

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY

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Harvey J. O'Higgins

QUEBEC THE PICTURESQUE

(Illustrated)

J. Macdonald Oxley

MARKED MISSING AT LLOYDS

C. Frederick Paul

WHAT OUR COUNTRY IS DOING

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Lex

TARIFF REVISION CALLED FOR

Mahlon Harvey

MARCH 1904

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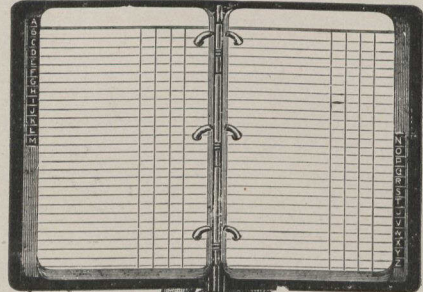
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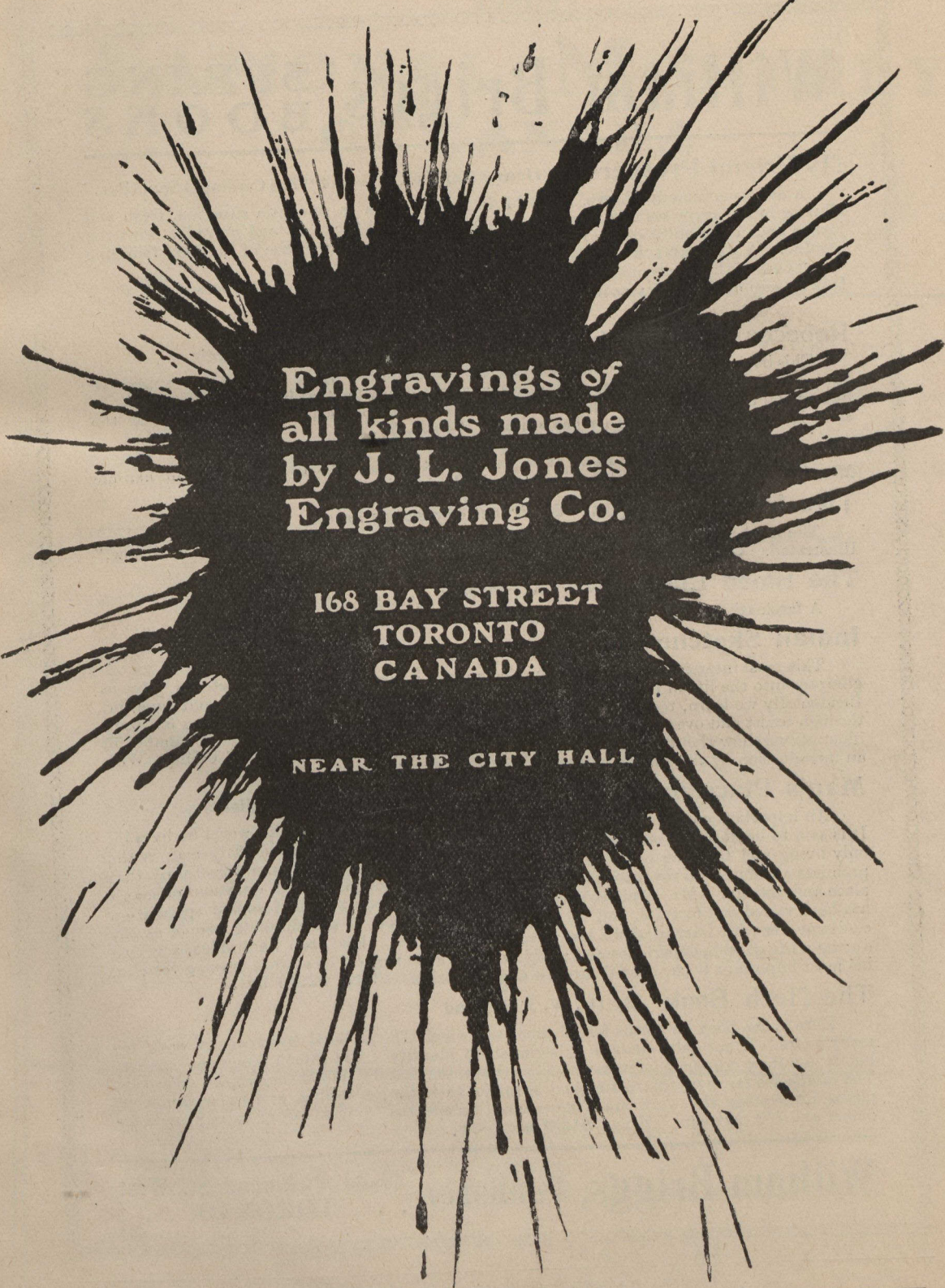
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The
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OF CANADA**

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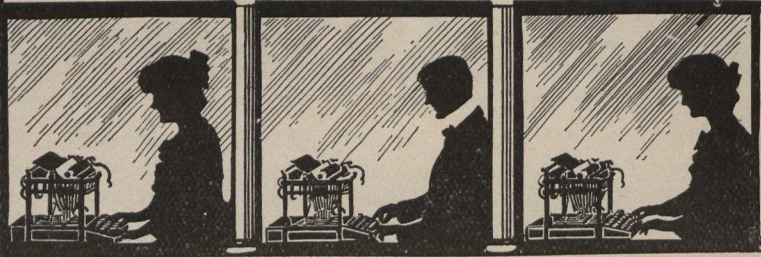
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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TORONTO, MARCH, 1904

No. 3

"THE HAND OF FATE"

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

I.

HE stood beside the low stone wall of Central Park, looking at a bench in the sandy border of the sidewalk there, with his straw hat on the back of his head, and his hands deep in his trousers' pockets. It was nearly midnight, and he was tempted by a dozen aches in his back and legs to accept the invitation of the empty seat. He declined it when he remembered the night-sticks of the policemen. He would be safer from them in the bushes which showed on the other side of the wall.

He put his hand on top of it, and vaulted into the shadows. But the level of the Park proved to be at least three feet below that of the street; he came down on his heels with a jolt that cracked his jaws together, and he fell back in a sitting posture against the foot of the wall, with a grunt. It seemed the final betrayal of fate. He gave up the struggle. He stretched his legs out painfully before him, put his hat on his knees, and fluttered out a sigh that was half of relief for the ease of sitting, and half of dejection for his misfortunes.

It was the last day of his first week in New York. He was a college graduate, newly outfitted for life with a liberal education. He had turned to newspaper work as the proper trade for his tools. And he had learned that midsummer was the dead season in the newspaper offices, and that college graduates were a glut on the market.

One managing editor, to whom he had brought a letter of introduction, had offered to buy a news-story from him whenever he might have one to sell. The others had returned answer to him, through their office-boys, that there were no vacancies in their staffs. In these circumstances, it had seemed unwise to go back to his Brooklyn lodging-house to waste the night in unconsciousness of a whole city full of possible news-stories. It was better to look for the trail of one.

He had walked from Newspaper Row up Broadway to Fifth Avenue, and up Fifth Avenue to the Park, desperately stalking his game; and he had not struck the "scent" of any item that could possibly be sold. He had come to the conclusion that he did not know the haunts and lairs of his prey; that he would not recognize a news-story, anyway, if one passed him on the flag-stones; that, in the mysterious language of the editor, he had not the "nose," in fact.

He shut his eyes on a burning dryness in them. . . . Yes, he was a failure. . . . He would go back to his native city, and study law.

* * * * *

He was awakened by he did not know what; but he was tenderly raising his head from his shoulder on a cramped neck, when he heard the scrape of a foot on the gravel above him. A white bundle came down through the darkness to drop into the grass

at his feet. He looked up, cowering, to see whether the owner were about to follow it and fall on him. He heard the footsteps again, some distance farther north.

The package remained. He reached out to feel it, and found it limp, and soft, and yet firm and heavy, too, for its size. If it had not been so neatly wrapped in a newspaper, he might have supposed it to be a parcel of meat; it had that cold weight and unresiliency. He hesitated a moment, trying to imagine what it might be. And then he tore a slit in the paper, struck a match, and bent down to see a finger-knuckle showing above the band of a gold ring.

It was a human hand!

The grisly touch of it smote him with such a stroke of horror that his legs kicked up under it as if it were a snake, and tossed it into the air. His arms flung out at it, and threw it from him. His head jerked back against the wall with a blow of such force that it almost stunned him. In a shuddering nausea, he sat there stiff, his fingers dug into his knees, and his teeth clicking like castanets. Then the thought of "Murder!" broke on him as if it were a shout, and startled him to his feet. He caught up his hat and began to run along the wall to escape from that revolting evidence of a crime which he might be accused of having committed if he were caught.

When he came panting to the lamps of a Park exit, the sight of the elms there, spreading their leaves to the electric light like stage trees to the glare of the calcium, stopped him. To rush out before the public eye, in that state, would be fatal. He stood to catch his breath. He tilted his hat on the back of his head. He put his hands in his pockets. He rounded the wall, with a trembling nonchalance, to the street.

And a single glance down the avenue sent him skulking back to the shelter of the stone gate-post; for, between him and the distant bench which had tempted him before he entered the Park, he saw the figure of a woman. It was his first thought that she might have seen him running through the bushes; and then he saw that she was coming toward him with the stumbling gait of one who was trying to overwalk her possible speed; and when she turned to glance back

guiltily over her shoulder, he understood! It was she who had thrown away the hand!

Here was his news-story!—the story of a murder black enough for the heaviest type that was ever set in a headline. Gad! what a fall of luck! He drew his hat down on his eyebrows. What luck! He clenched his hands and waited for her, tight-muscled, his legs quivering, his shoulders hunched, as if he were waiting for the crack of the starter's pistol in a foot-race. She was rapidly drawing nearer. He heard the blood beating in his ears. "One—two—three—four—five—six." He swallowed, and took a long breath. He stepped out and said: "You dropped something!"

He had intended to say it sternly, menacingly; it came out in a shrill squeak of nervousness, and it stopped her dead. She rose on her toes, with a lift of the shoulders, and began to back away from him.

Now, he was ready—if it proved to be a man in disguise, and the villain attacked him—to cry out "Help! Help! Police!" and run for it. He was ready, if the wretch tried to escape him, to pursue him till he dropped. He did not know what he would do if it proved to be a woman, and she fainted.

She did none of these things. She backed, stiff-kneed, off the sidewalk into a tree, and jerked out, "It wasn't mine." And the light struck the lower part of her face, and he recognized her.

II.

Early in the afternoon, he had been crossing Fifth Avenue at Thirty-Fourth Street, when a young woman drove past in a victoria, with an open parasol resting carelessly over her shoulder. A sudden gust of wind had snatched it out of her hand and carried it into the gutter. He had picked it up and returned it to her. She had smiled rather sadly, and said, "Thank you."

And this was she!

She stood in white against the black tree-trunk, a tall, broad-breasted woman in summer flounces and thin sleeves. The upper part of her face was shaded by the slope of her hat, but the light lay in a clean edge across the bridge of her nose, and showed!

her mouth—which he remembered as a wide, but perfect bow—drawn and trembling on her teeth. This was she! The woman who had driven down the avenue in the sunlight and smiled on him like a princess, was out at night, a horrible creature, fleeing through the shadows with a human hand in a paper. What breathless tragedy had been enacted in the meantime? What awful circumstances had forced her—for he could not believe her the monster.

He said hoarsely: "I saw you throw that hand into the bushes. . . . I ought to tell the police. . . . But if you can make—any explanation—"

She struggled with a choking voice, but could not make the words. She put a hand behind her, to support herself against the tree.

"I can—I can imagine," he said, "how such things can happen—to an innocent person. I can't believe—I saw you this afternoon."

"Me?" she asked, faintly.

He replied: "I returned your parasol."

She looked at him in silence, and then she stood out from the tree trunk with an evident return of confidence.

He took off his hat. "If you can give me any explanation."

She drew herself up to the height of his deference. "Thank you," she said.

He waited, watching her. She looked down at the toe of a beaded slipper, drawing back her skirts from the dust. "The doctor," she explained, "had that preserved in alcohol in his office. And one of the servants upset it—dusting." She raised her head. "He's out of town, and I didn't know what to do with it. It was—the weather was warm. We had no fire in the furnace. The back court is all paved. . . . So I threw it into the Park."

For a moment he believed that the bottom had fallen out of his story, and dropped him down on flat and unsalable commonplace. Her explanation was so unexpectedly plausible, that even the halting manner in which she had groped her way through it could not harden him to suspicion. "Well," he said, "you certainly took a big risk." She did not speak. "You should have given it to one of your servants."

"They're all out of town," she replied, reluctantly, "at our country place. We were the only ones in the house."

"We?" he asked.

She caught herself up with a nervous gasp. "Oh, I mean myself and the coachman."

It struck him at once: would the mistress of the house couple herself with the coachman in the familiarity of a "we?"

"And how?" he cried, on the sudden thought. "How could one of the servants upset it in the doctor's office when they are all out of town?"

It seemed to him that she blushed, but he could not be sure, because she concealed her face by looking down at the ground again.

"I upset it myself," she confessed.

He put on his hat with a grim smile. "Dusting?"

She nodded.

Absurd! "I suppose," he said, "you must see that your explanations are unsatisfactory. I don't know whether you see that you stand suspected of—"

"How?" she cried.

"By being in possession of a part of a human body which you try to dispose of secretly, at night. . . . Where is the rest of it?"

"That was all there was."

"How—did he—die?"

"I don't know," she said, in a hoarse fright.

"Who does?"

"The doctor, I suppose."

"I shall be compelled," he said, "to see him."

"But he's out of town."

"Then I must see his office."

She did not move.

"Understand," he warned her, "that it's in my power to call a policeman. You'll get no such consideration from him. You'll be arrested—"

"I'll go—I'll go," she broke in hastily.

"The house is just over here—around the corner."

He bowed. "Very good," he said.

Now, here was this woman—whom he had seen driving in Fifth Avenue—out guiltily, at midnight, trying to get rid of a dissevered hand. She told an impossible

story about being alone with her coachman, dusting! She did not seem to be a woman capable of murder, but there was something strange about her manner. She was hiding—*something*.

The two files of electric lamps, drawn up along the curbs, lit a deserted street. The houses were a row of closed doors and darkened windows—sightless and deaf things of stone. He was going through a sleeping city—to what?

Well, in any event, he must go. It was his only hope of retrieving a fortune that had fallen on vagabondage and sleeping in the Park. He walked doggedly beside the swish of feminine draperies and the click of a high heel, looking down at her shadow as it wheeled and floated across the flagstones under the corner light.

The blackness of the side street blotted out her silhouette. She said suddenly: "Why are you making all this trouble for yourself—and for me?"

"Well, another person," he defended himself, "might have made more for you and less for himself. You could be arrested for throwing that thing into the Park, for example."

She turned on him, in a plaintive indignation. "I don't see why you're doing it at all."

"I'm a reporter," he replied.

Her foot scraped on the sidewalk in a way that told him the information was not only unexpected, but startling. She caught her gait again at once, but she proceeded in a silence which, he knew, was busy with thought.

She said at last: "You're going to write about it?"

"I'm a reporter," he said, "but I hope I am also a gentleman. I have to satisfy myself—"

"I told you how it happened," she protested.

"You told me a contradictory story," he replied.

"It was true—most of it."

He hastened to say: "I quite believe you. I only wish to be satisfied that your husband is a physician—and that your parcel contained nothing—criminal."

She replied helplessly: "Very well. Here's the house."

III.

It was an old brown-stone residence of five stories, with a flight of stone steps let down from the first floor to the sidewalk, and a servants' entrance tunnelled under them into the basement. He could see no doctor's sign anywhere displayed, and the whole house was dark except for a basement window in which a streak of light showed, like an open seam, between the sash and the blind. They went down two steps into the area. She reached up to take a key from a ledge beside the grated basement doorway. And when he passed in after her, she turned to fling the door shut behind him with an ominous clang and rattle of its iron lattice.

He followed her thoughtfully, into a lighted room; and there, as if the lamp flashed it on him, he remembered that ring shining on the dead hand. It was impossible to believe that a surgeon's knife—

His teeth bit together on the thought. He looked up at her, pale and staring, and he found her fumbling at the pins of her hat and studying him under the brim of it. His eyes held hers in a fascinated gaze that seemed at last to frighten her. She dropped her hands. "Well?" she said.

He darted a stealthy glance around him, alert to his danger; and by virtue, perhaps, of that alertness, he recognized the room as a servants' reception-room, from the way in which it was furnished with the cast-off upholstery of upstairs.

"Well?" he heard her say.

He turned to see that she had retreated to get the table between them, and had left his way clear to the door. He started towards it.

"No!" she cried. "No! You can't leave here until you promise you'll not write anything about me."

He faced around to the threat in her tone. "I'm not the doctor's wife," she said. "I'm—his housekeeper."

She was red. He swallowed, but could not speak.

"The coachman was just exercising the horses when you saw me out to-day. . . I told you the truth about that hand. I upset it in the laboratory. . . It was the only way I could get rid of it. . . If you put it in the papers, I'll lose my place."

He wet his lips. "There was a ring on the finger," he said hoarsely.

Her cheeks went so hot with blushes that it brought tears to her eyes. "I put it there," she confessed. "It had an inscription in it. I wanted people to think that it was *my* hand."

It was impossible to mistake her manner. "I—why?" he gasped.

She caught off her hat and threw it on the table. "Because," she cried, with tears, "because I wanted everyone to think I was dead. I—I wanted to kill myself—and—and I was too afraid."

She sank into a chair beside the table and dropped her head on her arm, in a pitiable posture of shame and grief. She began to weep, struggling with choked sobs. He watched her, winking quickly against the smart in his own eyes.

Her neck, bare in a low collar, had a pathetic defencelessness in the soft curve that showed under the coil of her hair. He stared at her helplessly.

"Don't," he said. "Don't do that. Tell me what's the matter. Maybe I—I could help you."

She rolled her head on her arm, sobbing.

"It isn't anything—wrong—is it? Anything criminal?"

"No, no," she wept. "Go—away."

He straightened up and looked down at her hand, that worked hysterically, clutching the cloth, in her efforts to regain control of herself. It was a hand of firm, white flesh and sensitive fingers; and it was not the hand of a working woman.

He was boyishly young to life, taught in generous ideals of chivalry and the love of women. "I can't," he said. "I can't—go away and leave you like this. Can't I do something?—get somebody?"

"There isn't—anybody."

"Your friends," he said. "Your family."

She answered him with a fresh burst of weeping.

"Where are they?"

"They're—they're not here."

"Where are they?" he coaxed. "Let me send for them."

She did not answer.

After a little thought he said, gruffly; "Well, that hand will be found to-morrow morning, and I'll know who put it there. Are you going to tell me the truth about it, or—I promise you that if you *do*, I'll not write or speak a word of it."

She asked, in a voice dead of feeling: "What do you want to know?"

"Why—why did you want to make people believe—that you were—"

She raised herself from the table, her arms stretched out stiff before her on it, her head drooped in an agony of humiliation. "Because I ran away from home," she said, so low that he could scarcely hear her. "I quarrelled with my father about a man—a man he disliked. And I ran away to him—in Albany. . . . He made excuses as soon as he met me at the station. He—he wanted me to go back home. He wouldn't—"

He took his breath through his teeth, suffering with her. "And you came to New York?"

She nodded stiffly, writhing her fingers.

"And got work as a servant?"

"Yes," she sobbed. "It was all I could get."

He stood in silence, biting his lip. Then he burst out suddenly, "Let me help you. I can't—I can't go away and leave you like this. God—it's awful. Let me do *something*. Surely, there's *something*."

She shook her head from side to side, her tears falling on her arms. "Nothing, nothing! I couldn't face father. He—he wouldn't believe. He knew I ran away to *him*. It's too late."

He reached out to touch her clenched hand. "Listen," he said. "I'm going home to-morrow. I've been trying to do newspaper work, and I've failed. I was sleeping in the Park like a tramp, when you threw that parcel down on me. . . I'm going home to study law with my father. He—he's as fine an old soul as you ever

knew. So is my mother. They'd be only too glad to do anything to—"

She looked up at him with a face all drawn with grief and wet with tears. She widened her eyes, blinking as if trying to see more clearly the faint hope that came crazily to her from this impossible proposal of aid. For an instant, it seemed as if her lips had shaped to thank him. And then she shut her eyes, and dropped her head with a shudder.

"Why not?" he pleaded.

She did not need to answer.

He began to pace up and down the floor. "Well, where are you going, then?" he asked, as if from the midst of an argument. She did not answer.

"That hand'll be found in a few hours. It'll be mistaken for a murder case. The detectives, the reporters, everybody will be on the trail of it before midday."

She answered thickly: "It's the initials of my real name on the ring. No one knows my real name here."

"But they'd know your photograph," he cried. "As soon as that hand is found, your family will know of it. Your picture will be published in every paper in New York. . . . The man you spoke of—in Albany—will be arrested on suspicion. Your whole story—"

"Oh, horrible," she gasped. "I never—I never thought of that. I—"

He took up his hat. "Leave the basement door off the latch," he ordered quickly. "I am going to get the thing back, if it isn't too late. Wait here."

IV.

In what must have seemed an incredibly short space of time he came leaping back to the door, a policeman's whistle sounding shrilly after him as he ran. He slammed the iron grill behind him, and bounded into the room. "The light!" he gasped. "Quick. Put it out!" He crouched at the inner door, hidden from the windows.

She started up and clicked out the gas. "What is it?"

"He saw me," he whispered, "and chased me. I got the ring off and threw the other away. He—he saw me. He picked it up."

He began to grope his way across the room to her. "He was at the corner—when

I turned in here. I don't think he could see what house it was."

She reached out and caught his arm. "Come upstairs," she said. "Quick!" "Ssh!"

They heard the heavy footsteps of the officer outside the window; he was searching the area. They waited, holding their breath, until he had gone on to the next house.

"Who's upstairs?" he whispered.

"No one. I'm alone, taking care of the house until they get a new man. The coachman sleeps at home. You can wait upstairs until they go away."

She took hold of his hand and led him, stumbling in the darkness, through the inner doorway and along a passage to the foot of the stairs. "There's a turn here," she said, and waited to guide him around the angle of the stairs.

He brushed against her, and muttered a trembling apology. She drew him blundering after her to the landing. "They won't see a light in the library," she said. "Here. Here's the door. Wait till I light the gas."

He heard her fumbling at the blinds to see that they were drawn, and rattling the shutters as she closed them. There followed the crackle and sputter of a match, and then the green shade of a reading-lamp glowed up suddenly in the hinge-crack of the door.

He stepped into a room lined with bookshelves, and saw her standing beside a large walnut reading table, shaking out the match.

"We'll be safe here," she said. "Do you think they'll try to get in?"

"Hardly—without some sort of warrant." He smiled crookedly. "They'll watch the street." He felt in his coat pocket and drew out the ring. She looked away from it. He put it on the table.

"You—you're very good," she said, with her face averted. "I hope it won't get you into trouble."

He sat down weakly. "Excuse me," he said. "I've been on my feet all day. I'm about done out."

"I beg you pardon," she murmured, and seated herself by the table in a heavy leather chair.

He sank back in the cushions. They were both silent.

"Well," he said, "I don't seem to have been much use to you. I should have had sense enough to run off in another direction—instead of bringing the policemen down on you."

She was looking at the handkerchief which she was twisting in her fingers; and the profile of her delicate features—her eyelids reddened, her lips quivering—was a heartache for him to see. "It's all my fault," she replied. "I'm ashamed of myself. I didn't think. I *couldn't* think. I—"

"I know," he said. In a moment, he added, "Heavens and earth! What a mess!"

"Isn't it?" she choked. "Isn't it? I've lain awake at nights—" She stifled herself with her handkerchief, and sat up struggling against tears. "Have you been long in New York?" she asked, hoarsely.

He rose and went over to her. "You mean," he said "that you don't wish me to— Well, I'm a stranger, I know. I have no right. But can't you let me be of some use to you. I'm in the same box myself. You—you needn't be ashamed before *me*. Can't we pool our miseries—at least?"

He sat down in a chair that faced out to her from the wall, and leaned forward to go on in a low voice: "I don't need to be told what sort of home you left. You—you know what I mean. And you needn't be afraid, because I forced myself on you, that I'm—"

She made a gesture of protest, blindly. "Don't, don't," she said. "I know—"

He stood beside her and stooped to put his hand on the arm of her chair. "If you were my own sister," he said, "I—I don't want to go away and leave you like this. I want to—to do something—some way."

She looked up at him. And then, before he could speak, she was out of the chair and away through the door into the darkness. He sat down, and put his face in his hands, and shivered.

And yet when he heard her outside the door again, he stood up and waited for her, as calm as he was pale. She did not come in. She said, from the hall: "They're still there."

He asked evenly: "Is there any back way out?"

"No," she said. "You had better lie down on the lounge. You must be tired."

He heard himself answer: "Thanks. I will. I *am* tired."

In a moment she whispered: "Good-night."

"Good-night," he said. "Good-night."

He heard a loose step of the stairs creak under her as she mounted them. He flung himself on the lounge and stared at the ceiling.

V.

He wakened once, during the night, to find that he had been covered with a steamer rug and his light turned low. He started up, the second time, at the sound of her voice; and the daylight was shining sunnily into the room. "Breakfast's ready," she laughed from the doorway.

He leaped up, rubbing a numb shoulder. "Have I time for a tub?"

"Plenty of time," she said. There was a bathroom down the corridor to his left.

She hurried below stairs before he could get out to her.

Fifteen minutes later, he followed her, smiling and ruddy from the cold water and the rough towel. "Where are you?" he called gaily.

"Here! Second door!"

He entered to find her pouring coffee at a little table which she had drawn up beside the sunny muslin curtains of a window. She nodded brightly. "Good morning. How is your appetite?"

"Fierce," he said. "Ravenous." They both laughed without reason. "Have I kept you waiting?"

"Not at all. Do you take cream and sugar with your oatmeal?"

"Please—lots," he replied, and they both laughed again.

They sat down together, as if they had agreed to make a truce with their troubles. "This is mighty jolly," he said.

She nodded. "If you don't find fault with my cooking."

He smiled down at his oatmeal. "I—I hate to eat it."

"What?" she cried.

"Oh—oh. I mean that I'd like to keep it as a souvenir."

She laughed, but there was a glint of pathos in her laughter, and he understood that she was fighting back the thought of the future as consciously as he was himself.

He plunged into a ridiculous description of the lunch-counter, and eating-house meals which he had been having; and from that he drifted into an account of his failure to "break into" any newspaper office.

"It must be so discouraging," she said. "I wonder you—"

"Not a bit," he replied, with a new optimism which he was surprised to find in himself. "It's exciting. You always feel that you'll be on top before the curtain rings down—like the hero in the melodrama, you know. That is, if you're young enough. I suppose an older man would feel differently."

"You're very brave," she said, as she rose to take his empty plate. He followed her to the door with his eyes.

When she came back with eggs and rolls, he said: "Did I tell you I had made up my mind not to leave New York?"

"No," she answered, lightly.

"Well, I have. I'm going to find something that will establish my credit with the office if I have to hunt it for a month."

She encouraged his resolution with a hopeful smile. "You'll succeed."

"Well, I hope so," he replied fervently. "The law office is jail for me. I might have gone back to it for a while, but I'd have broken loose again, I know." He began to chat with her about himself and his ambitions. She listened sympathetically. She did not speak of herself at all, but he did not expect her to.

"Well," he said, when breakfast could give him no further excuse for lingering, "that's settled. I don't think our friend the policeman can be waiting for me still. He'll be too sleepy to see me, if he is."

She looked out of the window without speaking.

"May I come back?" he asked. "To see you—sometime?"

She turned, her eyes misty. "I wish—I knew how to thank you—"

He held out his hand and she put her's in it. "Surely there's no need of thanks. Good-bye. May I come back?"

She nodded blindly. He went out. When she heard the basement door click behind him, she went over to his chair, sat down, blushing with a tremulous smile, and began to stroke the handle of his fork with a caressing finger.

* * * * *

It was after nightfall before he returned, but he came back beaming, with a newspaper which he spread before her on the lighted table, solemnly, without a word. He tapped a heading: "Gruesome Murder—Mysterious Slayer of Unknown Woman Drops Victim's Hand in Central Park—Pursued Across Fifth Avenue—He Escapes—No Clue." There was a chalk-plate drawing of the hand, a street map showing the route which the murderer took to escape, and a half-tone portrait of the officer who had almost captured him.

He chuckled. "We beat the town. The police were keeping it quiet until they could get a clue. I tipped off the editor, but he wouldn't believe me. He sent me out on it, alone."

"But—but it isn't true," she said.

"Well, hardly," he conceded. "But it's news. And it's better than going home to study law. I'm on the staff, you see."

"I don't like to think of you doing a thing like that," she said. "It isn't honest."

He shook his head ruefully. "No. I know it isn't. But it was my only chance, and I took it. I'm going to work out of this now, into something—"

They were standing together beside the table, and he had been speaking with his eyes on the printed sheet. He looked up at her now, with a hesitating smile.

And the smile that answered him was all friendliness and reassurance.

* * * * *

In a little studio flat near Washington Square, there is a room fitted up, inexpensively, as a study, with fumed oak furniture and roan-skin cushions; and over the writing-table that stands between the windows, there is hung, in a plain wood frame, a chalk-plate picture of a woman's hand cut off at the wrist. In the corner of it, someone has written, jocularly:

"The Hand of Fate!"

QUEBEC—THE PICTURESQUE

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

QUEBEC has no rival among her sister cities on the continent in regard to picturesqueness of site or richness of historical associations. Clustering about the foot, and crowning the top of a steep promontory on the north-west bank of the St. Lawrence at its junction with the St. Charles, three hundred miles inland from the great Gulf, and one hundred and eighty miles seaward from the head of navigation, her situation seems perfect, moreover, for the purposes of commerce. So that, altogether, her dower has been an ample one, and she must always be a place of surpassing interest.

When the dauntless Cartier in 1535 voyaged up the mighty river, whose bosom had never before been furrowed by an European keel, he found an Indian town of considerable importance, named Stadacona, at this strategic point, and had some parley with its people. But it was not until 1608 that Champlain laid the foundation of the city to which he gave the name of Quebec.

For a century and a half it was the centre of French trade and civilization, as well as of the Roman Catholic Missions in North America, and then Wolfe paid for its capture with his own life. In 1763 the Treaty of Paris confirmed Great Britain in the possession of all Canada, and Quebec has ever since been under the British flag.

Nevertheless, it has remained in many respects a French city, and it is this very fact which constitutes one of its chief attractions to the legions of tourists and visitors which flock to it every year.

It is not germane to the purpose of this article to recount the profoundly interesting history of Quebec, or to dilate on the wonderful beauty of its scenic surroundings, difficult as it is to resist the temptation to do so. The city has its practical, as well as its picturesque and historic, aspect, and to this shall our attention be confined.

No port in North America can compare with Quebec in facilities for the handling and shipment of timber, and this branch of business has always been of great importance. It was at its zenith about a quarter of a century ago when in one season no less than 20,000,000 cubic feet of white pine were exported.

Since then this trade has declined very considerably, but the increase in the shipments of deals and boards has about made up for it, so that probably as great a quantity is now going from Quebec across the ocean as ever.

The demand for square and waney timber continues good, and the total shipments, including oak, birch, ash, and elm, foot up about 6,000,000 cubic feet per annum, while the prices have ruled exceptionally high for several seasons past. Among the most prominent firms engaged in the timber export are: Dobell, Beckett & Co., the MacArthur Export Co., Price Bros., and W. & J. Sharples.

There is another product of the forest, in regard to which Quebec holds a high place, namely, the fur trade. Fur-bearing animals and big trees are usually found together, and what the firms just mentioned are to the lumber business, such firms as Holt, Renfrew & Co., and Laliberte & Co. are to the fur business. They are among the leaders in Canada.

Vying with wood in the value, if not in the bulk, of its product, is the business of manufacturing boots and shoes, which is favored at Quebec by the abundance of labor obtainable at a reasonable rate, and the modest imposts for taxes. There are nearly two score of factories, many of them of great size, and the boots they put on the market bear a high reputation. Messrs. W. A. Marsh & Co, The John Ritchie Co., Goulet & Garant, Jobin & Rochette, and Derome & O'Brien, are some of the leading

houses, and, together with their confreres, they take good care that in regard to equipment and adaptation to modern requirements, they shall be fully abreast of the times.

One branch of manufacture in which Quebec stands alone among Canadian cities is that of munitions of war. On the Cove Fields, near the Dominion Citadel, stands the Ross Rifle Factory, in which a distinctly Canadian arm of great excellence is being produced, wherewith, in course of time, the militia will be supplied. The Ross Straight Pull Magazine Repeating Rifles are believed to be without superior in the world, and already five hundred men are employed turning them out, the demand being such as to foreshadow an early doubling of the number.

A cartridge factory, shell factory, artillery workshop and foundry, all conducted by the Dominion Government, are equipped with the most modern and scientific appliances for their peculiar product, and as it is the wise policy of the Government to employ local labor so far as possible, these institutions afford an opportunity for breadwinners that is fully appreciated.

The situation of Quebec for mercantile purposes is so favorable that it is not very easy to understand why she has not retained the supremacy she once held. In view of the rapidly increasing size and draught of ocean steamers, there is no doubt, however, that she must become a more important port of call. The harbor of Quebec can be entered or left at any hour of the day or night for the greater part of the year, and, by the employment of those ice-breakers so successful in Russia, could be kept open all winter.

In view of this the proposed improvements of the harbor, although they will entail a very large expenditure, may be readily justified, especially when it is considered that for seven months of the year Quebec will be the Atlantic terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Although the wharf and dock facilities are considered, so far as their accommodation reaches, equal to those of any harbor on the continent, comprising, as they do, the Princess Louise Docks, the Quebec Graving Dock, the Tidal Harbor, and Point-a-

Carcy Pier, covering altogether about fifty acres, the contemplated extension of the system will add an outer or tidal dock with a water area of twenty acres, and an inner or wet dock of fifty acres, both docks accommodating vessels having as deep a draught as forty feet.

When these additions are completed, and the broad river channel from the city to the ocean is made as safe as it can without difficulty be made, Quebec will be able to offer such accommodation for shipping as cannot be surpassed on the Atlantic coast.

In regard to transportation by land Quebec is exceedingly well provided. The Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, Intercolonial, Quebec Central, Quebec and Lake St. John and the Great Northern all have terminal points in the city, and when the splendid cantilever bridge, now in course of construction over the narrowest part of the St. Lawrence, a few miles west of the city, is completed, the perfect connection thus afforded with the south shore of the river will be of immense advantage.

This bridge, whose central span of 1,800 feet will be the longest in the world, will have a total length of 3,300 feet and will give a clear headway of 150 feet above the highest tides, so that it will take rank among the greatest structures of its kind on the globe.

Of banking facilities, the Quebec merchants have no lack. Three banks have their headquarters here, the Quebec Bank, the Union Bank and the Banque Nationale, while the Bank of Montreal, The Merchants' Bank, the Molsons and Hochelaga Banks, also of Montreal, and the People's Bank of Halifax, have branches in the city. The Quebec Bank, with a paid-up capital of \$2,500,000, and deposits exceeding \$7,000,000, is the most important of the home institutions.

A city which is so favorable a resort with tourists, particularly in the summer and winter seasons, must needs be well provided with hotel accommodation. In the superb Chateau Frontenac, with its wonderful situation upon the lofty Dufferin Terrace, where it commands a panorama of unrivalled scenic beauty, Quebec possesses a hotel

which, to quote the phrase of Artemus Ward, is "equalled by few and excelled by none in the world."

The new St. Louis is a successful modernization of the famous old hostelry which for generations entertained guests from all quarters of the globe, and there are also the Clarendon, the Blanchard and others that look well after the comfort of their patrons.

A recent and important addition to the attractions of Quebec is the Auditorium, unquestionably one of the best-appointed opera-houses in Canada, whereof Mr. A. J. Small, of the Grand Opera House, Toronto, is the lessee, the Auditorium forming one of the Canadian circuit of opera-houses under his management.

The municipal affairs of Quebec are under the charge of a council, composed of the Mayor and thirty aldermen, there being ten wards, each having three representatives. As may be supposed, the great majority of the aldermen are French, but there are a few whose names betoken English or Irish extraction.

Hon. S. N. Parent, the present Mayor, who is also the Premier of the Province, and in every way a notably fine type of his race, enjoys the remarkable record of having been re-elected year after year since 1894, and to judge from his popularity, he may continue to fill the chair just so long as he is willing.

A glance at the financial history of the city affords at once a very satisfactory explanation of Mr. Parent's continuance in office. Going as far back as 1875, we find that over-expenditures were the rule. Between that year and 1894, the expenses exceeded the appropriations in amounts varying from \$10,000 to over \$100,000 per annum, the total for the whole period being more than \$1,000,000.

But with 1894, and the advent of Mr. Parent there came a change for the better. Instead of over-expenditure, surpluses appeared, not very large, of course, but eminently creditable, that for the year 1902-3 being nearly \$15,000.

The total revenue for the city for the year 1902-3 was \$693,352.09, and the total

expenditure, \$678,784.84. This was raised by assessment upon property valued for the purpose at \$20,211,390. In addition to this \$7,500,000 worth of property was exempt from taxation, because devoted to religious, charitable, or educational purposes.

The debt of the city is somewhat in excess of \$8,000,000, a large part of it being held in England, and the balance in Canada and New York. Considering the size of the city, the needs of the population, now above sixty thousand, and the expensive character of many of the public works, owing to the peculiarity of the city's situation, this debt is certainly not an excessive one, and can be easily borne by the municipality.

As the political capital of the Province, Quebec is, of course, the place of meeting of the Legislature, and, among the many fine structures which adorn the city, the Legislative Buildings, standing high upon the hillside, hold a distinctive place. The bicameral system, long discarded in Ontario, is retained here. There is both a Legislative Council and a Legislative Assembly, the former having twenty-five members, and the latter seventy-two.

The Cabinet, over which Mr. S. N. Parent presides as Premier, comprises six members, and is of the Liberal complexion. The Legislature meets annually, and the session usually lasts for a couple of months.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, at present the Hon. L. A. Jette, is in residence at Spencerwood, an exceedingly comfortable, if not particularly imposing, establishment, in convenient proximity to the city, where abundant hospitality is dispensed.

It is also the usual thing for the Governor-General to spend a part of each summer at Quebec, suites of apartments in the Citadel being maintained for the purpose, and, during his stay, the social gaiety of the capital is, of course, at its height.

Until recently, Quebec was sadly deficient in facilities for the transportation of the public, and the unique vehicle, called a *caleche*, which bore so striking a resemblance to the famous Parson's "one hoss shay," was a prominent feature of the streets. But the solution of the problems presented by her steep hill was only a ques-

tion of time, and now she rejoices in an excellent street railway system, operated by electric power generated at the Montmorency Falls, and the caleche remains only as an interesting relic of other days.

There was a time when the rapid growth of Montreal, combined with other causes, such as labor troubles and the like, seemed to threaten the future of Quebec. It was freely predicted that her day was irretrievably past, and that she would be only a tourists rendezvous. But of late there has been a decided change in the atmosphere. The continued increase in the tonnage of the ocean steamships rendering it impracticable for them to go up to, or come away from, Montreal with full cargoes, so that a portion must be landed or

taken on at Quebec; the vast improvements being effected in the docking accommodation, the construction of the great bridge across the St. Lawrence just above the city, and, finally, the selection of Quebec as a terminal point of the new transcontinental line, the Grand Trunk Pacific—not to forget the prospect of its bearing the same relation to the third transcontinental enterprise, the Canadian Northern—these all constitute assurance of the dawning of a new day that shall more than redress the balance of the old.

Manifestly, Quebec must ever continue to be what she has been, to wit, one of the brightest jewels in the crown of Empire, and an important factor in the destiny of the Dominion.

MARCH.

When comes a softness in the air
And buds begin to swell,
And subtle tokens here and there
The coming change foretell;

When one discerns a brighter tinge
Along the brook hard by,
A thickening of the willow's fringe
Outlined against the sky;

And when the birds have come once more
A careless, happy throng—
O, never was such joy before,
Such ecstasy of song!

When all the little wayside brooks
Make music as they flow,
And in the woods the sweet wild things
Begin again to grow;

When all at once some happy day
Hepaticas are found
That hardily have pushed their way
Through damp and chilly ground—

O then within my heart there spring
The old sweet hopes anew—
O haste the summer days that bring
Me happiness, and you!

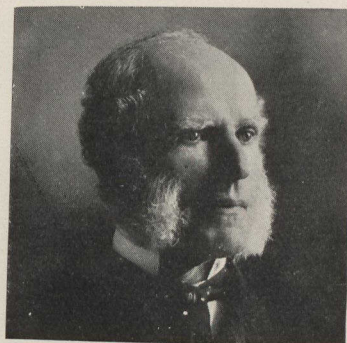
HELEN A. SAXON.



HON. V. W. LA RUE, M.P.
(Legislat ve Councillor)



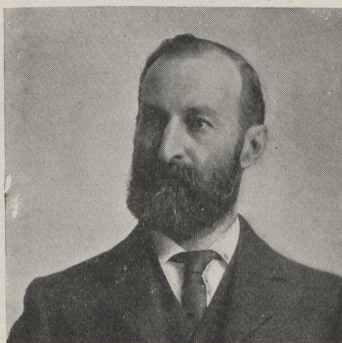
HON. R. TURNER
(Legislative Councillor)



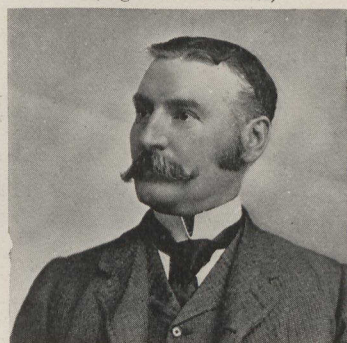
HON. P. GARNEAU
(Legislative Councillor)



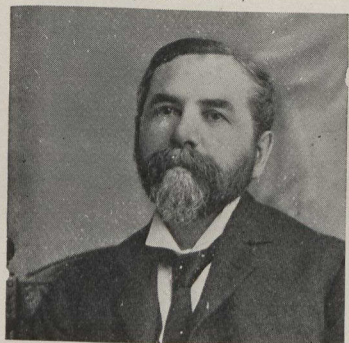
EDSON FITCH, ESQ.
(Manufacturer)



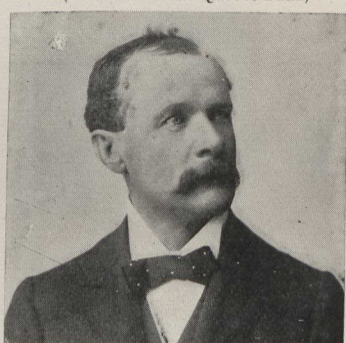
JOHN BEAKEY, ESQ.
(President of the Quebec Bank)



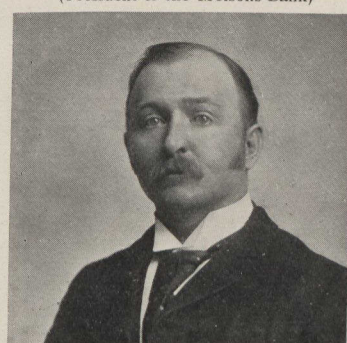
WILLIAM MACPHERSON
(President of the Molsons Bank)



HON. N. GARNEAU
(Legislative Councillor)



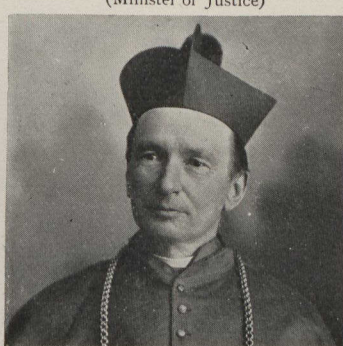
HON. CHAS. FITZPATRICK, K.C.
(Minister of Justice)



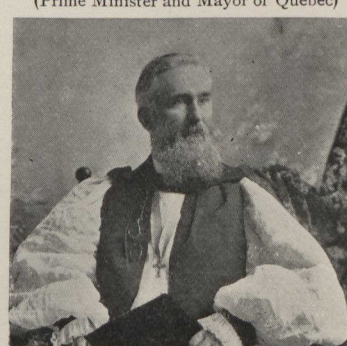
HON. S. N. PARENT
(Prime Minister and Mayor of Quebec)



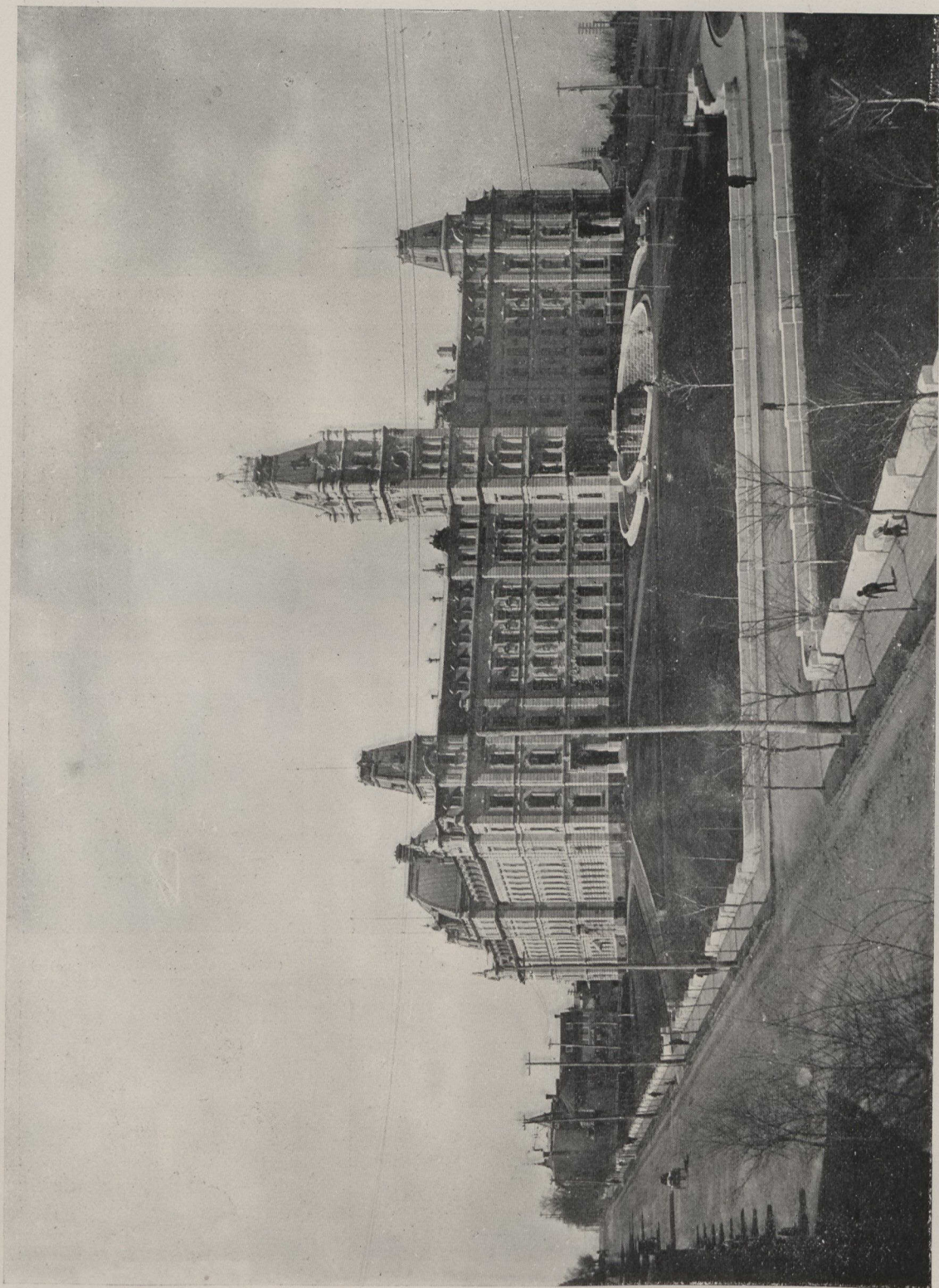
LORD O. E. MATHIEU
(Rector of the Laval University)



HIS GRACE L. N. BÉGIN
(Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec)



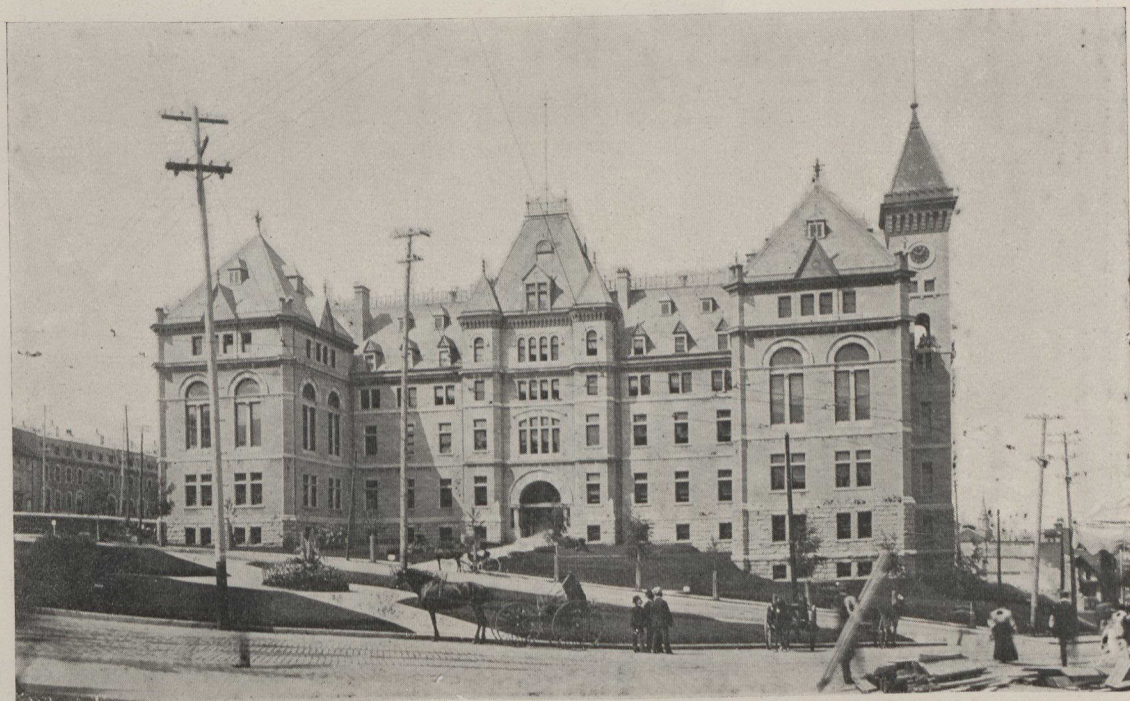
DEAN WILLIAMS
(The Lord Bishop of Quebec)



PARLIAMENT HOUSE—QUEBEC



CITY HALL—QUEBEC.



PLACE DE ARMS—QUEBEC.



TERRACE AND CHATEAU—QUEBEC.



QUEBEC—FROM LEVIS.



BASILICA—QUEBEC.



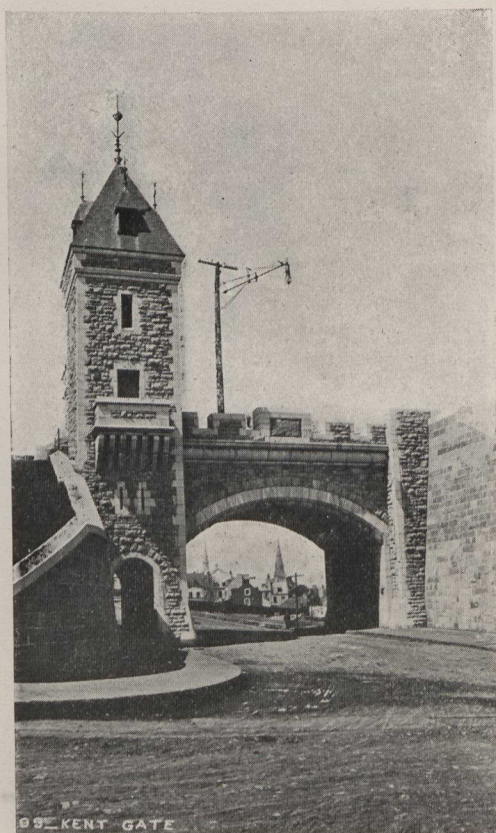
BASILICA, INTERIOR—QUEBEC.



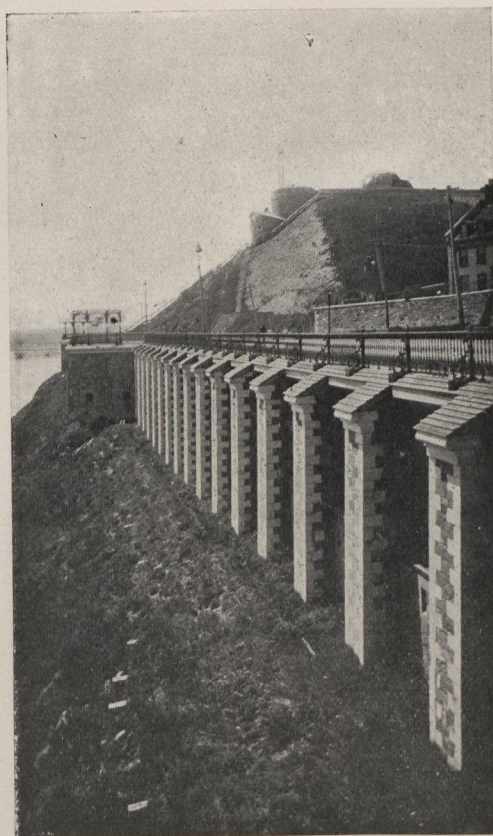
NOTRE DAME DE LA VICTOIRE.



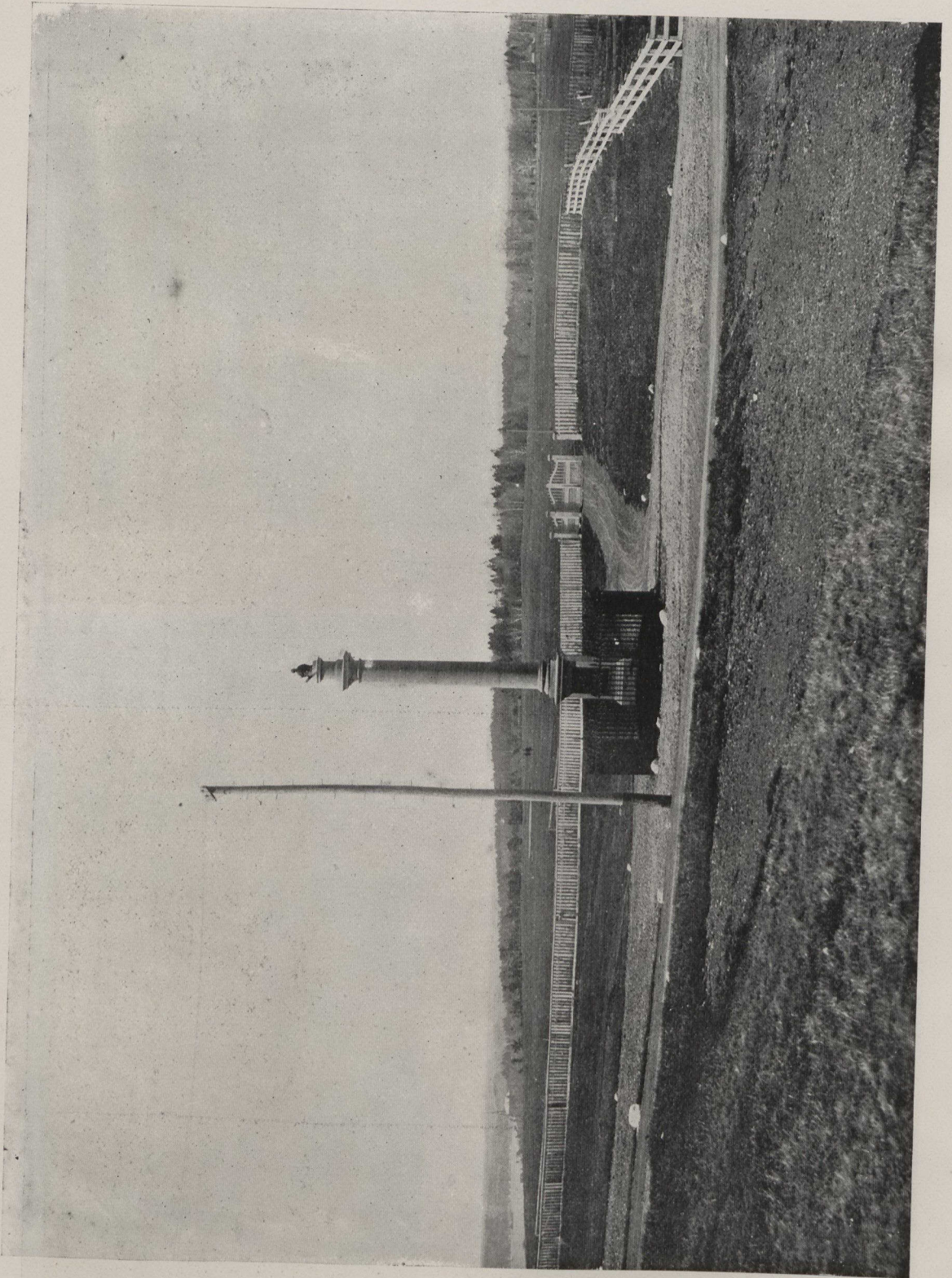
ST. LOUIS GATE—QUEBEC.



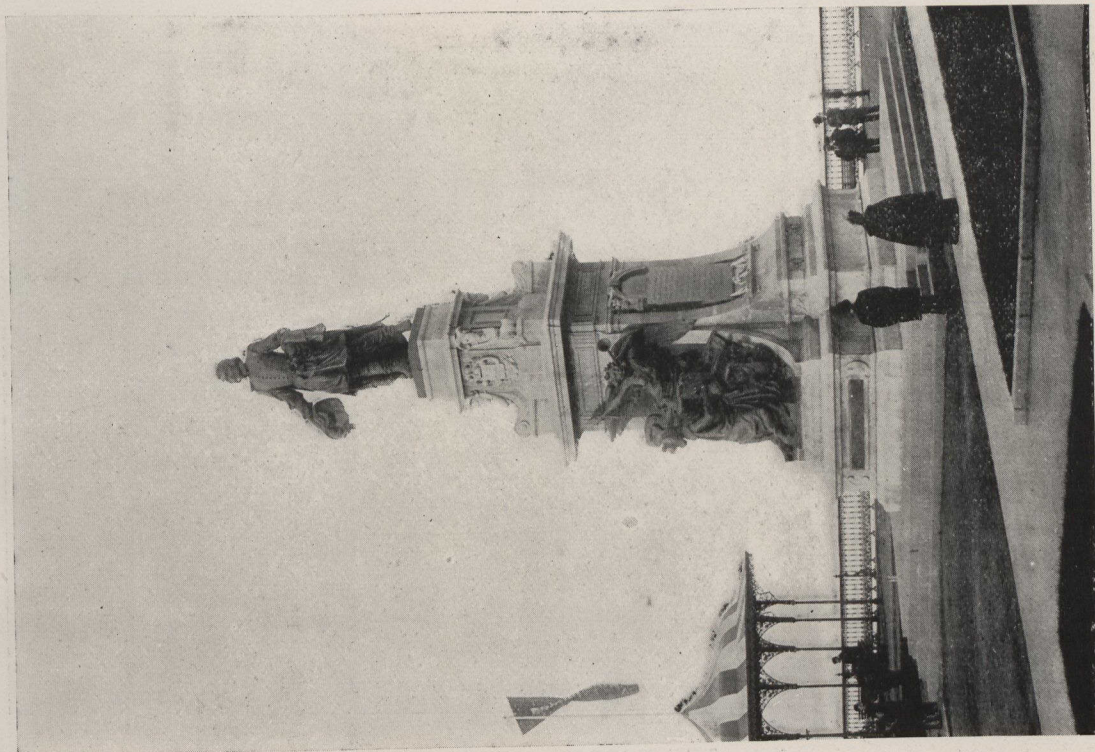
KENT GATE—QUEBEC.



DUFFERIN TERRACE AND CITADEL—QUEBEC.



PLAINS OF ABRAHAM—QUEBEC.



MONUMENT CHAMPLAIN—QUEBEC.



WOLFE MONUMENT—QUEBEC.



THE HARBOR—QUEBEC.



CITADEL FROM HARBOR—QUEBEC.



ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AT QUEBEC—LOOKING TOWARD THE LEVIS SHORE.



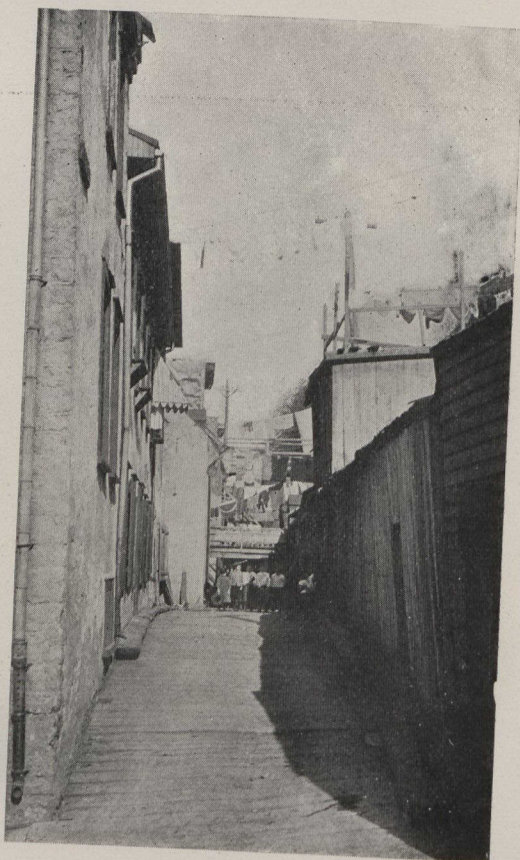
LOOKING DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE FROM DUFFERIN TERRACE—QUEBEC.



CALECHE—QUEBEC.



PETIT CHAMPLAIN—QUEBEC.



SOUS LE CAP—QUEBEC.



THE HARBOR FROM PARLIAMENT HILL—QUEBEC.



MONTCALM MONUMENT—QUEBEC.

This is Red Seal Coated Paper made by Ritchie & Ramsay, Toronto



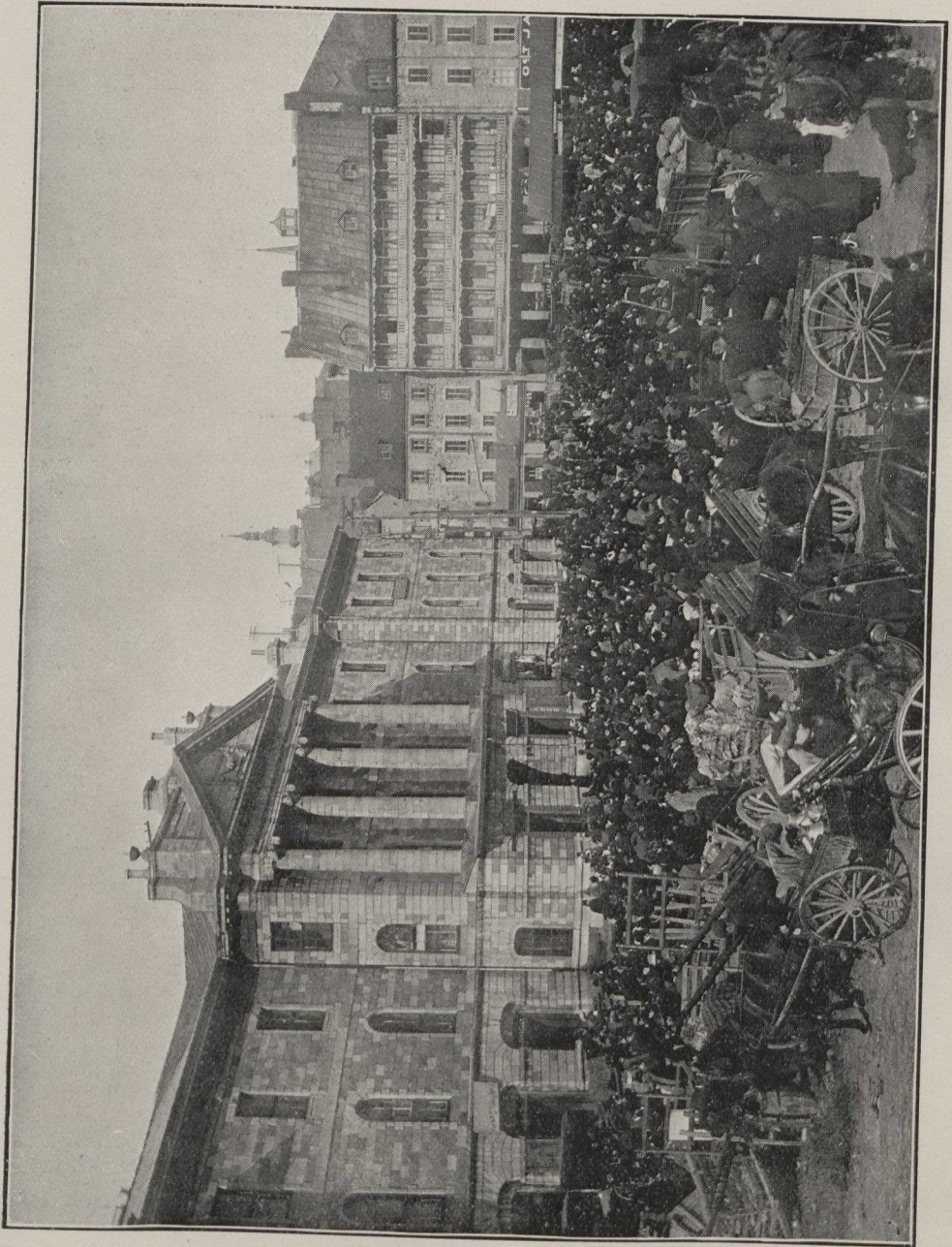
MONTMORENCY FALLS—NEAR QUEBEC.



CHATEAU FRONTENAC—QUEBEC.



NATURAL STEPS—QUEBEC.



CHAMPLAIN MARKET—QUEBEC.

We have witnessed the happy phenomenon within recent years of the end of what we used to call "the exodus." At all events, I think we can claim that at this moment Canadian children are staying on Canadian soil. For more than sixty years the current of population flowed from the north to the south, but now, happily, that has been stopped. We are not only keeping our own people within the Dominion, but are increasing our population by drawing upon the country to the south. The more I advance in life—and I am no longer a young man—the more I thank Providence that my birth took place in this fair land of Canada. Canada has been modest in its history, although its history is heroic in many ways. But its history, in my estimation, is only commencing. It is commencing in this century. The nineteenth century will prove to be the century of the United States. I think we can claim that it is Canada that shall fill the twentieth century.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

MARKED MISSING AT LLOYDS

By C. FREDERICK PAUL

CHAPTER I.

LOOK out for man calling himself James Melton, suspected of being Spanish secret agent. We desire sufficient evidence to ask for his expulsion from Canada. Is known to have almost unlimited means, and so far has shown no apparent desire to keep his movements a secret. Antecedents not definitely known. Is between forty-five and fifty, medium height, dark grey eyes, hair slightly grey. Fluent, well educated, good appearance and manners. Poses as a tourist, and will probably be found at one of the best hotels. Will advise further by letter. If you need help wire.

(Signed) _____."

Such was the telegram received by John Forrester, Chief of the Metropolitan Detective Agency, on the second day of May, 1898, from the United States Secret Service Department, Washington, and which ultimately led to the unearthing of one of the most remarkable plots in the history of the continent.

In the course of a long and fairly successful career, Forrester had handled cases which ran the gamut from common thieves to desperate adventurers, but he had yet to see the man who could approach James Melton in boldness, determination or finesse.

It is well to state at the outset that the making or unmaking of this remarkable plot was entirely beyond John Forrester's control, for while he was a witness of the affair through its most exciting moments, he was unable to lift so much as a finger to prevent it. There are certain mysteries about the whole adventure which have never been solved, and to this day the United States authorities are as much in the dark as is the Chief of the Metropolitan Agency. Perhaps the narrative so far as came within Forrester's knowledge may be the means of unravelling a few of the tangled ends. In any event a concise statement of the facts can result in no harm at this late day.

It will be remembered that in the spring of 1898 Canada was greeted with an influx of Spaniards, who managed during the progress of the Spanish-American war to keep the United States Secret Service authorities fairly well occupied, and it will also be remembered that the British Government, under pressure from Washington, eventually obliged a number of these men to quit the continent. It was while the United States officers were still dogging Caranza and other Spaniards, who had located in Montreal, that Forrester received the foregoing telegram.

A round of the hotels located Melton at the Windsor, where he had arrived that very morning from New York. The Agency's best shadow was placed in the man's wake, but nothing developed during the day. Toward evening the shadow reported at headquarters that the visitor had received a telegram, had purchased a railway ticket and berth for Quebec, and evidently intended leaving for that city the same evening. Forrester instructed the shadow to keep with his man until they arrived at the station, when he would take up the trail himself, leaving a couple of men to follow to Quebec later on. Thus began the detective's personal acquaintance with Mr. James Melton.

Forrester found little difficulty in obtaining accommodation in the same car, and during the evening the two men met in the smoking compartment, thus giving the detective an opportunity of viewing Melton for the first time at close range. In the morning they were, together with other passengers, driven to the Chateau Frontenac. At the office, Melton received a letter inscribed on a single sheet of hotel paper, and from what Forrester could see a few feet away, it did not contain more than a half-dozen lines.

The day brought no developments. If Melton was playing the tourist he was doing it well.

It was toward eight o'clock that evening

when the suspect left the dining-room, lit a fragrant cigar, and sauntered out on the esplanade. The beauty of the scene evidently made its impression, for he gazed long at the frowning battlements of old Quebec, grim and grey and indistinct in the half light—a lasting monument to old France in the New World. Deep down below he saw in faint outline the buildings of the Lower Town, while out beyond, the broad St. Lawrence cast back the thousand city lights.

Melton walked over slowly to where Forrester leaned against the railing.

“Good evening, Mr. Foster,” said he (Forrester had so registered). “A fine picture this,” he continued, in a voice of wonderful sweetness. “In all my travels I have seen nothing to compare with it. Those old French had an idea of the beautiful.”

So they talked on for a half hour. Then Melton bade Forrester a cordial good-night. Five minutes later he was driving away in a carriage. Forrester ordered another and drove after. At the Louise Basin, Melton alighted, paid his cabman, walked rapidly down the pier to where a steamer lay, and disappeared on board. The vessel was apparently of about a thousand tons. She was long and sharp in the bow, and carried two rakish masts, and a large funnel, upon the side of which the steam valve busily popped. The vessel was the *Alta*, Forrester learned from a hanger-on. She had arrived that morning from the Gulf, and was now coaling, the idea being apparently to move out shortly. Whether she was bound down the Gulf or up the river his informant could not say.

From in among the coal handlers the detective walked on board, and stood apparently taken up with the picture of the men, who were working like beavers getting the fuel into the bowels of the ship through the black coal hole.

There was a large deck-house aft, he noticed, but there was no indication of a light within. Here and there men lounged about the deck, all in natty uniforms, the word “*Alta*” blocked out conspicuously upon their caps. In the meantime he had no trace of Melton, and, growing impatient, strode off the length of the deck. Forrester

had reached the stern, and was about to retrace his steps, when he was approached by a tall man in uniform, who touched his cap with sailor-like politeness, and inquired if the detective was looking for any one. Forrester had scarcely framed his lips for a reply, when he found his arms pinioned to his sides in a steely grip, and something heavy with the odor of drugs was forced over his head. For a time he fought like a tiger, but those vice-like arms never relaxed. Slowly, but surely, the stifling drug had its effect, and the detective was in a dreamless sleep.

That he was flat on his back, was Forrester’s first impression when he regained consciousness, and then he moved his hands only to find the wrists encircled by a pair of hand-cuffs which had previously rested in his own hip-pocket. He next realized that the steamer was moving—there was the dull vibration of machinery and the throbbing of the screw as it cut the water. Beyond this, no sounds penetrated the deck-house. Half-hidden in the hangings, the electric bulbs cast a soft light about the apartment, which was furnished with all the luxury of the East. Upon the floor and walls were rich rugs and rare hangings, while here and there quaint and beautifully carved bits of furniture were to be seen.

A moment’s examination satisfied Forrester that he was a close prisoner, for the walls behind the hangings were of steel and the window shutters also of metal, were securely locked from the outside. The detective’s inspection was interrupted by the grinding of a key in the door, and the sunlight burst into the room as it opened to admit the tall figure of the man who had been the chief actor in his undoing the previous evening. The officer was followed by a burly African who carried a tray containing a carefully prepared breakfast.

“What do you mean by treating me in this manner?” demanded the infuriated Forrester.

“You will have to ask Mr. Melton,” was the quiet response.

“Where is this man Melton?” said the detective, walking over toward the grim-looking officer, who backed away a yard or

so, slipping his hand into the side pocket of his jacket as he moved.

"You will see Mr. Melton all in good time," came the unruffled reply. "I came to ascertain if you desired breakfast. Put it on the table, Sam," he added. The servant did so, and disappeared.

"Where is this vessel going?" was Forrester's next question.

"On a voyage," was the brief reply.

"But where to, and why am I a prisoner here?" persisted the now desperate man, who had worked himself into a frenzy.

"Better ask Mr. Melton, as I said before, I am under his orders," was the only reply from the ship's officer.

"Damn your Mr. Melton," retorted Forrester.

"Right, sir," said the man in uniform with mock gravity, as he backed swiftly out of the deck-house, slamming and locking the door after him.

In spite of the excellent meal which had been provided, and the good cheer which Forrester discovered in one of the various lockers, and which he managed to take advantage of notwithstanding his imprisoned wrists, the day seemed shod with leaden shoes, and for many months afterward the detective remembered those twelve hours.

But at last the day wore away, and, early that evening, the door again opened, this time to admit James Melton, and close upon his heels the man with whom Forrester had had his morning interview.

"Good evening, Mr. Forrester," was Melton's greeting, with a good deal of emphasis upon the name.

The detective remained standing in the centre of the apartment, a sullen frown upon his face. Melton seated himself in a big easy chair near the centre table, while the third man stood with folded arms, his back to the door.

For a few seconds Melton and Forrester surveyed each other in silence, as if taking one another's mental measurements.

Finally Melton, waving his hand toward the officer who stood silently by, said: "I believe you two gentlemen have not had the pleasure of a formal introduction. Captain Campbell, this is Mr. John Forrester, Chief of the Metropolitan Detective Agency."

There was just the faintest suspicion of a smile upon Melton's face, and the ship's officer bowed grimly.

Forrester was straining every effort to keep cool, and his training was standing him in good stead.

"Would you mind telling me where we are, and what your intentions are regarding me?" inquired the detective, in as quiet a manner as he could assume.

"Certainly, we will talk that all over. But first Captain Campbell will remove those handcuffs. I take it that you will attempt nothing?"

Campbell stepped forward, removed the handcuffs, indicated a chair for the detective, and resumed his station near the door.

Melton then continued: "In answer to your first question, I may say that we dropped our pilot and left Father Point behind a good two hours ago."

"Then we are bound down the Gulf?" inquired Forrester.

"Exactly," said Melton, who looked provokingly at ease in his natty yachting suit of blue.

"The answer to your other question depends largely upon yourself," he continued. "We will speak plainly. Of course I know who you are, and I am also aware of your orders from the United States Secret Service."

Melton paused for a moment, sat well back in his chair, surveyed his prisoner intently and resumed: "You find yourself in a difficult position, and all for not minding your own affairs. You are decidedly an unwelcome guest on board this yacht, but now that you are here, you must stay—at least for the present. It would be well had you not followed me last night, Forrester!"

"What is your intention—murder?" broke in the detective.

"The situation is hardly one that demands the use of such a word, though to be quite frank, I would order you to be dropped overboard rather than have you interfere with this particular mission of mine!"

For a moment there was a steely glitter in Melton's eyes, and Forrester felt that the man spoke the truth.

The mood passed, however, and soon Melton was talking on, a smile playing

about his lips. He said: "My experience has led me to believe that any secret service serves best those who pay most, and in proof of this I might mention that a copy of the telegram you received from Washington was in my hands before I reached Montreal. I also had your description, so when we met in the smoking compartment of that car I felt the game pretty much in my own hands. It was not my wish that you should come on board this yacht, but once here it is necessary that you should be detained."

Melton offered a cigar, lit one himself, and resumed: "It is also necessary that we should come to a complete understanding, and I must make my own terms, much as you would do were our positions reversed. The expedition upon which I am engaged is of some importance, at least to the interests I represent, and must not under any circumstances be interfered with. I must require that while on this yacht you hear nothing, see nothing, and know nothing; and, finally, that any knowledge which may come to you shall be held sacred for at least two years from this date, and even then I would advise that it be used sparingly."

"I understand what you mean," said Forrester. "But if I refuse to accept these terms?"

"Then I will be obliged to give you a berth in the strong room down below. Not pleasant quarters, I can assure you," replied Melton.

"And after that?" questioned the detective.

"That depends," was the answer.

It was some time before Forrester spoke again. He must weigh the matter. It would be the height of folly to attempt to interfere with this masterful man and his strange enterprise, which seemed like a seventeenth century piratical cruise, and, after all, there was something attractive about it to the man with drops of red blood in his veins. On the other hand, was he doing his duty to his employers? In any event, he could gain nothing by becoming a prisoner in the hold of the *Alta*.

"I have concluded," said Forrester, finally, "to accept your terms, there being practically no alternative."

One by one the obligations were repeated by Melton, to be solemnly sworn to by Forrester, and witnessed by Campbell.

CHAPTER II.

Forrester was leaning on the *Alta's* rail, protected from the wind by the deck-house which had been his prison the first twenty-four hours on board. A week had passed since that eventful night at Quebec, and the yacht was bowling along steadily at seventeen knots, as Captain Campbell informed him. Had it not been for the ridiculous position in which he was placed, the detective would have been more than half inclined to thoroughly enjoy the voyage. He was a plain man, and had never dreamed of such luxurious travelling. The appointments of the *Alta* were well-nigh perfect, while the yacht herself was a beautiful sea-boat. She carried a crew of upward of a hundred, and a strange mixture he found them. The men were apparently gathered from the four corners of the earth, adventurers of the simon pure type; yet under perfect control, for the vessel's affairs were conducted with all the regularity and decorum of a man-of-war. Campbell, who was in reality chief executive officer, was a fine type of seaman, a stern disciplinarian, who compelled obedience under any and all circumstances. He took his orders from Melton, whom he treated with a respect which was absolute and unqualified. The first officer was a tall, gaunt Spaniard, whom they called Carlos. He was a man as brief in speech as Campbell himself. The second officer was a big, smiling, good-natured German, with a distinct military air. The chief engineer, who had received his earlier training in one of the great shops of Pennsylvania, and who loved his engines as he would his sweetheart, was looked upon by his brother officers as a man of marked ability. He believed, and not without some reason, that the *Alta* was the fastest vessel of her inches on the Atlantic.

Advantage was being taken of the fine weather. The hatch amidships was opened, a donkey engine rigged, and the crew proceeded to get a number of pieces of artillery

on deck under the immediate eye of Schmidt, the second officer. The guns were six in number, and included two long three-inch rifles of the latest French pattern, two one-pounders, and two Gatlings. The larger guns were placed forward and aft as bow and stern chasers, while the one-pounders were located along with the Gatlings in the waist of the ship. The mountings for these guns were already in place, but had been so cunningly concealed that they had failed to attract the detective's attention. Steel shields for the protection of the gunners were also hoisted out of the hold, while heavy plates were riveted and bolted about the exposed sides of the deck-house, making that portion of the *Alta* practically impregnable from small arms, Gatlings and artillery of this character. When in place, these plates were painted and repainted, until it was not easy to discover their presence. The guns were then so placed that while ready for almost instant use, they could not be discerned a hundred feet away on the water side of the yacht.

All this unusual procedure interested Forrester immensely, but at the same time he was no wiser than at the beginning of the voyage. The officers with whom he came in contact proved absolutely uncommunicative upon all topics respecting the vessel, her crew or their ultimate destination.

Cape Race was now well astern, and the *Alta* was given a course almost due south. Melton's first question upon coming on deck early that morning was whether there was a steamer in sight, and, upon being told that there was not even a shred of smoke on the horizon, he ordered that the men be given some practice with the guns. Schmidt at once took charge, and it was easy to see that this was his particular line.

The covers were off the guns in an instant, and the ammunition up from below. There was no excitement and no haste. Each gun crew took its position, and under the immediate direction of Schmidt, a number of cases, which at one time or another had contained rifles, were thrown overboard. Soon the order was given, and the two Gatlings opened fire. More boxes went into the sea, and the one-pounders were tried. Next, the crew of the after three-inch gun

had an opportunity to test their skill, and, finally, the course of the yacht was altered so as to bring the forward gun within range. Marine glass in hand, Melton inspected the work of his gunners from the bridge, while big Schmidt appeared to be everywhere at once, swearing in the tongue of his Fatherland, when the crew of the after gun failed to score on the box, which bobbed along on the crest of the swell.

"Very good practice, the men did excellent work!" was Melton's comment to the second officer, who came forward puffing from his exertions.

"I never see better outside Germany!" was Schmidt's proud admission.

The crew were twice more put to the guns, and the next day the hatch was again raised, and the entire war-like equipment sent below. Every trace of armament disappeared like magic, and the intentions of this strange vessel, and her still stranger crew, became every moment more of an enigma to the detective. He scanned the horizon for a possible solution, but they appeared to be all alone on the Atlantic. The answer came, however, for within three hours the look-out announced, "Land ahead," and Melton informed Forrester that these were the Bermudas, that they would coal there, and then proceed on their voyage.

With the calmness and assurance of a man who was master of the situation, Melton stood on the bridge, along with the pilot, while the *Alta*, flying the Union Jack and the pennant of the Royal Yacht Club, steamed into Hamilton harbor.

"We want all the coal the yacht has room for, Campbell," said Melton, as the two watched the yacht being warped up to the pier. "Tell them we have barely a hundred tons on board—tell them anything, so long as we get it. And remember we are bound for the Mediterranean, for the Mediterranean, you understand? Report the vessel, and get your clearance papers—there must be no delay."

Melton next sent for the first officer. "Carlos," said he, "no one is to go ashore, no one."

"Right, sir," was the brief reply.

Melton then left the *Alta* and proceeded

straight to the cable office, where a long cipher despatch was awaiting him. This he read with great care, penned a reply to New York, and returned to the steamer.

"What news?" was Campbell's question when Melton stepped on board.

"How about coal?" said Melton, with an anxious tone in his voice.

"All we can take," was the reply.

Melton's face lit up. "Matters could not be more favorable," said he. "Conklyn is on the spot, and his information is that Sampson's squadron has sailed from Key West looking for Cervera's fleet. Here's hoping that he may have a long look," he added, as he pulled the cork of a French Vichy bottle.

"What vessels has he with him?" asked Campbell.

James Melton produced the cablegram, along with a tiny cipher code, and read: "New York, Iowa, Indiana, Puritan, Cincinnati, Mayflower, Marblehead, and a couple of small craft that don't count."

"Not one as fast as we are," was the captain's comment.

"If Sampson will only keep to the Cuban coast for a few days and not unearth Cervera, which my information says he is not likely to do for some little time to come, it is about all we could wish for just at present," was Melton's parting remark, as he left Campbell.

The following day, the *Alta* was under way, shaping her course for the Mediterranean until the last of the low-lying Bermudas were lost to view on the sky-line.

Forrester then beheld the yacht undergoing a strange transformation. The sea was calm, and the semi-tropical sun glared down on a full fifty men painting with might and main. The *Alta* had been a beautiful white from stem to stern. Now she was becoming a dead black as fast as fifty brushes could do the work. Long yards were being rigged to the rakish masts, and sails were being bent. Aft a still stranger proceeding was being enacted. Under the immediate direction of Campbell, one of the life-boats, with the name *Alta* conspicuous upon its bow, was swung free, the falls cut, and the craft allowed to plunge overboard. A couple of oars were thrown after the boat, and Carlos

added a pair of life-buoys, hurling them far out astern, saying, as he did so: "There goes the last of the *Alta*!"

"Gone down with all on board," remarked Melton, with a quiet laugh, as his eyes followed the fast-disappearing life-boat and the bobbing buoys.

The yacht, which was now so fast losing her identity, was brought on to a south-westerly course. The next day the guns were once more in place, and she was an armed craft of a dangerous class. Plenty of teeth, a well-trained crew, and competent officers—she could fight hard, and run fast, if necessary.

In vain Forrester looked for her flag. She still flew the peaceful pennant of the Royal Yacht Club.

The third morning following the life-boat incident everyone was astir early. Melton, Campbell, and a Mr. Harkins who, up to this time, had taken no part in the management of affairs on board, held a long conference in the chart-room. The noon observations were checked with more than ordinary care, and, upon hearing the result, Harkins directed that they let go the log which had been attached to the stern rail, the vessel proceeding at moderate speed. Two sailors then lugged to the stern of the vessel what, to Forrester's inexperienced eye, seemed to be a four-pronged anchor, or four large pot-hooks tied back to back. To this grapnel, for such it was, they fastened the end of an immense reel of line. At five o'clock that afternoon the engines were stopped, and, under the direction of Harkins, the grapnel was hove overboard.

As the line spun out, the first officer called out the fathoms in dry monotonous tones:

"Forty-seven," he sang out at last, and the line stopped running.

"That's the right depth!" exclaimed Harkins. "We should find her along here. This ridge runs on for a couple of miles, and then drops to one hundred and fifty fathoms. I know the place well. We repaired the cable here a year ago."

"It's a cable they are after," muttered the puzzled Forrester, who stood a silent spectator to the scene.

The engine-room bell clanged, and the yacht moved slowly, very slowly forward.

Presently there was a sharp tug on the line. Again the bell clanged, and all headway was stopped. It was not the cable they had caught, but something else on the ocean's bottom. Once more the yacht forged ahead slowly. Harkins' eyes never left that line, which was slack one minute and taut the next, but it failed somehow to fetch what they were after.

In the meantime a strong south-west wind had sprung up and night, which follows day so closely in these latitudes that there is scarcely a touch of twilight, set in. The sky was pitch dark, with no moon, and no sign of a star in the heavens. Every light on board the yacht was ordered dowsed with the exception of one lantern for the men at the grapnel line. There were no pipes lit, and the crew talked in undertones.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Harkins at last.

Ting-ling rang the bell in the engine-room. The yacht's headway was stopped. Ting-ling again, and the reversing screw relieved the strain on the cable.

"Heave away, men! Heave for your lives! Steady now, steady! Feet out of that line, man! Do you want to go overboard?" came the orders one after the other from Harkins, as the lusty sailors slowly brought the cable to the surface. At last the gutta-percha tube, looking for all the world like a huge snake, was hove on board. An axe in the hands of one of the men soon had the cable in two parts, one of which was cast back to its resting-place under the waves. The other was lashed fast.

"Light on the starboard bow!" rang the voice of the look-out, sudden and distinct.

The echo which ran the length of the ship's deck was quite unnecessary, for all could see that slanting ray of brightness cutting the murky black.

"Man-of-war!" muttered Melton, between his teeth.

Schmidt went forward to his gun crews. Carlos was on the bridge.

"Bring out the buoy, and lash your cable to it. We may have to pitch her overboard," commanded Melton.

Like an immense sunbeam that search-light lit up the ocean here and there, and soon a second light joined the first.

"Giving the cubs practice," commented Campbell, breaking the silence.

"Or looking for us," grimly remarked Melton. "What do you make her out to be?" he added, after a moment's pause.

"Yankee or British," replied Campbell.

"Equally bad for us, considering we are tinkering with a British cable," said Melton, in a contemplative tone.

"Big enough to look after herself, or she wouldn't be spreading her lights about the horizon in that manner," said Campbell, who crossed the deck for a better view.

All this time the vessel was approaching, still Melton made no move.

"We are in range of those damned lights!" at last broke in the captain.

"They have skipped us so far, but perhaps there is no use of our taking chances," said Melton. "Our game will keep for a day, and besides a five-inch shell at this distance might interfere with our speed."

Harkins was thereupon ordered to throw the buoyed cable overboard, and the yacht cut into the dark, sultry night with those on board the warship none the wiser.

As the yacht sped away, Melton passed his arm through Forrester's, and led him into the cabin. The two men sat at the table where they had first met at the beginning of the voyage.

CHAPTER III.

Melton was for some time in deep thought. Finally he said: "You are a married man, Forrester? A wife, babies, and all that sort of thing?" And a wan smile played about the speaker's mouth, as if he too had known of such things in the long ago.

The detective nodded assent, and Melton continued: "Under the circumstances, I presume you would not object to parting company with us?"

Again Forrester nodded.

"We are now making toward the Island of New Providence. In the morning we will be off a little bay with which I am acquainted, and which is within easy distance of Nassau. From there you can go straight to New York, taking the steamer which is

due at Nassau day after to-morrow. In return for this I would like a letter delivered in New York City."

"And supposing I refuse to become a party to this adventure of yours. You will notice that I call it by a mild name," replied Forrester, sharply.

"Then I will find another messenger, and we will continue to enjoy your company," replied Melton, with a smile upon his lips. "I admit," he continued, "that this is asking a good deal of a man whom, I presume, I can still call my enemy."

"Not your enemy, James Melton, or whoever you are. Indeed, as strange as it may seem to you, I would almost give my right hand to see you out of this dirty business. I am bound by an oath to keep silence for two years to come. That I will do, but unless you can show me some justification for the actions of this vessel, her officers and crew, I am afraid that I cannot accept your proposition. For instance, the cutting of this cable to-night?"

There was strength and earnestness in Forrester's tone as he spoke, which was not without its effect upon the man opposite.

Melton rose from the chair, paced the apartment a moment, halted opposite to where Forrester was seated, and placed his hand in kindly fashion upon the detective's shoulder.

"I can understand and thoroughly appreciate just how you feel in this matter," said Melton. "I am not, however, at liberty to make my position clear upon all points. There are matters concerning this voyage which must remain a closed book. But with regard to the cutting of that cable I will explain: The cable which you saw brought on board the yacht last night runs from Nassau to Jupiter Light on the Florida coast, and from there the land connection is made to United States points. It is my intention to pick up the buoyed end of that cable to-morrow, attach my instruments, and Harkins, who up to a few months ago was employed on this very line, will send some messages for me to the United States. One cable message will read something like this: "The entire Spanish fleet, under Admiral Cervera, passed here yesterday headed

north. The intention is to bombard the American cities, particularly New York."

"I am creditably informed," continued Melton, "that practically the entire American fleet is now off the Cuban coast looking for this same Cervera, and my information also leads me to believe that it will be some time before they find him—if at all. The entire available United States fleet, with the possible exception of a ship or two, such as we saw to-night, are upward of three hundred miles to the south of us. It will take hours to carry the news of the movement of this phantom fleet to Admiral Sampson, in order that he may give chase. North of us there is no cable station where the news could be contradicted, and the uncertainty which would exist for at least some days would be sufficient for my needs."

"And how do you benefit by this," interrupted Forrester.

"Can you imagine the state of the public mind in the United States when the screech of Spanish shells are momentarily expected? Picture to yourself the panic among the lords of the earth down in Wall Street when this news reaches them? My agents in New York have by this time sold the market short to a very large extent. They will close the deals, and buy when the panic is at its height. In a few days the story will, of course, be denied, and stocks will recover to their normal condition, and we will thus benefit in both the fall and rise."

"Now, don't tell me of the people we will ruin," continued Melton, with a laugh, "for I have heard all that before. The man hurt will be very largely the speculator—the manipulator who makes a life business of inflating or depressing securities for his own gain. This little game of ours is not one whit less legitimate than has been practised on the public time and again by men who have lived and died in fame, if not in honor, in the American financial world."

"There are other reasons, Forrester," said Melton, with more earnestness, "why I wish to get the American fleet out of southern waters, and some day you may know, but for the present I cannot speak."

"Why not have cut the cable near Bermuda, in place of coming down here?" inquired Forrester.

"That was impracticable," replied Melton. "The Bermuda cable is duplex, and could not be manipulated from the yacht, and besides, with the Bahama cable cut there will be no communication between Nassau and the mainland for some days to come. And again, this is the probable course of the Spanish fleet, as you will likely learn later on."

"Now, Forrester," said he, "I have told you all that I am at liberty to tell. This will be your last opportunity of getting ashore for a long time to come. This cruise has but begun. I would strongly advise your taking advantage of it. And I might add that you may make your mind easy with regard to the Secret Service, for no information in your possession would be of benefit to them. That hour has passed. Now for your answer, yes or no?"

Forrester hesitated for a moment or two, and then said: "I accept."

"Very well," replied Melton, briskly. "We will land you first thing in the morning. Good-night."

When the detective came on deck in the morning he found the steamer lying idly a half mile off shore from New Providence Island. The wind had moderated, and the launching of one of the boats was a matter of no great difficulty. Into it stepped a half-dozen lusty sailors, Forrester, and then Melton himself. The latter took the tiller ropes, and soon they glided into a small protected bay where there was no surf to speak of and not a house in sight.

As Forrester was about to step ashore Melton handed him two envelopes, one addressed to himself, while the other bore the inscription: "Room 520, Times Building, New York City."

"A hundred yards ahead, over the little hill yonder," said Melton, pointing, "is a road, follow it to the right. It will lead you straight to Nassau. A feasible explanation of your landing here I will leave to your own good judgment. And now good-bye."

Forrester took the extended hand, and long afterward he remembered how firm was the grasp.

Melton gave the signal, and the ship's boat shot out of the little bay.

The detective stood there on the shore gazing blankly before him. Was not this, after all, a dream? And the trim yacht out there in the open only a phantom ship? And Melton and his crew some strange delusion?

There in his hand were the two missives, one containing the letter which he was to deliver in New York. In the other were ten twenty-pound notes.

He watched the boat approach the ship's side, to be quickly swung on board. He saw the ship's bow point seaward, and he saw her steam away on her journey, to end where or how he did not know, and could not guess.

Ten days afterward Forrester was in New York, and delivered the letter as stipulated. The man who received it, said that it was expected. That was all.

The financial crash which Forrester had anticipated did not occur, and long afterward he learned that the buoyed cable was discovered by a British man-of-war, the authorities notified, and the cable repaired. A little later came the news that Admiral Sampson had succeeded in bottling up Cervera's fleet in Santiago harbor.

Then it was all plain to Forrester.

What might have happened if Melton had succeeded in decoying the United States fleet on a wild-goose chase into northern waters, thus giving Cervera and his fleet a free foot about Cuba, is only a matter of conjecture.

As Melton planned, the *Alta* was reported lost with all on board, at Lloyds, but as there was no insurance, and no one seemed interested in the matter, it attracted little attention at the time.

It appears that the vessel had originally belonged to a titled English gentleman, and was purchased by a man named Campbell, who in turn stated that he was acting as agent for a man whom he did not name.

So far as Forrester knows, the vessel has never been definitely located from that day to this. Whether she was a freebooter, or carried a commission from the Spanish Government is also a matter which some day may be cleared up, but which for the time remains one of the many mysteries of the sea.

WHAT OUR COUNTRY IS DOING

Our Future

CANADA is looking forward. The stale and worn-out Old World civilizations know nothing of the eagerness or the quivering intensity with which her people face another year. Among all the nations there is none whose welcome to the New Year is more buoyant, and in no land is citizenship more filled with confident expectancy than in Canada.

In fact, it is good to be a Canadian, to live in Canada, and have to do with the making of her future. The present year may be, more than ever before, a critical one in our history. The presage of great things is in the air, and upon the decision of the Canadian people depends the making or marring of our national and our international life.

This is a country of magnificent resources, and of magnificent distances. Within our far-flung boundaries is to be found unlimited wealth of land and sea. So that, while we endeavor to develop these great natural advantages, let us hold a fair course. We have seen the rocks of stock-gambling, degrading and vicious bossism, and gaudy, glittering militarism, upon which the other nations have grounded. Let us give these a wide berth.

Not only is Canada vast in area, but, by reason of its almost unlimited resources, and its advantageous geographical position, is one of the richest and most attractive countries in the world, holding open the door for the prospective colonist. No misrepresentation of Canadian climate or soil can hold back the tide of prosperity and population that is bound to come, and is even now rising with resistless force.

The Peace River District.

IT is reported by those who know, that the great Peace River district, in the Canadian West, is unequalled as a ranching country by any in the world, not excepting even Texas, Montana, or Australia. Yet for centuries this has been an unknown land, inhabited by wandering Indians, and famed only as a hunter's paradise. It was considered to be pretty well up towards the Arctic circle, although Battleford is in about the same latitude as Manchester, England. Its winters were supposed to be something like eight months in length, and the musk-ox and wolf were thought to be the only creatures able to withstand its climate. Thus the campaign of slander proceeded. Manitoba, also of unsavory reputation, was meanwhile engaged in supplying an unrivalled demand for "No. 1 Hard." British Columbia was also becoming known as a second California, and Alberta, "the beautiful," was discovered. After a period of rest, exploration was renewed, and carried up through Athabaska. Canadians have now heard of the Peace River country. It is a wilderness to-day, but in five years railways will be running through it, and its remarkable resources will be in process of development.

Room in Quebec

COLONIZATION in this Province has been advancing rapidly. The new townships north and west of Lake St. John are being rapidly taken up, thanks chiefly to the generous policy of the railway company, which carries settlers and their effects free of charge. In Normandin nearly all the lots are taken, and new settlers now

have to proceed to the townships beyond. Some settlers are now fully seventy-five miles from the railway.

Nova Scotia Coal

HON. R. DRUMMOND places the coal shipments of the province at 4,700,000 tons, an increase of 350,000 tons. The shipments of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. increased 200,000 tons, while those of the Dominion Coal Co., owing to the fire in one of their collieries, fell off 120,000 tons. Mr. Drummond predicts that this year Nova Scotia's coal shipments will pass the 5,000,000 mark, and that at the beginning of 1906 the Province will be in a position to ship 7,000,000 tons.

The Teaching of Imperial Geography

THE London *Times* recently published a long article advocating imperial education; that the geography taught in the highest forms of public schools be all British; and that it would be much better that laborer's sons should never hear of Russia than leave school without learning something of the wheat crops of Canada. History, too, should be taught with especial reference to the requirements of boys disposed to emigrate to the colonies.

Quebec as a Winter Port

THE question of using Quebec as a winter port is one which will deeply interest most Canadians. The harbor there is open for sea-going vessels earlier in the spring and later in the fall than that of Montreal, and with the increased railway facilities at Quebec a certain amount of the steamship traffic, which leaves Montreal each winter for Atlantic ports in Canada or the United States, will probably make use of Quebec for part of the time. The feasibility of doing so was demonstrated during the present month by the steamship *Toronto*, which sailed from Quebec, December 6th, with a full cargo, including 350 head of cattle from Chicago. Quebec is a tidal harbor, and she went down the river with the ebb, making a fast passage out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

It may be found possible for iron steamers to make their way unaided into and out of Quebec harbor as late as Christmas. If they can do this, they may be able to use the Lower St. Lawrence all winter, when aided by powerful ice-breakers, such as are used in the waters of northern Europe. The establishment of direct communication between Quebec and Winnipeg will greatly change the situation, by furnishing a larger amount of freight for the ports of Quebec, St. John, and Halifax.

Guelph Agricultural College

PRINCIPAL REICHEL, of University College, North Wales, who went to Canada with the Moseley Commission, expresses himself as highly pleased with what he saw of Canada, especially the Agricultural College at Guelph, which, he says, is generally admitted to be the highest and most successful institution of its kind on the American continent.

Subtle Project of J. J. Hill.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Globe*, giving some reasons why a "coast to Kootenay" railroad should be built. The mineral deposits of the Upper Similkameen are rich in both high and low grade ore, and, when developed, would give employment to thousands, making this section the most important in the province. Copper Mountain, also, has a tremendous outcrop of high-grade copper ore, covering a large area, to the development of which capital would be attracted with the certainty of railroad construction. Also on the Tulameen, Bear, and Boulder Creeks are many valuable mineral properties. In agricultural resources as well, the country is not wanting, and is fortunate in the possession of an extremely mild and healthful climate. These advantages, together with the beautiful scenery, will make the Similkameen one of the ideal resorts of the future.

With regard to the proposed railroad, the *Daily Province*, of Vancouver, B.C., sounds a warning. The announcement was made some time ago that a road would be constructed by J. J. Hill, to open up the Koot-

enay and Similkameen districts, which would proceed thence by a newly discovered low gradient route to the British Columbia seaboard. It is thought that the fair sounding phraseology of the otherwise welcome announcement in reality covers a project for the despoliation, rather than the development of the Province.

An official statement issued from St. Paul assures the public that with the advantage of lower grades than the C.P.R. possesses *via* Kicking Horse Pass, the projected line will be able to offer rates that the Canadian Pacific cannot approach. Mr. Hill, it is understood, will ask for neither a land nor money grant from British Columbia. This is looked upon as a further evidence of his sinister designs, which are "to go after a tremendous amount of Canadian business" at the advantage indicated. Moreover, the Hill road would tap the southerly coal and metalliferous areas of British Columbia for the exclusive benefit of the Great Northern Railway, and its associate interests in the adjacent states.

It is admitted that a temporary advantage would accrue to those portions of the province directly interested, but, on the other hand, it would make the wealth of these splendid districts wholly tributary to the American railway of which Mr. Jas. J. Hill is the energetic president, and to the strictly American enterprises of that road. This is why the Hill interests are so ready to build without provincial aid. In fact, they can well forego a provincial subsidy since their benevolent intentions go little further than the accomplishment of a purely selfish business advantage upon a truly magnificent scale. Their scheme does not, by any means, contemplate the establishment of smelters in British Columbia, such as that of Trail, by which the Canadian Pacific marked its entrance into Kootenay, or smelter towns like Grand Forks, at least not north of the Canadian boundary. The *Province* goes still further and states that there is not even a remote intention on the part of the Hill interests to furnish new and direct communication between Kootenay, the Similkameen, and the coast cities of British Columbia, but that their sole object is to

give the trade of these great districts over into the hands of the American roads, of which J. J. Hill is the astute head.

A Bureau of Mines Wanted.

THE annual convention of the Associated Boards of Trade of Eastern British Columbia, recently held in the city of Rossland, have "resolved that the Dominion Government be requested to establish, in connection with one of the departments of the public service, a bureau of mines, into which shall be merged the existing geological survey, and that means be afforded said bureau to engage on a greatly extended scale in the investigation of the natural mineral wealth of the Dominion, and of questions affecting the economic production, treatment, and marketing of minerals, and that the publication upon a liberal scale of information calculated to attract the attention of capitalists to our mineral wealth, be made a prominent feature in the duties of said bureau."

A Great System of Irrigation

THE Canadian Pacific Railway has undertaken to irrigate some 3,000,000 acres of land near Calgary, and make it useful for general agriculture and grazing. This land is now lying waste owing to lack of moisture, the region being subject to periods of extreme drought.

Of the tract to be reclaimed, it is estimated that about 1,500,000 acres will be rendered suitable for cereals. The balance will be devoted to grazing, and the cultivation of grasses.

The surveys of the scheme, which is the largest of its kind on the continent, were completed last fall, and tenders for construction are now under consideration. The main canal will be thirty-five miles long, sixty feet wide at the bottom, and will hold water to the depth of ten feet. The secondary canal leading from this, will be one hundred and fifteen miles in length. The company proposes at first to bring but 300,000 acres under cultivation, and, after colonizing that, to gradually extend the area of irrigation.

A Direct Cargo Steamer Service to Australia

THE commercial agent of the Dominion Government, reporting from Melbourne to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, says: "Preferential trade is in the political air," also that "the preference in customs duties will be extended to Canada upon a reciprocal basis, is almost beyond question. What the latter means to the Canadian exporter can be better realized by a study of the enormous increase in recent years of Australian imports from the United States. With the preference in duties, if not before, will come a direct cargo steamer service to Australia which will place our exporters upon a footing which at present is so much desired.

Short-Sighted Railway Management

CONGESTION of traffic has long been the chronic condition of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Manitoba and the North-West Territory. There is, in the matter of receipt and shipment of goods, no kind of regularity or certainty in the service. The residents, hopeless of securing any improvement, submit for the present, but look hopefully forward to the time when some rival road will step in and make an alteration in present conditions.

Apparently one railway is as bad as another where a monopoly of traffic exists. Numerous complaints have been recorded lately regarding the slow and irregular service over the Grand Trunk Railway in Western Ontario. Healthy competition seems to be the only remedy. It has long been a puzzle to the average citizen why railway managers will persist in denying fair treatment to localities where they possess a monopoly of the traffic, until they are forced into line by the presence of a rival company.

Trust Wants the Canadian Oil Fields

THE struggle of the independent oil refiners and well-owners in the Sarnia district against the Standard Oil Trust is likely to reach a critical stage in the near future. The big combine is pursuing its old tactics, so familiar in the oil fields of

the States, to gain control of the Canadian wells.

The Trust already owns a refinery at Sarnia with a capacity of 3,000,000 barrels a year, while the total output of the Ontario wells is less than 1,000,000 barrels a year. This is used as an argument in the endeavor to get crude oil admitted free of duty. If the tariff were removed, they say, many million barrels of oil would be shipped into Canada, and be refined there, affording employment to a large number of men, and reducing the price of the refined article.

It is not well, however, to confide in Standard Oil Trust promises in this respect. Their past record warns us that the company was never known to voluntarily reduce the price of oil where it held the control of the markets, but rather raised it to the highest possible notch.

The result is more than likely to be that, if they are allowed to operate freely in Canada, they will be able to freeze out the Canadian dealers, and then control the market here as they have elsewhere, where they have mastered the situation.

The Golden Yukon

MR. T. OBALSKI, a French mining engineer, who recently paid a visit to the Yukon Territory on behalf of the French Government, says that a new *regime* has been started in that country, the *regime* of machinery. In the whole of the region surrounding Nome, men were gathering golden harvests. In most of the mines visited was to be seen the latest and most improved machinery.

An inspection was also made for the benefit of the Geological Survey Department at Ottawa, of the Golden Run Valley, which was found to be typical of the whole Klondike region. The soil here consists principally of a layer of frozen muck from ten to twenty-five feet in thickness. Beneath this is to be found a layer of frozen gravel, rich in the fossil remains of the mastodon, giant elk, and other animals of remote geological periods, and also containing large quantities of gold, and bed rock showing traces of a variety of precious stones.

The chief drawback to the prosperity of the Yukon Territory is the lack of railroad facilities. The present methods of transportation are extremely slow and tedious. A railroad to Dawson City is expected, however, in the near future. This would run from Vancouver to Dawson *via* the Kitamaat Valley, and through the White Horse Pass, and would incidentally tap one of the richest portions of the province of British Columbia.

Winnipeg to Have a Dominion Exhibition.

IT is practically settled that the next Dominion exhibition will be held in Winnipeg in July or August next. Hon. Clifford Sifton has been successful in obtaining a grant for the purpose of \$50,000. An exhibition held just at this period in the development of the West will be of immense value, as it will give the eastern manufacturer a chance to exhibit his goods to the best advantage where they can be seen by the Western merchant and consumer. Besides the numerous commercial advantages, it will be a great opportunity to advertise the country and its resources, not only to visitors in general, but especially to the farming communities on the other side of the line. It will also assist in counteracting certain persistent efforts which have been made to belittle the possibilities of the Canadian West.

Alberta Beet Sugar

THE beet sugar mill at Raymond started operations early in November. The mill, which cost over half a million dollars, and employs over 150 men, has been running day and night without interruption. It is said that the season's run will furnish two and a half million pounds of sugar to the West. The sugar produced is of excellent quality, and has received a ready market from both local and outside dealers.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 tons of beets will be supplied to the factory next year. Two years ago the present site of Raymond was wind-swept, open prairie, while to-day its population numbers two thousand. There are banks, hotels, stores, elevators, and flour mills, and most import-

ant of all, the beet sugar plant, the first to be erected between Lake Superior and the Rockies.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

The Temiscaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission have made a real preference in awarding a contract for 6,000 gross tons of 80-lb. steel rails to Charles Cammell & Co., of Sheffield, England, through the company's Canadian agent in Montreal. The price to be paid is slightly in advance of that quoted by the United States Steel Trust.

The outcome of the appointment of a special committee to consider how McGill degrees may be recognized as a teaching qualification in Ontario, has been the drafting of a scheme providing for the recognition in Ontario of the degrees of all universities in the British Empire on an equal footing. To effect this, it is proposed to have all candidates for recognition in Ontario as specialists, pass an examination set by the Education Department.

Peat fuel is abundant in Canada. There are now in operation in Ontario seven peat fuel industries. The fuel is turned out in the shape of briquettes, at a cost of about \$1 a ton for collecting, drying, and pressing. It is said to make a good fire for heating and domestic purposes. If peat can be so treated as to make it adaptable for general use, an important industry will be made possible, and many hitherto waste places made valuable.

Those who think of the Canadian Northwest as a land of polar temperature may be surprised to know that during the recent cold snap in January, when the thermometer ranged anywhere from eleven to forty-six below zero in Ontario, the lowest temperature in Winnipeg was twenty-eight below, while Edmonton experienced comparatively mild weather, the lowest being ten above, with a snowfall of a little more than one inch in depth.

According to the meteorological records at the Toronto Observatory for the past six years, Toronto, next to Winnipeg and Battleford, is the sunniest place in the Dominion.

A prominent police official from the United States, who spent municipal election day in Toronto, said that he had never before seen the absolute observance of a liquor excise law.

A Barr colonist, writing to the *Chronicle*, says that any emigrant using his brains can become comfortably off in from five to ten years.

The advice given to British manufacturers to encourage the growing of cotton in West Africa and Nigeria is perfectly sound. The "cornering" of the crop in the United States has now become a national institution, while the "boll worm" is becoming annually a more severe pest.

According to a prominent Canadian, reciprocity in Canada is a dead issue just now.

Evidently the best thing that can be done for the prevention of disasters, such as recently occurred in Chicago, is to provide large free exits from all buildings in which crowds are likely to assemble.

To keep in touch with the game, several hundred Canadians, mostly South African veterans, have applied through the Japanese Consul-General at Montreal, for service in the Japanese army. Although no foreigners can be admitted to the army, Japan feels gratified at the evidence of friendly feeling.

Dr. Haanel, the head of the Commission that will shortly start for Europe to investigate the electric smelting processes, has also been instructed to examine and report upon European peat plants.

Thawing dynamite is getting to be a popular winter sport, but it comes high.

The "World's Work" points out to the public the startling fact that, while Mr. Chamberlain is busy assuring us that the Empire will go to pieces unless a preferential tariff is adopted, a grave danger to the Empire has arisen which is receiving little or no attention, viz., Sir Wilfrid Laurier's demand for treaty-making power. It's a "cinch" to see where the American suspicion of danger lies. It is evident if Canada obtains a voice in deciding her own treaties, that there will be no question of arbitrating U.S. rights in the Hudson Bay or along the Atlantic seaboard.

The C.P.R. recently opened their new offices in London, England, Lord Strathcona performing the ceremony.

A report from Dawson, Yukon Territory, says that the weather for a month past has been unusually mild. The thermometer reached 13 below only once during the past week, and ranges from zero to two above with no wind.

An English firm of carpet manufacturers is about to establish a factory in Canada. The firm will invest £10,000, and employ 100 hands manufacturing tapestry velvet carpets.

Captain Bernier is a real Canadian. He believes the North Pole belongs properly to Canada, and he is determined that, if possible, she shall have it.

A very substantial increase in population, and generally prosperous business conditions, are reported from Fernie, B.C. The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. is located here, and the great increase in the output of the mines is largely responsible for the condition of prosperity. The daily output for the last week was 3,400 tons. Other industries, such as lumbering, milling, and manufacturing have also contributed materially to the growth of the town and the district round about.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY

By LEX

IT is doubtful if there ever was an event in Canadian history that created such an excitement in Canada, or more dissatisfaction with the Old Country, as the Alaskan Award. It not only lost to us a valuable strip of coast on our Pacific side, but was the culmination of a series of losses which Canada has sustained by reason of the mistaken notion in England that conceding Canadian territory to the United States would conciliate them, and make their people the friends of England.

At the close of the American Revolutionary War in 1783, a treaty of peace was made in Paris between England and the United States. By this treaty, England gave away vast tracts of territory, Canada's chain of forts from Pittsburg to New Orleans was wiped out, and all the West, which had been explored and settled by Canadians, was handed over to the Americans without a word and to their great amazement. There are French-Canadian towns in Illinois to this day, in which English is scarcely ever heard. Jolliett, La Salle, Hennepin, Duluth, and other names show who explored the Western States. Jolliett and Marquette were exploring the Mississippi, when the New Englander dared not go a day's march from home.

In 1783 a panic seems to have set in in England, so much so, that it was declared treasonable by the House of Commons for any one to advocate the continuance of the war, though the Americans could never have succeeded without the aid of the French. At all events, the American negotiators were astonished at the ease with which they obtained the vast territories of Michigan and Illinois, which had been looked upon as a part of Canada.

At the time of the making of this treaty, the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick was settled. It was to run from the source of the St. Croix to the source of the Connecticut Rivers, and to

avoid the vagueness of the description, a map was made, showing by red line the course of the boundary.

In 1842 negotiators were appointed by England and the United States to definitely settle the New Brunswick boundary. The man appointed to act for England was Lord Ashburton. He had long lived in Washington as representative of England. He was the social pet of the American capital, and was said to have no dislike to champagne. Under no circumstances was he a match for the American negotiator, the famous lawyer, Daniel Webster. In fixing this boundary, all that was wanting to sustain the claim of New Brunswick was the "red line map" showing the line which was agreed upon in 1783 as the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine, and which had been placed on file in the Archive office in Paris. On making search in that office, the map could not be found, so the boundary was settled without it, and a large part—one-third—of the present State of Maine was taken from New Brunswick. When the treaty came up for ratification by the American Senate, a number of the "tail-twisters" objected to it, but Webster soon silenced them by producing the red-line map of 1783, or a copy of it, which showed them that the territory given to Maine belonged to New Brunswick. The treaty was quickly confirmed, and thus, a second time was American greed appeased by territory that really belonged to the people of New Brunswick. This was before Confederation, but, nevertheless, the people of the province protested against being despoiled, but their influence was not sufficient to make them heard in London—they were nothing but colonists. A prominent American lately declared that Canada was England's spoiled child. He could have more truly said that she was England's despoiled child.

In the year 1846, the Oregon boundary

was settled along the 49th parallel of latitude, though the forts of the Hudson Bay Company were 300 miles south of that line. In that settlement, possession by the Hudson Bay Company was held not to be British possession. The Americans insisted it could not be, but in the late Alaskan Boundary discussion, they insisted that because the Hudson Bay Company leased certain territory from Russia, it precluded Canada from showing that it was British territory, and this man, Alverstone, agreed with them. The loss to Canada caused by English bungling in the Oregon boundary is shown by the fact that, at the time of the treaty, the line between Canada and the United States was called the Oregon boundary, that, is the whole State of Washington at the line between that boundary and Canada—that is, the whole State of Washington at least, was fraudulently obtained from us. In 1871 we also lost the island of St. Juan.

The last effort to conciliate the Americans has ended like all the others; Canada agreed to leave the question of the Alaskan boundary to arbitration. The English government agreed with the Americans to appoint an equal number of arbitrators on each side,

one of the Canadian arbitrators to be an English official under the orders of the English government. This arrangement placed the whole matter in the hands of the English. The three Americans, however, were to be unbiased, disinterested jurists. Three rabid American partisans were appointed. Canada protested against their appointment, and notified the English Government, but before the protest could be heard, the matter was concluded by the English Minister at Washington. Under such circumstances nothing but an adverse decision could be expected. It was useless to negotiate; it was simply a put-up job, and Canada was placed as usual. This is only the beginning. There are 500 miles of the boundary the Americans refused to settle. They have left the way open for another grab. They also declare that the Canadian Sea—Hudson Bay—is an open sea, though Canada paid the Hudson Bay Company \$1,500,000 for that and the territories.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes to prevent future disasters by claiming the treaty-making power for Canada, but there is no use in making two bites of a cherry, especially when the cherry is dead ripe.

We are proud to call ourselves a nation, and it is a matter for pride that we have more population than many of the nations of Europe who have filled history with their fame and renown.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

TARIFF REVISION CALLED FOR

BY MAHLON HARVEY

SPECULATION is rife throughout the Dominion regarding the probable attitude of the Canadian Government towards tariff revision during the coming session. Recent developments of international character foreshadow a possible alteration of policy regarding the existing tariff. The Fielding Tariff, hitherto fairly acceptable, is rapidly approaching an anomalous position. The crucial point of Canadian trade has practically arrived. Success or failure of our commercial enterprises will rest upon the discretion of the present administration, and ultimately upon the Canadian people who have elected this Government. The problem of obtaining an adequate customs schedule will be solved only by open-mindedness, and the abandonment of worm-eaten party prejudices. Never was it more potentially evident than now, how interdependent all classes in the State have become in national prosperity or wretchedness. The aim of our legislators should, therefore, be the greatest good to the greatest number.

The time is fully ripe for the absolute relinquishment of free trade notions. Great Britain still worships that fetich. A prophet has arisen against it. Let us hope he may be heard to a successful issue. For Canada, at least, free trade according to the earlier propaganda is a virtual impossibility. We have no desire to surrender our autonomy to a State whose protective tariff is far more outrageous than our own. We have reached the point where retaliation is justifiable. One experiment in that line has apparently eliminated Germany from the trade restriction list. The surtax has disturbed the Teutons exceedingly. The United States has become our greatest and most distinctively commercial antagonist. Fair-minded Canadians will never deny to the legitimate commercial enterprises of the great republic the measure of success they deserve; but we do most decidedly object to having our

most valuable franchises sacrificed to United States trade manipulators, and our premier industries crippled by unfairly directed competition, aided by unequally-balanced customs tariffs. All recent trade legislation from the United States has been entirely wanting in the smallest feature beneficial to Canada. The McKinley and Dingley tariffs were framed as a direct attack on the free trade commerce of Great Britain. Yankee politicians felt secure in the delusions of the British public to undermine British trade supremacy. Great Britain offers free ports to the United States. She pays in return a 33 per cent. tariff at the American port. The Americans have enterprise. They also have cheek.

It is safe to say that a protectionist propaganda will be popular in Canada. We have been in the swing of an era of prosperity. There has been "a growing time." Slightly more than a year ago, the Hon. J. Israel Tarte, while still a Liberal minister, began an active campaign in favor of high protection, and clamored for a much more stringent fiscal policy. He prophesied "hard times." The United States was held forth as the bogey man. The bogey man has taken material shape already. Mr. Tarte has lost his portfolio. There were no tariff changes excepting the surtax last session. Mr. Tarte's predictions have begun to be verified. There is a significant stringency in American stock markets—notably Wall Street. Canadian securities have been handled without gloves. Several Canadian industries have suffered severely by depreciated value. One very important Ontario industry is in the hands of a receiver. Sault Ste. Marie reorganization is a problematical question. Over-production in American lines of goods is becoming apparent. New England textile industries are either declaring a 10 per cent. reduction in wages or shutting down, a sad prospect for workingmen in the beginning of winter. There

seems to be a general policy of retrenchment. This, together with the higher prices of foodstuffs and raw materials, and the excessive tenancy rates, is a heavy item for the commercial centres to bear. War has practically been declared between American and Canadian iron industries. The speculative vultures are, in the meantime, reaching out their greasy talons for Canadian finances, and it is due to Washington diplomacy that success very often attends their unclean efforts. The Canadian manufacturers may well tremble, when, with no adequate tariff protection, we have dumped upon us, at cost price, the excess products of American manufactures.

Within the Canadian borders there are many developing industries that constitute for us peculiarly valuable franchises. Canada is an undeveloped country with enormous resources awaiting cultivation. Mining areas for nickel, copper, iron, and coal are in enormous profusion. The extent of timber and pulp-wood lands is also a magnificent natural asset. Some of these elementary quantities will soon be indispensable to our American neighbors. Yet Canada has been slack in the guarding of her natural products, and in exchange for the McKinley Bill, we are building up United States commercial centres by the export of raw materials. In connection with this matter, we must examine the attitude of the agriculturist in relation to the whole population. It is an axiom of trade that every industry must have a consumer for its product, otherwise it is doomed to extinction. To obtain this consumer in the interests of the producer, is the problem of trade. The most general industrial producer of this Canadian land is the agriculturist. He finds for us a large proportion of our daily subsistence. The Canadian agriculturist caters to the needs of a large constituency—six millions of people. But outside of this, there is a considerable surplus product which must be disposed of elsewhere, else the farmer becomes a loser to that extent. If there were in Canada a population of twelve or fifteen millions, there might still be a surplus. But there would be a

much better market, and far healthier local trade. The man who cannot sell, cannot buy. The farmer in turn becomes a consumer of textile products and machinery.

It has gone abroad that the great majority of agriculturists are free traders. Whatever they may have been, we do not believe they are now. The man who asks for their votes in the coming election, on any other than an adequate protective tariff, is likely to be sadly disappointed. The agriculturist will not vote to destroy the entity of the commercial centres which have given him the fairest patronage he could ever hope to have, and thus divert the working-classes to a country which refuses to accept on fair terms his arduously gained products. The interests of the agriculturist and the other industrial classes are identical.

One other factor remains to be discussed in the fiscal programme. The present Government has granted to Great Britain a substantial preference in the exchange of commodities tending towards the encouragement of British and Canadian trade. In answer to this, Joseph Chamberlain has begun in Great Britain an active campaign in favor of a general imperial preferential tariff policy, which will devolve upon the Mother Country and the Colonies a common schedule of taxation for all extraneous trade. It is manifest that the Chamberlain proposals are immature. What they will finally become will be determined by a commission of financial experts. At the outset a portion of the preferential programme will conflict with Canadian financial interests. The greatest battle to be fought over this question will be in educating British public opinion. Britain is not yet divorced from her commercial delusions, therefore, the arguments of the Free Food League will be uniformly acceptable for some time to come. Apart from this, there are serious difficulties arising from our own preference. There are industries whose directors claim they are being ruined by British competition fostered by the preference. If this be true, it is a grave omen for the success of inter-imperial trade. We feel sure that the pro-

blem of equitable preference will solve itself. For the present our attention must go elsewhere.

Our chief business lies with a nation to whom we will grant, or from whom we will expect no preference. There is no prospect of reciprocity with the United States ever again being seriously considered. It is urgent, therefore, that all Canadian industries should be vigorously protected against a vigorous onslaught of American competition. The Canadian Government may continue to

grant bounties to sugar and iron manufacturers, and many others as well. It is merely swallowing up existing revenues. That system does not protect. What we want and will have, is a maximum tariff that meets the American point by point. We are likely to obtain it, if the signs of the times speak truly. In the meantime some American politicians are advocating reciprocity in order to defeat Chamberlain. We repeat, the Americans have cheek—lots of it. It is too late to talk reciprocity.

CANADIAN MOTHER-SONG.

The gold is thick upon the fields,
 The dew is on the heather ;
 Come to my heart, my little one !—
 In fairyland together,
 Let's sail the bays and walk the ways,
 Aglow with red, red roses !
 Frail night is here and she, in fear,
 The day's bright portal closes.

The little cheek is hot and red,
 Soft pillowed in dark tresses ;
 Two anxious lips are tuning slow
 The prayer, that always blesses
 The trials small, that often fall
 Down with the brightest sunbeams—
 The shadows gray, that scare away
 The loveliest of day dreams.

So hushaby, little one ! hushaby dear !
 The young lips are sighing, the moments are flying ;
 The murmurous winds in the valleys are crying—
 But they cannot get thee,
 So pray, do not fret thee !
 O rush them by ! brush them by, little one, dear !
 Mother is watching—the cradle is near
 To hushaby, lullaby thee to thy sleep,
 While two little, blue little eyes take a peep.

WILLIAM J. FISCHER.



An American View of the Boundary Question.

ONCE in a while we discover an instance of impartial treatment of Canadian questions on the part of the American press. We are so accustomed to misrepresentation, or total lack of representation, at the hands of that august body, that a change is refreshing. Mr. A. Maurice Low, in an article on "Foreign Affairs," which appeared in the first issue of *The Forum* for 1904, writes as follows:

"The decision of the Alaska tribunal, by which the question of the boundary line has been, as Mr. Balfour pointed out the other day, settled forever, should be regarded as a cause for rejoicing on both sides of the Atlantic. The Canadians, as might have been expected, are bitterly disappointed, and had the decision been reversed—had the majority of the tribunal sustained the Canadian contention, and given Canada the control of the Lynn Canal, and brought Dyea and Skagway under the British flag—there would probably have been the same bitterness on this side of the line.

"The Canadians have proved themselves bad losers. Some of their public men have seized the opportunity to show that Canada is no longer dependent upon the Mother Country, and has passed beyond the leading-string age, being capable of managing

her own affairs without imperial assistance. There has been considerable loose talk in newspapers on both sides of the border, concerning the likelihood of Canada either seeking to be annexed by the United States or else setting up an independent government. Both can be dismissed as idle. Canada is too prosperous, and too confident of her own imperial destiny to seek to merge it in that of the United States. The average Canadian believes that the time will come when Canada will be as great and powerful as the Republic to the south of her, a time when she will be the world's granary, and, with her incalculable mineral wealth and vast natural resources, will be able to support a population as large as that of the United States.

"There is no reason why Canada should dissolve the partnership now existing. She is daughter in her mother's house and mistress in her own. The control exercised by England, except as regards the treaty-making power, is of the gentlest; and the bond, if bond it can be called, sits lightly. If Canada were an independent nation, she would be placed under the heavy expense of maintaining her own army and navy, and of providing for intercourse with foreign governments. It is difficult to see what she would gain, and it is easy to see what her independence would cost her. At present she regulates her own tariffs, she

makes her own laws, and she controls all her own affairs, with the sole exception that, when she has to make a treaty it must be done in Downing Street, and not at Ottawa. It is not improbable, however, that certain modifications may be made in the British North America Act, by which there will be conceded to Canada the right to exercise a voice in treaty stipulations which affect the Dominion only, and that she may be represented in Washington by a commissioner, or other semi-diplomatic envoy, in the same way that her interests are looked after in London by a high commissioner. Canada has a great future, and the closer the ties are knit between Britain and her self-governing colonies—the more imperial federation becomes a reality and ceases to be a theoretical aspiration—the greater interest will Canada find in remaining a part of the Empire.”

U.S. War Vessels on the Great Lakes.

EVEN some portions of the American press recognize the unwisdom of establishing naval stations on the Great Lakes. The *Boston Herald* takes the ground that it would be the limit of folly to do away with a treaty which has saved both the United States and Great Britain enormous sums of money. Were it not for the Rush-Bagot Compact both countries would be obliged to maintain costly fleets and fortify strategic points along the lakes, thus entailing a constant drain upon the treasuries of both nations. The proposal, it appears, originated in the pressure brought to bear by the owners of lake ship-building industries to obtain a chance at government contracts. It would be better, as the *Herald* suggests, to give the lake yards orders from the treasury department, and the monopoly of building for the lighthouse service, than have the treaty abrogated.

As to the training of sailors, the *Herald* insists that the game is not worth the candle, and that all the fresh-water sailors thus obtained would not compensate for the loss entailed by the establishment of war vessels, and their attendant expenses, upon the lakes.

This, evidently, should be the attitude of both countries, but it is more than likely that the matter will be placed before Congress at its next convention, and that whether it then receives the stamp of legislative approval will depend upon the vigor with which Canada can protest.

Naval training stations on the lakes are not needed by the United States now, any more than at any time during the eighty-three years that the treaty has been in operation, neither does the loudest jingo in the Republic pretend to fear an attack from Canada.

Free Trade Ruinous to Cotton Mills

AT a meeting of the directors of the Dominion Cotton Company, the proposition was made to make a cut of 10 per cent in the wages of the 4,000 operatives. The reason stated was the increased cost of raw material and want of adequate protection to the finished product.

The proposition was finally overthrown for the present, one of the directors urging that it would be unfair to make a cut at this season of the year. The reduction will probably be made later unless conditions change. Most of the mills are now only working eight hours a day.

Treaty-Making Power for Canada

THE proposal made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier that Canada be granted larger powers in the making of treaties concerning her own trade and territory, has in it nothing which can be construed as a menace to imperial unity.

The suggestion is not new. In 1882 the question was raised by Sir Edward Blake. Also, during Sir John Macdonald's regime, the necessity for a fuller recognition of Canadian interests, and a more complete reliance upon Canadian knowledge in negotiating treaties, was frequently urged. The subsequent growth of the Dominion, and the enlargement of its trade, have added force to the argument in favor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's request.

The principal argument of those opposed to the idea is, that it practically means a severance of the last remaining tie that

binds Canada to the Empire. An unprejudiced perusal of Sir Wilfrid's statement of the matter makes it quite evident that no such result is contemplated. The request, moreover, is fully in accord with British ideals of constitutional government, which make for the fullest possible measure of independence within the bounds of the Empire. The request further embodies the demand that the commissioners for negotiating such treaties shall be Canadians, or appointed by the Canadian Government; that all negotiations shall be conducted subject to Canada's approval, the sovereign still retaining the constitutional power he now possesses of vetoing the terms of any treaty upon the advice of his ministers.

Why, as others seem to fear, Great Britain should withhold her support from treaties in which Canadians have had a leading part, is hard to surmise, or is only conceivable upon the absurd supposition that Great Britain wishes to encourage the division of her colonies among foreign nations.

It is not to be supposed that this larger independence within the Empire, and the granting of greater responsibility to Canadians, will prevent mistakes; but the mistakes will be Canadian, not British, and Canada will hold her own representatives responsible. This would effectually prevent the recurrence of such causes for irritation

against Great Britain as were afforded by the Alaska Boundary, the Oregon, and the Maine treaties.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was quite within the bounds of propriety when he assured the British public that there was little abatement of the feeling among Canadians that Canada had been deeply wronged by the decision of Lord Alverstone on the Alaska Boundary, and that, if the preliminaries had been left to Canada, the proposal to appoint three politicians to represent the United States would never have been entertained.

There is nothing surprising in the fact Sir Wilfrid's remarks on the subject have attracted considerable attention, not only in Canada, but in Great Britain and the United States, or that they should have been quite generally misunderstood. There can be no longer any ground for a misconception of the facts, but, to remove the last vestige of danger in this respect, the Premier has expressed his intention of making a formal and explicit exposition of his views. This will be awaited with interest on all sides.

Canada, as the Premier points out, has a population of six millions, which is rapidly increasing. This large and self-respecting community will not always submit to being placed at a disadvantage in the conduct of diplomatic negotiations, even though it may concede the right of His Majesty to express his approval and sanction of the same.



SOME GOOD THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

IT may be late in the day to take up the matter of the Grand Trunk Pacific, but as I have a good knowledge of the country from the Rocky Mountains east along the proposed route I will venture. The route, as far as I see it outlined from the Ottawa to the Winnipeg River, follows generally the northern watershed, where the valleys of the streams are shallow, the streams narrow and the rocky ridges low. There will be few difficulties met with in constructing a railway there—nothing compared with the difficulties met with in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway along the north shore of Lake Superior.

This latter route was adopted on account of the facility with which supplies could be delivered, material moved and in the saving of time effected, which to a great extent offset the heavy work necessary.

The Grand Trunk will not have any great difficulty in getting supplies, as, having the C.P.R. paralleling it, supplies can be got in at all points. The most difficult to reach will probably be from White River to the north end of Nepigon Lake, but in that section the Pic River can be used and a tram built from Red Rock to south-east bay of Lake Nepigon, which would overcome all difficulties.

REGION EAST OF WINNIPEG RIVER

In regard to the settlement and resources of that territory we have no doubt all read glowing accounts of it—forests of pine and pulp timber, fisheries, game, clay belt, wheat zone, temperature, soil, etc. The reports as to these matters are made generally by gentlemen who go into the country after the fly season is over. They follow the larger streams, returning to civilization before the snow flies; and write their reports within easy distance of the treasury door.

There are large areas of spruce, but this timber is rapidly diminishing year by year from fires, and is almost invariably re-

placed by a growth of jack-pine (Banksian pine), which is a slow grower and of little commercial value. There are areas of land that will support an agricultural population, but owing to the quality of the soil, climatic conditions, and the want of transportation, there will be but little shipping of agricultural products. The settler of a certain class will make a living. It must not be forgotten that such lands as are fit for settlement will not all be along the line of railway, nor will they be of sufficient importance to justify the building of branch lines.

The clay soil in these latitudes is more of a detriment than otherwise; the land is rendered cold, sour, and wet, crops are slow in ripening, and draining is difficult. There is practically no pine north of the height of land, and the quantities still available south of it are grossly overestimated. Anybody who has watched the lumbering operations receding from the shores of Lake Ontario, and looked at the territory where they are now carried on can see this. I do not touch on the subject of minerals, as too little is known of what this portion of the country may yet produce in that line.

WESTWARD FROM WINNIPEG RIVER.

From Winnipeg River westward we have another proposition. We start out in an agricultural country 100 miles wide, running west 1,000 miles, gradually widening out in that distance to over 800 miles. Of this enormous territory fully nine-tenths will produce something of marketable value—the larger part of it being able to produce more per acre than any other part of Canada or of the United States. This county has one railway through it, from east to west, and another building through it diagonally. Can any sane man say that these two lines furnish sufficient railway accommodation for such a territory?

Let the Ontario farmer who has been petitioning against the building of the

Grand Trunk Pacific take a railway folder and study the size of Ontario and its railway system, and then study the North-West carefully, and remember that settlers have penetrated as far as Peace River in the north; the comparison in area between agricultural Ontario to the North-West being, roughly, 45,000 square miles to 450,000 square miles. I have known Manitoba and the North-West Territories for thirty-two years, but I am every year more astonished at its size and capabilities. Sections that in the early years were swamps and looked hopeless, are now drained and cultivated; arid land is being irrigated, and where there was then dense forest there is now open prairie, covered with pea vine, vetch and grass.

VASTNESS OF WESTERN CANADA

No articles published in the press, Canadian or English, and no reports (except, perhaps, Senator Schultz's Senate Committee report) have given any adequate idea of this immense country. The more I see of it the more amazed I am. One cannot get an idea of it by crossing by the C.P.R. and running up to Edmonton and Prince Albert. You want to wallow in it, as it were, and then it will take years to grasp its extent and capabilities. It is like infinity—too large for man's imagination; and yet we are told this country does not want more railways. And, forsooth, why? Because, say the opponents of the G.T.P., it will bring the western farmer into competition with his eastern brother!

It does not make much difference which route the Grand Trunk Pacific takes so long as it keeps south of Lake Winnipeg. The routes *via* the Yellowhead, Pine River, or Peace River passes are equally good, so far as helping to develop the North-West is concerned; but the route *via* the Yellowhead Pass, and with a branch to Peace River, would help northern British Columbia most.

I meet a good many settlers here from Iowa, who tell me land in that State is worth from \$80 to \$100 per acre, and that they have come here so that their sons can take up land. Thirty years ago I railroaded in Iowa when the western portion was thinly

settled, and there was only one railway through it. Now there are six or seven main lines from east to west, and a network of cross lines; and look at the wealth of that State to-day!

The day is not far distant when we shall have to supply wheat to the States. They have reached the limit of their production, and I should judge (not having statistics) are now on the decrease. Anyhow, thirty years ago, Minnesota, a crack wheat State, averaged 25 to 30 bushels per acre; now I am told to-day the average is under 10. Minnesota never had either the quantity or quality of our soil.

NEED OF LINE EAST FROM WINNIPEG.

The main argument in favor of the construction of the railway east of Winnipeg is that it is necessary to the development of this enormous territory in the west; that there should be at least one competing railway through to the Atlantic coast with rates under Government control. That it will incidentally develop the good points of the country passed over east of Winnipeg, and test the question of Government ownership of railways is an additional argument, but a secondary one.

The cost of this transcontinental railway is represented to the Ontario farmer as a great bugbear. Perhaps I may be able to help him out in some way. There was, thirty-two years ago, a like outcry about the Canadian Pacific Railway; but very few to-day will say the money in that magnificent enterprise was ill-spent. See what we have—that splendid railway from ocean to ocean, equipped in the most modern and sumptuous style, with branches in all directions, furnishing accommodation to travellers that cannot be surpassed in the world, employing 30,000 people, and carrying prosperity and contentment to thousands and thousands of homes in every province of the Dominion.

Look at its magnificent chain of hotels from Quebec to Vancouver, and the thousands of tourists it attracts to the Dominion from all parts of the world. As an instance, while at Banff last spring I found the guests were principally from New

Zealand. Fancy that! People coming all that distance to enjoy our scenery and health resorts. The Chateau Frontenac entertained upwards of 20,000 guests during the past year; which will give an idea of the enormous business brought into the country by this one branch of the railway alone. Then there are its steamship lines to England, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Alaska; those on the great lakes, British Columbia coast, the Columbia River and the Kootenay Lakes, all pouring wealth into the Dominion in one way or another. And yet there are Canadians so small that they cannot see that the Grand Trunk Pacific will do exactly the same thing, and that it can be duplicated and more before this country is fully developed.

There does not seem to be any necessity of saying anything about the Canadian Northern, except that they have the cream of the country and seem to know it.

A TRULY NATIONAL POLICY.

I am a Conservative, but I must say I admire Sir Wilfrid Laurier's transcontinental railway policy, which is the act of a broad-minded and fearless statesman; and I also believe Mr. Sifton has a better grasp of the needs and of the enormous capabilities of the North-West than many of his predecessors.

FRANK MOBERLY, C.E.

Globe, December 25th, 1903.

A GREAT BIT OF NERVE.

A BIG publishing house in Philadelphia has sent to a Toronto man the prospectus of a new twenty-volume history of North America, of which Dr. Guy Carleton Lee is editor-in-chief. The work is described as "non-sectional, non-partisan, non-sectarian," and the only all-round, perfectly balanced work yet produced. The Toronto man is asked to canvass for this great work in Canada, and is evidently expected to find an eager demand for it here, because, mind

you, Canada is not overlooked in this twenty-volume history of North America.

"The volume on Canada and British North America," says the prospectus, "gives the history of Canada in detail." One volume out of twenty gives the history of over half the continent in detail! How truly "non-sectional" the work must be!

Presumably the prospectus exhibits the spirit of the work, and the writer goes on to say, evidently excusing himself to readers at home for giving Canada one whole volume out of twenty: "Throughout the last century the question of Canada and its relations to the United States, have been more or less serious topics, and the subject of its annexation is no new thing. Every year or two comes the question: 'Shall Canada be annexed to the United States?'"

One volume in twenty is given to the history of the Canadian half of North America in this "non-sectional" work, and the excuse for giving Canada this degree of attention in this "non-partisan" work is the interest taken in the question: "Shall Canada be annexed to the United States?"

The ignorance of Canada and Canadians that could lead the editors and publishers of this work to suppose that a canvasser would find any demand for it in this country has seldom been equalled. The presence of Canada in North America is an indubitable fact which anyone pretending to write a history of North America should recognize at its fair worth, and need not apologize for on the ground that interest is taken in the possibility of its being some day annexed to another political division of the continent.

Let Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D. (J. H. U.), etc., etc., and so on, rest assured that the unanimous opinion of Canadians will be that he could not give a "detailed" history of Canada in one-twentieth of his work, and that he should call it a "History of the United States, with a Few Squints at Other Parts of the Continent." The self-complacency of our neighbors of the Republic has had no parallel since the world began.—*Toronto Star*, January 14th, 1904.

LIFE INSURANCE

III.—THE DIFFERENT PLANS AND POLICIES

BY MAX JESOLEY

WHILE there are but three practical systems of life insurance, the variety of plans and policies whereby the contract between the company and its clients may be expressed is so great as to be positively bewildering. Indeed it is the fact that in many instances they are utilized by the astute agent to confuse the person he is canvassing, and thus draw him away from the hands of a rival, or lead him to suppose that by some process of financial magic he may secure a very profitable investment as well as indemnity in event of death.

It is our present purpose to take up the more important of these different plans, and describe their chief features and intrinsic virtues.

Before doing so, however, it is desirable to point out how, in the development of life insurance, the conditions of the policies have been made more liberal and better adapted to the requirements of the public.

Thus half-a-century ago the policies issued by the British offices were so restricted that they were apt to be forfeited without their holders being aware that they had transgressed their conditions. In regard to travel, for instance, the old free limits included only Ireland, and certain parts of the continent, whereas now a world-wide policy will be given by any standard company to any person not engaged in a hazardous occupation.

Again, suicide was formerly considered as rendering a policy void, however long it might have been in force. Now some companies treat such cases precisely as ordinary deaths, provided two premiums have been paid, while other companies dispense even with this condition.

Then the introduction of indisputable policies, and of the non-forfeiture condition has been a great advantage to the insured.

Thus the policies of the majority of companies contain a clause to the effect that the policy shall be *indisputable on any ground whatever* after it has been two years in force, while more than one company issues policies that are indisputable from the start.

The non-forfeiture principle is now applied to all policies which possess a surrender value, that is, which have a reserve to their credit, and is applied in several ways. If the policy called for a limited number of premiums, then paid-up insurance may be had for an amount bearing the same proportion to the original sum assured that the number of premiums paid bears to the total number provided for in the policy. Thus, if the policy be one on the twenty-payment life plan, and ten premiums have been paid, should the insured wish to discontinue paying he can obtain a paid-up policy for one-half the original amount of the policy.

Another method works automatically, requiring no application from the policy-holder, and by it the policy is kept in full force so long as the reserve which has accumulated is sufficient to meet the outstanding premiums and interest.

Another important development has been in connection with discontinued policies. In the "good old" days of insurance a policy-holder might pay a considerable number of premiums, and yet, if for some reason compelled to discontinue paying, would forfeit all that he had paid in.

This was certainly hard lines, and so severe a practice could not be expected to hold out against the pressure of strenuous competition between companies. Accordingly, we find one concession after another being made to the policy-holder, until now the limit of wise liberality would really seem to have been reached and the insured has the choice of the following alternatives

when he finds himself unable to go on paying premiums.

1. He may obtain a loan from the company upon his policy, the amount of this loan depending upon the number of premiums which have been paid in, and the proceeds being applied to the payment of premiums.

2. He may take advantage of the non-forfeiture provision, and obtain either a paid-up policy or extended insurance.

3. He may surrender his policy to the company, and receive therefor in cash what is called the surrender value, and is dependent upon the number of years the policy has been in force, and other considerations, the allowance made not being uniform among the companies.

Yet one other significant improvement remain to be noted, and that is with regard to the payment of death claims. Until about fifty years ago it was the universal custom of life offices to defer the payment of claims until a period of at least six months had elapsed after receipt of sufficient proof of death.

This delay was due in part to fear of fraud, as many attempts were being made by unscrupulous persons to cheat the companies, and, communication not being so rapid as it is now, it of course took much longer to make the necessary inquiries into the *bona-fides* of the claimants.

After a time, the six months were reduced to three, and then to two, at which, according to the reading of the majority of policies, the time prescribed for payment still stands. But this is only as a protective measure, the almost universal practice on the part of the companies being to pay the claims as soon as possible after receipt of satisfactory proofs.

Having thus, so to speak, cleared the way, we will proceed to take up one by one the different plans according to which insurance may be obtained.

I.—TERM INSURANCE.

This is the cheapest form of regular life insurance, the rates of premium comparing favorably in that regard with those of

assessment organizations. The special feature of term insurance is that it carries no reserve, and consequently has no surrender value, and that it can be had for only a limited period. Thus it may be obtained for a five-year, ten-year, or fifteen-year term, at the end of which term the insurance ceases, and the insured must begin again. But during the continuance of the term there will be no increase of premium.

Thus, for example: If the applicant be twenty-five years of age, the rate for a five-year term will be \$11.30 per annum, for a ten-year term \$11.90, and for a twenty-five year term \$12.55.

It is usually provided that, at the expiration of the term, or indeed at any time during its continuance, the policy may be changed to one upon the regular life or endowment plan, by paying the increased premium, but without fresh medical attendance.

There is also a yearly renewal term policy, whereby the premium increases year by year up to the age of sixty-four, at which it must be changed to the regular life plan. Thus beginning at \$10.70 per annum at age twenty-five, it rises to \$49.90 at age sixty-four, and then ceases.

The sole advantage of term insurance is its cheapness. It is well adapted to cases where the protection sought need only be temporary, as in the case of creditors insuring their debtors, or of banks desiring to cover individuals to whom they are making large advances.

II.—STRAIGHT LIFE PLAN.

Once the most usual form of life insurance, it has now become the least frequently issued, although it stands next to term insurance as regards cheapness. The reason for this loss of popularity is, no doubt, that nowadays people on entering into a contract are anxious to know the extent to which they are committing themselves, consequently the policies which require only a limited number of premiums in order to become paid-up are preferred. By the straight life plan premiums continue until the policy becomes a claim, although

they may become materially reduced in amount by the application of the profits declared to that purpose. Some companies divide their profits yearly, others every five years, and in either case these profits may be applied to the reduction of the premium so that it is possible if one lived long enough for the premium to entirely vanish in this way. But it is a contingency hardly worth counting upon.

Straight life policies after being three or more years in force may be surrendered for paid-up insurance, or for cash values dependent upon the amount of the reserve which has accumulated.

III.—LIMITED PAYMENT LIFE POLICIES.

By the terms of these policies they become fully paid up when five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five or thirty annual premiums have been paid to the company, so that the insured knows precisely what is before him when he takes one out. The five-payment policies are rarely issued, but the ten-payment ones are quite frequent, while the twenty-payment ones are probably more in demand than any other form.

Besides the definite period of payment these policies have other advantages. Thus the payment of each premium secures paid-up insurance in proportion to the ratio that premium bears to the whole number. If it be the ten-payment policy for \$1,000, and five premiums be paid, then a paid-up policy for \$500 may be obtained if one wishes to discontinue.

Again, the cash surrender values, the amounts that will be loaned, and the period of extended insurance at each stage of the history of the policy can be definitely ascertained at the outset, and in many cases are set out in detail in the policies, so that the insured can know just how he stands after the payment of any premium.

These limited payment life policies are very often mistaken by the public for endowment policies, but they entirely lack the essential feature of the endowment policy, as the principal sum cannot in any case become payable to the policy-holder in his life-time, but only to the beneficiary after his death.

IV.—ENDOWMENT POLICIES.

These are, from the point of view of the insured, by far the best policies that the companies issue, because, in event of the policy-holder living to the maturity of the policy, he may require from the company the full amount insured, together with such profits as may have accrued. It is a clear case of living to win.

Endowments are issued for terms ranging from ten to thirty years, and combine in themselves the investment feature as well as protection.

The premiums upon them are considerably higher than those payable upon life policies, and if the insured should not be so fortunate as to live out the term, he pays rather dearly for his insurance, as the death indemnity is no larger than for a similar life policy. But the profits earned are, of course, materially greater, and these may be taken either as reductions of premium, in cash bonus, or in bonus addition to the amount insured.

The special value of the endowment policies is the inducement they offer to saving money, for while there is no denying that a thrifty man may invest his money to quite as good advantage as the company can do it for him, still the simple fact is that many people who can spare something out of their earnings do not put it away regularly in the bank or building society, whereas if they take out an endowment policy, they will be at some pains to pay the premiums regularly, and thus their saving is ensured.

In this way endowment policies furnish an admirable method of providing for one's old age, as they can be paid for during the period when a person's earning powers are at their maximum, and then when the inevitable decline comes, the results of the policies may be used to meet the shrinkage of earnings, or applied to purchase an annuity that will provide against want in old age.

Endowment policies are also desirable because of the relatively large amounts that may be borrowed upon them after they have been some time in force. Thus they con-

stitute a valuable asset to which recourse may be had in an emergency.

V.—ANNUITIES.

While these have always been an important feature of the domestic business of British offices, they have not bulked so largely in the transactions of United States or Canadian companies. This is due to the difference between the conditions of society in the old-established kingdom, and in the newer hemisphere.

The purchasing of an annuity requires a substantial outlay of capital at once, the amount, of course, varying with the age of the annuitants, and their consequent expectancy of life, the younger the person the larger the payment.

Thus to purchase an annuity of \$100 for a man at age twenty-five would cost \$2,037, at age thirty-five, \$1,819; at age forty-five, \$1,544; at fifty-five, \$1,233; at sixty-five, \$903; and at seventy-five, the mere trifle of \$610.

A noteworthy difference between annuities and ordinary life insurance is that the company requires no medical examination for the former. In fact, the less robust the health the better for the company, while it is just the other way in regard to ordinary insurance.

VI.—THE INSTALMENT AND BOND POLICIES.

The strife of competition among insurance companies has upon the whole been greatly to the advantage of their clients. While it has undeniably led to the payment of larger commissions upon new business, and to the expenditure of large sums upon attractive advertising matter, and imposing buildings, which may be presumed to have due effect upon the public, it has also been the reason for the liberalizing of the policy conditions and for the granting of more equitable settlements in regard to surrender values, and extended or paid-up insurance. So that if, as cannot well be denied, the profits paid upon policies have materially shrunk of late, there has certainly been some compensation in other ways.

Another advantage that now remains to be described is the special form of policy which has been added to the list of plans within the past fifteen years or so, and which has already become very popular among those who are seeking primarily the protection of their family from want.

The suggestion for this instalment or bond policy came from the unfortunate results which were sometimes observed where the amounts accruing through life insurance were paid over to the family, or to the executors of the estate, and were either squandered so rapidly, or so injudiciously invested as to defeat the very purpose for which they were intended.

Hence a plan was designed to prevent this, so far as it might be possible, the idea being not to hand over the full amount of the policy in one sum; but to divide it into a number of equal instalments payable year by year until the whole had been paid.

Thus suppose A dies, having \$10,000 in the Universal Insurance Company. Under the ordinary plan this sum would be paid over on receipt of proper proofs of death, and would then run the risk of being squandered or ill invested. But if, instead of doing so, the company pays the family \$500 per annum for twenty years, then all chance of the above undesirable contingencies is guarded against.

Such is the instalment or bond policy in its simplest form, and inasmuch as the company, instead of paying the \$10,000 down, spreads the payment over ten, fifteen, twenty or twenty-five years, according to the terms of the policy, the premium required is less than that of a policy for a similar amount upon the ordinary plan.

The variations of this plan are too numerous to be described in detail, but some of their features may be mentioned. It has for instance, been extended to endowment policies, and the insured himself may thus arrange to receive back considerably more than he has paid into the company in the form of an annual payment for a certain term of years.

Yet another plan is for the company to pay the amount issued twice over in this way. Let the policy be for \$10,000. The

company pays \$1,000 a year for ten years, or \$5,000 for twenty years, and then also \$10,000 in a lump, the premium charged being of course in due proportion to the increased liability of the company.

The significance of the term bond as applied to these policies consists in this, that when they mature, and are payable they do practically become bonds guaranteeing the payment of a definite amount annually for a definite term of years.

One other form of the bond policy that deserves notice is what is called the guaranteed annuity, and also the continuous installment plan, the peculiar feature of which is the payment of the annual amount to the beneficiary, not only for a prescribed number of years, but for so long as that beneficiary may survive.

Thus, if such a policy be taken out by a husband in favor of his wife for, say, \$10,000, then \$500 per annum will be paid her not only for twenty years, but for thirty or forty years should she live so long. That is, it will be paid to her, or her legal representatives, for twenty years in any event, and as many years thereafter as she may live.

By such a policy, a husband may provide for his wife in event of her becoming a widow, in a way that ensures her comfortable maintenance to the end of her days.

VII.—SUNDRY SPECIAL FORMS OF POLICIES.

Beside the foregoing, and their multitudinous variations, there are other policies which the companies issue, and which are in more or less use. Thus, there is the whole or half return premium policy which requires some explanation.

The great majority of the limited life endowment policies are issued upon the Tontine system, that is to say, all the policies of this kind issued by a company upon a certain date, say the first of May, in any year are pooled, and the profits accumulated thereon until the end of the term, whether it be ten, fifteen, twenty or twenty-five years, when they are divided amongst the policies still in force, those that have lapsed or become claims during the interval receiving no profits whatever.

In this way the profits become much larger than if they were divided every five years, and the estimated returns consequently can be made to look very attractive to the prospective policy-holder who, of course, hopes that his will be among those to share in the ultimate division.

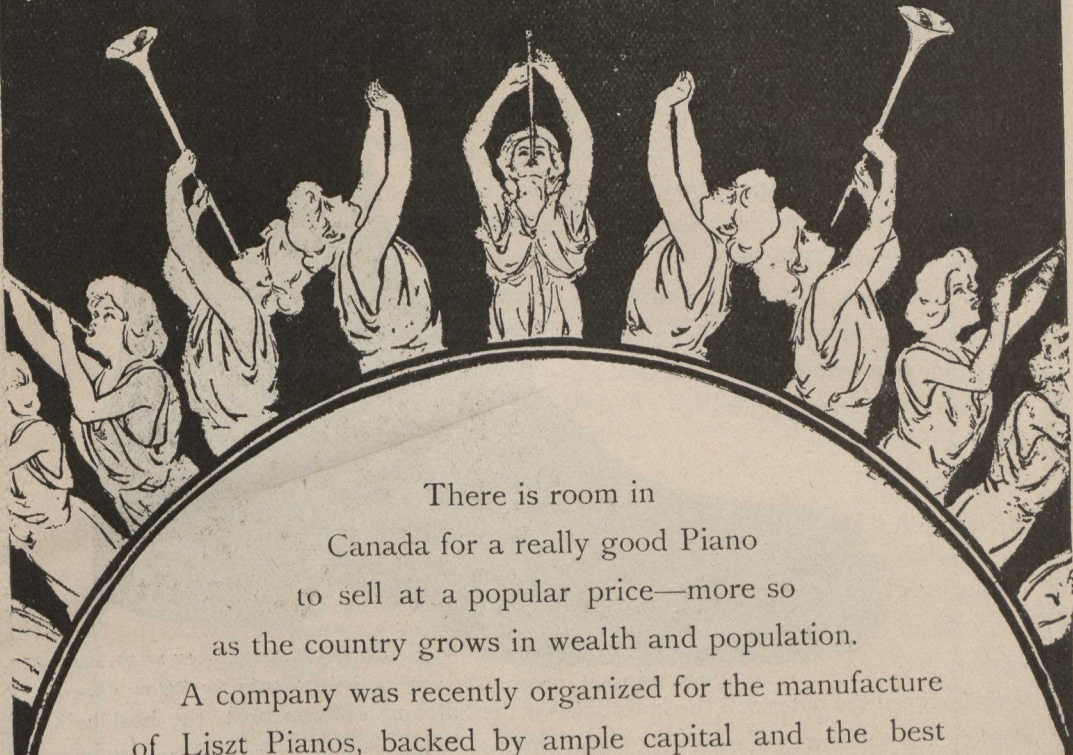
Yet this Tontine system does not command universal approval. One important American company indeed condemns it utterly, and makes a rule of dividing its profits annually. To meet the objection urged by some against all the profits being forfeited in the event of the death of the insured before the Tontine period expires the return premium plan has been devised whereby if the insured dies during the Tontine period the company guarantees to return, along with the capital sum stated, either the whole or one-half of the premiums which have been paid in, the premium rate being of course somewhat higher than upon policies on the ordinary plans.

Finally, there are various forms of endowment for children, the distinct purpose being to eliminate all actual insurance of the children's lives for the benefit of anybody else, and yet to give them the advantage of the endowment system whereby they can benefit when they grow up.

The most satisfactory method of accomplishing this object is a policy containing all the advantages of the regular endowment, and providing for the return by the company to the parent of the premiums paid if the child should not survive to the maturity of the policy.

Such, in brief, are the principal plans and policies now in use among the various companies, and it is not the purpose of the present paper to do more than describe them. To attempt to discriminate amongst them, to classify them as good, better, best, would be both presumptuous and futile, for the simple reason that, having been devised to meet the varied needs and preferences of the whole community of insurance clients, what may be best for one man may not at all suit another, and those who have it in mind to be insured must simply exercise their own power of choice, or leave themselves confidently in the hands of the astute agent.

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11TH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1902

TORONTO, March 9th, 1903.

To Members:

The Management have pleasure in submitting the 11th Annual Report of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

The business of the Company shows a very satisfactory progress.

The figures embraced in the Report bear evidence to the vast business the Company is handling—

Cash paid members amounted to \$736,348.06, an increase over last year of \$222,992.69.

The gross assets have increased from \$1,282,808.26 to \$1,572,135.78, making a net gain of \$289,327.52.

An addition of \$10,000.00 has been made to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at \$55,000.00.

Since organization 11 years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members \$2,266,659.08. In the handling of all this business, no member has lost a dollar of the money invested. The whole amount paid in with interest being returned when the required period has been reached.

Every care and attention will be given to the business by the management, so as to ensure a continuance of the progress and prosperity which the Company has so far experienced.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, *President.*

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	\$683,250 00
Real Estate	575,598 21
Loans on this Company's Stock	72,231 45
Accrued Interest	3,592 34
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	2,820 40
Accounts Receivable	968 08
Furniture and Fixtures	7,162 88
The Molsons Bank	222,368 04
Cash on hand	4,144 38
Total Assets	\$1,572,135 78

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	\$1,253,438 90
Dividends Credited	42,504 34
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	46,697 03
Mortgages Assumed for Members	10,800 00
Reserve Fund	55,000 00
Contingent Account	163,695 51
Total Liabilities	\$1,572,135 78

TORONTO, February 28th, 1903.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company**, and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND, } Auditors.
G. A. HARPER, }

Results of Systematic Savings.

Date.	Total Assets.	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
Dec 31st, 1893	\$17,725.86	\$3,548.51	
" " 1894	68,643.14	15,993.59	
" " 1895	174,608.04	43,656.88	\$1,000.00
" " 1896	288,248.97	89,339.27	2,000.00
" " 1897	469,109.92	96,894.88	13,000.00
" " 1898	540,394.91	247,691.87	18,000.00
" " 1899	732,834.27	220,832.70	25,000.00
" " 1900	1,002,480.89	298,977.95	40,000.00
" " 1901	1,282,808.26	513,355.37	45,000.00
" " 1902	1,572,135.78	736,348.06	55,000.00

General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, *President.*
A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., *Vice-President.*

R. H. SANDERSON, *Building Inspector.*

V. ROBIN, *Treasurer.*
E. J. BURT, *Supervisor.*

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Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 1855

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Capital Authorized \$5,000,000.00
Capital, (paid up) 2,856,420.00
Reserve Fund, 2,720,775.00

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

WM. MOLSON MACPHERSON, President.
S. H. EWING, Vice-President.
W. M. Ramsay, J. P. Cleghorn, H. Markland Molson,
Lt.-Col. F. C. Henshaw, Wm. C. McIntyre.
JAMES ELLIOT, General Manager.
A. D. DURNFORD, Chief Inspector and Supt. of Branches.
W. H. DRAPER, H. LOCKWOOD and W. W. L. CHIPMAN, Assistant Inspectors.

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Fraserville, Que., Hamilton, Ont., Hensall, Ont., Highgate, Ont.,
Iroquois, Ont., Kingsville, Ont., Knowlton, Que., London, Ont.,
Meaford, Ont., Montreal, Que., Montreal, St. Catherine St.
Branch, Mar. & Harbor Branch, Jacques Cartier Sq., Montreal, Que.,
Morrisburg, Ont., Norwich, Ont., Ottawa, Ont., Owen Sound,
Ont., Port Arthur, Ont., Quebec, Que., Revelstoke, B.C., Ridgetown,
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AGENTS IN UNITED STATES—New York—Mechanics' Nat. Bank, Nat. City Bank, Hanover Nat. Bank, The Morton Trust Co. Boston—State National Bank, Kidder, Peabody & Company. Portland, Maine—Casco Nat. Bank, Chicago—First Nat. Bank. Cleveland—Commercial Nat. Bank. Philadelphia—Fourth St. National Bank, Phil. National Bank. Detroit—State Savings Bank. Buffalo—Third National Bank. Milwaukee—Wisconsin Nat. Bank of Milwaukee. Minneapolis—First Nat. Bank. Toledo—Second National Bank. Butte, Montana—First Nat. Bank. San Francisco—Canadian Bank of Commerce. Portland, Ore.—Canadian Bank of Commerce. Seattle, Wash.—Boston Nat. Bank.

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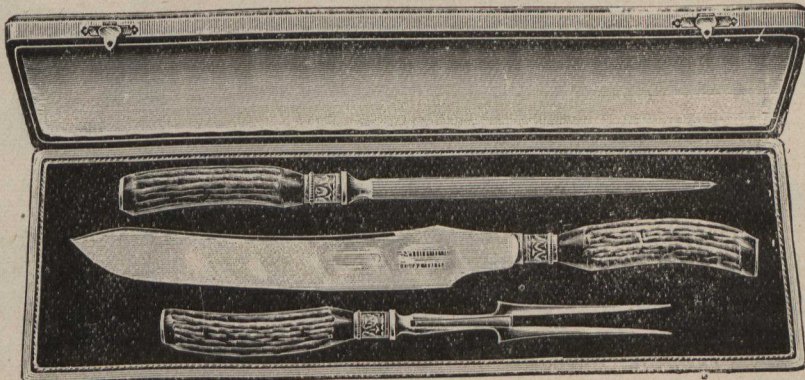
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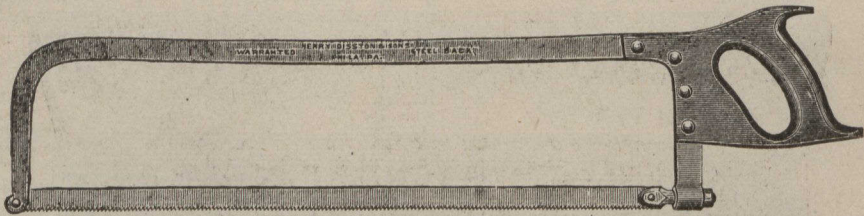
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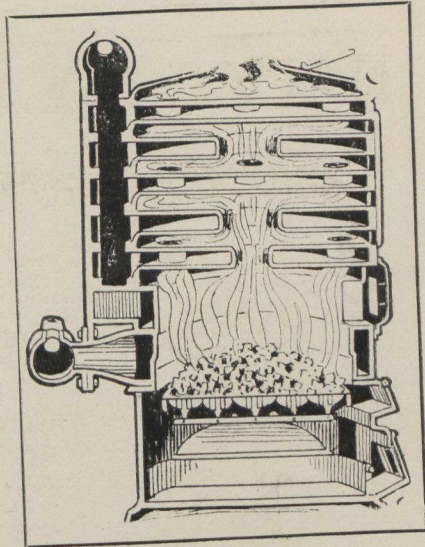
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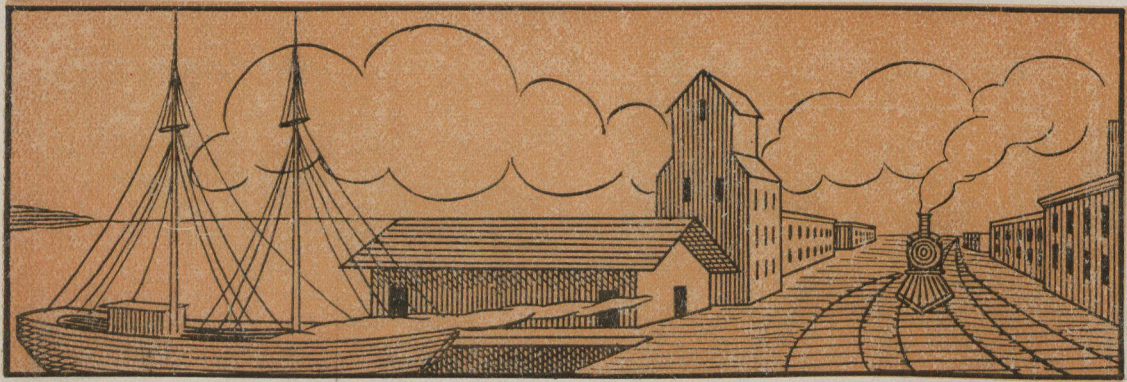
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