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VOL. XXXVI

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TORONTO
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1911

INVENTORY 1930

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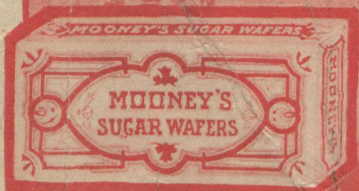
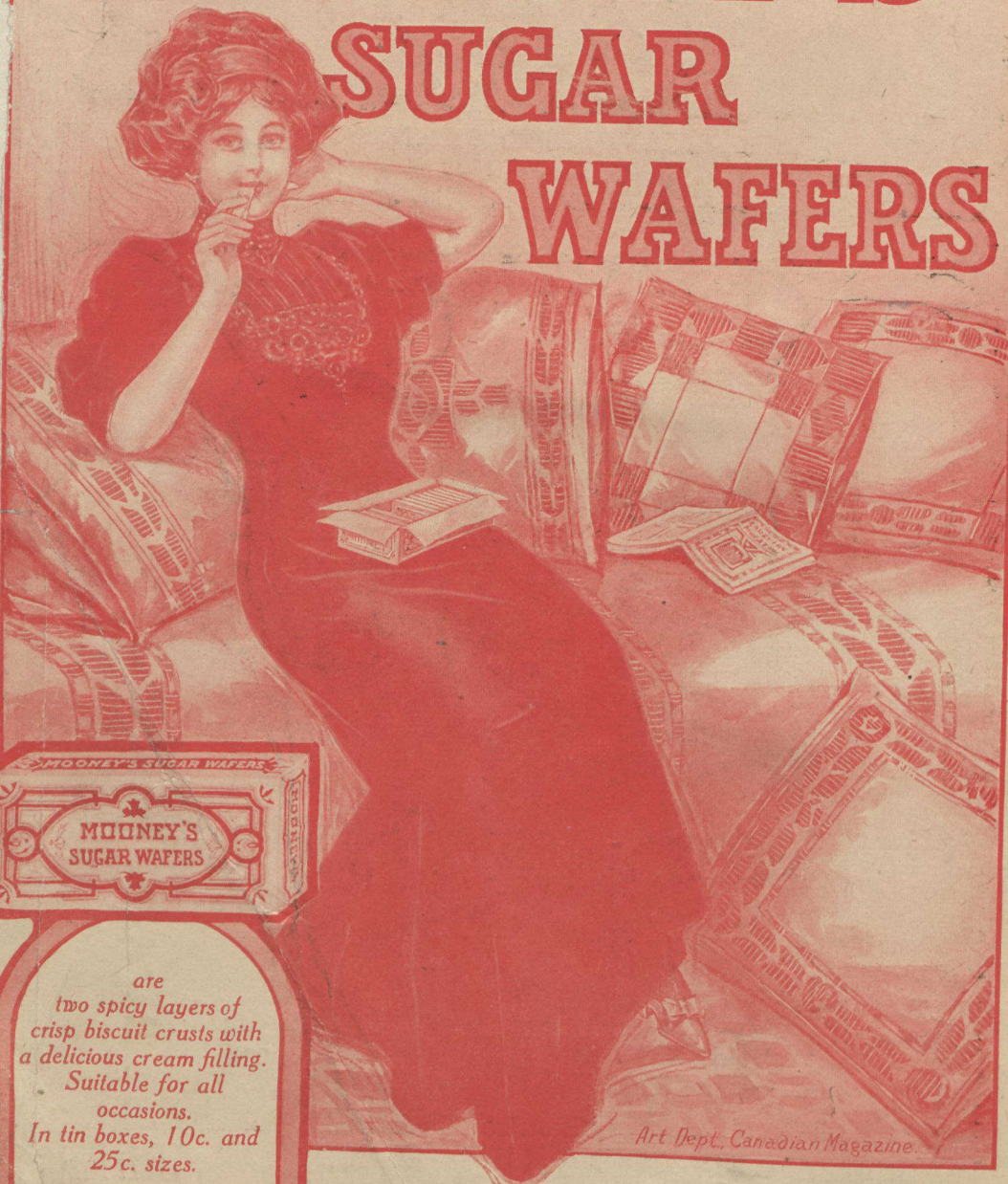
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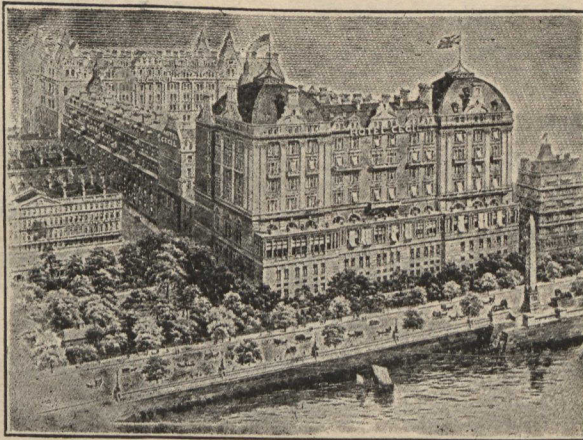
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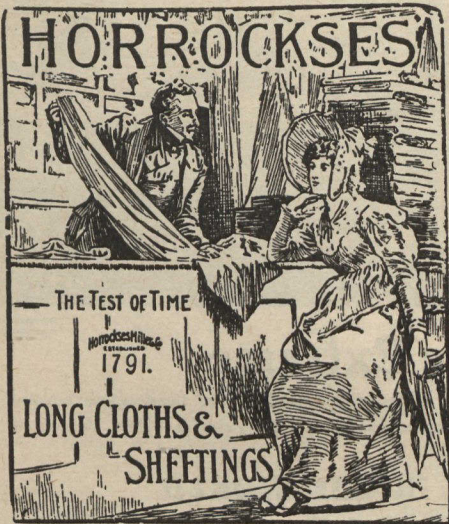
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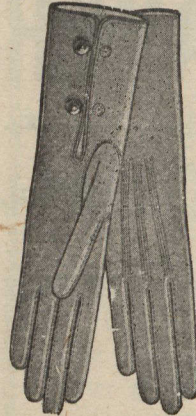
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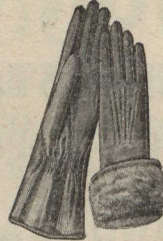
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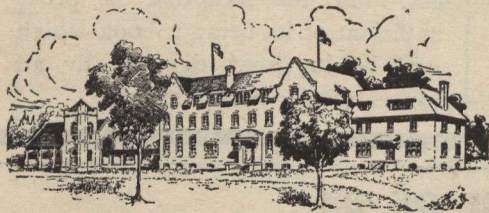
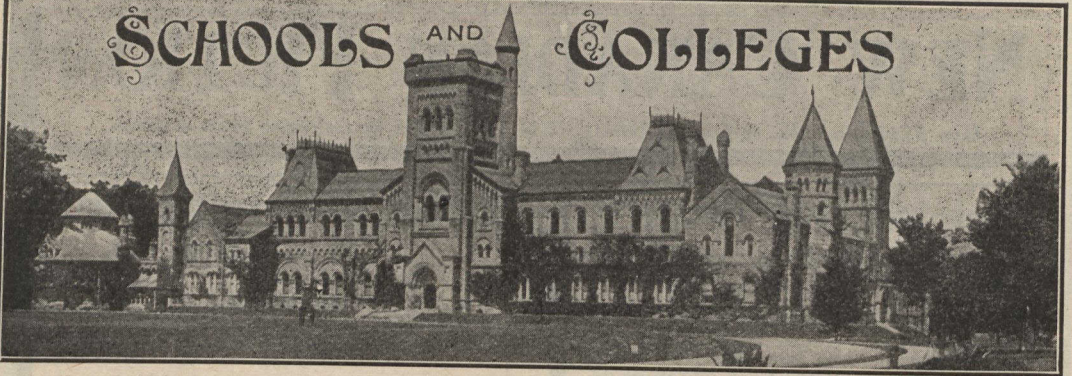
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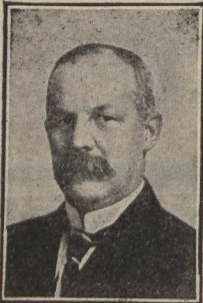
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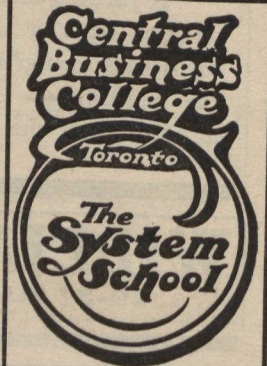
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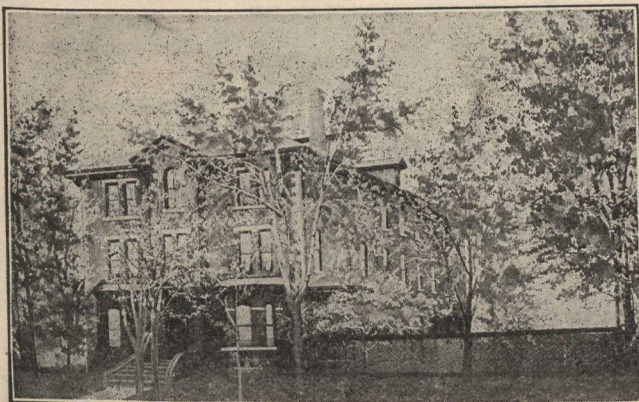
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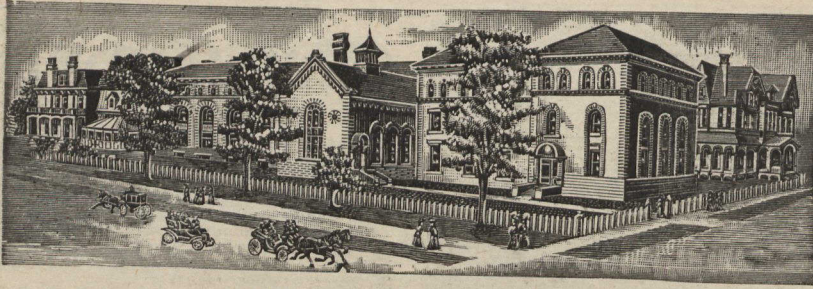
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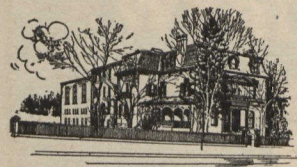
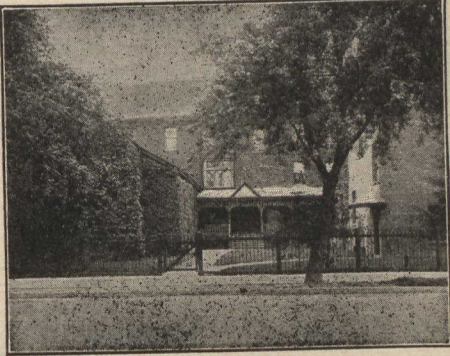
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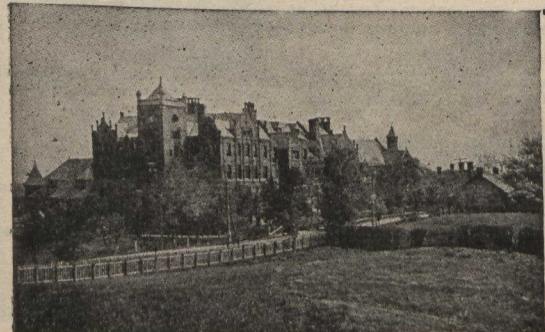
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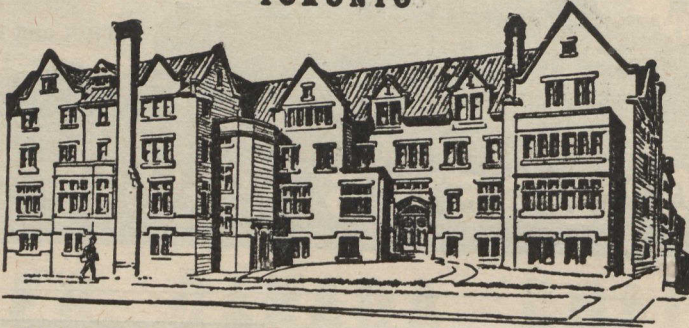
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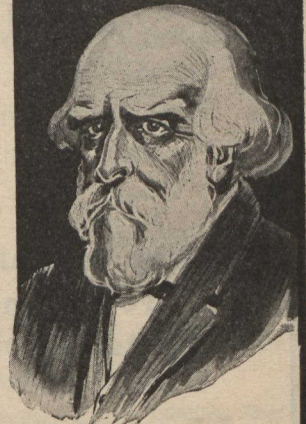
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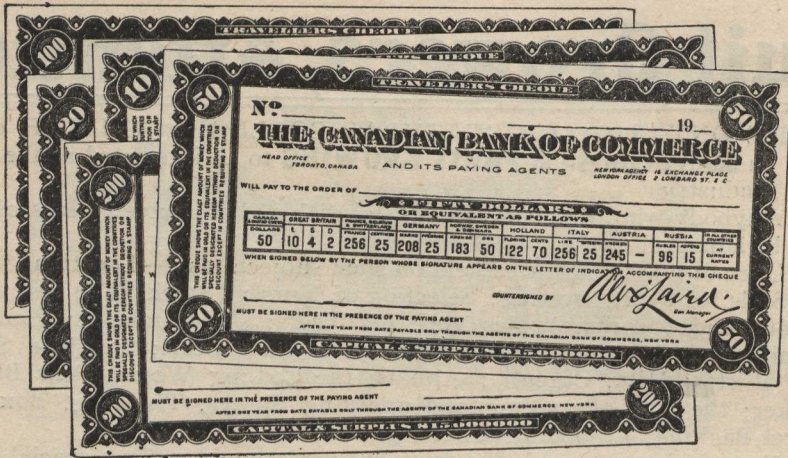
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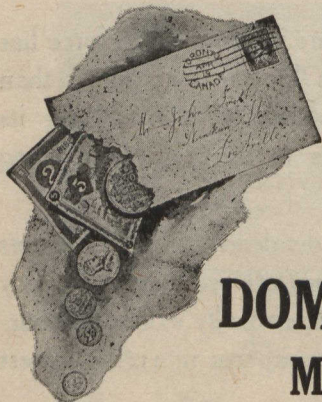
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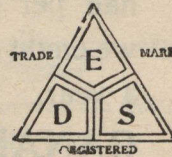
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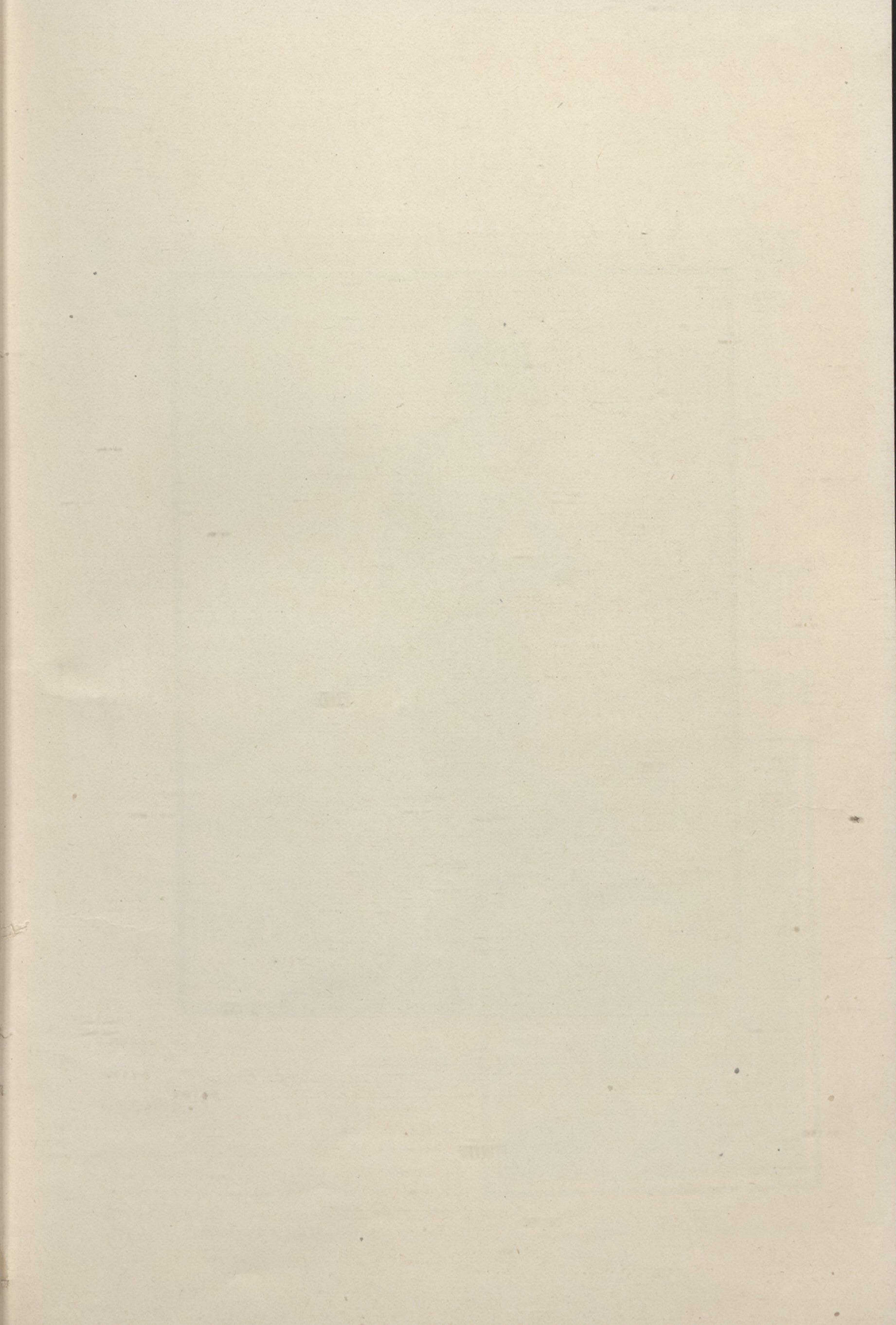
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 1

THE VOICE FROM THE SOIL

AN ARTICLE SKETCHING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CO-OPERATIVE
SPIRIT AMONG WESTERN CANADIAN FARMERS AND
FORECASTING ITS EFFECT ON LEGISLATION

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

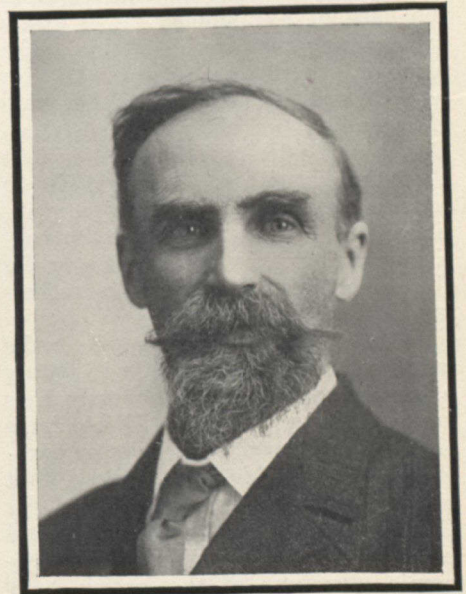
"It was in 1901 that the spirit of organisation first manifested itself under the banner of the Grain Growers' Association, and gradually but surely this organisation has become stronger, more alert and more widespread, until to-day it has become a mighty force in the land, admired by its friends and dreaded by its enemies."

THIS is the brief but significant story of the organised farmers' movement in the three prairie Provinces of Canada as told by Honourable W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture in the Saskatchewan Government. He knows whereof he speaks, for he was the prime mover in starting the organisation.

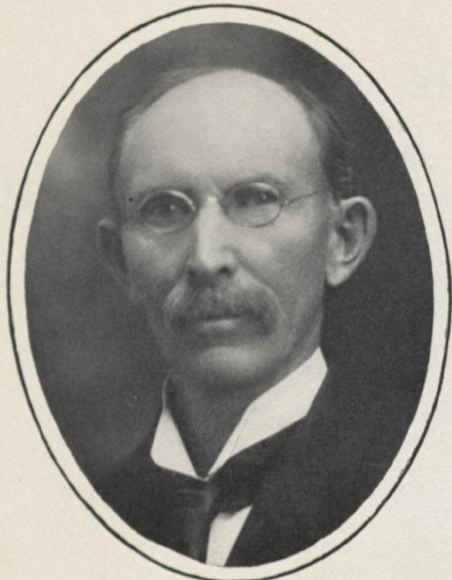
All over Canada the story of the work of the western farmers is being talked of. The eastern newspapers comment upon their action, some favourably, some in terms of condemnation. Suffice it to say, that those papers are a long way from the mark. The papers in the West are very deferential to the organised farmers. Well they may be, for to-day the organised farmers are fully seized of the importance of the part they are playing in the development of the country, having come to a full knowledge of the fact that they are the real foundation of Canadian great-

ness. With this realisation has come a determination to secure benefits adequate to the work done, and to terminate the rule of predatory wealth.

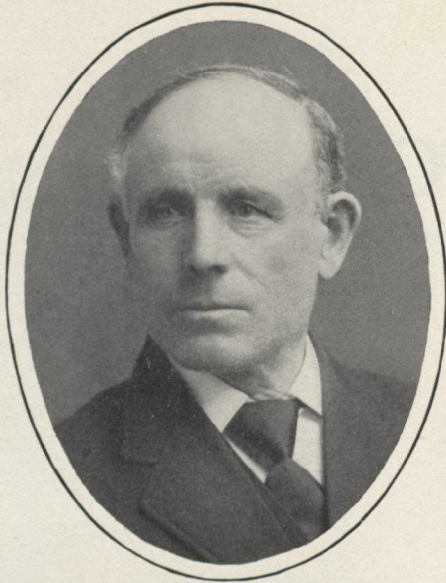
To-day there are farmers plugging steadily along in their fields doing



MR. D. W. MCCUAIG,
PRESIDENT, THE MANITOBA GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION



MR. J. W. SCALLION,
HONORARY PRESIDENT (FOR LIFE),
THE MANITOBA GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION



MR. R. MCKENZIE,
SECRETARY,
THE MANITOBA GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION

faithfully their duty as husbandmen, who at the call of duty can take the platform and deliver addresses or conduct meetings of vast import equally as well as our legislators in the halls of Parliament. It is study and training that has done this. The patched overalls are regarded with respect, and the farmers see the value of standing shoulder to shoulder. Down in the United States President Taft thought it worth his while to address the greatest farmers' convention of the world. Out West the politicians and public men are eager for the opportunity to address a gathering of farmers.

What does the agitation among the western farmers mean? Is it simply a growing pain that will shortly pass away? By no means. There is a tremendous revolution now in progress. The trouble is not merely that of securing elevators owned by the Government. It is deep-seated and involves the remoulding of the economic structure of the nation. At last the farmers have revolted against the rule of special privilege, and the

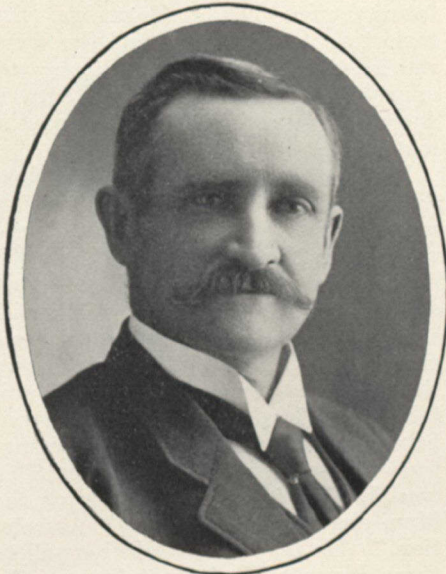
armies of the producer are storming the citadels of the enemy.

Where will it end?

The end will come only when the business of the farmer is placed upon the same footing as that of other classes. It will end only when the farmer gets a fair price for what he produces and pays a fair price for what he consumes.

Almost every other industry is organised. Various attempts have been made to organise agriculture in Canada, but they have more or less failed. Now the foundation has been truly laid, and the struggle has become animated. To-day there are approximately 28,000 farmers arrayed under the banner of "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none." The leaders are chosen and the campaign is on.

Let us look at the beginning. In the early days the farmers came to the West, to the much-heralded land of opportunity. On the prairies they were to be free and the land was to be occupied by men who would produce for the hungry of the earth.



MR. JAMES BOWER,
PRESIDENT
THE UNITED FARMERS OF ALBERTA



MR. EDWARD J. FREAM,
SECRETARY-TREASURER,
THE UNITED FARMERS OF ALBERTA

They raised the famous Number One Hard. The railway came, and twenty years ago one railway had a monopoly of the West. Then came the elevators in which to store the grain. These elevators were owned by private parties and were built along the lines of the railway. The railway was out after the money and the same motive prompted the elevator owners. Both wanted the maximum of return from the minimum of effort.

To pull a box car alongside an elevator and dump it full of wheat is a very easy task. The railway liked this system and said to the farmers: "You must put your wheat through the elevators; it makes it so much more convenient for us."

In those days the farmers were few and far between, and when a great railway corporation spoke, they obeyed at once. The elevators also liked this system, because it allowed them to exact from the farmers whatever toll they desired from their wheat. They did exact this toll to the utmost. The price paid by the elevator owner to the farmers was the

lowest possible. The farmer was told that his wheat was very dirty and heavy dockage was set by the elevator man. Then, in addition, by adjusting weights on the scales a few bushels more could be poured into the treasury of the elevator owners. It was a great system. To prove this there is the testimony of the elevator men and the railway. They both liked it. The farmer did not like it so well. Ground between the two stones, he suffered. He saw that at the rate things were going, the great farming population of the West would shortly exist as a side line to the elevator and railway corporations. While the magnates of these institutions lived well in the cities, the farmer toiled early and late, turning the first furrows on the virgin prairie.

After a decade of this treatment, the worm turned. The Dominion Government sent out a royal commission to investigate conditions. The result was the Manitoba Grain Act, which placed the grain trade of the entire West under Federal supervision and jurisdiction. The new law said that

the farmer should be allowed the privilege of shipping grain in car lots if he preferred that system to using the elevator. The railways and the elevators smiled at this new law. "Car distribution" was something that they felt they knew more about than the legislators at Ottawa, and the farmers got no better treatment than before.

About the time that this was going on, W. R. Motherwell, the present Minister of Agriculture in Saskatchewan, was an ordinary farmer fourteen miles north of the town of Indian Head. As he sat on his binder and reaped his wheat, he devoted some time to thought. "I wonder if these things need be?" he asked himself. "Should the farmers of the West exist for the benefit of the railways and elevators, or should the railways and elevators exist for the benefit of the farmers?"

The crisis came in 1901. Peter Dayman, of Abernethy, was another farmer who thought similarly with Mr. Motherwell. Together they decided that the railways and elevators should exist for the benefit of the farmers. Together they drew up a letter and sent it out to various farmers from Indian Head to Qu'Appelle, which resulted in a meeting in Indian Head in 1901, and the beginning of a Grain Growers' Association. The first annual meeting of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association was held at Indian Head in February, 1902. During the summer of that year Mr. Dayman spent some time in Winnipeg endeavouring to secure justice from the railway. He secured nothing but promises which were not fulfilled. Appeals to other authorities were equally fruitless. The farmers now decided to act for themselves. The railway agent at Sintaluta would not supply the cars in accordance with the Manitoba Grain Act. Mr. Dayman and Mr. Motherwell swore out affidavits against him. The warehouse commissioner, C. C. Castle, took up the case. It was

heard before D. O. Partridge, the magistrate at Sintaluta, and the agent was fined \$50. The railway company appealed, but the Supreme Court at Regina upheld the decision of the magistrate.

Improvement in western conditions dates from this time, when the farmers began to take the matter into their own hands. Little knots of farmers got together in Saskatchewan and formed Grain Growers' Associations as branches of the central association, of which Mr. Motherwell was the first president. Down in Manitoba, at Virden, another veteran farmer was impelled by similar motives to assist his fellow farmers. This was J. W. Scallion, "Father of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association." He invited Mr. Motherwell to come down to Manitoba a few months after the organisation was started in Saskatchewan. An association was organised at Virden, and its membership reached one hundred and twenty-five the first year, with Mr. Scallion as president. The first meeting of the central Grain Growers' Association of Manitoba was held in Brandon in March, 1903, when Mr. Scallion was elected president.

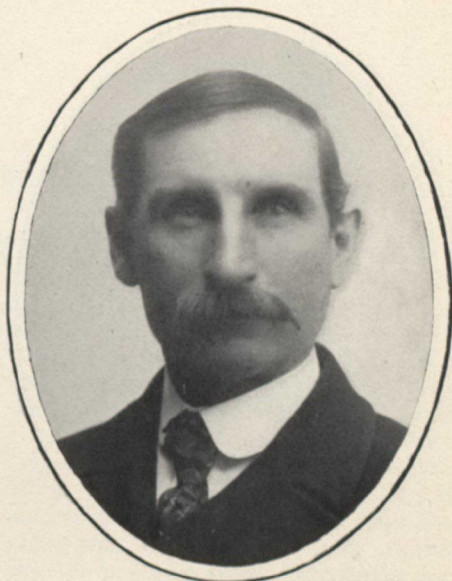
From this time onward, the history of the Grain Growers' movement has been one of growth, development, and success. In Alberta the cause was taken up by the farmers. In that Province branch associations were organised, as well as a Provincial association. The name was later changed to the Alberta Farmers' Association. There was at the same time in Alberta a branch of the American Society of Equity, which later became a Canadian organisation. Two years ago the associations in Alberta united under the name of the United Farmers of Alberta.

The growth of the farmers' organisations in the West during the past few years has been without parallel, and to-day they stand united all over the prairie land and constitute a power for good that has never been



MR. F. M. GATES,
PRESIDENT,

THE SASKATCHEWAN GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION



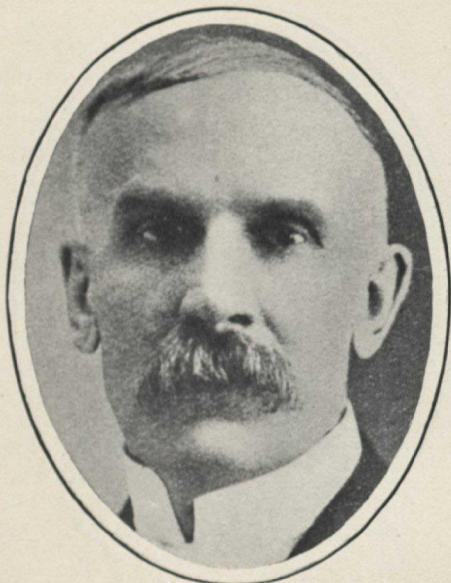
MR. F. W. GREEN,
SECRETARY,

THE SASKATCHEWAN GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION

equalled in Canada. The farmers of the prairie have awakened to the fact that if conditions are to be altered so that every Canadian will have an equal opportunity, the initiative must be taken by the men who produce the wealth of the nation. They realise that in order to have any influence in the councils of the nation they must have numerical strength and unity. The constitution of the three Provincial farmers' organisations is practically the same, in that they exist chiefly for the purpose of securing legislation fair to all. Organisation work is being carried on at a tremendous rate, and branch associations are springing up all over the land. When the aims of the organisation are laid before the farmers of a community, they at once range themselves beneath the standard under which their brother farmers are now fighting. There are now approximately twenty-eight thousand farmers on the prairie united in the cause, and it is not any stretch of imagination to see that number increased to one hundred thousand within a few years.

When this number is reached, the legislators of the Dominion will more truly represent their constituents than ever they have in the past.

Though the farmers started out on their work as a protest against the unjust exactions of the elevator combine, they have not confined themselves to this one phase of the work. They have attacked monopoly wherever they have found it. They have learned through bitter experience that the farmers of Canada are supporting combines and monopolies in all directions and that the wealth produced by the tillers of the soil is being gathered in by a comparatively small number of men at the heads of great enterprises. Under a protective tariff, they have watched manufacturers create combines, and take from the farmer heavy toll on all that he buys. Under favourable legislation, they have seen the railways go in and possess the land which nature intended for the farmer, and through the banking monopolies they have seen the ready money of the nation turned into the hands of a few. The farmers have



MR. E. N. HOPKINS,
HONORARY PRESIDENT (FOR LIFE),
THE SASKATCHEWAN GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION

realised that the land speculator is no friend of theirs, and as the work goes on, they are putting themselves into a position from which they can demand justice from all quarters.

During the past winter the foundations were laid for an organisation of farmers that would stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The farmers of Ontario have joined hands with their brothers on the prairie and have organised a Canadian Council of Agriculture for the purpose of securing legislation in the interest of the nation. By working through a central body they will be able to bring pressure to bear upon the Dominion Parliament and show those legislators on Parliament Hill that their duty does not end when the ballots are cast on election day. They see that if anything is to be accomplished towards making Canada the nation it should be the farmers must be farmers all the time and party politicians never.

Already the farmers can claim many conquests. When they started on their campaign the large interests throughout the country smiled at

them in a patronising way. The big men slapped the farmer on the back and said: "Fine! Farmers' organisations are the greatest thing a country can have." A little later on, when the farmers became powerful and began to do things, these same men cursed them for their obstinacy and, as they called it, "misrepresentations." Legislators began to take notice of the farmer, and the heads of monopolies also began to give them careful consideration. The gentlemen who had passed through the stage of the patronising smile and the indignant curse changed to an attitude of supplication and urged the farmers to be careful in the exercise of their tremendous power. In these days, when a public man of any walk in life addresses a meeting of farmers, he prefaces his remarks with the solemn declaration that "The farmers are the back-bone of the country." This time-honoured expression has become a stale joke on the prairies, and whenever it is perpetrated now it is greeted by "the back-bone of the country," with shouts of laughter.

The Dominion Government has realised the power of the farmers and has amended the Manitoba Grain Act almost to the limit of their demands. The Manitoba Government has come down off the pedestal and enacted legislation for government ownership of elevators in that Province. The Saskatchewan Government is also in a humbled attitude before the farmers, while the Alberta Government is busy enacting legislation in accordance with the demands of the farmers of that Province. The work is not yet done. There are still scores of abuses to be remedied. The farmers want to see the principle of the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall established as a part of the constitution of every Canadian legislature. Then they feel they will have an opportunity to see that the legislators who now sit in the halls of parliament will represent the people whose votes elected them.

MY EARLY CONNECTION WITH LONDON JOURNALISM

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

LIVING in London with leisure, I was drawn into journalism, and at the same time into a political connection. I wrote some articles in *The Morning Chronicle*, the organ of the Peelites, as the section of the Conservative party comprising Gladstone, the Duke of Newcastle, Sidney Herbert, Cardwell, and Canning, which had adhered to Peel was called.

I had the greatest respect for Peel as a thoroughly wise and patriotic statesman, while I loathed the "blackguard combination," as Wellington justly called it, of office-seeking Whigs and Corn Law Tories, the work of Disraeli, by which the Peel Government was overthrown. Disraeli, who had fawned on Peel in his "Letters of Runnymede," now turned round and assailed him with rancour and slanderous abuse.

I presently found myself on the regular staff of *The Saturday Review*. The editor and one of the proprietors was John Douglas Cook, a singular character. He was a sort of *filius terræ*. What his early history had been we never could clearly learn; it appeared that he had been in India; it was certain that he had been on *The Times*. He had edited *The Morning Chronicle* during its short life as a Liberal-Conservative organ. He was a rough strong man without literary culture or faculty. But he had great newspaper tact. Though he could not write himself he instinctively knew good writing. His courage and self-possession were

imperturbable. Unrefined though he was, I became attached to him, and I cherish his memory. Our other proprietor was Alexander Beresford-Hope, a very wealthy man, highly cultivated, to whom I fancy *The Review* was a sort of literary yacht, though he was a High Churchman and inspired the religious department of the paper in that sense. He was generally supposed to have been a member of the Young England party got up by Disraeli, of which Lord John Manners was the most prominent member, and which is advertised in "Coningsby"; but this he always denied. He was the son of Hope the millionaire, and had married a daughter of Lord Salisbury, a woman bright and brave. "Bedgebury" was a sumptuous château. In those days there were thirty acres of kept grass with two men and a donkey always employed upon them. But sumptuousness was not the best of it.

The other members of the original staff, if I remember rightly, were George Venables; Maine, afterwards Sir Henry Maine the historical jurist; Lord Robert Cecil, after Lord Salisbury; Thomas Collett Sandars; and Scott, a clergyman, called, from his cure, Scott of Hoxton. It was afterwards, I believe, that Sir William Harcourt joined the staff. George Venables and Lord Robert Cecil were the chief political writers. Sandars wrote the articles on social subjects, for which he had a fine touch. Scott, a special ally of Hope, wrote the

articles on Church questions. Hemming was supposed to take finance. But when he and I, by strange and pleasant chance, met after many years in the Park at Toronto and talked of our old literary comradeship, he told me that this impression was a mistake. Lord Robert Cecil had incurred his father's displeasure by his marriage with a daughter of Baron Alderson, an extremely clever woman who was supposed privately to help us with her pen. Something of *The Saturday Reviewer* was afterwards discernible in Lord Salisbury's speeches, perhaps not to his political advantage; for that which would be smart in an article may be too smart in a Minister's speech. He offended the Irish vote by a philosophic remark on the inequalities of political capacity and the imprudence of giving democratic institutions to the Hottentots. "Master of flouts and gibes and sneers" he was called by Disraeli. As the guest of Hope at Bedgebury, where we had very pleasant meetings, I was thrown much into Lord Salisbury's company, and I always felt and expressed more confidence in his judgment and rectitude than in his strength. Bismarck in his slashing way said of him that he was a reed painted to look like iron. This was exaggeration. But Lord Salisbury used to speak both in public and private of Disraeli's character and designs in terms which it might have been thought would make their union impossible. His ultimate submission to Disraeli was ascribed to the pressure of his aspiring wife. His consent to the attack on the independence of the Transvaal Republic, being the man of honour that he was and clearly committed on the question, may probably be ascribed to the dominant influence of Chamberlain.

Had I written in Latin the epitaph of George Venables it would have been *Magnus Vir, Si Emersisset*. It was always a mystery to me how a man with his ability, his force of character, and his political information, could

have been content to remain through life an anonymous journalist. I never heard him make a speech; but he was said as Parliamentary Counsel to have spoken extremely well. His style as a writer was peculiar and not popular. His sentences followed each other without connecting particles, like a succession of pellets from a popgun. But his articles were full of weighty good sense. Nor was he without sardonic wit. When Thesiger, a popular man but a bad lawyer, was made Chancellor, Venables said: "Sir Frederick Thesiger is raised to the Chancellorship amidst universal sympathy, which we cannot help extending to the suitors." When Palmerston, a Tory at heart, made a clap-trap speech, in favour, I think, of an extension of the franchise, and Pakington, a professed Conservative, imitated and tried to cap him, Venables said that if Pakington's speech was insincere it only increased the servility of the imitation.

The staff, or at least the circle of contributors, was afterwards so much enlarged that at *The Saturday Review* dinners at Richmond or Greenwich it seemed as if the whole literary tribe of London were gathered together.

Douglas Cook's policy, to which Beresford Hope's purse enabled him to give effect, was to buy the very best article whatever might be the necessary price. The field was open; *The Spectator* having declined after the death of Rintoul; and *The Saturday* paid, as I understood, from the first.

If any one into whose hands *The Saturday* may since have fallen fancies that its success was due to political pepper he is mistaken. Its tone during its palmy days was epicurean, and this was the source of its popularity in the circles by which it was chiefly supported. It was said of us that whereas with the generation of the Reform Bill everything had been new, everything had been true, and everything had been of the highest importance, with us nothing

was new, nothing was true, and nothing was of any importance.

One day Cook asked me whether I had written a review of a book which he had put into my hands. I replied that I had read the book, but that it was not worth reviewing. "Ah!" he said, "you are not like the others. If I give them a bad book, they cut it up; you tell me that it is not worth reviewing." I somehow got a false reputation for sharpness as a reviewer. A work like Froude's "Henry VIII.," not only artfully palliating the detestable crimes of a despot, but artfully blackening the memories of his victims such as More, Fisher, and Pole, surely calls for reprobation. I have always thought that Macaulay was inhuman in insisting on the republication of his review of poor Satan Montgomery's poems. It is a pity he did not live to read Fitzjames Stephen's examination of his "Life of Warren Hastings." It might have taught him mercy.

Froude was undoubtedly a man of genius. He was a most brilliant and fascinating writer, and his History becomes far more historical when death has rid him of Henry VIII. But neither accuracy nor justice ever was his strong point. He was very impossible. He had set out under the influence of Newman; he ended after an interval of scepticism under that of Carlyle. Neither of his prophets was likely to put him in the way of plain truth.

My most important or least unimportant work as a journalist, however, was a series of letters in *The Daily News*, afterwards reprinted under the title of "The Empire." It commenced with a letter advocating the cession of the Ionian Islands, which were in a chronic state of discontent, to Greece; a measure favoured by my political friends and presently adopted without any of the terrible effects predicted by the worshippers of Empire. The whole series was anti-Imperialist, advocating the concession of independence to adult colonies, so

that England might become indeed the mother of free nations. In the debate on the question of the Ionian Islands Disraeli attacked me in the House of Commons. The publication of his letter to Lord Malmesbury, then Foreign Secretary, has shown that he himself regarded "these wretched colonies" as "a millstone round our necks," and held that they would "all be independent in a few years." (Malmesbury's "Memoirs," I. 344). Nor was this a transient ebullition. His friend Sir William Gregory tells us that he held the same language in private to the end of his life. To show how little I shared Disraeli's contempt for the colonies, it was in consequence of a suggestion made by me to a Colonial Secretary that they were first mentioned in the Queen's Speech.

The opinions held by me on the Colonial Question were at that time prevalent; some of our statesmen avowed them, more were inclined to them. They were undoubtedly shared by my friend Sir Frederic Rogers, the permanent head of the Colonial Office. They were certainly not deemed treason by my friend Godley, the founder of Canterbury, New Zealand, with whom I had a good deal of intercourse on colonial subjects. He was at all events strongly in favour of colonial self-government and said that he would rather be ruled by a Nero on the spot than a Board in London. There is now a tidal wave of the opposite sentiment; but I have more than once in the course of a long life stood on the dry beach where a tidal wave had been. I remain unshaken in my convictions. Nor was the movement in which, through these letters, I took part, without important effect at the time. A larger measure of self-government was given to the colonies; the British troops were withdrawn from them; and an end was put to petty wars with Maories and Kaffirs which the presence of the troops, by encouraging the aggressiveness of the colonists, had foment-

ed and which had cost Great Britain many millions.

Palmerston, seconded by Layard, proclaimed the regeneration, political and financial, of the Turkish Empire; encouraged British investment in its funds; identified British diplomacy with its preservation; and drew us into a war with Russia in its defence. In the letters I argued on the opposite side, and on this question at least few will say that my pen was enlisted on the side of wrong.

The publication of the letters brought me into connection with Walker, editor of *The Daily News*, one of the most thoroughly upright and conscientious members of the press I ever knew. What is behind the press is now a very grave not to say terrible question. If such men as Walker were behind it we should be safe enough.

The Letters on the Empire, with general connections, gave me for the time something of a political position. I was offered the nomination for Chelsea and Kensington, a constituency in which the Liberals had a safe majority. But I knew the difference between the pen and the tongue. I never was a speaker nor had I strength for Parliamentary life. Disraeli, however, seemed to take it into his head that I was likely to be troublesome, for again he attacked me personally in the House of Commons. This time it was for writing against entails of land, a subject for which I had prepared myself under the guidance of an eminent land agent. He afterwards pursued me across the Atlantic and tried to brand me, under a perfectly transparent pseudonym, if "Oxford Professor" could be called a

pseudonym at all, as a "social sycophant." There is surely nothing more dastardly than this mode of stabbing a reputation.

Although I declined to run for Parliament myself, I went with some of my friends to their elections and enjoyed the fun, of which something still lingered, though reform had quenched the glories of Eatanswill. The Liberal Whip one day sent for me and told me that Mr. Mundella, a Nottingham merchant, had been asked to run for Sheffield, the seat of the most militant trade-unionism, that Mundella was a novice in politics but would be inclined to accept if I would go with him and post him. The Whigs frowned on the enterprise, saying that Roebuck ("Tear 'em" was his nick-name), the other candidate, through his influence with the unions was sure of success and would come back with his restive Radicalism a greater thorn in the side of the Government than ever. Besides, there was danger of a riot. I suggested a reference to Gladstone. The answer was, Fight.

To Sheffield we went. There Mundella was approached by the most extreme and formidable of the unions. He took by my advice a boldly independent line, which was successful, the great union no doubt having its enemies, and was returned by a large majority. At Abingdon one hall was stormed and at Reading we had a row. But these were nothing to the election days of old. At Woodstock we fought against the interest of Blenheim, represented by Lord Randolph Churchill of curious fame. But Blenheim had given its Christmas doles and prevailed.



THE WYRD-POOL

BY CLARE GIFFIN

STILL November moonlight, windless, chill; clear purple sky, with only a star, here and there, bright at the horizon. The girl who slipped out of the great gate past the warder shivered a little as she looked up the bare hill crowned with stunted trees that rose above her. Then she hurried breathlessly up the hill; stumbling here and there over stones, falling into holes in the uneven ground, and glancing fearfully at the black shadows of great rocks. Nevertheless, she fared forward unresting, wrapped in a long black cloak, her face covered with the folds of a hood. Up and still up; her breath came now in little panting gasps, half terror, half exhaustion; yet she would not stop, nay, could not, for to rest would be to give place beside her to the spirits of fear that would have drawn her back. In the shelter of the wood at last, she drew breath for a moment, but the fear at her heart grew colder. She glided deeper into the shadows, which seemed to reach out long arms and enfold her. There had been no wind below, but here on the hill-top there was a stirring of restless airs, and the wood seemed alive around her. The dead leaves were soft underfoot, rustling here and there; above, through a tracery of naked boughs, she saw the disc of the moon, cold and white. She put her hands before her face for one moment, muttered a hurried prayer and then went on through the wood, which was only apparently silent, so full was it of small night noises, tiny shiftings, and rustlings, and sighings.

Then out of this maze she came into a tiny cleared space, so small that the minutest tracery of the trees on the opposite side of it was clear against the sky; it was on the very height of the hill; and yet in the very midst lay a still clear pool; half of it was black in the shadow, and half was bright in the moonlight. She gave one cry; for the shadow must be gone ere she could see aught in the wyrd-pool. She turned her back to its haunted waters, and sat down beneath a twisted oak at the edge of the clearing. Still there were only the wood noises about. Not far below was the castle; not so far but that the noise of a restless hound baying in the courtyard should have come up to her. And Gurth was ever restless. Yet no sound came. How should it? Was she not outside the bounds of all familiar things? Here at the edge of the wyrd-pool? She would not think of it, but sat muttering prayers in whose use she had little faith. What should Virgin or saints do for her now, when she had come here, where none but the old heathen gods had power?

Then after endless waiting, as it seemed to her, she turned about once more; the wyrd-pool was a circle of light—a shining terror that she must approach. Swiftly as she might, she rose, slipping off her dark cloak as she did so and went forward to the pool. Only a thin white garment she wore, and she unbound her hair and let it fall about her in wave upon wave of darkness, till it almost seemed as if she were covered once more

with her cloak. She went to the pool's edge and stood with her bare, white arms raised to the cold moon, and repeated words that she had been taught by old Ulrica. A charm it must be, she knew, but the words were meaningless to her. The strange old speech that was Ulrica's was uncouth to tongue and ear; yet she said the charm, if charm it was, and then dropped to the ground, lying at all her slim length, her elbows resting on a crescent-shaped stone at the edge of the pool, her rounded chin firm on her hands; and so she looked into the depths, where the moon's disc hung suspended. She looked, started; then, lest the spell should break, leaned forward enchanted by what she saw. No fear that she should start again! The disc in the water clouded, grew larger, grew dimmer, filled all the pool with a soft, diffused glow, which, even as she looked, moved uneasily, twisting and wreathing within itself, as the fogs do when they come in from sea. Then figures grew out of the tangle, as they might have grown out of fog; gleam of mail, lightning of sharp blades; and presently over all hung a stormy red glow; and by this the whole was clear. The girl did not stir; she lay there, intent, silent, her face flushing and paling by turns. At last the shadow of the oaks that circled the clearing, moving as the moon moved, crossed the withered grass and touched the edge of the pool. And with it came the fog once more; the figures lost themselves in its mystery; its restless moving was still; the light died away or centred rather to the moon-disc, and the wyrd-pool lay, part in shadow, part in light, as it had been before.

Then the girl moved. Once more she stood upright and repeated an incantation, with white arms extended to the waning moon. And looking only at the grass, fearful of every sight and sound, she fled to the shelter of the trees, seized her discarded cloak, and hurried on her way. By

time she had come to the hill's brow, where the wood gave way to uneven ground, the place lay in shadow. A path of light from the setting moon stretched over the water, and against this, the tower below her showed black and grim. With no thought of the roughness of the way, she sped down to her goal; she fell once, twice; her hands bled; her feet stumbled with sheer weariness; but, urged alike by fear and desire, she made no stay, till, white-faced, with hard-drawn breath, she stopped at the gate. A signal — twice repeated — and yet a third time — and the gate was opened by the sleepy warder; a muttered word and she was within; then a hurried rush up winding stairs and into a tiny turret chamber, dark, yet so light that she saw a bent figure at the casement.

"Ulrica, I saw it all!" she cried as she flung herself at the Saxon woman's feet.

Ulrica, a shadow among other shadows, bent over her and raised her slowly.

"And it was——?" she asked in a harsh voice.

"Armed men, and a fire-glow," answered the girl; "a ship that came and sailed not away; fierce fighting in the hall, and Lord Raymer lying still on the dais."

"Good! Good!" the old eyes gleamed. "Sawest aught else?"

"He who came in the ship — thou knowest, Ulrica — going back, in safety as it seemed, yet sorrowful."

"Sorrowful?" There was a quiver of fear in the harsh voice. "Sorrowful? And his enemy dead, and his love safe?"

"I know not, Ulrica, how I saw, or why. So it was; and then—then the shadow came and I saw no more. Ulrica, Ulrica! Dost think 'twas deadly sin?" she lifted her face, white in the gloom, and the old woman passed her hand over the soft hair.

"Nay, nay! No sin," she murmured crooningly; "there are no

wiser gods than those of old times—the truth-tellers. And now, sleep. Sleep!”

She passed her hands with swift firm motions across the white brow, and over the soft unbound hair of the girl on her knee, murmuring a low song the while. Presently the wide eyes ceased to strain at the darkness; the tense fingers relaxed; and the girl's whole body rested. Then Ulrica raised her, and, laying her gently on the bed, went back to her watch at the window.

“Why sorrowful?” she muttered to herself as she watched the quiet stars. “Why sorrowful? He will come ere this moon dies, and will kill Raymer as the wyrd-pool says; yet, why depart sorrowful?”

Till the stars waned she sat there, a dim figure like a shadow, and on the bed lay the girl, relaxed and at peace. Her wide dark eyes were closed; restlessness and sorrow were far away. When dawn came, Ulrica slept too, but only to see, in broken dreams, fire-glow and fighting, and a figure, mail-clad, of one who went away sorrowful.

Seven days and seven nights, Ulrica and the girl passed in the tower after that night of the full moon when the wyrd-pool had parted with its secrets. Daily Lord Raymer stormed at the door, and daily Ulrica, with threats of spell and charm, denied him entrance. Daily his passion grew and his anger with it, so that the Saxon woman feared that even the terror of her power would hold him back no longer; but the girl, knowing what she had seen, never doubted.

Then on the seventh night, without sound to warn them of what was to come, there was a great trampling of feet below in the courtyard; the blast of a trumpet, voices of half-awakened men, lights that moved hither and thither; and then, Ulrica, looking seaward, saw a light there, not far from shore; and they knew that the wyrd-pool had not lied. The girl stood by the casement, listening to the sounds

from below; the wild war-cries, the crash of axe-blows, the song of the strange sailors who had come with her lover. Ulrica knelt beside her, unmoving, breathing harshly; there was only a dim light in the room, but even by that the girl could see the fear in the woman's face, though, flushed with hope, she did not think to wonder at it.

“They are fighting below!” she cried exultingly; “and he wins, Ulrica, he wins!”

“Is Raymer there?” breathed the old woman; the girl looked out, but in vain.

“They are too close to the castle; I cannot see,” she said; “but I think not; his voice” (she shuddered as at a remembrance) “is not among them.”

“Ah!” The woman on the floor shuddered and drew closer to her charge; but the girl paid no heed; the fight was below, and on its issue all things depended. Then suddenly, even while she waited, came a sharp smell of smoke; and the dark below her was shot across with a murky gleam. Another and another came, till a fierce red light beat up from the fire below; it coloured the foam on the sands and the crests of the waves, and showed plainly the ship, whose light Ulrica had seen. And now there came a great crash, a sound of falling timber and a roar of many voices.

“The door of the great hall!” cried the girl triumphant; but Ulrica shivered and, rising, held the girl's body with one strong arm. What sound had she seemed to hear without the door a moment since?

But the girl had no thought of fear. From below came wild shoutings, outcries now from Raymer's party, now from the assailants. The red light still shifted and glowed; sometimes more fiercely, sometimes with less glare, but with great volumes of smoke. The heat from it, too, beat up now towards the window. Then a great silence fell; the outcries below in the great hall were hushed;

the girl turned from the window and held her breath, listening for any sound that might tell the issue of the struggle. Ulrica, too, listened, straining to catch that sound from without the door; but there was only the same stillness, broken a little now by a crackling of flame. So, while the minutes passed, the girl's heart beat so that Ulrica fancied she could hear its strong pulsing; but Ulrica's heart went slowly, with pauses of fear between the throbs as she listened for that faint sound so fraught with terror—the sound that might have been a rustle of garments.

Then came a crash: fierce war-cries, shrieks for mercy, all the pandemonium of the first part of the fight renewed. And loud above it all the war-cry of the outland sailors.

"The wyrd-pool! Raymer is still now, as I saw him—as I saw him—" cried the girl.

But Ulrica only drew her closer; for the door had opened, stealthily, and a figure was gliding in. There was no place in the room for hiding.

Below in the hall, amid shifting torch-light and the glare of the fire that had helped to break in the great door, there was confusion and death. Lord Raymer, as the wyrd-pool had shown him, lay very still on the dais; but between the invaders and the turret stair were his retainers, fighting as men without the hope of life.

Through these the assailants cut and hacked a way. Their leader, a giant, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and armed with a huge axe, shouted a war-cry and plunged headlong among his enemies; but they, gathered in a knot, desperate, determined to die with their lord, fought against him, uncaring for the end. Once he came within a sword's length of the stair, but ere he could gain it the rush of men that came between drove him backward; yet, in the second's space, from above he heard a cry, a woman's voice—desperate, stricken, not with fear, but with horror of some strange ghastly thing. He told himself that

the voice was strange, unfamiliar, the cry of some waiting woman affrighted at the fire; but no less did it nerve his arm to greater strength. His men, fewer by their own number than the defenders, fought with something of his own rage. The fire had grown, and though the torches in the hall had burned low a fierce shifting blood-red light shone over them all. In this glare they swung to and fro, with clashing of arms and armour, the dull thud of falling men, the sickening grind and crush of axe-blows, cries and groans, and now and then a hoarse laugh.

Then, gathering all his strength, the huge fair-haired leader rushed once more for the turret stair. His size and the headway he had gained carried him far into the lessening knot of men that guarded it. Striking out with his axe, he forced his relentless way onward, swiftly at first, then more and more slowly, till almost at the stair's feet they checked him for a moment. But no power of theirs could hold him back now; and breaking through their ranks he rushed up the stairs and into the turret room where the light of the fire gave an uncertain red glow. But there he stopped, stared about him, and then ran stumblingly to the farthest corner where lay a white mass—a slim form that he raised in his arms and carried towards the casement. There in the red glow he made sure, and knew that he had come too late; for the girl lay very still in his arms, and her white dress was stained with blood. Yet she knew him, as he thought, and her eyes sought his. He laid her on the bed, and went softly about the chamber.

In a jar he found fair water; in a press, fine linen. With these he tended her wounds, but with little hope. Here was not the welcome he had fought to win, and his heart was still with pain.

While he had sought for the water, he had found Ulrica. She, too, had felt the blade that had pierced the

girl, but she had sold her life dearly, for her hands were gripped at the throat of the man who had waited outside the door.

All things were now sickeningly clear to the girl's lover, and he lifted his love in his arms and went down the stairs and out into the hall, where his men, victors in the fight, awaited him. They would have cheered, but his lifted hand checked them, and silently they passed out, after him. The dying fire still glowed in the courtyard; but its light had sunken

to a dull red glow.

As they passed out of the courtyard, they saw in the Eastern sky the dawnlight of another day, and black against it lay their ship. The girl in the leader's arms stirred as the light fell on her eyelids, half-opened her dark eyes, and then, as they wearily closed again, lay very still. And the fair-haired leader, knowing what had befallen, carried her still white body to his ship and sailed away into the sunrise, sorrowful at heart.

LOVE SONNET

By CHARLOTTE EATON

IF I could reach the haven of your heart,
 I would not mind the winding paths I tread,
 Nor heed their loneliness; if I were led
 By that one aim, true insight would impart
 The needful guidance; I would onward start
 On that tempestuous voyage without dread,
 With hope renewed and spirit comforted,
 Though drifting sometimes without lamp or chart.

If I but knew your love my citadel,
 I'd be impregnable against the storm;
 And all those fears that come replete with harm,
 Those fears that strong love only can dispel,
 Your heart in mine, to keep me safe and warm—
 Thus cheered and fortified, all would be well.



THE LEGISLATURE OF THE ISLAND OF ST. JOHN

A FRAGMENT OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND HISTORY

BY HENRY SMITH

PRINCE Edward Island, now a province of the Dominion of Canada, during the early years of its history, under the name of the Island of St. John, had a separate government with all the appendages of a colony of the Empire. In the year 1770, when Walter Patterson landed on the island shores with his commission from King George the Third, he found in the colony about one thousand English speaking people and three or four hundred French Acadians. Calling together as many of the inhabitants as he could conveniently reach, he read his royal commission as Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief over the Island of St. John, and at once sought to set in motion the necessary machinery for the government of the country.

A council having been appointed, the Governor with the advice of his ministers made "resolutions, rules, ordinances, and regulations," for the government of the colony until a representative body should be chosen by the people.

On the 7th of February, 1773, an order in council was passed "that a house of representatives or general assembly of the inhabitants of this Island be forthwith called." The number of the representatives was fixed at eighteen, as in the opinion of the Governor that many persons could be found on the island who would make

"respectable representatives." The members were chosen "by taking the voices of the whole people collectively as belonging to one country and waiving all kinds of qualification, except their being Protestants and residents." If, as suggested by Governor Patterson, there were only about eighteen persons who would make "a tolerable appearance" as honourable members, and that number being required for the Legislature, that first election does not appear to be as hotly contested as elections there have often been since. As the representatives were chosen *en bloc* by the whole people, they were called representatives at large.

The council, which consisted of nine members, had both legislative and executive jurisdiction. When the house of assembly was in session the council sat as a legislative body and passed or rejected the acts of the lower house, just as the Senate of Canada does to-day. The members of the council were also the advisers of the Governor, who was always present when they sat as a privy council. They were not in any way responsible to the people, but were appointed by the Crown. The Chief Justice was president of the council when that body sat in its legislative capacity.

The first House of Assembly met in July, 1773, just one hundred years before the island entered the Canad-

ian Confederation. The sessions of this house were held at the residence of the clerk, Alexander Richardson, in a building that stood on the north corner of Queen and Dorchester streets, Charlottetown, which was known at that time as "The Cross Keys." This Parliament, which only lasted one year, does not seem to have been a very formidable affair. The colony was yet in its infancy, and the first members chosen from among its inhabitants could only, in the nature of things, in most instances at least, be merely novices.

One member, who left his country home for the capital, to attend the sessions of the House, said that "during his *vacant* hours he was framing a barn for the governor, and one day he said to His Excellency, 'What is the use of my being here? You and the Attorney-General write all the Acts and we have only to pass them, for we are not able to amend them.'"

The Governor said, "You will do better soon." The member replied, "As soon as the barn is finished I will go home and never come back," and he was as good as his word. This same Governor Patterson, a few years later, in a letter to Lord Dorchester said: "The Island of St. John has been my hobby-horse. I have brought it from nothing to what it is to-day. To me it owes its laws, its roads, its inhabitants and its separate legislature."

Of the thirteen acts passed by this first Parliament, one or two may have special mention. One provides that each act should be publicly read aloud "by the Provost-Marshall within four days after the Governor's assent had been given to it in the Legislature, at the most public parts of Charlottetown. Then, within three months after the adjournment of the assembly all the laws passed at the session were to be sent to the senior justices of the peace for each of the counties on the Island, with instructions to the justices to immediately assemble the neighbouring people and read aloud

the said acts. Three senior justices were then required to transmit each act, with a certificate endorsed upon it, that the same was duly read by him, to the next nearest justice, who should go through the same form of calling the people together and reading the acts, until each justice had read all the acts aloud, so that they should be fully proclaimed." The last justice in each county having these laws was then required to deliver them over to the post-master, who should keep them for public inspection.

Chapter ten of the Acts, also passed at this first session, may, in this age of freedom and liberty seem to us a very tyrannical law. Its basic principle appears to have been "What we have we hold." It provided that no person, either male or female, could leave the Island without first having given fourteen days notice to an official appointed for that purpose, and the name of the applicant had to be posted for that period in the most public place in his district. If, then, within fourteen days no claims were registered against the name, and the facts warranted it, a pass was issued in the following form:

"Island of St. John, The bearer A. B. of is hereby permitted to depart this Island in such manner as he or she shall think proper or fit, having complied with the Act of this Island for that purpose. This permit or pass to be in force for sixty days from the date hereof and no longer. Given under my hand and seal at Town the day of 177....."

In cases where it was absolutely necessary to leave in less than fourteen days the act provided that the person wishing to depart had to give a sufficient bond that any claims that might arise would be satisfactorily settled. Masters of vessels and others conveying any person from the Island without a pass were subject to a penalty of fifty pounds sterling.

It was found after twelve years' experience that this act was often evaded, "by parties running away in can-

oes and other small crafts, by means whereof their lives were endangered, and several other inconveniences and difficulties arose." It was also found to be prejudicial to the settlement of the colony, as immigrants were told that on account of its provisions, "after their arrival on the Island they would never be able to leave again." This law was therefore repealed, so that ever since that time "Men may come and Men may go," but the Island "goes on forever."

In 1774 a second parliament was elected, which lasted five years and held two sessions. Referring to this period, one writer remarks: "The Island may be said to have been deranged in regard to the Government from the temporary or total absence of many of the principal officers."

In 1775 the Governor departed the Island and did not return until 1780. The chief Justice dying in the commencement of 1775, a successor did not arrive before the end of that year. In 1775 the Attorney-General and Surveyor-General, having been carried away by the rebels, did not return to it, nor the naval officers, until 1776. The Receiver-General, Collector of Customs and Provost-Marshal, having departed the Island in 1774, have not returned to it as yet, and those officers are executed by temporary deputations on the Island, as well probably as that of Clerk of the Council. No doubt there is good cause for this absence, yet it shows the total disarrangement of the system on the Island during the war."

It will be seen that under these circumstances the Island Assembly, within this period at least, would not be overburdened with legislative duties. In 1779 a proclamation was issued by Philips Calbeck, administrator of the Government, requiring eighteen representatives at large to be elected by the whole people of the colony. No nominations were necessary and each elector could vote for "one or more qualified persons as should in all amount to eighteen."

This writ was placed in the hands of Robert Stewart, Provost-Marshal, and he returned the following persons elected thereunder:

John Budd, James Campbell, David Higgins, Walter Berry, James Curtis, James Richardson, John C. Clark, Benjamin Chappell, Dougal Stewart, William Craig, Thomas Mellish, David Lawson, Moses De Les Dermer, John Webster, Cornelius Higgins, William Warren, Thomas Hyde and Alexander Davison.

This Parliament was called together in 1779, and after a short session, in which three acts were passed, it was adjourned until the following year. It was then opened by Governor Patterson, who had returned from England after an absence of nearly five years. In his opening "speech" the Governor said: "After an absence so unexpected and so painfully long, be assured I feel this meeting among the happiest of my life. My absence has been very long indeed, and from the many disagreeable circumstances attending it would have been insupportable only for the frequent consolation I received of rendering essential service to this Island. But as I have at last reached my long wished for home I shall endeavour to forget my sufferings, losses and expenses, and, however prejudicial my absence may have proved to my own affairs, I have the pleasure to feel, and can with confidence assert it has been the means of saving from ruin every individual whose welfare depended on the fate of this Province, as we have thereby not only been prevented from becoming an appendage of Nova Scotia, but we have had a certain foundation laid for its being one day as flourishing a colony as any belonging to the Crown of Great Britain."

The sessions of this House lasted fourteen days, and just before the adjournment the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

"Resolved that the sum of two pounds, three shillings and ten pence, Halifax currency, be paid unto Samuel Braddock

for the use of a room in his House, fire and candles, for the Houses' meeting last session.

"Resolved that the sum of one pound, ten shillings, Halifax Currency, be paid to John Compton, doorkeeper and messenger; for his attendance during this sitting."

For the few years of its history the legislation of the Island colony seemed to have gone on without friction or dispute, and the votes on the different questions before the assembly were generally unanimous. The spirit of opposition had not yet entered into the public business, and there were no political parties.

This pacific state of affairs, however, was not of long duration. A bill, prepared in England to make voidable all sales of lands under an act passed in the first legislature in 1773, for the recovery of quit rents, was sent to the Governor to place before the House of Assembly. This Patterson did not do, because the personal interests of himself and his friends would suffer, as he knew the House, as then constituted, would make such a measure law. For this and other reasons, upon representation made to the Privy Council, Governor Patterson was subsequently dismissed from office. Not, however, before he had dissolved the third Parliament and called a new election to be held in March, 1784.

His object in this dissolution was to secure a House of Representatives favourable to himself, and one that would carry out his own peculiar views. This he determined to do at any cost, and he and his friends, with the aid of one, at least, of the more modern methods of election warfare, were eminently successful. In the two sessions that followed, prior to his removal from office, Governor Patterson had a House of Representatives after his own heart, but the cost was almost ruinous.

A foot-note in Stewart's History of Prince Edward Island, published in London in 1806, referring to this elec-

tion says: "It will, no doubt surprise my English readers to be told that this election cost the Governor and his friends near two thousand pounds sterling." When it is remembered that at this period there were not at the very outside limit over four hundred voters in the colony, and that two thousand pounds sterling would be nearly ten thousand dollars, it will be seen that at least the price of votes has not advanced very materially within the past century and a quarter.

But the Governor seemed well satisfied with the results of this election, as his speech from the Throne at the opening of the session clearly indicates: "Gentlemen of the Assembly, I am happy that good sense and truth have regained their just dominion over declamation and falsehood, and I congratulate the people on their judicious choice of representatives—gentlemen who I know have the honour of their King and the interests of government much at heart and who will consequently make those objects their principal aim."

Governor Patterson, having procured the return of a House of Representatives favourable to his own interests, soon managed to get a majority of the same mind in Council. But the King's mandate appointing Colonel Edmond Fanning, LL.D., Governor, as his successor, soon brought matters to a crisis.

Colonel Fanning arrived in November 1786, but Patterson refused to give up the Governorship, as he pretended to think Fanning's appointment was only temporary to allow him to go to England to explain his action to the Privy Council. In this view Patterson was supported by his Government, and there was nothing for Governor Fanning to do but to await results. For six months therefore, after the arrival of Governor Fanning the Island of St. John had the honour of two governors. During this time Patterson met the council and took the advice of his ministers

in the ordinary way, while Governor Fanning was in the colony holding a commission from His Majesty the King. In the spring letters from England commanding Patterson without delay, to deliver up the great seal and all the public documents in his possession, set matters at rest, and Colonel Fanning assumed the Governorship.

On the 4th of June, 1787, Governor Fanning issued a writ requiring the sheriff to open polls at Princetown, St. Peters and Charlottetown for the election of eighteen members. The following is the return to this writ: "By virtue and obedience to the within writ, I took the polls at Princetown, where two lists of candidates offered themselves to serve in the general assembly, demoninated the "Richmond Bay list" and "Captain Fletcher's list." For the Richmond Bay list, forty-five; for Captain Fletcher's list, fifteen. St. Peter's poll, the Richmond Bay list, seventy-two; Captain Fletcher's list, forty-five. At Charlottetown the numbers stood as follows: Richmond Bay list, 113; Captain Fletcher's list, 182; total votes polled, 295; majority for Captain Fletcher's list, sixty-nine. But the taking of the poll being attended with such circumstances of confusion and disorder on the part of the candidates and of Captain Fletcher, with military interference and violence, offered to me the said sheriff, that I cannot look upon myself justifiable in making a return of the said persons, as duly elected, their opponents having taken out a protest against all proceedings which were had upon the said-mentioned poll; and also stopped polling, as they alleged, on account of irregularity and tumult of the proceedings. The whole being supported by a variety of affidavits, I the said sheriff submit the same to the consideration of His Excellency the Governor in Council."

These proceedings were set aside, and new writs were issued, this time for the three counties, and not gen-

eral, as previously. These writs provided for four members for each county, and two for each town, making, as before, eighteen members in all. At this election there was some trouble about the King's County contingent, as the returning officer decided, on his own responsibility to return the four candidates having the smallest number of votes. This time the matter was taken up by the House of Assembly and corrected, which called forth from that body the following resolution: "Resolved that it is the opinion of this House that Jacob Stagman, the present deputy-sheriff of this Government, and who at the late election acted as returning officer for King's County, did on that occasion conduct himself with the most shameful partiality and injustice, by rejecting good and legal votes when offered by one set of candidates and by admitting such as were not legal on the other; and at last, contrary to his declaration on the hustings, by returning as duly elected the set of candidates who had the fewest votes; that such conduct, if permitted to go unpunished, must be productive of the worst consequences by encouraging returning officers on future occasion to deprive the inhabitants of a part of their dearest privileges—the right of election." And the government was asked to remove Jacob Stagman from office, "and never allow him to hold a public position again in the colony." If Stagman had any ambition for public position this order would fall more heavily upon him than upon the ordinary mortal, as he lived to be about one hundred years old.

The sixth parliament, elected in the Island of St. John in 1790, lasted twelve years and held nine sessions. In the opening session of this Parliament Governor Fanning said: "It now becomes my duty to recommend to you the expediency of entering upon some method for the erecting and maintaining of schools in order for the training of the youth to reading and

to a knowledge of the principles of religion and virtue. To you who are parents I am confident little need be said in order to impress your minds with the importance of this duty to the rising generation. For upon your conduct on this occasion it may possibly depend whether the child of thy bosom shall be a blessing or a curse to thyself—a useful or a worthless member of the community. Give him early instruction, and while he is young season his mind with maxims of virtue. Teach him science, and his life will be useful. Teach him religion and his death will be happy.”

At this house the qualification of Walter Patterson, who had been returned as a member having the highest number of votes, was questioned on the ground that he was then residing in England and therefore a non-resident of the Island of St. John. This view was upheld by the Legislature, and the seat was given to Joseph Beers, “who appeared to be duly elected.” This seems to be the only case in the history of the Island Province, covering a period of about one hundred and twenty-five years, where an ex-governor was elected a member of the House of Assembly.

The Parliament of 1792. was also required to adjudicate upon a slander uttered against some of its members. This “most illiberal and wanton piece of abuse and slander,” was made by John Cambridge, a merchant in the Island, who said that Charles Stewart, John Montgomery, Joseph Beers and Benjamin Darby, “were so conscious of their inability to occupy such places (meaning their respective seats in the House of Assembly), that these members scarcely did anything during the session but watch the motions of the Chief Justice’s son, Charles.” For this statement Mr. Cambridge was summoned to the Bar of the House for an explanation, which he refused to give. The house, after sitting with closed doors for some time, evolved the following resolution: “Resolved that by taking any further notice of

Mr. Cambridge, by commitment or otherwise, would be gratifying him in doing what he appears to covet, we therefore discharge him from further attendance upon this House, further resolved that the false and malicious words contained in Mr. Cambridge’s affirmation be, on Saturday next, 17th instant, burnt under the gallows by the sergeant-at-arms attending upon this House.”

The settlement of the lands by the proprietors of the different townships, under the terms of their grant, had always been a source of agitation in the colony, and in this session application was made to the Legislature praying that proceedings be taken which would bring the subject under the consideration of His Majesty’s Secretary of State. This matter was taken up by the House, and after “a strict inquiry and mature deliberation,” the assembly passed resolutions setting forth the subject as clearly and forcefully as possible.

It was shown by these resolutions that of the sixty-seven townships into which the Island was divided only upon ten were the terms of settlement in respect to population, complied with; and forty-eight townships were totally neglected by the proprietors during the whole period of over thirty years from the time the grants were made. These resolutions were presented to the home government with a petition from the assembly that means might be taken to compel all the proprietors to fulfil the terms and conditions on which the lands were granted, or that those lands should be escheated and re-granted in small tracts to actual settlers. These representations were received by the Duke of Portland, then Secretary of State, who informed Governor Fanning that the matter would be taken into consideration by His Majesty’s confidential servants, who would not fail to remedy the evil complained of.

At this session an act was passed changing the name of the Island from St. John to Prince Edward Island.

This name was chosen by the Legislature as a mark of respect to His Royal Highness Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, who, while commander of the forces of British North America, paid special attention to the protection and security of the Island. This act received the royal assent on the first of February, 1799, and since that time the Province has been known by the name of Prince Edward Island.

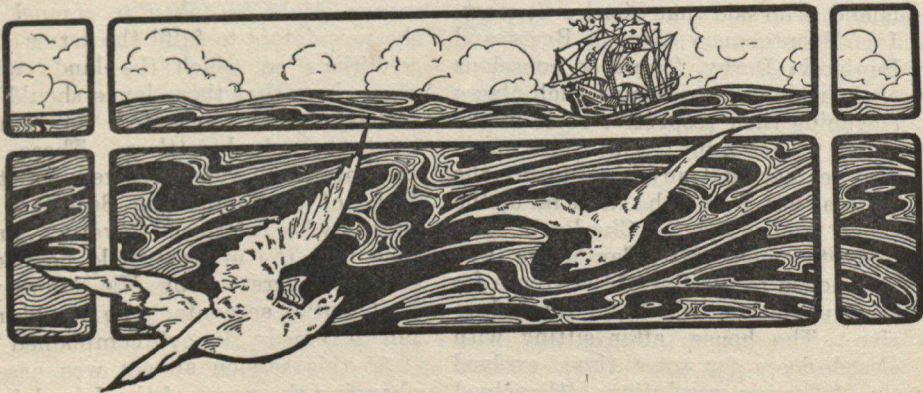
It is now nearly a century and a half since the Island of St. John was first granted the right to elect, from among its inhabitants, representatives to govern and control its public affairs. Their representatives were not statesmen or orators, but they had a part to

play in the settlement and development of the colony, and in making its history and enacting its laws. These pioneer legislators and law-makers, for the most part, discharged their public duties honestly and to the best of their ability. They laid the foundation on which others have builded, and the Prince Edward Island of to-day, with its rare privileges and larger opportunities, owes much to the men who lived in this early period. They were willing to give their time and talents, and when occasion demanded many made sacrifices for the welfare of the "Sea-girt Isle" they loved and taught their sons to love "as the dear home of freemen brave and true."

THE HARBOUR

By AUSTIN LOW

WHEN the world hurts, then speedily we turn
 To one dear place, where love may not discern
 The worst that is within us; where mean hate
 Gaineth no entrance: all inviolate
 This spot from sorrow, and its sacred name
 Is Home—the harbour holding naught of blame.



MANITOBA TEACHERS ABROAD

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH

TO give full measure at the outset to the significance of the Manitoba school-teachers' visit to Great Britain would be to at once court discredit. The tour began at Winnipeg, east of which fully two-thirds of the 169 who composed the party had never before set foot. That meant, therefore, that even before we had felt the buoyancy of the tidal waters of the St. Lawrence, most of us had already made what in ordinary circumstances would be regarded as the trip of a lifetime and as the basis of a liberal education. To the mind that had reached maturity in the West, to the vision that from childhood had been focused on wide stretches of prairie or accustomed only to the wild bluffs of the farther north, it was an experience of rare interest to see for the first time an Ontario farmstead or a Quebec pastoral. Toronto and Montreal had signified the "East," while the great domain between the Saskatchewan and the St. Lawrence had been a veritable *terra incognita*.

But this was a trip to the motherland. That is what the organising secretary, Mr. F. J. Ney, intended, and that is what in the broadest sense it so well proved to be.

The project did not receive favour from either the Dominion Government or the Imperial Government, and had not Mr. Ney possessed indomitable perseverance it would have been abandoned. In that event, finality would very likely have been given to a movement in education that is of much importance from a Canadian standpoint, of supreme importance

from the standpoint of Imperialism.

Imperial ignorance is now regarded as a besetting sin, and it is patent to many persons that our governments, provincial, federal, and imperial, should make it imperative that at least the teachers in our public



MR. F. J. NEY, ORGANISING SECRETARY



GUESTS OF LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN

schools should have more than a book and map knowledge of our own country and of the motherland. Mr. Ney, himself an Englishman by birth and instinct, but a Canadian by wish and practice, having a fine appreciation of the broadening influence of travel and of the enlivenment that travel gives to tolerance and goodwill, set about to organise the Manitoba teachers' tour. He had held the position of principal teacher at Treherne, Manitoba, and when he attended a convention of teachers at Winnipeg, he saw the opportunity to greatly enlarge their range of vision and teaching capacity, and he did not let the opportunity go by.

What did this tour to the motherland involve? One would scarcely wish to be conducted through the mazes of that experience, but some indication might be made of its ramifications. To England several trips in advance had to be made. Assistants at several principal places, such as London and Edinburgh, had

to be enlisted and local committees appointed. Elaborate plans for food lodging and transportation had to be laid, and for the Continent and Ireland the agency of Cook acquired. Vessel accommodation had to be looked with the Allan Line, months in advance, even months before the first booking had been made by Mr. Ney. Arrangements had to be made for special trains over the Canadian Pacific Railway, as well as for similar service abroad. Coaches and tramcars had to be engaged, vessels chartered and public halls rented.

Observant people in Great Britain had seen large parties of Canadian visitors before, but the teachers, 150 of us women, were a novelty. They had seen manufacturers, members of the learned professions, and fighting men. But teachers—from Manitoba! That was something new. London, of course, was not perturbed. In brakes we went down from Euston to Kensington, and were swallowed up as one man. We realised we were



AT THE VICE-REGAL LODGE, DUBLIN

in the gulf of the great maelstrom of humanity, and that in it we were nothing more than an unrecognised unit. But we had our way to pursue in that confusing turmoil, and it had been set down on maps for us. So that some one or two or three persons must have gone apart from the swarm to consider our coming.

As a community, London was not affected by our presence, although we confess to having been visibly affected by London. But, notwithstanding the opinions of some who have gone from Ludgate Hill to Hampstead Heath, London is not the whole British Isles, and even if she did not hold her breath at our arrival, but took the precaution to remove the Crown jewels from the Tower, the anticipation of us had set other communities agog. Windsor and Richmond and Kew had heard us coming a long way off, and Portsmouth had set her docks in readiness. Canterbury had revised her tales, and Oxford and Eton had been all "let out."

St. Albans had located afresh the Roman remains and polished up the civic plate, while Margate was hesitating between a fresh supply of shrimps and an extra row of hieroglyphics in the grotto. Shakespeare had plenty of time and reason for turning in his grave at Stratford, and the shades of Anne Hathaway must have hurtled across the Avon, when we fell upon her erstwhile humble domicile and four-poster bed. Close proximity to Stoke Pogis nearly added another stanza to Gray's elegy, and rain on Windermere saved precautions against any outrivalling of the lakes poets. Barrow-on-Furness had opened wide her private gates, and at the eleventh hour and for sometime thereafter provided a ball of unusual circumference. Carlisle had arranged three days of solid hospitality, which almost tied her with Paris.

But Paris is always ready. In view of our visit, however, she brushed down her French a little. She was not at all embarrassed, but took de-

light in sitting outside at cafés and walking along the boulevards in what is not known to herself as *sang froid*. She had set out to pick up with us at least a speaking acquaintance, and with the help of Anglo-Saxon idioms she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations. But she closed the Louvre and the Luxembourg just as early as usual, and thus gave us a chance to look up at the Arc de Triomphe and out of place in the Champs Elysées. She must have raised her price for lemonade and lowered it for wine, just to give the "teetotal" members of the party a real impression. She made possible for us a luncheon in the Latin quarter, which was a triumph in itself, and asked us in her easiest manner whether we would have *rouge ou blanc*. *Blanc-mangé* is as far as some of us got, but we had our champignons, and so the day was not lost.

Brussels had been perhaps the most considerate of all. Not only had a magnificent exhibition been provided, but the fire had been postponed.

About Brussels there was something that appealed to us. Perhaps it was because we saw in it a miniature Paris, or it may have had something distinctive, like the arm-rests in a first-class railway carriage, which distinguish it from the third-class. Better yet, it may have been the method of muzzling dogs. Instead of putting a wire cage over their jaws, as the style demands in Ontario, they use a leather bridle and hitch the dogs beneath carts, where they are trained to haul. Who knows? Or it may have been the fine, manly appearance of the mounted officers and civilians we passed in the park at the outset of a drive to the plain of Waterloo. Most of us had heard rumours of a decisive battle having been fought there, but somehow it had not occurred to us that the place would be growing grain and pasturing cattle and supporting other forms of husbandry; and were it not for a huge mound of earth that serves as a support for a monument and as an eminence commanding a view of the



ENTERING THE CHURCH AT ETON



AT WINDSOR CASTLE

plain, no indication would have been found that there, almost 100 years ago, Wellington and Blücher had turned the tide against the aggressive Corsican. But Brussels is in some respects a replica of Paris, even if particular respects are not always respectable. The cafés are the same in character, if not in number, while the boulevards have much of the swagger and some of the *rouge*.

It would verge on arrogance to say that the elements had considered the teachers from Manitoba, but it may not be out of place to here set down that the Channel was with both our passages a model plain of water. Some of us came perilously near anticipating a toss, but luck and native simplicity saved the bacon. Even the Irish sea held her own, and we crossed and recrossed just as if it were but an inlet from the Lake of the Woods.

Speaking of the Irish sea naturally suggests a vision of the party in Ireland. And what a vision! Those of

us who are Irish (My use of the pronoun "us" is merely a journalistic privilege), began to puff up as we steamed into Dublin Bay. There, at last, was The "Ould sod," and even if it had not with our coming turned greener than ever with four-leaf shamrocks, we hummed Irish ditties and affected the brogue as naturally as if we had been born and reared within a hundred shillelah-lengths of Blarney Castle.

What most of us wanted to discover in Ireland was the difference from the green of the hillside and the bog and the meadow there and the green of other hills far away. We were unable to make a satisfactory comparison, because unfortunately we had not brought the other hills with us. However, the green of Ireland is remarkable for its freshness and vividness, and it is almost as varied and as brilliant as a Killarney oarsman's wit.

Killarney? Yes, we were there, too. They had been expecting us.

Half of us "broke" it up the beautiful highway to the head of the lakes, and frequently in sheer spontaneity we burst out into singing, "By Killarney's Lakes." The other half went up in rowboats, with the order reversed coming back. It is quite the conventional thing to do that, and if you don't do it, and give a *bénéfice* to the coachman and oarsman as well, you haven't known Ireland, even if you do go back to Dublin and up as far as Belfast, where street-haranguing on Sunday night seems to be an institution quite different from the small groups here and there along High Street, Edinburgh.

Edinburgh was still in Scotland, and to us she extended Scottish hospitality. From the Castle to Holyrood Palace we proceeded with easy western dignity, and had John Knox still lived he would have girded his loins at sight of us and proceeded to revise the dogmas of his creed.

But Edinburgh is a beautiful city, even if some of us did miss the train

there. Princes Street is the most imposing thoroughfare in the world, and to walk upon its pavements at night and see the moon outlining the picturesque battlements of the Castle, is an experience not soon to be forgotten. But, as London is not all England, so is Edinburgh not all Scotland. We might have thought otherwise had we not come across from Belfast to Ayr, where we saw the Burns cottage and the Brig o' Doon; or had we not at Stirling Castle taken a glimpse of the indicator on the mound whence a view can be had of seven battlefields. Is it seven? At any rate, it seems that the history of Scotland revolves around this ancient castle, and it was expected of us that we should come away knowing at least that Cut Knife Creek was not one of the seven. On the way back, at Dumfermline, we had the rare satisfaction of knowing that some of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's money had been laid out for our entertainment.

Next day it was a toss-up for us be-



AT ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON



ON THE GROUNDS AT WARWICK CASTLE

tween Loch Lomond and Sir Walter Scott, and the lake won. That reminds us again that Glasgow is not all Scotland nor Windermere all England.

It would have been a great pity to miss Windermere, for we should have missed also Grasmere and the entrancing lake country. On Windermere we had a short sail and a wet one, but as part of our motto was "see it all," we had no good reason for complaint. Anyway, we had come to know that in England one doesn't notice *Jupiter Pluvius* any more than we at home notice *Jack Frost*.

It was while in this lake country that someone with a weakness for guide-books discovered that Wordsworth had occupied a cottage in the vicinity and had gazed for inspiration upon the superb beauties of the scenery. That immediately lent human interest to the whole countryside, and the rumour spread almost as fast as if it had been unsavoury. Association of various kinds were recalled for our en-

lightenment, and we began to realise that the haunts of Coleridge and Arnold were not places of imagination, but actual earthly paradises. Quotations, favourite and otherwise, began to effervesce, with the result that our average ignorance of lyric poetry became appalling. What were we to do? Here we were in the very birth-place of many poetic moods, and yet we knew them not. But there was meaning in it all for us, because we had now visualisation of the environment, and we realised, even with our scant knowledge, that these masters of the lyric muse who had visited and dwelt here sang in their day with the truth and beauty of nature as their inspiration and genuineness as their foundation. And if that was so, what might we not expect from the variety and grandeur and bigness of the face of our own country? We there came to know that our country is big and that we are small. And, having realised that, the whole undertaking was



STARTING BACK FROM WATERLOO

in that one stroke fully justified.

To those of us for whom Winnipeg had been the objective point, almost the vanishing point, of a lifetime, all these things were a real awakening—to drive down through the hurry and scurry of London Streets from Euston Station to our lodgings in South Kensington; to find ourselves suddenly engulfed in the London "Tubes"; to be hunting in the vicinity of Amen Corner for our entertainment at Stationers' Hall; to be holding our own as best we could in the company of knights and earls and great ladies at Lady St. Helier's reception, or again at Lady Clementine Waring's; to be entertained at tea by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson, at Lambeth Palace; to be guests of the Members of Parliament on the terrace of the House of Commons; to break bread with Lady Warwick, at Warwick Castle; to lunch in the myster-

ious old dining-hall at Eton College, and be addressed by the head master; to receive some visual impression of Oxford; to be present at service in Canterbury Cathedral; to see the men-of-war at Portsmouth; to enlarge one's idea of painting by the magnificent collection at Hatfield, at the Duchess of Wellington's London house, at the Wallace Collection, at the Tate Gallery, at the National Gallery, and at Windsor Castle; to be received by the mayor of the Royal Borough of Richmond; to roam at will through the world-renowned gardens at Kew; to look up at the windows of the room in which Queen Elizabeth chided her maids and then expired; to walk through the alluring lanes at St. Albans and drink cider in one of the oldest houses in England; to be received and entertained at Dublin by Lord and Lady Aberdeen; to be driven from Paris to Versailles and back again; to hear the cries of the

beggars in London and Edinburgh, and to thank God that such was not our portion; to be guests for several days in good old English homes, where hospitality became to us a new art; to gain a new impulse and a new virtue, the virtue and impulse of tolerance; to receive some understanding of the shock that an old countryman must receive when first he encounters our common methods of liv-

ing; to appreciate the value of British thoroughness and the strength of the British character; to swing out from the landing stage at Liverpool and feel ourselves moving towards home; but, above and beyond all else, to come back to Canada with the assurance that here a great destiny awaits us, if we have learned our lessons and expanded to the full measurement that Providence is demanding of us.

HALLOWE'EN

By VIRNA SHEARD

There is an old Italian legend which says that on the eve of the beloved festival of All Saints (Hallowe'en) the souls of the dead return to earth for a little while and go by on the wind. The feast of All Saints is followed by the feast of the dead, when for a day only the sound of the *Miserere* is heard throughout the cities of Italy.

Hark! Hark to the wind! 'Tis the night, they say,
When all souls come back from the far away—
The dead, forgotten this many a day!

And the dead remembered—ay! long and well—
And the little children whose spirits dwell
In God's green garden of asphodel.

Have you reached the country of all content,
O souls we know, since the day you went
From this time-worn world, where your years were spent?

Would you come back to the sun and the rain,
The sweetness, the strife, the thing we call pain,
And then unravel life's tangle again?

I lean to the dark—Hush!—was it a sigh?
Or the painted vine-leaves that rustled by?
Or only a night-bird's echoing cry?

THE SETTLEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

AN ADDRESS

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LIONEL CURTIS,
MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF THE TRANSVAAL

ENGLAND, Holland and the west of Europe were the centres from which civilisation and commerce were beginning to radiate three or four centuries ago. Remembering that, and also that the newly-opened communications between Europe and the East were by sea round the Cape of Good Hope, you will begin to understand how the southern toe of South Africa began to assume great importance as the half-way house between the East and the West.

When you look at the position of South Africa on the map of the world, you will see that it differs in one fundamental respect from Canada, Australia, or India. These three countries are destinations. They are situated at the end of great commercial routes. South Africa, on the other hand, is a half-way house, and all its history has shown that it is the key to the great highways of commerce that run past it. This was particularly so in the days of sailing vessels, when voyages were long and slow, and when their crews required to land for rest and refreshment. But it is so still, in the days when steamships require to replenish their bunkers with coal.

Portugal was the first power that discovered the sea route to the East. At a very early date a Portuguese captain landed with a party of armed

men at Table Bay, and, by an accident, they were massacred by a party of natives. The terror of the place occasioned by this incident led to the establishment of stations on the east at Algoa Bay and Delagoa Bay, places of little strategic importance.

The Dutch East India Company, however, soon followed in their steps, and about the middle of the seventeenth century they established a station at Table Bay and occupied the Cape Peninsula. For more than a century they held the position, although the sea power of Great Britain was steadily growing; but during that period the two countries were so fortunate as to avoid a naval war with each other.

It was during the same period, however, that the French and English embarked on their long struggle for the dominion of the East—a struggle that was won by Great Britain. At the end of the eighteenth century Holland was engulfed in the tide of the French Revolution and dragged into war with Great Britain, which immediately seized the Cape Peninsula. At the Peace of Amiens it was surrendered to Holland by Great Britain, but soon retaken when war broke out again. When the Napoleonic wars came to a close in 1815, Great Britain, while abandoning many other possessions, held tenaciously to the Cape, com-

pensating Holland by a payment of £6,000,000.

The building of the Suez Canal went far to diminish the importance of the Cape Peninsula in times of peace. But when we remember how, only a few years ago, Russia sent a great part of her fleet to Japan round the Cape, we shall see that its importance has been altered but little in time of war. Strategically, it still remains the key to the route between the East and the West, and whatever European power dominates the East must control that key. That is the stern fact which we in South Africa must face to-day.

So much for the external position of Africa. Now for the internal position. The Dutch East India Company founded this colony to dominate the coast. In the course of a hundred years the colonies multiplied and spread inland, and disputes began to develop between the settlers of South Africa and the Dutch East India Company, which ruled them from Holland. These disputes led eventually to what may be described as "the little trek." A certain number of Boers trekked inland to Swelendam and Graaf Reinet, to get away from the sphere of their government, which operating from Amsterdam, did not and could not understand the colonial point of view. When the Cape was threatened by British invasion, something like rebellion was actually in progress in the hinterland.

The Dutch East India Company was mainly interested in South Africa as a naval station necessary for the conduct of their Indian trade. They did not want to extend their territories in South Africa and tried to restrict them, contrary to the wishes of the colonies who desired expansion. In 1815 the British Government took the place of the Dutch, and with foreign rulers the conflict of interest was naturally aggravated; and it is hard to say where the real blame lay. This attempt to lodge blame is at best a fruitless task. As someone has said:

"Why should we so often usurp God's prerogative of blame and neglect so much men's privilege of pity?" In judging the acts of our predecessors in South Africa, let us always beware of criticising with the young wisdom of the after event; and I beg, therefore, that you will not regard me as imputing blame in any opinion I may offer as to the conduct of those who went before.

The difficulty was this: Here was the British Government, thinking first of all of its great responsibilities in India. It had to hold the Dutch colony in South Africa because that colony was the key to India, and it was humanly impossible that any government in London should understand the point of view taken by the people of South Africa themselves. You yourselves know how this difficulty arose in the case of Canada. In South Africa the difficulty was doubly great. Here you have no black population, while in South Africa every problem is complicated by the fact that there you have two nations—one black, the other white—which have now taken root side by side. Any government of that country is face to face with the eternal and insoluble difficulty of deciding what the relations of those two races to each other are to be. There, with only one white man to every seven blacks, the relation of the two races is a question which arises every day. The natives are mixed up with our whole lives. That is why our politics occupy so much more of our attention in South Africa than your politics do here. It was this difficult and delicate question which the British Government had to handle from London in the days when South Africa was still a crown colony.

Very soon after this responsibility was undertaken there began to make itself felt one of the most splendid movements in English history—the movement to confer liberty on the slaves. Between 1820 and 1840 that movement, initiated by Wilberforce, was in full swing; and, in response to

it, Great Britain decreed that the slaves owned by the Dutch in South Africa must be set free. The people of South Africa did not dissent from the principle of the movement. They agreed that slavery was an anachronism, and proposed the gradual liberation of the slaves by means of enactment to the effect that the children of every female slave should be born free. If this advice had been taken, slavery would have died out quietly in one generation. But British public opinion and the Government actuated by that opinion would not tolerate this gradual process, but adopted the view that slavery was an accursed thing and must be stopped forthwith. Slavery was, therefore, abolished at one stroke. Compensation was awarded to the slave owners, but the payment of the compensation was so mismanaged that much of it never reached its proper destination. The sudden abolition of an industrial system firmly rooted in the country led to the dislocation of industry. Social disorders followed and deep discontent began to take root in the minds of the Dutch.

It was about this period that troubles began to arise with the powerful native tribes called the Xosas, who lived beyond the eastern frontier. The colony was raided by hordes of savages who murdered the Dutch farmers and their families and drove off their stock. The result was, of course, a punitive war. British troops, aided by Boer commandoes, drove back the native tribes, invaded their territory, and annexed a portion of it to Cape Colony. These operations, at least in their latter stages, were carried on under the direction of the Governor, Sir Benjamin Durban, who reported to the Colonial Office their results and the nature of the settlement which he had made.

At this juncture there came into office a Colonial Secretary called Lord Glenelg, who had been associated with the anti-slavery movement. Lord Glenelg declined at once to ratify the

settlement made by Durban, declaring that this was a case in which the conquered were right and the conquerors were wrong. He undid the results of the war and ordered the newly-annexed territory, from which the native raids had been perpetrated, to be handed back to the marauding tribes. Without question, he was prompted by motives of the most disinterested kind; but he was not on the spot and could not understand the circumstances, and it is easy to imagine the bitterness of the Boers, who had been attacked by the natives in the first instance. Naturally they felt that a government in a purely white country 6,000 miles away could not understand a question like this. They had no hope that they would be allowed to settle these matters (which they regarded as domestic matters) for themselves. The principle of self-government, which originated in Canada, had not as yet been conceived by the British Government. Many of the bolder spirits, therefore, determined to retire beyond its reach, just as in the previous century the Boers had trekked from the old settlement to escape the reach of the Dutch Government. So now they formed themselves into caravans and journeyed into the wilderness beyond the reach of British authority. To the north the frontier of the colony was undefined, but their one desire was to set a great distance between themselves and a rule which they hated and could not understand and which they believed would never be able to understand them.

This was the famous movement called "The Great Trek." The Voortrekkers, as they are called, in a series of heroic battles, broke the Zulu power and colonised the great hinterland now covered by the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal.

For a time the British Government was at a loss to know how to deal with the movement. While the hinterland was colonised by a sparse population, no settled government was established among them. Questions at

once began to arise as to whether marriages which had been contracted were legal, and as to how crimes which had been committed were to be punished and prevented. Eventually the Government attempted to follow the emigrants.

In 1848 Sir Harry Smith marched north, fought the battle of Boomplaats near Bloomfontein and established British rule as far as the Vaal River. The territory between the Orange and Vaal Rivers was erected into a separate province under the name of the Orange River Sovereignty.

But the same motives which led the Dutch East India Company to desire to restrict their frontiers then began to operate with the British Government. In their anxiety to limit their growing responsibilities they imagined that they could dominate the coast of South Africa while relieving themselves of responsibility for the interior. That was the most fundamental mistake of British policy in South Africa, for the interests of the interior can never be separated from those of the coast. Prompted, however, by these ideas, they negotiated in 1852 an agreement called the Sand River Convention, by which they acknowledged the independence of the Boer emigrants beyond the Vaal, fixing thereby the British frontier at the Vaal River. But in 1854 they went further still. Contrary to the wishes of a great portion of the population in the Orange River Sovereignty, the British Government abandoned this territory and withdrew their frontier to the Orange River, and the settlers north of that line were left to establish a republic under the title of the Orange Free State.

Now you see how South Africa came to be split up between different governments, including two republics with two foreign flags. My own view is that when once those separate flags had been allowed to take root, a civil war in South Africa was inevitable. If you question that opinion, turn to your own country. The ideal you

cherish above all others is Canadian nationality and Canadian union. Now ask yourselves what your own position would have been to-day if in 1870 you had allowed an independent republic to be founded in Manitoba. Had that been done you could never have realised the present unity of Canada except at the cost of a civil war.

All this was at once realised by Sir George Grey, who became Governor shortly after the frontier had been withdrawn to the Orange River. He discussed the matter with the Government of the Orange Free State, and in 1857 the Republican Legislature deliberately petitioned him to unite them with Cape Colony in a federal union and so to bring them back once more under the British flag. This request was warmly supported by Sir George Gray. Addressing the British Government in prophetic words, he pointed out that South Africa was a country which nature had destined to be one, however you might divide it by artificial boundaries drawn on the map; and he advised Sir E. B. Lytton, then the Colonial Minister of a Conservative Government, that by federal union alone could the South African colonies be so united in action as to support themselves against the native tribes. In a further dispatch, written 19th November, 1858, he pointed out that "the Dutch were of one stock and in any great public or national question, the mere fact of calling them different nations would not make them so, nor would the fact that a fordable stream divided their territories prevent them from acting in unison."

The British Government rejected his advice, and in the end Sir George Grey, who stiffly adhered to his policy, was recalled by Sir E. B. Lytton. Eventually, however, he was allowed to return to South Africa on promising not to re-open the question of South African union. From that moment onwards, South Africa was doomed to war.

I will now try to show you some of

the practical consequences which followed from the breaking up of a country which was naturally one. Illustrations might be drawn from almost every department of South African Government and almost any event in its history since that time; so we must content ourselves with one or two typical examples.

The frontiers of the two republics and of Cape Colony were not accurately defined in all directions, especially in the central wilderness where Kimberley now stands, where the territories of all three approached one another. This was a half desert country, much of which would not support a single goat to the acre. Suddenly, about 1870, the richest diamond mines in the world were discovered in this district.

Now, suppose that Sir George Grey's advice had been taken, and that one government had been established all over South Africa which represented a majority of the South African people—just as the Government at Ottawa represents a majority of the Canadian people—then the two republics and Cape Colony would have been provinces instead of independent countries, and any boundary disputes between them would have been settled by the Dominion Government, acting on behalf of the people of South Africa themselves. The Imperial Government would have had no more to do with the question than they have to do to-day with the boundary questions which may arise between the provincial governments of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. As it was, the Imperial Government was the only power which could settle the dispute which had arise between the two republics and Cape Colony.

I am not prepared to say whether the British Government was or was not biassed in favour of the British colony, but it was simply inevitable that the two republics should believe that it was biassed; and to this day the tradition survives that the greedy British power snatched these diamond

mines from the two infant nations who were not strong enough to resist.

There is some reason to suppose that the Orange Free State had the best claim. But President Brand did not really want to include in his quiet, pastoral republic the restless, foreign elements of the great mining camp. He foresaw the results of an Uitlander question and withdrew the claims of the Orange Free State in consideration of a payment of £90,000.

The diamond fields were first established as a crown colony; and then, the Imperial Government having pulled the chestnuts out of the fire, the crown colony was quietly annexed to Cape Colony, which really wanted it but whose government up to that time had kept as far as possible out of the dispute. But the lesson was this, that whenever a domestic dispute arose between the different parts into which South Africa was split up, the Imperial Government was dragged in to decide that dispute, and it got itself hated in doing so. Imagine what would happen if the Imperial Government instead of the Dominion Government, had to decide disputes between two of the Canadian provinces!

Gold, like precious stones, is ever a cause of strife among men, and the discovery in the Transvaal some sixteen years later of the richest gold mines in the world led to the same results in a different way. The equipment of these mines and the feeding of the population which they began to support led to an importation of goods from oversea on such a scale as South Africa had never seen before. The various routes by which these goods came in ran through Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, Natal, and Portuguese East Africa. All these different countries began to compete for the carrying trade by equipping their ports and building railways.

The first line to get in ran from Port Elizabeth and East London, in the Cape Colony, through the Free

State to the Witwatersrand. The next was from Durban in Natal. Meanwhile President Kruger was pushing his own line on to Delagoa Bay, in Portuguese territory, which was the shortest route of all. When, in 1895, this line was opened an extraordinary situation began. Almost the whole of this line was in Transvaal territory, and it was in the interests of the Transvaal, therefore, that the goods should come over it instead of over the relatively small lengths of line which joined the Witwatersrand to the Cape and Natal systems. The railway administration of the Transvaal began by charging such rates for the forty-nine miles of line from the Vaal River to Johannesburg as would operate to drive the traffic round by Delagoa Bay. The coast colonies and the Free State had spent millions on their ports and railways, but owing to geographical features, it was within President Kruger's power to scrap the whole of this expenditure by diverting the trade to Delagoa Bay.

Cape Colony, which at that time worked the railway through the Orange Free State, tried to counter this move by carrying the goods from their terminal point on the Vaal in ox-waggons across the fords, which we call drifts, to Johannesburg. Kruger replied to this move by closing the drifts. Mr. Schreiner, who was then Attorney-General of the Cape, advised that this was a breach of treaty rights, and, if my recollection is right, the Government of which Mr. Schreiner was a member, requested Great Britain to assert these treaty rights, if necessary by force of arms, and offered in that event to defray half the cost of the war.

Here we find the Imperial power within an ace of going to war on a point which, had Sir George Grey's advice been taken, would have been purely domestic to South Africa and would have interested no one else, and would have been settled by the South African people themselves. As it was, President Kruger, who was not pre-

pared for war at that juncture, withdrew from his position. But it is plain to anyone who looks back on the situation now that the outbreak of war was only a matter of time.

I need scarcely remind you how war was at length precipitated. The gold mines had attracted to the Transvaal an industrial population, largely drawn from Cape Colony and Natal, which, together with those who came from oversea, soon equalled in number the older inhabitants of the Transvaal. Nearly all the public revenue was drawn from their industry, but they were denied the right to vote or to have any voice in its expenditure. In other words, there came to be a standing quarrel between the burghers of the Transvaal and the outsiders who had come in from the rest of South Africa and the world outside to develop its wealth. It was a quarrel which had to be settled between two sections of the population, about equal in number, and there was no government representing the whole of the South African people to settle it. The inevitable war followed, and the whole Empire was dragged in.

We need not dwell on that war, except to consider how far it contributed to the only possible settlement of the South African question—the settlement of union. The insuperable bar to any project for South African union had been the existence of three different flags in the country; and the effect of the war was to get rid of two of these flags and leave only one. Never allow yourselves to slip into the error—an error far too common—of imagining that a flag is a mere piece of bunting. Never forget that a flag stands for the greatest of all political facts—a separate sovereignty. There were tremendous realities between those three flags in the shape of three separate sovereignties. Either South Africa had to be one, as a republic, and the British flag had to be hauled down in Cape Colony and Natal, or else the republican flags had to go and the British flag had to be hoisted in

its stead. South Africa had to be one; and the war decided that it should be one, not as a separate republic, but under the British flag.

But for the moment it decided no more. Even after the war, we had separate governments for Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal. As an official during that period, I had some opportunities of watching the results of this continued separation. Cape Colony and Natal were under responsible governments, with ministries distinctively British in sympathies. The other two were crown colonies, governed first by Lord Milner and afterwards by Lord Selborne. Now, all this time, there were questions of Customs, railway rates, and native policy in hot dispute between these governments, and there was no one who could be called upon to settle them in the last instance but the Imperial Government, 6,000 miles away.

So long as the two inland colonies were governed by an autocracy, all these questions were prevented, though with great difficulty from coming to boiling point by the personal influence of the High Commissions with the Governments of Cape Colony and Natal. But it was plain to us all that the case would be very different when the two crown colonies got responsible governments and the four democracies were left face to face. Two alternatives would then be inevitable, and two only, the renewal of open conflict or the establishment of a government responsible to the whole people of South Africa and competent to settle on their behalf any dispute which might arise between any two sections of the people.

As I have said, the native question is at the root of all South African questions, and there were many of us who felt that, if the settlement of that question was left to separate governments (as the settlement of the negro question was first left to the state Governments in America), sooner or later we should drift into civil war.

South of the Orange River and the Cape Colony, the native was treated on the theory that he could be raised to the level of a white man. North of that river the white population was acting on the opposite theory that the natives must always remain an inferior race. Leave those two theories to develop side by side in the same country, and in time they will prove to be incompatible with one another; and had we not established one government competent to provide in the course of time one native policy for the whole country, I am convinced that, as in the United States, the conflict of these two principles would ultimately have led to a civil war.

That was the position when we secured responsible government; and some of us who were identified with British interests in South Africa saw that there was a great danger before us. We knew that when responsible government was established there would be Boer ministries and majorities in the Transvaal and Orange Free State. We knew, too, that a Boer government was likely to come into power in the Cape. These three governments would find that they must either embark on an open conflict with one another or set to work to unite South Africa under one government. The Boers being in power, our own people would be identified with the Opposition, and it has become the function of an opposition to oppose the policy of a government. Besides that, there was the grave danger that an attempt on the part of the three Boer governments to establish union might be construed as an attempt to re-establish a Boer republic by a side wind.

We ourselves believed that the union of South Africa was the only measure which would avail to incorporate South Africa once for all in the British Empire; but owing to the accidents of the moment there was an evident danger that this measure, emanating from the Boer governments might be opposed by the British min-

erities. This terrible danger was averted by the foresight of Lord Selborne and Dr. Jameson, who, while still in power, declared that the South African colonies could find no final settlement of their difficulties but in union. By this bold stroke they identified the Imperial cause with the cause of South African union.

But the very boldness of their action created a new danger. Though the general elections in the Cape were in sight, Dr. Jameson was still in office and a tremendous temptation was offered to the Dutch Party in the Cape House to denounce Dr. Jameson on the ground that he had invited Lord Selborne, the Imperial representative, to interfere in the domestic politics of the Cape, an interference which, owing to historic reasons, might be calculated to arouse the deepest resentment in Cape Colony. This danger was averted by the patriotism of the Dutch leader, Mr. Malan, who had advocated South African union before Lord Selborne and Dr. Jameson had declared themselves on the matter. Regarding the question as paramount and determined to keep it above party politics at a moment when party politics were unusually bitter, he took it upon himself to move a motion in the Cape Parliament in favour of South African union, and in his speech commended Lord Selborne and Dr. Jameson, his political antagonist, for the step they had taken. His motion was seconded by Dr. Jameson and it was carried without a dissentient vote. Mr. Malan, co-operating with Lord Selborne and Dr. Jameson at a critical moment, lifted the whole question of South African union above the level of party politics and saved the situation. They established a precedent which was followed in all the other parliaments of South Africa.

All parties agreed to the appointment of a convention to discuss the terms of union. We on the British side, were not in favour of any kind of union at any price. What we

meant by union was government by the majority of the South African voters, and equal rights as between the voters of the two races. We stood for what we called equal rights. Space does not permit me to enter into all the intricacies of this question in order to explain in detail the different interpretations which were put on the doctrine of equal rights by the Dutch on the one side and the British on the other. The whole controversy turned on the respective claims of the populations in the towns and the country, for, unhappily, the towns are populated mainly by the British element, and the country by the Dutch. A similar controversy had raged when responsible government was granted to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, and the British position was that the rights secured to the town populations under those constitutions must be secured to them in the constitution of South Africa. In this case the position was saved by the statesmanship of General Botha and General Smuts, who declared that although they had fought against equal rights when the Transvaal constitution was granted, for the sake of South African union they would now accept the principle; and to the last they were faithful to that pledge. At the last meeting of the Convention at Bloemfontein, the whole cause of union hung for a few days in the balance, but it was the fidelity of General Botha to his promise that saved the situation and brought it about that to-day we are united under a constitution which, by a system of automatic and periodic redistribution, guarantees that South Africa for all time shall be governed by a parliament representing a majority of the voters.

One word more. I have tried to show how, apart from any question of sentiment, union as a matter of practical politics was necessary to prevent the domestic affairs of South Africa from continuing to constitute an Imperial nuisance. But the move-

ment has had its ideal as well as its practical side, for throughout it has been a conscious effort on the part of South Africans of all races to achieve for themselves a common nationality. And in the course of this struggle we have asked ourselves again and again: What are the conditions which will enable us to achieve a real nationality? My answer is that in the long run the privileges of self-government will never beget true nationhood. That can only come from the assumption of its real responsibilities. I leave you to consider what these responsibilities are, or how they can be attained by a community like the Union of South Africa or the Dominion of Canada.

On the other hand we must always beware of closing our eyes to the hard facts and living in a fool's paradise. If you will remember that South Africa must always remain the key between the East and West, you will see how impossible it would be for South Africa really to be mistress in her own house unless she remained in the circle of the British Empire and unless that Empire continued to dominate the sea. If ever a foreign fleet should dominate our coasts, as it would if the British Empire came to an end, it would be impossible for us to realise anything better than a Cuban nationality. If only you will keep the map of the world before you and its history, you will realise that our hopes of nationality are absolutely bound up with the permanence of the British Empire.

Few of us really believe that the relations of the self-governing dominions to Great Britain, and to one another, can remain as they now are for an indefinite time. In South Africa we believe that these relations must undergo change; that either we must drift farther apart from one another or else we must draw closer together, and that on the trend of those changes will depend whether the Empire continues or ceases to be.

Though these changes are inevitable, we view them with anxiety, be-

cause we believe that our future as a nation is bound up with the British Empire. And now we begin to ask ourselves what these changes will be, and who it is that will determine their direction? Will they be determined by Great Britain? We do not think so. Great Britain (and we believe most wisely) has said to us in the Dominions: "It is you that must determine your own position to me. I have set you to control your own domestic affairs, and now I leave you to suggest how you will begin to assume the responsibility of controlling your external affairs, and what your future relations to one another and to myself are to be."

If I am right in suggesting that this problem must be left to the dominions themselves to settle, obviously it is the people of Canada who must lead the way. As the Governor-General has said, it was Canada that blazed sixty years ago the trail which Australia, New Zealand and South Africa have followed since. Canada is older and bigger than the rest of us now, and before thirty or forty years have gone, it will be much bigger than the rest of us. Speaking in Canada not long ago, a great statesman said that whenever he thought of the British Empire, so far from wishing to wave flags, he felt inclined to go into a corner and pray. That feeling is shared by most of us. Until lately and for many years past, South Africa would have been the principal subject of our prayer. Looking back on South Africa for the last three years, we are justified in lifting our hearts, not in prayer, but rather in a general thanksgiving. But turning to the unknown future again, we are still impelled by that desire to go into a corner and pray. For, if all that I have said is true, with the closing of the South African question there now opens before us the Canadian question, so that for the future the first petition of our prayer must be that Canada may know the day of her visitation.

HIS MAJESTY'S MAILS

BY FRED M. WHITE

THE journalist moved a little nearer to the man at the fireplace. For the journalist was interested, and the man by the fireplace had let drop certain hints and insinuations which seemed to have behind them the making of a story, and the journalist was not only a writer of paragraphs *per se* but a fairly well-known writer of fiction besides. He laid a half-crown on the table.

"Will you have another?" he said persuasively. "Didn't I hear you say something just now about the mail-bag robbery at Silvertown Post Office some two years ago. So far as I recollect, the matter was never properly solved."

The man in the corner grinned. Up to a certain point he had been spinning out his glass of vitriolic whisky with the faint hope that someone might come along and replace the potent fluid, and here was an obvious angel unawares. Properly told, the story might result in the aggrandisement of the journalist's entire half-crown.

He was a seedy, sodden, unsavoury little man, with swollen features picturesquely adorned with pink spots. His nose was red and damp, the deflected corners of his mouth twitched convulsively. A broken down man is a pathetic figure enough in any case, but a broken down rascal is one of the saddest sights to be sifted out from the scrap heap of humanity. The journalist's instinct was right enough. He had unerringly spotted the little man as one who, in his time, had been looked up to as one of the captains of crime.

"You was talking of Silvertown robbery," he said huskily. "So happens, gov'nor, I can tell you a good deal about it. I reckon you are one of those writing chaps. Is that so?"

The journalist admitted the soft impeachment.

"Very well, then," the little man picked up the thread again. "It was just like this. Mind you, what I am telling you now I have never mentioned to a soul before." Prefixing the whole thing with a question. "Did you ever hear of Martin Stryde?"

The journalist nodded, the name was familiar enough to him. Stryde had been a well known figure in certain circles a year or two before, but of late he had been lost sight of, and he was troubling the police no more.

"I thought you had heard of him," the little man said with a certain air of pride. "Well, about four years ago Martin Stryde was sitting in this very bar waiting for business, so to speak. He had not had much luck of late, for one or two things had gone wrong and he was getting pretty short of the ready. He was thinking of moving on when a man that he knew came in and asked for a drink of whisky. You see, you can never tell who you are going to pick up a valuable tip from, consequently Martin Stryde was pretty free handed in the way of little treats of that kind. Just casual like he asked the other if anything was going on. Then Stryde's friend he leans across the table and says with a wink of his eye:

"'What's the matter with Silvertown Post Office?'

"'I don't quite catch on, Jimmy,'

says Stryde, with a wink and a grin.

"Well, it's this way, Mr. Stryde. The Silvertown Post Office is a small one—practically a sub-office for the dispatch of mails. There is a postmaster there and two clerks. I went in there the other night to get a stamp or two, and they were that busy they kept me waiting nearly twenty minutes."

"Selling stamps, do you mean, Jimmy?" Stryde asks.

"Stamps be blowed! I tell you, Mr. Stryde, thousands of pounds' worth of parcels go through that office every day. Did you ever hear of a firm called Morgor and Ernstine?"

"One of the biggest jewel dealers in the world, Jimmy."

"Well," Jimmy goes on, "they're making up a case for some foreign exhibition, and one of these cases will be dispatched some evening next month by registered parcel. Here's a chance for a man with a head on his shoulders. Only two small bags to pinch, and two clerks and a postmaster to deal with."

"Stryde, his eyes glistens. Then he laughs in a careless way.

"Have you examined the back premises, Jimmy?" he says.

"There ain't no back premises, Mr. Stryde. There is no outlet behind at all. The Post Office used to be a shop at one time, and over it are flats let out to men by the week. It would all have to be done by the front door. The Post Office people ain't quite fools, either. It's an understood thing that the parcels to be registered should be left as late as possible, so as to have them on the premises no longer'n is necessary. A special van comes for them at ten minutes to six."

"Quite dark at this time of the year, Jimmy," says Stryde.

"Yes, sir. Well, those chaps locks the door of the counter, and as the parcels are registered they are dropped into two bags on the inner edge. Do you follow me, sir?"

"Upon my word, Jimmy, I am quite interested," Stryde says pres-

ently. "Is it a narrow counter one could reach across and lift the bags in case anything happened to the gas, for instance?"

"No, it ain't," Jimmy he says emphatically. "There's a strong brass grating like a metal summer-house all along the edge of it."

"After that, Stryde he has no more to do with it. He says to Jimmy as the thing is impossible, and of course Jimmy takes this for granted. Jimmy finishes up his drink and drifts out of the bar, and out of the story, too, for that matter; and Stryde he sits there until he begins to see his way pretty clear.

"Somehow or another a lot of information concerning the Silvertown Post Office comes along in Stryde's direction the next two or three days. On one or two occasions he found it necessary to register a small parcel there. At the end of a week he posts a letter to a certain Mr. George Tatton, asking the pleasure of that gentleman's company to dinner at Hendon on Sunday evening. For Stryde he has a weakness for a little place in the country, and a nice snug shop he had of it, too. Ah, those were good days."

The man by the fireplace sighed and reached his hand out mechanically for his empty glass. The hint was not wasted.

"Well, Mr. George Tatton he turns up in due course—solemn, undertaking looking chap he was, dressed from head to foot in sober black. Sort of man who would have passed for a lay preacher or street missionary anywhere.

"And now, Martin," he says, "what's your little game?"

"Stryde he goes on in great detail to speak of the information what he has got from Jimmy. There was a good deal more which might have caused Jimmy to prick up his ears if he had been present.

"That brass trellis work is a fair knockout," Tatton he says, after a long pause.

"But Stryde, he doesn't seem to think so. When he had finished speaking, Tatton, he so far forgets himself as to smile.

"'You are a genius,' he says. 'Why, with an intellect like yours you might be Prime Minister. There ain't a flaw anywhere.'

"Well, for a day or two this same public-house, where we are seated now and where I don't mind having another, as you so kindly suggest, plays an important part in this little comedy. From this 'ere desirable establishment two evenings later there emerged a certain ship's fireman, Ben Barnes by name, in that state of silly drunk that leans towards a single-handed defiance of the law. Tatton was with him, and Tatton was trying to keep the fool quiet.

"'You let me alone,' says the fireman. 'I've got money in the Savings Bank, and I mean to get it out.'

"Saying that, he lurches breezily into the Silvertown Post Office. A rare bit of luck it was getting hold of Ben Barnes, who really had money in the Post Office, and about as much to do with the story as you have. A puppet in the game, sir, no more.

"'I want,' he says, lurching forward, 'I want my money.'

"'You can't have your money without notice,' the clerk says curtly. 'Go away, or I'll whistle for a policeman.'

Ben Barnes he loses his head at that. He clutches at the grill, shaking it backwards and forwards, for he was a pretty powerful man, then down comes the whole thing, together with the cast iron standards supporting the railing, and a moment later the police step in and take a hand in the game. Finally they gets Barnes down on the floor and straps him to a stretcher. Tatton he discreetly disappears, and by a strange coincidence runs against Stryde, who happens to be at the end of the street on business.

"'Well,' Stryde says, 'and how did it go?'

"'Beautiful,' Tatton explains.

'Real artistic, I call it. Barnes fell into the trap, never suspecting anything, and there's a fine specimen of modern brass work to be sold cheap at the Post Office. They'll probably fine Barnes a couple of pounds in the morning, and compel him to make the damage good, so you had better hang about the Court to-morrow and offer to pay the fine. Also, you can find Barnes an expert workman who will repair the mischief in little less than no time. You don't want me for anything else, do you?'

"It turned out just like that. Ben Barnes he has nothing to say for himself except in the way of gratitude for Tatton, who pays his fine, and not only that, produces the workman to make good the damage. And then Barnes, like Jimmy, goes his own way, and he drops out of the story and there's an end of him."

* * *

"The same evening a new tenant moves into the industrial flat over the Post Office. A quiet looking chap he was, who appeared to have seen trouble in the past. Come to think of it, I fancy he called himself an insurance agent, and his little bit of furniture was hired from a small shop close by on the instalment system. Reuben Taylor we'll call him—not that it matters. At midnight of the first day in his new house, Taylor, he has a visitor. I won't deceive you, sir, when I tell you that the visitor was Stryde.

"'Have you found out the lie of those pipes yet?' he asks.

"Tatton had wasted no time. Of course, you will have guessed by this time that the man Taylor was only Tatton in another name. He removes a short board from the floor, and with a candle shows out a mass of pipes below. It was a bit puzzling to Stryde, but plain enough to a skilled mechanic like Tatton.

"'I hadn't no difficulty in locating the pipe,' says he. 'I knew they were under this floor, and that's why I took this particular room. The find-

ing of that short piece of board was a rare slice of luck. It fits so tight that I have only to stamp it down, and no one could possibly know that it had been moved.

"'Very good,' Stryde, he says. 'All you have got to do is to wait for the signal. Count twenty slowly, *very* slowly mind, and then manipulate the pipes. The point is, are you sure you have got the right one?'

"'Of course I am,' Tatton says contemptuously. 'That's the one with the bit of red lead dabbed along the top. Loosen that head with a spanner, then comes a gush of gas into this room that will put the post office lights out like a shot. Then I'll tighten up the thread again, stamp this board down once more, and the whole blooming thing is done.'

"'Good again,' Stryde says. 'And after that?'

"'I'll have a cab waiting for me at the corner of the street. Directly the gas business is manipulated I am to get to that cab as quickly as possible. You'll bring me the bags, and then you'll make yourself scarce as soon as I have them. Then I'm to blind the trail as well as I can, and get to Hendon without delay.'

"'Mind you get a four-wheeled cab,' Stryde, he says.

"'Tatton, he wants to know what the four-wheeler is for. It did not take Stryde long to explain his reasons.

"'What a chap you are,' Tatton says. 'Seems to me there's nothing you don't think of.'

"'If you listens to me carefully,' Stryde goes on, 'I can show you a way of blinding your trail so as to make everything perfectly safe. You mustn't forget that it is you they'll look for. And now the less we are seen together for the next two or three days the better. Good-night and good luck to you.'

"'Nothing happens for a week or more till about six o'clock one evening, when the Post Office is at its busiest, and the small registered letter

bags are nearly full. A loafer looks into the office curiously, waiting as if hesitating till the last of the confidential clerks had registered his precious packet. Then the loafer he steps into the road and sneezes two or three times violently. A second later somebody closes a window over the Post Office very gently, and at the same time a most strange and unexpected thing happens. Like a flash out goes the gas in the Post Office, and the whole place is plunged in darkness. You can imagine the clerks looking at one another and wondering what is wrong. You can imagine, too, them having their suspicions aroused, but they are not particularly brilliant youths, and it never seems to occur to them that anything has gone really wrong. When you come to think of it, there is nothing unusual in gas going out. Anyway, those clerks were not a bit alarmed, not even when a slide and rattle as of a gate being opened struck upon their ears.

"'Funny things,' says one clerk to another, 'funny that the gas is out again. Can't you smell it?'

"'Rather,' says the other one. 'Got a match?'

"'There's one in my overcoat pocket hanging just past the desk yonder. You'll find a box of vestas there.'

"'Of course it takes a little time fumbling about in the dark, even when you know a place, and some two or three minutes passed before the matches were produced and the gas brackets over the counter lighted again. It didn't seem to strike those chaps as at all funny that the gas should play them a trick like that. They just looked at one another a moment, then one of them, who happened to be a bit sharper than his pal, he staggers back against the counter with his eyes fairly bulging out of his head.

"'Good heavens, Summers,' he cries, 'the mail bags have gone!'

"'Summers he says nothing. He can only stand there gaping with his

mouth wide open, till presently there comes a sound of wheels outside, which means as the Post Office van has come along and the postman is waiting for the registered letters.

"'I am a bit early, gentlemen,' he says, 'anything wrong?'

"Then those two clerks come to their senses at the same time, and begin to explain simultaneously. Of course, all this takes time, and a good five minutes pass before the post messenger makes a dash for the street, yelling at the top of his voice for the police. One or two of them come along presently, and at the end of half an hour some of the Scotland Yard Division begin to drop in. I believe it was Sergeant Denton who had the case in hand. It is long ago, and I forget. But, anyway, the sergeant comes along and clears the office except for the frightened clerks and the postmaster. At the end of an hour that shrewd detective officer makes one or two what he calls important discoveries. There was a boy in the neighbourhood who happened to have seen a tall stranger with a long coat, a seedy-looking chap, come out of the Post Office with two bags on his arm. Then somebody else professes to have seen the same man give the bags into the custody of somebody else, who was waiting at the top of the street in a four-wheeled cab.

"Then the Inspector he strokes his big moustache and looks like a cat after a saucer of cream. Of course, he's got an important clue.

"'I shall lay those fellows by the heels yet,' he says; 'and now I'll go off and find the cabman.'

"Of course, they finds the cabman easy enough. But if they expected him to tell them anything they were mistaken. As a matter of fact, he hadn't got anything to say but the truth.

"'It was just like this,' he explains, 'the man comes along and orders my cab off the rank by St. Peter's Church to be at the corner of John Street by five forty-five sharp. He gets into

the cab, and just as he is going to start a moment or two later, another chap comes up with a couple of bags on his arm, a tall, seedy-looking man he was, wearing a shabby ulster. Nothing passes between them, except that the bags were transferred to my cab, and then I was told to drive to Piccadilly Circus sharp. Not as I ever did get to Piccadilly Circus by a long chalk. When we were passing the Swan, in Ford Road, my man tells me to pull up, and we goes inside together, leaving another party to 'old my 'oss, and we had a drink. Then my party, out he goes, saying he has forgotten something, and that he'll be back in about ten minutes. Seeing as he had pitched half a quid on the counter to pay for the drinks, and hadn't picked up the change, why I didn't feel particularly troubled about being bilked out of my fare. 'Specially as he tells me, in a laughing sort of way, to keep the change if he doesn't come back. Well, I waited for half-an-hour or more, and he didn't come back, and I did keep the change, and that's all I can tell you about it.'

"'But nobody knows, sir, till this day, and nobody will know, what Stryde was doing while the cabby waited in the public-house. But I don't mind telling you. He just goes back to the cab again and practically changes all his clothes. From under his ulster he produces a collapsible portmanteau, into which he empties the mail bags and the clothes he has just taken off. Then he fills the portmanteau with every blessed thing and steps out of the cab door, and not a blessed soul to notice him. It is an easy matter, after that, to stand at the corner of the road as if he had just come off a 'bus, and hire a hansom to take him to Baker Street Station. Once at Baker Street, he makes his way round to Charing Cross, and before morning he is on the night boat making for Calais. Before twenty-four hours are over his head he is in Amsterdam; but I don't think there

is any necessity for me to tell a smart gentleman like yourself what happened to the contents of those mail bags before Stryde turned his back on Holland. And that's the true story of the Robbery of the Silvertown Post Office."

"So that was the reason why he wanted a four-wheeled cab?" the journalist asked thoughtfully.

"You've got it first time," the man by the fireplace said. "He wanted a dressing-room. No, Stryde didn't leave anything to chance in those days. You see, he hadn't taken to drink then and always kept a clear head. If he had only kept off that accursed stuff he might be a rich man now, and I know for a fact he was very well off at one time."

"The curse of so many geniuses," the journalist said gravely. "I am greatly obliged to you for your most entertaining story, but there is still one point which seems to me to need elucidation. I presume from what you say that the ship's engineer, Barnes, was quite an innocent party. I suppose he was what you call kidded on to make that disturbance at the Post Office. It was probably Stryde's brilliant suggestion that he should pull the railing down. But why?"

The man by the fireplace chuckled. A look almost of intelligence flashed into his bleared and watery eye.

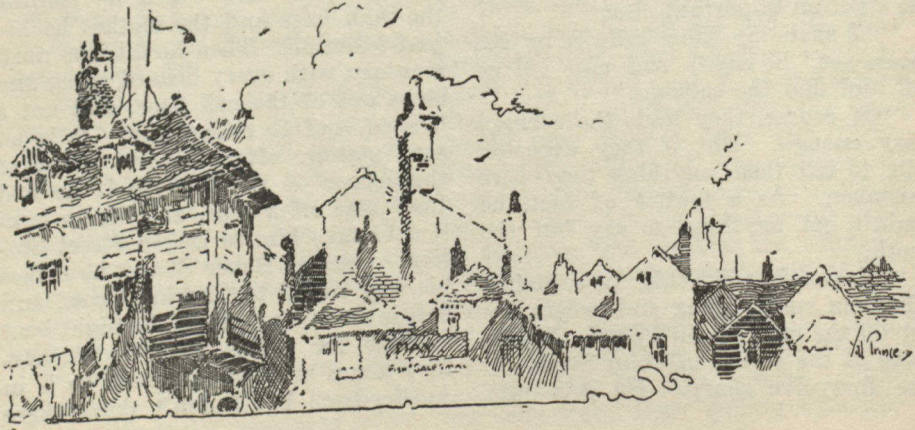
"That was the gem of the whole thing," he said. "You see, we—I

mean they—could put the gas out, but there was the grating to be dealt with. So when Barnes pulled it down, and Tatton so generously repaired the mischief for him, the grating was fitted with a kind of hinge over the near end of the counter behind which the bags of the registered letters were hanging. Nobody suspected, and nobody could have found it out, unless some meddlesome person happened to raise one of the standards slightly. At any rate, there it was, and directly the gas was put out, all that was needed was for someone to sneak quietly into the Post Office, push a part of the railing back, and reach over for the letter bags. I know it sounds difficult, but, bless your soul, it was easy enough."

The journalist had no further questions to ask. He looked at his watch and rose with an explanation that he had overstayed his time already. At the same moment a detective, in plain clothes, glanced into the bar and nodded at the journalist, whom he knew slightly. Then he followed into the street, and the two walked along side by side for some little way.

"Who was my friend in the bar?" the journalist asked. "He told me a very entertaining story just now."

"I daresay," the detective said drily. "At one time he was quite in the first criminal flight. The name by which we knew him in those days was Martin Stryde."





THE EASTBOUND TUBE FROM NEAR THE PORTAL ON THE WINDSOR SIDE.

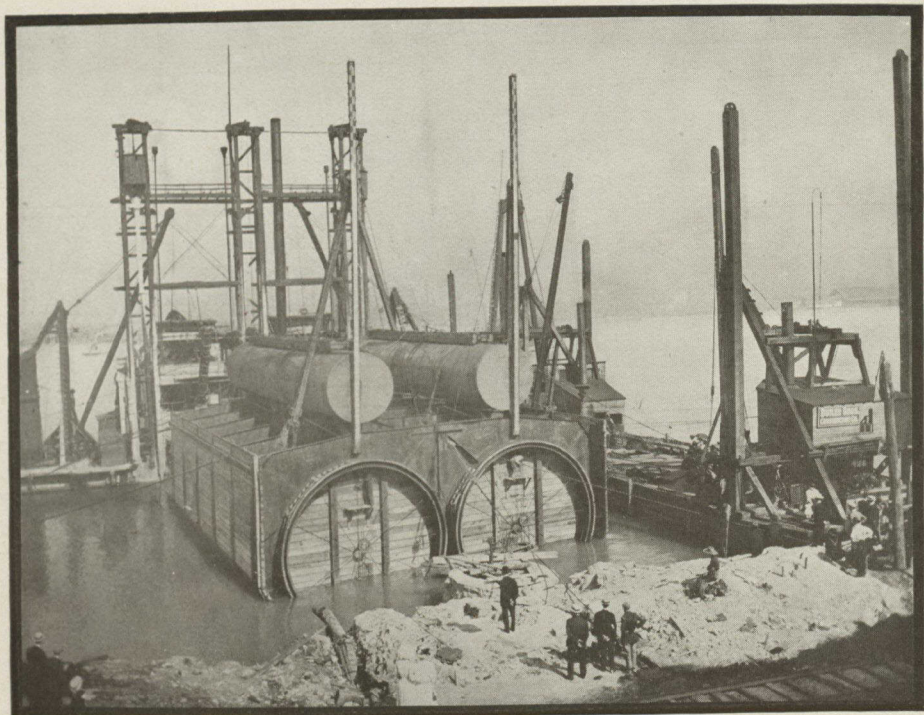
THE DETROIT RIVER TUNNEL

ITS ECONOMIC VALUE TO TRANSPORTATION IN CANADA

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

IT was a long time ago that Nature's forces, in seeking an outlet for three of the great bodies of fresh water, often termed "Inland Seas," interposed the magnificent strait between level and fertile prairies on the one side and rolling areas of thick forests with vegetation of almost tropical luxuriance on the other. Although the creation of this important waterway, which is one of the most interesting features of the whole lake country of Canada, occurred in a prehistoric age, it has proved a great heritage to a people coming many centuries later. From the earliest days of lake and river navigation, with the frail birch

bark canoes of the Indians and fur-traders timidly hugging its shores, through the transition of slow-sailing vessels bobbing lightly on the sluggish swells and the puffing steam-boats racing from port to port, to the present age of giant ore carriers, package freighters and lake liners, this waterway has borne a large proportion of the commerce of the Northwest and the more populous sections of the east. In our day these waters, comprising the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, and the Detroit River, compose the greatest marine highway in the world, carrying fully seventy-five per cent. of the entire commerce of



SINKING THE LAST (THE ELEVENTH) SECTION OF THE DETROIT RIVER TUNNEL—ON THE WINDSOR SIDE

the Great Lakes. While the bulk of this commerce is of domestic receipts and shipments of the United States, a considerable proportion of water borne commerce of Canada, which exceeds twenty million tons yearly, passes between its shores.

The people of Canada, and for that matter their neighbours across the border, little realise the economic value of the waterway transportation afforded by the inland seas, nor do they grasp the full significance of the great wave of shipbuilding now sweeping the country, or the vast commerce which flows through these waters in a single season of navigation of about 240 days. It totals something like one hundred million tons, three-fourths of which passes Windsor and Sarnia, and more than one-half through the great locks and canals at Sault Ste. Marie. The lake merchant marine in point of tonnage and value is more than one-half of the total under

American registry, and exceeds the entire marine of every foreign country, excepting England and Germany. In considering these facts it is no wonder that the combined opposition of the vessel interests of both nations has at all times prevailed against the proposition to bridge the straits and thus create a menace to the safe navigation of the swift current always throbbing with the commerce of two prosperous countries.

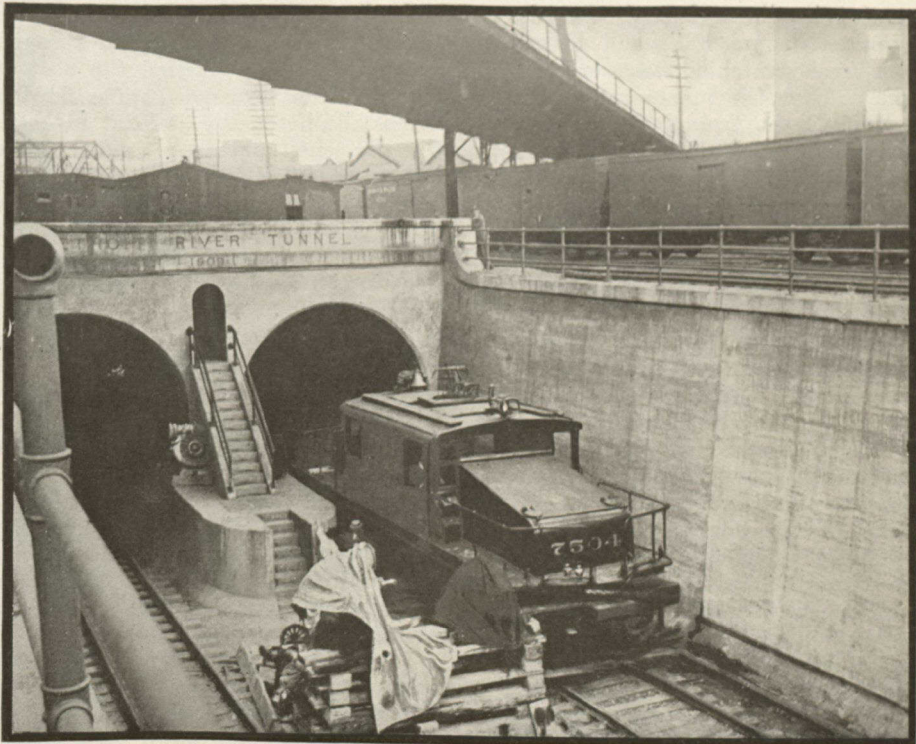
On the other hand, in the economic scheme of transportation there are the great trunk lines of Canada, carrying an immense commerce originating in Montreal, Quebec, the north-eastern provinces and New England, across Ontario, and combining with that of about equal volume from Toronto, Ottawa, and the Niagara frontier, all destined to the vast region to the south, west and north. Meeting this traffic is a still greater commerce of the Northwest, and of the

populous cities of the States, flowing by the most direct routes across Canada to the seaboard. The proportion of this which crosses the strait amounts to quite forty million tons yearly, about two-thirds of which pass between Windsor and Detroit. The St. Clair River tunnel at Port Huron and Sarnia, for nearly twenty years has taken all the traffic of the Grand Trunk System, which at that point flows across the borderland. Sarnia and Windsor have for more than half a century been the great cross-roads of the commerce of the lakes, and the commerce of the rail routes across Canada.

Ever since 1857, when the Great Western Railway of Canada completed its lines from Toronto and Niagara Falls to this strait connecting Lake Huron and Lake Erie, the hiatus of the swift stream has been more or less of a handicap to regular and

prompt freight and passenger service. At first for about fifteen years, when the obstacle to a free and uninterrupted navigation was perhaps little felt, the international commerce was ferried across the border by breaking bulk and reloading in other cars on the other side. This was a slow, costly and wholly unsatisfactory expedient, but it was the best at that time devised. The competition between the railroads running along the southern shore of Lake Erie and across lower Michigan, and also the cheaper water transportation, finally became so keen that the old system of package ferrying at Windsor become unprofitable.

By 1872 the volume of traffic through Ontario had increased to such an extent that other means of ferrying were resorted to, and the first steam transport, the *Huron*, was built and put into service by the Grand Trunk



ENTRANCE TO THE DETROIT RIVER TUNNEL ON THE UNITED STATES SIDE

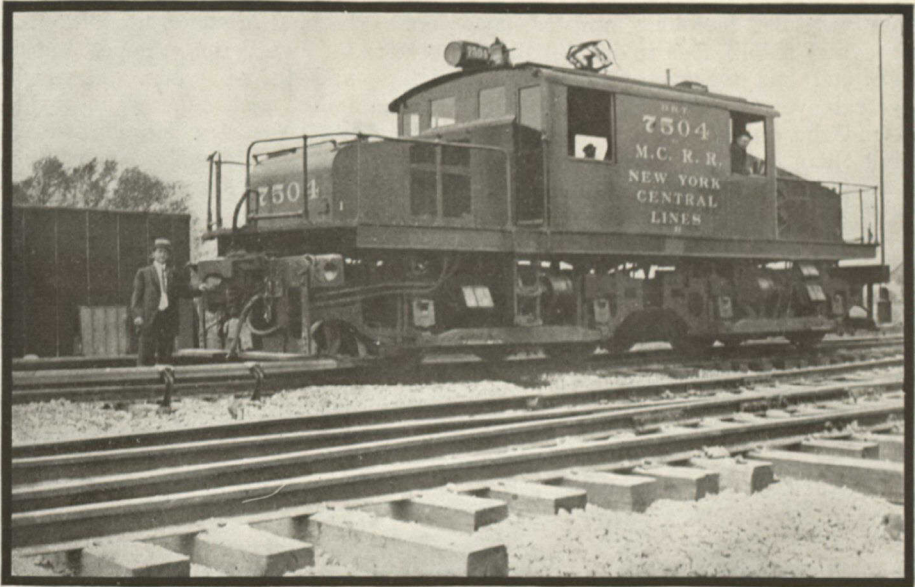
Railway. The transport took the cars, either of the freight or passenger service, on tracks running lengthways on its broad deck, by having them switched from the dock over an adjusting apron, ferried them across the river, and had them reswitched to docks there. Since that time the ferry system has grown steadily until ten large and powerful steamers, some of which are equipped with ice crushers and additional propellers under the bows, have been required to handle the traffic of nearly twenty-five million tons as well also passengers numbering more than two millions every year.

But the time came about five years ago, when even this system became inadequate to the ever-increasing traffic of the five trunk lines, and the Michigan Central Railway, which is the second important tentacle of the New York Central Lines, undertook the building of a double-tubed tunnel to connect its lines through Canada to Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Hamilton with those stretching westward to Chicago. After the incorporation of the Detroit River Tunnel Company, following necessary legislation by both the United States and Canada, a thorough organisation was perfected by the Advisory Board of Engineers. This consisted of W. J. Wilgus, chairman, chief engineer of the New York Central Railway; H. A. Carson, consulting engineer, builder of the Boston subways, and W. S. Kinnear, chief engineer and assistant general manager of the Michigan Central Railway, who had previously been superintendent of the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railway. Benjamin Douglass was appointed assistant chief engineer, in charge of construction. The preliminary work, such as drawing of plans and specification and drilling of test holes in the bed of the river along the proposed site to determine the underlying strata formations, was at once started, and had so far proceeded that contracts for construction of the tunnel were let

to Butler Brothers, of New York, in July, 1906.

After four years of steady progress of the work, in which the highest engineering skill has been displayed, the tunnel is now completed, and a great volume of eastbound and westbound traffic has been turned through its twin tubes. Its completion emphasises in a most pronounced way the great strides being taken toward economic transportation, and that spirit of twentieth century progress, which spends millions of dollars to effect the saving of minutes of time. No engineering work has been undertaken in the Great Lakes country since the building of the Sault Ste. Marie canal and locks, which is of so great economic value to transportation routes of both Canada and the United States. The Detroit River tunnel cuts off more than a half-hour from the schedules of fast limited and express trains between the east and the west, and effects a saving of from three to twelve hours in the case of through freights. It has reduced the cost of handling the immense traffic flowing across the border by at least seventy-five per cent., and has retired the slow but spectacular ferry transports from service in the busy river. There will be no more scenes in which the powerful transports are stuck fast in the ice-floes in the dead of winter, sometimes from eight to twelve hours at a time, with a limited train on their decks, or of delayed stock trains or those loaded with dressed beef or other perishables. All trains, not only those of the Central, but of all other trunk lines, now run intact over the unbroken lines of track across the international border. They dip down deep into the earth, far below the river's bed, and rise to the surface of another country in from seven to eight minutes.

But aside from the great economic value of the tunnelway in supplanting the wasteful and slow, though spectacular, ferry system, it is a notable engineering work reflecting the



TYPE OF LOCOMOTIVE USED IN THE TUNNEL. IT WEIGHS 100 TONS, HAS 1,500 HORSE-POWER, AND CAN DRAW 1,000 TONS IN THE TUNNEL

skill and ingenuity of the engineers in the field and of the contractors. The construction plans involved principles of engineering hitherto untried on such a scale, and required more constant daring, more spectacular adroitness, and more resourceful ability than is generally necessary in such work. The Detroit River tunnel is different from all other tunnels, as the scheme of its construction was an entire departure from the methods used in previous tunnel work. None of the experience gained from drilling the rock could be used. Nor was that which came from the shield-driven bores of the Hudson or the St. Clair tunnels of any avail. For many months problems of perplexing difficulties were worked out by the advisory board and the engineers in charge of the work, and to them have fallen the laurels of success—the triumphant achievement of a remarkable engineering feat.

Instead of forcing great steel shields through the tough blue clay of the river bed, which is the method usually employed, a wide trench was ex-

cavated in the bed of the river extending from bank to bank, a distance of 2,622 feet, and to a depth of eighty feet from the surface of the stream. The river along the tunnel site varied in depth from twenty-two to fifty feet, and the material, consisting of slime, mud, solid refuse, and blue clay, was removed by dredges using the common type of dipper and clam-shell buckets. As the trench was completed to grade, pile drivers followed and drove rows of long piles down through the firm stratum of clay almost to the bottom, and divers secured heavy crossbeams of solid timbers to them. This was for the purpose of affording a firm support for the tubes, while they were being encompassed by a thick layer of concrete. Gravel was then laid to a depth of two feet on the bottom of the trench to form a proper footing for this material.

The twin-tube sections were built on land at the St. Clair shipyards, their ends were plugged with air-tight bulkheads of wood, and they were launched sideways into the river, like the practice with the lake marine.

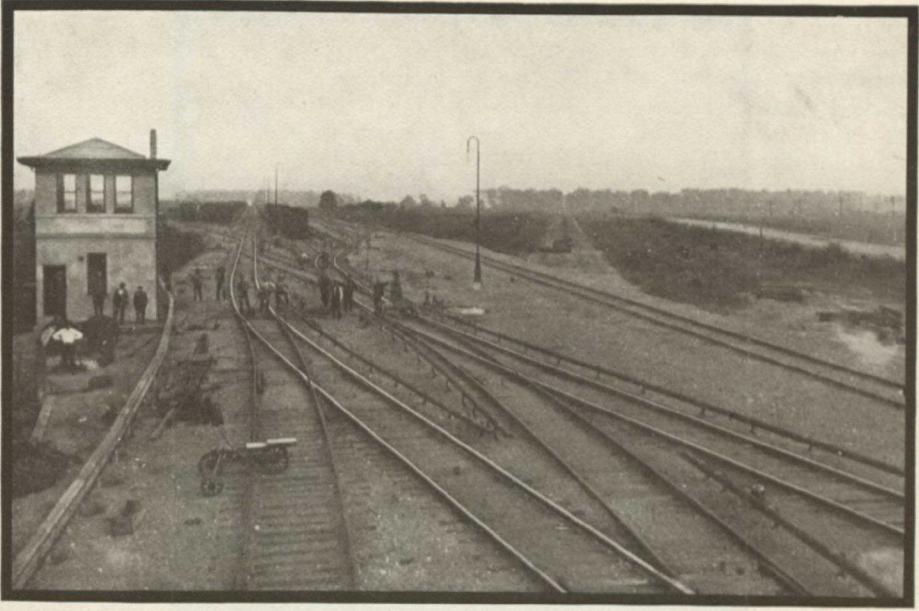
They were 260 feet long, and twenty-three and a half feet in inside diameter, and had transverse diaphragms of steel every eleven and a half feet around the outside to strengthen and bind them together. The material used in their construction was $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch steel plates, and the sides were built up with three-inch oak planks as a form, with a space of from three to five feet within, for the concrete. Each double-tubed section weighed about six hundred tons, and, with a draft of only six feet, was easily towed by a tug the distance of forty-eight miles to the tunnel site and floated over the exact position intended for it.

When everything had been made ready for sinking the section, the valves in the bulkheads were slowly opened, and as the water entered the mass settled steadily by the force of gravity until submerged, the further descent to the crossbeams being controlled by the air-chambers, sixty feet in length and ten feet in diameter, secured to the top, and also by the powerful cranes operated on floats anchored alongside. To determine the exact position of the sections when far beneath the surface, steel uprights were bolted to the ends of the sections, and these enabled the engineers to bring the tubes into exact alignment with the centre line of the tunnel, and to place them on the temporary foundation of piling. Then divers went down to the bottom of the trench to examine the bearings of the tubes on the crossbeams, and where necessary they inserted slim plates to insure even and uniform weight on each, thus removing all strains on the tubes themselves.

There then devolved on the divers, who worked away down in the trench with eighty feet of water over them, a most particular task—a work that meant so much. It was the joining together or connecting up of the section with the one previously sunk, and this required the greatest skill. They had to be bolted together with huge

bolts, the burs of which were too massive to be turned up by hand, and the joints had to be made water-tight. When built, each tube was provided with a steel sleeve which slipped over the end of the tube already in place. The sleeve had a flange to bear against a shoulder on the tube between which was inserted a wide rubber gasket nearly twenty-five feet in diameter. Another shoulder on the other tube fitted snugly against a similar flange on the sleeve, with a like gasket between. When all was ready, the burs, or nuts, were turned up by a power appliance operated from above, and the water was pumped out of the space thus left, which was three inches by eighteen inches. When the joint had been made water-tight, the space was filled with a grout of pure cement, by forcing it in through a flexible pipe from the scow above, until it came out of another pipe also connected, which was evidence that the space was completely filled.

At this stage of the work the big scow with the concrete mixers was anchored over the tubes and made as stable as possible in the swift current of the straits, the surface of which is constantly churned into short, choppy waves by the passage of the wonderful procession of lake freighters, express steamships, excursion and ferry boats, and pleasure yachts of every description. This entrancing stream is, indeed, the very heart of the wonderland. The concrete mixers of approved design were supplied with the necessary ingredients by automatic machinery, and the product was deposited in exactly the desired spot by special chutes, which prevented the concrete from becoming saturated with water, until it reached the intended place. Thus a solid mass of artificial stone was built from the bottom of the trench, around and between the tubes, and covering them to a thickness of five feet. The trench was then filled in around the plank backing with blue clay, and the whole covered with a



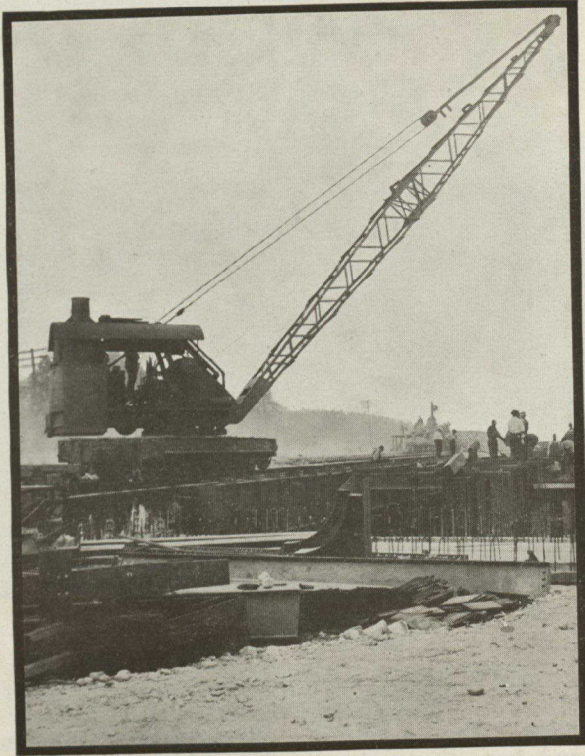
VIEW OF THE YARDS AT WINDSOR, JUST OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL

layer of rip-rap, or crushed stone, to a depth of two feet. This was done to protect the concrete from the action of the current and from the anchors of the lake and river craft passing overhead.

While this work was going on, other gangs of concrete mixers were busily engaged within the tubes forming the actual tunnel itself, which is a ring of reinforced concrete lining the inside of the steel tubes. The water had been pumped out and the inner bulkheads removed and galleries built up inside so that the operations within proceeded like clock-work. The inside ring of concrete is of sufficient strength to sustain all stress and strains of the heaviest trains of 2,000 tons passing through the tunnel; the steel tubes are the waterproof shields, while the outer layers of concrete and clay backing, with the rip-rap on top, are additional measures of strength, and they protect the shields from the corrosive action of water, thus providing a most liberal factor of safety. In all there are ten of these steel sections and one short section about sixty feet

long, completing the subaqueous or river tunnel.

The tunnel within has a clearance of eighteen feet from the rails to the top of the arch, and a width across the centre line of sixteen and a half feet. The sides are built up perpendicularly for about five feet from the ties, to form benches to accommodate the trackmen, and afford an exit from the tunnel above the tracks. The benches are two and a half feet wide and are reached from the tracks by ladders built in the concrete wall at intervals of twenty-five feet, and made flush with the surface. The open drain between the rails takes off the water from seepage, and that used to wash down the sides keeps the interior in a state of glistening whiteness, and discharges it into a sump, or concrete well, at the bottom of the slopes, from which it is pumped out to the surface. Other sumps at each end of the subaqueous section and at the portals, receive the drainage from those portions of the tunnel. These sumps are of sufficient capacity to relieve the tunnel of the maximum rain-



LARGE LOCOMOTIVE CRANE, WITH LONG ARM, USED IN CONSTRUCTION WORK

fall of this region, and are pumped out at intervals by pumps actuated by electric motors.

Near the Detroit side the western slope runs off on a level stretch of about 1,000 feet, or the length of four sections of the tubes, whereupon the eastern slope begins. The east-bound traffic is much heavier than the westbound, the former taking a one-and-a-half per cent. grade, while the latter traffic, comprising many empty cars, takes a two per cent. grade. The two curves in the tunnel are 2,600 feet long, with a maximum curvature of two degrees. Perfect ventilation in the tubes is provided for by the twin-tube shafts at either end of the subaqueous section. The trains running through each tube in one direction create strong currents of air which are drawn in through the shafts and forced out at the portals. The

tubes are well lighted by glow lamps placed every twenty-five feet and hooded against the direction of the trains, so as not to blind the engineers.

The land or approach sections of the tunnel were constructed on plans well established by engineering practice, an improved design of shields, cutting about three-fourths of the circumference of the bore, which was twenty-three feet in diameter, being employed. Shafts were first sunk at each river bank and drifts were run east and west until they met other drifts run in opposite directions from shafts a quarter of a mile inland. Other drifts were started from these shafts and continued out to the sites of the portals. The centre wall for the tubes was then built up of solid reinforced concrete, to the full height or a little above the point where it curves on each side to form the arches, and the

inside benches were formed as the work proceeded. This wall, seven feet in thickness and about twelve feet in height, was the segment of the circle, and upon it was hung the shield forming the rest of the circle, the cutting end of which was forced through the tough, blue clay of the heading by powerful hydraulic jacks, which ever so slowly, but positively pushed the shields onward toward the portals. As the excavation proceeded, concrete gangs built up the outside wall and the arched roof, giving the top a waterproof covering of tar asphalt and felt, and surmounting the whole with a layer of brick laid in cement. The land and river sections were connected by building cofferdams on each side, and when unwatered the workmen were able to accomplish this difficult and hazardous part of the undertaking.

At intervals of two hundred feet there are passageways through the centre wall of the land sections, thus affording communication from one tube to another for the trackmen and inspectors. The length of the tunnel from portal to portal is 7,960 feet, which, with the open cuts measuring 4,840 feet, gives the tunnel a total length of nearly two and a half miles. The tracks come out from the tunnel portals and reach the summit of the slopes exactly on a line with the main tracks of the Central. On the Detroit side this point is a little less than a mile from the river, while on the Windsor side it is about a quarter over the mile, due to the less gradient of the eastern slopes.

The substation, which is located near the shafts on the Detroit River front, is the centre of mechanical activity for the whole tunnel system. It is here that the electrical energy for the movement of trains and the operation of auxiliary machinery is conserved and distributed to the network of third rails, which carry it to the electric locomotives in tunnel and switching yards. The long, brick structure, with its high, broad win-

dows, was built in two sections, one which contains the generating units and some small machinery, together with a long switchboard, while the other section of two floors holds the immense storage battery. The initial current is furnished by the Detroit Edison Company from their great power plant, at an economic rate, and transmitted to the substation through four cables running in underground conduits. The current commercially supplied is an alternating current of 4,400 volts, three-phase, and, to convert it to a direct current at 650 volts suitable for tunnel traction, two large converters of the usual type are employed, with the continuous current generators mounted on the same shaft as the alternating current motors. The generators are of one thousand kilowatts each. The current goes to the third rail system through underground cables to the tunnel shaft and thence down to the rail connections. They are then carried with all other wiring along conduits in the bench walls, and connections made at the Windsor shaft. A transformer is used for the small motors operating water pumps, fire pumps, blowers, and heaters for the battery rooms.

The storage battery is a most important part of the electrical plant. It conserves the electrical energy when the load on the feed cables is light, or is surplus, so to speak, and discharges its accumulated energy when the draw on the cables is heavy. The switches from one to the other are regulated by a booster which changes the charge to a discharge or the opposite as the load varies. It is thus clear that when several or all of the locomotives are at rest or drawing lightly on the direct and continuous current, the energy not being used is not wasted, but is stored against the time, and may be a moment later, when nearly all the locomotives will be running heavily, and needing all the power available. It is a great economic feature, and it insures a uni-

form operation of trains in the tunnel and yards. It is also an economiser in power bills, since the minimum rate is based on the uniformity of the load on the feeders from the Edison plant. Although of costly installation, it saves the investment in and operation of at least two additional generating units and the power required for them. Even at the low price of electric power in Detroit, which rendered the construction and equipment of an initial generating station for the tunnel impracticable, the electrical energy used continuously, twenty-four hours every day, month after month, amounts to a considerable outlay for operating expense. The battery will discharge at its full capacity 3,480 amperes an hour, or at the rate of 5,040 amperes for a period of twenty minutes.

The electric locomotives here used are of an approved type, and they show the highest efficiency of all yet evolved for tunnel traction. Although somewhat less powerful, as indicated by the term horse-power, than those in use by the New York Central Railway in and about New York City, they develop a much greater drawbar pull in relation to the electrical energy expended. This is, after all, the prime factor in the movement of heavy trains up a one-and-a-half per cent. grade almost one and a half miles in length. The measure of energy as expressed by the term horse-power runs to high figures, relatively speaking, when utilised in great speed, hence the greatest efficiency in tunnel traction is not so much a matter of high indicated horse-power as of effective drawbar pull. The maximum tonnage efficiency of these locomotives is one thousand, with a favourable tonnage of nine hundred; but in order to haul the heaviest through trains unbroken across the border, and rush them on to their terminal, two of the electric locomotives are coupled together by the usual system, and one engineer controls the movements of the train. At an average speed of twenty miles

an hour in the tunnel shipments of live stock dressed beef and other perishables, together with high-class merchandise, are not subjected to more than a slight delay in crossing the borderland.

The engineers to run the electric locomotives were selected from the old and experienced men on the honour rolls of the company, and they, under special arrangement with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, received thorough training by actual service in the handling of the locomotives. For it is held that all trains running through the tunnel should be under the guidance of trusty men long experienced in the careful handling of trains. The expert knowledge of electrical science, although desirable, is not regarded as a necessary qualification in the careful and proper running of such trains. There are rather those qualities of splendid daring and courage, instant decision, and resourceful action with calm judgment, which characterise the engine-drivers on the road, that are held as the most important considerations. Although one man controls all the movements of a train by the controlling devices within arm reach of his station, there are always two men on the locomotive, as required by the Interstate Commerce Laws. The electrical equipment and the tracks are under the care and charge of experienced electrical engineers, on whom rests the responsibility of the physical condition of each unit.

The safety devices installed in the tunnel for the protection of life and treasure, and which render the passage of the tubes as free of danger as upon the surface, have been well planned and are most complete. The element of fire, as remote as the danger may seem at first thought, has been fully considered, and a six-inch water main runs through each tube from portal to portal. At intervals of two hundred feet there are hose connections, and reels of one hundred feet of two-inch fire hose hung in the pas-

sageways between the tubes, so as to be convenient to both. These pipelines are kept full of water and ready for instant use. A complete fire alarm system, with boxes every two hundred feet in each tube, is also installed. The simple breaking of a small glass gives an electric warning to the attendants in the sub-station, who at once put the fire pump connecting the mains, into action. Field telephones compactly built in metal boxes are placed at each portal and at the foot of the shafts for quick communication with the sub-stations, from which connections are made with the city exchanges. Block signals for the safe operation of trains are placed four hundred feet from the portals and at the summits. An arm at "caution" gives the right to advance to the next block, while an arm at "clear" gives the right to proceed to the summit of the slope on the other side.

Since the summit of the western slope in the Detroit yards is one and a

half miles from the passenger terminal station on the water-front, which location entails a switch-back with a loss of at least ten minutes to each through train, a mammoth passenger station to accommodate all the railroads centering in Detroit, is being constructed adjacent to the tracks and a little beyond the summit. The passenger switching yards and storage tracks to the west of the station will be electrified so that all movements of trains and cars will be by that power. On the Windsor side an entirely new freight switching yard has been built a mile farther east of the old yard, and it is fully electrified and lighted by electric arc lamps at short intervals. The total investment of tunnel, new stations, and electrifying of both switching yards, as well as of the electrical equipment of the latest approved type, will foot up to nearly twenty millions, but it is fully justified by the ever-increasing commerce of the Great Lakes.

GIVE ME A DAY

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Give me a day, beloved, that I may set
A jewel in my heart—I'll brave regret,
If, on the morrow, you shall say "forget."

One golden day when dawn shall blush to noon
And noon incline to dark, and, oversoon,
My joy lie buried 'neath a rounded moon.

Only a day—it's worth you scarce could tell
From other days; but in my life 'twill dwell
An oasis with palm trees and a well!

THE EXAMINATION THAT EXAMINES

BY C. M. SINCLAIR

THE "Official Case Examination," which is held once a year is of supreme importance to six hundred or more railway mail clerks scattered from Halifax to Vancouver. It means to them that unless they successfully pass there will be no increase in salary, no promotion, and it may mean an actual decrease in salary or even dismissal from the service. So it is a real test.

Apart from the consequences likely to result from failure to pass, the examination itself is a most trying ordeal. Whilst written examinations are, in a general sense, searching, still there are some avenues of escape left open. Take papers in history and literature. A candidate may, and indeed often actually does, spread his scanty stock of information over several sheets, thus giving a semblance of knowledge, though, of course, a clever examiner will soon detect the shoddy. Even in extra subjects like mathematics, a candidate gets some credit—and quite rightly so—if the right methods are employed, even if the results are incorrect. But, in this cold-blooded, pitiless, unwavering case examination nothing counts but the absolutely correct answer. There is no middle ground, no side-stepping, no padding out, no bluffs, nothing but the real goods accepted. It is the one examination that examines.

When Sir William Mulock took hold of the Post-Office Department in 1896, one of his first moves was the organisation of the railway mail ser-

vice as a separate branch. In the course of his reorganisation it was found that, while the railway mail clerks were a hard-working and conscientious lot of men, the majority of them did not know many of the post-offices remote from their own runs. Thus, the men on the run from London to Wingham would know all about that route and its local geography, but possibly very little about the run from Ottawa to North Bay. Why should they? Because it might happen (in fact is almost sure to happen) they will come across letters for the Ottawa and North Bay route. If they are acquainted with the exact distribution, viz., where those offices receive their mail from, then they can tie the letters up in a package, label it "Ottawa and North Bay," and this package will go direct to that mail route. But, if they are not acquainted with them, the chances are that the letters will go into their "Toronto Distribution" package and be delayed till the next train.

Accordingly, it was determined that all the railway mail clerks in Canada must pass a stiff examination every year they remained in the service, until sixty years of age should be reached, after which they should be exempt. Ninety per cent. must be taken on this examination annually, otherwise there is no promotion in salary. To fall below sixty per cent. means that the examination must be taken again in three months. To long continue around fifty or sixty per

cent. means a reduction of salary and eventually dismissal. In other words, the regulations are so framed that every railway mail clerk must be able to instantly recognise every post-office in his province, no matter how remote, and know exactly how each receives its mail. When the reader is told that Ontario has nearly 3,800 post-offices, some idea will be gained of the work a railway mail clerk has before him. In fact, at first sight and even after months of study, it seems an utter impossibility to memorise 3,800 different locations. Many have given it up in disgust. But nearly everything yields to persistent plugging. Gradually men train their minds so that a name calls up a location.

It was genuine hardship at first—the writer himself went through all the stages—but to-day any average railway mail clerk will tell you instantly where any post-office in his province receives its mail. If you doubt this statement, test it for yourself. Can you wonder then, that there exists a pardonable pride among the railway mail clerks at this extraordinary state of efficiency. So far as the writer knows, theirs is the only calling that has to “make good” every year through a most difficult examination.

The examiner is Mr. T. T. Hawkins, formerly a railway mail clerk himself; in fact, no one but a railway mail clerk possesses the technical requirements of the case examiner. Mr. Hawkins knows every move in this process from A to Z. The clerk gets all the credit that is his due, but not a fraction or even a repeating decimal more. Neatly piled up on the table are 1,500 cards, each one scarcely half as large as the regulation postcard and bearing the name of an Ontario post-office—no two cards alike. These 1,500 post-offices have been previously picked out by the examiner from Ontario’s 3,800, and you may be certain they cover every mail route and all the chief distributing points in the province. Another

thing you may be certain of is that all the difficult ones—and there are just scores of them—all the catchy ones, all the similarities in names, all the twisters will be there—trust Examiner Hawkins for that.

Convenient to the 1,500 cards you are to be tested on, is the case itself, a square frame of 100 pigeon-holes or boxes, each one labelled at the top with the name of an Ontario mail route or chief distributing point, no two being labelled alike, of course. The examiner asks you now to examine the case yourself and see whether the labelling, the light, and the placing of the case all suit you. You see, he wants no complaint after you once start to sort the cards, since he counts every minute from start to finish against your official record. If there is anything to be altered now is the time, before the start. Then he asks you if you are ready to begin sorting. If you say you are, he tells you the time to a minute, he also asks you to look at your own watch, no later objection there either. He marks the time of starting down opposite your name on his list and you are off at last on the annual test that is to determine whether you get your statutory increase of \$50 a year or not.

In the railway mail service the different railroads are not known as “Grand Trunk,” “Canadian Pacific,” “Canadian Northern,” but by the terminal points between which the mail clerks run. Thus “Toronto and London” means the Canadian Pacific Railway morning mail train west out of Toronto; “London and Windsor” the morning mail train on the Grand Trunk Railway east out of Windsor; “Bridgeburg and St. Thomas” the morning Michigan Central Railway mail train west out of Bridgeburg. Remembering, too, that the eastern terminal is always given first in roads running east and west, like “Hamilton and London,” “London and Walkerville,” and the southern terminal first in roads running north and south, like “Port Dover and Hamil-

ton," "Hamilton and Collingwood," you will be able to comprehend better the rather intricate labelling of the case.

With these matters understood you will now be able to begin sorting the 1,500 cards, and it may be that your first card will be "Palgrave." This office receives its mail from the "Hamilton and Allandale" mail route, also from the "Hamilton and Collingwood," so if you put it in either of those boxes, the examiner will count it as correct, but put in any other box or not put it in a box at all and it counts one card against your record.

Now multiply by 1,500 the memory strain involved in telling which box Palgrave should be sorted into and you have the case examination in a nutshell. Fifteen hundred times you have to search through your brain crannies to get the correct solution of 1,500 problems, no two of which have any relevancy to each other. This is a unique feature of the case examination, since in all other examinations there are certain types or formulas which, once mastered, give a clue to the solution of others.

In algebra, for example, let a person become familiar with the well-defined types used in factoring, and he has a key that will open many other doors with a little ingenuity. But in this case examination there are no types, no relevancy to preceding examples, no formulas, nothing but just sheer memory to locate each post-office individually. If you knew a dozen post-offices nearly like Palgrave, that fact would not help out in locating Palgrave itself.

In fact, it would be a hindrance, since one of the greatest difficulties at the case examination is the similarity of post-office names. Everton has only one letter different from Egerton, yet one goes in the Guelph box, the other in Mount Forest. Fernlee and Fernleigh sound very similar, but Sud. and Soo claims one, Sharbot Lake and Renfrew the other. Glen-

allan and Glenannan look alike, but Examiner Hawkins would laugh softly to himself if he found them both in your Orangeville and Teeswater box, or if you got Fraserburg tangled up with Fraserville. Oro Station is only one letter away from Oso Station, but at the case examination they have not even a bowing acquaintance. There are scores of other similarities, for example, there are fifty "Glens," thirty-eight "Mcs. or Macks," seventeen "Rocks," thirteen "Greens," six "Halls," nine "Oaks," twelve "Elms," four "Balsalms," three "Beeches," twelve "Woods," thirty-three "Norths," twenty-six "Souths," eight "Easts," and six "West."

There are some curious studies in psychology, too, in the case examination. Nobody mixes Eric up with Erie, but nearly everybody gets Grennon and Brennen tangled. Neither is it because they are longer words, because such names as Wikwemikong, Windernoya, Minnicoganashene offer no special difficulties. Or again, why should this combination of post-office names be so difficult to keep separate from each other?—Halls Bridge, Halls Lake, Halls Mills, and Silver Lake. Or this?—Balsalm Hill, Oak Hill, and Balsalm Grove.

Our sub-consciousness has to be guarded against as well. For example, Kilmartin was formerly served by the London and Windsor route, it is now served by St. Thomas and Courtright. At the case examination the memory, through constant drilling, will be saying "St. Thomas and Courtright," but the hand with the Kilmartin card will be moving towards the London and Windsor box, unless specially watched, thus proving that the old has a stronger claim than the new.

But we will answer now that you have finished sorting your 1,500 cards—the examiner meantime has not interfered with you in any way, leaving you free to work out your own salvation or undoing, as the case may be. Now, however, you signify that you

have finished. He looks at his watch and tells you how long you have taken, and asks you to confirm it by your own watch. You have voluntarily surrendered the case into his hands as being the best you can do with the 1,500 cards. You must not alter the location of one card; it is his turn now.

He starts at the lower right-hand corner, at Woodstock, and takes out all the cards you have sorted into that box. He runs them over, rapidly but unerringly. If they all properly belong to that box, he sets them aside. If, however, he finds any that have no business there, he instantly draws your attention to them. Nobody placed them there but yourself; they count against you, and he places them in a separate pile. Then he takes the next box above, Windsor. The same process is repeated, and thus on, box by box, row by row, till the last box on the upper left-hand corner (Allandale and Meaford) is reached.

The little pile of incorrect cards represents the worst he can say about you, since its size determines whether you get promotion or not. Slowly he counts them over, then he hands them to you to count. He will say that you have twenty-five cards incorrect and 1,475 correct. A moment's figuring, and he tells you your per cent., 98.33. You have passed very well, providing your time has not been too slow.

But you are not through with Examiner Hawkins yet, at least, he is not through with you, for he hands you a slip of paper with five or six written questions on train connections. It does not seem to be generally known that the railway mail clerks are expected to know not only the exact distribution of every post-office in their provinces, but also the train connections and junctions.

Here is a sample of the time-connection questions from the 1909 examination: "A letter, posted at Attwood, 1 p.m., for Mitchell, should reach its destination when, and by what routes?" As Attwood and Mitchell

are only sixteen miles apart, this looks easy, but it is really intricate. The letter must go 300 miles to make the sixteen, the aim of the railway mail service being the quickest route, not the shortest.

Here is the correct answer: Attwood should send it to the Palmerston and Kincardine train at 1.20 p.m. They should take it up to Wingham and deliver it to the Orangeville and Teeswater train, which should send it at Orangeville to Cataract Junction by baggage-car, where it should be picked up by the Toronto and Elora men, who should deliver it to the Hamilton and Allandale train at Inglewood Junction. The Hamilton and Allandale clerks should hand it over to the Toronto, St. Mary's and London at Georgetown, where it should be delivered to the Brantford and Goderich train at Stratford, and the clerks there should land it safely in Mitchell at 10.45 p.m., a triumph for train connections. Attwood, of course, has a direct mail route with Mitchell, but not after 1 p.m. That is what so involves the work. As a rule, the railway mail clerks are the best authorities available on this subject. Mr. John A. McKay, who runs on the London and Canfield Junction route, is probably the best-posted guide in Ontario, not counting the railway maps.

Now, then, how fares it with the average railway mail clerk in this strenuous examination? Surprisingly well, everything considered. Some there are who cannot make the required 90 per cent., some again take a long time to sort their 1,500 cards. One man is said to have taken four and a half hours in the 1909 examination—a bad case of getting rattled. On the other hand, the vast majority of the men pass the 95 per cent. mark, a considerable number reach 99 per cent., and a few—mighty few—make the perfect mark, 100 per cent., with every card of the 1,500 in its correct box. Some really remarkable records have been made, but space will permit

of only two instances here, the results of hard, persistent plugging.

Mr. D. J. McLean, who runs on the Bridgeburg and St. Thomas route, has taken over 99 per cent. every year since the examination was introduced. In 1906 he made 100 per cent., and in 1908 100 per cent. again in the quick time of forty-seven minutes.

Mr. H. W. Farrow, who runs on the St. Thomas and Windsor route, has made an even more wonderful record in some respects. He, too, has always passed 99 per cent., and he also has reached the 100 per cent. twice. At one examination (1908) he actually sorted the 1,500 cards, using no labels on the 100 boxes to distinguish them apart, the nerviest feat yet. At the examination of 1906 Mr. Farrow set a new—and probably lasting—record for speed sortation in Canada: 1,500 cards in thirty-two minutes, 1,496 of them correct.

Both these men were trained to the minute to make such records. Mr. Farrow says: "Unless one knows at first glimpse the difference between opposites like Playfair and Fairplay he is almost certain to misplace one or both. In sorting with speed, to falter, for an instant even, on any

such combination would not only lose precious time, every moment of which is being recorded against you, but it would most likely put you in the air and affect your whole examination. It would deal a blow to your self-confidence, where to lose your nerve means to be out of the running. In speedy sortation the eye must be sure, the brain clear and at high tension, the hand true in its direction. Beginners should study the distribution with the aid of a map, in order to get the locations definitely fixed, and no one whose eyesight is impaired in the slightest degree need try for the high speeds." These are the boiled down conclusions of a man who worked at his case for months together till he could almost sort a card a second.

In conclusion, you may ask me, Where is the necessity of all this strenuousness and these nerve-racking examinations? Here is the necessity: You want your letters delivered promptly, so does everybody else. Tomorrow will not answer nearly as well as to-day. That is the railway mail clerk's business in life, that is what he is paid for, that explains the need of, and justification for, the "Examination That Examines."



THE GOLDEN NICKEL PLATE

CANADA'S MOST PRODUCTIVE LODE GOLD MINE, WHICH OWES ITS
DEVELOPMENT TO THE FEUD OF TWO MILLIONAIRES

BY HAROLD SANDS

SNUGLY packed in the arms of parallels forty-nine and fifty, and between the Cascade Mountains and Okanagan Lake, lies the region with the captivating name of Similkameen, otherwise known as the California of Canada. This section of British Columbia has many claims to fame, but not the least of its attributes is that within its borders is the most productive lode gold mine in Canada.

In early days the Similkameen had its placer mines and all the attendant excitements. The happy-go-lucky miners of those times soon exhausted the wealth of the streams and threw away as valueless quantities of platinum. They talked vaguely of the "mother lode," as all placer men do, but they paid no attention to what the late Doctor Dawson called the "striped mountain." Red-stained, contorted foldings seemed to invite them to explore the mysteries of Twenty-mile Canyon, but they gave no thought to the riches concealed in the bare-ribbed cliffs. They were after placers, what did they care for lodes!

And so, when the diggings gave out, the Similkameen became known, not as a mining country, but as a "Pastoral Arcady," as Major A. Magraw, a pioneer newspaperman, once happily described it. The frontiersmen devoted themselves to stock-raising and to ranching on a large scale, devoting their leisure hours only to

recounting tales of lost mines and of the days when gold was the magnet that drew them to the land of sunshine.

Then came Doctor Dawson to tell the cattle kings that within their marvellous land Nature had prepared, in ages gone by, ideal conditions for the deposition of mineral wealth and had accomplished some splendid topographical engineering to afford first aid in winning the ores. But the pioneer cattlemen argued that to make a success of mining required means of transportation, which were not forthcoming. Therefore they stuck to their beeves which, having legs of their own, could cover the hundreds of miles of difficult trail necessary to reach the outside world, where the demand was.

However, after a while, prospectors began to set stakes in the mountains and the new era opened. Two, named Wollaston and Arundel, located in August, 1898, the *Nickel Plate, Sunnyside* and two other claims. M. K. Rodgers, agent for Marcus Daly, turfman, copper king and political boss of Montana, was attracted to the property. Only fifty dollars' worth of work had been done upon it, but he bonded it for \$60,000 on behalf of his millionaire employer and himself.

And then, although Hedley, as the new camp was called after one of the pioneers of the district, was situated far from railroads, Rodgers started to

develop what in twelve years has become the most productive lode gold mine in the Dominion.

Machinery and supplies had to be hauled in by freight teams from Penticton, fifty-two miles distant. Roads had to be built, the mountain conquered by tramways and colossal difficulties overcome. But the ore was there and a man who could command unlimited money had faith in the camp. He was justified in his belief and Hedley, in fact the whole Similkameen, has cause to rejoice that Rodgers came to Twenty-mile.

Since he became a factor in British Columbia mining, the *Nickel Plate* has produced \$3,000,000 in bullion. That is sufficiently remarkable for a camp only twelve years old, but it is even more noteworthy when it is remembered that it is only six years since the mine became a producer. Four years were devoted to making the *Nickel Plate* and *Sunnyside* capable of taking the front rank in Canada at a bound.

Yet the wealth which has been obtained from them has been the result of a mere scratching of the surface; millions remain within the bowels of the mountains that form Hedley's treasure chest. This may sound to conservative Easterners as more of the "tall talk of the West," but it has the endorsement of mining men of continental reputation. Well authenticated statements of the output, verified for the most part by returns to the British Columbia Department of Mines, place the production of bullion at the sum given above, as the result of the work of forty stamps. This is since 1904, and during this time there were two winters that the mill and mine were shut down owing to lack of water from insufficient equipment. There should also be added \$400,000 of recoverable loss in the tailings, owing to the want of proper means for re-grinding.

In this golden *Nickel Plate* there is over \$1,000,000 worth of ore in sight. A great deal of the bullion

produced has come from ore obtained from "glory holes." When these are worked out the inmost recesses of the mountain will be made to yield far more largely than they are being drawn on to-day, so that the future of this great mine is bound to be as splendid as its past. One can speak in these high terms of it without being accused of boosting for ulterior purposes, for the mine is owned by an American company which has no stock for sale and which has a perfect horror of publicity, a strange thing in the United States.

But why, it may be asked, comes it that Canada's most productive lode gold mine is in the hands of foreigners? That question calls forth a marvellous story, in which the feud of two American millionaires, the late Marcus A. Daly and former Senator W. A. Clark, is the basis.

Before relating it, however, it may be stated that Canadians had ample opportunity to secure the mine, and did in fact once own it. Early in the 'sixties, when the placer mines on Wild Horse, Findlay, and other creeks in East Kootenay were discovered, there was a wild rush of miners and a great demand for supplies. The merchants of Victoria (Vancouver was not in existence then) naturally sought to obtain a share of the trade. As there was no means of communication between the Coast and the mines, except through the United States, with vexatious delays at the Customs, Edgar Dewdney, later Minister of the Interior and subsequently the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, was instructed to survey and construct a trail entirely within British territory, through the southern part of the Province, as a passage to the north had been proved to be not feasible at that time. This, since known as the Dewdney Trail, was completed in 1865. In its course it passed not far from the present town of Hedley. The great red-stained cappings at the mouth of Twenty-mile Canyon should have attracted the

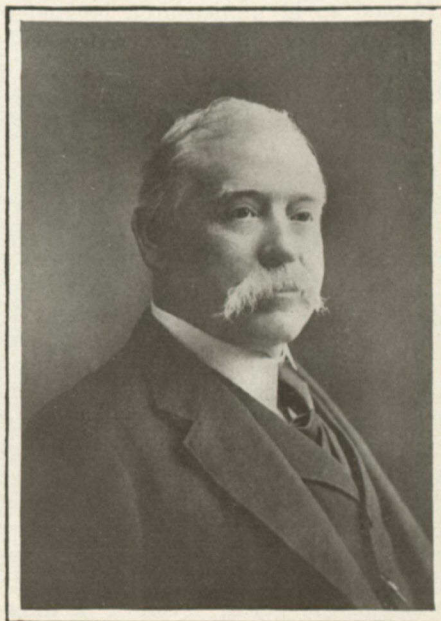
miners to inspect the peculiar formation. But, as has been said, they were only eager for placers, where a poor man, if he were lucky, might get rich in a season. Thousands of the old-time prospectors were unlucky; a few made their piles.

They gave what is now the *Nickel Plate* the go-by, and it was not until 1894 that Charles Allison and James Riordan (Charlie and Jim, they were called in the Similkameen) staked three claims for Dewdney and other Coast parties. This was the first location of a lode claim under the Mineral Act, in the Similkameen. The ground staked for Dewdney and his associates covered what is now the north half of the *Nickel Plate*, the *Climax* and other parts of the Daly holdings, but the claims were allowed to lapse. Dewdney and his friends let a fortune slip between their fingers.

Then came Mr. Coulthard, one of the best known pioneers of the Similkameen, and located, in the same year, what is now the *Kingston*. This is also a very rich claim to-day, but Coulthard hadn't much faith in it, and, failing to do any assessment work, it lapsed.

Four years later two Swedes, grubstaked by W. Yolen Williams, well known for his connection with the Granby Mines at Phoenix, located two claims which were subsequently acquired by the Daly interests. The same year Wollaston and Arundel staked the *Nickel Plate*, *Sunnyside*, *Horsefly*, *Bulldog* and *Copperfield*, the ore from which attracted Rodgers.

This leads us to consider why the American mining engineer was seeking property in British Columbia when he could have been devoting his attention to unscratched fields in his own land. And that brings us to the Clark and Daly feud, one of the most remarkable in history. That fierce and bitter fight left its traces on the political history of the United States for it determined congressmen, senators and electoral votes. For twenty years the history of Montana was



THE LATE MARCUS DALY,
A MONTANA MILLIONAIRE, WHO SUPPLIED THE MONEY
TO DEVELOP THE NICKEL PLATE MINE IN
BRITISH COLUMBIA

largely the history of this Clark and Daly feud. Its effects were felt in the business and politics of nearly every county and city in the State, in fact the scars of the strife marked Montana from Fort Assiniboine to Fort Missoula, like some dark and flinty stratum in the Rockies.

Hundreds of reasons have been given as the cause of the Clark-Daly warfare. Some have said the two men disputed over a horse-race. Others have asserted that they squabbled over art, Clark being a collector of paintings, like Sir William Van Horne, while Daly had no knowledge of the fine points of a canvas.

As a matter of fact, the basis of the trouble was the great *Anaconda* mine, the wonder of Montana. While Clark was in Europe, spending part of the profits he had made in conjunction with Daly on more or less valuable paintings, the Irish-American started the works of the *Anaconda*. When Clark came back the transaction did not appeal to him.

He said so in unmeasured language. Daly responded in kind; a lawsuit followed, and from that hour to Daly's death a few years ago they were bitter enemies. Daly had to pay Clark a quarter of a million dollars at a time when he could ill afford it. A man who lived in Montana for many years and knew both Clark and Daly said of the feud:

"Thus ended the friendship and began the lasting enmity of these two picturesque and remarkable men. Marcus Daly was defeated but not beaten. Reflecting that one skirmish, however lively, may not decide the fortunes of a battle, he bided his time and kept a sharp lookout for any coveted prize his foe might set his heart upon. Incidentally he went on making the *Anaconda* mining property one of the most valuable copper mines in the world. From it he drew ample means to feed fat his ancient grudge and to indulge in personal fancies as well. Clark speedily found that no matter what he turned his hand to in Montana he had Daly to reckon with. If Clark was in favour of a thing, that was enough; Daly was against it from the word go."

Clark returned the compliment by fighting Daly at every turn. Like his opponent he prospered, so that both had plenty of money with which to fight one another. The story of the struggle which Clark made to get into the Senate and of how Daly for years blocked his path is a classic in Montana.

The *Anaconda* supplied Daly with the sinews for this remarkable war. He spent so much money that one day the thought came to him that he would get a second *Anaconda*, and so have a perpetual source of cash to carry on the combat. He called in one of his experts, M. K. Rodgers, a man at the top of the mining profession in the United States, beside whom Daly was a child, as far as the science of the great industry went.

"Find me another *Anaconda*,"

said the copper king to the expert.

Simple were the words, but tremendous was the task, and after all it was not carried out exactly as Daly wished. Instead of delivering a copper mine to his employer, Rodgers presented him with the greatest lode gold mine in Canada, the *Nickel Plate* at Hedley.

Of course, there was no mine when Rodgers took hold; there was simply a group of claims which formed a promising prospect. Daly's money and Rodgers' wonderful ability and knowledge converted the group into the magnificent property of to-day.

Rodgers had a long, hard quest for his golden grail. He travelled no less than 140,000 miles before he entered the Similkameen. Of course, his introduction to the *Nickel Plate* was accidental. He had tramped up and down the Pacific Coast from Guatemala to Alaska, and as a walker had easily knocked all records away. Even that spry old chap, Edward Payson Weston, will never be in it with Rodgers. He had sampled the ores of 400 so-called mines until sampling became a weariness to the flesh, and yet he had not found that which Marcus Daly wanted. Down in Baja, California, some one told him of a property up in Cassiar, British Columbia, which might be worth his while.

With no great hope of getting what he wanted Rodgers took ship to San Francisco and from the Golden Gate to Victoria. No doubt he felt something like a martyr going to the stake. At Victoria he had to wait a few days in order to make connection with a steamer for Cassiar. As a matter of fact, he didn't make the connection at all; but he fully intended to when he put up at the famous old *Driard* hotel.

In those days, before the Canadian Pacific Railway's magnificent *Empress* hotel had been built, in fact before there was even talk of reclaiming the mud flats of James Bay on which that great hostelry was sub-



HEDLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SHOWING NICKEL PLATE MOUNTAIN ON LEFT AND SIMILKAMEEN VALLEY

sequently constructed, the *Driard* was the general meeting-place on the Canadian Pacific Coast. It bore the same relation to that section of the Dominion as the *Palace* at San Francisco did to the South. Everybody of note who visited Victoria stayed there, and it might almost be said that from the *Driard* the destiny of British Columbia was controlled. At any rate, it was the political axis of the Province. There companies won empires. But those are other stories.

Rodgers, while waiting at the *Driard* for the day to arrive when he should sail north, saw some specimens of ore from the *Nickel Plate*. Being an able imitator of the Sphinx he said nothing, but he cancelled his trip to Cassiar and went instead to the Similkameen.

Although Hedley has now been brought within thirty hours of the Coast, it took three days to reach it in those days, the journey being more than 800 miles in a roundabout way. But that distance was nothing to a man who had made fruitless journeys aggregating 140,000 miles. Rodgers

found the new camp situated in a romantically beautiful pocket in the Okanagan mountains, whose summits here reach an elevation of 7,000 feet. In the deep and narrow canyon of Twenty-mile Creek extremely rugged and precipitous conditions prevail. John P. McConnell, a former Toronto newspaper man, in a captivating description of the district, once said:

"As if the mountains menaced the intrusion of man, they, in a jealous effort to guard their hidden treasures, line up in close formation where the creek pours its troubled waters into the Similkameen River."

Difficulties and dangers had no terrors for Rodgers. Climbing the precipitous sides gashed by torrential mountain streams, he reached the claims, one mile high, from which had been taken the samples he saw in the *Driard*. He found that his venturesome and toilsome journey had been worth while. Here were the makings, not of a second *Anaconda* but of a *Golconda*.

But the mining man was a wary bird, and he knew that gold bricks

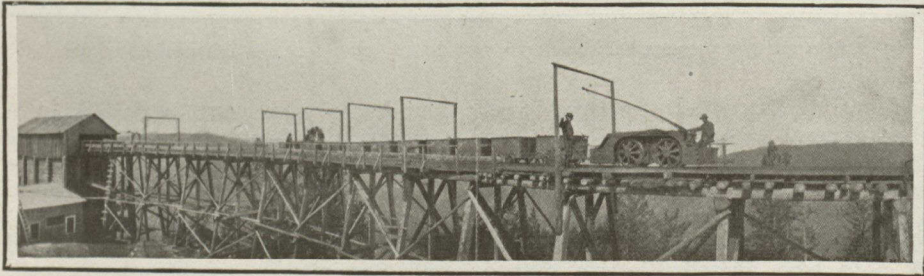
are manufactured in British Columbia as elsewhere. He could do nothing hastily. He told nobody of his business, nor whom he represented. He simply took samples and returned with them to Montana.

Results of assays made at the *Anaconda* works were so pleasant that Rodgers suspected "salting." He wasn't the man to be fooled and, to determine the truth, he decided to visit the claims in the guise of a prospector. Unknown to anybody at the *Anaconda*, he siently departed from that Daly town one night and, with pack on back, actually tramped 1,200 miles, re-entered the Similkameen, mixed with the men of the hills, heard what they had to say about the *Nickel Plate* and obtained

only expenditure had been the small cost of recording. When Rodgers finally decided that he had what he wanted, he paid the two men \$60,000, a princely reward for a few years spent in the hills.

Two companies were formed — the Yale Mining Company, to develop the claims, and the Daly Reduction Company, to treat the ores. The former acquired twenty-five claims, but devoted most of its attention to the *Nickel Plate* and the *Sunnyside*. The reduction company put in a forty-stamp mill, the first in the Similkameen, and a cyanide plant. These were in the valley below the mine. The capacity of the mill was 3,500 tons a month.

For the waterpower to run mine



UPPER TERMINAL OF INCLINE AND END OF TRAMWAY AT HEDLEY MINE

samples that he himself broke from the ore body.

Back to Anaconda he went, and assays told the same glad story. The great search upon which Daly had started Rodgers—perhaps the most remarkable hunt in the history of mining—was ended. As a precautionary measure, however, the *Nickel Plate*, *Sunnyside*, *Horsefly*, and *Copperfield* claims were merely bonded; that is to say, a small sum was paid down on them with the understanding that if the property turned out well the full amount agreed upon would be paid, either in cash or installments. The claims named were practically virgin. Wollaston and Arundel, the owners, had not done any work upon them worth mentioning, and their

and mill a wonderful flume, three miles long, was built. A marvellous electric tramline, one and one-half miles long, was constructed to carry the ore from the mine to the tippie and gravity tramline of 9,500 feet in length and 3,500 feet vertical height, which carried the ore in five-ton skips to the mill. A visitor from Toronto who took the cable car up the mountain and then ascended further in the electric railway, remarked:

"I have travelled up the toy hoist on Hamilton (Ontario) Mountain and the higher one on Mount Royal (Montreal), but they are mere cellar door playthings in comparison with this elevator, which carries you a mile up into the atmosphere."

From a "glory hole" in the *Nickel*



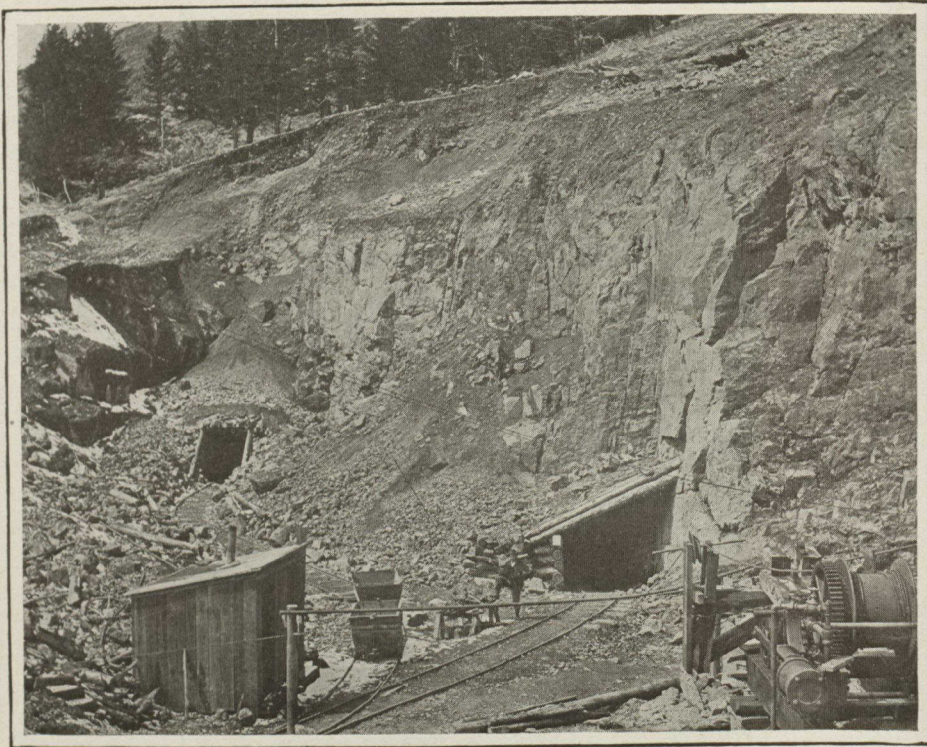
THE TRAMWAY AT NICKEL PLATE MINES, HEDLEY. ONE OF THE LONGEST IN THE WORLD

Plate, and from the *Sunnyside* 77,000 tons of fourteen-dollar ore was taken out in three years, the value being \$1,078,000. In the following two years \$1,500,000 worth of ore was treated. The record for five years was \$2,578,000 in bullion. The actual net profit was close to \$1,000,000. Last year the company milled 31,000 tons of ore, and produced from amalgamation, concentrates and cyaniding some 16,200 ounces of gold, worth over \$320,000.

Real gold bricks, worth \$20,000 each, were produced, and it was a little mistake he made about the shipment of some of these which so disgusted the train robber "Bill"

Miner who was captured with two "pals" after holding up a Canadian Pacific Railway express car some years ago. "Bill" thought the company had shipped some gold bricks by the train he stopped, but none was there, and all he got was a few registered letters and those famous "Australian bonds" of which so much was heard in a recent session of the Dominion Parliament.

It was never my good fortune, in my wanderings in interior British Columbia, to get near enough to Camp Hedley to visit the famous *Nickel Plate*, but Mr. J. P. McConnell, editor of the *B. C. Saturday Sunset*, of Vancouver, was within the mine not



GLORY HOLE ON SUNNYSIDE, No. 2

long ago, and this is what he said at that time:

"The workings at the mine consist of a bewildering mass of electric tramways which cross and recross at different levels; of great glory holes and tunnels, some level, some inclined at an angle of about 35 degrees from horizontal; of great cavernous stopes and winzes and chambers blown out of the bowels of the earth. Everywhere are wires for electricity and pipes for air. In none of the mines is there a stick of timber. The rock is hard and the roofs are solid, while the mining methods are exceedingly careful.

"We first visited the *Nickel Plate*. At that claim a great 'glory hole' had been worked. Then the miners bored into the cliff above and below and met in the middle of the mountain. We went into the lower tunnel. For hundreds of feet we walked along the electrically illuminated underground passage. Then we came into a series of huge caverns, whose roofs were supported by immense columns of ore. We were literally in a mountain of gold. Gold was on all sides, above and beneath. Whenever I got a chance

I chipped the rock and there, glittering in the light, were the arseno-pyrites of iron in which the gold reposes. It looks like pure silver, white and glistening, but it is nature's own gold factory and man is now extracting and quickening the process which produces the yellow metal. Given another hundred million or billions of years and nature perhaps would have oxidised this arsenical iron and left the pure gold. But what nature takes æons of ages to do the stamp mill at the foot of the hill performs in twenty-eight days, more or less.

"Wherever we went we clambered over huge piles of broken rock—all ore ready for shipment. It was a great factory designed to rob nature. Here were men with huge air drills, which bit a hole into the rock three or four inches wide and five or six feet deep. When a set of holes had been drilled at various angles it was loaded with dynamite and down came hundreds of tons of ore. While we were down in the mine, from a winze away up in the darkness, a series of shots was put off. It seemed as though the mountain trembled in rage at being deprived of her treasure. The reverber-

ations shook the rock caverns like an aspen."

And as it was in the *Nickel Plate*, so it was in the *Sunnysides*, numbers two and three. Cars groaned up inclines loaded with rock glittering with its mineral content; hundreds of tons of ore were being mined and tunnels run to develop more.

It can well be imagined that when the Daly millions were first put to making the *Nickel Plate* a mine a great boom struck Hedley and the surrounding country. Dance halls, saloons and all the garish accompaniments of a feverish mining camp appeared like magic. Townsites were platted everywhere and the lots were considered as good property as any in Vancouver at this time.

One man who owned a block of lots at Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, and who was unable to sell them then because times were dull at the Coast, offered to exchange them for an equal number in a Similkameen town. To his great disgust he couldn't make a trade. He has since sold the Mount Pleasant lots for a small fortune, while the Similkameen town has tumbled off the map and joined the legion of the lost.

Hedley itself, has settled down. No longer is it a whooper-up town, but it is a charming, young pay-roll city, proudly calling itself the industrial centre of the rich Similkameen. The *Nickel Plate* has proved its salvation.

While the mine has been helping to build up the town, it has passed through its own changes and had its own chances. Daly died, still hating Clark. Friction developed between Rodgers and the estate, and in 1905 Rodgers "pulled out." Various

managers and policies were tried on the great property, and, though the monthly dividend continued to come regularly, none of the new men succeeded like Rodgers. He was the wizard of the *Nickel Plate*.

Rodgers, of course, still had an interest in the property, although the Daly estate disputed some of his claims. Mrs. Daly got tired of the changes in management and of the disputes about ownership. Moreover, her daughter was becoming acquainted with the nobility of Europe, the *Anaconda* continued to pour out its millions, and she decided she didn't want the richest gold lode mine in Canada. Rodgers interested members of the Steel Corporation in the property and last year, for \$1,000,000, Mrs. Daly sold a mine that at that very moment had \$1,200,000 worth of gold in sight, and was one of the best equipped in the West. No concern ever got a better bargain than the Hedley Gold Mining Company, as the new corporation was called. The president is I. L. Merrill, who opened the Calumet and Arizona mine and who is an authority on the subject of milling and cyaniding.

It is not on record that Daly ever visited the *Nickel Plate*. Merrill had hardly become president of the company before he went out to the mine. He arrived in the West in time to make the journey on the first train to go through from Spokane to Hedley. It was a double red-letter day for Hedley. It marked a new era of transportation and an aggressive new policy of enlargement and expansion at the camp. And now on the Coast they say: "Listen for Hedley's second boom."



FIGHTING THE WHITE PLAGUE

THE ACTUAL EXPERIENCE OF ONE WHO GIVES WARNING TO THE
HEALTHY AND OFFERS COUNSEL TO THE AFFLICTED

MY first warning came when I was working on a railroad survey near the Gulf of Mexico. Young, strong, accustomed to sport, hard work and knocking around in all parts of the continent, I could hardly believe that I was not well, that my usual work of tramping twenty miles or more each day with a heavy level or transit over my shoulder was becoming almost too much for me. I stuck at it for two or three weeks, and finally, when my daily headache became such that to put my foot on the ground was agony, and to sleep was impossible I sought out a doctor.

We were located in a region of lumber, railroad and turpentine camps where white folks were few. The only doctor available was rather a disappointment. But he knew enough to take my temperature, found it 104 and announced that I had malaria. But my temperature did not act in the prescribed malarial fashion, stayed up all the time; also, I began coughing incessantly, night and day, and expectorating profusely. After a few days the doctor and I were of one mind, he did not know what ailed me. So I went to the State hospital.

I arrived at the hospital with a raging fever which the doctors pronounced to be typhoid. I had also lost over thirty pounds in weight during the few weeks of my illness. Two or three days in the hospital proved that I was not a typhoid case. What was I? Four doctors were called in

and while they examined and fussed over me I began to improve. With excellent food and absolute rest I rapidly recovered, my temperature became normal, my cough disappeared. I felt well, though wobbly. The doctor discontinued to bother me and told me I had had two infections of malaria, alternating with each other. They also discovered by peeking down my throat that I had had a very bad attack of two or three kinds of "gitis."

About this time I received an offer of a position in the Canadian West. Believing myself quite well I hastened to the prairies, and, eager to make a reputation, I started working night and day. It was all right for two or three months. Then a few weeks of incessant travelling, riding and driving, with considerable exposure, introduced a neat apologetic cough. A friend advised me to see a doctor. I saw him, was examined, was told I was quite sound, and was given a bottle of medicine. I took the medicine and forgot the cough, whether it disappeared or not I cannot say. About two months later, while looking over the road system in a remote part of the country, I overdid myself, travelling at night and getting wet. This brought on more fever and coughing. Luckily there was a doctor camped near, fishing. We hunted him up and I stayed with him several days. He examined me, told me I was all right and gave me

whiskey. In a few days I felt well enough to continue my work and went to the Rockies.

In the mountains I spent several very busy weeks with a pack train, examining the country. Though I was subjected to much exposure, camping in the rain, wading streams, climbing to high altitudes, experiencing many extremes of weather and temperature and travelling in deep, wet snow in the late fall, I felt quite well when I left the country.

The winter I spent at office work and having much more on my hands than I could do I worked every Sunday, and every night until midnight, relying on my general health and strong constitution to carry me through. At Christmas I developed a cough. It speedily became a habit. Two doctors whom I visited told me that there was nothing serious the matter with me, but that I was working too hard and that if I took a little more rest the cough would disappear. I believed them, except that it seemed impossible that any one could work too hard. I felt myself growing tired, and could not understand why I was always fatigued in the forenoon, too weary to eat in the evening, but ready to work all night when I got started at nine or ten o'clock.

Towards spring a life insurance agent began to bother me. I told him it was against my principles to be examined for life insurance when I wasn't feeling well. He said I could pass all right, and as he represented a reputable company I decided to take some more insurance. I passed the doctor and was accepted. I had begun to think that I was ailing, but this experience proved conclusively as I thought, that I was well.

It was only a few days when a wise friend, wiser than I knew, told me that if I went to a certain doctor he would cure my cold, he always cured them. After examining me the doctor said: "Yes, you'll have to go to Saranac Lake." This didn't need to

be translated to me. I knew Saranac Lake. I knew I had tuberculosis. I also remembered instantly that several relatives had died of it; that was the position I found myself in. However, I was too busy and too interested to spend much time in thinking of myself. I saw a specialist immediately, was told I was a moderately advanced case, that it would take me a year or more, and was given my instructions and directed to a boarding-house.

Nearly all reading people know now, that taking the cure, as fighting tuberculosis is known, consists in remaining in the open air, assimilating nourishing food and keeping quiet.

I knew this, yet I expected to be able to walk around a little, play cards whenever I felt like it, write multitudes of letters, read, study, and enjoy myself. I soon found from the doctor and other patients at my boarding-house that I was far wrong, that I could do none of these things, must not, for instance, climb stairs oftener than absolutely necessary, must take as few steps as possible and take those few slowly. I also learned in the first day or two that I must stay quiet in my chair eight or ten hours a day and spend the rest of the time in bed, except the hour or two devoted to meals. And such meals! My appetite, which had been poor, increased within the first few days to such an extent that I found myself eating more than ever I had on hard exploration trips.

But strangely, I did not feel worried, and though I knew nothing about the cure of tuberculosis, beyond what I had read in the papers and magazines, in a few minutes I had changed my attitude and had decided that in a few months I would certainly be well. My doctor, who had taken the cure himself, reassured me and encouraged me by telling of his own experience.

I had reached Saranac Lake before I began to realise in what a serious condition I was. I felt certain of it.

At the end of three weeks, during which I learned much, that I could not even study, that I should not sit up, but always lie down in my chair, that I should do nothing but perhaps write one short letter a day and read the newspapers and magazines, I presented myself at the doctor's office for examination. As I was feeling and looking so much better and had gained ten pounds in weight I felt sure he had been mistaken in his first diagnosis and that I would certainly be well in a few months, that I was probably half cured already.

I was therefore very much disappointed when I learned that there was no difference in the condition of my lungs. Then, and then only did I begin to understand what a tedious business it was. I realised that at least a year would be necessary, and not being able to afford a year in Saranac Lake I went to a Canadian town where there are specialists and where the climatic conditions, not now considered so important as formerly, are as favourable as anywhere. In this town I found my expenses reduced fully one-third, I could live here for six hundred dollars a year, whereas it cost about one thousand dollars for the same benefits in Saranac Lake.

I continued to gain in weight and condition, gained thirty pounds in sixty days. I still "took the cure" as faithfully as ever, keeping perfectly quiet all the time, sleeping ten hours at night in an open room, two hours in the afternoon, lying in a reclining chair on an open porch all the rest of the time, administering to a healthy appetite five times a day, with three regular meals of plain, nourishing, easily digested food, and two light lunches of milk, cocoa, or tea and a biscuit morning and afternoon. I was surprised to learn that great quantities of milk and eggs are not advised by the doctor, they are so likely to upset the stomach during a long course of treatment, and thus

defeat their purpose of affording nourishment easily assimilated. I was also surprised that I could digest so much food and feel such a ravenous appetite while taking absolutely no exercise. Just when I was beginning to make improvement I was exposed to a case of influenza. I took it easily and plentifully, it kept me in an unhealthy condition and for months I made no progress. Then in the fall, when I was again getting in good condition, a cold which I contracted made matters worse. My temperature started to rise and I suffered a relapse which left me sicker than ever before. A temperature above the normal is a sign of the activity of the disease and is most quickly cured by remaining perfectly quiet in bed in the open air. The slightest exertion at this treacherous stage of the game seems to do great harm. For instance, after my temperature seemed to be normal again I got up to shave, not even dressing; after shaving my temperature was a degree above normal.

I remained in bed nearly three months, until my temperature was quite normal. During this time I did nothing but read novels, eat and sleep. I was always alone. Being alone at this stage of the fight did not worry me. I had been at it long enough to learn what I should and should not do, also to see many who had benefited by the treatment. Thus I had a store of experience and faith to draw on; but I am sure that it would be bad for anyone starting the treatment to be alone. When they began to realise the length of time it takes they would begin to lose faith and worry; when they began to look and feel well they would grow careless, and in this they would be encouraged by ignorant but well-meaning friends. A person alone, without experience in taking the cure, would be in great danger of doing too much.

The chief advantage of the regular boarding-houses, or cottage sanitarium,

in the established sanitarium towns, is that in them the patient is always aided by the example, encouragement and advice of others. It is easy to take the cure when everyone near you is doing it, it is even pleasant and cheerful.

From other patients I learned how to be comfortable, how to avoid chills, how to keep warm in cold weather. The open porches are all partially glassed in in the winter to afford protection from wet and drifting snow—but they are always sufficiently open to allow the entrance of fresh air, and are consequently the same temperature as the outside air. This makes the problem of keeping warm a difficult one. I kept comfortable on the coldest days, wearing a hockey cap, woollen lined leather mittens, felt boots, and over my ordinary clothing a fur coat and two heavy woollen blankets. If the weather was extra cold I had a hot soapstone placed at my feet. At night, sleeping in a bedroom as cold as outdoors, I wore a woollen cap, woollen socks and used the soapstone.

During all this year I had had no exercise beyond occasional drives. But now that my temperature was normal and that my cough and expectoration had been absent for months I was allowed to start to walk. At first, for weeks, my walks were only crawls, lasting ten minutes a day. All the rest of the day I lay quiet. Then as I grew stronger I was allowed to gradually increase my walks to half an hour; finally to an hour a day. But I was still as careful, for I knew that even yet one day's over exertion would bring back the disease, perhaps in an aggravated form, and undo all I had accomplished. When three or four months of extended exercise had only seemed to strengthen me, I was allowed to think of going back to work, and here I am thinking.

I do not know what I should do. I have heard of many instances of where men of all trades and profes-

sions: bankers, lawyers, farmers, doctors, machinists, have gone back to their work. Some have been able to work full time from the start, others have had to begin very gradually, working two or three hours a day and taking the cure the remainder of the time. Always, at least for years after apparent recovery, it is necessary to avoid over-exertion, to keep in good health, to spend as much time as possible quietly in the open air.

Those who take the cure gain experience which if it could only be made common to all people would immediately and effectively greatly reduce the ravages of tuberculosis, perhaps stamp it out in a few years. We learn that tuberculosis is very contagious, that association with sick people who do not know how to take precautions, that living in houses where careless tubercular people have been, are the chief agents of its distribution. People are often heard to say with relief; "There is no consumption in our family." Such people, though strong and healthy, are not immune. Infection is not hereditary; the disease is not confined to those families which now suffer; they, through close contact, are in the greatest danger, but everyone else is in danger too unless fumigation is made general and sanitary measures are adopted. Children particularly are liable to contract the disease living with infected people who expectorate carelessly, or in houses whose walls, floors or furnishings harbour germs distributed by invalids in past years. On the other hand, if tubercular people follow the sanitary rules known to all doctors and if their bedrooms and effects are fumigated occasionally there is no danger in living with them.

Another important fact which we learn too late is that the majority of doctors in general practice are either incompetent to detect the disease in its early stages or fear to tell the patient of its existence. Everything

depends on an early diagnosis. My own case is an example. Doctor after doctor examined me and failed to detect tuberculosis, at least did not hint to me of the possibility of its presence. Within two months after having been given a clean bill of health by doctors in three different Canadian cities I was at Saranac Lake listening to one who told me I had been infected for years, probably from babyhood, and that if my case had been properly diagnosed, even a year sooner, my recovery would have occupied only months where it now required years, and complete cure would have been far more likely and reasonably permanent.

The experience of all who have taken the cure proves that tubercu-

losis is both preventable and curable. Those who are well can keep well by fortifying their bodily resistance with good food and fresh air, and by fumigating bedrooms or houses in which germs might remain. Those who are ill should at the first sign of any lung of the foremost specialists in America trouble, especially at such signs as a tenacious cough or loss of weight, consult a specialist; if he finds evidence of tuberculosis, then should the fight begin. The disease is encouraged by resignation, but can be defeated by a cheerful, steadfast adherence to the principles of the cure, complete rest, fresh air and good food; the open air is the sanitarium, complete rest the nurse, and the table the dispensary.

THE LONELY ROAD

BY MARGARET O'GRADY

HENCEFORTH our ways must grimly lie apart,
 Yet, haply thus, because you wished it so,
 For me the loney road, and you, Sweetheart,
 Journeying wide and far, again shall know
 The clinging lure of kisses deeply pressed
 On love-starred, shining eyes for kisses made.

Then, faltering on, perchance I pause to rest,
 And dimly seek the place where Love was laid.
 When in the perfumed dusk of *her* sweet hair,
 Your groping hands are lost, sigh not for one
 Who lived and loved but once and only dare
 To whisper it when Love itself was done.
 I gave you all. 'Twas not enough, you see.
 For you life's best. The lonely road for me.

CUPID OUTWITTED

BY JESSIE B. SCOTT

"IT is a well known fact that the mind is in a more perfect state to accept suggestion when sleeping than when awake."

As she finished reading these words, Janet Delaney sprang from her chair and paced rapidly up and down the walk. Could it be true, she wondered, that by mental force one could transmit one's thoughts to another? According to the article she had been reading on mental suggestion, it was quite possible.

"I care so much for him, and if I could control his thoughts for a while I feel I could make him reciprocate my love," she said, half aloud.

Janet, who usually was described as being more interesting than pretty, had been home from college a couple of years. She had never given any man a second thought until she became acquainted with Ronald Dickson; who like all the other men that visited at the Delaney home, came to call on Lucilla, Janet's younger sister.

Lucilla was very pretty, but she had a Dresden china type of beauty that is much admired when there is but very little wisdom beneath the pretty mask. She possessed an unflinching attraction for men — middle-aged and clever men as well as young and callow youths. Her charm may have been due to the fact that she was an excellent listener; and, as we all know, even the cleverest of men do not often require more than that.

Janet rarely entered the drawing-room when Lucilla was entertaining her friends, but one Sunday afternoon Lucilla ran breathlessly up to her sister's little sanctum and cried:

"Oh, please come down and talk to some of the men. There is one who looks as though he could be interested in that *stuff*," and she gave a look of scorn at the book on Psychic Research in her sister's hand.

Janet reluctantly put her book by and soon she was seated by a tall, fair man with dreamy blue eyes, with which he gazed at Janet with an absent stare. To her surprise, the subject of the conversation was Lucilla. Ronald Dickson was evidently of the opinion that the next best thing to talking *with* Lucilla was to talk about her. Janet soon saw that all she had to do to entertain him was to interject an occasional "yes," although she did not agree with all his remarks.

When he got up to go, even after he had said good-bye to Lucilla, he continued to gaze at her as she stood on the porch surrounded by the others who were also taking their leave. Janet smiled a little bitterly to herself, when he said good-bye to her, still looking at her sister.

"How did you get on with Mr. Dickson?" asked Lucilla. "I intended to tell you he is that clever lawyer who won the Symon's case."

Janet could hardly realise that she had been talking with the lawyer whose name she had so eagerly followed in the case he had lately won, bringing him suddenly into public notice.

That night in bed as she lay thinking over her meeting with Mr. Dickson, she decided to try and connect a current of sympathy between him and herself. He is too clever to admire

Lucilla seriously, and that child does not appreciate him or she would not have handed him over to me to entertain. In fact, Lucilla had even called him "Mr. Dry-as-dust."

So she let her mind dwell on Ronald Dickson repeating continually: "*It is not Lucilla you care for, but her sister. You do not really like Lucilla.*"

She finally fell asleep, but even in her dreams she seemed to be still talking to him.

If Janet felt any compunction at trying to turn Ronald's affections from her sister to herself, her fears were soon set at rest, for Lucilla confided after breakfast, that she was engaged to Reginald Pinkerton, a sweet-faced youth who had been in almost constant attendance on her for a year.

That afternoon the maid brought up Mr. Dickson's card to Janet, saying he had asked for her and was waiting below.

Janet hurried down, and after a most enjoyable conversation, Mr. Dickson said, when on leaving: "Something stronger than I have ever felt before seemed to direct my steps here to-day. I felt I must see you soon again."

Although Janet had a guilty feeling, she did not say anything except that she would be glad to see him. Then he inquired whether he might repeat his visit in the near future.

A few months later Mr. and Mrs. Dickson were alone, sitting in the garden. Ronald had been reading an article aloud on the influence of one mind over another.

"Such rot!" he exclaimed impatiently; "it must be a very weak mind that could not control its own thoughts."

"But Ronald," said his wife, suppose it were possible—do you think it wrong to take advantage of a power like that, if one *does* really possess it?"

"Well, it all depends," answered the young lawyer slowly, "for what purpose the desired effect is intended, I am very sceptical on the subject of mental suggestion."

As he finished speaking, he noticed how pale his wife had suddenly become. "Why, what is the matter, little girl?" he asked in sudden alarm.

"I have something to tell you that has been on my mind for a very long time, and I am going to tell you now or never," and there was a strange terseness in her tone. "Do you remember the first Sunday we became acquainted?"

"Yes; but what of it?"

"Every night, until a few months ago, since I met you, I have tried to force your thoughts to dwell on me." (Janet was now trembling so that she had to stop to control her voice). "I have, in fact, forced you to love me, and in spite of all the happiness I have had since you told me of your love I have felt guilty. I have felt so ever since I saw how readily you called on me the day following the first attempt I made in telepathy."

"You dear, foolish child! You surely do not think I came only because you happened to think you would like me to come?" Why, it was fate and nothing else that brought us together; so do not get any idea of that sort into your dear foolish little head," and he kissed his wife affectionately.

But Janet still believes in the efficacy of mental suggestion.





Current Events



By

F. A. ACLAND

DR. ROOSEVELT has certainly justified his re-entrance into politics, having fully redeemed his promise to beat the Old Guard to a "frazzle," which, whatever it may mean exactly, must be understood as something which is at any rate quite unattractive. His candidature for the chairmanship of the New York State convention had become a matter of national interest and importance, and his victory means a triumph for progressive principles and clean politics. Vice-president Sherman, however, is not at all a typical representative of the baser elements of politics; he had been placed in a false position by the astute partisans who had made him their nominee with a view to identifying Mr. Roosevelt with a campaign against the Taft administration, and he did his best, but vainly, to retreat from the position.

* * *

The capture of the temporary chairmanship enabled Mr. Roosevelt to resume his favourite rôle of a Warwick, and, while there were yet sharp contests in store for him, he secured his nominee for governor by a majority considerably larger than that which had marked his own victory. Mr. Stimson, the nominee in question is one of the ardent followers of the ex-president, having been appointed by Mr. Roosevelt during his presidency as attorney for the southern district of New York, in which capacity he carried on an active cam-

paign against corporation graft, securing during three and a half years of office the imposition of fines amounting to nearly \$400,000, and in the case of the sugar trust recovering for the Government more than \$2,000,000 in duties.

* * *

It remains to be seen whether the division in the Republican party will weaken its influence in the national elections or if the Roosevelt force will bring a compensating strength from the independent elements among the people. Mr. Barnes, of Albany, who led the fight against Mr. Roosevelt, has declared himself for the Roosevelt ticket, thus confirming the principles of party government as worked out logically, and President Taft has telegraphed his congratulations to Mr. Stimson and wished him success. These influences for harmony were no doubt to be expected, particularly the message from the President, for although circumstances have in a measure forced Mr. Taft into a position of semi-antagonism to his predecessor at the White House, there is no reason to believe him to be in sympathy with the reactionary elements of bossism and selfish interests with which the Old Guard at Albany is mainly identified.

* * *

The outlook for the presidential campaign of 1912 must be materially affected by the outcome of the national convention of the Republican party which is taking place on the moment

of writing, and at which Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt and the leading Senators and Governors elected to office by the party are in attendance. That the Democrats will make extensive gains in the approaching congressional elections may be taken for granted; it is possible they may even control the House of Representatives. But two years further have to pass before the elections for 1912, and the situation may change greatly in the meantime, just as it has changed between 1908 and 1910. If the Rooseveltian policy repels some of the worse elements of the Republican party it may be relied upon also to attract some of the better elements of the Democratic party, and if the furore of enthusiasm which Mr. Roosevelt's tours excite is any criterion, his candidate for the presidency should have a walkover in 1912, as in 1908. At any rate, there is no figure in the Democratic party of the commanding character of Colonel Roosevelt, or at all comparable with him in influence or in popularity, and it is hard to see at present who could successfully combat the man whom he would support. The question of Mr. Roosevelt's own candidacy may be safely set aside. It would be entirely contrary to all the ideals of good citizenship, which Mr. Roosevelt has consistently maintained that he should attempt to Mexicanise the American presidency, and there is no reason at present to suspect the ex-president of self-seeking and hypocrisy. In the meantime Colonel Roosevelt has had a fine fight at Saratoga and has emerged with increased prestige.

* * *

Perhaps the incident of the month of most general interest after the affair at Saratoga is the first Union election in South Africa. On the whole the result is such as to leave all parties fairly well satisfied—almost as much so as in the case of the recent Hague award. Premier Botha's government is sustained, but the premier and two of his colleagues go down to defeat, while Mr. Jameson heads a strong and compact opposi-

tion. A personal defeat under such circumstances is a bitter pill to swallow, and the loss of two ministers in addition may well have caused the South African premier to hesitate as to whether or not he would remain in office. It is probably well that he should have decided to remain with his government, it is even well that the Dutch party has secured the initial lease of power, seeing that the power is tempered with Botha's moderation and with Botha's defeat. The result of the election shows that extremist views, whether ultra-British or ultra-Dutch, will not be sustained at the polls; Hertzogism, which seeks the aggrandisement of the Dutch race, is believed to be mainly responsible for the marring of General Botha's triumph, and it seems not unlikely that General Hertzog himself may yet have to be dropped if the path of the Government is to be made smooth.

* * *

One good effect of General Botha's personal defeat at Pretoria is that, while it does not permanently exclude the premier from the new union parliament, since he will have little difficulty in securing a seat elsewhere, it enables Sir Percy Fitzpatrick to sit in the newly-elected house. Sir Percy, who is well-known in Canada, which he visited a year ago, is one of the leading representatives of the British party in the Transvaal, and it was his volume "The Transvaal from Within," which eleven years ago gave many thousands of readers throughout the Empire their first light on the situation that was leading to a great war. He had represented Pretoria in the old Transvaal legislature and was nominated for the same constituency in the Union parliament; so, General Botha, in subsequently allowing his name to go before the convention was rather "looking for trouble," and might with some advantage have turned elsewhere for a seat.

* * *

General Botha's government will have to meet Parliament without a

genuine head, but once the premier is in the House and has his defeated colleagues restored to him, or suitable substitutes found, it will prove in many ways an advantage that the first union government should be led by a Boer rather than an Englishman. The presence of General Botha at the head of the Government will do much to reconcile the less conciliatory section of the Boer population to a government which remains essentially British, whatever the name of its leader. The British minority, despite Botha's general fairness, will be worsted in some sharp encounters and will feel occasional soreness and resentfulness; but time will bring relief, and when the hinterland of Rhodesia comes into the Union, the balance of population will be in favour of the British, and it will be their privilege to deal generously with the Dutch minority.

* * *

The issue of the long argument before the Hague Tribunal as to the rights respectively of Great Britain and her dependencies and the United States in the Atlantic fisheries, is very gratifying to the British parties to the controversy, and if the Americans are as well satisfied as they profess to be it must be that they never really believed very firmly in the main contentions for which they argued—and lost. The outcome is at any rate eminently flattering to the English and Canadian talent which watched British interests. The sovereign rights of Britain are conceded and an entirely reasonable interpretation is given to the term "Bay." There was nothing else in the British claims which could be urged consistently with the concession of real treaty privileges to the Americans.

* * *

It is not wise hastily to assume that, because two nations whom we are on the whole accustomed to regard as among the most intelligent of all peoples have succeeded in disposing amicably of a matter which, though it

had dragged on unsettled for a hundred years, had after all, never excited war, therefore the millenium of peace has arrived. This was pre-eminently a question for adjudication and might have simmered along without bringing about a crisis for another fifty or seventy-five years, or indefinitely; fortunately it is settled without any more simmering. The questions that provoke critical situations are more often incidents such as Mr. Cleveland's memorable and hot-headed Venezuelan manifesto, or Russia's slaughter of British fishermen on the Dogger Banks, bolts from a clear sky creating a flame of national indignation in a night, and needing the utmost efforts of diplomacy and the largest powers of forbearance to avert war. It is to the credit of Great Britain that on both the occasions cited and many times else during the last half century she has been patient and good-tempered—in diplomacy at least, and has referred her troubles to arbitration and accepted the result. But there are many nations, not all of them advanced to the same degree of composure and self-restraint, and their troubles with each other or even with the most advanced nations will not always adapt themselves to settlement by the Hague Tribunal. In the meantime, without exaggerating the importance of the event, we may safely count the fisheries dispute settlement as an evidence of the growing comity of nations, especially as between the two—or shall we say the three—great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

* * *

It is a curious fact that in their last will and testament Goldwin Smith and Cecil Rhodes, men apparently so far apart in their aspirations, should have voiced the same idea and should have left large sums of money for its furtherance, for the reunion, namely, of the various branches of the English race. Mr. Goldwin Smith had, of course, been known for many years as an advocate of a union as between the

United States and Canada, and his advocacy can hardly be said to have brought him any considerable measure of popularity; the large respect and esteem which he enjoyed throughout the Dominion being inspired rather by his high personal character and lofty outlook towards humanity at large, than by his political views. It must have been a surprise to the majority of Canadians, however, to find that the scholar of The Grange was an advocate also of the larger union of Great Britain and the United States, or regarded it as being within the realm of practical politics, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Haultain, who has in hand the interesting and important task of editing Mr. Goldwin Smith's papers, will make a special effort to see that this aspect of the mentality of the versatile publicist who has recently passed away is not overlooked.

* * *

The visit to Canada and the United States of Mr. Redmond, Mr. T. P. O'Connor and some lesser lights of the Irish parliamentary party revives the question of Home Rule. Both gentlemen urge in emphatic terms that Great Britain is on the eve of conceding a legislature to Ireland. That is, of course, an old story which has been told many a time in the past twenty-five years. A circumstance, however, that gives an air of greater probability to this latest assurance is the marked moderation in Mr. Redmond's demands. There have been times when nothing less than an absolute separation would suffice, when entire independence for Ireland was insisted upon, and if not this, then at least a parliament of powers co-equal with those of Westminster. In his lately published letter Mr. Redmond confines the demand to a legislature which would be admittedly subordinate to the Imperial parliament and would have power to deal with matters relating only to internal affairs, something in the nature apparently of our own provincial legisla-

tures. Ireland's position as a constituent of the Empire is frankly accepted, and it is urged that Ireland cannot be reasonably denied the powers of self-government already conceded to so many parts of the Empire.

* * *

But there is still some confusion of thought here. Self-government, as commonly understood is the form of government enjoyed by Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, the various Dominions or Commonwealths. Mr. Redmond says Ireland will willingly leave to the Imperial parliament all matters of army, navy, customs, imperial taxation, postoffice, coinage, etc. Yet all these powers are a primary concession in the case of the self-governing colonies. If Ireland were a thousand miles distant from Great Britain, instead of fifty, there would be no question of her right to a precisely similar system; the difficulty lies in the proximity of the two islands. With these genuinely national powers still reserved to the Imperial Parliament any Irish legislature constituted would rank with the provincial parliaments of Canada rather than with that of the Dominion. Such a legislature, however, controlling the educational and strictly internal affairs of a population of four millions of people, would still be a body of considerable importance, and might go some distance to satisfy the aspirations of the Irish people. The suggestion of the creation of such a body is at any rate fairly practical. It might very well happen that the laws which Ireland would pass for herself would be sometimes inferior to those now enacted in her interests at Westminster, but they would have the valuable sentimental quality of being home made. But he would be an optimist of the extremest kind, it is to be feared, who would suggest that with the establishment of such a legislature, the Irish question would be relegated to the past.

It is a curious fact that precisely at the time when Irishmen believe their agitation for home rule is to yield some result, one of the keenest subjects of controversy in the United States is the question of the efficacy value of the federal system which gives home rule to the individual States. The Democratic party charges the Republicans with aiming to centralise power at Washington and the Democratic leader who was selected most unhappily for himself, six years ago, to contest the presidency with Mr. Roosevelt, Judge Alton B. Parker, does not hesitate to hint that a dictatorship is in the air, though doubtless if Mr. Parker's thoughts could be analysed it would be found that he thinks of a dictatorship only in a mild or Pickwickian sense, and does not really fear a Cromwell or a Napoleon.

* * *

Judge Parker said sententiously at the Democratic State convention at Rochester on Sept. 29th: "The fathers builded for us a Government the like of which the world had never seen — a constitutional Government under the control of the people. Into the constitution they incorporated those great principles of liberty the denial of which had been the cause and the justification of the revolution. They so divided the powers of government as to guard against executive usurpation; put it beyond the power of any save the people themselves to amend this constitution, and sat down to enjoy the blessings of a government of law, not of men.

"This was less than a century and a quarter ago. To-day there are political prophets in other lands who pre-

dict for us a speedy coming of the dictator. There are in our beloved country advocates of the policy to gradually take from the people the home rule powers of the States and confer them upon the Federal Government. Others, still more progressive, would not await the action of the people, but would seize coveted powers whenever the passing whim or caprice of an executive shall suggest it. Indeed, a president of the United States has said, in substance and effect, that if we fail to increase the Federal power through executive action, through legislature and through judicial construction and interpretation of law, we show our impotence. On divers occasions he fitted the deed to the word, and then rejoiced in the applause of the unthinking."

* * *

This is so far right that there is no doubt at all as to the urgent desirability of some modification being made in the respective power of Washington and the States, also of some measure of uniformity in the laws of the different States. That such a condition tends to a dictatorship is the cry of a weakling who worships the letter or knows nothing of the spirit of Liberty. Judge Parker, in taking up the imaginary cause of States-rights becomes the champion also of the inefficiency and inaptitude which are the most striking features of public life in the United States to-day. It is an interesting coincidence, too, that Australia, the latest federation—for in South Africa the government is largely centralised—should be already, according to the cables, settling an extension of the powers of the Central Government.





At Five O'clock

TEARS.

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

When I consider Life and its few years:
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun,
A call to battle and the battle done,
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of
fears;

The gusts that past a listening shore
do beat;

The burst of music down an unlistening
street,

I wonder at the idleness of tears,
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains and bards and keepers of the
sheep,

By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see
aright

How each hath back what once he stayed
to weep—

Homer his sight, David his little lad.

*

A CRITIC in New York has said that no better sonnet than the above fourteen-line jewel has been written by an American. The writer has been singing for a score of years, quaint, tuneful songs which should be read by a quiet blaze in the twilight—songs which do not belong to spring or summer, but to the long autumn evenings, when the leaves are drifting down and the chill of coming winter creeps through the lanes and along the desolate garden-paths. "Tears" is such a complete answer to

our eternal questionings and fears, that to have written it alone would have been a service to suffering humanity such as few have rendered. But it is only a fragment of the work to which the old-world name is affixed. In "A Wayside Lute," by Lizette Woodworth Reese you will find poems to read and remember and keep until the edges turn brown. But you will come back to the exquisite comfort of "Tears," as to a place of healing.

*

THE death of Lady Edgar has removed one who was a leader in many social and philanthropic movements and who represented all that was best and most enlightened in the activities of Canadian womanhood. Her ambitions and interests were somewhat different from those which absorb feminine activities in a new country. She took a deep and comprehending interest in both history and literature and had contributed materially to our records in the volumes, "Ten Years of War and Peace in Upper Canada" and "The Life of Brock" in the "Makers of Canada" series. There are comparatively few women in Canada, even among those gifted with literary talent, who have shown any taste for historical research. Ours is, no doubt, too young a civilisation to have encouraged the historical spirit. Lady Edgar inherited an interest in the political affairs of her country, as both her father and

grandfather had held positions of public trust and responsibility. In fact, some of the material for her earlier publication was obtained from the records and correspondence of her grandfather, Hon. John Ridout, who was Surveyor-General of Canada from 1810 to 1829. Of the style and substance of this work, no less an authority than the late Mr. Gladstone expressed approval and admiration.

In England, France and other European countries, the woman who takes an intelligent interest in public affairs and who plays the part of "political hostess," is by no means unusual, and she contributes to the lighter interests and entertainment of political circles while showing herself conversant with the broader aspect of national affairs. In Canada, our women are just awakening to the importance of "world politics," and, in spite of much croaking from those who are afraid of woman's intellectual development, this gain in mental breadth will mean a general benefit to the country. In her acquaintance with public questions and her appreciation of the higher education, Lady Edgar was of the most advanced type of womanhood; yet, in both manner and speech, she showed a dignity and sympathy in accordance with the most womanly traditions. Her sudden death seems to us to have removed all too soon one whose influence was always in behalf of "whatsoever things are of good report."

*

SOME time ago, a discussion arose in a rural paper concerning the care of the cemeteries, which are occasionally found in a disgraceful condition of neglect. In connection with the subject, reference was made to an article by Mrs. Forsyth Grant written for *The Globe* and published some months ago. The article contains so much that should be of interest to all good Daughters of the Empire that it is reproduced, as follows:

On a recent visit to the beautiful and historic town of Galt my atten-

tion was attracted to a curious-looking building in the centre of the little park close to the charming cottage home of the late Mr. William Dickson, whose father was the original pioneer of the sturdy Scotch settlers from Dumfries in the early days of the last century, and whose niece still occupies each summer the quaint old house known as "Kirkmichael" (Church on the Hill), so called from an old wooden church which formerly stood where the park now is. This church, with its plain unadorned architecture, was fitted with all the adjuncts dear to the early Presbyterian Church: high-walked pews, the elevated pulpit with its steep, winding staircase, plain communion table, and primitive sounding-board.

Round the church was the green-turfed graveyard, and here year by year were laid reverently the remains of the earliest residents of Galt and the surrounding districts; gravestones were erected with the names and birthplace (nearly all from auld Scotland), engraved thereon; and the little "God's acre" gradually filled with those who had left the old homes for the new. The pews, of course, were rented, and the ground went with the situation of the pew, and was part of each holder's estate. As time went on, and Galt became a large town, new buildings were erected for worship in more convenient situations, but the burial plot remained in use. The day arrived when the destruction of the old wooden church was carried out and the name of Kirkmichael alone was left to mark the resting-place of the dead. Litigation took place regarding some technicalities, but, at last getting consent from surviving relatives of those buried in the graveyard, all the stones were removed and the pretty little square arranged as a park, with flower-beds and seats, from which a wonderfully beautiful view is obtained.

A few years ago a Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire was formed amongst the women of Galt, and after

rendering immense service to different public enterprises in the city the attention of some of the members was attracted to the forlorn condition of the old gravestones of the former burying-ground, and a meeting was called by the President of the Chapter, Mrs. R. O. McCulloch, to consider the matter. With women, in most cases, where there is a definite object in view, to think is to act, and the delightful idea of the present structure was mooted by a member whose travels abroad inspired her memory, and the suggestion of gathering the gravestones into a lovely and permanent abiding place which could be seen from afar and visited by relatives was at once determined on.

The monument is in the form of an Italian pergola, or resting-place, so frequently seen in gardens in sunny Italy, covered with thick vines to shield from the fierce rays of heat.

The walls on either side are formed from some eighty gravestones, set back, joined by masonry, so that the names and epitaphs are read from without; five square columns are formed also by the stones, and the pergola has the Italian roof of broad, solid beams, painted white, set about a foot apart, which in time to come will be covered with carefully-trained grape vines, which already show signs of vigorous growth. The stone floor is approached by a large step made of a single block, and at the entrance is a flag the whole width, on which is cut in big letters the inscription:

"Erected by the Daughters of the Empire, 1907."

There are many graveyards of the pioneers of Ontario (notably that at Adolphustown), which are nothing short of a disgrace to the districts. There are chapters of the order of the Daughters of the Empire all over Canada now. Cannot some of these take the suggestion so nobly and splendidly carried out at Galt?

*

PRESIDENT Woodrow Wilson, of Princetown University, may be-

come Governor of the State of New Jersey, and it is freely hinted that he is a presidential possibility. In the present chaotic state of affairs in the political circles of the United States, anything may happen, even the election of a Democrat to the position of Chief Executive. President Wilson's wife is a vivacious and charming lady, who has written a book and who contributes frequently to United States magazines under the perplexing pseudonym, "Mrs. Wilson Woodrow."

The following presentment of one of life's little problems, written by her appeared in *New York Life*:

There was a lady who from her youth up had many suitors; but as the years wore on they gradually fell from their allegiance, until she awoke to the fact that of all the many but two remained. This led to some earnest communion with her soul and caused her, for the first time, seriously to consider the question of marriage.

"I'm no longer as young as I was," she remarked to herself, "and although my friends are kind enough to call me charming, their very insistence upon it leads me to believe that I should decide at once which of my two remaining suitors I had better accept."

Then she cogitated long and spent sleepless nights over the problem; but found it ever more difficult to solve.

"Billy," she argued, "is strong and masterful. He will guard me from all rude contact with the world. He will view me a rare and fragile hot-house flower which must be shielded from every rude blast, every varying change of temperature. The sun must not shine too strongly upon me nor the wind blow too keenly. He appeals to my feminine sense of dependence and to my love of being loved; but," and she shook her head soberly, "there is no use disguising the fact that his excessive care of me will prove a bore. He will always be solicitous to see that my throat is well wrapped up and that I wear my rubbers when it is damp underfoot. He will insist on de-



MISS BESSIE ABBOTT, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED BY LIEBLER AND COMPANY TO STAR THIS SEASON IN "YSOBEL," A NEW OPERA BY PIETRO MASCAGNI. "YSOBEL" WILL BE THE FIRST GRAND OPERA WRITTEN ABROAD AND PERFORMED IN AMERICA PRIOR TO ITS PERFORMANCE IN EUROPE

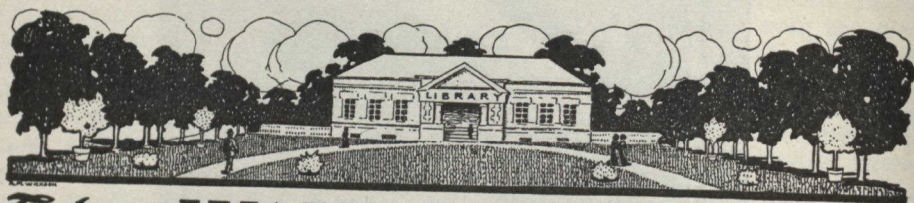
ciding for me all the questions of life, whether trivial or important; what books I shall read, what religion I shall adopt and, probably, what breakfast food I shall eat. Within two years I shall be a pampered nonentity without either a will or an intelligence of my own.

"Now, I must weigh Jack in the balance. He is a dear, lovable fellow; a charming and amusing companion, but with as little sense of responsibility as a kitten. He appeals strongly to my maternal instinct. I feel that he needs my affection and, in a measure, my guidance; but I can-

not deceive myself, I shall have to bear the brunt of everything, decide all important questions and grapple with all the problems that would come to us in our mutual experience. He demands of existence sunshine and roses, a song and a jest; but in times of storm and stress he would be as a broken reed. And yet in fair weather he would be a delightful companion, and I should be a free agent with a chance to let my individuality expand and develop, for I should be the head of the house."

Now, the lady married one of these men. Which? Do you know?

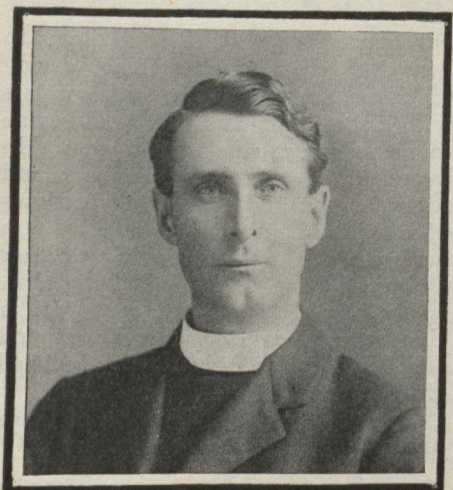
JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

HUNTERS and writers do not always agree on the proneness of hungry wolves to attack man. Doubtless everyone knows that if the assertion is true that wolves will not attack man, even in pack and when voraciously hungry, narrative writers have long preyed upon their innocent readers. Of course, wolves are not the same the world over, and if they are blood-thirsty man-killers in Russia, it does not necessarily follow that they are the same in Canada. The Northern Canadian timber wolf has a coward's reputation, and experienced hunters have said that he is equally cowardly whether he forages in company or alone. It seems only rea-

sonable to suppose that a half-dozen wolves would have less fear than one, but in any case it is more picturesque to imagine them as terrifying, slaughtering creatures whose howls at night are weird and blood-curdling. It is better so for the novelist, whose accounts are more likely to be widely read than those of the scientist or even the nature faker. Many writers have made use of the wolf to furnish a thrilling chapter, and the latest, so far as we know, is Reverend H. A. Cody, author of a novel of the Yukon, entitled "The Frontiersman." For sheer fierceness of onslaught and single-mouthed courage, his account outdistances all the others. His wolves have none of the fears that even heroic man himself is heir to. They sit back and await their opportunity. They jump right into fire. They do the conventional things as well, such as devouring each other's dead bodies and howling a long way off as a warning of their approach. Somehow the adventure of *Keith* with the wolves arrogates to itself the function of keynote to the volume, and the reader unconsciously measures the value of succeeding chapters by the standard set in this one about the wolves. That is a misfortune, because there is an abundance of fine material in the book, but when it has the double handicap of a prejudicial standard at the beginning and unskilled craftsmanship throughout, it suffers accordingly.



REVEREND H. A. CODY,
AUTHOR OF "THE FRONTIERSMAN"

One is tempted here to raise the question of the place and worth of a novel in the form virtually of a Sunday-school tract, for that indeed is the elevation to which "The Frontiersman" rises. Mr. Cody depicts the struggles of a medical-missionary in the far North, and while one cannot doubt the genuineness of his inspiration, one is bound nevertheless to observe his commonplace and, at times, even hackneyed style of treatment. Nowadays, original writers do not use expressions such as "his trusty knife," and even that would be excusable if there were not others of a similar calibre. Seven years of missionary work in the far North provided Mr. Cody with a fund of material to draw upon. He had already written and published several short stories, a number of articles (some of which appeared in *The Canadian Magazine*), and a biography of Bishop Bompas. Mr. Cody was born in New Brunswick, and was educated at King's College. (Toronto. William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

IN the history of the Nineteenth Century the Indian Mutiny stands out as one of the most dramatic and awful tragedies. To our fathers, the story was one of immediate horror and magnitude. To us, so swiftly does a half-century bear the world along, it has become a dream-like narrative of unrealised hideousness. A recent novel, "The Rajah's People," takes us back in the prologue to those days of slaughter and stress, and we face one of those almost unbelievable scenes when the British officer shot his wife and then himself, rather than fall into the hands of the torturing Sepoys.

The rest of the story belongs to the India of to-day, where dance and tennis game make the young Englishman almost forget the dark scenes of the Black Year. A complication to Anglo-Saxon society is introduced in the person of the Rajah, who would

fain regard the English as the dominant race and learn the secret of their power. He has idealised this race, as he finds out to his bitter cost—and from a woman's hand comes the disillusionising touch. However, there appears on the scene an Englishman, Nicholson, of the same name and breed as the great soldier of the Mutiny, who redeems his race and finally wins the Rajah back to belief and happiness. There is a mystery which haunts the story and makes every turn of the plot a thrilling matter—but we shall not spoil the intricacies of this tale, where West meets East, by telling anything about the Rajah's secret. As a story, the narrative is well worth reading, and, while there are scenes frankly melodramatic, the reader is none the less interested for the "purple spots." The author, I. A. R. Wylie, certainly knows how to hold the interest of those who "like to see things happen." (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada.)

*

ONE sometimes wonders what would happen if all the novels concerned with the Civil War were suddenly to be subtracted from American literature. One can imagine the blank feeling which would ensue. The very latest to deal with this inexhaustible subject is Robert Chambers, and his many old-time admirers will probably be glad to know that the change has done him good. "Ailsa Paige" is certainly a more human story than several of the novels which preceded it. The hero is still the fascinatingly bad young man, whose badness is only skin-deep, and the heroine is still strongly emotional; but there are elements of reality in this work which some of the others seemed to lack. The pictures which we get of the war are grim, but not unduly horrifying, and as we are looking upon the struggle from the Northern viewpoint the promise of ultimate victory helps us over the bad parts. It is also

cheering to record that our feelings are not lacerated by the deaths of any but relatively unimportant people. All our story-folk come through unscathed or at the most with slight and interesting wounds. Our hero and his father become reconciled upon the battle-field and their recognition of each other's claims clears the way for the happy marriage of *Ailsa*. Altogether the novel is readable though far from ranking with Mr. Chambers' earlier and better work. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen).

*

A WRITER in *The Evening Post*, New York, has discovered that English novelists work harder than Americans, or that at least they produce more books. He gives two reasons, as follows:

"One reason is the much closer connection between literature and journalism in Europe; and the other reason is the much smaller financial reward that attends upon literary success in Europe. Men like Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Max Beerbohm, are journalists as well as writers of original volumes, and they are in the habit of republishing their newspaper work in book-form. In France, this is even more the practice. Political chroniques, literary and dramatic reviews, causeries and feuilletons of all kinds are regularly put into book-form, among a nation whose books are inexpensively published in paper covers and whose publishers call a thousand copies an edition. By such means the journalist author in England and France adds appreciably to his list of book titles. We need only recall how almost unknown the practice is in this country to see what an advantage the foreigner has. It is, of course, a legitimate advantage. If a writer of books is at the same time a newspaper man, it is fair that the time taken from his books should show in the total. With us, again, book-writing and newspaper-writing do not go hand in hand. Even moderate success in the former field leads usually to the abandonment of the latter. As to our second reason, it is almost self-

evident. If Mr. Chambers derives twenty times the profit from one of his novels that Mr. Benson does, it stands to reason that in the long run he will be under the necessity of writing fewer books than Mr. Benson."

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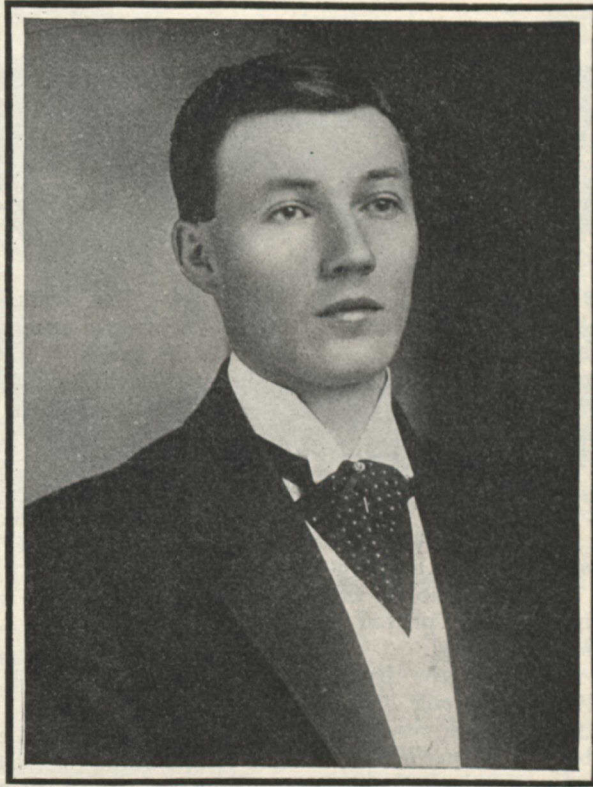
THERE are fashions in the writing of books as in all other things. And William De Morgan has much to answer for. Any writer now who collects a vast amount of unwieldy material, connects it loosely together, and adopts a certain curious mannerism in the transcription of dialect, sees in himself the author of a second "Joseph Vance." But the second "Joseph Vance" does not appear. In "The Dop Doctor" Richard Dehan has the unwieldy material, the lack of cohesiveness, and has been at great pains to acquire the mannerism. He also has a number of characters involved in various happenings which must have been highly unpleasant to all concerned. They are certainly, some of them, almost too unpleasant to read about. Apparently reticence is no more a part of Mr. Dehan's literary equipment than it is of the equipment of a police-court reporter; and many readers prefer to keep medical treatises apart from novels. Such a fault of judgment is a pity in this case, because much of the material is good. *Saxham* and *Billy Keyse* have the air of being taken from life—real life, not that sordid side of it upon which so many modern writers turn their little searchlights, and show us the spot illumined as the whole. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25 net).

*

NOTES.

—"The King, Canada, and Empire," is the title of a booklet that bristles with sentiment that is popularly known as either loyalty or patriotism. Here is a stanza:

"Hail Canada! the first-born of the Five
Great loyal lands wherein brave Britons
live!



S. A. WHITE, WHOSE NOVEL "THE STAMPEDER"
IS BEING PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM BRIGGS

We'll sing thy praise from shore to
shore,
And be no nation's thrall.

We're strong in peace, and prompt in
war
To Answer Empire's call!
Rise Canada! Strong for your King,
And with Britannia's sons your anthem
sing."

Is it not high time that our singers
thought more about singing and less
about the nation's greatness or at
least about singing and fighting about
its greatness? The author of these
latest patriotic outbursts is Fane
Sewell. (Toronto: published by the
author).

—"Hamlet: The Tragedy of Inac-

tion," is the title of a critical review
by George Herbert Clarke, a Canadian
who holds the position of Professor
of English Literature in Peabody Col-
lege for Teachers, at Nashville, Ten-
nessee. It is published in booklet
form.

—Reverend William D. Lee, of
Waterloo, Ontario, has made selec-
tions from the Bible for daily read-
ing in the home and composed prayers
for a similar purpose. These he has
carried out so as to supply devotional
exercises for every day during
twenty-six weeks, and it is hoped that,
as they have been assembled in book
form, revival will be given to the de-
clining practice of family worship.
(Toronto: William Briggs).



WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



FEE SIMPLE

Mrs. Young—"I want to get a divorce from my husband."

Lawyer—"What are your charges?"

Mrs. Young—"My charges? Mercy! I thought I'd have to pay you."—*Boston Transcript*

*

Q. E. D.

A member of the faculty of a New England university tells of a freshman who was asked by one of the professors whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid.

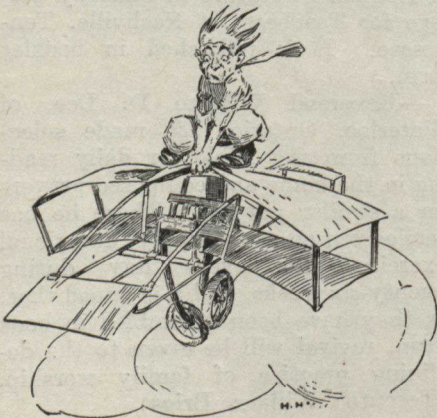
"Well, sir," responded the freshman, "'proved' is a strong word. But I will say that I have rendered it highly probable."—*Harper's Magazine*.

*

UNGALLANT.

1912—"What is a suffragette?"

1913—"A being who has ceased to be a lady and is no gentleman."—*Harvard Lampoon*.



ROUCH

ROUGH-RIDING ON THE PLANES

—Life

THE PETS.

He—"It's quite true that there are microbes in kisses."

She—"Oh, the sweet little darlings!"—*Illustrated Bits*.

*

JUSTICE IN THE FAMILY.

"Johnny, did you take that jam? Answer me this instant!"

"What jam, ma?"

"You know very well what jam. Did you take it?"

"That's a leading question, ma. I can't incriminate myself."

"Johnny!"

"And besides, ma, it's no crime to take jam, because there's no mention of blackberry jam in the constitution."

"Johnny, I'm losing patience. Once more, did you take that jam?"

"Ma, I'd like a delay until next fall to prepare my case. My witnesses have gone to Europe."

"You're overruled. If I waited you might destroy the evidence."

"Then I want a change of venue."

"Overruled. This is just as good a place as the woodshed."

"Can I have a *habeas corpus*, ma?"

"Johnny, you're hurting your own case by all this quibbling. Come now, did you take it or didn't you?"

"Ma, I'd like to appeal the case to some court that isn't in session."

"Nonsense. This court is capable of trying it. If you're guilty I want to know it, and if you're innocent I should think you'd be glad to have a chance to prove it. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, ma!"—*Chicago Tribune*.



STUDENT OF POLITICS—"And what be reely this yere Coalition they do be tarking about?"
 OLDEST LIVING LOCAL AUTHORITY—"Well, it's like this. Some parties says this, an' some says that an' t'other. But what I says, there's no knowins nor no tellins, an'—mark my words!—I bain't fur wrong."
 —Punch

HAD HIS HANDS FULL.

Judge—"Why didn't you seize the thief when you found him?"

Policeman—"How could I? I had my club in one hand and my revolver in the other!"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

THE POET ON WALL STREET.

I remember, I remember,
 The house where I was shorn;
 The hallowed place where little lambs
 Came peeping in at morn;
 The playful bears and friendly bulls
 Who wisely counselled me,
 And where I bought at eighty-eight—
 And sold at twenty-three.

—*Christian Worker and Evangelist*.

*

HANDS UP.

Eleanor, aged six, had been going to school only a few weeks. She had learned to raise her hand if she wanted anything. One day she put this into effect when she was sent to the chicken-house to get the eggs.

Just as she reached the chicken-house door her mother heard her say, "All you chickens that have laid an egg, raise your hands."—*The Delineator*.

THE TEST CASE.

"Say, paw," queried little Sylvester Snodgrass, "What's a test case?"

"A test case, my son," replied Snodgrass, sr., "is a case brought in court to decide whether there's enough in it to justify the lawyers in working up similar cases."—*Lippincott's*.

*

MAGIC.

Sapleigh—"Ah, speaking of electricity, that makes me think——"

Miss Keen—"Really, Mr. Sapleigh! Isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?"—*Boston Transcript*.

*

ONE-SIDED GAME.

Judge (sternly)—"Three times in a month! What do you make of this?"

Rastus (apologetically)—"Deed an' I don't make nuffin, sir. You fellahs up here seems to be de on'y ones dat makes anything of haulin' me up heah."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

*

READY FOR THEM.

Judge—"Will you tell the jury all you know about the case?"

Miss Jabber—"Yes, if they can spare the time."—*Brooklyn Life*.



"You look very bad to-day."
"You look very bad every day."

—*Jugend* (Berlin)

NOT TO BE WASTED

A gentleman lying on his death-bed was questioned by his inconsolable prospective widow. "Poor Mike," said she, "is there annythin' that wud make ye comfortable? Annythin' ye ask for I'll get for ye."

"Plaise, Bridget," he responded, "I t'ink I'd like a wee taste of the ham I smell a'bilin' in the kitchen."

"Arrah, go on," responded Bridget. "Divil a bit of that ham ye'll get. 'Tis for the wake."—*Central Law Journal*.

*

ALL INVISIBLE

Curate (to lady who has taken refuge in ditch)—"Didn't I assure you that a cow is only dangerous when it has lost its calf?"

She—"That's why I was frightened. I couldn't see a calf anywhere"—*Punch*.

*

AN INFORMAL AFFAIR

"Why, auntie, have the magazines upset you?"

"Well, I've got through the advertisements, and I feel exactly as if I had been to a party where all the men came in their underclothes and the ladies wore only corsets."—*Life*.

ADVERTISING.

Angler (new recruit to the gentle art, who is "bogging" the stream)—"Not splash so much? Why bless you, if I don't attract their attention how are the fish to know the beastly things are there at all."—*Punch*.

*

AN ANACHRONISM.

When some celebrated pictures of Adam and Eve were seen on exhibition, Mr. McNab was taken to see them. "I think no great things of the painter," said the gardener; "why, man! tempting Adam wi' a pippin of a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago!"—*Argonaut*.

*

HIS REVENGE.

Little Boy — "I want a dose of castor-oil."

Duggist—"Do you want the kind you can't taste?"

Little Boy (anxious to get even)—"No sir; it's for mother."—*San José Citizen*.



—Va y avoir au Jardin des Plantes un "Insectarium" oùsqu'on verra les insectes dans leur travail.

—C't'idéal!... Des fois que nous nous exhiberions en personne, comme "Insectarium"?

—*Le Rire* (Paris)

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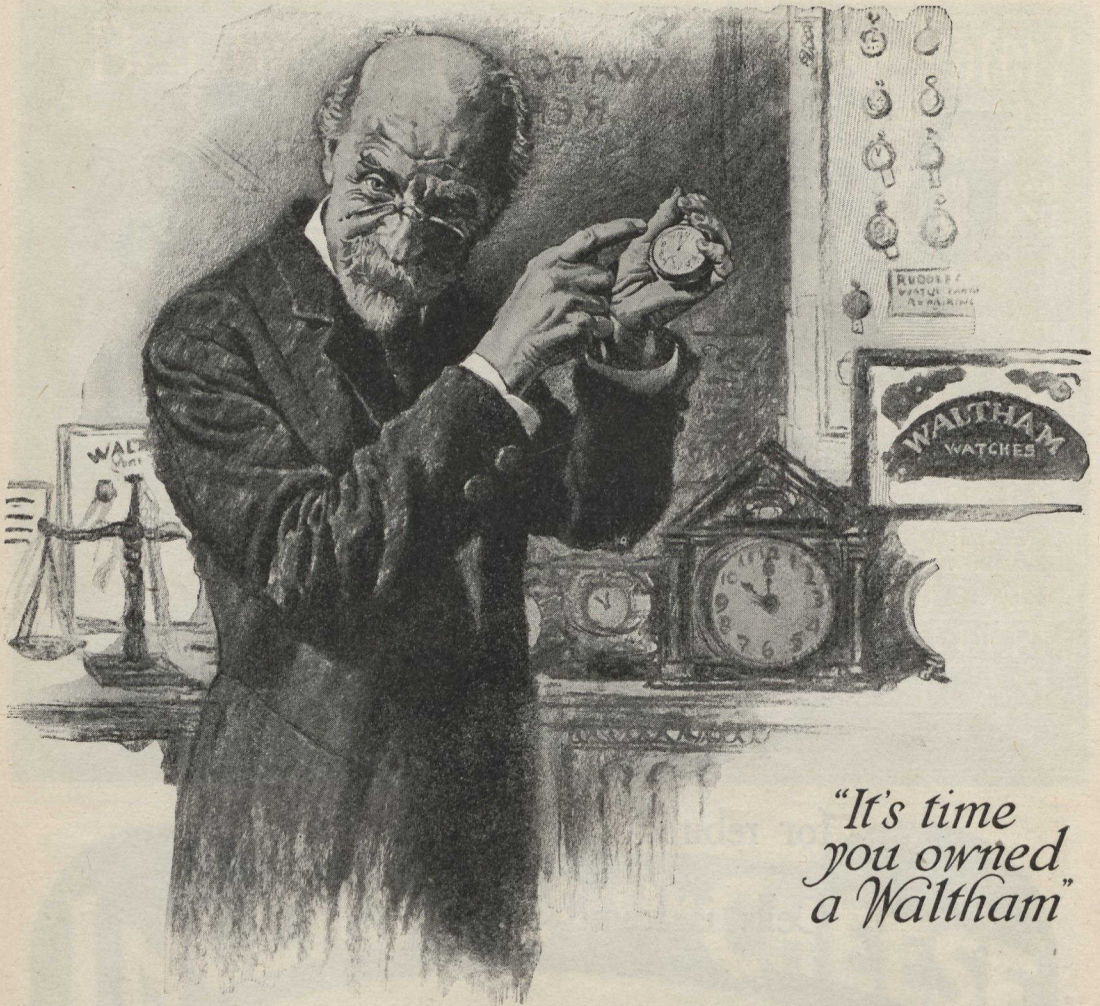
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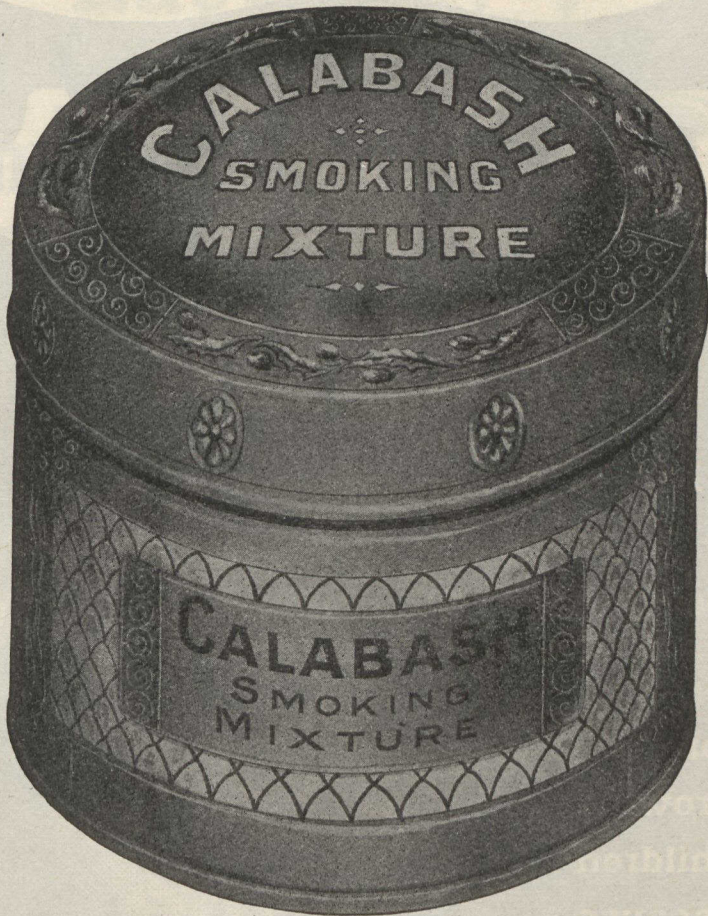
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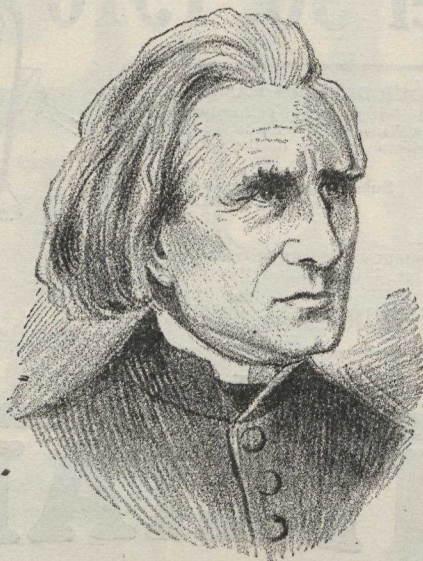
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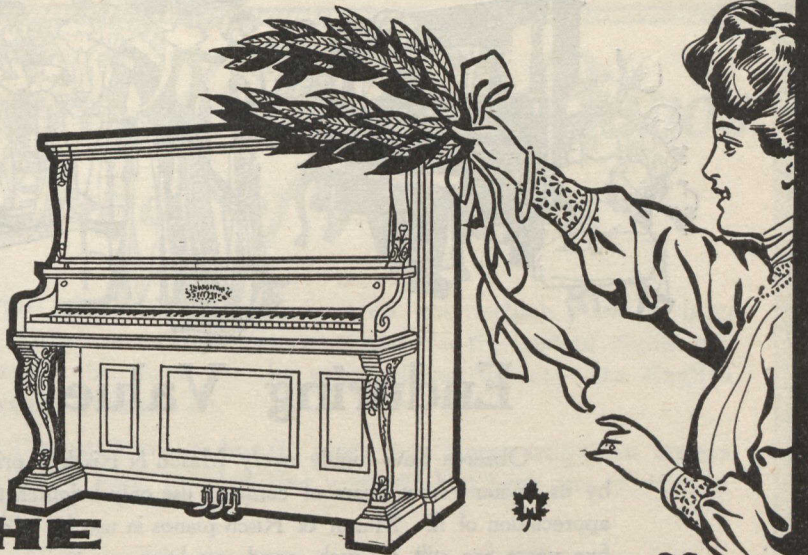
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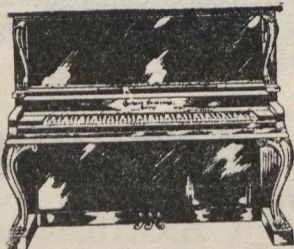
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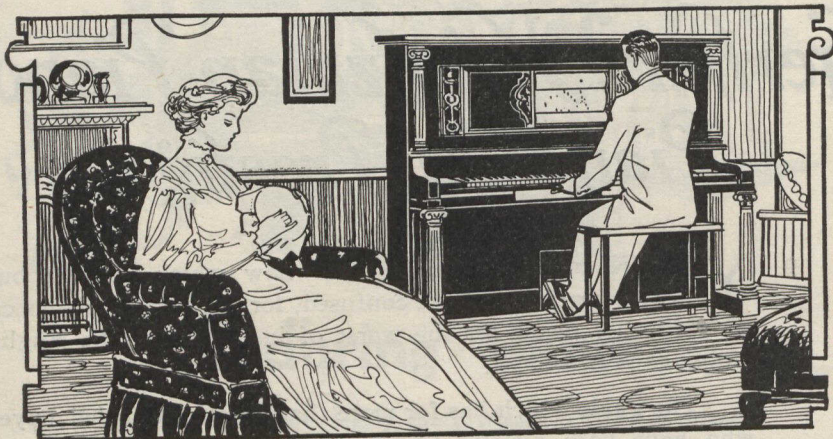


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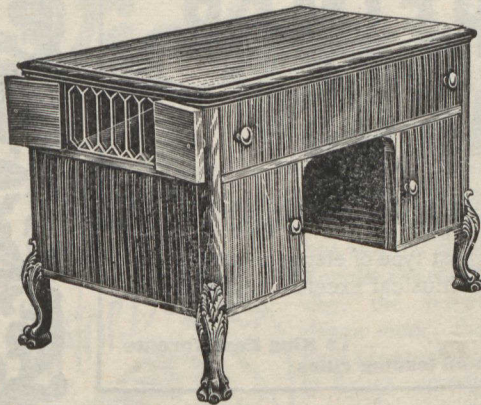
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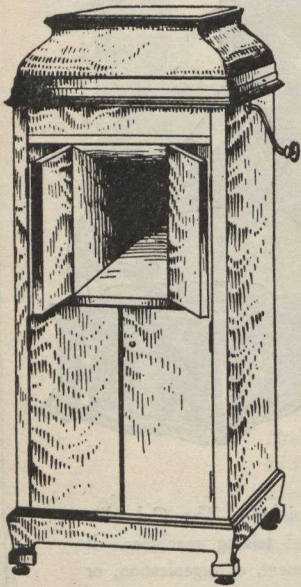
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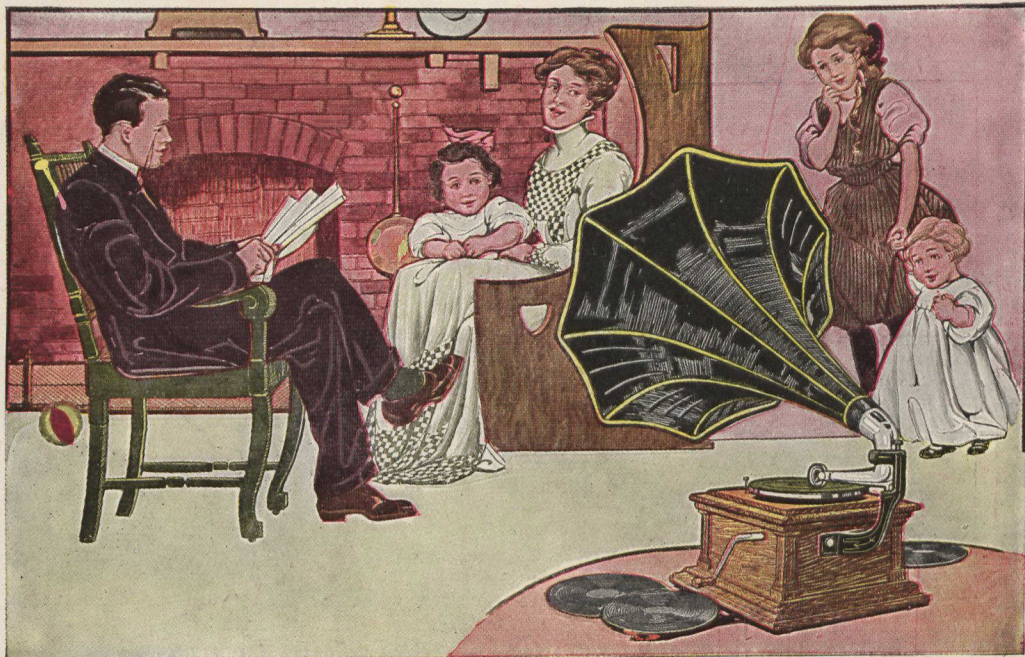
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MOOSE—November 1st to November 15th inclusive. In some of the Northern Districts of Ontario, including Temagami, the open season is from October 16th to November 15th inclusive.

OPEN SEASON FOR SMALL GAME IN PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

DUCKS—Sept. 15th to Dec. 15th inclusive.

GEESE—Sept. 15th to April 15th inclusive.

PLOVER—Sept. 1st to Dec. 15th “

QUAIL—Nov. 15th to Dec. 1st “

SNIPE—Sept. 1st to Dec. 15th “

HARES—Oct. 1st to Dec. 15th “

WOODCOCK—Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th “

SQUIRRELS—Nov. 15th to Dec. 1st.

PARTRIDGE—Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th inclusive

Write to the undersigned agents for a copy of “Haunts of Fish and Game” containing Maps, Game Laws, and all particulars.

J. D. McDonald, Union Station, Toronto, Ontario.

J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Quebec.

W. E. DAVIS,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal.

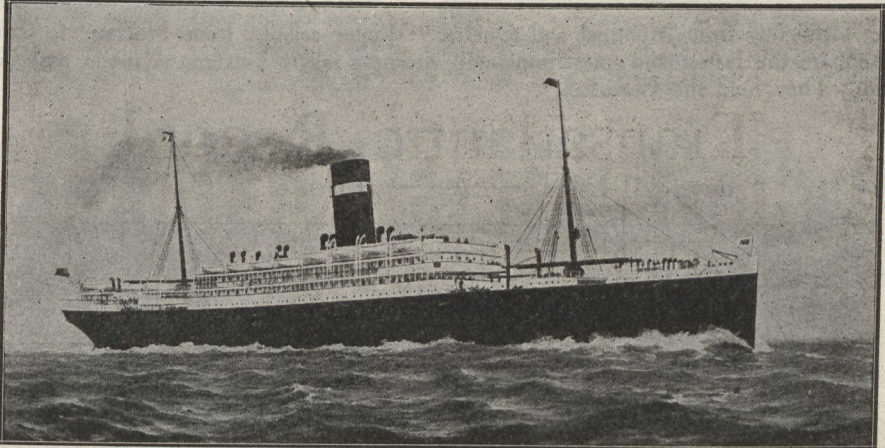
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ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

ESTABLISHED 1854



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3 Days, 21 Hours, 48 Minutes from Land to Land

TURBINES AND TWIN SCREW STEAMERS

The "Table" of the Allan Line is famous for its excellence. It suits the most fastidious taste. As regards attention to all the wants of passengers; the motto of the Passenger Department is "We Study to Please". On deck, discipline, order and cleanliness prevail. "Eternal Vigilance" is the watchword. Elegant accommodation. Twin Screw S. S. Corsican and Tunisian. Turbine Steamers Victorian and Virginian.

Steamers sail from Montreal and Liverpool every Friday.

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Seven Days from Port to Port

New Twin Screw Steamers, GRAMPIAN and HESPERIAN, 10,000 tons. Saloon Passage, \$67.50 upwards; Second Saloon, \$45.00 and \$47.50.

One-Class Cabin Steamers IONIAN and PRETORIAN. Rates, \$42.50 to \$60.00, according to Stateroom, all passengers having the same privileges on the Steamer.

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CORINTHIAN, SICILIAN, SARDINIAN AND LAKE ERIE, One-Class Cabin called Second Cabin. Rates \$45.00 and \$52.50 upwards.

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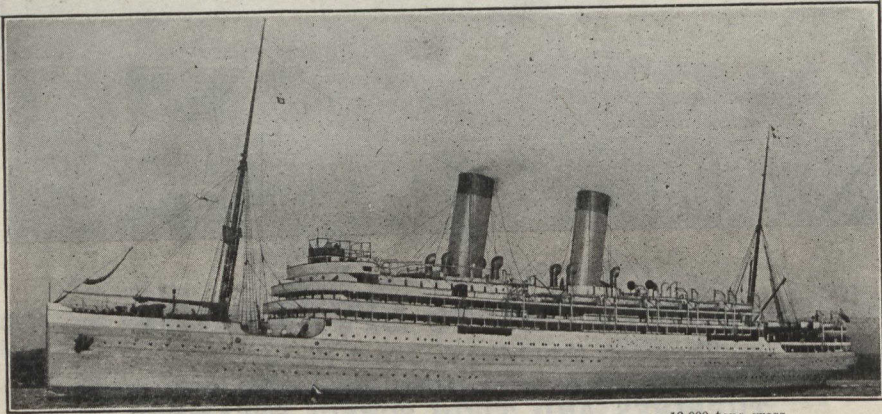
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Canadian Northern Steamships Limited

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5 days, 20 hours, ————— Bristol to Quebec



Triple Screw Turbines

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12,000 tons gross

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ROYAL EDWARD, Wed. Dec. 7th. ROYAL GEORGE, Wed. Dec. 14th.

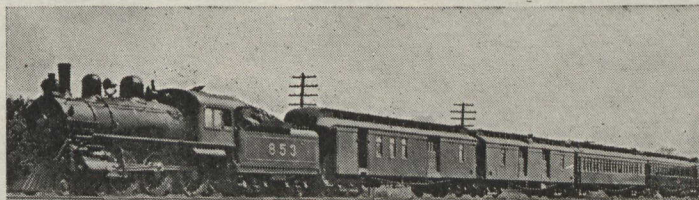
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Arrive MONTREAL 7.00 a.m.

THROUGH SLEEPERS, ETC., FOR OTTAWA AND MONTREAL

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(Caribou and Deer protected)

Send for Pamphlets containing Game Laws, Etc. to

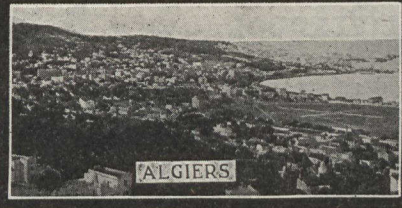
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CUNARD WINTER CRUISES



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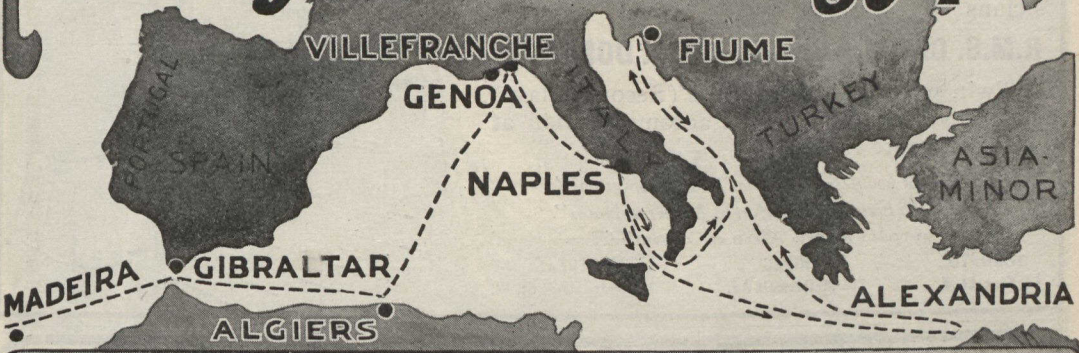


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- "FRANCONIA," February 18th, 1911, calling at MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, VILLEFRANCHE or GENOA, NAPLES, ALEXANDRIA and FIUME.
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Regular weekly sailings between
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via **QUEBEC**

by the largest and most modern steamers from
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a glorious
afternoon in
dear old
Quebec.
Now we are
off again."



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Take a Trip
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The trip is delightful, from the start to the finish of the six weeks you are away. Our steamers leave Halifax every twelfth day and you will be perfectly comfortable on any of them.

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“The Great Britain of the Pacific.”

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Southern part of Island resembles Kent and Devonshire. Fruit and flowers.

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Sunshiny, equable—no extremes.

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3

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"AVON" 11,053 TONS

Sailing from New York

JAN. 21 —27 Days	Visiting the
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Visiting Bermuda, Santiago and Camaguey, returning via Havana or Jamaica.

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Tours by Company's regular mail steamers 6,000 tons; excellent cuisine, orchestra.
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GRAND TOUR OF THE WORLD
ORIENTAL TOURS leave Nov. 26, Jan. 7, 21, 1911
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NEW YORK, Boston, 332 Washington St.
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140 Offices Abroad. Established 1841.
Cook's Travellers' Cheques
Are Good All Over the World



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For stylish, graceful lines, The Fashion-Craft Chesterfield meets every requirement.

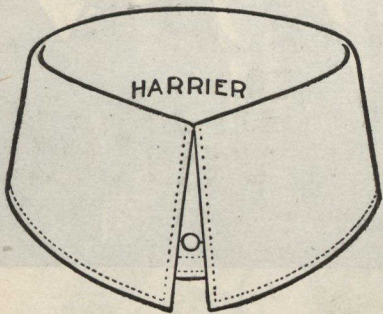
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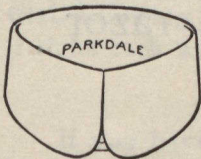
at all important points throughout Canada.



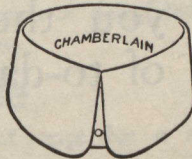
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give you just the shape in just the style, in just the size you want.

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LIQUID VENEER



IT'S easy to keep your Hardwood Floors bright and clean, no matter whether the floor is waxed or polished. A little Liquid Veneer on a cloth will quickly remove all dust, dirt and grime, without drudgery, and at the same time leave the surface bright and glossy as when new.

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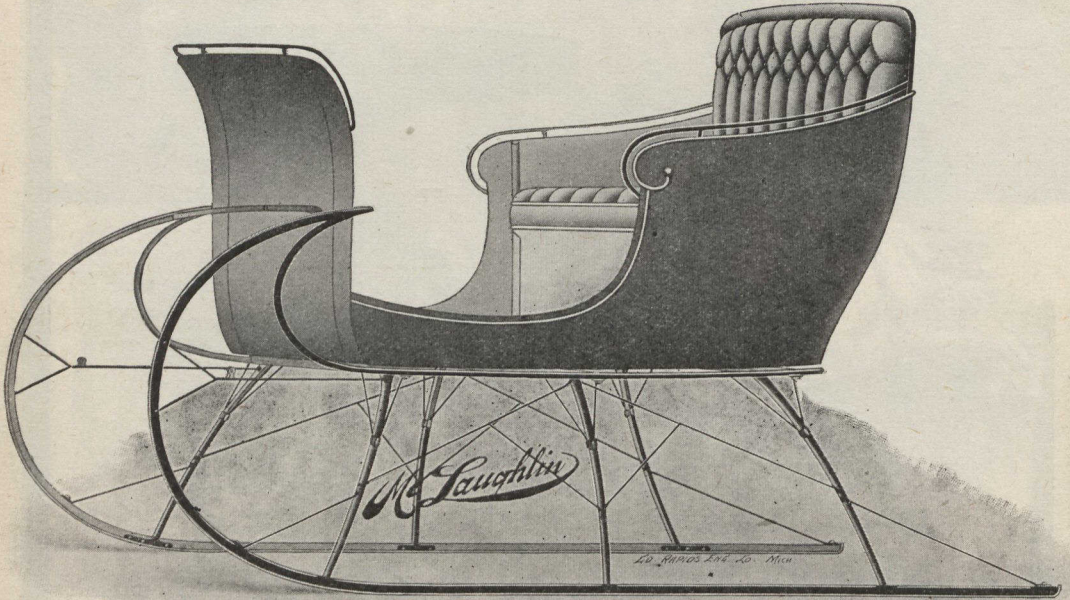
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"ONE GRADE ONLY AND THAT THE BEST"



No. 217. The finest and best made sleigh on the market.

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The last piece in the box will
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Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts covered with a smooth, rich chocolate.
Look for the "G.B." Stamp on the bottom.

It's on every "G.B." chocolate.

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KID GLOVES

The Fall and Winter Season of Social Entertainments will soon be in full swing. This means that Kid Gloves must be frequently cleaned to look well. We clean Gloves and Kid Slippers as they cannot be cleaned elsewhere. We clean Gloves inside and outside and in a way that leaves no offensive odor.

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The Original and Genuine
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“The World’s Favorite”

For more than 70 years,
Lea & Perrins Sauce has
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*Dainty
Desserts
for*



*Dainty
People*

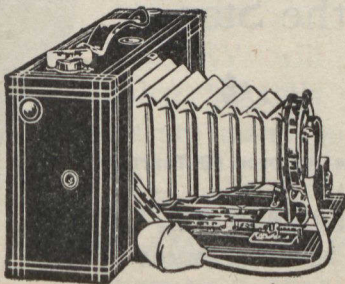
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A pint sample will be sent for 2c. stamp and your grocer's name.

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It fits perfectly. That's a “Ceetee” feature you should know.

Perhaps your old underwear is of the “sack” variety—

Cut from the woollen fabric and sew into shape—that sags, wrinkles or binds—a constant annoyance to grin and bear.

Enjoy the delightful sensation of underwear that fits—underwear that conforms snugly to every movement of the body.

From first to last

“CEETEE” Underwear

pleases all ages, young and old alike. It is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool, and knit to fit the form—combines health with absolute comfort.

Insist on your dealer showing you “Ceetee” Unshrinkable Underwear.

In all sizes for men, women and children.

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Established 1859
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Ask for Fearman's
‘Star’ Brand English
Breakfast Bacon and
see that it is branded
with the Star.



Made for over 50 Years by

F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED
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A RECORD OF OVER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

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Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin
No other cosmetic will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) — "As you ladies will use them, I

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For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

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Tents.....	\$1.40 up	Revolvers.....	\$1.65 up
Leggins, Pair.....	.15 "	Cadet Guns.....	1.20 "
Bridles.....	.90 "	Navy Repeat. Rifles	5.40 "
Saddles.....	3.00 "	Side-Arm Sword....	.35 "
Shotgun.....	2.25 "	New Uniforms.....	1.25 "

Largest stock Government Auction Bargains in the world.
15 acres required for its storage. 344-page 1910 catalogue; over 300 illustrations. Mailed 15 cents (stamps).

Cannons, Flags, Pistols, Rifles, Spears, Drums, Etc.
FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 501 B'way, New York



KELSEY

ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

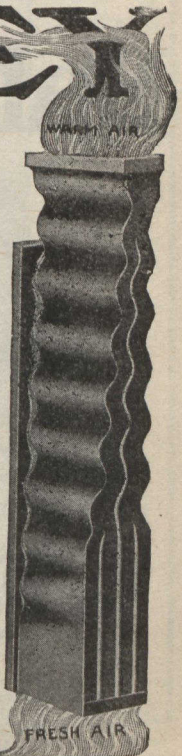
That's the point—they heat ALL the rooms ALL the time!

The KELSEY is the heater that gives large volumes of warm, pure, fresh air, rather than a small quantity of dry, superheated air. It is easily managed, and is gas, smoke and dust proof. The KELSEY will reduce your fuel bill 30%. Our catalog "S" tells you all about the "KELSEY."

There are many points of interest in it for you!

Why not send for it to-day?

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.
WINNIPEG, MAN. BROCKVILLE, ONT.



Exclusiveness

The special keen delight which is felt by the owner of a piece of genuine

"Elite" Cut Glass

May be credited in large measure to the realization that its design is exclusive and can never become common.

The *Butterfly*, *Maple Leaf*, *Wheat*, *Thistle* and many other famous patterns are originated for, and confined solely to this magnificent product.

Ask your dealer.
He has it or can get it.
Look for this



Trade Mark

on every piece.
None is genuine
without it.



New "Thistle" Pattern

GOWAN, KENT & CO, Limited,
MANUFACTURERS,

16 Front St. East, - - - Toronto.

Baby's Own Soap



The Whole Family Enjoys "BABY'S OWN" Soap

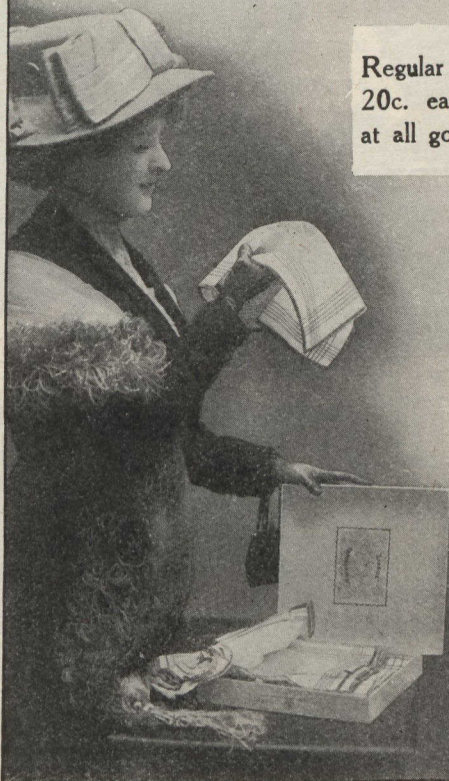
—and its inimitable creamy, fragrant lather. Made of pure vegetable oils, and lightly perfumed with natural flower extracts. For almost half a century it has been recognized as the standard toilet and nursery Soap in Canada. It is best for Baby and best for You. There are many imitations of Baby's Own Soap but no good reason why any should be preferred to Baby's Own Soap.

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, MANUFACTURERS, MONTREAL

FOR WOMEN OF QUALITY

The soft permanent finish of both white and indelible-coloured Lissue Handkerchiefs is secured through special chemical process in weaving, and will withstand any amount of laundering. It retains its delightful feel and appearance until worn out. Of cobweb daintiness.

Regular size 12½ inches square, 20c. each; glove size 15c. each, at all good stores.



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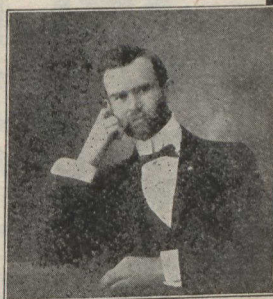
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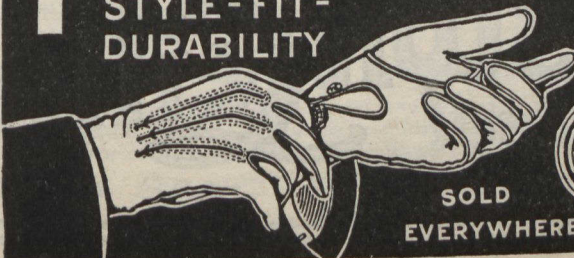
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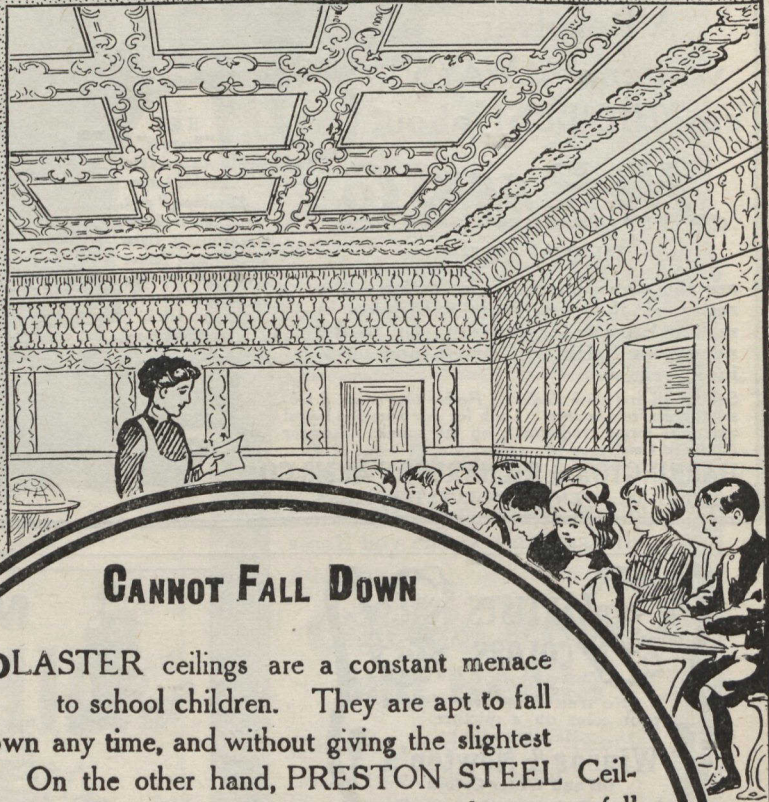
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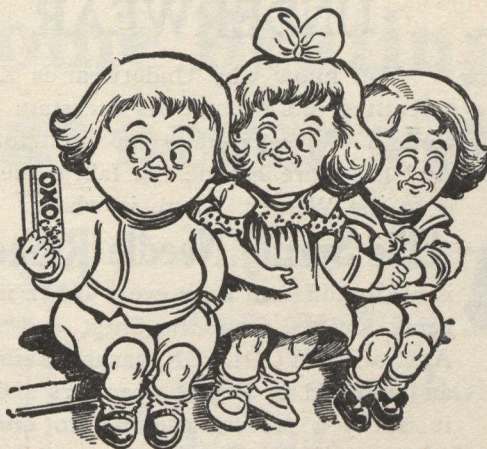
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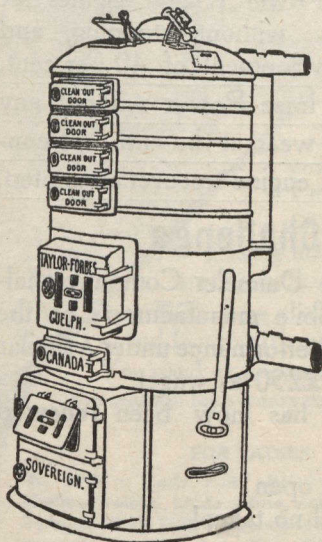
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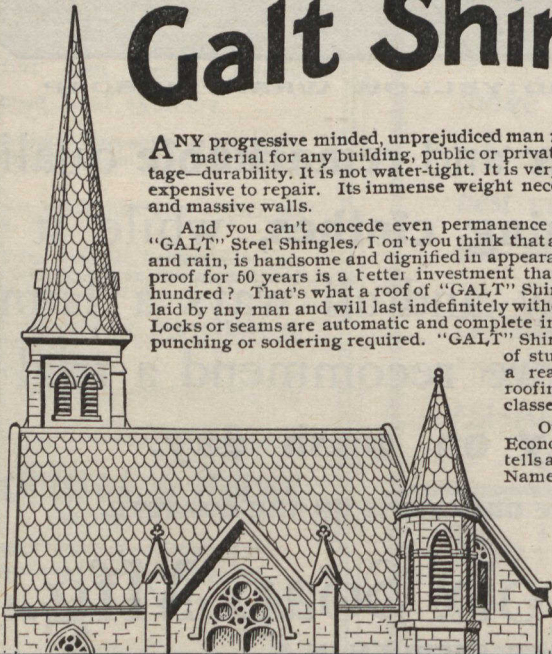
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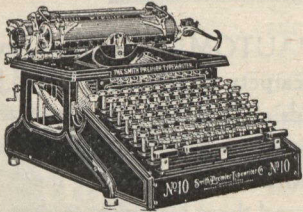
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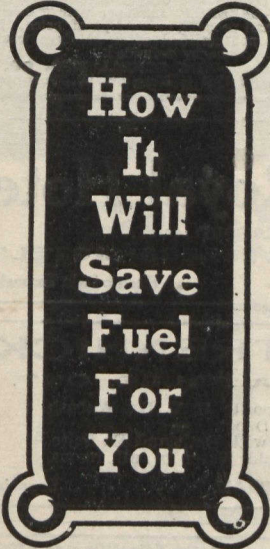
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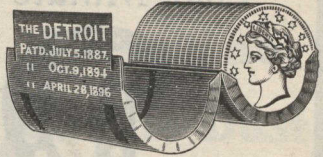
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We are now making the Detroit Coin Wrapper for all sizes of Canadian Coins, except 5c. Pieces. It holds every coin securely, and cannot unroll accidentally. Why use tin wrappers which lacerate fingers and disfigure furniture?



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The Scholl "FOOT-EAZER" Eases The Feet, Body and Nerves

Gives the foot a well-arched, even tread, and cures foot troubles quick.

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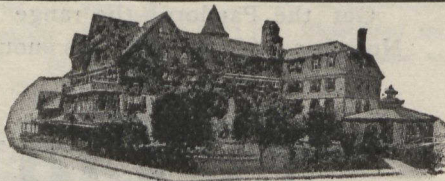
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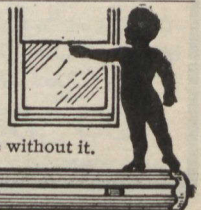
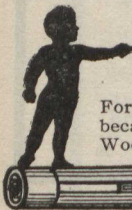
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The designing is directed by artists whose duty it is to follow the fashionable form.

The D & A model 493 shown in the above illustration is a nice comfortable model for all slim figures and all ladies requiring no bust support. Girdle top, long skirt and back. Made of English Coutil, trimmed with lace, ribbon and bow; boned with 6 m-m aluminum wire supporters front and back.

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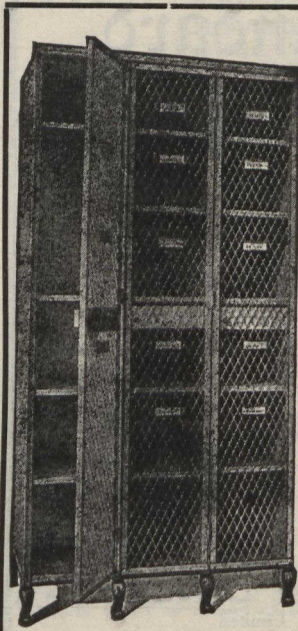
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You Never Know Till You Try

Your pleasure in each cup of tea you drink is exactly in proportion to its quality, its combination of smooth refreshing strength delicious flavor and pleasing aroma. You get all these in Red Rose Tea, and no matter how much you like the tea you are using it is worth your while to try Red Rose Tea. Try a package today, and you will appreciate its goodness and know why so often people say

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"IS GOOD TEA"

Your Grocer will recommend it.



A good grade of Coffee costs but little more than a poor grade. In

Seal Brand Coffee

you get the best that money can buy, and its price is moderate. It costs only a cent a cup.

Sold in 1 and 2 lb. Cans only.

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Telkwa the Coming City

will be the BUTTE of BRITISH COLUMBIA. TELKWA is not a townsite or a paper town but is a thriving established town—the metropolis and centre of the famous Bulkley Valley farming country. TELKWA is located at the junction of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers and is on the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Transcontinental Railway. TELKWA adjoins fifty thousand acres of the richest coal fields in Central British Columbia, which will furnish fuel for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

The mountains surrounding TELKWA contain immense deposits of gold, silver, copper and lead, and after the railroad is running TELKWA should be the largest mining and manufacturing city in Central British Columbia.

TELKWA is a live town with good hotels and baths, good general stores, real estate offices Government Mining Recorder's Office, laundry, bakery, blacksmith shop and other substantial improvements. A good lumber mill and brick yard will be located at TELKWA this summer. TELKWA will have fifteen thousand people after the railroad is running, and a few hundred dollars invested now will make you independent after the rich mines are developed.

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No brand of silverplate enjoys a reputation for quality and beauty equal to

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The demand is always heavy and sometimes the newer patterns cannot be secured by late purchasers.

The accompanying illustration—Vintage punch ladle, Faneuil sugar tongs, Priscilla teaspoon and Charter Oak cold meat fork—suggests a few of the newer styles of this

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Sold by best dealers everywhere. Send for catalog "83" showing all patterns.

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*Meriden Silver
Polish, the
"Silver
Polish
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Fill the Water Pan

AND be sure the furnace heated air contains the natural amount of humidity—moist and refreshing—not the parching heat given off by the average furnace.

You'll enjoy more solid comfort and at the same time save coal, by installing a

"Good Cheer" Circle Water Pan Furnace

The evaporation from this big waterpan' which entirely surrounds the firepot and holds from 4 to 6 gallons, is sufficient to keep the warm air supplied to each and every room almost as humid as the outdoor air. That means genuine comfort without heating the house above 68°—and in consequence a substantial saving in coal.

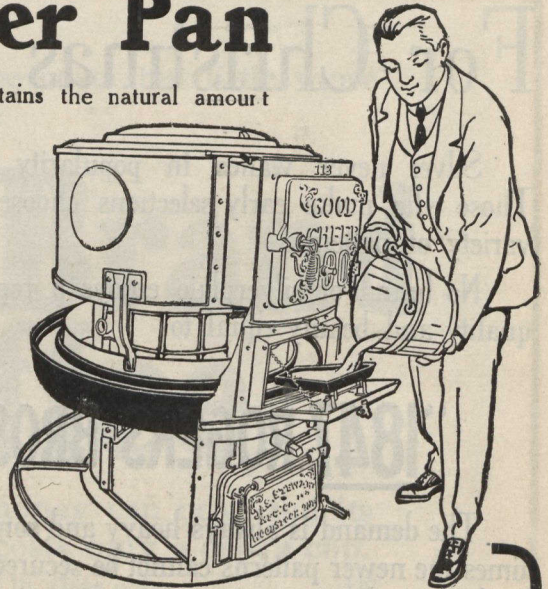
Even more important than the economy is the improvement in the health of your whole family. Breathing the humid, healthy air from the "Good Cheer" furnace, they will escape the colds, sore throats and lung troubles which are bound to follow the continued breathing of the dried out, over heated atmosphere produced by the average furnace with its make-shift little water pan.

Before you decide on your furnace write for descriptive literature which explains more fully the advantages of the "Good Cheer" furnace and its patented Circle Water Pan.

The JAS. STEWART MFG. CO., Limited,

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Skeleton View of "Good Cheer" Furnace showing big "Circle Water Pan."



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is lost if not properly cared for.

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Has no laundered front—just a laundered bosom—that stops where ease and comfort should start. You men who like a stiff bosom shirt for winter—wouldn't you like it to be as free and easy as your summer negligee?

If you say yes to that—just ask your Furnisher to show you the W. G. & R. Semi-Regatta—

Made in BERLIN, CANADA, by

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may make "MATCHES" for your children

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You haven't found the Way to make a MATCH like

"EDDY'S SILENTS"

NO NOISE
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To stop big game there is no better Rifle in the world than the

ROSS HIGH VELOCITY RIFLE

Its muzzle velocity is over 3000 ft. per second. The bore is 280, and the bullet

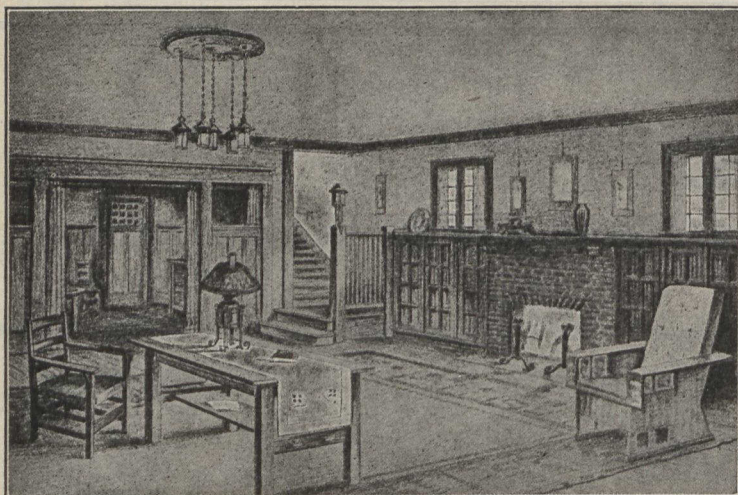
weights 140 grains. At ordinary distances it shoots POINT BLANK, and IT ANCHORS ANY GAME IT HITS.

The price is \$70.00—Ask your retailer to show you one—Other models from \$25.00.

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Milton Brick Mantels make a home homelike. They give that air of coziness and comfort that everyone wants in the home. Artistic, unique and not at all expensive.

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The most convenient and reliable form for this purpose is ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY. It is of great service in all cases of delicate digestive organs.



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Corliss valves, steam actuated clutches and brakes. The reversing gear, throttle, brake and other levers are grouped at a central platform.

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YOU CAN INTEREST HIM

Any Man Over Fifty.

You can interest any man over fifty years of age in anything that will make him feel better, because while he may not as yet have any positive organic disease he no longer feels the buoyancy and vigor of twenty-five nor the freedom from aches and pains he enjoyed in earlier years, and he very naturally examines with interest any proposition looking to the improvement and preservation of his health.

He will notice among other things that the stomach of fifty is a very different one from the stomach he possessed at twenty-five. That greatest care must be exercised as to what is eaten and how much of it, and even with the best of care, there will be increasing digestive weakness with advancing years.

A proposition to perfect or improve the digestion and assimilation of food is one which interests not only every man of fifty but every man, woman and child of any age, because the whole secret of good health, good blood, strong nerves, is to have a stomach which will promptly and thoroughly digest wholesome food because blood, nerves, brain tissue and every other constituent of the body is entirely the product of digestion, and no medicine or "health" food can possibly create pure blood or restore shaky nerves, when a weak stomach is replenishing the daily wear and tear of the body from a mass of fermenting half-digested food.

No, the stomach itself wants help and in no round about way either; it wants direct, unmistakable assistance, such as is given by one or two STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS after each meal.

These tablets cure stomach trouble because their use gives the stomach a chance to rest and recuperate; one of STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS contains digestive elements sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of ordinary food such as bread, meat, eggs, etc.

The plan of dieting is simply another name for starvation, and the use of prepared foods and new fangled breakfast foods simply makes matters worse as any dyspeptic who has tried them knows.

As Dr. Bennett says, the only reason I can imagine why STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS are not universally used by everybody who is troubled in any way with poor digestion is because many people seem to think that because a medicine is advertised or is sold in drug stores or is protected by a trade mark must be a humbug whereas as a matter of truth any druggist who is observant knows that STUART'S DYSPEPTIC TABLETS have cured more people of indigestion, heartburn, heart trouble, nervous prostration and run down condition generally than all the patent medicines and doctors' prescriptions for stomach trouble combined.



YOUR attention is asked to the remarkable value offered in this in this Queen Anne Tea Service in Sterling Silver at

\$92 Complete with Mahogany Tray

\$70 Coffee Pot, Tea Pot, Sugar and Cream

Heavy weight of metal, full size, superb finish. We pay express charges to points in Canada. Prices of individual pieces upon request.

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These handkerchiefs are warranted all genuine hand made and hand-drawn in above beautiful designs on extra sheer, transparent handkerchief linen lawn. Imported direct from our native workers; 11x11 in.; worked in all 4 corners. Each 50c. **Special 1/2 Price Bargain:** To advertise our genuine Mexican drawn-work, Indian Rugs, same handkerchiefs prepaid for only **\$1.00** regular price \$2.00. Same handkerchiefs in rare, sheer, pure Irish linen, regular price 75c each, the entire 4 for only \$1.50; regular price \$3.00.

Orders filled the same day received. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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The Mexican Drawnwork House of America

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DO YOU FIND YOURSELF CROWDED AND THE OUT-
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HAVE YOU DECIDED TO LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER
SITUATION WITH BETTER PROSPECTS?

*Then you are invited to consider Western Canada, where you
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A Free Farm—A Fine Home

Unlimited Opportunities and a Chance on the Ground Floor

The land is offered free by the Canadian Government, and settlement
conditions are easy.

SYNOPSIS OF HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

DUTIES—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him, or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price, \$3.00 per acre. **Duties**—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate 80 acres of homestead or pre-emption.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$3.00 per acre.

DUTIES—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

Full particulars will be sent free of charge on application to

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration,

Ottawa, Canada

A Bill "To Lengthen Life"

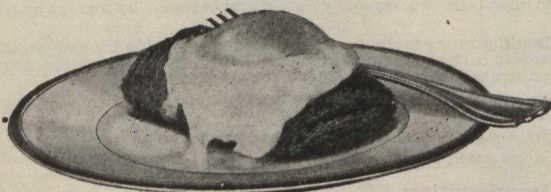
An Oklahoma Senator has introduced in Congress "a bill to lengthen life." Of course you can prolong life by the enforcement of certain sanitary laws. But you cannot create longevity by legislation for a person who eats foolishly and lives unwisely.

Health and long life come from eating simple body-building foods that are easily digested. Every element that the body needs is found in



Shredded Wheat Biscuit

and it is prepared in a digestible form by the best process ever discovered for rendering the whole wheat a perfect food. Only perfect whole grains of wheat are used and these are steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world.



Shredded Wheat is not only a perfect food, but it will prolong life and increase the happiness of the housewife by saving her from kitchen drudgery. Being ready-cooked and made in biscuit form it is so easy to prepare a meal with it in combination with poached eggs or with baked apples, sliced bananas or other fruits. As a simple breakfast cereal with milk or cream it is deliciously nourishing and satisfying.

Made by THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

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Thankful For

After one changes from
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"There's a Reason"

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is made from the
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Absolutely pure,
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Get the genuine with our trade-mark on the package
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TOOTH POWDER

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Never Decay**

The nearest approach to perfect clean-
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the form of peroxide of hydrogen) in
Calox that renders it so perfect a
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Buy a cake of your
favorite toilet soap,
and then buy a cake of

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(Borated)
Skin Soap**

Put the two on your dresser
use them alternately and
in a week you will know
which you prefer and
why Mennen's is con-
stantly growing in favor.

At all druggists, or mailed on
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