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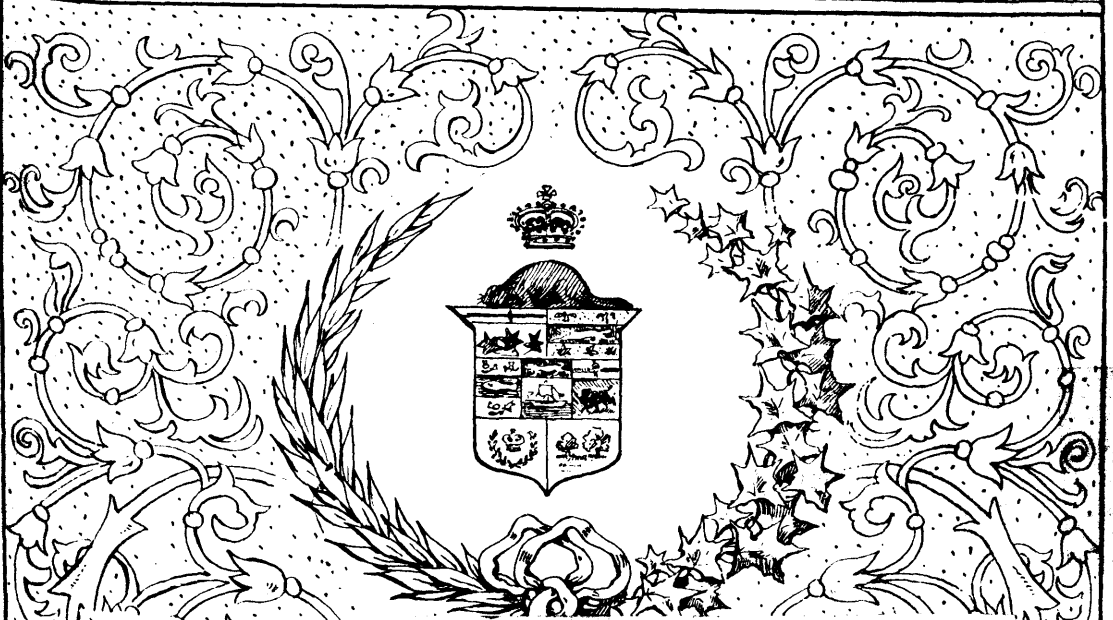
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JANUARY, 1896



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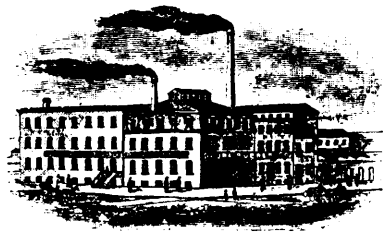
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VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1896.

No. 3.

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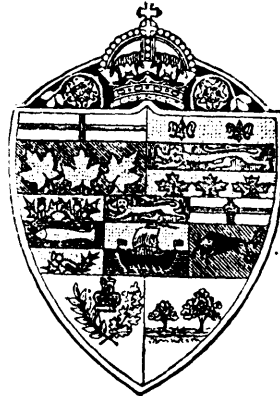
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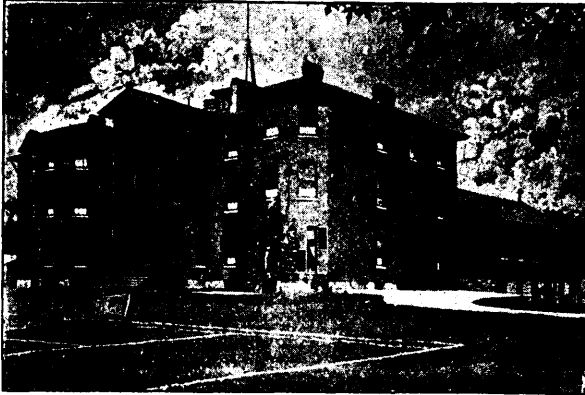
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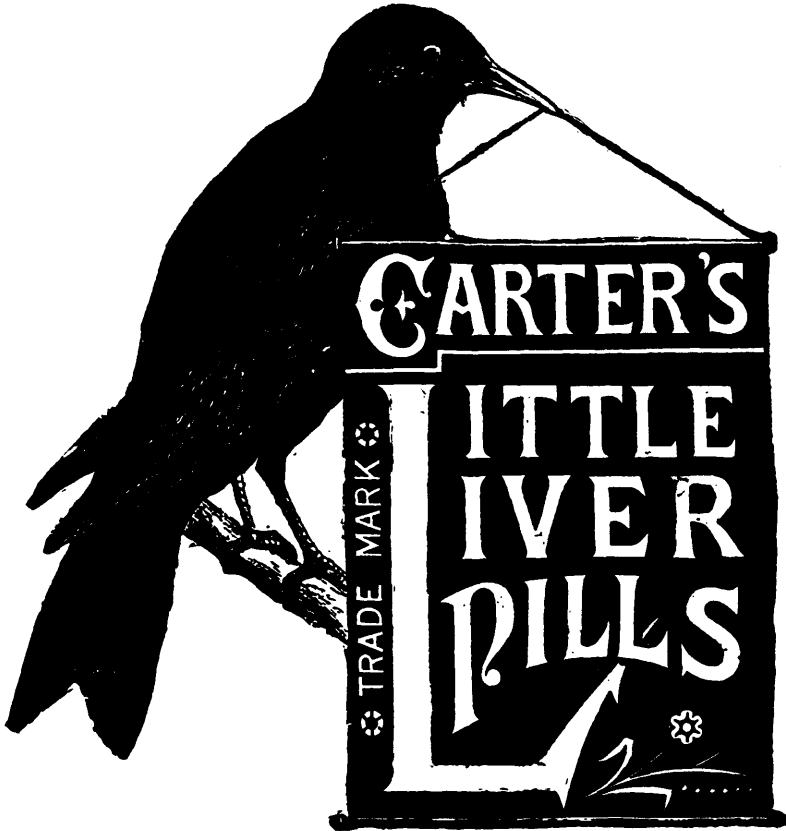
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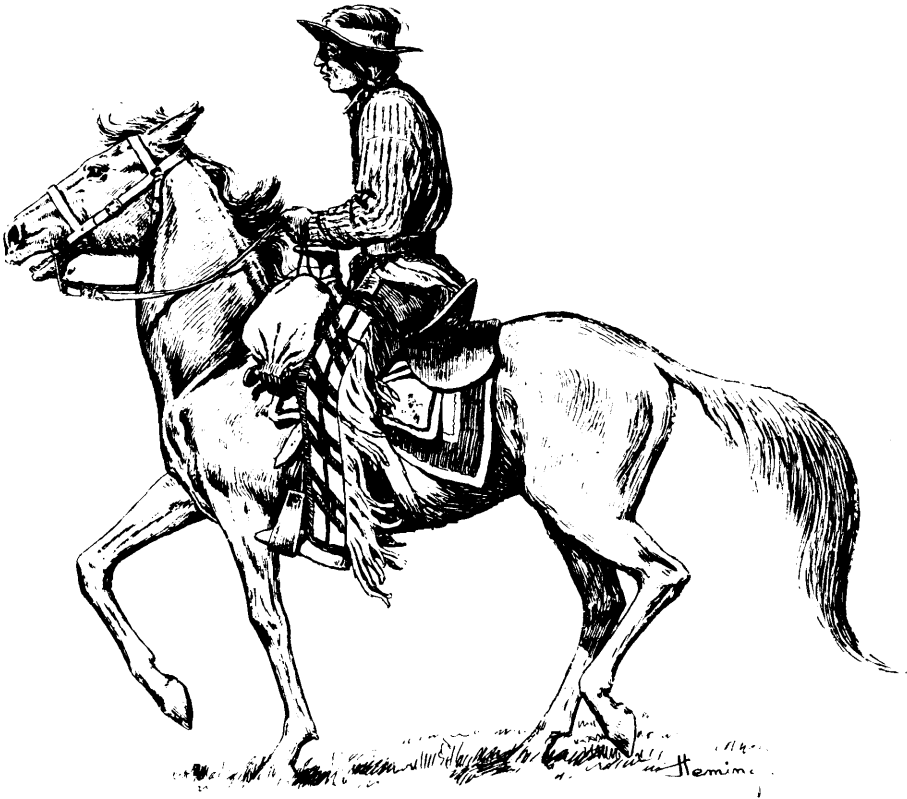
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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1896.

No. 3.

WINCHESTER GATHEDRAL.

BY THOMAS EDWARD CHAMPION.

INTERWOVEN as is the history of all or nearly all of the Cathedrals of England, with that of the nation, there is none that is more so, not even Westminster Abbey, than the historic pile on the banks of the Itchen in Hampshire, of which this paper treats. There is certainly none of the legendary mysticism which attaches to the founding of Durham and also to that of Ely, associated with Winchester, but it has a history dating from almost apostolic times, and an unbroken hierarchical record of more than twelve hundred years.

There are documents in existence which lead to the belief that a Christian Church existed on the site where the Cathedral now stands in the year 169. This building was destroyed in 266, but was restored in 293, and converted into a "temple of Dagon," that is for the worship of Wodin, in the year 495, by the Saxons under Cerdic. For more than a century did this state of affairs continue until in A.D. 635, the building was pulled down, and a new one erected, by Birinus the "Apostle of Wessex," who had been sent specially to England by Pope Honorius. To this ecclesiastic, Kynegils the King of that portion of the Heptarchy granted all the land for seven miles around the Church, as an

endowment for the support of the See. Kenelwach, who was the son and successor of Kynegils, was equally profuse in his gifts to the Church, adding to those of his father the manors of Alresford, Worthy and Downton. This church was at first known as that of St. Amphibalus, who was tutor to the proto-martyr St. Alban; it was afterwards dedicated to St. Peter. This was also changed some years later, and it became St. Swithin's, or as some authorities have it St. Swithuns, finally the Holy Trinity.

It is one of the legends of Winchester that over the High Altar of the first Cathedral, Canute, after the memorable scene on the sands of Southampton water, placed his crown of gold on the head of the figure of the Crucified Redeemer never again to resume its use.

One of the most liberal contributors to the Cathedral of Winchester in its earlier days was the notable St. Swithin. In Warton's History of English poetry he refers to an old poetical "Lives of the Saints," which contains this quaint allusion:

"Seynt Swithin his bishopricke to al goodnesse drough.
The Towne also of Wynchestre he amended inough."

Let us for a moment turn from the

Cathedral of Winchester to the City from which it takes its name.

Winchester itself is of very great antiquity, it was known by the Romans as *Venta Belgarum* and was the site of a British city even before their invasion. As a Roman station it was a place of very considerable importance and contained temples dedicated to Apollo and Concord. In the year, 495, it was taken by the Saxons, and historians record that it then contained one church for Christian worship. The City was called *Wintanceaster* by the Saxons, from which appellation it is easy to trace the transition to the more modern form of Winchester. In Saxon times it was not only the chief town of Wessex, but of England, as also the residence of the King. Even after the Norman conquest, it continued to be used as the home of royalty down to the time of Edward I.

Once more to return to the Cathedral. St. Swithin, who was born either in or near Winchester, was ordained priest by Helmstan, the then Bishop of Winchester, about the year 830. He was then appointed Abbot of the Monastery which afterwards bore his name, that of the Priory of St. Swithin. The Saint, as he has since become, was tutor to Ethelwulph who succeeded his father Egbert on the throne. Swithin was appointed to the See of Winchester in the year 852, and he ruled the diocese for exactly ten years. He died in 862, and was buried in the open graveyard surrounding the Cathedral, but in the year 1093, at the wish of Bishop Walkelyn, his remains were re-interred with becoming reverence and ceremony in the New Church. Upon the day when the body of St. Swithin was to have been removed from the churchyard to the Choir of the Cathedral, many hours were lost owing to the rain which fell copiously and continuously. This gave rise to the conceit that if it rains on July 15th, which is now known as St. Swithin's Day, it will rain continuously for forty days after. The Poet Gay in

his "Trivia" thus alludes to the belief:

"If on St. Swithin's feast the welkin lowers,
And every penthouse streams with hasty
showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces
drain,
And wash the pavement with incessant rain."

Edward the Confessor was crowned at Winchester in 1042, the first time when we have an authentic record of a coronation sermon being preached.

Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, who had been accused of too great intimacy with Bishop Aldwin, underwent at Winchester without injury the terrible ordeal of walking not only blind-folded, but with bare feet over red hot plough-shares placed at irregular distances from each other.

There is no doubt whatever that Queen Emma underwent this trial; on the other hand there is great doubt whether the plough-shares were as hot as they might have been, or if her feet had not been rubbed with some preparation which rendered the hot iron innocuous.

There is no doubt that alterations and additions were made to the Cathedral in the reign of William the Conqueror, during the Episcopate of Bishop Walkelyn, but it is highly probable that a considerable portion of the present building is Saxon, and that the Bishop built and constructed upon foundations already laid, or upon plans previously existing.

The work was begun in 1079, and finished in 1090. In this latter year, on April 8th, the Benedictine monks from the adjoining monastery to the south-west of the Cathedral, moved from their old home to their new one, the scene being one of great solemnity and magnificence, and attended by most of the Bishops and Abbots of England.

The great tower, which remains yet as it was in Bishop Walkelyn's time, is conspicuous from its massive proportions and great height, being no



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

less than fifty feet broad and one hundred and forty feet high. The transept of the Cathedral was also built under Bishop Walkelyn's superintendence, and is said to be a specimen of the finest work in Europe, and is greatly superior in excellence to other portions of the Cathedral erected later.

Bishop Walkelyn died about the year 1100, and was buried in the nave of the Cathedral. He was succeeded by Bishop Giffard, who, dying in 1129, was buried not far from his predecessor. Bishop Giffard built another famous church, that of St. Saviour's, Southwark, on the banks of the Thames, and it is noticeable that the last Bishop of Winchester, the Right Rev. Dr. Thorold, should have been instrumental, while at Rochester, in restoring the last-named church to something of its ancient splendor. Godfrey de Lucy, who was Bishop of Winchester in 1200, rebuilt about that

time the east end of the Cathedral, and also erected the Ladye Chapel, since greatly enlarged. De Lucy died in 1204, and like many of his predecessors, was buried in his own cathedral.

Edward III. came to the throne in 1327, and during his reign of fifty years several additions were made to the building by William de Edington, who, besides being Bishop of Winchester, was also Treasurer and Chancellor to the King. This notable prelate undertook to rebuild the nave, but he died in 1366, having only succeeded in finishing the western front, and a very small portion of the nave.

This latter portion as it was finished eventually, and as it happily still remains, is one of the largest and finest in England, not even excepting Canterbury, Durham or York, the latter of which it nearly equals in size, being one hundred and eighteen feet long,

while that of York is one hundred and thirty-eight.

What a flood of memories are raised when Bishop Edington's successor is named, the famous William of Wykeham! He not only founded Winchester school but practically rebuilt the entire Cathedral in what we now know as the "pointed" style of architecture. He had for his architect William Winford. His surveyor was Simon Membury, and one of the monks from the Benedictine Priory, John Wayte, acted as Clerk of the Works.



THE RUFUS STONE AT WINCHESTER.

Some of the most beautiful work in the Cathedral is to be seen in the exterior of the choir and Ladye Chapel. The initials of Prior Silkstede's name appear enveloped in a skein of silk, surmounted by the motto, "*In Gloriam Deo*;" the Royal Arms, and the Arms of the See of Winchester are also inscribed upon the walls and have the same legend. The central tower is remarkable for its ceiling, which is copied from that of the Chapel of New College, Oxford, founded by Bishop

Wykeham. The entire length of the Cathedral from west to east is 545 feet, and of the transept from north to south 207 feet. The nave with the aisles is 86 feet wide and its height 78 feet. The choir from the screen to the Holy Table is 135 feet long and the Lady Chapel is 54 feet in depth.

After the Reformation in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the cloisters of the Cathedral were entirely destroyed; so also was the Chapter House, the site of which is now occupied by the Dean's garden. The old Superiors hall and the offices adjacent, now form the Deanery, while the gardens of the Prebendaries occupy the site where once stood other conventual buildings.

As one enters the nave, the triumph and skill of Bishop Wykeham are seen in the vast extent from the western porch to the central tower. The Bishop preserved such of the old Anglo-Norman building, principally the nave, as he found could be converted into the new style. He did not destroy the work of his predecessor, Bishop Walkelyn, but formed his pointed arches by filling up, and afterwards altering the old semi-circular arches of the original second storey in the walls of the nave. The Anglo-Norman pillars may be clearly traced, not only at the steps leading up to the choir, but amidst the timbers of the roof on both sides of the nave throughout the greater part of its extent. The bosses where the groinings intersect in the nave ceiling, contain various shields of arms, while badges and devices in the several compartments denote the different benefactors of the Cathedral. The King's device of the White Hart, the arms of Waynflete, Wykeham and Beaufort are among those there to be found.

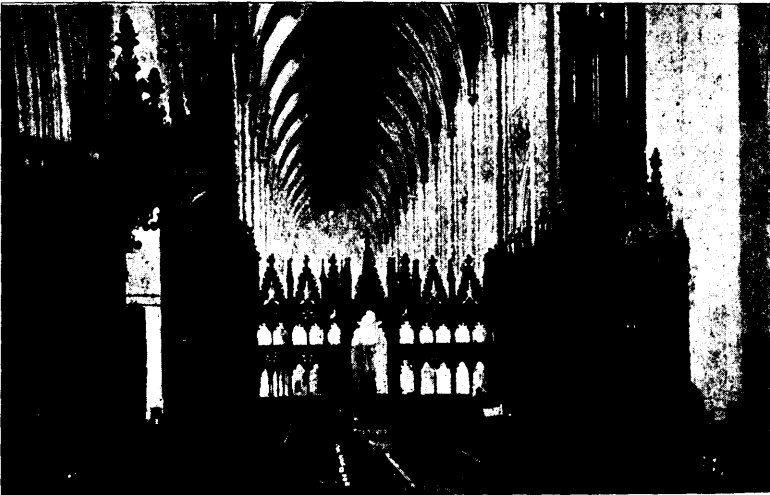
The Cathedral contains a remarkably fine Anglo-Norman font consisting of a square block of marble, supported by pillars of the same, of which the capitals are formed of leaves, while the basement of the whole is enriched with moulding. On the top of the

font are two doves, emblems of the Holy Spirit, on its sides are also doves in various attitudes, with them a salamander, the emblem of fire, in reference to the passage contained in St. Luke's Gospel prophetic of the Saviour, "He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

William of Wykeham died in 1404 and was interred in the Chantry Chapel, in the southern side of the nave, which is said to be one of the most perfect specimens of monumental architecture extant. It is divided into three arches, the canopies of which are carved to correspond in form with

great beauty of workmanship. It consists of a variety of niches with an ornamented canopy. Over the screen is the celebrated east window, celebrated unfortunately, not so much for its beauty as for the vandalism that has from time to time been practised upon it. It is filled with ancient stained glass containing figures of apostles, bishops and legendary saints, which have been mutilated or improperly arranged so that in many instances the legends are misapplied.

Among the celebrated tombs that are to be found in Winchester Cathedral is that of William Rufus, whom to quote



INTERIOR OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

the arch of the nave. The effigy of the Bishop in full canonicals with his mitre and pastoral staff in his hand, lies recumbent upon the slab around which is a curious inscription inlaid in brass. The pulpit in the Cathedral was the gift of Prior Silveste and bears his name in various parts.

The Bishop's throne is a modern work, designed by Garbett and was placed in its present position about 70 years ago. The Altar screen, which is of stone, was executed during the episcopate of Bishop Fox, and exhibits

Stowe's Chronicle "Dyed in the yeere of Christ 1100 and in the 13th yeere of his raigne on the second day of August when he had raigned 12 years 11 months, lacking 8 days, and was buried at Winchester, in the Cathedral Church or Monasterie of Saint Swithen, under the plaine flat marble stone, before the lectorne in the queere, but long since his bones were translated in a coffer, and laid with King Knute's bones."

Bishop Richard Fox, the favorite of Henry VII., and one of his executors also lies here. Fox was Lord Privy

Seal in Henry VII.'s reign, and was strongly recommended by that sovereign to his successor Henry VIII., but though he continued to hold his office, his influence with the last named King gradually waned, and in 1515 he retired from Court. He died September 14th, 1528, and was buried in the Chantry monumental chapel of Winchester Cathedral which he had built for that purpose at his own expense. Beside Fox's Chapel is also that of Stephen Gardner who was not only Bishop of Winchester but Chancellor of England. He was the natural son of Lyonel Wydville, Bishop of Salisbury, who was brother of the Queen of Edward IV.

The monumental chapels of the celebrated Cardinal Beaufort, and of Bishop of Waynflete are in the middle of the Presbytery, which part of the Cathedral was erected by Bishop De Lucy about 1190. This latter prelate is himself buried in the Cathedral, under a tomb of grey marble, exactly opposite the entrance to the Ladye Chapel.

Beaufort was the son of John of Gaunt; he was Lord Chancellor and one of the Guardians of King Henry VI. He accompanied that monarch into France, crowning him in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris in 1431. Among others of this celebrated man's benefactions was that of re-founding the celebrated hospital of St. Cross, also in the city of Winchester, which he did almost wholly at his own expense. After a long career in which he incurred the enmity and hatred of many of his contemporaries, despite the fact of his munificence to the church, he died June 14th, 1447.

It is not possible to give anything more than a passing glance at the remainder of the tombs of celebrated men who have been interred within the precincts of Winchester Cathedral. Among those who lie here though may

be mentioned, Bishop John de Pontoise who died in 1304, Bishop Henry Woodlock who died in 1316, and Bishop Thomas Cooper in 1594, also that of Brownlow North for no less than 39 years Bishop of Winchester who died at the old city residence of those prelates in Chelsea, July 12th, 1820, in his 80th year. It is by Sir Francis Chantrey and is said to be only equalled in beauty, by those two great works of that great sculptor, in Lichfield Cathedral, "The Sleeping Children" and "Bishop Ryder."

In the graveyard adjoining the Cathedral are many ancient tombs and quaint epitaphs. Among the latter is one in these words inscribed over the grave of a Hampshire militiaman:

"Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier
Who caught his death from drinking cold
small beer.
Soldiers beware from his untimely fall,
When you are dry drink strong, or not at
all,
The honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he died by musket or by pot."

Of recent distinguished men who have been Bishops of Winchester, must be mentioned the celebrated Samuel Wilberforce, one of the most eloquent preachers who have ever adorned the hierarchy of the Anglican Church. He was succeeded by Bishop Harold Browne, whose work on the XXXIX articles of the Church is an English classic. Dr. Browne was followed by Dr. Thorold, who died this year; he was succeeded by Dr. Randall Davidson, like his immediate predecessor, translated from Rochester, and he now fills the episcopal chair.

The City of Winchester has many objects of interest to the churchman, the antiquary and the scholar, but none presents such a striking history in stone as does the noble fabric of Winchester Cathedral.

AJAX AND HAMLET.

BY W. B. L. HOWELL, B.A.

GREECE is the birthplace of the drama. And yet there is much danger of creating a wrong impression by this statement. We had better say, perhaps, that the drama was *evolved* in Greece. For it was the peculiar glory of the Greek genius that, during the comparatively short period in which that people flourished, many institutions of state, systems of philosophy and branches of art and of science were not only originated, but also brought to an advanced stage of maturity. And in no case was this singular pre-eminence more strikingly exhibited than in the development of the histrionic art.

Consider the process of the evolution of that art. In the dim dawn of the Hellenic age we descry the two simple elements of the drama. On the one hand, we have bands of youths in martial order dancing and singing *pæans* to Apollo; on the other, strolling story-tellers giving forth in a kind of recitative the deeds of heroes as sung by Homer and their other great epic poets. Looking again on Greece in the dazzling brightness of its noonday splendor we see that these two natural elements have been united and that out of their union has sprung forth a child, partaking of the nature of each and yet entirely a new creature, who now reigns as queen of the hearts in violet-crowned Athens, empress of the world. Before the union, however, the *pæans* to Apollo had been exalted to the rank of literature. This was effected by a transference of theme, and the *pæan* became a glorification of the jovial god Bacchus, with some account of his birth and travels. By uniting these choral odes with the heroic romances of the wandering minstrels the essen-

tial factor of *dialogue* was introduced. The reciter and the chorus were the complements of each other and by alternating in speech and song worked out the theme. Aeschylus introduced a second reciter or actor, and in the finished tragedy of the age of Pericles the cast consists of three actors. This was the limit. Naturally, as the actors grew in importance the chorus declined proportionately from the position of equality, if not of superiority, in which we find them at the time of coalescence till they became mere commentators on the main theme, which was presented by the actors. This is the position they occupy in the tragedy of Sophocles which we are about to consider, and it is to their functions in this role that Ophelia refers when she says to Hamlet:—

“ You are as good as a chorus, my lord.”

But with all their progress the Greeks never attained to any degree of excellence in acting. The fact that each actor had to assume several characters in the one play, the extreme narrowness of the stage, and the simplicity of their theatrical machinery, all attest this. Nor did they crave this proficiency. Notwithstanding their vanity and frivolity they were a people of faultless taste, inclining always to simplicity, and hence elaborate staging was repugnant to them. They were intellectually keen to a fault and a happily turned sentence or a noble sentiment affected them like music. In the presence of such an audience it is not surprising that acting took the form of declamation, so that the words should be affected as little as possible, and various expedients were employed to give force to the sounds.

This criticism must be confined strictly to the mechanical side, however, for in other respects a peerless perfection was attained. The literary gems of Greece are its tragedies. In them that nation of artists found their truest expression. And, as in all true art, this excellence is based on a faithful portrayal of nature, so that over the gap of centuries we are constrained to sympathy, even while we exclaim with Hamlet:—

“What’s Hecuba to us or we to Hecuba,
That we should weep for her?”

But there is an elevation of tone pervading the whole, which above all else distinguishes a Greek play. Some subtle influence is felt to be at work which we cannot grasp or analyze, but which is none the less affecting because it is indefinable. We saw that on one side the drama had its origin in the worship of a god. In this respect the tragedies of the Greeks never became unworthy of their ancestry, for, though the unre-served consecration of a play to some god or other declined in favor with time, the influence of the religious element never wholly ceased. Thus the acting of every Greek play was a religious ceremony, and it is this fact which explains their exalted character and stamps them as unique in the history of the world.

In the light of these few facts let us examine the Ajax of Sophocles. The story of the play is as follows:—

On the death of Achilles, the flower of the Greek army besieging Troy, his arms were offered for competition and Odysseus obtained the coveted prize over the head of Ajax. The consequent chagrin of Ajax developed into frenzy and he sallied out in the night, bent on slaying the whole Greek army, with special designs against Odysseus, his successful rival, and Menelaus and Agamemnon the two chiefs of the army. But the goddess Athene met him on the way, under the guise of a friend, and so

distorted his fancy that he fell upon the innocent flocks and herds, thinking them to be the Greek forces. He killed a large number of them, with the shepherds who guarded them, and brought the rest captive to his tent.

The play opens on the following morning. Odysseus is discovered examining footprints in the sand near the tent of Ajax when the divine form of the goddess Athene, wreathed in a halo of clouds, appears above him and asks him what he wants. His reply is that someone has slain the cattle of the army during the night, that Ajax was seen bounding over the plain with a reeking sword and that, suspicion being directed to Ajax in consequence, he himself has volunteered to ascertain whether those suspicions are correct. Athene assures him that Ajax is the culprit and, having explained how she had diverted him from the chiefs to the sheep, wishes to call him forth and exhibit his frenzy. Odysseus not unnaturally shrinks from confronting a raving maniac, but, assured of the god’s protection, finally yields. At the call of Athene Ajax comes forth, a mighty soul in disorder; and, boasting of the slaughter of the Greek chiefs and that he now has Odysseus captive and ready for merited punishment, thanks Athene for her help of the past night and prays that she will ever be such a friend to him. (To all except Ajax, of course, this speech is extremely pathetic in its irony.) When Ajax has retired Odysseus unexpectedly expresses sympathy for his fallen rival, though this magnanimity is somewhat marred by being too evidently based on selfish considerations.

Then a chorus, composed of the followers of Ajax enter chanting a beautiful ode. They too have heard that Ajax had slain the cattle but consider it a slander invented by the chiefs of the army. Or, if he did do it, he must have been crazed by some god. In any case they beseech him to come out, for without him they are useless,

but with him they will dare anything.

Hearing friendly voices, Tecmessa, the wife of Ajax, comes out and unburdens her heart to the sympathizing chorus. She learns from them the full extent of Ajax' disgrace, and they learn, in turn, from her that Ajax has now awakened from his frenzy and is overwhelmed at the contemplation of the havoc he has wrought. Their conversation is interrupted by the groans of Ajax. He is in the very extremity of mental distress and, with strong revulsion of feeling, can scarcely find words to express his utter self-loathing for what he has done. What recourse is left? He cannot go home empty-handed to that father who obtained the first prize for valor; he will not give his enemies the satisfaction of flinging himself to death against the Trojans; and so, he thinks, the only manly course is suicide.

This decision brings forth anxious entreaties from the chorus and agonized beseeching from his wife. The latter he petulantly bids close the door and her mouth and, calling for his infant son, addresses to him an heroic and affectionate farewell.

The chorus give him up as inflexible and express their profound sadness in a touching ode.

But Ajax, probably fearing that his resolve might be thwarted, simulates repentance and, by a studied use of expressions with a double meaning, conveys the idea to his friends that he goes to seek absolution from the gods—*by death*, is his mental reservation.

Ajax departs, and the unsuspecting chorus, scarcely able to contain themselves for joy, burst forth into an exultant paean.

But their triumph is short-lived. A breathless messenger breaks in upon them with the question: "Is Ajax within?" The answer is in the negative. "Alas!" says he, "then he is doomed." Hurried questions follow, and it is ascertained that the messen-

ger has been sent by Teucer, the brother of Ajax, to warn the hero not to leave his tent that day, for the infallible seer of the Greeks has foretold that, if he does so, he shall surely die. Like a flash the real meaning of Ajax' enigmatic words is revealed to his friends and they realize the full horror of the situation. Urged on by Tecmessa they divide into search parties and start to seek for what they dread to find.

Thus the stage is cleared. The curtain is drawn *up* and when it is let *down* again Ajax is discovered before his sword, which is planted in the ground. He makes a powerful speech and then, falling on his sword, expires.

This would be the end of the play but for the tremendous importance, among the Greeks, of the proper burial rites being performed. And so, after the body has been found by Tecmessa, the chorus and Teucer, in order, the play is prolonged by the refusal of Menelaus to allow the interment, on the ground that Ajax was an enemy. But Teucer will not yield so momentous a point and Agamemnon, coming with the same interdict, meets with a like resistance. Odysseus is attracted by the altercation and with the same display of nobility, alloyed with selfishness as before urges Agamemnon to permit the burial with the proper rites. Agamemnon finally consents with reluctance and the play ends with the solemn funeral of Ajax.

Such is the story of Ajax as treated by Sophocles. Superficially, there does not appear to be much basis for comparison between this play and the one in which Shakespere deals with the fate of the unhappy Hamlet. Were there nothing else, however, the fact that Hamlet is one of the greatest tragedies of, perhaps, the greatest master of the modern drama, while the Ajax represents the highest form to which Greek tragedy attained, would invest with sufficient interest a critical examination of the two plays.

But there is also a strong internal resemblance, which we hope to show and which renders them especially suitable for comparison. Such a comparison must, of course, involve the larger one of the style of treatment of the two great masters, so that we may be compelled to deal with some points in the two plays which do not admit of comparison but which are of value in arriving at a general estimate.

On the whole, we may say that the idea we form from these works is that Sophocles is the polished artist, Shakespeare is the rough-hewn genius. But, while the artistic side of Sophocles predominates, it never obscures the touch of original genius which vitalizes all his compositions and which inspired him to perfect the Greek drama by very material additions. While he was a fastidious artist, like Addison, he was also a born genius, like Burns, and as combining these two qualities finds his modern counterpart in Goethe rather than in Shakespeare. For Shakespeare is not by any means a literary artist. He allows his tremendous flow of ideas to run away with him and often sacrifices the interest in the plot to side issues. "A quibble," says Dr. Johnson, "was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it." Moreover, he has steadily persisted in disregarding "the unities" and has thus furnished us with the anomaly of plays constructed in violation of the very first rule of dramatic architecture, which yet withstand all the storms of hostile critics and the influence of time. In this respect Sophocles is more orthodox than Shakespeare. In Hamlet the spectator's mind is ever and anon running off on little excursions, here to accompany young Laertes to France, there to go with Fortinbras against the Poles, whereas the Ajax never allows the attention to leave the fate of the hero. To put it in another way, we might say that, if the test of periodic structure were applied, if the merit of a

tragedy were to arrest the attention at the outset and by ever-increasing interest practically mesmerize the spectator till the final scene when he wakes from his trance with a sigh or a sob, then the Ajax of Sophocles (at least till the death of Ajax) would come much nearer the standard than the Hamlet of Shakespeare. For, though the effect of the latter on the whole is a climax, yet the attention is so often diverted that the tragic interest is greatly debilitated.

The personality of Ajax is interesting. We intend to deal with him as we find him in the tragedy of Sophocles (for he has been the subject of too many of the ancient writings to admit of a full treatment here), but we cannot help being influenced in our conception of him by his rough but clear-cut portrait as Homer has sketched it. From the few bones, as it were, given in the Iliad we fill out the figure of this ancient hero, this neo-historic animal, and we see before us a large frame of mighty, impetuous power, yet graceful and supple withal. Above, a thick but tapering neck supports a head with features of classic regularity and the whole is crowned with a thick mass of curly hair. Physically, he was a perfect man. But, alas for Ajax! the modern world is apt to say, though Mars or even Hercules, was proud to be his patron saint, intellectual Athene despised him as a mere child. And here we strike the keynote of the tragedy of Ajax. If we can agree with Emerson that: "The costly charm of the ancient tragedy, and indeed of all the old literature is that the persons speak simply—speak as persons who have great good sense without knowing it before, yet the reflective habit has become the predominant habit of the mind. Our admiration of the Antigone is not admiration of the old, but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective but perfect in their senses, perfect in their health with the finest physical organization in the world." If we

agree with this and judge Ajax by the standard of actions based on perfect physical organization, thus doing away with the need of tortuous reason, and assume that, on the principle of harmony, a beautiful character is the necessary concomitant of a beautiful body, then Ajax is admirable indeed and falls little below the required standard. But with us "wisdom is the principal thing" and the self-sufficient intellectual giant of to-day triumphantly exclaims with Agamemnon :

" The safest men

Are not the stout, broad shouldered, brawny ones.

But still wise thinkers everywhere prevail ;
And oxen, broad of back, by smallest scourge
Are, spite of all, driven forward, in the way."

Odysseus is the nearest approach in ancient Greece to the modern ideal, while Ajax is rather an over-development of the Greek tendencies. Hence a peculiar interest attaches to the struggle between these two, and the final triumph of Odysseus has a deep significance. A striking modern portrayal of a similar struggle is found in Quentin Durward, where Scott depicts the keen intellect of Louis XI. of France in the lists against the impetuous might of Charles the Bold of Burgundy.

The most important point of contact of the two plays is the insanity of the heroes—terribly real in the case of Ajax, imperfectly simulated by Hamlet. In the manifestations of these distorted characters, the physical Ajax revels in monstrous deeds, while he speaks clearly and coherently ; the more intellectual Hamlet, on the other hand, utters "wild and whirling words," but "does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity." Compare, for example, this dialogue between Polonius and Hamlet, on the coming of the actors to the palace ;—

POL. My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAM. My lord, I have news to tell you.
When Roscius was an actor in Rome—

POL. The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAM. Buz ! Buz !

and this reception of Athene by Ajax, in the midst of his frenzy :—

" Hail, O Athene, hail ! O child of Zeus,
Well art thou come, and I with golden spoils

Will deck thy shrine for this my glorious raid.

All the surging passion of Ajax is focussed into the persistent idea that he has irretrievably disgraced himself and his illustrious ancestors by failing to win the arms of Achilles. No thought of living down his shame ever enters his mind, but with the same motive as prompted Harvey at Guelph to plan and carry out his deplorable crime, Ajax plans and attempts the assassination of the supposed authors of his dishonor. In Ajax we see the dogged perseverance which never flags or falters, which weeps over the slaughter of the brute herds, not because of having shed innocent blood, but, like a nervous child, because he has been defeated in his object. This same stubborn trait exhibits itself to the end, where, just before he dies, he calls on the Fates :—

" That they may mark how I am slain
By yon Atridæ ; come with giant stride,
Erinnyes my avengers ; glut yourselves,
(Yea, spare them not), upon the host they rule."

Hamlet's character appears weaker and more vacillating, but he really is more cautious in action, because he does not possess the fearlessness of ignorance like Ajax, but his "native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He perceives all the difficulties in the way of avenging his father's murder, and he needs the watchword of his ghostly father, "Adieu, remember me," and the tragic energy of the visiting actor, to stimulate him to action. Even after he has practically convicted his father he does nothing to punish him, and finally kills him by virtue of chance circumstances.

The supernatural element in the two plays is very striking. There is a plausible modern doctrine that all

the stupendous system of Greek mythology has both a surface interest and a deep inner application; that, for example, the Chimera is the poetical representative of a volcano, and the slaying of the Minotaur by Theseus, a romantic setting of the divorce of human sacrifice from the Greek religious cult. The effect of this is to render Homer's Iliad an ancient Gulliver's Travels, transforming it from a pleasing story into a subtle theological treatise. And there is abundant need of such a rational explanation, for otherwise we might become impatient at the way in which, in those ancient writings, the capricious patronage of the gods nullifies human energy. For example, in the Ajax the fatal interference of Athene seems at first sight the very height of injustice, but when we consider that the goddess who sprang full-armed from the head of Zeus was the anthropomorphic representative of abstract wisdom, the deep internal significance is at once apparent, and Ajax is not rendered distracted by Athene but Brute Force is nullified by Intellect.

On the other hand, the introduction of the ghost of Hamlet's father seems rather an expedient to heighten the tragic solemnity of the play. At the time of Shakespeare a visitation from the spirit of the departed was indicative of the extreme of crime, and had none of the ludicrous tinge of to-day. Moreover the cautious nature of Hamlet needed every assurance and incentive to urge him to action.

Another noticeable feature in the play is the rough way in which both heroes treat their dearest female friends. Hamlet's brutal trampling on the sensitive Ophelia is decidedly more repulsive and inexplicable than the cold indifference of Ajax towards his wife Tecmessa. That Ajax should curtly cut his wife short in her tender solicitude for his welfare with, "silence is an ornament to women" and should studiously omit a consideration of her fate in his choice of death, is pardon-

able in an age when women were regarded as chattels and instruments. But that Hamlet should torture Ophelia, as a cat plays with a mouse, and load her with abuse in a speech whose refrain was "get thee to a nunnery" is inexcusable (even with the plea of insanity) as conduct towards one he really loved, in an age of the most romantic chivalry.

Both Ajax and Hamlet are strongly influenced by their high estimation of their fathers' abilities. But Ajax condemns himself as the degenerate son of a noble sire, while Hamlet, with characteristic modesty, repeatedly compares his father and his uncle much to the disadvantage of the latter.

In Greece, tragedy and comedy were completely divorced from one another, so that we look in vain in the Ajax for any counterpart to the delightfully natural pleasantries of the grave diggers. Sophocles never unbends his brows from the stern tragic frown.

The tragic fate of the gentle Marguerite-like Ophelia is painful but not more so than the undescribed fate of Tecmessa. Ophelia's woes were, partially at least the fruit of her peculiar sensitiveness of heart and head, while Tecmessa's downfall was the result of her absolute legal dependence on her husband. On his death the very best she could hope for was a laborious life of slavery. There was a sad disregard for woman's rights in the heroic days of Greece.

The madness of Hamlet was, of course, only feigned and we need only consider his very clear and rational directions to the players and the judgment of Polonius "though this be madness yet there's method in it" to feel that Hamlet mad possessed even more sanity than Hamlet sane. Still it is evident from many indications that Hamlet endeavored at times, with partial success, to carry out his assumed character. For example, he first asks his chum Horatio not to be-

tray him if he simulates insanity, and then, shortly after, Ophelia tells of his coming to her with his clothes all soiled and awry and of his strange speechless gaze and sigh. To reach this state of madness Polonius says he first "fell into a sadness; then into a fast; thence to a watch; thence to a weakness; thence to a lightness; and by this declension into the madness wherein now he raves." His madness afterward displays itself in sarcastic incoherent speeches, between which he intersperses some of the very finest speeches in the English language. So he gives the impression of much variation with little real difference and of important designs but limited energy.

The distracted Ajax was quite a different person. The psychologist would say that he was laboring under an hallucination. We must bear in mind that the attack on the flocks and herds does not mean that he was possessed of a violent frenzy, a sort of legions of devils, which led him to senseless slaughter; for the idea of the slaughter of the whole Greek army was the predominant idea in his mind before Athene met him in his sanity, and distorted his fancy so that he imagined the helpless animals were the Greek veterans. The sole mark of madness was his hallucination in this regard. Read his conversation with Athene in the light of this knowledge and it appears quite clear and coherent.

The most pathetic touch in the whole play is where the chorus, consisting of the crew of his ship, find him sitting all dejected and unstrung in the midst of the havoc he has wrought. He is all too vividly awake

now and as he realizes his disgrace, what intense meaning is conveyed by his simple heart-broken wail *τω μοι μοι, τω μοι μοι.*

Around both Ajax and Hamlet "a surge of blood-flecked troubles whirled" and naturally they both looked to the quickest way out of them. But self-destruction to the pagan Ajax was merely a mark of an unconquerable man. "It is a shame" he says,

"For any man to wish for length of life
Who, wrapt in troubles, finds no issue out,
For what delight brings day still following
day,

Or bringing on or putting off our death?
I would not rate that man as worth regard
Whose fervor glows on vain and empty
hopes;

But either noble life or noble death
Becomes the nobly born."

But to the thoughtful Hamlet the dread of retribution in the hereafter is the most powerful argument against such a course:

"The dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of"

Hence Hamlet appears as an instrument all through, and is rather dependent on others for an appropriate exit from his troubles, while Ajax indomitably controls his circumstances and we see him in his last tragic tableau about to impale himself upon his sword and crying:—

"O light, O sacred soil of fatherland,
O Salamis, where stands my father's hearth,
More glorious Athens, with thy kindred
race,
Ye streams and rivers here and Troja's
plain,
On you I call. Farewell, companions dear.
This last, last word does Ajax speak to you
All else I speak in Hades to the dead."

FALL OF PRICES AND THE EFFECT ON CANADA.

BY JAMES B. PEAT, M.A., LL.B.

ONE of the most wonderful of the phenomena—economical and social—of the present century is the great fall in prices. In this paper an outline history of this price-movement will be given, with reference in Part I. to prices generally and in Part II. to prices in Canada. The minute consideration of the general causes which have produced the phenomena here indicated will have to be left over for consideration in a future number.

PART I.—GENERAL REVIEW OF THE CENTURY.

The course of prices, during the present century, presents, roughly speaking, four stages or cycles of industry. From 1793 to 1815 prices tended gradually to increase and a high average was maintained. The causes of this were manifold. Europe, and we may more truly say the world, was convulsed with revolution and war during the entire period. Many of the ordinary means of production were stopped. Commerce was hampered in all directions by means of embargoes, edicts, and orders-in-council. Life and property, both public and private, were in a sense insecure. Hence production, to meet the daily needs of humanity, was carried on at a disadvantage. Speculation was rife. Legislation, required by political exigencies, was liable to appear at any moment. Payments in specie were suspended all over Europe. Therefore the prices of both necessities and luxuries tended to rise.

This period of inflated prices was followed by a long period of depression and uniformly declining prices, extending from 1816 to 1847-8. This period of thirty years, as distinguished from the preceding one, was char-

acterized by peace between nations. Of course, there were wars, revolutions, etc., but their influence was more limited and transitory than the Napoleonic wars. Then specie payments had been resumed. England had decided upon gold as her single standard of value in 1816, and specie payments were resumed in 1821. Other European countries, except those on the Mediterranean, which had inconvertible paper currencies, followed England in this resumption of specie payments. During the whole of this period the production of the precious metals was comparatively small, especially the production of silver, which was suspended for several years and hindered in others owing to civil wars in South America. Thus, while the quantity of the precious metals was only increasing in a small degree, population, the production of food and manufactured commodities, inventions, facilities for transportation, etc. all wealth, in fact, increased more rapidly. The problem was simply this. There was more work for money or the standard of value to do, than it could do. Therefore the relative value of specie increased, or, rather, the standard of value was appreciated. The extent of this appreciation may be illustrated by one or two calculations. In 1845, £100 would purchase as many commodities as £224 did in 1810. That is to say the purchasing power of the £ sterling had more than doubled, and prices on the average had fallen 55 per cent. True, many causes had contributed to this fall in prices. A large increment of this decline must be attributed to the application of science and invention to the production and distribution of commodities. The

advocates of the single standard, gold, attribute the whole decline to this principle. Bimetallists deny the sufficiency of this explanation, assert that the scarcity of the specie caused the fall, and suggest a remedy. We have not time nor space to consider the pros and cons of the question, but would only suggest that possibly both these forces might have co-operated to produce such a fall as we have referred to above; viz., 55 per cent.

We wish to note particularly the state of prices during 1845-50, because the average for this period was the lowest that had occurred since the beginning of the century. This period, 1845-50, was marked by the severe crisis of 1847, which fact in itself tended to lower the scale of prices. Then the production of the precious metals was very small; *i.e.*, when compared with the amount of business to be done. For example, the production of gold in the United States for period 1834-44 is placed at \$7,500,000. For the next three years the average is about \$1,000,000 per annum, while the production of silver for the same period aggregated \$150,000. The world's total production of gold from 1840-8 was about \$30,000,000, and this had been the average production for two decades. Therefore, with population and industry increasing on every hand, the ratio of precious metals to business transacted gradually grew less. Just here we may state, that in this résumé of the rise and fall of prices for the last century, we have assumed that England was the most developed country commercially. Therefore English prices were more likely than almost any other to indicate approximately the effect of a general movement in the standard of value. And this assumption is rendered still more reasonable because the metal, gold, which is the English standard of value, is not found in England, and can only be procured from gold-producing countries by means of the regular courses of trade.

The third industrial epoch of the century is marked by the discoveries of gold in large quantities in America and Australia. We find that prices rose uniformly from 1848 to 1873. The extent of the rise is a matter of considerable dispute. However, the more conservative estimators, such as Mr. Jevons and Mr. Giffin, limit the rise in the first decade, 1850 to 1860, to 10 per cent. on the level of 1845 to 1850, and the rise in the second decade, 1861-71, to 20 per cent. on the same level, and therefore the rise in the two decades had amounted to about 30 per cent. Or, stated conversely, gold had depreciated 30 per cent. What proportion of this rise in prices was due directly to the depreciation of gold is very difficult to determine. And, as in explaining the fall of the previous epoch, we find two sets of thinkers. These differ not so much as to what the real causes were, but as to which cause predominated. Both recognize the influence of two principles:—

1. The application of science and invention to production and distribution.

2. The depreciation of gold.

The bimetallists emphasize the latter principle, the monometallists the former.

Having thus reviewed in a very brief manner the course of prices during three epochs of the century, we will now consider, as far as we may, the movement of prices during the last stage, *viz.*; for the years 1874-95.

The first thing that impresses even a casual observer is the very decided and appreciable fall in prices that has characterized the period. The extent of the fall may be illustrated by a reference to Mr. Augustus Saurbeck's index number as per table appended which is compiled from the market prices of 45 commodities.

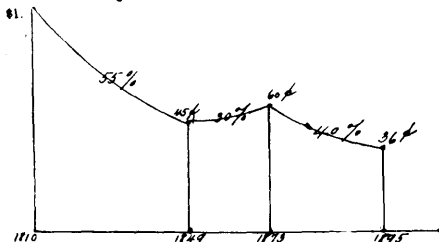
Year.	No.	Year.	No.
1867-77	100	1887	68
1873	111	1888	70
1879	83	1889	72
1880	88	1890	72

Year.	No.	Year.	No.
1881	85	1891	72
1882	84	1892	68
1883	88	1893	68
1884	76	1894	63
1885	72	1895	60
1886	69		

Thus we see that prices reckoned in gold, are now much lower than they have been at any time during the present century.

From above table we can further see that prices fell steadily from 1873 to 1887, and that during 1888-9-90-91 the index number was apparently constant but the recovery was only partial and deceptive. The years 1892-3-4 and Jan., 1895, show a further decline, until prices now range 40 per cent. lower than they did for the period 1867-77, which is taken as the unit of comparison. We cannot be far astray then, if we assume that the fall since the decline began, has been about 40 per cent.; and this figure seems to be accepted by all economists as indicating approximately the true state of affairs.

Having thus noted the extent of the rise or fall for the last century, we will insert a calculation as to the approximate cost now, of an article which cost one dollar in the first period and illustrate it by a diagram. The succeeding period, 1816-49, shows a decline of 55 per cent., therefore our article in 1849 would cost 45 cents. The third period exhibits a rise of at least 30 per cent., therefore the article in 1873 would cost say 60 cents. A fall of 40 per cent. takes place and our article in 1895 costs 36 cents; *i.e.*, just a third of the cost at the beginning of the century.



This diagram exhibits at a glance the course of prices as we have traced them, and gives us a very clear conception of the magnitude of the decline. Surely no further confirmation is needed to convince the most skeptical that values have declined to an extraordinary degree.

PART II.—A REVIEW OF CANADIAN PRICES.

Coming now to a consideration of Canadian prices and their decline, we will note, the general expansions and depressions of the last 20 years.

The commercial and industrial development of Canada since 1867 may be divided into several well-defined periods. The first is 1867-73, the second 1874-79, the third 1880-83, the fourth 1884-87, and the fifth 1888-94. This division is not an arbitrary one. It is strictly empirical, and corresponds closely with the actual expansion alternating with depression and restriction.

We must here note the climatic characteristics of Canada as they affect business. During the winter, industry and commercial activity are much hampered. Getting out timber and cutting wood are then the only occupations of large classes of any community. The railway magnates find great difficulty in keeping their lines clear of snow, and losses of property and life sometimes occur from this cause. The harbors on all the lakes are frozen, and lake shipping is at a standstill. Hence, general business is contracted and the bank note circulation is then normally at its lowest.

Business becomes active in the spring, continues so during the summer, and finally reaches its climax in the fall, when all the agricultural produce has to be moved. The bank note circulation in October and November generally exceeds that of February by 25 per cent. These months mark the extremes of our annual business contraction and expansion, largely on account of the climate.

Returning now to our consideration of the period 1867-73, we find it characterized by great growth and expansion in all directions. Everything seemed to prosper, and population grew apace. In 1867 it was 3,400,000; in 1871, 3,635,000, and there was generally heavy immigration into the country. There was a large increase in agricultural produce. Wages and prices were rising. Building operations, especially in railways, raised the price of metals and lumber. Credit expanded. The total imports, exports and the public debt—all went up together. The value of land apparently was about the only item that did not rise to an abnormal condition. The tariff was a revenue one, and hence the necessity for borrowing abroad. Charters were granted to 28 new banks, of which 9 are still doing business. The bank note circulation was doubled. Ten and even twelve per cent. were common rates of discount. Even at these rates the total discounts trebled in six years, while the aggregate bank capital increased over 100 per cent.

The check to this period of expansion came from the United States in the crisis of 1873, and this ushered in our second period, that of depression, 1874-79. The stoppage was sharp, sudden and very severe. Shipbuilding and agriculture continued fairly prosperous, but the general fall in prices affected our lumber business very much. Railway enterprise was checked. The lake and ocean vessels lost much of their profitable business. In wholesale and retail circles many failures took place.

The following table shows the list of failures from 1873-79.

Year.	Number.	Liabilities.
1873	994	\$12,300,000
1874	966	7,700,000
1875	1968	28,900,000
1876	1728	25,500,000
1877	1890	25,500,000
1878	1615	23,100,000
1879	634	11,600,000
	9795	\$134,600,000

B

The figures for 1875-6-7-8 are very striking and suggestive, and they convey their own moral with regard to the long credits which were then prevalent. The harvests of 1876-7-8 were bad, and although fair prices were realized, agriculture became depressed and immigration fell off.

The tariff was still a revenue one, and the National debt increased about \$73,000,000 during the period. The average rate for all the loans was about 4.41 per cent. Of course some of this borrowing was necessary to meet the liabilities accruing from the former period; *e.g.*, the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. Towards the end of the period the effects of the depression reached the banks.

During this period eight banks closed their doors. Others stopped payment temporarily. The aggregate capital was further reduced by some banks contracting their capital; altogether capital account decreased about \$6,500,000 during the period. Circulation fell off about 35 per cent. Deposits and discounts varied very little. Great changes, however, took place in such items as "overdue debts, secured and unsecured," and "real estate other than bank premises." Both of these items increased about 350 per cent.; *i.e.*, from \$3,182,000 to \$10,876,000. No wonder the bank rests were very seriously affected.

The period taught all classes a salutary lesson. Many millions of speculative capital were swept out of existence. Inflated values disappeared, and business generally was placed on a sounder basis: so sound, in fact, that Canada was not affected seriously by the crisis of 1893. Producers of all commodities had been taught a severe lesson, and they have ultimately benefited by it.

The great natural resources of this country, however, remained yet to be developed, and the confidence of the people in their institutions was yet unshaken. Finally, in 1880, business revived. The protective tariff, adopted

in 1879, had the general effect of raising prices. The harvests were better and the price of grain rose. A new impetus was felt throughout the entire industrial organization. Imports and exports both expanded. The Canadian Pacific Railway was pushed forward. Millions of English capital were poured into the country. Immigration increased and transactions in real estate along the line of the railway became very numerous. The banks did not increase their capital, and it has remained at about \$60,000,000 ever since. The Government had, by the establishment of Government Savings Banks in connection with the post offices, become in 1870 an active competitor for the available surplus moneys of the people. The rate of interest allowed, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., forced the banks to keep their rates up. Generally speaking, since 1879, there has been greater caution and prudence displayed than during the former decade. This normal period of expansion, 1880-3, was followed by depression again in 1884-7. The initial cause is hard to determine; but, no doubt, the inflated land values in Manitoba during 1881-2 had something to do with it. Bad harvests were also an accelerating cause of the decline. Some banks had to reduce their capital; and six failed between 1883-9, but these failures were due to local rather than general causes.

In fact, the whole decade is characterized by milder movements than the preceding one. The expansions and depressions were not so sharp as formerly, and their effects were therefore less disastrous.

The period 1888-94 begins with a slight rise in prices, and during 1890-1-2, they were comparatively constant. But just at this juncture, when business apparently was on a firm basis, other circumstances intervened, and during 1893-4, prices fell continuously and at a very rapid rate. The Baring crisis in London, 1890; the Australian bank failures early in 1893; and nearer

home, the American crisis during the same year, are the outstanding features of the last five years. These great contractions of credit invariably tended to check industry and the investment of capital in profitable enterprises. Our banks had to exercise great caution in their lines of credit; and the result has justified their method. Legitimate business was aided; undue speculation was discountenanced. However, prices fell rapidly. Hence we find that local capital is accumulating in the banks, etc., at an unprecedented rate.

In this respect our experience is paralleled by that of England and other European countries. The Bank of England had, during 1894, a gold reserve much in excess of any before held. It is to be hoped, however, that our comparative abundance of capital will not end in a speculative movement such as now characterizes the European stock markets. In January and February, 1895, prices reached the lowest level of the century. Since that time, however, business has revived in almost all directions. Very true, the remarks of the bankers at their respective annual meetings in June would seem to indicate that they do not expect a very great expansion of credit, or an unprecedented revival in business. So much the better for the nation. We are indeed fortunate, if, as an industrial community, we can avoid, on the one hand, the Scylla of an undue depreciation of values, and, on the other, the Charybdis of an unwise and unsound expansion of credit.

The following table shows in cents the price movements of six selected articles. They are all articles of export—chiefly food products—but the number of articles is too limited to form a strictly scientific basis of deduction. The annual prices given are the averages of twelve monthly quotations.

The index numbers are based on the average prices of the three years 1870-

2, and are calculated in the ordinary arithmetical way; they represent, therefore, simple percentages of the average point. Further, in any complete study of the effects of a fall of prices, the quantity of the commodities must also be considered; but we cannot discuss that aspect of the subject in this paper.

TABLE SHEWING, IN DETAIL, PRICES OF CERTAIN ARTICLES.

Date.	Wheat. No. 1.	Cheese.	Butter.	Eggs.	Hay.	Barley. No. 1.	Index No.
1870-1872	126	12	23	20	23	66	100
1873	132	12	18	17	23	79	118
1874	125	14	27	16	20	107	110
1875	108	13	23	21	19	90	103
1876	109	11	24	19	15	78	93
1877	141	13	20	18	16	66	94
1878	112	11	20	18	14	79	89
1879	108	8	18	18	10	81	81
1880	119	13	22	16	11	72	89
1881	120	12	24	19	16	92	100
1882	119	12	24	22	14	86	99
1883	103	12	23	23	14	73	94
1884	101	12	22	18	12	71	87
1885	85	10	21	18	14	70	83
1886	81	10	21	17	13	80	83
1887	85	11	21	18	13	57	80
1888	98	11	22	17	19	70	88
1889	103	10	21	19	15	58	84
1890	109	10	20	21	10	55	82
1891	109	10	19	20	11	54	80
1892	106	10	20	17	12	52	78
1893	79	11	22	19	10	45	76
1894	70	11	22	17	9	45	70

Again, a fall in prices is not necessarily an unmixed evil; for if we realize less from our exports, this is counterbalanced, to a certain extent, by a corresponding decrease in the cost of our imports. The general result is that the latter tend to increase and the former to decrease.

The increase in the entire produce of a country represents an increase of wealth which the inhabitants divide among themselves in various ways. But this division is always regulated by certain principles which are always acting and reacting, whether their presence is recognised or not. The landlord gets his rent; the capitalist gets his interest; the *entrepreneur* gets his profits, and the laborer gets his wages. All producers of wealth; *i.e.*, all who contribute in any way to

increase the wealth of any community, come under one or more of these heads. But all are not equally affected by a variation in values. Some do not feel it because they are better prepared and have more resources than their neighbors. Again, while the variation may be a source of loss on the one hand to any particular individual or corporation, it may be a positive benefit in other ways. The nature of his business or occupation may be such that a slight depression for a brief period of time would not have a detrimental effect on his business. Others again, may be said to be always near the danger line. The slightest check in public confidence or credit may affect their business detrimentally, or it may virtually ruin it. For example, an alteration in the permanent rate of profits, to any great extent, is the effect of causes which do not operate but in the course of years; whereas alterations in the quantity of labor necessary to produce commodities are of daily occurrence. It is according to the division of the whole produce of any particular country, between the four classes mentioned above, that we are to judge of the rise and fall of rent, profits, etc., and not according to the money value at which that produce may be estimated. For example, a variation in the value of money, however great, makes no difference in the rates of profits. Because if certain goods rise 30 per cent., as a result of a rise in prices, the raw material, fixed capital, etc., would also have risen 30 per cent., and the rate of profit would be the same as before. Although, therefore, the produce be doubled, rent, interest, wages and profits, will only vary as the proportions vary in which this double produce may be divided among the four classes that share it. In the case we are considering it is admitted that prices have fallen, chiefly because the value of money has increased, but partly because the price of production has been reduced by science and invention

Therefore the money value of the whole produce has declined, but we are not necessarily any worse off than we were before.

With regard to one of these divisions of the national produce, a general statement concerning its expan-

lations on the assumption that it could earn 6 per cent. on its capital. In 1870 this basis of calculation had to be reduced to 5 per cent; in 1880 to four and a half per cent; in 1890 to 4 per cent. We see that this fall has been going on continually for the

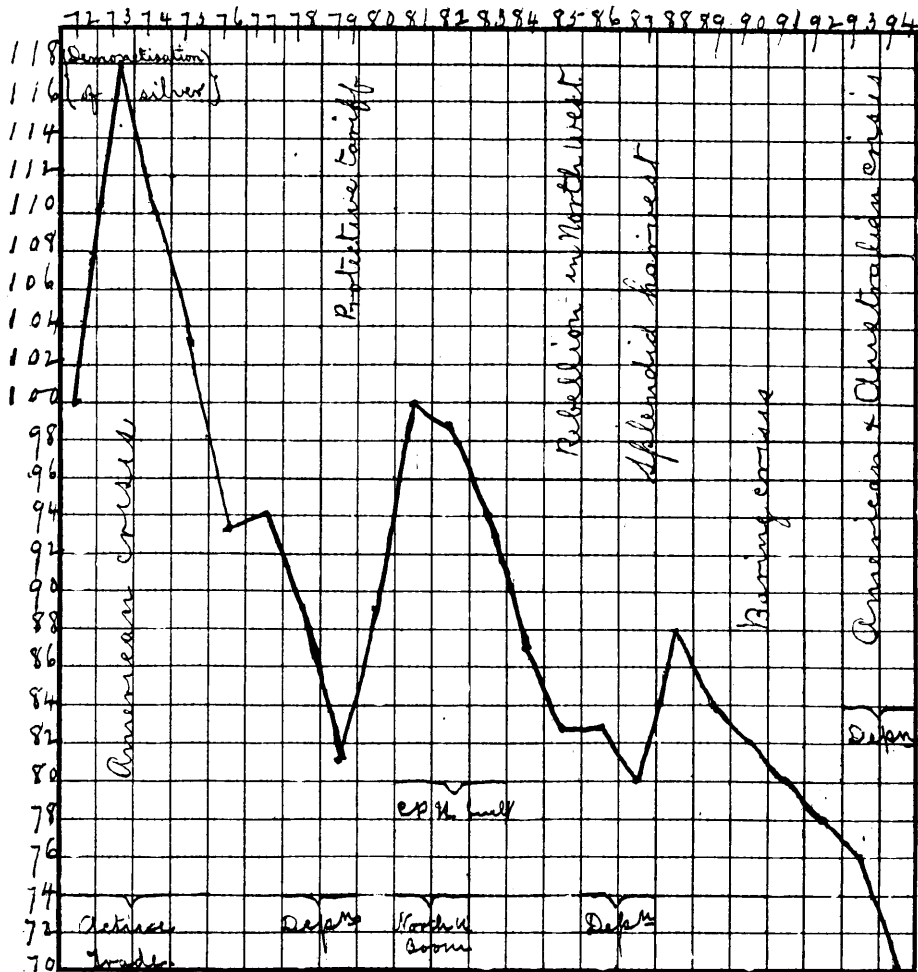


Chart showing course of average prices of certain commodities in Canada, 1872-94. The index number is on the left side and the year at the top. Average of 1870-72 = 100.

sion or contraction may be made, and that is in regard to Interest.

Interest has fallen in Canada. A confirmation of this statement may be found, e.g., in the last annual report of the Canada Life Insurance Company. In 1847 this company based its calcu-

last thirty years. The rate of interest which banks pay for deposits has also declined from 5 per cent. twenty years ago to 3 per cent. now. The discount rate for good paper in ordinary times used to be 8 or 10 per cent.: this has fallen to 6 or 7

per cent., while some banks will discount certain lines for five and a-half per cent. Of course, we must not press any argument based on these figures too far. The extent of the Dominion, and the different economic conditions prevailing at different business centres, might cause great variations in local rates of interest. Business might be very brisk at Winnipeg, and at the same time very dull at Halifax. In fact there has been very little homogeneity between the different business centres of the Dominion. The Dominion itself is a political aggregation of distinct industrial units, whose interests have conflicted on many points in the past. They conflict now, and will likely continue to do so. So the student in economics encounters great difficulty in finding a proper basis upon which to compare one stage of national development with another. Suppose we take the bank dividend rate for a comparison of profits. In 1894 this rate varied all the way from 12 per cent. to 4 per cent. This would give an average of 8 per cent. When we make an aggregate of the various amounts of capital of banks which paid a higher dividend, and on the other hand an aggregate of those that paid a lower rate, the average would be about 8 percent.—possibly a little lower, say $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Then a dividend is not all profits properly so called. Part of it consists of pure interest; the rest of it is profit. As the rate of interest is steadily declining, profits must be increasing; and such we believe is the case. A careful consideration of other evidence confirms this opinion.

We have thus determined two points in the problems before us; *viz.*, that interest is decreasing and profits slowly rising. Our population does not increase very rapidly. Mr. Mulhall estimates that the increase in our national wealth is about \$106,000,000 annually: therefore wages must also be increasing, and hence our savings. This question of wages is a very complicated one; and no very definite re-

sults ensue, even from an examination of many different kinds of data. One thing is certain, the hours of labor have been shortened; and this is surely an advantage. The strikes, lockouts, and other conflicts between labor and capital would seem to indicate that one party or the other is not satisfied with its share of the annual production of the country. We are sure of this, however, that although money wages may be almost stationary or advancing slowly, the decline in prices places more comforts and necessaries within the reach of the worst paid man. We believe that the standard of living in Canada is advancing. It is the demands of the many poor, and not of the few rich, that keep up the gradual increase in our imports. Millionaires are not common in Canada. While a large part of our population is comfortable, thrifty and hopeful, this feature seems to us to be one of the most encouraging to all true Canadians.

We have stated that the reward of capital; *i.e.*, interest is decreasing, that profits are increasing, and that real wages are also increasing. What about rent? The relation between rent and profits is very close. Considered economically, they exhibit largely the same characteristics, but they do not necessarily move in the same direction. The large food producing areas of Canada recently opened up, and the slow though steady growth of population, would tend to keep rents down. And these two factors acting together have, we believe, had that effect. The decline in the value of farm lands would also indicate a similar state of affairs. Farm lands in Ontario have not appreciated during the last ten years; they have rather depreciated. So with the other older provinces. The movement has been gradual, but, nevertheless, tangible. In the case of city rents, we find that where the parties resort to arbitration to determine the rent for a lease-hold for the next ten or twenty years, the result generally is that a lower rental is fixed than that

contained in the lease which is just expiring.

Turning now to a more general consideration of the case, we may safely say that Canada is essentially an exporter, not of manufactured but of raw materials, largely articles of food. Economists generally are agreed that manufacturing countries suffer less from a depression of trade, than countries producing raw materials. One of the chief reasons for this is, that the production of raw materials requires generally a long time, and the production cannot therefore be checked so as to coincide as near as possible with the demand. For example, the production and marketing of a crop of fall wheat requires about ten months. Wheat may be high in September, and, anticipating the same next season, large acreages of land are sown with wheat. By harvest time the prices may have fallen 30 per cent. But still that wheat must go to the market at any price. The difficulty lies in the fact that a farmer's capital is largely fixed capital, and it is very immovable when compared with the fixed capital of manufacturers. Again natural causes such as drought, frosts, excessive snow, etc., all combine to render almost impossible a forecast of what the possible crop will be. The want of elasticity in the production of raw materials as compared with manufactures thus tends directly to aggravate the evils resulting from a decreased demand. Then, if the demand increases suddenly a new supply to meet it cannot be produced at once. Further, in new countries; *e.g.*, Canada, capital is often invested in permanent improvements to develop its latent resources in advance of the actual requirements. But the population does not come. Railways are stopped midway for want of capital, and hence the whole industrial body is partially paralyzed. The scarcity

of capital in new countries is another serious disadvantage. New capital can only be brought from abroad; and the exports to pay the interest check the growth of the national wealth.

The position of our railways and our national debt is an apt illustration of this point. Eighty per cent. of the Canadian National Debt is held abroad. Then to this we must add the provincial and municipal debts, besides all the foreign capital invested in public and private companies, such as railways, banks, trust corporations, loan companies, etc.

We have referred above to the large foreign indebtedness of Canada. With the standard of value appreciating, a consideration of the true incidence of the interest to be paid cannot fail to be instructive. With the extension of credit and deferred payments the appreciation of the standard of value becomes a fact of first rate importance. The general effect is that those living on interest, annuities, etc., are favored at the expense of all the rest of the nation. All burdens fixed in money become heavier; and the essential point with Canada is that most of our borrowed capital comes from abroad. Our population includes very few non-producers, not even one per cent; we are all producers. Further this appreciation of the standard tends to place the debtors more and more in the power of the creditors. If we had a large non-productive population our position would not be so bad: the increase of national wealth would not be checked so much. But as things are we must work twice as hard and produce nearly twice as much to pay the same interest as we did in 1873. Our economic condition is better no doubt but more pains should be taken to avoid any further expansion of the foreign indebtedness in the face of a rising standard of value.

TWO BEAUTIES OF THE BACKWOODS.

BY C. C. FARR.

With illustrations by A. H. H. Heming.

PART I.



MAINTAIN that Fenimore Cooper was a prevaricator."

"That's a pretty strong term, Harold."

"Well, call it 'romancer' if the word suits you best. It's the same thing, anyway, and if you like to be even more exact

still, call him an apostle of misrepresentation."

Harold Mills and Harry Woods, who thus disputed, were inseparable friends, and as such often disagreed. In the matter of books they were fully up to the average, and both of them were excellent types of the "Jeunesse dorée" of England at the close of the nineteenth century. They had just completed their course at Cambridge, with indifferent success. A result not consequent upon a lack of ability, but rather upon a lack of necessity for exertion.

"Now, Harry, I will make a proposition to you. I vote that we test this thing to the bitter end, by personal experience. This is an age of doubt and scepticism, and no man is expected to believe what he is told; therefore I make the suggestion that we search out the Indian in his native wilds, and view him as he is, and if we find the Oceolas and Minnehahas, as Cooper and Longfellow have painted them, then I will cry 'peccavi,' and agree with you that civilization is only a superfluity."

"Agreed," cried Harry, "and if I bring home a wild flower of the woods, or the daughter of a noble Chief, to share my ancestral halls, a maiden untrammelled by the conventionalities of society, free and natural, full of untaught grace, an untutored child of nature, then you will allow that I am —."

"An unmitigated ass," interrupted Harold, "and only fit for Colney Hatch. I tell you, Harry, the child of nature is out of her element unless you find her in the gutter and in the slums; then she is too natural altogether for my taste."

"Harold! Harold! You are too prosaic, and poetry is not in you. However you shall yet be taught to see the error of your ways, and who shall say that you, Harold the obdurate, may not lose your heart to some beauty of the backwoods?"

"Such tommy rot," answered Harold, and the subject dropped for the time.

* * * * *

Three months later Harold Mills and Harry Woods, weary, and with feet blistered by the snowshoes, arrived at the Hudson's Bay Company's fort on Lake Temiscamingue, a lake not far from the head waters of the River Ottawa.

Furnished with letters of introduction, they received a hearty welcome from Mr. McTavish, the Chief Factor, who expressed his regret that his wife and daughter had that day gone across the lake to visit the sisters of the Roman Catholic Mission, and that they would not probably return before the

next day. However, nothing was omitted to make them comfortable and our two friends began to think that life could be made tolerable even in the bush, if you only knew how. A well-stocked library, betokened a taste for literature and refinement, that to them was unexpected, and, in fact, Harry Woods went so far as to complain that it was even bitterly disappointing.

"Too civilized, you know," he said.

"Did you find the dinner and that excellent port wine too civilized, or would you sooner have dined off muskrat, washed down with swamp tea?" queried Harold.

"There you are again, Harold, can't you understand? Oeola didn't drink port wine, nor can you imagine Laughing Water making civilized use of a napkin. I call it incongruous."

"I call it very congruous," replied Harold, as he placidly smoked his cigar. "The only thing I regret, is, that the ladies have not put in an appearance. If they are as 'congruous' as the rest, then happy am I for being fool enough to follow you to this God-forsaken part of the globe. I wouldn't mind betting that Mrs. Mac. is a half-breed, and the daughter, therefore, would still be a child of the forest."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Harold reverently, and as at that time Mr. McTavish entered the room, the discussion ended.

"So you want to see the Indian in his wigmam?" asked Mr. McTavish.

"Yes," eagerly answered Harry, "we have read about him, and we have heard about him, but we are de-

termined to test his noble qualities ourselves, and that is why we are here, trespassing on your hospitality."

"No trespass," answered the old man, politely. "I myself see too much of the Indian, and it is a pleasure to me to meet gentlemen. Ours is a life of isolation here, so far removed from the busy haunts of men, and though I cannot say that we are unhappy, we are all counting on the day when we shall be able to leave the Indian severely alone, and return to the scenes and associations most

dear to us. However, if you really wish to inspect the pure, unadulterated, untutored, and I might say, unwashed savage, go to the head of this lake. Their reservation is there, and, if you will take my advice, do not make a long stay. We shall be pleased to see you on your return; and now, gentlemen, as you must be weary with your walk, if you like, I will show you to your rooms."

To this proposition the young men gladly assented.



"THE CHIEF FACTOR."

Next morning they awoke refreshed, and, fortified by an excellent breakfast, they again donned their snowshoes, and turning their faces to the north, trudged bravely on. It was warm, and gently snowing so that the wet, soft snow clung to their snowshoes, making them heavy and causing slight twinges of the dreaded "mal de raquette," which might be described as lumbago in the legs. The terrible toe-strap reopened the wounds on their blistered feet, so that the blood showed through their moccasins in dull red patches.



DRAWN BY A. H. H. HEMING.

HARRY AND HAROLD LEAVING FORT TEMISCAMINGUE FOR THEIR TRAMP UP THE LAKE.

"Two idiots on the war-path," grumbled Harold. "To tell the truth, Harry Woods, this may be all very romantic, but its deuced depressing. I have heard of the springy step and rapid gait of the snowshoer, but, to my mind snowshoes as a mode of locomotion are a failure and a fraud."

"Cheer up, Harold, we can't be far off now; Mr. McTavish said it was only twenty miles. In fact, I think I already see the smoke of one of their wigwams."

And so the friends trudged on, reaching at length the mouth of the river, which, with a wide, sweeping curve empties itself into the lake at its northern extremity. Upon its banks the Indians had chosen their reservation, and here and there on either shore small log houses, with low, slanting roofs, stood out in the small, snow-covered patches of cleared land.

"Not a very imposing sight," growled Harold, who seemed determined to be disappointed and depressed. "All I see is a few badly built log huts, with a few picaninnies playing before them in the snow, and judging by the clothes they wear, or rather don't wear, its a wonder they don't get frozen. In which particular wigwam do you expect to find your Alfaretta? By jove here comes Methusaleh, or the great Mumbo Jumbo himself. Look at his legs, they are as crooked as a ram's horn. I wonder if that's Ocoola. There's a squaw behind him; she wouldn't be bad looking if she'd take that infernal shawl off her head. What a combination of colors she is; I believe that there's every color of the rainbow showing in her get-up."

"That is no squaw, Harold," whispered Harry excitedly. "Look at her complexion and her features, they are perfect. I told you that some of these girls were beautiful, and now you see that I am right."

By this time the two natives had ranged up alongside of them. The old man was no doubt a curiosity to those to whom such sights were new. His

face was the color of varnished copper, and upon his chin there grew about a dozen coarse, short hairs, ranging in color from black to white. A rabbit-skin cap covered his head, and from it his coarse black hair, streaked with grey, escaped to the length of several inches. With the exception of his moccasins, his clothes were decidedly modern, but worse for wear, though his trousers were neatly patched in prominent parts with cotton bagging that had once been white.

The girl was unquestionably pretty, with large lustrous eyes, and faultless features, while her complexion was, as Harry Woods remarked, "exceeding fair," though tinted by the sun and winds.

"Quay! Quay!" he said, and our friends knew that he was bidding them good-day, for at the same time he put forth a blackened paw, and shook hands with the young men, each in turn, muttering as he did so, "Boo-shoo," "Boo-shoo," a corruption of the French *bon jour*.

A silence then ensued, which was broken by Harry, who asked, "Who is the girl?" pointing to the object of his interest.

"Him my girl! good gal him! on-ishishing! (good). Him Bet-see.

"I told you so, Harry; she's a squaw," said Harold.

"Him no squaw. Him English gal, me Scotchman," said the old Indian, striking his breast.

"Oh," said Harold, "this is awful. Here all the nationalities seem to meet. Come along Harry, we'll find Chinese and Hottentots yet, if we keep on."

But Harry had no intention of keeping on. He had approached the fair Betsy, and was trying to engage her in conversation. It was no easy task, for Betsy turned her back to him, and nearly covering her face with the shawl, muttered through it laconic replies.

"What is your name?"

"Bet-see."

"Did you always live here?"

"I suppose."

"Would you like to go away from this place?"

The girl partly turned, and glancing slyly at him, answered, "I don't know."



"BET-SEE."

"Do you know that you are very pretty, Betsy?"

"I don't know."

"Where do you live?"

"With—my—fath—er."

"Where is that?"

"Over there," pointing to one of the little log houses on the bank.

In the meanwhile, another Indian had joined the group. He was a huge brute, with fat cheeks and beadlike eyes.

Harold went quietly over to where Harry was standing and whispered to him, "Come out of this Harry, and don't be an idiot."

"Look here, Harold, you never had a heart. Do you see this poor girl? I feel sure that she has been kidnapped and kept here against her will, and I am going to see into it."

"Well, of all the incurables! However, I know your weakness for a pretty face, and by jove she is pretty, so I'll see you through; but look out for squalls. There's a puffy-faced, Chinese-eyed Indian watching you with no very affectionate regard, and I think I heard a good healthy English oath, muttered between a number of invectives in his own language, of which you were evidently the object."

But Harry's sympathies were roused and fear was not in his line; so going up to the old man he said, by way of commencing operations:—

"You have a lovely daughter; you will not find more faultless features, nor more perfect form, among all the models of Greece."

The old fellow did not, apparently, understand him, until he came to the word "Greece," but that evidently touched a chord, for his face broadened out into a smile, and he said:



"ME SCOTCHMAN."

"Plenty grease, plenty grease, good onishishing."

"What is the old beggar saying Harold?"

"He evidently wants you to give him grease. Mr. McTavish said that

Indians will sell their souls for grease, and it is evident that this old sinner would sell his daughter for grease!"

"Yes! yes!" said Harry. "I see a way of rescuing this poor creature from their hands, by grease. Now, Harold, you must stand by me, goodness knows what it may lead to."

"A jolly bad scrape likely."

"No! No! Possibly a recognition by her true parents, and a re-union that will beat a novel itself, and who knows what might follow; perhaps a lasting affection between us, the rescuer and the rescued, that may be crowned by a happy marriage."

"A happy humbug! However, have your own way, and start the programme. I find this place deadly dull, and I don't care if we do scare up a bit of an adventure."

So it was arranged that they should repair to the house of Betsy's father, not before, however, a bit of English gold had been pressed into his expectant hand, and Betsy, accompanied by three or four youngsters, of ages ranging from ten to twelve, clad in cotton skirts, with legs, thin and bare showing beneath, had been sent to procure from the Hudson's Bay Company's store, grease and other comestibles, agreeable to the palates of Indians.

In the wigwam they found an old woman of fat and shining countenance, a shade blacker than their host, sitting squat upon the floor, mixing some flour and water in a pan. Etiquette, apparently, did not demand an introduction, for wiping her hands upon her dirty dress she arose and saluted the young men each with a kiss.

"What in thunder does she mean by that?" cried Harry, with a look of such unutterable disgust that Harold, though having likewise suffered, laughed immoderately.

"Don't you know Harry, that it is the custom amongst Indians to kiss all round at New Year's? I learn't that at Mattawa, on our way up. You need not look so disconsolate about it,

for she may be your mother-in-law yet."

"I wasn't thinking of that, but you might have told me before we met Betsy."

In due time Betsy returned, with a bag slung over her shoulders, half full of the delicacies that she had bought. If she was shy and laconic in her conversation with Harry, she was by no means so, when conversing in her own tongue with members of her own family; nor did she omit to throw many killing glances towards that impressionable young man. But whenever he approached her with a view towards cultivating a closer intimacy, she promptly retreated behind the stove, giggling innately, or she would bounce out of doors, with the whole crowd of children streaming after her, all fairly shouting with laughter.

"I could murder those little devils," muttered Harry, "they are perpetually on the watch."

"The Indian mode of chaperoning, my boy, and a good one too. Children of that age are ubiquitous, and nothing is sacred from their eyes and tongues. After all, human nature is about the same, wherever you find it, and I question if you will get the chance of a *tête à tête* with the fair Betsy, until those youngsters, are put, or put themselves, to bed."

In the meanwhile it had turned dark, and a small tin pan half full of grease, was set upon the table. Into this had been inserted a piece of twisted rag to serve as a wick, and a dingy light was thus thrown upon the scene.

The meal was now ready, and at a sign from the fat squaw of smiling countenance, the guests sat at the square deal table upon a wooden form or bench, the male members of the family also taking their places. A squaw never sits down to eat with her lord and master. Indian etiquette assigns her a place between the men and the dogs.

There were no forks, and only one spoon. The latter apparently was a

luxury, and an innovation, as it passed from hand to hand, or rather from mouth to mouth. There was rabbit stew in abundance, boiled beaver, and fried moose meat. Our friends preferred the latter, though they regretted that more grease had not been used for light, and less for cooking. However, hunger has always been allowed to be an excellent sauce, and they arose from the table thoroughly refreshed. The women and children followed, and rabbit stew, beaver meat and fried moose, all disappeared as if by magic.

Harry watched Betsy, and as he did so, made a mental resolution that she should be taught to swallow soup without the aid of a knife, and with a less resonant gurgle. Harold whispered mischevously, that she would be a noble ornament to Langford Hall, and something to the effect that if Harry did bring home a child of nature he would be in duty bound to forswear soup.

For some time, after all had finished, they sat silent, smoking. Even the hostess produced a short pipe, and puffed away, squatting, as was her wont, upon the floor. Suddenly the scraping of a fiddle was heard in a corner, and two Indians jumping up, began to shake their moccasined feet upon the uneven floor.

Presently one, then another, began to cry—"Neemin!" "Neemin!" meaning "A dance!" "A dance!" Fresh arrivals had augmented the company, so that the little house was now crowded to its fullest capacity. Amongst those who had come in, was the fat-faced Indian, who had appeared so exercised over Harry's attentions to Betsy, in the afternoon. No salutation had been exchanged between the

new comers and the family of their host, nor did they even knock at the door for admittance. They simply walked in, and sat down in silence. Thus no word had passed between Betsy and her dusky admirer, and Harry had almost forgotten his existence, until at the cry of "Neemin!" "Neemin!" he suddenly jumped up, and without a word, seized Betsy by the arm, dragged her to the middle of the room, and stood beside her, ready for the dance. Three other couples had followed suit, each Indian dragging his partner into position without a word. Then the music struck up, and the dance began.

"Ah!" said Harold, "I call this interesting." Do you see that fellow, how he's swinging Betsy? There's more love in that grip around the waist than in all the protestations of a twelvemonth."

Harry was not so enthusiastic, and hoped to see Betsy flinch from the contact, but hoped in vain, for Betsy evidently liked it; and though, between the figures she stood, limp, silent, and shy, beside him, she clung

closely and lovingly to him in the dizzy maze of the dance.

Harry was foaming.

"I'd like to knock that fellow over," he whispered to Harold, whose reply was anything but soothing.

"I wouldn't mind betting that those are his exact sentiments in regard to you. I told you how all human nature is akin."

"Hang your philosophy, Harold, I'll dance the next set with that girl, or die in the attempt, though I know about as much about that infernal jigging as the man in the moon."



"HARRY'S RIVAL."

"It seems to me," answered Harold, "a kind of a cross between a Scotch reel and a sun dance, with a little local colouring thrown in. Look out for squalls, Harry. There's thunder in that chap's eye. A bull-headed Indian doesn't wear the green willow with a Christian-like resignation, and is not over scrupulous in his methods of retaliation."

"Bah!" said Harry, "I'll take my chances of that. I hate to see that ugly brute, handling that girl in that disgusting manner."

"You mean that you would like to do it yourself. Come, be honest, Harry, and shame the devil." Harry made no reply to this, for at that moment the music stopped, and the first dance was ended.

No sooner had they ceased, than an Indian started around bearing in his hands a square black bottle, which was presented to each in turn, and the air of the house became loaded with the penetrating odor of whiskey. Even the women drank, and horror of horrors, Betsy herself took a good pull at the bottle with evident relish.

"Your beauty is not so uncivilized after all, Harry. It won't be a difficult task to teach her to drink champagne," said Harold as Harry looked on aghast.

Both of the young men refused to drink, a refusal that did not add to their popularity.

"Not that I should have minded a drop," explained Harold afterwards, "if it had not been for the awful look of the crowd who had put that bottle to their ruby lips. I could have stood Betsy, but when it came to the old man and the rest, I made up my mind that they could count me out of it."

Again another dance was called, and again Harry was obliged to sit it out, the method of obtaining partners being a more formal affair with Englishmen than with Indians. After the dance, the bottle, which had been replenished, was again called into requisition, and by this time all the com-

pany had become somewhat exhilarated. The dance itself was more boisterous and less decent, while an old crone, who had been sitting on the floor, sharing the scraps of the feast with the dogs, burst out into a weird chant.

"Come Harry," said Harold, "Let us 'get up and get,' as they say in the civilized portions of this country. This thing is becoming monotonous, and not too respectable."

"All right, Harold; I'll come, only just let me say one word to Betsy before I go. It seems a cruel shame to leave such a lovely creature in this pandemonium, without one effort to save her."

At that moment the music recommenced, and taking it as a signal that the dance was about to be called, Harry went over to Betsy, where she sat behind the stove, and in his best and blandest, up-to-date tones, begged of her the pleasure of the next set. Betsy glanced at him coquettishly for a moment, then hung her head, but gave him no answer.

In the meanwhile, the big savage, who had been watching them, swooped down upon the girl, and literally tore her away from his hands, as he stretched them out to detain her. Harry could stand no more. In spite of the warning from Harold, he followed the pair to where they stood, and bending down to the girl, he said:

"Betsy! Are you willing for this brute to beat you thus? We will protect you if you only say the word."

A smile came on the girl's face, and she said, "He's-fool-ish;" and turning to her partner, she said in Indian: "moon-es-ee" meaning that he is talking in his sleep.

At that moment Harry felt a hand on his arm, and looking round he found Betsy's father. He was evidently in an advanced stage of intoxication, and was not a beautiful object to behold. Steadying himself by Harry's arm, he said:

"You marry him! my gal! good

gal him, buy plenty grease. Pity gal him!" Harry was about to reply, when a stunning blow from behind felled him to the ground, and Harold, who was in the act of leaping to the rescue of his friend, found himself pinioned from behind. With a wrench he tore himself free, and with one blow sent the fat-faced Indian who had struck Harry, sprawling on the ground. But the crowd surged upon him; angry faces glared at him and hissed out English oaths, while their whiskey-laden breath almost sickened him. But Harry had risen, and the two stood side by side. The women had unconceded themselves behind the stove.

"Make for the door, Harry, and knock down everyone that bars the way; come along!"

Saying which, Harold bowled over the first man he could reach, then another, and another. The table was upset, and the wretched, improvised lamp was extinguished. But someone had opened the door, and owing to the glistening snow, it seemed as light as day outside compared with the murky blackness of within. With a rush they gained the door, and very soon, with snowshoes in hand, were rushing down the bank of the river. When they had reached the ice they paused to see if they were followed; but there was no one on their trail. They could hear the loud shouts and curses coming from the house, and

they saw that the candle had been relit. But as no one followed, they donned their snowshoes, and took the track by which they came.

For some time they walked without a word until Harold, breaking the silence, said: "Well, Harry, what do you think of the noble red man now? Is he all your fancy painted him, and as for Betsy——"

"Look here, Harold, what's the use of kicking a fellow when he's down. I want to have nothing more to do with Indians, either male or female, and the sooner I am out of this uncivilized land the better I shall be pleased. So now, Harold, 'Home, sweet home,' shall be our cry. I have paid the piper, and but for you it might have been far worse."

"Well," answered Harold, "I can't say that my opinion has changed much about Indians. I never had a very high opinion of them myself, as you know, and I am not disappointed; so, Harry, as you say, let 'Home, sweet home,' be our cry, and I feel relieved that we are not to be accompanied by the future mistress of Langford Hall, who, to tell you the truth, had you found her where you hoped and expected, would have cut a far better figure in an American medley or dime museum, than in the ancestral halls of the Woods."

(The second half of this story will appear in the February number.)

GOD, WHO MADE THE MAN.

I hear the whistle sounding
The moving air I feel;
The train goes by me, bounding
O'er throbbing threads of steel.

My mind it doth bewilder
These wondrous things to scan;
Awe'd, not by man, the builder,
But God who made the man.

CY. WARMAN.

SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL, PREMIER OF CANADA.

BY J. LAMBERT PAYNE.

A SKETCH.

THE biography of Sir Mackenzie Bowell is the story of a man, who began life in humble and unpromising circumstances and reached the highest office in the gift of his fellow-citizens. It may lack the brilliance of tragic situation and the thrill of romantic incident; it may not present that series of happy surprises the novelist aims to develop, in which hope succeeds despair and victory flashes suddenly out of the darkness of impending disaster; but it affords a wealth of genuine inspiration to the youth of Canada, teaching as it does, the helpful lesson that fidelity of purpose, probity of life and wisely directed energy, never fail of reward. It also exemplifies the equally encouraging truth that lack of family prestige, special academic training, large wealth and aggressive friends, is not a barrier to success in this land. Were the opposite true, then the names of Macdonald, Mackenzie, Thompson and Bowell, would never have been recorded in the first place of honor in Canadian history. Casting about for a parallel, it seemed to me that the career of Sir Mackenzie Bowell has been more like that of Abraham Lincoln than of any other man in the comparatively modern political life of this continent. Lincoln spent his boyhood on a backwoods farm, knowing little of school advantages and giving his youthful strength to a rough avocation that pointed in any direction but to the Presidential chair. In much the same way, Sir Mackenzie Bowell began and shaped his life, giving himself up to the toils of a mechanic, shut off in childhood from educational privileges, and yet following a course that has made him

First Minister of the Dominion. It was by somewhat the same course that Alexander Mackenzie, the stone-mason, came to be Premier. None of these men revealed the qualities of statesmanship in very early life, and each began the race under heavy handicap; but the strength, the capacity and purpose to win were present.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell was born at Rickingham, in Suffolk, England, on 27th December, 1823. His father was a builder, and in 1833, emigrated to this country. One year later saw the boy Mackenzie Bowell apprenticed to Mr. George Benjamin, of Belleville, to learn the trade and handicraft of a printer. He was then eleven years of age, and Mr. Benjamin's printing office, whence *The Intelligencer* was issued, had all the inconveniences and primitive makeshifts of a country weekly in a practically pioneer settlement. The new boy started off as "printer's devil" and from confessions of mischievous pranks in those early days, it may fairly be assumed that the appellation in his case was not misplaced. His apprenticeship took him from his home, and brought him wholly under the care of his employer—as was the custom in those times. Mr. Benjamin was a gentleman of high education and public spirit, and it is certain that he exercised a great influence in moulding the character and aspirations of his young apprentice. It is worthy of note, that in succeeding years the young man followed closely in the footsteps of his kind and capable mentor; but in each capacity, whether in business, municipal affairs, social organizations, or in political life, he advanced one step higher.

This was purely a coincidence; for Sir Mackenzie has assured me that he neither set up Mr. Benjamin as his ideal, nor sought in any way to follow his course in life. Be that as it may, the young "printer's devil" passed through his three years' apprenticeship, and at fourteen ranked as a journeyman. It was a proud day for him when he realized that he was a master printer and able to earn an independent livelihood. He continued with Mr. Benjamin in this capacity on *The Intelligencer* until he was eighteen years of age. He had now saved a little money, and desiring to equip himself with a better education — although there are few schools more thorough and practical than a newspaper office — he went to the school of Mr. Thomas Agar, of Sydney, in the County of Hastings, where he spent six months in hard and earnest work with



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.
(From a recent photo.)

his books. Such progress did he make, that at the end of his term, he was given a certificate of qualification as teacher. More than that, he accepted an engagement to take charge of a school. But he was not destined for work of that sort. It was a turning point in his life, and the turn brought him back into closer association than ever with his old friend Mr. George Benjamin. On the Saturday preceding the week he was to begin work as a rural dominie, he met his former employer and was

induced to go back to *The Intelligencer* office as foreman, at the munificent salary of \$10.00 a month, with board and washing—which was probably as much as he would have received in those days as a school teacher. Six years later he was given a full partnership in the business, and on the strength of this better prospect in life, he consummated his engagement of several years with Miss Harriet Louisa Moore, and was married. Confidence came with experience, and stimulated by the ambition to rise higher, he joined with his brother-in-law, in 1848, and took the printing property off Mr. Benjamin's hands. But Mr. Bowell's temperament and instincts of self-reliance did not fit him for a harmonious partnership, and at the end of three years he became the sole proprietor of the newspaper. Thus, he started in as "devil" and

in sixteen years came to be absolute owner, editor and publisher.

The *Intelligencer* was still continued as a weekly newspaper and a job printing office; but the young proprietor was ambitious to have it meet the full wants of the community. Accordingly, when the first Atlantic cable had been laid, he began the publication of a little evening sheet, named *The Diurnal*, for which his subscribers paid him a York-shilling per week. It was designed to give the latest European news that flashed

through the cable, and it is worthy of passing mention that the operator who received those despatches was Mr. H. P. Dwight, the widely known general-manager of the Great North Western Telegraph Company. But the *Diurnal* was not a paying investment and after a time was abandoned. In 1866, the publication of *The Daily Intelligence* was begun, and, although Sir Mackenzie ceased to have any connection with it in 1878, it has ever since continued to flourish.

General interest quite naturally centres in the genesis of Sir Mackenzie Bowell's public career; although space only permits of an imperfect sketch, covering not more than a few features. He was still a very young man when he became identified with a local debating club, and was one of its most enthusiastic, and possibly pugnacious, members until a little incident occurred which diverted him permanently from the mock to the real arena of discussion. The subject for debate on that particular evening was the time-worn and still unsettled question: "From which does man derive more pleasure, anticipation or realization?" and an Irish school-master of the old stamp, was in the chair as judge. The young printer came heavily loaded for the occasion, and presented what he believed to be a convincing argument in favor of "anticipation." The old school-master evidently thought the same, yet he summed up, in rich Hibernian brogue, as follows: "B'ys, ye have debated this soobject wid a good deal of tact and ability. The soide of anticipation has the besht of the argument; but as Oi belave in realization, Oi decoide that way!" This was too much for the youthful orator, and he never returned to the debating school again. But he did not weaken in his interest in public debate, and at 26 years of age, full of the vivacity and fearlessness which has characterized his whole life, he plunged into the thick of a political campaign. He went through the

County of Hastings in the interest of Mr., afterward the Honorable, Edmund Murney, and although his candidate was defeated, he did not lose heart; for in 1849, two years later, the struggle was renewed with victorious results.

It was in this campaign of 1849, that an incident occurred which fairly illustrates the character of the man and the times. He was given \$10.00 to defray the expenses of the election in the Township of Hungerford, one of the largest divisions in the Riding. It cost him \$1.00 to have a voter taken from Tweed to Marmora, a distance of about sixteen miles and with some satisfaction he afterwards returned \$9.00 to the Central Committee in Belleville. Those who are familiar with the heavy costs attending the election campaigns of to-day, might properly wish for a return to the inexpensive methods of those primitive days.

With unabated enthusiasm Mr. Bowell took an active part in public affairs in general from that time onward. Although repeatedly urged to accept municipal responsibilities, he steadily held to the purpose of keeping out of that arena; but for 13 years he was a member of the School Board, during eleven of which he served as chairman, part of the time also as chairman of the Grammar School Board. Throughout his life he has displayed the deepest interest in matters appertaining to education, and one of the objects of his long journey up the North West coast of British Columbia, and across the prairies of the North West Territories, during the past summer, was to personally investigate the system of Industrial Schools established by the Government among the Indians.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell first became a candidate for political honors in 1863. Mr. Benjamin, who had represented the Riding for fourteen years, declined in that year to run again, and his protégé was put forward in his stead. At that time Upper Can-

ada constituencies were in a state of feverish excitement over racial and religious questions. *The Globe*, under George Brown, had been waging for

voice of reason and toleration. Mr. Bowell was defeated.

It is an extraordinary coincidence that at the very threshold of his political career he should have been confronted by the same phase of religious controversy that met him when he assumed the Premiership. More than thirty years of time has elapsed since he first struggled against the sway of excited passions; yet he is now called upon, in a more responsible sphere, to deal with the same stubborn elements in political warfare. If I have been able, however, to learn his inner motives and his settled attitude in the premises, I should unhesitatingly declare that the man of 1863 and the Premier of 1896 stand on the same ground. Mr. Bowell knew that his position upon the issue of 1863 meant certain defeat; yet he refused to do violence to his sense of justice, regardless of the course of expediency which his ambition for a seat in Parliament suggested. I believe that he is in precisely the same position to-day. He has a clear and fixed conviction of the line which justice and patriotism point out, and no consideration of party expediency nor personal interest will swerve him from that pathway, believing it better to suffer de-



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.

Taken just after he entered Parliament.

some years a bitter crusade against Roman Catholic institutions in general, and special privileges in particular. The question immediately at issue was the incorporation of Roman Catholic Institutions, and "The Ladies of Loretto" was singled out for special controversy. Mr. Benjamin had voted for the latter measure, and Mr. Bowell was now called upon to pledge himself to an opposite course. He refused. He took the high and patriotic ground, that in a country like this, occupied by a heterogeneous population, it was impossible to govern successfully along such narrow lines. He argued that it would be unjust to take away rights and privileges which had been acquired by law, and contrary to what he understood to be the principles of the Conservative party. Prejudices were, however, actively aroused, and, as is always the case under such circumstances, a deaf ear was turned to the



MR BOWELL AT TWENTY-FIVE.

feat than to win at the cost of endangering Confederation.

In 1867, he was elected to the first Dominion Parliament. In the years

which had intervened between his first candidature and this contest, the bargain of Confederation had been consummated, and its provisions were accepted by the people at large. The electoral Riding of North Hastings was composed then, as it is to-day, of strongly Protestant elements, and on general principles, Separate Schools found no favor in the community; but they realized that these concessions formed a part of the basis of Confederation, and they accepted them as being then outside the pale of useful controversy. Thus, Mr. Bowell entered Parliament without compromising the principles which he had laid down in his first appeal to the people of Hastings. I have neither the space nor the disposition at this time to follow him through the twenty-five years in the House of Commons. It would be too long a story for the purposes of this hasty and necessarily imperfect sketch. Suffice it, that his restless energy took him quickly into the active business of the House. His natural fondness for details, and fearless methods of analysis, soon made him a conspicuous figure in the shaping of Parliamentary measures. Later on, when his party had passed into opposition, and it was numerically weak in the House, he became a veritable thorn in the side of the Government. Early and late, on the floor of the House and in the Committee rooms, in the press and on the hustings, he carried on a vigorous and unceasing fight for the principles of his party, and when Sir John Macdonald was returned to power in 1878, no one was surprised that Mackenzie Bowell should be given the important portfolio of Minister of Customs in the new Government. It is worthy of mention that he is to-day, the sole survivor in office of the Cabinet of 1878—six of his colleagues of 1878 having died, and the others being in various spheres of life outside. For thirteen years he served as Minister of Customs; for a year as Minister of Militia; for two years as Minister of

Trade and Commerce, and he is now in his second year as Premier and President of the Council. When the late Sir John Thompson assumed the Premiership, in December, 1892, Mr. Bowell was asked to take the leadership of the Senate, and he assumed it with reluctance. This took him out of the House of Commons, where he had sat for twenty-five years, in unbroken representation of the North Riding of Hastings. It was in the year following this change, that he made his famous visit to Australia, and paved the way for the Colonial Conference of 1894—which gathering will yet come to be regarded as one of the most significant events in the modern history of the British Empire. On December 14th, following the tragic death of Sir John Thompson, he was called to the Premiership, and on 1st January, 1895, he was knighted by Her Majesty. The events of the year just closed are yet so fresh in the public mind, as not to call for mention in this relation.

Not even an outline of the career of Sir Mackenzie Bowell would be complete without incidental reference to the part which he has played as a volunteer and an Orangeman. It was in 1857, that he joined with two others in the organization of the Belleville Rifle Company of sixty-five men, taking the rank of ensign. At that time, all that the Government furnished in class B. were the arms, the uniforms being purchased almost wholly by the officers. In 1860, that company was re-uniformed, and the officers bore the additional expense of providing a band. In 1864 the Belleville Rifle Company, with other similar volunteer organizations, was called out for service along the Canadian frontier, in order to prevent raids being made upon the United States by Southerners who were making this country a base of operations. The Belleville Company was stationed at Amherstburg, Ont., for four months, and on returning home in May, 1865, the ensign decided to retire. When the Fenian

Raid occurred in 1866, the military spirit again took possession of him. The Captain of No. 1 Company of the 15th Battalion could not leave for the



MRS. G. W. MCCARTHY, SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER AND HOSTESS.

front, and Mackenzie Bowell, regardless of business and domestic cares, volunteered to take his place. He was accepted and put in charge of No. 1 Company as Captain. The Battalion served at Prescott until the Fenian trouble was over. Subsequently, the 49th Battalion was organized, No. 1 Company being composed of the old Rifle Company organized in 1857, and Mr. Bowell was made senior Major. He continued in that rank for five years, and for two years afterward, was brevet Lieut.-Colonel. He then permanently retired, retaining the senior rank.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell's experience as an Orangeman dates from 1842, when at 19 years of age, he was initiated into that order. It would be a long story to trace his rise from the rank to the higher offices, and many facts of interest in that relation must be passed over. Beginning at the humble post of tyler, he passed step

by step upward, until he became Provincial Grand Master. This he held for eight years, and then succeeded the late Hon. John Hilliard Cameron, as Most Worshipful Grand Master. While in that office, he was sent as a delegate to Great Britain, and was there elected as the first President of the Triennial Council. In 1878, after having occupied the first chair for eight years, he retired from office in the Orange order.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to hint at the qualities which I believe have brought Mackenzie Bowell to his present exalted position. It has been my privilege to study his character from a point of advantage for a number of years, and at another time and in some other way than this, I shall feel free to discuss both the man and his life work. For the present, I know that I shall have the concurring judgment of all those who know him best, when I say that he owes very much to



LITTLE EVALYN MCCARTHY, THE SUNSHINE OF SIR MACKENZIE'S HOME.

his prodigious energy, his inflexibility of principle, his masterly grasp of detail, his urbanity of manner, and his spotless integrity of life. In short, he

has been a capable man, who has commanded popular trust. He stands for what the world recognizes as "a good all-round man," gifted with acute sagacity in many things, and bringing a robust common sense to bear on all things. It was Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton who said: "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the great and insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." A hundred apt illustrations of this truthful observation could be drawn from our every-day life in commerce, in education, in religion, and in politics; but it has no more conspicuous exponent than Sir Mackenzie Bowell. And, today, at seventy-two years of age, with body and mind, retaining the vigor and elasticity of youth, he brings the same qualities and methods to bear on the duties of the Premiership, that have raised him round by round, up the ladder of fame.

TWO LANDS.

Which shall I choose me for eyes that weep,
The Land of Boon, or the Land of Sleep?

All the hills of the Land of Boon
Slumber, this golden afternoon.

Every valley and every plain
Dream to the olden years again;

Dream—till the heart may not forget
Olden sorrow or love. And yet

All the brimming surges croon
Welcome into the Land of Boon.

Silent the forest glades and deep,
Over the moon-spaced Land of Sleep.

There the murmuring winds go by,
Half a whisper and half a sigh.

There are verdurous aisles of peace,
Dim through the trees when the day-birds cease.

There luxurious woodland ways
Soothe the captive of weeks and days.

There comes the chiding of no unrest;
There is the end of all sad quest,

Loves that weary, and thoughts that sweep.
Fain is my soul for the Land of Sleep!

A. B. DE MILLE.

King's College, Windsor, N.S.



THE HONORABLE WILFRID LAURIER, B.G.L., Q.C., P.G.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS BARRON, Q.C.

THE most striking figure to-day in Canadian public life is the Honorable Wilfrid Laurier, leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons.

He was born at St. Lin, in the Province of Quebec, on the 20th of November, 1841. His family was among the first established at *La Nouvelle France*. M. Carolus Laurier, his father, was a provincial land surveyor. With parental zeal the father devoted himself to a prudent development in the son of those latent talents, which, at an early age, prompted the fiery M^él^éric Lanctôt to foretell the great future which then awaited the son, and which has since been the father's full reward. At the age of thirteen he was sent to the College of L'Assomption, where discipline, it is said, failed to detain him from the Court room, wherein, when missed, he could regularly be found listening with

rapt attention to the legal contests then going on. At this time Responsible Government was in its experimental stage, having before that mercifully impaired the cruel despotism of executive rule.

The masses, more numerous than now, flocked to public meetings, and at these the lad would be intensely absorbed in all that was said and done. With his nature, temperament and disposition as it is there is little room for wonder if then he was first possessed with the cause of Liberalism. The year 1860 found him studying law, in the office of the Honorable Rodolphe Laflamme, and it is a coincidence that seventeen years later the principal and the student became colleagues in the Government of that great and self-made man, the Honorable Alexander MacKenzie. In 1861 he obtained his degree of B.C.L. at McGill University, Montreal, and a

twelvemonth later was called to the Bar of Lower Canada. For two years he practised his profession at Montreal in partnership with M^éd^éric Lanctôt; and it is just possible that the noisy notoriety of the latter in the field of journalism was uncongenial to the elevated refinement of his young partner, for the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Laurier left Montreal.

In May, 1868, his marriage with Miss Lafontaine brought him a most devoted wife, and to the Liberal party it has given a charming, fascinating and delightful social leader in a position requiring much tact, and as difficult to fill as it is necessary, seeing that society is so great a factor in parliamentary life at Ottawa.

At St. Christophe, the chevalier town of the district, Mr. Laurier resumed the practice of his profession, but the trend of his mind was in the direction of public life, and whatever his success might later on have been at the Bar, it was interrupted by an invitation to stand for his district. At the provincial election of 1871, he was elected for Drummond and Arthabaskaville over his opponent by a majority not exceeding one thousand. He was not yet thirty years of age, yet he was the *debutant* of the new Legislature, and, when, the morning after his first speech, his name was on every lip, all Quebec asked itself the question *Quel est cet étranger?* To quote Laureate Louis Fr^échette:—“Whence had this new orator come? so fluent, cultivated and charming; who awed even his opponents into respect by language so polished, so elevated in tone, so courteous in rebuke and sarcasm, and above all, so moderate even in the heat of discussion. The effect was magical. I can almost imagine that I still hear the thunders of applause which shook the galleries, when, at the close of a graphic passage in his speech, in which he had made the long, sad column of our fellow countrymen emigrating to the United States file slowly past before

the very eyes of his hearers; the orator hurled at the government of the day his scathing allusions to the celebrated salute of the doomed gladiators of ancient Rome: *Ave C^æsar, morituri te salutant!* On the following day the name of Laurier was on every lip, and all who then heard it will remember how those two syllables in their heroic suggestiveness rang out true and clear—their tone that of a coin of gold pure from all alloy, and bearing the impress of sterling worth.”

His immediate advancement into the very front rank of provincial debaters, meant his speedy introduction to Federal politics, and three years later he was elected against M. Fessier, a distinguished notary, by a majority of more than seven hundred. He entered the House of Commons as member for his old district. His fame had preceded him, but it was expected by many that his marvellous grace of diction, and charming eloquence would fail him, or at least be lessened, when from his native tongue he changed into English.

But what a surprise!

The occasion was on the motion to expel Louis Riel, the Rebel of the North West, who had been elected by his compatriots to a seat in Parliament. Mr. Laurier rose. The House was silent, with that silence which precedes expectancy. His first words, “Mr. Speaker,” surprised many at the language he had chosen. The four galleries had rapidly filled, for “Laurier speaks to-night,” had gone the rounds. Every member within the precincts of the Chamber was in his seat, and there he remained for one hour and ten minutes in wonder, surprise and breathless admiration as this singularly gifted man for the first time addressed the House of Commons of Canada. The opportunity was a great one for a great man, and a great man made the most of it.

What better proof of genuine effect than the quick, and oft heard expres-

sion from the lips of many an opponent, "Had the speech been earlier in debate, the vote might have been different." He spoke in English, as he now nearly always does, and yet was more eloquent than the most eloquent of our English speakers. The writer once asked him how it was he rose superior in their own language, to the most eloquent of our English speakers. His modesty (and he is as modest as a child) did not permit him to think he did. But, pursuing the enquiry, the secret revealed itself in the fact that while the companionship of youth, with its chance associations, taught him his French, as it does most of us our English, his English he taught himself from books, and books alone, in the selection of which he was most guarded and severely careful. Indeed, it is not only his voice and speech that charm. Everything about him attracts. His shapely head set off with waving hair worn rather long, a fashion affected by the Frenchman. A clean-shaven face giving a youthful appearance to singularly handsome features. In his eyes is his real attraction. They are large, deep and luminous. Into them one really seems to see deeper and further, as the speaker loses himself in passionate and unconscious eloquence. He is tall, rather slender, and his figure most graceful and dignified. Indeed, he never loses his dignity. It stays with him, as part of himself, at all times and under all circumstances. His actions, and he has his countrymen's fascinating habit of gesture, are always in sympathy with his words, and his words with his actions. He never poses. He couldn't if he tried, but "uses all gently." Discretion guides him always, in all he does and all he says, thus it is when most vehement a temperance gives smoothness to most telling sarcasm. He hits hard—very hard—but never offends. The sting is felt, but it is void of bitterness, and leaves no poison behind it.

He has the courage of a lion. In

1877 he attacked Ultramontanism in its very citadel. For party purposes, the Tory press had been patting Ultramontanism on the back. The priest from the pulpit was held justified, no matter how far he went—the further the better—in telling the elector to vote "blue." When reasoning failed, threats and intimidation were expected, and, if used, defended by the party benefited. Then it was that Mr. Laurier, in the heart of Quebec, before an audience almost wholly Catholic, made his famous speech on Liberalism, wherein he contested the right of the clergy to extort opinions through fear, terror or intimidation. His words have become celebrated, because never for years before had there been aroused such spontaneous feeling for and against any public man. Among other things, he said :

"I think the priest has everything to lose as regards the respect due to his station, by meddling with the ordinary questions of politics. However, his right is incontestable, and if he chooses to avail himself of it, our duty as Liberals is to secure it to him against every opponent. This right, however, is not unlimited. We have amongst us no absolute rights. The rights of each man in our state of society, cease to exist when he trespasses on the rights of others. The right of intervening in politics ends when it trespasses on the independence of the elector. The constitution of this country is based upon the freely expressed will of the elector. The constitution intends that each elector deposit his vote, freely and voluntarily, as he thinks proper. If the electors of a country are now of one opinion and that the majority owing to the influence exercised over them by one or more persons, after hearing their arguments and reading their productions, change their opinion, is a perfectly legitimate thing in itself, although the opinion they express be different from what they could have held had no such interference taken place. However, the opinion they express is really what they wish to express, that which is according to their conscience; the constitution thus receives its entire application. If, however, notwithstanding all arguments, the opinion of the electors remains the same, but that by intimidation or fraud they are forced to vote in a different sense, the opinion they express is not their opinion, and then the constitution is violated. The constitution, as I have already said, intends that the opinion of each

be freely expressed as it is held at the time of its expression, and that the collection of each of these individual opinions, freely expressed, form the Government of the country. The law watches with a zealous eye over the free expression of the opinion of the elector, as he holds it, but if in a county, the opinion expressed by a single elector is not his real opinion, but extorted through fear, fraud or corruption, the election must be annulled. It is then, perfectly allowable to change the opinion of an elector by reasoning and all other means of persuasion, but never by intimidation. In fact, persuasion changes the conviction of an elector.—intimidation does not. When, by persuasion, you have changed the conviction of an elector, the opinion he expresses is his own opinion, but, when through terror, you force the elector to vote, the opinion he expresses is your opinion—remove the cause of terror and he will express another opinion—his own."

He was of course bitterly assailed. *Le Nouveau Monde* attacked him for placing the State above the Church; *Le Courier* for placing the supremacy of parliament above the liberty of the priest; *L'Union Des Cantons De L'est* for daring to think himself superior to the Bishops, and saying so, and a host of minor journals followed in the same line. His best friends feared for him. Many thought he had committed political suicide. But to-day they applaud his courage and foresight.

About this time he had entered the Mackenzie Government as Minister of Inland Revenue, in consequence of Mr. Cauchon's acceptance of the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba. But, singular to relate, on seeking re-election was defeated by twenty-one. Perhaps his Quebec speech was to blame for this. If so, Quebec East wiped out the stain. Immediately he was returned for that constituency which he has ever since represented in the Federal Parliament. The downfall of the Mackenzie administration in 1878, sent Mr. Laurier into opposition where he remained as First Lieutenant under the leadership of Hon. Edward Blake, until the latter's entry into the Imperial Parliament. When Mr. Blake retired it was his wish, and the unanimous opinion of the Liberal party

in Parliament, that Mr. Laurier should succeed him. Yet the successorship was not without apprehension to those who believed the objections to a French and Roman Catholic leader to be greater than they really were. Time and events have proven, however, that in Canada the pulse of sectional prejudice is growing weaker and weaker day by day, so that now he who seeks to heed it, is instantly marked as a disturber of the worst kind. Lord Durham, were he now alive, would say that long ago, and long before he expected it would, the time arrived for the amelioration of laws and institutions, because we have succeeded so quickly and easily in softening the deadly animosities which, at one time separated the inhabitants of Lower Canada into hostile divisions of French and English. If, however, there is aught yet left for man to do in this direction the man to do it is Wilfrid Laurier.

He takes for his model such men as Fox, O'Connell, Grey, Brougham, Russell and Jeffrey, and for his principles the same which actuated the great English Liberals in carrying the famous Reform Bill which abolished rotten boroughs.

The private life of an orator adds to or detracts from the orator. We have been told that effect "will always to a great extent depend upon the character of the orator." One turns doubtingly from an orator whose character is stained, but you draw towards him whose life is blameless. Perhaps the high and noble character of Wilfrid Laurier has much to do with the love felt for him and it certainly makes one feel a better man for having heard him. He has a high reputation for purity. Scandal imputes to him no vice, and calumny has never dared connect his name with corruption. He combines in himself what was most conspicuous in Fox and Pitt. Like Fox he has a warmth and softness of heart, an ever ready sympathy with human suffer-

ing, and admiration for everything that is great and beautiful, and a hatred of cruelty and injustice. Like Pitt he is a man of high, intrepid and commanding spirit incapable of fear and envy, yet unlike him inasmuch as he is guilelessly unconscious of his own rectitude and intellectual superiority. His foresight is seen in his earlier speeches, directed as they were, towards a patriotic unity of the French and English races. No one could to-day foretell the result of passing events in the older provinces, were it not for the pacific teaching of Wilfrid Laurier. He brought the two

racés together by his speeches, the English to know and to trust the French and the French to know and to trust the English, and both to feel the glory and pride of being Canadian. Politicians wonder and become restless at his indifference to party advantage, but long after that is attained and his memory for that is forgotten, his memory will live fresh and green and beautiful in the minds of true Canadians, because, by his life, words and actions he has done so much to terminate the unhappy animosity between the two races.

GOOD HOURS.

Translated from the German of Karl Stelzer, by Helene E. F. Potts.

Count not the hours of pain
That are born in life's night ;
Count only when they're vain
How their stars are bright.

For out of these bright stars,
That are God's evening-lamps,
Learn ; the mist never mars
Nor the gloom ever damps.

For when the cloudy deep
Heaven's air does sever,
They, fresh, as if from sleep,
Glint ever, ever, ever.

So the good hours of Life,
When pain has learned his leaven,
Show countless, rich and rife,
Like the panoply of Heaven.

HOGKEY IN THE GANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

BY H. J. WOODSIDE.

With Drawings by F. H. Brigden.



HERE is something marvellous in the dexterity which some players acquire in playing the puck. With a quick turn of the wrist they will cause the flat disc to leave the ice and fly through the air six feet high, like a missile, straight for the goal posts of the enemy. Another trick is to make the puck carom off the side of the rink when one is pressed by an opposition player coming down from the right or left front, then by dodging around the coming skater, resume possession of the rubber before the other can turn around on his skates. By a rapid right and left dodging motion of the stick, with the puck at its end, a skilful player may carry the disc ahead of him past a number of the opposition players and secure a shot on goal.

Crowds of spectators attend the city matches. Along the sides of the rink, stand ranks of the most enthusiastic friends of the players, to applaud and to encourage. In the ends of the buildings, on raised galleries sit scores of fair ladies wrapped in their warm furs, who show by their attendance that they admire muscular manhood. The electric and gas lights are turned on. The referee advances to the centre of the ice and the umpires take post at their respective goals. The mem-

bers of the two teams, one in black and the other in white uniform, file on to the field. Preliminaries are arranged. The players take their places. One player of each side faces off in the centre of the field, by having the puck placed between the flat of their respective sticks. A pause of breathless interest, and then the referee calls out: "Are you ready?—Draw!" and they are at it like a flash.

Hither and thither the rubber goes. It glides, caroms, flies, rebounds, so swiftly that its whereabouts is known half the time only by the movements of the players, who dash after it by intuition. It is suddenly lifted clear from the ice and curves swiftly toward one of the goals. If it is not checked by curved sticks raised to stop it, it may reach the goalkeeper whose knees stop it and a slash of his stick carries it off to one side. Then the point takes it in the opposite direction. In his flight he may dodge, or carom the puck, or pass it back to one of his own players if his progress is checked, but he is now virtually out of the play for the time being, because he is ahead of the puck, and cannot touch it until it has been sent on ahead of him again, and even then he cannot touch it until it has been touched by an opponent. If he is first to reach it, he may only lay his stick behind the puck to check it instantly after the other has delivered his play.

Now one of the forwards has the puck well down upon the enemy's goal, and his dashing attack is supported by every man who can be spared, as they close in to rush it through. But there is many a slip in hockey. A foul occurs in front of the goal and



VICTORIA HOCKEY TEAM.

Champions of Manitoba, Season 1894-5.

J. C. G. Armytage, A. Code, F. Higginbotham, J. C. Waugh, R. Flett.
Capt. Vice-Pres. Sec.-Treas.
 G. H. Merrit, E. B. Nixon, J. C. Campbell, T. C. Thompson.
Pres.
 T. A. Howard.

there is a face off. A face off there is dangerous, and the defenders mass solidly to protect their goal. One of the attacking players faces off, the rest open up like a fan behind him, to shoot on goal if the puck comes back out of the defence. A scrimmage in front of or close to the goal is the acme of excitement. Each player strains every nerve in the attack or defence, the goalkeeper bends low, his muscles tense, his eyes following the rubber like those of a hawk. At last by a skilful sweep of the stick the goal is relieved, and the play shifts to the centre of the field, and then begins some beautiful individual and team play, as there is now scope for swift

skating and artful dodging. It seems strange that men are not maimed or injured as they skim around at such a breakneck speed.

Without a moment's warning, for the unexpected always occurs, the rubber goes down upon one of the goals and is swiped between the goal posts, past the vigilant warder of the gates. Up goes the arm of the umpire and the roof of the rink rings with the cheers of the friends of the victorious side, who wave their sticks in the air in sympathy with the applause. There is a rest of a few minutes, and then play is resumed after the goal keepers have exchanged ends. And so it goes until the last goal is scored and the

star player of the victors is borne from the ice upon the shoulders of his admirers.

In the Canadian North-West hockey



has lately become the leading winter sport. On the 3rd of Nov., 1890, a meeting was held in Winnipeg which resulted in the formation of the Victoria Hockey Club. Shortly after that, the Winnipeg Hockey Club was formed. After a number of matches had been played between the two teams the season ended in a draw, neither club having the advantage.

In 1891-92, it appeared as if the same result would be reached as each team had an equal number of victories to its credit. In the final match, at the end of the hour the tie was unbroken. In the play to a finish, the Victorias scored first and won the championship of Manitoba. A club formed from the officers and men of "B" squadron Royal Canadian Dragoons, also took a part in the schedule of games. Many great struggles between these rivals—the Victorias and Winnipegs—have been witnessed in Winnipeg during the last few years, but the one that took place between

them on the 16th of Dec., 1892, when they opened the season, was one of the finest exhibitions of hockey ever seen in the North-West. So evenly matched were they, that in spite of the most determined efforts on the part of each team, the match almost passed without either team scoring.

Hockey was viewed with some suspicion when first introduced into Winnipeg, and the players had to pay a good price for the privilege of securing a rink to hold their matches in, but it was not long before this state of affairs was changed, and the players were paid a good share of the door receipts.

The winter of 1892-3, was marked by a wave of hockey that rolled over the North-West like a flood. No town or village with any pretensions but had its hockey club. In Winnipeg the game basked in the popular and vice-regal favor, and spread and flourished until the city poured out its teams as did Thebes its armies from a hundred gates. At one time it was credited with some thirty clubs, great and small, but there were really less than half a dozen. These were subdivided into teams until each profession or mercantile interest marshalled its men like a Scottish chieftain his feudatory vassals.

Gentle but heroic maidens bestowed their favor, like the Spartan maidens, upon those of distinguished prowess on the ice-field of fame, and more particularly upon those who, like their immortal prototypes, earned the distinction of being carried home on a shie-shutter. A constant succession of matches of more or less interest were being carried on in the various rinks.

Toward the end of January, 1893, the suggestion was made that a picked team should be sent east to play for the honor of their province. It was due to the untiring energy of Capt. Evans, that the project eventually took shape, and it was largely due to his foresight and skilful generalship that the trip proved so successful.

The public spirited merchants, business and professional men of Winnipeg readily provided the financial wherewithal.

The team was composed entirely of representatives of the Victorias, Winnipeg and Dragoons. Capt. Evans represented the latter and captained the team. J. A. Armytage, J. K. McCullough, Fred Higginbotham and A. T. Howard represented the first named club. W. C. Dennison, A. M. Stow, C. H. Beckett, R. Girdlestone, and C. D. McDonell, the Winnipeg. F. W. Ashe, their star player, could not go east on account of an injured foot.

Just before the combination left for the East, a fire gutted the rink in which was kept the uniforms, skates and sticks of the Victorias, leaving them to commence their eastern trip with the inconvenience of everything new and strange.

The career of the Manitobans was watched with intense interest by the people of city and province. Their reception in the east was one continued ovation. Everywhere they were received with open arms; their colors were worn in Toronto, Ottawa and elsewhere by an array of beauty and chivalry, that was an incentive to the western men to play hockey in a manner that surprised the trained eastern teams.

They left Winnipeg on Feb'y 6th. On the 8th they defeated the Victorias of Toronto, by a score of 8 to 2. In the same city, on the 10th, they knocked out the Osgoodes, by a score of 11 to 5. At Kingston on the 12th, after a hard fight on rough, bad ice, they beat their opponents 4 to 3. On the 13th, at the capital of the Dominion, they were overthrown by the famous Ottawas, the pride of Ontario's hockey, by a score of 1 to 4, but on the following day, they vanquished the Rebels of the same city 3 to 1.

At Montreal they met the finest team on the continent, and as a result lost by 4 to 7. In this match they were plainly afraid of their redoubt-

able opponents at the beginning of the play, and it was only toward the end that they really played at their best and turned the tide, crowding their opponents goal in a manner that led one observant person to remark to a Winnipegger: "If your team had half an hour longer, they would beat us." But the change came too late to save the battle.

While here, J. K. McCullough of the Victorias, won the skating championship of Canada in all of the several events he entered for.

Turning back westward into Ontario again, the Manitobans gained a victory over Peterboro' on the 17th,



by a score of 9 to 3, and on the 21st, utterly defeated a picked team of western clubs at London, by a score of 10 to 7. The last schedule game

was played at Niagara Falls, and Winnipeg won by 10 to 4.

While in Toronto, they were prevailed upon to play an exhibition match with a picked team of Toronto men. Fagged out by a succession of hard matches, and with the princely round of hospitality, they could not be roused to their best until the match was nearly over, and then they were clearly outplaying their opponents, but they had lost the match and the score stood 4 to 3 in favor of the Ontario men.

In this, their first campaign, they won 60 goals and lost 34, including the exhibition game at Toronto. On their return home they were accorded a warm reception, and several banquets were given them.

The success of Manitoba's representatives in the east, added to the strength of the hockey enthusiasm, and from that time until the break-up in spring, it hardly knew a competitor in public favor and in the columns of the city press.

In the same season, 1892-3, new clubs were formed at Portage la Prairie, Carberry and elsewhere. Some of these developed unexpected strength, notably, the one in Portage la Prairie. Not only did it defeat the Winnipeg teams sent against it, but it sent a team down to Winnipeg and inflicted a number of crushing defeats on the city intermediate teams, winning at the close of the season the intermediate championship of the North-West. They lost 26 goals and won 52 during the season. Sheppard, the famous goal keeper, received his hockey education among the Portagers.

After a hard fight through the whole season, the Victorias won the senior championship. The Winnipegs, however, won a set of medals competed for in three matches with their victorious opponents, which tended to make honors nearly even.

The season of 1893-4 showed no flagging in the interest which hockey excited in the west, and its record is

in every way one to be proud of locally. The senior teams were represented by the Victorias, the Winnipegs, and the Dragoons. It was soon apparent that the cavalry were outclassed, and should have been entered in the intermediate series of matches, although they played pluckily enough for a while. The intermediate teams were those of the Victorias, the Winnipegs, and the Portage la Prairie clubs.

Rat Portage sent a team up to explore the west, and although they were defeated in most of the places they visited—Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Carberry, and Winnipeg—they profited enough in the end by their experience, as was shown by their record in 1894-5. The bankers of Winnipeg sent a team west which met with fair success. Carberry and Brandon had several severe contests on their fields. The bankers of Winnipeg were negotiating to send a team eastward, but nothing came of it.

At the last senior match, on the 7th of March, the Victorias won the provincial championship. Their team was composed of Merritt, Flett, Higginbotham, Campbell, Armytage, Thompson, and McCulloch. The Winnipeg team was made up of Stowe, Denison, Nourse, Girdlestone, Macdonnell and Taylor. The Winnipeg's intermediate team won the intermediate championship against the Victorias and Portage la Prairie. The hockey fever was spreading through the west, and numerous matches were played at Regina and other western centres.

The season of 1894-5 was a golden one for the game. Early in 1895 a team from the Victorias, composed of Sheppard, Campbell, Flett, Bain, Howard, Armytage and Higginbotham, with Armytage in command, went east in search of glory, and they found plenty of it. Their opening match was played at the capital of the Dominion, and there, under the bright eyes of the flower of Canadian beauty, they defeated their opponents, the Ottawa team, by a score of five goals to two.

After this the western blizzard gained strength, and when it blew at Montreal, the storm cloud won by a score of five to one. It was at the ancient capital that the western men received their only check, and they lost by a score of two to three goals taken by the Quebec players. It is only fair to the Winnipeggers to say that they did not receive fair treatment at the hands of several members of the crowd, who allowed personal feelings to overcome that spirit of fairness which should prevail when one of the contesting teams is from an outside point.

At Toronto the Manitobans redeemed themselves by winning a match there by a score of eleven to four. This series of matches, played with the finest eastern teams, demonstrated the right of the Victorias to be called the equals at least of the champion team of Canada. Their treatment was of the most generous description, and they brought back with them the kindest feeling for their adversaries. On their way home, by appointment they, or a portion of the team, stayed a day or two at Minneapolis, and gave the Yankee players a few lessons in the game, winning an easy victory.

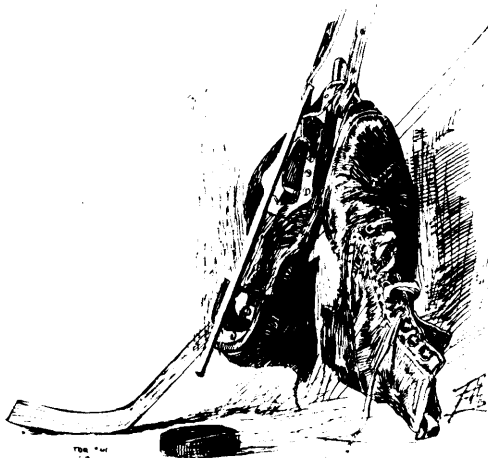
The Victoria senior team, almost identical with the one sent east, won the senior championship of the west. An intermediate team from the same

club, composed of Merritt, McGregor, Benson, McDonald, Robinson, Colcleugh and Cronn, won the intermediate championship, after the usual schedule of games with the Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie teams and a team from the Stars, a new combination in the city which showed up well.

A team from Selkirk made a tour of most of the hockey towns, but were worsted in nearly every case. If they profit as much as the Rat Portage men did by their defeats, they should show up very formidable opponents in the future.

A team of Rat Portage players made a starring tour to western towns, and their playing, although rather rough and heavy, was a surprise to all the teams they met. They played Brandon, Carberry and Portage la Prairie, and had a comparatively easy victory in most cases. In Winnipeg they defeated the Stars and the victorious Victorias (junior team), but were in turn beaten by the Winnipeggers after a close struggle. This team will have to be reckoned with as a probable championship team in the intermediate series this season. They are powerful skaters and handle the stick well.

Brandon's team showed up better last year, and may be expected to give a good account of itself this year. Carberry, Regina, and other places, also have very promising teams.



THE ALASKA BOUNDARY QUESTION.

BY R. E. GOSNELL, PROVINCIAL LIBRARIAN, VICTORIA, B.C.

IN dealing with the Alaska Boundary Question, it is not with the conceit that any fresh light may be thrown upon it, or that any information of value can be imparted to those persons whose mission it is to settle it. There is no doubt that the men who are entrusted with the collection of data upon which to base the facts for the respective Governments, and the men who will have to determine the result from the evidence, will leave no source of knowledge untouched. It is to be assumed that every thread of history pertaining to the matter will be gathered up, every phase of physical or geographical interest in connection therewith examined, and every point of jurisprudence affecting its solution carefully weighed. It is simply as a question of present prominence that it is here discussed, in the hope that many who have not had the time or the opportunity to study it for themselves may derive some information on what is really a matter of more than ordinary importance to British Columbia and to Canada.

While the general interests involved undoubtedly are perfectly safe in the hands of those to whom it has been or may in future be entrusted, the discussion of the merits of the case, apart from the mere object of affording information, may do some good in calling the attention of the people of Canada to what is really at stake. If, some years ago, the Imperial authorities had understood the advantage of possessing Alaska, Great Britain, to-day, would be troubled with one less of those boundary disputes in which they are so extensively involved, and there would be to us the supreme satisfaction of seeing the Dominion of Canada absolute possessor of all the terri-

tory between the 49th parallel and the Arctic Ocean.

However, in this as in nearly every case in which our interests of domain came in conflict with those of the United States, the latter gained the advantage. The United States was allowed by purchase, on the 13th of March, 1867, the year of our Dominion nativity, to become the owner of a stretch of country 1,100 miles in its fullest extent and 800 miles at its greatest width. The sum paid was \$7,200,000. It has turned out to be a gilt edge real estate investment, notwithstanding that at the time there was strong opposition to it in the United States. Little was known of the resources of Alaska then, and the folly of buying a field of ice and a sea of mountains was forcibly commented upon.

No doubt political rather than material reasons weighed with the Administration at Washington, because it gave a foothold in the north of the continent, in addition to the possession of a vast realm in its southern half. For political, if for no other reasons, Great Britain should have prevented such an accomplishment. If her statesmen had made themselves familiar with the conditions of the coast from narratives of the distinguished navigators of their own country, or the history of the Hudson's Bay and Russian Fur Companies, they must have known that the wealth of furs and fish alone would have justified its purchase, to say nothing of rounding off their North American possessions. Because Russia wanted to sell, it was thought Russian adventurers had extracted the meat and wished to dispose of the worthless shell for a consideration. John Bull

was not to be taken in. With Russia the case was different. To that country, Alaska had never been of importance—certainly of no political importance. It was far from the seat of Government and was separated from Asia by a sea and all but inaccessible overland. Russia had given up her designs of extending settlement on the American coast after the experiment in California and at the mouth of the Columbia, and was content with Alaska as a fur preserve, to bestow as a concession to a company of fur traders. As a field for population or extending political influence it was out of the question; besides, Russia had too much to do in carrying out her traditional policy of encroachment nearer home. Russia acted wisely in relieving herself of a responsibility that brought little or nothing in return. Great Britain lost an immense opportunity thereby, and inherited as a consequence the Behring Sea dispute and the Alaska Boundary question, the costs of which combined, it is safe to say, would have paid for the territory. Since that time Alaska has developed rich gold mines, a great fur trade, and a salmon canning industry that have rendered it extremely valuable, with possibilities of much greater things.

We have, however, to deal with a fact and not with a hypothesis. In the present discussion it is not necessary to enter at length into a history of Alaska. It was discovered in 1741. In that year, Behring, on his third voyage for the Russian Government, first saw the stupendous peak of Mt. St. Elias, rising from the shore under the 60th parallel. Previous to that—from as far back as 1643—voyages had been made north to the Behring Straits on the east coast of Asia. From the date of Behring's voyage, the Russian fur trade began; but for many years it was conducted under great hardships and terrible sacrifice of life, owing to the rigor of the climate and ignorance of the coasts. The value of the furs, however, stimulated

expeditions of various kinds, and a number of settlements of fur hunters. In 1799 the Russian American Company, of which the present Alaska Commercial Company is a lineal descendant, was formed with a concession of exclusive privileges over the whole of the present Alaskan territory and as much more as it could safely cover, and continued its monopoly by renewals of its charter until 1859. For ten years, from 1839 to 1849, the Hudson's Bay Company had a lease of the territory between the parallels of 54 degrees 40 minutes and 58 degrees. Those who have read Washington Irving's "Astoria" will remember the graphic description of Alexander Baranof, for twenty years Governor of Alaska and Agent of the Russian Fur Company, a fur king of high degree, who governed the whole Russian American Coast with absolute sway. He is described by Greenhow as "a shrewd, bold, enterprising and unfeeling man, of iron frame and nerve and the coarsest habits and manners." His eccentricities were alarming to his visitors who came to trade with him, especially in the matter of making them drink potent grog until it was his pleasure to treat with them. Baranof is the most striking, if not the most admirable, figure in Northwest Coast history.

The Russian treaty of 1825 is the origin of the present boundary question. For some time prior to this the conflicting interests of Great Britain, the United States and Russia, all of whom laid claims to possession of the Northwest Coast north and south, were the subject of diplomatic negotiations. The United States claimed everything from the 42nd degree of latitude to the 53rd, "if not to the 60th." Great Britain filed a much similar claim, while Russia stipulated for everything north of the 49th. The American Government made a proposal that a joint convention should be concluded between the three Powers, with a view to having their re-

spective jurisdiction defined. Neither of the other two powers accepted the invitation, and here a curious fact is brought out with reference to the Monroe Doctrine. It is generally understood that the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated with special reference to the South American Republics, but that the boundary dispute among the three nations referred to was included in its *raison d'être* is quite apparent. I extract from Greenhow, a former Librarian of the Congressional Library, Washington, whose works are much quoted as authorities:—

“The principal grounds of the refusal by each being the declaration made by President Monroe in the Message to Congress at the commencement of the session of 1823 that—in the discussion and arrangements then going on with respect to the Northwest Coasts—the occasion had been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American Continents by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for colonization any European power.”

In this the Government of the United States overstepped itself. It is fortunate from our standpoint that it did, because in the proposed convention it desired to limit the settlement of the coast for ten years to the Russians as far south as 55, and to the British between 51 and 55. This was the period when the Hudson's Bay Company was extending its forts to and along the coast, and if such an agreement had been entered into it would exclude the Hudson's Bay Company from a large territory southward and would have been a concession of which the United States would have made the greatest possible use in future negotiations. In 1824, however, the United States succeeded in concluding a convention with Russia, the practical import of which was

that both parties had a right to trade for ten years in any part of the coast not occupied by the other, after which they were to be confined to certain limitations as to territory, neither to claim jurisdiction over territory not then occupied. Notwithstanding this, in 1825 a treaty was made between Great Britain and Russia, very much similar in many respects to the Russian-American Convention, except that Russia acknowledged the rights of Great Britain to the Coast south of the parallel fixed upon as a dividing line. The treaty of 1825 clearly annulled the convention of 1824.

And now we come to the provisions of the Treaty of 1825, out of which the present trouble grew. Articles III. and IV. principally interest us at present and I quote in full from the original as presented to the Imperial Parliament in 1825.

ARTICLE III.

“The line of demarcation between the Possessions of the High Contracting Parties, upon the Coast of the Continent and the Islands of America to the North-West, shall be drawn into the manner following:—

“Commencing from the southernmost point of the Island called the Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes, North Latitude, and between the 131st and 133rd degree of West Longitude, (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the North along the channel called the Portland Channel, as far as the point of the Continent where it strikes the 56th degree of North Latitude; from this last mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the Coast, as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of West Longitude (of the same meridian) and finally from the said point of intersection, the said meridian lines of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen Ocean,

“shall form the limit between the
“Russian and British Possessions of
“the Continent of America to the
“North-West.”

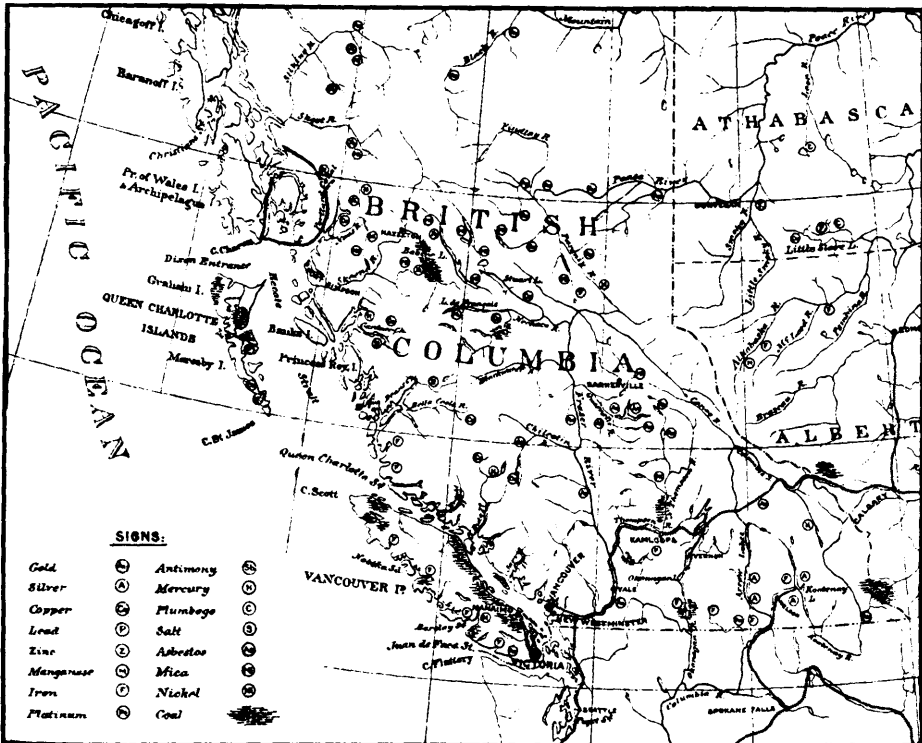
ARTICLE IV.

“With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article it is understood:

“1st. That the island called Prince
“of Wales Island shall belong wholly
“to Russia.

“tioned, shall be formed by a line
“parallel to the windings of the coast,
“and which shall never exceed the
“difference of ten marine leagues there-
“from.”

Before discussing these articles in relation to the present dispute, it may be well to point out that Article VI. stipulates that British subjects “from whatever quarter they may arrive, whether from the ocean or from the interior of the continent, shall for-



General Map of British Columbia. The Disputed Territory is indicated by a heavy outline

“2nd. That wherever the summit
“of the mountains which extend in a
“direction parallel to the coast, from
“the 56th degree of north latitude to
“the point of intersection of the 141st
“degree of west longitude, shall prove
“to be at the distance of more than
“ten marine leagues from the ocean,
“the limit between the British posses-
“sions and the line of coast which is
“to belong to Russia, as above men-

“ever enjoy the right of navigating
“freely, and without any hindrance
“whatever, all the rivers and streams
“which, in their course towards the
“Pacific Ocean, may cross the line of
“demarcation upon the line of coast
“described in Article III. of the pre-
“sent convention.”

After the Crimean War, a Treaty of Commerce and Navigation between Her Majesty and the Emperor of all

the Russias was concluded, in which (Article XIX.) the above was confirmed and declared to be continued in force, so that when in 1867 the United States purchased Alaska, that country stepped into Russia's shoes, and succeeded to all the rights, privileges and appurtenances thereto. It has been naively suggested, however, that in respect to former claims of the United States affecting the rights of all nations to Behring Sea, she felt the shoe on the other foot.

It is to be observed, too, that notwithstanding any conditions of the sale so far as Russia and the United States were concerned, they were not binding on Great Britain, the transfer having been made without the latter being made a party to it; but in Clause VI. of the treaty between Russia and the United States, Russia did virtually revoke what she had granted to Great Britain in regard to free and unrestricted navigation of the rivers through that territory to the sea. This, of course, Russia could not voluntarily do without the consent of Great Britain, but by the 26th Article of the Treaty of Washington, 1871, to which Great Britain was a party, navigation was made open for purposes of commerce only, and in the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, "give new rights, and amount to that extent and in that sense to an admission that any former rights (free navigation for all purposes) were abrogated."

Concerning the concession in question, the Hon. Edward Blake in 1877, as Minister of Justice, in a memorandum discussing the merits of a case arising out of this very clause, remarked with much force as follows:

"28. The latter part of the 26th article is as follows: 'The navigation of the Rivers Yukon, Porcupine, and Stickine, ascending and descending from, to, and unto the sea, shall forever remain free and open for the purposes of commerce to the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty and to the citi-

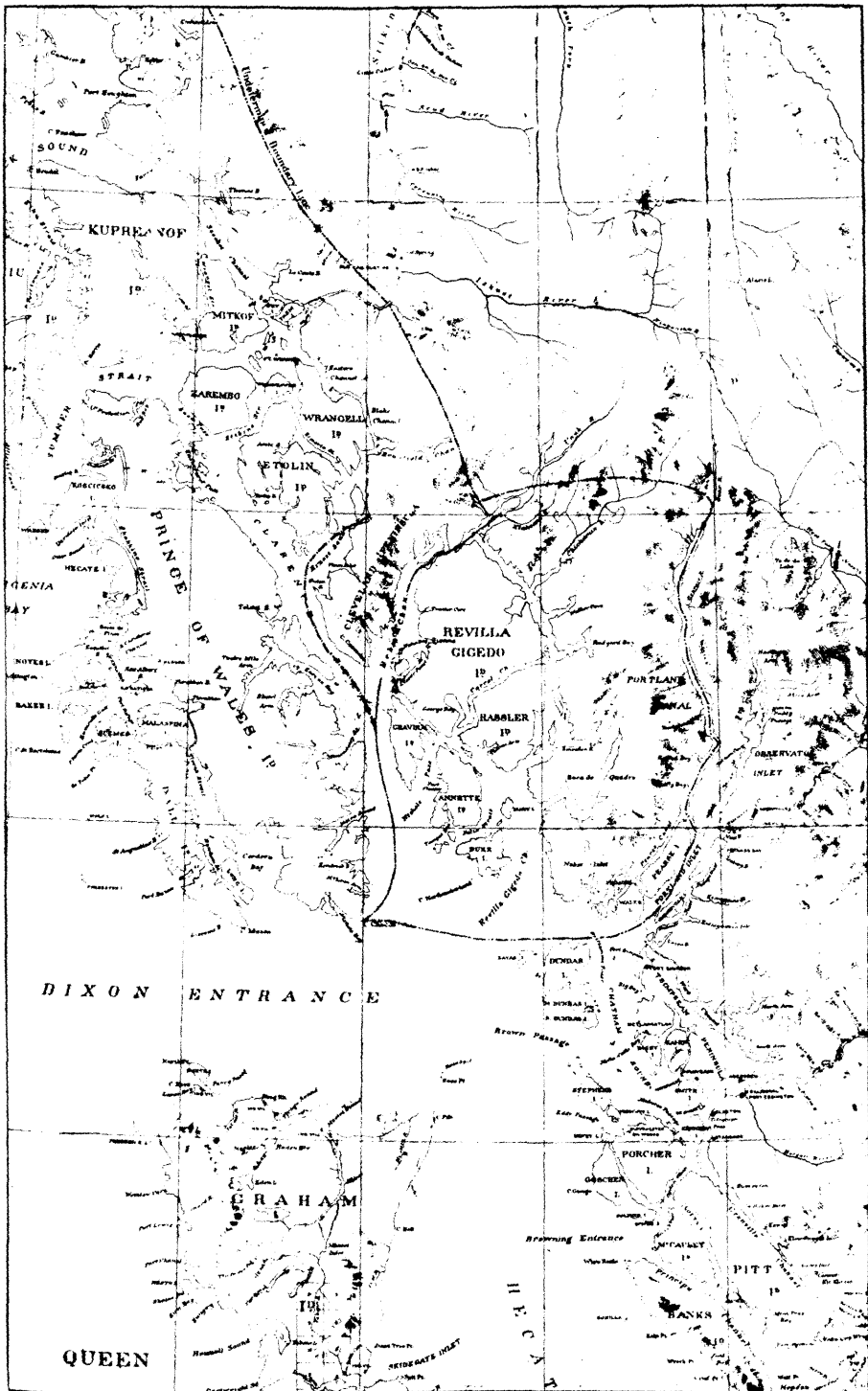
zens of the United States, subject to any laws and regulations of either country, within its own territory, not inconsistent with such privileges of free navigation.'

"29. At the time of the negotiation, British subjects had already the fullest right to navigate, for all purposes, all the streams flowing from the British territory in the interior through Alaska. The United States had no right to navigate any of these streams beyond the boundary of Alaska. Great Britain asked for, and obtained as a concession, a limited right to navigate three of these streams for certain purposes, conceding to the United States the right to navigate these three streams through Columbia on equal terms. Thus this so-called concession by the United States was, in fact, a concession by Great Britain to the former country, which gave nothing and got everything."

The signification of this will be seen later on.

To make the question clear, it will be necessary to go back over twenty-three years, because the agitation for a definition of the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia has been going on at intervals during all that time, and the history of the negotiations is important in the light of what it discloses.

The Legislative Assembly of British Columbia in 1872 passed a resolution praying the Lieutenant-Governor to call the attention of the Government of the Dominion of Canada to the necessity in the interests of "peace, order and good government," of taking steps to have the boundary line properly defined. The immediate reason for this was that gold had recently been discovered in the Cassiar District, or northern part of British Columbia; a large number of miners had gone in, and a considerable trade was carried on. There was practically only one route into the gold fields, and that was *via* the Stickine River, which had its outlet through Alaskan or



Section from an 1895 Map of British Columbia, compiled under the direction of the Hon. G. B. Martin, Commissioner of Crown Lands and Works. All the land outside of the line running from Cape Chacon, Prince of Wales Island, east to Portland Inlet, north through Portland Canal and west and north as indicated, is claimed by the United States.

American Territory. The importance of having a definition of the respective limits of British Columbia and Alaska is apparent. According to Article IV., quoted in the foregoing, the line of demarcation from the initial point at the 56th degree, in itself very debatable, was to follow the summit of the mountains parallel to the coast to the 141st degree west longitude, and where the summit was more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit was to be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast. As will be seen in a country like Alaska, where the mountain ranges are not well defined, and the coast line is exceedingly irregular and much indented, the true boundary line without an exact survey was an unknown quantity, and left room for a wide area of disputable territory. With a population of miners, many of them tough characters, the task of keeping order and administering justice would be a difficult one indeed, more especially as at any time a culprit might claim the rights of an American citizenship on disputed soil, and thus baffle the law.

One case did actually occur to illustrate the danger of the situation. A man named Peter Martin who was arrested, tried and found guilty at the assizes in Cassiar, where there was no jail accommodation, was being conveyed to Victoria down the Stickine, the only route out of the country. At a point within American territory, a stop was made for meals. The prisoner, taking advantage of his knowledge of the situation, tried to escape, and in doing so committed a grievous assault on the constable in charge. He was recaptured, taken to Victoria, tried on a second charge, found guilty, and sentenced to eighteen months with hard labor. The American Government demanded his release on the ground that he was an American citizen, and that the assault was committed on American soil. After a long interchange of diplomatic notes, the

prisoner, who was a man of notoriously bad character, was released. It presented a serious problem in the interests of justice.

From what has been stated in the foregoing, it will be seen that according to Article 26 of the Washington Treaty, Great Britain conceded what was a diminution of her former rights, for which, as Hon. Edward Blake stated, she gave everything and got nothing in return. It was held in the Martin case that according to the Washington Treaty the Stickine was open to British citizens for purposes of commerce, only, and gave no right for the conveyance of prisoners to or from Canadian territory through it.

Numerous requests on the part of the Canadian Government, inspired by representations from British Columbia in the interests of law and order, were made to the United States through Great Britain, to have the boundary line defined. The question had not then been raised as to the Portland Canal. The latter was practically accepted by both parties as the proper boundary. It was important, owing to the interest taken in mining matters, that there should be no mistake as to where the boundary really was according to the terms of the treaty. Although the American Government professed an anxiety to have it settled, and a bill was introduced in Congress in 1872 to give effect to a commission of enquiry, nothing was done, on the ground that more important legislation demanded attention, and that Congress would not vote so large a sum of money as was required, something like a million and a half dollars. A suggestion was made by the American Government that in lieu of an accurate and exhaustive determination it would be "quite sufficient to decide upon some particular points, and the principal of these they suggested should be the head of the Portland Canal, the points where the boundary line crosses the rivers Skoot, Stakeen (Stickine), Taku, Islecat and

Cheelcat, Mt. St. Elias, and the points where the 141st degree of west longitude crosses the rivers Yukon and Porcupine." The Canadian Government was quite willing to accept the proposition, and had the United States gone on, Canada would undoubtedly have accepted without question a line drawn through Portland Canal as the proper boundary; but for some reason or other nothing more was done, notwithstanding that the question was pressed time and again on their attention by the Canadian Government. Curiously enough, however, there were a number of disputes in each of which the United States took the aggressive. They at first refused to allow Canadian goods to go up the Stickine at all, in defiance of the terms of the treaty. That settled, they sought to dispossess some settlers at a point on the river which was at least disputed territory. As we have seen, they came to the rescue of one Martin, a criminal seeking to escape justice.

The course pursued brought this protest from the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie: "It seems very remarkable that while the United States Government should have hitherto refused or neglected to take proper steps to define the boundary, they should now seek to establish it in this manner in accordance with their own views without any reference to British authorities, who are equally interested in the just settlement of the international boundary."

In 1877 Mr. Joseph Hunter, civil engineer, Victoria, was delegated by the Dominion Government to make a survey of the Stickine River for the purpose of defining the boundary line where it crosses that river. Of course his report was not expected to be final, and the work was necessarily hurried; but it was important, and settled the matter for the time being. He fixed the boundary line at 19.13 miles from the coast at right angles, and 24.74 miles by the river. His findings were accepted without prejudice to the

rights of their contention by the American Government, and it so stands until finally settled by the present commission. From Mr. Hunter's observations it is quite clear that there is a range of mountains running parallel with the coast, the summit of which forms the boundary. That I believe is the Canadian contention. The Americans, on the other hand, have claimed that there is no defined mountain range governing the case, and that the line must follow the sinuosities of the coast.

Up to 1885 it does not appear that a line "through Portland Channel" was ever questioned as the true boundary line. The issue was raised by the late Mr. Justice Gray, of Victoria, B.C., one of the fathers of Confederation and an able jurist. As it stands, the Alaska Boundary Question presents two phases, one being the delimitation of the line from the "head of Portland Channel," wherever that may be shown to be, and the other is the interpretation of Article III. With the former we will not deal. It is a matter of survey, and is in the hands of competent men. The latter involves an interpretation of Clause III. of the treaty.

In 1885 Mr. Justice Gray made a report to the British Columbia Government, in which he pointed out that the line running through Portland Channel, as marked on the maps, did not harmonize with the other conditions of the Article. To understand his contention involves no fine legal skill; it is a plain statement. The line commencing at the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island, Cape Chacon, is to "ascend to the north along the channel called the Portland Channel." Portland Canal is 50 miles from Prince of Wales Island, and a line to there would not ascend to the north, but go in a south-easterly direction. It may be held that it does go north on the ground that the general direction is north; and if no other conditions were demanded,

that might hold good, although not strict interpretation. It, however, is required that the line is to go north along Portland Channel, until it strikes the 56th degree of latitude at a point of *the continent*. Portland Channel does not reach the 56th degree of latitude at all, and being wholly *within* the continent, a line following its channel could not possibly strike a point on "the continent." Then, again, it is stipulated that Prince of Wales Island is to belong "wholly" to Russia. There can be only one inference from that, when we consider that a large group of islands, the principal of which is Revilla Gigedo, intervenes between Prince of Wales Island and the mainland, and that is that some other channel than Portland Canal was intended, otherwise it would have been stipulated that the group of islands inside of it, and not Prince of Wales, should belong "wholly" to Russia. The channel separating Prince of Wales Island from these islands, or in other words, Clarence Straits, must have been meant. If Prince of Wales Island is to belong wholly to Russia, what about the group of islands which intervene? If, on the other hand, you discard the Portland Canal, and carry your line up either Behm's Canal or Clarence Straits, you meet all conditions, striking the continent exactly at the 56th degree of north latitude, leaving Prince of Wales Island wholly within Alaska territory.

More than that, the Portland Canal boundary, in continuing it, lands you into a second absurdity. As was pointed out by Mr. Justice Gray, the head of Portland Canal is far east of the coast range of mountains, and in order to strike their summit, the line would have to cross several intervening mountains, making, as is shown in Mr. Hunter's map, a sudden dip at right angles. Continuing the boundary directly northward, from Point Chacon through Behm's Canal or Clarence Straits, you follow the Coast Mountain Range naturally. Every

circumstance and reasonable assumption favors the contention that the Portland Canal of Vancouver's charts is not the Portland Channel meant in the treaty.

It is not known that maps were used at the convention. Doubtless Vancouver's charts were. However it is not likely that Great Britain would concede more territory to Russia than what Russian maps showed Russia claimed. There is in Victoria an old French map, 1815, copied from maps in St. Petersburg bearing date of 1802, and the dividing line as shown there is up Clarence Straits with Revilla Gigedo and all the islands included within the British Possessions.

The question in this case is not one of delimitation so much as of construction. Taken by themselves, the words "through the Portland Channel" are explicit, and would come under the rule that what is plain needs no interpretation, consequently binding without cavil: but where, as in this, the provisions are inharmonious and contradictory, interpretations must be resorted to. The rules of interpretation are clear. We must take all the conditions of the article and judge from the intention of the framers. "Hall's International Law," pp. 251-254, says:—

"Publicists are generally agreed in laying down certain rules of construction as being applicable when disagreement takes place between the parties to a treaty as to the meaning or intention of its stipulations. Some of these rules are either unsafe in their application or of doubtful applicability; and rules tainted by any shade of doubt, from whatever source it may be derived, are unfit for use in international controversy. Those against which no objection can be urged and which are probably sufficient for all purposes, may be stated as follows:—

"1. When the language of a treaty, taken in the ordinary meaning of the words, yields a plain and reason-

“able sense, it must be taken as intended to be read in that sense, subject to the qualifications, that any words which may have a customary meaning in treaties differing from their common signification, must be understood to have that meaning, and that a sense cannot be adopted which leads to an absurdity or to incompatibility of the contract with an accepted fundamental principle of law.

“2. When the words of a treaty fail to yield a plain and reasonable sense, they should be interpreted in such one of the following ways as may be appropriate:—

“(a.) By recourse to the general sense and spirit of the treaty as shown by the context of the incomplete, improper, ambiguous, or obscure passages, or by the provisions of the instrument as a whole. This is so far an exclusive, or rather a controlling method, that if the result afforded by it is incompatible with that obtained by any other means except proof of the intention of the parties, such other means must necessarily be discarded; there being so strong a presumption that the provisions of a treaty are intended to be harmonious, that nothing short of clear proof of intention can justify any interpretation of a single provision which brings it into collision with the undoubted intention of the remainder.

“(b.) By taking a reasonable instead of a literal sense of words when the two senses do not agree.”

Briefly the situation is as follows:

The general provisions of the clause in question are that the boundary line:—

I. Shall *ascend* from the southerly portion of Prince of Wales Island (Cape Chacon);

II. Shall be a point where the water and continent join at 56 North Latitude;

III. Shall reach a point of the continent;

IV. Prince of Wales Island shall be *wholly* within Russian Territory.

The Boundary Line as determined must satisfy all the above conditions.

A line carried through Portland canal—

(a) Does not *ascend* from the southeasterly point of Prince of Wales Island. It descends, or inclines southeasterly for a distance of about fifty miles before reaching Portland Channel.

(b) The waters of the Portland Canal do not extend to the 56th degree of latitude, but their furthestmost point is some miles distant.

(c) Portland Canal is wholly within the continent, and therefore a line through it could not reach the coast of the continent as understood in the terms of the treaty.

(d) If no land intervened between Prince of Wales Island and the Continent or the Portland Canal, the propriety of specifying that the Prince of Wales Island should be wholly within Russian territory would be apparent, but as the large and important island of Revilla Gigedo intervenes, if the framers of the treaty had a line through Portland canal in their minds as the boundary line, they would have stipulated that the latter and not the former should be wholly within Russian territory. The inference is undoubted that they meant that all land lying east of the Prince of Wales Island should, under the terms of the treaty, be within the territory of Great Britain.

A line through Behm's Canal or Clarence Straits satisfies every condition and provision of Article III. of the treaty (*vide* map).

A line through Portland canal is wholly inconsistent and inharmonious with and contradictory of the general terms and conditions of the clause in question. Its acceptance as determining the boundary leads to an absurdity. Great Britain is not, therefore, bound to accept it as the true boundary line.

The above is the British Columbia contention, as clearly and briefly stated as possible. As is well known, a joint commission has been engaged for several seasons collecting data and completing a survey of the coast from the 56th parallel of latitude northward in order to define the boundary line according to the treaty. If the Commissioners do not agree in presenting a joint report their evidence will be referred no doubt to arbitrators for a final award based thereon. Whether the question of the boundary line being carried through Portland Canal will be opened up is not known. The people of British Columbia are anxious that it should be taken into consideration. The islands of Revilla Gigedo and those forming the group east of Prince of Wales Island comprise a large area of territory, and though containing no settlements, are important from the position they occupy. All the adjacent coast is valuable on account of the fisheries, and in case of minerals being discovered, which is not unlikely, may become of additional importance. These islands included would form a considerable extension of the limits of British Columbia.

A great deal of clap-trap has been talked in the American press about Great Britain's endeavor to steal a slice of American territory, and if we are rightly informed the citizens of Alaska have worked themselves up to a state of indignant frenzy. It is the

veriest nonsense to endeavor to forestall the result of the commission now at work, or if unfavorable to the contention of either one side or the other very unwise to attempt to inflame the public mind on that score. What the people of British Columbia desire is to see the boundary line delimited, and want neither more nor less than what they as a Province are entitled to. They will accept the award of the Arbitrators and abide by it. Their anxiety so far has been expressed rather as to the boundary line south of the 56th parallel of latitude than the delimitation of the line north to the 141st degree of longitude. The latter is to be determined only by an accurate, scientific survey, and its determination is, they are satisfied, in competent, trustworthy hands. Their anxiety as to the former is the danger of Canada's interests being sacrificed, as on former occasions, by giving way to the importunity of United States representatives and permitting concessions which have subsequently proved to be very valuable. It is said that it is not the intention to re-open the question of the boundary line through Portland Canal, but to accept it as final. If so, without being furnished with very strong reasons for pursuing such a course, the Province of British Columbia will be inclined to take the view that, to that extent at least, the Americans have got the best of the bargain.



COLONIAL GLUBS.

BY ERNEST HEATON.

THE Regius Professor of History at Cambridge University, writing under the head of "Greater Britain," says: "When we speak of over-population, of exhaustion, of the decrepitude of an old country, is it not evident that the framework of our thoughts is always the British Isles, that the Straits of Dover and the narrow seas limit our view? Should we not otherwise say that England is, for the most part, very thinly peopled, and very imperfectly developed, a young country with millions of acres of virgin soil, and mineral wealth as yet but half explored; that it has abundant room for all Englishmen, and can find homesteads for them all, for the most part in a congenial climate and out of the reach of enemies."

The great advance of the nineteenth century in the facilities for travel, has made a comfortable journey to Canada more easy, and in time almost as short, as the journey from London to Elinburgh was one hundred years ago. There are thousands of men in England who are anxious to take up the fertile lands of the prairies which are lying waiting to receive them and are their natural heritage; and yet, for all the purposes of successful colonization the colonies are just as far away, and the boundaries of Great Britain are just as narrow as they were in the last century. Why is this?

The failure of colonization may be largely attributed to the want of popular organization and the lack of an objective point to which the settler may go when he has decided to emigrate.

Governments and railway companies expend vast sums of money in supplying and distributing informa-

tion. But the actual work of getting hold of the people, of organizing and placing them upon the land, has been to a great extent left in the hands of private individuals, philanthropists, land companies and irresponsible agents. The term Colonization Agent is often associated with misrepresentation and fraud, and the work done by philanthropists and land companies, at any rate in Canada, is thought by many to have done more harm to the country than good; so much so that some people even go so far as to believe that the work of colonization should be left entirely in the hands of the Government and interested parties, and that all amateurs should be excluded, rather than that our vacant lands, with the civilization they imply, should be made the playground of Salvation Army people, church societies, and philanthropic baronets and peers. Such a step, of course, is out of the question; but is there not some way of rendering popular effort more effective by organization? Associations and the Press in this century composes the machinery of the world's progress, and it is through these that Canada must look for some way of overcoming the lack of immigration to her vacant territory.

We have an instructive example in the Colonial Clubs lately inaugurated by the Chairman of the United States Irrigation Congress, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the well-known Unitarian minister of Boston, for the conduct of migration from the congested centres of the Eastern States to the irrigated lands of the West. It is not the intention to take up land, but the object of these associations is to expose land frauds and dishonest agents, and to collect and distribute

accurate information, by affording some such mutual assistance as has been rendered by the Chautauqua and other reading circles, which have been so successful in the United States, with this difference, that, whereas the Chautauquans study the history of ancient Greece, the members of the Colonial Clubs will study the problems of colonization and the resources of their own country.

For the growth of some such organization as Colonial Clubs, Great Britain appears to afford a peculiarly favorable soil: for in that country there is a large leisure class pining for something to do. The idea of the Greater Britain seems to be rapidly spreading, and the interest in the Colonies is not merely political but personal, for there is scarcely a family in Great Britain which has not a son or a relative absent in the Colonies. The present condition of the unemployed, which necessarily implies colonization as a partial solution of that social problem, Lord Salisbury has declared to be one of the most important questions to be brought before the Imperial Parliament. Thus now would seem to be a fit and proper time to work out such a scheme.

Can the idea be made practical, and adapted so as to lessen the difficulties attending immigration from Great Britain to her Colonies?

We would suggest that for the purposes of Colonial Clubs Great Britain should be divided into say ten districts, with a branch office and local directorate in each, and a head office in London. The objects of these clubs will be (1), to act as Imperial and semi-official bureaus of information; (2), to publish a journal as the established organ of the Colonial Clubs; (3), to appoint men of known experience and ability at home and in each Colony to write for the journal, or in pamphlet form, upon given subjects respecting the Colonies and the problems of colonization, both from the home and colonial point of view; (4),

to organize settlers into parties; (5), to prevent the perpetration of frauds upon settlers, by the recommendation or licensing of reliable agents; (6), to act as a circulating library of all literature upon the subjects of Imperial Federation, Colonization, and the problems presented by the condition of the unemployed; (7), to hold periodical conferences for the discussion of these questions; (8), to provide a scheme of assisted emigration.

At present the Government bureaus both Imperial and Colonial are something distinct from the people. Colonial Clubs would be a means of incorporating into the Government system the active energies of statesmen, clergymen, editors, philanthropists and leaders of labor organizations, while in their respective departments the accredited agents of the different Colonial Governments would be *ex officio* members and officers of the organization. They could be formed as Associations without stock, the qualification for membership being a subscription to the Colonial Club journal.

On the score of economy in management, the co-operation of all the colonies would appear to be a necessity. The Association of different, and, to some extent, rival interests would require greater executive skill in departmental management. But the construction of these Associations would be greatly facilitated by making the circles of interest as wide as possible. Each colony would be benefited by engaging, in the general interests of colonization, the services of those who are primarily concerned in another country. Besides the whole usefulness of the Colonial Clubs, and to a great extent the confidence of the people, will depend upon their being conducted in the interests, and from the point of view of intending emigrants, rather than of any special country. With this object in view, they should be able to furnish information respecting each of the prin-

ciple colonies from an independent and authoritative standpoint.

And now to discuss the functions of the Colonial Clubs. There is a crying demand for independent trustworthy reports from all countries to which emigration is directed. Unofficial bureaus of information exist in Great Britain in large numbers, and they are largely patronized, but there is no means of distinguishing the agencies which are trustworthy from those which are not. The information which reaches the intending emigrant in Great Britain is generally too indefinite to be useful, or so colored as to be misleading. The pamphlets supplied by the Railway Companies and Land Companies, whose chief concern is the sale of their lands, has become very generally discredited, through the lessons of past experience and especially the blatant advertisements which are issued from the United States. It is only natural to assume that Englishmen and Scotchmen would place especial confidence in information supplied by their co-patriots, who have preceded them to such colonies as may be formed, and reports published under the auspices of the St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's and St. George's Societies, upon questions supplied by the Colonial Clubs at home, printed and backed by the Colonial Government, would have great value as a companion to the ordinary descriptive pamphlets which the Government supply. The patriotic societies would thus form an effective counterpart to the operation of the Colonial Clubs in Great Britain. On the analogy of the patriotic societies, the rough path of the gentleman colonist might be made more smooth by the formation of an association of University and Public School men on the lines of the Society lately started by some Englishmen in Chicago. Such a plan would bring into play the principle of social attraction, the great service of which in the work of Colonization is shown by the report of the United States Com-

missioners who state that over sixty per cent. of the immigrants to that country travel upon tickets prepaid by their friends in America.

The publication of a fortnightly or monthly semi-official and popular journal devoted to the study and record of colonization would be a necessary adjunct to our scheme. Such a journal would act as the organ of the Colonial Clubs and the cause of Imperial Federation. It would keep the people in touch with the pulse of emigration and provide at the same time a convenient continuous record and a machinery for placing before the members of the clubs reliable information and the best thoughts in the Empire on the many questions which colonization covers. It would disclose frauds, give the pith of Government reports, provide a medium for organization and serve as an authority to be cited by the newspapers of the day.

The combination of ignorance and money is a sure bait for the human shark. Irresponsible and dishonest agents, especially in the farm pupil business, have been a curse to the cause of colonization. Their services are required but once in a lifetime, and by their importunity they force themselves upon the public. It would be within the power of the Colonial Clubs to minimize this form of fraud and crime by withdrawing their countenance from agents who had proved unworthy.

The organization of settlers into bands or parties at regular intervals would be an important function of the Colonial Clubs. The altered condition of the country, the increased facilities for travel and communication, and the immunity from hostile marauders has to a large extent overcome the necessity of simultaneous colonization in large numbers to any one given locality, and has tended towards individual or haphazard settlement. The additional security given to settlers by emigrating in parties, the absence of the prospects

of isolation and the greater force of example, would naturally have a beneficial and stimulating effect upon emigration.

The question of assisted immigration, by reason of its intimate connection with the problems presented by the condition of the unemployed is the most important question to be dealt with. At the same time it is the most difficult. The demand for imported adult labor in the colonies is limited, and to a great extent of a temporary nature. Consequently, generally speaking, the settlers must be self-maintaining, and make their money off the lands. We in Canada are face to face with this problem, we cannot get immigrants in large numbers unless we supply them with seed and utensils, and food to keep them until the next harvest; for the thousands of men in Great Britain who want to emigrate have not the means, and those who have the means, are content to remain at home. But the feeling of the Labor party in Canada is against assisted immigration, and the government has not the courage to come forward with such a policy. On the contrary, the grants for immigration purposes have been largely cut down. Any comprehensive scheme, therefore, of assisted immigration, it would seem, must be formulated in Great Britain. And indeed, it seems only reasonable that a large portion, at any rate, of the money necessary for this purpose should be furnished in the old country; for Great Britain has much to gain by helping away such of her surplus population as are capable, but have not the means to emigrate. At the same time she is interested in keeping this population within the limits of the British Empire.

The functions of the Colonial Clubs it will be observed, stop at the landing of the settlers upon the shores of their destination. But it is most important that the settlers should have an objective point in the form of some col-

ony or settlement before them. The management of colonies, most people will agree, should be entrusted to trained men of local experience, tact and wide knowledge of human nature, and they should be appointed and paid by the government, for there are few men available who combine the capacity and honesty of purpose of Moses or Brigham Young. The Colonial Government could afford material aid and encouragement to popular effort by the formation of infant colonies in charge of an expert manager, thereby providing a safe objective point for the operations of Colonial Clubs in Great Britain, and an object lesson for intending immigrants to be watched and placed before the people by the journal of the Colonial Clubs and the press. If one such colony were a success, the prestige would attach to others; history would repeat itself; and with the systematic management of national associations in Great Britain to organize and furnish funds to settlers who need assistance, and the co-operation of patriotic societies in the colonies, we might then hope to see colonization placed upon a practical business footing.

It will be objected, no doubt, that Colonial Clubs would not make money, that they would not be remunerative to the members. We admit that; but it is not a fatal objection to the idea, for there are at the present time forty-five individuals and societies upon the books of the department at Ottawa who are engaged in the unremunerative work of assisting settlers to emigrate to Canada, and shall we say that the Americans who form Colonial Clubs at Boston for the protection of settlers, and a North-West Immigration Association at St. Paul, in Minnesota, to encourage immigration, all without any idea of profit are more public-spirited than the people of Great Britain? It would pay Canada and the other colonies ten times over to provide for the cost of running expenses.

The formation of some such organization in Great Britain is of paramount importance to Canada, for it is not by the Government directly but through the people in Great Britain that immigration to this country can be influenced.

The key-note to the whole situation in Canada may be summed up in one word—population. We have a country as big as Europe, with a population less than the City of London, and upon this population rests the whole burden of taxation to meet the cost of development to provide for a people ten times as numerous. Our machinery of education is set to provide for a population which is constantly being replenished by farmers from outside. Our young men are being educated off the farm, and because they cannot find employment in Canadian cities, they go to the United States. We must not forget that our civilization is founded upon agriculture, and the wider we make the foundation, the firmer, broader, and more secure will be the superstructure which rests upon it. Every self-supporting farmer that is added to the country helps to find employment for our educated young men, whether as merchants, clerks, mechanics, lawyers, or doctors.

It is most important for Canada that some means should be provided to focus the attention of the people of Great Britain more directly upon the colonies. With the mass of the people Canada is merged in the name of Am-

erica and the wings of the American eagle hide the beaver out of sight. As a result of this, if we may believe the Government returns, we have seen immigrants, many of whom, no doubt, would in any event have gone to the United States, passing through Canada during the ten years, from 1881 to 1891, at the rate of over eighty thousand a year.

Before *this* question the fiscal policy of the country and the Manitoba School Question pale into absolute insignificance. There is a cry for some working scheme that is popular, practical and broad. People are beginning at last to realize that human lives and fortunes are too important to be made the sport of schemers and irresponsible agents, and they are beginning to be impatient at the farce of incessant talk which results in nothing but talk. The problem cannot be solved by any one man's brain, but we fully believe that it can be solved, by popular organization backed and assisted by the Imperial and Colonial Governments. The details we have suggested are, it may be, too magnificent and ambitious, perhaps some of them are not practical, but the matter is well worth the attention of those who are interested in the subject and have time to devote to it. If once put into practical form and endorsed by the Dominion Government there would be little difficulty in securing the co-operation of able and prominent men to carry on the work of organization in Great Britain.

THY AIM.

Be thou what God has made of thee—
 A lily fair on life's calm lake,
 That all thy friends may always be
 In love with love for love's sweet sake.

New York.

CHEIRO.

CANADA'S CALL TO THE EMPIRE.

BY COLONEL HOWARD VINCENT, C.B., M.P., LONDON, ENGLAND.

FOR fifteen years past, Canada has sounded a call to the Empire, a strong note of Inter-British patriotism without a vestige of self-interest. Her statesmen, Sir John Macdonald, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Sir John Thompson, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell, have voiced from Ottawa the wish of the great majority of the Canadian people from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Sir Chas. Tupper has lost no note of the call in transmitting it to the Imperial Government and the Mother Country. Nay, rather, he has given it fuller sound, for none have recognized more truly than the High Commissioner that in unity of trade lies the permanent union of the British Empire.

Canada has taken the lead. The close of 1895 and the dawn of 1896 affords fit occasion to take note of the progress of the movement, and of its prospects in the near future.

Let us look at the story of Canada's persistent efforts. From Canada came the first warning as to the effect of Article 15 in the treaty between Great Britain and Belgium, of July 23rd, 1862, and Article 7 of the treaty with Germany, of May 30th, 1865. Downing Street "did not at all realize the importance of the engagements upon which they had entered." We know this on Lord Salisbury's authority. These brief engagements with foreign powers were of far-reaching effect. They expressly preclude the preferential fiscal treatment of British goods in the colonies and dependencies of the British Crown. It was not until 1888 that the Imperial Parliament was officially seized of this fact. But, seven years before, namely, on March 26th, 1881, an Order-in-Council was passed in Canada, informing the Imperial Government of the wish of the

Dominion Ministry to be relieved of these hindrances to the full development of Canada as a market for British goods. In November of that year the High Commissioner was instructed to make energetic remonstrance in Downing Street against the apathy with which the proposal from Ottawa had been received. Unfortunately, the Government was still in the hands of those who had been instrumental in the anti-colonial days of 1862 and 1865, in forging these restrictions on British trade. The pro-foreigner voice of Mr. (now Lord) Farrer was dominant in the Board of Trade. But Lord Kimberly, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, did go so far as to communicate the desire of Canada to the Foreign Office. Lord Granville humbly asked Belgium and Germany if they had any objection. The former replied that the exemption of the clauses in question would necessitate the denunciation of the treaty and the conclusion of a fresh one. Germany answered in like sense, and added that there did not appear to be any immediate necessity for this. What other reply could be expected? It was by no means unfriendly, but it was enough to deter the then Administration from doing anything.

The matter slumbered for some years. In 1888, I moved for the papers which put the British public in possession of the facts. On April 21st, 1890, General Laurie, now a member of the Imperial Parliament, initiated a debate on the subject in the Dominion House of Commons. Three months later, the High Commissioner informed the Colonial Office that the Canadian Government held the same view as in 1881, and desired to be relieved of obligations in treaties "not only limiting

the freedom of action of the Dominion, but also tending to interfere with the extension of trade between different parts of the Empire, without corresponding advantages to the colonies."

In March, 1891, the United Empire Trade League was founded, and set before itself as the first obstacle to be removed the treaty clauses in question. At the same time the Agents-General of the Self-Governing Colonies waited upon the Trade and Treaties Committee then sitting at the Board of Trade, and urged the denunciation of the clauses.

A few months later, the Prime Minister received a great deputation, comprising not only many members of both Houses of Parliament, but representatives of working men's organizations throughout the country, upon the subject. Lord Salisbury's admissions were very important. He said :

"With respect to those two unlucky treaties (with Belgium in 1862, and Germany in 1865, precluding British Colonies from admitting British goods on more favorable terms than foreign goods) that were made by Lord Palmerston's Government some thirty years ago, I am sure the matter of the relation of our colonies could not have been fully considered. We have tried to find out from official records what species of reasoning it was that induced the statesmen of that day to sign such very unfortunate pledges ; but I do not think they had any notion that they were signing any pledges at all. I have not been able to discover that they at all realised the importance of the engagements upon which they were entering. I think I can give you, with the greatest confidence, an assurance that not only this Government, but no future Government will be disposed to enter into such engagements again. We shall be glad, indeed, to take every opportunity that arises for delivering ourselves from these unfortunate engagements, but we can make no promise as to doing so at the price of other protective stipulations to which the trade of this country is pledged. The Government will carefully watch ; and before a very long time has elapsed, no doubt some means of mitigating these evils may be found."

It may be asked why, under such circumstances, nothing was done to remove the disabilities. The fact of

the matter is that, throughout the latter part of 1891 and the commencement of 1892, the condition of domestic politics was not a little critical. The Opposition were gaining seats at bye-elections. The Liberal Unionists appeared, especially, to be losing ground. The slightest evidence of any determination on the part of Lord Salisbury's Government, derogatory to the fetish of "Free Imports," might have been utilized by "weak knees" to desert what looked like the losing side, and return to the patriotically abandoned ranks. Nor was the Conservative Cabinet itself of one mind on the question. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, then President of the Board of Trade, was openly hostile to all effort to secure the British market for British workers. His attitude on the recent representation of the Hop Industry as to the similar effect of foreign competition affords but too much ground for the fear that he still remains of the same mind. A danger lies there to the Unionist Administration, for Conservative members have been returned in scores, pledged by election addresses and platform undertakings, to further legislation advantageous to the workers. Nor can one see how, otherwise, the "new markets," so eloquently dwelt upon by Mr. Secretary Chamberlain, as being essential to British Trade, are to be secured.

But I must not anticipate. In the autumn of 1891, meetings were held in nearly all the great towns of Canada, under the auspices of the United Empire Trade League. I was able to hear personal evidence to the intensity and sincerity of the wish for the development of Empire Trade on the part of the great majority of the people. The General Election of 1892 in the Mother Country, showed that the personality of Mr. Gladstone had once more asserted itself and proved the wisdom of Lord Salisbury's prudent attitude.

Nothing was to be expected from

the Radical Ministry. Indeed, throughout its existence, its only thought was how to reconcile the divergent claims of its own supporters. Feeble at home, it had neither influence nor prestige abroad.

The Dominion of Canada again took the helm. All the self-governing colonies were invited to send representatives to Ottawa to discuss the question of Empire Trade. The Imperial Government appointed the Earl of Jersey to be present on its behalf. On June 28th, 1894, the Conference was opened and the Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell elected President. On either side of him sat some of the ablest statesmen of Canada, Australia, and South Africa. The welcome of the late Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, was memorable. He said :

“On this happy occasion the delegates assemble after long years of self-government in their countries, of greater progress and development than the colonies of any Empire have ever seen in the past, not to consider the prospect of separation from the Mother Country, but to plight our faith anew to each other as brethren, and to plight anew with the Mother Land, that faith that has never yet been broken nor tarnished.”

Two resolutions were agreed to unanimously :—

1. “That provision should be made by Imperial Legislation, enabling the dependencies of the Empire to enter into agreements of commercial reciprocity, including the power of making differential tariffs with Great Britain or with one another.”

2. “That any provisions in existing treaties between Great Britain and any Foreign Power, which prevent the self-governing dependencies of the Empire from entering into agreements of commercial reciprocity with each other, or with Great Britain, should be removed.”

Nothing could be clearer. There was no dissentient voice. Lord Jersey's report was able and statesman-like. On the very first night of the ensuing session of the Imperial Parliament, an undertaking was obtained from the Government that the section in the Australasian Act of Constitution, forbidding the conclusion of any commercial arrangement with an over-

sea colony not extended to foreign countries, should be repealed. This was done in March, 1895, and arrangements between the Dominion and New South Wales, as with New Zealand, are now under discussion.

The general election of 1895 showed most clearly that no subject was more popular with the electors in the great industrial centres than that of Commercial Federation, and with rare exceptions they contributed largely to the great Unionist majority. It was therefore not surprising at the recent Conference at Brighton of the National Union of Conservative Associations, to find the following resolution proposed by Mr. Towles, M.P. for Haggerston, and who, mainly on this question, had converted a large Radical majority into a Conservative victory, seconded by the representative of the Lancashire and Cheshire Working Men's Federation, carried unanimously by the delegates from all parts of the country :—

“That this Conference endorsing the unanimous resolution of the Inter-Colonial Conference held at Ottawa, in 1894, ‘That any provisions in existing treaties between Great Britain and any Foreign Power which prevent the self-governing dependencies of the Empire from entering into agreements of commercial reciprocity with each other, or Great Britain, should be removed,’ is of opinion that twelve months' notice should be given as soon as practicable to Belgium that Her Majesty is desirous of eliminating Article 15 from the treaty of the 23rd July, 1862, and to Germany that Her Majesty is likewise desirous of eliminating Article 7 from the Treaty with the Zollverein of the 30th of May, 1865, which clauses preclude the treatment of British goods in the Colonies and dependencies of the British Crown upon more advantageous terms than Foreign goods, and thus deprive British Trade and Labor of the new markets essential to the relief of the depression of the past three years.”

The offer by the proprietors of *The Statist* of a prize of a thousand guineas for the best scheme of Commercial Federation, and the appointment by the Prime Minister and Lord Rosebery of the Marquis of Lorne and Lord Playfair as the Judges, affords further

proof of the trend of public opinion, and that the efforts of the past have not been wholly barren of results. Lord Salisbury said, "Public opinion must be framed and formed before any Government can act." It has been framed and formed, nor is evidence wanting that the feeling of the country is shared by the leaders of the present Administration. The declaration of Lord Salisbury in 1891, and on more than one occasion since then, have been clear and emphatic. The despatch to Colonial Governors of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated Nov. 28th, 1895, shows also what is Mr. Chamberlain's view:—

"I am impressed with the extreme importance of securing as large a share as possible of the mutual trade of the United Kingdom and the colonies for British producers and manufacturers, whether located in the colonies or in the United Kingdom."

This is the whole policy of the United Empire Trade League, and expressed in scarcely different terms to those of its own formula.

"The development of trade between all parts of the British Empire upon mutually advantageous terms, and on a preferential basis."

It is perfectly clear that it is quite impossible "to secure as large a share as possible in the mutual trade of the United Kingdom and the colonies," unless the colonies are released from treaty engagements to which they

were not parties, prohibiting their giving customs advantages to British goods. This is the sole effect of the clauses to which such ample reference has been made.

On July 30th, 1894, this official declaration was made in the House of Commons by the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, after consultation by the Government with the Law Officers of the Crown:

(a) They do "not" prevent differential treatment by the United Kingdom in favor of British colonies.

(b) They do prevent differential treatment by British colonies in favor of the United Kingdom.

(c) They do "not" prevent differential treatment by British colonies in favor of each other.

The Mother Country is therefore the only land under these "unfortunate" engagements, and it is to be hoped that no further time will be lost in obtaining release from them. At the same time it is impossible to ignore the troubled state of European politics at the present time, especially as regards those affairs in the Far and Near East which touch British interests so closely. However anxious Lord Salisbury may be to free English trade from all foreign trammels, he alone is able to gauge the fitness, or even the possibility of the occasion, having regard to matters of even more pressing necessity.



FORMATION OF A SPHINX.

BY WYNDOM BROWNE.

“YOU require a good shock to develop you, to arouse your dormant faculties, and set in action those forces of your nature that are clogged by your indolent, drowsy temperament.”

The speaker, rising from her seat and clasping her hands behind her, strolls meditatively across the room. The action is a masculine one, but not unbecoming to her slender, somewhat frail-looking figure. She turns and walks back, pausing before the large, indolent-looking occupant of an easy chair. With her small head tilted back and her hands clasped loosely in front of her, she looks down at him, her pretty face is mocking and mischievous, but wholly sympathetic.

“I know you are capable of great things and could astonish us all with your cleverness if you but chose, which you don't. Why you are such a sleepy, placid spider that if a fly did walk into your little law parlor, you'd never know it! You have been a whole year trying to 'work up' a practice, or as Aunt Fanny says, 'waiting for it to drop into your lap, and beseech you to take notice of it.'

“Well, (melodramatically,) I foresee that you must follow the example of your friend Underwood, and marry an heiress.”

There is a glint of amusement in his fine gray eyes. He does not change his attitude, but only answers quietly: “You are the one woman of all the world for me, Irene, and you I will marry.”

A slight color diffused her pale face, and as she sinks into a chair she has the air of one who sees the uselessness of battling against fate. Her eye-lids droop heavily, listless depression expresses itself in every curve of her figure, while her slim white fingers intertwine nervously.

“Yes,” she says with a little choking laugh, “and we will take up our quarters in Poverty Row, and the study of literature in the shape of duns, and attain agility by dodging our creditors in the street.”

He sits upright now, and his face flushes angrily.

“What a little savage you are, Irene. If I had not known and loved you all my life, I would think you heartless. I would not press my suit with you, did I not know that I could give you a happier home than you have now. It may not be so luxurious at first, dear, but you are not one to count luxury the principal ingredient of happiness, I do not know that you have ever told me so, still, I have always thought that you loved me, Irene.”

She gazes steadily out of the window. Yes, he is right, she has always loved him. But life has ever turned its seamy side towards her and she has learned to put aside sentiment. She is inured to the querulous irritability of her aunt. How would his temper stand the test of petty economy, and constant self-sacrifice, she asks herself.

Then, in answer comes memory and rolls back the years, and reveals to her a boy and a girl in a sunny garden; she can almost feel the heat of that sultry August afternoon. The girl is seated on a bench over which a gnarled old apple tree throws a loving shade. The boy comes towards her holding out a large pear, which he offers her. The girl refuses to take it, clasping her hands firmly behind her to resist the temptation; the boy persists in offering it to her, and finally drops it into her lap and runs off in pursuit of a striped cat that has been unwary enough to invade the garden. The

girl slowly unclasps her hands, toys with the pear, holds it up and inhales its tempting sweetness, and then, alas for self-denial, eats it. Presently the boy returns, hot and breathless; the girl holds the stem of the pear in her hand, and as his eyes fall upon it he cries out:—"Why, what a pig you are, Irene, you have eaten all my pear!"

She is ashamed of that piggish little girl, and can hear the shrill, aggrieved tones of the boy quite clearly above the deep tones of the man as he questions:

"Will you marry me, Irene?"

She laughs a little tremulously as she answers:

"Oh, yes! When I become an heiress."

He turns sharply and leaves her. And then, when the sound of his footsteps have died away, she slips down on the floor, and burying her face in her hands on the seat of her chair cries bitterly.

* * * * *

A boisterous, ruffianly wind comes sweeping around the corner, whistling shrilly, and piling the snow into ridges, and tossing it into the faces of the chance pedestrian who, with head bent and shoulders squared, attempts to round the corner and keep his footing on the slippery pavement.

As she leans against the window frame and looks listlessly out, Irene feels a sort of miserable pleasure in the inclemency of the weather. Inside the room is full of shadows. The fire in the grate throws a flickering light on the stiff, old-fashioned furniture and marvellous red and white roses that bestrew the carpet, whose perfect state of preservation seem out of keeping with their years, and give them an unsocial look. Perhaps it was with a view to saving this furniture (very handsome in its day), that its owner considered herself better than her neighbors, quarreled with her relations, and rigorously closed her doors to all social intercourse.

She sits now with her chair drawn close to the fire, her feet resting on the brass fender. If time has been unable to dull the blackness of her hair or the brightness of her eyes he has fully avenged himself in the seams and furrows with which he has lined her face.

She is a masterly looking woman, and gossip says her late husband found her so to his sorrow; and when she had striven to console his last moments by assuring him that she would speedily follow him to a better country, he had answered, "You need not hurry yourself, Fanny;" and turning his face away with a sigh of relief, departed this life.

Whether it was the very comfortable provision his will made for her worldly needs, or out of regard for his dying request, certain it is that the years rolled by without any sign of speedy dissolution on the part of his widow. She looks up now from the mass of colored silks she is sorting, and surveys the listless figure at the window.

"Idling as usual, Irene. You are just like your father. There is not a drop of Barrington blood in you," she says sharply.

As both of her parents died in her infancy, Irene is unable to judge of the accuracy of this statement. She makes no answer, but reseating herself, takes up the work she had tossed aside upon going to the window.

It is a month since her lover strode wrathfully out of her presence. A long, weary month of self-reproach and uncertainty, with her nerves on tension, listening, listening for his step which never came. Of course he knows that she loves him, and would wait ten years, yea, a lifetime for him, if need be.

She feels that her aunt has read all the pain that this last month has held for her, in her every look and gesture. She drops her work and turns to her now with mute appeal for sympathy. She has a hungry longing for kind

arms to shelter her, for a kind voice to speak consoling words to her. But the face that meets her mute appeal is as expressive of sympathy as a granite boulder. Irene's face whitens and hardens, and she bends low over her embroidery.

The early winter twilight falls, inaugurating the carnival of shadows; they sprawl grotesquely across the snowy highway, and standing in the corners of the room stretch their long arms from side to side.

"Irene!"

"Yes, aunt."

"Draw the blinds, child, and light the gas; then go and see if the postman has left anything."

The blinds are drawn, the gas burns brightly. The shadows dwarf and dwindle, and sulk in the corners. Irene lays letters and papers on the table beside her aunt, and resumes her embroidery.

Presently the aunt looks up with a contemptuous sniff from the letter she is reading, saying, as she tosses it to Irene, "So he is to marry Miss Ames and her money, is he? The girl is a fool. I wish her joy of her bargain."

Her small, even, brilliantly white teeth click together unpleasantly as she concludes, which is doubtless the fault of the dentist who made them.

Irene picks up the paper and unfolds it mechanically. It is only a formal wedding invitation, the words that compose it are clear and distinct: yet she broods over it, as if it were written in an unknown language. It is so hard to understand how it can be that the prospective bride-groom is the man who, seated where she is now, had said to her, "You are the one woman in all the world for me, Irene, and you I will marry."

She carefully folds the invitation, places it in its envelope, and gathering up her work goes slowly out of the room. Her aunt hears her heavy step upon the stairs, the closing of her room door, smiles grimly and taking

up the evening paper, is soon engrossed in its contents.

A vast majority of human lives are lived in the shadow. The sorrows of one life are but as a drop in an ocean of misery. Why should she note them? Irene may cower in grief and misery in the dark room overhead, but there are many who grieve. The ranks of the mourners are ever full.

* * * * *

The following morning dawns, bright, clear and intensely cold. The white sunlight is reflected in millions of dazzling rays from ice-incrusted snowbanks and ice-laden trees. The sidewalks creak and groan beneath the feet, and all sounds strike sharply on the air.

Irene descends to the dining-room to see that the preparations for breakfast are complete. Her movements are characterized by an antagonistic sharpness and decision foreign to her usual, gentle demeanor; her voice seems to partake of the metallic clearness of the morning, which has so little of springtide sweetness.

Despite the brightness of the morning, the room is not cheerful. The long, low-topped, old-fashioned sideboard, laden with solid old silver is picturesque; the round claw-footed table a treasure for a connoisseur. But the ruling spirit is evidently a sombre one, or the heavy damask curtains that muffle the French windows would have been long superseded by drapery of a less funereal-like aspect.

Aunt and niece seat themselves at the table in silence. The elder woman studies the face opposite her with sarcastic amusement from behind the coffee urn.

"Irene is a true Barrington after all," she tells herself; "and now that I am to have a sensible woman for a companion, instead of a moon-struck girl, I shall leave her my money. There will be some people surprised when they discover that I did not sink it in an annuity as they sup-

posed," and she laughs a quick short laugh of satisfaction.

Madam's disconcerted laughter is a luxury in which she does not often indulge, and she casts a suspicious glance across the table ; the face opposite is

not sympathetically smiling and expectant, but a little harsh, a little bitter, and of sphinx-like imperturbability. Madam wants no echo to her joys or sorrows, and finding none, is satisfied.

IAN MACLAREN.

God surely set within his vibrant soul
 Love's tend'rest chords attuned to that great song
 Which bears the mystic depths of life along,
 If but our stricken ears could hear it roll,
 God surely touched his pen that so the whole
 Of dear humanity might feel the strong
 Compelling tide of life above all wrong,
 The secrets of a love that scorned control.
 Nor ever shall our hearts forbear to leap,
 For lo! he builds on Love's foundation deep
 A higher life for man, and there he rears
 Fresh thoughts of God while runs our tale of years.
 Unneeded is my praise ; his fame shall sweep
 Unfading on a flood of happy tears.

Toronto.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

WITH A VOLUME OF GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.

I would that I could send thee by this mail,
 Fair lady! knowing well thy love for books,
 (And learning but augments thy engaging looks)
 Some first edition rescued from a sale ;
 Or Surrey's sonnets ; or some lover's tale,
 Bound in old calf, and copper plates therein ;
 Or some romance on vellum thumb'd and thin :
 How Robin sighed ; how Anna still grew pale.
 Yet here's a work wrought by a *Goldsmith's* art,
 (I trust that it will please thee as't has me)
 And fashioned into cunning symmetry ;
 The gold he moulded was the human heart ;
 And he has made those gentle virtues shine
 In Angelina's breast, which dwell in thine.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

JOEY MASON.

BY CONSTANCE M'LEOD.

AS the afternoon sun, shining through the purple haze of late Indian Summer, fell softly on the great marsh of the Tantramar,* it fell also on the sleeping figure of an old, old man. He lay on a grassy hillock beside the tide river, not far from where it empties into Cumberland Basin. As the warmth of the blazing sun beat down on his head and face, he stirred uneasily from time to time, and finally drew himself into a posture half sitting and half lying and gazed about him in a blinking, unseeing fashion. It was evident that he was drunk, or had been before the sleep had partially sobered him. Finally he came to himself, and sat with bowed head as if thinking, occasionally looking up along and across the marsh and the bay in a wondering way, and then sinking his head on his breast again.

The brilliant sun shining from a cloudless sky glorified everything around except his poor unlovely self. In gentle undulations the marsh stretched away on every side, broken here and there by the canals with their turf dykes, and dotted with the barns for storing the hay crops. Here the ground was gray where the aftermath had been closely cropped, and there in a green spot some cows were contentedly browsing, and in the distance a line of wagons wound along a crooked road. Here, riding above the marsh was Cole's Island "in a nest of green," and there was Aulac with a freight train smoking on a side track at the little station, while farther away along the horizon rose the height of Fort Beau Sejour, famed in history and poetry. Farther to the left along that ridge was Point de Bute, with old Acadian hearth-stones hidden in

its fertile fields and old French apple trees in its tangled woods. But it is safe to say that Joey Mason meditated on none of these things. In his time he had had little enough to do with history and poetry, and a great deal to do with the tough struggles of life, and the foes that dwell within. His mind might well have been filled with thoughts of early hopes now buried deeper than any forgotten hearth-stones, and resolutions more gone to waste than the apple trees on the hills yonder, for the battle of life had been against him.

Joey had been a man of medium stature and ordinary muscle, but now his form was shrunken and bent with age and exposure, so that he seemed small and pitiful-looking in the extreme. A dingy, tangled, white beard covered his cheeks and chin, and on his upper lip was the stubble of two week's growth. Through the holes of his battered felt hat protruded locks of grizzly hair. His clothes were worn beyond description. So ragged and tattered were they, that they scarcely covered him, and as he sat there he was the picture of absolute misery.

Looking up presently, he saw a head cautiously lifted from a bank not far away and near the end of the railroad bridge, and then rather less cautiously ducked behind the bank again. While he stared at the place where it had disappeared, so dull that he scarcely knew that he had seen it, the face appeared again. After scrutinizing Joey for some seconds, the owner of the face clambered over the bank and sat down beside him.

"Haven't got a match, have you?" asked the stranger, drawing out a short clay pipe.

*In the Province of New Brunswick.

As Joey mechanically felt about in his ragged pockets, he turned and looked inquiringly at the stranger. He was a large man, rather well dressed, and as Joey's eyes travelled blinkingly up to the stranger's head, he took off his hat to shield the feeble flame in lighting his pipe. Joey saw that his head was shaven, and with a start recognized the fact that this must be an escaped convict from the penitentiary in Dorchester ten miles away.

The stranger saw the start, and answered it with a nod as he said, "I made sure you would be a safe one before I came out. Perhaps we are in something of the same box. Thanks; so long!"

The convict swung himself up and was away over the railroad bridge on his way to safety, while Joey stared after him with an air of injured dignity that would have been amusing had it not been so pathetic. A convict claim equality with him! His back unconsciously straightened with indignation at the thought. Poor Joey! He had been the despair of the W.C. T.U., and the warning in stock for the Bands of Hope for years, but he had never fully realized his condition. In his estimate of himself, he dwelt largely on his good points, and carefully suppressed all mention of his failings. Consequently, as his wits grew duller from the effects of drink, his pride grew greater. His pompous and precise way of speaking always amused his benefactors, and if they could have seen the pride within, they would have been astonished. That pride was touched now. The chance words of the convict had given him a shock that sobered him most effectually and set his mind to work in such candid self-examination as all the homilies of his friends had never set up.

He saw himself as he had been in his youth, the Doctor's trusted servant and right hand man. How often on a day like this he had driven the

Doctor away over the marsh or up through the woods to Dochester, enjoying to the full the fresh bracing air and the management of the high-spirited horse. Unconsciously his eye brightened and his chest expanded. What a fine fellow he had been and no mistake! Janet anyway, thought him the finest fellow in the parish. And Janet herself, who was ever like her? She was only the housemaid at the Senator's, but no lady could be prettier or brighter or sweeter mannered. Half the young men in the parish would have given the world and all for her favor, but she would have no one but Joey. The butcher's young man was in a bad way for love of her, but in spite of his smart airs, it was no use. How well Joey remembered it as if it had been but yesterday. The butcher's young man was now one of the great men of the county, the retired cattle exporter, and his son a bank president away in the States. Joey had met his old rival as he had stumbled hither yesterday.

Joey dwelt on his courtship and on the voyage on the *Mary B.*, where pay was better than in the quiet village. He could see Janet now, with her apron and shawl flying in the wind, as she stood on the knoll above the landing to wave him a farewell as the *Mary B.* weighed anchor and set sail out into the rolling red water of the Bay of Fundy. Then there was the last return and the marriage, and the tidy little home, and then one after another the three little ones. From the time of his first voyage the drink habit had been gaining on him till it destroyed the happiness of their home. Joey did not care to dwell on that part. After a while came Janet's death from hard work and a broken heart. Then there had been less to restrain him, and it had been down, down all the way. When his sons were grown they sailed away for the West Indies on the same ship, the year of the Saxby gale, and never came home again. Then the daughter who

had tried to care for him had died, and her husband had gone to the States. Then, in his loneliness, he had drank harder than ever. Now here he was, a poor, miserable sot, with only his old summer rags in which to face the winter. Only last Saturday the Lady Bountiful of the village had given him a whole suit of clothes, and had got him to promise to give up drinking, telling him it was never too late to mend.

Joey had made the promise in all honesty, but the old habit had been too strong for him. Now, as he looked down at his old broken shoes, those words came back to him with a strange persistence, "Never too late to mend." As he pondered on his poor, misspent life and the misery of his condition, he began to wonder if, after all, he could not bring back something of his old self. He looked helplessly about and out on to the bay, fast filling with the incoming tide. He thought of the old doctor's son at the Cape, who would, he knew, give him work and a home as long as he could keep sober. Just then he saw, beyond where he sat, a tiny mushroom button pushing up among the grass, and the sight brought the light of a new resolve into his dim eyes. He rose unsteadily, but gradually overcoming the stiffness of his joints, he marched off with something of resoluteness in his step, muttering to himself, "Never too late to mend."

After borrowing a basket he retraced his steps to the marsh, and with almost a look of brightness in his face, he tramped about gathering those edible mushrooms, which even till late in the fall flourish on the fertile soil of the marshes. When his basket was full, he took them to one who had often been a customer when Joey was sober enough to gather the mushrooms. He explained that he was going to give up drinking, and use the money to go to the Cape in the morning to the doctor's son, who would give him a home for the winter. The good wo-

man sighed with distrust, but gave him a generous price and from the kindness of her heart added a comfortable overcoat.

By this time the bright afternoon sun had set in clouds, and one of those high winds so frequent in this part of the country had risen with the turning of the tide, and the damp sweeping up from the marsh chilled to the marrow. As darkness settled, the scattering snowflakes of the first storm of the season fell on to the stiffening ground. Joey had forgotten that he had eaten nothing that day, but as he returned the borrowed basket, and went on past the place where he was accustomed to get his drink, a terrible sinking came over him, and an impulse almost too strong to be resisted, urged him towards the door. He stoutly resisted for the first time for years, and shaking his poor head feebly, as if in answer to an actual person, he muttered, "No, no! I have given all that up. 'It is never too late to mend, you know.'"

He tottered on into the night and fast rising storm, still shaking his head and occasionally repeating, "Never too late to mend." He stumbled once or twice and recovered himself, but finally a great weakness and a lightness in the head came over him, and the falling snowflakes bewildered and blinded him, and poor Joey fell and did not rise again. The benumbing cold lulled him to a quiet sleep, in which an angel of mercy seemed to whisper to him of the years of usefulness he vainly dreamed were before him yet. There in the path he was found in the early morning, quite dead, and before night-fall again he was laid in a pauper's grave.

As the people saw the solitary hearse go by, their remarks were as various as their characters, and only the wisest among them blamed themselves that such things could happen in a land in which they had a voice in the governing.

GASTLE ST. LOUIS.* UNDER THE ROSES.

PART II. ; 1759-1834.

BY J. M. LE MOINE, F.R.S.C.

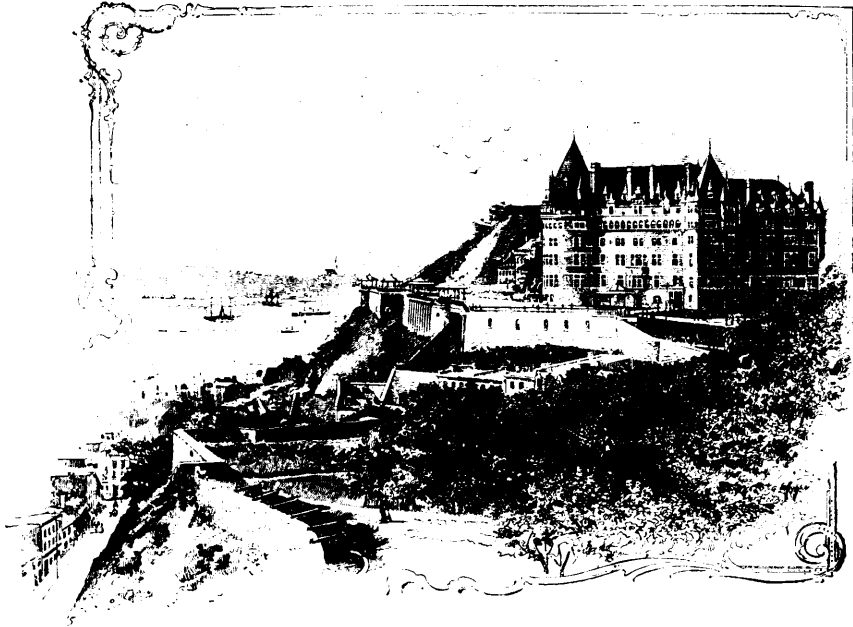
"Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope, down
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high
Mine own romantic town."

SCOTT'S MARMION.

THE Castle and Fort St. Louis under England's domination has had its sunshine and its shadows; its dark as well as its bright, radiant

more than once social pageants and many festive displays.

Facing the site of the fort, long since vanished, a few yards to the west, lies the well-known area, *La Grande Place du Fort* (since 1862, the Ring), mantled in foliage and trees, planted when Mayor Thomas Pope held out at the City Hall. Our warlike ances-



HOTEL CHATEAU FRONTENAC.

Built in 1892 on the site of Castle St. Louis, Quebec.

memories; its anxious hours of siege and alarm—nay, even of blockade, followed by the welcome roar of artillery, proclaiming British victories;

*For the use of several incidents relating to Chateau Saint Louis, especially for the period of French occupation, full acknowledgment is due to Mr. Ernest Gagnon's volume, *Le Fort et le Chateau St. Louis*, 376 pages. For further particulars *vide Quebec Past and Present*, p. 453; and *Picturesque Quebec*, pp. 60, 70, 68, 72-76, 92, 118, 465.

tors knew it as the *Place d'Armes*. In days by gone, have met, not for military drill, but for annual roll-call, on St. Peter and St. Paul's Day, June the 29th, the city militia—an important—though a very pacific body. It continued for years, until dropped about 1850.

Hark! to the rousing cheer of the

British soldiery, as they plant on the Grande Parade, facing the historic Chateau, on the 18th of September, 1759, the day of the capitulation of Quebec, the solitary gun, drawn from the Heights of Abraham through St. Louis gate. Captain John Knox, of the 43rd. Regt., tell us how his brave commander hoisted the English flag, after taking possession of the keys of Quebec from de Ramsay, its late governor. He says: "the three companies of Louisbourg Grenadiers and some light infantry, under the command of Lt.-Col. Murray, preceded by fifty men of the Royal Artillery and one gun, with lighted match, and with the British colors hoisted on its carriage, the Union flag being displayed on the citadel. Captain Paliser, with a large body of seamen and inferior officers, at the same time took possession of the lower town, and hoisted colors on the summit of the declivity (Mountain Hill) leading from the high to the low town." (Knox's Journal.)

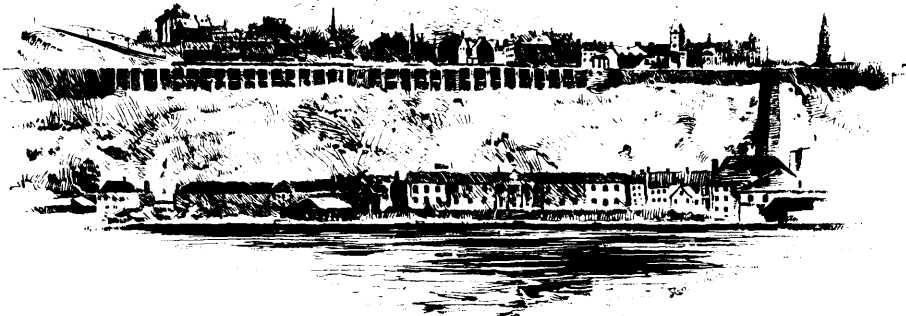
But the lordly castle of other days, riddled by the shot and shell of the English fleet, tenantless, uninhabitable, was not thoroughly repaired until 1764-5, when General James Murray, first Governor of Quebec, had his Royal Commission read on the adjoining square, prior to his taking possession of the Castle as his official residence. A decade later, and the occupant (Sir) Guy Carleton, so appropriately named the "saviour of Quebec," might notice, from the Chateau windows, the arrival on the Levis shore, on the 5th November, 1775, of Benedict Arnold's hungry and worn-out continentals, eager to cross the St. Lawrence, and land at Wolfe's cove above. But a wise precaution had induced Lt.-Governor Cramahe to remove to the Quebec side the Levis canoes and water conveyances before the arrival of the invading host. The wave of invasion, triumphant at Montreal, Sorel, Chambly, Three Rivers, St. John and elsewhere, was hurled back

by the granite rock of Quebec. On the 31st December, 1775, at 9 a.m., the intrepid chieftain, Guy Carleton, could from his parlor windows look down triumphantly, but not scornfully, on the New England soldiery, escorted to the Grande Parade—426 rank and file—marched up prisoners of war, from the Sault-au-Matelot assault, to await, crest-fallen, the orders of His Excellency before being detailed to their respective prisons.*

Might one not unreasonably infer, from the official etiquette that has ever prevailed among naval commanders frequenting our port, that the youthful captain of the sloop of war Albemarle, Horatio Nelson, present here in 1782, paid his *devoirs* at the Castle, to the distinguished Governor-General, Sir Frederick Haldimand, and partook of the hospitalities usually shown to visitors of distinction? At his romantic time of life did Nelson, like many subsequent lovers, indulge in a sentimental promenade on the famed Castleterrace? Did he ever, at the witching hour when the citadel evening-gun calls to barrack military beaux, meet there the adorable Mary Simpson, the girl for whose sake he was, he said, ready to quit the service? Southey, as well as Lamartine, in their biographies of the hero of Trafalgar, state that violence had to be used to tear the smitten Horatio from his Quebec charmer. Miss Simpson, after marrying Major Matthews, Secretary to the Governor, removed to London with her husband who became Governor of Chelsea Hospital. In one of her letters she mentions attending the funeral of Lord Nelson, her first love, whom she had not forgotten. She died in England in 1830 at an advanced age. Is not this a pleasant little episode of Quebec history?

A titled visitor of no ordinary rank entered the portals of the Castle in 1787, Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, subsequently William IV., King of England. He was then a royster-

*See old *Quebec Gazette*, 16th Aug., 1765.



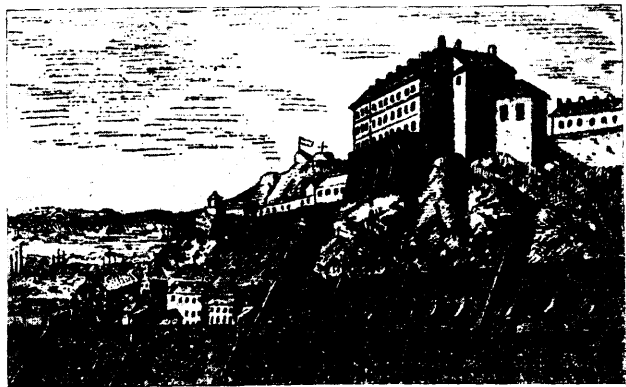
Drawn for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

DUFFERIN TERRACE IN WINTER.

ing midday on board H. M. frigate *Pegasus*, anchored in the port below the Chateau. A grand ball was given there in his honor by Lord and Lady Dorchester. Mr. De Gaspé, the author of the *Canadians of Old*, has a spicy account of the merry entertainment. Instead of inviting to dance the demure ladies of rank officially presented to him, the sailor-prince picked out indiscriminately the youngest and prettiest girls as his partners, and had a very good time. Like other princes that followed, he had eyes for more than the scenic beauties of Quebec. The *Croniques des salons* recall a boyish lark of his in Champlain's fortress. The Royal midday, in one of his peregrinations, was struck with the uncommon beauty of a young girl in the humbler walks of life. Determined to find out who she might be, he followed her to her home. But alas! the stern parent, advised of the Duke's marked attentions to his youthful daughter, rushed out in the street after him, and laid his horsewhip vigorously on his royal shoulders, the Prince ejaculating in vain, "*Ne frappez*

pas! Ne frappez pas! Je suis le fils du roi." No mention, however, is made of the escapade in the Court Journal.

Occasionally, the castle opened its doors to rather unexpected, but not the less welcome visitors. On the 13th March, 1789, His Excellency, Lord Dorchester, had the satisfaction of entertaining a stalwart woodman and expert hunter, Major Fitzgerald, of the 54th Regiment, then stationed at St. John, New Brunswick, the son of a dear old friend, Lady Emilia Mary, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. This chivalrous woodman was no less than the dauntless Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fifth son of the Duke of Leinster, the true but misguided



CASTLE OF ST. LOUIS IN 1834.

Reproduced from an Old Print.

patriot who closed his promising career in such a melancholy manner in a prison during the Irish rebellion of 1798. Lord Edward had walked upon snow-shoes through the trackless forest from New Brunswick to Quebec, a distance of 175 miles, in thirty days, accompanied by a brother officer, Mr. Brisbane, a servant and two "woodmen." This feat of endurance is pleasantly described by himself in his correspondence.

Tom Moore, in his biography of this generous, warm-hearted son of Erin, among other dutiful epistles addressed by Lord Edward to his mother, has preserved the one telling of this overland trip.

Four years after the visit of the Duke of Clarence, on the 11th August, 1791, there arrived at Quebec George III's fourth son, Edward Duke of Kent, his brother Col. of the 7th Royal Fusiliers. The frigates *Ulysses* and *Resistance*, had brought from Gibraltar this fine regiment, which the Duke commanded during his stay in the city, 1791-94. On the 12th August, there was held in his honor, at the Chateau St. Louis, a grand levee, whereat attended the authorities, civil, military and clerical, together with the gentry. In the afternoon "the ladies were presented to Prince in the chateau." Who, then, attended the levee? Did the Prince dance? Who were his partners? There is no register of names; no list of Royal Edward's partners, such as we have of the Prince of Wales, his grandson, visiting Quebec in 1860—merely an entry of the signers of the address, in the Quebec *Gazette* of the 18th August, 1791. Can we not then re-people the little world of Quebec of 1791, and bring back some of the chief actors of those stormy, political, but frolicsome times? Let us walk in with the "nobility and gentry" and make our best bow to the scion of royalty. There, in full uniform, you will recognize His Excellency, Lord Dorchester, one of our most popular

administrators. Next to him, that tall, athletic military man, is the Deputy Governor-General, Sir Alured Clark. He is now in close conversation with Chief Justice William Smith; around there is a bevy of Judges, Legislative Councillors, Members of Parliament, all done up to kill, *à l'ancienne mode* by Monsieur Jean Laforme, court hair-dresser, with jabots, powdered periwigs and formidable pigtails.

Here are Judge Adam Mabane, Secretary Pownell: Honorables, Messrs. Finlay, Dunn, Harrison, Holland, Collins, Caldwell, Fraser, Lymburner; Messrs. Lester, Young, and William Smith, Jr. Mingled with them you also recognize the bearers of old historic names, Messrs. Joseph de Langueuil, Baby, DeBonne, Duchesnay, Duniere, Gueroult, de Lotbiniere, Roc de St. Ours, Damburges, de Rocheblave, de Rouville, de Boucherville, Lecomte Dupres, Taschereau, de Tonnancour, Panet, de Salaberry, and a host of others. Were these gentlemen all present? Probably not all. They however, were likely to be. The *convenances* required their presence.

A volume would not suffice to detail the brilliant receptions and state balls given at the castle during Lord Dorchester's administration—the lively discussions, the formal protests originating out of points of precedence, burning *questions de jupons* between the touchy magnates of the old and those of the new *regime*; whether La Baronne de St. Laurent* would be admitted at the Chateau or not; whether a de Longueuil or a de Lotbiniere's place was on the right of Lady Maria, the charming consort of His Excellency Lord Dorchester, a daughter of the great English Earl of Effingham; whether dancing ought to cease when their Lordships the Bishops entered and made their bow to the representative of royalty. Unfortunately, Quebec had then no Court Journal, so that the generations following can have but

* This fascinating French lady had come with him from Gibraltar.

faint ideas of all the witchery, the stunning head-dresses, the *décolletés*, and high-waisted robes of their stately grandmothers, whirled around in the giddy waltz by whiskered, epauletted cavaliers, or else courtesying in the demure *menuet de la cour*.

We are now nearing the stormy era of "Little King Craig." Troublous times are looming out portentously for the earnest, hospitable, but stern Laird of the Castle, Sir James Henry Craig. The lightning cloud, however, will burst over his successor, Sir George Prevost. As oft before, the trumpet of Bellona has sounded; this time at Washington, on the 18th June, 1812. "Prepare for the Invader," is repeated with bated breath in the streets of Quebec. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," would have been the reply of warlike, fighting Sir James H. Craig, had he been at the Chateau when hostilities broke out from beyond the border. Soon tokens of battle of a foreign pattern will stud the approach to the castle.

"Five cannon taken at Detroit, are now lying in the Chateau court," says the *Quebec Mercury*, of 27th October, 1813, whilst the prisoners taken at Detroit, brought down to Quebec, await embarkation for Boston, for purposes of exchange. Quebec was martial with United States uniforms—American prisoners—the Yankee Generals Winder, Chandler, and Winchester; Col. Winfield Scott, later on General Winfield Scott, who culled laurels in the Mexican War, and so many other officers and privates, that the Governor of Canada scarcely knew how to dispose of them.

"The result of the American defeat at Queenston," says the historian, Robert Christie, "had been important. One general officer (Wadsworth), two lieutenant-colonels, five majors, a multitude of captains and subalterns, with nine hundred men, one field-piece, and a stand of colors, were the fruits of the victory, the enemy having lost in killed, wounded, missing and prison-

ers, upwards of fifteen hundred men.'

Sir George Prevost may possibly have, from the terrace of his Chateau, been watching the embarkation of the invaders on board of the transports anchored in the harbor below, after having witnessed in the September previous their arrival as prisoners at the Union Hotel, facing the castle.

We find in the *Quebec Mercury* of 15th September, 1812, the following item:—"On Friday, arrived here the detained prisoners taken with General Hull at Detroit. The non-commissioned officers and privates immediately embarked on board of transports in the harbor, which are to serve as their prisons. The commissioned officers were liberated on their *parole*. They passed Saturday morning at the Union Hotel, where they were the gazing-stock of the multitude, whilst they, no way abashed, presented a bold front to the public stare and puffed the smoke of their cigars into the faces of such as approached too near. About two o'clock they set off in a stage with four horses for Charlesbourg, the destined place of their residence."

What changes the wheel of time does bring round! Eighty-three years after that date, Hough's "stage and four horses" might occasionally be met on the same road, conveying a jolly squad of United States tourists, mayhap some of the grandsons of the Invaders of 1812, not to Charlesbourg as a forced "place of residence," but to the romantic ruins of Chateau Bigot, all bent on having a good time.

Did the chieftain of St. Louis Castle locate those prisoners at Charlesbourg proper or in that other adjoining locality, Beauport, in Judge De Bonne's former stately old mansion, on which the eastern and detached wing of the Beauport Lunatic Asylum now stands. Tradition has ever pointed to the latter building. They had not been under restraint much more than a week when, by the following advertisement in the *Quebec Mercury*, dated 29th September, 1812,

we find the British authorities attending to their comforts with a truly maternal foresight :

“ COMMISSARY GENERAL'S OFFICE,
QUEBEC, 28th Sept., 1812.

“ Wanted, for the American prisoners of war, comfortable, warm clothing, consisting of the following articles :

Jackets,
Shirts,
Drawers,

Mocassins or Shoes,

Also 2,000 pounds of Soap.”

From this it is clear John Bull intended his American cousins should not only be kept warm, but suitably scrubbed as well. Two thousand pounds of soap foreshadowed a fabulous amount of scrubbing.

Col. Scott remained in Canada from the date of his surrender, 23rd October, 1812, to the period of his departure from Quebec, say May 1813. But he was on *parole* the whole time.

Benson J. Lossing relates a creditable anecdote concerning the majestic and humane Colonel, later on christened by his country “ Old Fuss and Feathers ” on account of his love of dress and display on his imposing person. It mentions Col. Scott as interceding with the British authorities to secure better treatment for some of the Irishmen taken prisoners who were supposed to have violated their allegiance as former British subjects, and his succeeding in his humane mission.

Tradition points out, as the residence of the American officers, *paroled* later on in Quebec, the dwelling in St. Louis street formerly occupied by Wm. Smith the historian, and since enlarged and fitted out for the Union Club.

More than once, as it has been previously stated, the grand old chateau wore a funereal aspect. Mr. Ernest Gagnon, in his interesting sketch of the Chateau Saint Louis, quotes a striking passage from *Vie de Madame C. E. Casgrain*, the mother of Abbé H. R. Casgrain, the historian. This lady, in relating one of her first visits to the castle, on 4th Sept., 1819, tells

of the silent groups of city visitors, attracted to view for the last time, the inanimate remains of its late occupant, Charles G. Lennox, Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Aubigny, Governor-General of Canada, an old Waterloo man. The Duke had fallen a victim to hydrophobia, contracted from the bite of a tame fox, which he had thoughtlessly petted on the market-place in Sorel, before joining a hunting party. Madame Casgrain vividly portrayed the harrowing scene preceding his death on the Upper Ottawa : how the first attack of the dire malady on the brave Governor, was noticed in the woods, when he was induced to return to Quebec ; how on his nearing the stream, his horror of water was such that he frantically ran into the woods where, in his frenzy, he was heard repeating to himself, “ Charles Lennox, die like a man ! Shall it be said that a Richmond was afraid to meet death ! No, never ! ” After struggling very hard, he was overpowered and secured by his attendants, taken to the boat and tied down. The noise of the waves brought on another furious attack. Death closed the tragedy, at Richmond, long before he reached the castle. A tablet marks his grave, in the Anglican cathedral, at Quebec.*

On the 15th March, 1824, the *elite*

* Professor Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College, notices in 1819, a curious appliance of the Duke's for convivial purposes at the castle. “ Among the curiosities of the place, is a famous round table with a circular place cut in the middle. This, it seems, is occupied by the host when he drinks wine with his friends who are arranged around him. That there may be no impediment to conviviality, not even the usual trouble of circulating the bottle, there is an ingenious machine of brass, shaped a little like a sextant, which can, at pleasure, be attached to the table, or removed ; the centre embraces a pivot, on which it moves, and the periphery of the circle, sustains the bottle ; the machine revolves in the plane of a horizontal circle ; in other words, on the circular table ; this is effected merely by touching a spring. The contrivance is certainly as important as it is original.”—*Silliman's Tour from Hartford to Quebec, in the autumn of 1819, p. 292.* There is no record of this ingenious machine of the Duke's, having been patented, no doubt very useful, and as the Professor remarks, important “ and calculated to save trouble, should the genial nobleman ever have ‘ twelve-bottle men ’ dining at the Chateau ! ”

of Quebec met at the Chateau to found the *Literary and Historical Society* of Quebec. On the 5th Sept. of the next year, the great Duke of Saxe-Weimer, attended by a guard of honor paid a visit to Sir Ralph Burton, Lt-Governor at the Chateau, in the absence of Lord Dalhousie, and was saluted on his departure, by 21 guns.

* * * * *

In bringing to a close this brief sketch, may we not recall how many representatives of royalty, under French and under English rule, Viceroy, proud Dukes, distinguished Earls, martial Counts and Barons, occasionally held there their court, in quasi-regal style, in order to keep up the prestige of France's *Grand Monarque* (Louis XIV.) and thereby im-

press, the surrounding Indian tribes with his might; or as worthy representatives of the British crown in the new world: Champlain, de Montmagny, Dailleboust, Lauzon, D'Argenson, de Mésy, de Courcelles, stern old Count de Frontenac, La Barre, Calières, de Vaudreuil, de Ramsay, de Longueuil, de Beauharnois, de la Calissonnière, de la Jonquière, Duquesne; General Murray, Sir Guy Carleton, Sir F. Haldimand, Lord Dorchester, General Prescott, Sir James H. Craig, Sir George Prevost, Sir James Kempt, Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, the Duke of Richmond, Earl Dalhousie, Lord Aylmer?

SPENCER GRANGE,
Quebec.



ARMS OF FRANCE, UNDER HENRY III.

OUR CHILDREN AND THEIR READING.

BY MADGE MERTON AND THE EDITOR.

Part I.—A BOY'S READING.

PARENTS in this Canada of ours, have little too concern in what their children read. It is in the training of the children that the hope of our country lies. If children's minds are kept pure in the early stages of their growth, fewer preventative laws will be needed for adults. And yet only a small percentage of the fathers and the mothers recognize their duty in this particular.

The Plaistow matricide case is still fresh in the minds of the people and illustrates the demoralizing tendency of the sensational literature with which our boys may easily supply themselves. No motive for the cold-blooded murder of their mother by Robert Coombes and his brother, other than that produced in the minds of the wretched boys by the pile of cheap romances and blood-thirsty tales which was found in the house at Plaistow, has been given.

Less than a month ago, four youths wrecked a New York Central train. The engineer was killed, and a number of other employees were seriously injured. The boys' intentions, as declared by themselves, was to get plunder; and in order to accomplish their purpose, they had resolved to kill all the passengers who resisted. And these boys were yet in their teens! As in the Plaistow case, a quantity of "penny dreadfuls" was found in the possession of one of the youths.

Canada and the United States are flooded to-day with a class of literature which is sense-destroying and soul-damning. The wisdom of the Canadian Government prevents the distribution of certain literature which

would, in their opinion, have an evil effect on fully-formed minds of men and women, but the plastic mind of the youth has no guardian in law, and is subject to all the influences which are exerted by this evil literature. It is senseless to keep cutting off the top branches of the trees you desire to kill. It is equally foolish to try to keep grown-up people from desiring doubtful literature, if the youths and maids are, in their habit and thought-forming period, to be allowed to revel in tales of bloodshed or licentiousness.

Searching for advice on this subject, I turned to Edward W. Bok's recent book for young men, entitled "Successward," and I carefully scanned all its pages for some advice as to "reading." To my utter disappointment,—would it be ungentlemanly to say "disgust"?—I found not a word of advice or warning. Cards, wine, tobacco and dissolute society, bad hours and bad habits are all treated of, but not a word as to the proper food for the mind.

How many men can look back over their own lives and see, with a shudder, the time and energy they wasted on the "penny dreadful"! They have not yet forgotten the numbers of these wild tales they read on the sly in the unguarded hours of their youthful pastime; and, perhaps, they will remember how careless father and mother were in regard to the books their boys perused. The kindly interest and delicate control was not present to prevent the sowing of the tares or the whirlwind. No warning hand pointed out, in a friendly way, the dangers of this exciting pathway; no directing finger directed the latent ambition to better spheres and more profitable employment. They were

allowed to wallow in the reeking filth of a criminal and blasphemous literature, to engender a taste for that which satisfied not, for an opiate which lulled the senses only to destroy them. A proper appreciation for the real, the natural and the simple was destroyed by a constant vision of the unreal, the unnatural, and the complex and imaginary sets of circumstances.

Parents should provide their boys with literature suitable to their ages and dispositions, so grading their reading that they will desire better books as the years are added. This literature is plentiful and inexpensive. In almost any town, the boy who desires books may get them from the Sunday School libraries or the Mechanics' Institutes. The trouble with the Sunday School libraries is that those who buy the books for them, are unable to distinguish between good fiction and bad and hence taboo a great deal of the best of the world's literature, by condemning all fiction except the story of the boy who got converted and went as a missionary to the Fiji Islands. The fault of the Mechanics' Institutes and Public Libraries is that too often they are not free. They should be supported by a general tax on the community, so that the poor man's son may have an abundance of wholesome mind food.

Outside of these two means of getting books there is another—too little used—and that is, buying them. Think of all the reading there is for a boy between twelve and eighteen years of age, in the *Boy's Own Annual*, for two dollars, and then there are the cheap editions of Scott, Dickens, O'Malley, Kingston, Ballantyne and all the rest of them.

But let me speak particularly of Henty's books, for I have read many of them. Where can a boy get a better idea of Harold and the battle of Hastings, of the differences between the Anglo-Saxons and the Normans, than in "Wulf the Saxon?" Then

think of such titles as "When London Burned," "Beric, the Briton," "Through the Sikh War," "With Wolfe in Canada," "The Dash for Khartoum," "With Lee in Virginia," "St. Bartholomew's Eve," "With Clive in India," "Bonnie Prince Charlie," "The Lion of the North (Gustavus Adolphus)," and his latest books,* "A Knight of the White Cross," being a tale of the siege of Rhodes by the Order of the Knights of St. John in the time of the Crusades, "The Tiger of Mysore" and "Through Russian Snows." What delightful tales these are, and what a taste for history they engender!

There are other recent books, which may be mentioned. "Hallowe'en Ahoy!" by Hugh St. Leger,† is a splendid tale of sea-faring life, with much information about ship handling. "Under the Black Eagle," by Andrew Hilliard, is an illustrated Russian story. "The Secret of the Australian Desert," by Earnest Favenac, gives a graphic description of the early days of the white settlers in that Anglicized colony. Other new books worthy of mention are, "At War with Pontiac," by Kirk Munro; "For Life and Liberty" and "The Cruise of the Rover Caravan," (not a sea tale), by Gordon Stables; "The King's Recruits," by Sarah M. S. Clarke; "A Gentleman of France," "The House of the Wolfe," and "The Story of Francis Cludde," by Stanley J. Weyman; "Fergus McTavish," "The Wilds of the West Coast" and "Up Among the Ice Floes," by J. Macdonald Oxley, of Montreal.

Among the older books are, "Tom Brown's School Days," "Gulliver's Travels," "Captain Cook's Travels," some of R. M. Ballantyne's tales of North America, such as "Ungava," "The Dog Crusoe" and "The Young Fur Traders," some of W. H. G. Kingston's sea tales, such as "Old Jack," "In the Eastern Seas," and "Saved from the Sea."

* Henty's Books can be procured from The Copp, Clark Co. or William Briggs, Toronto.

† London, Blackie & Son; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

A class of books suitable for older boys, is the "English Men of Action" series, including descriptive biographies of Wolfe, Gordon, Havelock, Livingston, etc.

There are numerous elementary books on science which will teach a boy to think as well as interest him. The books of the Rev. J. G. Wood are invaluable. "Petland" tells about all kinds of animals that boys love. "Strange Dwellings" describes the habitations of animals. "Out of Doors" is a volume of practical natural history. Richard Kerr's "Hidden Beauties of Nature" tells many tales of the deep sea inhabitants. Lewis Wright's "Popular Handbook to the Microscope" is very instructive. In elementary astronomy the best book I know is "Consider the Heavens," by William Steadman Aldis.

The Methodist Book and Publishing House have issued some charming Canadian books for boys. "Forest, Lake and Prairie" is well illustrated, and gives a good view of Western life, but is not of a high grade in literary style. E. R. Young's books are better. They are entitled "By Canoe and Dog Train Among the Cree and Saulteaux Indians" and "Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp-Fires." Among others are "A Veteran of 1812," and "Lion, the Mastiff" by A. G. Savigny.

When this article was written up to this point, I came across an article in *Book News*, by Edward E. Hale, D. D., entitled "Books for Boys," and I find that he recommends as being best suitable for a boy's reading, books of travel which have adventure in them. He recommends Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, Arabian Nights, Grimm's Fairy Tales, and a few others of the standard imaginative works. "Try Parkman's histories," he says, and every Canadian should take the advice to heart. Get your boy to read Parkman's books through—every library has them—and he will have placed a solid foundation for

a study of the history both of his own and other lands. Dr. Hale recommends Scott, Cooper (these are especially good for Canadian boys, but they must be read under guidance), Dickens—not Marryat—Weyman and Stevenson: and Thackeray and the Kingsleys when he is old enough. For poetry he seems to like *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*. For Canadian boys I would suggest that volume compiled by the Hon. G. W. Ross entitled "Patriotic Recitations;"* and, by all means, a Tennyson. If his parents were Scotch, he will be sure to get Burns.

When I was a boy, I read "St. Elmo" to my mother, and I have never forgotten it. What a boy learns by heart or reads aloud remain with him all through life. Read what Dr. Hale says on the mother's influence:—

"I have seen a fine boy of seven sitting at his mother's feet and reading Shakespeare with rapt enthusiasm; and I have known other boys, who seemed as quick and as intelligent, who could not be made to read Shakespeare before they were fifteen or sixteen years of age. It may be observed in passing that no woman can better occupy herself than in reading aloud to her boys, before they are old enough to read with pleasure themselves. I knew a spirited woman who read fifteen of the best of Scott's novels aloud six times, as six different boys came to the age of enjoyment. And I rather think that those young fellows, as they grew into life, always looked back on the evening with Scott as an evening of special pleasure."

On this point Mrs. Burton Harrison says:—

"In nothing is the mother's sphere of influence over her boy at home more clearly defined than in aiding his choice of reading. The boy born with a love of books is the possessor of a little kingdom of his own, secure and blessed. Nothing can dispossess him; he is never dissatisfied; no hunger or thirst of spirit but can be appeased. To wander in this realm of his, hand-in-hand with her son, is a privilege his mother should recognize and use to its utmost limit. If it be her ill-fortune to find in her child a lack of interest in reading for himself, a great deal may be done to inoculate the youngster with interest, which is the harbinger of pur-

*Published by Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Toronto.

suit, by reading aloud to him. I have seen a heedless boy hushed, then captivated, by the heroic passages from Shakespeare and Scott (authors he had persistently avoided for himself) thus administered, and afterward rather shamefacedly go back to pore over their pages at every opportunity of leisure."

In conclusion, let me say, that on a boy's books and papers depends, to a very great extent, the course of his life. Parents who do not recognize this, and fail to direct and control their boys' reading are committing a crime against the society of which they form a part, and a sin against themselves. If they can afford to buy the books for the boys they should do so, and let every youth have the nucleus of his own library. If they cannot do this they should see that their sons have entrance to the best libraries in the neighborhood, and to the best books in those libraries. Allowing a boy to associate with "penny dreadfuls" is like allowing him to make companions of criminals and lepers. The idle moments of a boy's life are his weak points, and unless they are jealously guarded the poisoned arrow of vice may enter and unman him.

THE EDITOR.

Part II.—A GIRL'S READING.

The time to form a girl's taste for reading is before she begins to read. Her mother, her father, her home environment, her baby outlook on life will have set her feet in one or another direction before she can spell the words or hold the book. The reading time will confirm or change her trend of likes or dislikes, build up or raze her character blocks, but the books are not at the root of the matter. With many children it is not so much a keeping away of bad books, as the providing of good ones that is needed.

But there are more kinds of books than simply good and bad ones. There are profitable ones—those which teach

something or inspire the reader to learn something. It may be they teach of pudding-making, or keeping guards on temper, giving up something nice, living down some sorrow—books that strengthen, that show life as it is—the littleness of its vanity, the unequalled grandeur of its unselfish strength—books that honor old age and venerate childhood, that unlock the mysteries of nature, and point to the Divine through them all.

There are books which are simply silly, dealing with the foam of life, teaching nothing, yet not morally bad. They advance no thought. The mind stagnates during their perusal. They only avail to waste time.

Then there are books that give forth from every page the miasma of the soul that produced them. They hurt and poison every eye that peruses them. It is no excuse to read them because others read them, or because they are the fashion of the hour. They will blister through their influence long after their wretched names have been forgotten. They idealize the evil in human nature, glossing it carefully with a veil of spurious virtue. Such books are written by people of warped sensibilities for people of warped sensibilities. If the authors' readers were of their own kind alone it would be only the stirring of a foul pool to feed an already foul stream. But one of the evils of to-day is that most people think they must read every new book that falls from the press—that their little world stands waiting and burning for their opinions. There is something to be said for the reading of old books. They must be out of common to live. Time sifts them in a way, though the sieve is a coarse one.

Nowadays we hear of crimson sunflowers, or navy blue flags, or some such outlandish combination of nouns and adjectives. We used to hear of "fates" and "secrets," varieties of "marriages" and "sins." Now, we read of flowers new to botanists, and

women, new or old, women who did or didn't, or were in the way.

There is a great deal too much sentimental prudery about holy things, between mothers and daughters, but there is an unblushing familiarity with unholy things that is pitiful. Mothers are to blame if daughters give their confidences to others, but the deplorable lack of interest is accentuated by frivolous or prurient books.

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Even among helpful books many girls read too many of one kind—all romance, all history, all science, all biography, or all philosophy. If they would have well-balanced brains, the mental diet must be varied. What is the happiness in possessing a slab brain or a slab character—rounded on one side alone. It may be an interesting monstrosity to the world at large, but infinitely uncomfortable to live with.

It is hurtful to keep up a pretence of reading everything. One need not be expected to wallow in the lake to get a drink. Reading to be able to say "I have read," is responsible for many an unattentive eye, skimming over half-conned pages.

Assimilation of thought and inspiration for thinking are the true objects of serious reading. It is vain to pretend to remember everything, or to distend the mind with disconnected, indigestible lumps of knowledge.

And humor—blessed be pure humor! The rest and benefit of a hearty laugh have counteracted the ills of life, times out of number. The deftness of intellect which comes from the quick appreciation of comical situations and witty sayings, is not to be despised by even the most ponderous brains. The man of melancholy has it not, and he has missed a good having.

The true use of reading is to build character. There are, let us be thankful, no male and female ethical quali-

ties. What is right for a woman is right for a man, and a girl should read the same books her brother should read. In so-called "books for boys," courage is extolled, physical endurance is lauded, and a true deference and a proper reward go to the one in the right. In most of the books for girls, there are too many dolls and too much tears. The girls would be the better for imbibing the courage and endurance of their brother's books, with even the Indians thrown in. Men have written for their boys out of their own experiences as both boys and boys' fathers. Most mothers have been too busy to write for their girls, and there have been unreasonable books idealizing little prigs of children who never could have existed.

In the Pansy books there is such an unreal glamor of goodness, that it either proves oppressive, or tends to make the believer in it very dissatisfied with ordinary life and human beings. The works of A.L.O.E., which are old-fashioned now, added to the good characters a few bad ones. They were like the little girl who had the little curl,—when "good," they were "very, very good," when naughty, "horrid."

Miss Alcott's books are true to life, and they are among the classics for younger people. Some boys have read her stories, and many more would have read them had they not been so widely labelled "Books for Girls." A boy hates to be caught doing anything "girly-girly." The lines have for so long been drawn so very tightly. As a matter of fact, a boy gains in having presented to him the refinement of good girls' lives. His nature needs the ameliorating influences of pictures, birds, flowers, and children. He needs the heart of his mother in him, and it would be well if boys read the best of their sister's books for softening; the sisters, their brother's books for strengthening.

Let the girls read "Robinson Cru-

soe," "Ben Hur," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Rudder Grange" and "Westward Ho!" and if they must have a love story, "April Hopes," in which Howells has mirrored the sweetest bit of girlhood, eyes ever glimpsed at. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote of a paradise which she called "An Old Maid's Paradise." Her husband, Mr. Ward, afterwards invaded it, but the glory of the natural surroundings, at least, remain unchanged, even if the dainty little maid and the dapper little cat are less prominent now than then. The "Reveries of a Bachelor" may properly come next, and then "Dream Life," for in those two there is so great an estimate set on women that it does a girl good to read them as being a man's opinions. I hope the young girl will want to read Dickens and some of Hawthorne. I trust she will read Parkman and get her Indians from authentic sources. Scott should come to her naturally, and so should Emerson, Lamb, Holmes and Thoreau. John Strange Winter, with her pigmy graves and the sunlight meadows on the mountains, comes fresh from human nature to the hearts of her readers.

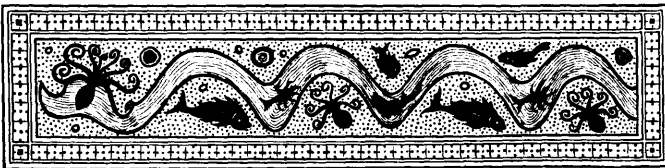
Poetry is the jam of literature. And jam is not to be tabooed because it is not bread and butter. Whittier, with the white old Quaker-soul of him written into his verses, will help

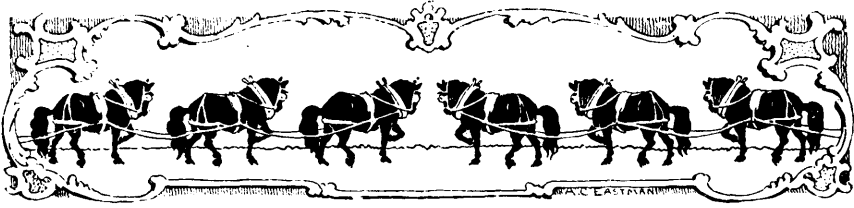
any girl. Tennyson comes, of course, and Longfellow, while Burns comes to the Scotch children, at least, as a heritage. Jean Ingelow the young girl will read, and Havergal, perhaps. Scott's poems will make her feet tread to the clatter of the hoof-beats, in Hood she will see the world all a-gley; in Mrs. Browning, a sweet, strong soul, looking out through dim-sighted eyes in a far-off world. Wordsworth and Robert Browning she will read for earnest study, and Shakespeare she will read and re-read and weave into her life.

When the same books are written for and read by both boys and girls, when there is an agreeable amalgamation of the strong and the tender, a boy will not have to wait for the woman he loves to live gentleness into his life, a girl will not wait to learn of her hero among men, an admiration for physical endurance, and a courage that goes straight to the hardest place.

When boys and girls read more nearly the same books, that proverbial first year of married life will be robbed of half its misunderstandings. Men and women will be more companionable when they absorb thought from the same sources, live up to the same ideals, and measure their deeds by the same principles.

MADGE MERTON.





CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

When the Spanish South American colonies first revolted against a decrepit home government, certain of the European powers manifested a desire to interfere on Spain's behalf. These European countries feared the growth of constitutional government. Great Britain, on the other hand, was in sympathy with the struggles for constitutional freedom in Southern Europe and in Southern America. Mr. Canning hoped, by the help of the United States, to prevent any interference with the South American revolutionists, and with this idea in mind declared that he would call in the New World to restore the balance of the Old. In pursuance of this concurrence of ideas, President Monroe of the United States, promulgated, in December, 1823, what is commonly known as the Monroe Doctrine. It laid down that "The American continents, by a free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subject for colonization by any European power." No further territory could be acquired by discovery and occupation. All territory owned by them might be colonized, but no future European colony was to be established within the borders of any independent American State. Its immediate object was to prevent France from helping Spain to recover her lost South American colonies.

Would this doctrine, in its pristine

glory, be any basis for United States interference with Great Britain's establishing what she believes to be a proper boundary line between British Guiana and Venezuela? Or would it be a basis for preventing France from using the Isles de Salut, French Guiana, as a penal colony? It would certainly prevent—if the doctrine had International Force behind it—Great Britain conquering Venezuela, but it cannot be used as indicated in the two questions asked above.

But the trouble is that the Monroe Doctrine is an inchoate principle which has grown conveniently in the minds of the United States diplomats and statesmen, and they have tried, with poor results, to apply it to sets of circumstances which it was never framed to meet. Lord Salisbury has dealt a heavy blow to this doctrine in his recent despatches to the United States Government. He has fearlessly relegated it to the rear benches of the international playhouse—so far back that it has little chance of seeing the stage, much less being a factor even in the shifting of the scenery. He has by his thorough, manly and dignified exposition of England's position, won golden opinions from the bulk of the British people.

FORMOSA FULLY OCCUPIED.

The history of the Japanese occupation of Formosa, between June 1st and Oct. 15th, by "the victors and veterans from Port Arthur and Weihai-wei," is well told in a recent issue

of *Harper's Weekly*. It required 50,000 Japanese troops, some hard fighting and much re-organizing, to bring this Chinese wilderness into order. But "against the solid discipline and thorough preparation of the best army in Asia, they (the Black Flags) wilted," and now Formosa's scamphor forests, her timber, her drugs, spices and tea gardens, her gold mines and her rice fields are ready for development.

ALCOHOL AND TEA POISONING.

"It is a well attested fact that the insane asylums contain from one-third to one-half of alcoholic patients." Such is the recent statement of Dr. Tison, at the last meeting of the French Association for the Advance of Science. He says that this mental alienation is due to the destructive effect of alcohol on the nervous system. This man has made a special study of the matter of alcoholic poisoning, and says that medical efforts to cure it are not available because the patients are unwilling to be cured. Hence, a social treatment is necessary to prevent excess, and special institutions should be erected to receive inveterate alcoholics.

Medical men are fast arriving at the general conclusion that tea and coffee are poisons. Tea-chewing is seen to have most disastrous effects, causing, in a short time, a kind of neurosis. Professor Virchow, of Berlin, says that caffein (the active principle of tea and coffee) is nothing more or less than a strong stimulant, and in large quantities is poisonous like brandy. Two French physicians have recently given special attention to the subject, and detail the results from heavy tea and coffee drinking as caffeic dyspepsia, nervousness, insomnia, vertigo and painful cramps at night. But they assert that the symptoms subside with cessation of use, being much less persistent than those of alcohol-poisoning.

There seems to be no reason to doubt the evil effects of over-indulgence in

weak and strong drink. Every mother and every father owe it to themselves, their children and the State, to be temperate in the use of tea, coffee and liquor. They should cultivate that broad view of life which considers present actions with a view to future as well as present results.

THE CANADIANS FOR CANADA.

The number of Canadians who cross the Atlantic Ocean each year is very large. Some are bent on pleasure, some on a wider education or a greater culture, and some on business. The great majority of these cross by steamers flying foreign flags and sailing from United States ports. It is a case where personal pleasure and comfort are considered of more importance than the duty of patronizing enterprises controlled by their fellow-citizens. They cannot be blamed for their conduct. The fault is Canada's, and the loss is Canada's.

From London comes the gratifying report that Mr. Chamberlain has decided to subsidize a fast mail service between this country and the British Isles. The Canadian Government had previously proposed to grant a subsidy, but before the projectors of the line could or would undertake the enterprise, the assistance of the Imperial Government had to be secured. According to the reported arrangement, Great Britain will grant a subsidy equal to one-half of that granted by Canada, such sum not to exceed £75,000. This assures the success of the line, the minimum speed of which will, no doubt, be set at twenty knots per hour.

While this movement is important in itself, as enabling Canadians to spend their passage money on British ships, and as enabling passengers to come direct to Canada on well-equipped sea-carriages without touching foreign soil, it is also important from another point of view. It shows that Canada is gradually passing from the position of a mere possession or colony

to that of an important, component part of "Greater" Britain. The day is coming, although we of the present generation may not see it, when Canada, and Scotland, and Ireland, and India, and Australia, and South Africa shall be parts of a whole—each working out its own destiny within the common destiny of that whole. This evolution has begun, is going on, and, so far as we can foresee, is likely to continue.

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

Another example of this drawing together or consolidation of the Empire is seen in the proposed Pacific Cable. Once it was a dream of the dreamers; now it is a scheme of the schemers; it promises to become an act of the actors. A commission, consisting of two representatives from Great Britain, two from Australia, and two from Canada, is to be appointed by the Imperial Government to consider this scheme for bringing the whole British Empire within speaking distance of Windsor Castle, without the use of the stranger's land, water or machinery. Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon never laid such foundations for a great Empire as the democratic statesmen of "Greater" Britain are doing to-day, and amid it all, a Canadian may be pardoned for an exhibition of pride when he recognizes that in this movement Canada and Canada's statesmen have taken the lead. On them lies the great credit of having conceived and initiated these two special features of this consolidatory movement.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS.

The amount of snap and enterprise displayed by some of the Canadian weeklies is exceedingly pleasing to an interested observer. The *Toronto Week* recently celebrated its thirteenth anniversary. Its whole aim has been to help the growth of Canadian literature, and to cultivate a high degree of thought and criticism among the Cana-

dian people. Its efforts are to be applauded.

The Brantford *Expositor* has moved into a new home, and celebrates the occasion by a "Souvenir Number, 1852-1895." But this beautiful issue is more than that; it is a volume of Canadian history which is invaluable. John King, Q.C., Toronto, writes of William Lyon Mackenzie, and an old picture of the patriot is published for the first time. Other valuable historical articles are contributed by Hon. James Young, Galt; William Houston, M.A., Toronto; and William Buckingham, author of "Life of Sir Alexander Mackenzie," Stratford. The illustrations in this forty-four page number are magnificent, and give an exalted idea of the enterprise that exists to-day in Canadian newspaperdom. Mr. T. H. Preston, the editor and publisher, is ex-President of the Canadian Press Association, and a man of broad culture, rare ability, and unbounded enthusiasm.

The *Toronto Saturday Night* is another paper that is displaying a commendable enterprise, and that along national lines. The leading story in its Christmas number is "A Reconnaissance at Fort Ellice," by William Bleasdel Cameron, with illustrations by J. C. Innes. It is an exceedingly accurate and dramatic portrayal of some past scenes in the wonderfully picturesque history of the Canadian North-West. The drawings by Mr. Innes are exceedingly bold and powerful in conception, although slightly lacking in careful attention to detail. "A Matter of Necessity," by John McCrae, is another excellent piece of work by a young man whose verse has often appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. "Jim Lancey's Pass" is written in the natural and forcible style of E. E. Sheppard, or "Don" as Canadians know him best. "Henderson of Strathgannon," by Joe Clark (Mack) is another charmingly written tale.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

On the evening of November 27th, in the city of Paris, Alexandre Dumas, the younger, passed away at the age of sixty-eight. Dumas Sr. wrote "The Count of Monte Cristo," his son wrote "Camille." As a novel "Camille" was a sensation, as a drama it was a triumph.

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A Toronto barrister has blossomed out as an author of a volume of fiction. "The Woman in Blue" by Lincoln Hunter is a wild, weird, improbable, disheartening tale with a large percentage of hypnotism and the morphine habit. Mr. Hunter displays considerable power in the treatment of his unpleasant and somewhat antique theme. To those who like startling details and soul-frightening situations, the book will be welcome.

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Of an opposite character is the mild tale of love from the pen of another Toronto writer, Louie Barron. "Zerola of Nazareth" (Chas J. Musson, Toronto, publisher) is the tale of the courtship of Theon a Jew of the first century, and Zerola the sister of our Saviour. A wicked Egyptian captures the girl and carries her off to Rome. She and her seeking lover have wonderful escapades but everything ends happily at last. The story is told in the language of the present but consists of descriptions of personages and events which have long been familiar to the readers of the four Gospels. The language of those descriptions is very chaste and at times powerful.

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The early settlers of Acadia were French and they were from 1710 to 1755 under British rule. By 1755, the country which gave their ancestors birth and which had so grossly neglected them was but a memory to the Acadians. "The two hundred who founded the colony had grown to seventeen thousand souls, a small nation with habits, tastes and traditions of its own. * * * By little and little, the accumulated labor of several generations had pushed back and limited the sea, had encroached on the forest; the wilderness blossomed as the rose; the tiers of rising upland smiled with the golden grain." On the gentle slopes that lead to the Basin of Mines, guarded on each side by Cape Blomedon and Cape Fendu, was the famous Grand Pré Village. There were other settlements at Port Royal, Beauséjour and Pigiguit. But this happy people clung to their ancestral traditions and refused to take an oath to an English King because that oath required them to express a willingness to take up arms

against their French kinsmen across the Bay of Fundy or in Canada. Because they refused to take this oath they were "heaped pell-mell in ships and scattered on a dozen coasts, like leaves whirled away by the winds of autumn"

These quotations are from Edouard Richard's recent valuable work on Canadian History entitled, "Acadia, Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History." His object in this work is to properly place the blame for this inhuman deportation. In his preface he says: "This book will, in my judgment, effectually clear England's Home Government's honor of the deepest historic stain ever attached to it. Let the stigma be obliterated which England has hitherto borne; burnt it into the foreheads of Lawrence, Belcher Wilmost, Morris and their accomplices." Parkman and the compiler of the Nova Scotia Archives have arrived at the same result, but have not used the same route and have not presented, Mr. Richard believes, the circumstances in the proper light. The compiler comes in for his utter condemnation as having omitted the facts which Mr. Richard summarizes as follows: "It is clearly apparent by the documents which I have produced, all of an official nature, and by some others also which I have seen that, in the autumn of 1713, only a few months after the signing of the treaty of peace (Utrecht), the Acadians announced to Lieutenant-Governor Vetch their intention to leave the country; that from that moment they prepared for their departure, but were prevented by Vetch under the pretext that they had to await the arrival of Governor Nicholson; that the latter, without regard to the conditions of the treaty and the formal orders of the Queen transmitted to him by Mr. de la Ronde, and without any other motive but to give time and deprive the Acadians of the rights granted to them by the treaty, referred their request to the Queen; that, subsequently, after having refused to transport the Acadians in English vessels, he also refused to French vessels entry into the ports of Acadia; that their determination to leave the country was such that they built vessels themselves; that wishing to procure at Louisburg rigging to equip them, they were refused permission; that, having applied to Boston for the same object, they again met with a refusal, and, moreover, their vessels were seized."

These facts and many more are proven in the 780 pages which, * Mr. Richard, himself a descendant of these French Acadians devotes

*New York, Home Book Co.; Montreal, John Lovell & Son.

to a thorough analysis of this period of Acadian history. The style is peculiar, but the reasoning and the methods are above reproach. This book should be in every Canadian library.

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Canadian children have to thank Mrs. Traill for some nice books, but for none more than her latest one, even if she is ninety-four years of age. Her kindly love of God's broad, natural creations enables her still to appreciate the same objects as please innocent childhood and youth. This collection of "Cot and Cradle Stories,"* issued under the editorship of Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon, will be appreciated by all classes, and especially those who have learned to love her other delightful books, such as "Lost in the Backwoods," and "Pearls and Pebbles." The titles of the stories give a good index to their character: "The Queen Bees," "Blind Willy's Dream," "Midge, the Field-mouse, and Her Family," "The Pet Bantams," "The Little Builders," "The Swiss Herd-Boy and His Alpine Mouse," etc., etc. They are all charmingly simple, yet graphic, interesting, educating and noble. The purity of language, tone and sentiment makes them a strong contrast to much of the trash printed for the perusal of children.

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The China-Japan war has turned the eye of the world upon the Island of Formosa. Information about the Island and its people has been eagerly but vainly sought. The literature on the subject is scanty and for the most part unreliable. The announcement of a volume by the renowned Missionary, Dr. G. L. MacKay, who knows Formosa better than any other living man, will therefore be especially welcome at the present time. Dr. MacKay is the Missionary hero of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, but his name and fame are in all the Churches. He was educated in Toronto, Princeton and Edinburgh, giving special attention to Theology, Natural Science and Medicine. In 1872 he began his labors in North Formosa with headquarters at Tamsui. At that time the field was, from a Missionary viewpoint, virgin soil. There was not a church, chapel or native Christian anywhere in its cities, plains or mountains. Dr. McKay has carried on his work with almost no foreign helpers. He believes in a native Church and a native ministry. With that in view he began his work in 1872, a stranger, alone, ignorant of the people, their language and customs. Today there are in his mission, scattered throughout North Formosa, sixty organized native churches, four of them self-supporting; a living baptized membership of 2,719; a communion roll of 1805, and each one of

the sixty churches is ministered to by a trained native preacher. At Tamsui he has established Oxford College with fifteen students in training for the ministry, a girls' school for the education of girls and Bible women, and a hospital and dispensary. Visibility is given to the work in Tamsui, Bangkok, Toa-Tiu-tia, Sin-tiam, and other cities by college and church buildings, fourteen of which are of stone, that in size and style would do credit to Western Christianity and civilization. In carrying on this work Dr. MacKay has come into the closest relations with the people. Indeed, his wife is a Chinese lady. Being a cultured student as well as a sharp-sighted observer, he has studied *con amore* the habits and customs of the Chinese in the North and West, of the Pepo-hoan in the East, and of the savage tribes among the mountains. One scarcely cares to speak of hardships and hair breadth escapes in such a life. They are every day occurrences. He was the first to face the hatred of the foreigner there; and many a time it would seem that the Chinese assassin in the dark or the Chinese mob in the open street, would rid the Island of the "Foreign Devil." Or, escaping the Chinese rage, there were the savage tribes, the "Black Flags," in the mountains and their stealthy head-hunters on the border-land, who more than once lay in ambush for "the black bearded barbarian." His new book* is suggestive of thrilling experiences, but a wise reserve is manifested. Dr. MacKay is known to be a man of indomitable energy, fearless courage and apostolic faith and zeal. But his book is much more than a record of conversions, chapel building and Missionary adventure. It will be read by thousands who care for none of these things because of its instructive chapters on the geology, botany and zoology of Formosa, and its studies in the ethnology of its inhabitants. These chapters are intensely interesting, and are of permanent value. The book is written in a direct, terse and vigorous style. The many illustrations and maps add greatly to its interest and value.

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"A Daughter of a King, by Alien, published in cloth about a year ago, has now appeared in a neat paper-bound edition. New York: F. T. Neely; Toronto: The Toronto News Co. The book is a reply to "The Story of an African Farm."

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"A Christmas Canticle and Other Measures," is the title of a dainty little booklet of verses by E. H. Stafford, a Toronto poet.

* "From Far Formosa; the Island, Its People and Missions." By George Leslie MacKay, D.D. Edited by Rev. J. A. Macdonald. Maps and Illustrations 8vo., cloth, \$2.00. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto.

*Toronto, William Briggs.

The style of the booklet itself is very charming, while the contents are worthy of attention. Mr. Stafford's verse does not soar very high, nor does he touch the most sublime strings of the poet's lyre, but his verses are clear, simple and carefully polished. He is lacking in powerful imagery but is deeply thoughtful. His descriptive poems are by far the best, his love of nature being his most noticeable characteristic—that is, judged through his verses. (Toronto book stores).

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One of the latest issues in Longman's Colonial Library is "Joan Haste," by H. Rider Haggard. It is a lengthy and conventional English love story. The illustrations are very attractive and make the story more impressive.

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Those who have made themselves familiar with Henry Drummond's "Ascent of Man" and Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution" will find a recent book interesting. It is "The Christian Consciousness" * by J. S. Black, and deals with its relation to

evolution in morals and in doctrine. Mr. Black studies everything, like Kidd, in the light of history; the English method as op-

posed to the German or Austrian. For instance, he shows how men have changed their views in reference to slavery, alcohol liquors,



FRONTISPIECE FROM "COT AND CRADLE STORIES."

gambling, woman's place in society, etc. The book is not dry but rather of a decidedly interesting character.

* Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston. Cloth \$1.25.

IDLE MOMENTS

ALWAYS DID.—"Do you know what Boozey got for Christmas?" "Sure! He got full."

THE REASON.—Cholly Lallygag—Why do you love me? Miss Pert—Because men are so scarce.

IMPOSSIBLE.—He—Why can't we be good friends? She—Because I intend to marry you.

MEMORIES.—Medium—The spirit of your wife wishes to speak with you. Widower—Tell her I won't give her a cent.

WILLING.—Mrs. Enpec—This is the anniversary of our marriage; don't you think we ought to celebrate? Enpec—Certainly; have you any crape?

COLLATERAL EVIDENCE.—"Johnny," said the minister, "I hope your father lives in the fear of the Lord." "I guess he does, sir. He never goes out on Sunday without he takes his gun."

MORE LOVING THAN IT SEEMED.—Walter's mamma was very sick with rheumatism, and he was rubbing her arms, when she said: "Walter it is too bad that mamma is such a trouble to you." Walter replied cheerfully: "Never mind, mamma, if you are only just alive, we don't care how much you suffer."

A DEADLOCK IN THE HOUSE.—"Mamma," "Well, Freddy?" "You licked me last week for whaling Jimmy Watts, and papa licked me yesterday 'cause Johnny Phelps walloped me." "Well?" "I'm wondering mamma, what'll happen sometime when it's a draw."

GRANDPA'S ABSENTEMINDEDNESS.—A little girl who was trying to tell a friend how absent-minded her grandpa was, said: "He walks around thinking about nothing, and when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember."

BIGAMY PROHIBITED.—"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday-school, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas?"

said the teacher, encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said, "No man can serve two masters." The question ended there.

THE CONQUEST OF OPPORTUNITY.—At a picnic given the waifs of Chicago, a plate of tarts was passed to two little urchins, evidently chums. One, whose mouth was too full for utterance, and plate too full for even an extra tart, shook his head; not so his neighbor, who added the tart to his pile of goodies. In a few minutes number one had so reduced his plate that he asked for the refused dainty, when he was told they were gone. Whereupon his little friend was heard giving him this philosophical advice: "The time to take tarts, Bob is when they're a passing!"

HOW A NEWFOUNDLAND EARNED CANDY.—One summer afternoon a group of children were playing at the end of a pier which projects into Lake Ontario, near Kings' on. The proverbial careless child of the party made a backward step from the pier into the water. None of his companions could save him, and their cries had brought no one from the shore; when, just as he was sinking for the third time, a superb Newfoundland dog rushed down the pier into the water, and pulled the boy out. Those of the children who did not accompany the boy home took the dog to a confectioner's on the shore, and fed him with as great a variety of cakes and other sweets as he would eat. So far the story is, of course, only typical of scores of well-known cases. The individuality of this case is left for the sequel. The next afternoon the same group of children were playing at the same place, when the canine hero of the day before came trotting down to them with the most friendly wags and nods. There being no occasion this time for supplying him with delicacies, the children only stroked and patted him. The dog, however, had not come out of pure sociability. A child in the water and cakes and candy stood to him in the close and obvious relation of cause and effect, and if this relation was not clear to the children he resolved to impress it upon them. Watching his chance, he crept up behind the child nearest the edge of the pier, gave a sudden push, which sent him into the water, then sprang in after him, and gravely brought him to shore.

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Among the many special advantages which the Toronto General Trusts Company possesses, and which no individual can offer to the same extent, are (1) Continuity of Service, (2) Security, (3) Effective Management and (4) Constant Supervision.

Continuity of Service.

A company never dies. In its hands, therefore, a trust, no matter how long its duration, is not liable to be interrupted by death, or to have the personnel of the trusteeship changed from other causes, events which are not only a very frequent cause of disastrous delay, but of loss and expense in the appointment of new trustees.

Security.

The large uncalled capital stock of the Company, its accumulated reserve funds, and invested capital, amounting together to over \$1,250,000, furnish the fullest guarantee to the public of the safety of all interests that may be intrusted to the Company.

Effective Management.

A company properly organized, as the Toronto General Trusts Company is, with a Board of Directors of the highest standing and a staff of trained officers, carrying on business on carefully considered principles, and with a special knowledge, acquired by large experience, of the best means of winding up estates and investing money, is admittedly in a better position to efficiently discharge the duties of an executor and trustee, as well as all other positions of a kindred character, than individuals.

In the transaction of the Company's business every species of speculation is avoided, and all securities which the Company hold for each trust under its management, are kept entirely distinct and separate from all others, are registered in the books of the Company for the trust or estate to which they respectively belong, and may at once be distinguished from any other security.

Constant Supervision and Inspection.

The affairs of the Toronto General Trusts Company are under the constant supervision of a Board of Directors, and Executive and Inspection Committees, whose duties are not only to supervise and direct, but to carefully check and inspect the securities of the Company; and, in addition, there is a quarterly inspection made of the books and securities of the Company by skilled auditors. The acts of the Company are participated in by these Directors and Inspectors, and are, therefore, open and not secret, in consequence of which any irregularity is next to impossible.

The Directorate of the Company not only embodies the combined wisdom of many experienced men, but its methods of management are more systematic than those

of individuals ; moreover the Company has an established reputation, which its managers are bound to uphold and increase. No better evidence could be furnished of the public appreciation of the usefulness of the Toronto General Trusts Company, than the magnitude of the interests entrusted to its care since the organization of the Company in 1882. These interests aggregate over \$15,000,000, of which there still remains under the management of the Company \$10,000,000, the balance, \$5,000,000, having been distributed to the parties interested.

Executors under Will.

Of all the offices which the Company is authorized to fill, none is more important than that of Executor, more particularly if the Will creates a trust over a long period of time. How thankless, onerous, and how disastrous often the office of Executor and Trustee is, not only to the individual charged with the trust, but to the trust itself and all interested, it is needless to say. There are cases in everyone's mind where a trusted adviser, Executor or Trustee has gone wrong, and those entitled to the funds of the estate have been ruined. No such experience has ever followed the appointment of a Trusts Company.

If a person is appointed Executor under a Will, and does not wish to act, he may renounce in favor of the Company, to whom Letters of Administration, with Will annexed, can then be issued.

Administrations.

When a person dies without having left a Will, it becomes necessary to take out Letters of Administration ; but before such can be granted to individuals, bonds have to be furnished to double the value of the assets of the estate, and this bond remains in full force until the estate is closed and distributed. When infants are interested, as is frequently the case, this liability may extend over as long a period as twenty-one years. The appointment of the Toronto General Trusts Company entirely obviates the necessity for incurring such a serious responsibility on the part of individuals.

Care and Management of Securities.

The Company undertakes the care and custody of bonds, debentures, script, etc., and every description of security, and guarantees or insures them against loss by fire, theft and accident, while in the possession of the Company. The Company also, for a very moderate charge, collects the coupons, dividends and revenue from securities thus deposited, act as agent of the depositors generally, and pays all sums collected direct to the depositors themselves, or into their banking accounts at the various banks. The employment of the Company for these purposes obviates the necessity of entrusting the management of bonds and other securities to irresponsible persons.

Compensation.

Persons contemplating the appointment of the Company as Executor and Trustee need have no fear of excessive charges for the performance of these duties, as its compensation is always subject to be fixed by the Court, and in no case is it greater than what is allowed to individuals. It will be quite evident, however, that the compensation can only be determined on full knowledge of the extent of the estate and the character of its assets, as well as the period it is expected to be under the care of the Company. If this information is furnished, the Company will be prepared to fix the rate of compensation before the Will is executed or the estate is assumed by the Company.

Solicitors.

The Company has, of course, its own General Solicitors, but it should be stated, for the information of the legal profession, that in all cases where a trust, estate or other business is brought to the Company by a solicitor, he is continued as the solicitor in the management of the legal work connected therewith.

The Toronto General Trusts Company

ESTABLISHED 1882

Capital, \$1,000,000

Reserve Fund, \$250,000

S. E. COR. YONGE and COLBORNE STREETS,
TORONTO, ONT.

Directors:

HON. EDWARD BLAKE, Q.C., M.P., President.

E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D.,
JOHN HOSKIN, Q.C., LL.D., } Vice-Presidents.

W. H. Beatty,
W. R. Brock,
George A. Cox,
B. Homer Dixon,
Sir Frank Smith,

J. J. Foy, Q.C.,
T. Sutherland Stayner,
J. G. Scott, Q.C.,
J. W. Langmuir,
James Scott,

H. S. Howland,
Æmilius Irving, Q.C.,
Robert Jaffray,
A. B. Lee,
George Gooderham.

Under the approval of the Ontario Government the Company is accepted by the High Court of Justice as a Trusts Company, and from its organization has been employed by the Court for the investment of Court Funds. The Company acts as **Executor, Administrator, Receiver, Committee of Lunatics, Guardian of Children, Assignee of Estates, Agent, etc.**, and as **Trustees under Deeds, Wills or Court Appointments or Substitutions**; also as Agents for Executors, Trustees and others, thus relieving them from onerous and disagreeable duties. **It Obviates the Need of Security for Administration.** Estates Promptly and Economically Managed.

Money to loan at Lowest Current Rates, for long or short periods, and on most favorable terms, on improved Farm and City Properties.

J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director.

MAGAZINE ADVERTISING VS. DOLLARS.

THERE is no need to tell you what you know yourself. Magazine advertising possesses a certain characteristic of its own. The classes who read high-class periodicals are the intelligent men of professions, offices and trades, students, mothers, daughters. Well informed, well-to-do men and women are the purchasers. These are the people who want quality in an article, and consider the price afterwards.

Magazines have a permanent value, they are kept much longer than the daintiest circular or the brainiest newspaper. Their advertisements are more often and more thoroughly perused than those of any other publication.

Artistic excellence can be better attained in their advertising pages, because of better quality of paper and ink used.

The CANADIAN MAGAZINE is without a rival in Canada to-day. It is the only non-sectarian and non-political Magazine in the Dominion. The most distinguished Canadian writers contribute to its pages, some of the largest and wealthiest firms in Canada are its advertising patrons. We frankly admit

we feel proud of the splendid advertising patronage received from the trade. We do not allow any advertisement of a questionable character to appear in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, no matter how high a rate is offered. We do not lose interest in your business once a contract is signed. We believe it is to our own interest, as well as yours, that your advertisement should amply repay you, and we do our share towards accomplishing that. We will be pleased at all times to quote advertising rates to intending advertisers.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

TORONTO.





By special appointment *Caterers* to His Excellency
the Governor-General.

Good Things to Eat

Our place is full of them. Our Cata'ogue will tell you all about them. We can set them before you in the best style, with all that is new and elegant in table decorations and furnishings. We ship Wedding Cakes, Christmas Cakes, Birthday Cakes, Jellies, Creams, Charlotte Russes, Ices, Hot and Cold Entrees, and all kinds of Catering Supplies to all parts of the country.

The Harry Webb Co., Ltd.

66, 68 and 447 Yonge Street,
TORONTO.



JAEGER.

THE STANDARD
UNDERWEAR
OF THE
WORLD.

We have opened a

CANADIAN DEPOT,

A1

63 King Street West, Toronto,

FOR SALE OF ALL

Dr. Jaeger's Specialties

For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

Illustrated Price List Free on Application.

Special Attention to Mail Orders.

WREYFORD & CO., - Proprietors

Mrs. Wreyford Manages Ladies' Department.

YOUNG MAN

YOUR SWEETHEART

Would like a pair of those beautiful

“CLAUSS” SCISSORS

Be sure that “CLAUSS” is stamped on them.

For sale by all **FIRST-CLASS** Hardwares in Canada.

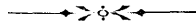
CLAUSS SHEAR CO., - Toronto.

If your not particular and don't
 object to an inferior
 IMITATION
 take the first thing offered
 to you



But 

If you desire the real thing see that the
 wrapper on what you buy corresponds
 IN EVERY PARTICULAR
 with the above



COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES WHO ARE SUFFERING

from the untold miseries produced at some
 period of their lives by the use of ill-fitting
 footwear

Are Invited to Inspect Our Stock

of specially selected Boots and Shoes built on
 the most approved principles, and strictly scientific lines.

We can give you a Boot or Shoe **that will
 give you as much comfort as** it is possible
 for you to have. For

The Nicest Overshoes,

The Most Tasteful Dress Slippers,

The Best Skating Boots,

for both Ladies and Gentlemen, try

H. & C. BLACHFORD,

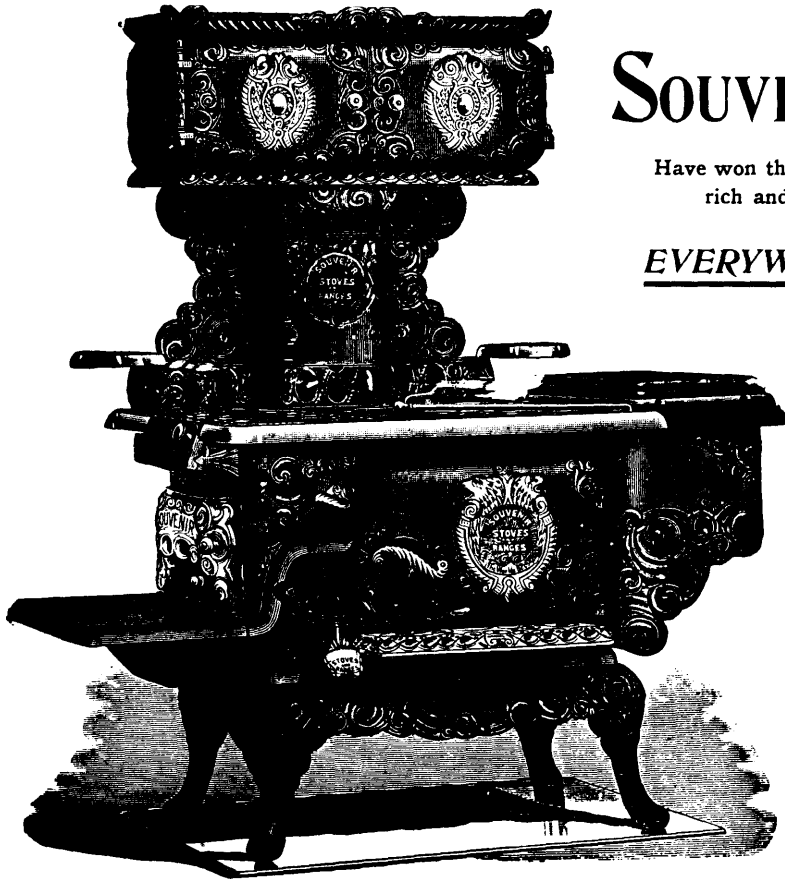
83 to 89 King Street East,

TORONTO.



MUNSON No. 1.
 THE
Highest Medal **MUNSON**
TYPEWRITER
 No. 1.
 World's Fair, 1893,
 Awarded to the
The Highest Grade Standard Machine.
The Most Elastic and Easy Touch.
Absolute Alignment. Interchangeable Type-wheel
PERFECT WORK WRIT ANY LANGUAGE.
 Impossible to tell you the whole story here. Send us your address for a Catalogue, giving full description and particulars.
 The Munson Typewriter Co.,
 240-244 W. Lake St. Chicago, Ill., U.S.

All the World
Loves a **WINNER**



SOUVENIRS

Have won the hearts of
rich and poor

EVERYWHERE.

Don't Worry about it. There is at least one Cooking Range that will give you the luxury of perfect satisfaction. You see **Souvenirs** are not made like ordinary stoves, they have an Aerated Oven, which greatly improves the flavor of all foods cooked in it. Saves about $\frac{1}{2}$ the fuel, consequently it saves much time, money and labor. They are easy to buy. One will last a lifetime. We guarantee that no stove made will give more practical results. They are sold everywhere.



The Gurney-Tilden Co., Ltd.,

Sole Manufacturers.

HAMILTON, ONT.

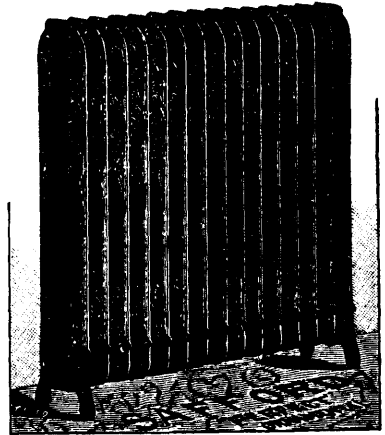
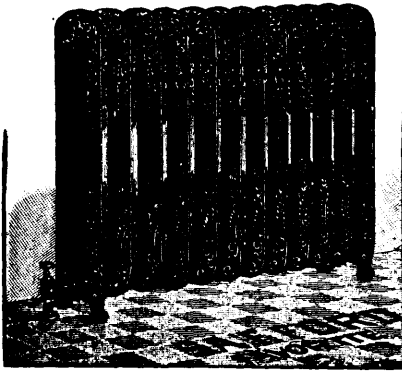
You Don't Know Anything About Home Comforts in Cold Weather

IF YOUR BUILDING IS NOT HEATED WITH

"SAFFORD RADIATORS"

USED FOR

Hot Water AND Steam Heating



A Large Variety of Patterns . . .

. . . Clean, Well-Defined Castings

NO Bolts
Packing
Leaky Joints

†
†
†
†
†
ALL Tested to 160 lbs.
Fully Guaranteed
Made by
Intelligent Labour

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

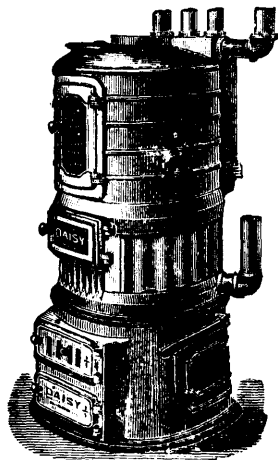
THE TORONTO RADIATOR MANUF'G CO. (LTD.)

TORONTO, ONT.

ALSO AT

MONTREAL, QUEBEC, ST. JOHN, HAMILTON, WINNIPEG, VICTORIA,
QUE. QUE. N.B. ONT. MAN. B.C.

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.



MERIT ALONE

Has placed the

DAISY HOT WATER HEATERS

at the top.

Warden King
& Son,
MONTREAL
AND TORONTO.

Sales greatly exceed the combined output
of all other Hot Water Heaters
in Canada.

THE

“ECONOMY”

IS THE

Standard of Excellence

IN

COMBINATION HEATERS AND WARM AIR FURNACES.

~~~~~  
*SEND FOR CATALOGUE.*  
~~~~~

J. F. PEASE FURNACE CO.

HEATING ENGINEERS,

189-193 Queen Street East, TORONTO.

The New Hot Water Heater, "THE WATSON."



CONSTRUCTED upon scientific principles, its successful operation practically demonstrates the correctness of these principles. The gases are consumed as soon as formed. No smoke, no soot, no dust, great economy in fuel.

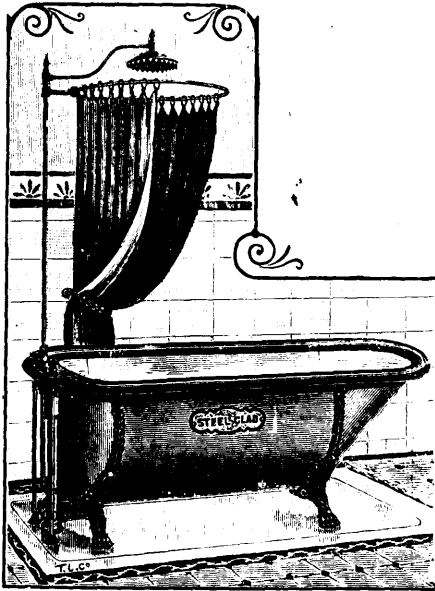
**The Grate so constructed that it is impossible to clog.
A child can shake it.**

• • • •

Send for Catalogue to

The Watson Heater Co.,
546 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

“Variety is the Spice of Life.”



Booth's
“Steel-Clad”
Bath
and
Shower Attachment,
Complete.

We handle the most varied assortment of Bathing Apparatus in Canada.

THE TORONTO
STEEL-CLAD BATH AND METAL
COMPANY, LTD.

125 and 127 Queen St., E.)
114 and 116 Richmond St., E.) TORONTO.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier,

**PURIFIES
 AS WELL AS
 BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN**
 No other cosmetic
 will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 46 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the

hautton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop's 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.
 For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe
 Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

"THE SCHOOL OF DRESS-CUTTING."



TEACHING OUR
**"NEW
 TAILOR
 SYSTEM"**
 OF
 Square
 Measurement

For Ladies' and Children's Garments.

The leading system. Easy to learn. Covers the entire range of work. Can be learned thoroughly from the printed instructions. Send for illustrated circular. Large inducements to good agents.

J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge Street, TORONTO
 Practical Dressmakers, Cutters and Milliners.
 (Established 1860.)

Odorama
 The Perfect
 Tooth Powder
 Sweetens the Breath, strengthens the Gums, cleanses the Teeth and preserves them permanently.
 "Having analyzed and tested 'Odorama,' I find it to be composed of ingredients well known to the dental and medical profession as being the best for cleansing and preserving the teeth. It contains nothing that could in any way be deleterious in its action, and it has my unqualified approval."—W. T. STUART, M.D., C.M., Professor of Chemistry, Trinity Medical School; Professor of Chemistry, School of Dentistry.
Aroma Chemical Co.
 Toronto.



**In the
 South**

Increased attractions for the coming Fall and Winter.

Atlanta Exposition

Opening of the magnificent

Hotel Jefferson

and the Superb AT RICHMOND, VA.

Hotel Chamberlin

AT OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

The Winter service of the beautiful Hotel at

Hot Springs, Va.

added to the usual attractions of the famous

Hygeia Hotel

the

AT OLD POINT COMFORT

Princess Anne

AT VIRGINIA BEACH

The New Southern Health Resort,

Piney Woods Inn

SOUTHERN PINES, N.C.

and the celebrated hotels at

Asheville and Hot Springs

SOUTH CAROLINA

All reached by the beautiful new steamers of the

Old Dominion Line

direct or by their railroad connections

SEND FOR FULL INFORMATION

OLD DOMINION S. S. COMPANY,

Pier 28, North River, New York.

W. L. GUILLAUMEU, Vice-Pres't and Traffic Mgr.



**ONE APPLICATION MAKES GOLD,
 SILVER AND PLATED WARE
 AS GOOD AS NEW.**

It is economical, harmless and cleanly in use. Recommended by good housekeepers everywhere

SOLD BY ALL JEWELERS
 ALLAN & CO., 132 Bay St., Toronto, Proprietors.

**DON'T, like a goose,
 Let your COLD run on;
 Use BAIRD'S BLACK JUICE
 And it will be gone.**

25c. a bottle

All Druggists.

W. T. BAIRD, 241 Huron St., TORONTO



I.—ADORATION.



Economical Three teaspoons full will make a good cup of Tea for Six People.

This can be secured only from a tea that is all pure and fresh.

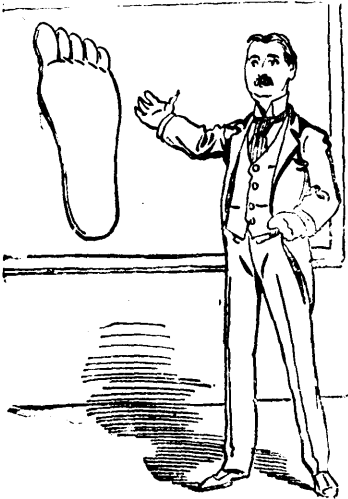
Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea

is one-third stronger than China or Japan Tea. It is packed in lead packets and all the strength and aroma are retained. In bulk tea much of the finer flavor is lost through evaporation. Brew according to direction on the wrapper.

Gold Label, 50c. Lavender Label, 60c. Green Label, 75c.

JAMES TURNER & CO.,
HAMILTON,
Western Ontario.

ROSE & LAFLAMME,
MONTREAL,
Toronto Eastern District and Maritime Provinces.



YOU TAKE "NO" CHANCES.

YOU are working on a certainty when you buy Boots or Shoes from us. We sell you good, durable and stylish Shoes at a most reasonable price. We have a large stock of fashionable footwear now making and arriving daily. First-Class Goods only kept.

The J. D. KING CO., Ltd.

**79 KING STREET EAST,
TORONTO.**

THE CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. Ltd.
PRESTON, ONT.

FINE BANK, OFFICE, COURT HOUSE & DRUG STORE FITTINGS

OFFICE . SCHOOL . CHURCH & LODGE FURNITURE

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Mustard - THAT'S - Mustard

Dunn's Mustard

MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE
 FROM RICH FLAVOURED ENGLISH SEED
 SOLD IN 8c. and 10c. TINS.

Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard

Mr. Gerhard Heintzman . .



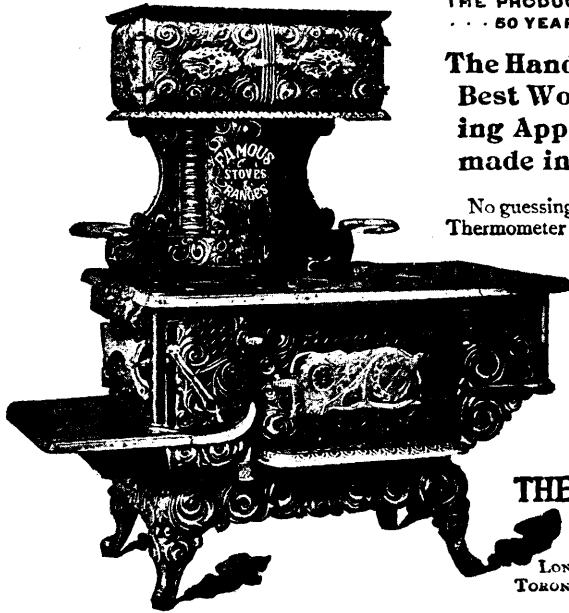
Manufacturer of the Celebrated

The Gerhard Heintzman PIANO

69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ont.

LUBY'S RESTORES THE HAIR

The "Famous Active" Range



THE PRODUCT OF . . .
. . . 50 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

**The Handsomest and
Best Working Cook-
ing Apparatus ever
made in Canada.**

No guessing as to heat of oven.
Thermometer in door shows it
exactly. Every
cook will ap-
preciate this
feature.

Oven venti-
lated and cem-
ented top and
bottom, ensur-
ing even cook-
ing.

**THE McCLARY
M'fg. Co.,**

LONDON, MONTREAL,
TORONTO, WINNIPEG,
VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

ESTABLISHED 1778.



THE GAZETTE

MONTREAL, QUE.

Daily and Weekly Editions.

The Leading Daily Commercial Newspaper of
Canada, and the most Profitable and Reliable
Advertising Medium in the Dominion.

Rates on application to

RICHARD WHITE,

Managing Director,

GAZETTE PRINTING CO., MONTREAL.

For Cracked or Sore Nipples

USE

Covernton's Nipple Oil

When required to harden the Nipples, use COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose 31 cts. in stamps to C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Corner of Bleury and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, Que.

PERSISTENT COUGHING

Will be relieved and, in most cases, permanently cured by the use of

**CAMPBELL'S SKREI
COD LIVER OIL.**

Pure, and almost tasteless, it has not had its essence removed by emulsifying.

CASTOR FLUID..

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair-dressing for the family 25c. per bottle.

Henry R. Gray, Chemist, ESTABLISHED 1859.
122 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, MONTREAL



PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD.—Fatal to Cockroaches and Water Bugs. "Not a poison." It attracts Cockroaches and Water Bugs as a food; they devour it and are destroyed, dried up to shell, leaving no offensive smell. Kept in stock by all leading druggists. EWING, HERROX & Co., Montreal, Sole Manufacturing Agents for the Dominion.

Teaberry
FOR
The Teeth.

**E
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Y**

*A Unique Preparation
Delightfully Refreshing.
Thoroughly Cleansing.
Perfectly Harmless.*

Prepared by the
**Zopesa Chemical Co.,
TORONTO.**



PROTECT and Beautify your Lawn with one of our Iron Fences. Send for catalogue to Toronto Fence and Oranamental Iron Works, 73 Adelaide St. West (Truth Building).

JOSEPH LEA, Manager.

IF we may tender you our humble advice about your next painting—

USE

**WINSOR & NEWTON'S
COLORS,
OIL OR WATER.**

**WHY? YOU WILL KNOW
WHEN YOU TRY THEM.**

All dealers have them.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Montreal.

Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Importers and Manufacturers Artists' Materials.

**T. FITZPATRICK,
DENTIST.**

Gold Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

54 BEAVER HALL HILL,

Telephone 3755. -:- MONTREAL.

**EYESIGHT PROPERLY
TESTED
BY MY OPTICIAN**

159 YONGE ST. - - - TORONTO

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING.

GOLD CROWNS
AND
BRIDGE-WORK

COMPLICATED GOLD FILLING
PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY

**MacPherson & Dixon,
DENTAL EXPERTS,**

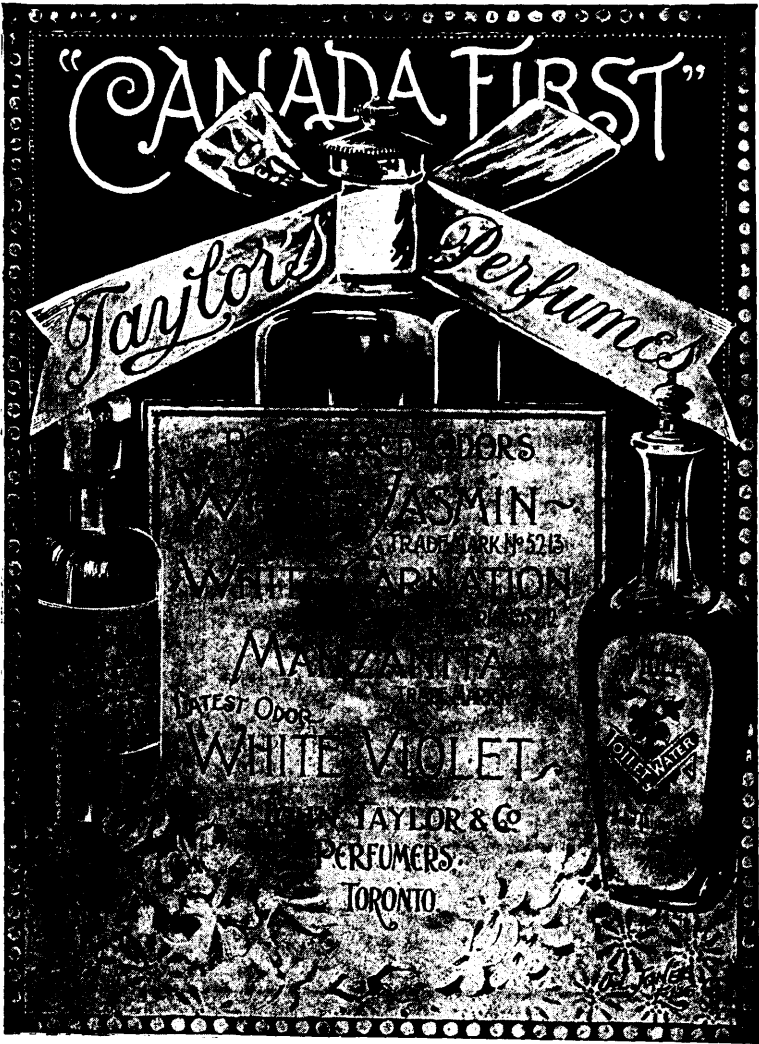
TELEPHONE 3847 44 Beaver Hall Hill,

J. T. MACPHERSON, L.D.S. MONTREAL.
JOHN C. DIXON, L.D.S.

**THE "MONEY-MAKER"
KNITTING MACHINE**

ONLY \$10 ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS. PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN. &c.

THIS IS GOOD FOR \$2.00 SEND TO
**CREELMAN BROS, Mfrs
GEORGETOWN, ONT.**



OUR GOODS ARE JUST RIGHT.



Rigby Porous Waterproof. Rigby Waterproof Clothing and Cloth.

The Goods you would choose to wear
made Waterproof.

The only reason you know that it is waterproof, is that the water don't go through it.

It looks like an ordinary piece of tweed or cloth. It feels the same as unproofed goods.

It is odorless and porous—does not confine the body like a rubber-proofed garment.

It is sold in Men's Overcoats and Suits, Ladies' Cloaks and Dresses, Golf Capes, Bicycle Suits, Coachmen's Livery Overcoats, or in Tweeds, Melton's, Beavers, Dress Goods, and in fact all Woollen Fabrics by the yard.

Dry, Warm and Comfortable, permits free respiration of the pores of the body and keeps out the wet.

MAJOR 284
SEVENTH 1998
MAJOR 246
MAJOR 461
SEVENTH 5724
MAJOR 153

THE AUTOHARP. Any person can play it. This new and inexpensive Musical Instrument should be in every house. Can be learned in a few moments. **WHALEY, ROYCE & Co., 150 Yonge Street, Toronto.**

JOHN LABATT BREWER LONDON CANADA ALE & STOUT

10 GOLD, SILVER & BRONZE MEDALS & 11 DIPLOMAS
AWARDED AT THE
WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS

TORONTO: Jas. Good & Co., Yonge St.
MONTREAL: P. L. N. Beaudry, 127 De Lorimier Ave.
QUEBEC: N. Y. Montreuil, 271 St. Paul St.
St. JOHN. N.B.: F. Smith, 24 Water St.



II. —SEPARATION.

BE SURE | IT'S
YOU GET | GOOD
ONE! THE.....

SUNLIGHT ALMANAC

FOR 1896

A SPLENDID BOOK OF REFERENCE, 480 PAGES

Given Free 'Sunlight'
TO USERS OF SOAP

HOW TO GET IT || Commencing November, 1895, and until all are given away, purchasers of 3 packages or 9 bars of SUNLIGHT SOAP will receive from their grocers, 1 SUNLIGHT ALMANAC FREE.

Contains complete Almanac, Home Management, Language of Flowers, Gardening, Fashions and Patterns, Dreams and their significance, Recipes, &c. . . .

ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE TRAVEL BY THE



CANADIAN PACIFIC RY



WHEN
THEY
GO
TO
THE

NORTH-
WEST,
PACIFIC COAST
CHINA
JAPAN



AUSTRALIA
HONOLULU
FIJI OR

AROUND THE WORLD

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.



Equipped with the Finest Day Coaches, Pullman and Wagner Drawing-room and Sleeping Cars. Avoid Changes and Transfers by Buying Tickets over the Grand Trunk Railway.

The Great Tourist Route, touching or connecting with all the principal Fishing, Shooting, Hunting, Boating and Bathing Resorts, and serving all the Cities and Towns in Canada.

The Great International and Double-Track Route and
"The Popular Tourist Line."

YOU CAN REACH THE FAMOUS
Georgian Bay, Muskoka and Midland Districts

"THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO"

Via Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Port Huron, Rouse's Point, Massena Springs and Montreal.

See that your Tickets read over **THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

M. C. DICKSON; District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

G. T. BELL,
Asst. Gen. Pass Agent.

N. J. POWER,
Gen. Pass. Agent.

L. J. SEARGEANT,
Gen Man., Montreal, Que.

. . . THE . . .

Flint & Pere Marquette RAILROAD

FROM

Port Huron and Detroit

Is the short line to

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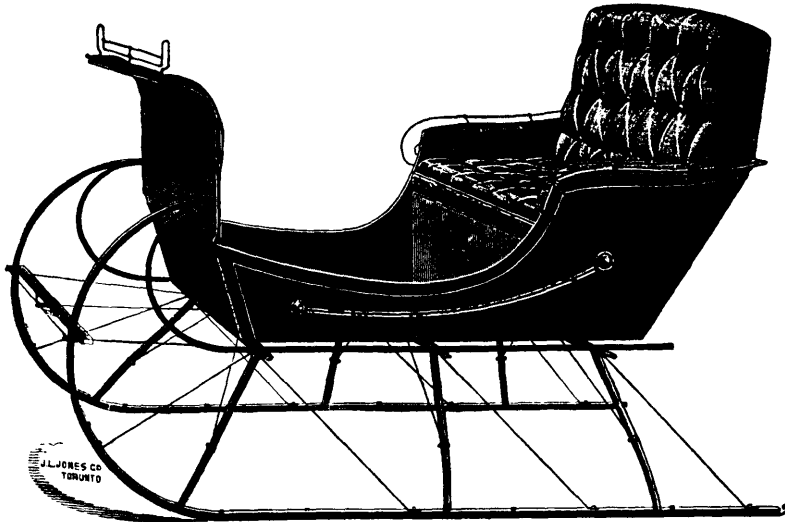
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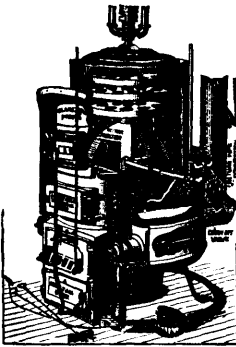
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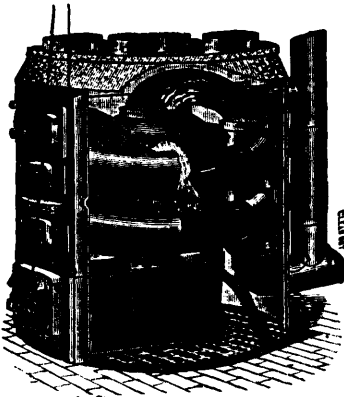
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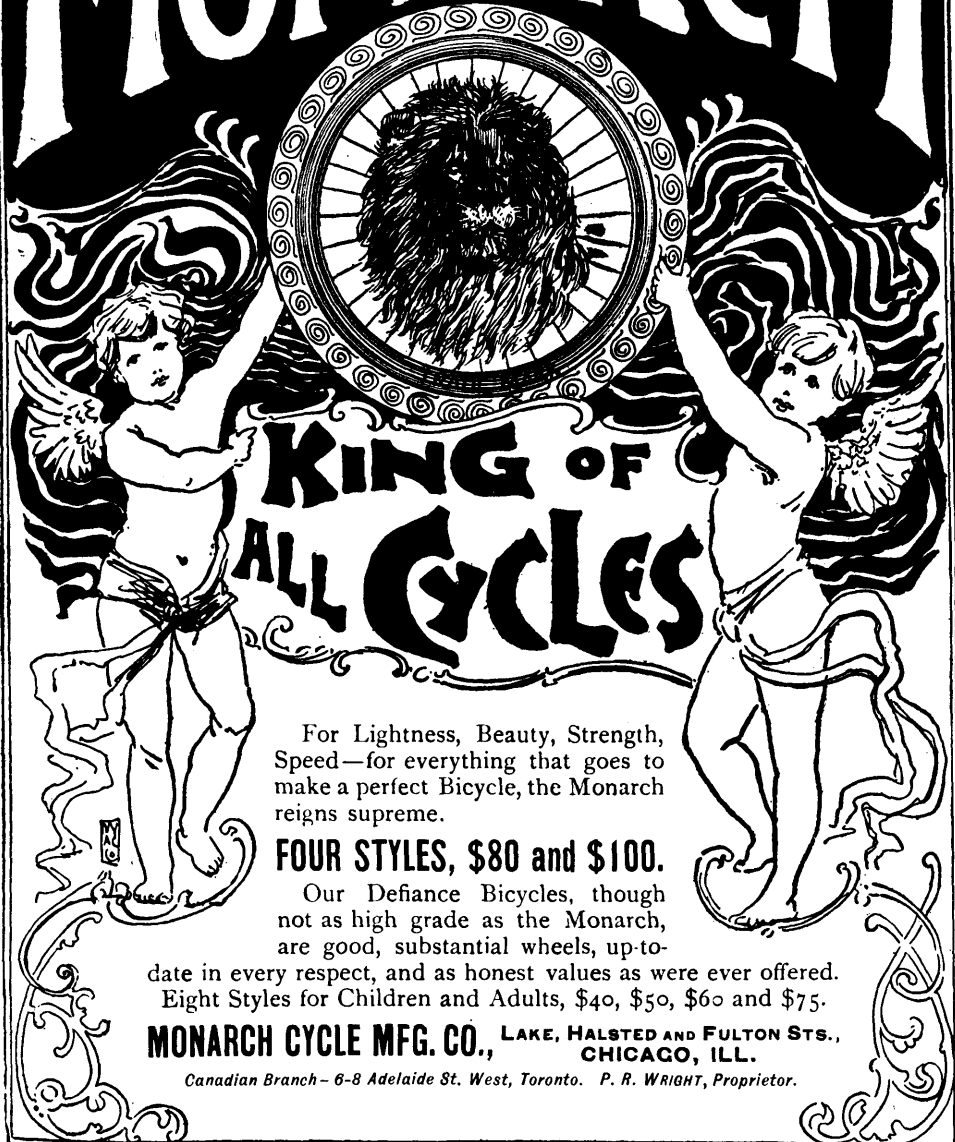
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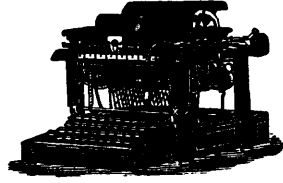


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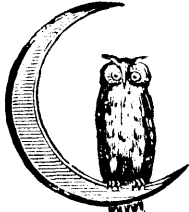
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