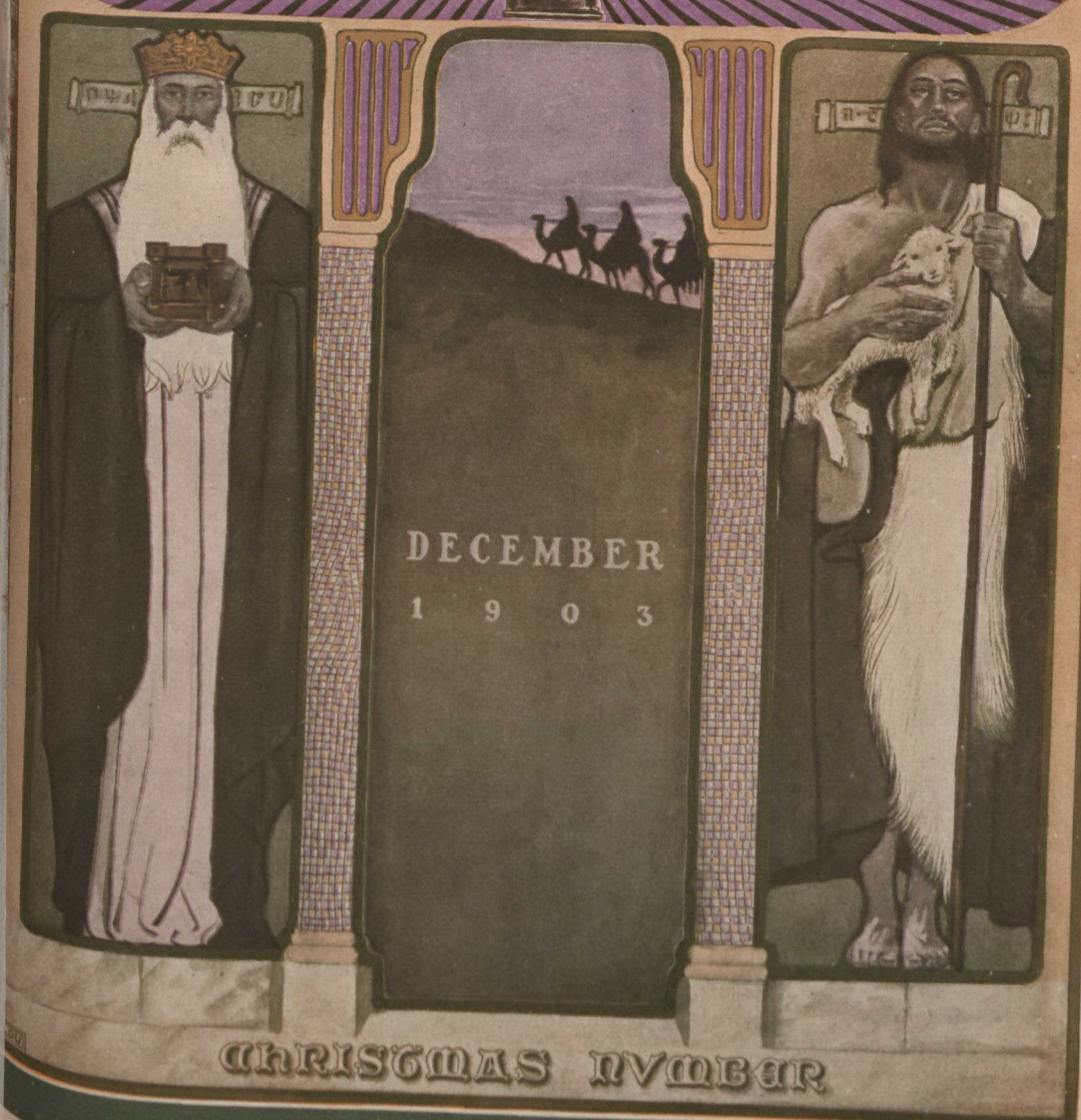
VOL. XXII TWENTY-FIVE CENTS No 2

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



PRESS OF THE HUNTER, ROSE CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXII. No. 2

CONTENTS, DECEMBER, 1903.

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE
FOR NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR

SOME IDEA OF THE PROGRAMME WHICH WILL BE PRESENTED TO THE READERS OF THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE DURING 1904

ILLUSTRATIONS

EACH year, "The Canadian Magazine" uses about six hundred photographs and a hundred drawings. The work of creating and collecting these is a huge task in itself. The making of the cuts is another labour involving much trouble, since they must be the best—better than are used by any other Canadian publication. Some are printed in colours and this adds to the labour and expense involved. During 1904, the illustrations will be better than in any previous year and a larger number of artists will contribute. There will be four special coloured covers during the year.

AN HISTORICAL SERIAL

THE "War of 1812" will be followed by an equally important historical work of as great dramatic quality. It will probably commence in February.

RECIPROCITY

THE subject of Reciprocity with the United States promises to be more prominent during 1904. The history of previous Reciprocity movements will be given shortly. There will also be a series of articles by the secretaries of the various Reciprocity organizations in the United States and by prominent publicists and journalists in that country. While Canada may not be ready to definitely consider the subject just now, it is well to keep posted upon the attitude of the other party to the question.

DEPARTMENTS

THE Departments will be kept live and interesting. In "Current Events Abroad" Mr. Ewan will review the leading international movements; in "People and Affairs" Mr. Cooper will discuss the more important movements of a national character; in "Woman's Sphere" Miss Helliwell will comment on topics which interest women of education and ambition; in "Book Reviews" the leading books will be discussed, with special attention to those by Canadian writers; in "Idle Moments" will be gathered current and original humour; in "Oddities and Curiosities" there will be much information of a unique character; and in "Canada for the Canadians" topics of purely business interest will be treated.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

THIS series of character sketches will be continued throughout the coming year.

SHORT STORIES

HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

THE short stories in 1903 were all practically by Canadian authors. In 1904, a number of these will be by English writers of note and skill. Among these will be humourous, scientific, financial and other special stories involving curious problems. Among the Canadian stories will be two "contractor" stories by Hubert McBean Johnston, "The Blue Cloak," a two-part story, by Alice Jones, an Italian story by W. A. Fraser, a Golf Story by Theodore Roberts, "The Mystery of John Long" by John A. Copland, a two-part story by Mrs. Harrison (Seranus) and numerous others. For the children and the children's mothers, the material will include a two-part fairy story, entitled "A Birth-

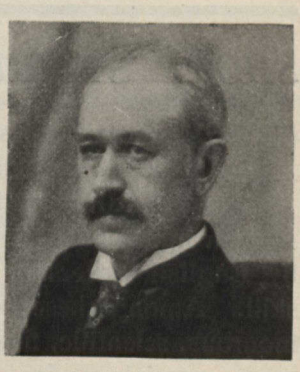
day in Bogieland," profusely illustrated by a Canadian artist. The short stories for 1904 will be better than in any previous year, because they will be more varied in character and from more experienced writers. Besides, some of them will be brightened with the work of Canadian and other artists—men skilled with the pen and the brush.

SPECIAL CANADIAN ARTICLES

THIS is a feature of "The Canadian Magazine" of special importance. T. G. Marquis will discuss "Lord Elgin," Martin J. Griffin will write of "Lord Chatham and the American Revolution." "The Building of a Railway," by Hopkins J. Moorhouse, illustrated; "The Teaching of History," by W. L. Grant; "The Indeterminate Sentence" for criminals, by J. J. Kelso; "Taxation of Franchises," by Alan C. Thompson; "Soil Utilization" by E. Stewart, and other articles of a like character will appear with the usual regularity. Professor Cappon will write a special article on the poetry of Charles G. D. Roberts, and there will be other articles dealing with Canadian literature. "The Canadian Magazine" will always be supremely *national.*

IMPERIAL RELATIONS

THE readers of "The Canadian Magazine" will be kept well informed as the present struggle for Imperial Preferential Trade develops. In January, the Hon. J. W. Longley will discuss Mr. Chamberlain's proposals and Mr. J. M. McEvoy will review Professor Ashley's book on the subject. Herman W. Marcus will discuss "Mr. Gladstone and Imperialism." Other articles will follow.



HON. J. W. LONGLEY

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

THERE will be numerous articles on foreign places, people and countries. Spain will be the subject of an illustrated article in January. "A Year in a Boer School," by Florence H. Randall, illustrated, will appear shortly. Sydney, Australia, will be described by Geo. A. King, with illustrations. Two articles on South America will be among the other features.

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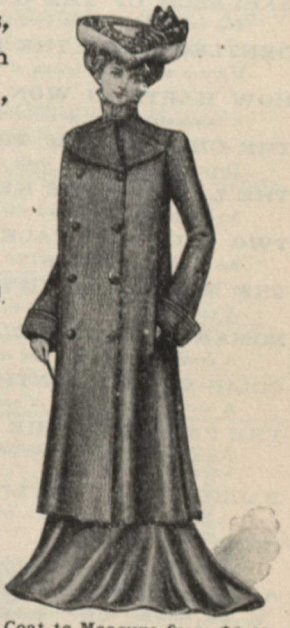

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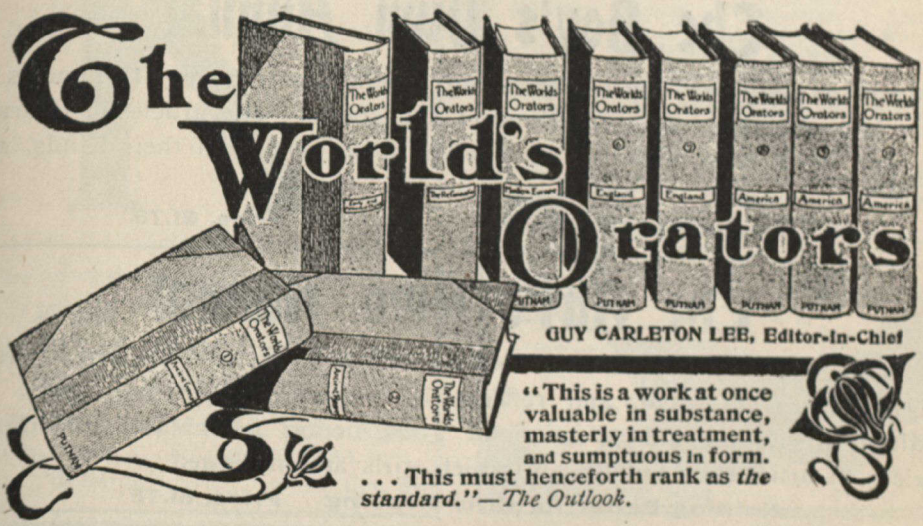

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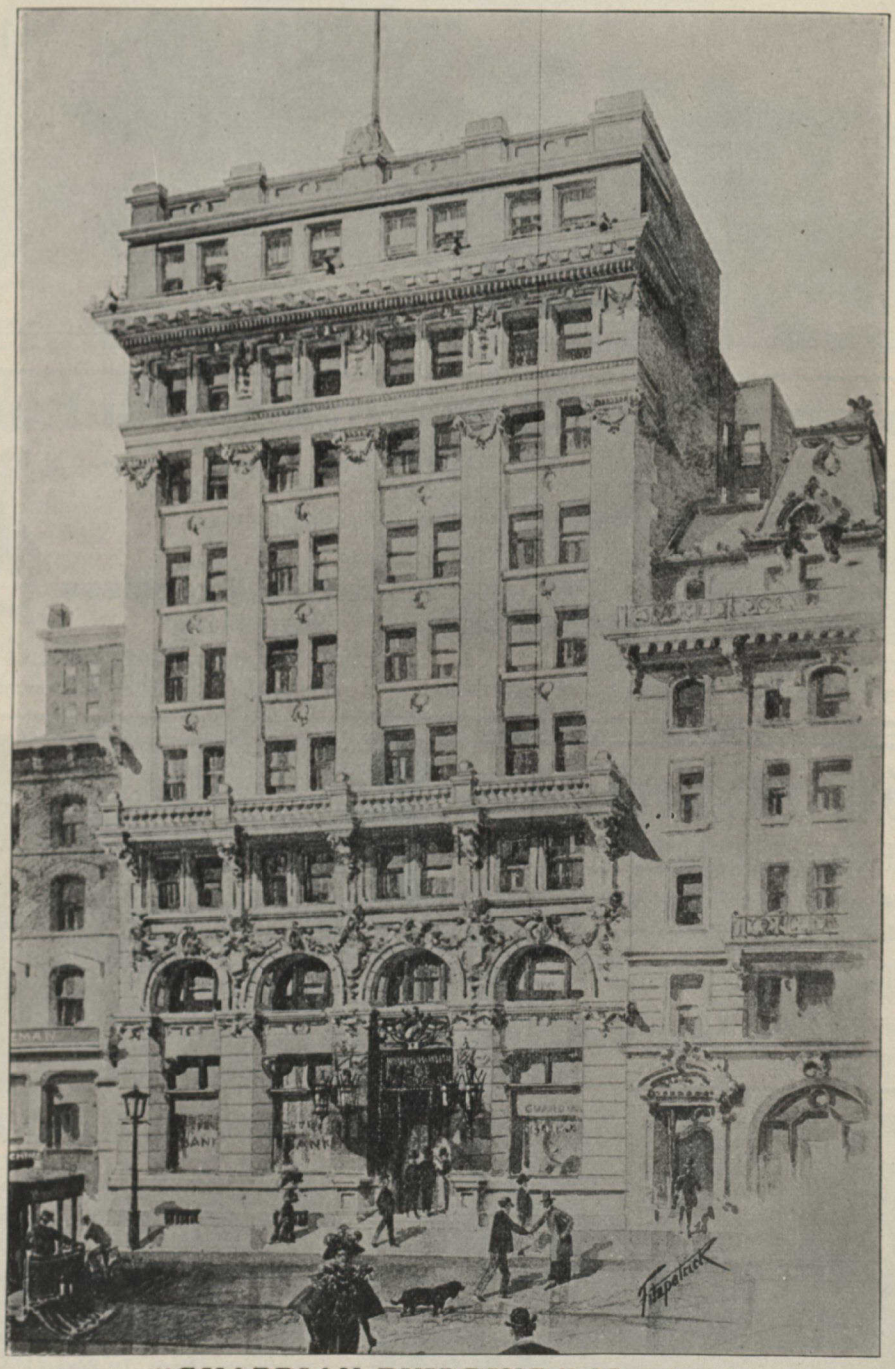

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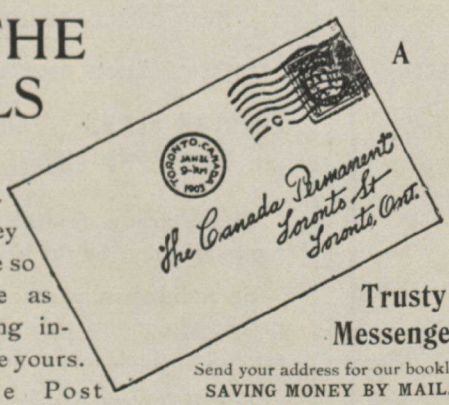

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1903 No. 2

A TYPICAL CANADIAN CITY

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CITY OF TORONTO

By Norman Patterson

TO a considerable extent, the progress of Canada is written in the founding and the growth of her cities. To the French was given the honour of discovering and colonizing this country, and the cities which they founded, Quebec and Montreal, are still French in their characteristics. This was in the seventeenth century, for Quebec was founded in 1608 and Montreal in 1642. Then came the British settlements. At first these were contemporaneous with French development and produced the city of Halifax in 1749 and a trading post at St. John in 1758. The conquest of Canada by the British and the Revolution of the colonies now known as the United States led to another British settlement, superimposed to some extent upon the French settlements. The U.E. Loyalists refounded St. John in 1783, settled Ontario and caused the birth of Toronto in 1794, and the building of Bytown, now Ottawa, in 1826. The British colonization knew no bounds but the Pacific Ocean, and Victoria came into being in 1850, Winnipeg in 1870 and Vancouver, because of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in 1886. The founding of these great cities furnish the rallying points in Canadian history.

So far as incorporation is an index of importance, the order is slightly different. St. John was incorporated in 1785, Quebec and Montreal in 1833, Toronto in 1834, Halifax in 1841, Ottawa in 1850, and the three western cities at later dates. This is interesting to the student of municipal institutions, but has little bearing upon the general history of the country.

To-day Toronto is the second city of importance in Canada and possesses a romantic past. Old Fort Rouille, a French trading post, carries that romantic past back to 1749; but the city's history proper does not go beyond August, 1793, when Governor

JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE

THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF UPPER CANADA AND THE FOUNDER OF TORONTO, WHICH HE NAMED YORK

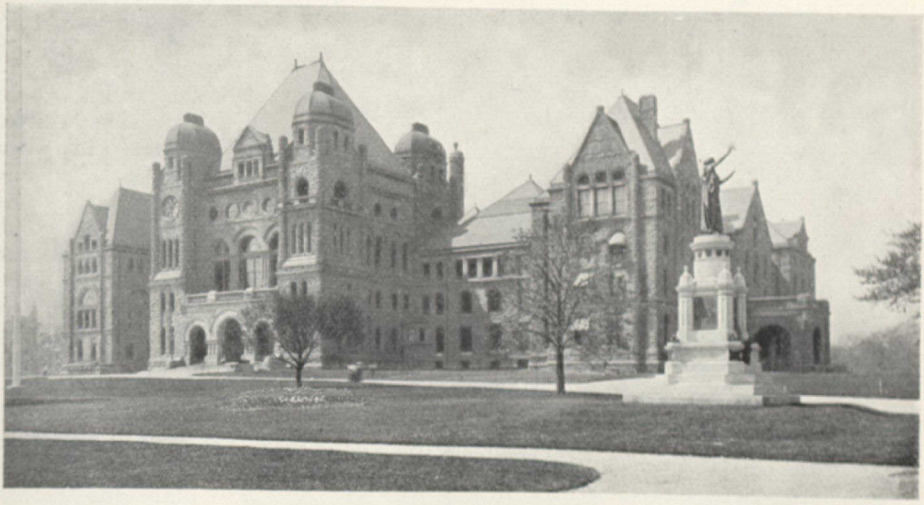
John Graves Simcoe with his Queen's Rangers left Niagara, sailed across the lake and took up his residence in a temporary canvas house, close to Fort Rouille. Here in the wilderness he set his engineers to lay out a city which should have a magnificent natural harbour and a not-too-close proximity to the United States frontier. Here he decided to raise the British flag, to create another centre of British authority and government, to again prove to the world that the British

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE
THE FIRST MAYOR OF TORONTO—1834

were the strongest people that had been evolved from the race-changes of the centuries. His enthusiasm created visions of a great city and a great colony, but even these children of his brain must have fallen short of the magnificent tangible visions of wealth, prosperity, industry and intelligence to be seen to-day in Toronto and Ontario. This Province owes much to the fact that Governor Simcoe, besides being a brave soldier and an experienced governor, was not a pessimist but an enthusiast. There was no settlement on Toronto Bay, but he planned to change the bush and marsh into a seat of government; there were no docks, but he set his engineers to survey the harbour and arrange for their building; there were no roads, east, west or north, but he ordered a highway to be surveyed from Lake Ontario northward to Lake Simcoe, and the Queen's Rangers felled the first trees on Yonge Street, as the new roadway was designated; there were no houses or public buildings, but he soon had the broad-axe, the adze and the whip-saw at work making planks, boards, rafters and shingles for Castle Frank, his own residence overlooking the Don, and for the first Parliament buildings almost directly south and close to the water-front. Such was the founder and his work. To-day the city of Toronto contains over two hundred thousand inhabitants and the Province of Ontario a a population of over two millions.

The growth of the city was not speedy. In 1803, ten years after Simcoe reached it, there were only 456 inhabitants within its borders. In that year the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, visited Kingston, Niagara and Toronto, and he must have marvelled at the boundless enthusiasm of the citizens who hoped to create in "Muddy York" a city of world-importance. The first election for town and public offices occurred three years later.

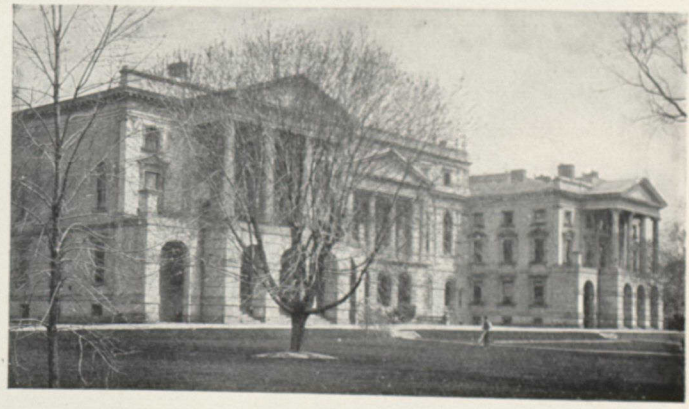
What Simcoe created another held. There is no doubt that only the prompt action and intrepid daring of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock saved Upper Canada and Toronto in 1812. When war was declared he called the Legislature together and found a small portion of it inclined to sacrifice their British allegiance and join the invad-



TORONTO—ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS

ers. They hesitated and delayed the passing of the Acts which Brock thought necessary in the emergency. The militia became insubordinate and began deserting. The Indians wavered: there was a crisis. Brock met it by proroguing the Legislature and proclaiming Martial Law. This was on August 5th. On August 16th he captured Detroit and General Hull's army of 2,500 men. From that moment the disloyalty in Upper Canada was at an end, and all classes joined together in the defence of their homes and their allegiance. They succeeded in meeting Brock's desire, as expressed in his animated address on the opening of the Assembly, that "we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by free men, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and constitution, cannot be conquered."

In 1813 Toronto was garrisoned by General Sheaffe with 600 men, one-half of whom were regulars, when Commodore Chauncey with his fourteen ships of war, conveyed General Dearborn and his 2,000 United States soldiers across the lake from Sackett's Harbour. The enemy landed to the west of the little town with slight opposition from Major Givins and his little band of Indians. The garrison pushed forward, but too late to interfere with the landing. The defenders fought gallantly and gave up their ground only under necessity. Gradually, however, the enemy captured point after point. A stand was to



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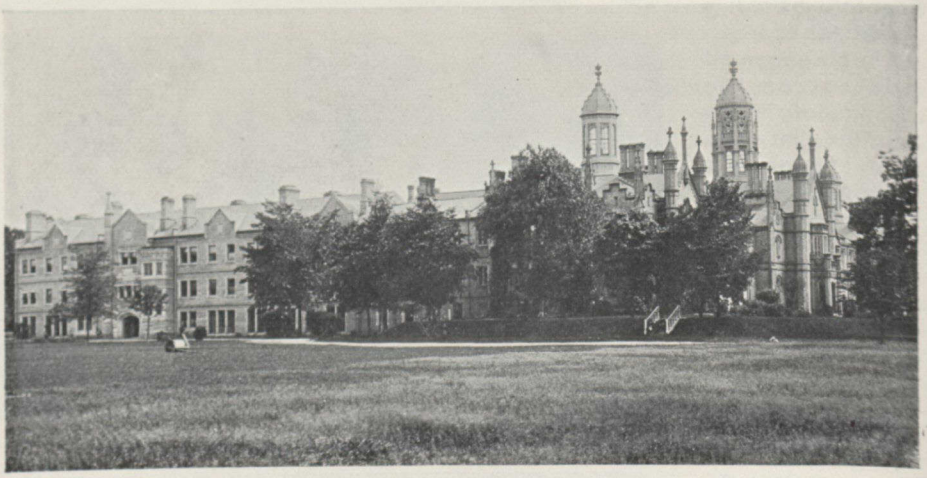
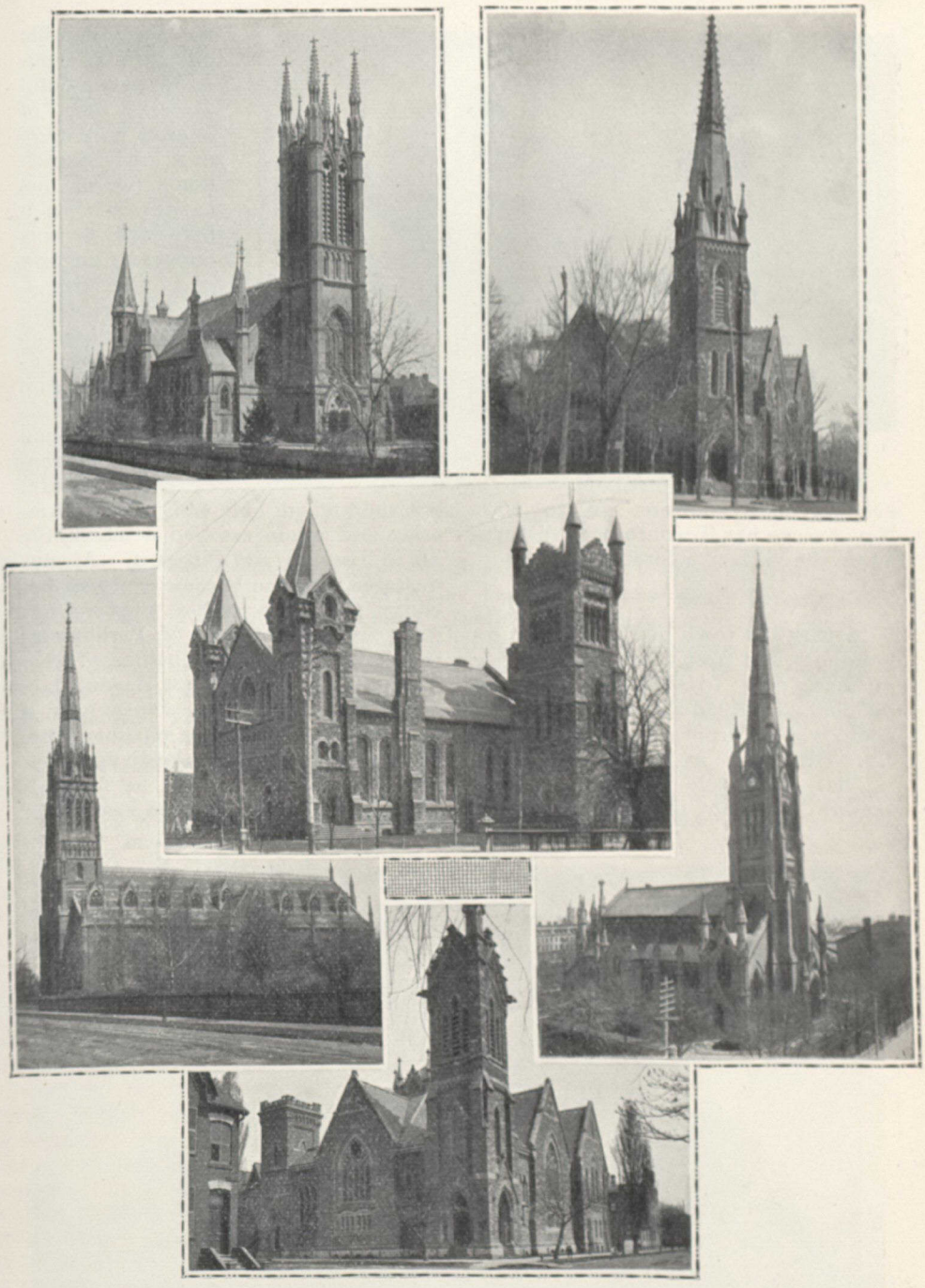
have been made at the Western Battery, but carelessness in leaving the magazine open caused an explosion which wrought worse havoc among the defenders than even United States bullets. General Sheaffe soon found himself forced to abandon the town. The regulars retreated towards Kingston, and 292 militia surrendered. The regulars lost 154 in killed, wounded and prisoners, and the militia about 50. The United States army lost 286 in killed and wounded. The Parliament buildings were burned and all the early records of the Province were lost. The enemy abandoned the town—it was not worth holding—after destroying the shipping and stores, and sailed for Niagara.

On the 31st of July in the same year, the little town was again made the object of a raid. Colonel Winfield Scott landed a few hundred men; as there were no regulars and as the militia were under parole there was no opposition. The gaol was opened and the prisoners liberated; much private property was destroyed or carried off. It was a mean raid on a defenceless village, but such things must be when-



TORONTO—TRINITY COLLEGE



TORONTO CHURCHES

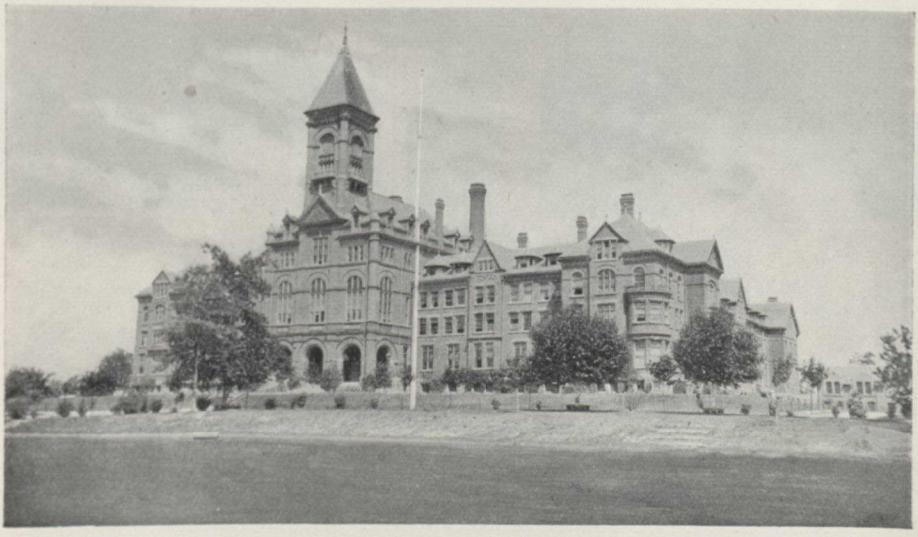
THIS CITY IS SOMETIMES CALLED "THE CITY OF CHURCHES"

TORONTO—NORMAL SCHOOL

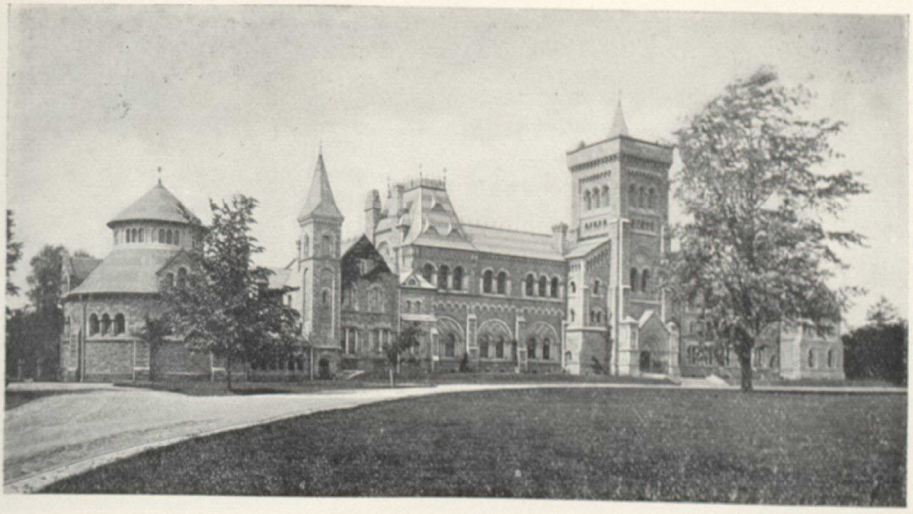
ever civilized nations go to war. Never since has Toronto been disturbed by the visit of a foreign foe.

In 1825 the town had only 3,000 inhabitants, but from that date it grew more rapidly. In 1834 the number of people had trebled and the city of Toronto was incorporated with William Lyon Mackenzie as the first Mayor.

That Mackenzie should have been the first to occupy that office is one of the few favourable points in his wonderful and painful career. Born of humble parentage in a lowly Scotch home, losing his father within a few days, he was nursed by poverty and adversity — companions which followed him to Canada and remained with him until the day of his death. He began life as a storekeeper in Forfarshire, but soon failed. He emigrated to America and again essayed a mercantile life in Toronto and Niagara. Always unstable, he soon became a newspaper editor, then a bookseller, then a druggist, then a member of Parliament, then the leader of the rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada, and for eleven years a banished man upon whose head a price was set. When he returned from banishment in 1851 to take up again the role of prominent citizen, he found it uncongenial. He died ten years later



TORONTO—UPPER CANADA COLLEGE



TORONTO—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

in a house, on Bond Street, presented to him by his political friends. His instability and intolerance had robbed him of the glorious fruits which his patriotism and ability might have been expected to produce. Such was the first Mayor of Toronto, the man who designed the city arms and selected the motto: "Industry, Intelligence, Integrity."

For thirty-one years the Mayor was elected by the Council, but since 1873 he has been the choice of the citizens at large. At the same time the office of Common Councilman was abolished and the number of Aldermen increased. Recently a Board of Control was added, and next year the members of this will be elected by the citizens at large instead of by the Aldermen. Among the famous Mayors of the city were the following: Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan, Hon. Henry Sherwood, William Henry Boulton, Hon. Geo. W. Allan, Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Sir Adam Wilson, Alexander Manning, Angus Morrison, James Beatty, Jr., and William H. Howland.

Through all these years Toronto has retained her character as the legislative centre of the Province. As "York" she was the capital of Upper Canada, and the change of name to the original "Toronto" did not change her relation to the Province. However, under the Union Act of 1841, when Upper and Lower Canada were made one Province, Kingston was chosen as the capital. The honour soon passed to Montreal which, in 1849, by reason of

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LIBRARY

LORETTO ABBEY

the famous riots and the burning of the Parliament buildings, again lost the honour to Toronto and Quebec. Since 1867, of course, Toronto has been the permanent capital of Ontario. The old Parliament buildings on Front Street were discarded a few years ago and a more commodious, if inartistic, building erected in Queen's Park. The old buildings were pulled down this year to make room for new freight sheds—such is the advance of materialism in an industrial age. The roar of the locomotive and the rumble of the heavy lorry will effectually drown any oratorical contests in which the parliamentary ghosts may engage.

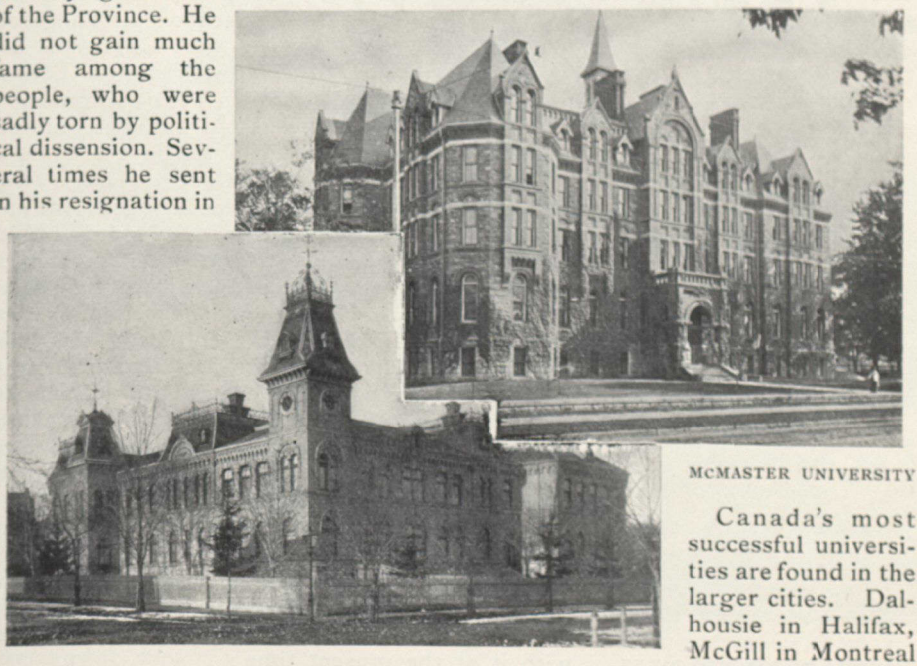
The first Parliament buildings were erected close to the water-front at the foot of Berkeley Street. There were two one-story, small frame buildings, a hundred feet apart. The assembly met in one and the Legislative Council in the other for the first time in 1797, under the presidency of the famous Peter Russell. These buildings were destroyed in 1812.

Beside Simcoe, Brock and Russell, there were other famous Lieutenant-Governors who made Toronto their home for a time. During the war and after the death of Brock, the office was held by Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe, Sir Francis de Rottenburg, Sir Gordon Drummond, Sir George Murray and Sir Frederick Phipps Robinson. At that time the Lieutenant-Governor was necessarily a soldier, for those were the days of strong, active men. Following them came Sir Francis Gore, who in his first address to the Legislature, said: "The gallant defence of this colony by its own militia, supported during the early period of the war by a very small portion of His Majesty's regular force, has acquired for it a high distinction for loyalty and bravery." Under this governor the first common schools were established, and an annual grant of six thousand pounds was made by the Legislature for their maintenance. It was also enacted that the teachers were to be British subjects. The fear of the United States emissary was still acute. Sir Peregrine Maitland was another military governor; he received the office through the influence of the Duke of Richmond, whose wife gave the famous ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Sir Peregrine, then Major, was present at that notable function, and so was the young lady afterwards known as Lady Maitland. He built a

country home for his bride at Stamford, three miles west of Niagara Falls. Robert Gourlay and William Lyon Mackenzie were not willing, however, that his life should be a peaceful one. Even the banishment of Gourlay had little effect. Maitland's dislike of Mackenzie was shown by his orders to have the copy of Mackenzie's paper removed from the corner-stone of Brock's monument, in which it had been placed during his absence. During his incumbency of the office the "Family Compact" rose to considerable oligarchical prominence.

Under Sir John Colborne, who succeeded to the office in 1828, Upper Canada College was founded and new Parliament buildings erected on Front St., west of Simcoe. In 1836 he retired from office, but remained in America. When the rebellion broke out he was given charge of the military operations in Lower Canada and defeated the rebels at St. Charles and St. Denis. His successor in Upper Canada, Sir Francis Bond Head, was another Waterloo veteran, and the last of the great military governors of the Province. He did not gain much fame among the people, who were sadly torn by political dissension. Several times he sent in his resignation in disgust. He and the Adjutant-General, Colonel Fitzgibbon, organized the militia force which on December 5th, 1837, marched against the rebels at Montgomery's tavern, defeated them, and sent their leaders in headlong flight over the border. Sir George Arthur and William Poulett Thomson were Lieutenant-Governors during the short space which elapsed between 1838 and the union of 1840.

From 1841 to 1867 there were no Lieutenant-Governors. In 1867 the ancient office was restored, and Toronto again had a governor as a resident. Major-General Stisted was the provisional governor owing to his position as commander of the Imperial forces in Canada, but he was soon succeeded by Sir William Pearce Howland, the first of the native officers of the Province. His successors have been: Hon. J. W. Crawford, Hon. D. A. Macdonald, Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Sir Alexander Campbell, Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick and Sir Oliver Mowat.



MCMASTER UNIVERSITY

WELLESLEY PUBLIC SCHOOL

Canada's most successful universities are found in the larger cities. Dalhousie in Halifax, McGill in Montreal and the University

GLIMPSES IN TORONTO PARKS

of Toronto in Toronto are the proofs of this statement. The University of Toronto makes the city a great educational centre. Its origin goes back to the closing years of last century, when a half million acres of Crown Lands were set apart to support grammar schools at Kingston, Newark, Cornwall and Sandwich and a University in York (Toronto). A charter was not obtained until 1827, and this was granted in the name of "The University of King's College," but a religious controversy prevented the laying of the corner-stone until fourteen years had elapsed. Much legislation was required to satisfy the reformers of the period, who demanded a purely non-sectarian institution. Finally in 1853, the present examining "University of Toronto" was constituted, to be controlled by a Senate, and a teaching body with the name of "University College," controlled by the President and the professors. All appointments to the staff were to be in the hands of the Government of the Province.

The university has since grown in many ways and become a first-class institution, though at the present time it is suffering somewhat from a plethora of mediocre professors. The following institutions are federated or affiliated with it at the present time :

	Date
Victoria University (Meth.)	1890
St. Michael's College (R.C.)	1890
Wycliffe College (Epis.)	1890
Knox College (Pres.)	1890
Trinity College (Epis.)	1903
School of Practical Science	1889
Medical College for Women	1890
Ontario Dental College	1888
Ontario College of Pharmacy	1891
Ontario Agricultural College (Guelph)	1888
Toronto College of Music	1890
Toronto Conservatory of Music	1896
Ontario Veterinary College	1897

Besides the teaching in arts and the work done in the affiliated colleges, there is a self-supporting Medical Faculty, which has been in existence since 1887, and which has this year been enlarged and strengthened by having merged in it the faculty of Trinity Medical College. A few weeks ago new and larger medical laboratories and lecture rooms were opened. From the present moment the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Toronto should be the strongest and most successful in Canada. There are some 700 medical students in attendance this year.

The presidents of the university have been men notable in the educational life of Toronto and of the Province. Bishop Strachan held the office from 1827 until 1848, and a remarkable fighting divine he was. He strove to keep the institution under the wing of the Church of England and, when unsuccessful, he proceeded to found Trinity University. This latter institution waged a stern battle up to the present year; but the spirit of the age has conquered and it is now affiliated with the University of Toronto. The Rev. John McCaul was president from 1849 to 1880, Sir Daniel Wilson from 1880 to 1892, and Dr. James Loudon, the present incumbent, since the death of Sir Daniel. Provost Macklem is head of Trinity College, Chancellor Burwash of Victoria, Principal Sheraton of Wycliffe, Principal Caven of Knox, Principal Hutton of University College, Dean Reeve of the Medical Faculty, Father Teefey of St. Michael's College, and Prin-

VICTORIA COLLEGE

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

cipal Galbraith of the School of Practical Science.

There is only one institution of higher education in Toronto not affiliated with the University of Toronto. Chancellor Wallace still successfully guides the McMaster University, the Baptist institution. It is comparatively young, having begun work in the year 1890.

SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

The city, of course, has its complement of collegiate institutes and public schools, working under the Education Department of Ontario and the provincial legislation. These schools have been under the control of two separate boards; but, beginning with 1904, they will be under the control of one —a Board of Education of twelve members elected by the citizens. Formerly the members of the high school board were appointed, and the members of the public school board elected on the ward system. These methods were found unsatisfactory. Two boards instead of one tended to hostility instead of co-operation, and the ward system did not place the proper kind of citizen on the public school board. The new system is part of a general tendency in Toronto to reduce the number of members in elected bodies —the number of aldermen having been reduced this year from twenty-four to eighteen.

In addition to the schools already mentioned, there are twenty Roman Catholic "Separate" schools under a special Board and two large private schools

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL

for boys, modelled on the plan of the public schools of England, Upper Canada College and St. Andrew's College. There are a number of private schools for girls; St. Margaret's, Miss Veals', Havergal, Bishop Strachan, St. Monica's, Branksome Hall and Westbourne are worth special mention. The leading musical college is the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which Dr. Edward Fisher has brought to a high state of efficiency. The Toronto College of Music is another well-established institution.

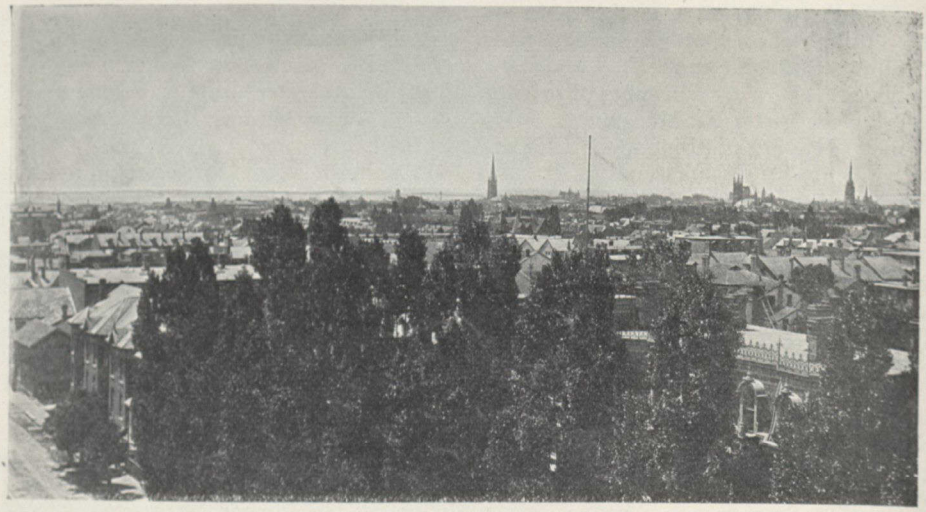
It is claimed that Toronto was the second city in America to make the Kindergarten an organic part of its school system. In any case, this feature of educational work is given special attention and has added much to the efficiency of the public schools.

The Toronto Technical School is the only one of its kind in Canada, another proof of the superiority of the civic provision for education. It was established in 1891 with evening classes only. In 1900 a new building was purchased by the city and the work enlarged to provide for both day and evening classes. In the day classes there are about two hundred students, and in the evening classes about 1,800. The idea is to provide scientific and artistic training for men and women who work with their hands. There are six departments: Drafting and Design, Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, Domestic Science and Commerce and Finance. The day classes cost $15 to $30 a year, but the evening classes are absolutely free.

THE KING EDWARD—TORONTO'S LARGEST HOTEL

Toronto's experiences with her municipal monopolies is interesting. The waterworks system is owned and operated by the municipality; the street railway franchise is leased for operation to a private company, while the lighting and telephonic franchises were given away before their value was known.

The first street cars in Canada ran in Toronto in 1861. These, of course, were horse-cars. In 1891, just thirty years later, this franchise fell in to the city and arrangements were made to take over the plant at a valuation. Tenders were asked for the franchise on the basis of an absolute monopoly for thirty years. The arrangement made with a syndicate composed of G. W. Kiely, William Mackenzie and H. A. Everett was favourable, the company agreeing to pay $800 per annum per mile of single track for maintenance of roadways, eight per cent. of all gross receipts up to one million dollars per annum; this percentage to increase until three million dollars per annum was reached, when it was to be twenty per cent. on all gross receipts over that sum. It was also agreed that ordinary tickets should be sold at the rate of six for a quarter and special tickets to be used between 5.30 and 8 a.m. and 5 and 6.30 p.m. at the rate of eight for a quarter; also that school children should have a special rate,



THE CITY OF TORONTO, LOOKING FROM THE CENTRE TOWARDS THE BAY AND THE ISLAND

and that transfers should be allowed. The successful tenderers then formed the Toronto Railway Company, which paid $1,453,788 for the tracks, plant and equipment. The line was at once changed from a horse to an electric railway, at a cost of about one and a half millions. Stock and bonds were issued by the company and realized about seven millions of dollars, so that the profits to the successful tenderers must have been large. The city gained in cheaper fares, better service and transfers, and also secured a reasonable income. The latter amounts during the twelve years that have already elapsed, to considerably over a million dollars. The saving in fares and transfers is probably worth $250,000 a year to the citizens. In May, 1897, after several votes on the question, it was decided to allow the cars to be operated on Sunday, tickets being at the rate of seven for a quarter.

Soon after the railway franchise was disposed of, the telephone monopoly was considered. The Bell Telephone Company was supplying telephones at $50 and $30. To prevent opposition, it agreed to make the charges $45 and $25 and five per cent. of gross earnings for a five years' franchise. This was accepted. When the five years had expired, the agreement was not renewed, but the Bell Telephone Company continues to have a monopoly without any payment to the city.

The Consumers Gas Co. has a perpetual charter, limited only by a provision that if the dividends reach ten per cent., the surplus is to go to the city or to a reduction in the price of gas. The situation has always been complex, and legal difficulties have prevented the city getting what was thought to be its due under the original agreement. The price of gas has, however, been reduced from $1.12½ to 90 cents per thousand feet.

The electric lighting franchise is in the hands of two companies, nominally separate but virtually the same. The franchise is limited to thirty years.

The waterworks are owned and operated by the city. Manufacturers get water at a nominal price, large consumers at a low meter rate, and householders at a rate per tap and head. The cost per average household is about $5 per annum. The municipal management seems quite satisfactory to the citizens.

A PAIR OF GRAY GLOVES

By Kathleen Blake Coleman

"The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love."
—BAILEY FESTUS.

SHE was leaning back in her chair very tired. The day was a hot one, and the room, the highest in a tall building, was stuffy and close. It was a bare-looking room, furnished with a mean desk, a chair or two and a piece of matting. There were no blinds on the tall windows, which were covered with dust and looked over a long and narrow court up which at intervals waggons lumbered to the side-doors of warehouses. The woman walked wearily to the windows and looked out. Far below the sun shone on a heap of lumber that lay along the wall, and a gray cat picked her way among the planks. Dirty papers swirled and eddied in the hot wind. A woman with a mop and pail crossed the yard and entered an opposite building. Presently she reappeared standing on the sill of a window and sending the mop up and down the dusty panes. The other woman watched her at her work, and a faint envy was expressed in her eyes. "I wish I were she," she said tiredly. "How she must sleep at night! Oh! to be really tired, really worn out, the way women are who wash and scrub and work with their hands, and have no time for hoping and fearing. Oh! to be dog-tired. What a sleep I would have." Then she laughed. "And she, if she looks up, will be envying me here idling at the window," she said. She looked back at her desk, at the disorder of loose sheets covered with narrow writing which lay about the floor, at the little stack of white, blank pages. "I must get back to it," she murmured, stepping to her swing chair and resting a moment against its uneasy back. A bell rang. "Five o'clock," she cried out aloud, "and that article on Platonic Love to be finished by seven. What on earth made Plato start a theory of his own when love is the same to-day as it was in the garden of Eden." She sat down and dipped her pen into the inkpot. She thought quietly for a moment, then began to write—

"Platonic love is not possible between men and women who have brains and sex—"

A short, hard step coming sturdily along the passage stopped her. Her office door was half of muffed glass, and she heard distinctly. She threw the pen from her and listened. It was a long passage, and her room was the last in the row. Her face flushed slowly, and into her eyes there came a deeper, clearer light; but she never stirred. The footfall halted, and there was a second's wait.

Then came a rap, quick, sharp, decisive.

The woman rose slowly, walked to the door and unlocked it.

"Come in," she said gently, and the man entered.

He looked perturbed. He was a tall, sunburnt man of about thirty-five, with massive shoulders and a great, gaunt frame, indicating immense strength. His head was peculiar; narrow at it base, it widened out above the ears, attaining generous proportions. A noble forehead, square, and with great temples, rose above eyes that were gray-blue in colour and shrewd in expression. The face was narrow at the chin, falling into a perfect oval, which was enhanced by the short brown beard that he wore trimmed down to a point. His nose and mouth were nondescript. A great shrewdness, combined with much intellectual force, and some acquired cynicism, brooded in face and head. He had a peculiar, but undoubted, attractiveness. At heart there seemed to be much that was tender and graceful. This he had done his best to hide under an affectation that could only be called disagreeable. He rather liked the title of disagreeable man. He had a knack of saying disagreeable things in a nice way. This piqued women. And when you excite women to the degree of piquancy they become dangerous. Women ran after David Strang. They professed to abhor him—they secretly adored him, and played their prettiest tricks for his benefit. He remained unmoved. He found it amusing.

The woman to whose office he came this hot July day had long ago fathomed, or thought she fathomed, his complex nature. She had certainly carefully hidden the clay feet of her god, enveloping them in draperies of purple and gold, and denying their existence to her own soul. But this was after she had found the tender places in his deep nature. At first she had seen the clay feet; gradually her imagination—which was royal—had covered them, and a film had grown over the eyes of her soul, a silver film, through which he loomed gracious and tender. For a long time she had been growing in upon herself. A great restlessness consumed her. Then came a feeling abroad for sympathy. This gathered around her work. For a time she wrote brilliantly, pouring her soul out in quaint imagery. All the human nature in her, and the spiritual, cried aloud. Her work satisfied for a time, but hers was a stormy soul, given to recklessness and feeling the need of a personal, a human love. Love was a great trinity, she argued. There should be the intellectual, the spiritual, and also the carnal, or rather the human love. (Should the craving that demands protection, caringness, closeness, tenderness, be marred by a name so suggestive of grossness as carnal?)

She used to envy the old ladies whom she saw carefully cloaked and guarded by their old husbands on steamboats or trains. They brought an atmosphere of home with them. She had had a mere glimpse of home in her childish days. Since, it had been a forlorn sort of life, drifting from one "lodgings" to another; living in trunks, making no friends, shrinking from publicity. "Home, Sweet Home" always made her soul shed tears. So did Christmas-time, and the barrel-organ when it played "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." Her brother used to whistle that decayed London refrain all day long, one time; but he never would again, for he was stopped suddenly one day by that in his throat which the doctors had called diphtheria, and he had drifted out on tides eternal, long, long ago.

As to herself, this woman is not to be described, beyond saying that she was past her first youth, and of that sort of attractiveness which people vaguely term fascination, or magnetism, or psychic force. She was not at all beautiful, yet was far from being ugly or commonplace. Passion and grief were both stamped heavily on her face. There was a story in all her attitude. She was one of those women who, while strong as steel, have a look of fragility that is at times very attractive. A certain waxiness of colour, a

deepening shadow about the great eyes, and a growing slenderness of figure, gave this impression. As the man stepped inside the door, which closed quietly upon him, he bent and raised the woman's hand to his lips reverently. A reverence brooded in his eyes, as he looked into her face. When, without a word, he lightly stroked the thick tangle of brown hair that gathered about her forehead, she stood quiet, only smiling at him.

"You must go in a minute," she said, and her voice was exquisite—soft, deep and very tender. "I have a wretched paper to get out before seven o'clock—on love — platonics—and I feel as stupid as an owl—in fact quite woolly. Do you believe in platonic love? Is there such a thing?"

His face grew moody. He walked quickly to a chair and sat down heavily.

"I believe there is," he said—he had a harsh, deep voice—"and what's more, I believe it's the safest kind of love." He pulled at his gloves savagely.

"Oh, indeed!" she said, mocking him playfully, "since when did you come to have an opinion as to love's safeness?"

"Since this long time," he answered sharply. "You yourself taught me. You always said love brought suffering—that it was a thing to be avoided —" He rose and walked to the window, then turned restlessly and strode up and down the room with hands thrust deep in his pockets.

The woman watched him quietly. He was in a mood and she would humour it.

"Look at this," she said, pulling a volume from under a pile of papers. "It's the last *Yellow Book*, and there is an appreciation of Yvette Guilbert in it that will delight you."

"Yvette Guilbert." He stopped his quick walking and looked fixedly at her, "you are very like her—that tall, slender thing all in white, with those long, expressive, black-gloved arms. An ugly woman. *Jolie laide*, as they say in Paris, but the sort of woman who gets to a man's head and intoxicates him. Ah, you women!" He crossed to the chair again, sitting, leaned his arms on the desk and his head against them.

The woman moved to him softly. A great light was in her eyes, a mother-light, serene and holy. She laid a gentle hand on his bright, thick hair.

"Don't!" he cried harshly. Then, in a half whisper, "Help me, Marah."

The woman started back. Her face grew gray with a sudden pallor, bluish shadows crept about her lips. "Help you!" she cried, gaily, for his face was hidden—"How can I help you?"

"Help me to give you up."

A silence fell about the room. Down in the street an organ was grinding out "Paradise Alley." She wondered why it brought her a memory of a crowded race-meet and a sweet girl-face framed in red hair that looked into her's, while a voice sang to the measure. The flies buzzed heavily. A spider dipped from the roof on his slender thread, touched her hair, then ran nimbly up again.

Then the woman called Marah spoke. Her voice was full of laughter. "Is that all?" she asked gaily, "what a to-do about nothing! Why, of course I'll help you. Are you going to tell me such a light thing as this has so completely upset you? *You*, a man of iron?"

He lifted his face and looked at her. The cynic's smile crept about his eyes. The pallor had been swept from her cheeks by a vivid flush. Her eyes burned.

"If I thought you'd take it so lightly," he said grimly, "I'd have spared myself some suffering. Egad, one never understands women. They are about as constant as the winds."

"Maybe they are," she said, cheerily, as his head dropped upon his arms again, "and maybe that is one of our compensations, for we have to suffer much—but never mind these things. Tell me why you have come to this mind. Have I—" her voice broke for the first time, "have I offended you in any way by any solecism? I know how fastidious, how particular you are."

He shrank a little, knowing her for the perfect gentlewoman she was; it shamed him to be thought caddish and unappreciative.

"Not that, not that at all," he said in a muffled voice, "Oh, can't you see? Didn't you see? Won't you help me, Marah?"

I think it was then that her heart broke. Something surely snapped in her being and went from her forever. But still she smiled. It was a stiff smile, as if the muscles had set that way and she could not change them. She still spoke heartily, though her voice took tenderer tones.

"Didn't you know that I only want your happiness," she said, slowly and gently, "and indeed," this quite stoutly, "I was getting a little tired myself. There is so much work in the world that there is not much time left for love. I shall write the article on platonics from a different and more healthy point of view," she added a trifle bitterly.

He said not a word.

In the silence another foot pattered along the passage. There came a knock on the glass door, and the woman walked slowly to it. A boy stood waiting.

"Any copy ready?" he asked hurriedly, "Mr. Brock sent me for some. Said you had an editorial or sumfin'."

"It will be ready in an hour or so, Jim," said the woman, speaking softly. "I'll talk to Mr. Brock down the tube. Don't you come back, you'll only interrupt me. Mr. Brock will give final directions about it."

She walked to the tube and whistled.

"Is that Mr. Brock? Mr. Brock, would you mind putting Mr. Todd or Bert Lisle on to my work to-night? I feel done up with a headache, and I'd like to go home?"

"H'm well, I'll see what I can do, Miss Tennard, but if you could manage that special I'd be glad. We're short-handed just now, you know. Lisle is out west on that murder case, and Todd's on the law courts. Never mind your assignments, but get out that article if you can. Wish you'd told me you were ill sooner, and I'd have kept one of the boys in. Hope you'll be all right to-morrow."

"Thanks—I'll do the best I can," the voice took a weary tone. The woman walked over towards the man. He still sat with his head leaning on his arms. He might have fallen asleep for all sign of life there was about him.

"David," her voice was exquisitely gentle, "didn't you know that I would help, David? Why, it's nothing, I always expected it. I know your nature, know how easily you tire, what vagaries your fancy takes. Poor David! Nice old David! I'll make it as easy for you as I can."

Her voice broke a little, and a great faintness came upon her. She could hardly see him when he lifted his face and laid his head against her breast. Then she recovered. Her heart leaped against his ear.

"I am a brute," he muttered, "but, Marah, how could I go on with it when I found I was caring for her. She is so young, so fresh and guileless and sweet. I hated to take her hand and look into her clear eyes. I ——."

"I know," said the woman, brooding above him softly, "I know it all, David. Intuitively, maybe, but very surely. Will you go now," she added, wearily, "just go without saying anything more. Come to my little house to-night, and we will talk things over, only go, now. I'm going to try to get this special through. They are short-handed below and the work must be done."

She talked so cheerily that the man rose and looked at her amazed. She stood before him in her gray linen gown, a tall and slender creature, beautiful for the moment by reason of the shining light that lay in her deep eyes, and the wild crimson of her cheeks, and the dying sunlight that shifted through her deep brown hair, glorifying it. All the faintness had left her, and she was strangely strong.

The man held out his arms. She shook her head, still smiling stiffly.

"Now, David," she said, "how foolish! Why keep this up? I know you like me and ——."

"Never so tenderly," his voice took a curiously soft cadence, "never so tenderly as now in this moment of parting. Oh, my girl!" he struck out and tramped up and down the room, "why is it that I tire so easily? Why is it that those I love deepest and most tenderly pall on me when I am much with them? Will it be this way with *her?*"

She looked at him. The thought that he was a cad slid into her mind. She beat it back stoutly, for she was made of loyal clay. "Because of your immense vanity," she answered, looking steadfastly at him, "because of the unrest of your soul, the fickleness of your fancy, the vagaries of an imagination that would lead you to insanity were you not saved by the magnificent judgment and will-power in that splendid head. Unfortunate man that you are! from my soul I pity you! I pity this other woman, I pity myself for having loved you. You are a poor thing, after all," she cried, her nature leaping to its full altitude above his, "a poor flimsy, tawdry creature! a half-souled man. Ah, go away, go away!"

She walked to the window and set her face against the pane. The glory of the dying day encompassed her slender figure, brightened her brown hair. He stood looking at her. A red flush had come to his sun-burnt cheeks. His eyes glistened.

"Say what you like to me, Marah," he spoke, "but say a kindly good-bye."

"Won't you go?" Her entreating voice was fast breaking.

"Not until you say good-bye, Marah," he said softly.

The woman turned and fled to him. He opened wide his arms and caught her. All the poor soul of her broke into sighs and sobs and wild crying, as she leaned against his breast for the last time—for always.

"Good-bye, David, my David, 'naebody's mon but mine,'—that's what I used to call you, David—my strong sweetheart, my own big man! Good-bye, David. I was very fond of you, David."

So she whispered against his breast.

His eyes lost their brightness. "I'll be coming back, Marah," he said, "I'll be coming back."

But she said, "Good-bye, David,"—and "Poor David!" and at last, lifting her poor blurred face—"Kiss me, good-bye, as if you were kissing little old Marah in her coffin."

Then she pushed him from the room.

. . . . . .

At ten minutes to six Johnny Dillon, the elevator boy, knocked upon her door—after his custom—to tell her he was making his last trip. A faint voice called out cheerily enough, "don't wait for me, Johnny, I'm working late to-night."

"All right." The footsteps clattered away. She heard the "cage," as she used to call it, clap doors and go rushing down, the printers shouting to one another, and whistling and laughing as they left work. Then, as she settled to her writing, a pair of gray gloves caught her eye. She took them up and looked at them, turning them softly in her fingers.

"Nice hands David has," she murmured, "and nice gloves. Always those soft gray ones. I don't think I ever saw David in any other but gray doeskin gloves."

Then broke a wild cry, "David gone! David gone out of my life for ever! Oh, heavens!"

Marah sat back in her chair. A dreadful look had crept into her face. It was wax-white, and again those bluish shadows lurked around her lips. Her fingers fastened about the gray gloves. Then she smiled, and slowly drew them over her little thin hands.

The sun died out of the room.

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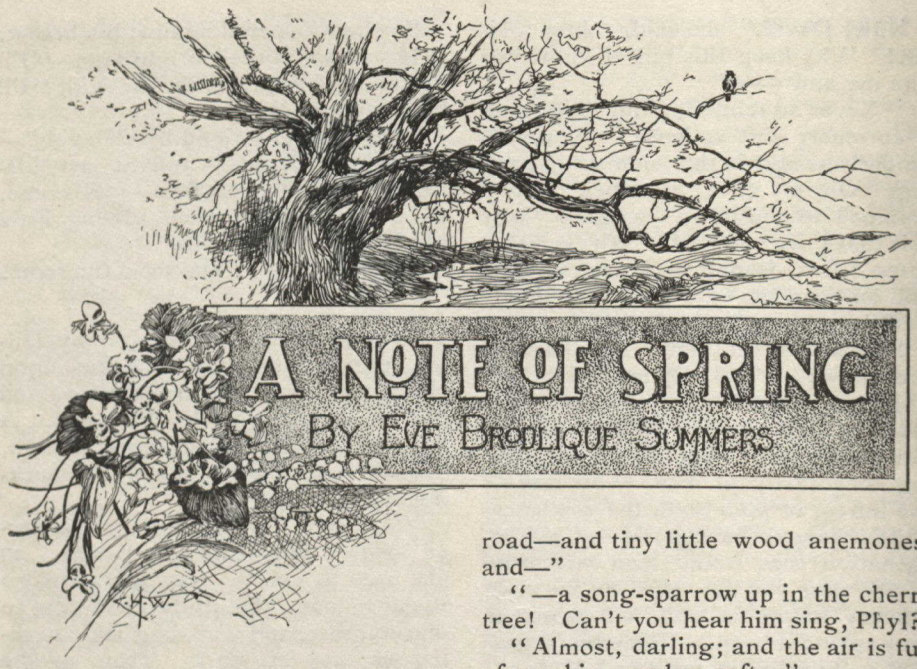
Some hours later, a woman crept down the steep, dark stairs that led to the street. At the foot of the last step, below the bunch of lights that threw a radiance over the entrance, a little man was standing looking intently at the figure that was so slowly descending.

"Why, it's you, Miss Tennard," said the night editor. "I didn't know you. I thought it was an old woman."



A NOTE OF SPRING

By Eve Brodlique Summers

"WHAT are you doing, Jamie?"

"Just smelling at them with my eyes shut, Phyllis, and playing it is Spring! They do make the room like Spring, don't they, Phyl?"

"Yes, dearie."

"Say! Phyl, the violets make me think of your eyes, only they aren't so blue. They are so kind and sweet—"

"—the violets, dear?"

"I meant your eyes, but they are a real lot alike. Oh, it's quite Spring now if you keep looking at the violets real close, so that you can't see anything else, and smell 'em —o—o—o—! Just you try."

"I know, Jamie; isn't it lovely? The violets are hiding their faces in the new grass, and around the roots of the budding trees—"

"—an' up by the fences?"

"Yes, dear, and there is a wild cherry tree in bloom — pink and white—"

"—there are white violets too, Phyl, I smell 'em!"

"Oh, yes, lots and lots of white violets, and a lilac bush across the road—and tiny little wood anemones, and—"

"—a song-sparrow up in the cherry tree! Can't you hear him sing, Phyl?"

"Almost, darling; and the air is full of sunshine, and so soft—"

"—not like what it was here today, Phyl, so dark and dull. It was awful hard to breathe sometimes. I couldn't lie back, sister, it hurt so."

The girl's tender face shadowed with a look of hard pain, but she smiled bravely as she bent over the sick lad, and turned his pillows into a more comfortable nestling-place.

"Never mind, Jamie, you must play it is a real Spring, you know, and it is so easy to breathe then."

"Last Spring wasn't nice, Phyl, here in the city. It was wet, and cold, and shivery. I got my cold then, don't you 'member?"

"Yes, yes; but think of the lovely Springs at home! If you are very good and patient, sister will try to take you back again!"

"You'll have to sell your play first, won't you, Phyl? And you ain't even got it finished yet."

"Critical little brotherie! I must hurry up and work, musn't I? Well, there! shut your bonny eyes and smell at the posies. Shut the little talkative mouth too, and dream of the Spring while sister goes back to her writing!"

"Yes, Phyl, but I get tired some-

DRAWN BY C. H. WARREN

"They do make the room like Spring, don't they, Phyl?"

times, and forget to be good. There's such a funny old pulling at my chest—right on the inside—and it hurts!"

"Try not to think of it, dear. It's only the horrid old cold sitting up on your chest, and kicking with its hot little heels!"

"Those heels must have pins in 'em, sister!"

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie, how can sister write?"

The child murmured a little note of penitence, then took the basket of flowers in his thin hands, and laid his face against the bloom of it in mute enjoyment. There was no sound in the little room except the scratching of the pen, the ticking of the common little alarm clock, and the hard breathing of the boy. Phyllis Weston was tearing at the iron door of success with no stronger weapon than the fine point of her pen, and her brother was drawing nearer and nearer to the great unknown. Poverty may not even keep loving watch, but that it must also work!

Still Phyllis was accounted lucky, and more than lucky, to have constant work to do in these times of panic. So many were helplessly, hopelessly idle. Besides, she would have told you, people were really very kind. Just that morning a big, important looking box had come to the newspaper office addressed to "Phyl."

"The messenger boy who brought it wandered through half the rooms looking for 'Mr. Phyl,'" said the Exchange Editor, "and was most careful to hold his package right side up. It must be dynamite, or some cheerful little offering like that. Whom have you been roasting in your column? Oh, I say! look out there! When the pie was opened—!"

"Don't be alarmed! I promise not to sing!" laughed Phyllis, with that unfailing good humour which made her such a favourite among reporters and editors alike. Then she lifted the cover of the box carefully, "and as for my absurd name—Oh! Oh! look there!"

"By ginger!" said the Exchange Editor, "violets and lilies-of-the-valley in December! Done up in a jim-dandy basket with yards and yards of ribbon, too! Our Phyllis must have made a grand crush!"

"Nonsense! It comes from a woman, the beautiful thing does, of that I am sure!" smiled Phyllis. "You see," (roguishly), "I never knew any man who had more than two dollars to his name—"

"—and that basket wasn't bought for ten, not with violets at a dollar a bunch, and lilies at fifty cents a sniff," said the practical Exchange Editor.

The brow of Phyllis clouded. She was touched to the heart by the beauty of the exquisite gift, but—there was little Jamie at home—dying because there was no money to send him to a warmer, drier climate—while there were people in the world who could give gifts like these! Her heart was heavy as she threaded the busy streets with the box in her arms, trying to make herself believe that taking deep breaths in the cold air was as good as a winter coat—a sorry deception that did not deceive.

"Phyl," said Jamie, "when it's so cold here, isn't there some place where the Spring is, and the violets grow all the time?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'd like to go, Phyl."

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie, if you were a rich man's son you could go. It is cruel, cruel, cruel—!"

"I didn't mean to make you feel bad—Phyllis; I reckon I'm too tired to go anyway, and it's real nice to have the Spring come to me like this—ain't it, sis?"

"I—I don't know, Jamie."

"Oh, yes you do, Phyl. Say! don't you suppose the nice lady who was so pleased with what you wrote that she sent these flowers, thought we had a pretty house to set 'em in?"

"Yes," said Phyllis, bitterly, "I expect she made up a little story about me, Jamie. Made me a prosperous 'bachelor girl' living in picturesque rooms, and setting this basket on the piano when a lot of charming artists

DRAWN BY C. H. WARREN

"Her heart was heavy, as she threaded the streets"

and literary people come in to dawdle over a specially delicious afternoon tea—"

"Phyl," said the child, wistfully, "you would just as soon they came here for me to smell of, as to have 'em on a piano for the artis—es, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, yes, little brother of me!"

"I thought so. You don't ever seem to want things just for yourself. You cried because you hadn't any flowers when Mrs. Hill's little girl died. If anybody died now you would have these, wouldn't you, Phyl?"

"Don't, don't, darling. Big sister wants to write."

The scratching of the pen for several minutes, then the child's weak treble again:

"Sister, don't you think these lilies must be like Elaine, the lily-maid you read about the other night?"

"Very likely."

"I wonder if they gave her lilies when she died? Do you know, Phyl?"

"No, dear."

"I wish I knew. Sister, is it very hard to write a play?"

"Very, darling."

"I wish I could help you write yours. When it is done you will have all the money you want, won't you?"

"If anyone cares to buy the piece, dear."

"Oh, they'll buy it. I'll go and ask 'em. And it will just come in time."

"God send that it may, my Jamie."

"I'm going to keep quiet now, and let you write, but first—kiss me, Phyl—There! now I shall shut my eyes, and smell of the violets until I drift right into the Springland."

The ticking of the cheap and noisy little clock, the scratching of the eager pen. Silence! The pen falls from the tired hand and the completed task. The clock has stopped The breathing—

"Oh! Jamie! Jamie!"

Still silence.

. . . . . .

Oh, the Springland, the Springland, where the flowers bloom eternal, and the bitter winter cannot enter in! The Springland, you rich of the earth, who flit south with the swallows! The Springland, you favoured ones who spend your wealth to make artificial summer in your homes. The Springland for us all—the dear Ultima Thule of every soul—that no poverty may cheat us of, no niggardness deny! The violets and the lilies are beginning to droop—so droops the frail flower of a little life, to re-blossom in the land of eternal Spring! For every one, rich and poor, beggar and king, happy and sad, though soft winds blow or a tempest rage, at last the burgeoning and bloom of the Springland!

Deo Gratia!

CANADA AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN

A SYMPOSIUM

Introduction—By the Editor

IN the minds of most observers, there is some doubt as to Canadian sentiment with regard to Mr. Chamberlain's latest political proposals. Up to a quite recent date, Mr. Chamberlain was the beau ideal of nearly all Canadians—with the possible exception of some anti-imperialists in the Province of Quebec. He was the one statesman in England to whom the colonists looked for just and sympathetic treatment. He represented the Empire, as distinguished from Great Britain. He embodied all that was best in the new movement looking towards a more distinct recognition of the colonies—a movement which dates back to the speeches made in London in the fifties and sixties by the Hon. Joseph Howe and the Hon. (afterwards Sir) John A. Macdonald.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech in May last aroused all the usual enthusiasm in this country. When he visited Glasgow in October, his words were eagerly awaited. But slowly and almost imperceptibly, the mood has changed. There is less enthusiasm, more serious thought. The proposals mean something and a decision is soon to be made; the question has passed the theory stage; will the price demanded by the other parties to the Imperial bargain, be more than Canada cares to pay—these and similar thoughts have sobered Canadian feeling. Whether the sober feeling is as favourable to Mr. Chamberlain, remains to be seen. The Alaska Award came in to complicate the Canadian situation;

but, as in previous instances, this irritation will soon pass. In the meantime THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE presents to its readers the opinions of some of those who are qualified to discuss the subject. Other opinions will appear in later issues.

I—By John Charlton, M.P.

CANADIAN feeling towards Great Britain has almost universally been one of intense loyalty. It prompted the sending of contingents to South Africa and the spending of liberal sums for the maintenance of the British Empire upon the dark continent. It prompted the granting of a preference in duty upon British imports, first of 12½ per cent., then of 25 per cent., and then of 33⅓ per cent. This preference was made without the slightest return to us in kind on the part of Great Britain. Our cattle continued to be scheduled, and when a moderate grain tax was imposed by the British Government no preferential treatment was extended to us. The value of our preference was belittled by Mr. Chamberlain when addressing the Imperial Conference at London last year, in the following language:

> "I have to say to you that while I cannot but gratefully acknowledge the intention of this proposal and its sentimental value as a proof of good-will and affection, yet its substantial results have been altogether disappointing to us, and I think they must have been equally disappointing to its promoters."

Notwithstanding this expression of opinion our preference had arrested the rapid decline of British exports to Canada, which had gone down from $68,522,000 in 1873 to $29,412,000 in 1897. In the very year Mr. Chamberlain spoke Canadian exports from Britain, under the influence of our preference, had risen to $49,206,000 in 1902, and they have further increased to $59,068,000 in 1903. Clearly Mr. Chamberlain was not well informed upon the question he was discussing, and unfortunately it was not an isolated instance of lack of thorough knowledge of Canadian affairs on the part of British statesmen.

So far as Mr. Chamberlain's proposals relate to Britain's fiscal policy towards foreign nations, they will be considered by the majority of Canadians as a domestic matter with which we have nothing to do. In the proposal for preference to the colonies we are interested, and this should receive fair consideration, but with careful avoidance of judgment warped by high-sounding and empty phrase. Mr. Chamberlain's Glasgow speech, in which he first gave definite statement as to the amount of preference he proposed, named 2s. per quarter on wheat, a corresponding preference on flour, and five per cent. on dairy products and eggs, as the maximum amounts. From the tenor of Mr. Chamberlain's statement it is evident that in return the colonies would be expected to make themselves a preserve for British manufacturers in lines not already developed, and to give Great Britain decided advantages in other respects. No mention is made of the preference already given by Canada, and we are led to suppose that it will not be considered as of importance. The truth is that the present Canadian preference is fully a *quid pro quo* for the preference Mr. Chamberlain proposes to give. The Canadian duties collected upon imports from Britain in 1903 were $9,841,000. Of this amount $5,395,000 was collected upon the preferential list. The full duty on this list would have been $8,092,000, and the saving to Britain was $2,697,000. On the basis of our exports to Britain in 1902 the preference proposed by Mr. Chamberlain would amount to $3,488,000, but it is doubtful if results would bear out the assumption that the Canadian producer would receive advantages to the full

extent of the duty, as compared with the prices he would receive if no policy of colonial preference were adopted, and our own preference would no doubt prove more than an equivalent.

That the adoption of preferential trade arrangements with the colonies will invite unfriendly action on the part of foreign powers seems probable, and when we consider that Britain's total foreign export trade in 1902 was $1,771,000,000, of which $510,000,000 went to all British possessions, and $45,293,000, according to British returns, to Canada; or 2½ per cent. to Canada, 29 per cent. to all British possessions, and 71 per cent. to foreign countries, we may reasonably doubt whether it will be politic to provoke hostile fiscal measures on the part of foreign states, by adopting a policy discriminating against them. The history of the Alaskan Boundary dispute may possibly give some suggestions in this connection. On the whole the working out of a scheme of colonial preference is beset with many serious practical difficulties, and it seems extremely doubtful whether Imperial and colonial statesmen can be brought to agree upon an adjustment of details that will meet British expectations, and at the same time avoid the sacrifice of Canadian interests.

II—By Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University

TWO obstacles to Imperial unity and progress need to be removed—the Englishman's ignorance of the Canadian view-point, and the Canadian's impatient resentment against that ignorance. The Englishman will not understand our country or our countrymen until he has learned how vast are the resources of Canada. Not until then will he give proper weight in his thinking to the national dimension of this mighty and vast Dominion. Not until then will he think it profitless and perilous to win United States favour at the cost of sacrificing the interests of Canada. And as long as the Englishman shows more regard for United States than for Canadian opinion, and an easy willingness to alienate Canadian interest for the sake of removing "occasions of friction" between the Empire and the Republic, so long will the Canadian feel an indignant sense of injustice. And such a feeling, whether justified or unjustified, is dangerous to the Empire. The present situation is somewhat anomalous. The Englishman who would be shocked at the thought of ceding a part of English soil to a foreign government in order to remove an "occasion of friction," sees no impropriety in reaching diplomatic compromises by alienating from Canada territory which Canadians believe is as much a part of Canada as Kent is a part of England. This makes the Canadian angry. Perhaps it is unreasonable for him to be angry. Perhaps he should be more humbly aware that Canada is only a dependency. Certain it is that the Englishman needs to know and respect the Canadian view-point, or that ardent devotion to the Empire which has been characteristic of Canada will lose something of vigour and warmth. And at this point there is a gleam of hope from the present agitation in England. The aim of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign is to bring the different parts of the Empire into closer relation to each other by giving them common interests and differentiating those interests from the interests of other nations. Other nations have profited by browsing in English meadows: he would have the dependencies gain this profit, in so far as possible. Other nations have gathered strength from their relations to the dependencies; he would have this strength given in increasing measure to Great Britain. The ideal is certainly worth cherishing. And a discussion of it will make the Englishman know Canada better. The British Empire was never face to face with a crisis so great as that which faces it to-day. Neither optimism nor Imperial self-con-

ceit should make us blind to this fact. Unless the several parts of the Empire are drawn closer together they will certainly drift farther apart. Canada will grow with extraordinary rapidity for the next twenty-five or fifty years. Great Britain will grow but little during that period. Chamberlain is sufficiently sagacious and daring to make an iconoclastic effort to remove the forms and traditions that prevent Canada's coming strength from becoming a recognized part of British strength in a narrow and specific sense as well as in a broad and Imperial sense. He is the only statesman living who could hope to accomplish an end so great. In spite of the academic objections which may be urged against his scheme, in its general aim and method it deserves well of Great Britain and Canada.

III—By Professor Shortt, of Queen's University

IN dealing with the significance of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, it is impossible, within the brief space allotted, to do more than touch upon the central ideas which underlie his scheme. Elsewhere I have treated the general subject at greater length, and indicated the grounds upon which the various conclusions are based.

It is quite evident, I think, from Mr. Chamberlain's recent utterances, and especially from his important speech in Glasgow, that he quite misunderstands the forces which are at work in the modern economic world, and that, in particular, he fails to comprehend the nature of British foreign and colonial trade and their relation to British investments.

In the first place, Mr. Chamberlain evidently considers that Britain ought always to have maintained that relative leadership in the export of manufactured goods which she enjoyed for many years as the pioneer in mechanical invention and industrial enterprise. But neither the natural resources of the British Islands, nor the industrial capacity of the British people, entitled them to so conspicuously lead the world in industry and commerce. The fact is that Britain's advantage was largely due to the self-repression of her rivals. As compared with her neighbours, Britain had managed to maintain practical ideals and free institutions. These permitted the development of the freest economic enterprise which the world had yet known. But, where Britain had led the way and proved the possibilities of industrial development, other nations could follow, and even improve upon their model in certain particulars, if not in general freedom. By dint of greater industry, closer application to details, and contentment with smaller profits, the more capable peoples of Europe were able to overcome the relative disadvantages of their imperfect institutions, heavier burdens of taxation and crippled freedom. Within the last thirty years, in particular, they have managed to work up their resources and produce in increasing measure their own manufactured goods. Now this is a matter neither of free trade nor protection, but simply of awakening and realizing capacity. Once this movement had begun it was as impossible for England to maintain, under any conceivable system, the relative industrial lead which she once held in Europe, as it was for Massachusetts to maintain its relative lead over the newer Western States. Yet it is perfectly clear that both England and Massachusetts have greatly benefited by the prosperity of their neighbours, though their relations to them have greatly changed. The new States of the Union have developed extensive manfacturing industries of their own, despite free trade; the older countries of Europe have done the same, despite protection.

Similarly, in the case of the colonies. It was impossible for Britain to continue to maintain towards them the attitude of general director and furnisher of manufactured goods, while they were restricted to supplying her with raw

materials. It was far better, alike for Britain and the colonies, that they should, with the aid of British capital, as in the case of foreign countries, develop their natural resources in the manufacturing line, even though that meant the taking of a relatively smaller amount, per head, of goods from the Mother Country. The advantage to Britain takes another form. In virtue of her investments abroad, colonial and foreign, she is able to import increasing quantities of goods and raw materials, the latter of which, after being worked up by her own population, may be largely consumed at home. Thus her people are at once given employment, and enjoy the fruits of their labour. But this means those large imports without corresponding exports which so much alarm Mr. Chamberlain, who looks no further than the superficial balance of trade.

On the other hand, if Canada, with the aid of British and American capital, can manufacture for her own market, from her own materials and with her own labour, at reasonable prices, this is surely much better than merely sending her raw materials to Britain in return for finished goods. This, again, is not necessarily a question of free trade or protection, but is essentially a question of Canadian enterprise and skill. In the end, of course, there must always remain a large total of trade with the world for goods and materials not advantageously supplied at home.

Now, both for Britain and for the colonies, the results which I have indicated are those which Mr. Chamberlain is most anxious to prevent. He takes the remarkable ground that foreign trade is much more important than domestic trade, and that export trade in particular is of transcendant importance. From his point of view, it is essential that Britain should export more and that the colonies and foreign countries should manufacture less. He is particularly alarmed at the extent to which Canadians produce their own goods. They take from the Mother Country, as he points out, less per head of population than any other colony in the Empire. In this dangerous colonial tendency he sees a force which will dissolve the Empire. What, then, is the remedy? Mr. Chamberlain professes to believe that by retaliatory tariffs manufacturing may be checked in foreign countries, and by preferential tariffs arrested in the British colonies. Of this we can only say here that his proposed remedy is as absurd as his diagnosis. It is none other than a blind and fruitless counsel to turn the wheels of progress backward. In fact, what Mr. Chamberlain dreams of, as regards the Empire, is the restoration of the old Colonial System, wherein the colonies occupied the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Mother Country, and received in return for their crude service certain high-priced manufactured goods. Mr. Chamberlain is quite correct in representing the Canadians and the British free traders as chiefly responsible for loosening those Egyptian bonds. Being no longer dependent upon British food-taxes, for the filling up of our vacant lands, or the development of our other resources, Canadians who give the proposals of Mr. Chamberlain serious consideration will hardly encourage the idea of accepting a food-tax upon our fellow-subjects in Britain in exchange for the sacrifice of our industrial future, which, while very far from enriching Britain, would leave us poor indeed.

IV—By Sir Thomas Shaughnessy

PERSONALLY, I lean to the Chamberlain idea, contemplating as it does closer trade relations between the different sections of the Empire to the general advantage of the Empire and each of its component parts. If, however, in working out the problem, each of the colonies expects and demands distinct and unmistakable compensation from each of the other colonies, as

well as from Great Britain, for any concession made, Mr. Chamberlain's plan will be difficult of accomplishment.

For instance, if Canada could secure from the Australian Commonwealth a preferential tariff, it would enable her to provide Australia with a large percentage of the manufactured goods now purchased in the United States, but the natural products of the two countries being of the same character, it is apparent that the Commonwealth would profit little, if at all, from any preference that Canada might accord.

But, in the general scheme, the Australian Commonwealth would receive its benefits from a preference on its exports to Great Britain as against foreign countries producing the same articles, and then there would be the advantage of a larger British fleet engaged in inter-colonial trade on the Pacific Ocean and the closer communion that would necessarily result.

Unless all signs fail, Canada will have for export within the next few years largely increased quantities of grain, flour, cattle, dairy products and other articles, for which a market must be found. At present about sixty per cent. of Canada's exports go to Great Britain, and it is manifestly desirable that this excellent market should be retained when her products for export have doubled or more. In the ordinary course of events, and without any closer fiscal arrangement, the market may remain unchanged, and Canada with the other colonies may continue to furnish year by year an increasing percentage of the food supplies of Great Britain, but the United States, Russia, the Argentine Republic, and other countries, whose products are similar, will remain formidable competitors, against whom a mere sentimental preference will be of little avail.

So that if, by an internal arrangement, involving a tariff against foreign countries and a preference within the Empire, Canada can be assured, as she certainly would be, of an unfailing market, there will be encouragement to the Canadian producer beyond anything else that could be devised. Great Britain, on her part, will have rapidly developed within British territory an ample and reliable source of food supply, at all times and under all conditions a national advantage of enormous value. But, besides this, Great Britain will naturally require from Canada and the other colonial possessions such a return in the way of trade as they can properly give.

Canada's imports during the last fiscal year were in value a shade more than her exports, and of these imports about eighty per cent. came from countries other than Great Britain. On the face of it this is not fair trade. It is a reproach to Canada that it should have been necessary to import so much. We should manufacture more at home. But to the extent that we cannot profitably provide what we require we should cheerfully give to Great Britain such tariff advantages as will determine beyond peradventure the source from which the largest possible percentage of our requirements will come.

Such an arrangement as Mr. Chamberlain proposes will not cause the British consumer to pay a farthing more for his bread, nor will it increase prices to the colonial importer. It will certainly have the effect of bringing British trade into proper channels and of building up a great Empire, every integral portion of which will be contributing to the progress and prosperity of the other.

V—By W. C. Nichol, Editor Vancouver "Province"

IT is difficult to see how the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's plan of preferential trade could work otherwise than beneficially to either the Mother Country or her colonies. It is probably true that in theory most people are free traders—protectionists for protection's sake being few and far between—but, with human

society constituted as it is, the idea of universal free trade is an Utopian dream and free trade which is not universal, or practically so, is as useful as a cut-glass decanter with holes in it. This is the difficulty with which Great Britain is confronted. While she has clung persistently and whole-heartedly to her beneficent ideals, with the Cobden Club and John Bright as the fixed and glittering stars in the free trade firmament, and with a loyalty which, in the light of the situation as it stands to-day, is more pathetic than admirable, other countries have built up their tariff walls, in some cases, to a tremendous and surely unnecessary height, shutting her products out of their trading places, and, grown great and prosperous through the development of their home industries, are reaching out to wrest her commercial supremacy from her not only in the markets of the world, but in her own markets. She stands to-day neither the manufacturing monarch nor the commercial queen of a half century since, but in reality the dumping ground of the nations. The guns of her rivals are trained on her factories and storehouses, on her workshops and treasure chests, and ugly gaps and breaches show in them on every hand. Instead of shielding herself from the continued bombardment, she has smiled serenely and welcomed and encouraged it. It would seem obvious at the most superficial examination of the situation that, in the very nature of things, such a state of siege cannot continue. Not even the most fantastic devotion to an ideal can withstand the assault. She must do something in her own defence and before it is too late.

The commercial advantages to the colonies to be derived from a rational tariff adopted primarily for defensive purposes, but with preferential treatment of the colonies as an integral feature of it, are so obvious that they indicate themselves. Some difficulty will necessarily be found in tariff adjustment on account of the diverse interests of Britain's widely-scattered colonial possessions and the apparent necessity for having the Imperial fences of a uniform height; but, with a disposition on all sides to sink petty and unimportant differences and interests for the larger well-being, this should prove an easily-surmountable barrier. The result must be a solidification and unification of the Empire so far-reaching in character that, except in broad generalities, the human mind can hardly grasp its significance. So far as Canada herself is concerned, it is not, in my opinion, too much to say that inside of a very few years under preferential trade the great bulk of Britain's imports from the United States would be transferred to the Canadian column of the national ledger.

Such a consummation as preferential trade would unquestionably insure satisfies not only the highest aspiration of the statesman, the widest vision of the seer and the grandest dream of the poet, but offers to practical men of affairs the fullest opportunity for the exercise and gratification of their business gifts; and to the humblest of us all a chance to share in that financial prosperity which is so important a factor in human life. Patriotism is apt to prove a sickly plant when it is forced to feed upon an empty pocket, and it is well to remember that it was promised of old that "Where the heart is there shall the treasure be also."

VI—By the Hon. R. P. Roblin, Premier of Manitoba

THERE can hardly be two opinions about the benefits to Canada of preferential customs treatment in the British import market. In complying with your request, therefore, I regret that we cannot be furnished with the Canadian arguments against the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's proposals, if any exist, so that they might be answered.

Mr. Chamberlain stands easily to-day the most prominent figure before the public eye in the British Empire. He is admittedly a statesman in the best

and truest sense of the term. A long, varied and successful business experience qualifies him, more than any other British politician, to speak on trade or fiscal questions. Hence his propaganda for a preferential tariff in favour of the colonies has created something akin to a sensation in the United Kingdom. His proposals involve the taxation of the food supplies of the Mother Country when drawn from foreign countries, and free entry when brought from any portion of the dominions owning allegiance to His Majesty King Edward VII. It provides for and contemplates each self-governing colony continuing to make such customs laws as self-interest may warrant against the goods of foreign countries, but impliedly looks for reciprocal treatment for British manufactures at the hands of the colonies.

The matter is one of Imperial interest, and stands outside the domain of local or party politics so far as Canada is concerned, for both of these principles have already been accepted in the Dominion by men of every shade of opinion. Canada, therefore, by virtue of her vast agricultural possibilities, is deeply interested, both by sentiment and self-interest, in the success of Mr. Chamberlain's crusade.

The question naturally arises how it will affect us financially, economically and industrially. As a Canadian, although a western man, yet with an intimate knowledge of the east and of the varied interests of our commonwealth, I believe that the future of Canada lies west of Lake Superior. I believe that the zenith of Canada in the east has been reached, unless the future progress and rapid development of Western Canada gives new life and impetus to the commercial interests of the older Provinces and carries them along with it on a flood-tide of prosperity.

To secure the loyal and patriotic future of the population west of Lake Superior we must have something stronger than sentiment to bind them to the British Crown, for the majority of the immigrants who come to this country are foreigners. No sentiment of birth and education restrains them, and without some strong tie of self-interest it will not be long before local leaders will be found who will agitate for a change in our relations with Great Britain. This will certainly not strengthen and may seriously weaken the British connection.

The financial and economic results of Mr. Chamberlain's policy would solve the question. The advantage to the Canadian farmer, of a preferential advantage in the British market over foreign competitors, would attract people to the west. It would lead to such a rapid and extensive development of the vast uncultivated area of rich lands in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories that in five, or at most ten, years we could supply the Mother Country with all the breadstuff and meat she requires to import.

Industrially the accession of wealth to Canada by the expansion in her population and export trade would lead to an equally remarkable development in home manufactures, yet a preferential arrangement with Great Britain would secure to the home consumer the necessary amount of fair competition necessary to protect the individual and to prevent the creation of great trusts.

If the wise and patriotic ideals which the sagacity and foresight of Mr. Chamberlain have evolved are realized, the results in Canada may thus be summarized. In a few years it will make this country not only the most important self-governing colony in the Empire, but also equal in population and in enterprise to the United Kingdom herself. In wealth we may hope to vie with our neighbours to the south, and if the tradition be true that the sceptre of world power has moved steadily westward, starting in China 2,000 years before the Christian era, we may hope to arrest it here, as Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, by tightening the bonds which unite us, will ensure that it remains forever in British hands, under the Crown and Flag we are proud to call our own.

SANDRINGHAM HOUSE

Where the King and the Queen Spend Christmas

By Sarah A. Tooley

IT is now forty years since the King took his lovely, young bride home to Sandringham, and still it remains their haven of rest after the toils of state, and is to Queen Alexandra the dearest spot on earth, hallowed by a thousand memories of happy family life passed in the rural quietude and simplicity which she loves. It is an interesting coincidence that it is situated on one of the nearest points on the English coast to Denmark, and, as the crow flies, nothing intervenes at Sandringham between the "sea-king's daughter" and her old fatherland, save the ocean. The surrounding country, too, bears a striking likeness to Denmark. One sees the same level sketches of green pasture and patches of woodland, with red-tiled houses dotting the landscape, and, in spite of modern improvements, an old-world look still lingers about this quaint bit of Norfolk, and many a legend survives of the smuggling days. The Estuary of the Wash, barely three miles distant, can be seen from the heights around Sandringham, and a tortuous path, called the "Smugglers' Road," affords a short cut to the shore for adventurous tourists. Seven miles away is the very ancient market town of King's Linn, and about the same distance in another direction has arisen, within recent years, the fashionable seaside resort of Hunstanton.

The house in which their Majesties originally settled at Sandringham, known as the "Old Hall," was a small and antiquated structure, typical of many other gentlemen's seats in the county of Norfolk. The country around was then wild and desolate, far removed from a railway station, and having little traffic. The Queen, when she came a bride, used to amuse herself by taking long walks, accompanied only by a lady-in-waiting, and the story is still told in the district, how one day the "Princess" wandered too far and, being overcome with fatigue, asked a passing waggoner to give her a lift in his cart.

"I canna," replied Hodge, staring open-mouthed at the charming apparition.

"Please, old man, do!" pleaded the Princess in broken English.

"I tell you I canna," replied the rustic.

"But why?" persisted the suppliant.

"Well, if you must know," said he. "I've been a drawin' dung, and I canna have women bringin' their petticuts into my cart,"

and with a determined smack of the whip he drove off, leaving the Princess and her lady to plod their way back to Sandringham as best they could.

Rural unconventionality surrounded the royal abode on all sides. At the neighbouring village of Dersingham the "parson" was Dr. Bellamy, a mighty personality in the parish and the dread of the ungodly. To the last days of his life he wrote his sermons with a quill pen full charged with ink, and, disdaining the use of blotting paper, sprinkled silver sand over the pages of the MS. to dry the ink and prevent the pages from sticking together. It was the delight of irreverent young people in the high oak pews to peer up at the parson as he turned the pages of his sermon and brushed off the sand, much of which found a lodgment in the hair of the clerk, seated in his desk immediately below the pulpit. One Sunday morning the vicar, having reached the sixth head of his discourse, turned the sheet, brushed away the sand as he eyed the congregation, then, returning to his sermon, said, "And sixthly, my brethren." There was a pause; he brushed the page again if by chance the sand obscured his vision, but could not find the words he wanted.

"Here's sixthly, sir," said the clerk, holding up the missing page which had descended on his head along with the sand.

At the beginning of the royal occupation enlargements were made to the old Hall, and plans were laid for making Sandringham into the model estate which it later became. After the recovery of the King from his almost fatal attack of typhoid fever in 1870 it was decided to build a new house on higher ground, a little removed from the old site, and so the present structure arose and was christened Sandringham House, but old people in the district still call it the "Hall."

GRECIAN WELL PLACED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA ON THE TERRACE LAWN AT SANDRINGHAM

The new structure is picturesquely built of red brick with facings of white stone in the Elizabethan style, with pointed gables. It stands on a gentle rise overlooking a well-stocked deer park of 300 acres. A sunny terrace skirts the garden front, and a lake winds picturesquely through the grounds below. The principal entrance is through the handsome Norwich gates of iron and brass work, the wedding gift of the city of Norwich, and is

approached by a public road, cut through the pine woods, which forms an avenue of half a mile in length. It is bordered by wide stretches of turf. The King is very fond of grass borders, and they have been cultivated on either side of all the roads on the royal estate. The roads are of red gravel, another fancy of the King's, and the entire estate, extending for several miles, is a most refreshing study in green and brown.

At all seasons Sandringham is beautiful. The pine woods, the turf and the red-brown roads give a brightness to the landscape, even in winter; and are rendered more lovely in spring and summer by yellow furze, thickets of rhododendrons and the great expanse of green bracken and heather-clad moorland stretching away to the Wolferton woods. It has aptly been described as a "a bit of Scotland set down on a Norfolk marsh." The woods and hedgerows are full of life—birds singing, squirrels leaping, rabbits and hares darting across one's path, and the beautiful golden pheasants, which are the King's particular pride, showing here and there from out the bracken. It is said that His Majesty finds it difficult to forgive his shooting guests if they hit one of these choice birds. A very gay sight is the Sandringham avenue in the shooting season, when the King's beaters in scarlet blouses and blue slouched hats with red bands make picturesque figures amongst the pines. The village folk come trooping up to see the sport and are allowed to follow the sportsmen through the woods. What is locally known as the "big shoot" or "shooting the avenue," takes place on the 9th of November in honour of the King's birthday. The Queen and Princesses and the ladies of the house party usually drive out and join the sportsmen at luncheon in a tent erected for the occasion, the viands being brought from the House in a luncheon cart with ingenious devices for keeping things hot.

Before entering Sandringham House let us stroll round the estate. First the pretty little parish church, standing on a knoll in the park, surrounded by a graveyard, claims our attention. It was completely restored by the King many years ago, and contains memorials to the Duke of Clarence; Princess Alice, the King's sister; and Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. The handsome lectern was an offering of thanksgiving from the Queen on the King's restoration to health in 1871. A simple marble cross in the graveyard marks the grave of their Majesties' youngest born, Prince Alexander, who only lived a day. The royal pews are in the choir, into which a private door opens. The approach to the church is through a rustic Lych gate, and almost opposite to this, on the other side of a narrow strip of the park, is the termination of a shady path in the Sandringham grounds, known as the "Church Walk"; down this the King invariably walks to church, while the Queen and her daughters drive in the oak omnibus drawn by two bays, "Palmer" and "Tuck." Beyond the churchyard is the rectory of Canon Hervey, domestic chaplain to the King.

Close to the rectory garden is the Technical School for Girls, a low, ivy-covered, picturesque building. It was founded by the Queen many years ago for the purpose of instructing girls on the estate in spinning, weaving and fine needlework. Tapestry and metal work have recently been added. The Queen is a constant visitor to the school and takes a personal interest in all the pupils. Her Majesty has her own spinning wheel and a hand loom for tapestry making. Pursuing our way along the public road past the church, we come to the handsome residence of General, the Rt. Hon. Sir Dighton Probyn, Comptroller of the Household at Sandringham for thirty years, and now Keeper of the King's privy purse. Sir Dighton is a handsome and distinguished man with a long white beard.

Returning to the other side of the park, we come to York Cottage, the small but picturesque country home of the Prince and Princess of Wales, over-

SANDRINGHAM HOUSE FROM THE TERRACE

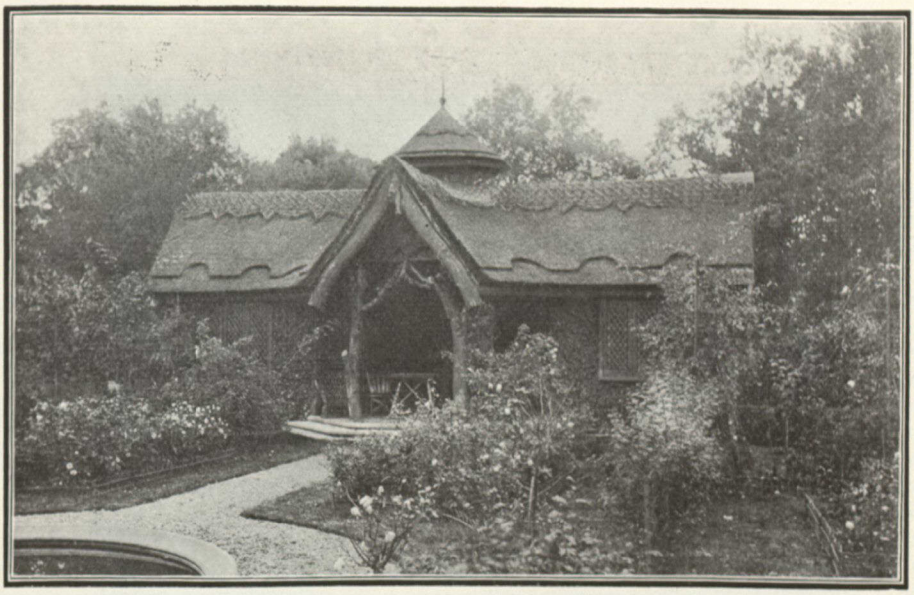
FOR FORTY YEARS THIS HAS BEEN THE HOME OF THE PRESENT KING AND QUEEN

looking the lake. The Prince has recently purchased a larger house and estate some two miles away, and in the future York Cottage will revert to its original use as an adjunct to Sandringham House. In this part of the park is the pretty house of Mr. Frank Beck, the King's estate agent. Proceeding, we reach the pheasantry, a model game-rearing ground, with its incubator house and neat rows of wooden pens. Here Mr. Jackson, a hale, hearty Norfolk man, who has been head gamekeeper at Sandringham for more than thirty years, has his pretty cottage, kept in a spotless condition by Mrs. Jackson, to whom falls the duty of cutting up the bread and putting it into wicker baskets, and of tying on the Queen's large white apron when Her Majesty comes to feed the dogs. The kennels are close to the Jackson's cottage and are specially under the care of Mr. Brunsdon, who has held the post for seventeen years.

THE QUEEN AND HER DOGS

He has a charming little house near. Next we come to the Queen's stables, where the favourite hacks, hunters and carriage horses lead a luxurious existence in spotless stables, lined with white tiles and having silver-mounted stalls and the most perfect sanitary arrangements. On the other side of the road are the kitchen gardens and forcing houses, covering fourteen acres; and proceeding up a side turning we reach the King's stables where the thoroughbreds are housed. Near by is the Technical School for Boys, where lads from the estate are taught cabinet making, carving and carpentering. Opposite is the Queen's Model Dairy, with a dainty tea room overlooking a little flower garden. Here in days gone by the Queen and her young daughters amused themselves with watching old Mrs. Barker, the dairy woman, making up the golden pats of Norfolk butter, and occasionally worked the churn themselves. The cream pans are lined with egg-shell china and fixed in a marble counter. The walls are of blue tiles, and around are models of prize cows bred on the estate. The tea room adjoining is furnished and ornamented with presents from the Queen's family and friends, and here Her Majesty delights to dispense with servants and formality and preside over a homely tea-table with her family around her. If their Majesties chance to be walking in different parts of the grounds the King never enters this little sanctum until the Queen arrives.

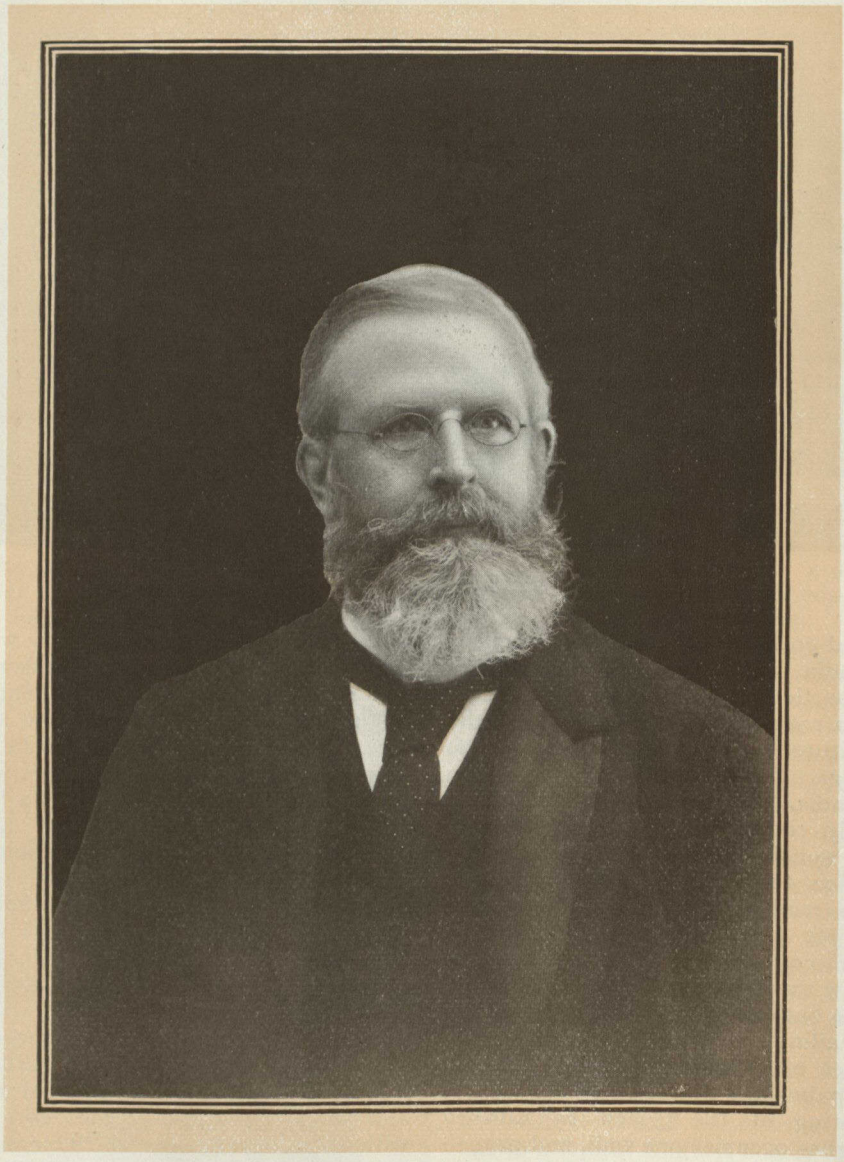
But let us return and enter Sandringham House. As soon as you cross the threshold you feel that you are in a typical English home; cosy, charming, delightful and artistic, but not grand. There are no state apartments at the King's country retreat; every room is designed for family use and is filled with pictures and bric-a-brac which are strictly of family interest. There are many models of deceased pet animals. The halls and corridors are covered with trophies which the King has col-



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SUMMER HOUSE AND ROSARY AT SANDRINGHAM

lected on his travels, more particularly in India. The carved elephant's tusks are particularly noticeable. The King has a room entirely furnished with the furniture used in his rooms on the *Serapis*, the vessel which carried him to India. The Queen's boudoir is a lovely room, all brightness, flowers and sunshine, with a view over the garden terrace. Here her Japanese dogs recline on silken cushions and her pet dove and singing birds have their cages. The drawing-room is below the Queen's boudoir and has the same outlook. Gold and white is the prevailing decoration, and some lovely pieces of statuary show up amongst the palms and flowers. A full length painting of the Queen by Edward Hughes occupies one wall, and near to it are charming studies of her three daughters by the same artist. The ball room and the adjacent supper room form a handsome range of apartments and have been the scene of many balls and festivities for the county and tenantry, and there the Queen gives her tea parties to the school children each year on her birthday, Dec. 1, and again at Christmas, when some 500 little ones make merry with the Queen and Princesses, who devise games for and wait upon them. Sandringham has its shrine of sorrow and love. The room where the Duke of Clarence died is always kept as it was when he occupied it, and no one has used it since.

The gardens are like the house, pretty and unostentatious. They are simply laid out with wide-spreading lawns, shrubs and trees and flower beds, but there is no carpet gardening or anything in the artificial style. An Alpine garden with running water forms a cool retreat in the hot season, as also the Queen's wild-flower garden, a secluded spot surrounded by shrubs and shady trees and planted entirely with the modest flowers which bloom in English hedgerows. Here the Queen can sit in summer evenings and listen to the song of the nightingale. Sandringham House and domain, in spite of the present structure being modern, exhibits the style of an old English mansion, and not even the Bracebridge Hall of Washington Irving excels it in generous hospitality and the observance of the time-honoured national customs.



HON. SIR WILLIAM MULOCK, K.C.M.G., K.C.

POSTMASTER - GENERAL FOR CANADA

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLIX—SIR WILLIAM MULOCK

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK is a distinguished collegian, a gold medalist in modern languages, the founder of a scholarship in mathematics, formerly the vice-chancellor of a university, a great patron of learning, himself a Doctor of Laws *honoris causa*. And yet very few people think of him in that light. He stands out as a brilliant man of affairs, a statesman of large designs, a shrewd and successful administrator of national interests.

Sir William Mulock's career is a standing argument for the presence of the university man in politics. There are in the House at Ottawa many professional men, lawyers, doctors, who are known loosely as educated men; but a distinction should be made between men who have merely mastered the technic of a superior kind of trade and men who have absorbed the ideals and learned the easy postures of mind that go with a liberal education liberally entertained and assiduously applied. The lawyer who is merely a lawyer may have common sense, but his common sense will get a little commoner every day, that is if he makes a fetich of it, until at last he has no more breadth of view than a hairpin. When a man is a lawyer and a Master of Arts and a Doctor of Laws besides; when to a professional training is added a liberal education, then it is to have the common sense and the outlook in one person. Napoleon said that one had to be a poet to conceive great ideas and a man of business to carry them out. For poet, read a man of liberal education, and you have Sir William. The combination, though not unique, is a rare one in the House of Commons of Canada. If it were not too large a question for this article, it could be proved that every one in Canadian politics who possesses it, is either a risen or a rising man.

This is not to say that Sir William is a pedant or that he makes any pretence of superior attainments. The Postmaster-General is too much of a man of the world to have ever become a philosopher, a sociologist out of commission, a doctrinaire, or a litterateur in politics. For instance, he could never have been a Goldwin Smith, a John Morley, a Leckie, or a Justin McCarthy. Such tasks as they assume require too long a patience, and demand more or less a habit of quietism. Sir William Mulock is first and last and always a fighter. He is interested in higher education because he is a practical statesman. He is himself highly educated, because that is a good thing in the business of statesmanship. He is, perhaps, no more studious than the ordinary graduate of forty years' standing, and, if he ever looks at his Horace, he probably finds that he has forgotten the meaning of many of the words. The residuary advantage of his university training is that the seeds of culture sown in his nonage, have borne a fine harvest of tolerance, open-mindedness and right attitude toward the problems of life. Sir William fights difficulties because to fight is his nature. He studies the human page because it is the book that most interests him. He would not be content to apply himself to tasks that show no results except to posterity. He must see the work of his own hands. By instinct he is constructive. For a man as thorough in his methods there is a certain radical impatience in his nature which will not permit him to wait long. He turned a deficit of millions in the post office department into a surplus of three hundred thousand dollars in seven years, at the same time doubling the service and reducing the rate of postage by one-third.

There was never any intellectual arrogance about Sir William Mulock.

His bluff, hearty manner, which strangers sometimes mistake for brusquerie, his simple tastes, his characteristic love of the soil—he has a beautiful country-seat at Newmarket—are all summed up in his nickname, Farmer Bill. Farmer Bill he was all through the eighteen years of Liberal opposition, cordial, stalwart, slapping his comrades on the shoulder, cheering the laggards, himself indomitable, a great rock in a weary land. And Farmer Bill he remains to-day, the most popular Cabinet minister at Ottawa, no side, no swagger, as affable and accessible as ever, delighting to hobnob with "the boys" in No. 16, and to share in the good stories and the good fellowship. The Opposition expects no mercy when Sir William Mulock is on his feet—for that eighteen years taught Liberals to be ruthless—but they can't help liking him, for when all is said and done Mulock is a man of strong likes and dislikes—who was ever great that had not a few well-assorted hatreds?—of a gusty temper, perhaps, but a man among men. They acknowledge him a big fellow all round, big in body, big in heart, big in mind. Farmer Bill will be Farmer Bill to the end of the chapter, a plain man that loves his friends, although he wears a title for his services to the empire and is known to be the most powerful man in the Cabinet next to the Premier. Another thing that makes for virtue in Sir William is that he is true to his promises. It is conceded that his word once given is as good as a bond. He is not in that class of politicians known as to-morrow-or-the-day-after.

Sir William Mulock is the best type of public man. He entered public life to make a career. That lust of power, which some people foolishly revile, was, perhaps, his leading motive. His fortune has always been ample. No suspicion of venality could ever attach to him. Nothing compelled him but his own honour and the public good. Canada could well afford to entertain a few more enlightened ambitions like his. May he get all his wishes. Gossip says there are three of them. One of them has the advantage of his country in mind. The other two are personal, harmless, and quite natural in a man whose impulse is to reap honour.

Sir William is a man of the classes, if we have classes in Canada. He has gentle blood in his veins, but man of the classes as he is, he has always been on the side of the masses. In this respect he approaches very nearly the late William Ewart Gladstone. In opposition he was something of a radical. He wanted, once, to cut the Governor-General's salary down to $25,000 a year. As a Cabinet minister he is more conservative of the established order, but he still keeps all the doors of his mind open to new and progressive ideas. He was appropriately chosen Minister of Labour, for it was his idea to erect labour into a political entity in Canada, and to give it a force and prestige it never had before in national affairs. The *Labour Gazette*, which presents dispassionately the statistics of labour in Canada, is his improvement on the United States *Labour Gazette*, which allows comment more or less inflammatory. The idea of arbitration in labour disputes, which he examined on the spot in New Zealand, he has applied in a modified way to conditions in Canada. He believes in conciliation. It will be seen that progressive though he be, he is cautious and hastens slowly.

It has been objected that Sir William is not a great orator. But oratory does not go far in a business age when the affairs of Parliament are mostly despatched in committees. In a clear, straight, official statement, with a few knock-down arguments for the other side, and no flowers, Sir William Mulock can hold his own with the best.

H. Franklin Gadsby

ONE OF THE BOYS

BY VIRNA SHEARD

WITH DRAWINGS BY J. E. McBURNEY

IT was Christmas Eve. The almanacs said so, the shops said so, the beladen people hurrying by said so, and the newspapers were headed 24th December, but it didn't look it. A more wretchedly wet, dismal night couldn't have been, or one less suggestive of merriment.

Old Ted Christie stood on his corner of the street with a bundle of papers wrapped in a piece of tattered oilcloth—and he croakingly announced his ability to provide the population with the latest news. Apparently nobody wanted it.

He looked blue, old Ted Christie, all but his fingers and nose, they were red. Down his back small streams of water ran from the edge of his ancient cap; the faded army cape he wore was blown around him, sometimes up over his head, so that he had to fight it down with his right hand, sometimes out straight at his side showing its crimson lining—a pennon of victory, and now and again it drooped about his pole-like figure in melancholy folds—a flag at half mast.

An odd-looking chap he was, and the newsboys themselves held that he must be either a very old boy, or an exceedingly young old man, so peculiarly childlike was the expression of his belined face.

"Evening papers!" he called. "Evening papers! Latest edition Star! till suddenly he was jerked up short by the crashing of a small stout body against his own.

"Hello! I say—Hello! Why don't you look out where you're goin', Christy?" said the boy.

The old man smiled, being used to their ways. "How's business?" he asked.

"Ah! gone an' lost itself; dere ain't nothin' doin'; folks is goin' to be too busy to-morrow huntin' troo dere stockin's an' eatin' turkey an' plum puddin', to want papers."

"News, sir," running up to a heavy, middle-aged man passing at the minute. "Latest intelligence!"

"I say, Ted," coming back hilariously, "he's feeling Christmassy; gimme a quarter, no change. I see a 'orse's head stickin' out of a parcel, an' a lot of lumpy lookin' things in his pockets, fer de kids, I reckon."

"When are you goin' to turn in?" asked the man presently.

The boy grinned. "That's a good un. I ain't got nothin' to turn in with but this quarter, an' I am goin' to save that fer to-morrow. Blew in my last red half an hour ago for onion soup; you bet it was all right. Say, where's dat dog anyhow?" whistling and

looking round. "Ah! here he comes now. See him? He's been in de soup kitchen all this while. Did they kick you out, Smarty?" he said, patting the small yellow animal, who was exhibiting joy at reaching its master by curling its body round in semi-circles and deliriously wagging its piece of a tail.

The man watched them for a minute. "Come along home with me, Billy," he answered. "There's room enough."

"Thank ye, Ted, but I'll linger round a little longer. Luck's on de rise maybe, and anyhow de soup's made me feel pretty gay. I say, Teddy, youse right though—de people *is* gettin' off de street fast. In de houses up town de kids have all hung up der stockin', and by now de grown-up's is doin' de Santa Claus act.

"I say, Christy, onct I hung up mine, honest I did, in front of a chimbly. We had a room with a chimbly place that week. Me mother, she must have put in de things, fer in de mornin' dere were three red candy roosters in de stockin', an' a mouth organ. That day dere was a row in de house, an' me mother she got hit with a chair an' was took to de orspital. She never come out." There was a little click at the end of the sentence like a sob broken off short.

OLD TED CHRISTY

"Don't talk about mothers to me; no, nor women of any sort," answered the man. "Come along, it's twelve striking now. Merry Christmas, Billy!"

"Same to you, old man!" he responded, hopping along beside the tall figure in its drooping army cloak.

The wind and rain drove them onward, from the bright streets to the dark ones, from the wide places to the narrow, till they came to a crazy building on the edge of the town. Up the stairs they went, followed by the yellow dog, and into Christy's room. Across the hall was another room, and under the door of this shone a thread of light.

"Didn't know Mother Rafferty kept no lodgers but you," said Billy.

"They are new comers," he answered, lighting the lamp. "Never saw them." "Now we'll have a fire. Touch it off, lad, it's laid. And some crackers and cheese and a tune and then we'll go to bed."

When the poor little room was bright with firelight and the three chilled creatures got warmed through, the man brought out his refreshments and they fell to.

Billy munched away in great content, staring into the fire thoughtfully. Billy had been on the town for some time, an empty hogshead his habitation, doorsteps his refuge; dilapidation doesn't express his appearance. Smarty, who had ceased to shiver, sat up beside him, watching each mouthful with glittering, bead-like eyes and one ear on the alert. As pieces of biscuit were thrown to him they disappeared, and the watch continued.

Old Christy sat on a soapbox and stared into the fire too. Now and then he rubbed his toasted shins. A soft childlike expression was in his faded eyes.

"This is good, after the streets, Billy?"

"Bet yer life!" he responded.

In silence they enjoyed their impromptu meal. The luxury of warmth was accentuated by the sleet against the rattling window, the jarring of the crazy shutters outside.

Then from across the hall came the sound of a hollow cough, a racking, dismal cough. It disturbed their comfort. They both listened.

"She's got de consumption, *that* one," said the boy. "To de hearse fer hers, I reckon. Say! ain't it a horrid sound, Ted?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "It's as good as anything else to die with, Billy. Maybe she deserved it."

Billy screwed himself around till his back was to the fire and his face to the old soldier.

"Gee! you're a queer dufer, Christy. What makes you so awful down on women? You're soft enough with us boys. I don't bother with women much myself, but I kinder like girls. When they're tough, why, they are tough, but some of 'ems all right. I'm sorry for 'em anyway; it's such cursed bad luck to be born a girl, Ted. But—" returning to the original question and hitching a little nearer—"what does make you so fierce on 'em, old chap?"

Christy leaned forward with his chin on his hand; the soft look in his eyes was quite gone. They gleamed brightly. "Billy," he said, "you shouldn't ask such questions, but as you have, I'll answer. When I was a boy, just a little fellow, I had a stepmother. She made my life a misery. I needn't go into that. I left home afterwards and enlisted. Then I had a sweetheart." He stopped so long Billy thought he had forgotten to go on and jogged his knee.

"A sweetheart," he continued. "She deceived me. I needn't go into that either. Then later I met a woman who made use of me, of my fool nature, my soft-heartedness, to ruin me; I was her dupe and tool, but we needn't go into that either, Billy. Only afterwards I let them alone."

"This is good, after the streets, Billy?"

The boy gave a low whistle and twisted up the side of his face.

"That was fine!" he said, "sounded like a bit of a play at de the-a-ter. Was you ever on de stage, Ted?"

"No; oh, no!" he answered.

"Well, another thing. Was you ever? No, of course, you wasn't—"

"Was I what?"

"No, never mind. Well, all I was goin' to ask you was," confidentially; "was you ever in jail?"

"No," he said, "not exactly."

"I was," said Billy, excitedly. "*Once.* Run in by an id'gt cop with one eye what mistook me fer another feller, an' the jury examined me, an' I got mixed, an' fust said I didn't do nuthin', an' then I said I did do sumpin', an' got sent down for four days. But what did you mean by 'not exactly?'"

"I was once a prisoner of war in the South."

"Was you?" cried the boy. "Was you, honest? Tell me about it, and how you got de wooden arm!"

He smiled at the eagerness of the lad, but said nothing.

"Was it shot off with a cannon?" continued Billy.

The fire had burned low, the lamp gone out. There were rosy lights in the corners and over the stained walls. The poverty of the place was hidden. To-morrow morning things would look wretchedly damp and cold, let them make the most of to-night.

"Go on," said the boy.

"There isn't much to tell, Billy. It wasn't shot off by a cannon ball. I lost it when I was in a prison down South. There was a boy there, about nineteen he was, and he was almost dead of homesickness. Well, one day he got word from outside that there would be a chance for him to escape. If he could manage to pass the guard and pickets, his brother would be beyond at a certain time with a horse and a disguise. Then, Billy, that boy went off his head—plumb crazy. He told me about it. I was a sort of friend to him, and I said I'd engage the attention of the guard at the time set, and outside he'd have to run the pickets. If they saw him—well—there was a chance—and he got off."

"But the arm!" said the boy breathlessly. "The arm, Christy?"

"Oh, that engaged the attention of the guard, Billy. It was a little more than dusk. We swung out of the window, got down to the ground, then I went first, the guard fired, and in the smoke, before he let fly again, Morton got away."

"The coward!" said the boy. "The coward!"

"No, he wasn't a coward; just a boy mad with imprisonment and wild with being caged. He thought I might get away too. I told him there was a chance. I was fond of him, a pretty, curly-haired lad, gentle, good-hearted. It's time to turn in, Billy."

"All right," said he, stretching with such unsophisticated abandon that each separate joint of his anatomy went to the verge of dislocation. "All right, I'll stop on de rug for I ain't rich enough to trow away none of de fire, but don't youse go sayin' that dere fellow was good-hearted; good-hearted, nothin'," sarcastically, "Why I wouldn't let no chap get his arm bust off fer me. I jest bet he's clean forgot about it too, an' y' might be dead fer all of him."

The old man didn't answer.

Presently Billy spoke again, sitting bolt upright with a start, "Say, Christy!"

"Yes."

"I never told youse about dat dinner to-morrow, did I? De one de Press is givin' de boys. Did y' get a ticket?"

"Oh, yes!" he said smiling, "but I gave it away to Maloney, the cross-eyed one."

"Facey Maloney!" ejaculated the other, "you give it to him! Dat slippery duck! I reckon he told you he didn't get none when they was dealt out, an' I saw him swipe t'ree. Now say, is youse goin' to dat dinner or ain't youse?

"As I said, Billy, I havn't a ticket."

"I taught y' wouldn't," he answered, screwing up his mouth, "an' so I got another fer me little brother at home, —See? It's goin' to be a bang up dinner, a high flyer, an' a Fift' Avenoo one too. Now, is youse goin'?"

"I don't know," said the man dubiously. "I don't know, Billy, hardly."

"Well I wouldn't be so stiff about it," he said scornfully. "I reckon de fellers 'll tink youse too much of a swell fer dem after dis." Then he rolled up in a ball on the rug.

A troubled look came into Christy's eyes.

"If you think that, I'll go, Billy."

"Now yer talkin'," he responded briefly and curled round a bit more.

The old fellow sat beside him for a while, and fell to whistling softly ancient tunes of much melody. Now and then came the sound of the racking cough. It disturbed him and the music died away. The boy, with the wretched little yellow dog beside him, was sleeping blissfully, so he covered

them over with the old army cloak and went to his rest.

Billy was on the wing at daybreak, but before he went the two agreed to meet in the afternoon. Thus it was they went in together and were given places side by side. The old soldier made an odd contrast to his companions. Boys of the town they were, the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, and motley was their only wear. Yet, though most of them were hard and rough enough on the outside, their hearts were like the kernel of a nut, sweet and sound.

They ate their Christmas dinner with uproarious mirth and jollity, with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," and turkeys disappeared as though they had flapped their little crisp, brown roasted wings and flown away. And when it all came to a satisfying end and the ice-cream had performed it's happy vanishing act, they had music of much variety.

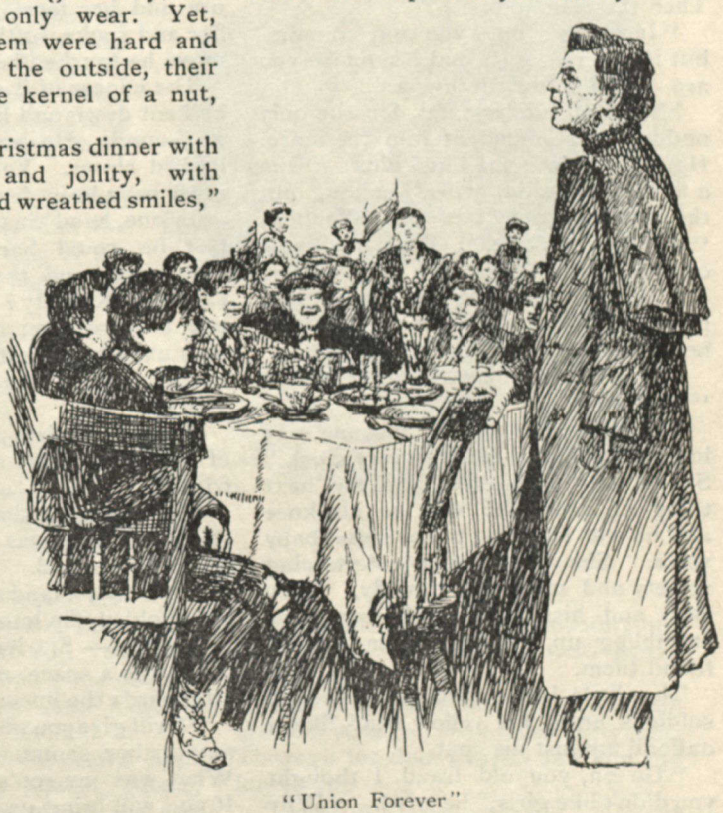
Afterwards there were hymns, "Hark! the Herald Angels," "Onward Christian Soldiers!" and others in which the chorus was swinging and strong.

Then they called vociferously and with much beating upon the table for a song from the old soldier, so he rose, and in his worn voice, that had broken with much advertising of his papers in all kinds of weather, gave them the war song, "Union Forever," and they joined triumphantly in the chorus.

The mouth-organ band played the "Washington Post," and Facey Maloney wound up the programme by playing at universal request "The Mocking Bird" on his jewsharp.

"Billy," said the man, as they stepped into the street and the frosty wind caught them, "I guess you'd better come along with me."

"Thanks," he said, skipping beside him, with Smarty at his heels, "but I know where I can make a nickel or two. I'll drop in on you bim'by."



"Union Forever"

The old man went to his home and up to the little room. After the glittering hall he had so lately left, the long table surrounded by rollicking boys, the noise and laughter, it seemed horribly lonesome.

He built a fire and sat down before it. That was better, but he wished Billy would come; Christmas was no day to be alone. Billy, with his incessant chatter, his wide smile, his contortions, was something to divert the mind from thought.

The door creaked, opened. "There he was now," thought Christy, turning. But no, it wasn't Billy who stood upon the threshold. It was a small child with china blue eyes, smiling and friendly, and a mass of yellow curls that made a glimmer in the dusky doorway. She held a ragged doll against her pinafore.

They stared at each other in silence. Then the man spoke.

"If you're a boy, you may come in, but if you're a girl, and I suppose you are, you'd better run away."

She didn't understand, for she only nodded and smiled at him the more. He looked kind; she liked him. "I'm a dirl," she said, "dis," holding out the wretched object of her affection, "dis am my dolly." Then she came over to him.

"Pretty fire," she said, cooingly, patting his arm with one lovely wee hand, "pretty fire."

"Run away," he said rather feebly. "Run away."

"No," she answered, "no, me stay long, long time. Me stay very much." So he was conquered, and the next thing he knew she was on his knee and he was listening to her sweet baby voice. She was of the entertaining variety and made the time fly. Then Billy and his faithful follower came stumbling up the dark stair, and so found them.

The little lass curled up in the old soldier's arms, her yellow head like a daffodil against his coat.

"Go on, you old fraud, I thought you didn't like girls," he cried. "Why dat's one sure, a bloomin' pretty kid, too. Wher'd she drop from?"

"I suppose she belongs across the hall," he answered.

"To de party wid de cough?" said Billy. "Well, I'll just take her back. Here's an orange fer you, baby."

She took the golden ball and nestled closer to the old man.

"Me stay," she remarked firmly, "me stay."

"No you don't," answered Billy. "Come right along home with me—to yer mammy."

"Mammy's asleep," she said.

"I'll see if she belongs there," said Christy, rising. "Keep her till I come back."

Across the hall he went and knocked at the door. There was no answer. So he knocked louder; then, as it was ajar, pushed it open and looked in. A woman lay on the bed; the light from a street lamp struck her outlined figure and her face. He went over to her and spoke softly. As she did not move he touched her hand.

The iciness of it struck to his heart, he bent down and listened. No breath, no sound. He struck a match and looked closer. Yes, it was so. She must have been dead some time.

In one hand was a letter—held so fast he could hardly move it. He stood still and thought. Should he call Mrs. Rafferty? No, she was not one to have here; a half-drunken woman usually, probably more than that to-day, as it was a holiday. The police?

Sounds of mirth came from his side of the hall. Billy and the baby were friends.

Oh! the letter, that might tell something. There was a candle on the stand by the bed. He lit it. He saw a tiny bottle—laudanum! Ah! Then he unfolded the letter.

"331 —— St., New York," he read; there was a space, no further heading, afterwards the lines:

"I will give you nothing, nor do I wish any further communication with you. What was my son's disgrace is mine. If you will bring us the child, promising to withdraw altogether from her, I will do what is right. C. M."

He read it over twice, groping through his mind for a thought to guide him.

Should he then call the police? Give them the letter and the baby? No, he would keep the letter and offer, if they were unable to find any people belonging to her, to keep the child. Then he would take her to the address in New York, and if the man had any claims to offer and was all right, she should stay; if not—again he felt the

soft, small fingers on his hand, the fluffy head against his breast.

"Don't be a fool," he said to himself, roughly, looking down to where the yellow candle light flickered over the woman's still face. "This one's gone wrong too, the letter says so, but the baby is so pretty. I suppose she couldn't make up her mind to give it away. That's the way with them, they'll ruin a man and die for a child. I wonder what she thought would become of it though. She wouldn't take it to him whoever he is; but I will."

He went over to his own place and found Billy and the baby and the small dog of the streets warm aad happy together.

There was a pauper funeral from the old house next day, Christy and the child and Billy following it on foot. When she grew tired they carried her gladly.

Next day the city sent a committee to investigate the case of the destitute infant. But the bird had flown.

Mrs. Rafferty, who was in her usual befogged condition, could only reiterate the statement that "the owld soldier and the baby had gone out and devil a sthep had they come back—a dacent man who paid his rent."

So the authorities continued their search. Billy made himself scarce, and no one else knew where the two had gone.

A day or two afterwards an old, battered, pole-like figure in army cap and cape, carrying a small child with much betangled golden hair, went up the steps of a house in New York.

The footman who opened the door stared at them in dignified stoniness.

"Is this 331?" asked the man.

"It is," he answered.

"What is your master's name?" he said.

"What are ye after?" said his stateliness.

"She curled up in the old soldier's arms"

"I want to see your master, my good man," he repeated with gentle persistency.

And then came one down the hall, tall and straight, with close curly hair. Through the door Christy saw him and knew him.

"Morton!" he called, "Charlie Morton! Ah! the very initials. Let me by!" pushing past the stiffened flunky. "That's the one I want to see!"

"Why, Browning, what's this?" the man called. "An old soldier? Were you hurrying him off? What can I do for you, sir? I was in the war myself; do you know me?"

Christy held out his wooden arm.

"When the guard fired that's where it struck, Morton," he said.

The other grew white to the lips. "Who are you," he cried unsteadily.

"Ah, Christy!"

"You can't be Christy! Ted Christy! The bravest fellow that ever lived—the best comrade!"

"Yes, old Ted Christy," he answered. "A soldier of fortune, a vendor of newspapers. *One of the boys.* But never mind about me—I've brought the child—her mother is dead. I saw her, and in her hand was a letter—your letter, was it not? with this address—so I brought her to you. I don't know whether she belongs to you by right—or who she is—or whether you want her—but if not—I'll keep her—for she doesn't seem to belong to anyone else." His voice trembled and his old eyes had a misty, childlike look.

The one he spoke to laid his strong hand on the shoulder of the worn cape:

"Ah! Christy," he said, "you are the same as ever. The world doesn't know how to treat such men. You have had hard luck, but you shall have it no more. Fortune has turned her wheel, old fellow. Do you think I have forgotten, or ever will, the night we dropped from the high window? I was mad with fear that we would not get away; quite mad. How many times since have I heard the guard fire, and seen you drop!"

He broke off suddenly. "But the child, Christy, you spoke of the child. I didn't understand."

He told him again as best he could.

Morton lifted the little maid and carried her to the light.

"It is true, Christy," he said after a moment, "you have brought me back my own. This is my son's child—and he is dead. I have tried many times to gain possession of her — many, many times."

"What of the mother?" said the old man softly. "She is dead also, you know—but what of her?"

"She is best dead," he answered, his face hardening. "It won't stand talking about, Christy. She was my son's wife— and—left him—after this baby was born. We kept it from the world—as well as we could. But—it was a tragedy." He spoke with a great weariness; "a tragedy." Then his voice changed. "There are other troubles than mine, though—and this may be the end. I have no words to thank you—for my Christmas gift—but I'll not let you go, old man—never."

So he anchored in a harbour of peace—and Billy?

Well, Billy, as he put it himself, "lit on his feet, too."

The TURRETED HALL

By Justin Huntley McCarthy

THE coming Christmas was to be an important event in the life of Marjorie Heathersley. Her birthday was the twenty-fifth of December, and this Christmas was to celebrate her coming of age. Marjorie lived with her mother and step-father at a short distance from a pretty village, growing gradually into a little town, on the southern coast of England. She was born not far from her present residence, which, indeed, the young woman could never be got to look upon as quite her home. The house where she was born stood a little farther from the sea, and on the slope of a gentle hill commanding an exquisite view across the waters towards the shores of France. It was an old-fashioned, peculiar, and picturesque building, this birthplace of Marjorie, and we shall presently have something more to say about it. Marjorie's father was a man endowed with a scientific turn of mind, and especially attached to the study of astronomy. He had been a partner in a London banking house, but retired from the busy world of London when he had made what he considered a competence for his modest ambitions in life.

He then bought the old-fashioned turreted house, which looked as if it might have been originally the residence of some mediæval Baron, and there he settled down to study the stars and to be happy with his wife and daughter. Marjorie was brought up altogether by her parents, and never sent to school. She studied the stars a little, but as she grew into girlhood studied romance and poetry a good deal more. She was a vigorous, healthy girl—could drive and ride and row and swim, and loved the flowers and the fields as well as books and music. When she was fifteen years old her father died, and two years afterwards her mother, who was still a handsome woman, married a London barrister of high position, one on the fair way to the judicial bench, who used to spend most of his holidays on that southern coast and thus became acquainted with the Heathersleys. Then came the first complete break up in the life of Marjorie. Mr. Lamington, her step-father, did not like the old-fashioned, turreted house, and he bought a handsome newly-built villa in the neighbourhood—a villa which looked as if it had been lifted bodily out of one of the streets close to Eaton square and plant-

ed on the south coast near to the sea. His wife yielded so far to his advice that she sold the mediæval turreted house, which from that time seemed to Marjorie only the tomb of her youth and her happiness.

Other events, however, came up in the life of Marjorie, which, if they did not efface the memory of the past, yet sent gleams of new and inspiring light upon the future. Mr. Lamington had a nephew, Stephen Elgar, the son of parents early dead. This nephew had been brought up under his charge, and was studying law in his chambers. Stephen Elgar came sometimes to visit his uncle and Mrs. Lamington in their sea-coast villa, and as time went on he got into the way of coming there more and more often. Lamington hardly ever left London while the Courts were sitting except for the week-ends, and some even of these he preferred to spend in town. Mrs. Lamington detested London, and never went there unless when her husband particularly desired that she should play the part of hostess at his town house. She did not love society, and was most happy when allowed to spend her days in her sea-coast home with her daughter. She had accepted Lamington not because she was romantically in love with him—for she was merely a quiet, sweet woman, who had no romance in her composition—but because she admired him and trusted him, was pleased by his offer of marriage, and regarded him as a Heaven-sent guardian for her daughter. She was therefore quite willing that Lamington should spend as much time as suited him in London, and thus it happened that young Stephen Elgar was sometimes the only male member of the family in the sea-coast villa.

Now the occasional companionship of Stephen Elgar was a new revelation of life to Marjorie. He brought to her visions of an active, vivid, artistic, many-coloured world with which she had had no previous acquaintance. He was five years older than she, and when their companionship began he seemed to her quite a grown-up young man, and she seemed to him but a little girl. He loved driving, riding and boating as much as she did; he had been on the Continent a good deal, he was a reader of books, he understood music and loved her singing, and was able to help her in the development of her voice. He could tell her much about theatres and art galleries and foreign cities. He had no taste for the law, and had wished to enter the Army; but his uncle would hear nothing of it, and he had not yet risen to any thought of rebellion against the decrees of his natural guardian. If he could not be a soldier he longed to be an explorer, and had wild ideas as to his capacity for making a fortune, if he could only get the chance, in far-off and unknown lands. All these ideas he confided time after time to the delighted Marjorie.

Meanwhile, the years went on; Marjorie was in her nineteenth year, and it never seemed to have occurred to Mrs. Lamington that this youth and maiden might possibly fall in love with each other.

Marjorie and Stephen often allowed their rambles to lead them in the direction of the old turreted Hall which had been the home, and was now the monument, of her childhood. To put the case more correctly it should, perhaps, be said that Marjorie had taken care to lead their rambles that way, and that Stephen had willingly accepted her guidance. At the time which we have now reached the house was untenanted. It was understood in the neighbourhood that the present owner of the place disliked it, and the whole region around it; that he was only too anxious to get rid of it by sale or lease on any reasonable terms, but no one seemed disposed to make any offer. So the house was empty, and bore a dismal aspect of neglect. By degrees all the furniture was removed from it, and a notice-board put up at the front gate announced that it was for sale or lease, and referred any possible competitors to a firm of local agents. But the competitors did not seem to come, and Marjorie and Stephen often walked into

the surrounding garden, and even, when some re-painting and repairs were going on, into the house itself. There Marjorie poured out into Stephen's sympathetic ear the story of her love for that home in the bright days of her childhood.

For a long time the two young people failed to recognise or to foresee the result of these meetings and rambles and confidences. But the result came in its due course, and the youth and maiden discovered one day that they were young man and young woman, and were deeply in love. The disclosure actually came in one of the rooms of the turreted mansion.

"If ever I get money," Stephen Elgar said, "it will be my first delight to buy back this house for you, and get it all done up again according to your taste, and give it to you as a birthday present."

There was a moment's silence. Then she murmured, looking timidly away from him:

"My heart can picture no Christmas gift so welcome to me as that would be—from you."

"But one thing more," he said, "you must take me with my gift, Marjorie."

Then their hands clasped and the love compact was made.

But Mr. Lamington looked on the matter with very different eyes, and his wife had now accustomed herself to see everything just as he saw it. Mr. Lamington looked at the compact of the lovers from the point of view proper to the man of law as business and of steady respectability. He had not a word to say against the natural impulses of the lovers, but he emphasized the fact that the world could not be conducted according to the nonsensical fancies of romantic young people. He reminded Mrs. Lamington that Stephen Elgar's whole earthly property at present amounted to only one hundred a year, that he had but lately been called to the Bar, and did not seem to have much inclination for working his way in the profession. Marjorie, on the other hand, was absolutely dependent upon the generosity of her mother, and Mrs. Lamington's personal resources were not large enough to endow her daughter with anything like a considerable fortune; and then, as Mr. Lamington put it, what could any woman of spirit think of a young fellow who was content to live on his wife's money? "It will never do, my dear, and you can tell these young people so in the most direct and decisive way. Let Stephen go to work and shew himself capable of making a living sufficient to keep a wife in decent conditions, and then, so far as I am concerned, I shall make no objection to the match. Let me see—in two years from next Christmas Marjorie will come of age, and that I hold is quite early enough for any young woman to marry. Let Stephen by that time shew that he is able to keep a wife, and then, my dear, if the young pair still hold to their love-making mood, they shall have my consent, and I am sure you will not refuse them yours."

The young pair had an eventful meeting soon after this, and Stephen made known his resolve. That resolve was just the time-honoured, immemorial resolution of all true lovers since the days of chivalry, and, indeed, since days long before the age of chivalry. He would go out into the far world and seek his fortune, and when he had found his way to that fortune he would then come home and claim the hand now plighted to him and clasped at that moment within his own. He was sick of the law, Stephen said, and he knew that he never could distinguish himself on that prosaic path to success; but he had a love of exploring, and had studied minerals and mining a great deal, and he firmly believed that fortune was beckoning him to those South African regions where the name of Cecil Rhodes was then beginning to make itself famous. This was in the days after Majuba Hill and before there was yet any foreshadowing of a new South African war. Marjorie listened to his words, and while her eyes swelled with tears her heart throbbed high

with hope.. The whole nature of the girl was filled with faith in him she loved. She had a clear brain, a brave heart, and a vivid imagination, and when she believed in a man she believed also in his destiny.

"You must always trust to me," Elgar said. The pair were standing now within the shadow of the old turreted house on a beautiful evening in spring, and the last rays of the sinking sun shed a farewell glow around them. "You shall hear from me whenever I can find means of writing to you. There may be long intervals sometimes, but you must always keep up your courage, and trust that Heaven will save me for you and send me back to you."

"I shall live for you," Marjorie said as she turned her loving eyes on him —"and shall live in the faith that you are destined to come back to me."

That was the burden of their talk. The lovers said much the same thing over and over again in broken sentences and even in broken words, but that was the meaning of their confidences and their vows.

"I shall write to no one but you," Stephen said as they were parting. "I am dead to this home world until I come back to claim you—and I shall come back to claim you, Marjorie, whether I be a failure or a success."

"Come back," she said, "with failure or success. Come back to me, and that is all I ask."

The lovers in the famous ballad took but one kiss, and then tore themselves away. Stephen Elgar and Marjorie may have taken many kisses, but they had to tear themselves away all the same.

When Marjorie returned to her home that night she heard the prosaic version of her lover's resolve to go in quest of fortune. Mr. Lamington was much vexed with his nephew, but thought that on the whole it was about the best thing that could happen to the young man. "It will knock the nonsense out of Stephen," he said, "to learn what a rough business it is to go prospecting for gold and digging for diamonds in some out-of-the-way part of the world, with desperadoes from all regions of the earth, and black fellows and heathen Chinee and such other creatures. It will teach him that real life is not quite like a boy's adventure-book, and when he comes back he may find, perhaps, that the Law Courts have modest mines of their own well worth exploring by even so heroic a personage."

Mrs. Lamington, who always believed that her husband spoke with the voice of an oracle, repeated his ideas again and again to poor Marjorie, although in gentle words and more sympathetic tones; and Marjorie found that she was now absolutely alone with her heart and her memory, her love and her faith. The little living world around her went on its dull course from day to day. Mr. Lamington spent nearly all his time, as usual, in London and his Law Courts. Mrs. Lamington seldom cared to leave her sea-coast villa, for she said the air and the breezes there were magical for the preservation of her health. Marjorie loved her mother, although they had absolutely no ideas in common, and she never repined or put on airs of martyrdom. She occupied herself much in helping the poor of the neighbourhood, teaching the children in the cottages, and making her life as useful as it could well be made within its narrow limitations. Presently a baby, a little boy, was born to the mother, and thenceforward Marjorie found herself less and less necessary to Mrs. Lamington's life. So days and weeks and months went on, and soon a year had passed away since Marjorie's parting from her lover, and she was now in the spring of the year whereof the Christmas Day was to mark her coming of age.

It was not too much to say that during all this dreary time Marjorie lived on her love and her faith—her love for Stephen Elgar, her absolute trust in him, and her self-sustained belief in his return to her. She heard from him often, and knew that he was in South Africa. At first his letters were full of

vague but resolute hope, then he began apparently to see prospects opening upon him. He then became somewhat vague, and wrote about her and about his love for her, and said nothing, or next to nothing, about the practical work of his life and his prospects of a speedy return. Marjorie's courage was in no wise dashed by this reticence on the part of her lover. She had pledged her full faith to him, and that full faith should ever be his; and by virtue of it she felt sure that whatever he was doing was done for the best. So far as she could learn no one but she had any correspondence with Stephen Elgar. Mr. Lamington sometimes spoke of him, but he seldom did more than express his hope that the nonsense must be pretty well knocked out of the young fellow by this time, and that perhaps he would soon come back and behave himself like a sensible man. Marjorie never voluntarily spoke of her lover, and, indeed, Mrs. Lamington seemed by this time to have forgotten all about him.

The spring of the eventful year had come, and the lengthening days and brightening skies began to quicken with new life the heart of Marjorie. Her active work for the poorer cottagers and the education of their children brought her into familiar relations with all her humbler neighbours. She was consulted by them on all manner of domestic subjects, and, as a matter of course, made a recipient of every scrap of local news. Marjorie had the happy faculty of listening with interest to all that seemed to concern those who sought counsel and sympathy from her. She put her heart into their most trivial concerns, and thought nothing uninteresting which had interest for them. One day the wife of a cottager imparted to her a piece of news which sent a peculiar thrill through the breast of Marjorie. The news was that there was a rumour all over the neighbourhood to the effect that Marjorie's old home had at last found a purchaser; that it was to be put in repair, re-decorated, and greatly improved, and thus made fitting for the early reception of its new owner. The good housewife who told Marjorie this story began her tale with the observation that she knew it would interest Miss Heathersley to hear that the old place was not to be allowed to go to rack and ruin any longer. But it presently came out, as Marjorie might have expected from the first, that the woman saw in the renovation of the house some prospect of work for her husband and her two sons. In that quiet little place, where the coming of a new occupant was one of the rarest events, the very idea of a re-decorated and renovated house brought with it, first of all, the happy thought of fresh employment to be divided among the working residents. The good woman, therefore, gently suggested that Marjorie would be likely to know the new owner, and might say a kindly word for an honest father and two honest sons who had lately been a good deal out of work.

Marjorie did not at first quite know whether her inclination was to feel glad or sorry at the prospect of a new owner for the dear old neglected home. It had long been a source of sadness to her to see the deserted house growing to look more and more like a ruin. Yet she shrank instinctively from the thought of its being occupied by some rich new-comer from London and turned into the likeness of a smart modern villa for some family who would fill it in the holidays with visitors from the West End. She entered, however, as well as she could into the woman's personal interests, and promised that if she could do anything to help her that anything should be done, but explained that it was not likely she could have any knowledge of the expected owner.

Marjorie went herself to the local agents—everybody in the place knew and respected her—and recommended the family of her cottager for any employment it might be in their power to give. She had a respectful reception and got a general promise that her recommendation should not be forgotten. But neither the agents nor anyone else

in the neighbourhood had yet been allowed to know the name of the new owner. As Marjorie returned home that night a gleam of melancholy humour flashed through her, and she said to her own soul, "If I were only living in the region of romance I should know already what name to give to that new owner." But she tried to put the thought away—it was too wild, she told herself, even for romance, and could only end in disappointment and in tears.

The summer had come, and was already beginning to fade, when the work at the old turreted mansion began in earnest. Marjorie for a while did not go near the place, because she dreaded seeing a process of complete reconstruction going on for the conversion of the legend-haunted old baronial Hall into a stucco-fronted modern villa. One day, however, she felt impelled by an irresistible impulse to go and look at the place in its present state of alteration, and she found to her surprise and gladness that there seemed to be no intention to change the outward appearance of the antiquated house.

After that she went to visit the place almost every day, and felt a mild delight as she saw that the new owner was clearly resolved to keep the turreted Hall as like its old self as possible. Sometimes she went into the house, when she found the front door open, entered this or that room, and studied the renewed decorations; the men at work allowing her free range, and shewing her the utmost respect and deference. Then there came one day not easily to be forgotten in Marjorie's life. There was a room in the old house, a sort of small library, which in her early days had been allowed by common consent to become her special sanctuary, where she kept her books and her music, her piano, her easel and her drawing materials. The walls of this room had not been papered in those days, but were painted with a delicate, soft greenish tint, refreshing to the eyes and suggestive somehow of romantic atmosphere. When Mr. Lamington came into possession of the house he very much disliked the colour, the paint, and the absence of conventional wall paper, and he prevailed upon his wife to have the room done up all over again in the newest and most approved style of West End decoration. Marjorie from that time lost all personal interest in the room, and felt that her pain of heart was so much the less when she had to abandon it altogether. And now, behold! The decaying paper had all been removed from the walls, and skilled hands were painting them with the old, dearly loved, well remembered tint. Then a flash of conviction illuminating a gladsome certainty lighted up Marjorie's heart.

"There is only one in the world besides myself," she thought, "who could have known and understood my feelings about this room; and it is he who is doing it; he who has bought this house; he who is coming back for me!" Nothing could shake her firm belief. She did not then know where Stephen Elgar was, or what he was doing; she had no other evidence of his success in his far-off enterprise, but she knew he had ordered this, that he must be coming back to claim her love, and to tell her the house was to be her home, and that room her especial sanctuary.

The days and weeks went on, and she still heard nothing of her lover, but her faith in his return and his success remained unshaken. One day she received a letter from him, intense with a lover's feeling, but giving her no distinct account of his doings and his hopes. He told her things were going well, and that the way was opening, but said nothing about the prospect of his early return. Then a new thought came into her mind and possessed it. "He is coming home," she thought, "for Christmas Day, for my birthday; he is coming home to give me a surprise. But I shall let him know that I am not to be surprised and that I am now reading his very heart." From that moment Marjorie began to count the days and even the hours that were passing until the fate-

ful, happy Christmas-time should bring her birthday and her lover.

With this faith sustaining her Marjorie felt something like composure as she saw the weeks go on, until in the deepening winter the approaching Christmas Day might be said to be already above the horizon. Mr. and Mrs. Lamington had made arrangements for a gathering of relatives and friends during the Christmas week, and Marjorie tried to throw her soul into the preparations for a festival in honour of her coming of age.

Christmas Eve came at last, and the new villa was well filled with guests. Marjorie as yet had heard nothing from Stephen to assure her of his coming, and yet she had made up her mind that he would come, and come that very evening, because of her birthday. Full of this thought, and to carry out a purpose of her own, she stole away from her guests while the wintry sun was yet sinking and made her way to the turreted house. She was carrying in her hand a bunch of mistletoe tied with a silken ribbon of her own favourite colour, and this she intended to hang up in that room in the old home which Stephen knew she had at one time regarded as her own retreat. She had an intuitive conviction that whenever he reached the sea-coast village, he would make his way first to the turreted house to satisfy his heart that its restoration was such as to prove his sympathy with the feelings of his love.

There were no workmen in the house when she reached it. The front door was made fast, but she felt sure that in that easy-going place, where no tramps or beggars were lounging about, some entrance to the building would always be found open. Her expectations were justified, for she found a door at the back with no manner of fastening to it. She went in and made her way to the sacred room. The shadows were already beginning to fall darkly, but she could see that the tinting of the walls was nearly complete. "I know he will come," she kept saying to herself, "and I want to be here in advance of his coming, to let him see some evidence that I had faith in him and left him my token of welcome." So she hung her mistletoe by its ribbon to the inner handle of the door, and was preparing to hurry back to the villa and her guests. Suddenly she heard sounds at the outer door, and was aware that a key was turning in the lock, and that footsteps were entering the hall. She stood for a moment bewildered between hope and fear. Was it only some workman returning? Or was it—and then the door of the room in which she stood was opened, and Stephen Elgar himself was there before her.

"I knew you would come," she said, "and I brought this," pointing to the mistletoe, "as a token of welcome, and as a proof that I had faith in you, and was expecting you." Then the lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

For a time their utterances were hardly articulate. Then he said, holding both her hands in his and gazing into her eyes, "I have been doing well, Marjorie. I have not made a fortune, but I have gained much by a happy stroke of fate in the new mining regions, and I see my way to doing fairly well in the coming time. We do not want to be rich, you and I, but I think we shall have enough, and I do not mean to waste too much of my life —of our lives in far-off enterprise. But whether we do much travel or not, Marjorie, this house shall always be our home. I bought it for you, and I was determined to be with you at Christmas, and to make it my offering to you on your birthday."

"I knew it," was all that she could say.

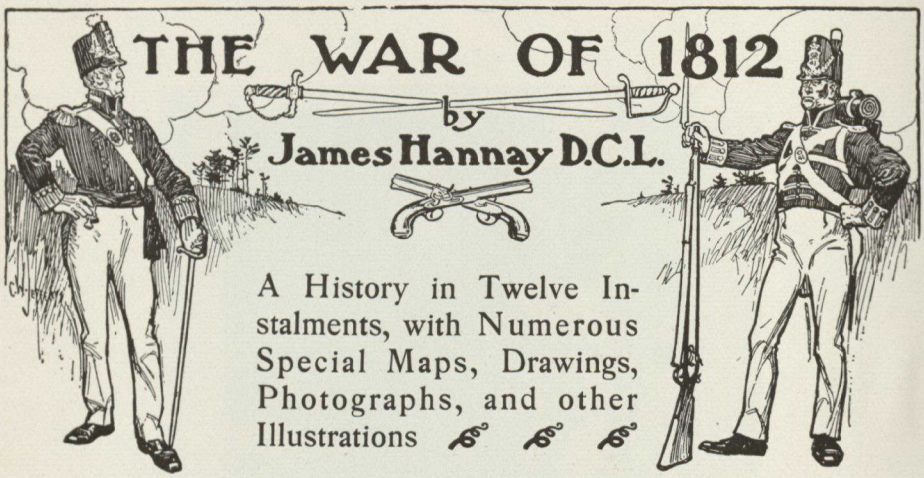
The story is told. Marjorie and her lover went together to the new villa and announced their engagement. Marjorie had a happy Christmas that year, and has since spent more than one happy Christmas in the old turreted Hall with her husband and lover.

A LAKE HURON HARBOUR BY MOONLIGHT—I

PHOTO BY R. R. SALLOWS, GODERICH

A LAKE HURON HARBOUR BY MOONLIGHT—II

PHOTO BY R. R. SALLOWS, GODERICH



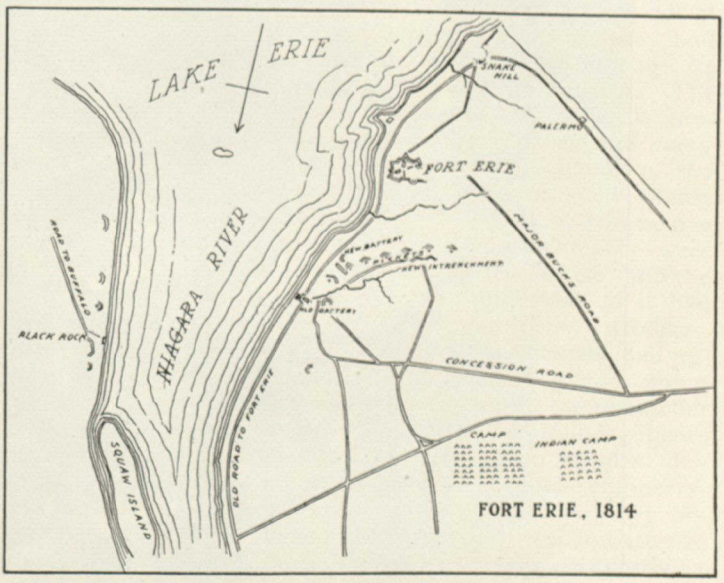
TWELFTH INSTALMENT—ABANDONMENT OF FORT ERIE, BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG, BURNING OF WASHINGTON, BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS, AND THE TREATY OF PEACE

AFTER the failure of the assault on Fort Erie, Lieut.-General Drummond continued to besiege that fortress, which was daily being strengthened by the labour of the garrison. The British were reinforced by the arrival of the 6th and 82nd Regts., whose united strength was about 1,100 rank and file, but the departure of the six companies of the 41st Regt. for Fort George and of what was left of the 103rd for Burlington Heights, left him but little stronger in numbers than he had been before the assault, and in effective strength much weaker, owing to the prevalence of typhoid fever among the troops, caused by the heavy and constant rains and the low and swampy nature of the ground on which they were encamped. The Americans had been heavily reinforced and largely outnumbered the British, so that the novel spectacle was presented of a British army besieging a larger Am-

A MEDAL PREPARED ABOUT 1815 BY THE LOYAL AND PATRIOTIC SOCIETY BUT NEVER DISTRIBUTED. THESE MEDALS CAUSED A GREAT DISCUSSION IN THE ASSEMBLY IN 1840. SOME OF THE MEDALS WERE DEFACED SOON AFTER AND SOLD AS BULLION. THE BALANCE DISAPPEARED. THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE MADE FROM A MEDAL LOANED BY A FRIEND OF THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

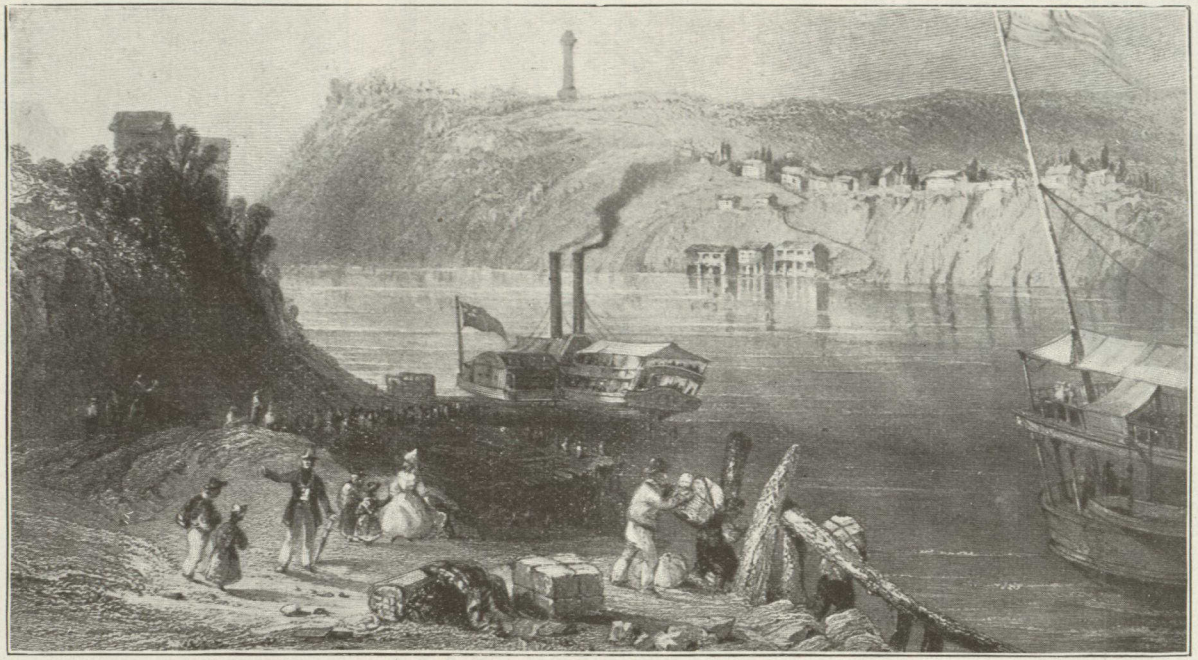
erican army in a fort which was open to the lake, which the Americans still commanded and which therefore could be reinforced at any time from Buffalo, as fast as troops were collected. The Americans had taken the precaution to protect their flanks after the capture of the *Ohio* and *Somers*, by anchoring four armed brigs of Perry's fleet and a schooner on the lake opposite Fort Erie. Yet with all these advantages General Brown did not consider himself safe and insisted on being reinforced by Izard's command from Lake Champlain.

The impossibility of the British army being readily reinforced from Kingston owing to the command of Lake Ontario having passed for the time to Chauncey, and the weak state to which his force had been reduced by sickness, determined Drummond to remove his troops to a healthier position. Intelligence of this intention of the British general reached Brown by means of deserters, and at the same came the news of the Plattsburg affair. At this juncture Brown was reinforced by the arrival of upwards of 2,000 volunteers under General Porter. All these favourable circumstances occurring at the same time induced the American General, who on the tenth of September had been writing imploring letters to Izard, in which he said "I consider the fate of this army very doubtful unless speedy relief is afforded"—to make a grand sortie against the British works and therefore gain the credit of compelling Drummond to raise the siege. This plan was carried out on the afternoon of the 17th of September, when General Brown knew that De Watteville's Regt. would be doing duty at the batteries. These batteries were distant a mile and a half from the British camp, and situated in the midst of a thick wood. Three of them were armed with cannon, but a fourth which had been commenced, and which was intended to enfilade the western ramparts of the American works, had not been completed owing to the want of guns with which to arm it. The active batteries were numbered one, two and three respectively, beginning at the British left and going towards their right.



FORT ERIE AND THE BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1814

Shortly after noon General Porter with his volunteers, more than 2,000 in number, and parts of four regiments of regular infantry, advanced through the woods by a circuitous route, which had been previously marked and which placed them within pistol shot of the British right battery, No. 3, without their being discovered. About the same time Brigadier-General James Miller, with three regiments of infantry, moved by way of a ravine which



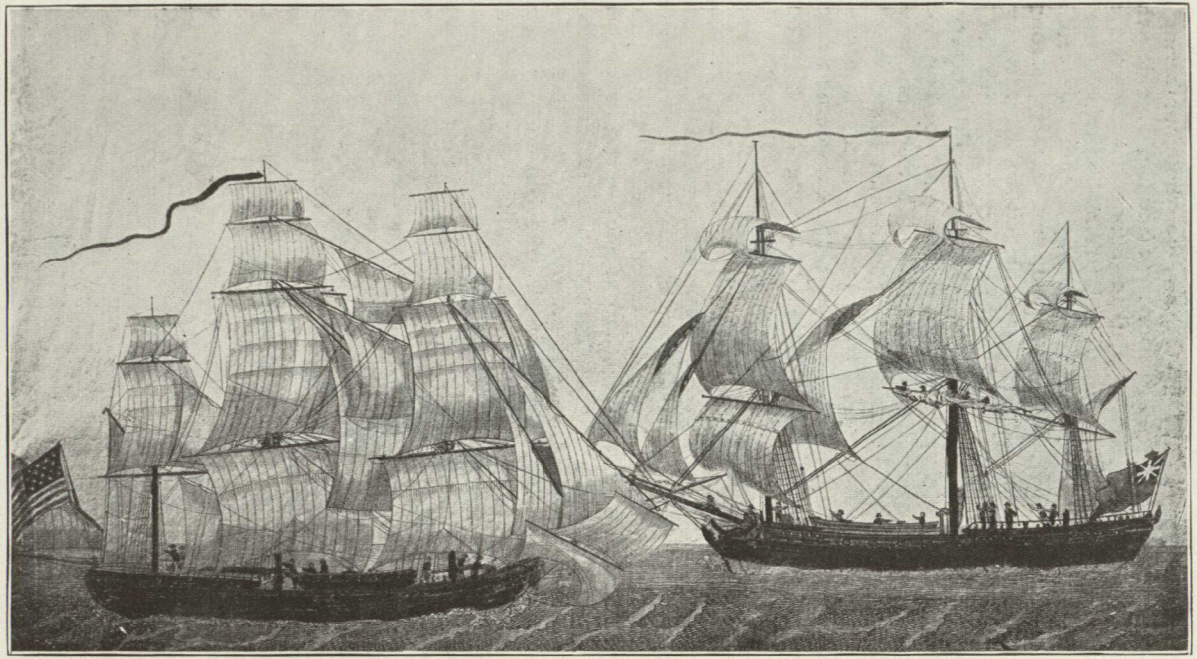
THE FIRST MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL BROCK

THIS WAS BLOWN UP ON APRIL 17TH, 1840, BY BENJAMIN LETT, A RENEGADE CANADIAN. THIS VIEW IS TAKEN FROM THE UNITED STATES SHORE, WITH QUEENSTON IN THE DISTANCE. FROM A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH

concealed his troops, to attack the British centre. He was supported by the 21st Regiment under General Ripley acting as a reserve. The advance was made under cover of a heavy fire from the American batteries, and it was greatly favoured by a thick fog which concealed the enemy's approach. At 3 o'clock Porter's men rushed from the woods in which they were hidden and attacked the British right, while Miller's column penetrated the British centre a little to the right of battery No. 2. Being in overwhelming numbers and the attack being a complete surprise, the opposition they met with was comparatively slight. Miller's column turned to the left and succeeded in surrounding the British right then briskly engaged with Porter's men, and obtained possession of battery No. 3. The small blockhouse behind it, garrisoned by a few men of the 8th Regiment, was also captured after a severe struggle. The three guns in the battery were immediately destroyed and the magazine blown up.

The Americans now turned to the right and attacked the centre British battery, No. 2. This also was carried as well as the blockhouse behind it, after a very gallant resistance from the weak detachment, composed of a part of the 8th and of De Watteville's Regt., by which they were defended. Miller was at this time joined by his reserve and he continued his advance to the right for the purpose of attacking battery No. 1. His attack on this work, however, failed, for the arrival of reinforcements from the camp brought the short-lived success of Porter and Miller to a sudden end. The moment the alarm was given the Royal Scots, with the 89th as a support, moved by the new road and met and engaged the enemy near the captured blockhouse in the rear of No. 3 battery, and checked his further progress in that direction. That gallant Canadian regiment, the Glengarry Light Infantry, advanced by the centre road, and headed by Lieut.-Col. Battersby attacked the enemy's forces in the new entrenchments and drove them out of them. At the same moment seven companies of the 82nd Regt. under Major Proctor, and three companies of the 6th under Major Taylor, the whole numbering less than 600 rank and file, were detached to the left to support batteries one and two. The latter had fallen into the hands of the enemy before this reinforcement arrived, but Miller's strong column was immediately attacked by Taylor's and Proctor's men with the bayonet, with such intrepid bravery that the Americans were not only forced back from No. 1 battery, but driven out of No. 2 with such haste, that they had no time to destroy it or damage its guns to any considerable extent. The Americans sought safety in flight, leaving a number of prisoners and many of their wounded in the hands of the British. They were pursued almost to the glacis of Fort Erie, and by five o'clock all the entrenchments were again occupied by the British, and the line of pickets established as it had been previous to the enemy's attack.

In this affair the Americans had upwards of 4,000 men engaged, about one-half volunteers and the remainder regulars, belonging to eight regiments of infantry and rifles, besides dismounted dragoons and engineers. The momentary possession they obtained of two of the British batteries caused them to proclaim this sortie as a victory, conveniently ignoring the easy manner in which they were afterwards driven out of these same batteries by a very inferior force of British regulars. The Americans give their loss at 510, of whom 80 were killed and 430 wounded or missing. This return, however, does not appear to include the losses of the volunteers. The British lost 609 men, of whom 115 were killed, 178 wounded and 316 missing. Nearly two-thirds of this loss fell on the detachment of the 8th and De Watteville's Regt. stationed at the batteries where the attack was made. The latter regiment alone lost 264 men, a greater number than was killed, wounded and missing in the en-



A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN 1812–4

FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

tire British army in the Plattsburg campaign.

On the evening of the 21st of September, four days after this sortie, General Drummond carried out his previously formed resolution of abandoning the siege of Fort Erie. He removed his guns and stores and retired with his force to a position a couple of miles from his former encampment. There he remained until the afternoon of the following day, when as the Americans made no movement from Fort Erie, he leisurely withdrew to Frenchman's Creek, a couple of miles farther. On the 24th he encamped at General Riall's old quarters at Chippewa, having previously destroyed the bridge over Frenchman's Creek and established a cavalry picket there.

In the meantime General Izard, with about 4,000 men, had been advancing from Lake Champlain towards the Niagara frontier. He arrived at Sackett's harbour on the 17th of September and on the 21st embarked with 2,500 infantry in Chauncey's fleet, leaving his cavalry and artillery to go by land. Izard landed his men at the mouth of the Genessee River and marched them to Lewiston, which he reached on the 5th of October. The British camp on the other side of the Niagara River was in sight, but Izard was in no haste to attack it. It was not until the 11th that he crossed at Black Rock and took command of all the forces about Fort Erie. He was now at the head of an army numbering more than 8,000 men, and had therefore about three times the force of General Drummond. When Izard advanced towards Chippewa, the latter prudently retired upon Fort George and Burlington. The only affair that grew out of Izard's advance was a combat which took place on the morning of the 19th at Cook's Mills on Lyon's Creek between 650 men of the 82nd, 100th and Glengarry Regts. under Colonel Myers, and General Bissell's brigade, about 1,400 strong, comprising the 5th, 14th, 15th and 16th Regts. of U.S. regular infantry, a company of riflemen and a squadron of dragoons. The thickness of the woods prevented the action being decisive, but in point of loss the Americans suffered most. The Americans had 12 men killed, 54 wounded and one man taken prisoner. The British loss in killed and wounded was nineteen. The rough handling which his men had received in the affair did not encourage General Izard to attempt any further movement. On the following day he fell back to Fort Erie.

General Izard's retreat was hastened by the arrival of a reinforcement for General Drummond, consisting of five companies of the 90th Regt., which with a supply of provisions for the army had been landed by the British fleet at Burlington on the 19th. Sir James Yeo had once more the command of the lake. His large two-decker, the *St. Lawrence*, had been completed, and his adversary Chauncey, believing with Falstaff that "the better part of valour is discretion," had retired with his fleet to Sackett's Harbour. Sir James Yeo had left Kingston on the 17th with these troops and supplies; on the 23rd he was back to Kingston, and on the 1st of November he sailed from thence with the 37th Regiment, recruits for the 6th and 82nd regiments and a brigade of artillery. These were disembarked at Fort George on the evening of the 2nd. General Izard was very prompt to take the hint conveyed in the arrival of this small reinforcement. His whole army crossed the Niagara River at the Black Rock Ferry and abandoned Canada. On the 5th of November the works of Fort Erie were blown up and laid in ruins, and the farcical pretence, which had been kept up for more than three months of desperately holding a few acres of Canadian ground, was brought to a sudden end. After three campaigns Canada had proved too tough a subject for the Americans, and its suffering people were left in peace.

It had been expected that Sir George Prevost, with so large a force at his disposal, would have made an attack on Sackett's Harbour for the purpose of destroying the American fleet there. But no attempt of this kind was made;

the war was over so far as Canada was concerned, and as soon as lake navigation closed the armies on both sides went into winter quarters. Very elaborate plans were formed during the winter for the vigorous prosecution of the contest when the spring opened, but the time for their realization never came. Before the snows of winter had melted peace had been proclaimed and all fears of another invasion were at an end.

Having brought the narrative of the events in Canada to a close, it now only remains to deal briefly with the naval and military occurrences on the ocean and seaboard of the United States from the beginning of 1814 to the end of the war. During the whole of this year so strict a blockade was maintained by the British along the entire American coast, that very few of the enemy's vessels got to sea. It was only when the blockading vessels were driven off their cruising ground by severe weather that the blockaded warships were able to slip out and make their way to some distant sea, where they could prey on British commerce.

In 1813 the American frigate Essex, commanded by Capt. David Porter, entered the Pacific and captured a number of British whalers. In January, 1814, she was anchored in the harbour of Valparaiso, in company with one of her prizes, which had been armed and named the *Essex Junior*. Here she was blockaded for seven weeks by the British frigate *Phœbe*, Capt. Hilyar, and the ship-sloop *Cherub*. The following statement shows the comparative force of these vessels:—

BRITISH.		Weight of broadside.
Phœbe	26 long 18's 14 short 32's 2 long 12's 2 long 9's 2 short 18's	lbs. 497
Cherub	18 short 32's 4 short 18's 2 long 9's	lbs. 342
		lbs. 839

AMERICAN.		Weight of broadside.
Essex	40 short 32's 6 long 12's	lbs 676
Essex Junior	10 short 18's 10 long 6's	lbs. 120
		lbs. 796

It will be seen from this statement that in weight of metal there was very little difference between the British and American vessels, but the British were greatly superior in long gun metal. On the 28th of March the Essex tried to escape, but having had her mainmast carried away in a squall, was compelled to anchor near the shore, where she was attacked by the *Phœbe* and *Cherub* and forced to surrender. Capt. Hilyar coolly selected his own distance and pounded the *Essex* to pieces with his long guns, just as Capt. Downie might have done on Lake Champlain. The loss of the *Essex* was 111 killed and wounded. Both the British vessels lost but five killed and ten wounded between them.

On the 29th of April the American ship-sloop *Peacock*, Capt. Warrington, captured the British brig *Epervier* after an engagement which lasted three-quarters of an hour. the *Peacock* was much the superior vessel, as the following comparison will show:

	No. of Broadside guns.	Weight of Metal.	Crew.
Peacock	11	338 lbs.	166
Epervier	9	274 "	118

The British vessel had 23 killed and wounded; the loss of the *Peacock* was only two men. The gunnery of the *Epervier* seems to have been very bad.

On the 28th of June the United States ship-sloop *Wasp* captured the British brig-sloop *Reindeer* after a desperate engagement. The comparative force of these vessels was as follows:

	Broadside guns.	Weight of Metal.	No. of Men.
Wasp	11	338	173
Reindeer	10	210	118

The *Reindeer* lost 67 in killed and wounded; the *Wasp* 23. The action was one of the most stubbornly contested of the whole war.

On the 1st of September the *Wasp* fought a night engagement with the British brig *Avon*, and reduced her to a sinking condition so as to compel her to strike. The *Avon* was of the same force in weight of metal and number of men as the *Epervier*. She lost 42 men in the action; the *Wasp* lost three. The American vessel was prevented from taking possession of her prize by the approach of another British war-

ship, which rescued the crew of the shattered and sinking *Avon*.

In the early part of 1815 there were four affairs on the ocean, which will be most conveniently disposed of here. The first of these was the capture off Madeira of the *Cyane* and *Levant* by the U.S. frigate *Constitution* on the 20th of February. The *Cyane* was a corvette, and the *Levant* a ship-sloop, and their armament as compared with the *Constitution* was as follows:

BRITISH.		Weight of broadside.	AMERICAN.		Weight of broadside.
Cyane	23 short 32's 10 short 18's 2 long 12's	lbs. 454	*Constitution*	32 long 24's " 22 short 32's	lbs. 736
Levant	18 short 32's 2 long 9's 1 long 12	lbs. 309			
		lbs. 763			

The *Constitution* carried 450 men; the two British vessels had 320 men between them. While there is an apparent equality in the weight of metal, there was in reality an enormous disparity of force, for, to say nothing of the superior thickness of her sides, a fast and weatherly frigate like the *Constitution* could keep her own distance out of reach of the short guns of the *Cyane* and *Levant* and destroy them both. The *Levant* was afterwards recaptured by a British squadron.

On the 15th of January the U.S. frigate *President*, Capt. Decatur, was captured by a British squadron, consisting of the razee *Majestic* and the frigates *Endymion*, *Pomona* and *Tenedos*, off Sandy Hook. The *President* was first overtaken and engaged by the *Endymion*, and this powerful frigate would no doubt have captured the American ship unaided, but for the arrival of her consorts, to whom Decatur preferred to surrender. The capture of the *President* was a fortunate event, for it enabled the British naval officers to show their countrymen the kind of marine monsters, misnamed frigates, against which the *Guerriere*, *Macedonian* and *Java* had been rashly sent to contend.

On the 23rd of March the United States ship-sloop *Hornet* captured the British brig-sloop *Penguin* in the south Atlantic. The American vessel was superior both in weight of metal and number of men, and the defence of the British brig seems to have been impaired by the early fall of her captain.

This year, for the first time, the American people began to realize the full significance of the war upon which they had so rashly entered. Hitherto the people of the sea-coast towns had only heard of it from a distance, now it was brought to their own doors, and its effects were experienced by every man, woman and child in the country. The foreign trade of the United States had practically ceased to exist, and universal bankruptcy was threatened. The revenues had greatly fallen off, in spite of the new and previously unknown forms of taxation that had been introduced, and the government was in great distress for lack of money. Loans could only be made at a ruinous rate of discount, and finally the prospect became so dark that they could not be made at all. The last loan attempted, for $25,000,000, which was offered in March, 1814, was less than half taken up, and that on terms so unfavourable that the government was compelled to resort to the issue of treasury notes, which presently fell in value 25 per cent., while the army bills of Canada were at a premium.

The first land operation undertaken by the British on the coast during the year was directed against Moose Island, or Eastport, in the State of Maine. On the 11th of July Lieut.-Col. Pilkington and Capt. Sir Thomas Hardy, with H.M.S. *Ramillies* and two transports, bearing 600 men of the 102nd Regt., arrived at Eastport from Shelburne, N.S., and summoned Major Putnam, who commanded at Fort Sullivan, to surrender. This officer was allowed just five minutes to make up his mind. He declined to surrender, upon which the troops were placed in the boats; but before they had reached the shore the flag of the fort was hauled down, and on their landing a capitulation was agreed to. Thus Moose Island

and the islands adjacent, together with Fort Sullivan and its garrison of 80 men, fell into the hands of the British without any loss of life. In the fort were found ten guns, six of them mounted, and a considerable quantity of ammunition and small arms. Eastport remained in our possession until the end of the war, and during that period enjoyed a brisk trade.

No two states in the Union had been more zealous advocates of the war than Maryland and Virginia, which between them had a population of nearly a million and a half of souls, of whom more than half a million were slaves. Virginia was the home of Jefferson, to whose anti-British feeling the war was mainly due, and it was the native state of Henry Clay, whose inflammatory harangues in Congress and political intrigues had led to hostilities between the two nations. It was therefore but natural and proper that Maryland and Virginia, as the main supports of this unnecessary conquest, should be made to experience some of its worst effects. It might have been supposed that in these States, where patriotism appeared to be at such a fever of heat, and which claimed to be the seats of chivalry and courage, there would have been some notable displays of daring in the field, but it seemed that the men of Virginia and Maryland were only good at fighting with their tongues and pens. In this they resembled those favourite sons of Virginia, Jefferson and Madison. They could talk bravely of war when it was at a distance, but when it came near their own doors they could think of nothing but flight. Jefferson was always a timid man; as his conduct in 1781, when Virginia, of which he was then Governor, was invaded by Arnold and Simcoe, conclusively proved, and Madison showed himself the same when Virginia and the District of Columbia were invaded in 1814.

Vice-Admiral Cockburn had long cherished the design of capturing Washington, and he was strengthened in the belief that this could be accomplished by his experience with the militia of Virginia and Maryland in the course of his operations in Chesapeake Bay. The American government had early been informed of the probability of an attack on their capital, and its defence had been entrusted to General Winder and a body of militia and regulars. In view of the threatened invasion a requisition was made on the several states for 93,000 men, of whom Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, the states lying nearest to Washington, were to contribute 32,000. These troops were to be embodied and held for immediate service, and it was intended that 15,000 of them should be kept at Washington for the defence of the seat of government.

On the 14th of August Vice-Admiral Cochrane, with a fleet having on board a land force under Major-General Ross, joined Vice-Admiral Cockburn in Chesapeake Bay. The direct route to Washington was up the Potomac River to Port Tobacco, which is about 50 miles from its mouth, and thence over land 32 miles farther by the village of Piscataway, to the lower bridge across the eastern branch of the Potomac. The width of the river at this point, and the prospects of it being defended by vessels of war and a body of troops on the opposite bank, induced Ross and Cockburn to adopt the other route by way of the Patuxent. Accordingly the main body of the British advanced up this river, while Captain Gordon, of the *Seahorse* 38, with that frigate, the *Euryalus* 36, three bomb vessels, and a rocket ship, moved up the Potomac to attack Fort Washington, which was about 14 miles below the capital. At the same time Sir Peter Parker, with the frigate *Menelaus* 38, was sent up the Chesapeake above Baltimore to make a demonstration in that quarter.

The defence of the upper waters of Chesapeake Bay had been confided by the American government to Commodore Barney, an officer who had been in the service of the French Directory. He had under his command a flotilla of 14 gunboats, each carrying one or two long 32, 24 or 18-pounders, accord-

ing to the size of the vessel. The aggregate crews of this flotilla numbered about 700 men. The Americans had expected great results from this little fleet, but they were disappointed. Barney had retired with his vessels into the Patuxent, and as the British advanced up that river he continued to retreat. Finally on the 22nd of August, when the British were close at hand, the flotilla which was at Big Point was destroyed by orders from Washington. The British were advancing up the river in barges, when Barney's much vaunted fleet was blown up and the crews who had manned it fled. They joined Winder's army, which was charged with the defence of Washington.

While Rear-Admiral Cockburn was pursuing the American flotilla with his seamen and marines, the army had been landed at Benedict, on the western bank of the Patuxent about 50 miles from Washington, and had marched by Nottingham to Upper Marlborough, where it arrived on the afternoon of the same day that the flotilla was destroyed. On the following day the troops were joined by Cockburn and his marines. Washington was but sixteen miles distant, and it was determined to make a bold dash for it, trusting to daring and activity rather than to numbers. That evening, the 23rd, the British forces, which numbered about 4,000 men, advanced and bivouacked for the night at Melwood, ten miles from Washington, near the junction of the roads leading to that city and to Alexandria Ferry. The American army under Winder, which the previous night had encamped at Long Old Fields, less than three miles away, was now lying across the eastern branch of the Potomac within the limits of the federal city.

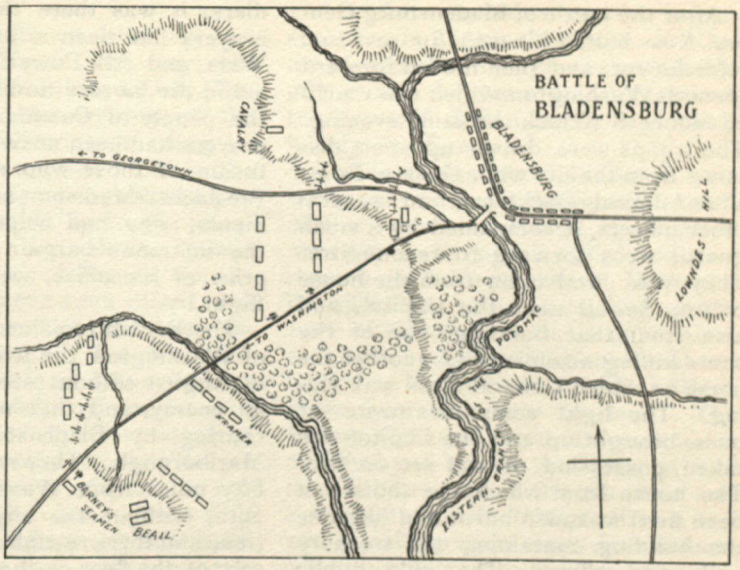
There was great alarm in Washington that night; President Madison, Secretary of State Monroe and War Secretary Armstrong, who could so lightly sanction the invasion of Canada and destruction of Newark, were in a dreadful state of perturbation. General Winder was fairly distracted, for everyone, from the President down, was tendering him advice. Both Monroe and Armstrong had served in the Revolutionary war, and both believed themselves competent to command an army. Yet there was something ludicrous in the state of utter helplessness to which this warlike governor had been reduced by the appearance of 4,000 British troops. On the morning of the 24th of August, General Winder and the members of the administration were in council at his headquarters when intelligence came that the British were marching in the direction of Bladensburg, which is on the eastern branch of the Potomac, six miles from Washington. Up to that moment President Madison and his advisers had believed that Ross would either turn towards Fort Washington, or march against the capital by the eastern bridge, which, being half a mile in length, would have enabled Madison, Monroe and Armstrong to emulate Horatius Cocles and his undaunted companions in defending their city in full view of its entire population, slaves included. General Ross did not choose to gratify the American Cabinet so far, a circumstance which made an instant change of plans on their part necessary. The troops in Washington were immediately hurried off towards Bladensburg. Secretary Monroe was sent away in advance of them to assist General Stansbury, whose brigade was already at Bladensburg, to post his troops. General Winder and his staff followed, and lastly War Secretary Armstrong, the President and the Attorney-General, all on horseback, and anxious to take a conspicuous part in the warlike spectacle.

The army under General Winder, according to American accounts, numbered 7,600 men, of whom 6,540 were at Bladensburg. Of these more than 4,000 were Maryland militia and volunteers; 1,240 were regulars of the army, or seamen and marines; more than 1,100 were District of Columbia militia, and about 100 were Virginia dragoons. Bladensburg lies at the head of small craft navigation on the

eastern branch of the Potomac, the river being crossed by a bridge about 100 feet long, which formed a part of the old post road from Washington to Baltimore. Another road from Georgetown joined the Washington road at an acute angle a few yards from the bridge. In the triangular space formed by these two roads, the Americans of Stansbury's command who had been stationed at Bladensburg, were posted on the morning of the 24th of August. Altogether General Winder had 24 guns and about 6,500 men, well posted on the Heights in front of Bladensburg, when the British attacked him. With such a force, in a situation so admirable for defence, it might have been supposed that the Americans would have offered a stubborn opposition to the advance of the British against their national capital, especially as their President was with them, and they were fighting, as it were, under the eyes of their countrymen, and, indeed, of the whole civilized world. The militia had been told a few months before on the floors of Congress by Mr. Wright of Maryland, from which state most of them came, that American valour was superior to Roman valour, this gentleman saying "He hoped whoever should speak hereafter of Roman valour on this floor would be considered as speaking of the second degree and not of the first." Under these circumstances nothing less was to be expected than that Bladensburg would be an American Thermopylæ, but it proved to be only another Battle of Spurs.

The British army, after a toilsome march of fourteen miles beneath a hot August sun, reached Bladensburg at noon. Not a moment was lost in making an attack upon the strongly posted enemy. The British attacking force was in two columns, the right consisting of 750 rank and file of the 4th and 44th Regts., led by Col. Brooke of the latter, and the left composed of the 85th Regt. and the light infantry companies of the army, numbering less than 800 men, under Colonel Thornton. As twelve of the enemy's guns enfiladed the bridge at short range, both columns suffered severely in crossing, which they gallantly did under a vigorous fire from both the cannon and the riflemen. Once over the river, Captain Brooke's column instantly stormed the six gun battery, and captured three of the 6-pounders, which one of the Baltimore artillery companies had abandoned after one discharge. The entire body of riflemen on both flanks of the battery, after one or two fires, fled. Thus was the first line disposed of. Colonel Brooke's little column now advanced against the American second line, which numbered 2,400 men, or more than three-fold his force. The regiments of Ragan and Schutz, comprising Stansbury's brigade, which General Smith declared to be the finest set of men he ever saw, immediately became panic stricken, and to quote the language of a United States historian, "fled in wild confusion." Col. Sterrett's regiment held its ground a minute or two longer and then retired in such haste, that its retreat, to quote again the same author, was soon "a disorderly flight." It is well to have United States testimony for this remarkable display of United States valour.

Colonel Thornton, in the meantime, had advanced with his column directly up the highway against the two guns which Colonel Wadsworth had posted on it to check the British. The latter, however, advanced so rapidly that the gunners had only time to give one discharge, and they also disappeared, leaving two 12-pounders in the hands of the British. Thornton now crossed the ravine and ascended the opposite bank in the face of a heavy fire from Barney's 18-pounders. He then turned from the road to the field south of it, from which Kramer's men had retreated, and deployed in front of Miller's battery of three 12-pounders. After a sharp contest with this battery and Barney's flotilla men, Thornton's force proceeded to turn the American right by a wood, and in doing so encountered Colonel Beall's regiment, which dispersed after a few volleys.



BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG, NEAR WASHINGTON

By this time Colonel Brooke's right column, after scattering their second line, had come on the left flank of their third line with such violence that the troops there, regulars and militia, instantly broke and fled, leaving Barney's left uncovered. This ended the contest; Barney's two 18-pounders and Miller's three 12-pounders were captured, and both these officers being left on the field severely wounded fell into the hands of the British. The Americans fled from the field with such alacrity that only about 120 prisoners were taken. Ten cannon and 220 stand of arms were captured. The bulk of the American army fled to Montgomery Court House in Maryland, but a great many of the militia never stopped running until they got to the safety of their own firesides. The American loss was very small and, in addition to the prisoners taken amounted to only 26 killed and 51 wounded. The British had 64 killed and 185 wounded, the gallant Colonel Thornton being among the latter.

President Madison did not win undying glory on the field of Bladensburg. General Wilkinson, who himself was no paladin, as his campaigns in Canada show, favours the public in his memoirs with a graphic description of the conduct and deportment of the chief executive of the United States, the man who had recommended war to Congress, and who had afterwards declared it, when brought into actual contact with "grim-visaged war" itself. "Not all the allurements of fame," says Wilkinson, "not all the obligations of duty, nor the solemn invocations of honour, could incite a spark of courage; the love of a life which had become useless to mankind, and served but to embarrass the public councils, and prejudice the public cause, stifled the voice of patriotism and prevailed over the love of glory; and at the very first shot the trembling coward, with a faltering voice, exclaimed: 'Come, General Armstrong; come, Colonel Monroe; let us go and leave it to the commanding general.'" A witty American writer turned this little speech into verse, in a neat parody of the words of Marmion, thus:

> "Fly, Monroe, fly! run, Armstrong, run!
> Were the last words of Madison."

Madison and his Cabinet not only fled, but they appear, as a further precaution, to have distributed themselves pretty well over the surrounding country. Two days later the President and his Attorney-General were at Brookville in Maryland; Armstrong and Monroe were at Frederick in the same state, and the Secretary of the Navy was in London County, Virginia.

After the battle of Bladensburg General Ross halted his men for rest and refreshment, and then moved forward towards Washington, which was reached about 8 o'clock the same evening. The troops were drawn up some distance from the city while General Ross, Vice-Admiral Cockburn and several other officers, accompanied by a small guard, went forward to reconnoitre. They were fired upon from the house of one Sewell near the Capitol, and also from that building, one of the shots killing a soldier and another the horse on which General Ross was riding. The light companies were at once brought up and the Capitol was taken possession of and set on fire. The house from which the shots had been fired was also burnt and likewise the building containing the treasury and war offices. The only public building left standing was the patent office. The Americans had themselves set fire to the Navy Yard, and to the frigate *Columbia* 44 and sloop *Argus* 18, which were nearly ready for service. A prodigious amount of ammunition in the magazines was blown up and a vast quantity of stores of every description destroyed. On the following day the British completed the work of destruction by burning two ropewalks and such stores and buildings in the Navy Yard as had escaped the torch the night before. The bridge across the eastern branch of the Potomac was also burnt. More than 200 cannon were taken and destroyed, and the public property thus lost to the United States Government was valued at more than $2,000,000. The burning of the public buildings was a severe measure, but a just one. It was but a proper return for the burning of the public buildings of York in the spring of 1813. It was in these halls of Congress that the acts had been passed which led to the war. It was in these now ruined buildings that the invasion of Canada had been sanctioned and her fields, farmhouses and villages given up to destruction. It was there the proud boast had been made that Canada could be taken without soldiers; it was there that hypocritical prayers had been addressed to an All Wise and All Powerful God for his aid in the murder and enslavement of the people of Canada. And now the prayers had been answered to the confusion of those who made them, and President Madison and his instruments, who had helped to complete the infamous bargain which was the price of his office, were in cowardly flight.

The British remained in possession of Washington the whole of the 25th of August without seeing the sign of an enemy, and that night withdrew, retiring by Bladensburg to Upper Marlborough. They reached Benedict, fifty miles from Washington, on the 29th, without the slightest molestation, and there re-embarked in the vessels of the fleet on the following day. They had good reason to be proud of what they had achieved. In the course of ten days they had traversed one of the most thickly settled portions of the enemy's country for more than 100 miles. They had compelled him to destroy his flotilla; they had defeated and dispersed his army; they had occupied his capital and given up his public buildings to the flames; they had set the rulers of his government scurrying across the country, a crowd of miserable fugitives, and they had returned in safety without a hand being raised against them. A cry of rage and despair arose from the whole population of the Union at this unexpected calamity. The people of the seaboard cities were in daily expectation of a similar invasion, and for two or three months there was little heard about New York, Philadelphia and other cities but the sound of citizens plying the pickaxe and shovel as they raised intrenchments to resist the British. It was a sad and humiliating change from the condition of this arrogant people at the commencement of the war.

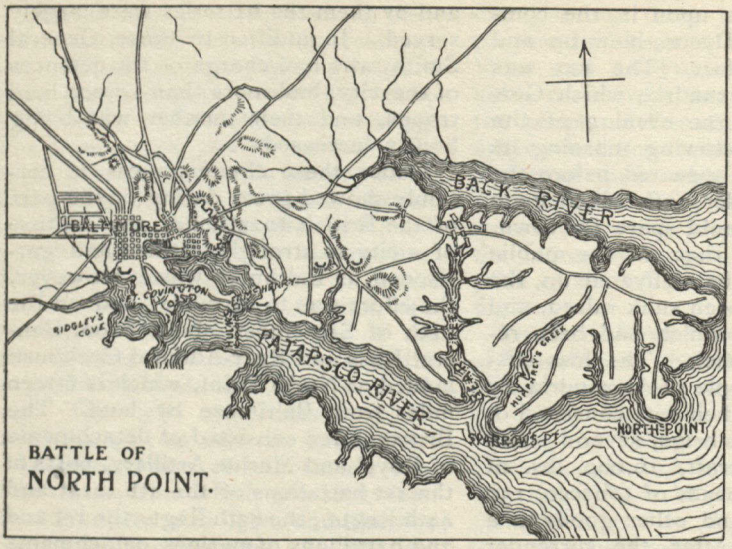
While the British were in possession of Washington, Captain Gordon was ascending the Potomac to attack Alexandria. He reached Fort Washington on the 27th of August, and as soon

as he opened fire upon it, the commander, Captain Dyson, blew up and abandoned the fort. The way was now clear to Alexandria, which Gordon reached on the evening of the 28th. On the following morning its humbled citizens appeared before the British commander and asked upon what terms he would spare the town. The terms were that all the public property should be delivered up, the vessels that had been sunk raised, and the merchandise which had been removed brought back. The loss sustained by the people of Alexandria by the surrender of their city consisted of three ships, three brigs, several small bay and river craft, 16,000 lbs. of flour, 1,000 hogsheads of tobacco, 150 bales of cotton and other goods to a large amount. After the surrender Captain Gordon was joined by the *Fairy* 18, which brought him orders from Vice-Admiral Cochrane to return. The river is very difficult to navigate, and the Americans made a desperate effort to stop him as he descended it. Commodores Rodgers, Perry, Porter and Creighton were all engaged in this work. Batteries were erected at various points along the banks, and fire ships were employed to destroy the British vessels, but these attempts failed, and Gordon got back to Chesapeake Bay with all his vessels in safety on the 3rd of September, having suffered hardly any loss.

Baltimore was the next place to be attacked, and no doubt would have easily fallen if assailed immediately after the capture of Washington. There was a good deal of delay, however, during which the Americans were laboriously preparing for the defence of the place by erecting earthworks and collecting troops. To prevent the British fleet from entering the harbour they sank 24 vessels in the narrow channel between Fort M'Henry and Lazaretto Point. An extensive system of land fortifications had been constructed and all the works were strongly manned. There were about 2,000 seamen of the navy in Baltimore whose ships had been blockaded there, and by them the batteries were largely served. In addition to these, General Smith, who had charge of the defences of the city, had more than 10,000 land troops, and their number was being hourly increased.

Under these circumstances it certainly showed great daring on the part of the British to attempt the capture of a city so strongly fortified and garrisoned as Baltimore was. However, the effort was to be made, and on the 12th of September, about noon, General Ross and Rear-Admiral Cockburn landed at North Point, which is fifteen miles from Baltimore by land. The British force consisted of detachments of Royal and Marine Artillery, parts of the 1st battalions of the 4th, 21st and 44th Regts., the 85th Regt., the 1st and 2nd battalions of marines, detachments of marines from the ships, and 600 seamen, the whole numbering about 3,300 rank and file. They advanced about three miles to a line of intrenchments which had been thrown up by the enemy, but these were immediately abandoned and the troops continued to move forward. A few miles beyond these works the British General and the Vice-Admiral, who had with them a guard of about 60 men, encountered about 400 of the enemy's riflemen, artillery and cavalry, who had posted themselves at a point about eight miles from Baltimore, and a slight skirmish ensued. General Ross was in the act of moving alone towards his supports to order up the light troops when he was shot by two riflemen concealed in a hollow at the edge of the woods, and in the course of a few minutes breathed his last. The heavy loss the army had sustained was not known until, on the advance of the light companies, he was found lying in the road.

Colonel Brooke, of the 44th Regt., who now succeeded to the command of the army, pressed vigorously forward to where the American army under General Stricker was drawn up, about seven miles from Baltimore, in order of battle. This general had about 4,500 men with him and six pieces of artillery, and his position was extremely



BATTLE OF NORTH POINT, NEAR BALTIMORE

favourable for defence, covering as it did a narrow front from a branch of Bear Creek on his right to a swamp on the margin of Back River on his left, and protected by a strong paling, behind which the troops were formed. An attack was instantly made. The light brigade, consisting of the 85th light infantry and the light companies of the army, covered the whole of the front, driving in the enemy's skirmishers on his main body. The 4th Regt. by a detour gained unperceived a lodgment close upon the enemy's left. The remainder of the right brigade, consisting of the 44th Regt., the marines of the fleet and a detachment of seamen, formed a line along the enemy's front, while the left brigade, consisting of the 21st Regt., the 2nd battalion of marines and a detachment of marines under Major Lewis, remained in column on the road, with orders to deploy to the left and press the enemy's right the moment the ground became sufficiently open to admit of that movement. In this order, the signal being given, the whole of the troops advanced rapidly to the charge. The effect of the flanking movement of the 4th Regt. may be briefly described in the language of an American historian of the war. Says this writer:—"The 51st were suddenly struck with dismay, and after firing a volley at random broke and fled in wild disorder, producing a like effect on the 2nd battalion of the 39th. All efforts to rally the fugitives were in vain." The same writer, to save the honour of his countrymen, makes the remainder of the American army bravely maintain their position for a time and then retreat in good order. "Some of the wounded," says he, "and two field pieces were abandoned." Colonel Brooke does not take quite so many words to describe the affair. "In less than fifteen minutes," he writes, "the enemy's force being utterly broken and dispersed, fled in every direction over the country, leaving on the field two pieces of cannon, with a considerable number of killed, wounded and prisoners." Of the latter about 200 were taken. The Americans, according to their own account, had but 24 killed and 129 wounded. The total British loss on shore amounted to 46 killed and 273 wounded.

The British troops being much fatigued, this being their first march after disembarkation, Colonel Brooke halted his army for the night on the ground that had been occupied by the enemy, and early next morning, the 13th, advanced to within a mile and a half of Baltimore. From this point it was proposed to make a night attack upon the enemy's works. During that day the sea defences of Baltimore were bombarded by the

British fleet, but as, owing to the shallowness of the water and the obstruction caused by the vessels that had been sunk in the narrow channel, the heavy ships could not approach nearer the fort than two miles and a half, very little damage was done, beyond dismounting one 24-pounder in Fort M'Henry. Vice-Admiral Cochrane communicated to Colonel Brooke the information that, as the entrance to the harbour was obstructed by a barrier of vessels, the co-operation of the fleet in an attack on Baltimore would be impracticable, and consequently it was agreed to abandon the enterprise on the ground that the capture of the town would not have been a sufficient equivalent to the loss which probably might be sustained in storming the heights. The army re-embarked at North Point on the 15th, leaving not a man behind, and without the slightest molestation from the enemy, who were too much cowed by the result of the battle to leave their intrenchments.

The attack upon and capture of Castine and the territory about the Penobscot River, took place between the occupation of Washington and the attempt upon Baltimore. The expedition which was under the command of Sir John Cope Sherbrooke, governor of Nova Scotia, sailed from Halifax the last week in August. It consisted of the *Dragon* 74, the frigates *Endymion* and *Bacchante* and the sloop *Sylph* with 10 transports having on board a company of artillery, two companies of the 60th, and the 29th, 62nd and 98th Regts., in all less than 1,800 rank and file. They reached the Penobscot on the 31st and were there joined by the *Bulwark* 74, and four other ships of war. On the following day they appeared before the fort at Castine, which was immediately blown up by its commander, the garrison escaping up the river. The American *Corvette Adams* 28 had just returned from a cruise and was up the Penobscot, and arrangements were at once made for her destruction. This work was entrusted to Capt. Barrie of the *Dragon*, and Lieut. Col. John, who commanded the land forces detailed for the work. The latter consisted of 600 men comprising the flank companies of the 29th, 62nd and 98th Regts., and one company of the 60th, besides a few artillery men. They were embarked in four small vessels and several barges. Capt. Morris, of the *Adams*, had made preparations to defend his vessel and stop the advance of the British, by placing the heavy guns on a high bank of Soadabscook Creek near Hampden, so as to command the river approaches from below. General Blake called out the militia, and about 600 of them were assembled at Hampden, on the 2nd of September, in addition to the crew of the *Adams* numbering 220, and about 40 regulars who had escaped from Castine. This force on the morning of the 3rd was attacked by the little British detachment and almost instantly dispersed. The valorous militia of Maine fled without firing a shot, and regulars and seamen speedily followed their example. The British captured about 80 prisoners, as many as they could overtake, and they also took 25 pieces of cannon. Pushing on to Bangor, they occupied that place, and accepted the surrender of General Blake and 190 of his men. They also took here two brass cannon, three stands of colours and other spoil. The *Adams* and two other ships, one of them armed, were destroyed by the enemy. Six vessels were burnt at Bangor and 12 were brought away. Altogether 39 cannon, most of them of heavy calibre, were taken at Castine, Hampden and Bangor, in addition to small arms and a large quantity of stores and ammunition. The British rebuilt and garrisoned the fort at Castine, and it remained in their possession to the end of the war.

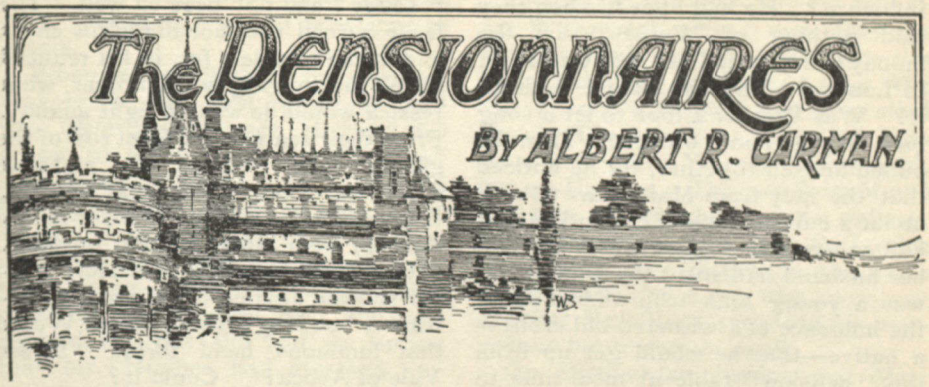
On the 9th of September, Lieut.-Col. Pilkington was sent with a small force to effect the capture of Machias, the naval part of the expedition being under the command of Capt. Hyde Parker. The British disembarked at Buck's Harbour, and after a difficult night march reached the rear of Fort O'Brien at daybreak on the 10th. The

garrison, which consisted of 70 regulars and 30 militia, instantly evacuated the fort and escaped into the woods, leaving their colours behind them. Machias, East Machias, and the Point Battery were occupied the same day, and altogether 26 pieces of ordnance were taken, besides 160 stand of small arms and a quantity of ammunition. The militia of Washington County agreed not to bear arms during the war and hostilities ceased. The result of these operations were that the whole of eastern Maine from the Penobscot to the New Brunswick boundary passed under British rule.

The only other operation of the war that remains to be mentioned is the expedition for the capture of New Orleans. A full description of this unfortunate affair is without the scope of this history. It was an enterprise which had no connection with the defence of Canada either directly or indirectly, and the causes which set it on foot were quite apart from the other circumstances of the war. Undertaken on imperfect and erroneous information, with an entire ignorance of the difficulties, natural and artificial, that had to be overcome, and with inadequate means, success was rendered impossible by the numerous delays which retarded the British advance, and in the final battle the soldiers of the British army were simply led up to be slaughtered by riflemen who could not be reached because no sufficient means of scaling the works which protected them were at hand. On this point we have the evidence of Major Latour, the Engineer officer who constructed the works for General Jackson, who says that the attack must have been determined on by the British generals "without any consideration of the ground, the weather, or the difficulties to be surmounted, before they could storm lines defended by militia indeed, but by militia whose valour they had already witnessed, by soldiers, bending under the weight of their loads, when a man unencumbered would that day have found it difficult to mount our breastworks at leisure and with circumspection, so extremely slippery was the soil."

Before the battle of New Orleans was fought, a treaty of Peace had been signed at Ghent by the British plenipotentiaries and those of the United States. One of the latter was Henry Clay, who in a speech advocating the war, had said of the British:—"We must take the continent from them. I wish never to see a peace till we do." Yet this blustering demagogue, who had done so much to bring about a wholly unnecessary war in which his own brother-in-law and thousands of better men were killed, was glad enough to sneak off to Europe, and to spend the better part of a year in begging a peace which had become absolutely necessary unless the United States were to be wholly ruined and the Union dissolved. The war had been undertaken by the United States ostensibly on account of the British refusing to yield the right of search and the impressment of seamen. In the instructions given to Clay and Russell in February, 1814, when leaving for Europe as peace plenipotentiaries, they were told to insist on the right of search, and of impressment being abandoned by the British. "Our flag," said the instructions, "must protect the crew, or the United States cannot consider themselves an independent nation." The British plenipotentiaries wholly refused to yield to this demand, and the ostensible cause of the war was never mentioned at all in the Treaty of Peace. Yet, so weary were the people of the United States of the contest; so great was their joy at the return of peace, that the terms upon which it was made, so far from being criticized, were not even considered. It was enough for them that the war was ended.

THE END



RÉSUMÉ—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, the Albrechtsburg. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is re-created by her experience with peculiar results. She sings and talks with enthusiasm to the delight of Vogt and Werner and to the disquietude of Hughes. The party move to a pension in Lucerne, where Werner extends his influence over Jessica. Goaded beyond endurance, Hughes plans a kidnapping. It fails ignominiously. Yet it resulted in Hughes discovering that he desires Miss Murney as a personal possession. He proposed, was refused, and departed. From Lucerne the Murneys go to Paris, accompanied by Herr Vogt and followed by Herr Werner. Jessica sings to her first public audience and is enthusiastically received. From the successes of Paris she goes to London and again meets Mr. Hughes who has returned from Africa with a reputation for bravery. He asks her to sing, at her first public appearance, their old song "Sweet Vale of Avoca."

CHAPTER XXV

WOULD she sing it? What had she meant by saying that she would "try hard to sing it?" Why should she "try hard" to encourage him to hope for her love?—for that was what it meant to him. It was not a thing to be tried for—it was a thing to know at once whether she wanted it or not. But it might have been a chance phrase meant to cover a deeper meaning. At all events, the thing was—would she sing it? For the rest of the week there was no other question before Hughes—a Hughes, be it remembered, who had left much of his equipoise on a recent fever bed.

The lady from Maine was in town, saw the Hughes "personal" and called.

"I knew you had it in you," she said admiringly. "I have known it from that night—Sh-sh! No. I mention no names. You can depend on me."

"I should hope so," said Hughes with genuine disquietude.

"I'm all right," she assured him. "But Sam is getting reckless—he thinks it too good a joke on me—"

"But he mustn't," cried Hughes energetically.

"I wish you could scare him into keeping 'mum' someway," sighed the lady from Maine. "If my brother ever gets hold of it—"; and she sighed again. "Yet it was a brave, good, chivalrous thing to do," she went on emphatically; and then she broke off with—"Say! of course, you know the Murneys are here?"

"Yes," said Hughes.

"And Herr Werner?"

"No. Is he?"

The lady from Maine nodded. "I saw him with Herr Vogt on Oxford street."

"With Herr Vogt?" exclaimed Hughes in surprise. Why had not the Murneys mentioned him? "I will try hard to sing it," Jessica had said. Was she struggling against Werner's

influence? He had hoped, when they said nothing of Werner, that the moony German had not followed them to London. But why should he hope it? Was Werner a fool to let a song bird in his hand escape? Then he pulled himself together, for he noticed that the lady from Maine was talking about a curious case of hypnotism that had occurred in Algiers where she and her husband had spent the winter. It was a young man who was so under the influence of a withered old crone—a native—that he would get up from the "pension" table at meal-time to go to her, believing that she had summoned him, and he finally married into her family, dressing as an Algerian. "And after that," said the lady from Maine, "he was no longer hypnotised—they say he used to beat the old woman—but his nature was entirely changed, and he really became one of them."

At the time Hughes thought nothing of this incident, lumping it with the jumbled mass of incongruous experiences related by the lady from Maine; but when his mind went back by the familiar channel to Jessica he wondered if Werner's hypnotic influence might not finally—if it had not done so already—work a permanent change in her character. More than ever, the question was—"Would she sing 'Sweet Vale of Avoca?'" thus signalling to him a message of encouragement. Jove! how easy it would be if such a message could be got by dropping over a stockade at midnight and plunging into the jungle! He might have returned her call and put all to the test of a question; but, after his failure at Lucerne and his long hopelessness, he felt that he could do nothing till she flew her song-signal of hope. He must wait for that.

The Hughes trio went early to St. James's Hall to attend their "morning concert," which took place in the afternoon. Capt. Hughes had improved already so he could move slowly along an uncrowded street without help, except at the crossings; and his wife wore a look of peace again. But "Teddy" had not been so well. The fever burned occasionally in his cheek and at the temples; for, in his reduced state, the longing wonder over what Jessica would do was no light anxiety. From their seats in the front row of the gallery they watched the audience come in, and, with great delight, Hughes pointed out to his sister-in-law the lady from Maine and her husband. After a time the tall form of Herr Werner showed against the mass at the entrance, but Hughes was silent. Would that luminous head forbid "Sweet Vale of Avoca?" Could it?

Jessica was down twice upon the programme — both German songs. But, of course, that was to be expected. She could not put a simple air on the printed programme—Hughes knew enough of musical "good form" for that. It would come as one of the "encores." There was other music. A big fellow with waving hair blocked the stage for a while with a fat 'cello, and for a moment Hughes feared that he would be re-called; but the applause died away before he could decently come back. Then there was a song largely composed of bass growls and stentorian invocations; then an old favourite with Hughes played the violin and he forgot for a while his anxiety; then a tall, thin girl with a tall, thin voice; and then—Jessica!

The audience sat as if caught in a spell—all except an old man near them who "conducted" for Jessica while she sang, with a happy, uplifted face and two tremulous old hands, vibrant in the air. Hughes had never heard her sing in public before—that is, the great, strange public of the concert hall. Just at first, the apparent lack of purpose in her music—to his unmusical ear—held him at bay; then came a note that was the familiar Jessica, and after that he seemed to hear the song only in his heart. If he could have seen poor Werner at this time, some part of the load of anxiety which he had been carrying for days past would have gone for ever. On Herr Werner's face was stamped such a look as one might wear whose best loved was

dead, but who now seemed to have come back again—and to have come to others.

When Jessica finished, the applause that broke out, first rapturous and then determined, made Hughes' decision to insist upon an "encore" superfluous. So he got ready the bouquet he had chosen to send to her when she should have sung his Irish air. She came back smiling and bowed and sang—something Italian. Her reception had pleased her, and she showed it. But she had no notion that Mr. Hughes had attached any such importance to his request for the "Sweet Vale of Avoca" as, in his fever-weakened condition, he had; so when Herr Vogt had scouted it at first hearing, she had pressed it no farther, thinking that a sufficient reason to give Hughes when she should see him. And there was a feeling now in her breast, born of maiden shyness, that she should leave it to him at this point to take his man's natural right of initiative. He might have returned her call, and he had not.

Hughes sat stolid in his chair and listened to the Italian song—not with his heart now, hardly with his ears. This was the far-away Jessica—Werner's Jessica. What a weak folly it was in him to think that she had meant anything by her call but a kind gratulation on his escape from death! However, retreat was not in his make-up, so he waited for the next song, and the next "encore." They came in time—both of them. But never once did her voice bear out to his ear the familiar strains. Quicker and quicker in the hot atmosphere had the pulse at his temple beaten; and by the time he had heard her second "recall," and knew that it was not that for which he waited, the throbbing pulse had turned into a roll of drums—the drums of the relieving force—and that was all he heard.

When they carried him out after Jessica had finished, the bouquet he had meant for her rolled from his lap to the floor; and the man who rushed down from "standing room" to seize the vacant chair, put his heel on it.

Jessica did not hear until the following Wednesday why it was that the Hughes party had not waited for her in the hall after the concert, and why Mr. Theodore Hughes had not called since. The lady from Maine, her husband and Herr Werner had waited, but no Hughes. The lady from Maine had seen Mr. Hughes in the gallery, but had not seen him go. So Jessica went home, her elation in the day's success lost; and it was with an uneasy eye that Herr Vogt regarded his marvellous but uncertain pupil.

On Wednesday Jessica met Mrs. Capt. Hughes, who had come up to town to get a specially trained nurse for her brother-in-law. They had managed, she told the wild-eyed Jessica, to get him down home after his seizure at the concert, but they did not know how the tearing delirium which was now tossing him about on a sleepless bed might end. His strength had been so badly eaten out by the African fever before they started for England. "I am sure you couldn't do it," she began with the tenderness of a good woman who is most reluctant to locate blame when she feels it is most deserved, "but it is too bad that you could not have sung 'Sweet Vale of Avoca.' He seemed so set on it."

"Did he say so?" cried Jessica.

"Say so?" repeated Mrs. Hughes, sadly—"Not a word before; but he has hardly said anything else since."

"O-oh!—in his delirium," breathed Jessica.

Mrs. Hughes nodded slightly with set lips. They were two silent women who faced each other then amidst the roar of a London street; and from that time on Mrs. Capt. Hughes knew that Jessica loved "Teddy" as "Teddy" loved her. And Jessica knew that she knew. So it was without any premise that she said—

"Could you take me down with you?"

"Yes. I leave Paddington at 5.10."

"Mother and I will meet you on the platform—and go to the hotel."

"There will be room at the house, but—"

"We will go to the hotel," repeated Jessica, with a touching smile that told her thanks.

Herr Vogt, when she got back to their lodgings, pronounced an instantaneous and imperial veto. It was madness—it was impossible—it was Friday night that she was to sing at Lord Dovercourt's. She would all out of tune be—she would depressed be—she would her fine reputation ruin. Mrs. Murney was silent with a numb feeling where she was usually conscious of her ambitions. The column of Jessica's throat held her head at a firm poise, her eyes had the glint of a fixed purpose, and the swell of her bosom rose and fell with her quick breathing; and she got her mother's things and her own ready for the journey. All she said to Herr Vogt was that she was going, and that she hoped for his sake—and for her own—that she would be back, well and bright, for Friday.

"Go vith her! Go vith her!" Herr Vogt cried at last to Mrs. Murney; "and pring her pack, tod or alife."

■

CHAPTER XXVI

A RIVER flowing softly through green banks and ever brimming over a weir. An arched bridge spanning it, and over it a road that on the further bank becomes the street of a quiet village. Door-yards filled with old-fashioned flowers; stone houses for the most part with windows enframed in vines. An inn, with a creaking sign in front—"The Jolly Hostler"—and a drive-way through the lower story between the coffee-room and the bar into an inner court. A gray, plain church with a square, plain tower in a grass-tossed, mossy-marbled graveyard. A long, low stone wall at the upper end of the village, curving in finally to great gates through which a drive-way sweeps into an avenue of chestnuts—and beyond the Hughes homestead.

Jessica and Mrs. Murney stopped at "The Jolly Hostler," and Mrs. Capt. Hughes and the nurse went on to the avenue of chestnuts and the anxious house at the end—silent save for the ravings of one poor panting being, who ran the gamut of hope, anxiety and despair with sickening regularity. It was far oftener despair than anything else, for he lived over again those weary, empty, ghastly West African days when, with the tireless doggedness of his race, he sought to murder memory. The Captain knew nothing at that time of his trouble, for he confessed only to ennui when he came; but when he lay on his fever cot at the "post," the Captain learned much of a girl whose name was Jessica, and whose throat was round and full like that of a Greek goddess, and in whose cheek the rose had a trick of coming and going, and whose hands were soft and cool—cool. "Jessica! Ah—beg pardon—Miss Murney," he would say huskily, "Would you—just put your hand—on my forehead? Thanks—delicious—delicious!"—and sometimes he would go to sleep thus.

But there was more than this. There were passionate outbreaks against a doubly-condemned, blackguardly, cowardly dog of a German hypnotist—a vampire—a man who would not "stand up to it"—and sometimes there was talk of a "rescue," followed by much self-contempt and muttering shame. And then there would be brighter intervals, walking the paths of a "Garten" and playing amid the flowers.

But now the tortured, stoic-faced Captain found a new interlude in the delirium into which the patient ran again and again. It began with a reserved pleasure—an ecstasy held well in hand—over a new meeting with a restored Jessica—almost the old Jessica, by Jove!—quite the old Jessica, for she would sing "Sweet Vale of Avoca"—of course she would sing it; she said she would try hard. But Werner was in town. Well, they would see. Of course she would sing it. She had said—and so the raving went on in an ever-maddening paroxysm of anxiety, until he would shout out that she was coming to sing it—

that there she was—didn't they all see her?—but, of course not—they didn't know what she was going to sing—only he knew that—only he—he and she—it was their secret—

And now she was singing—now she was singing—and his voice would die away to a whisper—"Not it"—the Captain had to bend over him to hear what he was saying—"Not it! Not it! Not it!"—in mournful repetition. After each of these paroxysms he seemed visibly to sink.

All day Thursday he did not regain consciousness; and though Jessica and Mrs. Murney went up the avenue of chestnuts three times, and shook hands with a tearful group of women—mostly in silence—and talked in low tones with Mr. Hughes, sen., in a corner of the garden, whither he led them out of hearing of the house; they did not think it safe to let Jessica within the sick room—nor did she feel herself in any position to urge it. Friday morning brought two urgent telegrams from Herr Vogt, one to Jessica and one to Mrs. Murney. Jessica should come back by an early train so as to get her nerves in order. That night was the great night on which all things depended. Jessica said—"We will go and see how he is."

"But you will sing to-night?" pleaded her mother.

"Yes," said Jessica after a little—"if he is no worse."

There was no change; so she told Mrs. Capt. Hughes of her engagement at Lord Dovercourt's and what it meant to Herr Vogt and her mother, and said that she would come up again in the afternoon, and then leave by the four o'clock train—if Mrs. Hughes would promise faithfully to send her a telegram that night and another in the morning. Mrs. Hughes promised, and said that it was too bad that she had to sing when she felt so anxious.

"The public," said Jessica, smiling ruefully, "is like a cat—very amiable when it is stroked the right way, but it would never think of going without a meal simply because the song bird it had bargained for was needed at the nest."

When they came up to take leave in the afternoon, Mrs. Capt. Hughes was the only one who could speak to them. "Teddy" was worse. He had had a bad spell, and was now deeper in the fogs of delirium than ever. Jessica stood breathless for a minute; then—"I cannot go, Mamma!" she said.

"But, Jessica!" was all her mother said.

"Yes, I know," said Jessica humbly—she was thinking of the crumbling of her mother's dreams. "And Herr Vogt would be so disappointed, too." Then—"Could I see him, do you think?"

"I'll ask the doctor," said Mrs. Hughes; and in a few moments the Doctor came in with—"Yes. It can do no harm."

"Oh! Don't say that!" cried Jessica, going up to him. "It sounds so hopeless."

The doctor—an old man with a bushy whisker—wiped his moustache away from his mouth, and coughed—and smiled—and started bravely out with—"But you don't want—"and then he stopped. He could not make his obvious joke. His lips came together again. Then he put his hand on Jessica's shoulder. "I wish," he said, "he could see that look on your face, poor lad. It would cure him."

Then Jessica went up and sat in the chair they placed for her at the foot of the bed. Hughes with flushed face and tossed hair lay muttering, sightless, before her; and she knew only that grief was strangling her. A pain came in the centre of her forehead and pressed dully on her mind. The mutterings became coherent—he was in his old paroxysm of anxiety, eagerly assuring himself again and again that she would sing his chosen air. Mrs. Capt. Hughes touched her on the shoulder. "Would you like to go out?" she said. Jessica grasped her hand for answer, and sat upright and still. With pitiless slowness the delirium went its usual course. He was confident—he doubted—at last he saw her come. Would she—would she sing it? Did they not see her? No! Of course

not. Only she and he knew what she would sing—it was their secret—now she was singing—what was it?

And then in that hushed chamber, gray with the shadow of death, rose from the white lips of the erect woman at the foot of the bed, now leaning somewhat forward, the soft, sweet strains of "Sweet Vale of Avoca." The poor mother looked up from her chair, where she had been silently weeping, and held out a hand to stop her; but the doctor took the forbidding hand in his and motioned Jessica to go on. But Jessica saw neither of them. The voice of the sick man, as it had pleaded for the song, filled her mind. So on she sang, and the flushed man on the bed ceased muttering—then he turned his eyes toward her; and she came to the end of her song.

"Sing it again," said the doctor quick and sharp; and again Jessica sang it through. Hughes lay listening in silence and his breathing became more regular.

"Well, that beats Beecham," muttered the doctor to his beard; and crossing to Jessica, asked—"Can you stay to sing that when he gets bad again?"

"Yes," said Jessica simply.

"But—but your engagement," whispered Mrs. Capt. Hughes, at no little cost to herself.

"I have not forgotten," replied Jessica; and, going down stairs, she put her arms around her mother, and told her what had happened. And Mrs. Murney, without a word, went to the post office and wired Herr Vogt—

"Jessica cannot come. Cannot; you understand. Am writing."

And that night, when a distracted musical manager was apologizing to Lord Dovercourt—and especially to Lady Dovercourt—for the absence of his "star," and when another young singer was, all in a flurry, having her chance because of the unexpected gap in the programme, "the wonderful Miss Murney," who was to have sung weird, wandering things in German, and soaring, ecstatic things in Italian, to a properly bored company who gave their tolerant patronage to nothing less "correct," sang an old Irish air again and again through the long night in a sick chamber, from which the gray shadow of death lifted, and lifted, until, with the coming of the sun, it vanished altogether.

It was four days before the doctor would let Jessica leave; and by then Hughes had known of her presence for two. He could do little yet but lie and look at her, but he managed to say before she went—

"It was so good of you to come—mother would like it so." And then—"You sang it, didn't you? I seem to remember that you did."

"I have sung it a hundred times," she whispered back; and he was satisfied.

She went into London the day before her second engagement in the Park Lane district; and Herr Vogt tried her voice with great anxiety. She had been for a week in the very atmosphere against which Herr Werner had specifically warned him; and there was a new look on her face. She stood out from the piano and sang one of her first selections with him—a German love lyric; and half-way through there was a faltering, and then the music stopped. But it was Jessica who turned to Herr Vogt for an explanation; for it was he who had stopped playing and sat looking at her with his great bulging eyes a-swim and his fingers working nervously.

"You haf it learned," he said throatily. "You know what lof is?"

Jessica looked at him and smiled. "How did you know?" she asked.

"You told me," he said simply; and then—"You make me to lof. You will make all the world to lof—ven you like that sing."

And he let her sing love songs to the "crush" in Park Lane, and the most industrious function-goer could hardly remember to have heard the general conversation so seriously interrupted. They said that it broke off four arranged matches and brought about a most improvident mesalliance—but there is no limit to gossip.

Then the Murneys went back to the country, for Mrs. Hughes had written to ask them; Jessica only coming up for the day to sing to the Bohemian gathering. The Bohemians thought her rather absent-minded, but felt the magic of her singing; and cabled a third instalment of praise of her to New York. When Jessica went back to the country she took Herr Vogt with her; and he stayed at "The Jolly Hostler."

■

CHAPTER XXVII

THE wooing of a convalescent is a topsy-turvy business—where the convalescent is a man. He must be humoured, and yet not humoured too much, lest he feel a note of insincerity in his lady's kindness. He can hardly take a compelling initiative; yet he must in a measure do so, else the wooing will drag. He has a prescriptive right to "whims" as an invalid, and she as a maiden; and they must come at some equitable method of distribution.

But as the days went by Mr. Hughes grew stronger, and Jessica gradually withdrew from the character of singing nurse. With returning vigour he became more himself—more reserved—more jealous of permitting his emotions expression. But the mask had been up for a while, and Jessica had seen that there was more in that heart than she had ever dreamed. When she glowed over a splendid sunset as it showed right down the avenue of chestnuts, and Hughes only said: "Yes, it is worth sitting up to see," she knew that it was not his perception that was at fault, it was only that he had been trained in a racial school of self-suppression.

But, for all that, she likewise knew that there were things in her soul that were not in his—that thoughts filled her mental horizon with beauty and nobility and inspiration which never so much as showed above the sky-line of his. And this knowledge gave her disquietude; for now they both knew also that each loved the other, and there was no thought but that the day would come when he would ask leave to put a ring on her finger. Still, when they talked together, first as he lay on his cot on a side gallery and then as they walked in the shade of the chestnuts, she saw that this difference did not make for dullness, and then—somewhat to her surprise, it must be confessed—that there were qualities in him that were not in her, and that he saw some things at first sight which he had to teach her to discern.

They were not alike; this she had known all along—but she felt her face grow hot as the memory came that she had thought this due to his failure to leap with her from the lower to the higher mental plane. She was far better than she had been; but she was no longer certain that the old Jessica was an exact counterpart of Hughes. She—the new Jessica—saw and comprehended things in him to which the old Jessica would have been hopelessly blind. And she was constantly peering into his mind, trying to get a full view of principles and motives there, of which he only showed—and with reluctance—a fragment at a time.

One day the curate came up the chestnut avenue, with his wide hat and his smooth face and his oily voice—and his impressive way of saying nothing—and said that they were going to give a garden party at the Rectory, and that he would like Mr. Theodore Hughes to promise to be present, for that would bring a lot of the neighbouring young men to see the hero. Hughes flushed to the hair line, and looked as uncomfortable as a well-bred man dare. Jessica knew that he would rather risk the jungle again than face a circle of perspiring young admirers in the character of a hero; and she expected to hear a confused but emphatic refusal. But he accepted and promised to go, and the curate shook hands with everybody and learned that they were all well, and took an anxious but teachable interest in the perplexity of Mr. Hughes, sen., as to whether a certain plant with a purple flower should

be put at the upper or lower apex of a crescent-shaped bed, and then went off down the avenue of chestnuts with a walk that was a nice blend of the cloister with the proper friskiness of a semi-athletic curate on a day of church sports.

"It is very nice of you to go," said Jessica to Hughes; "but I was surprised that you would."

"Oh!" and he made a deprecatory grimace—"I shall hate it!—but a fellow should, you know."

Jessica wondered why Hughes thought so. She thought so herself, but she took a delight in exploring the "run-ways" of his mind. So she said—

"Yes, I suppose so. But I wonder why?"

"Duty," said Hughes, shortly.

"To the church?"

"Ye-es; but not altogether. One should"—and he paused—"it is not nice to say it—but one should set something of an example. I—they think I did something down in Africa —"

"You did," Jessica could not help breathing, though she feared to interrupt him.

"—Well—they think so anyway—and if I go to the church affair—to show off"—and he threw up his head in a short, embarrassed laugh—"it will bring some young men there—and it'll, perhaps, give them the idea of doing their duty when the pinch comes—they will see that it is recognized."

"Doing their duty?"

"Yes—climbing a stockade or—shooting a Boer, or something of that kind."

Duty! That was the first word in Mr. Hughes' religion—and it generally meant doing what was expected of an English gentleman. Now the old Jessica had no such notion of duty. At that point, she and "Teddy" Hughes were miles apart. The new Jessica, on the other hand, was very near to sympathy with it—"*noblesse oblige*" had for a heart that bowed to the great, a real meaning.

Mr. Hughes' mental attitude towards her new self was also a subject of study. He showed plainly that he knew that she was not like the old Jessica, and it was also discernible that it was somewhat of a surprise to him that the change had not been toward a sort of sentimental insanity. When Jessica dwelt upon what some stirring poem of the olden time meant for her, he no longer sought to escape from the subject—he listened, though in non-committal silence. He would not have her know that he was trying in a serious spirit to see what she saw; but, so far as he could do it in secure secrecy, that was what he was doing. And she knew it all the time.

What, then, had he thought of the old Jessica? Was it love? Could a man love a woman who had no understanding of most that was serious in him—who could do nothing but play at games with him—who entertained him in his hours of ease? An illuminating example of what might be done in this way lay under her eyes. Mrs. Capt. Hughes was as sweet a soul as e'er drew breath; but when the Captain wanted to talk seriously on politics, on the art of war, on the good old crusted literature in which he was interested, on patriotism which was largely his religion, he would as soon have thought of seeking his dog as his wife. Yet he loved her—tenderly. He would sit with a proud smile on his lips and tell what a matchless house-keeper she was. There were certain dishes she could cook "better than any woman on earth." He was unhappy when she was out of the house, and would go off in half an hour to look her up. She had her charities in the neighbourhood, and he doted on the details of them, which she told him with a loving desire for approval. So perfect did he think his wife that he judged all other wives by her; and when he met a woman who talked with him on politics or anything else in which "the Corporal," as he called her, was not concerned, he openly and with perfect sincerity pitied that woman's husband. He didn't want to marry a politician or another soldier or a blue-stocking or anything of that sort. It was with

difficulty that he kept his uneasiness about "Jessica's queer notions" from "Teddy."

Yes, Jessica thought, she might have been that kind of a wife to "Teddy"—only more entertaining and less useful; and "Teddy," she believed, would have been abundantly satisfied. Love, she decided with her acquired, Werneresque habit of analytic thought, was a thing apart. It was not esteem, it was not enjoyment of good companionship, it was not comfort in a well-kept home. It might exist with or without all of these. When you love, you think the accomplishments of the beloved the most worthy in the world; and you forgive every fault but a failure to return your love. Why you love?—that is the deepest secret of nature.

It was Herr Vogt who brought things to a climax—and a settled basis. He naturally tired of living at "The Jolly Hostler," giving Jessica an hour a day, and seeing her hurry up to London to sing at what engagements he got for her. This was not launching her upon a career which was to make them both rich and famous. So he thought out and proposed a programme. Now that their visit was over—this he assumed—they would go back to London and close the season with a blaze of glory; then, on a profit-sharing basis, he would go with them to New York to get ready for the opening of the winter season there—or he would go back to Dresden, and leave them free to do what they liked.

No, they both said, he must come to New York with them—he must share in whatever success they might have. Well then, he asked, could they come to London to-morrow? Mrs. Murney feared that "to-morrow" would be rather abrupt; but Monday? "Goot!" Monday would do—these English did nothing on Sunday and began doing it on Friday. Jessica wondered in her heart what Monday might see.

Mrs. Murney told of the decision at the head of the avenue of chestnuts, and was full of polite gratitude for their "English hospitality." She knew now what an English home was.

Hughes looked swiftly at Jessica, met her eyes in startled questioning for just a moment—and then he smiled. What he read there seemed to bring him re-assurance and content. He crossed over to where she was and said—

"Come. Let us walk in the shade of the chestnuts."

So they went off together, his step still a little weak and his arm helpless in a sling. Jessica was steadily silent, leaving the first word to him.

"Can you manage to give it up?" was what he said.

"Must I?" she asked in a momentary regret and incipient rebellion.

"Oh, no! Not altogether," he hurried to say. "It is quite the thing to sing—a little—in society; in quite an unprofessional way, you know—"

Jessica drew a deep breath and lifted her head.

"—and then there are Church things to be sung for," he went on doubtfully; "and—."

"But that is not art," burst out Jessica. "Singing selections at a parish concert—singing ballads at a school closing." And she stopped.

Hughes was silent, for this was the Jessica he did not know. They walked on for quite a minute, the flecked sunshine falling through the chestnuts, dappling their figures. There came a little increase of paleness to Hughes' face, and then he said—

"I could not have you a professional singer."

Jessica looked at him, rigid and intent on his thought. It seemed so school-girlish to remind him that he had not yet asked her to be his in any capacity. So she only said—

"It is not to be a professional that I want—it is to be an artist—to work and work at my music until I can put the best in me into the best of it, and then sing it to—to you and—everyone."

"I shall never stop you from that," he said quickly. "I may not know all you sing, but when you come to live here—"

She laughed and he stopped. Then his eyes twinkled in the old way.

"Haven't I put it in words yet? Well,

I did once, you know; and I took it for granted then that you would not come—perhaps I have taken it for granted now that you will—." And he stopped again, and looked at her with eyes from which an eager question shone. Jessica thought to tease him with a doubtful smile, but it melted before the rising of something overwhelming within her, and her heart looked out at him through her passionate eyes.

"My darling!"—and his unhurt arm was about her, and both of her's about his neck—and it was well that they stood where a chestnut and the old wall cut off the view on one side, and a great empty field promised privacy on the other.

"We will be together," she whispered, "whether for art or—or—."

"Together!" he said. "And may God keep me from trying to clamp you down to my limitations!"

She raised her head and looked at him, her eyes a-swim with tenderness. "Your limitations," she cried reproachfully; and then—"We are not alike, dear, in everything"—repeating an old thought—"but you have no limitations—you have only some unexplored—jungle. But I"—and her face grew serious—"have nothing of your depth."

"Nonsense!"

"No, I haven't, dear. But you will teach me—character—that on which things rest—like the basis of the mountains at Lucerne, you know. And I—I will gather flowers for you on the mountain side, as I did in the Grosser Garten." And there was a soft laugh in which they both joined—a laugh of recollection.

There are so many ways in which the rest of the story might be told that the pen hesitates. What Herr Vogt said as he trotted up and down the parlor of "The Jolly Hostler" when he learned that "the wonderful Miss Murney" would not even try for a career after all he had sacrificed for it and her—might be put down in the wreckage of two languages; what the lady from Maine said when he met her on Fleet street and blocked the traffic with his gesticulating woe; what the little village at the lower end of the avenue of chestnuts said when it was known that "Teddy" Hughes was to marry an American singer, and what it said when, a year later, she appeared at the Rectory garden party and sang three times with an unforced willingness and a voice that might have been coined into gold in London. But what Herr Werner himself wrote to Jessica at New York, sending it to her with a wonderful brooch as a wedding present, might be recorded:

"My Dear Miss Murney,

That you have given up your art, as Herr Vogt says, I do not believe. Having known for so long what it is to live for the best, for the most uplifting, the most beautiful, you could not forget it. I cannot think that you have chosen best in selecting England as your home; but I do not imagine for a moment that you have selected it—you have loved an Englishman and you have accepted the consequence of that handicap on your development. It is not for me to advise a defiance of love. The world is cumbered with the wreck of lives which, but for love, would have been great.

"But this is not a letter for a bridal. Love can also uplift. You may through it work a miracle and unseal the eyes of your Englishman. I was in England but lately myself, and I know him—the Englishman as a type—far better than I did. He is not a brute—he is not even a savage. But he tries to teach himself brutality lest he grow effeminate, and he has made over the stoicism of the savage into a stiff mental outer garment which he wears constantly for fear some one will find out that there are streaks in him which love art like a Parisian and enjoy sentiment like a German. You—with love and a song—may get your barbarian to lay aside this garment; and, if you can do so, you may have done as much for the ultimate civilization of the race as if you sang for years to the German people who already dwell in the kingdom.

"Still, at all events, you will receive my congratulations on having discovered love—for nothing short of love would link you to that task. And love is the sweetest folly in life. Preach as I will, I would sell my soul to-morrow for love—and I have a soul to sell. But the cup of that intoxication has been denied me. And I learned this in England—to suffer and be silent. There is this flower I will give your husband—he belongs to a race which has kept better than any of us the tradition of how to do great deeds."

THE END

TWO KINGS, A QUEEN AND A JACK

BY HAROLD SANDS

LAST Christmas Eve a jolly party of British Columbia mining men and politicians were returning from Rossland to the Pacific Coast. They wanted to be in Vancouver in time to eat their Christmas dinner with their families. Barring accidents—which are infrequent on the Canadian Pacific Railway—they would be in ample time, for the train was due at the Terminal City shortly after noon the next day.

It was a quarter to twelve, fifteen minutes to Christmas day, when the divisional point of Kamloops was reached. There was a stop of half an hour or so, but the party were too comfortable in the Pullman smoker to be bothered going to see what Kamloops looked like in its seasonable garment of snow. A cold wind made them shiver slightly as the door opened and a traveller entered. As the newcomer took off his overcoat there was a chorus of:

"Why, how jer do, Dick; what the deuce are you doing at Kamloops on Christmas Eve?"

"Hullo, boys, glad to see you," returned Dick, "thought I might have a beastly lonely time of it to-night. Just been to a funeral too. Feel blue. Anybody got any comforter. Awfully cold waiting for this train."

The comforter was quickly produced and the questioning resumed.

"Who's gone, Dick?" asked Dave Hutchins.

"You ought to know him, Dave," replied Dick, "he was in the rush to Cariboo with you. Jolly Jack. The poor old fellow died at the Old Men's Home — that blessed refuge which is the best a grateful country can give its pioneers to die in. Jack wanted to get back to his old shack in the Boundary and cross the divide from there, but the Great Prospector called him too early. I bet there'll be sorrow in the hills when the boys learn that Jolly Jack has staked his last claim."

"Yes, I remember him well," said Hutchins, "he was as good-hearted a fellow as ever carried a pan. He was made Chief of Police in Cariboo 'for services rendered' to Governor Douglas. But he soon gave up the job to go mining and prospecting on his own. And prospector he remained till they took him to that old home."

Then those mining men fell to swapping yarns about Jolly Jack and others of the great company of prospectors to whom British Columbia owes so much. Grand, rugged men they were. From the tales told that Christmas dawning I have pieced together the following:

"A parson did yer say, Jolly Jack; and what in the devil's name would a sky pilot be doing in Barkerville?" asked Horsefly Bill of the new Superintendent of Police for Cariboo.

"Seems to me," quietly answered Jack, "he could teach you that there's Someone besides that devil you're always referring to so pleasantly. The true religion don't pan high in this camp."

"Well, I'm willing to chip in a thousand dollars, if parson's the right sort, to help build a church," put in Dutch Bill with a challenging glance at Horsefly Bill.

There was nothing that delighted the two Bills, the gold kings of Cariboo, than to "cover" each other, true comrades though they always were.

"I'll raise yer five hundred," replied Horsefly Bill, "though I'd sooner spend the dough on the new girl from 'Frisco."

The parson, to the church's financial loss, joined the group at this moment. If he had stayed out of the game a round or two longer he might have raked in a jackpot of $25,000, for Bills I and II would have gone on "raising" till further orders.

"Can't gamble with parson looking on," muttered Dutch to Horsefly, "so I'll have to call you." Then addressing the Rev. Frederick Kingdom, he said:

"We've just had a little collection for your church, parson, and any time you like to call I'll hand you over the $3,000 subscribed."

A little sum like that was nothing in those days to Dutch Bill, the discoverer of Williams Creek, the richest diggings ever found in the world.

Dutch Bill was not what you would call a religious man, but he believed that parsons—of the right sort—exercised a good influence on mining camps and he was disposed to give the Rev. Frederick every chance to "make good," as he put it. It might as well be stated at once that the sky pilot did not have to "lick" the toughest gambler in the town in a bare fist fight in order to establish his footing. That sort of romance is confined to the United States side. Kingdom was an Oxford man and, no doubt, could have used his fists to advantage, but he was not called upon to show the church militant in that direction. He quickly proved, however, the right man for Barkerville, and he was instrumental in settling the only serious affair that ever took place between the two Bills. It was Lorelia Hardy who caused the two miners three months' estrangement. She was "the new girl from 'Frisco."

"The Williams Creek miners are taking out $1,000 a week," Lorelia had read in the San Francisco *Herald*. "Money is abundant," the newspaper went on, "gambling and dissipation of all kinds go on day and night."

That decided Lorelia. She packed up her goods and chattels and made for Cariboo as hastily as possible, enduring considerable hardship by the way, which she determined to offset by a golden harvest.

Jolly Jack decided that Lorelia was a danger to the gold camp. "She's a regular corker for looks," he used to say, "but she does cause a lot of disturbance of the Queen's peace, which makes my job no lighter." He was proud of being a servant of the Queen and was unable to resist dragging in Her Majesty's name.

"She's set all the boys jealous," he added, "and now she's got the better of Jim Loring up at Diller's claim." That claim has the record for a 24-hours' return in Cariboo, $300,000 having been taken out of it in that time.

"You're wrong there, Jack," said Dutch Bill, "it was Jim who got the better of her."

"But she just showed me the thousand dollars she got from him," explained Jack.

"She hasn't heard yet how it might have been $1,700, but Jim was too smart for her," chuckled Dutch Bill. "You see it was this way. She asked to be taken down the shaft. You know what that means. She was on to the game all right. She knew that when a female goes down the shaft the miner always give her what comes in the first pan. Jim Loring shoved his way through, and, being the foreman, no one could object when he offers his arm, quite polite, to the girl, and says, 'Allow me.' And she allowed. Few women take the trouble to resist Jim. He has the way with them that I had when I was younger. But Jim is used to her sort. He purposely did not go to what he thought was the richest ground, though he found out a few minutes after that he had made a little mistake. He tried a new piece, and was mightily astonished when he undertook to wash the dirt. At the first shake of the pan the gold shows on the surface. Jim tumbles at once, and glances swiftly at Lorelia. And even while she was smiling at him he contrived to scoop out some of the yellow into the waterhole. Oh! yes, he's a slick lad. He is quick and clever is Jim, and not too much of a ladies' man during business hours. The next shake of the pan uncovered more of the stuff, and a whole lot of gold went into the waterhole again. At the third shake Jim sees that there was very little gravel mixed with that pan of gold, so he concludes to scoop out some

more. This was not too easy right under my lady's eye, but Jim found a way. The water was muddy, and he gave the pan a vicious whirl and let it fall into the water. It was easy then for him to get rid of a lot more gold. When he brought the pan to the surface all eyes were intently gazing at the contents, so Jim couldn't hide its richness any longer. So, as polite as if he were in Hyde Park, he turns to Lorelia and says:

"'Miss Hardy, will you do me honour to accept this pan as a memento of your visit to the Diller claim?'

"She replies, pretty-like, 'Thank you so much, Mr. Loring, it will indeed prove a pleasant remembrance.' And Jim smiles, rather sickly-like, for there was a thousand dollars in the pan if there was four bits. Miss Hardy takes the stuff to the hotel, where the gold was found to weigh 60 ounces, meaning she got $1,080 for that afternoon visit to the Diller shaft. While Lorelia was admiring her haul Jim was scooping out the waterhole, and the air was sulphurous. He panned the gold in the waterhole, and, boys, he got $700. That's the record for 'poor dirt,' I'm willing to bet."

The laughter which arose at this sally was cut short by Horsefly Bill exclaiming in angry tones:

"And do you mean to say that you stood by while that poor girl was robbed of $700. That's the first mean trick I've known yer to do all the days I have been pals with you."

Dutch Bill's temper blazed at that. "The man who calls me mean is a liar," he exclaimed hotly.

The crowd stood back to give the men room. Dutch Bill landed a vicious left on Horsefly's nose, tapping the claret, while Jolly Jack discreetly looked the other way. The mix-up was likely to become hot when the parson stepped between the two men.

"Keep away, parson, or not another cent do you get for your church," cries Dutch Bill.

"Don't come meddling here, parson," called Horsefly Bill, "or you are liable to regret it. I might forget myself."

But the Rev. Mr. Kingdom was not to be put off thus easily. He continued to dodge in between the two as they tried to get around him, and his very persistence won, much to the disgust of several of the bad class of miners, who liked nothing better than this falling off between the two Bills.

"Well, I'm going over to settle with Jim Loring," exclaimed Horsefly Bill.

"You havn't far to go, Bill," said Jim, as he stepped out of a group of miners. "Anything I can do for you?" he asked, with a suggestive buttoning up of his coat.

"Yes, I'd like you to hand over to Miss Hardy that $700 you have belonging to her."

Jim smiled. "Can you give me any real reason why I should pay your debts of gallantry?" he enquired.

It had not struck the unsophisticated gold king that any outrageous construction would be placed on his championship of the fair one, but Loring's words brought him to his senses.

"You're right, Jim, I'm a damned fool." "I ask your pardon, but as for the man who called me a liar, I'll be even with him yet." With which final outburst Horsefly sought the alluring society of the girl from 'Frisco, and himself made up the $700.

Meanwhile the camp watched and waited for the next move in the feud of the Bills.

And the camp did not have long to wait. That night the men met in the bar of the Cleveland Hotel. The only excuse for Horsefly Bill's action on that celebrated occasion was that he was very drunk, not too far gone in his cups as to be unable to fight, but too intoxicated to remember that there are rules of honour and decency that have to be remembered in a mining camp scrap. He threw Dutch Bill to the floor and, seizing him by both ears, pounded his head against the floor till he was senseless. It was two months before Dutch Bill could be pronounced out of danger, and all that time Horsefly was in the charge of Jolly Jack, dreading every day that he would have to answer to the charge of murder.

When Dutch Bill got around again Horsefly was taken before Chief Justice Begbie. According to British Columbia law the prisoner was given the option of speedy trial before the judge alone or of having his case sent up to the next assizes, when a jury would render the verdict. The Chief Justice took elaborate pains to explain the two methods to Horsefly Bill and concluded thus:

"If you are innocent I would advise you to take a speedy trial before a judge, because he knows the tricks of the rascally lawyers and will see that you get a fair trial; but if you are guilty by all means go before a jury, the body is usually composed of fools. Now, which course do you decide upon?" To his Lordship's great amusement Horsefly Bill instantly replied:

"I'll take a jury trial."

In due course the case was called at the assizes and a big crowd of miners sweltered in the log hut, called by courtesy a law court. For a veracious account of the trial it is only necessary to reproduce the racy, if ungrammatical, report of the Barkerville *Gazette*, as follows:

"We are willing to bet that last cord of wood received in lieu of cash subscription to this great family journal, that Chief Justice Begbie feels as mad as a hatter this morning. The jury turned him down in fine shape in the Bill assault case yesterday. It was a great day for the unwigged, though his Lordship distributed wiggings enough to cover the whole court room with a lovely sulphur colour. The first witness called was Dutch Bill and the jury could see with half an eye that he did not want his old pal convicted. He said he had been hurt in fair fight and there was no suggestion that he had been assaulted while he lay on the ground, at least not from him. It was like pulling sound teeth to make him say that some of the boys who had witnessed the fight had said that his head had been pounded on the ground. He begged the court to remember that such evidence was valueless as he himself had not seen the assault, not being in a condition to notice it. Dutch is the right sort.

"Then they got Jolly Jack in the box and he furnished one of the sensations of the day. He said he happened to be standing in the shadow, close to Lorelia Hardy and Horsefly Bill, on the night of the fight and had heard the woman say he ought to sock it to Dutch Bill for calling him a liar and for backing up Jim Loring in keeping back the $700 from Diller's claim that she claimed was hers by rights. She was a common nuisance, that woman, says Jack, and ought to have been in the box in the place of the prisoner, for she was the cause of the disturbance.

"One of them cocksure lawyers from the coast gets up at this moment and tells Jack he had no business to make such assertions in court; he should know better as Chief of Police. The little lawyer man had been noticed to be sweet on the Lorelia girl. But Jack repeats his observation, and, as he concludes, ducks his head rapidly. A revolver shot rang out and Jack was over the witness box like a flash of greased lightning and had collared a young feller who was making a bee-line for the door. That was the first time any one had dared shoot in a British Columbia law court, and we're willing to bet all our paid-up subscriptions it'll be the last, for almost before the smoke had cleared away Chief Justice Begbie had sentenced that young feller to fifteen years. And serve him right. The majesty of the law must be upheld. But it was a close shave for Jolly Jack.

"The preacher was the next man to tell his little tale. The Reverend Richard is a tall man and the sweat box is low; it wasn't built for men of his height. He sprawls over the side of the box in an awkward way. The Chief Justice don't like the sky pilot. 'Stand up, sir,' he roars at him; 'you act like a sausage skin filled with water.' Being in court his reverence could not resent that sort of language, but he's a pretty good slinger of hot talk himself, and there's those that say the preacher will make the Chief Justice feel the keen edge of his tongue when

he gets into the pulpit Sunday. We're going to make the exception that proves the rule and go to church next Sabbath. There may be doings. But the sky pilot didn't have much that was interesting to tell. 'Did you see the prisoner sandbag the other man?' the Chief Justice asks him. 'I don't understand you, my Lord,' he replies. 'There's been no sandbagging in this case, so far as I know.' 'So far as you know,' comes back the bench; 'well, that is not much, is it?' The parson keeps his temper and all the miners wonder what the sandbag was dragged in for. But that instrument stuck to his Lordship all day. He couldn't let it out of his head that Dutch Bill had been hit with a sandbag. He charged strongly in favour of a conviction and brought in that sandbag every paragraph. Greatly to his disgust, but to the delight of the camp, the jury brought in a verdict of 'Not Guilty.' They did it because Dutch Bill's evidence practically amounted to a request to take that action.

"The bench didn't take the verdict in good part. The Chief Justice was speechless with rage. He made no effort to hide his feelings. When he had recovered sufficiently to speak, he shouted:

"'Is that your verdict, gentlemen?'

"'Yes, my lord,' replies the foreman.

"'So say you all?'

"'So say we all,' they replied.

"The judge smote his desk with his clenched hand and again shouted: 'Remember, gentlemen, that is your verdict, not mine. You may go, you may go.' Then turning to Horsefly Bill, he said: 'You are discharged, prisoner, you are discharged. Get out of my sight as quickly as you can. And, you miscreant, my advice to you is that you get a sandbag and sandbag those jurymen.' It is mighty certain that the Chief Justice had sandbag on the brain yesterday.

"There was a jollification at the Cleveland after the trial and a most touching incident occurred. Dutch Bill was having a drink when Horsefly appears at the door. Dutch puts his glass down and walks over to his old pal and says: 'I take it all back, Bill, let's be friends again.' And Horsefly almost cried as he took his old pardner's hand. 'Line up, boys,' he cries. There was a run on the good liquor at the bar last night. We ought to know, because our new reporter has not been seen since. He's a tenderfoot from the East, anyhow, and not yet acclimatised."

The sequel to the feud of the Bills is also recorded in the ancient files of the *Gazette*. A few days later it contained the following notice:

"The Rev. Frederick Kingdom yesterday officiated at one of those pleasant ceremonies that make two loving hearts into one. Miss Lorelia Hardy became Mrs. Jim Loring, and the two parts of the Diller pan came together. The happy couple took the morning stage for Yale, en route to San Francisco. There was a regular clearance of old boots."

There is also a P.S. to the story. The following Sunday morning there was a huge congregation at the Rev. Mr. Kingdom's church. But the pulpit was occupied by a visitor who, not to disappoint the miners, referred to the scene in court and denounced the Chief Justice scathingly for his language towards a gentleman who was but doing his duty in giving evidence in orderly fashion. It was also announced that the Rev. Mr. Kingdom would preach that night.

The men who had made bets as to the clergyman giving the judge a Roland for his Oliver were conspicuous in the church when evening came. Mr. Kingdom preached a very able sermon in which he dwelt upon many subjects, but there was no reference to sausage skins filled with water. Finally, as he gave the benediction he said: "And God bless those who have lost bets this night." There was a record collection that Sunday.

(The author is indebted to Mr. D. W. Higgins, former Speaker of the British Columbia Legislative Assembly, for permission to use one or two of his reminiscences in this story).

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

"Thou whose birth on earth
Angels sang to men,
While Thy stars made mirth,
Saviour, at Thy birth
This day born again;

As this night was bright
With Thy cradle-ray,
Very light of light,
Turn the wild world's night
To Thy perfect day.

. . . . . .

Those whose ways we praise,
Clear alike and dark,
Keep our works and ways
This and all Thy days
Safe inside thine ark.

Bid our peace increase,
Thou that madest morn;
Bid oppressions cease;
Bid the night be peace;
Bid the day be born."

—*A. C. Swinburne.*

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WE do not need the calendar to tell us that once more we are entering into the happy Christmas season; for there is a certain something vibrating in the air of these short, dark December days whose meaning there is no mistaking, an atmosphere of good-fellowship and glad rejoicing, impalpable though none the less perceptible.

So firmly fixed in our minds is the association of December with Christmas—so suggestive to us "men of the northern zone," of a snow-crowned world all a-sparkle with frost-diamonds and merry with the silvery music of myriad jingling sleigh-bells—that we are apt to forget that any other month ever shared the honour of being chosen for the celebration of the Mass of Christ.

Yet for several centuries Christmas was one of the most movable and uncertain of feasts, being sometimes observed in January, sometimes in April and sometimes in May, the great persecutions suffered by the early Christians of necessity making their worship irregular.

In the fourth century St. Cyril of Jerusalem urgently entreated Pope Julius I to have the date of the Saviour's birth investigated and some definite time fixed upon which could be recognized by all Christians.

Realizing the importance of settling the question once and for all, Eastern and Western theologians met in solemn conclave and, although they could discover nothing definite upon which to base their decision, they chose the twenty-fifth of December as the day to be forever set apart in memory of the Nativity of the Lord Jesus.

●

The first celebrations of Christmas Day were of course purely religious, but as the years went by little by little the solemn feast day became more and more a merry festival, until now in some parts of the world it would almost seem that the holy-day has been lost in the holiday.

Without doubt, in no part of the world was Christmas ever observed with the wild hilarity and utter abandonment of everything to the general

"The heir with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner choose."

rejoicing that characterized the English Christmas of a few centuries ago:—

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung,
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner choose.
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again."

The revels began on Christmas Eve, and were kept up without intermission, every day being a holiday, until the sixth of January, sometimes, indeed, until Candlemas Day, the second of February.

In the houses of the nobles a "Lord of Misrule" or "Abbot of Unreason" was appointed, whose rule during the days of merrymaking was absolute and undisputed. During his reign the larder was kept lavishly supplied with beef, mutton, poultry, game, pies, puddings, nuts, sugar and honey, and so far did the fame of these feastings travel that the Italians have a saying: "He has more business than an English oven at Christmas."

The tenants were entertained royally at the Hall, and although they were for the time free from all restraint, we do not hear that they ever abused their wild freedom or wronged the lord of the manor or any member of his family.

Every one was expected to rise very early Christmas morning, and there must be no delay in the matter of breakfast, "the hackin, or great sausage, must be ready by daybreak, or if not, two young men must take the cook by the arms and run her around the market-place to shame her for her laziness."

Of course, the event of the day was the great Christmas dinner, which in ancient times began with a wonderful peacock pie, at one end of which the head of the bird appeared above the crust in all its plumage with the beak richly gilt, the other end being decorated with the gleaming, spreading tail.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS BOX

THE MISTLETOE

In later years the first course consisted of a boar's head, a custom still adhered to in many parts of the old country.

After dinner came the maskings or "mummeries," and when all were satisfactorily arrayed the dancing began. We do not hear very much concerning the exchanging of Christmas gifts in the old days, although we learn that the waits who on Christmas eve went from house to house singing carols, returned the next day with their "Christmas boxes," into which small subscriptions were dropped by the householders.

Although the term "Christmas box" has come in our day to have a quite different significance, the odious practice of making this season of supposedly free-will offerings the excuse for soliciting gifts has assumed such proportions as to have developed into a veritable nuisance. Butcher boys, street cleaners, furnace men, paper-carriers, even the chance deliverer of a stray parcel, whom one has never seen before and will probably never see again, all exact a Christmas present with a cheerful effrontery that brooks no refusal, until the "lady of the house" is both distracted and disgusted, and the quality of her generosity becomes sadly strained before the demands made upon it.

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Much of the wild revelling and unrestrained carousing of the "Merrie England" Christmas has long since passed away, and we take our Christmas now, as we take all our joys and sorrows, with more sober decorum and solemn dignity than did our noisy, lusty, hearty forebears.

But many of the old customs yet remain to us, modified and adapted to our more elegant civilization. The Christmas feast is still a matter of some importance, though the little roast pig has supplanted the boar's head, and the gorgeous peacock has been forced to give place to the plain but succulent turkey. We still deck our rooms with evergreens, a practice which has come down the ages to us from the kindly Druids, who housed the green branches through the winter that in them the sylvan spirits might rest safely until the season of frost and cold was past. Back to the Druids, also, reach our Yule-log ceremonies, and still young men and maidens skirmish once a year beneath the Druids' sacred mistletoe, though I fear they have forgotten the old law that with each kiss a berry must be plucked from the branch, and when all the berries are gone the "privilege of the mistletoe" ceases.

Santa Claus, or Kris Kringle, is of Teuton extraction, and Christmas trees were unknown to us until a German princess—George IV's Queen Caroline if one's memory may be trusted—

GOING TO MIDNIGHT MASS ON CHRISTMAS EVE IN QUEBEC

brought the pretty custom of her country into England.

The earliest Christmas celebrations fulfilled the Christian's duty to his God; the later observer, forgetting or disregarding the real meaning of the Feast, gave himself up to selfish revelry or, at most, to a happy-go-lucky, rollicking fulfilment of his duty to his neighbour. With years comes wisdom, and we are beginning at last to recognize the dual significance of this day which, being both holy-day and holiday, lays upon us a twofold obligation.

The religious and the social side of Christmas both claim our attention now, and through planning for the enjoyment of others we have learned that the truest happiness lies in giving rather than in receiving—provided, always, that we give wisely and not too well; for the greatest virtue, if selfishly over-indulged, may deteriorate into a vice.

The sincerest and perhaps the heartiest Christmas celebrations in Canada are those of the simple-hearted *habitants* of Quebec, whose *Noel* has been so charmingly described for us by Dr. Frechette in his "Christmas in French Canada." The celebration begins with the midnight mass on Christmas eve which everyone attends, afterwards returning home to gather around the fire and partake of weak wine, crunch *croquignoles*, sing carols or tell stories —the quaint old legends which have come down from father to son through many generations. The small tots lay out their shoes to receive the gifts which the Infant Jesus will bring them, as their little English-speaking brothers and sisters hang up their stockings for the bounty of Santa Claus, and in most of the towns and villages the young people have a dance on Christmas night.

The happy Christmastide is not a time for worry and weariness, but is, or should be, a season of glad brightness and light-hearted joy. If there be any amongst us who have fallen into the too prevalent habit—through our very excess of zeal, it may be—of making it a season of toil and harassment, so that our Christmas, finding us worn and troubled, fretful and fatigued, is robbed of all its peace and beauty, surely we will do well to learn from our French compatriots that the essence of tranquil, whole-hearted happiness lies in simplicity and sincerity.

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A very curious little pamphlet has come into the hands of the editor of "Woman's Sphere." It describes the "Twentieth Century Order of Peace and Good-will," and is written by one who signs herself O. W. L.—letters signifying, the pamphlet explains, One Who Learns.

"Neither better nor wiser than others," she writes, "O. W. L.'s impelling desire for a better general conception of life's possibilities is largely an outcome of her own shortcomings and failures, but she is in possession of some items of special knowledge likely to be useful . . . . . She desires to assist educationists to advance *the power of knowledge* and to help *pain and peril-reducing* societies in their efforts to make thought, act and situation contribute more effect-

ively to developments of the ethical energies that are hidden or lagging in so many men and women who might be masters of destiny, and that are latent in those millions of slaves (by birth, heritage and environment) whose redemption is an imperative duty and an urgent necessity of our age."

A note explains that O. W. L.'s conception of the *power of knowledge* was expressed by Charles Dickens, who said: "The power of knowledge, as I understand it, is to bear and forbear; to learn the path of duty and to tread it; to engender that self-respect which does not stop at self, but cherishes the best respect for the best objects; to turn an always enlarging acquaintance with the joys and sorrows, capabilities and imperfections of our race, to daily account in mildness of life and gentleness of construction, and humble effort for the improvement, stone by stone, of the whole social fabric."

Several pages of the pamphlet set forth the aims and functions of the Order. It is impossible to transcribe them in full, but their spirit is revealed in the following paragraphs:

(*a*) "To shew ourselves brave enough to be tender to the weak and defenceless.

(*b*) Learned enough to honour the humanity in all men; 'to know all is to forgive all,' and,

(*c*) Too honourable to continue to withhold from our hitherto pain-paid, non-human helpers the justice that would so completely change the character of our streets, plains, shambles, and cattle transportations. . . . . Putting pleasure and competence and honest pride into labour, and making thoroughness of workmanship appreciated as high public service."

One has only to read the little pamphlet to know that the writer of it is thoroughly in earnest and intensely eager to do what she can for humanity, and although her ideas and ideals are expressed most curiously and incoherently, her purpose and sincerity are unmistakable. Her love for and sympathy with dumb animals is manifested on every page. One paragraph is particularly worthy of our attention:

"Noting much unregarded suffering in the streets of a beautiful city of Canada, and its lack of a home of rest, hospital, and public ambulances for its injured animals, O. W. L. inquired of the Secretary of the Humane Society how many of its prosperous residents contributed voluntarily, without being solicited, to the funds of the society. 'Scarcely one,' was the reply. 'How many of the churches, on an average, contribute annually to the work of the Society?' '*Not one.*' 'How many churches are there in this city of churches?' After counting, the answer came: '44 Episcopal, 21 Baptist, 9 Congregational, 41 Methodist, 32 Presbyterian, 15 Roman Catholic, 45 miscellaneous, excluding 53 missions. In all 207.'"

Can any of us guess the name of this beautiful Canadian city?

In short, the object of O. W. L.'s proposed Order is "to make glad the world," and its graduates and officers are to be known as *Gladdeners.*

The editor of "Woman's Sphere" would very much like to know whether the Order has been formed and to receive any information regarding it.

To become a *Gladdener*, whether or not one is allied with any special order, fired with "the new ambition to make glad the world," would be indeed a worthy determination for each one of us to carry into the new year.

H. MacL. H.

●

A.D. 2,000

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie;
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose,
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat,
And give me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven is cold,
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have the supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

—*Selected*

People and Affairs

CANADA'S NEW DEMAND

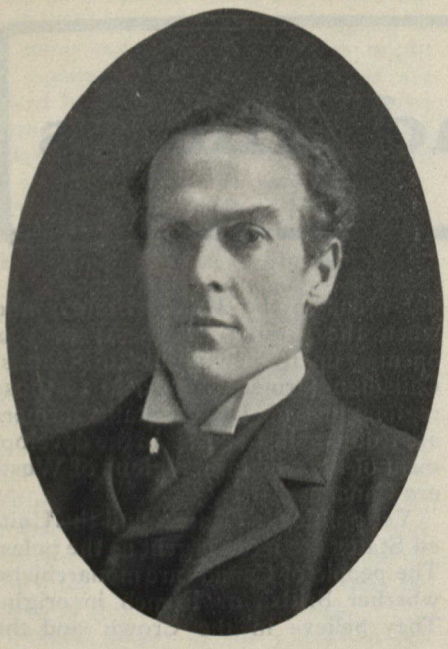
THE Alaskan Boundary Award has been of some service in crystallizing our complex national sentiment.

We are American in most of our habits, customs and manners. As Arnold Haultain has pointed out, Canadian slang is American slang; popular nomenclature and phraseology are American; we read mainly United States weeklies and monthlies, and know much more about the United States socially and financially than we do about Great Britain. Yet we do not love the United States; while it is just as certain that we do love and reverence Great Britain. We cheer when the British troops win; we are interested in the doings of King Edward and his ministers. Socially, mentally and financially we are Americans; politically we are British.

This seems contradictory, but the contradiction is only on the surface. Canada is part of the American continent and is swayed by the same natural influences as the United States, is confronted by the same great problems in the struggle against nature. Our shipping, railway, mining, agricultural and manufacturing problems are much the same as those of the United States, and in solving them we have followed, to a large extent, United States example and precedent. For instance, our great railway managers, such as Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Mr. Hays are of United States origin and training; our mining areas in southern British Columbia and the Yukon have been opened out for us mainly by those who had experience in similar areas in the United States; and when the United States West was opening up its new agricultural lands, Canadian farmers flocked in to those regions just as United States farmers are trooping in to assist in the development of the new farm regions of Western Canada.

Yet politically Canada and the United States are as divergent as the poles. The people of Canada are monarchists, whether British or French in origin. They believe in the Crown and the

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII
A PORTRAIT TAKEN IN AUSTRIA—TYROLESE COSTUME



HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON
THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES

King. They have no leaning to Republicanism. Mr. Aylesworth tells a story of Sir Louis Jetté which illustrates this. He was approached in the corridor of his London Hotel during his present stay in London, by a Frenchman, who told him he had heard he was a Canadian, but inquired if Sir Louis was not also French. "Oui, Francais," replied his Honour, "but Breteesh for centuries." The annexation of Canada to the United States is talked of and meditated upon only in the latter country.

While this is true, Canada feels keenly her subjection to the Colonial Office. In one sense, the Secretary of State for the Colonies is the chief ruler of this country. This has been the subject of some comment during the recent discussion of the Alaskan Boundary Award. The people desire, apparently, to preserve their allegiance to the Crown, but to remove the remaining bonds which subject them to the Colonial Office and the British Cabinet. Between 1830 and 1850 the first steps in this struggle were taken and the Governor was made answerable to his Canadian Executive rather than to the Power that appointed him, while the control of the customs duties and the postoffice was transferred to the Canadian authorities. The Confederation Act of 1867 again lessened the authority of the Colonial Office, and in 1878 the powers of the Governor-General were still further restricted. By the constitution of the Washington Commission of 1871, the Halifax Fisheries Arbitration of 1877, the Fisheries Commission of 1887, the Joint High Commission of 1897, and the Alaska Tribunal of 1903, Canada has gained the right to be directly represented in the international negotiations which immediately affect her interests. She now demands the entire treaty-making power. She desires to be a self-governing nation. Her allegiance to the King will not affect that standing, but her subjection to the British Cabinet does. The four Georges and William IV were kings of Hanover as well as of Great Britain and Ireland, yet Hanover was never subject to the British Cabinet. The Emperor of Austria is apostolic king of Hungary, but the Austrian Ministry and Reichsrath govern Austria, while the Hungarian Ministry and the Reichstag govern Hungary. The King of Norway and Sweden has a set of ministers for Norwegian affairs and another set for Swedish affairs, while the King may and often does conclude treaties affecting one of his kingdoms only. At the present moment it would seem that Canada desires that the King of Great Britain and Ireland shall also be king of Canada and that he should govern the country directly instead of through the Cabinet generally and the Secretary of State for the Colonies particularly.

IMPERIAL POSTAGE

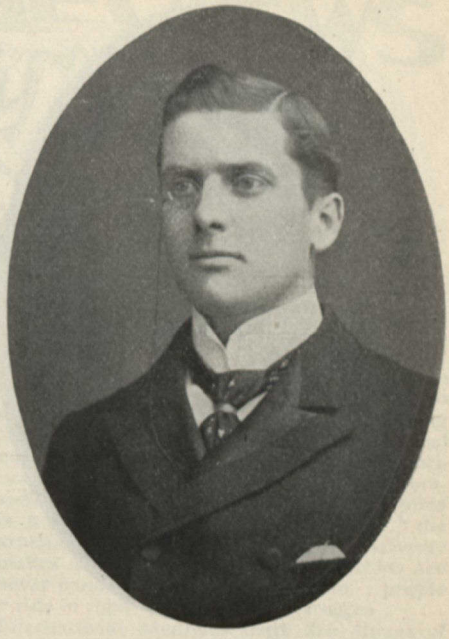
When certain persons in this bold young country decided to agitate for a cheaper inter-Imperial postage on newspapers, there were those who laughed. But they who desired to

see a lower rate were encouraged by Sir William Mulock's success in securing a "penny-post" for letters. "If letters, why not newspapers and periodicals?" they asked. The Postmaster-General of Great Britain shook his head, he of South Africa and he of Australia did likewise. The Postmaster-General of New Zealand and he of Canada alone expressed willingness. The reform seemed a long way off.

And then Sir William Mulock, Postmaster-General of Canada, asked permission of the London authorities to reduce the rate from Canada to the United Kingdom, without reference to the return rate or any other inter-Imperial rate. They, knowing the temper of the man, and how impatient he is when he desires to effect a reform, gave the permission. To-day newspapers and periodicals may be sent from Montreal and Toronto to London as cheaply as from one Canadian town to another. The domestic rate has been extended to the United Kingdom. It seemed impossible; yet so far as Canada is concerned, it is accomplished.

And the good work does not end at that point. Our energetic Postmaster-General communicated with all the British Colonies and Possessions with a view to making a similar arrangement, with the result that Canadian newspapers may now be sent at the domestic rates of postage to the Bahamas, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Cypress, Falkland Islands, Gambia, Hong Kong, Leeward Islands, New Zealand, North Borneo, Sarawak, Sierra Leone, Transvaal, Turk's Islands and Zanzibar. He will not rest content until all the colonies are brought into line.

The Postmaster-General has had some outside assistance, of course. Henniker Heaton has disciples everywhere. Years ago A. J. Luff, of Slough, Eng., an experienced postmaster, and G. H. Hale, of the Orillia, Ont., *Packet*, were working together for a reduction of the rate on Imperial money orders. Their efforts brought down the minimum charge from twenty-five cents to ten cents.



HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN
THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

The Canadian Press Association heard of Mr. Hale's agitation, and he was asked to read a paper on Imperial newspaper postage. Mr. Hale is a modest man, and declined. He, however, supplied all the information in his possession, and a paper was read at the annual meeting of 1901 by Mr. E. B. Biggar, of *The Canadian Engineer*, Toronto. A resolution was passed and sent to all the Postmasters-General in the Empire. The Secretary of the Press Association kept the matter before the public through the Canadian and British papers. The agitation grew, and victory seems about to perch above the record of these efforts.

The chief credit, however, must be with Sir William Mulock, who has for five years given attention to this subject, and who, from the first, was convinced that greater freedom of postal exchange within the Empire was a necessary part of the foundation on which Imperialism might be erected.

LORD LONDONDERRY
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH PRIVY COUNCIL

He desired to see Canadian journals circulating freely throughout the Empire, and British journals of all kinds coming cheaply into Canada. The former part of his desire has been attained; the latter part is still awaiting a decision from the conservative rulers in Downing street.

STEALING OUR CHILDREN

The University of Chicago has just claimed its fiftieth Canadian victim, so it is said. In other words, there are some fifty Canadians now on the staff of that institution. Indeed, the victims who have become entangled in the parlours of this and other United States educational institutions number many hundreds. In fact, almost the only export from Canada on which the United States does not place a high duty is university graduates. They themselves grow quite a crop each year, but the brand is not equal to the Canadian product.

To secure Canadian students, they go so far as to offer bounties. Almost any graduate in good standing in the honour lists may get a cash bounty for moving into United States territory. The Hon. Clifford Sifton could get many pointers from the immigration bureaus of the United States colleges.

I remember distinctly my first meeting with this immigration bureau. The Professor in our department called three of us fourth year men into his room one day and informed us that the University of Columbia had placed two fellowships of $500 each at his disposal. In other words, if one of us cared to pursue a post-graduate course at Columbia, he would receive $500 a year for one, two or three years. One of the three accepted, and is now president of a state university on the Pacific Coast.

Hundreds of our brightest young men have been thus subsidized. Every large university has its roll of captives. One of them, a French-Canadian graduate of McGill, called on his Canadian friends recently. When they asked him how soon he would return permanently, he replied that he was settled in Denver, and did not know that he would care to move again. Canadians observe their bargains unusually well—when the salaries are adequate.

And the kidnapping is not confined to men. They have begun to steal our women graduates! Last summer three young ladies from the University of Toronto won scholarships at Bryn-Mawr College in Pennsylvania. Other instances might be quoted. Thousands of bright Canadian girls are graduates of United States hospitals.

Even Great Britain engages in this gradual annexation of our brains. All the leading graduates in the Royal Military College at Kingston are annually offered a half-dozen or so Imperial commissions.

Some people think that Canada is about the smartest country on earth. They are sadly mistaken. The United States is smarter in one day than Canada in two, and Great Britain has more stability and wisdom than the other two young things in combination.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS

HAULTAIN—THE OBSERVER

MR. ARNOLD HAULTAIN is an observer. He is eminently fitted for his self-chosen work by a fastidious mind and a wide knowledge of literature, pyschology, philosophy and politics. This is a peculiar combination. His father was a Major-General in the British army and his early education was obtained in England, but his university training is Torontonian. He was once a journalist and a most active one. This rough-and-ready work could not satisfy his fastidious mind, though some of his work graced the columns of *The Week*, then Canada's high-class publication. The opportunity came when Professor Goldwin Smith invited him to be his secretary and literary assistant.

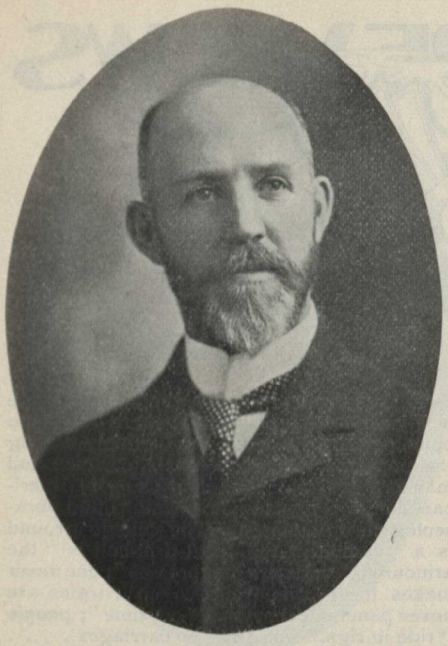
This brief summary of his career may help to a clearer appreciation of his "Two Country Walks in Canada,"* in which he embodies his charmingly-phrased observations of Canadian climate, landscape, affairs and people. Perhaps a quotation will explain more clearly:

"It is not a little strange how in this English colony, English customs provoke a stare. Among all but the educated and travelled classes in Canada an Englishman is a foreigner. His speech is matter of merriment, his apparel matter of comment; and not altogether of good-humoured merriment or comment, it seemed to me, but smacking rather of scoff and scorn—a modified, or rather citified, form of the proverbial desire to 'eave 'arf a brick. I am not, of course, I must repeat, speaking of the upper and Anglified classes of the larger towns, by whom, indeed, the newly arrived Englishman is apt to be, by too much petting, spoiled. But certainly among the populace American habits, customs and manners prevail. Canadian slang is American slang. Popular nomenclature and phraseology are American. The college ground is a "campus," the local drill-hall is "the armouries," vans are "expresses"; one never makes haste, one "hurries up"; trains are never punctual, they are "on time"; people "ride in rigs," not drive in carriages . . . . International excursion trips are things of every summer's occurrence; they have trades-unions and associations innumerable in common; younger sons from the smaller land flock for employment to the larger; newspapers, books and magazines from the one cover the booksellers' counters in the other."

Those who have not yet read Mr. Haultain's essays will find him always delightful, a lover of nature, an artist

ARNOLD HAULTAIN

*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, 93 pp.



PROFESSOR ADAM SHORTT

OF QUEEN'S, WHO WILL SHORTLY ISSUE A VOLUME ON MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS

in the use of words and phrases, and a most acute observer.

STRINGER, POET-NOVELIST

Though the opening chapters are somewhat stilted, "The Silver Poppy,"* by Arthur Stringer, is a bit of fiction which should rank high in American literature. The characters at first wince, speak lightly with an undertone of bitterness, flush youthfully, answer conciliatingly, surround themselves with a cuttle-fish cloud of austerity, are decidedly avid of impression and act somewhat deprecatively, yet later they are described more naturally and with less straining after effect. The purpose of the story, if it has a purpose, is twofold: to describe literary conditions in New York, and to show how a person may fall into great sin through at first departing from the path of rectitude by "the littlest, most miserable chance." Cordelia Vaughan is a noted author who cannot write, famous because to her is credited a work which she never wrote. Her false colours, almost unconsciously assumed, wave over her until she is so entangled in the battle of life that she cannot beat a retreat. The plot is unique, the characters are natural if uncommon, and the story is within the bounds of the believable. It is Mr. Stringer's first long story, and is quite worthy of the author of "The Loom of Destiny." Nevertheless one may be pardoned for expressing the hope that his next novel will be more even in its style and exhibit less tendency towards high-sounding phrases and epigrammatic conversations.

*Toronto: William Briggs.

KIPLING, THE IMPERIALIST

Every Canadian will desire a copy of Kipling's latest poetical collection, entitled "The Five Nations."* It contains the poem written at the passing of the Canadian Preferential Tariff. This poem, known as "Our Lady of the Snows," will no doubt live in Canadian annals:

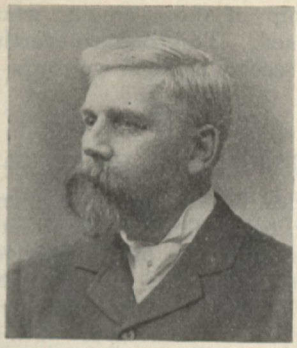
A nation spoke to a nation.
A Queen sent word to a Throne:
"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

"Carry the word to my sisters—
To the Queens of the East and the South
I have proven faith in the heritage
By more than the word of the mouth.
They that are wise may follow
Ere the world's war-trumpet blows:
But I—I am first in the battle,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

Then we all wish our sons and daughters to read "The Islanders," that fierce warning addressed to the people of Little England:

Then were the judgments loosened; then was your shame revealed,
At the hands of a little people, few but apt in the field.
Yet ye were saved by a remnant (and your land's long-suffering Star),

*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, 215 pp., $1.50.



ROBERT BARR

When your strong men cheered in their millions while your striplings went to the war.
Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled, unmeet—
Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them raw from the street.

But ye said, "Their valour shall show them," but ye said, "The end is close."
And ye sent them comfits and pictures to help them harry your foes,
And ye vaunted your fathomless power, and ye flaunted your iron pride,
Ere—ye fawned on the younger nations for the men that could shoot and ride!
Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goals.

In this volume there is also "The Truce of the Bear," the story of Adam-zad, the bear that walks like a man; there is that cry to the Anglo-Saxon race to "Take Up the White Man's Burden," thinking not of reward or praise; and then there are a dozen "service songs" which are supposed to exhibit the real thoughts of the Imperial soldier. Finally there is his masterpiece, the "Recessional," written because of the Jubilee of 1897:

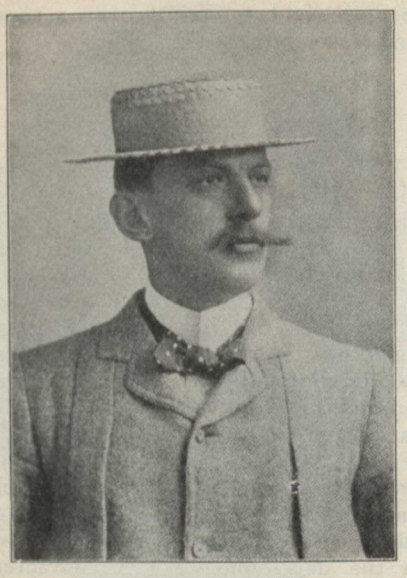
"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Kipling may be blood-thirsty, slangy, and brutish, but his jingles appeal to the manly in men, to the glorious in women, to the deepest stirrings of the race. He is the Imperial poet—the uncouth giant towering over a thousand lesser brethren.

BARR, THE STORY-TELLER

With Robert Barr the story is everything. The language he employs contains the words and embodies the style of the average educated man. He seldom gets either above or below the level, although it is said that a story of his which has not passed through the hands of a skilled proof-reader usually contains some ungrammatical constructions and uses of words. Mr. Barr does not care what is in his MS. so long as the story is there. And, further, his stories depend for their glamour and their interest on the development of an incident rather than on the development of a character. Very few of Mr. Barr's characters de-

KATHLEEN BLAKE COLEMAN (KIT)
A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN JOURNALIST AND STORY WRITER



CUTCLIFFE HYNE
AUTHOR OF "MCTODD"

velop or grow. He takes them ready-made and dismisses them before their environment could possibly work any change in their ideas, in their mental poise, or in their spiritual attitude. He is no pyschologist.

The incidents in "Over the Border"* are excellent, much happier and more credible than those in the stories of Conan Doyle or Cutcliffe Hyne. It is a tale of Cromwell's time, opening with the last days of Strafford, his trial and execution. The heroine is Strafford's eldest daughter, and the hero a braw Scot who stands by Scotland and the King.

Canadians have never been greatly enamoured of Barr's books, although usually indulgent towards authors born to Canadian estate. He has never been the vogue. In this country, as in England, an author must indulge in the clubs, five-o'clock teas and velvety public speeches in order to secure the good-will of the aristocracy—and there is a powerful aristocracy in this country. Barr has lived mostly in Detroit and London, and has never sought the friendship of those among whom he was raised. This book, nevertheless, should receive a warm welcome.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. One illustration.

YOUNG, INDIAN CHRONICLER

Egerton R. Young, a Western missionary, has collected a new series of legends which he has strung loosely together under the title "Algonquin Indian Tales."* They make a large volume which will interest both adults and youth. They explain why the birch bark tree is scarred, why the raccoon has rings on his tail, the origin of mosquitoes, how the bees got their sting, the legend of the swallows, why the kingfisher wears a white collar, how the coyote obtained fur from the interior of the earth, how the Indian first learned how to make maple sugar, the legend of the whisky jack, how the new world was created, why wild rabbits are white in winter, why the marten has a white spot on his breast, how the rattlesnake got his rattle, and the origin of other natural phenomena.

THOMAS CARLYLE †

It is often humorous to hear the ordinary man on the street and in the club mention Shakespeare, Byron, Carlyle and Dickens with a glib tongue. To reach the citizen who really knows Carlyle, it is usually necessary to hunt up some old scholar, probably a Scot, who can tell you where he lived and what manner of man he was. There are books also that tell of him with a frankness and an insight which the ordinary professor of literature seldom possesses. One of these is a thin illustrated volume by two Englishmen, recently issued in London. There is a Canadian edition available with nearly a half hundred of illustrations, many of them portraits taken at different

*Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, $1.25, illustrated.

†Thomas Carlyle, by Chesterton and Williams. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 75 cents. Illustrated.

periods in the life of this irrational, inconsistent essayist.

OTHER NOVELISTS

"The Adventures of Gerard,"* a Napoleonic soldier, by A. Conan Doyle, is drawn from military material which, the author says, is "some of it the most human and the most picturesque that I have ever read." Those who have read the "Exploits of Brigadier Gerard" will welcome the work without further explanation. It is an historical novel of merit.

Few men will admit that women have any knowledge of politics, and few women claim the distinction of being exceptions. There are some exceptions, especially in England. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler in her latest book, "Place and Power,"† exhibits an intimate acquaintance with the general principles of the game. Her two principal characters are politicians, one becoming Home Secretary and the other Prime Minister. One would stoop to conquer, would compromise to command, was a politician rather than a statesman; the other was the man who did right because it was right and trusted to the final triumph of the good sense of the English electorate. This novel, however, is a failure as a bit of literature. It is didactic, reads like a bright sermon, and inclines to the style of the Sunday school teacher.

There are novels which attract in spite of their glaring faults. Such is "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."‡ It is genuine United States. Some of the sentences will not bear analysis. Many of the phrases are smooth and high-sounding, but meaningless. Much of the grand sentiment in it is mere poppycock. There is a great lack of what the author describes in the following words: "the consçious scorn of a lie, the conscious love of truth and pride in courage, and the conscious reverence for women that make the essence of chivalry." Perhaps in no country in the civilized world is there less chivalry in proportion to other virtues than in the United States.

Yet Mr. Fox has written a bit of Kentucky history with considerable power. The contrasts are clear, even if the colour lies on the canvas in large blots. The mountaineer and the bluegrass gentleman had little in common in the days just before the war. The war worked a change perhaps and the division is less clear than it was. Chas. Burford was a mountain waif who feels to the utmost the hard conditions of the life in which he is reared. Because he has gentle blood in his veins, he breaks away and visits that gentler civilization on the bluegrass plains. It is his story which fills the book, and the part relating to his boyhood is much cleverer and more humorous than the commonplace description of his military manhood.

HANDSOME EDITIONS

The holiday edition of Bliss Carman's book "The Kinship of Nature"* is dignified and artistic. The cover design in delicate colourings and gilt tracing, the photogravure frontispiece, and the old-style type used in the text combine to give a superior appearance.

The appearance of "The Pensionnaires"† in its book form is worthy of the story. The cover is embellished with a striking design, combining the British and German coats-of-arms, done in white and light green on a dark green background. The type-page is as pretty as any book page of the period and is a credit to the United States publisher—for, of course, few Canadian books are ever set up in Canada, just as few British novels are set up in England. The smart Unitedstateser

*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, illustrated.

†Toronto: William Briggs.

‡By John Fox, Jr. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: William Briggs.

sets the type for Anglo-Saxon literature.

Perhaps the most artistic book of the season is "A Checked Love Affair," by Paul Leicester Ford, issued in the United States by Dodd, Mead & Co., and in Canada by the Copp, Clark Co. Each page is ornamented in delicate colourings, the designs throughout being in the one style. The illustrations, by Harrison Fisher, are printed in imitation of etchings on Japanese vellum. The cover design is not quite as artistic as the interior.

As a presentation book, nothing could excel the large illustrated volume "Old Quebec,"* for which Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Claude Bryan are responsible. The steel plates, photogravures, half-tones and pen-and-ink sketches are of a superior character. The book throughout is of plated paper and contains five hundred large pages. There are five important maps and one hundred other illustrations. It is the equal of, if not superior to, any volume of a Canadian character yet produced. This, of course, would not have been possible were it not that Quebec is a place of world-wide repute, the central scene of several dramas which are embodied in the world's history. For three centuries it has been the key to Canadian territory, and one of the oldest military posts on the continent. Built by the French, it has never lost its mediæval French character, and to-day presents to the visitor a well-preserved picture of civilization as it was in the days of the Great Louis.

Ernest Thompson Seton's books are always artistic, but usually small. The "Two Little Savages"† is larger than usual, but just as dainty as its predecessors. To make it more interesting, it is announced that "the designs for the cover, title-page and general make-up were done by Grace Gallatin Seton," this being the name of Mr. Seton's wife. These drawings are not art in the severe sense of the word, but they are "cute" and well-suited to the purpose of a book which is not stupidly serious. How could the adventures of two boys who lived as Indians in the wild woods be treated seriously?

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 200 Illustrations, 552 pp.

NOTES

What strikes one most forcibly about those old favourites, "The Boys' Own Annual," "The Girls' Own," "The Sunday at Home" and the "Leisure Hour," is the immense amount of copyrighted, well-printed and well-illustrated material which is sold for a small sum. Each of these annuals must contain as much as fifteen ordinary novels, perhaps more. Fifteen copyright novels would cost more than fifteen dollars, while these annuals sell for only two dollars. Each volume is carefully edited to suit its particular class of readers, and the matter is wholesome as well as interesting—a marked characteristic of all British publications.

A story entitled "In Music's Thrall," by Lilla Nease, a lady residing at Hillier, Ont., is to be published this month by William Briggs.

While out riding early in October, Mrs. Coleman (Kit) had the misfortune to have a fall which broke some of her ribs. She has improved slowly and is now able to be about.

The history of the Central Presbyterian Church, Galt, covering more than half a century, has been written by the present incumbent, Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, Ph.D., and is now in course of issue by William Briggs.

A Canadian edition of "Bubbles We Buy" will be issued shortly, and John Lane will have an English edition early in the year. Miss Jones' reputation is growing.

A Bibliography of Canadian Fiction, compiled by Prof. L. E. Horning, Ph.D., of Victoria University, will shortly be published, under the auspices of the Library Committee of the University, by William Briggs. This will form an admirable companion volume to Mr. James's "Bibliography of Canadian Poetry."

Idle Moments

"A WORD TO THE WISE"

GENERAL MANAGER HAYS, of the Grand Trunk, is of the opinion that something may be learned from every person one meets. In support of this, he relates an adventure which recently occurred to him. He was travelling alone between two small Canadian towns on a local where there were no Pullmans, and happened to get into a seat, the other half of which was occupied by an old farmer. The verdant one made several overtures at conversation to which Mr. Hays failed to respond very readily.

"Be you goin' fur?" questioned he of the whiskers.

"Not very," was the curt response.

"Where be you goin'?" persisted his interlocutor.

Mr. Hays enlightened him and the other remained silent until the conductor had passed through the car and collected the fares. The General Manager, deep in thought, abstractedly shoved up his pass and the conductor, after glancing at the other occupant of the seat, went on down the aisle.

Suddenly, without any preliminary, the old farmer turned to Mr. Hays.

"See here," he said, "I want to put you on to something. If you had just taken off your hat and coat as I did and looked kind of far away when that feller came through, he wouldn't have asked you for no ticket. That's right," he added, noting a look of incredulity on Mr. Hays' face; "that's right. I've been travelling up and down on this here road for goin' on ten years now and I've never been asked for a cent yet!"

H. M. J.

WISDOMETTES

The most popular jewel in the United States at present is the Alverstone.

"Charity covers a multitude of shins," she said, as she gave the tramp her husband's cast-off trousers.

Pride goeth before a call.

If you would keep humble, take stock.

Genius is known by its hair and rejected manuscripts.

The most ancient illuminant is the Israelite.

Modern fiction is of a kind that "he that readeth it *will* run."

K. M.

■

JOKERS, BEWARE

Paragraphic Serf: Well, I'll never spring a joke on a plumber in action again.

Wife: Why not?

P.S.: He has charged me in his bill for the time it took him to figure out the point of the joke I got off on him when he was mending the sink.

■

ALMOST A GENIUS

Thomson: You say Stimson has a very acute mind.

Johnson: Acute? Why, that man can understand a railway time-table at a glance.

■

"HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP"

Jinglespur: So you went to school with Aylesworth, did you?

Tody: Indeed I did, and one day he gave me a licking to which I shall be

LITTLE BOY—"It says here, Mamma, that Prehistoric Men wore bird's feathers, and whole skins of animals."

MAMMA—"Well, dear?"

LITTLE BOY (seeing Auntie, a very chilly person, who is so wrapped up in herself)—"Then, Mamma, is Auntie a Prehistoric Woman?"

—*Punch*

able to point with pride for the rest of my days.

■

MODERN METHODS

Assistant: But this new author you have employed knows absolutely nothing of literature.

Great Publisher: That is exactly why I have employed him. He may blunder into originality.

■

WILLING TO COMPROMISE

Jack: I hear that lap-dogs are becoming popular again.

Tom: Well, I am willing to stand for the laps but not for the dogs.

■

HEREDITY

She was only five, but undoubtedly her father's child. She was visiting at grandmother's where auntie was also a ruling spirit.

"Auntie," she said, "did you see anything special about me to-day?"

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Didn't you see my manners?"

"Well, yes; I noticed that you always said 'Yes, thank you,' and 'No, thank you.'"

"Yes, mother has been nagging and nagging at me about my manners, and I thought I'd just turn over a new leaf."

■

UNSPOILED

"Auntie, did you have a nice dinner last night?" said the little girl to the lady who had been dining at the King Edward.

"Yes, dear; a lovely dinner. We had nine courses."

What, meat and "Nine courses! eight puddings?"

■

THE CALL OF THE WEST

Hillson: I see that the West is agitating for autonomy.

Billson: It is simply wonderful how popular the machine is becoming.

■

THE VICTIM IDENTIFIED

May: I met an old friend last evening.

Belle: Who?

May: A fellow I was engaged to three years ago. He proposed again, and I recognized him by his engagement ring.

■

UP TO DATE

Parson: What would you do if you asked for bread and were given a stone?

Broker: I should proceed to discover gold in the stone, promote a mining company, and sell the stock to the people that gave it to me.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

BEAUTIFUL STREETS

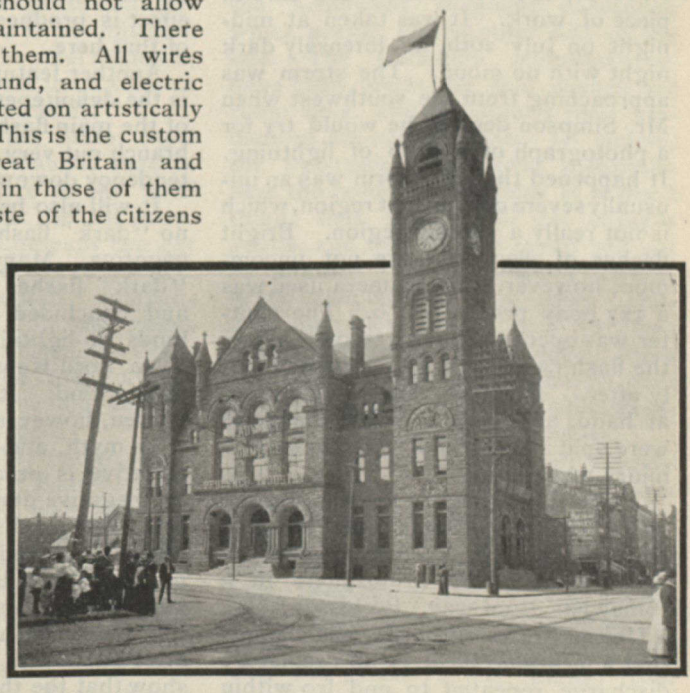
THE streets of Canadian cities are all disfigured with unsightly telegraph and telephone poles and inartistic electric-light poles. This is true even of Toronto, which is said to be a pretty city. The only artistic poles on the streets of Toronto are the neat iron trolley poles erected by the Street Railway. The accompanying picture of the Hamilton City Hall is a good example of a handsome building, the view of which is ruined by unsightly poles.

Canadian cities should not allow these poles to be maintained. There is no necessity for them. All wires should be underground, and electric lights should be erected on artistically curved iron poles. This is the custom in the cities of Great Britain and Europe, or at least, in those of them where the artistic taste of the citizens is powerful enough to prevent keen millionaires from riding roughshod over the civic rights. The rush for the dollar should not cause our cities to be given over entirely to those who would deface them without reason.

The city of Ottawa has a commission which will spend a considerable sum in making that city more worthy of its national importance. The work is progressing favourably and any one interested should read the recent report of Mr. Frederick G. Todd, the landscape artist, who is advising the Commission. Toronto has a Guild of Civic Art which is supposed to possess special knowledge of the methods of keeping a city beautiful, but so far it has wielded little influence.

LIGHTNING

The accompanying photograph, taken by Mr. T. V. Simpson, of Yorkton,



HAMILTON CITY HALL

SHOWING HOW CITY VIEWS ARE SPOILED BY UGLY TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE POLES

A SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPH OF A LIGHTNING FLASH

N.W.T., is a remarkable and careful piece of work. It was taken at midnight on July 26th, an intensely dark night with no moon. The storm was approaching from the southwest when Mr. Simpson decided he would try for a photograph of a flash of lightning. It happened that the storm was an unusually severe one for that region, which is not really a stormy region. Bright flashes of electricity are not uncommon, however. The camera used was a 5x7 pony premo No. 6. The shutter was opened about 20 seconds before the flash came, and closed immediately after. The lightning struck close at hand, and several telephone poles were split in the vicinity. Otherwise no injury was done.

There is no trace in the photograph of a "ribbon" effect, as seen in some photographs. It is a clear streak of light dividing the atmosphere in a somewhat usual way. Professor Abbé, a United States authority, has claimed that a lightning flash is an oscillatory discharge repeated to and fro within the crack in the air that is opened by the first discharge. Thus a "ribbon" effect is produced. There is no trace of that here.

Another feature of this photograph is the definiteness of the ramifications of the main flash. The smaller flashes branch out very prettily with a general tendency downward.

It will also be noticed that there are no "dark" flashes of lightning in the negative. Many people have found "dark" flashes in their photographs and concluded that there were two kinds of lightning, bright and dark. Even Lord Kelvin secured something of this kind. It has been pretty well proven, however, that dark lightning is a myth, and that the effect on the negative is produced by exposure of the negative during several flashes, the first ones turning "dark" as a result of the continued exposure. There are no traces of "dark" lightning in this photograph, and Mr. Simpson says that he closed his shutter immediately after the flash. This would seem to show that the theory of two lightnings is untenable.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.

THE STEEL SITUATION

IT is difficult for a layman to understand the steel situation. The U.S. Steel Co. has been selling rails at $28 which are said to cost not more than $18. This looks like an excellent profit. On the other hand, the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. of Sydney complains of the competition of the U.S. Steel Co. in Canada. The price of steel rails here has not averaged much below the U.S. price, and most of the orders have gone to England and Germany. If this situation is any criterion of other branches of the steel business, it is hard to see on what the Canadian Company bases its complaint.

Supposing the United States Steel Co. did sell lower in Canada than in the United States, there is the tariff and the bounty to offset the low price. Surely the Canadian Company can get along with $10 to $15 per ton advantage.

Because of the "unfair" competition of the U.S. Steel Co., the wages of the employees of the Canadian Company are to be reduced from 10 to 33 per cent. What a splendid compliment to Canadian prosperity!

The real truth of the matter seems to be that a very smart Bostonian, by the name of Whitney, went down to Sydney and built some iron and brick structures of an unusual type, added some tall chimneys and a few smokestacks, painted the whole collection red and sold them (before operation) to some bright Canadians for about twice what they were worth. These bright Canucks have a white elephant on their hands and are at their wits' end to know what to do with it. They have an investment of twenty-five millions on which to pay dividends, and they find it extremely difficult.

UNITED STATES COMPETITION

On the other hand, it is quite true that many lines of United States goods are now being offered in Canada at lower prices than formerly, owing to the somewhat stagnant conditions which prevail on the other side of the line. The Canadian manufacturers have been predicting this change for some time, and apparently their predictions are coming true. Of course, the free-trade, theoretical economist says the reduction in prices is a good thing; that people will get cheaper goods, and that the net result will not be harmful. This is, however, entirely too complacent. If a dozen Canadian factories were forced to close down, or even to reduce wages, there would be inaugurated a general contraction of business which would speedily affect the country's prosperity.

The stove manufacturers are already complaining. The Canadian duty on stoves is 25 per cent; the United States duty is 40 per cent. The manufacturers would like the duty equalized. This, they claim will prevent United States goods being slaughtered in Canada, while internal competition will keep the prices in this country from becoming abnormal.

In connection with the point, an in-

terview with Mr. C. H. Waterous, of the Waterous Engine Works Co., Brantford, which appeared recently in the Toronto *News*, is worth quoting:

"The body politic is just like the human body. Let a man overeat himself just because he can buy food cheap and he will suffer the consequences. Feed fat one part and starve another, and in the end the whole body will suffer. You can't divorce one part of the national life from another part. Modern commercial and industrial conditions are so knit together that if one line of business suffers the reaction necessarily affects other lines. The producer and the consumer must work hand in hand. If the manufacturer suffers, the employee suffers; the reaction spreads to the wholesaler and the business community, and finally to the agriculturists, whose best customers are the local urban population. It is far better, in the end, to have normal and steady development of all classes in the community than to be subject to times of prosperity and depression, following in the wake of the United States. With the natural and rapid development of Canada bound to occur in the next decade, Canadian manufacturers are in a position to make steady progress, to increase their plants and pay good wages to their workmen, provided they are protected from unfair competition from the States and from England and Germany."

THE PROFIT ON WHEAT

The Canadian farmer is getting higher prices this year for his grain. On November 14th prices for wheat in store at Fort William were: No. 1 Northern, 78c; No. 2, 76c; No. 3, 72c; No. 4, 63c. As the freight rate from Winnipeg and other Manitoba points to Fort William has fallen from 14 to 11 cents per hundred, the profit to the western farmer must be much greater than last year. The insurance rate at Fort William, however, is too high. The railway companies pay from $\frac{1}{2}$ of one per cent. to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for insurance according to the style of elevator; in turn the railway companies charge the owner of the grain about four per cent. for the same insurance. The railway companies apparently make a fair profit on this item.

OUR FISHERIES

The *Maritime Merchant* of Halifax is concerned about the future of our fisheries. It points out the value of this industry to the Maritime Provinces. The fisheries of Nova Scotia yield about eight millions a year, and give employment to about thirty thousand persons. There are two essentials, a regularly available bait supply and a quick delivery of fish. More railways and steamships are necessary to supply these essentials and keep the industry stimulated. The Governments at Ottawa and Halifax should seriously consider the situation and do what is necessary.

Another point emphasized by this journal is that the fishermen themselves should be encouraged to greater industry. Some of them are content to labour only four months in the year, when they might work much longer and produce three times as much. Again the methods of catching and curing require modernizing so that the Nova Scotia fish will be invited to the best markets in the world.

If it is right for a government to encourage steel production, butter making, chicken feeding and other kinds of wealth-making, surely it would be right to encourage the fisherman who produces fish. It is a most valuable part of our national industry.

THE NEW MIDLAND HOTEL, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

THE NEW MIDLAND PALACE

In the Midland districts of the Old Country, and on the journey from Liverpool to London, more particularly if one is fortunate enough to travel by the Midland Railway route, are situate some of the finest and most famous British palatial residences; "Those stately homes of England," celebrated in history and romance, which it is ever the desire of the American traveller or Canadian tourist to visit when in the old land. Over the Midland System, and throughout its extensive connections, one passes through parts of the country abounding with scenic and historic interest.

Ever alert to the requirements and comforts of the public, the pioneer of so many improvements in English railway travelling, the first introducers of the Pullman car, now superseded by the modern dining and sleeping cars, the Midland Company have for some time past been developing a splendid hotel system, and now own and manage hotels adjoining their depots at London, Derby, Leeds, Bradford, Liverpool, Morecambe and Manchester, which in point of comfort and moderate charges compare with any of the first rank in the kingdom.

All Canadians are familiar with the Midland Grand Hotel, that imposing structure designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, at their London terminus, St. Pancras. It is a most convenient and comfortable home for any visitor to the great Metropolis, easily reached from any part of the city or the west end; the accommodation, catering and cuisine all that could possibly be desired.

The Adelphe Hotel and Restaurant, Liverpool, has been long well and favourably known to almost every transatlantic tourist. In the successful development of hotel life in England by Mr. William Towle, the manager of the Midland Hotels, there has

THE AMERICAN BAR

been a combination of social life and entertainment, with all the restfulness and privacy of one's own home; but by far the greatest achievement in this direction is the completion of what may most fitly be styled the "New Midland Palace," recently opened in Manchester, right in the heart of that busy, bustling centre, "Cottonopolis," of such a vast and wealthy manufacturing district on the main line from Liverpool to London.

The municipal government of Manchester had of late years been "waking up" to the actual needs of a large community at the present day; a splendid pure water supply has been provided for domestic purposes, the sanitation of the whole city raised to an efficient standard, the improved lighting and paving of the streets, and the introduction of an electric tramway system with rapid and frequent service to all parts of the city. Now, the erection and opening of the New Midland Hotel, constructed on the most modern principles, has added the greatest improvement of all, and provides the visitor to Manchester with accommodation second to none in any city of the world.

This palatial edifice, commenced in 1900, occupying an area of two acres, costing over one million pounds sterling, is of the Renaissance style, constructed mainly of steel, the front elevation being of red Aberdeen granite and vitrified terra cotta blocks, which are used extensively in the whole exterior of the building that overlooks, respectively, Peter Street, Mosley Street, Mount Street, Windmill Street, and the open space of the Central Station. The lofty inner walls, rising above the glass roof of the garden, being treated with glazed white tiles, so as to afford ample light everywhere to the interior of the hotel. One of the very noticeable features is the care the architect has taken for the admission of light, air and ventilation. The system adopted for purifying the air is by a series of filter screens of linen and coke receiving 80,000 cubic feet of air a minute, while revolving doors at the entrances keep out all dust or fog.

The Grand Entrance in Peter Street gives admittance at once to the grand staircase, octagon court, central garden and terraces, into which the various restaurants and main public rooms open. All the arrangements in the reception hall for the convenience of guests and hotel officials are admirably conceived, carefully devised to obviate needless trouble. Here are the offices of the management, postal, telegraph and telephone facilities, ticket offices, banking bureau, news stalls, baggage rooms and, closely adjacent, spacious lavatories, hair dressing and toilet parlors for ladies and gentlemen. It is essentially a business man's hotel, for in addition are a trader's business room, sample, sale and auction rooms, commodious and well-appointed reading and writing rooms, tastefully furnished; splendid smoking and billiard rooms; the whole of the interior woodwork being in walnut, finished in the Elizabethan style; the upholstering and decorations artistically carried out by the well-known London firm of Waring & Gillow. The American bar, elegantly fitted, attracts attention near the central rotunda, and in this connection it may be stated the stocks of wines, liquors and beverages, the brands of cigars, etc., are selected with the utmost care and a thorough knowledge of the wants of numerous hotel patrons.

There are nearly 400 bedrooms, many containing baths, all connected with tele-

phones, and every bedroom has its own clock dial synchronized from a central point; the face of the clock can be electrically lighted by the occupant of the room from his bed during any hour of the night, and the chamber light can also handily be adjusted.

A distinguishing feature hitherto unknown in the provinces is the central octagon court and lounge of coloured Grecian marble, beautifully decorated in the Louis Seize style, with a strikingly effective arrangement of mirrors, a richly gilded ornamentation of pillars and supports; the dome in white and gold eclipsing any other such interior design in England. Yet another unequalled attraction is the roof garden, affording an ideal resort after luncheon or dinner, where, ascending comfortably by elevators, music and other entertainment can be enjoyed; its altitude being above the city smoke line, a commanding view of the country and towns around can be obtained.

When the Midland Company acquired the site they entered into an agreement to provide a new concert hall in the hotel to replace the "Old Gentlemen's Concert Hall," a building which for over 100 years had been the radiating centre of all music lovers in Manchester and vicinity. This has been effected in the New Midland Hall, a beautiful auditorium (with its gallery) to seat 800, decorated in white and gold, in Louis XIV style, with dark panelling of Cuban mahogany, approached by a fine marble staircase from the entrance hall. High-class afternoon concerts will be frequently given, and it will become the home of many classical entertainments.

But in reading this description, giving only a partial idea of the latest enterprise of the Midland Company, one may naturally query as to what has been the real cause of such continued success attending their efforts in modern hotel development. Undoubtedly it has been due entirely to the especial care which has been exercised in the culinary arrangements. To commence with, the kitchen and cooking installations are marvels of practical arrangement and modern ingenuity, while the precise organization is perfect, and the best chefs procurable are retained.

Dining rooms and dinners to suit all tastes are provided. There are the French Restaurant, the Grill Room, the Coffee Room, the German Restaurant, and Grand Dining Room, all lofty, spacious and attractive, amply lighted and ventilated, lavishly furnished and exquisitely decorated; while in the variety of dishes to be ordered the most epicurean tastes can be gratified or the plainest home-like meals provided.

The oval-shaped French Restaurant is a model of modern reproduction of the fourteenth Louis period, with a carpet of old rose red, oak panelling and gold enrichments, tapestries and mirrors, windowed doors opening out to a terraced balcony overlooking the garden.

The Grand Dining Room is a splendid apartment, panelled in mahogany, with tasteful embellishments in gold, lofty windows, a white ceiling picked out with gold, at one end a massive fire-place over which is a noble portrait in oils of Prince Charles Edward, or the Young Pretender. A magnificent green Wilton carpet covers the floor,

THE PALM COURT

THE GRAND DINING ROOM

brilliant rows of electric jets illuminating the whole and producing an admirable effect.

The superb Georgian Coffee Room is also panelled, upholstered with richly green-coloured tapestry and draperies. The tastes of lady visitors have been studiously considered and a special suite of rooms is reserved for their use; a delightful tea room in sycamore and light blue decoration, and private entrance and stair cases.

Charming suites of private apartments have been prepared for residential purposes, one under the title of the Royal Suite, most sumptuously furnished; while dining, drawing and reception rooms and small lounge, private banquet and dancing hall, can be engaged for social entertainments.

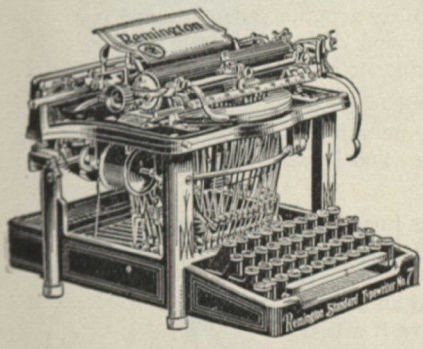
In all the details of equipment, service, ventilation and sanitation, the Midland Hotel will be found quite on an equal with the renowned establishments on the continent or on this side of the Atlantic; and all those improvements suggested by the practical experience of the management have been freely introduced—no expense or pains being spared—wherever they would add in any way to the comfort and convenience of guests.

The Midland Company and their hotels' manager deserve congratulation upon the completion of this palatial home in the Lancashire city. Already their efforts are being rewarded in the liberal patronage shown by the appreciative Manchester citizens, and the constant travelling public. In the very near future will be added numbers of American and Canadian visitors, who will be delighted with the surroundings and the attentions they will receive at the New Midland Hotel in Manchester.

LADIES' BOUDOIR

More than 10,000 Remington Typewriters

are used for instruction purposes in the schools of Canada and the United States—over 2,200 *more than all other makes of writing machines combined.* This condition is created by the demand for Remington operators; therefore it clearly reflects the *choice of the business world.*



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

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

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MAKES YOUR **CAKES** LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR **BISCUITS** LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR **BUNS** LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR **LABOR** LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR **EXPENSES** LIGHT.

Order from your Grocer.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

Did You Ever Know

That Improper Food Often Causes the Liquor Habit?

It's a great proposition to get rid of a taste for liquor by changing food.

Improper food and stimulants like coffee and tea create unnatural appetites. The one who eats only proper food is normal in health and therefore normal in appetite.

By way of example take the case of a well-known business man of Lowry City, Mo., who says: "About three years ago my appetite failed me and my food disagreed with me. I got weak, nervous and dull and entirely unfit for business. Then like a fool I went to taking liquor to stimulate an appetite.

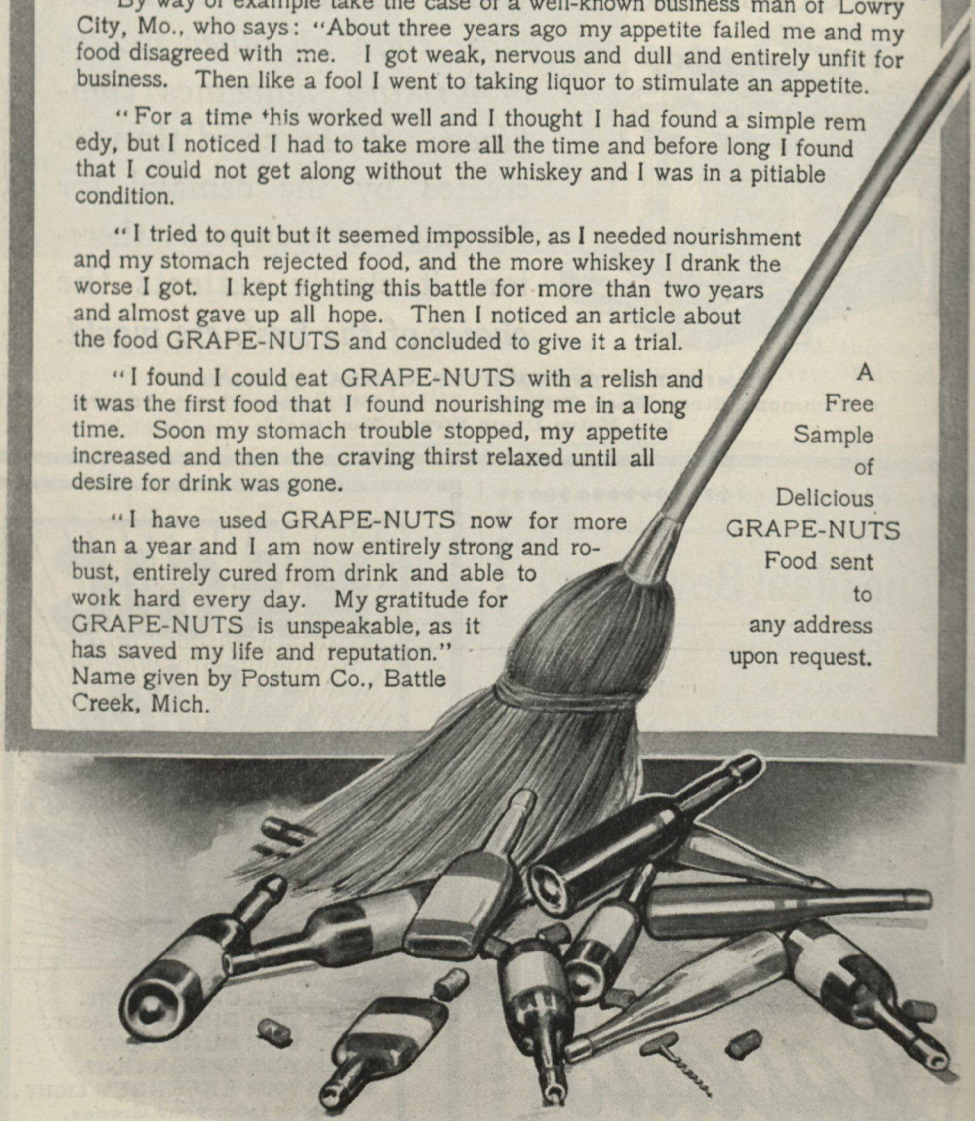
"For a time this worked well and I thought I had found a simple remedy, but I noticed I had to take more all the time and before long I found that I could not get along without the whiskey and I was in a pitiable condition.

"I tried to quit but it seemed impossible, as I needed nourishment and my stomach rejected food, and the more whiskey I drank the worse I got. I kept fighting this battle for more than two years and almost gave up all hope. Then I noticed an article about the food GRAPE-NUTS and concluded to give it a trial.

"I found I could eat GRAPE-NUTS with a relish and it was the first food that I found nourishing me in a long time. Soon my stomach trouble stopped, my appetite increased and then the craving thirst relaxed until all desire for drink was gone.

"I have used GRAPE-NUTS now for more than a year and I am now entirely strong and robust, entirely cured from drink and able to work hard every day. My gratitude for GRAPE-NUTS is unspeakable, as it has saved my life and reputation." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A Free Sample of Delicious GRAPE-NUTS Food sent to any address upon request.



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Mild Soap requires rubbing to liberate the dirt.

Strong Soap is caustic——it ruins fabrics and hands.

Pearline is less caustic than a mild soap——its cleansing properties are harmless.

This shirt, in wear Four seasons of Eight months each, looks good as new, tho' washed nearly 100 times with PEARLINE.

This underwear is Delicate, so maker advertises a Mild soap in wash, and says the garment should then last Two seasons. He now admits that

Pearline prolongs life of fabrics

ELECTRO LIGHT ENG. CO., N.Y. M. 158


HIGHEST GRADE
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Cigarettes.

My Book is Free

My treatment too—if that fails.

But if it helps—if it succeeds,
If health is yours again,
I ask you to pay—$5.50.

The book tells all.
I send it to you free
If you but write.

And further, I will send the name of a druggist near you who will let you take six bottles of my remedy,

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

On a month's trial. If it succeeds, the cost to you is $5.50. If it fails, the druggist will bill the cost to me.

Don't Wait Until You Are Worse.

Taken in time, the suffering of this little one would have been prevented. Her mother writes:—

"Two years ago my little girl was sick continuously for six months. We tried many doctors but they failed, yet it took only two bottles of your remedy to cure her, and she has remained cured. You can tell others of this cure if you so desire. Mrs. C. H. Avery, Rockdale, N.Y."

The wife of Omer Andrus, of Bayou Chicat, La., had been sick for 20 years. For eight years could do practically no work. He writes:—

"When she first started taking the Restorative she barely weighed 90 pounds; now she weighs 135, and is easily able to do all her housework."

J. G. Billingsley, of Thomasville, Ga., for three years has been crippled with disease. Now he is well. He writes:—

"I spent $250.00 for other medicines, and the $3.00 I have spent with you have done me more good than all the rest."

And these are only three from over 65,000 similar cases. Such letters—many of them—come every day to me.

How much serious illness the Restorative has prevented I have no means of knowing, for the slightly ill and the indisposed simply get a bottle or two of their druggist, are cured, and I never hear from them.

But of 600,000 sick ones—seriously sick, mind you—who asked for my guarantee, 39 out of 40 have paid.

If I can succeed in cases like these—fail but one time in 40 in diseases deep-seated and chronic, isn't it certain I can cure the slightly ill?

All You Need Do.

Simply write me—that is all. Tell me the book you need. The offer I make may sound extravagant. But it isn't. It would mean bankruptcy to me, though, were it not for my discovery. That discovery—the treatment of the inside nerves—taught me a way to cure. I do not doctor the mere organs. I doctor the nerves that operate them—that give them strength and power.

And failures are seldom—so seldom that I make this offer gladly, freely—so that those who might doubt may learn without risk.

Tell of it, please, to some sick friend. Or send me his name. That's but a trifle—a minute's time—a postal. He is your friend. You can help him. My way may be his only way to get well.

If I, a stranger, will do this for him, you should at least write.

Drop me a postal to-day.

Simply state which book you want and address
DR. SHOOP,
Box 25, Racine, Wis.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys.
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men.
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. At druggists.

The Economical Woman

buys black dress goods and a good black for *Her Gown*

Priestley's Black Dress Goods

Are the Best

The Color is Permanent

For Sale at all the Best Dry Goods Stores

BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

Neave's Food

FOR

Infants, Invalids and the Aged

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD, admirably adapted to the wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibition, London, (Eng.), 1900.

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Write and get your money back.
We mean what we say.

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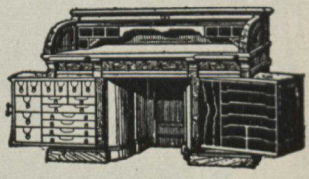

THE DESK OF THE AGE.

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.

PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.

Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

INDIGESTION

CONQUERED BY K.D.C.

IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

COWAN'S

Such dainty and delicate Confections are

COWAN'S

SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE,
CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS,
CHOCOLATE WAFERS, Etc.

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03

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Clark's

delicious

Pork & Beans

make the dinner call twice welcome.

W. CLARK
MFR.
MONTREAL

CLARK'S

"Ready Lunch Beef"

IS A DELICIOUS TREAT.

It retains all the flavor of prime beef.

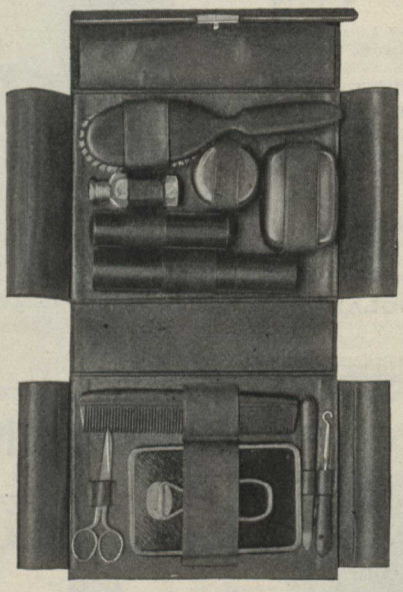
BE SURE AND HAVE

LEATHER GOODS

ON YOUR

CHRISTMAS LIST

We pay Express Charges in Ontario and allow charges as far west as Fort William and east as Montreal.



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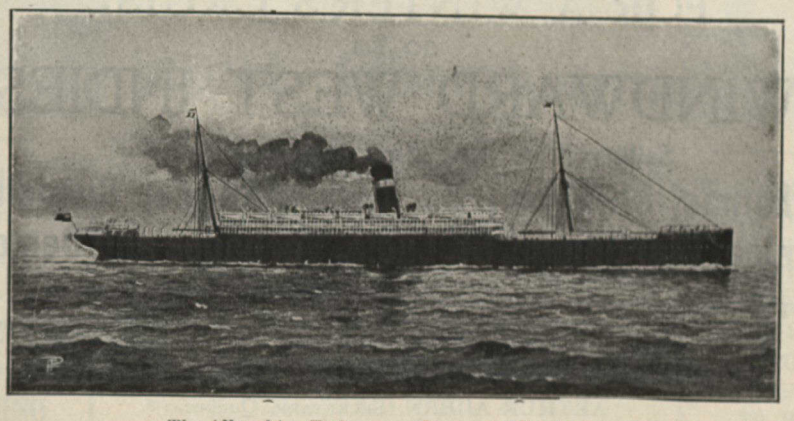

The Allan Line Twin-screw Steamer "Tunisian."

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CORINTHIAN, - - 6,500 Tons
PRETORIAN, - - - 6,300 Tons

TUNISIAN, Twin Screws, 10,575 Tons
SICILIAN, - - - 6,500 Tons
PARISIAN, - - - - 5,500 Tons

These fine new steamers sail **Weekly** to Liverpool from Montreal, calling at Londonderry.

The steamers are amongst the largest and finest in the Transatlantic Lines and are excelled by none in the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The Saloons and Staterooms are amidships, where least motion is felt, and bilge keels have been fitted to all the steamers, which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum. The vessels are also fitted with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

Electric lights are in use throughout the ships, and the cabins have all the comforts of modern first-class hotels. Cuisine is unsurpassed.

No expense for transfer of baggage from the railway stations to the steamer.

The distance on the Atlantic is almost 1000 miles shorter via this route than it is from United States ports. The scenery in the River and Gulf makes this the picturesque route between America and Europe.

1903 PROPOSED SUMMER SAILINGS 1903

Subject to change.

From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL	From QUEBEC
6 Aug.	*BAVARIAN	Sat., 22 Aug. 5.00 A.M.	Sat., 22 Aug. 4.20 P.M.
13 "	*IONIAN	" 29 " 5.00 "	" 29 " 3.30 "
20 "	*TUNISIAN	" 5 Sept. 5.30 "	" 5 Sept. 4.30 "
27 "	*PARISIAN	" 12 " 5.30 "	" 12 " 3.30 "
3 Sept.	PRETORIAN	" 19 " 6.00 "	" 19 " 4.00 "
10 "	*BAVARIAN	" 26 " 6.00 "	" 26 " 3.30 "
17 "	*IONIAN	" 3 Oct. 6.00 "	" 3 Oct. 4.00 "
24 "	*TUNISIAN	" 10 " 6.00 "	" 10 " 4.30 "
1 Oct.	*PARISIAN	" 17 " 9.00 "	" 17 " 7.20 "
8 "	PRETORIAN	" 24 " 6.00 "	" 24 " 4.30 "
15 "	*BAVARIAN	" 31 " 6.00 "	" 31 " 9.00 "
22 "	*IONIAN	" 7 Nov. 7.00 "	" 7 Nov. 3.00 "
29 "	*TUNISIAN	" 14 " 7.30 "	" 14 " 9.00 "

* These steamers do not carry cattle.

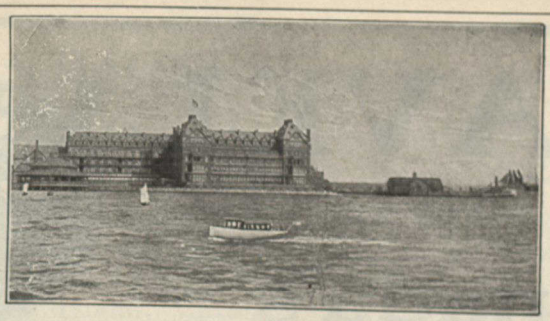
TUNISIAN embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, August 2, 9.15 a.m.; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, August 9, 9.00 p.m. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 6 hours, 45 minutes.

BAVARIAN is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 15 hours, 27 minutes, via Cape Race.

PARISIAN sailed from Rimouski Sunday, Oct. 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Moville Sunday, Oct. 27th, 7.30 a.m. Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 16 hours, 50 minutes.

For rates or further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto
or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal



Hotel Chamberlin

OLD POINT COMFORT
VIRGINIA

The Most Magnificent Resort Hotel in America

Open all the Year. New Management 1903

FORTRESS MONROE, the largest Military Post in the U. S.

HAMPTON ROADS, the rendezvous of the North Atlantic Squadron.

Write for booklets, "Both Arms of the Service" and "Shooting in the Old Dominion."

GOLF
TENNIS
SAILING
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BEST SHOOTING EAST OF THE ROCKIES, ON A GREAT GAME PRESERVE OF 10,000 ACRES, FROM SEPTEMBER TO MAY

NEW YORK OFFICE, 289 Fourth Ave. Phone 1749—18th St. GEO. F. ADAMS, Mgr., Fortress Monroe, Va.

WABASH

WABASH

THE LUXURY OF TRAVEL

Traveling by daylight on the Wabash Line affords all the comforts to be had in the most luxurious homes or in the best hotels. Nothing is wanting to complete one's happiness, and the days pass only too quickly.

The Parlor, Observation, Café, Library and Sleeping Cars on the Wabash are the finest in this country.

For information as to Rates, Route, etc., address

J. A. RICHARDSON
District Passenger Agent
Cor. King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

Tenders for Supplies, 1904

The undersigned will receive tenders up to noon on Monday, 23rd inst., for supplies of butchers' meat, creamery butter, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, cordwood, etc., etc., for the following institutions during the year 1904, viz.:—

At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville, Cobourg and Orillia; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene; the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford.

Exception—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Brockville, nor for the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.

A marked cheque for five per cent. of the estimated amount of the contract, payable to the order of the Honorable the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides. Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract, and should any tender be withdrawn before the contract is awarded, or should the tenderer fail to furnish such security, the amount of the deposit will be forfeited.

Specifications and forms of tender may be had on application to the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Toronto, or to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it.

J. R. STRATTON,
Provincial Secretary.

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, November 9, 1903.

Radnor

EMPRESS of WATERS

RADNOR

is a purely natural water, brilliant, pleasantly sparkling and delicate to the taste.

"The Lancet"
London, England

For Xmas

"Yankee" Safety Razors are a gift to be long appreciated. The safest and most perfect type of Safety Razor ever invented. Quickest and Simplest. Mail orders for Xmas filled direct on receipt of price. Send money order.

Yankee Safety Razor, in tin box, $2.00
Yankee Stropping Machine . $1.50

Information about Razor Sets furnished on request. At all Cutlery and Jewelry Dealers.

REICHARD & SCHREUBER MFG., CO., 58-60 Duane Street, New York.

Special Offer!

22 ft. LAUNCH TO CARRY 20 PERSONS

For $450.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS AND CATALOG

THE CANADA LAUNCH WORKS, Limited
Foot of Carlaw Ave. Toronto, Ont.

A brilliant entertainer, changing dreary, rainy hours into moments of enjoyment, lightly playing catchy hits of the season, satisfying critical musical natures by the grand compositions of the masters, setting feet to motion in that delightful evening entertainment, the impromptu dance; **the Pianola** transforms the voiceless piano into a very fountain of melody.

Though perfectly artistic and wholly individual in each player's hands, the Pianola can be played by anyone, even those utterly ignorant of the art of music, and is thus practically available to every man, woman and child in the whole wide world.

PRICE, $275.

Can be purchased by monthly payments if desired.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited

32 KING ST. WEST, - TORONTO

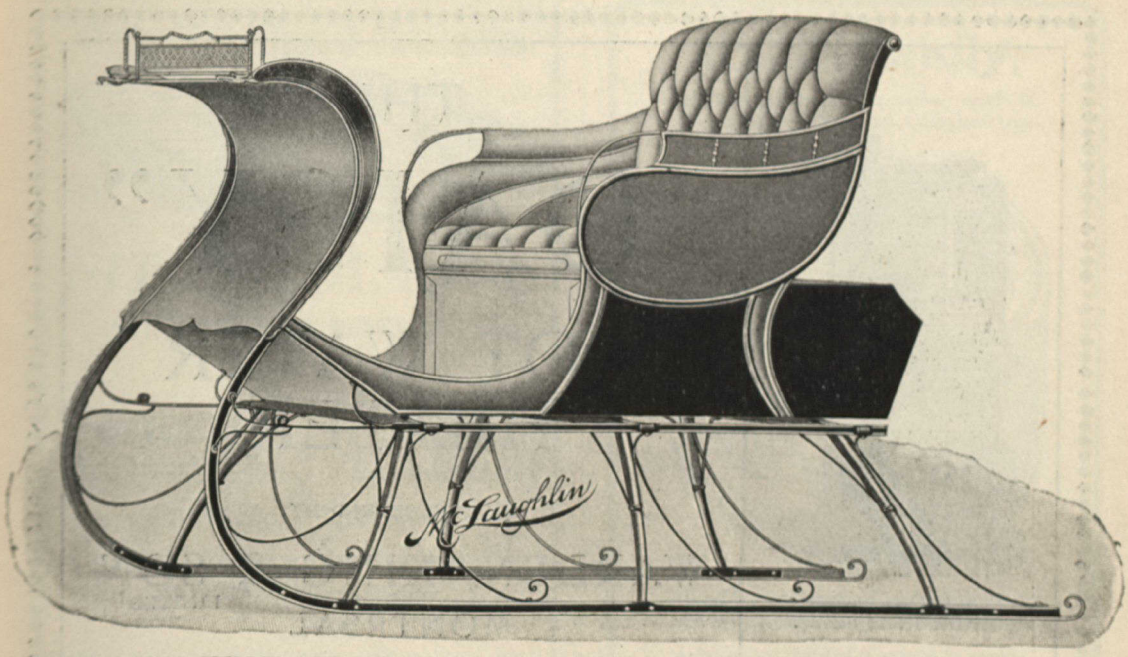
It's Pleasant to Reflect

when after years of use your silver shows no sign of wear except perhaps a few scratches.

Be sure you see our trade-mark stamped on every piece you buy; it ensures the best quality. We make all the latest and most unique designs, and no jeweller's stock is complete without a full selection of our goods.

The Standard Silver Co. Limited

TORONTO



Our No. 230 KING EDWARD.—The very latest for town and city driving. A model of beauty and comfort. We build many other styles.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., OSHAWA, ONT.

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM OAKVILLE ONTARIO

IN LAKEHURST GROUNDS

THIS Sanitarium, established some eleven years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating and Bathing.

For terms, etc., address the Manager, LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE

PIANOS BY MAIL

Through our mail order department we sell pianos direct from our Toronto warerooms to almost any point in Canada no matter how remote. In this way the purchaser saves that large portion of the cost necessary for agents' commissions and local expenses.

We ship subject to approval, and will pay the return freight if not entirely satisfactory, consequently customers living at a distance can buy just as safely through our mail order department as those who have the opportunity of visiting our warerooms and making personal selection.

Our easy payment system is applicable everywhere and on the most costly instrument as well as the more moderate priced. A card of enquiry will bring a personal letter with full particulars.

We are wholesale factors for the following instruments:

Knabe Pianos

The more closely you investigate, the more clearly you demonstrate their peerless character.

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

Loved by every owner, admired by every hearer for their delicious tone-quality.

Gourlay Pianos

Distinctly artistic creations. In excellence our highest attainment. Already a favorite with every musician.

Winter Pianos

Quite on a par with the Gourlay, though somewhat smaller in size.

Mendelssohn Pianos

Pianos of sterling merit. You pay no more than they are worth, and they are really worth more than you pay.

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"The World's Best Family Flour"
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SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous English .... Skin Fluid

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES
Disappear in a few Days

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth supple, healthy skin.

Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., TORONTO**

Fearman's Famous

STAR F BRAND

ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON

THE STANDARD OF EPICUREAN TASTE

For Sale by all Leading Grocers

Derma-Royale

Insures Pure, Soft, White Skin and a Beautiful Complexion,

cures Eczema and Tetter, Absolutely and permanently removes Blackheads, Freckles, Pimples, Redness, Sunspots, and Tan. Used with Derma-Royale Soap a Perfect skin is insured.

Sold by Druggists, or may be ordered direct.

DERMA-ROYALE, $1.00 per bottle, express paid.
DERMA-ROYALE SOAP, - - 25 cents, by mail.
Both in one package, - - - $1.25, express paid.

Shipped from our Dominion House, saving duty.

ONE BOTTLE FREE TO AGENTS.

THE DERMA-ROYALE CO., - Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE GREAT REMEDY.

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA. FOR

The **Excruciating Pain** is quickly relieved, and cured in a few days by these celebrated Pills. Sure, safe, and effectual. All Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

LADIES to do piecework at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from $7 to $12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to ROYAL CO., Desk C. M., 34 Monroe Street, Chicago.

Teaberry

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.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

PRE-EMINENT FOR 60 YEARS.

THERE ARE 40 ERECT FORM STYLES

Three recent creations are shown here—each corset is built with some distinctive feature to correct some definite figure-fault. Special models for short and tall—stout and slender wearers. The Erect Form makes it possible for any woman to possess a modish and graceful physique. It aims to carry out nature's own idea of development. It is a healthful corset—built as you are built.

Erect Form 919. For fully developed figures. Cut very low in the bust and very long over hips and abdomen. Shaped like 929, but without fan-front. In white and drab sterling cloth and black sateen. Sizes 20 to 36 ..... **$1.00**

Erect Form 929. A Long Hip Model for very stout women, built with a heavily stitched fan-front over abdomen to hold in undue stoutness. In white and drab coutil and black sateen. Sizes 20 to 36 ..... **$1.50**

Erect Form 926. For medium figures. Very short hip and extremely long over abdomen. Of white and drab sterling cloth and black sateen. Sizes 18 to 30..... **$1.00**

Erect Form 924. For medium figures. Low bust, long over hips and abdomen, but cut away between to allow full freedom. In white and drab sterling cloth and black sateen. Sizes 18 to 36 ..... **$1.00**

Erect Form 930 is exactly like style 919, but is made of white and drab imported coutil, trimmed with wide fall of lace and ribbon bow. Sizes 20 to 36..... **$2.00**

Erect Form 921. For very heavy figures. Made with fan-front, low bust and long hip. Of white coutil and black lasting cloth. Sizes 20 to 30..... **$3.00**

If your dealer cannot supply you mention his name, enclose price, and we will see that you receive corset desired.

WEINGARTEN BROS., Dept. O., 377-379 Broadway, New York City.

Your Xmas Dinner

You remember when it was one of the red letter events of the year. When you looked longingly forward to it, and gloried in it when it came. You no longer look forward to it with joy. You think of the suffering that follows in its train. Your stomach is not what it once was. Your appetite for good things has gone, and now rich dinners are terrors and not pleasures. But

You Can Enjoy It

just as well as ever you did if you give your stomach the help it needs—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They digest the food while the stomach rests and gains strength. Thousands of people in Canada who were once confirmed Dyspeptics are now eating three square meals, and enjoying them because they have used

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets

Carry a few in your pocket and take one after eating. They are an insurance policy against Discomfort. All dealers sell them.

Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese is a truly dainty article. It comes to your table in its opal jar, pure and fresh from the cleanest, most perfect cheese factory in Canada.

Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese is the selection of the epicure.

Scientific making and scrupulous care give it a delicious flavor that is found in no other cheese.

Will you serve ordinary, tasteless cheese when

Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese

may be had for the asking ? Be sure of the name when you order. In opal pots, 10c., 25c., 50c. and 90c.

INGERSOLL PACKING CO., INGERSOLL, ONT. 1

Libby's

Christmas

Libby's Plum Pudding

makes any Christmas Dinner complete for it is made after an old English recipe that gives it a delicate flavor, a delightful aroma, often imitated, but never equaled. Always ready to serve and delicious to eat. Ask your grocer for it, and for

Libby's (Natural Flavor) **Food Products**

Wafer Sliced Dried Beef, Corned Beef Hash, Extract of Beef, Vienna Sausage, Boneless Chicken, Potted Ham, Concentrated Soups, Etc.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free.
Send five two cent stamps for Libby's big Atlas of the World.

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