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**MISSING**

133  
Sport, Travel, Fiction

THE  
**CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE**

AUGUST, 1901.



PUBLISHED BY  
THE  
**ONTARIO PUBLISHING Co., LIMITED**  
TORONTO

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THE BIRTHPLACE OF NAPOLEON. Illustrated. Nonie Powell.

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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVII.

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 4.

## CONTENTS:

	PAGE
RELICS OF NAPOLEON.....	302
PICTURE OF INTERIOR OF HOTEL DE VILLE AT AJACCIO, CORSIKA.	
THE BIRTHPLACE OF NAPOLEON.....	303
WITH NUMEROUS PHOTOGRAPHS.	
A RECORD CLIMB UP THE MATTERHORN.....	309
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.	
CRICKET AT OTTAWA .....	316
FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATION.	
SOME PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON OUR TRAIN- ING CAMPS.....	317
A CRITICISM OF THE WAY IN WHICH THE CANADIAN MILITIA IS TRAINED.	
FOILED BY A VIOLIN (Story).....	320
IN AUGUST'S GLARE (Poem).....	322
HILDEGARDE (Story).....	323
KAID MACLEAN (Sketch).....	329
CANADIAN IMPERIALISM IN ENGLAND.....	331
THE BASS OF ONTARIO.....	333
ILLUSTRATED FROM THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS.	
CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.....	337
NO. XXVI.—THE COMMISSIONER OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.	
GOLF IN CANADA.....	340
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.	
A MAID OF MANY MOODS .....	350
CHAPTERS VI. AND VII.	
OLD QUEBEC (Sonnet).....	357
THE PERILS OF THE RED BOX.....	358
PERIL IV.—THE LOST TREATY.	
ALIAS "JACKSON" (Story).....	368
NAKETAH (Story).....	375
A PAIR OF LUNATICS (Story).....	378
WOMAN'S SPHERE.....	380
CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.....	383
WITH CURRENT CARTOONS.	
PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.....	387
THE MARITIME PROVINCES—FIVE-BARRED GATE—TWO WRITERS.	
BOOK REVIEWS.....	391
IDLE MOMENTS .....	394

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# September Forecast

THE September number of "The Canadian Magazine" will have a most charming bill of fare. The watchword of the August number is "Sport, Travel, Fiction." The same watchword will be kept for September. It will be a number to interest as well as instruct—full of the bright things of life at home and abroad. It will be profusely illustrated.

**Cairo and Its Panorama**, by M. H. Braid, will describe that wonderful city of the East and the view from the walls of the citadel. It will include a description of the Procession of the "Holy Carpet" and the departure of the Pilgrimage to Mecca, which occurs annually in the early part of the year. This pilgrimage costs the government £30,000 annually, part going as tribute to the Sheiks of Arabia to secure the pilgrims' safe passage. Fully illustrated.

**Humming Birds** will be the title of an illustrated article, a companion to "The Bass of Ontario," which appears in August. The author, C. W. Nash, is the naturalist of the Ontario Government and combines the qualities of a bright writer and an acknowledged authority.

**From Mount Roberts' Summit**, by J. Mayne Baltimore, will describe the highest mountain in the Rossland district, how it won its name, and the circumstances under which there was erected a flagstaff from which the Union Jack now floats in triumph at a height of 6,565 feet. This article will be illustrated.

**Dawson City as It Is**, by Henry J. Woodside, will describe the new city of the North—a mosquito muskeg in 1896, a city of 7,000 inhabitants in 1901. This will be profusely illustrated from a splendid collection of photographs. "The Canadian Magazine" is ever to the front with descriptions of Canadian progress and development.

**The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain**, by W. Blakemore, a resident of Canada, who for a number of years was his next-door neighbour, will be found to be splendid reading. Among the illustrations are two autograph photographs of this aggressive British statesman.

**Short Stories and Serials.** The steadily improving quality of the short stories and serials appearing in "The Canadian Magazine" has been much commented upon by the critics. The publishers have determined to spare neither energy nor money in maintaining the reputation they have already gained.

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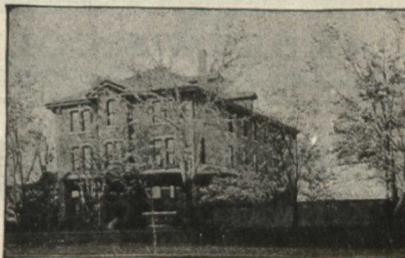
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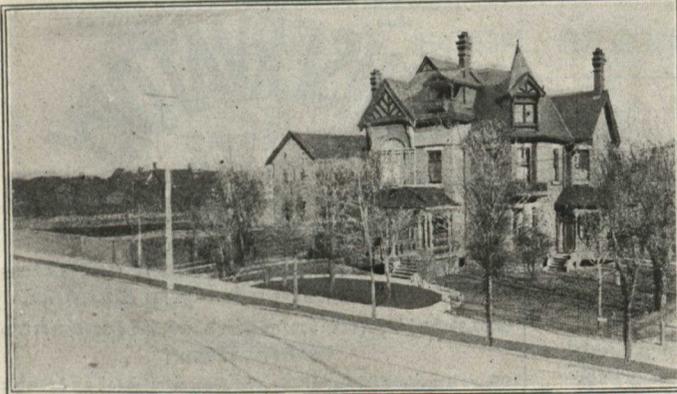
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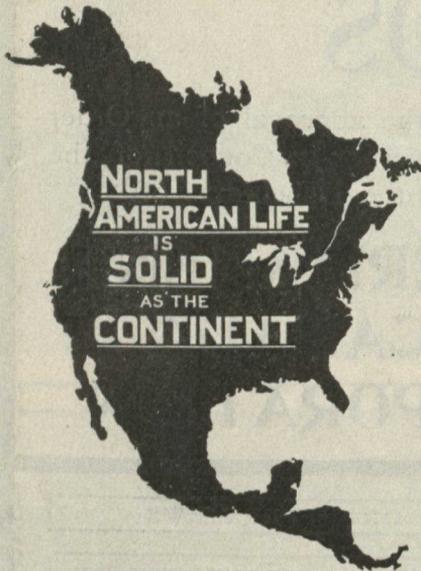
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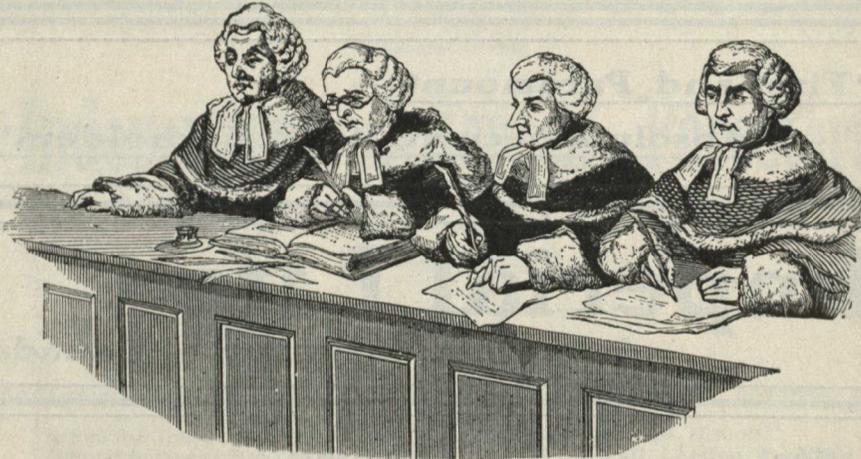
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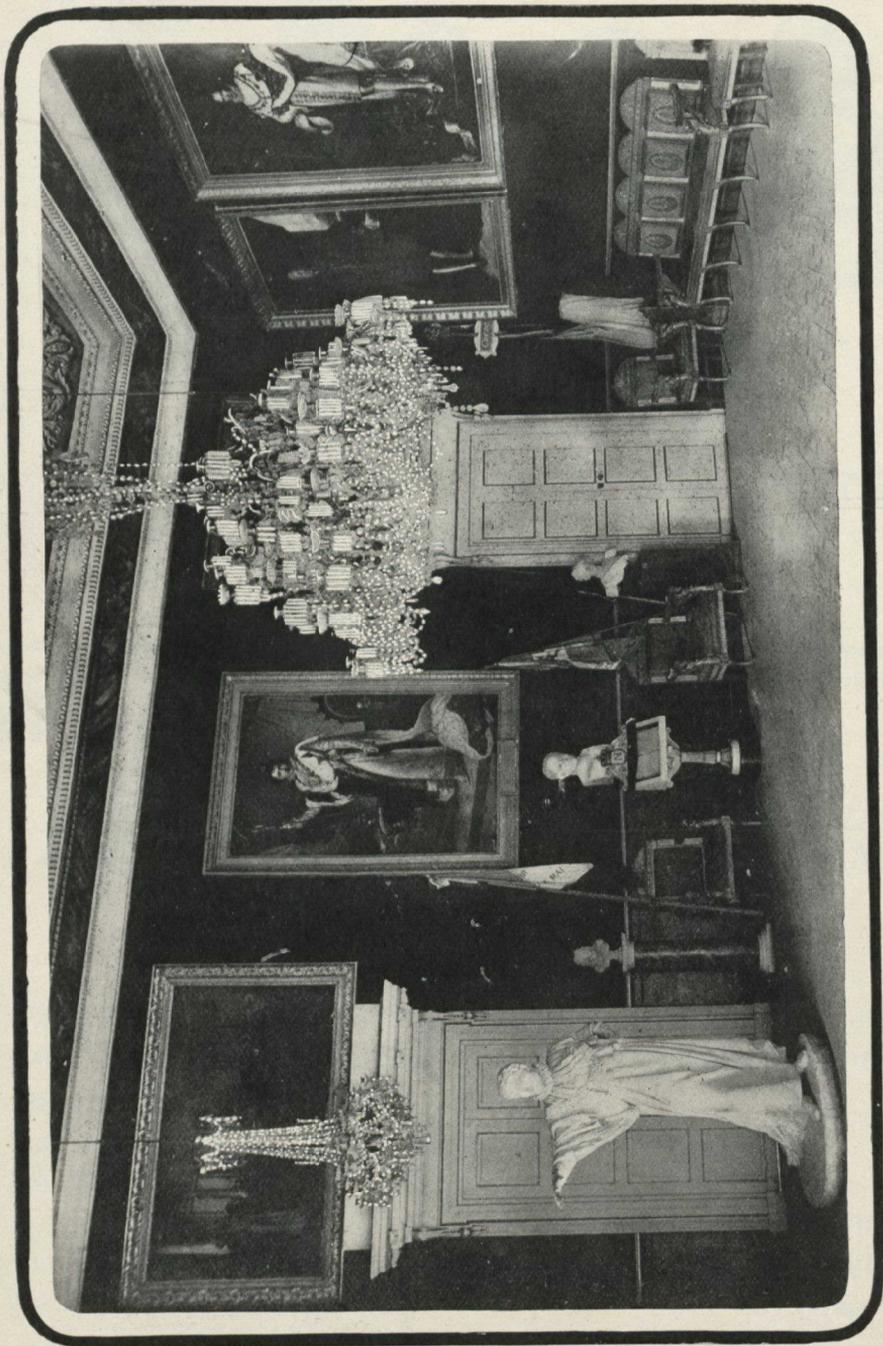
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### RELICS OF NAPOLEON

AJACCIO—ROOM IN HOTEL DE VILLE SHOWING PICTURE OF NAPOLEON IN ROBES OF STATE; BUST OF L'AIGLON AND A STATUE OF KING OF ROME (NAPOLEON'S SON) TO LEFT; PORTRAITS OF NAPOLEON'S FATHER AND OF HIS BROTHER THE KING OF SPAIN TO RIGHT

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII

AUGUST, 1901

No. 4

## THE BIRTHPLACE OF NAPOLEON.

*By Nonie Powell.*

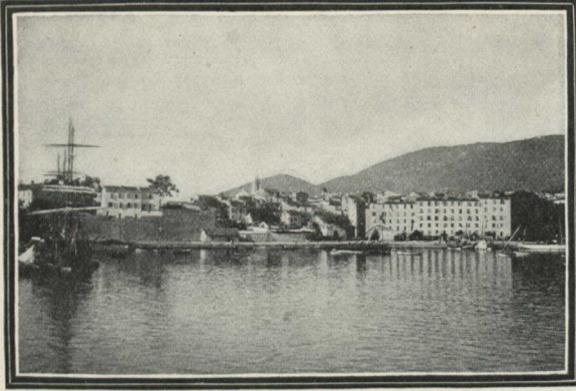
THE tourist sojourning at Nice, or elsewhere on the lovely coast of the Mediterranean, would be repaid by a short excursion to the Island of Corsica, and a visit to Ajaccio, the birthplace of the world's greatest General—Napoleon Bonaparte. Leaving Nice at 6 p.m., by steamer, we touch at Calvi early the next morning. This ancient fortress, founded in the thirteenth century, has withstood many fierce sieges, and only fell to Nelson after a valiant struggle of two months' duration. It was here that the gallant and brave commander lost one of his eyes—which partial blindness he, however, turned to good account, subsequently, when he was victorious in one of Britain's greatest naval fights. The proud inscription—"Civitas Calvi semper fidelis"—carved by order of the Roman Senate over the chief gate of the city, is still to be seen—a just tribute to the traditional bravery of its defenders.

In another six hours the boat arrives at Ajaccio. It is beautifully situated. The sapphire-blue waters of the Gulf of Ajaccio make a deep indentation on the coast line forming its picturesque harbour, and on the opposite shore high ranges of hills

rise one above the other overlooking the sea. It is a quaint, charming old place with its stone buildings of French and Italian types of plain flat façades capped by red-tiled roofs, and narrow, roughly paved streets, though the principal and more modern thoroughfares are broad and well laid out, bordered on either side with great spreading palms towering to a considerable height, the massive trunks being several feet in circumference. In the centre of one of the avenues is a pretty square hemmed in by tall, graceful lindens, and adorned with a marble statue of the "Premier Consul" by Labreur. It is supported at the base by four huge lions "couchant" (the



THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF NAPOLEON AT AJACCIO



BASTIA—A CORSICAN CITY

lion is the emblem of Corsica), with water gushing from their open mouths into the large round basin beneath, the whole forming a most bewitching glamour of repose and coolness on the warmest summer's day. The Place du Daimant, off the main avenue, is a fine square of a few acres in area, surrounded by magnificent palms and commanding an extensive view of the sea. A good military band plays there twice a week, and distinguished visitors may be seen enjoying a promenade among the beauty and chivalry of the island. On one side of the square facing the water is the magnificent equestrian statue of Napoleon clad in his favourite show garb of Cæsar, his



VIEW FROM CHANTILLON PRISON—GULF OF AJACCIO IN DISTANCE

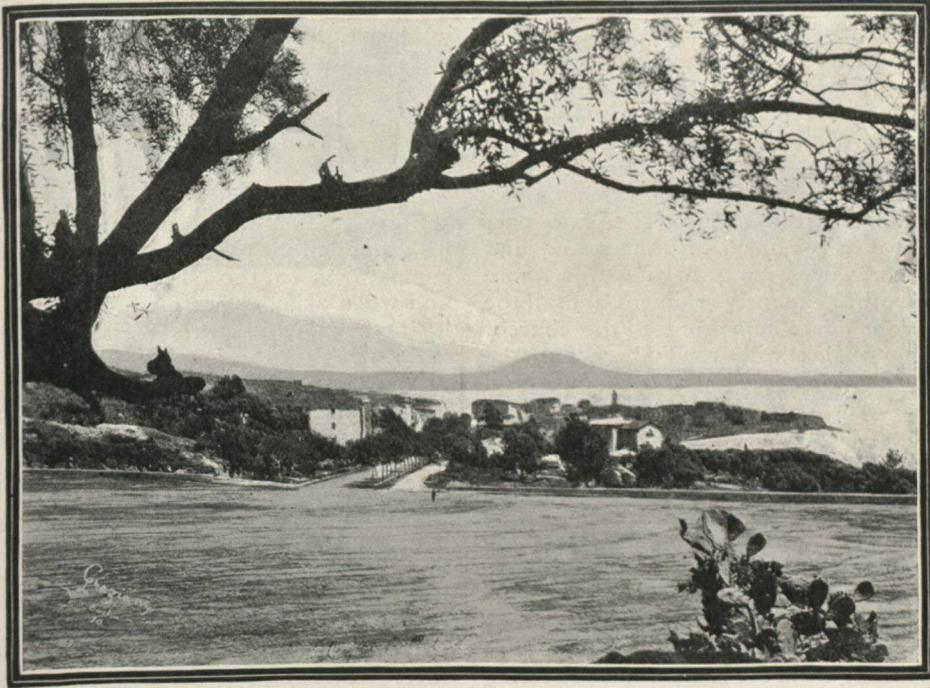
finely cut features clearly defined against the sky and ever turned towards France, the land he loved so well. Standing erect at the four corners of the statue, attired in Roman togas, are the figures of his brothers, Joseph, Jerome, Louis and Charles, attesting in all their majesty and strength the glories of the Bonapartist regime.

One of the objects of our pilgrimage being to see the home that sheltered his boyhood days, and in which this wonderful man of genius

first saw light, we retrace our steps to the older portion of the town. The house, a plain and unpretentious two-story tenement, is recognized by the inscription on a marble slab over the door: "Napoleon est né dans cette maison le 15 août, 1769." The caretaker turns a ponderous key in the rusty lock of a heavy wooden door, and ascending the stone steps, we enter a large apartment, probably used as a reception room. The ceiling is prettily frescoed, and in the middle panel are observed the scales of Justice; in another the caduceus of Mercury, scrolls bearing the names of most famous battles—Wagram, Marengo, etc., while suspended from the centre is a large crystal candelabra. There is an old spinet with ivory keys in one end of the room—the only instrument of the kind in Ajaccio at that time, while against the walls, ornamented with four large mirrors, are ranged a sofa and chairs of Louis XVI period, covered with brocade, which, though worn to shreds, still are well preserved. In another small salon one notes the beautiful marble mantel, carved with a delicate design in bas relief and an exquisite old cabinet inlaid with specimens of rare marbles and

lapis lazuli, which opens and forms an escritoire neatly finished inside. Opening out of this room is a salon of splendid proportions with several long French windows. There are sixteen small mirrors in gilt frames, each containing two candlesticks, hung at intervals on the walls, and at either end two great mirrors framed in plaster, with a narrow gilding, into which we glance, as we survey some pieces of bronze statuary and other ornaments. The floor is beautifully inlaid with polished nut

painting of his mother, whose soft brown eyes, regular features and winsome expression impress us most favourably as to her personality. Napoleon's chamber is a small room, with a low wooden bed and solid chest of drawers. An old cracked mirror framed in wood, which must often have reflected the boyish features, hangs above the mantel. A trap-door is pointed out in the floor through which he once escaped from his pursuers. Another object of interest is



AJACCIO—NAPOLEON'S NATIVE TOWN

wood, and some handsome gilt chairs are placed against the walls, chiefly of Louis XIV and Louis XVI period.

Perhaps the greatest interest is centred in Mme. Litizia Bonaparte's bedroom, where she first greeted her infant prodigy. The plain white wooden bed with its tracery of roses and the couch are still preserved. On the marble mantel, daintily carved with a bas relief of cupids and wreaths of flowers, is a bust of Napoleon, while above hangs a

the sedan chair which his mother always used. Other members of the family occupied the stage above, but the rooms are all dismantled.

There are many relics of this epoch of Corsican history in the Hotel de Ville, a fine stone building devoted to a variety of uses. All civic affairs are transacted here, and my girl friend may be entrusted to know that there is one room exclusively set apart, and, I suppose, con-

secrated for marriage. In the upper floor are some lofty spacious rooms containing life-size portraits of different members of the Bonaparte family, by whom they were donated, a beautiful painting of Napoleon in his robes of state worn at his coronation, and a very pretty youthful one of the Empress Eugenie. One also sees a bust of Napoleon's little son, L'Aiglon, which he so cherished in exile, and a bronze cast of the Emperor taken after death, his fine features so sadly emaciated by sorrow and disease. In another salon the walls are likewise lined with splendid paintings of some of the greatest battles and other subjects of that exciting period. In a glass cabinet are the gorgeous priestly vestments of solid cloth of gold worn by Cardinal Fesch (a maternal uncle), worn at the coronation when he accompanied Pope Pius VII to take part in the ceremonies of that grand and historic occasion. Besides this, there are other expensive raiment and all the golden plate belonging to the church. The reader will remember that the Cardinal attained great honours and wealth with the rising fortunes of the family. He was devoted to art and spent half his lifetime and fortune in acquiring a wonderfully complete collection of paintings which at the time of his death in Rome numbered no less than 3,333. He bequeathed the greater part of this splendid collection to his native city, his object being that one should be able to follow the history of painting from the Renaissance covering the intervening centuries without leaving the gallery. He founded Fesch College, and several large rooms are devoted to his collections of these arts which are unique and magnificent. There are many valuable originals of the great masters, as well as copies of all the most famous paintings of various galleries, representing every distinct school of art in Europe from the Greek painters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to Raphael and his contemporaries. A beautiful marble bust of the Emperor by Canova and one in bronze by Merrimée are among

the art treasures which are too numerous to mention.

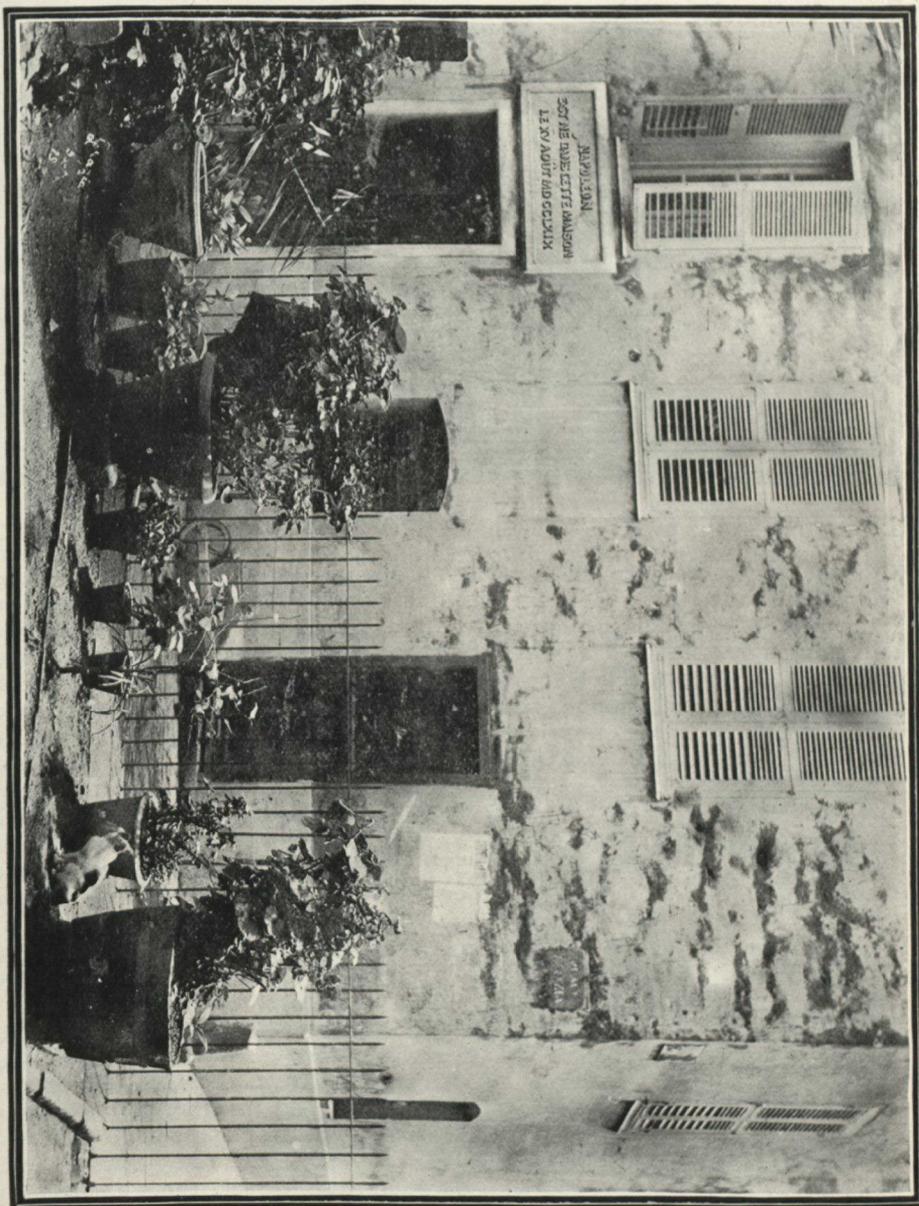
Not far from here is the Rue Fesch, a curious narrow old street thronged with women and children of the poorer classes in front of the doors, the better to enjoy their home life in public. Here we find the Chapelle Fesch, erected by the Third Napoleon, where Mme. Litizia, her husband and Cardinal Fesch are buried in the crypt. The cathedral is a fine old edifice, of the Italian Renaissance style of architecture. Its gilded towers, rising in the form of a Greek cross, glisten in the bright rays of a Corsican sun, and it was at the font within this structure that Napoleon received Christian baptism at the age of two years. The grotto is pointed out as his favourite resort where he was wont to retire mysteriously when a boy for solitary study and meditation. It was his great delight to steal away from his companions to this secluded retreat, and when asked what made him intelligent beyond his years his reply was "En y pensant toujours."

The Grand Hotel Continental, conveniently located, stands in the midst of a miniature park luxuriant in tropical bloom and redolent with the perfume of choice flowers. It is thronged with guests from all parts of the world during winter which comprises "the season" on the Riviera. Many people are attracted by the highly favoured climate, others come for sport—pig-sticking, partridge-shooting, etc. There are lovely drives and excursions to be taken to places in the vicinity. One such is to the prison of Chantillon, the beautiful situation of which makes one almost envy the lot of its inmates—at least for a very brief period. On the sunny side of a hill, it commands a glorious view of the cultivated lowlands—a landscape of cereals, vineyards, olive groves, etc., while in the distance the rugged mountain peaks bordering on the blue waters of the Gulf lend a wild enchantment to the scene. The prisoners are mostly employed in beautifying the grounds which would do credit to many a noble

mansion, and in tending the herds of sheep which graze upon the hillsides. A pleasant variation to the entire sea trip is to return by way of the inland

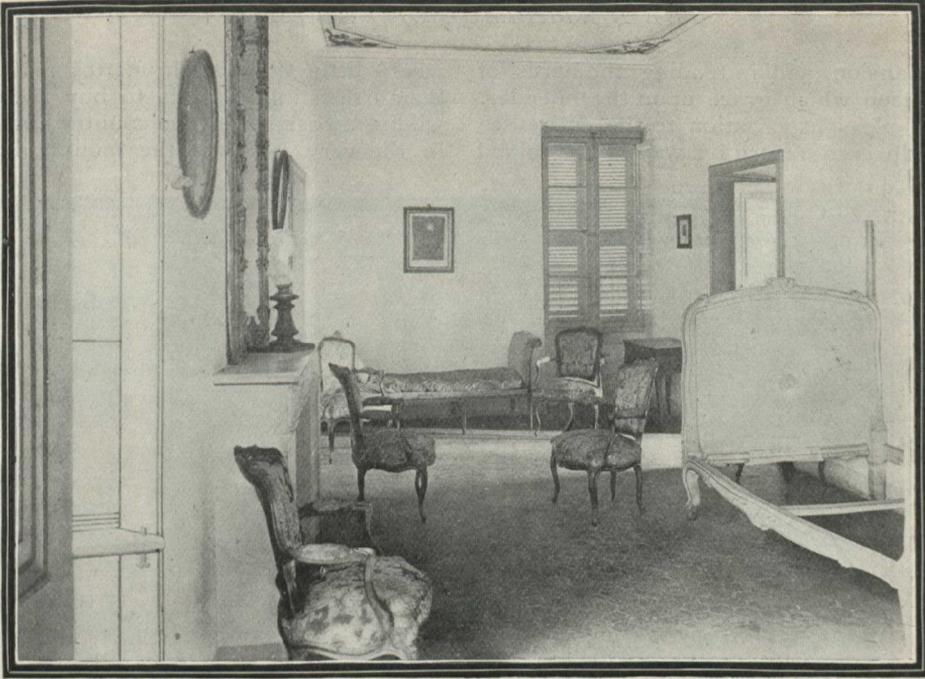
where little Corsican brunettes make their irresistible appeals to buy their wild strawberries, to the country hotel in the very heart of the mountains.

AIACCIO—HOUSE IN WHICH NAPOLEON WAS BORN—NOTE THE TABLET OVER THE DOOR



railway to *Bastia* on the north-east coast, and breaking a journey of several hours by a call at Vizzavona. It is a charming drive from the station

Through an air of delicious temperature and fanned by the gentlest of zephyrs, we drove through forests of magnificent beeches, intermingled



AJACCIO—THE ROOM IN WHICH NAPOLEON WAS BORN—THE FLOOR IS TILED

with the bright verdure of the wild holly and scented with the fragrance of the pine. Here the sporting tourist finds an enjoyable holiday with the fishing-rod and rifle in delightfully cool and health-giving surroundings. Indeed, the chief charm of Corsica is that it embraces such a variety of climatic mildness. In the valleys and on the coast there is an even, warm temperature all the year round.

Corsica possesses a history, rich in folklore, with poetical legends of the vendetta, etc., dating back to the time of the Phœnicians when Cadmus, the son of a Phœnician king, is said to have discovered and named it "Calliste" (beautiful place). The Romans called it Corsica and the Greeks Cyrnos (Kyrnos) in memory of Cyrnus, son of the Grecian Hercules whom we sometimes see represented on plate or bric-a-brac as a negro with his head tied with a white scarf. It is interesting to note that the Empress Eugenie calls her beautiful villa which we see from our window at Cap Martin, "Cyrnos," after the ancient monarch who according to legend was the first king of

Corsica. The Corsicans of the present day are a people proud of their lineage and hereditary character for bravery and honour, though somewhat conceited in their prejudices against other nationalities. Of course they are confirmed Bonapartists, and resent the rule of the French Republic, always believing that their day of triumph will return. Most of the people implicitly believe that *only* Corsica can and will produce another Napoleon and every birth within the radius of its most hallowed ground is narrowly watched for some occult token or mysterious indication of budding genius. It is little wonder that the native Corsican is so fondly attached to his island home which the gods have so highly favoured, or that he venerates the memory of the dead hero who, born and reared in their midst, conquered half the kingdoms of the earth in his brief span of victorious career, though, alas, compelled in the end to drain the cup of disappointment and bitterness to its dregs, and die a lonely exile in the hands of his enemy.

## A RECORD CLIMB UP THE MATTERHORN.

*By S. Turner, of Penarth, Wales.*

IN these days of keen competition and speed, the general tendency of men appears to be to outstrip one another. This spirit has even led men to record-breaking up the Matterhorn.

Having read of several record climbs, I felt like trying conclusions myself, and with this in mind I went in for a thorough training for three months. This made me feel in fine form, and on September the 7th I left London for Zermatt determined I would stand on the summit of the Matterhorn and return to Zermatt in the shortest possible time.

Arriving at Interlaken on the 8th, I was able to continue my way over the Gemmi pass on the 9th. The view from the summit and the promise of a beautiful sunrise led me to stay the night; and I was not disappointed, as the mountains were lit up beautifully.

I started down the Gemmi for Luekbad Monday morning, catching the diligence to Luek, and into Zermatt Monday afternoon, in splendid form after the walk.

Having engaged Julius Zum Taugwald by letter from England, and selected a guide at Visp to accompany him, Franz Burgener, I had that most important matter settled. On arriving at Hotel Mont Rosa, and learning that the Matterhorn was in a very bad condition, and likely to be worse, as the season was at its close, I determined to climb at mid-

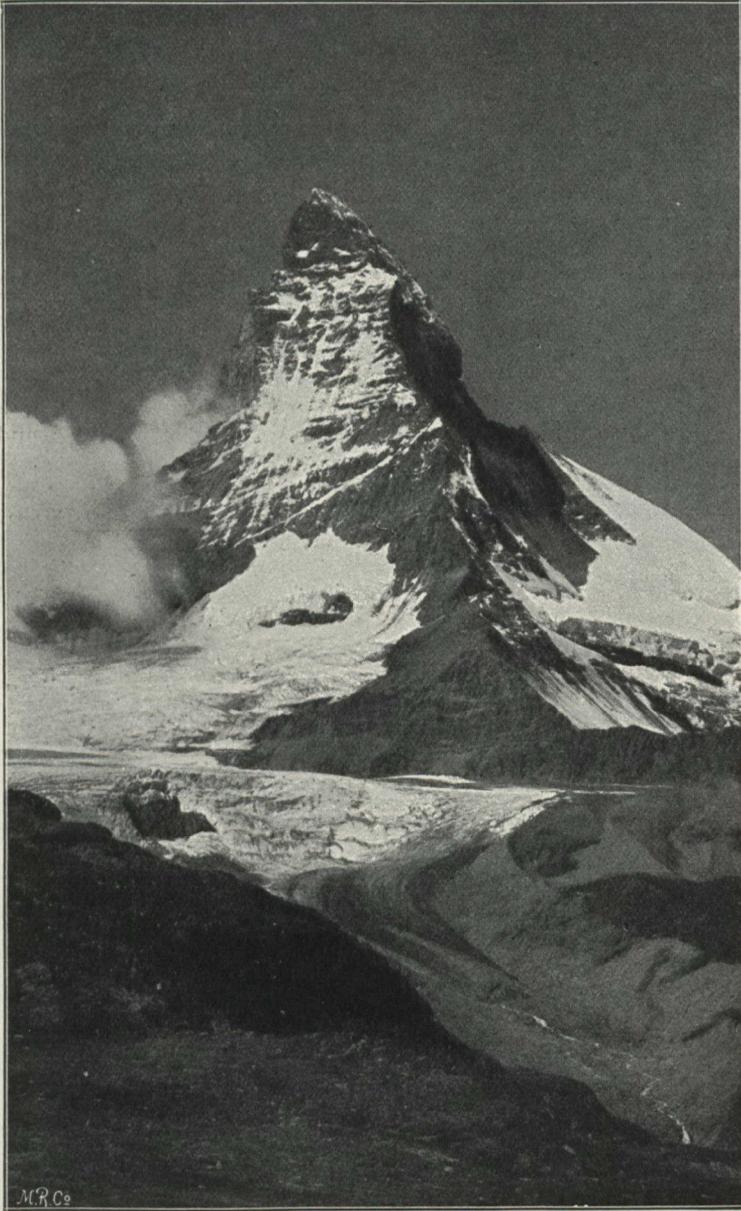
night, or rather 12.5, which would make it Tuesday morning, Sept. 11th. The people at the hotel thought it a mad act on my part to climb so soon after such quick travelling, but I had trained myself to stand it. I thought the perfect weather more than counter-balanced the objection to climbing so soon after the long journey.

After arranging with the guides, and getting one of the leading citizens to act as time-keeper, I tried to get a few hours' rest, leaving instructions to be called at 11.30 p.m. After a hurried supper, we shook hands at 5 minutes past 12 with the gentleman who had kindly promised to act as time-keeper, and were off to climb the Matterhorn that day, and as soon as possible.

Passing the church-yard, and turn-



SCHWARZ LAKE—9,000 FT. ON THE WAY TO THE MATTERHORN PEAK



THE MATTERHORN, A FAMOUS ALPINE PEAK

ing round to the left, I could see in the pale moonlight the graves of those noble gentlemen who had made the first ascent of that majestic peak. The guides knew my plans (which had been discussed previously to save time)

Matterhorn Hut, which we reached after climbing a little more rock at 3.15 a.m., exactly 3 hours and 10 minutes, from Hotel Mont Rosa, Zermatt. Of course the pace was a lot too quick. We did not intend to stop at the hut at

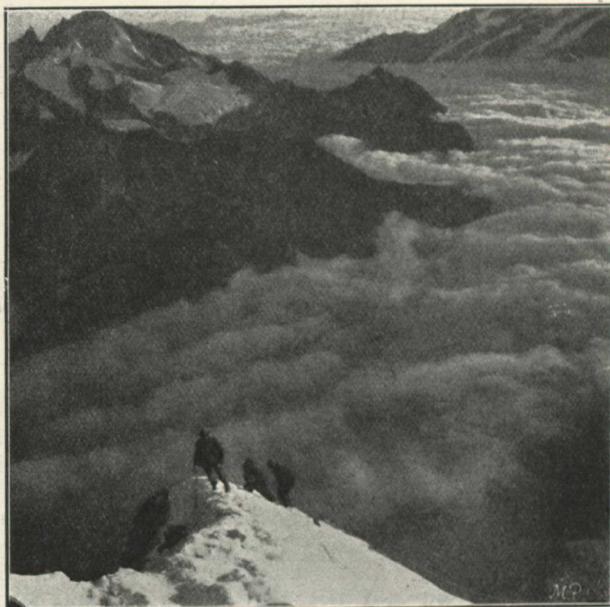
so they made the pace pretty hot. We were soon crossing the Matterhorn Bridge, and up through the woods. We stopped once to take a drink of spring water, and in 1 hour and 25 minutes were by the south side of the Schwarzsee Hotel. We paused here for five minutes and had a drink of cold tea.

Continuing over the rocks towards the peaks we were soon passing the Schwarzsee, over a rough stony path by the side of the Fuggen Glacier. Going quickly along the Moraine, up a zig-zag path to the right, we were soon off the Moraine, going straight towards the

all, but the pace made us. Dr. Murrett, of Lausanne, a member of the Swiss Alpine Club, and his two guides, were in the hut when we arrived. It was a great pleasure to meet this gentleman.

We decided to start from the hut together at 3.30 a.m. My guide led the way to the final peak. The weather had become rough, and as we passed along the Hornli Ridge the wind was very fresh. After a little steep rock work we were on the actual peak of the Matterhorn. Going round the base of it to the left along a ledge of rock, we had an occasional glimpse of the moon through the fast fleeting clouds. Turning toward the main ridge, we climbed steep rocks in that direction for a while. Then turning round to the left again we passed over a lot of loose stones, and came to the large couloir. We cut steps up the couloir, and were soon climbing steep rock at the top. We crossed several small slopes of snow, and arrived at the old cabin (which is now out of use) and sat down for an early breakfast. The first signs of sunrise could be seen in the direction of Mont Rosa, and the wind made pleasant music amongst the crags around us.

We were soon climbing steep rock again, and after crossing several snow slopes and some couloirs where we had to cut steps up steep ice slopes, we had another pause. Here the cold wind was very intense, so I put my gloves on. The handholds in the rocks were very small, and coated in many places with thin sheets of ice. It was very steep leading up to the main ridge, and very careful climbing was necessary, as the wind became more fierce; so we ascended in sheltered parts as much as possible, and, although the rocks were steeper, we did not again



ABOVE THE CLOUDS, ON THE SHOULDER OF THE MATTERHORN—14,000 FEET. THE BERNSE OBERLAND CAN BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE 90 MILES AWAY

get too near the ridge, until, on drawing near to the shoulder, we were compelled to do so. Then we found ourselves in the midst of a snow-storm which kept us sheltering three-quarters of an hour.

As the Doctor overtook us the wind and snow seemed to abate, so we proceeded with all possible determination. We climbed a steep rock, and were now on the shoulder of the Matterhorn, and the most difficult part of the mountain. It is a peculiarly awkward slope, where snow has time to melt during the day, filling all the available handholds with water, and freezing again at night. The shoulder is only about 40°, but there was no fair chance of cutting steps, as the ice coating over the rocks was not thick enough. We felt the full force of the wind here, and the Doctor, who followed close behind, had his hat blown down the mountain. Although the rope attached to the mountain in some parts was found to be of little use, still, as we forced our way step by step, stooping down as much as possible to avoid the

wind, we found, near the top of the shoulder, that the rope came in very useful; in fact, we should have been blown off, if we had not grasped it very firmly. I took a snap-shot of the Doctor's party as they were coming up the shoulder, and the Doctor in return took a snap-shot of us when we were climbing over the ridge on the top of the shoulder. Here it commands a grand view of both sides of the great peak. I was compelled to stoop considerably to prevent being blown off, but while in that position I could see huge square blocks of ice broken away from the Matterhorn Glacier 4,000 ft. below, very large crevasses and seracs of all sizes and shapes. Thoughts of that terrible accident crossed my mind in which Lord Douglas, Messrs. Hudson, Haddow, and Croz fell on the glacier 4,000 ft. below. Turning I could also see for a distance of about 4,000 ft. down the other side of the mountain to the Fuggen Glacier, which was a most inspiring sight. The mountain was sharing the golden sun-

light with the Dent Blanche, and others of its majestic kind, and the peaks lit were beautifully lit up.

The snow had stopped, and the clouds far below us were just like the sea. We were now climbing at a fair rate, and the summit did not appear to be more than 800 ft. above us. We had walked over many small bridges of rock not more than two feet wide. Underneath us I could see huge precipices on both sides of the mountain at almost the same glance.

We were soon climbing the last very steep rocks with light hearts, feeling the Matterhorn was almost conquered. It was terribly cold, and I had to pause once or twice to rub my fingers to keep away the frost, but very soon we were ascending the last snow slope, and the guides stood on one side and let me reach the Swiss side of the summit first (about 8.30 a.m.). Too impressed to speak, I shook hands with both those faithful fellows, and walked with them over on to the summit on the Italian side of the mountain. We returned to

the Swiss side of the summit very quickly, as we felt the blizzard in its full force and could hardly stand. After placing my card with a photo on the back into a bottle, and pushing the neck into the snow, we stood to take in the view of the surrounding scenery. Everything was of the wildest description, showing that the forces of nature and the giants of the Alps had been at war. The Matterhorn had lost heavily. Thousands of tons of moraine and huge rocks 7,000 ft. below told us that many mighty avalanches of rock had been rent from the noble peak, carrying destruction at every bound, smashing and being smashed into all



SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN, 14,705—DR. MURRETT, THE GUIDE AND THE AUTHOR

sizes in its downward course. The sun which had lifted the rain to be frozen into snow and ice had also thawed it, and caused this terrible destruction. The Matterhorn never looked so much like a pile of ruins as from the summit. The silent glaciers slowly creeping down its sides were all confusion, as on their journey they had tumbled down precipitous rocks. To anyone but a born mountaineer the view would be awe-inspiring. Everything is on such a very vast scale that it is impossible for anyone to take all in at one view; looking even for a few seconds one feels utterly lost in wonder and amazement.

One hundred miles into Italy, Mont Viso stood out quite clear. The Italian side of Mont Blanc and its range of giant peaks seemed quite near us. Thanks to the beautifully clear Swiss atmosphere we could see 100 miles in each direction, and, knowing a large number of the peaks, was just like looking on the faces of old friends, each with its peculiar form and impression.

I was able to crowd a great many thoughts into that short space of time. It is one of those views which make one feel his own littleness.

After having a snap-shot taken of the Doctor, his guide and myself, my guides lowered me over the snow ridge of the summit on to the Italian side, and one guide was lowered after me. The icicles hanging from the Italian side of the summit were thirty to fifty feet long, so, after having a snap-shot taken of ourselves in this position to try and include them also, the second guide pushed his ice-axe into the snow, fastened the rope round it, and climbed



NINE FEET UNDER THE SUMMIT

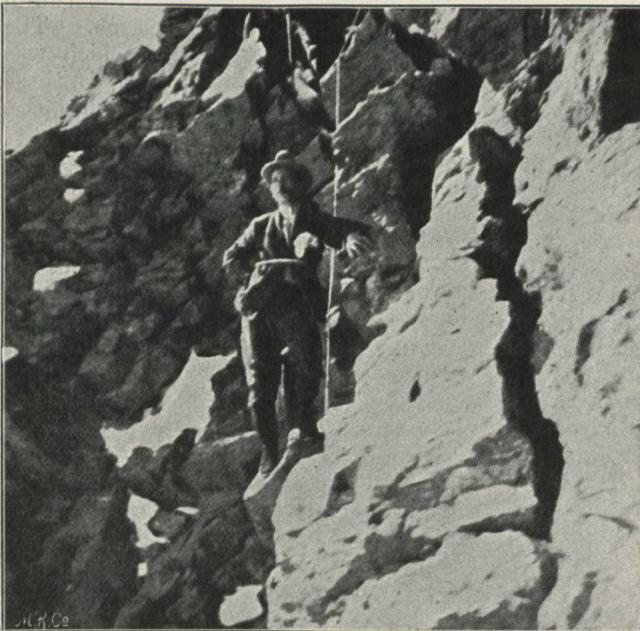
over after us. The Doctor and his two guides found the wind too rough on the summit and joined us. The calmness was exceptional, which was a great relief. While sitting on these rocks and looking down about 5,000 feet, my guide, Franz Burgener, gave us a Swiss warbling song in fine form, and I balanced my hat on my nose to help to make a miscellaneous entertainment. A fierce gust of wind and snow led us to think we were in for another snowstorm, so we made ready to start as quickly as possible. The intense cold made me take pity on the Doctor who had lost his hat, so I lent him the silk handkerchief from around my ears. We climbed over the ridge on to the summit again. The wind was driving small and large pieces of hard snow up the mountain twenty or thirty yards higher than the summit. Luckily we were not hit by any of the large pieces, but the small ones stung like needles as they were driven against our faces by the terrific wind. We were soon going as fast as we could down very steep rock. The guide said,

"We must be as quick as possible." The intensely cold wind nearly took my breath away, and it was very difficult to keep up the circulation although we were working hard and descending very fast. These sharp bits of hard snow were enough to make anyone go recklessly fast. The danger from the snowstorm was quite forgotten in my efforts to evade these pieces of snow as we climbed towards the shoulder in marvellously quick time. Fissured rock, with narrow bridges, which we had walked cautiously across coming up, we now nearly ran across. I was unable to keep my left eye open, and it was difficult to turn my back to the storm. The snow was covering the rock, and all traces of the hand and foot holds were soon obliterated. This was dangerous on the steep part we were descending. Nearing the shoulder, we did not stop to cut fresh steps on the terribly exposed aretes, trusting to luck and sure-footedness in haste to get down. We soon arrived on the shoulder, and, as expected, the

snow had filled up all available hand-holds. We lost sight of the rope in several places on the shoulder which was covered with snow. We scrambled down as best we could. Both guides were very excited, and our progress was slow. When we came to the glissade, as in many other places, we moved one at a time. While the guide Taugwald was carefully climbing down, luckily I got hold of the chain which was here fastened to the rocks, and showing through the snow. The leading guide slipped and gave the rope a sharp jerk, but I had a firm hold of the chain, which enabled him to gain his feet again. This required the greatest possible coolness. The guides were shouting instructions; they were only five yards away, at each end of the rope, and although I could hear their voices, it was impossible to tell what they were shouting.

The last, almost vertical, rocks of the shoulder were scrambled down, and we were sheltering once more where we had left our knapsacks under the

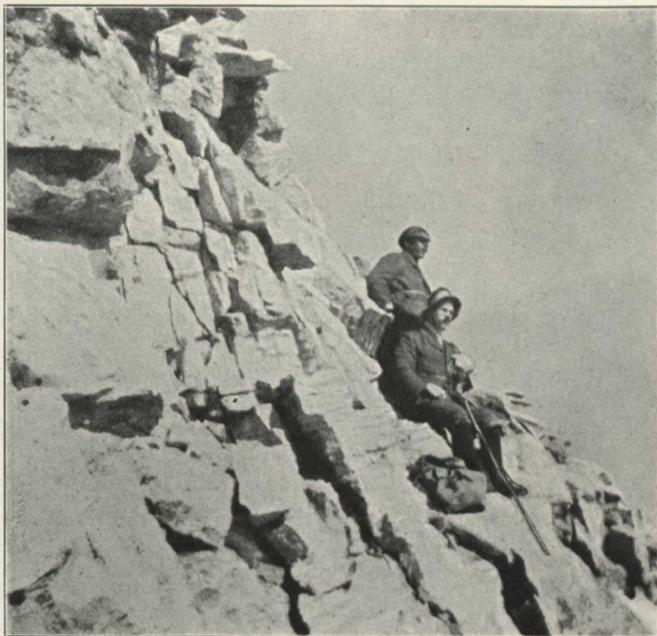
shoulder. We did not stop long as the wind was still severe and very cold. My moustache was like two small icicles, and I was frozen all over. We shouted to the Doctor, but no answer came, and we were soon climbing down the steep rocks away from the exposed main ridge as fast as possible. Looking up we could see large quantities of snow still being blown high up over the summit. We were crossing snow slopes, aretes, and steep rocks at about three to four miles an hour until we reached the old cabin, where we rested ten minutes for refreshments, and after proceeding round



COMING DOWN THE STEEP ROCKS ABOVE THE SHOULDER OF THE MATTERHORN

corners of rock, over small snow slopes, and down steep rocks again, we came in sight of the couloir. Then slowly climbing down almost vertically we reached the side of the large couloir. "Now," said the guide, "we must get down as quickly as possible; this is the most dangerous part of the mountain. Only one of us must move at once." Carefully, but as quickly as possible, my guide, Burgener, got on to the ledge of the couloir. To our dismay every step which we had cut in the morning had been obliterated by the stones which had fallen since our ascent, but the ice was almost as smooth

as glass. We quickly set to work to cut steps in the ice, but it was very hard and polished; it took us longer than usual. After five steps had been cut, and Burgener had moved down, I followed. Then my other guide followed. Just as Burgener gained the rocks round to the left, he shouted, "Stones, stones, stones!" and gave a sharp tug at the rope, which nearly sent me down the mountain. I nearly ran down the last few steps, my other guide coming down almost on top of me on to the rock. We had no sooner got down than we saw a huge avalanche of rock coming down the couloir, at every bound breaking into smaller pieces, some of them flying over our heads as we crouched under a ledge. While waiting in that position we heard the ice on the couloir sliding down and making a hissing noise. Looking round, I could see that the steps we had cut had been partially destroyed. We heard a report like thunder as the avalanche reached the Fuggen Glacier, 2,500 feet below. From the first sight of the avalanche until we heard it drop on to



COMING DOWN THE MATTERHORN—A HALT ON THE SHOULDER

the glacier below, it did not occupy fifteen seconds, and all was silent again. With thankful hearts we turned towards Zermatt once more, climbing over large stones across a snow slope, and down some almost perpendicular rocks. A few snow slopes and a little steep climbing brought us on to the Hornli Ridge, and to the Matterhorn Hut, where we stayed ten minutes.

I left my guide Burgener to bring the knapsacks on after us, and we went on sliding and jumping from rock to rock down a zig-zag path, and were soon passing the loose rock which had been carried down by the Fuggen Glacier. On reaching the Schwarzsee Hotel, and after ten minutes' welcome rest and refreshment, and congratulations from acquaintances, I proceeded alone as fast as possible, half-running and half-walking. I arrived at the Hotel Mont Rosa, Zermatt, at exactly 12.40 mid-day, having made the ascent of the Matterhorn in twelve hours, thirty-five minutes—one hour quicker than the fastest time on record, and ending the most exciting mountaineering experience I have ever had.

S. H. Fleming  
D. C. Campbell (Umpire)

Robt. Gill  
C. J. Jones

Dr. Hugh Fleming  
Hugh Guthrie, M.P.

L. G. McCarthy, M.P.



CRICKET AT RIDEAU HALL—PARLIAMENT vs. RIDEAU HALL AND RIDEAU CLUB

Centre Row—C. B. Burns; A. B. Broderick; A. Z. Palmer; Lord Minto; Hon. Dr. Landerkin; R. F. Sutherland, M.P.; C. S. Hyman, M.P.; Lt.-Col. Sam Hughes, M.P.;  
Lower Row—R. M. Beckett; Capt. H. Graham, A.D.C.; C. H. Parmelee, M.P.; Lieut.-Col. A. T. Thompson, M.P.; H. B. McGivernin (Umpire); A. F. Sladen; Capt. A. C. Bell, A.D.C.

## SOME PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON OUR TRAINING CAMPS.

By A. T. Hunter.

WE have reached the season of the year when the moneys appropriated by the Parliament of Canada for the ostensible purpose of training the active militia are, according to the immemorial usage, expended on things which to the civilian have a military semblance, but which studied with the naked eye and near-at hand look like very queer foolishness. The matters which I shall state are not at all of original observation, are very well known to every militia-man and would have been remedied long ago were it not that our public men are not much in contact with the volunteer whose ardour is for shooting and marching; but are influenced rather by political and social colonels who abound and flourish exceedingly. I must be understood, however, to speak not in any military capacity, which would no doubt be impertinent and insubordinate on my part—and possibly insecure—but as a civilian who does not like to see the public money wasted or the public mind deluded into the belief that its citizens are really being trained for the defence of our country.

To be more specific, I wish to direct public notice to the fact that the Militia Training Camp, which is now an annual function, is simply an elaborate piece of tomfoolery. While my personal evidence is restricted to Niagara Camp, I have ascertained by comparing notes with enthusiastic militia-men from other parts of Canada, that the defects of one camp are those of the Canadian Camps generally and that Military District No. 2 is not more absurd and belated than all the other districts in our curiously defended country.

### A SAMPLE CAMP.

Speaking then only of what I have actually seen I can give this testimony,

which can be corroborated by a summer trip to the historic precincts of the ancient capital of Upper Canada, or by five minutes' talk with any officer, non-com. or private in a rural battalion.

There, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, the great mobilizing intellects of our militia concentrate some thousands of uniformed men with the presumable object of teaching them how to fight. Immediately they arrive on the spot, the great men yawn, rub their fierce eyes and discover that the Niagara rifle range is totally inadequate, and that it is impossible to teach rifle shooting this year. The same thing happens and has happened year in and year out—the same concentration at Niagara (which town seems as inevitable as Sedan)—and the same discovery about the absurd little rifle-range. The result is that the lads who go out to learn the arts of the citizen-soldier are made to blaze off twenty rounds of actual ammunition in *half-company volleys (!)*. That is the training. But I forget; there is a sort of emergency-ration in rifle training called the Morris Tube Practice. In this practice the volunteer is supplied with a toy bullet like that of a boy's pea-rifle, which bullet he is told to place on the bull's-eye by aiming at another spot. Such practice is extremely valuable because it teaches the green shot not to aim at what he wants to hit.

If then the Camps do not teach shooting, how are the twelve days taken up? *Mainly by squad drill.*

### THE FORMALITIES OF BATTALION DRILL.

However, outside of squad drill there are other things taught, such as battalion drill. Here, for the benefit of the curious, let me tell you—from actual experience on Niagara Commons—what a Canadian infantry bat-

talion would do if caught in fours like the Black Watch was at Magersfontein :

1st. It would form column of companies.

2nd. It would close to quarter column.

3rd. It would deploy into line with markers.

4th. After a preliminary lecture, the odd numbered companies would be called the firing line.

5th. The captains of odd companies would then order their two centre sections to advance, the two outer sections to be supports.

6th. The centre sections would advance with great gallantry.

#### THE FORMALITIES OF GUARD MOUNTING.

Yes. There are other things besides squad drill. There is guard mounting—not outpost duty or scouting, but real formal dressed-for-dinner guard mounting—“Old Guard, Shoulder Humph,” etc. The value of this ceremonial is that it teaches a sentry not to pay any attention to the insignificant person who slides in behind the sentry's back, but to carefully hold up and give the correct salutation to officers or armed parties who approach with the intention of being properly discovered by the sentry or knowing the reason why. The extreme usefulness of this elegant and intricate game is well shown in Chapter XLI of General Grant's Memoirs, where it is related how the General came upon the Confederate picket guard and instead of getting a bullet in his undershirt, heard the sentinel call, “Turn out the guard for the commanding general, General Grant,” and received a salute. Those Confederates were well trained in guard mounting as taught on Niagara Common.

#### THE MORTALITY CAUSED BY SQUAD DRILL.

But chiefly at camp there will be *squad drill*. It is marvellous to behold the reckless daring of our soldiers in the sham battle. How they stand erect

in the withering fire of the old Snider blank ammunition and bunch together shoulder to shoulder as did their ancestors at Waterloo or Derry Walls! The officers rush here and there and try to make them fan out, calling, “Extend,” and “Get down!” “D—you, get down.” “Why the—do you stick together like a lot of wet hens?” But it is useless. They cannot separate and they will stand erect. Why?

For the reason that during the previous seven or eight days we have been busy teaching them *squad drill*—“Look up there,” “By the left,” “Feel in to the left,” “Ease off to the right,” “Don't leave that gap there,” “Keep closed up,” “Swing your arms,” “By the left now,” “Look to it,” “Look to it.” After seven days it has become an instinct to the dazed recruit to look to a flank, to hold himself erect (with his manly breast away out in front and his rump away out behind), to keep touch “at half arm interval” with the man on his left or right. All this has been scolded into him till he knows it better than he knows the Lord's Prayer—till he knows it fairly well. This is our chosen time to take him out into the field of action where standing erect is like standing on Radcliffe's drop and close touch with your comrade is as the touch of death.

Some day we may put the right thing first—begin by teaching men how to fight in the field and not how to march to their death: begin by teaching “*extended order*,” which is to war what sparring is to fist fighting. But that happy day is afar off. Why? Because “Sergeant What's-his-name,” the pride of the Egyptian Army and the pontiff of ours, and all the commissioned pupils who have learned everything they know from “Sergeant What's-his-name,”—because these men need *squad drill*. Squad drill is more to a drill instructor than spelling and grammar are to a school teacher. Abolish squad drill and your drill instructor becomes Sergeant Ichabod. If the great man couldn't extend his victims from single rank to a squad-at-intervals and then say “Right turn,”

"As you were," "D— you, don't you know that in a squad-at-intervals the turnings are always done by numbers?"—if he couldn't do this and other equally arbitrary but senseless things, wherein would he be superior to common flesh and blood?

Squad drill is to the British drill instructor what bleeding and calomel were to the old-time doctor. When in doubt prescribe squad drill. Young subalterns sometimes look forward and wonder what will be taught next camp, but the old militia-man who has gone year after year is in no uncertainty. It will be squad drill: there will be an amusing farce of tactics, a sickening farce of rifle shooting and any quantity of squad drill.

#### THE VALUE OF DISCIPLINE.

But you will say the *discipline* is good. Though our boys are not taught to shoot or to march any distance or to take advantage of cover in attack and defence, or to do scouting or outpost work, still they are taught to obey, to yield implicit obedience, to go forward unflinchingly at the word of command, etc., etc. So also were the Dervishes taught, and lots of other heroic but not extant people who had the misfortune to have learned implicit obedience to commands that were no longer wise or sensible commands. Other things being at all equal a disciplined force will beat an undisciplined. But Gen. Braddock's disciplined regulars did not beat the Indians, and Col. Ferguson's disciplined regulars did not beat Gen. Sevier's mountaineers. Why? Because when one force understands shooting and uses what now is called "extended formation" (and which over a hundred years ago was practised as "Indian tactics") and the other side only understands parade-ground movements, then hardly any amount of discipline will suffice to make the contest a fair one.

#### THE REMEDY.

Now as it is not probable that the annual training of our militia will be abolished, let me propose one plan by

which it could be redeemed from some of its most startling absurdities. In the first place would it not be wise to quit bottling up all the troops of No. 2 District for 12 days at Niagara, a town whose tactical advantages resulted in Brock's repulse and death, and whose climate is such that the privates shiver all night and in the day-time feel as if they were dancing on the stove-lid of Sheol? If it is inevitable that the troops should arrive at Niagara, why not march them there? For instance, instead of taking the York Rangers in the *Chicora* across the Lake, why not march them to Long Branch? They might camp a couple of days there and be taught some real shooting. Then march them to another rifle range, repeat the dose of target practice and so on to Niagara. By the time they arrived on the Commons a rural battalion would have learned shooting and marching, with such elements of camp life, outpost duties, and general drill as their Colonel would consider it possible to teach without harassing them with fatigue. Each regiment would have a life and individuality of its own. At present the training of every man at camp is regulated by an absurd little pink schedule of drills, and the colonels, majors and adjutants that gallop about have as much real say in the training of their battalions as the familiar cows that we chase out of the line of tents.

I am aware that this proposed plan would present excellent opportunities for those bungles which are cheap in peace time and costly in war, and would throw considerable hard work upon some of the officers connected with the Militia Department. But it would prove their capacity and they would rise to the occasion. They would recognize that the machinery by which they could provision separate units starting from various headquarters, and marching on different roads would be the same machinery that would keep the "Canadian Army" in the field.

At any rate, of our present system we may affirm this. Every Canadian

volunteer has for more than 15 months been reading every day of the ludicrous shortcomings of the English Tommy Atkins; how he cannot shoot, cannot skirmish and is ruined by an absurd adherence to barrack-square evolutions. What opinion must these volunteers have of the military geniuses that direct our militia when they find them-

selves on Niagara Common (or wherever the camp is held) getting a boil-down of Tommy Atkins' training (with the good features omitted) and being carefully instructed in exactly the very things which for months every correspondent, critic and returned soldier has been denouncing as deadly imbecilities?

## FOILED BY A VIOLIN.

*H. J. Temple Hill (Nelhar.)*

WE were rushing along in a Pullman on one of the Indian railways, Bob Stevens, Jack Trelawney, and myself, going home on furlough, and jolly glad to escape the baking hot and tiresome climate of India. We dashed along through the wild jungle; then past some native villages, simmering in the heat. By-and-by we reached a rather more different piece of country, and in a distant clearing a small half-ruined temple was seen.

Bob Stevens shuddered and said, "I can never look at that temple without shuddering, as I had an experience there that deepened my first bad impression of Indian character, and priests especially."

"Spin us a yarn, old man," and Trelawney filled up the glasses.

"Well, as it is somewhat of a relief to me, I will. Take a good look at the temple," and we all looked at it, eagerly and attentively. It was an ordinary type of Indian temple, partly in ruins, dark and dismal, and of smaller size than usual.

"You remember the state of unrest that prevailed up in this region in 18—," began Stevens, "and how that fanatic, Rham Sing, was continually stirring up the natives to rebellion. He ran foul of Col. Watcher, and since then vowed that the vengeance of Buddha should dog his footsteps. Well, one night, or evening rather, Brisbane and myself received some important des-

patches from Col. Watcher, whose daughter had been kidnapped the night before, and were instructed to ride with all speed to Major McDonald, who was encamped at K—, deliver despatches and ask him to join in the search for the girl, as the Colonel was nearly distracted. We left at about 10 p.m. riding fast, and shortly afterwards the moon came out in all her silvery beauty, making it almost as light as day. We were neither of us inclined to talk, so barring an occasional remark, we proceeded in silence.

"After a long interval we heard the faint sounds of a violin being played. It was wonderful and remarkably strange, but unmistakable. Brisbane said, 'By jove, who the devil's playing a violin here?' You must remember that the whole country was greatly excited, and that no European was at all safe then. We pricked up our ears and hurried our horses, and as we approached nearer the sounds, a small native temple came into view, the music got louder, and we recognized one of Strauss' tenderest waltzes. 'It's in the temple,' I ventured to remark, and halting our horses, we dismounted cautiously to reconnoitre. We managed, by pulling ourselves up with our hands to have a peep inside, and what we saw made our blood freeze. Inside, where the moonbeams fell, all was bright and clear, which served only to accentuate the darker recesses of the

gloomy place. In the centre of the floor, upon a slab of white marble, about a foot high, stood a lovely European girl clothed in white and playing her violin, never ceasing. Around her, gently swaying to the rhythm of the music, were snakes innumerable, large and small, principally cobras. As they swayed back and forth, up and down, in their shiny, lissom black and yellow skins, the bright moonlight tinged them all, as it were, with fire, and made their wicked little eyes and tongues scintillate and sparkle again. Such was the sight that rewarded our curiosity. I whispered to Brisbane as soon as I could speak, then said in a clear voice to the girl, 'Keep on playing, help is near.' The young musician started, nodded her head, and still kept the music rolling off her violin and floating through the arches of the temple, while the dancers of death kept up their dance.

"'It's that fiendly priest, Rham Sing's work, I'll bet my rations,' muttered Brisbane, as we dropped to the ground. 'One thing is certain,' I remarked, 'if the music stops, she is doomed. As long as that continues the cobras will not touch her.'

"'How to rescue her, that's the problem,' said Brisbane. 'By the roof. Come, we'll make a rope of our stirrup leathers,' I replied, and we hurried to our horses. We speedily had a rope, made of all the harness that we could possibly use; then writing a note for urgent and immediate help, stuck it in my saddle and started both horses swiftly back to our headquarters. It was then 1 p.m. If our horses went straight back, they would reach camp in less than three hours, and we could count upon assistance arriving three or four hours after.

"There was only one place where we could get up on the roof, and only one could get up at a time. It was hard and dangerous work. The stonework was quite irregular, being partly ruined, which, however, rendered our ascent somewhat easier. Eventually we reached the roof, and clambering over the rest of the irregularities, got

to the window or slit in the centre, and immediately beneath which was our object.

"Lullabies of Schumann were varied by gavottes and waltzes by Strauss, and occasionally a march by Godfrey, and had it not been for the horrible danger to the player inside, the weird scene would have enthralled us," and Stevens took a long draught. We said nothing, and he proceeded.

"Fortunately for us, the place was crumbling and in a state of decay, or we could never have done what we did. After some hard work we managed to enlarge the aperture in the roof right over the girl's head, until we felt sure it was large enough to pass a human being through. I then leant over the hole and told her in clear and distinct tones what we meant to do to rescue her. She looked up mutely and nodded, still keeping up the bewitching music and still holding the yellow and black skinned serpents enchanted and spell-bound.

"Brisbane had by this time a good slip-knot made at the end of our improvised line, and was tying one end of it to a projection on the roof. 'Twas then that we heard natives shouting in the distance.

"'We've no time to lose,' said Brisbane, as I quickly took the rope and lowered it through the opening, carefully dropping the noose over the girl's shoulders. Instantly she dropped her violin, pushed the noose further down her body and clung to the rope, while we at the top gave a long steady haul, which brought our precious burden hanging in mid-air seven or eight feet above the whirling, seething mass of snakes, who, now that the spell had been broken, were darting at the marble slab and the girl's violin. Another long haul and our young lady was just beneath the hole, and we gently pulled her through and on to the roof, where, true to the tradition of her sex, she promptly fainted.

"The natives were coming nearer, and a few had already collected outside the temple and were showing signs of excitement. We laid our burden down

and I gave her a lavish dose of my brandy flask. We had our revolvers, and meant to give the natives some stiff work before they captured us, and, of course, we had good hopes of being rescued ourselves before that transpired. The girl soon revived under my ministrations, and we made her as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances. She was a decidedly pretty girl, blue eyes, golden hair and all that sort of thing, and the beggars who had put her in the temple had taken most of her clothes, thus leaving her more exposed to the bites of the reptiles. It was a trifle embarrassing as we had never met before, though Brisbane whispered to me that it was the Colonel's lost daughter. He knew her by sight.

"Meanwhile the natives, being stirred up by that arch-villain, Rham Sing, were crowding round the temple, and gazing up at us with no very friendly looks. I could see the old fiend, with his ghastly face and priestly garments, inflaming the crowd to attack us, which they shortly did; a few shots rung out, and we heard some bullets go whizzing past. Brisbane and I fired simultaneously at Rham Sing, but whether it was owing to the uncertain light, or his having a charmed life, I don't know; anyway we both missed him, and were rewarded by a malig-

nant glare from him, divided between our two selves and the girl, and a volley of bullets which pattered all about us, hitting nothing but the stonework.

"Matters were getting interesting, when to our straining ears was borne the familiar and then jolly welcome sound of cavalry dashing along and accoutrements rattling, and, with a hearty cheer, a squadron of our cavalry, led by Colonel Watcher himself, charged into the open space and into the remnant of natives, who had deferred to make their escape upon the first alarm. We stood up and waved our helmets, and it wasn't long before we were all down beside the Colonel. Brisbane and I looked the other way and talked when the Colonel met his child, but a minute or two afterwards he called us over to him and introduced her as his daughter, Miss Evelyn Watcher, who now, I am glad to say, is Mrs. Bob Stevens," and he looked radiantly happy.

"What became of Rham Sing, though?" asked Trelawney.

"Oh, he escaped; went north, I believe, and, as far as I know, is living yet."

"And the snakes?"

"Oh, we left them to those who like them. My wife doesn't, neither do I," said Stevens emphatically.

#### IN AUGUST'S GLARE.

COULD we but call them back—  
 The scented hours of spring,  
 When love was holy awe,  
 And thought took lyric wing;  
 When the skies were full of dream  
 And the winds of sweet desire,  
 When night was a purple tent  
 And dawn a sacred fire.

The blinding heat, the dust,  
 The mid-noon shadowless glare—  
 Would they could pass and change  
 To June's soft healing air;  
 And the heavy hearts that creep  
 Through hours of sordid strife—  
 Oh for a breath of youth  
 To stir them back to life!

*Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.*

# Hildegarde

By

Evelyn Durand



THE town of Burlington upon the lake was then called Wellington Square, and was composed of a dozen or more log-houses. In one of these had lived the famous warrior of the Six Nation Indians, Thayendanagea, better known perhaps as Joseph Brant; the house where he had died in 1807 was always pointed out to strangers. The only tavern was MacFee's at the Canal, and here assembled to smoke and drink and gossip with MacFee, the men from the environs and the outlying farms. David MacFee was a short, thick-set man of vigorous mind and rich vocabulary, a man who gave the impression of knowing more of every matter than he chose to tell. This knowledgeable reserve was fascinating, especially since it was combined with much freedom of tongue, and

imperturbable good nature. He was, according to his own narration, by birth a Scotchman and familiar with the plough, by education an American and accustomed to trade, by choice a Canadian and given to hospitality. During the war of 1812, he had drifted over with the American troops, and in some inexplicable way had developed into MacFee of the Canal. He had two compeers, and but two: Matthew and Thomas Hughes. Matthew kept the shop at Wellington Square, selling merchandise valuable though miscellaneous: calico and boots, note-paper and harness, candles and Bibles, molasses and paints. He lived with his wife and his brother Thomas, the schoolmaster. A wire-door led from the shop to the backroom where he ate his meals, sitting at the head of the table, with a vigilant eye upon the shop. He and Thomas looked upon themselves as scholarly; they had some books in their possession, purchased from a certain Colonel Wentworth, of Niagara, the only books about the settlement. There was an old edition of Shakespeare with many leaves missing, Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, a translation of *Don Quixote*, Spenser's *Faery*

*Queen*, the life of Leonardo Da Vinci, and Bacon's *Novum Organum*—these with sundry volumes on Astronomy, Geography and Christian Behaviour, made up the collection. Matthew used to dust them every week and arrange the ragged leaves of Shakespeare which Hildegarde sometimes misplaced.

The school-house stood two miles from the Canal on the Beach Road. Across the fields to its right a long row of Lombardy poplars faced the lake. Behind the poplars stretched a garden full of bushes, hollyhocks, sweet-william and roses. Midst the profuse growth a foot-worn path conducted to a little log-house. It was here that Hildegarde dwelt. Her grandfather, old Isaac, was a Quaker, and he did not fraternize with the country folk. He had settled in the neighbourhood sixteen years before with Hildegarde, a little child, his sole companion. He lived with primitive simplicity, molesting none and desirous to be unmolested, tilling his land with quiet industry. The girl grew up in strength and beauty, and became his helpmate, toiling with him cheerfully. At last one spring the old man was seized with paralysis, and thenceforth he spent his

time asleep in the big cedar-chair that Hildegarde had made for him. She did the work, ploughing and planting, gathering flax, weaving cloth, manufacturing, contriving and inventing, and always caring for old Isaac.

Long since she had gone to the school-house to learn from Thomas Hughes, and had assimilated every fact he was possessed of. She had gone to Matthew—he had lent her one by one his books. To him also for his examination and approval she brought her various productions, sometimes a verse or two, sometimes a fairy-tale, or again a drawing in charcoal, or a piece of wood-carving. Matthew's patience was inexhaustible; he listened to everything and inspected everything with the air of a connoisseur; and when his critical faculty was overcome his eyes would grow very round and serious, and placing his hands upon his knees, he would lean forward and ask slowly: "How *kin* you do it?" and Hildegarde would answer vaguely: "Oh, I always could."

Matthew and Thomas used to talk about her, and one day when they were at the tavern, sitting tilted back in their chairs, they convinced themselves, over their pipes, that Hildegarde was descended from some great artist. But MacFee declared, as he handed them their toddy, "She has come o' a line o' musicians, that girl. She plays her fiddle like the devil himself. That old coof o' a Quaker has money enough and to spare, I bet. She works too hard, ploughin' and sichlike. Damned old Quaker—he's set no foot in my door since he came here."

## II.

It was a chilly evening in October, and it was Hildegarde's birthday. After helping old Isaac into bed she had gone to play at the tavern. David always welcomed her, although he sold less liquor when Hildegarde played. He was lounging now behind the bar with his thumbs caught in his vest, listening to her. Thomas Hughes sat near the fire, his bleared eyes closed;

Captain Hill, from Ancaster, occasionally moved one of his huge hands outspread upon his hips to poke him jestingly by way of emphasis to some remark. Tom Richards and George Stoutworth had come with Master Peter Crosthwaite from the Six Mile Creek. They sat embarrassed, avoiding Peter who had ordered something hot for them, while he, with legs comfortably crossed, was pondering his magnanimity. Ephraim Burns, who sometimes worked with Hildegarde, had modestly retired to a dim corner where little of him was seen, and nothing heard, but intermissive sniffs. A solitary candle flared upon the counter and threw fantastic shadows of the rugged figures on the old discoloured walls.

Hildegarde had taken up her violin again. In her music was something that could move them and she knew it. She stood in the full glare of the hearth, her slender arms uplifted, the bow grasped in her strong, light fingers, moving now rapidly, now slowly, over the sonorous strings. The melody swelled forth, thrilling and pure, like the notes of a soaring lark.

Suddenly the door was opened to admit a man. He came slowly forward, bending his gaze upon the girl. MacFee got up and tiptoed across the room, but the stranger did not heed him, nor the proffered seat. He leaned against the wall intent and silent, watching Hildegarde. She raised her wondering eyes to his, still playing on.

A hush had fallen upon the company. There was scarce the sound of breathing in the room, pervaded by the high, sweet strain, and the muffled roaring of the flames. Faster fled the bow, intenser grew the theme, diviner sang the strings, weaving immortal harmonies foreign to the player, trancing to the listeners, never again to be heard by any—while the eyes of the stranger, compelling and tender, and the eyes of the maiden unquestioning and enrapt, mingled and transported their souls with the symphony to some loftier sphere of communication.

After minutes or hours, no one knew when, the music ceased—ceased of it-

self, as it had begun. The men roused themselves as if awakened from dreaming. The door stood ajar, and the candle was extinguished. The stranger had gone and Hildegard had followed.

A white autumnal mist was thick upon the air, delineating objects which it yet concealed. She looked blindly around; the tall pines bent and swayed above a mighty horseman towering in the vapour; she saw the giant outline and ran forward, but the horse careered beyond her reach.

"Will thee come again?" she cried aloud, striving to perceive him.

"I will come again."

"And will thee help me?" she called again, radiant in the darkness.

"And I will help you." In his tone there was a certainty inspiring confidence.

"And I will help you, I will help you," sang the waves. "And I will help you, I will help you," echoed back the pines.

"O lake! O trees! be still!" imperiously cried the girl.

A little beam of light shot through the mist. "Hildegard, come in; come in out o' the cold!" MacFee was at the door, shading the candle with his hand.

### III.

"Grandfather, nine peas in a pod!" Hildegard sprang to her feet.

"Eh?" said the old man. She laid the basin of peas upon the floor and going into the dark corner where the old man sat, she took her ladder and fastened the pod above the entrance.

"Why does thee place it there, child?" said Isaac, peering at her.

"Because," the girl responded gravely, "it is said the first who shall pass under will be *he*."

"Thee should know there are many foolish babblings these days, Hildegard."

She gathered the peas together and poured them into the cauldron. Going back she threw herself lazily upon the doorstep.

"What does thee mean by *he*?"

queried the old man leaning forward. She made no reply. His countenance was full of a delighted craftiness as he put the next question: "Is it Ephraim?" Hildegard laughed outright, then suddenly grew serious.

The sun was streaming into the garden, focusing a thousand rays upon each drop of dew that glittered on the fresh crisp cabbage leaves. Across the intervening meadows the school-house peeped from the clump of large scrub-oaks; she fancied she could hear old Thomas pounding on his desk and crying, "*Now chil-der-en!*" Farther still lay the long level gleam of Lake Ontario, and she imagined that she heard the waves. This was impossible, for the water was quiet. But the thump of the flail in the barn she did hear, and she pictured therein sweating Ephraim with his bovine face and brawny arms.

She said gently, "I like Ephraim, and I like his oxen." The old man looked gratified. "He helps us, and his farm lies here just back of us; would thee like to give him ours?"

"Yes, yes, grandfather, when we go away; when *he* comes."

"Aye, but thee is queer. When who comes did thee say?"

Hildegard answered in a soothing tone, "Thee shall see, grandfather; thee shall see."

"Well, well, I can't see much now, Hildegard. Queer name—thy mother called thee so, well! I and thy father—does thee mind thy father?"

"Yes, but I like best to hear about my mother Gretchen, who was not a Friend. I like to hear about her hair—'twas bright like mine, grandfather, wasn't it? And her arms were nice like mine, eh? And she played on my fiddle, her fiddle, she played like I do?" The girl got to her feet and took the old instrument from the shelf where she kept their Bible and the books that Matthew Hughes had lent her. She raised the violin and drew some long soft chords. "That is all I remember of her, grandfather, that sweet murmuring sound. Thee says she couldn't talk to thee; that was too bad. Perhaps thee might have loved

her if she could have." Her face was very pitiful as she spoke.

The house consisted mainly of this one room—Isaac had a little place adjoining where he slept, and the young girl's chamber was the garret. She had stained its boarded floor a dark mahogany red. She had constructed chairs and tables ornamented with intricate designs. The rough plastered walls were covered with sketches in chalk and charcoal, and beneath the ignorance and crudity a peculiar power was revealed. On either end of the little oaken ladder, her only stairway, she had carved an eagle poised as if to flutter upward. Each night as she climbed to the garret, she fancied that she was assisted and upborne by them. Her hands touched nothing but to give it shape and beauty. Her very fingers seemed creative.

A small joint of beef was on the spit before the fire. She began to stir the logs.

"Thee'll just let me do that," and Isaac shuffled over, took the iron from her hand and struck feebly at the huge backlog. Hildegard watched him. He was one of those gaunt, large-framed old men who always look unkempt; his jaws were sunken, his face displayed a labyrinth of wrinkles, but his eyes still lightened now and then with bygone spirit. His coat was threadbare, and it filled her with solicitude.

"Grandfather, Ephraim must get my cloth from the fulling mill, and I will make thee a new jacket." His exertion had resulted in a fit of coughing; as she led him back to his chair, he answered irritably: "Thee is all of the flesh. Thy thoughts are of costly apparel. What does Paul say of gold and pearls and such like?"

She wore a linsey-woolsey petticoat, which failed to hide her naked ankles; her feet were shod in home-made moccasins. A little crimson bodice was laced closely over the full linen chemise gathered about her neck and her uncovered arms. There was nothing costly here, nor was there any gleam

of gold, unless it were the lustre of her hair, which fell in short, heavy waves upon the vigorous young shoulders.

"Grandfather, Paul sometimes seems to me a gnat beside the Christ."

"Thee should never have been let read the Holy Bible, Hildegard; thee has no inward light."

"But I love to read it." She was on her knees turning the roast about in the process of basting.

"I was not let read it when I was young—it was thought that only those who had the light should read it."

"Yes, it seems to do harm." She spoke thoughtfully. Old Isaac sat upright, agape.

"Because, Grandfather, thee worships it. The Bible isn't God—it is what the Jews thought about God. I don't think the same."

The old man relapsed, shaking his head, "Aye, but thee is queer."

The meat was growing succulent and brown, the gravy dripped into the pan beneath. Hildegard continued:

"There is that in me which sees and understands; it will not let me rest; it urges me to do, to make, to think. We must go away, Grandfather, into the world, and learn—learn everything. But we must wait for *him*, *he* already knows, *he* will help us. I will work hard—I have been working, but my brain is bound with heavy chains of ignorance, and this something in me wants to burst them and be free. I will play till people laugh or tremble, as they do at the tavern; I will draw splendidly, as they have never seen before; I will paint their steeple-houses as Leonardo did the convent at Milan. That is Leonardo's book there on the shelf—he...oh! a bird!" she ran to the door. Cleaving the air, swift, unfaltering, far into the sunlit space the sparrow-hawk flew; and with the ecstasy such marvellous passage always roused in her, Hildegard watched until the tiny speck had faded in the distance.

"If I also could only rise and soar through that sky, or go straight up, up, up—"

She returned after awhile and examined the meat, bending her luminous

face serenely to the pots and pans. In Hildegarde could be no incongruity.

"Thee will have to wait a little longer yet for thy dinner, and—Ah! does that make thee feel so bad?" The old man was dozing, with the corners of his mouth drawn down. She sat upon the edge of his big chair, and putting her arms about his neck, swayed gently to and fro with him.

"It is that thee is wicked," he murmured drowsily.

"But I am good. I will sing thee a *chant*:"

Spirit that breathest above us,  
Thou that not vainly dost love us,  
Thou that art ceaselessly giving  
Infinite impulse to living,  
Oh, I beseech thee,  
Thine own self teach me!

Spirit that breathest below us,  
Thou that dost silently show us,  
Ever thy lightening presence,  
Never thine innermost essence,  
Oh, I implore thee,  
Linger before me!

Spirit that breathest around us,  
Thou that infolding, dost bound us  
But to a limit unmeasured,  
But to a plenty untreasured,  
Oh, I entreat thee,  
Hear me and greet me!

She ceased her movement, he was asleep.

#### IV.

To the husbandman each season brings an obligation, and time, if it pass imperceptible and noiseless, is just as rapid as to people metropolitan. Day followed day, month followed month, and Hildegarde went in and out, now tending Isaac, now labouring in the fields, now spending entire weeks in idleness. She seldom went to Matthew Hughes', and the assembly at the tavern was wholly disregarded; but old Isaac was not neglected, and as she fled the society of others, she clung the more to his. She would sit and talk to him for hours, regaling him with theories and ideas of her own which made him stupid with surprise. He could not

understand her language, but neither this nor aught could daunt his fondness. Sometimes she would rouse herself to work, and then as suddenly grow listless. She wandered miles along the country roads, returning animated and excited from her solitary rambles. She did not fail in the performance of her heavy tasks, but worked mechanically, absorbed, unconscious of her actual existence. She lingered late at night. "My eagles will not carry me up any more," she told old Isaac, when he was ordering her to rest. "But thee has the wheat to cradle on the morrow," remonstrated the old man, and with a new and uncontrollable emotion, he added, "da-arling." Then she smiled, "and thee'll see how well I do it."

The summer passed and October drew nigh, and daily her energy grew less and her restlessness increased. She felt a necessity for action, she told the old man that she must accomplish something, for *he* would not fail to come again upon her birthday.

Before daylight on that morning, Isaac heard the whirring of the spinning-wheel, and the ceaseless footsteps back and forth. In his inattentive ears, as if from far away, the young voice rang. He awakened more and caught the air, and soon the words:

Herald of morning,  
Soft-treading dawn,  
All thine adorning  
Silver and fawn,  
Into the eyelids  
Heavy with sleep,  
Even as God bids  
Tenderly creep!

Rouse up the flowers,  
Passing o'er none,  
Whisper of showers  
Tinged with the sun!  
Move o'er the meadlands,  
Glide o'er the lake,  
Brighten the dull sands  
Where the waves break!

Waken the dear birds,  
Clustered in trees,  
Teach them the sweet words  
Borne on the breeze!  
Send them all winging  
Upward like darts,  
Fill with their singing  
All human hearts!

He listened, uncomprehensive, then turned upon his side content. When he finally awoke, it was to find the spinning-wheel forlornly in the middle of the floor, the yarn in tangled masses, and Hildegarde gone.

He understood it, and spent the day quite cheerfully, knowing that she would return.

At sunset she appeared, bearing herself with that strained tranquillity which frequently foreruns an eager expectation.

"I see now, Grandfather. I have been wondering so long why I could not work. It is because *he* is to help me. I will be able then. I have been walking in the woods, and I seemed to see *him* move between the trees, I seemed to see *him* looking from the sky, I seemed to see *him* rising from the streams, and—it was strange. Grandfather, but don't thee fear that I will leave thee. Thee shall come too. We will never separate from thee."

They sat down together and ate their evening meal, talking incessantly. The old man was not observant, he saw nothing ominous in the distended iris, and the breathless lips before him.

"Good-night, good-night," he said, as she cleared away the supper, and afterwards he called from time to time, his voice half-smothered by the blanket: "Thee ought to go to bed now."

She moved about the room, putting one chair here, another there, heaping up the wood upon the hearth. The night was cold—colder than a year ago. It blustered a little, and stormed the open chimney. Great sparks flew up now and then as the logs cracked. She sat down beside them and clasped her knees. Her heart was throbbing, and her face was growing very pale.

The lake was rough, the waves combating on the shore, made themselves audible. The sky was filled with wind-clouds, and the moon looked almost shipwrecked. The darkness deepened with the minutes.

She waited, waited, waited—intense, alert.

She waited, waited—till she heard a

step upon the path. The latch was lifted. Whence came this glory? Her eyes were almost blinded. *He* stepped inside, *he* took her outstretched hands within his own.

"Thee has come for me?"

"For you, dear love."

His steadfastness entered into her like peace.

"And can I be with thee who is so great?"

"We shall be one," he said.

There was no doubt, no diffidence, no chariness between them. In the unspeakable transport of absolute love, they met soul to soul, with rapturous faces—time, space, eternity—naught. Then bewildered, intoxicated, Hildegarde rushed to the little room. The moonbeams, glancing through the narrow window, touched the old man's head.

"Grandfather! Grandfather! He has come, he is here. Get up, get up!"

She shook him over and over again. The old man crouched speechless, startled beyond measure.

She helped him out, half carrying him with her.

"Grandfather, this is *he*."

Old Isaac stared, rubbed his cheeks, quavered: "Where?"

"Here, speak to him!" she urged.

"Where? where?" he shouted loudly now.

"Cannot thee see?"

"Child, there is nothing."

She drew back slowly, impotently.

"Aye, but thee is queer."

He grasped her by the shoulders and dragged her forward, he seized her hands and passed them through the empty air.

"Child, there is nothing here."

Into some abysmal darkness she was sinking.

"Don't thee, don't thee, Grandfather!" she implored him.

He still persisted. He waved her little hands about within the empty room.

"Nothing here—see!"

She ceased to struggle. Her arms fell forward. Her head drooped heavily down.

"Hildegarde, thee must— Help! Help!" he screamed.

"Hildegarde! Hildegarde!"

He tottered with her weight and staggered to the floor.

She lay above him, motionless.

"Help! help!" again came from

the old man weakly, and then no more.

Towards midnight the wind grew very boisterous. It beat upon and blew apart the door, rudely trespassing the house. But the occupants were silent. Nothing hereafter could disturb these two.

## KAID MACLEAN.

THE SCOTSMAN WHO IS AT THE HEAD OF THE MOROCCO ARMY AND WHO RECENTLY VISITED LONDON TO ASSIST IN CONVEYING TO KING EDWARD THE SULTAN'S CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

*By James Edwards.*

**H**ARRY AUBREY DE VERE MACLEAN, C.M.G., the distinguished Scotsman who has played an important part in organizing the army of the Sultan of Morocco, is a picturesque personage.

For twenty-three years he has faithfully served his master, the Sultan, and his name throughout the whole of Morocco is regarded as synonymous with inflexible justice, tact and indomitable energy and pluck.

Of the details of his life it is extremely difficult to say much. During his many years of self-enforced exile but little has been seen of him in the land of his birth, and his recent visit to London is only the second time he has been home during the past eight years.

On the previous occasion he, on leaving the steamer at the docks, came up to London in native dress, and great was the excitement and curiosity among the passengers at Fenchurch-street station when a group of gorgeously appressed passengers stepped from the train. These included Kaid Harry Maclean, his wife, some other members of his family—all attired in the magnificent robes of the Moor—and his English footman dressed as a native soldier.

Harry Maclean, who is fifty-one years of age, entered the British Army thirty years ago, and for seven years served Her Majesty in various parts of the world. He took part in the Red

River expedition, and also did duty at Bermuda and Gibraltar. It was while he was at the last-named station that he came into touch with the country which was to be chiefly connected with his life's work.

In 1876, while on a visit to Tangier, he was asked by the then British Minister to Morocco if he would accept the post of instructor to the Moorish troops, the Sultan having asked the British Minister to find him an English officer for that purpose. Maclean accepted the offer, and is now one of the chiefs of an army stated to comprise between 15,000 and 20,000 men, one-half of whom are negroes, the Sultan's bodyguard and a force of militia of various arms.

In 1876 he resigned his commission in Her Majesty's service. The first work given to him by his new master was the ordering of a number of large guns, which are to-day on the fort at Tangier. So pleased was the Sultan with the way in which the young foreigner did the work entrusted to him that he took him permanently into the employ of the Moorish Government, and subsequently gave him the rank of Kaid.

Short of stature, and wearing a beard which had begun to turn grey, Maclean cuts a handsome figure in his native robes.

His place of residence is dependent upon the movements of the Moorish

Court, and this usually means that he spends about two years at each of the capitals.

One who knows him well tells the writer that the one great characteristic of the Kaid is the fact that he is never tired. It is no uncommon thing for him to be in the saddle nineteen hours out of the twenty-four.

His gray eyes are full of fire, and at a glance it is evident that he is very alert and quick. Many years ago he lost the sight of one eye as the result of ophthalmia contracted during one of the Sultan's expeditions, but this is in no way apparent, both of his visual organs having the appearance of normal health. In spite of the loss of his right eye he is a magnificent rifle shot; he always fires from the left shoulder.

His influence in the country is immense, and has been of great use in favourably impressing the Sultan with English ideas and diplomacy. He is the best interpreter in Morocco.

Kaid Maclean enjoys the unique distinction of having driven a hansom cab from the Moorish coast to the capital. It came about in this way. The Sultan, like many another half-civilized sovereign, must have everything up-to-date, and so while the Negus Menelik has his phonograph, the Ameer his sewing-machines, bicycles, and so forth, his Shereefian Majesty must have his latest vehicle straight from Long Acre.

The hansom duly reached the coast, but the next question was how should it get to Fez, and who would drive it?

The same man who had reorganized the army and had done so much to introduce civilization into the country, and who had carried despatches when others feared to do so, stepped into the breach, or, to be more exact, got upon the box, and with a flick of the whip started off for Fez.

The start was made from El Araish—a city on the Atlantic coast—the destination being 120 miles off, and that through a country without roads. Although there was no absolute danger, the difficulties of the journey can be easily imagined, at one time the track

being such that the wheels had to be removed and the body of the cab carried over a pass slung between camels.

His wife is as popular as her husband. She has spent all her married life at the scene of the Kaid's labours, and has accompanied him on most of his expeditions, travelling in native costume, and, of course, veiled.

The Kaid has three daughters and one son living. Two of the former live with their parents in their Moorish palace. The daughters are said to be strikingly handsome. The Macleans are noted for the hospitality which they extend to the few Britishers who penetrate to their home.

For many years a younger sister of the Kaid resided with her brother, but five years ago, while riding into the camp, she was seized with an attack of cholera, to which she succumbed. During a period when this terrible disease was rampant in the Sultan's camp, the Kaid and his wife were untiring in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings and brighten the last hours of the cholera-stricken Moors.

For twenty-three years Kaid Maclean has accompanied the Sultan—from whom he is scarcely ever apart—on all his expeditions, and from this alone it can be gathered that he has seen an immense amount of fighting. Yet in spite of the fact that he has been under fire sometimes two or three times in the course of a year, he has never been hit.

He is very popular with the soldiers, who delight to speak of the brave deeds performed by their Coroni (the name by which he is known all over Morocco). His influence among the people and at Court has been immensely enhanced by the fact that he has never meddled in politics, but has always devoted himself to his own work. He has organized practically the whole of the Moorish army, and has armed the troops with European rifles. Owing to his exertions the soldiers receive their pay with comparative regularity, and he has used every effort to put a stop to the barbarities which are far too common in the country.

## CANADIAN IMPERIALISM IN ENGLAND.

*By Norman Patterson.*

MR. SANFORD EVANS' book on the Canadian contingents has made the impression in England to which it was entitled. The journals of public opinion in London and other cities have considered it carefully, especially the chapters dealing with the present attitude of Canada toward Imperialism. These journals have taken Mr. Evans' opinion and placed it above the general statements so commonly made by politicians from this side. They have treated his calm and statesmanlike utterances and arguments with respectful analysis and a diligent hearing.

Some of these journals have discovered Mr. Evans to be an Imperialist. Perhaps he is in one sense. He is not, however, in the class with the members of the British Empire League. He is a young Canadian, and in no sense a Britisher beyond his admiration and respect for the Mother Country. The editor of the *Liverpool Post* comes nearest to a correct estimate of Mr. Evans and his work and the comment on the book is worth reading. He says:—

“The Canadian contingents, according to the Queen's Speech at the opening of the Canadian Parliament in February, 1900, were sent to South Africa ‘as a practical evidence of the profound devotion and loyalty of the entire people of Canada to the Sovereign and institutions of the British Empire.’ No one has sought to controvert this declaration, but the circumstances in which the contingents were sent have escaped the attention of the people of this country. . . .

“There is a disposition, a very natural disposition, to regard the sending of colonial contingents as in itself a proof that the principle of Imperialism, as it is advocated by some statesmen in this country, is accepted

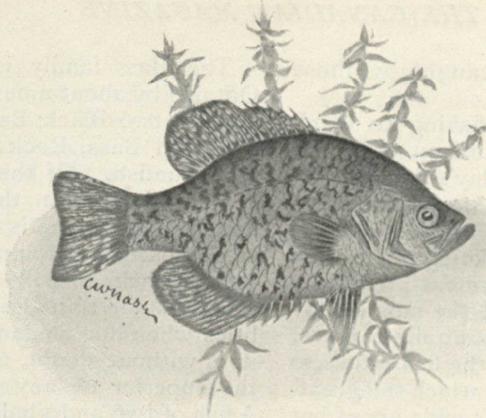
in its entirety in the colonies. It is well to disabuse the people of this country of any such belief. It is erroneous, and can only do harm. Imperial federation is a scheme as yet unthought out, almost nebulous, and divides statesmen in this country into an indefinite number of sections. If it ever comes to be set forth in a systematic form, the lines of cleavage may become yet more obvious, and may possibly disappear. It is not the case that in the colonies the greatest advance has been made. The subject has been less talked about and opinion is even further from being ripe there than in this country.

“In this book on the Canadian contingents, Mr. W. Sanford Evans very wisely devotes much space to a consideration of the relations of the colony to the Mother Country in connection with Imperial defence, and the attitude of the people and statesmen of Canada to this question. The decision to send contingents was taken by the Government of Canada, not spontaneously, but in answer to the irresistible demand of the great majority of the Canadian people. The situation was somewhat different from what it was in the Australian colonies. In Australasia the Parliaments were in session when war broke out, and a constitutional means of action was at hand. In Canada Parliament was prorogued in August, 1899, and did not meet until February, 1900. It is true that as early as July, 1899, Queensland had made an offer of troops, and in that month Lieut.-Colonel Sam Hughes, in the Canadian Parliament, drew attention to the matter, and urged that action should be taken. Action was, however, then considered premature, and it was during the recess that the matter was taken up by the people of Canada, with so much zeal and enthu-

siasm that the Government were compelled to take action. It would be unfair to say that they would not have taken action without this expression of popular feeling, although undoubtedly the procedure would have been different and more strictly constitutional. It is not even said that they acted against their will or against their judgment of what was right, far less that they were weak in their loyalty. The interesting fact remains that the movement for sending contingents to South Africa originated among the people of Canada; to be more definite it originated among the Canadians of British race. The existence of two races in Canada complicated this question, and must complicate all questions of Imperialism in a way that is not met with in Australasia. The same difficulty will arise in South Africa, and no good can be done by shutting our eyes to the fact. It is not a question of loyalty to the British Crown; but, as Mr. Evans puts it, the French-Canadians lay stress first and most strongly on their loyalty to Canada. When the proposal to send contingents was first mooted, the Government had to consider the racial question, and their hesitation, it has been inferred, was due to the fear of arousing race antagonism. The French-Canadians were rather indifferent than hostile to the sending of a contingent. They had naturally not the same interest in it as their fellow-countrymen, and they were averse from the practice of taking part in all the wars in which Great Britain might be engaged. On the other hand, the decision to send troops was justified by Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the ground that had the Government not obeyed the voice of public opinion, 'a dangerous agitation would have arisen—an agitation which, according to all human probability, would have ended in a line of cleavage in this country upon racial lines.'

"One other point must be dwelt on in elucidating the attitude of Canadian

statesmen towards Imperialism. It is in this country mainly that the duty of the colonies to assist in Imperial defence has been pointed out; it is not a task that has spontaneously occurred to colonial statesmen, although it has not been reluctantly taken up on the one side, nor overzealously urged on the other. In the case of the Canadian contingents, a certain amount of stimulus undoubtedly came from the Imperial Government. Mr. Chamberlain communicated to Lord Minto, the Governor-General, a memorandum from the War Office, in which it was said:— 'From Canada no definite offer has, as yet, reached Lord Lansdowne, but he understands that 1,200 men are anxious to volunteer.' This memorandum was sent to the Canadian Ministers for their information, recording the fact that they had made no offer. Mr. Evans is careful to guard against the impression that the Imperial Government tried to force the hands of the Canadian Ministers, but he remarks that such a splendid opportunity for making a beginning of Imperial co-operation could not be neglected. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is more emphatic. 'No,' he said, in March, 1900, when explaining the despatch of the contingents, 'we were not forced by England or by Downing-street to do what we did. We acted in the full independence of our sovereign power. What we did we did of our own free will.' This will readily be admitted, and yet the sending of the contingents was not the deliberate act of the Government, unmoved by popular feeling at home and the delicately-applied influence of the Imperial Government. It is almost the first, and it is a most instructive, chapter in Imperial co-operation, and those who are interested in bringing the members of the Empire into closer relation cannot do better than study it as it is moderately and judiciously presented by Mr. Evans."



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

THE SPECKLED BASS

## THE BASS OF ONTARIO.

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS.

*By C. W. Nash.*

WITH each returning spring, even to the very last, "the old spring fret comes o'er us," and we must go somewhere fishing. In the Province of Ontario the open season for Black Bass commences on the sixteenth day of June, which simply means that on that date the realization of the pleasures of fishing may be indulged in. But long before this the enthusiastic anglers have been revelling in the pleasures of anticipation. Rods and tackle have been overhauled many times. Where two or three are gathered together, great stories are told of what has been done in the past and what will be done in the coming season.

These conversations will probably be held in the centre of some smoky city with the noise and bustle of business all around, but while the talk lasts the men engaged in it are oblivious to business. Their minds are far away to where the waters of some northern lake gently ripple to the shore, and the breeze whispers in the branches of the hemlocks. They are back again beside some favourite pool, and can feel the tug that follows a successful cast, and realize in every detail all the vicis-

situdes of the fight that ensues, before a game three-pounder is brought to the landing net. These are ordinary men of business whose talk at other times is of bonds, stocks, commerce and all that goes to support the artificial method of life we call civilization, but the poetry of the lakes and the forest gets hold of them as it does at times of all men with well regulated minds. If it was our custom to speak in verse they would say as Kipling did :

"Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that racing stream,  
With the raw right-angled log-jam at the end,  
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream  
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?

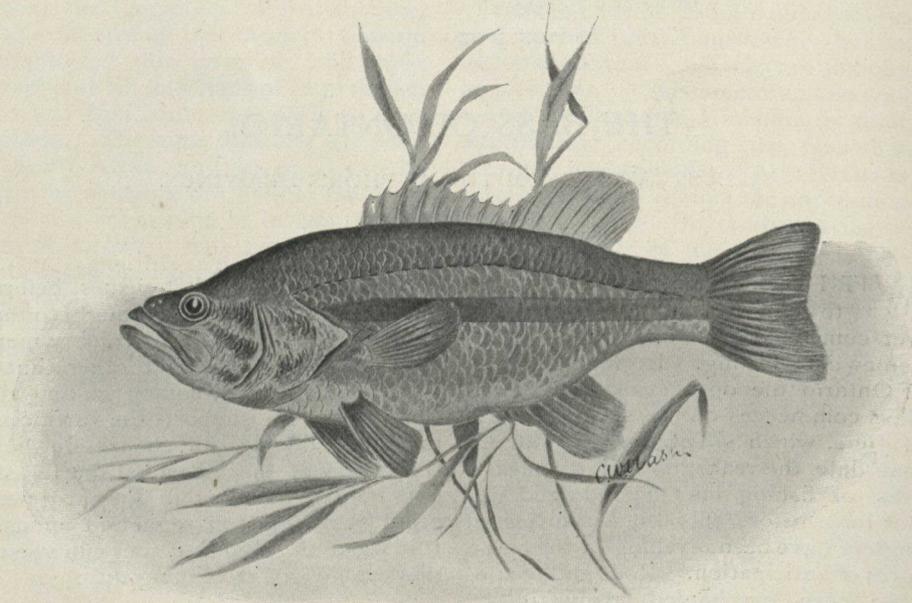
It is there that we are going, with our rods,  
and reels and traces,  
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know,  
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,  
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go."

We all know just such places. They are to be found in all those parts of our Province that have not yet been destroyed by improvident and wasteful methods of clearing and in them the

Black Bass may be caught by those who know how.

"It is not all of fishing to catch fish," and the total amount of enjoyment derived from a day's fishing cannot be measured by the contents of the creel. Still when we do go a-fishing and meet with a blank day there is a feeling of disappointment that the beauties of nature and the most pleasant surroundings cannot quite remove. There are days when the fish refuse to be caught—days upon which the greatest skill and the finest tackle are of but

The Bass family is represented in Ontario by about nine species comprising the two Black Bass, White Bass, Speckled Bass, Rock Bass and about four Sunfish. Of these the one that stands highest in the estimation of anglers everywhere is the small-mouthed Black Bass commonly known as "the Black Bass." Its well-earned repute is due to its game fighting qualities when hooked, and in that respect it is without doubt, at equal weights, the superior of any fish that swims. A fish of two and a half or three pounds



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

LARGE-MOUTHED BLACK BASS

little avail—the Bass are either gorged, or lazy, or the weather conditions are unpropitious. No one positively knows just what is the matter, but they will not feed. This usually happens on hot, bright days when there is little or no breeze. Quite frequently after a day of this kind, just about sunset and from then until dark luck will change and the fish bite ravenously, so that in an hour the fortune of the day will be redeemed, and the angler whose patience has enabled him to "stick it out," will be rewarded with a fair catch.

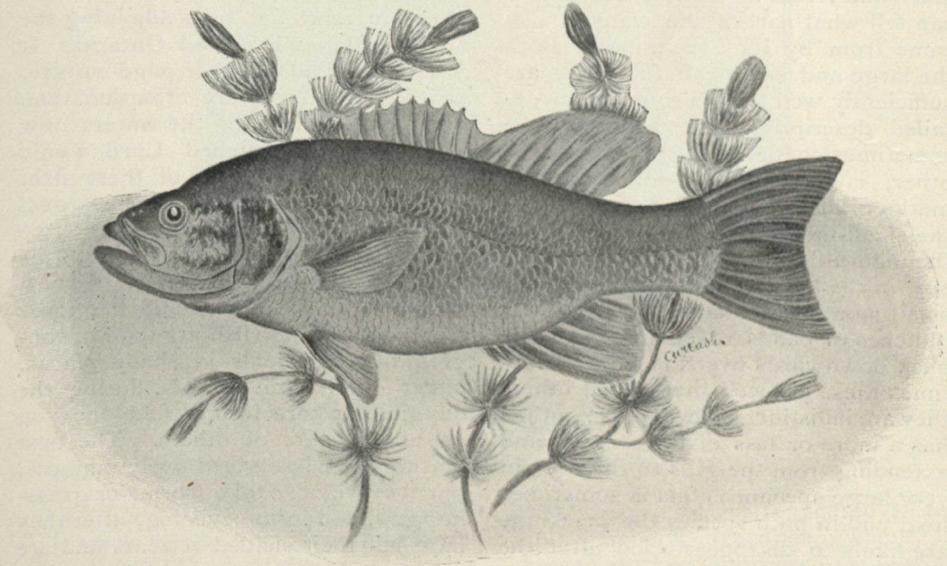
weight generally gives greater sport than a larger one, the big fish lacking the vim and dash which is so conspicuous a feature in those that have attained their perfect proportions without portliness. It inhabits principally rocky or gravelly streams and lakes and is more or less abundant in the waters of the Trent valley, the Georgian Bay district and throughout the North-westerly part of Ontario. Constant netting by poachers and a total want of any efficient method of protection by those whose duty it is to look

after the matter, will soon, however, have the effect of rendering these waters as barren of Black Bass as are the lakes and streams of the more densely populated part of the country.

When hungry no fish is more voracious than this. Nothing that has life in it and can be taken in its capacious jaws comes amiss to it. I have heard of some curious things having been found in the stomachs of Black Bass at times, amongst others a half grown Mink was found in one by a friend of mine a few years ago. Frogs, worms, insects, crawfish and small fish of any

but they are hard to keep on the hook and soon die. Dead and still baits are of no use for any of the Bass; there must be either life or motion to represent it, otherwise they will very rarely touch it.

Bass fishing commences on the sixteenth day of June, which is a little too early for most of the waters in the Province. This season I saw fish on their nests in Southern Ontario on the twenty-first of the month, and I have frequently seen numbers of them still guarding their eggs, almost up to the end of the month, on the spawning



SMALL-MOUTHED BLACK BASS

DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

kind that are not spiny, constitute the food of the Bass family in general and any of them may be used as bait. I have a strong preference for bright shiners, small frogs and large grasshoppers, varying them as occasion may require. Sometimes when the fish are not really feeding they will take a frog or a grasshopper when they will refuse a shiner, and *vice versa*. In the northern waters dew-worms are a particularly good bait, but they must be taken up there, as none are to be obtained in the soil of that part of the country. Crawfish also are very killing as bait,

grounds of Lakes Ontario and Erie. These were, of course, large-mouthed Black Bass, or Yellow Bass, as they are generally called, but the spawning time of both species is the same, and is regulated by the temperature of the water. The nests, which are shallow depressions cleared out on some sandy or gravelly spot, are made in May. In these depressions the eggs are deposited, the female fish remaining over the nest, guarding it and keeping the eggs clean and free from sediment by the constant fanning motion of her fins and tail. The eggs are attached to

the pebbles of the nest by a glutinous substance, and are thus prevented from being washed away. When the fry are a few days old they scatter along the shores in shallow water, and hide amongst weeds in an instinctive effort to avoid their many enemies, amongst which the larger members of their own tribe are probably the most dangerous.

All fish vary very much in colouration and somewhat in form in different waters, and this peculiarity is very noticeable in all the Bass family, so much so that in most of our large lakes and rivers an experienced angler can tell what part of the water a fish came from by its appearance. Both the large and small mouthed Bass are sufficiently well known to need no detailed description, but as they are sometimes confused the one with the other, I may as well point out the marks of distinction between them. In the small-mouthed Bass the angle of the mouth does not extend beyond the eye, in the large-mouthed it does. The small-mouthed is marked by irregular blotches or bands extending from the back downwards over the sides; sometimes these are well marked, at others they are indistinct. The large-mouthed has a more or less distinct black band extending from the gills to the tail; in very large specimens this is sometimes lost, and in both species the markings are likely to disappear soon after the fish are caught if they are exposed to the sun and air.

The large-mouthed Black Bass is much more widely distributed than the small-mouth, and is blessed with a great variety of local names, amongst which Yellow Bass, Green Bass and Oswego Bass are the most common. It will live and thrive in marshy lakes, weedy ponds and slow, mud-bottomed rivers; for this reason it is a splendid variety with which to stock ponds. Like the small-mouth it is a very voracious fish, and must have a good supply of food to grow on, but if this is provided, and the water kept fairly

pure, it is sure to succeed. It is not so game as the small-mouth, but grows to a larger size, and excels it on the table. Its favorite haunts are the holes about weed beds or under sunken logs, and it is very fond of lying under the floating leaves of water lilies; from these places it is sometimes difficult to extricate them when hooked. It takes the same bait as the small-mouth, and seems particularly partial to small frogs.

The best of all the Bass family as a table fish is, undoubtedly, the speckled Bass, sometimes called Grass or Silver Bass. It is only found in quiet, still waters, and is very abundant in some of the marshes and bays adjoining the waters of lakes Erie and Ontario. It is admirably adapted for pond culture, and deserves far more attention than it receives. Many of the waters now stocked with wretched Carp would maintain a good supply of these fish. It never attains a great size, the largest I ever caught not exceeding two pounds in weight, and it cannot be considered a game fighter. Yet if fished for with light tackle it affords fair sport. These fish are fond of congregating in shoals in shady places, under overhanging weeds, during the day time, where if you find one you are almost sure of others. The best bait for them is a bright lively minnow, but they will also take worms or grasshoppers, and in the evening, after they have left their shaded retreats and are roaming about near the surface, they will readily rise to a light-coloured fly. All the Bass may at times be taken with a fly, but my experience with this method of fishing for them has not been satisfactory. At times they will rise to almost any combination of tinsel and feathers that may be offered to them, but whole seasons will sometimes pass in which they will not even look at either the most gaudy or the plainest lure you can make up to attract them, so that for some years I have confined myself to the more plebeian, but decidedly more successful, method of fishing with line bait.

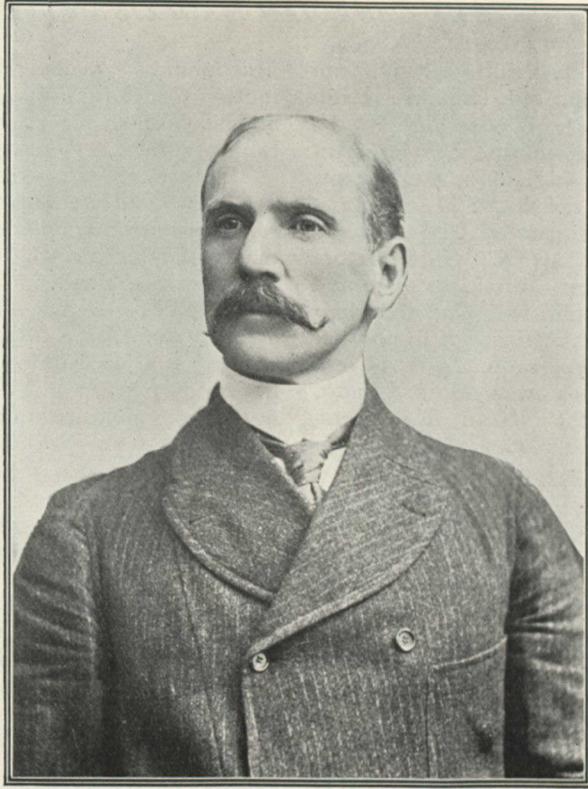


PHOTO BY LANCEFIELD, OTTAWA

COMMISSIONER PERRY, N.W.M.P.

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

### XXVI.—THE COMMISSIONER OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

**A**YLESWORTH BOWEN PERRY was appointed Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police in 1900. The selection of such a man for such an office is in accordance with the fitness of things. The new commissioner, by experience, ability and natural gifts is pre-eminently the right man in the right place. There has been less political influence or interference in advancing Major Perry than is usual on such occasion. He was chosen an officer of the N.W.M.P. by the late Sir John A. Macdonald, and his successive promotions have been effected whatever political party has been in power.

The new commissioner is a son of Mr. Hawley Perry, of Co. Lennox, Ont., and was born on the 21st Au-

gust, 1860. He was educated at the High School, Napanee, where he showed marked abilities. On leaving school young Perry entered the Royal Military College at Kingston, at the opening of that institution on the 1st June, 1876. He was then one of the first batch of pupils, now known all over the Dominion as "The Old Eighteen." Col., afterwards General, Hewett was then the Commandant. At Kingston, Perry had a very successful, indeed, a distinguished career, and was the winner of the gold and silver medals presented by the Governor-General, now the Marquis of Dufferin. Young Perry was the first graduate at Kingston, and is thus the senior graduate. Many of the companions of his college days have attained distinction. One

of his fellow-students was Duncan McPherson, an old Napanee High School chum, who is now high in the engineering staff of the C.P.R. Another companion at Kingston was Capt. Huntley B. Mackay, D.S.O., who became Administrator of Uganda, and died in South Africa. Others were the well-known Captain Stairs and Captain Robinson, who also met their deaths in South Africa. Still another of the Kingston graduates that went to South Africa was Major Lang, C.M.G., of the Royal Engineers, who was British Commissioner for the delimitation of boundaries on the East Coast of that continent. Major Denison, of Toronto, now aide-de-camp to Lord Roberts, is a name that must also be added to the list.

On leaving the Royal Military College, Mr. Perry was gazetted to the Royal Engineers (26th July, 1880). While in England, however, he found himself suffering from the results of an accident that had occurred shortly after his graduation, by which he broke his leg. While with his regiment in the Old Country he sustained a further injury to the same limb, and on the advice of Sir Wm. Paget, the eminent physician, Mr. Perry withdrew from the Imperial army and returned to Canada.

He very soon, however, became again active, and in 1881 he is found on a geological survey, and on the 22nd Jan. in the following year Sir John A. Macdonald appointed him inspector in the North-West Mounted Police. After this nothing of note occurred to interfere with the diligence with which routine and administrative work was achieved by the young officer, until 1885, when the North-West Rebellion came along. He then served with the Alberta field force under Major General Strange, and had command of a column from Calgary, north to Edmonton. By a forced march he succeeded in connecting General Strange with General Middleton. He served with distinction throughout the campaign, and was mentioned in General Strange's despatches. Sir John A.

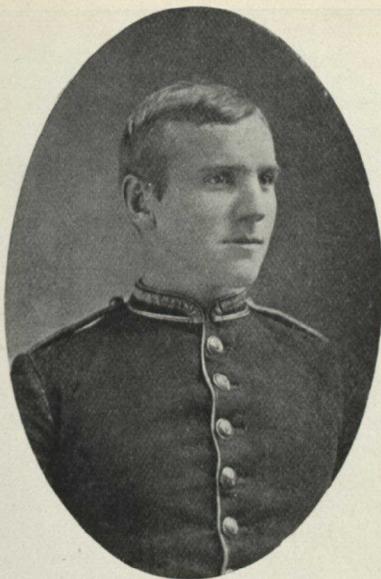
Macdonald rewarded Perry with promotion to the rank of Superintendent, and he was also accorded the temporary rank of Major.

Major Perry was then but twenty-five years old, and at the end of the rebellion he was appointed to the command of the Prince Albert district. As this was the seat and centre of disaffection, it required for the position an officer of tact, skill and ability, and young as he was Major Perry was believed to possess those qualities. A noteworthy feature in this officer is that whether the work in hand be military, engineering, organizing or administering, he has always shewn himself equally successful.

In 1890 Major Perry was transferred to Regina, where both he and Mrs. Perry (a lady from Lachute, Que., whom he had married in June, 1883) became very popular. In 1897 he was transferred to Calgary, and the same year was selected to command the contingent of the N.W.M.P. at the Diamond Jubilee, and was specially selected for royal favour, being presented with an autograph by the Queen, in addition to being a recipient of the Jubilee medal.

Whilst in England on this auspicious occasion, Perry, having been gazetted as Major, was attached to the Scots Greys, on Salisbury Plain, where there was a brigade of cavalry in training. He also proceeded to Ireland and was initiated by Sir Andrew Reid, Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, into the details of the organization of that splendid mounted body, both at Belfast and Dublin. Major Perry returned to his duties at Calgary, having served, in the course of his career, at every post but one of the police in the North-West.

In December, 1897, he was ordered on special duty to Victoria, where for several months he acted as a connecting link between the force in the North-West and that in the Yukon. His work was in part that of an Agent-General for the Yukon force, and his duties took him several times to Skagway and Bennett. One mission en-



AS R.M.C. CADET—AGE 17



CADET FULL DRESS—AGE 21

trusted to Supt. Perry in the winter of 1898, was to take formal possession in Her Majesty's name of the Summit on the Skaguay-Bennett trail. It was a case in which possession was likely to count for nine points of law. The manner of Major Perry's outwitting the American authorities at Skaguay, and the nature of the feelings of the latter when they found the British flag floating at the Summit and British redcoats ready to guard it with their lives, will some day make an interesting chapter in Canadian history. Suffice it now to say that it is fully believed that the success of Major Perry's mission on that occasion saved endless negotiations and difficulties for the Canadian authorities. Early in 1899 Supt. Perry was appointed to the command of the Force in the Yukon, and member of the Yukon Council as successor to Col. Steele. He remained in the Yukon upwards of a year, and was notably successful in his administration.

At the outbreak of war in South Africa, Major Perry offered his sword and services, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared in Parliament that the gallant Major was an officer who could not be spared. Shortly afterwards he was ordered to report himself in the North-West Territories again, for duty, and

was made Commissioner, which, by Act of Parliament, gives him the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Commissioner Perry is never idle, and amid his duties as an officer of the N.W.M.P. he found time to study law, to pass the necessary examinations to enable him to become a barrister, and he is now on the roll. On both paternal and maternal sides this talented officer has the distinction of being an U. E. Loyalist, his mother being one of the Frasers of the great Frasers. It remains to add that Major Perry is a man of many and varied abilities and accomplishments. An able administrator is wanted to restore the N.W.M.P. to the efficient state that characterized it before the development of the Yukon and the South African war drained the force of its best material. Such an officer is Perry, and high encomiums have been passed upon him in Parliament by both Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is not every man who thus commands respect on all hands, and if Commissioner Perry is to be congratulated on his well-merited promotion, the country is equally to be congratulated at having a man who on all occasions has proved himself so worthy and excellent an officer.



COMMITTEE OF HALIFAX GOLF CLUB—OCTOBER, 1900

## GOLF IN CANADA.

*W. A. R. Kerr.*

GOLF is somewhat of a fad at present; that is to say, it is being played by people who have in turn tried their hands at every passing game that has been born and died within the last twenty-five years. This does not mean that golf will languish when its present pretended admirers jilt it and shift their affection to the next fashionable favourite. When the popular wave leaves it, golf will not be stranded, it will still float on the steady-going current which has brought it down through half-a-dozen centuries. Scotsmen have been teeing and lofting and putting as long as they have been drinking whiskey, eating porridge, and skirling the bagpipes; and as they are as likely to cease doing the first three as the latter, there is a fair prospect of golf living on in peace for a few more hundred years.

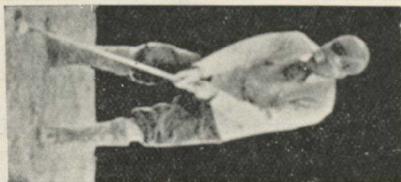
The age of golf is unknown; it is wrapped in the mists of antiquity—and a Scotch mist at that. So popular had it become towards the close of the

middle ages that in the fifteenth century archery was beginning to fall into disrepute. This meant national danger and perhaps disaster, for to bungle with the bow and arrow would insure certain defeat the next time the Scots went to war with their English neighbours. The result was that in 1457 the Scottish Parliament "decreted and ordained that wapinshawingis be halden be the lordis and baronis, spirituale and temporale, four times in the zier; and that fute-ball and golf be utterly cryit down and nocht usit; and that the bowe-markis be maid at ilk paroch kirk a pair of buttis, and that schuttin be usit ilk Sunday."

The proclamation was apparently not sufficient, and more decrees condemning golf were passed fourteen years later. That this legislation did not put a stop either to the objectionable practice is evident from an outright banning and prohibition of the game which was proclaimed by James IV in



A GROUP OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC LADY GOLFERS AT DIXIE, QUEBEC, IN 1899



1491:—"Fute-ball and golf forbidden: Item, it is statut and ordainit that in na place of the realme there be usit fute-ball, golf, or other sic unprofitable sportis, but that for the common gude of the realme, and in defence there of, that bowis and schuttin be hanted and bowis-markis maid therefor, ordainit in ilka parochin under the pain of fourtie shillings," etc.

It may be gathered how great a grip the fever had on the body-politic, when we turn up the royal treasurer's books and find entries recording expenditures having to do with golf. King and clodhopper must alike have been wielding the club.

It would be out of place here to follow the history of the game in Scotland. It is, however, interesting to recall the fact that the lady-golfer can lay claim to a fair antiquity! Mary Queen of Scots was rebuked for spending her time on golf instead of attending to affairs of state. In 1592 the Edinburgh town council prohibited the play of golf on Sunday. Even this mild legislation was diluted next year by simply forbidding the game during "sermon-time."

The Stuart kings took golf with them to England. Charles I was an enthusiastic golfer, and his son James II quite a crack. The mention of the latter brings us within measurable distance of the founding of the first and still the greatest golf club in the world: the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews.

Just as the Scots took their game with them to England, so they brought it to this continent. Our American cousins are generally ahead of us in taking hold of anything new, no matter in what field it appears. Possibly before they could be induced to play golf, and so come under its spell, they heard of its age, grew prejudiced, and decided that anything older than the Boston Tea Party, or the Declaration of Independence would be out of date and place in the go-ahead Western world. To a young republic what game could be more distasteful than one that was both Ancient and Royal. Its antiquity

probably made them laugh still more at the point that strikes anyone who sees it for the first time: the puerility of it all; the idea of grown men poking round with wee sticks and getting excited over a bit of a rubber ball, and the ceaseless talk about stimies and bunkers and hazards. Whatever the reason, the Americans seem to have left golf severely alone, and for fifty years the history of golf in America might as well be the history of golf in Canada, or if you like to narrow it still further down, the history of golf in Montreal.

The first trace of Canadian golf which we find is contained in the following extract, which is taken from a Montreal newspaper bearing the date of December, 1824:—"To Scotsmen—A few of the true sons of Scotia, eager to perpetuate the remembrance of her customs, have fixed upon Dec. 25th and Jan. 1st for going to the Priests' Farm, to play golf. Such of their countrymen as choose to join them will meet them before ten o'clock a.m., at D. McArthur's Inn, Hay Market. Steps have been taken to have clubs provided." Though aside a little from the text it is worth noting the time of year to which this clipping refers. It is Christmas and New Year's Day. It is commonly heard that even the Canadian winter is not what it used to be in the good old days of our grandfathers, but I imagine that the cold and snow of to-day would be enough to induce the most fiery of Scottish golfers to perpetuate the remembrance of his country's customs in some other way than playing golf on Christmas.

The game was probably indulged in spasmodically by a few Montreal devotees, till some thirty or forty years ago when it first really appears in the light of day. Amongst the earliest players were Messrs. Wm. Ramsay and R. R. Grindlay. At last, in 1873, the few worshippers of the Royal and Ancient game decided to band themselves together, and on Dec. 4th of that year the Montreal Golf Club was founded. There were eight gentlemen present at the meeting. Alexander

Dennistoun, Esq., who is recognized as the father of golf in Canada, and who died not long ago in Edinburgh, was chosen President. He it was who presented the Scratch Medal, the most coveted trophy in the possession of the club. W. M. Ramsay, Esq., was elected Vice-President; D. D. Sidey, Esq., was the first Treasurer, and J. Collins, Esq., the Secretary of the infant organization.

At first grounds were secured close to the city, but these were soon vacated and links were laid out in Fletcher's Field, a tract of land in Mount Royal Park. Here a comfortable and somewhat picturesque club-house was built, and everything went well. The membership in the beginning was limited to twenty-five, and the fees were fixed at a modest five dollars a year. In 1876 the Marquis of Dufferin, at that time Governor-General, became patron. In 1884 the club was allowed to prefix the title "Royal" to its name.

For the next twelve years there is little but prosperity to record. Montreal, however, was growing rapidly, and the links at Fletcher's Field were being greatly crowded by outsiders and passers-by, which gave rise to grave risk of serious accidents from flying balls. Finally, in 1896, it was resolved to seek a new home, where there would be more elbow-room, and where as much ground could be got as was needed in order to have a first-rate course. After looking over the neighbourhood, the committee decided on a piece of property consisting of one hundred and twenty acres, situated at Dixie, nine miles from the city on the Grand Trunk, and close to Lake St. Louis. There were at first only nine holes laid out; these grew to twelve last May, and this spring sees the Royal Montreal Golf Club in possession of a full eighteen-hole course. The links are looked upon by many visitors as being the best in Canada today. A fine large club-house was erected, which gives excellent accommodation to the two hundred and fifty members.

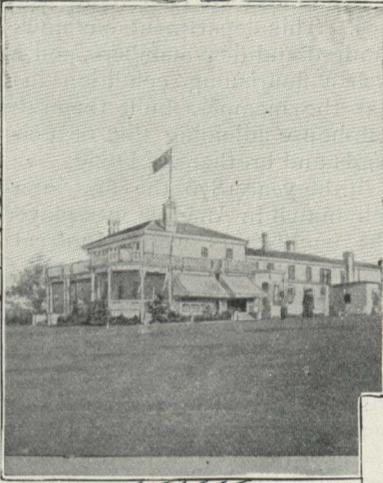
In 1892 a ladies' branch was establish-

ed, with Mrs. G. A. Drummond as President, and Mrs. H. V. Meredith as Secretary. This department has now some hundred and fifty members, and was in such a flourishing condition in 1897 that the members built themselves a club-house adjoining that of their husbands and brothers at Dixie.

In the year 1876 the first inter-club golf match in America was played off. The contestants were Montreal and the newly-born Quebec Golf Club. The latter were successful, winning by twelve holes. The year following the position was reversed, and the Montrealers were a round dozen up. The organization of the Quebec Club was due to a Scotsman, a Mr. Hunter, of Glasgow, who was visiting the city. He began to play and spread the fever to some other gentlemen, among them Mr. W. A. Griffith, and the late Mr. C. Farquharson Smith. The Quebec Golf Links are well worthy of remark, as they have a reputation far more than local. The course, which is made up of fifteen holes, the first three of which are played twice, is decidedly difficult, and the very nicest and surest play is demanded. The hazards are ravines, moats, bogs, and the broken trenches and earthworks of the old dismantled French fortifications. The turf under foot is first rate. The links, situated west of the citadel on the high bluffs overlooking the St. Lawrence, extend over the Plains of Abraham, the scene of the great struggle between Montcalm and Wolfe. The air and the view can scarcely be matched in the world. The most of the members have but little need of the club-house, as the cosy quarters of the Garrison Club are immediately adjacent to the links.

The Quebec Ladies' Club was formed in 1893 as a branch of the men's, and has been very successful. The principal fixture is the yearly match with the ladies of Montreal. Matches have also been played with Ottawa, and the Quebeckers have no reason to be ashamed of the result.

It is now time to speak of what is probably the most enthusiastic club in the Dominion. Golf has been played



CLUB HOUSE  
OF TORONTO  
GOLF CLUB



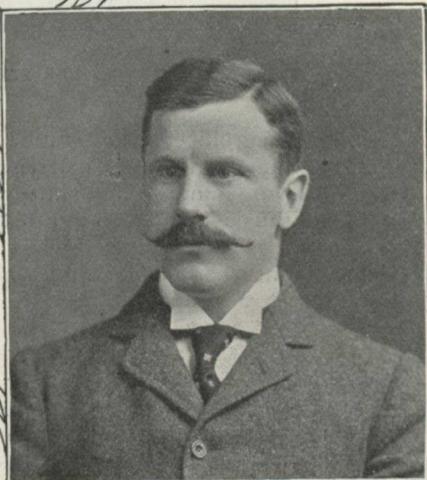
ROSEDALE  
GOLF CLUB  
HOUSE



HAMILTON  
GOLF CLUB  
HOUSE



VERE BROWN,  
CANADIAN  
CHAMPION, 1899



W. A. H. KERR,  
CANADIAN  
CHAMPION, 1897



GEORGE S. LYON,  
CANADIAN CHAMPION,  
1898 AND 1900

in Toronto for a quarter of a century. As early as 1876, Messrs. Lamond Smith, R. H. and George Bethune, and the two Messrs. Scott were enjoying the old Scottish game on the slopes of Norway Heights. The records of the club begin with the year 1882. At the same time the old links were abandoned for more convenient ones, and a new course was laid out at Fernhill. It need not be imagined because the links were moved that that is to be taken as a sign of abounding prosperity. As a matter of fact, for another eleven years the club barely managed to exist. At last, in 1893, when the first puffs of the great boom of the following year were just beginning to be felt, under the management of Mr. Walter G. P. Casels, the Fernhill property was acquired. The erection of a substantial and comfortable club house was proceeded with, which, beside affording first-rate facilities for the men, also provided excellent accommodation for ladies.

The structure stands on rising ground,

a hundred feet above Lake Ontario, and from its ver-



CUMMINGS  
AND  
RITCHIE AT  
TOP OF FULL  
APPROACH

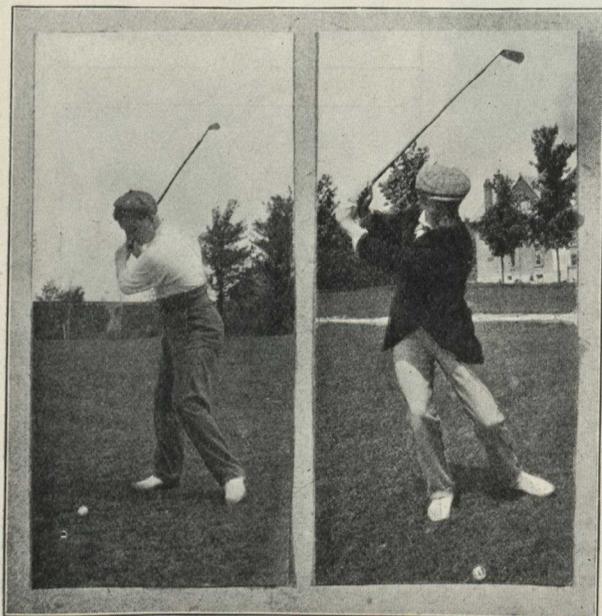
PROFESSIONALS AND THEIR STROKES

andahs a magnificent view can be had. By 1894 the membership had risen to the limit, one hundred and sixty.

The enthusiasm of the Toronto ladies about golf may be guessed when it is known that there is a huge waiting list. Progress up this is painfully

slow owing to the fact that a golfer having once driven off never stops till death forces her to hole out, and that only occurs at a fabulous age, as the game itself is an elixir of life. Some Toronto mothers, the owners of little daughters, whom they wish one day to play golf, are said to have added their children's names to the waiting list, so that ten years from now they may stand some chance of being members.

The great trophy of the club is the gift of Mr. E. B. Osler, who donated it when he was captain in 1892. It is solid silver, almost two feet high, and is competed for annually. The gold medal presented by Mr. Charles Hunter is



RITCHIE AND CUMMINGS AT FINISH OF SHORT APPROACH



RITCHIE AND CUMMINGS AT TOP OF DRIVE

another much-coveted prize. The links are a full eighteen holes. The hazards are mostly sand bunkers and ravines. The course is long and well varied.

Besides the Toronto, the Queen City boasts of other golf organizations. The pretty northern suburb of Rosedale has a club bearing its name. The "Rosedale" was founded in 1893 and is in a very flourishing condition. It has a fine brick club-house, and, like the Toronto, employs a Scotch professional. Like the latter, too, it has a long waiting list. Amongst the other clubs in Toronto are the High Park, Spadina and University, all of them thriving and enthusiastic.

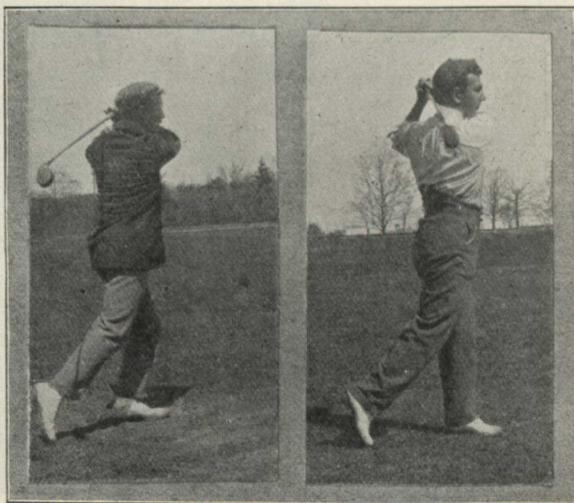
Just on the opposite shore of Lake Ontario, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, there is a flourishing club. As it was formed as far back as 1882, it will not be so long till it has attained its majority. Mr. Charles Hunter, whose name is known by all followers of the game, has long been actively and prominently associated with its history. The links, bordering on the Niagara river, have been the scene of many an exciting battle,

and present a hard course, broken, sandy and sporting

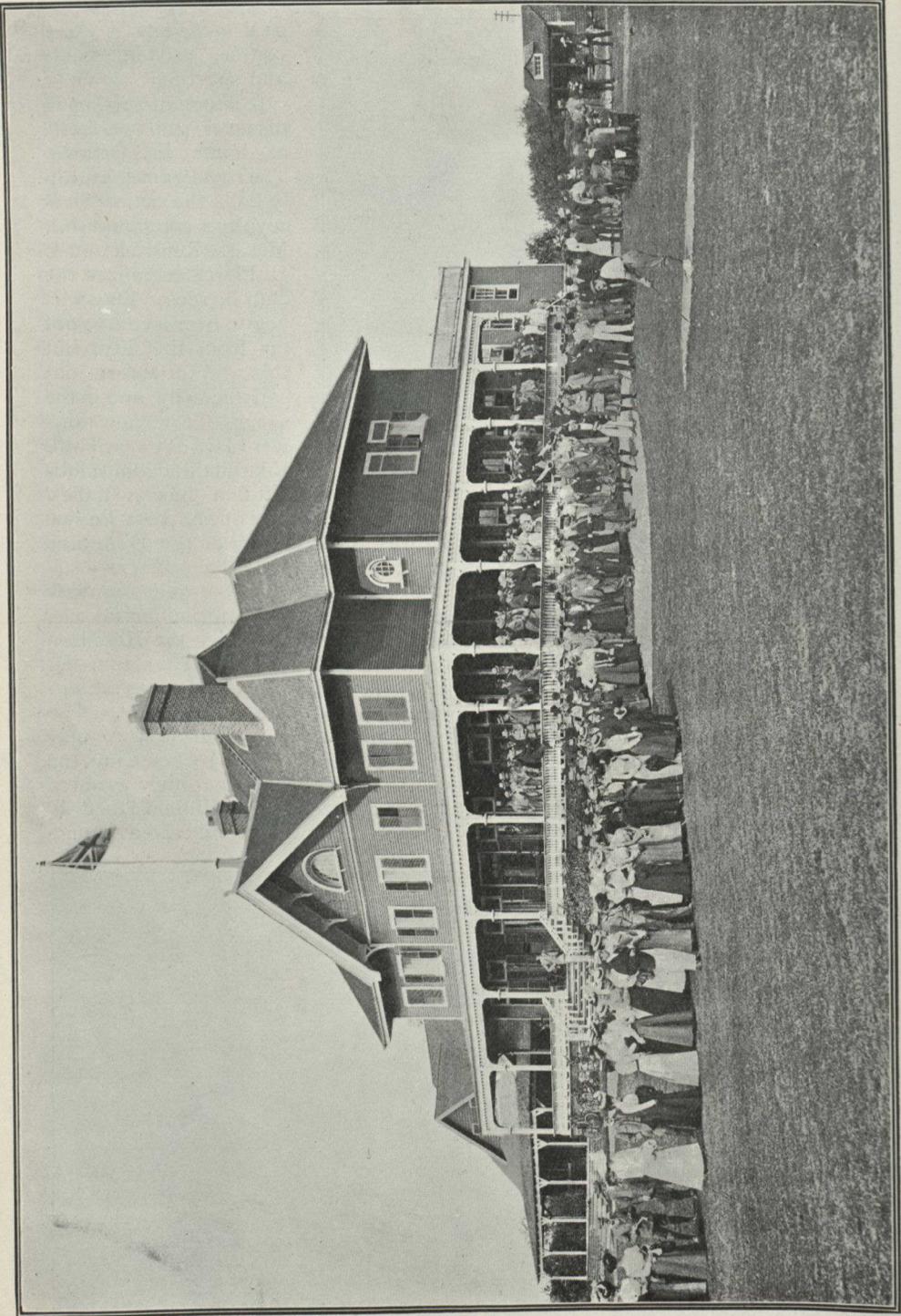
It is not surprising to discover golf perfectly at home in Ottawa. The royal game naturally finds the seat of vice-royalty a congenial soil. Messrs. Renwick and J. L. Pierce organized the club in 1891. Play was begun over a course not far from the city, but this did not turn out satisfactorily, and in the spring of 1896 new links were laid out near Hull. Like all the leading clubs Ottawa has a ladies'

branch, and many of the best known figures in the society of the Dominion capital are indefatigable golfers.

October of 1894, the year that saw golf spring forward into popular favour, was the month in which the Hamilton club was christened. The Hon. D. MacInnes and A. G. Ramsay, Esq., were the sponsors of the baby. The members commenced at first to play in a field adjoining the Jockey Club, the use of which was generously granted free of charge by Mr. William Hendrie. In 1895 the present nine-hole course



RITCHIE AND CUMMINGS AT FINISH OF DRIVE



ROYAL MONTREAL GOLF CLUB HOUSE—VARDON PLAYING FROM FIRST TEE—PHOTO TAKEN IN 1900

on the line of the Hamilton and Dundas railway was mapped out. The club-house is only some ten or fifteen minutes from the city, and the street cars also take one within a few minutes' walk of the grounds. The charm of the Hamilton girl has always been recognized, but there is a reason for it—she plays golf. The total membership of the club is about a hundred and eighty-seven; the ladies number ninety-seven, the men ninety. In 1899 Mr. A. G. Ramsay presented a cup to be competed for annually, and, following so good an example, Mr. W. D. Long last year donated a cup for the ladies.

The year 1895 saw clubs founded at places as widely sundered as St. Andrews, N.B., Cobourg, Murray Bay, Kincardine, and Victoria, B.C. Of these the first three are popular watering places, and golf has naturally been introduced. Cobourg has a very large American population during the summer months, and the old Scottish game is followed with all the eagerness and enthusiasm that characterize our cousins from beyond the border.

Many well-known members of the clubs of western cities spend their holidays at Murray Bay, on the Lower St. Lawrence. This throws together crack players from Ontario and Quebec, and the result has been the establishment of the Murray Bay Club. The links are three miles long and the rugged, barren country affords difficult hazards in the shape of gullies, ditches, sharp hills, roads and water-courses.

Victoria, B.C., has a very fine eighteen-hole course. It is situated at Oak Bay, distant some three miles from the city. The grounds are reached by the electric railway, which runs to a point within a quarter of a mile of the links. Mount Baker Hotel, only five minutes' walk away, can accommodate one hundred and fifty people. The club, whose history can be traced back to 1894, has upwards of a hundred members, nearly equally divided between the two sexes.

It is a far cry from the Pacific to the

Atlantic, from Victoria to Halifax, but there are many points of resemblance; both are very "old country" in their traditions and atmosphere—social as well as climatic. It is not to be wondered at that a game with such a past to it as golf has, should thrive in the two cities. The Halifax club was founded in 1896 by the Rev. Dyson Hague, Rev. Thos. Fowler, Lieut. C. E. Smith, the present courteous secretary, and five others. The membership rose quickly to fifty-two; it now stands at a hundred and fifteen. For the first three years the links were at Studley, but in 1899 the course was moved to "Collins Fields," a situation which was found to be much more desirable. There are altogether nine holes, varying in length from one hundred to three hundred and fifty yards. Up till 1898 only four ladies played, but since then their attitude has altered, and there are now some sixty-three. An interesting feature with regard to golf in Halifax is the matches played between the local members and the officers of the men-of-war.

Besides the clubs mentioned, whose history it has been only possible to sketch in the barest outline, there are clubs at all the main centres of population: at London, Brockville, Sherbrooke, Kingston, Winnipeg, St. John, Fredericton, and numerous other places. The most of them have an active ladies' department in connection.

As so many clubs were springing into existence, it was soon apparent that if the sport was to be kept pure and in good repute it was essential that some central organization be formed for the government of the game. The honour of proposing this forward step belongs to the Ottawa club, whose energetic secretary, Mr. A. Simpson, was one of the first to move in the matter. In 1895 the Canadian Golf Association was launched, and in the following year the use of the title Royal was permitted. Under the regulations an annual competition is held to decide the amateur championship of the Dominion.

# A Maid of Many Moods



By Virna Sheard

## CHAPTER VI.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS—The story opens at the One Tree Inn, halfway between Stratford and Shottery. Master Thornbury has two children, Debora and Darby. Darby is a play-actor in London and, with his father and his sister, is a friend of William Shakespeare. Darby is expected home for Christmas. He arrives, and for some days there is much festivity and much talk of London and its ways. Judith Shakespeare is present at some of these gatherings and chats. Debora wants to go to London, but Darby and her father think it no place for young maids. She has her way, however, and is lodged with her brother at the house of Dame Blossom in Bankside, on the south side of the Thames. She pleads to be taken to the theatre, but it is neither the fashion for women to act nor to attend. Darby, however, promises to take her secretly to a rehearsal. There she is accidentally discovered by Don Sherwood, who is playing the part of Romeo, Darby being the Juliet. Sherwood escorts her home and secures permission to call again. Meanwhile, Darby comes home intoxicated and disfigured.

WHEN Debora awoke the sunlight was flooding the chilly room, and on the frosty air sounded a chiming of church bells. A confusion of thoughts stormed her mind as she sprang up and found herself dressed and by the window. Her eyes ached as eyes will that have wept overnight, and her heart was heavy. Still it was not her way to think long; so she bathed in fair water till her face got back its shell-pink tints. She put on the white taffeta kirtle and farthingale that was always kept for Sunday, and fastened a fluted ruff about her throat. When all was finished, her hair coiled freshly and puffed at the sides as Darby would have it dressed to follow the new fashion; when her shoes, with their great silver buckles and red heels, were laced and tied, and when the frills at her wrist were settled, she looked in the mirror and felt better. It was not possible to view such a vision, knowing that it

was *one's self*, without taking comfort.

"Things be past their worst surely," she said. "An' I have no heart in me this morning to give Darby a harsh word. Marry! men take not kindly to upbraiding, and hate a shrew at best o' times. So will I talk to him in sweeter fashion, but in a tone that will be harder to endure than any scolding."

She went down the hall and stopped at her brother's door. No faintest sound came from the room, so she entered and looked about. On the huge four-post bed, from which the funereal-looking curtains were drawn back, lay Darby, in a slumber deep and unrefreshing. Now and again a heavy sigh broke from his lips. His bright locks were tossed and ruffled about his face, and that was dead white, save for the violet rings beneath the eyes and the unabated swelling on his forehead.

"He is a doleful sight," said Debora, gazing down at him, her spirits sinking, "a woful, doleful sight! Ods pitikins! 'tis worse than I thought. What a pass 't has come to that this should be Darby Thornbury. Heart o' me!" a flickering sarcastic little smile going over her face, "Heart o' me, but here be a pretty Juliet!" Then she grew grave.

"Juliet!" verily it would not be possible! That part was out of the question for Darby, at least on the morrow. The bruise on his brow settled it, for the eye beneath was fairly closed.

Alack! alack! she thought, how ever would things fall out at Blackfriars? What of the new play that had already been put off some months and had cost the Company heavily in new dresses, new scenery, even new actors? Oh! was ever such a coil? 'Twould be the lad's undoing upon the London stage. No Master-player would e'er trust him with part or place again.

Debora stood by the bed foot, still and sad, a thousand wild thoughts and questions tangling themselves in her brain. Should she away to Master Shakespeare, who had but just returned to London for the opening day? He was at the Mermaid Inn, and peradventure 'twas best to tell him all. She grew faint at the thought. Had not Judith told her what a very fever of unrest possessed her father before one of these new plays was shown! Debora fancied she could see his sensitive face, with the eyes so wise and kindly, change and grow cold and forbidding as the tale was unfolded.

"Then what is left to do?" she said, desperately. "What is left to do? The play must be saved, Darby must be saved, his reputation, his standing among the players cannot be lost thus." Oh! for some one to turn to—to advise. Oh! for Nick Berwick and his fair cool judgment. Should she report at the theatre that her brother was ill? No, for he had been seen with a merry party drinking at the Castle Tavern on Saturday. If

this outbreak could be tided over 'twould be his last, she thought, passionately, her woman's faith coming to the rescue. Some way she must find to save him.

Slowly an idea took possession of the girl and it faded the colour from her cheeks, and set a light in her deep eyes.

"Debora Thornbury! Ay! there was one could play the part of Juliet." The very life seemed to go out of her at the thought, and she slipped down to the floor and buried her face in the coverlet. Slowly the cold room, the great four-poster, the uneasy sleeper all faded away, and she was alone upon a high balcony in the stillness of a moonlit garden. The tree tops were silver-frosted by the light, and the night was sweet with a perfume from the roses below. She was not Debora Thornbury, but Juliet, the little daughter of the Capulets. The name of her lover was on her lips and a strange happiness filled her soul.

Suddenly rising she went to a heavy press that stood against the wall, swung back the door, and sought out a suit of her brother's. It was of Kendal green cloth, faced about the doublet with tan-coloured leather. The long, soft boots were of the same, and the wide-brimmed hat bore a cluster of white plumes and a buckle of brilliants. Opening the door beneath the press the girl selected cuffs and collar wrought in pointed lace.

"In very truth," she said, with a little bitter smile, "Darby Thornbury hath a pretty taste, an' must have coined many rose-nobles in London—or won them. He hath certainly spent them, for never saw I such store of finery. I' faith he is a very dandy!" Gathering the clothes together she went again to the bed and looked down, her eyes growing tender. "I fear me 'tis an unmaidenly thing to even dream o' doing, but if 'tis done, 'tis done for thee, dear heart, albeit without thy consent or Dad's. There will be scant risk o' discovery—we be too much alike. People have wearied us both prating of the likeness. Now

'twill serve; just two or three nights' masquerade for me an' thou wilt be thyself again." Stooping, she kissed the bruised face and went away.

In her own room Debora made quick work of changing her dress. It was an awkward business, for the doublet and green tabard seemed fairly possessed to go contrariwise; the hose were unmanageable, and the cordovan long boots needed stuffing at the toes. Here and there upon the suit was broidered the Lord Chamberlain's coat of arms in gold thread, and when all was finished Deb looked at herself and felt she was a gorgeous and satisfying sight. "Marry! but men be fond o' fine feathers," she thought, studying her reflection.

Then, letting down the coils of auburn hair, she drew the glittering strands through her fingers. "I would it might just be tucked up—it pleasures one little to cut it off. Beshrew me! If I so resemble Darby with such a cloud o' hair about me, what will I be like when 'tis trimmed to match his?" Taking the shears she deliberately severed it to the very length of her brother's. The love-locks curled around her oval face in the self-same charming way.

"My heart! 'tis all most vastly becoming," she exclaimed, fastening the pointed collar. "I liked thee as a girl, Deb, but I love thee, nay, I dote on thee as a lad! Now must I stride an' speak in mannish fashion ('tis well there go'th a long cloak with the suit, for on that I rely to hearten my courage); also I bethink me 'twould be wise to use some strong flavoursome words to garnish my plain speech. By Saint George! now, or Gad Zooks! Heart's mercy! stay'th the hat so? or so? Alack! my courage seem'th to ooze from my boot-heels. Steady, true heart, steady! Nay then, I cannot do it. I will not do it—it look'th a very horror to me. Oh! my poor, pretty hair; my poor, pretty hair!"

On a sudden the girl was down on the floor, and the long locks were caught together and passionately held against her lips. But it was only for

a moment. When the storm was over she rose and dashed the mist of it from her eyes.

"What must be, must be! I cannot think on any other plan. I would there were an understudy, but there be none. So must I take the part for Darby—and for Master William Shakespeare."

Saying thus, Debora went below to the room where the table was laid for breakfast, walking along the hall with a firm step, for her mind was made up and she was never one to do things by halves.

Taking her brother's place she knocked briskly on the little gong and waited. Master Blossom started to answer the summons in a slow-footed, ponderous way peculiar to him, yawning audibly at intervals upon the way.

The Sabbath morn was one whereon good folk should sleep long, and not look to be waited on early, according to him. Dame Blossom herself was but just astir, and lodgers were at best but an inconsiderate lot. Cogitating thus he entered the room, then stood stockstill as though petrified, his light blue eyes vacant with astonishment.

The dainty figure at the table swinging one arm idly over its chair back made no sign, unless the impatient tapping of a fashionable boot-toe upon the sanded floor might be taken for one.

"Ods fish!" exclaimed Blossom, moving heavily a few steps nearer. "I' fecks! but thee art a very dai-asy, young Master! Dost mind how 'A put 'e to bed? Thou'st pulled tha' self together marvellous, all things considered!

"Marry, where be tha' black eye? t'were swolled big as a ribstone pippin!"

"Beefsteak," answered Deb, laconically. "Beefsteak, my lively Blossom. Tie a piece on tight next time thou hast an eye like mine—an' see what thou shalt see."

"But where gottest thou the beefsteak?"

"Egad! where does any one get it? Don't stand there chattering like a

magpie, but bring me my breakfast. This head I have doth not feel like the head o' Darby Thornbury. 'Tis nigh to breaking. Fetch me my breakfast and give over staring at a man. See'st aught odd enough about me to make thee go daft?"

"I' fecks! 'tis the first time 'A ever heard thee call so loud for breakfast after such a bout as thine o' yester-e'en! I wonder thou hast stomach for 't. Howbeit, 'tis thine own affair."

The girl bit her lip. "Nay," she said with cool accent, "I may have small appetite for it—but, as thou say'st, 'tis mine own affair."

"Thou need'st good advice more than breakfast, young Maister," said Blossom, solemnly. "Thy sister was in a way, 'A tell thee. Thou art becoming a roisterer, a drinker, an' a gambler. Ay! such a devel-may-care gambler, an' thou had'st a beard an' no money thou would'st stake that o'er the dice. Being these things, an' a player o' plays, marry! 'A see no fair end ahead o' thee."

"Oh! get thee away an' send thy good wife—thou dost make my nerves spin with thy prating. Get thee away," said Deb, petulantly.

"Zounds! but thou art full like thyself in speech. Too much wine i' thy stomach one day makes a monstrous uncivil tongue i' thy head next."

"Nay then! I ask thy pardon, Blossom," cried the girl, laughing, and holding out a crown piece she had discovered in a pocket of the doublet, "thou art a friend I have no will to offend. Now send thy good Dame."

Shortly Mistress Blossom came bustling in, rosy in the face from bend-over an open fire. She carried high in one hand a platter from which drifted a savory smell, and a steaming flagon was in the other. Setting these down she smoothed her voluminous skirt and stood waiting, an expression of severe displeasure hardening her face.

"Shut the door, I pray thee," Deb said, shortly; "moreover, see it be latched."

The woman did so without speaking.

"Now look at me well. Come"—smiling—"did'st ever see me more like myself?"

"Nay," replied the Dame, after a slow scrutiny of the charming figure. "In looks thou art well enow. An' thy manners matched, 'twere cause for rejoicing. Thou wer't a disgrace yestere'en to thy sister, ay! an' to the hamlet o' Shottery that saw thee raised."

"Make a finish, good Dame," answered Deb, mockingly; "say a disgrace to myself an' the company o' players I have the honour of belonging to."

"Hoity-toity! Play actors!" quoth the other. "Little care I for what disgrace thou be'st to them! But what o' thy broken head, lad? Hath it sore pained thee? Why, my faith, the swelling be quite gone!"

The girl gave way to a short peal of laughter.

"Marry! I laugh," she said, struggling for composure, "yet feel little like it. Look well again, Mistress Blossom. Look well. Surely there be small triumph in befooling thee, for thou art too easy hoodwinked withal. Gaze steady now. Dost still say 'tis Darby Thornbury?"

The woman stared while her complexion went from peony red to pale pink. "Thou giv'st me a turn, an' I be like to swoon," she gasped. "What prank has't afoot, lad?"

"Thou wilt go a bit farther before thou dost faint. Hark then, an' prythee hold by the table an' thou turn'st giddy. Now doth it come. See then, this handsome, well-favoured youth thou art breakfasting," rising and making a pretty bow, "is—is none other than *Deb Thornbury!*"

"Ods pitikins!" cried the woman.

"Sit down," answered Deb, growing sober. "I would talk with thee, for I need thy goodwill and, peradventure, thy help. Things with my brother are in a very coil. He will not be able to take his part i' the new play on the morrow. His face is too sorely marred. Beshrew me, he looks not one half as much like himself as I look

like him. Now there be no understudy i' the cast for the character Darby hath taken—further, 'tis an important one. To have him away would mean confusion and trouble to Blackfriars and I gainsay nothing rejoicing to the Admiral's Company and Lord Pembroke's men. 'Tis not to be contemplated. By the Saints! I would not have trouble come to Master Will Shakespeare through my brother, no, not for the crown jewels! Dost follow me?"

"Nay, that I do not nor what thou'rt coming at," was the dazed response.

Debora shrugged her shoulders. "I hoped 't would have dawned on thee. Why, 'tis just this, I will play the part myself."

"Thou?" cried Dame Blossom, agape. "Thou, Mistress Debora?"

"Yes! yes! Nay, ply me not with questions. My mind is set. There be not one in London who will discover me, an' thou dost not break faith, or let thy good man scent aught on the wind. But I wanted to tell thee, dear Mistress Blossom, and have thy good word. Pray thee say I am not doing wrong, or making any error. I' faith! I have been so bewildered."

"I will not say thou art i' the right, for I know not. Has't asked Master Darby's consent?"

The girl turned impatiently. "Heart o' me! but thou art able to provoke one. His consent!" with a short laugh. "Nay then—but I will show him his face i' the mirror, an' on sight of it he will leave things for me to settle."

"Ay!" she returned, blankly, "I warrant he will. But art not afeared o' the people? What if they should discover thou art a woman!"

"I'll say they are of quicker wit than one I could name," returned Debora. "As for the play—well, I know the play by heart. Now one thing more. I would have thee go with me to Blackfriars. The theatre opens at four o'clock. Say thou wilt bear me company dear, dear Mistress Blossom."

"Nay then, I will *not*. Ods fish! Thou hast gotten thyself in this an'

thou can'st get out alone. I will keep a quiet tongue, but ask me to do naught beside."

"Well-a-day! 'Tis as I thought. Now I will go and dress in maidenly clothes. These fearsome things be not needed till the morrow."

#### CHAPTER VII.

By Monday noon Darby Thornbury was unable to lift his head from the pillow by reason of its aching. He remembered nothing about receiving the blow over his eye, and talked little. Dame Blossom and Debora tended him faithfully, keeping Master Blossom away from a true knowledge of affairs. Debora would have had a physician, but Darby would not listen to it.

"I will have no leeching, blood-letting nor evil-smelling draughts," he cried, irritably; "no poultices nor plasters neither! I have misery enough without adding to it, Egad!"

Being brought to this pass and having seen his face in the mirror, he bade Debora find the Master-player of the Company and make what excuse she could for him.

"I be a thrice-dyed fool, Deb," he said with a groan. "Work is over for me in London. I'll ship to the Indies, or America, an' make an ending." Then starting up—"Oh! Deb, could naught be done with me so that I could play this evening?"

"I know not, dear heart," she answered gently, "perchance thy looks might not count an' thou wer't able to act. Art better?"

"Nay, worse!" he said, falling back. "My head maddens me! An' not a word o' the lines sticks i' my memory." So he raved on, fiercely upbraiding himself and wearying Debora. After a time she slipped on her hooded cloak, bade him good-bye, and went out. Returning she told Darby that he could take courage, for a substitute had been found in his place.

"Ask no questions, dear heart. Nay—an' trouble no more, but rest. Thou wilt be on the boards by Wednesday."

"Dost think so, sweet?" he asked weakly. "An' will the mark be gone?"

"Why nearly," she answered, "an' if it still be a little blue, we will paint it. In any case thine eye will be open, which it is not now."

"Thou art a very angel, Deb, an' I am a brute. I know not where they got one to take my part—an' Marry! I seem not to care. Never will I drink aught but water. Nay, then, thou shalt not go. Stay by me till I sleep, for there be queer lights before my eyes an' I see thee through them. Thou art so beautiful, Deb, so beautiful."

She waited till he slept, sometimes smiling to herself in a wise way. What children men were when they were ill, she thought. Even Dad would not let her out of his sight when the rheumatism crippled him all last winter. Why, once Nick Berwick came in with a sprained wrist, and naught would be but Deb must bathe and bind it. Nick Berwick! he was so strong and tall and straight. A sigh broke over her lips as she rose and went away to her room.

Half an hour later Debora came down the stairs dressed in the suit of Kendal green. Dame Blossom met her in the hallway.

"Dost keep to thy mad plan, Mistress Deb?"

"Truly," answered the girl. "See, I will be back by sundown. Have no fear for me, the tiring room hath a latch, an' none know me for myself. Keep thy counsel an' take care o' Darby."

Blackfriars was filled that March afternoon. The narrow windows in the upper gallery had all been darkened, and the house was lit by a thousand lights that twinkled down on eager faces turned towards the stage. Even then at the edge of the rush-strewn boards was a line of stools, which had been taken at a rose-noble apiece by some score of young gallants.

Those who watched the passing of the Master's new romance remembered it while life was in them. Many told their children's children of the marvel of it in the years that followed.

"There was a maid i' the play that day," said a man, long after, "whom they told me was no maid but a lad. The name was written so on the great coloured bill i' the play-house entrance. 'Marry! an' he be not a maid,' said I, 'tis little matter.' He played the part o' Juliet, not as play-acting, but reality. After the curtain was rung down the people stole away in quiet, but their tongues loosened when they got beyond the theatre, for by night the lad was the talk o' London.

"So it went the next day, an' the next, I being there to see an' fair fascinated by it. Master Will Shakespeare was noticed i' the house the third evening for the first time, though peradventure he had been with the Company behind the scene's, or overhead in the musicians' balcony. Howbeit, when he *was* discovered there was such a thunder o' voices calling his name that the walls o' the play-house fairly rocked.

"So he came out before the great curtain and bowed in the courtly way he hath ever had. His dress was all of black, the doublet o' black satin shining with silver thread, an' the little cloak from his shoulders o' black velvet. He wore, moreover, a mighty ruff fastened with a great pearl which, I heard whispered, was one the Queen herself had sent him. Report doth say he wears black always, black or sober grays, in memory o' a little lad of his—who died. Well-a-day; I know not if 't be true, but I do know that as he stood there alone upon the stage a quiet fell over the theatre till one could hear one's own heart beat. He spoke with a voice not over-steady, yet far-reaching and sweet and clear, an', if my memory hath not played me false, 'twas this he said:—

"Good citizens, you who are friendly to all true players of whatever Company they be, I give you thanks, and as a full heart hath ever few words,

perchance 'tis left me but to say again and again, I give you thanks. Yet to the gentlemen of my Lord Chamberlain's Company I owe much, for they have played so rarely well, the story hath indeed so gained at their hands, I have dared to hope it will live on.

"'Tis but a beautiful dream crystallized, but may it not peradventure be seen again by other people of other times, when we, the players of this little hour, have long grown weary and gone to rest; and when England is kindlier to her actors and reads better the lessons of the stage than now. When England—friends of mine—is older and wiser, for older and wiser she will surely grow, though no dearer—no dearer, God wots—than to-day."

"Ay!" said he who told of this, "In such manner—though perchance I have garbled some of the words—he spoke, Will Shakespeare, in the old theatre of Blackfriars, and for us who listened 'twas enough to see him and know he was of ourselves."

Behind the scenes there was much wonderment over the strangely clever acting of Darby Thornbury. Two players guessed the truth; another knew also. This was a man, one Nicholas Berwick.

He stood down by the leathern screenings of the entrance, and three afternoons he was there, his face white as the face of the dead, his eyes burning with an inward fire. He watched the stage with mask-like face, and his great form gave no way though the throng pressed and jostled him. Now and again it would be whispered that he was a little mad. If he heard he heeded nothing. To him it was as though the end of all things had been reached.

He saw Debora, only Debora. She was there for all those curious eyes to gaze upon, an' this in absolute defiance of every manner and custom of the times. Slowly it came to Berwick's mind, distraught and tortured, that she was playing in Darby's stead and with some good reason. "That matters not," he thought. "If it be discovered there

will be no stilling o' wicked tongues, nor quieting o' Shottery gossip." As for himself, he had no doubt of her. She was his sovereign lady, who could do no wrong even masquerading thus. But a very terror for her possessed him. Seeming not to listen he yet heard what the people said in intervals of the play. They were quick to discover the genius of the young actor they called Thornbury, and commented freely upon his wonderful interpretation of lines; but well as he was known by sight not a word—a hint, nor an innuendo was spoken to throw a doubt on his identity. Debora's resemblance to him was too perfect, the flowing heavy garments too completely hid the girlish figure. Further, her accent was Darby's own, even the trick of gesture and smile were his, only the marvel of genius was in one and not in the other.

What the girl's reasons could be for such desperate violation of custom Berwick could not divine, yet while groping blindly for them, with stifled pain in his heart and wild longing to take her away from it all, he gave her his perfect good faith.

Just after sundown when the play was ended the man would watch the small side door the actors alone used. Well he knew the figure in the Kendal green suit. Debora must have changed her costume swiftly, for she was among the first to leave the theatre and twice escaped without being detained by any. On the third evening Berwick saw her followed by two actors.

"Well met, Thornbury!" they called. "Thou hast given us the slip often enough, and further, Master Shakespeare himself was looking for thee as we came out. Hold up, we be going by the ferry also and are bound to have thee for company. 'Fore Heaven, thou art a man o' parts!"

Debora halted, swinging half round towards them with a little laugh.

"Marry! hasten, then," she said. "I have an appointment. Your lines be lighter than mine, in good sooth, or your voices would need resting."

"Thou hast been a very wonder, Thornbury," cried the first. "Talk-

ing of voices, what syrup dost use, lad? Never heard I tones more smooth than thine. Thou an' Sherwood together! Egad! 'Twas most singular an' beautiful in effect. Thy modulation was perfect, no wretched cracking nor breaking i' the pathetic portions as we be trained to expect. My voice, now! it hath a fashion of splitting into a thousand fragments an' I try to bridle it."

"'Tis all i' the training," responded Debora, shortly.

"Beshrew me!" said the other; "if 'tis not pity to turn thee back into these clothes, Thornbury. By Saint George! yes—thou dost make too fine a woman."

Berwick clinched his hands as he followed hard behind. The players decided to cross by London Bridge, as the ferries were over-crowded, and still the man kept his watch. Reaching Southwark the three separated, Debora going on alone. As she came towards Master Blossom's house a man passed Berwick, whom he knew at a glance to be the actor Sherwood. He was not one to be easily forgotten, and upon Nicholas Berwick's memory his handsome features were fixed indelibly; the remembrance of his voice was a torture. Fragments of the passionate, immortal lines, as this man had

spoken them at Blackfriars, went through his mind endlessly.

Now Sherwood caught up to the boyish figure as it ran up the steps of the house.

Berwick waited in shadow near by, but they gave him no heed. He saw the girl turn with a smile that illumined her face. The actor lifted his hat and stood bareheaded looking upward. He spoke with eager intensity. Berwick caught the expression of his eyes, and in fancy heard the very words.

Debora shook her head in a wilful fashion of her own, but, bending down, held out her hand. Sherwood raised it to his lips—and—but the lonely watcher saw no more, for he turned away through the twilight.

"The play is ended for thee, Nick Berwick," he said, half aloud. "The play is ended; the curtain dropped. Nay—an' the lights be out." He paced towards the heart of the great city, and in the eastern sky that was of that rare colour that is neither blue nor green, but both blended, a golden star swung, while in the west a line of rose touched the gray above. A benediction seemed to have fallen over the world at the end of the turbulent day. But to Nicholas Berwick there was peace neither in the heavens nor the earth.

*To be Continued.*

OLD QUEBEC.

THE flippant tongue that flouts thee, speaketh wrong,  
 Mediæval watcher of the distant main!  
 Where passed of old—imperturbable, strong—  
 Jacques Cartier, Levis, Frontenac, Champlain,  
 Thou sittest sole and silent, and thy past  
 Toucheth the present with benignant calm;  
 Nor thus ignoble is thy mission cast,  
 To soothe life's turmoil with unfailing balm!

For not the clanging mart with strident cries,  
 A higher destiny achieves than this—  
 To place upon the age's fever'd eyes,  
 The cloister'd hand of meditative bliss:  
 Ah! who would pray that progress e'er should wreck  
 The haunting charm and spell of old Quebec!

*John Arbory.*



# The Perils of the Red Box

By Head on Hill

PERIL IV.—THE LOST TREATY.

FROM Stamboul to Stockholm, from Moscow to Dublin, there was no city of Europe that I could not have found my way about blindfold, and for the matter of that gagged as well. But the great continent of the West had so far been a sealed

book to me, when in a recent October I was taken out of the old mill-track and ordered to proceed to Washington, U.S.A.

The pelagic seal is not, I am informed, an intelligent or interesting question itself; yet as soon as it is withdrawn from its native element it attracts notice as a champion disseminator of discord. First, between the rival nations who make profit by its capture; secondly, between husbands and wives when the latter wish to acquire its costly skin. With the second-named cause of discord I, being a bachelor of firm convictions, had nothing to do; the object of my mission to America being the delivery of one of the treaties, which are made and broken at regular intervals, for delimiting the fisheries.

I was not aware that this particular treaty was of any special importance, nor was it so, I believe, from an international point of view. At any rate, no instructions to that effect were given to me. All that the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office said, when handing me the document, was that he hoped I should have a good passage, as he should like to please his friend the American Ambassador. I ventured to ask in what way the speed of my journey would affect his Excellency.

"Well, we are not supposed to know anything of such matters offi-

cially," laughed my permanent chiet, "but the Presidential Election will be on in the States a fortnight hence, and the Ambassador is very anxious that his party should get the credit of having put the treaty through—in time to make a battle-cry of it. Internal American politics are beyond my understanding, but his Excellency seems to attach a lot of importance to it, and as he is a good fellow I should be glad to oblige him."

This conversation took place on a Thursday, and as the next quick boat was the *St. Louis*, sailing from Southampton on the Saturday, it was not till two days later that I was on blue water. It was the height of the home-going season for touring Americans, and the big ship was crammed to the limits of her accommodation with returning families, the heads of which were eager to exercise the franchise. I am sufficiently cosmopolitan to be able to adapt myself to any society; but I must confess that before we had passed the Needles I found the everlasting babble of "Tammany," "straight tickets," "planks," and "platforms" very wearisome.

This being so, I felt it due to myself as an old soldier to try and steal a flank march on the fate which had thrown me among a shipload of bores. The best way to achieve that end would be to find, and consort for the voyage with, the exception, who must be somewhere on board, who wasn't a bore; but that was no easy task. The men seemed hopeless from the outset. I turned in disgust from the election-talk in the smoking-room and sought the saloon. There I found only a lot of dressy women wondering through their noses whether they were going to be sea-sick. In despair I strolled up to the spar-deck and lit a cigar. In the dullest of humours I took two turns up and down, and at the end of the second turn found what I hoped would prove to be the much-sought-for exception.

A girl had come up the ladder from the deck below, and stood looking pensively seaward. One little hand lightly clutched the rail, while the other held on to a neat sailor-hat that was in refreshing contrast to the startling millinery so prevalent on board. The girl seemed "good form," as distinct from the "stylishness" which I had remarked as the key-note of the American ladies, and she was also undeniably pretty. I argued from a certain suggestion of sadness in her attitude that she knew no one on the ship, and was possibly as bored as I was by the general company. I took another turn or two up and down the deck, and once or twice I caught her eyes straying my way. Trusting to the latitude in etiquette that is allowed on ship-board, I halted at the end of the third turn and made an introductory observation on the weather.

"I guess I don't speak to strangers when travelling," was the promptly-spoken reply, in which, however, I tried to persuade myself that I detected a half-regretful tone.

There was nothing for it but to raise my cap, mutter an apology, and continue my deck-tramping with as much unconcern as was consistent with politeness. A man of the world knows how to carry off these little rebuffs, and I flatter myself that I did not show that I was taken aback not only by her words but by their accent. I had formed the opinion that the girl was English, whereas her speech betrayed her as an American at once.

Presently other passengers began to come up on the spar-deck, but none of them paid any heed to the girl, or she to them, till an elderly man, clean shaven save for a grizzled-gray moustache, joined the procession of promenaders. He had walked the length of the deck twice, when I saw him start at the sight of the girlish figure at the railing, appear to hesitate, and then present himself with a profound bow. I wondered whether he, too, would receive his *congé*. But no, he was evidently not a stranger, for the girl smiled recognition, put out her hand,

and chatted with him pleasantly for five minutes. After which he bowed again and resumed his promenade.

The manner of the meeting betokened casual acquaintance rather than close intimacy, and in no way shook my theory that the girl was travelling alone. There was, too, something of respectful homage in the man's behaviour—not the mountebank *punctilio* of the American society dude towards women, so much as the obsequiousness of inferior station.

In confirmation of this view I noticed that that night at dinner in the saloon they sat at different tables, and held no communication during the rest of the evening. Having nothing else to do, and meaning with my old-time persistency in these matters to break down the barrier which the girl had set up, if that were possible, I watched her in the saloon and in the music-room afterwards. She carried herself with perfect self-possession, and indeed with a certain pride, but she kept aloof and made no friends. The women began to eye her askance, doubtless because of her good looks.

The man who had spoken to her on deck also appeared to be a solitary traveller; for though he showed no disposition to a similar exclusiveness, and talked freely to all and sundry in the smoking-room, eventually sitting down to a game of poker, he was evidently not one of a party.

Before I went to my cabin for the night I discovered through my bedroom steward that the girl was Miss Cordelia K. Lafflin, of Chicago, and that the gentleman of the grizzled moustache was Mr. Wm. R. Dobson, of no registered address.

The next morning was delightfully fine, and after breakfast most of the passengers came on deck. Mr. Dobson put in an appearance quite early, but I saw nothing of Miss Lafflin till nearly lunch-time. Again I chanced to witness the meeting of the pair, which on this occasion also was confined to bows and smiles and the exchange of a few words in passing. The girl's attractions grew on me apace; the trim

figure, the brilliantly clear complexion and expressive eyes, which, despite the rebuff of the previous day, rested on me sometimes, as I thought, not unkindly. During the afternoon I hovered about the snug corner where she had placed her steamer-chair, in the hopes of the olive-branch being held out, but all to no purpose. Her behaviour was simply tantalizing. One moment I would intercept a glance of half invitation, accompanied by the trace of a saucy smile, and the next, on my showing signs of advance, the fine eyes would turn gravely seaward or drop to the convenient novel.

"Confound the little prude!" I muttered to myself at length, as I retreated in despair. We should get on like a house on fire if she would only let me talk to her. I can see she wants to, but is tied up by this absurd fad about an introduction. I would give a good deal for a mutual acquaintance to do the needful."

It was a novel experience for Joe Melgund to be cold-shouldered by a chit of a Yankee girl scarcely out of her teens, and in disgust I sought the first-class bar for the consolation of a mint julep. I chose an American drink partly out of sentimental compliment to my unyielding charmer, partly because I wanted to see what the thing was like. I was watching the bartender mix the ingredients by deftly slinging them from glass to glass, when I felt a slight touch on the shoulder, and a genial voice said—

"I am not mistaken, surely? It is Captain Melgund, the hero of Tel-el-Kebir?"

The accent on the ultimate syllable of the word "hero" gave away the speaker as an American; the use of the word—deserved though it may have been, and proof as I am against flattery—predisposed me in the speaker's favour. But in wheeling round I was not prepared to find in him the Mr. William R. Dobson, who enjoyed the privilege of unchecked conversation with Miss Cordelia K. Lafflin.

"Yes, I am Captain Melgund, and I fought in Egypt, but you have the advantage of me, sir," I said.

"Don't you recollect Bill Dobson, the 'special' of the *New York Tribune*?" returned my new friend, looking hurt. "I partook of the hospitality of your gallant corps the night before the battle, and my account of your exploit, of which I am proud to have been an eye-witness, was held to be the best cabled to our side of the herring-pond. You'll find they haven't forgotten it in America, sir. The man who saved the situation by taking the order to advance the guns across that bullet-swept zone is sure of honour under the star-spangled banner."

This was all very nice and proper, and his facts were all right; but for the life of me I could not remember having seen his face before the previous day. However, I remembered that several war-correspondents had been made free of our mess in the desert camp, and I could hardly be expected to recognize such gentry after the lapse of so many years. I readily took his word for his identity, the more readily, perhaps, as I had a use for him. The bartender got an order for another julep; and Mr. William R. Dobson was soon laying down his views—most of them fairly correct—on the merits of Wolseley as a leader of men.

He seemed to take it for granted that I was at my old trade still, and in rather striking contrast to the inborn curiosity of his fellow-countrymen, abstained from asking what took me to America. On his own affairs he expatiated freely, informing me that he had been in Europe in order to procure particulars of the forthcoming Paris Exhibition for his journal, but that he expected shortly to be ordered to Cuba to resume his occupation as a war-correspondent. He proved an interesting companion, full of anecdotes which lost nothing by the unintentional humour of his style and his pronounced nasal twang. I was too diplomatic to broach the subject of Miss Lafflin thus early, but we arranged to sit together thenceforward in the saloon, and I found that night in the smoking-room that he must have been blowing my trumpet pretty effectually.

To a man of my retiring modesty it was positively embarrassing to be first stared at and then lionised as "the hero of Tel-el-Kebir." I had to fight that infernal battle over again, with particular emphasis on my own share in it, a score of times before I went to bed.

Next morning I took care to stick to Mr. Dobson after breakfast, and though he expressed the opinion that we should be more comfortable on the main-deck, I insisted on mounting to the breezier heights of the spar-deck, whither I had already seen Miss Lafflin ascend. Even then he seemed destined to obstruct my innocent design, for he struck into the wrong side of the deck, and it was some time before I contrived to steer our promenade past the sheltered corner where I knew that that charming girl was established.

As soon as Mr. Dobson saw the pretty figure in the deck-chair, the routine which I had twice previously observed was repeated. He abruptly broke off the conversation, detached his arm from mine, and approached Miss Lafflin with a deferential bow. Left standing within easy earshot I could not help hearing the few words that passed, and they were certainly harmless enough. Mr. Dobson trusted that Miss Lafflin was enjoying the voyage, and was there anything he could do for her. Miss Lafflin was deeply obliged to Mr. Dobson. She was enjoying the voyage immensely, and there was nothing he could do for her. Mr. Dobson "opined" that it was a lovely day, and Miss Lafflin "reckoned" that it was just too sweet for anything. Whereupon Mr. Dobson resumed my arm and plunged headlong into our interrupted conversation.

"Quite so," I said at his first pause. "What a handsome girl that is you spoke to."

We had reached the after extremity of the spar-deck—well away from the nook behind the funnel—Mr. Dobson turned and faced me with a blend of astonishment and protest on his elderly face.

"Her in the chair?" he exclaimed

in an awe-struck whisper. "She ain't a girl, ain't Miss Cordelia. She is a young lady, sir, of one of the highest, toniest families in Chicago—daughter of Senator Lafflin, millionaire ten times told, and boss stock-holder in the enlightened journal that owns yours truly as one of its leading lights."

Stifling my amusement I hastened to apologize for alluding so lightly to the offspring of so great a man. "Is it not somewhat strange that Miss Lafflin should be travelling alone and unprotected?" I ventured to add.

"She hasn't been alone in Europe," Mr. Dobson explained. She has been visiting the Vanderhofs—fine old knickerbocker family—in Paris. And as to this same mail-boat, why she don't need no protection, I reckon, beyond what she can supply for herself. I should smile to see the man that would dare to take liberties with Miss Cordelia K."

I assented readily, and while disclaiming any but the most courteous intentions, cited my own experience in attempting to open up a conversation with her. Mr. Dobson listened gravely, as though wondering at my temerity in inviting such a rebuff.

"That was like her," he said with conscious pride. "She's got the genuine high-toned Europe style. You might as well walk up to Queen Victoria and try to start a chat without an introduction as to Senator Lafflin's heiress."

"But the introduction would make all the difference—she would be all sweetness and light?" I hinted slyly.

But Mr. Dobson caught on none too quickly. "I see what you mean," he said, glancing nervously at the sheltered nook and hesitating. "Yes, by thunder! I can do for a celebrity like Captain Melgund of Tel-el-Kebir what I wouldn't dare for an ordinary man," he added, as if bracing himself. "Come right along with me and I will make you known to her."

Five minutes later I was sitting at Miss Lafflin's side, while she listened with wide-open and sympathetic eyes to the account of the battle, which

Dobson first adroitly drew from me and then usefully corroborated. I marvelled at the magic spell wrought on the girl by the ceremony of introduction. She unbent at once and entirely, so far that before that first sitting came to an end she rallied me on the snub that she had administered.

For the remainder of the voyage I had reason to congratulate myself a dozen times a day on Mr. William R. Dobson's recognition of me. By his opportune intervention I secured just what I had wanted—a pretty and amusing companion to relieve the dull monotony of the twenty-power Yankee bores who thronged the ship. I cannot say that I fell in love with Miss Cordelia, but I made some love of the platonic sort, and I could not fail to be touched by her openly expressed admiration for my military exploits in Egypt. Dobson earned my frequent gratitude by adding fuel to the fire of her admiration in the shape of fresh details, not all of them strictly authentic; though when he contrived to do it, and where, I could not imagine, seeing that Miss Lafflin and I were mostly together, and he always abstained from intruding on us.

It was not to be expected that a woman would emulate Mr. Dobson's lack of curiosity as to the cause of my trip to the States. On the second day of our acquaintance she put the question to me point-blank—

"I guess you're going as military *attaché* to the British Embassy? That will be real nice. My poppa is a senator, you know, and we put in a lot of time at Washington."

I was obliged to dispel the illusion with the information that I was a Queen's Messenger, and that my stay in Washington would be over as soon as I had delivered my despatches.

Her pretty face fell at this, though it occurred to me afterwards that she did not seem particularly surprised. On the contrary, she proceeded to catechize me with the most charming innocence. Were the despatches important? What were they about? Did the Queen write them herself?

Wasn't it a great responsibility to have charge of State documents? To the first two questions I gave vaguely non-committal replies; the last I answered with the bare truth that so long as I was on the ship I didn't worry about the responsibility, as my despatch-box was locked up in the strong-room.

After this there was no more talk of my mission, and Cordelia sensibly remarked that as we should have to separate so soon we had better make the best of our time. Taking her meaning to be that I should infuse a little more warmth into our flirtation, I acted up to the spirit of injunction so vigorously as to call forth a mild rebuke from Mr. William R. Dobson.

"Miss Cordelia is getting too fond of you, captain," he remarked gravely one night in the smoking-room. "I wasn't aware you were such a one to carry on or I should have thought twice before I made you known."

"Make your mind easy," I replied curtly, for I brook no interference in such matters. "Miss Lafflin is quite able to take care of herself, as you were the first to tell me. We are only enjoying an innocent ship-board acquaintance."

Nevertheless I could not disguise from myself that Mr. Dobson's fears were not unfounded. The lightsome gaiety which the fair Cordelia had shown during the first day or two gave place to sentimental silences. I failed to draw her out as at the beginning of our friendship, and she took to heaving sighs. To a confirmed bachelor of my stamp these sighs held out the danger-flag, and on the whole I thought it was just as well when the captain announced at breakfast on the sixth day that we should reach dock early in the afternoon.

After we took up the pilot off Sandy Hook Cordelia disappeared to her state-room to pack-up, and I was left to admire the New Jersey shore and the green hills of Long Island alone. But as we were steaming through the Narrows Dobson came and leant over the rails alongside me. We should have to part at the docks, he said,

but in the meanwhile could he give me any advice as to my route to Washington, or my selection of a hotel if I meant to make any stay in New York? I had already decided to take a night's rest before going through to my destination, so that I gladly availed myself of his recommendation. The Brevoort House was, it seemed, the hotel which Mr. Dobson considered most suited to my needs—quiet and very select, and not exorbitant.

I thanked him, expressing my intention of patronizing the hostelry he had named, and moved away; for I was on the look-out for a chance to say good-bye to Miss Lafflin without bystanders. The opportunity did not come till the steamer was being warped into her berth in the East River, when I spied my fair fellow-passenger coming along the dock towards me; and then it transpired that this was not to be the final good-bye after all.

"I have had a note from my poppa—by the pilot, you know," she began. "He is too busy to meet me, but I am to go to him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he has taken rooms. He says I am to ask any one who has been good to me on the voyage to dine with us there to-night. *You* will come, won't you? I had to ask Mr. Dobson because—because of his connection with poppa's paper, you know, but I shall be real put out if you can't come."

A good dinner, at the expense of a millionaire and in the company of a pretty girl who allowed her eyes to do the best part of the inviting, seemed as good a way of killing time in a strange city as any other, and I accepted without demur. It would give me great pleasure, I assured her, to make Senator Lafflin's acquaintance, and still more to postpone the necessity for bidding her farewell. She put no restraint on her obviously genuine delight at my acceptance, and I was beginning to improve the occasion, when the purser tapped me on the shoulder.

"We are about to open the strong-room," he said. "If you wish to come

with me I will give you your despatch-box."

With an *au revoir* to Cordelia I turned to accompany him, but I had not taken two steps before a restraining hand was laid upon me. Mr. Dobson had come up behind.

"I could not help overhearing," he said. "If you have valuables of any kind with you, you would do well to repeat your wise precaution at the hotel. New York is not the most immaculate city in creation, but there is a serviceable strong-room at the Brevoort. Glad we are to meet to-night."

Thanking him for the hint, which was not really necessary, as I should not have gone out to dinner without depositing the red box in a place of safety, I went below with the purser. The process of disinterring the box from its fellow packages took some time, and then there were formalities in the way of signatures and receipts to be gone through. When I was at length free to go I found that the passengers were leaving the ship, and that as Cornelia and Dobson were nowhere to be seen, they had probably been among the first to depart. Had we not been going to meet later I might have thought this odd; as it was, there was really no reason why they should have waited for me.

Having cleared my baggage I drove straight to the Brevoort House, where, while registering my name, I acted on Dobson's suggestion and requested the clerk to put the red box in the strong room of the hotel. That it was in the every-day routine of his business to take charge of valuables was made evident by the promptness with which he slapped a book of counterfoils on to the desk-flap and made out a receipt.

"There you are, captain," he said. "Take care of that check. It represents the box."

At eight o'clock I presented myself at the bureau of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and on enquiring for Senator Lafflin, was handed over to a hall-boy, who bade me follow him to the first floor. Ascending the stairs I was over-

taken by my fellow-guest, Mr. William R. Dobson, who, saying that he knew the senator's private sitting-room, relieved the boy of his task. Chatting on trifles we were traversing the corridor towards a door at the end when a gentleman who was passing started, looked hard at Dobson, and came to a halt.

"Why, senator!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know you without your side-whiskers and beard. So you are back from your Europe trip?"

Dobson stared blankly at the speaker, and then said curtly, "No wonder you didn't know me, sir. I don't happen to be the man you mistake me for." And leaving our interceptor murmuring apologies, he took me by the arm and resumed the broken thread of conversation without reference to the incident.

We found Miss Cordelia waiting to receive us in a cosy room, where covers had been laid for four people. It was evident by the heightened colour with which she made straight for me, that I was to be the guest of the evening. She hardly noticed Dobson.

"I am real sorry," she said, as she put her hand in mine. "Poppa is detained on business, but he has telegraphed from Wall Street that we are not to wait. He will be here before you leave."

As she spoke she rang the bell, and we were soon seated at as nicely an ordered dinner as it has been my lot to partake of. In fact, so choice were the dishes, so exquisite the wines, that I found myself wondering whether Senator Lafflin had arranged the *menu*, or whether it was the ordinary *table d'hôte* programme of the hotel. In this connection it occurred to me to ask whether she had yet seen her father, for it seemed unlikely that he would have ordered such a princely repast on the off-chance of his general invitation being accepted. To my surprise the question seemed to cause our hostess some embarrassment.

"Yes—that is not exactly, you know. I have been in communication with him—by telephone," she stammered,

with what struck me as an appealing glance at Dobson. If it was such he took no notice of it, and Miss Cordelia quickly recovered her equanimity. For the rest of the meal she was all smiles and gaiety, and full of assurances that her father would join us after dinner.

So he did with a vengeance, though not in the way I had been led to expect. As soon as the waiter had left us alone with the coffee and liqueurs, Mr. William R. Dobson, who had been very quiet, pushed his chair back and astonished me with the remark—

"You're in for a good thing, captain, to-night, if you're a man who knows when he is well off."

Resenting the sudden familiarity of his tone I answered coldly, "I really do not understand."

"I'm here to make you understand," he said, with unimpaired good-humour. And then he fairly took my breath away by nodding to Cordelia, who immediately got up and left the room, as though by preconcerted arrangement.

"She'll be better in her bedroom while we talk, but first let me introduce myself as Senator Lafflin, at your service," proceeded my companion. "The fact is, captain, we've been taking you in in a friendly way. We booked by the same boat on purpose to get to know you, and if possible grab your despatch-box during the voyage. I got posted up in your military career by a newspaper man in London on my way home from Paris, where I had gone to fetch my daughter from the convent in which she's been educating this three year. But you were too clever for us, and by storing the box in the strong-room never gave away a chance."

"I wonder you've got the impudence to tell me this," I said, for want of anything better to say, as he paused and winked at me.

"You'll get over wondering when you know me better," he went on. "You see, it's like this. I had found out that you were a bit of a ladies' man, and my girl entered into the spirit of the thing with a light heart. Unfortu-

nately, captain, you carry too many guns for her, and unless you come to terms, she'll leave off with no heart at all. Fact, I assure you. She's lost it to you, sir."

"Very flattering, I am sure," was all I could summon up of feeble sarcasm. My ready wit seemed to have deserted me at the boldness of his confession.

"It's all that," replied the senator cheerfully. "I'm glad you see it in that light, because it makes my proposal come easier. Now, I'm well aware you had no notion of marrying the girl. One with the dollars she'll have might have looked for a marquis at least. But I'm a keen politician, and I'll sink private ambition for the public good. If you'll contrive to lose or keep back that blamed Pelagic Sealing Treaty till after the Presidential Election next week—well, you can have Cordy and a million dollars to seal the bargain."

The fellow had risen from the table, and was pacing the room, blinking at me in his excitement. Though his words begged the question of my willingness to marry his daughter if he granted consent, I could see that he was not really so certain of me, and awaited my reply with anxiety. This amused me, and by taking the edge off my resentment probably saved him from a broken head. The only matter that concerned me just then was how to get away from him with dignity, and the instinct of the old soldier in me prompted the adoption of the blunt and brutal method.

"You wouldn't understand the scruples of a man of honour if I talked to you for an hour," I said, rising and taking my hat and overcoat. "I wish you good-night."

With which I walked out of the room, leaving the unscrupulous scoundrel transfixed, as I imagined, with the righteous indignation which I threw into my parting glance. But turning to close the door behind me I saw that which irritated me more even than the designs which he had just confessed. Mr. Senator Lafflin was rubbing his

hands together softly, and smiling to himself as though our interview had borne the most satisfactory results.

Checking the impulse to return and chastise him, I made my way out of the building, and as the night was fine I decided to calm my ruffled temper by strolling back leisurely to my own hotel. That last glimpse of Lafflin's face had increased my wrath by inspiring the idea that his confession and proposal were a practical joke, and that he had invited me to dine with the deliberate intention of insulting me. To a man of my hot blood this was simply exasperating, and it is small wonder that I walked on heedless of my immediate surroundings. At least that must be my only excuse for what happened in a quiet section of street within a hundred yards of the Brevoort. A cab, which had been "crawling" close to the curb behind me, was suddenly whipped up and then stopped dead. I had a confused notion of several men leaping out and hurling themselves on me; a drugged cloth was pressed to my face and the rest was blank.

When I came to I found myself propped in the corner seat of a bench that flanked one side of a low-ceiled room reeking with vile spirits and tobacco. The swing-door opening to the street, the sawdusted floor, and the counter with its array of black bottles and common glass, all told me that I was in a drinking-shop of the lowest kind; but as to how I got there my muddled brain gave no answer. A dark-browed, villainous-looking man was behind the counter watching me, but I appeared to be the only "customer."

"What place is this? How did I get here?" I asked.

"This is Owney Gallagher's saloon on Bowery, and I'm Owney Gallagher," replied the man. "You came in a carriage with three pals, but you was that full they had to carry you into the house. Guess you'd been a bit of a round before you reached my place."

"Where are the others?" I inquired eagerly, for I was beginning to

recollect the outrage to which I had been subjected.

"Got tired of waiting and hooked it," said Mr. Gallagher. "You see, you were that screwed they thought you'd spoil their evening, so they asked me to let you stop there. I'm glad you've pulled round, for I want to close. It's blamed late."

The allusion to the time suggested my watch, and the quick thought that I might have been robbed. My watch was all right, pointing to half-past one; so was my roll of American paper-money, but a hasty examination of the contents of my pocket-book showed what was the matter. The receipt for the red box, which was practically an order for delivery to bearer, was missing.

"Who were the men who came with me?" I asked angrily. My scrutiny of the pocket-book would have given a clue to the question.

"Don't know them from Adam," replied the proprietor curtly. "Here, Bill! Come and put out the gas."

While I was debating, horror-struck, whether or no to make a fuss about my loss, a man in a bar-tender's apron emerged, yawning, from an inner room, and, casually glancing at me, began to turn out the gas-jets. His face seemed vaguely familiar, but where, if ever, I had seen him I could not remember; and for the moment I was confronted with a graver problem than fixing the personality of a Bowery bar-tender. Perceiving that I was to get no help from the saloon-keeper, I muttered an ungracious good-night, and went out of the den into the nearly deserted street.

It was some time before I found a cab, but by two o'clock I was at the Brevoort House—only to find as I had expected that a gentleman had presented the receipt for my despatch-box two hours before, and having obtained delivery had gone away with the box. The sleepy clerk, in ill-humour at having been called to attend to me, was chary of information, but I thought that I recognized Lafflin in his description of the thief. Without wasting words on

him I went back to my cab, and told him to take me with all speed to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There also consternation awaited me. The night-clerk informed me that Senator and Miss Lafflin had gone away at midnight with their baggage, having received news which had caused them to alter their plans. The clerk knew nothing of their destination. It was the first time they had used the hotel. All he could tell was that the carriage in which they drove away looked like a private one.

I recognized that I was in a tight place, and that my billet as a Queen's Messenger was at that moment not worth two pence halfpenny. I had been in difficulties with the red box before, but this was the first time I had ever been separated from it, and I knew very well, with a lady in the case and all, that no allowance would be made for my losing it. Yet Jos Melgund knows not the meaning of the word despair, and I bade the cabman drive me to the Central Police office.

The captain on duty listened to my story courteously enough, though as a New York policeman his sympathies were clearly with the perpetrators of what he probably regarded as a clever stroke of "politics." I recounted how Lafflin had assumed a false name and personality so as to hoodwink me with the introduction to his daughter; how he had recommended me to a hotel in order to ensure, by my not staying in the same house, that lonely walk after dinner in the event of my refusing his proposal; and how I had been drugged and conveyed to Gallagher's saloon to slowly recover while he possessed himself of the box.

When I finished the officer opened a reference-book, and ran his eye down a couple of pages.

"I thought so," he said. "United States senators don't carry on like that. William R. Dobson wasn't the only duffer name the gentleman assumed. There's nary a senator called Lafflin in the list."

"But he was registered at his hotel as Senator Lafflin," I gasped.

"That would come easy," smiled the police captain. "You say the clerk told you he had never used the house before."

"But I heard a man in the corridor address him as 'Senator,'" I persisted.

"Part of the plan; probably the man was a confederate," said the unsympathetic officer. "Well, sir; we'll do the best we can for you. I'll send a detective round to Fifth Avenue, and another to your own hotel. It would be mere waste of time to send a man to Gallagher's saloon, for Owney is as close as wax, and if he knows anything, which isn't probable, he wouldn't blab. The chances are you were robbed of the receipt in the carriage, and were only taken to Gallagher's because it is a long way off, and is the sort of place where they ain't particular about the condition of their customers. It's a wonder some of Owney's boys didn't seize the opportunity to do a bit on their own account, and relieve you of your watch and money."

Not much comforted by the interview, I thanked the officer and retired, wondering as I crossed the hall of the bureau what my next step was to be. Debating whether it was not my duty to cable to the Foreign Office the bare facts of my loss, I was passing down the steps of the street, when a man, who had been standing at the foot, drew himself up and gave me a smartly-executed British military salute. It was the bar-tender from Gallagher's.

"Beg pardon, sir, thought I should find you here, sir. More than my life was worth to speak to you in the saloon," he said, walking by my side. "You've forgot me, I see, sir," he added reproachfully.

"I remember your face, but I can't put a name to it," I said.

"Jem Spalding, sir, is the name, and I guess I've changed in ten years. Was in your troop in the old Sixteenth, sir. You was always good to me, sir, and I've come to do you a turn—if you'll take your Bible you won't split. Bar-tending in the Bowery ain't much of a game, but a man must live."

Of course I remembered Jem Spal-

ding—the smartest trooper that ever came up for his pay. A bit of a "scallywag" off duty, but a good soldier on parade and when the guns began to shoot. I said as much, and I saw by the light of a street-lamp that that the poor fellow's eyes glistened.

"Then listen to me, sir," he replied. "I don't tumble to why you want to know, or what the racket is, but I can put you on to the boss of the blokes that brought you to Gallagher's. Gallagher is a bit of a politician, and the big pots at the game use him sometimes. The chap you're looking for—the one who planted you in the saloon, and it was all fixed up beforehand—was Senator Chapman, of Kentucky. But he's got a house in this city, and if you want him, I expect you'll find him at 64 West Twenty-third Street."

Bidding Spalding call on me at the Brevoort in the morning, I hurried back to the Police-office, and, armed with my information, impressed the unwilling captain with a proper sense of his duty. If I recovered my despatch-box I would hush the matter up—if not the British Lion would roar to some purpose.

Half-an-hour later the man whom I had successively known as William R. Dobson and Senator Lafflin was called out of his bed to receive a posse of constables and myself in his hurriedly-lit library. There was no need to discuss with him the whereabouts of the red box, because it was standing conspicuously on a side table. We had entered so hurriedly on the door being opened that he had no time to remove it, and one glance showed that it had not been tampered with. When he came into the room I already had it under my arm.

"Well, senator, in your expressive language I've come out on top after all," I said; "you are a beard and whiskers to the bad, and thanks to Miss Chapman's charming society I am a very pleasant voyage to the good."

To do the fellow justice he took his defeat well. He looked a little crest-fallen at first, but when he found that no official notice was to be taken of his attempt he broke into a hearty laugh.

"What riles me is that, instead of having a good time on the ship electioneering as Senator Chapman, I was advertising you as a little tin hero, captain, in the disguise of a war-correspondent. If I'd only known how things were to pan out, you wouldn't

have had so many chances to gas about that battle," he said.

He positively seemed to think that I had enjoyed talking about the Egyptian campaign! It wasn't worth arguing with a beaten man, and I allowed the delusion to remain.

PERIL V. WILL APPEAR IN SEPTEMBER.

## ALIAS "JACKSON."

*By C. Langton Clarke.*

WHEN Lawrence Underwood's eccentric uncle died, leaving him an income of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, on the condition that he married within a year of the testator's death, the young man was at first inclined to let matters take their course. He determined that under no circumstances would he sacrifice his freedom without the compensating advantages of mutual love.

"I can find plenty of girls to marry me," he said to Mr. Meredith, the family lawyer, a man to whom sentiment of any kind was abhorrent; "but you see we should both of us be in love with the money, not with each other, and what would married life be without love?"

The lawyer was obliged to turn away his face to conceal an expression of disgust at such unutterable folly.

"Can't you find some girl who will take a fancy to you for yourself, and then work up a little affection on your own account?" he asked.

"But how could I be sure of her?" argued Lawrence. "Girls are too apt to be dazzled with the prospect of having plenty of money to spend, and where should I be when I discovered that it was my fortune she had married, and not me?"

"You would be in the enjoyment of a very comfortable income at any rate," replied the lawyer; "but if you are so fearful of consequences, why not make a trial of the Lord Burleigh method of courtship? Change your name; go where no one knows anything about

you or your money; pretend that you have only a modest competence, be a pauper if you like, and find a good wife for yourself."

Lawrence sprang up and shook the lawyer warmly by the hand. "Thanks—a thousand thanks," he cried. "It is a splendid idea. I will win a wife on my own merits or not at all."

"Go in and win," said the lawyer, touched by the young man's enthusiasm, and a little surprised at his own fertility of resource. "Win your wife and your fortune, and I shall be the first to congratulate you."

It was in consequence of this conversation that Lawrence Underwood found himself, on a pleasant summer afternoon, being driven along a country road bound for a small inland summer boarding house, which had been recommended to him as possessing the merit of cheapness, and as being the annual resort of several pretty and wellbred girls, whose means would not permit of their seeking their summer relaxation in places of more fashionable tone. Constant to the spirit of his quest, Lawrence had selected the name of "William Jackson," as having no meretricious glamour about it, and his single trunk was adorned with his new initials in staring white letters. He was dressed in clothes of a plain pattern and provincial cut, and he flattered himself that in every respect he looked the part he had set himself to play, that of a young gentleman of small means and simple tastes, enjoying a summer vacation. He felt somewhat

diffident about his ability to answer promptly at all times to his assumed name, but had schooled himself by the use of a phonograph, which called "Mr. Jackson," in as many keys and pitches as his own voice could compass.

"Are there many ladies staying at your place?" he enquired of the rustic driver; "young ladies I mean."

"On'y two on 'em just now," was the reply. "There's more on 'em comin' in a couple o' weeks."

The answer was disappointing to Lawrence, who was anxious to find his fate at once, and had been indulging in agreeable visions of a bevy of pretty and intelligent girls, from among whom he would be able to make a selection. Two was certainly a small number to choose from, and the chances were strongly against either of them proving suitable.

"One on 'em," continued the driver, "one on 'em ain't so desprit young, neither; kinder thinks she is though," he chuckled hoarsely.

"That reduces the number to one," thought Lawrence. "However, there are more coming soon, and it will not do to be in too great a hurry."

It was at this moment, while he was indulging in these comforting reflections, that a very disagreeable incident occurred. The branches of a row of small cedars at the side of the road were suddenly parted, and a young lady, dressed in white, sprang into the little sidepath. Lawrence had barely time to note a figure of exceptional grace, before the horse, startled at the unexpected apparition, had swerved violently, and upset the entire contents of the conveyance into the ditch.

When Lawrence, startled and shaken, managed to crawl out from the damp depths into which he had been precipitated, he found that the young lady was holding the horse's head, and, by way of diverting blame from herself, was administering a sound rating to the driver.

"I never saw such a careless man as you are, John," she was saying. "What a fright you gave me! I thought you would both be killed.

You're not fit to be trusted with a little donkey-cart, to say nothing of this steady old fellow here."

John grinned sheepishly. "He ain't used' to seein' pretty gurls come bouncin' out o' the fences," he said.

Whether it was that the rustic compliment had a soothing effect, or that the young lady was satisfied with the way in which she had put herself in the right, her wrath quickly evaporated, and she turned to Lawrence with a look of concern in a very beautiful pair of blue eyes.

"I hope you haven't hurt yourself," she said, "or I suppose I should say I hope you are not hurt, because of course *you* were not responsible for that stupid accident."

Lawrence hastened to assure her that he was uninjured, a little damp, perhaps, but that was not of any consequence, and by way of proving that he was sound in wind and limb, dragged his new trunk from the bottom of the ditch, and threw it into the waggon.

"I think," said the young lady, meditatively, as they were preparing to renew their journey, "I think that I may as well ride up to the house with you. I am rather tired, and that accident has upset my nerves a little." She took Lawrence's outstretched hand, and, with an airy grace which enchanted the young man, mounted into the waggon, and took her seat beside him.

"You see," she said, "we are likely to have a good deal of each other's society for some days, and so I may as well introduce myself. My name is Eleanor Ellesmere, and I am staying at Hunt's place, where you are going now, with my aunt. Of course I know your name; you are the Mr. Jackson they are expecting. Auntie and I have been speculating a good deal as to what you would be like."

Lawrence experienced a thrill of pleasure, which was speedily dispelled when she added, "You can't think what trifling things people occupy themselves with in a slow place like this."

"I may as well admit," she continued, "that we are not at all well off. If we were I suppose we should go to some

fashionable hotel and have a good time generally. It is horribly dull when you are the only young person in a place. Now that you are here, you must help me to enjoy myself. There are some slimy little fish to be caught—you may put the worms on for me if you like, I hate them—and then there are one or two places where the scenery is rather pretty, I will show them to you. And really I think that is all, except loafing in the orchard, and playing tennis in a very indifferent court. You will have to be very agreeable to make up for the deficiencies of this place.”

The girl rattled away in such a delightful spirit of *camaraderie*, and was so evidently free from all idea of coquetry, that Lawrence was fascinated. Her personal appearance was a very satisfying one, deep-blue eyes, fair feathery hair, a roseleaf complexion, and a figure composed of perfect curves. “Surely,” he thought, “never was any girl sent into the world more fitted to disturb the peace of mind of a susceptible bachelor.”

To Lawrence the week which followed his arrival at Hunt's boarding-house was the most delightful he had ever experienced. From early morning till late at night he was Eleanor's constant companion. There was but little variety of amusement; nevertheless, the two young people managed to get a prodigious amount of pleasure out of existence. They fished, they walked, they loafed, and they played tennis, and whatever they did Lawrence was convinced that no one had ever done them so charmingly as Eleanor Ellesmere. Miss Katherine Willesden, Eleanor's aunt, a mature spinster who dressed like a girl of twenty, and spent the day in a verandah chair reading novels, shewed very little interest in the doings of the young couple. Once only was she roused to a mild sense of curiosity about her niece's new companion.

“I don't believe his name is Jackson at all,” she said one day when Eleanor happened to mention him.

“Aunt Kate!” cried the girl indignantly. “What do you mean?”

“Just what I say,” was the placid reply. “I think he is going under an alias.”

“What nonsense,” said Eleanor.

“All right,” replied Aunt Kate, “have it your own way. All I know is that he blotted a letter he was writing in the parlour, and I noticed the signature when I used the blotting-pad just after him. I don't know what name he signed, because I couldn't make it out even when I held the pad in front of the mirror, but I'm quite sure it wasn't Jackson. It had too many letters in it, and began with something that looked like a ‘U.’”

“What stuff!” said Eleanor again, but, all the same, she examined the blotting-pad for herself. Unfortunately all trace of the signature had been obliterated by subsequent letters, and Eleanor, without corroborative evidence, steadily refused to credit her aunt's suspicions.

“What is your profession?” she asked the young man one day as they sat together in the old apple orchard, with a cabbage leaf of strawberries between them.

“I studied law once,” replied Lawrence, “but I can hardly claim to be a lawyer. I am afraid I must admit that I have no profession.”

“But you ought to have one,” said the girl severely. “You are a poor man, are you not?”

Lawrence blushed. “I have enough to live upon,” he replied.

“I suppose you mean that I am a very impertinent girl to ask you?” said Eleanor, without, however, evincing any signs of contrition. “But, really, I think that, unless he has heaps of money to look after, a man ought to do something. It is a great thing to be a power in the world. I should like to think,” she added earnestly, “that some day you would be a great lawyer or a judge, or —”

“Please don't say a member of Parliament,” interrupted Lawrence.

She laughed lightly. “I was going to say a great leader of men.”

“For the money there is in it?” he asked.

"For that as well as other reasons, I suppose. Money can do a great deal of good as well as a great deal of harm."

"There is plenty of money going about," said Lawrence, thinking of his own great fortune; "perhaps I may be able to put my hands into some of it before long."

"Honestly, of course?" asked the girl, laughing.

"Honestly, certainly, if possible!" replied the young man banteringly. "If not, I suppose that I must try some other way. Honesty is a very inconvenient virtue sometimes."

Eleanor looked at him as he leaned back against the trunk of an old apple tree; she met his eyes, and the frankness of his look, and the general tone of wholesomeness, which sat so well upon him, gave her a sudden thrill.

"Of all men," she said softly, "I think that you would be the last to do anything that was mean or dishonest."

A shadow, slight enough, but perceptible to the keen eyes of the girl, darkened the young man's face. Was this alias of his strictly honest? With the best intentions he was undoubtedly deceiving this woman whom he loved.

"You look troubled," Eleanor said.

"I am wondering," he replied, "whether it is possible to be perfectly honest." There was a long silence. "You cannot think," said Lawrence gently, "what it means to me to hear you express an interest in my welfare."

Their hands were close together and his fingers closed upon those of the girl. For several moments she allowed them to remain. Her face was turned away, but the lover could see the roseleaf tint deepening. Then she withdrew her hand and rose.

"It is getting late," she said, "we had better go in now." She looked at him very kindly, and they went up to the house together without a word.

In his own room Lawrence gave himself up to alternate transports of delight and despair. "She is beginning to love me," his heart cried exultingly; "I shall win her yet." "Steady!" cried his brain. "What a fool you are, to take

a few kind words, and a soft look, for love such as she has to give." But heart triumphed eventually. "To-morrow," he said as he climbed into bed, "to-morrow I will run up to Montreal, and buy the handsomest diamond ring that I can get. How surprised she will be when I shew it to her! The finest diamonds in the world are not good enough for her." Then he fairly bounced in bed with the delight of a new idea. The Underwood diamonds—those family heirlooms—his now—which lay in the strong room of his banker. To-morrow he would bring them out of their dark hiding-place, and they should shine on Eleanor's neck and in her fair hair. He remembered seeing them, when he was quite a little boy, glittering on the person of his aunt, a stout, sour-faced woman. Young as he then was, and unprepossessing as was the background on which they had been displayed, their magnificence had impressed him mightily. He fell asleep to dream of Eleanor and the Underwood diamonds.

## II.

"Where is Mr. Jackson?" Eleanor enquired of her aunt the next morning, as she noticed that his chair at the breakfast table was vacant.

"I'm sure I don't know, my dear," was the response, "and really I don't take enough interest in Mr. Jackson to care. I think him an uninteresting and rather commonplace young man."

Eleanor shot a withering glance at the older woman, and was about to make a scornful reply, when the servant broke in—

"He've took a journey to Montreal, Miss. He said, as there was something as he had to do important, an' we was to tell you as he wouldn't likely be back afore to-morrow mornin'."

"Oh, really? Thanks," the girl replied carelessly. At the same time she was conscious of a distinct sense of personal loss, and almost of affront. Why had he not told her that he was going? "Of course I have no earthly right to feel annoyed," she assured

herself, "but still"—and she went out and wandered about, and thought of her missing companion, until she grew so unutterably lonely that she finally went into the house and indulged in a brief, but lively skirmish with her aunt in order to rouse herself.

"I wonder," she asked herself, as the day dragged itself wearily into night, "whether I am really and truly in love with that man. Any baby could tell that he perfectly adores me. He will ask me to marry him. Do I care for him enough to do that? 'No, no,' at times, and then again, 'Yes, yes, a thousand times yes.'" When at last she fell asleep the question was still unanswered.

Next morning, after breakfast, during the course of which she again experienced a feeling of irritation at the sight of Lawrence's empty chair, Eleanor betook herself to the parlour, and, morning paper in hand, ensconced herself comfortably in a deep corner, half hidden by a gaudy home-made screen. As she crossed the room her eye fell on the blotting pad, and the ridiculous suspicions of her aunt over the undecipherable signature, came back to her with unpleasant force. Was it possible that any mystery was connected with that young man in whom she was beginning to take so strong an interest? "When he asks me to marry him," she said with a little sigh, "I suppose it will be time enough to worry myself about it." Then she curled herself up in a big easy chair and began to read the paper.

She scanned two departmental store advertisements with close attention, skipped lightly through the society news, and was listlessly turning the pages to find something else worthy of occupying her attention, when her eye was caught by a paragraph. It was headed

"GENTLEMAN JACKSON"  
AGAIN.

and was as follows:

Montreal police circles are stirred up over a particularly audacious burglary, committed last night. The jewelry store of Mather Bros., St. Catherine Street, was broken into

and jewelry to the amount of several thousand dollars, which was kept in a small safe, was taken. Among the loot was a number of valuable diamond ornaments. The larger safe was attempted, but the burglars failed to make an entry. From certain indications the police are convinced that it is the work of William Uldensorpe, alias "Chicago Bill" alias "Gentleman Jackson," who was released from Sing Sing three months ago, after serving a three year term for burglary. The police regard him as one of the most dangerous of the criminals now at large. He is a man of singular refinement, a remarkably clever impostor, and usually does his work unassisted, making his quarters at some distance, and coming to the city only when there is a "job" to be done. Several detectives are busy on the case.

Eleanor read the paragraph twice, and the paper fell from her hand. She was conscious only of a sense of utter desolation. Before her rose a vision of Lawrence's bright, eager face, with the look in his eyes that she had grown to know so well. Was it possible that this man who adored her, this refined gentleman, was a common burglar, a midnight thief? Alas! the evidence was too damning. Why was he passing under an assumed name? Why had he spent the previous night in the city? Why had he looked so perturbed, almost guilty, when she had praised his honesty? "Gentleman Jackson"—how she would loathe that word in future. And yet—there must be some mistake. It seemed ridiculous to connect her bright-eyed, handsome lover with anything mean or criminal. She almost laughed as she thought of it.

There was a quick step outside, the door was opened, and Lawrence himself came hurriedly into the room.

Breathless, she watched him as he stood for a moment in a listening attitude, and then seating himself at a table, drew a package from his pocket and tearing off the wrapping paper, placed it in front of him.

It was a large oblong box of dark morocco leather.

When Eleanor saw that box all the hope with which she had buoyed herself up vanished, and with pale face and straining eyes she leaned forward and waited for the climax. It soon came. With fingers trembling with eagerness, Lawrence unclasped the fastening and

raised the lid. The sun was shining brightly through a deep French window, sanctifying his fair head with a halo, and as the lid went back it seemed as though the interior of the box burst into a thousand points of coloured fire. Tenderly Lawrence took out the contents one by one, and laid them on the table. Diamonds fit for a princess. Tiara, necklace, and sunbursts, bracelets and rings, they seemed to fill the whole room with their radiance.

The jewels lay in a little pile, and Lawrence, his head resting between his hands, was gazing fondly at them, when he felt a light touch on his shoulder, and glancing up, saw Eleanor standing beside him with a look on her face that chilled his blood.

"Good God, Eleanor!" he cried, "what is the matter?"

"Why have you brought them here?" asked the girl hoarsely, pointing to the twinkling heap.

For a moment Lawrence was taken aback, and then, springing up, and catching up the jewels in both hands, he held them out to her.

"I have brought them for you," he cried. "Oh Eleanor, my darling, do you not understand?"

"I understand only too well," she answered, "Oh why—why—have you done this thing?"

"Will you not take them?" he asked imploringly.

"Put them back on the table," she said. "Yes, I will take them, but not from your hands."

Petrified with amazement, Lawrence obeyed, and watched the girl as she replaced the ornaments one by one in the box. She handled them with evident repulsion, and closed the lid upon their brilliance as quickly as possible. Then she picked up the box, and without a word or look, began to move towards the door.

"Great heavens! Eleanor," he cried, placing himself in her path, "what does this mean?" He was beside himself with astonishment and anger at the manner in which his gift had been received.

"Have you not insulted me enough, Mr. Jackson? I must call you by that name for I do not know your real one," Eleanor replied. "No, stand aside, do not dare to touch me. You need not be afraid, no one shall know from me. I will see that they are safely returned."

"Are you mad?" he cried, and would have laid a detaining hand upon her arm, but she gave him such a look that he fell back and allowed her to pass.

"Is she mad or am I?" cried the unfortunate young man. "Am I dreaming or is this a lunatic asylum?" He pressed his hands to his temples and gazed wildly about him. He was almost inclined to laugh at the absurdity of the whole thing, but the sharp stab of disappointed love dominated all other sensations, and with a feeling as if the world were toppling about his ears he rushed upstairs to his room.

When Eleanor reached her room, the first thing she did was to open her modest trunk and bury the box of diamonds among her dresses. Then she went to the window, and leaning her forehead against the cool pane looked hopelessly out into the sunshine. How she hated that man! And yet how nearly she had come to loving him! How lovable he was! So charming, so unselfish, so perfect a gentleman! No wonder that they called him "Gentleman Jackson!" What an escape she had had! How glad she ought to be that she hated him now so much!

As she continued to gaze vacantly out of the window, she suddenly became aware of the figure of a man coming up the driveway. He was small and natively dressed, and walked slowly and with an air of military precision, stopping occasionally to look about him.

"Several detectives are busy on the case."

The concluding words of that damning paragraph flashed across her.

"He is coming here," she cried wildly. "He is coming here! Oh, they will take him!" and without a

moment's pause for thought she rushed violently down the passage and beat violently on the panels of Lawrence's door.

"Mr. Jackson," she cried, "Mr. Jackson—quick—let me in."

"Miss Ellesmere!" said Lawrence in astonishment, as the trembling girl caught him by the arms. "What on earth is the matter?"

"Fly," she gasped—"Fly. There is still time. He is coming to take you away to prison, and I cannot bear it."

"Who is coming? I do not understand, dearest." He spoke soothingly as to a frightened child, and put his arm about the girl's waist. Her face was against his shoulder and she was sobbing bitterly.

"They shall never find the diamonds," she cried. "They are hidden in my trunk, and they will never look for them there. Go!—go, before that dreadful man comes."

"Let us have a look at this dreadful man," said Lawrence, drawing the girl to the window. A smile broke out on his face; some ten yards from the front door the supposed detective was standing scrutinizing the house.

"Is that the man?" he asked.

The girl looked out. "Oh won't you go while there is time?" she pleaded. "In another minute it will be too late."

Lawrence put his hand under the girl's chin, and bent her head back until her eyes, swimming in tears, were looking straight into his.

"Eleanor," he said, "You think that I have stolen those diamonds?"

Her lips moved inarticulately, but he saw that she assented.

"And you care enough for me to come here, thinking me a thief, and warn me to escape?"

"What does it matter what you are," cried the girl with a sudden burst of passion. "Thief or honest man, I love you, God help me, as you love me. I shall never see you again, but I love you! I love you!"

On Lawrence's face came a look of exquisite happiness. "You are la-

bouring under some extraordinary delusion," he said; "but believe me, on my word of honour, that I am innocent of any wrongdoing. Whatever I may be I am not a thief. And now will you get those diamonds?"

With a long look into her lover's frank eyes, the girl went away, obedient but mystified, and in a few moments returned with the morocco box.

"Quick," cried Lawrence, catching it from her as the door-bell rang violently, and opening the fastenings with hasty fingers.

"What are you going to do?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"I will shew you," replied Lawrence. He dragged out one piece of jewellery after another; clasped the necklace about her neck; set the tiara on her feathery crown of hair, and slipped the bracelets on her arms. "Put on the others as we go down," he said thrusting them upon her.

"Mr. Jackson," cried a voice from below, "There's a gentleman waiting to see you in the parlour."

"Coming, coming," cried Lawrence gaily.

"What does it mean?" asked Eleanor, bewildered.

"It means," cried Lawrence, "that I have won you with my own bow and spear. It means that I have crowned you my queen. Now, downstairs together, dearest, and hand in hand."

In the parlour the small dapper man was standing before the fireplace, and his impassive face lit up a little, as he noted the beauty and grace of the diamond-bedecked girl whom Lawrence led in.

"I have come, Mr.—Mr. Jackson," he was beginning, when Lawrence broke in:

"'Jackson' no more, Mr. Meredith. 'Lawrence Underwood,' now," he said.

"Do you remember saying that you would be the first to congratulate me? You have come just in time. Let me introduce my future wife. The quest is ended. I have found one woman who loves me for myself."

## NAKETAH.

By Sparham Sheldrake.

HANGING on the wall of the entrance hall of a certain fine old English mansion, amid trophies of the chase and ancient armour was, and perhaps still is, a buckskin hunting shirt. Those who care to read the following story, will learn how it came to be there:—

In a small, but well-constructed log cabin which stood snugly sheltered in one of the deepest recesses of the Rocky Mountains, a young man sat smoking a briar-wood pipe of the bulldog pattern, and cleaning an Express rifle. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance except, perhaps, great physical strength, and a somewhat rugged face, upon which three manly virtues, courage, honesty and determination were very plainly stamped. At that period of his life, the Hon. Arthur Debenhurst was a mighty hunter and little else.

Following his every movement with eyes that had in them the devotion and adoration which may be seen in those of a Scotch collie dog when gazing at a beloved master, sat a young Indian girl of about sixteen years of age. But no dog, and very few human beings, possessed such eyes as Naketah's. "Fawn's eyes humanized," Debenhurst carelessly called them; and the description is good enough to pass. The third occupant of the cabin was the girl's father, Waubasook, the best hunter, trapper and guide in the district.

He and Debenhurst had been closely drawn together by the keen love of sport which was common to both. The Indian had frankly invited the white man to share his cabin during the fall hunting season, and the invitation had been as frankly accepted. The host was no loser by this arrangement, for Debenhurst's unerring bullets brought in their fair share of flesh and furs; and the latter, with the exception of a few choice skins, were

unreservedly handed over to Waubasook to add to the store with which he would trade at the close of the season. The three oddly assorted companions got on very well together. Debenhurst, who had hunted the world over, wherever wild game was to be found, regaled the eager ears of the Indian with such tales of adventure by flood and field in search of big game, lions, elephants and tigers, as to make the red man hope that when he reached the happy hunting ground of his people he would find such noble quarry there; grizzly bear being the largest specimen of the fur-bearing, carnivorous animal he had ever seen.

Naketah listened, but understood little, and said nothing. She was content to watch, furtively, the young man's face. And, moreover, her nimble fingers were busily engaged on *the* great work of her life. A true labour of love it was, and one into which she threw all the energy and skill she possessed.

Debenhurst had expressed a careless wish to own an Indian hunting shirt; and she was making one for him. Yet so indifferent was he, that he never even noticed what she was doing; he never realized how carefully each design, in the ornamental portion of it, was planned and carried out; or that the finely split, and dyed porcupine-quill work was intermingled with threads of hair from the head of the worker.

At last it was finished; and a proud girl was Naketah when she saw her hero, her demi-god, arrayed in her handiwork.

At the close of the hunting season, Debenhurst returned to civilization; but before leaving his Indian friends, he presented each with a suitable gift.

To Waubasook he gave a spare shot gun he had with him, and to Naketah, his gold watch chain, which he had managed to fashion into a bracelet. Also to the girl he gave a ten-dollar Bank of

Montreal bill, explaining to her, with Waubasook's assistance as interpreter, that if she should at any time visit one of the cities of the white man, for hitherto Naketah had never been out of the mountains, she could exchange it for something she might desire.

Naketah made a neat case of softly tanned doeskin, placed the bill in it, and hung it about her neck for "good medicine," or what her more civilized sisters would call a charm.

On his way to England Debenhurst stayed for a few days with friends in Toronto; and while there he took Naketah's gift out of his portmanteau to shew to his hostess, who had expressed a wish to see this particular specimen of Indian work; but in the hurry of packing next day, he forgot to replace it.

The shirt was found by a dishonest servant, who sold it for a dollar to a dealer in Indian curiosities; and there, for the present, we will leave it while we return to its maker.

Poor little Naketah pined after her white friend. Her willowy form became more slender, but lost much of its springy alertness; her soft brown eyes acquired that look of patient, sad resignation which one so often sees in women of her race.

Waubasook noticed all this, and said nothing; but he determined that when he made his next trip to the trading post to dispose of his furs, he would take his daughter with him. And he did so.

While at the post Naketah was the guest of the missionary's wife, who took a great fancy to the sad-eyed girl. And it so turned out that when Waubasook left for his mountain home, Naketah, with his full approbation, remained behind with her new friends, to learn the ways of the white man and the church catechism at one and the same time. And so keen was her desire to become, if even in some respects, like the being she worshipped, that she made rapid progress in both.

About this time Mrs. Ross, the missionary's wife, received a pressing invitation from a certain society to visit Toronto and some other cities of Ontario, and it was represented to her that

she could "further the cause" by bringing with her a presentable convert. "It looks well on the platform, and always draws," her correspondent wrote.

So she decided to take Naketah, and the girl's delight knew no bounds. *He* had gone to meet the rising sun, and she was going to follow on his trail. Every step would bring her nearer to the one being on earth whom she adored. Her eyes began to recover their lustre, and her willowy form rounded out into more graceful proportions.

The wonder and whirl of train and steamboat passed, and Toronto was reached at last. Naketah, in due course, appeared on the platform at a missionary meeting, and "drew the house" as she shyly recited one of the church hymns in the language of her tribe.

Little by little, as she grew accustomed to the bustle and traffic of the city, she ventured on short trips about the streets by herself.

During one of these timidly undertaken excursions she paused in front of a shop window wherein Indian curiosities were displayed, and, among these, to her utter amazement, *she saw the hunting shirt she had made for Debenhurst.*

At first she could scarcely believe her eyes; but a more careful scrutiny removed all doubts. She could not be mistaken in her own handiwork. But how came it there? Surely some misfortune must have befallen the owner, or he would not have parted with her humble gift.

Hitherto she had never entered a shop when alone, nor voluntarily addressed a stranger, for her command of the English language was still very imperfect. But on this occasion she cast off her timidity and went boldly in. Pointing to the shirt, she said in her low, sweet voice, "How you get?"

The man took down the "article," looked at a small tag attached to the collar, and replied shortly, "Six-fifty."

Naketah did not understand, and she shook her head.

"Too much, eh?" said the man; "well, I can't let it go for less," and he was about to replace the shirt in the

window, when she stopped him with an eager gesture.

She remembered what Debenhurst had told her when he gave her the ten-dollar bill, that *if she should see anything in one of the cities of the white man she would like to have, she could exchange the money for it.*

So far the bill in its leathern receptacle had never left her neck, but now with a quick eager motion of her slender brown hands, she disengaged it, and taking the money from the case as reverently as a good Catholic might handle a holy relic, she held it out.

"You give, me give," she said.

The man took the bill and examined it, then finding that it was a good one, he with well simulated reluctance made the shirt into a parcel and handed it to her. And she, never dreaming of demanding change, of which, indeed, she knew nothing, sped away home with her precious burden.

The dealer in Indian curios chuckled. He had made a clear nine dollars by his bargain, by taking advantage first of the dishonesty of the servant, and next of the ignorance of the poor Indian girl. But, being a "good Christian man," on the following Sabbath he dropped a quarter of a dollar in the plate, in aid of mission work among our Indians.

During her stay in Toronto and in other cities which were visited, Naketah was exhibited on platforms much as if she had been a tame bear. No wonder, then, that she grew heartily tired and homesick. Also she worried a good deal over the probable fate of Debenhurst, for she felt sure that some evil had befallen him. She did not even know his name, and if she had known it she was far too shy and reticent to mention her trouble to her only white friend, Mrs. Ross.

In due course of time she found herself, to her great delight, back again in her mountain home; and with her she had the shirt that had given her so much pleasure to make, and the finding of which had caused her so much pain and anxiety.

To her father she related the incident, but he could offer no other ex-

planation of the mystery than that which had occurred to herself, namely, that some misfortune had happened to Debenhurst.

Two years passed, and Naketah drooped and wilted like a faded flower. But the hunting season came, and with it, to the intense surprise of both father and daughter, Debenhurst.

The old Indian welcomed him, figuratively, with open arms; Naketah shyly.

He was alive and safe then, after all. And the bitter thought came to the girl that he had cast aside her gift when he reached the haunts of white men, and had no further use for it. She determined, however, to say nothing about it; torture at the stake should not make her divulge the fact that she had found and preserved it so carefully. Also she begged her father not to mention it. Debenhurst, for his part, never alluded to it, and so between them arose a barrier.

Now it chanced one day that Naketah, who had been climbing in search of a certain herb she wanted, slipped and fell a distance of about thirty feet, alighting on the dry bed of a stream. Here Debenhurst found her insensible, and carried her home. For days she was delirious, and raved of the shirt and of things she would have rather bitten out her tongue than revealed. When consciousness was restored and she seemed on the fair road to recovery, Debenhurst, who had listened to her raving, gently alluded to the loss of the shirt, telling her that it had been stolen from him, and that he wanted her to make him another in its place, of which he promised he would take better care. The knowledge that he had not then, after all, despised her gift seemed to infuse new life into the girl, but alas, for a time only. She had sustained serious internal injuries from which she never recovered. With her last breath she told Debenhurst, in her pretty broken English, the story of the finding of the shirt, and with her last feeble strength she drew it from its hiding place beneath her head, and placed it in his hands. Then she fell back on her couch of furs and expired.

## A PAIR OF LUNATICS.

By Claude Bryan.

IN Quebec everyone spends the summer evening on Dufferin Terrace, where the view is one of the finest in the world. Three hundred feet below the promenade the majestic St. Lawrence sweeps out through the narrows—*quebecosis*. In the near east is the beautiful Isle of Orleans, and thirty leagues beyond, Cap Tourmente stands out against the evening sky. The intervening distance is marked by the twinkling lights of the Côte de Beau-pré, a graceful upland hemmed in by the Laurentides. The *toute ensemble* is magnificent by day, but indescribably beautiful at night.

I was a stranger in Quebec, having just arrived the day before by the steamer from England. After dinner I strolled out upon the terrace to finish my cigar. Some three hundred paces brought me to the south end, where the stairway runs up the glacis to the King's Bastion. Here I paused to contemplate the panorama that spread out beneath me. At the base of Cape Diamond, in middle stream, were moored *H.M.S. Crescent* and four consorts. A sailors' chorus blew up on the breeze. A mile away, across the river, the lights of Levis twinkled joyously, and on the surrounding hills the convent lamps, in their sable background, made huge pyrotechnics. A moment later the regimental band in the terrace pavilion struck up an inspiring march. A sentimental flood swept over me, and my spirit wandered in a northern Eden.

Almost comatose with pleasure I stood thus silently for several minutes. Then, a rasping rasping broke my spell.

"Say, wouldn't this jar you! To hear an eighteenth-century band tooting 'Rule Britannia.' I'll bet a cent they haven't even heard of rag-time up here in Quebec; and we've had it in Brooklyn for dear knows how long."

I smiled, though the face, the voice, the whine, the everything, annoyed me.

"You see," continued the *cadavre*, bearing hard upon his nasal notes, "I got a little holiday from business the other day, and I thought I'd take a jaunt up here to Quebec. But, s' help me, if it aint the slowest place I've ever been in. Why, there aint a blessed thing going on. And I don't care an awful lot for climbing up break-neck stairs, and tearing up hill and down hill in an old-fashioned *calèche* that threatens to go to pieces every minute. Why on earth don't they pull down these bally old gates and run trolley cars? Look a' here, if we just had Sous-le-Cap street in Manhattan, why we'd blast the rock away and turn it into a boulevard, or at least have a roof-garden at the top of the cliff. It's all rot, absolute rot, this talk about its being picturesque and all that; what use, for instance, is that old citadel up there? Why don't they knock it down and build an observatory, or a bicycle track, or something?"

The unromantic nature of this stranger worried me; yet he failed to notice my taciturnity, and proceeded in a high key.

"Yes, partner, this is a slower town than Portland, Maine. Why there aint even a music hall running in the summer time; and if you want a drink on Sunday you have to buy it Saturday night. Have a smoke?"

I declined with what friendliness I could simulate.

"And they tell me," he continued, "that there aint even a butcher-shop in town; and that the ladies have to go to market and buy their meat and vegetables off the waggons of the *habitants*. Fancy, having to go to market with a basket on your arm, and having to know French. I call that a dago

language, and, you bet, I'll never learn it."

I knew he wouldn't, but kept myself from saying so. Just here I thought I saw him wonder if I were dumb. Still for all that he scarcely faltered. Here was a worse bore than buttonholed Horace at the corner of the Julian Basilica! I shuffled, and sighed even from the diaphragm. Then, like a flash, a strange method of revenge suggested itself to me. Up to now, my voice had hardly once been heard. With that preface, to feign insanity was easy.

I leaned across and looked at him with the whites of my eyes. "Yours is a sad, sad story," I whispered, dramatically. "Do you mean to tell me that you are really George Washington, and that they wont even rent you a room in the White House?"

"Who said anything about the White House, you Daffy," he exclaimed; but I observed that his bravado hardly concealed the tremor in his voice.

"Daffy," I whispered hoarsely, and with growing vehemence, "I never let anyone call *me* Daffy. Once a boy at school called me Daffy, and I cut him up so badly that they clipped my wings and put a chain around my neck."

The fellow started; for while I had the brawn of a Guardsman, Sweet Caporal had taken a cubit from his stature.

"But some way, I sort of like you." (Here I took a savage grip upon his arm.) "What do you say to a stroll down to the Cul-de-sac?"

No answer. But I felt him shake all over at the prospect of a lonely walk with a crazy man. We shuffled along the Terrace, I well-nigh supporting his nerveless body.

When we had reached the Chateau end of the Terrace, I felt him trying to

slip my grasp. I purposely relaxed it. A moment later a policeman hove in sight, and wrenching himself free, my companion bolted. I backed up against the railing and watched them; but to conceal amusement required my best effort.

Then I saw the officer coming towards me gingerly, and my late companion skulking in his rear. But I was not yet willing to end the farce.

"See here," I said, quietly, when the policeman had reached me, "You have just been talking to a lunatic. The poor fellow fancies everyone is crazy and seeking to kill him. I am his guardian, and he has been giving me a good deal of trouble this evening. He is of a good New York family, and his physician sent him to Quebec for a change of air. I am now trying to get him quietly into his room at the Chateau; and to save a scene I have given him the liberty he seems to have."

The policeman gave me his most knowing wink, and looked sadly across at my demented companion, whose discretion had kept him just beyond our voices. Then heaving a sigh of officious sympathy the officer continued his beat.

I quickly lost myself in the crowd, and soon sought my room.

Next morning I heard that a young man on the promenade had been rather roughly handled, and was now locked safely in No. 61, awaiting an examination as to the condition of his mind. The keen-eyed policeman had come once more upon my victim, and, supposing that he had evaded his chap-eron, had taken him in charge.

I myself left Quebec by the next train—the mental examination still pending; and although I never heard more of my effusive friend, I fancy he had some difficulty in establishing his sanity.

# WOMAN'S

Edited by

Mrs. Willoughby Gumming

# SPHERE

THE annual exodus has taken place, and crowded steamers and railway trains have carried thousands of people from the hot Canadian cities in search of recreation, change and enjoyment. The summer holidays have become universal in Canada, and for this we should be thankful, from a patriotic as well as an individual standpoint. The old adage still holds good, that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Unfortunately, however, there are many men and women whose limited means prevent a trip to the sea or to the various rural retreats along our lakes and rivers. Yet these persons need the tonic of rest and change of scene even more than their more fortunate sisters and brothers.

One summer, now some years ago, there were several friends living in a small Canadian town who, for different reasons, found it difficult to leave home for any lengthened holiday. Yet they desired a change from the usual routine. The matter was discussed one evening at the house of the Bank Manager, when some one suggested a camping party on a large scale. After such objections as "hard work," "discomfort," and the like had been overcome by the enthusiasts, and after several meetings had been held to talk the matter over, the following plan was agreed upon: The camp was to be held in a beautiful place some twenty miles distant by rail, so that the men of the party might go to business by the morning train and return to camp in the evening in time for dinner. A capable man cook was to be engaged, and a cooking stove and a number of tents were to be rented, including a large dining-room tent with a long table that would seat the whole party.

All the supplies were to be ordered and sent out daily from the town, and at the conclusion of the camp all expenses were to be divided per capita. The married ladies were to take day about as housekeeper, and each one was to be assisted by some of the young ladies. The Bank Manager, the Lawyer and the Accountant were appointed a finance committee, and certain definite rules were drawn up as to the hours for meals and the like. The camp lasted several weeks, and proved to be a delightful success in every way. Each married couple had a tent of their own, and while some favoured camp beds, those who had camped before much preferred a bed made of springy fragrant hemlock boughs properly laid. Much ingenuity was shown in the fitting up of toilet tables and wardrobes, and the art of being thoroughly comfortable under canvas was completely mastered. The bachelors had a big tent to themselves, while another large tent was the home of the young ladies of the party. A good-natured rivalry existed among the housekeepers and their assistants as to who should give the best dinners and have the prettiest table decorations. The results attained were surprising, for ferns, fungi, wild vines, coloured lights and wild flowers afforded endless variety. As it had been decided from the first that there was to be no stint, the menu included poultry and the new vegetables and fruits as they came in season. The man-cook did all the ordinary work, but many dainty puddings and other dishes were made by the ladies themselves on their "days," such small occupations being quite enjoyable. The party never numbered less than sixteen, and sometimes included double that number.

The surroundings were very beauti-

ful, large forest trees affording plenty of shade, while good fishing and bathing were to be had in the river near by. Lovely walks were found in various directions, and from "point look-out," a wide expanse of distant hills and the valleys between, afforded the artists in the party plenty of scope for pencil and brush. In the evenings after dinner, which was at half-past six o'clock, the campers followed their own inclinations, but all met again at nine o'clock for an hour of songs and story-telling round the camp-fire before the bugle sounded "Lights out."

A happier or more healthful holiday could not have been enjoyed, and as the men spent their fortnight's vacation in camp, they had at least a short experience of the pleasant, restful days there which the ladies so much appreciated. Towards the end of the time a dim fear of the possible cost of it all began to gather in the minds of some of those with limited incomes, a fear that proved, however, to be quite without foundation, for when the camp broke up, and the finance committee had paid all the bills, it was found that the share of each individual was exactly \$3.25 a week! A better illustration of the possibilities of co-operative housekeeping could hardly be found.

Many interesting details concerning the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to our sister

Commonwealth over  
TO the seas are coming  
AUSTRALIA. to us now through the  
Australian newspapers.

The illustrations in these papers show that the scheme of decoration both in Sydney and in Melbourne was extremely elaborate and beautiful, and there was evidently not a little rivalry between the two cities as to which should do best. The school children's fête in Melbourne must have been particularly attractive, and was much appreciated by the Royal guests. For this fête 5,000 children selected from 57 Metropolitan State Schools sang. And there were exhibitions of physical drill with arms,

"free exercises", a striking Union Jack display in costumes representing the four nationalities of the United Kingdom and Ireland, dances, wand drill by girls, bayonet exercises by 200 cadets, and a combined recitation of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" with drum and bugle accompaniment by these same cadets. The cutlass drill of these little bluejackets appeared to interest the Royal visitors, and when the boys swung off to the song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," both the Duke and Duchess joined heartily in the applause. The Maypole dance was described as a dream of beauty, "in which the children were dressed as gipsies, Red Riding Hoods, elves, and other quaint and interesting beings of the fairy world, the dancers fairly revelling in their sport. With a continual flow of inspiring music from massed military bands, and the bright sunlight overhead, a more delightful scene could scarcely have been imagined. The flower song and dance was another item of rustic charm and simplicity. Thousands of children bearing nosegays, joined in the chant, and while they chanted in swelling chorus sixty girls in dainty green robes, with garlands of flowers circled over their heads, skipped and danced to the graceful measures with an abandon that did one good to see."

By arrangement, the Union Jack was hoisted on each of the 7,000 State Schools in the Federation at the same minute, the signal being given by the Duchess with a golden electric key at this public school gathering in Melbourne. As the flags were hoisted in every school outside Melbourne the children sang "God Save the King" and cheered for the flag.

Under the title "How to Keep Cool," Miss Anna Barrows, the literary editor of that interesting and useful magazine, *The American Kitchen*, writes: "Two subjects there are about which the ordinary human being considers himself or herself fully intelligent: these are food and

clothing. Yet few persons use discretion in adapting their food to the weather, however it may be about clothing.

"Who has a right to expect to be comfortable on a hot day if the food consumed has sufficient heat-giving capacity for zero weather? There are many households where the same routine of steaks and chops and roasts are carried to the table in July as in January.

"The first way, then, to lighten the burden of the housekeeper and increase the comfort of the individual members of the family is by a change of diet. For the time being, become at least a half-way vegetarian, and use few meats, but an abundance of fruits and vegetables."

The annual executive meeting of the National Council of Women of the United States will be held in Buffalo in September.

WOMEN      The convention of the  
WORKERS.    Order of the King's Sons  
                 and Daughters which  
was held in St. John, N.B., lately,

passed off most successfully. Very sincere regret was felt by all the delegates at the continued illness of Mrs. Tilley, of London, the Dominion Secretary, which not only prevented her attendance but which also made her resignation of the Dominion Secretaryship necessary. Miss Annie Brown, of Toronto, was elected Secretary and Mrs. Austin, of Toronto, was made Treasurer. The increase of the annual membership fee from 20c. to 25c. was decided upon after some discussion. The presence of Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis, of New York, was much enjoyed, and as usual her addresses and suggestions were most helpful.

The National Household Economic Association of the United States, which held its last annual meeting in Toronto in October, 1900, will meet this year in Buffalo, October 16th to 18th. It is probable that many Canadians also will attend these meetings, which were very much enjoyed by all who were present in Toronto.

E. C.

#### LOVE'S LESSON.

DEEM not my every action as my aim :  
 Actions most oft belie the actor's heart.  
 Heed not the words which daily trials proclaim ;  
 Too oft the erring tongue forsakes its part.  
 Look in my eyes : dost thou not there behold  
 More deep-set truth and courage than of yore ?  
 Look in my mind : and dost not there unfold  
 A stronger purpose o'er the heights to soar ?  
 Thou knowest well to read my heart ; then see  
 How honour, faith and love have won control.  
 My spirit strives to make these plain to thee,  
 But slow the body to obey the soul,  
 And I but weak, who fain would stronger be  
 To fully show what I have learned of thee.

*Louise Campbell Glasgow.*

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

TO the general eye the relations between Great Britain and France seem more satisfactory just now than they have been for a long time. If we cast our minds back to the moment when the news reached London and Paris that Marchand was at Fashoda, we will realize that compared with that time present relations are positively dove-like. Some observers declare that this appearance of urbanity is all on the surface. Exasperation against England still rankles in the French mind, and the dangers which such a feeling threatens are by no means past.

While this may be true it is quite apparent that in order to wake it into dangerous activity something must happen, and it is an assuring circumstance that there is nothing in sight which promises to supply this excitant. It must in all honesty be said that there is not the least likelihood that the waters will be disturbed by any one on the British side, and if trouble did not come until it was stirred up in that quarter there would be many years of peace. With the exception of Newfoundland, there is not one serious open question between the two countries. The differences between them with regard to their respective positions in Africa are to a large extent closed. They may not be closed to the entire satisfaction of both sides, but the chief disputes are virtually as definitely settled as the ownership of the Chan-

nel Isles, of Algeria or Tunis. Were France to dispute the position of England in Egypt, she might just as safely dispute her position in Jersey or Guernsey. The meaning in either case would be the same. It would be interpreted as a war-like note and a notification that the French were not disposed to cultivate good relations with their English neighbours. Questioning the rights of France in Tunis or Algeria would rightly and naturally arouse resentment in France. Can Frenchmen be astonished if a similar feeling were aroused in Great Britain by a corresponding questioning of British rights in Egypt or the Soudan?

The popular irritation in France against the British people, if it exists, is not founded on anything very definite, but really has its source in a



RECIPROCITY—AS IT IS PRACTISED

—The Minneapolis Journal



JOHN BULL: "Hold tight, Wilfrid, there might be a kidnapper around here."

—The St. Louis Republic

species of petulance which is a familiar defect in human nature. It was perceived in France that the best guarantee that Britain will continue to be one of the great Powers was furnished by the extent of her colonies and their growth in wealth, influence and population. France, as we in Canada know, was an early colonizer, but the present colonizing impetus is of comparatively modern origin. Some years ago Frenchmen said, let us have colonies, too, and they proceeded to realize their aspirations. It must be said they have done very well in the matter of acquiring territory. Algiers, Tunis, French China or Siam and Madagascar make a most imposing showing as the fruits of this movement.

There is a fly in the ointment, however. Colonies are formations with an irrepresible tendency to increase and swarm. The British Isles had to have an overflow territory or become so congested as to imperil civilization. Germany is in the same position; but for lack of suitable territories of her own all that she has succeeded in doing is to con-

tribute to America one of its best elements. No wonder that she looks with longing eyes on South America, where many of her sons are now making themselves homes, and chafes at the assumptions of the Monroe doctrine.

France is not face to face with this overflow problem at all. Her population is almost stationary and her rich soil and diversified manufactures furnish a livelihood for all. She has really provided herself with something that she does not need, with the result that her colonies are not growing outposts of Frenchmen, but bureaus where the af-

fairs of native populations are administered. It is doubtful if any of them are self-sustaining, but, at all events, a portentous item in the annual budget is the cost of colonial administrations.

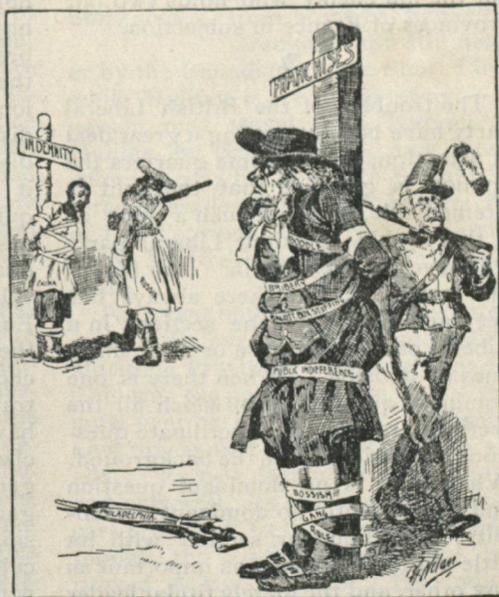
France is therefore in the position of the man who receives advice from a superior person who is distasteful to him, knows that it is good advice, and yet doggedly determines to disregard it. There is possibly the constant feeling that after all the expenditures that have been borne in carrying out the colonial programme, the first incidents in a war with this powerful naval neighbour would be the capture one after another of the chief seats of colonial trade and power. The remarkable thing is that, while in the tensest phase of this pursuit of colonies, Egypt should have been allowed to slip through French fingers. The inner history of that episode has not yet been written. That it has an inner history we may be sure, for there are features of it that are not explained by what is seen on the surface.

France was the dominant European interest at Cairo. A Frenchman by building the Suez canal had created modern Egypt. Frenchmen had loaned the Egyptians large sums of money. French papers were published in Alexandria. Then it was discovered that Egypt was so grossly misgoverned that she was bankrupt and unless strong measures were taken she would become a defaulter. Then was France's opportunity, but her heart failed her and Britain accepted the chance or the responsibility which her neighbour declined. By this moment of indecision France lost the dominion of the Nile valley and has since observed with undisguised chagrin the success of British administration and the gradual restoration of Egyptian authority and order over the whole vast region almost to the sources of the great river and proceeding on to the fertile lands of the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

It is only now that we are fully learning how near France's last despairing clutch at this territory came to plunging the two countries into war. In conversation with a friend the other day ex-President Faure relates that in the midst of the excitement consequent upon Marchand's arrival at Fashoda, France set herself seriously to get ready for war. It was recognized that she was not prepared, and the Government without the shadow of a sanction from the Chambers spent some \$18,000,000 in improving the defences of Bizerta and in other measures of a like nature. The moderation of the authorities on both sides of the Channel, together with M. Marchand's withdrawal from Fashoda, averted the catastrophe. The vapourings of journalists, the ex-President says, rendered the situation difficult, and the incident should serve to remind publicists that instead of adding fuel to the fierce blaze of public opinion, it is often the duty

of the patriotic writer to endeavour to abate it. *Punch*, it will be remembered, at that time represented France as an organ-grinder, and Marchand, attired in the uniform of the French army, as a monkey. Such a cartoon was not calculated to allay ill-feeling.

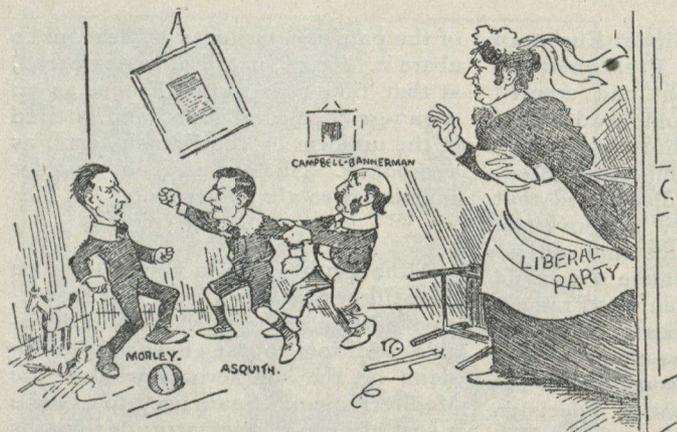
Although baulked in Egypt, France has still her eye on Africa, and Morocco is particularly regarded as a desirable addition to the French possessions on the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Spain used to assume a sort of near-relation attitude towards Morocco, but her sister Powers seem to agree to treat her now as a wholly negligible quantity. The Moors, of course, object to absorption by anybody. Great Britain's attitude seems to be one of indifference. But Germany at once grows interested, and its press declares that such a proposition as the acquisition of Morocco by France is not to be thought of. Great Britain's assumed indifference is, it is to be feared, Machiavelian. Lord



PHILADELPHIA'S FRANCHISE TROUBLES

FATHER PENN: "I can't see, my yellow friend, that I'm much better off than yourself."

—The Philadelphia North American



LONDON POLITICS

LIBERAL PARTY: "Oh, you boys, you boys! If you don't stop quarreling this minute I'll send for Lord Rosebery as sure as eggs are eggs!"

—*London Daily Express*

Salisbury has always had great faith that the mutual jealousies of other nations may at times be trusted to keep things straight. He has not miscalculated this time, and the position that he establishes is that it is not the supercilious Englishman who stands between France and Morocco, but the old enemy who holds two fair provinces of France in subjection.

The troubles of the British Liberal party have been attracting a great deal of attention, and in some quarters the opinion is growing that the split is irremediable, and that such a thing as a thoroughly re-united Liberal party will never be seen again. The fact of the matter is, that there always has been and always will be sections in a Liberal party with more or less sharp lines of division. When there is one dominant question upon which all the sections are united, subordinate questions are easily kept in the background. When there is no dominant question and consequently no dominant personality, one clique or section with its little platform becomes as important as any other, and the merely titular leader carries but small weight of authority. When the electorate virtually elects a leader by accepting a great idea of

which he is the leading advocate, the cliques in Parliament have to bow in submission or fight it out with those who send them there. There will always be parties so long as there are two kinds of men, one of whom is inclined to think that the world is about as good as it can be made, and another who has a tendency to try new methods.

The trouble with the Liberal party in England is that at the moment it has no real democratic leader. This is clearly seen in the wearied attempts that are being made to reorganize the army. What chiefly ails the army is clear enough, but an adequate remedy cannot be looked for from the present holders of power, and there seems nobody on the other side bold enough to break away from tradition and incur the odium of the class to which he belongs. There is no room here for a dissertation on what constitutes a soldier, but there can be no question that it is a profession in which decision, quickness of apprehension, practicalness, high adaptability and all the other qualities which the struggle of life develops are of the first value. The English meet these requirements in their officers by making soldiering the chosen calling of the class which by its training and environment is sure to have the least possible stock of that class of qualities. The dilettante young gentlemen who make it a merit to regard everything practical as a bore, single out this profession, in which inculcated quickness and sharp mother-wit count for so much, as the one which their self-confessed incapacity is calculated to adorn. Here is a field for a democratic reformer, but he did

not make his appearance in the recent discussions.

The Emperor Francis-Joseph has been visiting Bohemia, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm. The aged monarch seems the sole link between the antagonistic elements that make up his empire. A few hours before the Emperor's arrival in Prague a number of German students marched through the streets bearing the Prussian flag, a proceeding which was naturally strongly resented by the Czechs,

and the disagreements of the two sections promised to spoil the Emperor's visit. Another incident worth recording is that the professors of the German University at Prague, having received invitations in the Czech language to some of the ceremonies incidental to the royal visit, returned them with the words written across them in German, "We do not understand this language." If they do not understand the language of the country in which their university is situated it argues but little on behalf of their scholarship.

## PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

**D**URING the past two or three years the Provinces by the Atlantic have passed into a new stage of their existence. From 1870

**MARITIME PROVINCE CHARACTERISTICS.** to 1895 their progress was not rapid. Since 1895 there are signs of an industrial revival which is likely to produce great results during the next decade. The people are waking from a period of rest; they are more ambitious, more anxious for industrial and commercial developments, more restless in their activities.

This is especially true of Nova Scotia. Prince Edward Island is never likely to be the home of industries. It is essentially a large market-garden. New Brunswick is cursed with politics, and the efforts of rich and poor are too often devoted to securing a rake-off from Governmental and political expenditures. At one or two places, notably St. John, the people rise to greater mental heights and progress is quite evident. Nevertheless, New Brunswick should be born again. The people themselves say so, and no one can be found to contradict them.

The Maritime Provinces are much nearer Toronto and Montreal than they were some years ago. St. John is only 24 hours' distance from Montreal by the Intercolonial and still nearer by the Canadian Pacific Short Line, while Halifax is 27 hours away. A person may travel from Toronto to Halifax by Grand Trunk and Intercolonial in 37 hours, and to St. John in three hours less. Sydney, the new city of the Province, is only 33½ hours from Montreal, and 43½ from Toronto.

The great improvement in the Intercolonial Railway has helped to bind the Maritime Provinces closer to Canada. This was the purpose of the road; this must ever be its purpose. Its trains now run as fast as any others in Canada. Its new locomotives are huge and powerful. Its sleeping and parlour cars are large, fresh and comfortable, though the discipline might be improved a few degrees. This might also be said of the dining-car service which is good, but no better than it should be.

Fewer people are travelling on passes

over the I.C.R. than during former years, but there are still too many of these privileges floating about. Every leading politician, whether lawyer or newspaper reporter, is said to have one of these handy pasteboards. Still there are only one-third of what there were a few years ago. Mr. Blair has had a heavy fight, but he has done much to remove the "pass" from among the influences which have tended to undermine the self-respect of the people by the sea. A Government railway is a danger if it is kept in politics.

The people of the Provinces are not so slow as the fancy of some people has painted them. They are thoughtful and progressive,

NEWSPAPERS. though not restless and aggressive. They have been badly led by their politicians and their newspapers, the latter being the toys of the former. The newspapers have two great faults. In the first place, they have placed their politics ahead of patriotism. They have filled and are filling their papers with United States despatches and political diatribes. The percentage of United States despatches in the Maritime Province papers is twice as great as in the Ontario papers. In fact, their news is mainly American. There is practically no news from Ontario and the North-West. This accounts for any lack of Canadian sentiment there may be down there, and also for the continued (for it still exists) emigration of the young men and the young women to the United States.

Newspapers are a great factor in a country's progress. The Maritime Province publishers should recognize this more. The people should recognize it more. The newspaper must be well edited, well supported and well housed. In the Maritime Provinces they are well but mistakenly edited, they are ill-supported, and, with the exception of Halifax and St. John, they are badly housed. The Moncton *Transcript* has a handsome office, as has

the *Sydney Record*. The Charlottetown newspaper offices, for example, are easily the worst in Canada: there is nothing in the Ontario towns to equal them for lack of appearance, unhandiness and dinginess. A newspaper office is a pattern to the community, and it should be one of the beauty spots in a town or city. It is so in Halifax and St. John, as in Ontario cities, but it is not true of the great bulk of the newspaper offices of the Provinces by the sea.

The number of tourists yearly invading the Provinces along the Atlantic shows a steady increase. A few weeks ago, the writer went

TOURISTS. by rail from Moncton to Point Du Chene on a train which carried nearly two hundred people from Boston and other points west—all fleeing to Prince Edward Island to escape the heat which was terrifying the inhabitants of the larger American cities. The S.S. *Northumberland* that evening carried over 300 passengers from Point Du Chene to Summerside.

The trains on the Dominion Atlantic Railway from Yarmouth to Halifax, via the famous Annapolis Valley, are filled during July, August and September. This road is well equipped, and every day several passenger trains are run each way. The accommodation is good but taxed to its uttermost. In fact, the tourist traffic is so great that one could almost expect to hear of the management ordering fifty new first-class cars for this short and beautiful run.

In fact, the Maritime Provinces are overrun with tourists, from the Metapedia Valley to the Bras d'Or Lakes. Any sort of mind, diseased, worn-out or healthy, may find an ideal spot where sport, pleasure and leisure may be found in any desired quantity. This trade, however, is hampered for lack of good summer hotels and similar conveniences. And this is where the Maritime Province conservatism shows itself. There isn't a hotel in

Prince Edward Island that can accommodate a hundred people without getting dizzy. St. John is said to have the best hotel on the continent, but it is small and has been over-praised. Halifax has only two good hotels, and neither is especially attractive to tourists—neither being on the water-front. There are nice hostelrys at Wolfville, Kentville, Annapolis and Digby, but these, except the latter, are inland towns. I think I am safe in stating that, except for one small hotel on the north shore of Prince Edward Island, there is not a tourist hotel on the salt-water shores of the Maritime Provinces.

Of course it is easy to criticize. Still that is no reason why any person should indulge it unnecessarily, or refrain entirely from it.

TOWNS AND CITIES. Criticism should be helpful to all people, and the writer hopes that these feeble criticisms will be taken kindly, since they come from a well-wisher.

This is an almost necessary preface to a description of the Maritime Province towns and cities. The first town one reaches is Moncton. It might be one of the most noted towns in America if it would shoot several of its citizens for the same reason as the British shot Admiral Byng. The Bore on the river at Moncton, to be seen twice a day, is one of the grandest sights in North America—a wall of water from three to eight feet high travelling up a river, and that river rising 30 to 40 feet in two hours. It is a marvellous scene and worth going many miles to see. Yet the people of Moncton have not erected an esplanade, terrace or wharf from which this great sight may be viewed.

Charlottetown, P.E.I., is known throughout the land as "sleepy hollow." It is the dingiest and most unprogressive city in the east. The Provincial buildings are a disgrace to an enlightened community, while the whole place seems to have given itself up in disgust. Nevertheless it con-

tains white people with blue blood, people with education and culture and wealth, people who might be great if they would take the trouble. The Dominion Government should guarantee the bonds of a good summer hotel on Charlottetown's beautiful harbour, and put it in charge of the Superintendent of the P.E.I. railway. The rich citizens of Charlottetown have been waiting for years for the Plant S.S. Co. to do this.

Sydney is a new city with a spirit of enterprise which must be highly commended. It has morning and evening daily papers—and three years ago it had a couple of thousand inhabitants. It will be a beautiful place some day, creditable alike to itself and to Canada. During the next ten years its ratio of progress will probably be greater than that of any other city in Canada.

Halifax is an interesting city whose beauty is all on the outskirts. Internally it needs some pumice-stone and a coat of paint. The Imperial Government is doing its best for Halifax, and Halifax should spend part of the profits. The Nova Scotia Government might polish up its building a bit just to set the example. The liveliest thing in Halifax is the Tourist Association.

St. John is a splendid town. Approached from the Bay of Fundy at full tide, it looks like a pocket edition of Toronto or Montreal. Its streets are broad, its public squares generous and well-placed, while its buildings are modern and well-furnished. While not so wealthy as Halifax, it apparently has within it more of the elements which contribute to the growth of modern cities. With half a chance, St. John will be a great city, the commercial centre of the Provinces.

Just here it might be wise to suggest that the idea of one province instead of three is worth serious consideration. The idea has been mooted many times, and in the B.N.A. Act the Maritime Provinces are considered as a unit for some purposes. One province instead of three would mean one Cabinet dealing with larger questions

on broader lines. There would be one Provincial Legislature instead of three, with larger constituencies and fewer legislators. There would be a broader administration with less expense. There would be one large Province with a corresponding influence in Dominion affairs. Halifax should be the capital of this one Province, as it must ever remain the official city of that part of Canada. It is the oldest of the Maritime Province cities and is the official residence of the commander-in-chief of the British forces in Canada as well as headquarters for the British North Atlantic Squadron. It is, to a great extent also, the educational centre of the Provinces.

It would be difficult, perhaps, to get the people to vote in favour of union. The newspapers should give the matter the fullest and freest discussion, for, after all, the newspapers are the real discoverers and makers of public opinion. An educational campaign would bring out any real difficulties if there are such.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., writing in the London *Express*, complains that there is certain rusty machinery in the Imperial Parliament

FIVE-BARRED which is doing it no  
GATE. good. The five-barred  
gate of procedure

which compels every money measure to be begun with a committee is a nuisance. The Chancellor commences his budget in the Committee of the Whole, each one of the resolutions raising money is discussed in committee, and every clause and every tax is debated. After this committee has passed upon everything the resolutions are embodied in a Bill, and the Bill has to go through all the stages and everything is debated again and again. Between the second and the third reading the Bill goes back into committee, and the same points are discussed as

were brought up in the original committee. Mr. O'Connor claims that this is a relic of the days when the King wanted money and the Commons would not give it without a chance of discussing everything.

There is no doubt much to be said in favour of full and ample discussion of money votes, but there is also something to be said in favour of a more rational procedure. Here in Canada we feel the need for it—feel it so much that the sessional indemnity was increased this year, that being easier and more pleasing than a reform of procedure. This is a business age, and there is no reason why our parliamentary procedure should not be brought under the influence of modern methods. The discussion of the Manitoba Railway Bills last session showed that four or five obstinate men may delay the business of Parliament for many days and all to no purpose.

On January 14th, 1892, the Duke of Clarence and Cardinal Manning passed away and England was startled by the coincidence.

TWO WRITERS. On June 10th, 1901, Sir Walter Besant and Robert Buchanan passed away and this coincidence recalled the former. Besant and Buchanan were two of England's greatest novelists, but there the similarity ended. Besant was practical and successful, the founder of the Society of Authors, the friend of young writers and manager of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Buchanan quarrelled with everybody, including those who had at first befriended him. He quarrelled with his publisher and set up in business on his own account. He kept his life full of enemies. Yet when death claimed Besant at fifty-five and Buchanan at sixty, the world mourned them both. The world will always mourn men who have done "something."

*John A. Cooper.*



# BOOK REVIEWS

AS civilization advances monopolies become more and more real. In early days it was mainly artificial, the creation of a monarch or an overlord. The Hudson's Bay Co. monopoly was a monopoly of this character. Now we have postal services; copyrights and patents; municipal monopolies, as water-works, gas-works and street cars; the monopoly of railway service; and monopolies connected with the use of certain roads, bridges, ferries, canals and irrigation works. All these newer monopolies require special study and special treatment, and the world is not yet certain of the best method of dealing with them. Professor J. E. Le Rossignol, the distinguished Canadian who for several years has been Professor of Economics in the University of Denver, and who recently delivered a special course of lectures at McGill, has issued a volume dealing with this subject, and indicating in a general way the best method of dealing with each kind of monopoly. Prof. Le Rossignol is eminently candid and fair-minded in his analysis, and gives due weight to the value of encouraging capital and individual initiation, while maintaining an enlightened view of the rights of the public. His chapters dealing with the railroad problem are most valuable and worthy the serious study of those Canadians who will be responsible for Canada's future policy with regard to our great transportation lines.



One does not hear so much of the "Kailyard" school at present, probably because two of its prominent and shining lights, Mr. Barrie and Mr.

Monopolies Past and Present, by Prof. J. E. LeRossignol. New York: Thomas Y. Crowele & Co.

Crockett, have betaken themselves to subjects less distinctively Scottish than Thrums and the Covenanters. Mr. Munro, however, continues to find satisfactory material in Highland life and character. His latest book\* is in the plain-spoken and vigorous vein now characteristic of him. The time is just after the Forty-five. Doom Castle is an old stronghold in the Western Highlands. The old lord of this castle, his handsome daughter, and a French count who woos and wins her, are the favoured personages, while a host of lawless clansmen and caterans make life a perpetual danger. There is little or no romantic glamour about the Highlanders who figure in these pages. They would not do much to recreate the Jacobite legend. Mr. Munro's opinion of them does not differ greatly from Major Dalgetty's views of the Children of the Mist, whose chieftain was at least a picturesque ruffian, with a dog-like fidelity toward the man who rescued him from the dungeons of Inverary Castle. The desperate men who hovered about Doom Castle are brave but not picturesque. We recognize in them none of the qualities of the present-day MacTaggart and MacFarlanes. But they provide a lively story of adventure which one lays down with a sigh of satisfaction at its realism and strength.



There is a freshness of scene and incident in "Like Another Helen"† which would alone account for its success. It is a terrible picture of the Cretan war, and the hideous reality of

\*Doom Castle, by Neil Munro. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Like Another Helen, by George Horton. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

the massacre of Christians by Turkish soldiery would be intolerable if the narrative were not relieved by a vein of humour, and some interesting descriptions. The author was consul in Athens for several years, and acquired enough "local colour" for his story to preserve it from the charge of stagnancy, and enough also to raise the painful suspicion that he has not overdrawn the picture. With some delicacy of touch he describes the onslaughts of the Turks upon the Greek women, and in Panayota, the daughter of the village priest, paints a noble and charming maiden. The Yankee lad who figures in the story risks his life in her defence, but being a shoemaker and not a hero departs in the end for home without the modern Greek goddess. Why he leaves her it would be unfair to reveal, but her painful fate adds a tragedy all its own to a tale already striking enough in its intensity.



The word "up-to-date" has suffered from overwork since the exclusion of *fin de siècle*, but it has its uses. It exactly expresses the nature of Mr. Adams' "The Kidnapped Millionaires."\* A more audacious or amusing romance full of satire of current extravagances the inventive wit of the novelist has not devised. Walter Hestor is a rich young New Yorker who dabbles in journalism from fancy and for the fun there is to be got out of it. He has a roving commission from the *New York Record*, a yellow journal with the modern journalistic craze for "doing things." With the idea of discussing a mooted newspaper trust he beguiles several of the most noted capitalists for a short trip down New York Bay on his luxuriously fitted ocean-going yacht. He heads out to sea and tells the astonished millionaires that they are kidnapped. He explains to an intimate friend, a barrister, whom he has also captured:

"These men on this yacht have managed to secure control of about everything in the

country worth having. They run Wall Street, the banks, the trusts, the railroads, and dictate to the government. I want to find out what would happen if they should die simultaneously. Such a thing might happen, don't you know? An anarchist might blow all of them up at a directors' meeting. A cyclone might hit, or any old thing happen.... What would be the result? No one knows. I am going to find out."

Having allowed the distressed capitalists to send word to their families, Hestor whisks them off to a retreat in an unknown latitude. There he leaves them. The millionaires had a merry time. They cooked for themselves, shot game and fished. They talked of trusts and socialism. The conventional rules being suspended, they joked one another and laid in a store of health. How they escaped is related in a lively and captivating style. The real purpose of Hestor, in committing this astonishing outrage, is in the end laid bare. It clears up many things and shows that the author is too wise to tax the credulity of his readers too far. A more engaging tale for the warm weather is not procurable.



Naturally enough, the aspects of industrialism creep into modern fiction, and the fight of the shippers against railway rates is one of the real problems of the day. In "The Octopus"\* we have this phase of economic disquietude worked out. In a certain district of California the landed proprietors decide to grow wheat on a large scale, but being at the mercy of one railway whose rates are so high as to preclude all profits to the growers they decide to fight the monopoly. The first engagement is political in character: they elect a state railway commission pledged to lower rates. To secure this commission bribery has been used against the wishes of the more prudent, who, however, finally succumb to the temptation. But, as is so often true, the end does not justify the means. The commission plays them false. Then the railway,

\* The Kidnapped Millionaires. By Frederick U. Adams. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

\* The Octopus. By Frank Nelson. Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.

which owns large tracts of these growers' lands, exacts a price which ruins the nominal owners. When violence is resorted to the details of the bribery come out and public opinion turns against the harassed farmers. They lose their homes, their reputation and finally their lives in the contest against the giant power of a big corporation. It is a sad story of wrong met in a wrong way. It is well called an epic of the wheat, and one's sympathies go out to the minor victims, chiefly women, who fall in the general catastrophe. To relieve the gloom of the tragedy there are some bright pictures of Californian life and western humour. The author is at times rather discursive, but of his powers of description there is no doubt.



The more prosaic modern life becomes, the more the human mind, in search of diversion and distraction, reverts to the marvellous. To such a mood Mr. Marsh appeals in his absorbing tale\* of an impossible Englishman who becomes an impossible Chinese god, and is the central figure in the doing of impossible things. But London is so big a mystery that many strange occurrences may happen there. The haunted barricaded house in a London slum, to which Mary Blythe, the shopgirl, becomes heiress, is as full of horrors as it is of black beetles and hungry rats. Only a strong-minded girl like Mary could have remained a day and a night in the house so as to fulfil the terms of the legacy, and the reader wishes her well out of it before she has been an hour in the place. Her experiences are gruesome. The rats are really more terrifying than the supposed god. Mary takes the correct view of the matter from the first, but does not impart her confidence to the reader. We wade knee-deep, as it were, in apparitions, ghostly voices—and rats—until the girl's obduracy in not going to a hotel for the night is annoying. But the mystery is ex-

plained in the last chapter, so that we find what appeared supernatural was only unusual, so unusual, however, as to induce the conviction that poverty is better than £500 a year when the conditions strain the nervous system past the point of endurance.



#### NOTES.

"Notes on the Mountain Sheep of North America, with a description of a New Species," is the title of a pamphlet published by the New York Zoological Society. The author is William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park. The new species of this hardy mountaineer was discovered through a skin and skull being sent down from Dawson city to Mr. John Fannin, curator of the Provincial Museum of British Columbia. Mr. Fannin showed the specimen to Mr. Hornaday, and the latter has named it "*Ovis Fannini*" in recognition of Mr. Fannin's work as a naturalist. The sheep is piebald or gray about the body, but white over the entire head, neck, breast, abdomen and inside of forelegs. It is said to be very plentiful in the mountains about Dawson. Most mountain sheep are pure white.

George Herbert Clarke, of Chicago, who has contributed verse to *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, has issued a volume of poetry entitled "*Wayfarings*." It contains some three score of Mr. Clarke's pieces, most of which have appeared in the *Baptist Union*, of which paper the author is assistant editor. (Chicago: American Baptist Publication Society. Cloth \$1.00).

The *Queen's Quarterly* for July contains some important articles: The German Reichstag, by W. Bennett Munro; Personal Reminiscences of Bishop Strachan, by Conway Cartwright; Socrates, by S. W. Dyde; Leslie Stephen's "The Utilitarians," by John Watson; Archibald Lampman, by John Marshall. The latter writer says: "What distinguishes poetry from verse-making is its consummate justness, its perfect balance, its unerr-

\*The Joss: a Reversion. By Richard Marsh. London: Bell & Sons.

ing felicity and its sweet reasonableness." He thinks Lampman's work is derivative, lacking in originality, narrow in range of thought and feeling, and begotten of reading rather than of observation or reflection. Apparently Mr. Marshall was not acquainted with Lampman, and is actuated with the common "professorial" contempt for Canadian litterateurs and literature.

*The Empire Review* (Macmillan, London, Vol. I., No. 6,) for July contains "Postal Cable Development," by Sir Sandford Fleming, and "Canadian Voyageurs," by Claude Bryan, as well as other excellent material. Mr. Bryan, who has contributed articles and stories to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, is now in London working with Mr. Gilbert Parker, M.P.

When Sir Oliver Mowat first issued his monograph, "The Evidences of Christianity," it was thought to be a campaign document issued by a politician. Since this gentleman has become Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario he has revised his monograph and re-issued it. It cannot be a campaign document now, and it must be received as containing the beliefs of the

author, and as being the evidence of his desire to impress upon the people to whom he was for so long a period a political leader, the fact that a man may be interested in both politics and religion. Sir Oliver is quite enthusiastic over the growth of religious denominations, and accepts statistical evidence as proofs of this growth. This perhaps is the weakness of his arguments.

In referring to *The Monthly Review* (London: John Murray; Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.) some time ago, it was pointed out that it was edited from the standpoint of "The Little Englander." The July issue (No. 10) gives further evidence of this. The choice of subjects is narrow, and the treatment of like kind. A gentleman by the name of Bowles writes of the ultimate paramountcy among the nations, and finds that "England" is supreme and always will be. He utterly ignores the colonies and "Greater Britain" in his sublime and theoretical discussion, and apparently believes that the little island has no competitor worth mentioning. Apparently he has not yet heard of Christopher Columbus and his discovery of a new world.



## IDLE MOMENTS



### TREASURES.

WE besought the Chinees to lead a better life, and that he was not unmoved his troubled visage amply testified.

"Lay up treasures in heaven" urged we, "where moth and rust do not corrupt, or thieves break in and steal!"

"Or missionaries take for indemnity?" demanded the heathen eagerly.

We scarce knew what to say. For here was involved a theological nicety, touching which, if our memory served, there was no explicit revelation.—*Puck*.



### NO TROUBLE.

"Yo' don't know of no coloured church needin' a preachah, do yo'?" asked a coloured brother of the Missouri Baptist evangelist. "I got no place to preach jus' now."

"Why, I always thought you were pastor of this church here," the evangelist replied.

"I was, but I's quit."

"Well, I hope you did not give them a lot of trouble, like their last pastor. He nearly ruined their church before they got rid of him."

"No, sah; didn't give 'em no trou-

\*The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

ble—dar warn't no trouble erbout it. De deacons jus' got togedder an' handed in mah resignation, an' I accepted it."—*Judge.*

IT MIXED HIM UP.

"As to the coming yacht race," said Mr. Sezzit to his wife, "I think it will be found that there is many a slip between the lip and the cupton."

"What?" enquired Mrs. Sezzit.

"I mean there will be many a slup between the lip and the slipton—there will be many a clip from the slip to the—confound it, I mean there will be many a lip between the cup and the slipton—no, that isn't right—there will be many a slap from the clip to the cup-ton—er—that is—there will be a captain from the slip—blame it, Maria, you always get me confused! What I want to say is that there will be many a slip from the lip to the scupton—what the dickens are you laughing at, anyhow! That's the way with a fool woman. Wonder to me any man of sense ever tries to talk to them."

"Why, my dear, what is wrong with you this evening?"

"There isn't anything wrong. I was going to say that there will be many a slip between the lup and—well, I hope we lose the race, anyway, just to teach you to respect your husband more when he tries to entertain you."—*Baltimore American.*

SOLDIER HUMOUR

Humour in a private soldier is not an unknown quantity, as all men who know of army life will testify, but it leaked out unconsciously in the letter of a private received in Long Is-

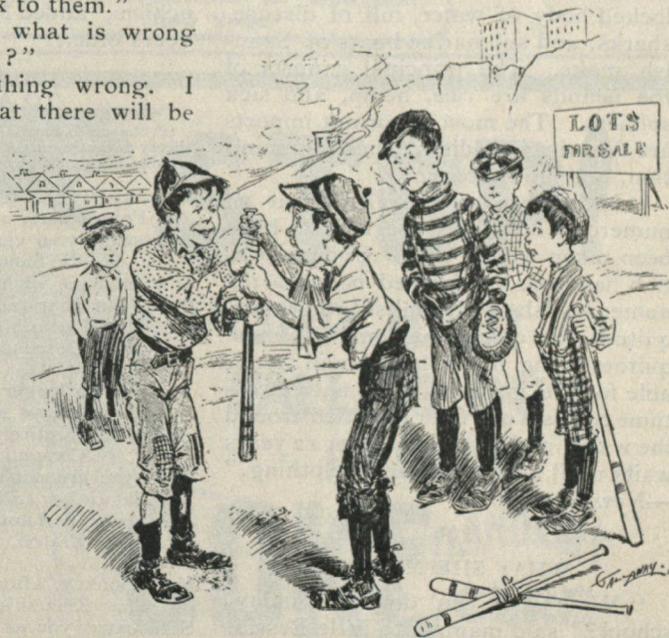
land city from the Philippines. This is what the soldier had to say:

"The islands are a bunch of trouble on the western horizon. They are bounded on the west by hoodoism and smuggling, on the north by rocks and destruction, on the east by typhoons and monsoons, and on the south by cannibalism and earthquakes.

"The climate is a combination of electric charges especially adapted to raising Cain. The soil is extraordinarily fertile in producing large crops of insurrection and trickery.

"The inhabitants are very industrious, the chief occupation being the making of bolos and knives and the unloading of Remington rifles and cart-ridges. Their amusements are cock-fighting and monte, theft and cheating. Their diet consists of boiled rice, stewed rice, fried rice, and rice. The Philippine marriage service is very impressive, especially the clause wherein a wife can obtain the privilege of working as much as her husband desires.

"Manila, the largest city, is situated



A CASUIST.

"All right; you win dis time. Best two out o' t'ree.  
 "Best two out o' t'ree. You did n't say nuffin' 'bout dat at fust!"  
 "What yer kickin' about? You've got jist as good a chanst as me!"

—*Puck.*



JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

COUNTRY GROCER—"Oh, no; a girl can't carry home a pair o' shoe strings or a package o' tea—has to hev 'em delivered; but I notice she kin always manage to lug a bag o' them golf-sticks.

—Judge.

on beautiful Manila bay, a large landlocked body of water, full of disease, sharks, and submarine boats of Spanish make. The principal exports of the islands are rice, hemp, and sick soldiers. The most important imports are American soldiers, arms, ammunition, beer and tobacco.

"Malaria is so prevalent that on numerous occasions the islands have been taken with a chill. Communication has been established between the numerous islands by substituting mosquitoes for carrier pigeons, the mosquitoes being much larger and better able for the journey. The native costume consists of a flour sack tied around the waist, and anything under 12 years waits until next year for its clothing."

—New York Press.

#### WHAT SHE MEANT.

"What did you do at Sunday-school?" said mamma to little Bessie, who had attended for the first time.

"They asked questions out of the pussy-book," replied Bessie.

"The pussy-book?" asked mamma, vastly puzzled.

"I think she must mean the catchism," added Mabel, who was several years older.

#### TO A MONKEY.

(Professor Klaatsh, of Heidelberg, holds that the theory of the descent of man from an ape is no longer tenable, but that the ape is a degenerate form of man.)

Oh, monkey! saddened by the hymn  
From yonder organ scranell,  
Dressed in your very short and simple flannel,  
It pained me when I gazed before  
Upon your tail dependent  
To think I possibly was your  
Descendant.

But this no longer I bemoan;  
Klaatsh says it is a fiction,  
And proves, entirely to his own conviction,  
That you are not the sire of men,  
But rather to be rated  
Their son, perhaps the least degenerated.

Yet, monkey, after all, I fear  
That Klaatsh's sage objection  
Still leaves you as a very near connection.  
It scarce improves the place of man—  
In fact, I'd almost rather  
Be called your son, oh, monkey! than  
Your father.

—Punch.

# Remington Typewriters

REMINGTON  
STANDARD  
TYPEWRITER CO.  
(LIMITED)  
6 Richmond St. East  
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SPACKMAN & CO.  
119 St. Frs. Xavier St.  
MONTREAL

are used by the  
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This is the supreme test of a typewriter. Good work on a brand new machine proves little or nothing. But it takes a first-class typewriter to **keep doing good work**, year after year, under the heaviest kind of service.

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## YOUR HAIR FALLING OUT

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# COKE DANDRUFF CURE

All hair was meant to be firm, heavy and abundant. Thinned, loosened growths are unnatural, caused by a disease of the scalp, which can only result in loss of the hair. Coke Dandruff Cure goes to the seat of the disease and prevents this. Ladies should use Coke Egg Shampoo as a hair cleanser. At all Druggists.

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# Pearline

Cleans. Purifies.  
Whitens.



-You don't need  
to rub your  
daintiest linens,  
tenderest laces,  
or coarser things.

## Pearline

removes all dirt  
better, quicker, easier,  
safer than any soap  
which is safe to use.

- besides  
this saving of work,  
worry and materials.

## Pearline

is economical  
- if this is not true  
why have MILLIONS  
used it for many years



Marion Harland (Christine Terhune Herrick), in her book "First Aid to the Young Housekeeper" (Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.), says :

"There can be little doubt that soaking the clothes lessens the amount of rubbing that must be done, if the clothes are put into lukewarm water to which has been added a small quantity of some *trustworthy* washing powder. I emphasize the adjective, because the matter is one of importance. In the former days, unadulterated washing soda was used by unscrupulous washer-women who did not care how much damage was done to the fabric, so long as the dirt came away easily, but, the injury is (even in such a case) often less than the wear the goods would receive in being rubbed into cleanliness on a washboard."

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Prevents or Cures Insect Bites, Stings, Itch, Ringworm and  
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**THE STRONGEST CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP.**

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A Delightfully Fragrant and Antiseptic Wash for the Teeth and Mouth.

**A BOON TO SMOKERS.**

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Who Cherish

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AND...

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THE IDEAL

Dress Goods

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And are sure to Please them.



Look for the "VARNISHED BOARD" on which the Goods are Wrapped.

None Others Genuine.

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Are Wearing



You

Should

Also

Wear

Them

Every Pair GUARANTEED

Holders of Twenty-three Warrants of Appointment and  
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**LASTING WEAR.** For **LADIES, GENTLEMEN,** and **CHILDREN.** In Navy Blue, Black, Grey, Cream, and other colours. *Prices from 27c. to \$3.29 per yard.*

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Comprise a vast variety of shades and prices. **ANY LENGTH SOLD.**

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

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**ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"**

*A Household Remedy for Preventing and Curing by Natural Means.*



All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet—eating or drinking, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Vomiting, Constipation, Influenza, and Fevers of all kinds.

Without such a simple precaution the *jeopardy of Life* is immensely increased.

**THE WAR.**—Extract from a letter received from a Corporal, 1st Rifle Brigade, Vaal Krantz Hill, Natal:—

"I am pleased to be able to tell you I am in excellent health, owing, I believe, to my taking Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which I was able to buy some time back. It is very dear here, but I think the money well spent."—Feb. 13th, 1900.

**CAUTION.**—See that Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION

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Wholesale of Messrs. EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal and Toronto.

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**FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS AND THE AGED**

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MESSRS. R. J. NEAVE & CO.

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I remain, yours sincerely, (Signed) J. C. LEE.

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Manufactured by  
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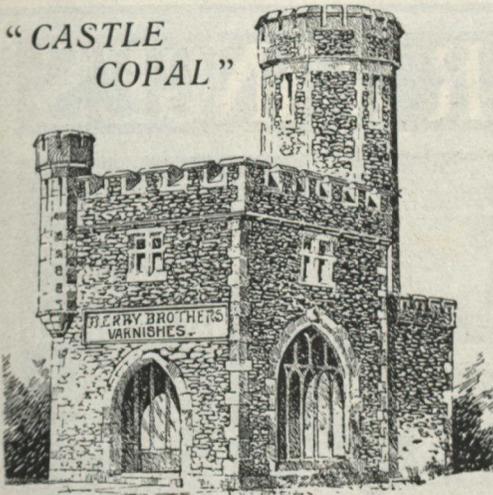
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Leaves—

of the most carefully cultivated tea  
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That explains the delicate flavor and  
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lead packets retain all the original  
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Be sure and visit Castle Copal—you will find many things of interest there.

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Why ?**

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They are good enough to tempt the appetite of  
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**JUST TRY THEM.**

**CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS  
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RANGE HAS  
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At the Famous Health Resort of Carlsbad, Bohemia,

are now imported in bottles and may be used in the treatment of all cases in which the CARLSBAD Cure is indicated when patients are unable to visit the Spa for

**CHRONIC GASTRIC CATARRH,  
HYPERCÆMIA OF THE LIVER,  
GALL STONES, DIABETES,  
CHRONIC CONSTIPATION,  
RENAL CALCULI, GOUT,**

and diseases of the spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

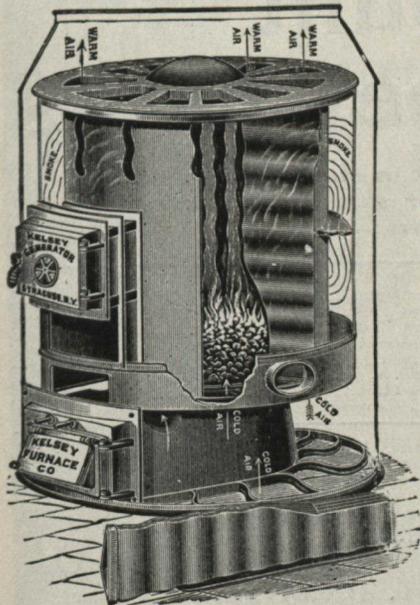
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contains all the essential ingredients of the "SPRUDEL," is alkaline, and readily soluble in water.

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They assure to the user—

- LARGE SAVING IN FUEL.
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THE UNDERWOOD

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We have in stock at present and offer for sale rebuilt machines as follows:—

	Cash.	Time.		Cash.	Time.
No. 2 and 3 Caligraphs.....	\$30 00	\$35 00	No. 6 Remington.....	\$75 00	\$80 00
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No. 1 Williams.....	40 00	45 00	No. 1 New Yost.....	45 00	50 00
No. 1 Smith-Premier.....	50 00	55 00	New Franklin.....	30 00	35 00
No. 2 Smith-Premier.....	75 00	80 00	Bar-lock.....	40 00	45 00
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A good many of these machines are practically as good as new. We have ten expert mechanics in our Repair Room, several of these men have been in the employ of prominent typewriter factories in the United States for many years, and are thoroughly familiar with all makes of machines. We mention this fact, since we are the only concern in Canada thoroughly equipped for this work.

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# Fry's Pure Cocoa

Pure, rich and delicate of flavor. Healthful, nourishing. Concentrated—hence has the greatest strength and is the most economical to use.

It has won medals and awards without number. A quarter-pound tin of it costs but twenty-five cents and makes fifty cups of fine Cocoa.

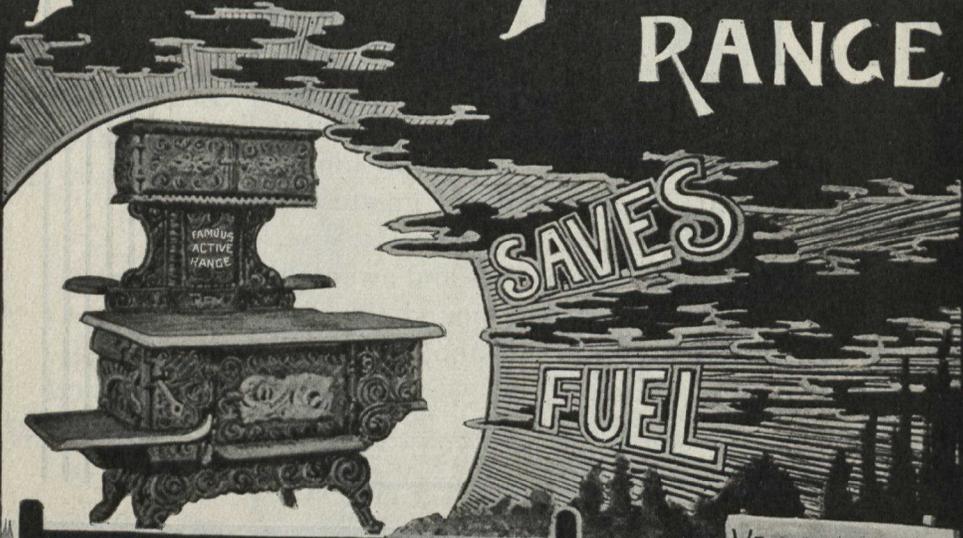
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STANDS FORTH.

## The Famous Active Range

ITS SPECIAL FEATURES BEING

**Oven Thermometer** an exact heat register.

**Ventilated Oven** keeping food pure.

**Fire-Clayed Stove Bottom**

**A FUEL SAVER.**

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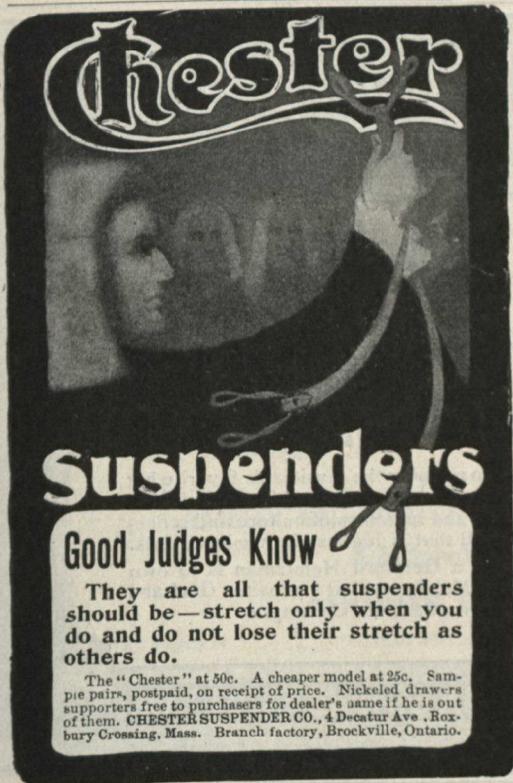
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**Suspenders**

**Good Judges Know**

They are all that suspenders should be—stretch only when you do and do not lose their stretch as others do.

The "Chester" at 50c. A cheaper model at 25c. Sample pairs, postpaid, on receipt of price. Nickeled drawers supporters free to purchasers for dealer's name if he is out of them. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass. Branch factory, Brockville, Ontario.

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Our Ales and Porters have been examined by the best Analysts, and they have declared them Pure and Free from any Deleterious Ingredients.

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These Handsome Pieces in

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Spoons, Forks, etc.,

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They have all the good qualities in design, workmanship and finish of solid silver, at one-fourth to one-eighth the cost.

Much of the sterling silver nowadays is made entirely too thin and light for practical use, and is far inferior in every way to good plate—**"Silver Plate that Wears."**

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made 25 years ago by Mr. Gerhard Heintzman were admittedly the best of Canadian Manufacture.

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pianos are not only the musician's favorite but the standard of excellence with the trade, the profession and in homes of culture and refinement for all that is highest in musical ideals.

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An iron-containing food, for all conditions of impoverished blood, as anæmia and chlorosis; does not affect the teeth nor cause constipation.

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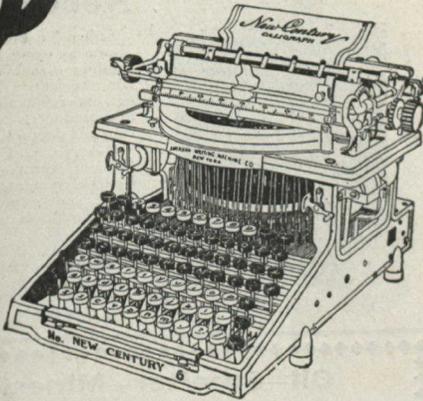
A food in diarrhœal affections, agreeable, nutritious, relieving vomiting, restoring the appetite, and regulating the bowels.

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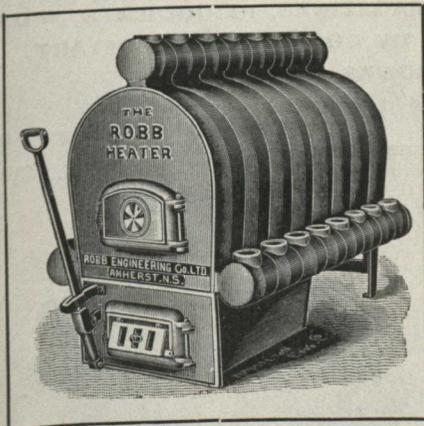
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“One of the great advantages of the Robb Heater is that **it is self-cleaning** as to its heating surfaces even when soft coal is used.

It requires no more skill in its management than is required for an ordinary stove.”

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# Hall's Wine

holds you up, and makes nourishment do its part whilst it does so. You regain the grip of your health and your pleasures.

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Sold in bottles of two sizes by druggists, licensed grocers, and wine merchants, in Canada.



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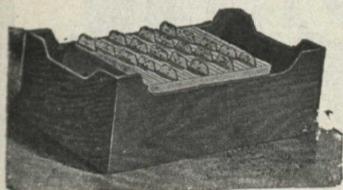


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Gives your Business a get-at-able system.  
A profitable investment for all business men.  
Great results from little labor.



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A perfect Dentifrice for the

## Teeth and Mouth

SOZODONT LIQUID - - 25c  
SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER - - 25c  
Large LIQUID and POWDER - - 75c

# 25<sup>c</sup>

**A dentist writes:**

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Women, you cannot look well unless you feel well. It is not age, but disease, bad health, thin blood and unstrung nerves that make women look old. If the blood is full of germs, which consume its vitality, making it thin, weak and watery, and filling it with deadly poisons, the face becomes pale, wrinkles appear, back and head ache fearfully, and pain makes life miserable. There is no use in trying to "doctor" any part of the system that is diseased unless we remove the cause of the disease. It is known beyond dispute that all disease is caused by germs and the poisons they produce. These germs must be destroyed and the poisons counteracted to cure disease. Dr. Arnold's Toxin Pills are the only medicine that can kill the germs of disease and destroy their poisons or "toxins," and they do this speedily and thoroughly.



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# Bell Pianos

Occupy a Premier position at home and abroad

Here is an expression of opinion from

**WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS, Esq.**

R.A.M., F.S.A., Mus. Doc.

**THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

Victoria Embankment, E.C.

(Near Blackfriars Bridge)

LONDON, 15th AUG., 1900.

THE MANAGER OF

THE BELL ORGAN & PIANO CO., Limited,

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DEAR SIR,

I have now tested for some months, in the Guildhall School of Music, the "BELL" UPRIGHT GRAND PIANOFORTE, made by your Firm in Guelph, Canada, and am very pleased with it. I find the instrument stands in tune in a most admirable manner.

It has been tried by a considerable number of Professors, and has been generally admired not only for its tone, touch and quality, but also for the excellence of its manufacture.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS, *Mus. Doc.*,  
PRINCIPAL.

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- GUELPH, ONTARIO

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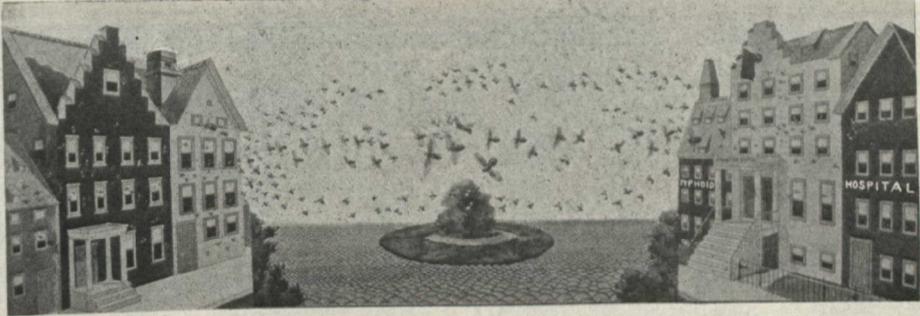
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IT KEEPS THEM SOFT AND PREVENTS THEIR CRACKING

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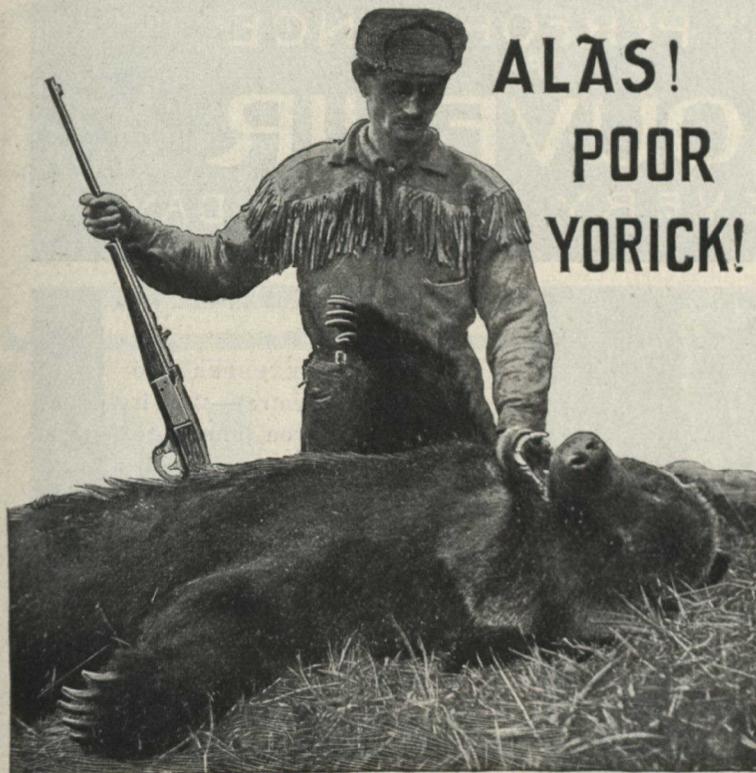
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**ALAS!  
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**Athletes Appreciate It.**

Mr. James Ten Eyck, the father and trainer of the now famous "Ned" Ten Eyck, winner of the Diamond Sculls at Henley Royal Regatta, says:—"For good, tough, elastic muscle, and at the same time keep the body in good condition, there is nothing in my judgment equal to Shredded Wheat Biscuit. This food is free from previous fermentation, as found in light breads made from fine flour, which should always be avoided. I am convinced it is a perfect food to train on, and to live largely on before training, instead of any other kind of bread or cereals. I keep 'Shredded Wheat Biscuit' in my house—would not be without it."

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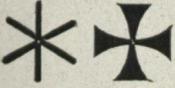
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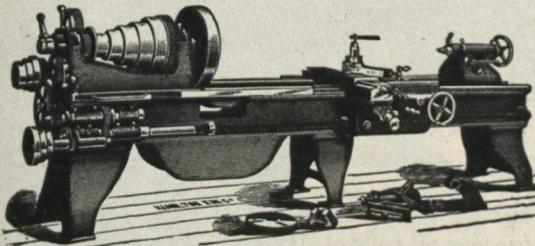
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## MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1901

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Mineral Water and Baths freshen and stimulate the inner as sunshine acts upon the outer man.

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WILD WEST**

*Enroute  
Lackawanna Route  
John H. Martin  
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My Dear Mother  
This is the smoothest  
Railroad I ever rode on.  
When Mrs. Coak comes West  
send her via  
Lackawanna Route  
W. Hoody*

**Lackawanna  
Railroad**

This letter was written on a Lackawanna Railroad train traveling sixty miles an hour. The regularity of the handwriting testifies to the wonderful smoothness of the road-bed.

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**SUMMER CRUISES IN COOL LATITUDES.**

The well and favorably known

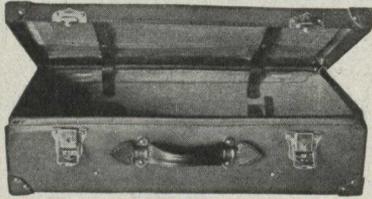
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1,700 tons, lighted by Electricity, and with all modern comforts, leaves **Montreal** on Mondays at 2 p.m., 1st, 15th and 29th July; 12th and 26th August; for **Pictou, N.S.**, calling at **Quebec, Father Point, Gaspe, Perce, Cape Cove, Grand River, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.**

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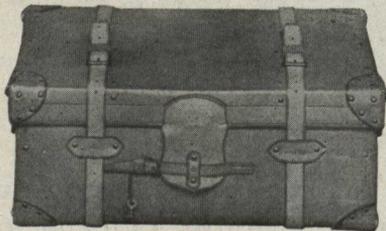
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Made very strong and serviceable.



Everything we handle we make ourselves, and our name is a guarantee as to quality.  
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Especially serviceable for anyone who wants to put all their articles in one bag.

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This is our best style, with Steel Frames and Bands. Best Solid Leather, Linen Lined, with Tray, Corbin Lock, two keys.

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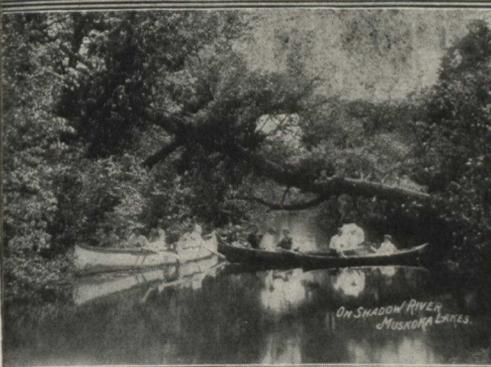
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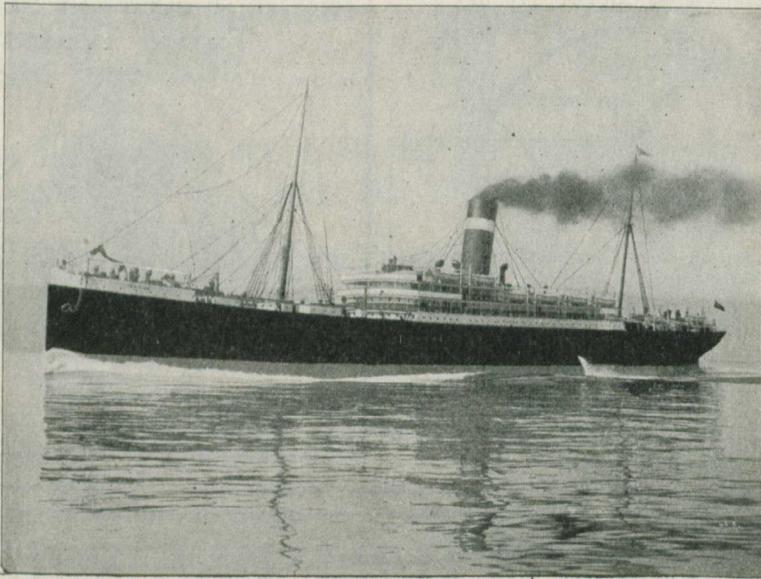
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Prepared from a vegetable product, and is Nature's specific for the teeth and gums. Is already a success. It should be, as it is a foe to tartar; will keep the teeth clean and sound, and therefore lessen dentists' bills and the agonies of toothache. Is antiseptic and will destroy disease germs. Will heal sore mouth and inflamed gums. Is so delightful and refreshing that to clean your teeth becomes a pleasure and a joy.

For Sale by all  
Chemists.

Saunders & Evans, Toronto

AS  
HONEST  
AS THE SUN

## The Improved HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER

Can always be relied upon—in season and out of season, night or day, rain or shine. It moves the shade up or down at will. Perfectly constructed of the best materials on simple mechanical principles. **No tacks required to attach the shade.**

None genuine without the autograph signature of STEWART HARTSHORN on label.

**Wood Rollers  
Tin Rollers.]**

## COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA

HAPPY HOMES!  
HEALTHY CHILDREN!

**COWAN'S  
HYGIENIC  
COCOA** Sold only  
in Tins

Being absolutely pure should be  
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Queen's Dessert Chocolate  
Chocolate Cream Bars  
Chocolate Ginger  
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are delicious Confections.

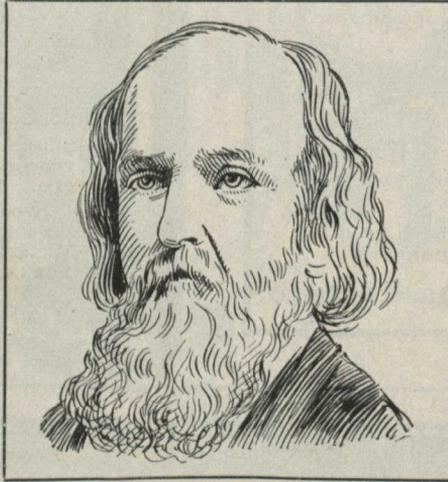


# For Well People

## An Easy Way to Keep Well.

It is easy to keep well if we would only observe each day a few simple rules of health.

The all-important thing is to keep the stomach right, and to do this it is not necessary to diet or to follow a set rule or bill of fare. Such pampering simply makes a capricious appetite and a feeling that certain favorite articles of food must be avoided.



Prof. Wiechold gives pretty good advice on this subject, he says:—  
 “I am 68 years old and have never had a serious illness, and at the same time my life has been largely an indoor one, but I early discovered that the way to keep healthy was to keep a healthy stomach, not by eating bran crackers or dieting of any sort; on the contrary I always eat what my appetite craves, but for the past eight years I have made it a daily practice to take one or two of Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal, and I attribute my robust health, for a man of my age, to the regular daily use of Stuart’s Tablets.

“My physician first advised me to use them because he said they were perfectly harmless and were not a secret patent medicine, but contained only the natural digestives, peptones and diastase, and after using them a few weeks I have never ceased to thank him for his advice.

“I honestly believe the habit of taking Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablets after meals is the real health habit, because their use brings health to the sick and ailing and preserves health to the well and strong.”

Men and women past fifty years of age need a safe digestive after meals to insure a perfect digestion and to ward off disease, and the safest, best known and most widely used is Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablets.

They are found in every well regulated household from Maine to California, and in Great Britain and Australia are rapidly pushing their way into popular favor.

All druggists sell Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablets, full-sized packages at 50 cents, and for a weak stomach a fifty cent package will often do fifty dollars worth of good.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

**ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

**PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin**  
No other cosmetic will do it.



**REMOVES** Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 53 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient):—"As young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

One bottle will last six months, using it every day.  
**Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.  
Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stern's, Ehrlich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1.00 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.



**FAT**

**How to reduce it**

Mr. Hugo Horn, 344 E. 65th St., New York City, writes:

"It reduced my weight 40 lbs. three years ago, and I have not gained an ounce since." Purely vegetable, and harmless as water. Any one can make it at home at little expense. No starving. No sickness. We will mail a box of it and full particulars in a plain sealed package for 4 cents for postage, etc.

**Hall Chemical Co.,**

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ST. LOUIS, MO.



**MENNEN'S**



**BORATED TALCUM**

**TOILET POWDER**

Delightful after Bathing, A Luxury After Shaving  
A positive relief for **PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN**, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. **Get MENNEN'S** (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free.)

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**Dyeing! Dyeing! Dyeing!**



A good proverb to remember is "When a curtain or a drape looks shabby don't buy a new one and throw the old away." Send it here to be dyed or cleaned. Hundreds are doing this every year and save a large per cent. of the expenses which accumulate in keeping house.

**R. PARKER & CO., Dyers and Cleaners TORONTO**

BRANCHES:

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## GOOD POINTS

# The Safford Radiator

has a score of them, but there is one which success has accented—it's simplicity. Like all other great inventions, the "**SAFFORD**" is ingeniously simple. It is connected at the joints by patent screw nipples. That's what made the "**SAFFORD**" successful—no bolts, no packing—just a plain screwed connection. This means that the "**SAFFORD**" is positively non-leakable—positively durable. Of all Radiators the "**SAFFORD**" alone possesses this simple device.

The "**SAFFORD**" is made in many designs and heights, and is always graceful in its lines and bulk. It is made to fit in corners, to circle pillars, and for bay windows.

We will be pleased to give you any information you desire. Remember, we are the Largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British Flag.

**THE DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO**

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

The Dominion Radiator Company Limited  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

# Nature's Remedy for Constipation **Hunyadi János**

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.  
Insist on having the Genuine.

## Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy  
No adulteration. Never cakes.

## SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous Skin Fluid.  
English....

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,  
Disappear in a few Days.

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness vanish as if by magic; whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin.

Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agent, **LYMAN BROS., TORONTO.**

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**OFFICE, SCHOOL, CHURCH, & LODGE FURNITURE**

FINE BANK, OFFICE, COURT HOUSE AND DRUG STORE FITTINGS  
A SPECIALTY

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FAMOUS**



**ENGLISH  
BREAKFAST  
BACON**

THE STANDARD OF  
EPICUREAN TASTE  
For Sale by all Leading  
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**THE MEGGA COFFEE**

AS USED IN TURKEY.



IMPORTED & PREPARED BY  
**JAMES TURNER & Co**  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Take a  
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with you.

"Kodak" stands for all  
that is best in photog-  
raphy.

\$5.00 to \$35.00



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**CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, Toronto, Can.**

*Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.*

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will always find a most active market in the Province of Quebec for the sale of their goods.

*Hundreds of Western Advertisers* have been using for years this reliable medium with most satisfactory results.

"*La Presse*" is read in every section of Canada where French is spoken, and covers entirely this most fertile territory.

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which is 12,739 more than the Montreal "Star." Also 13,000 more than the combined circulation of the 8 other French dailies published in Canada.

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**"LA PRESSE,"** Montreal

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T. M. HUMBLE, Western Representative,

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OF THE BATH

is only attained when  
it is perfumed with

The Genuine

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA  
WATER

Used in the bath it is de-  
lightfully cooling and invigor-  
ating; and the relief it affords  
from the depressing heat of  
Summer is truly remarkable.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

FACTS TO THINK ABOUT.

No Man is Strong Enough to  
Successfully Combat Dame Nature.

The reason why thousands of men of all ages, representing almost every avocation from professional men to hod-carriers, speak of my *Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men* as the Greatest Remedy for Low Vitality made anywhere on earth; and why I have in the first two years of their introduction built up the largest mail order medicine business in the world, is simply because, being a Pure Nerve Food, without a single trace of any poisonous stimulant, they never fail to Restore Wrecks of Men (no matter from what cause arising) to the Mental and Physical Vigor that Nature intended them to enjoy. Thousands of Dead Men would be Living and Well today if they had used my great remedy instead of the vile poisons sent out to men by the frauds who burden the mails with their filthy and misleading literature.

GIVE  
NERVE  
FORCE



GIVE  
BRAIN  
POWER

My own restoration to perfect health and vigor by the use of *Wonder-Workers*, after the frauds had nearly killed me, and a record of *More Than 210,000 Cures* in two years, proves beyond a doubt that the morbid thoughts, fitful unrest, despondent feeling, and neurasthenic condition that always accompany Low Vitality, quickly give place to comfort and strength when these great strength builders are used as directed—one tablet at a dose three times a day—and the best of all is that they preserve the strength they give you. I am the only man in the world in the medicine business who has solemnly sworn that the medicine he sells cured himself, and that the names of all who buy will be held sacred. If you have any names about me, write to the First Nat. Bank, of which Hon. A. S. Bushnell, Ex. Gov. of Ohio, is President, Prof. Ad. Bakhaus, or to any other reliable business man or firm of Springfield, Ohio.

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ELECTRO  
SILVER POLISH  
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is best in every way—Grocers.

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You can never tire of art in its highest form. It bears repeating. It is the crude tone of cheap pianos that becomes wearisome. The pure, rich, artistic Steinway tone is a thing of beauty—a joy forever. Age reveals its perfect refinement, but cannot destroy its charm.

A complete stock of superb Steinways can be found at the store of

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## KARN PIANO IS KING

### THE NEW SCALE.

When you buy a piano ask to see and hear "The New Scale" Karn. Its musical beauties are a revelation. There is a dulcet, flute-like quality in the middle register, a pearly crispness in the upper notes, and a sonorous majesty in the bass which are not to be compared with those of the ordinary commercial piano. Connoisseurs who have tried it carefully pronounce it a great success. Don't forget what to ask for, "The New Scale Karn."

**The D. W. KARN CO., Limited, Woodstock, Ont.**

**KARN PIANO**

J.A.M. REV. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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We contract for complete equipments for the development of Steam or Water Power.

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**MASON & RISCH PIANO**



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will cause any disease to be cured by super-animating the whole system.

Oxygen is life and OXYDONOR fills your body with pure oxygen, eliminating disease naturally without the use of drugs or electricity.

OXYDONOR will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Asthma, Grippe, Insomnia, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, all nervous disorders, Colds. It will improve the appetite and strengthen the nerves, giving sound sleep and thoroughly soothing an overworked brain.



Trade Marks Registered Nov. 24, 1899.

It is invaluable for all diseases of men, women and children. Can be used by all the family and will last a lifetime. No periodical investment is required.

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**Mrs. Benj. Beveridge**, Andover, N.B., writes Feb. 20, 1901:—"I have used Oxydonor successfully for Colds and Bronchitis, and I completely cured my little girl, age four years, of a severe attack of Whooping Cough."

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Prices in Canada are same as in United States.

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**Beware of Fraudulent Imitations.** On June 29th, 1900, judgment was rendered in the Exchequer Court of Canada, granting the proprietor of Dr. Hercules Sanche's Oxydonor and trade marks a perpetual injunction against infringers.

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Samples Post Free

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Children's.....	30c per doz.
Ladies'.....	54c "
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**LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, & SHIRTS.**

Price Lists Post Free

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 Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from \$1.42 per doz.  
 Matchless Shirts, fine quality, Longcloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, \$8.52 the half-dozen (to measure, 48c extra.)

**OLD SHIRTS** made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for \$3.36 the half-dozen.

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Fish Napkins, 70c per doz.  
 Dinner " \$1.32 "  
 Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 60c each.  
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 Real Irish Linen Sheetting, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 46c per yard.

Roller Towelling, 6c per yard. Dusters, from 78c per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, \$1.14 per doz.  
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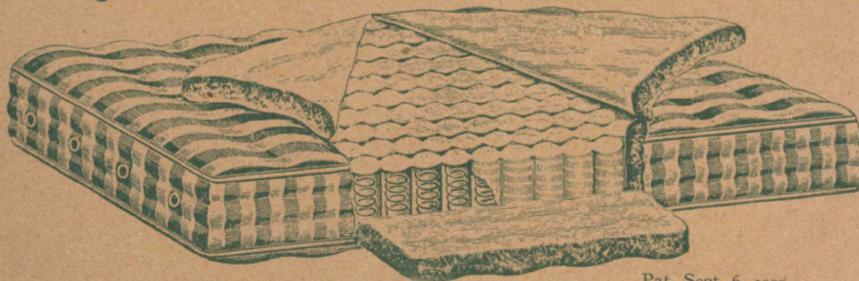
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Pat. Sept. 6, 1900.

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**Made of Hair and 1,000 Steel Springs**, and so constructed that every movement of the occupant changes the air within the mattress, keeping it always pure and fresh and rendering it absolutely sanitary.

**Perfectly Ventilated**, and so does not require to be turned oftener than once or twice a year.

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**Cheaper and More Durable than all hair.**

**Cannot get lumpy.**

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That is why we have sold Ventilated Mattresses to

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**Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., 75 & 77 York St., Toronto.**

Ask your dealer for it or write us for circular.

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the safest way to form an opinion of

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an absolutely pure EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE, is to try a package. Once tried, always used. For sale everywhere. 15c. per package.

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LARGEST AND FINEST IN LONDON, ENGLAND



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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

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**Premium No. 1 Chocolate.**—The best plain chocolate in the market for drinking and also for making cake, icing, ice-cream, etc.

**Sweet German Chocolate.**—Good to eat and good to drink; palatable, nutritious, and healthful.

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If you have occasional "shocks" or "all-over-jumps" look you well to the cause and shut it off. Nine times in ten the cause is coffee. Don't believe it, you say. Try leaving it off and take Postum Food Coffee. If you feel a return of that "Divine tingle of Health" and the shocks and nervous feelings disappear, stomach gets better and head clears up, you may be satisfied you have nipped off a deadly disease in good time. Postum Food Coffee does rebuild people.

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Indelible and Harmless On any Fabric. Try it once and you will use no other kind.