

OCTOBER, 1904

THE
**CANADIAN
MAGAZINE**

**PROGRESS
NUMBER**

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No. 6

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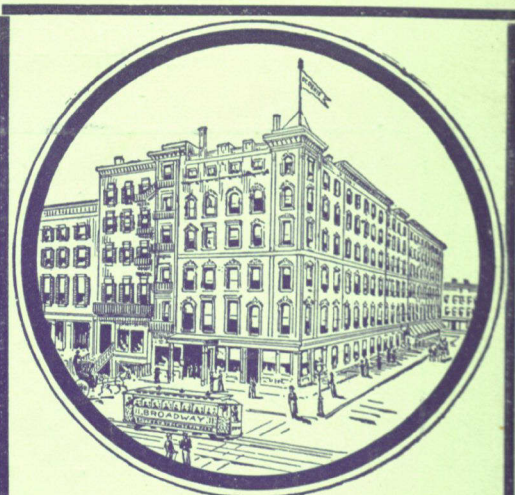
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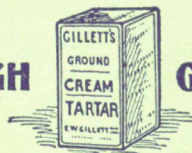
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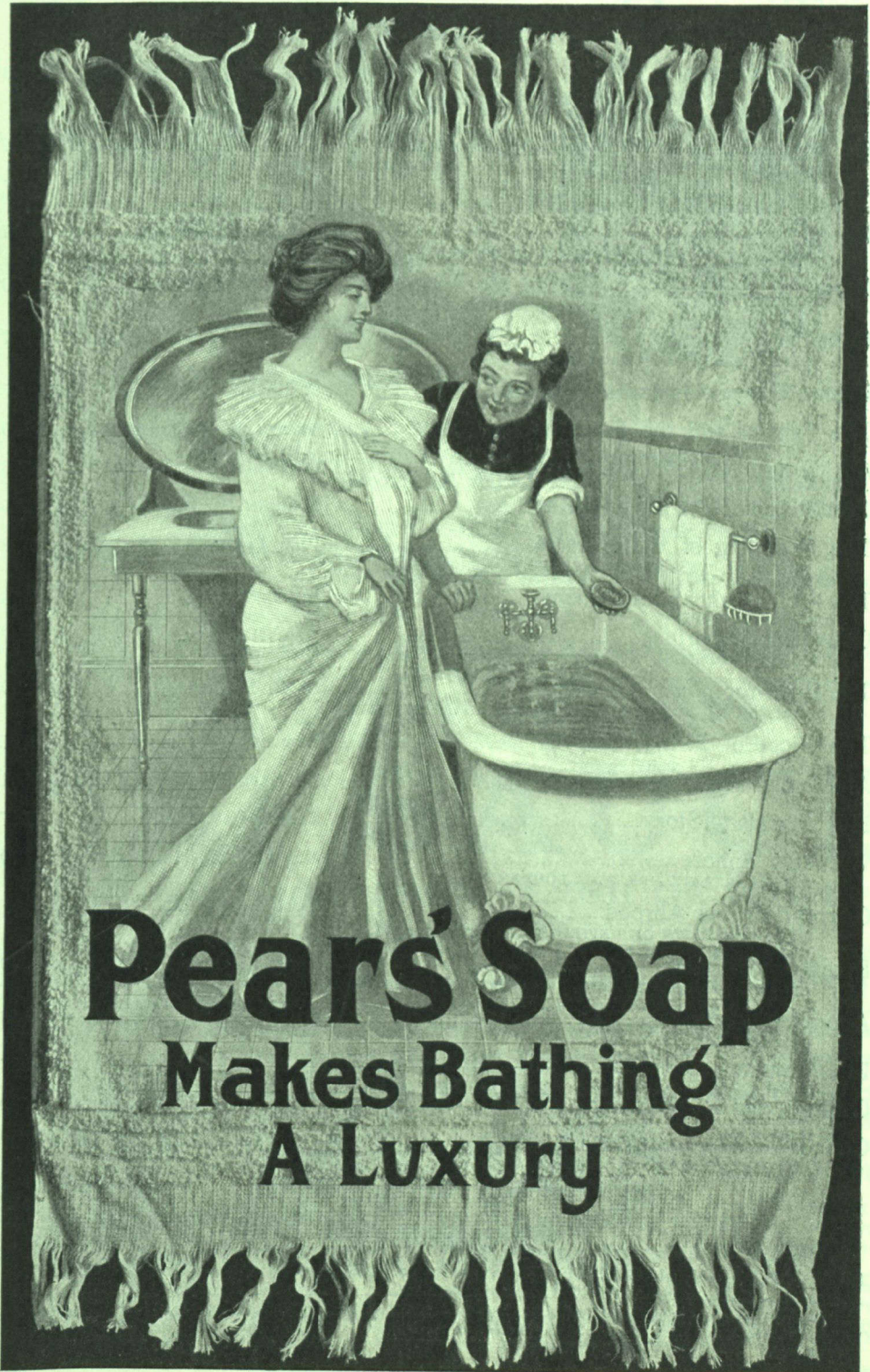
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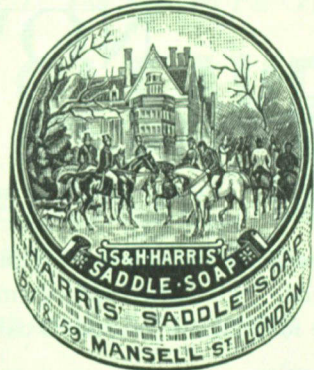
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NOVEMBER



HE progress of the Canadian Magazine during 1904 promises to eclipse the record of any previous year by a large percentage. The six numbers just issued, which comprise Volume XXIII, have been well received—so well that most of the issues were over-sold. The next six numbers, which will comprise Volume XXIV, will be even superior. The Christmas number will be exceptionally strong. Only a few of the forthcoming features can be mentioned here.

Canada at St. Louis, by the Editor, will be one of the November features. Canada's varied exhibits will be reproduced with the assistance of photographer and engraver. Yet the article will be so illustrated as to give any reader, who has been unable to visit the World's Fair of 1904, a fair idea of its extent and general character.

The Things that Are at Night, by Aubrey Fullerton, gives a weird but interesting picture of the crowds that throng the city streets as the shops and factories empty themselves of their workers, and also of the later hours when those who work at night pursue their various occupations.

The Argentine Gaucho, by John D. Leckie, will give further information of the South American Republics. The Gaucho is the South American cowboy, and he may be of any race or colour from pure Indian to pure Caucasian. This will be profusely illustrated from photographs, and from drawings made from photographs by William Beatty.

A Canadian in Tongaland—two articles—by A. T. Waters will appear shortly. These articles will describe the difficulties experienced by a young missionary who started from Toronto with a few dollars in his pocket, worked his way to South Africa, studied the languages and customs there and eventually became the first white missionary in that district lying just north of Natal and known as British Tongaland. These two articles will be profusely illustrated.

Two "Donald" Stories, by W. Albert Hickman, author of "The Sacrifice of The Shannon." Those who have read that Maritime Province story will be glad to know that they may learn something of the subsequent career of the imperturbable old engineer who played so important a part in the previous story. One story will appear in November and the other, probably, in December. One is the story of a yacht race and the other the tale of a Canadian fire-engine.

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and the Canadian idea is ever uppermost."
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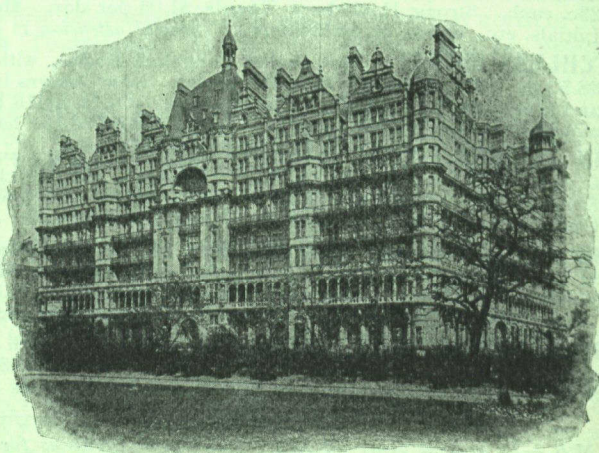
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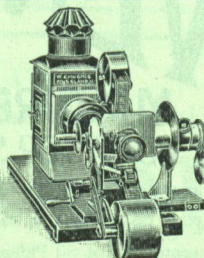
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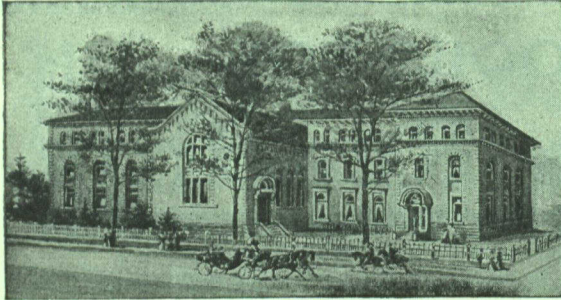
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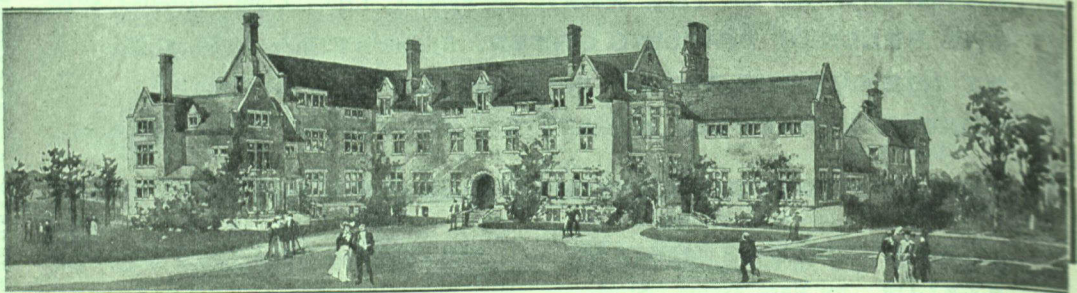
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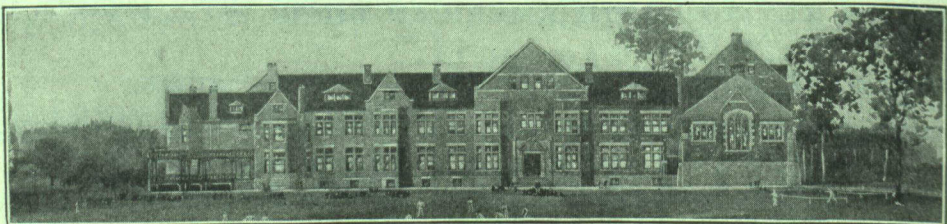
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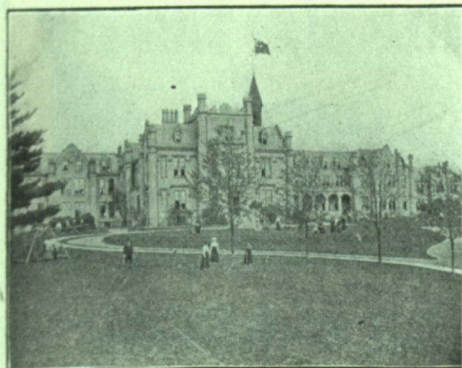
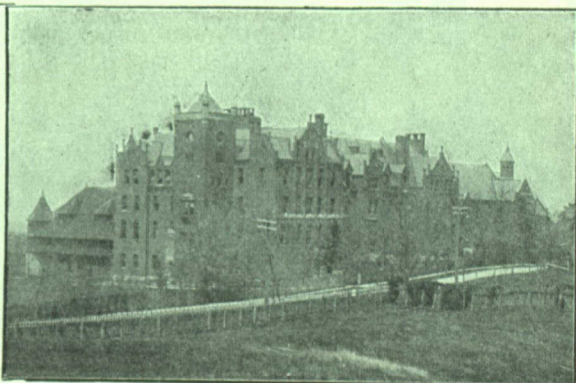
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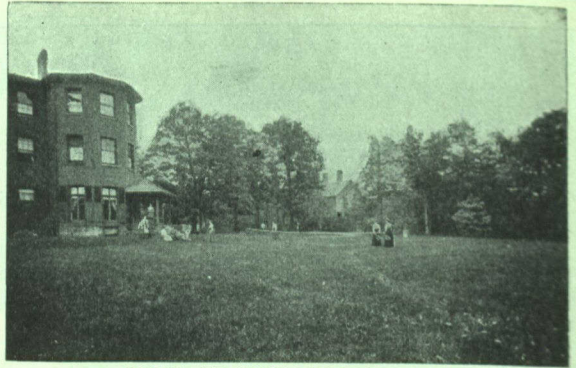
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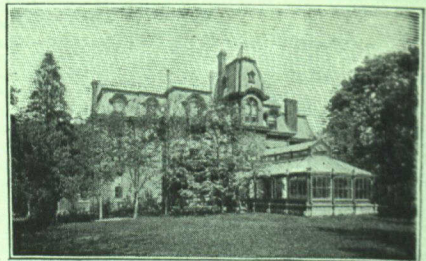
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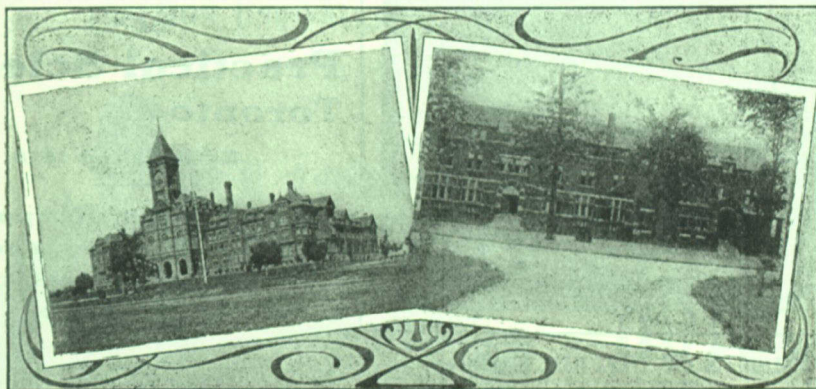
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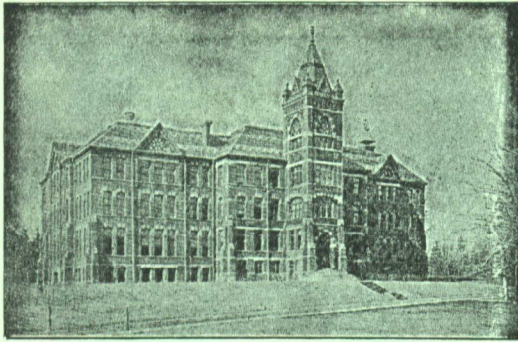
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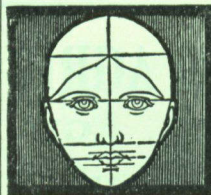
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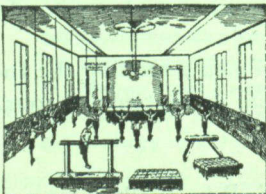
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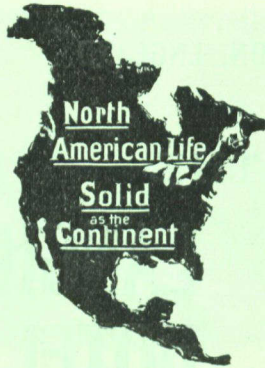
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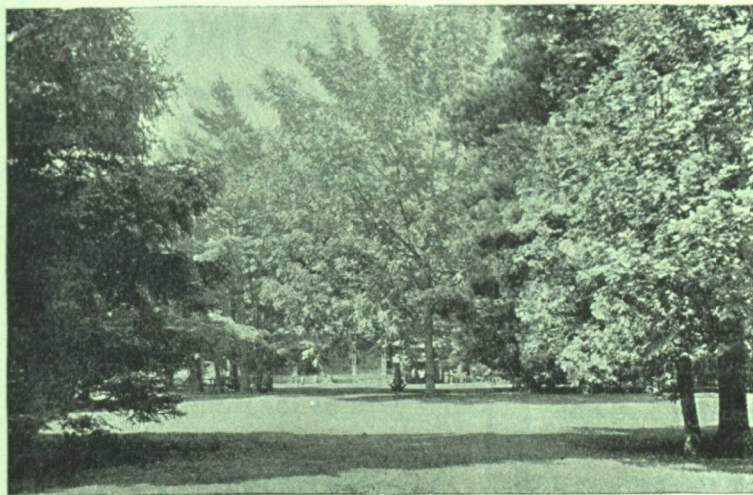
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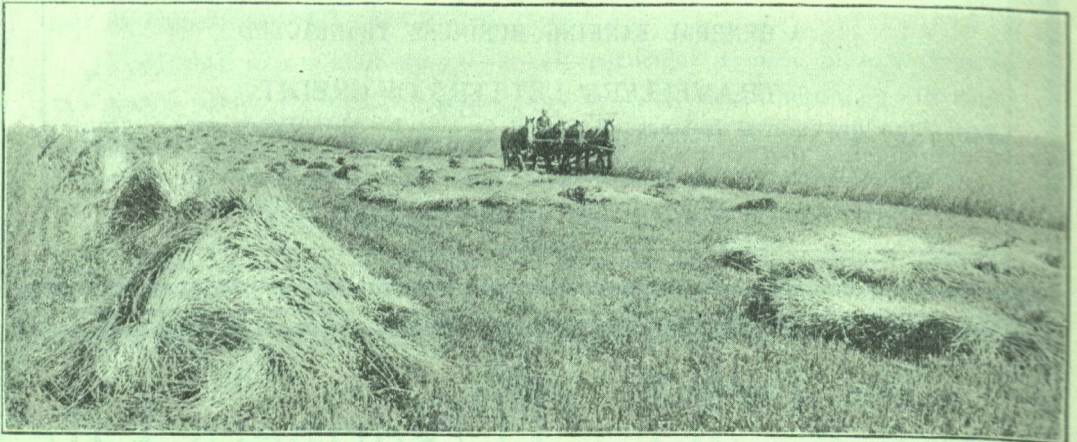
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Ranching is an important factor in the prosperity of Western Canada and the very best results follow. Leases may be had from the Government or lands may be purchased from Railways and Land Companies.

Wheat Districts. The wheat districts are located in a less elevated country than the ranching section, and where the snow lies on the ground during the winter months and where there is sufficient rainfall in summer to grow wheat. Generally speaking, the wheat districts now opened up comprise the greater part of Assiniboia lying east of Moose Jaw, where the Red River Valley extends its productive soil, renowned the world over as a famous wheat belt.

Over 240,000,000 acres of land in the above-mentioned districts are suitable for raising wheat. The wheat belts, although colder than the ranching country, are ideal countries for wheat-growing. The cool nights during the ripening period favour the production of firm grains, thus making the wheat grade high in the market. Wherever wheat is grown, oats and barley grow, producing large yields. Government statistics covering a period of twenty years show that the yield of wheat runs about 20 bushels to the acre, barley over 40, oats also yield splendidly.

In most cases the yields are regulated largely by the system of farming practised. The best farmers summer fallow a portion of their farms. Usually one-third of the acreage is worked as a summer fallow. On the large wheat farms the grain is threshed and run into small granaries having a capacity of 1,000 bushels. These are left in the field until time to haul the grain to market. The wheat zone of Canada is spreading farther north, and we doubt not that wheat will be grown much farther north than at present.

Mixed Farming. To-day mixed farming is adapted to the greater part of Manitoba, taking in all of Assiniboia not included in the wheat belt, the Saskatchewan Valley and southwestern Saskatchewan, extending into northern Alberta. In many districts stock raising, dairying and general farming crops go hand in hand. The pastures are good. Aside from the wild grasses, brome grass and western rye grass furnish good hay crops and are grown not only where mixed farming is in vogue, but in the wheat districts as well. Dairying is one of the growing industries. In many sections creameries have been started which are paying good profits to their patrons. Hog and poultry raising are profitable industries. Roots and vegetables thrive well. Wild fruits of many kinds testify to the possibilities in fruit-growing for home consumption at least.

Large Tracts Open for Settlement. New lines of railroads are being built into the new districts just opening up. The country may be said to have never had a "boom" familiar to many of our readers. The growth of Western Canada up to the present time has been slow, but we believe sure. The soil varies in different sections of the country, still it is more uniform than in many of the States. The general character of the soil is a dark loam underlaid with a clay subsoil. Good water abounds everywhere.

A letter addressed to the undersigned will secure a copy of the new Canadian Geography and all other information necessary.

W. T. R. PRESTON,

Canadian Commissioner of Emigration,
11-12 Charing Cross, LONDON W.C., ENGLAND.

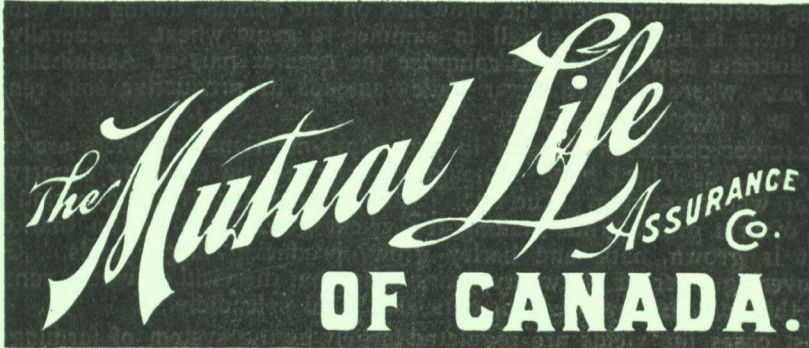
W. D. SCOTT,

Superintendent of Immigration,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

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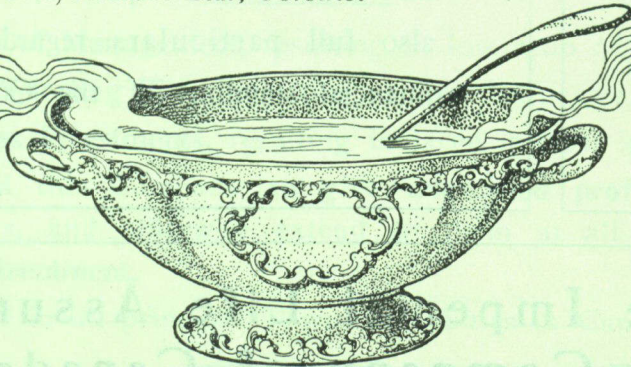
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THROUGH IKUTA TO NANKO TEMPLE

By E. A. WICHER



T was four o'clock in the afternoon on the last Monday of June, and the air of Kobe was heavy with the sultriness that follows the rainy season. We were sitting on the balcony of the manse, drinking tea and lazily watching the ships come and go in the harbour. Now Monday afternoon from tea time to dinner time, that is to say, according to good Eastern custom, from four to eight o'clock, was a holiday with us. Where would we go? Having no visitors whom we could consult we had to make our own choice. We looked longingly toward the hills and then looked away. Two thousand feet is a good deal to climb on a hot summer afternoon; and, besides, one of us could not climb any more. Whither then? To Mirume, to the boat club? But there was no steam launch running just then, and to take a rickshaw through the young rice fields with their smells was not to be thought of.

Then to Nanko temple? Just the thing. It was now almost at the end of the month, and the night fair would be in full swing. We would leave early and go through Ikuta and Moto-machi, arriving at Nankosan about dusk. Then we would wait until it had turned dark and return along the upper road, whence we

could look down upon the lighted city. So heigho for Nankosan!

"One rickshaw, amah," I shouted; "and to-night we will not have dinner until nine o'clock."

The amah transmitted the message to cooksan and cooksan went to the corner to order the rickshaw. You always do things in a roundabout way in Japan.

By five o'clock we were ready to sally forth. Apparently "ricky" had not been very busy that day, for he showed a strong disposition to start and run, and it required the repeated admonition "softly, softly," to check his pace. We proposed that my wife should ride and I would walk beside



JAPAN—A CANDY PEDDLER



JAPAN—A COOLIE AND HIS CART

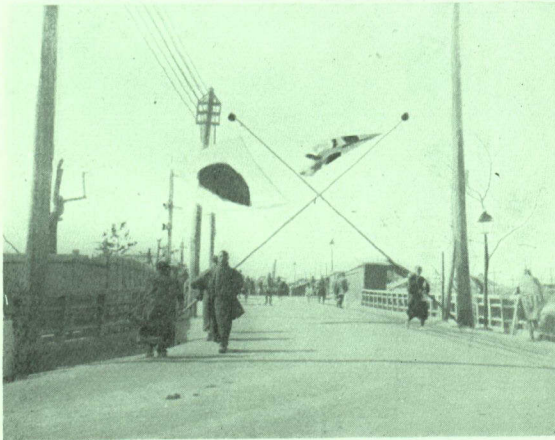
her. To ride in two rickshaws, one behind the other, is not a very sociable way of going out for a holiday. Conversation is simply impossible.

If one could have gotten inside ricky's brain at that time he would probably have found some such thoughts as these: "What fools these Western men are in simple things! It is true that white men are strong, but they let their women lord it over them

most shamefully. Why should this white priest walk when his wife rides? White priests cannot be men of position or they would not do such things. Perhaps it is harder to get wives in America than it is in Japan. At any rate white men are too free and easy; they have no dignity. But they have plenty of money. They pay well. We will make them pay better. This white priest will pay me well for pulling this woman. I wonder how much I will get. Pshaw! What is a white man? He is under our laws anyway. But when a white man pays you, you must take care of him."

We walked on down the line through Kitano-cho past the stone walls which sustained the terraces on which our neighbours' houses were built, turned the corner beneath two great flags that had been hung out in honour of the soldiers who were in the city, and began the descent of the steeper portion of the hill. Ricky had to hold back with all his weight to prevent the conveyance from running over him.

The street was now infested with a swarm of leperous beggars who planted themselves fairly in the middle of the road in front of the pedestrians so as almost to compel a contribution from all that passed that way. The presence of these awful people in the streets of the cities is one of the worst blots upon the civilisation of new Japan. Whatever explanations the authorities may have to make, they are to blame; the fault is theirs and theirs alone. It is awful to think that these pitiable creatures with their hideous sores, their filth and pollution, their mournful, insane cries, should be allowed to roam at large in the most populous centres of trade and commerce, bringing trouble and the danger of pestilence to the whole nation. Their close proximity is particularly trying for the foreigner, who is the special object of their



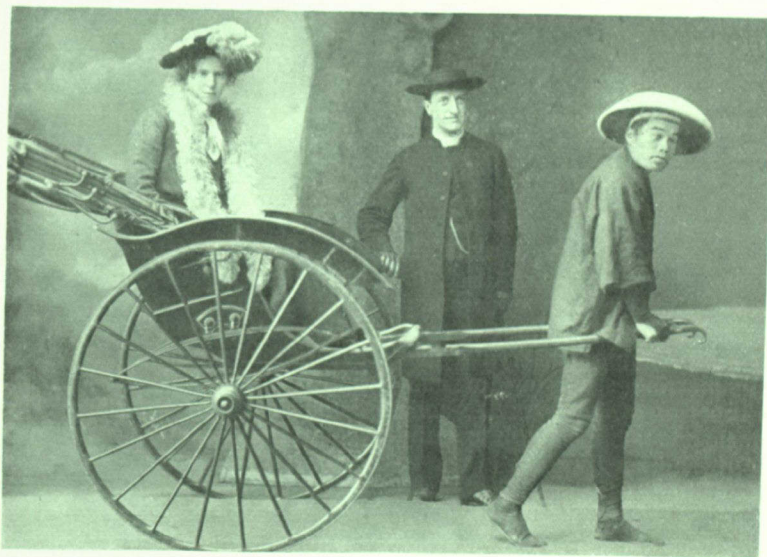
JAPAN—A BRIDGE OVER A RAILWAY
THE TWO FLAGS ARE CROSSED IN HONOUR OF THE SOLDIERS

attentions. And they are human like us, our brothers.

I have never yet been able to get a straight account of their condition from any Japanese, though I have asked many. One told me: "Oh, it is not necessary at all for these beggars to be in the streets. There are good homes and asylums provided for them, but when they are taken to them they will not stay. They do not like the restrictions of the charitable institutions, and they can make a great deal of money in the streets."

Church of England, and sustained almost entirely by foreign money. And this one is located in the southernmost part of Japan, in the island of Kyushu, hundreds of miles removed from the beggars of Kobe and hundreds more from the beggars of Yokohama. If the Japanese have any such institutions of their own, I have never heard of them.

I fancy that the view-point of the nation is far more faithfully represented in the utterance of another Japanese who told me plainly: "We believe



THE AUTHOR AND HIS WIFE
PHOTO BY TCHICTA, KOBE

But surely if these good homes are provided the authorities could see to it that they would go to them and remain in them. It is nonsense to say that they will not; they will, if they are made to. The government of Japan is not wanting in authority over the people. But I have a shrewd suspicion that homes, and particularly "good homes," for these unfortunates are not very numerous. The only one of which I have ever heard is the "Kumamoto Hospital for Lepers," established and conducted by some devoted, noble missionaries of the

that the relatives of the lepers should support them. We do not recognise any public responsibility in the matter." It is true that the idea of blood responsibility is very strong in Japan—much stronger than among the Anglo-Saxon peoples; but it is also true that there is still in this nation a callousness to human suffering, and a failure of human sympathy, which shows conclusively that there is a complete want of the conception of the brotherhood of fellow-nationals, to say nothing of the brotherhood of man.

"But supposing that the leper has

no surviving relatives, or that his relatives will not support him, what then?" I asked.

The Japanese gentleman only shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject of conversation. He did not find lepers interesting.

At the foot of the hill we arrived in the Ikuta way, which, making a wide bend, leads into Motomachi, Motomachi in turn leading into Tomondori, in which road stands Nanko Temple. The venerable camphor trees of Ikuta Temple are always good to look upon, and now after the rains of the past few days they shed upon the air a delicious fragrance.

As we went, we everywhere met women with babies tied to their backs. There is no race suicide in Japan. The babies are laughing, crying, scolding, or stolidly demure. From the vantage ground of their mothers' backs they take an intelligent interest in everything that goes on in the street. It is a pathetic characteristic of these little ones that they so soon understand life, its buying and selling; eating, sleeping and waking; marrying and giving in marriage; bearing of children and burying of the dead. As soon as one little one is big enough to stand the weight, another little one is tied to its back. I have seen small girls who had babies fastened behind, playing with skipping ropes, when every bound of the skipper caused the baby's head to rock tumultuously and fearfully. And yet the baby made no outcry, but seemed rather to enjoy the violence of the motion. Being struck one day, as I was walking through this very street, with the large number of women bending under their infantile loads, I took the census of one block, and found that out of thirty-six women whom I met, nineteen were carrying babies.

In the Ikuta road there are several *doggia*, or second-hand shops, where old bronzes, vases and lacquered armour are sold. One in particular is a source of perpetual temptation to not a few good ladies whom I know.

"Let us stop here just a minute,"

said my wife. "I want to see if there are any old blue dishes to-day."

Old blues! He had just had a consignment of them from down in the interior where his brother had been collecting them from among the country folk, who had had them in their families for five generations.

"Such luck," said my wife.

I knew that the minute would be prolonged to thirty, at the least, so I seated myself in the open shop front and watched the passing crowd. It was well worth while to spend thirty minutes in this way, for I saw sights enough to provide a philosopher with food for contemplation for a week. There was passing by the whole procession of life and death, of things present and things to come.

There were all the usual sights which one sees in the ordinary crowds of people returning home from business in the former concession and down by the water front. The present fashion of Japanese dress in an open port is rather uncertain. Sometimes it is purely foreign, though frequently cut in extraordinary shapes by the native tailors. Sometimes it is uncompromisingly Japanese. But even when the dress is otherwise purely native, it is hard for the enlightened Oriental to resist the temptation to wear a stiff felt hat.

Now there came along a high priest with loose, shimmering black vestments, adorned with gold and purple bands. And now came a student with a German peaked cap, sober grey kimono, academic overskirt, bare feet, clogs, a cane, a cigarette, and a look of supreme contempt for the unlearned crowd. What was he thinking about? It might have been scientific, it was probably atheistic; it was almost certainly destructive of the influence of the old priest, whom he, with his free, confident stride, was overtaking and passing in the street. Then came riding in a rickshaw from the concession, a banto, fat, clean-shaven, and faultlessly dressed in foreign clothes. A banto is the Japanese go-between employed by a foreign firm to negoti-



JAPAN—MOTOMACHI STREET, KOBE

ate its business with his fellow-countrymen. It is rumoured that he gets a commission on the business from both sides of the bargain, and it is known that he grows rich quickly. Next there passed the French Consul in his carriage, an excellent man, a gentleman, a devout Roman Catholic, whatever his government may think about the matter, and a friend of all the poor. The beggars on the hill will not plead in vain when he goes by. Then came three soldiers dressed in kiaki uniform; then an old man wearing clogs on his feet and a straw hat on his head; then two coolies wearing scarcely any clothes at all; then a policeman dressed in the white cotton uniform of summer and armed with a sword. The last named was of old *samurai* blood, and the common people gave him the right of way in the street. Then came a lordly young Englishman employed in a British mercantile house. He was evidently out of humour. Probably the truth of the matter was that his foreign tailor has asked him for the third time to pay his bill—this time with some insistence. And although he had a good salary, he had no money; for it was expensive, don't you know, to keep up his position.

"Jolly mean," thought he; "he didn't need to make such a row about it, as though he were the only man who had to wait for his money." No wonder that he would not allow retail tradesmen to become members of his club. Then came three Koreans, slouching along in their characteristically aimless way, their loose, white clothing anything but white, and their mouths agape with wonder at the brave sights of this fair town. They were coolies on their way to Hawaii, to be employed in the sugar plantations.

Then was seen one of the most touching of all the characteristic street sights of this country. A heavy load of earth was being drawn in a cart by hand, as it is always drawn in the Orient, when it is not carried in baskets. A coolie was pulling at the

tongue of the cart, while his wife pushed behind. What might the wages of that coolie be? Well, probably about thirty sen a day, or fifteen cents of our money. But how can a man marry and bring up a family on fifteen cents a day? Hundreds of thousands of men do. But in this case, as in many others, his wife's earnings augmented the family income. She, by pushing, would probably make another ten cents a day. There were, however, two small children also in the procession; one, I should say, of about five years of age, and the other of about three; both, happily for the Oriental, being boys. The five-year-old walked beside his mother, pushing on the other corner of the cart. But this arrangement left no place for the three-year-old, whose diminutive legs could scarcely move fast enough to keep him along with the others. He was running behind and sobbing as though his heart were broken. But he was not sobbing because he was behind—not at all—he was sobbing because he was not fulfilling his manifest destiny in the world. He knew clearly what life was for; it was for pushing at cart-loads of earth. And he was not pushing. Oh! oh! It was calamitous. And the great sobs burst from the depths of his soul. Then as they turned the corner the elder brother moved over towards the centre of the rear end of the cart, nearer to his mother, leaving a place where the younger could put his fingers. Immediately the clouds parted; the sun shone forth again, the baby boy was pushing at a load; he was now fulfilling his destiny and was happy as a king. The three of the male sex were almost naked; the woman was exposed at the breasts and above the knees. The white uniformed policeman passed them without casting a glance in their direction. There were millions more of the same sort in the empire.

But how about the blue plates?

"I have them, I have them?" she cried, "just the thing I wanted for my blue dining room."

Then she moved to see what I was



JAPAN—NANKO TEMPLE AT KOBE

seeing, and we both watched the disappearing coolies and cart. She understood immediately.

"Yes, it is terrible. And we have so much. If by giving up the blue plates and all the other things one could make it right—but the trouble lies deeper than that."

Just then a uniformed schoolmaster passed us. She nodded towards him, "That will do it."

And she was right. Japan has horses and steam engines and steel cranes to use in war in this generation; in the next she will have them for all the peaceful industries. But when the time comes for the substitution of horse and steam power for man power, the coolie will be the bitterest opponent of the change. In any case things are inestimably better in every way than they once were. It is easier to convey earth in carts on wheels than to carry it in baskets on human backs.

And the coolie who is fed on rice is better fed than was the coolie who had nothing but rice straw and husks.

Then we turned into Motomachi, the great show street of Kobe, the street whose shops are full of all the kinds of costly wares which the tourist buys—silks, embroideries, carved chairs, painted screens, pictures, lacquer bowls and old stone gods. Here, too, the tourist buys antiques that are manufactured in Osaka. Indeed, the candid sign of one shop announces that the proprietor is a "manufacturer and exporter of curios."

We passed over the railway bridge and down into the old Japanese town beyond. There was Nanko Temple on our right. Leaving the rickshaw man at the gate, we came first into the spacious fore-court, where were the immense bazaars, the open stalls for the sale of all kinds of goods, and even the restaurants for the refecation



NANKO TEMPLE—GATE OF THE SHRINE

of the visitors. It was now dusk and the lights were being lighted in all parts of the grounds. We took our way up to the open court on the left where the old goods were displayed on straw mats. Each little stall was of one mat about six feet by three, and was illuminated by a small kerosene lamp that stood in the middle. The stalls were in rows, leaving a space for the visitors to pass up and down between. The proprietor sat on his heels behind his wares. The prices asked were determined, not simply by the value of the articles, but also by the clothing and apparent wealth and social position of the customer. Consequently they varied exceedingly, it being possible sometimes to sell an article at three hundred per cent. of an advance upon the price of another time.

Bargaining is universal. I never saw a purchase made without bargaining. And frequently it is very amusing for the bystanders. We overheard a youth trying to buy a lead pencil.

"How much?" he asked.

"Five sen," said the dealer, holding up one hand with the fingers outspread.

The youth looked horrified at such a display of cupidity. Then his face relaxed again into an amiable smile.

"Yes, I see, you mean for the bunch." The bunch contained six.

"No, indeed, I mean for one," indignantly cried the dealer.

The youth resumed his look of horror, and then said, "I could not think of giving more than two sen."

Finally the bargain was concluded

at three sen for one pencil. The dealer was an old man, the youth was about fourteen years old. They seemed to understand life equally well and to be fairly matched in the bargaining. They parted with mutual bowings.

We took our way between the lines of the candy and *ame* stalls, past the man who was selling slices of hot roast eel, and the other man who was selling ice, and the other man who was selling rice cake, and came to the

stone steps leading up to the shrine. Here was buried Kusunobi Masashigi, who commanded the Japanese loyalists against the rebellious army of the Shogun Ashikage about six hundred years ago. The battle took place out beyond the Minatogawa some two miles distant. When the Shogun's forces seemed certain of victory, this hero led a troop of horse down the precipitous hills behind Luma, and by his generalship turned the fortunes of the day. Naturally under the new empire the shrine of Nankosan has enjoyed a great popularity. Hither come the young mothers with their baby boys to pray that they may grow up to be as brave as Kusunobi. And hither come also the departing soldiers to pray for courage in battle and victory for their country. Just now the whole place was filled with them, for they were quartered in the temple buildings while waiting for transportation to the seat of war.

Then we returned by the hill road to the manse, located high up among the other foreign houses in Kitano-cho. The hills loomed vast above us, the city twinkled below, the dark sea mirrored the ship lights in its still surface, the moon rose serenely over the whole scene. We had had another day. What did it all mean — this toil of humanity, this sweat of brow and pain of heart, this war in which insolent ambition mingled with loftiest patriotism? Was it only a survival of the fittest by tooth and claw? Or was there a Presence in it all?



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD
PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY

LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "*The Masterfolk*."

VI.—MRS. HUMPHRY WARD



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD sees life through academic eyes—spaces it out; weighs it; calculates it; classifies it; frets that it evades her schemes, that it never quite adjusts itself to her theories. I know a most worthy woman who is engaged in rescue work amongst London's poor fallen women; she sees the whole world as fallen women. So Mrs. Humphry Ward sees the whole world as an institute. She, in consequence,

rides the purpose of her novel to death, as a schoolmaster whips an original boy; and the result, as a solution of that purpose, is as splendidly futile.

The making of a novel to prove a theory is like a parson in a pulpit laying down the moral law—there is no opposition, no debate, no cross-examination. He who writes a novel to prove a philosophic theory can prove anything, for he holds all the strings. For instance, one might write a novel

to shew a man going to the dogs because there is no future punishment; one might just as easily write a novel to shew a man going to the dogs because there is—the one novel would be as convincing as the other—or as unconvincing. So with Robert Elsmere; he gave up Christianity, but, as a matter of fact, like many agnostics, he became a much finer character and a far truer Christian after he left the Church than before it. It is all a juggle of words—academic and hair-splitting. For a healthy man or woman, the problems that Mrs. Humphry Ward thrashes along the whole path of her story have been settled and bedded down in youth; the consequence is that when one of them is brought out of the stable, and “larruped” along the hard high road, it canters before our mature gaze with but the roaring breathing of an over-ridden hired hack.

To understand and appreciate this talented woman, then, as a literary entity, you must kill the hack, bury it, and then go amongst the bewildered figures of the crowd that she has sent a-chasing it—and you will meet your reward. It is in her peasants and country folk, and in the healthy fresh air of country places, where theories are of small avail and life is lived simply, that Mrs. Humphry Ward reaches the nearest to genius. She catches the very colour and atmosphere of the land, as she grasps the grey life and the stubborn human endeavour, and aims, and careers of the rude country side.

The fact is that to write a novel in order to prove a philosophic theory is to mistake the whole meaning of art. Art is the transference of emotion, not of reason or logic. It is the province of philosophy to treat of thought or reason; it is the province of art to transfer emotion or sensation. If you shall feel emotionally indignant against or emotionally delighted in a thing, that thing may be translated into terms of art—as, for instance, Mrs. Humphry Ward’s passionate rebellion against the iniquities of the game laws—but you

cannot prove anything logically against them, you can only state your passionate detestation of them. The result is none the less great; indeed, emotion is, has been, and always will be a far greater factor in human affairs than any amount of reason. If you appeal to the reason, as in the philosophy of religion, you cannot create a work of art out of it, for the reason is not emotion. Matthew Arnold looked upon Art as the criticism of life—which is just exactly what Art is not. Art is the statement of the emotion of living.

An academic statement of life can never be a wholly true statement of life, for Reason alone cannot state life. The fullest life can only be lived through the emotions—that is to say, the fullest life can only be stated through the emotions, which is to say through Art. That is why a great work of art is nearer life and possesses nobler qualities than the highest philosophy. For one act that we commit in one day from reason, we commit a thousand from instinct, from emotion. Emotion is a far more mystic thing, a subtler, a deeper, more significant thing than reason. No man is ever a monk from instinct—only by the distortion of reason. No man is ever an ascetic by instinct, but by reason. No man’s emotions allow him to become a pessimist—pessimism is the product of pure reason. An optimist is glad to be alive, glad to have his senses, glad to use them, glad of this world, does not smite his God in the face with the statement that His handiwork has made a miserable world; glories in the earth, and is proud of his communion with it—eager that every one of his fellows should share his gladness. It is the academic mind that would rule life with square and plummet; that would make of life a fantastic riot of Thou Shall Nots.

So with Mrs. Humphry Ward. When she is writing of populous cities, she approaches the humanity of the cities as though she would reduce it to statistics, as Mr. Booth would approach it, and rightly approaches it, but as no artist may approach it and

live. So, too, when she writes of the aristocratic types, but this in a lesser degree of failure, she does not *quite* breathe life into them—they just miss the carriage and air and subtle atmosphere, like Mrs. John Strange Winter's military men. But let her fling aside the manufacture of baronets and duchesses, and the county class—indeed they all dance a little stiffly to her piping, she sees them as a professor might see them over his spectacles—and let her get out to the fields and country side, to peasant and farmer and the middle class, and at once we are amongst very life.

I read a little while ago a gross attack on Mrs. Humphry Ward, in which was the sneer that her success had promoted her from Gower street to Mayfair. Such an attack is as loathsome as it is uncritical. An artist does not always draw best the class to which he belongs, and sometimes the most elaborate society has been drawn by men of the people. Women writers seem particularly liable to these foul personal attacks. The sneer was probably founded on the fact that Mrs. Humphry Ward draws the middle and peasant class with deeper sympathy, which breeds artistic achievement.

It is for this reason that the heroine in "Helbeck of Bannisdale"—I even forget her name; and, indeed, all the county set lacked conviction, whilst the farmer class was very finely realised—the heroine of "Helbeck of Bannisdale" is just such a woman as, given the talents, would be drawn by academic men, say Mr. Howells or Mr. Traill; but they are really the offspring of college young women who act by the book—who seem almost to be born on a system—and the heroine of Helbeck's romance, when she commits suicide rather than become a Roman Catholic and the wife of that exceedingly dull, uninteresting gentleman, exactly offends every sense of true artistry, while she as exactly follows the logical sequence of cold reason—and cold reason never persuades real humanity. A girl who matriculates at a woman's college does often pass

through a pedantic stage, but it is an abnormal, an unhealthy stage, and it is not the real woman within. And it is a stage that does not make for a clear view of life, but for the comparatively dull statement that is called science, which may go to the making of a bridge, but never to the building of a human soul. For a soul is built on experience, not on philosophy.

The academic mind sees life parochially. It is one of the catchpennies of criticism to-day to praise writers for long and elaborate descriptions of scenery—for local colour, it is called. There is, as a matter of fact, nothing so destructive to great art as this tedious photography in words, this straining after localisation of scenery. Photographers go out with cameras, and they photograph the exact puddle near which some hero or heroine of fiction has sat. Yet, with all this elaboration of scenery, what shall surpass the astounding atmosphere of Shakespeare's plays? Do not Romeo and Juliet breathe the very air of Italy, and Julius Cæsar the very air of old Imperial Rome? Is not "King Lear" played in the very rude air of Ancient Britain? And does not Macbeth exhale the smell of the wild Highland heaths? Yet Shakespeare in "The Tempest" was content with such a phrase as "A Ship at Sea" for his scenery, relying on the imagination of the reader to fill in the picture from his own parochial experience. And how his confidence is rewarded! How the ship heaves, and lurches, and frets! How the crash of its wreckage, the impatience of the sailors, the equality of all men in the face of death, and all the moods of the scene, compel the imagination and grip the emotions! And what a little space that scene occupies on paper! Mrs. Humphry Ward is at her best in landscape; yet how one wishes the elaborate statement less elaborately builded, and the emotions allowed to do their own master-work! For, given all her fine qualities of head and heart, her academic eyes see the world somewhat bookishly.



ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL

PROGRESS OF HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE

By HILDA D. OAKELEY



TN speculation, both Educational and Social, the question may be long debated, whether the education of women ought to be the same as that of men, or something special and different. Granting that it is now a *chose jugée* that women's needs, human needs, the demands of the race and the age require that women should have the best education, it may be still a matter for the consideration of many generations what that best exactly involves. But even here practice cannot wait upon abstract theory when the answer is long withheld, and whilst the theorists are in this, as in almost every branch

of education still speculating about the ideal system, the question is being gradually decided. *Solvitur Ambulando.*

At every centre in which an excellent system of education for men has for some time existed there arise naturally, and inevitably, the wish and attempt to extend its advantages to women. It is felt that such education, at least in so far as it is not strictly professional, has been established as the best that could be devised for the training of youth with the means at disposal. It is argued that until proof be given to the contrary we may assume that this is what our young women need. Since it is admitted

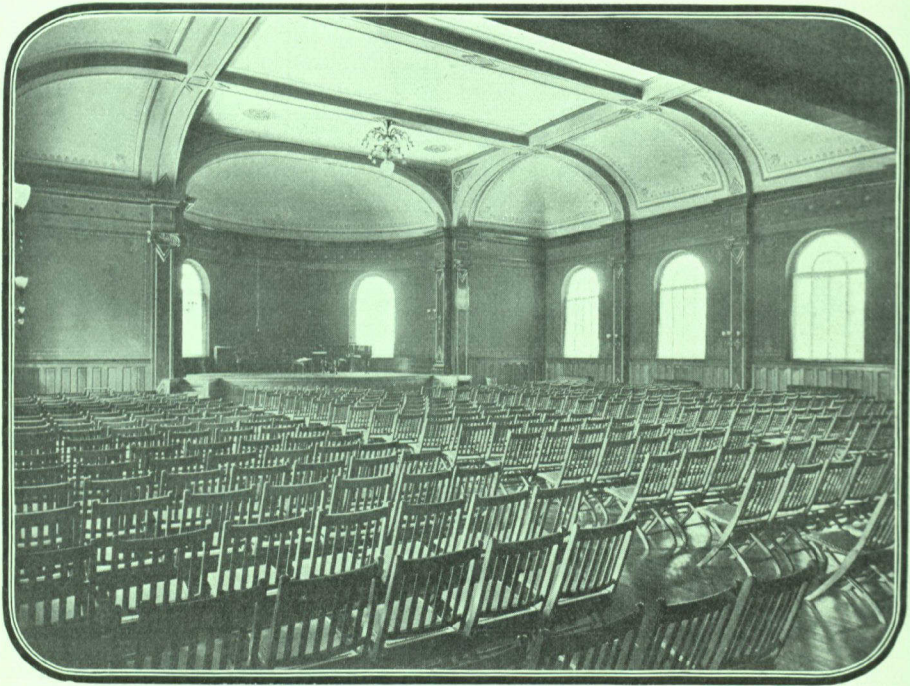
that they, no less than the other half of the race, are the intellectual heirs of all the ages, let them be prepared in the same way for entrance into their great inheritance. In almost every community in possession of an old university there appear at some time the pioneer women who entreat a share in its privileges. These young people have probably gone a little distance, in school or home studies, into the magic realm of science; they have seen fragments of the treasures which through centuries great men have won for humanity from "the vague and formless infinite." They have begun to delight in the works of those thinkers and writers who have, as Emerson says of Shakespeare, "pushed the standard of the human mind several furlongs forward into chaos." Unable to reconcile themselves to stopping short abruptly at this point, and yet hardly fitted by school education to go much farther in purely independent work, such young women look naturally to the famous institution in their midst,

the pride probably of their city and province, and wonder why its opportunities should not be open to them as well as to their brothers and school-boy contemporaries.

Simultaneously with the appearance of these petitioners there probably arises a body of enlightened opinion amongst men of influence at the university which is ready to meet them half way. So it was in Cambridge when Professors Sidgwick, Fawcett, Jebb, Marshall and others drew up the first scheme of lectures for women in 1870, the first step towards the origin of Newnham College. So it was in Montreal, when in 1884 a deputation, consisting of four girls who had passed the examination of Associate in Arts, equivalent to matriculation, came to Sir William Dawson, then Principal of McGill, to ask whether means of further education could be established so that they might prepare for the University Degree. The Principal promised the lectures if eight candidates could be found, and in the same year Sir



ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE—READING ROOM



ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE—ASSEMBLY HALL

Donald Smith (now Lord Strathcona) made an endowment for Women's Education at McGill University, and the first class entered upon the course. The Women's Department of McGill has thus existed for twenty years, but it only developed into the Royal Victoria College, built and endowed by Lord Strathcona, in the autumn of 1899.

This development implied a growth in more than one respect, involving the influence of an ideal which goes beyond the simple aim of university education for women. Towards this ideal one main influence is the old tradition of the residential college of a university. It followed as a matter of course that the growth of women's education in Oxford and Cambridge was accompanied by the foundation of colleges for women, the students of which have their own residential tutors, and at the same time are admitted to the lectures in the various college halls, in which, according to the custom of Oxford

and Cambridge, they are held. This admission is still a matter of privilege, not of constitutional right.

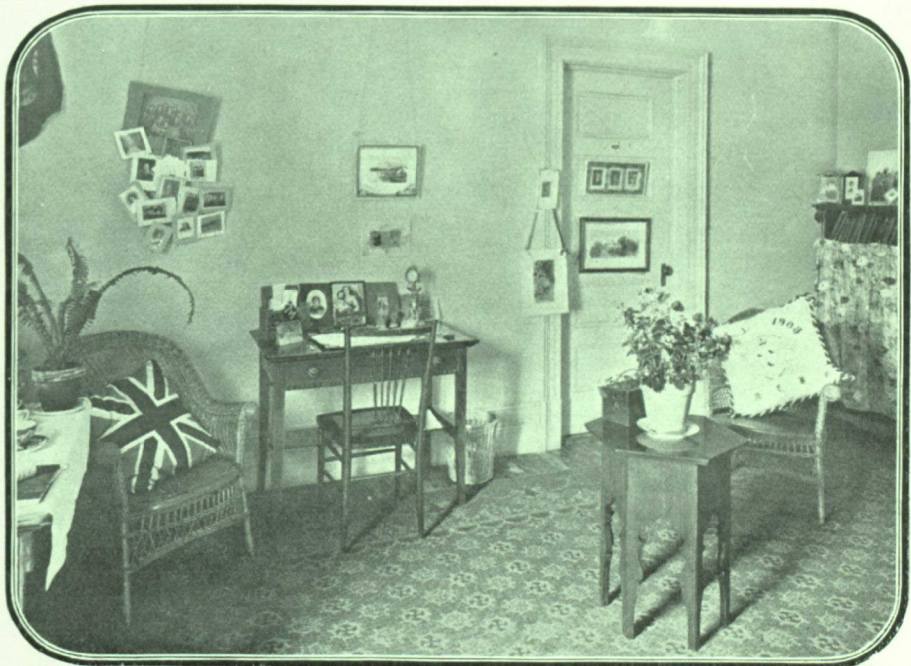
In the meantime the opportunity of entrance upon the inheritance of the centuries at Oxford and Cambridge must have an enchantment in it, which cannot be added, however much we may struggle for it in a young country. We have here, however, the advantages of a wider vision of experiments and a comparative freedom from tradition. In their aim of establishing in Canada a college for women that should have, in so far as these could be transplanted, the best elements of the English university women's colleges, the founders could look, also, to the experiments made by that nation which has borne witness, pre-eminently, to the modern faith in the value of education. The number of women receiving a university education, or a college education of university pattern, is greater in the United States, in proportion to the population, than in any

other country. Of these, probably the majority are attending universities on the co-educational system, as is the case also in this country at the University of Toronto and others. Where halls of residence have been established, as in the United States at Chicago and in Canada in connection with Victoria University, these are not colleges of the distinctively English type. Radcliffe College, Cambridge, bears a relation to Harvard, in some respects analogous to that of Girton to Cambridge, or Somerville to Oxford. The lectures to the women students are, however, entirely separate at Radcliffe, and this is not the case at Oxford or Cambridge.

At Barnard College, Columbia, a peculiar system prevails. The women receive the Columbia degree, but the teaching is by a faculty special to Barnard. At Brown the women have parallel courses, given by the university professors. There remain the great colleges of the east in which the plan of residential life is fully carried

out. There is no university to which the college is related, and the college gives its own degree. This system is now, I believe, peculiar to the United States, Holloway and Bedford Colleges in England, the nearest analogues, having acquired a different character in becoming schools of the London University.

The difficulty for the purely women's colleges is to have certainty that their standard never slips below that of a university of good standing. In this point more than one of the large American colleges seem to have had considerable success. The present trend of development, however, appears to indicate a sense, amongst the friends of women's education, that there are advantages in the comparison with men's work, and in the wide influences which reach the women's department of a great university, which it is difficult to replace under any other system. There is, at least, no evidence of a tendency towards the introduction into this country of the distinctive



ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE—A STUDENT'S PRIVATE SITTING ROOM



ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE—COMMON ROOM

women's college such as Bryn Maur, Wellesley or Vassar.

In the foundation of the Royal Victoria College the idea of a residential university college for women was an important factor. Before this building was erected, many young women had come from a distance to study at McGill University. Even apart from the college idea, the advantage of a residence for those whose homes are not in the city would not be questioned. Their object is university education, and in a place especially planned for students all is made subordinate to that master end. There residing, they meet constantly with others who have come from very different homes, but who, bearing a kindred interest, are looking forward to the same goal. There can be no better road than this to the best and most enduring form of friendship. There also, in accordance with the English principle, they may know personally some who are engaged in the educational work of the university as teachers and guides, en-

gaged perhaps also in the research that furthers knowledge.

As Newman points out, in his "Idea of a University," one of the best means to a liberal education lies, not in the individual student's special pursuit of the one or two subjects to which he must devote himself wholly if he is to know anything well, so much as in the sharing of an atmosphere produced by the meeting together of minds interested in many different spheres of knowledge.

"Thus is created a pure and clear atmosphere of thought, which the student also breathes, though in his own case he only pursues a few sciences out of the multitude. . . . A habit of mind is formed which lasts through life, of which the attributes are freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation, and wisdom, or what in a former discourse I have ventured to call a philosophic habit."

Let it not be considered an aim too ambitious to endeavour to create in our New World colleges, by such means as we have at our disposal, the spirit which Newman exalted as the best possible result of the opportunities of

the oldest universities. For some of the conditions, if not all, are within our reach, and we must aim high if we are to achieve at all. And it is the supreme value of this liberal "habit of mind," which requires, I think, at the present moment in this country, emphasis and attention.

The youth of Canada are in danger neither of lacking, nor of undervaluing the virtues at the other end of the educational scale, the practical understanding, the practical resourcefulness, keenness in discriminating detail, adaptability to novel and strange experiences and surroundings. In these they are on the average probably superior to their Old World contemporaries. But the other things are also needful, and that as well in practical activities, with reference to the work of business or civic and social committees, as for the leisured part of life. This may seem to be a digression. The point is dwelt upon here, because this character of moderation and wisdom, this intellectual liberality, has one of the best opportunities of growth in a university that facilitates intercourse between professors, teachers and students occupied in various, perhaps widely divergent, mental pursuits. Such facilities may be afforded in several ways, of which the residential college is one of the most obvious.

There are various methods in which the danger of too great solitude in the university stage of life may be met, and lonely students drawn out of the shell of their single interest to share in a more diversified intellectual movement, from which they may return to their own subjects with rekindled zeal. Here we are pointing out particularly one of the ways which seems excellent, namely the life of a college or community of students in which no alien social interest or non-collegiate colouring is allowed to gain entrance or predominance. This is impossible in a community in which a sufficient proportion of members of the educational staff is present, to keep alive the dominating idea and purpose, should these ever be in danger of sinking in the course of

constant change in the student body. The Royal Victoria College is not to be compared in the number of its residents with any of the great American women's colleges. The resident members have, on the other hand, represented a wide area, students having come from British Columbia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, Boston, Chicago, Iowa, Jamaica, the majority, however, from Québec, Ontario, and the Maritime Provinces. After five sessions, it is possible to say that a good tradition has already been established, and this because of the co-operation of the students with those concerned in the guidance of the institution. The character and spirit of a college are largely the work of the students.

The spirit that it has been desired to establish within the community has been that of a genial home life, which should be quite compatible with a certain feeling of independence and responsibility, befitting those who have voluntarily chosen a four years' course of university study after the ordinary stage of school life is over. It has to be remembered, also, in such a community that whilst college life gives rise to social demands to which none should be entirely oblivious, the student who has dedicated four years to special study may wish for a degree of isolation in the interests of the intellectual life which all should respect.

In addition to its aspect as a residential college the building serves a very important function as centre for all those activities of the women-students which they engage in as students of the Royal Victoria College whether resident or non-resident. This was intended in the foundation of the institution, and was indeed a leading motive. Previously the "Donalda" students, as they were called (from the name of Sir Donald Smith) had been located in a portion of the Arts Building, known as the "East Wing." There the lectures of the ordinary courses were repeated to them, the honour students attending the same classes as the men. There also they

had their rooms for committee meetings, meetings of the Delta Sigma or Literary and Debating Society, the Young Women's Christian Association and others. This space was very inadequate and somewhat unattractive. They had for long been looking forward to a building of their own, and the opening of the Victoria College gave in this respect all that they desiderated. Perhaps it might be said, more than all, more certainly than they had thought of, for, inspired by a lofty conception of the right fitness of environment to the studious life, Lord Strathcona had built for them a House Beautiful.

Looking upon the wide corridors, æsthetic colours and dignified halls, one must often recall the aim of Plato, that "our youth, dwelling as it were in a healthful region, may draw in good from every quarter whence any emanation from noble works may strike on their eye or ear, like a gale wafting health from salubrious lands, and win them imperceptibly into resemblance, love and harmony with the beauty of reason." There are two especially large public rooms, the assembly hall and the dining hall. Both these, far more spacious than would be required for daily needs, have been frequently used for university gatherings, for which they are especially appropriate. There is a value in the mere existence of these noble rooms, for dignified architectural work has an influence difficult to analyse, though definitely felt, on the minds of the young. And of very obvious value to the students of the college has been the use of their assembly hall for such purposes as the annual university lecture (on two occasions) and lectures by eminent strangers, as for instance in the course of

the last session, M. Andre[̄] Michel and Mr. Edmund Yeats. This hall was also the scene of the convocation at which the Prince and Princess of Wales received honorary degrees from McGill University in September, 1901, Lord Strathcona presiding. There also was held the memorial service on behalf of the great Queen, whose name the college bears.

"Things seen are mightier than things heard," and such ceremonies are not without effect in impressing upon the students and the public that the college is a constituent part of the university. Not a little is added to the charm of the place by the pictures on the walls of the corridors and the public rooms, reproductions of many of the greatest paintings. These become so familiar to the residents that the originals of Raphael, Turner, Constable, Corot, Reynolds, etc., will seem to them like old friends transfigured when they come upon them in European galleries. To the non-residents they are a perpetual source of new interest, and it is especially pleasant to see the first-year students, in moments between lectures, lose themselves in the vision of a Raphael Madonna or a Turner sunset, in which the photograph suggests with extraordinary success the artist's

"Light that never was on sea or land."

The ordinary lecture rooms at the college are used mainly by the students of the first two years, those of the latter years having most of their lectures at the McGill buildings. The students of all years, however, meet for many purposes in the building, and there feel peculiarly at home.



CANADIAN PROGRESS

A SURVEY OF THE PROGRESS WHICH CANADA IS MAKING IN THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF NATIONAL LIFE, BASED MAINLY UPON THE RECENT CENSUS RETURNS AND THE LATEST GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

WEALTH



THE people of Canada have become enormously wealthy since Confederation. The area of Canadian soil has grown from 662,147 square miles to 3,745,574 square miles. The deposits in the chartered banks have increased from thirty-three millions in 1868 to three hundred and seventy-eight millions in 1903. The deposits in the savings banks have increased from four to eighty-two millions. The railway mileage has grown from two thousand to nineteen thousand. The tonnage of the vessels arriving and departing from her ports (exclusive of the coasting trade) has grown from thirteen millions to thirty-three millions. The total foreign trade has increased from 131 millions to 467 millions. The number of cities with 10,000 of a population has grown from nine to thirty-one. The revenue of the Dominion has grown from thirteen million to sixty-six million, and that of the provinces in like proportion. The land under cultivation has doubled. The assets of the chartered banks have increased from 77 million to 641 million dollars. The industry of the country has become more varied and more complex until to-day there are about 12,000 industrial establishments employing a large portion of the people and turning out an annual product valued at five hundred million dollars.

No matter what view-point be taken, the progress of the country is shown

to have been steady and satisfactory. There have been dark days when the sun of prosperity seemed to be unwilling to shine, but these were due mainly to world conditions over which Canada could have no control. Whether the people halted and hesitated, whether the world was generous or niggardly, the plodding, patient character of the Canadian race was ever manifest. Here a little, there a little, they added to their territory, their population, their wealth, their cultivated soil, their mines, their industrial establishments and their foreign trade, until to-day Canada occupies a recognised position among the younger nations of the world—proud, self-reliant, contented but ambitious.



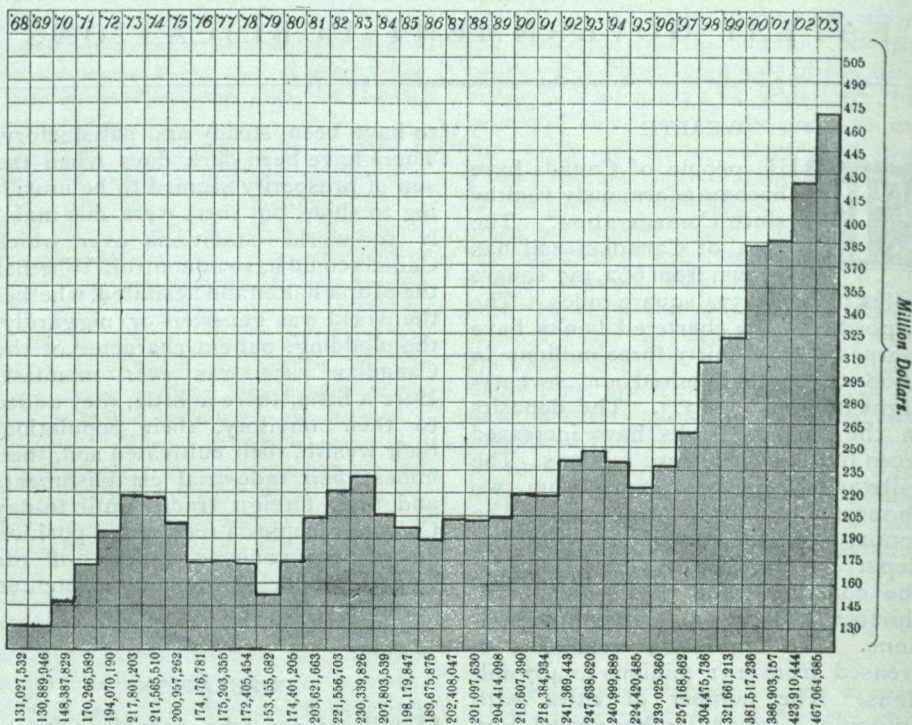
POPULATION

THE people who inhabit Canada to-day are of the blood of those who inhabited it when the Dominion was formed in 1867. There has been but little infusion of foreign blood. Except during the past three years, speaking generally, there was an export of citizens rather than an import. During this thirty-seven years, a million Canadians went to the United States, of whom not more than one-quarter have returned. While exporting a million citizens, Canada imported little more than three-quarters of a million; therefore the people to-day are of almost all Canadian born. The census of 1901 showed that of a popu-

lation of 5,371,315, there were 4,671,815 who claimed Canada as a birth-place. The foreign-born population has increased slightly during 1902, 1903 and 1904.

This is an evidence of stability. While the growth of population has not been rapid, it has been steady. What is more important for future progress, is the fact that the population has not deteriorated. There is

Territories more than one thousand miles will be laid down this season, the Canadian Northern having 6,000 men and 2,000 teams on construction work. This railway is rushing its two main lines from Winnipeg to Prince Albert and Winnipeg to Edmonton. The Canadian Pacific is also working hard in the Territories, the Arcola-Regina and the Kirkella Extension being the names of the largest of their new lines.



Each square represents \$15,000,000.

TOTAL FOREIGN TRADE OF CANADA, 1868-1903

little probability that Canada will soon have to deal with those evils which flow from the presence of an "ignorant, foreign" element. In this regard, her position is superior to that of the United States.

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RAILWAY PROGRESS

ALTHOUGH the Grand Trunk Pacific will not commence to lay rails in 1904, the era of railway building continues. In Manitoba and the

In other parts of Canada there is also considerable extension work being done.

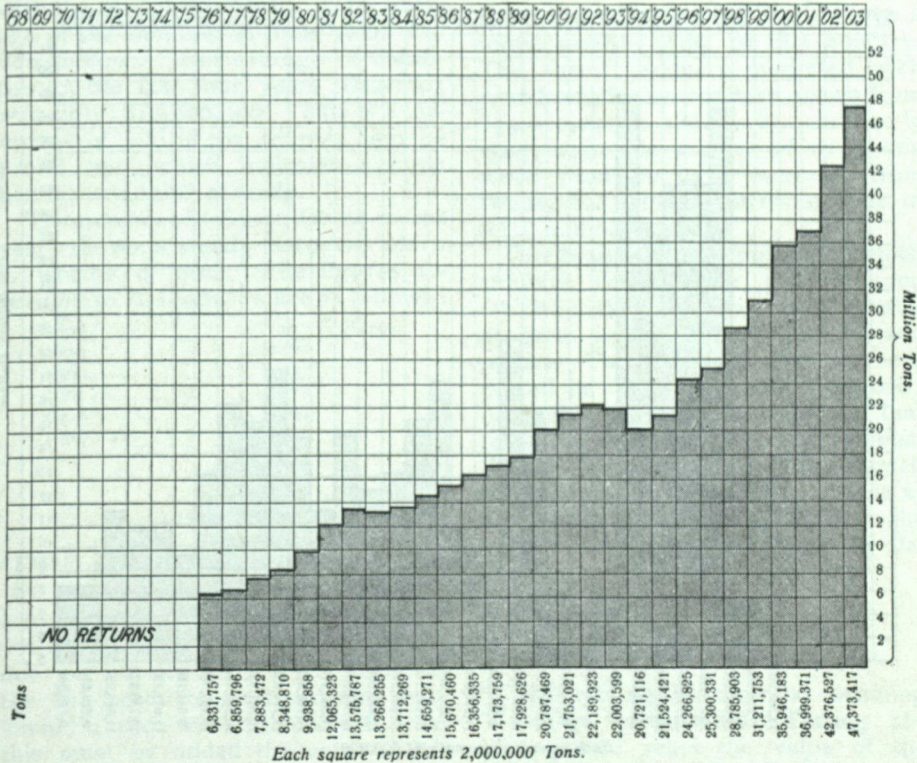
The mileage of our railways has grown steadily from 2,278 miles in 1868 to 18,987 miles in 1903, the rate of increase being fairly uniform. The only remarkable year was 1882 when 1,300 miles were added. This year, 1904, will nearly equal the record as the unusual conditions of 1882 are almost duplicated. Then the C.P.R. was rushing its lines through the

West ; now the Canadian Northern is doing the same thing.

More interesting than the mileage is the growth of traffic. The accompanying chart shows the remarkable and rapid increase in the freight carried. From twenty million tons in 1892 there has been a steady annual increase to forty-seven million tons in 1903, an increase of 124 per cent. The earnings which must necessarily follow

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

THE growth of electric railways in Canada is noteworthy. There are now 46 railways of this character with 454 miles of single track and 192 of double track. Their gross earnings in 1903 were \$7,777,000, and they carried 167,000,000 passengers. Of the 838 miles of track 447, or a little over one-half of the total, is in Ontario.



TONS CARRIED BY CANADIAN RAILWAYS, 1876-1903

the same course have in this period increased from fifty-two millions to ninety-six millions, an increase of 85 per cent.

The chief railways and their earnings are as follows :

Canadian Pacific System.	\$43,299,487
Grand Trunk System	25,109,563
Intercolonial and P.E.I.	6,542,038
Canada Southern	5,705,596
Canadian Northern	2,449,579
Canada Atlantic	1,908,026
Others	11,050,238
Total	\$96,064,527

EDUCATION

ACCORDING to the census returns of 1901, 85.6 per cent. (excluding children under five) of the population can read, as compared with 79.1 per cent. in 1891. Thus the ten years shows a considerable increase in the efficiency of the population, despite the increased immigration from European districts which might have been expected to decrease the average.

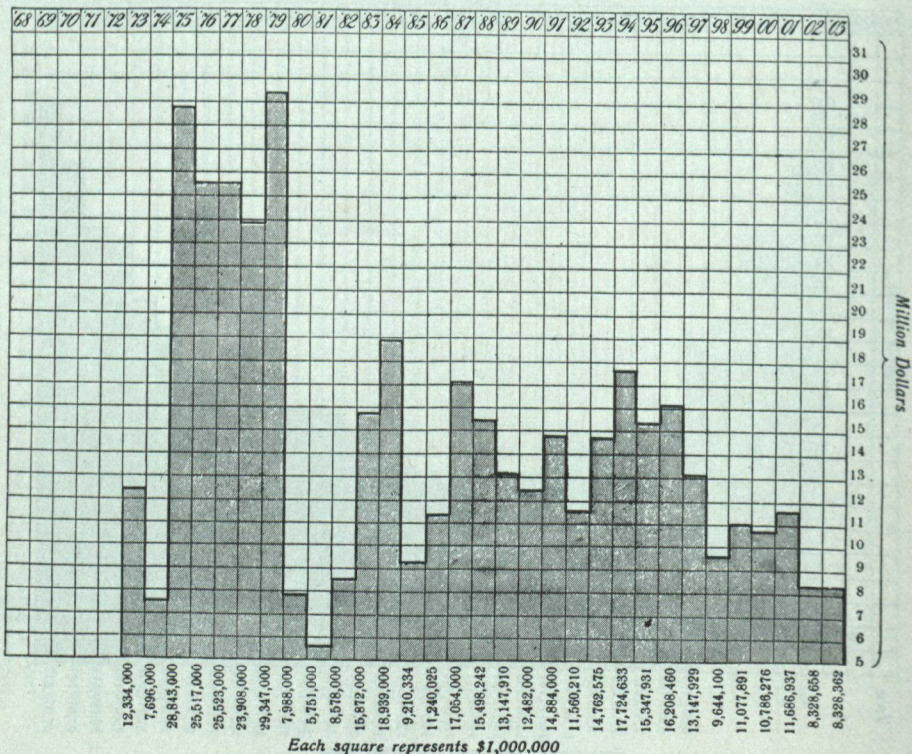
The percentage of people in each

Province that cannot read may be compared by the following figures :

	Percentage of Population excluding Children.
Northwest Territories.....	33.68
British Columbia.....	22.71
Quebec.....	15.16
Manitoba.....	12.50
New Brunswick.....	14.21
Nova Scotia.....	12.62
Prince Edward Island.....	9.58
Ontario.....	7.85

The Province of Manitoba is the most liberal, the expenditure per head of the population being \$5.22, as compared with Ontario's \$2.20 and Quebec's \$1.40.

Canada has sixteen universities and thirty-one degree-conferring colleges, besides other classical colleges, ladies' colleges, agricultural schools, and other denominational and private institutions.



BUSINESS FAILURES IN CANADA, 1875-1903 (INCLUDING NEWFOUNDLAND, 1875-1891)

The annual expenditure on education in Canada amounts to eleven million dollars, divided as follows :

Ontario.....	\$4,825,160
Quebec.....	2,355,087
Nova Scotia.....	936,458
New Brunswick.....	629,991
Manitoba.....	1,509,276
British Columbia.....	604,358
Prince Edward Island....	166,617
The Territories.....	213,764

Total..... \$11,240,711

There is hardly a country in the world which pays so much attention to education as Canada.

BUSINESS FAILURES

THE great decrease in business failures is one of the most marked features of Canadian progress. The accompanying chart shows that in spite

of the great increase in the number of businesses and the great increase in commercial liabilities consequent upon the development of the country, there is a remarkable stability and lack of failure. True, the year 1881 still holds the record, but 1902 and 1903 will compare favourably with it considering the larger amount of capital involved. From 1875 to 1879, Canada experienced a period of "hard times" in common with the rest of the world. The average of the liabilities of those years was \$26,900,000. The average of liabilities for the last four years 1899-1903 was only \$10,000,000. This is a decrease of which the country may be proud and which indicates a most healthy condition of trade.

The number of failures during recent years shows a steady decrease which is worthy of note. The figures according to Bradstreet's are as follows :

1898.....	1427	Failures.
1899.....	1285	"
1900.....	1333	"
1901.....	1370	"
1902.....	1092	"
1903.....	956	"



FISHERIES

THE progress in producing fish cannot be expected to bear comparison with other branches of production, yet the value of our fisheries should not be overlooked. The value of the fish products produced and marketed in 1902 were \$22,000,000. To this must be added the value of the fish caught and consumed by those who catch them, which is estimated to be \$15,000,000 more. According to governmental statistics the number of men who make a business of fishing part or the whole of the year has increased from 59,493 in 1885 to 88,218 in 1901. In the same period the value of the vessels, boats, nets, weirs, traps and other property has increased in value from six to eleven million dollars. The Dominion Government has provided sixteen fish-breeding establishments and also pays a bounty

to the fishermen of the Atlantic coast. In fact this is a pet industry with the authorities.



FOREST PRODUCTS

TIMBER, like fish, cannot be increased at the will of man; but Canada is blessed with a great natural supply of both. If trees do not reproduce as fast as fish, the value steadily increases as a compensation. Few countries in the world have a forest wealth equal to this country. The forest products marketed each year from this source have grown from \$35,000,000 in 1891 to \$51,000,000 in 1901, while the exports of wood and wood products have increased from twenty-five million dollars in 1891 to forty million in 1903.

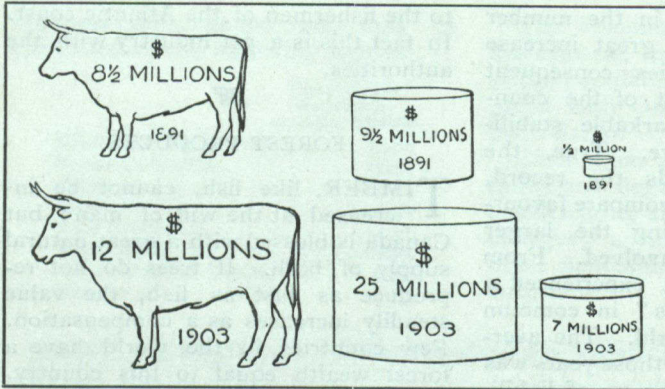
One branch of forest products which exhibits considerable growth, and which is likely to show even greater progress in the future, is pulp and paper. The value of the pulp exported in 1891 was about \$300,000; in twelve years it has increased tenfold and is now over three millions. The amount of paper exported is small as yet, but it will assuredly increase as the spruce forests of Europe and the United States are being rapidly depleted.



MINERALS

THE mining industry is assuming large proportions. During the past twelve years the value of the gold produced in Canada has grown from one million to nineteen million, while in 1900 it touched twenty-seven million. The copper industry produced a million dollars twelve years ago and now produces nearly four millions. Nickel is another industry which has shown great progress, and the annual output is now estimated at two millions of dollars. The total value of the mineral products of 1901 was \$48,000,000, of which eleven millions was credited to the coal mines.

Canada is likely to become a great



PROGRESSIVE EXPORTS OF CANADIAN CATTLE, CHEESE AND BUTTER

lion dollars; in 1903 this had grown to the enormous sum of \$25,000,000. During the same time the value of the butter exported increased from two to seven million dollars, while the total value of the exports of provisions grew from nine to fifty millions of dollars.

Most of the cheese exported goes to Great Britain where there is an almost

producer of iron and steel, and already there are eight smelting industries in operation with an investment of about \$35,000,000. Even steel rails are now being produced in this country.

unlimited demand. As Canadian cheese improves in quality, the export trade should increase.



GRAIN

IN the production of grain the bulk of the people of Canada find employment. The development in recent years needs little comment, but a few figures will indicate the remarkable nature of this class of progress :

	Yield in Bushels.	
	1891.	1901.
Wheat	42,000,000	55,000,000
Barley	17,000,000	22,000,000
Oats	83,000,000	150,000,000
Corn	10,000,000	25,000,000
Potatoes and other Roots..	103,000,000	131,000,000

During this period the production of apples has grown from eight to eighteen millions and other fruits in proportion.



CHEESE

THE cheese industry is important. The quantity of factory-made cheese has grown from 108,000,000 pounds in 1891 to 220,000,000 pounds in 1901 according to the census returns. The value of the cheese exported in 1868 was a little over a mil-

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP PROGRESS

THE bogey, waste under municipal management of natural municipal monopolies, has ceased to frighten the people of Canada. Municipal ownership is a modern doctrine and came in with sewer systems, waterworks and gas-lighting, and has been given greater importance by the introduction of electric lighting and electric street cars.

Before 1870 only one city in Ontario knew anything of municipal ownership in the restricted sense in which that term is now used. The city of Hamilton has owned its waterworks system since 1861. The capital invested by that city in the undertaking is \$2,000,000 and the annual net profit is about \$71,000.

In 1872 Windsor established its own Waterworks; Ottawa followed in 1874; St. Catharines and Sarnia in 1876, and London in 1878. From 1871-1877 the waterworks of Toronto were managed by a commission, and since that date by the municipality. At the present time almost every city and town in Ontario owns its own system, the city of Stratford being the latest addition to the list. In a recent red book issued by the Ontario

Government, a list of 82 towns is given in which this is true.

The rates charged for water are interesting :

Belleville—

\$6 a single tap.

Brantford—

4 rooms - - \$1.87

5 " - - - 3.13

7 " - - - 3.75

8 " or over - 5.00

Discount 20 per cent.

Chatham—

\$5 flat rate.

Hamilton—

\$500 assessment \$4.40

Each additional \$50 .60

Kingston—

\$500 assessment \$4.25

\$500 to \$700 - 5.50

\$700 to \$1,000 - 6.50

\$2,500 to \$3,000 12.00

Etc., Etc.

Discount 20 per cent.

London—

Houses of 3 rooms \$5.00

Each additional room .75

Discount 20 per cent.

Ottawa—

\$600 to \$1,000 assessment - - \$10.00

Additional \$500 - 2.00

St. Catharines—

8 rooms and upwards \$6.00

St. Thomas—

7 rooms - - \$5.00

Each additional - .50

Toronto—

4-roomed house and two

inmates - \$1.50

25c. for each additional

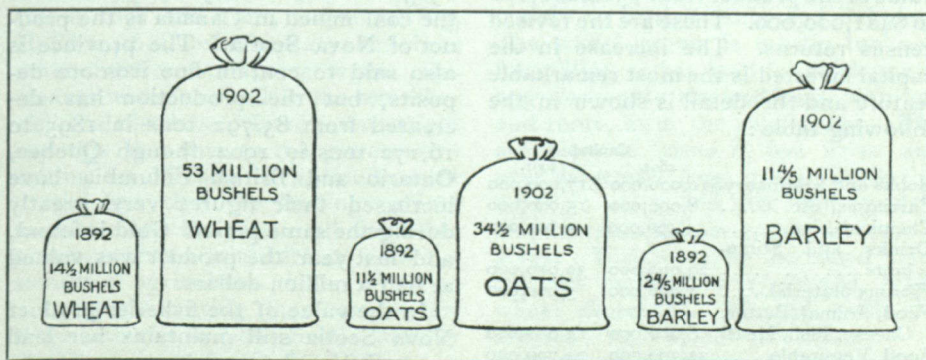
room and 25c. for each

additional inmate.

In regard to gasworks, St. Catharines led the way by taking stock in its gas company in 1853. Since 1860 it has received dividends of \$100,000 on an investment of \$26,000. Brockville followed in 1901 and Kingston in 1904. Other municipalities using gas have not ventured upon ownership.

The number of towns using gas is much smaller than the number using electricity, and as electric-lighting plants were of later introduction the principle of municipal ownership has been more widely introduced. Goderich, Orillia and Mitchell led the way before 1890; Acton and Markham followed in 1890; Windsor, Amherstburg and Hastings in 1891; Niagara in 1892; Bracebridge, Kincardine and Alexandria in 1895; Newmarket in 1896; Chatham and Port Arthur in 1897; Beeton in 1898; Dundalk, Barrie, Bothwell, Niagara Falls and Weston in 1899; Hespeler and East Toronto in 1900; and ten other towns in 1901. In all there are 44 municipal lighting plants in Ontario, not including Kingston which has just acquired the plant there.

Bracebridge, Hespeler, Orillia and Port Arthur add electric supply to their electric lighting. Orillia sells this at \$16.00 per horse power and Bracebridge at \$12.50.



PROGRESS IN THE PRODUCTION OF CEREALS IN CANADA

In 1901 the Union of Canadian Municipalities was formed, and one of the resolutions passed read as follows :

"That we earnestly recommend to all municipalities a careful oversight over all concessions of franchises with a view to the future extension of the principle of municipal ownership and control of public utilities ; and we particularly urge that all municipalities retain the control of all franchises for electric railways, which open up a new field for the means of local communication and transportation."

This union has since grown in strength and influence and, in 1903, reported having 106 members, representing 26 cities, 59 towns and 21 other municipalities.

Port Arthur is the only town in Ontario which operates its own street-car system. In all Canadian cities, however, charters are granted for a term of years, most of which will expire about 1920. At present considerable revenue is derived by the cities from these franchises. Toronto has the most favourable charter, and receives a very large annual income from its percentage of the gross receipts.



MANUFACTURING

IT would take a great deal of space to show how manufacturing has progressed during the past ten years. In the industries employing five hands or more, the number of men employed has grown from 269,000 to 313,314, the capital invested has increased from \$300,000,000 to \$447,000,000 and the value of the product from \$360,000,000 to \$481,000,000. These are the revised census returns. The increase in the capital invested is the most remarkable feature and the detail is shown in the following table :

	Capital	
	1891.	1901.
Books and Stationery	\$10,000,000	\$17,000,000
Carriages, etc.	8,000,000	15,000,000
Chemicals, etc.	3,400,000	5,700,000
Drinks and Stimulants.	23,000,000	39,000,000
Fibrous Material.	3,200,000	3,900,000
Food, Animal (Butter, Cheese, Fish, Meat)	6,000,000	14,000,000
Food, Vegetable.	22,300,000	24,700,000
Furniture, Houses, etc.	19,000,000	22,000,000
Gold and Silver	2,500,000	2,200,000

Leather, Boots and Shoes.	14,000,000	21,500,000
Lighting.	19,800,000	27,600,000
Machines, Tools and Implements.	44,000,000	77,000,000
Matters, Animal.	1,400,000	3,000,000
Matters, Vegetable. .	64,000,000	84,000,000
Mathematical Instruments.	27,000	115,000
Musical Instruments. .	2,000,000	4,000,000
Ships and Boats.	2,100,000	3,500,000
Stone, Clay and Glass	7,000,000	7,000,000
Textile Fabrics.	39,000,000	55,000,000
Miscellaneous.	600,000	9,700,000
Total.	296,000,000	447,000,000



NOVA SCOTIA'S PROGRESS

NOVA SCOTIA, with a population of 460,000, has an area of thirteen million acres, of which five million are occupied. Of these 35,000 acres are in orchards, 730,146 acres in crop, and 1,135,246 acres in pasture. Yet it is as a mining province that Nova Scotia gets what prominence she possesses and most of her revenue. The known productive coal fields extend over an area of about 700 square miles, of which the Sydney and Cumberland areas are the greatest. Of the seventeen collieries, eight are in Cape Breton, six in Cumberland and three at Pictou. The Nova Scotia coal is bituminous and is nearly all situated close to tidewater.

In mineral production Nova Scotia is making fair progress, the quantity of coal produced has grown from 2,267,000 tons in 1891 to 4,158,000 tons in 1901, and to 5,712,000 in 1903. In fact seventy-five per cent. of the coal mined in Canada is the product of Nova Scotia. The province is also said to contain fine iron ore deposits, but the production has decreased from 83,792 tons in 1895 to 16,172 tons in 1902, though Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia have increased their figures very greatly during the same period. Gold is found, and last year the product was valued at half a million dollars.

In the value of the fisheries product Nova Scotia still maintains her lead over all the other provinces as may be seen by the following table :

VALUE BY PROVINCES 1902

Nova Scotia.....	\$ 7,351,753
British Columbia..	5,284,824
New Brunswick.....	3,912,514
Quebec.....	2,059,175
Ontario.....	1,265,706
Manitoba and Territories.	1,198,437
Prince Edward Island...	887,024
Total.....	21,959,432

Cod and lobsters are the chief items in the Nova Scotia fisheries.

Of the bounty paid by the Dominion Government Nova Scotia fishermen receive \$100,000 out of \$160,000. The number of men engaged in the fisheries in all the Maritime Provinces is declining, but is increasing in Quebec.

During the ten years, from 1891 to 1901, the "occupied" area of Nova Scotia has increased by a million acres, distributed among field crops, pasture and orchard. The annual production of wheat, oats and other grains has increased noticeably; the annual apple crop has been increased by a million bushels, and other fruits in proportion. The number of horned cattle has decreased slightly, and the production of cheese and butter has not kept pace with that of the other provinces. Prince Edward Island, though smaller, produces nine times as much cheese and nearly twice as much butter. Manitoba and New Brunswick have each twice as many butter and cheese factories as Nova Scotia.

That Nova Scotia progress is mainly in mining is further proven by the movement of population. Cape Breton increased 43.6 per cent. in population between 1891 and 1901, Guysboro 6.5, Halifax 4.6, Cumberland 4.7, and three other counties small percentages. Decreases were recorded in the ten other electoral districts. Some person might say this was due to the government having no minister of agriculture, or to the fact that the leading cabinet ministers are lawyers. All the other provinces have ministers or commissioners of agriculture.

In manufacturing there are a few large factories in Nova Scotia, notably the Dominion Iron & Steel Works at Sydney; The Nova Scotia Steel &

Coal Co. at New Glasgow; The Robb Engineering Co., The Rhodes, Curry Co. (lumber and railway cars), and Hewson Woollen Mills at Amherst, and a few others.

Nova Scotia derives some importance from the circumstance that Halifax is a British naval base, and from the trade between Halifax and the West Indies. The latter is developing fast and should be exceedingly helpful to the province.

28

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S PROGRESS

BRITISH Columbia's progress is, like that of the Territories, a thing of the future. Yet a good beginning has been made.

This western province is about 700 miles long and 400 miles wide. It comprises about 410,000 square miles of territory, five times as much as Manitoba and nearly two and half times as much as Ontario. It is largely mountainous, but the chief agricultural area lies in the plateau west of the Selkirk and Rocky Mountains and between the southern boundary and the 52nd degree of latitude. The climate is much less severe than that of the Territories, being modified by the Japan Current or Gulf Stream of the Pacific. Especially in the canyons and valleys open to the coast, is the temperature mild and equable. The population was 178,657 in 1901, as compared with 98,173 in 1891.

The agricultural progress is confined mainly to cattle-raising and dairying. The wheat grown is mostly too soft for milling and is used for chicken and hog feed; oats do well and, with hay and roots, form the chief crops. The occupiers of farms of five acres and over decreased from 7,451 in 1891 to 6,739 in 1901, but the land in field crops increased from 50,000 to 171,000 acres. The oat crop increased from 943,000 bushels to 1,442,000, while wheat decreased. Horned cattle decreased from 127,000 to 126,000.

While the agricultural industry has been stationary, fruit-raising has done

well. The apple harvest increased from 76,000 bushels to 240,000; pears from 12,000 to 25,000; plums from 19,000 to 58,000; cherries from 4,000 to 15,000; grapes from 15,000 to 30,000. Fruit-growing promises to be one of the great industries of the province.

Dairying has been given attention during the past nine years and there were seven factories in operation in 1901. The development along this line promises well.

It is in mining that British Columbia exhibits greatest progress, though even here it has faced many difficulties. In 1891, the total metalliferous products were valued at three and a half millions; in 1901, this had grown to twenty millions. This was divided as follows:

Gold.....	\$5,318,000
Silver.....	2,885,000
Copper.....	4,447,000
Lead.....	2,003,000
Coal.....	4,381,000
Coke.....	635,000
Other.....	418,000
	<hr/>
	\$20,087,000

The British Columbia waters are rich in food fishes. The salmon pack of 1901 was the largest in the history of the province, amounting to 1,247,215 cases. The value of the fisheries may be thus summarised for 1901:

Salmon, canned.....	\$6,000,000
“ salted.....	339,000
“ smoked.....	30,000
“ fresh.....	213,000
Halibut.....	285,000
Fur Seals.....	366,000
Herring.....	43,000
Oolachans.....	66,000
Miscellaneous.....	600,000
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$7,942,000

British Columbia is well supplied with forest wealth. In 1902 there were about 40 large mills and 60 portable mills at work, and the cut amounted to about 300,000,000 feet, of which nearly 60,000,000 feet went to foreign countries. The destinations included Japan, China, Australia, and Great Britain. Large quantities of shingles

were shipped to the Territories, Manitoba and Ontario.

28

MANITOBA'S PROGRESS

DURING the ten-year census period the population of Manitoba increased from 155,000 to 250,000, and is now four times as large as it was in 1881. There is perhaps no similar piece of territory in the world where so much progress has been made in the last twenty years. The amount of occupied land increased by nearly four million of acres between 1891 and 1901. Wheat is the principal crop, and some figures concerning it will be interesting.

1892.....	14,453,835	bushels.
1893.....	15,615,923	“
1895.....	31,775,038	“
1897.....	18,261,950	“
1899.....	27,922,230	“
1901.....	50,502,085	“
1903.....	40,116,878	“

In 1895 the yield per acre was 27.86 bushels; in 1901 it was 25.10; last year it fell to 16.42. The average is about 20 bushels.

In the last ten years the crop of oats has increased from nine to thirty-three million; barley from two and a half to nine million; potatoes from one and a half to five million; and other crops in proportion.

The value of Manitoba's farm lands may be realised by comparing it with that of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In these two provinces combined the total is \$57,000,000 according to the last census, while that of Manitoba was \$93,000,000. The number of horses in the Prairie Province is more than double the number in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick together; the number of milch cows is about equal, and the number of other horned cattle is greater. The amount of cheese produced in Manitoba is four times that produced in Nova Scotia, while the amount of butter is equal to that of Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia combined. Manitoba has 69 butter and cheese

factories, whereas New Brunswick has 68, Nova Scotia 33 and Prince Edward Island 47.

Manitoba is gridironed with railways, having 2,225 miles in 1893. Considering its population and area, it is as well served by railways as any other part of Canada. Nevertheless the railway building there is proceeding at a rapid rate because of the enormous traffic furnished by its productive grain fields.

In educational facilities Manitoba does not lag. In 1903 the expenditure on public schools was \$5.22 per head as compared with an average of \$2.03 for the Dominion. For its population of 270,000 people (1903) it had 2,116 teachers, or three hundred more than in New Brunswick with a population of 330,000. The total expenditure on education was a million and a half dollars in 1893.

The towns and cities of Manitoba are also doing well. Brandon, which had a population of 3,778 in 1891, had 5,380 in 1901. Winnipeg increased from 25,639 to 42,340 in the same period, and since then to 60,000. The number of smaller towns has greatly increased. The number of daily papers increased from 3 to 8 between 1893 and 1901, and the weeklies from 38 to 75. It is interesting to note that Manitoba has more publications compared with population than any other part of Canada. Another curious fact which is worth noting is that the number of electric arc lights in Manitoba increased from 143 in 1902 to 373 in 1903,

showing the rapid progress being made in that province in providing the people with modern facilities.



THE PROGRESS OF THE TERRITORIES

THE Northwest Territories are making remarkable progress. Between 1891 and 1901 the population increased from 99,000 to 211,000 and has since been still further increased. Railways are being built through them in every direction and the various districts are rapidly filling up. In 1891 three million acres were occupied, in 1901 this had grown to six and a half million acres. The amount of wheat produced during the past seven years has increased from five and a half million to sixteen million bushels and the quantity of oats from three million to fourteen million bushels. The average production of wheat per acre in that period was over 16 bushels to the acre. The chief towns are Prince Albert, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton.

The opening up of the Yukon has added to the gold production of Canada. From 1893, the production has increased from \$176,000 to \$12,500,000 in 1903. In 1900, it went as high as \$22,000,000.

Mackenzie, Keewatin and Ungava, the three northern territories, are practically unexploited. Furs and fish are the chief products. These are becoming more valuable year by year and will soon come into greater prominence.

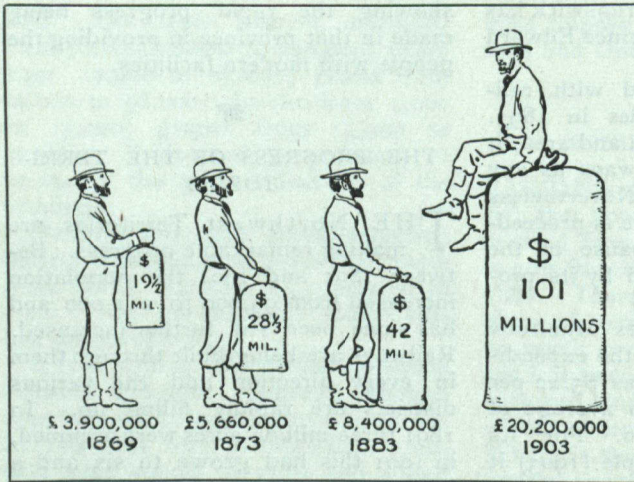


PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND'S PROGRESS

By F. J. NASH

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, the smallest of the provinces, is not the least progressive. Though its area is only 2,184 square miles, and its population only a little over one hundred thousand, it is widely known as a garden and as a tourist resort. It has 210 miles of railway in operation and 50 miles more almost completed.

The Island has been called the "million acre farm," and certainly few countries are better adapted for profitable husbandry. The soil is light, warm and easily tilled, consequently agriculture overshadows every other resource, eighty per cent. of the population being interested in this industry. The soil is noted for its fertility, and



PROGRESS IN EXPORTS OF CANADIAN FARM PRODUCE

the Island is the most thoroughly cultivated territory on this side the Atlantic, 85.44 per cent. of its area being occupied as farms or lots. The remaining 15 per cent. is mainly covered with peat bogs or swamps, which either afford fuel or organic matter which is very valuable as affording a cheap means of improving exhausted farm lands. Other natural fertilisers, which are available in many parts of the Island, are mussel mud, oyster-shell mud, seaweed and fish offal, all of which are eagerly sought after by the farmers, who, of late years, are adopting more extensive methods of farming, and are supplementing these natural fertilisers and their barn-yard manures by generous applications of commercial fertilisers. The total value of farm property, according to the census of 1901, is \$30,434,089, of which land represents \$15,148,064, buildings \$7,840,444, implements and machinery \$2,618,597, and live stock \$4,826,984. The total gross value of farm products for 1901 was placed at \$7,413,294. This gives a gross return of \$564 for each average farm of 90 acres, and a return of 24.36 per cent. on the investment. These figures may be compared with those of Ontario and Manitoba, where the gross return is greater but the percentage

on capital less. The amount produced per acre shows a steady increase.

In recent years more attention has been paid to butter and cheese and the product of both factories and farms is considerable in amount. The cheese in 1899 was valued at \$376,000, but the production during the last two years was not quite so great. In 1901 there were 47 factories, 27 of which made both cheese and butter and 5 made butter only. The total value of

the product—and this has not since been equalled—was \$566,824. It is interesting to note that there were 21,000 more horned cattle in the Island in 1901 than there were in 1891, while 100,000 acres were transferred from the "field crop" column to the "pasture" column.

Although horticulture is scarcely beyond the initial stage enough has been shown to prove that the Island is well adapted for the production of all the hardier large fruits and all the small fruits common to temperate regions; for apples, plums and cherries it can scarcely be excelled. The winter-keeping varieties, as Spy, King and Ben Davis, do especially well. Strawberries, raspberries and cranberries are now receiving considerable attention and are beginning to form an article of export. There are estimated to be 202,910 apple trees on the Island. The yield of apples in 1891 was 52,018, and in 1901, 159,421 bushels, an increase of over 300 per cent. The Fruit Growers' Association, incorporated in 1898, has done much to advance the fruit growing industry and its good work is generously supplemented by assistance from the local and Dominion Governments.

The fisheries of Prince Edward Island are exceedingly valuable, and

consist principally of oysters, lobsters, mackerel, herring, cod, hake and smelts. The oyster and lobster industries, carefully nurtured by the Federal Government, are flourishing; the cod and herring fisheries are capable of great development, but the mackerel fishing, once extremely profitable, has since the introduction of purse seines and gill nets declined and now is almost commercially valueless. The total value of the Island fisheries for 1901 was \$1,050,623; and for 1902, \$887,024. The number of vessels employed in the fisheries in 1902 was 25, of boats, 2,395. There were in operation 122 lobster plants; traps, 241,896; smoke and fish houses, 169; freezers and ice houses, 5; piers and wharves, 35; steamers and smacks, 12. The fishing proper gave employment to 4,324 and the lobster industry to 2,252. These 5,576 men produce \$887,024, or \$135 each; of course many of them farm also. The value of the lobster plant was \$236,957; of the vessels, nets, etc., \$113,016; and of the houses, piers and steamers, \$45,675, a total of \$395,648. Of the \$160,000 bounty annually distributed among the fishermen of Canada, \$8,716.55 was distributed among the Island fishermen in 1902.

Prince Edward Island is celebrated for the excellence and abundance of its oysters. The many estuaries, rivers and streams are admirably adapted for the cultivation of the delicious bivalve; but the best beds are in Richmond, Cascumpeque and Hillsboro Bays—the first named, Richmond or Malpeque Bay, the home of the most famous oysters, is the largest and richest oyster field in Canada, being about 16,000 acres in extent—a veritable El Dorado. Oysters from this bay took the first prize at the Paris Exposition, and in Montreal, the chief market for the Island product, the name "Malpeque" is synonymous for everything that is succulent, being very meaty and sometimes eight or nine inches in length. The round, cup-shaped oysters, round and plump, are more delicious still and command the highest price. The value of the oyster

industry in 1902 amounted to \$81,336.

The distributing of salmon fry in the rivers frequented by these fish, the establishment of a lobster hatchery near Charlottetown, the erection of fish driers of most modern design, the planting of new oyster beds and other improvements being put in operation by the Department of Marine and Fisheries, are destined to add very considerably to an industry that already stands second only to agriculture.

There is an excellent system of education in Prince Edward Island; it is free and undenominational, and is under the control of a Board composed of the members of the Executive Council, the principal of Prince of Wales College and the Chief Superintendent of Education. The Free School System was introduced in 1852, and the present Public Schools Act was passed in 1877; but many improvements have been made ever since that date. The total number of teachers in 1903 was 572; of school districts, 473; of schools, 480. The number of pupils was 19,956, and the average daily attendance was 12,112. The total expenditure for education by Provincial Government was \$123,943.92. Besides this a considerable amount was paid out by the districts for building and repairing schoolhouses, running expenses, and supplementing teachers' salaries. There is a Provincial Teachers' Association; an association of the teachers of Kings County, of Prince County, and of Charlottetown, which do much to stimulate teachers and introduce new and improved methods of instruction. School, garden and nature studies have been introduced during the last year in some schools by the munificence of Sir William McDonald, of Montreal, who is a native of Prince Edward Island. He is also establishing a Consolidated School on the Island and, stimulated by his example and encouraged by the recommendation of Professor J. W. Robertson, of Ottawa, the school districts in the vicinity of Tryon have already established a Consolidated School on their own responsibility.

This lovely Island of the sea possesses immense attractions for tourists and there is no better summer resort in all America. It is an outlying paradise, and a wonder to all those who visit it for the first time. Instead of the doubtful allurements of a conventional seaside resort, there will be found the finest bathing in the world and excellent game and fishing in season. The Island may be designated a great garden, and is admitted by those fortunate enough to visit it to be unexcelled as a summer-land. A beauty that is unique has brought many to its shores and to-day the land, which Cartier declared "the fairest that may possibly be seen," still delights. To the natural charm has long since been added that brought by cultivation. Set in the midst of the silver sea, its wealth of sub-tropical verdure and smiling fields, its air redolent of the

fragrance of grasses and flowers, and all the dreaminess of a lotus land invite the tourist; and a hospitable people is ready to welcome him. Comfortable hotels and many farmhouses are open to tourists at very moderate rates where the tired toilers of hot and dusty cities can find health and enjoyment. Charlottetown, the capital, possesses among many smaller hotels, four principal ones, the Victoria, Queen, Raven and Plaza. The Charlottetown Development and Tourist Association, the Summerside Tourist Association and the several Boards of Trade of the Island are doing much to acquaint the outside world of this quiet, peaceful resort, the delightful sea bathing, the charming pastoral scenery and invigorating breezes that await its weary and exhausted toilers in this "Garden of America."



THE FARMER AND THE FISHERMAN

By *AUSTIN L. McCREDIE*

THE gross earnings of the Ontario farmer average \$1,005.00 per year, as compared with the average income of the maritime fisherman, which is only \$458.25. This statement, while somewhat surprising, even to those whose knowledge of the two industries would give higher place to the farmer, is substantially true, according to the Government statistical reports.

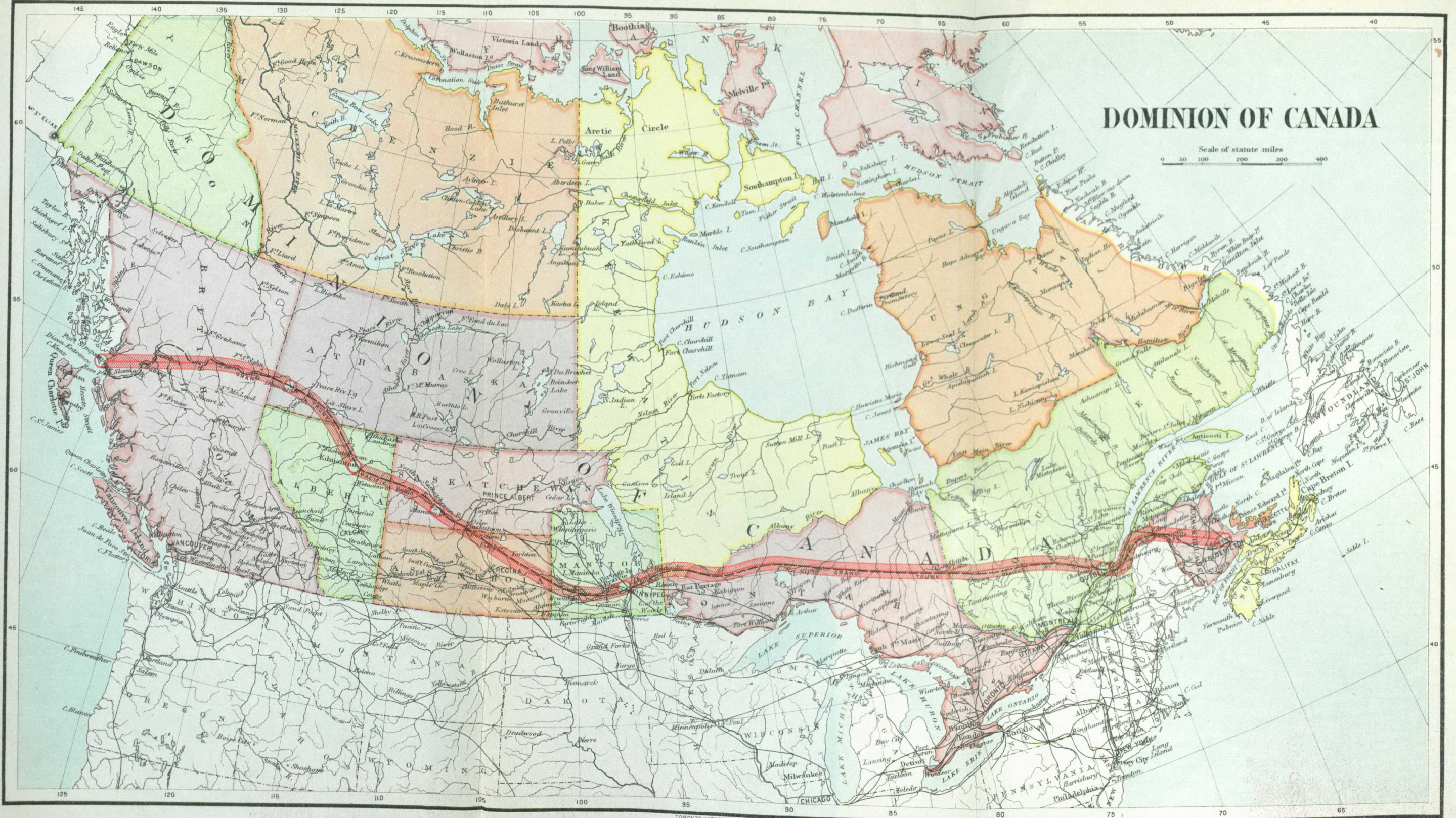
The question involved is an important one. The farmer finds in Canada an available land area of over two billion acres, the major portion of which is cultivable. A sea-coast line of over 16,000 miles of the most favourable conformation, invites the attention of the fisherman. With such a surfeit of opportunity in these two respects alone, the workers among Canada's paltry six million people have only to decide upon the occupation which promises most. They have the right to know which is the most favourable.

Canada is a wide country. The people of the Inland, in Homeric

phrase, know not the gear nor the gain of the Men of the Sea. Assured that agriculture is the leading industry of Canada, they have assumed that the fishermen of the Eastern sea-coast are nevertheless doing very well; and it is only very recently that they have thought much as to the place our fisheries occupy in the national economy.

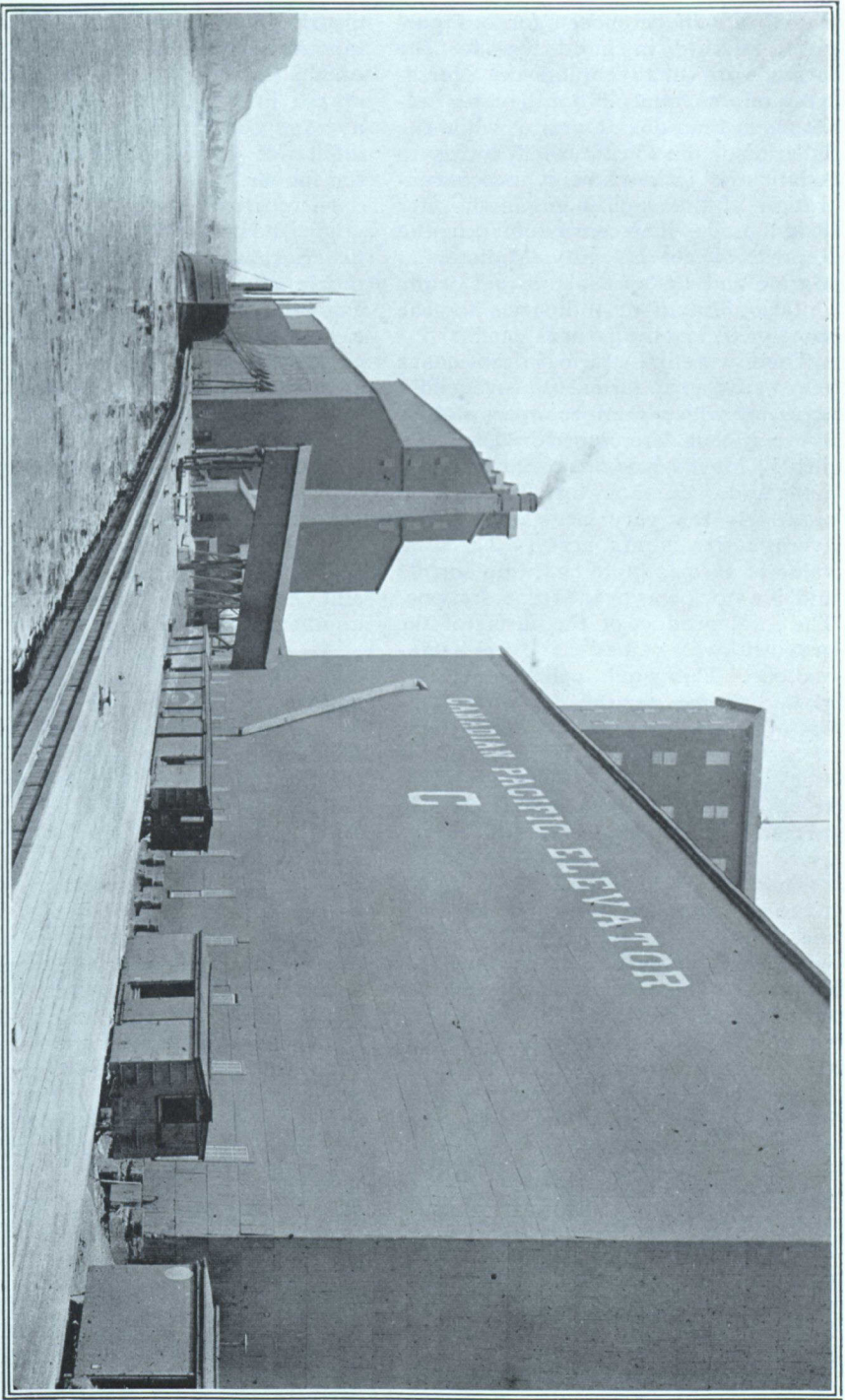
As a preliminary to a comparison, it is understood that both farming and fishing are peculiarly workingmen's businesses; that neither is capable of an indefinite amount of control by capital, while both are fields for the men of small capital and plenty of brawn; but that science, intelligence and added capital give encouraging reward in each.

The working man asks: Which will pay me best? This question concerns only the fisheries of the Maritime Provinces, and the agriculture of Ontario, as in these cases only are conditions crystallised and truly Canadian. Statistics for these parts of Canada,



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TERMINAL ELEVATORS AT FORT WILLIAM

Fort William and Port Arthur, at the head of Lake Navigation, are likely to be the greatest grain-transshipping points in America. Through these two points, nearly all the western Canadian wheat will pass in its voyage, lake and rail, to the Atlantic ports.

therefore, will be chosen for our purpose, bearing in mind that for the farmer with small capital the Northwest offers equal if not greater advantages than does Ontario, while the fisheries of the Pacific coast, owing to Asiatic and Indian labour, and concentration of the capital engaged, offer little if any. The census of 1901, the Report of the Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and that of the Ontario Bureau of Industries for the same year, are the returns used.

There were in Ontario, in the census year, 185,415 farms of over fifty acres, of which number over eighty-five per cent. are owned by the occupiers. Most farms are of one hundred acres and over, though there are comparatively few very large ones. The average size is 115 acres. The total value of farms, buildings, implements and live stock was over \$1,001,000,000. The total product of the farms of the province was valued at over \$286,000,000. This would mean an average gross income per farmer of \$1,514, out of which are paid all debit items of current expenses, as labour, food for stock, and interest on capital invested. It will be seen, therefore, that Ontario farmers are prosperous in a uniform degree, and to a very satisfactory extent.

There are no statistics available as to the number of men, other than the farmers occupying the land, who are employed on the farms of Ontario. This body, which includes farmers' sons and hired men, has been estimated at 100,000 men. Adding this number to the total of farmers, we have a total of 285,415 men engaged in farming. Even taking this total number of men as a basis, the average income of an Ontario agriculturist is (gross) \$1,005. Wages paid to hired farm labour have increased greatly of late years, and the average wages paid now are about as follows: Per year, with board, \$180; without, \$290; per month, with board, \$27; per day, \$1.50. These figures, which do not refer to nor include the sensational prices paid for labour in harvest during the past two years, indicate

clearly that the unattached farm labourer shares fully in the prosperity of the farmers. In spite of the increase in wages it is doubtful if the average Ontario farmer pays out the difference between \$1,514 and \$1,005 for labour.

In 1901 there were 899 vessels and 30,657 boats engaged in the maritime fisheries, and these, with nets and tackle of all kinds, and other plant ashore, totalled a value of invested capital of \$6,933,400. There were 52,220 fishermen engaged during the year, of whom, it is estimated, 27,430 followed fishing as their sole occupation, the remaining 24,790 being farmers who engage in fishing irregularly. This estimate is based on the fact that 27,431 fishermen received Government bounties, and further, that the vessel fishermen and lobster fishers and canners, who do not farm, alone numbered 22,392.

As farmer-fishermen would require boats and other tackle, the whole number of men engaged in fishing during the year are taken to arrive at the average invested capital, which is, as thus calculated, \$132.77 per man. Estimating the number requiring capital at, say, 30,000, the average per man would be \$231.11. The total value of fish and fish products for the four provinces in the same year was \$15,407,894.00. It may be estimated that each farmer-fisherman would take on an average one-quarter the catch taken by each of those engaged solely as fishermen, as the former would fish at the most favourable seasons, and, probably, three months of the year on an average. On this basis, the average share, per man, of the total product would be \$458.25. Out of this are paid current expenses, as repairs, losses, dock dues, licenses, interest on capital, etc.

To summarise:

The estimated average capital per man, invested in agriculture in Ontario (including labour), is \$3,512.30. The average in the fishing industry of the Maritime Provinces, taken on the same basis, is \$132.77, or \$231.11 on a dif-

ferent basis. The average gross income of the farmer is \$1,005.00. That of the fisherman is \$458.25. A determination of their respective net incomes is obviously impossible. It is certain, however, that the advantage is very largely with the farmer. His business is regular, his markets steady, his losses few and small. On the other hand, the fisherman's occupation is notoriously precarious. Storms, delay in reaching market, sudden market depreciation, predacious fishes and other causes interfere with the prosecution of his calling or rob him of its fruits. To make the comparison more final, it may be added that the farmers of Ontario have averaged an annual

increase of investment of \$230.00 within recent years, whereas, in spite of the receipt of bounties to the amount of over three million dollars within twenty years, the maritime fishermen have actually decreased their capital investment of late years. The Ontario farmers have enjoyed an average increase in income, since 1896, of over \$200.00 per annum, while in this respect, also, the fishermen have fallen behind.

It may be considered conclusive, therefore, that the farmer or the farm labourer in Ontario earns and saves for investment considerably more than the fisherman of Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island or Nova Scotia.



AGRICULTURAL vs. MANUFACTURING PROFITS

By ARCHIBALD BLUE, Census Commissioner

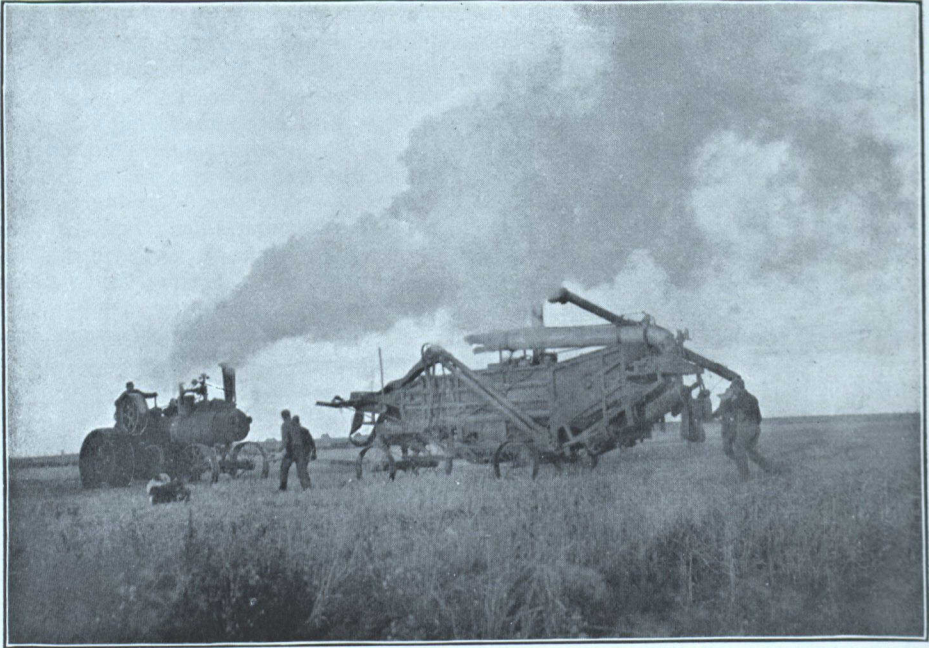
AN exact comparison of the profits of the farmer and of the manufacturer is rather difficult. Land, buildings, implements and live stock comprise the capital of agriculture. But its raw materials almost defy accurate definition. Among other things, they consist of the seeds planted for field crops, the manure and other fertilisers employed to enrich the soil, and the fodder of animals fed in excess of maintenance to produce flesh, milk, eggs and wool, and to perform labour—the food of production. There are no data in the tables for computing the value of these articles, and the nearest approach to the net product of the industry is the gross product less the cost of hired labour and rent. According to the returns of 1901 the capital invested in agriculture was \$1,787,102,630, and the total value of the products was \$363,126,384.* The labour charge is \$24,228,515, the rent charge is \$7,355,323, and the surplus of the year got in this way is \$331,542,546, or 18.55 per cent. of the capital. The farmer's own labour,

like his raw materials, is neither counted nor valued.

The next greatest industry in the Dominion is manufactures, the tables of which show an investment of \$96,644,827 for real estate, \$112,733,811 for machinery, implements and motive power, and \$237,537,849 for working capital, being a total of \$446,916,487. The raw materials of manufactures are articles known with some exactness, and their value in the census year is given as \$266,527,858. The rent of offices and works is \$14,072,185, the cost of wages and salaries (less salaries of owners and firm members) \$102,984,668, and of power and heat, fuel and light and contract work \$8,891,142. Exclusive of municipal and provincial taxes, the total expenditure for materials, wages, rent, etc., is \$392,475,853. The total value of products is \$481,053,375, and the ascertained surplus is \$88,577,522, which is 19.82 per cent. of the capital.

Neither for manufactures nor agriculture is such actual net production given as an accountant's books would show. Essential data are wanting for a statement of profit and loss. In the case of agriculture the item of raw

* This amount is exclusive of maple sugar with a value of \$1,780,000, and of forest products with a value of \$51,000,000.



THE THRESHING MACHINE WORKING ITS WAY ACROSS THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE ON ITS MISSION OF DIVIDING THE WHEAT FROM THE STRAW IN ORDER THAT THE FORMER MAY BE SENT ABROAD TO HELP FEED THE WORLD'S HUNGRY MILLIONS.

materials is a blank, as also is the value of the farmer's own labour and management; but even if the last item be treated as offset by the salaries of owners and firm members, it is yet clear that the ratio of the net products of agriculture reckoned on the capital employed is less than the like ratio for manufactures. By how much less it is not possible to say, but there must be a substantial difference due alone to the cost of seed-grain and the food of production.

A writer recognised as an authority (John Mill) has said that the part which nature has in any work of man is indefinite and incommensurable, and that it is impossible to decide in any one thing that nature does more than in another. He argues that, when two conditions are equally necessary for producing an effect, it is unmeaning to say that so much of it is produced by one and so much by the other; it is like attempting to decide which half of a pair of scissors

has most to do in the act of cutting.

To this it may be replied that in many lines of manufactures nature has no office of production, apart from the supply of raw materials; she is a power to be overcome, whereas in the leading operations of agriculture she is a co-worker with man, and her labours go on unceasingly. Man ploughs the land and sows the seed, or gives fodder to his domestic animals. It is nature that causes the seed to germinate and grow and ripen into a harvest, and that changes the fodder into muscle and flesh and wool.

The workman at the bench, the forge or the loom quits his labour for the day, and the process of manufacture is suspended until the man comes back to his shop or factory next morning. The farmer leaves his fields or his stables in the evening, and returns to them in the morning to discover by signs on every side that nature has been toiling for him all night.

TESTIMONY OF THE POST OFFICE

By NORMAN PATTERSON

IT is generally conceded that the transactions of the people with the post office furnish most reliable evidence as to a nation's progress. Therefore it is interesting and instructive to analyse the figures of the Dominion Post Office Department for the last fifteen years.

The gross revenue of the Department for the year 1891 was \$3,374,887, the expenditure exceeding this revenue by \$645,852. Five years later the revenue had reached \$4,005,890. Shortly afterwards there took place a reduction in the rate of postage from three to two cents on domestic letters and letters to the United States, and from five to two cents on letters from Canada to the rest of the Empire. This great reduction in rates necessarily led to a very serious though temporary loss of revenue. Notwithstanding this cheapening of the rates to the people, we find that for the year ending on the 30th June, 1904, the postal revenue of Canada amounted to the very large sum of \$6,306,419, being an increase of over fifty per cent. since the year 1896.

This great increase in revenue goes to show a corresponding increase in the business activity of the country leading to a more liberal use of the mails. For example we find that whilst for the year 1896 the total number of letters passing through the post office was 116,000,000, yet for the fiscal year ending the 30th June last the number was 259,000,000. This marvellous increase of over one hundred per cent. within a period of eight years testifies in a most unmistakable way to the tremendous commercial progress Canada has been making within the last eight years, and fully justifies the wisdom of the Government in having cheapened to the public the cost of using the post office. It is difficult, of course, to apportion this increase accurately between the two causes, namely, increased commercial prosper-

ity and reduction of rates. Nevertheless, no reductions in rates would have resulted in so great an increase in the number of letters unless at the same time the country was making great commercial strides.

Turning to another interesting set of postal figures, namely, the amount of money carried by the post office for the people by means of money orders and postal notes during the same fifteen years, satisfactory deductions may be drawn. During the fiscal year 1891 the public remitted through the mails by means of money orders the sum of \$12,478,178. During the year 1899 the sums so transmitted amounted to \$14,467,997. At this period the whole money order system of the Department was popularised by a simplification of the rules and a cheapening of the rates. These circumstances doubtless have had a material bearing in encouraging the public to avail themselves of the post office in the transmission of monies by means of money orders and postal notes. Nevertheless, as was remarked above in the case of the increase in the number of letters transmitted through the post, so it may be observed in the case of money being so transmitted—no matter what the inducement, any substantial increase in the volume of this class of business can hardly be expected unless the country be at the same time making corresponding commercial progress. It is therefore most gratifying that the amount of money so transmitted by the people through the post office for the year ending the 30th June last, ranging in small sums from twenty cents to one hundred dollars each, doubtless in payment largely for goods purchased, amounted to no less a sum than \$32,534,876, an increase of nearly one hundred and fifty per cent. in the short space of five years.

The figures of the department also in another most important respect bear testimony to the prosperity of this

country. Our United States neighbours, who certainly have enjoyed in an exceptional degree periods of great prosperity, have at no time been able to place their post office upon a self-sustaining basis and every year Congress has been obliged to vote millions of dollars to pay the deficiency arising from carrying on their postal system. Canada from Confederation until almost the present time has had an unbroken experience of the same kind. Happily that experience has now come to an end, for it appears that the revenue of the Canadian Post Office Department for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1904, not only paid the total expenditure of every kind throughout all Canada (not merely old Canada, but including the costly services in the Yukon and Atlin and Peace River Districts and in every other part of the Dominion), but yielded a clear surplus of \$304,771. Bearing in mind that this reversal of the

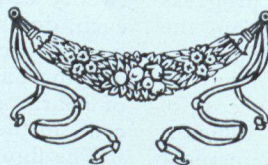
former condition of affairs, converting an annual shortage averaging the best part of \$750,000 a year into a surplus of over \$300,000 a year, has been brought about in the face of a reduction in the letter rates, the result is unmistakable proof of the prosperity of Canada at the present time.

It is therefore not to be wondered at that a marked change has come about in connection with the movement of the peoples between Canada and the United States. Formerly we had to deplore the loss of large numbers of our people by emigration to the United States. To-day we can congratulate ourselves not only upon the cessation of this emigration, but upon the further facts that many of these Canadians are now returning to Canada, that United States citizens in large numbers are migrating to Canada, and that United States capital and enterprise are being devoted to the development of Canadian industries.

POST OFFICE STATISTICS

	1868	1903
Number of Post Offices	3,638	10,150
Letters Posted	18,100,000	259,000,000
Number of Letters per Head	5.37	42.65
Post Cards	4,646,000*	26,646,000
Revenue	\$1,024,710	\$5,683,162
Expenditure	\$1,053,570	\$5,390,508
Registered Letters	704,700	5,470,000
Number of Money Order Offices	550	2,125
Number Money Orders Issued	96,627	1,668,705
Orders Payable in Great Britain \$491,363†		\$1,497,414
Orders Payable in United States \$212,135†		\$3,682,312

* 1876 being first year of their use. † 1876.



THE FOUNDING OF BELLA COOLA

A NORWEGIAN SETTLEMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, TYPICAL OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF WESTERN CANADA

By *IVER FOUNGNER*



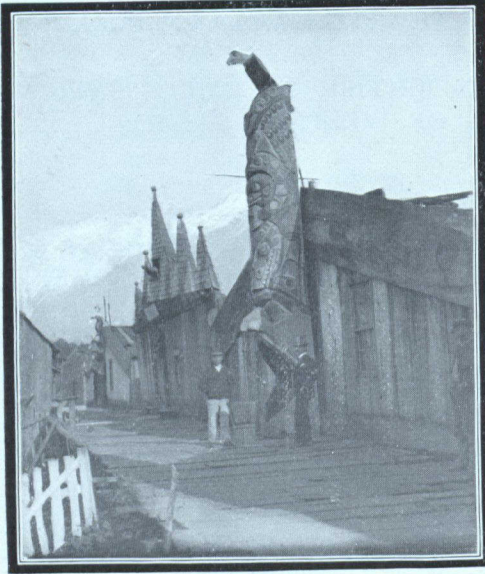
In a north-westerly direction from the cities of Victoria and Vancouver lies the remarkable labyrinth of fjords, straits and islands which constitutes the Pacific Coast of Canada. Even the least observant of travellers enjoying a summer voyage along these pleasant waters must have been struck with the deliciousness of the climate, the vastness of the territory, and the scarcity of white people. Fishing, lumbering and mining are the chief industries, and when properly developed will undoubtedly be able to support a large population. In recent years some scattered agricultural colonies have also been established along the northern coast, mostly by Scandinavians. The Danes have formed a settlement at Cape Scott, the Swedes at Quatsino Sound (both on Vancouver Island), and the Norwegians at Bella Coola on the mainland. The establishment of the last named will be the subject of this sketch.

The emigration from Norway to America has been heavy during the last decade; in 1903 it reached beyond 30,000. The Norse emigrant, as a rule, finds his way to the central states of the Northwest, and seems particularly to have been drawn to the prairies of Minnesota. Here he is found in all the walks of life; as a public servant he has filled positions from that of chairman of the town board to that of

governor of the state. Though perhaps not so skilful or painstaking an agriculturist as his German neighbour or so apt and daring a financier as the native American, in self-reliance, industry and ability to adapt himself to the conditions of a new country, he has hardly a superior. It is thus as a pioneer farmer that he has been most successful; of this thousands of well-built homesteads bear witness. Sometimes we find that the owners of these in their younger days ploughed no



REV. C. SAUGSTAD
FOUNDER BELLA COOLA COLONY



BELLA COOLA—MAIN ST., INDIAN VILLAGE

other fields than the northern seas, or knew no other harvests but the herring and the cod.

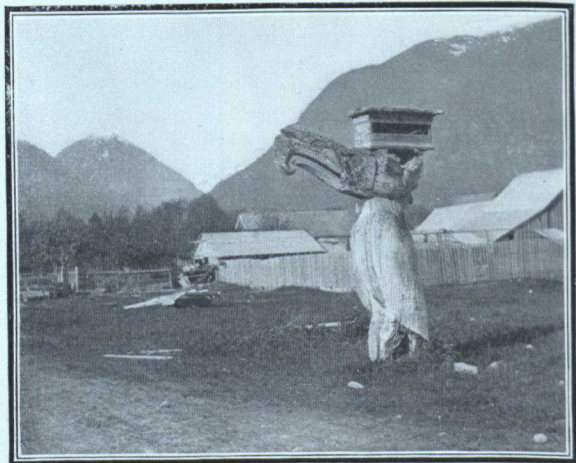
No section of Minnesota is so thoroughly Norse as parts of the Red River Valley. It was here in the town of Vineland, Polk County, that the movement originated which led to the formation of the most northerly agricultural colony of the Pacific coast. In the spring of 1894, when the financial depression of the country, and the severity of the winter weather had produced a certain discontent among the farmers of the West, two delegates, Rev. C. Saugstad and Mr. A. Stortroen, were selected to go to the west coast for the purpose of finding a place fit for a new settlement. Upon their return in July, Rev. Saugstad gave an account of his journey in the church at Neby. The large building was filled, and the audience listened attentively to the traveller's tale of his

tour through Washington and British Columbia.

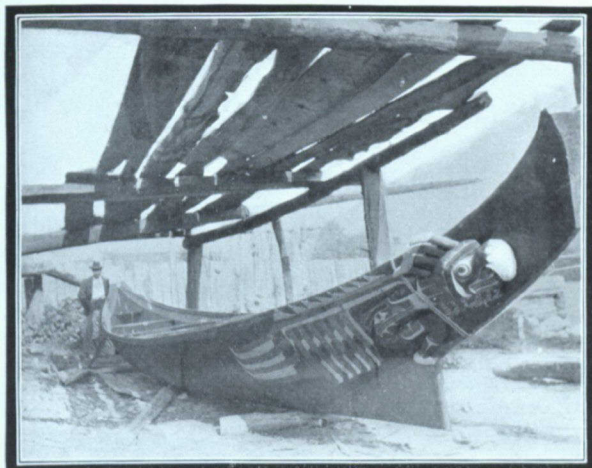
In the last named place he had visited the Bella Coola Valley, which the Government through Col. James Baker, Minister of Immigration, had promised to reserve for the proposed settlement; and if a colony of at least thirty families was established, a waggon road would be built at public expense, and each settler granted 160 acres of land free as a homestead. It was evident that the favourable description was well received. The next meeting of those interested was held at a schoolhouse west of Crookston. Here a colony was organised, a constitution adopted, and officers elected as follows: President, C. Saugstad; Vice-President, Peter Boukind; Secretary, H. B. Christenson; Treasurer, E. Fosbak; Members of Council: Peter Thoreson and I. Fougner. The officers

were to be elected for one year.

The elected president was a strong, well-built man, of practical and varied experience, then near sixty years of age. Besides being an eloquent and forceful preacher, he was the author of hymns, for which he had also composed the music. After his death a



BELLA COOLA—INDIAN MONUMENT BEARING CHILD'S COFFIN



BELLA COOLA—A SALT-WATER CANOE BUILT BY THE INDIANS

manuscript of a novel was found among his papers. He owned a farm, and in his younger days had worked in the pineries of Wisconsin.

The news of the undertaking spread far and wide through the press, and when the day of departure arrived the membership had reached 83. Among these were representatives from five states, viz.: Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North and South Dakota.

In the morning of October 17th the expedition was ready to leave Crookston for Winnipeg. The station was crowded with relatives who came to bid farewell, and by others who came to scoff, or were led by mere curiosity. Many a remark was then made prophesying ill of the venture. Nothing of interest occurred on the way till the Rocky Mountains were crossed. At Sicamous Junction Lord and Lady Aberdeen with two of their children entered the train. His Excellency the Governor-General tendered a hearty welcome to the colonists, to which Rev. Saugstad responded. About

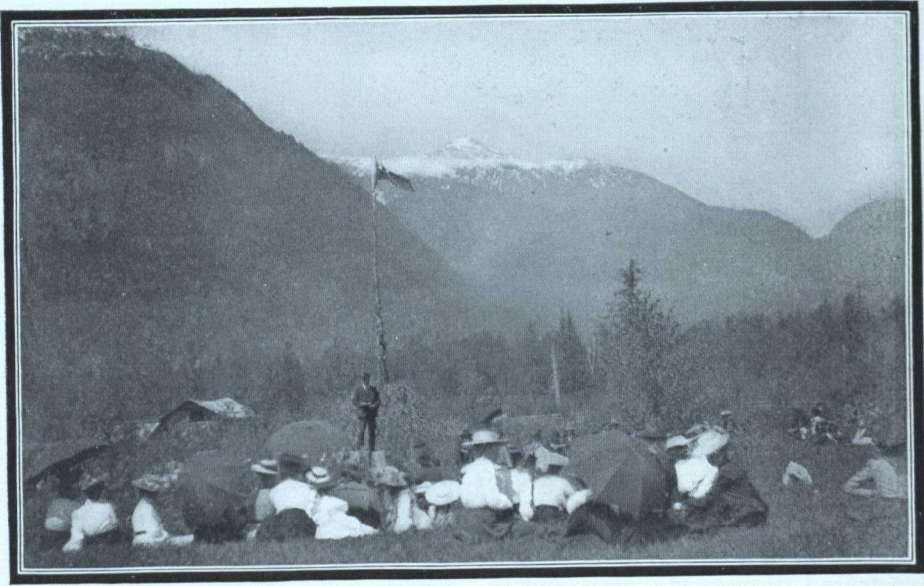
noon on the 20th the expedition passed through busy Vancouver, and embarked for the picturesque capital of the province, which was reached the same evening. A week's stay was necessary here in order to arrange matters with the Government, and to provide the needed tents, tools and provisions.

Having received an addition of five new members from Seattle, and accompanied by a Government surveyor, Mr. P. J. Leech, then an old man of 70, the colonists embarked on the *Princess Louise* for their new

homes. While in Queen Charlotte Sound a meeting was called for the purpose of agreeing upon some just and practical way of taking up the land in Bella Coola. Rev. C. Saugstad occupied the chair; the meeting opened by singing a hymn well known to Norwegians: "I Jesu navn skal al vor gjerning ske." After considerable discussion it was decided that the colonists organise into parties of four; each party to receive a section of land, and this to be drawn by lot; the individual



BELLA COOLA—A SETTLER'S NEW HOME



BELLA COOLA—CELEBRATING MAY 24TH, 1904

members of the parties to sub-divide their sections later as they saw fit. Lots were then drawn, and thus each man had some idea of where his land was located. In this way a great deal of rivalry and confusion was undoubtedly avoided, and in the main this arrangement proved satisfactory. In the morning of the 30th of October the course was changed to east, as the Namu harbour was passed, in order to go up the long, narrow inlet leading to Bella Coola; the anchor was dropped about 2 p.m.

The first impression was not encouraging; out of the sea rose the almost perpendicular mountains dark with evergreens, their tops hidden by fog; to eastward we could see the valley, which seemed like a mere fissure in the immense mountain masses. To add to the strangeness and oddness of the picture, the ship was soon surrounded by Indian canoes, whose dusky occupants, men, women and children from the near lying reserve, kept up a continual chatter in the guttural language peculiar to this tribe. With the Indians, however, came a sign of civilisation: a ten-year-old girl, Bertha Thor-

sen, whose father, a retired sea captain, had then lived on the reservation for a year. Clad in a light dress, with the fair complexion which is the birth-right of the children of the Northland, she seemed an apparition from another and better world, sent to bid the strangers welcome.

As there was no wharf or landing-place, the Indians had to be employed to take the passengers and goods ashore in their canoes. The proposed camping-place on the reservation was half a mile up the river on the north side. The tide being low and the current strong, it was late in the evening and dark before everything was safe on land, and well toward midnight before the tents were pitched, so the people could seek the much needed rest.

We were now on historic ground; it was from the mouth of the Bella Coola river that Sir Alexander Mackenzie a century before had beheld the first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean after having performed that memorable exploit, the first journey across the North American Continent.

He proceeded for some distance down the inlet before he turned to



BELLA COOLA—A SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND THE NUSATSUMI MOUNTAINS

retrace his steps east across the mountains. Before his return he mixed together some vermilion and grease and painted on the flat surface of a rock this brief memorial :

“Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three.”

But to come back to modern times : The next day the camp presented a busy scene ; the tents had to be stretched, wood provided and numerous other matters arranged for a longer stay. The natives soon appeared in great numbers demanding to be paid for yesterday's landing. As their charges seemed unreasonable and to ascertain who had been employed was impossible, they at last grew very clamorous. When, however, Mr. John Clayton, the resident merchant, appeared, the affair was amicably settled.

The Indian reservation comprises both sides of the river and reaches three miles up the stream ; it contained at this time about 200 souls, a wretched remnant of a once powerful tribe. The white population of the valley consisted of the merchant already

mentioned and the Methodist missionary with their families besides a few settlers who were recent arrivals.

The river was large when we came, and as the weather grew milder with a steady downpour of rain, it increased daily. It now presented a truly imposing spectacle, as the swift current, dark grey with sediment, rolled toward the sea carrying with it immense trees with roots and branches as they had been washed from the banks. Down the mountain sides followed slide upon slide of snow and stones, producing a sound like distant thunder. The Indians, who had seldom seen the river so high, saw in this the work of the guardian spirits of the place, who thus sought to repel the threatening invasion of their ancient domain. Indeed it seemed that the whole valley was coming down, and we thus should be saved the trouble of going up.

During our stay here several exploration parties proceeded up the valley on foot ; the reports they brought back were varied and generally unfavourable. To some it seemed madness to settle in so isolated a place where there were no natural meadows and the timber



A SALMON CANNERY ON THE BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST

so heavy; others found the soil too sandy and subject to overflow. Some now determined to return to their prairie homes by the first steamer; the great majority, however, remained firm.

After two weeks the river had subsided so far that the Indians could be prevailed upon to go up in their canoes. One load after another was now seen slowly moving up the river, and soon the reserve only contained those who intended to return. Ascending the Bella Coola river is a very arduous undertaking; the current is so swift

that the canoes have to be propelled by means of long, slender poles; paddles are used only in crossing the current. In his canoe the native is seen at his best; it is an interesting sight to watch the Indians ascend or descend a rapid with a loaded canoe.

Once upon their lands, the settlers at once commenced to fell trees and build houses; a work that is going on to this day. Though the clearings are yet comparatively small, they are increasing year by year. Up to the present the road-work has required many men and the ma-

majority have found it necessary to spend part of the summer at the salmon canneries, where work is obtained at wages ranging from \$50 to \$100 per month with board.

The first public meeting of the colony was held January 5th, 1895, at Erick Nordschow's house. A request was then sent to the surveyor to commence the building of a trail. Provision was also made for the holding of regular public meetings the first Saturday of every month during the winter, for the purpose of discussing matters



BELLA COOLA—MAKING HAY ON A NEW FARM



BELLA COOLA—THE FOUNDER'S FARM

pertaining to the welfare of the settlement. In March a report of the progress of the colony was sent to the provincial government, stating that the permanency of the settlement was assured, as thirty houses had been built and considerable land cleared. Upon receipt of this, orders were given to commence the building of the wagon-road, a work which has been very expensive and which is not yet completed.

Among the colonists were many single men, while the married members with the exception of three had left their families behind. On May 6th, an addition of sixty members was received, mainly women and children, and another party of forty-five arrived next November. Since then immigration has been small.

There were now many children in the valley and through the promptness of the government, that in this province defrays all expenses connected with public education in rural districts, a school was opened in November with

one of the colonists as teacher. For the first six weeks a large tent, provided by the settlers, was used; the floor was mother earth, the teacher's desk a huge spruce block which on Sundays served Rev. Saugstad as pulpit; the children sat on boards sawed by hand; the tables were produced in the same way. Now there are two schools with well-built houses of hewed cedar timber, supplied with modern desks and other requisites. The public school is a prominent feature in Scandinavian settlements. While the home and the church generally teach the children to read and write the languages of Scandinavia, English as a rule is acquired more readily.

March, 1897, was destined to give a sad blow to the settlement. Rev. Saugstad then returned from a business trip to Victoria, seriously ill. He reached his humble home, the log hut he loved so well, and died the next day. Of the original colonists he was the first to pass away; and among the tall firs stands a wooden cross to mark

his last resting place. The following extracts are taken from his diary of the first winter in British Columbia.

Dec. 15, 1895—Snowing a little; laboured with the timber for the house; was wet with snow and perspiration all day. God be thanked for health and all.

Jan. 11, Friday—Slept the first night in my own house. Rested soundly and well. God be thanked for a house of my own.

After Saugstad's death Christian Carlson was elected President; to fill his place as pastor Rev. Edward Hage of the Lutheran Free Church was called.

The bottom of the valley is mostly low and level with some plateaus; its width is from one to two miles. The main settlement is on the south side of the river and extends about eighteen miles from salt water. All the land is more or less timbered, principally with fir, cedar and spruce; a great variety of deciduous trees and shrubs is also found. The woods afford good pasture for cattle during summer time. The climatic conditions may be said to be very pleasant and favourable for agriculture and fruit raising. Last year our warmest day was June 9th with 97°, and the coldest night March

2nd, 1° above zero. The rainfall in summer is sufficient for the various crops; last winter the snow was two feet deep and disappeared the last days of March. Thunderstorms may be said to be almost unknown; fog is also very rare close to the ground. Small fruits grow abundantly, as do apples, plums and cherries.

Large wild animals are not found in great numbers; the most numerous are the bear, the mountain-goat and the porcupine. Our hunters have as a rule some interesting encounters with the grizzly bear in the spring and fall.

Salmon ascends the river nearly the year round; six different varieties are known, four of which are very palatable.

After half a day's climb up the mountain a splendid bird's eye view of the valley is obtained. The treetops seem a vast level expanse of lighter or darker green; through this winds the river like a silver cord. Here and there the blue smoke rises from a settler's home, but the clearings, except those right below us, are barely visible at this distance. Around this peaceful scene stand the grand giants of the Coast Range, silent guards of a hopeful colony.

THE VEIL OF THE SOUL

BY INGLIS MORSE

HOW oft the body seems
 A veil that hides the dreams
 Of Life's true loveliness—
 And thoughts that soothe and bless
 Each soul that wanders through
 Love's happy fields anew!
 The shades of fallen day
 Rule here, where passion's sway
 Holds slave the lofty aim,
 Enkindling the Flame
 That leaves but dust
 And dead hopes—wakening trust.

Yet, if Affinity
 Holds ever true and free,
 Then shall body and soul
 Into one perfect whole
 Bind up the waking thought
 And dream that came unsought.
 Lo, from their union strange
 And sweet, denying change—
 Song upon song shall rise
 To the peaceful skies,
 And sound as some far-off chime
 Blown on the lips of Time!



HON. WILLIAM PUGSLEY

PHOTO BY GREEN, ST. JOHN

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 55—THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM PUGSLEY



THE Hon. William Pugsley, although he has been more or less in public life for nearly twenty years, is not primarily a politician. His political life has been quite subservient to his career as a great lawyer, which is the capacity in which he stands highest before the public. He has taken up politics as a sort of side issue, but it has never been allowed to interfere with his legal interests; but on the contrary has been made to assist them. This is quite different from the ordinary experience of public men who usually find that the law and politics do not harmonise well.

Dr. Pugsley, for he is a D.C.L. of the University of New Brunswick, was born in Sussex, N.B., fifty-five years ago. He comes from good Loyalist

stock, his great-grandfather having been a resident of New York, who came to Nova Scotia at the close of the Revolutionary War. William Pugsley was brought up on a farm, which is the school in which many of our successful men have been taught. He graduated B.A. at the University of New Brunswick in 1868 with much distinction, standing second for the Gilchrist Scholarship in the competition of that year. He was called to the Bar of New Brunswick in June, 1872, and from that time to the present has been actively engaged in the practice of the law, doing a very large and lucrative business.

Dr. Pugsley is regarded as one of the greatest lawyers in Canada, and he stands higher in this respect than any other member of the New Bruns-

wick Bar. He was reporter of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick for ten years, and he has been engaged in the most important cases, on one side or the other, which have arisen during the past twenty years in his native province.

His political career did not begin until 1885, when he was returned to the New Brunswick House of Assembly at a bye-election, on the death of the sitting member, Dr. Vail. He was re-elected at the general elections of 1886 and 1890. He was Speaker of the House from March, 1887, to May, 1889, when he resigned to become a member of the Executive Council and Solicitor-General. He resigned this position in 1892, and retired from politics. He did not offer at the general elections in 1892 and 1895, but at the general election of 1896 he stood as an independent candidate for the city of St. John, for the House of Commons. Up to that time Dr. Pugsley had been regarded as a Conservative, and he actually received the Conservative nomination for the House of Commons for the county of Kings. But owing to the action of the Conservative Government with respect to the port of St. John, in ignoring its claims to be placed on an equal footing with Halifax, he changed his attitude towards the Government, declin-

ed the nomination for Kings, and appeared as an opponent in St. John. He was defeated, but his candidature was the means of electing a Liberal. From that time Dr. Pugsley was not regarded as being a member of the Conservative party, and he is now ranked as a Liberal.

In 1899 Dr. Pugsley was again elected to represent the county of Kings in the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick, and on the re-organization of the Government, due to the retirement of Hon. Mr. Emmerson in 1900, Dr. Pugsley became Attorney-General, which office he has held ever since. He is regarded as one of the strongest men in the Government, being a man of great resourcefulness and equal to any emergency. He is an excellent speaker, and has at all times the full command of a very vigorous and clear intellect. No one ever saw him angry or even showing signs of vexation, and this is an immense advantage to any one in public life. The New Brunswick Legislature, since he became one of its leaders, has grown to be a school of politeness, which it would benefit many members of other deliberative bodies to visit, to see how smoothly and efficiently the public business can be conducted without undue heat or "ill-advised asperity."

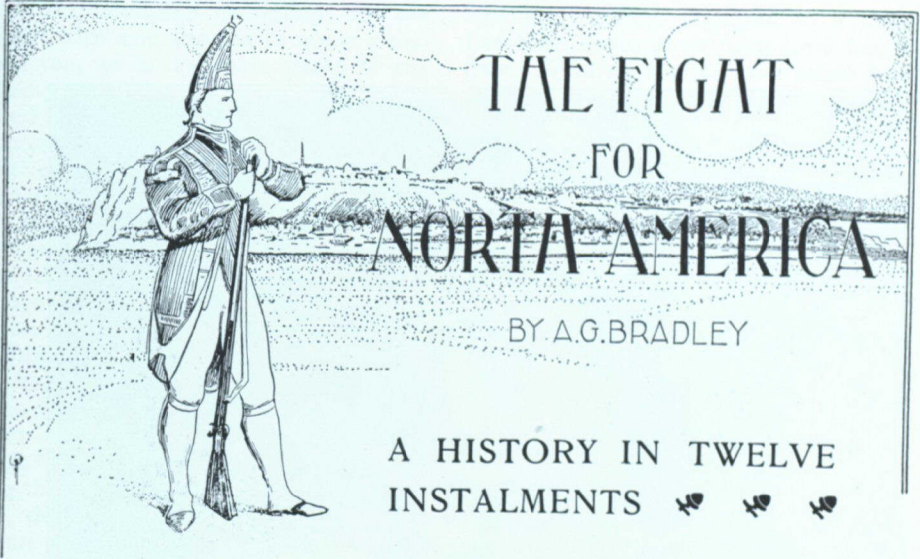
James Hannay.

THE GREATER LIFE

BY IDA HANSON

"I am the resurrection and the life,"
 Thus saith the Lord; and these, His magic words,
 With deepest thoughts and hidden meanings rife,
 Have soothed and cheered the most forlorn of souls.

"And whoso'er to me shall come, though dead,
 Yet shall he live, and live eternally,
 For no man lives to die"; the life he leads,
 Leads on to greater life—a greater birth.



THE FIGHT FOR NORTH AMERICA

BY A.G. BRADLEY

A HISTORY IN TWELVE
INSTALMENTS 

CHAPTER X.—THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC UNDER WOLFE—DIFFICULTIES OF THE SIEGE—BATTLE ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM—DEATH OF WOLFE, 1758-1759.

MATTERS had gone well, too, for Pitt in Europe, where he had shrewdly fed the senseless strife of nations with money rather than with men. France, with over 100,000 troops in the field, was playing the somewhat inglorious part of an ally to her hereditary foe Austria, and with the further aid of Russia, was engaged in a fruitless attempt to crush the heroic Frederick. She had now been driven back across the Rhine, after a short occupation of Hanover, by Prince Ferdinand acting with Pitt's direct support. Both her troops and her generals in this reckless war fell far short in skill and spirit of their handful of compatriots struggling for a weightier issue across the sea. The King of Prussia held out against his legion of foes, and was performing prodigies of valour, amid fearful scenes of carnage. At Zorn-dorp, where with 35,000 men he encountered and repulsed 50,000 Russians, no quarter was asked or given, and 31,000 men fell; while at Hochkirchen Frederick himself lost 9,000 in

a single day against the Austrians. In odd hours snatched from the fury of the strife, this extraordinary man still wrote verses and lampoons; but Madame de Pompadour and her miserable Louis were now smarting under something worse at the hands of the Prussian than his caustic pen. England rang with his triumphs, and, by a perversion peculiarly British, the scoffing freethinker became the "Protestant hero" in both church and tap-room. Pitt was omnipotent in Parliament; only a single insignificant member ever ventured to oppose him. "Our unanimity is prodigious," wrote Walpole. "You would as soon hear a 'No' from an old maid as from the House of Commons." Newcastle was supremely happy among jobbers and cringing place-hunters under the full understanding that neither he nor his kind trespassed within the sphere of foreign politics. The estimates had exceeded all former limits, and reached for those days the enormous sum of 12½ millions. The struggle with France was vigorously waged, too, upon the ocean, warships, privateers,



THE DEATH OF WOLFE
This famous picture, by Benjamin West, has recently been displayed at the Toronto Exhibition by special permission of His Majesty, the King.

and merchantmen grappling to the death with one another in many a distant sea, while the main fleets of the enemy were, for the most part, blockaded in their ports by vigilant British armaments. Everywhere was exhilaration and a superb feeling of confidence, engendered by incipient successes, and by the consciousness that the nation was united in purpose, and that the leaders of its enterprises were not chosen because they were "rich in votes or were related to a Duke."

James Wolfe had certainly neither of these qualifications, and he it was who Pitt designed to act the leading part in the coming year, "a greater part," he modestly wrote after receiving his appointment, "than I wished or desired. The backwardness of some of the older officers has in some measure forced the Government to come down so low. I shall do my best and leave the rest to fortune, as perforce we must when there are not the most commanding abilities. A London life and little exercise disagrees with me entirely, but the sea still more. If I have health and constitution enough for the campaign, I shall think myself a lucky man; what happens afterwards is of no great consequence."

Wolfe had returned from Nova Scotia the previous October in the same ship, strangely enough, with the hapless Abercromby. As the chief hero of an exploit which had sent all England into transports of joy, it is significant that he went quietly from Portsmouth to his regiment at Salisbury, and encountered some difficulty in getting leave of absence on urgent family matters. Even yet a brilliant soldier without backstair influence got scant consideration in his private concerns, while a military cypher with friends at Court could do almost what he pleased. Wolfe, however, eventually got away, and hurried to Bath to "patch up his wretched constitution" for any service he might be called upon. It was here in December that he received and accepted Pitt's offer of the command of an expedition against Quebec. He

had just become engaged to a Miss Lowther, sister of the first Lord Lonsdale. Wolfe's earlier love affair had affected him so deeply and for so long a period, it is doubtful if there was much romance about this one. But he had in any case scant time for improving the occasion, his hands being now full with the great enterprise on which he was bound in the early spring.

Pitt's plan for the coming season in America was to strike two great blows at Canada and a lesser one, which, if successful, would involve the conquest of that country. Wolfe, aided by a fleet, was to attack Quebec; Amherst with another force was to push through by the Lake Champlain route and unite with him if possible. A further expedition was to be sent against Niagara under Prideaux; but for the present we are concerned only with the first and by far the most memorable of the three.

Wolfe at this time was colonel of the 67th regiment. He was to have local rank only of major-general while in America, since more substantial elevation would, in the eyes of Newcastle and his friends, have been almost an outrage on the British constitution as by them interpreted. Pitt and his young officers, however, were well content to waive such trifles for the present, and concede so much of consolation to the long list of rejected incapables, in return for such honour and glory as might perchance be theirs. Wolfe's brigadiers in the forthcoming enterprise were to be Monckton, Townshend and Murray. The first, whom we have already met in Nova Scotia, and the last were men after Wolfe's own heart. Townshend, although not a bad soldier, was inclined, on the strength of his connection, to give himself airs, was of a queer disposition, and was jealous of his young chief. Wolfe nominated his friend Carleton, of whose efficiency he was well assured, as quartermaster-general; but the King passed his pen through the name, as Carleton was credited with certain uncomplimentary

remarks concerning Hanoverians. Wolfe, however, remonstrated with much spirit, insisting that if a general was to have grave responsibility, it was only logical and fair that he should choose his own subordinates. Pitt good-naturedly went back to the King, who, after some grumbling, at last yielded the point.

The land force was to consist of 12,000 men, a few of whom were to sail from England, but the bulk were to be drawn from the American and West Indian garrisons. The latter, however, were counter-ordered; the former proved to be below the estimated strength, and the actual number that gathered in Louisbourg, the point of rendezvous, was only about 8,500. The command of the fleet was given to Admiral Saunders, and this appointment demanded great discretion, as the sailor in this instance had not only to be efficient on his own element, but to be a man of tact, and one who at the same time would put patriotism above professional jealousy, and could be trusted to work heartily with the land forces.

It was late in February when Saunders' fleet conveying Wolfe, his stores and a few troops sailed from Spithead. The winds being adverse and the seas running high, May had opened before the wild coast of Nova Scotia was dimly seen through the whirling wreaths of fog. It was a late season, and Louisbourg harbour was still choked with ice, so the fleet had to make southward for Halifax at the cost of much of that time which three years' experience had at length taught the British was so precious in all North American enterprises. At Halifax Wolfe found the troops from the American garrisons awaiting him. Among them was the 43rd regiment, with the gallant Major Knox, our invaluable diarist, filled with joy at the prospect of active service after twenty months' confinement in a backwoods fort, and ready with his sword as happily for us he was with his pen. In a fortnight Louisbourg was open, and both fleet and transports were grinding amidst the

still drifting ice in its harbour. Here again the army was landed, and its numbers completed from the Louisbourg garrison.

There was naturally much to be done with an army brought together from so many various quarters. The force, too, proved, as I have said, far short of the estimate, being considerably under 9,000 men; but, on the other hand, these were all good troops and mostly veterans. Though the benefits of Bath waters had been more than neutralised by nearly three months of buffeting on the element he so loathed, Wolfe spared himself no effort. He was not only a fighting but to the highest degree an organising general. Every sickly and unlikely man, small as was his force, was weeded out. Every commissariat detail down to the last gaiter button was carefully scrutinised. Seldom had England sent out a body of men so perfect in discipline, spirit, and material of war, and assuredly none so well commanded since the days of Marlborough. It was well it was so, seeing that they were destined to attack one of the strongest posts in the world, defended by an army nearly twice as numerous as themselves, and fighting, moreover, in defence of its home and country, and, as it fully believed, of its religion.

Wolfe's force was made up of the following regiments and corps. Under Monckton in the first brigade were the 15th, 43rd, 58th and 78th regiments, usually known then as Amherst's, Kennedy's, Anstruther's and Fraser's (Highlanders) respectively. The second brigade, under Townshend, comprised the 28th and the 47th or Bragg's and Lascelles', with the second battalion of the 60th or Royal Americans. With Murray in the third brigade were the 35th and 48th or Otway's and Webb's and the third battalion of the 60th. Besides these were three companies of Grenadiers from the 22nd, 40th and 45th regiments, and a corps of light infantry, all from the Louisbourg garrison. Of colonial troops there were only five companies of rangers.

The young general was thoroughly

alive to the numerical weakness of his force, but that he rejoiced in its efficiency is evident from his letters, and he was hard to please. "If valour can make amends for want of numbers," he wrote to Pitt, "we shall succeed."

Admiral Durell, with ten ships, had been sent forward early in May to stop French supply or warships from ascending the St. Lawrence when navigation opened. It was the first of June when Wolfe and Saunders with the main army followed him, owing to fog and ice and contrary winds, in somewhat straggling fashion. The bands played the time-honoured air of "The girl I left behind me," and the men cheered lustily as the ships cleared the bar, while at the mess tables, says Knox, there was only one toast among the officers—"British colours on every French fort, post and garrison in America." With Saunders went twenty-two ships of the line—five frigates and seventeen sloops of war—besides the transports. By the 7th of June all were sailing well together along the gloomy shores of Newfoundland, whose desolate russet uplands were thickly powdered with a belated snowstorm. A week later they had left behind that hundred miles of shaggy forest which to this day envelops the desert island of Anticosti, and were forging more cautiously along the lower reaches of the St. Lawrence. All went smoothly till the 20th, when the wind dropping, they were caught in the cross-currents caused by the outpouring waters of the Saguenay, which, draining a vast mountain wilderness to the northward, would be accounted a mighty river if it were not for the still mightier one that absorbs it. Here the ships ran some risk of fouling, but escaped any serious damage, and in three days were at the Ile aux Cou-dres, where the real dangers of the navigation began. It must be remembered that such a venture was unprecedented, and regarded hitherto as an impossibility for large ships without local pilots. The very presence of the first made the second possible, for

some of the vessels approaching the shore ran up French flags, whereupon numbers of the country people, in response to an invitation, came on board, little guessing the visitors could be their enemies.

Pilots were by this ruse secured, and their services impressed under pain of death. Durell, too, was waiting here, ignorant of the fact that several French provision ships had slipped past him in the fog. Three of his midshipmen, larking on the shore, had been captured and carried to Quebec, but had found much consolation and caused no little anxiety in the city by doubling the strength of the British force, when interrogated by Montcalm. Knox, who understood French, tells us that the poor unwilling pilot who took his ship up the tortuous channel made use of the most frightful imprecations, swearing that most of the fleet and the whole army would find their graves in Canada. An old British tar, on the other hand, master of a transport and possessed of an immense scorn for foreigners, would not allow a French pilot to interfere, and insisted, in the teeth of all remonstrance, on navigating his own ship. "D—n me," he roared, "I'll convince you that an Englishman shall go where a Frenchman daren't show his nose," and he took it through in safety. "The enemy," wrote Vaudreuil soon after this to his Government, "have passed sixty ships of war where we dare not risk a vessel of a hundred tons by night or day." The British navy has not been sufficiently remembered in the story of Quebec.

Let us now turn for a moment to Montcalm and see what he has been doing all this time to prepare for the attack. It was an accepted axiom in Canada that no armament strong enough to seriously threaten Quebec could navigate the St. Lawrence. In the face of expected invasion it was the Lake George and Champlain route that mostly filled the public mind. Bougainville, however, had returned from France early in May with the startling news that a large expedition destined for Quebec was already on the

sea. A former opinion of this able officer's declared that three or four thousand men could hold the city against all comers. There was now four times that strength waiting for Wolfe, while his own, so far as numbers went, we know already. Eighteen transport ships, carrying supplies and some slight reinforcements, had slipped past the English cruisers in the fogs, and brought some comfort to Montcalm. The question now was how best to defend Quebec, as well as make good the two land approaches at Ticonderoga and Lake Ontario respectively.

For the defence of the city, when every able-bodied militiaman had been called out, nearly 16,000 troops of all arms would be available. About the disposition of these and the plan of defence there was much discussion. Montcalm himself was for a long time undecided. The alternative plans do not concern us here; the one finally adopted is alone to the point. Every one knows that the ancient capital of Canada is one of the most proudly placed among the cities of the earth. But it may be well to remind those who have not seen it, that it occupies the point of a lofty ridge, forming the apex of the angle made by the confluence of the St. Charles River and the St. Lawrence. Westward from the city this ridge falls so nearly sheer into the St. Lawrence for several miles, that, watched by a mere handful of men, it was impregnable. Moreover, the river suddenly narrows to a breadth of three-quarters of a mile opposite the town, whose batteries were regarded as being fatal to any attempt of an enemy to run past them. On the other side of the town the St. Charles River, coming in from the northwest immediately below its walls, formed a secure protection. Montcalm, however, decided to leave only a small garrison in the city itself and go outside it for his main defence. Now, from the eastern bank of the mouth of the St. Charles, just below the city, there extends in an almost straight line along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence a continuous

ridge, the brink, in fact, of a plateau, at no point far removed from the water's edge. Six miles away this abruptly terminates in the gorge of the Montmorency River, which, rushing tumultuously towards the St. Lawrence, makes that final plunge on to its shore level which is one of the most beautiful objects in a landscape teeming with natural and human interest. Along the crown of this six-mile ridge, known in history as "the Beauport lines," Montcalm decided to make his stand. So, throughout the long days of May and June the French devoted themselves to rendering impregnable from the front a position singularly strong in itself, while the Montmorency and its rugged valley protected the only flank which was exposed to attack.

At Beauport, the village which occupied the centre of the ridge, Montcalm took up his headquarters with considerable confidence in the result of his preparations. In the city away upon his right he had left De Ramezay in command, who has given us a journal of the siege, but the city, though not safe from bombardment, was impregnable as things were now to assault. In his own embattled lines Montcalm had nearly fourteen thousand men as strongly intrenched as nature and art could make them. Below him spread the river, here over two miles in width from shore to shore, with the western point of the island of Orleans overlapping his left flank. Above the woods of this long, fertile island, then the garden of Canada, the French, upon the 27th of June, first caught sight of the pennons flying from the topmasts of the English battleships, and before evening they witnessed the strange sight of red-coated infantry swarming over its well-tilled fields. It was, indeed, some days since the bonfires announcing the actual approach of the British had flared upon the mountain tops along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, and the excitement in and around Quebec had grown to fever-heat. Wolfe himself, with Mackellar, his chief engineer, who

and the explosives that were a cause of perturbation, but a hail of grape-shot and bullets from the igniting guns poured hurtling through the trees. The chief object of the fire-ships, however, was the fleet which lay in the channel between the Isle of Orleans and the shore, and towards it they came steadily drifting. Knox describes the pandemonium as awful, and the sight as inconceivably superb of these large burning ships, crammed with every imaginable explosive and soaked from their mastheads to their waterline in pitch and tar. It was no new thing, however, to the gallant sailors, who treated the matter as a joke, grappling fearlessly with the hissing, spitting demons, and towing them ashore. "Damme, Jack," they shouted, "didst ever take h—ll in tow before?"

This exploit seems to have been a venture of Vaudreuil's, and its failure, an extremely expensive one, cost that lively egotist and his friends a severe pang. The next day Wolfe published his first manifesto to the Canadian people. "We are sent by the English king," it ran, "to conquer this province, but not to make war upon women and children, the ministers of religion, or industrious peasants. We lament the sufferings which our invasion may inflict upon you; but if you remain neutral, we proffer you safety in person and property and freedom in religion. We are masters of the river; no succour can reach you from France. General Amherst, with a large army, assails your southern frontier. Your cause is hopeless, your valour useless. Your nation have been guilty of great cruelties to our unprotected settlers, but we seek not revenge. We offer you the sweets of peace amid the horrors of war. England, in her strength, will befriend you; France, in her weakness, leaves you to your fate."

Wolfe could hardly have felt the confidence he here expressed. The longer he looked upon the French position, the less he must have liked it, and the larger must Amherst and his eventual co-operation have loomed

in his mind as a necessary factor to success. But would Amherst get through to Montreal and down the St. Lawrence in time to be of use before the short season had fled? Those who were familiar with the difficulties would certainly have discouraged the hope which Wolfe for a time allowed himself to cherish; and Wolfe, though he admired his friend and chief, did not regard celerity of movement as his strongest point.

About the first move, however, in the game Wolfe had to play, there could be no possible doubt, and that was the occupation of Point Lévis. This was the high ground immediately facing Quebec, where the river, narrowing to a width of 1,200 yards, brought the city within cannon-shot from the southern bank. It was the only place, in fact, from which it could be reached. It is said Montcalm had been anxious to occupy it, and intrench it with 4,000 men, but was overruled on the supposition that the upper town, about which official Quebec felt most concern, would be outside its range of fire. If this was so, they were soon to be undeceived.

The occupation of Point Lévis by Monckton's brigade, which Wolfe now ordered on that service, need not detain us. They crossed from the camp of Orleans to the village of Beaumont, which was seized with slight resistance. Thence moving on along the high road to Point Lévis, they found the church and village occupied by what Knox, who was there, estimates at a thousand riflemen and Indians. The Grenadiers charging the position in front, and the Highlanders and light infantry taking it in the rear, it was stormed with a loss of thirty men, and Monckton then occupied a position which, so far as artillery fire was concerned, had Quebec at its mercy. The brigadier, who had fully expected to find French guns there, at once began to intrench himself on this conspicuous spot, while floating batteries now pushed out from Quebec and began throwing shot and shell up at his working parties, till Saunders sent a frigate

forward to put an end to what threatened to be a serious annoyance.

The French had changed their minds about the danger of Monckton's guns, though not a shot had yet been fired, and agitated loudly for a sortie across the river. Montcalm thought poorly of the plan; but a miscellaneous force of 1,500 Canadians, possessed of more ardour than cohesion, insisted on attempting a night assault. They landed some way up the river, but did not so much as reach the British position. The difficulties of a combined midnight movement were altogether too great for such irregulars, and they ended by firing upon one another in the dark and stampeding for their boats, with a loss of seventy killed and wounded.

Two brigades were now in mid-stream on the Isle of Orleans, and one on Point Lévis. Landing artillery and stores, intrenching both positions, and mounting siege guns at the last-named one, consumed the first few days of July. Wolfe's skill in erecting and firing batteries had been abundantly demonstrated at Louisbourg; and though his headquarters were on the Island, he went frequently to superintend the preparations for the bombardment of Quebec. On July 12th a rocket leapt into the sky from Wolfe's camp. It was the signal for the forty guns and mortars that had been mounted on Point Lévis to open on the city that Vaudreuil and his friends had fondly thought was out of range. The first few shots may have encouraged the delusion, as they fell short; but the gunners quickly got their distance, and then began that storm of shot and shell which rained upon the doomed city, with scarce a respite, for upwards of eight weeks. Wolfe's New England Rangers, under Stark and other well-known dare-devils, trained by Rogers in the Lake George region, scoured the surrounding country, fighting Indians or stray parties of Canadians like themselves, capturing arms and stores, seizing prisoners for information, and posting up Wolfe's proclamations on the neighbouring church doors. These

last assured every peasant who remained at home of good treatment; while any injuries to women or children by his own men Wolfe swore he would punish by death. He was in an enemy's country; he had double his own number of armed men before him, and a hostile population on his rear and flanks, and could do no more.

The day before the batteries of Point Lévis opened on the city Wolfe made another move. The eastern extremity of the Beauport lines pressed close upon the Montmorency gorge. If he could establish batteries upon the other bank, it would be easy not only to annoy the enemy but to investigate the course of the stream above the cataract, and see if perchance there might not be some way round to the back of the Beauport lines. He ordered Monckton, therefore, to make a feint up the river above the town, as if intending some mischief in that direction, while he himself brought several frigates up to the front of the Montmorency end of the Beauport lines, which kept Lévis and his militia brigade there stationed sufficiently occupied, if not seriously damaged. Under cover of these distractions he moved 3,000 men across to the mouth of the Montmorency. Landing on the eastern side, his men clambered up the wooded heights in the face of some desultory resistance. They were now upon the same ridge as Montcalm's army, whose extreme left was but a musket-shot from them. But between the combatants was the mighty gorge down which the Montmorency plunged 250 feet on to the flats below. Here Wolfe at once began to erect an intrenched camp and batteries. Parties were sent up the wooded valley of the impetuous little river to clear it of enemies, to cut timber for fascines, and to hunt for a ford. They found no ford, but encountered 400 Indians, whom they finally repulsed, though not without loss. Wolfe was somewhat higher than the French left, and could now bombard it with considerable effect. But this was of little use, as the position was apparently impreg-

nable to attack, and there seemed no way round it; for the only ford they did eventually find was three miles up, and that faced a steep cliff and was strongly fortified. The French lines, too, were only vulnerable in their rear, when compared to the inaccessible front with which Nature had provided them. Upon their left they were protected by a mass of woods, while along them ran a continuous line of stone farm-houses and other buildings and enclosures, which, Knox tells us, were all prepared for holding garrisons. Even if Wolfe could have brought 5,000 men round the upper waters of the Montmorency and through the big woods, for the delivery of a rear attack, what a loss and what a fearful risk would have attended such an enterprise! Canadian militia—and, be it remembered, there were over 3,000 veteran regulars here as well—were not very formidable in the open, but behind cover they were as good as Grenadiers, and, loose in the woods, a great deal better. Lévis, who had command of the position, which was now engaged in an artillery duel and some outpost skirmishing with the British, was anxious to attack. Montcalm, whose only fear was Amherst, would not hear of it. "If we move them," he said, "they will be more mischievous elsewhere. Let them stay there and amuse themselves."

The rain of shot and shell continued to pour upon Quebec. Houses, churches and monasteries crashed and crumbled beneath the pitiless discharge. The great cathedral, where the memories and the trophies of a century's defiance of the accursed heretic had so thickly gathered, was gradually reduced to a skeleton of charred walls. The church of Notre Dame de la Victoire, erected in gratitude for the delivery of the city from the last and only previous attack upon it sixty years before, was one of the first buildings to suffer from the far more serious punishment of this one. Wolfe, though already suffering from more than his chronic ill-health, was ubiquitous and indefatigable; now be-

hind Monckton's guns at Point Lévis, now with Townshend's batteries at Montmorency, now up the river, ranging with his glass those miles of forbidding cliffs which he may already have begun to think he should one day have to climb. Some of Saunders' ships were in the Basin, between Orleans and Quebec, and frequently engaged with Montcalm's floating batteries; while in the meantime the roar of artillery from a dozen different quarters filled the simmering July days, and lit the short summer nights with fiery shapes, and drew in fitful floods the roving thunder clouds that at this season of the year in North America are apt to lurk behind the serenest sky.

Fighting at close quarters there was, too, in plenty, though of an outpost and backwoods kind. Bois-Herbert, with his painted Canadians and Abenakis Indians, and Stark and young Rogers with their colonial rangers—Greek against Greek—scalped each other with an hereditary ferocity that English and French regulars knew nothing of. In bringing a fleet up to Quebec, British sailors had already performed one feat pronounced impossible by Canadian tradition. They now still further upset their enemies' calculations by running the gauntlet of the batteries of Quebec and placing the *Sutherland*, with several smaller ships, at some distance up the river. This cost Montcalm 600 men, whom he had to send under Dumas to watch the squadron. But all this brought the end no nearer. Time was exceeding precious, and July was almost out. Necessary messages were continually passing under flags of truce, and superfluous notes of defiance sometimes accompanied them. "You may destroy the town," said De Ramezay to Wolfe, "but you will never get inside it." "I will take Quebec," replied the fiery stripling, "if I stay here till November."

Wolfe had now decided that some forward action was necessary, and he proceeded to select what seemed to him the only spot that offered the barest justification for the risk.

This was close to the Montmorency end of the Beauport lines, and July 31st was the date fixed for the enterprise, into which he purposed to bring four thousand men. Now in the short space between the foot of the falls and the St. Lawrence, the Montmorency was fordable at low tide, and Townshend, with 2,000 men from the British camp was to ford it here and advance along the shore. Wolfe, with an equal number from Monckton's brigade at Point Lévis and the Isle of Orleans, was, at the same time, to approach in flat-bottomed boats over the shallows and land upon the narrow flats beneath the high embattled ridge which overlooked them. A frigate was brought up to make play on the French lines, and all the batteries of the Montmorency camp were to help sustain the attack, while a "cat," a kind of sailing raft, armed with several guns, was to be imbedded on the muddy shore.

At about ten in the morning the movement began from Point Lévis to the Isle of Orleans, and de Lévis and Montcalm, from their high perch on the French redoubts had a clear view of everything that passed. They were puzzled what to make of it, and thinking a rear attack by the upper reaches of the Montmorency might be intended, sent 500 men to watch the ford. As the day went on, it became evident to Lévis that his own intrenchments were at one point or another the object of attack, but concentration for the French at any point on the Beauport lines was an easy matter. Wolfe had to await the ebbing tide for Townshend's corps to ford the mouth of the Montmorency, during which his own men were concentrated on the Point of Orleans. In the afternoon the *Centurion* frigate, the armed "cat," and the batteries across the falls opened on the French ridges. As the day waned Wolfe and his small force pushed out and rowed towards the flats, while Townshend awaited at the ford the signal to advance. The general, always in the front, soon came within the range of the French batteries,

which opened with a brisk fire. He was three times struck by splinters, and his cane was knocked from his hand by a round shot. Worse still, the water at this point proved too shallow, and some of the boats ran upon ledges of rock or mud. A deeper passage, however, was quickly found, and the leading files, Grenadiers and Royal Americans, were, in due course, landed on the wet sand. A musket-shot in front, where dry ground and tide limit touched, was an outlying redoubt, which was at once rushed and cleared without difficulty. Now, however, comes the moment when Wolfe's plan of action would have developed. This has never yet been quite clear, in spite of his own despatches, but what immediately happened was of all things the least expected.

Beyond the captured redoubt were about 200 yards of flat ground, behind which abruptly rose the high ridge, where the French army lay intrenched. Wolfe may have intended a mere reconnaissance in force over the Flat, though he told Pitt he hoped to tempt the French down on to it. Townshend was nearing him, having just crossed the ford, while Monckton was in the very act of landing with a thousand men. Somewhat less than that number stood round Wolfe at the captured redoubt. But even with this respectable force, it seems incredible that he would have faced that steep hill, which by this time was lined by a great part of the French army. What was passing in that nimble mind just then, or what Wolfe would have done—and he was not a man, with all his ardour, to throw his men's lives away—no one will ever know. The Grenadiers and Royal Americans, under a thousand men in all, saved him the trouble of deciding. Seized with a sudden and unaccountable insanity, these veteran soldiers, without orders and without formation, without waiting for their companions, and in utter disregard of the invectives of their officers, who had nothing for it but to go with them, rushed with a wild shout upon the fatal slope. Slippery with

recent rains, its summits bristling with cannon and packed with 3,000 riflemen, half of whom were regulars, with other 10,000 men at ready call; never, surely, was there so pitiable a piece of madness. But it was long, too long, ere the hail of lead that swept down that steep and slippery slope up which these insubordinate heroes vainly and wildly struggled, could stop them. Black clouds had been gathering overhead. A thunder storm was mutely raging beneath the roar of over a hundred cannon and the din of countless rifles, and now at the most dramatic moment down fell the rain in sheets so fast and thick as to hide the combatants from each other, and effectually quench both their ardour and their fire. To support such an escapade would have been madness, and the survivors soon enough came straggling back through the storm, which quickly cleared and showed a streaming hillside covered with British dead and wounded. The 78th Highlanders were instantly sent forward to bring off the latter, already in imminent danger from Indian scalping-knives. Either from damp powder or a worthier cause the effort was allowed to pass with impunity, and the British retired despondently, some by land and some by water, bearing the wounded with them to their several camps. The mad and brief exploit, for which no officer high or low was responsible, cost Wolfe 443 men, including 33 officers.

Through the whole weary month of August little occurred that the exigencies of our space would justify recording. Montcalm, after the late affair, considered himself safe, and he even allowed two thousand Canadians to leave for the harvest. Wolfe had a thousand men of his small force sick or wounded in hospital. Amherst, it was reported, had taken Ticonderoga, but there was little likelihood of his getting through to their assistance. Prideaux, in the far West, as it then was, had captured Niagara. It was a great success, but it in no way helped Wolfe. Worry, anxiety, and hard

work, too, had long been telling on Wolfe's feeble frame. "Don't talk to me of constitution," he had said, referring to a brother officer's case; "spirit will carry a man through anything." But human endurance has its limits, and on the 20th of August it was known through the army that the general, who had made himself the object of its entire devotion, could not rise from his bed. For nearly a week Wolfe lay prostrated with fever, and tortured with a despair that under the circumstances was inevitable to his physical prostration. The four walls of his sick-chamber in the farmhouse at Montmorency may well have typified to his fevered fancy the inaccessible barriers which upon every side in the larger arena without doors checked his advance to victory. He regarded himself, we know, as a ruined man, and had dread visions of his return to England, another unsuccessful general to be pelted by a public opinion which in truth, as regards military matters, he held in infinite scorn. On the 25th, however, "to the inconceivable joy," says honest Knox, "of the whole army," its beloved commander was reported out of danger, and he at once set his busy mind to work and called his brigadiers in council to see if anything could be done to utilise the short season that remained. When, on the 1st of September, Wolfe rose from his sick-bed, he had made up his mind to attempt the enterprise which cost him his frail life and gave immortality to himself and a great colony to England.

It must not be supposed, however, that August had passed away in humdrum fashion. The guns had roared with tireless throats, and the lower town was a heap of ruins. Far away down both banks of the St. Lawrence, the dogs of war had raged through seigneuries and hamlets. Between the upper and the nether millstone of Wolfe's proclamations and Montcalm's vengeance, the wretched peasantry were in a sore plight. Raided through and through by the fierce guerillas of North American warfare, swept bare

of grain and cattle for Wolfe's army, the fugitives from smoking farms and hamlets were glad to seek refuge in the English lines, where the soldiers generously shared with them their meagre rations. More than one expedition had been sent up the river. Admiral Holmes, with over twenty ships, was already above the town, and had driven the French vessels, which had originally taken refuge there, to discharge their crews and run up shallow tributaries. Murray, with twelve hundred men, had been carried up as far as Deschambault, and had there done some successful but unprofitable fighting. The shore was strongly fortified at every accessible point. Montcalm depended wholly on that side for his supplies, for the lower country was entirely closed to him by the British. He lost Lévis, too, at this time, and 1,500 men, who, owing to Prideaux's victory and Amherst's steady advance, were required at Montreal. Another 1,500 men he had despatched under Bougainville to Cap Rouge, where the seven miles of cliff which made the north shore west of Quebec impregnable, ceased; and here that able officer intrenched himself at the mouth of a small stream.

Wolfe's intention now was to place every man that he could spare on board the ships in the upper river, and his entire force was reduced by death, wounds and sickness to under 7,000 men. On September 3rd, with slight annoyance from an ill-directed cannon fire, he removed the whole force at Montmorency across the water to the camps of Orleans or Point Lévis. On the following day all the troops at both these stations which were not necessary for their protection were paraded; for what purpose no one knew, least of all the French, who from their lofty lines could mark every movement in the wide panorama below, and were sorely puzzled and perturbed. Some great endeavour was in the wind, beyond a doubt; but both Wolfe and his faithful ally, the admiral, did their utmost to disguise its import. And

for this very reason it would be futile, even if necessary, to follow the fluctuating manœuvres that for the next few days kept the enemy in constant agitation: the sudden rage of batteries here, the threatening demonstrations of troop-laden boats there, the constant and bewildering movement of armed ships at every point. It was well designed and industriously maintained, for the sole purpose of harassing the French and covering Wolfe's real intention. On the night of September 4th the general was well enough to dine with Monckton's officers at Point Lévis, but the next day he was again prostrate with illness, to the great anxiety of his army. He implored the doctor to "patch him up sufficiently for the work in hand; after that nothing mattered." Chronic gravel and rheumatism, with a sharp low fever, aggravated by a mental strain of the severest kind, all preying on a sickly frame, were what the indomitable spirit therein imprisoned had to wrestle with. On the 6th, however, Wolfe struggled up, and during that day and the next superintended the march of his picked column, numbering some 4,000 men, up the south bank of the river. Forging, near waist-deep, the Etchemain river, they were received beyond its mouth by the boats of the fleet, and as each detachment arrived conveyed on board. The 48th, however, 700 strong, were left, under Colonel Burton, near Point Lévis to await orders.

The fleet, with Wolfe and some 3,600 men on board, now moved up to Cap Rouge, behind which, at the first dip in the high barrier of cliffs, was Bougainville with 1,500 men (soon afterwards increased), exclusive of 300 serviceable light cavalry. The cove here was intrenched, and the French commander was so harried with feigned attacks that he and his people had no rest. At the same time, so well was the universal activity maintained that Montcalm, eight miles below, was led to expect a general attack at the mouth of the Charles river, under the city. Throughout the 8th and 9th the

weather was dark and rainy and the wind from the east, an unfavourable combination for a movement requiring the utmost precision. On the 10th the troops from the crowded ships were landed to dry their clothes and accoutrements. Wolfe and his brigadiers now finally surveyed that line of cliffs which Montcalm had declared a hundred men could hold against the whole British army. It was defended here and there by small posts. Below one of these, a mile and a half above the city, the traces of a zigzag path up the bush-covered precipice could be made out, though Wolfe could not see that even this was barricaded. Here, at the now famous Anse du Foulon, he decided to make his attempt.

The ships, however, kept drifting up and down between Cap Rouge and the city, with a view to maintaining the suspense of the French. Each morning Wolfe's general orders to the soldiers were to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action, with as full directions for their conduct as was compatible with the suppression of the spot at which they were to fight. On the night of the 11th the troops were reembarked, and instructions sent to Burton to post the 48th on the south shore opposite the Anse du Foulon. On the following day, Wolfe published his last orders, and they contained a notable sentence: "A vigorous blow struck by the army at this juncture may determine the fate of Canada." Almost at the same moment his gallant opponent from his headquarters at Beauport was writing to Bourlamaque at Montreal that he gave the enemy a month or less to stay, but that he himself had no rest night or day, and had not had his boots or clothes off for a fortnight. Another Frenchman was informing his friends that what they knew of that "impetuous, bold, and intrepid warrior, Monsieur Wolfe," gave them reason to suppose he would not leave them without another attack.

A suspicious calm brooded over the British squadron off Cap Rouge as Bougainville watched it from the shore

throughout the whole of the 12th. The men were under orders to drop into their boats at nine, and were doubtless busy looking to their arms and accoutrements. Wolfe had sent for his old schoolfellow, "Jacky" Jervis, afterwards the famous admiral, who was commanding a sloop in the river. It was a matter of private business, and as the two sat together in the cabin of the *Sutherland* the general took a miniature of Miss Lowther,* his *fiancée*, from around his neck, and remarking that he did not expect to survive the battle he hoped to fight upon the following day, requested Jervis in such case to deliver the portrait to the lady, who, it may be added, became, six years later, the last Duchess of Bolton, and lived to be seventy-five.

By a preconcerted arrangement the day was spent after a very different fashion in the basin of Quebec. Constant artillery fire and the continual movement of troops against various parts of the Beauport lines engaged the whole attention of Montcalm, who had, in fact, little notion what a number of men had gone up the river with Wolfe. When night fell upon the ruined city and the flickering camp fires of the long French lines, the tumult grew louder and the anxiety greater. The batteries of Point Lévis and the guns of Saunders' ships redoubled their efforts. Amid the roar of the fierce artillery, served with an activity not surpassed during the whole siege, Montcalm, booted and spurred, with his black charger

*It is a curious coincidence that the heroines of both Wolfe's love affairs should have come, and that through no connection with each other, but quite fortuitously, from the same group of families as it were, in a remote corner of England, which Wolfe in a social sense never even visited. Isell Hall, whence came Miss Lawson, is still a residence of the family; a beautiful specimen of the border Peel tower enlarged during the Tudor period into a mansion; romantically situated on the banks of the Derwent between Cockermonth and Bassenthwaite. Meaburn Hall, Kate Lowther's early home, though now a somewhat inaccessible farmhouse, between Shap and Appleby, on the Lowther estates, remains a most interesting and picturesque specimen, both inside and out, of the Tudor manor house of the border country.

saddled at the door, awaited some night attack. The horse would be wanted yet, but for a longer ride than his master anticipated, and, as it so turned out, for his last one.* Up the river at Cap Rouge all was silence, a strange contrast to the din below. The night was fine, but dark, and was some three hours old when a single light gleamed of a sudden from the *Sutherland's* mainmast. It was the signal for 1,600 men to drop quietly into their boats. A long interval of silence and suspense then followed, till at two o'clock the tide began to ebb, when a second lantern glimmered from Wolfe's ship. The boats now pushed off and drifted quietly down in long procession under the deep shadow of the high northern shore.

The ships followed at some distance with the remainder of the force under Townshend, the 48th, it will be remembered, awaiting them below. The distance to be traversed was six miles, and there were two posts on the cliffs to be passed. French provision boats had been in the habit of stealing down in the night, and to this fact, coupled with the darkness, it seems Wolfe trusted much. He was himself in one of the leading boats, and the story of his reciting "Gray's Elegy," in solemn tones while he drifted down, as he hoped, to victory and, as he believed, to death, rests on good authority.* The tide was running fast so that the rowers could ply their oars with a minimum of disturbance. From both posts upon the cliff their presence was noticed, and the challenge of a sentry rang out clear upon the silent night. On each occasion a Highland officer, who spoke French perfectly, replied that they were a provision convoy, to the satisfaction of the challengers. But the risk was undeniable, and illustrates the hazardous nature of the enterprise. Wolfe's friend, Captain Howe, brother of the popular young nobleman who fell at Ticonderoga, with a small body of picked soldiers,

was to lead the ascent, and as the boats touched the narrow beach of the Anse du Foulon he and his volunteers leaped rapidly on shore. Some of the boats accidentally overran the spot, but it made little difference, as the narrow path was, in any case, found to be blocked, and the eager soldiers were forced to throw themselves upon the rough face of the cliff, which was here over 200 feet high, but fortunately sprinkled thick with stunted bushes. Swiftly and silently Howe and his men scrambled up its steep face. No less eagerly the men behind, as boat after boat discharged its load of redcoats under Wolfe's eye on the narrow shore, followed in their precarious steps. Day was just beginning to glimmer as the leading files leaped out on to the summit and rushed upon the handful of astonished Frenchmen before them, who fired a futile volley and fled. They captured, however, the officer of the guard. It was De Vergor, who, it will be remembered, made such a poor defence at Beausejour, in Nova Scotia, whither Bigot had sent him to improve his fortunes. He was really in bad luck this time, though he has been made a scapegoat of by French writers. An attack at such a point may well have seemed improbable. "The difficulty of the ascent," wrote Admiral Saunders to the Ministry, "was scarcely credible." The single narrow path, too, the only presumable approach, had been blocked, but Wolfe's men were dragging themselves up all along the cliff, and even if De Vergor's small guard had been more wide awake, it is doubtful if they could have stopped such determined men. But the shots and cries had alarmed other posts at some distance off, yet near enough to fire in the direction of the landing boats. It was too late, however; the path had now been cleared of obstacles, and the British were swarming on to the plateau. The first sixteen hundred men had been rapidly disembarked, and the boats were already dashing back for Townshend's brigade, who were approaching in the ships, and for the 48th, awaiting them on the opposite shore.

* That of Professor Robinson, of Edinburgh University, who was present as a midshipman.

The scattered French posts along the summit were easily dispersed, while the main army at Beauport, some miles away, on the far side of the city, were as yet unconscious of danger. Bougainville and his force back at Cap Rouge were as far off and as yet no wiser. Quebec had just caught the alarm, but its weak and heterogeneous garrison had no power for combined mobility. By six o'clock Wolfe had his whole force of 4,300 men drawn up on the plateau, with their backs to the river and their faces to the north. Leaving the Royal Americans, 540 strong, to guard the landing-place, and with a force thus reduced to under 4,000, he now marched towards the city, bringing his left round at the same time in such fashion as to face the western walls scarcely a mile distant. As Wolfe drew up his line of battle on that historic ridge of tableland known as the Plains of Abraham, his right rested on the cliff above the river, while his left approached the then brushy slope which led down towards the St. Charles Valley. He had outmanœuvred Montcalm; it now remained only to crush him. Of this Wolfe had not much doubt, though such confidence may seem sufficiently audacious for the leader of 4,000 men, with twice that number in front of him and half as many in his rear, both forces commanded by brave and skilful generals. But Wolfe counted on quality, not on numbers, which Montcalm himself realised were of doubtful efficacy at this crucial moment.

The French general, in the meantime, had been expecting an attack all night at Beauport, and his troops had been lying on their arms. It was about six o'clock when the astounding news was brought him that the British were on the plateau behind the city. The Scotch Jacobite, the Chevalier Johnstone, who has left us an account of the affair, was with him at the time, and they leaped on their horses—he to give the alarm towards Montmorency, the general to hasten westwards by Vaudreuil's quarters to the city. "This is a serious business,"

said Montcalm to Johnstone as he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks. Vaudreuil, who in his braggart, amateur fashion had been "crushing the English" with pen and ink and verbal eloquence this last six weeks, now collapsed, and Montcalm, who knew what a fight in the open with Wolfe meant, hastened himself to hurry forward every man that could be spared. Fifteen hundred militia were left to guard the Beauport lines, while the bulk of the army poured in a steady stream along the road to Quebec, over the bridge of the St. Charles, some up the slopes beyond, others through the tortuous streets of the city, on to the Plains of Abraham. Montcalm, by some at the time, and by many since, has been blamed for precipitating the conflict, but surely not with justice! He had every reason to count on Bougainville and his 2,300 men, who were no further from Wolfe's rear than he himself was from the English front. The British held the entire water. Wolfe once entrenched on the plateau, the rest of his army, guns and stores could be brought up at will, and the city defences on that side were almost worthless. Lastly, provisions with the French were woefully scarce; the lower country had been swept absolutely bare. Montcalm depended on Montreal for every mouthful of food, and Wolfe was now between him and his source of supply.

By nine o'clock Montcalm had all his men in front of the western walls of the city and was face to face with Wolfe, only half a mile separating them. His old veterans of William Henry, Oswego and Ticonderoga were with him, the reduced regiments of Béarn, Royal Rousillon, Languedoc, La Sarre and La Guienne, some 1,300 strong, with 700 colony regulars and a cloud of militia and Indians. Numbers of these latter had been pushed forward as skirmishers into the thickets, woods and cornfields which fringed the battlefield, and had caused great annoyance and some loss to the British, who were lying down in their ranks, reserving their strength and

their ammunition for a supreme effort. Three pieces of cannon, too, had been brought to play on them—no small trial to their steadiness; for, confident of victory, it was not to Wolfe's interest to join issue till Montcalm had enough of his men upon the ridge to give finality to such a blow. At the same time the expected approach of Bougainville in the rear had to be watched for and anticipated. It was indeed a critical and anxious moment! The 48th regiment were stationed as a reserve of Wolfe's line, though to act as a check rather to danger from Bougainville than as a support to the front attacks in which they took no part. Part, too, of Townshend's brigade, who occupied the left of the line nearest to the wooded slopes in which the plain terminated, were drawn up *en potence*, or at right angles to the main column, in case of attacks from flank or rear. The Bougainville incident is, in fact, a feature of this critical struggle that has been too generally ignored, but in such a fashion that inferences might be drawn, and have been drawn, detrimental to that able officer's sagacity. Theoretically he should have burst on the rear of Wolfe's small army, as it attacked Montcalm, with more than 2,300 tolerable troops. He was but six miles off, and it was now almost as many hours since the British scaled the cliff. Pickets and a small battery or two between himself and Wolfe had been early in the morning actually engaged. The simple answer is that Bougainville remained ignorant of what was happening. Nothing but an actual messenger coming through with the news would have enlightened him, and in the confusion none came till eight o'clock. The sound of desultory firing borne faintly against the wind from the neighbourhood of the city had little significance for him. It was a chronic condition of affairs, and Bougainville's business was to watch the upper river, where an attack was really expected. It was a rare piece of good fortune for Wolfe that the confusion among the French was so

great as to cause this strange omission. But then it was Wolfe's daring that had thus robbed a brave enemy of their presence of mind and created so pardonable a confusion.

The constituents of that ever memorable line of battle which Wolfe drew up on the Plains of Abraham must of a surety not be grudged space in this chapter. On the right towards the cliffs of the St. Lawrence were the 28th, the 35th, the 43rd, and the Louisbourg Grenadiers under Monckton. In the centre, under Murray, were the 47th, 58th, and the 78th Highlanders. With Townshend on the left were the 15th (*en potence*) and the 2nd battalion of the 60th or Royal Americans—in all somewhat over 3,000 men. In reserve, as already stated, was Burton with the 48th, while Howe with some light infantry occupied the woods still farther back, and the 3rd battalion of the 60th guarded the landing-place. None of these last corps joined in the actual attack.

When Montcalm, towards ten o'clock, under a cloudy but fast-clearing sky, gave the order to advance, he had, at the lowest estimate from French sources, about 3,500 men, exclusive of Indians and flanking skirmishers, who may be rated at a further 1,500. The armies were but half a mile apart, and the French regulars and militia, being carefully but perhaps injudiciously blended along their whole line, went forward with loud shouts to the attack.

The British, formed in a triple line, now sprang to their feet and moved steadily forward to receive the onset of the French. Wolfe had been hit on the wrist, but hastily binding up the shattered limb with his handkerchief, he now placed himself at the head of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, whose temerity against the heights of Beauport, in July, he had so soundly rated. He had issued strict orders that his troops were to load with two bullets, and to reserve their fire till the enemy were at close quarters. He was nobly obeyed, though the French

columns came on firing wildly and rapidly at long range, the militia throwing themselves down, after their backwoods custom, to reload, to the disadvantage of the regular regiments among whom they were mixed. The British fire, in spite of considerable punishment, was admirably restrained, and when delivered it was terrible. Knox tells us the French received it at forty paces, that the volleys sounded like single cannon shots, so great was the precision, and French officers subsequently declared they had never known anything like it. Whole gaps were rent in the French ranks, and in the confusion which followed, the British reloaded with deliberation, poured in yet another deadly volley, and with a wild cheer rushed upon the foe. They were the pick of a picked army, and the shattered French, injured to arms in various ways though was every man of them, had not a chance. Montcalm's 2,000 regulars were ill supported by the still larger number of their comrades, who, unsurpassed behind breastworks or in forest warfare, were of little use before such an onslaught. The rush of steel, of bayonet on the right and centre, of broadsword on the left, swept everything before it and soon broke the French into a flying mob, checked here and there by brave bands of white-coated regulars, who offered a brief but futile resistance. Wolfe, in the meantime, was eagerly pressing forward at the head of his Grenadiers, while behind him were the 28th and the 35th, of Lake George renown. One may not pause here to speculate on the triumph that must at such a moment have fired the bright eyes that redeemed his homely face and galvanised the sickly frame into a very Paladin of old, as sword in hand he led his charging troops. Such inevitable reflections belong rather to his own story than to that of the long war which he so signally influenced, and it was now, in the very moment of vic-

tory, as all the world well knows, that he fell. He was hit twice in rapid succession—a ball in the groin which did not stop him, and a second through the lungs, against which his high courage fought in vain. He was seen to stagger by Lieutenant Browne of the Grenadiers and 2nd regiment, who rushed forward to his assistance. "Support me," exclaimed Wolfe, "lest my gallant fellows should see me fall." But the lieutenant was just too late, and the wounded hero sank to the ground; not, however, before he was also seen by Mr. Henderson, a volunteer, and almost immediately afterwards by an officer of artillery, Col. Williamson, and a private soldier whose name has not been preserved. The accurate Knox himself was not far off, and this is the account given him by Browne that same evening, and seems worthy to hold the field against the innumerable claims that have been set up in the erratic interests of "family tradition":—

These four men carried the dying general to the rear, and by his own request, being in great pain, laid him upon the ground. He refused to see a surgeon, declared it was all over with him, and sank into a state of torpor. "They run! see how they run!" cried out one of the officers. "Who run?" asked Wolfe, suddenly rousing himself. "The enemy, sir; egad, they give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, my lads," said the dying general, "with all speed to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march down to the St. Charles River and cut off the retreat of the fugitives to the bridge." He then turned on his side, and exclaiming, "God be praised, I now die in peace," sank into insensibility, and in a short time, on the ground of his victory which for all time was to influence the destinies of mankind, gave up his life contentedly at the very moment, to quote Pitt's stirring eulogy, "when his fame began."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE PIECE OF STRING

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT



It was market-day, and over all the roads round Goderville the peasants and their wives were coming towards the town. The men walked easily, lurching the whole body forward at every step. Their long legs were twisted and deformed by the slow, painful labours of the country—by bending over to plough, which is what also makes their left shoulders too high and their figures crooked; and by reaping corn, which obliges them for steadiness' sake to spread their knees too wide. Their starched blue blouses, shining as though varnished, ornamented at collar and cuffs with little patterns of white stitch-work, and blown up big around their bony bodies, seemed exactly like balloons about to soar, but putting forth a head, two arms and two feet.

Some of these fellows dragged a cow or a calf at the end of a rope. And just behind the animal, beating it over the back with a leaf-covered branch to hasten its pace, went their wives, carrying large baskets, from which came forth the heads of chickens or the heads of ducks. These women walked with steps far shorter and quicker than the men; their figures, withered and upright, were adorned with scanty little shawls pinned over their flat bosoms; and they enveloped their heads each in a white cloth, close fastened round their hair, and surmounted by a cap.

Now a *char-à-banc* passed by, drawn by a jerky-paced nag. It shook up

strangely the two men on the seat. And the woman at the bottom of the cart held fast to its sides to lessen the hard joltings.

In the market-place at Goderville was a great crowd, a mingled multitude of men and beasts. The horns of cattle, the high and long-napped hats of wealthy peasants, the headdresses of women, came to the surface of that sea. And voices clamorous, sharp, shrill, made a continuous and savage din. Above it a huge burst of laughter from the sturdy lungs of a merry yokel would sometimes sound, and sometimes a long bellow from a cow tied fast to the wall of a house.

It all smelled of the stable, of milk, of hay, and of perspiration, giving off that half-human, half-animal odour which is peculiar to the men of the fields.

Maitre Hauchecorne, of Breaute, had just arrived at Goderville, and was taking his way towards the square, when he perceived on the ground a little piece of string. Maitre Hauchecorne, economical, like all true Normans, reflected that everything was worth picking up which could be of any use; and he stooped down—but painfully, because he suffered from rheumatism. He took the bit of thin cord from the ground, and was carefully preparing to roll it up when he saw Maitre Malandain, the harness-maker, on his doorstep looking at him. They had once had a quarrel about a halter, and they had remained angry, bearing malice on both sides. Maitre Hauche-

* Copyrighted in the United States by Harper and Brothers. Maupassant, like Zola, is of the naturalist school of French writers. He is one of those who attempted to study man and life as they are, to paint people exactly as they appear, selecting of course such phases of life as have dramatic interest. They desired to put Romanticism and Idealism behind them and to show where society stands and whither it tends. Maupassant was a nephew of Flaubert, one of the first of this school. He was born in 1850 and died in 1893. In early life he was apparently strong and robust, but later he fought with insanity and death. This fight made his work somewhat gruesomely pessimistic and realistic. Nevertheless as a maker of compact phrases, as a master of concise diction, as a finished stylist he is one of the greatest of nineteenth century novelists. His short stories were originally published in sixteen volumes, while his novels are eight in number.

corne was overcome with a sort of shame at being seen by his enemy looking in the dirt so for a bit of string. He quickly hid his find beneath his blouse, then in the pocket of his breeches, then pretended to be still looking for something on the ground which he did not discover, and at last went off towards the market-place, with his head bent forward, and a body almost doubled in two by rheumatic pains.

He lost himself immediately in the crowd, which was clamorous, slow, and agitated by interminable bargains. The peasants examined the cows, went off, came back, always in great perplexity and fear of being cheated, never quite daring to decide, spying at the eye of the seller, trying ceaselessly to discover the tricks of the man and the defect in the beast.

The women, having placed their great baskets at their feet, had pulled out the poultry, which lay upon the ground, tied by the legs, with eyes scared, with combs scarlet.

They listened to propositions, maintaining their prices, with a dry manner, with an impassible face; or, suddenly, perhaps, deciding to take the lower price which was offered, they cried out to the customer, who was departing slowly:

"All right, I'll let you have them, Mait' Anthime."

Then, little by little, the square became empty, and when the Angelus struck midday those who lived at a distance poured into the inns.

At Jourdain's the great room was filled with eaters, just as the vast court was filled with vehicles of every sort—waggons, gigs, *char-à-bancs*, tilburys, tilt-carts which have no name, yellow with mud, misshapen, pieced together, raising their shafts to heaven like two arms, or it may be with their nose in the dirt and their rear in the air.

Just opposite to where the diners were at table the huge fireplace, full of clear flame, threw a lively heat on the backs of those who sat along the right. Three spits were turning, loaded with chickens, with pigeons, and with

joints of mutton; and a delectable odour of roast meat, and of gravy gushing over crisp brown skin, took wing from the hearth, kindled merriment, caused mouths to water.

All the aristocracy of the plough were eating there, at Mait' Jourdain's the innkeeper's, a dealer in horses also, and a sharp fellow who had made a pretty penny in his day.

The dishes were passed round, were emptied, with jugs of yellow cider. Everyone told of his affairs, of his purchases and his sales. They asked news about the crops. The weather was good for green stuffs, but a little wet for wheat.

All of a sudden the drum rolled in the court before the house. Everyone, except some of the most indifferent, was on his feet at once, and ran to the door, to the windows, with his mouth still full and his napkin in his hand.

When the public crier had finished his tattoo he called forth in a jerky voice, making his pauses out of time:

"Be it known to the inhabitants of Goderville, and in general to all—persons present at the market, that there has been lost this morning, on the Beuzeville road, between—nine and ten o'clock, a pocket-book of black leather, containing five hundred francs and business papers. You are requested to return it—to the mayor's office, at once, or to Maitre Fortune Houlbreque, at Manneville. There will be twenty francs reward."

Then the man departed. They heard once more at a distance the dull bleatings on the drum and the faint voice of the crier.

Then they began to talk of this event, reckoning up the chances which Maitre Houlbreque had of finding or of not finding his pocket-book again.

And the meal went on.

They were finishing their coffee when the corporal of gendarmes appeared on the threshold.

He asked:

"Is Maitre Hauchecorne, of Breaute, here?"

Maitre Hauchecorne, seated at the other end of the table, answered:

"Here I am."

And the corporal resumed:

"Maitre Hauchecorne, will you have the kindness to come with me to the mayor's office? M. Le Maire would like to speak to you."

The peasant, surprised and uneasy, gulped down his little glass of cognac, got up, and, even worse bent over than in the morning, since his first steps after a rest were always particularly difficult, started off, repeating:

"Here I am, here I am."

And he followed the corporal.

The mayor was waiting for him, seated in an arm-chair. He was the notary of the place, a tall, grave man of pompous speech.

"Maitre Hauchecorne," said he, "this morning, on the Beuzeville road, you were seen to pick up the pocket-book lost by Maitre Houlbreque, of Manneville."

The countryman, speechless, regarded the mayor, frightened already by this suspicion which rested on him he knew not why.

"I, I picked up that pocket-book?"

"Yes, you."

"I swear I didn't know nothing about it at all."

"You were seen."

"They saw me, me? Who is that who saw me?"

"M. Malandain, the harness-maker."

Then the old man remembered, understood, and, reddening with anger:

"Ah! he saw me, did he, the rascal? He saw me picking up this string here, M'sieu' le Maire."

And, fumbling at the bottom of his pocket, he pulled out of it the little end of string.

But the mayor incredulously shook his head:

"You will not make me believe, Maitre Hauchecorne, that M. Malandain, who is a man worthy of credit, has mistaken this string for a pocket-book."

The peasant, furious, raised his hand and spit, as if to attest his good faith, repeating:

"For all that, it is the truth of the

good God, the blessed truth, M'sieu' le Maire. There! on my soul and my salvation, I repeat it."

The mayor continued:

"After having picked up the thing in question, you even looked for some time in the mud to see if a piece of money had not dropped out of it."

The good man was suffocated with indignation and with fear.

"If they can say!—if they can say . . . such lies as that to slander an honest man! If they can say!—"

He might protest, he was not believed.

He was confronted with M. Malandain, who repeated and sustained his testimony. They abused one another for an hour. At his own request, Maitre Hauchecorne was searched. Nothing was found upon him.

At last, the mayor, much perplexed, sent him away, warning him that he would inform the public prosecutor, and ask for orders.

The news had spread. When he left the mayor's office the old man was surrounded, interrogated with a curiosity which was serious or mocking, as the case might be, but into which no indignation entered. And he began to tell the story of the string. They did not believe him. They laughed.

He passed on, button-holed by everyone, himself button-holing his acquaintances, beginning over and over again his tale and his protestations, showing his pockets turned inside out to prove that he had nothing.

They said to him:

"You old rogue, va!"

And he grew angry, exasperated, feverish, in despair at not being believed, and always telling his story.

The night came. It was time to go home. He set out with three of his neighbours, to whom he pointed out the place where he had picked up the end of string; and all the way he talked of his adventure.

That evening he made the round in the village of Breaute, so as to tell everyone. He met only unbelievers.

He was ill of it all night long.

The next day, about one in the afternoon, Marius Paumelle, a farm

hand of Maitre Breton, the market-gardener at Ymauville, returned the pocket-book and its contents to Maitre Houlbreque, of Manneville.

This man said, indeed, that he had found it on the road; but not knowing how to read, he had carried it home and given it to his master.

The news spread to the environs. Maitre Hauchecorne was informed. He put himself at once upon the go, and began to relate his story, as completed by the denouement. He triumphed.

"What grieved me," said he, "was not the thing itself, do you understand; but it was the lies. There's nothing does you so much harm as being in disgrace for lying."

All day he talked of his adventure; he told it on the roads to the people who passed; at the cabaret to the people who drank; and the next Sunday, when they came out of church. He even stopped strangers to tell them about it. He was easy, now, and yet something worried him without his knowing exactly what it was. People had a joking manner while they listened. They did not seem convinced. He seemed to feel their tittle-tattle behind his back.

On Tuesday of the next week he went to the market at Goderville, prompted entirely by the need of telling his story.

Malandain, standing on his doorstep, began to laugh as he saw him pass. Why?

He accosted a farmer at Criquetot, who did not let him finish, and, giving him a punch in the pit of his stomach, cried in his face:

"Oh you great rogue, va!" Then turned his heel upon him.

Maitre Hauchecorne remained speechless, and grew more and more uneasy. Why had they called him "great rogue?"

When seated at table in Jourdain's tavern he began to explain the whole affair.

A horse-dealer of Montivilliers shouted at him:

"Get out, get out, you old scamp; I know all about your string!"

Hauchecorne stammered:

"But since they found it again, the pocket-book!"

But the other continued:

"Hold your tongue, daddy; there's one who finds it, and there's another who returns it. And no one the wiser."

The peasant was choked. He understood at last. They accused him of having had the pocket-book brought back by an accomplice, by a confederate.

He tried to protest. The whole table began to laugh.

He could not finish his dinner, and went away amid a chorus of jeers.

He went home, ashamed and indignant, choked with rage, with confusion, the more cast down since, from his Norman cunning, he was, perhaps, capable of having done what they accused him of, and even of boasting of it as a good trick. His innocence dimly seemed to him impossible to prove, his craftiness being so well known. And he felt himself struck to the heart by the injustice of the suspicion.

Then he began again to tell of his adventure, lengthening his recital every day, each time adding new proofs, more energetic protestations, and more solemn oaths which he thought of, which he prepared in his hours of solitude, his mind being entirely occupied by the story of the string. The more complicated his defence, the more artful his arguments, the less he was believed.

"Those are liars' proofs," they said behind his back.

He felt this; it preyed upon his heart. He exhausted himself in useless efforts.

He was visibly wasting away.

The jokers now made him tell the story of "The Piece Of String" to amuse them, just as you make a soldier who has been on a campaign tell his story of the battle.

His mind, struck at the root, grew weak.

About the end of December he took to his bed.

He died early in January, and, in the delirium of the death agony he protested his innocence, repeating:

"A little bit of string—a little bit of string—see, here it is, M'sieu' le Maire.

A WOMAN-HATER'S STRATAGEM

By WILLIAM HOLLOWAY

“**F**RANCOIS, you may bring me the crimson velvet doublet,” said Imbert, the old soldier of fortune, frowning savagely at his lackey; “and the crimson hose from the chest yonder.” He settled himself in his high-backed chair with a gesture of impatience: “And the hat with the long plumes, Francois.”

“Yes, sir,” answered the lackey quietly. “And will monsieur have jack boots?”

Monsieur shook his shaggy black head, while a curious shiver ran through his massive frame. “Not jack boots, Francois, but the low shoes of Spanish leather.”

Francois looked up, a protest written on his pale face. He had been in his master's service a scant month—to be exact, since arriving from Paris four weeks before—but his experience had already won him a certain license. “The low shoes of Spanish leather?” he repeated questioningly.

Imbert nodded, and the man brought them with a flourish. “Monsieur said they were to be kept for great occasions,” he ventured, fitting one deftly to his master's foot.

The latter watched him carefully as he bent over the shoe. After all, it was possible he had not heard. “I am going to a wedding, Francois,” said he slowly, letting the words fall with emphasis, one by one.

The lackey lifted his eyebrows in uneasy surprise, and a tiny scar upon his left temple shone in the morning sun. He had a pair of shifting eyes of greenish grey, set in a colourless face; his chin and lips were ineffectual and weak; but the fingers that held the shoes were long and prehensile and vibrant with energy. “Whose wedding, if your honour please?” he asked with eager curiosity. For weddings were rare in Port Royal—except, indeed, weddings of the rough-

handed colonists with the hard-featured peasant women, whom the king sent each year to Acadie.

Francois' master hesitated, looking slowly about the room at the litter of doublets, dice-boxes and weapons that lay upon the table, at the half-dozen brown leather books upon the wall, and at the pipes ranged carelessly along the mantel—at all the friendly tokens of his bachelor's life. “Whose wedding, Francois?” he at length repeated helplessly; “whose wedding but my own.”

The remaining shoe dropped from Francois' hand and clattered noisily upon the stained wooden floor. Next instant he had picked it up and was polishing it on the sleeve of his doublet, sedate and observant as before. “Monsieur will pardon the surprise,” he said submissively. “I had not thought he planned it so.”

“Dame,” cried his master, gritting his teeth at the very suggestion. “I plan it, indeed. Not I, Francois. It was a trick they played me last night in the guardroom—a foolish wager.” He checked his anger, and added more quietly, “It is a test of courage, Francois; and though it be a trick I have given my word.”

“Oh, ‘A test of courage,’” repeated Francois, now busied with the doublet. “And how are you to test that?”

His master leaned back in his chair. “Very easily,” he said grimly; “by proposing marriage to the first woman who comes ashore from the supply-ship to-day.”

Francois stared open-mouthed at the tidings. He knew the supply-ships by report and the peasant women who came on them to New France. “The women are a poor lot this time,” he remarked. “I heard it from one of the crew last night.”

Imbert rose to his feet and grudgingly surveyed his finery. “I promised to look my best,” he said with a

grimace, smoothing out his tangled black hair. "A poor lot, you say, Francois? Yet His Majesty Henry the Fourth knows a pretty woman when he sees one. Why then does he ship ugly jades to his trusty subjects in Port Royal?"

Francois brought the hat with the long plumes. "It will be very different after this," he ventured.

His master winced. "Very different, Francois," he said gloomily, "very, very different. At least, unless she should decline," he went on, catching at a sudden hope. Then the futility of the thought struck home to him. "They never do decline," he said more gloomily still. "They come on purpose to get married." Then like a man resolved to face a danger bravely, he gave a last look about the room, caught his sword up in his right hand, and, opening the door, strode into the bright November sunshine.

Port Royal, first colony of France in the New World, was perched on rising ground beside Annapolis Basin, a few miles from the swirling brown tide of the Bay of Fundy. At one end of the fortress square was a stone gateway, and at one side four black cannon stood on a rough-hewn bastion worn smooth by the fevered tread of homesick Frenchmen, who from that slender vantage-ground had yearned seaward.

But now, as Imbert issued from his quarters, the square of the fortress, generally full of bustle, lay silent and deserted, all Port Royal having betaken itself outside the walls, to the wooden landing by the shore. There in the frosty morning air, the odd mixture of courtiers and peasants, of scholastic dreamers and reckless adventurers, which formed the population of Port Royal, impatiently awaited his arrival to display its wit. Indeed, he had no sooner come within earshot than the jesting began.

A young gallant, lately come from France, who shivered in the folds of a bearskin coat, affirmed that the cold had frozen women on the voyage over, and that the delay was necessary to

thaw them out, pointing as he spoke to the battered supply-ship from Rochelle, lying sluggishly at anchor. Presently they would come ashore in litters, the cripples foremost. Another, sipping from a wine-bottle as a protection from the raw air, asserted that in Port Royal wives became shrewish from contact with the Indian women. Even the best had been known to grow sullen and fitful in their moods. A third, stamping to and fro, declared marriage to be fashioned on lines similar to a place the curé had spoken of on Sunday, where there was weeping, wailing and the gnashing of teeth. If he was wrong he hoped his happy friend, the bridegroom, would lay it to his inexperience. At this the man with the wine-bottle took another draught; the rest clapped their chilly hands together and looked at Imbert.

He stood silent and heedless in the background, in an inward agony of terror. After his long freedom it had come at last, he thought bitterly after the skilful evasions of thirty years. Though outwardly unconcerned, he was inwardly counting the minutes. The boats from the supply-ship might be half an hour in landing, or they might be an hour. He began to wish they would be an hour at least, even to long senselessly for some mishap to occur. All of which time the idle jesting passed him unnoticed.

"I give you the bride's health, messieurs," said the man with the wine bottle ceremoniously, drinking deeper as he spoke. "May she make our good Imbert happy."

"And preach him no sermons," added the man in the bearskin seriously.

There was a general laugh at this which died away as the vessel's boats began to be lowered. Wagers were given and taken on the colour of the bride's hair, her eyes, her height and a dozen other trifles. The gallant in the bearskin so far forgot the weather as to leave his coat unfastened after having restored his purse. The wine drinker, his bottle at last exhausted, ran hither and thither offering ten pistoles to five that her eyes were dark.

Indeed, a general wave of excitement swept over all save the prospective bridegroom, who remained with one hand upon his sword, gazing listlessly at the white-capped water.

Minute by minute the boats drew nearer the landing, and the crowd there became denser. Soldiers hurried from the recesses of the fort, men from work in the woods, to see the new arrivals; and, from the bastion above, the four cannon roared a riotous welcome.

Presently while he waited the foremost boat landed, and a shout that was almost a shriek arose. His name sounded hoarsely from a dozen throats; as if by magic a lane widened through the crowd; and, looking down it, he espied a diminutive young girl clad in black. Great laughter stirred among the idle gentlemen at sight of her homely clothes, her large feet, her roughened hands. The man with the empty wine bottle raised it grotesquely in air and drank her health in dumb show. "Morbleau, it is magnificent!" he cried, screaming with laughter. "She has already consented."

Imbert strode down the line, which widened at his approach, and paused before the newcomer. "Is it true you will marry me?" he asked gravely, eyeing her with apprehension. The girl hung her head as she whispered an assent, and her blue eyes blinked painfully. The two made such an odd contrast that the crowd was quite convulsed with laughter till Imbert, stamping on the landing, bade them be silent. For he fancied, oddly enough, that there were tears upon her lashes.

In the hush that followed he ventured to demand her name, speaking the while in a voice of unaccustomed mildness. The girl answered without removing her eyes from the rough boards at her feet, accompanying her speech with quaint movements of her coarse red hands. She came from the neighbourhood of Rouen, and her name was Cosette.

"A good enough name," said Imbert lightly, determined to hide his chagrin from the onlookers. "Have

they told you the *curé* marries us to-night?"

She nodded, and, raising her head, flashed a glance from her half-lit blue eyes on his face—an odd look of troubled appeal and sorrow that, while it lasted, stirred him strangely despite his cynicism. But it lasted only a moment. Then her gaze fell on his crimson doublet. For the first time she comprehended the disparity of their dress; she seemed to grow even smaller and shrink within herself; and, looking once more down, she whispered hopelessly, "I am not half grand enough."

A roar of laughter rose from the listeners. The bye-play was really very amusing. But the girl did not seem to find it so for her lips quivered; nor did Imbert, whose huge hands began to tremble ominously about his sword-hilt. "Make room," he called angrily a moment later, drawing the blade from the scabbard. The discomfited spectators shrank back; and, offering his arm to Cosette, he led her away, only pausing on the outskirts of the crowd to say with an angry flourish of his sword, "Till to-night in the chapel, messieurs all."

After a few steps the girl began to shiver in the raw air. "Sapristi, you are cold," observed Imbert, with an uneasy glance at her thin dress. The girl made no reply and they went on a few steps farther. "You are very cold," cried Imbert, more uneasily still. And, removing his doublet, he threw it, with a bachelor's awkwardness, across her shoulders.

Five minutes later they were in his rooms, standing before a blazing fire. Here Imbert resumed his doublet with a gloomy frown. Francois was strangely absent, and he had counted on him to explain to the girl her household duties. The new situation, as developed by Francois' absence, was irksome in the extreme, and to hide his confusion he flung himself on a bearskin before the fire, motioning her to a chair not far away. Then he lapsed into apparent forgetfulness; in reality, watching her closely through his half-shut eyes.

She sat with her red hands clasped idly on her lap, silent and still. For aught her attitude disclosed she might have sat there patiently for years. Indeed, patience seemed to be her prevailing characteristic. It showed in a multitude of ways; in her partially averted face; in her downcast blue eyes; in the unconscious sloping of her shoulders. Shadowed by her dingy dress, her face appeared paler and more thoughtful than it perhaps had a right to, but it was, in most respects, a pleasant face, with curves about the chin fine ladies might have envied. But what most set Imbert wondering was the air of hopeless submission emanating from her. He had never seen aught so strange. Finally, with a jerk he propped himself on one elbow. "What made you say yes?" he demanded.

Cosette looked at him as he lay in his finery on the rug. "I don't know," she said slowly, rising to her feet. "They asked and I answered, and then you came and I answered again." She ended with a long-drawn sigh, and, turning away, began arranging the dismantled room.

Imbert eyed her as she moved to and fro amid the litter of weapons and books; hanging up some, placing others on their shelf, dusting all with care. In a moment she had brought into the place a new element of order that affected her grizzled host oddly. He rubbed his black eyes with astonishment. "Sacre, but you are neat."

"I was well brought up," cried the girl proudly. "I had a fortune left me by my father."

"Oh, oh!" said Imbert, more astonished still. "A fortune!" He moved to a new position on the rug, as if to adjust himself to this novel turn of affairs.

The girl nodded and covered her face with her red hands. While he looked a tear stole through her fingers, and fell noiselessly upon the fur-strewn floor.

Here was a dilemma for a man untaught in woman's ways. For a time he moved uncertainly upon the rug,

then, to check her sorrow, began roaring a wild sea-song; and this not proving efficacious, took to explaining her duties as housewife. There would be this apartment to attend and the one adjoining; meals to cook, and clothes to brush; and that was all, except that she must never grow shrewish or quarrelsome. On this last point he particularly insisted.

Presently the girl dried her eyes and finished her self-appointed task. Then, throwing more wood upon the fire, she sat before the blaze in silence on the opposite side of the hearth. The firelight, dancing athwart her, threw her coarse feet and roughened hands into bold relief, beating upon her faded black dress with a grim persistence that accentuated its age and dinginess.

"So you had a fortune," Imbert carelessly observed, wondering what might constitute a fortune in her mind.

"Yes, monsieur, a fortune."

"How many francs?"

"Two hundred," said the girl, drawing a deep breath. "You are rich," said Imbert politely, though he often ventured greater sums on a single dice-cast.

The answer to this remark was a sudden storm of tears that shook her slender frame so strongly that Imbert became alarmed. Kneeling beside her he drew her brown head awkwardly on his shoulder and tried, more awkwardly still, to stroke her roughened hands. But Cosette, curiously enough, shuddered at these clumsy endearments. A flush came to her pale cheeks; she pushed aside his hand, saying sadly: "It comes back to me now, and with it the sorrow." She paused a moment—then wrung her hands. "And such beauty, monsieur, as my Francois had, such grace."

But Imbert had now begun to weary of this petty storm. The pleasant solitude he had lost struck forcibly upon him, the quiet hours with his pipe and books. "Oh, oh," he said with indifference. "This fine Francois lost your fortune for you, I wager."

"But his eyes," the girl to his great amazement burst out furiously. "Such eyes!"

"Pouf! eyes, indeed!" retorted Imbert with contempt.

"Great grey eyes like the saints must have," cried the girl in rapt accents.

All his old detestation of the sex awoke, all his ingrained horror of their changeful moods. With the feeling of a nightmare upon him he sat and waited.

"Oh, monsieur," went on Cosette, carried away by her recollections, "if you had only seen him that misty morning. The sun was hidden in vapour, so that, as I milked the cow beside the door, a dull grey cloudland shut me in. A muffled stillness lay upon the whole world, when suddenly his step surprised me, and the gloom opened as though a flash of lightning had pierced it. I looked up and there he stood, hat in hand, bowing as if I were a princess. 'Mademoiselle Cosette, I offer you my most respectful homage,' was what he said, and to this day I recall each word. 'I am your distant cousin, Francois Bellefontaine, come hither on a visit from Paris.'"

At mention of the name a curious gleam of interest flashed from Imbert's black eyes. "And was he?" was his lazy question.

Cosette nodded. "But I had never seen him before," she explained. "He had gone to Paris as servant to some great gentleman, when I was but a child. And now he was so gallant and kind, carrying in the milk-pail and bearing down even my mother with his grand airs. Nor would he allow her to scold me again, sitting with his arm about my waist and calling me his cousin."

"She scolded?" interjected the man.

"Always," answered the girl wearily. "She was angry about the money my father had left me, and she led me a hard life. Everyone knew; even Francois had heard of her jealousy about my fortune, and he was sorry. I could see it in his eyes, those beauti-

ful grey eyes. Oh, he was truly sorry, monsieur."

Imbert became impatient. "I know the rest," he interrupted quickly. "He swore he loved you and you were fool enough to think so."

Cosette demurred. "I still think so," she said with decision. "It could have been no other way with those wonderful eyes, so true and tender. But all men can be tempted, and temptation came to him; and then he ceased to love me. For if he still loved me would he have yielded?"

A wave of the hand was Imbert's sole answer, and the girl went on with deepening voice.

"Everything was ready. We were to be married by the curé on the morrow. That night he took charge of my fortune—it was in a little bag of green—lest in the bustle of the marriage it should be forgotten. Then kissing me many times, he said good-night, and went singing on his way, swinging the green bag in time to the music."

Imbert's anger rose at the bare possibility of the wrong she hinted at. "You don't mean the scoundrel never came back?" he asked hotly.

The girl's face flushed; she drew back as though the epithet had stung her. "You forget the temptation," she retorted quickly. "The best men yield to temptations."

"Oh," said her hearer curiously, "the best men yield." He pulled thoughtfully at the shaggy black hair, streaked with white, that fell in masses over his shoulders. "You must love him still."

Cosette made no reply. In silence she sat, shielding the glare of the fire from her face with her work-roughened hands, while Imbert went on half to himself. "Then your mother turned you out; you were sick at heart, and took the chances of free passage hither to hide your sorrow in a new land. It matters not whom you marry, so you will marry me. But you love him still, this handsome Francois Bellefontaine, who," he went on slowly, his eyes fixed on her face, "is short

and dark with a round scar on the left temple."

The girl sprang to her feet; her colour went and came; her shoulders trembled. "It is exactly like him," she gasped brokenly.

But Imbert said nothing further; instead he fell into a meditative silence, occupied solely with his own misfortunes. The novelty of their position had now worn off and he had begun to feel the full irksomeness of her presence. To look up and find his gaze blocked by feminine garments, to meet the bright glance of a woman's eyes instead of the solemn stare of his empty chairs, was after all very trying. The excitement of the wager, which at first had borne him up, had now subsided, and he could look calmly into the future. There he saw nothing but a dreary sameness from which he drew shudderingly back. She was piquant for a moment and her sorrows interested—but he certainly would weary of her. And nevermore would he be alone with his pipe, his weapons, and his books. Surely a heavy price to pay for a certain added neatness in the room. Then he thought himself of his new Parisian lackey, Francois Bellefontaine, and of the scar upon his left temple. The rascal came from the outskirts of Rouen, so no doubt it was the same who had broken the girl's heart. What a droll stratagem to make him marry her at last and turn the tables on these idle lads who had badgered him! And how quiet the room would look in her absence.

With Imbert to think was to act. He rose quickly to his feet, and, disregarding Cosette, strode into the hall without, closing the heavy door behind him. There, walking uneasily to and fro—for he, too, had been at the landing—was Francois. His grandiose swagger was such a palpable imitation of the masters he had served that Imbert found himself smiling at the girl's admiration. The next instant he had caught the rascal by the shoulder and was belabouring him with the flat of his sword.

"Ugh," gasped the man in an agony of fear. "What have I done, Monsieur Imbert?"

But Monsieur Imbert's sole reply was to lay on the harder, his mighty chest heaving at each stroke. When at last his anger was spent he sheathed his sword and stood looking fixedly at the cowering wretch beside him. Then in an instant the humour of the situation struck hard upon him, and he went into a fit of laughter, while with upraised hand he called the saints to witness the man's folly. "Morbleau, had he hid till to-morrow I should have married her." This thought was so terrifying that his laughter ended as abruptly as it had commenced. "You should have run away from Port Royal," he said reprovingly. But the man shook his head. There were dangers in the forests, he stammered, wild beasts and the red savages; he had not dared. And he was afraid Monsieur Imbert might put him to the torture if he caught him again.

There was a momentary silence in the hall, then Imbert said reflectively, "Ay, I know the strange tortures they use upon the Spanish Main, Francois; but they are not for thee. This dragging of the tongue out by the roots is not for thee, or any of the other tortures, rascal—unless thou shouldst ever be unkind. Then north or south, east or west, I would track thee to thy doom." He paused a moment while he drew from his purse two hundred francs and handed them without explanation to the lackey. Then, looking soberly at its reduced size, he said more reflectively still, "They are truly strange tortures, Francois." And the man, green with terror, stammered out, "I will make her so happy, monsieur."

When Imbert entered the room five minutes later they were standing hand in hand before the fire. "See," the girl cried, quite transfigured by her happiness, "my Francois has come back to me, so I cannot marry thee after all. He has always loved me and he has kept my fortune safe, though after losing the green bag he changed the money to keep it better.

Only his shoulders are sore from overwork, my poor Francois." She lingered long upon the name as if it had been the sweetest music, her face glowing with pride. Then the two went out to seek the curé.

Imbert meantime remained by the fire, sunk in a pleasant reverie. A cloud had lifted from his mind. He looked about him. There stood the oaken chairs, encumbered with no

feminine garments as he had feared; his books faced him from the corner with a joyous brownness; his weapons glittered in dumb companionship against the walls. The old feeling of contentment surged over him, resistless as the sea. He felt his slender purse—then tossed it carelessly into the corner, throwing his crimson doublet after it. There were no woman's moods to be considered now.

HER BURGLAR

By *ELOISE DAY*



MILDRED could not sleep, though the soft mellow warmth and balmy breezes of Indian Summer made this Hallowe'en night soothing as a lullaby. Insomnia had for the time being taken possession of her—perhaps because she had been doing, or trying to do, altogether too much for her slender strength.

She turned with contempt from the counting of sheep going over a wall. She wonders wearily how people can be so foolish. Surely, the people who sleep like tops invent silly futile games for the poor unfortunates who do not.

She got up, went over to the open window and sat down to admire the deserted street now bathed in silvery moonlight. Afar she hears the singing and calling of the students who are parading the streets in hundreds in their usual annual celebration of Hallowe'en.

After a while she feels oppressed by the loneliness and quiet of the night, the absence of sleep and the smallness of her room. Anything for a change. She will go downstairs for a little while into the big drawing-room below. So she wraps herself in a dressing gown and slips her feet into her warm noiseless bedroom slippers and glides cautiously down the stairs with

much care, not to awaken the sleeping household.

With the same precaution, she pushes up the blinds of all the drawing-room windows and lets a flood of moonlight into the long room. How ghostly the chairs and sofas look, every object stands out clearly in the weird pale light. She even sees plainly the pictures on the walls.

The students must be coming nearer for she can hear the words of the song they are singing.

They must be very near now, on the next street perhaps, and there seems to be some sudden commotion for the song breaks off abruptly in the middle of a verse, and the voices that only just now sounded so musical give way to the most unmusical calls and yells. While straining her ears to hear the song go on again her attention is attracted to hurried footsteps flying along the quiet street, and the tall figure of a man appears running at full speed.

For a second he pauses in front of the very window from which Mildred is looking and gives a hurried, haunted look about him before he jumps nimbly over the fence into the garden at the side of the house.

Mildred's heart is in her mouth. The newspapers lately have been filled

with accounts of burglaries and highway assaults and robberies of all kinds.

What availeth it now that for long months past she has seen to the secure fastening of all the doors and windows in the house each night herself, even to those in the cellar, when at this very minute there is a dreadful man, a most desperate character, loose and at large in their own garden.

She almost wails aloud (only she is too terrified) as she remembers she had forgotten to push up the little bolt at the top of the French window that opens into the lawn. Probably it has blown a trifle open, an aggravating little way it has that she had often thought might prove in some evil hour inviting to a lurking burglar.

With a decided feeling of relief she sees the substantial (to her just then the delightful) form of a policeman walking quickly up and down across the street looking carefully around him, peering into dark doorways and peeping over fences.

And then all at once a great wave of pity sweeps over Mildred. Mildred has a very tender heart. Pity born all in a moment for that poor hunted wretch in the garden.

Perhaps it is his first offence. This dreadful band of burglars that are such a terror to the town may have got him ensnared and entangled in their toils quite against his will.

If he is caught he will be sent without fail to jail.

Mildred shudders. She has heard it is such a dreadful place, and often makes weak men bad and bad men worse. Of course crime should be punished, but yet that awful jail. If the stern officer of the law crosses the street and looks over their fence he will be certain to see the thief in the bright moonlight, and then he will be caught and sent to that enforced habitation of criminals. At the thought Mildred forgets herself and her fright, forgets everything but the outcast in the garden, and hurries over to the long French window. She finds it, as she had been afraid, slightly open. As

she opens it wide she trembles, but remembers having read of little children not afraid of burglars, and why should she, a big woman? Mildred's friends would have laughed at the "big woman." She looks out into the night and bravely in her sweet soft voice speaks to the astonished man outside.

"You may come in here and hide for a little while. A policeman is looking for you now at this very moment across the street."

Vague and uncomfortable thoughts of compounding a felony and of being an accessory to a crime flit through her mind.

As for him, he advances reverently, cap in hand, fearing that it is a vision that will vanish if he speaks.

He wonders was there ever a Juliet as lovely as this girl in a blue dressing gown with a long plait of fair hair hanging over her shoulder, standing in the moonlight, sweet concern for his fate in her face. As he still hesitates, she goes on a little impatiently:

"You had really better come at once if you don't want to be caught. You may hide here this time, but I hope you will turn over a new leaf and never steal or do anything wrong again."

The missionary spirit that lies latent in all women warming up into life within her. Oh! she thinks, if she could only pluck this brand from the burning.

She sees it is a very handsome "brand" as he steps quietly into the room. At her words a gleam of something else besides admiration shines in his deep grey eyes.

"You are very good; I don't know how to thank you." He evidently has seen better days, she thinks. His voice and manner, as well as his appearance, are unmistakably those of a gentleman. Ah! the pity of it, for he looks quite young. He must be tired after his run, and sitting down herself she thoughtfully requests him to do the same. They have both lowered their voices to almost a whisper. "Is this the first time you have been

guilty?" Mildred asks. As he sadly confesses it is not he lowers his head to hide the absurd gleam that comes again into his eyes. Absurd, indeed, for what is there to be amused at?

Mildred feels rather horrified, evidently a hardened criminal of the worst type and quite used to prison. "Have you never thought of reforming? Has no one ever tried to turn you from your evil ways or read to you in the penitentiary?" she whispered.

"Only once; a boulder with long hair and glasses," he whispered back, a turn for invention he hadn't suspected coming to the surface. Mildred feels quite stern at the levity of the tone.

"You shouldn't criticise anyone that meant kindly. I dare say he was a very good man. What started you on your downward path?"

"I was in love and the girl most cruelly jilted me," lies now coming quite glibly to his lips.

"Poor man!" Mildred sighs.

"She was a beautiful girl," he goes on enthusiastically, "and seemed as good as she was beautiful. She had large brown eyes and chestnut hair."

"Well, if I were you I would just try and forget her," Mildred breaks in, a strong feeling of resentment rising up against the unknown brunette. "I wouldn't let any woman ruin my life—but should just make up my mind to begin over again—working for an honest living and looking forward to that better, brighter life to come." Her voice has grown very sweet and earnest, and he really feels ashamed and thinks what a darling she is.

"Oh! if I could only persuade you—could only help you," she goes on. "What do you do—when you, when you?" She hesitates. Gallantly he comes to her assistance.

"When out of a job, oh! nothing. I just sleep anywhere, and help myself to food and clothes—being used to it you see it comes natural and is quite

easy." She notices that his clothes, although old, are of a good style and cut quite the same kind as her brother and his friends wear. She wishes she dare steal up to her brother's room now to get a suit of his clothes to give this man—but what if it should awaken him—better not risk it. Instead she pulls off a ring she is wearing and gives it to him—he is most reluctant to take it, but she presses it on him, saying it is one she doesn't care for at all and that she has many others. She says if he accepts it she will take it as a sign and promise that he will try to do better in the future.

It will give him some meals and a place to lodge for a little while. She urges him to find some honest employment—and then looking out and seeing no sign of the policeman now—she opens the French window again and bids him good night.

On the Varsity Lawn Saturday afternoon Mildred is one of a large crowd of spectators watching a most exciting match of football between the Hamilton Tigers and the home team. In a scrimmage near where she stands one of the Varsity men with the ball in his arms rolls almost to her feet. In an awful flash of recognition she knows at once her burglar, and he the face of his dreams, the owner of the ring he must send back. The game continues, but one of the team is not playing in his usual splendid form, but makes several stupid muffs.

Mildred in hot resentment sees it all. Hallowe'en students, old clothes, pranks, policeman, flight. Well, if she ever meets him he will see! She does meet him and receives in cold disdain her ring.

Months later, thoroughly repentant, he gets it back again, and in its place Mildred wears a half hoop of diamonds, bright stones that pave the short and pleasant way to a plain little gold one.



WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

A WOMAN

I

YOU say that you are but a woman—you
Who are so very wonderful to me;
You tell me there is little you can do,
Little indeed that all the world can see.
There are no battles on the open plain that
you can fight, as I, a man, can fight;
But who shall say your life is lived in vain
If all my darkened days you have kept light?

Oh little woman-heart be glad, be glad
That you are what God made you! Well I
know

How you have nerved me when the day was
sad,

And made me better—yea, and kept me so!
Be very glad that you, in your white place,
Your little home, with folded hands can be
A silent influence to whose source I trace
The little good there ever was in me.

To be a woman! Is there any more
That you have need to be from day to day?
How wonderful to have your heart, your
store

Of purity and goodness, and to say
"One that I love is nobler since I came;
One that loves me is better for my sake."
A woman! Oh, there is no greater name
That ever on the mortal tongue shall wake!

—Charles Hanson Towne.

Mr. Towne expresses herein a most exalted opinion of woman. It rings with true chivalry—the chivalry of a man who generously overlooks all the petty meanness, the frailty and—alas! that it should be necessary—the badness that is in us; and sees only the good. This, surely, is the ideal woman—the woman as she ought to be. It makes one ashamed, and yet better, even to read the verses.

And here is another man's belief, in prose this time. It is from "When

Knighthood was in Flower," written by Charles Major:

A woman—God bless her!—if she really loves a man, has no thought of any other—one at a time is all sufficient; but a man may love one woman with the warmth of a simoom and at the same time feel like a good, healthy south wind toward a dozen others. That is the difference between a man and a woman—the difference between the good and the bad. One average woman has enough goodness in her to supply an army of men.

This, too, voices the soul of chivalry; but in justice to truth it must be said that the author has taken the highest type of woman, but not, I fear, the best of man. A. M.

DOMESTIC ROCKS

PAPER II

ONE of the greatest sources of worry to the woman in the home is the accumulation of things—things ancient and modern; and this process dates from the very day of the wedding, and often before, when the bride's mother and the groom's mother vie with each other to see which can heap highest musty heirlooms upon the domestic caravan in which the courageous young couple start out across Life's country.

If wise, the two occupants will "travel light"; and it is not always their own fault, for foolish friends follow their departing waggon flinging things after them which are just as useless as the proverbial old boots, making of that which should be free and happy, a weary and tiresome journey.

To begin with, many of the wedding

presents are tawdry or unprofitable possessions, and it would be a good thing if the custom would go out of fashion, excepting for the pretty sentiment which surrounds the gifts. For how can a woman hope for an artistic home when its interior belongings are selected by a hundred different people?

The first and the great mistake is the big, showy ceremony proclaiming the union of hearts, or rather the supposed union of hearts; for the real is seldom accompanied by the noise of drums, the flash of fireworks, or the record in the society columns of "numerous and costly" presents. In fact, quite the prettiest wedding I ever attended, was a quiet little event where only seven people were present, including the official person who tied the knot. Two near friends who felt themselves honoured indeed, helped the bride into her simple gown of white. She was sweet and serious, and the ceremony was very real to her. She loved and revered the man, and hoped to be a good wife to him. She has been, with the reward that to-day he worships her.

In contrast to this, I recall a great affair in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, several years ago, when that fine old building was crowded to its doors with curious women—hardly a man present; and when some girls in the rear, not content with the view ordinarily obtained, climbed upon the back of the pews which cracked beneath their weight; and others in the front elbowed their way to a place upon the very steps of the altar and crawled over the sacred font, in order to peer into the faces of the wedding party.

Think, too, of the money squandered on the big wedding, a sum which would go far towards paying for a comfortable home, or defraying the current expenses of the first year.

There is no doubt that the fear of not being able to support a wife, up to the present-day demands of the ordinary woman, keeps many a young man from taking the step. Instead of being willing to start where her mother did, many girls seem to think they

should start at a point reached by their parents after years of struggle and deprivation. They insist upon having things too easy, seemingly unwilling to deny themselves any luxury.

But fortunately this does not apply to all womankind. There are girls brave enough and loving-hearted enough to enter the married state on \$800 a year, and even less, much depending, of course, upon whether the life is begun in the country or in a large town. The disadvantage of the city is that it is so difficult to find a small house in a nice locality. This has led to the huddling together of families in flats—called by courtesy "apartment houses." Three of such buildings are already in operation in Toronto, and it remains to be seen whether it will be destructive to home life or not.

But I have wandered away from the first point, and that was: the accumulation of things going on daily in the home, and which should be fought against with all the force of character the young housewife can muster; for after the habit of hoarding up things is once formed the only cure for it is to move from house to house. By this means, she learns by experience to discard everything that is not absolutely necessary.

Old friends, old wine, and *some* old books may be good, but don't, I beseech you, treasure old clothes, dilapidated furniture, or old broken china. Go through your wardrobe once a month and throw out every article of wearing apparel that you are not perfectly sure of needing again. Let the ragman in your lane or the heathen outside the pale, have the benefit of the doubt; but above all, don't leave them hanging around for the undeserving moths to devour.

Quaint furniture doubtless pleases the eye when viewed in another person's house or in the antique-shop window, but it gets on your nerves when you yourself are responsible for the care of it. The same with china. Of course, if it is the only proof you can bring to convince fashionable call-

ers that your great-grandmother was a lady, by all means keep the old china in a glass case in the drawing-room. But if your own conduct is unassailable, and your manners good, bring forth the pretty wares and use them on the daily table where they will give constant pleasure; otherwise they may but serve as a bone of contention in the hands of ungrateful children when you are dead and gone. *A. M.*

If you put a thing carefully, safely away,
You're sure not to find it when wanted next
day.

—*Housekeeper.*

THE BADGE OF COURAGE

IF you have received some hard blows in the arena of Life, deserved or undeserved, don't run into the public streets, hugging your bruises and crying out for redress. Either receive the blows without flinching, or—keep out of the arena.

Women, *look* happy! Even if you do not feel so. Some people—they of diseased consciences—may tell you it is living a lie. These grim, sour-visaged people are themselves an answer to their own accusation. But, again I say, wear a smile! It is the badge of courage which will cheer your disheartened comrades in the endless struggle. *A. M.*

JAPANESE WOMEN

IN an article published in *Harper's Weekly*, Mrs. Sadazuchi Ucleida, wife of the Japanese Consul-General in New York, says: "The women of Japan do not go out and fight to-day as they have done on rare occasions in the past. We had an Empress once who led an army into Corea and fought at the head of her soldiers. And even in the last century, when the Shogun made his last stand against the Mikado, nearly a thousand women and girls belong to families attached to the Shogun fought behind and upon the castle walls, and many were killed.

It is different now. Only the men go out. But there is much left for the

women to do, and there is not a woman in Japan who will shirk her duty. Not only must she take care of the family while the men are away, but she must work for the soldiers. Our Empress herself is the patron of the Japanese Red Cross Society, whose President is always a prince of the royal house. The women who act as nurses must lay aside their kimonas and wear the regular dress of a hospital nurse. Both before and since the war with China, the women of Japan have attended the hospital training schools where instruction is given by American and European nurses, and there are now no better nurses in the world than those of Japan."

THE IMPOSSIBLE

I WOULD sing of My Lady's eyebrows
As poets did of old,
But I brushed them with my handkerchief
And found that they were *coaled*.

I would chant of My Lady's tresses
With hue so wondrous fair,
Had I met her not, in a down-town shop,
Where she went to *buy* that hair.

Of her pearly teeth would I poetise
As lovers did long ago,
But I treated My Own to caramels—
Her pearls *came out* in a row! —*Selected.*

CITY AND COUNTRY

A MAN and a maid met in a country lane as they had daily done for many weeks. The man of affairs had wandered into the country quietness from a big, noisy city, to hunt and fish. This pretty farm lass, about whom all the neighbourhood lads were wild with love, charmed him from rod and gun.

He would show these other fellows a thing or two. He would tame this saucy little lady. It did not take long. Any man can do a feat like that.

The city beckoned to him. It was September. The mart needed his presence. But it bothered him—the thought of breaking this tie. The inevitable scene would be rather a bore.

"*Au revoir*, little lady," said he, tak-

ing her trembling hand. "I must be off to the city. I hate awfully to leave you, but—"

She put her other hand over his in an impulse.

"No," she cried; "you can't go!" and her heart lay bare in her words. She had not realised that he would have to go sometime. She had been dreaming and drifting.

But now she was awake. She released his hand and smiled bravely up into his face. He was so tall and handsome.

"Of course, you must go. . . . But I couldn't help feeling bad. . . . You have been so very kind to me. . . . I have had such a good time this summer."

And with a firm hand over her heart, hiding the fatal wound, she smiled again, and lightly said "Good-bye."
A. M.



MRS. R. L. BORDEN

MRS R. L. BORDEN

LADY MACDONALD and Lady Laurier each proved herself equal to the task imposed upon her by the official position of her husband at Ottawa. Every person knows how much Sir John owed to the strength of character possessed by his wife, and most people know that Lady Laurier has been equally helpful, though not in quite the same way, to Sir Wilfrid. Both ladies have a prominent place in the temple of Canadian affection.

Mrs. R. L. Borden, whose portrait is presented this month, may some day be the successor of these two well-known ladies. Her husband, now Leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament, may some day be Premier of Canada, how soon only the electors and the fates may decide. Those who know Mrs. Borden say that she will not be found

wanting if her opportunity arrives.

Laura Bond married Robert Laird Borden in 1889, seven years before Mr. Borden entered the Dominion Parliament. She has always been foremost in women's work, and for some years was President of the Halifax Council of Women. She is president of the Aberdeen Association, vice-president of the Women's Work Exchange, and a corresponding secretary of the Associated Charities of the United States. At Pinehurst, her Halifax home, she has had the honour of entertaining many prominent people, including the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto.

While this page is being prepared, she is accompanying her husband on his electioneering tour through the Province of Ontario, and will continue to accompany him through the approaching campaign.

Current Events Abroad.

NEXT month our Southern neighbours will decide who shall be their ruler for the next four years. The frequency with which the event takes place deprives it of much of its significance, but the least reflection restores it to its meaning and magnitude among the events of the globe. The prestige and scope of the office increases with the vastness of the community over which the Presi-

dent reigns and the multiplication of the persons over whose fate he gains control. We undoubtedly magnify his powers in this direction. His power is an autocracy tempered by the party bosses, and when we hear of a new President chopping off official heads by the scores of thousands the theory that the working of the guillotine is his personal act is as great a political fiction as can be found in the usages of constitutional monarchies. The aim

of the framers of the United States constitution was that the powers of the President should be checked by Congress, and that the powers of the Congress should be checked by the President. In practice the best designed provisions of this kind are upset. The power to declare war is reserved wholly to Congress. Yet, as we saw the other day, the President took action on his own responsibility, which might have involved the country in war or subjected it to almost intolerable humiliation. Had Colombia the inclination or the power to resist the President's action by force there would have been war or a pusillanimous back-down. It need



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Republican Candidate for Re-election to the office of President
of the United States of America

PHOTO BY FAWCETT, WASHINGTON

hardly be said which the United States people would have chosen.

No restrictions, therefore, can be certain to work, so that as the nation grows and becomes involved, as it is becoming more and more involved, in international politics the opportunities of the President for doing good or evil are being enormously enlarged. The world can scarcely look with indifference, therefore, on the event that throws the people of the Republic every four years into the fever of a great election. It must be said that the fever this time is of the milder type. What does this portend? For a time Judge Parker's candidature suddenly flared up with great brightness. His telegram to his friends in the Convention refusing to accept any paltering with the sound currency question had the effect of blowing the moral enthusiasm of the country into flame. To the outside observer, however, this generous blaze seems to have died out, and a certain apathy has settled down on the Democratic forces. If there is a corresponding apathy in the ranks of their opponents it is the apathy of certainty, and if it is, a cool and unemotional estimate of the situation would seem to justify it. There is no disguising the fact that the modicum of swagger with which the President leavens his foreign policy commends itself to the vast majority of Americans, and that this



MRS. ROOSEVELT AND HER DAUGHTER
PHOTO BY FAWCETT, WASHINGTON

will be seen when the votes are counted.

The untamed spirit of a young people is still the predominant note among our neighbours. Lessons learned by one generation are very imperfectly transmitted to another. The Americans of to-day see even so recent a thing as the Civil War through a mist of romance. They cannot realise how the words of the old war-song appealed to the men and women of that day: "Many are the hearts that are weary to-night Waiting for the dawn of peace."

The weight of a straw, the mere promptings of national lustiness, or the faintest suggestion of wounded *amour propre* would enable the "war hawks," who are never quite asleep, to hurrah that great nation into battle as easily



ALTON B. PARKER
Democratic Candidate for U. S. President
PHOTO BY FAWCETT, WASHINGTON

as if they were a band of Pawnee Indians. I believe that to be the fact, and it is one that is worth pondering deeply. Theodore Roosevelt is the incarnation of that spirit, and I think his election by an overwhelming majority will show how well he represents his countrymen.



Judge Parker and his friends have been dwelling on the sacredness of the law and the constitution, and President Roosevelt's tendency to ignore both of them. It is doubtful, however, if a more unresponsive audience to such appeals could be found in the world than the people of the United States. In all parts of that country carelessness as to the letter or even the spirit of the law is a distinguishing characteristic. With the manner in which law is defied

in the South we are all familiar. With the maimings and shootings and inherited and transmitted vendettas in the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky the United States press is occasionally full. A blazing instance of the general disregard of law has recently been furnished in Colorado. The miners in that State have had trouble with their employers, and as a consequence carried on for many months a system of terrorism enforced by brutal beatings of non-union men, and wholesale murders. Mines and mine buildings were dynamited and great destruction of property

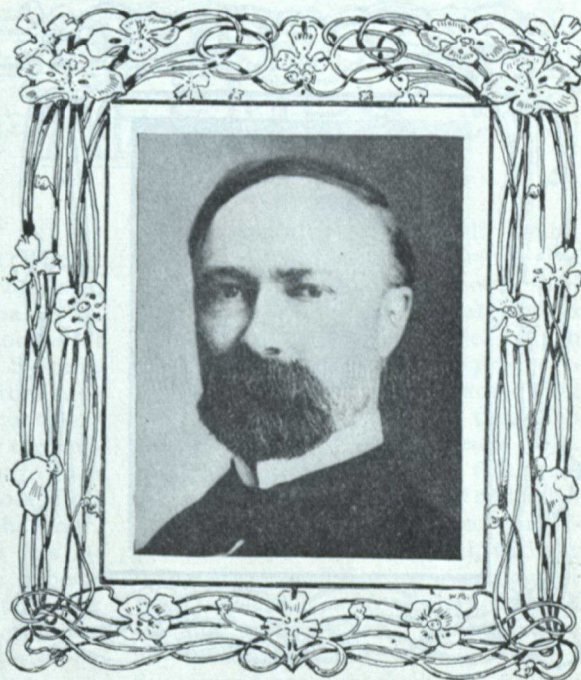
caused. The feeling of the community was at length brought beyond the point of endurance by a crime of peculiar magnitude and diabolical cruelty. While a number of non-union miners were congregated on a railway platform, waiting for a train to convey them from their work, dynamite was exploded underneath, by which thirteen were killed outright and others horribly mutilated and maimed. Public indignation reached the point of boiling over, and in the Judge Lynch manner 180 union miners who were suspected of being the chief of the agitators and conspirators were rounded up by the Citizens' Committee and told to get out of the State on pain of being shot or hanged.



The case is referred to as being a

symptom of a state of social ill-health. Mark the remedy which the citizens prescribe for the trouble. Lawlessness on the part of the offenders is met by lawlessness on the part of the citizens, who doubtless flatter themselves that they are the repository of law and order. The fact is that the old remedy of hunting out the perpetrators of crimes and treating them to the regular regimen of judge and jury is becoming played out in the United States. To a people in this condition Judge Parker's appeals against President Roosevelt's irregular acts will be simply a bore. Some of the Democratic papers see this, and are telling the candidate that he must make a campaign on some living issues. The *New York Times* suggests reform of the tariff and reciprocity with Canada.

The President seems ready to meet him on these issues. He takes no hesitating position on the tariff. In his letter of acceptance he regrets "that the protective tariff policy which during the last forty odd years has become part of the very fibre of the country, is not now accepted as definitely established." And he twits his opponents with the jibe that if they think the system is "robbery" they ought to be more explicit in their platforms in regard to it. This is good criticism. The fact is that the Democrats just say enough about the tariff to incur the hostility of the protected interests, but not enough to win the support and confidence of those who are not benefited by it. It is the only real question before the American people, but the Democrats have not the courage to take it up boldly. If Bryan had devoted his talents to that



SENATOR FAIRBANKS
Republican Candidate for Vice-President

subject instead of 16 to 1, it would be by this time the great national question. There can be no doubt that the majority of Americans agree with Roosevelt that to uproot and destroy the protective system would be "to insure the prostration of business, the closing of factories, the impoverishment of the farmer, the ruin of the capitalist and the starvation of the wage-worker." Thousands of Democrats believe it also. Protection can only be attacked by a party formed upon that issue.

The birth of an heir to the throne has not changed Russia's luck. After a tremendous battle at Liao-yang Kuropatkin has had to retire still further north. He deserves credit for having been able to withdraw his troops and their stores in comparative order. At the time of writing he is, of course, not out of danger, but every day makes



HENRY G. DAVIS
Democratic Candidate for Vice-President

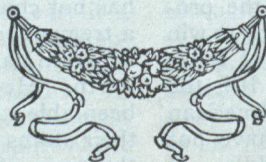
him safer. He is meeting his supplies while the Japanese are daily getting further away from theirs. He has full use of the railway, while the scarcity of locomotives is much curtailing the usefulness of the railroad to the Japanese. Those who have studied Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812 will find some points of resemblance between that campaign and this. There as here the Russians kept retreating, giving battle at Borodino. The French were credited with a victory there, but it was a victory almost as costly as a defeat. The Russians were not cast down by it, but resum-

ed their tactics of constantly falling back. Even the supreme genius of Napoleon could not keep his army supplied. The country was too poor to support them, with the consequence that his army melted away from sickness and famine, and without being able to bring the enemy to a second engagement, it was compelled to retreat with a remorseless enemy hanging on its flanks and persecuting it day and night. The Japanese will have the same problems to solve, but there are conditions which will make it easier for them to do so. In the first place, Oyama has a force much more easily fed than Napoleon had; secondly, he has a railway line to aid in the work of carrying supplies and of relieving him of his sick and wounded.

The advantages of a winter campaign are so obvious that we may be sure the Japanese commanders will attempt to prosecute it. If they allow Russia six months' rest, they will have to begin all over again.

The resolve to send the Baltic fleet to the East is a counsel of despair. When all the facts are considered, but particularly the fact that when it arrives there it may have no port to which to repair, it must be thought that this is truly Russia's forlorn hope. It is a splendid exhibition of dogged resolution, and is perhaps the only thing that could be done.

John A. Ewan



PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

CANADA'S RAILWAYS

THE Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company has been organised, with Charles M. Hays, General Manager of the Grand Trunk System, as President. The new directors have been taking a trip across the continent to spy out the land, to interview the various provincial governments, and to learn something more definite about Port Simpson as a Pacific coast harbour. The map, which accompanies this issue, shows approximately the general course which the railway will take. It also shows that this undertaking is one of the largest works ever projected by any nation. This railway will cost almost as much as the Panama canal or the Trans-Siberian railway constructed by order of the Emperor of Russia. The western section will be built by the company itself, and the eastern by the Dominion Government. The whole road will be operated by the Company.

While this enormous expenditure has been decided upon by a progressive and optimistic nation, there are other railways showing great activity. The Canadian Northern is pushing two lines from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and other extensions. The Canadian Pacific has asked its stockholders to sanction the issue of twenty-five million dollars of new stock to continue improvements which have during recent years made up an expenditure of thirty-two millions.

In ten years Canada will have three transcontinental roads, if no merger occurs. These three lines will mean that there will be three strong companies interested in opening up and developing her unsettled lands, and in extending her internal and external trade. That this influence will be stim-

ulating only a pessimist could doubt.

There is hardly a country in the world where the moral, social and material progress equals that of this country in its present stage. Much has been written of Japanese progressiveness, but it can hardly exceed that now being exhibited by the Canadian people. Any one who reads Mr. Wicher's article on Japan in this issue will see there a description of a blemish in Japanese life which has no counterpart in this country. Indeed, without being ultra-patriotic, one might assert that Japan has been overpraised and Canada underpraised. Nor is there any reasonable doubt that in twenty-five years from now there will be less disparity between the populations of the two countries than there is to-day. In railway building, which is the text of this paragraph, Canada is even now in a position which is vastly superior to that of Japan.

The progress of Japan means the progress of Canada, to some extent. A considerable portion of the trade between Japan and Europe must pass over the Canadian railways. We already have steamers connecting Yokohama and Vancouver — Canadian steamers, not Japanese, mark you. We have several lines of steamers connecting Montreal, Quebec and St. John with British ports. Canada is in a position to compete with the United States for this trade, and the three Canadian transcontinental railways will be an element in that competition.



THE ROYAL SOCIETY

SOMETHING should be done to infuse new life into the Royal Society of Canada. Since Sir John Bourinot died it seems to have even

less life than it had formerly. Its meetings this year at St. John, N.B., were lamentable failures, few of the sections being strong enough to hold meetings. Dr. Dawson is a man of culture and experience, but he is not likely to prove of much value as a secretary. He has too much other work, and he is out of touch with the world. A younger and more energetic man is necessary for this responsible position.

An incident which shows the state into which Dr. Dawson has fallen occurred in St. John at the unveiling of the tablet to Champlain and De Monts. A few prominent men and about threescore ladies had assembled to witness the ceremony, all of whom had to stand as there were no seats. The addresses were brief and to the point. Then Dr. Dawson was called on to read a poem in honour of the Discoverers. He read in a low voice and at the end of five minutes people began to exchange significant glances. At the end of ten minutes they were angry and began to leave. At the end of fifteen minutes even Dr. Dawson's friends and admirers were wondering whether he had lost his senses. The poem was finished in something less than half an hour. Such an incident might be permissible in the days of Homer, but poor Homer would find few listeners did he live in these days. They would advise him to send his poem to a printer and have some copies struck off for distribution.

The other day the British Association met in Cambridge, and the occasion was a notable one. Mr. Balfour's address on "Reflections on the New Theory of Matter" was one of the leading features, and seats were at a premium. On the platform were such men as Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Huggins, Sir Norman Lockyear, Sir William Ramsay, Lord Alverstone, Sir Robert Ball, Sir Arthur Rucker, and a score of professors and prominent educationists. His paper was ponderous, but still such as one

might expect to find in a leading review or magazine. It was printed next morning in all the leading London papers and commented on by the editorial writers. It was not written down to the public, but it was not beyond them. Above all, it showed Mr. Balfour's profound interest in scientific and philosophic problems.

England's Premiers have, most of them, been men of learning. Lord Salisbury's ability was recognised when he was elected President of this very Association which Mr. Balfour was addressing. Lord Rosebery is another literary premier whose historical knowledge is beyond that of even prominent professors of history. Mr. Gladstone's many volumes are permanent evidence of what was patent to all while he lived. Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, was a novelist of high rank. Lord Derby was a classical scholar of repute. With such men does Great Britain fill her highest offices.

In Canada we cannot expect so much of our premiers and public men. Most of them commenced life at the plough, the school teacher's desk, or in some other humble employment. Few of them have even a university education; few have any taste for literature or science. Usually they are practical politicians, famous because they know how to manipulate a busy public.

Yet these men have been fairly generous to the Royal Society, and if they could not read it scholarly papers, they gave it the money necessary to carry on its work. They probably hoped that some day their sons would be members of that Royal Society—though up to the present time those hopes have had no high fruition. The Royal Society has also had plenty of outside encouragement of a similar kind, and yet its progress has been lamentably slow. It has failed in most of the work which it set out to do—mainly because there have been no successors to rank with Sir William Dawson, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant and William Kingsford.



CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS

Newly-elected President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co.

It is a task beyond my powers to say what is wrong with the Society, and what should be done to regenerate it. I have a faint impression that its members might popularise their programme and bring it more into touch with the people's interest. At present its meetings are held without creating a ripple on the surface of Canadian life, while ninety-five per cent. of the people are blissfully ignorant of its exist-

ence. Its effect upon the national life is nugatory. Its influence for good or ill is little felt. It but affords occasion for giving a little notoriety to men who cannot stand the real test.

Let us hope that someone will soon infuse new life into it and that it will become what it should be—the parliament of all interested in the promotion of learning and culture among the Canadian people. Mr. Benjamin Sulte,

its president for 1904-05, might do a great deal if he were encouraged and supported. He knows both races well, his historical lore is broad and deep, his knowledge of men and affairs is based on long and ample opportunity. Will Mr. Sulte please do something to make the next meeting truly representative, so that Canada may re-learn that it has a Royal Society with a short but interesting history?



A WESTERN TYPE

THERE are many types of citizens in the Canadian West. The Galician type has received some praise and some disparagement. It is quite certain, however, that there are some very fine men among them. The accompanying portrait shows the features of Eugene Androchowicz, a resident of Calgary, and an educated Galician. He is a large man, standing two inches over six feet and tipping the beam at 230 pounds. He has travelled widely in Europe and Asia, and knows the world just as an educated Anglo-Saxon knows it; and why should not the Galicians be as well educated and as progressive as, say, the Japanese?



EXHIBITIONS

THE Dominion Exhibition at Winnipeg this year cannot be termed a great success. The mere holding of it at that point was an indication of the growing importance of that part of the country. From a mere trading-post to the holding of a Dominion Fair is wonderful progress in thirty-four years; the story of the changes in that period seems like a fairy tale. That the Fair was not what it should have been is due to the newness of the country and the presence of too much optimism in a country where optimism seems to permeate the whole atmosphere. Winnipeg has still something to learn, and perhaps the lesson will teach her that vigilance is the price of victory.



EUGENE ANDROCHOWICZ

On the other hand, the Toronto Fair was as great a success as last year, when it had the honour of being termed the Dominion Exhibition. Over half a million persons passed through the gates, and thirty-five thousand dollars was paid in prize money. The display of live stock was the best ever seen in this country, while the collection of articles "Made in Canada" was even larger than last year. The exhibition of loaned pictures was the feature of the inside exhibits, and attracted large crowds. These included the "Death of General Wolfe," by Benjamin West; "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," by Garner Max; "A Moorish Conqueror," by Benjamin Constant, and "The Last Moments of The Girondists," by Karl von Piloty. The last three were loaned by Sir George A. Drummond, and the first by His Majesty. The interest taken in these four pictures indicates that Canadian artists have still much to learn, and is clear proof that, however crude our civilisation may be in some respects, we have a well-defined taste in matters pertaining to art. The management promise a larger art gallery and a greater loan collection for next year.

John A Cooper

About New Books.

LIFE OF G. M. GRANT

BIOGRAPHY is usually interesting, but Canadian biographies have too often been devoid of life and importance. Pope's "Sir John Macdonald" is sadly marred by partisanship and inadequacy, but yet is a notable work. Alexander Mackenzie's "Life and Speeches of Hon. George Brown" is both dull and slovenly. Ross and Buckingham's "Life of Mackenzie" is admittedly diffuse and unsatisfactory. McCurdy's "Life and Work of D. J. Macdonnell" is long and tedious. And so one might go through the lengthy list, of which the volumes mentioned are the best.

Mr. Willison's "Laurier" marked a new epoch, even though it had the limitations imposed upon it by the fact that the subject of it was still living. It undoubtedly raised the standard of Canadian biography. Its maturity is in strong contrast with the current immaturity. Henceforth our biographies must be more in keeping with the best models in the language, or be so seriously outclassed as to be useless.

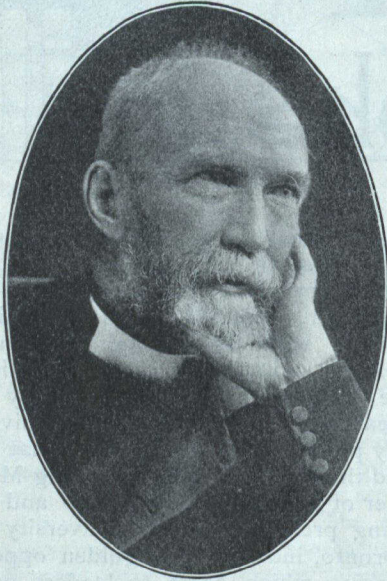
"Principal Grant,"* by William Lawson Grant and Frederick Hamilton, is another work which must be highly commended. It is just a question whether it is not entitled to first place in the list of Canadian biographies. Its style is clear, elevated and yet delightfully simple. The matter is of first importance besides being entertaining. Both writers, though young men, have considerable mental gifts, a fair training in literary work, and an intimate knowledge of the life and work of their subject. Had they produced a work of less importance and less interest, they might still have

done all that the public might reasonably expect of untried writers.

Principal Grant was a man of noble character, splendid parts and high ability, with exceptional opportunities for exercising these qualities. He was foremost in this country as preacher, lecturer, litterateur, university president and publicist. That he had the opportunity of becoming Minister of Education for Ontario and of being president of the University of Toronto, indicates the golden opportunities which come to leaders who are at once broad-minded, forcible and honest. That he declined both honours is to his credit. He refused to join Sir Oliver Mowat's cabinet because he believed that the education department should be kept clear of politics. He refused to become president of the University of Toronto because that might necessitate the sacrifice of the ideals which he had fought for in the upbuilding of Queen's. He also refused the pastorate of St. Stephen's Church, Edinburgh, and another excellent offer from the United States with ten thousand a year attached, declaring as he wrote to the Hon. Edward Blake: "I am a Canadian first and last, and mean to share my country's fate, whatever it is." In thus sacrificing material prosperity for those interests which he considered to be in a measure in his keeping, he set an example to Canadians which this people sorely needed.

There were people who thought that Principal Grant was shifty and wily, that he favoured the side which was likely to win, that he had a habit of "standing in" with governments and movements. If any of these doubters still live, they may have their doubts removed by the evi-

*Toronto: Morang & Co.



THE LATE G. M. GRANT

dence offered in this book. He refused to take part in the Jesuits' Estates agitation and the Equal Rights movement. He would not aid an anti-Catholic agitation, though some of his Protestant friends tried to urge him into it. Principal Caven was a prominent leader with D'Alton McCarthy; it is easy to imagine how he would expect support and sympathy from his fellow-worker. In this connection his biographers have paid Grant a splendid compliment, and have admirably met the doubters. One terse and comprehensive paragraph may be quoted:

"When once the agitation had burned itself out, Grant's reputation for wariness stood higher on account of his refusal to ally himself with the movement. It was not wariness in reality, but his power of looking through the clamour of the moment to first principles. The demand that the Quebec legislature be over-ruled ran counter to the principles of provincial autonomy and mutual forbearance, which are numbered among the basic principles of Canadianism. Grant saw this in the midst of a very bitter and exciting agitation."

Some people may still doubt and may challenge "the basic principles of Canadianism" as laid down in this volume. Nevertheless, the shrewdness and ability of the biographers

must be noted. They had to explain why Principal Grant was usually on the right side of public questions, when that other great philosopher and publicist, Professor Goldwin Smith, was just as persistently on the wrong side. They had to explain why he was a friend of Sir John Macdonald, a sympathiser with Edward Blake, and a might-have-been-colleague of Sir Oliver Mowat. The explanation is apparently clear. He was the disinterested spectator, with a cool prescience and calm judgment. When a political party went wrong, he swung to the other side and used his facile pen to point the error and the remedy. He was a student of politics and public affairs, but was not a party man in any sense. "Our party spirit, our selfishness, our localism, our inaction in public life, are at bottom the causes" of trickery and corruption in high places. This was his sentiment as expressed in the *Toronto Globe* in 1891. In 1882 he had expressed a somewhat similar sentiment in a letter to Mr. Cameron: "What a beautiful illustration of my sermon of last April on the way in which party spirit destroys, not only the sense of justice, but even the intellectual acuteness of its slaves!"

Again, Principal Grant was more nearly right in his political judgments because he was an Imperialist. Here is where he parted company with Goldwin Smith, and became more of an active force in the influencing of political thought in Canada.

Those who did not know Principal Grant thoroughly should learn to know him by a study of his life as portrayed here. Living, he was an inspiration; dead, he is a pillar of fire which is leading many Canadians along the higher path—those who knew him as a pastor, those who met in the academy of learning, and those who knew him only through his public utterances.

3

MERRIMAN'S LAST

STORIES of love and death, revenge and war, with the atmosphere of Spain for the most part, for the rest the

open sea, the heat of the Indian day, the glamour of the Indian night, the oppressiveness of the veldt, are to be found in "Tomaso's Fortune" by Mr. Merriman. But in each of the nineteen that compose the volume is the characteristic note of the thoughtful artist, the philosophy of life that makes all that Merriman wrote effective, the reticence that keeps the reader's attention alert, and that conveys the sense of power held in reserve. The merit varies, but Merriman's worst is never wholly bad; and there are some stories in this posthumous collection which even Mérimée might have been proud to have written. "Sister," the story of the Army nurse who feigns to be the little girl of whom the dying gunner is speaking with "brainless voice"; "A Small World," with its wonderful vista from the heights of Montserrat Monastery, its dramatic duel on the Puente del Diabolo, and its inimitably living innkeeper Antonio; "The Mule," a study of dumb devotion; "Tomaso's Fortune," which would have been far more telling perhaps had the lover lost as Juan Quereno lost; "Stranded," with its contrast between the two ships' officers and its deep note of self-renunciation—these are the best, but the others are by no means negligible. Here are a few of the thoughts one finds scattered through these pages:—

So far as her vanity is concerned a woman does not grow older by the passage of years, but younger. . . . She will often, for the sake of a little admiration, accept the careless patronage of a man, knowing well that his one good quality is the skill with which he flatters her

* *Tomaso's Fortune and Other Stories*, by Henry Seton Merriman. London: Smith, Elder & Co.



AGNES C. LAUT

On her recently acquired estate, "Wildwood" near Wassaic, N.Y. In the upper right hand corner is a statue placed there by the Oliphant Colony fifty years ago.

There is a certain rough purity of thought which vanishes at the advance of civilisation. And cheap journalism, cheap fiction, cheap prudery, have not yet reached Spain.

Uneducated people have a way of arriving at once at those matters that interest rich and poor alike which is rather refreshing, even to the highly educated.

Whatever our words may be, a human life must ever command respect. Any may (as some have done) die laughing, but his last sight must necessarily be of grave faces.

"They [Englishmen] throw their dead about the world like cigar-ends."

The Scotch do not keep their skeletons at home in a cupboard. They ship them abroad and give them facilities.

That, in fact, is life—to live on without something or other, and work. Than which there is one thing worse, namely, to live on and be idle.

The sea would never give them up now

until that day when she shall relinquish her hostages—mostly Spaniards and English—to come from the deep at the trumpet call.

When the captain thinks of his own boots it is time for others to try to remember the few good deeds they may have done.

BRITISH COLUMBIA INCIDENTS

WHEN it was announced that there would shortly be published in Toronto a book entitled "The Mystic Spring, and Other Tales of Western Life,"* some people expected to welcome a new writer of fiction. The tales, however, have proved to be incidents, and historical instead of fictitious. Yet, to class the book as historical would be unfair, as it is not historical in the ordinary sense.

The author, the Hon. D. W. Higgins, ex-Speaker of the Legislature, went to British Columbia while it was still in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Co. years before it became a Canadian Province. He has lived in it through all the social, political and commercial changes of the last fifty years. Being a journalist, he had the habit of chronicling and studying the tragic events in the life of the colony. He has now collected these chronicles together, and the result is a volume of incidents which illustrates the life of the people in that section of the world. Some of these incidents are stranger than fiction; all are interesting. Mr. Higgins has done for Victoria and British Columbia what Bret Harte did for the Western United States mining districts.

Interspersed throughout these stories of mining speculations, faro-bank robberies, steamship adventures, and social happenings, told in racy style, are little bits of history and description which will enable the reader to know British Columbia better—its progress, geography, topography, landscape and climate; while being entertained he will be informed.

The author makes little pretension of literary style. With him, "the story is the thing."

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.50. Illustrated.

A LADDER OF SWORDS

MANY a pair of lovers in the good old days came to happiness only by "a ladder of swords." To-day there is often a similar struggle, though the sword is displaced as a weapon of offence or defence. There was a dramatic quality in the life of the middle ages that is not equalled in these days; hence Sir Gilbert Parker, like many another novelist, goes back to them for the colouring of his latest novel, "A Ladder of Swords."* The sixteenth century, the Island of Jersey, a Huguenot maiden, a soldier lover in France detained by unjust rulers—these are the elements in the drama. The scenes change later to England, and Queen Elizabeth plays a leading part in deciding the fate of the lovers. It is not a long story, nor very bright; but there runs through it a vein of calm self-reliance and implicit goodness which makes the tone delightfully soothing and refreshing.

NOTES

"Tales of the St. John River and other Stories,"† by Ernest L. Kirkpatrick, is published opportunely in the year which has been memorable as the tercentenary of the discovery of that noble stream by Champlain and De Monts. The stories are well told, and in every way creditable to this new aspirant for literary honours. Every lover of Canadian tales will find this a worthy addition to his collection of native fiction. The author has a pleasing and simple style and a mastery of plot-making which should carry him far in his art if he will pursue it faithfully and diligently.

MacMillans have announced that they will shortly publish paraphrases and translations from a Greek anthology by Lord Cromer, who apparently has been occupying any leisure that he may have happened to have in Egypt in this distinguished occupation.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 132 pp.



IDLE MOMENTS

OBSERVING

MR. PETT RIDGE told an excellent baby story at the ladies' summer dinner of the New Vagabonds' Club. A lady and her little daughter were walking through Grosvenor Square when they came to a portion of the road strewn with straw.

"What's that for, ma?" said the child, to which the mother replied, "The lady who lives in that house, my dear, has had a little baby girl sent her." The child walked along for a few yards, and then, turning back and nodding at the straw, said: "Awfully well packed, ma!"—*St. James's Gazette.*

RICH

One bright morning Jean and Jeannette find a richly dressed baby in a basket on their doorstep.

They weep and laugh by turns; laugh over their good luck, and weep to think of the wretched mother who has had to give up her child in order to keep her rooms in the apartment.

"Ah, the unhappy rich!" exclaim Jean and Jeannette, with cordial pity.—*Life.*

CROSS BREEDS

A late story of Irish wit is located in New Orleans. An Irishman boarded a train in which every seat except one

was occupied by two people. This seat had as occupants a young sport and a large, shaggy dog. The Irishman stood by the seat expecting that room would be made for him. The young man did not take the hint, but regarded the other, who was poorly dressed, with ill-disguised scorn. At last the Irishman remarked: "That's a foine-looking dog ye have with ye. What breed is it?"

"It's a cross between a skunk and an Irishman," was the sneering answer.

"Sure, then, it's a relative of both of us," was the instant retort.—*Argonaut.*

EDUCATION

You can no more take the need of hard work out of education than you can take it out of life.—*Chancellor Whitelaw Reid.*

Education is a peculiar thing. It is not for everybody; only for those who work for it.

It is not to be given; only to be got. It is not a matter of public bounty; but a matter of private effort.

The easier it is to get, the less it is worth having.

But some of us are a long time learning that a man is to be finally reclaimed only in virtue of force which he himself supplies.—*Life.*

"But," remarked a member of the young billionaire's Bible class, "the good book says it will be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Never mind that, my friend. Stick right to business. None of us will have a cent when we get to the gate."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



The Japanese shells were falling fast
When through a Manchurian village past
A General with a strange device—"Retreatski."
—Toronto News.

THE OBSERVANT BOY

A little friend of mine was spending his vacation in the country with his grandparents. One day not long ago he was walking in the fields with his grandfather, and was surprised to see all the cows chewing their cuds. Not understanding what it meant, he exclaimed:

"Do you have to buy chewing gum for all them cows, grandpa?"—*Albany Journal*.

MODERN METHODS

Medical Examiner—Suppose you should have a patient with some disease which you knew nothing about. What would you do?

Student—Charge him \$5 for the examination, and then send him to you.—*New York Weekly*.

THE PHILOSOPHER

"Do you see any humour in this life?"

"Well, comparatively—yes. That is, there is more humour in it than there is in getting out of it, so I conclude it must be a joke. Though sometimes, I must confess, I laugh when I do not see the point."—*Detroit Free Press*.

CHECKMATE

The late Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, was examining a student who claimed to be a mathematician. Ritchie doubted his claim, and, to test him, said: "How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," was the reply.

"What are they?" asked the doctor.

"The inside and the outside," was the answer.—*Argonaut*.

NOT SATISFACTORY

Mrs. Jawworker—So you are going to leave me, Bridget; haven't I treated you like one of the family?

Bridget—Indade, ye have, mum, an' Oi've shtood it as long as Oi'm goin' to!—*Smart Set*.

KNOWLEDGE

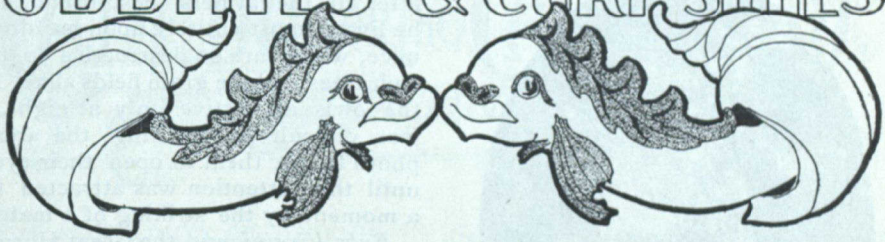
Squire (*to rural lad*)—"Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one."

Boy—"By teeth, sir."

"Nonsense, boy. You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't got any teeth."

"No, sir, but I have."—*Selected*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



CARRYING MAIL IN LABRADOR

I WONDER if any readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE receive their letters in the unique way the inhabitants of Labrador do—carried for hundreds of miles by dog team like the accompanying picture shows. The letters and parcels often reach their owners rather the worse for wear after their long journey. What a joyful day in the village when the welcome bark of the dog team is heard, bringing news, sometimes good and bad, to each one of their absent ones! Letters are all the more looked for as they only come once in six weeks. Two mail carriers had a thrilling experience recently. While travelling through a long portage of about thirty miles they came to a deserted hunters' camp about eight o'clock one cold January night, and decided to sleep there instead of going on ten miles fur-

ther to their own camp. While one man was busy unharnessing and feeding the dogs outside, his companion set to work to build a fire. Striking a match, and looking around, he observed a large bundle of birch bark, evidently left by some hunter, lying in the corner. Tearing off some strips, he started a fire and tore some more strips of the bark to make a larger blaze. Suddenly he found the bark wouldn't tear, and, lighting a piece for a torch, he turned to untie the string which was around the parcel, when, to his horror, he found a dead squaw wrapped up in birch bark, and the last piece of bark he had tried to pull was the dead squaw's hair. Some Indians had come out of the interior and left the body there while they went back a distance for their loads and families.

Elise Racey Viel.



HIS MAJESTY'S MAIL BEING DELIVERED ALONG THE LABRADOR COAST



THE GREAT HORNED OWL, LOOKING BACKWARD

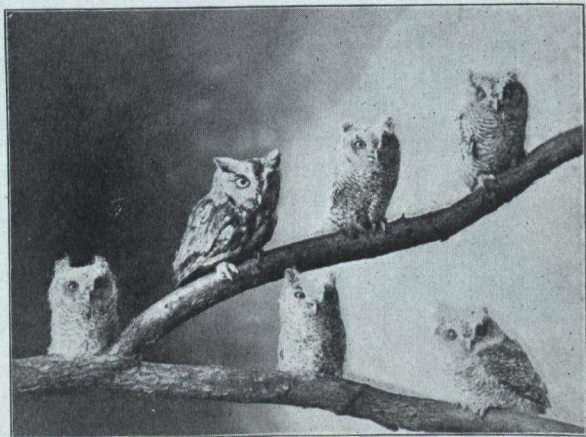
A FAMILY OF OWLS

THE first of these pictures represents a family of screech owls. The screech owl is the best known and at the same time the most maligned of all the owls. The best known—for who has not heard his quavering “screech” from a distant grove on a moonlight summer evening? The most maligned—for among certain classes of people he suffers for the misdeeds of his big brother, *Bubo Virginianus*, whose depredations among the farmers’ poultry are only too well known. But to those who know him best the little screech owl has a much more attractive side. Have you ever listened to his song—yes song, for song he has—the sweet and quavering melody that is borne across the shadowy woods on a lazy mid-summer day; or that breaks the hush of the deepening twilight on an evening in May, “When all the wood stands in a mist of green?” If not, you have missed one of the rarer delights of Nature’s entertainments.

And besides, the screech owl is, after all, the farmers’ best friend, for he lives almost entirely upon meadow-mice, which are so destructive to the fruit trees and the grain fields alike. As the owls are active only at night, it was difficult in securing the above photo to get them to open their eyes, until their attention was attracted for a moment by the striking of a match.

Bubo Virginianus, the Great Horned Owl, is a great rascal, but he is, at the same time, perhaps, the most interesting of all the owls. His great, hoarse owl horn may be heard at twilight in the deep woods, and is a signal of death to the cottontails, squirrels, and sometimes even to the muskrats and skunks. The start of terror in the underbrush betrays the presence of his victim, and the big, black, noiseless shadow falls like a thunderbolt upon his prey. He tears it to pieces and eats it entire, flesh, blood, fur, feathers, bones and all, and a few hours later the fur, feathers, etc., are disgorged in a little round pellet.

One of the most interesting things about *Bubo* is the way in which he can turn his head the full circle, to look directly over his back, as shown in the picture. Another peculiar thing is the way he will feign death if he finds it to be of advantage. He is the arch-enemy of the crows and jays, who take the greatest delight in tormenting him.



A FAMILY OF SCREECH OWLS

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —
Business Men.

WHY NOT A DUTY ON FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS?

THE Dominion Government promised that as soon as steel rails were being produced in Canada it would impose a duty of seven dollars a ton on imported rails. Rails are being produced at the Sault, and the Government's pledge has been fulfilled.

Foreign magazines which contain on an average seventy-five per cent. of advertisements now come into Canada free of duty. Will the Government agree that as soon as magazines are produced in Canada they will impose a similar duty on foreign periodicals?

Seven dollars a ton on rails worth \$28 a ton is equal to 25%. This would mean a duty of two cents on every ten-cent magazine and five cents on every twenty-five cent magazine, assuming eight cents and twenty cents to be the wholesale prices.

Since it is thought right to impose \$7 a ton duty on steel rails, it is equally right to impose a duty of two cents on a ten-cent and five cents on a twenty-five-cent magazine.

But there are greater reasons. Foreign magazines displace Canadian paper, Canadian printing, Canadian engraving and Canadian labour and cost the Canadian Post-office Department hundreds of thousands of dollars annually for mail transmission and delivery, thus enabling foreign manufacturers to reach the fireside of many Canadian buyers and users of first importance and all at the expense of Canada and of Canadians.

Furthermore the presence in Canadian homes of these foreign products tends to injure Canadian patriotism and confidence, by fixing the minds of impressionable Canadians on the activ-

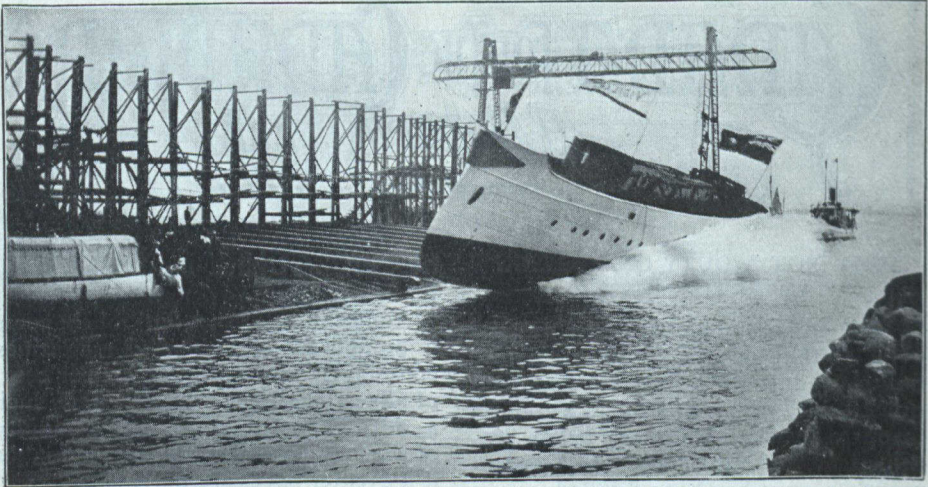
ities of the United States and other foreign fields.

Australia collects a duty of six cents a pound on all imported magazines containing more than fifteen per cent. of advertising. If Australia finds such a duty necessary, then the proximity of the United States to Canada makes it a greater necessity here.

MANUFACTURES AND THE CENSUS

IT is a question whether the manufacturers have not some ground of complaint against the recent census, because some people might be misled. Perhaps the complaint should be made against the census of 1891 on the ground that it went too far in its definition of "factories."

The census of manufactures in 1901 was taken only for factories employing five hands and over, while in 1891 it was taken for works employing one hand and over. To make any proper comparison of the returns of the two censuses, it is necessary to reduce one to the terms of the other. An analysis of the 1891 returns shows that the value of products for works employing less than five hands was \$101,211,163 and for works employing more than five \$368,696,723, the values being in the ratio of 27.45 to 72.55. Computed on the same ratio the value of products of works in 1901, having less than five hands, would be \$132,050,000, and the value of products of all factories and works would be \$613,103,375. In the same census year the value of capital invested in the great natural industries of the Dominion (agriculture, dairying, forest production, minerals and fisheries) was \$1,909,116,550, and the aggregate value of their products was \$511,666,306.



LAUNCHING THE NEW CRUISER "VIGILANT" AT THE POLSON SHIPYARDS, TORONTO
PHOTO BY A. G. SMITH

From this array of statistics, which, by the way, is furnished by Mr. Archibald Blue, the Census Commissioner,* it would seem that in reality the manufactured products of Canada exceed in value the agricultural products. Judged by this standard, the manufacturers are making wonderful progress.

There is another point of view which is interesting if not final enough to be instructive. The number of persons employed in these factories has grown considerably, probably 100,000, and now amounts to 400,000. Let us suppose that fifty per cent. of these are heads of families. Then the total population dependent for a living upon manufacturing would be about a million and a quarter. Add to this number those indirectly dependent on the manufacturing industries of the country, and you have a total of perhaps two million people directly or indirectly dependent upon manufacturing.

There are many people who, if told that the manufacturing portion of the population, was already two-sixths of the whole, would be rather incredulous. Yet here is the evidence that such a statement would not be far astray. The fact that the manufactured products are more than equal to the

agricultural products, as shown above, is confirmatory evidence.

A NEW CRUISER

A FEW days ago there was launched in Toronto a new Government protection cruiser which is to be used on Lakes Erie and Huron. The accompanying photograph shows the boat taking the water for the first time.

Ontario is outstripping the Maritime Provinces in modern boat building. The people of Halifax have desired a shipyard for some time and have been offering a bonus. They forget that bonused concerns are usually short-lived. Their plan is neither feasible nor desirable. In the meanwhile the Ontario builders are laughing up their sleeves at the simplicity of the Halifax Board of Trade. Even Mr. Fielding was forced to declare recently that they were decidedly slow.

This new cruiser is to have a water-line length of 176 feet, a breadth of 22 feet and a draft of eight feet. She will have a speed of 16 knots according to contract, and will carry four rapid-fire guns. The cost, complete with armament, will be \$150,000. The total complement, including officers and men, will be about forty.

* See also p. 523 in this issue.



THE
BOVRIL
BONUS PICTURE

“The Leopard Skin”

FREE TO PURCHASERS OF BOVRIL.

This beautiful Gravure is reproduced from the charming original Oil Painting by I. Snowman, Royal Academy Exhibition, 1903. It measures 29 x 18½ inches, and is printed on fine paper, 40 x 30, quite free from advertising matter.

Circulars giving full information of coupon scheme will be found wrapped with every bottle.

SAVE YOUR COUPONS

and see that you get one with each bottle purchased.

The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

**Will make you
STRONG**

As a strengthening tonic in declining health, or during recovery after exhausting illness, the effect of Horsford's Acid Phosphate is wonderful. It nourishes and strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite and digestion, and gives restful sleep.

It restores to the body nature's strengthening phosphates, a deficiency of which means general physical weakness, dyspepsia, headache and nervousness.

**Horsford's
Acid Phosphate.**

If your druggist can't supply you, send 25 cents to RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I., for sample bottle, postage paid.

TEN



DAYS

The Art of Being Certain

The successful man don't guess—he KNOWS because he takes the trouble to FIND OUT.

When he is a bit "out of fix" he says "Something is wrong with my food."


Then he proceeds to KNOW by leaving off greasy meats, pasty, sticky and starchy half cooked wheat and oats, white bread and pastry, and adopting a plain, nourishing diet.

Many men who really KNOW use a little cooked fruit, a dish of ready cooked, pre-digested GRAPE-NUTS and cream, two soft eggs and a cup of hot POSTUM FOOD COFFEE, nothing more. The result is CERTAIN in quick relief from trouble and a return to health.

"There's a Reason."

Get the wonderful little book "The Road to Wellville" in each package of

GRAPE-NUTS



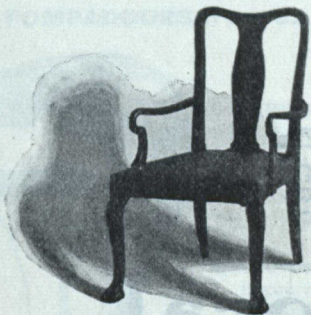
PEARLINE TAKES THE
HARD WORK OUT OF
WASHING AND CLEANING

It Won't Hurt
— won't even over
tire a delicate
woman to do an
ordinary wash if she
uses PEARLINE in
Pearline's Way
Don't stick to Cen-
turies old methods.
Isn't it time some-
thing was done to
make washing a
Woman's Work

SIMPLY A
MATTER OF
INTELLIGENCE

ELECTROLIGHT ENG. CO. N.Y. S. 150

Handsome Furniture



Furniture of any kind is necessary, but attractive furniture is always in demand. Our stock of fine furniture in various designs has a charm that is much appreciated by people of culture. The furniture handled by us is noted for a distinctive elegance that enhances its value in any home.

—Mail Orders receive special attention—

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., Limited

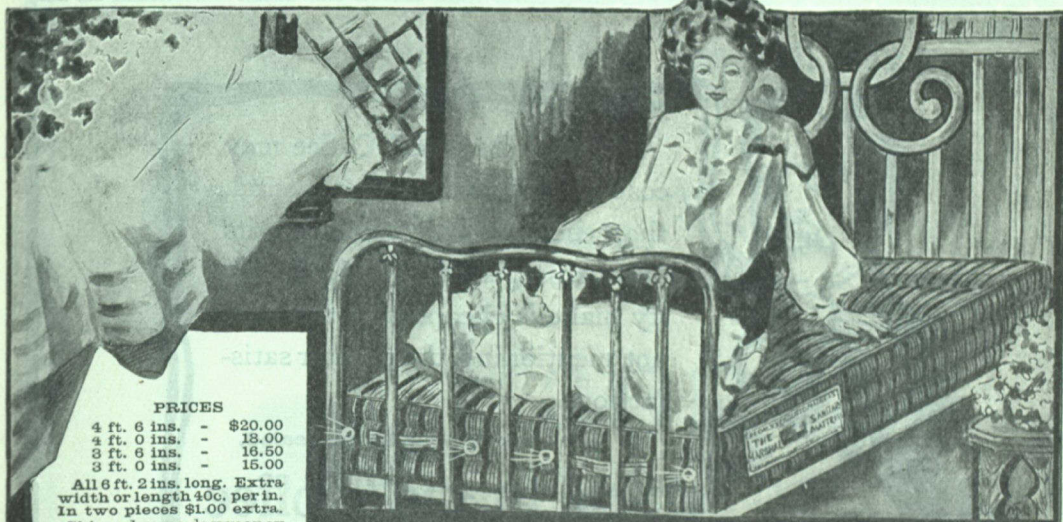
36-38 King St. West, Toronto, Can.



Sweet Caporal Cigarettes

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

—*London Lancet.*



PRICES

- 4 ft. 6 ins. - \$20.00
- 4 ft. 0 ins. - 18.00
- 3 ft. 6 ins. - 16.50
- 3 ft. 0 ins. - 15.00

All 6 ft. 2 ins. long. Extra width or length 40c. per in. In two pieces \$1.00 extra.

Shipped same day money is received.

Subject to 30 nights' free trial and money returned on receipt of Mattress if not satisfactory.

Charges prepaid East of Sault Ste. Marie.

CAN'T GET HARD—NOT HARD TO GET. "BREATHES," NOT "BREEDS." Recommended by all users, especially Invalids, Hospitals, Hotels, Etc.

MARSHALL VENTILATED SANITARY MATTRESS

Made to give Comfort, Health and Restful Sleep. Absolutely no sagging. Air circulation keeps it clean and wholesome. No need for making over. Lasts a life-time.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND TESTIMONIALS

THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS CO., Limited, Toronto, Can.

CONSULT YOUR MIRROR

as to whether you can improve your appearance by wearing "ARMAND'S UP-TO-DATE HAIR GOODS."

BANGS from \$3.00

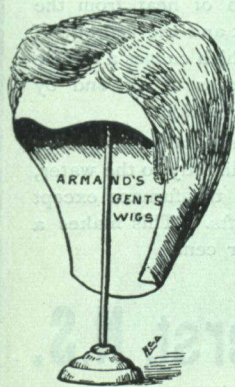
SWITCHES from \$1.50

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WAVES from \$4.00

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WIGS from \$20.00



In Latest Style from \$20.



Beautiful Designs from \$20.



Head Covering from \$10

'PHONE MAIN 2498

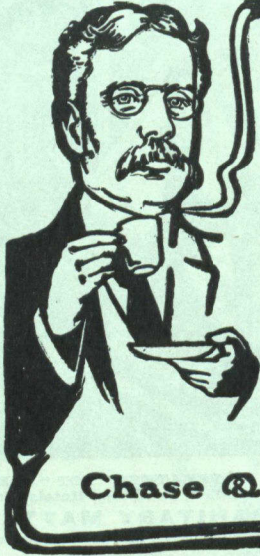
Send a Postal for our Catalogue.

Mail Orders—Your wants supplied just as satisfactorily as if you visited our store. Send sample of hair when ordering, and write distinctly.

Armand's Grey Hair Restorer immediately puts you on a level with those you think are not grey. Maybe they also use our preparations. \$3.00 per box; two for \$5.00.

Capillérine instantly removes superfluous hair and causes no mark or pain. \$2.00.

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE, 431 YONGE AND 2 ANN STREET, TORONTO



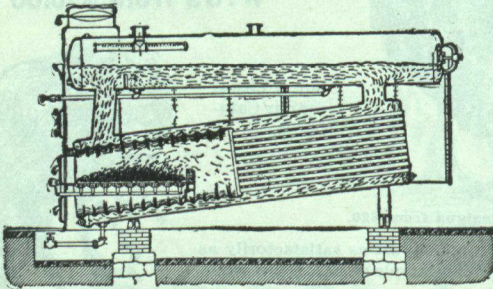
"Seal Brand" Coffee may cost a little more, per pound, than the "cheap" kinds, but its extra strength and peerless quality make it cheapest in the end, not mentioning the greater satisfaction.

In 1 and 2 pound tins, sealed.

"Seal Brand" Coffee

Chase & Sanborn, - Montreal

Internal Furnace Saves 10%



An externally fired boiler wastes fuel because of the radiation of heat from the outside of the brickwork and the leakage of cold air above the fire, which causes a double loss by heating the excess of air and by producing imperfect combustion.

In a Robb-Mumford internally fired boiler the heat is transmitted directly to the water, and air cannot get into the furnace except through the regular drafts. This makes a saving of at least 10 per cent.

Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

Agents { **William McKay, 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto.**
Watson Jack & Company, Montreal.
J. F. Porter, 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

The fashionable Cloth for Fall Wear
will be

Priestley's Panneau Cloth



and will be worn
by all the
best dressed
ladies the world
over.



SEE THE GOODS AT
ALL THE BEST DRY
GOODS STORES.

A Tailor-made Costume in "Panneau"
Face-cloth.

HOPKINS & ALLEN Double-Barreled Hammer SHOT GUNS

Made with Dolls Head Extension Rib.

Can't shoot loose. Guaranteed for use with Nitro Powder Properly Loaded Ammunition.



Made in
12 and 16 Gauge

Blued Steel Barrels	-	\$15.00
Stubbs Twist-Steel Barrels	- - -	\$16.50
Damascus Steel Barrels	- - - -	\$19.50

Of all dealers or prepaid to any express office in the U.S.

Catalogue No. 49 of Rifles, Shot Guns and Revolvers sent on request by the Manufacturers.

The HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.



RAMSAY'S PAINTS

THE RIGHT PAINT TO PAINT RIGHT

EASY TO APPLY - COVERS WELL - WEARS WELL
BEAUTIFIES AND PROTECTS

Write for Booklet telling how some beautiful homes have been painted with Ramsay's Paints.

A. RAMSAY & SON, PAINT MAKERS

ESTABLISHED 1842

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Are now the recognized high-class product in Canadian Woolens for ladies and gentlemen.

Expert Designing—Careful Weaving—High Finish

Always mark Hewson Pure Wool Fabrics.

Look for our brand, the coloured oval on the back of goods every three or four yards.

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Amherst, N.S.

WAMPOLE'S
Yunora Perfume
Sweet Pea Blossoms

So true to nature that a bunch of the blossoms and a bottle of the perfume seem as one.

HENRY H. WAMPOLE & CO.
Manufacturing Chemists,
TORONTO, - CANADA

Do You Know

That the home is kept attractive the year round when your lace curtains are cleaned at regular intervals. In the cleaning of lace curtains—especially the finer ones—care and skill must be shown. Our large experience and complete equipment enable us to do the best work.



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R. PARKER & CO.

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Head Office and Works—787-791 Yonge Street, TORONTO

BRANCHES—Montreal, London, Hamilton, Galt, St. Catharines, Woodstock and Brantford.



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Neave's Food

FOR

*Infants, Invalids
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"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,
admirably adapted to the
wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-
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THREE-QUARTERS OF A
CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

Neave's Food is regularly
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RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

Everybody Says

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THEY ARE CORRECT

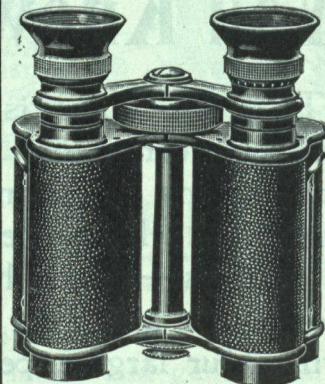


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Wire, Iron and Brass Works Company, Limited
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Send for booklet, "Sleep Baby, Sleep."

Prismatic Binoculars



A Full Line
in Stock
made by
the well
known
House of

ROSS

Limited

of London
England

These are unexcelled by any other make, and
are now offered at prices lower than ever

8 power, \$37.70 and \$42.00

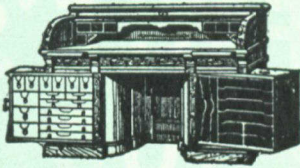
10 power, 45.00 and 49.30

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Every Device

necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail. **Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.**

PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.
Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

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 56 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 the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

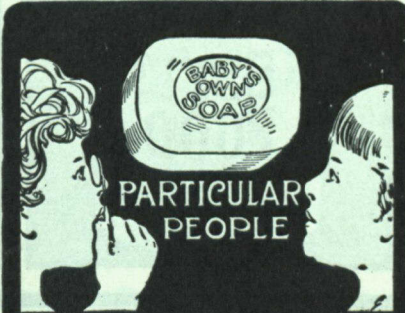
Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stearn's, Ehrich's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

LEARN DRESSMAKING AT HOME BY MAIL

Make your own clothes; save bother, and dress twice as well on same money as now; or fit yourself for employment. We teach Mme. Stevenson's French system of drafting with tape-line and yard-stick and complete course in dressmaking. Book "K" and synopsis of the course free. Hundreds of successful graduates. NAT'L COR. SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING, Des Moines, Iowa



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BABY'S OWN SOAP

used by particular people both young and old. Keeps the skin soft, clear and white.

No other Soap is just as Good. 034
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

Baby's Supper

Mooney's Crackers are as easy to digest as pure milk, and as nutritious as home-made bread. Let the little folk's supper be

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

and see how sound they sleep and how plump and rosy they grow.

Air-tight packages bring them to your table as crisp and inviting as if fresh from the ovens.

At your grocer.





COWAN'S



Such dainty and delicate
Confections are

COWAN'S
SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE,
CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS,
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The selection of a proper food for the Baby is of vital importance. It must be nourishing, easily assimilated, readily digested, and must never vary in quality. **Nestlé's Food** has all these requisites. It is made from cow's milk—the most nourishing of all substances—and requires only the addition of water to be ready for use.

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The above is the title of our handsome rhododendron-covered Brochure on Dermatology, which contains many hints on the care of the complexion, hair, hands, etc., and every well-groomed woman will find it a valuable adjunct to her toilet table. Send 10 cents for it and sample of Cream.

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rapidly removes from the skin any Discolorations, Freckles, Moth, Rashes, Tan, Pimples, etc., and makes the complexion delightfully pure and fine. Price \$1.50, express paid. Mail orders promptly filled.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Birthmarks, etc., permanently eradicated by our method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Consultation invited personally or by letter regarding any mark or blemish on, in or under the skin or scalp.

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CARBON PAPER TYPEWRITER RIBBONS

That's the Army that will Win Your Business Battles

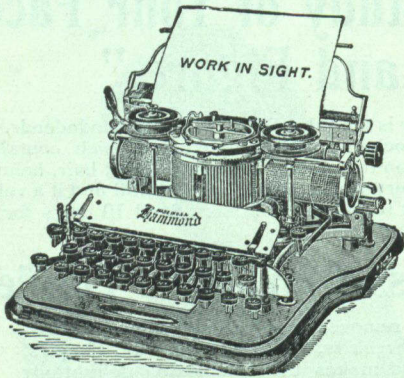
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We will send free a handsome
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just a few of the many exclusive points of excellence of the Hammond Typewriter, you will never rest easy until you own a Hammond.

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you can get a new style of type for a *Hammond*, and *you* can change from one style of writing to another in five seconds.

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half the things we could say about the *Hammond*, but there is no getting away from what you see. Let us show you. Five minutes will be enough.

Write for Catalog and we will instruct our nearest representative to call on you.

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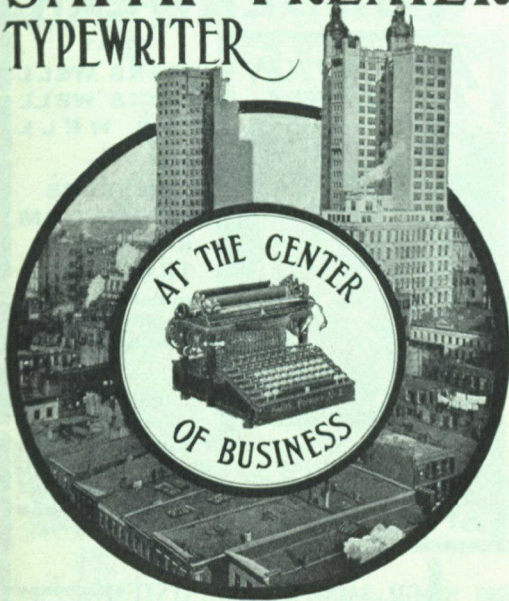
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It Serves

the purpose in a most surprising manner both as to brilliancy and labor saving, and a quarter century's use at home and abroad gives assurance that it is absolutely harmless. These are the merits that have carried its fame around the globe. At grocers and druggists.

Postpaid 15 cents (stamps).
Trial quantity for the asking.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Montreal,
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EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

will do well to investigate the merits of the **VISIBLE WRITING UNDERWOOD** and place an order for some of these machines for the fall opening.

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"Rene"

"RENE" is the only brand of cigars we manufacture, made in one style, one size and one quality, packed in one style of box (50).

We sell same at one cash price only. It is the only cigar factory of its kind on the American continent making a specialty of one high-class cigar only.

It is made to suit gentlemen of good taste. The word "RENE" is stamped on each cigar; none others are genuine. Sold everywhere. Manufactured and guaranteed by

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UNDERWEAR

THAT
WEARS WELL
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We Sell All Sizes
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at mixing cocktails."*

**CLUB
COCKTAILS**

YOU can do it
just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS

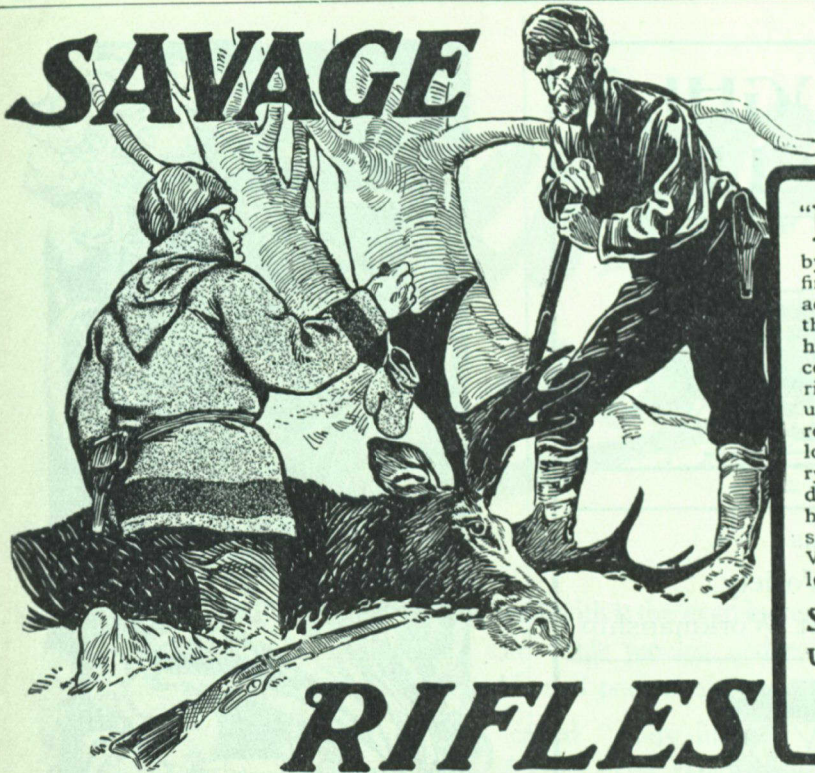
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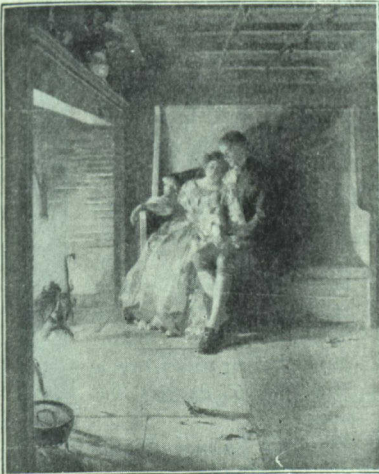


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Savage Arms Co.
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BAKER & HAMILTON,
PACIFIC COAST AGTS.
San Francisco and Sacramento, California.

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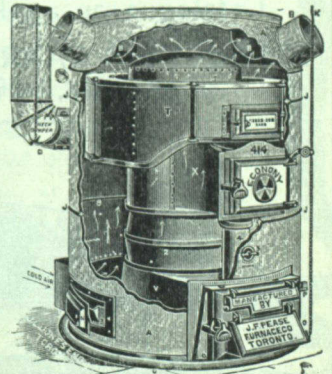
Pease Economy Heaters and Furnaces

For the past eighteen years the "Pease" has been the chief purveyor of winter comforts to the Canadian people.

Hot Water Heaters Warm Air Furnaces

As nearly self-controlled as it is possible for a heating apparatus to be. A lasting comfort and content to all home-dwellers.

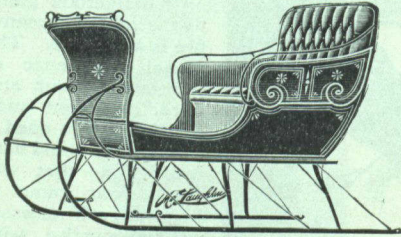
A sanitary, economical and safe method of house-heating.



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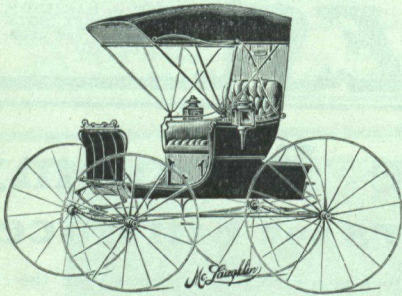
PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY, Limited
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McLAUGHLIN VEHICLES



No. 224

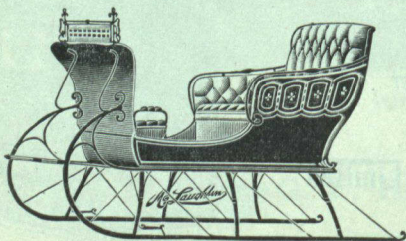
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Standard Carriages and Sleighs.
120 Varieties to select from.
Catalogue on application.

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THE PALMER PIANO

has come into prominence quicker than any other Canadian make. It combines all the qualities of a high-grade Piano at a moderate price. Before purchasing examine a Palmer—and enquire the price.

The Palmer Piano Company, Limited
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Dr. Deimel Underwear

WINTER is coming, and with it the ever-increasing dread of pneumonia. To wear woolen underwear is but an urgent invitation for colds and pneumonia to enter.

Underwear is often called "body linens." Linen absorbs—towels are made of it—it dries rapidly—is known for its cleanliness, but ordinarily it is cold and clammy.

In the Dr. Deimel Underwear the coldness has been taken out of linen. By a special process of manufacture a soft, warm and porous fabric has been evolved, called Linen-Mesh (a word registered by Dr. Deimel in 1894, but now used by others indiscriminately). Since its introduction ten years ago, the Dr. Deimel Linen-Mesh Underwear has received the most friendly and grateful appreciation throughout the world.

All who are subject to colds and rheumatism, or threatened with bronchitis or pneumonia, will observe an immediate change for the better by adopting the Dr. Deimel Underwear.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET, GIVING VALUABLE AND INTERESTING INFORMATION ON THE UNDERWEAR QUESTION.

The Dr. Deimel Underwear is made in such a wide variety of sizes that we can fit everybody. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us.

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NEW YORK:
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LONDON:
83 Strand, Hotel Cecil, W.C.

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TRUNK
RAILWAY
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HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME

The finest fishing and hunting regions in
Canada are reached by the lines of the

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM



THE TEMAGAMI TERRITORY.

MOOSE PLENTIFUL.—Open Season, Oct. 16th to Nov. 15th.
BEARS, PARTRIDGES and DUCKS are abundant.

All information by applying to undersigned.

HANDSOME BOOK FREE.—Illustrated descriptive publication on fishing and hunting sent free on application.
WHAT YOU CAN GET.—Deer, Moose, Bear, Caribou, Ducks, Partridge, etc. The fishing unexcelled: Bass, Pickerel, Maskinonge and Trout abound.

SEASON FOR DEER, where they are found in large numbers, Nov. 1st to 15th.

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360 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

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J. H. BURGIS,
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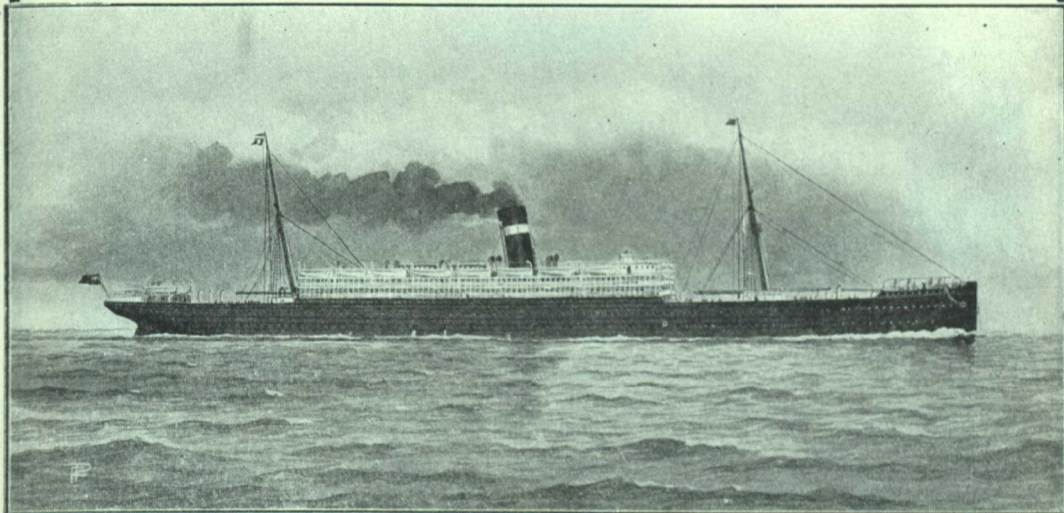
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G. T. BELL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, MONTREAL, CANADA.

ALLAN LINE TO LIVERPOOL

ROYAL MAIL
STEAMERS

CALLING AT MOVILLE, LONDONDERRY



The Allan Line Twin-screw Steamer "Tunisian."

TURBINE-ENGINED STEAMERS BUILDING

VICTORIAN, 12,000 Tons

VIRGINIAN, 12,000 TONS

NEW STEAMERS

TUNISIAN, 10,575 Tons, Twin Screws

BAVARIAN, 10,375 Tons, Twin Screws

IONIAN, 9,000 Tons, Twin Screws

These fine new steamers sail every Friday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry.

The steamers are amongst the largest and finest in the Transatlantic Lines, and are excelled by none in the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The Saloons and Staterooms are amidships, where least motion is felt, and all above the main deck, thus securing perfect light and ventilation. Bilge keels have been fitted to all the steamers, which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum. The vessels are also fitted with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

Electric lights are in use throughout the ships, and the cabins have all the comforts of modern first-class hotels. Cuisine is unsurpassed.

1904		PROPOSED SAILINGS		1904	
From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL		From QUEBEC	
1 Sept.,	PARISIAN	Fri., 16 Sept.,	6.00 a.m.	Fri., 16 Sept.,	5.00 p.m.
8 "	TUNISIAN	" 23 "	5.00 "	" 23 "	12.00 "
15 "	IONIAN	" 30 "	5.00 "	" 30 "	3.30 "
22 "	BAVARIAN	" 7 Oct.,	9.00 "	" 7 Oct.,	11.00 "
29 "	PARISIAN	" 14 "	5.00 "	" 14 "	4.00 "
6 Oct.,	TUNISIAN	" 21 "	9.00 "	" 21 "	11.00 "
13 "	IONIAN	" 28 "	5.30 "	" 28 "	3.00 "
20 "	BAVARIAN	" 4 Nov.,	9.00 "	" 4 Nov.,	10.00 "
27 "	PARISIAN	" 11 "	6.00 "	" 11 "	3.30 "
3 Nov.,	TUNISIAN	" 18 "	9.00 "	" 18 "	9.00 "

TUNISIAN embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, September 6, 1903, 12.25 noon; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, Sept. 12. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 5 hours, 27 minutes.

BAVARIAN is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 3 hours, 12 minutes, the fastest on record over this course.

IONIAN—Latest addition to the fleet (9,000 tons, twin screws). Average time of this Steamer, on her five passages between HALIFAX and MOVILLE is 7 days, 6 hours. Her record passage is 6 days, 12 hours, 27 minutes. (Sept. 18th to 24th, 1903.)

PARISIAN sailed from Rimouski Sunday, October 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Moville Sunday, October 27th, 7.30 a.m. Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 12 hours, 50 minutes.

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From Field, the route lies down the Kicking Horse Pass. New scenes of sublimity appear in endless succession, and high up against the sky a serrated line of snow-mantled peaks of new forms and colors loom up beyond the intervening deep forest-covered valley holding the broad and rapid-running Columbia, crossing which, the ascent of the second range—the Selkirks—is commenced. Seen in the full glory of the morning sun, these mountains are the most beautiful and wonderfully colored of all the great ranges between the Plains and the Pacific. Further on, the Rockies and the Selkirks come close together, forcing the river into a deep narrow gorge, through which its turbulent waters roar and fume in maddening ferocious torrent; far above the track winds along the mountain side and finds a passage through narrow defiles to the vast amphitheatre of mountains beyond.

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Asst. Gen'l Passenger Agent,
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" " 8	DOMINION	" " 24	" " 13	DOMINION	" " 29
" " 15	VANCOUVER	" Oct. 1	" " 20	VANCOUVER	" Nov. 5
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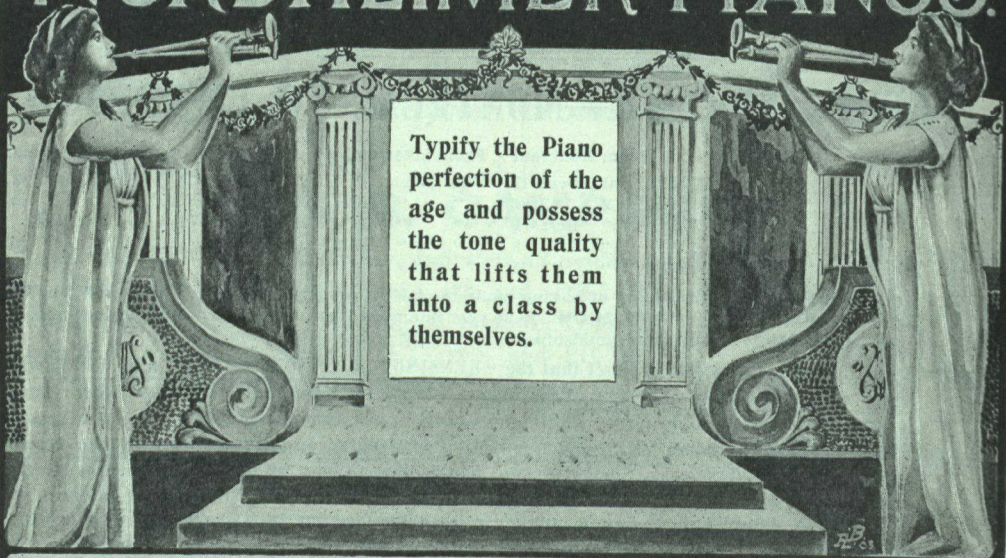
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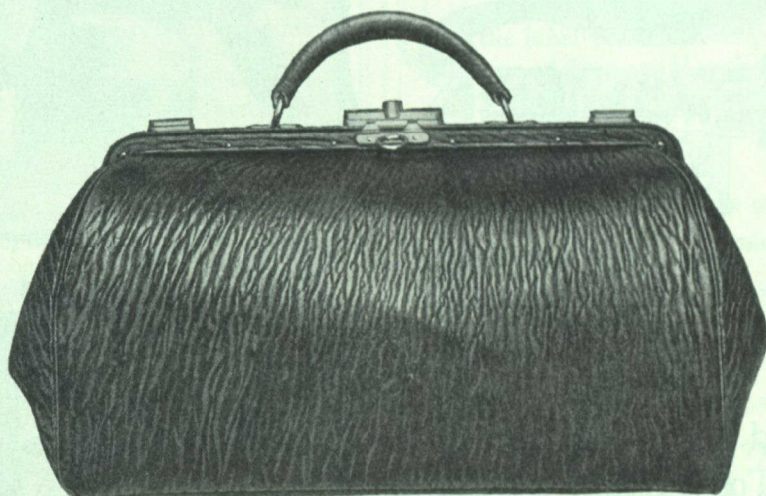
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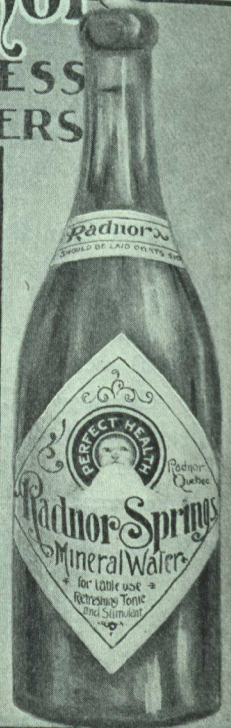


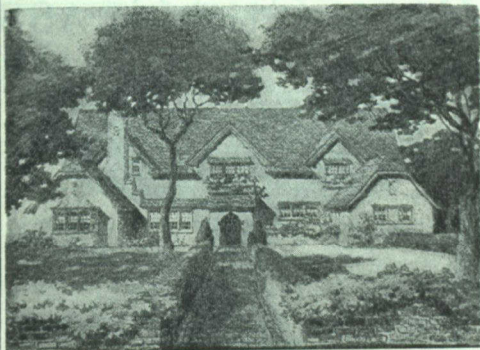
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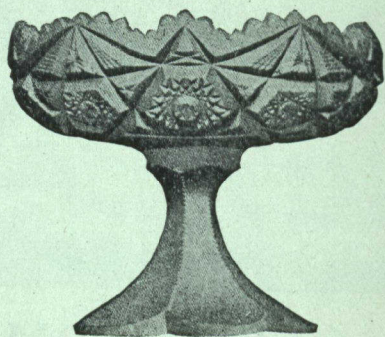
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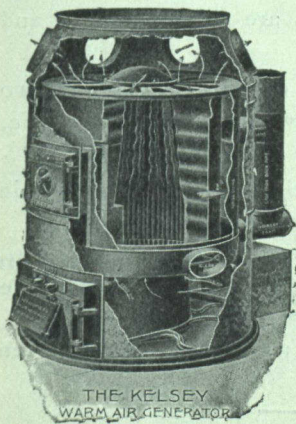
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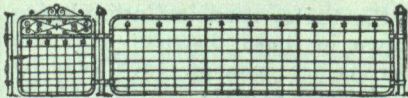
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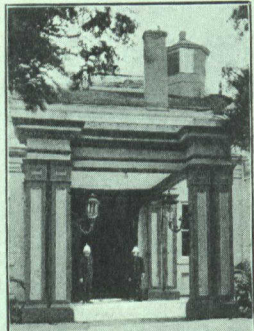
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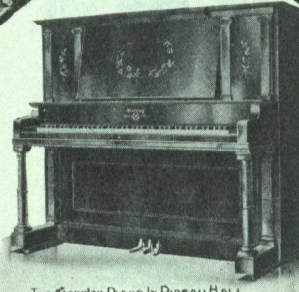


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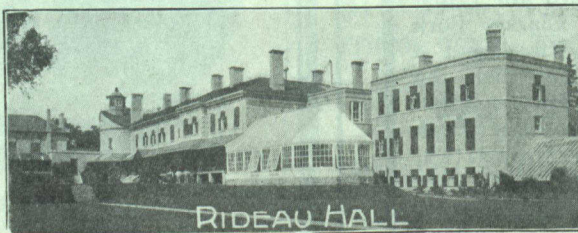
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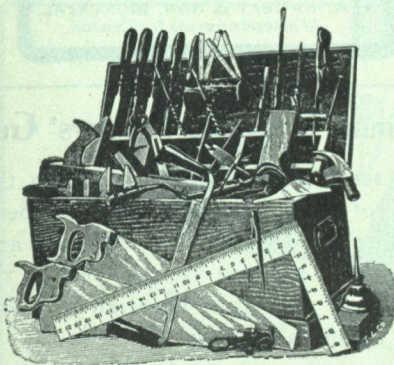
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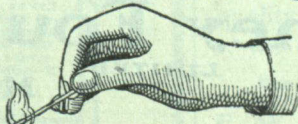
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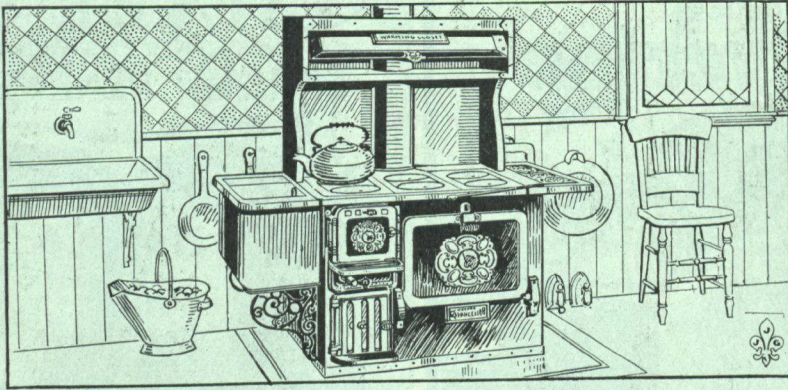
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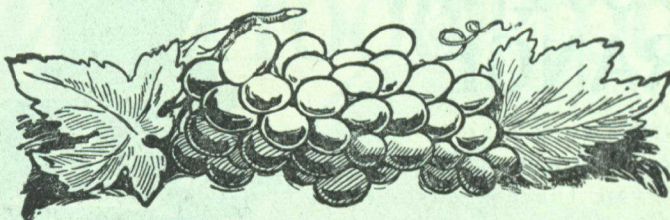


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What *Fruit-a-tives* are

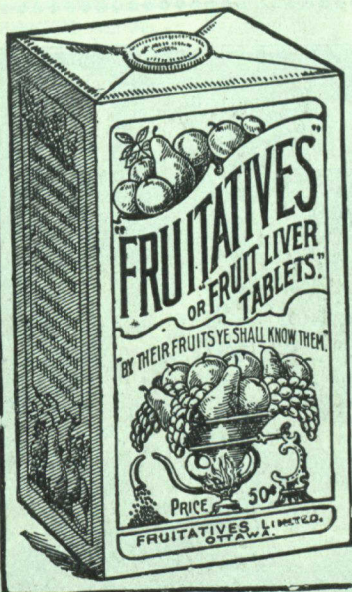
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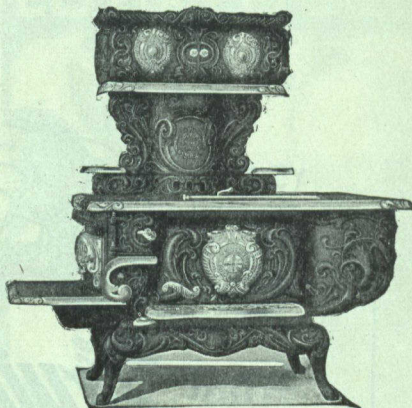


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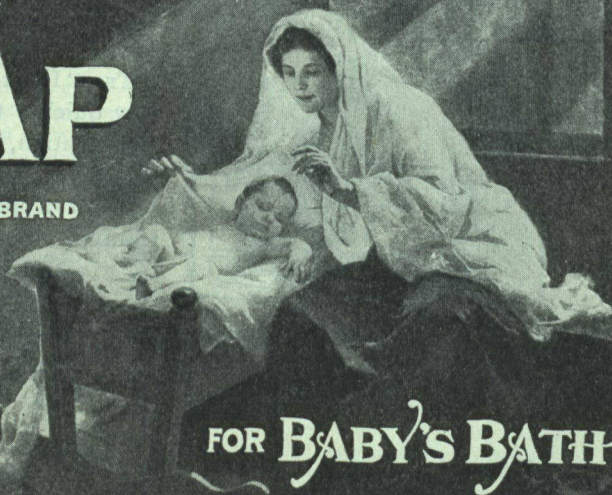
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WILLIAMS PIANOS

LETTER FROM PREMIER HAULTAIN

REGINA, August 29th, 1904

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