

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



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JOHN A. COOPER, Editor

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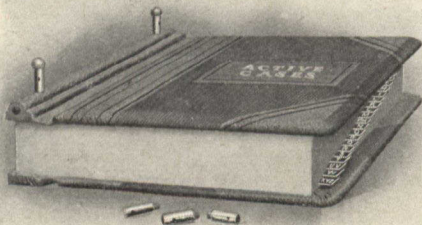
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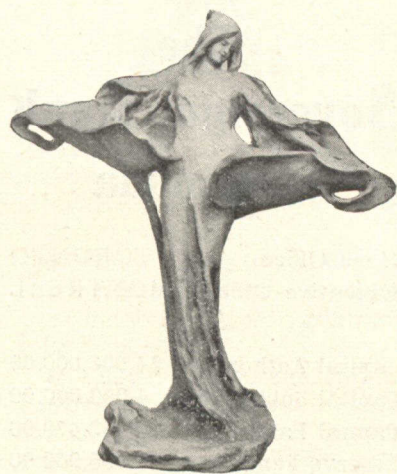
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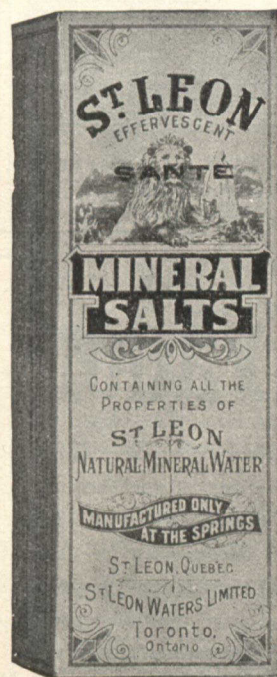
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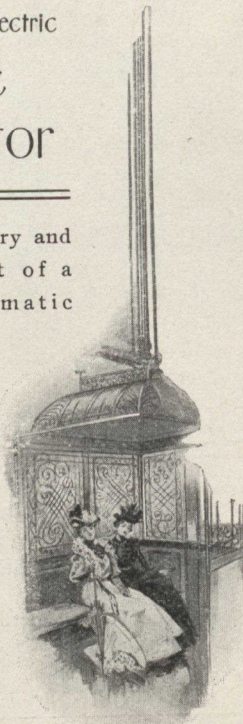
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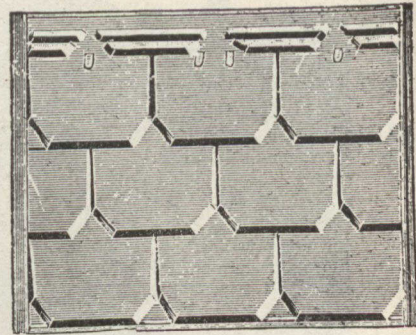
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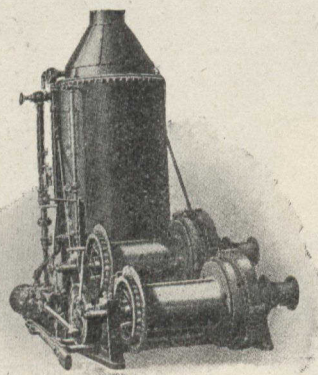
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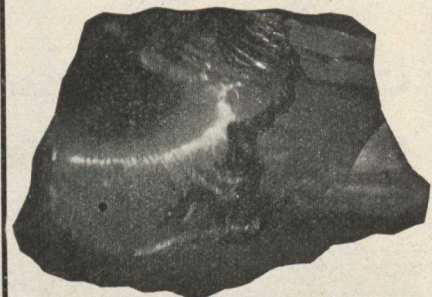
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Editorial Chat

THIS is our eighteenth number and we are beginning to feel as if we could almost walk alone. During the first few weeks we were grasping at this and at that for support, most of the time wondering when the tumble would come. We must have been born under a lucky star, or somebody must have secreted a rabbit's foot in this office, because the tumble has not come.

The public's subscriptions have come in at a surprising rate, and today the CANADIAN COURIER has a bona-fide circulation quite equal to that obtained by other Canadian periodicals only after five years' struggling. To accomplish in eighteen weeks what took years of work on the part of others shows that Canada is getting to be a big country and her people are anxious to see national publications succeed. The advertising patronage speaks for itself.

Next week's issue will be a special automobile and motor-boat number with a startling cover design by Tom O. Marten. Nevertheless there will be other reading matter for people not interested particularly in fast locomotion.

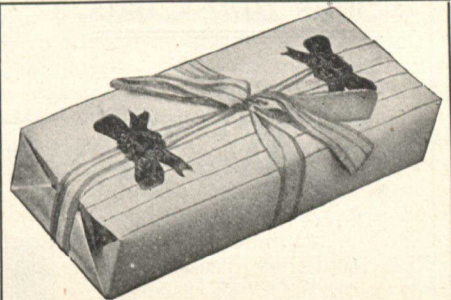
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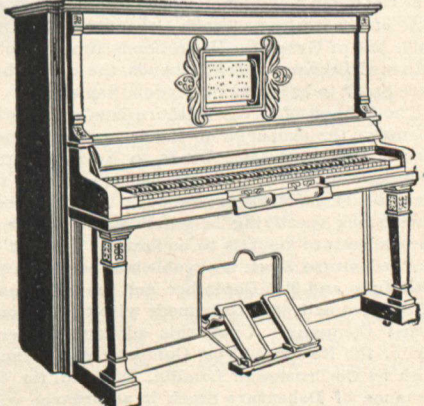


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The holders of Great Northern bonds who wish to make the exchange on the terms above mentioned may send their bonds to National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada, one of the Trustees of the Mortgage securing the said Debenture Stock specifying in whose name or names the Debenture stock is to be issued. Interest on the Debenture Stock is payable half-yearly on the 30th June and 31st December, and the adjustment of interest will have to be made with the National Trust Company. Upon this adjustment being made, the National Trust Company will arrange with its Co-Trustee in London, England, for the issuance of Debenture Stock in accordance with the instructions given by the holders of the Great Northern bonds. Further particulars can be obtained from the Canadian Northern Quebec Railway Company, 1 Toronto Street, Toronto, Canada.

W. H. MOORE, Secretary,

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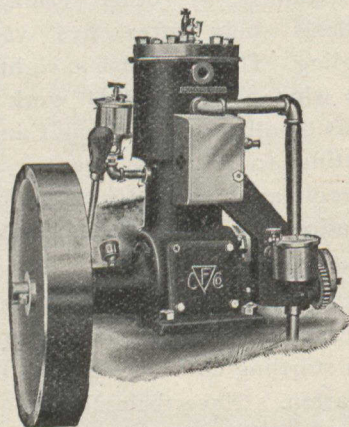
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A National Weekly

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Vol. I

Toronto, March 30th, 1907

No. 18

Topics of the Day

NOVA SCOTIA has decided to colonise. The government is appointing a secretary of industry and immigration whose special business it will be to collect and arrange statistics and give out information. This will be a great help in securing and placing immigrants, if a good man is secured for the position. But the government proposes to go farther. It will invest a certain sum annually for the purpose of helping good immigrants to take up and work abandoned farms. This is real, genuine colonisation, and it is pleasant to note that Nova Scotia is up-to-date.

* * *

New Brunswick is also determined to get a share of the three hundred thousand people who are coming to Canada this year. It wants those with a knowledge of woodcraft since its chief industry is lumbering in all its branches. An arrangement has been made whereby the Salvation Army and certain private parties are to receive three dollars per head for every person they actually settle in the Provinces. These Maritime Provinces are indeed waking up. In truth there may soon be a boom down there equal to that in the West.

* * *

Premier Pugsley delivered the New Brunswick Budget speech last week. Without counting the expected increase in the annual subsidy from the Dominion, the estimated receipts total \$941,196. The subsidy is the main item, and second to it is "Territorial Revenue," estimated at \$325,000. This is made up of the dues paid from forest lands, and shows a decided increase because of the rise in lumber and timber values. The expenditures will be about \$6,500 less. The main items are education, public works and interest. Special arrangements are being made to improve the quality of the horses of the province and to re-introduce sheep-raising.

* * *

Business in Canada is so good that judges are deserting the bench and some of the best men in the Federal civil service are dropping out to go into business. In Great Britain, the opposite is the case; there the salaries are so large and promotion is so absolutely a matter of merit, that the best young men are looking upon the civil service as a career equal to law or the army and navy. The business men complain that the State is securing the brightest young men.

Mr. Justice Ouimet, Mr. Justice Doherty and Sir Andrew Lacoste have recently left the bench because the revenues were unsatisfactory. The resignations of Mr. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry, and Mr. Bain, Assistant Commissioner of Customs, show that the civil service is not sufficiently attractive to retain all its good men.

The State needs a fair share of the best minds of the

country in order that the administration of our national affairs shall be of the highest standard. Finance, public works, justice, customs, post-office, crown lands, immigration—these and other departments need men of the highest calibre. If the government cannot secure and retain them, then the details of administration will be handled in a slovenly manner, the federal funds will be badly administered, and the general progress of the country retarded.

* * *

On February 21st, the Hon. Charles S. Hyman was unanimously chosen as Liberal candidate for an expected bye-election in the city of London. It was announced that owing to ill-health, Mr. Hyman would not be present for the campaign. Since then, a parliamentary committee has decided that Mr. Hyman's resignation was invalid. He is still member for London.

Mr. Hyman's friends assert that he will not continue to hold a seat won apparently by more or less bribery, that he will return from California shortly, and that he will resign his seat and again run as a candidate. This is the course which Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the other members of the cabinet would like Mr. Hyman to pursue and as soon as his health justifies him, it will probably be carried out. In the meantime, Mr. Hyman remains "a man of mystery."

* * *

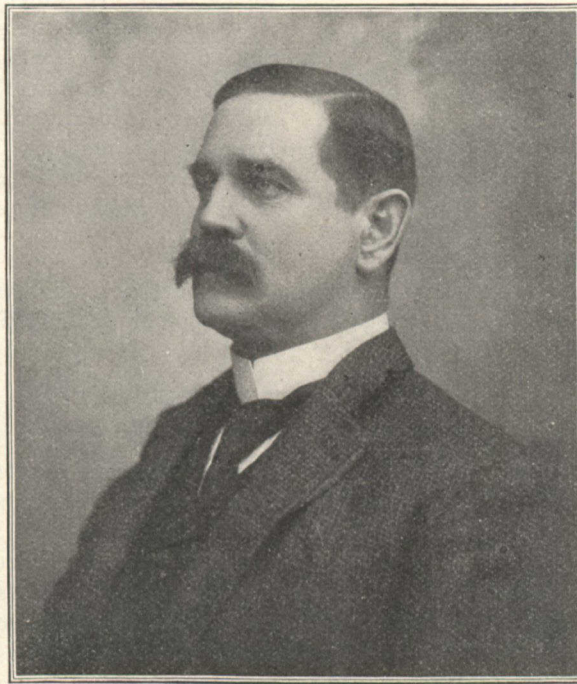
Joseph Phillips, formerly president and managing director of the York County Loan and Savings Company of Toronto, has gone to penitentiary for five years. Like the president of the Ontario Bank, he signed false returns; he gets five years and President Cockburn goes free. This may be justice and there may be reasons for the distinction, but it will be hard to convince the public that justice was blind in both cases. The ordinary observer believes that each was equally guilty, though Mr. Phillips may have had a more guilty knowledge and

had more to do with the preparation of the returns. A man's guilt in the eye of the law is a legal matter; in the eye of the public, it is more a matter of morals.

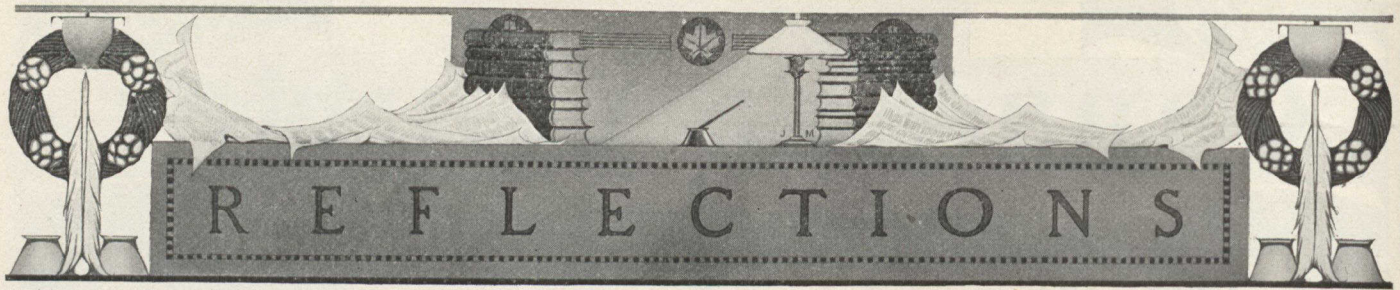
Mr. Phillips gave up his wealth, made his accomplices return all their gains, did his best to save the wreck he had caused and then pleaded guilty to making false returns. He acted wickedly in his business, but after the authorities stepped in he seems to have done his best to make restitution. Five years is not too great a sentence from one point of view; but it is severe in comparison with some recent decisions.

* * *

The capital of Canada and the United States seems to be so busily employed that the people who need money with which to gamble on the stock-markets are unable to get it. The consequence is seen in the present "slump" in stock quotations. The lambs are being sheared again. Not only is money scarce in America, but it is equally "tight" in Europe. The industrial and commercial activities of the world have absorbed it.



Hon. Charles S. Hyman,
Minister of Public Works.



A MEDICAL journal says that bread-and-butter days are returning and that fads in drinks and foods are much less popular than they were five years ago. It claims that honest bread is as good as patented, well-advertised, specially-named foods at double the price. This is a rude jar for those of us who have been trying to improve our worn-out digestions with these fancy articles.

DRINK AND FOOD FADS

Another journal of authority warns us of the evils of boiled water—though the medical health officers all over Canada have been training the people to appreciate this luxury. This journal, "Cosmos" of Paris, declares that boiling water not only does not completely sterilise but also makes it unfit to drink, and that certain troubles of the stomach and intestines may be traced to its use. To boil water is to deprive it of its aeration and to make it heavy and indigestible. It should be sterilised by heat under pressure.

Modern science, with all its blatant trumpeting, has thus got very little farther than our grandmothers' information. We are back to first principles again—fresh air and simple food. If the hotel-keepers of Canada would only simplify their menus and if the wealthy people of the country would cease to serve fancy-priced meals prepared by fancy-priced restaurateurs, the simple life would come back perhaps. At present, every home in Canada is trying to live up to the standards set by the fancy cooking books, the high-priced hotels and the fashionable restaurants, with the consequence that we are eating and drinking extravagantly to the detriment of our purses and our stomachs.

THE visit of Secretary Root to Ottawa a few weeks ago, and the coming visit of Ambassador the Hon. Mr. Bryce have been taken as the basis for some British newspaper argument that reciprocity is in sight. The British people need not be alarmed, reciprocity is as far off to-day as it ever was. There is not the slightest ground for believing that either Canada or the United States is seriously considering the subject.

RECIPROCITY PROSPECTS

In the first place, there will be no revision of the United States tariff until 1907. The new Congress is believed to be fairly opposed to any kind of revision. The Senate is distinctly opposed to both tariff revision and reciprocity treaties. John Sharp Williams, Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, has declared that the people "might as well look to a bald-headed barber for an effective hair-restorer as to look to the Republican party for a revision of the tariff." Both the language and the statement are striking.

On the other hand, Canada has ceased to look for reciprocity or for any other concession from the United States. Indeed, Canada is quite satisfied to leave well-enough alone. She feels that the least said to the United States on any subject, the better in the interests of peace. She is working hard to develop a national feeling, an economic independence, and a world relationship which will prevent her being swallowed if the Republican Giant should happen to become hungry.

Reciprocity on fair terms would benefit both coun-

tries. Yet the one does not want it, and the other knows that it would be a waste of breath to ask even for consideration.

MR. W. T. STEAD, the well-known editor of the "Review of Reviews," is to visit Canada next month in the course of his world pilgrimage in the interests of peace. A curious feature about Mr. Stead's journalistic war for peace is that his soft answers stir up wrath instead of turning it away. The cause of temperance has enlisted the services of many admirable characters but it has also at times been advocated by those whose language and performances are the extreme of intemperance. So the cry for peace has sometimes been uttered so stridently that the result has been wordy, if not bloody, warfare. During the late Boer-Briton conflict, Mr. Stead's attacks on his own fighting countrymen were so violent as to create rancour in the gentlest heart. Some years ago he wrote "If Christ Came to Chicago," a book which destroyed by its over-emphasis the good which it might have accomplished. He set forth a few months since to visit and report upon the music-halls of London, and his first vigorous and alliterative outburst was, "Drivel for the Dregs!" In fact, the spirit of this apostle of peace is to "leave the arf of a brick" at anyone who dares to oppose his lime-light progress.

A P E A C E SPECIALIST

EVERY day some one laments the absence of University graduates from our political life. Not, indeed, that Mr. W. F. Maclean and Mr. Henri Bourassa, the brilliant and original leaders of the two Third Parties at Ottawa, can be ignored. Still is in the main true that university men, having their bread and butter to make, become so absorbed in the task and as little inclined to lose time in politics as their neighbours. They forget that it is in a special sense their duty—and we hasten to use the word before some comedy of Bernard Shaw robs it too of its sacredness—to give a lead in the country which has educated them gratis. They can certainly begin as soon as they like with the ward-convention and the local patronage committee. Strange to tell, Mr. Roosevelt, in his latest speech at Harvard, put no high value on their services. He condemned strongly the tendency university graduates showed to stand off and criticise the ordinary politician instead of actually promoting reform. He said that in recent years the methods of dealing with corporations had been sharply attacked by university men, not one of whom had suggested a constructive measure to remedy the evil. And we may as well face the truth that a great deal of our university education, particularly on its literary side, has an ideal somewhat out of keeping with modern life. Contemplation was the highest activity of the philosopher in the eyes of Plato and Aristotle, and we necessarily educate with a view to a fine enjoyment of leisure. It is only before a comfortable fire and over a restful pipe that you can really appreciate your Horace. The tendency in the training itself—and it is by no means unfortunate that we should be placed outside of or above the immediate business of life for a time—can only be

THE UNIVERSITY MAN IN POLITICS

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corrected if our university men are constantly reminded of their responsibility and a real interest in vital political issues is created in them. Public questions are not beneath the dignity of student societies. One knows how Oxford undergraduates are steeped in politics. Their union is a miniature Westminster in appearance and character, and its decisions are regarded seriously in the country. It is the only way.

THE revelations from Ottawa from month to month are really horrible. Sometimes it is about hockey, lacrosse or football—some nasty rough play. Then again it is social; some prominent name is dragged in the mire because of some little indiscretion. Then, again, it is from the political arena where "rough play" seems to be indulged in quite freely.

The other day, the country was shocked to see the Grand Old Man of Canada (and we did see it in our mind's eye) arise in his place in the House and tell the members that they really were so slow in playing the game that he was likely to be late for the Colonial Conference. It was really pathetic.

Then the players on the other side got up and said that they didn't really mean it and would he please go to the Conference and they would be good. Sir Wilfrid did not consent at once. He made them all talk, although that is fairly easy—Mr. Borden, Mr. Foster, Colonel Hughes and Mr. Sproule—and then he left all the blame on them. Sir Wilfrid is getting more skilful as the years go by.

Speaking seriously, however, it would be a national misfortune if the Premier were not to attend the Colonial Conference. Only he can speak with authority for Canada; only he is in a position at the present moment to fully represent Canadian sentiment. The gathering promises to be brilliant, historic and epoch-making. Canada knows that in the brilliant circle which will gather next month around the Sovereign of the British

Dominions Over-Seas, no person would be more striking more brilliant or more impressive than the veteran Premier of the Dominion of Canada.

The Opposition leaders are to be congratulated on rising above party warfare in this case and insisting that Sir Wilfrid should attend this important gathering of the great men of the empire.

THE increase in the discount rate of the Bank of France to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., is not of so far reaching importance as a change in the discount rate of the Bank of England. At the same time it attracts attention to the fact that dear money is a wide spread condition in the industrial world. The fact that London is the financial metropolis of the world centres all manner of demands upon the gold reserve of the Bank of England. To protect itself against a depletion of its reserve due to international conditions, the Bank pursues the policy of a variable rate; a high rate being used to repel any but any necessary demands, while, at the same time, it quotes a lower rate to its regular customers. It has been the policy of the Bank of France, on the other hand, to maintain a low rate of discount. Since its rate is changed, on the average, only one-third as often as that of the Bank of England, any variation in its rate is significant. The fact that the Bank of France has been able to maintain the rate unchanged at 3 per cent. for the past seven years, makes the present change doubly significant. While the English rate has in recent years been affected by the lavish borrowing in which New York has indulged for the last five years, it is true that the change in the French rate is mainly due to European conditions. At the same time it strikes the note of conservatism and attracts attention to the necessity of careful industrial financing. The present tightness of money in Canadian banking circles, which will probably last until the month of May at least, brings the lesson home to us.

The Tale of a Grandmother

THE CANADIAN COURIER and the Head of a Department in a certain Canadian government met the other day, and the C. C. asked the Head what he thought of Civil Service Reform. He laughed, and the C. C. frowned. Then the Head became serious. "I am not laughing at the Reform, I am laughing at the foolishness of the People."

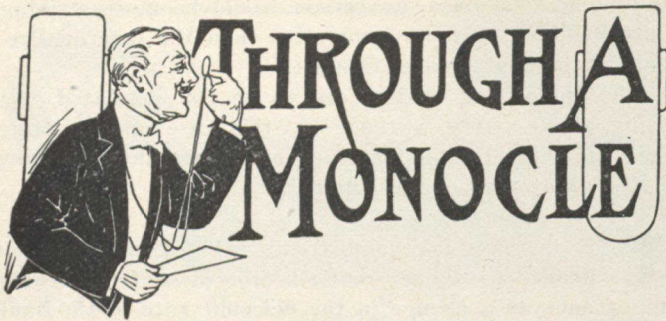
The C. C. questioned the Head further, and drew from him that he had several experiences with members who had the power of appointing persons to his department. "One member sent me in a clerk, 82 years of age, and didn't I give that member a bit of my mind. But that wasn't my worst experience."

Being pressed he told the story. He applied for a female clerk and was notified that it was a Certain Member's turn to have the appointment. One day shortly afterwards an old lady came in and "reported." The Head saw that there was some mistake, that clerks and charwomen had been mixed up somewhere. He sent the old lady away as gently as he could.

Then he hunted up the Certain Member, and asked for an explanation. The Certain Member seemed surprised at the Head's hesitation. "Didn't you take her on?" said the Member. "No, indeed!" answered the Head. "But I wish you would?" said the Member. And so the conversation went on. Finally the Head asked what relationship the lady was to the Member, and found that she was a relative of his wife. "Mother?" boldly asked the Head. "No," said the Member. "What relation then?"

"She is my wife's Grandmother," answered the Member.

The C. C. vouches for the truth of the story and tells it only to show how necessary it is that patronage should be taken out of the hands of the members of parliament and the whole Civil Service placed under a Civil Service Commission as it is in Great Britain. Will you help the movement? The time seems ripe for a Civil Service Reform League.



TALKING of the defects of higher education on this continent, what do you think of Professor Stephen Leacock's few remarks, born in the scholastic calm of his Professorial study, on the practical question of the relation of Canada to the Empire? Professor Leacock announces himself as the Assistant Professor of Political Science of McGill University. Political Science is then his specialty. It is Political Science that he teaches the young Canadians who are entrusted to his care. It is not elocution—or word architecture—or gymnastics—or even rhetoric. It is the very subject with which his pamphlet treats. And yet when you read his pamphlet, did you not imagine that he must surely know more about Greek or Chemistry or Apologetics or almost any other subject than that with which he shows such an appalling lack of acquaintance in his red-covered brochure? He writes like a freshman essayist; and he reasons like a cracker-barrel orator at the corner store. He refers to his fellow Canadians as "six million Colonials sprawling our over-suckled infancy across a continent"; and describes our Parliamentary debating as "the cackle of the little turkey-cocks at Ottawa."

* * *

But you are probably familiar with the pyrotechnic extravagances of this discussion of a question of political science by the Assistant Professor of the same in one of Canada's great Universities. What he seems to propose—if any outlines can be discerned through his tangle of sky rockets and pin wheels—is that Canada shall at once join the United Kingdom in full Imperial partnership, getting six millions' worth of representation in the Imperial Parliament and paying the share of six millions toward Imperial defence. A more absurd and impractical proposal could not easily be penned. If a Freshman had put it into a class essay, he would—or should—have been marked zero for the effort. There is hardly a sane man in a responsible position anywhere in the Empire who would even suggest such a thing. Mr. Balfour—the leader of the Imperialist party in Britain—said just the other day that it was unfair to look to the Colonies for naval contributions at this time; and the great majority of the British House of Commons agreed with him.

* * *

Now don't you think we are getting exceedingly close to one of the weaknesses of higher education in this country? When some of our University Chairs are filled with "Fourth-of-July" special-pleaders of this description, how can you expect sensible young fellows to take their teaching seriously? Last summer—I think it was—a college professor was coming home from a little trip to England. On the ship was a card-trick artist who added mystery to his achievements by pretending that the "spirits" helped him. He would let a man in the smoking-room draw a card from the pack, and then tell him he would find it again under his state-room pillow—and all such cheap puzzles. Well, when that Professor got home, he was well nigh a confirmed spiritualist, producing as evidence these marvellous manifestations of spiritualistic power shown by the "medium" on board ship. How can higher education—no matter how well subsidised or bonused by millionaires—carry such handicaps as these?

No man should be permitted to represent scholarship

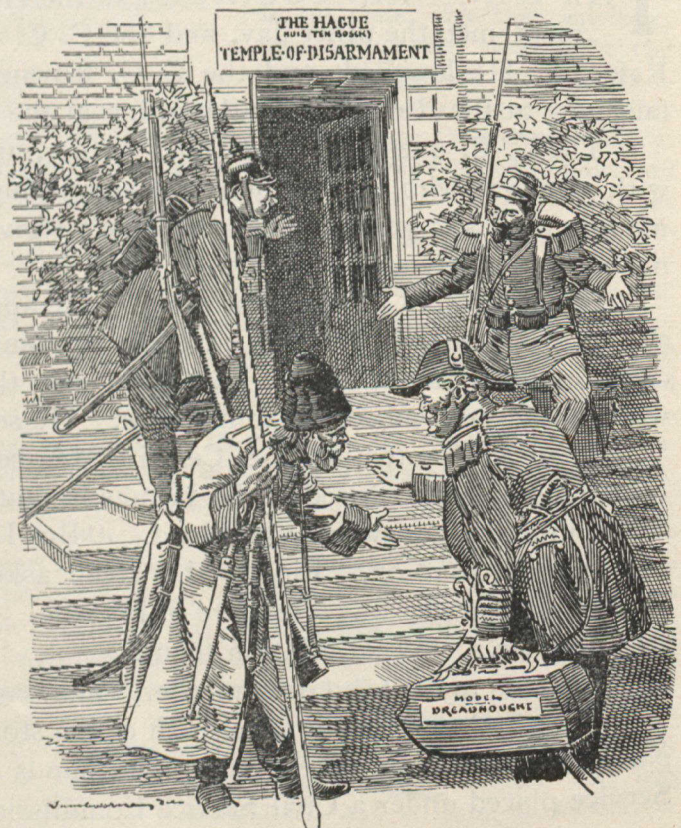
and culture to our young men and women who is not himself a MAN as well as a scholar and an example of culture. He should know the world as well as his library. We are a commercial and mechanical people, are we? Then it behooves those who would lead us into the higher paths to be men whom we can respect on our own level. The Church often understands this principle of missionary appeal and uses it. It will send a husky young athlete to shepherd the juvenile "sports" of a factory district; and it will appoint a wan and willowy aesthete to look after the young ladies of the Browning Society parish. We send our young fellows to College from homes where worldly wisdom and commercial sagacity are of a very high order; and then we ask them to take as gospel the teachings of men whom their fathers would not trust with a junior clerkship. It is not good judgment. It is no wonder our young fellows under-value culture when it is presented to them by a set of "muffs."

* * *

Just how much of this we owe to our custom of importing as many of our professors as we can, it would be hard to say. These imported men seldom understand our conditions out here; and when they do get some inkling of them, it is only to despise us for permitting them to exist. They probably were not doing too well at home, else they would never have consented to endure exile at a Colonial University. But Colonial gold is as good as any; and they condescend to come. They confer on us the advantage of their presence. They will show us—for a consideration—how to be like them; and—as the popular song puts it—"if we cannot be like them then we must be as like them as we are able to be." They themselves are—in all probability—the understudies of real men in the Universities of Great Britain, and we are invited to understudy the understudy. It seems to me that we would do better to send our own men to Britain and to Europe after this sacred fire of culture that they may bring it home to us. Our own men would know what we lack—they must be MEN to be chosen by us for such a quest—they would command our respect on their return. It is Old World Culture we desire to import—not Old World Caddishness.

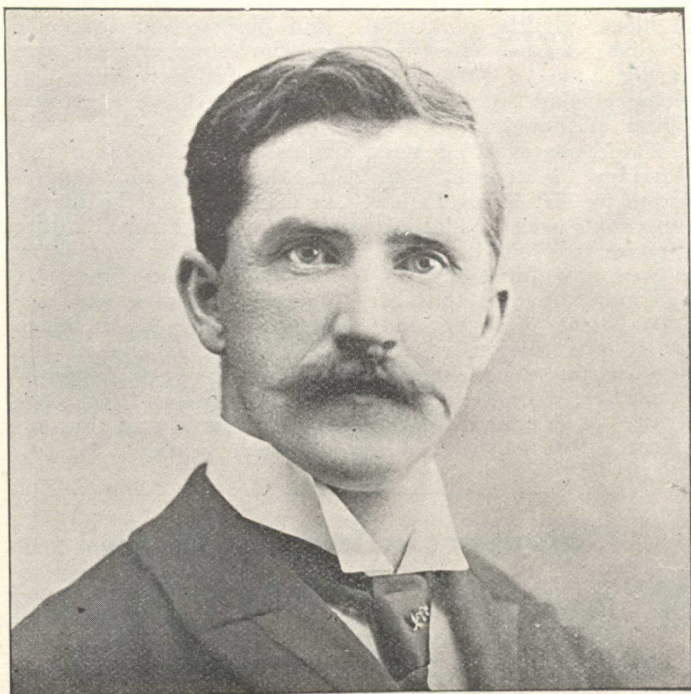
* * *

I do not want to be taken as condemning all professors, either imported or home-grown. A few of them have my respect and admiration. Still these are not sufficiently numerous to make me hold back my generalisations.



The Tug of Peace.

Everybody (to everybody else). "After you, Sir."—Punch.



Mr John Bain
Lately Assistant Commissioner of Customs

Deserting the Civil Service

SOME years ago it was an unheard of thing for any man, once he had attained a position in the government or civil service to deliberately relinquish that position for another in commercial life. A government position with a good salary attached was thought to be all that a man could desire. With it he was provided for life with a competency and a fair degree of comfort. In fact, he had no fear of the firm suspending business or becoming bankrupt.

Now, however, things have changed, and almost every day the newspapers announce that some official, high in the country's service, has resigned to become manager of a commercial organisation or to associate himself with some recognised successful man in business. The names of Mr. Smart, Mr. Stewart and others may be mentioned.

One of the latest to follow this course is Mr. John Bain, who last month resigned the position of assistant commissioner of customs to associate himself with the Hon. Clifford Sifton in business enterprise.

In 1896, when the Hon. William Paterson was called to the Cabinet as Minister of Customs, he chose Mr. Bain, who was then giving attention to law and newspaper work in Paris, as his private secretary. In this position, by his energy, application and unvarying courtesy he soon became a favourite with the public and the politicians as well. In the summer of 1902 Mr. Bain went to the Colonial conference with his minister and there did almost all of the secretarial work of the Canadian commission. It was he who drafted the reply to the Imperial Government Memorandum, in which it was stated that the preferential tariff of Canada had not been beneficial in developing the trade between the premier colony and the mother country. Mr. Bain's reply is to be found in the blue book issued after the conference and suffice it to say that there was never any attempt made to refute the facts it contained.

In 1903, Mr. Bain was appointed to the position of assistant commissioner of customs and in that position he again proved his worth. That Mr. Bain was popular with the service was abundantly testified on his departure. The staff of the customs department at Ottawa presented him on the occasion of his retirement with a handsome gold watch and chain as well as an appropriate address, while the inspectors and higher officers of the outside service tendered him a banquet and presented him with a beautiful cabinet of silver. At the same

time the Minister of Customs gave a banquet in his honour in the House of Commons Cafe which was attended by many Ministers and Members of the House. At this banquet, Sir Wilfrid Laurier referred appreciatively to the services rendered by Mr. Bain.

He Must Walk Delicately

LIKE the gentleman in the Bible, Ambassador Bryce must walk delicately when he arrives in Ottawa next week. He must remember that he is not negotiating between the governments of a vassal state and of an independent state. He must remember that he is not negotiating at all. He has had conferences with Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root, but the Government of Canada is determined—and Canadians will henceforth insist on this—to be the final arbiter in any arrangements, fiscal or otherwise, concerning the well-being of this country. It is well that Mr. Bryce should know this, and it is well that such a sane and unimpressionable man should have been chosen by the King's government as the King's representative in Washington.

Nevertheless, there are difficulties sedulously to be avoided by Mr. Bryce in the course of his visit to Ottawa. Canadians all know that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will insist upon our rights being conserved, just as Mr. R. L. Borden would insist upon the conservation of trade rights were he to-day in the position which, in the course of human events, he some day may occupy—and occupy with credit to us and to him. To-day, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the man at the helm, and he is a man in whom the Canadian people have every confidence. Men who to-morrow would do their utmost to defeat Laurier at the polls, gladly acknowledge that he never loses his constant and determined anxiety to bring to this country all that this country should have.

Mr. Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," has one or two allusions to the relations between Canada and the United States. He wrote the book too early to be able to appreciate the fact that the United States drove Canada into national unity. The United States drove us into the policy of fiscal protection. The United States compelled us to build our own great through railways; the United States finally forced us into the fiscal alliance with Great Britain which is now gladly accepted by all of us. No one believes that conciliatory measures at Washington would have beguiled us into accepting incorporation with the United States. The thing to Canadians is absolutely unthinkable. Some philosophers who believe otherwise might well come north, or come west across the Atlantic, to find out just why. Any such measures at Washington would have proved as abortive as was the bill which Congress in the later '60's passed for the admission of Canadian provinces as American states. By this previous ordinance, Britain was recommended to hand over this country to the Americans as compensation for the Alabama damages and other offences against the victorious work. Gladstone, Mr. Goldwin Smith has told us, advocated this infamous deal.

The truth is that the Canadian national spirit is exuberant, and Mr. Bryce will find this is the case when he meets the men whom he will encounter in Ottawa. The travail of Canada's birth has made Canada robust and strong and earnest. Confidence and self-reliance have come to us through the strenuous preparation of the early years. Strength and confidence will be ours increasingly. We shall be loth to forget that in all international negotiations between us and the United States we—we Canadians—are the dominant partner. Our interests in all such cases are to be considered and mainly to be considered. This being understood, Mr. James Bryce can as adequately act as the representative of Canadian citizens as of the government which gave him his credentials to Washington.

R. K.



The Cambridge Crew which won the Annual University Race, on March 16th.

The Drama of Incompatibility

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

"INCOMPATIBILITY of temperament," the phrase which covers a multitude of eccentricities, has become a bye-word in these days of divorce and mutual arrangements for separation. Perhaps few of us have realised in what a degree the idea involved in the phrase has taken hold of the modern English dramatist. One forgets the name of the writer—it may have been Balzac, or perhaps it was Thackeray—who in protesting against the tendency to make all stories and plays end with a marriage said that the real romance and the real drama of life begin after marriage for most people. At any rate this truth seems to have sunk deep into the consciousness of the average modern dramatist and the Englishmen especially seem inclined to harp on the theme of incompatibility ad nauseam. Plays dealing with domestic infelicity have become so numerous that it is small wonder George Bernard Shaw, who searches the universe for invigorating themes and radical ideas that may be treated dramatically, should have acquired such a sudden and unanticipated vogue. It is a sort of general protest by the public against the monotony of the other fellows. Pinero and his host of minor imitators seem to have adopted the syllogism—"All married people are unhappy some of the time. Some married people are unhappy all of the time."

Perhaps it is only because of the necessity of occasionally getting into actual relations with life or for obtaining for financial reasons a happy ending, that they do not proclaim "All married people are unhappy all of the time."

The drama of incompatibility or domestic infelicity practically got its start in England with Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Previously he had been known as the author of bright little farces like "The Magistrate" and sentimental little stories like "Sweet Lavender," plays the public of to-day will applaud only when played by amateurs who happen to have friends in the audience. It was when looking about for something stronger and more worthy of his rare and growing technical skill that Mr. Pinero undertook the criticism of the conditions of domestic life. The average English speaking man lives a life so clean on the average and indeed so conventional that the plot of an average French drama could find no background and no frame consistent with life. The unconventional nations afford far more scope to the makers of theatrical effects. Therefore in his search for strong emotions that might give warmth to his theatrical effects he struck the idea of utilising the domestic storms which crop up in the best regulated households. From "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" onward, Mr. Pinero has been turning the theme over and over again in all its many psychological phases. The latest product of his pen, "His House in Order," is said to be his greatest achievement in this direction. It is natural that the other and younger English dramatist should study Mr. Pinero's methods because his technical perfection when at his best is recognised—not only in England but in most other countries.

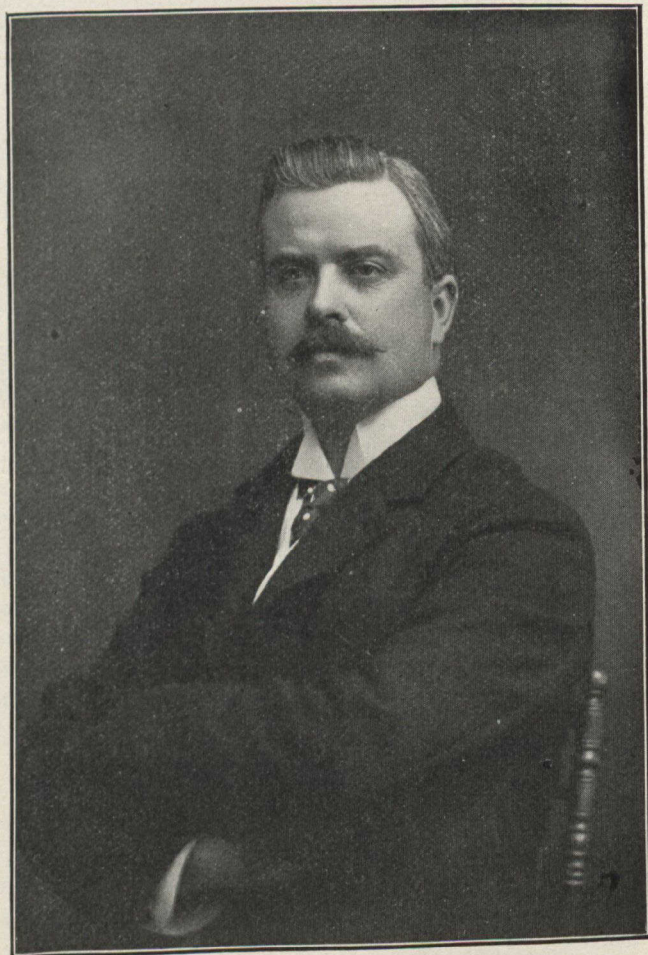
This is well enough because a good framework is an excellent thing whether it be in the human form or the

most exquisite ornament. Nevertheless it is originality of ideas, virility of thought and observation that the English drama most needs. The younger men can hardly hope to surpass or even equal Mr. Pinero in technical skill but they might hope to achieve a greater vigour of thought and breadth of feeling.

These observations were suggested by a sight of "A Marriage of Reason," by Mr. Hartley Manners, presented by Mr. Kyrle Bellew. In this work all the Pinero household was exhibited and the old Pinero family troubles exploited. The lameness of the machinery showed how futile it was to try and imitate him. It was made obvious that Mr. Manners is a man who can write fluent dialogue and possesses some latent ideas but it was obviously ephemeral, which is one of the worst accusations conceivable against a work designedly serious. And "A Marriage of Reason" is only a type of a hundred English plays produced by excellent actors in the past ten or twelve years.

Commercialism in Sport

STILL the spirit of commercialism continues to assert itself and one by one the sports that draw gate receipts are coming out from under the wings of the amateur associations and paying their players part of the money taken in at the gate. It is only a year since senior lacrosse became openly professional. Football partially followed and certain hockey leagues did likewise. Only the Ontario Hockey Association seniors and the Winnipeg clubs remained true to the ancient traditions and the amateur cause. Now, alas and alack! even these are going wrong. Winnipeg saw a chance for wealth and fame by playing Kenora professionals for the Stanley cup. And they fell. The O.H.A. suspended Guelph and Berlin for certain little irregularities, and in the twinkling of an eye both teams jumped boldly into the professional ranks. Others are prepared to follow and it is a good guess that all senior sports with the exception of rowing will soon be openly professional. Why not rowing? Because there are no gate receipts in rowing. If you want to make other sports amateur abolish the gate receipts. How can you expect to find amateur players in clubs when the management is professional?



Mr. Wm. Foran

President National Lacrosse Union, and acting Trustee of the Stanley Cup, who has been helping in the fight against professionalism in sport.

British Gossip

THE Colonial representatives who will be in England for the Conference next month are Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada; Hon. Alfred Deakin, Premier of the Australian Commonwealth; Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand; Dr. Jameson, Premier of Cape Colony; Hon. F. R. Moore, Prime Minister of Natal, Sir Robert Bond, Newfoundland; Dr. Smartt, Cape Colony, and Sir William Lyne.

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King Edward has granted an interview to Mark All, the champion pedestrian of the world who started out on August 6th, 1900, to walk 60,000 miles in seven years, meanwhile earning his living by the exercise of his trade of working engineer. He completed his appointed itinerary with six months to spare.

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The guarantee fund for the Winchester festival to be held in 1908 already amounts to nearly five thousand pounds. There is every prospect of the Colonial Bishops who will be attending the Pan-Anglican Conference visiting Winchester on one of the days of the pageant.

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Ailsa Craig, the great rock in the Firth of Clyde, is threatened. The island is the property of the Marquis of Ailsa who is understood to have granted a lease of it for quarrying purposes.

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Mr. McKenna, the new President of the Board of Education, has a bill dealing with the scope of the new technological college so far as London University is concerned. The new institution is to be on the lines of the famous German college at Charlottenburg. The late Mr. Alfred Beit bequeathed a large sum towards it and Lord Rosebery, Lord Strathcona and Sir Ernest Cassel are prepared to give it financial aid.

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A small allegorical figure of "Dawn," the work of the late Mr. G. F. Watts, R. A., was recently sold for three thousand dollars, showing that modern art values are not declining.

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Lord Brassey, who is generally known as the owner of the yacht "Sunbeam," has reached the age of seventy-one. He has eight yachts in all and is probably the only colonial governor who has piloted himself out to a distant part of the Empire to take up an appointment. He was Governor of Victoria from 1895 to 1900.

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There is a project on foot to have the freedom of the City of London conferred upon Mr. George Meredith. It is intended that this honour should mark a special celebration of his eightieth birthday. A letter has been addressed to the Lord Mayor, who is a friend of the novelist, asking him to accept the chairmanship of the committee considering the matter.

* * *

The Marquis de Villalobar, Councillor of the Spanish Embassy in London, who was the guest at dinner of the West India Club, is related to the descendants of Columbus and he stated that his uncle held the titles of Admiral of the Indies and Marquis of Jamaica.

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The Channel Tunnel is still an absorbing topic. The possibilities of fast travel are stated by a London railway authority. When the Channel Tunnel is built the Trans-Siberian express will start from London instead of from Moscow. In those days it will be possible to make a world tour via the Trans-Siberian express, Daly, Yokohama, Vancouver, Quebec and Liverpool in about thirty-five days; while a mere run across to the Far East will be but a question of fourteen days. Even as matters stand at the present, it is possible to encircle the globe in forty-one days.

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King Edward has given special permission for several hundred Lancashire working men to be shown over the State apartments at Windsor Castle on Good Friday. By favour of the Windsor town council they will have dinner in the local guildhall.

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Prince Henry, the husband of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, is for the first time popular in his wife's country. The determined heroism of his repeated efforts to rescue the unfortunate sufferers on the stranded

"Berlin" has made a successful appeal to the Dutch populace. In England there is a feeling of warm admiration for the Prince Consort's action and King Edward never did a more popular deed than when he conferred on the royal rescuer the Grand Cross of the Bath. Curiously enough, ever since Christmas there has been a fashionable "craze" for Dutch silver, pictures, lace and flowers, which shows no signs of abating.

Prince Alexander of Teck was sent to Holland to confer the honour on Prince Henry; and the toast of Queen Wilhelmina to British Royalty at a recent dinner at The Hague given to the English guest has been the cause of much favourable comment in the British press.

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An English publication announces an article, "Why I Go to Prison," by Christabel Pankhurst. Another periodical mildly suggests that Miss Pankhurst went to the "Habitation Enforced," (to borrow one of Kipling's titles) because she was forcibly conveyed thither in one of His Majesty's dark-hued Marias.

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Mr. Austen Chamberlain is proving himself a valuable debating member among the forces of a somewhat depleted Opposition. He shows the inherited Chamberlain interest in the fiscal question but his views and his manner of placing them before the members are recognised as his own.

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It is rumoured that King Edward and Queen Alexandra will go over to Ireland in May to the opening of the Irish Exhibition which has been in preparation for the last four years. The "lace ball" given by Lord and Lady Aberdeen was so successful that the Irish industries are likely to be the object of fashionable patronage.

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Lady Russell, widow of the late Sir William Howard Russell, the famous war correspondent, has been granted by royal favour a suite of apartments in Hampton Court Palace.

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The South African Exhibition in London is proving highly popular. A similar affair was opened last week at Amsterdam by Queen Wilhelmina.

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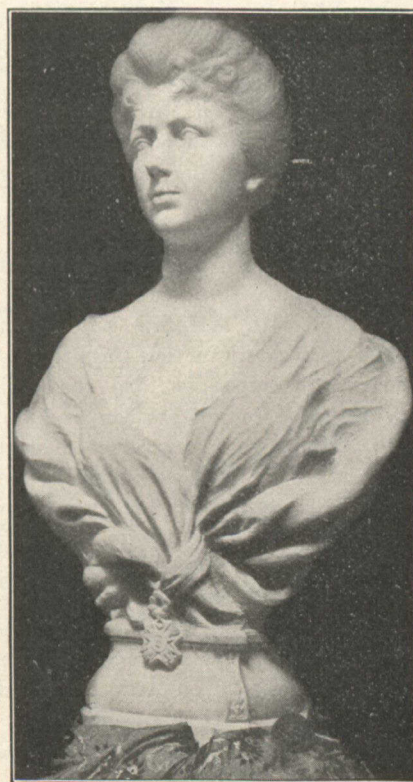
The cult of the orchid is more popular than ever, judging from the first great orchid sale of the year when more than two hundred duplicates from the Earl of Tankerville's Chillingham collection realised a little more than sixty-five dollars apiece. All the great orchid specialists of England and many from the Continent were represented.

* * *

The report of the Rayner trial in London induces comparison with New York's delay and dallying. The murderer of Mr. Whiteley committed his crime on January 14th and was sentenced to death last week. The counsel for the defence said that he was going to show that Rayner was insane in the legal sense. But the plea of tainted mind did not seem to affect the jury, who, after being absent for nine minutes, returned a verdict of wilful murder. The British public does not err in being maudlin over criminals.

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Seventy-six suffragettes who were arrested for creating a disturbance were sentenced last week to a month in prison.



The Queen of Spain.

A Bust presented to King Alfonso by the Women of England.

Work for the Canadian Clubs

CANADIAN club members all over the country may be interested in some quotations from an address delivered at the second meeting of the Canadian Club of Victoria, B.C. on March 15th. The speaker, Mr. J. S. Dennis, recounted his experiences and outlined some work for Canadian club enthusiasts. He said:

"Thirty-five years ago Western Canada was only a name. Those who fathered the confederation and who had the hardihood to foretell that the western portion would occupy the position that it now occupies, were classed as visionary. Thirty-five years ago Winnipeg was only a small village, reached by boats coming down the river. It was thought that the western limit of possible habitation lay about 60 miles to the west of Winnipeg. That vast country to the west was practically unknown. Of British Columbia nothing was known except by the gold seeker. This province, which is more richly endowed by natural resources than any other in Canada, was spoken of as being somewhere near the North Pole, fit only for Eskimos to inhabit.

"The first real development followed the influx of settlers from the south—that is east of the mountains. This is now going to have a reflex action to the West of those mountains. At first only 8,000 people came in in one year from south of the line, whilst last year there were several times eight thousand. The movement is rolling up until it has assumed large proportions, and it has had this effect, that the country is attracting not only men from across the line, but emigration from northern Europe and Great Britain. The cause of this was the feeling that where there is anything good the Yankee goes after it. (Laughter.)

"My work, however, is to speak of the development of the country and the part the Canadian Club should take in it. Fifteen years ago there was no city of any size at Edmonton. In 1898 I assisted in founding the village of Saskatoon. Both of these are now great centres of trade. In a few years with the present development we shall be independent of the great country to the south, or of Europe. I estimate that there is now a population of 900,000 in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, and it is increasing at the rate of a quarter of a million per annum. In these provinces there are 7,000 miles of railways in operation and 3,000 miles under construction. The bank clearings in the same district are \$15,000,000. (Cheers.) We have finally a recognised position throughout the emigrating world as the greatest unoccupied area of land suitable for agriculture and horticulture, as well as the greatest natural resources in timber, coal, mining and fisheries in any portion of North America.

"We are now starting on what I think should be a new era of development.

"It is with reference to that that I should like to speak to you for a few minutes. We have not only disproved the erroneous idea that this great western country is unfit for cultivation and habitation, but we have proved that we can produce a larger average wheat crop than has ever been produced in North America.

"When I look back for twenty-five years and then note the cities now built where the buffalo once possessed the land, the vast areas devoted to agriculture, when I look backward eighteen years to the existing conditions in British Columbia, am I not justified in saying that we have dispelled that erroneous impression and proved that the great western country can invite people to come and possess it with every confidence.

"In connection with the development to which I look forward the Canadian clubs should, in my opinion, make it their business to take a prominent part in guiding that development on proper lines. We are getting all nationalities and all creeds; we are assuming certain re-

sponsibilities. Even here in British Columbia you have been agitated for some time past by the question of Oriental immigration. But I am referring more particularly to the emigration of the Slavonic races to the provinces east of the Mainland.

"The work of this club should be to assimilate that population that these may become in time Canadian citizens. (Applause.) That is a work which must be done, and one in which governments cannot take part. These people must be made first Canadians, and must have awakened in them that spirit which has more than anything else made the United States the marvellous country it is to-day. We must make them, no matter what their nationality, Canadians first. It can and will be done through the medium of these clubs.

The British Royal Family

IT is interesting, says the "Argonaut," to note how rapidly the members of the English royal family are dividing the royal spoils of Europe. An English princess is on the throne of Norway; another, Princess Margaret of Connaught, will some day wear the Swedish crown. The daughter of the late Princess Alice, King Edward's sister, is now the Czarina, the son of the Duke of Albany is Duke of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh is Crown Princess of Roumania, the Crown Princess of Greece is also a niece of King Edward, while a daughter of Princess Henry of Battenberg is now on the Spanish throne.

The entente cordiale, so ardently desired by King Edward, is likely to be strengthened by the family ties which exist between the various reigning houses of Europe. But on the other hand, a quarrel, when it does arise, is all the more bitter when the enemies are of the same blood.



Japanese Women in Winter Costume.

Lumbering in Canada

TIMBER and lumber are getting scarcer and more valuable. In his annual address in February, the President of the Lumberman's Association of Ontario, predicted that the price of hemlock lumber would go to \$17 or \$18 before the season of 1907 was over. Speaking of the general conditions, he thought that the cut of 1907 would be as large as 1906 so far as Canada is concerned, but would be much less in the United States. Stocks on hand were light. The circumstances indicated a stiffening of prices.

The "Canadian Lumberman" defends the recent rise in prices all over Canada. It maintains that the demand is out of proportion to the supply and consequently prices must rise when consumers are bidding. Further, the price of labour has increased and the manufacturer is making very little more profit than he ever made. It admits nevertheless that certain British Columbia mills, which were not profitable some years ago, are now making money although still charging only moderate prices.

A change has come over the market which will benefit the New Brunswick manufacturers and the East. British Columbia shingles have recently monopolised the market in Ontario and Quebec, but the red cedar products are hard to obtain because the railways in the West are so busy. Consequently Eastern shingles are being sold more freely in Central Canada and at higher prices.

The year 1906 showed a great increase in exports, New Brunswick, for example, exporting seventy-five million feet more than the previous year. Nova Scotia's trade with the West Indies and South Africa also increased greatly. Quebec's export of square timber showed an increase last year but was only two and a third million square feet as against seven million ten years ago.

It was in British Columbia, however, that the greatest expansion was shown. The timber licenses doubled as compared with the previous year, an indication of their growing value. The total production of lumber for 1906 is estimated at six hundred million feet, or one hundred and twenty-five million more than in 1905. It may have been much more. Logs that were worth only \$7 in the spring, brought \$14 before the end of the year. British Columbia exports largely to South America, Australia, Hong Kong, Japan and Great Britain. South America took twenty-five million feet last year; Australia twenty-one, and Great Britain eleven. The total was about seventy-five million. Comparatively this is only about one-sixth of the New Brunswick yearly export, but it indicates the great expansion on the Pacific. It is practically only six or seven years since British Columbia began to send lumber outside its boundaries in any great quantity. Since the construction of the Crow's Nest branch of the C.P.R., the Kootenay district has become the chief source of supply for the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The number of new companies formed recently to deal in B. C. lumber is great. There is a mill at Port Blakely which turns out nearly a million feet a day, and one is to be built at Chemainus to rival it. Another large mill is to be erected near Prince Rupert on Graham Island, 600 miles north of Vancouver. And so the story goes.

The New Logging Method

AROUGH but interesting description of the new logging method (illustrated on the next page) is given by a Vancouver writer in the February "Canadian Lumberman." He says:

"The old method of logging was by horses and oxen trains, a skid road being built, the skids being laid every ten feet apart, and in marshy and boggy ground it was

necessary to fill in between the skids with logs, thus making a corduroy road. The present method of logging, however, is largely by the use of logging engines. The usual method is to construct primarily a main skid road through the bush, on which road are placed large road engines, one every mile or mile and a half. A one-inch cable a mile or a mile and a half in length is carried on the drum, with the proportionate amount of $\frac{5}{8}$ -in. cable for haul-back. As an auxiliary engine to these large engines, small 'yarding' engines are employed, their work being to haul the log out from the stump to the main road. These engines are equipped similarly to the large road engines, having a large cable for hauling the log and one of smaller diameter for haul-back. In level country it is the custom to use a horse in place of a power haul-back on the 'yarding' engines. When a sufficient number of logs have been hauled out by the 'yarding' engines to the main road, a load is made up and, by the use of road engines, is hauled along the skid road to its destination, either to the water or to the logging railway. About fifteen thousand feet of logs is the usual load for the road engine to haul."

The King's Messenger

IN these days of the cable and the long distance telephone, the public is apt to forget that the most important despatches are yet delivered in person. The recent death of Mr. Arthur Herbert, who was one of those who lost their lives in the ill-fated "Berlin," has drawn attention to a most interesting body, the King's Foreign Service Messengers, to whom Mr. Herbert belonged. It is the duty of these couriers, who are nine in number, to carry despatches from the King and the Foreign Office to British Ambassadors abroad. Mr. Herbert was travelling on the fortnightly service to Constantinople. Every Tuesday a messenger journeys by Harwich and the Hook of Holland—one week to Constantinople and the next to St. Petersburg.

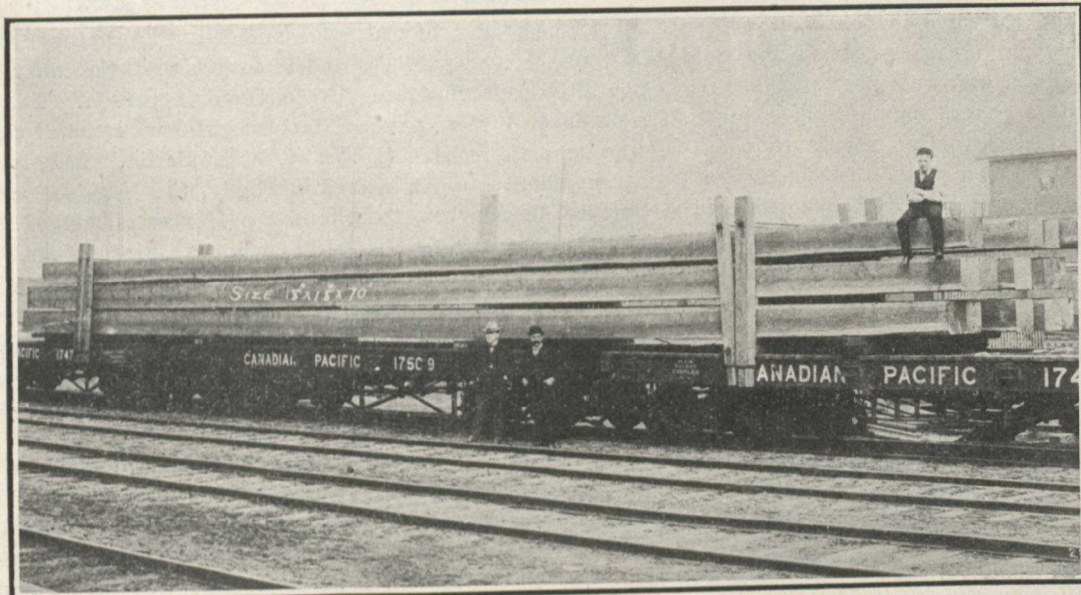
The railway companies make special arrangements for the King's Messenger, although he is an ordinary fare financially. He is by courtesy free of Customs, which facilitates the rapid travel which is the main purpose of his work. He carried a six-inch silver-gilt badge and a number. The badge consists of the Royal arms, motto, and E.R. in an oval surmounted by a crown, and from it hangs a silver greyhound, which gives the Messengers their romantic nickname—Silver Greyhounds. He also has a courier's passport and a handsome uniform.

The uniform is never worn except in time of war, when the courier wishes to pass through contending countries. It consists of a blue frock coat with gilt buttons, a gold-edged waistcoat, scarlet-striped trousers, and peaked cap with the crown and E.R. in gilt. The messenger carries his precious despatches, which he must guard with his last drop of blood against the enemy, in a canvas bag, tied, labelled, and sealed.

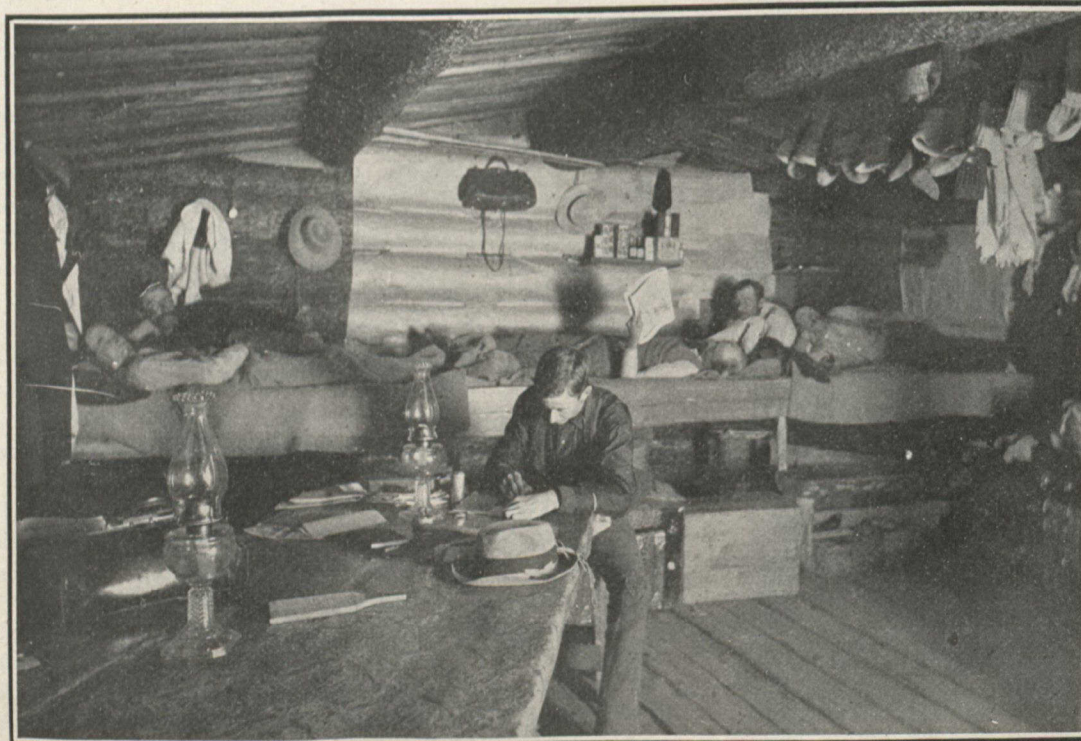
While it is essential that the courier should be an officer of high intelligence, ready resource and unflinching courage, his messages are not invariably of high state import. He has been known to procure for an ambassador or his wife small articles for which they had a special liking and has even been known to carry such trifles as a favourite confection or a dainty ribbon, with his documents of international importance. The late Queen Victoria, it is said, had a decided liking for a certain biscuit which could be obtained only in a small German state. On more than one occasion the Foreign Service Messenger added an order for biscuits to his serious despatches. But the stories told of the secrecy necessary for such service are by no means exaggerated, and to have the right of wearing the silver greyhound is the highest testimonial.



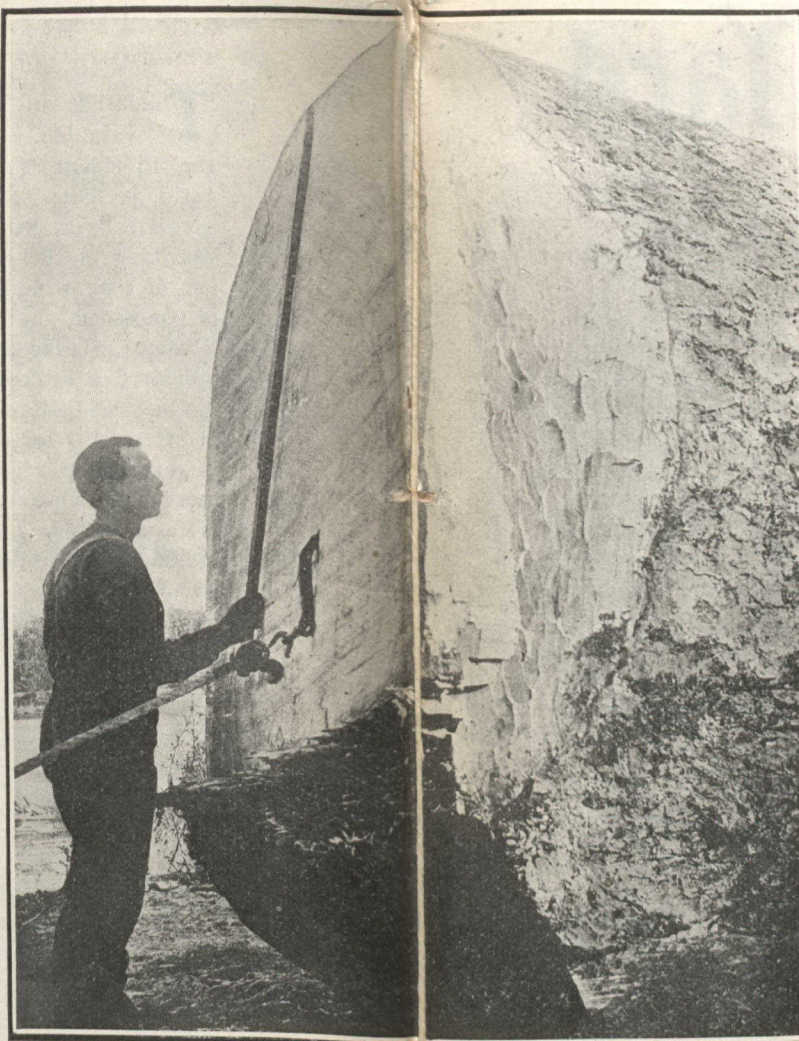
Making a skid road, over which the logs are drawn out of the bush.



Trans-snipping square timber at Vancouver.



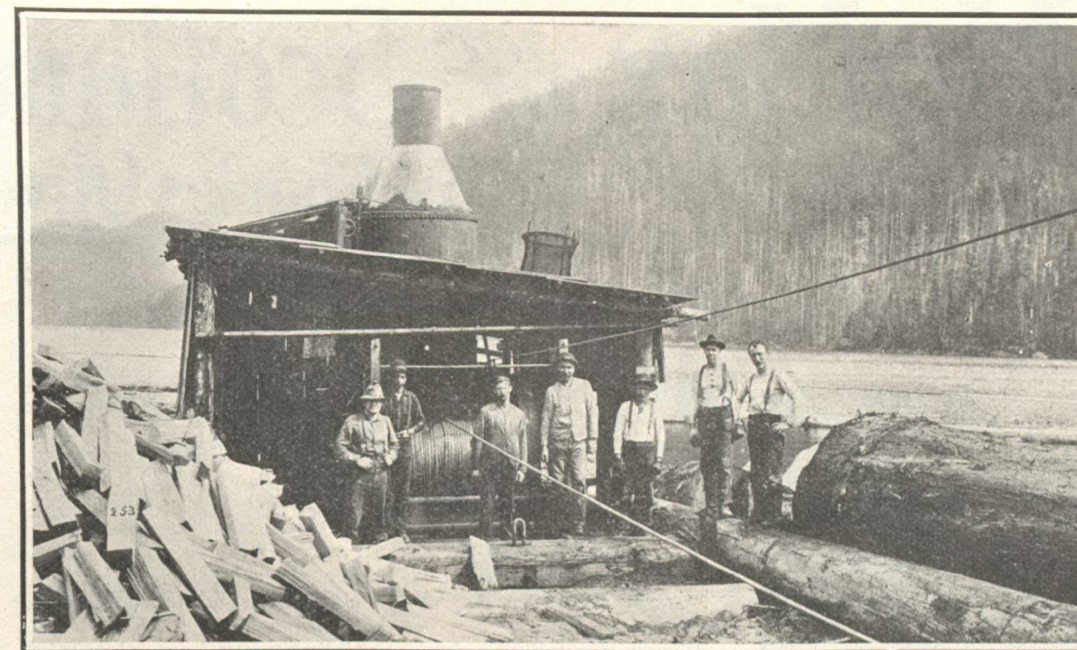
Interior of a Lumber Shanty. The Office.



Measuring the Butt. This picture gives a good idea of the size of the larger of the British Columbia fir trees.



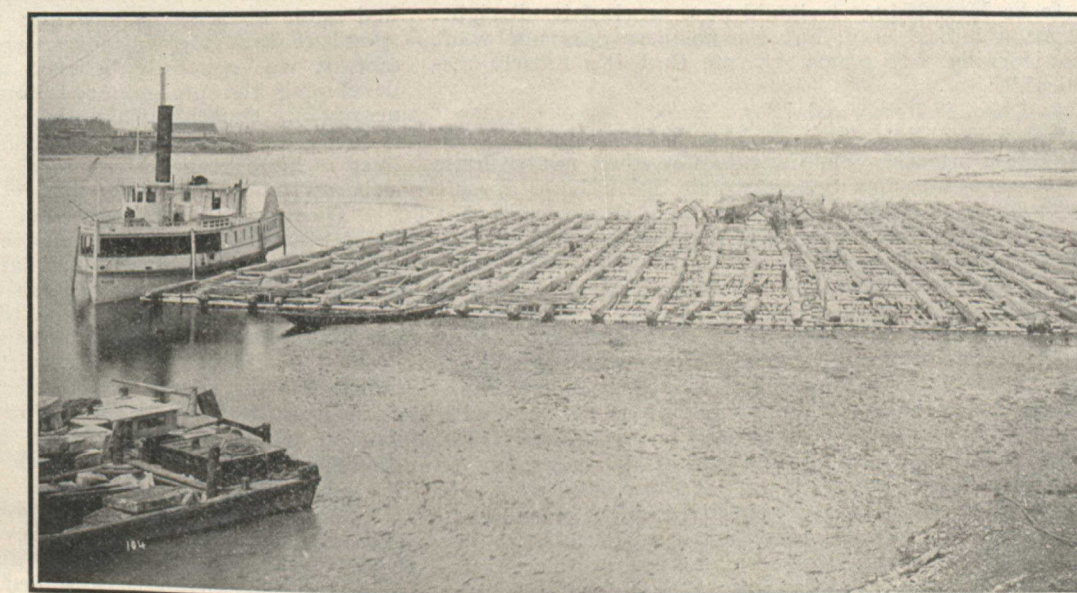
A Forest Scene in British Columbia. This picture also gives a fair idea of the size to which the trees of that Province attain.



Hauling logs over a road to the water. This used to be done by horses, but donkey engines are now used. The lower heavy cable will be from one to two miles long. The lighter cable is to draw back the heavy cable when the logs have reached the engine.



The Cook-house and the Crew of a Raft. This unusual photograph gives an idea of the life of a river-driver, and a more adequate idea of the construction of the raft which is pictured below.



A \$50,000 raft of square timber on the Ottawa River.

LUMBERING IN CANADA—STILL ONE OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIES.

Mr. Max of Scotland Yard

by Charles Oliver

V. The Spison Affair



MR. MAX brought two deck-chairs from their winter quarters, and we installed ourselves comfortably on the sunny side of his house.

"And how's the poor head?" asked my host.

"As sound as yours," I answered.

"Then you've got the best sort of a head on you," he replied, solemnly. "I'm not a boastful man, and I quite under-

stand that we don't make our own heads; they're sorted out to us, and we haven't much to say in the matter. But there's no manner of sense in calling yourself a fool when you're quite at the other end of the scale, is there now? And when you say that your head is as sound as mine, you pay yourself a compliment, Captain Grensley—a compliment, I'll be hanged if you don't!"

"You needn't tell me that," I cried. "A man who forestalled Jiu-Jitsu, who knows many ways of putting his adversary on his back, and more of strangling him artistically, for whom mysteries are no mysteries—"

"Tut! tut! interrupted Mr. Max, deprecatingly, "you make me blush."

"Who will take on seven Hooligans at a time, can use his feet as well as his hands in a tussle, is afraid of nothing and no one, can—"

"Enough, enough, Captain Grensley," said Max, frowning a little. "I shall begin to think you're having me on, and I allow no man to have me on, sir—no man."

I assured my touchy friend that I had spoken in all seriousness, and he allowed himself to be restored to his usual equanimity.

"Between ourselves," he said, when he had accepted my explanations, "I have a weak side, though you wouldn't think it. Perhaps I should say more correctly that I had a weak side once—for twenty minutes approximately. I was in love, as the phrase is, for that space of time."

Here Mr. Max actually did blush.

"If my question is not indiscreet, why did it go no further?" I asked.

"Well, of course, it was my own doing that it stopped where it did, for, if I had wished it, the girl would have had to be Mrs. Max. I should have worked it all right. I'm not a ladies' man, but the business does not want much learning. It seems to me that it's mostly mechanical."

"And she, if I may ask?"

"She was a living waxwork—a Salvation lass. Oh, it wouldn't interest you, Captain Grensley, not a little bit. A man who has been through Spion Kop, doesn't care to listen to sickly romances about women and that—blood and thunder is more in his line—war's alarms—crash! bang!"

"By no means, Mr. Max. Just the contrary, I assure you."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Max, with a firmness that showed beyond miscomprehension that he did not mean to be drawn—"excuse me. The only point of manly interest in the business is that from it dates the split with my chief. He was not best pleased with the way I had worked the thing, and allowed himself to make one or two silly remarks that I wasn't going to forget. He was a regular old stick of a routinist, and he would have all his cases run into moulds, so to speak, of his own choosing. A passably good man, but nothing extraordinary. I am not a bit of a routinist myself; I must have a free hand, just as I should have given a free hand if I had been in the chief's place. In his place,

indeed! I might have waited a hundred years for that to arrive. No, I began to see clearly that I was not a 'persona grata' at headquarters—knew a little too much I suppose—so after the Spison Affair, which I finished off in my own way, not the chief's, I made my bow."

"And what was the Spison Affair?" I asked.

"A mystery," replied Mr. Max, "that is insoluble for all men living at this moment—except myself and another. And it is for the sake of that other that I shall use fictitious names throughout. The honour of a family is concerned."

"Two years ago, then, the chief sent me down to the little town of Crawton to get at the bottom of an affair which puzzled the local police considerably. It does not, I have observed, take much to do that, but in this case there was more ground than usual for perplexity."

"Quite out on the outskirts of Crawton, in a small cottage, there lived an old gentleman—a Mr. John Spison. He was a retired bank cashier, who had worked with the Hemsteads of Littleford in a neighbouring county. He was nearly seventy at this period, and had been at Crawton for twenty-five years. His wife had died soon after they came there, and since then Mr. John Spison had lived entirely alone. A woman went in every day to do the household work and the cooking; otherwise there were very few visitors to the cottage. Mr. Spison had only one child, a son, Mr. Edward Spison, who went out to the Colonies at the time of his father's retirement from the bank. He had since made his fortune and come home, had married into a very good family, and settled down on an estate at some considerable distance from Crawton. He made regular periodical visits to his father, and had often urged the old gentleman to go and live with him. This Mr. John Spison had always declined, preferring to preserve his independence, as he said; but it was thought that there was no love lost between him and Mrs. Edward Spison, a lady who was, perhaps, too favourably impressed by her own birth and social position."

"It had always been maintained by the gossips of Crawton that Mr. John Spison had retired from Hemstead's bank under a cloud, though what was the exact composition of this cloud the gossips could not more than surmise. The cashier was a strong and comparatively young man when he threw up his position, and on settling at Crawton with his wife had cut himself off almost completely from local society. His son had gone to the Colonies immediately, with the evident intention of being no burden on his father. Then Mrs. Spison had died, and the one or two acquaintances that the widower had made in Crawton saw him to be so broken and dependent that they almost feared for his reason. In fact, it was generally believed that the ex-cashier was developing the preliminary symptoms of mental weakness; but time as it passed brought no aggravation if it brought no amelioration of these symptoms. He lived in his cottage, silent and solitary, and his existence at Crawton was almost entirely unremarked."

"Then he had suddenly come before the world in the most startling and tragic manner. His charwoman, on going up to the house one day at her usual morning hour, had been surprised to see the doors open, for Mr. Spison did not generally rise till later. Entering her employer's study, she had found the old gentleman, fully dressed, sitting at his desk, with his head between his hands, staring down at an object at his feet. The curtains were drawn and the lamp was flickering out. The woman pulled back a curtain, and then, in the broad daylight, she saw that the dark object on the floor was the body of a man."

"When the police came it was ascertained that the stranger had been killed by a revolver bullet through his heart. The weapon had been discharged at close quarters, for the clothes were singed. The man was miserably dressed and wretchedly thin, and bore about him the marks of the habitual drunkard and loafer. I got

down to Crawton in time to see the body, of which I made careful measurements and notes, and from these I afterwards got the fellow identified; for though we had not arrived then at the Berthillon Method, we had some makeshift arrangement, and as to that same Berthillon Method, by the bye, I can assure you that a more correct name for it would be the 'Max Method.' But the French have no memory when a memory is inconvenient.

"A revolver lay on the table close at Mr. Spison's hand, but the old man could give no account at all of what had happened. In fact, I believe that from that day he never spoke again, and if there were doubts before as to his mental condition there were none now. His intellect had almost entirely gone. Mr. Edward Spison came over at once, and remained with his father throughout, but if Mr. John Spison knew his son at all, which is uncertain, he took no more notice of him than of anyone else. He sat the whole day in a stupor, from which it was impossible to arouse him.

The most plausible theory was that the stranger had demanded money of the old man, and perhaps threatened him, and that Mr. Spison had shot him in self-defence. Against this was the fact that Mr. Spison lived poorly, and had nothing in his house which would attract a thief. His possession of a revolver was a difficulty for me, and appeared to point to his constant apprehension of some danger. The stranger had been seen in the village during the day and in the neighbourhood of Mr. Spison's cottage, and it occurred to me that he might even have accepted a rendezvous there for the evening.

"However, there seemed to be no certainty to be arrived at. Mr. John Spison's mouth was closed; Mr. Edward Spison declared that he had no idea who the stranger was. But there was no hurry in the matter. The case would go before the jury, of course, but the magistrates accepted Mr. Edward Spison's bail and he took his father home with him.

"I returned to London, where I occupied myself in identifying the stranger. When I had got all my information I went down without announcement to Ringford, Mr. Edward Spison's seat, and sent up my name.

"Any news, Mr. Max?" asked Mr. Edward when he came in.

"Yes," I said brusquely, "I have identified our man. Here are the details: Radford, John, of Littleford, born —, worked in the town as an apprentice to a Mr. James Talke, glazier; disappeared in the year —; heard of again in London, S. E.; numerous convictions for drunkenness, mendicancy, etc., etc."

"I was watching Mr. Spison closely as I read, for I have the trick of doing two or more things at the same time. And how do you think I knew that John Radford was an old acquaintance of Edward Spison? I'll tell you.

"Years ago I went to see a man guillotined in France. I can promise you I did not go out of idle curiosity, but I was making a specialty at that time of the visible effects of extreme fear. The fellow they 'shortened' that day was a marvel. He walked out of the prison as if he were going to a wedding, elbowed aside the priest, who was going backward before him, trying to hide the

machine from his eyes, and stood at the fatal plank like a soldier at attention. There was only one thing that showed the mortal terror he was in. The tips of his ears were white!

"And when I read out those details to Mr. Edward Spison the tips of his ears went white. He was a brave man, but he had not quite absolute control of his heart action. I should say it is not one in a million that has.

"Well, Mr. Max?" he said, quietly, when I had finished.

"Well, Mr. Spison," I answered, "I will use no threats, because I believe you are not the sort of man with whom threats would pay. But I should be glad if you could bring yourself to throw light on this black-mailing business, for such it is I'll swear."

"Could you promise me," he asked after a minute, "that it shall go no further?"

"My duty and the interests of justice rank with me before everything," I answered, "and I will make no preliminary promise. But if I find later that I can honourably do so, I will give you my word that the secret shall rest between us."

"And this, Captain Grensley, was the story he told me:

"I was no good at all as a boy and a youth, Mr. Max. I was an only son and spoilt. I could settle down to no profession, and my father was in despair about me. He was an excellent man of rather limited attainments and understanding, who had worked at a desk all his life, and considered that commercial zeal and probity were the highest of all virtues. My irregularity of life distressed him even more than my extravagance, I believe; for the former is quite fatal to commercial success, while the latter may even accompany it. At last, to my father's relief, Mr. George Hemstead offered me and I accepted a position in the Littleford bank.

"But this was not my salvation. I got in with a gambling lot, and found myself one morning with a large debt of honour to meet and nothing to

meet it with. When I tell you, Mr. Max, as I must tell you, that I robbed my employer, you may wonder how it is that I am in my present position.

"Luckily for me the fraud was discovered at once. If this had not been so, it might have been the first step on a fatal downward ladder to irretrievable ruin. Mr. George Hemstead, who had detected my falsification himself, sent for me and accused me. I lost my head and denied. Mr. Hemstead, in great indignation, for the theft was palpable, was about to send for the police, when I threw myself on my knees, confessed everything, and begged him at least to see my father first. This he reluctantly agreed to do, and sent me out to wait in his little private garden behind the bank.

"There are moments, Mr. Max, when the mind is so overwhelmed with some stupendous grief or misfortune that it is incapable of noting any but the most trifling and insignificant impressions. You know that a prisoner at the bar will count the spikes on the railing in front of him while his death-sentence is being pronounced.

"It was so with me as I waited. There was a young glazier at work on the panes of the conservatory which led from Mr. Hemstead's room into his garden. I



"I threw myself on my knees, confessed everything and begged him to see my father first."

watched the youth idly, with no memory of the banker and my heart-broken father, and my own fate. The minutes passed, no one came to summon me. The young glazier put on his coat and went away to dinner. Then I got up and walked, half unconsciously, to where he had been working, and I found that by some curious acoustic accident every word that was said in Mr. Hemstead's room was audible here.

"And then my whole consciousness came back to me, and the face which I had only seen for an instant flashed out on my memory like an image on a photographic plate under a quick-developing agent. I have never forgotten it—that mean, cruel face—and, after years of vice and misery and drink had done their work on it, I knew it in an instant when I saw it in my father's study a week ago—the face of John Radford, blackmailer.

"My father came out from the banker's room a broken man. He told me—what, indeed, I had already heard—that the only condition on which Mr. George Hemstead refrained from prosecuting was that I should leave the country at once. There, as far as he was concerned, the matter was ended. But for my father it was not so. He resigned his post. I believe he must have known of the rumour of the irregularities that were vaguely attributed to him, and he made no effort to contradict these rumours. So it was that my culpability was never suspected.

"Thus, you see, for the first time my poor father put himself between me and ruin. And I do not know whether, even before he left Littleford, he did not become aware of the existence of a witness to his interview with Mr. Hemstead, and it is then that he may have bought the revolver. But it was not till many years after that he used it. John Radford was young, and had to descend many degrees of wickedness before he arrived at the lowest degree of all.

"I went to Australia. My lesson had been severe and sufficient. I set to work to redeem the past, and to a certain extent succeeded. I worked my way up on a sheep-run from ordinary hand to overseer; then I bought a run of my own, added to it, and prospered. I was already a wealthy man as a sheep farmer when I found copper on one of my estates. My fortune is now very large.

"When I returned home I tried every means to get my father to come to me. But it was in vain. He can-

not forget my fault if he has forgiven it, and that and my mother's death were the two bitterest phases of my punishment. In my father's eyes a man who has once fallen from commercial virtue can never wash his robes clean again. My poor, honest, straight-minded, heroic father!

"The explanation of the tragedy should not now be difficult to you, Mr. Max. John Radford, in his vagabondage, at last lights on my father. A blackmailing scheme that has long lain at the back of his sodden understanding, starts up again before him with new vividness. He goes to my father, reveals his knowledge of our disgrace, and demands my address. My father tells him to come to the cottage in the evening to arrange some compromise. Then, with a last effort of will and energy, the old man comes between me and ruin for the second time, and puts out that last remaining witness of an all but unknown crime, bitterly repented.

"And now, Mr. Max," concluded Mr. Edward Spison, "have I the promise I asked you for?"

"I gave him the promise; for the revelation of the story would have done no good in the world except, perhaps, heighten my reputation a little—as I hardly think it needs. Mr. John Spison never appeared before an earthly judge—he died three weeks after the tragedy. On his tombstone Mr. Edward Spison had these words carved—a translation, he told me, from the German:

"In the sanctuary of Honour there is a Holy of Holies—the Honour of Another."

When Mr. Max had finished his story we sat silent for a few minutes.

"Well, Mr. Max," I said at last, "I don't see why your chief fell out with you over this business."

"He complained, Captain Grensley, that I hadn't brought the case to a finish, and that a good many of my cases ended up so; 'and for me,' said he, 'finish is everything, Mr. Max, and I don't care how soon you get that into your head.'

"Oh, it's there already, don't you bother," I answered, "and I am of the same mind as you. Finish is everything; more particularly finish with this stupid old show, of which I am sick to death. So, good-night to you." "Good-night," he said, as cool as anything, "and don't pull the door after you, for it's got one of these new-fangled self-closing arrangements on it, and I don't want it to go bust the first jump off."

An Incident on Lake LaBerge

By H. A. CODY

THE great obstacle to early navigation on the Yukon is Lake LaBerge, which remains firm long after the river below and above is free from its icy bands. To overcome this difficulty goods are run down the lake in scows, and then transported thirty miles over the ice, to steamers waiting at the lower end of the lake. This is an expensive process, but competition is keen, for the merchant who can first get his goods to Dawson in the spring is sure of a splendid profit. Knowing this, freighters with horses and dog teams do a thriving business as long as the ice holds firm.

It was during the spring of 1903 that thousands of tons of freight were piled up at the head of Lake LaBerge, ready to be carried down to the steamers. One freighter, Wisedeppe by name, and well known in the north, had made special preparation for this occasion, having brought in from Seattle extra horses, twenty in all, sleds, and everything necessary for the work.

In Whitehorse he closed a contract with a man to freight three hundred tons of goods over the ice at fifteen dollars per ton. When all things were in readiness he started for the scene of action. Reaching the lake, he found the greatest confusion reigned. Thousands of tons of freight were waiting to be transported; hundreds of people were clamouring for a passage, while empty boats were lying below, ready for their loads. But Nature, who is not governed by the plans of man, had caused the ice in the lake to weaken earlier than usual, and freighters who had tested the ice claimed it was unsafe, and refused to venture forth. Some of the merchants who had much at stake, became desperate, and began to offer high prices for the transportation of their goods, one man, Sullivan by name, reaching the limit at seventy-five dollars a ton.

Wisedeppe took the whole situation in at a glance. Here was a man offering seventy-five dollars, while his own contract would give but fifteen. The opportunity

was too good to lose, so he asked to be released from the agreement. He was refused. Without waiting to parley he at once loaded up one of his sleds, and started out upon the ice. About two miles from the shore, the ice began to give way, and with much difficulty horses and goods were saved. The owner of the supplies asked Wisedeppe to make for the shore.

"No," replied the latter; "not unless you free me from the contract. Release me, and I return; refuse, and I go forward at your risk."

At once the man agreed, and trembling with apprehension he saw his goods moved to a place of safety.

Wisedeppe was free, and at once he accepted Sullivan's offer. He had ten two-horse teams, which were at once loaded. Passengers clung to the sleds, glad to pay twenty-five dollars apiece, and the same amount for each trunk. It was midnight when the ten teams lined up ready for the start, and ten determined men held the reins. The night was cooler than the day and the ice had stiffened when the ten teams pulled out for their hazardous run across the lake. Hardly a man spoke—there was too much at stake, and only the thud, thud of the on-rushing horses, the jingle of bells, or the crackling of whips, broke the stillness of the night. Mile after mile they sped over that sheet of ice; past the big island, bars and coves, and not a hoof broke through.

Wisedeppe led, and by his side sat Sullivan, with nerves strung to their highest tension. Much had he staked on that run.

"Say, Billy," he gasped, as they sped mile after mile without a mishap, "if we win out, the best wine dinner that Lower LaBerge can afford will be ours."

And "win out" they did, and at four o'clock, twenty steaming horses drew up at the foot of the lake, on the border of the ice, where the boats were waiting to receive the freight. Wisedeppe had won two thousand, seven hundred dollars in the great run of a few hours.

The Survivors

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Brothers of Peril."

Resume: Captain Francis Drurie and eleven of the crew of the "Brave Adventure" fall into the hands of Duval and his pirate associates, who carry them off to the West Indies, where they are sold to Senor Josef Alcazardo, of the Island of Madiana. They rebel against the brutality of the overseers and are beaten. Afterwards they are imprisoned in a hut, and it is found that Benson, one of their number is seriously ill.

Very early in the morning, before any food was served to them, the Englishmen were lined up in an enclosed yard in front of the hut in which they had spent the night. The two overseers who marshalled them had pistols in their belts as well as the whips in their hands. The man whom Drurie had remarked the day before because of his leniency, and whom he suspected of being the midnight visitor, was not one of the two. Benson was in the line, leaning weakly against one of his comrades. Now and then a leg-iron clanked. Otherwise the slaves and their guards waited in silence—the slaves waiting for they knew not what. Over one wall they saw the green crests of cabbage-palms and the red-tiled roof of the planter's house. Over another, loomed the stone tower of a wind-mill and the chimney of the boiling-house.

A door in the wall over which the palms could be seen opened suddenly and Alcazardo stepped into the yard. He was a large man—large of flesh rather than of frame—with a wide, swarthy face and sinister, black eyes. His pointed beard and drooping moustaches were black as jet. He was dressed in loose, white linen, a hat of native straw, and a sash of red silk around his waist. On his otherwise bare feet he wore heeless slippers of straw. He held a lighted cigarette between the fingers of his left hand. He halted a few paces from the prisoners and looked them over with deliberate menace. Every man of them, save Benson, met the black eyes fearlessly. Benson, poor fellow, was not even aware of the senor's presence. The Spaniard stared at Drurie with what seemed exaggerated intentness, as if, with his glance alone, he would force the younger and smaller man to some show of weakness or fear. But in the clear gray eyes and thin face he saw a spirit that challenged and scorned him. He turned to the fellow whose throat had been endangered by Drurie's fingers, and put a brief question in Spanish. For answer, the overseer pointed at Drurie. Alcazardo flicked the ash from his cigarette, set it delicately between his lips, took a copious inhalation and expelled the blue vapour by way of his nostrils, all the while regarding Drurie with a sinister leer.

"I once spent a year in England," said he, in a conversational voice, "with a brother who was such a fool as to settle there. I found it a dog's country, eminently suited to its inhabitants. The men were all either cringing shop-keepers or lawless ruffians. The women!—Bah! High and low, they were equally without virtue."

"You are a liar," said Drurie.

The planter's leer deepened. He applied himself again to the cigarette, then tossed the butt onto the ground and rolled another skilfully, of tobacco and paper from a pocket of his white coat. When it was lighted to his satisfaction he turned again to Drurie.

"You and your comrades are evidently of the lawless class of Englishmen," he said, "and lawlessness is a thing I dare not allow on my estate. We live in peace and harmony here. I do not like to have my slaves attempt to murder the men I set over them."

He turned to the man whom Drurie had attacked on the previous day.

"As we are short of hands," he said in Spanish, "and the crop is coming on, I fear we cannot give them their deserts just now. So ten lashes apiece will be sufficient. Make haste, for I have not yet had my coffee, and the *senorita* is waiting."

There were four iron rings in the stone wall opposite the door of the hut; two high up, two close to the ground. One of the overseers grabbed Drurie by the shoulder and started to push him across the yard toward the wall.

"Nay," said the planter. "We'll serve our fine gentleman last of all."

So the ruffian released Drurie and seized the man who stood next in line. The poor fellow did not resist, though his hands were free. In a trice he was tied to the rings in the wall, by wrists and ankles. His tattered shirt was torn roughly from his back; the short-stocked, long-lashed whip was swung back; and at the same time the other overseer presented his pistols—one

at Drurie, and one at Tomkins, a big fellow who had been boatswain of the "Brave Adventure."

The lashes whistled in the air and descended upon the flinching back.

"Uno," said the planter, withdrawing his cigarette from his lips.

Again the lashes swooped and fell.

"Dos," said Alcazardo.

Again—and this time the blood sprang after the wire-tipped thongs, in dark lines across the white back.

"Tres," said the master-fiend, calmly. And so on, until ten strokes had been methodically given and as methodically counted. Then, before the victim was loosened from the wall, a bucketful of water was sloshed over his back and some sort of ointment was applied to the bruised and bleeding flesh. When the cords were untied, he fell to the ground in a dead faint. He was carried quickly into the hut by two negro slaves, and as soon as he regained consciousness a new shirt was put upon him and coffee and food were given him. It was important that he should be able to do his work, for this was the beginning of the busiest season of the year. The canes on the sixty acres of the plantation were now ready for the knives of the reapers. Never before had Alcazardo raised so heavy a crop or been so short of labourers. And, along with the harvesting and the boiling, many acres of young canes had still to be cultivated daily.

The two overseers took turn and turn about at applying the whip and threatening with the pistols. The planter smoked cigarettes, counted the lashes, and frequently cried for more haste in the whipping, as he had not yet partaken of his first breakfast. When Benson was dragged to the wall, Drurie protested at the top of his voice.

"You devil," he cried at Alcazardo, "ten lashes would kill him. Can't you see that he is already all but dead with the fever?"

The planter walked over to Benson, and looked at him closely. Then he motioned to an attendant to take the sick man to the hut.

"Give him the draught," he said, in Spanish, "and treat him well to-day."

Then he turned to Drurie. "Yes, you are right," he said, coolly. "The fellow cost me money—and, also, I am short of hands. It will be a month's time, perhaps, before I can afford to give any of you your full deserts."

The Englishman's only reply was a look of such unutterable hate and contempt that the planter flushed under his swarthy skin. At last Drurie was allowed to return to the hut. He walked without assistance, clanking the chain between his feet. His face was luminous with a desperate pallor, and blood trickled down his back. He accepted the washing and dressing without a word, and ate bravely when food was brought to him. He drained his bowl of coffee to the last drop and then looked at his men, his glance passing tenderly from face to face.

"Keep up your courage, lads," said he, "for a low heart breeds fever, and fever is an enemy from whom I cannot protect you. But as for this yellow dog who thinks he owns us,—Lads, as surely as we were bred in England I'll show him to you with a yard of cold steel through his fat carcass."

Having gloated over the sight of Drurie's lacerated back until the gloom of the hut's interior hid it from him, the planter passed again through the door in the wall by which he had entered the yard. By only the length of one step—by the thickness of the wall—was the whipping-place separated from a garden paradise. In the one were glaring sunshine, terror, iron, and little drops of blood. In the other were blending of shadow and sunlight, rustling of high foliage, great blooms of hibiscus, and petals of red roses on the ground. But Alcazardo was indifferent to the beauty of the one as to the ugliness of the other. He must have a garden: Therefore the palms singing in the sea breeze, lemon trees leaning above branches of carved stone on which green lizards darted in their play; therefore the bells of hibiscus and the flaring blooms of the flambeau trees; therefore the roses budding and blowing. He must whip his slaves: therefore the unshaded yard, the high wall, the rings in the masonry.

The planter passed under the green branches and ascended a flight of stone steps to the gallery of his house. There he paused for a moment, looking across a hillside

of scanty pasture and a beach of lilac sand, to the little bay and the blue sea beyond. A fishing-boat lay on the sand, dragged high above the tide, otherwise bay and horizon were empty. He gazed away, unseeing, his swarthy brows wrinkled and his teeth gleaming between his thick lips.

"He walked away as if he had not been touched," he muttered. "But let him wait until the crop is in and the sugar is made. Then we'll see how much is required to make him crawl—or to kill him."

He turned at the sound of a light step on the floor of the gallery, and doffed his hat to the Senorita Mary Isabella Alcazardo, his niece and unwilling ward. The young lady returned his greeting with a scarcely perceptible bow, and then seated herself at a table whereon were laid plates of fruits, cups and a silver coffee pot. She poured the coffee with a shaking hand. Her eyes, if not her mind, were intent on the pleasant occupation. Her uncle regarded the bent head and unsteady hand with a questioning leer.

"I have been very busy this morning," he said, and seated himself opposite her.

She raised her eyes for a moment to his face; and by the brief glance he saw that she had been weeping. The senorita was tender hearted. He had discovered that characteristic in her more than a year ago, and had entertained himself by means of it, ever since. Even the whipping of a black made her miserable; then how much more keenly would his ill-treatment of these white slaves distress her, he reflected, with a gratified warmth in his blood.

The young woman's English mother had died five years ago, and her father only a few years afterward. Her paternal uncle, the West Indian Alcazardo, had been appointed to act as her guardian; and as she happened to be an heiress, inheriting property from her mother as well as her father, the planter had lost no time in crossing the ocean and claiming his responsibility. Though his face had not impressed her favourably—the family likeness of the planter to his deceased brother was altogether of colouring and feature and not at all of expression—his manner was so tender, so courteous, so sympathetic, that her lonely and unsophisticated heart had accepted him without question. But the moment he had set foot again on his own plantation, with his ward safely committed to his care, Alcazardo had let fall his mask. House servants who won the regard of the beautiful young lady were either flogged or sent to labour in the fields. The English maid who had been with the senorita for several years and who seemed to the heart-sick young lady her last visible tie to that dear island of her childhood, was taken from the great house to a distant cottage. Rumour of the reason for that change in her domestic arrangements had filled the ward with an indescribable terror and loathing of her guardian. But the terror was as potent as the loathing and even after hearing that the girl who had been her servant had died horribly by the knife of a jealous mulatto woman, she continued to sit at meals with the fiend that was her uncle and the guardian of her person and fortunes.

Day by day, for more than a year, the spirit of the girl had weakened and hope had faded in her tender and distracted breast. Then Duval came, in his northern ship, and from behind the wooden blinds of her window she saw twelve Englishmen march up the hill, with irons on their legs. At the head of that pitiful procession she saw a small young man with yellow hair and gray eyes. Her lids narrowed in concentrated regard, for in that thin face shone courage and honour, faith and gentleness. It was as if, in the person of the manacled stranger, both the valorous Spanish gentleman who was her father, and the sweet English gentlewoman who was her mother, returned into her life. Hope and courage were hers again.

Alcazardo continued to house the Englishmen together at night, and to work them in a separate gang from the other slaves during the day. It pleased him to believe that he was thus keeping in bounds that leaven of lawlessness which he had recognised in them from the day of their purchase. Later—when the busy season was over—he would lessen the danger of infection by thinning their ranks. Ah, yes, he had quite decided that several of the stiff-necked islanders should accomplish more or less painful exits from this earthly stage. There was that rebellious, slanderous dog Drurie, for instance. The fellow had called him a liar on one day, a yellow cur on the next—and, afterwards, had worked in the field as if he had not lost so much as a drop of blood. When the canes were cut and the sugar made there would surely be a day of reckoning for Master Drurie.

Early on the fifth night of their slavery ashore, Benson died. The poor fellow had been given one day's rest. Then the planter, seeing that the case was serious, had decided that it would be more profitable to work the sick man now to the uttermost than to save him for a less pressing season. So Benson had cut canes in a raging delirium; had toiled almost unconsciously under the lash; and had died within an hour of finishing his last day's work. The incident filled the survivors with a madness of hate toward the planter.

"Let us fight now, sir," cried the ex-boatwain, to Drurie. "Let us fight with our chains on, and ease our souls afore we die."

"Nay, we must wait yet a little while," replied Drurie. "Poor Benson is dead—ay, and shall be avenged—but we are still alive. Alcazardo cannot afford to kill us until his damned canes are cut and crushed. We have a friend here, also—the man who brought water to us on that first night."

At that moment an overseer stepped into the hut from which, only an hour before, the body of Benson had been carried. It was Pedro, the man whom Drurie looked to for help. He stood his musket against the wall, and stared through the gloom. Presently he stepped over to Drurie and bent close to him.

"Do you speak in French?" he whispered in that language.

"Yes," replied Drurie, in the same tongue, "but why not in English?" he added.

Pedro shook his head.

"On the night you brought us water, you spoke to me in English," continued the other.

"I did not bring you water," said the overseer, "and I do not know more than three words in your language."

"I do not understand," said Drurie. "Who else should bring us water, and speak kindly? You have already shown kindness."

"I am willing to help you against Alcazardo," said Pedro, after a reflective silence. "I do not love your race, but I see that you are brave and honest. You would keep your word, even with a poor slave-driver, I think."

"Yes," said Drurie, eagerly.

"Five nights from now," continued the other, "a small vessel will arrive here from Martinique, with provisions for the plantation. If I free you and your men, and give you knives and a few muskets, and help you to capture that ship, what shall be my reward?"

"A passage to England, a thousand pounds in English gold, and my eternal gratitude," replied Drurie.

"You must swear it," said Pedro. He produced a small crucifix from the front of his shirt. "Are you a Catholic?" he asked.

"I believe that the Son of God was crucified by men such as Alcazardo," replied Drurie, and took the cross reverently between his toil-worn hands. He thought of Benson, and tears tingled under his lids. "If this man fulfil his promise, then death alone can keep me from fulfilling mine, so help me God," he whispered.

Pedro reached out a fumbling hand and took back the sacred token.

"And what of Alcazardo?" he asked.

"I shall return and kill him, after we have captured the vessel," said the Englishman.

"You must spare the senorita," whispered Pedro earnestly. "We must take her back to her friends in England."

"Who is the senorita?" asked Drurie.

The fellow told him in hurried sentences. "And I think it was she who brought you the water," he concluded. Then, before the other could reply, he moved quickly away, took up his musket and stepped into the yard. He was satisfied with the result of his interview. Now the Englishman promised him a thousand pounds for the same work for which the senorita had already given him money. Also, for he had a man's heart in him, it pleased him to help a lady whom he adored and a gentleman whom he admired. But surely, he reflected, his greatest reward would lie in the defeat and death of Alcazardo.

(Concluded next week.)

Mark Twain struck a responsive chord when he declared that his early ambition was to be a pirate. Who has not felt a thrill of interest and awe when the news came that gypsies were camping on the common outside the town? Never was a respectable family phaeton half so tempting as the dirty caravan in which must be enthroned a gypsy queen, whose jewels are worth an emperor's ransom.

NEW Brunswick is not the only Eastern Province to have cabinet changes. Nova Scotia's Attorney-General, The Hon. Arthur Drysdale, has followed his predecessor, Mr. Justice Longley, to the Bench. His successor is the Hon. Mr. Pipes, formerly Minister of Works and Mines. Mr. Christopher Chisholm succeeds Mr. Pipes, and Mr. O. T. Daniels becomes minister without portfolio.

Mr. J. W. Spurden, manager of the People's Bank of Fredericton, is to be manager of the Bank of Montreal at that point when the People's Bank is transferred. The transfer will take place next month.

Mr. J. S. Willison, of the Toronto News, addressed the Canadian Club of St. John on the 22nd. He advocated the extension of the Intercolonial to the Great Lakes and a faster Atlantic steamship service. On Monday evening Mr. Willison addressed the Montreal Club.

The New York Life Insurance company has amalgamated its Halifax and New Brunswick branch offices, and after May 1st next, the Halifax office will be headquarters for the maritime provinces. This change is in accord with the policy of retrenchment following as a result of the Armstrong legislation. D. P. Flannery, agency director, and H. C. Crowell, cashier of the St. John branch, will be transferred to Halifax in the same capacity. W. C. Somers, who has been identified with the company there for many years, retires permanently from its service.

Lethbridge reports that the local bank managers there have been ordered to make no further loan on real estate but to reserve funds for more staple enterprises. This looks as if the banks were afraid of the realty boom in the West.

Mr. W. A. Buchanan, formerly of the Toronto Telegram, lately of the Lethbridge Herald, has been appointed provincial librarian of Alberta.

The Canadian Northern is rapidly extending its lines in Ontario and Quebec, is doing some building in Nova Scotia, and has now arranged to do some building in New Brunswick. The Legislature of that province will guarantee its bonds as was done in Manitoba.

Last week, Regina held its annual winter fat-stock show. The show was a success, but the sale of pure bred cattle was not very enthusiastic.

The educational policy of the Saskatchewan Government provides for a special tax for the purposes of education of one cent an acre annually on all the land in the Province. This tax will produce after the cost of collection is deducted, a yearly revenue of \$322,750. Of this amount 5

per cent., or \$16,137.50 will be set aside for the maintenance of an Agricultural College, and an equal amount will be devoted to the University of Saskatchewan. To secondary education, 10 per cent., or \$32,275, will be devoted. Of the balance, \$12,910 will be expended annually on the thirty unorganised school districts, \$6,300 on intermediate schools, and \$238,990 on rural schools.

At Calgary, the coal miners and coal operators have been in conference for many days struggling to arrange a new schedule of wages. The latest report is that no settlement is likely to be reached and that the new Dominion Act will come into operation and enable the appointment of a Board of Arbitrators.



Hon. W. P. Jones, Solicitor-General, Fredericton, sworn in March 6th, 1907.

The hockey season has closed with a struggle for the Stanley Cup between the Kenora Thistles, Western champions, and the Wanderers of Montreal, Eastern champions. Two matches were played in Winnipeg, the total score being 12 to 8 in favour of the Easterners. Trustee Foran, of Ottawa, had considerable trouble with the teams and the conditions, but he has decided that the Cup was well won. Mr. Foran was acting for Mr. P. D. Ross, who is out of the country.

The Executive of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association opposes any legislation to prevent boys of 14 and 16 years of age from working more than eight hours a day.

Dr. Romaine Mosier of Wolfe Island is the proud possessor of a piece of anthracite coal which, he says, came from a big vein running under the St. Lawrence River in the vicinity of Kingston. Students at the School of Mines ought to be interested in this alleged find.

The corner-stone of the new Armouries at Hamilton will be laid next week. Either Sir Frederick Borden

or the Deputy Minister of Militia will perform the ceremony. The local regiments will not parade but General Otter has requested the officers to wear full-dress uniforms.

An arrangement has been made by the Grand Trunk and the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railways, whereby two new trains will be put on between Toronto and Cobalt.

The Department of Marine and Fisheries will put a new steamer on the great lakes this year to patrol the buoys and other navigation marks. A new steamer will also be placed on the St. Lawrence route for the same purpose, and a new fisheries cruiser will be placed in commission on the Pacific coast.

Mr. George Poliquin, Secretary of the Montreal Association, has declared that there will be no lonshoremen's strike in Montreal this season and denies that there has been any communication on the subject with the officials of the Lake Seamen's Association.

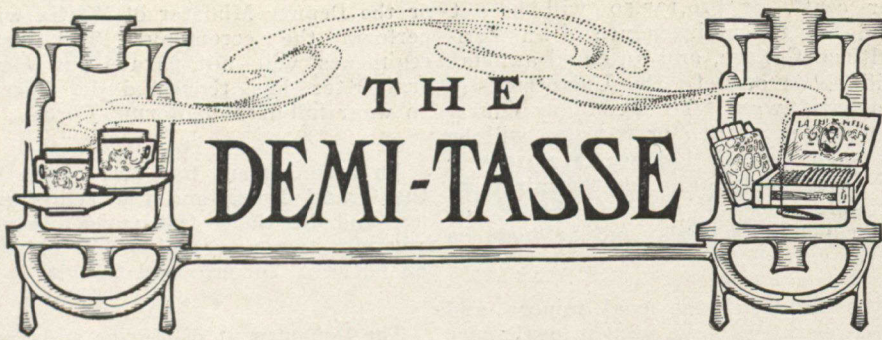
Four ships of the first cruiser squadron of the British navy, namely, the "Good Hope," the "Argyll," the "Roxburgh" and the "Hampshire," will visit Quebec this summer about the middle of June. Harbourmaster Sullivan has forwarded the commander charts as requested.

People from outside of Ontario wishing to hunt deer in that province must hereafter pay a license fee of \$50 instead of \$25. This was the decision of the Fish and Game Committee of the Legislature last week.

Fort William is displaying that zeal for new industrial concerns which her access to cheap power abundantly warrants. There is to be a large increase in Fort William's storage capacity, as the Ogilvie Flour Milling Company is erecting two large elevators to replace the structure which collapsed last year and the G.T.P. Terminals Company will commence this spring the construction of a 10,000,000 bushel elevator.



Prince Henry of the Netherlands, See page 13.



Hyman's Soliloquy

Resign or not resign, that is the question:
 Whether 'tis wiser in the House to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous Fowler,
 Or to take pen against a sea of troubles,
 And by resigning end them? The Senate next
 No less; and by a sleep to say I end
 The heart-ache and the thousand daily "knocks,"
 The Cabinet is heir to,—'tis a resignation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. A Senator!
 To sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
 For in that Senate sleep what dreams may come,
 When I have shuffled off these Public Works,
 Must give cold feet: there's the respect
 That makes the ministry of so long life;
 For who would bear the goading of the whips,
 The public strife, the Tories' contumely,
 Investigation of election ways,
 The weariness of office, and the spurns
 Political merit of the unworthy takes
 When he himself might slip into the Senate
 And lose the name of action?

J. G.

Not for Him.

He was looking over a counter of books in an uncertain fashion and the book-seller offered his assistance.

"Do you want a novel—one of the latest?" he asked briskly. "Here's a story by W. A. Fraser. Everyone is talking about it—'The Lone Furrow.' It's a story of Ontario life, too."

"Not for me," said the customer, firmly.

"But I assure you it's an excellent book. Don't you think you'd better try it?"

"I've no objections to Fraser. He writes a rattling story about a race or an adventure in India or the Northwest. But I draw the line at that novel and I'll tell you why. I glanced over the first few pages and came across a sentence that settled me."

"What do you mean?" asked his adviser who was beginning to wonder whether Fraser had taken to writing Shawisms.

"I just opened that book at random and found out that the runaway husband is Neil Munro, the wife is Jean and this sentence flew up and struck me in the face: 'Aye friend, an' hoo do ye like my fishin?'"

"What's wrong with that?"

"See here, I'd like to get a story of Ontario life that isn't full of a Scotch community. I'm just dead sick of 'Annie Laurie' and the Presbyterian

Book of Praise and all the rest of it."

"I tell you," said the book-seller, whose Christian name is Kenneth, "that the Scotch are a great people."

"Who's denying it?" asked the customer, vigorously, "they're all right and they may have done more for Canada than the French, English and Irish put together. I'm tired of the lingo, that's all, and I don't intend to read any more kailyard stuff if I know it. The Scotch have been done to death until those that aren't in the graveyard at Drumtochty are repeating psalms on deathbeds in Canada. Look at Ralph Connor and R. E. Knowles. They fairly revel in the kirk and Caledonia. When Sara Jeannette Duncan writes an Ontario yarn, of course she calls her hero 'Lorne Murchison' and makes his father an elder. It's a wonder that Canadian fiction doesn't break out in plaids. No 'Lone Furrow' for me, thank you. I'll take that new book by Arthur Stringer and if the heroine is Scotch, I'll bring it back."



They would have been Bottled.

"Begorry, if Saint Patrick had only been there, what a different history for the human race!"
 —N. Y. Life.

A Good Bargain

A very poor sportsman, who had gone out for a day's shooting, was returning in the evening with an empty bag, when he saw a man, apparently a farmer, leaning over a gate, gazing at some ducks in a pond.

"What will you take for a shot at those ducks?" asked the Nimrod.

The man stared but did not reply.

"Will half-a-crown satisfy you?"

The countryman nodded, and pocketed the coin gleefully.

Bang went our friend's gun, and immediately after, six of the ducks had ceased to find any pleasure in life.

"I think I have made a good bargain," said the man with the gun, as

he packed the bodies of his victims in his bag.

"So have I," said the countryman dryly, "for them there ducks ain't mine."

Unlikely

A prominent lawyer, who formerly practised at the bar of Kansas City, tells of a funny incident in court there during a trial in which a certain young doctor was called as a witness.

Counsel for the other side, in cross-examining the youthful medico, gave utterance to several sarcastic remarks tending to throw doubt upon the ability of so young a man.

One of the questions was: "You are entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"I am."

"Then," continued the cross-examiner, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Taylor, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr. Taylor, might," suggested the young physician.

—Harper's Weekly.

A Deplorable Condition

A Western book-seller, anxious to fill an order for a liberal patron, telegraphed to Chicago for a copy of "Seekers After God," by Canon Farrar, and to his surprise received this reply: "No seekers after God in Chicago or New York. Try Philadelphia."

A Strange Term

One rainy afternoon Aunt Sue was explaining the meaning of various words to her young nephew. "Now an heirloom, my dear, means something that has been handed down from father to son," she said.

"Well," replied the boy thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."

Where it Belongs

At a recent sale in England the sum of \$1775 was paid for an autograph manuscript of Burns' "Scots Wha' Hae." The decent thing for the wealthy purchaser to do is to send it framed across to the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, which has done ampler justice than any other association to the famous song.

Thirsting for Adventure

The following advertisement appeared in the columns of an English morning paper:

"Young gentleman, first-class public school education, well-trained and skilful chemist and physicist, careful, intrepid, quick, self-reliant, is prepared to fill any dangerous position. Absolutely no fear of death. More danger the better. Highest testimonials and references."

Some curiosity is felt regarding the reckless youth. Perchance he is married to a suffragette.

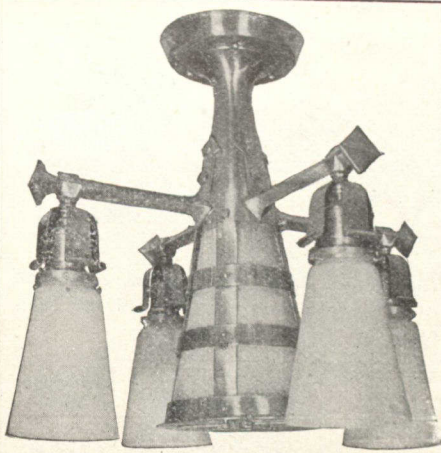
Cui Bono?

"But why should I keep books?"

"Well, you would know just where you stood the end of the month."

"But, my dear fellow, why rub it in?"

—N. Y. Life.



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MUSIC & THE DRAMA



THE Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra will give their first concert at Massey Hall, April 11th and the subscriptions already entered assure the financial success of the undertaking. The guarantee fund, under the care of Mr. H. C. Cox, has already given proof of Toronto's interest in this orchestral enterprise. Mr. Welsman may now feel assured of the reception to be given the T.C.S.O. at Massey Hall.

The Ottawa Choral Society is celebrating its tenth anniversary this year. In 1893 the Philharmonic was disbanded, to be succeeded by the Schubert Club. But it was felt that a larger organisation with the capacity of producing the best oratorio compositions was needed. In the autumn of 1896, Mr. J. Edgar Birch, the director of the Schubert Club, was asked to form a volunteer chorus for the production of Handel's "Messiah." Lord Aberdeen, who was present at a highly successful performance of the Christmas oratorio in the following December, was so much interested in the event that he indicated a desire to have a permanent chorus established. With Viceregal encouragement and the general interest of Ottawa's best citizens, the Ottawa Choral Society was formed in September, 1897, with Mr. Birch as conductor who has continued to the present to guide its musical destiny.

The Society has accomplished noble work during the past decade, having rendered such compositions as "The Messiah," "The Creation," "Elijah," "Walpurgis Night," "Banner of St. George" and "Hiawatha." An interesting co-operation took place in 1903 when it united with Mr. C. A. E. Harriss in the cycle of Musical Festival when Sir Alexander Mackenzie directed the production of his "Dream of Jubal," while Mr. Harris conducted his own "Coronation Mass." In 1900 the Society took part in the civic reception to the volunteers returning from South Africa. Like other organisations of the kind, the Ottawa Choral Society has brought to the city soloists with continental reputation who have added greatly to the musical attractions of the Capital.

Lord Aberdeen's early interest in the Society continued throughout his connection with Canadian affairs. Lord Strathcona has also been one of its loyal friends, while Lady Laurier has shown sincere interest in its progress. Mr. Emmanuel Tasse is president and Mr. A. J. Forward is treasurer of this thriving organisation. The local press is enthusiastic in its tribute to the conductor, Mr. J. Edgar Birch, illustrating anew the doctrine that it is the conductor who counts.

Rosenthal was asked the other day what six operas he would choose if he could hear only six during the twelve months. "I would choose," said this great musician; "Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' Weber's 'Der Freischutz,' Beethoven's 'Fidelio,' Wagner's 'Siegfried,' and 'Die Meistersinger' and Verdi's 'Aida.'"

The Business of

The Mutual Life ASSURANCE Co. OF CANADA.

Head Office: Waterloo, Ont.

for 1906 shows substantial increases over the previous year, as may be seen from the following figures:

Items	1905	1906	Gains over 1905
Assets - -	\$ 9,296,092	\$10,385,539	\$ 1,089,447
Income - -	1,956,518	2,072,423	115,905
Surplus* -	952,001	1,203,378	249,377
Insurance in Force † -	44,197,954	46,912,407	2,712,453
Expense ratio to Income	17.8%	16.34%	1.46%

*Company's Standard.

† All Canadian Business.

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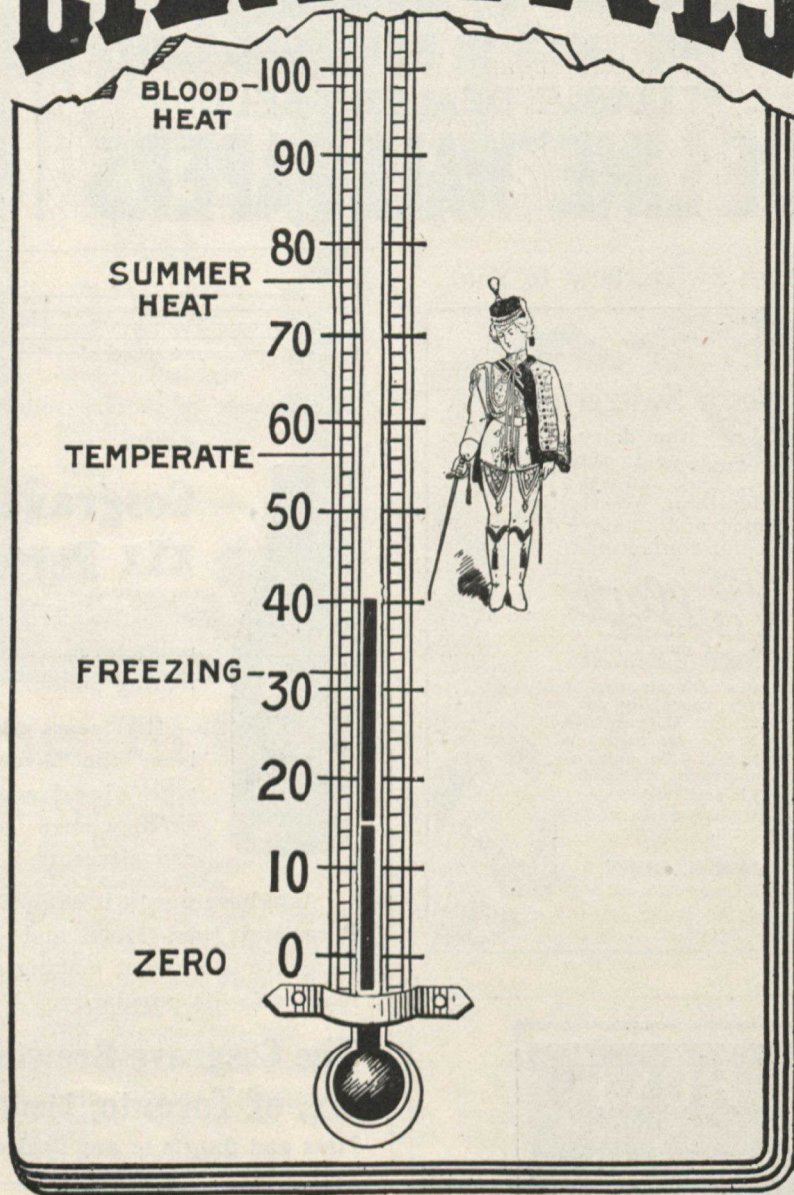
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AN EASTER SKETCH

By MARGHA

IF there was one time of the year that Uncle Abel liked more than another it was Easter. To be sure he liked all seasons and all weathers, for he said each had its work and place.

He never sulked when it rained for three days, nor raged when a hurricane swept over the land. He never scolded at the cold of winter or the heat of summer, but bore or enjoyed all seasons.

The years of his life had been many. No one knew how old he was, but middle-aged men and women had always called him uncle.

His real name was Abel Quilliams. He had come to Canada shortly after the close of England's war with France. He had been a sailor. "Not," he said, "a reg'lar navy but a 'pressed' man to serve whiles we fought Boney."

How the young ones liked to hear him tell of the day when Napoleon stood at the bow of the battleship that was to bear him away to captivity and St. Helena—stood so that all the British tars could see him.

"What did he look like, Uncle Abel?" asked a boy at one of his recitals. "How did he act?"

"We couldn't see his face right, for his 'ead was bent low—he never looked up—an' 'is arms were folded across 'is chest. We expected to see a riant, but he wor a little 'un."

"What did you do—you sailor-fellows when—when you saw him?" I cried.

"We give 'im three rousin' British cheers—fur he wor a brave soldier wor Boney—an' we wor mighty 'fraid o' him I tell ye. The bishops and clergy wor prayin' agin him in all the pulpits and churches o' the land—an' if it wer'n't fur God A'mighty that called up His wind and scattered the Spanish Armady—if it worn't fur He—Boney'd a 'ad us sure. Some said it wor Blucher wot come in the nick o' time, but I allus said it wor God A'mighty."

For over thirty years Uncle Abel had been the village wood-cutter and there were few houses great or small that he had not furnished with wood sawed and split to suit the different stoves of the house. When the furnace began to supplant the stove his worldly prospects grew dim. He was too old and lame to learn a new trade, so those who had employed him as a wood-cutter, kept him on as a furnace-feeder. For the last few years, however, this had been too heavy for him and he at last consented to retire on the interest of his bank account, which, though not large was enough for his simple needs.

He had never married. When teased he would say that no one would want such a gnarled stick as he—but the villagers knew that in his prime he was comely, with a fresh honest face which was a passport to the hearts of all who came near him. Old age, instead of making him crabbed and ugly, had softened him. He had few wrinkles and his face grew brighter as he grew older. His eyes often had an expectant look as of something good coming to him. The young men took care that he had plenty of wood for his fire-place and the old men kept

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his cellar stocked with apples and potatoes. The matrons kept him supplied with warm socks and underwear while the maidens knitted him mufflers and mittens.

But it was evident, as it drew near the Eastertide of 187—, that Uncle Abel would not live long. He had taken a cold and his strength had not returned, so the neighbours knew that it was only a matter of days before the bright eyes would be closed and the cheery voice would be forever still.

"I don't know how it is that everyone is so kind to me," he said, "I haint never done nothing fur nobody."

"Yes," said the Rector's wife, "you have been smiling on us all our lives, Uncle Abel. No one ever heard you speak an unkind word. You have been helping us all the time."

His eyes grew softer. "I wish," he said, "that I may go on Easter Day—in the morning. I'd like as soon as my body is dead fur the hull world to know that it's goin' to rise again. There was a bit of a girl in the old land, an' we promised each other—but she sickened and died. She said she'd wait fur me at the Gate—an' she'll not ha' long now. I—tried—to—marry—but I couldn't forget. She's allus been by me—when I wor sawin' an' splittin', when I wor in a crowd, I could allus feel her nearer than any other."

"Perhaps that is why you were always so happy," said the Rector's wife, as she smoothed his pillow and gave him a drink.

"Mayhap," he whispered. "I wor never alone because she wor with me."

Easter morning came and the sun's rays were creeping over the hills, the robins were singing in the trees and the sexton was makin' ready to ring the bells, when Uncle Abel woke from a heavy sleep, his face shining, the old eager, expectant look in his eyes.

"I'm ready, Marg't," he said. "I've waited, an' it don't seem as if you'd been away—only now I see ye—an', Marg't, there'll never be a veil atween us any more."

He sighed, his head fell back on the pillow and the Easter bells began to chime—

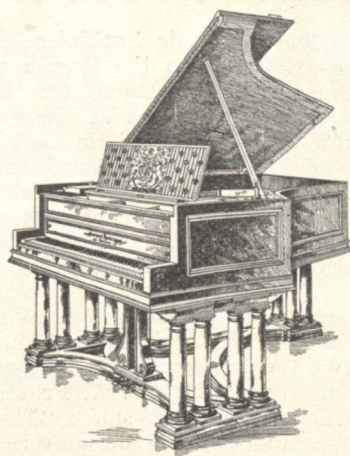
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Halleluia, Amen."

* *

Lackaye and the Critics

Several interesting things are said by a "First Nighter" in "Ainslie's" Magazine concerning Mr. Wilton Lackaye who has been in Canada for the last fortnight playin' the part of "Jean Valjean" in "The Law and the Man," the actor's own dramatisation of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."

The magazine writer cheerfully states that the night of the first presentation of the Lackaye-Hugo play found the actor involved in an assault upon the managers and the following day found him in an altercation with the critics. "To the managers he said that not only had he been unable to interest any of them in 'Les Miserables,' but had not found even one who could pronounce the title. Of the critics he remarked: 'Their shortcomings are between themselves and their Maker.'"



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Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

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Literary Notes

SR Henri Joly de Lotbiniere has translated from the French the Thanksgiving Sermon for the Victory of Great Britain at the Battle of the Nile, preached in the Cathedral at Quebec on January 10th, 1799, by Monseigneur Plessis, Cure of Quebec. Copies of the translated address may be obtained from Miss Petry, 18 Rue St. Denis, Quebec.

The brief book-notes in New York "Life" are usually written with individuality of expression. In speaking some time ago of Mr. W. A. Fraser's short stories the critic said: "These stories are made of good material; they are crisply told; and they are self-contained, in the sense that they fit their own skins."

Mrs. Sarah P. McLean Greene, who made a sensation with "Cape Cod Folks," inasmuch that she was threatened with libel suits through the recognition of certain characters, has not definitely named the entourage of her new story, "Power Lot." But, according to a Californian critic, the coast of Nova Scotia is without doubt the "pregipitous and wind-swept habitat of those dryly humorous characters" who enliven Mrs. Greene's latest novel.

An article, "Evangeline and the Real Acadians" by Mr. Archibald MacMechan in a recent issue of the "Atlantic Monthly," has excited widespread comment, partly, perhaps, because of the Longfellow anniversary and partly on account of the charm which characterises his style.

He remarks with an undertone of regret: "When the Reverend Mr. Conolly told the story of the two parted Acadian lovers, and Hawthorne turned the material over to Longfellow, none of them could foresee the consequences of their action." Mr. MacMechan is true throughout his narrative to his opening appeal: "Let us try to look at the whole matter with clear eyes unblinded by the mists of prejudice and passion."

The writer has that rare historic sense which brings back the past with a vividness second only to that of portraiture. Mr. Wister's description of the "most wistful city in America" is not more charming than the paragraph which gives us a picture of "Annapolis Royal."

"On the bridge across the ditch from the main gate, a boy and girl were talking and laughing as the sun set, making love I suppose. Here gallant Subercase and his tiny force, after sustaining two sieges, marched out with the honours of war, drums beating and colours flying, between the lines of British grenadiers, when the white flag with the golden lilies came down for the last time on the 16th of October, 1710. In the twilight, a single ghostly sail glided up to the old ruinous Queen's wharf. This very defile saw Champlain's sails, Morpain's pirates, the quaint, high-sterned, dumpy craft of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, little French and English armadas of Sedgewick and Phips, La Tour and Chairnisay. There at that very landing, the annual supply-ship from England discharged each autumn her nine months' scant allowance for the hungry garrison."

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