photographed.

As it lies shimmering and throbbing in the unscreened sun, vast tracts of the land appear to be almost barren, but it is especially adapted for sheep ranching, and enormous flocks of these woolly idiots, with their knock-kneed lambs, spread themselves over the plains. The life of a sheep-herder is a lonely one. He often goes insane through melancholy. The cow-punchers hold that no man can be decent and be a sheep-walker. He is considered a low-down, miserable being, only fit to kill.

Passing through this district there is no monotony. Every moment is replete with curious sights. Medicine Hat is a wide-awake place, and the centre of the magnificent ranching country known as "the Banana Belt," because of the Chinook winds that soften the "Northers" with their mysterious, penetrating cold. This is the land of the cowboy, the land where the throne is the saddle, the land *par excellence* of beef and freedom. The drawback of the ranching lands—there was only one Garden of Eden—lies in the scanty water supply, but at Medicine Hat the plains are well watered. Only one per cent. of the cattle died last winter in this district.

The cowboy is not necessarily an uncouth freak dressed in the border garb we are accustomed to in lurid literature and pictures. In other days, we used to think of him as a daring, wild personage, riding madly over the prairies with long hair flying behind,

and a murderous revolver sticking out of his belt. On the contrary his dress is rather common-place. He has a fine indifference to appearance, and change of fashion does not affect his apparel. His heavy felt hat is admirably adapted to repel the rays of the sun, and it is said that there is no recorded case of sunstroke on the ranges in the Territories. His gloves are buckskin, his shirt woollen, and he is totally unacquainted with those inventions of the devil—starched collars.

Nor does he ride furiously. He goes along with a choppy, steady gait that would tire the life out of an Easterner to follow. Attached to his wrist with a thong, the cowman carries a quirt, which is a short, heavy whip, with a stock about a foot long, and with a lash made of four loose heavy thongs. The stock is a wooden stick, covered with braided leather. It has a "loaded head," and the cowman knows just the touch that will fell a charging steer or a mad pony. To use his own term, he "quirts the bronch' a-plenty." The broncho is all horse colors, but more often buckskin, and sometimes pie-bald.

Ranching is becoming yearly more and more a farming operation. The range is often under fence, and the cowboy must ride the line to see that the fence is not down at any point. He raises a certain amount of hay for winter feed, and a bit of grain for his horses. He is not a general terror, full of strange oaths; but, on the contrary, is a quiet, faithful, hard-working man. Sometimes his wife will live with him on the ranch, but as a usual thing, he "bachs it." His shack is usually a long, low one, of a single storey. Or it may be a "dug-out," sod-roofed, thatch-roofed, mud-roofed, roofed anyhow. He has no near neighbors, so does not require sash curtains. Indeed, his house has no room for curtains, women, or pianos.

From its geographical position, Calgary will one day become a thriving city. Situated on a hill-girt plateau, it is the chief source of supplies for the mining districts in the mountains beyond, and is the centre of the trade of the northern part of the ranching country.

There are no Unattractive Women

Every woman is attractive if she will only endeavor to make the best of her opportunities, and will avail herself of the potent aids placed ready near her hand.

PEMBER'S ART HAIR PARLORS can do more in five minutes to change the whole appearance of a woman for the better than any other single aid in existence.

This statement can be proved absolutely and demonstrated before your own eyes by just one short visit to the store.

A. POMPADOUR BANG such as we display, especially the new creation, made simply upon a pretty shell pin of exquisite natural wavy hair and lighter than any feather, is a privilege to look upon and wear.

May we have the honor of a visit from you that you may become conversant with these Aristocratic Hair Creations. Private parlors. Expert attendance.



PEMBER'S

"ART HAIR GOODS DEALER," AND "SCALP SPECIALIST,"

127-129 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.



SUMMER COSTUMES.



HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

DO'S AND DONT'S FOR BACHELORS

Don't be a bachelor any longer than you can help.

It is not good for you.

It does not improve your morals, your health or your beauty.

A man alone in the world isn't more than half a man, and the world wants whole men.

So mend yourself and be happy.

* * *

A man who leaves marriage too late is apt to secure a hand and not a heart.

* * *

Don't pose for a rational man by declaring in a big orotund voice that you will "never be the slave of the petticoat," or that "no girl shall make a fool of me." Stevenson was not altogether estray when he said, "For God's sake, give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself."

* * *

Women secretly dislike bashful men. He who has confidence and effrontery comes off best.

* * *

Between a woman's yes and no there isn't room for the point of a needle.

And if a woman asserts that she hates you, no matter how positive she may be, do not get uneasy.

It is nothing else than an affirmation of love. The real and unmistakable symptoms of her hate are apathy and silence.

* * *

Don't cling to these bachelorish notions about unhappy marriages. There are skele-

tons in closets, no doubt, but how many veiled cupids.

* * *

Are you afraid that you cannot find "that incomparable she who somewhere waits for thee?" Well, then I wouldn't worry, because you may be sure she will find you. The Sleeping Beauty in plain everyday life does not need a kiss to awake her to the presence of the Prince Charming. As like as not she has been peeping all the time.

Indeed—

* * *

We have a shrewd opinion that the best way to secure the attention of the girls is never to pay any attention to them. If you have a smart turnout, a good taste in cravats, a high collar (it will serve to keep your head in a dignified position) and assume a stolid, grim attitude, you are almost sure to bag them.

* * *

There is a strong feeling in favor of the prudential proverb that it is best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new.

* * *

Byron says many a man thinks he marries by choice when he only marries by accident.

* * *

A woman's ideal?

She prefers a man from 30 to 35. He is then in the zenith of his virility.

She admires muscular development in a man, because it is a quality in which she is usually deficient.

She likes candor and tenderness rather than cleverness, for she knows that marriage is a fusion of hearts, not of heads.

If you fail in your suit; if she be hesitating, vacillating, prevaricating, desist a moment, and she will presently call you back. Don't forget this, my son, when you go a-maying in blithesome fields.

* * *

The prohibition of the church is scarcely needed to prevent a man from marrying his grandmother, but we are not so certain about his granddaughter.

* * *

Fight shy of "entanglements." Entanglements should read stranglements. It is said they are like debts, oftener known than acknowledged.

* * *

As a general thing it is not wise to select a girl for wife because she shines above all others in the ball-room, the spot of all spots "where the half-drunk lean over the half-dressed."

In the battle of life, you want a woman who can wield a stronger weapon than a lace fan.

Miss Fashion Plate may be one of those beautiful feminine creatures who lash poets into song, but you will probably find on closer acquaintance that she was useless ever since she was born, and will be useless till she dies, that what she has in her head is only matched by what she has on her back.

* * *

And don't prefer a "bud" because of its freshness, a bread-and-butter Miss with semi-demi accomplishments, to a handsome woman on whose face Intellect has written its autograph.

As a general thing, when the glamor wears off, you will find the bud's views of life to be about as comprehensive as that of a day-old kitten, and with about as much character as a woman in *Harper's Bazaar*. Of course the bud will open out, but you can never tell just how.

On the other hand, you may be sure that a woman of intellect, imagination, wit, mental culture and clever logic will back up your ambitions with sympathetic assistance.

Courtship is the fermentation of love, marriage its rest.

* * *

Horticulturists say that peaches which fall when the tree is slightly shaken are not the soundest.

* * *

It was a much-jilted, crusty old bachelor who said, "In buying a horse, and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend your soul to heaven."

* * *

The first symptom that a boy shows of impressibility to the opposite sex is when he begins to think it necessary to wash his neck. At this stage he divides the sex into two classes—the pretty and ugly. Later, when he reaches the calf-love, he falls in love with the species, not with the individual. He loves woman, not a woman. Of course, a man's love is bigger, but for his size a boy can love just as ardently. This period is not, however, to be taken seriously, unless the boy has money, in which case there is no saying what he will do, especially if he falls into designing hands.

But, as a usual thing he is "turned down," and then he rises up in his might, curses womankind, takes to writing sweetish, saddish poems, and perhaps even gives himself excessive headache through excessive drinking.

* * *

We take it for granted that you have passed these May-day episodes of youth, that you have recanted all your heresies about women, and have learned to differentiate between them. Perhaps, you are even a Don Juan or professional lady-killer. At all events you know that Susy No. II. is the real thing.

You understand now that you *never* loved before. Every widower who re-marries knows this, and the ingenious fellow believes it too. This is what makes his passion so exalted—and, pardon me,—so absurd.

The truth of the matter is, the passionate ardor is not new but the woman is. And then, you know, practice makes perfect.

Statisticians calculate that every lover averages three serious and five semi-serious affairs in the course of his life.

* * *

If I were a man, I would prefer a sense of humor in my wife to any other gift. It has been rightly called "the divine saving grace." A woman who has it is never conceited or vain, and is nearly always cheerfully philosophic. Of course, a woman with a keen sense of humor, runs the risk of getting killed prematurely, but then I'd see to it that she carried a weighty life insurance.

* * *

It is always well to be careful about your love-making. Most men propose in a dark parlor, but they have to get married under a white light.

* * *

The Encyclopædia Britannica defines love as "The principle of sympathetic and pleasurable attraction in feeling and thinking beings."

* * *

Ah, my dear Sir, don't commit suicide if you have been refused. The very wisest of men, even the Fathers of the Church, are agreed that woman is a lamentable failure. "Poor, silly things," says one writer, "who have not the sense to know it's no use denying what's proved."

"Than woman, there is no fouler or viler fiend." This is a piece of amiability from Homer.

It is not well to begin life with such a creature. Besides—

You may have better luck next time. No good huntsman refuses to try again if he has had a bad day's sport. The doe that escaped his gun yesterday, may be "grassed" to-day. Besides, in love, as in hunting, the pleasure derived from the pursuit of the quarry is the main thing.

And then you must remember that times have changed. Mademoiselle is having her innings now, and so may pick and choose. The law of dependence no longer forces her to find in some measly little specimen of masculine humanity, her only refuge from starvation.

Avoid all-but-identity in your sweetheart. Attraction towards one's opposite tends to keep up the true standard of the race. The foundation of mutual affection is in the attraction, not of affinity, but of contrast.

* * *

The contrast is perfect between a bachelor of 70 and a sprightly belle of 17.

* * *

The stolen kiss "snatched hasty from a sidelong maid" is not really a kiss at all. It must be mutual to be appreciated.

An old campaigner tells me that it is not necessary to hold a girl by the ears to prevent her getting away. He says it is quite as effective and more graceful to put your arm around her neck, your fingers under her chin, and then—. After a few repetitions she will find it doesn't hurt.

* * *

Bachelors have been described as "Pirates of Love, who know no duty." I suppose this name is applicable because you sometimes make the girls "walk the plank." Now, if this is your reprehensible habit, be warned by the result of Swift's amours. His biographer says of him, "He requited them (his sweethearts) bitterly, for he seems to have broken the heart of one and worn out that of the other; and he had his reward, for he died a solitary idiot in the hands of a servant."

* * *

Never ask her uncomfortable questions about her age. A woman is like a piece of music, she has no date.

* * *

And if you should marry grandmamma, don't be annoyed because Mrs. Grundy grins and winks her wicked eye. You know she does not understand how very, very old you *feel*.

* * *

Should matrimony be a matter o' money, I wouldn't like to be brutal enough to bluntly answer "yes," but will just intimate that it is not politic to lose an estate because a woman is inconveniently attached thereto.

It is no disgrace to be poor, you know, but sometimes it is very inconvenient.

Don't stand afar off, looking after some dashing belle with a distinguished air, and the reputation of a flirt, for all the while you may be turning your back on an unobtrusive, placid-tempered little creature whom the *Primo Facto* just cut out for you.

You will find the belle "noisy, empty, and brazen," and not exactly the person to promise or promote a cloudless domesticity. She may mend broken vows very cleverly, but crockery and socks indifferently. Besides, really short of marrying a china ornament.—

* * *

The man of fifty who marries his cook has the courage of his convictions. He knows that love lodges in the digestive organs and he makes no pretence about it.

* * *

It's funny how the merest midge of jealousy will make a six-foot lover fairly wild with exquisite pain. Jealousy is an extreme egotism. It is a jarring discord which may grow into a tornado that will rend body and soul. It is more painful than a simultaneous attack of the mumps, gout, and measles.

* * *

The best way to get over love *is to get through it*. You know there are other girls, and they are really not half bad.

* * *

And don't be too gushy over her. Indifference (feigned of course) to her charms is something a pretty girl—no matter how wise she may be—can never understand. She'll become curious, and the first thing you know she'll have both her feet in the trap. Besides, you are not so good-looking when you are gushy. Emerson declares it. Listen: "In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration."

* * *

If a girl's brothers call her a pet name, and she is given to fondling her father, rest assured she's the right kind of a girl for you to marry. You will find her "a jolly pal."

Of course, we are all aware that girls who can talk as "sweet as peaches and cream" have been known to turn out violent terma-gents when they become wives. In that case, I don't know what you can possibly do with Xantippe, for you cannot thrash her. The latest legal decision on the question says a man can only defend himself from a woman by running away. Personally, it is my opinion that it won't hurt a vixen to surprise her by taking the law into your own hands—*once in a very long time*.

* * *

However, it is not well for a bachelor to presuppose any such harrowing predicament. Speaking as a matron of experience, I may assure you truthfully, that for most of us, love has been, and is at this moment, the only light in all the landscape. The Padre has been with me now for a long, long while, and I say "grace" for him every night.

* * *

NODS AND WINKS ABOUT MONEY

Money is not needful to happiness, but happy folks generally have money.

So get some.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is of the opinion that it is better to put your money in trust, than to put your trust in money.

The same English letters which spell "Acres" would also spell Cares.

It is your annual deficit or surplus that makes you rich or poor.

Like the tree in the ancient legend which uttered a groan and bled whenever a twig was broken off, so some men writhe when forced to give.

The earliest money transaction is recorded in Genesis xxiii. 9.

The safest pocket-book for your money is your head.

The easiest artifice to catch people's gold is to make them believe they can catch yours.

Get all you can without hurting your soul, your body, or your neighbor. Save all you can, cutting off every needless expense. Give all you can. This is John Wesley's advice.

There is a deal of truth in the remark that has been made, "Gold is an idol worshipped

in all climates without a temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite."

This prayer is found in the oldest prayer-book of the Aryan race—the Rig Veda—"O Lord, prosper us in the getting and the keeping."

In all matters of money, be ready for the worst, but hope for the best.

Adam and Eve had everything in the world except one tree, and they gave up everything for it.

Multitudes of people hold with *Becky Sharp*, that they could be good on £5,000 a year.

The easiest way of saving is to do without things.

A blind fiddler was laughed at, and the boy who led him said, "Father, let us move on; these people are laughing at you." "Hold your tongue, boy," answered the man, "we shall presently have their money, and then we shall laugh at them."

A great preacher has it that the love of *Money* is all right, but the *Love* of money all wrong.

Emile Zola, in one of his novels, gives us a description of a conversation which took place between some washerwomen in a Parisian laundry. The subject was what each would do if she had ten thousand francs per

annum. They were all of one mind. They would just do nothing at all.

"Never treat money affairs with levity," says Bulwer, "money is character."

When Mr. Skin Flint "steps out" of business rather prematurely and leaves his creditors in the lurch, his friends will sometimes tell you that he is suffering from softening of the brain, whereas it is merely hardening of the heart.

People do not pay much attention to their health till their stock is running low—the same with their money.

It is not well to be disturbed, because people say you are stingy. It only demonstrates that you have made a character for generosity.

The pretence of scorning wealth—which was never anything but a pretence—is no longer considered fashionable.

The world does not care a farthing piece about how rich you are, but is only concerned in how much you are willing to spend.

Some men there are who of a choice would have honesty as well as wealth, but they *will* have wealth.

Think of money, but work on.

He who needs not money is dead.

A STUBBORN HUSBAND

A MOST interesting phenomenon is a stubborn husband. He is not a bad man. He is contrary, and has to be managed. He is usually married to a clever little woman, who is constantly devising schemes to accomplish the things which make their joint lives a success. He has no suspicion of this. If he had, he would be so mad he could bite her. So all through life she goes on swinging a turnip ahead of his nose to make him go, as though he were a balky horse. She is a cheery little body, and grows plump with every year, and she does her smiling behind the door, or up her sleeve.

LITERATURE

THE DOUKHOBORS. By Joseph Elkington.

THIS most timely book is a positive treat.

In his visit to "the Douks," Mr. Elkington has learned their nature "from cellar to garret," and the result of his study is given with both style and ability.

He is a man who can see with the heart and imagination, as well as the brain. Throughout the work he handles the subject with good sense, sound reasoning, and practical wisdom. Every intelligent Canadian should read this book, for it lets clear daylight through a vexed question. The work is illustrated by maps, portraits, and some really remarkable photographs. The publishers are to be congratulated on its tasteful turn-out.

The three principal tenets of the Doukhobors are Internationalism, Communism, and Vegetarianism.

They style themselves as "The Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood," and are banded together with the primary object of maintaining the principles of peace, and of love to all men. The author contends that this cannot be set aside as impracticable when the whole Christian Church kept it without violation for more than two centuries. Had their successors held to these doctrines, the history of Christianity would not have been written in the blood of their enemies, nor would we have the incongruity of Buddhists appealing to Christian priests to regard the teachings of the Prince of Peace who declared His kingdom was not of this world.

The line of argument running throughout this work is that the shortcomings, obstinacy, and fanaticism of this people are mental rather than moral, and will disappear when education is brought to bear upon them.

Already a most successful attempt has been made to educate the children, who are bright, receptive, and keen for work. The aim of the teachers is, and should be, not to attack their prevailing ideas and habits, but

rather to supplement them by something better.

Mr. Elkington gives us the very surprising and much appreciated information that only 20 per cent. of the Doukhobors took part in the late troublesome pilgrimage, and these were the victims of a religious fanatic who posed as a prophet, teaching that he had a revelation that the Lord would be found at Millwood, a little village on the banks of the Assiniboine. He also forbade his dupes the use of meat, saying that the living should not live on the living, "but," says the author, "they are not the first people who have been made the victims of false teaching through their ignorance of the Bible."

Much capital has been made out of the fact that the Doukhobor women performed the arduous work of harnessing themselves to the plough, but the author explains that this was entirely at their own suggestion. The women are greatly in the majority, as their fathers, sons, and husbands are in Siberian exile, so that much of the work must of necessity be borne by them. It was only when a few draft horses were available, and these were needed to haul logs from a great distance, so that homes might be built before the rigors of winter set in, that the women volunteered, with true Spartan fortitude, to break up the land. May Agnes Fitz-Gibbon, in her bright letters on these immigrants, in the *Toronto Globe*, has well said, "In days to come one of the Russian artists in their midst will paint a picture which will be a source of pride to the descendants of these women who shouldered this burden with the same steadfast courage with which they have borne many others."

We drop this book fully persuaded in the future of these refugees from the land of the Czar, for surely "a people who do not fight, or steal, or drink anything intoxicating, or smoke, or use profane language, or lie, have a character which will bring forth the best qualities of Christian citizenship."

By the way, Mr. Elkington tells us that

in the word Doukhobor, the "k" is almost silent, and the accent is on the last syllable.

This book is of incalculable value in that it preserves for coming generations something of the struggles, not only of the settlers in Canada, but of the patience, restraint, and good judgment shown by the Government in handling such homogeneous, but yet widely diverse elements, and as demonstrating the process by which our great Dominion has digested them into diligent, thrifty, self-respecting, law-abiding citizens.

Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia.

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE. By Richard G. Moulton and Others.

WE do not hold with all the opinions herein expressed, but if you care to study the Bible from the literary standpoint, this is a book you must have.

The Bible has been an active force in English literature for over 1,200 years, and during that whole period it has been moulding the diction of representative thinkers and literary artists. It has vanquished all competitors, and is now sole master of the field.

The best in literature is a sealed book to those who are unfamiliar with its diction. It is not a book but a library. It is composed of sixty-six books, bound up together, and written by forty or more authors. It contains legends, traditions, and drama as well as history and law. Some of Christ's most eloquent instructions were afforded through fiction—the parables.

Its literature embraces the national anthems of Israel, war ballads with rough refrains, hymns of defeat and victory, pilgrim songs, chants, fanciful acrostics, and even games of riddle, which belong to such social meetings as Samson's wedding.

The Hebrew temperament is poorly fitted for humor, hence there is little of this trait in the Bible. Yet most of us enjoy Isaiah's hit at the daughters of Zion, who walk with outstretched necks and ogling eyes, mincing as they walk, and tinkling with their feet.

The point to be pressed upon the reading world at the present time is that the Bible is above all things an *interesting* literature.

And no class of readers can afford to neglect it, for every variety of literary interest is represented therein. The stories of Esther and Ruth are epic gems in a setting of sober history. A nation's whole philosophy is given us in Ecclesiastes and the Wisdom of Solomon. The literature of oratory is represented in Deuteronomy. Philosophy and oratory belong to all literatures, but the Bible has the field to itself in the department of prophecy.

In this work before us, the literary aspect of Genesis is taken up by the Rev. J. P. Peters of St. Michael's Church, New York. The Book of Esther is handled by James M. Whitton, who says of it, "Here are regal splendor, despotic power, sensual passion, intriguing servility, murderous revenge. And here, on this dark and stormy sea, is a young woman, gifted with beauty, discretion, courage, who masters those menacing elements and becomes the saviour of her people. Her dramatic story is full of strange turns that the fancy delights in, from the distaff to the throne, from the banquet to the gibbet; full also of singular chances, so-called, in which the most trivial things, as in a hair-balance, determine destiny. These give it the zest of a thrilling novel."

John F. Genung, who opens up the Book of Job, says it contains some of the profoundest world-music ever chanted. In the splendor of its passion and imagery, the purity of its poetic diction, in structure and idea, it has never been surpassed. Whatever age produced, it was certainly an age in which the literary art had reached a high standard.

The poetry of the Psalms, the Book of Isaiah, the Love-Song of the Bible, the Book of Jonah, the Parables, the Epistles of Paul, and the Apocalypse of John are subjected in this able work to the most searching criticism.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN PARIS.

WE had thought this "lode" long since "worked out," but these dainty sketches of life in the evanescent, sparkling Paris show us how sadly we were mistaken.

The author delights us with her heartsome

nonsense and her nimble twists and turns of language. She writes as prettily and naturally as a bird flits from limb to limb.

This English girl is a model traveller. Possessed of uncloyed tastes, keen eyes for a joke, a faculty for finding amusement in anything, she has also the power of sharing her enjoyment with all her readers.

She has caught, too, the very spirit of Paris, with its laughter and its light-hearted mirth.

In truth, the book is not tiresome even in spots.

John Lane, London.

A GARDEN DIARY. By *Emily Lawless.*

THIS is not a particularly interesting diary, but withal, contains some bright bits of philosophy about gardening. "Lessons," she says, "may be gathered in a garden, as in most other places. For the owner the most wholesome of these is perhaps that he never really is its owner at all. His garden possesses him—many of us know only too well what it is to be possessed by a garden—but he never in any true sense of the word possesses it. He remains like one of its appanages, like its rakes or its watering pots; a trifle more permanent, perhaps, than an annual, but with no claim assuredly to calling himself a perennial."

The book is chiefly interesting as describing the tension felt in England during the first weeks of the Boer War, and how the news of defeat and victory were received by the people.

Methuen & Co., London.

BETWEEN OURSELVES. By *Max O'Rell.*

NEEDLESS to say, this is a study of the "eternal feminine," and the epigrammatic, diplomatic Max knows more about women than they do themselves.

And he writes about love, too—not love divine, undying,—but the kind usually grown in Paris.

He believes very much in affinity, and not at all in ceremony. He holds not only to the ancient theory of wives in multiples, but also to the modern practice of wives in series. Naughty Max!

This Frenchman's theory is, "Rejoice; be

happy; make as many people happy as you can. Live well and long, you will never have another chance."

Once in a while he dips his marvellously witty pen into gall, especially when he would score John Bull. Here is one dip: "Every day in England you will read articles in the newspapers, and hear patriotic songs in the music halls, which tell you that liberty and independence are two great blessings for which men should shed the last drop of blood. You would imagine this was a tribute to the Boers—not a bit; it is a compliment that the English of the present day are paying themselves."

Catto & Windus, London.

KOTO. Being Japanese Curios with Sundry Cobwebs
By *Lafcadio Hearn.*

RARITY. A delight. A book to be remembered when lists of "the best" are making.

The author is the lecturer on English literature at the Imperial University at Tokio. To Buddhism he brings the interpreting spirit of Western science, and more than any other living writer, has added a new thrill to our intellectual experience. Oriental imaginations and instincts are to the Occident illusive mysteries, and it is these strange subtleties Mr. Hearn has so successfully caught and nailed down.

Through these studies, folk-lore, and poetry there runs an underlying spirit which gives them not only continuity but life. The spirit is that of ceaseless change, and endless coming and going, the past throwing its shadow on the future—a spirit which is the very essence of Eastern philosophy.

In the Japanese poetry we observe dexterity of imagination, a sense of restraint, and a power of after suggestion that leaves a haunting echo in the memory.

The tales for the most part deal with what we would call psychic phenomena, and are touched with mystery, speculation, religion, reverie, reflection, and surmise.

The book is dedicated to Sir Edwin Arnold, and its get-up generally is very tasteful. The letter-press is most cleverly illustrated by Genjiro Yeto.

MacMillan & Co., London.

AT SUNWICH PORT. By W. W. Jacobs.

IT is said that there are only four humor-out writers in England, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Anstey,—and the author of this book.

Plenty of others can write in a light-hearted way, when there is no unsavory pill to swallow, and their nerves and digestion are all right, but they have no claim upon this aristocracy of the quill. The humor of these four is the sword with which they open the world's oyster, and they deserve their "rake in" for all the diversion and solace they offer to the jaded, over-civilized, business-tangled world.

Mr. Jacobs is not of the clan of humorists who say to themselves: Go to; now let us be funny, and who bring up their jokes with a pump that makes its every creak heard. On the contrary, he reminds us of the girl in the fairy tale, who dropped pearls from her mouth in ordinary talk.

Captain Nugent, around whose fortunes the story hinges, is an old ship-master. *Nugent* is a dangerous rocket, always waiting to "go off." He is a good example of badness, and all the world knows that when a ship-master is ugly and bad-tempered he is a most objectionable personage.

Among so many ingenious and ingenuous characters as this book presents, it is difficult to select the best, but *Mrs. Silk* and *Mrs. Kybird* are gems. Their keen wit and delicious satire, and the methods by which

they whittled down their opinions by the jack-knife of all-pervading expediency, are really the best sweets that have been presented to the public tooth for many a day.

For summer reading, "At Sunwich Port" will be a heaven-sent blessing.

Charles Scribner & Son, New York.

THE LAPIDARIES, By Mrs. Elizabeth Cheney.

WE have to thank a Winnipeg subscriber for a copy of this booklet. It carries a strong, sweet message to those tired, pain-harrowed invalids who are not only shut in from the outside world, but shut out from the inside world. This is the story of the trials and ultimate victory of a woman who finds herself neglected by her brother's household without the right to protest, for "a woman with no mother, no money, no home, and no back, must submit in silence."

There is also a clever little story of how *Aunt Deborah* heard *The Messiah*. Those who know the Oratorio will appreciate the old countrywoman's interpretation of it. She says: "There was a wonderful place where it sez, 'He shall be like a refiner's fire.' Did you ever think it was possible fer musick to be like fire? I don't know how they did it, but the fine, thin, tremblin' notes, not loud, but quick as lightnin', made me feel as if I would be all a-blazin' the next minit."

Eaton & Mains, New York.



RETURNING FROM A DEER HUNT IN MUSKOKA.

S U P P L E M E N T
of The
N A T I O N A L M O N T H L Y
O F C A N A D A

MUSIC IN CANADA

I F Canada has not yet made a great name for herself in music, it is partly, at least, owing to the fact that her people hitherto have been too busily occupied in making for themselves homes and securing the necessaries and comforts pertaining to our complex modern life. The last twenty years, however, have witnessed a great advance in the musical status of the Dominion, and at the present time our rate of progress in the cultivation of music will undoubtedly compare favorably with that of other countries. It may be safely asserted, for example, that more musical instruments of the piano and reed organ variety are made in Canada than in any other country of similar population in the world.

Our Public School Boards are beginning to show some appreciation of the educational value of music in the schools, which is an encouraging sign of their increasing intelligence and breadth of vision. Our churches are making more strenuous efforts than formerly to improve the musical portion of their services. The public is beginning to appreciate and to demand a better class of concerts than was the case a few years ago. Conservatories of music, colleges, and schools of music are springing up in all our cities and larger towns, each striving as best it can to develop the musical talent of our young people, thus preparing the ground for still greater advancement in the next generation. One of the most powerful factors in awakening interest in and enthusiasm for music in Canada during the last decade and a half is undoubtedly the institution in Toronto, which paved the way for so many other music schools all over the land, namely, the Toronto Conservatory of Music. This institution, which claims to be the pioneer of its kind in Canada, and which is now in its sixteenth year, has experienced

an uninterrupted growth and development, and ranks among a very select few of the best music schools in America, with its thirteen or fourteen hundred students now in attendance, its staff of seventy to eighty teachers, its fifty to sixty local examining centres, distributed throughout Ontario and Manitoba, its hundreds of graduates scattered far and wide, not to speak of the many other influences making for culture, which are inevitably radiated from so large an educational institution. With all of these forces constantly at work under the guidance of an earnest, progressive, and capable leader, such as Dr. Fisher has proved himself to be, through the phenomenal success of the Conservatory, it is not strange that Canadian musical art has received an impetus which must result in a very marked improvement in the musical standard and taste of future generations.

Many other sources of musical life and activity in our midst might be mentioned, among which are the fine choral organizations in Toronto and other cities, which are doing a splendid work in educating public taste and appreciation along the lines of oratorio, modern cantata, and part music. The names of Torrington and Vogt are especially prominent in this field of musical activity, the one for his long service in the endeavor to present to the public at frequent intervals the masterworks of Handel, Mendelssohn, and other great composers, and the other for his success in organizing and conducting one of the finest choral bodies on the continent, the Mendelssohn Choir, of Toronto. The names of other Canadian musicians might be given who have done, and are still doing, not only good pioneer work in the cause of music, but whose artistic attainments would receive high recognition in the great musical centres of the world, had they happened to be residents of these centres.

ADAMS'—"THE HOUSE OF HOMES"

"AFTER all," said Richard LeGallienne, "if one has anything to say, one might as well put it in a chair." And this is what the Adams Company believe, too, if we are to judge by the collection of furniture they have made in their big shop at the corner of Queen and James Streets, Toronto.

One most artistic suite of chairs is made of that precious red wood of South America, mahogany, and is upholstered in silk, with a pattern of ripe pomegranates. A second suite of mahogany is cushioned with chintz, the deep wine color of the wood contrasting beautifully with the different yellows of the textile fabric—amber, citron, saffron, topaz, and orange.

"Mission" seats, with saddle-bags of leather, tanned in mediæval style, are much in evidence in the big collection. We hope the young couples we saw selecting their furniture for "the wit bit ingle" will invest their shekels in these chairs, because of their durability, utility, and good taste. They can never become old-fashioned in any sense of the word.

The fumed and weathered oak is made up into hat-racks and other hall furnishings. An unique rack has an umbrella stand of the old style, sharp-pointed pickets, which are bound to the frame with huge, hand-made nails. The whole effect is most artistic.

The Adams make a specialty of cabinets. Here, you may joy your soul with china cabinets, music cabinets, medicine cabinets, and cabinets for cut glass. The latter are fitted with plate-glass shelves and mirrored backs, which enable the fragile treasures to be seen at their best.

Anyone, who like *Othello*, is "perplexed i' the extreme," by reason of wedding presents, could not do better than to send Her Brideship a Martha Washington sewing-table, a sectional book-case, or the latest drawing-room table—one with a round top, supported by a colonial pedestal. For more

slender purses, a nice present would be a jardiniere stand, some of which are fashioned after the quaint milking-stools one sometimes sees in the back country.

Couches there are a-plenty, and most of them invite to "sofa meditations" and dreams. Of course there are some stiff, stuck-up settees, Louis XVI. sofas, and airy divans, designed chiefly to support Madam Grundy when she calls to drink afternoon tea. It would never do to make her too comfortable. She might prolong her stay.

The rattan furniture shown by this company for verandah use is pretty enough, with the addition of a cushion, for almost any room in winter. This is a consideration in a small house, where the storage of extra furniture is a question. Jennie June was right when she said, "The great art of life is to eliminate."

Folding beds are to be had here in all styles, and to suit all purses. I often wonder if it was one of these beds Goldsmith had in mind when he wrote:

"The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

The Adams also show an ideal furnished house. One of its prettiest nooks, a Moorish corner is full of yellow light, that falls from a burner in a grotesquely-carved conch shell. The corner is, of course, heavy with

"Auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airncaps, and jingling jackets."

But why describe it, when all the world knows that corners are places to look out of, not into.

The bedroom furniture of the ideal house is made of "crotch" mahogany, and is the product of truly expert workmen.

The kitchen is a gem, and there are ideas in it for almost any housewife, but we are not writing a catalogue, and do not wish to deprive you of the pleasure of visiting this big, beautiful place yourself.