

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



The Dufferin Family

By MARGARET E. HENDERSON

J. A. Macdonald

By PROF. ADAM SHORTT

Deer of British Columbia

By ALLAN C. BROOKS

The Irony of British Rule in India

By SAINT N. SING

The Special Correspondent

By J. E. E. McCREADY

Canadian Art

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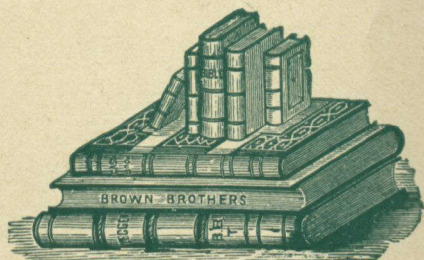
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIX.

No. 6

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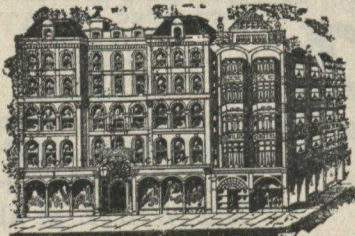
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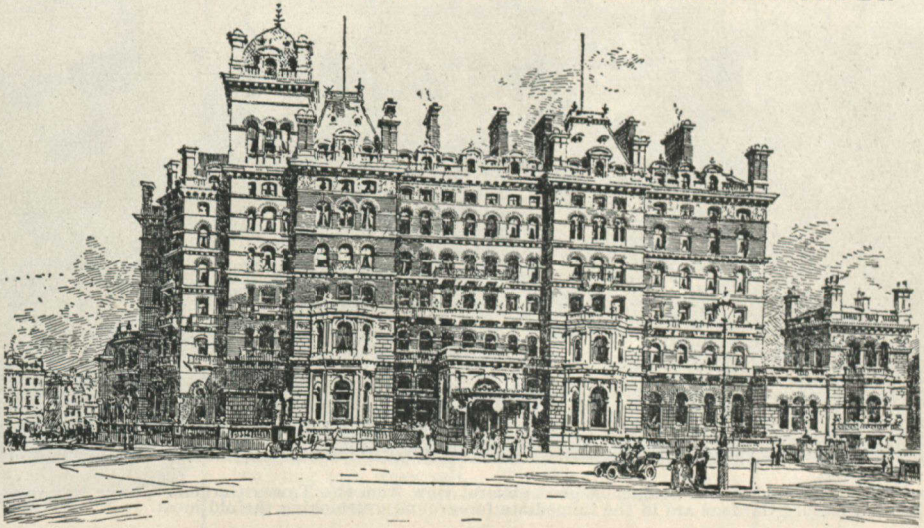
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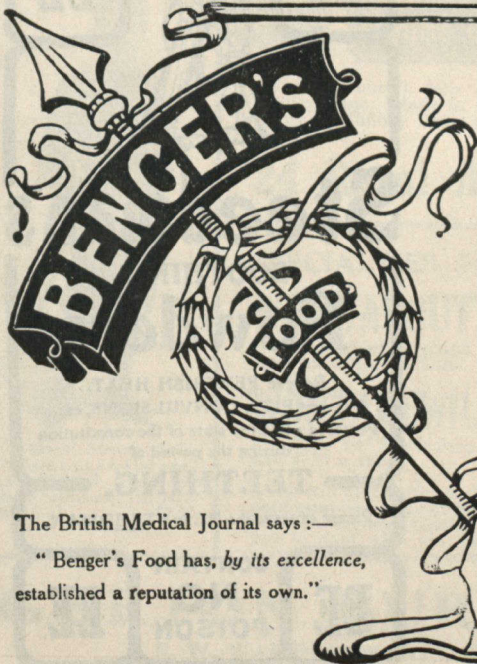
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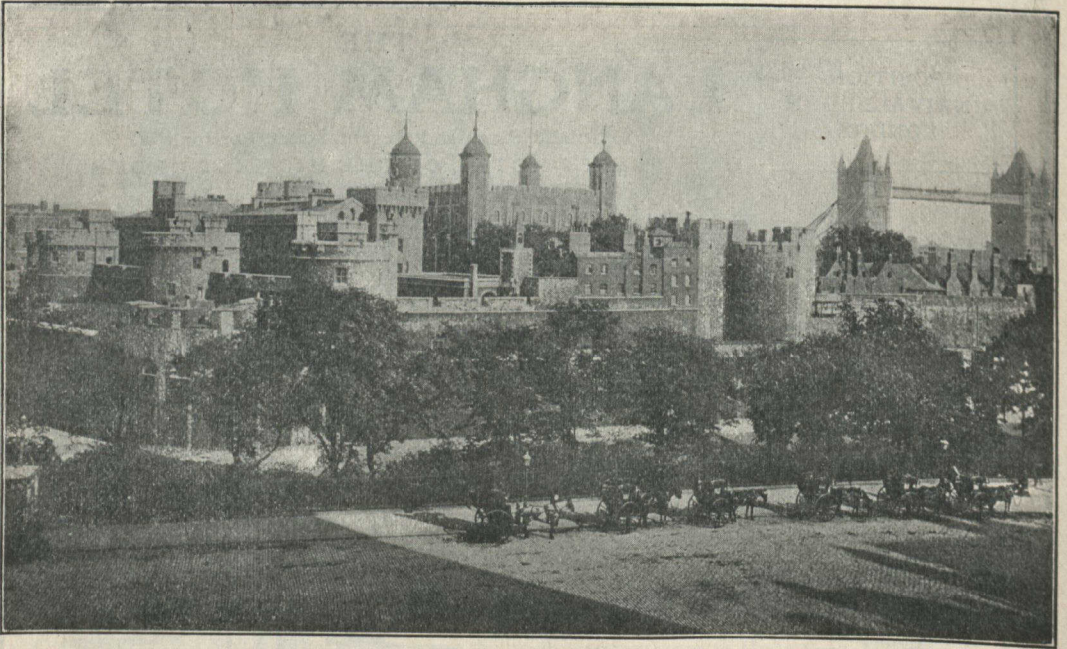
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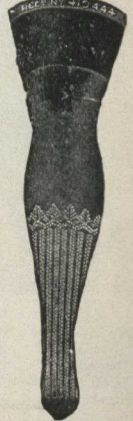
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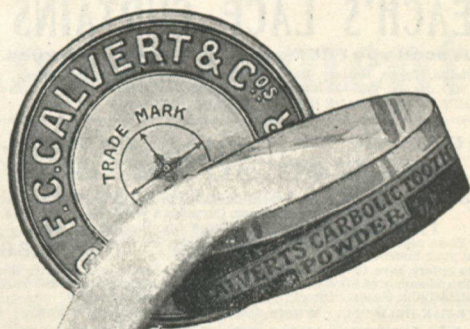
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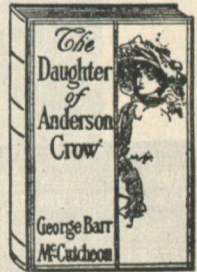
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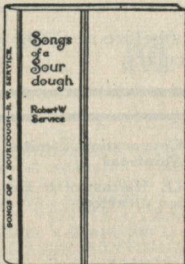
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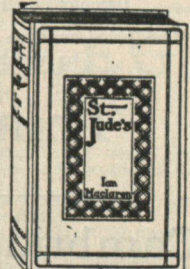
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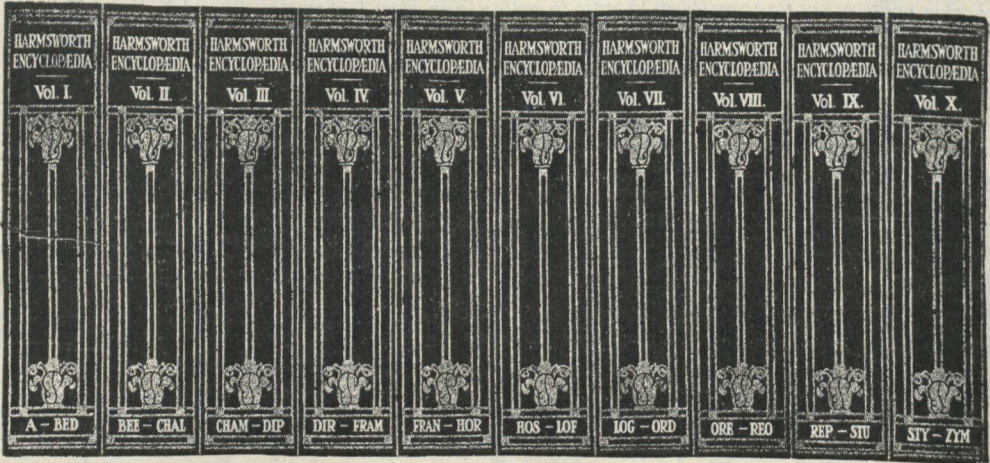
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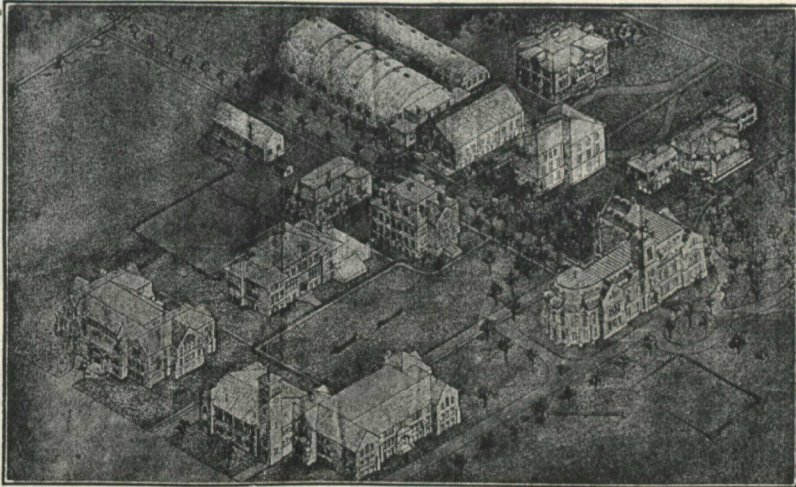
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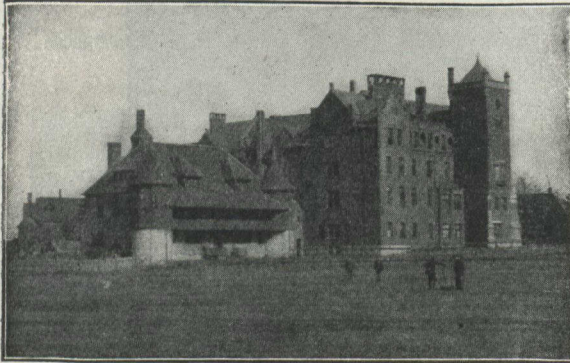
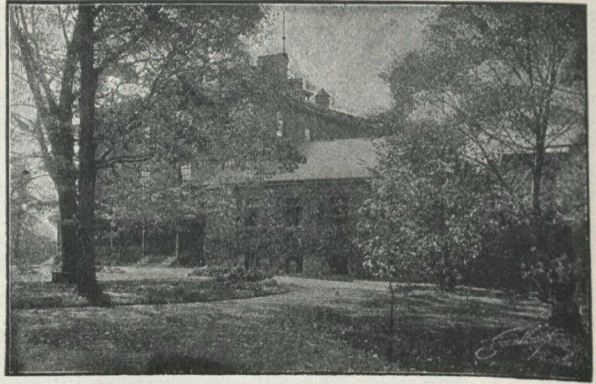
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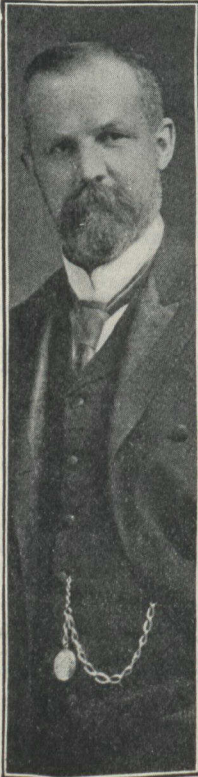
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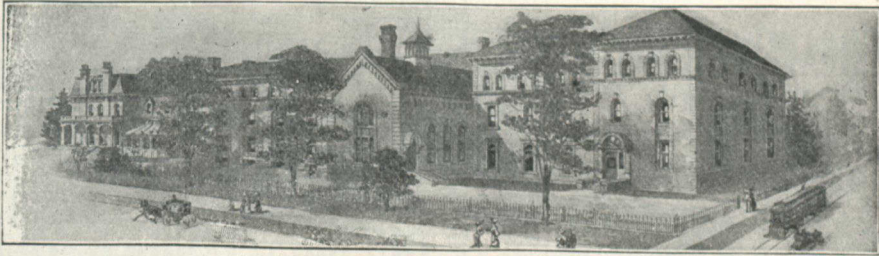
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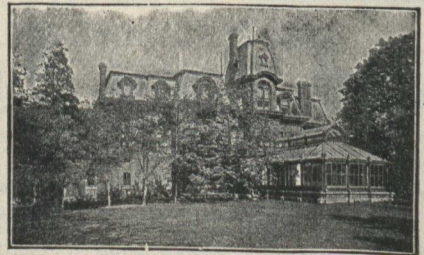
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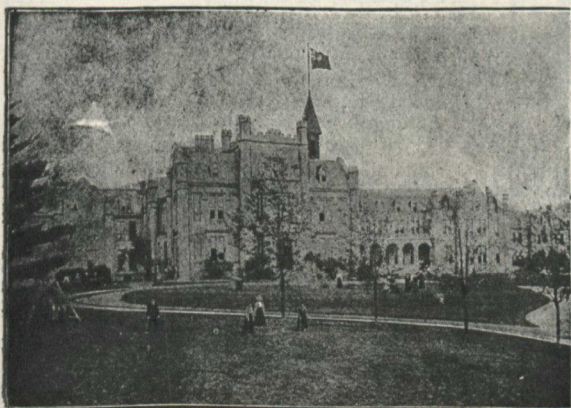
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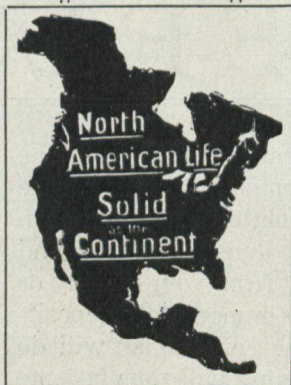
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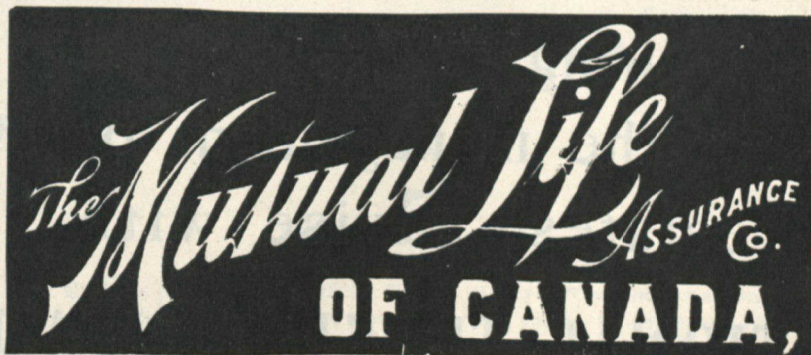
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First Principles of Cooking

By MARY JANE McCLURE

During the honeymoon life looks luminous to the young wife. There comes a time, though, when cold, hard-hearted Reality grins mockingly at her. Then she realizes that, after all, life is not one grand, sweet symphony of joy. There is nothing very roseate or poetical about "butchers and bakers and candlestick makers." They bring the airship of romance down to earth with a sudden dull and sickening thud.



Love and indigestion have no affinity one for another. On the other hand, carelessly selected, improperly cooked food and indigestion are twin souls. The moral is vivid. If love is to be kept as a permanent dweller in the home the door must be barred against indigestion. So the sensible young wife begins to study the first principles of cooking.

THE science of cookery goes deeper than the mere combination of materials—that may be said to be the chemistry of cooking. Its very foundation principle lies in their selection. For instance, a housewife of experience knows that the cheaper cuts of meat really are the most nutritious, but are lacking in flavor. She will utilize these cheaper cuts of meat in the form of stews, ragouts, pot roasts, etc., adding a little of Armour's Extract of Beef to impart the flavor which they lack. She has learned at least two of the foundation principles of cooking—economy and food values.

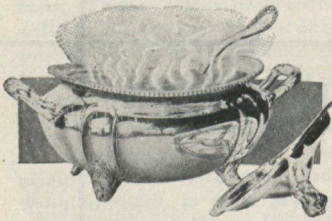
Another important lesson is that of quick-wittedness in combining food materials and making the best of a bad situation. Until a young wife learns this art she will be likely to have many unhappy moments.

"Lords and Masters" have a way of telephoning at the last moment that they propose to bring home an old friend to dine. This message usually partakes of the character of a peremptory command. Frequently it happens when nothing but baked beans has been prepared for the evening meal. A jar of Armour's Extract of Beef and a knowledge of how to use it make a big difference at such a crisis. The whole situation will lose its terrors—yield nothing but satisfying results.

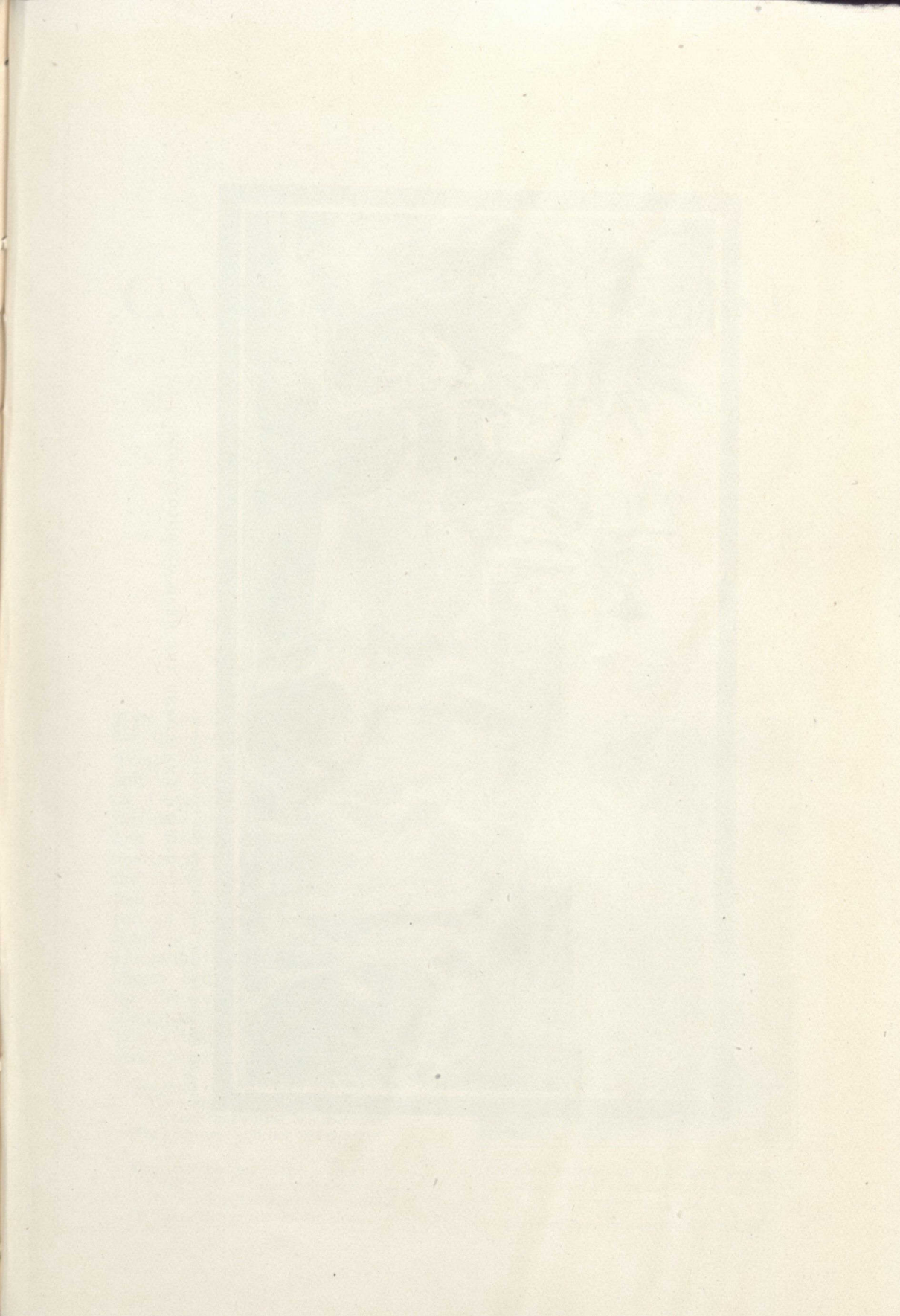
A woman who has had no practical experience with Armour's Extract of Beef will be surprised and fascinated to learn the many ways in which it can be used. It has become known the world over as an especially appetizing addition to vegetable dishes, such as peas, green or wax beans, corn and other vegetables. It gives a distinctive flavor which can be secured by no other means. It solves the gravy problem, for it not only colors but gives the real beef flavor when used for this purpose.

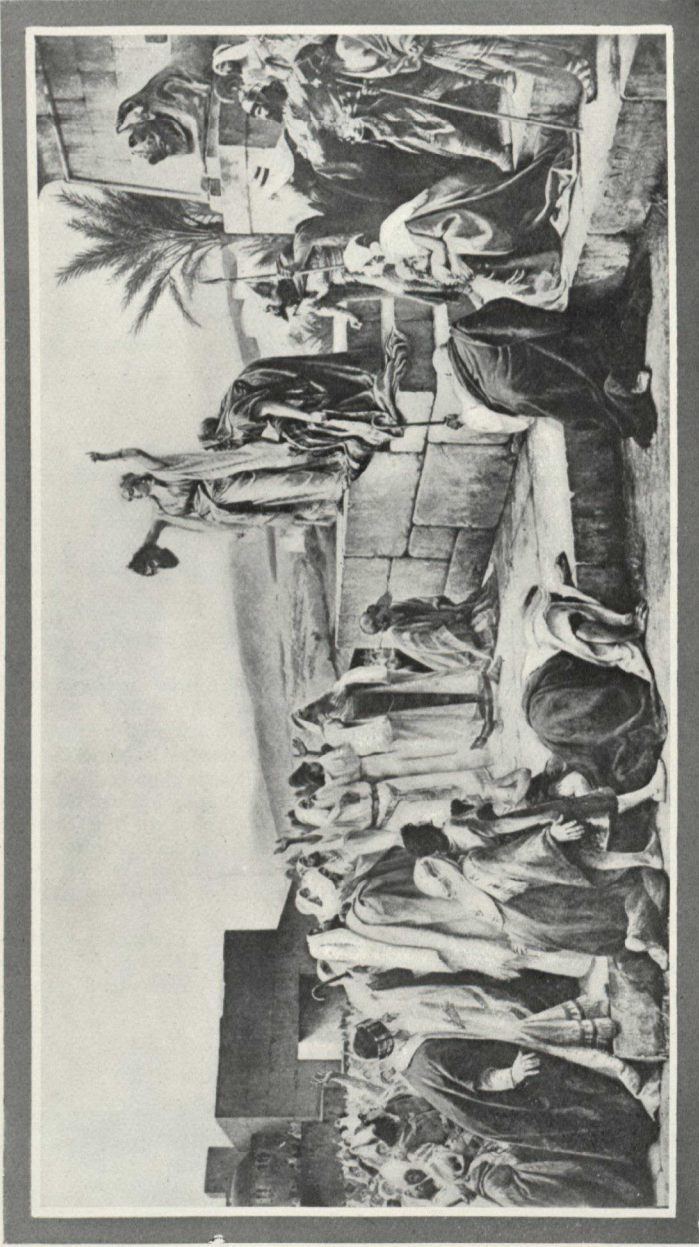
For imparting a delicious flavor to warmed over meats it is invaluable. The reason why is easily explained. Armour's Extract of Beef is exactly the same thing you cook out of the meat in the first serving. By adding it to left overs the original zest will be restored.

A new cook book has just been issued by Armour & Company. "My Favorite Recipes" is intended to be a cook book which will endear itself to every woman who comes across it. Besides containing a number of hints for using Armour's Extract of Beef and recipes for many dishes in which that prod-



uct is not used, there are blank pages on which may be written the recipes which you prize. The miscellaneous hints and tables of proportions in it alone ought to make it of inestimable worth to women who want to do things the best way possible. Write to **Armour Limited, Toronto**, enclosing cap from jar of Armour's Extract of Beef, and "My Favorite Recipes" will be mailed to you.





From the Painting by Aldi, in the Modern Gallery of Art, Rome.

JUDITH EXHIBITING THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 6

The Dufferin Family

By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

To Canadians an extremely interesting sketch of a distinguished Irish family.

ON June twenty-fifth, 1872, the Right Honourable Frederick Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood, Earl of Dufferin and Viscount Clondeboye, took the oath as Governor-General of Canada. At this date it is not easy to think of the first Marquis of Dufferin and Ava apart from his splendid achievements in the sphere of diplomacy, which made him the first diplomat of Europe, and perhaps in his time the most conspicuous figure of our public life. We think of him as the triumphant pro-Consul, whose almost half a century of service to the Empire was recognised by Lord Tennyson in the lines he addressed to Lord Dufferin at the close of his diplomatic career:

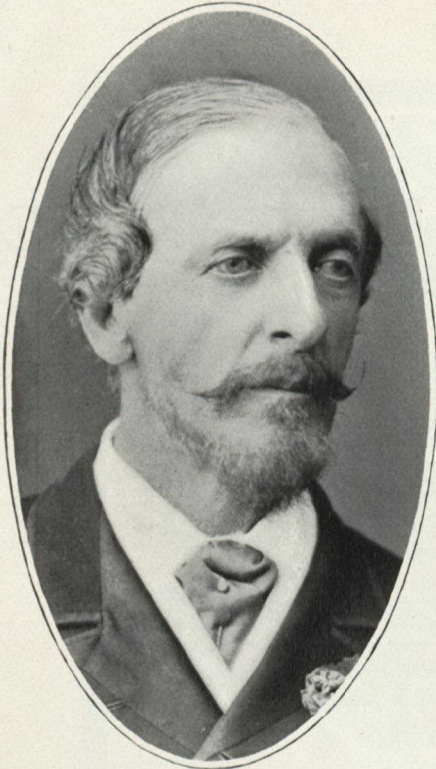
Not swift or rash, when late she lent
The sceptres of her West, her East,
To one, that ruling has increased
Her greatness and her self-content.

Your rule has made the people love
Their ruler. Your vice-regal days
Have added fulness to the phrase
Of "gauntlet in the velvet glove."



THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA,
WHO FOR SIX YEARS WAS VICE-
REINE OF CANADA

Copyright Photo by Kate Pragnell, London



THE FIRST MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.
ONE OF HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPHS

Photo by Johnston and Hoffman, Calcutta

But Lord Dufferin at the time of his appointment was not unknown in Canada. He was known as the brilliant son of a gifted mother—the Lady Dufferin idolised by the Irish people for the matchless pathos with which, in “The Irish Emigrant,” she voiced their love for their dear “Emerald Isle”—the mother whose passionate devotion to her only son cannot be forgotten in Ulster, where, among the hills of County Down, Helen’s Tower proclaims in lines composed by Tennyson:

Son’s love built me, and I hold
Mother’s love in lettered gold.

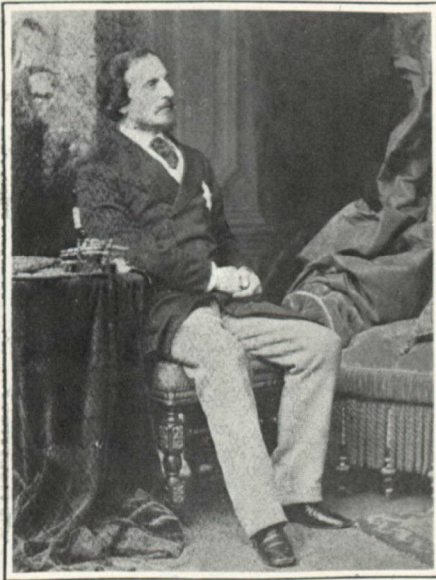
At the age of fifteen he had succeeded to the ancient Barony of Dufferin and Clondeboye—the fifth Baron. He was known to be accustomed to the atmosphere of courts, and conversant with their usages, for at the age of twenty-

three, the cultured young nobleman had been a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. Lord Dufferin was known, too, as an accomplished scholar, an observant traveller, a versatile writer, a diplomat of unerring judgment, a statesman of rare gifts, and a golden-tongued orator.

Something was known, too, of the admirable skill with which he performed his first important achievement in the sphere of diplomacy—the task Lord Palmerston in 1859 entrusted to him as British Commissioner in Syria, to prosecute inquiries into the massacre of Christians perpetrated by the Mahometans at Mount Lebanon. The Syrian maidens singing happily in the mulberry groves, as they work without fear of oppression, show how thoroughly Lord Dufferin performed that mission.

Knowing so much of the new Governor-General, it was not unnaturally felt by the Canadian people that the influence of the new *régime* could not be otherwise than distinctly marked. That the expectation then indulged was more than realised, is now a matter of history. It was a critical period. British Columbia had been admitted into the Confederation on the fourth of August, 1871, and there existed in the new Province a feeling of unrest and instability, inseparable from a new and unfamiliar order of things—a feeling that their former position as a Crown Colony gave them a status higher than that they now possessed as a Province of the welded Dominion, and a suspicion that the Dominion was unwilling, or at least inclined to hesitate, to fulfil its part of the contract of union.

Ottawa, still new to her position as capital of the chain of Provinces stretching from ocean to ocean, lived an isolated, depressing life, varied during the bright winter months of the session by the presence of the legislators, and the coruscations which served to relieve the ponderous arguments of dreary debate. The Countess of Dufferin assumed her position as Vice-reine, with a full sense of her responsibilities, and almost imperceptibly a new element of “sweetness and light” seemed to enter



LORD DUFFERIN AS HE APPEARED WHEN
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA



SECOND MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN (FORMERLY
LORD TERENCE BLACKWOOD)

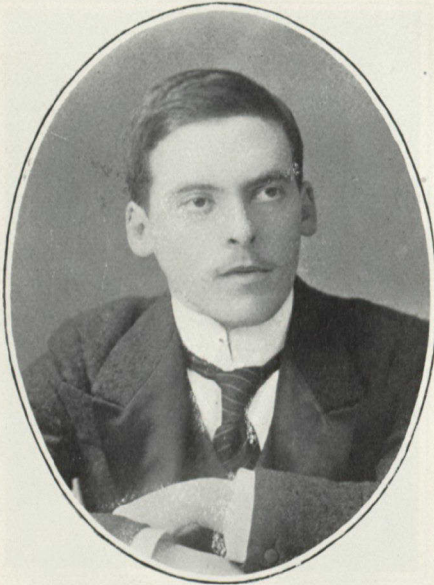
into the performance of every public duty.

The Vice-reine was a remarkable personality. A singularly winning manner enhanced the charm of a beautiful face, in whose brown eyes gleamed sympathy and kindness. Lady Dufferin, who was Miss Harriot Georgina Rowan-Hamilton, eldest daughter of Archibald Rowan-Hamilton, Esquire, of Killyleagh Castle, boasts not merely aristocracy of birth, but also aristocracy of intellect, being a descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the famous dramatist, who was himself descended from the O'Sheridan who in the year 1014 subdued O'Rourke, Prince of Leitrim. The only surviving sister of Lady Dufferin is Lady Nicholson, wife of Sir Arthur Nicholson, the British Ambassador to Madrid.

His Excellency's first task was to endeavour to bind more closely together, for the common good, the several Provinces of the Dominion. To attain this object, and to get into close touch with the Canadian people, he undertook those vice-regal tours extending from the eastern seaboard of Canada to the Pacific

gateway of the Orient, the Vice-reine accompanying him, and like him winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people." On these memorable progresses through a Land of Promise, the Governor-General manifested so deep and intelligent an interest in the needs of the growing country, and such sympathy with its hopes and aspirations that on the eve of his departure from our shores he was able to say in a speech, a part of which Lady Dufferin quotes in *My Canadian Journal*: "During a period of six years I have mingled with your society, taken part in your sports and pastimes, interested myself in your affairs and business, become one of you in thought and feeling, and never have I received at your hands, whether in my public or private capacity, anything but the kindest consideration, the most indulgent sympathy and the warmest welcome."

Many years previously, Lord Dufferin had made a voyage in his yacht, the *Foam* to the polar seas, and from those ice-bound regions had written those "Letters from High Latitudes"



LORD FREDERICK BLACKWOOD, OF THE
9TH LANCERS

Photo by Mayall, London



THE EARL OF AVA, KILLED AT THE SIEGE
OF LADYSMITH, JANUARY 6, 1900. HE
WAS WELL KNOWN IN CANADA

which still hold their place as models of graceful, unaffected English writing. It occasioned no surprise that Lord Dufferin, who had, with all an explorer's zest, enjoyed the thrilling adventures 'mid berg and ice-floe, should at once interest himself keenly in Canadian winter sports. This interest was shared by the Vice-reine, who entered with gayety into the skating and tobogganing for which Rideau Hall has since become so celebrated. Quadrilles danced on skates were usually a feature of the Saturday afternoon skating parties given by the Countess of Dufferin.

Then, many guests had to be introduced to the delights of tobogganing, for the enjoyment of which pastime Lord Dufferin had had a new slide built. A hesitating moment at the top of the chute was followed by bewilderingly mingled sensations, as the toboggan relentlessly sped to the foot of the slide. Then a long-drawn breath of relief, as the powdery snow was shaken off, while the novice, now a convert to the delights of the old Indian sport, prepared to ascend the slide for a second venture.

When twilight began to fall on the

short winter afternoons, the guests frequently found additional pleasure in store for them in the ball-room, where an operetta or play was performed, in which all of Their Excellencies' children took part, even the baby, Lady Victoria Blackwood, who, arrayed in white, wearing her Queen-godmother's gift—a gold medallion portrait of Queen Victoria surrounded with diamonds and pearls—crooned and crowed in orthodox baby fashion.

Though these juvenile performances never failed to delight the spectators of whatever age, the theatricals in which the Vice-reine herself took part were a revelation to her guests of the Countess of Dufferin's remarkable histrionic talent, for when Her Excellency appeared before the footlights in the theatre of Rideau Hall she quite captivated her audience by her vivacious acting.

Handsome, brilliant and talented, her infinite tact must have been a very tower of strength to His Excellency in the intricacies of state-craft, for a diplomatic mistake was as distinct an impossibility to Lady Dufferin as to this most diplomatic of Governors-General. No



LADY HERMIONE BLACKWOOD, A CHARMING
DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY
DUFFERIN

Copyright Photo by Kate Pragnell, London



LADY PLUNKET (NÉE LADY VICTORIA BLACK-
WOOD), WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR
OF NEW ZEALAND

Copyright Photo by Kate Pragnell, London

one understood better than the Countess how to set her guests at ease, and after the lapse of more than thirty years, her guests of the long ago delight to tell how assiduously she devoted herself to them, omitting nothing that might add to their pleasure, intuitively reading them, and drawing from them their best. More than one timid guest, preparing to depart from some function unobserved, not wishing to trespass too much on the attention of her kind hostess, was delighted to find that the gracious Vice-reine had perceived her amid the throng, and had hastened in order that she might give her hand in kindly farewell. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Her Excellency's entertainments were marked by a grace and a spontaneity hitherto unknown in Canadian society. In February, 1876, the Governor-General and the Countess gave what was at the time the most ambitious affair of the kind that had ever been attempted in Canada—the now historic Fancy Dress Ball, given in the Senate Chamber.

The names of those who moved amidst that gay throng excite now a melan-

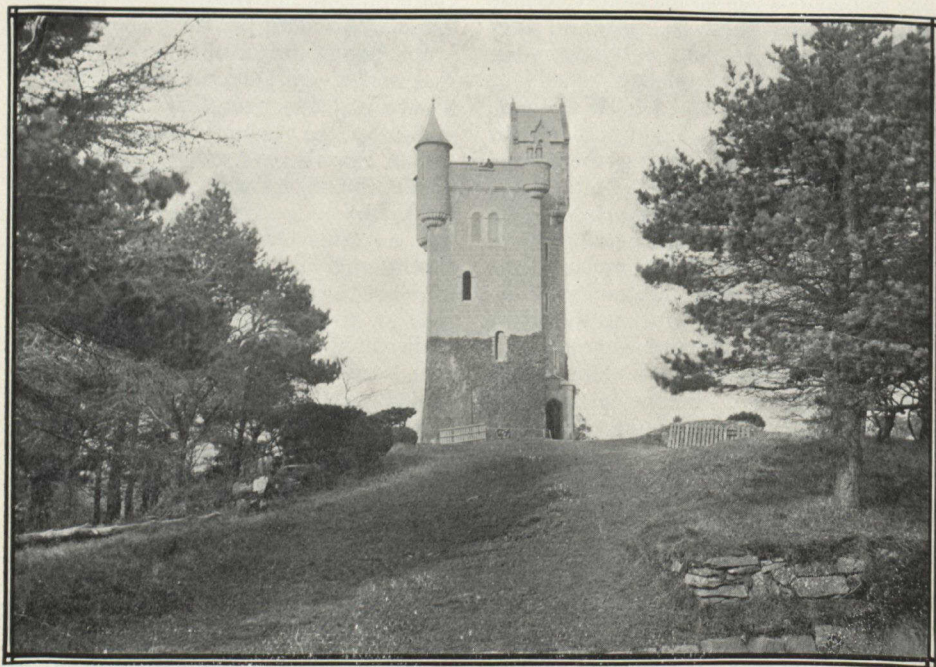
choly interest, for some of the brightest are, alas, no more.

In August, 1876, the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin made the first vice-regal journey to British Columbia, going by the Central Pacific Railway to San Francisco—it was before the day of the Canadian Pacific Railway—thence by H.M.S. *Amethyst* to Victoria, where the Governor-General and his amiable consort won all hearts by their unaffected interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the Province, and by their undisguised admiration of its magnificent scenery. Patiently and thoughtfully Lord Dufferin considered the questions which were matters of vital importance to the Province, and the results of his deliberations were embodied in speeches so eloquent, thoughtful and sincere, and so appreciative of the possibilities and resources of the country, that the question of federal disconnection was settled for ever.

Lord and Lady Dufferin's warm interest in everything that tended to the moral and material advancement of the Canadian commonwealth is too well



CLANDEBOYE, COUNTY DOWN, IRELAND, HOME OF THE DUFFERIN FAMILY



HELEN'S TOWER ON THE CLANDEBOYE ESTATE, ERECTED BY THE FIRST MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA IN MEMORY OF HIS GIFTED MOTHER

known to require repetition in this article. In all the Provinces of the Dominion, educational and philanthropic institutions were visited by them in no perfunctory fashion, while their extended sojourns in different Canadian cities not only diffused an element of social brightness incident to the vice-regal presence, but also created a feeling of mutual trust and appreciation between the people and their illustrious visitors.

Their admiration of the magnificent scenery of Canada was unbounded, and they earnestly desired that the Canadian people should themselves fully appreciate the beauty as well as the magnitude of their unequalled heritage. To His Excellency's practical suggestion is due the laying out of the superb "Dufferin Terrace" at Quebec, while at Niagara the International Park is an evidence of his desire to preserve and enhance the natural beauty which was in imminent danger of being sacrificed to commercial aggrandisement. Of the charms of the St. Lawrence they never tired, and many a delightful fishing expedition they enjoyed on the banks of the Saguenay during the long summer days at Tadousac, where Lord Dufferin had a cottage built during his second year in Canada. Of these experiences, vivacious accounts gleam from the pages of Lady Dufferin's "My Canadian Journal," published twenty years afterwards. Apart from the bright record of vice-regal doings during the *régime* of the Earl of Dufferin, not the least valuable feature of the "Journal" is the light it throws upon the social conditions which then prevailed, and the gradual growth in the centres of population in Canada.

In 1878, after a six years' stay in Canada, Lord and Lady Dufferin returned to England, leaving an indelible impression of their influence upon the country during that critical formative period in the history of the Dominion.

That the affectionate regard of the people for the Governor-General and the Vice-reine was fully returned by those personages, appears from an entry at the close of the "Journal," when Lady Dufferin, writing of the regret with which they left our shores, says

that "Although the day itself was lovely, it was one of the most miserable I ever felt."

Of the constitutional questions, complicated as many of them were, with which Lord Dufferin had to deal during his vice-regal term in Canada, it is safe to say that abundant proof of the skill with which they were solved exists in the fact that the personal popularity of the future Marquis of Dufferin and Ava suffered no abatement from the day he set foot in the ancient citadel, until when, outward-bound, Lord and Lady Dufferin watched the shores of Canada receding from their view.

Amid the "swift vicissitudes of changeable time" the people of Canada followed with pride throughout all Lord Dufferin's subsequent career his brilliant diplomatic successes—at the Court of St. Petersburg, when British Ambassador on the banks of the Neva; at the Bosphorus, in the city of mosques and minarets; in Egypt, where he sojourned for a year after the suppression of Arabi Bey's revolt, to restore British prestige; on the banks of the Nile, afterwards returning to Constantinople to complete his ambassadorial term—until in 1884 he was appointed Viceroy of India, where fresh laurels were won by him. In India, a country where agricultural grievances had long occasioned difficulties in the administration of government, many complicated problems bearing on land tenure were solved by Lord Dufferin, who brought to the investigation of the land systems of India his experience of Irish agrarian questions.

The annexation of Upper Burmah to the territorial dominion of our Indian Empire is regarded as Lord Dufferin's most brilliant achievement in India, this step towards the solidification of British power in India having been secured at almost a bloodless cost. When Their Excellencies visited the new British possession—Burmah—to settle the arrangements for the new government, Burmese and British vied with one another in the cordiality of their welcome. And perhaps the buoyant wit, personal charm, unvarying tact, imperturbable good humour, and charming courtesy of

Their Excellencies may have been potent factors in the happy consummation which was not without its due effect in developing Oriental loyalty to the great Queen-Empress.

It might have been supposed that Lord Dufferin's happy faculty for saying pleasant things, and his unflinching resources of wit and tact might have failed to respond to the demands made upon them in a country whose climatic conditions are trying to Europeans and whose people are of alien race. But "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and Lord and Lady Dufferin's consideration for Oriental prejudices and their sympathy with the sufferings incidental to the Oriental mode of living won their way into the Oriental heart.

In Lady Dufferin's delightful "Our Vice-regal Life in India" many charming incidents reveal the Viceroy's adaptability to novel conditions. On Their Excellencies' first vice-regal tour, undertaken during Lord Dufferin's first year in India, on arriving at Dholpore, the Viceroy paid a State visit to the Maharajah of Scindia, at the conclusion of the visit, in accordance with established vice-regal usage, paying a visit of ceremony to the Maharajah's mother. The interview between the Viceroy and the Princess-Mother is thus described by Lady Dufferin: "His Excellency said to her that as she and I (Lady Dufferin) were members of the same order—Crown of India—we must be sisters, and that, as we were sisters, he must be her brother—all of which delighted her, and she laughed heartily. Then she sent him a rose, and he told her that the rose would fade, and the scent pass away, but that the remembrance of her gracious act would for ever remain in his heart; but that Her Highness had put him in a great difficulty, as on his return home his wife would certainly make a point of finding out who gave him the flower."

On the eve of the vice-regal departure from Rangoon in Burmah "His Excellency's little speech was a great success, everyone being delighted at the expression of a hope that when he returned to Burmah he should find the ladies

more beautiful and younger than ever." As this was the seventeenth speech the Viceroy had delivered that day, it is no wonder that Lady Dufferin adds: "His Excellency was rather tired: to make seventeen speeches, many of them requiring considerable thought, in addition to all social duties, is hard work."

His Excellency's capacity for work was marvellous. And India gave Lord Dufferin full opportunity for the manifestation of his powers in that direction. In "Our Vice-regal Life in India," frequent allusions to the Viceroy's work give some slight insight into the onerous character of his duties. And when it pleased his Sovereign to recognise the diplomatic services in India of this champion of Britain's honour, Ava in Burmah received the honour of being included in the new appellation, Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

In connection with the new designation, Ava, a reference in Lady Dufferin's Indian "Journal" possesses a pathetic interest. Under date of Aug. 28th, 1886, the following entry occurs:

"Archie (Earl of Ava) joins the 17th Lancers to-day. It is his twenty-third birthday, so he begins in this regiment a new year, and I hope a happy era of his life." A past happy era! Strangely appropriate seem the words of the old Latin poet: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

On the twenty-third of October, 1887, at Simla, Their Excellencies celebrated another happy anniversary, which is thus chronicled in the "Journal":

"This was our silver wedding-day. At dinner Sir Donald Wallace proposed our healths in a very kind and pretty speech, and Lord Dufferin replied. I think we both felt rather choky, for we have indeed had five and twenty very happy years together, and the termination of a quarter of a century of life almost unclouded by great sorrows, and full of many blessings, is a real epoch in life's history."

In India, as afterwards in Rome and at Paris, the Viceroy and Vice-reine practised the same free-hearted hospitality that had distinguished their *régime* in Canada; and European residents and

native dignitaries, as well as many of the little children, cherish happy memories of Lord and Lady Dufferin's four years' stay in India, Lord Dufferin resigning his Viceroyalty a year before the completion of his vice-regal term.

It was in India that Lady Dufferin's great administrative ability, marked as it is in the minor affairs of life, found opportunity for its fullest development. From the day of her arrival in India Lady Dufferin had been profoundly interested in the native women and children, visiting schools and *zenanas* as opportunity offered.

A sympathetic reference occurs in Her Excellency's "Journal" to the children for whom she was to do so much: "The Viceroy stayed at home to work while I went to give prizes at some native schools, where I dealt out dolls, boxes, and picture books as rewards for Scripture, Geography, Literature, Bengali and Usefulness. It was sad to give a doll to some poor little creature of ten or eleven, who, young as she is, is probably on the very verge of matrimony, or who, as a child-widow, may be condemned to a sort of outcast existence all the rest of her days."

Lady Dufferin yearned to devise a scheme for the alleviation of the sufferings of these native women, whose peculiar position withheld from them skilled medical aid. The result of her efforts was the noble "Countess of Dufferin Scheme for supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India." The "Scheme," to which Queen Victoria gave her patronage, has been of untold benefit to those whom it was intended to succour. The Lady Hermione Blackwood, Lady Dufferin's second daughter, has taken up the work so dear to the heart of her distinguished mother, and as one of Queen Victoria's Jubilee nurses, devoted herself to the work of relieving the suffering poor in their own dwellings. Lady Hermione was one of the seven hundred certificated nurses whom Queen Alexandra received at Marlborough House, and was by Her Majesty invested with the bronze badge and dark blue armlet of the order of Queen Victoria's Jubilee

Nurses. Lord and Lady Dufferin's eldest daughter, the Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, is also deeply interested in the nursing question, on which subject she has written some valuable papers, dealing especially with the question of the State Registration of Nurses, concerning which on one occasion she was invited to give evidence before the House of Lords. Lord Frederick Blackwood and Lady Victoria Blackwood enjoy the distinction of being the only vice-regal children born in Canada, at least since Confederation. In Lady Victoria, Her late Majesty the Queen was specially interested, and expressed a wish to act as her godmother, to the end of her days manifesting the kindest interest in her Canadian god-daughter.

Lady Victoria is now Lady Plunket, and is herself a Vice-reine, her husband, Lord Plunket, being now Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony of New Zealand. Her Excellency has entered upon her new duties with all her mother's tact and energy, and shortly after their arrival in New Zealand, Lord and Lady Plunket arranged a three days' *fête* at the Government House, in aid of the endowment fund of the Veterans' Home in Wellington, N.Z. Lord and Lady Dufferin's third son, Lord Basil Blackwood, holds an important post in South Africa. The second son, Lord Terence Blackwood, who is in the Foreign Office, London, succeeded to the Marquisate on his father's death.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava was perhaps the most potent personal force in public life to bring about that new era of Imperial unity and co-operation which may be said to be the most distinctive feature in the Britain of today. He may be called the pioneer of Imperialism, and he lived to see that splendid rally of the subjects of the Crown to the Mother Country on that day when British interests were imperilled in South Africa. He had advocated the principle of Imperialism with no mere eloquent lip-service, and gladly to the service of his Queen and country he gave the heir of his house, the Earl of Ava, a lieutenant in the 17th

Lancers, who in the far-away days had laughed and chatted himself into Canadian hearts. His youngest son, Lord Frederick Blackwood, an officer in the 9th Lancers, likewise responded to the call for men.

And when on that dark January day, 1900, there flashed beneath the seas the news that Lord Ava had been killed outside beleaguered Ladysmith in the final attack by the Boers, Canada grieved as for one of her own sons. And when the stricken parents' cup of sorrow seemed full to the brim, for their youngest son was so dangerously wounded that his life was despaired of, many a fervent prayer was uttered that the father and mother might be sustained in their intense anxiety, and that another sacrifice for the Empire might not be required of them.

A letter from Lord Dufferin to a friend in Paris appeared in *The London Times* not long afterwards, from which the following extract is taken: "I have indeed been wading in very deep waters, and it has required all my fortitude to go through the ordeal. . . . And now you will be glad to know that my poor boy is recovering. He was shot through the body, the bullet penetrating the lung, but we have had a feeble little line of pencil from himself to say he is getting on, and a telegram has reached us this morning to the effect that in a week or two he would be able to be sent down to Capetown; but it has been a dreadful trial to his poor mother, and happening, too, within a week of the day last year that our eldest son was killed."

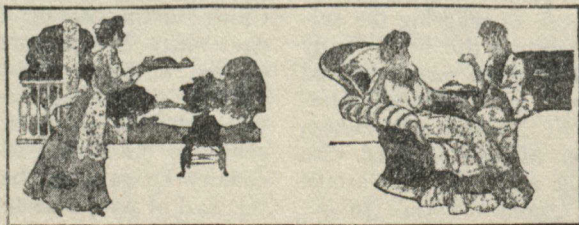
In 1896, at the age of seventy, Lord Dufferin retired from the diplomatic service, his last appointment being Ambassador to France. On his welcome

home to what, it was hoped, would be a life of comparative leisure and devotion to literary pursuits, the firm tone of the experienced diplomat repeated the call to Imperialism in the words: "No nation's independence or possessions are safe for a moment unless she can guard them with her own right hand." It was his pride that the Empire whose prestige he had so nobly maintained, and indeed strengthened, commanded everywhere respect as a nation of "steadfast, truth-loving, humane, and indomitable people."

At his own home, Clandeboye House, from which he had been absent so many years in the Empire's service, yet to which his heart had ever fondly turned, the first Marquis of Dufferin and Ava passed away on the twelfth of February, 1902, and three days later he was laid to rest with his ancestors in the family burying-ground at Clandeboye. With the widowed Marchioness in her overwhelming sorrow world-wide sympathy was felt, for in almost every part of the world the influence of Lord Dufferin's personality had directly or indirectly been felt. In this connection the early anticipations of the mother for the future of her distinguished son possess a touching interest.

On Lord Dufferin's twenty-first birthday, his devoted mother had given him a silver lamp, surmounted by the motto, "Fiat Lux," and had addressed to him a benedictory poem from which the following lines are taken:

"Let there be light" in thy clear soul
 When passion tempts, and doubts assail;
 When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,
 "Let there be light," that shall not fail!
 So, angel-guarded, may'st thou tread
 The narrow path which few may find;
 And at the end look back, nor dread
 To count the vanished years behind.



Black Mack

By NEIL DAWSON

How a young farmer was cured of horse-racing and the purchase of a winning steed called off.

"OH, mother, Mack is just fine!" exclaimed Grace Nugent, bursting into the room where her mother was sitting sewing. "And the moonlight was just grand, too. And Dan says Mack did extra well at his first practice, for a mere colt. He has quite decided to prepare him for the green race at the fall fair."

"Yes, and just make a show of himself," drily remarked the mother, as she bit the end off a thread. In a moment she continued musingly: "Now if Mack did do something at the race so that Dan could sell him for a big price, then he could afford to furnish his new house in grand style. But a young farmer like Dan Gibson has no call for a race-horse."

"Oh, mother, don't talk that way! I couldn't bear to think of Black Mack falling into the hands of those horrid racing men. If you loved horses the least bit, you could never want such a horse sold. I would rather do without the grand furniture, piano and all, than see Mack sold."

The mother gave a look of provoking pity at the girl, and went on sewing.

"Mother, if you had just seen us leave old Wilson behind!"

For the first time the mother looked really interested. It had long been a thorn in her side that no one kept a horse that old Wilson could not run past on the way from church with his rakey old sorrel.

"Could Wilson not pass him?" she asked eagerly.

"Pass him! Well, I guess not. He came tearing up with all his silly bluster, pulled out and struck his old sorrel. I glanced at Dan, and his eyes were just dancing. I could see Mack gather himself up as if impatient for the word, but Dan waited till the sorrel was just nosing past Mack, and then without a word he made some peculiar movement of the reins, and Mack was off like a shot. Wilson yelled at his horse, but it was no use; he was left away behind in less than a minute.

The mother looked for a moment at the girl, so pretty in her eagerness, and then said:

"Well, I'm glad someone has got a horse at last that old Wilson can't pass."

After a moment she added: "I hope Mack beats the whole of them at the fair."

The weeks slipped quickly away, and it was not long till the great day had arrived. The eagerness with which Grace Nugent sprang into her uncle Andrew's rig, when he called to take her into town, is only known to one whose interest had been gathering in intensity for months. She could scarcely speak of anything but Black Mack and his race, and long before they had reached town her uncle—a shrewd old man of seventy—had unwittingly got to the bottom of her eager little heart. He knew that first of all she was intensely

anxious that Black Mack should win, and that in the second place she was anxious that Dan should not under any conditions be persuaded into parting with his beautiful horse. And so the old man quietly resolved to keep his eyes open that day.

Having reached the fair grounds, Grace soon stole around to a point near the stables, where she was to meet Dan. Presently he appeared, but not with as cheerful a face as Grace had expected.

"Well, how is dear old Mack?" she quickly asked.

"Oh, Mack is all right; but the trouble is we are up against terrible odds to-day, Grace."

"Why, Dan, what's the matter?"

"The matter is that there is no green race after all, and the only thing left for us is to go in the free-for-all."

"What! Put a mere colt in a race with old racing horses? What a shame! How does that come?"

"Oh, it seems that the other green horses have withdrawn and so there can be no green race! But it is a shame to have to race Mack against old horses with good records. I was quite sure of winning the green race, but there is not much show for us in the free-for-all."

"I just wouldn't do it!" exclaimed the girl, with much vehemence. "I wouldn't race good Mack with their nasty old rakes at all. It is just some mean trick they are trying to play on you."

"Oh, yes, Grace, I am going to race him, anyway. He is in great shape to-day, and I want to see what he can do."

"Do you mean it, Dan?" she asked earnestly.

"Yes, I mean it."

"Then I hope you beat all their wheezely old things, so I do!" she exclaimed hotly.

"We're going to try hard."

"Well, good luck," and she turned away and hurried back to where she had left her uncle standing.

In a few words she told him how things stood.

"There's some game on," remarked the old man quietly. "I'm going to have a look around. You just wait here."

After a considerable interval he returned, but there was nothing in his face to encourage the anxious girl. In reply to her questioning look he remarked:

"Well, Grace, I think Dan has got into a pretty nasty nest of them to-day. There are four horses besides Mack in the free-for-all. One or two of them don't appear of very much account, but the others do. There is one old gray lad, a skinny, rakey-looking old gent called the "Gray Stranger," that looks as if he might be of tremendous account, or might not, just as he sees fit—one of those old chaps that seems to wink at you as much as to say, 'Well, I guess you don't know me. I'm from away down South.' And in truth he is a stranger; never was seen in these parts before."

"Well, never mind," continued the old man; "there'll be no fooling with Mack, anyway. He'll make some of those old bleary-eyed fellows show what's in them, even if he doesn't win."

"But, oh, I can't bear to see Mack beaten!" exclaimed the girl, with a tremulous voice. "I think it's just a shame," and a tear glistened in her eye.

"Oh, don't you be afraid; Mack is all right!" and the old man assumed cheerfulness. He exerted himself to interest her in the trapeze performance and the other events till the free-for-all was called.

By that time the crowd of spectators was immense, and when the five horses came trotting briskly down the course, and wheeled before the judges' stand, the interest became very keen.

After two or three trials, they got away in a nice even start. The pole horse, a little flat-sided, long-eared bay, was leading by a half-length. He was closely hugged by a big, lanky chestnut, and he in turn by a thick, low-set roan. These three got away swiftly, and soon were going at what was for them a furious pace. Outside these three, the long, low-rumped, bleary-eyed gray stranger was going along at a steady, loping stride, as if calmly considering the beautiful young black that was proudly bearing along on the extreme outer course. At first it appeared as if these last two

in their steadiness would be left far behind the others in their enthusiastic impulsiveness. But there was, notwithstanding, something in the appearance of the gray stranger and Black Mack that caught the attention of every horse-man in that vast crowd.

"Just wait a minute, the stranger doesn't feel at home yet," remarked a youth standing in front of Grace and her uncle.

"Oh, dry up about your ugly old gray!" replied his chum. "I'm going to bank on Black Mack. Just look at his beauty and his proud step."

"Yes, but beauty won't take him over the course in time to see the finish of my gray."

"Won't it! Won't it!" exclaimed the other; just look at him now! See the way he is forging ahead, and up-grade and into the wind, too. Now, is beauty hindering him any?"

True, Mack was now distinguishing himself. They had reached the far side of the course where there was a slight up-grade, and Mack had left the gray behind and was quickly closing up with the other three.

"Look, now! He's passing the whole bunch!" exclaimed the youth. "That's the horse for you!"

Grace's eyes began to shine, and she shot a quick glance at her uncle, who was gravely studying the old gray, now so far behind.

"Just wait a minute; keep your eye on my old gray, and you'll see something after awhile," remarked the other youth.

"Now see the gray," he continued, as the horses rounded the bend and started down the home stretch.

"Look! Look! See his stride now!" he shouted, as the old gray came tearing down the home stretch, sliding easily past the bunch of three.

"He'll do Black Mack just the same way, see if he doesn't?"

Grace glanced nervously up at her uncle's face.

"Looks like it. Looks like it," were the words she read there as plainly as if he had spoken them.

A rousing cheer greeted Black Mack

as he came in front of the grand-stand, nobly carrying himself at a very high speed, but the heat was not yet done. It was a half-mile track, so that there was another round. Then a second great cheer arose; it was for the gray stranger, who with wonderful stride was closing right up on the black, and went under the wire abreast with him. In another moment the gray was ahead, and was pulling in to the pole horse's place.

"What did I tell you!" exclaimed the youth, and he followed this remark with a short, shrill cheer.

A shiver ran through the slender form of the girl behind him.

But now the horses had once more reached the up-grade on the long side, and Mack began to close up on the stranger. With each step his spirit and strength seemed to rise, and when Dan pulled him out, he dashed past the gray with great ease.

"Mack again! Mack again! My beauty! He's going to get it."

"Just wait," drawled the other, with provoking deliberation. "Wait till they round the bend."

"Oh, yes, *wait*, but look at the distance Mack has got this time. The stranger'll never catch him."

"Won't he, just look now!" as the gray started on his spurt for the wire.

Grace bent eagerly forward.

"He can't do it! He can't do it," shouted the youth, as the gray swept grandly down on Mack. Mack was going fast, and the gray had more to do this time. When there were only a few rods left the driver of the gray, aroused to the danger, began to slash and yell. But it was too late; Mack had won the heat by a good length.

The crowd was wild with enthusiasm, for the majority were greatly taken with the beauty of the noble black.

The colour came richer in Grace's cheeks, and she added her little cheer to that of the mass.

"That was good, real good," said her uncle, quietly, and then added in an undertone: "You remain here, Grace. I'll be back directly."

The old man sauntered slowly around to where they were sponging and rub-

bing down the gray stranger; and when the crowd of younger horse enthusiasts had satisfied their curiosity and begun to move away, the old man drew nearer and seemed greatly to admire the legs and sinews of the steaming gray. Presently a self-important, blustering man hurried up to speak to the driver. This was evidently the owner of the stranger.

"Well, Jack, what happened you that time?" he inquired.

"I miscalculated a little," answered the driver.

"Well, don't do it again, make a sure job of it," said the owner with some emphasis. He was about to add something further but hesitated, and looked sharply at the old man, who was still looking admiringly at the gray trotter.

"It's a fine day, old man," said he in a loud voice, taking a step towards him.

The old man looked around with a puzzled expression, put his hand to his ear and said: "Did you speak to me, sir?"

The owner took a step nearer and repeated in louder voice: "I said it's a fine day."

"Yes, sir, a fine horse, a fine horse, sir," replied old Andrew, with a most innocent expression on his face.

The owner turned again to the driver, evidently satisfied that the old man was very deaf, and continued in a low tone:

"Say, Jack, that black is a wonder, isn't he?"

"For a colt, he certainly is, sir. He'll beat the gray some day, if he is handled right."

"Some day? Say, Jack, he'd do it to-day if the fool knew how to drive him."

"Yes, if he just had a little more grade to climb, for instance," said Jack, with a wink.

"Exactly, wouldn't you like to be sitting on that colt's tail, old boy?" remarked the "boss" with a slap on Jack's shoulder.

"Ah, wouldn't I!" said Jack, with a twinkle.

"Well, you're going to, Jack. I'm going to buy him. It's only a farmer fellow owns him, and he doesn't know what he's worth. And say, Jack, I'm

going to buy him when this race is over, so you know I mean business when I say I want you to beat him, and beat him badly. You know what it means," and he looked earnestly at Jack with his fierce eyes.

"Hundreds like enough, boss, and we'll do it, just trust us."

"Have you got any of the *stuff*, Jack?"

"Haven't I, boss?" and Jack slapped his hip pocket.

"Well, take no risks," was the owner's warning, as he turned away.

Still the old man was hanging around in front of the stranger's stall, but, when a few minutes later the crier rode past calling for the second heat of the free-for-all, he turned away, having just seen the driver, Jack, pull a flask of whisky from his pocket and pour half its contents into the Gray Stranger.

Grace Nugent was beginning to wonder what was keeping her uncle, when he hurried up and excitedly grabbed her by the arm.

"Grace," he almost whispered, "you can get through the crowd quicker than I can; hurry over to Dan's stall and try to catch him before he starts, and tell him I said for him to make the up-grade longer for Mack."

The sensitive girl seemed to shrink from the task. "Couldn't you tell him better than I, uncle?" she faltered; "there are a lot of men over there."

"No, Grace; it would not do for me to be seen talking to him. You go, and hurry; the race depends on it."

The girl hesitated no longer, but hurried away. The crier went up and down calling out the horses. The judges were impatiently ringing the bell.

Soon the five were again on the track. Old Andrew was looking eagerly for the girl. In a moment she appeared. Her face seemed drawn and haggard.

"Oh, uncle," she whispered tremblingly, "I failed; he was started when I got there."

In spite of his best efforts to hide it, a look of pain passed over the old man's face.

The driving in the second heat was very similar to that in the first. Black Mack forged ahead on the up-grades,

and the Gray Stranger distinguished himself on the downs. But especially on the long home stretch did the stranger do some wonderful travelling, and at a flying pace he went under the wire four good lengths ahead of Black Mack.

The crowd was wild with enthusiasm; and eagerness for the third heat ran high. In the confusion it was easy for the uncle to whisper instructions to his now pale-faced niece, and send her off to Dan.

"Tell Dan that they're trying to work a dirty game on him to-day; that the cutting out of the green race was only a part of it. And tell him the only way for him to smash their game is to win this race. Tell him I said to make more up-grade for Mack, especially on the home stretch. Run away now, Grace, and for your life don't fail to see Dan himself."

"But hadn't you better explain more fully what you mean by making more grade?" she asked.

"No, Grace, Dan will know; and he knows his horse better than I do. Come back here after you see him."

To the old man, as well as to the two youths in front of him, who kept up a continual argument about the merits and prospects of the two horses, the wait for the third and last heat seemed very long. And, indeed, to the great multitude of spectators, in their nervous eagerness, it seemed a long while before the free-for-all again had the track.

Meanwhile the girl had returned, having satisfactorily performed her task, and now with considerably more confidence they waited for the manœuvring horses to get away. They were even forced to smile now and again at the good-natured banter of the two young men in front of them.

The first round of this heat was much like the others. Mack got away ahead on the far side and seemed to keep gaining till well around the bend at the south end. Then the stranger overhauled him on the down stretch to the wire. In a few moments they were on the far side again, and once more Mack pulled out and tore away from the gray. Faster

and faster they went till the gray was left far behind.

"Ah, ha! Look at that," said the youth; "he's going to leave the old gray altogether this time."

Just wait, my boy; the gray is only having his regular nap now."

"But, look! Mack is around the bend, and he is still keeping it up."

"You're right; he doesn't seem to know that he's done with the up-grade," assented the other thoughtfully.

"No, sir, your old gray isn't in it this time. Mack's going to keep it right up till the wire is reached."

"Well, let him, it will only give the stranger more chance to distinguish himself. Now, see! The gray is just waking up! Now, look at the way he is coming!"

"Yes, but he's whipping him already; he'll make the old gray beggar break before he reaches the wire."

"No danger! You couldn't make him break, he's been on the track before, and against other things besides mere colts."

And true enough, though the driver slashed and yelled the whole way down the stretch the gray never broke, but steadily tore along at such an awful pace that he quickly began to close up on Mack.

Harder and harder he went, till finally Mack had only two lengths to the good and there were still a half-dozen rods to go. Then a piercing scream burst from the driver of the old gray; the whip descended with an awful blow; the lines were shaken out over his back and the old gray spurted wildly and went under the wire abreast with Mack, and still no sign of breaking.

Cheer on cheer rose from the great crowd. Then discussion on discussion followed, admirers of each horse claiming the victory.

"Which got it, uncle? Which got it?" demanded Grace nervously.

"I can't say, Grace. It's very close. I never saw a finish so close before. We'll know in a minute what the judges say."

But even the judges seemed to hesi-

tate. They could be seen talking among themselves for some moments. Then one took the chalk and began to write, and when the board was hung out it said: "Black Mack and Gray Stranger even. Another heat will be run."

A great cheer greeted this announcement, and the interest became intense.

"Come with me, Grace," said the old man, and he led her around to a position where from a distance they could see the Gray Stranger in his stall.

For sometime the girl was interested in watching the attendants slapping and rubbing and sponging. Then she said:

"Have you no message to send to Dan, uncle?"

"Not yet, Grace; but I brought you here so that I could get you away with it in time if I got any. You just stay here till I go over nearer to the stall."

"The farmer is waking up a bit, Jack," was the owner's greeting as he came up to the driver.

"Yes, sir, there's stuff in that horse if it were brought out."

"But, say, Jack, you can do it this time, can't you?"

"I think so. The black must be about played. He can't have the staying power yet at that age."

"Jack, come here," said the owner, with a wink and a nod.

"Ah," thought the old man, as the owner drew the driver aside and began to talk. "He suspects me, or else this is something so important that he won't take any risks of being heard, most likely the latter."

The old man was terribly annoyed at missing what he knew must be something very important in the game, and so in hopes of still hearing a hint of what it had been he still waited around.

At last the owner seemed about to turn away, and the old man was able to catch the final words: "So, Jack, you will send him over in any case. For no matter which way it turns out, it will pave the way, and perhaps save a hundred or two. But, say, Jack, the winning of this means at the very least six hundred to me; you do it and it will

mean a good hundred to you. Do you see?"

"All right, boss; if it's in the old lad, he'll do it."

The bell began to ring. The driver pulled a fresh flask from his pocket, uncorked it, ran his thumb more than half down on the glass, and holding it there for a mark, poured a big draught into the horse. Then, holding the bottle up, he saw that he had gone even below his thumb mark. A look of reckless venture came on his face, he shot a glance of inquiry at the owner who was just turning away. A nod was the only reply, and the driver put the flask once more to the horse's mouth and drained it to the bottom.

"Well," thought the old man, "I wouldn't wonder if you've overdone it. I hope so, anyway."

When he reached the slender girl he saw that there was scarcely any colour left in her face, but fire was flashing in her eyes.

"Did you see that, uncle?" she asked in trembling voice.

"See what, Grace?"

"Was that whisky, uncle?" she demanded.

"Nothing else, Grace."

"The horrid brute, to go to use a horse that way; and that's the way they are trying to beat Mack?" and her voice trembled with indignation.

"Come on back to our place," said the old man quietly; "the heat will soon be starting."

Time after time the horses came down, but failed to get away. Sometimes it was the old gray that was too far behind, sometimes it was the little bay.

"Oh, such rot!" exclaimed the youth who was backing Black Mack. "I believe it's just a game they are working to try to rattle Mack, since he's only a colt. The sneaks think they will get him tired out before they start."

Grace, on hearing this, turned her pale, nervous face to her uncle.

"I think that's the game, all right," remarked the old man quietly, "but I don't think it will work. Mack is taking it very coolly, and his driver isn't letting him go far enough to tire him."

"No, but the danger is," added the youth, "that in trying to keep Mack cool the driver will not have him roused just at the time they do make up their minds to go."

"That's the only danger," assented the old man.

And indeed so it happened. Nearly all the others, and especially the gray got a very swift start, while Mack got a very quiet, slow start, and so was at first left behind. But when they reached the far side, Mack soon began to close up on the others. All the fierce determination in the horse seemed to be aroused to make up for his having been caught napping. He held his head high, and tore past the others as if in utter contempt; but when he came to the gray he could not race past with such ease. The gray was going harder than he had ever gone before on the up-grade; but up against the wind was Mack's forte, and once more he established the fact, and finally left the stranger behind.

"Ah, you rascal!" exclaimed the youth, "just keep that up now. You can, you beggar. Good! Good! The stranger can't catch you on that pace. Oh, look at the pace! Mack hasn't even noticed that he's on the down grade yet."

"But hold on," exclaimed the other; "wait till the gray gets alongside the cheering crowd, just wait; he's a finishing horse, he is! Oh, see him now; see the fierce look in his eyes! Isn't he a terror? Now see him go!"

And go he did, with such an awful vehemence that he was just passing Mack as they went under the wire. On they flew, but before they had made the bend, the gray was ahead and had pulled in and was hugging the bank, with Mack close on his heels. Around the far side they whirled.

"Now wait till you see Mack pull out and leave him," was the encouraging word from the eager youth.

But Mack didn't seem to do it. Up that long grade they flew, rod after rod, without change of position.

"Ah! ha! Ah, ha! Guess your black is played; not going to shine this time at all!"

"What in the mischief is wrong with

that fool of a driver?" exclaimed the youth excitedly. "Doesn't he know that the grade is slipping past? Why on earth doesn't he pull out and give Mack a chance? He'll keep him in behind till they've reached the bend, and he won't have a rod of a start of the old gray on the home stretch, when he ought to have five."

Grace turned horrified to her uncle. Her face was very pale and her lip was trembling.

The old man's keen eyes were on Mack and his driver, but he turned a kindly look on the excited girl and whispered in her ear:

"Don't give up yet, Grace. I think Dan is just moving the grade around a little nearer the goal, and I believe it's a grand idea—just watch."

With new courage, the girl turned again to the race. But, oh, how could she bear to look! Mack was still behind, and the horses were right at the bend. Already the gray seemed rousing for the final struggle. All at once Dan pulled out and with a word of encouragement and a little touch of the whip he lifted the noble black to the idea of conquest, and away he went like a whirlwind. But the gray's pace was increasing every instant. It seemed an impossibility to think of passing a horse going at that rate, but Mack never yet in his life had been pulled out to pass a horse and had failed. All the latent strength of his powerful frame seemed to rise in answer to the challenge, and in a few moments he was seen to be closing on the gray. On they came, the gray still rousing, but Mack reaching for the conquest.

"He'll do it! He'll do it!" exclaimed the old man, his excitement breaking loose for the first time, as Mack came even with the gray.

In a few moments more Mack was ahead. All the way the driver of the gray had been whipping and yelling, and the gray was looking wilder and wilder. Just then they came opposite the extreme end of the wildly cheering grand-stand, and the old horse caught the fire of the applauding thousands and spurted grandly. He was fast clos-

ing on the black, but when only half a length behind, he failed to further gain anything perceptible to the crowd, for Mack, in answer to some mysterious working of the reins by Dan, was also spurting. At this the driver of the gray became furious, and, letting out a more terrible scream than had been yet heard, he reached far over and struck his old gray a stinging cut on the ears. For one moment the gray seemed to bound ahead.

"The stranger has it," was the shout.

"Oh, oh!" rose a mighty groan, on the next breath.

The stranger had broken, and went under the wire running, and barely abreast with Mack.

Cheer on cheer rose from the vast crowd.

"Mack has it, hasn't he?" exclaimed Grace, in a gasp.

"Yes, Grace, Mack has won," replied her uncle, and a moment later he observed:

"I thought when I saw them empty that flask, that they had overdone it, and would end up by getting their old horse excited."

Grace was full of gladness, and kept bubbling over in all sorts of gleeful expressions, but the old man was all business.

"We are not done yet, Grace," he observed; "you wait near the main entrance to the large hall till I come. I want to find out their next move."

The girl was perplexed, but patiently waited. After some time the old man returned.

"They're a pack of scoundrels, Grace."

"Who, uncle?"

"The Gray Stranger gang."

"Why, what are they trying now? Hasn't Mack got the race all right?"

"Yes, that's all right, but—"

"But what, uncle?"

"You wouldn't care to see Mack sold, would you, Grace?"

"Do you mean that the Gray Stranger fellow is trying to buy him? I'd sooner see him die before he left these grounds."

"You're more likely to see him sold before he leaves, Grace. But I must be quick, for every minute is precious. The

owner of the Gray Stranger got his eye on Mack yesterday, and made up his mind to get him. He easily saw that Black Mack could not help but win the green race. So there must be no green race, for Mack must be beaten so as to take hundreds off his price. And the driver of the stranger is promised a hundred if he wins, and the gray is dosed and driven for the last inch that is in him, and it is planned that immediately the race is over a fellow dressed like a farmer is to slip around to Dan and become confidential, and tell him that he has heard it hinted that the owner of the stranger is thinking of making him an offer for Mack, and then talk about what a good chance it will be to realise well on him, as he will never sell for so much again. If Mack had been beaten he was to tell Dan he ought to at least get four hundred for him; if he had won he was to put it at seven hundred. Then later the owner would offer even more than these figures, and Dan was sure to be caught.

"The mean sneaks!" exclaimed Grace. "They won't get Mack at all, so they won't."

"But, do you think Dan would sell Mack without letting us know?"

"I don't know," answered the girl, with a frightened look, as she thought of her mother's hints to Dan about getting a big price for Mack.

"Well, the scoundrel is over there now trying to work his game."

"Then I'm going to see Dan," said Grace, with quick determination, and she was off through the jostling crowd.

Meanwhile Dan and his visitor were closeted in the stall with Mack. An offer of thirteen hundred had been placed, and every effort was being made to get Dan to close at once. Dan turned his eyes away from Mack and thought only of the big sum of money, and had his mind about made up when they were interrupted, and Dan was called out to see a lady. The owner of the gray impatiently bit his lip. Dan came outside, and was pointed over to where Grace Nugent was standing.

"Congratulations, Dan," said she, as he came near.

"Thanks, Grace. And say, do you know, I'm just now offered thirteen-hundred for Mack. Won't your mother be tickled?"

"What about? Why, she hasn't mentioned your selling Mack since I told her about leaving old Wilson behind."

"Is that so?" said Dan, with a puzzled look.

"Yes," was the answer, and they walked along in silence for some minutes. "Do you see that?" asked Grace, pointing to an empty flask. "They emptied that into the stranger before the last heat. Would you like to see Mack used that way?"

Dan looked at the girl as if she had hit him.

"Did the owner know they were doing it?" he demanded.

"Yes, he was right there and ordered it done."

"The brute!" exclaimed Dan, and then he became thoughtfully silent.

In a few words Grace told him the whole game that had been played against him and Mack, and when she had finished Dan continued to stare at her in speechless surprise for some moments. Then a look of unutterable anger swept over his face, and he said with a voice whose very quietness pulsated with terrible energy:

"Well, that finishes it. Mack won't be sold; and, what's more, he'll never go on the track again."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed the girl, with tears shining in her eyes, and with a glad heart she turned away to find her uncle and tell him the good news.

The Canadian Abroad

BY W. INGLIS MORSE

THOU native son, yet wandering far
 From Canada, thy natal soil,
 What fate hath carved thy destiny
 Amid the city's vaunted toil?

Forth from the Northland thou hast gone
 To seek the world's enticing gain—
 To bind the fetters round thy soul
 Or reach the goal of freedom's plane.

Whether in academic walks,
 Or midst the factory's throb and stress,
 Where'er thy place and duty lie,
 Be thine to live for righteousness.

A Study in Silence

By S. A. WHITE

An outing romance, in which the caprices of two lovers make a pleasing tableaux for an interested youth and a sympathetic bittern.

THE sun was under a cloud when we stepped into the boat. Down in the east hung a misty haze. I offered the oars to Dick, but he shook his head, and I sighed as I bent to them. I never was overly fond of work, and, then, I always liked to watch Dick's shoulders as he rowed. Dick had good shoulders.

He sat in the stern, pipe in mouth.

"Rise to-day?" he grunted.

"Ought to," I answered. "That still water by the cliff should be fine about now. Kelly told me he took some four-pounders there yesterday after we left. We were a bit early."

The still water by the cliff was fine. Dreamy, deep and black, it looked just the spot for four-pound black bass. I sculled gently, and Dick took his green-heart rod.

He cast so clumsily that I felt like reaching for him with my foot, but as the fly splashed the surface, the reel sank, "chirr-r-r-r!"

It was a good one. I aided with my oars and the fish was coming in in fine form when suddenly he thought better of it and darted sideways toward the cliff. The idiot slacked his line, and in a flash the fish was gone.

Dick had his back to me, but his ears got red. No doubt he could feel the reproach in my look.

Again he cast. Another rose, and he missed it.

I groaned.

This time he cast viciously, and the fly

hit the water with a spat. Splash! and a third one had it. He leaped, but Dick failed to keep the line taut. A twist, and he was free, flourishing good-bye with his tail, as his green-black sides split the surface.

I knew what was wrong, for my friend was no novice with the rod.

"Dick!" I said, "you're thinking of Virginia."

"Blast it!" groaned Dick, and threw the rod down in the boat. He sat down, too, and filled his pipe.

"There," I went on, "you've missed three beauties in succession, and I know why. You're not fishing, you're thinking of her."

Dick said nothing, so I enlarged:

"Old man, forget her. Ever since we came to this resort you have blundered at everything. Only day before yesterday, at tennis, you smashed your racquet against a post instead of the ball. Then you said "damn" so loud that Miss Streene heard you."

"Wish I had never come to the god-forsaken place."

"Forsaken!" I exclaimed. "My dear boy, it's the finest resort on the list—only Virginians never come here. She's not here, Dick, otherwise you might not call it god-forsaken. You might as well be in the wilderness as here, for all the pleasure you are getting. Why the deuce don't you go and patch up your quarrel?"

"Can't!"

"Oh, the deuce! I never saw one yet

that couldn't be fixed up. Yours can, too."

Dick shook his head. "Afraid not—besides, the old gentleman learned of our quarrel. He forbade Marjorie to speak or write to me till I make an apology."

"Whew!" I ejaculated—"and she?"

"About as proud as I am."

"You always were an ass with that pride of yours. Stow it for once. Go down to Virginia, make it right; then come back and we'll fish. Old boy, will you go?" I asked with a sort of mock enthusiasm.

I could see that wretched pride of his had still a hold on him, so I let him think, and pulled into the shade of the cliff past some bushes next the white-sand shore. Dick gazed moodily about and looked at everything in reach but my eyes. I watched him, waiting for his answer, and in about two minutes he gave such a jump from his seat that I thought he was overboard.

The boat lurched, and I got nearly a pail of water over my ducks.

Now, there is nothing more exasperating than to get soaked with weedy water, so I started to call Dick something not in the guide-book, but he was standing on one foot on the seat and frantically jabbing in the direction of the rock with the stem of his pipe.

"Egad! Look there," he exclaimed, excitedly.

"Sit down, you blooming idiot," I said, for my trousers were clinging clammily to my legs.

"But look!—look!" he reiterated.

"Sit down!" I roared, and shoved an oar among his ribs—"sit down, or in you go."

He scrambled down.

"Why the deuce did you wet me?" I demanded crankily.

"Oh, fudge! Look at the cliff."

By this time we were close along the shore, and the wall of the cliff was not many yards from it. Across a smooth spot on the surface was written in blue chalk the name—Marjorie Dale.

The next minute the boat grated on the pebbles, and Dick was out like a shot.

"It's her writing," he sputtered, examining it closely.

"You're a fool, Dick. She's not within five hundred miles of here."

"It's hers—hers," he repeated.

Just then a girl tripped over the bluff behind the cliff. She was clad in a fluffy summer gown. Without a pause she came down toward our little strip of beach.

"Shades of Cupid!" I said to Dick; "here's the girl or her ghost."

"What!" exclaimed Dick.

"The girl—Marjorie. Look! Coming down—"

He looked, and one glance told him I was right.

"Gad, man!" he said, "let's get out of here quick."

"No; stay and make it up. It's a Providence-sent opportunity."

"No, no!" Dick cried, and came for the boat, but with a shove of the oar I sent it out so that a dozen yards of water lay between us.

"You stay there," I said, "and don't make an ass of yourself this time. I'll row down and get some dry clothes. I wouldn't let her see me like this. Look for me in an hour; by that time you'll be friends, at least."

"But, good lord, Jim, I can't speak to her before I apologise, and how the deuce can I apologise without speaking?"

"Oh! I thought you were too proud to apologise."

Dick looked ashamed.

"Well!" I continued, "perhaps you're not so proud as you were. A few minutes makes quite a difference sometimes. I advise you to do so. Good-bye," and I swung the blades.

"Hold on, Jim," Dick groaned, in an agonising tone. "Don't leave me here like a mummy. The uncle swore she shouldn't speak and I shouldn't till I gave a suitable apology—O damn!"

"You might try the cliff," I suggested mercilessly, quickening my stroke. "There's blue clay at its foot."

So I shot round a bend of the shore, seemingly for the hotel, but such was not my intention. Immediately turning, I noiselessly oared the boat back along the bush-covered beach till I lay again just opposite the cliff, hidden by the foliage.

Another stroke and I would be in plain sight. I took no more strokes, but lay in shelter.

I could hear Marjorie's step on the pebbles, and parted the bushes so that I could see. In doing so I found I had a companion in concealment. Almost at the end of the boat, in the shallow, a lanky bittern stood sentinel-like, watching me with one eye and the pair on the shore with the other.

There was a twinkle of merriment in Marjorie's eyes when she came face to face with my friend. He raised his hat, but never spoke. She nodded prettily, and the twinkle became a smile.

What a spectacle! Think of it: Two persons in love with each other, each dying to make up the quarrel, and both unable to speak, because of mistaken notions of pride—at least on his side.

The ludicrous feature of it appealed to me, and I had to hold my sides to keep from roaring out. My companion, the bittern, opened his mouth. I knew he, too, was moved to laughter.

Would they never speak? Dick stood on one leg, then on the other, stooped and picked up a piece of shingle, toyed with it, threw it down and crushed it beneath his heel. Then he twirled his hat on its string. Marjorie, bewitching in her white gown, stood smiling.

"The blasted fool!" I said in an undertone, and the bird drove his beak downward with an emphatic "yes."

"Why doesn't he use the cliff?" I asked of my friend of the long legs, and he drove his bill down with another "yes."

Our united thoughts must have reached Dick at that moment, for he turned to the rock, picked up a piece of hard, blue water-clay and deliberately wrote his name, Richard Jarvis, under hers. The girl watched him, still smiling. He finished and offered the chalk to her without a word. She took it and enclosed the two names in a well-defined heart.

Their eyes met in a look of understand-

ing, Dick's arm went round her and then—ahem! Just then I looked at the bittern. His lordship gaped askance at this new turn of affairs, rubbed his head reflectively against a reed and pruned his wings, as if for flight.

"Old chap," I said, sympathetically, "you're right. We're left out in the cold. Let's make tracks. You go first and I'll follow." I feinted at him with a rod, and he went. I followed.

The next evening I was going alone toward the beach when I met Marjorie. Now she was an old friend of mine, a neighbour, in fact, for some years. That was why she had asked me to arrange a meeting between Dick and herself when she came to visit her cousin, Colonel Barring. Barring owned Barring Bluff, that pretty place by the summer resort of Washford. Dick hadn't known the Colonel was her cousin.

"Hello!" I said. "Were my calculations of time and place exact?"

"Perfect!" she trilled. "Oh, how much I owe you!"

"You owe me the price of one pair of best duck trousers," I said sternly. "Dick wet me in that boat."

Her merry laugh was soul-refreshing. No wonder he loved her.

"Oh, yes; what about your uncle and the apology?" I inquired on sudden thought.

"It is on the cliff," she naively replied. "If he raises objections I shall take him with Colonel Barring to see it when they fish over there to-morrow. You may send in that bill of yours. Good-bye!"

I watched her go down the level beach toward a party of people she knew, and I said to myself Dick had done well—better than his foolishness deserved.

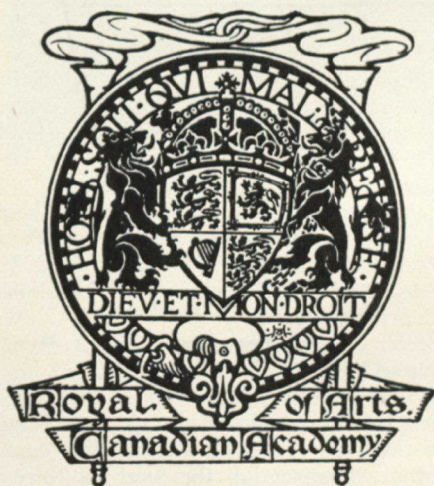
He is a bit of an ass still, and he insists that it was fate and the cliff that brought them together, which goes to show that my services never are properly appreciated.



Canadian Art and Its Critics

By J. A. RADFORD

A history of the growth of art in Canada, an appreciation of its difficulties and the inexperience of its critics.



CREST OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN
ACADEMY OF ARTS

Designed by A. H. Howard, R.C.A.

IN Canada there are two chartered art societies, the Canadian Royal Academy, and the Ontario Society of Artists. The Canadian Royal Academy was founded by Her Royal Highness Princess Louise and her Consort the Marquis of Lorne, who was the Governor-General of the Dominion at the time of its incorporation in 1879. There are forty members, and its membership, like the English Royal Academy, is limited. Those who formed the nucleus of this society (with but one exception) were chosen from painter members of the Ontario Society of Artists, the pioneer chartered art society of Can-

ada, which was incorporated in the early seventies with the following members, many of whom have gone to their reward:

CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS, 1880

Patron—His Excellency the Governor-General.

Patroness—Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.

OFFICERS

President—L. R. O'Brien, Toronto.*

Vice-President—N. Bourassa, Montreal.

Treasurer—James Smith, Toronto.

Secretary—M. Matthews, Toronto.

COUNCIL

A. Edson, Montreal.*

D. Fowles, Amherst Island.*

J. A. Fraser, Toronto.*

Jas. Griffiths, London.*

Eugene Hamel, Quebec.

Robert Harris, Toronto.

Thos. M. Martin, Toronto.

Wm. Raphael, Montreal.

Henry Sandham, Montreal.

T. S. Scott, Ottawa.*

Jas. Smith, Toronto.

W. G. Storm, Toronto.*

ACADEMICIANS

N. Bourassa, C.A., Montreal.

W. N. Creswell, C.A., Seaforth.*

Allen Adson, C.A., Montreal.*

D. Fowler, C.A., Amherst Island.*

J. A. Fraser, C.A., Toronto.*

*Deceased.



A CORNER OF THE PROVINCIAL ART GALLERY IN THE NORMAL SCHOOL, TORONTO

Jas. Griffiths, C.A., London, Ont.*
 R. Harris, C.A., Toronto.
 E. Hamel, C.A., Quebec.
 J. W. Hopkins, C.A., Montreal.*
 H. Langley, C.A., Toronto.
 T. M. Martin, C.A., Toronto.
 L. R. O'Brien, C.A., Toronto.*
 Wm. Raphael, C.A., Montreal.
 Henry Sandham, C.A., Montreal.
 Mrs. Schrieber, C.A., Toronto.
 T. S. Scott, C.A., Ottawa.*
 Jas. Smith, C.A., Toronto.
 W. G. Storm, C.A., Toronto.*
 F. C. VanLuppen, C.A., Montreal.*

Both societies have an individual annual exhibition, which includes paintings, drawings, designs, architecture, pastel, book covers, stained glass designs and decorations. The Academy pays the freight charges and insurance on the works of members, and all members are entitled to send ten works, and non-members are limited to four. It has been found advisable to hold the Canadian Royal Academy Exhibition in the three principal cities of the Dominion—Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto—although one exhibition was held in Winnipeg, and another in Halifax, with dire results financially.

It is this indifference or lack of appreciation which has caused many of our best and most promising men to leave us

*Deceased.

and seek a new field for their endeavours, where they justly obtain recognition and the reasonable recompense they are entitled to for the fruits of their labours.

Among the most prominent of these men may be mentioned Blair Bruce, Paul Peel, J. A. Fraser, Fred. Verner, F. C. V. Ede, Percy Woodcock, Horatio Walker, Henry Sandham, J. C. Forbes, J. G. Brown, Seton Thompson, Arthur Hemming and F. S. Coburn.

The first exhibition of the O.S.A. was held at Toronto in April, 1873, and 250 works were chosen by the hanging committee, representing the work of thirty-four artists. At that time there were 4,000 paid admissions. The annual exhibition of this society, according to the last one, shows that the patronage is still about the same, although the number of canvases are a hundred less than in 1873. They receive a Provincial grant of five hundred dollars a year, two hundred dollars of which is expended on pictures for the Provincial Art Gallery, in which hang one hundred works of Ontario artists, and it may be said that they are not the great efforts of these artists, but the best the present Government can apparently afford.

The Provincial Gallery began in a most peculiar way. When the Ontario Government built the new wing to the Normal School they had not enough ethnological, etymological, geological or



THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

Back row, from left:—Dr. A. P. Coleman, F. McG Knowles, F. M. Bell-Smith, C. M. Manly, R. F. Gagen, W. E. Atkinson and C. W. Jefferys.
 Middle row, from left:—H. Spiers, W. Cutts, J. T. Rolph, Miss Martin, Miss Spurr, James Smith G. A. Reid N. Cruikshank and O. P. Staples.
 Front row, from left:—J. D. Kelly, F. S. Challener, J. W. Beatty.

archæological specimens to make a fair exhibit, or at least to fill so large a space. The Minister of Education suggested to the members of the Ontario Society of Artists that they fill the gallery with works of the members of the society, to aid in the education of the public in art, and he intimated that in all likelihood the Government would give them a substantial grant. This was the basis on which the O.S.A. began to meet the views and expressed wishes of the Minister. They toiled under extreme difficulties, but were enabled to accomplish the arduous task imposed upon them. The following year the grant was given, and, like most grants, it had a string tied to it. The artists were obliged to leave their works hanging in the gallery for a year at their own risk before they could be removed, or replaced, even if during that time an artist had been fortunate enough to have found a patron for his work.

Since that time the O.S.A. has carefully expended this grant in the purchase

of pictures, until this year, when it was taken out of its hands and given to a committee appointed by the Guild of Civic Art, who selected the pictures knowing full well the requirements appertaining thereto, and chose one entirely ineligible and at a prohibitive price. This committee overruled the Government and railroaded the constitution of a chartered society wittingly.

The Guild of Civic Art has been in existence many years, and has done absolutely nothing tangible for art in Toronto, except the so-called mural decorations on the walls of the City Hall by the President of the Canadian Royal Academy. The committee of this Guild was hybrid in its character, not one artist being upon it. It was composed of two newspaper writers, a picture dealer, a manufacturing chemist, an ethnologist and a lawyer. As the grant is given to the Ontario Society of Artists, surely they are responsible to the Government and the people for its proper disbursement.

At Ottawa is our "National Gallery," and it can truly be said that it is a disgrace to any country worthy of the name, for few of the best men are at all well represented. This is partially the artists' own fault, as they are supposed to place there their Canadian Royal Academy diploma picture or one acceptable to a committee of the Canadian Royal Academy, and on viewing the collection one is very forcibly impressed with the thought that there must be many delinquents.

An unofficial art collection is held at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, where a fire-proof gallery has been built to house the pictures loaned by the Ontario Society of Artists from the various Provinces. During the last two exhibitions many masterpieces by foreign artists were hung, some of them generously loaned by our beloved Sovereign, and the Liverpool and London City Councils. These pictures drew an attendance never before equalled in Toronto. This is a good work, and is really the best public art educator we

have, as thousands of people view the paintings during the two weeks of the fair who probably never saw a work by one of the great masters in their lives before.

A good number of the most noticeable and attractive pictures in our annual exhibitions are the work of women, and those who shine out pre-eminently in this respect are Laura Muntz, Florence Carlyle, Strickland Tulley, Clara Hagarty, Harriet Ford, Mary Reid. The men who have made, and are making, an impression in the Canadian Art World are Homer Watson, William Brymner,

Blair Bruce, William Cruikshank, E. Dyonnet, Maurice Cullen, Fred. S. Chal-lener, G. A. Reid, E. Wyly Grier, F. H. Brigden, Curtis Williamson, R. F. Gagen, F. M. Bell-Smith, W. E. Atkinson, C. M. Manly, J. C. Innes, F. McG. Knowles, F. A. Verner, A. H. Howard, F. Brownell, Robert McCausland, J. W. Beatty and I. L. Banks, Philip Hebert and W. Alward the sculptors.

After all, art in Canada is simply in the embryonic stage, and what it will really be at maturity is an open question.

There is one thing certain; none of our art exhibitions shows any degree of excellence. Nor yet can it be truthfully said that they are all mediocre. The large majority of Canadian painters have the deplorable habit of sacrificing altogether too much to technique, and many of them sadly lack individuality, drawing, composition, perspective, variety in choice of subjects and spontaneity in colouring.

It is rarely that one sees a really good piece of figure work in any medium, a well-painted historical picture, a splendid portrait, pastoral

or sea-scape, and yet there are few countries with vaster leagues of coast, more picturesque historical possibilities, gigantic forests, endless waterways and fertile plains. There is an appalling monotony in our landscape paintings, which seem to be devoid of subtlety, and garishness usually predominates. Many are painted through foreign spectacles, although Canadian subjects, and they breathe not the scent of the soil, nor have they the gorgeous colour of our skies or foliage. They look studio-painted and composed—not taken direct from the fountain-head of truth,



R. F. GAGEN

Secretary of the Ontario Society of Artists

which is Nature. It is more than likely that these have caused many of our best collectors to think it unwise to purchase any work that is not foreign.

Portraiture appeals to the uninitiated as being essentially commercial. There is a *penchant* for broadcloth coats with sleeves that resemble corrugated stove-pipe elbows, splendidly varnished and beautifully framed, which leaves no doubt in the critic's mind as to whether the portrait should be hung or the artist hanged.

Some of our painters are so embued with the idea of rapidly accumulating wealth that their work is advertised in the daily papers, and as a greater inducement to the public are sold over the bargain counter at "so much" each, and if any one pot-boiler is a distinct success, the artist paints repeat orders *ad nauseum*.

Canada is either too young, too poor, too ignorant, or too busy making money to take much interest in art, and the evident indifference of her people is more than echoed by Federal and Provincial Governments, which give art and artists but meagre encouragement. Canadians are easily led in art matters, and they depend to a certain extent on what the newspapers say. The newspapers, by the way, are usually wrong, for the man assigned to report the studios and art exhibitions may, as likely as not, be the very one who the same afternoon described the police court mendicants or a boxing bout. The newspapers rarely employ on their staffs a competent and acknowledged authority on art, who would in all probability give a just and truthful criticism, thereby hurting some-

body's feelings. The critic least to blame is this reporter who is told by the city editor to write up the picture show, and not to forget that space is valuable. It being his first visit to an art exhibit, he feels uncomfortable, knowing full well his own inability to grasp the first principles of art. Under these circumstances the poor fellow applies to the secretary or curator, who perhaps introduces him to an artist, if one be present; if not, he instructs him from his own personal view. The artist, when introduced,

walks the reporter through the gallery, calling attention to certain pictures which he deems advisable to notice, and of course in his rather delicate position shows his real manliness. The reporter, however, jots it all down, possibly qualifying it with his own observations. Then the editor prints as much as his paper has space for, and the public, without the slightest idea of the way in which the article was written, speaks with awe and respect of what so and so says about the best picture in

the gallery which, strange to say, was no doubt the very opinion expressed by the artist to the reporter.

Then we have innumerable volunteer art critics who are accustomed to pose as such on the strength of a collection picked up as bargains in junk shops and auction rooms, and who are delighted to have the opportunity to air their knowledge and point out with no degree of uncertainty what the public ought to admire and what to condemn. The latest crude decorative scheme to his mind is the proper thing, and his ideal as the



F. M. BELL-SMITH, R.C.A.
President of the Ontario Society of Artists.

highest type of art; or, it may be that he is a slave to technique, without a load of paint showing every brush or knife mark there is no art worthy of the name. One would imagine he could tell a really good picture blindfold by passing his hand over it and feeling the surface with his fingers.

Again the critic may bow before the dreamy, non-committal, low-toned, washy style, where all things are gray and where all things are without form and void; a smudge of greenish gray and a perpendicular stalk is a willow; a brown smear with a darker stalk, an oak; a round daub of orange in a yellow sky, a rising moon. Figures must be formless and legless, sheep and cattle must merge without the semblance of an outline into the surrounding fog. And this is supposed to represent the verdant mead of the poets. The true believer goes into a state almost hypnotic over a spot of dim orange surrounded by dark purple and supported by two or three olive green trees like cabbage, and that is called "Sunset."

But whatever style is chosen, the pictures which do not resemble it in some respects receive no mercy, and are called fossils, out of date, behind the age; and yet such a critic forgets the obvious fact that the conflict is a permanent one, for the living school of to-day tends to be the fossil school of to-morrow. So it would seem that other critics must be born to guide the artist aright and to more living and realistic works. One shudders for the living school, if this be true.

It is these irresponsibles who continually use fluent and facile terms picked up in the studios of their particular friends, or more likely from art periodicals, who expect to shine as cultured

men in art and letters with powers of great discernment. The really good critic in Canada dislikes being bitter, even when a little of the bitters might bolster up our Art and prove an antidote to many so-called pictures, if the artist would only take the medicine prescribed in the spirit in which it is given.

Some of our artists scatter their abilities in many directions, and it may be owing to this fact that they obtain small gain. Some make pen-and-ink drawings and sketches for the daily newspapers. One stumps on the political platform, and other members of the foremost art society in Canada paint photographs, design fashion plates, lecture through the country, build houses and churches in the mountains. One has made a number of inventions, among them being a patented reversible turbine, and the last the writer heard of a certain artist was his being lashed to the mast with two sailors holding his material, while the captain stayed his vessel in the raging billows of the North Sea to allow him time to paint a picture.

There is something quaint in the idea of a portrait painter lecturing to a girls' seminary in the morning, and the same day lending money out at interest. Even this is hardly so humorous as the story about a Toronto painter who received a commission for a portrait and took tombstones in payment.

The Ontario Government fathered the Central Ontario School of Art and Industrial Design for many years, but it was evidently more than they were capable of superintending, for it proved a distinct failure. In fact, so much so that the Minister of Education requested the Ontario Society to take it under its wing, and make a kirk or a mill out of it with the grant less than the former



CREST OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY
OF ARTISTS

Designed by Gustave Hahn, O.S.A.

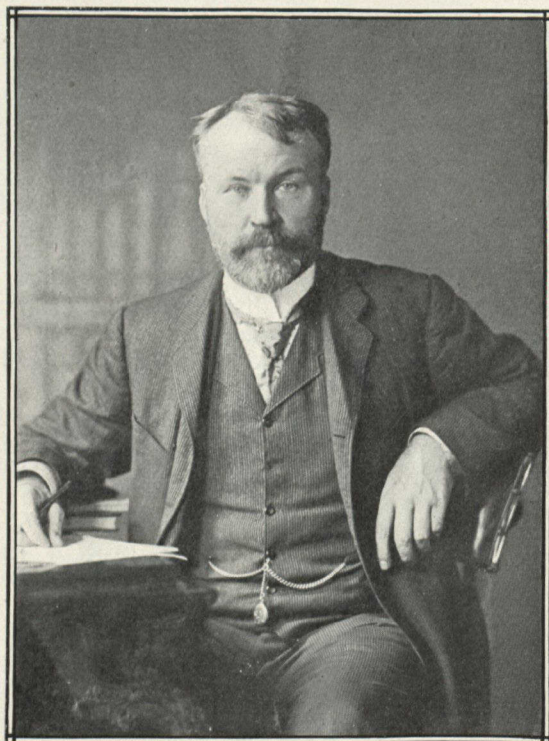
deficit. So questionably generous has the Minister been that the school has received no casts for the antique class in twelve years.

The school under its present *régime* has the full confidence of the public and the respect of the pupils. It is managed by a staff of able teachers, and so advanced are some of the pupils that they draw and paint from the nude. The funds necessary to keep this class in existence is furnished by the artists themselves. No one is hardy enough to refute that it takes experts to succeed in any art, and the teachers of this school have more than proved this very obvious fact. Especially is the good work of the veteran artist William Cruikshank noticeable, he having educated some seventy-five pupils who are making a competency, and who are a credit to the community in which they live. The school to-day has a greater number of teachers, pupils and obligations than when under the

Government, and yet the Minister has not seen fit to increase the grant so urgently needed.

What a subtle and sublime joke for a Minister of the Crown to ponder over, that artists who are proverbially improvident, in a financial sense, can conduct an art school successfully, show greater results, and without a dollar deficit! The school is more than deserving, because it is absolutely necessary to train men and women thoroughly in their preliminary art education. For it is acknowledged that the intrinsic value of nearly all textiles, fabrics, utensils, furniture, and the majority of manufactured articles is based entirely on their artistic merit. It takes no more material to make a beautiful object than one utterly ugly and commonplace, but it takes art, and that we must have, or foreign imports of art wares will be increased to our shame and disgrace.





Special Photo by Kennedy

J. A. MACDONALD

A Personality in Journalism

By PROF. ADAM SHORTT

An appreciation of the editor of the Toronto Globe, his independence and forcefulness in public discussion.

NOT a little interest was aroused in many quarters when, on Mr. Willison's retirement from the managing editorship of *The Globe*, the chief position in Canadian journalism was offered to one who, though not without considerable journalistic experience, had never served on a regular newspaper, much less a great

daily. No one who had listened to Mr. Macdonald's discourses, or had read his articles in *The Westminster* and elsewhere, could doubt of his intellectual strength and independence of judgment, his directness and vigour as a writer, or his Celtic fervour and enthusiasm for whatever enlisted his sympathies. Yet

some of these very qualities, and especially the latter, might occasion doubts as to his adaptability to the exacting requirements of a great newspaper, with its inexorable demand for a daily bill of fare which must maintain a high average, alike in tone and substance. These doubts, however, were soon resolved, for, with the assistance of an experienced and loyal staff, Mr. Macdonald has demonstrated that a man whose personality embraces the proper qualities, with sufficient experience to insure a grasp of the essentials of the editorial function, may attain to the successful management of a great daily by a somewhat unaccustomed route.

Such an experiment when successful may have special advantages. A new man of strong personality comes to the managing editor's chair untrammelled by certain professional traditions, but with new and stimulating ideas, which, if sometimes impracticable and occasionally embarrassing to his colleagues, may nevertheless introduce some new and vital features. This is the more likely in a community of expanding and plastic conditions which favour the acceptance, at one stage, of what might be rejected at another. In Mr. Macdonald's case such results are particularly noticeable, for he is undoubtedly to-day the most striking figure among Canadian editors. This is probably due in some measure to his original endowment with a rather unusual combination of qualities which have fortunately received an equal development.

From his student days Mr. Macdonald has combined, in a manner perfectly natural and spontaneous, the two great functions of preacher and journalist, and even in the editorial chair of *The Globe* they are not divided. As a student of Knox College his journalistic instinct found congenial outlet in developing the *Knox College Monthly* into a periodical which in quality and influence far outran any college journal of the time. Here, too, was revealed his strong interest in the world of affairs—the concrete life of men and communities. For him the essential function of religion was to redeem from gross materialism and sordid selfish-

ness the living, practical interests of men—their business, their politics and their social life. This will account at once for the very practical character of his preaching, notwithstanding its spiritual fervour, and that insistence on righteousness in business and political life, without abating its work-a-day character, which is so strong a factor in his editorials and addresses. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Macdonald should have passed quite naturally from journalism to the pulpit, and later from the pulpit back to journalism through the medium of *The Westminster*, where he repeated in maturer and more permanent form his experiment with the *Knox College Monthly*.

While not blind to its weaknesses and temptations, Mr. Macdonald has a strong faith in democracy as the only stable form of modern society, and in the essential soundness of public opinion—its ultimate basis of government—if only frank and reasonably enlightened. He recognises therefore the transcendent importance of education for a people who have to solve their own problems and control their own destiny.

Having a keen interest in the varied expressions of modern society for their own sake, and having from a broad outlook upon life acquired certain well-founded standards, in which intellectual foundations and moral purposes are harmoniously related, he steers a confident though watchful course in all weathers. But though his attitude be confident it is not arrogant. To accomplish anything one must act with decision, though not claiming one's knowledge to be complete or one's judgment final. But it is only the man of sound standards who can distinguish between relative and ultimate truth, and who is therefore in a position to receive instruction gladly and amend his judgments without reproach.

Faith in fundamental principles accounts for much in Mr. Macdonald's attitude towards the world and its problems. It is the basis of his invincible courage, the inspiration of his wholesome optimism, and the touchstone of his vigorous criticisms, whether of callous selfishness and active corruption, or of enervating cynicism and Pharisaic com-

placency. Knowing well that nothing worth while is attained without effort, and that there are many dangers which threaten both public and private life, yet he knows also that a sound faith backed by vigorous effort will enable the higher ideals to prevail. He has no patience therefore with the cynic, the pessimist, or the idle optimist.

No further argument is needed to prove that such a man must occupy an independent position, not only in politics, but in religion and education, in civic and social life, and therefore of necessity in journalism. It is equally clear that his independence will not be manifested in performing fancy feats of balancing on the narrow and uncertain lines which separate parties and factions. He who would see things actually accomplished must take sides. If he would procure better instruments for the future he must work with the best that are now available. In politics he must give a general support to one party or the other, in religion he must co-operate with some church, in civic life he must support some definite policy. There may be a score of possible ways of accomplishing a national object, there is but one way of actually getting it achieved.

How then may an active citizen, and especially a journalist, find it possible to support a political party and still maintain his independence? Obviously the most direct method is to take an active part in the counsels of the party, to do one's utmost to shape its policy, and to endeavour to direct public opinion to that end. This, in a word, is the line which Mr. Macdonald has laid down for himself. As a supporter of his party and a believer in its fundamental principles and traditions, he claims and exercises the right to criticise its operations in detail in the light of its own standards and the public good. He protests against its being made a city of refuge to protect individuals or cliques from the consequences of their own misdeeds, or as a drag-net to gather spoils for political manipulators. Thanks to the attitude of *The Globe*, this position is coming to be better understood and more largely adopted by papers on both sides of politics, and it is

an encouraging sign for the future. But it was not always so.

Fortunately in few cases as yet do Canadian papers represent purely commercial enterprises, in which the functions of the editor are entirely subservient to the production of revenue. Even a blind devotion to party, which has been the chief weakness of Canadian journalism in the past, is preferable to an open-eyed sacrificing of principles for gain. Loyalty to party has, of course, its economic aspects. A newspaper cannot be maintained without sufficient income, and in the past experience seemed to indicate that the paths of independent journalism led financially to the poor-house and personally to oblivion. But while the successful newspaper was usually a party organ, it is not necessary to assume that strong party convictions had always to be purchased. On all questions involving differences of opinion men naturally take sides and follow leaders. It is much easier for the majority to accept ready-made convictions than to laboriously construct them for themselves. Yet we may hope for increasing wisdom in the selection of leaders and policies. Still, the lack of independent journalism, as regards politics, gave colour and encouragement to the tacit conviction that the active politicians alone controlled the oracles of public policy and gave direction to public opinion. Editors, accepting the party standards as their own, found ample scope for their varied talents and originality in expounding the doctrines of the party, in defending the leaders and their administration, if in power, and in maintaining a steady fire of criticism, not to say abuse, against everything that was said, proposed, or accomplished by their political opponents.

With increasing intelligence and the diffusion of knowledge the unqualified laudation of one party and detraction of the other began to ring with a hollow note. Although there seemed to be no immediate possibility of mitigating these resounding sham battles without appearing to admit real defeat, yet the fiercest assailants were becoming bored with the din of the stage warfare, which had long

ceased to alarm the real enemies of the State who treated the whole performance with cynical indifference. From such a situation serious-minded journalists, with the courage of their convictions, began to see two channels of escape. They might either abandon all party connections and, adopting a neutral attitude, appeal to public opinion on general principles, or, retaining their party affiliations, they might exercise the right which naturally belongs to every member of an organisation, to discuss its principles, point out its defects and advocate improvements in accordance with the objects professed by all political parties, namely, the public good. Each of these forms of independence has its merits and advantages. But independence beyond the party limits without independence within them is as vain as a voice without a responding ear; for it is, after all, to those within the parties that the appeal of the neutral independent is directed. The larger and more effective work must be done by those within the fold. It is, as indicated, this form of independence which Mr. Macdonald has done so much to promote and which is plainly gaining ground within both political parties. The "barnacle" editorial in *The Globe*, which created such a stir at the time of its appearance, has, in spirit at least, had many counterparts in other papers within the ranks of both parties. Angry protests have not been wanting on the part of minor politicians, who resent the efforts of *The Globe* and other papers to amend party methods and shape party policy, as an unwarranted interference with their prerogatives. Their coercive power, however, to check this form of independence is plainly on the wane and they must prepare to reckon with new expressions of public opinion.

The effect of Mr. Macdonald's advanced attitude, as expressed in *The Globe*, and on the platform, is not confined to his own party; for his attitude toward his own party gives to his criticisms of the opposite party a weight and influence which they could never otherwise have had. The standards by which he judges both parties are the same; and though

his sympathies are naturally with his own party, and his principles and policy more in accordance with its traditions, yet the justice which he does to those features of Conservative policy which commend themselves to his judgment, adds weight to the force of his criticism of what he regards as its mistakes or faults. We have here the grounds of rational and effective criticism, as contrasted with the reckless slang-whanging which so commonly passes for political criticism, but which obscures all issues and loses all corrective effect in the dust-cloud of wordy abuse which it raises.

The treatment of individual politicians is naturally one of the severest tests of a truly independent attitude. A volume might be written, and not without profit, on the relations of individual politicians to political parties and public life, and the extent to which private and official life react on each other, rendering certain phases of private and business life legitimate subjects for public discussion. The fact is that the extent to which personalities may or may not be matter for legitimate discussion in the public interest cannot be decided on general principles, so much depending on concrete conditions and circumstances. In the last resort it is the individual who counts; he originates ideas, he administers affairs, he leads men. To discredit the leaders is to discredit the cause, hence the importance of having leadership in the right hands; hence, too, the reason why personalities furnish the easiest and most effective avenue of attack for the unscrupulous. Here abstract rules count for little and personal standards of honour and chivalry count for much. Here also Mr. Macdonald's standards do not fail, for he neither fears the face of man nor deems it worthy to attack individual character on lower grounds than the public safety. Every one is liable to be mistaken in matters of fact and hence in judgments based upon them, but when Mr. Macdonald deems it necessary to criticise a man in public life there is no question as to the uprightness of his motives, or the frank directness of the attack. If the accused can make effective reply, the

issue is plain and the process simple; if he cannot, the public have no difficulty in drawing their own conclusions.

The source of Mr. Macdonald's power does not lie in his command of details or in the patience and accuracy of his research. The fruits of detailed study he is content to take from the best sources available, and reliable sources are increasingly available. His strength lies rather in the wide range of his sympathies, his clear and rapid appreciation of ultimate issues and the things that count, his enthusiasm for the great objects of human interest and the inspiration of great movements. His idealism is unquestionable, but fortunately it is sane

as well as strong. He is quite aware that progress must cover every step of the distance from the actual to the desirable.

In Canada at present so many forces are enlisted in the active promotion of material success that there is urgent need for strong personalities and inspiring voices to insure a corresponding regard for spiritual, social, and political integrity and progress. Such a condition furnishes at once a great opportunity and an urgent demand for men of Mr. Macdonald's powers and qualities. That his services are fully appreciated is amply witnessed by the widening circle of his influence, not only in Canada, but beyond it.

A SOUL

A SPARK from God's great meteor set free,
Is outward through unfathomed chaos hurled;
To flash a smile upon that puny world
Midway 'twixt Life and the eternity.

ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

Elected

By VINE B. WHITE

The story of a lifelong ambition and the sad, strange way in which it was attained.

"OH, father, don't fidget so! What's the matter?" Mary inquired, as she bustled into the room.

"Nothin', lassie," the old man calmly replied. But as soon as his daughter left, he began pacing the floor, looking out of the window, and in a hundred nameless ways showed his restlessness.

Mary soon re-entered the room, and as if she feared her tone a moment before had sounded impatient, and wished to atone at once, she drew the little, low rocker close to her father's big arm-chair, took his hand in hers, and softly stroked it while she whispered, "Tell me about mother, dad."

It was a story which the old man never tired of repeating, and the telling invariably caused a feeling of peace, something not unlike a benediction, to fall upon his spirits.

"Wall, wall, Mary lass, it is an old story now. Let's see; you must be nigh on to sixty year old, lassie?"

"Yes, dad, will be, come next April."

"And you was only three months old when your mother died. My, how happy we was, and how your mother loved you—not better than the boys, only you was so little and helpless-like, while Dan was five (quite a lad) and Charlie only a year younger, but you was such a mite, and bein' a girl, and her heart fairly sot on havin' one, why in course it was uncommon hard havin' to leave you. But we had six year of bein' together—yes, six year, three months and twenty-one days of happiness; and

what days they was, what days they was," and he smiled as he, in memory again, lived over the days so long gone by.

Mary listened patiently to the story she had known by heart ever since she could remember.

When she first heard it, it was the saddest story a father could tell, or a child listen to, and the strong man and the little girl always mingled tears at its recital, but now, while the old man smiled at his past happiness he did not weep for past sorrow.

The sorrow was so long gone by, but love and happiness never grow old, and time had so mercifully dimmed the sorrow and freshened the joy that the memory of the former only increased the blessed remembrance of the latter.

Yet to-day the story did not seem to soothe the old man as these reminiscences usually did, and his child (this little lass of sixty years) grew solicitous and gently murmured: "Dad dear, something is worrying you—tell me all about it."

"Wall, lassie, if you aint a cute one. Now, who would have thought you would have noticed it? But you're right, child. There be somethin' on my mind—there be—there be," he dreamily muttered.

"What is it, dad, dear?" And if the hand was harder and browner than it was fifty years ago, the touch was just as gentle, as Mary softly stroked back a stray lock, which lay like a monstrous snowflake across his withered brow.

"I declare I am clean ashamed to

tell ye, but oh, you little rogue, your coaxin' ways always got everything from your old dad that you asked for," and he chucked her gaily under the chin, but never once saw this woman of sixty, for with keener eyes than ours—with eyes sharpened by sixty years' practice of looking backward—this old man, whose years were many, saw only a little, helpless child, which he was taking care of for Mary's sake—the wife of his soul. He cleared his throat, and with a sheepish-looking smile, began to tell this *child* what he would never have told to the woman.

"Well, lassie—you'll laugh at me, I'll warrant—but I've always had a longin'—a hankerin'-like as it was—for an office of some kind—for a position—a place of authority—somethin' a leetle above the ordinary. In course I wa'n't fitted for much but a small one, a very small one would have answered, but it never come my way.

"Now, Si Smith could neither read nor write, actually couldn't write his own name. Many's the time I have seen him make his X—yet he was chosen school trustee for this very deestrick, for three solid years; and there is Bill Brown, he is dead now, but he was always sort o' flighty, a little stupid you know—not quite all there, and yet he served on the jury time and agin, while Ed. Sampson was actually supervisor of this yere town of Harmony, and between you and me, your mother *refused him to marry me*"—and the shrunken chest actually expanded at the recollection.

Mary did not reply, but the gentle pressure of her hand told her father she was listening, and after a short pause he resumed.

"Ye see why I first had this hankerin' was because I was so anxious to do somethin', and be somethin' in yer mother's eyes, specially after her old beau, Ed. Sampson, was elected supervisor, for I tell ye, that was a bitter pill for me to swaller, seein' every day as how she could have been a woman of distinction, and could have seen her husband's name in print; but she never minded, and

often said as how she preferred a plain, common man, but, lord love ye, that was only said to pacify me, for she could always look right through me, and she knew the yearnings I had. If I could just have seen my name in print, I would have given the best colt I had, but it wa'n't to be. Why when we was married, I sent a notis of it to the *Jamestown Journal* by Charlie Lee, and gin him a dollar to have them put in an extry word or two. Wall, child, how I looked for that paper, I never told yer mother, but sort o' casually remarked, 'We ain't such plain folks after all, and I wouldn't be surprised if the papers got hold of it.' 'Why, Dan Perkins,' she would say, 'it would scare me most to death to see my name in print,' and then she would flush up so pretty, and I could see by her dancin' eyes how pleased she would be. Wall, lassie, I looked for six months for that blessed notis, used to look through the advertisements and all thinkin' it might by mistake have got in the wrong place, but I never found it, it wa'n't to be found, and it made me so cussed mad that I just stopped the paper, and have never took one since."

"How mean they was, father, and—

"Tut, tut, lassie, I ain't through yet. They wa'n't to blame, for a little spell after, I found out Charlie never went near the *Journal* office, but went and got drunk with the dollar. So you see things was agin me even then—and then after she died I still had the same longin', for I felt as if she could look right down upon me, and I wanted her to know I had somethin' in me, somethin' a leetle above the ordinary. And then I'd think as how the boys would do great things—big things, and though I never calculated on 'em bein' a Premier, I thought one of 'em might be a Senator, or Supreme Judge, and the other maybe member, and that when they was makin' a fine speech, their mother would listen, and smile'n say: 'That gift came from their father,' for I was always a rare talker, lassie, a rare talker. Wall, Dan died afore he was twelve, and Charlie was never up to much—that is, never had no gumption, so now if he be still alive—I aint heard

from him, but once, since he went west, more than twenty years ago—there aint no use lookin' to him."

"Poor old dad," Mary sympathetically murmured.

"Another disappointment has been in ye havin' no children, fer when you brought Albert to this old farm, and old home, thirty-five year ago, I to once begun to look forward to your sons climbin' where I never could, and thought how pleased Mary (my! ain't Mary a pretty name) would be to watch her baby's children risin' higher and higher, but God never gin you a child, so there it is agin."

Mary softly stroked her father's hand, but never spoke.

"Wall, lassie, to-day as I was crossin' the road to go over to the north lot I happened to meet Ben Moore and Alf Goodwin, and we had quite a chat, and they told me sort o' confidential-like that they was goin' to nominate Albert for Trustee at school meetin' to-night, and tho' 'ts a small office—about as small as is goin'—'twould comfort me uncommon if he got it, seein' as how neither Charlie nor me could never do things, and how you never had children to do things. Course it wouldn't, it couldn't reflect any credit to me, yet he's 'n the family, and it would please me. I know it is silly—an old man's silliness—but somehow thinkin' about it has sort o' got on my nerves. He is all there is, lassie, everything's over with me—over with me—" he musingly repeated.

There was a moment's silence, broken only by the song of an imprisoned bird in the next room.

Then the old man with a look of infinite yearning in his eyes, almost whispered: "Say, lassie, do you think folks hold offices, have responsible positions, or ever have a chance to sort o' redeem themselves in heaven?"

Mary clasped his hand a little tighter, while she firmly asserted: "I believe, father, that we git whatever we want there, and if our heart is sot on any particular thing here that we can't get, we get it there. I expect, dad dear—" and here her voice became as soft as

the sighing of the autumn wind—"I expect to be a mother in heaven."

Another silence, while the old man tenderly patted the head so near his own, and never noticed the hair had changed from brown to gray.

A step was heard, and Mary's husband entered, and with an air of indifference he was far from feeling, for he had heard of the honour which was to be conferred upon him, remarked, "Wall, I guess I'll go up to school meetin' to-night."

"Yes, you better go," the old man asserted with a sly look at Mary.

"Yes, I'll go, but between you and me, I feel more like goin' to bed. The punkins was uncommon heavy this year, and I am all tucked out, but still I'll go," and with a calmness his fast beating heart utterly belied, he slowly filled the lantern, slowly lighted it, and sallied forth.

Father and daughter were again alone. The canary had gone to sleep, and only the crackling and sputtering of the wood in the big kitchen grate broke the silence.

At last the old man spoke, and his voice seemed so much a part of the silence, that Mary never knew when he began, and was only aware he was speaking when she heard him softly murmuring, "Yes, I am an old, old man—my, I hope they do elect Albert—I can't quite make out whether I am eighty-eight or eighty-nine. In course 'taint so high a position as is goin', but still there's a certain amount o' dignity that goes with it, and it is somethin'. He can have his say as to hirin' the teacher, and can exercise his authority on occasion, and it is somethin'—it is somethin'."

Another silence, then, "Wall, wall, I am an old man, a very old man, and—"

"Why, father, not so very old," Mary broke in, and in her voice both love and care were blended. "There is Mr. Donald, who is ninety-four, and as chipper as can be, and old Granny Ward is far older than you be, and anyway 'a man is never older than he feels,' and just think how young you feel, and you know you don't look a day over seventy, and Dr. Parker said, that even with your

weak heart, you might live for years, but you mustn't worry or bother over a single thing."

"Yes, yes, I know, but lassie, I feel that I am like a worn-out clock, and am pretty near run down—pretty near run down."

"Oh, dad dear, it breaks my heart to hear you speak like that," Mary cried, with brimming eyes, for she had a deep and strong affection for her father—an affection which little children, with their soft hands and smiling faces might have crept between, but no such sunbeams having entered Mary's life, she had given the entire love of her heart to her father and husband, a love she could otherwise only have shared with them, and now in her father's declining years she—in the great evolution of nature—became the parent, he the child.

To-night the old-man child is restless, and seems doubly feeble, and the drops the doctor left failed to quiet his heart's rapid beating, so Mary with tender care tucked him in bed, gave him a few more drops of the soothing mixture, and turning the lamp low, sat by him until he said: "There, lassie, I feel better now, I'll try to catch a wink of sleep. Be sure and let me know the minute Albert comes in."

"I will, dad," and with a kiss, Mary left him, and as she softly closed the door she heard him murmur, "I do hope they will elect him."

Mary went back into the kitchen, and after poking the fire into miniature fire-works, took from her huge apron pocket a half-finished sock, and softly rocked to and fro, while the needles gleamed and glistened in the fire light.

As soon as familiar steps were heard, the old chair ceased its monotonous rocking; the glistening needles were laid aside, and Mary arose to greet her husband, for as bare and barren as these three lives must seem to other people—as bare and barren as they really were—there had ever beamed upon them the blessed sunshine of love, and woven into the myriad of gray which composed both warp and woof of their lives was a bright thread of tender love and thoughtfulness which, now looking back

over the many decades, gave to their past a golden gleam, and raised it above dull mediocrity.

"Well, Ab, be ye an office-holder?"

"That's what I be, Mary, and I can tell ye it was a tough fight. You see, all the north side folks was for Rube Bennet, and they fit hard. I didn't think I had any kind of a show, and didn't, till Alf got up (I tell you he can talk powerful, for all he is so little), and he proved, that is he said, and dared anybody present to deny it, that Rube had sold for veal a three-day-old calf, and also a sheep who died of rot-foot; and he said he himself seen him empty a big pail of water in his milk-can, just afore he started for the factory, and I tell you them things count, and after that Rube didn't have a sign of a show, not a sign."

"Did they try to say anythin' agin you, Ab? But, of course, they couldn't."

"Wall, Mary, they didn't say anything exactly agin me, only Sam Perkins went on to say as how I had never in my life held the smallest kind of an office, and had lived in this community ever since I was born, and that if I had lived sixty-five years without bein' chose, it proved mighty clear as how I wa'nt good for much, wa'nt capable as it was, and I guess he was pretty near right, Mary, though right then and there I thought to myself that I had held a pretty high office for thirty-five years."

"What office, Ab?"

"The high office of bein' Mary Warner's husband."

"Oh, Ab, don't be so silly!" Yet the remark, accompanied as it was by a loving smile, brought a soft flush to Mary's cheek, and a tender light to her eyes; and right then and there, the great loom of life gave a click, and another golden thread was woven in.

"Honest injin, Mary, them was my very thoughts—well, anyway at the last I was elected, was elected fair and square, but it was a hard tussle, and a tight squeeze, I can tell ye," and honest Albert Warner laughed aloud as he described the expression upon the faces of the opposing party when they realised they were really defeated.

Mary joined in the merriment, then suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, Ab, we must go and tell father! Somehow his poor old heart was fairly sot on you bein' elected, and it is for his sake, I am so glad. As far as I am concerned it makes no difference, for all of this honour and distinction can't change you in my eyes, and Ab, to me you look just the same as you did afore you went out to-night—just the same as you did thirty-five year ago too."

"Tut, tut, Mary, don't you go to try and make me believe my hair was this colour thirty-five year ago, or the top of my head so bare," and they both chuckled with enjoyment.

Then this couple so old to the young, so young to the very old, wended their way to the little room above. They softly opened the door, and softly entered. One glance showed that the old man was not sleeping. Yet the one glance showed them he was very near the great eternal sleep—the immortal sleep where men rest from their labours.

Mary clutched her husband's arm, and in a voice in which was blended all the love and fear she would have felt for the children God, for some wise reason, had denied her, cried, "Oh, my darling, you are sick, very sick. What shall I do?" The white old face looked unearthly in the flickering light of the lamp, and feebly trying to rise, he gasped,

"Albert, be ye, be ye?" Mary gently raised his head to her arm, and with the divination that love ever gives, knew at once what was on his mind, and repeatedly answered, "Yes, dad, darling, Ab is elected, Ab is elected."

For some unaccountable reason, the old man's ears had suddenly grown deaf to the voice he loved so well, and he kept vaguely repeating, "Be ye, be ye?"

A moment's laboured breathing, and then in a clear voice, in which every sign of weakness had fled, he pronounced the word "*Elected.*" There was no inflection in the voice—no question was asked, only the word was pronounced in a firm, strong voice that had a ring of finality in it—*Elected.*

Some might think he had heard Mary's words, and wished her to know he understood, but I think at that moment he caught a glimpse of his own immortal election to a higher and nobler office than he with his puny mind, and limited vision, could ever hope to obtain, and in that one word he wished to assure her that his heart's desire was gratified, and that the honour and distinction he had so long pined for was at last his.



The old man never spoke again, but the look of peace which rested like a mantle upon his face verified beyond a doubt the truth of my interpretation of his last word—*Elected.*



The Murder Trap

By TOM GALLON

Telling how the murder of Gilbert Canning was finally avenged

HE sat on the bank by the side of the road, with his chin propped in his hands. All about him was the dead silence of the night; high above him the moon sailing through a floating drift of cloud. It was a fine night, and yet as he sat there the man shivered, and glanced over his shoulder, and held himself tense, listening.

This was the first time he had shown himself in the open. All day long he had crept behind hedges and hidden in ditches; all day long he had been hungry and afraid; soaked with moorland mists, his feet and legs clogged and stiff with the moorland mud. Now, as he sat by the roadside, he would have given much to be back again in his cell, with the knowledge that he was fairly well filled, and that the dawn would bring even his meagre breakfast.

He glanced down at his clothing in the moonlight, at the poor shift he had made to disguise himself, by turning his jacket inside out and rubbing clay into those tell-tale stripes on the rest of his clothing. He smiled grimly to think of how he had got away that day, of the hue and cry after him, of the tolling of the great bell in the prison to tell the world outside that a prisoner was at large. He remembered with set teeth the coming of the unsuspecting warder to his cell, of the sudden close grappling of one man with another, with the convict's hand hard at the warder's throat; of the thud with which the man went down; and the

convict stood over him, keys in hand, listening. There had been no running of feet, as he had half anticipated; he had crept out of the cell like a gray ghost and locked the cell door—and so for freedom.

He had bungled badly at the finish; he cursed himself now when he thought how he had stopped agape when, on rounding a corner, he had come full tilt against another warder, and so had given the man time to cry out and grapple with him. Only superior strength had served the convict then, and luck had shown him that ladder leaning against the wall. The rest resolved itself into a mad flight over hedges and ditches and walls, with the sound of firing in the distance, and the great bell booming out and seeming to fill the world with its clamour.

His mind went farther back to the cause of it all; went back to that time when Mr. Michael Fishlock, adventurer and man of the world, had taken his shifty way through life, looking out for easy victims to despoil—for, after all, a man must live. And then the finding of that easiest victim of all—a young man of great possessions, and with the true ability to spend money. That had been the chance of a lifetime.

Well, young Gilbert Canning had died, and there had been an end of him. It was unfortunate that tongues should wag, and that it should be discovered that the lad was heavily insured, and that the insurance money must come to that gentlemanly, undesirable friend of his—Michael

Fishlock. Unfortunate, too, that the insurance companies should raise objections; more unfortunate still that the friends of the dead boy should rise up and clamour against the adventurer. Most unfortunate of all, that Michael Fishlock should be compelled to carry his gentlemanly presence into a criminal dock to answer a charge of murder.

He remembered with some pride now, as he sat on the bank in the moonlight, starving and despairing, how well he had borne himself under that ordeal, and under the fire of many pitiless eyes. It was the more difficult because he knew in the secret black heart of him that he was guilty; saw, over and over again, while he stood there apparently quietly confident, that he had committed a foul and brutal crime, and had killed one who liked and loved him and had given him his confidence. But even a Michael Fishlock must live.

While they droned on with their theories and their possibilities, and their suggestions, Michael Fishlock had gone through the ghastly business of killing the boy again and again. It had been well arranged; a lonely country spot, where these two had gone fishing, and where, too, they had gone drinking far into the night. Quarrels over cards, squabbings over this, that and the other, between a cool-headed man and a half-drunken boy. And the boy found dead with his head battered in, and Michael Fishlock recovering apparently from a drunken bout, and badly bruised and mauled also. That was his defence; a maddened boy attacking him, and he merely defending himself, drunk as he was, as best he might.

And so he had saved his neck. It was a scandal at the time, and there was much writing in the papers about it; but Michael Fishlock got off with five years' penal servitude for manslaughter. He was young still, and five years were as nothing; he could begin again when he came out, perhaps even enter a suit for the insurance money for which he had stained his hands with blood.

And then had come the great and overwhelming temptation. The world had called to him with no uncertain voice;

he could not and would not wait, a mute and obedient prisoner, for his five years. There would be a way in which he could get out of England; he knew continental cities as few men knew them; there were sure hiding places. What though his hands were stained with blood; what though the dead boy seemed to cry out to him sometimes in the still watches of the night, and to demand a life for a life?

And this was the result, that he was out here, at the side of a road on the wide moorland, debating within himself what was best to be done for his safety. A change of clothes he must have, food and money he must have—the coming day must not find him dressed like this for any chance wayfarer to see.

He got up and limped down in the direction of a sleeping town. There was danger in that, and yet at the same time the promise of safety. For there men slept, and he might get fresh clothes, and food, and something of value. He would choose some substantial-looking house and break in and get what he so sorely needed. So, like a gray shadow, limping along, and halting every now and then to listen, certain that he heard the sounds of men running and calling to him to stop, Michael Fishlock went down towards where the dark houses seemed to wait for him.

He found the place he sought—a great square mansion standing in its own grounds. He scaled the fence, and then crouched down among some bushes, for he had heard quite near to him as it seemed the cautious sounds of feet crunching gravel. He lay there, trembling in the darkness, while the sounds came on towards him, then he heard voices. He could not distinguish the words, but he strained his eyes in an endeavour to make out who the speakers were. His heart gave a leap and sank again as he saw, not twenty yards from him, silhouetted against the night sky, the helmet of a country constable and the flat cap of what seemed to be a prison warder. He lay there motionless, until presently the men strolled away towards a gate in the fence; he heard the click of the latch, and knew that they had passed out into the road from which he had come.

There was no going back; on such a night as this he would be seen at once, perhaps shot down before he could have time to surrender. And he did not mean to surrender; he meant to make a fight for it when the time came; more than all else, in some sunnier land where men of his kidney foregathered, he would be able to tell of this night and laugh at the remembrance of it.

He crept on towards the house, stealing from one tree trunk to the next, a mere shadow among shadows. He came to the house itself, and saw that it was in complete darkness; he began to make a circuit of it cautiously to find some way by which he could enter, and so came, surprisingly enough, upon an open window, the sill of which was only some three or four feet from the ground.

Here was Providence indeed! He raised himself by his hands until he was seated upon the window-sill, stretched out a hand and touched the dark, heavy curtains that hung over the window. Very cautiously he pulled them aside and stared into the blank darkness of the room, laughed softly at his luck, and swung his legs over the sill and dropped into the room. The curtains fell back into place, leaving him in darkness.

He began to make the circuit of the room, softly touching each article of furniture as he came to it, until, presently, he reached the mantelshelf. Groping with great care, he found matches, and remembering the thickness of the curtains, struck one softly, saw a candle within reach of his hand and lighted it. And so looked about him in a place that was strange; breathed easily for perhaps the first time at the thought that, for the moment, he was safe.

It was a strange room, in the sense that it was littered with odds and ends of furniture, and was in great disorder. Some bottles and glasses were on the table; one of the bottles had been overturned, and had rolled almost to the edge of the table. A chair also had been flung down, and lay on its side on the floor. Turning to get his candle from the mantelshelf, the better to inspect the room, Michael Fishlock saw with some amazement that the mirror above the

fireplace was cracked and starred, as though from a heavy blow; in the fireplace itself a couple of china ornaments lay smashed in fragments.

"There's been a row, I should think," he muttered to himself. "I sha'n't find anything here to suit me, unless it's drink; I must explore the house."

He would not even wait to drink then, exhausted though he was; he made straight for the door of the room and took the handle in his hand to open it. The door was locked, and the man shook it impatiently, annoyed that he could not get through. Curiously enough, his hand slipped on the handle of the door; the handle was wet. He drew back and came to the table, meaning to pour himself out a drink before undertaking the breaking down of the door. In the very act of stretching out his hand to a decanter he looked at that hand in the light of the candle; bent forward with a gasp to look at it more closely. His hand was wet, as the handle of the door had been. Wet with blood!

He stared stupidly at the hand for a long time; in a sudden access of horror rubbed it violently on his clothes, in the vain hope to cleanse it. Then, trembling in every limb, went back to that door to look at it; saw the frightful stain on the white handle, just as someone had grasped it. He came back, swaying unsteadily, to the table, and put down the candle, then on an impulse poured out some spirit from the decanter and gulped it off. In the very act of drinking he moved a little nearer the table the better to grasp it for support, and suddenly stood rigid, with every muscle in his body frozen as it seemed. Very slowly he set down the glass, and stood there, breathing hard and not daring to move.

For his feet, thrust forward a little under the table as he stood near to it, had touched something. Instinctively, he knew that the soft, almost yielding, thing against which his feet pressed was a human body; he knew it with certainty. He waited there, wondering what he should do; wondering if the thing were alive and would stretch out a hand suddenly and grip his legs; wondering,

above all else, if the thing would grip his legs, even though dead itself.

At last, very slowly, he moved his feet one after the other, and a mere inch or two at a time. Nothing stirred in the room save himself, and in some fashion he contrived to get away from the table, and then to stoop and look under it. Something lay huddled up there—something that he knew with certainty would never move again.

A dreadful fascination was upon the man; he felt that he must see the thing—must see its face. Working slowly round the other side of the table, he got his candle, and in a stooping posture crept round the table until he came to where he could see the face of the dead man. Flaring the light at it nervously, he saw that the head was horribly battered and broken—just as the head of someone else had been battered and broken years before by one, Michael Fishlock. Was he going raving mad, or was there some grim resemblance between this battered thing at his feet, and that other battered thing he had seen at his feet before?

He must get out of the place; that much was certain. He staggered to the window, with the intention to jump out there, and go racing away into the night—anywhere, so that it might be away from that room. He got to the curtains, and gripped them; stopped, panting and listening.

Outside the window he heard steps; then the cautious whispering of voices. There was no escape that way; it was impossible for him to go blundering out of this room where that thing lay dead, straight into the arms of those who were probably searching for him. For now it seemed, dreadfully enough, that the whole world had risen against him; the whole world seemed to be round about that house and that room, closing in upon him.

He was afraid to move, because movement must bring him nearer to that stark thing lying in the shadows; he dared not blow out the candle, because that must leave him in the darkness with it. He stood still until he heard the voices and the sound of moving feet die away; here was his chance at last; he

could slip out of the window, and get clean away.

But even then he hesitated; for a touch he gave to the curtain showed him, as the edge of it slipped away from the window, the brilliantly lighted grounds flooded with moonlight, as in a panorama; he was a marked man if he dropped out there. While he waited, quaking with fear, a sound at the further end of the room arrested his attention; someone was beyond that locked door, and was opening it.

Some blind instinct drove him to the table; he puffed out the candle. Then he groped his way back to the window and waited; it seemed hours before the slow key turned in the lock, and the door opened, and someone came in. He could distinctly hear the breathing of a man who, with surer touch than his own, groped on the mantelshelf; and, not finding what was wanted there, apparently got a light from his own pockets, and struck it, and held it aloft.

An old man, as seen in that momentary glimmer; he had a kindly face almost, as he lowered his match to the table, and went groping about there to find the candle. Then the fuller light flamed in the room, and he began to look about him.

Michael Fishlock stood perfectly still, drawn up close against the curtains by the window, and watching wide-eyed this man who held his fate in his hands. Very slowly the eyes of the old man travelled round the room, until at last they settled on that still gray figure in the corner; then the old man drew back, as though expecting an attack, and waited.

"What do you want?" he asked at last; and his words scarcely reached above a whisper.

"To get away," replied Fishlock, in the same tones. "There's blood on everything here; murder's been done. I'm afraid; I want to get away!"

The old man took up the candle, and came slowly round the table, holding the candle aloft. He saw the stained and muddy thing before him; noted the cropped hair; understood in a moment who this was. And as he moved back-

wards to the table he began to laugh slowly and horribly, like one who jests with Death itself.

"A convict?" he said. "I heard the bell; they told me guns were firing. And you are the man? What a Providence! what a Providence!"

He went back to the table, and leaned with one hand upon it, looking at that quaking figure by the window. Michael Fishlock never took his eyes from the man for an instant; while he watched him, he seemed to listen also for the sound of footsteps outside, and for the murmur of voices. The curtains swayed gently in the night wind, and, glancing out, he saw the moonlight lying white and still over everything.

"There's a dead man at your feet—a man who's been murdered," said Michael Fishlock in a strained whisper at last. "I was trying to get away; I broke prison to-day; all day and all night I've been hunted over these moors. I'm sick! I'm dying!"

"What a Providence!" murmured the old man again. "A convict who breaks jail hears in the distance men pursuing him; knows that if he must keep the sorry game alive at all he must have food and drink, and must change his clothing. So he breaks into the first house he sees; breaks in to steal, and if necessary to kill."

"No—no—that isn't true!" exclaimed Michael Fishlock, with a cold sweat of fear breaking out upon him. "You know it isn't true!"

"Suddenly there springs up in his way a man who rightly resents his intrusion—who demands to know who he is, and what he wants," went on the old man imperturbably. "There is an altercation—a struggle; the hunted man seizes the first weapon that comes to his hand, and strikes down the man who confronts him. See, there he is! he lies at my feet!"

"It's a lie! you know it's a lie!" exclaimed the other, looking wildly round the room. "I came in here, and I found—I found that—lying under the table. It's murder; but I can swear I found him dead when I entered. God of Heaven!" he exclaimed passionately, "you wouldn't

play a hunted wretch such a trick as that!"

The old man came slowly round the table, still watching the other; his eyes were very bright, and almost his lips seemed to smile. He waited there for a full minute before he spoke.

"The way is open to you," he said at last, pointing to the window. "Why don't you go? The whole wide world is before you; why do you stay here?"

"I can't! I can't!" panted the other. "Men are in the grounds searching for me; in this cursed moonlight I should be seen at once. I came in here hoping to get a change of clothes—shelter—food—anything. I tell you I can't go back."

"Exactly." The old man nodded slowly, with close shut lips. Then, surprisingly and wonderfully, he suddenly raised his head, and clasped his hands, and spoke not to the convict at all.

"Oh, God! Who judges well in all things, I thank Thee!" he said. "I thank Thee that Thou hast saved the man who struck the blow in righteous anger. I shall bless Thy name all my days! Amen!"

"Why, what the devil are you talking about?" demanded Michael Fishlock roughly. "What do you mean?"

"Answer me a question or two," said the old man, speaking hurriedly, and leaning nearer to Fishlock. "What was your crime? What did they shut you away for?"

"For—for manslaughter," whispered the other.

"Ah!" The old man drew a deep breath.

"I tell you it was manslaughter; I killed a man in self-defence," panted the other. "The jury were on my side, though the judge summed up dead against me. The man was stronger than I was, and I——"

"You murdered him. I know it; I can read it in your frightened eyes now," broke in the other. "You escaped the penalty; you're trying to escape the lesser punishment they gave you. Truly Justice is very wonderful!"

"And if I did murder him," whispered Fishlock, "what's that got to do

with this case? They only gave me five years, and I——”

“And even from that you would escape, though you deserved hanging,” the old man exclaimed quickly. “Now you shall understand what has happened. That thing lying there”—he made a movement of his foot towards it, as though he would have spurned it—“that was once a man, who robbed a woman of that which was most dear to her—her honour. It was only discovered to-day; and another man who loved her struck him down, as you see. They battled in this room, until the right man won, and slew his fellow. I’m an old man, but I love the boy who killed this creature; I came away, not knowing what to do. And at the last, as it seemed, God showed me a way. There have been many tramps about here lately, and we have been menaced more than once. So I left the window open, and I locked the door; for it seemed to me that some worthless life might be sacrificed in place of the boy, who had only done what was right. And God has heard me,” he ended quietly.

Michael Fishlock attempted a laugh. “And I suppose you think you’ll get me decently hanged in his place, eh?” he demanded. “I can tell my story; I can tell anyone what you’ve told me.”

“Murderer—once almost convicted—who’ll believe you?” asked the old man in his quiet voice. “Any other man with a clean record might have gone free; but you tried this game before. I tell you you are sent here to-night, as surely as though your feet had been guided.”

“Well, in that case, if I’m to swing for one, I’ll swing for two!” exclaimed Fishlock, with an oath. “This is Michael Fishlock’s way—and not a bad way, either.”

For he had seen, lying almost at his feet, the heavy poker with which doubtless that other man had been killed; he stooped swiftly, and picked it up. He had a wary eye upon the old man, who had made one swift movement to put the table between them; the old man now cried out in a strange voice:

“Look at your hands!”

Fishlock stared down at the thing he held; shuddered, and dropped it. His hands were red; in his horror it seemed as though he must cut them off, or beat them off, to get that which clung to them from them. When he looked up he saw that the old man had gone; he heard the turning of the key in the lock too late.

And now, after cleansing his hands as best he could, he seemed to know as by instinct that the end had come. He might perhaps make a fight for it, if only he could get this shaking horror out of his limbs—this sheer terror that shook him as with a palsy. He staggered to the table, and poured out some more spirit, and tossed it off; the glass dropped from his nervous hand as he heard far away in the house a loud cry for help; then the far-off barking of dogs, and the slamming of doors. He ran to the window, and peeped through the curtain; all seemed clear there, and he recklessly thrust the curtain aside, and got one leg over the window-sill. And there was a shout, and he heard men running towards him.

Braced now for the desperate fight before him, he got back into the room, and looked about for a weapon; but there was nothing there, save that weapon he had already touched. Gingerly enough he picked it up—by the other end; then ran to the door, and flung his weight against it, meaning to break through, and escape by some other way. But there were men outside that—men talking together in gruff tones. He drew back and got behind the table, so that he had the window on one hand and the door on the other. And he saw the door opening.

It opened slowly, and a tall man, evidently a servant, came in, followed by the old man he had seen before. Fishlock raised his weapon to aim a blow, but a voice spoke in the room, and he turned swiftly to the window.

“Drop it, Fishlock, or I fire! The game’s up!”

He turned his head, and in that moment the big man had made a leap at him, and had wound his arms about him. Men swarmed in at the window, and in a moment he was overpowered.

"He—he murdered my friend," stammered the old man. "He came in here, and my friend faced him—fought with him. See! the weapon you've wrenched from his hands; it's red with my friend's blood."

"I didn't do it—before God, I didn't do it!" screamed Fishlock, struggling with his captors. "I came in here, and found him dead. It's a trap!"

A warder was stooping over that

prostrate figure on the floor. "I remember at your trial," he said musingly, "that the man you killed had his head battered in with a poker—something like this." He rose slowly to his feet. "Michael Fishlock's way, eh? Bring him along, boys!"

And already he knew, with the certainty of despair, that the noose was round his neck, and that the boy Gilbert Canning was avenged.

An Exile's Toast

BY C. LELAND ARMSTRONG

HERE'S a toast to Canada,
 From across the line,
 Drunk in pure cold water,
 Better, far, than wine:
 Sing me not of other climes;
 'Till my voice be done,
 I will sing her winter snow;
 Sing her summer sun,
 Fertile field and bulging sheaf
 And hearts to guard the Maple Leaf.

Here's a toast to Canada:
 May the kindest sky
 Smile upon her golden fields,
 Smile eternally.
 Loving hearts to guide her,
 Loyal hearts to guard;
 Know she nought of war-cloud,
 Nought of iron shard;
 But by the good that's in her
 Make friend instead of foe.
 Our little baby nation—
 God teach her how to grow.

That's my toast to Canada—
 Weak her smile to share.
 But deepest songs oft choke the voice
 When all the soul is there.
 That's my toast to Canada,
 From here across the line,
 Drunk in pure, cold water,
 Better, far, than wine.
 Sing me not of other climes;
 'Till my breath be done,
 I will sing her winter snow;
 Sing her summer sun,
 Fertile field and bulging sheaf
 And hearts to guard the Maple Leaf.

The Deer of British Columbia

By ALLAN BROOKS

A description of the mule deer, blacktail and cottontail, with particulars regarding their habits, haunts and availability.



IT IS not the writer's intention, in the present article, to deal with the entire deer family of British Columbia, but only with the group generally specialised as "deer" by sportsmen in America—elk, moose, and cariboo never being spoken of with this cognomen.

In British Columbia there are three species of the genus *Odocoileus* (formerly known as *Cariacus*), viz., the mule deer, *Odocoileus hemionus*; Blacktail, *O. columbianus*; and Cottontail, *O. leucurus*.

The mule deer, often incorrectly called "blacktail," is the largest of the three, a fine, large animal about the size of a Scotch red deer. But for the enormous ears this would be one of the handsomest of game animals, for otherwise it is a beautifully proportioned beast. In British Columbia it reaches its highest development, being considerably larger than the mule deer of the plains; but the horns, though often long and heavy, have a tendency to grow close together, but occasionally one may see a head with a really good spread. The colour of the animal in winter coat is rather variable, but generally it is darker than when found east of the Rockies; the brisket is glossy black, and the belly blackish with some fulvous markings. The characteristic triangular white patch at the root of the tail is in some individuals almost absent, and the tail in these has a dark-coloured line down its upper surface. In summer

the coat is bright fulvous, but not as red as the coast blacktail, and the tail at that season is more like a pig's than a deer's, being almost denuded of hair, save the black brush at the tip. The mule deer ranges over the greater portion of the southern half of British Columbia, east of the Cascade range; and like the Virginia deer of the East is steadily extending its range northwards. In 1902 I heard of



HEAD OF MULE DEER

a single straggler being killed at Ft. McLeod on the Parsnip River, the northernmost record I have. About Ft. George and Stewart Lake it is seen regularly, though it is scarcer than to the southward. The centre of its abundance is reached in the southern Chilcoten and Lillooet country; and it is still plentiful in Okanagan and Southwest Kootenay. Roughly speaking, its range ends where the cariboo's begins, though, in a few localities, both can be found in summer on the same ground.

Without having the regular migrations of the cariboo, the mule deer has more of a migratory habit than either of its congeners, in some localities travelling fifty miles or more between its summer and winter quarters. In the north it leaves its winter feeding grounds about June 1st, straggling back in groups of two or three towards the end of October; but farther south, where the mountains are higher, and snowfall heavier, the majority do not leave the foothills until August, but remain in the high mountains until forced to descend to lower levels by the snows of winter.

In spite of its larger size, the mule deer is a stupider animal than either the blacktail or cottontail, and this failing, together with the more open country it frequents, makes it an easy animal to hunt, as a rule. But in the southern portion of its range the killing of a good buck is usually attended with considerable labour, because of its habit of de-

scending to the lower levels only at night. Before daylight they start to ascend and generally keep travelling upwards until they reach the very highest summit or are compelled to bed down by deep snow.

To have a good chance of success, the hunter must either camp up in the mountains the night before, or else start at or before daylight, and, paying no attention to the maze of fresh tracks on the lower benches, climb and climb until he gets to where the big fellows lie up in the thickets along the highest ridges. Here he will find the snow two or three feet deep, and the deer will often follow their

trail of the night before to save labour. Their beds will now be seen, long oval slots in the snow, often worn smooth and icy through being used night after night.

The still hunter's test of a fresh deer bed, touching it to see if it is soft or frozen, is not reliable here, as I have often jumped mule deer out of beds that were impressions in ice of the animal's lower surface, the shanks of the legs being clearly defined in the icy mould. The greatest caution should be taken at this stage by the hunter; if possible, the deer should be shot in the bed.

When first alarmed, a buck will usually give *one* good chance before making off, but after that it is little use following, for like cariboo, and unlike other species of deer, a mule deer will, when thoroughly alarmed, travel steadily without stopping for sufficient length of



SPECIMENS OF THE COTTONTAIL

time to enable the hunter to come up with him.

Big bucks, when in good order, will weigh about 275 lbs. entire, and, though occasionally much larger ones are heard of, the average will be below this figure. The horns of average bucks have four points, and a small crown point, on each horn. Such heads seem to be acquired when the buck is three years old; for several succeeding years he will in most cases grow a larger set without increasing the number of tines.

Such heads are the rule in bucks up to the age of about six years, though sometimes younger animals may be seen with a greater number of points. After that age the number of tines increase until he is about ten or twelve years old, when, as in other deer, the horns decrease both in size and number of points.

Unlike deer of the whitetail group, the tines are not single spears off the main beam, but are arranged in bifurcations.

Sometimes heads are seen that are much palmed, others again have "club" horns, heavy with tines all close together; while freak heads with a tangle of small points, "bell tags," and excrescences, are far more frequent than in other deer.

The horns are dropped, in most bucks, about January, rarely later, and I have shot bucks that had lost theirs as early



MR. BROOKS EXAMINING HIS LATEST SPECIMEN

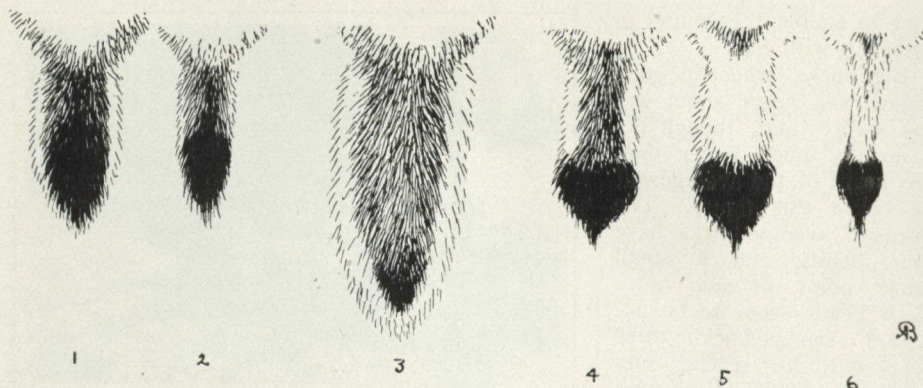
as the middle of December. The following May the horns will have grown to an appreciable size, but it is not until the middle of September that the velvet is rubbed off and the buck is in "hard horn." November is the running season, but this varies a little with the state of the moon. The fawns are dropped about the first week in June, sometimes as late as July.

And now we come to the little deer of the coast district, the true blacktail, sometimes called Columbian blacktail, to distinguish it from the "blacktail" of the plains; but it is high time the latter animal were universally known by its appropriate name of mule deer. A glance at the cut illustrating the tails of the three species will show which has the better right to the cognomen of blacktail. The mule deer's tail is usually more white than black.

While the mule deer is a lover of partially wooded country, and is scarce or absent in unbroken stretches of dense forest, the little blacktail delights in the thickest wood. There are few localities in the almost unbroken forest of the coast district that do not, at some season of the year, know its presence. Small of size, and with poor horns, yet the excellence of his venison begets him a host of enemies, both biped and quadruped. Keen of scent



MULE DEER, JUST SHOT



TAILS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA DEER

No. 1—Blacktail, in winter.
No. 2—Blacktail, in summer.

No. 3—Cottontail, in winter.
No. 4—Mule Deer (variety), winter.

No. 5—Mule Deer, in winter.
No. 6—Mule Deer, in summer.

and hearing, he would still run a good chance of extinction were it not for the character of the forest in these humid regions. Few places there are that are not choked with undergrowth, through which he threads, silent as a rabbit, while his pursuer crashes in vain pursuit.

Probably the hardest brush to travel quietly through is the almost ubiquitous sal-lal, a glossy-leaved evergreen shrub that grows thick from two to four feet high. Even with the greatest care, the still hunter makes a noise that usually makes his occupation a farce; yet the blacktail glides along without a rustle, unless he is thoroughly scared and travelling at the "double jump." With anything like proper legislation and the continued prohibition of hounding, this deer will be numerous for centuries to come.

The chief danger of its extinction lies in the universal practice of "jacking" and "pit lamping" at night, when the deer are brutally murdered with shotguns. Also, in the northern portion of its range (which extends far up along the Alaskan coast), great numbers are killed for their hides alone, when feeding along the seashore in winters of heavy snowfall. The cougar also kills great numbers. I have seen one locality, at least, where cougars had exterminated the deer in a period of four years; and in one day's travel in the Quatsino district, Vancouver Island, I have seen three deer killed by cougars,

and in no case was more than a small portion eaten.

The Cascade range marks the eastern limit of this deer, though they travel in summer to their summits, where in a few localities they may meet their larger relative, the mule deer. As the snow falls each drops down its own side of the mountains to its respective winter quarters.

The blacktail of the Cascade slopes is a far larger animal than the same species found farther north or on Vancouver Island. They are found throughout the Coast district and islands, except the Queen Charlotte group. Heads with five points on each horn are about the maximum, and many large old bucks have "pinched in" horns with only two points.

In general, the shape of the horn is intermediate between those of mule deer and cottontail, though smaller than either. The whole formation of the animal more nearly resembles the latter, but the nasal bones are shorter and the interorbital region wider, giving the blacktail a much shorter-looking head.

The running season occurs about a month earlier than that of the mule deer, commencing about the middle of October. The fawns are dropped in May, and resemble those of the mule deer more than the cottontail, in that the spots on the body are placed irregularly, and not arranged in rows.

The cottontail, often spoken of as the "whitetail," is the handsomest, as well

as the rarest, of the three species of the genus found in British Columbia. Its range is confined to the valleys of the southern interior of the Province; east of the Rockies it is replaced by a closely allied species—the true whitetail, *Odocoileus virginianus macrourus*; it is possible that this last species is the form found in extreme South-eastern British Columbia in the valley of the Kootenay River. Unlike the mule deer, which is found in the same region, the cottontail is a very local species, a frequenter of the heavily timbered and brush-clad lowlands, seldom venturing up into the mountains. Here it remains throughout the year, not changing its ground with the seasons, like the mule deer and coast blacktail, which for the most part ascend the mountains in summer, returning to the foothills when driven down by the snows of winter.

Twenty years ago the cottontail was abundant in the Southern Okanagan country, but was remorselessly slaughtered by the early settlers, until now it is on the verge of extinction there. The remaining few are now shifting about; most of them have migrated eastward into the more

thickly timbered Kootenay; a few have been seen far north of their former home, one being killed at Mabel Lake, and others seen north of Vernon. They may ultimately form a colony in the Spallamacheen valley, which offers a favourable haven of refuge. In the Kootenay district there is a better chance that the species will hold its own, as the country is more heavily timbered, and the brush thicker. There, it extends north to the northern end of Lower Arrow lake, perhaps farther. Reliable records as to its range would be of great interest; and the sportsmen of Kootenay who are acquainted with the species should publish any data as to its present and former distribution.

The cottontail can always be distinguished from its congeners in British Columbia by its small ears and huge tail, the lower surface of the latter, with the inside of the thighs and buttocks, is snowy white. A certain mark of identification is the callosity on the outer surface of the shank of the hind leg; in the cottontail (and others of the whitetail group) this is small and round, and surrounded by a dense whorl of whitish hair.



MAP, SHOWING PRESENT RANGE OF DEER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

In the mule deer and blacktail this callosity is an elongated ridge, longest in the first-named species.

In habits the cottontail differs from both its congeners, possessing a cunning far superior to either. When disturbed it seldom runs far, but pulls up in the first thicket, trusting to its keen sense of smell and hearing to warn it of the approach of the hunter. The thickets it frequents favour this game of hide and seek; an old buck will circle for hours in a small stretch of brush, just keeping out of sight of his pursuers. When standing motionless in the brush it takes a trained eye to catch his outline, as all his colours are protective; the upper surface of the tail, with the long hair on the sides of the buttocks, completely covers the large expanse of tell-tale white. But when alarmed, the change is marvellous, the tail is thrown straight up over the back, and the whole rear view of the animal as it bounds away is a blaze of white. Often it will crouch in a form like a hare, jumping out of this at a single bound, with a jack-in-the-box suddenness most disconcerting to the hunter who is used to the more deliberate actions of mule deer.

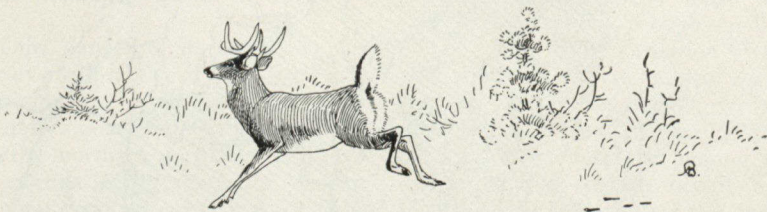
When going at full speed the cottontail travels in long bounds close to the ground,

tail up and head low. Under similar conditions the mule deer jumps high, with head up and tail battened down.

The horns of the cottontail resemble those of the Virginia deer, being low set, with the tips converging together; the crown points—those nearest the burr, are long and slanting slightly backward. The spread between the tines widest apart is usually considerable, but the extreme tips sometimes come so close together over the forehead that the points are within an inch or two of each other.

Very small horns are frequent; some of four or five points are not larger than a man's hand with outspread fingers. The largest buck of this species I have shot, measures twenty-two inches along each horn, with a spread of nineteen inches.

In the sketch map that accompanies this article I have endeavoured to define the present ranges of these three species of deer in British Columbia, and I would be glad of any corrections or amendments by competent persons. There are some isolated places in the given range of the mule deer where they are not found, owing to lack of suitable conditions, but as a whole I think the map will be found to be fairly correct.



The Voyageurs

BY ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS

—“And so they entered the harbour, a pitiable remnant of the mighty fleet which had left France. Some died of disease, some of despair and heartbreak, some threw themselves upon their swords, some, frenzied, fought until they fell. And here, among the hills overlooking the harbour, many of them were buried.”—Account of D’Anville’s Fleet, 1746.

SLEEP well, *Voyageurs*,
The quiet hills enfold you,
The mighty dark shall hem you in,
The endless silence hold you.
But the hill winds and the hill calms,
That dwell where you are lying,
Are changeful as the restless sea
That drew you to your dying.

Sleep well, *Voyageurs*,
Your merry day is over.
Ah! how can ever heart be still
That once as free, a rover?
The winds that blow no more for you
In the gay dawns are calling,
The seas you may not sail again
Mourn when the dusk is falling.

Sleep well, *Voyageurs*,
The sleep so dreary seeming.
But who can tell what wonder ships
Drift ghostlike thro’ your dreaming?
Ships of the air, ships of the dark,
That speed beyond our hailing—
And who can tell how wide and free
The sea you may be sailing?

A hidden sea, a solemn sea,
For hearts so wild and daring!
And never one comes home again
To tell us of his faring.
Oh, strange and far and dim the way
The *Voyageurs* are going!
The distant music of their dream
Is sweet beyond our knowing.

Who knows what friendly voices cheer
Where fearless souls are steering?
Who knows what radiant harbour lights
Their shadowy ships are nearing?
Dream, dream, *Voyageurs*,
Oh, deep and long your sleeping!
But the hill winds and the hill calms
Shall hold you in their keeping.

A Gentleman of Temagami

By ANNA C. RUDDY



LIVING CLOSE TO
NATURE

HE was an old man and full of years, fifty-five of which had been spent in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Tall and strongly built, like one of the giant pines of his native forest, he carried with him the atmosphere of God's out-of-doors, while his step retained something of the free swing of youth, making it hard for us to realise that he was almost blind.

It was at the point where dream-like Mattawapeka Lake joins the Montreal River that we came upon the clearance where he was raking hay by the water's edge.

MOOSE LEAVING THE
WATER

The little farm with its waving cornfields and sloping meadows was surrounded, except on the water side, by a fringe of pine and birch, beyond which lay the great trackless forest which we had learned to

know and love so well during the weeks of our canoe trip. At night as we sat around our camp-fire it had closed us in, deep, dark, impenetrable, and by day it had hailed us from nodding tree-tops along the shore as the dancing waves beckoned us on from lake to lake in the matchless Temagami region.

Since we had left the Hudson's Bay

Company post at Bear Island, we had seen nothing but Indian camps and fire rangers' cabins. We had tracked the moose and followed bear trails, and had fished to our heart's content. But our supplies needed replenishing and the farm was a welcome sight.

We never knew before what real music there was in the sound of a cackling hen, or how much more to be desired a herd of cows at times than the most magnificent moose that roamed the forest. In other words, we were shamelessly hungry. It was high noon and we hoped to dine from fresh vegetables and other produce of the farm.

"A Scotchman," was my inward comment, as he of the flowing white beard and bronzed cheeks came down to meet us with grave, kindly welcome, holding the hand of his little grand-daughter as a safeguard.

"Mr. Moore, how glad I am to find you here!" exclaimed my companion enthusiastically, as she stepped from the canoe. "Your fame reached us away down on Lady Evelyn Lake, and we have been hoping that you would be at home when we got here."

"I am glad to be here," he replied, simply, and with a perceptible Scottish accent; "for though I cannot see your face, your voice tells me that I should have been the loser had I been absent."

John pulled the canoe up on the bank, taking out our cooking utensils and everything necessary for preparing dinner, when I broke up the mutual admiration combine by asking timidly if there were fresh vegetables to be had, and suggesting something of our half-famished condition.

In an instant Mr. Moore was all interest and attention. "My daughter will give you anything you need," he said, leading the way to the little hovel which constituted the farm-house, and introducing his daughter, Mrs. Mowat, who was unmistakably Indian of an unmixed type, which puzzled me greatly.

The children searched the out-houses for eggs, and Mrs. Mowat gave us fresh home-made bread, milk and vegetables from her garden.

Will the rest of your party be here to

dinner or have they gone on?" asked Mr. Moore, as John made the fire and set about preparing dinner.

"We constitute the whole party," I replied, laughing. "It may be unusual for two women to make the trip with only a guide, but we have enjoyed it immensely. We are now on our way to Bay Lake and Lake Anima Nipissing, through which we will set back to Bear Island after a few portages and smaller lakes."

"You must have a good guide," he said, musingly. "Is he Indian?"

"Half-breed Algonquin," I replied.

"Ah, half-breed?" he repeated slowly. "Then I am just a little better than that, for I am a trifle more than three-quarters Ojibway."

The person who had always prided herself on recognising a Scotchman at first sight felt this as a sad blow to her self-esteem.

While John cooked dinner our new-found friend took us to see a famous Indian battleground in the field back of the house, for we were on historic, or rather prehistoric, ground. The ground rose to a considerable height and was crowned by a natural fortification, the top of the hill being scooped out, making a hollow place where two score warriors might remain in ambush while they watched their enemies coming up or down the river, for the hill commanded a magnificent view of the water in three directions.

For hundreds of years this clearance has been a favourite meeting-place for the Indians, and is still the camping ground of the tribes coming from the north to trade. The plow-share turns up many an arrow head, and occasionally it rests in the breast or back of a buried brave.

From our post in the rude trenches we saw John waving to us from the shore a signal that dinner was ready, and we made haste to respond, at the same time inviting Mr. Moore to sit with us while we dined. We were loath to lose a moment of his companionship, for he had a fund of Indian lore and local information which charmed us.

Three of his grandchildren joined the

group on the grass under a spreading tree. How silent and solemn they seemed, those little children of the woods, listening so gravely to what must have been to them more than thrice-told tales!

The old man's mind seemed to dwell especially on the forties and early fifties of the last century.

"This country belonged to the Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company in those days," he said. "I was sixteen years old before I ever saw a preacher or knew there was any such thing as religion," and the light in the fine old face showed that religion meant much to him now, at least.

"The only law we knew," he continued, "was that which was enforced by the company. I saw many years of hard work in the company's service. I never knew anything else. I was born to it, I guess."

"Did you have much trouble enforcing the law?" my companion asked.

"Sometimes," he replied, "but we always did it. The Indians around the post were a hard lot, and we had to make them respect the company or we could not have done any business."

"Did the Indians make a living worth while at hunting and trapping?" I asked, as John took away the last of our dinner and began packing up ready for departure.

"Not always," he replied; "if it was a hard winter and game was scarce, they suffered a great deal from hunger."

He sat silent for a time looking out over the water beyond where the birch-bark canoes lay moored, to the purple hills in the distance, a strange light in the sightless old eyes, and we waited, dimly wondering what visions he saw.

Then he began to talk. Never before had we heard such story-telling. It was the primitive man, strong, vigorous and unspoiled, relating facts as they impressed him. He did not linger over needless details, but in forcible language, simple as a mother might use to the child at her knee, he made us see visions as he saw them.

The memorable winter of 1849, when the whole north was a land of starvation, when the Indians hunted long and

vainly for the deer, and making the round of the traps found them always empty. We heard of families dwindling down, the children disappearing one by one, and the parents half crazed afterwards coming out as self-confessed cannibals. Then of the troubles of the Hudson's Bay Company with the Indians, and their manner of dealing with law-breakers; of the finding of an Algonquin grave on the upper Ottawa, showing the result of a bloody battle between the Algonquins and their enemy, the hated Iroquois. Then by easy transition the scene changed to the famous battlefield behind and around us, and sitting looking down the river we saw the fleet of war canoes coming up to do battle with the painted warriors, who were in ambush behind every tree and who were hidden in the trenches up on the hill, and we heard the swish of the arrows through the trees as the fight began.

It was John, our Indian of flesh and blood, who brought us back to real life by reminding us that the afternoon was wearing away, and that our proposed camping ground at Port Rapids was eight miles off.

In a moment we were ready to say good-bye to the little farm and its occupants, who were all gathered around the canoe to see us off. Many tourists called during the summer to buy provisions, they said rather wistfully, but few stopped to have anything to say to them. We felt sorry for those who had missed so much real pleasure without knowing it.

We plied the paddles vigorously, for the sun was already in the west, and in calculating time we always left a margin for interruptions in the way of much-coveted opportunities to photograph moose and for fishing if our larder was low.

Two miles from the farm we heard a distant shout, and turning saw a canoe approaching. It was Mr. Moore and his little grand-daughter breathless and worn with the chase. We had left a head of cabbage, and they had followed us with it. When we remonstrated, the old man said with simple dignity: "It is yours; we took your money, and the

least we could do was to see that you got what you paid for, but," he added ruefully, "you led us a chase, and I thought we would have to give up before we could make you hear."

The sun was going down in a blaze of glory. The clouds which all afternoon had hung fleecy and white against the deep blue of the sky were suddenly turned to crimson and gold. Splotches of scarlet along the shore among the deep green pine and hemlock were made

by the moose maples touched by the early September frost; the whole being reflected in the water as in a mirror, making a spectacle of magnificence never to be forgotten. The silence of the north-land was about us as we paused a moment to watch the striking old figure in the birch-bark canoe until he had disappeared into the sunset, and was lost to view. Then we turned and went on our way.

We had seen one of God's good men.

Long Ago

A Villanelle

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

LONG ago in a garden olden
 Dwelt my poppy maid with me—
 All my heart in her hand was holden.

Poppy Maid of the tresses golden,
 Dost thy heart remember me
 Long ago in a garden olden?

Love must ever Young Love embolden,
 Unto lovers is love made free—
 All my heart in her hand was holden.

In my heart was her heart enfolden,
 There of heaven we forged the key
 Long ago in a garden golden.

Unto Love were we much beholden,
 Love's own lotus-eaters we—
 All my heart in her hand was holden.

Golden days in the sunlight golden,
 Golden dreams by a golden sea—
 Long ago in a garden olden
 All my heart in her hand was holden.

The Special Correspondent

By J. E. B. McCREADY

*Personal reminiscences of newsgathering at the Capital
forty years ago.*

THE duties of "Our Own Correspondent" for a leading Opposition daily are many and varied; they are also arduous at times. If he is at all fitted for his task, he will find it often very interesting, sometimes intensely so. If he knows the ministers of state personally, so much the better; if he does not know them he will find it of advantage to make their acquaintance, choosing his time carefully, for most ministers are busy men. They are also men of like passions with other men, and like men of lower station in life, have differences of manner, temperament, their likes and dislikes, are sometimes jealous of each other, and so on. To get on some sort of footing, at least that of a speaking acquaintance, is most desirable. Sometimes a word dropped by a minister in the most casual way will supply a missing link, or serve to solve a political riddle on which one may have spent weeks of patient investigation. Moreover, it may be found that the information you are seeking will be frankly given by the minister for the asking, when it could in no other way be obtained.

It is of almost equal importance to know the deputy-ministers, the permanent official heads of the several departments. The deputy may know more of the matter you are for the time seeking to find out than the political chief of the department, especially if the latter is comparatively new to official life.

The phrase is current that "ministers come and ministers go, but deputy-ministers go on forever." If you are known to him, it will count in your favour with the deputy and with all the subordinate officials. Again, to be favourably known to the deputy may give easier access to a minister whom it is desirable to cultivate or to see from time to time. The correspondent should also know the private secretaries of the several ministers. They can usually give information as to many matters, not of a private or political nature, which the correspondent may desire to learn.

So much premised, let it be added that in the course of many conversations some things may be told even to an Opposition correspondent which he may be required to withhold from his newspaper, or not to make use of until a specified time. It will be all-important for him to keep his trust sacredly in such matters, and so establish a bond of confidence between his informant and himself. The bond so established will grow stronger. Playing the game as a gentleman among gentlemen, he will in the long run obtain more reliable news, and be less often misled than if he stooped to less reputable methods. Speaking from some experience as a special correspondent at Ottawa in years past, I ought to add that I never knew of an instance in which an official or civil servant treacherously, wantonly or corruptly betrayed a Government secret to

an Opposition newspaper directly or indirectly. But that there were not cases of inadvertence and indiscretion, sometimes leading to important disclosures, I would not affirm.

Twenty-five years ago I was the resident correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* at Ottawa. The late Mr. George Kingsmill held a like position for *The Mail*. We were always friendly, and I have many pleasant memories of him. He had what sportsmen would call the inside track for political news, and it was no easy task to keep approximately even with him. It had been a tradition with both parties that important news from the Government or the departments should be first disclosed to the public through the newspapers supporting the Government of the day. Sir John Macdonald was Premier and Minister of the Interior. *The Globe*, under Mr. Gordon Brown's editorial management, was vigorously hostile to him.

And those were the days of frequent and radical changes in the land regulations of the Northwest. The influx of settlers consequent upon the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway gave great public interest to matters affecting the lands and their settlement. My immediate predecessor in *The Globe's* service at Ottawa, Mr. J. T. Hawke, now of the *Moncton Transcript*, had cleverly captured the first batch of these changes and all their important features had appeared simultaneously in *The Globe* and *The Mail*. "There will be other important changes soon," he said, on handing the work over to me, "but I fear you cannot get them." I resolved to try, however, and so found myself at the very outset playing at cross purposes with Sir John Macdonald's own department. The officials to whom I applied for information were courteous but reticent, and would tell me nothing. It seemed useless to apply to Sir John himself, *The Globe* being so hostile and he so busy, and I did not make the venture.

At length I learned positively from an outside source that the changes had been made, from which it followed as a matter of course that the amended reg-

ulations or a full synopsis of them would be forwarded that night to *The Mail*. That was a busy night for the correspondent. I knew the existing regulations well, and also had advance knowledge of several of the changes sought for. As to what had been done, beyond some scraps of information, I did not know, but at the last moment, in the most casual way, I learned that the more important changes sought for had been conceded. On this, with some guessing as to minor points, the despatch was made up and forwarded. It was fairly full, and turned out to be entirely accurate so far as it went.

The Mail people did not like this, and on going up town the following morning, I learned that the fact had been wired from Toronto to Ottawa that *The Globe* had again got the purport of the land regulations simultaneously with the Government organ. I could not forbear calling at the Lands Department to enjoy my small triumph and found not a little perturbation there. I learned that an investigation was being made as to the leakage, that Sir John was angry, and that half a dozen theories, all of which were wide of the mark, were afloat as to how the news was obtained.

But for what was to follow this story would not be worth telling, and would never have been told in print. Some months later the land regulations were again changed, and of course would be sent first to *The Mail*, as usual. But very special care was taken this time that the news should be exclusive to that journal. I went at once to the Lands Office, applied to Mr. Lindsay Russell for the particulars of the changes which had been made. He was courteous, even jocular, but much more inclined to criticise newspaper men's methods than to give me any information. He would not admit, neither would he deny, that the changes had been made. Putting on as bold a front as possible, I assured him that I knew the changes had been made; that any newspaper applying had a right to the news, and that peace was better than war. But, of course, if he would not give the required information, *The Globe* had beaten the department

twice already, and could do it again. Bluff was, however, equally as ineffective as persuasion. He assured me that he could guess pretty well how the news had been obtained before, and that this time the best efforts of *The Globe* correspondent would fail. Feeling sure that he did not know and could not guess how previous news had been unearthed, I offered him the chance of making three guesses with the promise to admit the fact if he conjectured rightly. His guesses were ingenious, but certainly wrong in every case.

As he would not give up the information, and plans formerly successful were not again available, I resolved to appeal to Sir John Macdonald himself, although very conscious that he would be under very strong incentives to refuse me. I felt that he was fair-minded; I knew that he was generous and free from petty vindictiveness. The conversation that followed between Mr. Russell and myself was about as follows:

"Is Sir John in the department?"

"No; he is at Stadacona Hall."

"Will you give me a messenger to take a note to him?"

"Yes. But do you expect him to reply to your note after all the irritating episodes just past?"

"I do. The humblest citizen of Canada has a right to ask a question of the highest in the land on public affairs, and expect a courteous answer."

"Well, try it and see!"

So the note was written. I did my best on it, and the messenger carried it away. I remained at the department till his return. He brought a letter which he handed me. I thought my official companion was a little surprised that an answer had been returned. He was more so when, after smiling as I read it, the note was placed in his hands. It was entirely courteous and friendly, its essence being in the following words:

"The amended land regulations will not be given to any newspaper in advance of their publication in the *Canada Gazette* to-morrow."

The effect of this was, of course, that both the Government and Opposition journals would have the news at the same

time, which was all we asked for. Another effect was to strengthen a certain Liberal correspondent's growing admiration for the old Conservative chieftain.

I had not yet met Sir Alexander Campbell to speak with him about affairs, when circumstances combined and suggested a call. Sergeant-at-Arms Macdonnell, of the House of Commons, one day pleasantly mentioned that on the previous evening at an official dinner at Rideau Hall, he had heard Sir Leonard Tilley in conversation with Sir Alexander Campbell pay a perhaps unintentional compliment to *The Globe's* correspondent. What did he say? "Oh," laughingly, "he simply said you were a very dangerous man!" The next day at the telegraph office I was told that Sir Alexander Campbell had been inquiring what the new *Globe* man was like, and that he had been told in reply, "Why, Sir Alexander, only yesterday I saw you borrow his pencil at this counter to write a message." This had indeed occurred as stated. Moreover, the news had come that day of a new postal convention made between Canada and the United States. It was surely now time to call upon Sir Alexander Campbell.

My card was sent in, and I was at once admitted. He received me courteously, but was apparently on his guard. At first he would neither admit nor deny that a new postal agreement had been concluded, but cautiously inquired, "If it were so, why should I give the news to *The Globe*?" This gave an opportunity to argue the matter briefly, setting forth that the treaty was something affecting all the people of Canada, and done on behalf of all, whether Conservative or Liberal, and it would seem they were all entitled to learn of it at the same time. There was something more said in reference to his well-known courtesy and fairness. Sir Alexander replied very frankly and promptly that in this case he would give me what I had asked for, although he might not always be able to do so in the future. He rang his bell, the Deputy-Minister, Mr. Griffin, came in and was instructed to give me the purport of the new agreement. In this case, if I remember rightly, the news not being applied for by the Govern-

ment papers, first appeared exclusively in the leading Opposition daily.

The census of Canada, both in 1871 and 1881, as well as since those days, has been a subject of great interest to the reading public for several reasons. Our vast territorial area, sparse settlements, and the rather disappointing growth of population in the earlier decades, contributed to cause this anxious concern. The young nation, like a young boy, was perhaps over-anxious to grow up quickly. This very gradual growth will in the end bear fruit for good. In the meantime, the unsettled West has been settled with British and Canadian people, carrying with them the laws and institutions of a British community in advance of any large and uncontrollable influx of foreign elements. A solid British-Canadian foundation has been laid from Sydney to Vancouver. This was important.

Let me drop back for a moment to the census of 1871. It was a census of four Provinces only, but at the time the work of tabulation was completed there was great interest to learn the result, and a prominent Opposition paper had then privately offered \$500 for first exclusive and accurate figures showing the Provincial totals. Under this stimulus a number of the young newspaper men attending at Ottawa made persistent effort to get the figures, but failed. The secret was in very few hands, and those who knew it and were not ministers, were supposed to be sworn to secrecy. Four of us formed a partnership to earn the reward by each undertaking to ascertain if possible the population of his own Province. By close watch and careful inquiry it was at length learned that the figures had been summed up and would that night be sent to the Conservative press. We had so far accomplished nothing and were destined to fail. I did, however, succeed in getting at the population of New Brunswick. Going over to the Customs Department to see the Minister, I casually met him in the corridor. He paused a moment to speak a few words, and I mentioned that it was regrettable the population of our own Province was so disappointing.

"How disappointing?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, Mr. Tilley—275,000!"

"You are quite wrong," he said—"285,594." Then quickly checking himself he added, "But you must not use that." And it was not used for publication, but if we had been able to get the figures for Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia, the information would all probably have been sent to the newspaper offering the reward. Capturing news by surprise is, however, an old trick.

It was ten years later, under similar conditions of secrecy, that the census of 1881 was nearing completion. Months before, all sorts of plans had been laid to get early or exclusive information in regard thereto, but all these plans were destined to fail. The best I had hoped for was to get the figures for *The Globe* at the same time they were given out to the newspapers supporting the Government. And so one day the information was secretly gained that the census was completed as to population and that the main features would be given out the following night to a few only of the ministerial journals. I promptly applied to Dr. Taché, the Deputy-Minister, who declined to inform me whether the tabulation was completed or about to be given to the press, or to give me any information in regard to it. The Minister of Agriculture, Hon. John Henry Pope, was not in his office at the time; it was not known when he would be in, and I was told very positively that it would be quite useless to apply to him. This was disappointing, indeed. Then for a time there was a rapid exchange of telegrams between Ottawa and Toronto, of which the following are specimens: Ottawa to Toronto: "Census coming out, but can't get it." Toronto to Ottawa: "Must have it at whatever cost!"

There was much more by way of explanations and reasons for things on the one hand and of insistence on the other hand. If only I could see Mr. Pope! I knew him quite well, and he had always been kind and considerate in news matters, sometimes testing me with, "Now, if I tell you this, you are sure you will not use it till I give you leave?" This is sometimes a hard test, and the correspondent may be severely tempted to

break faith, but woe betide him if he does! I had certainly kept faith with Mr. Pope. He was astute, shrewd, genial, with a dry humour that, together with his tall figure, reminded me of Abraham Lincoln. He was, moreover, a trusted lieutenant of Sir John Macdonald, and was from time to time acting minister of other departments than his own when the responsible head was absent or a temporary vacancy had occurred.

Mr. Pope was again in his office during the afternoon, and I lost no time in seeing him. He knew my business in advance and was very serious in referring to it. "You seem to know," he said, "that the census figures will be given out to-morrow. I will be quite candid with you; your information is correct that far. We are giving the news to only a few of the papers friendly to the Government. I would like very much to oblige you personally, but I fear I would not be warranted in giving it to *The Globe*."

But Mr. Pope was willing to hear such argument as I might present, and he had a number of formidable objections to urge in reply. It was true, he admitted, that the news was in no way political; equally true that the census was taken for the information of all the people and at the cost of all, and they might be considered to be all entitled to the news at the same time. But that was not quite the way things work out under party government. Liberal governments, as well as Conservative governments, gave some preference to their friends, and in the long run the account would be pretty fairly balanced. Moreover, those of the electors who were so unfortunate as to be in opposition, could always buy and read a newspaper supporting the Government if they desired to get early news of the more important doings at Ottawa.

The interview was of some length and my final appeal was to his generosity, coupled with the suggestion that it might be the more popular course to treat the matter in a broad and magnanimous spirit. Mr. Pope admitted that there might be something in this view of the case, but they had to consider their friends, and what would the scores of Conservative newspapers, which would not get the

news say, when they found it had been given to an Opposition paper? In the end he conceded to my request, making mention that since the beginning of my correspondence, *The Globe* had treated him and the department fairly. When I had thanked him as best I could he rang the bell for Dr. Taché, the Deputy-Minister, and told him in a few words that he had decided to give the census to *The Globe*, in addition to the other newspapers of which he had a list. "Give him what he wants," he added, and then, drawing on his gloves, went out. In the Deputy-Minister's room, with a shrug of his shoulders that spoke volumes of mingled surprise and special favour, Dr. Taché handed me the precious sheets of figures prepared for transmission to the most favoured class of newspapers.

A little later I had wired jubilantly to Toronto: "I have got the census!" and in reply had received from the managing editor the too flattering message, "You have won fame at a stroke." But alas, how easily things go wrong! The next morning's *Globe*, which contained the census figures, contained also a paragraph, apparently based on one of my earlier telegrams, blaming the Minister for having refused the information he had so generously given. This was, of course, promptly corrected in the next issue, with due credit given to Mr. Pope and honourable amends made.

There were special correspondents at Ottawa other than myself in the early years of Confederation, who no doubt had more varied and eventful experiences, closer touch with the great men of the time, and who made fewer failures and better success in that interesting field, but they have not told their story. Much is known to the few and now gray-haired survivors of that little band that may never be told, and much is already covered in the shadows that tenderly wrap those who have gone from life's activities. Possibly the loss may yet be felt, and when the Dominion shall come to celebrate its centennial sixty years hence, it may be matter for regret that too little was committed to paper even in the way of such seemingly trivial reminiscences of the Fathers and their times as are here set down.

Canadians in Telephone Development

By RANDOLPH CARLYLE

The evolution of Bell's manual system to the automatic system of the Lorimer Brothers.

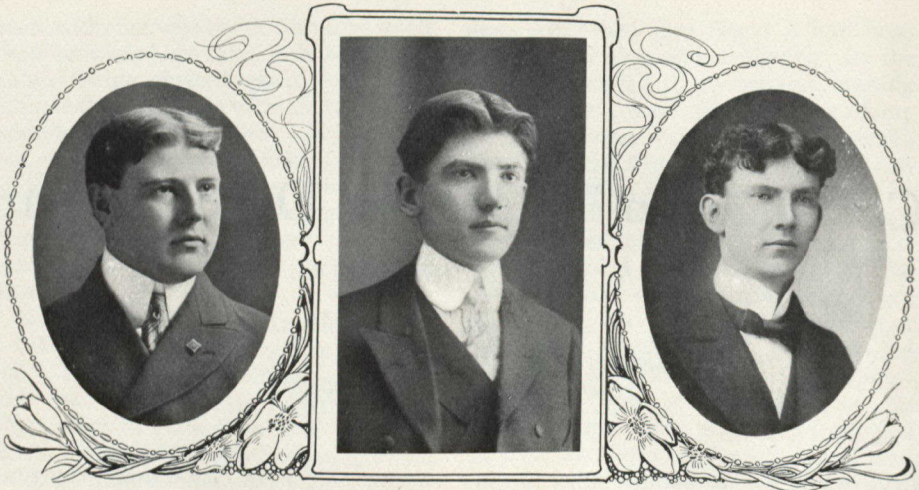
PROBABLY no public utility is so supremely important at the present time as the telephone—from the standpoint of convenience if not of absolute necessity. And yet, everybody knows that even at the end of a third-century since Professor Bell exploited his system for the transmission of sound the telephone, while it has reached the status of a business facility and necessity, is still to a very large extent in the dignified yet doubtful position of a private luxury. That is true, at least as far as Canada is concerned. But there is assurance that the time of exclusiveness in the control of this great boon to mankind is passing, for quite recently, at Toronto, there was a meeting whose significance cannot easily be properly appreciated. It was the second annual meeting of the Canadian Independent Telephone Association, an institution whose Secretary reported that at the end of this the second year of its existence the number of "independent" telephones in use in Canada was 19,000, compared with 12,000, as reported by him a year ago.

The importance of an efficient and satisfactory telephone service in all parts of the country has become a factor in municipal, provincial and even Dominion politics. The Government of Manitoba faced the polls at the last general election in that Province with the question of the control of telephones as the chief plank in their platform; the Government of Alberta have undertaken to build trunk telephone lines in order that independent

systems may have connections with one another and the subscribers be immeasurably benefited thereby; and the Government of Saskatchewan have engaged an



THE COMPACT AND SIMPLE AUTOMATIC DESK TELEPHONE AS SEEN IN USE AT PETERBOROUGH



G. W. LORIMER

E. S. LORIMER

THE LATE J. H. LORIMER

Inventors of the Lorimer Automatic Telephone

expert to advise them as to the best way to give the people of that Province an efficient, economical telephone service. So it would seem that even if the attempt made by Sir William Mulock to induce the Dominion Government to adopt a "telephone" policy for the whole Dominion is not carried any further, the Provincial Governments are ready to deal with the situation themselves.

Canadians are justly proud of the fact that a Canadian citizen, Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, invented his system of telephonic communication at Brantford, Ontario, a little more than thirty years ago, and it is gratifying to know that the Board of Trade of what has come to be known as the "Telephone City" have undertaken to erect a monument in honour of that notable achievement. But there is another good reason why Brantford should be known as the "Telephone City"—the fact that the Lorimer system of automatic telephony, a system that promises to revolutionise the ordinary method of telephony, was invented in that same city by the Lorimer Brothers.

For years these young men, like hundreds of other engineers and electricians, worked incessantly with a view of producing an apparatus that would automatically perform the delicate work that had all along been performed by the "helloa" girls, and the fact that they have succeeded

and that their system is the pioneer in the "independent" field in Canada will undoubtedly place their names on the scroll of honour side by side with that of Prof. Bell. They had two main objects in view—to give the subscriber, the one who uses the telephone, a service that would be prompt, certain and absolutely private, and to reduce the cost of operation.

When Bell made his invention the people of his day could hardly realise that it was a useful one, capable of coming into general commercial use, and that it would command the investment of hundreds of millions of dollars. Yet we all know how the telephone has entered into the life of all communities and that millions have been invested in and made out of its manufacture and operation. Central energy automatic telephony, as discovered by the Lorimers, and as embodied in their system, marks the next great step forward in telephone development, and it now looks as if it will sooner or later supplant present methods, and come into general use, commanding the investment of large sums of money.

To visit the exchange room of the Canadian Machine Telephone Company, Limited, at Peterborough, Ontario, where the first exchange of this system has been installed and successfully operating for about two years, gives one the eerie sensation of being in an enchanted

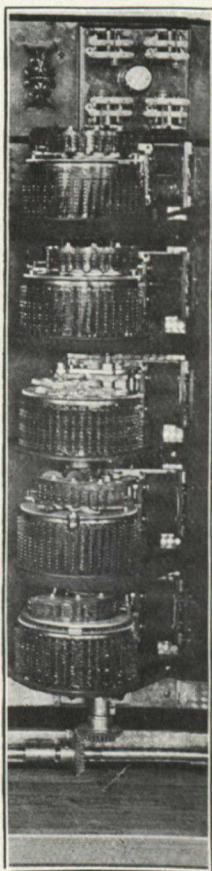
realm, for the spectacle of a mere machine, a thing devoid of sense or understanding, performing what was described at the Telephone investigation as a nerve-racking operation, is nothing short of marvelous. Most persons have heard of how the girl at the keyboard sits throughout the long, weary hours watching the little incandescent lights as they appear and disappear, and doing her best to keep up with them. Of course, the Lorimer invention cannot see, but it can feel, which is in some respects a much more delicate operation. And, what is of supreme importance, it feels more rapidly and more persistently than a girl can see, and its capabilities are greater.

It is rather difficult to fully appreciate what it means to talk with a person miles away from you, simply by means of an automatically operated telephone. As well as I am able to describe it, the operation is as follows: You wish to call number 361. There are in front of you on the telephone box four slides, each representing units, tens, hundreds or thousands. The slides are worked up or down, and the desired number is obtained on about the same principle as one adjusts an everlasting calendar. For number 361, you take up the hundreds, stopping at three. Then the next slide is stopped at six, and the next at one. The process seems to be a little awkward at first, but it really is very simple, and during the short time that I was there I found a fascination about it that increased as I became more used to it. Having arranged the numbers you swiftly turn a crank and place the receiver to your ear, and if you do not get the busy buzz, you press the button. That is all you have to do, except to talk when your call is answered.

The response by the machine to your call is amazing to one not used to it and connections are always made in a uniform time.

The simplicity and durability of the system were two features which were impressed upon me. The method of making the call is simple, and the telephone is so made that one cannot make any mistake that would put it out of order. In other words, it is called "fool proof." The central office apparatus is very substantial, and was handled in my presence in such a manner as to demonstrate beyond all doubt that it is a positive working machine, strongly built, not requiring delicate treatment, and not in any respects an apparatus of flimsy springs or wires, liable to wear quickly or get out of order. This is further borne out by the fact that no attendant remains with the apparatus during night time, although it continues to give service.

But while it is not necessary for me to explain how the machinery does its part, it is possible for all to see and appreciate its advantages over the manual system. For instance, it is impossible for any one to "butt" in when you are talking. If a person should call up your number while you are using your telephone, all he will hear will be the "busy buzz," which tells him that your telephone is in use. When you are talking over a line you are satisfied that there is no third party on the line. This advantage of secrecy is one that I believe will commend itself to the subscriber the more he uses his telephone, as the most private matter can be discussed with safety. The Lorimer system has no listening board. So important is this feature of absolute privacy, one is inclined



A SINGLE CONNECTING DIVISION OF THE LORIMER SWITCHBOARD. IT DOES THE WORK OF THE GIRLS' HANDS AS WELL AS OF THE CORDS AND PLUGS OF THE MANUAL BOARD.

to think that Shakespeare must have had it in mind when he put into Polonius' mouth the following advice to his son Laertes: "Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice." Now that there is some party talk in favour of Government control of the telephone systems, one cannot help wondering whether the party in power and controlling the telephones would not take an unfair advantage of their opportunity by establishing a listening board, as is possible with any manual system, and recording the communications of their opponents. The adoption of the Lorimer automatic would remove such possibility.

Again the fact that you make your own connections removes any annoying uncertainty about the truth of "Central's" assertion of "busy," and there is no further annoyance in the form of the interruption "finished?"

No matter whether the person you are speaking to thinks you have finished, and accordingly hangs up his receiver, you can call him back by simply pressing the button and without having to await the pleasure or convenience of "Central." When you have finished, the simple operation of hanging up your receiver disconnects the number, and you are ready to make another call. That brings to my mind a further advantage. Instead of having to wait, sometimes indefinitely, until the girl observes that you are trying to get another number, and not merely continuing your first conversation, you change the numbers yourself in a twinkling, turn the crank, and away it goes. When a number of calls have to be made this advantage is very material. And, again you get no wrong numbers; the machine does not make mistakes, and it gives as

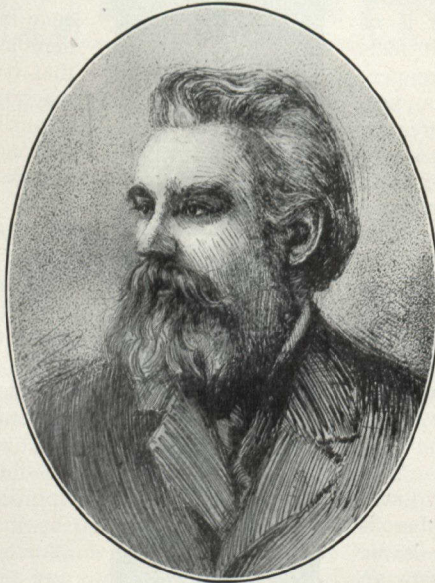
prompt a service at night or on Sunday as during week days, as the same number of machines or operators are on duty all the time.

An important point in connection with the Lorimer system is the fact that if a telephone gets out of order, if a wire is broken or cut, or anything else goes wrong to interfere with the service, it is not necessary for the subscriber to complain, for the fact will be immediately recorded in the exchange room. Even should a subscriber turn in a call and go away and leave it, thus tying up his telephone and the one called, the exchange room will

receive a warning in the shape of an alarm which will continue sounding until the man in charge takes action by restoring the telephones to their normal condition, an operation that is performed in a second of time. In this, as well as in other respects, the apparatus seems almost human in its sensitiveness, because it is always ill at ease whenever anything is out of order. There is an intimate, personal touch about the thing that is extremely attractive, and it grows on the

subscriber with a peculiar fascination.

The economical side of the Lorimer system is, from the owner's standpoint, the most important of all. In the first place, all manual labour by the girl operators is eliminated, and therefore the saving in that alone is an important item. This elimination of the girl operator also solves all of the serious questions considered and reported upon by the Royal Commission appointed to investigate the rather startling conditions which came to light during the strike of the operators in Toronto last winter. Then the principle, the percentage principle,



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

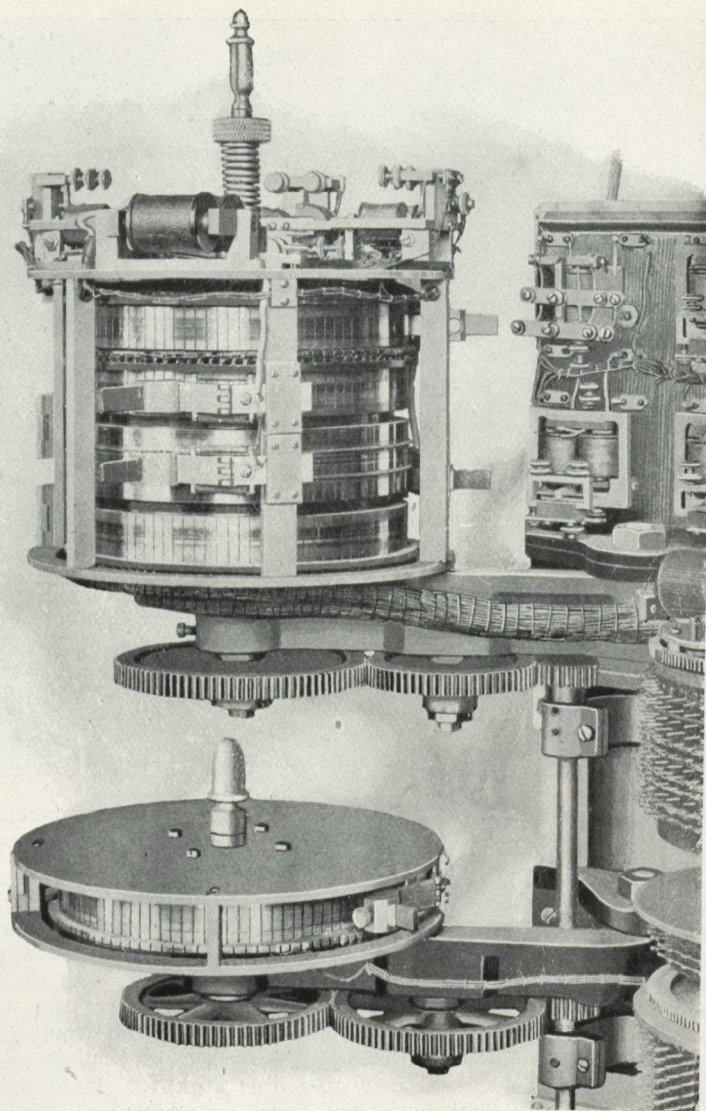


THE CANADIAN MACHINE COMPANY'S EXCHANGE ROOM AT PETERBOROUGH, SHOWING THE MACHINES THAT DO THE GIRLS' WORK AT "CENTRAL"

which forms the basis of the Lorimer system, is peculiar to itself, and is important from the economical and engineering point of view. The central office equipment consists of a number of units or sections, each complete in itself, and each serving one hundred subscribers. There is not an individual piece of apparatus for every subscriber, but a sufficient number of connecting divisions (made common to the one hundred subscribers) are provided in each section of one hundred to handle the greatest number of calls that are made at any one time. This reduces cost, induces simplicity and removes many of the expensive and puzzling engineering difficulties presented in other systems in the large multiple exchanges. We have all wondered why it was that the charge for telephone service increased where the largest number of subscribers were being served. This is explained by the fact that the large switchboards increase in cost out of proportion

to the number of subscribers they are going to serve and also owing to the fact that a large multiple switchboard cannot be added to. With the Lorimer system the cost is always almost directly in proportion to the number of subscribers served, as all sections or machines to do the work for one hundred subscribers are exactly alike, and as the initial installation may be increased as the business develops by simply adding another machine to look after each additional one hundred. The percentage may be increased or diminished as the demands of the particular community to be served may require.

Just one thing more while I am speaking about my visit to the Peterborough exchange. I called up some of the subscribers and found a delightfully clear talking line. The distinctness with which the voice was heard was very marked. This, as was explained to me, is largely due to the fact that the positive connection



THE DECIMAL INDICATOR. ONE OF THESE MACHINES ATTENDS TO THE CALLS OF EACH SECTION OF ONE HUNDRED SUBSCRIBERS

made by the machine is much more reliable than the easily worn plugs and cords used by the girl operators.

With so attractive a system as this in the field, it looks as if the "independent" movement, which seems bound to forge ahead, will have a remarkably rapid development, and that the telephone, instead of being a business necessity or a private luxury, will be found in almost every house in town and country as well

as in the cities. I was informed that already, while comparatively little has been heard through the daily press of this wonderful system, it is being installed in Brantford and Lindsay, Ontario, and Edmonton, Alta., the latter being a municipal plant. As a Canadian invention, developed by Canadian enterprise, Canadians will be interested in seeing it go forward to the success which would seem to surely await it.

The "Adagio Pathetique"

By R. E. CRINGAN*

Showing that, after all is said and done, experience is the great teacher.

"NO, no! you do not understand! You play the notes, but it is not the music. Listen!"

The pupil, a beautiful girl of about twenty years, lowered her violin impatiently, and stood listlessly watching the old man.

"Look," he said, "it is sad, very sad. It is like big waves that moan after the storm, and all is dark, dark. Ah! It is very sad. But now there comes a bright star—listen! It is a song of comfort, *molto pianissimo*, and sweet, sweet, like a pearl."

Yvonne listened as the master-hand swept slowly over the moaning chords; listened, but heard only a sweet melody in a minor key. The voice of sorrow, the moan of the waves, the song of comfort she heard not, yet from the intense emotion reflected in his yearning, gray eyes and from the deepness of his irregular breathing she felt that there was something there beyond her comprehension.

When he had finished, Yvonne raised her violin and tried again, but even she soon recognised that her efforts were only an imitation. Disappointed, the old man seated himself in a comfortable arm-chair and watched with an uncontrollable feeling of pity. How beautiful she appeared

to him! The afternoon sun breaking in through the curtains cast its beams on the graceful folds of her soft, rich gown, throwing its sapphire hue into innumerable harmonious shades; it shone on the ruddy, brown varnish of her violin, making it glow to the colour of her soft, wavy hair; it glanced on a magnificent diamond, flashing triumphantly as her fingers slowly shifted from one note to another; it illuminated a bright, happy face, the face of one who had yet to learn life's sadder lessons.

"No," he said, affectionately, "there is something I cannot teach you. Some day you will learn. For your next lesson let us try the *allegro brillante*."

At the next lesson hour, a week later, the professor stood reading a letter edged in black, signed by Yvonne.

"Poor, poor dear," he said.



Six months later he sat at the piano, idly shaping his passing fancies into melodious tone-pictures. All day he had worked hard, striving patiently to make the irresponsible minds of his pupils sensitive to musical emotion, but how hard it was: they did not understand. Now, as he played, ethereal visions of beauty, of love, of tenderness, like the inviting dreams of the frost-doomed traveller, passed lingeringly before his mind. Suddenly there was a light rap at the door, and a sweet-looking girl quietly entered. Pausing, she stood for a moment in the

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Cringan, who was one of the most promising of the younger musicians of Toronto, met a sad and untimely death by drowning while on a holiday last summer.

light of the low-burning lamp, and the old man recognised Yvonne.

"I hope," he said, after they had talked for nearly an hour, "that you have not forgotten your playing."

"No," she said, "I have learned to love, I have learned to love the *Adagio*."

"Play it," said the master, anxiously.

Then leaning back in the big arm-chair, he saw, in the dim light of the lamp, the same rich, golden hair and the same violin that he had known before, but all else was changed. The sad, sweet face was not the

one he had seen six months ago. The flashing diamond, too, was gone, and the only contrast to the dull black of her dress was a small pearl brooch at her throat, a brooch in the form of a wounded heart. Yes, it was a different picture, but he listened. Closing his eyes, he heard the moan of the billows, the great swelling moan of sorrow, and then the sweet *pianissimo* of the song of comfort, "sweet like a pearl," and the tears streamed down his withered face.

"Ah! my child!" he said, "you have learned. Now you understand."

Little Heart of Pity

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

LITTLE heart, ah! foolish heart,
 Little heart of pity;
 You were sobbing till I came,
 Then you hummed a ditty:
 But I knew it just the same,
 Little heart of pity.

Little heart, ah! foolish heart,
 Little heart of pity;
 Oft the world has trod you down,
 Turning to the witty:
 You might better be a clown,
 Little heart of pity.

Silly little pity heart,
 Pity! Pity! Pity!
 Do you think they care for you,
 Proud folks in the city?
 Pity them—they hurt you too,
 Silly little pity.

Tender little pity heart,
 Now I see your pity;
 Who is this with struggling fate
 Finding life so gritty?
 Meet him at the city gate—
 Now he needs your pity.

Sturdy little pity heart,
 Tender little pity!
 He'll forget you and will go
 Backward to the city;
 God will always love you though,
 I, too, little pity.

The Irony of British Rule in India

By SAINT N. SING

EDITOR'S NOTE—The purpose of this article, from the publishers' standpoint, is to show what at least is an educated, native opinion in India. Mr. Sing is a cultured gentleman, and he has espoused the cause of his fellow-countrymen by coming to the West and practically bearding the lion in his den. Apparently he has an animated appreciation of the situation, but whether his representations are a result of over-zealousness or not, they doubtless indicate the feeling that has given rise to recent disturbances.

"I WILL not at once conclude," says Hon. John P. Morley, the Secretary of State for India, "that, because a man is dissatisfied and discontented, therefore he is disaffected. Why, our own reforms and changes have been achieved by dissatisfied men who were no more disaffected than you or I. If there be disaffection—and there may be some—I will not, as far as I have anything to do with the government of India, play the game of disaffection by exaggerating the danger or by overreadiness to scent evil."

Yet this self-same Secretary of State for India recently sanctioned the deportation of Lajpat Rai, the East-Indian patriot—without trial and under an obsolete, autocratic "regulation" enacted nearly a century ago, whose legal validity is of a very questionable character. The King-Emperor emphasises: "It is my earnest hope that in these Colonies, as *elsewhere throughout my Dominions*, the grant of free institutions will be followed by an increasing prosperity and loyalty to the Empire."

Yet the publicists of India are being jailed and persecuted for *constitutionally* agitating for the grant of free institutions. The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, one of the foremost of English statesmen, prescribes Liberty as the "best antidote for discontent and disloyalty." Yet the British Government of India is employing Russian despotism in an attempt to stamp out the love of liberty that is welling up in the hearts of East-Indians.

The Englishman prides himself on the fact that there breathes not a slave in the

Empire over which flies the Union Jack. Yet there are more than three hundred millions of serfs in the Indian Empire, and the Englishman in India is bending every nerve to perpetuate the *slavery* of the East-Indian masses. The Britisher in Hindostan is employing sophistry to defend his attempts to cauterise the East-Indian manhood.

One hundred million dollars go from India to England annually in the shape of pays, pensions and premiums—for "Home Charges." For a hundred and fifty years England has extended her Empire in the Orient with East-Indian men and money. For several hundred years the English merchant, with the help of the English legislator, has been enabled to transplant India's riches in England. Yet the East-Indian immigrants to the British Colonies are being insultingly treated, illegally barred out, disgracefully ejected from British soil.

At home the Englishman is just, manly and courteous. In India he is small-minded, snobbish and ill-mannered. In Hindostan the Britisher's attitude towards the East-Indian is supercilious. It is a matter of daily occurrence for Englishmen to grossly maltreat Indian gentlemen of high education and social rank. In England the Britisher stands for righting wrongs, for correcting errors, for following the guidance of conscience and God. In India the Britisher clamours for *prestige*. He considers no price extravagant to "save his face." Conscience—truth—God—all are sacrificed at the altar of snobbery. Says the largest English news-

paper in India: "When an Englishman has made a mistake, his pride and his courage unite to forbid him to correct it." Is it a wonder, then, that people of East-India to-day are in a social and political ferment? British rule in India has been, and continues to be, in the most literal sense of the word, un-British.

All these years East-Indians have been told that the Englishmen were in India for a Christian purpose. All along they have been given to understand that the Britishers in India were educating East-Indians and fitting them to govern themselves. As soon as the Hindus were capable of taking the reins of their government into their own hands, they were led to believe the English would evacuate India. Solemn vows have been given to the people of India.

As early as 1669, in the grant of the Island of Bombay to the East-India Company, the Government avowed: "And it is declared that all persons being His Majesty's subjects, inhabiting within the said Island, and their children and their posterity born within the limits thereof, shall be deemed free denizens and natural subjects, as if living and born in England." In 1838 an Act of Parliament emphasised: "No native of the said Territories nor any natural-born subject of His Majesty resident therein shall by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office or employment under the said Company."

Queen Victoria proclaimed in 1858: "And it is further our will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability and integrity, duly to discharge." Queen Victoria, in asking Lord Derby to write the proclamation, said: "And point out the privileges which the Indians will receive in being placed on an equality with the subjects of the British Crown." Again, at the time of the Jubilee of 1897, she wrote: "Allusion is made to the proclamation issued on the occasion of my assumption of the direct government of India as the charter of liberties of the Princes and Peoples of

India. It has always been, and will be continued to be, my earnest desire that the principles of that proclamation should be unwaveringly maintained."

Lord Lytton, who was then Viceroy of India, said anent this same proclamation: "The proclamation of the Queen contains solemn pledges spontaneously given and founded upon the highest justice."

To-day the people of India have reason to suspect that these promises were not sincere.

Is it strange, then, that East-Indians are chafing?

The poet, Frank Lawson, of London, Canada, writes in his "Canada—Our Hope and Pride":

There was Jewish blood in Nazareth, view
not history askance.
London is not all of England—Paris is not all
of France—
And when Britain realises that the blood of
every part
Of the body is as pure as that which surges
through the heart—
When her statesmen scorn traditions that as
stumbling-blocks have stood;
When they frame their legislation for a world-
wide Empire's good,
She will meet her distant subjects—noble,
loyal, true and tried,
And will know our fair Dominion—Canada—
her hope and pride.

What the poet says of Canada, eminently is true of India. England has notoriously failed to frame legislation for the good of that portion at least of her Empire. English officials and statesmen have grossly erred in gauging the needs and aspirations of the East-Indians.

The result is most deplorable—lamentable for India; for England and the British Empire, disgraceful.

To-day agitation is rampant throughout Hindostan. The spirit of discontent is active all over the country. Where a short while ago loyalty reigned, to-day recrimination rules. Where a few years since gratefulness and brotherliness bonded the ruler and the ruled, to-day resentment and animosity have torn them asunder.

Early in 1906, when the Prince and Princess of Wales visited India, the people of Bengal were smarting grievously under the violence done their Province. But a short time previously Bengal had

been dismembered in defiance of the consensus of native public opinion, in spite of solemn assurance and plighted troths. The Bengali-speaking community was divided against the concerted protests of the native publicists—the natives of the Province declared freely that they were “divided” in order to be “weakened”—so that they could be “ruled” with an iron ferrule by the aliens. The loyalty of the Bengalese, strong as it is, their affection to the Throne, deep as it is, made them seek to forget their sting, their sense of injury. They endeavoured to give themselves up to festivity and hospitality. The hurt, however, was too deep for the mere visit of royalty to heal. If the visit had been expressly undertaken to soothe the bitterness of feeling, to promise royal justice and good-will, the character of their welcome shows how effectual it would have been. As a mere diversion, a substitute for justice, it proved a failure. Discontent, therefore, reigns supreme in Bengal.

Signal has been the failure of the new Liberal ministry in England to assuage the grievous hurts of Indians. A year ago, when the biographer of Gladstone, Mr. John P. Morley, lover of liberty, free-thinker, philosopher and agnostic, was appointed Secretary of State for India, Hindostan felt that England would make good her plighted troths, and grant to India a government for India's welfare.

Not long ago Mr. Morley protested that: “The motion is made to protest against the suspension of parliamentary institutions in the Cape Colony. We then all get up, and we all make eloquent, passionate, argumentative speeches in favour of the right of the Colonies to govern themselves. The next day Mr. Redmond makes a motion in favour of giving self-government in one shape or another to Ireland. We then all pick out a new set of arguments. What was on Monday unanswerable, on Tuesday becomes not worth mentioning. What was on Monday a sacred principle of self-government becomes on Tuesday mere moonshine and clap-trap. That is a comedy in which I at least do not propose to take part. The Boers are to have self-government in order to make them loyal.

The Irish are not to have it because they are disloyal.”

Is it unnatural for East-Indians to expect that this same gentleman would heed his own words: “You cannot transplant bodily the venerable oak of our constitution to India, but you can transplant the spirit of our institutions—the spirit, the temper, the principles, and the maxims of British institutions.” Or is it presumptuous on the part of the natives of India to demand that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should act up to his own maxims? He has said: “The views and opinions which I have set before you are those of a Liberal. They are the opinions which have been traditions in that party. We seek the good of the people through the people and by trusting the people. We wish to destroy privilege or monopoly, whether of class or sect or person, when it is hurtful to the people. And whether in internal constitution or in external policy, we hold that it is not power, nor glory, nor wealth that exalteth a nation, but righteousness, justice, and freedom. It is for you to say whether you are with us or against us. It is only by the consent of the governed that the British nation can govern. We Liberals are accustomed to freedom of thought and action. Freedom is the breath of our life. It possesses in two of its most sacred dogmas the only solution of the chief problems which confront our country in Imperial policy and in regard to our domestic needs. . . . It is the universal doctrine of government by assent—government with the consent of the governed. . . . Where there is but one cardinal condition again of Liberal principle—that of direct popular control by those concerned. Now these are two of the beacons by which Liberal policy should be guided.”

The educated people of India know their ground. They know that their agitation for autonomous government—for Home Rule in India, for India for the Indians—is sane, sound and practical. The publicists of India are deep students of economics and sociology. They are not rank “agitators” or mere revolutionaries.

The East-Indian is confronted with a colossal anomaly—with an irony unprec-

edented in the annals of the world's history. The result is that the people of India have lost their faith in British honour. They look upon British promises with the gravest suspicion. To them the Englishman's love of liberty, freedom of press and speech, sense of justice and righteousness, count for nothing.

The recent convulsion in the Punjab is, in some measure, the outcome of the native Indians smarting under the lash of "class privileges." To-day the Punjabees are insisting that justice shall be evenly dealt to the Englishman in the Province as well as to the native. The editor and the proprietor of *The Punjabee*, a semi-weekly paper of Lahore, have been consigned to the penitentiary for inciting hatred between Englishmen and East-Indians. The Hindus accused a daily newspaper conducted by Englishmen at the Capitol of the Punjab, of creating bad blood between the Hindus and Mohammedans. The local government was appealed to to institute proceedings against the paper. The authorities admitted the character of the writings but refused to prosecute. This is but a single instance of the flagrant injustice that characterises the dealings between Englishmen in India and the natives of the land. It is a notorious fact that where native Indians have been treated in the most summary manner, Englishmen have escaped scot-free. Hardly a week passes without being marred by some travesty of justice. Scarcely a native paper can be found which does not contain such an impeachment. The last twenty years' record of the Englishman in India contains not a few mentions of insults to East-Indian women. How many a time an English subaltern has kicked and cudgelled the native servant!

For fifty years India has been forwarding resolutions to the Indian government, sending deputations to the Secretary of State for India, begging, appealing and beseeching that the Britishers fulfil their promises. During earlier years the people of India were told they were "unfit" for self-government. To-day those who agitated for self-government are condemned as "disloyal." The government of India, constituted as it is to-day, ignores altogether the public opinion of India. In

answer to a query, if it was not a fact that the Indian press expressed strong dislike to the term "native chiefs" in official publications, thus alluding to Indian princes as if they were Zulus or Choctaws, Mr. John P. Morley answered: "I have not seen enough of the native press to enable me to judge"—a reply which excited loud laughter from the Opposition benches. Mr. Morley's reply is significant. It explains what is at the bottom of the present unrest in India—*e.g.*, that the official class in India is hopelessly out of touch with the native sentiments, aspirations and needs, and arrogantly prides itself on the fact.

For the East-Indian publicist the average Englishman in India has the supremest contempt. Every educated Hindu to him represents a fire-eating, rabid revolutionary. A Britisher in India looks upon the public men of the Indian Empire as arrogant upstarts—as presumptuous, semi-civilised beings, only worthy of being jailed, transported, outlawed. Mere mention of the grant of autonomy to the people of India is enough to invoke the ire of any Englishman in Hindostan. Talk of admitting the semi-educated Asiatic into a responsible share of the administration of the country jars on his nerves, grates on his susceptibilities. In the estimation of the average Englishman in Hindostan, East-Indians are by "divine right" the slaves of their "white" masters. In his haughtiness the Englishman feels that they will—at least they ought to—continue to be his serfs. The animosity entertained by the Englishman in India against the natives is not of a *negative* character. It is not like what we read in the following quatrain:

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

The Englishman's present conduct in India recalls to memory the Irishman who said: "I am open to conviction, but I should like to see the man who can convince me." No wonder that while the East-Indian to-day is impetuously, threateningly inquiring, "Are all the loaves and fishes of India reserved for the foreigner?" the Englishman in India is imprecating

the native Indians who sow the seed of the Monroe Doctrine in Hindostan. In the propaganda "India for the Indians," the Englishman sees a danger for himself. For over a dozen decades Britishers have looked upon India as their "preserves," have partaken of her substance to their heart's content. That the present slogan of "India for the Indians" should terrify these votaries of "divine right" is hardly to be wondered at. "India for the Indians" threatens the purse.

In Canada all sorts and conditions of men are posing as authorities on Indian affairs. Their views, however, are merely the reflection of those being aired by the Englishman in India. According to them, the unrest in the two Bengals is only a transient affair. The uprisings in Rawal Pindi, in Lahore and the Punjab are only street brawls. The agitations in Bombay and Madras impress them but as a passing cloud. The leader and patriot, Lajpat Rai, who recently was transported, is a "vulgar agitator," in the opinion of these cheerful sophists. The Indian leaders are a lot of "incompetents who, if the British were to withdraw, would come to grief in a couple of months." "All that will come of this agitation," in the lan-

guage of Mr. W. A. Fraser, the novelist, "will be a curtailment of the mischief-making *baboo's* power of vilification."

The Asiatic is represented as being an indiscriminate hater of the white races. "Formerly this animosity was blended with fear. To-day it is mingled with contempt." It is said that though there are many antagonisms of creed and caste among them, they are as a unit in animosity towards the European. "The Gaekwar of Baroda," it is insinuated, "professes a devotion to the English while in London, yet at heart he detests the English and is bitterly averse to their suzerainty."

Remarks such as the above are significant. They point out in an unmistakable way the spirit of the Englishman's exploitation of India, the spirit which more than anything else has been the cause of India's ruination. They indicate forcefully that the Englishman in India has forgotten:

Our life is like a winter's day:
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day—
He that goes soonest has the least to pay.

(Mr. Sing will contribute another article, which will appear in *The Canadian Magazine* for November.)

At the Breath of Fall

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

LEAVING the shack at the break of day
We break a trail when the world is gray,
When the earth smells damp and the low, white mists
Over the marshes stray.

We stealthily make for the reed-rimmed pond,
Where ever again our guns respond
To the beat of wings, as the startled flocks
Take flight for the skies beyond.

When dusk has crept through the forest hall,
Hidden we lie by the old wind-fall,
And the moose by the stream forgets to feed
At the lure of our birch-bark call.

Then over the crunch of the forest floor
We seek our cabin; and comes once more
The chill, white dawn of an autumn day
Outside our lonely door.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE long talked of struggle between the white races and the people of the teeming East has come perceptibly nearer since the emergence of Japan, and it would seem not improbable that it is on the western shores of this continent that the storm will ultimately break. The ignoble treatment of the Japanese in California has alone caused a loud talk of actual war. The Chinese as bitterly resent their exclusion and the treatment of those of their nation who are already within the bounds of the Republic. Now comes the mad outburst of mobs in cities on the coast on both sides of the line, and we in Canada are able in no way to condemn the rioters on the American side. In the United States the men attacked were Hindus, in British Columbia it was the Japanese. The feeling seems to be directed indiscriminately against all Orientals. At the same time it is to the Orient that the West is turning on both sides of the boundary to find a ready market for its products. One attitude or the other must be abandoned—possibly both. Besides Japan must be reckoned with on other grounds. She is awake and alert, quick to act, eager to shine, and skilful and powerful in modern warfare. With Japan once established in the position of leader of the six or seven hundred millions who populate these eastern regions, half the world's population, and Japan is doubtless ready to fill the rôle, the outlook is not without its disturbing aspects. After the outcome of the Russo-Japanese war, it is evident that whatever attitude the white race may take towards the Orientals, the Japanese at any rate are not to be ignored or treated with contempt. That Japan should espouse openly, as she is already believed

to be doing in secret, the cause of the eastern races, is easily conceivable, and with her influence awaking them from the lethargy of ages, and her energy infusing itself throughout the uncounted hosts of China and India, History may well begin to re-write itself.



Before the Hague Conference is over, France has entered on a conflict with Morocco—not a war, of course, in the first place, but likely to all appearances to be a very considerable war, in the second place. The incident shows how futile are theories when opposed to facts. It will be said by some that France is in the wrong, and should leave Morocco to itself; but those who look a little deeper will realise that while so large a part of the world remains in the helpless and anarchic condition of Morocco, the greater nations cannot help themselves. They must extend the sway of order, such as they know it, and oftenest it must be extended by the sword. If one could weigh in the balance the net result of the Hague Conference and the achievement of King Edward in the rôle of peacemaker, it would probably be found that the British sovereign is the far more important factor of the two so far as the maintenance of the world's peace is concerned.



It is to-day a very different Europe from that which the King found when he mounted the throne. The promotion of actual friendship between nations is a practical and beneficent policy. We can hardly imagine a Fashoda incident occurring to-day and bringing Britain and France to the very verge of war, as was the case some ten years ago. Even the

bitterness between England and Germany has been mitigated and after a few more interchanges of visits between the journalists and conciliatory conferences between the sovereigns of the two countries it may pass wholly away. Russia and France, lately such enemies, are both now friendly to Britain, and one of them practically an ally, and the changed attitude of both is credited largely to the King's zeal and tact in promoting international harmony. Spain, Portugal, Italy and Austria have all become pro-British. Denmark is bound to England by the closest of ties between the ruling families, and an English princess is on the new throne of Norway. On this continent there has been a continual *rap-prochement* between the United States and Great Britain ever since the English-hating microbe was killed during the Spanish-American war.



It is too true that a few years may change all this. Foolish men may succeed wise men in high places and trouble may follow. But how can we so regulate the affairs of the nations so as to prevent the foolish men obtaining power? And it is on the wisdom of the princes and their statesmen that the question of peace or war turns, not on a paper resolution passed at The Hague. Moreover, a thousand incidents may occur tending to promote ill-feeling, against which the wisdom of princes and statesmen may avail nothing. Of the policy of promoting international friendship and good feeling we can not have too much. Of peace conferences, which bring no peace, the world will soon tire, though some good may incidentally be achieved by the rules formulated at the conferences for the regulation of wars that are unavoidable—and these are the only wars that occur nowadays between civilised nations. But this is the strangest of uses for a peace conference.



It is, nevertheless, not impossible that the Peace Conference may yet contain within it the germ of some periodical conference of the powers, which, less ambitious and visionary in its undertaking

than the Conference, may achieve much of real value to the world in the way of progress along more modest and more practical lines. The copyright agreement and postal agreement are famous examples of international legislation. International conferences on labour legislation, from time to time, during the past few years, have helped to soften and humanise laws affecting the working classes of various great nations, and there is already a proposition under discussion by European nations, at the instance of Great Britain, to have the conference on such subjects made periodical and invested with certain advisory, though not legislative, powers. The principle may be developed indefinitely, given time, the chief element in all progress.



Prof. A. Stanley Jevons, in the current *Contemporary Review*, goes a good deal farther in his picture of the development of an International Parliament, which may eventually legislate on certain subjects for the world, thus realising Tennyson's dream of "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," but his arguments are sane and his propositions reasonable. "My conception of the ultimate formation of a Federal Government of the World," he says at the conclusion of a delightful article, "is not the sudden establishment of any complete scheme preconceived in its entirety. Human nature only permits changes which at any one time are small, but it is not averse to a succession of such changes tending even in one direction, and it is thus that gradually wholly new institutions may be built up. . . . Thus by some such changes as I have endeavoured to portray, the goal of universal confidence and world-wide peace will ultimately be reached. No doubt it is a long road which leads to permanent peace and disarmament, and many years will be required even to stop the growth of armaments, but there is no shorter way."



Australia has lingered so long in the adolescent stage that it is difficult to regard it even yet as a full-fledged commun-

ity. The recent budget of the Commonwealth, however, shows that it is beginning to move forward at the swiftest of paces. Trade returns, revenue, bank deposits, railway traffic, all show immense expansion. Population has not grown very fast, reaching only four millions even now, and showing an increase of only 350,000 since 1900, during which time we have in Canada added a million and a half; but the present government of the Commonwealth, stimulated by the example of Canada, is going actively into the immigration question and, as a start, has placed twenty thousand pounds in the estimates for advertising purposes. Australia has vast undeveloped resources, and the island continent may well become the scene of a great, new land movement, once the tide of emigration sets towards its shores. Canada may yet find her a dangerous rival for the surplus population of Britain.



The talk of old-age pensions or, at the very least, old-age insurance is almost universal. Not that the talk is universally favourable by any means to even the milder of these proposals, but the weight of opinion seems to incline in favour of a measure of some kind to alleviate the distresses of impoverished age. There is a curious cleavage of old party lines in Great Britain on the subject. There the project promises to become practicable by reason of the support of the Liberal Government, yet Mr. Harold Cox, one of the most advanced of Liberals, is out in strong opposition to the proposal, while it receives the support of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, though the latter is coupled with the suggestion that the money needed can only be found if the fiscal system of Britain be put on a new basis.



Mr. Cox is an extreme advocate of the *laissez-faire* policy, or what we may in less polite language call the devil-take-the-hindmost doctrine. He quibbles over the question of age. Why sixty-five, why not sixty? Why even not fifty? And how impossible to raise the prodigious sum needed if the age were put at fifty! This, of course, is fighting windmills. Sixty-

five has been named because there is a general agreement that this is the age at which, on an average, the great number of men fail, and does not call for a sum which is hopelessly beyond the resources of the nation, though it must be admitted that the estimate of £27,500,000, the sum named as that needed for a pension to every man and woman in the United Kingdom over the age of sixty-five, is formidable enough to frighten the ordinary finance minister. Mr. Cox, however, is opposed to the theory of old-age pensions, urging among other grounds that ninety per cent. of poverty being due to drink, an old-age pension would be a subsidy to the drink evil, and further, that there were practically no workers who could not make provision for their old age, instancing agricultural labourers earning fifteen shillings a week who had succeeded in doing so. Mr. Cox insists that the real remedy for existing evils is to raise the wages of the working classes.



No doubt there is force in all Mr. Cox's arguments, but they fail, after all, to meet the existing emergency. An old-age pension, if it can be afforded at all, would appear to be the readiest way of aiding those who are now aged and in poverty. It is of little use to tell them they should save, for they will earn no more money as a rule; and it is equally futile to talk of raising their wages, for the same reason. Indeed, Mr. Cox's plan of raising wages is beside the question. Parliament can hardly undertake to secure any such general rise, and apart from legislation on this subject, workmen everywhere are themselves forcing up the price of labour. Too often the rise in wages only follows the increase in the cost of living, and the worker finds himself still no better off, relatively, than before. The increase in the cost of living is apparently beyond the power of any single community to control, and is the outcome of a fine network of economic causes, international, if not actually universal, in character. On the whole, therefore, if impoverished age is to be assisted at all by the State, a pension would seem to be the most practicable and easily applied method, and in Eng-

land, at least, with its work-houses and paupers to-day, it would be a less degrading method of extending aid than that now prevalent. In Canada, the need is not so urgent and the remedy may well be less stringent.

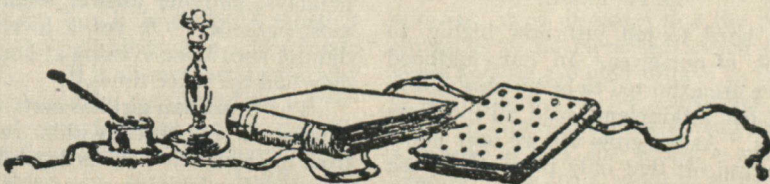
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If there were any hope that Esperanto might become a universal tongue, there are some parts of Europe where it might assist in solving vital questions of politics. Austria-Hungary has been for twenty years past dreading the death of the Emperor Francis-Joseph as the removal of a link which has been effective in binding the two countries together; but there are symptoms now of disintegration, or, at least, serious disaffection within Hungary itself. Austria is a land of many nations and as many tongues. German is the official language for imperial purposes, and Austria has of late made somewhat determined, though unsuccessful, efforts to have German only recognised in the joint imperial assembly. Hungary, which protested so vigorously against this procedure, on her own part as vigorously strives to suppress the native tongues of Croatia and Slavonia, the small nations who have maintained their nationhood within her. The survival of the languages of these smaller peoples proves an impediment to the commercial progress of Hungary. This unrest and disunion within Hungary will perhaps tend to strengthen Austria relatively. But the crisis of the Emperor's death may well be the occasion of changes of vast import in central Europe. When Francis-Joseph came to the throne his empire was in the throes of civil war and it seems but too likely that his disappearance will be the signal for the general crash of an empire whose various parts are not naturally as-

similated, and have long been held together with difficulty.

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The hopelessness of the propaganda of Socialism is shown in many ways, but the latest example of its ineptitude is found in the congress of Socialists recently held in Stuttgart, Germany, and which the Associated Press describes, perhaps not quite fairly, as "a saturnalia of rancour, vituperation and unrestrained outbursts of the worst human passions." "No international assemblage," continues the correspondent, "ever gathered presumably for a common object, ever witnessed such divergence of views, such bitter quarrels, such violent language, such absence of self-control, as was indulged in by the self-constituted apostles of peace and goodwill." The last expression of the writer of the dispatch shows him not friendly to Socialism, but there is evidently much truth in his statements as to this discord at the Stuttgart convention. Perhaps there is not more actual disagreement among the Socialists as to their objects, and the best method of securing them, than among other parties, but there is this difference between Socialism and the older parties: The followers of the new creed, so far as its uncertain dogmas can be called a creed, preach a policy, in the first place at least, of destruction rather than of construction, and the Socialist ideal, were it admitted to be practicable in the end, can only be realised through a welter of chaos and ruin, so that, on the whole, the imagination recoils and bids us follow the precedent of Hamlet, in bearing present ills rather than plunging into a dark unknown. Yet Socialism forces itself upon the public and may any day become vital in the affairs of any one or more of the greatest nations.





TO THE WIND

Wind, breathe thine art
Upon my heart;
Blow the wild sweet in!
Let my song begin.

Bring measures grave;
The hill pines wave;
Blow with thee along
All the valley song.

Hymn of the night,
Hymn of the light,
Rhythm of land and sea,
Breathe to the heart of me.

Swift wind of God,
Quickening the clod,
Give of the heavens strong
My heart a song!

II

Wind in the late September bough,
Rocking the empty nest,
Never before so sweet as now
Your melody of rest.

Is it because so close they be,
The loss, the bitter smart,—
The sighing in the naked tree,
The crying in the heart?
—*John Vance Cheney in Atlantic Monthly.*



IS IT TRUE?

IT is hard to tell just how highly to think of ourselves. In our childhood days we are exhorted to be humble and to regard our attainments with all lowliness of spirit. As we grow up, we hear many a time and oft that only those who push and pull are the successful ones. Fre-

quently the question is asked concerning an extremely mediocre man—"How has he managed to reach such prominence?" Sometimes the reply descends to school-boy vocabulary and becomes the one word—"cheek."

Now it would be a brave journal which would hint that Canadian girls are not the very finest specimens of the sex. While the Canadian woman has not yet shown a desire to pose in United States fashion as the most wonderful feminine being in the whole scale of creation, she has, nevertheless, a fairly good opinion of herself. But it is just as well to listen occasionally to the voice of the critic and learn thereby. Some months ago, that attractive journal, *Canada*, published a letter by *An Anglo-Canadian* who was in some respects very friendly to this country, but who ventured on some adverse comments:

"Comparatively few girls (in Canada) make themselves happy with a quiet home life; in the majority of cases the homes are merely centres outside which they get their pleasures. I remember asking a girl of seventeen if she had had happy holidays, and her answer seemed to me most pathetic: 'Oh yes, a lovely time! I did not spend one evening at home, and I only had tea three times.'

"The Canadian girl has certainly many wholesome pleasures within reach, but from my experience she is dependent upon them for her happiness, and this I do not

find the case to nearly so large an extent with English girls, who are generally quite content with the pleasures they get in their own home circle."

The writer tells only one side of the story. It is quite natural that a girl of seventeen, full of kittenish fun and frolic, should be never so happy as when she is "on the go." But that same girl is likely to assume domestic responsibilities with cheerfulness and resource and to show herself quite equal to the serious duties of life. Certainly no women worked harder than the pioneer wives and mothers of this country. Their descendants do not need to churn, to make their own soap and bake their own bread. Some Canadian girls may be utterly frivolous, but they have yet to equal the fashionable excesses of English society. Home life is more carefully guarded in Canada than in England. Divorce, for instance, is much more common in the old country than in the Dominion. Taking it altogether, we think that "Anglo-Canadian" could hardly prove her case, and has probably mistaken the brightness of Canadian girls for levity and lack of the domestic virtues. Canadians do not take their pleasures sadly. They do not, as a rule, fail in decorum, but they do not regard the rink, the tennis-courts or the canoe as enemies to home life. An outdoor life and a merry one is a good motto and most Canadian women get too much of the air of furnace-heated rooms and too little of the breeze from the pine country—which is the finest tonic manufactured in the finest land in the Empire. Doesn't that sound like Uncle Sam's boasting?



MY LADY NICOTINE

THE matter of smoking has been discussed quite seriously by certain women's journals in the old country. It seems to be a fad with the so-called "smart set," but it is doubtful whether any refined Englishwoman would tolerate the practice. It is all very well to ask why smoking should be considered an admirable indulgence for man, and a disgusting habit for woman. The characteristic of daintiness in personal habits will

always belong to the ideal woman, and assuredly the stained fingers of the cigarette user, while unpleasant in man, are absolutely repulsive in woman. Very few assert that smoking is wrong, but most of us feel that the woman who is addicted to the nicotine habit has lost in both grace and delicacy. The shrine of *My Lady Nicotine* should be for masculine devotees only. Canadian women have not followed the lead of fashionable New York and London, and smoking at a gathering of fair ladies is comparatively unknown in this country.

In one of Mr. Ade's social comedies there is a suggestive dialogue between a South Sea Islander and a modern citizen of the United States. Says the former: "Do your ladies smoke?"

"Our ladies may," was the reply, "but our women don't."

Only those who are consumed with a desire to be "smart" are in the habit of resorting to the cigarette for comfort. The woman who has no need to advertise her advanced views is quite content to leave tobacco to the newly rich and the loudly vulgar.



A SPOOL OF THREAD

NO one needs to be informed the prices are high, that loaves are smaller and butter dearer. But another danger threatens. From San Francisco comes the dire news that the price of a spool of thread—just plain, everyday thread—is ten cents. The *Argonaut* thus discourses on the subject:

"There is no need to remind the average householder that the cost of living is increasing. There is no fact of which he is more painfully conscious. He watches the price of necessities rise day by day with all the agility of a gas meter, and it is no longer a question with him what he shall buy, but rather what he shall do without. Now it seems that the price of thread is to be increased to ten cents a spool and we are glad to hear it, because at last there will be something doing. Men are tame-spirited and long-suffering creatures at best, but to ask a woman to pay ten cents for a spool of thread—and

poor thread at that—is simply to invite trouble.”

Then the explanation for this horrible state of affairs is given. According to the *Financial Chronicle*, the whole tendency of “legislation, of agitation and of agreement has been in the direction of giving the labourer more and more money for less and less work. Now, labour is a commodity, just like butter or cheese, but it is unlike butter or cheese, inasmuch as it enters into the production of all other commodities. The good women who will presently seethe with indignation at having to give ten cents for a spool of thread will be very much deceived if they attribute their misfortune to the greed of some corporation. That may be one of the factors, but the chief reason is to be found in the fact that the workmen, as a whole, who are handling the thread from the raw product upward, are now getting more money for less work than ever before. That is to say, one of the chief factors in the production of thread has enormously increased in price and the consumer has to pay the bill.”

Let us hope that the expensive spool will confine itself to the United States and not roll across the border into Canada.



THE IMPERIAL COLOUR

ENGLISH and French fashion authorities declare that purple is to be popular this autumn. A writer for the *Bystander* says: “The strong, vivid shade of bishops’ purple has found unmitigated favour, and within comparatively recent days it has been privileged to find a contrast in navy blue. A navy blue tailor-made suit, with the cutaway morning-coat so well beloved, worn with a large purple straw hat, ornamented with a diadem wreath of deeper mauve giant convolvulus, mauve silk petticoat, comprise an attire amenable to many early autumn vicissitudes.”

The meaning of the last clause is not exactly clear, but it has a pleasing alliterative ring, and the description of that costume is enough to make any woman’s eyes glisten with longing. But there is a fly in the ointment—or in the purple dye. The proper shade of this fashionable

colour has a price which is well-nigh prohibitive, but there is another and more subdued shade which passes with the multitude, so long as the richer tint is not in the neighbourhood. So it is bishops’ purple that we shall be wearing, in gowns and plumes and even in gloves, until the snows of December fall.



THE TALKING SEX

DO women talk too much? Most of us repudiate the charge at such length as to prove it. At last there has arisen a man who is both truthful and gallant enough to admit: “In fact, the world would be a much grayer place than it is if women had not studied talking.” Toronto is not considered a polite town. Many outsiders describe it by a term which is suggestive of bacon and boorishness. But the man who made that admission is the editor of the *Toronto Sunday World* (which, by the way, is published on Saturday night), and the only mistake in the declaration is the insinuation that woman has *studied* talking. She has no need for such a tiresome method. She “comes by” such expression as naturally as the small boy uses his fists. There have been few great women in artistic creation. But when it comes to conversation, man willingly and speedily retires in favour of the speaking sisterhood, and leaves woman to show how complete is her mastery of talking as a fine—and enduring art.



THE CHOCOLATE HABIT

MISS BOTHA and other colonial young women have drawn upon themselves the censure of certain English critics because they “ate chocolates during the whole play,” at the Comedy Theatre. The said critic declares that such a practice is crude and provincial, stamping the young person so indulging as ill-bred. This is rather severe judgment, but there may be something in it. Too many Canadian girls are like the Boer maiden in this respect. It may be admitted that chocolates are a delight unto the palate and that most women would not turn away from a box of dusky beauties with

cherries, violets and candied rose-leaves strewn carelessly among them. But there is a time to refrain from eating chocolates and there is no doubt that the devouring of either peanuts or candy in a theatre is dangerously near vulgarity. Chewing gum is, of course, unpardonable, but the eating habit is almost as bad when it is manifested at a concert or play. Surely one can wait until Romeo and Juliet are safely stowed away in the tomb of "all the Capulets" before one resorts to refreshment. There are times when the chocolate habit seems fatally incongruous. At one of the finest concerts of the season, just as the chorus and the orchestra were reaching the supreme heights of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, a flaxen-headed maiden with vacant blue eyes calmly stuffed a plump bon-bon between her full red lips. That girl is not to be trusted. She is fit for treasons, stratagems and all manner of spoils. She is utterly and tragically hopeless.



A BOOK WORTH READING

THOSE Canadians who read current fiction have awakened to the fact that *Joseph Vance* and *Alice-for-Short* are two delightful books, written by an author who is a spiritual brother of Charles Dickens. Perhaps, after all, the readers were not much surprised to learn that the author, William De Morgan, was sixty-seven years of age before he gave his first novel, *Joseph Vance*, to a world which has all too few of such creations. There is a clearness of vision, a gentleness of



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS CHRISTIAN

judgment in the volume which belong to him who has learned through the years "to see life steadily and see it whole."

Alice-for-Short is a curious title for a story which wanders for many, many pages through a maze of characters and incidents. The excursions from the main road of the story are frequent, but the by-paths are strewn with English wild-flowers. In these days, when even a gifted writer like Miss Sinclair considers it her duty to inflict such sordid dismalness as *The Helpmate* on a weary world, it is refreshing to find two English novels of such wholesome strength and sweetness as those which have come from the quiet study of William De Morgan.

Jean Graham.



The Front Window

BY sounding persistently on the port side, being careful to keep the ropes away from the driving apparatus, they had at last struck the rocky shoal where the bass were known to lie. The puffing of the gasolene then ceased, and the anchor was immediately cast. Bass seem to be universally respected to the full meaning of the word "gamy," and therefore eagerness to feel a two-pounder strike bait was an interesting manifestation. The launch contained ten men, men of business, men whose daily calling was very different from the pursuit of fish, and yet the ten of them displayed rare knowledge about the effect of sun and shadow and wind and rain on the susceptibilities of the finned creatures that follow the courses of many waters. Rod and tackle were at hand for all, so that it was not long before the click of reel and swish of line could be heard against the ripple of the water at the launch's side. Dew worms were the bait, dew worms that had been captured by lantern light on some lawn and sold by the hundred. Small fry and grasshoppers, so the information came, are on certain days and in certain seasons quite as tempting as worms, but worms are more available in most places. So it was worms on this occasion.

To see ten hard-headed business or professional men kneeling on plush cushions and leaning against the gunwale of a gasolene launch, with rod in hand and an expression of real elation on their faces, is to be witness of a spectacle that furnishes illuminating assurance that humanity flourishes by contrast, that man, like other creatures and things, yearns for the

farther shore of the river and takes no delight in anything that is not negative to his positive or positive to his negative. Nature abhors a vacuum, and monotony is equally ill-favoured. Likewise man delights in contrast. He must have shadow to stand out against light; he must have cold before he can appreciate heat, and weakness before he can know the glory of strength.

And thus we find the jaded business man of the city seeking contrast from his daily round by plying a line in the hope of attracting an unwary fish. And thus we find fishermen, depressed by a surfeit of baiting and catching, seeking distraction amidst the noises of the city or the odours of the grog shop. The ten business men on this occasion had no need or wish for fish as food, and yet we saw them casting line with a zest and eagerness that from a certain point of view was amazing. From all appearance, they were simply trying to catch fish, but in reality they were experiencing the exhilaration of contrast and change, the excitement of uncertainty, and the prompting effect of anticipation.

Fishing seems to have some dependence on strength of wind, light of the sun, amount of cloud, and time of day. Obviously, the ten men had appreciation in that respect, for after they had rebaited the hooks and cursed the calm, one of them was heard to observe that it was a pity they had not got out earlier and let breakfast be hanged. At any rate, they were not catching fish. But there was plenty of refreshment, both solid and liquid, aboard, and so it afforded a bit of con-

trast in itself just to turn around and have a try at something.

Soon conditions changed. The water began to ripple, and the sun was lightly overcast. Still, it was scarcely the right time of day for bass, even though an occasional perch languidly took bait. Suddenly one of the ten braced himself and gripped his pole with both hands. The rapid swish of line through water and the leap into air proclaimed a bass, and every one dropped his own pole in order that he might be untrammelled when giving advice as to how the fish ought to be captured. Judging by the expressions of the nine whose hooks the bass had slighted, the one who held the lucky pole knew nothing whatever about the art of angling. On one hand he was advised to reel out, and, on another hand, to reel in. He was urged, cajoled, enjoined, and even threatened. There were two catastrophes most to be avoided: not to let the bass off the hook, nor to so play him that the pole would snap. It really seemed as if he had no right to an opinion of his own. Owing to the scarcity of bass, his own identity as an amateur fisherman was merged with the identity of his nine companions, so that if he lost the fish, indignation would be heaped upon him tenfold.

Meantime, the bass was rending the water with right-hand and left-hand dashes, and the eagerness to proffer advice that could be heard showed no sign of abating. If the one at the pole acted as if he were about to lift the fish out of the water, he was entreated on all sides to wait for some one to gaff it. The man next to him at last lost all respect for etiquette, and simply took hold of the pole himself. That action at once elicited a series of protests, but immediately thereafter the fish appeared two feet above water, and was just being swung aboard when the hook slipped and it fell with a sickening splash back into its own element.

The remorse that follows the escape of a fish is undoubtedly keen in all circumstances; at least, it was so in those far-away, misty days when, barefoot and eager-eyed, we followed the dust-lined road to the spot on the old bridge whence

we could see the gurgling stream come into sight under Jimmy Bell's fence, turn down over the shallow reaches towards the highway, pass the alderberry bushes, creep along under the planks at our very feet, turn again to the left at the root of the poplar, strike out in bolder certainty as the sun filtered through the elms to show the verdant wholesomeness of the meadow, and finally to outstretch the eye into the cool, sequestered depths of the entangled willows. To chase a chubb from sod to sod, to lie down flat and try to secure it by thrusting willing hands recklessly after it, to hear the water moving softly by, and see the iridescent gleam of a summer sun on the rippled surface, was to us quite as entrancing as the effort was of the ten men of business to catch bass on the shoals of Lake Simcoe.

But what a difference!

The contrast brings to mind an afternoon of the long ago, when the warm sun had dried the grass of dew and blackbirds were whistling in the willows beyond the bend. We had startled a lusty chubb from his nap under the forked log above the bridge, and had watched with quickened eagerness his dark form quiver through the water and disappear into the shadows of a convenient sod. The chubb was larger than the ones we had been pleased to chase on a Saturday afternoon of the earlier season, and so we had increased eagerness to possess him. Hook and line were of no advantage now, because a fish thus perturbed would not readily rise to proffered bait. Therefore it was a case for the hands, a case in which all the thrill of line-jerking would be reduced to the commonplace by the greater and subtler delight of immediate, personal contact. To roll one's sleeves to the shoulder and lie prone on the sod, was but the work of a moment, and then an instant was indulged with a glance at the pebbles on the bottom, at the small fry dodging in and out amongst the sunbeams and at the merciless crab crawling backwards into the hole.

One hand, the fingers spread wide apart to receive the warning touch, reached down at the upper end of the sod, and the other hand, similarly distended, went down at the lower end. There was tempta-

tion, perhaps, to grip a willing shiner or a lazy minnow, but they were suffered to escape by the desire to feel the horns of the chubb rasp the palm and his stout body convulse when the fingers closed. But for one sickening moment it seemed as if he had gone, for the fingers had failed to locate him. Then, as if possessed of no instinct of danger, he lolled out from an inner recess and submitted to an intimate fondling before the fingers felt sufficiently sure that the moment for tightening had come.

There was an instant of joyous suspense, and then a deliberate contraction, in which the confiding chubb found himself more than comfortably embraced. A sure hold having been obtained, the fish was raised from the water and carried to a safe distance for examination. It proved to be a splendid specimen of its kind.

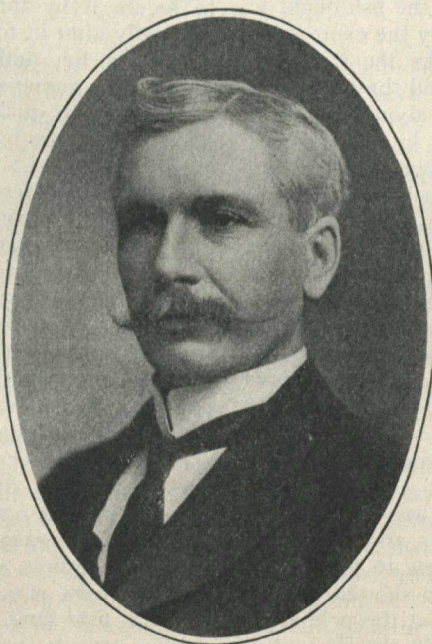
"It's a Benjamin!" we exclaimed in the excitement of so supreme a capture, and to this day that fish is recalled by no other name. It stands out as a background for much later experience, as a gauge for exultation or disappointment.

We did not need that chubb for meat, nor could we sell it. But we needed the contrast its capture afforded with the routine of school, the change from the monotony of study or work to the open field, the open mind and the open lung. And so it was with the ten hard-headed men of business; and thus it is that (although in actuality it is a far cry) we find little difference between the motive of the small boy with his bare hands and the grown man with all the comforts and facilities for his gasolene launch.

THE MAN NOT THE POSITION

THE action of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in continuing his practice of calling to Council men who have first gained their experience in the Provincial field could not possibly please everybody. It seems almost natural that he should pursue that policy, for Provincial politics was the avenue through which he himself first gained an entrance into the larger arena. But that is neither here nor there.

The important part about the appointments is the assurance that seems to be given that certain portfolios need not go to men from certain Provinces. There had been almost a tradition that the portfolio of railways must go to a man from New Brunswick. But now Mr. Graham, an Ontario man, has it. The change will at least be interesting, and one well worth a trial under present conditions. No matter how rigid a man may be, he is superhuman if he can withstand the claims of friendship or the demands of kinship. Most persons know that the operation of the



HON. GEORGE P. GRAHAM, THE NEW MINISTER OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS

Intercolonial Railway in the Maritime Provinces provides employment for a considerable proportion of the population of that part of the Dominion, and that there is abundant opportunity for the Minister of Railways to practise the art of preferment and to consider the claims of his friends and supporters, the number of whom surely must be legion after a career in Provincial politics. Mr. Graham should be able to go to the position without that horde of place-seekers at his heels. To be sure, the proneness to rely on political prestige for appoint-

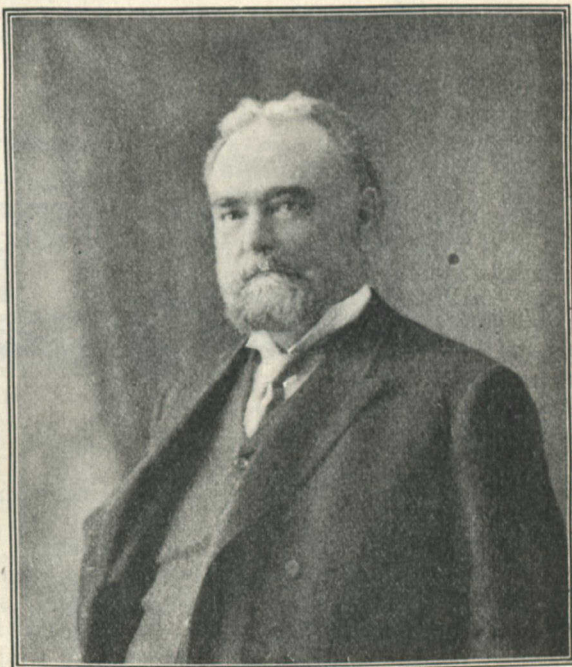
ment is just as much a weakness in Ontario as it is in the Maritime Provinces, but it is scarcely likely that many of those who might have hoped for something from Mr. Graham's elevation would care to sever other ties and go to a Province and to conditions new to them.

The appointments of Mr. Graham to the Ministry of Railways and of Mr. Pugsley to the Ministry of Public Works provide another thing worth noting. Some party men have had a tendency to feel that length of service in the party should have weight over other qualifications; for instance, that a man who has been an unswerving supporter of the party in the House of Commons for many years should get whatever honour the party in the federal field can give him. But they forget that honours and service are two different things. What the people want is an efficient administration of the affairs of the Dominion, irrespective of the personal disappointments of ambitious politicians. The wisdom of any choice from among a group of men is always debatable, but there can be no question of whether the position should be found for the man or the man for the position.

W

THE PERIL IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

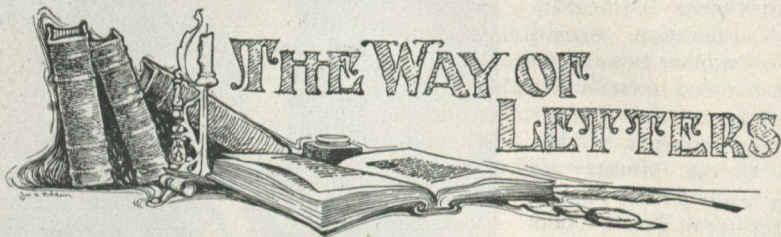
TWO things should be kept constantly to the front by those who pretend to think at all about the apparent crisis that has been reached in British Columbia. The first is that a refusal to admit the Japanese or any other people affords an opportunity to brand Canada as a country wherein the traditions of liberty, freedom and British fair play have failed of perpetuity. The second is that if we open our gates and admit freely, we run the tremendous risk of experiencing what as yet is, happily, known only as "the yellow peril," a peril that might easily become a terrible reality. If the whites



HON. WILLIAM PUGSLEY, THE NEW MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS

are to predominate, and we must predominate, how can it be done without a sacrifice of either honour or prestige? That is the difficulty that the Government have to face. It is a very grave difficulty. We know with what indignation we have received news of the Chinese taking measures to exclude "foreign devils" from their vast domains. Undoubtedly other nationalities have a sense of indignation equal to ours. A large percentage of the population of British Columbia wish to exclude cheap labour, but they should be careful not to injure their cause. And so long as the Japanese or Chinese or any others reside in Canada, they must receive the same consideration and the same protection as any other class or all classes of the community. When they are here we must accept the responsibilities of their presence.

The Editor



WHEN Wilfred Campbell undertook to write a book on Canada he had before him a somewhat imposing task. It was possible to approach the subject from three distinct and fairly comprehensive standpoints—history, commerce and natural characteristics. He might have included all three, but in that case he would likely have failed to do justice to any. Being a poet himself, he naturally chose the most picturesque standpoint, and we therefore find in "Canada" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$6 net) an artful appreciation of the composition and varying aspects of the Dominion, quite apart from what might be regarded as the more material qualities, the qualities of productiveness, of resourcefulness and of profitability. In that he made a wise choice, for the things about which he might likely have written are the very things that everybody sees, the very things about which almost everybody would have expected him to write. All of us cannot see with the poet's eye the glory of our eternal hills, nor feel with the poet's sensitiveness the seductiveness of our autumn woods. We cannot even hear as he hears the music of the pines, nor absorb with his gusto the warmth of our sunlight and the exhilaration of our seasons. But we may all read the book, and, having done so, come to a fuller conception of our heritage, a fuller appreciation of our wonderful land. The chapter entitled "The Seasons and Woods" is indeed a remarkable essay in itself. Two paragraphs of it are here quoted:

"Far different from the others is the

identity of the pine forest. As the beechwood is Greek in its suggestion, and the maple and elm-wood Gothic, so the pine-wood is in its whole character distinctly Celtic. There is an undefiled wildness and a sense of primitive savagery under its mighty shades, where in the stillest day one could hear one of its needles drop for half a mile, and where at other times the wind roars like the Atlantic in the swaying tops. Its poetry is more that of Ossian than of Homer. Everything here suggests withdrawal and seclusion, that almost childish pride in self which is so true of the Celt. There is that shadowed gloom which seems to hold an imagination peculiarly its own. And the sunlight which reaches these deeps seems to stab with a passion that only the true Celt can feel.

"There is a sense of awe which pervades these precincts. But it is not the spiritual reverence of the Gothic aisle. It is the sense of the unknown, felt by the child of the primitive world, when he first found himself alone. There is a kinship here to the ancient Hebrew idea of Deity, as He walked 'in the garden in the cool' or the wind of the day. It is not the bending down, spiritual Deity, but the god of the primal world, aloof and alien from man, feared and sought only in the fierce elements, and propitiated only in human sacrifice and physical delight."

The attractiveness of the volume is greatly increased by a series of exquisite reproductions in colours of paintings by T. Mower Martin. There are seventy-seven of them in all, and those who know

Mr. Martin's work will have no doubt about their quality. The subjects of the pictures are in keeping with the text.



A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

THE early rush of fortune-seekers into Missouri and Nebraska has furnished foundation for a rather pretty romance by William R. Lighton, entitled "The Shadow of a Great Rock" (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25). Before the advent of railways in the western States an immense amount of teaming was done by oxen, and even those who wished eventually to go as far as the Pacific coast depended largely on these docile animals for their means of transportation. So it happened in the case of a beautiful young woman, Dorothy Braidlock, who had undertaken to reform her drunken brother by removing him from tempting associations and giving him a chance to start afresh among strangers. During the hardships of the trip she encountered Mark Bailey, a young man who had gone out there to try his luck. The two were thrown much together, and it is an account of the development of their regard for each other in circumstances so unconventional that adds interest to the book, apart from its value as a picture of a most portentous occasion. It is a rather unusual setting for a novel, but the author has seized on its most picturesque aspects, and has woven a plot whose action nearly all takes place during the progress of the ox-waggons across those uncharitable stretches.



LAST OF THOMAS DIXON'S TRILOGY

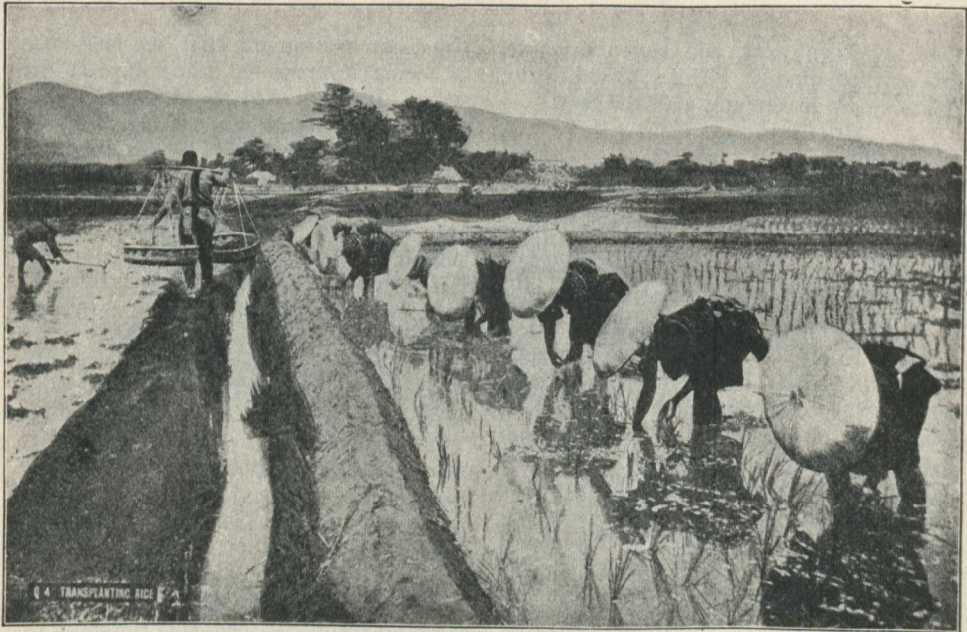
THOMAS DIXON, Jun., has finished the last of his series of novels known as *The Trilogy of Reconstruction*, and consequently "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman" are followed with "The Traitor" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25), a story that possesses the happy quality of progressive improvement. Unlike most novels it is not very promising at the outset, but it increases in interest to a marked degree as the chapters go by, until it enters upon

situations so dramatic that one feels sure of seeing it presented some day on the stage. It deals with the difficulties that were faced in the Piedmont region of the South, after the Civil War. The Ku Klux Klan again figures prominently, but it is disbanded at the propitious moment, and peace is restored. However, the subjection of the South and the entanglements that followed gave rise to a remarkable courtship between John Graham, leader of the Ku Klux Klan, and Dorothy Fairfax, the beautiful daughter of Judge Fairfax, who had sworn to rid the county of the Klan and bring the leader to justice. The story is written to enlist the sympathy of the reader with the cause of the Southerners, and in that respect also it is well done. Apart from its romantic aspect "The Traitor" has certain historical value, and if all the things which it discloses really existed as a result of the war, it would seem that there was some excuse for the *quasi* guerilla tactics that were practised in the South after peace had been at least nominally restored.



JAPAN AS SEEN BY A WOMAN

A PART from the world-wide attention that was directed to Japan owing to the war with Russia, that country is still in the limelight because of the aggressiveness of the Japanese in countries foreign from them. We have had lamentable evidence of that fact only too recently here in Canada, and therefore much interest centres in a volume written by Gertrude Adams Fisher entitled "A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan" (Boston: L. C. Page and Company). It is the more valuable from a popular standpoint because it tells of the customs and habits of the people of Japan as the author observed them herself rather than of the politics of that country. Nothing is minced or smoothed over. If there were vices to be seen in a casual way, they are dealt with in the book, and it may astonish some to know that the Geisha, which is popularly regarded as a picturesque and harmless means of entertainment, gives place to what might be regarded as a national vice. Some of the



IN THE RICE FIELDS

Illustration from "A Woman Alone in the Heart of Ja. an," by Gertrude Adams Fisher.

chapters deal with the following subjects: "The Cherry-blossom Season," "The Buddhist University and the Jud School," "The Great Japanese Industries, and the Stock Market," "Woman's Education in Japan." The volume is well illustrated with reproductions of actual photographs, and is in every respect a very attractive publication.



ROMAN ECONOMICS

IN "Roman Economic Conditions to the Close of the Republic," Prof. Edmund Henry Oliver has made a valuable contribution to the *University of Toronto Studies*. Prof. Oliver will be remembered as the Alexander Mackenzie Fellow in political science at the University of Toronto, and later as lecturer in history at McMaster University. He undertook the work of writing on the economics of Rome in order to fulfil an obligation incurred during his fellowship at the University of Toronto. He had long given a great deal of serious study to the subject, with the result that the volume may be regarded as a conscientious, illuminative treatment

of an extremely interesting period in the world's history.



THE DRESDEN ART GALLERY

LOVERS of art, students of the history of art, and those who are interested in noted collections of art, have much to interest them in "The Art of the Dresden Gallery," by Julia de Wolf Addison (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$2). The book is written from notes and observations on the old and modern masters and paintings in the royal collection by one who has devoted an immense amount of time to the study and appreciation of art as well in other famous collections as at Dresden. The Dresden gallery contains one of the most noted assemblies of pictures in the world, and it is without doubt one of the most interesting and valuable; in fact, not to know its contents is not to know art. It contains Raphael's San Sisto Madonna, that great master's greatest work; a gem by Van Eyck, a celebrated Holbein; many examples of Rubens and Rembrandt, Van Dyck's *Man in Armour*,

splendid specimens of the Venetians, with Titian's *Tribute Money*; the finest row of Correggios in Europe, and innumerable treasures in Flemish, Dutch and German art, besides a splendid Murillo. The author is not overly fulsome in her praise, because she admits that there is considerable indifferent work in the gallery. The collection was started by the Elector Augustus in 1560. The volume describing it in its present glory contains forty-eight full-page duogravure illustrations.



THE CANADIAN ANNUAL REVIEW

THE annual publication of "The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs," by J. Castell Hopkins (Toronto: The Annual Publishing Company) is always watched with interest, and it is now regarded as a valuable contribution to the discussion of public questions. The sixth issue, which deals with the year 1906, maintains the standard that had been set for it. Comparison is made between the trade of Canada, which rose to \$91 per head of population, and that of the United States, which was only \$40 per head. The volume contains almost 650 pages devoted to the affairs of the year, and there are as well numerous half-tone reproductions of photographs of persons who figured prominently in various capacities.



NOTES

—Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Weavers," which is regarded as the author's strongest work, and which has had the distinction of running serially in Harper's Magazine, will be issued in book form late in September in a Canadian Copyright Edition by The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto. The publishers report that they have received from the booksellers unusually large advance orders for this novel.



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Whose latest book "Haunters of the Silences" was reviewed in the August number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

—Under the editorship of the literary correspondent, Mr. J. H. W. Mackie, the Canadian Club of Toronto have issued a neat volume entitled "Proceedings of the Canadian Club, Toronto, for the year 1906-1907." The book contains all the speeches that were delivered before the Club last season, together with reproductions of photographs of the speakers, and it is therefore a valuable publication.

What Others Are Laughing at

STRINGER AND THE SAFE MAN

THE *Saturday Evening Post* tells this story of two Canadian writers now living in the United States: "Before Arthur Stringer came into the popular favour which he now enjoys as a writer of stories, he was living with a fellow

author, Harry O'Higgins, on the top floor of the old studio building at 146 Fifth Avenue, New York. It was very bohemian, that top floor, with one whole wall, in what they called The Chamber of a Thousand Sorrows, papered with rejection slips from editors. But in winter it was as cold as charity, for the only steam heat was in the halls. So Stringer and O'Higgins, in those early 'lean years,' used to hang an old burlap curtain across their stair-head, and, when the rest of the house had settled down to slumber and quietness, used to take up their beds, or rather their two-dollar cots, and steal out in their pyjamas to the hallway, to slumber in that nice, warm, and steam-heated atmosphere.

"Stringer had been wrestling with a safe-breaking story, and had read a vault advertisement in the back of a magazine where 'catalogues free' were announced. So, naturally enough, he ventured to write and ask for all descriptive catalogues dealing with extra-large burglar-proof vaults. That Fifth Avenue address brought a silk-hatted and frock-coated representative of the well-known Broadway safe-makers over, with the catalogues in question, the very next morning. He ascended those shabby studio stairs, flight by flight, with gradually darkening hopes. When he lifted the old burlap curtain and discovered that the recumbent frame on the two-dollar cot was his dreamed-of purchaser, he gave vent to one silent look of disgust, and departed without a word!

"And O'Higgins always claimed that



A CORDIAL SMILE

—Punch.

Stringer threw a milk-bottle at the man for waking him up at ten o'clock in the morning!"



ANY ONE BUT THE COOK

A MAN shouldn't marry his cook—no matter how well she cooks. He will probably lose a good friend in the kitchen for an indifferent one in the dining-room.—*The Lone Hand.*



A CURIOUS DEBTOR

"I WAS asked to find out when you would pay this little account," said the collector pleasantly.

"Really," answered the debtor, "I am unable to enlighten you. However, there is a soothsayer in the next block who throws a fit and reveals the future at fifty cents a throw."

"I've no money to waste," growled the collector.

"Just add the fifty cents to my account," continued the other, "for I have curiosity on the point myself."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



A LUCKY MONTH

SOMETHING at the Dutch Treat Club dinner recently reminded George Mallon, of the *Sun*, of an old man up in Malone, N.Y., called Uncle Ike. He was so famed for his wisdom that whenever anything extraordinary happened, the villagers always asked: "What does Uncle Ike say?"

Once a man became ill there and had to go West. Word came back to Malone about the end of the winter that he had reached the point of death. Everybody naturally asked: "What does Uncle Ike say?"

"He'll live till June," said Uncle Ike, promptly.

"Why do you think so?" asked Malone, breathlessly.

"Well," answered Uncle Ike, sagely, "he always has."—*Everybody's.*



WHAT IS MOLLYCODDLE

THIS paper tried last week to help a correspondent to an understanding of the significance of the word "mollycoddle," recently popularised by the President. We gave the Century Diction-



LITTLE WILLIE BEAR: "Oh, please, father, do buy me one of these cute little Teddy-men!"—*Life.*

ary's definition. Perhaps a more vivid conception of the idea sought to be conveyed by the President's word will be imparted if we define a mollycoddle, in language once attributed to an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as a person with a chocolate-eclair backbone.—*Harper's Weekly.*



NO CHANGING THE LOG

ON a certain ship the mate was too fond of the cup that cheers. The captain did his utmost to break him of this habit, and, everything else failing, told him that the next time he was drunk he would write it in the log. For a long time after this the mate stopped drinking, but one day he fell into his old habit. Thereupon the captain wrote the following entry in the log:

"August 12, 19—; 60 deg. north longitude, 70 deg. west latitude. Mate Jones is drunk to-day."

The mate begged him to take this off, saying that it would spoil his chances of ever being made captain of a ship. But the captain said, "It's true, isn't it?"

"Yes; but—" replied the mate.

"Well," said the captain, "the record stands."

A few days later the mate had to write the entry. On looking over the log the amazed captain saw this entry:

"August 15, 19—; 80 deg. north longitude, 67 deg. west latitude. Captain Smith is sober to-day."



"What are those boys fighting about?"
 "Just me."—*Life*.

He sent for the mate and demanded what he meant by such an entry, ordering him to take it off.

"Well," said the mate, "it's true, isn't it?"

"Of course it's true!" roared the captain.

"Then the record stands," replied the mate.—*Judge*.



COULDN'T BE BRIBED ON CREDIT

IN one of the Upper Peninsula counties of Michigan is a lawyer, not a bad fellow, but possessing the capacity to say the wrong thing at the right time. He was recently employed as attorney for the plaintiff in an action before a justice growing out of an assault. The defendant and plaintiff are labourers, both foreigners, and the defendant, as soon as process was

served, anxious to settle, went to see the plaintiff's attorney to effect a compromise. He had no money, but was profuse in promises to fix it up "pay day," and told the attorney if he consented to fixing the matter up he would make it right with him personally. Assuming that dignity which pertains to the profession, and filled with righteous indignation over the mere suggestions of payment from the opposition, he replied in just anger:

"My dear sir, I am the plaintiff's attorney in this case, and can't accept any compromise without consulting my client, and you must not come to me with such a proposition. I want you people to distinctly understand once for all time that you can't bribe an honest lawyer, *on credit*."—*Green Bag*.



DEFINITION OF A LIE

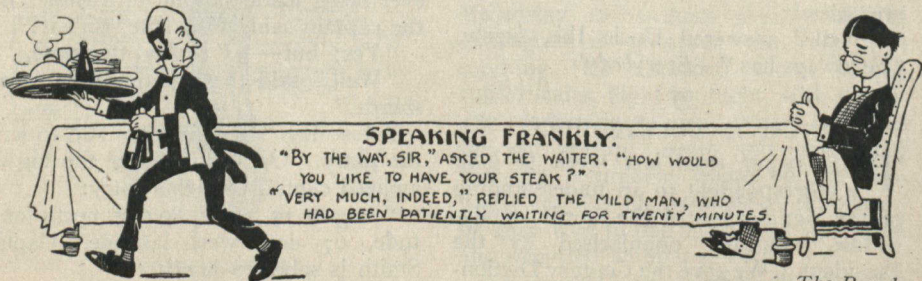
THE vicar was addressing the school on the subject of truth. He expounded at some length on the wickedness of lying, and before going on to the merits of speaking the truth he thought he would see if the children really understood him.

"Now," said he, "can any one tell me what a lie is?"

Immediately a number of small hands shot up. The vicar selected a bright-looking youngster.

"Well, my little man?"

"Please, sir, a lie is an abomination unto every one, but a very pleasant help in time of trouble."—*Lutheran Observer*.



—*The Royal*.

A Remarkable Irish Industry

WITH the tide of Canadian tourists to Great Britain increasing each season, a greater number visited Ireland this year on account of the International Exhibition, where the Canadian Pavilion was a centre of attraction, but particularly more so the various interesting exhibits of Irish products and manufactures, affording evident proofs of the progress and development generally of Irish industry and trade. Numerous efforts have been made in recent years to increase the agricultural and industrial resources of the country by philanthropic and other means, to develop the well-known native skill and talent in the production of so many articles of use and fabrics for personal wear.

The products of the Irish peasants have long been famed for their quality and excellent workmanship, but notwithstanding the knowledge, taste and economy displayed by these industrious cottagers, they were long hindered by being unable to find a profitable and steady market.

The value and popularity of Irish homespuns, tweeds, linens, and laces, are fully recognized the world over; the real homespun is unequalled for wear, and the Irish tweed for all manner of outdoor apparel is not surpassed for durability or hard usage in the most rigorous climate. These goods have become more popular of late seasons than at any previous period. This has been in a large measure due to the energy and enterprise of the noted firm of Messrs. Hamilton & Co., "The White House," Portrush, Ireland. Portrush is a beautiful resort, situated in the north-west corner of Antrim County, North of Ireland, a district every Canadian tourist should visit. A short journey from Belfast—the surrounding vicinity—the Giant's Causeway, and other points being full of interest. But the White House, itself, is a veritable exhibition of Irish peasant industry.

Here has been steadily developed a constant and growing demand for all the home work that can be produced during the year in the hundreds of cottages through all the most northern parts of Ireland. The business originated with the

production of homespuns by Mr. H. Hamilton less than twenty years since, and soon became famous as "Hamilton's Irish Homespuns." The firm have made that their unique specialty—knowing that among woven woollen fabrics for clothing, no material could compete for true economy of wear. Many departments have been added in the now spacious premises of "The White House," Portrush. Irish tweeds, friezes, serges, linens, laces, hosiery, pottery, bog oak novelties, etc.; in fact, all the handiwork of the Irish peasant, and every article of an exceptionally high standard, being as distinctive in quality and character as the original genuine homespuns. Fully equipped clothing and tailoring departments supply costumes for ladies, in men's wear, business and travelling suits, overcoats, rugs, sporting outfits, measurements being sent by post—a perfect fit is assured, as hundreds of appreciative testimonials show.

In the interest of lady readers, mention must be made of the many exquisite and rare specimens of Irish lace—in such profusion of design—and the embroideries and pure table linens.

"The White House" has been termed a regular trading centre for the Irish peasant, for here these hundreds of skilled Celtic craftsmen, with such artistic talent, can dispose of their very best work. They find "The White House" a great distributing point for their work over all parts of the world, besides obtaining a fair market value for their product and labour.

Every patron of "The White House," and these are to be found in almost any part of the globe, can rely upon the absolute quality of the fabric or article desired, and the very best value, the real Irish work being procured from the peasants themselves at first hand.

Messrs. Hamilton & Co. will send any reader of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE their illustrated budget, containing a complete list of the great variety of articles they can supply—patterns of homespuns and tweeds, which are specially suitable for Canadian wear—on application to "THE WHITE HOUSE," PORTRUSH, IRELAND.

Men's Clothes for Winter

AS SEEN BY HIM

I WAS accorded the privilege of a long chat with the Head of the House which has come to be regarded as something of a Legislature or Supreme Court in the matter of masculine attire. It makes laws and interprets them. It has carried the city fashions simultaneously to the country towns and villages, and may be said to set the fashions for the whole of Canada.

One cannot get his name on the books of this high-class tailoring house, for they sell for cash. "We cannot afford to let one man pay the losses we might incur through misplaced confidence, so we do not run the risk," said the Managing Director, as he explained that this was one invariable rule which had helped in the early days to attract and hold the very best people in each community.

The Head of the House said: "We have exactly one hundred stores and agencies in Canada, and our system combines the smartness of the American style with the sterling worth of the British tailors. We avoid the flimsy fabrics of the one and the lack of good style in the other. Through our agencies we do an enormous business."

The President of the Semi-Ready Company, the authority in question, says that men with good clothes which are just a little old, are not giving them away as they did in former years, for there is not this year any sudden or great change in the fashions.

"Of course there are a few novelties, and some fine soft greens and elephant shades which cannot be duplicated by the ordinary tailor. There are fabrics which have not been imitated and done to death by the second and third-class tailoring establishments. But still, the good dresser does not care for striking novelties. The best dressed men in Canada are those who show character and individuality in their choice. It is only the incompetent dresser who makes a mistake. The present season is one of 'modifying,' one might say, for the changes are only apparent when the coats are placed side by side.

For the first time in Canada a tailor's fashion plate has been published by a Canadian house, and the artist's work, photo engravings and colour work have all been done in Canada. The fashion plate is now on exhibition in the Semi-Ready tailoring stores, and it shows the new styles in all the most-worn garments.

Published in conjunction with the fashion plate there is also a booklet entitled "As Seen

by Him," and this shows some of the supplementary styles in new fall and winter overcoats. These booklets are given away free to anyone interested. One of the features of the book is the publication for the first time of the full physique type chart, showing how the Semi-Ready system provides for 425 different sizes and figures.

Both book and fashion plate are creditable productions, and prove the skill of the Semi-Ready designers. The President of the Semi-Ready Company, in a recent review of fashions and fabrics, said:

"Anything decidedly new in woollens is usually brought out in summer, and the chief

novelties this fall are the impressionistic 'Elephant' shades in dark greys, which gradually shade into warm tones of brown or olive. They are shown in qualities which are bound to make them popular. They are unlike any patterns we have had, and they are of that soft and refined texture which will appeal to gentlemen of good taste. The 'Elephant' fabrics are shown, too, in a dark slate and mouse colour, varying into soft green and brownish shades.

"The new overcoatings are of a variety which will appeal to individual tastes, but the well-known plain black and Oxford grey vicunas, chevots and meltons will find the more adherents. In some countries the beavers and meltons are losing ground, but in Canada's wintry winds these cloths

make up in their close weave for the inadequate warmth as compared with the more fleecy llamas and chevots. Perhaps the smartest production of the Semi-Ready is the artistic design of the storm ulster, which is usually quite clumsy in appearance. The materials used are the thick, soft, chevot-finished Scotch cloths. They make one feel warm just to look at them.

"The dress suits are the *chef d'oeuvre* of the Semi-Ready. The manufacture of these high-class garments has helped to emphasize the pre-eminent advantages of the Semi-Ready System of tailoring, for these garments appeal to men who know. Dress suits are made of finest fabrics, with silk linings as good as a \$50 suit. The frock coats for the fall season vary but slightly from the designs made for the spring and summer season.

"We do not approve of startling novelties in dress, and we always avoid bizarre patterns and fabrics, for our desire is to appeal to and secure the better class of well-dressed men," concluded the President in his brief talk on good clothes.



BOVRIL

is beef—nothing but beef, and it contains the whole of the valuable properties of beef. A cup of Bovril may be taken with advantage at any time.

A small quantity of Bovril added to Stews, Hashes, etc., greatly improves the flavour of the dish and adds very materially to its nutritive value.

Bovril contains a large percentage of those elements in beef which go to form Blood, Bone and Brain; it is therefore a particularly useful food for growing children, especially as it is always relished.

GOLD MEDAL



FOR

Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition
1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

"A man is known by the candy he sends."

Stuyler's

Toronto Chocolate Creams

The most delicious confection
made in Canada

60c. Per Pound

Mail orders promptly and carefully filled.
130-132 Yonge Street, Toronto



THE BEAUTY of WOOLENS

and Flannels lies in their Softness and Fluffiness, and nothing Washable demands such Careful handling in the Wash. Avoid the Rubbing of Soap and Washboard that Mats the Fibres and makes them Hard and Shrunken before their time. Those who care most for Clean — Soft — Unshrunken Woolens and Flannels are Particular to Use PEARLINE according to directions.

Pearline
Directions for Washing
Woolens and Flannels.

"Wash Woolens and Flannels by Hand in lukewarm PEARLINE suds, Rinse thoroughly in Warm Water, Wring Dry, Pull and Shake well, Dry in warm temperature, and they will Keep Soft Without Shrinking."



Cleaning Elegant Gowns and Dresses

The methods used in these works make it safe for you to send here your finest garments for cleaning. You'll wonder how we do the work so perfectly, but that's another question. We do it. We know how.

R. PARKER & CO.

TORONTO, CAN.

Branch stores and agencies in all parts of Canada



How to Lie Awake—

DRINK COFFEE

Then after awhile you can have a round with **Nervous Prostration**. Plain old Common Sense suggests, leave off the irritating, delusive drug and use

POSTUM

and a 10 days' trial will prove

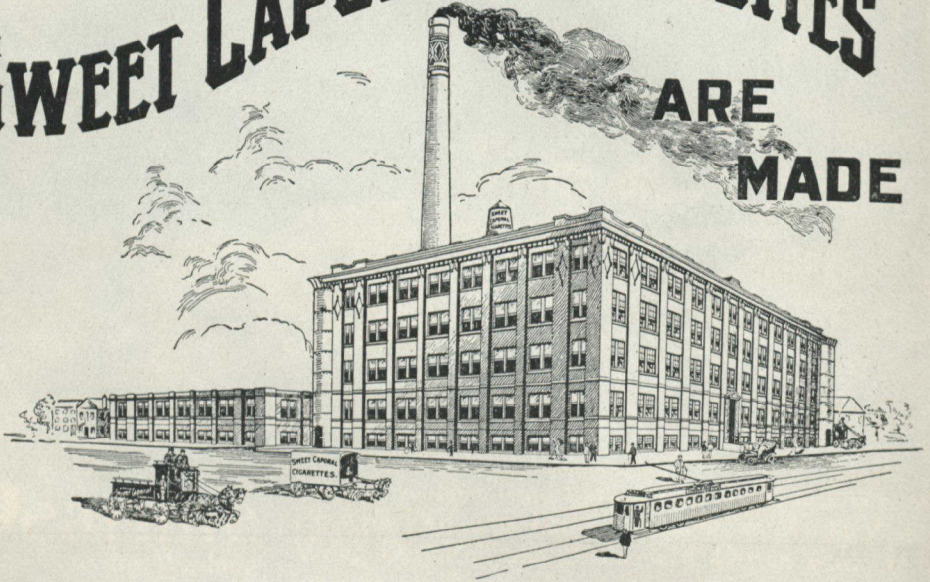
"There's a Reason"

Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

One has a "Divine Right" to feel fit as a Lord. Why not?

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U.S.A.

WHERE
SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
ARE
MADE



A Remarkable Group of Buildings

☛ In its industrial life Montreal is growing fast, and keeping pace with the rest of the Dominion. The illustration shows a group of buildings recently completed, where manufacturing operations are now in full swing on a larger scale than ever before.

☛ These new buildings are remarkable from an architectural point of view, because they are the finest of their kind in Canada. Constructed entirely of reinforced concrete their solidity and strength is evident even to the casual observer, and they are a striking example of this modern method of construction.

☛ Another remarkable fact is that these buildings form the largest tobacco factory in Canada. Their erection on this extensive scale was rendered necessary by the immense demand for **SWEET CAPORAL** Cigarettes, which are now made there.



Registered
U. S. Pat. Office

THE house of Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., established 1780, Dorchester, Mass., has grown to be the largest of its kind in the world, and it has achieved that result by always maintaining the highest standard in the quality of its cocoa and chocolate preparations and selling them at the lowest price for which unadulterated articles of high grade can be put upon the market. Statements in the press and in the reports of the Pure Food Commissioners show that there are on the market at this time many cocoas and chocolates which have been treated with adulterants, more or less injurious to health, for the purpose of cheapening the cost and giving a fictitious appearance of richness and strength. The safest course for consumers, therefore, is to buy goods bearing the name and trade-mark of a well-known and reputable manufacturer, and to make sure by a careful examination that they are getting what they order.



Good Things to Eat Every Day

"Variety is the spice of life"; and in the matter of diet a great aid to digestion. In having a goodly variety of delicious desserts the busy housewife can turn with relief to **"Crown Brand"** Corn Syrup. This new table delicacy will never fail her in her desire to make "something extra good" for any day.

"Crown Brand" Syrup will make many a delightful and economical dish when used with pastry or odd scraps of cake, bread, etc.

"Crown Brand" Syrup contains all the nourishment of corn in an easily digestible form—good for children and adults. For cleanliness, purity and **your convenience** your dealer has it in 2 lbs., 5 lbs., 10 lbs. and 20 lbs. air-tight tins with lever lids. Order some to-day.

"CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP

THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO., Limited
ESTABLISHED 1858

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"HUGUENOT" CLOTH

PRIESTLEY'S unrivalled dyeing and finishing have produced a cloth sure of immediate appeal to the present day's demand.

"HUGUENOT" Cloth contains all the durability and close texture of the old-time serge, with the soft, rich, draping qualities of a French cashmere.

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FAVORITE**



Colors include the latest shades, rich tints of red, green, blue, brown, and new evening shades.

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¶ Among stationary steam engines those of the Corliss type hold the leading place.

¶ Since the Corliss was invented over fifty years ago many attempts have been made to improve the steam engine along other lines, and some have met with a fair degree of success for particular purposes, but none has been able to dislodge the Corliss from its position of supremacy.

¶ None has been able to approach its record for economy, efficiency and durability.

¶ The Jenckes-Corliss is distinguished by excellence of design, by superior workmanship, by splendid running and governing qualities.

¶ We build it in all sizes for every service, in simple and compound styles, with the usual modifications.

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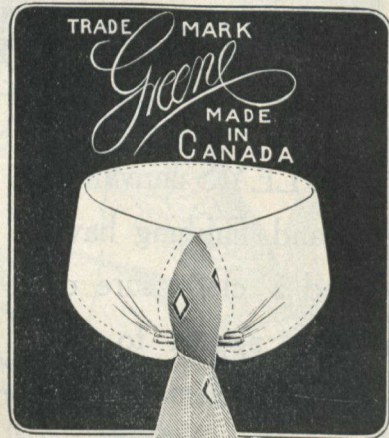
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COMPLETE COLLAR COMFORT
IN HOT WEATHER

AT THE BEST SHOPS



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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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Hammer the Hammer

The Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver won't go off unless you deliberately pull the trigger. Do that and you'll find it just as sure as it is safe. The straightest-shooting, hardest-hitting, most reliable revolver made to-day. Rightly proportioned, beautifully finished; a gentleman's pistol for pocket, desk, or bureau.

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Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge **\$7.50**

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge **\$8.50**

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For Summer Homes,
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Genuine "VICHY"
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is so highly prized for its
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Bladder Complaints that the water
is bottled under French Government Super-
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ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS

We Hail from Hull and Want Grocers

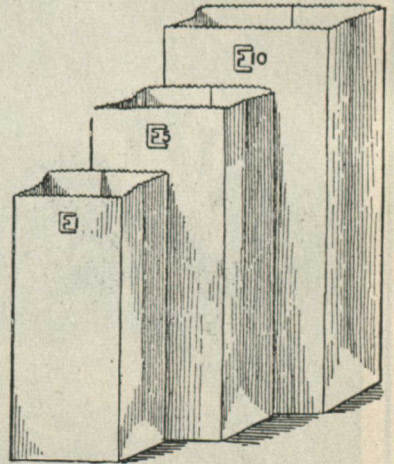
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the strongest and most perfect paper
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is made from the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat in the finest mills in the world. It never varies. It makes more Bread and Better Bread.



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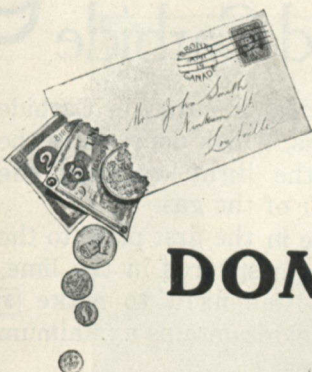
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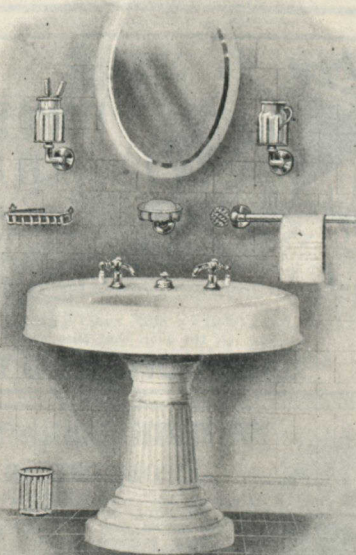
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The quality of Carbide is first judged by the number of cubic feet of gas produced by a given pound.

Four and eight-tenths cubic feet per pound is recognized as the world's standard.

It is the standard accepted by the British and German Acetylene Associations.

While it is possible to make carbide yielding 5 cubic feet to the pound, the cost of production would make it too expensive for general use.

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It is upon this high standard that **S** Calcium Carbide is produced.

The principal impurity in Carbide is phosphorus, which depreciates the quality of the light—reduces the candle-power of the gas.

This is due in the first place to the presence of phosphorus in the lime.

Now the lime used to make **S** Calcium Carbide contains a minimum of phosphorus.

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It is the highest standard of carbide manufactured and offered for sale on the market.

Remember, **S** Calcium Carbide is the carbide you require.

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A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

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FOR THE TEETH

This standard Canadian Dentifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aroma of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—Harmless and efficient.

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THE HUMAN TOUCH OF
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enables the player (even one who cannot play a note by hand) to give a sympathetic and correct interpretation of any music, for the instrument responds to any demand with the desired intensity on every single note, and an instant change in time or shading wherever necessary.

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The Hon. Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries
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The familiar trade mark of Singer Sewing Machines is recognized all over the world as the sign of

SUPREMACY—Singer Sewing Machines, and the Wheeler & Wilson, are the *best* machines made. They are the only machines that last a *lifetime*, and are the models which other manufacturers are always striving to imitate:

SAVING—A Singer Machine or a Wheeler & Wilson enables a woman to have more and better clothes for less money—and quickly pays for itself in dress-makers' bills saved:

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SECURITY—One of the 6000 Singer stores is always near you, ready to furnish lost parts, instruction, etc. Singer and Wheeler & Wilson Machines are only sold through these stores for *your* protection—a guarantee of **SQUARE DEALING**.

Satisfaction

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Square Dealing

By
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And



Will
Find
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Everywhere

The Brilliant Sequin Robe

¶What is there, in the realm of Woman's Wear, so strikingly stylish, so brilliantly beautiful, as a superb Sequin Robe? Here is a ten dollar investment that will add a hundred dollars' worth of appearance to any costume.

The Sequin Robe here offered is very unusual value; such richness of attire for a ten-dollar bill has never been heard of before.

¶There's sure to be a "run" on this robe as soon as our catalogues are delivered, so be sure and get your order in early.

Y100. Elegant Black Sequin Robe, unmade, shaped skirt, just to stitch up the back, and shaped material for bodice.

Regular value \$15.00 for

\$10.00



The above illustration will give you an idea how this handsome robe will look when made up.

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COWAN'S



Such dainty and delicate Confections are

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Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

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"CEETEE" Underwear possesses all these qualities. Wear it once and be convinced. We replace any "CEETEE" garment that shrinks.

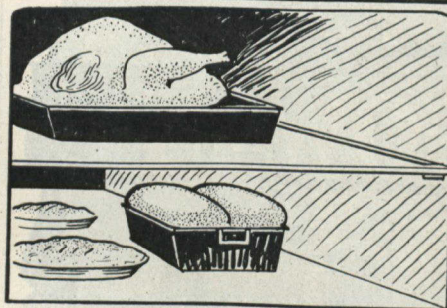
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The Pandora Bakes and Cooks perfectly at the same time

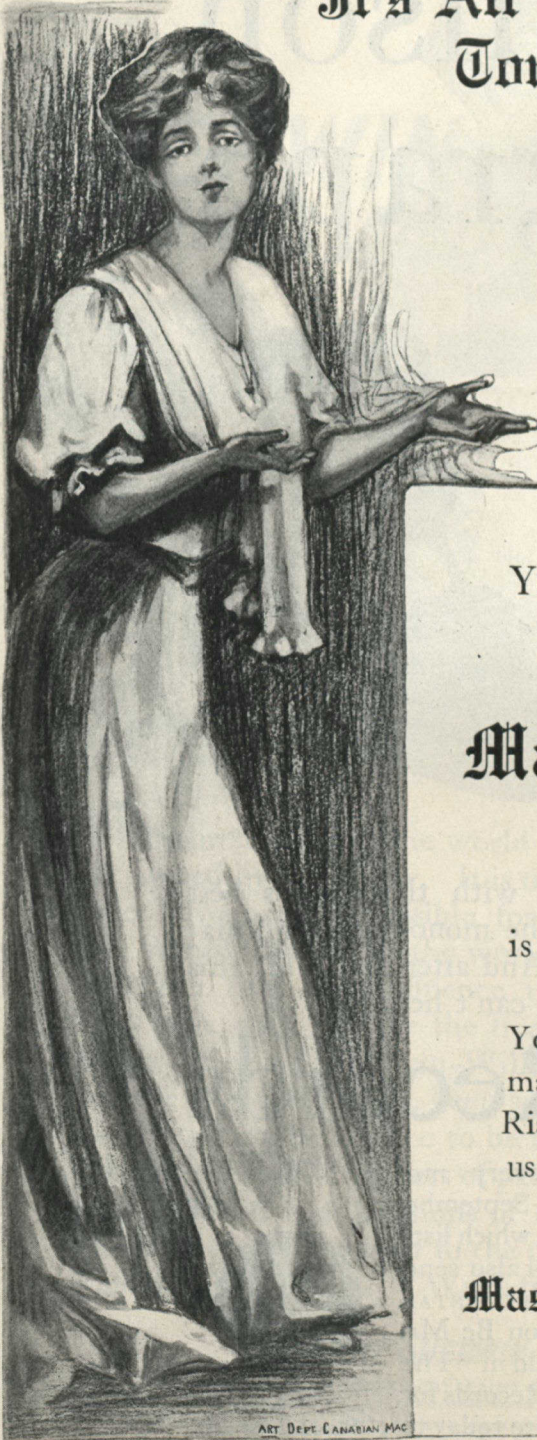
Do you know of another range that does?

If your local dealer does not sell the Pandora write direct to us for Free Booklet.

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It's All in the
Tone



Yes, it is in this respect
that the

Mason & Risch Piano

is different from others.

You can secure our printed
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Twenty-four new EDISON RECORDS every month. Those for October will be in every Edison store September 27th. On that date we will send you THE PHONOGRAM, which lists them all and explains them too. We will also send our COMPLETE CATALOGUE and SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE. You will like "Won't You Be My Teddy Bear?" It was sung by Anna Held in "The Parisian Model" and made a great hit. Records for all people can be had in all languages. Write today to



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In beauty of design and finish,
wealth and quality of tone, perfection
of action and touch, the Premier
Piano of Canada is the

“Gerhard Heintzman”

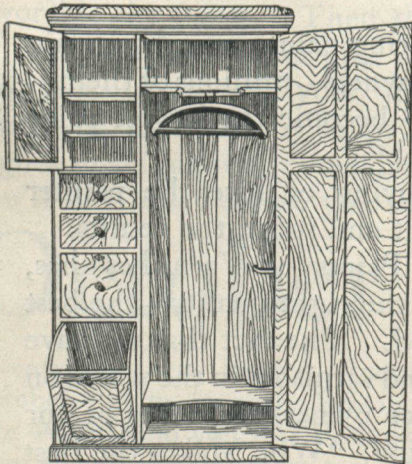
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WEIR PATENT HOUSE WARDROBE COMBINATION



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No. 2.

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made by us and sold direct from factory to
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Fitted with Extension Slide and Hangers

FOR MEN'S OR WOMEN'S USE

This style, made in Birch Mahogany or
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for 10 complete suits or costumes and is
also fitted with Bevel Plate Mirror in upper
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**WEIR WARDROBE CO. OF
CANADA, Limited**

MOUNT FOREST - ONTARIO



D & A Corsets

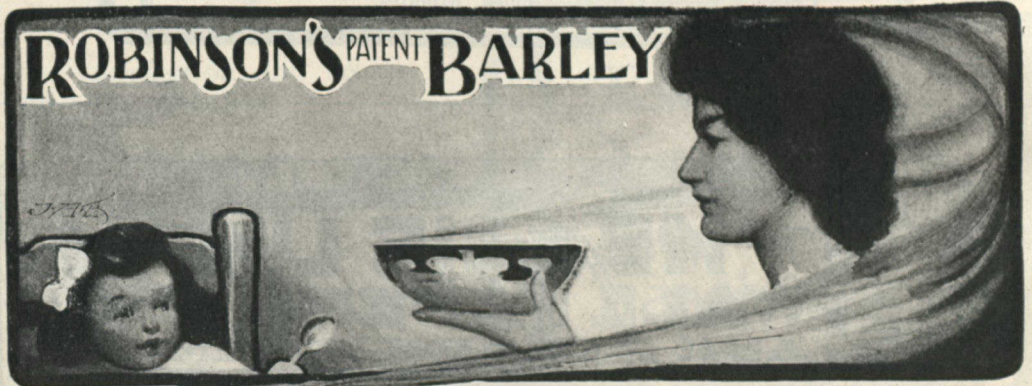
Present day fashions require for the ideal figure an upright poise of the shoulder, long sloping bust with straight-front, tapering-waist lines, and a graceful curve over the hips.

D & A correct-form corsets will assist to secure this ideal, and providing a suitable model be selected, will fit comfortably to the figure, delightfully easy, and luxurious to wear.

1907 Brochure of styles, artistically illustrated, free on request.

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Robinson's Patent Barley

☞ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ☞ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ☞ But insist on having **ROBINSON'S**

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"All the arguments in the world are outweighed by proof."

"You **PROVE** the matchless quality of

St. George's Baking Powder

THE FIRST TIME YOU USE IT."

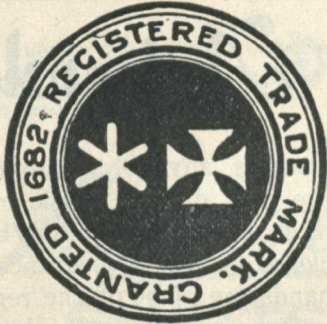
"There will be a whiteness and lightness to the Bread, Cake and Pastry that you have never gotten with any other Baking Powder."

Our new Cook Book will be a daily help in preparing dainty dishes. Write for a free copy. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

14

WE SELL THE **"MENZIE LINE"**
WALL PAPERS
ASK TO SEE THEM

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CHOICEST PATTERNS
AND **LATEST EFFECTS**
LOOK FOR OUR SIGNS IN BLUE AND GOLD.
ALL RELIABLE DEALERS SELL
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"RODGERS"

Insist on that Name and Trademark



There is no cutlery like **"Rodgers"** for service, hard wear, satisfaction and economy.

"Rodgers" name stands for all that is best in cutlery, and—

The above trade-mark on every **Rodgers** blade is a guarantee of quality. Look for it everytime.



JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS
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Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, - ENGLAND

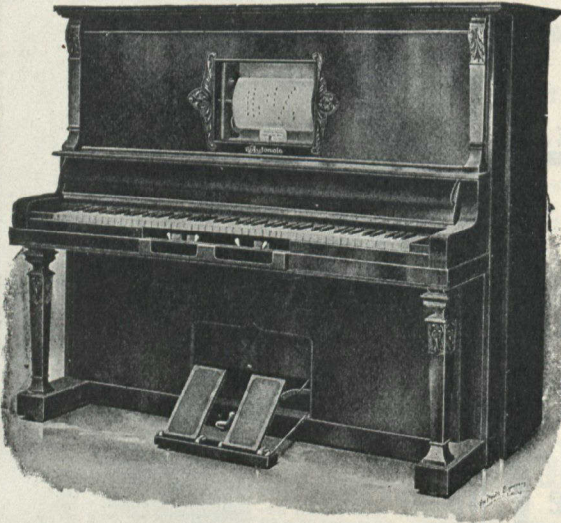
It is now positively known that falling hair is caused by a germ, hence is a regular germ disease. Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs which produce this trouble. It also destroys the dandruff germs, and restores the scalp to a healthy condition.

Formula: Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Perfume.
Ask your druggist for "the new kind." The kind that does not change the color of the hair. R. P. HALL & CO., Nassau, N. H.

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Enables anyone to produce the most difficult music in a most artistic manner. When closed it is in appearance a handsome piano of the regular type which can be played by hand. We were the first in Canada to make Player pianos and they have proved a wonderful success.

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Canada's Largest Makers of Musical Instruments

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We have always been recognized as the leaders in **Hair Styles and Hair Goods**, consequently you must make a point of buying from us, especially when you know our prices are no more than the so-called cheap stores.

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Braids, Transformations, Puffs, Etc.**

Gentlemen who are bald should get particulars and prices of our

DORENWEND PATENT TOUPEE

We have them to suit any business you follow and the prices will fit workman or banker.

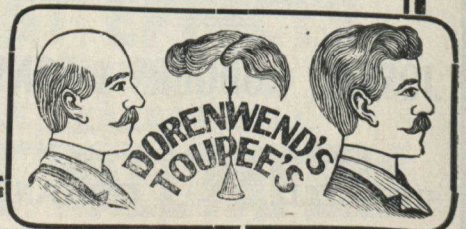
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DORENWEND CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED

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Established 1868

Phone Main 1551



Autumn with its round of calls, dances, theatre parties, and social functions suggests the need of good dress shirts.

Monarch

SHIRTS

in Coat as well as open front, or open front and back, are strong favorites with men who are particular about their dress.

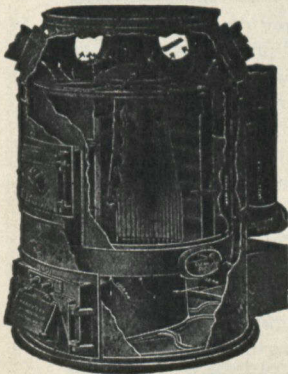
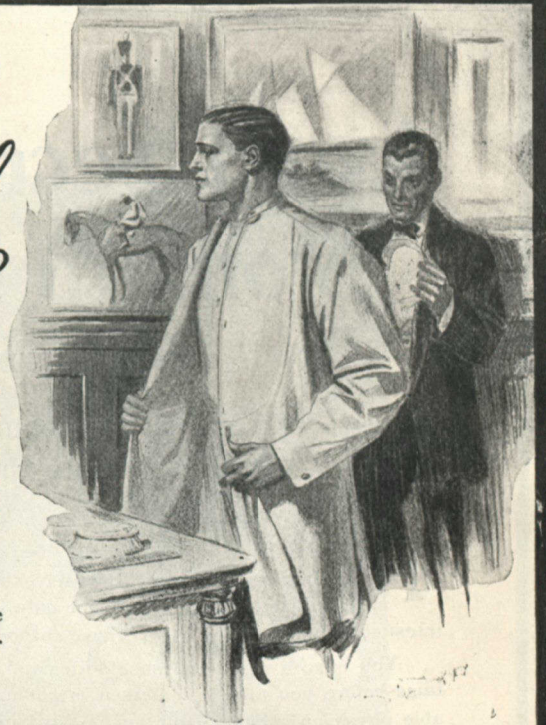
They embody in fabric, workmanship, and in style the highest attainments of the largest shirt plant in the world.

\$1.50

Insist on the Monarch label, it means shirt value and correctness. Send for the Monarch Shirt Book.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.,
471 River St., Troy, N. Y.

LARGEST MAKERS OF COLLARS IN THE WORLD.



KELSEY WARMING

IS HEALTHFUL, EFFICIENT, ECONOMICAL

FOR THE HOME, CHURCH OR SCHOOL

The Kelsey System has been in successful practical operation for the past eighteen years, with largely increasing sales each and every year.

The Kelsey System assures the proper and even warming of every portion of every room at all times, and quite independently of outside atmospherical conditions.

The Kelsey System provides large volumes of pure, fresh, properly-warmed air, which means the most economical warming with good ventilation.

The Kelsey System is quite unlike any other, and any intending purchaser of a warming and ventilating apparatus cannot afford to decide without having first investigated the many special and valuable features of the "Kelsey Warm Air Generator" and the mode of installation and operation of "The Kelsey System." **The Kelsey System** is installed under the personal direction of experienced and competent "Kelsey Experts."

DIRECT CONTRACTS TAKEN—PROPER RESULTS GUARANTEED

The Kelsey Booklet will help you to decide. A postal card will bring a copy to you.

Sole Kelsey Makers for Canada: **The JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Limited**

Head Office and Works: BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Western Branch: WINNIPEG, MAN.

Avoid Secret Stomach Remedies

Because Most of Them Contain Dangerous Ingredients
Which Produce the Drug Habit

THOUSANDS of people, having dyspepsia or stomach troubles in some form, continually "dope" themselves with all sorts of secret tonics, drugs, pills, cathartics, etc., which not only inflame and irritate the stomach and intestines, but in many cases cause the opium, morphine and cocaine habits.

You have a right and should demand to know what any medicine contains before you take it, unless it is put up or recommended by some reputable physician. Fakes and quacks will put most anything into their secret preparations, to make you like their useless stuff so as to want more of it, until it makes you the victim of some drug habit, which will ruin your health in a short time.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not a secret remedy, they do not contain injurious drugs, and they are recommended by thousands of physicians in the United States and Canada to their patients for dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, and all other stomach troubles resulting from improper digestion of food.

These wonderful tablets actually digest food because they contain the very elements that are required of a healthy stomach to properly digest food, thus acting as a substitute and giving the overworked digestive organs a rest and a chance to regain their former health, strength and vigor.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain fruit and vegetable essences, the pure concentrated tincture of hydrastis, and golden seal, which tone up and strengthen the mucous coats of the stomach and increase the flow of gastric and other digestive juices; lactose (extracted from milk); nux, to strengthen the nerves controlling the action of the stomach; bismuth, to absorb gases and prevent fermentation, and pure aseptic pepsin (gov. test) of the highest digestive power. All of these are scientifically incorporated in these tablets or lozenges and constitute a complete, natural, speedy cure for any stomach trouble.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold in large fifty-cent boxes, by all druggists.

Write us for a free sample package. This sample alone will give you sufficient relief to convince you. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 126 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Fry's 

Pure Concentrated

Cocoa

**"No
Better
Food"**

*— Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E.
&c.*

Victor
Bev. Co.

D. MASSON & CO., Sole Agents, MONTREAL
TORONTO BRANCH: 8 COLBORNE STREET

“JAEGER” Special Pure Wool Underwear for Fall and Winter

In all SIZES, STYLES and WEIGHTS for Men, Women and Children

The “Jaeger” System of clothing is the *natural* and, therefore, the *most comfortable* and *hygienic clothing* for the human body. It not only enhances your health and comfort; and protects your system against disease, but in the end it is by far the most economical form of dress. Jaeger wear is in itself very durable and fewer garments are required.

Jaeger Pure Wool is the most Comfortable Durable and Hygienic

Because it is made of *Jaeger Stockinet Web* which is elastic, causing it to *fit perfectly* all over the body, and it is so soft that *no irritation* is caused to the most sensitive of skins. Being porous it allows the skin to breathe.

Because it is made from carefully *selected natural* (undyed) wool. This wool is *far more durable* than wool which has been dyed and chemically treated. With ordinary care Jaeger Underwear will last *4 or 5 seasons*.

Being a slow conductor of heat it keeps the body at an *equable warmth* in all weathers — thus *preventing* chills. And by keeping the skin active, it drains the tissues of superfluous fat and water with a consequent *hardening effect* on the whole system.

Underwear for Fall and Winter

Thus *for you* to wear Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear day and night is to have *increased vitality, better health and immunity* from many a cold and chill. ¶The “Reason Why” is told in Dr. Jaeger’s book on “Health Culture” (201 pages, cloth bound). A copy of this interesting book, together with our descriptive catalogue, will be mailed free to any address.

Don’t merely ask for wool underwear, but *insist* on having Jaeger Pure Natural Wool. Every Jaeger garment is stamped with this trademark; and is *guaranteed against shrinkage*. ¶Sold at fixed moderate prices by leading dealers in all principal cities. If your dealer won’t supply you, write direct to:



DR. JAEGER'S CO., Ltd., 316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal
286 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg



ROOFS
That Stay Roofed

The strongest wind that ever blew can't rip away a roof covered with self-locking

"OSHAWA"
GALVANIZED
STEEL SHINGLES

Rain can't get through it in 25 years (guaranteed in writing for that long—good for a century, really)—fire can't bother such a roof—proof against all the elements—the cheapest GOOD roof there is.

Write us and we'll show you why it costs least to roof right. Just address

206
The PEDLAR People (Est'd 1861).
Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES
AS WELL AS
Beautifies
the Skin
No other cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 50 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) :— "As you ladies

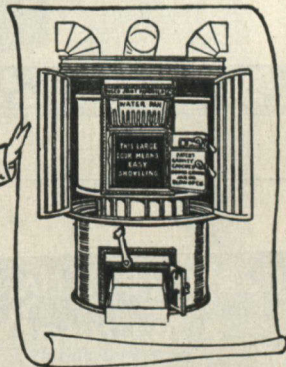
will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. At Druggists.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous Hair without injury to the skin. \$1.00 per Bottle by Mail.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults, exquisitely perfumed.
Price, 25c. per Box, by Mail.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones Street, N. Y.



Cost Less Than Stoves

A Hecla Furnace, installed on Hecla principles, will keep your house comfortable throughout the winter at less fuel expense than it would cost you for stoves. It is the old story, of course, of concentration meaning power. In a Hecla, you get all the heat from the coal you burn and where you want it. The whole house is comfortably and evenly heated and ventilated.

HECLA FURNACES

are equally adapted for mild or severe weather—always ready for any demand made on them. They are the only hot air furnaces that are absolutely healthful and sanitary.

No other furnace is made with the Fused Joints, that patented feature of the Hecla which makes the escape of gas, dust or smoke into the house an impossibility. Let me tell you about these Fused Joints and about other features of the Hecla in which you will be interested.

See your nearest dealer or write "Clare's Furnace Builder"
for new illustrated catalogue and estimates.

CLARE BROS. & CO. Limited, Preston, Ont.

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR

UPTON'S
Jams, Jellies and
Orange Marmalade
please
the most
particular
people.

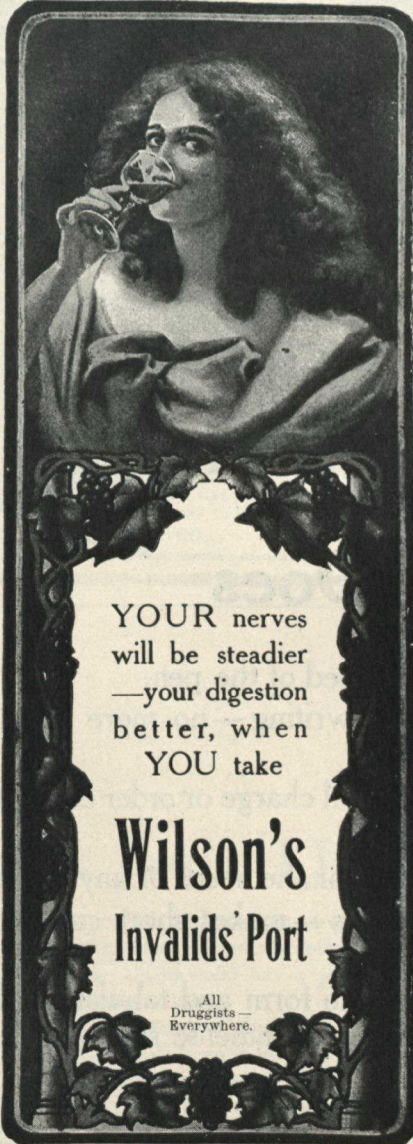
—
YOUR GROCER
WILL SUPPLY
THEM

UPTON'S
PURE
ORANGEMARMALADE

PURITY, BRILLIANCY
AND UNIFORMITY

CARLINGS

ALE,
PORTER
AND LAGER



YOUR nerves
will be steadier
—your digestion
better, when
YOU take

**Wilson's
Invalids' Port**

All
Druggists—
Everywhere.



MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"When Frost is on the Pumokin
and fodder's in the shock," there comes a feeling of
satisfaction to daily users of

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

at having survived the summer months with clear skin and complexions unimpaired. Mennen's is a safe and pure toilet necessity, delightful after bathing and after shaving, and indispensable in the nursery.

For your protection it is put up in a non-refillable box—the "box that loc." If MENNEN'S face is on the cover it's genuine and a guarantee of purity. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

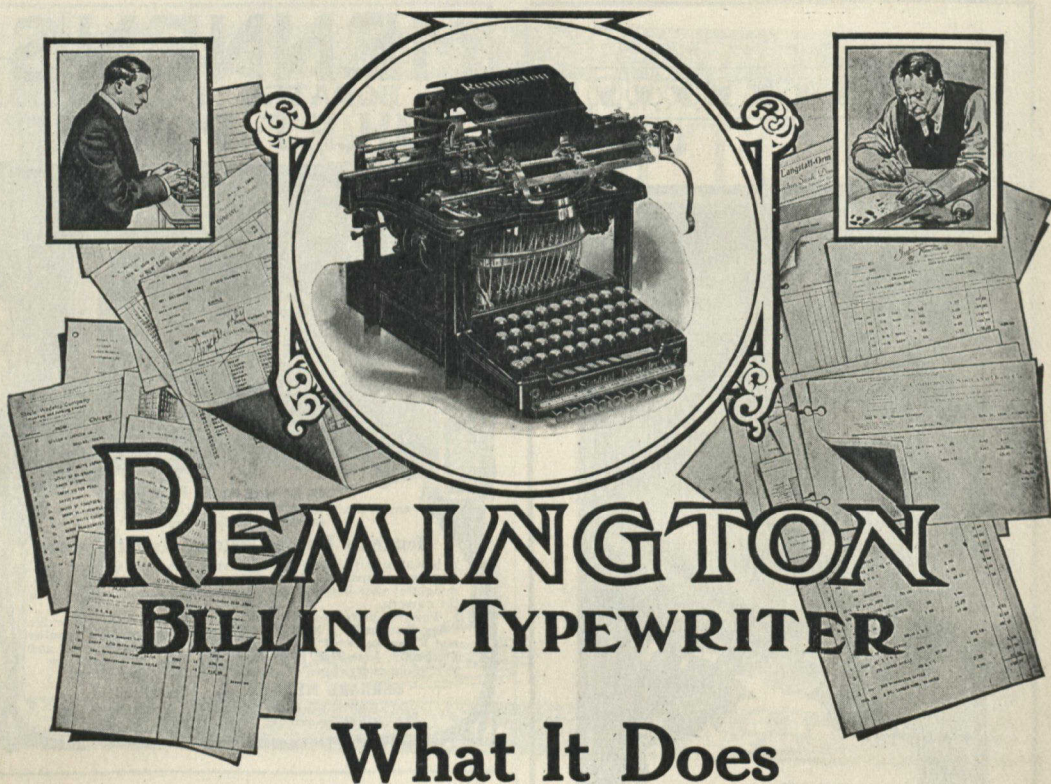
Try MENNEN'S Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder
It has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets



The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of

**MINARD'S
LINIMENT**



It writes your bills with double the speed of the pen.

It writes bill and charge sheet at one writing — no more need for separate charge entries.

It writes, at the same time, any additional charge or order copies that your system may require.

It adapts itself perfectly to your system or the needs of any business.

It improves system, insures against errors — makes short cuts which were impossible under former methods.

It extends the field of the typewriter to form and tabular work of every kind and description, and always with an immense saving of time, labor, and expense.

Send for our illustrated booklet on the Remington Billing Typewriter

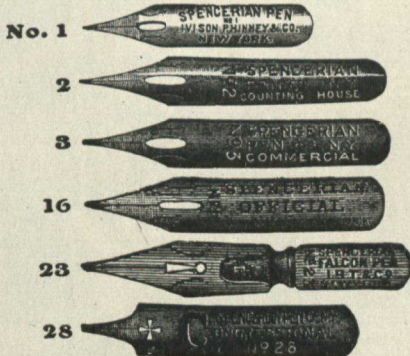
Remington Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years,
PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND
The leading numbers for Canada will be sent
postpaid on receipt of Canada stamp.



SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING

Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.
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A typewriter that asks nothing of the scratcher, the eraser or the pen, is best suited to modern business needs.

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

turns out such good work that the need for correction and supervision is reduced to a minimum. Its complete keyboard, perfect alignment, natural touch and durable construction all tend to neat, errorless work. Its

Three-Color Device

by which letters may be written in ink that will copy, documents in ink that will not fade or smudge with handling, and bills or statements in either, with credits in red, increases its efficiency three-fold.

No increase in cost for this new model. Write for booklet

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Branches Everywhere



Underwood

Accurate alignment is an essential of good typewriting; not merely good alignment, but permanently good alignment.

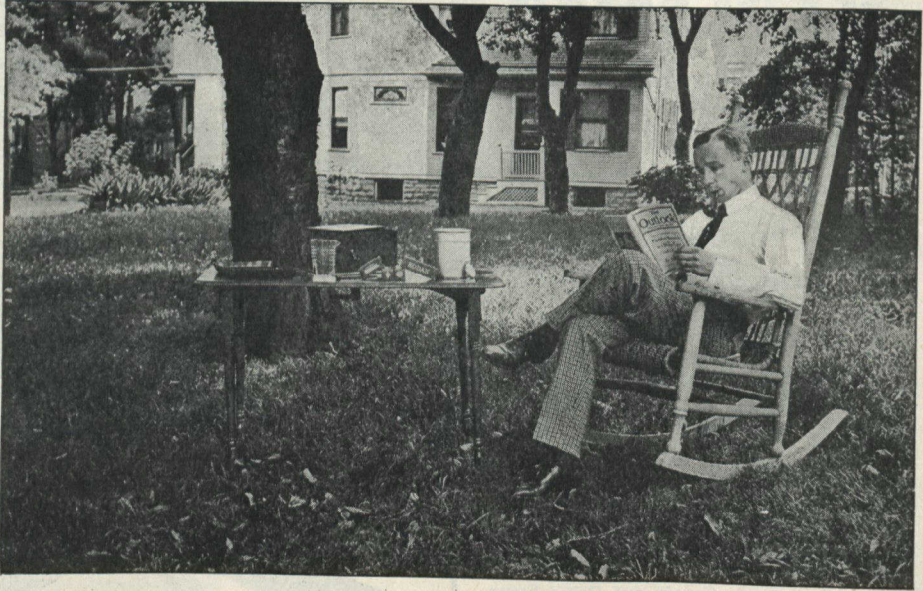
The Underwood has a guide which compels every character to appear in exactly the right position.

The principle of this guide is fully protected by our patents. Other typewriter manufacturers have been working over-time in the endeavor to circumvent us in the matter of a guide—without success.

Without it their machines must continue to occupy their present position—of inferiority. Write for catalogues.

United Typewriter Company, Limited

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Film Development with the

Kodak Tank

not only means an end to dark-room bother but it means better results than can be obtained in the old way. The time and the temperature are the only factors to watch.

The Experience is in the Tank

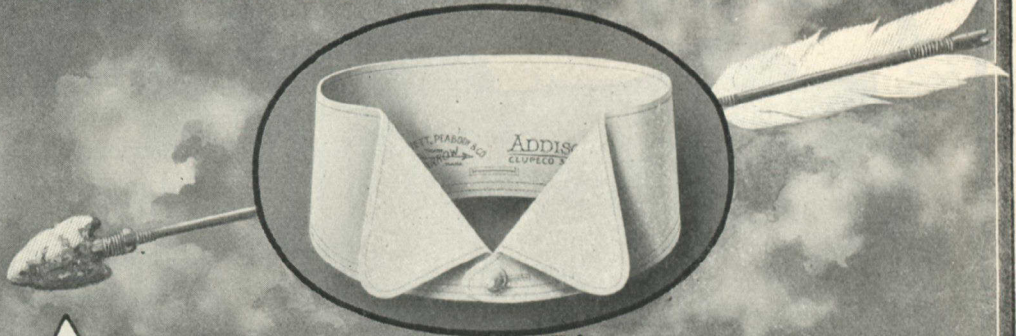
Kodak Film Tanks are made in sizes suitable for all Kodak and Brownie Films.
At all Kodak Dealers, \$3.00 to \$7.50

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

TORONTO, CAN.

*Kodak Booklet free at the
dealers or by mail*

THE FASHIONABLE COLLAR OF THE SEASON



ARROW COLLARS

"ADDISON"

A distinctly smart style for Fall and Winter wear. Made in *Clupeco Shrunken Quarter Sizes*. It is at your Outfitters', if not we will fill your order. 20 cents each, 3 for 50 cents.

Send for Proper Dress, a man's book.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 471 River Street, Troy, New York.
Makers of Monarch Shirts.

SKINNER'S SATIN

☞ The Best Lining for Furs, Coats and Suits.

☞ Guaranteed for two seasons' wear.

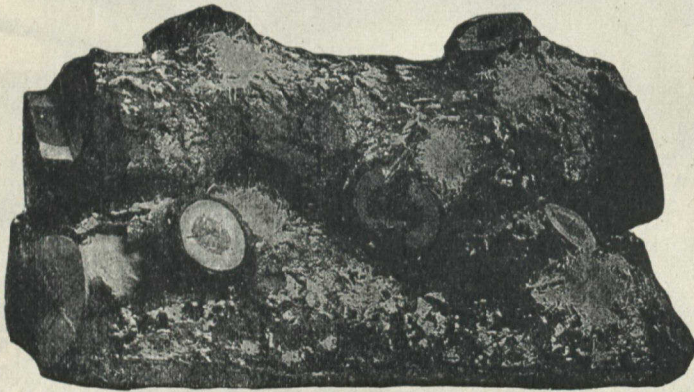


☞ Genuine goods have 'SKINNER'S SATIN' woven in selvage.

☞ Skinner's Pure Dye Black Taffeta is the best manufactured.

FOR SALE BY LEADING CANADIAN DRY GOODS STORES

ASBESTOS GAS LOG



¶ This is far superior to any other gas log previously shown, hand made, of asbestos on wire foundation, warranted not to crack nor burst.

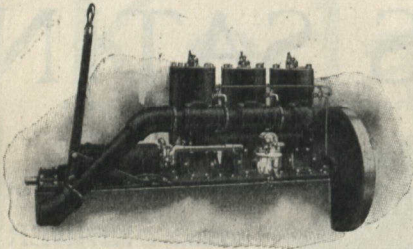
¶ The extra good appearance as well as the economical

advantages through the perfect principle of combustion embodied in its construction make this a favorite in every home.

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RICE LEWIS & SON, Limited
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COMPLETE ENGINES AND LAUNCHES



2 AND 4 CYCLE ENGINES

SINGLE AND MULTIPLE CYLINDER

HAMILTON MOTOR WORKS, LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONT.



**ARTISTS
COLORS.**

No true artist ever risks a poor color on a picture.
He buys only

Winsor & Newton's
Oil and Water Colors

because he knows they are the standard throughout the world.
They are not dear.

For sale at all Art Stores.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.
Wholesale agents for Canada.



Many years of careful study among birds produced patent

Bird Bread

That is why it can be relied upon and why there is such an enormous demand for it. 10c. the pkge., 2 large cakes.

Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart from COTTAM SEED, with 6c. in stamps and get free two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (s)

Cottam Bird Seed

Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers. Advice FREE about Birds. Bird Book 5c. by mail.

Bart Cottam Co., 64 Dundas St., London, Ont.

ART D^{ES} CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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that she has the best of Silverware when it bears this trademark. The beauty of the designs add to the character of the whole entertainment.

Every article of Silverware made by the Standard Silver Co. is easily and positively identified by the well-known trademark which guarantees its quality

Standard Silver Co., Limited

35 Hayter Street, Toronto

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All use for old-fashioned Cod Liver Oil and Emulsions because VINOL is much better.

Vinol is a delicious *modern* Cod Liver preparation without oil, made by a scientific extractive and concentrating process from fresh Cod's Livers, combining with peptonate of iron all the medicinal, healing, body-building elements of Cod Liver Oil *but no oil*. Vinol is much superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions because while it contains all the medicinal value they do, unlike them Vinol is deliciously palatable and agreeable to the weakest stomach. An old and valuable remedy improved by modern science. *To build up strength for old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, after sickness, and for all pulmonary troubles Vinol is unexcelled.*

FOR SALE AT YOUR LEADING DRUG STORE

Exclusive Agency Given to One Druggist in a Place

If there is no Vinol agency where you live, send us your druggist's name and we will give him the agency.

TRIAL SAMPLE FREE

CHESTER KENT & CO. No. 221. Boston, Mass.

FEARMAN'S FAMOUS



STAR BRAND HAM

**THE STANDARD OF
EPIPUREAN TASTE**

Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try it. Boiled or fried, it will please you.

For Sale by all Leading Grocers

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Girls are neater, more careful, and more cleanly than boys, so they are employed in the Red Rose factory to do all the packing and labelling.

It is a factory girls like to work in, and Red Rose Tea is a tea you will enjoy drinking. Everything is done to insure it being absolutely pure and clean.

Will you try a package? Ask your grocer for it.

RED ROSE
TEA "IS GOOD
TEA"



LAKEHURST SANITARIUM

OAKVILLE, ONTARIO

This Sanitarium, established some sixteen years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug Diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating, Bathing.

FOR TERMS, ETC., ADDRESS THE MANAGER

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE

CHILDREN TEETHING

THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP"

THE SECRET
OF THE
ENDURING SUCCESS OF

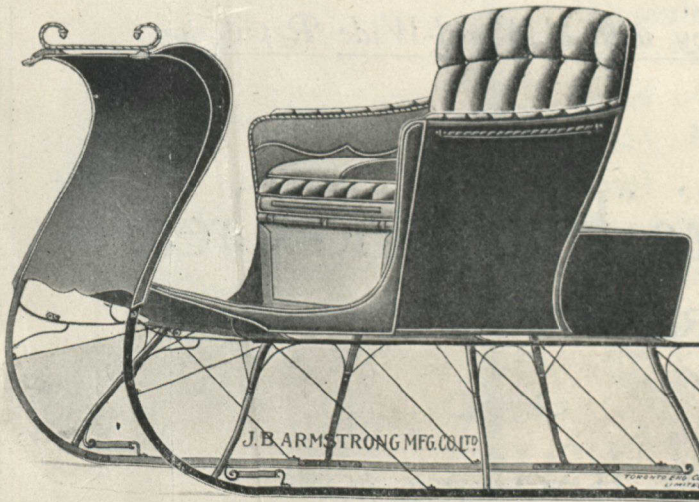
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

IS EXPLAINED IN THIS SCRAP
FROM THE LETTER
OF A LADY.

-----it has a quality all its own, readily recognized, but which baffles description as it appears to baffle your countless imitators. I find it in no other perfume.-----

THE SWEETEST AND MOST
REFRESHING PERFUME FOR THE
HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

ARMSTRONG CUTTERS AND SLEIGHS



No. 26. ARMSTRONG
STANHOPE

Gear well set up, wool cloth trimmings, seat sides padded, richly finished. A very pretty thing, especially for City and Town use.

Catalogue No. 154 describing fully this and our many other styles mailed free on application.

Established
1834

J. B. Armstrong Mfg. Co., Limited, Guelph, Canada

Samples shown at our Warehouse, 120 Craig St. West, Montreal. Also at our Warehouse, Oxford, N.S. Also at Cockshutt Plow Co. Warerooms, Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina and Calgary.



300 lbs

or

CLARK'S

Cooked

Corned Beef

—contains all the nutrition and food value of a 1200 pound steer.

Clark's Corned Beef in tins is perfectly cooked, tasty and appetizing; and contains no bone, or waste. It is not only the most convenient but at its usual retailing price is the

MOST ECONOMICAL OF MEATS.

INSIST ON CLARK'S.

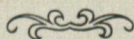
It is Canadian Beef packed in Canada.

18-07



Clark's Pork and Beans is one of the most appetizing of breakfast and supper dishes. Can be eaten hot or cold. Plain or with Chili or Tomato Sauce.

A Whiskey with a World-Wide Reputation



Teacher's "Highland Cream"

THE PERFECTION OF OLD SCOTCH



WM. TEACHER & SONS

Distillers, Blenders, Exporters

Glasgow, London and Manchester

AT ALL LEADING HOTELS

There Is

such a natural delicate fragrance about "Baby's Own Soap" that perfumed toilet waters and Bath Powders are unnecessary

Get

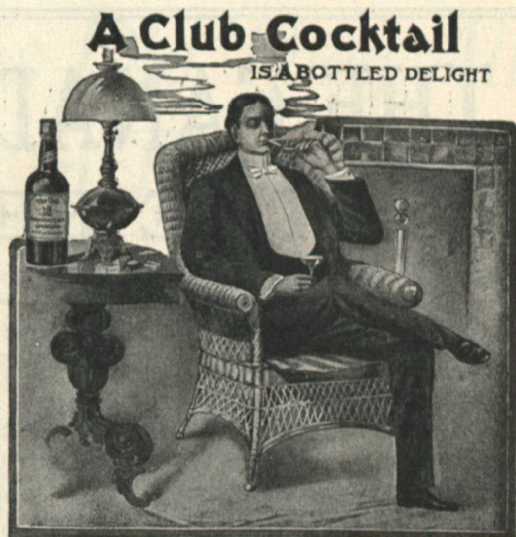
"Baby's Own"

It is the Best

Beware of Imitations



ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED, MFRS.
MONTREAL



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails,—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

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Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

G. F. Heublein & Bro.

SOLE PROPRIETORS

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New York

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THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST

Brain, Brawn and Capital can all be Utilized

THE magnificent development of Western Canada since the opening of the Twentieth Century has attracted the attention of the world, and every year since 1900 has been an improvement upon its predecessor, in so far as immigration and general progress are concerned.

The inauguration of the new provinces—Saskatchewan and Alberta—in 1905, gave an immense impetus to the work of development there, and a largely increased population is the result. But there is always room for more in this land of great possibilities, and the Canadian Government still offers

160 ACRES FREE

to every young man over 18 years of age who is able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

The excellent crop of 1905, it is claimed, will put fully \$60,000,000 in circulation in Western Canada, and it is freely stated that the great expenditure in railway construction at present going on will raise that amount to \$100,000,000 during the current year—which will bring added prosperity to the country that lies between Winnipeg and the foothills.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE

MAY BE FREELY OBTAINED FROM

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OTTAWA, CANADA

THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION

11 and 12 CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W., ENG.



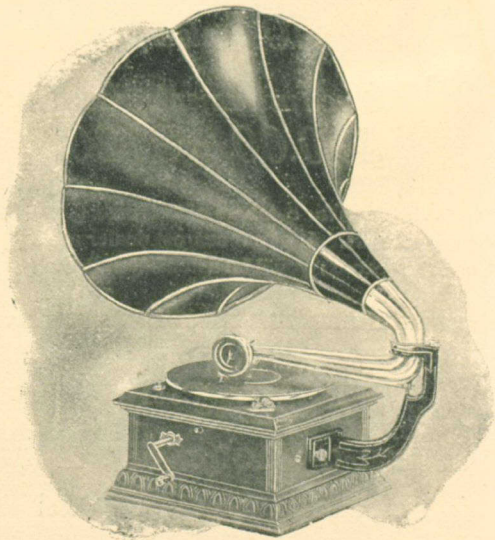
How Did They All Get in There?

THIS is a question frequently asked by wondering listeners on hearing the Berliner or Victor Gram-o-phone. It is really phenomenal that you can hear the stirring music of the world's greatest bands, the magnificent voices of the most famous grand opera stars, the side-splitting jokes and comic songs of the funniest minstrels, the beautiful gospel hymns by noted soloists and celebrated choirs.

Ask your dealer to play some of the newest Victor records on a Berliner or Victor Gram-o-phone. Write to us for complete catalogs of Gram-o-phones and 3,000 records.

Berliner and Victor
Gram-o-phones
\$10.⁰⁰ to \$120.
Records from 40 cents up

The Berliner
Gram-o-phone Company
of Canada, Limited, Montreal





A Theatre in Your Own Home

That is what you will have if you get a

Berliner or Victor Gram-o-phone

ONE of these instruments will bring to each family exactly the music that it wants, when it wants it; the veritable voices of the world's greatest singers, the actual performance of the finest bands and soloists, and all in the comfort and privacy of home. Caruso, Melba, Sembrich and others will sing selections from Grand Opera; José, Harlan or Macdonough will sing sentimental songs or sacred selections; Sousa's or Pryor's bands will play anything from ragtime to Wagnerian Opera; the funny stories and comic songs of the minstrel men will afford you no end of amusement. What better theatre could you have in your own home than a Berliner or Victor Gram-o-phone?

The Records are hard, flat, indestructible discs; prices from 40 cents up.

The Instruments, from \$10.00 to \$120.

Write to us for catalogs of instruments and list of 3,000 records. Ask your nearest dealer to play your favorite record; you'll be astonished at the quality.



The Berliner
Gram-o-phone Company
of Canada, Limited, Montreal



POMPADOUR MASSAGE CREAM

FOR THE FORM AND COMPLEXION

This famous preparation has many imitations, but there is nothing like it on the market. It has stood the test for a number of years, and it is now recognized by the Medical Profession and thousands of grateful women, who have used it, as the only preparation that will round the bust, neck and arms and fill out hollow cheeks.

Unequaled for developing the bust or restoring flabby breasts to their natural beauty and contour, and it has never failed to give perfect satisfaction for removing wrinkles.

No woman should have wrinkles or crows' feet about the eyes or mouth. **Pompadour Massage Cream** removes them like magic. Used by the elite everywhere.

FREE Send 10 cents for free trial and booklet of directions for scientific home massage treatment, or send 35c. or 75c. to the

CONTINENTAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.

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MONTREAL, CANADA

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE



Would it appeal to you to be able to burn gas and coal on the same range? You can do it at the same time if you want to, too.

The Perfect Idea is the only range that permits of such a thing. Taking up in your kitchen only the room required for an ordinary kitchen stove, in the hot summer days just one touch of a match will have a hot fire going for you in a second. Or in the winter time, it's all ready for coal without changing.

If your dealer does not handle it, write us direct.

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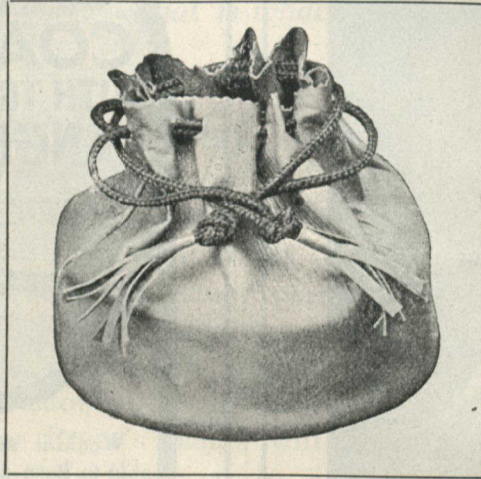
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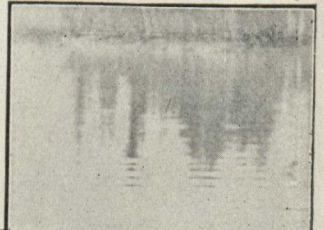
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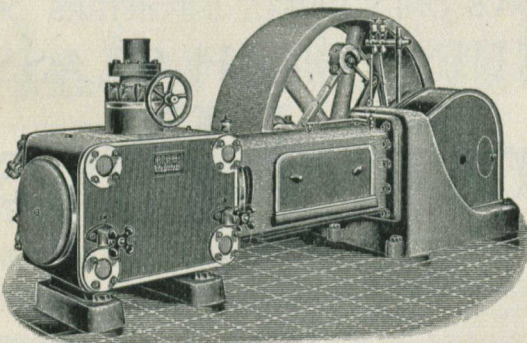
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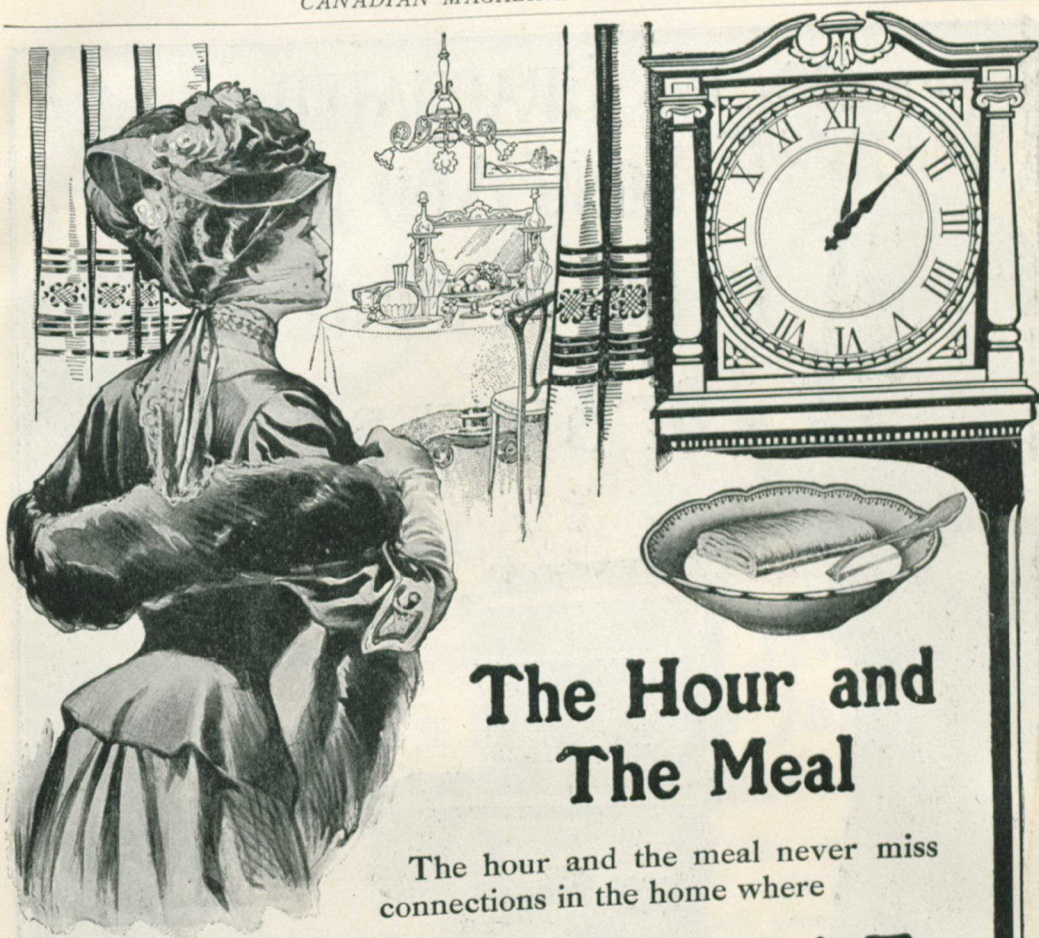
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