

THE  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE

Vol. 28 No. 5

MARCH

1907

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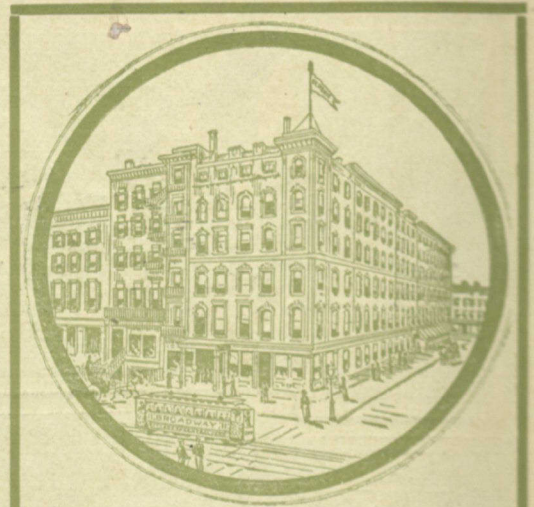
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VOLUME XXVIII.

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# The Eccentricities of Genius

---

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for April will contain an article of exceptional interest, entitled "The Eccentricities of Genius," in connection with which there will be reproductions of autograph letters by Dickens, Browning, Wordsworth, Tennyson and other famous persons. The article will deal largely with an endeavour to have a tablet erected in Westminster Abbey to the poet Cowper, but which failed. The difference between the letters of Wordsworth and Dickens respecting this endeavour is remarkable.

¶ If during any time of year Nature should have a large place in our thoughts it is during Spring. The April number will therefore contain a number of seasonable articles and verses.

¶ Mr. S. T. Wood, a well-known student of nature, and an editorial writer for "The Globe," Toronto, will contribute a sketch entitled "The Awakening of Spring."

¶ Mr. Bonnycastle Dale, who has left to study the haunts and ways of wild creatures in the west, will give his and his camera's impressions of the Golden-eye Duck.

¶ Mr. Harold Sands will tell in a romantic way the story of the Indian Totem known as the "Woodpecker," with illustrations.

¶ All interested in the domestic problem will look for an article entitled, "Swede Girls for Canadian Homes." The article will be illustrated.

¶ Dr. Saleeby will write on Worry, Drugs and Drink.

¶ The foregoing are only some of the features. There will be also some excellent short stories, readable and timely articles, and other things that are intended to be little surprises.

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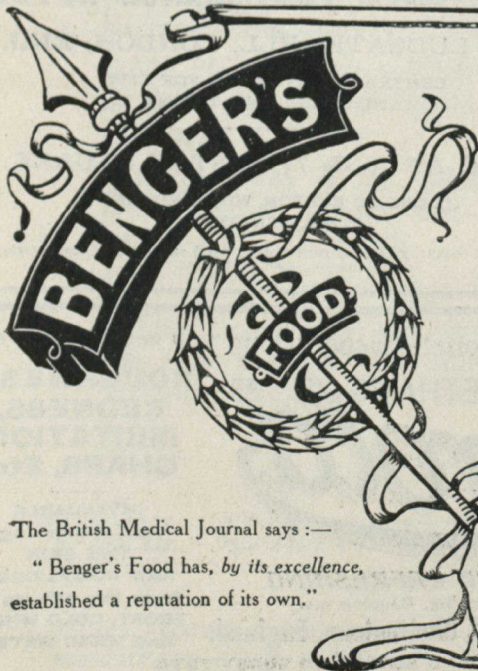
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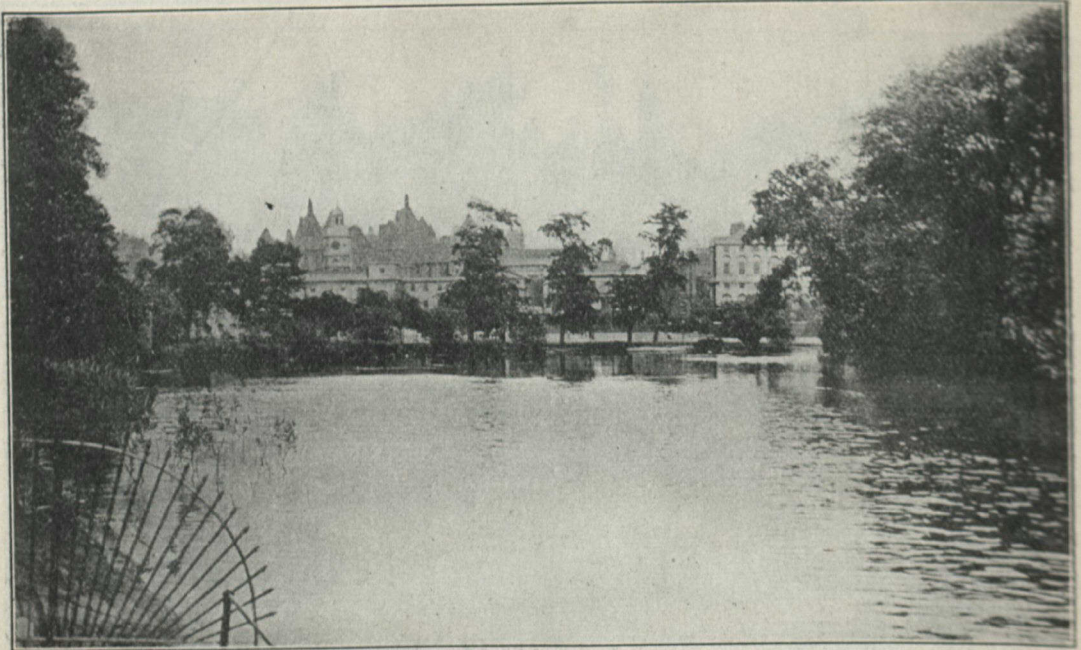
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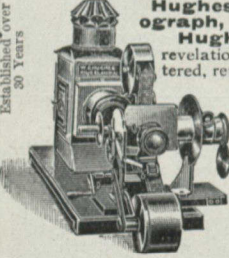
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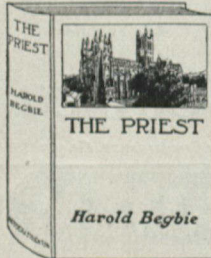
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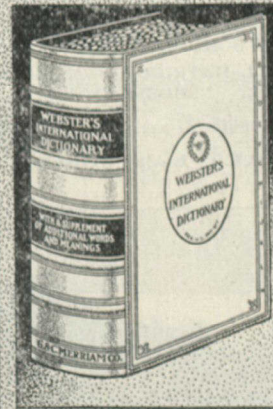
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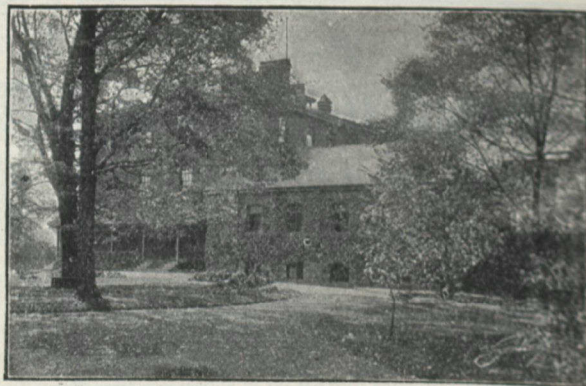
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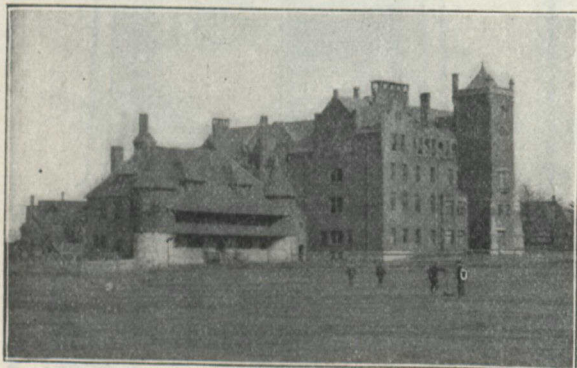


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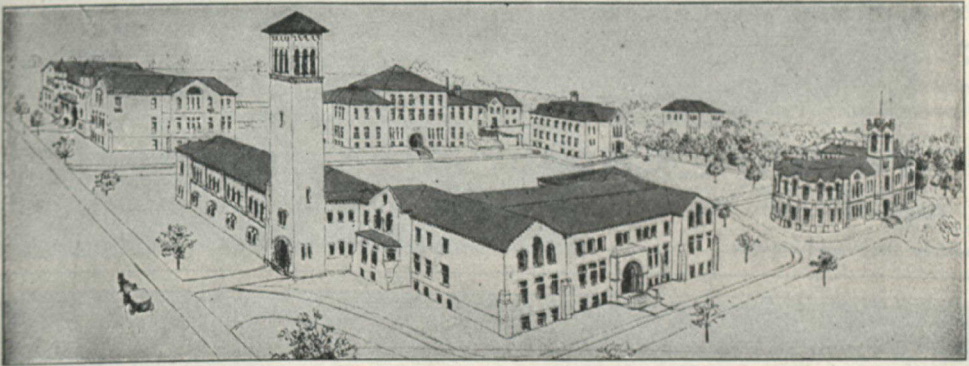
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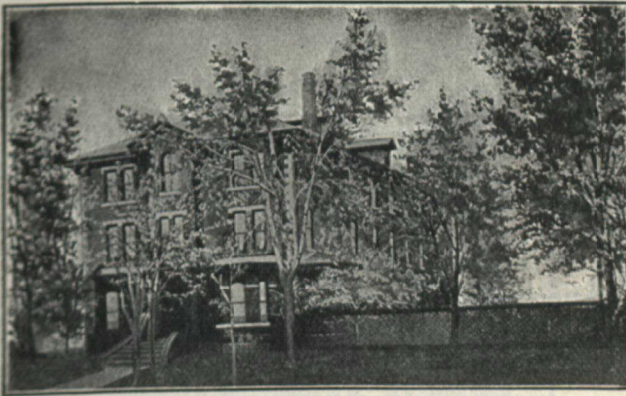
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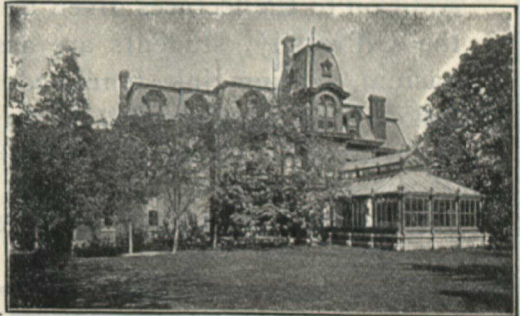
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Total Insurance in force December 31st, 1906 .....	27,925,460 00
SURPLUS TO POLICYHOLDERS	722,141 89
<b>GAIN IN SURPLUS FOR THE YEAR</b> .....	<b>109,928 44</b>
<small>(Increase of over 50 per cent. in excess of previous year.)</small>	

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Total Assets . . . . .	29,000,000

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Government Reserve . . . . .	488,257.32 24%
Surplus Security for Policyholders . . . . .	257,854.51 34%

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87% of Assets are interest bearing

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GENERAL STATEMENT, 31st DECEMBER, 1906

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Advances on Bonds and Stocks .....	1,704,627 99	\$24,755,810 59
Municipal Debentures, Bonds, etc. ....		529,744 15
Office Premises (Toronto, Saint John and Regina) .....		324,104 32
Cash on hand and in Banks .....		596,678 48

## LIABILITIES

\$26,206,337 54

### Liabilities to the Public

Deposits and Accrued Interest .....	\$3,639,052 14	
Debentures—Sterling—and Accrued Interest (£1,961,454 1s. 0d.) .....	9,545,743 05	
Debentures—Currency—and Accrued Interest .....	3,865,304 28	
Debenture Stock and Accrued Interest (£91,800) .....	446,760 00	
Sundry Accounts .....	10,657 28	\$17,507,516 75

### Liabilities to Shareholders

Capital Stock .....	\$6,000,000 00	
Reserve Fund .....	2,450,000 00	
Balance carried forward at credit of Profit and Loss .....	68,756 89	
Dividend No. 14 .....	\$180,000 00	
Dividends Unclaimed .....	63 90	
	180,063 90	8,698,820 79
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# The North American Life

## ASSURANCE COMPANY

Held its Annual Meeting at its Home Office, in Toronto, on Tuesday, the 29th day of January, 1907. The President, Mr. John L. Blaikie, was appointed Chairman, and the Managing Director, Mr. L. Goldman, Secretary, when the following report was submitted:

### NEW BUSINESS

The policies issued for the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of \$4,364,694, being less than the new business transacted for the previous year. Owing to the conditions prevailing in the life insurance business on this continent, the Directors considered that in the interests of the policyholders the reduction in expenses was of greater importance than expansion in new business, and in this respect the Statement presented shows they have been eminently successful, by making the very large reduction of about five per cent. in one year in the ratio of expenses to premium income. This percentage of reduction has resulted in the material saving in expenses of \$48,996.49, as compared with the previous year.

### SAVING IN EXPENSES

### CASH INCOME

The cash income for the year from Premiums, Interest, etc., was \$1,746,544, showing the satisfactory increase for the year of \$86,480.94.

### PAYMENTS TO POLICY-HOLDERS

The amount paid on policyholders' account was \$589,195.68, and of this amount the sum of \$306,179.53 represents payments for dividends, matured endowments, etc.

### ASSETS

The assets increased during the year by the sum of \$831,050.79, and now amounts to \$7,799,064.45.

### ADDITION TO RESERVE

After making ample provision for all liabilities, including special addition to the reserve fund, and paying a relatively large amount for dividends to policyholders during the year, there was a handsome addition made to the net surplus, which now amounts to \$650,209.08, the year's work from the financial standpoint being the best in the Company's history.

### NET SURPLUS INCREASED

### ASSETS SAFELY INVESTED

↓ The assets of the Company have been, as heretofore, invested in the best class of securities; a detailed list of these will be published with the Annual Report for distribution.

### FULL REPORT SENT TO GOVERNMENT

As heretofore, the Company's books were closed on the last business day of the year, and in due course full reports with detailed list of the securities held by the Company were sent to the Government.

### MONTHLY AUDIT

A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities held by the Company. In addition to the examination of the securities by the Auditors, a Committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, audited these securities each quarter.

Owing to Dominion Legislation providing that judges should not be Directors of corporations, the First Vice-President, Hon. Sir William R. Meredith, K.C., who had been associated with the Company for many years, much to its advantage, felt compelled to resign his position on the Board of the Company, and the Directors accepted the same with great reluctance.

It will be the duty of this Meeting to elect a Director to fill the vacancy thus created.

**J. L. BLAIKIE, President**

**L. GOLDMAN, Managing Director**

The Annual Report, showing marked proofs of the solid position of the Company, and containing a list of the securities held, and also those upon which the Company has made collateral loans, will be sent in due course to each policyholder.

# NATIONAL-TRUST- COMPANY-LIMITED.

18-22 KING ST. E. TORONTO.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000 . RESERVE \$400,000  
ASSETS UNDER ADMINISTRATION \$9,400,000

ACTS AS—

Executor and Trustee under Will.

AFFORDS ITS CLIENTS—

1. Security.
2. Business Management.
3. Prompt Investment of Trust Funds.

## THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital paid up, - - -	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund, - - -	\$1,000,000.00
Undivided Profits, - - -	\$ 183,713.23

### DIRECTORS

S. J. MOORE, Esq., President  
HIS HONOR W. MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.  
JOHN FIRSTBROOK, Esq.

D. E. THOMSON, K.C., Vice-President  
THOMAS BRADSHAW, Esq.  
JAMES RYRIE, Esq.

**HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO**

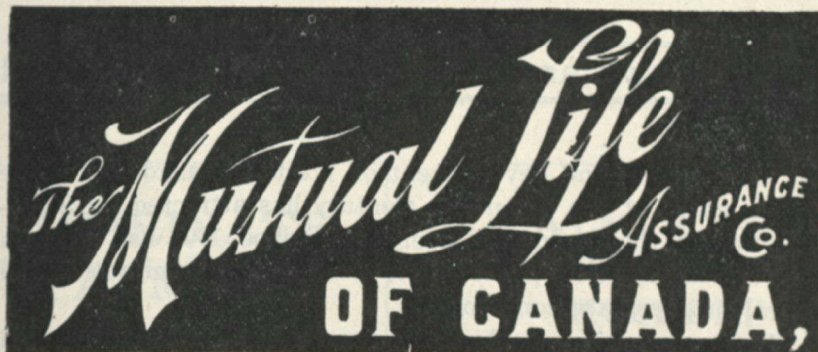
**W. D. ROSS, General Manager**

**GENERAL BANKING  
BUSINESS**

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT  
AT ALL BRANCHES**

# Large Gains = Small Cost

THE BUSINESS FOR THE YEAR 1906 OF



SHOWS SUBSTANTIAL INCREASES OVER THE PREVIOUS YEAR, AS WILL BE SEEN FROM THE FOLLOWING FIGURES:

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

\*Company's standard

†All Canadian business

In the face of the keenest competition the Company has made a handsome net increase of business in force, while it has reduced the ratio of Expense to Income from 17.8% to 16.34%. As during many years past this Company has the lowest expense rate for 1906 of any of its competitors, which means that its policyholders are getting the very best returns for the money they pay out in premiums.

Being purely mutual, this Company has no other object than to safeguard and promote the interests of its policyholders.

This Company has never "speculated" with the funds of its policyholders. Their interests are safe in its keeping.

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

ROBERT MELVIN,

President

A. HOSKIN, K.C.,

HON. JUSTICE BRITTON,

} Vice-Presidents

GEORGE WEGENAST, Manager

W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary

# THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST

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Brain, Brawn and Capital can all be Utilized

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**T**HE magnificent development of Western Canada since the opening of the Twentieth Century has attracted the attention of the world, and every year since 1900 has been an improvement upon its predecessor, in so far as immigration and general progress are concerned.

The inauguration of the new provinces—Saskatchewan and Alberta—in 1905, gave an immense impetus to the work of development there, and a largely increased population is the result. But there is always room for more in this land of great possibilities, and the Canadian Government still offers

## 160 ACRES FREE

to every young man over 18 years of age who is able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

The excellent crop of 1905, it is claimed, will put fully \$60,000,000 in circulation in Western Canada, and it is freely stated that the great expenditure in railway construction at present going on will raise that amount to \$100,000,000 during the current year—which will bring added prosperity to the country that lies between Winnipeg and the foothills.

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### INFORMATION AND ADVICE

MAY BE FREELY OBTAINED FROM

**W. D. SCOTT, SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION**  
OTTAWA, CANADA

**THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION**  
11 and 12 CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W., ENG.



# Confederation Life

## ASSOCIATION

### IMMEDIATE PAYMENT

Promptness in meeting claims has been for many years a point to which this company has given special attention. It is the invariable rule to pay all claims immediately on approval of proofs of death, thus placing ready money in the hands of the beneficiary at the time when it is often most needed.

### PAYMENTS TO POLICY- HOLDERS

Since organization the Confederation Life Association has paid over

**\$10,000,000.00**

to policyholders, and for every \$100 received the Company has paid or holds for the benefit of policyholders

**\$103.94.**

W. H. BEATTY, Esq.  
PRESIDENT

W. D. MATTHEWS, Esq. } VICE-PRESIDENTS  
FREDERICK WYLD, Esq. }

#### DIRECTORS:

HON. SIR W. P. HOWLAND  
A. MCLEAN HOWARD

HON. JAS. YOUNG  
S. NORDHEIMER

GEO. MITCHELL  
E. B. OSLER

D. R. WILKIE

WM. WHYTE

W. C. MACDONALD, SECRETARY AND ACTUARY

J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR

**HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.**

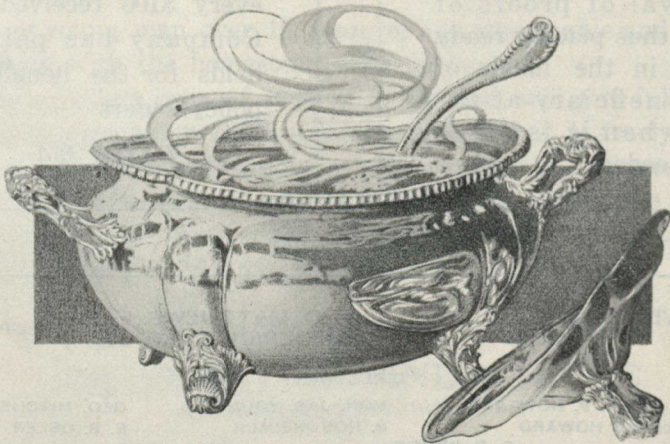
# The Cunning of Cookery

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☞ When appetite waits on hunger, the pleasure of eating is confined to the flavor—then try not to satisfy hunger, but rather to titillate the palate and start the gastric juices flowing that hunger may beckon appetite. Try this with your husband, fresh from the office with the cares of business paramount. You tempt him, you abstract him, he talks, he eats and he lives to enjoy and not to exist.

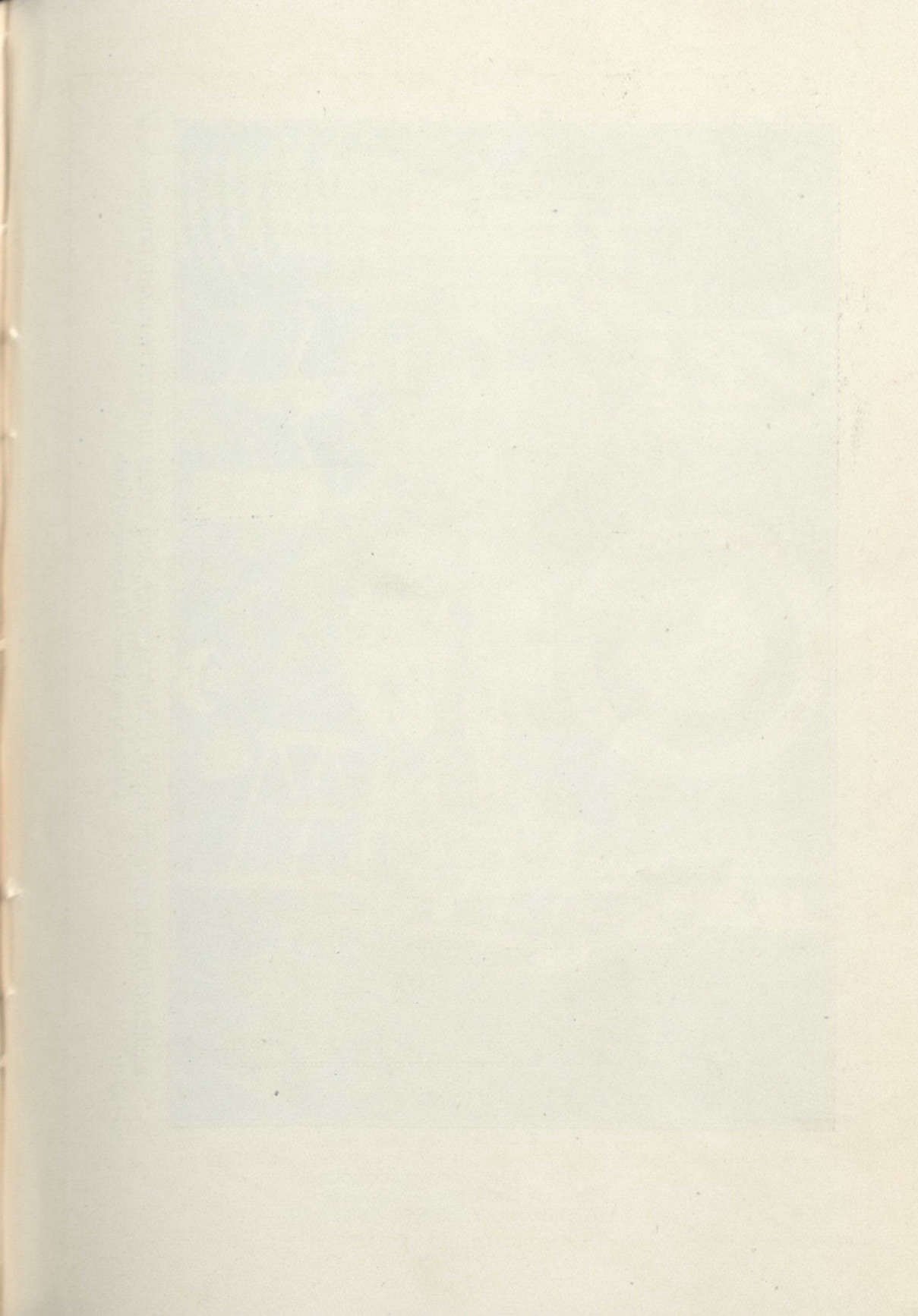
☞ The palate tempting Soup, the kind that makes your mouth water, is best made with Armour's Extract of Beef, the best extract of the best beef. "Culinary Wrinkles," sent free, tells how to make that kind of soup, how to make rich and wholesome gravies and how to make the left-overs of today into dainty bits for tomorrow.

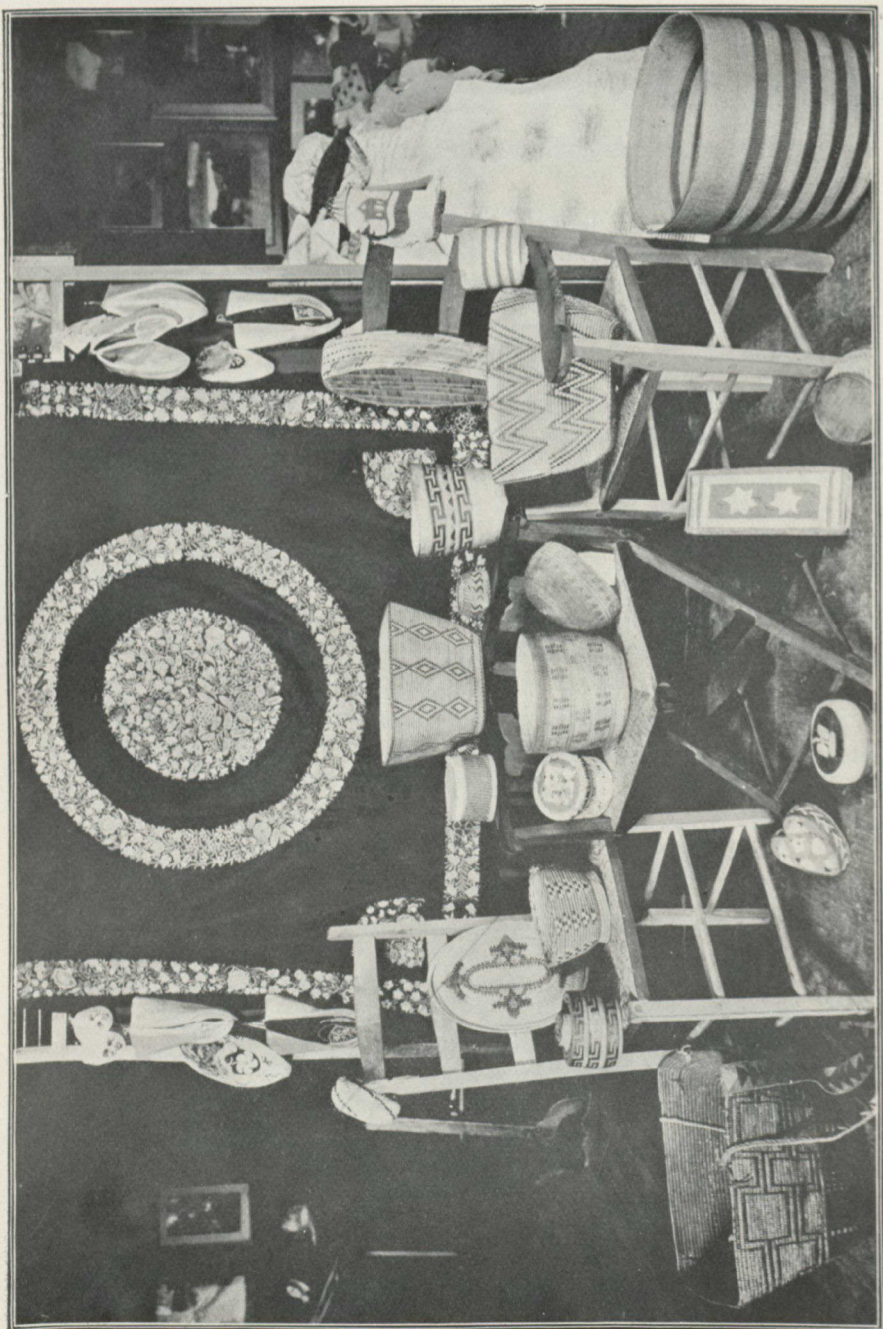
☞ Buy a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. It will prove its worth, whether for elaborate spreads on special occasions or for your every-day plain and simple family fare.



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Send postal today for "Culinary Wrinkles," will help you in many ways. Address **Armour Limited, Toronto.**





BASKETRY OF THE FRASER RIVER, COLUMBIA RIVER, AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLAND INDIANS

Exhibited by the Woman's Art Association of Canada

See Page 121

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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TORONTO, MARCH, 1907

No. 5



## The Winter Wood

By VIRNA SHEARD

*An expression in verse and prose of a poet's appreciation  
of a majestic phase of Nature*

LITTLE fir-trees of the winter wood,  
In your ruffled robes of snow,  
You are all empearled and powdered and curled  
Like a belle of long ago,  
And the wind you greet with witchery sweet  
Or courtesy, dainty and low.

Mighty gray oaks of the winter wood,  
How grave you are, and how grand!  
'Mid frost-woven lace each holdeth his place,  
And stands as a king would stand,  
With an ermine gown and a jewelled crown  
And a sceptre in his hand.

Beautiful pines of the winter wood,  
What grief is yours that you sigh?  
Why all day long sing a sorrowful song,

As the wild wind goeth by?  
Blows he east or west, he loveth you best—  
What grief is yours that you sigh?

O place of shadows! O lonely wood!  
As wondrous you seem to me,  
As still and white at the edge of the night  
And breathless with mystery,  
As a garden where God might walk abroad,  
Or souls of the dead might be!

**T**O walk along the rim of the wood on a dazzling winter morning when the sun sets every ice-drop atwinkle and knots a bow of colours in the heart of it, is to leave dull care behind. The raspberry bushes trail their purple red branches abroad to catch unheeding skirts, and the friendly burrs show a clinging determination to cast their lot in with the passing stranger. One does not feel as an alien, but rather becomes a part of the landscape and general scheme of things. On the carpet of snow, blue tinted from the blue above, are here and there tiny markings—criss-crosses, dots and half moons—that tell a story all their own, a story of the little feathered and furry people of the wood. Some there are that sleep—small, warm brown balls, hidden away in queer holes and corners; and some there are that are restless by day and night, but most restless when the moon rolls like a wheel of silver across the sky.

Here a gray feather on the white shows where an owl passed in the dark, and there a few russet hairs tell that "brer" fox rested a moment against the rough bark of a stump, to think things over and plan anew.

Life is all about us, vivid, intense life, hidden, dreaming life, still life, though we see no living thing, and there are only empty nests swinging in the trees.

Down under the frost-bitten leaves are winged seedlings and acorns in their cups and polished, three-cornered bechnuts. The golden-rod stands under shelter of the low hills, and bends its fluffy head against the wind, though it is only the ghost of the golden-rod we knew a few yesterdays ago.

Milkweed pods still hold fast some of their silvery treasure, and the yellow

mullein-stalks—beloved of the red-shouldered black-bird in summer—still stand stiff and firm. Hips and haws on nearby bushes gleam like coral, and the Virginia creeper keeps its purple berries.

We walk through a land of promise, where those who sleep will awaken when Spring begins to pipe upon her fairy flute, and where is the heart that does not beat faster at the beauty of the thought?

To pass on and enter the winter wood alone is a different thing. It is like going into a cathedral when it is empty, and the organ is still. There are the mighty arches springing from pillars that run straight and tall to a vault of blue. There is the softened light that rests the eye and the silence that rests the spirit. Everywhere is a faint perfume as from a censor swung in a distant chancel by an unseen priest. Yes, it is like going into a cathedral that is empty.

There is no Sunday feeling about it, though. The Sunday feeling is a thing apart. We all know it. It is, perhaps, a thing evolved in the mind from external conditions belonging to the day—the closing of shops and stilling of traffic, the ringing of bells (not the joyous, but the monotonous, sonorous ringing), the stopping of ordinary toil, the encasing of one's body in garments of little ease, and one's mind into certain grooves of thought. Whatever causes this peculiar Sunday feeling, we do not take it with us into the temple not made with hands. Yet those who walk the aisles where the wind blows free, and the sun, moon and stars have leave to send their chequered light, walk there very near to the unseen things that are real, and very far from the material things that vanish away.



A GROUP OF KLOOTCHMEN MAKING BASKETS AT THE INDIAN CAMP ON THE FRASER RIVER. THE SQUAW ON THE RIGHT IS AT WORK ON A PAPOOSE (BABY) BASKET. A COMPLETED PAPOOSE BASKET IS ATTACHED TO THE POLE OF THE TENT

*Photograph by Okamura*

## An Ancient Art Modernised

By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

*Basketry, an art practised in the time of Moses, is now a flourishing industry amongst Indian tribes in British Columbia*



N a basket or ark of bulrushes, idly floating upon the bosom of the Nile, reposed the infant Moses, smiling, unconscious of the peril that threatened his baby existence.

Virgil, describing in glowing words the golden couches, with cushions of purple, upon which reclined the guests at Queen Dido's stately banquet, given in honour of the return of Æneas from the ten years' conflict at the Trojan siege,

does not disdain to describe the osier baskets\* in which the bread was served at this historic feast.

The rude Briton, with no prophetic vision of the watercraft of his posterity, fashioned of osiers, with slime and with pitch, the coracles which, baskets though they were, expressed his conception of the strength of his country's defences.

Basket-making, therefore, may rightly

\* *Cereremque canistris expediunt.*—Æneid I, line 701.

be held in honour for its antiquity; it may claim consideration also because it is an art in which the first crude ideas of form, of symmetry and of artistic design, latent in the native mind, find a vehicle for expression.

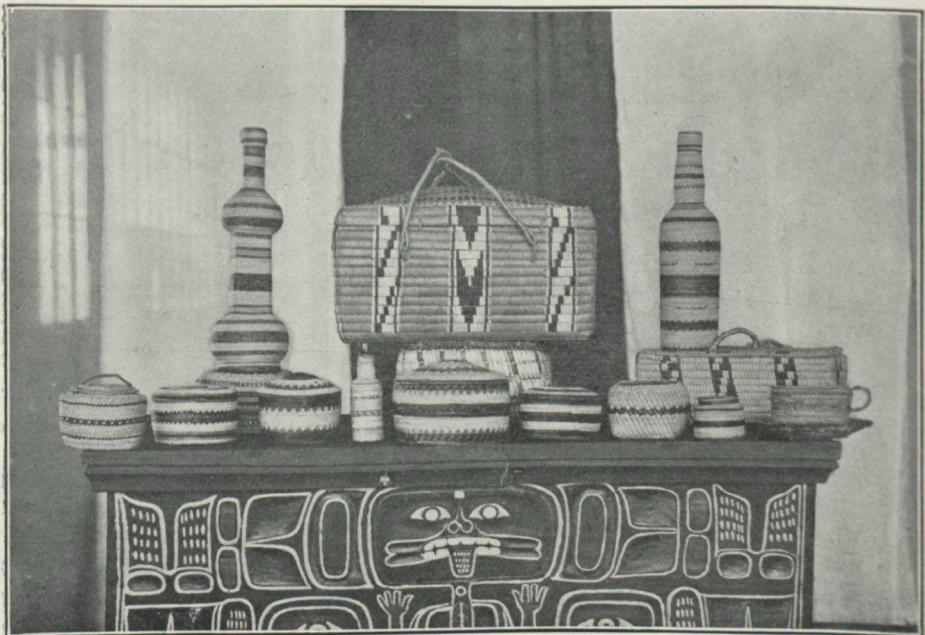
In the different forms of basketry is embodied a certain degree of knowledge of the principles of art, and real beauty may be discerned in the baskets cunningly fashioned by dusky hands, while other expressions of their ideas of art do not appeal to us at all. For example, the grotesque carving of a Totem-pole, to the Indian of the Pacific coast an object of pride and of religious adoration, to us merely signifies that a confused group of indefinite forms are struggling in his mind to find expression, but that the mind and the eye, alike untrained, are unable to give to each form its due proportion and value, the result being a confused arrangement of composite forms.

Most of the tribes of North American Indians practise some form of basket-making. With the opening up of our primeval forests and the exploring of our mountain fastnesses, however, the In-

dians have silently retired to their reserves, usually so remote from the busy haunts of men that their work is rarely inspected, except by the Indian agents who provide for the necessities of these wards of the government, by the missionary, the teacher and the priest, who lay special stress upon manual training in the system of education planned for these children of our aboriginal races. As the genius of the Indian is imitative rather than constructive, the wisdom of this mode of training is evident.

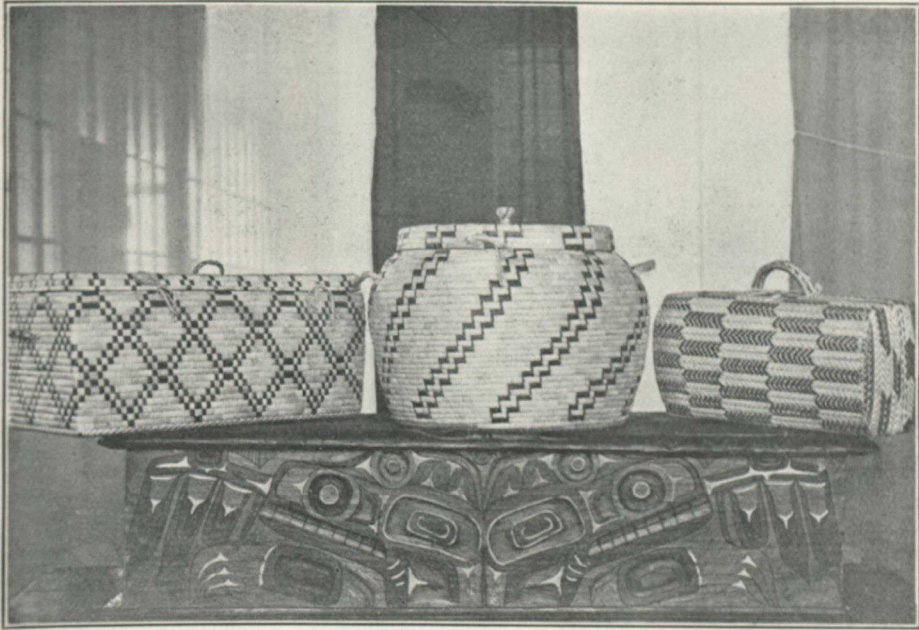
Dwellers on the Pacific coast, however, are brought much into contact with the native races. Early in July the salmon fishing begins, and from their reserves in the interior the Indians, or Siwashes, as they are locally called, to the third generation come down to the coast to await the run of sockeyes, whilst the women, or Klootchmen, obtain employment in the canneries.

With them they bring the basketry upon which they have been engaged during the winter, to sell or barter as may seem to them the more profitable. Formerly the Siwashes had so little idea



SPECIMENS OF THE BASKETRY OF THE ALBERNI TRIBES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. THE TRUNK BASKET IS THE WORK OF THOMPSON RIVER INDIANS

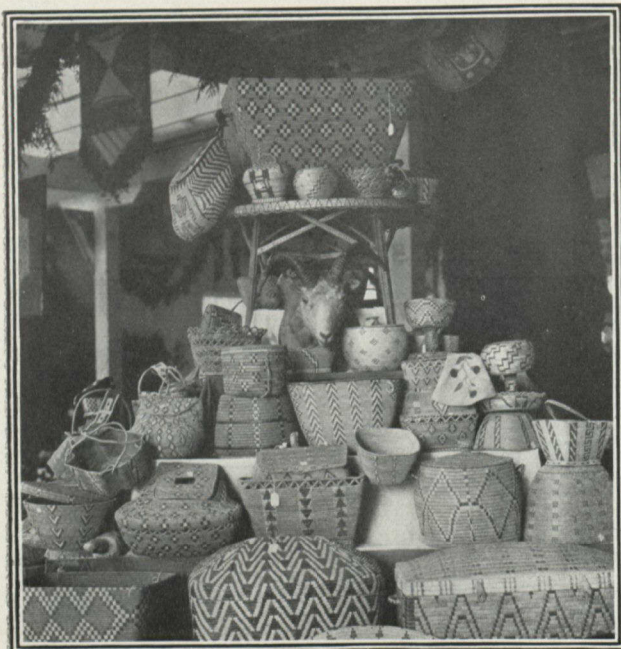




CHARACTERISTIC BASKETRY OF THE FRASER RIVER INDIANS—A TRUNK, A LARGE ROUND BASKET AND A VALISE



SPECIMENS OF THE EARLIER DESIGNS IN BASKETRY USED BY BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIANS. ON THE LEFT IS AN OLLILLIE BASKET; IN THE UPPER CENTRE, A BASKET DECORATED WITH SYMBOLIC DESIGNS; TO THE RIGHT, AN OLD WATER CONTAINER.



• INDIAN BASKETRY EXHIBITED AT DOMINION EXHIBITION AT NEW WESTMINSTER. NEAR THE TOP IS A TABLE MADE WHOLLY OF WOVEN CEDAR ROOT

*Photograph by Okamura*

of the value of this work, that the product of months of toil was often bartered for a trifle. But the great durability of these baskets, the excellence of their workmanship, their beautiful designs and tasteful ornamentation, have elicited so much admiration that a value now attaches to this type of basketry in some degree commensurate with the labour expended upon its production, and the collecting of Indian baskets has become a fad so universal as to suggest the tulip craze in Holland three centuries ago.

In the American cities on the Pacific coast high prices are paid for this basketry, a fine trunk basket being worth from fifteen to fifty dollars, while a small basket in lace-work pattern is not unfrequently sold for ten dollars, the price being determined by the quality of the work and by the intricacy and beauty of the decorative scheme.

Though there are different tribes or

distinct races of British Columbia Indians, the basket-makers may be said to belong either to the Alberni tribe, sometimes called the Nootka Sound Indians, or to the West Coast Indians, better known as the Fraser River Indians, a branch of the Salish stock.

The work of the Fraser River Indians is much sought after on account of its great durability. Baskets made in the year 1858 have retained their shape and colour so perfectly as to be scarcely distinguishable from the work of yesterday, though the basketry of later date is marked by a distinct advance in grace of outline, and in the beauty of the conventional designs for decoration.

The different tribes of basket-makers employ the same materials for their

work, a variety of results being obtainable from different methods of use. It is well known that the Indians are versed in the properties of the trees and shrubs of their native forests, and the tough, pliable roots of the cedar they have discovered to be best adapted for the strong, firm basketry for which the British Columbia Indians are so celebrated.

The weaving is done by the women, but the materials are prepared by the men of the tribes. For the frame-work of the basketry tough root cedar is used, and for the weaving cedar roots are carefully peeled and cut into smooth, even strips from three to four feet in length, about a quarter of an inch wide, and a sixteenth or an eighth of an inch thick.

The smaller roots are similarly prepared, and bundles or sheaves containing from eight to thirteen, or more, of these fibres are strongly bound by the weaving strip to the frame-work of the basket.

Their tools are few—a strong knife constantly at use, both for cutting and as a planer, and a sharp stiletto-like tool for piercing the warp or foundation of the work, to admit the pointed end of the smoothed and polished weaving strip. The *skookum* (strong) part of the work being completed, infinite pains is taken with the work of encasing the frame with a polished outer coat.

Tough grasses bleached white are woven upon the frame-work, stitch by stitch, giving the regular effect of the grains of an ear of corn. The rich, brown bark of the wild cherry is used effectively in the decoration scheme, a touch of variety being given by staining a portion of the bark black with a dye whose intensity only deepens with age. From these limited resources the patient fingers of the Klootchmen evolve forms remarkable, not less for their artistic grace than for their charming variety. An admirable feature of this basketry is the pains bestowed upon every detail of the work. The quality to which the weavers attach most importance is strength, which they endeavour to combine with beauty of workmanship.

Even in minor details this point is not overlooked. The handles, made of deer-skin, are firmly secured in position, and on this foundation the flexible cedar strips are dexterously woven, and are ornamented with a design corresponding to the decoration of the basket.

The oldest design of the Fraser River basketry is the *ollillie* (berry) basket, in shape an inverted square pyramid, much ingenuity being shown in varying the arrangement of black and brown in the scheme of ornamentation. Many of these "*ollillie*" baskets are quite watertight, and are used as water containers. When filled with *ollillies*, the baskets are carried upon the backs of the Klootchmen, and are firmly held in position by a finely woven strap fastened about the head.

The weaving of the Alberni Indians is remarkable for a certain characteristic grace, due to their materials being cut into very fine strips. Thus they are able to make baskets of lace-like fineness, among the products of their skill

being exquisitely woven fruitstands, flask cases with removable tops, photograph baskets, card receivers with beautifully curved pedestals, field-glass cases, and baskets shaped like Pompeian vases.

The Alberni and the Sechelt Indians employ red, yellow, blue and green pigments to stain the fibre used in ornamenting the baskets, the colours being employed sparingly and effectively.

As for the basketry of the tribes in the interior, birch-bark is principally used, though baskets made of coils or plaits of sage-brush and *Eloeagnus* bark are occasionally seen. The woven basketry of splints is made chiefly by the Thompson River and Lillooet tribes, and to a less extent by the Chilcotins and Shuswaps. The style is known as "coiled," and is similar to what in Washington State is known as Klickitat basketry. The chief seats of the industry are the districts of Coldwater River, Lower Lillooet River and the Fraser River Canyon. Spruce root is used in the basketry of the Chilcotins and Shuswap Indians, cedar-root being used by the Thompsons and the Lillooets.

For ornamentation, these tribes use grasses and bird cherry bark, which are frequently dyed various colours. The designs for ornamentation are usually symbolic, and being either animal or geometric, are often both novel and artistic.

The types of the basketry of the interior are of quite different workmanship and design from those of the Pacific coast.

From very ancient times the Indians of British Columbia have made this characteristic basketry, but it is not known whether the art originated among themselves, or was introduced from without. It is possible that all primitive peoples possess such rudimentary principles of art as are applied to the fashioning of an object, whether carved from wood or modelled in clay, or hewn from stone; but since the artistic instinct differs both in bent and in degree, the work of each tribe has a style of its own, the feature of distinctiveness being still further emphasised by the taste of each worker, so that each piece bears a dis-

tinct character, the unmistakable style of the individual weaver.

Though in collections of Indian curios fine specimens of native basketry may be seen, some of the finest pieces of work are hawked from door to door, and are sold for much or little, according to the eagerness of the purchaser, or the need of the vendor. If a Klootchman wishes to sell for money, she simply states her price, and if a sale can not be made, she departs with a kind "Good-bye."

Often, however, she prefers to exchange her basketry for "iktahs," a flexible term, including in its scope articles of clothing, knick-knacks of any kind, articles that are portable and articles that are not portable. As the process of bartering, interesting as it may be to the novice, is apt to prove tedious to the experienced trader, the Klootchmen sit down upon the grass, and leisurely inspect each article offered to them. Should the object submitted for their inspection be not approved, it is pushed aside contemptuously. Occasionally they laugh obstreperously, as some unusually unsuitable article is offered, gaudy millinery exciting much mirth. In spite of their criticisms, the millinery is eventually accepted, probably to be bestowed upon such dusky damsels as would fain be emancipated from the wearing of the red or yellow or purple handkerchiefs which form their characteristic head-gear.

Each "iktah," when accepted, is laid aside, and is assessed by the Klootchmen at so low a value, that when the barter is completed, such an amount of clothing and other articles is heaped up as must greatly tax the capacity of the government vessel, upon which at the end of the fishing season the Indians embark to return to their reserves. But the basket represents the toil of many months, and the estimate placed upon the work is not excessive.

If the "iktahs" are approved by other Klootchmen of the tribe, the fortunate possessor of the basketry may be visited by other vendors, whose demands may include "muckamuck" (food), kitchen utensils, chairs, and, lastly, soap!—a re-

quest rarely, if ever, disregarded by the would-be purchaser. Another careful reckoning of the "iktahs," another demand or two, and with a gesture of infinite condescension, the basket is pushed towards the buyer, who triumphantly adds another trophy to her collection of curios.

And now the basket may be inspected at leisure. At the first glance these specimens of basketry suggest to the artistic eye symmetrically woven forms, ornamented with regularly interwoven bands of shining brown and glossy black.

On one basket the rich brown bark of the wild cherry has described a perfect Greek fret design. The symmetrical spirals that adorn the upright sides of an octagonal basket tray have defined an Ionic volute. The gleaming whiteness of a third basket is relieved only by interlaced Roman crosses, outlined in brown, the work of a devoted worshipper at the little white Roman Catholic church, where the picturesquely clad Siwashes perform their devotions.

It may be that while in her basketry she wove the sacred symbol of her faith, her heart's devotion was woven with it, for surely it was a true missionary spirit that prompted the question: "Tillicum (friend), you Catholic?" A reply in the negative caused a look of disappointment to cloud her face, when thinking she may have been misunderstood, she held up her scapular, as if to make her meaning more clear.

When, however, she learned that her "tillicum," though not a Catholic, attends church, a look of intelligence illumined the dusky face, as she added: "Halo (not) Catholic, but one Heaven allee samee."

At the Indian encampment on the banks of the Fraser, very beautiful specimens of the basket-making art may be seen. Within the openings of their tents, for they rarely "sport their oaks," the Klootchmen are at work, quite willing to give the visitor a lesson in the handicraft of which they are masters. But, though one watches with absorbing interest the successive steps by which their artistic conception finds expression, the lesson is not learned.

# The Recall of the River

By DEAN MACLEOD

*How a simple misunderstanding, causing serious estrangement, is righted by the spell of happy associations*



**S**TANDING by the tottering old fence that separates the roadway from the alluring bank, one looks down on the winding river—a still, dark waterway, where the tree-tops, rising far above, and the drooping alder bushes, cast black reflections below. The river always flows on, in the same placid way. The wild fowl nest in its sedgy banks; the muskrat's little sleek brown head darts in and out among the yellow water-lilies and under the spreading, drooping branches, so irresistibly mystic with hidden life. Sunbeams dance on its ripples; starlight and moonlight waver on its breast; breezes darken its surface, and rosy clouds of sunset glow in its dreamy stillness, while the frogs and crickets frolic in a very storm of joyous existence. But this was a late September afternoon. The blue mountains beyond, which ran to the sea, were gorgeous in patches of crimson and gold, burning red in the sunlight; bare, rocky hillsides gleamed as copper, and in the middle distance a low, flat, bush-grown country, exuberant in overgrown blueberry barrens and great red clusters of pigeon berries, stretched far into a wilderness of flaming golden-rod and purple Indian tea.

Splash! A flash of dripping silver sparkled in the sun, and a great spotted trout wavered and dropped with a soft thud under a moss-grown, crumbling log into a deep, dark pool.

The sudden sound startled the man and woman in the bark canoe, drifting silently down stream. The woman idly picked up the magazine she had dropped and looked at the pictures upside down—she was thinking. The man rolled the sleeves of his shirt a little higher and pulled the brim of his hat over his eyes and began to paddle vigorously. She

looked at his brown, bare arms and thin—so thin—straight figure, and the tears rushed to her eyes. Why did he work so hard in that close, hot office? Money, what was that? She hated it and all that it could buy. Her beautiful home, the jewels and dresses that he lavished upon her, which she must seem pleased with and pretend to like, all sickened her. Why must men be always so stupid? He gave her a thousand things she did not want, and withheld the one thing she longed for. How joyfully she could come back to the little house on the river, to the blue sunbonnet and the darning of Phil's socks! She had planned and expected so much of Phil's manhood, and it had all ended this way. He loved that city life, where men filled their pockets and emptied their souls. He loved the money, he liked slaving for it. The jewels he bought her and the money she asked for pleased him. If he could only understand that it was not the money she wanted, but just a wild, desperate wish to anger him, to hear him say "No, you cannot have it." He was so exasperatingly solicitous and generous. Sometimes when she read in the papers of a husband's ill-treatment of his wife, she almost envied the wife. If Phil would only beat her or scold her, she felt she could like it. But he always gave in, always let her have her own way, no matter how unreasonable. And she was not a woman that enjoyed having her own way. She schemed sometimes, yes, schemed to make him angry with her. But it was always the same; nothing would make him different, yet for mere nothing he would rail in reckless fury at a servant.

For some time she had thought it was because he loved her, but lately she had suspected he was simply indifferent, and

that he was tired of her. Often she would not see him for days. She just knew he thought more of his work than of her. He was finding her a burden. He could make more money if she was not there. Well, she would trouble him no longer—she would go away; at least, she would tell him so. Never for an instant did she think he would really let her go, for deep in her heart she almost knew he loved her. She just wanted to stir him up and make him tell her that she was necessary in his life, and she—well, she looked at him now and could hardly smother that wild wish to throw her arms around his neck and love him. Then the thought of that other day, when he had told her he was willing—yes, his very words, willing that she should go! She remembered the scene, she always would. She had gone to him with much the same feeling that a child turns a worm over and tickles it with a straw. He had sat there reserved and waiting; she had thought he probably wondered if it was to be a new ring or a horse. But when she told him that she had decided to make both their lives happier by a separation, and that she was going in two days, he only sat still and looked at her. She had almost thought he turned white; but, of course, she had only imagined it, for when he finally spoke his voice was calm, brutally calm. He said: "I have tried to make you happy, Alice. I thought I had given you all a woman could ask for, but I see I have failed. I will not prevent you. I am willing you should leave me, if you wish to do so."

As they still moved along in silence, she remembered how the next day he had come to her with a desperate resolve in his whole attitude, and she had noted triumphantly that he looked as if he had not slept at all. She was glad she had bathed her own eyes. He carried a time-table and a calendar. Then he insisted that she go with him to Nova Scotia to settle their business there, to close up the river-house and other property; that in a week, at least, he would see to it that he would not trouble her any more if she still wished it. She had said "Very well" as calmly as she could, and

turned quickly to the window that he might not see the foolish joy in her eyes. "Insisted!" That was what he had said. For the first time in his life he had ordered her to do what he had every reason to believe was distasteful to her. She had tried to make herself believe she did not want to go, but her husband had insisted, had ordered her to go, so she must do it. She had felt almost happy. She had doggedly put away the thought that Phil would actually let her go at the last. She had been almost sure that when they were together there, the old surroundings and memories would bring it all right again. She had always longed to get back, but Phil had always been "so busy in the office" and could not spend the time.

She sighed. Well, the week was gone and now it was late afternoon of the last day. Phil had not even hinted that she stay with him. He would let her go, she knew he would. Oh, how could she ever have said she wanted to go, when she loved him so!

She looked at him again—the old gray hat was in his hand—his dark hair was rumpled as in the old days when they had sat together on the river bank, and she had loved to run her fingers through it and marshal the hairs to suit her wildest fancies. There was a little place on top where it would not be coaxed to stay flat and she had loved that best, because it was the only obstinate thing about him. Phil used to threaten to glue it down. He could not seem to tolerate the thought that anything should be contrary to her wishes.

Phil's face was not weak. She looked at his chin and its firmness almost frightened her. It was such a fine face, with the stamp of one who would move forward irresistibly and move others with him. And those blue-gray eyes of his, with the clear, fearless glance. She could always trust Phil. She suddenly remembered that he had never given her cause to worry about him, even to feel a pang of jealousy. Oh, she just knew that he would let her go, for the only reason that he thought she wanted to go! If he would only ask her to stay with him—even suggest it, or at least

give her reason to think that he minded at all. If women were the weaker sex, men certainly were the blinder.

The canoe still glided slowly through the rushes. She wondered if he would kiss her when they said good-bye to-morrow. Then she almost laughed at the idea. Of course he wouldn't. Man and woman kissed each other only when they loved each other. At least, she loved him. Of course he wouldn't, because he didn't love her. Anyway, if he loved her he would not let her go. It had been a long, long time since Phil had kissed her and told her he loved her. Indeed, she had been stupid, blind, not to have known, to have seen, that he did not care for her any longer. A guilty flush went over her cheeks when she thought of the many nights she had stolen to his room when he slept and had stood at the door and pretended to kiss him, imagining the sensation of her lips on his. Or at breakfast, when he looked worried and tired, she would pretend that she got up and went softly to his chair and kissed him just where that line wrinkled when he laughed. What would he have done if she had dared to do it? But no, she would never kiss a man who merely tolerated her because she happened to be his wife.

Now it was Phil's turn to soliloquise. If he had not happened to go to the river-house that morning, he would not have had so much to think about. Just the thought of his experience there started the blood coursing wildly through his veins, and a look of half-bewilderment, half-pain and then contentment was in his eyes, and he began again to think it all over for the fortieth time.

He had gone to have one more look at the little place—their Arcadia—and found his old gray hat hanging beside her sunbonnet behind the door. He had just put the hat on and was going to put the sunbonnet in his pocket, when he saw through the window the flutter of her blue dress.

To have met her there would have been awful. A fellow has to have some pride when his wife refuses to live with him. He wasn't going to play the baby to her. Anyway, how could he have

known she was going to stay? So he stepped behind a curtain. He had heard her come in, and for a time all was silent. He was wondering if she, too, was thinking of those first two happy years. He had trusted so much to this return to old memories. But now the week was gone, and Alice had not seemed to care at all. She would not even leave the hotel to come here with him yesterday. And just as he was thinking what the coming days and years would be without her—he heard her sob. Jove! Was that Alice—and crying—and in his chair, too—the big leather one—dust and all, and hugging an old pair of his boots and an ancient tobacco-pouch, with the old blue sunbonnet on her head!

He had always hated to see Peggy cry. Peggy! The old name had come naturally there. What an ass he had been to get behind that curtain. Then she had started talking to them, to the boots and the tobacco-pouch and the bonnet. And the things she told them between tears and kisses—how much she loved him, and if he would only ask her not to go; that she hated diamonds and furs and dresses. Here he pulled his hair to see if he surely was not dreaming. Alice hated the jewels he had slaved to buy for her. He had thought all women liked such things. She had certainly seemed pleased and happy over them, and that was all he had cared for. He had been glad to work and worry to buy Alice a new ring or a gown, and now she was telling that ridiculous bonnet that if they had only both stayed here with it—meaning the bonnet—that he—meaning himself—would never have got so crazy about money and things and got to hate her.

The idea that he, Philip Terry, loved money for its own sake had so staggered him that he had forgotten to listen until she sobbingly told the boots: "If he would only ever, ever scold me or tell me not to do things I didn't like or didn't just let me do every single thing I wanted to, I could have stood it."

Could he have stood it! Now that he knew the truth he could laugh to think of his beautiful Alice tolerating the despised jewels if he would scold her into

wearing them. What an idiot, what a blind fool he had been!

He sat there, completely wrapped in the past, so when the canoe ran aground in shallow water he gave the paddle with a laugh to Alice.

"Your turn, Peg," for in the old days it had been their way to take turns with the paddle when one ran ashore or missed stroke.

Then he dreamed again.

He wondered if Alice remembered the old raft of the childhood days, and the day he crawled out to the farthest edge to get her a lily she wanted—he had tumbled in right there under that old dead beech tree. She had stood on the bank and screamed in terror and even started in after him; but when he was safe on the bank she called him names like "stupid" and "clumsy" and made him make a fire to dry his own clothes and her little shoes. She always wore such pretty little shoes, he remembered, especially a pair of red ones with buckles on them, and her little skirts always had so many frills and such rows of lace. What a chump he was, not to forget all those things! One thing he would never forget or cease to regret, and that was the heaven of happiness he had missed in these last eight years. But he was constituted to remember and to remember with all his soul those days and nights when that perpetual ache of longing and hopeless effort to forget became almost unbearable. One moment by the silent, sunlit, sleeping river as in the old dear days, was worth years of that life.

He hadn't yet decided what course to take. He always used to be an irresponsible chap, letting things work out themselves, and he was tempted to do it now. But things must hurry. He couldn't wait much longer; he had been kept from his own long enough. His eyes feasted on her face, she must have been conscious of his gaze, for a deep red crept up over her cheeks and she suddenly steered the canoe into the old landing-place and picked up her coat, a flimsy lace thing with bows all over it, and prepared to step out. The canoe slushed through the river grasses and scraped on the sandy shore.

His mind was suddenly made up.

"My say, Peggy, you ran ashore. I choose to go back and have tea in the shanty." He grasped the paddle and before she could speak was out in mid-stream.

"Philip, take me ashore at once. I—I have some packing to do. I have decided to take the night train."

Then there was a silence, so she must say something or he would know—at least think—that she liked this—this carrying her off without as much as a "by-your-leave."

"May I ask what you propose to eat in—in the house?"

He laughed gaily.

"You may. There is a basket under my coat, and in the basket are some biscuits, blueberry jam and cold salmon, also coffee, and there is a magazine for you to read to me while I smoke an after-dinner pipe."

How did he get that lunch and why? It was one of his old ways to surprise her that way. Fish and jam—that was a Phil idea for all the world. Well, if he could joke and bring up old memories on this day she needn't care. They were nearing the house now, and what should she do? She could not bear to go in and see it all the same, yet so different. And for the last time, too! What excuse could she make? Perhaps it would be better to just go and brave it out. If she attempted excuses, he might suspect the real reason—and anything but that. Phil looked so natural there, and it all seemed just as it used to, with all the bright blue summer day to dispose of at will.

"What time is it, Phil?" she asked, indifferently.

He looked at the sun and the shadows reflectively.

"About six. I hope you are not hungry, Peggy, for I am going to take you to the bridge and back before tea."

Then as an afterthought—

"Would you like to go?"

"You are rather late in asking me."

"I had not intended to ask you."

"Oh!"

That same little dizzy flutter quivered in her head as on the day he told



her he insisted she come to Nova Scotia with him, and again she covered her eyes to hide the light in them.

"Of course, if you don't want—"

"No—no, I'll go," she broke in hastily.

Why did he have to spoil it?

When they came back to the shanty and he helped her step from the canoe, he kept his hand on hers for a few steps.

She looked at him in surprise. His face was quite white, and he trembled.

"Phil—what is it, are you ill?"

She was all concern. He turned red then.

"Oh, no; I'm all right," he ventured, trying to conceal his emotion.

They ate supper together, much like they had used to in the earlier days, but Peggy was pensive, and when the time came to put away the things—for the last time!—tears welled up in her eyes.

Phil nailed up some loose boards on the verandah and split wood for next morning's fire. Just as if they would ever need it! Then he called Peggy out, and giving her his tobacco and pouch, bade her prepare his smoke just as she had used to.

They sat down on the grassy knoll.

"I—I think I have forgotten how," she stammered.

"I'll teach you again, then, for you will need to know—now."

She did not grasp his meaning, but sat quietly and filled his pipe as she used to do. When she gave it to him with a smile, his fingers closed over hers in the same old way. Then she drew apart.

He sat and looked at her—a look in his eyes as of a man who suddenly sees drawing nearer and nearer the thing he has long, vainly prayed for.

The sunset deepened and the twilight came—still they sat there in silence. Across the flat came the tinkle of cow-bells and a dog barked again and again at his own echo. The warm night-wind fanned the light from Phil's pipe and it shone on Peggy's face, strained and pale with thoughts of the separation that meant life so utterly empty and forlorn. Nothing mattered, nothing, if he would only love her again. And now he was reaching out and taking both her hands in his. They sat face to face, hers slightly lifted, her lips set firm, almost defiant, as they looked at each other in silence. In her eyes was the look of a Roman who had waited all these years, craving, hoping, praying, and now, suddenly, in some unexplained way, as she threw her arms about his neck, she knew that they had come back to each other with the recall of the river.

The whistle of the night-train sounded clear across the flat, but they did not hear it.

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## My Heaven

BY T. MURIEL MERRILL

A WONDROUS wind hath come from out the west,  
 Carrying sweet perfumes on its wayward quest;  
 Warm the sunshine laughs in yonder glade,  
 Then strays beyond to quiet woodland shade;  
 Ripples the breast of silent forest pool,  
 Half hidden 'neath the hemlocks, dark and cool.  
 And thou art here, and there, and all around,  
 Where e'er I glance thy presence dear is found;  
 I live and love and loving live for thee,  
 Ah, this my heaven, and thou my God shalt be!

# Canadian Nationality

By IRA A. MACKAY

*To the world, Canada is still a dependent colony, possessing, however, a clear destiny to be worked out*



WAS sitting chatting with a friend one summer day, four years ago, on the steps of the Capitol at Washington. Our conversation was on the subject of national emblems. By degrees we came around to discuss the American eagle. I think my friend was a little afraid lest I should say something about the habits, disposition, etc., of that particular bird which might have a national application; at any rate, he forestalled me by rising quickly to his feet and stretching out both his arms literally to their full length, he said: "Why, this American continent is one vast eagle with two great oceans for her wings." The reference was a little far-fetched, I own, but if you will glance at the map of North America, you will see what he meant. The conversation ended there, but I did not cease to think about it. North America is indeed the only progressive continent with an ocean on each side. We are the middle continent in the commercial world. This central position alone gives us an undoubted advantage over all the others. We in Canada are five thousand miles nearer the Orient, four thousand miles nearer Australia, five hundred miles nearer South Africa, than they are in Europe; and we have immediately to the south of us the Republic of the United States, by far the most progressive of the western nations. We have, moreover, the territory, the resources, and last, but not least, the cold north winds and winter frosts, which give virility and energy and pluck to our people. If the British Empire is to become a great world-empire, with many times its present wealth, influence and power, can there be any doubt that the central base of operations of that Empire will be right here in Canada? If, then, the destinies of a world-empire are

by nature in our hands, it becomes us well to carefully consider our present position in world-history. One hundred years of Canadian allegiance to the British flag, and British institutions, and Britain's King, with many a jibe and sneer, and many a bitter disappointment, has preserved for Britons everywhere the hope of the Empire, and our hope is not yet abated. Canada, we believe more intensely now than ever, has certainly a vast work to do in the world's work of the future. Whatever our formal political status may become, the substance of our destiny is clear. This conception of our future should of itself give us courage and hope. But let us consider our present political position for a little.

We frequently hear it said that Canada being a self-governing colony, is virtually an independent nation. This is far from true. Self-governing colonies are not, as some people seem to think, a new institution in world-history. Many of the colonies of Greece and Rome, in the later days of these empires, enjoyed quite as large a measure of self-government in matters of internal politics as Canada now enjoys. Moreover, to be a self-governing colony is far from being an independent nation.

In the first place, all our external relations, that is, all our relations with other nations, are constitutionally controlled from Westminster, and not from Ottawa. This of itself is enough to forbid us the right to plume ourselves as an independent nation. We are not a constitutionally sovereign, self-contained, independent state. We do not, in a word, count for one in the family of nations, and our own voice is not heard in the counsels of nations. "Oh, Canada, go away back and sit down behind John Bull's coat tails!" That is how the other nations of the world

largely feel towards us, and there is no use in our blinking the fact any longer.

But if we are not an independent nation as regards our external or international political relations, we are also far from being wholly so as regards our internal or domestic matters of government. We have in Canada at the present time one of the most rigid constitutions known to political history. It is true that this constitution, that is, the British North America Act, is really the product of Canadian brains, but it is nominally, at least, the product of the Parliament at Westminster. Under this constitution our chief ruler, the Governor-General, is an appointee of the British Crown, and our final Court of Appeal in legal matters is a British Court, in which we have no effective representation. These salient facts alone mark us as a dependent people. It is largely in vain that we insist that this status is more nominal than real; in the long run the world will believe us to be what we hold ourselves out as being. The foreign student of history and politics, knowing little or nothing about our real unwritten status, bases his conclusions exclusively on our nominal and published status. In their minds we are dubbed a colony, and they seldom go beyond the abstract term. Indeed, not many years have passed since a "colonial," travelling even in the motherland, was kept in pretty constant remembrance of his being a colonial.

But to follow this question still further, we are not even independent within the scope of the British North America Act itself. We quote from an article in the *Canadian Law Review* of September and October, 1904, written by John S. Ewart, K.C., of Winnipeg, one of the leading members of the Canadian Bar, and a legal author of high standing. At page 530-31, Mr. Ewart says: "If Canada wished to have biennial, instead of annual Parliaments, she could not so enact. If she wanted to take her census every twelve years instead of ten, she would be powerless to make the change. If the Maritime Provinces wished to unite and become one province, they would be advised that it was impossible. If Canada wished to increase the membership of

her Senate, or to decrease the qualifications for it, or even to change the quorum of the House of Commons, her power would be found to be inadequate. The right to make her own coins is forbidden by express statute. Over such a trifling matter as the procedure to be adopted in appropriating her own money, Canada has no authority. And such a necessary change of the capital city as that from Ottawa to Winnipeg (I speak as a Winnipegger) cannot be accomplished by unanimous vote of our Parliament, our Legislatures and all our people. Westminster can do these things for us. We cannot do them ourselves. Self-government as to such and many other matters simply does not exist."

These examples given by Mr. Ewart might be added to almost indefinitely, but they are sufficient to make our point clear. Canada is very far indeed from being an independent nation.

Nor have we any right to comfort ourselves with the thought that our colonial status is after all merely a *formal* political status. These merely formal abstract political notions have usually a very potent influence on the affairs of men. Take an illustration: Suppose we draw two imaginary lines across the North American continent, one line a hundred miles north and the other a hundred miles south of the boundary line between Canada and the United States. As regards soil, climate and natural resources these two strips of territory are almost identical. If anything, the advantage in this respect is with the Canadian strip. The only difference is a political one, and yet the southern strip contains six times the population and industry of the other. So much, at least, a merely abstract political notion can do. Attracted by the abstract dogma of political freedom, hundreds of thousands of the strong right arms of Europe have settled annually in the Republic. To the minds of these people, saturated as they are with political dogma and prejudices, Canadians are a subject people. It is in vain that we talk to them of a "self-governing colony." Of a self-governing colony and the political conditions which may prevail there, they are incapable of forming any intelligent work-

ing conception. The phrase is for them a merely abstract contradiction in terms. Nor is it any use to say that their notion of Canada is wrong; it is enough that the notion exists in order that it may have its inevitable effect, and until the notion is displaced, much as we need their help, these people will not come to us to assist us in building up a great people of our own.

Now we are not trying to raise any radical cry against British connection. We still have a keen affection for our past. We still love the Motherland as dearly as ever. Our hope of a united Empire never before has been so strong as at present. We still fondly hope that all the other parts of the Empire may join with us and we with them as one political unit in carrying forward the work of civilisation in the world. For our own personal part, however, we are opposed to any scheme of organisation which would deprive us of any modicum of our present autonomy. We look forward to the day when what is now the British Empire will be an alliance, or federation of independent sovereign nations, administered in common matters of war and commerce by a regularly constituted representative international council. It is for this reason that we think all thoughtful Canadians should sanction Sir Frederick Pollock's scheme of forming an Imperial Advisory Council with representatives from all parts of the Empire. We believe that such a council would, by reason of its very fitness, begin at once to take on important administrative duties; it might, indeed, form the nucleus of a new and unique form of federal parliament. Quixotic as the hope may seem, it is only in some such way as this that the burning problem of the British Empire can be solved. Either this or we fail. Scattered in widely different parts of the globe, we are by nature admirably adapted to a unique application of the federal form of constitution vaster than has been. All real growth involves both differentiation and integration. As the whole Empire increases its organisation, so must each part increase in independent strength and character. Only in this way, we think, can the integrity of the Empire be main-

tained, and the obliquy, which now rests upon the colonies of being dependent, subject people, be at the same time removed. We must become strong in our own might, or else we shall remain, by reason of our very size, a source of weakness to the Empire of which we form a part. We need strength commensurate with our size.

Meanwhile we must begin without delay to prepare ourselves for the task. Many practical duties are even now pressing hard upon us. That great man, Mr. Chamberlain, proposes tariff union between Great Britain and her colonies as the first step towards effective, practical consolidation of the Empire. This would no doubt be a good beginning, and would not only be a benefit to the colonies, but, we believe, also to the motherland. But a five or ten per cent. tariff is a small item in the business of the world. Our neighbours to the south of us have a ship subsidy bill up their sleeve by which to balance that account; indeed, a very little attention by them to matters of transportation would soon make things even again. But there is one clear, practical thing we Canadians can do, and it is time it were done now, and that without any further delay. *We can begin a bold and courageous transportation policy.* We have already begun the construction of a new transcontinental railway, and I am sure that we all, independent of party politics, hope that it may serve, as it was designed to serve, to carry the heavy farm produce of the west to the Atlantic seaboard at the lowest possible rates. Even so, however, it is only a matter of a few years until a third line may be profitably operated, and this time we shall hope to see a heavy line built by the most direct path straight from Quebec and north of Lake Winnipeg to the foot of the Rockies. Such a road would open up a vast new strip of our northern country. Then in the next place we can complement these land transportation facilities with a heavy transport steamship service and a fast passenger, mail, and small freight service, both of the very latest, up-to-date character, between the Atlantic seaboard and the coast of Great Britain. Let that be done and we shall then, in the nature of

things, be down to rock-bottom on the transportation problem. We shall then have an advantage in the British market of the fruits of which no tariff trick or other trick of legislation can deprive us. Then we also need a better steamship service with the West Indies and South America. We need, also, an up-to-date service with South Africa. South Africans need our flour, leather, lumber, boots and shoes, and they have already given us a twenty-five per cent. preference in their tariff, while the mother country, which also enjoys this preference, is largely deprived of its benefits by an iniquitous shipping ring. We can produce more cheaply than any part of the world. If, then, we can carry more cheaply, we can sell more cheaply. If we are to begin to consolidate the Empire, we must begin to consolidate in substance as well as in form. That, I take it, is the rich lesson which we in Canada have learned from the joint effects of the Confederation Act and the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Let no one say that these schemes are mere visions. Everything is a vision be-

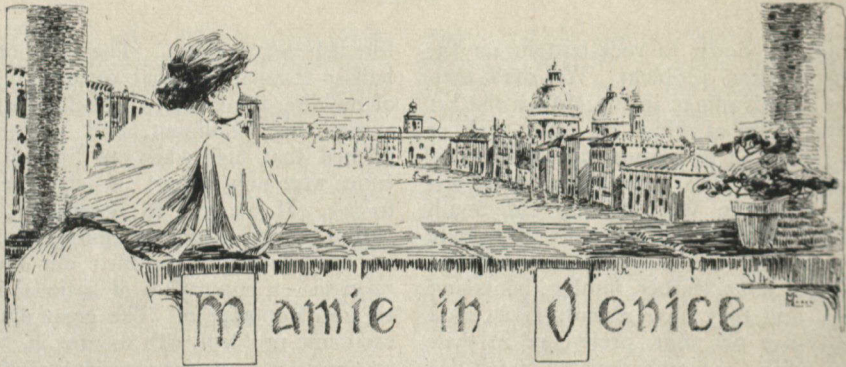
fore it becomes a fact. They are not one-half so visionary as that quixotic venture of building the Canadian Pacific Railway across this Continent, and we accomplished that task when our Federal revenues were only a part of what they are to-day. If we are to become a great nation we must become courageous, and we must boldly concentrate our Federal revenues on enterprises of national interest and importance. The great national economic problem with us now is, "How are we to get our farm products into the markets of the world at rock-bottom prices?" Upon that problem depends almost our entire future, and that problem can only be solved by a bold, progressive transportation policy on land and sea. We must show ourselves to be the true sons of our sea-going fathers. We must prove ourselves to be a genuine, progressive, self-reliant, western people. Let Canadians everywhere become more alive. We have a noble heritage, and our destiny is clear, if only we are prepared to work it out in an honest, sincere, resolute manner.

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## Night

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

QUEEN NIGHT, now I attest thy purity:  
 Men say the deeds of dark to thee belong,  
 Some have misused thy deep security,  
 As masks of virtue evil-doers don.  
 But 'tis the Day that gives the world new scars:  
 Were God's light not so strong, the thoughts of man  
 Would be so black as to blot out the sun—  
 In Evil's bridge Day builds the larger span;  
 Our hearts are scorched, but, Night, thou art a shade  
 Where dwell we with thy child, pure infant-sleep,  
 Within whose soft arms rest we unafraid,  
 While pitying tears upon the scars may steep,  
 Day's hewers come we, all wrong unconfessed:  
 Night's arms reach far, and merciful her breast.



By ALBERT R. CARMAN  
Author of "The Pensionnaires"

*A striking sketch of the typical, matter-of-fact American girl,  
at variance with old-world conventionalities*



VER since Miss Mamie Benson, of Cleveland, Ohio, had been in Italy, she had been "dying" to see Venice. But the firm, at whose various European offices she was acting as typewriter, had no office in Venice; and so, if she were to get there at all, it must be a trip at her own expense. And then she didn't care to travel alone. She was not exactly afraid; still you could never tell what "these Dagoes might do."

So when Mrs. John Peterson, a motherly widow from Lansing, Mich., appeared in the sitting-room of the *pension* at which Mamie was staying in Milan and announced that, as soon as she had "done" Milan, she was going to Venice, Mamie made up to her right away, and then got leave from her firm to take a little holiday and go over to Venice with her new friend.

"I won't be a bother to you," Mamie assured Mrs. Peterson. "I'll just go round with you where you want to go. And, maybe, I can row the gondola for you sometimes. I s'pose we can hire 'em without an oarsman?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Peterson, doubtfully. "I never heard of anyone doing it."

"I can row all right," asserted Mamie, "if they're not spoon oars. Those things I never could handle."

"But wouldn't we get lost?" questioned Mrs. Peterson. "They say there's just hundreds of canals running in all directions."

"That's just it," returned Mamie. "Whoever heard of getting lost in a canal? And then I'll get used to the whole town in a few days. I always have with every town I've been to since I came over here."

Mrs. Peterson looked at her in admiration. "Well, I haven't," she said with emphasis. "I have come to the conclusion that there isn't a straight street in Europe. They all seem to start for one place and then go somewhere else. And then there's the omnibuses and street cars! They never run to anywhere you want to go to. Why, just think of it!—in London they run from one saloon to another!"

"No; do they?" laughed Mamie. "Well, that's not a prohibition town, is it?" and she laughed again until the tears came out of her round eyes and rolled over the tremulous rotundity of her cheeks. Then she wiped them away with fat little hands, whose fingers ended in pink puff-balls of flesh.

They had the compartment to themselves going over to Venice, until they reached Desenzano, when the poet got in. Arthur Temple was printed on his valise, and exaltation was printed on his face. He had been

".....walking up from Desenzano  
.....gazing at the Lydian laughter of  
the Garda Lake below."

Mamie was surprised to see him, for she didn't know that there was anything to "do" between Milan and Venice, and expected only Italians to get in at the way stations. Presently Mrs. Peterson opened up a lunch and offered the poet some; and then they all got talking together. Mamie expressed the surprise she had felt at picking him up at a way station, and mentioned her notion that the country was all farms and "jay towns" between Milan and Venice.

"You forget Verona," said the poet.

"Verona? That sounds like a patent medicine," returned Mamie.

The poet laughed leniently. "Why, Verona," he said, "was where Romeo and Juliet lived."

"Oh!" cried Mamie, abashed. "I thought they were in a play."

"They were," said the poet; "but they were real characters, too."

Now Mamie had seen the play in Cleveland, and had neither made much of it nor seen much in it.

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, after a moment, "they weren't real characters in the play anyway. I think I see a Cleveland boy doing all that talking under a bay window. Why, he'd go to see any girl who lived upstairs that way with a collapsible step-ladder."

At Venice, all three came out of the railway station together and walked down the steps to where the black gondolas were floating about.

"Why, they don't row them, do they?" exclaimed Mamie in amazement; "and that's just like they are in the pictures, too. They—they—sort of push them, don't they?"—doubtfully.

But the poet's eyes were shining, and he said nothing. This was Venice and the Grand Canal, and there floated the night-black messengers of this mysterious city, Venice, the Queen of—

"Now, did you ever!" Mamie broke in on him. "Imagine rowing a boat with one oar, and standing up to do it!"

"They have always done so," said the poet, dreamily. "Had we come here

away back in the middle ages, we should have seen just such black swans floating upon the waters, with the tall gondolier leaning gracefully on his oar."

Mamie looked at him for a moment, as if awaiting the point of his joke. It had something to do, she fancied, with the age of those dingy old boats. But his face showed that he was not joking. So she snapped out—

"Well, that's no credit to them. They ought to have improved by this time. It must be a lot easier to sit down and row—"

"Row? In Venice?" exploded the poet. Then her round, confident, self-satisfied face disarmed him. "But you are a little barbarian," he ended with a forgiving smile.

"Let us hurry and get one anyway," suggested Mrs. Peterson. "People are picking them up." And they began to signal to the floating gondoliers.

"Wait! Wait!" suddenly cried Mamie. "Here comes a steamboat. That's our size."

"But you can't mean to take a steamboat in Venice," said the poet, impatiently.

"Of course I mean it," insisted Mamie. "It will be twice as quick."

"Well, let me help you on it, then," said the poet politely; "but I am going in a gondola."

"Oh," said Mamie, as if in expostulation at his putting himself out, but not offering to go toward the steamboat landing, "we couldn't think of bothering you . . . Perhaps, we'd better all keep together, anyway." And so they went down the steps and into the roomy waist of a gondola.

"My!" said Mamie, after they had pushed in silence across the Grand Canal and entered one of the smaller canals on the other side, taking a short cut to the hotel. "My! but the cellars in those houses must be fearfully damp."

"Do you suppose they have cellars?" asked Mrs. Peterson, doubtfully.

Mamie shook her head in confessed ignorance. "They'd be cool," she added, as a possible reason for believing in their existence.

"But they'd be dead dark," objected Mrs. Peterson, "and ratty."

The poet took note of their discus-



"Mrs. Peterson thought that, perhaps, the church was sinking down into the water in places"

sion. "They have dungeons at the Doges' Palace," he said, "which are below the water line."

"They ought to have been written up," commented Mamie, with prompt vigour. "They could never do such a thing in the States, could they?"

"They were written up," said the poet, with amusement. "That is how I knew."

"Oh! you!" cried Mamie, her twinkling eyes showing that she saw the joke. "You mean they were written down in history. But that's no good. No one reads history but kids at school—'nd—'nd wise guys that you can't get to vote. If

you want the police to get a move on, you've got to write it up in the papers."

"We'll have to see about that," replied the poet; but Mamie saw that he was still joking her, so she flushed a little and fell into a stubborn silence. Mrs. Peterson wondered if they were lost, and if the gondolier had understood what hotel they wanted, or if he was taking them to another, and said that the water looked to her just like the water in a ditch; but Mamie accepted none of these conversational offers.

That afternoon, they came out together on the Piazza of St. Mark and looked about them. Mamie at once said that the church was "dumpy," having the soaring height of Milan Cathedral in her mind.

"That is a Byzantine effect?" explained the poet.

"What is a Byzantine effect?" enquired Mamie at once. She was always an unabashed seeker after information.

"Why," said the poet, "that basilica is—round domes and—little pinnacles, and rich decoration—"

"You like it?" persisted Mamie.

"Very much," said the poet, emphatically.

"Well, to me," said Mamie, "it looks like a lot of little cakes that had settled and 'gone heavy'."

Nor was she any better pleased with the mosaics in the vaulting of the entrance hall, and finally she said, hardly knowing whether she was making a joke or not:

"I believe that I could make just as good mosaics as Moses himself."

The bad repair of the paving, both in the church and out of it called forth her keenest ridicule.

Mrs. Peterson thought that, perhaps, the church was sinking down into the water in places.

"What did they build it here for then?" demanded Mamie. "Isn't there any dry land around here?"



Then the poet decided to take them in hand. He said:

"Do you know—you are seeing things in the wrong way all the time. People do not come to Venice because it is a model, up-to-date American city; for it is nothing of the kind. They come here just because it is something quite different. It is a city of the middle ages, built out on these islands for middle age reasons. Those mosaics are eight hundred years old. This church is nearly a thousand years old." And much more to the same effect.

Then they went to the Doges' Palace, and Mamie determined to keep her opinions to herself. So for a time the poet was enjoying himself hugely, pointing out to two silent and apparently admiring ladies the marvellous bronze cistern tops in the court, the great staircases, the vast council rooms, the old masters, the "mouth of the lion," the chambers of the Terrible Ten and the Terrible Three, and the dank dungeons beneath the lapping waters of the canal.

"Do you know what I think?" said Mamie at last.

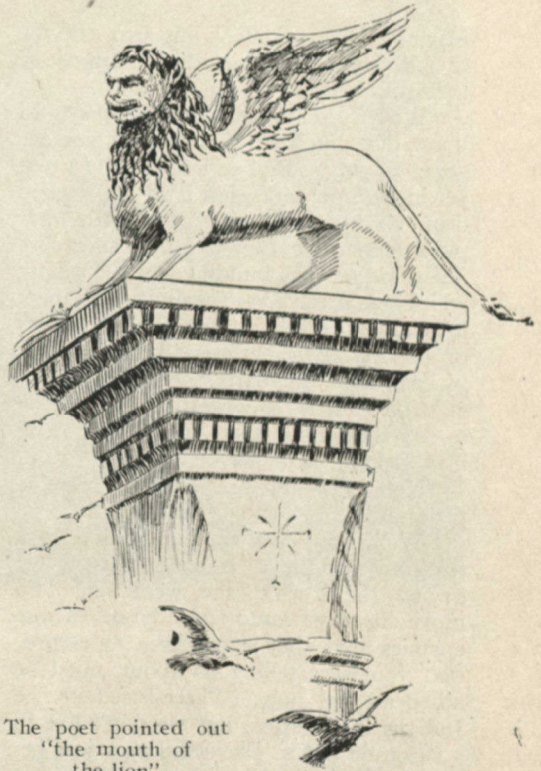
The poet smiled a question.

"Well, I think that they did an awful lot of painting of people that nobody ever heard of."

"The painters must have heard of them," suggested Mrs. Peterson in a mollifying tone.

"Sure!" said Mamie; "or made them up. But I guess they heard of them all right. They'd want to send the bill to them. It must have cost them a lot of money to get their pictures painted like this. But it really seems to me that most of these people couldn't have cut much ice, or I would have heard of them myself. They've a lot here about battles, and yet not a scene with Napoleon or General Grant or Julius Cæsar in it. You know, it may be all very well, but this whole palace looks to me like an advertisement dodge got up by local people to puff their own citizens—a sort of jubilee number of the town paper, done in stone and paint."

But the poet had gone, and they did not see him again until dinner that night.



The poet pointed out  
"the mouth of  
the lion"

There was much about Venice, as the days went on, that fascinated Mamie. She liked sitting at Florians of an afternoon, drinking chocolate and listening to the band. The Lido made her a little lonesome, for the almost waveless Adriatic was so like Lake Erie. The glass works tempted her, but she did not think much of the Venetian lace—it was too coarse.

But the churches and the paintings, and even the "alleged palaces" on the Grand Canal did not move her much. Having learned that the Bridge of Sighs had never been crossed by sighing prisoners, she looked upon its continued presence as a sort of brazen swindle upon American tourists, who were chiefly taken in by it. Still going anywhere in a gondola was a dreamy pleasure, and the shops in the arcades of the Procuratie were always a delight.

Finally the morning came when she and Mrs. Peterson must leave, the latter for Florence and Mamie for her office at

Milan. The poet took his first trip by the detested steamer to the station to see them off.

"Well," said Mamie to the poet, "I know that you like this town, for you are going to stay. But, to me, it's the worst yet in Europe; and that is saying a good deal. They do things just a little steeper here than they do anywhere else. They began by building in a swamp, which was pretty near the limit; and then, instead of getting around with launches or canoes, or something like that, they picked upon one-oared boats, as heavy as barges and as slow as time. And even to-day they think it's a disgrace to travel in a steamboat."

"Not they—always," said the poet, a little sadly.

"Well, they keep up the gondola idea for strangers then," said Mamie. "If I owned the town," she went on, "I'd move it over onto dry land. Those enemies that they came here to escape, that you were telling us about, must be all dead by now. There used to be Indians in America, but we don't live in a stockade out in Cleveland now just because people had to once. We've sat up and begun to take notice since then, and so should these Venetians. It would

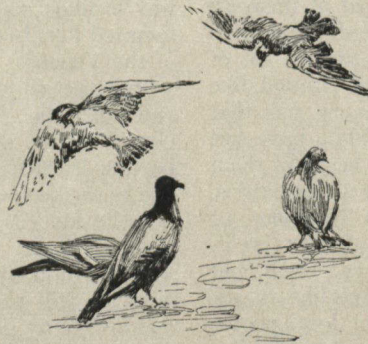
be perfectly safe for them to go ashore now."

"And become a city of trolley lines and departmental stores," observed the poet.

"Sure thing!" replied Mamie. "Think of living in a city without a street car! And, for that matter, almost without a street! A flooded city, with nothing but sidewalks left! Can't go driving! Can't take a car! Can't go walking and find your way back again! Can't find your way there, if you're going anywhere! A perfect obstacle race to go around the corner. First you'll have to climb an overhead bridge; and then, in a minute, you'll have to swim a canal or come back to the main alley-way and start again."

"But," she went on presently, the poet not having spoken, "they've done one thing well. They've advertised their canal boat Eden to beat the band. I have been hearing of nothing but Venice ever since I came over to Europe. It's Venice—Venice—Venice! You simply must see Venice! They had you"—turning to the poet—"all posted on this gondola fake before you got here. Their advance agents must be corkers, whoever they are."

"Their names were Byron and Ruskin," said the poet, looking off at the passing row of Gothic Palaces.





PART OF KING EDWARD'S COLLECTION. THE HELMET IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MANTELPIECE WAS BOUGHT FOR £8,000

## King Edward's Expensive Hobby

By MORTIMER VERNON

*His Majesty revives the old office of "King's Armourer," vacant since the days of Charles II*



NOT only his own loyal subjects, but all clear-thinking men of every nation, appreciate and respect King Edward VII for his manifold points of contact with life. If without irreverence one may say so, King Edward is the Admirable Crichton of monarchs, and this glimpse of him pursuing a hobby will be intensely interesting.

The King's Armourer is one of the most important and ancient of offices in the Royal Household, but until King Edward VII appointed Mr. Guy Laking, the son of Sir Francis Laking, His Majesty's physician, to the post shortly after his accession to the throne, it had not been filled since the time of Charles II. Mr. Laking is the greatest living authority on

ancient armour, and he was the only person who could effectively execute the many very responsible duties which the King's Armourer of the present day has to perform.

The first duty Mr. Laking had to carry out was to arrange and put in order the priceless collection of armour at Windsor Castle. In this work Mr. Laking received much valuable assistance from King Edward, who is himself an expert authority on ancient armour. For example, on one occasion Mr. Laking was putting together a very valuable suit of armour made for Prince Henry of Wales in the seventeenth century, which had been found in an old lumber room at Windsor Castle. The pieces of this suit were taken into the armoury room at Windsor,

where the King came to inspect them. Now it was of the greatest importance that each piece should be identified as being the original piece of the suit. "I congratulated myself," said Mr. Laking, "that I would be able to detect at a glance whether we had got hold of the right pieces or not. They appeared to me to be correct in every detail, and I was just about to say so to the King, when His Majesty quietly observed that the shoulder plate of the suit could not have belonged to the original suit of armour, as it was obviously of later date than the 17th century, and this proved to be the case. The shoulder plate we had found really belonged to another suit of a much later date, and was just a quarter of an inch wider than the shoulder plates made in the 17th century. This little incident serves to show what a keen eye for detail King Edward has in such matters. As a matter of fact, the original shoulder of the suit in question was never found, and

King Edward would not have it, therefore, put in the long corridor at Windsor, which is reserved entirely for complete suits of armour."

It took the King's Armourer twelve months to arrange all the armour at Windsor, but he had of course to attend to many other matters in connection with his office during that period. The King is being constantly asked to buy pieces of old armour. These are mostly represented as being "old English armour," but are by no means what they are represented to be. Mr. Laking faces the work of deciding whether such pieces should be purchased for the Royal Armoury. In any case, the King never buys any armour except pieces which at some time or other did actually occupy a place in the Crown collections, but which, through various circumstances, got into other hands. There are altogether about three hundred pieces of old armour in the world which the King would purchase if he got an



THE KING'S ARMOURER ARRANGING A GROUP FOR THE WALLS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE



A CORNER IN THE ROOMS OF THE KING'S ARMOURER AT ST. JAMES' PALACE

opportunity to do so, but Mr. Laking estimates that at the outside not more than fifty of these pieces will ever come into the market, as the rest are in national museums in different parts of Europe, and will in all probability never stir from where they are.

A couple of years ago Mr. Laking read in a Russian paper that a Polish gentleman had purchased an old English helmet of the time of the Wars of the Roses, at a sale in Moscow, for £50 and that a dealer had promptly offered the purchaser £500 for it, which, however, was refused. Mr. Laking at once had an audience with the King and started off for Moscow that very night.

At Moscow he learned the address of the Polish gentleman who had purchased the helmet and to him the King's Armourer went and asked to be allowed to see it. Mr. Laking saw at once that the helmet was a genuine article and immensely valuable, for there are only three of these

helmets in the world. His Majesty was determined to have at least one of them, and told his armourer to pay £10,000 for it rather than let it go. The Polish gentleman knew the helmet to be a valuable one, and after several days' bargaining, ran his price up to £6,000, and it now stands in the Armourer's room at St. James' Palace.

The amount of faked armour which is being constantly offered to His Majesty is enormous, and until Mr. Laking's appointment as Armourer, a good many of these fakes were purchased. These had to be taken out of the Crown collections when they were being recently arranged.

When a piece of armour is offered to the King the would-be seller sends first of all a photograph of the piece to the King's Armourer who shows it to the King. If the piece appears to be genuine and His Majesty approves of it, Mr. Laking makes an appointment to inspect

it. These offers come from all parts of the world, and if the offer comes from outside England the owner of the armour must send the piece to St. James' Palace, or pay Mr. Laking's expenses if he wishes the Armourer to come to him.

Since King Edward ascended the throne his Armourer has received offers of one thousand and eighty pieces of armour, and has purchased three, one being a Tilting Breast-plate belonging to a suit in Windsor Castle which the Armourer secured for £8,000. This particular piece was in the possession of a Parisian collector who brought it with him to England and showed it himself to King Edward, who at once recognised the importance of securing it for the Windsor Armoury. The dealer asked £10,000 for it, but Mr. Laking managed to buy it after a great deal of bargaining for £2,000 less.

A German lady came recently to Mr. Laking with a sabre of the sixteenth century, which she declared was originally in the Windsor Armoury, which she wished to sell to the King. The price she asked was moderate, and the sabre appeared to be quite genuine. Mr. Laking made a thorough and lengthy examination of the weapon and finally decided to advise His Majesty to buy it. Then it suddenly occurred to the Armourer that the sabre was rather light in weight, and subsequently he ascertained that it was several ounces lighter than any genuine sabre of the sixteenth century and must therefore be a fake. The lady had arranged to call at the Armourer's office a few days later, but she never appeared. She wrote, instead, a letter to the King confessing that the weapon was a fake.

There are several ancient privileges attached to the post of Armourer, which,

however, the present holder of the office does not claim. One of those enables him to dine at the King's table at least once a week; another enables him to demand a golden goblet from His Majesty once a year. Mr. Laking, it need scarcely be remarked, does not claim either of these ancient privileges. On state occasions, however, he wears the gorgeous uniform of his office, which is no doubt far more ornamental than comfortable.

In addition to the offers of armour which King Edward so frequently receives from would-be sellers, His Majesty is constantly receiving presents of armour from foreign monarchs. Many Indian princes, for example, have often sent immensely valuable suits of armour and weapons to King Edward, and these the Armourer has to arrange and to ascertain in what part of the Royal palaces they can be disposed of to the greatest advantage. Whenever a present of armour arrives for the King, Mr. Laking inspects it and makes a rough pencil drawing of the manner in which he proposes to arrange the pieces. This picture is then submitted to the King for approval. Sometimes His Majesty suggests alterations in the picture, and in any case always holds a short consultation with the Armourer before finally deciding on the manner in which the armour is to be placed. In the Armourer's office there is a complete record of every piece of armour in the Royal Palace, and a picture of every group of the different pieces of armour. All this work was carried out by special desire of the King, before whose accession the great Crown collections of armour were hidden treasures lost to sight in old lumber rooms in the different royal palaces.





HEAD OF TASMAN GLACIER, NEW ZEALAND

## The Britain of the South

By T. E. TAYLOR

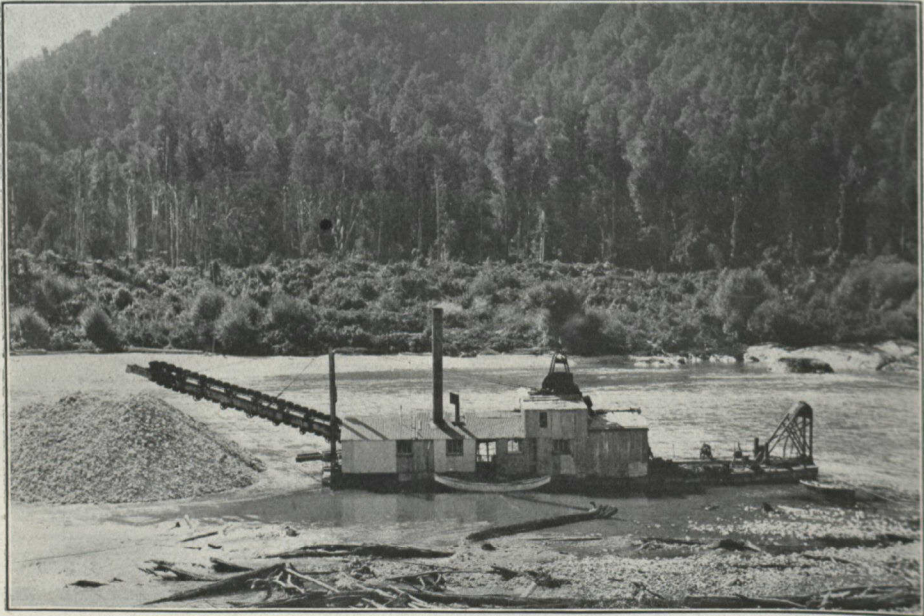
*Mr. Taylor was for six years in the New Zealand Parliament, and therefore is well able to discuss conditions in that country*

**T**HE memory of one of the most fearless of navigators is indelibly associated with the Colony of New Zealand. It is doubtful whether Captain Abel Jansen Tasman, who discovered these "Fortunate Isles" in December, 1642, landed on any portion of them, but he christened them in honour of his own country, and the name of the Colony New Zealand (although no Dutchman has ever won distinction in this Colony since Europeans settled here), will for ever remain a monument of the skill and daring of one of Holland's greatest seamen. European settlement dates back about seventy years, but it was only in 1840 that Great Britain formally annexed the islands. The

area of New Zealand is 104,000 square miles. Compared with the 3,000,000 square miles comprising the Commonwealth of Australia, this area seems insignificant, but a comparison of New Zealand's fertility and natural beauties with those of her massive neighbour is at all points to her advantage. There are numbers of folk even in England who believe in a vague way that New Zealand and Australia are one and the same country. Even though the Tasman Sea with its 1,300 miles of stormy waters did not separate us from Australia, the climate and physical features of New Zealand are essentially different from those of the Commonwealth States. Whilst much Australian scenery is admittedly beautiful, the Commonwealth becomes almost com-

monplace when contrasted with the startling beauties of the Britain of the South. Natural beauty has been lavished upon us. Nearly all our 4,330 miles of coast-line is rugged and rockbound, whilst hundreds of miles display mountain ranges whose forest-clad slopes are pierced by summits crowned with eternal snow. Stretching from 33° to 53° south latitude, New Zealand has a marvellous variety of climates. In Auckland, the most northerly province, sub-tropical fruits and flowers flourish, whilst in Otago and

lands may be judged by the fact that our wheat crop averages thirty-five bushels, and oats forty bushels to the acre, while our exports of frozen meat, which reached £3,250,000 in value last year, always command by their quality the highest price upon the London market. In butter and cheese, of which we sent £1,500,000 worth to England last year, we challenge the quality of even the Dominion of Canada. Although our population is not yet 900,000, we produced marketable goods last year valued at £30,000,000 and



A TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND GOLD DREDGE. THE ORE IS TAKEN FROM GRAVEL BEDS IN THE RIVER

Southland, at the other extremity of the Colony, the good old winter games of Great Britain are indulged in and occasional spells of frost and snowfalls remind us that we are within a week's sail of the Antarctic Continent. There is no point in these sea-girt islands more than one hundred miles from the sea coast. Of the sixty-seven millions of acres within our boundaries, about fifty-five millions are suitable for pasture and agricultural purposes, and some thirty-six million acres are at present utilised by these interests. The fertility of our agricultural

exported to foreign markets over one-half of that value. Our combined imports and exports equal £29,000,000. It is a fact worthy of note and a defect calling for a remedy that our imports from Canada are less than £50,000 of the £13,000,000 from all countries.

Our people are all British born with the exception of about 11,615, of whom 4,000 are Germans, 3,500 from Denmark and Sweden, 1,600 are Americans and 3,000 Chinese. With the exception of the last named, nearly all the foreign-born folk have been naturalised. We claim, with



some degree of pride, that we are more British than any portion of the Empire outside the Motherland, that

"Precious stone set in the silver sea."

Our religious sympathies may be gauged by the fact that the Church of England claims 41 per cent. of our total population; Presbyterian, 23 per cent.; Methodists, 11 per cent.; and Roman Catholics, 14.23 per cent. Our educational institutions are well abreast of modern methods and ideals.

The first organised settlement of the Canterbury province was controlled by a number of influential and educated Englishmen, and the immigrants they induced to come here were to reproduce upon New Zealand soil the Church of England with its system of Government. All settlement and all the institutions which they hoped to create were to be in harmony with the English ideals, which regarded the squire and the parson as the poles of any perfect or desirable civilisation. The pilgrim fathers of this province arrived in 1851, and although the exclusive ideals which inspired them have failed of realisation, as they were bound to do, the high character and unusual ability of these nation builders of 1851 have left an indelible impression upon all our principal institutions. Many of the early settlers were educationists, and a few of the pioneers in the Canterbury province are entitled to credit for the establishment of our national system of free, secular and compulsory education. Any boy or girl of proved capacity can go free of cost from the primary school to the university. Apart from the national schools there are only a few Roman Catholic day schools. The latter receive no State aid, but are subject to be inspected by the State inspectors with regard to the standard results.

The southern portion of the South Island was settled by Scotch people, and to

this day Scotch are heavily in the majority in Otago and Southland. With the exception of the Canterbury and Otago provinces, the Colony was originally settled by a mixed population from Great Britain. Our isolation has protected us from any inrush of undesirables. European exiles form not even a fraction of our population. The pauper fleeing from foreign persecution could not reach our shores. One consequence of this isolation has been that our population has increased but slowly. A chief advantage we have derived has been our freedom from the educational, social, religious and political problems inevitably associated with a mingling of races. Perhaps the future may cause us to regret that we have not had to develop under more cosmopolitan conditions. If the British race is capable of reaching its highest possible development under the stimulus of an equable climate, political and religious freedom, and an abundant food supply, then New Zealand should



WAIROA GEYSER AT PLAY—AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND



A MAORI CHIEF

become a leader amongst the oversea dominions of the British Empire.

Politically, ideal conditions obtain here. We have adult franchises. Every man

and woman of twenty-one years of age is enrolled upon the parliamentary rolls by the State and at the public cost. Our municipal franchise is scarcely less generous. The women were admitted to vote in 1894, and each succeeding parliamentary election has witnessed them using their political powers more keenly.

Woman's entrance into politics was preceded by many doleful predictions as to the calamities which would follow the experiment. Family discord would reign supreme; women would be unsexed; divorce would multiply, and the seven plagues of Egypt would fade into insignificance when contrasted with the evils which were certain to follow the reform. After twelve years' operation, all the predictions remain unfulfilled. The polling booths have been purified by the presence of women voters. The home life of the voters is as serene as it was before the fran-

chise to women was granted. Divorce has not increased. Not only have not the evil forebodings been realised in actual experience, but the moral tone of Parlia-



MAORI POI DANCE. SPECIMENS OF MAORI CARVINGS IN THE BACKGROUND

ment has been perceptibly raised. Social legislation relating to the preservation of infant life, to the protection of women and children, legislation giving the people power to absolutely prohibit the liquor traffic, amendments to factory laws and other humane enactments have received closer attention from Parliament. Contrary to all expectations, the women's vote has been aggressively radical in its tendencies. It has maintained a Liberal Government in power for sixteen years, and the once formidable Opposition of eighty members has dwindled to about a dozen dismal prophets of evil.

The configuration of the country deprives us of any navigable rivers with the exception of the Wairoa and the Waikato in the extreme northern portion of the North Island, but as compensation we have many rivers of considerable volume which have a fall of twenty-five feet to the mile, and which are designed by nature to become the sources of enormous wealth in electric energy. Our rainfall is assured by our forests and mountains. Drought is unknown here. New Zealand is the Switzerland of the South Pacific. So varied is her mountain scenery, that Mount Egmont, rising from the level plain and reaching 9,000 feet above sea level, vies in its perfect symmetry with the Fujishama, Japan's famous peak. Mount Cook towers in rugged beauty 13,000 feet above sea level and crowns a range of glacier-strewn and eternally snow-clad peaks, extending in an unbroken line for 450 miles from Nelson to the Bluff. Switzerland can boast of more peaks, but she has none which exceed Mount Cook in rugged grandeur, whilst the glaciers which gather around its base are more extensive than any in Switzerland. World famous as the Norwegian fjords are, the series of sounds or fjords upon the extreme southwestern coast-line of the South Island are unparalleled in their sombre majesty. Milford Sound is perhaps the most notable, but numerous fjords of rare beauty extend over more than a hundred miles of coast. Inland from the fjords are Lakes Te Anau, Wakatipu-Manapouri and Wanaka—all glacier fed, all extremely beautiful. Set in a circle of hill-land, forest clad from the

water's edge to the snow-line, they reflect in their almost fathomless depths, forest and snow-capped peaks so faithfully as to produce weird feelings in the spectator. Passing from the lavish beauties of mountains, lakes, fjords and forest, we have at Rotorua thermal wonders so varied as to fear no comparison with those of Yellowstone Park. If one's mood wearies of such fare, then our mountain streams, rivers and lakes teem with fish, nearly all of which have been acclimatised. Salmon trout from Britain under the magic influences of their new homes attain, as compared with an average weight in Great Britain of three to five pounds, the enormous weight of twenty-five and sometimes twenty-six pounds. American brook trout, rainbow trout, perch and other fish abound, and after many years of expensive experiment the true salmon has been successfully introduced. In many parts of the Colony, notably in Otago and Auckland provinces, stag-hunting may be had to greater perfection than in any other part of the world. If the stag is not royal enough to satisfy the sporting instinct, then the wild boar may be hustled on many a mountain side, and no monarch of mediæval times ever pursued nobler game. With all these possessions and potentialities, is it any wonder that the 900,000 people who inhabit New Zealand are jealous of their birthright? No Chinaman may enter the country without paying one hundred pounds as a poll tax. Although the number is decreasing, a demand is growing for legislation which will bar them entering any business ordinarily carried on by Europeans, and which will induce them to return to the land of lanterns. No one who cannot speak English and comply with certain educational tests is permitted to land in the Colony. No known consumptive can enter. These restrictions upon immigration are vigorously applied, and a policy of exclusion of aliens is endorsed by all classes.

Whilst few public men have called themselves "socialists," the legislation of the last fifteen years has been strongly socialistic, and our legislative tendencies are increasingly socialistic. Not only has the State established well-equipped ma-

ternity homes, but it trains nurses skilled in midwifery, who are available at reasonable fees to go to sparsely settled districts. The cradle is the keen concern of the State, and all colonists of sixty-five years of age who have been in the Colony twenty years, and whose total annual income does not exceed sixty pounds, receive an old-age pension, the maximum pension being ten shillings a week.

Peace in the industrial world is assured, and all disputes *must* be referred to an Arbitration Court, consisting of a Supreme Court Judge and two representatives selected by employer and employee respectively.

Nearly all our public works, such as the construction of roads, bridges and railways, are carried out by labour directly employed by the Government. The men work on the co-operative plan. This system has been in vogue for thirteen years, and although the rate of construction is certainly slower and the cost almost certainly higher than under the contract system, there is little desire to revert to the latter. There are 2,400 miles of railways in the Colony, all of which is owned and operated by the State for the common good. The telephone, telegraph and postal system are also exclusively owned and operated by the State. The State carries on in the public interest and in competition with private enterprise, fire, life and accident insurance. It mines coal, and, besides supplying the requirements of the State railways, has State coal depots in all the chief centres. Its Public Trustee administers thousands of deceased persons' estates, and in many other directions all the people's interests are elevated above what has hitherto been regarded as the right of individuals.

Our land is not more than sufficient in area to supply the demands of our own people. We cannot induce people to throw in their lot with us by offering them free land. We have not got it, and the general temper of the Colony is against encouraging a large increase in population by immigration. Further, the value of land here is high, and a man requires considerable capital if he is to go upon the land with prospects of success. There are still forest lands in the possession of

the Crown which may be purchased or leased cheaply, but the conditions of settlement require men and women of exceptional vigour and persistency to succeed. In the settled portions of the Colony, land is dear and values are determined by the values on the London market of our wool, meat, butter, cheese and grain. In spite of these advantages, we have quite enough hapless, unfortunate and vicious people to form diminutive social problems.

The aboriginal population of New Zealand is worthy of special reference. To-day there are 43,000 Maoris, inclusive of men, women and children. Although some recent census returns appeared to prove that their number was slightly increasing, it is almost certain the supposed increase was due to a more carefully taken census. When they pass, one of the most remarkable native races ever discovered will have closed its career. When the Maori arrived in these islands, no one knows. Tradition gives a probable date, stretching back some three centuries. How they came here is an easy matter to solve. It is clear they came over sea from the South Sea Islands, perhaps from Samoa or Hawaii. They excel in seamanship, and as makers and users of canoes, they are exceedingly proficient. When they came and whence will always afford food for controversy, but opinions as to their character do not vary. The equable climate and abundant food supplies of which they became possessed on reaching these shores, must have exerted tremendous influences upon them. They are to-day one of the most stalwart races extant. They are in times of peace or war, humane, generous and foolishly courageous. The occasions upon which Europeans and Maoris have made war upon each other have established the Maoris in the esteem of their foes as a chivalrous people. Their love of fighting is only exceeded by their sense of fair play. Upon occasions when European troops who were besieging Maori strongholds ran out of ammunition and ceased firing, the Maoris have sent out a messenger under a flag of truce to ascertain why firing was suspended. Upon learning the reason, it is recorded that they offered to share

their ammunition so that the fight could be continued. Upon one memorable occasion, the officer commanding the attacking force sent an offer to the Maori chief in a beleaguered Pah, or stockaded native village, which was well nigh starved out by the siege, to permit the women and children to remove to a position of safety. The offer was declined, the women and children declaring that they preferred to fight with their men folk. Then a more generous settlement was offered if the Maoris would surrender, but the reply came from the indomitable chief, as he shouted it defiantly to the peace messenger, "We will fight for ever."

Many shipwrecks upon the rocky coasts of New Zealand have afforded the Maoris opportunity for exhibiting brilliant heroism. They are expert swimmers and they have rescued scores of seamen from death. On one famous occasion a young Maori chieftainess made sixteen journeys from shore to a wreck, each time rescuing a seaman. By this means the whole crew of the barque were saved. This signal feat aroused keen enthusiasm, and the Maori "Grace Darling" was the modest recipient of a very handsome public presentation. It will be easily understood how the possession of such qualities have permitted the mingling of the races so far as friendship is concerned. There is practically no intermingling by marriage, and the half-caste population is very small, but the utmost good feeling exists between the races here. No suspicion of colour line exists. There is no position in the public service to which a Maori may not aspire, and numbers of them have passed through our colleges with distinction. The Maori probably reaches a higher level of mental capacity than any other native race living to-day. Despite all these facts, it is certain that a few de-

grades will see the Maori extinct. No architectural or scientific monuments will remain to perpetuate their memory, but the European population of this land will always be able to derive enjoyment from the knowledge that the law of justice governed the relations of the races, and in the mythology and traditions of the Maori race we shall always find the pleasures which attach to melody and lofty imagination.

British parliamentary institutions are not the only motherland predilection we have developed. Our sports are those of Great Britain and they flourish amazingly. Cricket, football, horse-racing, bowling, hockey, tennis, golf and rowing are vigorously indulged in by all classes. Although we have less than a million people, 300,000 are town dwellers. The configuration of the country has prevented a capital city from coming into existence. We have four chief cities—Auckland at the extreme northern end of the North Island and Wellington at the south, have populations of 67,000 and 55,000 respectively. In the South Island, Christchurch and Dunedin are the chief cities, with populations of 60,000 and 53,000 respectively. This geographical factor renders the crowded city life of older countries impossible for us. All our cities have modern services—electric tramways, and light, public libraries, museums and art galleries. Our municipal and State politics are free from the taint of graft. As the people succeed in freeing themselves of the prejudices for forms, ceremonies and institutions which they or their parents knew in England, the democracy of New Zealand will become ideal so far as public institutions go; and few, if any, of the oversea possessions of the British Empire should contain a more prosperous, contented or happy people.



# Worry—the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

*Giving the philosophy of holidaying and hobby-hunting—worry  
and its relation to insanity*

## III.—WORRY AND HEALTH OF MIND



IN studying the influence of worry upon the infectious diseases and upon the process of infection itself, we are concerned, after all, with that kind of disease which is becoming less and less important; whilst there remains another kind of disease, the importance of which is daily increasing. In the present chapter I wish to consider worry in its relation to the mind diseased, and we shall use this phrase to cover the whole realm of mental disorder, ranging from even the mere inability to work as hard as usual to insanity itself.

But first I purpose to throw in the very forefront of this article the question of what may be called the hygiene of the mind in so far as worry bears upon it. It would be useless merely to say that the mind must be protected from the influences of worry by a careful adherence to the injunction not to worry. This would be of no more practical value than would a mere unsupplemented demonstration of the potency of worry in this respect. But fortunately there is an extremely familiar practical question which recurs in regular fashion in the experience of each of us, and which has an immediate bearing on this question. Let us here inquire, without further delay, into the philosophy of holidaying. Let us ask what a holiday really is worth, and what are the conditions in which its worth may be most fully realised. This is a subject true notions of which must necessarily be of value to everyone who possesses them.

The first question to answer is as to what constitutes the *essential* of a holiday? What is a holiday? We must

reject any definition which does not cover all the cases, and, if possible, must find one which gets to the heart of the matter. If we *do* get there we shall find, I wager, that our whole conception of all *real* and *necessary* holidaying must be framed in terms of worry.

For some men a holiday may consist in rest from any kind of set occupation. Their holidays are constituted by lying in a hammock with a handkerchief over the head, an unread book slipping from the fingers, and the senses occupied by nothing more than the sleepy hum of summer flies. If, in the course of such a holiday, one sleeps very nearly the round of the clock, it is none the worse for that. This may not constitute the reader's notion of a holiday; and it is very far from constituting mine; but for those whom it happens to suit, the *dolce far niente* is a holiday of the best.

On the other hand, another man's holiday—by which he may profit no less than his lazy neighbour by his—may consist in a cricket tour, including an enormous amount of physical work. Yet another will travel, covering almost impossible distances and seeing an incredible number of things. Judged in physical terms, such holidays as these are the very antithesis of the first kind of holiday I have described. In the one case there is the minimum expenditure of physical energy; in the other cases, there is the expenditure of perhaps a dozen times the customary amount. Yet, as everyone knows, these varying procedures all constitute true holidays for those whom they respectively suit. Plainly, then, any physical or merely *muscular* criterion of a holiday is a matter of accident and not of essence. In answering the question, What is a holiday?

we must turn from the physical to the psychical—from matter to mind.

Is a holiday, then, constituted by freedom from mental work? Directly we think of it, we see that we have not yet reached an essential definition. One man's idea of a holiday is freedom for mathematical research; another longs for his holiday because he is to have the pleasure of writing a book therein; yet another will swear to read no printed word that he can avoid for six weeks, nor ever to take pen in hand, and he also may obtain a genuine and effective holiday. Plainly, then, as the physical method of estimating a holiday failed us, so also does the method by estimation of mental work done or not done.

Yet certainly it is in the realm of mind that we must remain if we are to discover the one fact which is common to, and which is the only essential of, all forms of holiday. It is some state of mind or other that really constitutes a holiday—and what is that? Well, it is certain that one may lock oneself up in one's room and have a superb holiday; one may go to bed with some not too unreasonable illness, such as a simple fracture, and may have a holiday of the best; or, on the other hand, one may travel abroad, meeting one's business letters at each Poste Restante, covering many miles, seeing many new things, and yet not holidaying at all. As I have repeatedly stated elsewhere, the business man on a holiday, if he is wise, will not let anyone know where he is. He is to be pursued neither by post, nor telegraph, nor telephone. "If his business worries are to follow him, he will do much better to stay at home and tackle them with the conveniences which that implies. The deadly thing in modern life is worry, and worry is more deadly on holiday than anywhere else, besides making the name a farce. Worry and responsibility are very nearly one; and thus the wise doctor on holiday will not be caught revealing his profession."

We have discovered, then, what really constitutes a holiday, and the discovery is a capital one, leading to many interesting conclusions. *To holiday is to be free from worry.* Every kind of holiday,

wherever and however spent, possesses this character, and no proceedings which do not possess it can constitute a holiday. It follows that the unemployed rich, for instance, or such of them as are free from any kind of responsibility or cause of worry, cannot holiday; it is not merely that they cannot enjoy a holiday, but that they cannot holiday at all. No matter what devices they employ or expenditure they undertake, they cannot obtain that sense of freedom from normal worry which is the essence of a holiday, and which is reserved for those who have work, and duties, and cares.

Again, it follows from our discovery that, even in the case of those who do a large amount of mental work, a holiday, as the term is commonly understood, may be totally unnecessary. Many men who lead the intellectual life work their brains as hard as ever during their holidays. There are countless instances on record of such men who never wanted or took what is commonly understood by a holiday, and who lived to an old age, physically and intellectually green. The happy few whose work so-called involves no worry, no fear, no apprehension, make holiday every day, or are beyond the need of holidays—which you please.

For convenience we may express our conclusions in a very terse form, if we use the word work in its most common sense. *Work* is best defined as anything that one *has to do*; everything else, however much intellectual or physical activity it may entail, is occupation, employment, *divertissement*, or anything else you care to call it, but not work. The essence of a holiday, then, is the complete suppression of the normal struggle-for-existence aspect of the mind's work. This once granted, it matters not at all how strenuously you employ yourself at anything whatever that you do for the love of it.

I fancy that some readers will expect me, in discussing worry, to insist that the modern civilised man is apt to overstrain his mind, never giving it a real rest. I may have been expected to declare that strenuous folk must learn how to do nothing, how to take a "real holiday." But I do not believe for a moment that

the reality of a holiday depends upon mental rest. I believe that a man with a competent and active mind is in no more need of resting that mind than a batsman who has already made ninety-nine runs, and finds himself master of the bowling, is in need of resting his muscles. On the contrary, I incline to the view that it is good for the body and for the mind alike to exercise those functions of which they are capable. The batsman about to make his century will be in nowise benefited by being deprived of his opportunity to complete his tale of runs. The student who has written all but the crowning chapter of a book will be in nowise benefited by being deprived of his opportunity. The man with good muscles, the man with a good mind, the man with a good voice—in short, the man who is capable of exercising without strain any function whatever, does well in general to do so. In contravention of the common views on the subject may be noticed the very common cases of men, active, vigorous, and eager in mind, who have done abundance of hard work for years and thrived on it, and who then, retiring from business, become a nuisance to themselves and their families, begin to overeat themselves, fret, fuss, and worry about trifles, and deteriorate in body and in mind—all in consequence of a holiday which was *premature*, and was therefore not wanted.

More persistently than ever, civilisation is tending to produce the type of man whose mind will not be content with doing nothing. My point is that there is no need for him to do nothing. If, like the vast majority of us, he has work to do—work in the sense of whatever has to be done willy-nilly—he must certainly have his annual holiday, his annual period of discharge from such worry as is normal and incidental to his work. But if this be granted it does not matter how hard he employs his brain *for fun*. He may play as much chess as he pleases, or may toy with algebraic formulæ, may write the most un-Miltonic of blank verse, or compose the most stale and effete and laboured of music; he may drive his brain as

hard as he pleases in any direction whatever, provided that there be no *must* driving him, no worry, no fear of consequences, should his task not be done or not be done well. On the other hand, he may be one of those unfortunate people who will worry about their play, who thus transform into work, as we have defined work, everything that they do. Such a man on holiday joins in a local cricket match; he is in a state of nervous perspiration before he goes in to bat, and he mopes all the afternoon because his partner ran him out. Precious little good the cricket has done *him!* I know a man, very dear to me, who rather fancies his batting, and who sometimes finds it difficult to get to sleep at night because he happened to come down a fraction of a second too late upon a fast yorker a few hours before. The more fool he! Plainly he is on the way to taking his cricket too seriously, converting it into work and a source of worry. Most people will rightly say that cricket is an ideal recreation for the brain-worker; but in the case I have instanced the brain-worker would be much better to work his brains harder than ever, as at chess, rather than worry when he fails to get runs. Furthermore, I believe that there is no evidence to support the doctrine which assures us that men kill themselves by overwork. Men kill themselves by worry every day, but not by overwork as such. For most brain-workers there is no better holiday than a novel intellectual occupation, provided that it be absolutely *careless*. I incline to believe that intellectual labour without worry never injured anyone yet, and never will. I also believe that, just as the successful business man, when he retires, is apt to become a poor, querulous creature, worrying about the most ridiculous domestic trifles, so also the ordinary brain-worker who accepts the common doctrine that in order to holiday it is necessary to give the brain rest, may do himself far more harm than good. If Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, he certainly finds some worry still for the idle mind to endure; unless, of course, it be the mind of an idler, with which I have no interest or



concern here. The true holiday of the brain-worker must not consist of replacing something by nothing, for Nature abhors a vacuum, and will fill it with worry. It must include the provision of a novel mental occupation in sufficient quantity, the essential character of that occupation being not its novelty, but the fact that there is no worry associated with it—it is done *for fun*.

This is not merely a question of the difference between working for money and not working for money. A man of an egotistic type, such as my friend, may do the greater part of his ordinary work for glory, and may play cricket with the same motive. When his cricket is not successful he worries just as he would worry if his work were not successful. There is all the difference in the world between this state of mind and that of the cricketer who plays the game for love of it alone, and who, if he fails to score, is merely disappointed. He will sleep none the worse for that.

Having defined the process of holiday-making, not in terms of matter and motion, as is commonly done, but in terms of mind, we shall find, I think, that the truer definition is not merely true but useful. It will enable us to include under our idea of holiday-making certain occupations which would never be associated with holidaying in the opinion of those who think that the essential of a holiday is the motion of a certain amount of matter—one's body—through a not too small amount of space. I wish the reader to include, as part of the hygienic or health-preserving process which we now understand holidaying to be, the habit of hobby-hunting. The importance of this habit daily increases, just as the importance of our whole subject daily increases. Natural selection acts nowadays not so much upon the plane of muscle as upon that of mind; not upon brawn, but upon brain. More and more, therefore, the normal or average mental type departs from what we may call the bucolic or rustic standard and approximates to the civic standard. The man who is happy doing nothing becomes scarcer, whilst the man of curious, busy, and active mind becomes

more common. Now, such a man is more and not less prone to worry, and is more, not less, in need of freedom from worry; but that need is to be met by a positive rather than a merely negative process. The annual holiday is highly desirable, but it is very necessary for the modern man to remember that he must not count upon it too exclusively. Every day should include a period of holiday-making; and this is where the hobby comes in. I am only at one with practical psychologists and physicians in general when I insist upon the value of hobbies. We may distinguish hobbies from sports, perhaps, by describing the first as mental recreations, and the second as physical recreations. It is because of the needs of the modern mind that hobbies are so valuable. I have already spoken of the man of active mind who retires from business on some particular birthday—as if years, of all things in the world, constituted the criterion of age—and I have shown how such a man may suffer accordingly. But if he has a hobby, some form of mental occupation which he does for the love of it—anticipating the happy future state to which I look forward when all human occupations will be ends in themselves, and when no one will do uncongenial work because he must—the case is totally changed. Such a man is in no danger of suffering rapid psychical degeneration. Similar, also, is the case of the man who has to work for his daily bread at something from which worry cannot be always dissociated. Such a man very frequently will find that sports or physical recreations do not avail to banish from his mind the thought of business worries. It is, indeed, quite natural that as mind becomes more important and body less important in the constitution of man, amusements that are merely physical or bodily should cease to be as useful as they are in the case of the kitten or the child. In short, the average worried man needs something more than mere sport or play as such. His imperative demand is for a new mental interest. I have already said that Nature abhors a vacuum; and this aphorism may be especially applied to the modern mind. It must be filled

with something, and business cares will not be dispossessed from it merely because the body which it owns happens to be swinging dumb-bells. They must be pushed out by something else. Certainly the dumb-bells will suffice, or golf, or any form of sport, if they happen to arouse sufficient mental interest to banish any consciousness of the ordinary worries of life. The mere element of competition in sport is often quite sufficient for this end, since man is a competing animal if he is anything. The struggle for existence and sexual selection between them have seen to that. Hence, very often we find that the best relief from the serious competitions of life, entailing serious worries, is to be found in the mock serious competition of games and sports with their mock worries. I have already adverted to the danger that in some people the mock worries may become real worries; but that must not be permitted. Nothing, I fancy, will dispossess a real worry better than a mock worry—of which one knows quite well, even whilst making the most of it, as every sportsman does when he tries to win a game for his side, that it is “only a game, after all,” and does not matter. To lose gloriously in the field of sport is not the same as to lose, gloriously or ingloriously, in the field of real life.

But many men find, especially as they become older, that they cannot take sport, even mock, seriously enough for it to displace the ordinary cares of life from their minds. It is for such men that a hobby is a real salvation. As a man grows older he begins to “funk fast bowling,” or to find that his golf becomes worse, and so soon as he becomes less skilful he will derive less enjoyment and benefit. Fortunately, however, the mind takes much longer to grow old than the body, and when the sports of youth or even of middle age fail, a man may turn to one or other of a thousand hobbies, and find in them that mental interest which will give him every day a holiday or period of freedom from worry. Let the man beware, then, who too thoughtlessly permits all his intellectual interests to atrophy, save those which are concerned with his work. Do not let him

be caught saying, “I have no time for music nowadays,” or for any of a thousand other things. It is an imperative necessity for the average modern man, and is of the nature of an investment for coming years, that he shall persistently cultivate some other mental interest than that which the worry of the struggle for existence is associated. Such a mental interest, though apparently not utilitarian, and though not cultivated for any utilitarian purpose, will yet prove to be a valuable weapon in the struggle-for-existence itself.

I have already said, what I here repeat as forcibly as possible, that an utterly false influence has been accredited to brain-work as such in the production of nervous breakdown and of insanity. I do not for a moment believe that any case of nervous breakdown or of actual mental disease was ever caused in a person of average nervous constitution by mere intellectual labour as such. It is not work but care that kills; but it is highly desirable that we should examine somewhat more critically than is customary the proposition that men are driven mad by worry. If I were merely to emphasise this statement in this form I should be doing my readers a grave disservice in tending to perpetuate the utterly false notion of insanity which still prevails even amongst highly educated people. The public has yet to learn the paradox that mental disease is physical disease. The causes that produce physical disease in stomach, or lung, or heart, may produce physical disease in the brain, and the expression of that physical disease is mental disease or insanity. The overwhelming majority of cases of insanity depend absolutely upon material changes in the brain due to the circulation of some poison or other in the blood. Of these poisons the most important is alcohol—which, following an old teacher of mine, I have elsewhere called the toxin of the yeast plant. Scarcely less effective are the poisons or toxins produced by many other forms of lowly plant life which we know as bacteria. These poisons produce physical changes in the brain upon which the insanity depends. The doc-

trine that worry as such can produce mental disease is unintelligible to anyone acquainted with these matters.

Nevertheless, we can state the facts in a more rational form. We begin by reiterating that, contrary to opinion, overwork as such cannot cause insanity, but can do so only by first causing worry. We must then proceed to say that worry as such cannot be conceived to cause insanity, and, in point of fact, does not cause insanity. (I am now using the word in its common sense, to indicate the really grave forms of mental disease.) But worry has its ways and means by which it can and does cause insanity; they are only too easily enumerated, and only too abundantly illustrated in common experience. In the first place, worry is a potent cause of insanity because it leads to the use of drugs, and especially alcohol. Other aspects of this distressing subject are treated in another article. Here I need merely note that alcohol stands out far beyond any other one factor as a cause of insanity, and that worry is responsible for an enormous amount of drinking. Indirectly, then, worry is a terrible common cause of insanity, and any success that may conceivably attend our study of it will be, in its measure, success in attacking one of the most appalling problems of our civilisation.

Again, worry is a most potent foe of sleep, and lack of sleep is a most potent foe of sanity. I am sometimes inclined to think that the importance of sleep in preserving the mental health has been exaggerated by some writers. We know that before an attack of acute mania, only too often resulting in murder and suicide, a man commonly passes several sleepless nights. The sleeplessness is not a cause of his madness, however, but an early symptom of it. I am, indeed, inclined to think that physical health suffers more than mental health from lack of sleep as such, but if the lack of sleep

depends upon worry, and, still more, if drugs are resorted to in order that sleep may be obtained, the cause of the worry not being removed, then certainly we have a potent factor in the production of insanity. Though lack of sleep in itself is insufficient, I believe, to cause insanity—as is surely proved by the countless bad sleepers who do not lose their mental health—yet it is certainly a most important contributory factor in the production of insanity in that it makes the brain far more susceptible than it would otherwise be to the action of such poisons as may beset it. In a word, it lowers brain resistiveness. The use of alcohol and other drugs, then, and interference with sleep, constitute most frequent and effective means by which worry leads to mental disease of the graver kinds.

I have spoken at but short length of the actual relations between worry and grave mental disease. This has been possible since the intermediate links in the chain of causation are discussed elsewhere. On the other hand, I have spoken at very considerable length of the condition by which worry—such as most of us must daily encounter—may be prevented from causing the minor degrees of mental unhealth or mental lack of fitness. In a word, I have written less of the pathology than of the hygiene of the subject. This is right, I think, since my aim here is primarily to be useful, and only secondarily to present a complete account of the subject. It is my honest belief that what has been said regarding the preservation of mental health by means of well-devised holidays—that is to say, periods of perfect freedom from worry—can scarcely fail to be of real utility, especially to many hard-working and conscientious readers, whose ideal of duty scarcely permits them any leisure for mental recreation; and I can certainly ask for no higher reward than to serve such readers as these.

*(The fourth article of this series will appear in the April Canadian Magazine)*

# Newfoundland and the Dominion

By F. A. WIGHTMAN

*A strong plea for annexation, with an estimate of the Ancient Colony's eligibility*



THE recent frustration of Newfoundland's plans by the disallowing of her legislative acts by the Colonial Office in favour of the United States, and the appeal of the Colony to Canada's sympathy, together with the opinion expressed by leading English journals that confederation with Canada is the only solution of Newfoundland's problem, and the only true policy for her to follow, brings "the Ancient Colony" prominently before the eyes of the world, especially before Canadians. Will the present difficulty tend to bring Confederation nearer? is a question perhaps difficult to answer, but an affirmative answer would probably be the more correct. This being so, a brief discussion of her present condition and possible future may not be untimely.

That this important, self-governing colony, lying so near our coasts, with such a community of interests, and inspired by common aims, should have preferred to remain outside the family of federal British Provinces in North America is, from the Canadian standpoint, somewhat surprising. A refusal on the part of British Columbia in the early days to enter Confederation can be understood, since its refusal can be supported by reasonable objections; but this distant and isolated Pacific colony, with all its vastness, was the first to seek admission, and time has amply justified her decision. It would be impossible here to give even an outline of all the reasons which influenced Newfoundland's decision at that time. As seen, however, in the light of the present, and in view of subsequent years, these reasons do not seem to have been well considered, or her present position justified. It is true that at the time of the inauguration of Confederation, the interests of Newfoundland were not so

closely related to this country as they are to-day. Her commercial, and even her social interests were much more direct with England than they are now. Communication with Canada was not so easy as it is now, and not so frequent; and this isolation was, of course, detrimental to the cultivation of both trade and sentiment. Moreover, Newfoundland was essentially a fishing country, and was entirely dependent on the outside world for the commonest articles of domestic consumption. Canada at that time did not bulk very large as a manufacturing or food-producing country, and afforded absolutely no market for the products of the "Ancient Colony." Under these circumstances, with the prospects of Federal tariffs imposed on the imported food supply, there, of course, seemed little advantage to Newfoundland in entering the Dominion. This, together with the fact that Confederation, even in Canada, was an experiment which even some Canadian leaders regarded as having very doubtful advantages, rendered the situation still more difficult with respect to Newfoundland. It must be admitted, therefore, even if subsequent events do not justify the position, that at that time there was considerable force in these opposing arguments.

Sufficient as the foregoing obstacles may have been, it is not at all certain that they were the chief determining factors in the influencing of public opinion at that time. Certainly they did not present the strongest barrier to the success of the Federal movement. This is credited, whether right or wrong, to have been furnished by the prejudice and power of the wealthy fish merchants of the Colony, who saw in Confederation a menace to their monopolies and opportunities for still greater gains. The influence exerted

by these merchant princes was almost incredible. Most persons in the Colony were virtually their slaves and entirely at their mercy. They paid out little or no money, and the system of barter kept the poor fisher-folk generally in debt for their supplies. Being in debt, they were under obligation, and being under obligation, their independence, and even their manhood, was largely taken away. The situation was intensified by the fact that fishing was practically the only industry carried on in the Colony. There was nothing else by which men could earn a livelihood. It is all too easy to understand how selfish and wealthy corporations would take advantage of these conditions to influence public opinion to side with their own interests. Neither is it difficult to understand the ease with which it could be accomplished by these monopolists among an ill-informed and dependent population. Under these circumstances it is, perhaps, not difficult to understand how Newfoundland was led to refuse the advantages of Confederation at the first.

Real as these difficulties may have seemed thirty-five years ago, they have, both real and imaginary, now almost wholly disappeared, and to-day a large section, it is said, of both political parties in Newfoundland, are in favour of becoming a part of the Dominion. It is, therefore, in order that we should speak of some of the material advantages that might be expected to result from a union of that Colony with the Dominion, not to mention the many painful experiences which might have been averted in her subsequent history.

So far as Canada is concerned, it has been claimed that the chief reasons for this union are of a sentimental rather than of a material character. To some extent this may be true, and yet it must not be supposed that the material advantages to Canada would not be of considerable importance. Briefly stated, they would appear to be as follows: The increasing of the prestige of the Dominion abroad, for such is the inevitable result of an acquisition of territory. In addition to Newfoundland proper, there would also be brought into the Dominion eastern

Labrador, adding materially to the area, and quite possibly to the resources of this country. The trade of Canada with the Island of Newfoundland would be placed on a secure and permanent basis. When it is considered that very few of the 225,000 inhabitants of that island are engaged in agriculture or manufacturing, their needs along these lines will be seen to be very great. At present, considerable portions of this trade go to foreign countries. The greatest of all advantages, however, accruing to Canada would be in the uniting of the fisheries of British North America under one general government.

Notwithstanding the great disparity in the size of the two countries, the fisheries of Newfoundland are about equal to the Atlantic fisheries of the Dominion. Under these conditions it is difficult, if not impossible, for Canada to treat with other countries, and especially with the United States, as advantageously as she might. The union of these great fishing interests in the North Atlantic would place in the hands of British North America a mighty lever, by which favourable international trade privileges could be secured. The strategic position of Newfoundland, as commanding the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is also a matter worthy of consideration.

It is true that as an offset to these advantages the Federal Government would be under the necessity of expending large sums of money in giving adequate protection to the fisheries, the postal, marine, and public works departments, as well as that of transportation, being, for some time at least, called upon to provide a more efficient service than now prevails. The terms of entrance would, no doubt, also demand a large Federal subsidy. The advantages to Newfoundland from such a union are still more obvious. If the reasons of a sentimental kind are not yet so strong there as here, the material ones would seem to be much greater. Newfoundland would be called upon to sacrifice neither British connection nor individual autonomy, but would be united in a new bond of Federal sisterhood.

If some small sources of revenue were taken away, she would, on the other hand, be relieved of many great responsibilities

by way of expenditure for public services. These demands have, in the past, brought Newfoundland more than once to the verge of bankruptcy. The character of the country is such that they are very great, and a relief from them could not be anything but a distinct advantage. Besides, under Federal control, they would be expected to be greatly improved. The credit of the Colony, as an integral part of the Dominion, would doubtless improve abroad, whereby Provincial loans could be secured at a lower rate of interest. Her Provincial administration would be greatly economised, and her own sons would be called to fill the gubernatorial chair. The abilities and aspirations of her statesmen would find abundant scope in the arena of Dominion politics, and would have within their reach all the possibilities a great nation has to offer. The Dominion civil service would be open to her young men, and her magnificent resources would have all the advantages of survey afforded by the Geological Department of Canada. Another great advantage, and perhaps the greatest of all, would be the larger importance attaching to her claims upon the Colonial Administration. If the French Shore question had been a Dominion question, it seems only reasonable to suppose that at a much earlier date it would have received the consideration its importance demanded. The same may be said of the more recent dispute with the United States.

Notwithstanding Newfoundland's present attitude, it is not to be supposed that she is wholly insensible to these advantages or wholly oblivious to the strength of the sentiment which makes union so desirable. Though the question is quiescent at the present time, it is not dead. In Prince Edward Island Confederation was consummated within two years of the passing of a declaration that it was undesirable. When it seemed the farthest away it was the nearest at hand. So it will probably be with Newfoundland. The question will become a political issue at some unexpected time, and the event that has been delayed for the third of a century will suddenly come to pass. We speak confidently of this question, be-

cause manifest destiny seems to point so clearly to this conclusion. It is certainly one of the possibilities of the century, and of the not distant future.

The foregoing discussion of Newfoundland's relations to the Dominion renders appropriate a brief description of the chief features and resources of that important colony. If, according to Beckles Willson, she is the tenth island from the standpoint of area, she would be the fifth Province of the Dominion, as at present constituted, in size. A territory so extensive, and so rich in resources, cannot but be worthy of our consideration. Until within recent years, this great island was a veritable *terra incognita*, even the people who had been born and brought up on her shores knew nothing of the interior of the country in which they lived. This has now been entirely changed. The country has been completely explored and traversed by railways, while her resources and physical features are fairly well understood. The history of Newfoundland is most romantic. This can be imagined when we remember that she is England's most ancient colony, the nucleus, so to speak, around which has been clustered the magnificent Empire of the present time. If Christopher Columbus may be regarded as the discoverer of Central and South America, the sighting of the shores of Newfoundland by John Cabot may be regarded as the discovery of the Northern Continent. These shores were visited by the fishermen of many countries, even by far-away Portugal, as soon as the great value of the fisheries became known. In 1583, however, England finally took possession of the country and laid the foundations, in this humble way, of her great Colonial Empire.

From that time down to the present, with varying vicissitudes, the history of Newfoundland has been a constant struggle upward, through many difficulties, to the proud position she occupies to-day. An insular position, a somewhat rigorous climate, a large proportion of barren soil, and, worst of all, restrictions against settlement and French Treaty rights, have all stood in the way of progress. The faithful, loyal and magnificent perseverance with which these difficulties have been

met and overcome cannot fail to call forth the admiration of all men. They speak of qualities of mind and heart which place her sons in the very front rank of Anglo-Saxon colonists. Here is to be found, perhaps, when skill and hardihood and daring are required, the very best type of seamen produced in the world. Maritime Canada may well be regarded as sufficient to form the bulwark and nursery of the British Navy.

Now that Newfoundland is feeling the touch of twentieth century progress, she is found to be something more than a fishing colony. Her resources are many and great. With respect to copper, coal and iron, she is said to contain some of the richest deposits in the world. In the interior there are vast forests of spruce and pine suitable for both lumber and pulpwood, and which, owing to the proximity of the British market, must give them a greater value than like areas anywhere else on this side of the Atlantic. In agricultural possibilities, too, Newfoundland is found not to be the barren wilderness she was so long thought to represent. Many beautiful valleys with most fertile soil are to be found in the Colony, especially on the western coast. In the aggregate there are said to be 7,000 square miles of agricultural land, which when fully occupied must represent a vast increase in population and add much to the general prosperity. The climate of the country, of course, varies with the

different localities, though in a general way it may be said to compare very favourably with other portions of Eastern Canada. On the west coast, especially where the best land is situated, the climate is also the most highly favoured.

St. John's is already a fine city, with much wealth and destined to have a great future, occupying the most easterly point of the western world. But of this we need not speak. There are other cities and towns of considerable importance, locally called outports; of these, Harbour Grace, Trinity and Bonavista are among the most important. New and important centres are sure to rise. On the line of railway, and especially the west coast, the near future is sure to witness the growth of important centres.

Much might be said of the scenic beauty and sporting attractions of this great island. The following will suffice: "Bays stretching inland from fifty to ninety miles exhibit a wonderful variety of views along the great arms which project in all directions, and are the paradise of artists. Along the shores the lofty cliffs are reflected in their clear, bright waters, and countless islands, sometimes of extraordinary beauty, stud their bosom. They bear a striking resemblance to the fjords of Norway, and their scenery often not less magnificent. Indeed, both countries present so many points of resemblance that Newfoundland has been justly named the Norway of the New World."

## At the Grave of Muir

BY J. E. B. MCCREADY

PLANT here a maple that may wave  
 In beauty o'er the poet's grave.  
 Perchance its root may pierce his mould  
 And turn its leaves to richer gold  
 And deeper crimson. So their flame  
 Shall blazen forth his modest fame  
 To distant years, and in their fall,  
 Spreading anew his funeral pall,  
 Shall speak for him a nation's grief—  
 Sweet Laureate of the Maple Leaf!

# The Black Fox of St. Voltaire

By S. A. WHITE

*A tale that only one person really believes to be true, but that person has excellent reason*



**N**AXELLE, king of black foxes, within his barred cage in the town park, lies by the sunlit space on the floor and coaxes warmth into his feeble bones. No longer can he see the trading-post, the mission beside, or even the deep pine forest through which once filtered the blue smoke of Algonquin campfires, invisible against the blue of the sky. Nor can he see the narrow trail of the snowshoe worn by the weary trapper, bending under a burden of pelts, as he came winding upward towards St. Voltaire at white dusk of a winter's day.

Instead of all that, he sees a town sprawling wide where the fort stood, and shining steeples, windowed towers and red-black chimneys looming skyward where the palings stood of old. Clanging forge and trip-hammer's clash fill the valley that long ago knew no sound but the trapper's forest call, wild night warnings from the prowling wolf or the sudden war cry of raiding Iroquois. Down where the regal pines gave back the blue lake light in summer and checked the sweep of the ice-blast in winter, angular saw-mills mar the sheen of the waters, and the bare, lumber-bordered yards but eddy the wintry gusts into greater fierceness. Naxelle knows that were the patched wigwams here now, they would frighten him as of yore, flapping from their pegs in the rushing gale; that were the mongrel curs about, the biting wind would send them whimpering for cover. But these things have changed. The tribes have vanished with the forest; the trading-post has been swallowed up in the jaws of commerce and the thrilling, barbaric pageant of the savages, fraught with danger and episode, has faded to the material present. The post is gone with those it knew. The picturesque

weirdness is a dim tradition, a sort of legendary lore for the fireside and the wine. The leading actors in this wild-wood drama of years ago perished with the place in the Iroquois attack on the mission. Not one of the striking historical figures who wove their personal courage and magnetism into the web of the ever-changing years remains as a link to connect the visible with the vanished—not one, save Naxelle. Naxelle was young once. That was in the days of St. Voltaire; the St. Voltaire that dragged the reach of civilisation and Christianity upon its heels, while its hands stretched into the wilderness ahead.

Among the hunters and traders of St. Voltaire none could match Ramon Gabrielle. His was the quickest hand, the surest eye, the most untiring frame. His tale of furs ran much farther than any two of the others at the moon's end. There was no inhabitant of valley, ridge or wood who could outwit him. The slinking sable, the timid beaver, the wily otter could not escape him. In the animal world there were none to match this man in cunning—not until he met Naxelle.

One evening in the quiet winter twilight Ramon was nearing the post after a day of rounds. As he ascended the slope that hid the mission from the wind, there showed, silhouetted sharply against the snow, the biggest and blackest of black foxes, the animal that carried the coveted fur upon his deceptive body. Ramon's heart swelled, for he thought of the tremendous proportions of this month's tale of pelts when this rich skin should be added to it. For, of course, it would be added. Was he not Ramon, king, the never-failing?

Ah, yes! But this was Naxelle, king of black foxes.



One was the Monarch Man, the other the Monarch Beast, and the beast was the equal of the man.

Ramon's bullet spat the snow into a powdery smoke. But Naxelle had leaped—he was not where he had stood when the trigger snapped. Instead, he was four feet to the right, a sardonic grin on his foxy features, if only Ramon could have seen it in the waning light.

The powder horn was tipped in a flash, the bullet ramméd home, and again hurtled on its mission of death. Again its resting place was in the bank of white, a snowy, upward cloud the sign. This time Naxelle was four feet to the left. He opened his jaws as if in derision; then his black brush flipped over the ridge of a snow gully and he was gone.

Ramon breathed a white-shrouded oath into the frosty air. The shame of it—he, king of huntsmen, beaten!

It was with a sense of guilt that Ramon sat among his companions that night while the stories went in turn. He did not mention the black fox, and later as he lay awake in his blankets he pondered on how it had happened, how an untutored fox of the wild could have baffled him.

There he was wrong, for this was not an untutored fox. Necessity had tutored him, and although he was a stranger in the vicinity of St. Voltaire, his forest craft was not forgotten with the change of residence. Moreover, he was a named fox, and when a fox is characterised with a special name one may look with doubtful eyes upon him. Leagues away at the mission of St. Camielle he had been named "Naxelle" by the trappers. He was the king. They had at many times poured leaden missiles after him; they had trapped for him in their wily ways; they had invoked the aid of the priests' prayers in the enterprise and set poison daintily disguised in his haunts. All to no purpose—he lived to leap from their rifle-balls, to shun every trap and snare, to scorn the poisoned dainties and to scurry from view, a living derision of their prowess as craftsmen of the woods. They suffered it till their pride could suffer it no longer; then they burnt and ravaged the rabbit pastures where Naxelle found his

chief source of food, and, driven almost to starvation through the bleak months, he skirted the timber for long leagues down to St. Voltaire. There he found plenty to eat; there he stayed, and thus it was that he crept as a nightmare into Ramon's dreams, whether waking or sleeping. Like Naxelle's former enemies, Ramon hunted and trapped for him to no avail. The year ran out and the sable shadow was still conqueror. The next twelve months slipped by, and Ramon was no nearer his aim. Then a wondrous thing happened, fearful as well as wonderful.

In November, the Freezing Moon of the Indians, little Pierre, Ramon's son, strayed from the post early one Sabbath morning. At noon he was missed, and they scoured the woods for him. All the long afternoon they searched and searched in fruitless endeavour, and when the dark set in with the cruel, merciless frost, a sinking horror gripped their souls, for they knew what they would find when their search would end, if it ever would. By torchlight they trod the trails of forest and slope, and well on towards morning the anguish-stricken father, in company with the good priest Leblanc, stumbled on the tiny form in a nook in the rocks. The little legs were frozen stiff, but, behold! the arms encircled the neck of Naxelle, the black fox, and his tender face was buried in the deep fur, while the wonderful brush, the brush that had flipped derisively at the father, was round the child's throat, covering the baby form from the sting of the elements. It was the warmth of Naxelle's body and peerless fur that had kept the spark of life glowing. The arms would not unloose and with eyes of mute wonder the fox felt himself lifted with the child to Ramon's strong breast and borne down the path into the fire-bright cabin.

The doctor from the next mission was brought in haste, but the legs had to come off. While little Pierre lay in bed there were two who never left his side, Ramon at his pillow, and Naxelle, all the roving spirit quenched, with the light of pity in his wide eyes, crouched among the blankets, where the chubby arms of his master could find their way round

his neck, even as they did that night of the frost.

When the boy cripple could hobble around on his crutches no dog would have attended him more faithfully than did Naxelle. He was half the sunshine of the little future-darkened life, a life that was soon to be in peril, for ere the spring had begun to stir in the woodland glades came the blood-thirsty destroyers—the Iroquois.

In one short hour the post was no more. Only one person escaped. His most vivid recollection is that of a great, gloat-  
ing creature brandishing a weapon above him, and then a leap at the intruder's throat by the king of black foxes. Every-  
thing vanishes thereafter, until the awak-

ening at St. Camielle. There they told little Pierre that they had found him near the ruins, well guarded by a big black fox. But they would not believe the little fellow when he told, as best he could, of how the fox had come to St. Voltaire. Nevertheless they kept Naxelle, and built a large den for him, just as if he were a public charge. And as time went on the people became accustomed to the story about the fox, and now it pleases them to tell it. None, however, except the little folk, really believe it—none but me.

After all, perhaps I am a little too credulous. But I might be pardoned for that weakness, because—well, you see, I was little Pierre.



## Ethics of the Farm

IF the hired men had not been instructed to occasionally drop a wisp or two of grain, Ruth would have found that gleaning afforded a somewhat barren prospect. But Ruth's footsteps fell in pleasant places, and she was the object of a conscious benevolence. Nowadays, however, benevolence of that kind is mostly unconscious. Nevertheless, gleaning is carried on in every walk in life, and many there are who benefit from what others leave.

We find it so on the farm. For instance, I "go halvers," as we say, with a neighbour, and sow corn on a field of my land. The neighbour will provide the labour, I the land and the seed. When the corn is ripe, the neighbour will cart every alternate load to my silo. When he has finished his task and has gone home satisfied, I look over the field, and, strange to say, many ears of corn are still to be seen there. The neighbour in his eagerness to finish the work has failed to observe that his rack was leaking, or that some of the cobs fell off the cart or were thrown right over it. I tell my man to take the waggon and pick up the abandoned corn. He gathers, say, ten bushels. That is present day gleaning. It is different from Ruth's, because it is the result of unconscious benevolence.

*Farmer John*

# Celebrated Coalport China

By MORTIMER PHILLIPS

*The history of a famous pottery which began in England many years ago*



ONE of the most successful and important of English China manufactories is that of Coalport, situated in a picturesque spot on the banks of the River Severn, in the County of Shropshire. This celebrated industry dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, but the site of the original works was at Caughley, about a mile distant from the present works and on the opposite or south side of the river. The small, unpretentious works on this spot appear to have been founded by a Mr. Brown, of Caughley Hall, and afterwards managed by his brother-in-law, a gentleman named Gallimore, to whom, in 1754, a lease of the place was granted. Of this Mr. Gallimore very little is known, for the only name as proprietor on record is that of Mr. Thomas Turner, son of the Rev. Richard Turner, D.D., vicar of Norton, Worcestershire, and chaplain to the Countess of Wigton. About the year 1780, Mr. Turner visited France for the purpose of picking up knowledge on the porcelain manufactures of Paris and other places, and while residing

in the capital is said to have had a regular laboratory fitted up at the top of his house, in order that he might chemically analyse the beautiful foreign specimens of the ceramic art.

On returning home he brought with him some skilled workmen whom he had tempted by high wages, and at once entered into the manufacture of porcelain at his own retired works. One result of this foreign trip was the production of the celebrated "Willow Pattern" and the "Blue Dragon." The first-named has undoubtedly been the most popular and had

the most extensive sale of any pattern ever produced. It has, of course, been made by many other firms, but the credit of its first introduction belongs to Caughley, the original copper engraving of the "Willow Pattern" bearing Turner's name being still in existence at the present works.

About this time John Rose, son of a neighbouring farmer, was apprenticed as a lad to Mr. Turner, who taught him the art of china making in all its branches. In the year 1788 these two quarrelled, young Rose left, started a small business at Jackfield, in the immediate



A COALPORT CHINA VASE

neighbourhood, and it was not long before his successful operations affected the business of Caughley works to such an extent that the latter were gradually beaten out of the market, with the result that, in 1798, it passed into the hands of Messrs. John Rose & Co. by purchase, Mr. Turner entirely withdrawing from the business. In the meantime Mr. Rose had moved to Coalport, where he had established him-



A FINE SPECIMEN OF COALPORT CHINA

self in some buildings which had been used as a small pottery by a Mr. Young, of Shrewsbury, where the works have continued ever since; and although frequent additions have been made to them, parts of these old buildings still remain, and add much to the picturesqueness of the scene.

On October 23rd, 1789, a terrible event occurred in connection with the Coalport works, which was most sad in its results.

At that time a great many people employed at the works, such as the painters and workmen, lived at Broseley, on the other side of the river, and they were in the habit of daily passing backwards and forwards across a ferry, which is still used, in order to go to and fro from their homes. On this night, thirty-two persons, including some of the best artists, went on board the ferry boat, which about mid-way, owing to the intoxicated state of the ferryman, was upset, and twenty-nine persons were drowned. The principal painter at this time was an artist named Walker, who perished with the others in this sad accident. An unfinished pair of vases with his work thereon, which he had left only a few minutes before he lost his life, are still preserved as a memento of the unfortunate event.

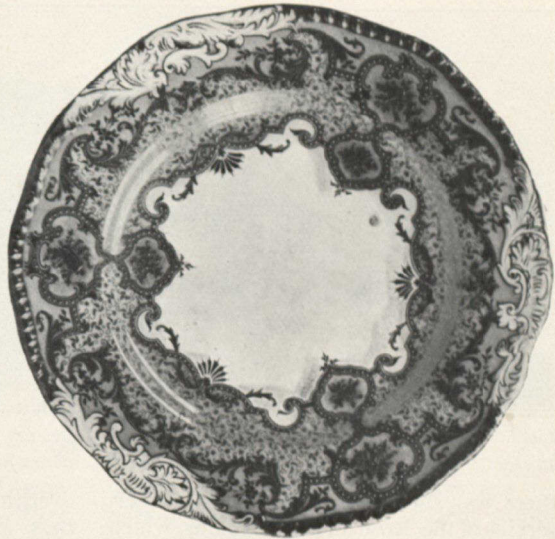
The Coalport China Works, as before mentioned, not only represent the old Caughley factory, but two other interesting ones as well, *i.e.*, Swansea and Nantgarw. About the year 1820, Mr. Rose purchased these works and engaged the services of the former proprietors, Billingsley (or Beeley, as he was called) and Walker. These two factories had only existed for a few years, and although the one at Nantgarw, which was established by Billingsley, the famous flower painter, and his son-in-law, Walker, produced perhaps the finest of porcelain in body and texture ever made, it was not a success, and on discontinuing the works at Nantgarw, removed to Coalport with all their moulds and processes, and were employed there until Billingsley's death, which occurred in 1828. Walker was also a very clever painter, and while he remained at Coalport greatly improved the art of china making.

About this time Mr. Rose was awarded

a gold medal by the Society of Arts for a leadless glaze, all the principal manufacturers in the kingdom having competed for it, but the prize was awarded to Mr. Rose, whose compound was mainly composed of felspar, which is commemorated by a distinctive mark about two inches in diameter, and round in shape, bearing the following inscription: "Coalport, Improved Felspar Porcelain," in a laurel wreath in the centre, while round the edges are the words, "Patronised by the Society of Arts." The gold medal was awarded May 30, 1820. Lord Boyne has a very beautiful service painted with roses by Billingsley and bearing this mark at his place in Shropshire.

It is unfortunate that for many years so very many pieces of Coalport china were produced and sold without any mark whatever, but the present proprietors have adopted a much wiser plan, and every piece sent out from their works bears the following mark—a royal crown with the words "England" above, and "Coalport" beneath it, and below "A.D. 1750," and "Leadless Glaze" again underneath the date.

Perhaps some people wonder why the date 1750 is given, as the Coalport factory was not founded till later, but it is really



A COALPORT CHINA PLATE

the date of the establishment at Caughley, which the Coalport firm has a right to use as representative of the former works.

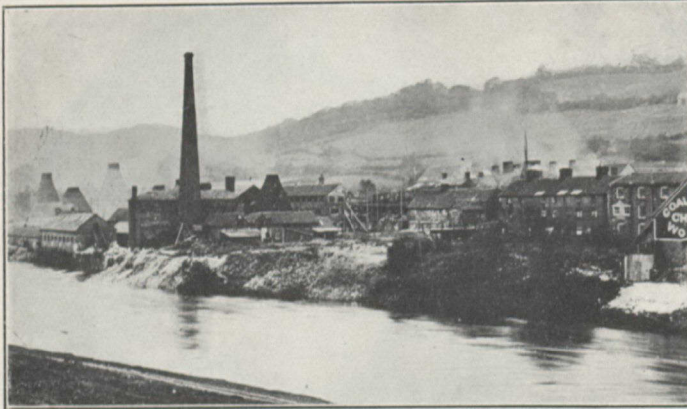
The Coalport China Works have been well represented at different exhibitions which have been held from time to time all over the world. Both at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and also that of 1862, as well as the one in Paris in 1855, Messrs. Rose & Co. gained medals for their productions, and these successes have been continued at the more recent international exhibitions.

In 1845, Messrs. Daniell, of London, received the Queen's commands to prepare a dessert service, intended as a present for the Czar Nicholas. This magnificent service was made at Coalport, the colour being "bleu de roi," and every article had the various orders of the Russian Empire enamelled in compartments around the border, with the order of St. Nicholas and the Russian and Polish eagles in the centre. The service was the object of much admiration at home and in Russia.

At the Exhibition of 1851



A PIECE OF COALPORT CHINA



THE CHINA WORKS AT COALPORT

there was shown a most beautiful dessert service of the Rose du Barry colour, which has always been a specialty of this factory, and was subsequently purchased by Lord Ashburton. It was deemed by competent judges to equal the original Sevres in beauty of tint, and to surpass it in evenness of colour.

Mr. John Rose died in 1841, and was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. William Rose, who retired from the firm in 1862, when Mr. Pugh became sole proprietor, and continued so till his death in 1875.

In 1889 the Coalport Works were incorporated and made into a private company by the present proprietors, under the style of the "Coalport China Company (John Rose & Company), Limited," thus perpetuating the name of the original founder, Mr. Charles C. Bruff and his brother-in-law, Mr. A. N. Bruff Garrett, acting as joint managing directors, first-named being also the chairman of the company; and it is an interesting fact, and one well worthy of record, when the works were taken over at that time, that among the work-people there were eighteen whose ages averaged sixty years apiece, while their length of service was forty-seven years each, sixteen others averaged sixty-four years in age with fifty-two years of service, a wonderful record, showing a very remarkable length of service and average employment, and one that speaks volumes in these change-loving days for the conditions and relations under which these works have always

been carried on. Upwards of 450 work-people are now employed here.

July 24, 1900, was a red-letter day in the history of Coalport factory, as the Duchess of York, now the Princess of Wales, who was staying at Patshull, Lord Dartmouth's place, near Wolverhampton, drove over with a large party on that day, and was conducted

over the works, in which Her Royal Highness was greatly interested. Before her departure, the Duchess partook of tea, and was presented by Mr. Bruff, on behalf of the company, with a very beautiful dejeuner service of pale yellow china studded with turquoises on a tray to match, with which, as well as with her visit to Coalport, H.R.H. expressed herself much delighted. This particular decoration of china, with ornamentation of imitation gems and cameos, has been made a specialty at Coalport, and is most effective.

A brief account of the various processes may perhaps here prove interesting: The ingredients formed in the body consist of china-clay, stone, flint, bones and other substances, all of which are ground and prepared, afterwards being weighed out in their various proportions, and finally mixed together into a liquid state, known as "China Slip." This slip, after being passed through magnets to eliminate any metallic substances, is now ready for casting or pouring into Paris-plaster moulds, used in the process of making hollow-ware, but in the case of other articles and flat-ware generally, the same material has to be passed through a filter-press, which squeezes out all the water and it is then ready for the pressers and throwers, the last named, perhaps, being the most skilful branch of the potter's craft.

Every piece of ware has to be allowed a certain amount of time for drying before firing, for which latter purpose, seg-

gars, made of fire clay and varying in size and shape according to the nature of the articles that are to be fired, are used. The greatest care and skill, however, is required in placing the articles in these seggars, all of which are bedded in ground flint to support them. The seggars are then placed in the kiln, one on the top of the other, which is afterwards closed up and fired about 48 hours. The ware is then in what is termed the "biscuit" state, and after being carefully scoured or cleaned from the flint, is taken to the glazing-room, where it is dipped into a preparation of glaze about the same consistency of ordinary cream, after which it is examined again, placed in glazed seggars, carefully sealed at the joints to exclude any outer contact, and fired again, which occupies about twenty-four hours. The work of printing is the next operation,

which is carried out by the aid of transfers, or thin sheets of tissue paper, which are struck off copper plates and designs, and lightly pressed on the ware. After the printing comes the decorating processes, but in the case of elaborately decorated articles, the design is sketched by hand, and can only be carried out by the most skilled workmen. The last firing then takes place, this time in a kind of large muffle, known as "enamel" kiln, and when the articles are withdrawn from these kilns, they are sent to the burnishing-rooms for final treatment, and afterwards passed on to the finishing warehouse.

The productions of the Coalport China Works take rank with the very best in the Kingdom, and the Directors are determined to maintain the present standard of excellence.

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## Thoughts

BY MABEL BURKHOLDER

CONCERNING one who in my heart held court,  
 Lawless usurper of an alien throne;  
 I said, "Turn out Sir Vagrant, and the flock  
 Of fawning thoughts, which he has made his own."  
 My heart, obedient, heeded my behest,  
 Drew back the bolt, and bade the traitors flee;  
 When came a thousand more on whirring wings,  
 Who, spying entrance clear, flocked in with glee.  
 Up-perched, with white wings closed in calm content,  
 And chirped and cooed of him with one consent.

Concerning one, than whom there was on earth  
 None wiser, kinglier, though all lands be sought,  
 I said, "Thou'lt ever cherish him my heart,  
 And altar build, and feed it with thy thought."  
 My heart, obedient, heeded my behest,  
 And built a shrine elaborately done;  
 Piled on the wood, though each log heavy, wet,  
 But killed the heat till the last spark was gone.  
 And all that answers now my loud lament  
 Is a black heap of embers, clean forespent.

# Malta and the Maltese

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

*An intimate sketch of a picturesque community at the halfway house between Gibraltar and Cairo*



If you look down from the heights of Notabile your eyes rest for a moment on the flat-roofed houses of Valetta, and then across the deep blue harbour to Floriana and to the "Three Cities" beyond. All round you are "relics of nobler days and noblest arts," despoiled yet perfect, relics of dark ages when the island was taken by the Moors and occupied in turn by Romans, Greeks and Carthaginians.

Nestling close to the walls built by the Knights of St. John, as a stronghold of

Christianity against the Turks, the strength of England lies; for here in the deepest waters of the harbour the British fleet lies safe at anchor. Far away across the Mediterranean on a clear winter's day Etna is just visible through the haze which covers the Sicilian coast. The streets of Malta are steep and narrow, and the visitor climbs slowly up the steps, pausing here and there to look at a Madonna and child or a figure of Christ adorned with flowers under a lamp.

The Maltese are priest-ridden to a degree, and the Roman Catholic religion is firmly planted in the hearts of all and embedded in the walls of the town. The picturesque shops are full of exquisite lace and filigree work, marked with the emblem of the island, the Maltese Cross, and more than five thousand women are employed in making the beautiful shawls and scarfs which find their way to all parts of the world.

In winter the island is quite a health resort for many English travellers and Italians, who pass the season in that delightful climate, and enjoy the hospitality of the officers, naval and military, on the ships and at the clubs in the Strada Reale or at Sliema, or by wandering through the country lanes bordered by the quaint stone walls which surround the orange groves clothed with fruit; and perhaps make excursions on ponies across the fields to the shores of St. Paul's Bay, where St. Paul was shipwrecked in the year of our Lord 58.

In November and December the hotels are full and every little apartment is occupied, chiefly by ladies who are known by the garrison as "The Fishing Fleet," and who come with



STREET SCENE, MALTA



their pretty faces and frocks as bait for the officers. Of all the attractions in Malta there is none so popular as the opera, and from the decorated boxes and stalls, as the curtain descends, comes the sound of mirth and pleasure from the uniformed officers and their friends after *La Boheme* or *Carmen* has been exquisitely rendered by some of the best Italian singers of the day. Then there are the picturesque churches and the Chapel of Bones, where the skulls of the Knights of Malta lie in rows in a beautiful vault underground, together with the haunted underground city itself, tenantless beneath the battlements, where no person is allowed to tread.

The people in the streets too are interesting—especially the dark-eyed ladies in their quaint black gowns and large hoods, worn for over a hundred years as a sign of grief and mourning, since the time Napoleon's army broke through the fortifications and ravaged the town. It is said that the hood was to be worn for a century because of the mortification that the women suffered, but ten years have passed since then, yet the custom still prevails. The carriages are old ramshackle vehicles called "carottzis" and driven by Maltese who speak a patois and tell you they are "more better as you." They drive furiously by day and night over the cobbled roads of the town, and when evening comes every "cabby" takes a youth with him on the box to prevent the devil attacking him. A small boy appears as if by magic when you hire a carriage after dark.

There is a race course and a capital polo ground a mile or two out of the town, called the Marsa. Here the troops are drilled, and I remember some years ago seeing a parade of men from one of the United States transports when the ship called *en route* to the Philippines. In connection with this an officer told me rather an amusing story. When the transport came into the harbour the troops were landed for exercise and three men of a certain Irish regiment quartered in the island changed uniforms with American soldiers and sailed away on the transport for the east. In the morning the Sergeant-Major at Floriana



A MALTESE LADY, WITH RAISED VEIL

barracks. much to his astonishment, found three clean-shaved Americans on parade. After an explanation and much correspondence by cable the men were returned to their respective corps, having done service under a foreign flag.

Apart from the British garrison, which consists of a brigade of infantry and a small army of gunners, there is a local militia—a well-organised and highly efficient corps—under their own Maltese officers, several of whom served in the South African war.

Everyone who visits Malta pays a visit to the Main Guard, and it is one of the most interesting sights in the morning to watch the guard being changed or the



INTERIOR VIEW, GUARD-ROOM, MALTA

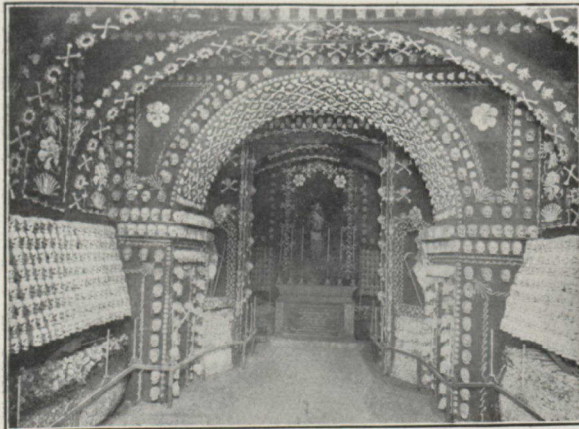
trooping of colour. The guard-room is exactly opposite Government House, in the centre of the town. The rooms used by the officers are covered with drawings made by some who were on duty. The pictures represent badges of the regiments and sketches of military life drawn by no mean artists. One picture is particularly realistic and shows the skeleton of an officer lying in a tomb. The room is an inner chamber, and as it is supposed to be

they vie with one another in noise and quaint tones.

As there is no grazing for cattle, the people live on goat's milk, and in your ramblings through the city you are delayed by herds of goats driven along the sidewalks, stopping here and there to feed on orange peel and rubbish from the gutters. The goats stop at the house doors to be milked. They know their customers. It is not surprising that

the doctors have discovered that the dreaded Malta fever so prevalent in the summer months is to a great extent due to the milk.

In spite of this, and the offensive odours, Malta is an ideal place to winter in. It is only four days from London via Rome or Sicily, and it is the half-way house between Gibraltar and Cairo. With a daily service of steamers to Syracuse and Catania, convenient trips can also be made to Algiers and Tunis, and to nearly all the ports on the coast of the blue Mediterranean.



THE CHAPEL OF BONES

# The Pride of the Penningtons

By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

*A final test of the old proverb "Pride Goeth Before a Fall" is prevented by the naïveté of a prospective bridesmaid*

**M**URIEL was standing in the music-room by the window, poking her chubby forefinger into the tiny hollows made by the satin buttons in the cushion of a low arm-chair, and thinking very deeply. There was a bit of a pucker between her straight, dark little brows. It was all so strange, so very strange. For six months she had been looking forward to a wedding. Sister Dorothy was going to marry cousin Ned. They were to go to the church first, and then come to the house, where they were to have a grand reception, and all the ices Muriel could eat, for the little girl was to be one of the bridesmaids. Afterward, Ned and Dorothy were going away, and when they returned they were to live just around the street from Dorothy's father's house in the summer, and in the winter they would be at "The Towers," Ned's place, which was next to "Whancliffe," Muriel's home. It was to have been such a happy time for Dorothy, Ned, Muriel and all.

"Just presacly the same as two own homes," Muriel had said. But suddenly, just as suddenly as the lights are turned down at the Pantomime, everything was changed.

There had been a ball two nights before, Muriel knew, because Dorothy had come in all shining-eyed and dressed in spangly white to kiss her good-night.

"When you come back will you kiss me again?" Muriel had asked.

But Dorothy had said: "No, dear little one. It will be morning then, and I should wake you. I shall come up when you have finished your lessons to-morrow."

But the morning came and breakfast was over; the morning wore away and

the lessons were done. Soon it was past luncheon, and still Dorothy did not come.

"Miss Chapman," asked Muriel of her governess, "may I go up to the drawing-room? Mother is there, you know, and perhaps Dorothy is ill or has forgotten."

So Muriel ran up and peeped in and saw her mother sitting in one of the windows, a book opened on her knees, but her eyes very gravely fixed on the wall opposite.

"Well, my little girl," the latter said, seeing Muriel, "I was just going to send for you. Dorothy and I have been very busy to-day."

"Pretty nearly you are always busy now, mother," the child said, laughing in an understanding sort of way, and hugging her mother tightly round the waist. "Only four more days now, and my frock is all ready, and my hat in its box on the shelf."

Mrs. Pennington pushed the long, dark curls from her daughter's face and looked at her gravely; then she smiled a little.

"Will you remain here very quietly for twenty minutes?" she said to Muriel. "I am going to Dorothy now. Presently I shall send Katie to fetch you to my room, and you may have tea with sister and me."

"Thank you, mother; that will be nice." Muriel climbed up on the seat her mother had vacated and peered over the tops of the red carnations to the street below.

She had been looking for a few minutes when she saw cousin Ned's tall dogcart dash around the corner, and Ned himself, all in his uniform, pull the horses up sharply at the door. Ned threw the lines to his man and came quickly in. Muriel heard the front door

open and close, and then Ned's light step and the clink of his spurs as he came up the stairs. He must have gone into the music-room, for he did not pass the drawing-room doors at all.

The twenty minutes must have gone by twice, and no Katie had come to fetch her, when she heard Ned's step again in the hall, and he came very quickly into the room where she was, calling her name sharply. The little girl slipped to her feet and turned towards him, then started. Her cousin's usually merry face was very white and stern, and his hands shook as he held out his arms to her. She ran to him, hugging him tightly. He must be ill, very ill to have changed so, and all in a day.

"Will you kiss me, dear little Muriel?" he asked her. "I am going away."

"Going away!" she echoed, leaning back, her big dark eyes full of wonder, "Going away before the wedding?"

"There is to be no wedding," he told her, and his voice was husky, but his lips were firm. "Dorothy will tell you about it. I am going to sail for India to-morrow night."

He tried to smile a little.

"You'll kiss me good-bye, won't you, Muriel?"

"I'll give you a million kisses, my dear," said the child, but her mouth trembled. "Only I can't understand, and I can't bear it, Neddie."

Then the boyishly stern face grew weak all of a sudden, and he hid it in Muriel's curls. The little girl tried very hard not to cry, but the sob in her throat was so big that she couldn't swallow it, so she hugged her cousin very tightly, and hid her face against his arm, not feeling the hard gold braid scratching her cheek.

Presently Ned held her off from him, and looked into the sad eyes.

"Muriel," he said, "when you grow up, sweet and tall and fair like Dorothy, be gracious, dear little girl, and kind and forgiving, and beautiful as you like, but give no room in your heart to pride. Pride is a cruel thing, more cruel than death."

Then he kissed her very gravely, and

said "God bless you" twice. After that he let her go and, rising, walked swiftly from the room, one hand on the hilt of his sword, the other close to his side, his head very high in the air.

Muriel gazed after him a long time. The tears dried on her cheeks. Her little hands hung limp and empty at her sides. The shadows began to gather in the drawing-room, still the child did not move. By-and-bye Katie came and led her to the door of her mother's boudoir. Inside the fire burned in the blue-tiled fireplace and her sister stood before it, tall and slender and white-faced as Ned had been. She was looking at the door, as Muriel entered, and smiled slightly at the little girl.

"I have neglected you, dearest, have I not?" she asked, bending down and putting her arms about the child, for all the world as Ned had done. "But I have been ill and tired all day. You will forgive me, will you not?"

Muriel looked into the blue eyes above her steadily.

"Why is Neddie gone?" she asked.

Her sister loosened her arms and stood up straight.

"Cousin Ned has gone because we all thought it best," she said quietly. "He has been given a year's leave of absence."

"But the wedding?" breathlessly.

"Ned and I are not going to be married," gently. "You are too little to understand, dear; when you get older sister will try and explain to you—people change their minds, Muriel, sometimes when they think they cannot be happy together. It would be very wrong and sad to get married and then be miserable all our lives, wouldn't it, dear?"

"How could you be miserable with Neddie?" gravely.

"I would be miserable if I could not make him happy, and I can't do that, Muriel; so I am not going to marry him."

The little girl was silent for a moment, then she said: "Neddie isn't happy yet, Dorothy. He cried when he kissed me good-bye. People don't cry when they are glad about things. He hugged me very tight, and his tears wetted all my pinafore."

The older girl turned away abruptly, and going to the piano sat down upon the stool. She struck a few chords softly, and then very suddenly there was a loud crash, and Muriel saw her sister's yellow head bowed upon the keys, and her figure was trembling very much from sobbing. The little girl ran to her quickly, climbing into her lap and putting her arms around her tenderly.

"My dearie, my dearie," she said, "has Neddie been naughty to you?"

"No, no," and the older girl pressed her cheek tight against Muriel's. "He was never naughty, never, darling. He was always good and true and brave. Only he was proud, so proud. Muriel, when you grow up you must never be cold and proud. It makes everybody so unhappy."

"No, I shan't," said Muriel with wide, troubled eyes, thinking of what Ned had told her.

After a little Dorothy set her upon her feet and going to the table poured out a tiny cup of milk and hot water and placed it on a plate with a very large piece of sponge cake. This was a great treat to Muriel as a rule, but to-day she took it rather listlessly, and, a tight little feeling coming into her throat when she started to eat the cake, she put the piece on the table quietly and said, if Dorothy didn't mind, she believed she wouldn't have tea this afternoon. Dorothy knelt beside her.

"Muriel, dearest," she said, "you must not trouble about this. I want you to promise me you won't. Ned will come back by-and-bye. A year isn't very long. Will you try and not think about it, dear?" But Muriel, being a very honest little girl, could not promise.

That same night there was a dinner party at the house and Muriel peeped over the banisters while the guests went into the dining-room. She was in her dressing-gown, but, of course, no one could see her. Dorothy, tall and white-faced and smiling, was walking with her hand on the Colonel's arm, Ned's Colonel. Muriel knew him. He came very often to see them with Neddie. Indeed

he was very much like Ned, full of fun and good spirits, though his hair was quite gray like father's.

Muriel had a very funny thing happen to her that night. She was thinking of Ned, of his going away and the terrible tigers and snakes down in India that Miss Chapman had told her about, and she couldn't sleep at all. She would close her eyes and they would pop open again just like the cover of the jack-in-the-box. She heard the nursery clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, and then, being very wideawake indeed, and a little troubled, she got out of bed and went to find nurse. But as nurse was sound asleep, she didn't like to wake her, so she made up her mind that she would go to her mother's room and tell her about the funny way her eyes kept popping open.

The door of the boudoir was ajar, and Muriel, hearing voices, stopped before going in. She saw the interior, however. Dorothy was sitting in a stiff-backed satin chair, her hands grasping the arms tightly, her face very white and her eyes dark as the shadows in Muriel's room. Her mother was standing with her back to the door, and Muriel heard her say:

"I have let you judge for yourself, Dorothy. I only hope that you have not made a mistake that will spoil both your lives."

Then Dorothy spoke in a hard voice, strange to Muriel.

"There was nothing else to do, mother. I could not excuse myself to him. His pride is too overbearing."

"My child," Mrs. Pennington said quietly, "you both suffer from it, the terrible pride of the Penningtons. I am afraid poor Ned's heart is broken, and you—"

"And I—" Dorothy laughed mirthlessly, and her hands clinched the chair arms more tightly. "No one shall ever know of my sufferings, mother. What is it the song says, 'I shall hide a broken heart behind a smiling face?'"

A little stunned by what she had heard, Muriel leaned against the curtained doorway, one hand holding tightly a

fold of her nightgown, the other pressed against her cheek.

Presently there was a little rustling sound, and, looking within, she saw Dorothy alone and standing in the middle of the room, her hands clasped tightly together, and held out rigidly before her, while her lips moved and she half sobbed aloud:

"Oh, Ned, Ned, I never can bear it! Come back again!"

Then, for the first time, it dawned upon Muriel that she was listening to what was not intended for her to hear, and her little face grew hot all of a sudden, and she crept away to bed.

The next morning was Saturday, so there were no lessons. As soon as breakfast was over, Muriel went to her father's study. He was writing at his desk. Muriel attracted his attention by gently poking him in the back. He saw her and bent his head to kiss her.

"Father is very busy just now," he told her. "I shall come and talk with you soon."

Muriel leaned her cheek against his desk and looked at him wistfully.

"Father," she asked, "what is the 'pride' of the Penningtons?"

The man smiled slightly; then, knowing his little girl to be very serious in regard to all information, he took her on his knee and told her that pride was sometimes a very good thing and sometimes a very bad thing. It was good when it made people true and kind and brave and happy, and it was bad when it made men and women unloving and cold and careless of the suffering of others. Then he kissed Muriel again, put her down and told her to run away. She had almost reached the door when she remembered another question, so she returned and asked again:

"Father, do people die of broken hearts?"

But this time her father was in the middle of a sentence, and had forgotten who was asking him the question, so he replied quickly:

"Very seldom. It would be better if they did."

Poor little Muriel! She turned very

cold and white and walked slowly from the room.

When luncheon time came she couldn't eat, and afterwards she went to the music-room to try to unravel things. Her mother and Dorothy were driving, and Miss Chapman was lying down with a headache, so Muriel stood in the window thinking very deeply. She was only six years old, and she was troubled with a very weighty trouble, for she was afraid that both Ned and Dorothy were going to die, or else live with broken hearts inside of them, which would be terribly painful, and worse than the most dreadful splinters. It was quite evident that this could be avoided if Ned were not going away. Of course, he was leaving on account of the "pride," but surely in this case, Muriel reasoned, the "pride" could not be a good thing when it was causing so much trouble and suffering. She thought a long time, and finally the little frown on her face cleared away. She nodded her head vigorously two or three times and left the room.

Her big white hat with the feathers was on the nursery bed, for her mother and Dorothy were to return at five and take her for a turn in the park before her tea. Muriel tied the hat under her chin, and drew on her gloves quickly.

"Now where might you be goin', Miss Muriel, this 'ot, 'ot day?" asked the footman in the hall.

"It is not hot, Thomas," said Muriel severely, "and you must let me out at once, for I am in a great hurry."

"Don't you go beyond the corner, now mind." Thomas drew back the door slowly. "I suppose Miss Chapman will be watchin' you from the window."

Muriel walked down the steps in quite a stately manner, thinking it best not to enlighten Thomas.

It was late September but very warm, and the child thought she must walk fast. Soon her cheeks were flushed hot and the little brown curls clung damp on her forehead. She was a tiny girl in her broad hat with the drooping feathers, and many people turned to gaze after the slender figure with the

earnest face and the shining, troubled eyes.

A half-hour passed before she reached the officers' quarters, then five minutes to the barracks, and presently she stood, panting and weary, at the broad gate that opened to the square.

There were a thousand soldiers within, the sun hot on their white helmets and scarlet jackets, and the band was playing "Rule Britannia."

"Could you tell me which one of the men, far over there, is my cousin Neddie?" she asked, pushing through a crowd of little boys at the gate and addressing a very tall man, who, his gun over his shoulder, was walking impressively up and down just within the entrance. To Muriel's intense surprise he paid no attention whatever, but continued calmly pacing on his beat. There was another soldier, however, a short, stout man with a fierce red moustache, who had been smoking and leaning against a post. He sprang towards Muriel and caught her up in his arms very unceremoniously.

"What are you doin' here 'thout your mammy?" he asked her. "Ain't you afraid the Kunnell 'll ketch you and put you in the 'black hole?'"

"No," Muriel answered indignantly. "You put me down this instant. I am not a baby, and I'm not afraid of the Colonel; he's a very nice man."

The soldier laughed. "Are you one of Captain Greyson's little girls?" he asked.

"No." Muriel had ceased to struggle, finding it unavailing, and besides, thinking it to be extremely undignified. "I don't belong to the regiment, at least, not persacly. I'm Miss Muriel Pennington, and I want my cousin Neddie."

"I see." The man looked at her gravely. "How did you get here?"

"I walked," slowly and flushing a little. "You see, mother and Dorothy were in the carriage, and maybe," more slowly still and her cheeks getting very red indeed, "they wouldn't have brought me anyway."

"In short," the soldier said seriously, "you runned away."

"I walked," she replied, as a long line of soldiers drew near, a dashing horseman leading them. "There's Colonel Harry now," she observed, excitedly. "Call him quick. Colonel Harry! Colonel Harr—"

But the stout man's hand was over her lips in a minute.

"Don't you do that, you naughty girl," he said, his face as red as his moustache.

Muriel was wildly excited. She screwed her little face from under his palm. "I shall, I shall! Colonel Harry!" she screamed.

"Now, don't that beat all." The soldier put her down abruptly, and deliberately turned his back on her, going to the fence quickly as the Colonel came up and passed close beside them.

"Tompkins," he shouted, "take care of the child until after the review," and he was gone.

Immediately the stout soldier returned and lifted the little girl in his arms again.

"Ain't you ashamed fer bein' a noisy, naughty miss?" he said. "All the little boys at the gate are laffin' at you, and the Kunnell's in a fine rage."

"I don't care if he is angry," and Muriel leaned back stiffly. "You put me down. I'm going in there to find Neddie myself."

"Not muchee you won't. You've got to mind orders."

"You're a very wicked man."

"Oh, come, now, you heard what the Kunnell said."

"It doesn't make any difference," angrily. "He isn't any relation to me."

At this the stout man pursed up his lips and wrinkled his eyes, but didn't say anything. Muriel decided to try new tactics.

"You know," she said slowly, "if you don't put me down, and let me go to Neddie, maybe he'll be gone and I can't tell him."

"Who's Neddie?" The man regarded her earnestly.

"Neddie is Lieutenant Edward Pennington, and he's going to sail for India to-night." Muriel began her sentence.

proudly, but ended in rather a tremulous tone.

"My dear little lady," the soldier said quickly, "why didn't you tell me so in the first place? The Lieutenant went down to the boat with his man and his traps this morning. An' sorry we were to see him go. 'E's a rare good sort."

"Thank you," said Muriel. "It's very kind of you to say so. Would you please take me to the boat now? I must see him before he goes."

"I can't do that." The man shook his head gravely. "That's agin orders. I can't leave the grounds."

"Then please show me the way at once that I may go." Muriel laid two little trembling hands on his shoulder. "If he should leave without seeing me, he might die or worse than die." Her eyes grew very dark.

The soldier looked puzzled.

"Is anything the matter with the Lieutenant?" he asked. "He was white about the mouth I remember this morning. He ain't ill, is he?"

"How 'white about the mouth'?" questioned Muriel fearfully.

"Pale," the soldier explained; "pale in the face."

"Well, it's worse than illness," Muriel said in a low, strained voice. "It's the 'pride of the Penningtons' that ails him."

The man looked blank. "The what?" he asked.

"The 'pride of the Penningtons.' You see," the child went on, "they've both got it, he and Dorothy. It's a dreadful thing. Maybe you didn't know they were to be married on Saturday?"

"I—I'd heard something of it," more blankly still.

"Well, you must try and not think about it any more," sadly, "because it isn't going to be. Unless," brightening a little, "he will do as I ask him. Neddie is very good to me, you know."

"An' is that what you come 'ere for?" asked the soldier, rather stupidly, as Muriel thought. "To talk the Lieutenant out of going to India?"

"Yes. Do you suppose he'll stay? You see," coaxingly, "I shall tell him all about it. Poor Dorothy cries terribly

and looks so white and strange, and Neddie cried too."

"It's a bad business, ain't it?" the soldier said. "But maybe you'd better wait and tell the Kunnell the rest. I don't understand such things, not bein' one of the gentry."

"It's the trouble of the 'pride,'" Muriel explained gravely. "I didn't understand it either till I asked father. There's good pride and bad pride. Dorothy and Neddie have it the bad way." Then she added honestly, "Father didn't speak of them, but I know."

"You're a rum un," the man smiled. "You wait now and tell the Kunnell about it. He'll make it all right for you."

Muriel sat very quietly in his arms until all the soldiers had filed off the field, then the Colonel came up, his horse galloping very fast. He drew rein beside them and took the little girl from Tompkins, placing her in front of him. Muriel saw him give the soldier a piece of money—she leaned from the saddle and held out her hand to her stout friend.

"Thank you for taking care of me," she said. "Good-bye."

As they went across the square, the Colonel asked her why she had come, and Muriel told him gravely that she wished to see Neddie before he sailed, and she hoped that Colonel Harry would take her at once to the boat.

The latter jumped from his horse when they reached the verandah, and, lifting Muriel down, told the groom to bring his trap immediately. In a very few minutes they were seated again, a footman perched behind, and two prancing black horses to draw them.

When they had gone some little distance in silence, Colonel Harry told Muriel that she must not think of going to the boat, that cousin Ned was very busy and would not be pleased to see her. He would take her home before her mother returned and grew anxious.

"Mother will not be anxious," Muriel said, a dry sob coming up in her throat and choking her. "She isn't coming home until five." Then she swallowed very hard. "Please, Colonel Harry," she went on, trying to speak bravely and convincingly, "I—I must see Ned-



die, you know. If—if I don't, he and Dorothy will surely die."

"Dorothy!" sharply. "What do you mean, Muriel?"

"It's—it's a terrible thing the matter with her. She hides a broken-in-two heart behind a smiling face."

"What are you talking about?" sternly. Then more gently: "My dear little Muriel, have you been dreaming this? Speak quietly."

"I never remember my dreams," rather haughtily. "What I am telling you is quite true. Neddie has the same matter with his heart, all broken like Dorothy's."

The Colonel muttered something about "servants' rubbish" under his breath, and Muriel went on gravely:

"Most likely you don't understand either. But you see the trouble of it all is the 'pride of the Penningtons.' They've both got it. Mother said so. It's far worse than measles or whooping cough. It's worse than dying, even."

"Who's been talking to you?" asked the Colonel in a curiously quiet voice.

"No one persacly." Muriel's face began to grow warm. "I—I heard some of it. I didn't think about it being listening just then. It was after the dinner party and I was peeping in at mother and Dorothy. Dorothy wants him to come back. She said so. Only she won't ask him on account of the 'pride.' It hurts them both so. Neddie cried. Fancy, big tall Neddie. Ah!" catching her breath, "I think they would both get well if he would only come back."

"Did—er—did Dorothy cry?" The Colonel's face burned red, and then turned white even to the lips.

"Dorothy was quite alone in the room," Muriel replied steadily. "And she stretched out her arms like this, and she called softly, 'Neddie, Neddie, come back again.' And the tears were all wetting her face."

The Colonel turned his horses suddenly in the middle of the street and, touching them with the whip, dashed down and round and up a dozen roads, until Muriel looking ahead could see a gleam of water and, closer in, the tall

masts and black smokestacks of countless ships. A few more minutes and the Colonel stopped his horses, and he and Muriel left the dogcart with the footman and went down a very busy walk, through great iron gates and dim warehouses to a wide wharf. Here a huge white steamship loomed up before them, and they crossed the gangway and went aboard. The Colonel said something to a man in a blue uniform with a lot of gold buttons on it, and when this man had left, they walked up and down the broad white decks for a long time, it seemed to Muriel. The sun, going down, was colouring the ship all gold, when at last she saw the man in the blue uniform come in sight again, and behind him the tall figure, the grave face and the close-cropped curls of cousin Neddie. He did not have on his military clothes, but wore a long blue coat that reached to his heels and a steamer cap. He did not smile at all, even when he saw Muriel. He and the Colonel saluted stiffly, and then Neddie asked in a strange, high-pitched voice:

"Have you any further orders, sir?"

Colonel Harry smiled slightly, and looked down at Muriel.

"This little lady has something to tell you," he said. "You will oblige me very much if you will take my trap and drive her home. I want to see the captain for a few moments. You—er—will return in ample time for me?"

"My letters are not half finished, sir," began Ned, haughtily.

"Neddie, dear," ventured Muriel timidly. She was quite afraid of him, he was so cold and different from the laughter-loving Neddie she had known.

The Colonel went forward and put his hand on the Lieutenant's shoulder. He said something to him in a low voice, and then turned abruptly away, walking into the saloon.

The young man looked dazed for a moment and, standing still, gazed after him, then he bent down to Muriel and, picking her up in his arms, held her very close to him and left the boat.

Presently they were seated in the tall dogcart and, at cousin Ned's request, the little girl explained all that has been

told. It was twilight before they had half finished their journey, and in all this great while cousin Ned had only spoken two words to Muriel—"Go on." By-and-bye he took the reins in one hand and put the other arm around her tightly; then he bent and kissed her twice, and Muriel felt his lashes wet against her cheek.

It was dark when they reached home. Along the quiet streets the lights were lit in the houses, and upstairs, in Dorothy's sitting-room, someone was standing close against the window peering out into the night.

"Will—will you ask Dorothy if she will see me for a little while?" Ned asked Muriel, as they went up the stairs

together. But the door opened very suddenly just then, and, instead of Thomas, a slender white-robed figure stood there, with the light from behind making a halo of the golden locks around her head.

"Muriel, Muriel, is it Ned?" and then her voice wavered and choked, and she came out into the vestibule, her arms outstretched.

Muriel was not quite sure who was holding her after that, but she heard Ned say "Thank God." And when they went into the hall together and she looked from one to the other of the dear faces she loved, she concluded in her wise little way that they were both already beginning to recover from the terrible "pride of the Penningtons."

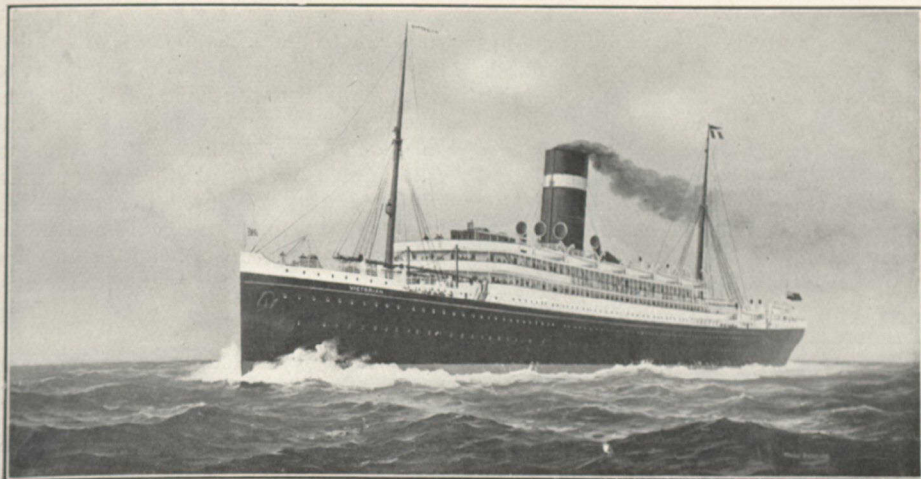
## Winter: A Reverie

BY J. HARRY SMITH

WHEN winter winds shriek down the street,  
The dreary street of bricks and snow,  
And swaying arcs of warmthless light  
Throw shiv'ring shadows to and fro;  
While yellow-gleams from curtained sash  
But blacker make the low'ring gloom.  
I hear no passing, muffled feet,  
When winter winds shriek down the street.

From out my hearth a ruddy fire  
Throws grateful rays of sun-gold light.  
It is the sun of summer's eve,  
Through quiv'ring leaves made gently bright.  
My arm-chair is the mossy bank  
Of brooklet, gay with insect life;  
Smoke whiffs as summer cloudlets meet,  
Though winter winds shriek in the street.

Adown the glade a merry noise  
Of laughing children fills the breeze;  
But whence this song of tinkling bells,  
A sound not born of wind-swung trees?  
My dream is gone, a melody  
Of sleigh-bells, horns and cheery shouts  
Re-make the night, and rise to greet  
The mad, gay wind that fills the street.



THE ALLAN TURBINE STEAMSHIP VICTORIAN

## An Epoch in Canadian Shipping

By RANDOLPH CARLYLE

*Affording a glimpse of a tremendous change from the sails of early navigators to the turbines of the Allan Line*



WHEN the indomitable explorer, Jacques Cartier, first sailed in Canadian waters, about four hundred years ago, he little dreamed that on the other side of the Atlantic, in the ancient seaport of St. Malo, a monument would be erected centuries later to perpetuate his name as the pioneer trader in what was destined to become one of the world's great routes of commerce by sea. His was a great achievement against great odds. Depending entirely on wind and sail, he buffeted the gulf gales, and brought what would now be regarded as little more than a fisherman's sloop into the tide waters of the greatest inland waterway in the world. But the name of Jacques Cartier, notwithstanding his great feat of discovery, is scarcely more significant in the history of the navigation of Canadian waterways and of Canadian shipping than others who have come upon the scene some centuries later and who have been outstanding figures in the

various epochs in the evolution of ocean and inland navigation. Be it almost enough to say that to Canada may be claimed the credit for producing the first vessel to cross the Atlantic with no propelling power apart from steam.

While we now regard Cartier's means of navigation as entirely primitive, it was not until within the fourth century after he navigated the St. Lawrence that steam became an actual factor in the propelling of vessels at sea. And it was not until 1852 that Canadian shippers really awoke to their opportunities, when Messrs. Allan, the pioneers in steam navigation between Great Britain and Canada, made a contract with the Canadian Government to provide a mail service between the old country and the new. That was an important day for this country, and with the granting of that first subsidy by the Government for a trans-Atlantic mail service went an impetus to Canadian shipping that is felt even to this day, and which has succeeded in building up between Cana-

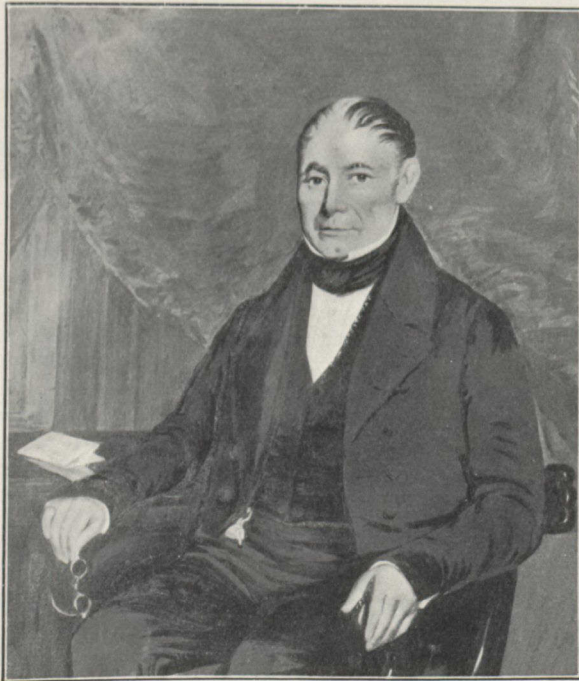
dian ports and the great shipping centres of England, Ireland and Scotland, a steamship service that ranks all round with the best in the world.

In considering the growth and changes in shipping between Canada and the old country, even going back to almost the beginning of the nineteenth century, the name "Allan" stands out easily above all others, and indeed it is impossible to deal with the history of Canadian shipping without giving large place to the succeeding generations of those who have borne the name of Allan and who have been connected with the various companies of which that name has been so long identified. Few persons living now can trace this chain back farther than the advent of the most prominent figure of all, that of Sir Hugh Allan. But Sir Hugh was not the first of his historic stock to navigate our waters. The founder of the Allan Line was really Captain Alexander Allan, father of Sir Hugh, a Scotch youth, who early evinced a yearning for the sea. This lad, after serving his apprenticeship,

soon rose to the command of a brig called the *Jean*, a vessel that was employed to carry supplies to the Duke of Wellington, who was then campaigning in the Peninsula. Two years later, in 1822, Captain Allan sailed for Canada in search of new cargoes for his vessel, and it is interesting to note that his first voyage from Glasgow to Quebec started a line of steamships that has gone back and forth with increasing numbers and importance during eighty-five years.

In those days wind was the propelling force, and the voyages were consequently long and subject to great peril and hardship. But the business was profitable, and by the end of eight years Captain Allan increased his equipment by four larger vessels than the *Jean*, and inaugurated a regular service of clipper packets. Few persons now have the length of days to recall the experiences of a voyage across the Atlantic in those times or to look upon the great ocean greyhounds of our day, and at the same time enjoy a retrospective view of the small yet picturesque craft

that immediately preceded the turning point in the history of marine navigation. But any one, however lacking in imagination, could form at least a moderate idea of what it meant for Captain Allan to surmount in his day, with his fragile, wooden vessels, the same winds, the same icefloes and the same rocky coasts that in this twentieth century, against all the advantages of advanced engineering skill, sometimes make prey of the great leviathans of the deep. Nevertheless, a precise illustration of the difference is available. The *Montreal Gazette* of September 28, 1839, contained the following advertisement: "For Greenock: The well-known coppered ship *Canada*, 329 tons register, Bryce Allan, Commander, now loading and will have immediate dispatch.

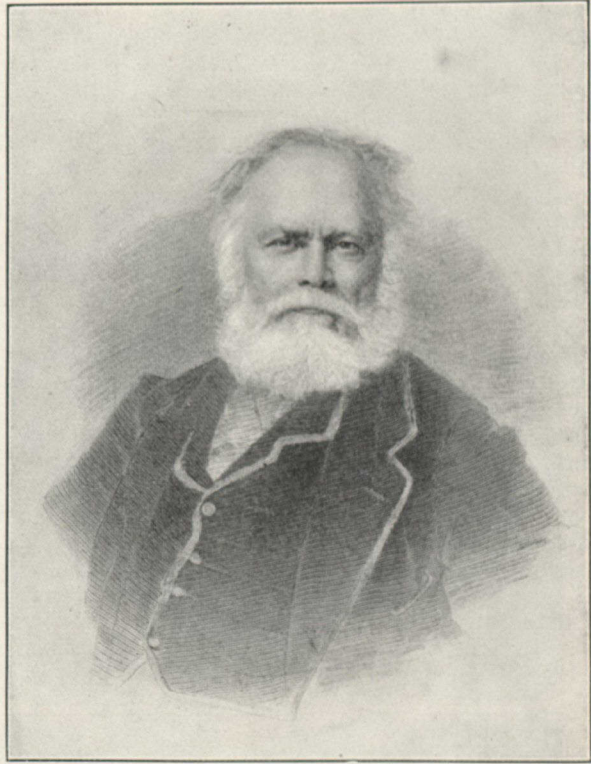


CAPTAIN ALEXANDER ALLAN, FOUNDER OF THE ALLAN LINE OF STEAMSHIPS

For passage only, apply to Captain Allan, on board, at the Cross, or to Miller, Edmonstone and Allan." Sixty-six years later, after innumerable vicissitudes and continuous evolution, the Allans adopted the latest system of steam propulsion, the turbine engine, and increased their already large fleet by two magnificent steamers, each of 12,000 tons register. From 329 tons in one vessel to 12,000 tons in another is a great advance, and yet that was attained in less time than it takes a man to live out the allotted span. It might be well here to mention that Captain Bryce Allan was a son of Alexander Allan and a brother of Sir Hugh. He acted for twenty years at Liverpool as managing owner of the line, and when he died his two nephews, Robert and James Allan, succeeded him, and have been representatives of the line at Liverpool for the last thirty-six years. Eight years after

Captain Alexander Allan's first voyage to Canada, the fleet of the Allan Line consisted, among other vessels, of the *Canada*, the *Favourite*, the *Brilliant*, the *Blonde*, the *Pericles* and the *Gypsie*. Doubtless these names are familiar to persons still living in Canada, because the vessels that carried them were favourite means of transportation across the Atlantic in those days. Twenty years later, after iron had come into use as a material for shipbuilding, the Allan fleet contained the *Strathearn*, the *Minerva*, the *Strathblane*, the *Glenfinart*, the *Gleniffer*, the *Ardmillan* and the *Romsdal*.

Many readers will be curious to know something about the advent of Hugh Allan, who afterwards became so well known all over Canada. He was one of five sons of Alexander Allan. The other four sons were James, Bryce, Andrew and Alexander. Hugh came to Canada in 1826, and five years later entered into



SIR HUGH ALLAN, WHO FOR MANY YEARS WAS A PROMINENT FIGURE IN CANADIAN SHIPPING CIRCLES '861

partnership in the shipping business with Miller, Edmonstone and Company, a firm which later became Edmonstone, Allan and Company. Eight years later Hugh's brother Andrew came out and soon entered the partnership with his brother. About twenty years later Mr. Edmonstone retired, and from that time to the present the affairs of the Allan Line on this side of the Atlantic have been conducted under the firm name of H. and A. Allan. After the death of the founder of this line, two of the sons, James and Alexander, conducted the business in Glasgow, while their brother Bryce took charge of the office at Liverpool. That left three brothers in the old country and two in the new. The business, which was by this time well established, began to expand rapidly, but for forty years it continued under the management of the quintette of brothers. Hugh became the most prominent of all, and in 1871, in

view of his services to Canadian commerce, he was recommended for knighthood, and received that distinction from Queen Victoria in 1871. Although this knighthood did not carry with it hereditary rights, Sir Hugh's son, H. Montagu Allan, had the same distinction bestowed upon him a few years ago by King Edward. The Allans at present identified with the service are as follows: Sir H. Montagu Allan, Mr. Hugh A. Allan, Mr. Andrew A. Allan and Mr. Bryce J. Allan.

The first regular steamship service between Great Britain and America is credited to Mr. S. Cunard, of Halifax, who made a contract with the British Government in 1850 to provide a fortnightly service of mail steamers between Liverpool and Halifax, and on to Boston. That was followed, however, two years later, by a contract between the Canadian Government and McKean, McLarty and Lamont, of Liverpool, for a fortnightly mail service between Liverpool and Montreal in summer, and Liverpool and Port-

land in winter. An attempt was made to carry out the contract, but the result was failure, and therefore the contract was cancelled. Notwithstanding so discouraging a circumstance, H. and A. Allan, just one year later, 1853, agreed with the Canadian Government to provide the same service. To carry out the objects of this agreement necessitated great additions to the fleet, and as steamships had just then begun to replace sailing vessels, the time might be regarded as of considerable significance in connection with the history of the growth of shipping to and from Canada. The first steamer to be built was the *Canadian*. She was ready in 1853, and was followed soon by the *Indian*, the *North American* and the *Anglo-Saxon*.

It should be remembered that at that time the Intercolonial Railway had not been undertaken, and so there was no railway between the Maritime Provinces and the west. Montreal was the summer terminus on this side, but there had to be as well a winter terminus in order to



S.S. VIRGINIAN—MUSIC ROOM



S.S. VIRGINIAN—DINING SALOON

provide an unbroken yearly service. The Grand Trunk Railway was completed to Portland that very year, 1853, and therefore Portland became the winter terminus of the new steamship line. However, the Intercolonial was yet to come as a condition of Confederation. It was completed in 1876, connecting Quebec with Halifax, which thereafter became the winter port of the Allan Line of Royal Mail Steamships. Six years later the fortnightly service was increased to a weekly service, which has been continued ever since.

The increasing opportunities for trade between Canada and Great Britain would not permit the Allans to rest contented with this achievement, so plans were continually being considered to embrace new routes and additions to the fleet. In 1862 a line was established to run between Glasgow and Montreal, and it became so successful that ten years later the service was increased to a permanent weekly service. Later again Canada

was placed in direct connection by steamer with London.

It should not be overlooked that during all the years of which mention has already been made, the steamship companies doing business between Canada and Great Britain were at a great disadvantage, because Canada had not come into the limelight as one of the countries of new and great possibilities. Neither had our own people been aroused to the importance and the magnificent possibilities of our export trade. Tourists were not coming this way in great numbers, and indeed, we are scarcely yet coming into our own in that respect. The United States was the country in the world's eye then, and attention was generally attracted that way. The steamship companies doing business between New York and the large European ports enjoyed an overwhelming share of patronage, but nevertheless the Canadian companies more than held their own, and forged ahead with creditable per-

severance. Although in those days, and even down until quite recently, many persons thought it sounded well to be able to say they had sailed to or from New York, it is gratifying to know that as far back as 1878, when Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne came to Canada, they chose the steamship *Sarmatian*, one of the Allan Liners. They were so well pleased with the voyage that they returned by the same vessel.

In those days, and even down to about 1890, the second cabin accommodation, which has become a feature of modern ocean travel, was scarcely an appreciable quantity, the provision for the comfort of passengers, apart from the first cabin quarters, being little better than is now provided in the steerage apartments of the most modern vessels. These conditions, however, have altogether changed, for to travel "second cabin" now, in a vessel such as the *Victorian* or *Virginian*, the new Allan Line turbine steamships, is to enjoy the luxuries of the average well-to-do home, and better than the first cabin accom-

modation was even just a decade ago. There has been good reason for these changes. Canada, within the last ten years at least, has enjoyed a tremendous impetus, and travellers and tourists of all manner and means are coming this way, and in increasing numbers, by the direct steamship routes. Travellers have come to know that accommodation on the best Canadian steamships is first class, and Canadians themselves have at last come to be not afraid of being regarded as a little provincial if they patronise home industry on the great seas. Trade with Great Britain has also advanced with enormous strides, and therefore the steamship companies have felt warranted in providing a service that would compare with the best anywhere. There are two advantages to Canada—shortness of route and natural beauty of scenery along the St. Lawrence River from the Gulf to Montreal. These two things, shortness of route and beauty of scenery, are really of great importance. Of all the persons who travel, almost

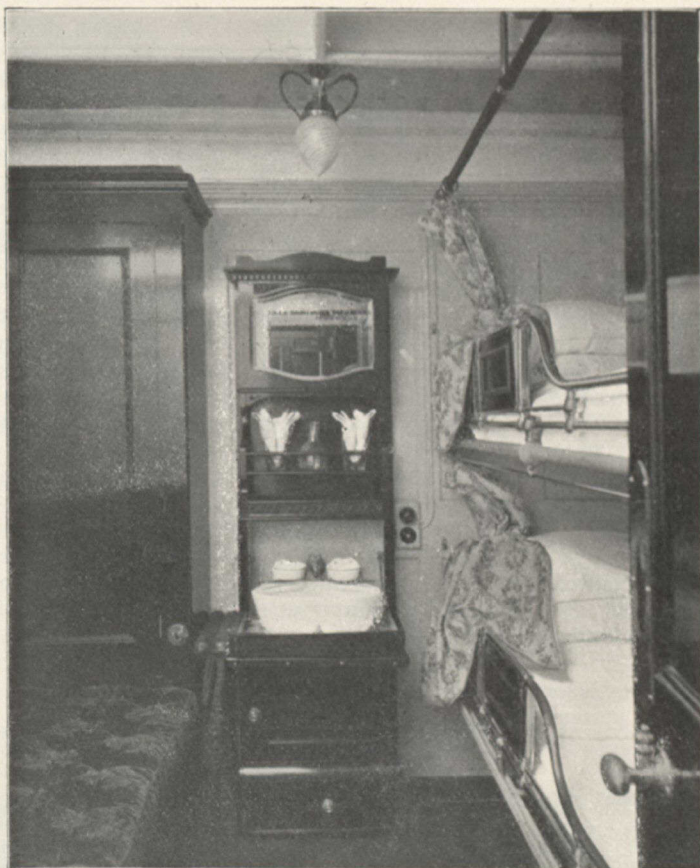


S.S. VICTORIAN—SMOKING ROOM



everyone does it either for business, for pleasure, for health, or a combination of two or all of these reasons. If a person travels for business, he wants to reach his destination as soon as possible, if for pleasure to have as much comfort as possible, and to come into contact with new and attractive things; if for health, to see whatever tends to attract and solace the eye and to encounter the things that refresh and restore. For these reasons, if for no other, the Canadian route is bound to increase in popularity with amazing rapidity.

Perhaps the greatest question before steamship owners all over the world just now is, What is the maximum of size and speed in keeping with profitable operation? That question seems to apply with particular fitness here in Canada. We hear a great deal of talk about a fast mail service, about short routes, and about summer and winter ports, but it is doubtful whether the general public, and even many of those who do a good deal of the talking, really appreciate the meaning of what they presume to discuss. While this article is not intended to be a technical consideration of the economics of shipbuilding and ship operating, there is at the same time a hope that it may serve to give some idea of what a great and involved problem a serious consideration of the ocean transportation question really is. According to conditions in Canada, two



TYPE OF FIRST-CABIN STATEROOM IN ALLAN TURBINE STEAMSHIPS

things must contribute to the support of a steamship—passengers and goods. Of course a vessel can be profitably operated between Canada and Great Britain, depending entirely on goods for revenue, but it is impossible as yet to throw the goods out and depend entirely on passengers.

But that seems to be exactly what must happen if the speed that is talked about so much is ever to be accomplished. Every knot that is added to the speed of a vessel after it has attained what is now regarded as a fairly high rate, say of sixteen to twenty-two knots, means the elimination of a tremendous amount of cargo space in order to provide room for the increased size of engines and coal bunkers.

The new large Cunarders, for instance,

are being set out for a speed of twenty-five knots an hour. In order to attain that their makers have had to abandon almost entirely the idea of carrying freight, the space usually given over for that purpose being required for the extra large engines, boiler rooms and coal bunkers. It is estimated that a vessel of the new Cunard type will consume one thousand tons of coal every twenty-four hours, and of course that means a proportionately large number of men to handle the coal and of space to contain it. The design of the vessel must of necessity, also, be extremely elongated both from well amidships forward to the bow and also backward to the stern, in order to cause as little friction as possible passing through the water. To carry out a design of that kind, much of the space that is ordinarily reserved for cargo has had to be abandoned altogether. It is estimated also that it takes just about twice as much motive power to drive a vessel at the rate of twenty-five knots an hour as it takes to drive at the

rate of twenty-two knots an hour. To the inexperienced mind that appears to be tremendously out of proportion. If it takes, say, 250 tons of coal a day to run one of the Allan turbine steamers at an average speed of seventeen knots an hour, the difference between the cost of running a vessel of that type and one of the large Cunarders of a speed of twenty-five knots would be readily appreciated, especially when it is considered that the latter will consume four or five times as much coal. But coal is not the only thing. There are as well the men to handle it, the space to put it in, and the men also to run the extra large engines. Each of the Allan turbine steamships employs a crew of 350, while a crew of one of the large Cunarders numbers well up towards 1,200. The Allan turbiner *Victorian* or *Virginian* is well equipped with a crew of 350. So large an army of men as 1,200 working in the lower portions of a vessel at sea is a thing of tremendous significance, and it might well be regarded as a real menace rather



PROMENADE DECK—ALLAN TURBINE STEAMSHIPS

than a help in a time of genuine peril. Men who work in the holds of great vessels are of necessity not of the higher order, and it is not to be expected of such that they display chivalry and heroism in case of disaster. It is enough to imagine what might be the result to an equal number of passengers were a sinking ship to disgorge a thousand of these men on to the upper decks, vieing with one another for a means of safety.

A good idea of the difference in the cost of maintaining one of the large steamships as compared with the smaller vessels may be formed from the fact that vessels of a speed of twenty-five knots can carry practically no cargo at all, while a vessel such as the Allan turbine, which maintain a speed of seventeen knots, carry 2,000 tons of cargo, and vessels of the type of the *Tunisian* and *Corsican*, with a speed of fifteen knots, carry five thousand tons. It may be seen, therefore, that to increase the speed from fifteen knots to seventeen knots means a diminishing of capacity from 5,000 tons to 2,000 tons, while to increase the speed from seventeen knots to twenty-five knots means the cutting out of cargo altogether. Briefly, that is the great problem that confronts Canadian shipowners to-day. It would no doubt be a very nice thing to see vessels that could maintain a speed of twenty-five knots sailing up and down the St. Lawrence, but if that picture is ever to be realised, it looks as if there will have to be an entire revolution in the system of propulsion at sea. Under existing conditions no steamship company in Canada would scarcely undertake to provide vessels that would maintain a speed of twenty-five knots, unless the Government would subsidise them to the extent of almost bankrupting the public exchequer. The new Allan turbine are of 12,000 tons register. If they had to maintain a speed of twenty-five knots they would have to be of about 30,000 tons register.

Those who advocate a fast steamship service should stop to consider whether they would be willing to back up a private company with public funds suffi-

ciently to enable the project to be successfully carried out.

As it is, with vessels of a speed of seventeen knots the mails from Great Britain are landed in Canada in about six days' time. The *Virginian* has actually landed them in five days, fourteen hours. It is a question, therefore, if to cut that time down to five days or a little less, the great expenditure necessary would be warranted. It is out of the question just now to presume that the Canadian route could maintain a large and highly expensive exclusive passenger business. It is not even certain that the New York route will maintain it profitably, but if it should maintain it with profit, considering the difference in wealth and population of the United States with Canada, we can at least hope that the day is not far distant when the Canadian route will do likewise. However, with steamships like the Allan turbine we are pretty well equipped after all. The Allans were the first to put the turbine theory into actual practice in trans-oceanic navigation. They are, therefore, the pioneers in that respect. To them as a Canadian company also can credit be given for other initial steps. They were the first to build a steel ocean steamer, which was the *Buenos Ayrean*, built in 1881. They were the first trans-Atlantic line to use bilge keels on vessels, beginning in 1884 with the *Parisian*.

It should be satisfactory to all who are interested in Canadian shipping to know that the turbine in ocean navigation has not proved to be the failure that so many persons predicted. On the other hand, the owners appear to be greatly pleased with the venture. From the standpoint of the passenger, the Allan turbine leave little to be desired, and that, after all, is what the public care most about. But from the owner's standpoint there seems to be certain limitations; for instance, the turbine would not be the most economical means of propelling a vessel of less speed than the *Victorian* or *Virginian*, or in other words, than a vessel with a speed of less than seventeen knots. As vessels of the size and type

of the Allan turbiners seem to have reached about the maximum practicable in the ocean steamship business to the St. Lawrence, for some time at least, it is only reasonable to suppose that they will stand as the model of the highest present day attainment for our waters.

For the benefit of those to whom the name "turbine" does not convey any clear idea, it may be explained that the mode of producing rotatory motion in the shafting and its attached propellers is, in principle, the same as that of the old-fashioned windmill, the force in turbine, however, being steam instead of wind, and the angled arms and sails of the windmill being represented in the turbine by metallic vanes set on the surface of a conical casting, which forms, by attachment, the forward end of the propeller shafting; these vanes, working into counterpart flutings on a fixed, surrounding, hollow casting, complete the device. The steam, entering at the forward end of this combined arrangement of blades, can only find passage by forcing the parts attached to the shafts into rapid revolution. Rushing along with the momentum due to its volume and boiler pressure at one end, supplemented by the withdrawal of atmospheric pressure by means of powerful air pumps operating at the other end, the steam imparts a steady, unceasing, rotatory movement to the propellers, utilising to the best advantage the whole boiler power of the ship.

A few words on the "Victorian," which apply also to the *Virginian*, might not be out of place. Her length is 540 feet; her breadth, 60 feet; her depth, 40 feet 6 inches. She is divided by bulkheads into eleven compartments, and with the sub-divisions of her double bottom she has twenty water-tight spaces. She is built to the highest class of the British Corporation Registry of Shipping, and her hull has been specially strengthened above the requirements of the corporation

in order to make her doubly secure against the heavy weather of the North Atlantic. The first-class accommodation, which, as usual, is amidships, is of the most complete and approved order. Perfectly heated and ventilated staterooms, and suites of rooms, a spacious and well-fitted dining-saloon, an elegantly appointed music-room, and a luxuriously equipped smoking-room are some of the features. Not less comfortable proportionately are the second-class quarters, and, as already indicated, third-class passengers are catered to in the most liberal manner. Electric light throughout, a complete printing outfit, and an installation of Marconi's wireless telegraphy are among the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of passengers.

The cargo space available is, notwithstanding the large complement of passengers, comparatively large and the facilities for its rapid handling and discharge are of the most up-to-date and efficient nature. Four large derricks are arranged on each mast, the lifting capacity of each being up to seven tons. These, together with two crane post derricks, make ten in all, for the working of which ten double-cylinder steam winches are supplied. Special attention has been given to the arrangement of the cargo holds, and the ordinary round pillar supports for the decks have been largely discarded in favour of special girders and supports which leave the holds freer for the reception, stowage, and discharge of cargo. Insulated chambers for the carriage of fruit and dairy produce from Canada are provided in conjunction with refrigerating plant.

While it must be admitted that the possibilities of ocean navigation are still uncertain, it is safe to predict that as far as Canada is concerned the pioneer name of Allan will long continue to be associated with the highest attainment in this most intricate science and picturesque art.



# An Unexpected Surrender

By OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

*How the light in an old man's life went out before a greater and brighter illumination*

## THE MEETING



It was July. The metallic rasping of the myriads of grasshoppers served but to accentuate the listlessness and loneliness which seemed to pervade the world. The leaves of the trees hung motionless, the creek scarcely voiced a murmur as it slid from pool to pool, the shadows lay long on the mirror-like surface of the water, and the wide-eyed, somnolent cattle stood stock-still and ruminant in the shingly, leg-deep shallows that stretched almost stagnantly beneath the willow-trees.

Just below the ford where a straggling concession road made passage of the stream a young man sat at the edge of a shadow-flecked eddy, above which he dangled idly a long fishing rod and line. He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow clad in blue overalls; his eyes, too, were blue and his hair, as much of it as was visible, was fair and curly. Thirty yards across the stream in front of him and just at the foot of an overhanging beech there was a spring, beside which a brown, rusty pail leaned. Beyond the spring a ragged hillside cumbered with underbrush, stones and knotted roots, upreared itself steeply. Up the hillside, zigzagging erratically because of the laborious climb, a little pathway led from the spring toward a brown farmhouse which, though hidden by the intervening trees, stood on the plateau above.

It was this path that the loiterer was watching to the neglect of his rod and his line. When the vagrant breeze shook the bushes which obscured the narrow approach, he half rose expectantly, and even after he had dropped back disappointed, the carelessness of his posture was belied by the eagerness of his gaze.

Presently the bushes were stirred by other than the wind, and, parting the branches before her, a girl with a bucket stepped through. She was quite a pretty girl, and her pink gingham dress and white sunbonnet lent a pleasing variety of colour to the path. This time the man stood fully erect watching her and waiting.

Perceiving the intruder upon her private domain the girl gave a little start of surprise, then tilting her sunbonnet forward she came down and leaned over the spring.

"Sa-a-y!" The man was very red. Twice he had essayed to call to her, but it seemed to him that his swiftly beating heart had each time risen in his throat and choked him. Then he had realised that his opportunity was passing, and at last he had spoken, but his voice sounded odd and strained. Would she wither him with a scornful glance or would she take up her bucket quickly and vanish along the path?

She did neither. She lifted the pail, now filled to the brim, and placed it on the broad flat stone at the side of the spring; then she faced him calmly and answered him.

"What is it?" she asked.

Her eyes seemed to disconcert him and he cast about hurriedly for words. "C'n—c'n I come over there an' get a drink?"

For one moment the girl was disposed to laugh at him—to tell him that the spring and the pail had been there ere she came, and would be there after she had gone. But the man was young and goodly to look upon and the woman was a daughter of Eve, hence she cast a quick glance backward at the path. There was nothing there save a sparrow balancing itself on a bough, so she trusted herself to look at the tempter again.

"Yes," she replied, glancing first at

the stream and then back at him doubtfully; "come, if you want to."

He understood her look. "There's a foot-log below," he said, "but I'll cross so." He caught an overhanging branch and swung himself lightly. In another moment he was across and almost at her side. A look of admiration crept into her eyes as she stooped to fill the dipper. He started suddenly. "Lemme do that," he ejaculated. He caught at the dipper, and as he did so his hand touched hers. The contact thrilled him. She gave up the utensil reluctantly. Somehow it seemed to her that it would have been good to serve him even in so little a thing.

Then as he began to apologise she looked at him curiously. Last Sabbath he had been seated just opposite to her in the church, and his home lay yonder, not a full two miles from her own. All his life she had known of his comings and goings, and yet never before had he spoken to her. Twenty years ago their forbears had indulged in a "falling out"—a little thing at first, but one which had speedily grown—and since that time no Nixon had spoken to a Hains, nor a Hains to a Nixon. And yet, to-day, after all these years of strife, a Hains had come of his own free will to put foot on the Nixon soil, and to ask from a woman of the Nixons the favour of a drink from her hands. Why had he come? To fish? She glanced at the neglected rod and smiled at the very suggestion.

When he had drunken she retook the dipper, and their fingers touched again.

"You're John Hains, aren't you?" she asked, looking up at him and smiling. Underneath the smile she was questioning as to what her father would say, should he find this visitor here.

Influenced by her smile a sudden accession of courage came to the man. He had been afraid that she might remember that quarrel which their fathers had made, and for all his six feet of stature he was unused to women and sensitive. Moreover, above all others this woman had power to make him feel. Now, however, he was assured, and he laughed aloud.

"Just to think," he said, "of you an' me purtendin' not to know one another. Why, I've been a-knowin' you, Annie,

since you were so high"—and he measured gleefully with his hand. "Gee whiz, how pretty you were! I didn't dare speak to you, but—but—" His face was growing red again, and a new light had come into his eyes.

The woman's wit of the girl gave her a sufficient warning, and she moved uneasily. "I—I've got to be goin' now," she remarked apologetically.

"Would you"—the man had grown nonplussed and awkward again—"would you mind, Annie, if I—I came back sometimes—to—to get another drink?"

She looked down at the hem of her apron, then gathered it up in her fingers and creased it into tiny folds. How angry her father would be if he but knew.

"Father—" she stammered, "father, he—" It was she who was embarrassed now. The man nodded confidentially. "I know," he said, "I know. That's why I asked you."

She glanced at him shyly. "I—I don't mind," she replied.

He picked up the bucket. "I wish I could carry it for yeh," he remarked. "I would, only—" He was half-minded to walk with her straight to her father's door and tell that old man that his folly of quarrelling must straightway cease. But she interrupted him.

"It wouldn't do—it would make more trouble. I must go now. Good-bye—J—John."

The man stood watching her contemptively as she vanished up the path. All his life he had wished to accost her, to make himself agreeable to her, but he could not because his elders and hers—those elders who think themselves so wise, and who wish to be as gods in regulating the affairs of their children—had ordered otherwise. Once—they were at school then and she had forgotten all about it, no doubt—he had thrust a big, red apple into her hand and had run away hastily; and she, being a wise little girl, had immediately eaten the apple lest some one should be questioning. In after years when more of maturity and self-consciousness had come to him he had hidden his preference and had looked upon her furtively. But even as he grew tall and strong, so his desire had grown;

yet Fate and his elders were against him all the while. But to-day manhood had dawned, and he had come here to take Fate by the throat and to speak to the girl. Yesterday he had been a child, heedful of those who commanded him; now he was ready to make his own problems and to solve them.

When the girl had disappeared he turned back to the creek, strode through the weeds and brushwood to the foot-log which lay below. Then crossing this he took his way homeward through the sunlight that fell upon the fields of gold.

## II

## THE AWAKENING

Slowly following the path the girl came with lingering footsteps to the top of the hill, and to the corner of that clover-field beyond which lay the gray porch of the weather-beaten dwelling. At the rail fence she halted a moment. Already the afternoon was passing and the old house and the apple trees at its back barred with long lines of shadows in their setting of purple and gold—the purple of the clover-bloom and the streaming gold of the sun—while at the gate of the clean little yard her father stood shading his eyes and looking toward the farm hands who were at work in a distant wheatfield.

At the sight of the grizzled old man the girl's conscience smote her suddenly. People of the neighbourhood called Bill Nixon a harsh man and one given to prejudices, but he had never seemed so to her, for she was his child and her mother was long since dead. To her, therefore, he was father and mother in one; in her childhood he had nurtured her, and in her fair young womanhood he was proud of her. All this she knew and now it seemed to her that she had sinned against him in that she had failed to scorn the man from whom he would have withheld her. And yet—

She was not willing to follow up *all* her questionings. What she had done was done—why think further of such a trivial thing? She swung her bucket clear of the fence, and lifting her skirt daintily, she went toward him across the clover. He was growing old; his labours of other

days had prospered; now in the evening of life he could rest if he wished to. So he had left his "hands" at their work, and had come for cool water and refreshment into the shade of the apple trees.

His eye twinkled as she approached. "Somebody mislaid the spring?" he asked, solicitously.

"Why?"

"We-e-ell, you was gone quite a while, so I thought mebbe the place had been moved an' that you was a-lookin' fer it."

She walked to the shelf that was on the porch and put the bucket away. Usually she replied to banter in kind, but now she was silent and seemingly wished to escape.

But the old man did not notice this. He was thinking of other things. And when he had quenched his thirst and had slanted a chair-back downward against the porch-facing, he brought a pillow, placed it upon this incline which he had made, and stretched himself upon the floor. There he dozed for a while, and afterward he watched the girl from his half-closed lids, and looked now and again at the robins which were nesting in his trees. Last year there had been but one nest, he remembered, but now, since the young birds of last season had builded, there were two. Then, as he turned his eyes away and gazed down the stretch of nearby road, he could see another house which was brown and old like his own; beyond that men were moving about—men who looked tired and small in the hot and hazy distance—and a raw, new frame of yellow pine was being reared. That was Sam Wilson's place, and the new house belonged to Sam's son. The young folks were marrying off, and here and there new nests were a-building.

Presently he looked at his daughter again, and a queer little jealous spasm tugged sharply at his heart. Some day—it was not a very distant day perhaps—she too would be going. He shrunk from the thought; it frightened him. One by one he told off in his mind the young men of the neighbourhood—all save John Hains, there was no use counting a Hains, he told himself—and being dissatisfied, he shook his head at each. With which among them all could he trust her? Even now, though she was grown to be a woman,

he could still feel the pressure of her childish arms about his neck, the clasp of her baby fingers upon his own. She had been so little, so loving, and he had spoiled her, perhaps; and this man who would take her from him wouldn't know about that—and—how could it be possible that she should care for that one more than she cared for "daddy"—rough, tender-hearted old "daddy," who loved her so?

So his soul was disquieted, and the broad sun slipped down and kissed the western hills and the labourers came home from the fields singing and whistling along the paths. But the girl took no heed of the undertone of sadness and of vague regret in it all, nor was she conscious of the rich blaze of fading sunset colour, nor of the dying light on the hills, nor of the shadows creeping up the village, nor of the night birds calling from the orchard and the woods. True, the night had come, but Annie was thinking of the afternoon, and of the spring, and the man in the dark-blue overalls. It was good, she thought, to live and she went singing about her work.

### III

#### THE BATTLE

Between the man and the girl there had been other meetings—such frequent meetings that the gossiping housewives of the neighbourhood wagged their heads sagely, and, when "two or three were gathered together in one place," they indulged themselves freely in forecasts and adventured forth into prophecy. Did they not know Bill Nixon, and was John Hains a man easily controlled and readily turned aside in his purpose?

But regardless of the comments of others the two continued to see each other sometimes—this on meeting-days—at the church, sometimes by accident as they travelled the country road, and, if Bill Nixon suspected aught, he gave no sign—at least, none that his daughter or the public could read. To some it seemed that the old man had wilfully shut his eyes and did not wish to see. Others averred that such was Nixon's hatred for a Hains that it had not even occurred to him that

his daughter would look at John, much less tarry within the sound of the young man's voice or hearken to his stammering speech.

"Bill 'll waken up one o' these days," said one of the apologists.

"Dunno as I blames the young folks though. John Hains, he are a man—built from the groun' up, he is, and muscled like a steer. An' Annie—why, Annie, bless her heart, is as red-lipped as a young rose, an' sir, she's clean-limbed, an' as light in her pastern j'int's as a thoroughbred colt! I don't blame John—he's got a good farm, an' they'll git married one o' these days, an' ole Bill, he'll r'ar then an' pitch, but his gal 'll be married all right enough, so it won't do a bit o' good. Yes, *siree*, Bill's got to wake up some time. I'm dang sorry fer Bill. I shore is."

In such fashion the community kept the matter forward and knew far more of its progress than old Bill did, or, as for that, even Annie herself or John.

And yet, despite this absorbing adventure which was stirring the good folk up, Nature went her own way steadily and was neither to be checked nor diverted. But at last the summer passed and the sunlight grew slant and pale, and the maples tinged the slopes with red, and the golden-rod shone yellow by the waysides and filled the long valleys with flame.

And because the year was dying and the old things were passing away, the young man grew lonely and came once more in the afternoon stillness to the creek-side near the spring. This time he bore no rod, and made no excuses—not even to himself—for his coming. And then about the girl who came, meeting him there. When he looked at her he forgot all his shyness and awkwardness and went to her holding out his arms.

"Won't you come to me, Annie?" he called. "Won't you come now?"

The girl drew back a pace. "John," she remonstrated, "John!"

But he did not heed, scarcely had he even heard. The slanting light had transfigured her, and he could not give her up now. With a swift step he reached her side and caught her hands in his own.



"I love you, Annie," he whispered, passionately; "will you come, dearie—will you come?"

Almost forcibly he drew her to him, and she, resisting no longer, let her dark lashes droop and hid her face against his arm. "John," she whispered, "John." The words were the same as before, but the intonation had told him all.

Then, on the hillside above them a leafy bush quivered, and Bill Nixon, his heart beating fiercely, parted the obscuring foliage to see clearly, if he might, who this man was who had come to steal away his child.

"Hains!" he muttered. "John Hains, just like I knowed it would be. An' yet I couldn't believe—I had to just see it myself."

White-lipped and quivering the old man loosed his hold upon the branches, and they fell back into place. His breath came in gasps, and a spasm, half of passion, half of pain, distorted the muscles of his face. He did not wish to give his daughter up—not to any man—he had fought out that battle with himself. But to a Hains—! The neighbours had hinted to him of this, but even in the face of that evidence he had forced himself to disbelieve.

He parted the leaves and looked down again. Annie was leaning against the man's arm now.

"No," he heard her say, hopelessly. "We can't tell him. He wouldn't understand—" Somehow, there was a tremulous break in her voice, and the listener was strangely moved.

"But you'll go with me?" interrupted the man.

"Yes," she murmured. "Yes, John—but Daddy—"

The old man turned stumblingly, not waiting to hear more. Over him, quelling his anger and frightening him, a very great change had come. She was about to leave him. What could he do, poor doddering old man that he was, to prevent her?—and she was all that life had left for him. How like her mother's eyes were hers, and just as long ago her mother had looked up to him, so the child was now looking up to John.

In such wise the memory of his own

youth came upon him and softened him. Reaching the brow of the hill, he crossed the fence and the fields, and came with lagging footsteps to a little plot shadowed by tall, straight maple trees, and set with smooth white stones. Not often did he turn aside here, but now he was old and troubled, and it seemed to him that he stood alone.

Looking careworn and shrunken he sat down on the grass. He was so clumsy, he thought, so tactless and so awkward, in the face of this crisis. But Mary—Mary who slept so silently there—she would have understood. He raised his head. Out along the roads the waggons were passing, the fields were golden with grain, and rang with the song of the reaper. But under the maples there was quiet, and an infinite solitude.

#### IV

#### THE DECISION

The autumn night had come. There was no wind; and up in the vault of the sky there sparkled a myriad of stars crisply and frostily. In her own room in the old brown house the girl moved about in stealthy yet nervous haste, for this was her wedding night. Her fingers trembled over her task, but their intuitive deft intelligence stood her in stead as she folded some garments and packed them into her bag. Hurried she was and afraid, for already it was late, and presently she must slip out and go down the spring path to John, who was waiting for her there.

Presently the tears came into her eyes. The homely and familiar things about her seemed to say good-bye. Her father would never forgive her, she knew, and her mother's picture on the mantel-piece seemed to gaze at her reproachingly. Yes, she was leaving it all—her little belongings, her memories and the sight of her father's face. She listened, almost longingly, for some sign of the old man's presence—a movement, a cough, or a footfall. In a little while he stirred, passed across the kitchen floor, and she heard the back door creak as he stepped out in the yard.

It seemed strange to her that one of his years should venture abroad so late. It

was not his custom, and it might be that in the darkness— Almost she was minded to go and look for him. But she could not tarry, for John—henceforth and forever *her* John—would be delayed and wondering.

She caught up the satchel and stepped out into the light of the stars. A light breeze stirred, and she started nervously. From the shadows of the apple trees great shapeless forms seemed to reach blindly and gropingly. A nameless dread assailed her, and she shut her teeth hard and fled.

For a space she ran on breathlessly. Then she recovered herself, stopped, and looked back. Suddenly she turned and held out her arms appealingly.

"Daddy," she whispered. "Daddy!"

Almost as if in answer there was a footstep in the path, and a voice, low and subdued, broke the silence that encompassed her.

"Daughter!"—the girl almost screamed, the strain had been so great—"Is that you, daughter?"

"Y-y-yes," she stammered. "Yes, father."

He came to her and took her gently in his arms. "He's down there, Annie," he whispered. "Right down by the spring. I went down a minute ago, an' I found him there. An'-an'-I've sent fer the preacher, Annie. I want you to be married at home!"

## Furren Pete

BY H. A. CODY

THE old Dungarvon River  
Sweeps onward to the sea,  
And once again, as oft before,  
A sad scene comes to me.  
I hear the great trees murmur,  
And meet and sway o'erhead;  
I see the waters rave and swirl  
Down through their rocky bed.  
'Tis not of these I'm thinking most,  
But of that fatal day,  
When with the awful crash of doom  
The mighty jam gave way.

For days upon that river  
We forced the big drive down.  
No stripling held a pevie there,  
But drivers of renown.  
We were the pick of all the land,  
In muscle, will, and thew,  
Great giants of the woodland lore,  
We formed a hardy crew.  
But none could handle axe or log,  
Or pevie so complete,  
As one, a stranger in the land,  
Whom all called "Furren Pete."

So day by day the drive pressed down,  
With rocks and rapids past,  
Till, sweeping through the Dead Man's Gulch,  
The mighty drive stuck fast.  
It was a sight to thrill the heart,

A sight but seldom seen,  
To watch those massive walls of rock,  
With tossing logs between.  
And higher, higher grew the jam,  
And whiter threw the foam,  
As one by one those giant logs  
Came sweeping, crashing home.

Between those flinty crowding walls  
A boulder barred the way,  
O'er which the waters leaped and swirled,  
And forced the drive to stay.  
And there across that rushing flood,  
From boulder to each shore,  
The logs were driven like a wedge,  
Struck by the sledge of Thor.  
That mighty, heaving, twisting mass,  
It groaned, and strained, and pressed,  
But with the awful grip of death  
One key-log held the rest.

"Now, by our name of fair renown,  
As woodsmen brave and true,  
And by the trust imposed in us,  
That big jam must go through."  
So spake "Long Jake," our driving boss,  
Whose word with us was law;  
And there in awful silence deep,  
Each driver made his draw:  
To know which man must cut that log  
A fearful, death-like feat;  
And while we waited in suspense,  
It fell to Furren Pete.

A strange and silent man was Pete,  
At times so rough and wild,  
But often we would notice him  
As gentle as a child.  
He cast one look on earth and sky,  
On river, tree, and sun,  
Then, with a mighty tiger bound,  
Upon that big jam sprung.  
It was a sight to numb the heart  
To see that lone man stand  
Right in the very jaws of death,  
His true axe in his hand.

The keen steel fiercely bit the wood,  
The whirling chips did play,  
When with the roar of pent-up wrath  
The surging jam gave way.  
I've seen the war-steed's ringing charge,  
I've felt the blizzard's breath,  
But never did I see before  
So wild a race with death.  
With death close pressing at his back,

With death beneath his feet,  
 Right o'er that tumbling mass of logs  
 Sped lion-hearted Pete.

Down through the narrow rocky gorge,  
 Enwrapped with foam and spray,  
 With not a falter or a reel,  
 That brave man made his way.  
 He held his own; he baffled Death,  
 And almost reached the shore,  
 While our outburst of ringing cheers  
 Commingled with the roar.  
 But suddenly that swirling mass  
 Yawned right beneath his feet,  
 And with a wild, despairing cry,  
 Went down courageous Pete.

. . . . .  
 Straight to the office each one marched  
 The day the drive came down,  
 Intending with his season's pay  
 That night to "do the town."  
 With pay in hand we turned to go,  
 When at the door there stood  
 A bright-eyed, fair-haired woman,  
 Who asked for Peter Wood.  
 To us stern river-drivers  
 Her words cut like a knife,  
 When turning to Long Jake she said,  
 "You know, I am his wife."

She did not swoon, she did not cry,  
 When Jake the story told,  
 But, stooping, clasped a little child,  
 Blue-eyed, with hair of gold;  
 And on its little up-turned face  
 Her kisses rained like mad,  
 As sweetly spoke the little one,  
 "Say, mamma, where is dad?"  
 That scene, oh God, it struck us hard!  
 And not one driver spoke,  
 But tears coursed down our rugged cheeks,  
 While strange thoughts in us woke.

Then we rough river-drivers  
 Swore by the God o'erhead,  
 To guard that lonely widow,  
 In memory of the dead.  
 There was no rough carousing,  
 No "doing up the town,"  
 But took the money that we saved  
 And paid the widow down.  
 Though many years have passed since then,  
 Our vow has been complete,  
 For not one year have we forgot  
 The "wife of Furren Pete."

# The Governor-Generalship

A REJOINDER

By C. F. DEACON

*Contending that election would not improve the system,  
with a general defence of the present practice*



IN THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for February, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, K.C., wrote an outspoken criticism of the Governor-General's function in Canada, and a plea for a radical change. He says that among the manifold adjustments, national and imperial, which the development of both Canada and the Empire force upon us, it is obvious that a time will arrive when we shall have outgrown the Governor-Generalship in its present form. Mr. Lighthall appears to think the time for a change has already come. May one venture to suggest that he is somewhat premature?

Mr. Lighthall thinks a High Commissioner sent from the homeland would be a great improvement. But his heart's desire is that the Governor-General should be a Canadian, elected by the people, and clothed with the powers of an American President. This is a large scheme of change, and so far as one can judge from present conditions, neither desirable nor probable. If any such desires had ever had lodgment in Canadian minds, the plans laid down at Confederation would have been other than they were. Mr. Lighthall thinks Alexander Mackenzie would have made a splendid Governor-General. I was under the impression that he failed to hold popular sympathy because he refused to raise the tariff, and "stood over the treasury night and day with a shotgun," to use his own expression. If he could not hold the premiership, how could he have won the Governor-Generalship? Mr. Lighthall assumes that the people have a magic power of electing the best men, whereas most thinkers are greatly discouraged at the failure of popular government to bring to the front really

superior men. Such men rarely have the arts that are most useful to win popular applause. To think the American Presidents as a whole form a roll of glory is very ingenuous, but will not bear examination. Most of them were commonplace men, and some were worse. Washington was, of course, the inevitable choice for first President, but Clay was not ideal by any means, nor was Jackson. Hamilton, the ablest man of his time, was never President. Buchanan allowed secession to work its will unchecked. He was no good at all. Mr. Lighthall enthuses over McKinley, as "undaunted and forgiving in death." But in life he was known as "the man with his ear to the ground," so that he might promptly follow public opinion instead of being caught with any opinion of his own. Garfield was a dark horse, unknown to the people generally, and merely elected as a compromise because Grant and Sherman after repeated ballotings found each too powerful to allow either to get the necessary majority. Roosevelt attained the Presidency only by reason of McKinley's assassination. The politicians thought they had tucked him away safely as Vice-President. It is notorious that strong candidates generally fail to maintain their position until the elections. They antagonise too many interests, and thus colourless men slip into the coveted place.

The English public schools develop a high type of character which bears glorious fruit in the public service, and it is doubtful if by any electoral methods known to man such good material could be secured as by the English system of appointing her pro-consuls. Most Canadians will say "Let well alone." Surely we do not want the trail of our ballot-box scandals

besmirching the purity of our highest office. "Blocks of five," "Business is business," "Hug the machine," etc., etc., *ad nauseum*.

Mr. Lighthall is grieved because the Americans think we are "ruled" by England through the Governor-General; that we have no autonomous status of our own. But surely this is not a weighty argument, for the opinion of people so little informed on the matter must be of small consequence. It may be noted that Americans trade with us, emigrate to our West, and become naturalised British subjects, and as tourists love our country heartily, and enjoy particularly the fact that our system is so different from theirs.

Mr. Lighthall deploras that the Governors-General are invariably members of the House of Lords. "They embody a system of publicly recognised privileges and grades of social precedence, implying the importation also of a system of social inferiority, which is contrary to our institutions and bad for our people." "It is evident from many signs," he continues, "that a mimic system, based upon wealth, is actually making headway through the Dominion of which Rideau Hall is the centre, and of which the effect would be to gradually erect all through the land a reign of class distinctions, of privileges and monopolies, ultimately becoming part of our government as well as of our society. In Canada this can only mean a plutocracy; and such a privileged plutocracy, possessing not even the correctives of a strain of ancient chivalry and history, would inevitably bring upon us the evils of revolution. . . . It needs a corrective at Rideau Hall in place of encouragement

and a model." This is one of the most astounding and confused charges against our Governors-General that can ever be made or dreamed of and must do lasting injury to Mr. Lighthall's reputation as a King's Counsel. What are the facts? The Canadians saw that the United States after their civil war embarked on rigid protection and a high tariff, and in spite of this have flourished by reason of their vast resources and untiring devotion to business. The Canadians, therefore, in spite of their small numbers and enormous frontier, said: "We, also, will have a high tariff." Therein lay the origin of our privileged plutocracy, the high cost of living, and the constant labour troubles, all inherent to a system of artificial favouring of special industries. To try to lay the blame for any or all of this on the Governors-General is as wise as to blame them for the Fall of Man, and I am amazed that such stuff should appear in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.\* The proper place for such drivel is Dorcas Meetings, where the blameless enthusiasts make warm clothing for tropical heathen.

A final charge is made against Rideau Hall of favouring horse-racing and wine drinking. But I have exhausted my indignation, and forbear to protest against this last atrocity. I had thought that the saying "as drunk as a lord" was coined in a far earlier age, and that in modern England temperance was obligatory on gentlemen, but possibly Mr. Lighthall knows better.

\*EDITOR'S NOTE—Perhaps Mr. Lighthall is in turn amazed that Mr. Deacon's opinions should be published. At any rate, the two writers are now on the same footing.

## Love's Chains

BY E. M. YEOMAN

WERE 't not for thy dear eyes' pure light  
 And smiles that tenderly beset me,  
 Oh, sunk into my native night,  
 I could forget thee.



# Current Events Abroad.

WE have only to think of a wild mob in front of Buckingham Palace cheering King Edward over the result of an election and of the King appearing at a window to make a violent party speech, to realise the difference between constitutionalism in Britain and in Germany. The people of Berlin by congregating in front of the palace emphasised the point that a number of the electors, be it large or small, regard the Emperor as one of their political foes. That is not a healthy condition of affairs. If Von Buelow's appeal to the electorate had failed, what would have followed? The Emperor would be in the position of being condemned by his own people.



With the taste of victory still so fresh on his lips the Emperor is in all probability not much troubled about academic topics of that kind. He is, indeed, entitled to exult. He made an appeal to the patriotic instincts of his subjects, to the Pan-Germanic spirit, and the answer from his point of view has been most satisfactory. His Socialist foes have been overthrown. Herr Bebel himself acknowledged that the election had thrown his party back to where it was fifteen years ago. It is true that the Socialists represent a voting strength much greater than their numbers in the Reichstag. In the election of 1903 they secured seventy-nine seats, or one-fifth of the House, but the votes for their candidates were almost a third of the entire vote cast. Now they appear to be reduced to forty-three seats. All of their thirteen nominees in Saxony were defeated. They collided with national sentiment and have been bruised in the impact.



It is a force that has to be reckoned with everywhere. The public man who ignores it cannot go very far. In France the Roman See is realising how strong it is. There is undoubtedly a good deal of the

free-thinking spirit in France, especially in the cities, and there is some indifference in the country, but not more, in all probability, than in other countries. There is unquestionably a strong religious impulse among the simple-minded common people. But they see no reason why there should be any enmity between religion and Republican institutions. It is not at all likely that they regard the former as less important than the latter, but they merely show by their votes that they will not allow that there should be any antagonism between the two. The church has in fact collided with national sentiment and it is getting worsted in the encounter. We had a taste of a similar phenomenon in our own country. The people of Quebec recognised in a son of their own race one of those rare and fine characters that appear once in a while for the redemption of politics, and notwithstanding that he was the champion of a cause which earned him the hostility of the hierarchy of his church, he nevertheless gained the almost solid suffrages of his people. Race pride was too strong to be beaten down even by a respected clergy. The facts should be studied by statesmen everywhere, especially in Britain with its Irish question and in Germany with its province of resentful Poles.



However disposed one might be to take the British side in what is known as the "Swettenham incident," the gentleman himself has made it very difficult to do so. The original blunderer, or bounder, was, of course, Admiral Davis, who, while the messenger of neighbourly aid, rendered his friendly offices so oppressive as to drive the Governor to the ill-advised course which he took. It is absurd to defend a course which has had to be apologised for, and unfortunately that is the position in which the defenders of Sir Alexander Swettenham find themselves. The chief newspaper of Jamaica has con-



A SECOND SHOCK

Kingston suffers from a second outbreak in some ways worse than the first.

—*Minneapolis Journal*

demned the Governor, although it is evident from its language that it is constrained to do so by the utter indefensibility of his conduct. When we hear a Colonial Governor described as "strong," we generally know what it means. He is usually a personage whose creed is that the people over-seas require guardians, and that by divine ordering there has been provided a governing "clawss" in England who just fill the bill. We have been happy in Canada in escaping to a large extent this affliction.



While the Swettenham incident was at its height, the American Secretary of State, or Minister of Foreign Affairs, as he would be called in other countries, was at Ottawa. It was somewhat untoward that the episode should have cropped up just at that juncture, but it does not appear to have marred the visit of the distinguished public man whose coming here was a departure in the relations between the two great powers of this continent. We must think that the most

important part of Mr. Root's address to the Canadian Club of Ottawa was his frank and generous testimony to the progress of Canada, and his recognition of the great part it is bound to play in the fortunes of North America. The substance of the speech has been read by hundreds of thousands of Americans and the whole of it in scores of United States newspaper offices, where public opinion is influenced if not formed. The result must be good. The Governor-General by inviting Mr. Root to visit him must be regarded as a publicity agent on a very large scale.



The Transvaal elections will be over before this reaches the reader, so that

prophecies need not be indulged in. There will be a feeling that mistakes are being made. If Britain and Boer are to get together in South Africa it must be by maintaining an attitude of magnanimity on the part of the conqueror. It will be urged that past magnanimity has been misunderstood and interpreted as weakness, and that this misinterpretation was responsible for a bloody and costly war. The world has to deal, however, with things as they are, and not with things as they ought to be. The fact is that if the Boer element preserves a solid front it will almost certainly dominate the colony. The policy of endeavouring to join the aims of the British people of the Transvaal to those of the more enlightened and reconcilable section of the Dutch people is expedient as well as magnanimous. For this purpose it would be well if those prominently connected with the events of the past five or six years would refrain from being conspicuous in the approaching elections. Such is not the case, however. In one of the Pretoria divisions the candidate of the British party is Sir



Percy Fitzpatrick, the well-known author of the "Transvaal from Within." By the timely publication of this book Sir Percy undoubtedly did a great service to Britain. It afforded a moral sanction for the war, which it was highly important that it should have in view of the fact that the good-will of the whole Empire had to be gained, and a belief in its justice and righteousness promoted.



It is natural, however, that the very thing which commends him to the British party makes him distasteful to the burghers. So much so that Sir Richard Solomon has thrown himself into the field as Sir Percy's antagonist. Sir Richard is the protagonist of those who believe that an attempt should be made to fuse the two races in South Africa. The proposal is not as Utopian as at first glance it may seem to be. There is not such marked differences between Briton and Boer as to make such a consummation impossible. Racially they are branches of the same stem. The ancestors of the Saxons of Kent and Sussex came from the same river-mouths as nourished the ancestors of the Dutch farmers of South Africa. Religion is often an impediment to the perfect fusion of two peoples. Who can doubt that the Irishman's religion has been more potent in keeping him apart from his English neighbour than either his race or his language? This severing distinction has but very little force in South Africa. It is true that the English Protestant can scarcely worship in a church where the service is conducted in a language which he does not understand. That, however, is but a temporary bar. The Boer learns English very easily, and as no great literature is embodied in the Taal he

has not the incentive to maintain his language that the French-Canadian, for example, has. Just as Gaelic can scarcely be kept alive in Ireland and Scotland by scholars and archæological enthusiasts, so it will be found that the Taal will retire before the advance of progress and modernity in South Africa. Care will have to be taken, however, that the zeal of the people in its behalf is not aroused by attempts to proscribe it. There is room for the most delicate statesmanship in South Africa, and there is every indication that Lord Selborne, the Governor, was a particularly happy choice. He seems to enjoy the confidence of both sections of the people.



An inspiring part of Mr. Root's speech to the Canadian Club at Ottawa was his allusion to the ninety years of peace that has subsisted between the United States and Canada. That this passage struck a responsive chord in this country is evidenced by the proposals which have



THE REAL BIRD OF PEACE

Secretary Root en route to Canada, from telegraphic description. Can our "Lady of the Snows" fail to be melted by such devotion?  
—Minneapolis Journal.

followed that the centennial of peace be celebrated in some appropriate way. As the idea had its origin in the mind of an American it would be right and fitting that we on this side should rather follow than lead in proposals for giving it practical effect. One suggestion has come from Detroit that the holding of a world's fair there would be a magnificent method of marking the event. As the nearest great city to Canadian soil, the proposal possesses many merits, although in such a big affair the celebration of the peace centennial would figure but as an incident. A fair called the Peace Centennial Fair would, however, undoubtedly bring to the attention of the peoples of the old world the fact that it was possible for two eager nations to live side by side for a hundred years in competition and yet in unbroken amity. ¶

The world seems to be growing so fast that its inhabitants cannot keep up with its pace. That seems a paradox, but when we witness all over the world the inability of the world's money to measure and handle the world's wealth, the inability of the railways to transport the products and commodities, it must be admitted that it is a paradox which is supported by fact. Problems of the most serious kind have arisen, especially in the temperate or intemperate north, where the means of transportation have been inadequate to keep the people supplied with that indispensable necessity, fuel. It is not as if the railways had been standing still. They all report enormous additions to their rolling stock, but the additions have been quite out-paced by the things requiring to be transported. Whatever the trouble may be, it is obviously the duty of the generals of transportation to get themselves in a position to be equal to what is required of them. ¶

The channel tunnel project is being revived under the bland influences of the entente cordiale. Strenuous objections, however, are still urged against it. It would be madness, say these British critics, to abandon that position of isolation and security which the "silver streak"

affords. The speculations on this point and on the possibility of an attack on Britain by Germany are all based on the assumption that the continental powers are capable of proceeding to war without any declaration thereof. This way of thinking has been made possible by the waspish promptitude of Japan's attack on Russia. It must be remembered, however, that Japan had delivered an ultimatum and it was only Russian arrogance which was surprised when an attack followed so promptly. No nation could afford to attack another without a preliminary quarrel or serious difference of opinion, for while it might succeed for the time being it would in time come to be treated to a dose of its own medicine. A nation which suffered from such an outrageous disregard of international morals would bide its time and get its revenge at the unguarded moment which comes to every country in its history. The suppositions as to what France might do with a channel tunnel to aid her or Germany by means of a secret expedition, whose first blow would be a stunning act of war, are founded on such improbable bases as to be incapable of bearing inspection. It would be about as reasonable to ask nations to be prepared for the interposition of earthquakes on the day of battle as to be prepared for the eccentric contingencies which alarm and hysteria conjure up in the jingo brain. ¶

The appointment of Mr. Bryce as ambassador at Washington has the advantage of being agreeable in Washington as in London. How it will affect Canada and Newfoundland interests it is impossible to foretell. It can at least be said that Mr. Bryce is more familiar with the working of colonial institutions and with our particular idiosyncracies and aspirations than most professional diplomatists are. He will undoubtedly do his utmost to square any proposed settlement with the best opinion of the colony affected. We are all concerned in being on good terms with our neighbours, but the good terms must be mutual, and they cannot exist on our side if the cost of them is to be eternal surrenders. *John A. Ewan*

# WOMAN'S SPHERE



## THE LITTLE SISTER OF THE PROPHET

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

"If there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer."—Deut. xiii., 1.

I HAVE left a basket of dates  
In the cool, dark room that is under  
the vine,  
Some curds set out in two little crimson  
plates,  
And a flask of the amber wine,  
And cakes most cunningly beaten  
Of savoury herbs and spice, and the delicate  
wheaten  
Flour that is best;  
And all to lighten his spirit and sweeten his  
rest.

This morning he cried, "Awake,  
And see what the wonderful grace of the  
Lord hath revealed!"  
And we ran for his sake,  
But 'twas only the dawn outspread o'er our  
father's field,  
And the house of the potter white in the val-  
ley below.  
But his hands were upraised to the east and  
he cried to us, "So  
Ye may ponder and read  
The strength and the beauty of God out-  
rolled in a fiery screeed."

Then the little brown mother smiled,  
As one does on the words of a well-loved  
child;  
And "Son," she replied, "have the oxen been  
watered and fed?  
For work is to do, though the skies be never  
so red,  
And already the first sweet hours of the day  
are spent."  
And he sighed and went.

Will he come from the byre,  
With his head all misty with dreams and his  
eyes on fire,

Shaking us all with the weight of the words  
of his passion?

I will give him raisins instead of dates,  
And wreath the young leaves on the little red  
plates;

I will put on my new head-tyre,  
And braid my hair in a comelier fashion.  
Will he note? Will he mind?

Will he touch my cheek as he used to, and  
laugh and be kind?

—*The Century.*



## A CANADIAN POET

THE above poem, written by Miss Marjorie Pickthall, is one of the most original productions of a young writer who has written nothing commonplace. For several years Miss Pickthall's work has been appearing in Canadian publications and in some of the best New York magazines. "Genius" is a big word which should be used with reverence. But whatever the mysterious quality may be, it pervades the stanzas of this simple yet mystic poem which has recently attracted so much notice from the Canadian press. Miss Pickthall was born in England, but came to Canada at such an early age that she may be fairly claimed as one of our own writers. She has an unusual sense of colour and fragrance, with an imagination strongly in sympathy with Oriental atmosphere and phrase. Her short stories have become familiar to most Canadian readers, but she is fundamentally a poet, and her fiction is infused with the same delicate appreciation of the subtle and the symbolic that makes her verse a real contribution to our poetic literature. Miss Pickthall is but a young writer and has before her, we trust, a career of literary distinction.

However, should she write nothing more, "The Little Sister of the Prophet" would give her a place in any anthology of Canadian poems.



#### THE MAGAZINE CHILD

THOSE who are growing tired of such pictures as "Hear My Dollies' Prayer" will appreciate an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by one who has evidently suffered much from the youthful epidemic which is now afflicting certain magazines. The victim of juvenile literature wails thus:

"Surely, a potent cause of the recent popularity of the juvenile is its felicitous lending of itself to illustration. How familiar we have all become with the shapeless-legged little girl in wrinkled stockings and outgrown frock, her lanky hair surmounted by a splashing bow, and with her straight-backed little brother with his Buster Brown suit and his Dutch cut—two trade-marks of the modern boy. The types are attractive and they are often remarkably well drawn, both by the descriptive and the illustrative pen, but the time has come when we have been served with child to repletion. We are heartily sick of the child of the slum and the child of fortune, of the Jewish child and the Bowery child, of the morbid, misunderstood child, and the sentimental, neglected child, of the tomboy and the prig, the natural and the unnatural child. In our state of surfeit we feel tempted to say with Lamb when asked how he liked children, 'I like them fried.'

People who enjoy reading about children derive a kindred pleasure to that afforded by the weather as a perennially popular subject of conversation. Childhood is a universal experience, and we are all sufficient egotists to enjoy reading about our dead selves, to nod our gray heads and say: "Yes, that is true, I was like that; for, though we all have not children of our own, we all have been children ourselves."



#### WHAT IS A LADY?

FOR some years the word "lady" has not been in good odour. It has been "soiled by all ignoble use" until it has become worse than meaningless—almost as shoddy as the adjectives genteel, stylish and "high-toned." But the word has a noble origin and to many it is matter for regret that it should have been so ill-treated.

In an article appearing in a recent issue of the *New York Times*, there is an

amusing account of how a reporter attempted to get a definition of the word. All the New York hotels and restaurants admit that they draw certain lines about women who are not escorted after certain hours of the evening. All are agreed that a "lady" can be served, but no two agree as to what a "lady" is. The Waldorf-Astoria lately published this notice: "Ladies without escort will be served in the restaurant hereafter at any hour." The management of the Waldorf said to the inquiring reporter:

"It has always been a rule of this house to entertain ladies—real ladies."

"But what is a lady? Is it determined by dress, or manner, or accent?" asked the reporter.

"Why, my dear sir—why, a lady, my good fellow, is a—um—lady, hey?"

At Delmonico's the clerk said: "Well, a lady is one you can tell easily. You can tell by the way she sits, by the way she orders, by the way—Oh, man, a lady is a lady, don't you see?"

Other managers were equally emphatic and equally vague. It remained for one known as "Tom Shanley" to declare: "Well, far be it from any man to discuss such a delicate subject. But when a lady comes in here, it is not for an Irishman to treat her otherwise."



#### THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR

BARRELS of ink and reams of paper have been used during the last month to describe the cycle of concerts given by the Mendelssohn Choir in Massey Hall, Toronto. But not a word too much has been said in praise of the organisation over which Mr. A. S. Vogt wields the baton. It may be well to call attention to the fact that women may claim more than a small share in the triumph of that glorious Wednesday night when Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" was rendered by Canada's champion choir, conducted by Mr. Emil Paur, leader of the Pittsburg Orchestra. The supreme difficulty in Beethoven's greatest production is the prolonged passage on "A" natural, extending for thirteen bars, nine of which are a sustained note. Several conductors have deliberately lowered the passage for

the soprano voices. But the sopranos, as trained by Mr. Vogt, showed themselves fully equal to the exhausting demands of the great "Finale" and justified the ambition and labour of the conductor. It was the second occasion of the production of the "Choral Symphony" and, while all who took part in the great event had reason to be proud of the end that crowned the work, the "silvery sopranos" had climbed above the rest. A writer in the *Toronto News* did journalistic justice to the girls who stayed so nobly with "A" natural:

"The Chorus Maid, she dresses in white. Dear, dear, how her heart flutters, though she denies it the moment you speak of such a thing! There she stands, from her toes to her well-dressed hair like a violin string thrilling with music. Obedient eyes on the conductor, straight as a dart, chin up, mouth ready, well-disciplined she stands, knowing how and yet anxious. Oh, suppose she should make a mistake! Then she would die on the spot! Nobody would forgive her! She sings with her might, with her heart, with her soul. Music has charmed her. There she stands, eager to work, eager to be musically good, a devout little priestess laying her gift on the altar; but a woman, too, conscious of a thousand thoughts, remembrances, emotions tugging at her warm woman's heart. The Chorus Maid, she dresses in white, and she is a dear girl from Toronto."

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#### THE OTTAWA COMPETITION

THE competition held in Ottawa for the trophies offered by His Excellency to amateur musicians and actors was of great interest to Canadians of all classes, for even those who pay little attention to concerts or plays are concerned in local aspirations. It is necessary to hold the competition in a winter month, yet that very circumstance makes it extremely difficult for Edmonton, Regina or Victoria to send a company during the busy season. The success of the Winnipeg Dramatic Club which carried off one of the trophies shows the good work being done in the west—or should we say the middle? Additional interest attached to the Winnipeg performance, owing to the fact that the play, "The Release of Allan Danvers," was written by three of the actors. Miss Daisy Crawley, the leading lady, divided honours with Mr. Ernest



MISS DAISY CRAWLEY

Leading lady in the Winnipeg troupe, playing "The Release of Allan Danvers," which won the dramatic trophy in the competition at Ottawa

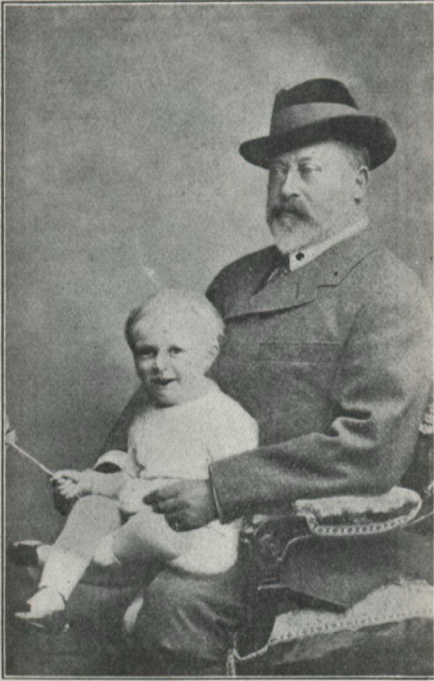
Beaufort in the spirited presentation of the winning drama. The Hamilton players did good work, Miss Carrie Crerar, as *Kitty Clive*, upholding her reputation as the best amateur actress in Ontario.

The Quebec Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Joseph Vézina, won the musical trophy, a victory which brought hearty congratulations to an able conductor. The competition has exerted a stimulating effect on amateur efforts throughout the country. The trophies will be the object of annual competition.

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#### A DECIDED NUISANCE

DURING the last month there has been a nauseating trial of a millionaire degenerate in the city of New York. What Canadian papers had to do with the matter is not evident, even if "the murderer belongs to an over-wealthy family which among other questionable possessions has acquired by fair purchase in the open market a second-rate English title."



KING EDWARD AND HIS GRANDSON, CROWN PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY

But for a fortnight it was almost impossible to pick up a Canadian daily newspaper without finding on the front page a column or two about this unsavoury affair. It was not necessary to read the aforesaid stuff, but the question naturally arose: Why should it be published, so that every school-girl in the land had the gross details of the case thrust upon her notice? Harrowing wood-cuts of the notorious women with their chiffon veils, and maudlin remarks about the "hero," confronted one in every book-store. There is no reason for such publication, except a desire to pander to the lowest elements in the community. If any Canadian daily had possessed the courage to keep every detail out of its columns, such a policy would have ultimately "paid."

We have troubles enough in our own country to fill the papers, without borrowing our neighbour's atrocities. Political quarrels and municipal tempests are all very well, but we do not care for New York horrors. While some of the Toronto papers observed a decent restraint in

the matter of the sensational trial, others were decidedly offensive, if one may judge from general comment.

The majority of Canadian women are readers of the newspaper, and they exert no small influence in determining what is to go into its columns. If they insist that loathsome elaboration of reports of crime be sternly kept out, the editors will not be slow to notice wherein they have offended.



#### MARIE AND THE SUFFRAGETTES

IT would be a dull world without Miss Corelli. Just as things seem to be settling down and the house is all nice and quiet, she begins to scold like a Chinese gong about the Church, or the World, or the bold, bad photographers who insist on taking her picture, and there is no more rest for the wicked. Now she has fallen foul of the suffragists, and these aggressive sisters will, no doubt, hit back. Miss Corelli says that women should not vote. They are unfit to, because, forsooth, they use paint, powder and false hair. All these devices show that woman is not deserving of the franchise, being vain, frivolous, and unequal to the duties of citizenship.

Really we should dislike to trust the fair novelist with a vote. She is about as illogical a specimen of the scribbling tribe as one meets in a fortnight's reading. What have paint, powder, and false hair to do with votes? There are respectable elderly gentlemen who have taken to wearing wigs. Are their powers of political discrimination impaired thereby? A woman has a perfect right to repair the ravages of time, so long as she does so in a discreet manner. A powdered nose is much fairer than one that shines. As for paint, whatever the women of England may do, it may be safely said that, on this continent, rouge is considered vulgar and third-rate. "Switches" are surely no indication of over-weening vanity, rather the heroic endeavour to cope with that arch-enemy, Time. But all this has nothing to do with the franchise, which would be unexercised if it were left to celestial creatures instead of being bestowed on those who are a little "lower than the angels."

Jean Graham



#### AN ADVANCE IN CIVILISATION

SIR WILFRID LAURIER took occasion recently in Parliament to say: "We never can conceive of war between us (Canada and the United States) or of war between Great Britain and the United States. We mean to settle all our difficulties with that nation by peaceful means, by diplomatic action, by negotiation, but never by war." He was referring to the dispute between Newfoundland and the United States over the Atlantic fisheries, in which Canada is indirectly concerned. It is to be hoped that every Canadian who has or will read that utterance of the Prime Minister's will echo and re-echo the sentiment of it. We must learn to set the thought of war aside, to nurse the memories of it only as interesting relics, as antiquated means of attainment that should be no longer recognised or practised among nations that think they are in the vanguard of civilisation. Sir Wilfrid's words should not apply only to the United States; they should apply with equal certainty to every other country and to all countries. War is in its best light but a terrible evidence of barbarism. What would the people of Canada think, and in particular, what would the peoples of all other countries think, if the King's Ministers at Ottawa were to settle their differences by brute force on the open spaces of Parliament hill? Or, even worse, what would they think were the Ministers to hire other persons to do the fighting for them? And yet that is what even international warfare really amounts to. But men of culture, of refinement, of decency, of the higher orders of civilisation, do not jump to arms in the settlement of their private disputes.

That distinction is now confined largely to types of humanity such as wharf rats and lumber jacks. Does not the standard of civilisation that is expected of the individual apply also to the nation? Centuries ago, in what are now regarded as civilised countries, the leaders of the people were men of might and prowess in battle. Sovereigns were also warriors. To-day the leaders are men of brain, in contradistinction from men of bone and sinew. But the leaders do not always confine their arguments to reason and intellectual persuasion. Nevertheless, intellect is overcoming muscle, even if it has not yet wholly overcome. To wholly overcome must be the glory of future statesmen; it should be the glory of statesmen now. The career of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is an outstanding instance of this anti-war tendency. But that is not enough, for if in the judgment of posterity the Canada of the twentieth century is to stand out from the barbaric ages, we, the people, must give silence to jingoism, and lend no ear to military enthusiasm.



#### A PEEP INTO THE KINGSTON DISASTER

WHATEVER justice or propriety there was in the exchange of courtesies between Governor Swettenham and Admiral Davis, there is good reason to believe that the representative of the British Crown failed to properly appreciate the whole situation. Canadians who went through the disaster say that he did fail. It must be granted, however, that it was a very trying ordeal, but while a man can be excused of writing an undiplomatic letter, he can scarcely be allowed to go without honest criticism when he openly minimises the facts and endeavours to



NEGROES LOOTING AT A FACTORY AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AT KINGSTON

*Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.*

spread misleading information. Governor Swettenham made an official statement that there had been no looting. Messrs. Underwood & Underwood, of New York, say that the photograph reproduced herewith was taken before that statement was issued. No matter when the photograph was taken, no person who examines it can fail to see that looting *was* carried on. After all, it is a small incident of the disaster, but why should the Governor try to cover it up? Looting is not an especial weakness of the negro. It was practised by whites at San Francisco, and undoubtedly would be again by some whites were the same opportunity afforded in any part of the world. Governor Swettenham should have recognised the looting and treated it as such.

There is a lesson in this for Canadians. We should ever be ready to acknowledge the weaknesses of the Dominion and of the Empire. But one of our greatest weaknesses is our failure to acknowledge them. If we have cold winters, admit the fact. If there should be unrest among the working class, do not deny it. If our legal processes fail to obtain justice, let the truth be known. Above all, if our

sympathies be prejudiced or unintelligent and our national tendencies downward, let us raise the fact high and grapple with it.



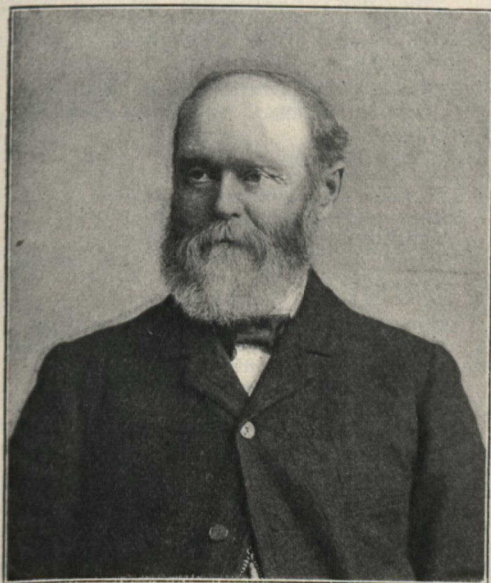
#### MORE ANTI-CONFEDERATES

THE correction contributed by Senator W. Ross in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* of January regarding a previous statement about the death of Hon. Alfred Jones having removed the last of the Nova Scotia Anti-Confederates, is in turn a subject for correction in letters by Judge A. W. Savary of Annapolis Royal, N.S., and Dr. H. Cameron of Mabou, N.S. Judge Savary writes:

"Permit me to make a correction of the correction of Hon. Senator Ross in your January number. While claiming rightly that the late Governor Jones was not the last survivor of the Nova Scotia Anti-Confederates, and limiting the application of the term "Anti-Confederate" to the members of the Provincial Parliament who voted against union with Canada when it was finally carried in that House, he erroneously includes Samuel Macdonnell, Inspector of Customs for Cape Breton, among them, and you produce Mr. Macdonnell's portrait as one of the three surviving Anti-Confederates of that House. The fact is that Mr. Macdonnell voted in favour of Un-



ion on that occasion, and was not an Anti-Confederate at all, and in the excitement that followed was defeated by a majority of about two to one by Dr. Hugh Cameron at the first Dominion elections in 1867. The doctor is still living and active, and is the youngest of the survivors of the Anti-Confederate members of the first Parliament, the other since Governor Jones' death being Hon. W. H. Ray, Senator Ross and myself. Senator Ross says: "We were by no means opposed to the union of the Provinces, but to forcing the measure on the people without an appeal to them." With such views it is difficult to see the consistency of a policy of repeal. Personally I was opposed to the constitutional terms of the Union, believing in a central Parliament with limited and delegated powers, leaving the local Parliament all the authority possible, as in the later case of Australia, and I opposed it on that basis only among the electors, an objection on which many opinions changed entirely in later years. It is the constitutional right of a member to think for and decide for himself what is best for his constituents, and I could not fail to understand that in not appealing to the people on the subject serious difficulties and complications were avoided, as injurious as the exasperation that followed. "We owe the rascals a good licking, and it was just the chance to give it to them," I was told was said by a prominent popular leader to my informant, an old Liberal who supported Confederation. A spirit of this kind would have defeated Confederation



DR. H. CAMERON, A SURVIVING ANTI-CONFEDERATE



JUDGE A. W. SAVARY, A SURVIVING ANTI-CONFEDERATE

as surely as the mode of carrying it in Nova Scotia intensified the opposition to it."

Dr. Cameron, writing from Mabou, Nova Scotia, says that Samuel Macdonnell voted for the Union and declared that "a union of some sort we must have." He says also:

"Before my letter to the *Casket* in 1866 was published, the new party lines in Nova Scotia were termed Unionists and Anti-Unionists. But my controversy with the *Casket* seemed to cause a change in political nomenclature to Confederate and Anti-Confederate, an Americanism which I imported from the United States during the American war. At all events, I never heard the names previously applied to the Unionists and Anti-Unionists of Nova Scotia. However, you may have some evidence on this point to show that "Anti-Confederates" received that name before my letters to the *Casket* were published, from Feb. 10th until April 3rd, 1866."



#### A PROPOSED NATIONAL HYMN

THE Mendelssohn choir at their last concert of the first series at Toronto sang a translation of "O Canada" (*Le Chant National*), a French-Canadian air composed by Calixte Lavallée, with words by Judge Routhier. They made so profound



"SEEMS IF"

THE SHIPPER—"Now it does seem to me that if our friend, the giant, did not have to carry so much water he could carry more freight."  
—Minneapolis Journal.

an impression on the great audience, and the applause was so prolonged and so enthusiastic, that the choir sang the piece a second time. Sung by so large and so well-equipped a chorus, accompanied by an organisation such as the Pittsburg Orchestra, the anthem was heard at the very height of its glory.

A suggestion has been made that the Government authorise "O Canada" as a National Hymn. It would be a fortunate thing, indeed, if it could be so authorised, for it would bring the two leading races of the Dominion into closer sympathy with each other, and there is no doubt that the French-Canadians would greatly appreciate the compliment. We, the English-speaking Canadians, need have no misgiving about adopting a hymn that first found utterance in a language other than ours. The French-Canadians

are, first and foremost, Canadians. They refer to themselves as "Canadiens" and to us as "Les Anglais." Their Canadianism breaks forth in their national airs. It is a delight to sail down the St. Lawrence, with picturesque whitewashed hamlets on either shore, and hear at twilight, from a group on the forward deck, the inspiring strains of "O Canada, mon pays mes amours," "O Canada," "En Roulant ma boule," or "Allouette." "O Canada, mon pays, mes amours" is perhaps more popular than "O Canada." It is at least more easily sung. Students of Laval University love to sing it whenever an occasion is afforded. But "O Canada" is perhaps a more dignified composition. The translation of the words into English loses

some of their forcefulness, and of course the original phraseology is necessarily changed. The translation sung by the Mendelssohn Choir is as follows:

O Canada, our fathers' land of old,  
Thy brow is crowned with leaves of red and gold;

Beneath the shade of the Holy Cross,  
Thy children own their birth;  
No stains their glorious annals gloss,  
Since valour shields thy hearth.  
Almighty God, on Thee we call—  
Defend our rights, forefend this nations' thrall.

Altar and throne demand our sacred love,  
And mankind to us shall ever brothers prove.  
O King of Kings, with Thy mighty breath  
All our sons do Thou inspire;  
May no craven terror of life or death  
E'er damp the patriot's fire.  
Our mighty call loudly shall ring,  
As in the days of old, "For Christ and the King!"



#### A LITERARY OPPORTUNITY

WE have again of interest this month several new volumes by Canadian authors. Verse predominates, verse, too, of very good order. There is a growing tendency among those who produce verse in Canada to get their work together and present it in book form. It is not surprising that most of these contributions deal with nature or are of a sombre character, treating rather of the struggles and perplexities of life than of the works of surpassing grandeur and significance that lie on every side and the things of gladness and heroism that are crowding in upon us to make the heart glad and the day bright. Among the great works are the opening up of mines, the subjection of forests, the peopling of the west, and many other things equally suggestive. Then why not give us the picturesque and romantic aspects of these things, instead of always singing about the pangs of the inner conscience, the thralldom of love, the beauties of the sunset, and personifying Rest and Sleep and Life and Death? There is an excellent field in Canada of new and unhackneyed subjects, and it is to be hoped that those who wish to write in this country will simply look around them instead of philosophising abstrusely behind closed doors.



#### NEW NOTES FROM THE WEST

THE west promises for us a new strain in the music of verse, and already there are evidences of fulfilment. We have "Lyrics from the West," by C. F. G. Conybeare, just recently published by William Briggs, Toronto. Even in this volume, which contains many attractive pages, the majority of the num-

bers are not "of the soil." The author, however, seems to have appreciated the opportunity, and he has given us several praiseworthy poems. "Indian Sunset" is perhaps the most noteworthy. It might also be called "The Passing of the Redman." "A Song of Wide Spaces" likewise breaks away from the beaten path, but as the pages are turned over one might ask, What connection with the west have poems entitled "Belshazzar's Feast," "Mafeking," "The Cry of the Uitlander," or "Diana?" Attention is called to these selections, not at all as a reflection on their merit, but simply to point out a general tendency. Mr. Conybeare has considerable poetical instinct, and his volume is a good contribution to current literature. To give an idea of his skill, a little poem entitled "Gazing Seaward" might be reproduced:

The shades of night are falling  
 Upon the waters blue,  
 And from the gray rocks calling,  
 I hear the shrill sea-mew.  
 The glittering starlight seems to rest  
 Upon the waters' breast.  
 Sleep, sleep on, my little one!

Sleep on! Thy bark is drifting  
 O'er moonlit summer seas;  
 Its silken sails are shifting,  
 Fanned by a favouring breeze.  
 Thy mother holds the helm, to guide  
 Thy course upon life's tide.  
 Sleep, sleep on, my little one!

Sleep on! The day is dawning  
 When thou perchance shalt be  
 Tossed in thy manhood's morning  
 On Life's tempestuous sea,  
 And must thyself, through storm and shoal,  
 Thy destiny control.  
 Sleep, sleep on, my little one!

Even this poem ends with a suggestion of the inevitable struggle on "Life's Tempestuous Sea." But not all from the west has yet been heard. "Songs

of a Sourdough," by Robert W. Service, which will have as well a northern flavour, is announced as one of the forthcoming publications of William Briggs. Judging from some of the advance proofs the book will contain at least bold, virile verse, with a touch of broad humour.



#### MR. FRASER'S LATEST NOVEL

**M**R. W. A. FRASER, who is now counted as one of the foremost of Canadian writers, has written a novel of rural Ontario life entitled: "The Lone Furrow" (Toronto: Henry Frowde). The scene is laid in a village not far from Toronto. The villagers seem to be mostly Scotch, and the kirk plays a large part in their daily walk and conversation. The character that follows the "Lone Furrow" is "Jean," wife of Neil Munro, the minister, and the whole story is contained in the sudden disappearance of the minister, surmisings about the cause of his unaccountable action, and his return some months later in a hopeless condition. The tale is told by a gentleman of leisure, called "Doctor," and it begins with an exciting trout fishing incident in connection with which one first hears of the disappearance of the minister. Seemingly no one knows why the good man left or where he went or how. All that is known is that he mysteriously disappeared, giving cause for idle gossip. The doctor's wife takes the minister's wife to live with her in the hope of assisting the bereaved one to bear her trouble, and most of the chapters that follow are intended to show the fortitude with which this unfortunate woman undergoes her severe ordeal. Not only is she subjected to the disgrace of her husband's disappearance, but her brother is a young drunkard about the village, and her father was a drunkard in his time. There is a suspicion that the brother had something to do with the minister's disappearance, and the placing of that suspicion, together with the disclosures of the youth's susceptibilities, is perhaps the cleverest part of the story. Of course, there is constantly the undercurrent of mystery, and that is main-

tained until the climax is reached in the last chapter. There is also the feeling that in a drunken stupor the young man will unwittingly divulge the secret, but he does not. He sustains a severe injury at a fire in the kirk, and is sent to Montreal to undergo treatment at the Royal Victoria Hospital. While there he chances one night to get a glimpse of the missing minister passing through the ward. He sends a message to the village, and the doctor and a neighbour go to Montreal to investigate. With the assistance of a detective the minister is discovered almost at death's door, a victim of the opium habit. It was opium that drove him from his wife and pastorate in the first place. The wife had known that all along; so had her drunken brother; but they were ashamed to admit it. The terrible experience of a young girl who saw her father go to a drunkard's grave, who later as a woman heard her brother's voice thick with drink, and who finally witnessed her husband, a noble, respected man, a minister of the gospel, ruined by a drug, is the meaning of "The Lone Furrow." While that is the structure of the story, opportunity is taken to play on the peculiarities of the Scotch, and to indulge in side issues which have no bearing on the matter in hand, but which afford pleasant enough reading in themselves. It is doubtful, however, whether Mr. Fraser's sensibilities are sufficiently attuned to properly appreciate all that in this instance he has undertaken.



#### VERNON NOTT'S LATEST

**"SUMMER DAYS"** is the title of a new volume of poems by Vernon Nott (Montreal: Chapman's Bookstore). Mr. Nott's style is known to those who read *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, and to all who have been fortunate enough to procure his other publications, "The Ballad of the Soul's Desire," "The Journey's End," and "Cleopatra and Antony." His latest book contains forty poems, and therefore the reader is enabled to judge the scope of the author better than by simply perusing a single, even if more pretentious, poem. In

"Summer Days" Mr. Nott gives us a volume of sustained merit, with a literary style that is well conceived and well executed. Many of the poems are of a philosophical nature, and some show concern regarding man's final destiny. There is a slight indication of theological leaning. It may be seen in the following, under the title of "Affinity":

Maid of the dreaming eyes and mystic face,  
Whence was the mystic spell we mutual  
wrought?

For you but pass'd, inscrutable in thought,  
Your each calm moment and embodied  
grace,

Athwart my path, and bore, a pregnant  
space,  
Your errant glance by mine enthralled and  
caught—

When, lo, the warm blood up your cheek  
was brought,

And flutter'd traitorously your bosom's lace.  
I think in other lives, in worlds or lands

Far distant and forgotten, that we twain  
Were more than friends; and, meeting thus  
again,

Escaped a moment Time's encircling bands—  
While in our souls what memories were lain  
Stirr'd in their sleep to stretch imploring  
hands.



#### SOME NATURE LYRICS

A VERY attractive volume entitled "Nature Lyrics" has been issued for Miss Martha Martin, of Montreal, from the Gorham Press of Boston. It contains one hundred selections, including a number of translations from the works of some of the best German versifiers. Most of the numbers are quite short, although there has not been much indulgence in sonnets. However, there are a few sonnets, and while in this form Miss Martin is not at her best, we quote one entitled "Night" in order to afford an interesting comparison with the work of Miss Minnie Evelyn Henderson, who makes a contribution under the same title to this number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, page 435. Miss Martin's sonnet follows:

List to the wind among the elm trees croon,  
Each little leaf she fondles to her breast,  
The branches stretch their arms to be caressed,

While from her shutter peeps the virgin moon.  
The stars in heaven their golden bugles tune  
To trembling notes that echo down the  
West,—

And lull the sinking sun at length to rest.  
Oh beauteous Summer night of fragrant June  
That drawest nigh when Day's long march  
is o'er,

How welcome is thy sweet serenity!  
Effaced beneath thy grave tranquility  
Is all earth's heated clamour, rush and  
roar,—

The heart reveals its secrets unto thee,  
And in thine ear may all its anguish pour.



#### A PINCHBECK ROMANCE

WILLIAM LE QUEUX has written a dozen or more books, of which "The Invasion of 1910" is the most remarkable. His latest novel "The Great Court Scandal" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) is decidedly below his average work, and belongs to the class of mildly melodramatic fiction. It seems to be an imitation of an imitation, following the model of Mr. Harold McGrath and Mr. G. B. McCutcheon, who follow—at a distance—the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The heroine of Mr. Le Queux's story is the Princess Claire, of whom we are informed that "the whole assembly, even though hating her, could not but admire her neat waist, her splendid figure and matchless beauty." This gorgeous creature has more than her share of troubles, but emerges triumphant, with her enemies exiled or humbled. The story will doubtless appeal to many readers who find Sir Walter Scott dull.



#### DON Q. TO THE FRONT AGAIN

ALL who have stayed up at night to read the adventures of Don Q., will be delighted to know that a new volume of this class of entertainment has been written by K. and Hesketh Prichard, under the title "New Chronicles of Don Q." (London: T. Fisher Unwin, Colonial Library). In these "New Chronicles" are related the adventures of the famous Spanish brigand after his return to the mountains and resumption of his leadership. He will again be found of surpassing interest in his humours, his weaknesses, his cruelties, and his mercies. These chronicles tell, among other things, how Don Q. fought for the Valderejos; how he had need of a surgeon;

how he treated a great English cricketer; and how he dealt with a thief who was incidentally a swindler known all over the world and seeking asylum in Spain.



#### HOW TO MAKE A SPEECH

**MR. GRENVILLE P. KLEISER**, one of the best known authorities on elocution on the continent, is the author of a valuable book entitled "How to Speak in Public" (New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company). Besides dealing with the difficulties that most beginners experience in attempting to speak in public, the book is an elocutionary manual, comprising numerous exercises for developing the speaking voice, deep breathing, pronunciation, vocal expression and gesture. The author was formerly instructor in elocution and public speaking in Yale University, and is now instructor in elocution in the Jewish Theological Seminary of America and in other institutions.



#### THE CRITICS vs. SHAKESPEARE

SO much has been said pro and con respecting the works of one William Shakespeare, that it is with much satisfaction that one learns of a volume dealing in a comprehensive way with this now historical controversy. Adverse criticism of Shakespeare has been rampant ever since the time of Ben Jonson, and it became particularly animated during the seventeenth century. Mr. Francis A. Smith has undertaken to defend the poet in a volume entitled "The Critics versus Shakespeare: A Brief for the Defendant" (New York: The Knickerbocker Press). Mr. Smith deals with many of the most significant criticisms and concludes: "He (Shakespeare) needed and he sought no allies to win his realm; he imitated no fashions of other courts to maintain his own; he took good care that the records of his universal conquests should be kept—written by his own hand, and fortunately preserved by his friends—secure from the interpolations and imitations of his contemporaries and successors." Perhaps, after all, the Irishman was right when he said

that the works attributed to Shakespeare were not written by the great bard at all, but by another man of the same name. However, to those who wish to know something definite about this great controversy Mr. Smith's book is commended.



#### ALMON HENSLEY'S VERSE

A VOLUME of 175 pages devoted to verse on human passions and sympathies is of itself sufficient to command attention, but when the name of Almon Hensley is given as the author, with G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, as publishers, the importance of the offering from a literary standpoint is at once apparent. The title of the book is "The Heart of a Woman," and the contents show what an appreciable, responsive and varying quantity the subject really is. But the title is not wholly comprehensive of the contents, because some of the numbers depart from that truly interesting pathway. The first pages are given over to "Lyrics of Love." Then follow in turn "A Woman's Love Letters," "Nature Poems," "Narrative Poems," "Child Poems and Songs," and "Sonnets and Rondeaus," making in all a decidedly attractive collection of poems well worth reading and careful study.



#### NOTES

—Mr. John A. Cooper, who is one of the most widely-known journalists in the Dominion, undertook a few months ago what might rightly be regarded as a herculean task, the successful founding of a weekly journal in Canada. He was happy in the selection of a name, and so the *Canadian Courier* is by this time a well-known contribution to the news-stands. It would not be fair to the editor to say that the first few numbers were a success, but there has been a steady and decided improvement with every successive issue, and those who know Mr. Cooper believe that his ideal has not yet been reached. Weekly journalism in Canada has long been regarded as a difficult field, but *The Courier* has

been started on the upward way of progress, and if it should maintain the pace there seems to be plenty of room for it.

X —“Among the Immortals” is the title of a book that will perhaps not be properly appreciated by those into whose hands it may casually fall, but to those who have an insight into its purpose, it will mean much. The author is Rev. R. Walter Wright, a member of the Hamilton Conference of the Methodist Church. The volume is really a treat-

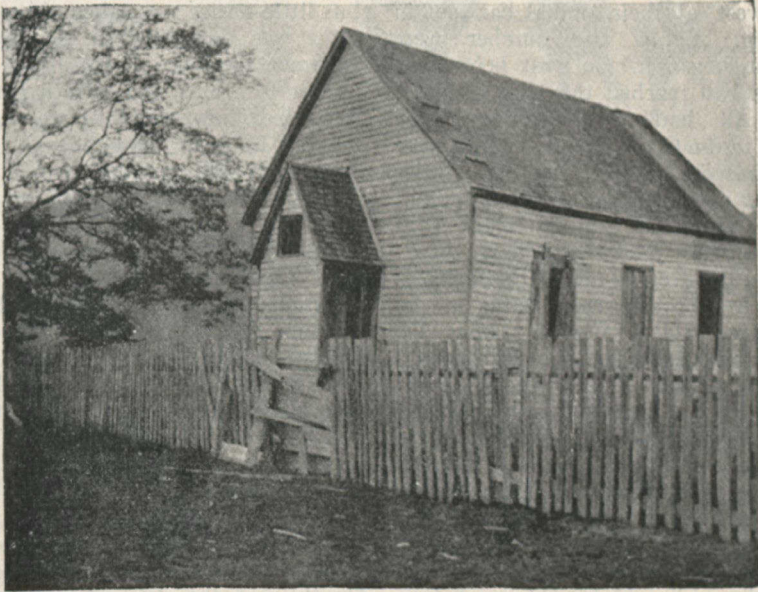
and sometime Rogers Memorial Fellow of Harvard University (Toronto: William Briggs). A more extended notice of it will appear later.

—William Briggs, Toronto, announces the following for publication soon:

“Songs of a Sourdough: The Yukon in Verse,” by Robert W. Service.

“At the Sign of the Beaver: Northland Stories and Stanzas,” by Samuel M. Baylis, author of “Camp and Lamp.”

“Fire and Frost: The Meadowdale Tragedy,” by R. Dezell.



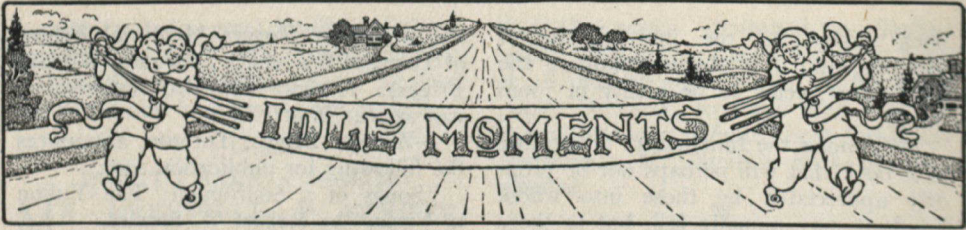
FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN CHILLIWACK VALLEY, B.C., AS SHOWN IN REV. JOHN CROSBY'S WORK ON INDIAN MISSIONS, TO APPEAR SOON

ment in verse, and in a somewhat consecutive way, of various incidents and teachings of the Bible from Genesis to Revelations. To those who might find it difficult to enter into the spirit of most of the selections, we commend the one entitled “Bereaved,” which is in itself a worthy contribution.

X —“The Study of Nature and the Vision of God: With Other Essays in Philosophy,” is the title of a volume just to hand from the pen of George John Blewett Ryerson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Victoria College, Toronto,

“Jan,” the autobiography of a dog, by Charlotte Penrose, with illustrations by Kate T. Nesbet.

—The Cambridge Corporation, Limited, Montreal, who have the reputation of producing exceptionally fine publications, announce the Royal Canadian edition of “Beautiful Britain,” in fifteen volumes. The edition contains eleven hundred coloured illustrations, and is claimed to be the finest publication ever distributed in Canada. The output is limited to one thousand copies, numbered and registered.



## HOW GIN SAVED MANITOBA

AN INCIDENT OF THE FENIAN RAID OF 1871

AROUND the tables not long ago were gathered the "Old Timers" of the west at their annual banquet in Winnipeg. Among the number were men who began in the west before the railroads had reached the land of No. 1 Hard. All had seen Winnipeg grow from an insignificant village, and all were in reminiscent mood, relating stories of the ox cart and the prairie schooner, and the hardships through which they passed in those pre-railroad days.

During the evening one of the speakers referred in complimentary terms to the late United States Consul James W. Taylor, "that great friend of Winnipeg," of whom, at his funeral, it was said: "United States consuls may come and United States consuls may go, but there will be but one Consul Taylor." At the mention of the name there arose to his feet at the head of the table Hon. Colin H. Inkster, better known at the present time as Sheriff Inkster.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I see before me but very, very few real "Old Timers" (Sheriff Inkster was born in Kildonan in 1843). I was told that this was to be an 'Old Timers' Dinner.' However, we are glad to see the younger men here, for we need them. Speaking of U.S. Taylor, as we always called him, I am reminded of the last visit he ever made to my father's house and of the story he told me at the time. The grand old man walked down along the river to our house one afternoon, and after chatting for a few minutes with my father, he turned to me and said: 'Did you know that your father's gin saved Manitoba?' I was naturally surprised at the question, and answered in the negative, awaiting the old gentleman's story. Consul Taylor

then took another sip from his glass, and related the following:

"Early in the fall of 1871 there were many rumours of a final attempt on the part of the Fenians to invade Canada, but little notice was taken of the reports, as it was thought that the disaffected Irishmen had been disappointed by their former invasions and were satisfied. It happened, however, that we were mistaken. Late in September a stranger came to Winnipeg to see me on business. It was a trivial affair, and I gave the man what aid I could, but he still lingered around the city and became rather a bore. He was at my house one Sunday afternoon (Consul Taylor lived where the new C.P.R. depôt now stands) and I suggested that we take a walk down the river bank and call upon my old friend, your father. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the walk was delightful. We found your father at home, and as was the custom, he brought out the decanter and glasses. We had one glass of gin, and in the course of the hour two more, and shortly afterwards started for home. On the way the stranger was very talkative; the gin seemed to have loosened him wonderfully. He broached the subject of the Fenians, and from what he said I suspected he might know more than he appeared to, so I led him on. In a few minutes he unfolded to me the whole plot by which the fair Province of Manitoba was to fall a prey to the Fenians and the inhabitants to be driven out or subdued.

"It was with difficulty that I restrained my feelings and did not arouse any suspicions in the mind of my companion. He left me as we approached the city, and instead of going home as usual I at once went to Governor Archibald and communicated to him the details of the invasion as I had learned it. He imme-



diately wired to the Federal authorities at Ottawa, and the Washington Government was also informed of the contemplated action of their citizens.

“The rest of the story you know well, how the American troops came over the border and arrested the intruders for breach of the neutrality laws. I received a telegram after the raid from Col. Wheaton, who was in charge of the American troops, in which he said: “I have captured Geo. J. O’Neil, Gen. Thos. Curley and Col. J. J. Donley. I think further anxiety regarding a Fenian invasion of Manitoba unnecessary.

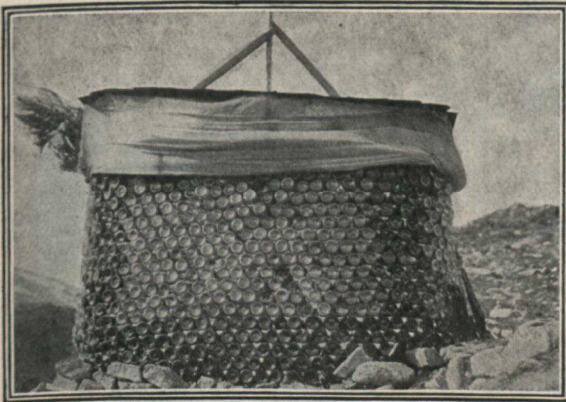
“That was how your father’s gin saved Manitoba.”

*George Fisher Chipman*



THE OLD AND THE NEW

IN the State of Washington a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The



A HOUSE MADE OF BOTTLES



THE SUFFICIENCY OF WEALTH

CHIMMIE: “So yer refuse me ’cause I’m poor? Well, yer’ll find dat money don’t bring happiness.”

AMANDY: “Well, it don’t have ter. See? It kin hire it brung.”—*Life*.

bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car, he encountered the old master bridge-builder.

“Joe,” said the Superintendent, and the words quivered with energy, “I want this job rushed. Every hour’s delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer’s plans for the new bridge?”

“I don’t know,” replied the bridge-builder, “whether the engineer has got the picture drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin’ over it.”—*Argonaut*.



A BOTTLE HOUSE

ON the White Pass summit, at the entrance to the famous Klondyke region, is a house built of empty beer and whiskey bottles. The top is surrounded with canvas,

and covered with boards. Mud was placed between the bottles and the whole structure was in this manner made firm. The braced pole on the top is a portion of the staff from which floated the national flag.



#### WINDMILL IN A TREE

THE lower Lachine road, between Montreal and Lachine, is one of the most interesting spots in the Province of



Quebec. Many quaint and curious things are to be seen there, and perhaps the least interesting is a windmill built upon the top of a tree. The tree answers the purpose of the usual frame work.



#### A GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN

CONSIDERABLE amusement was once caused by a slip of Emperor Nicholas's pen in accepting the offers of several companies of Siberian militia who volunteered for service at the front.

The petition read: "We humbly lay at your Majesty's feet our desire to be permitted to fight and die for the fatherland." The Emperor, in accepting, wrote on the margin of the petition in his own hand, "I thank you sincerely, and hope your wishes may be fully realised."—*Sacred Heart Review*.



#### BIBLE READING IN MISSOURI

COLONEL JOHN COSGROVE, afterward Congressman from the Boonville district, was especially distinguished as an advocate before a jury. Defending a client accused of some crime, Colonel Cosgrove in an eloquent climax shouted:

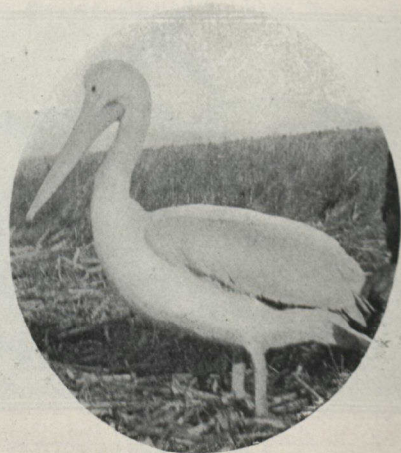
"What does the State's attorney expect? Does he expect my client, like Daniel, to command the sun to stand still, and have it obey?"

Judge James W. Draffen, lawyer for the opposition, interrupted:

"May it please your Honour," he said, addressing Judge James E. Hazel, who was on the bench, "I object to Colonel Cosgrove's misquoting Scripture."

"I beg pardon," blandly replied Colonel Cosgrove. "I forgot for the moment that it was not Daniel, but Solomon, who commanded the sun to stand still."

And this statement went unchallenged.—*Kansas City Star*.



A WILD PELICAN, PHOTOGRAPHED ON A CANADIAN NORTHWEST PRAIRIE



Who said BOVRIL?

"I" said the student;  
 "It's best to be prudent—"  
 "I said  
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- 2 GRANT'S TOMB
- 3 COLUMBIA COLLEGE
- 4 CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
- 5 SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MONUMENT



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(Cork Tips)

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# CÉLESTINS

# CROWN BRAND



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# PRIESTLEY'S ALL-WOOL

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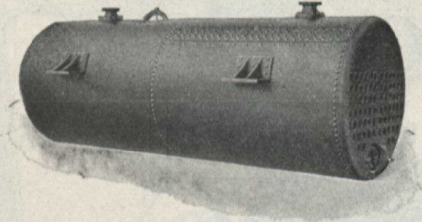
Combines  
the  
Durability  
of a  
Serge



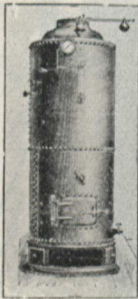
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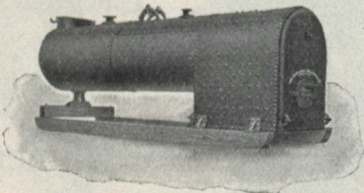


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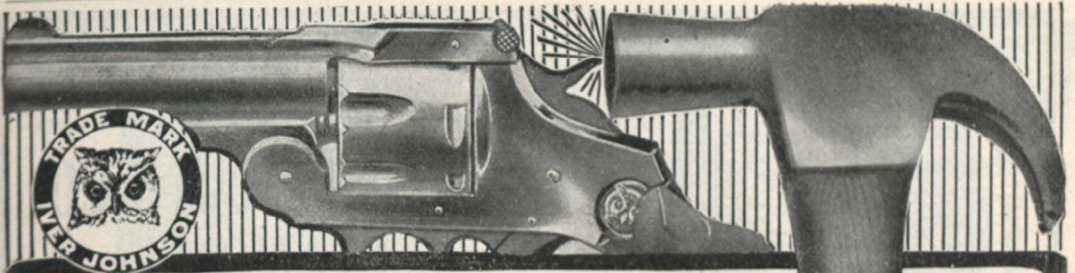
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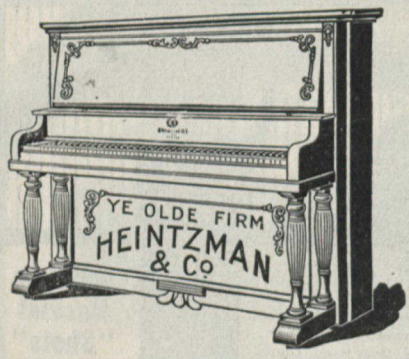
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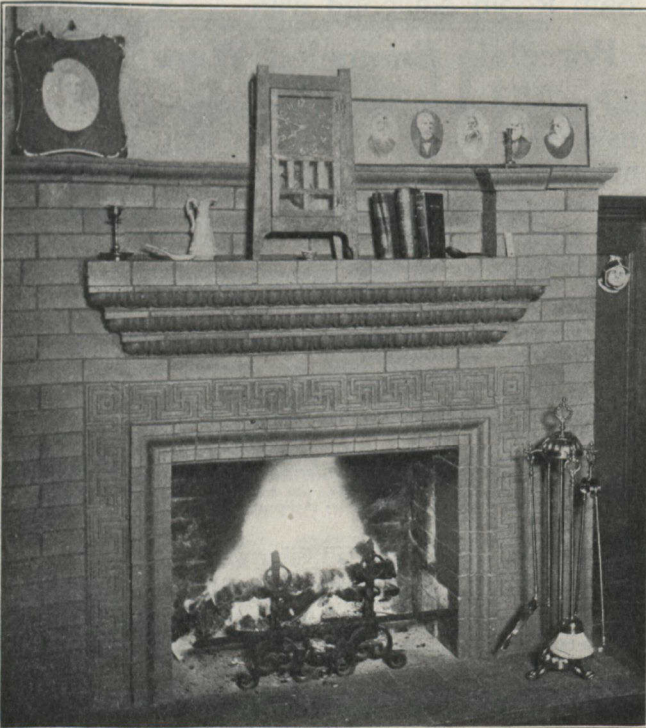
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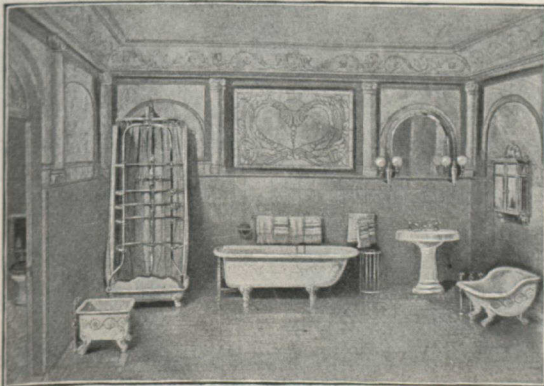
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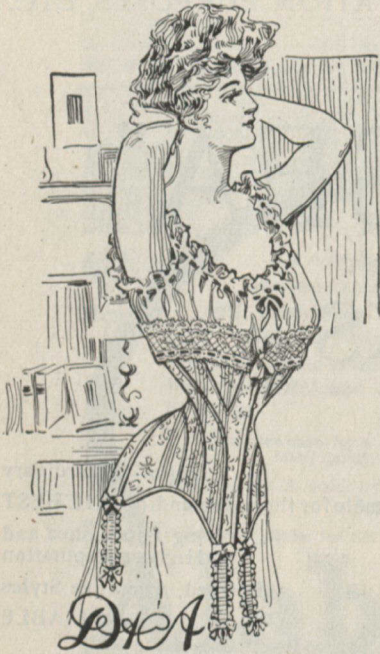
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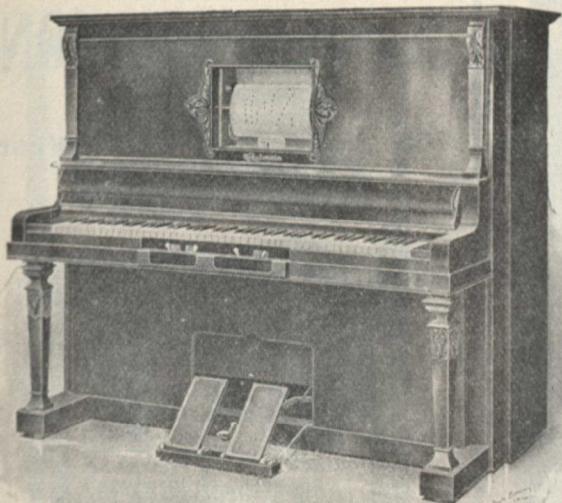
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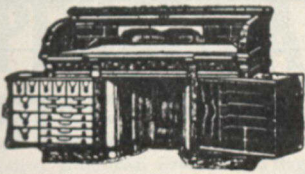
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*Each department under skilful artists*

MAIL ORDERS A SPECIALTY

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE



**THE DESK OF THE AGE.**

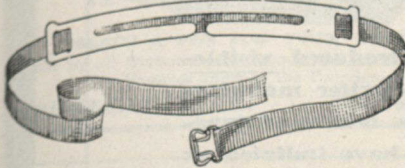
**Every Device** necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office. Our Catalogue goes in detail. **Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.** PRISTON, Ontario, Canada. Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.



Hall's Hair Renewer has been sold for over sixty years, yet we have just changed the formula, the style of bottle, and the manner of packing. As now made, it represents the very latest researches, both at home and abroad. A high-class and thoroughly scientific preparation.

**Falling Hair**—As perfect a specific as can possibly be made. **Dandruff**—Removes dandruff; prevents further formation. **Ask for "the new kind"** The kind that does not change the color of the hair. **Formula:** Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Perfume.

R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.



**B**EWARE of inferior articles imitating the above; do not purchase unless our name and patent dates are stamped in the metal. One Edwards Skirt Supporter fastens every

shirtwaist to skirt seven inches across the back without pins, points, or teeth to tear garments; is nonrustable; sent postpaid for 25 cent postal note; money refunded if unsatisfactory. AGENTS WANTED.

Edwards Skirt Supporter Co., Dept. B., Bridgeburg, Ont.

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A pure, delicious and antiseptic Dentifrice in a powder form that exercises a decidedly preservative influence on the teeth, as well as keeping them free from all tartaric deposits, germs, etc. The fresh, grateful aroma of the Teaberry leaf is an agreeable finish for your ablutions. "Teaberry" is a favorite Dentifrice of many years standing—if you once try it you will use no other. At all druggists, 25c. per bottle.

**FOR THE TEETH.**



**HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS**

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers

Tin Rollers



The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

**MINARD'S LINIMENT**



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Ten years ago the Underwood introduced visible-writing. It was termed by other typewriter manufacturers a fad. Since that time 15 new makes of typewriters have appeared. 13 of them have imitated as closely as possible the Underwood, and have sought recognition on the score of visible-writing.

The Underwood is not an experimental imitation. It has proved its worth to over 200,000 satisfied users. It is the machine to [be found in the best offices where the greatest amount of work [is done under the most exacting conditions.

The Underwood will do anything that any other typewriter will do, and do it better; it will do many things that no other typewriter can do. It has twice in succession won the world's speed championship.

## United Typewriter Co., Ltd.

Adelaide Street East, Toronto

And in All the Principal Cities



# SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years.  
PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

The leading numbers for Canada will be sent  
postpaid on receipt of Canada stamp.



SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING  
Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.  
For Samples apply to the Proprietors,  
SPENCERIAN PEN CO., - - New York City



You receive letters having certain words  
or phrases so emphasized in red they stick  
in your memory. They are written on

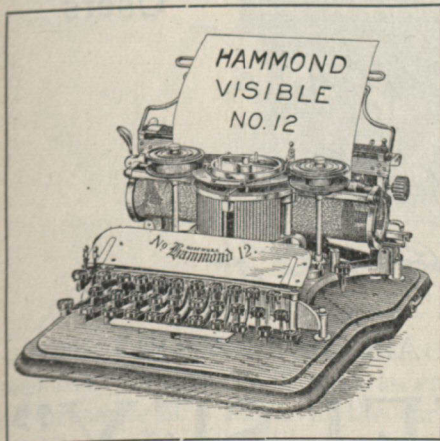
## The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

The stenographer puts in the red letters  
as she goes along by simply moving a  
small lever.

The price is the same as that of all Smith  
Premier Models.  
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
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## The Typewriter of Universal Adaptability

# NEW MODEL No. 12 Visible Hammond



Perfect Visibility and  
Polychrome Ribbon

Are NEW FEATURES added to the  
FORTY HAMMOND ADVANTAGES

Writes 30 languages, in many styles and sizes of type,  
on one and the same machine.

Has 135 type shuttles instantly interchangeable.  
Alignment perfect and permanent (cannot change).  
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These features alone would put the HAMMOND IN  
A CLASS ABOVE ALL OTHERS. Our Catalogue  
describes the 37 other HAMMOND features. Get it.

Why should you buy an inferior instrument when  
the price is the same?

Don't delay. Delays are often costly. Write to-day to

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183 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

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QUOTATIONS SUBJECT TO CONFIRMATION BY WIRE

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HIGH GRADE BLENDED FLOURS  
A SPECIALTY.

*The Kerr Milling Co.,  
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*Dundas, Ont., Jan'y 9th, 07, 430*

Heat  
Makers

Messrs. James Smart Mfg Co.,  
Brookville.

Unlike  
Every  
Other  
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Fuel  
Savers

Gentlemen,-

Re the Kelsey Heater, each of the undersigned has one in his home and experiences the very best of satisfaction with it.

A few years ago the writer was on a committee to buy a furnace for a Parsonage, and your "Kelsey" was decided on. It gave such good results that we soon had one in the church as well, and when it came to heating our homes of course, we could not close our eyes to the good points of the "Kelsey" as an economical and scientific heating device.

A bare recital of above facts is about the strongest thing we can say about our opinion of the heater.

Over  
30,000  
Pleased  
Users

For  
Home  
Church  
School

Yours truly,

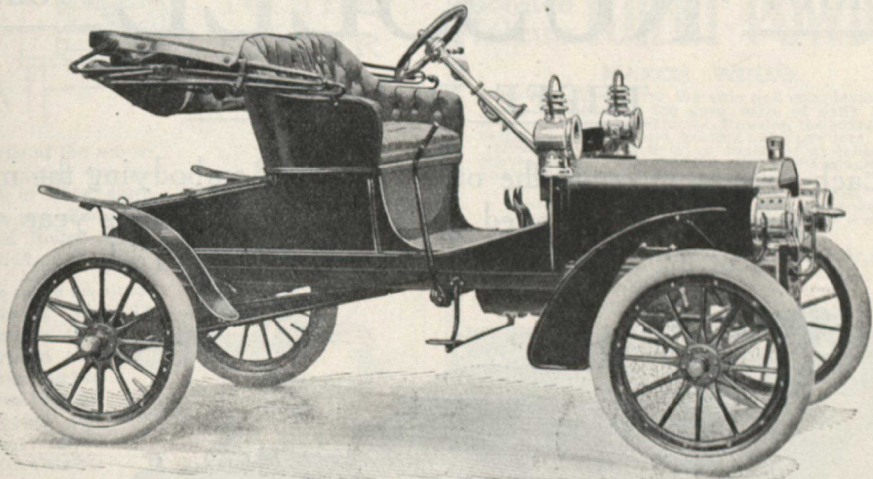
*Robert Kerr Son*

*W J Kerr*

*Robt Kerr*

THERE'S ONLY ONE WARM AIR GENERATOR  
WHEN IN DOUBT ORDER A "KELSEY"

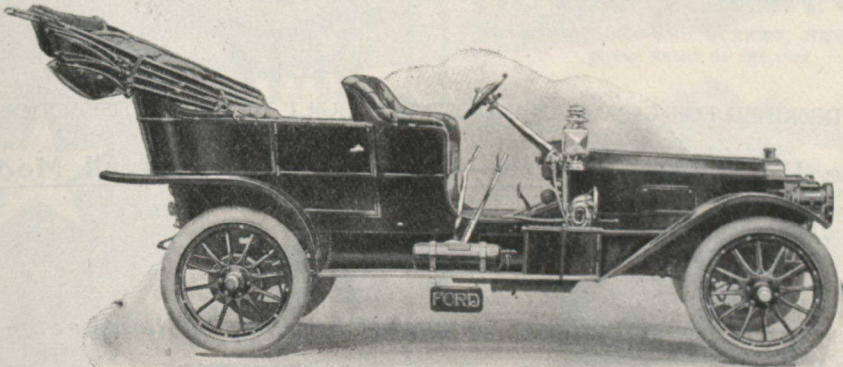
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**Model N—4 Cylinder Runabout—\$750.00**

*Vertical motor, water cooled, developing full 15 H.P. Planetary transmission with direct drive. Weight 1,000 lbs. Equipment includes three-inch double tube tires, lamps, horn and tools*

The Ford Model N is the result of the greatest manufacturing enterprise of the century. Only by building immense quantities is it possible to make such a car at such a price. No other car of its weight has so much power. No other car can compare with it in speed, endurance, flexibility or the quality of material used in its construction.



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*Six cylinder, vertical, water cooled engine, developing full 40 H.P. Tires 34" x 4" Wheel base 120". Speed from a walk to 60 miles an hour on the throttle with full load of seven people*

Model K is a luxurious touring car with a world of *reserve power*, with speed to meet every requirement, with an engine so simple, so smooth in its operation, that the presence of a motor in the car could almost be questioned. A car that is the growth of a lifetime of study and practical development in automobile construction.

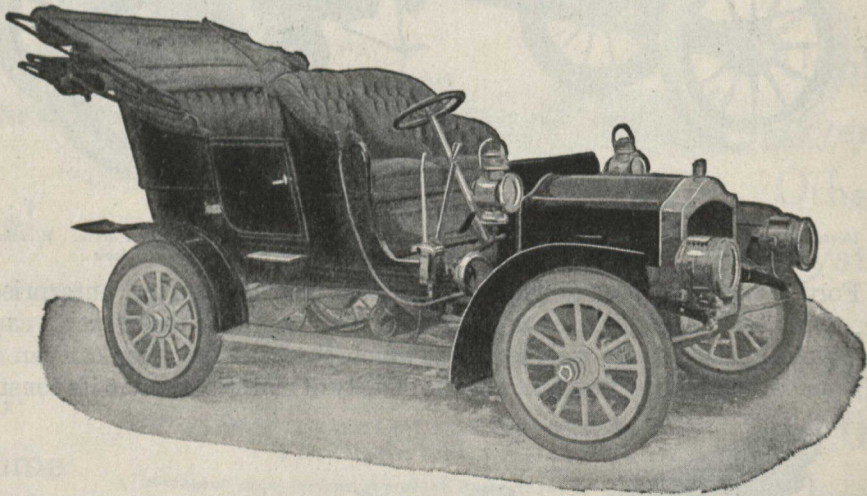
Write Us for Catalog and Any Additional Information You Wish About These Cars

**Ford Motor Company of Canada LIMITED Walkerville, Ontario**

# 1907 RUSSELL Models

## THREE IN NUMBER

Each striving to outdo the other and each embodying the most popular and approved designs as displayed this year at the great shows in Paris and New York



DESIGNED FOR CANADIAN CONDITIONS. BUILT TO GIVE SATISFACTION

**The Up-to-date Features—We have them in all Models**

*Metal to metal disc clutch*

*Selective sliding gear transmission*

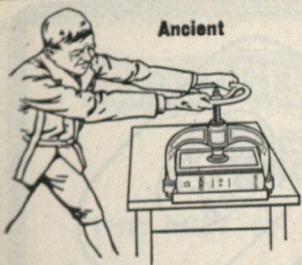
*Nickel steel in all gears and shafts*

*The most powerful braking system known*

<b>Model D</b> —2 Cylinder, 18 H.P.—90 in. wheel base, tires 30 in. x 3½ in. . . . .	<b>\$1,600</b>
<b>Model E</b> —4 Cylinder, 25 H.P.—104 in. wheel base, tires 32 in. x 4 in. . . . .	<b>\$2,500</b>
<b>Model F</b> —4 Cylinder, 40 H.P.—113 in. wheel base, tires 34 in. x 4 in. in front and 4½ in. in rear. Double ignition, accumulator and magneto. Accommodation for 7 passengers. . . . .	<b>\$3,750</b>

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**Toronto Junction, Canada**

**BRANCHES—WINNIPEG—VANCOUVER—MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA**

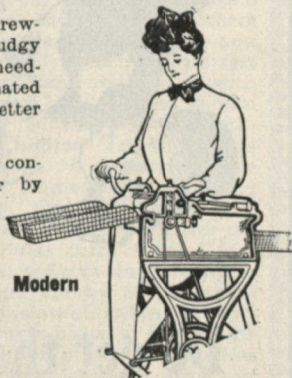


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All the evils of the screw-press—dirty cloths, smudgy copies, waste of Time, needless expense, are eliminated in the Rapid Roller Letter Copier method.

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Borated Talcum **TOILET POWDER**

## MARCH WINDS

are powerless to harm the skin and complexions of those who acquire the good habit of daily using **Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder**, the purest and safest of soothing and healing toilet powders. Mennen's is a satisfying finish of a delightful shave, the most essential item on a lady's toilet table, and in the nursery indispensable.

Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

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Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542



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Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try it. Boiled or fried, it will please you.

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**FIREPROOF EUROPEAN PLAN**  
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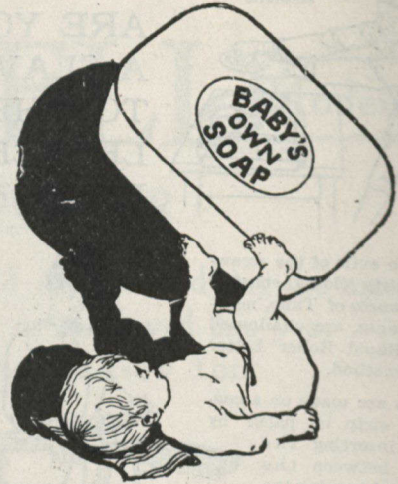
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WAY WITH SUCHARD'S COCOA

You probably will not believe until you  
have tried it, how much different and how  
much superior the flavor of

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is to that of any other brand made. A  
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Beware of imitations and substitutes

ALBERT SOAPS, LTD., MFRS.  
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**CHILDREN  
TEETHING**

**THE BEST OF ALL AND**

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

**THE FULL LUXURY  
OF THE BATH**

is only attained when  
it is perfumed with

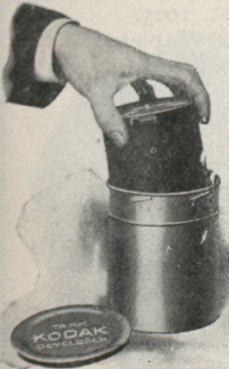
The Genuine

Murray & Lanman's

**FLORIDA  
WATER**

Used in the bath it is delightfully cooling and invigorating, and the relief it affords from the depressing heat of Summer is truly remarkable.

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The KODAK METHOD of Tank Development has succeeded, not simply because of its convenience, but because it gives better results than are possible by the dark-room method.

*The Experience is in the Tank*

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Toronto, Can.



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That is why it can be relied upon and why there is such an enormous demand for it. 10c. the pkge., 2 large cakes.

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Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers. Advice FREE about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.

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Wholesale agents for Canada.

# A Reasonable Plea For The Stomach

If Your Stomach is Lacking in Digestive Power, Why Not  
Help the Stomach Do Its Work—Especially  
When It Costs Nothing To Try?

NOT with drugs, but with a reinforcement of digestive agents, such as are naturally at work in the stomach? Scientific analysis shows that digestion requires pepsin, nitrogenous ferments, and the secretion of hydrochloric acid. When your food fails to digest, it is proof positive that some of these agents are lacking in your digestive apparatus.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain nothing but these natural elements necessary to digestion and when placed at work in the weak stomach and small intestines, supply what these organs need. They stimulate the gastric glands and gradually bring the digestive organs back to their normal condition.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been subjected to critical chemical tests at home and abroad and are found to contain nothing but natural digestives.

Chemical Laboratory, Telegraphic address, "Diffindo," London. Telephone No. 11029 Central. 20 Cullum St., Fenchurch St., E.C.

LONDON, 9th August, 1905.

I have analysed most carefully a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets (which I bought myself at a city chemist's shop for the purpose), manufactured by the F. A. Stuart Co., Temple Chambers, London, E.C., and have to report that I cannot find any trace of vegetable or mineral poisons. Knowing the ingredients of the tablets, I am of opinion that they are admirably adaptable for the purpose for which they are intended.

(Signed)

JOHN R. BROOKE, F.I.C., F.C.S.

There is no secret in the preparation of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Their composition is commonly known among physicians, as is shown by the recommendations of 40,000 licensed physicians in the United States and Canada. They are the most popular of all remedies for indigestion, dyspepsia, water brash, insomnia, loss of appetite, melancholia, constipation, dysentery and kindred diseases originating from improper dissolution and assimilation of foods, because they are thoroughly reliable and harmless to man or child.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are at once a safe and a powerful remedy, one grain of these tablets being strong enough (by test) to digest 3,000 grains of steak, eggs and other foods. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest your food for you when your stomach can't.

Ask your druggist for a fifty cent. package or send to us direct for a free trial sample package and you will be surprised at the result. F. A. Stuart Co., 64 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



## The Backbone of a Collar

If you open an Arrow Collar you will be astonished at the care as to details of workmanship—at the superior quality of the interlining. The fabrics used for the inside and outside of

# ARROW Collars

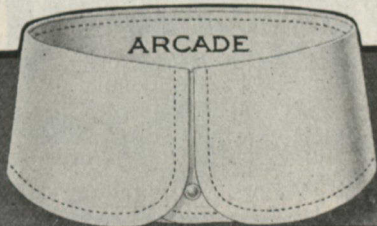
are beyond question the best collar fabrics known. Each fabric having been shrunk by the CLUPECO Process, Arrow Collars fit better, look better and wear longer than other collars. They are the arbiters of collar fashion—200 styles. All dealers.

**QUARTER SIZES 20c each; 3 for 50c**

Send for *The Man's Book "Wash and Wear."*—What to wear—When to wear it—Cravats and how to tie them.

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### Wavy and Straight Hair Switches

In our stock will be found the silkiest textures and rarest shades at most **Moderate Prices.**

The Beauty and Quality of our inimitable Parisian Method Hair Creations has conquered the **Hair Trade** of Canada for us.

The "Maison" Jules & Charles has the unlimited confidence of thousands of Fastidious Patrons.



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The Maison **JULES & CHARLES, 431 Yonge Street, TORONTO**

**HAIRLENE** Gives New Life to the **HAIR**



## The Angelus Piano Player

The very first piano-player put on the market, and to-day the only one possessing the human touch.

Strike a single key on your piano, again, then harder, then softer, see how many different degrees of intensity you can produce. That is human touch.

The Angelus felt-covered fingers, which strike notes for you, reproduce just the touch you want—they cannot act independently. Each finger is controlled by a pneumatic (not bellows) which gives you all the power, delicacy, flexibility or elasticity of touch procurable with your own finger.

The Phrasing lever, the great exclusive feature of the Angelus, insures absolute control of the time and phrasing of your playing.

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is the union of a Knabe-Piano with the Angelus into one superb player piano which has all the superior qualities of both the Knabe and the Angelus, thus making an instrument which is beyond question the finest combination of player and piano which is offered to the public.

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is a similar combination of the Emerson Piano with the Angelus. Is ready at all times for playing either by hand or music roll.

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have qualified us to advise as experts in this branch of house furnishing. Write for our catalogue of floor designs

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Manufacturers LIMITED  
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is Best. Pure—fine  
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Grocers'—  
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THERE IS NOTHING LIKE **K.D.C.**  
**FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA**  
HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, Etc.  
FREE SAMPLES K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them.  
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are always uniformly delightful to the discriminating palate—always smooth and exquisitely flavored—the only *always good* cocktail. CLUB COCKTAILS are carefully measure-mixed and scientifically blended from choicest liquors, aged and mellowed to delicious flavor and aroma. Always ready to serve—just strain through cracked ice. No trouble, no disappointment.

*Seven varieties—Each one equally perfect*

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from your grocer or dealer**

**G. F. Heublein & Bro.**  
SOLE PROPRIETORS

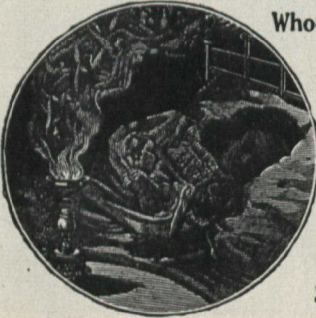
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CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP



Whooping Cough,  
Croup,  
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Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

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ALL DRUGGISTS

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## \$60

for 12 day round trip in-  
cludes all Expenses on  
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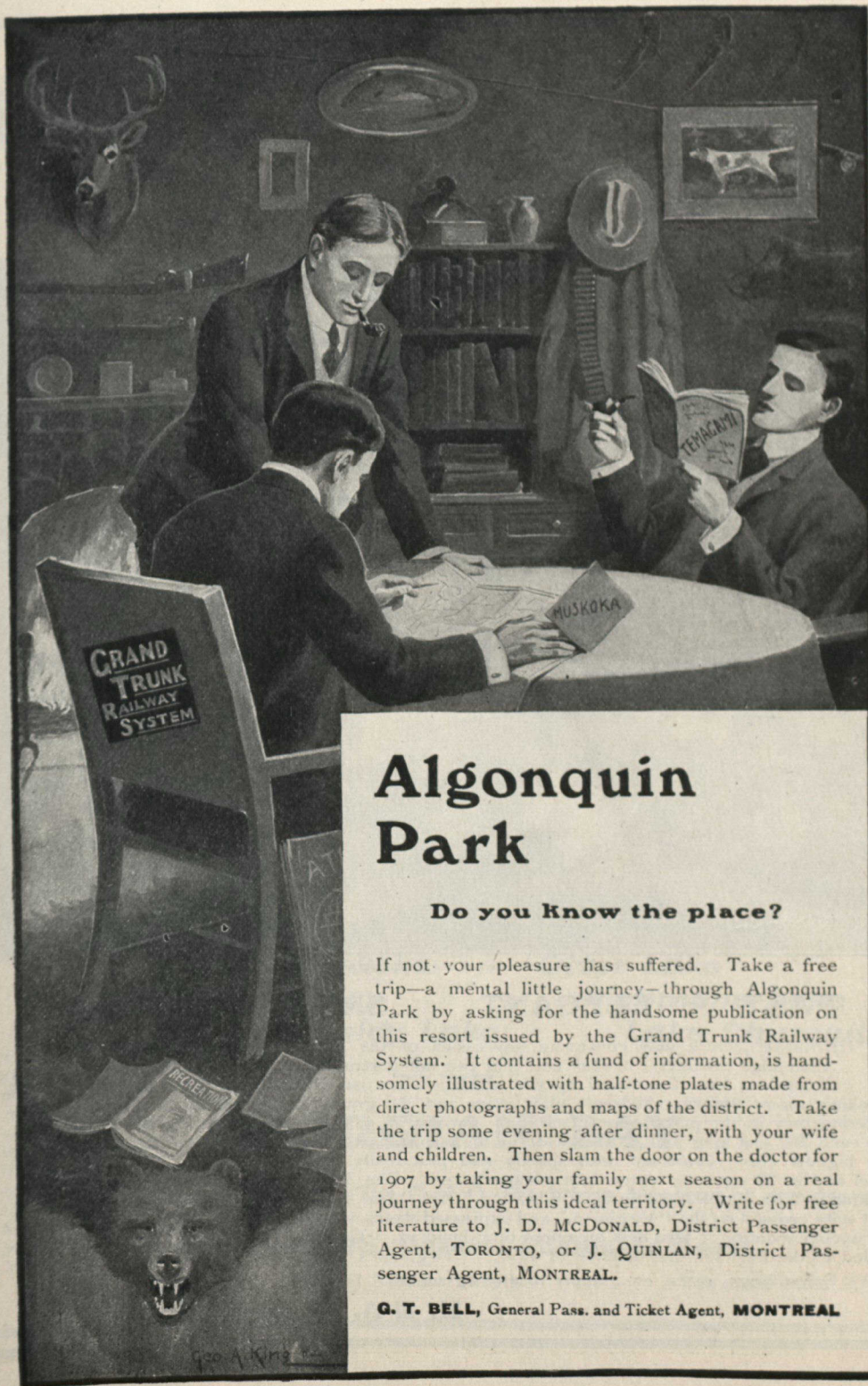
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**G. T. BELL**, General Pass. and Ticket Agent, **MONTREAL**

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ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS  
TO LIVERPOOL



DRAWING ROOM—ROYAL MAIL STEAMER VIRGINIAN

**FAST            ELEGANT            SAFE            STEADY**

**T**HE above picture may convey an impression of the beauty of the decorations of the new Allan Line Steamers; it does not, and can not portray adequately this apartment when its dimensions are illuminated by the clusters of artistically arranged electric lights. The smoking room, library, children's play room and the grand Saloon are all of the same order, differing only in the purpose for which each is planned. The promenade decks—there are three—are each 260 feet long and 60 feet wide at the widest part. The steamers are floating hotels of the highest class, combined with speedy and practically unsinkable ships. They are built of steel and in 22 separate water-tight compartments. The Turbine Engines give them steadiness of motion with entire freedom from vibration. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught and suite crossed on the "Virginian," and expressed themselves as delighted with the steamer and her accommodation. Two new steamers now building, "Corsican" and "GRAMPIAN," will be added to the fleet for the summer of 1907. "Virginian's" record passage is 5 days, 14 hours.

For sailings, rates, etc., apply to any agent or

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SHORT LINE TO

## Muskoka

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“LAKE SHORE LINE  
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The scenic route along the shores of

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TO THE

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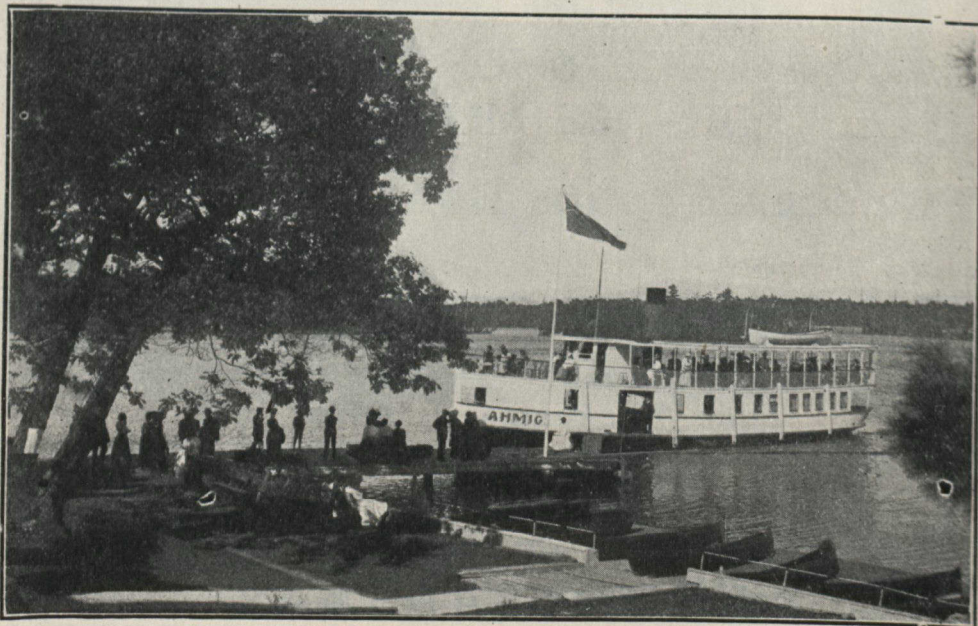


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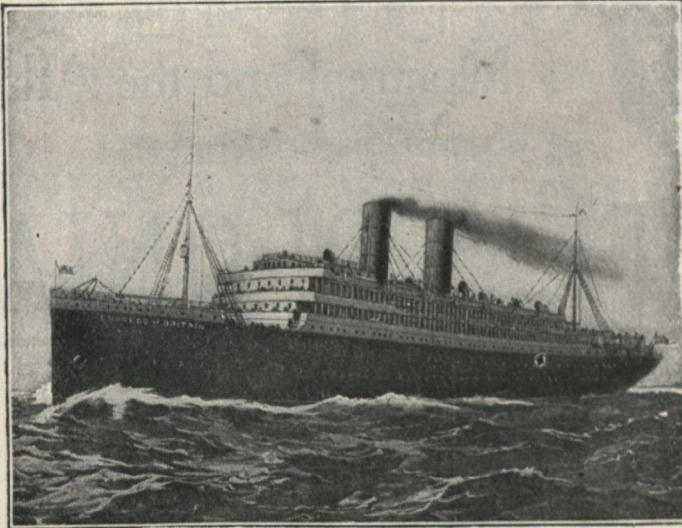


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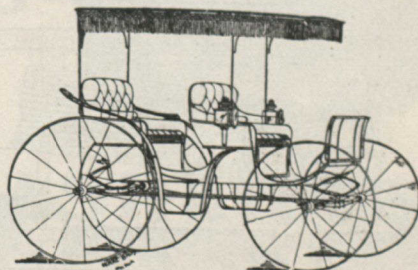
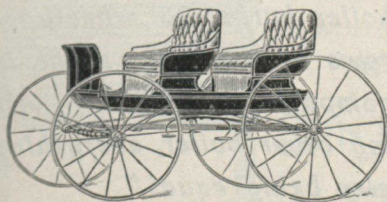
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Carriage for the perfect enjoyment of the many pleasant outings you intend to have this year.The Armstrong Line includes Ladies' Stanhopes, Mikados, Phaetons, strictly stylish and built for  
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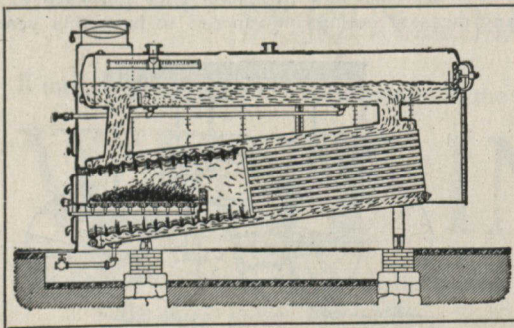
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Supply your help with

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washday labor is reduced to a minimum and comfort to the worker is correspondingly enhanced.

See that you are well supplied with

**Eddy's Washboards, Tubs, Pails, etc.**

**T**HE AIR in an ordinary oven is stagnant. It becomes saturated with the odors of the different dishes cooking—the strongest odor impregnates all. That is why you sometimes get pie with a flavor of onions, and roast beef with a taste of fish. The air in the oven of the

# Imperial Oxford Range

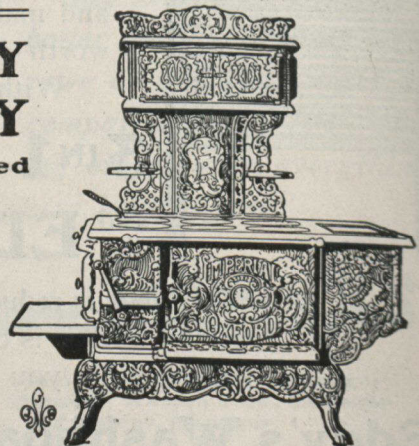
is constantly changing. Fresh air is drawn in from outside the range by our patent oven flue, superheated and forced into the top of the oven. It circulates throughout the oven, keeping every corner at a steady, even temperature. The air is then drawn off through the oven ventilators carrying with it the fumes of the cooking dishes.



The Imperial Oxford Range cooks your food with pure, fresh dry heat. Would you like to see this range? Call at your dealers. If he can't show you the Imperial Oxford, write to us and we'll send you full particulars and tell you where you can see it.

THE  
**GURNEY  
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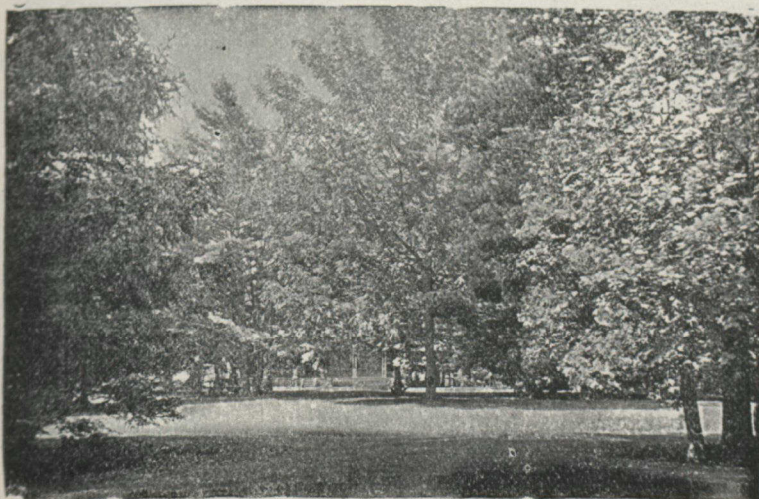
KETTLE AND STAND  
\$6.00 Each

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¶ The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating and Bathing.

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Give an air of confidence and prosperous appearance to the wearer.

The best English Oxfords and finest French Cambrics are used, and the patterns are not only exclusive but absolutely fast.

The stitching throughout is straight and uniform. Each operator works on one class of work only; and thus becomes very expert.

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# Winter Joys

come only to those who are fortified by abundant health and vigor against cold and exposure. Bodily warmth comes from good digestion and good food, not from flannels and overcoats.

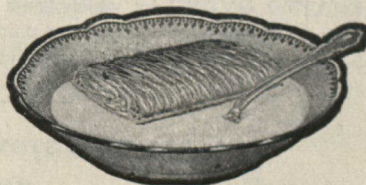
**SHREDED WHOLE WHEAT** is the food that brings fullest enjoyment of Winter Work or play because it is rich in the heat-making, muscle-building elements and because it is so easily digested. It gives the litheness and suppleness of limb that make the human body a thing of power and beauty.

A breakfast of **SHREDED WHEAT BISCUIT** with hot or cold milk or cream will supply the energy for a whole day's work. Triscuit is the same as the Biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer and is used as a **TOAST** for any meal instead of white flour bread.

At all grocers. Our new illustrated Cook Book is sent free.

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The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Limited  
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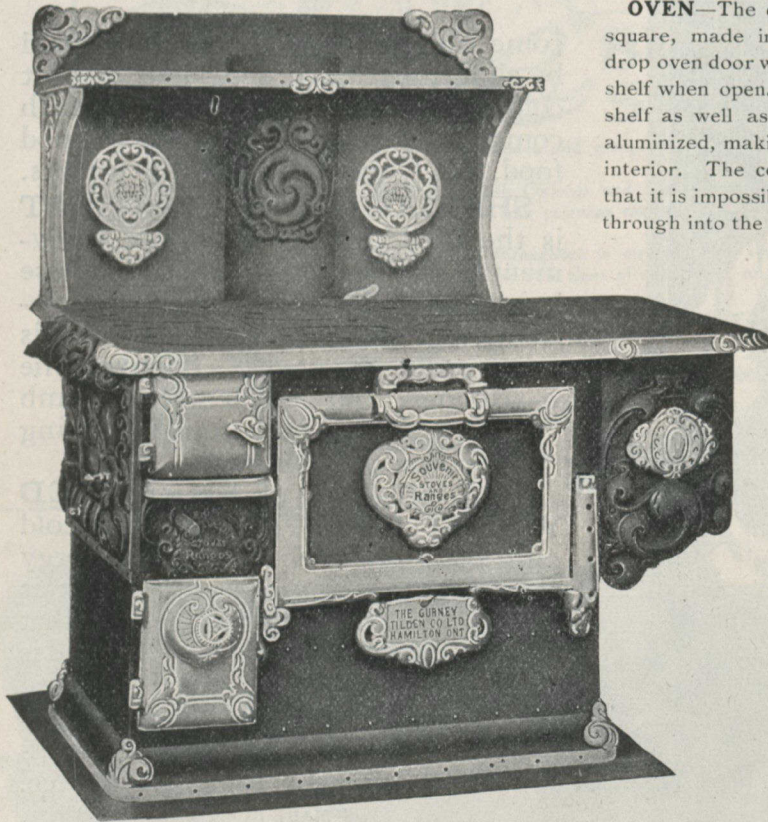


"IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS"



# Souvenir Steel Plate Range

Here Are Some Points of Interest in Our Newest Steel Range



SUPREME SOUVENIR

"**AERATED OVEN**" by which fresh air is constantly being heated and admitted into the oven, carrying all impurities up the chimney. This particular "**AERATED**" feature always keeps the interior of the oven sweet and wholesome.

**OVEN**—The oven is large and square, made in three sizes with drop oven door which forms an oven shelf when open. The inside oven shelf as well as the oven door is aluminized, making a bright, clean interior. The construction is such that it is impossible for ashes to leak through into the oven.

**FIRE BOX**—The construction of the fire box is such that the parts which are exposed to the fire are made exceptionally strong and simple, and the duplex grates can be taken out and replaced through the side door without disturbing the rest of the fire box.

**"AERATED"**—This Range, as is the case with all Souvenirs, is fitted with the celebrated

ALL BEST STOVE MEN SELL THIS RANGE

MANUFACTURED BY

**The Gurney, Tilden Co., Limited**

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## Food Products

Goodness, wholesomeness and purity are qualities that make the name Libby the standard for excellence in appetizing food products.

## Libby's Baked Beans

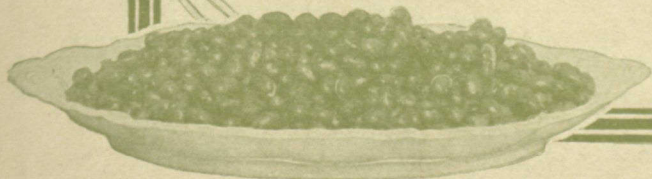
are prepared in the spotless Libby kitchens by the famous Libby method that retains all of the nutritious food value of the choicest beans, while giving them the most delicious flavor.

You can depend upon Libby's Baked Beans always being the same, as appetizing in appearance as they are delicious to the taste.

**Ask your grocer for Libby's,  
and insist upon getting Libby's**

The new 84-page booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," gives many delightful recipes for luncheons, dinners and evening spreads, that every housewife will appreciate. It is sent free on request.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.**



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that is in my soul."

For particulars and literature explaining, apply  
**THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Ltd.**  
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## There's Solid Comfort

in having a clear brain  
and a continuous round  
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If you don't know  
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leaving off coffee 10 days,  
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nourishing, easily digest-  
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 MANUFACTURERS - BERLIN, CANADA

Physical weak-  
ness and mental  
depression are  
unfailing signs  
of declining health.



*Scott's  
Emulsion*

strengthens the  
body, nourishes the  
nerves, dispels de-  
pression and builds  
perfect health.

All Druggists; 50c. and \$1.00.

## A Wearing, Sick Headache

is usually the painful penalty of overeating, but is  
sometimes caused by fatigue, nervousness, or  
through neglect to be regular in habits. No matter  
how brought on, Beecham's Pills will bring speedy  
relief to most severe and obstinate cases. After a  
dose or two, sick headache entirely

## Disappears

because this famous remedy goes directly to the  
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Beecham's Pills combine certain vegetable prop-  
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You can relieve sick headache, constipation,  
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With a Dose or Two of

# Beecham's Pills

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REQUIRES  
NO HEATING OR  
MIXING

# Melanyl

Indelible and Harmless  
On any Fabric.  
Try it once and you will  
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# Platt's Chlorides,

NOTICE:—"Platt's Chlorides," the Odorless Disinfectant, is now manufactured in Canada and sold there by druggists at the same price as in the United States, viz: 50 CENTS PER QUART.