

A MEMORIAL NUMBER

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1901.



PUBLISHED BY THE  
ONTARIO PUBLISHING Co. LIMITED TORONTO

VICTORIA AND THE VICTORIAN AGE—By Dr. George R. Parkin, C.M.G.  
THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO CANADA—By R. T. Lancefield.  
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VOL. XVI.

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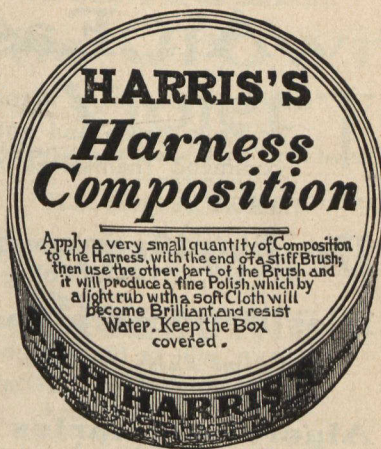
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# An Easter Number

**T**HE April CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be an Easter number, with a delicate cover in green and gold. The features of the issue will be such as commend themselves to all lovers of good literature and elevating entertainment.

**The Significance of Easter**, by PROFESSOR WILLIAM CLARK, D.C.L., of Trinity College, Toronto. A short, bright and informing essay.

**Miss Deborah's Easter House Party**, by MARION HARLAND, will be found to be a charming story of an old maid and an old bachelor. Miss Harland knows the tears of life as well as the smiles.

**Algernon Charles Swinburne**, by MISS JOANNA E. WOOD, will be illustrated with unique photographs and a fac-simile of Swinburne's original verse. Miss Wood visited at Swinburne's home during a recent trip to England, and her article will thus have an added interest and value.

**The Macdonald Manual Training Schools**, by PROF. JAS. W. ROBERTSON.

**Manual Training in Ottawa**, by ALBERT H. LEAKE.

These two articles will give a thorough review of this subject. They will be illustrated with a large number of photographs of the most valuable and interesting character. The schools at Ottawa, Westmount and Brockville, the benches, the wooden and iron articles made by boys—these will be some of the features of the illustrations.

**Fifty Years' Progress**, by JOHN READE. This will be the third and last of Mr. Reade's splendid and comprehensive contributions dealing with cosmopolitan and national development of the half century which has just closed. This article should have appeared in March but at the request of the author was delayed until April.

**The Woman in the Snow**, by ARTHUR J. STRINGER, is a charming French-Canadian story.

**Current Events Abroad** will in future be written by JOHN A. EWAN, the war correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*, who was formerly in charge of this department.

**Other Features** will include several illustrated articles of importance, short stories, poems, book reviews, current humour, etc.

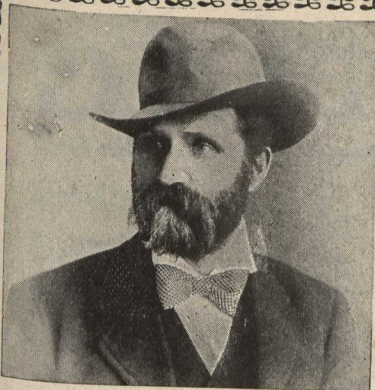
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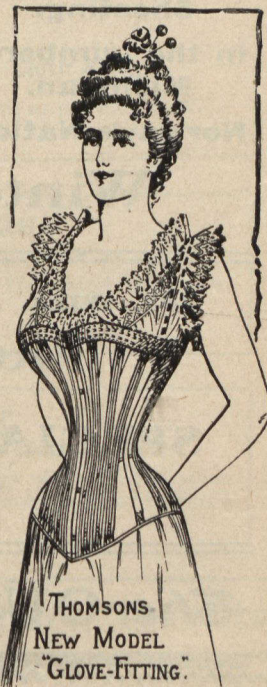
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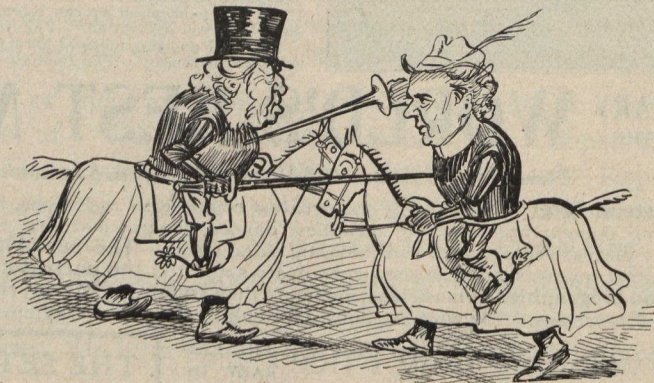
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**The Interest Income** since the Company started business has more than paid all Death claims.



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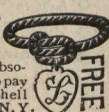
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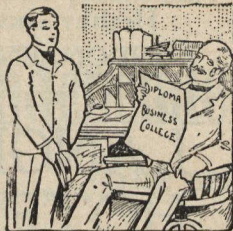
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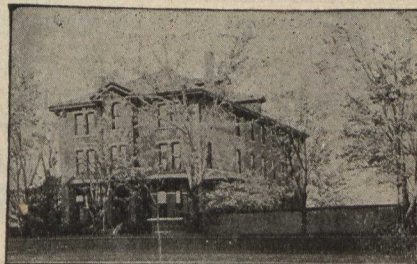
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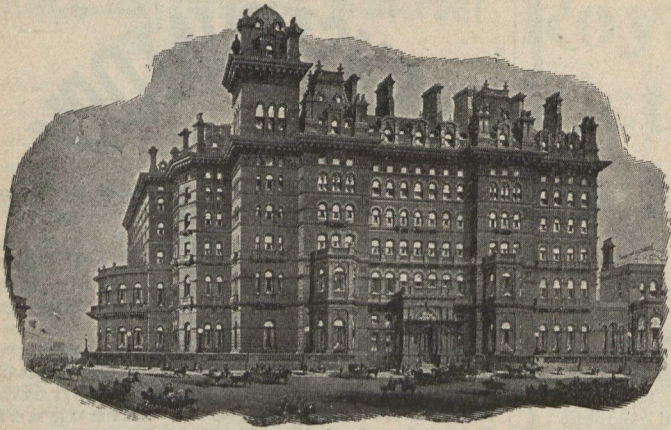
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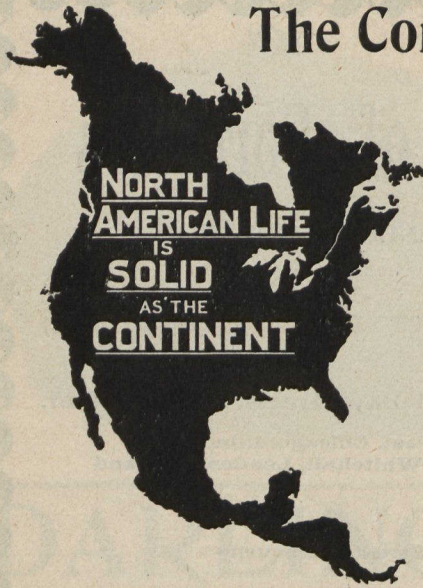
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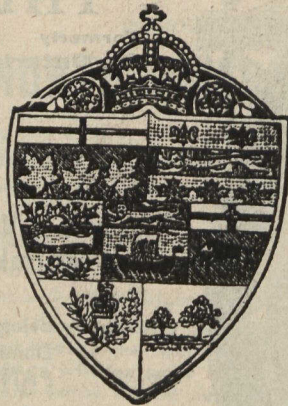
PRESIDENT

H. SUTHERLAND

MANAGING DIRECTOR

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The



## Federal Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE:  
Hamilton, Can.

Capital and Assets, - -	\$2,150,105.92
Surplus to Policyholders, -	1,026,367.85
Paid to Policyholders, -	1,978,514.58
Amount Insured, - - -	12,176,282.20

**DAVID DEXTER,**

Managing Director.

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# IMPERIAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA.

The Annual General Meeting of the Company was held at its Head Office, in Toronto, on February 6th, 1901. Among the present were: Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, William Mackenzie, Dr. F. R. Eccles (London), Hugh N. Baird, Charles McGill, F. G. Cox, A. E. Ames, S. J. Moore, David Smith, Hon. S. Casey Wood, E. T. Malone, K.C., David Moyle, Dr. John L. Davison, G. R. Hamilton (London), G. I. Riddell, George Weston, E. R. Wood, T. Bradshaw.

The Annual Report and Financial Statements were submitted, as follows:  
The Directors have pleasure in submitting their report upon the business for the year which ended December 31st, 1900.

1. **NEW BUSINESS.**—During the year 1423 applications for \$3,847,000 of assurance were received; of these 1320 for \$3,107,000 were accepted, and policies granted, yielding a new annual premium income of \$121,403.05; the balance, 103 for \$740,000, were declined or not completed.

2. **TOTAL BUSINESS.**—The total amount of assurance in force on December 31st, 1900, was \$9,226,350—an increase of \$2,083,725 in the year.

3. **INCOME.**—The income from premiums amounted to \$319,860.30, and from interest to \$36,272.74, making the total income \$356,133.04. The income from annual premiums (exclusive of single payment premiums and purchase money for annuities) amounted to \$314,410.30, an increase of \$98,582.88 over that of the preceding year.

4. **ASSETS.**—The assets amounted to \$1,102,092.24, an increase during the year of \$171,648.96.

5. **CLAIMS.**—The net amount of policies becoming claims by death was \$35,803.04. The increase in the amount paid to policyholders and annuitants over that disbursed in 1899 was \$26,539.14. The death claims were again considerably less than the amount expected, although the Company's estimate was based upon the Select Life Tables deduced from the Institute of Actuaries' (H.M.) Experience, which takes into account the recent selection of assured lives.

6. **RESERVES.**—In computing the reserves to be retained to meet liabilities under assurance and annuity contracts, the conservative interest rate of 3½ per cent. was assumed, although a much higher rate than this was earned by the Company. In conjunction with the 3½ per cent. interest rate, the Institute of Actuaries' (Healthy Males) Table of Mortality was employed for assurances, and for annuities the latest Mortality Table of the British Government Annuitants. In addition to the strong reserve thus brought out, a special reserve was made for suspended or deferred mortality, and a further special reserve for the immediate payment of death claims. The Reserve Fund amounted to \$597,488, an increase in the year of \$156,376.

7. **CONCLUSION.**—The report of the Auditors is appended to the Balance Sheet.

The Directors desire to place on record their sincere appreciation of the assistance rendered by the loyal and efficient Agency Staff in adding another thoroughly satisfactory year's business to the history of the Company. The satisfactory nature of the year's business is attested by the following:

	<b>INCREASE IN THE YEAR.</b>
1. Total assets .....	\$1,102,092 18 per cent.
2. Reserves for policies and annuities .....	597,488 35 per cent.
3. Annual premium income .....	314,410 46 per cent.
4. Interest income .....	36,273 32 per cent.
5. Net surplus over all liabilities .....	39,199 23 per cent.
6. Total insurance in force .....	9,226,350 29 per cent.
7. Gross surplus for the security of policyholders .....	\$489,199.61
8. Applications for new assurances \$3,847,000, of which \$3,107,000 were accepted and \$740,000 declined or uncompleted.	O. MOWAT, President.

T. BRADSHAW, Actuary.

## ABSTRACT OF FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

<b>RECEIPTS.</b>		<b>DISBURSEMENTS.</b>	
To Net Ledger Assets as on Dec. 31, 1899 .....	\$ 857,248.94	By claims under policies, payments to Annuitants and Expenses .....	\$ 145,387.93
To Net Assurance and Annuity Premiums, Interest, Dividends, etc. ....	295,156.14	By Balance Net Ledger Assets .....	1,007,017.15
	\$1,152,405.08		\$1,152,405.08
<b>ASSETS.</b>		<b>LIABILITIES.</b>	
By First Mortgages on Real Estate .....	\$ 394,793.62	Reserves (3½ per cent.) on assurances and annuities, including Special Reserves (1) for immediate payment of Death Claims, and (2) for suspended mortality .....	\$ 597,488.00
By Government Stock and Municipal Debentures .....	223,962.13	All other Liabilities .....	15,404.63
By other Stocks and Debentures .....	226,776.59	Surplus on Policyholders' account .....	489,199.61
By Loans on Bonds and Debentures .....	39,000.00		
By Loans on Policies and Policies Purchased .....	4,766.28		
By Cash in Banks .....	119,244.99		
By Cash at Head Office and other Offices .....	7,563.63		
Net Ledger Assets .....	\$1,007,017.15		
By Net Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due and Premiums in course of transit (full reserve thereon included in liabilities) .....	75,314.83		
By Accrued Interest on investments, etc. ....	19,760.26		
	\$1,102,092.24		

T. BRADSHAW, Actuary.

F. G. COX, Managing Director.

## AUDITORS' REPORT.

We have examined the above Statements of Receipts and Disbursements and of Assets and Liabilities, with the books and vouchers of the Company, and certify the same to be correct. We have also examined each of the securities of the Company, and the evidences of the Dominion Government Deposit and the Cash and Bank Balances, and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Statements. A running audit has been maintained during the year, and we certify that the books are well and truly kept.

JOHN MACKAY, } Auditors.  
H. VIGEON, }

Toronto, January 29th, 1901.

Messrs. E. T. Malone, K.C., and David Smith, having been appointed scrutineers, reported the following gentlemen as elected as Directors for the ensuing year:

- THE HONORABLE SIR OLIVER MOWAT, P.C., G.C.M.G., Lieut. Governor of Ontario, Ex-Minister of Justice of Canada.
- A. E. AMES, of A. E. Ames & Co., President Toronto Board of Trade.
- HUGH N. BAIRD, Grain Merchant, Director Western Assurance Company.
- A. E. KEMP, M.P., President Kemp Manufacturing Company, Ex-President Toronto Board of Trade.
- HONORABLE SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL, P.C., K.C.M.G., Senator, Ex-Prime Minister of Canada, Belleville.
- WM. MACKENZIE, President Toronto Street Railway Company.
- F. R. ECCLES, M.D., F.R.C.S., etc., London, Ont.
- HONORABLE WM. HARTY, M.P.P., Commissioner of Public Works, Kingston.
- WARREN Y. SOPER, of Ahearn & Soper, Director Ottawa Electric Street Railway Company, Ottawa.
- GEORGE B. REEVE, and Vice-President and General Manager Grand Trunk Railway Company, Montreal.
- SAMUEL J. MOORE, General Manager Carter-Crume Co., Ltd.
- HONORABLE S. C. WOOD, Vice-President Toronto General Trusts Corporation.
- THOMAS J. DRUMMOND, Messrs. Drummond, McCall & Co., Montreal.
- J. J. KENNY, Vice-President Western and British America Assurance Co.'s.
- CHESTER D. MASSEY, Treasurer Massey-Harris Co.
- CHARLES MCGILL, General Manager The Ontario Bank.
- FREDERICK G. COX, Managing Director The Imperial Life Assurance Co., of Canada.
- THOMAS BRADSHAW, Actuary The Imperial Life Assurance Co., of Canada.

At a subsequent meeting of Directors, Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat was re-elected President and Messrs. A. E. Ames and T. Bradshaw 1st and 2nd Vice-Presidents, respectively.





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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI

MARCH, 1901

No. 5

## VICTORIA AND THE VICTORIAN AGE.

*By George R. Parkin, C.M.G., Principal Upper Canada College.*

TO stamp a name upon an era in the world's history is an honour reserved for perhaps half a dozen of all the thousands of millions of human beings who have lived upon the earth. We speak of the Augustan age, the Elizabethan age, the Napoleonic age, and the name in each case flashes upon the mind a vivid and definite picture of some great turning period in the life of a nation, and through it of the human race. That this result may be produced it seems essential that the nation should be one that holds a foremost place in the world; the era itself must be impressive from the activity or energy of the forces at work; the personality which gives it a name must be powerful, typical, in touch with the spirit of the time, and conspicuous to such a degree, that minor people and circumstances naturally range themselves around it as a centre. Given these conditions, the name-stamp becomes one which the lapse of time does not easily efface; it stands out thereafter sharply and distinctly as marking one of the great milestones of human history. Failing some such combination of circumstances one century may succeed another without gaining this impress of individuality and distinction.

It seems quite clear that the remarkable period which has closed with the closing nineteenth century will be handed down to history among the civilized nations of the world as the Victorian age.

No doubt it is unsafe to forecast what will or will not stand the all-searching test of time, but in the present instance some at least of the requisite conditions, as we have stated them, would appear to be amply fulfilled. Our British nation has certainly held the central and most conspicuous place in the dominating world-movements of the period. The century has been one of extraordinary activity and rapid change, chiefly along lines which extend the bounds of human knowledge and power, and so open up long vistas of further advance. Through a large part of the century Queen Victoria has been the official head of an empire greater in extent and power than any that preceded it and of a people who for the time were exercising a more decisive influence on the world's civilization than any other. But there must be more than this. Mere official position, while it leaves a dry record on the page of history, does not stamp itself permanently on the minds and imagination of men. We must look beneath the sovereign's robes of state to discover the living force which will probably cause her name to be taken as representative of a period.

If we do thus look into the Queen's mind and character, and the career which sprung from them, we shall find, I believe, very sufficient reasons to justify and explain the extraordinary impression which her life and death



have made upon the world. The study is a deeply interesting one, if only for the hope which it suggests that something like a new standard of sovereign greatness has been set up among men. Absolutism, military genius, masterful ability, force in many forms has often in the past lifted itself to supreme place in the world. To find that the highest place of all, even in human esteem and veneration, is voluntarily accorded to qualities entirely different from these is something like a revelation—a revelation which is likely to profoundly influence thought and conduct in time to come.

The full measure of this influence time alone can make known.

But even to-day the Queen's death has brought out what is probably the fullest expression the world has ever known of the kinship of men; kinship in reverence and admiration for the old-fashioned virtues of simplicity, sincerity and devotion to duty; for those Christian virtues which, blended together, produce the highest type of tender and gracious womanhood; the highest type of manhood which is true as well as strong. But to measure an influence such as hers we must study it from various sides.

First of all, a sovereign is the head of a political system, and our great English Queen must, therefore, for merit or demerit, be judged in no small measure by her relations to the political institutions of the country. She came to the throne at a time extremely critical for monarchs and monarchies; when power was rapidly passing into the hands of the people;

when hereditary right was openly challenged and its influence was manifestly declining. Fortunately nature had endowed her with a saving common sense which enabled her to grasp such a situation and deal with it successfully. Taking trust in her people as the keynote of her policy and the guide to her conduct she so exercised her constitutional prerogatives as to leave her own throne stronger and

more firmly fixed in the confidence and affection of its subjects than it has been for centuries, while there is probably not a monarch in Europe who is not more securely seated in his place to-day because Queen Victoria ruled in Britain and illustrated there the beneficent possibilities of royalty.

But the period was critical in other ways. The nation was passing through a wonderful process of expansion; on



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THE QUEEN

ONE OF THE LAST PICTURES OF HER MAJESTY



distant continents new off-spring nations were growing up; they naturally looked out upon the world in eager and open-eyed search for political ideals. With such a Queen upon the throne they were able to find the highest ideal in the government of their own Motherland; they soon saw that republics had nothing more in the way of complete self-government to offer them than what Britain enjoyed under a limited monarchy.

Never did a process of political evolution on so vast a scale move forward under circumstances so favorable. In Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, the most democratic communities in the world, found that liberty could have the fullest play without any break with the traditions of the past; that allegiance to the crown was not only compatible with, but actually secured as no other political machinery in the world did, the freest possible exercise of the sovereign will of the people.

It is no exaggeration to say that the clear view which the young Queen took of her constitutional duties when she came to the throne in 1837, the steadfast and consistent way in which she exercised them, the precedent which

her example created for every viceroy or governor sent out to represent her in the self-governing colonies, contributed more than almost anything else to carry us through a very critical stage in our national history, the stage during which it was decided whether the great colonies, when grown to national estate, should remain as a part of the Empire or not.

What that decision means to British people and to the world we are now beginning to understand; its significance will become still more apparent as the process of consolidating our vast Empire in the interests of peace, liberty and industrial safety goes forward.

It is a strange historical coincidence that an exact thousand years of English history is covered by the period between the

year 901, when Saxon Alfred, the wisest and best beloved of our long line of kings, died, to the year 1901, when the sceptre dropped from the hand of Victoria, by far the most venerated of English queens. The reign which closed a thousand years ago saw the consolidation of the Saxon Heptarchy carried on amid desperate struggle with the Northmen, but with a new inspiration



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THE QUEEN

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and cohesion given to Anglo-Saxon life through the private virtues and public policy of a ruler whose name even yet is cherished wherever the English language is spoken. And as the vaster design of a united British Empire realizes itself more and more I am confident that the name of our latest and greatest Queen will stand out as conspicuously for a beacon light in the political history of our people as does the name of her great Saxon predecessor.

The supreme tribute to the character of the Queen's rule is the calm and undisturbed attitude of the public mind, so far as politics are concerned, when at last she has passed away. So steadily and resolutely has she upheld all through her reign the true principles which should direct the use of royal prerogative in a limited monarchy; so clearly has she shown that her pride was to have her throne "broad-based upon her people's will," that now when the sceptre suddenly passes to other hands there is no public anxiety—no disturbance of the funds—no hint of possible political upheaval. The tradition of free government wisely balanced by an impartial sovereign head has become too strong in these sixty-four years to admit thought of its overthrow. She has shown how the people may rule while the sovereign reigns—how they may rule all the more truly and efficiently because the sovereign reigns. To have fixed irrevocably so profound a principle in the political habits of people who hold almost a quarter of the earth's surface is of itself sufficient to mark an epoch in history.

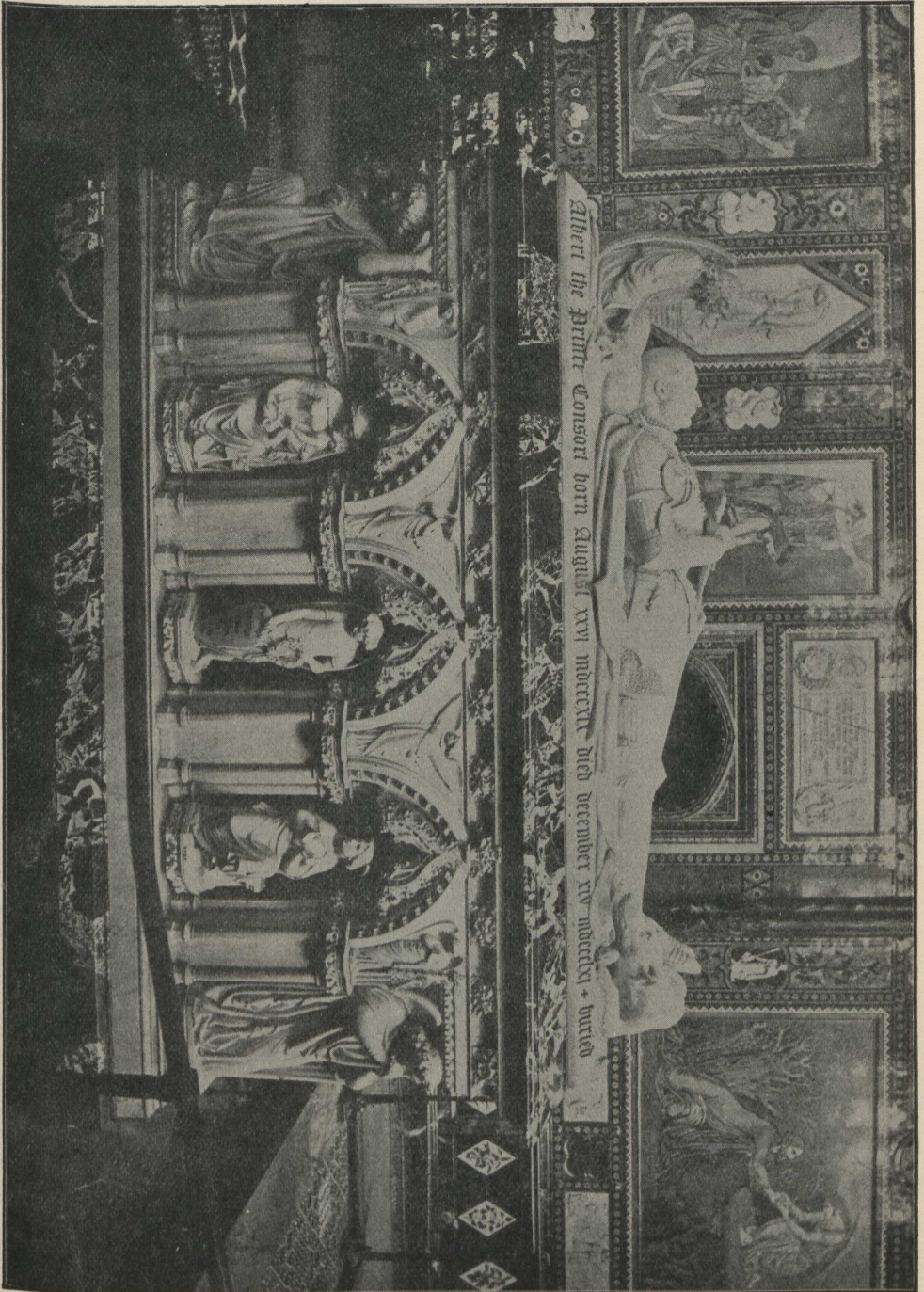
But besides being the sovereign of a vast realm the Queen was at the head of a social system, the richest, the most highly organized, the most far-reaching in its influence for good or evil of any known to history. The Roman Empire in the height of its power was limited practically to the countries within reach of the Mediterranean. The Queen's viceroys have gone forth to rule continents and populous countries of which the Cæsars

never heard or dreamed; her Empire in its various parts has faced every civilized and uncivilized nation of the earth; its commerce has tapped the riches of them all. Back upon the centre of British life have been reflected all the wealth, the luxury, the means of social power, and the temptations to social corruption which can be drawn from every corner of the world. It was just such an inflow of wealth and luxury that undermined the greatness of Rome by sapping the foundations of Roman character. When the historian Tacitus wished to put his hand on the plague-spot which meant destruction to the imperial race of his day, he did so indirectly by picturing the simple habits, the stern self-discipline, the pure domestic life of the German ancestors of our Queen, and of our race. By cultivating these habits, by encouraging this discipline, by illustrating through her own example the beauty and power of that home life upon which the greatness of a nation must ultimately rest, the Queen has stood as a tower of defence to her people against the influx of social evils incident to wealth and power, which have wrecked Empires in the past, and are equally powerful to wreck them to-day unless resolutely met and overcome.

She has striven to keep clean the fountains of public life and social distinction. Honours once given too frequently to court parasites and favourites have been assigned with studious care to real distinction in politics, science, literature, art, industry, philanthropy or whatever adds grace and dignity to a nation's life. Where wealth has gained them it has usually been in recognition of some noble use of wealth.

With all that was best among her people she was in active sympathy. From her place of social power she might easily have chilled earnest enthusiasm by indifference, or antagonized by lack of discretion men and movements that looked to her recognition for support. As a matter of fact, her judgment was ever singularly just,





Albert the Prince Consort born August XVI mdcxxxvii died December XIV mdcclxvi + buried

SARCOPHAGUS OF THE PRINCE CONSORT AT FROGMORE, NEAR WINDSOR



as well as quick, to recognize whatever was good in the way of social or moral effort; and gradually the fact of her approval came to be accepted among her people as a kind of hall-mark of solid worth for men and women, and the causes they had in hand.

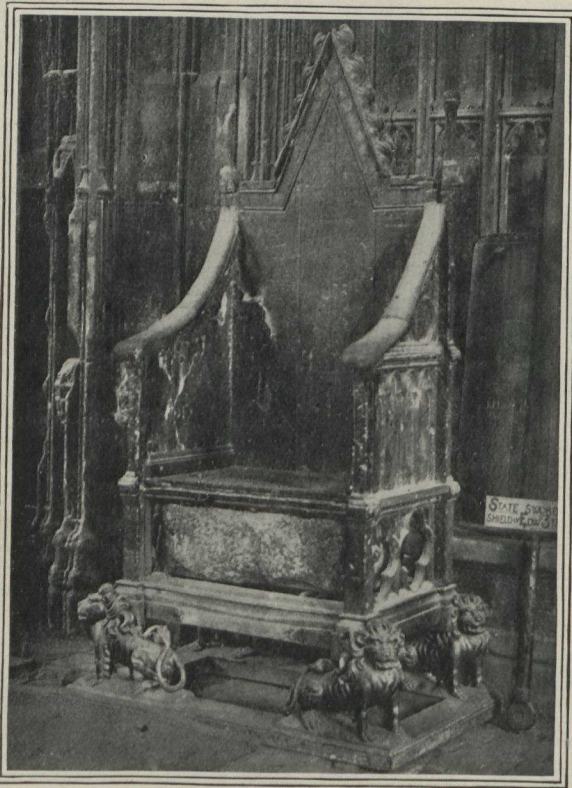
Herself the head of a State Church and a firm believer in its doctrines she was yet wider in her Christian sympathy than anyone of the main schools of thought in that Church. The broadest Churchman of his day, Dean Stanley, was among her most intimate personal friends. In Scotland it was men like Norman McLeod, John Caird and Dr. McGregor who won her confidence and friendship.

But beyond all that has yet been said there was much else connected with her reign which appealed powerfully to

the popular imagination. The Queen's life has been a romance into which it has been her pleasure that the people should be allowed to enter. Her early ascent to the throne; her marriage of affection; the almost idyllic picture of home-life furnished by the youth of her children; her long-sustained grief for her husband; the many other profound afflictions which she has been called upon to endure; the splendid alliances made by her children and grandchildren; the pre-eminent position she herself had won among the sovereigns of Europe; the simple dignity with which she ever took her place in the stateliest public functions; the culminating splendour of her reign, which found a climax in the Jubilee celebrations of 1887 and 1897—all these have contributed to surround the

life which has just closed with a romantic interest quite without parallel. The clearest poetic voices of the age have found in it a theme and inspiration. Tennyson was no mere coiner of courtly phrases; his tributes to the Queen came from the heart, and, winged with the unmistakable touch of sincerity and truth, went to the heart. What is true of him is true of others.

Thus it has come to pass that the Queen's life has been crowned beyond all past precedent by the devoted love and loyalty of her people. But in her case, as in all others, it has been true that the cross of life is the price that must ever be paid for its crown. In much personal loss and affliction; in long and patient performance of duty under trying circumstances; in the daily facing of risks incident to sovereign place, her path, for the last forty years at least, has been a discipline of endurance and trial.



THE CORONATION CHAIR—SHOWING THE HISTORIC STONE FROM SCONE, NEAR PERTH, ON WHICH THE KINGS OF SCOTLAND WERE CROWNED. EDWARD I. REMOVED IT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY. IT WAS FRAMED AS SHOWN, AND THE CHAIR HAS EVER SINCE BEEN USED AT ENGLISH CORONATIONS



There is no doubt that she had gradually grown to look upon herself as the mother of her people; the sharer of all their joys; but still more the consoler of their sorrows. Equally certain is it that the hearts of the great mass of British people had gone out as they never had before to meet this queenly mother love, so comprehensive, so tender, so untiring, and, above all, so manifestly sincere. Out of this mutual feeling had grown a relation absolutely without parallel in history: a devotion to duty and a breadth of sympathy on the part of the ruler which age could not shake or toil intimidate; a heartfelt reverence and loyalty on the part of the ruled which has gradually deepened with the lapse of years into intense personal affection.

"She leaves the noblest memory that any monarch ever left to posterity. . .

. . . She has been an example for palaces and for hovels alike. Her lesson was for the poor as well as for the rich, for the highly placed as well as for the humble. She was a great Queen. She was a greater woman." Such is the tribute of one of the most representative of American journals. The words echo the feeling of the civilized world.

And now we British people, thinking much of the past, thinking still more in these anxious days of the



THE FOUR GENERATIONS—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN, TAKEN LAST YEAR

future, with proud sorrow and grateful hearts store away the priceless jewel of her memory in the already wonderful treasure-house of our national traditions, to be forever an example and an inspiration. In view of all that the world has felt and said in these last weeks it seems strangely out of place to say that our Queen's sway has ended. It has widened. The Victorian era closes. The reign of the great Victorian tradition begins.







# The DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

BY  
Rev. Professor William Clark



HOW varied, how conflicting are the thoughts and emotions that strive within us on an occasion like the present! Sorrow and joy, thanksgiving and regrets, mourning and praise contend for the mastery in our minds. Yet surely the place must be given to gratitude and hope. As we think of the great woman, the great Queen, who has, in the providence of God, been removed from the people who loved her and venerated her, we glorify God who has shewn forth His loving-kindness in her and in her people, and we look forward with confident hope to the future of the Empire over which her dearly loved son, our honoured King, presides in her place.

It is impossible to rise to the demands of such a moment, for it is a moment unique in the history of the world. Such a reign has never been witnessed before. Such a life has never been lived under like circumstances. In her the prayer of the poet has been fulfilled when he asked that our children's children might say—

“She wrought her people lasting good :  
Her court was pure; her life serene.”

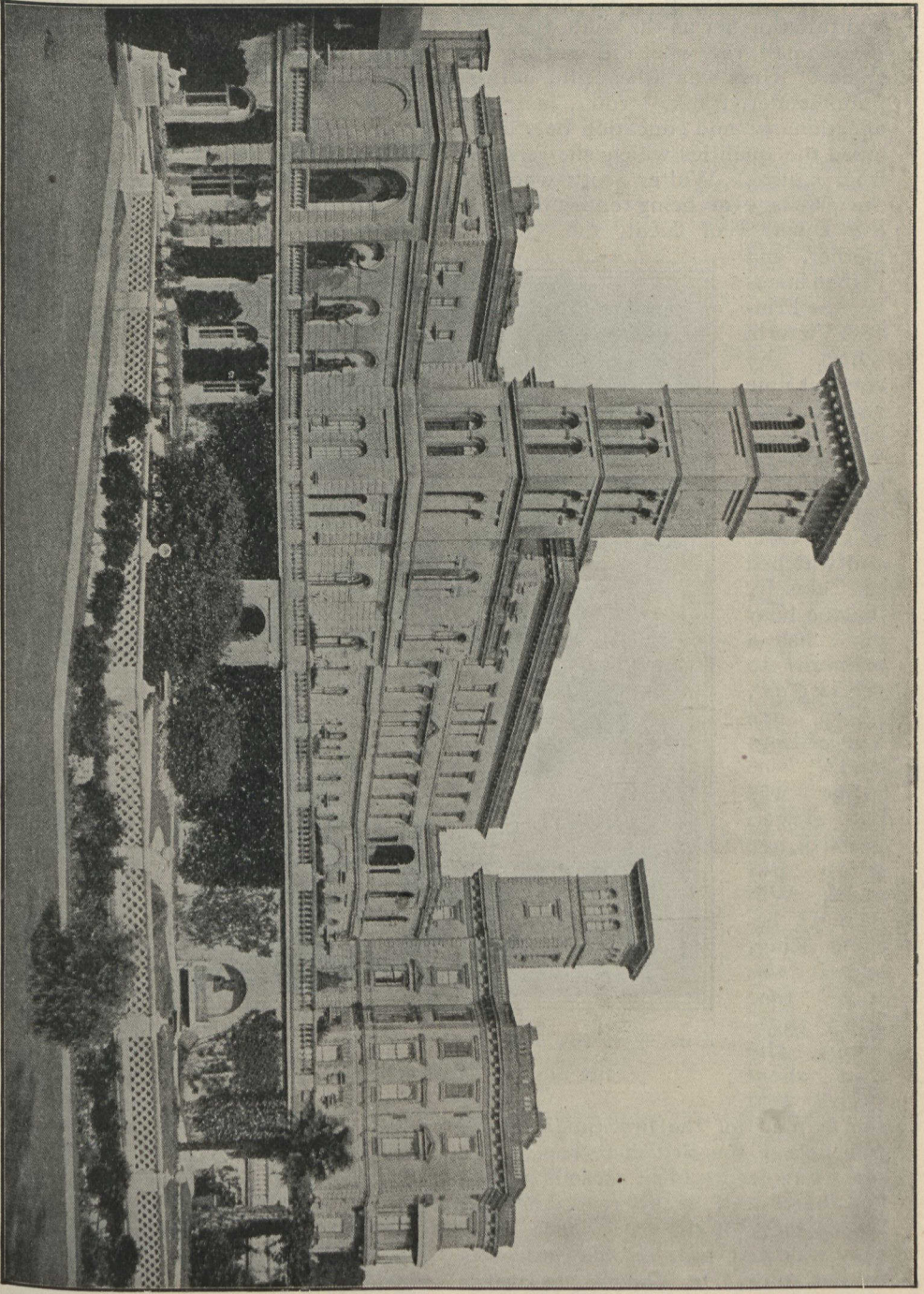
For nearly four and sixty years has this great Queen ruled this mighty empire wisely and well, with ever fresh and growing tokens of the blessing of God upon her and her people; and now that the glorious day is ended, and the sun of that precious life has set, we look back with wonder on all that has been accomplished by human enterprise and by divine guidance and blessing. The purity of her court alone

conferred immeasurable blessings upon every class among her people from the highest to the lowest. I remember well the death of the old King, William IV, and the coronation of the young Queen about a twelvemonth later; but what memory is tenacious enough to retain even a tithe of the great events which have been transacted during these six decades? People have been trying in various ways to represent to themselves the vastness of the changes which have been brought about. We are told, for example, that 3,500,000 square miles have been added to the area of the Empire, and 80,000,000 to its population; that during this time Australia has become peopled by 4,000,000 and New Zealand by 1,000,000; whilst the population of Canada has risen from about 1,000,000 to more than 5,000,000. We are told that whilst the Mother Country has sent forth 10,000,000 to other lands, her own 25,000,000 have grown to 40,000,000. It was eight weeks before the death of William IV was known in Canada. The death of Queen Victoria was known in Canada about a quarter of an hour after it occurred.

But mere figures give a very poor and inadequate notion of the progress of the Empire and the world; and perhaps such subjects have been sufficiently dwelt upon at our jubilee services. At this moment it is of the Queen herself that all are thinking—of that noble, gracious lady whose decease has made strong men's hearts to tremble and strong men's eyes to drop tears, in every quarter of the globe—

The portraits on this page are those of the Prince Consort and the Queen at the time of their marriage.





OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT, WHERE THE QUEEN DIED



whose death has filled the world with universal mourning. We look back and think of her as the child, the girl, the woman, the wife, the mother, the Queen. Hers was a beautiful nature, pure, tender, frank, strong, just, and affectionate; and education only developed the qualities which she received from nature. Walter Scott, who had the privilege of being entertained by the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, and of then meeting the Princess Victoria when she was but nine years of age, says of her: "This little lady is educated with so much care, and watched so closely, that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are heir of England.'"

She was but eleven years of age when her uncle, William IV became King, and it was some time after that, when she was about twelve, that

she learned for the first time that she was heir to the British throne. The story has been told in various ways; but there need be no real doubt as to the facts of the case. The Princess was first told of her prospects by her tutor, Dr. Davys, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. On this point I can express no doubt, as I had all the details of the story from

members of the Bishop's family. In studying the history of England she was coming near to the period in which she lived; and Dr. Davys consulted the Duchess of Kent as to what he should do. The knowledge of her being heir-presumptive had been kept from her for two reasons. In the first place, it was for some time regarded as possible that William IV and Queen Adelaide might have children who would live. Several had died in infancy. In the second place the Duchess preferred that her daughter's education should be conducted without her mind being disturbed by thoughts of a crown. When, however, the question arose as to who should succeed King William, Dr. Davys submitted the genealogical table of the Royal Family for her examination and she be-

came aware of her nearness to the succession. She received this knowledge without excitement, with great gravity, and with an evident sense of responsibility. The child is father of the man—the child is mother of the woman.

And then came, when she was but eighteen years of age, her accession to the throne in 1837, and her coronation



PHOTO. BY THOMSON, LONDON

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.



in 1838, and her marriage to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in the beginning of 1840. About three months before, on the 14th of November, 1839, the young Queen addressed the following words to the Privy Council: "I have caused you to be summoned," she said, "in order that I may acquaint you with my resolution in a matter which deeply concerns the welfare of my people and the happiness of my future life.

It is my intention to ally myself in marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the engagement which I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration; nor without feeling a strong assurance that, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity, and serve the interests of my country." Three months later they were married, neither of them being twenty-one years of age. It was a union which brought much true, deep happiness, and which, as far as this life is concerned, was ended in a deep and life-long sorrow; and perhaps the immediate stroke was the heavier because it fell almost immediately after

the blow which had deprived the Queen of the guide of her infancy and youth. With respect to the Prince Consort, I may be permitted to quote words which I myself spoke thirty-nine years ago, from the pulpit, on the day of his burial. (Dec. 23, 1861.)

"Prince Albert was a young man and a foreigner when he assumed a position one of the most difficult which any man could occupy. With what soundness of judgment, with what

moderation and prudence he filled that position most of us now well know. He has been—so we are told by those who have a right to be listened to with respect—he has been the sagacious adviser of the Sovereign, without forgetting that he was himself a subject. He has fulfilled the duties of a subject without forgetting that he was the husband of the Queen. In the attitude which he constantly assumed he displayed a rectitude, a straightforwardness, and a wisdom which gained for him the respect and confidence of our greatest statesmen. . . . It may be sufficient



PHOTO. BY THOMSON, LONDON

THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK

to say that the happy and prosperous reign of Victoria, the respect which our Queen has ever shown for the constitution which she has administered, the ever increasing reverence and affection which she has conciliated to herself, her person, and her throne, cannot be regarded apart from him who must have been her constant counsellor and guide."

Words like these and many more such words were spoken on that most sorrowful and lamentable occasion,



when the light went out of the life of our Queen, and she had to pass sadly, in all the solitary years that were to follow, through that which must have seemed to her as the valley of the shadow of death. Yet never during all these years—nearly forty of them—has she flinched from the discharge of her numerous, weighty, sometimes painful duties. And in her loyal recognition of the constitution of her Kingdom and of her Empire, she has displayed a clearness of vision, a soundness of judgment, a consistency of action which will furnish an example for all constitutional sovereigns in the future. Nor is it too much to add that she has made every throne in Europe stronger and safer by the manner in which she has occupied her own.

It has sometimes been said that the Queen had no power, was a mere figure-head, had only what is called influence or moral power, as though such phrases would make the whole matter clear. But surely in so speaking men forget that ultimately there is no power but moral power, that influence *is* power. If you could have your wishes and determinations embodied in laws—if you could dictate the whole contents of the statute book, and could not enforce your laws, could not get your statutes obeyed, where were the power? There are countries in which multitudes of

laws are passed, which are almost as soon forgotten as they are written down. It is not so with the power which proceeds from wisdom and benevolence and care for the public good; and these were possessed in a supreme degree by the Lady who ruled us so long. It has been said that she was the best informed politician in Europe; but she was much more than this. She was the possessor of an exceptionally sane intelligence and of a sound and loving heart. It is not necessary that we should dwell upon the long period which intervened between the loss of her Consort and the Queen's own decease. It has been recounted by a thousand pens, it has been told by thousands of witnesses how bravely, how royally, how gently she has borne herself during these many years of labour and anxiety.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,"

and many days of painful thought and many nights of disturbed slumber have been spent during these years by her who has now entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Wars and rumours of wars, conflicts in all parts of the globe, yet by the blessing of God without dishonour to her country or disaster to her arms—she has endured with fortitude and faith.

It has been said, and it seems not improbable, that the grievous struggle in South Africa—necessary and inevitable



PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF 2



AT THE AGE OF 4





AT THE AGE OF 8



AT THE AGE OF 12

as it has been—did much to exhaust her strength and energy, and to hasten the end. Yet why mourn as though all were loss, and there were not great gain? True, in comparative youth she was called upon to relinquish her loved partner—the half of her very life and soul. True, she has had child after child, dearly loved and cherished, torn from her arms. Yet she had many mercies and blessings, many vast compensations—in the love and devotion of her children, of her people, of all the inhabitants of the mighty Empire over which she presided, and in the deep and well-grounded conviction that when the royal sceptre dropped from her hand, it would be grasped by one most dear to her, one who loved her most tenderly and devotedly—her son, the son of Albert the Good, who had already gained for himself the devoted affection of his own countrymen, and the good will and admiration of many men in other lands, and who would therefore hand on the noble traditions which he had received, and guarantee for himself, for his dynasty, for his people, a continuance of the blessings which had been poured out

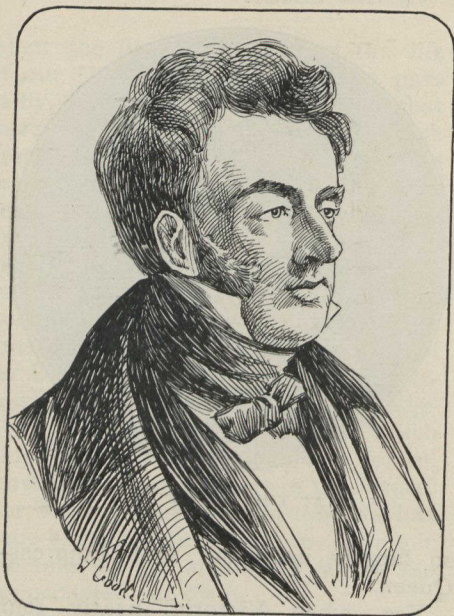
so largely upon our first Empress-Queen.

Yes, when Victoria, nearly four years ago, celebrated in front of the great Church of St. Paul's, in the heart of London, the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne, although, in that day of joyful and triumphant acclaim, a shadow may have passed before her and the thought of the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still" may have momentarily dimmed the brightness of that day, yet surely she might well and did truly take up the language of the Psalmist and say, "Goodness and mercy shall follow me—have followed me—all the days of my life." And has not the prayer of one who loved her well and served her faithfully, and whose lines might bring immortality to any child of man—has not his desire been answered, when he prayed:

"May all love,  
His love unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,  
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,  
The love of all thy people comfort thee,  
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

So by God's blessing it has been.





LORD MELBOURNE



SIR ROBERT PEEL

## THE QUEEN'S PRIME MINISTERS.

*By A. H. U. Colquhoun.*

IT fell to the lot of Queen Victoria to have for her Prime Ministers during a reign of sixty-four years ten statesmen not unworthy to rank with the best of those who went before them. Not one of them can justly be called a mediocrity. Of none may it be said that happy chance, the accident of politics, aristocratic lineage, or the cabal of faction accounted for his elevation to the coveted post. If to four of them we are accustomed to attribute qualities which point to more enduring fame, it does not follow that Peel, Palmerston, Beaconsfield and Gladstone so far outshone the others as to present a striking disparity.

A girl of eighteen, called from a life of retirement to fill one of the greatest places in the world, must necessarily have had much to learn. The character of the young sovereign had, indeed, been carefully trained by a good mother. In education and natural intelligence she was well fitted for the responsibilities of her position. That

she grasped so quickly the correct ideas that should govern her conduct as a constitutional monarch, and as the head of a court which, under her two uncles, had not commended itself to the people, was recognized by all her early Ministers. We cannot suppose that Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, or Lord Aberdeen sank all the discernment of the statesman in the flunkeyism of the courtier. In earning as she did their respect, admiration and affection, the young Queen proved her possession of those qualities which, in after years, gave her so complete an ascendancy over court and people.

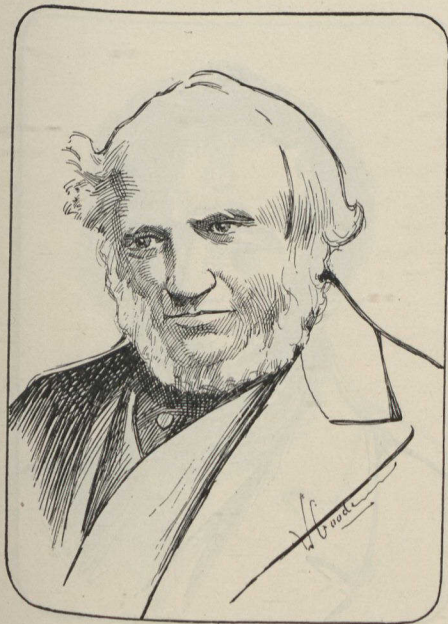
Upon the first Prime Minister of the reign, Lord Melbourne, devolved the duty of instructing the Queen in the constitutional maxims that were slowly crystallizing into acceptance. Lord Melbourne must always remain an interesting figure. His devotion to his sovereign was that of a father to a daughter. This man of the world, with his genial cynicism—"Can't you let it



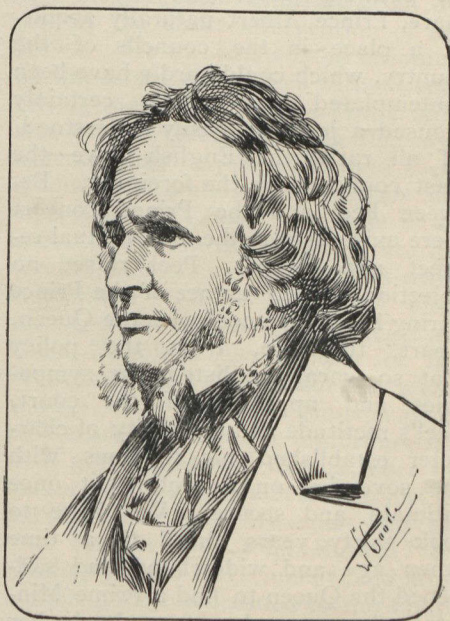
alone?" he would say of a projected reform,—with his keen insight into the selfish, baser side of politics, his conversation plentifully interlarded with "damns," was a type of a society which has probably passed away. He was the head of a Whig Ministry and party feeling ran high. The Duke of Wellington, the oracle if not the leader of the Tories, was content with the fairness of Melbourne in "initiating the Queen into the laws and spirit of the constitution." It was the marvel of his friends how he could detach himself from the society he loved and which from his tastes was so congenial, to spend his days in the somewhat monotonous routine of the court. A strong personal friendship grew up between the Queen and the man who, as she afterwards said, was "for the first two years and a half of my reign almost the only friend I had." When the Whigs were overturned and Melbourne had to retire in 1841 the parting was a severe wrench on both sides, although the Queen, who was now married, had in Prince Albert a better adviser in some respects than any Prime Minister could be. To ex-

plain the slow recovery of the Tory party after the Reform Bill the Duke of Wellington had declared: "I have no small talk and Peel has no manners." The stiffness of manner, of which Peel's parliamentary followers complained, caused the most serious difference the Queen ever had with any of her Prime Ministers.

Nothing seems more absurd to-day than the Bedchamber difficulty—the desire of the Queen that all the ladies of her court should not be changed by the incoming Ministry, and Peel's failure to make her understand that nothing that would affect her comfort and happiness would necessarily be insisted upon. When the time came for Peel to accept the task of forming a Ministry the old misunderstanding was soon cleared away. It seems far from improbable that the Queen's opinions of her chief advisers during the twenty years which followed the accession to power of Peel in 1841 were coloured to a considerable degree by the preferences of her husband. It was inevitable that a man of the Prince's talents should exercise a strong influence over the woman who

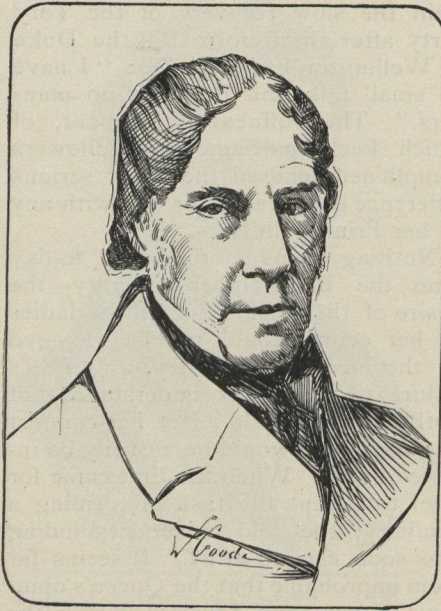


LORD JOHN RUSSELL



THE EARL OF DERBY





THE EARL OF ABERDEEN

was so passionately attached to him. He became her private secretary, and at the time of the birth of her first child, when it was necessary that provision should be made for discharging the political duties that fell to her share, Prince Albert naturally acquired a place in the councils of the country, which could hardly have been contemplated and which certainly aroused a jealousy easily understood. Of all races the English have the least confidence in the foreigner. Between Peel and the Prince Consort there existed from the first mutual respect and regard. Peel raised no objection to the presence of the Prince during his conferences with the Queen. Apart, therefore, from the policy that so warmly enlisted the sympathies and approval of the court, Peel's rectitude and simplicity of character established his relations with the sovereign on a footing at once intimate and secure. We have to look thirty years ahead to a time when age and widowhood had saddened the Queen to find a Prime Minister who secured as completely her trust and affection.

To Peel succeeded Lord John Russell, long regarded with a kind of awe as the representative of the Whig aristocracy, the fountain from which flowed perennially every kind of reform, the forerunner of the modern progressive Liberalism. Overrated as we may now think him, he had all the high qualities of his family and was animated by the strongest regard for the national interests which, with him, were usually the interests of the Whig party. Of his personal honour, his vigour, and his sincerity who could entertain any doubt? Such a man necessarily commanded the confidence of the Crown, and although he and Lord Aberdeen were unable to cope with the growing popularity of Lord Palmerston, into whose hands the Premiership soon fell as a sort of right, they enjoyed without stint the favour of the court. In the case of Lord Aberdeen especially he was as much the friend as the adviser of the monarch, and their association during the troubled period of the Crimean War tended to draw the Minister closer to the Prince Consort, now in the full maturity of his powers. In a letter made public by the Queen's

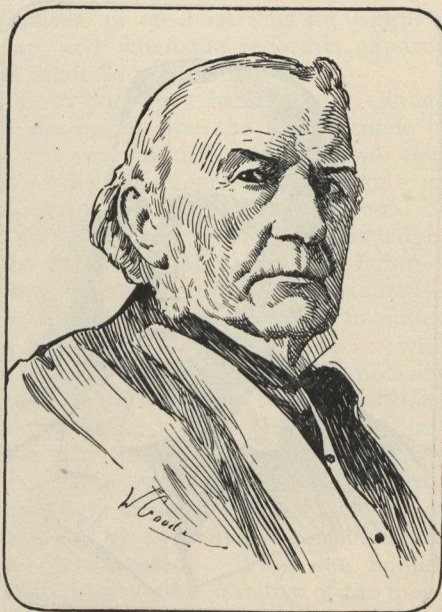


LORD PALMERSTON



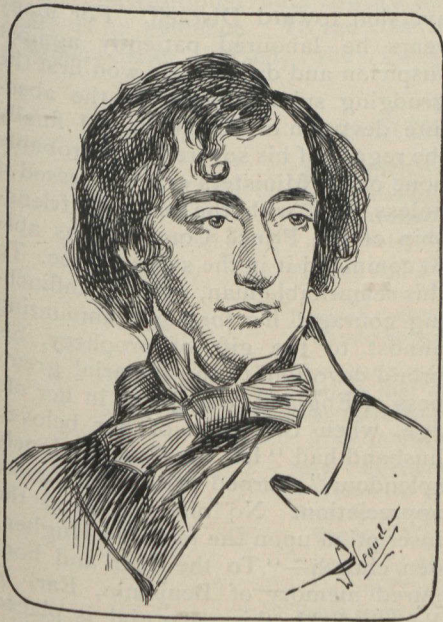
permission during her lifetime, we get an interesting glimpse of the relations between the Sovereign and the Prime Minister at this time. The Queen wrote from Windsor in 1855 that "she wishes to say what a pang it is for her to separate from so kind, and dear, and valued a friend as Lord Aberdeen has ever been to her since she has known him. The day he became her Prime Minister was a very happy one for her; and throughout his Ministry he has ever been the kindest and wisest adviser, one to whom she could apply for advice on all and trifling occasions even. This she is sure he will still ever be—but the losing him as her first adviser in her Government is very painful." This letter might be ascribed by some, as Mr. Gladstone said, "to the emotions of so womanly a heart." It was a gratifying tribute none the less, since the judgment of the sovereign on a Prime Minister's motives, character and abilities should carry greater weight than that of the public—usually fickle, invariably ill-informed.

That Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister through the favour of



HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

the English people and not of the court is no secret. His was a type of statesmanship with few attractions for either the Queen or her husband. When Foreign Secretary in the Russell Ministry he had been dismissed from his post by the direct intervention of the Crown. He was in the habit of indicting important despatches without submitting them either to the Prime Minister or the Queen. When this was protested against, he submitted them at times which allowed of scarcely any supervision. When suggestions or corrections were made, they were ignored. Matters came to a crisis when Palmerston "off his own bat," without consulting anyone, recognized Louis Napoleon as Emperor of the French after the disgraceful *coup d'état* of 1851. The dismissed Minister picked himself up from the inglorious fall with good-humoured dignity, bore no malice, and rather gained than lost in public estimation. He soon had his "tit for tat with John Russell" by turning out the Government, and after a short period succeeded to the Premiership which, with one slight interval, he held for nearly ten years until his

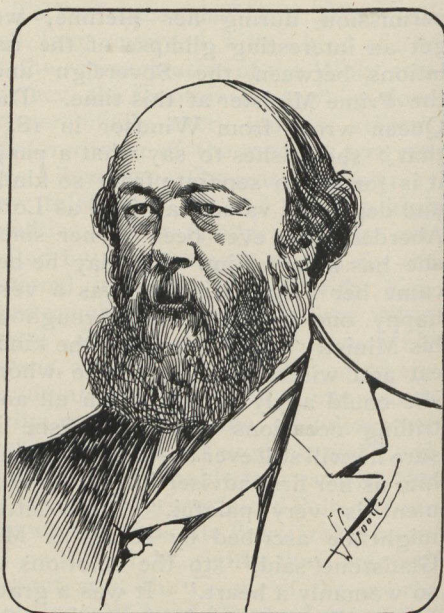


BENJAMIN DISRAELI, LORD BEACONSFIELD





THE EARL OF ROSEBERY



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

death in 1865. His jaunty air, love of out-door sport, and faculty for dismissing serious matters with a jest, combined with his never-failing determination to make the name of England respected abroad, won for him an extraordinary popularity.

From the time of the Reform Bill the Tory party had been steeped in political adversity. Peel had crushed its revival by betraying the Protectionists in 1846. Lord Derby's three short-lived administrations existed on sufferance. Notwithstanding his force and eloquence he cuts for this reason no conspicuous figure as a Prime Minister. Until Mr. Disraeli unified and strengthened it the modern Conservative party did not count as an effective factor in the government of the country. The early career of Disraeli is bound to shock, in some respects, the candid enquirer. His political scruples were not those of commonplace morality. His application to Peel for office, and subsequent denial of it in Parliament, wears an ugly look. The bitterness of his attacks upon Peel incensed the friends of that statesman, that is the court which regarded the abolition

of the Corn Laws as a necessary stroke of state, the wing of the Conservatives known as the Peelites, and the free traders for whom he had sacrificed his party. The Queen and Prince Albert must at this time have entertained an aversion toward Disraeli. For many years he laboured patiently against suspicion and dislike. He won first the grudging submission, then the absolute devotion of his party, and finally the regard of his sovereign as probably none of her Ministers ever possessed it unless Peel, with the powerful friendship of the Prince Consort, was able to command it in the same degree. To this remarkable man, with his unflinching courage, his foresight amounting almost to the gift of prophecy, his proud devotion to the Imperial greatness of England, the Queen in her old age, when the death of her beloved husband had "left the Crown a lonely splendour," turned with affectionate appreciation. No one can read the inscription upon the tablet in Hughenden church—"To the dear and honoured memory of Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield, this memorial is placed by his grateful and affectionate Sover-



eign and friend, Victoria, R. I."—without a sense of the deep feeling which inspired the Queen to write it.

We cannot know fully, as yet, with what feelings the Queen regarded Mr. Gladstone. In all the years during which he was her chief adviser she appears to have given him the loyalest confidence and support. From no sovereign can more be expected. The Minister who overturned the Irish Church owed something to the sovereign who was ready to smooth over the difficulties in his path. When he invoked the royal prerogative to carry a measure Parliament rejected—a step no Conservative would specially care to defend—he met with the same consideration as attended the grave results of his sudden conversion to Home Rule. "He addresses me as if I were a public meeting," is probably one of the invented speeches which the Queen never made. So often brought into contact with him, the Queen could not fail to admire Mr. Gladstone's private virtues, which were many and great. Of his stormy political career she may have had her own opinion. That is a prerogative common to sovereign and subject. That she ever failed in her constitutional duty toward him there is no evidence. To the core an Englishwoman herself, the Queen

could never be insensible to the greater qualities of so illustrious an Englishman, and when the record is exposed we shall find that much there.

Lord Salisbury has fittingly alluded to the impression the Queen made in recent years upon her Ministers—that of a wise and experienced woman from the stores of whose memory could be drawn example, precept, knowledge. The two Prime Ministers still living—Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery—were just such men as would be called to a monarch's councils under a wise despotism. The English democracy has thus far been true to the traditions of the nation. The Queen could reflect with pleasure, towards the close of her long reign, that in all the revolutions of the century the calibre and character of the ruling statesmen had not deteriorated. What she herself contributed to the stability of the monarchy may not here be discussed. But the connection between the personality of the sovereign and the kind of advisers he shall have is vital. The ten Prime Ministers of the Victorian period—Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Derby, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Salisbury and Rosebery—owe some of the lustre which surrounds their names to the character of the woman they served.

### A DEATH IN WINTER.

TOUCHED by the hand of sorrow,  
Worn by the weight of years,  
Gently our white-haired Lady  
Passed from our place of tears.

Princes that sought her presence,  
Kings that sailed over-seas,  
Nations that voiced their grieving—  
Came there no help from these?

Lips that were swift to comfort,  
Heart that was warm to feel—  
Was there no power could stay her?  
Was there no balm could heal?

Nay. For her God has given,  
Where the eternal are,  
Rest, for a world of turmoil,  
Peace, for a world of war.....

Hushed are the kindly accents,  
Low lies the honoured head—  
Tears from a world in mourning,  
Tears for a woman—dead.

A. B. DeMille.





ROYAL EXCHANGE—IN FRONT OF WHICH EDWARD VII WAS PROCLAIMED KING IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD MAYOR AND OFFICIALS OF THE CITY OF LONDON—JANUARY 24TH, 1901

## THE NEW KING.

*By Norman Patterson.*

“WILL you have this man to reign over you?” (to adapt a grave and holy question) has never been asked of the British people. Since the reign of the first Edward of England it has been the custom to accept some member of the royal family as the heir-apparent. In the reign of that great monarch, the principle that the sovereign never dies was established in that ever-changing invisible thing called “the English Constitution.” That a sovereign shall never die an heir-apparent must always be in existence. That heir-apparent may be a brother, such as William IV was to George IV, a sister as Elizabeth was to Mary, a daughter as Mary was to Henry VIII, a son as in so many cases in the regal line, or a niece as Victoria was to William IV. For sixty years Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, has been heir-apparent to the crown borne so nobly by his sovereign mother. The British Parliament could at any time have

passed an act saying that the crown should not go to him but to some other, for the British Parliament as representing the people may give or withhold its fealty, may change the succession or abolish the sovereignty altogether. But British parliament after parliament has recognized Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, as the future sovereign and neither he nor they ever questioned the possibility of it being otherwise. Only the Great Disposer of all things could have changed the succession, and He in His wisdom has allowed the new sovereign to enter into his heritage. Only once, and that was in November and December, 1871, was there a fear of a change of the heir-apparent. The Prince of Wales lay ill of typhoid fever, and the keenest anxiety prevailed throughout the Empire. A nation stood at the bedside and breathed a sigh of relief when he was pronounced out of danger. The great state thanksgiving in the



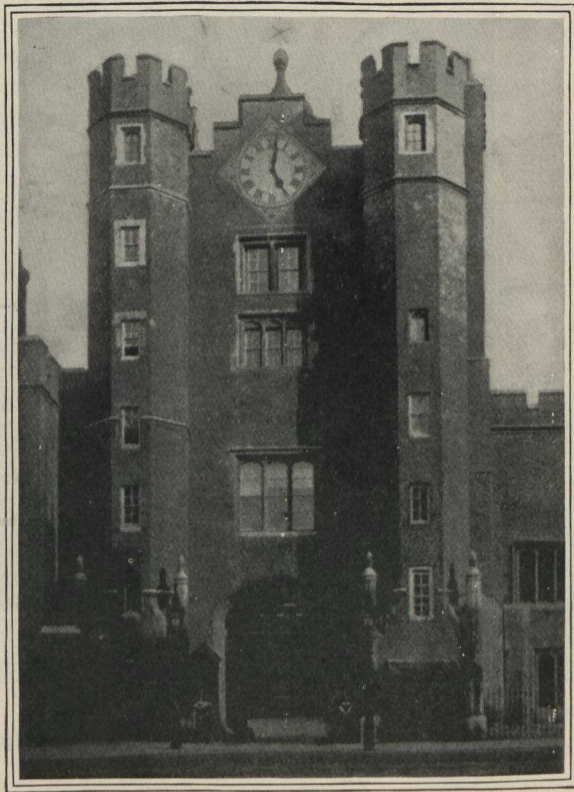
following February has not yet been forgotten.

The eighteenth Prince of Wales was born at Buckingham Palace, on November 9th, 1841, and the firing of great guns gave the news abroad throughout the kingdom. So important a state baby was received with all state honours. His christening was attended by Ambassadors, Foreign Ministers, Privy Councillors, and Peers. Two archbishops and four bishops were in attendance to assist in the solemn function which cost in the neighbourhood of one million dollars. When yet a tiny infant he was present in semi-royal state at different functions. When three years of age he was present at a military spectacle in honour of Czar Nicholas I. He reviewed the Guards when they were leaving for the Crimea, and the invalided soldiers when they returned.

He toured Ireland and Wales at nine years of age and Europe at sixteen. On his seventeenth birthday he was made a colonel in the army and invested with the Order of the Garter. In 1859, he entered Oxford. In 1860, he visited Canada and the United States. In 1861, he transferred his undergraduate relationship to Cambridge where he was still at work when his father, the Prince Consort, fell ill unto death. Though but a youth then, the Prince of Wales never forgot "Albert the Good," and has never failed in honour to his memory. In 1862, he visited the Nile and the Holy Land, returning by way of Constantinople. In 1863, he took his seat in the House of Lords, being now of age, and Parliament voted him \$200,000 a year in addition to the \$300,000 supposed to be derived from the Duchy of Cornwall. His mother chose Alexandra of Denmark for his wife, and

when the two met they decided that they could fulfil the wishes of their royal parents. The announcement of the engagement was received by the people of Great Britain with considerable enthusiasm. The royal couple were married in St. George's chapel, March 10th, 1863. The union has been a happy one and blessed by the advent of a number of children. These were, the Princess Maud who in 1896 married Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Alexander who died in infancy, George Frederick, Duke of York, who, in 1893, married May of Teck, the Duke of Clarence who died in 1892, Princess Victoria who is still unmarried, and Princess Louise who in 1889 married the Duke of Fife.

Queen Victoria never intrigued against her Ministers; the Prince of Wales never intrigued against his sovereign-mother or against the states-



ST. JAMES PALACE—WHERE EDWARD VII WAS FIRST PROCLAIMED KING—JANUARY 24TH, 1901





PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS, LONDON

KING EDWARD VII.





PHOTO BY GUNN & STUART, LONDON

QUEEN ALEXANDRA



men-rulers of the day. The harmony of the royal home was but an index of the harmony between the Royal Family and the State. The political proclivities of the new King are unknown. The leaders of each party are numbered among his friends and it is clear to the minds of the best informed of the public that there is likely to be a continuation of friendly relations with each of the two great political parties. The new King as a constitutional sovereign will follow in the footsteps of the Queen, and while conserving the Royal prerogative to be consulted on all state matters, will not attempt to refuse the advice of his Ministers or to run counter to the will of the nation as expressed in the Houses of Parliament. His attitude will be that of an impartial executive officer. His dignified and admirable conduct during forty years of public life indicates a similar course during the remainder of his career. As a diplomat, the Prince long ago won his spurs and the good relations between Russia and England are credited to his sagacious conduct when the present Czar came to the throne a few years ago. The Prince has always been active and industrious, unsparing of himself when the public demanded his assistance, urbane, pleasant and interested in all the thousands of ceremonies at which he has been a chief figure. His nimble intellect and broad knowledge of men and affairs, combined with his other qualities, will no doubt enable him to serve the Empire to the utmost of its expectations.

On January 23rd, the day after the Queen's death, the Prince travelled from Osborne to London, attended his first Privy Council at St. James's Palace attired in a Field Marshal's uniform. He took the oaths of office and made the following speech:

"Your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen.—This is the most painful occasion on which I shall ever be called upon to address you. My first and melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of my beloved mother, the Queen, and I know how deeply you and the whole nation and, I think I may say, the whole world sympathize with me in the irreparable loss we have all sustained. I need

hardly say that my constant endeavour will be always to walk in her footsteps. In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and, so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people.

"I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors. In doing so I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from my ever-to-be-lamented, great and wise father, who, by universal consent, is, I think deservedly, known by the nation as Albert the Good, and I desire that his name should stand alone. In conclusion, I trust to Parliament and the nation to support me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon me by inheritance, and to which I am determined to devote my whole strength during the remainder of my life."

The proclamation of his accession was drawn up and signed. The Councillors took the oaths of allegiance and a new reign was inaugurated.

The next day at nine o'clock the King-at-Arms read the proclamation in front of St. James' Palace announcing the accession of Edward VII, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India. This ceremony was witnessed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl-Marshal; Lord Roberts, Commander-in-chief of the forces, other officers of state and a large concourse of people. The officials then proceeded by carriage through the city. At Temple Bar, the ancient entrance to the city, this Herald's procession was met by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriff and other officials. The Herald read the proclamation once more and the Mayor promised allegiance.

Through the United Kingdom, in India and in the colonies similar ceremonies have taken place. Royal salutes, proclamations and cheers have been followed by the taking of the new oath of allegiance. The Queen is dead, long live the King!

Just a word of the new Queen, Alexandra the Fair. It is almost thirty-eight years since this Princess left her Danish home and came to England to be married to the Prince of Wales. Little has been printed of the domestic events of these long years, but appar-



ently the relations have been most happy. The Princess and her children have won the admiration and esteem of the English people. As wife and mother, the new Queen seems to bear a strong resemblance to the dead Queen. Tall, stately and beautiful, she has graced her difficult position as the second lady in the realm with credit to

herself and her royal consort. She has proven herself a helpmate worthy of the honour, esteem and homage laid at her feet by the people among whom she came so many years ago. In her new role as first lady in Great Britain, and among the most influential in the world, she will no doubt rise to an even higher place in public esteem.

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### THE DEAD QUEEN.

THE merchant in his office pauses with filmy eye,  
 Forgetting in his sorrow the hours slipping by ;  
 Then suddenly awakens, then turns again to sigh  
 The Queen is dead.

The newsboy in the city streets cries his papers low,  
 The lumbering drayman drives his beasts decorously slow,  
 The rustic in the distant fields leans heavy on his hoe ;  
 The Queen is dead.

The rancher on the prairie, his cattle wandering far,  
 Rides on alone unheeding, nor feels the saddle jar ;  
 He only dreams of her who has just passed o'er the bar ;  
 The Queen is dead.

“God save the Queen ” is ended just as we hoped it  
 would,  
 And loving friends and children around her deathbed stood,  
 While all the world was whispering “Victoria the Good,  
 The Queen is dead.”

*R. Henry Mainer.*

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### A TRIBUTE.

WOMAN and Queen ! Of each the perfect type.  
 Thy virtues shine resplendent through the years ;  
 The long, long years of mingled joy and grief,  
 Of triumph and defeat, that thou hast reigned  
 The Monarch of an Empire strong and vast,  
 Whose power is feared or loved through all the world.

For thee has come, at last, the end of days.  
 But though thy voice no more on earth be heard,  
 Thy footsteps sound no more in courts of men,  
 Thine image lives, a gracious memory,  
 Enshrined forever in the loyal heart,  
 The universal heart that owns thee Queen.

Thy children's grief is sacred. We must pause,  
 Nor strive to measure what is limitless.  
 But through the gloom one single ray will shine,  
 One gleam of comfort to the grieving soul.  
 'Tis in this thought—Now, after all the years  
 Thy faithful heart endured in loneliness,  
 “God's love” hath “set thee at his side again.”

*Amy Rogers.*





THE PRINCE OF WALES—FROM A PAINTING MADE IN 1859,  
THE YEAR BEFORE THE PRINCE VISITED CANADA

## THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO CANADA.

*By Richard T. Lancefield.*

THE imperial sceptre that fell from Victoria's lifeless hand has been assumed by no unworthy successor. We in Canada are sure of that. The most tender of spouses may sometimes wonder how she would look in a widow's cap; and we, though most loyal to her late Majesty, have sometimes wondered how the Prince we knew would become a throne. His Royal Highness' visit to Canada in 1860 enabled us to judge for ourselves what manner of man he was, and to forecast what he would be. True, he was then but nineteen; but his character in its main outlines has remained unchanged. His travels, his happy

marriage, the birth of his children, the multitudinous and compelling tasks of his lofty and laborious life, have broadened him. Sorrow—the seal of God's elect—has refined him. But Edward VII is the Albert Edward of 1860 ripened by the suns and storms of forty years.

The Prince's visit involved a double risk—a risk to himself and a risk to us. We might have become disillusionised with royalty. He might have been unbalanced by the plaudits that welcomed and followed him from Halifax to Windsor. But the Queen and her discreet, open-eyed consort knew what they were doing in sending their be-



loved son to bear the royal greetings across the Atlantic. Other Princes of Wales have intrigued for selfish ends ; Albert Edward was always a true son. Canadians saw in him nothing unprincely, nothing unbecoming. He knew his place, and kept it determinedly. That place, however exalted, was a subject's. He never forgot that. At Halifax he said : " For your welcome to myself I feel, I assure you, sincere gratitude ; but it is still more satisfactory to me as a son, and as an Englishman, to witness your affectionate attachment to the Queen, and to the laws and institutions of our common country." At Hamilton he said : " My duties as representative of the Queen, deputed by her to visit British North America, cease this day. Before I quit British soil, let me once more address, through you, the inhabitants of United Canada, and bid them an affectionate farewell. May God pour down His choicest blessings upon this great and loyal people." His Royal Highness' visit, instead of disgusting us with royalty, elevated our feeling of patriotism to a noble confidence in the future of the Empire. The wives of the fishermen of Newfoundland called after him as he stepped into the royal barge at St. John's : " God bless your handsome face and send you a good wife." That became the prayer of us all, and it has been answered.

From the day he landed in Nova Scotia, H.R.H. threw himself with gay geniality into the current of the people's life. Queen's weather might desert him, but his buoyant spirits never did. Showers and fogs, cloudy days and windy nights were received with a frolic welcome. At Halifax a downpour of rain fell on him as he rode, and drenched him to the skin. He sat his horse nobly and never flinched, the Haligonians proudly boasted. Other men might have tried to seek the shelter of a carriage ; our Prince did not.

He enjoyed the processions that came out to greet and escort him. His memory still recalls, doubtless, the imposing sight of the firemen parading through the streets of the capital of Nova Scotia, with their trophy fifty feet high, crowned by a colossal figure brandishing a hose-pipe. The fierce and painted Indians, who danced in his honour the terrible war-dance of their tribe, received the desired tribute of trenchless laughter from the " Great Brother," as they delighted to call him. At Gaspé the clergy and laity apologized for the absence of a band to temper the cheering on the ground that they had no band. With princely magnanimity he forgave them, and praised the beauty of the scenery. He inaugurated parks at Fredericton and Toronto ; Crystal Palaces at Montreal and Toronto ; Botanic Gardens at Toronto, and Waterworks at Hamilton. He fished in the Saguenay, canoed on the Ottawa and played racquet at Toronto. He quadrilled and waltzed and galop'd and polka'd and redowa'd from Halifax to Hamilton. He cruised in the Georgian Bay and in Lake Huron and Lake Erie. He attended a regatta of the R.C.Y. Club, and reviewed the Volunteer Corps of Toronto. In the newly-inaugurated Queen's Park at Toronto he laid the foundation-stone of the pedestal for the Queen's



REPRODUCTION OF THE INVITATION CARD ISSUED BY THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY AT THE OPENING OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE



statue. Nor did he overlook the claims of liberal culture; he entered his name on the books of University College, Toronto, as a second-year student. He heard many wonderful additions to the "National Anthem" without ever offering either to polish the rhymes or to correct the metre. On the St. Lawrence he listened with admirable decorum to the Attorney-General (Hon. G. E. Cartier) chanting "A La Claire Fontaine." After a verse or two he was able—so admirable was his ear for music—to hold his own with the members of the Government of Canada in the chorus, "Jamais je ne t'oublierai." At Niagara Falls he took in everything that was to be seen above, below, in front of them and behind them. There, too, he beheld Blondin, the plucky acrobat. At Hamilton the present learned Attorney-General of Ontario, the Hon. J. M. Gibson, was presented to him as the best boy the city schools could show, and was greeted as a kindred spirit. Listening to the loyal addresses read to him at every stopping place must have become tiresome and monotonous, but he never allowed this to be seen. Wherever he went his bright, happy face, his unaffected simplicity, his perfect good manners, his genuine kindness contented the people. To be better than one looks is a work of supererogation. So far as the Prince was concerned, that was the verdict of Canada.

The immediate object of His Royal Highness' visit was to open the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. Her Majesty the Queen had been invited by the two Houses of the Canadian Legislature to honour with her presence the opening of this great work. The Queen, unwilling to leave the seat of the Empire for so extended a period, deputed the Prince of Wales to attend the ceremony in Her Majesty's name. Forty years ago the Victoria Bridge was considered the culminating triumph of engineering skill. It was then the connecting link of eleven hundred miles of railway, extending from the extreme western limits of Canada nearly to its eastern boundary and affording an out-

let for provincial trade to the Atlantic during the winter months. Stephenson, the designer of the bridge, had died before the completion of his work, but he was not forgotten by the Prince. In his reply to the address of the directors of the Grand Trunk Railway, he said, "I regret that the great man, whose name is now doubly enrolled in that page of my country's history in which its worthies are inscribed, has not lived to see this day."

Nor was the Prince unmindful of the labourers and skilled mechanics who had carried out the gigantic conception of the engineer. To them he addressed words of encouragement and hope. "England," he said, "opens to all her sons the same prospect of success to genius combined with honest industry. All cannot attain the prize, but all may strive for it; and in this race victory is not to the wealthy, or the powerful, but to him to whom God has given intellect, and has implanted in the heart the moral qualities which are required to constitute true greatness. I congratulate you on the completion of your work. I earnestly hope it may prosper, and to you who have raised it to its present grandeur, and to your families, I heartily wish every happiness." In many cases it is more prudent to applaud a speaker before he speaks; but here, as on so many other occasions, the Prince said exactly the right thing. His words went home.

Nor did His Royal Highness interest himself in the commercial progress of the country alone. At Ottawa, where he laid the first stone of the Parliament Buildings, he showed himself alive to the far-reaching importance of his action. "Here," he said, "before long, the deliberations of the Parliament of Canada will be held. From this place will emanate the laws which are to govern the great and free people of these Provinces, extend the civilizing influences of British institutions, and strengthen the power of the great Empire of which this Colony forms an integral and most important portion."

Again, at Quebec, replying to the address of the Legislative Assembly, he



showed thorough knowledge of the condition of things then existing. He said, "In addressing you as an Englishman, I do not forget that some of my fellow-subjects here are not of my blood. . . . I receive with peculiar gratification the proofs of their attachment to the Crown. They are evidence of their satisfaction with the equal laws under which they live, and of their just confidence that, whatever be their origin, all Canadians are alike objects of interest to their sovereign and her people. Canada may be proud that within her limits two races of different language and habits are united in the same Legislature by a common loyalty and are bound to the same Constitution by a common patriotism."

His Royal Highness did what he could to draw closer and make more sympathetic the bonds which unite the different races within our boundaries. To the Magistrates of Quebec he spoke wisely and feelingly: "You welcome me to a city once famous in war and now prosperous in peace; to a city ennobled by heroic deeds and enriched by honourable industry, hallowed of old by the blood of Wolfe and Montcalm, shed in the struggle of nations, but now blessed by the hand of commerce, and knowing no rivalry but such as is carried on with the rest of the world by the energies of a happy people." Again, in his reply to the Synod of the Diocese of Montreal, he said, "It is most agreeable to my feelings to receive such proofs of welcome to myself and of loyalty to the Queen from members of a Church to which it is my happiness to belong; but it would be most unjust if I were to forget that, since my arrival in this country, the professors of every creed have given ample assurance that all join in one common sentiment of devotion to the Crown of England, and that all cooperate in the one great duty of enforcing obedience, not only to heavenly laws but to those of earthly origin."

Moreover, the Prince honoured patriotic valour. At the obelisk marking the spot on Queenston Heights, near which the gallant Brock fell, he saluted

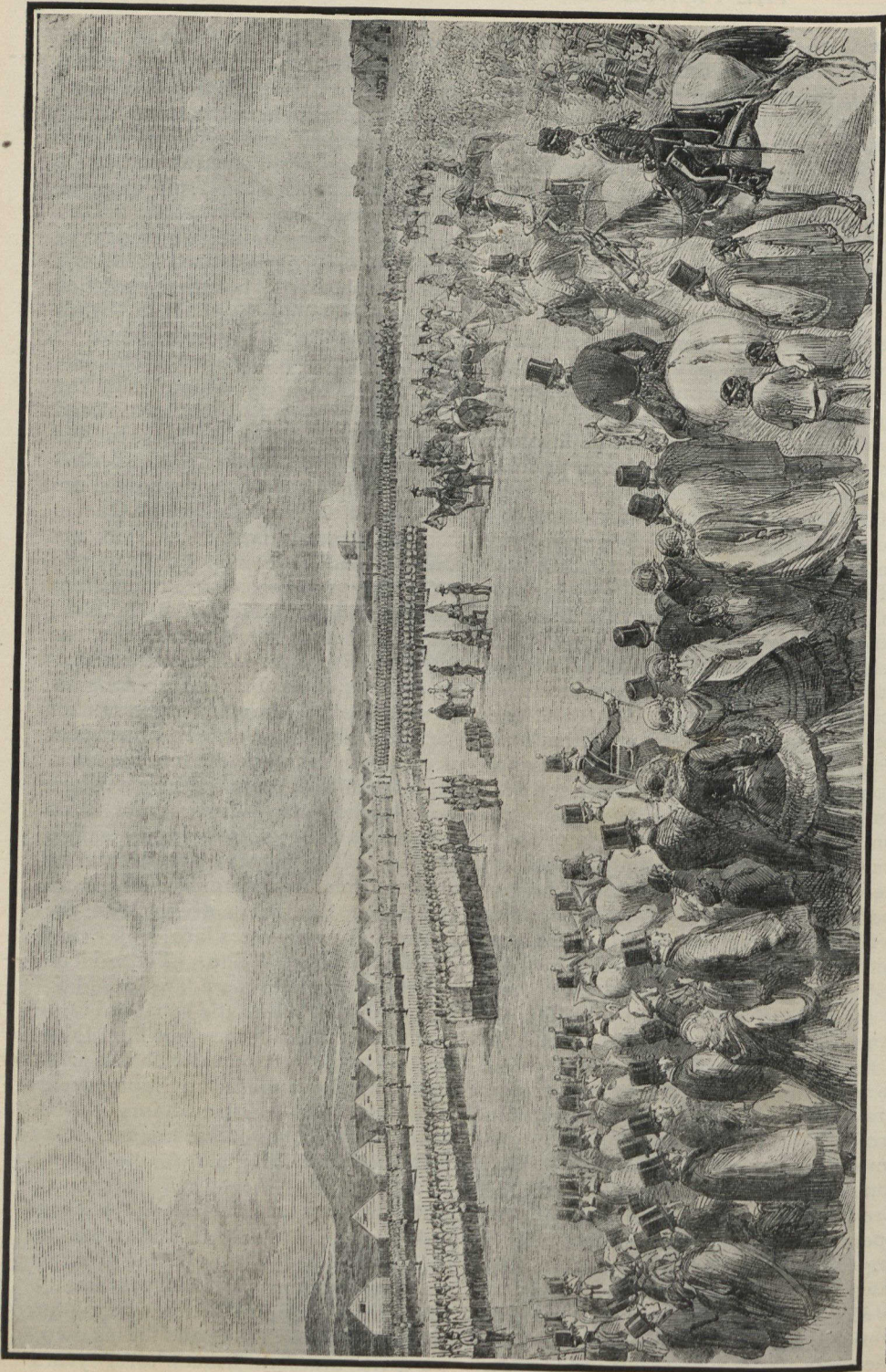
the 160 survivors of the war of 1812. "Every nation," he said, "may, without offence to its neighbours, commemorate its heroes, their deeds of arms, and their noble deaths. This is no taunting boast of victory, no revival of long-passed animosities, but a noble tribute to a soldier's fame."

Thoughts like these, so sane, so sympathetic, characterized all the Prince's speeches. That these speeches were put into shape by the man—whatever he was—who wrote the Duke of Newcastle's letters, no one who has read the letters can doubt. But the thoughts were the Prince's own. Read King Edward's first address to his Privy Council: "My first and melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of my beloved mother, the Queen.

. . . I need hardly say that my constant endeavour will be always to walk in her footsteps. In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and, so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people." Both style and diction are altered, but not the man. The words are more homely than before; there is no straining after exactness in the King's English. The figures are drawn no longer from the literature of Greece and Rome, but from a deeper well, the Bible. The sentences are looser and simpler in construction. There is no antithetic dazzle; there are no Macaulay flowers. But the speaker is unchanged. There is the same filial love. There is the same loyalty to the principles that have made the Empire great and free. King Edward is still the Albert Edward whom we knew.

Because for three months he laughed with us, and danced with our wives and sisters and sweethearts, and thought well of us, and talked straight out to us, and prayed with us, and tried to make us all of one mind, and yet remained a Prince—a Sphinx somewhere—for his good mother's sake and for his own, we gave him our hearts forty years ago. We have never recalled the gift.





FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

FIRST PUBLIC ACT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES (EDWARD VII)—PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE HUNDRETH OR PRINCE OF WALES ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT AT SHORNCLIFFE, EARLY IN THE YEAR 1859



## GROWTH OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

*By the Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario.*

THE growth of the British Empire is one of the marvels of the Nineteenth Century. The common impression is that the growth has been largely owing to conquest; the fact is that had Great Britain exercised to the fullest extent the military power which she possessed, the Empire would have been far greater than it now is, as the various possessions which she voluntarily surrendered would make a considerable empire in themselves. It may be that some of these possessions were surrendered for the security of the Empire, or that in some cases the apparent surrender was merely an exchange of territory. This is, no doubt, true, but nations usually surrender territory when forced to do so by the exigencies of war. That Britain's surrender often was made in the interests of peace is a tribute alike to her magnanimity and the well-being of the world. Of the territory surrendered voluntarily and by treaty were Corsica, Sardinia, Elba, and Sicily, the Ionian Islands, the Moluccas, Philippines, and Java; Cuba, Buenos Ayres, and Argentine; and Senegal in Africa. Many of these possessions have grown to be of much importance since, and if held by Britain would be an important source of wealth as well as of strength, both from a commercial and a naval point of view.

I do not mention in these surrenders the thirteen original colonies of the United States, as it is quite evident the reverses which the Imperial forces met with in America placed them at such a disadvantage as to make it almost impossible for Britain to establish her authority over them. Even then, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, Britain's Colonial Empire was sixteen times larger than the area of the United Kingdom.

With the century just closed, her

extraordinary powers of colonization and expansion became apparent. The peace of 1815 left her with most of the West Indies, Cape Colony, a great part of what is now British India and her British possessions in North America, a half a continent in themselves. During the reign of Queen Victoria, she has annexed the greater part of South Africa, namely, Natal, Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Zululand, the greater portion of the Gold Coast, the basin of the Niger and more than half of British India, with sundry possessions in China, and certain rights in Egypt and the Soudan. Some of the possessions mentioned were, no doubt, secured by conquest, or if not secured in that way, were held at the expense of British blood. Her Indian Empire cost her many millions; her possessions in South Africa, and her territorial rights in the Soudan, have been secured at considerable sacrifice. Indeed, with the exception of Australia, Britain has very little which she has not secured with her own sword or gun, and when either of these elements of security loses its power, it is doubtful if she will be able to retain very long some of the possessions she now holds. Nevertheless, what 100 years ago was a Colonial Empire 16 times greater than the United Kingdom has now grown to be a Colonial Empire 96 times greater than the United Kingdom; or, in other words, an Empire of two million square miles has grown to be an Empire of twelve million square miles. Compared with France and Germany, Britain's Colonial Empire even assumes greater proportions; the colonies attached to France have an area equal to only 18 times the area of France, while the colonies of Germany have only an area equal to five times the area of Germany.



The growth of her population has kept pace with her territorial expansion. In 1800, the population of the United Kingdom was only 15 millions—about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times the population of Canada today. In 1900 the population is estimated at 41 millions. This is a remarkable increase when we consider the vast immigration to Canada, Australia, the United States, and, in fact, to all parts of the world. France, though much less a colonizing nation, increased her population from 27,000,000 to 39,000,000 only, and Germany from 21,000,000 to 55,000,000. During the same period of 100 years, the population of the Empire has grown from 115,000,000 in 1800 to 390,000,000 in 1900.

The following table sets forth the relative strength of the British Empire and her four greatest rivals for the sovereignty of the world, namely, Russia, United States, France and Germany:

	Area, Sq. Miles.	Population.
British Empire . . . . .	12,000,000	390,000,000
Russian Empire . . . . .	8,644,000	130,000,000
United States . . . . .	3,650,000	87,000,000
France and colonies . . . . .	3,940,000	96,000,000
German Empire and colonies . . . . .	1,235,000	70,000,000

But the power of the British Empire is not to be measured alone by the acquisition of territory. British energy is many-sided, and no less puissant in the arts of peace than in the arts of war. An illustration or two on this point will suffice: A century ago, the value of all the cotton, linen and woollen goods produced by Britain was £22,000,000; the average value now is £170,000,000. A century ago the total consumption of raw cotton, wool and flax in the factories of Great Britain was 200,000,000 lbs.; in 1899, the consumption was 2,617,000,000 lbs. In these industries alone there are £200,000,000 sterling invested in capital, and at least 5,000,000 people employed as operators. Another illustration: The steam power employed by Great Britain in her industries in 1835, just before Her Majesty ascended the throne, amounted to 41,000 horse-

power; in 1890, it amounted to 10,000,000 horse-power. Estimating one horse-power of steam as being equal to the work of sixteen men, Britain has added by the expansion of her steam power for industrial purposes, 160,000,000 men to her natural working capacity.

Equally remarkable has been the expansion of Britain's foreign trade. At the close of the Napoleonic wars, the total foreign trade of England amounted to £70,000,000 sterling (or about equal to the trade of the Dominion of Canada last year) and at that figure many of her statesmen thought that British trade was dangerously inflated; in 1900, her trade amounted to £815,000,000. Mulhall gives the following as the trade per head of the principal countries of the world:

Great Britain . . . . .	390	English shillings
Germany . . . . .	156	"
United States . . . . .	100	"
France . . . . .	163	"
Russia . . . . .	27	"

Notwithstanding the gigantic strides made by Germany within the last few years, there is still a large distance between her per capita productiveness and that of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. In point of industrial activity Canadians compare favourably. Taking our population at 5,000,000, and our total trade at 356,000,000 our foreign trade represents 284 shillings per head, being larger than Germany, the United States or France.

Britain's supremacy at sea is equally significant with her commercial and territorial supremacy. At the close of the seventeenth century the shipping of the world was estimated at 2,000,000 tons, of which the

Dutch . . . . .	owned	900,000
British . . . . .	"	500,000
French . . . . .	"	120,000
Scandinavians . . . . .	"	150,000
Germans . . . . .	"	100,000
Italians and all others . . . . .	"	120,000

At the close of the eighteenth century, the world's shipping was estimated at 4,026,000, of which Britain owned 1,856,000, the United States 170,000, France 250,000.



At the close of the nineteenth century, the shipping of the world represented 25,000,000, of which

Britain and her colonies..	owned	14,000,000
French .....	"	1,242,000
Scandinavian.....	"	2,300,000
Germans .....	"	2,500,000
Italians .....	"	876,000
United States.....	"	4,800,000

The number of men employed in the British mercantile marine is 242,553, and so thoroughly does Britain hold her own trade under control, that 70% of her entire commerce is carried on in British vessels, whereas of the United States commerce only 15% is carried on under the American flag.

It is also gratifying to notice that with the increase of population, pauperism is on the decline. In 1850, the pauper population of the United Kingdom was in the ratio of 5.11 to every 100 persons, whereas in 1899 the ratio was 2.65 to every 100 persons, or a decrease of nearly one-half. With the decrease of pauperism came also a decrease of committals to prisons, the decrease within the last fifty years being from 40,000 in 1850 to 19,870 in 1890.

With all the expansion of Empire and trade and commerce which I have noted, the most significant in my judgment, as indicating the growth of British power, is the sentiment of Imperial Unity. Britain is admittedly a great nation if we regard her in her "splendid isolation"; she is much greater, however, when we regard her as the central force of that Colonial Empire, which by her energy and her splendid statesmanship she has built around her. For many years her thought of Empire was "cribbed, cabined and confined"

to the island home from which she looked out, sometimes with disdain, upon the rest of the world. In later years her Imperial vision has been enlarged, and she sees now, as she never saw before, in her Colonial possessions, elements of power and security. The growth of Imperialism, instead of being the antithesis of democracy, as is held by some, is the greatest security which could be given to the democratic character of British institutions. When Rome centred the government of a great Empire in the patrician classes, her governors became corrupt, her senate arbitrary and her magistrates tyrannical. Having banished from her councils the representatives of her people, she soon lost their confidence, and her downfall speedily followed. George III acted on the same principle as the Roman senate when he attempted to force the decrees of a British parliament on a far-distant colony. Had he heeded the democratic tendency of his American colonists, the Revolutionary war of 1776 would not have been a matter of history. Britain, to retain her colonies, must be democratic, because her colonies, from the very nature of their circumstances are necessarily democratic themselves; and I have no doubt that the century on which we have entered will prove that the necessity of governing colonies as democracies, unhampered by the traditions of the old land, will react upon the government of the United Kingdom itself, and broaden its sympathies more and more towards the great masses of the people on whose acquiescence the security of her Empire depends.



## SUNSET.

SUNSET along the marsh,  
 Along the running tide,  
 And all the brown is gold  
 At eventide ;

Sunset along the shore,  
 Where shell and sea-weed tw.st,  
 And on dead stones, where  
 Clustering waves have kissed ;

Sunset along the fields,  
 Where empty wheat-lands lie,  
 With twilight winds, and dark  
 Birds passing by.

Sunset along a life that knew  
 No sun by day ;  
 Now night has come, and  
 Broken night away.

*Bert Marie Cleveland.*

## A RIVER SONG.

SOFTLY as the water lies  
 'Tween green brink and brink,  
 Softly as the bubbles rise  
 Where the turtles sink,  
 Glides our canoe—oh, were it but forever !  
 Among the moon-lit curves of Humber River.

Gladly as behind the boat  
 Broken waves refill,  
 Gladly as the wild bird's note  
 Droppeth from the hill,  
 I hear thy voice—oh, were it but forever !  
 Beneath the wooded banks of Humber River.

Tenderly as moonbeams wend  
 Over the smooth sand,  
 Tenderly as tall trees blend  
 Touching where they stand,  
 Heart meeteth heart—oh, were it but forever !  
 As we float down the quiet Humber River.

*Evelyn Durand.*



## HOW A CENSUS IS TAKEN.

By E. J. Toker, of the Census Staff of 1891.

IN a few weeks the decennial census of Canada will be taken, and as the general reading public is not very familiar with the subject a little information in regard to it may be acceptable. There are, indeed, a few misconceptions current which should be removed.

It is not only a Dominion census that will be taken next April, but it will also form part of a general Imperial census, the population being enumerated on the same day in the United Kingdom and the various British colonies and dependencies. The census of the United States, it may be said, is taken a year earlier than ours, and other countries have their own periods.

The *modus operandi* in Canada differs from that in England. There the schedules are left at every house one day and collected the following day, the householders having filled in the required information. With us the enumerators call at each house and take down the information supplied to them in answer to their questions, this process perhaps extending over several weeks, but the facts being given as existing on the census day.

Another important difference is that in England the *de facto* system prevails, each individual being enumerated where sleeping that night. We have adopted the *de jure* system, the domicile determining where each person shall be enumerated; for instance, pupils at school or college, visitors, commercial travellers, lumbermen, sailors, etc., are taken at their homes instead of the places where found on the census day. There is some risk of duplication, but the instructions are framed and every care is taken to avoid this. The *de jure* system is sometimes condemned, but it was adopted in Canada for what seemed sufficient reasons, and any change in that or any

other important respect must be avoided, if possible, in order to permit comparison with previous decades. It may be remarked that the English census is not absolutely *de facto*. To the figures taken by the enumerators additions are made of troops serving abroad, of sailors not only of the Royal Navy, but also of the merchant service absent from home, and some other changes are made before the grand total is recorded.

Our census gives fuller details than the English. Each part of the Empire, indeed, adopts its own system, more or less complete according to its requirements, the numbers of the population being the main information wanted for the grand Imperial total. To take one interesting difference, we record in Canada the religious denomination of each individual. This is not done in England, having been advocated in vain for several decades and again rejected this year, the chief opposition coming from Nonconformists, who claim that a false impression would be given of their relative numbers, because many persons who attend no place of worship, but have probably been baptized at their parish church, would be tabulated as Church of England. This undoubted tendency may affect criminal and other statistics, not only in England but elsewhere.

There seems to be a widely-spread idea that our census distinguishes Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, etc., but not Canadians as such, and this supposed omission is sometimes condemned. There is, in fact, no such anomaly. No individual is recorded as English, Irish, Scotch or Canadian, but there are columns in which is given the place of birth of the person and of his parents. In the compiled tables it is shown that out of the 4,833,239 people of Canada in 1891, no less



than 4,185,877 were Canadian born. To these may be added 490,252 natives of the Three Kingdoms and British colonies and dependencies, making 4,676,129 born within the Empire, and only 157,110 aliens by birth. If to the British-born we add the 810,915 natives of the United States and our more remote kinsmen, the 35,579 Germans and Scandinavians, we have a grand total of 4,792,623 as against 40,616 of other races; and even this number includes 321 born at sea and 3,491 with place of birth unknown, besides 9,413 ascribed to "other countries," that is, other than those above mentioned—Poland, Russia, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal and China, so that in all probability it might be further reduced.

The one exception to the rule of not recording the nationality was made in the case of the Canadian French, this information being considered important. It was intended that the Acadian French of the Maritime Provinces should be included, but it has been asserted that the bilingual heading of the column, "French Canadians," "Canadiens Français," was in some cases misunderstood, and not taken as applying to the Acadians. This seems probable from the facts adduced, and this may also extend in a measure to the French in portions of Ontario, and to the French half-breeds of the Northwest. Taking the figures as they stand they record 1,404,974 French Canadians, to which may be added 5,381 natives of France, making in all 1,410,355.

The enumerators carried with them nine schedules, containing in all 226 columns giving various information. The personal schedule gave name, residence, with material, number of rooms, etc., sex, age, civil condition (married, widowed or single), relation to head of family, birthplace and that of parents, whether French Canadian, religion, occupation, various information as to employers and employed, education, deaf mutes, blind and insane—a pretty full supply of personal information.

Ownership and occupation of real estate, enumeration of live stock, products of the farm, orchard, forest, mines and fisheries, shipping statistics, information concerning deaths within the year, and regarding public institutions, were the principal objects of seven of the other schedules.

A very important schedule was that containing statistics of the industrial establishments. In regard to this there has been some misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Cheap ridicule has been poured on "factories" with two or three hands. The rule adopted, as in former decades and in comparison with them, was to include the smaller industries. The village dressmaker, the local tailor, bootmaker or weaver, etc., living by their occupation, could not be omitted, and their combined output is of considerable importance. That such small industries should be counted as factories was obviated by the classification of industries in five classes, the lowest having an output less than \$2,000, the second an output less than \$12,000, and the other three outputs ranging from \$12,000 to over \$50,000. Subsidiary industries were not recorded in this schedule. Though, for example, five million yards of cloth, flannel and linen were made in Canadian homes, and over a hundred and seventeen million pounds of butter and cheese were the output of the farmers' wives and daughters, these were not recorded among the industries, but may be found in the farm statistics.

This is a reminder of the fact that one of the greatest industries of the country is not chronicled in this or any other schedule. The industry in question is that of the housekeepers of Canada—the wives and mothers and all-pervading workers for the family, not described in the official statistics as of any "occupation," but ceaselessly occupied in work of indispensable importance and incalculable value. No "wages" can be recorded as paid on account of these services, for though certainly earned no remuneration is given directly for them, sometimes not even indirectly except the bare consideration



of board and lodging, and occasionally there is even no recognition vouchsafed. This "industry" or "occupation," this army of workers, comprises the great majority of the wives of Canada, and a considerable minority of the unmarried daughters. It is not only in the Canadian census that they have no record; they are comprised in the statistics of no official enumeration, British or foreign. Only those women who work outside of their families, and so earn and receive money, are tabulated as having an occupation. It may be noted here that in the great body of census compilers there was a feminine majority.

This schedule relating to industries gave the enumerators more trouble than any other, and sometimes the intervention of the commissioner or the chief officer was needed to secure the information demanded. This included statistics of fixed capital in land, building and machinery, working capital, hands employed, wages, value of raw material and of output, motive power, and time in operation. Manufacturers seemed to fear in some cases that publicity would be given to their operations and standing, in spite of the fact that all census officials were sworn to secrecy. Probably it will be found in April that this dread has been removed.

The collection of all this varied information required a large staff. There were fourteen chief officers, four each for Ontario and Quebec, one each for the other Provinces, and one for the Northwest Territories. Then came 241 so-called county commissioners, presiding, as a rule, each over a Dominion electoral division. Under these were 4,366 enumerators, who did the actual work of collecting the statistics from house to house.

The chief officers met at Ottawa to receive instruction from the Dominion Statistician, Mr. George Johnson, and his assistant, Mr. St. Denis, forming a sort of class in which each point was thoroughly discussed and explained. The chief officers then went to their districts and similarly imparted full in-

formation and delivered the papers to the county commissioners. In their turn the commissioners assembled the enumerators to instruct them and give them their schedules, subsequently collecting the portfolios, examining them and forwarding them to Ottawa.

In the outlying districts the enumerators had no light task. The Dominion Statistician gives us the following particulars in "The Statistical Year Book of Canada for 1895": "To accomplish the task of counting the population in these immense areas, enumerators had to take camps and camp furniture with them, be ready to ride on horseback, paddle a canoe and walk miles all in one day. Fortunately no lives were lost, but one man, missing the path, had to kill and eat his horse to save his life. The diaries of some of the enumerators read like passages taken from books of travel written for boys. Dangers threatening life and limb, impending starvation, narrow escapes by land and by sea, encounters with suspicious Indians and with wild animals, to whom white meat is a rare dainty to be secured with ravenous delight when the opportunity offers. In one instance, the enumerator and his band of assistants encountered an unexpected difficulty. He had forgotten to take with him the British flag. The Indians, with the traditional regard for the customs of the past, when all conferences between whites and Indians were held under the meteor flag of England, refused to recognize the enumerator. He had to send for the flag before they would give any information; when that arrived they willingly answered all questions."

Subsequently there was carried on in Ottawa the important work of compiling these statistics, a large staff being organized for this purpose. First, the figures were tabulated by townships or other minor sub-divisions, then by counties, or rather electoral divisions, these tables being combined for the Provinces, and finally affording the grand totals for the Dominion.

All these tables have been published in four large volumes, widely distrib-



ed and easily accessible by those requiring such information. Eighteen bulletins were also issued, enlarging upon and analyzing the statistical information in regard to some subjects of especial interest or importance. This year the work of collecting, arranging and publishing similar statistics will be commenced, and when it is completed a comparison will show the advance made by Canada in the decade.

Statistics are considered to be a very dry subject except by the comparatively few who delight in them, apparently an acquired taste in most cases. The census work, however, both in the field and in the subsequent labour of compilation, was not altogether devoid of amusing incidents and laughable episodes to relieve the tedium and monotony of the ordinary routine.

There was one lady in a principal city of the Dominion who would insist that she was the "head of the family." In vain the enumerator expostulated, pleading the precedents in his book, the rules of law, the dicta of religion, and the natural order of things. Still she persisted; she did not care, she said, for the whole bench of judges, for St. Paul, or for what men chose to call the laws of nature; she went upon facts, upon what was right and just. She was the head of the family; it was her house, she provided for it and for those in it, she maintained it, she ruled and regulated it and the family, and if she were not the head of the house and of the family, she would like to know who was? Finally she carried the day and was recorded according to her dictation, the submissive and subdued-looking spouse following in the second place as her husband. It really made no difference in the statistics of the ward, both of them appearing in the totals as "married," and their children being described as sons and daughters of "the head of the family," as they certainly were.

In another city there was a household which gave the enumerator some difficulty. There was a head of the family, there was no dispute as to that, and he was so set down. But then

came two ladies, each asserting that she was the wife. They both insisted upon the status and the place they claimed. The "head of the family," silent and, perhaps, wise, would make no sign; but even if the penalty of pressing to death for being "mute of contempt" still survived, the enumerator had no such jurisdiction. What was he to do? He was sworn to secrecy, and could not, if he wished to do so, hand the parties over to the clutches of the law for confessed bigamy? Besides, he was not there as a member of the correctional police, but as a census official to collect statistical information. His instructions were to take the information people gave him as to themselves, and he could not ask these ladies to show him their marriage certificates. Perhaps they were all Mormons or Mahomedans, or members of some other religious persuasion allowing a plurality of wives, though in the column for "religion" the man had not so described himself. He had to get on with his work and proceed to the next house, and as he was no Solomon to give judgment in a doubtful case, he agreed to describe them both as they claimed, settling the dispute which then arose as to precedence by placing them in the alphabetical order of their Christian names. Subsequently the commissioner bracketed the two and appended an explanatory note. I believe in the compilation one was added in the married and the other in the single column, the question of which was which not being settled, and, from a statistical point of view, not requiring settlement.

In a rural district the township assessor was injudiciously appointed enumerator. He went round with his portfolio of schedules, and, being thoroughly competent, took the census statistics in a very satisfactory manner, getting through his work rapidly, so that he had completed it long before some of the other enumerators had finished, and, consequently, before a meeting for the examination of their books could be called by the commissioner. In the interval he again cov-



ered some of the same ground, but this time with the assessor's book. At one of the farms on his round he was surprised at some of the figures that were given to him, for they did not seem to tally with others which he thought he remembered. A comparison with his census schedule on his return home soon showed him that his memory was not at fault. When he called again upon the farmer to have the discrepancy explained, he was calmly told that as a census enumerator he was sworn to secrecy, and that he could not use as assessor the knowledge thus obtained. The census figures were all right, said the farmer, but he did not want to help the assessor to raise his assessment. The official pluralist had to admit his helplessness in the matter. Somehow he was not reappointed assessor the following year.

Some of the enumerators were disposed to adhere firmly to preconceived notions of their own. In one book an extraordinary number of heathen were recorded. It was found that all the young children in each family were set down in the column for "religion" as having "none." The enumerator maintained the accuracy of his record. Children of an early age, he argued, had made no choice of a religious denomination, and could not even understand the difference between one and another. If he gave what he knew to be a false description of them, he would be perjured, as he had sworn to make a true report. With this scruple of conscience he could not be induced to make an alteration, so his book went in as it was. A memorandum, however, accompanied it, causing the compilers to tabulate these children as of the religion of their parents, the assumption made in every census or religious enumeration.

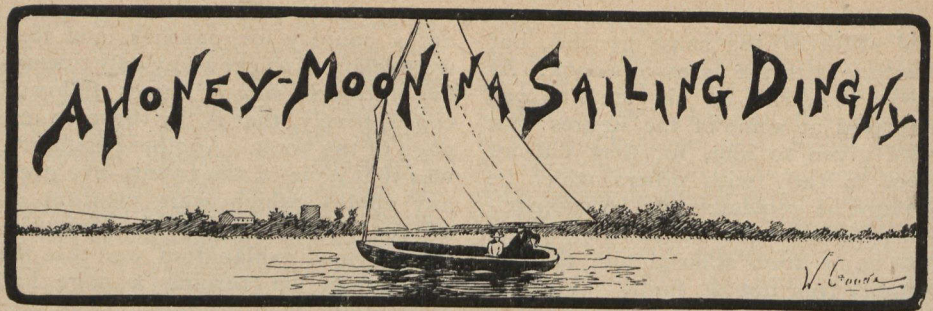
In compiling the orchard statistics of a township in a Quebec county, there appeared to be a considerable quantity of peaches. It was certainly

not a country for peaches, and they were reported as grown by only twenty-five farmers, whose names followed consecutively, that is, by those on one page of the book. Another peculiarity was that none of the twenty-five grew any apples, which were plentiful on all the other farms in the township. The obvious explanation was that the enumerator on turning a page had entered apples in the adjoining column for peaches and had mechanically followed his own mistaken precedent till he turned another leaf and reverted to the correct column. To make assurance doubly sure, one of the farmers was questioned and reported plenty of apples but no peaches, unless bought in cans.

The column for acreage of market gardens had a strange appearance in a book for a city suburb. The area, as shown after the additions had been made, was more than sufficient for all the market gardens in the Dominion. A little scrutiny showed that the enumerator had in some instances, underneath the figures giving the acreage, entered within brackets the number of cabbages grown. The English-speaking compiler not understanding the qualifying word "choux" (he had probably never been addressed as "mon chou") had counted every head of cabbage as an acre with astonishing results. The thoroughly effective system of checking that was adopted prevented this and similar mistakes from being overlooked and insured their correction.

These are some specimens of the oddities of census taking, and might be multiplied. They tended sometimes to relieve the heavy work of the compilation of figures reaching into the millions, of calculations of ratios and percentages, and other statistical processes requiring the utmost care and accuracy. They also hint at some of the difficulties experienced both in the enumeration and compilation. Taking the census of a nation is no light task.





By "The Captain."

DRAWINGS BY W. GOODE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY "THE MATE."

WE SPENT our honeymoon in a sailing dinghy, and this is how it happened. We had tried the orthodox kind, but didn't get farther than that Mecca of the newly wedded, Niagara. One day of bleak May weather, and the midseason discomforts of hotel life were sufficient. We decided to postpone it to summer, for a cruise among the thirty thousand islands of Georgian Bay. When we informed our friends of our intentions, they pronounced us freaks. Prophecies were numerous as to what would happen. We should be sick of it in three days; the first rainstorm would drive us to the shelter of the nearest summer resort; roughing it for three weeks in an open boat was all right for a man, but for a woman it was simply absurd. However, undeterred by the cold water, which was more plentifully showered upon the cruise before than afterwards, we commenced making our arrangements.

The first thing to be settled was the boat. Fortunately the Captain numbered among his yachting friends a well-known builder of small boats. He undertook to design and superintend the construction of a dinghy suitable for cruising. The ordinary dinghy has one bad fault. Its short length prevents it making anything like decent windward work in a sea. To remedy this defect, he proposed building her with heavy bluff bows, so as to offer increased resistance to the waves. She was to be twelve feet over all, with a beam of five feet. In a few weeks she

was launched and a very funny-looking little craft she was. The Mate had been proposing all kinds of fancy names for her, but none seemed to fit. However, the naming of the dinghy was taken out of our hands. Everybody called her the tub and finally "Tub" she was christened. The boat question having been satisfactorily disposed of, we set about to arrange the details of the remainder of our outfit. We first purchased a 7 x 7 pyramid tent. Next, we added to our equipment a small single burner coal-oil stove, which we carried in a tin-box forward of the centre board. In this box was also stored two half-gallon gem jars filled with coal oil, and our lantern. Our blankets and clothing were packed in two water-proof dunnage bags. Around the boat ran a ten-inch gunwale and under this lockers were built in which were stored our supplies. We were now ready for our three-weeks' sojourn among the rocks of Georgian Bay.

Passengers going on board the steamer *City of Toronto* at Penetang on Saturday, July 14th, might have noticed a young lady in a Strathcona hat and bicycle skirt surrounded by a litter of luggage. It was the Mate standing guard over our numerous impedimenta, while the Captain proceeded to deliver the *Tub* from the hands of the enemy, the baggage-smasher. He found that she had come through the ordeal with nothing more serious than the discarding of a little varnish. In a few minutes she was resting quietly



on the waters of Penetanguishene Bay and for the next three hours we were busily engaged in solving the problem of getting something into nothing. At last everything was stored away. The sail was hoisted and the little boat headed up the bay before a light S.W. wind. The breeze soon died down to a calm and we landed for dinner on the south shore about a mile from the town. After dinner we set sail again with a light wind from the same quarter. We drifted along enjoying the cool evening after the hot, dusty train. It was delightful to sail quietly away from the cares and worries of civilization; to lift one's nose from the grindstone of dull routine. Noiselessly we slipped along, but we were soon to find that nature, now so calm and peaceful, could be less kind. The sky became overcast with dark clouds. We were clearly in for a thunderstorm and no time was to be lost if we were to get under canvas before the storm broke. Landing on a sandy beach on Reformatory Point, three miles from Penetang, we had barely got our tent pitched when the rain came down in torrents. It rained and blew hard all night, but the tent proved a sufficient shelter and, notwithstanding the elements, we passed a fairly comfortable night.

July 15th. Turned out this morning at 5 a.m. and found it still raining. However, the Mate donned her waterproof and got breakfast. It was a somewhat inconvenient beginning to sit in the wet sand at the morning meal, with the rain coming steadily down, but we had made up our mind to put up with these little troubles.

In civilization let one sit for the infinitesimal point of time, in the most infinitesimal draught, or let one's feet absorb the faintest suspicion of dampness and we resignedly await the inevitable cold. The Mate busily engaged over the little stove in the rain, trying to concoct a ham-and-egg for her Lord and Master, had quite decided that this was part of the game of roughing it. A fine healthy game too! She knew that she wasn't going to catch cold and of course she

didn't. A great deal depends on the way you look at things. The most inartistic thing in art is a picture with straight lines. So the dullest thing is a life lived in a straight groove. We had shaken ourselves out of our groove and had gone to look for experiences. This was one of them. Why should we complain. We had another a couple of hours afterwards, when the sun came out to make a beautiful mid-summer day. As the *Tub* with a bone in her teeth made her way across Matchedash Bay for Beausoleil Island one couldn't help having a well-satisfied feeling that this old world wasn't a half bad place after all.

Beausoleil and its neighbour, Breboeuf, named after two of the Jesuit fathers, recall Parkman's story of those strong men who held sway over the great Huron nation. Near Penetang can still be seen the crumbling ruins of Fort Saint Marie, from which the Jesuits were driven in 1649, by the Iroquois invasion. To the S.W. we could see the Christian Island where they took refuge after evacuating Saint Marie and faced famine, disease and their inveterate foe, through a long cold winter. The walls of the fort built by the Jesuits on the Christian Island still remain, a monument of that heroic struggle.

After sailing for three hours we reached Minacognashene Island. Here we entered the archipelago of the thirty thousand islands extending for one hundred and twenty-five miles from Beausoleil on the south to Point au Baril on the north. It is impossible to give anything like an adequate description of this maze of islets. One naturally thinks of the far-famed Thousand Islands of the St Lawrence, but a comparison can scarcely be made. To form some idea of this island-dotted bay, you should take the Thousand Islands and tear down the castles of the patent medicine kings, restore them to the beauties of primeval nature, make them as they were when La Salle and his companions paddled their canoes through them on their way to the discovery of the Great

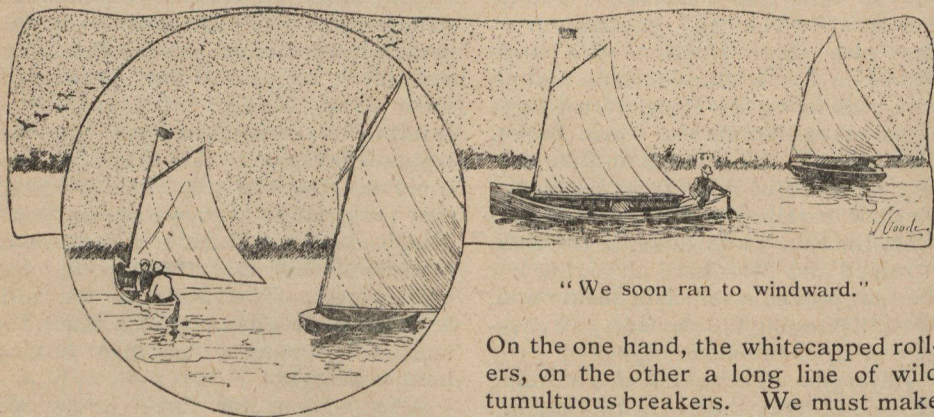


West and then scatter thirty thousand other islands in wild confusion along the north shore of Lake Ontario. It was into this wilderness of rocks that we turned the bow of the little dinghy. The wind shifted to the north and all afternoon we tacked up through the narrow channels. At six o'clock we rounded Bushby Point and ran into Go-Home Bay, the summer home of the learned professors of the University of Toronto. About twenty picturesque cottages scattered among the islands of the bay constitute the settlement.

July 16th. With a drizzly rain and head wind blowing half a gale, we beat out of Go-Home Bay. At an island near the mouth of the bay, we saw a skiff moored in a little

It now began to rain quite hard. Fortunately some friends of ours from Toronto were camping here on Mackenzie Island and we took shelter with them for the night.

July 17th. We left Mackenzie Island at 4.30 p.m. About six miles from here, O'Donnell, often called Moose Point, projects into the open. Off this point there are no islands to form a lee and small crafts usually wait for a calm day to go round. It was blowing from the west and a heavy sea was running. Prudence counselled us to camp for the night, but afraid of being windbound for several days we decided to try and go round that evening. Once clear of the islands a stormy scene opened up before us.



“The young ladies handled their boat like old salts.”

cove. We landed to enquire the way to Indian Harbour and found camping there two young ladies who were brave enough to dispense with masculine protection and chaperonic supervision. They proposed accompanying us in their boat as far as Split Rock. The young ladies handled their boat like old salts, but beating was one of the strong points of the *Tub*, and we soon ran to windward. We waved our farewells and stood out along the narrow passage between the islands and the mainland. We tacked across the channels until three o'clock in the afternoon, when we made Indian Harbour.

“We soon ran to windward.”

On the one hand, the whitecapped rollers, on the other a long line of wild tumultuous breakers. We must make an offing and the *Tub* was headed into the rollers. Marvellously well did the mite of a boat point up through the seas. Sometimes we thought the waves would roll right over us, and nervously the Captain pushed our hitherto despised life-preserver near the Mate, who sat coolly amidship as if beating to windward in a gale was quite an everyday event. At last we came about and made for the breakers at a point where there seemed to be an opening. When about one hundred yards from the reef the Captain stood up and was dismayed to find the supposed opening a line of foam. In a moment the dinghy was jibed around and headed up the shore again. Our situation was now becoming serious. We had run into a semi-circle of rocks. Breakers ahead, break-



ers astern and breakers to starboard. To port, immense seas driving in before the freshening gale. We kept on hoping against hope that somewhere ahead was a way out of the difficulty. At last an opening appeared over our port bow. We were already sailing close, but we hauled our sheet down and managed to scrape through with about twenty feet to spare. Again in the open, we held on through the heavy seas until we could see the steamboat channel by Passage Island and in ten minutes were in calm water behind the islands. The Mate picked up her novel and having found her place quietly remarked that those rocks had looked quite dangerous. The Captain hasn't yet been able to find out whether the Mate is one of the bravest of women, or like the lady in the poem, "She never can know and never can understand."

That night while sitting smoking after an elaborate culinary effort of

the Mate, there came to the Captain from some remote corner of his brain a line from old Virgil, "Forsan haec olim meminisse juvabit." Why do we leave home comforts and home safety? Why do we laugh in the teeth of the grim destroyer and carelessly stroke the mane of the white horse? "Perchance in after years the memory of having done these things will be pleasant."

July 18th. We loafed all morning and did not get under way until 3 p.m. Two hours' sailing with sprung sheet brought us to the south channel running into Parry Sound. We were going at a good clip, when suddenly the wind seemed to change and instead of running free we were close hauled. Glancing at the sun to get the direction of the wind, the Captain found that it was

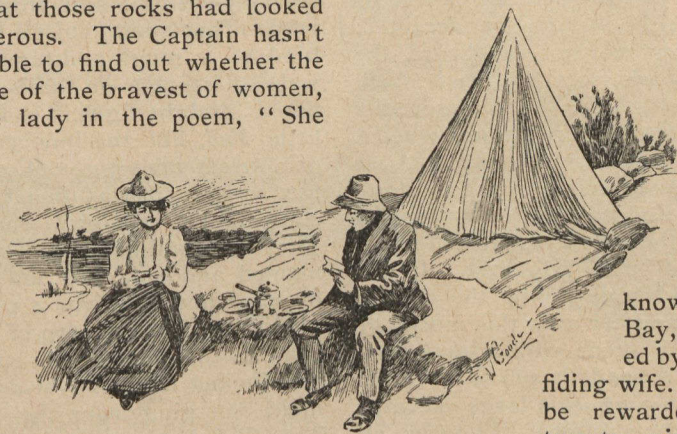
now over his right shoulder. He didn't realize what this meant until his compass informed him that we were sailing south instead of north. In some unaccountable way we had got twisted around and were now rapidly completing the circumference of our first circle. We landed on an island and the Captain went to work with chart, compass and ruler to determine our whereabouts. In the meantime the Mate kept up a running fire of insulting remarks directed against his ability as a navigator. Among other things she suggested that we should insert an advertisement in one of the local papers,

"Lost, the well known navigator, Mr. —. When last reported he was heading for 'parts un-

known Georgian Bay,' accompanied by his too confiding wife. Finder will be rewarded." After twenty minutes' close study the situation was

as densely complicated as ever. However, the Captain determined to bluff ahead and trust to luck. Pointing to a channel to the northeast, he announced that there was the way to Parry Sound. So the *Tub* was headed up the channel. After sailing for half an hour, we rounded a point and right ahead of us stood a large building and near by some smaller ones. Some men were sitting smoking on a dock. They informed us that we were at the Wilcock's Copper Mine, fifteen miles from Parry Sound and four miles from the steamboat channel. As it was now nearly seven o'clock, we landed and pitched our tent. The Mate announced her intention of taking charge of the navigation in future.

July 19th. We spent this morning in going over the mine. It belongs to the



"We loafed all morning."



Parry Sound Copper Co. Unfortunately some financial tangle has stopped development on this very valuable property. Half a dozen miners were still at work awaiting the time when the difficulties would be straightened out and their arrears of wages settled.

We got under way again at noon. The breeze was very light and also ahead out to the steamboat channel. At six o'clock we had reached the Narrows, seven miles from Parry Sound. The wind had fallen to a dead calm and we had decided to camp for the night. Just then a small launch came puffing up the channel; when opposite us she stopped and offered us a tow, which we gladly accepted. Shortly after we got on board the launch, a spark from the smokestack set fire to our sail. It was speedily put out, but not before it had burned a hole about four inches square. After reaching the dock we paddled along the Sound and camped about half a mile below the Belvidere Hotel.

Depot Harbour, July 21st. If our friends could have raised the curtain on the *Tub* and her crew this morning, the following scene would have been presented: A sandy beach of an island and across a channel a large elevator surrounded by a number of houses, all painted yellow. If the spectator could be transferred to the other side of the Island, he would behold a wide expanse of water lashed into foam by a stiff gale. The sandy beach is the lee of Depot Island. The village across the channel is Depot Harbour. The broad expanse of water on the other side of the island is Parry Sound, tossing and tumbling in the bright summer sunshine. The squat nose of the *Tub* rests comfortably on the sandy beach. Alongside of it and up to her knees in the water stands the Mate attired in the latest of correct styles of the fashionable summer resort—her bathing suit. She is busily engaged in baling out the dinghy. If you were to glance into the little boat, you would see that she is nearly half full. A few feet away the Captain, also minus all but his bathing suit, is trying to straighten

out a badly buckled centre-board. For yards around, the shore is littered with blankets, clothing, cushions, etc., all wet with a wetness ranging from a moisty damp to a soaky drench.

We had remained in Parry Sound on the 20th, replenishing our stores and having our sail repaired. We left the town this morning, making for Killbear Point, eight miles away at the other end of the broad Sound, and whacked up against a strong northwester to Three Mile Point, when the wind shifted to the west and blew harder than ever. The seas from the west came up and at once engaged in a heated controversy with the seas from the northwest. They soon got into the loveliest kind of a rough-and-tumble. There were no seconds or three-minute lulls but a straight fight to a finish. The little *Tub*, like the innocent onlooker of a street brawl, got all mixed up in the scrap and was handled by both contestants without consideration. They even laid hands on the Mate and mauled and splashed and flopped all over her until she was a poor bedraggled thing from the top of her Strathcona to the soles of her rubber shoes and looked like an over-dressed mermaid emerging from the vasty deep. The *Tub* having no interest in the struggle between the rival elements, hurried off as fast as she could for the nearest shelter, and that is how we came to the sandy beach of Depot Island with everything from the tent pegs to the camera floating promiscuously around the bottom of the boat and the centre-board bent almost double.

In some mysterious manner the Mate's *sine qua non*, her toilet bag, containing soap and brushes, had disappeared. To remedy the defect in the Mate's equipment, the Captain sailed the dinghy over to the village.

Depot Harbour is the new town built on the rocky shores of Parry Island by the Canada Atlantic Railway for its northern terminus when the Rip Van Winkles of Parry Sound objected to the railway expropriating a portion of their potato patches for its roadbed.



The whole place is owned by the Company and its unpicturesque collection of yellow houses illustrate the maxim, "A corporation has no soul." Most of the inhabitants are employed in the large elevator and freight sheds. It is at this point that the grain from Chicago is transhipped for transportation to the east. One store managed by the Company is alone permitted to do business. However, a couple of enterprising young traders have moored an old house-boat, well stocked with general merchandise, to the shore and seem to drive a considerable trade. Of course, we encouraged the disciples of free competition and made our few purchases at the amphibious establishment.

July 22nd. We left Depot Harbour this morning at 8.30. Wind still from

general chart the inside channels are not indicated. We had also lost track of the buoys marking the steamboat channel. As the wind had fallen considerably we determined to make for Point au Baril on the outside of the islands. A considerable sea was running, but the *Tub* negotiated the ten



"The sun was just setting when we ran into the harbour at Point au Baril."

the west but considerably moderated. We reached Killbear Point at the entrance to Parry Sound in about an hour. After leaving Killbear, we made long and short legs, keeping pretty well to the inside channels between the islands and the mainland. At 1.30 we had left Snug Harbour astern and were heading up the Franklin Narrows, making good time under a sprung sheet. We kept on without landing for lunch. The Mate, however, succeeded in providing a very good meal from some of our canned stuff. After leaving the Franklin Narrows, we entered the Shebikong Channel, which bears east and west and necessitated a beat for about three miles to the head of Shawanaga Bay. At this point the large Admiralty chart, "Parry Sound and its approaches," ended. On the

miles in the open without any difficulty. The sun was just setting when we ran into the harbour at Point au Baril. We had sailed forty-five miles since morning and the Captain had been at the stick for eleven hours without a break. We pitched our tent near the camp of a Mr. M., from Chicago, who was summering here with his family. We were both hungry and tired and it did not add to the equanimity of our tempers when, just as we were commencing dinner, the Captain upset the coffee pot. With the exception of a cold lunch we had had nothing since early morning and you can imagine what a delay of fifteen minutes meant. We always considered it as one of the most serious accidents of the trip.

We had now reached the limit of our cruise.

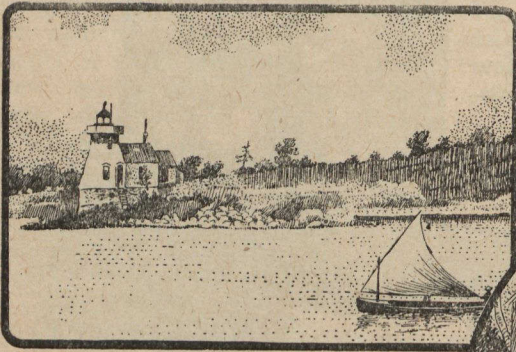


Point au Baril is a fishing station at the northern end of the archipelago. Nature seems to have intended this as a fitting climax to the labyrinths of beauty through which we had been passing for the last week. Without stretches the open expanse of Georgian Bay, now tossing and breaking angrily in masses of white foam against the rocks now glittering peacefully in the summer sunshine. At the entrance, like a sentinel guarding an enchanted land, stands the lighthouse. Within is

fact, all the time we were there, we had no difficulty in keeping the larder well supplied. The settlement is scattered about among half a dozen islands and all communication between the inhabitants is by boat. Mr. Oldfield, the proprietor of the hotel, has fitly named Point au Baril the Venice of the North.

We remained here until Wednesday, the 1st of August, living a kind of lotus-eating life. We were fortunate in making the acquaintance of a Mrs.

Hansen, a very intelligent woman, the wife of a fisherman. Six miles from Point au Baril, the Shawanaga River flows into



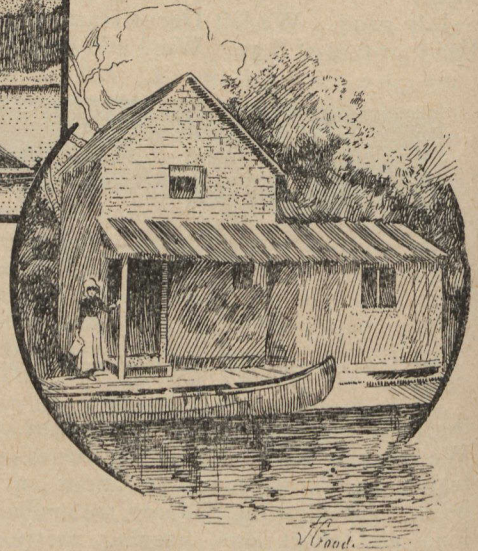
THE LIGHT HOUSE—POINT AU BARIL

a perfect fairyland of winding passages, sheltered bays,

“And Islands that empurpled bright  
Floated amid the livelier light.”

Surely traveller at Loch Katrine or the Lakes of Killarney never saw a fairer sight.

While not very well known as yet, as a summer resort, there were a number of tourists summering here. A new hotel, the Oldfield House, has accommodation for about forty guests. It is a splendid place for anyone desirous of getting away from high collars and starched shirts. “The tourists,” as they are called by the residents, seemed to put in an easy unconventional kind of time. Of course, they are all Americans. Muskoka Lakes, with its modern summer resorts, seem to be the mode among our own people. To Canadians Georgian Bay is an undiscovered country. As every rock is not yet ornamented by a lone follower of Isaak Walton, fishing is good. In



MRS. HANSEN'S COTTAGE

the Shawanaga Bay. Accompanied by Mrs. Hansen and our Chicago friends, we ascended the Shawanaga River, about three miles, to a picturesque falls. Local traditions relate that it was at the mouth of this river a party of Hurons and several Jesuit priests concealed themselves from the Iroquois after the evacuation of Sainte Marie. A few years ago there was found on one of the portages of the Shawanaga River, a copper urn. On it was engraved the date 1636. Parkman mentions in his “Jesuits in North Ameri-



ca," that after the dispersal of the Hurons, one band with several priests escaped to the islands and remained there during the winter of 1650. On an island, near the foot of Shawanaga Bay, are the ruins of a Trading Post. About a hundred yards in the rear of these ruins, are three cone-shaped cairns. Nearby we discovered traces of the walls of a large building, about a hundred feet long by fifty feet wide. This building must have been abandoned many years ago, as trees have grown up within the walls to a considerable height. We were unable to determine whether these ruins are connected with the Trading Post or are the remains of an earlier settlement.

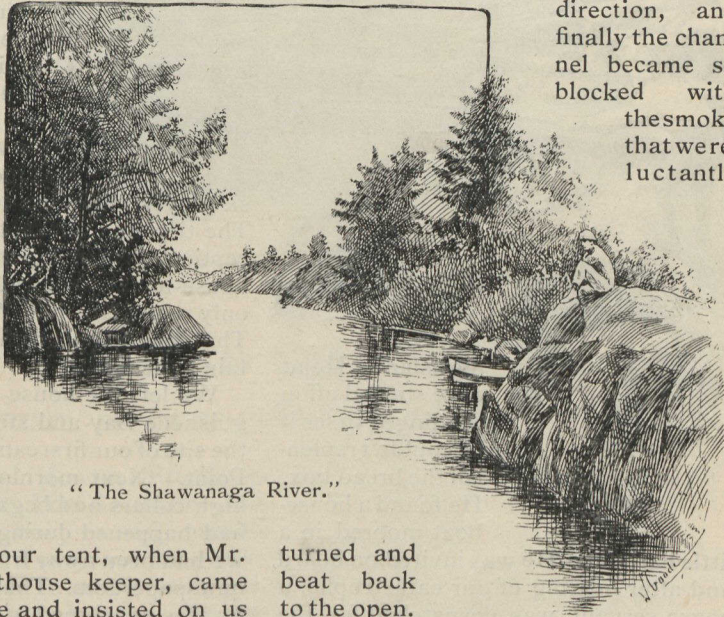
August 1st. At noon to-day the bow of the *Tub* was turned south for her homeward voyage. We sailed before a fresh northwester until late in the afternoon, when we reached Snug Harbour, twenty miles from Point au Baril.

We were preparing to pitch our tent, when Mr. White, the lighthouse keeper, came down to the shore and insisted on us staying with him for the night. After a proper show of reluctance, we consented.

August 2nd. This morning we were awakened by the wind whistling round the lighthouse. The northwester had increased to a gale and at first, we were afraid that we were wind-bound. However, after breakfast, we put two reefs in the sail and said good-bye to our friend at the lighthouse. We ran to the outside of Parry Island and arrived at Sans Souci, six miles from O'Donnell Point, early in the

afternoon. For about five miles after leaving Sans Souci, the steamer course runs through comparatively open water. From a fisherman, we learned of an inside channel to Jubilee Island, near O'Donnell Point. Following his directions, we sailed in behind the islands and headed in the apparent direction of Jubilee. About two miles away and in the direction we were sailing, a considerable bush fire was burning. We kept on, thinking that we would be able to find a way out to the open before we reached the fire, but no opening appeared. We soon had burning islands on every side and the smoke got denser and denser. Cinders were

flying in every direction, and finally the channel became so blocked with the smoke that were-  
luctantly



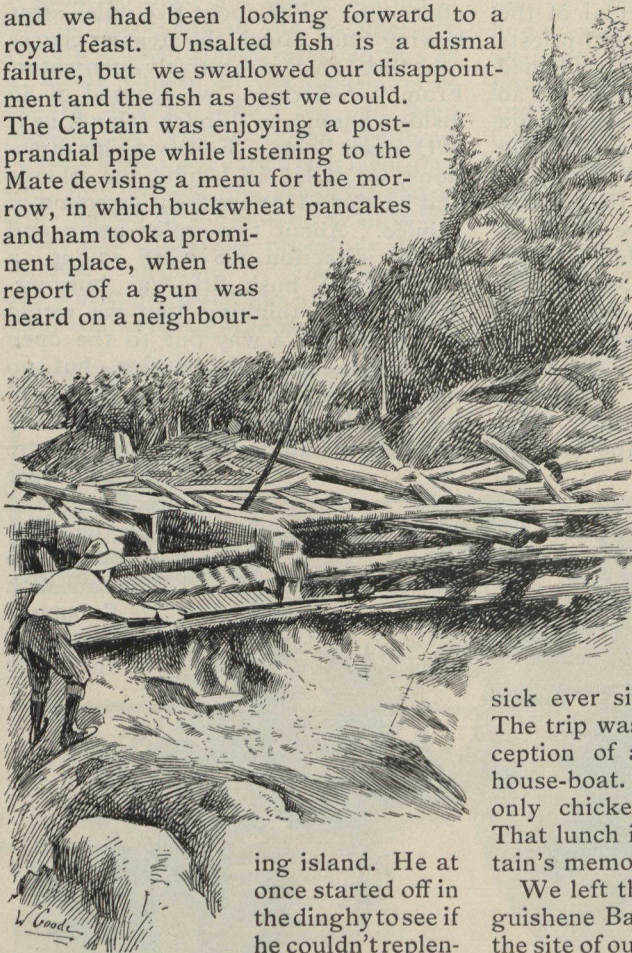
"The Shawanaga River."

turned and beat back to the open.

Here we encountered a choppy sea, which thoroughly drenched everything in the boat by the time we arrived at Jubilee. On this island there was a deserted cottage, which we decided to occupy for the night. While getting dinner, the Mate discovered that with the exception of one loaf, our bread had been ruined by the water. Our salt had also disappeared, having been probably converted into brine. That morning the Mate had landed a bass while sailing through one of the narrow channels



and we had been looking forward to a royal feast. Unsalted fish is a dismal failure, but we swallowed our disappointment and the fish as best we could. The Captain was enjoying a post-prandial pipe while listening to the Mate devising a menu for the morrow, in which buckwheat pancakes and ham took a prominent place, when the report of a gun was heard on a neighbour-



"The fishing was good."

ing island. He at once started off in the dinghy to see if he couldn't replenish the bread box. He found a house-boat moored in a little harbour. He was invited on board and after hearing of our catastrophe, a negro servant was despatched for the much-needed supplies. The party on the house-boat was Mr. J. B. Vandergrift, a Pittsburg manufacturer, his

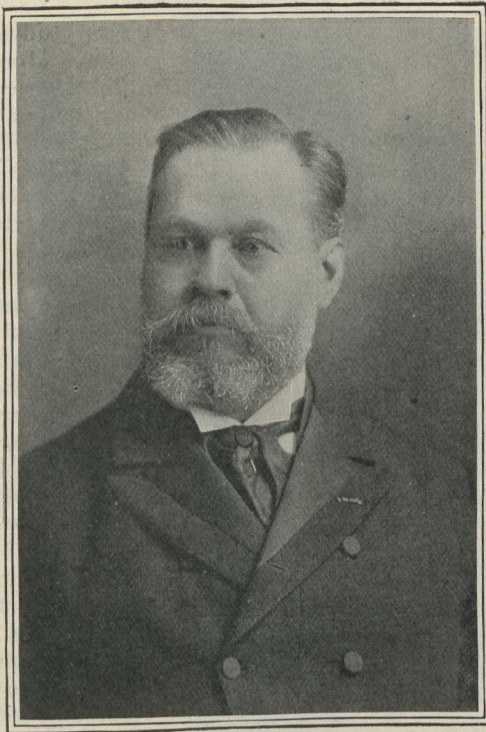
wife and two friends. It was Mr. Vandergrift's first season on Georgian Bay and he said that he enjoyed roughing it immensely. Living on a house-boat, however, is very much like roughing it with all the comforts of home—especially when you have a negro butler and a professional cook to cater for you, and three or four guides to row you around when you go fishing.

August 4th. This morning the tug arrived for the house-boat. The Captain accepted a tow to Penetang, to the great delight of the Mate who had been getting more and more home sick ever since we turned homeward. The trip was uneventful, with the exception of a gorgeous lunch on the house-boat. We had chicken, and not only chicken, but "chicken ad lib." That lunch is a bright spot in the Captain's memory.

We left the house-boat in Penetanguishene Bay and stayed that night at the site of our first camp on Reformatory Point. Next morning, we returned to high collars and began to wonder what had happened during the three weeks we had been away from civilization and newspaperdom. The faithful little dinghy was consigned to the tender mercies of the baggage-man and we were soon whirling southward to take our place again in the rut of human existence.







DR. LOUIS FRECHETTE

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XXII.—DR. LOUIS FRECHETTE, POET-LAUREATE.

**I**N Dr. Louis Honore Frechette, the Canadian Poet-Laureate, this country has a unique and notable literary figure. For years his works have been popular in many countries, while especially keen has been the appreciation of them in France, America and England.

To have been crowned by the French Academy, for the excellence of his verse, was an honour in which the whole country had pride and interest with the author. That the recognition of poetic genius, from a source so high, was indeed an honour to our Dominion was felt by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, who, shortly after the crowning of Mr. Frechette, gave voice to the following stately and classic lines in commemoration of the event :

### RONDEAU.

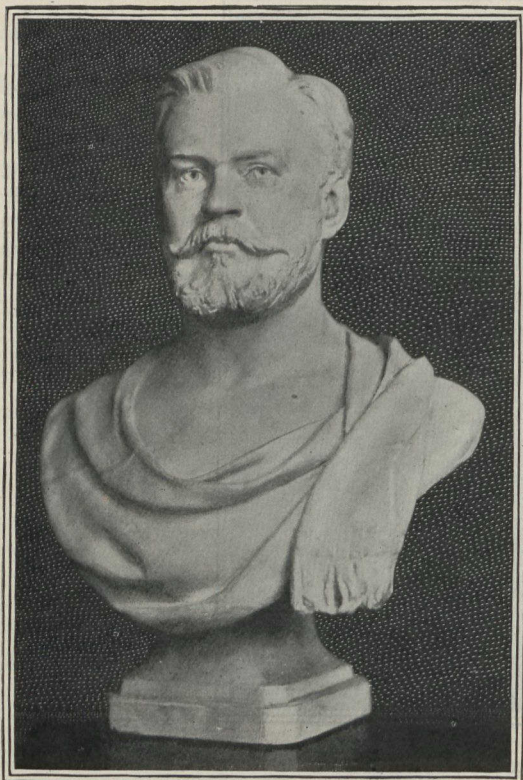
TO LOUIS HONORE FRECHETTE.

Laurels for song ! And nobler bays,  
In old Olympian golden days  
Of Clamor thro' the clear-eyed morn,  
No bowed triumphant head hath borne  
Victorious in Hellas' gaze !  
They watched his glowing axles graze  
The goal, and rent the heavens with praise—  
Yet the supreme heads have worn

Laurels for song.  
So thee, from no palaestra plays  
A conqueror, to the gods we raise,  
Whose brows of all our singers born  
The sacred fillets chief adorn—  
Who first of all our choir displays  
Laurels for song.

The high compliment of a chaplet, from the French Academy in Paris, was awarded the distinguished Canadian litterateur in the year 1880 and was the result of a competition of poets. The





BUST OF DR. FRECHETTE BY HEBERT

contribution crowned was entitled "Les Fleurs Boreales."

In an able review of this work an eminent French poet writes: "Les Fleurs Boreales" contains five poems which are simply masterpieces. They are 'Papineau,' 'Reminiscor,' 'La Derniere,' 'Iroquois,' and 'La Decouverte.' Any one of them would be sufficient to make the author's reputation."

Before giving specimens of Mr. Frechette's verse a short sketch of his career—a stirring one—will be interesting.

Born in Levis, Quebec, in 1839, Mr. Frechette is now in his sixty-second year. At a very early age he began his education, taking a seminary and a college course at Quebec, after which, at the age of fifteen, he went to the United States for a year. Returning to Canada again, he studied at the Nicolet Academy and left this institute to take

up the study of law at Laval University, Montreal.

In his twenty-fourth year, one year before he graduated, he published his first poetic essay, "Mes Loisirs," which immediately attracted attention and much controversy. While certain critics pointed out faults (which time would remedy) in the work, there was a quick recognition of the marked genius running through it. Commendation of the essay came from such men as Hugo and Lamartine, and, it is needless to say, was an incentive to the young student to fix his eyes on higher heights.

Almost immediately upon graduating Mr. Frechette began to take a most active interest in politics, and going to Levis, founded *Le Journal de Levis*. "At this time," says the laureate, "when 'liberal' and 'excommunication' were almost synonymous terms the launching of such a paper was like putting a lighted match to a wasp's nest." The paper flourished for a time, but finally died.

Leaving Levis, Mr. Frechette then took up his residence in Chicago and founded a paper, called *L'Amerique*. While in that city he was also appointed foreign corresponding secretary of the Land Department of the Illinois Central Railway, replacing Mr. Thomas Dickens, a brother of the novelist, in that position. About this time he published the poem, "La Voix d'un Exile." It was a biting satire against the administration of the political party then in power in Canada.

The merits of the poem were spoken of in the most diverse manner. To the quarter to which it appealed it was hailed as the just wrath of a censor of public morals; while those of dissenting political opinions declared it to be an outbreak of "resentful disappointment." The poem very soon became widely popular, especially with the young men in the Province of Quebec, and was used with much effect at the



elections which took place shortly afterwards.

Meanwhile *L'Amerique* was prospering, but the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war incidentally led to its demise. It so chanced that to secure the German vote the Republicans of the State voted resolutions of sympathy with Prussia. At the time Mr. Frechette was on a visit to this country, and his editor, a "Suisse," took advantage of his employer's absence and published a series of articles hostile to France. This gave deep offence to many subscribers of *L'Amerique*, and finally the paper had to cease publication.

Leaving Chicago, Mr. Frechette went to New Orleans, and chanced to be there just as the Prussians were besieging Paris. While in New Orleans a most dramatic incident befell the future poet-laureate—a duel. It was with a German who had spoken insultingly, in the hearing of Mr. Frechette, of France. In the duel Mr. Frechette was wounded.

In the year 1871 he returned to Canada again and once more entered the arena of politics. In this year he contested Levis for the House of Commons but was defeated. In 1874 he was more successful, being elected. He sat in the House during the Mackenzie Administration. In 1878 he retired from active politics, and making his home in Montreal gave himself up entirely to literature and journalism. Two years later he produced the poems which were so honoured by the French Academy. He has produced many works in poetry and prose, and is a writer of plays. His long poetic works are:—

"Mes Loisirs," Quebec, 1863.

"La Voix d'un Exile," Chicago, 1867.

"Pele-Mele," Montreal, 1877.

"Les Fleurs Boreales," Paris, 1880.

"Les Oiseaux de Neige," Paris, 1880.

"La Legende d'un Peuple," Paris, 1887.

"Les Feuilles Volantes," Montreal, 1891.

"Veronica," a drama in five acts, Montreal, 1898.

Also two dramas entitled "Papi-neau," and "Felix Poutre."

His most important prose works are:

"Lettres a Basile," Quebec, 1872.

"Histoire Critique des Rois de France," Montreal, 1881.

"Origineaux et D'etraqués," Montreal, 1893.

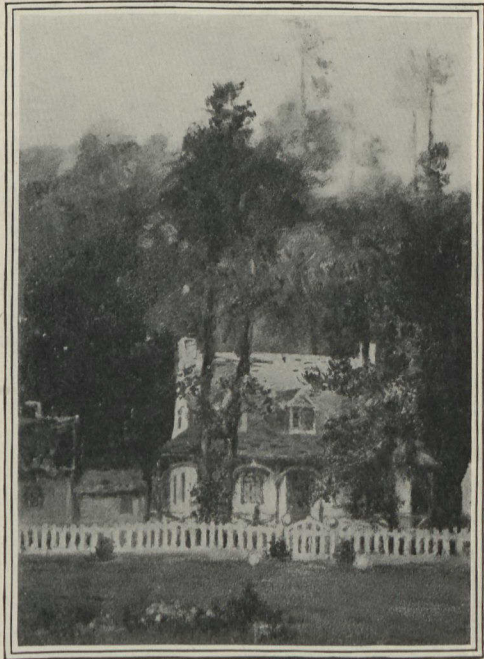
"Christmas in French Canada," Toronto, 1899.

"La Noël au Canada," 1900.

A French author of high note, criticising the poems of the poet-laureate, says: "In all his verse is found highly attractive qualities, fire and earnestness, marked picturesqueness and a flowing music and expression that charms."

The selections given below from the poems of Mr. Frechette, give some slight insight into the methods of the author.

"Fors l'Honneur," a dramatic poem, of the burning of French flags to pre-



THE HOUSE WHERE DR. FRECHETTE WAS BORN  
—HADLOW COVE, LEVIS—FROM A  
PAINTING BY C. HUOT



vent their capture, contains the following fine piece of descriptive verse :

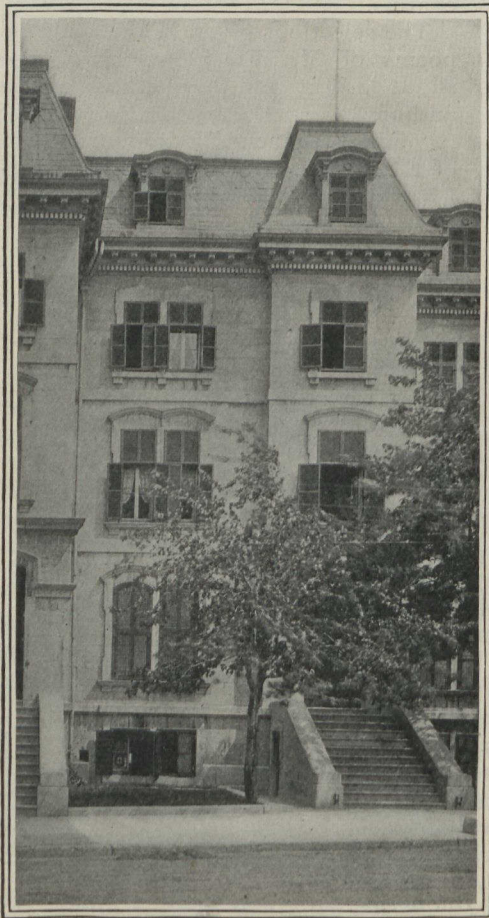
"Then, sight sublime, and strange, like a vast wave

Sinking in silence, knelt that warrior band,  
And solemnly into the sacred fire,  
Which, amid the sounds of death-rattle, shot  
Spirals of blood-red flame in eddying whirls  
Into the firmament,—amid the rush  
Of glowing ashes, one by one were thrown,  
Under the hero's eye, grave as a saint's,  
The colours he had loved so long and well!  
Someslight cracklings more, and all was done!"

Professor Roberts, who has translated many of Mr. Frechette's poems, translated the laureate's beautiful poem on "Liberty." We produce the second verse which is the keynote to the poem :

#### LIBERTY.

"I have sung them all;—youth's lightness that fleets,



DR. FRECHETTE'S MONTREAL RESIDENCE

Pure friendship, my most fondly cherished dreams,  
Wild blossoms and the wind that steal their sweets,

Wood odors, and the star that whitely gleams.  
But our hearts change; the spirit dulls its edge

In the chill contact with reality;  
These vanished like the foam-bells on the sedge,

I sing one burden now, my song is liberty."

The late Mr. Charles Pelham Mulvany, a poet of great talent, translated the laureate's poem on "Niagara." One verse is given below :—

#### NIAGARA.

"Majestic moves the mighty stream and slow,  
Till from that false calm's semblance, suddenly,  
Wild, and with echoes shaking earth and sky,  
The huge tide plunges in the abyss below;  
It is the cataract! from whose thund'rous ire

The wild birds flee in terror far away  
From that dread gulf when with her scarf  
of fire

The rainbow sits above the torrent's sway!  
Earth quakes, for sudden that vast arching  
dome

Of green is changed to hills of snow-white  
foam

That seethe and bound and boil in tameless  
pride.

Yet this, Thy work, O God, Thy law  
fulfils,

And, while it shakes the everlasting hills,  
It spares the straw that floats upon its  
tide!"

In his poem on the Saguenay Mr. Frechette touches on the famous rocks of this river of shadowy legend. Two verses are given below and are a translation of Sir James D. Edgar, politician and barrister of Toronto.

#### SAGUENAY.

"O, towering steepes that are mirrored  
On Saguenay's darkening breast!  
O grim rocky heights, sternly frowning,  
The thunders have smitten your crest!

O sentinels, piercing the cloudland,  
Stand forth in stupendous array!  
My brow, by your shadows enshrouded,  
Is humbled before you to-day."

As a final selection the two verses below, from the poem: "Whither Go the Hours?" are well worth producing.

#### WHITHER GO THE HOURS?

"They go to the goal of all mortal things  
Where fade our destinies, scarce perceived,



To the dim abyss wherein time confounds  
 them—  
 The hours we laughed and the days we  
 grieved.

They go where the bubbles of rainbow break  
 We breathed in our youth of love and fame,  
 Where great and small are as one together,  
 And oak and wildflower counted the same."

The striking characteristic of the laureate, in almost all his work, is a ringing patriotism. This trait is especially brought out in his "La Legende d'un Peuple,"—his longest and most serious work—the purpose of which is to celebrate the glorious deeds of the French-Canadian people. A well-known authority says: "'La Legende d'un Peuple,' strikes an ambitious note and is sustained with remarkable success." The work consists of three groups of episodes, from Canadian history, representing three of its phases. Into these groups there are two poems by way of prologue and epilogue called: "L'Amerique" and "France." The work scourges the memory of Louis the XV. who neglected the colony so in the time of its troubles.

While Dr. Frechette holds firm to the belief that the future destiny of this country is annexation to the United States, he is a most sincere admirer of British institutions. If annexation comes he holds it should be through friendly means. He is an ardent upholder of the principle that

so long as Canada forms a part of the British Empire it is the duty of Canadians to help England in stress. He strongly favoured sending the contingent to South Africa. Indeed, on one occasion, he declared he would have been glad to have sent his own son.

Dr. Frechette is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, a Companion of St. Michael and St. George, a member of the Imperial Institute, London. Honorary degrees of LL.D. were conferred upon him by McGill, Toronto and Queen's Universities; and the honorary degree of D. es L. from Laval University. He is vice-president of the Royal Society of Canada.

Personally Dr. Frechette is known as a man of tolerant views, kindly of temperament and a firm and loyal friend. From his bust (by Hebert), here produced, it will be seen the poet-laureate is a man of splendid physique. In mannerism he has that flash and fire so frequently the attendant of artistic temperament such as his.

The Frechette family, it may be observed as a matter of merely curious interest, is connected, by marriage, with that of William Dean Howells, the well-known American novelist; the poet-laureate's brother having married Howells' youngest sister, Annie. She, like her brother, gives much of her time to literature.

*F. Clifford Smith.*

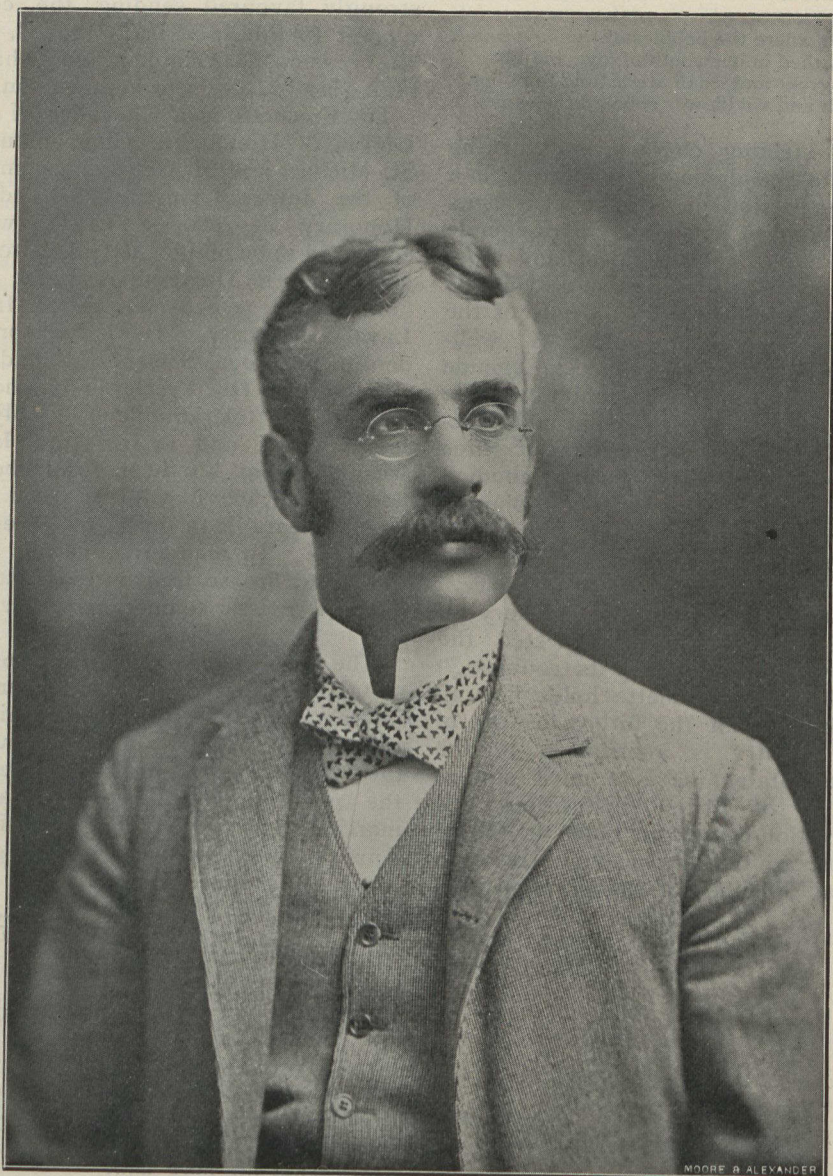
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## A WOMAN'S PART.

SHE most is blessed who bears what life may send  
 In cheerfulness, not striving to contend  
 With man's own right; to make a woman's way  
 As free from care, as strength and loving may.  
 For him the struggle, the fierce pain of strife;  
 For her the surety of a sheltered life.

*May Austin Low.*

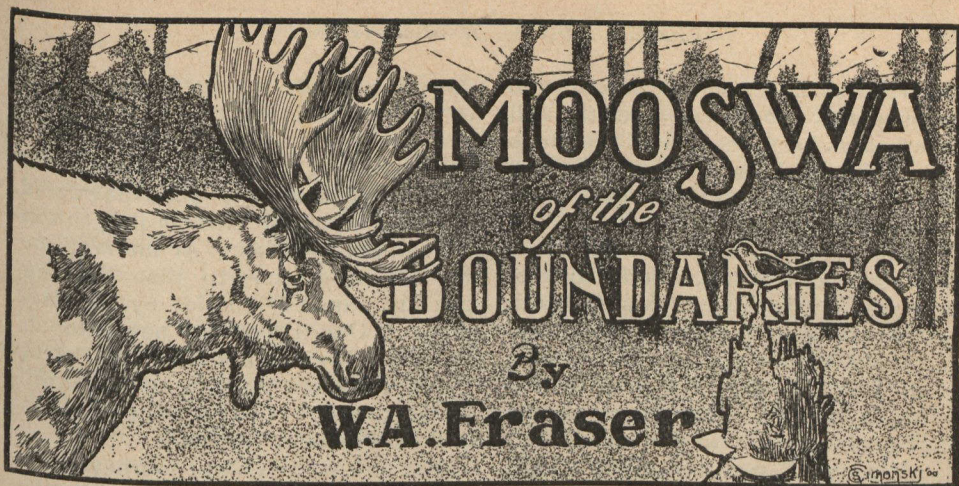




HON. R. L. BORDEN, M.P.

THE NEW LEADER OF THE DOMINION OPPOSITION (CONSERVATIVE)





CHAPTER VII.—THE GUARDIANS OF THE BOY.

RESUME.—The furred dwellers of the northern forests are introduced choosing anew the Black Fox as their King. They then renew the oath of The Boundaries, that each will help the other, and that the enemy of one shall be the enemy of all. François, a trapper, and Rod, the son of a former Hudson's Bay Company factor, have built a shack in The Boundaries and set traps in the neighbourhood. The animals conspire against them and spring their traps. Mooswa, the Moose, when a calf was a pet at the Factory and knew and loved the boy Rod; consequently, he makes all the animals promise to do him no harm. Carcajou, the Wolverine, and Black Fox, the King, are trapped but succeed in getting away with the assistance of the other animals, although Black Fox loses a foot. Carcajou, in revenge, enters the shack one day while the men were out, unlatches the door, and lets in the other animals. Everything eatable in the shack is taken away or destroyed by these wise and mischievous beasts. As a consequence François decides to leave Rod alone for a week and go to The Landing for more flour, bacon, and traps. After François' departure the animals take council and decide to look after the Boy who has only a dozen whitefish and a little flour on which to live during François' absence. Pisew (the Cat) treacherously steals the whitefish during the Boy's temporary visit to the river to draw water. For this act Pisew is tried and condemned to death by the other animals.

"HOW fares the Boy, Swift-Flyer?" Mooswa asked of the Jay, as the latter took position on a sapling.

"Badly, great Bull, badly. One time he takes the two fish this dead thief left—unwillingly enough, no doubt—in his hand and looks at them pitifully; then he takes the white dry, eating—flour, Men call it—and decides of its weight; then with the little stick which makes a black mark he lines cross-trails on a board, and mutters about so many pounds of eating for so many days, and always ends by saying: 'It can't be done—I shall starve.' Then he comes to the door and looks up over the river trail which way went François, as though he too would pull out for the Landing."

"That he must not attempt," cried Mooswa decidedly. "Turn your noses, brothers, to the wind which comes

from the big west hills—moisten them first, so!" and a bluish-gray tongue damped the cushion-bulk of his nostrils. All the Council pointed their heads up the wind, and it smote raw in their questioning faces.

"Gh-u-r-r!" growled Blue Wolf, "I know; when comes this wind-wrath of the mountains, Mooswa?"

"To-night or to-morrow," was the answer.

"Then lie we close from the time the light fails this day until it is all over; each to his burrow, each to his hollow tree, each to his thick bush," continued Rof. "François will not have reached the Landing yet, either. Dogs are not like Wolves—perhaps the blizzard will smother them."

"The Breed-man has the cunning of all animals together," asserted Carcajou. "He will choose a good shelter



under a cut-bank, even perhaps put the fire-medicine to the dry-wood, then all together, as brothers, he and the Dogs will lie huddled like a Fox pack, and though the wrath howl for three days none of their lives will go out." The deep thinking little Wolverine knew that Rof was fretting, not because of François, but because of Marsh Maid.

"But the Man-cub is not like that," declared Bull Moose, "and if he starts, good Jay, do thou fly quickly and bring us tidings. Rof, thou and thy pack must turn him in the trail."

"We will," asserted Blue Wolf. "All this trouble because of that car-ion!" and he disdainfully threw snow over the dead body of Lynx with his powerful hind feet.

Whatever Rod's intentions might have been about following on after François, their carrying out was utterly destroyed by the terrific blizzard which started that night. All the next day, and the night after, no living thing stirred from its nest or burrow.

Whisky-Jack cowered in the lee-side shelter of the roof; and inside, Roderick listened to the howling and sobbing of the storm demons that rocked his rude shack like a cradle. Even through the moss-chinked, mud-plastered log-cracks the fine steel-dust of the ice-hard snow drove. It was like emery in its minute fierceness.

Spirit voices seemed calling to him from the moaning forest; his imagination pictured the weird storm sounds as the voice of his friend pleading for help. Many times he threw the big wooden door-bar down from its place, and peered out into the dark as the angry wind pushed against him with fretful swing. Each time he was sure he heard his comrade's voice, or the howl of Train Dogs; but there was nothing; only the blinding, driving, frozen hail—fine and sharp cutting as the grit of a sandstone. Once he thought the call of a rifle struck on his ear—it was the crash of an uprooted tree, almost deadened by the torturing wind noises.

The cold crept into his marrow. All night he kept the fire going, and by

dawn the supply of wood had dwindled to nothing; he must have more, or perish. Just outside, in the yard, François had left a pile of dry poplars. Almost choked by the snow-powdered air, Rod laboured with his axe to cut enough for the day. At intervals he worked, from time to time thawing out his numbed muscles by the fireplace. "One trip more," he muttered, throwing down an armful in the shack, "and I'll have enough to last until to-morrow—by that time the storm will have ceased, I hope."

But on that last short journey a terrible thing happened. Blinded by the white-veil of blizzard he swayed as he brought the axe down, and buried the sharp steel in his moccasined foot. "O God!" the Boy cried in despairing agony. He hobbled into the shack, threw the wooden bar into place, tore up a cotton shirt and, from the crude medicine knowledge he had acquired from François, soaked a plug of tobacco, separated the leaves and, putting them next the wound, bound the torn cloth tightly about his foot.

That night the storm still raged, and his wound brought a delirium of pain which made his fancies even more realistic. Whisky-Jack heard him moaning and talking to strange people.

Next morning a cold sun came up on a still, tired atmosphere. The fierce blizzard had sucked all life out of the air; the spruce trees' long arms, worn out with swaying and battling, hung asleep in the dead calm; a whisper might have been heard a mile away.

At the first glint of light Jack spread his wings, and travelling fast to the home of Black Fox, told of Rod's helpless condition. "Before, it was the hunger death that threatened; now the frost-sleep will come surely, for he cannot walk, only crawl on his hands and knees like a Bear-cub," said Jay with a world of pity in his voice.

"Call Mooswa and Carcajou," cried the Red Widow; "the Boy is in their keeping."

When Wolverine had come he said: "There is still a piece of fat-eating



cached, if I only can find it under this mountain of white fur that covers the breast of the Boundaries."

"That is well, good comrade," declared Black King; "but how shall we get it to the hands of our Man-cub?"

"Place it in the bowl of my horns," said Mooswa, "and I will lay it at his door."

"Yet the fat eating may be on one side of the wooden gate, and the Boy starve on the other," remarked Whisky-Jack thoughtfully.

"I will knock with my horns, and the Boy will open the gate, thinking it is François."

"Even with a full stomach he may perish from the frost-death," continued Jack, "for now he cannot cut wood for his chimney-fire—though it is still alive."

"Call Umisk," ordered Black King; "he is a wood-cutter."

"Excellent, excellent!" sneezed Carcajou in a wheezy voice, for the blizzard had set a cold on his lungs. "If Chisel-Tooth will cut firewood I'll drop it down the chimney, and the Boy may yet be kept alive until François returns. Come with me, Daddy Long-Legs," he continued, addressing Mooswa, "and we'll have a look for that cached fat-eating in this wilderness of white-frost-eating in this wilderness of white-frost-eating water."

After a tiresome search they found the bacon that had been hidden by the little hunchback. Mooswa carried it to the shack, dropping it at the door, against which there was a great drifted snow-bank; then he rubbed his horns gently up and down the boards.

"Is that you, François?" cried a voice that trembled with gladness from inside the shack. There was a fumbling at the door-bar, and the next instant it was pulled open.

Mooswa almost cried at sight of the pain-pinched, ghostlike face that confronted him, and the Boy recoiled with a look of dismay—the huge head frightened him. Then, catching sight of the bacon, he looked from it to the Bull Moose questioningly; all at once an idea came to him.

"You are hungry, too, Mister

Moose, are you?" for he remembered stories of severe storms having driven deer and other wild animals to the haunts of Man for food. Evidently the smell of bacon had attracted the Moose; but where in the world had it come from? Had it been left by some chance on the roof, and knocked off by the strong blizzard wind? That seemed a likely solution. The Moose was so unafraid, too—it was curious! He reached out and pulled in the bacon—it was like the manna shower.

"Poor old chap!" he said, stretching out a hand and patting the big fat nose timidly; "you've come to a bad place for food. There's nothing here you can eat."

Mooswa stuck out his rough tongue and caressed the wrist. Rod scratched the Bull's forehead in return, and they were friends. The big eyes of Mooswa wandered about the bare, pathetic interior. It was a poor enough place for a crippled Boy—but what could be done? "I wish I could speak to him," he thought, rubbing his massive face against the flannel shirt reassuringly. Then he turned and walked solemnly through the little clearing, and disappeared in the thick wood.

The bacon put new heart in Roderick. A rational explanation of this advent of the pork appeared to be that it had fallen from the roof; but all through that night of distress the Boy had muttered broken little prayers, just as he had done for years at his mother's knee, and whether it had actually fallen from the roof or from the skies was not the real issue, for he was convinced that it had come in answer to his prayers.

The pain crept up his leg, up his back; and as the hours dragged on, the dreary, lonesome hours, it mounted to his brain, and the queer fancies of approaching delirium carried him to a fairy land peopled by unreal things. He had just sanity enough to keep the chimney fire going, but his little pile of wood dwindled until the last stick was placed on the coals. When, in the afternoon, Carcajou dropped three billets that



Umisk had cut down the chimney, Roderick laughed. He was a King in Delirium-land, and when he wanted anything all he had to do was pray, and the angels would send it.

Sometimes the sticks of wood rolled out on the floor as they clattered down—these the Boy put to one side.

"I suppose the angels won't come in the night," he whispered, then laughed. It was a grotesque idea, but the fire was kept blazing. He had no rational thought of eating; when he felt hungry-pains he fried a little of the bacon and ate it. Sometimes he made a batter of flour and water, cooking the mixture in a frying-pan over the fire—turning out an almost impossible kind of pancake.

"He acts like Wapoos in the early spring," Whisky-Jack told Mooswa; "laughs, and whistles, and cries, and sobs; but he eats, which is a good thing, and is also warm. I never thought that crop-eared, hunchback Carcajou had goodness enough in him to do anything for anybody."

"He's like yourself, Whisky-Jack, a bit of a th—sharp-tongued fellow, I mean" (thief, he was going to say, but checked himself just in time), "and full of queer tricks, but good-hearted enough when a comrade is in trouble. How long will the fat-eating, which is the food of you meat-eaters, last the Boy?" Mooswa asked.

"Perhaps three days."

"Also, is it good food for the sick—is it not too strong? When I am not well there are certain plants that agree with me, and others I cannot touch."

"Fish would be better," declared Jack with the air of a consulting physician.

"I thought so," said Mooswa. "The smell of the bacon at the door almost turned my stomach. If the Man-cub could only eat sweet birch-tips, or dried Moose-flower—it's delicious when well preserved under deep snow. Even unrotted moss would be better for him than that evil-scented meat."

The Bird laughed. "He, he, he!

fancy the Man-cub chewing a great cud of mushy grass. Now fish, as I have said, would be just the thing; there's nothing lies so sweet on one's stomach, unless it's butter. Warm roostings! but I wish that cat-faced Pisew had been hanged before he found my cache."

"Jack," continued the Moose, "you might ask Nekik or Sakwasew to catch a fish for the Boy; they are all bound by a promise to help take care of him."

"All right," said Jay. "Otter might do it, for he's a generous chap, but Sakwasew is a greedy little snip, I think. I never yet knew a Mink that wasn't selfish."

"I don't know how long we shall have to look after this Man-cub," Mooswa said, when he and Rof and Black King talked the matter over that evening. "François is a good trapper—we all know that to our sorrow—and he likes the Boy, for he was years with his father, the Factor, as servant to the company, but still he's a Breed, and if there's any fire-water at the Landing it is hard to say when he may get back; besides, the breath of the mountain that shrivelled us all for two days may have got into his heart."

"My pack hunts for three days in the far Boundaries," muttered Blue Wolf.

"Why?" asked the King sharply.

"In three days I will tell Your Majesty," answered Rof, shutting his jaws with a snap.

"Well, well," exclaimed Black Fox; "in the Year of Starvation there is no preserve. We hunt where we find, and eat where we catch; and only the Kit-law and the Cub-law and the Seventh Year Law of the Wapoos are binding."

Blue Wolf disappeared for three days, and for three days Umisk cut wood for the Boy, and Carcajou dropped it down the chimney. Mooswa went every day and rubbed his horns against the door. The coming of his Moose friend was also a part of the angel care the wounded boy had



dreamed into his life. His eager joy at even this companionship was pitiable; but it was something to look forward to—something to pull him back out of the deeper levels of delirium-world.

Nekik, the Otter, caught a fish, at Mooswa's request, and Carcajou dropped it down the chimney.

"It will burn," objected Umisk, who was cutting wood.

"Then the Boy will find it with his nose," answered Carcajou.

After that Roderick asked the angels to bring him fish—it was better than bacon. They were queer angels, Nekik and Carcajou, but the sick lad got a fish every day.

On the third day Blue Wolf returned.

"I found one of the Men-kind down the river," he announced to Mooswa and Black Fox; "he is trapping—alone, I think."

"Well," queried Black King, "what of that?" for he did not quite understand.

"If we could get him to the Boy I thought it might be well," answered Blue Wolf.

"Ah! I see!" cried the King.

"That's why the pack hunted for three days in the far Boundaries." Wolf growled a deprecating objection.

"How far away is he?" asked Mooswa.

"Six hours of the chase-lope," answered Blue Wolf.

"I could bring him, even as I lead François away when you are not desirous of his company, Your Majesty," said the Moose.

"It's a dangerous game," muttered Black Fox. "I don't like it—one can't judge the strike of their fire-stick; and you're such a big mark—like the side of a Man's shack."

"I saw the Boy's leg to-day," continued Mooswa, "and it's bigger, with this wound-poison, than my nose. Unless he gets help soon he will die."

"François should be back in a day or two," declared the King.

"François is a Breed," asserted Mooswa; "and days are like the little sticks the Breed-men use when they play cards—something to gamble with."

"The pack could be ready, if the Man pressed too close," suggested Rof.

"I do not fear him the first day," continued Mooswa. "Man's speed is always the same and I can judge of it; it is on the second day, when I am tired from the deep snow, that a little rest, too long drawn out, or a misjudged circle with one of the followers travelling wide of my trail, may cause me to come within reach of their fire-stick."

"Well, you might not reach Red Stone Brook in one day," asserted Blue Wolf; "so perchance you may need help the second. You'll find the Man just below Big Rapids."

"I'll start to-night," said Mooswa, "for the Boy must get help from his own kind soon. With good fortune I may lead this Man to him by the coming of darkness the first day; if not, then Blue Wolf will stand guard on my trail the second."

As Mooswa tramped down the wide roadbed of the frozen river, François, up at the Landing, was doing very much as the Bull Moose had feared. He had weathered the blizzard, lying huddled up with his Dogs in the shelter of a cut-bank, not daring to stir even for food till the fury of the icy blast had passed. He had even come to the Landing with a full resolve to go back immediately after he had secured his outfit; but, alas, for the carrying out of it! He was but an easily influenced Half-breed. At the Landing were several of his own kind down from Little Slave Lake with the first catch of winter fur. With these, the possession of money or goods always meant an opportunity for gambling.

François had a "debt credit" at the Hudson's Bay Company's store equal to the value of his needs; any Trapper who has kept his slate clean in the Company's accounts can usually get credit for a small outfit.

When the Half-breed had completed his purchase, the Factor tossed him a large plug of smoking tobacco, which was the usual terminal act of a deal in goods in any H. B. post. François



filled his pipe, sat down by the hot box-stove with its roaring fire of dry poplar-wood, and smoked and spat and dilated upon the severity of the blizzard, and regaled the other occupants of the Trading Post with stories of Wolverine's depredations. Suddenly he ceased speaking, held the pipe in his hand hesitatingly, and straightened his head up in a listening attitude. The deep, sonorous, monotonous "tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum" of a gambling outfit's drum-music came sleepily to his acute, listening ear. It was like a blast from the huntsman's horn to a fox-hound; it tingled in his blood, and sent a longing creeping through his veins.

"There goes that Nichie outfit from Slave Lake again," cried the Factor angrily. "They've gambled for three nights; if the police were here I'd have a stop put to it."

François tried to close his ears to the coaxing, throbbing, skin-covered tambourine the gambling party's music-maker was hammering that still, frosty night; but his hearing only became acuter, for it centred more and more on the thing he was trying to keep from his mind. Even the "Huh, huh! huh, huh! huh, huh!" of the half-dozen Indians who sat about a blazing camp-fire, came to him with malevolent fascination.

"I t'ink me I go sleep," François said, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and putting it in his bead-worked deer-skin fire-bag.

"You'd better pull out sharp in the morning," commanded the Factor; "young Macgregor will be running short of grub before you get back."

"I roun' up ever't'ing to-night," returned François, "an' hit de trail firs' t'ing in de mornin' soor. I make me de s'ack in t'ree day."

Outside, the "tum-tum" called to him; pleaded with him like the voice of a siren. He would go and sit by their fire just for a little, this Breed reasoned—not play! for more than once he had been stripped to his very shirt when luck set against him.

"Huh-huh! François! Huh, Boy—welcome!" went round the circle of squatting figures when the Half-breed stood amongst them. The musician stopped beating his instrument; solemnly each player and onlooker held out a hand and gave François one sharp jerk of greeting. Two rows of men sat facing each other, a big blanket over their knees; room was made for the new arrival.

"S'pose I not gamble to-night me," said François hesitatingly.

They laughed in astonishment.

"S'pose you 'fraid you lose, Man-who-savès-his-money," cried a Saltaux Indian disdainfully.

Now a Breed, or an Indian, must not be accused of being afraid of anything; if he be, and submit to it, he is done for all time. Half their bravery is due to this same moral cowardice. François hesitated, and the others, ignoring him, drew the blanket over their knees; the player secreted the tokens, and drawing forth his hands crossed his arms, always weaving them in rhythmic time to the tum-tum. Then the man who guesses in the opposite party indicated with his fingers where he thought the tokens were hidden.

It wasn't in human blood to stand out against this thing—not in generations of gambler blood—and François cried, half fiercely: "Make room, brothers! We'll see who's 'fraid."

That was the beginning. In the end, which came toward daylight, François had neither grub-stake, nor rifle, nor Train Dogs. Time after time he took, in exchange for some asset, a little bundle of red-willow counter sticks; time after time the little sticks, some long and some short, dwindled until they were all gone. The evil fate that had been his down at the trapping stuck to him in gambling.

Broken, and half numbed by loss of sleep and a sense of impending disaster, brought on by his despoiled condition, François crawled off to a friend's teepee, lay down like a Train Dog, and fell asleep.



## THE HEART OF A RED MAN.

*By Esther Talbot Kingsmill.*

**J**OSS-A-KEED was the only son of Big Chief Keneu of a tribe of the southern Algonquin Indians whose wigwams were dotted along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River between Montreal and Quebec. It was in the early days of the century and the influx of white men from the land beyond the sea had driven the North American native into the west country, Keneu and his tribe being the last red man to remain on the old camping ground.

Joss-a-keed was a tall straight young warrior, fleet of foot and strong of courage, and when it came to the matter of a bow of ash-wood and an arrow with jasper-head, you could not have found a red man's son from Huron's blue waters to Labrador who could match him.

Wenohan, his mother, had borne the Big Chief six black-haired daughters before the advent of Joss-a-keed. That was why, on that sacred birth morning, the chief's heart was glad, and he whispered into the ear of the Jesuit missionary, "The God of your country is also the God of the red man. The great Mother of the paleface is also the great Mother of the red man, for together they have blessed Keneu in sending him a son. He is the son of his father, Keneu the Algonquin, even though the cursed blood of the Iroquois of Onondaga be in his mother's veins—and we shall give him for name Joss-a-keed (Prophet) because he shall be the greatest of his father's blood. The God of the white man be praised!" and he threw his hands up wildly, his great frame quivered and the bright waving plumes in his head swayed to and fro as though tossed by a heavy gale; then he uttered a loud cry of thanksgiving which was taken up by a score of red men along the river bank. The flames of the camp fire shot up into the dark-

ness and cast an even redder glow over the thickly painted faces. A great pow-wow followed when the fire grew brighter and the voices louder, the whoop of the Algonquins ringing out through the pine-scented air to be answered only by the moan of the wind in the hemlocks and the good-night cry of the whip-poor-will.

But all this was many years ago and Joss-a-keed the young Indian prophet was now a stalwart boy of some sixteen years. "He was the youngest papoose to ever shoot the rapids," said Wenohan proudly. "The skins of the bears that fell by his hands are many," cried the old chief.

"He is the bravest in the woods," continued Wenohan.

"The very fish fear him," said the chief.

"He shall be the mightiest red man—the leader of all the forests," continued Wenohan.

"Not so," cried Keneu angrily, "he must be more. Is he not Joss-a-keed—Joss-a-keed, the prophet? I will give him book learning as Father Damien has. He shall be the first Indian of America. Then the old squaw's eyes fired. "Would you have him as the paleface, as the weakling? The white priest has been hissing into your ear;" and the old woman's expression was one to make the strongest tremble. Keneu turned and looked at her kindly. Was she not the mother of Joss-a-keed and had she not been his little mememoo-sha in the old days.

"I would have him as the paleface," he answered; "I would have him as they who sail from distant lands in their great flying white-winged canoe. They must see that Joss-a-keed can do more than ford rivers and kill the great bear. Father Damien has told me how this can be done."

Wenohan turned on him fiercely.



"May the spirit of 'Gitche-Manito' haunt you," she cried. "Joss-a-keed is the son of Wenohan; I will have him as the red man or slay him!" Then for the first time an angry light came into the great chief's eyes and he uttered some strange words into the woman's ear and subdued her.

Joss-a-keed was a bright boy and absorbed knowledge rapidly. His mental brilliancy was equal to his physical strength and he grasped ideas even more quickly than Father Damien could put them forth. The little white-haired priest gave him instruction each day in the language of the great white people. Sometimes it was in the boy's birch canoe, sometimes outside the wigwam on the summer evenings, and again while the arrows flew thick and fast into the clear air; for the good little Jesuit possessed the insight of the generations which were to follow, that of imparting knowledge through sense impression.

"Joss-a-keed is a great creature," the old chief would cry fondly; "soon he will go to the wigwams of the white man and return to us as a great spirit."

"Jee-bi protect us!" cried the old squaw, shaking her black head. "May he not go to the wigwams of the paleface and forget Keneu, his red father, and Wenohan, his red mother. May he not forget the wigwams of his sisters or may the great Naked Bear destroy his offspring. May he not forget the forest of his youth, the ahdeek and the thunder and the ewa-yea that Wenohan, his mother, sang to him in his papoose days." The old squaw turned away to hide her emotion.

"Osseo!" cried the chief, and again he shook his head so that the scarlet plumes waved mightily. "Osseo! Was he not born in the Moon of Falling Leaves and did not Shawonda, the south wind, bless him? Fear not, Wenohan, he will be a mighty man." And as the old chief spoke the south wind swept gently past and the whip-poor-will cried aloud and the rapids

seemed to take up the cry, all for Joss-a-keed, the young prophet, who appeared shortly with a red bear slung over his shoulder as though it were a rabbit, so strong of muscle and large of bone was he.

It was in the autumn, creeping on towards the Moon of Snow Shoes, that Joss-a-keed, under the priest's protection, started for the little college town. The night before a great pow-wow had been held in his honour. The friendly tribes from the south and east assembled around the fire and unburdened themselves of their gifts of freshly-killed animals, laying them before the chief whose son was going to the white city to become as a great spirit and return to the wigwams of his birth to banish the Destroyer. Kwasind, the strong man, danced a weird war dance, accompanied by unearthly yells of delight, while the firelight grew brighter and brighter and revealed good feeling on every face.

The following morning at daybreak Father Damien and the boy slipped into their birch canoe, while a row of young Indians on the shore drew their bows and simultaneously a score of arrows flew up into the morning air as the small craft shot over the shallow water. Such was the salute of the Algonquin. At the turn of the river a dark-eyed young squaw appeared, sitting erect in her canoe; she paddled across Joss-a-keed's bow and dropped hereyes in the purest modesty. "Good-by," she said softly; "do not forget little Ome-me; do not forget the shaw-shah, long ago, when we played with the kee-go and listened for the Owaissa in the Moon of Bright Nights." She drifted away and then, dipping her paddle, gave one mighty stroke which carried her to the shore.

"I shall not forget little Ome-me," cried Joss-a-keed sadly, and he glanced back, but they had turned a curve in the river and the girl was lost to view.

Now Father Damien, who had very greatly influenced the chief to bring about this state of affairs, had some months back negotiated with a trader



for the purchase of skins from Keneu, for the good little priest well knew that even in those pioneer days one could not live while absorbing knowledge without some small capital. And so as they glided noiselessly over the water, the little Jesuit turned things over in his mind and decided how best to spin out his small funds to the best advantage for his beloved *protégé*. It was the following morning that they reached their destination, and having drawn up their canoe, Father Damien turned to the boy.

"To the raiment-makers we go," he said, smiling.

"But I have raiment," answered Joss-a-keed, glancing down at his doeskin leggings with their fringed sides.

"But you must dress as the white man," said the priest.

"I am not ashamed," answered Joss-a-keed quickly; "why dressed as the paleface when I cannot be as the paleface?" The little priest did not answer for a moment; he was thinking of the innate sincerity of the savage and he repeated in his heart the lad's words: "I cannot be as the paleface, so why dress as the paleface?" Oh, might the Holy Father of all forgive him if he did wrong in bringing this child of nature from surroundings of truth and beauty into the foul air of civilization and hypocrisy! But surely, surely the end in view was holy—heaven-inspired. Would not the boy carry the truth of the Gospel into the hunting ground of his forefathers?

"Yes, Joss-a-keed," he said presently, "you must dress as the white man while you are with them. You will understand later; do so now to please me," and he led the boy into Marquette's, the trading shop.

The years of training which the priest had given his *protégé* now began to bear fruit. The young Indian evinced great interest in his studies and gradually acquired the customs of his college to such a degree as to bring delight to the heart of the little Jesuit. For some weeks they lived together, and then, seeing that the Indian's self-

confidence was well established, the priest took a step farther.

"I must now leave you for a time, Joss-a-keed," he said one morning; "I must return to your people. I must tell Chief Keneu of his son's safety. I must take up my work with renewed vigour and thankfulness of heart."

"And I?" asked the boy, open-eyed.

"I have found a quiet home for you close to the college. You have learned something of the ways and customs of my people, and, Joss-a-keed, you must try to understand, you must be to them as I have tried to be to your people." The boy placed his hands on the priest's shoulders and looked down at him from his great height. "I understand, Father. Go back to my people. I will remember that you are with Keneu, my father, and Wenohan, my mother. I will be as you say, and come soon again to see if a red man can keep his word."

The home which Father Damien had selected for Joss-a-keed was the rose-covered cottage of Madame Natouche, a widow. The cottage stood in the midst of the fairest garden of hollyhocks and sweet-william. A row of purple hills were beyond the corn fields and in the tall trees the little priest knew that the boy could hear again the "wawonaissa" of his childhood, and its voice in the twilight would spur him on to greater things.

It was after much labour that the priest had persuaded Madame Natouche to receive the young Indian. She had a vague dread that the blood of his ancestors would rise up within him and perchance, on some lonely night, he would slaughter them all.

"But can you not trust me?" Father Damien had said.

"I trust you, *mon père*, but nevertheless I shall, each night, say the prayers for the dead. I trust you, but, *oh, mon Dieu*, can you speak for the savage heart?" she cried quickly.

"No, my child, but I can speak for the great, good heart such as Joss-a-keed has. I can speak for the sincere and honest hearts of his tribe. Would



to God I could say the same for my civilized children. My one prayer night and day is that Joss-a-keed may always preserve his manly uprightness. Ah, madame, it is sad to say, but I fear lest he learn the trickeries of the people among whom I have thrust him. If he does, the guilt will be mine, *mon Dieu*, the guilt will be mine," and he bowed his white head on his breast.

"I shall do my share to protect him," said the French woman quickly, and there was a tremor in her voice. "Send him to me. Afterwards we must leave him to the Holy Mother."

"He shall have our prayers night and day," said the little priest; "and think of the power for good he will be when he returns to his own people with the truth of God in his heart and on his lips; ah, madame, he will do more than many scores of missionaries, for it is one's blood that influences most, though we may not know it."

"God helping me, I shall do as you wish, Father," said the woman. "Gustave and Marie can help him with his studies."

"Gustave can help him," said the priest gravely, "but Marie would only hinder him. Keep them apart."

And so it came to pass that Joss-a-keed, the Indian, he who could slay the fiercest animals in the North American woods; he of whom every beast and red man stood in awe; he whose eye was sharpest, whose arm was strongest and whose arrows shot the highest and pierced the deadliest; he, Joss-a-keed, son of the great red chief of the Algonquins, entered the widow's cottage with trembling heart and a strange sense of fear at the thought of facing two weak women and one slim lad, all of whom he could have crushed in the hollow of his hand.

For the first week they left him entirely to himself, and had you listened each night, you might have heard great bolts moving in the neighbourhood of two small rooms and later, as the night advanced, lumbering furni-

ture barricaded across the doors. Foolish people, had they but known the uselessness of such precaution, for had the young Indian desired to slay them, what could have resisted Joss-a-keed's iron arm? Such, however, is the natural suspicion and distrustfulness of the enlightened! Joss-a-keed lay sleeping as an infant, oblivious of everything, trusting everyone; even his few copper coins which he valued as gold, lying carelessly spread over his small table. For did not his good, kind friends with smiles upon their faces, occupy the adjoining rooms; so why fear? Such is the trustfulness of the savage. Well might Father Damien have fears of the pure heart of Joss-a-keed becoming contaminated by intercourse with civilization.

"Is it not queer to see no stars above your head at night—in bed?" said Marie as they all sat together in the cottage sitting-room. Joss-a-keed was leaning over a small table trying to read by the light of two tallow candles. He flashed his eyes resentfully at the girl.

"We are not as the beasts. We sleep in wigwams."

"Oh, yes, I forgot," and the girl laughed softly.

"She is foolish," said the mother, looking up from her knitting. "Do not heed her. To me it would be much more pleasant to sleep in a tent these warm autumn evenings; walls are so thick." Joss-a-keed did not answer, but gave the woman a grateful look.

"You must be very tall," went on Marie presently. "You stoop every time you go through our doors."

The Indian smiled: "There is a notch on a birch tree at the wigwam door where I stood the night before I left home. Ome-me herself climbed up and marked it. I was the tallest man in the camp."

"Who is Ome-me?" said Marie quickly.

"She is the daughter of Iagoo. Her mother was a Huron from Manitoulin



and long ago they were going to scalp her because our people were at war with her people. But they did not kill her, and I am glad."

"Does Ome-me live near you now?" said Marie softly.

"Not far; on the banks of the upper Ottawa."

"That must be more than a mile," said Marie innocently.

"More than a hundred miles," said Joss-a-keed, "but that is not far. One could run halfway in the summer time and in the winter there are the snow shoes."

As a student the young Indian accomplished more than even the sanguine Jesuit teachers had hoped, and at the close of the first year it was unanimously urged that at the expiration of his present college course he should be sent over the great sea water, even to old France itself, and become a learned medicine man.

When the college closed for the summer months, Joss-a-keed hurried at once to his cottage home, changed his wearing apparel and appeared shortly in his beloved doeskins. He brought madame's heart into her mouth as he rushed into the garden, took both her hands in his and shook them warmly and then with an unearthly shout of delight ran to the river, slipped into his canoe and paddled away to the wigwams of his forefathers.

And so the seasons slipped away from Moon of Nights to Moon of Snow Shoes and Peboam. And each spring the bluebird sang aloud as Joss-a-keed floated home to his people, and Ome-me, the beautiful daughter of the Huron mother, waited for him at the river bend and led him with shining eyes to the old chief.

It was on the morning before his last trip to the college town. The heart of Wenohan, his mother, was very sad, for she was growing old and the long winter to come was sad to think of without Joss-a-keed, her only

son, for the heart of the Indian mother is filled with the purest love. "Soon I will have no son," she said sadly.

"Soon I will go away to the great hereafter, to the land of Pomenal, and Joss-a-keed will forget his red mother and the eaw-wea she sang to him in his papoose days. Oh Jee-bi, it is hard!"

"Not so," cried Joss-a-keed aloud.

"Soon I will be with you always. Soon I will come and tell you of the great Meda who lives in the Pomenal and His Holy Mother who bore Him and nursed Him when He was a papoose as your Joss-a-keed once was. He whom Father Damien tells us of—I will tell you still more. You will wait for me, Wenohan, mother?" He embraced her lovingly, and the old squaw's heart grew happy again as she saw him spring into his birch canoe and then smile back at her from mid-river. Below the rapids Ome-me awaited him as of old, but this time her bright eyes were filled with sadness and there was a curve of sorrow playing about her full red lips.

"Good-by, Ome-me, little playmate," he cried, waving his paddle.

"Good-by, Joss-a-keed," she answered plaintively, allowing her canoe to glide beside his. "Once," she continued, "when you left us you would draw your canoe up on the sands and sit beside Ome-me. Now you glide by and call to her across the waters."

"I grow older; I must hurry more," said Joss-a-keed gravely.

"Ah, it is more," said the girl sadly. "There is some paleface in yonder city and you have forgotten little Ome-me." Then without another word, she turned her canoe and drifted away from him.

The great Spirit had whispered aright into Ome-me's ear. Joss-a-keed had indeed forgotten the little Indian girl who had loved him since childhood, who had waited with beating heart at the river bend during the years which had transformed her from a wild child into a beautiful clear-eyed young squaw. It was Marie who filled the young Algonquin's heart; the



little pale-faced, coy, playful Marie, the little cunning, thoughtless, heartless Marie! Had ever such beauty existed before? Was ever maiden so bewilderingly sweet? He compared her to the glory of a summer morning when the birds are awakening, and again to the summer evening when the sun is red behind the pine trees and the whip-poor-will is singing a good night hymn, and yet again to the owaissa and the playful antelope. So he mused and dreamed of her by night, seeing visions of that future which she should make for him. He whispered of her beauty to Father Damien, but the good little priest only shook his head and spoke of his studies and, very guardedly, of the unworthiness of Marie.

The little French girl was waiting for Joss-a-keed at the garden gate on the very evening of the day he had waved farewell to the broken-hearted Ome-me. She wore her trimmest frock of white, a string of corals for necklace, and a showy ring, knowing well the Indian inborn love of gewgaws. Joss-e-keed trembled as he approached her. Could anything be more beautiful than the picture she made, standing there in the Indian summer twilight with the golden glow from the west shining on her face and twinkling in her laughing eyes? So he asked himself. Ah yes, Joss-a-keed, a picture far more beautiful was that of a slim young girl sitting erect in her birch canoe, her black locks falling in nature's freedom over her straight back; her two bright eyes pure as God's stars above and a smile of innocent love upon her face. A far more beautiful picture, Joss-a-keed, with the rippling waters about her and the swaying hemlocks behind her, and the owaissa singing above her head.

Marie stretched out a little hand as he drew near.

"Back again! I am so glad to see my Algonquin."

"And why?" he asked, still trembling.

"Because it is so good to see you. You are so tall and straight and brave-looking."

"That you might say about the animals of my forests; is it all, Marie?" She laughed softly, this daughter of New France with all the Old France coyness about her.

"It is all, except Paul and Gustave and Pierre are so small and weak, they cannot surely be men if—if you are a man." He smiled as she led him through the garden, chattering by the way.

"They tease me about the 'warrior,' as they call you, and do you know what I tell them?"

"I could not think."

"I say, yes, you call him warrior because you are afraid of him. You know he could take you all in one hand and break your bones like macaroni."

Joss-a-keed laughed as Father Damien joined them. "Yes," said the little priest with a twinkle in his eye, "and figuratively speaking, break their bones like macaroni about examination time. Ah, Joss-a-keed, what a good *protegé* God has made of you—or rather helped you to make of yourself."

"I am glad you think so," the young Indian answered. "And I hope I may not disappoint you this time."

"I am not afraid," said the priest with a tone of assurance.

"Who is afraid?" cried Marie, laughing. "I shall tell you who is afraid. All those little animals who tremble when Joss-a-keed comes near."

"I suspect Marie is a little diplomat," said the priest meaningly. "She would say the same to Pierre or any one; what do you think, Marie?" She only blushed and ran on ahead of them.

One of the delights of the girl's life was to skim over the water in Joss-a-keed's birch canoe with Father Damien in the bow and the young Indian behind sending the strange little craft along like a flying bird. But the hazy autumns were always too short and the winters crept in and sealed up the river, and Marie did not find in tramps abroad on snow shoes half the pleasure that there was in sitting list-



lessly in the canoe and gliding like a spirit across the still waters.

The spring came and with it the examinations. As every one had predicted, Joss-a-keed, the Indian, carried everything before him and decided the question of his being sent to France the following year. The young Algonquin had not been very confident himself as to the results of his winter's work. His mind had been so much taken up with Marie that he scarcely dared to think of the mischief that these thoughts might work with the closing of the term. The girl had given him a solemn promise that on the day following the close of the college she would steal away and go for a sail with him in his fairy canoe.

They met at the river side and she stepped nimbly in while Joss-a-keed pushed the bark out and sprang lightly after it.

"We must sail in the shadow of the bank," she said. "If the good *mère* or Father Damien should see us, I should be punished."

He did not answer but sent the little craft along silently with great swift strokes.

"No one can paddle like my Algonquin," she said softly. "The canoe seems to obey you; it seems almost part of you."

"And so it is," he said smiling.

"The canoe is part of the red man's life. I made this, my cheemaun, several years ago. I made it with my own hands. It is cut from nature's forests and with nothing but nature's tools, so is it not truly alive?"

"Indeed it is so. You are so clever, Joss-a-keed."

"Do you think so truly, Marie?"

"You know I do."

"And I think you are so beautiful."

He dropped his paddle before him and crept up beside her looking earnestly into her face.

"Oh, Marie, mememoosha, how can I tell you what my heart would say? Oh, Marie, little Opechee, do you not love me?"

She dropped her eyes and smiled.

"What a question, Joss-a-keed; I love every one."

His face fell and then suddenly brightened again, as on a breezy day a cloud darts before the sun and then hurries on.

"That is right, Marie. Father Damien says we should love all the world. But oh, little mememoosha, your heart's love, tell me, let me hear it from your lips, even though I know it in my own heart."

The earnestness of his face alarmed her. She suppressed the laugh which was about to break through her lips and turning from him looked away over the quiet hills. The bell in the steeple of St. Anne's rang out through the warm air calling the faithful to vespers.

"There is the bell; Father Damien will miss us," and she turned to him quickly.

"But you have not answered my question," he said eagerly.

"What can I say, Joss-a-keed?" demurely.

"By the great Wahnwin! Do you mean that? Does your heart not tell your lips what to say?"

"But perhaps the little Marie has no heart."

"All maidens have hearts. Oh, Marie, little sweetheart, can you not see? I would die for you. I will do what you say; I will leave my people and be as the white man. So few would know when—when I am in these clothes," he added almost piteously.

"Every one knows an Indian," she said carelessly; and her voice wounded him as no poisoned arrow could have.

"Even so, is it harm to be an Indian? I have lived amongst you for years. I have learned your ways; I have tried to learn for your sake. Having learned, am I not now what you would call civilized?" He paused for a moment and looked far over the still water. "Well, then, you are French; you would not think it harm to marry civilized English or German, so why Indian? I have done fairly well at college. The good priest to whom I owe all is pleased, for which I thank



the Holy Mother. Soon I will go across the great sea water and learn to be a medicine man. Afterwards I will be all else you wish." He spoke softly and with a sweeter voice than she had ever heard before; his handsome face was full of feeling and his dark eyes said what reticence withheld from his lips. But this daughter of New France had no power to see nor appreciate all that is best in manhood; nevertheless she had found power to win his pure heart and then cast it from her, and she had also found power to acquaint him with his first knowledge of the hypocrisy of life.

"What a silly *garçon* you must be," she began presently, with very wide open eyes. "I could never love an Indian; why, I only let you kiss me sometimes because—well because your face is so handsome and your voice is so sweet. Then I let Pierre kiss me because Pierre is so thoughtful and— and brings me sugar candy sometimes, and then Louis because—"

Without raising his eyes he slipped back to his former place and grasping his paddle nervously, he thrust it deep in the water and paddled quickly to the shore. Again his face alarmed her, and she cried out some excuse and prayed to be forgiven. He answered nothing, and when he sprang to the shore it was only to help her to alight, then like a flash he was in the canoe again and shooting far out into the misty river, having neither glanced back nor answered her good-bye cry.

"Cursed be the paleface! Cursed be the fate that sent me here!

Cursed be the world!" So he cried as he paddled down the stream. All night he sped along and with the early morning turned the bend of the river where Ome-me always awaited him. There floating close to the shore she sat, fresh and sweet as the morning.

"How did you know I was coming?" he said smiling sadly.

"The great Spirit told Ome-me so last night at sunset, and also that Joss-a-keed was in trouble. I have been watching for you since dawn." His heart stood still with wonderment as he approached her, for she addressed him in the language of the white man, even in the strange French language.

"How—why—oh, how did you learn it, Ome-me?" he cried quickly.

She smiled, and drawing her canoe close to his, said softly: "Father Damien taught me. I tried so hard to learn, and he, holy soul, worked so hard to teach me. We did it for your sake, Joss-a-keed, so—so," and she dropped her head shyly, "so that you would think me clever like the paleface." Then she raised her eyes to his and as he looked into their clear depths a strange sense of repulsion for the woman of the evening before filled him.

"Come and let us sit under the maples and talk," he said, guiding her canoe.

"No," she answered quickly. "Wenohan, your mother, is waiting for you, you must see her first; and Keneu, your father. Afterwards we will come and sit under the maples and talk."



## MISS WYNIFRED FRASER.

*By Harold J. Temple Hill.*

THE Volksraad was sitting in Johannesburg, just after the Jameson raid, and the phlegmatic Dutch members were getting tired and had almost reached the limit of Boer patience, as the afternoon drew to a close. The setting sun flung all his radiance and glory into the secret chamber, lighting up the wrinkled, hoary head of President Kruger, as he listened with stony indifference to the terribly earnest and passionate pleading of a girl for pardon for a young lieutenant who was before the Dutch court charged with being concerned in the Jameson raid.

The girl had pleaded with all the earnestness and intensity of a nature trained in the principles of justice; she had tried every means in her power, save tears, to secure freedom for the supposed guilty one, but all her efforts were fruitless, the Boer Executive maintaining a stolid front, impervious to anything short of mauser bullets—not even exhibiting as much feeling as a descendant of Cetewayo's might have been expected to under the circumstances.

With her lovely azure eyes ablaze with the righteousness of her cause, by her gesture, by her manner, by her voice, she commanded a hearing from the people who made a travesty of justice.

Hearing was granted her, impatiently; nothing more. Witness after witness, perjured, corrupted, bought and bribed, underwent the pretence of examination, and all united in agreeing that the prisoner was guilty of aiding, abetting and accompanying an armed force into a peaceful country, for the purpose of stirring up strife.

Tiring at length of the girl's desperately convincing arguments, the President arose and lifted up his knotted hands in a pious manner for silence.

"Your pleading is using the breath that God has given you in a wasteful and useless manner," said the old man. "You English are pigheaded, and must be taught a lesson. We trust in God, you trust in your arms. The prisoner is guilty and will be sentenced to pay a fine of £1,000, and to reside in the State prison for a period of two years."

Miss Wynifred Fraser sprang from her seat.

"Honoured Sir, can you not believe what I and my friends say and have said. I pray you, as you believe in a God, to extend at least a small measure of justice toward the one who is in your power."

There was an angry stirring amongst the assembled burghers. "Have I not spoken, Miss Fraser? Did you not hear me, or must I repeat my words? This case is closed. I have spoken. Praise the Lord."

"Then you mean to say that Lieutenant Britton, who is as innocent as I am of these charges, will be sentenced. Very well, President Kruger, remember that though I am only a woman and a weak vessel, God can confound the high and mighty with weaker things than a woman. May you have need to invoke His mercy next time we meet," and Miss Wynifred Fraser pierced the Dutch leader through with looks of scorn, disgust and contempt that flashed from her sparkling eyes.

The court broke up in a state of much excitement for a Boer gathering, the burghers scowling at the bold young English girl who had dared to threaten their beloved leader.

When a woman and a Boer meet, so much the worse for the Boer.

Some four years later the R.-M.S. *Tantallon Castle* was plunging



along in the face of a strong westerly wind, on her way to the Cape, carrying special reinforcements, a couple of South African diamond merchants and one of the most valuable war maps ever possessed by the British Government.

This map had been entrusted to the custody of Major Bagshawe, of H.M. Intelligence Department, who, with a couple of officers, one of whom was Lieutenant Britton, lately released from the gaol at Pretoria, and the other holding priceless certificates for strategy from Sandhurst, fully intended to convey in safety the said map to the officer in charge of the military operations at the front.

Leveque, one of the diamond merchants, occupied the best cabin on the port side of the ship, and he lay upon the red plush couch, slowly puffing at his cigar, whilst two of his friends had arranged themselves in as graceful and comfortable positions as possible in various parts of his cabin.

After a short silence, Leveque said sharply with a foreign accent, "By Gad, we can do it, Steiner; Bagshawe's our man. The two lieutenants don't count, they're puppies; and if Bagshawe has that map we'll get it, though I don't half like that look in his face!"

"Well, perhaps, the thing is in the skipper's safe, and in that case we know what to do, don't we Jansen?" answered Steiner, addressing a small, undersized Dutchman, the third member of the party, who had been brought aboard for the express purpose of attending to the ship's safe, if necessary.

An oily, cunning smile broke slowly over the Dutchman's countenance, and he softly replied, "Leave that to me."

Had this party of three only known that in the next cabin, equipped as a nurse, stood Miss Wynifred Fraser, with her ear to a crack in the corner, they would probably have experienced a tumult and disquietude in their souls not altogether foreign to them, (they had been mixed up in other transactions) and have carefully hidden all

feelings of joviality until a more fitting occasion.

Being human, however, and in the Boer service, they were not gifted with the faculty of seeing through wooden partitions, like the X rays, so they continued to discuss their plans with subdued glee.

Miss Wynifred Fraser snapped her pretty teeth together and nodded her head vigorously, which always meant with her that her mind was made up and she was going to *do* something.

Though she had never visited America, she was no fool.

Pressing the electric button for the stewardess, she hastily scribbled a brief note. The attendant soon made her appearance.

"Is Lieutenant Britton visible?" enquired Miss Fraser.

"In the smoking-room, Miss."

"Will you kindly have this note delivered to him at once, please?" and handing the stewardess the note, Miss Wynifred Fraser arrayed herself for an outdoor interview with Lieutenant Britton, which could not truthfully be said to be the first.

Upon reaching the deck she saw him pacing up and down, hands behind his back, in his favourite attitude; with the same glance she also saw Jansen, the Dutchman, who was leaning over the bulwarks apparently intoxicated with the diversified scenery of sky and water.

Lieutenant Britton turned and met Miss Fraser, and together they walked the deck, conversing in low tones, whilst she told what she had heard in her cabin, taking care the while not to let the apparently much-occupied Dutchman hear a word of their conversation.

The tall lieutenant frowned at first, then looked stern, then thoughtful.

"By Jove! nurse, your right." And he shook the trim little nurse's hand as they parted, she to disarm Jansen's suspicions—if he had any—and the officer to Major Bagshawe, who promptly sent for the other lieutenant, and together they discussed Britton's plan.



"How long did it take you, Britton, to make that map?" asked the major, and he drew the valuable piece of paper from the Government map case.

"About a week, sir," answered the lieutenant.

"In how long a time could you make another not quite so complicated?"

"Probably in a day or so, sir, I should think."

"Well," said Major Bagshawe, "I think that your plan is excellent. Set to work now and draw another one as quickly as you can."

Britton promptly made preparations to obey. "That's right. Shift the hills. Turn the rivers a bit," continued the major. "Throw in a few boulders and kopjes where there are none—they are keen on kopjes. Use your imagination," and so, at the suggestion of a woman, a counter move was prepared to checkmate the Queen's enemies.

They worked hard all that night, and the next day the map was finished, and at the first glance was an exact replica of the original.

Major Bagshawe put it, with a grim smile, into the Government map case and sealed it up, and carelessly leaving it upon his bunk, went chuckling out of his cabin.

He and Miss Wynifred Fraser had a quiet and interesting stroll on the deck. The major even went so far as to call the lieutenant a lucky young dog.

The Boer Commandant, General De Wet, with President Kruger, were

standing at the top of a kopje watching the bloody operations through his field-glasses.

"Your plans were well laid, General," remarked the President. Ere DeWet had time to reply a Boer horseman came galloping towards them from over a small hill not far away. Then more galloping horsemen, and horses without men; still more and more came riding hard and furiously to gain the shelter of the trenches.

The Commandant put down his glasses, as the first rider dashed up, pursued by shrieking shrapnel and hissing mauser bullets.

"There was no ravine there, General," he panted, "no ravine. We are betrayed. The British Lancers are cutting our commando to pieces. They have maxim guns and heavy artillery."

The General stooped, and from a box at his feet drew out a map.

"But it is here," he said, thrusting the map under the rider's eyes. "See, here is the British war map and there is the ravine."

"It isn't there, General. It isn't there. We've been done. There was nothing but a squadron of British Lancers and rooineks in ambush, and we'd better clear."

"General DeWet," interposed President Kruger hurriedly, "Let us give those wretched English another exhibition of our wonderful mobility"—and they did.

Miss Wynifred Fraser and Lieutenant Britton were married after the war, and he always declares that it was her plan and idea, executed by himself, that secured for him promotion in the British army.

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## DEATH.

HE gathers the yesterdays under his arms,  
 And laughs at the woes of the Past;  
 He bribes the dumb Future with mystical charms,  
 And makes ye all freemen at last.

*A. H. Kimmel.*



# WOMAN'S

Edited by

Mrs. Willoughby Gummings

# SPHERE

THROUGH all that has been written and spoken about our dead Queen there runs like a golden thread this universal tribute

AT —that Her Majesty KENSINGTON. was great because she was good. Her absolute truthfulness, her thoroughness, her wide sympathy, her sincere gratitude for any expressions of loyalty and affection; her purity; her conscientious discharge of her responsibilities, and her full realization of the same; these are some of the chief attributes which all now remember as they think of the long life that has passed away. And thinking of these things one gratefully remembers the devoted mother and the early home-life that had so much to do with the development of the Queen's character. The very strictness with which she was schooled in those habits of carefulness, truthfulness, industry, economy and self-control were all, from the first dawn of her experience, just the very best lessons to fit her to be a loving mother, a devoted wife, a considerate mistress, a generous benefactor, an exemplary Christian, a noble Queen.

Canadians have a special interest in the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, from the fact that he spent several years in this country, from 1791 to 1800, when, owing to ill-health, he was obliged to return to England. The following amusing story is told by one of his travelling companions of the way in which his royal status was discovered by an inquisitive person while he was on a journey in this country: "We arrived late one evening at the little inn of 'The Cedars,' on the St. Lawrence. The landlord was very attentive, for he saw that he had under his roof no ordinary personage, but who

it was he could not possibly guess. He frequently entered His Royal Highness's sitting-room. The first time he said 'I think, Captain, you rang the table bell. What did you please to want?' The second time he brought in a plate of raspberries, and said, 'We have found in the woods, Major, a few raspberries; will you please to taste them?' He invented a third and fourth excuse for entering, and saluted His Highness first as Colonel and then as General. The last time just before leaving the room he returned from the door, fell on his knees, and cried out, 'May it please your Majesty to pardon us if we don't behave suitable; I know that you are not to be known. I mean no offence by calling you Captain and Colonel. What must I call you? For anything I can tell, you may be a king's son.' To this the Duke would have given a kind answer but for a hearty and irrepressible explosion of laughter. If you had seen the scared old innkeeper on his knees you would have laughed too."

His death occurred when the little Princess was only a few months old, and a touching picture of his devotion to her is given us by a clergyman who was often at the palace. "I was at Kensington Palace one evening, and on my rising to leave the Duke intimated his wish that I should see the infant Princess in her crib, adding 'as it may be some time before we meet again, I should like you to see the child and give her your blessing.' The Duke preceded me into the little Princess's room, and on my closing a short prayer, in which I asked God that as she grew in years she might grow in grace, and in favour both with God and men, nothing could exceed the fervour and feeling with which he responded in an



emphatic 'Amen.' Then, with no slight emotion, he continued, 'Don't pray simply that hers may be a brilliant career, and exempt from those trials and struggles which have pursued her father; but pray that God's blessing may rest on her, that it may overshadow her, and that in all her coming years she may be guided and guarded by God.' That prayer was offered and was surely answered.

Who can tell how much the nation is indebted to the Queen's mother for her persevering efforts to plant right principles and foster the best ideas in the mind of her child? Indeed all must recognize how much of the purity of character and loftiness of aspiration which has marked the Queen's life was due to the moulding and training she received from her mother's influence. The daily life at Kensington and Claremont passed very simply and with much regularity, and the little "Drina," as she was called for many years, from babyhood, through early childhood to girlhood, fared more plainly and lived more quietly than does the average child in these days. It will interest mothers, perhaps, to know that she was the first member of the Royal Family who was ever vaccinated. Unlike the Princesses of earlier ages, she was never surrounded by needless attendants and servants, but went out twice a day with her mother and governess, playing and running with her favourite dog or amusing herself in the gardens of Kensington Palace. Her future mother-love was developed by means of her dolls, of which she possessed a score. Most of them she dressed herself with the aid of her nurse, Mrs. Brock, to represent different nationalities or some of her Royal ancestors and relatives. Several of these dolls are still to be seen in the room that was her bedroom.

The Queen showed her understanding of her people's affection when she decided to throw open the principal part of Kensington Palace to the pub-

lic forever as a commemoration of her Diamond Jubilee. Her love for this palace has naturally been very great, and it is said that when she visited each of these apartments the day before her Jubilee she was moved to tears when she came to the rooms that were her nursery and bedroom in the days of her child life. The room in which she is born is in the private portion of the palace, which is now the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Argyle.

I had the great pleasure of visiting the Palace with a small party of Canadians two summers ago. While there was very much to interest us in the grounds, where we pictured the little golden-haired girl-Princess running about the walks, and where we stood to look at the statue of the Queen, made by her daughter, now the Duchess of Argyle, yet we anxiously hurried on up the Denmark staircase, to Queen Mary's gallery through the Queen's Closet, Queen Anne's private dining-room, Queen Mary's privy chamber, and Queen Caroline's drawing-room, on through the cupola in which the Queen was baptized, the King's drawing-room, the King's privy chamber, scarce pausing long enough to look at the oak wainscotting, the carving, or the great paintings that hung on all the walls, until we reached the nursery, and there, indeed, our steps were stayed. No rich carved wood-work nor richly painted ceiling was there to admire, but instead plainly papered walls, painted wood-work and a ceiling that was not very high. On the walls we saw a collection of old prints of the Queen as a child, of the Prince Consort, and of the Jubilee celebration of 1887, and also a painting of the First Council held by the Queen in the Council Chamber below. But many more scenes we saw, mentally at least, and what these were all mothers will understand.

Passing on at length through the anteroom into the Queen's bedroom how vividly one pictured the scene enacted there on the night of June 21st, 1837, for through this anteroom, down



the staircase beside it one seemed to see the slim, girlish figure in white passing with hurried steps to meet Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury and to be greeted by them for the first time as the Queen. The bedroom, like the nursery, is an exceedingly simple room, and is unadorned, save with prints, illustrating scenes in the life and reign which has just closed. To these, however, we gave less attention than to the collection of toys which were played with so long ago in this very room and in the adjoining nursery. The Queen's dolls' house is there, not a grand affair, however, like the dolls' houses of this day, and the dolls are there also, one of them without a head, and some way that headless doll seemed to concentrate in itself the sentiment which is so easy to understand and so hard to express. It was of interest also to know that the Princess May, now the Duchess of Cornwall and York, was born in this room.

And the same careful, thoughtful, loving training which the Queen received within these Kensington walls she afterwards gave to her children, her example in this respect being of infinite value to mothers throughout her Empire. The picture of perfect wedded love and of happy home-life which Her Majesty allowed her people to see through the pages of her "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," and from the "Memoirs of the Prince Consort," will cause her memory as wife and mother to be most deeply impressed in her people's affections for all time to come. And the influence of that love and of that life will not, we may be sure, cease with her death, but will be reflected in the life of him for whom we pray "God Save the King."

The formation of Women's Historical Societies is engaging attention in the different Provinces. The value of the patriotic work which they may be the means of doing by means of creating and sustaining interest in the

past history of the country, is very great, adding to the same by collecting and preserving letters and other

documents that may be in the possession of members of the community.

In Charlottetown, such a society has recently been formed which will work in concert with the older Natural History Society. The chief objects of their work at present is to secure a public library and to promote interest in the study of Canadian History.

At the request of many women, some of whom are members of the Daughters of the Empire and other organizations, the National Council of Women of Canada have drawn up the following loyal address to Queen Alexandra, which all Canadian women are invited to sign, and which with the signatures will be engrossed and handsomely bound in morocco. Those living in places where there is no local Council are requested to send their signatures to the Vice-President in their Province as follows:—Ontario, Mrs. Boomer, London; Quebec, Madame Thibau-deau, Montreal; Nova Scotia, Mrs. Borden, Halifax; New Brunswick, Lady Tilley, St. John; Prince Edward Island, Lady Davies, Ottawa; Manitoba, Mrs. McEwen, Brandon; Assiniboia, Mrs. N. F. Davin, Regina; Alberta, Mrs. Lougheed, Calgary; British Columbia, Miss Perrin, Victoria. To meet the necessary expenses, every one signing is asked to give a two-cent stamp. The address reads as follows:

TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEX-  
ANDRA.

*May it Please Your Majesty:*

As Women of Canada, we would humbly convey to His Majesty King Edward VII and to You His Illustrious Consort, through the National Council of Women of Canada, our sincere congratulations on Your accession to the throne, and the assurance of our perpetual love and fealty.

We have the greater confidence in making this approach by reason of the gracious message sent by our late beloved Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, on the seventh day of July, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, to the National Council of Women of Canada, in re-



sponse to their congratulations on the completion of the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign. Words fail us to tell of our love for Her. We praise God for Her long and glorious reign, and we enshrine Her in our hearts as one who bore, through a long tale of years, as Queen and woman, a stainless sceptre.

Your Majesties have been endeared to Your subjects in all parts of Your dominions by the breadth of Your sympathies and Your many activities for the general good. You have long been held in honour for the untiring devotion and constant self-forgetfulness with which You have fulfilled the onerous duties devolving on You in ever-increasing measure by the advancing years of our late beloved Queen, and as we thank God for Her, so we pray that this Empire may long enjoy the beneficent rule of His Gracious Majesty, and of You His Illustrious Consort.

An avenue for future usefulness has been recently opened to the blind in the constantly increasing popularity of massage as a treatment for disease. At the Blind Asylum at Gifu, in Japan, the boys and girls are thoroughly taught massage, and are thus provided with a lucrative means of livelihood in the future. A movement has also been begun in London to establish a training school in massage for the blind, and it is proposed to raise funds to secure rooms later in some central situation where patients could go for treatment by the blind masseurs and masseuses. A few who have been trained have acquired a high degree of skill.

In the Province of Prince Edward Island there are sixty women who grow flax and weave it into linen by hand looms, and there are over a hundred women who still spin and weave their own blankets, druggets and the like, selling what they do not need to the local merchants. They also weave a good deal of very durable carpet for their homes. Very many women also spin and card the wool by hand that grows on their sheep.

E. C.

#### THE HANDS OF A GREAT QUEEN.

IN all the photographs of the late Queen, one cannot help being struck by the manner in which she used her small, well-formed hands.

They always remain in one's memory with peculiar significance. They are the hands of a gentlewoman unused to menial tasks and yet capable of far harder work than those of many a woman who toils for her daily bread.

The writer so well remembers the first time it was her privilege to come into close contact with Her Majesty, who was then in her sixty-third year, and who looked a much older woman than her years would warrant.

It was at a garden party given at Marlborough House one sultry day in July when London, as is London's wont, can provide weather more enervating and dangerous to people of apoplectic habit than any midsummer day on this continent.

The hall, which runs the entire length of Marlborough House, opens upon a series of shallow terraces at the back, leading down to the lawn which lies like a well at the foot of the marble steps. Towards this doorway all eyes were directed, as the rumour ran that the Queen had arrived. The crowd of exquisitely dressed women (it was the year when professional beautydom was at its height) and distinguished men, drew to one side, as the Prince of Wales came into view with his Royal mother leaning rather wearily on his arm. The small figure, dressed in sombre black, in a material resembling "bombazine," came slowly forward, while the waiting assembly of women "bobbed" as she passed, an act of homage which suggested an abbreviated curtsy. The men lifted their hats, standing with uncovered heads, with a reverence more palpable than that accorded to other royalties at social functions.

The demeanour of the Prince of Wales and the members of the Royal Family who were present in great numbers, was in itself a lesson in the deference due to a great sovereign. A small marquee had been erected for the Queen's especial use, and as she stood on the Persian rug spread at the entrance, the Royal party clustered round the tiny dark-clad figure with every mark of affection, and yet pay-



ing her the homage due to the representative of the throne. One could not help noticing that her greeting of the Princess of Wales was particularly demonstrative, and the bond which appeared to exist between the two women was evidently of the most intimate and tender nature.

Her Majesty was exceedingly flushed and looked very tired after the railway journey from Windsor, and as she stood surrounded by her suite and relatives she slowly drew off her black gloves, and her hands stood revealed in their shapely whiteness against the sombre hue of her dress. There came a thrill through one at the sight of those tiny hands, which even in this simple act of drawing off her gloves showed the perfect poise of the brain which guided their actions.

There is no surer index of a well-balanced intellect than the manner in which the hands are used. The all-round development of the faculties and the perfection of nerve-power will nearly always be indicated by the manner in which the human being uses his or her hands in the smallest acts of every-day life.

The Queen, while she mastered all the difficulties of state questions and constitutional law, recognized the necessity of cultivating all the powers within a woman's legitimate sphere; her hands were never idle, and the "wholesome sanity" of this Royal mother, is one of the greatest arguments for the efficacy of a wide training for women in general.

It is strange to think that the little

perfumed hand which was tendered with such grace to the courtiers who sank on one knee and placed their ungloved hand beneath that of their sovereign, as they lightly pressed their lips to the jewelled fingers, should have excelled in all the arts which draw closely the heart-strings to that sacred spot called "Home." Thousands of lips have lightly touched that tiny hand. Princes, Emperors, Potentates of every colour and creed, peers, knights, generals and church dignitaries, representatives of republics, and citizens of the greatest republic the world has seen, have all in their turn, paid homage to that woman's hand, which held the sceptre of state with unwavering determination and dignity for over sixty years.

Those little hands have turned over the leaves of state documents intricate enough to puzzle her Ministers, yet deliberately perused, and thus mastered by this woman, who accepted the great responsibilities of constitutional monarchy with unflinching courage and patience.

It is stated that the Queen was ambidextrous, and she might well be so, for the number of signatures penned by her hand during her long reign must have reached into the millions, and her gift appears the more extraordinary when one thinks of the thousand and one letters to family and friends she managed to write, as well as those treasured letters of condolence to the relatives of subjects who held some public office under Her Majesty.

*Lally Bernard.*

#### THE QUEEN.

"THE Queen of Merry England,  
The Royal and the Fair,  
Our English-born Victoria,  
For her we'll breathe a prayer :  
O! Queen of Merry England,  
Auspicious be thy reign,  
And may thy glorious annals be  
Unsullied by a stain."

—*Agnes Strickland in Anglo-American Magazine, Toronto, July, 1853.*



# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE idea is not uncommon that the advent of a King to the throne of Britain will make a great difference in the relations between the nation and foreign Powers. It is perhaps not difficult to understand the ground upon which the notion is founded, but it is a mistaken notion. It is true that whatever personal influence King Edward VII may exercise will be different in character from that exercised by his mother, but that it will be of greater potency or extent may well be doubted. The anomalous position that the sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland occupies is a matter of familiar comment. He is a symbol of authority, not authority itself. It is sometimes asked what would happen if a being with the uneasy genius of a Bonaparte or the unerring political instincts of a Burke were born heir to the British throne. The answer must be that such a man would be influential in the direction of affairs. If he busied himself in matters of state he would leave his mark on them. If the Marquis of Salisbury met a man in a penny bus who in a chance conversation gave him a plausible solution of the Chinese puzzle, that man would to that extent leave his impress on the course of the British Empire. Can we suppose, therefore, that a great political intellect which happened to belong to the King or Queen of England would be the only intellect in the Isles which was incapable of giving form and direction to the course of Empire?

That is as much as to say that if the King happened to be a man of greater original powers than his Ministers and should turn his talents in the direction of statecraft, that they would often be guided in or deflected from their paths by a dominant mind which was always

in office while they were liable to recurrent change and eclipse. Should such a royal phenomenon however find himself at times in conflict with popular sentiment his authority would have to bend to the first general election, no matter how convinced he was of the people's error and the soundness of his own views. Though he foresaw that the trend of opinion ensured national dangers of the first magnitude, he would be compelled to take the advice of some Jack Wilkes, perhaps, who for the moment was the people's darling. This would be the national tragedy, for peoples no more than kings are always right. There is poetic justice, however, under the democratic system. Those who make the bed have to lie on it. In former times the ruler was bed-maker and his subjects had to do their sleeping the best way they could.

In connection with this question, the current exchanges of courtesies between his Britannic Majesty and the Emperor of Germany are interesting. To what extent do their mutual affabilities engage their respective peoples? There can be no question that they do morally to a large extent. We have already seen the man who two or three years ago caused the British coasts to bristle with cannon acclaimed in the streets of London. It is true that since the sending of that historic telegram he has turned the portrait of the receiver to the wall, and his Chancellor has entered into an understanding with Lord Salisbury; but the favour of their King has been a still greater factor in effecting the transmutation.

Germany, if the German press is a reflex of the feelings of the people, is less inclined to be enthusiastic. To





THE LATE GUISEPPE VERDI—THE FAMOUS  
ITALIAN MUSICAL COMPOSER

the minds of most of us this seems a curious reversal of what the true positions should be. The heart of the British Empire is surely safer from the attack of a combination of great powers than Germany is. The dogs may foam at the foot of the tree for all that the cat safely ensconced amid the branches cares, and until the fleets of Britain are mastered she is in the position of the cat. Germany is in no such position. She is down on the ground among the dogs and if they are too large or too many for her she cannot afford to give them cause for quarrel. Germany has more to gain from such an alliance than Britain has and if the Kaiser's subjects repudiate his ap-

proaches too vehemently they may be surprised how quickly they will be taken at their word. The "splendid isolation" mood is one that suits the proud spirit of Englishmen and it will not require much flouting to make them return to it again with some degree of satisfaction. While this is true there is nothing to be urged against a good understanding between the Teutonic peoples if such an understanding spells peace.

Our American neighbours have been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the acceptance of office by John Marshall. It would not be surprising if the reader should ask who was John Marshall, for while the names of many lesser personages in the American pantheon are to be found in all cyclopedias or other dictionaries of information, that of John Marshall, the great interpreter of the constitution is often omitted. He was for thirty-four years, between 1801 and 1835, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and if that tribunal is to-day an influential estate in the body politic it is largely due to John Marshall. In the many references to Marshall occasioned by the celebration of his day the tribute paid to him by Mr Bryce, the author of "The American Commonwealth," does not seem to have been included. And yet it is quite as high as if it had been written by an American writer, a genius that is apt to be eternally discovering that all American geese are swans.

"It is scarcely an exaggeration," Mr. Bryce says, "to call him, as an American jurist has done, a second maker of the constitution." "Marshall," he continues, "was, of course, only one among seven judges, but his majestic intellect and the elevation of his character gave him such an ascendancy that he found himself only once in a minority on any constitutional question. His work of building up and working out the constitution was ac-



complished not so much by the decisions he gave as by the judgments in which he expounded the principles of these decisions, judgments which for their philosophical breadth, the luminous exactness of their reasoning, and the fine political sense which pervades them have never been surpassed and rarely equalled by the most famous jurists of modern Europe or of ancient Rome. . . . He grasped with extraordinary force and clearness the cardinal idea that the creation of a national government implies the grant of all such subsidiary powers as are requisite to the effectuation of its main powers and purposes, but he developed and applied this idea, with so much prudence and sobriety, never treading on purely political ground, never indulging the temptation to theorize, but content to follow out as a lawyer the consequences of legal principles, that the constitution seemed not so much to rise under his hands to its full stature as to be gradually unveiled by him till it stood revealed in the harmonious perfection of the form which its framers had designed. That admirable flexibility and capacity for growth which characterize it beyond all other rigid or supreme constitutions is largely due to him, yet not more to his courage than to his caution."

This is not a higher estimate than his own countrymen would place on him, but if we are to judge by the neglect with which foreign publications have treated his name we must deem Mr. Bryce a missionary on the subject. It would almost seem as if the cannon and drum and trumpet were the only things that make an impression on the world and serve to reach its ear. As a man whose fame is founded in the region of intellect and in places where justice is established by right and not by might the United States have done well in establishing a day dedicated to the memory of John Marshall.

It would be rather a narrow mind which would refuse to sympathize with the objections of Roman Catholics to

the coronation oath. In it some of the rites which are most sacred in their eyes are singled out for animadversion and disavowal. It is a survival of the days of the Stuarts, and it is to be feared that we are not far enough removed from that era to look for a modification just now. Let us hope, however, that by the time another King ascends the British throne he will not be called upon to repeat words that must be offensive to millions of his own subjects. The liberalizing tendencies of the age should have arrived at that point by that time. The political purposes which are supposed to be served by this abjuration could surely be safeguarded in a way less offensive to our fellow-citizens.

This subject naturally suggests two other matters, namely, the Duke of Norfolk's uttered aspiration for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope, and the campaign which the French Prime Minister has instituted against the religious corporations in France. It is a discouraging spectacle upon which the aged Pontiff looks forth. In two of the ancient strongholds of the faith that were unshaken by the Reformation he finds himself at daggers drawn with the secular power. And the significance of it is that it is not with a man nor a clique of men but in each case with a nation that the Papacy is at war. One hesitates to pass opinions on matters so bound up with those beliefs which men consent to regard as among the dearest that humanity cherishes, but looking at it from a secular standpoint the tenacity of the Papacy to the idea of temporal power seems like a man who hugs the thing that destroys him. He must have singular reserves of hopefulness who can persuade himself that the church can by sulking procure the restoration of the temporal power. That is among the political impossibilities. Yet while this delusion is being nursed the church puts itself in the position of a body of profound traditional dignity and solemnity reaching impotently after something that no one



believes it can get, and in addition incurring the hostility of a people who should be its chief pillar and ornament. During the incumbency of the present Pope the spiritual position of the church has been high. A learned, devout, noble, wise and far-seeing prelate has filled the throne of the Vatican. And a throne it is, although not a temporal one, attracting the devotion and obedience of millions of reverent subjects—a devotion and obedience that may well be envied by earth's greatest monarchs. An office so enthroned in the hearts of men is belittled by a futile childish striving after the unattainable.

The campaign of the French Premier against the religious societies in France is amazing even though we keep in mind that this is rationalistic France where the Ferry laws were put in operation. The Government's programme which appears nevertheless to have the support of the French Chambers is largely condemned by the best opinion in England. Here, indeed, is some historic topsy-turvy—an English duke incurring the anger of Italy for supporting Papal claims, and the organs of English Protestantism defending the Catholic corporations against the aggressions of the Premier of Catholic France.

## PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

A GREAT railway struggle is the most interesting development of the month. Like all other struggles, there are two parties to the issue. On the one side is the Canadian Pacific Railway which since its opening for transcontinental traffic in 1885 has had a practical monopoly of the carrying trade of Western Canada, from the Ottawa River to the Pacific Coast. The West and the C.P.R. have been one and the same thing. The Executive of the C.P.R. have ruled the country, dictated the charges which traffic of all kind should pay from East to West, or West to East, indicated the places where it desired development to proceed, and in many cases even controlled the choice of town sites. This powerful influence has done much to develop the country. In many ways the C.P.R. was generous and enterprising. If its wisdom failed at some points, it is but natural. History will certainly give Sir William Van Horne and his associates considerable praise for the work they have accomplished in the West during the past twenty years.

### MANITOBA'S RAILWAY PROBLEM.

It was natural that competitors should arise. The Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway Company was the earliest and most successful of these. Under the direction of Mr. C. S. Mellen it pushed its way through the Province of Manitoba from St. Paul, beyond the Southern boundary, until it was operating in that Province 355 miles of railway, with a capital of nearly fourteen millions of dollars. As it grew more powerful, it was more and more opposed by the C.P.R. With the tacit favour of the Greenway Government, then controlling the Manitoba Legislature, the C.P.R. fought the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway to a standstill.

The second competitor to arise was the Canadian Northern, the creation of Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann. Acquiring certain charters and securing certain concessions from the Governments of the Dominion, the Province of Ontario and the Province of Manitoba, they are now building a road which will parallel the line of the C.P.R. from Port Arthur at the head of Lake Superior to Winnipeg. The line runs south of the C.P.R. nearer to the



International Boundary. In fact, in order to get past the Lake of the Woods, it runs for a few miles through the State of Minnesota. From Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie there was a break of one hundred miles in Mackenzie and Mann's lines. From Portage la Prairie, charters were secured and a line has been run north toward Prince Albert. By the end of this year the Canadian Northern hopes to have all these lines in operation.

When the people of Manitoba found that the Northern Pacific and Manitoba was making little progress and that the Canadian Northern was in a difficult position, negotiations were opened for the amalgamation of the two roads. Mr. Greenway's Government had been defeated, and its successor, under Mr. Roblin, was less favourable to the C.P.R. Mr. Roblin and his associates found that an amalgamation of these two competitors of the C.P.R. would give them one strong competitor with a continuous line from Prince Albert to Port Arthur—from the outskirts of the northern agricultural district to the head of inland navigation. This amalgamation would also do away with the necessity of building a third line from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie.

During the month of February the basis of an amalgamation has been reached. The Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway rents its system to the Manitoba Government for 999 years for a rental increasing from \$210,000 to \$300,000 a year. In return, the Manitoba Government rents these lines to the Canadian Northern (Mackenzie & Mann) for the same time on the same terms. The Manitoba people thus secure one strong competitor to the C.P.R. instead of two weak ones, and prevent a further duplication of lines.

Further, Mr. Roblin and his associates secure what the people of Manitoba have long been fighting for, a control of the rates to be charged for freight and passenger traffic. For thirty years, these are to be fixed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council.

The control of rates is the object of all such suggested reforms as Railway Committees, Interstate Commerce Commissions, Railway Commissions, State Control and Government Ownership. The Manitoba Government has secured the same end in another way.

Of course, this railway transaction must be ratified by the Manitoba Legislature and the Dominion Parliament. It is by no means certain that it will be ratified. The C.P.R. is a powerful factor in the struggle and if it cares to throw its whole influence against the leases, the fight may be a very stubborn one. In any case it will be an interesting and instructive passage-arms. The defeat of the leases and the Roblin Government would undoubtedly lead to a cry from the whole Dominion for a federal control of rates or for governmental ownership of all railways. The confirmation of the leases will postpone government ownership for many years, because the chief cry for a change from present conditions has come from the Province most concerned in this transaction. The confirmation will also lead to a development of the rich agricultural section between Prince Albert and Saskatchewan, for Mackenzie and Mann must at once open up that district to secure the necessary traffic to feed their new lines.

It is a rash, even a daring proceeding for a person to say that he has discovered a government report which is interesting. I was once recommended by a government official to read the *OUR FORESTS*, report of a surveyor who had made some explorations in Northern Ontario. As a result of this advice, the blue-book was hunted up—it had a red cover, by the way—and duly perused. It was one of the driest things I have ever read. Since then I have been somewhat chary of these government publications. Nevertheless, I have discovered one which is interesting. Here is a sample paragraph:

“In the early history of Canada the deeds of the explorer are everywhere



in evidence, but when fixed settlements were formed and the people settled down to sedentary occupations this spirit seems to have died out. The result is that to find any records of travel in our wilderness regions, outside of what has been done by the Geological Survey Department, our only recourse is to the narratives of the early French and English explorers of perhaps a century or two ago. This state of affairs should be remedied as soon as possible."

Here is an official with something to say and the ability to say it. This quotation is from the "Report of the Chief Inspector of Timber and Forestry for Canada," and in it Mr. E. Stewart, the author, throws new light on an old subject. He points out that Canada's forest wealth is unknown, that it is badly protected from fires, and that the part of it which is known is partially misused.

Forestry reserves are necessary to bring about the necessary climatic and economic conditions necessary to carry on our agricultural industry with success. With this in view the United States has established forty-seven permanent forest reserves containing nearly fifty millions of acres. The Dominion Government is following along the same lines, and so is the Ontario Government. Forest cultivation and preservation is a work which cannot be done by individuals; it must be done by the state. These reserves will not only help our climate, but they will afford a constant source of wealth as the old trees are cut down year by year to make room for the growing young trees. If Canada would treat her forest-wealth along the business lines indicated by Mr. Stewart, the revenue might ultimately relieve us of the extreme pressure of high tariffs and other taxation.

Manitoba is usually considered to be a prairie province, with no trees. Mr. Stewart, however, tells us that the Government has set apart three reserves in that province. The Riding Mountain Reserve contains one million acres and "there is a good growth of

timber," mainly poplar. The Spruce Woods Reserve contains 190,000 acres less wooded, but in parts, Mr. Stewart thinks, suitable for growing jack-pine. The Turtle Mountain Reserve, close to the International Boundary, is smaller with considerable white poplar.

Besides these and other reserves in the West, Mr. Stewart is sanguine over the tree-growing prospects on the plains. "It is now reasonably certain that the greater part of what is now the treeless region of our Northwest is capable of growing trees as well as grain." The recently formed Canadian Forestry Association assumes considerable importance in the light of the facts which Mr. Stewart has presented in these few thoughtful and entertaining pages.

The British Empire League has held a meeting in Ottawa. This annual proceeding is one of the interesting events of the year, and at the same time PECULIAR. one of the most peculiar. The British Empire League in Canada really consists of one man, many of its officers and members having never attended a meeting. This one man is Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, the organizer and continuous president. Being a vigorous and enterprising student of affairs, and an ardent Imperialist, he has decided that he may influence public opinion to a greater extent outside of Parliament than inside of it. Through the League, he issues to the country his motions, reports and speeches. The newspapers publish these as bits of public opinion. Thus we have another example of the one-man power.

The British Empire League is nominally composed of persons who bear to our present political system the same relation as was borne by the family compact of the pre-responsible-government days, with a smattering of imported Englishmen. These men are Imperial Federationists of a mild type, loyal in their attachment to the hereditary monarchy of Great Britain and yet touched with the live coal



of independence produced by colonial fires. They are a new type—an Empire type. Their fathers had a share in the ruling of the country and they feel that to them should come the same honour, without having their respectability soiled by the contact with politics rendered necessary when one desires to become a member of Parliament. Their special business at present is to assist the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain to run the Empire on broad lines.

Their propaganda is preferential trade within the Empire, organization for Imperial defence and Imperial ownership or control of telegraph and cables. Much may be said in favour of all three schemes and the League is not doing a great deal of harm in advocating them. The President and his protégés are attempting to speak for Canada and to that extent they are attempting to usurp the privileges of the Premier, the Government and the Dominion Parliament—that is where the peculiarity of the whole proceeding asserts itself. The League is one of the curiosities of this aristocratic-democratic country.

I once made a suggestion in these columns that the Government should buy up all the railways and put them in charge of Sir William Van Horne with a salary of \$250,000 a year. Few people seem to realize

SOME SALARIES. that as salaries go my suggestion was very moderate. The United States pays Andrew Carnegie just \$25,000,000 a year to manage a part of its steel business. It pays Mr. Rockefeller even more to look after the oil and some other industries. It paid Cornelius Vanderbilt nearly \$2,000,000 a year to hold certain railroad stocks. A young Vanderbilt was married the other day at Newport, and he gets \$1,200,000 a year for the use of his name as a stockholder. There are plenty of men in the United States with salaries of over half a million.


In Canada, we are paying some large salaries also. Lord Strathcona, for instance, gets well on to a million

a year for holding certain stocks. Sir William C. Macdonald must have a revenue of over half a million. Mr. Gault, Mr. Shaughnessy, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Cox, Mr. Massey, and a score of others have salaries ranging from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 a year. Sir William Van Horne would have been underpaid at \$250,000 as salaries go. Mr. Shaughnessy in the same position would be worth nearly as much. The Bank of Montreal pays its directors \$20,000 a year for attending a few meetings and giving occasional advice. There are men managing wholesale houses in Toronto and Montreal who get \$100,000 a year for two or three hours' work a day. There are hundreds of men managing retail stores in Canada drawing salaries of \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year.

One place where salaries are low is at Ottawa. The Premier should have at least \$25,000 a year. Cabinet Ministers should have \$15,000. The leader of the Opposition should get \$10,000. If these were the salaries, we would get better men. It is no answer to say Sir John Macdonald did splendid service on \$8,000 a year. Sir John was badly paid and was often in financial distress. Private generosity made him a present of many thousands or he might have been in debt at the time of his death. Moreover, salaries have "gone up" in the last ten years. The salaries of workingmen have increased from twenty-five to fifty per cent. Those of merchants and manufacturers in about the same ratio, while monopoly and combine promoters now receive twice as much as they did ten years ago. When we come to nationalize our telephone, telegraph and railway systems, as we soon must, let us make the salaries such as will attract the best men. A few years ago a popular novelist made a living only, now he makes that and several thousands a year in addition. Surely the managers of our governmental and administrative machinery should be as well paid as the average man in other walks of life.

*John A. Cooper.*





# BOOK REVIEWS

## ART BOOKS.

THE art of the bookmaker is nearly as important as the art of the writer—important as a part of the national artistic elevation and important as a feature in the success of literary work. A country which produces fine editions of the works of its standard authors may be said to have passed beyond the infantile period of its development.

Viewed in this way, Canada is still in her infancy. Yet we have many fine editions and a considerable appreciation for them even if we do not often produce them in our own workshops. Our booksellers are importing small lots of the finest books in the world. One of the latest of these is "Monsieur Beaucaire,"\* a little one-dollar volume produced in New York and issued in a special edition here. The dainty pen-and-ink ornaments, the handsome wash pictures surrounded by dainty tint-borders, and the general features of the mechanical side of the book make it distinguished. Booth Parkington, the writer of the story, has produced a cameo—a genuine bit of fine cutting which has left the figure of "Monsieur Beaucaire" clear in outline, dainty in grace, and strong in the perfection of his indicated manhood. A book which may be loved for itself and also for its contents is the greatest embodiment of the literary arts.

## HISTORY AND ACCURACY.

Sir John Bourinot as a historian has his merits and defects—as have most other historians and writers. His merits are that he has presented Cana-

da's political history in a more popular form than any of his contemporaries, and that he has done more than any other Canadian historian to make the main facts of Canadian history known at home and abroad. These are the two sides of the same merit, perhaps, but there can be no unfairness in stating it in this double phrasing. His defects are looseness of statement and inexactness in the use of words.

As an example of the former, take the phrase "Protestantism was unknown in Canada under French rule." Now it is not likely that emigrants from France would be ignorant of the existence of a religious body known as "Protestants" or "Huguenots." Nor is it likely that the French colonists living a few miles away from English colonists and carrying on trade with these English-speaking people would be ignorant of the fact that these dwellers along the Atlantic coast professed a religion which might be termed "Protestantism." What the learned historian probably intended to say was, "There were few if any Protestants in Canada under French rule." Again he says, "Tithes were first imposed by Bishop Laval, who practically established the basis of ecclesiastical authority in the Province." The question naturally arises here, did Bishop Laval issue an ordinance without the approval of the governor or of the intendant, imposing tithes? Or does the historian mean simply that tithes were first imposed during Laval's tenancy of the bishopdom? It is important to have an answer to these questions, but Sir John leaves the reader in doubt. Again, still considering this quotation, was it "the basis of ecclesiastical authority" which Laval esta-

\* Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.



blished, or was it "the ecclesiastical authority" itself?

Inexactness in the use of words may be considered in the same way. "There was not any comparison whatever between these French and British colonies with respect to trade." Surely "not any" is an expression which Sir John's mother taught him to discard for the simpler "no" or "none." Again, no matter how small the French trade and how large the English trade, "comparison" could have been made. The historian's language is misleading. In fact, he does compare the trade of the two countries a few lines farther on where he says "the total value of the exports . . . never exceeded 3,500,000 francs, or about one-tenth of the export trade of the English colonies to Great Britain."

There are a few palpable mistakes such as "The Governor-General, Lord Stanley of Preston, now the Earl of Derby, called upon the Senior Privy Councillor in the Cabinet, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, to form a Cabinet." Of course, the historian knows that it was Lord Aberdeen, not Lord Stanley, who did this.

Otherwise "Canada Under British Rule 1760-1900,"\* the volume from which these extracts have been taken, is a fairly good piece of work. It is perhaps the most readable of Sir John's numerous works on Canadian history, and one may be pardoned for expressing the wish that Sir John had secured an experienced master of rhetoric, several of whom he numbers among his friends and admirers—to revise his proofs. Careful revision is what Canadian histories most require.

One feature of the book, much to be commended, is the way in which Sir John has broken away from the conservative idea of history and treated it topically rather than chronologically. The chapters on social progress are excellent even if lacking here and there in definiteness and clearness. In his chapter on the social development

of recent years, Sir John is comprehensive and judicious, holding up the mirror to our national life with the impartiality of an historian and with the perspicacity of a critic.

#### NATURAL CHEMISTRY.

One of the most difficult subjects for a High School pupil to grasp is chemistry. As generally presented to the beginner, it has apparently no connection with anything observed in the pupil's past experience. Liquids and solids, new to him, are treated separately or together, and the result may be the production of equally unfamiliar substances. Interest is aroused largely by the novelty of the subject. Frequently the observation is distracted by the elaborate apparatus employed, and consequently the main purpose of the experiments may be lost sight of at first. Such a presentation of the subject may be the best for those who intend making chemistry a special study, but very often the pupils who do not continue to study beyond the High School (and they are a majority) get the impression that chemical action takes place only in the laboratory with specially-prepared substances. During their short course they may never be brought to a proper realization of the fact that important chemical changes are taking place continuously in the great laboratory of nature. Animals and plants in their growth and in their decay affect chemically the air, the water and the soil. The science of chemistry will not be devoted to any unworthy purpose if in the laboratory every pupil is taught how and under what circumstances these chemical actions take place, and is implanted with a desire to still further prosecute his research. Every one should be able to test the purity of the air he breathes and the water he drinks, and to select the most nourishing food. The teacher of chemistry, if seized of the full utilitarian as well as educational possibilities of his subject, will endeavour to lead his pupils to see that the farm is the great laboratory where

\* Canada Under British Rule 1760-1900.  
By Sir John G. Bourinot. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



may be performed experiments that will demand a keener observation and a higher reflection than in any other profession, and that life everywhere is in intimate relation with chemical action.

In a recent handbook on chemistry,\* the author endeavours to simplify the introduction of the subject by the discussion of familiar substances, but goes hardly far enough in this direction to justify this addition to the already long list of elementary texts on the subject.

The properties of rain water, well water and salt water are found out by tasting, freezing, evaporating and distilling each. Incidentally the pupils are familiarized by handling with the use of the commoner articles used by a chemist in a laboratory. Water is next electrolyzed and the properties of the produced gasses examined. The study of oxygen leads up to a study of air. A lucid description of the atomic theory is introduced after a large number of elementary experiments have been performed and the pupil has grasped enough of the subject to intelligently understand the theory upon which it is based. Not until then are symbols for the elements and compounds introduced and explained. Before this, simple non-technical language is used and the pupil is expected to express his observations and conclusions in similar language. Associated with each experiment are a number of questions to direct the observation and stimulate the reasoning powers of the pupil. These are the most valuable features of the book. The most modern methods of the production of substances such as sodium, aluminium and acetylene gas are given instead of the obsolete ones.

A table of the atomic weights of the elements is given in which oxygen is taken as the standard and its atomic weight as 16, hydrogen being conse-

quently 1.0075. The author does not give any reason why he has departed from these numbers on p. 81, where the weight of the molecule of ammonia is given as 17 instead of 17.0675, the result obtained from the table. Other instances of this departure occur throughout the book, notably on p. 128, where hydrogen is stated to be unity, nitrogen 14, and oxygen 16.

The letterpress, paper and binding are fully up to the usually high standard of the Macmillan Company.

#### LOCAL HISTORY.

The third volume of "Papers and Records of the Ontario Historical Society" has just been issued. The first eighty pages contain a record of baptisms, weddings and burials that took place at Niagara or its vicinity, from 1792 till about 1835. The records of St. Mark's Church, kept by Rev. Robt. Addison from his arrival as a missionary in 1792, till near his death in Oct., 1829, are very full and exceedingly interesting. In a hasty glance over the lists of baptisms, we notice many names familiar to the student of the early history of Upper Canada, such as Butler, Claus, Hamilton, Jarvis, Merritt, McNabb, Ridout, Ball, Secord, Dickson and Burwell. We are reminded of the days of slavery in Canada by entries, such as "Clarissa, a negro girl," among the baptisms, and, among the weddings, "Moses and Phœbe, negro slaves of Mr. Sec'y. Jarvis."

An article on "German-Canadian Folk-Lore" brings together a large number of the superstitions, festival customs, cures for diseases, signs of good and bad luck, of rain, and fine weather. As the author, Mr. Wintemberg, says, many of the superstitions are common property, being found among widely different peoples. The making of the sign of the cross over or on a loaf of bread by German Catholics for good luck, calls to mind a custom of the early times in Canada. When bread was scarce, the head of the household—and he was not a Catho-

\* A School Chemistry, intended for use in High Schools and in elementary classes in Colleges, by John Waddell, B.A., Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price 90 cents.



lic either—cut a cross on the cut face of the loaf when the meal was ended. This was not done for good luck, but to make sure that no bread would be eaten until the next meal.

Mrs. M. H. Ahearn has a very readable article on "The Settlers of March Township, County of Carleton"; and Mrs. Burritt has given a short sketch of "The Settlement of the County of Grenville."

Mrs. Holden gives a short sketch of a red silk banner, now faded and torn, given by George III to Capt. Joseph Brant to rally the Six Nations to the Royalist side in the Revolutionary War; and also of a ring and a watch, on which was engraved the Royal Arms and a suitable inscription.

Mr. D. W. Clendennan, in "Some Presbyterian U. E. Loyalists," proves that the general statement, "there were no Presbyterian Loyalists," is not strictly correct, as some Scotch-Irish Loyalists came to Canada from New Hampshire.

"The Migration of the Voyageurs from Drummond Island to Penetanguishene in 1828," by A. C. Osborne, is in some respects the best in the volume. These voyageurs were descendants of the French and Scotch servants of the North-West Company who married Indian women. They settled adjacent to the Fort on St. Joseph Island and were the men who aided in the taking of Mackinaw from the United States in 1812. When Mackinaw was restored in 1815 to the United States these people wished to be under British protection and moved to Drummond Island, but in 1828 had to move again as the boundary survey took Drummond Island from Canada. The description is largely the narrative of the now few survivors. The picturesque speech and romantic descriptions of the voyageurs have been retained, making the narratives interesting as well as valuable. If Mr. Osborne's projected larger work on Penetanguishene and vicinity will be as readable as this paper he will take very high rank as a local historian.

When the British Association met in Toronto in 1897, a committee was appointed to organize an Ethnological Survey of Canada. Mr. A. F. Hunter, one of the committee, has prepared an article for this report which includes results reached thus far in Ontario. Absolute accuracy is not claimed for the numbers or locations of the groups except in a general way. It is merely a basis which must be extended by actual local knowledge of the first settlements in each township. The list is very incomplete with regard to the Eastern district. French Canadians were not original settlers in either Glengarry or Stormont. Glengarry was settled in 1784, not 1782, by Highland Scots, Catholic and Protestant, members of the disbanded Royal Highland Emigrants or 84th Regt., and King's Royal Regiment of New York.

The most interesting historical fact in the volume is a description of the romantic finding of a panel, the face bearing a painted portrait and the back the words "Père Marquette." So far as known no picture of the renowned explorer exists, and if it turns out, as it now appears, to be a genuine portrait of Father Marquette, the painting is decidedly unique.

One day in September, 1896, Mr. Donald Guthrie McNab, an artist of Toronto, was walking along Little St. James St., Montreal, when he noticed a panel about 14x20 inches projecting from a push-cart load of debris that came from a house that was being demolished in the neighbourhood. The panel was bought from the two boys who owned the load and lay neglected for about three years, when Mr. McNab began to clean the dust and varnish from the face of it. Soon a well-painted portrait of a man, reproduced in this volume, began to appear and when about a quarter of an inch of tar was removed from the back the words "Père Marquette" deeply cut and under these is "L. Chretien Mission" and another long word evidently Indian. Above the portrait appears a legend and "R. Roos, 1669."



## LITERARY NOTES.

SEVERAL months before the last illness of the Queen, a history of her life was in preparation by Richard Rivington Holmes, M.V.O., librarian to Her Majesty. No one at court was better equipped for this undertaking than Mr. Holmes, and the result was a most perfect work presented to the world—a masterpiece in royal biographies.

A new edition of this beautifully illustrated volume has just been brought out in Canada by The Copp, Clark Co., containing some important additional features and extending the history to the end of the Queen's reign. The last chapter relates Victoria's solemn death which put an end to one of the most illustrious reigns in history; and in closing, the accession of King Edward VII is well described.

With the exception of the last few pages, the entire work was read in

proof to the Queen, who authorized its publication.

A new story by Joseph Hocking, entitled "Lest We Forget," is to be published in a Canadian copyright edition by William Briggs during the coming summer.

Ward, Lock & Co. have negotiated for the publication in England of Mr. Barlow Cumberland's "History of the Union Jack."

A collective edition of Charles G. D. Roberts' verse is to be published this coming spring. Mr. Roberts has written more poems than any other of our native singers, and is a strong candidate for the title "Canadian poet-laureate." His coming volume doubtless will be welcomed by the many admirers of his muse.



JEAN BLEWETT, AUTHOR OF "HEART SONGS"  
(See p. 484)

"The Helmet of Navarre," by Bertha Runkle, now running serially in the *Century Magazine*, will be published in book form about the first of May, by the Copp, Clark Co. It is a stirring story of France, at the time when Henry of Navarre was fighting the League. While in no sense can it be said that Miss Runkle has copied Dumas, her story is worthy a place beside the writings of this famous author. The book will contain twelve illustrations.

"Napoleon: The Last Phase," by Lord Rosebery, is a book that has been so fully reviewed in this journal and in all the leading literary periodicals that it is unnecessary to say more about it than the statement that it is a very able and interesting book by a very able and interesting man. Lord Rosebery presents the great Corsican to us as he was in those last melan-



choly days at St. Helena. The Canadian edition brought out by Morang & Company at \$2.00 is the cheapest book recently put on the market.

The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, have secured the publication of "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel." It will appear about the end of April. The heroine presented is a charming young woman, Virginia Carvel, a great-granddaughter of Richard Carvel; and the hero, a New England lawyer. The scenes are laid chiefly in St. Louis, and such important characters as Lincoln, Grant and Sherman appear in the story. Eight excellent illustrations will add to the attractiveness of the book.

The W. J. Gage Co. will shortly issue Mrs. Dudeney's "The Third Floor." This story, by the author of "Folly Corner," is considered to show a decided advance over her previous work. This firm will also issue "On Peter's Island," by A. R. Roper, a strong Russian story. Zangwill's "Mantle of Elijah" and Lloyd's "Stringtown on the Pike," issued by the same firm, have been very successful in Canada, although one is distinctively English and the other distinctively American.

The Copp, Clark Co. have announced for immediate issue "The Devil's Plough," by Anna Farquhar, author of "Her Boston Experiences" (published under the pen-name Margaret Allston). Like "The Helmet of Navarre," this story is staged in France, but at a later time, when Anne of Austria was Regent, and Mazarin, Administrator. The author's own preface gives a clue to the story itself:

"My excuse for working out the life herein recorded may be traced back to a sympathetic acquaintance with that Northwestern territory of North American Indian romance and adventure, civilized and partially tutored into the Christian faith by the unselfish martyrdom of Jesuit missionaries, whose courage and forti-



F. CLIFFORD SMITH, AUTHOR OF "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN" AND "A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS" (See p. 484)

tude under barbarous persecution has never been excelled and seldom equalled in the history of the world. . . . And so Father Gaston was born into the world of fiction, and his progenitor indulges the hope that this missionary's personal experiences may approach somewhere near in interest those of his human prototype.

"The French Court of Anne of Austria and Mazarin, whose atmosphere made work for the Devil's Plough, was to some extent responsible for the Jesuit decadence beginning to prevail at that period. In this Parisian world of folly, mantled in false piety, Gaston L'Artanges, the celebrated preacher of Paris, developed both the weeds and flowers of his complicated nature; and from out his great weakness there grew his abiding strength."

Miss Fowler is engaged in another story, the title of which, we understand, is to be "Fuel for Fire." Miss Fowler is holding well the wonderful popularity that came to her with the publication of "Isabel Carnaby." William Briggs will publish this new story in Canada.

One of our poets, referring to the unfair criticism of Dr Rand's "Treas-



ury of Canadian Verse" in the London *Daily Chronicle*, hits the nail well on the head when he writes: "It is simply a case of that dignified ignorance which so often tends to obscure to our eyes the admirable qualities of the Englishman-at-Home! I think the reviewer believes what he says. He only does not know, and is not competent."

The Poole Publishing Co., of Toronto, have issued "Cartoons of the Campaign of 1900," by J. W. Bengough. This volume contains twenty-two cartoons contributed to the *Toronto Globe*, with an explanatory note to each. This makes a handsome souvenir of a memorable political campaign. The price is \$2.00 in leather and 25 cents in paper.

The Publishers' Syndicate will shortly issue Hamilton Drummond's "The Seven Houses." This is a story of Guienne and Northern Italy in the time of the Borgias. The heroine, when an infant, was the subject of an astrologer's prophecy and by him her life was divided into seven periods, hence the title of the book. The author is said to have rivalled Weyman's best.

It is somewhat remarkable that Canada has no woman poet who has risen to the height attained by Roberts, Campbell, Lampman and Scott. But if the women have not given us philosophic and classic verse, they have produced many wholesome and touching songs. And, after all, that is a great deal. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* once wrote of Jean Blewett as follows:

"When some years ago, Eugene Field wrote of Jean Blewett's work, 'It is delightful in this day of hysterical productions to come on something so natural and true to life. She gives us men and women human as ourselves, gives us scenes so real they seem a bit our own history, or the history of one familiar to us, and thus wakes our sympathies and walks

straight into our affections. Jean Blewett will be a name known and beloved in time,' he wrote a truth which to-day is universally acknowledged. Her first book of poems, 'Heart Songs,' has had a large sale, and a second volume is looked for in the near future. Besides contributing to various publications in the States and the Old World, her prose and verse are pleasant features of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and the *Saturday Globe*, the two best literary channels of Canada."

Jean Blewett deserves to be well known, and her "Heart Songs" should be in every home. The purity of the sentiment covers deeply the few slight imperfections. This lady is a native Canadian, and one who has made her way to the front in spite of many handicaps. Her latest portrait is reproduced herewith.

F. Clifford Smith's new novel, "A Daughter of Patricians," will shortly appear in England and Canada. It is a French-Canadian story dealing to a considerable extent with the relations of the two great religious bodies in that Province. It does not do this more than indirectly, of course. However, it throws considerable of a sidelight on such relations as are in evidence in the Delpit marriage case which has recently disturbed that Province. Every reader of the reports of that case will desire to read Mr. Smith's book, although the MS. was completed and in the hands of the publisher before the Delpit case arose. Then those who have enjoyed Mr. Smith's short stories in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, in foreign publications, and in his very successful volume "A Lover in Home-spun" will desire to read this his first long novel. Mr. Smith has also made a start as a writer of plays, a short piece of this kind of work having recently been produced in Hamilton. The latest portrait of Mr. Smith, who is a Montreal journalist of standing, accompanies this. His new book will be issued in Canada by The Publishers' Syndicate.





# IDLE MOMENTS



A CAT MAY LOOK AT A QUEEN.

WHEELING through England in the summer of 1899, four Canadians approached Windsor, all hopeful of seeing the Queen with their own very eyes—for the flag on the high east tower told of Her Majesty's presence at the castle. On this little tour of ours, I happened to be charged with the hotel arrangements, so, on arriving at the outskirts of the royal burgh, I hurried on in advance of the others to select our stopping-place. "The Castle Inn" and "The White Hart" were on my list, and purchasing directions with a penny I dashed into the High street and turned left towards the Thames bridge. Tired, and intent on my purpose, I pedalled on without regarding my surroundings. All at once I was hemmed in between two crowded boulevards of eager, bowing, people: in fact, I had almost run down Queen Victoria and Princess Henry of Battenburg. Carelessly costumed in a Varsity sweater and dusty knickerbockers, I felt the embarrassment of the situation; but as there was no escape through the thronging crowd, and as I was unable to turn in the narrow space without being trampled by the outriders, I rode on beside the smiling Queen until the royal carriage swung up the hill to the castle, and left me with my cap in my hand, and my heart beating fast for the wonderful kindness of fate.

C. B.

ANECDOTES OF THE NEW KING.

In 1897, when the new Municipal Buildings at Oxford were opened, King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, came down for the occasion. The Duke of Marlborough came in from Blenheim, and all the local grandees were present. At the evening reception the Prince was most gracious for a time, but when the guests had arrived he slipped away and could not

be found. Search was made, and eventually he and the Duke of Marlborough were found in a small room upstairs, gossiping quietly, each with a clay pipe and a whisky-and-soda. Prince Hal long ago excused his long-ing for small beer on the ground that even a prince was human; so here, does not the monarch appeal to us far more as the lover of a clay and a whisky-and-soda than he would if he had chosen a havana and champagne?

On the same afternoon occurred one of those little incidents, trivial in themselves, which yet show the exquisite tact and kind-heartedness of the new monarch, and which have so greatly endeared him to the hearts of the common people in England. A block occurred in the procession, and for some minutes the carriage in which he was sitting remained stationary. Suddenly there was a lull in the shouting, a second of silence amid the babel of tongues. An old charwoman, standing unkempt and ragged in the front row of the crowd, piped up: "God bless the Prince!" He caught the words, turned, singled her out with his eye from those around, bowed and smiled with a frank, unaffected pleasure that was delightful. It may be doubted if for the rest of that day there was a happier woman in Merrie England than that poor woman.

W. G.

COULD NOT BE UTILIZED.

Utilitarians doubtless have their use in the world, but they rarely make sympathetic companions. Some time ago the eminent astronomer, Professor Bos, bound for Europe on the same steamer with a number of friends, gave a popular talk one beautiful starry night on the Milky Way, which was much enjoyed by his listeners, who were audibly expressing their approval when suddenly, from the edge

\* The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.



of the crowd, came a shrill voice :  
 "But what is de use of it? It has no  
 bractical use. Now, if I could only  
 shove dose stars together so dey would  
 sbell 'Blank's Brinting Ink' I would  
 give den thousand dollars."

\*  
 WELL DONE.

On old Carlisle bridge in Dublin  
 there used to be a fruit stall kept by  
 Bidy, the apple woman, who was a  
 well-known figure to all passers-by.  
 She had a ready tongue, and never did  
 a verbal opponent retire with all the  
 honours. An American visitor, who  
 had heard rumours of her skill at fence,  
 one day took up a watermelon dis-  
 played for sale and said, gravely :  
 "You grow pretty small apples over  
 here. In America we have them twice  
 this size." Bridget looked up, coolly  
 surveyed the joker from head to heels,  
 and replied in a tone of pity : Ah,  
 what for should I be wasting my breath  
 to talk to wan that takes our goose-  
 berries for apples."

\*  
 A ROMANCE.  
 (FROM LIFE.)

A little sprig of mistletoe  
 One Christmas eve was fated  
 To reunite a man and maid  
 Who had been separated.

'Twas not a feat so difficult  
 As to inspire with wonder,  
 Because, you see, the man and maid  
 Were but a foot asunder.

*James Barrett Kirk.*

\*  
 WHITE LIES.\*

I was greatly affected by the scolding  
 you gave me yesterday, dear papa. I  
 was on the point of starting, you re-  
 member, with Miss Harriet, my gov-  
 erness, and little Paul, for our old  
 house at Cherbourg, where my aunt  
 was expecting me. Though you had  
 forbidden it I had put a little rice pow-  
 der on my cheeks, as you found out  
 when you kissed me good-bye. Your

\*Translated from the French of Lawrence  
 B. Fletcher.

sudden ejaculation took me so by sur-  
 prise that I made a stupid and unsuc-  
 cessful denial of the obvious fact and  
 brought down on my head a well de-  
 served lecture on the sin of falsehood.

You sternly commanded me hence-  
 forth always to speak the truth and  
 nothing but the truth, regardless of  
 consequences.

I objected that the truth is often  
 disagreeable, and is apt to produce  
 anger and hatred.

"Truth is truth," you replied. "We  
 must not compromise with it, but  
 always say what we think, frankly and  
 boldly."

I deeply regretted having offended  
 you, dear papa, and I thought I could  
 show my repentance and my respect  
 for you in no better way than by blindly  
 following your advice. I have done so.

We had scarcely taken our seats in  
 the railway carriage when the man  
 came to inspect our tickets. As you  
 had directed we had taken a half-fare  
 ticket for Paul.

"That child must pay full fare,"  
 said the railway man. "Surely he is  
 more than seven!"

Miss Harriet muttered something  
 in her incomprehensible jargon, but the  
 memory of your lecture was too fresh  
 to permit me to hesitate an instant.

"He is eight," I said.

"Nine and a half francs more,  
 please."

We paid and the train started. My  
 interference had put the governess in  
 bad humour, and I don't know ex-  
 actly how it happened, but one thing  
 led to another, and at last she said  
 that none of us appreciated her as she  
 deserved.

"The other day," she concluded, "I  
 overheard your father say 'That Har-  
 riet is a blockhead' ('lourde')! Can  
 you deny it?"

Thus appealed to I thought it my  
 duty to tell her the truth, so I said :  
 "You are mistaken, Miss Harriet.  
 Papa did not call you a blockhead.  
 What he said was : 'That Harriet is  
 a sot' ('gourde')."

"Oh! Oh! So much the worse.  
 Well, I know what I shall do."



She refused to utter another word, but I think, dear papa, that you may as well look for a new governess.

At the city custom house the inspectors asked what we had in our trunks. I boldly made declaration of the cognac, the "eau de Cologne," the game for my aunt and all the rest. It cost us fourteen francs.

An hour's carriage ride brought me to the arms of my aunt whom we found stiff, angular and crosser than ever (you see how frank I am!) on the porch of the old house that you want to sell her so badly.

"Why is not your mother with you?" she asked.

"Oh, mamma was very glad to get rid of us. She and papa will have a good time while we are away."

"She is not ill then?"

"Not at all."

"She wrote that she was. What a fib! But I see, she sends me the children to take care of while she is amusing herself."

She seemed displeased, so I became very affectionate.

"You love me, don't you, darling?"

"Yes, auntie."

"As much as you love your mother?"

I nearly told a falsehood, but I remembered your words and answered frankly:

"Oh, no! I should think not!"

"I suppose you think your mother much nicer than I—and much prettier!"

"Oh, yes, auntie, ever so much prettier!"

"How old do you think I am?"

I stepped back to take a good look at her and said:

"Sixty at least."

"You little beast! I am only forty-six."

She appeared quite vexed. I thought it a good moment to produce the presents.

"Here is a table scarf from mamma."

"It is very pretty, but what especially pleases me is that my sister-in-law has at last thought enough of me to embroider it for me."

"But the chambermaid embroidered it, auntie."

Her face darkened again. I handed her your box of chocolate.

"Oh, chocolate—and from Marquis!" she exclaimed, relaxing into a smile.

As it was your own gift, dear papa, I had not the slightest hesitation in telling the simple truth.

"The box is one of mamma's New Year's gifts," I said. "Yes, the box is from Marquis, but the chocolate is from Potin's."

My aunt rejoined in a very acid voice:

"I had hoped that your parents would take the trouble to come and see me themselves. They want to sell me this house. I don't want it, but your father insists that it is just suited to me, and I suppose I shall end by buying it—especially as he had it renovated last year expressly on my account."

"That's funny! I haven't seen a workman in the house in three years."

"Ah! And do you know why your father is so anxious to sell it?"

"Because of the horrible smell from the city sewers that stifles us all summer."

Dear papa, I cannot describe the dreadful effect of these truthful statements. My aunt bounced out of the room and slammed the door behind her. I should have forsworn truth at once had not Gaston des Tournettes ridden up at that instant.

He sprang from his horse and rushed toward me.

I started to apprise my aunt of his visit, but he stammered that he wished to see me alone, and that he had leaped to the saddle the instant he had heard of my arrival. He began to talk very confidentially and in a little while asked me if I liked him.

Ah! dear papa, how easy and pleasant it was now to tell the truth, which had hitherto cost me some little effort.

"Yes, I like you very much, Monsieur Gaston."

"The idea of becoming my betrothed does not frighten you?"

"Not in the least."

"And you can learn to love me?"



"I love you already."

"But I pause in affright, dear papa, for I seem to see your brows contract and to hear your voice sternly saying:

"Oh, you little goose! Every time you have told the truth you have put your foot in it!"

So I hasten to assure you, dear papa, that all this is prime fiction. Paul travelled half-fare, Miss Harriet is still friendly and the cognac slipped through the custom house like an eel.

My aunt is charmed with the scarf which she believes to be mamma's handiwork and delighted with the chocolate which she supposes to have come from Marquis—and she will buy the house.

And poor Gaston is still in ignorance of my sentiments.

I merely wished to show you, maliciously perhaps, but, I assure you most respectfully, that your beloved truth is not always the easiest thing to say.

And, indeed, is it proper to present to the world, without dressing, combing and adorning her a little, a lady whom we have pulled naked out of a well?

You may trust our feminine taste, tact and skill to make her presentable, agreeable, even lovely and seductive without sacrificing any of her native graces. Beflounced with a few saving fibs she becomes fitted to adorn any society.

So do not scold me too severely, dear papa. I promise to lie only with the tip of the tongue and never without good reason. You may rest assured that I shall never make use of any big, black venomous lies, but only little, sedative ones, so innocent and so very white that even you, I am quite certain, will never be able to distinguish them from the truth!

—Charles Foley, in *Short Stories*.

#### SARDOU MADE BY HIS MARRIAGE.

No dramatist ever had a harder start than M. Victorien Sardou. His parents wished him to take up a medical career, and he began his studies with some zeal. The love of the drama, however, was far greater than the love

of the pill-box, and in the interval of his other work Sardou was busy upon a play. Life was a struggle for him, for he had but little money, though he managed to get some journalistic work to supplement his more slender income. At last he finished his first play. It was a dead failure, and Sardou rushed from the theatre vowing never to enter one again. The disappointment preyed to such an extent upon his nerves that he fell seriously ill. On the floor below where he lived an actress, named Mlle. de Brecourt, was staying; she heard of the unhappy young man's illness, took compassion upon him, nursed him back to health, and afterward married him. The marriage was the making of Sardou.—London *King*.

#### "THE MOON-MAN."

The Moon-man keeps a great big book,  
Where it says what the children do,  
If you're *very* good, he'll give you a peep,  
But he lets *me* look right through.

The moon is the house where the Moon-man  
lives,  
And he sits and writes all day.  
When he wants to visit another land,  
He just lets the moon sail away.

He sits at his window all day long,  
And hears what the children say;  
He sees them eat, he sees them sleep,  
And he watches them at their play.

If the babies cry and the children quarrel,  
And the boys and girls are bad,  
He hides his face in a big black cloud,  
And he cries 'cause he feels so sad.

But when the children are very good,  
And never begin to cry,  
He feels so glad that he takes a ride  
Right over the bright blue sky.

Then, when the children are all asleep,  
And he doesn't know what to do,  
He lays his head on a soft, white cloud,  
For he gets sleepy, too.

But once—when a dear little baby died—  
And went where the angels sing,  
The Moon-man saw when it flew to heaven,  
And he put on a golden ring.

The ring round the moon is the Moon-man's  
crown;  
And when there are stars in the crown,  
It shows when the dear little baby went up,  
One of God's angel babies came down.

Elma Bingeman.



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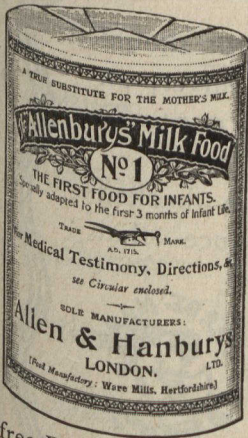
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and diseases of the spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

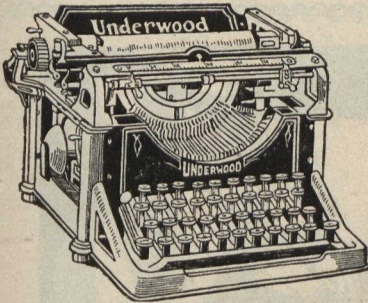
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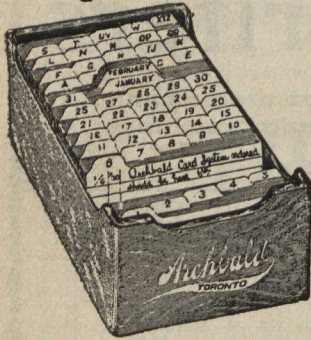
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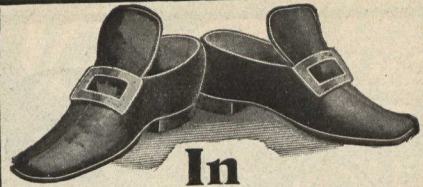
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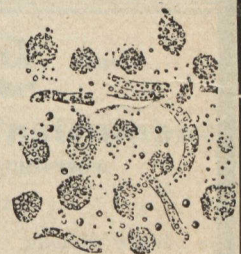


MISS SLEAN.

If the blood be full of germs that consume its vitality, making it thin, weak and watery, and filling it with deadly poison, the face becomes pale, wrinkles appear, back and head ache fearfully, and painful irregularities make life painful.

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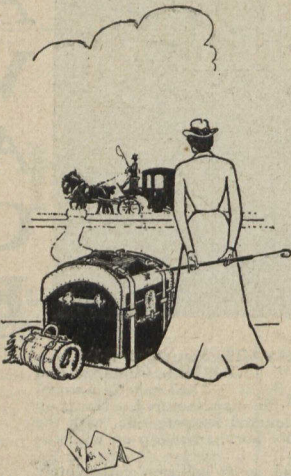


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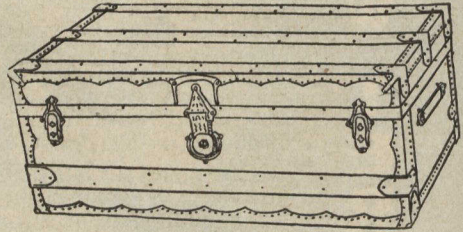
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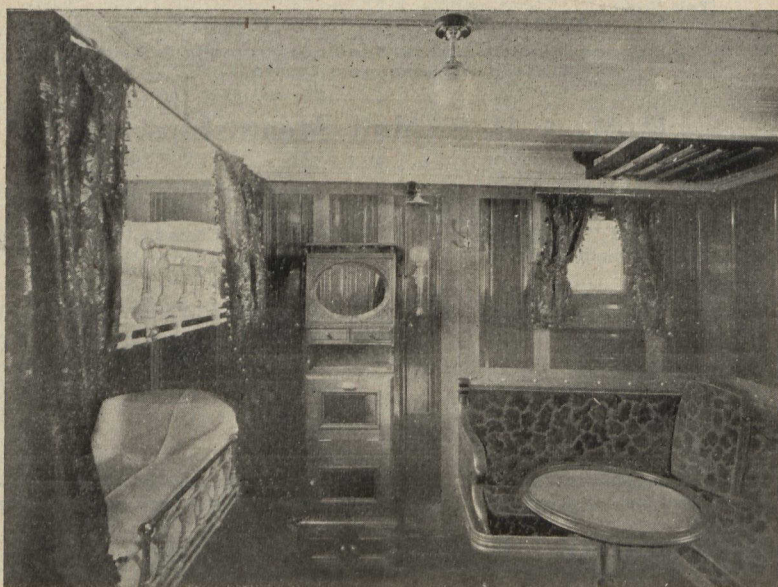
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The reason everyone does not have the disease at the same time, is because the persons who are enjoying perfect health are able to successfully resist and throw off the infection, while those who for any reason are not in the best of health fall ready victims.

The first symptoms are those of acute catarrh, resembling a hard cold, and if prompt treatment is applied at this time, it can easily be broken up; one of the best remedies at this stage is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, sold by druggists everywhere, and if taken freely, say one tablet every hour or two for two or three days, the danger of pneumonia and serious complications will be averted.

The Rev. L. E. Palmer, Baptist clergyman, of Ceresco, Mich., makes a statement of interest to all catarrh and grip sufferers. He says:—"Stuart's Catarrh Tablets have certainly been a blessing to me. I have used them freely this fall and winter, and have found them a safeguard against La Grippe and catarrhal troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I feel that I can freely and conscientiously recommend them."

Persons who suffer from catarrh of the head and throat are very susceptible to La Grippe, and such will find a pleasant, convenient and safe remedy in this new catarrh cure.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are composed entirely of harmless antiseptics, and may be used as freely as necessary, as they contain no cocaine, opiate or poisonous drug of any kind.

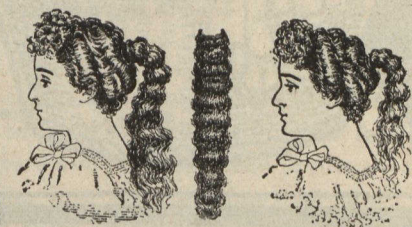
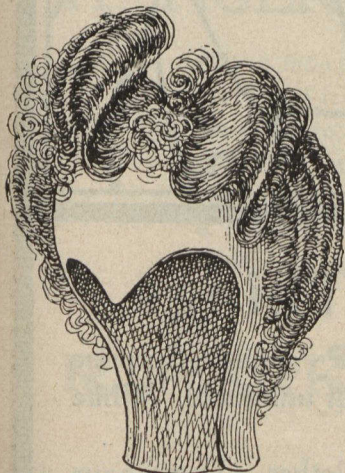
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## A Remedy Which Has Revolutionized the Treatment of Stomach Troubles.

The remedy is not heralded as a wonderful discovery nor yet a secret patent medicine, neither is it claimed to cure anything except dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles with which nine out of ten suffer.

The remedy is in the form of pleasant-tasting tablets or lozenges containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aseptic pepsin (government test), golden seal and diastase. The tablets are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Many interesting experiments to test the digestive power of Stuart's Tablets show that one grain of the active principle contained in them is sufficient to thoroughly digest 3,000 grains of raw meat, eggs and other wholesome food.

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If the stomach can be rested and assisted in the work of digestion it will very soon recover its normal vigor, as no organ is so much abused and overworked as the stomach.

This is the secret, if there is any secret, of the remarkable success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a remedy practically unknown a few years ago, and now the most widely known of any treatment for stomach weakness.

This success has been secured entirely upon its merits as a digestive pure and simple, because there can be no stomach trouble if the food is properly digested.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act entirely on the food eaten, digesting it completely, so that it can be assimilated into blood, nerve and tissue. They cure dyspepsia, water brash, sour stomach, gas and bloating after meals, because they furnish the digestive power which weak stomachs lack, and unless that lack is supplied it is useless to attempt to cure by the use of "tonics," "pills" and cathartics, which have absolutely no digestive power.

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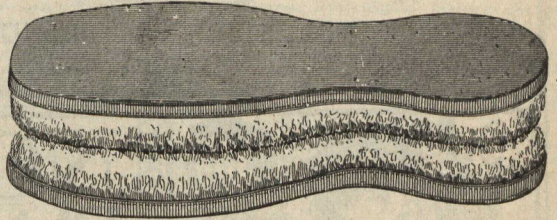
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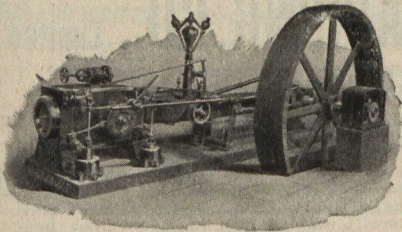
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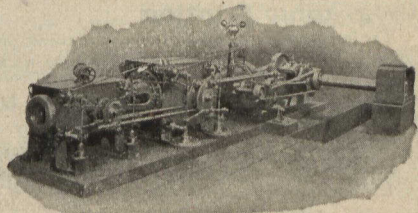
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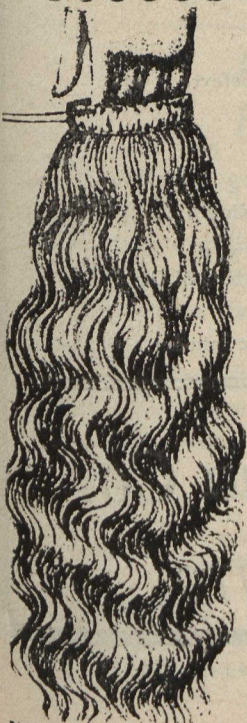


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No. 4—Pember's Transformation, dressed on the head, showing the lady's own hair.

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We are highly pleased with the results attained, and feel satisfied a pleasant surprise awaits those who favor us with an inspection of our line. I would particularly call your attention to the style of our goods. We have constructed on the latest and most approved principles, specially invented and designed by us, and are more true to nature, lighter, more durable and artistic than any other goods manufactured on this continent.

We can suit you as well by mail.



The enthusiasm of Pianola owners would indicate that those who have not yet purchased this instrument are depriving themselves of more genuine enjoyment than they realize.

# The Pianola in England

A consensus of opinion which cannot be explained except by the fact that the Pianola affords pleasure to those of culture and refinement. Scarcely a week passes without two or three names of those prominent in English Society being added to the lists of Pianola purchasers ❁ ❁ ❁

We publish here a list of some of its patrons in England with the additions which have been made during the past month.

Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria  
 Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife  
 Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria of  
 Wales  
 Her Serene Highness Princess Frederick  
 Earl Hohenlohe  
 His Royal Highness Prince Bonaparte  
 His Grace the Duke of Westminster  
 Her Grace the Duchess of Buckingham  
 His Grace the Duke of Manchester  
 His Grace the Duke of Sutherland  
 Marquis of Camden  
 Marquis d'Hautpool  
 Marquis of Headfort  
 Earl of Harewood  
 Earl Egerton  
 Earl of Crawford  
 Sir Peter Walker, Bart.  
 Lady Barrett Lennard  
 Lady Brisco  
 Sir Thomas Lipton  
 Hon. C. Irby  
 Hon. F. St. Clair Erskine  
 Sir W. F. Miller, Bart.  
 Lady Colebrook  
 Lord Cowley  
 Marquis of Anglesey  
 Viscountess Knutsford  
 Earl of Dysart  
 The Earl of Hopetoun (Governor-General of  
 the Australian Commonwealth)  
 Earl of Howe

Countess of Oxford  
 Countess of Leitrim  
 Earl of Londesborough  
 Lord Glenesk  
 His Highness the Gaekuar of Baroda, India  
 Baron Rudbeck  
 Baroness Cederstrom (Madame Adelina  
 Patti)  
 Lady Ela Russell  
 Dowager Lady Hillingdon  
 Lady Henry Somerset  
 Lord Athlumney  
 Hon. A. C. de Rothschild  
 Baron de Forest  
 Lady Charles Forbes  
 Sir Kenneth Matheson, Bart.  
 Lady H. M. Stanley  
 Lady Bowyer  
 Lady Hooker  
 Lady Constance Shaw Lefevre  
 Lord Pirbright  
 Lord Davey  
 Lord Mostyn  
 Sir Raymond T. Wilson  
 Sir John Leng  
 Sir Dudley Duckworth King  
 Sir Matthew Wood  
 Sir F. V. Greene, Bart., M.P.  
 Sir Edward Wittenoom, K.C.M.G.  
 Lady Gertrude Rolle  
 Hon. S. P. Vivian  
 Major-Gen. Sir Hugh McCalmont.

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Here one finds a range of carpets that in size, quality and price are not matched anywhere in the Dominion.

Here one finds three large floors of this extensive store given over to fine furniture.

Here one finds an assortment of curtains, portiers, draperies, furniture coverings and window blinds that are not equalled anywhere in Canada.

Letter orders have the same careful attention as if the goods were bought in person.

- Everything is bought direct from the manufacturer by those having a
- wide experience of the world's finest markets, and the goods are sold
- direct to the consumer at prices that quality for quality are always in
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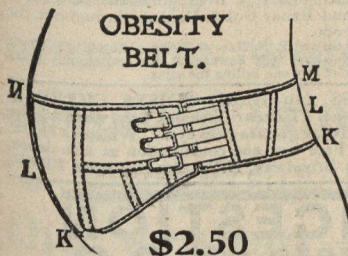
the young man's fancy naturally turns to whittling. He is working at his model boat—his hundred and one odds and ends—and the expert whittler sees to it that his knife bears the genuine Rodgers' Trademark. Better than all others, he knows it assures

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We never use Drugs, Obesity Tablets or Pills of any kind to reduce fat, as they weaken the system and often cause death.



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**FOR MEN OR WOMEN**

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**Comfortable belts made to order to be used after any operation.**

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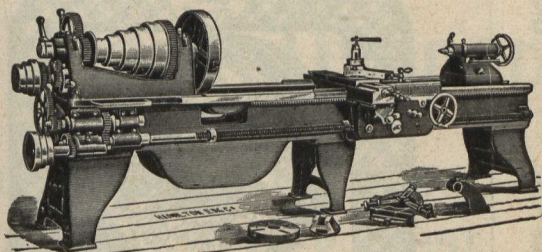
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Examination Free.

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Consisting of Machine Tools for  
working Iron, Steel or Brass.

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ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,  
Disappear in a few Days.

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This is the **actual experience** in many thousands of families who have adopted this advanced method of treating disease.

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**COLDS, GENERAL DEBILITY.**  
**Rev. J. Frederick Renaud**, Secretary and Chaplain of the St. Andrew's Home, 46 Belmont Park, Montreal, writes:—"I have personally used **OXYDONOR** No. 2, invented by Dr. H. Sanche, and also members of my family, and can bear testimony to the relief it gave in cases of colds, general debility and lassitude."

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COLLARS,  
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Dinner " \$1.32 "  
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Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c each.  
Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 46c per yard.

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Sometimes children become wilful and refuse nourishing food, demanding sweets, candy, ice cream, etc., much to their detriment. It is a great help in such cases to have a food that is naturally sweet and attractive, and yet easily digested and high in the phosphates and body and brain-building elements. A case in Philadelphia will illustrate.

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