THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE

VOL. XL

NOVEMBER, 1912, TO APRIL, 1913, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO
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1913

Contents of Volume XL

NOVEMBER, 1912—APRIL, 1913.

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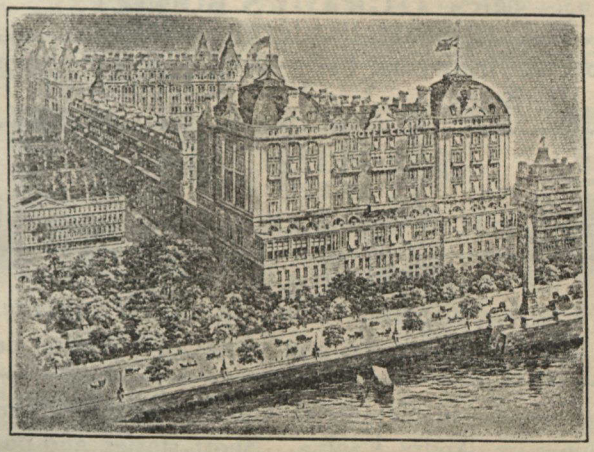

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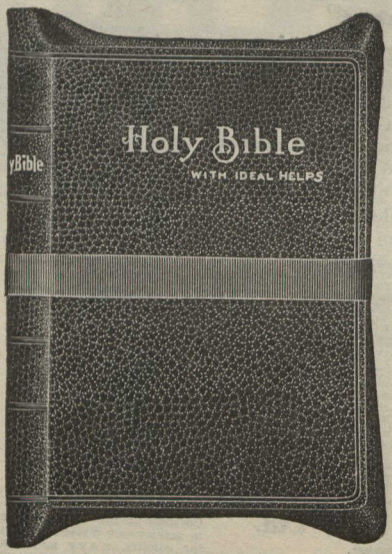

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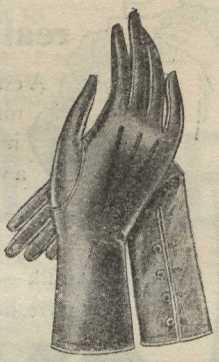

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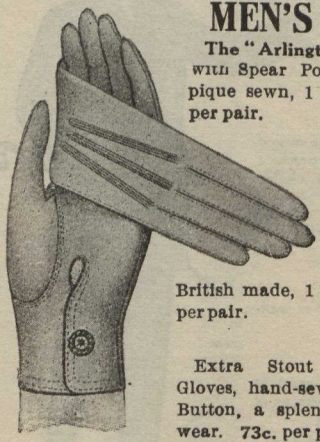

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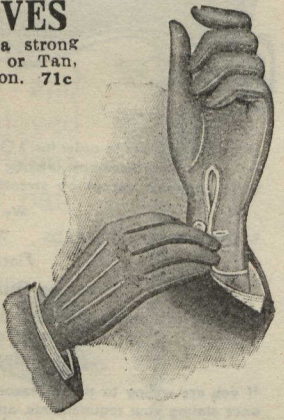

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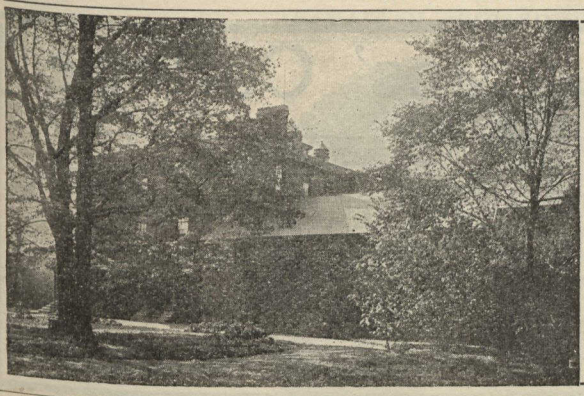

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From the Drawing by Andre Lapine

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XL TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1912 No. 1

WINDERMERE TO CONISTON

By NEWTON MacTAVISH

FOR comparison with the Lake Country of England I have been trying to recall an impression of some set of scenes in Canada. But I do not succeed. Yet I should not yield to any inference that my failure is an admission of my country's failing. Because one can find in Canada scenery equally enthralling, equally enchanting, and much more sublime and stupendous; and indeed if one were pressed to it a similarity might be found in some aspects of the valley of the Gaspereau, or the valley of the Matapedia, or along the Laurentian range. But, of course, even if one could find in these alluring tracts vistas that might cause some poet to write as wrote Wordsworth one May morning at Rydal:

"If with old love of you, dear Hills, I share
New love of many a rival image brought
From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought,"

—even if we could find something that would bring back a memory of Windermere or Coniston, one would miss from it the taming marks of man's hand. For man's hand during a thousand years has been taming the landscape of England and adding to it the human attraction of great association.

Association is what our scenery lacks; for if we could say, as they say in the English Lake Country, "This is where Coleridge mused; there Dr. Arnold grimaced; yonder Southey sleeps; along this pathway Wordsworth ambled"—if we could even say, "Here De Quincy racked his brains," or "There Lamb pined for Fleet Street," we should have nothing to do but stand apart and watch the glory. As it is, few of us having been born where our scenery is best, the only thing to suggest is that some of us die there.

Dying is what they all come to in the end, even in the Lake Country. Wordsworth's ashes repose in the churchyard of St. Oswald's, and so do Southey's. But the lakes and the weirs and the backwaters and the mists remain, as well as the golden words of these two poets.

Perhaps all their words are not golden, for as we started in a coach from Windermere one showery morning in August, someone had the goodness to say that Southey is not a

A SCENE NEAR WINDERMERE

great poet. In order not to expose my ignorance I quoted a bar from Tennyson and asked if Southey had ever done anything quite so fine. It was then suggested promptly that if we were resolved to discuss poetry it might be well to confine our appreciation to the works of men who are known casually as the Lake Poets. We were in the Lake Country, coaching towards Ambleside, and perhaps it would have been not respectful to the memory of the poets whose ashes we were disturbing if we had taken in aliens. Just then the horses stopped, and I, like De Quincy, racked my brains for a lyrical ballad of Wordsworth's. The only thing I could think of was "After Blenheim." Accordingly I began:

"It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done."

The coach had started again, and our present eminence gave a sumptuous view across a valley to a crag on one hand beyond and a scar on the other hand. The application of the brakes interrupted the ballad, but before I had time to discover Old Kaspar sitting in the sun I was absolutely overwhelmed by outbursts of derisive laughter.

"So you think that Southey produced nothing to equal that?" one of them asked.

"Nothing that I recollect," I replied, but I did not care to admit that my knowledge of Southey was not profound.

We were passing now a beautiful stretch of meadowland, and wishing to change the subject of conversation, I intruded the observation that the pictures in the guide books must be real, because there, sure enough, were the long-horned cattle. In order to make the picture just right the cattle must stand knee-deep in soft, inviting water, and

GRASMERE, FROM DUNMAIL RAISE

I give my word for it that in this instance thus they stood. Beyond the meadow rose the mist-enshrouded summits of the hills, and one would naturally count on that scene to cause a respite of at least five minutes.

But not one minute's delay did it cause, for some one with an abominable memory remarked with exquisite sarcasm that it was the first time she had known that Wordsworth was the author of "After Blenheim." With that there was some giggling, until I became embarrassed, and then I gradually realised that either Wordsworth or Southey had cause to turn in the grave.

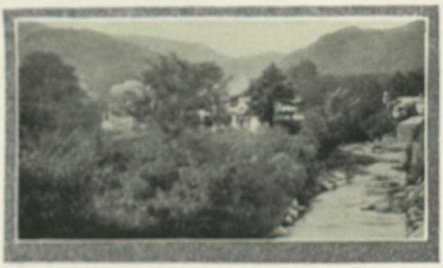
I lay the blame to early training, because if when I was a lad they had had a better system of teaching at S. S. No. 3, Hibbert, I should not have made so lamentable a blunder. We used to con poetry "off by heart," but it seldom occurred to the teacher that the name of the author was or any consequence.

The name was of no consequence once in particular, when an exercise at an examination demanded the writing of three stanzas of "After Blenheim." I thought it was "the stanzas." I knew the poem then even better than I knew it that day near Grasmere, and after writing the lines fully across the page, without dividing them into verse form, I held the sheet up to the boy in the next seat back and whispered that I had three-quarters of the thing done already.

"You great goose," he said, and his words seemed to reverberate throughout the room like sound in an empty cistern, "all you have to do is *three* stanzas."

To realise that was bad enough. But it was not the worst, for the teacher swooped down on me and, on the summary conviction that I had been imparting or receiving knowledge, informed me that twenty marks would be deducted from my count.

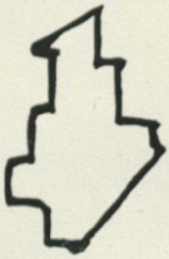
And here near Grasmere, in my manhood, Southey's *Old Kaspar* was



CONISTON AND THE MOUNTAINS

mortfying me again! Had the teacher thought more about the author and less about the stanzas, there might not have been a victim in later life. And I might have known also that Southey lived in the Lake Country. But geography was not one of the illuminating studies at No. 3.

I am writing of thirty years ago. Could it by any count be forty? For I do not care to mislead for the sake of ten years, so we shall place it between thirty and forty. The only map of those early days that I can recall was of Perth county. It looked like a proposition by Euclid. In time we came to know it intimately, and not without some native pride. Its divisions into townships used to set me marvelling, but just where it lay on the face of the globe was beyond my power of imagination. Its relationship, even to the rest of the Province, was, to use a fine old and much-abused Latin phrase, as *terra incognita*. Nevertheless, it had a mapful of character, and in order not to lose this opportunity to perpetuate the outlines of my native county in some publication other than a government gazeteer, they are here set down by my own hand:



But no one should infer that Perth county has been set down as a rival to the beautiful Lake Country. My native county has merits of its own, and if they are not rolling hills and limpid lakes and thatched cottages, I would nevertheless place its mangold-wurzels and fat cattle against anything of the kind to be found between Ambleside and the Coniston Old Man.

If by any chance you attended S. S. No. 3 thirty years ago, you will want to know that Ambleside is at the head of Lake Windermere. It is a good point of departure by coach, and if you are bound for Coniston, as we were, you may achieve that end by any one of several routes, and you may make a circling tour and retrace part of the road you have already passed over. That of itself is enough to start an argument any time, just as it started one for us. For the scenery is so uniformly entrancing that it is confusing to one who is affected more by the spirit than by the letter. The lady who wouldn't allow me to give Wordsworth the authorship of "After Blenheim" observed that we were going over the same road again. I thought that we were not, and I spoke up:

"It doesn't seem to me this is the same road. Do you remember seeing that black cow before?"

"That cow was facing us when we were going the other way," she snapped back at me, "and, as you see, its head and fore-quarters are white."

"GRETA HALL," SOUTHEY'S HOME

"But how about that house? I swear I have never seen those vines and flowers before."

"No; because, before you would have had to look back to see them. But surely you remember this bridge with the lovely old arches."

"All the bridges have lovely old arches."

I began to convince myself that I was right and that the woman was experiencing what is known as second sight. So I stuck to my guns. Nevertheless, as we rolled along, a lone duck in the water hard by aroused a haunting memory, until one scarcely knew whether one had seen that fowl before or was recalling a mental picture formed on reading Wordsworth's

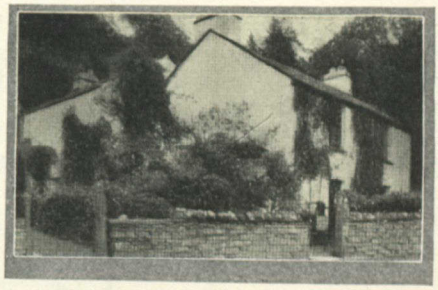
"Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water's edge."

Or again, when horses were seen within a compound, how was one to know actually whether one had seen them there before or was merely harking back to

"When horses in the unburnt intake stood,
And vainly eyed below the tempting flood;
Or tracked the passenger in mute distress,
With forward neck the closing gate to press."

The duck and the horses were soon left far behind, and as we began the ascent of a hill from which we could see a great stretch of meadowland, hillside, copse, and fen, I made the emphatic remark that we had never passed that way before.

The words were received in silence, and it could be seen that it is possible to dwell too long on a triviality. After all, do not trivalities make up the sum of life? Such a triviality, for instance, as our getting out upon the top of this very hill to gather bunches of heather, a flower that we had imagined was forbidden by law to grow anywhere south of the Border.



"DOVE COTTAGE," WORDSWORTH'S HOME

At first we were not convinced that it was heather, although it displayed the purple beauty that we had seen spread lavishly upon the Scottish Highlands. But when the driver boasted of its growth here in white bloom as well as in purple, and presently pointed out some of the rarer bloom for the women to rave over, we almost forgot the controversy about the route. But one of us didn't quite forget, and as the driver seemed to have perceptive qualities, I asked him whether we had gone over the same road twice.

"Not this 'ere road," he answered.

"You hear that?" I said to the woman. "The driver says that we haven't gone over this road before."

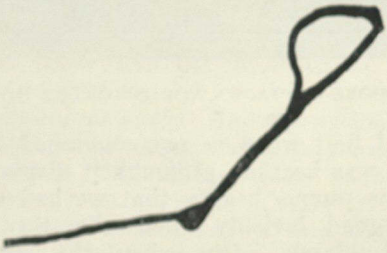
"Perhaps not this road," she said patronisingly, as she came over to where we stood, "but," she continued, this time addressing the driver, "have we during our tour driven twice over any part of the road?"

"Waal," said the driver, "putting it that way, I dussay we 'ave. Back the wi' 'ere a bit we made a loop."

WORDSWORTH'S SEAT, AT RYDAL WATER

He explained that we had achieved the loop by following the road as one would follow a piece of looped and spliced string.

"Look 'ere," he said, and with the butt of his whip-stock he traced this device in the sand:



I looked up, expecting to see a smile of triumph, but instead I beheld an expression of sweetest tolerance and heard the words, "You would be a fine man to lead the Boy Scouts."

All this but feebly tends to show that the English Lake Country possesses ideal roads for coaching. You curve in and out, up and down and around, just as we curved, and I feel sure that you would not be so finical as to care whether you go over the same road twice or a hundred times, such a road as goes

"Through bare gray dell, high wood, and pastoral cove,"

Or again

"When crowding cattle, checked by rails that made
A fence far stretched into the shallow lake,
Lashed the cool waters with their restless tails,
Or from high points of rock looked out for fanning gales;
When schoolboys stretched their length upon the green;
And round the broad-spread oak, a glimmering scene,
In the rough fern-clad park, the herded deer
Shook the still-twinkling tail and glaneing ear."

CONISTON, FROM BEACON CRAG

Scenery is all very well in its way, but even Wordsworth had to humanise his picture with the schoolboys upon the green, the crowding cattle, the fence far stretched, and the herded deer. For us "Dove Cottage" would he an abode of interest even in itself; but when we know that it was Wordsworth's home, we regard it with more tenderness, cherishing the memory of having crossed its threshold.

And indeed it was the crossing of the threshold that seemed to let loose a pent-up volume of Wordsworthian melody. For "Dove Cottage" has become a literary shrine, and, as we passed along, my companions, perhaps unconsciously, were quoting lines from some of this lake poet's most popular lyrics. The lamentable fiasco I had made of "After Blenheim" inspired one of the company to wager for all a round of tea and cake at the *Cock and Hen* that I could not repeat two lines from Wordsworth. We had come upon the stone seat where the muse often visited the poet, and it seemed like a fitting place for us to settle the wager. For a moment I was undecided whether to attempt the two lines or complete Coleridge's "Kubla Kahn." However, I stood upon the eminence looking out upon the serene waters of Rydal, and being assured of the attention of my audience, I recited:

> "Nor sheep nor kine were near;
> The lamb was all alone."

Fair applause followed the effort, and someone remarked that the lines had been well chosen.

"I didn't think you could do it," said the one who had volunteered the wager, and, just as we were about to move on, the creature who had not allowed me to proceed in blissful ignorance of the author of *Old Kaspar* said that in justice to all she was obliged to announce that I had lost the bet.

"Lost the bet!" I exclaimed. "Who *is* the author of those lines?"

"You mean, 'of that *line*'."

"What do *you* mean?"

"You were to quote two lines. Was that not the bet?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, and the truth began to dawn.

"Well," she said, "you quoted only one line."

A great outburst of laughter and jeers followed this announcement, until someone came to my assistance and demanded a higher authority.

"What higher authority do you want than Wordsworth himself?" she replied curtly.

"I'll set up the tea and cake," I cried, "and if anyone wants something stronger, I'll set that up too, with permission of our host."

But our host is forgotten with the sight of two pedestrians trudging grimly on their way and warning us not to play the Hare's part, as in the fable. Thus prompted, we rejoin the coach and are soon miles beyond view of Rydal Water. Still, there is other water to ravish the eye, for at last we have reached Beacon Crag to look down upon Coniston. In the distance the lake is shining under the mountains, and the mists of evening go creeping into the valleys. Blue smoke rises from chimneys set among the hills, and a tinkling of bells comes to us, bells of sheep, perhaps, hidden in the bracken. The cows are coming in for the milking, and their lowing is but faintly heard amidst the rumbling of our wheels. Hedge-rows darkly mark the distant hills, and cooling meads stretch green before the gaze. Great spaces, filling with gloom, lie in between the hills where the lone bittern dissolves into the sky. A stone fence curves over to a cotatge, and an old man, smoking beneath the thatch, contemplates us with an air of admirable detachment. And, after all, what are we to him but part of that restless, never-ending procession that fares merrily down the shining way, down to where the harvest moon gules gravely over Coniston?

A RANDOM INFLUENCE

BY BENJAMIN ELLSWORTH FOX

HALF-WAY down the main street, in fact, the one street, of Winchville, stands the First Church of Christ, Scientist. Its tasteful architecture and wide setting of well-kept grounds give it an air of superiority when compared with the older churches of the place; indeed, it might well grace a more pretentious town and to the passer-by indicate a strong, or perhaps a wealthy following.

When you are told that the church has less than twenty members, all people in the most moderate circumstances, you are surprised, when you learn that the modern edifice was the gift of Mr. Jabez Winch, who lives in the weather-beaten house next door, you are still more surprised, or would be if you knew Jabez Winch.

Prior to this unsolicited and unexpected gift, Jabez Winch had never been known to give anything to anybody. On the contrary, any one who knows him will tell you that he goes about taking something from every one with whom he comes in contact, and that the town's name grows more appropriate day by day, for Jabez Winch is fast coming to either own or hold mortgages on nearly everything within its limits.

When the bewildered Scientists, who had been given scant room or tolerance by the other denominations of the place, could at last be made to realise that they were in truth to have a church, and that, the gift of Jabez Winch, with gratitude not unmixed with the curiosity consuming the whole town, they made haste to go to him in a body to voice their thanks.

Jabez met them in what was for him a kindly manner, but without enthusiasm; and when some of the more ardent and zealous members demanded that he should lend his presence to their meetings, he tartly informed them that when the new church was completed and turned over to them, he should hold no strings on it, and he wished it fully understood that neither should the church hold any on him.

A few days later the people of his own church, the Congregational, where he had been an attendant for half a century, thinking that for some unfathomable reason his stony heart had melted at the eleventh hour, delegated a committee to wait upon him to see if he would give the church a bell, a long-felt want they had never been able to supply. It is safe to say that no member of that unfortunate committee could ever again be induced to approach him on a similar errand.

"Not a penny," he snapped, his bitter glance sweeping the line of petitioners. "I wouldn't hire a man 'at hed t' hev a 'larm-clock t' git him out t' work in th' mornin'; I wouldn't own a dog 'at wouldn't come t' me 'thout bein' whistled at, an' I've got no use fer a set o' dyspeptic Christians 'at needs a bell t' ding-dong 'em t' Sund'y worship."

So the Scientists who had received, the Congregationalists who had been denied, and the town's people not so directly interested, were equally at

sea as to his motive. The reason of his giving remained a mystery, and like other mysteries ceased to be the topic of conversation only when all methods of solving it seemed to have been exhausted.

Jabez Winch is an uncle of mine by marriage—a kind of bloodless relation I might say. I do not mention this because I take any special pride in it, but because I think it was through this slight bond of kinship and the fact that he always seemed to have a kind of fancy for me, that he came to tell me why he gave a church to the Scientists of Winchville. I had called upon him on some matters of business, and these being arranged, more to his satisfaction than to my own I must admit, we went out, in the cool of the afternoon, to smoke on the vine-covered porch. He refused the cigar I offered, and taking from his pocket a pipe which, like his own face, seemed as if carved from some gnarled and seamy root, he tilted back his chair until his head found the shadow of the encircling leaves, his steely eyes resting on the new church a stone's throw away across garden and lawn. The last rays of the September sun, slanting across the valley, were caught by the arching windows and thrown back, a sheen of glory; the long shadows from the wooded slope in the rear, deepened on a lawn of velvet, and the First Church of Christ, Scientist, stood out in the mellow air a pictutre in green and gold.

"Kind o' pretty, ain't it," said Jabez, pointing with the stem of his pipe.

"It is, indeed, and you must take a great deal of satisfaction in it," I replied.

"I dunno; sometimes I don't think n'thin' 'bout it fer weeks at a time."

"Do you ever attend the meetings?" I asked, although I felt sure that he did not.

"Nope, ain't never ben inside sence th' day 'twas finished, when I went through t' see how bad th' builders 'd skinned me doin' it."

"But you are interested in their work?"

"Not in partic'lar. I guess their religion's all right 'nough, but it's too late in th' day t' change mine, even 'f I thought it wuth while."

"Then I don't see—" I bit my tongue as I realised I was about to ask the question that all Winchville had longed yet feared to ask, for more than two years.

His dry smile flickered an instant behind his pipe.

"You're wonderin' like all th' rest on 'em, ain't ye? Wal, it don't make no diff'rence now, an' I don't mind tellin' ye 'bout it."

I tried not to appear too anxious, as he relit his pipe and packed it down with a heavy thumb.

"Remember 'bout me bein' in that railroad accid'nt?"

"I heard of it at the time, but never knew the particulars."

"Wal, I was drawed on jury dooty down t' Hamilton, an' they kep' me an' 'leven other fools settin' 'round there 'bout three weeks, tryin' t' decide cases 'at wasn't wuth settlin', one way 'r 'nother.

"I got good an' sick of it an' was mighty glad when they turned me loose. I started t' come home on th' C. & L. road. The C. & L. road, 'fore it was took over by th' big line, was 'bout th' wust managed stretch o' rusty catastrophe 'at ever pervented folks gittin' fr'm one town t' another. They hed accid'nts ev'ry day, an' my day wa'n't no exception. We got 's fur 's Cherry Crick an' struck an open switch. They didn't think no more o' leavin' a switch open on th' C. & L. 'an you would o' leavin' a door open on a hot day.

"Cherry Crick 's a rocky cut, 'bout sixty foot deep, with three-sixteenths inches o' water in it, an' we went clean t' th' bottom.

"I was in th' las' car, but we got t' th' bottom fust and th' other cars an' th' engine piled atop o' us.

"When I got my wits t'gether I

found I couldn't move hand 'r foot; I couldn't even yell 'r swear, like some on 'em did, fer there was a seat-cushion jammed down over my face. Now, a cushion's all right 'f it happens t' be on th' right side o' yer head, but when th' back o' yer neck is restin' on th' flange o' a truck wheel, an' yer face is burrowin' into a dusty wad o' plush, full o' Buffalo bugs an' other reg'lar commuters on the C. & L., 't ain't exactly a bed o' roses.

"I must 'a' ben th' kind o' foundation stun o' th' hull wreck, fer they hed t' move an engine an' four cars 'fore they got t' me, an' th' fust thing I seen when they took th' cushion off'm my face was young Doc Slater, lookin' down at me.

"This was lucky fer me, fer Doc was brought up in our town here, an' me an' his father was boys t'gether. Minute Doc seen me he dropped ev'rythin' else an' took hold o' my case. They carried me up on th' bank an' made me 's easy 's they could. I didn't need no doctor t' tell me I was battered up like th' only toy in a family o' eight children. Doc run his hands over me an' shook his head.

"'"N'thin' broke, Doc?' I asked.

" 'Pretty much ev'rythin' but yer sperit I guess, Uncle Jabe. But we'll pull ye through. It'll take time, though, but I'll stick right to ye,' Doc says.

"They got a amb'lance after a while an' took me up t' Doc's boardin' place an' put me in his room. Doc an' some other fellers looked me over an' Doc said there was a lot o' bone settin' an' other repairs t' make, an' 'at he'd have t' give me ether. I wouldn't stand that; I told him I never hed work done fer me when I was away 'r asleep, an' fer takin' ether it was too late t' do any good; th' C. & L. road ought t' hev furnished that t' th' passengers 'fore they got in th' cars.

"Doc grinned an' said he could stand it 'f I could.

"They spent th' afternoon settin' bones an' things an' towards night they begun packin' me in plaster. It was a reg'lar mason's contract, an' when they got through I was a solid block o' cement, with my good eye lookin' out o' one end an' a toe 'at seemed t' hev ben lucky stickin' out o' th' other. Then they run guy ropes an' props t' keep me in one place, an' after it was all fixed Doc grinned again an' says:

" 'Now, Uncle Jabe, I shall hev t' ask ye t' keep very quiet an' not try t' get out o' bed!'

" 'Doc,' I says, 'I'm furnishin' ye more practice at one lick an' ye'd got ord'nary in th' next six years.'

"What I consider th' wust featur' o' th' hull thing was th' fact 'at it happened near th' town where my wife's sister Sary lives, an' th' second day she was there t' see me. I hedn't seen her fer a good many years, an' hoped I shouldn't fer a good many more. To meet Sary 's an accid'nt in itself an' a bad one at that. Sary has a new religion 'bout ev'ry year, an' at this time Christian Science happened t' be th' unlucky one. She told me 'at if I hedn't ben open t' sin I wouldn't 'a' ben injured, an' I told her 'at if th' switch hedn't ben open on the C. & L. I guessed I should 'a' ben enj'yin' my usual good health, sin an' all.

"She told me she wasn't as yit strong 'nough in th' faith t' help me much but she'd send me a man in a few days who'd hev me out o' that bed an' on my way home in fifteen minutes. They ain't no use talkin' t' Sary, so I jest cuddled down in my cement an' let her go on till she got tired. She went away tellin' me th' healer, 'r whatever they call him, would see me in a few days.

"After she'd gone I got t' thinkin' 'bout it, an' it made me mad. Natur does some wonderful things, an' knittin' a brok'n bone 's one on 'em, but I know it takes time, an' they ain't no sleight-o'-hand work 'bout it. When I was in Hamilton I went t'

a show one night an' seen a feller doin' sleight-o'-hand tricks. He took a glass vase with nothin' in it—you could see right through it. Then he waved his hand over it a few times an' th' nicest bunch o' big red roses growed out o' it in a minute. It was well done, an' I liked t' see it, but I know roses don't grow that way. Long time ago my wife got some little slips o' rose bushes an' set 'em out an' when they got bigger she worked 'round 'em ev'ry day. She'd spend a couple o' hours ev'ry mornin' pickin' bugs off'n 'em an' a couple o' more pickin' thorns out o' her thumbs, an' then there wasn't a bud showed on 'em fer two or three years.

"If ye could grow roses 'r knit bones in a minute 't would upset the hull world. The hull universe would be run on the same principle as th' C. & L. road an' it would be a pretty keerless place to live in, jedgin' fr'm my experience. More I thought 'bout it, seemed t' me I'd better be prepared t' explain t' that healer what a big contract he'd got t' cover in fifteen minutes.

"I got Doc t' let me take a big medical book 'at hed drawin's o' th' bone system in it. Then I hed him mark a cross on th' bones 'at was broke, with a double one fer compound fractur's, an' I hed him put th' book up on a music holder where I could git it in line with my eye. Doc didn't know what I was up to, but he said it would help t' while th' time away.

"Th' nurse was a good natur'd gal an' she'd turn the pages when I wanted 'em. It's surprisin' how little a man knows 'bout his own body, 'at he's hed charge of fer seventy years. I found there's more bones in one o' yer feet 'an there is in a shad, an' in my case most on 'em was broke. I worked up one side an' crossed over at my neck, follerin' the' book, an' kind o' checkin' 'em off with my eye. Th' next day I took th' other side, an' th' third day I took up my head. I learned th' names o' a good many o' th' most necessary bones, an' queer names they are too.

"I was gittin' th' inventory pretty well closed up, when one mornin' th' nurse told me there was a gentleman down stairs 'at was very anxious t' see me. She asked me if I felt well 'nough t' see him an' I told her to bring him up. I was jest lookin' over th' catalog list o' neck bones when th' door opened an' a spruce dressed feller with a smile 'at looked like he'd ben practicin' on it, come over t' me an' held out his hand.

" 'Good-mornin', Mr. Winch,' he says, 'You're lookin' pretty well this mornin'.'

" 'Sorry I can't shake with ye, Perfesser,' I says, 'but my right wrist 's broke an' my left hand looked like a lamb-chop last time I seen it.'

" 'Oh, well, it might be a good deal wuss,' he says in a kind o' cheery way.

" 'Yes,' I says, 'I've got one good eye an' a toe t' begin again on, anyway.'

"He looked kind o' sour at that, an' I started in to tell my story, an' if I do say it, I done it thorough. I got kind o' tired after I'd gone up one side an' took up th' messy section 'round my shoulder an' collar bone. He looked tired too, an' I told him I guessed we'd better leave th' rest fer another day. He went away 'thout his smile, an' said he'd call again when I was in a better frame o' mind.

"He hedn't more an' shet th' door when Doc came tearin' in.

" 'Can't I leave this house an hour 'thout somebody comin' in t' bother you! That woman th' other day was 'nough t' give a hull hospital a relapse; an' now it's this man. Who give him permission t' see you?' Doc says, ugly like.

" 'I told 'em t' send him up,' says I.

" 'Wal, I hope ye know 'nough not t' come t' any settlement with him.'"

"'Settle nothin',' I says. 'I didn't order him t' come, an' he ain't helped me none. I guess if I settle with you, it'll be 'bout all I c'n stand.'

"Doc stared at me 's if he didn't know what I was talkin' 'bout.

"'What 'd he say t' ye?' Doc asked, pretty short.

"'He didn't say much. He was real cheerful at fust. I guess he means well 'nough,' I says.

"'Oh, he does, does he,' Doc says, kind o' sarcastic. 'An' what 'd ye tel him?'

"'I told him th' name o' ev'ry bone an' j'int 'at was damaged on my right side fr'm toe t' neck, an' t'morrer I'm goin' over th' left side with him; my wife's sister Sary told me he could cure me in fifteen minutes an' I wanted t' let him see what a busy time he'd hev after he'd started in,' says I.

"Doc looked at me hard again, then his face got red an' puffed out like some folks looks when ye don't know whether they're goin' t' laff 'r cry. Then he fell on a sofy an' burrowed his face in a piller. His foot struck a little stan'-table an' tilted it over 'gainst th' wall, and when he looked up an' seen it, he give it 'nother kick an' sent it clean over, an' then dug his face in th' piller again. Then he guggled an' roared an' rolled fer 'bout five minutes.

"'Wal,' I says, 'mebbe after you've got over that fit, ye'll tell me what brought it on.'

"He come over t' th' bed after a while, wipin' th' tears an' hair out o' his eyes.

"'Uncle Jabe,' he says, soon's he could talk, 'You handled him all right. I couldn't 'a' done better myself, but he wasn't a Christian Scientist—'r at least he don't claim t' be.'

"'Who 'n thunderation is he, then?' I says, gittin' a little snappy myself.

"'He's th' claim agent of th' C. & L. road, an' he come t' see how little money you'd be willin' t' take fr'm th' comp'ny fer yer inj'ries,' Doc says, gittin' ready t' laff again.

"'Keep right on with th' programme, an' I'll hev a talk with him myself,' Doc says.

"He didn't come back th' next day, but he did a few days later. He'd got back his smile again an' told me 'at of'n times an accid'nt, like th' one happened me, was the best thing in th' world fer a man. He said th' long rest I'd hev an' th' change of feed an' scenes would prob'ly add years t' my life an' some day I'd look back thankf'ly at it.

"He hed th' most cheerful way o' lookin' at things I ever seen, but Doc hed a long talk with him after that an' he didn't look so cheerful when he went away.

"'Uncle Jabe,' Doc says, later in th' day, 'I think 'tween us we're handlin' this thing pretty well. You're goin' to git a nice sum o' money out o' th' comp'ny. Things is comin' jest right. It seems th' stockholders o' th' C. & L. wants th' big line t' take their road over, an' th' deal won't go through unless th' C. & L. c'n settle all outstandin' claims like yours, 'fore th' fust o' th' month. I told th' agent you was a man o' wide business interests an' t' be confined t' yer bed fer three 'r four months meant an enormous loss t' ye, not t' speak o' th' shock an' pain an' th' years 'fore ye'd be yerself again.'

"The next day th' agent come again, an' after he'd gone Doc told me th' amount th' road was willin' t' give me, an' said 'f I wasn't satisfied I could carry it t' the court.

"What they offered scared me blue, an' it would you 'f I told ye. I've earned money all kinds o' ways, but this seemed like blood money, an' I told Doc so. I told him 'at if th' claim agent hed agreed t' pay my doctor's bills th' fust day he come, I'd hev signed off there an' then an' thought I was doin' pretty well.

"That made Doc mad.

"'Settle fer yer doctor's bills, ye old lunitic!' he yelled. 'Ain't it

wuth nothin' bein' pitched inter Cherry Crick with a train o' cars atop o' ye, an' bein' took out like a piece o' boneless codfish? Settle fer yer doctor's bills! It's a good thing ye took that claim agent fer a Christian Scientist. Christian Science hes saved ye a whole lot o' money.'

" 'Wal, I'd feel like a thief takin' all that money fer jest layin' here. I'll keep 'nough t' pay my bills out o' it, an' give th' rest to start a hospit'l 'r an orphun's home. Seems t' me them kind o' things are needed 'long this line o' road,' I says.

" 'Why don't you give part o' it t' th' Christian Scientists?' Doc asked, all o' a sudden, an' lookin' kind o' foolish.

" 'Ye don't mean to tell me yer're mixed up in that business too?' I says.

" 'Not d'rectly, but I've got some friends over in your old town who are, an' your old hide-bound neighbours there treats 'em 's if they were criminals an' won't give 'em a chance t' live. I don't know much 'bout Christian Science, but it seems t' make folks cheerful an' human, an' I'd like to see 'em hev th' best church in Winchville, jest out o' spite, if nothin' more. But I ain't tellin' ye what t' do with yer money,' Doc says, walkin' over an' lookin' out o' th' winder.

" 'I s'pose that's one on 'em, that gal I see ye walkin' with 'bout ev'ry Sund'y. She looks like a good Christian, an' a pretty one, too. An' I s'pose you furnish th' Science part o' th' combination.'

" 'I s'pose so,' Doc says, lookin' s' much like a fool 'at I wondered how th' authorities ever give him a licence t' handle cough syrup.

"I settled back an' thought it over. What Doc said was true. We hev got some th' narrerest-minded, longest-faced, shortest-souled folks in this town 'at ever walked 'tween gate posts. I shet my eyes an' it seemed jest 's if I could see how they'd look when they heard th' Christian Scientists was goin' to hev th' best church in town. Seemed 's if I could see 'em all goin' by me in a kind o' persession on' ev'ry face in th' line looked sourer 'an th' one head o' it. Way down towards th' end I could see old Deak Hoskins, an' his face looked jest like a pickled cucumber, one 'at ye dig out o' th' bottom o' th' bar'l 'long towards Spring. That was too much fer me an' I laffed right out, brok'n ribs an' all.

" 'By hominy, Doc, I'll do it,' I says. 'An' I'll throw in th' lot next t' my house, an' it's th' best site in town 'f I do say it, but ye'll hev to swear not t' tell why I'm doin' it. That's too much of a joke on me.'

" 'It'll be more 'an a joke on me,' Doc says. 'Christian Science an' my business ain't s'posed t' go hand in hand. You're th' one 'at has t' swear not t' tell. If ye really want t' do this, I'll turn th' hull matter over t' a friend o' mine who's an architect an' a busines man 's well. By the time you're ready t' go home we'll hev a set o' plans ready fer th' prettiest church in th' county, one 'at 'll be a credit to you an' th' town. An' it won't take all yer money neither.'

" 'Set th' ball rollin', Doc,' I says. 'Th' quicker ye let me see how that church 's goin' t' look on my lot, an' how I'm goin' t' look after I git out o' this stun-quarry, th' better I'll like it.'

" 'Wal, it all come out jest 's we planned. When Doc's friend writ th' Scientists 'at I was goin' t' give 'em a church they wouldn't b'lieve it. He writ 'em again an' they wouldn't b'lieve it then. They'd go by my house lookin' at it like a dog goin' by a butcher-shop. Th, man hed t' come over an' see 'em 'fore they'd take any stock in th' story, but after they made sure, they did thank me han'some. But I wish ye could seen th' other people. They went by with their sour faces jest 's I seemed t' see 'em when I was lyin' in Doc's room with my eyes shut, an' when I seen old Deak Hoskins comin', jest 's I

did then, I was on crutches, but I don't believe I'll ever hev s' much fun on wings.

"Then th' churches all sent committees t' see 'f I wouldn't give 'em new bells an' new carpets an' most ev'rythin' but new ministers. I wouldn't give 'em nothin,' 'r explain nothin' 'bout it, an' I've hed fun watchin' 'em ever sence.

"But it don't matter now; Doc's married th' gal an' they live jest below here. She's a great worker in th' church, but Doc never goes. He comes over an' smokes with me durin' services. He says he thinks me an' him better be kind o' silent partners in th' business."

Jabez rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Then you never saw the real Christian Scientist?" I asked.

"Nope. I never knew whether Sary changed her religion 'fore she hed time to find him, 'r whether he heard 'bout my case an' thought it was too heavy fer him. Anyway, he never showed up."

"Then you don't know whether he could have helped you or not if he tried?"

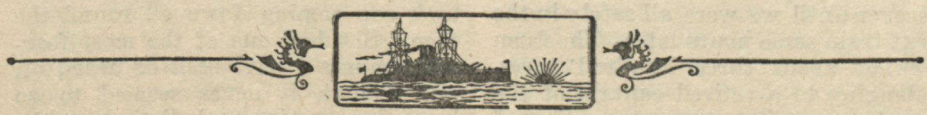
"He couldn't 'a' helped me any," said Jabez decidedly. "If he could, th' railroads 'd hev 'em, an' they could name their own salaries. Fact is,"—here he turned to answer the call to supper that came through the open window—"fact is, while th' railroads prob'ly don't rec'nise it, an' th' Scientists, o' course, wouldn't admit it, th' nearest thing to what they claim fer a practical workin' Christian Scientist t'day, is a railroad claim agent."

THE RIVER'S SONG

By BLANCHE ABLESON

A SUMMER song
Of sweet, wild herbs that grow by the riverside:
The cool, green flowing water,
And all the things that in the river bide:
The blackbirds swinging on reeds o'er the water bending,
The fields where the clover is sending
Its sweetness along.
The peace of the purple herb that bloweth beside the river,
Of the shadowy skies and the rushes and reeds that quiver,
The peace of the swallows that dart and sing as they fly,
The peace of the water whose ripples partake of the shades of the sky
In song stealeth upon me.
Oh, what is the peace that steals from the silent river,
Or where the water breaketh in laughter and foam over shallow and hollow,
From marshlands where reeds all lonely shake and shiver,
The purple weed and the clover whose perfume the brown bees follow?

Oh, what is the song that stealeth through my soul,
The summer song that the winding river singeth,
The song of pastoral lands, of cattle that browse and feed,
Where swallows dart and blackbirds swing,
And where the dark, lone rushes fling
Their shadows down—what is the song of the purple weed?
Forever in my heart the measure ringeth,
Forever in that peaceful land there wingeth
A joyful sprite.
Through golden days of dream and haze and sun
Gently we float till we at last have won
The starry night.
Sometimes red clover all the air hath filled
With perfume strong, as if pure honey spilled
Along our flight.
In the still night-time, yet that peace is ours;
When the dew falleth soft, the breath of flowers
Yet unto us amid the stars is borne.
Behind us, in the depths, the Milky Way,
Like blossoms fair come down with waves to play,
Is lost, and the waves forlorn.
Oh, peace, elusive, sweet, yet firmly wielding
Its spell of steadfast power for those who, yielding
Unto its sway,
Shall walk where the summer song is ever luring,
And following, find therein a rest enduring,
Though wild its way—
Still may its spell about our hearts be weaving,
Nor may its narrow path our feet be leaving
In darkest day:
When the cold autumn winds have come, and all the landscape drear,
When purple lights gleam soft upon the fields stubbled and sear,
Still give us those enchanting notes, in richer anthem pouring,
Or dreamy sweet as now adown the stream the rapids' roaring,
The blackbirds' whispered warble and the ripple of the waves,
The lapping of the water as the pebbled shore it laves—
The song of the winding river.
That sylvan song be ours in memory:
Give us thy peace, O Silver Stream, eternally.



THE OLD-TIME ONTARIO FARM

BY M. FORSYTH GRANT

SOMEONE asked me lately, "Do you remember any *real* old Canadian farm of your youthful days?" Of course I do. I have the keenest recollection of three at least, and could probably forage out more if need be. The first one was a few miles out of Barrie, and as small children we were sent there for weeks at a time. The start from home (one of the old-time houses in Toronto) in those days was a fearsome thing; to leave by the early morning train we had to be up before dawn, and baskets and bundles had to be all in readiness to be carried by children as well as grown-ups, for the two old cabbies we knew —Scallion, with his long silvery curls and handsome face, and Abbott, with his old black top hat, red neckcloth and equally red nose—objected to being ordered for an early train, so all had to walk, nurse, governess and all down to the Brock street station, from where the Technical School now is; and shall I ever forget one cold, dreary morn when we found that we were late in starting. And as we crossed the Brock street bridge in the dull light we suddenly saw a train whistle out of the station with a defiant roar! A sister of our governess who was with us, stopped suddenly, put her head down on the bridge rail and burst into a storm of grief-laden tears, from which she did not recover until we were all safely in the next train some hours later. The farm was of about three hundred acres, belonging to a retired captain of the merchant service; some connection of the Denison's of Rusholme. His widow with a then unmarried daughter and son lived there, and another daughter was our nursery governess. She always wore her hair in a single row of curls round her head; a black velvet jacket with a blue leather belt, and flat lace collar was always immensely admired by her charges. The first time we arrived at the farm was on a dark, moonless summer evening. We had been driven in the high red farm waggon from the station, and presently, after going over a rough meadow road, stopped at what was always known as "The Bars," and a woman's voice gave us welcome and we were lifted down, and over the bars which were simple slip rails instead of a gate, and walked up through a dew laden garden path, hollyhocks, pinks, roses, pansies, mignonette, giving out a sweet scent, into a two-seated porch, and thence to a long, narrow hall, on the right of which was what I then thought a very large room with a big bricked fireplace. On either side of it was a tall window; one had a seat on it, and another larger window was on the right of the door. This is what would be now called a "living-room" and here in a high-backed, wooden arm-chair was what seemed to childish eyes an old, old woman, with nut cracker mouth and chin and with an old-fashioned widow's cap coming down all round the face. She had one of the most fearful tempers I have seen or heard of, and though it never seemed to go beyond screaming maledictions at the top of her voice, when she would

shake her stick, half rising out of her chair, she was an object of terror to all about her when she got into a rage. I used to think she was exactly my idea of a witch and would never have been surprised if she had disappeared on a broomstick! At times she was quite pleasant and interested in our childish plays, and as a great treat showed me one evening her way of preparing her favourite tipple. A large pewter mug was filled with strong beer and heated, then some red crab-apples were roasted in the ashes and added. The long iron poker was thrust between the big logs and heated to almost a white heat, then the old lady drew it out, and plunged it into the beer, which, of course, hissed and foamed like a miniature caldron, to our great delight. In the huge yard behind the house we saw the maple syrup boiled and the sugar made, and one day I remember a great boiler of tallow, the candle moulds brought out and wicks of cotton fastened in each, and the tallow slowly run into the tin moulds, probably six or eight, the cover coming down tightly over them and left to cool until quite firm for use in the tall brass candlesticks.

In the summer we were allowed to go down with the ten o'clock basket of currant buns and beer, or cider, for the men cutting wheat. The scythe was still used then with the "cradle," and we were taught to follow the swath, to pick up armfuls of grain and make a loose twist of the stalks to tie up each sheaf and set them up in proper stacks against each other; rather a difference from the easy work now. But we got quite clever at it, and were very proud of praise received for our prowess.

In those days trees of luscious red summer plums were often seen in the grain fields, and they were delicious; large as egg plums. Some varieties were smaller and made lovely jam, and I remember well certain trees with the large, juicy ones and eating them while busy in the wheat fields. Ground plums were much liked too, but it was seldom we could find these gold-coloured treasures hidden by their large green leaves.

"Berrying" was another summer joy. Setting off in the early cool of the day, perhaps driving some miles to a well-known "patch," armed with every variety of tin pail, pan or basket, lined first with cool green leaves. The horses would be taken out, the picnic baskets arranged in the best shade, and with big cotton pinafores to protect clean dresses, we began to pull the pretty, soft red berries which grew in myriads.

A picnic luncheon was eaten, and berry-picking began again, only to close when the shadows were lengthening for the pleasant drive home. Quantities of jam and raspberry vinegar were made, not to speak of layer cakes and pies, and we were well rewarded.

I knew a family of girls, brought up in the old-fashioned way on their fathers' and grandfathers' farms, who were always given the "berry money" they could make by selling the fruit at summer hotels miles away, and that was all they had for their dress! Catch the present farmers' daughters being so contented now!

I remember seeing the raw wool brought in and was shown how to "card" it, and at one farm some distance away the daughter of the house brought out an enormous spinning wheel, and it was a fascinating process to watch the skilful fingers as they drew the long thread from out of the soft grayish wool. She walked a few steps backward and forward continually, the arms and hands contracting and expanding incessantly as the work was done. In that house I remember being very shocked because there was no change of plates at the good homely dinner given to us. After the stewed meat and suet dumplings had been eaten, the huge platters of griddle cakes were put on, and we ate the cakes off the dirty plate, which I

thought quite spoilt the taste. In the little "parlour" on the left hand of the hall was a tiny, old-fashioned, tinkling piano, at which many a song was sung, and many a tune such as "Money Musk," "John Peel," etc., was heard and danced to. Church was a great occasion and one not lightly to be set aside; the long drive in the summer heat; the old-fashioned church with its high-backed pews, square and long; its high pulpit and long sermons; everyone in fresh starched muslins and hoop skirts and wide-brimmed hats, and the air redolent with "old man" and peppermints! The animals were, of course, known as well as humans to the children, and a true delight was being allowed to ride an old white horse on the road between the barn and house, and imagining oneself at least a fairy princess in a belted habit.

It was considered not at all the correct thing to be seen without a hoop skirt under any circumstances, and I can remember seeing our governess mount from the old block into the enormous side-saddle (with its leather slipper-stirrup) with her hoops carefully manipulatued so that the one side was rolled up under the full, long skirt and the other pulled down flat on the side; and with a belted jacket and broad-brimmed hat was conscious of being quite *de rigueur*. There was a pillory in the saddle room which had been used in the very early days of country life and was probably then the only means of the farmer and his wife going anywhere together. It was of dark brown leather neatly sewn in a pattern and thickly lined. The wife had to put her arms round her husband, otherwise I do not see how she could have held on at all. There was, I think, a sort of leather loop for the foot.

Milking and making butter all came to us naturally, but it was all in a primitive, old-fashioned way, though probably none the less healthful or enjoyable.

Now let us come to another homestead of old time, namely, a gentleman-farmer's house and grounds, nearly, if not quite, a century in years. In times past the high road still known as Yonge Street ran past many fine old mansions built on much the same plan everywhere. Four-square to the winds, two storeys in height. with often a good attic for air space and storing place; rows of straight windows, the lower ones generaly known as "French" windows, opening on to a broad verandah running round three sides of the house and a wide door, and, in some cases, the house surrounded by fine trees with the fields of grain and pasture beyond. Many Scotch and English gentlemen built their homes in this wise, and amongst them one we all knew well in young days; not only in my own time, but in my father's also. Just twenty-eight miles from the bay in Toronto (a walk often, so I have heard my father say, taken by himself and his young friends for a dance) is a white gate opening into a driveway which curved across a wide meadow, passed a clump of pines and other evergreens, and stopped at the front entrance of Bonshaw—Scotch, I believe, for good wood.

Opposite the front verandah was a large rockery overgrown in summer with ferns and creepers, and just beyond a group of pines where we often sat with books and work in summer mornings. The door was of generous width, with the side and fanlights in general use then, and a big bell handle of wood hung dependent from a stout wire, with a knocker also. Visitors were few in bygone days, and the bell was seldom heard clanging in the back hall, for if friends did call host or hostess were soon on the verandah to greet them, and in any thing approaching to warm weather the door was always wide open. Only in cold winter was it kept shut to close in the warmth from the great hall stove. Ceilings were high in

those days, no doubt a custom brought from the old land, and the plan of the interior was different from the present—simple, but efficient. The hall I have in mind was a good width and ran through the house, ending in a good-sized store-room filled with such stores of good things as would pass the comprehension of the present day housekeeper who telephones her daily orders. But then groceries, dried fruits, delicacies of any kind had to be laid in at certain times of the year, brought from England or got up from Toronto when some of the family travelled the highroad in coach and four.

On the left of the entrance was a rather small, square room, doubtless intended as a breakfast-room, afterwards known as "the school room," where for many years a beloved and well-known lady residing in this city now held sway over the youthful ones of the family, the third generation of the original owner, Mr. Irving, father of a life-long friend of my parents, Sir Æmelius Irving, K.C. On the right hand of the hall were two doors leading, the first into a square drawing-room, the second into a large dining-room with huge fireplace, which burnt the great logs of wood beloved of our forbears. Both these rooms had long windows opening on to the verandah, with green shutters, replaced by double windows in winter. And when the long damask (is that the comfortable, warm stuff seen now, I wonder?) curtains were drawn, the result was a sense of home life delightful to remember. Over the tall mantle hung a large, brightly coloured picture, I fancy an old print, of a lady mounted on her beautiful brown hunter, in long, voluminous blue riding habit, tall beaver hat, with blue veil flying, and the horse and rider in the very middle of a splendid jump over a hedge. How often have I looked at that envied horsewoman impatiently wondering, "Oh! why doesn't she get over?" Nothing has ever impressed such a sense of delight in mere movement as that horse and rider, glowing with life and vigour. One could almost hear the cheerful halloa through the woods! Beyond the storeroom, running at right angles, was a large room known in those days as "Uncle Ersbine's room," and in his absence the abode of large cages full of birds; often nests of tiny ones, which we fed with quills of hard-boiled egg and biscuit. A tame robin seemed quite happy when he had a big green sod put down for him, full of delectable morsels. The stairs ran up the side of the breakfast-room, and at the foot was a huge stove for burning whole logs, and when banked up at night was easy enough to start into a warm red glow in early morning. The rooms upstairs were uniform with windows giving sunshine and air on all sides. Two of them had tiny wood "box stoves," each with its own woodbox beside, lighted morning and night in winter. Behind the staircase, off the main hall, was a small passage in which was a large pantry, and opposite was a funny, tiny wooden stairway going into an enormous kitchen, with long tables where the farm men and house servants had their meals; a tall dresser with dishes and pans; and in the centre a huge well, the water being brought up with chain and bucket manipulated by a wooden and iron handle. Imagine the modern hygienic person being asked to drink out of such a well! But we all did and liked it too. A stone-flagged kitchen of smaller size led out of the big one, and here was a huge range, with stone or brick chimney, and beside it was the old iron oven for baking the mighty loaves of bread with their delicious crusts. At the other end were the stone cellars which ran under the main body of the house—milk cellar, wine cellar, larders, fruit for winter, dry and cool; and to which often in great heat we used to resort with books and work, safe from the glare and heat of the sun. Near the other

door of the stone kitchen was the "wood pile" of great logs left to season for use, and drooping over it was a big cherry tree, whereon the youngsters used to scramble, or find a comfortable seat on the wood pile and pull the cherries at ease; safe also from a terrifying turkey gobbler who used to lie in wait for unwary ones. They were indeed accounted brave who, from a discreet elevation, flaunted a bit of scarlet to infuriate him.

A short distance beyond were the stables, also brick, and the "coach-house," wherein were divers carriages and sleighs, from a large, old-fashioned barouche to the modern double and single buggies. It was a great delight when one of the kind elder members of the household would have a pair of horses (no matter if they were matched) harnessed to the barouche, and with one of the men on the box we would all scramble in —five, six, seven—with others hanging on to the wide old-fashioned step, and hugely enjoying the drive along the good macadam roads. The fields were all enclosed with the snake fences so familiar in early days, and a lane which ran between to some beautiful woods was noted for delicious mushrooms growing in the fence corners. We could get quite a big basketful in no time. Another delight was the animals. On a raised mound in an open space we used to put a lot of rock salt, and then stentorian lungs would raise the cry of "Ca Nan—Nan—Nan," and presently from all directions would be heard the gentle, querulous cry of the sheep and the white bodies and black noses eagerly snuffing, of dozens of the little creatures who would trot and scamper along to the salt on which they would throw themselves with licking tongues. This was, I am afraid a Sunday treat for both sheep and children! The amusements were primitive, but none the less beautiful and enjoyable. In summer the raspberries to be picked made fine outings; in the autumn the apple orchard with its hundreds of trees of delicious russets, August apples, sheep noses, snows and hardy pears was a great attraction. Beech nuts, butter nuts and hickory nuts were picked by the thousand. Winter brought the skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing, sleighing, the latter often in farm sleighs, filled with hay and robes, into which all scrambled for a long drive. One or two summers we were bitten with the liking for having our pictures taken in the nearest village on "tintypes," and much fun we had, the large party, young and old, setting out for the walk of nearly three miles, partly through cool, shady woods, but for the most part on the grass paths between farm fences and the high road. One artist I shall never forget. His tiny studio was painted in light, sickly green. A wooden pedestal of ambitious shape was brought out and on this the youngest member of the party would be put, with the rest arranged in attitudes various around. Suddenly, when we were all trying hard to keep the look of strained agony out of our faces the artist's head emerged from the black velvet covering of his camera and a nasal voice demanded our attention. "Growp yourselves and look at this!" and his finger went to his mouth to be transferred in a more than moist condition to the green-lined wall on which it left two or three small trickling streams. Of course no one's gravity could stand that, and from suppressed chuckles on the part of the men to giggles and chokings from the children, a roar of laughter broke out to the mild astonishment of the photographer, and, of course, to the destruction of the picture. Some of the "groups" were excellent as likenesses and bring up many happy memories. Church services were, of course, in those days a great event, and as many persons as could be packed into the double "buggy" always went as a matter

of course. The little church is now entirely altered from what I remember—the slate gray paint, high wooden pews, a few of square shape; the choir of men and women in the gallery, the primitive organ, and the small chancel rails within which were the small altar and reading desk, the high pulpit being on the side nearest our high-walled square pew with cushioned seats and large footstools. The clergyman I remember then had a full, resonant voice, very pronounced in articulation, and a certain sermon known as "The Parchment Sermon" by somewhat irreverent members was quite a study in his expressive way of rendering the words of St. Paul's famous epistle where he bids Timothy bring him the parchments and cloak, and his "but especially the parchments" was rolled out with a familiar, admonishing tone for which, I am afraid, we all looked. The pastor has gone many years, much respected; also his fine, stately looking wife, whose dignified bearing and dark curls we children regarded with awe in her pew opposite to the Bonshaw one.

At some distance from the house was the root-house, where winter vegetables were stored; the ice-house, and the smoke-house, from the chimney of which at certain seasons of the year was to be seen a thin spiral smoke and a peep within showed the mighty hams in process of curing, one of which was invariably on the big sideboard at breakfast time, with its rich blanket of browned crumbs and cloves. It seems to me as if I have never tasted such hams.

Croquet was the great game, and fervently noisy were the games and squabbles we indulged in. When a game was broken in on by a summons to a meal we would leave the mallets by the balls in the exact position, to be able to resume the fight later, and fights there were and many! In the winter tobogganing and skating were indulged in. The former was generally at another charming homestead near Holland Landing, the host being a typical John Bull with a large family of sons and daughters, and such a pretty wife with her lovely rosy complexion and dark curls. There was a splendid slide at the side of the house, and many hours did we spend flying down and clambering up in the frosty air. The dining-room of the house was large with high ceilings and a mighty fireplace, on either side of which were armchairs of generous proportions covered with rich, dark crimson velvet; the long curtains to the tall windows being of the same warm shade, and when these were drawn, with a bright fire and lamp, the effect was delightfully cosy. I remember the host invariably had his hot toddy brought in after dinner and the arrangement of silver tray, decanters, silver-lidded jug of hot water, lemons, spice, sugar was regarded by us youngsters as a most interesting ceremony.

Snowshoeing, of course, came in the days and moonlight nights, and later came the joys of camping in the woods to get the maple sap from the trees. All day long were children and grown-ups at work, having their meals in a little log hut nearby, and the great cauldrons filled with the boiling sugar afterwards poured into bark shapes were a delight to watch. No adulteration there! The pure syrup of rich and delicate flavour seldom met with now. One of the things I always connect with place or home I have memories of is the food, and in a large houseful of people, young and old, there are often certain dishes which one fancies have never been approached in after days. The servant who was at Bonshaw all my life, and an excellent cook, gave us boiled butter pudding with maple syrup, French pancakes fried in home-made butter and spread with rich currant jelly, hot biscuits of superlative lightness, and a succulent dish of stewed mushrooms and kid-

neys in brown sauce, the like of which I have never tasted since. Raspberry vinegar of the berries we picked at our summer picnics was our great summer drink mixed with the ice-cold well water. And the great loaves of bread, enormous in size. One never sees them now, more's the pity for all of us! As we grew older dances were given and friends invited from Toronto to stay the night, of course. The floor was polished and chalked in all sorts of patterns, and all the neighbours drove in from far and near, and the dance was kept up with a will until early in the morning. Now and then a dance was given in the village, the ladies of each household bringing certain things for supper, and pretty lamps, dishes, etc., to help out, and many enjoyable gatherings I can remember. These, however, came to an untimely end. A certain old bachelor, very rich, was naturally the "catch" of the place, and when he began paying attention to a pretty, dark-eyed belle who did not belong exactly to the *haute noblesse* much and furious was the jealousy displayed. The bachelor, however, nothing daunted, gave a dance on the usual basis of being gladly helped by his lady friends. A relative of his, an elderly woman, was known well for her bad temper and also for her wish to keep the bachelor from becoming a benedict. She had taken more or less control of the dance arrangements and we young people were greatly excited when the news crept out towards the end of the evening that the bachelor had popped the question and had been accepted. Nothing was said then, but the next day we drove in for the articles lent for the supper tables, etc., and sitting in the carriage while our friends went in for the things we suddenly heard a yell and then a storm of excited abuse. The next moment the door banged open and the bachelor flew down the steps with a glass lamp after him, shivering in a thousand pieces, evidently flung from a furious hand. We heard afterwards that the news of the engagement had proved too much for the elderly relative, and in her anger she, as the children say, "let out" at him, with the lamp to mark her rage! The rest dispersed in a subdued condition, and I shall never forget the excitement caused by the display of temper.

Bonshaw stands still, but not frequented as of yore by childish figures who have happiest memories of the pretty old farm.

PROGRESSIVE ONTARIO

BY J. C. BOYLEN

MARITIME Ontario, with ports on tidewater, is one of the glimpses given of the future by the Provincial Government's undertaking to develop and people the upper and greater portion of the Province. Sir James Whitney and his Government are pledging Ontario's credit for five million dollars and as much more as may be necessary for the opening up of this virgin country the size of a European empire.

The Provincial map has been rolled back beyond the Albany River. The District of Patricia is the latest challenge to the trail blazer No longer is the territory from the Height of Land to James Bay a strange country. The names of its great rivers are now familiar, and its valleys "filled with hush to the brim" are being stirred from their solitude.

Ontario's only maritime outlet has been over the unsalted seas of her south. Now the men in charge of the Ontario Government railway have declared that the Province is in possession of at least one good harbour on James Bay. This railway, the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario, is within 175 miles of the Bay. Surveys for the extension of the road to the mouth of the Moose are being made, and the addition of the District of Patricia has given a shoreline of six hundred miles of tidewater and has resulted in Ontario securing a great share of the grain port to be established at the terminus of the Hudson Bay railway.

This new epoch in Ontario's history suggests a review of the progress made by the Province that is regarded by its citizens as being still the back-bone of Confederation. That it is a far cry from the Ontario of to-day to the Upper Canada of 1866 is obvious. Seven years are declared to work a complete change in the physical life of man, and if that be true, the last seven years of Ontario's history have wrought a transformation and have witnessed events and movements that mark these as great times in which to live. The strides made by Ontario in the last decade have been made in such busy times that he who stops to contemplate them feels compelled to stop longer and make sure that he is borne out by the record.

From a revenue of $6,128,358 in 1904 to one of $9,370,833 for the latest fiscal year indicates that Ontario has increased in material wealth. In seven years her field crops have increased in value by over forty million, eight hundred thousand dollars and the lands which produced them have increased in value by a like sum. Ontario's field crops to-day represent over one hundred and seventy-five millions in cash and the fields in which they grow by over six hundred and eighty millions. Live stock on farms to-day is worth twenty-five millions. The total permanent assets of the agricultural industry exceed one billion three hundred millions—an increase in seven years of nearly one hundred and fifteen millions.

With the discovery of Cobalt and

MOOSE FACTORY, ONTARIO'S PORT ON TIDEWATER

the finding of Porcupine the mining industry in the Province has bounded from an output valued at $11,572,647 in 1904, to one valued at $41,976,797 in 1911. Ontario is first in nickel and third in silver among the mineral countries of the world.

But the price of this material progress has been generous and judicious expenditure. The sources of revenue for a province are limited. Ontario's revenue last year exceeded that of Toronto, the capital city, by only three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Progress under such limitations depends almost entirely upon the development of the sources of revenue available. This is no light task when it is remarked that the Province has appropriated for this year two million and forty-four thousand dollars for education, over one million for agriculture and colonisation, one million three hundred thousand dollars for the maintenance of public institutions, seven hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars for the administration of justice; that four hundred and twenty thousand dollars is given in grants to hospitals and charities and that the cost of civil government and legislation is over one million dollars.

This means that there has been an increase in the last seven years of over one hundred per cent. in the appropriations for agriculture, that over one million dollars more is being spent upon primary and secondary education, and nearly half a million dollars more upon the maintenance of public institutions such as hospitals for the insane, prisons and corrective institutions.

Out of the increased revenue the income of the University of Toronto, which is the Provincial University, has been increased from $143,715 in 1904 to $488,575 in 1911. This institution, the property of the people of Ontario, now ranks as one of the leading universities of the continent. Some surprise was created at the Allied Colonial Universities Conference in Great Britain a few years ago when it was learned that the University of Toronto was not only a teaching university but that research work was carried on in its leading departments. There were old country pedagogues who smiled indulgently at

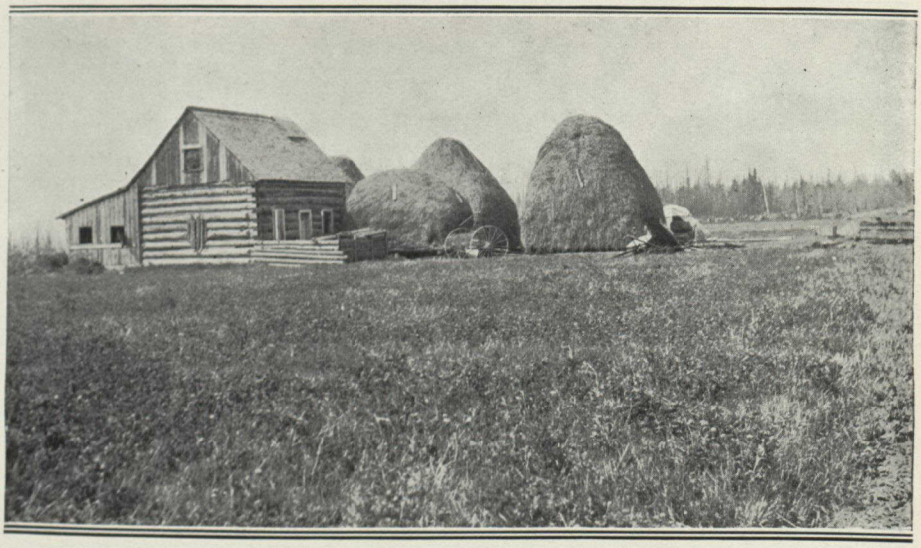
A GROUP OF BUILDINGS, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

first at such news. With the reorganisation of the University in 1906 a new spirit has been created and fresh vigour infused. Departments have been enlarged and new buildings added. The affiliated colleges are getting closer to the main buildings of the university system. Knox is being removed to the campus-side and Trinity will locate across the street from Wycliffe. The Universty Press is an up-to-date publishing house, and its output would be a credit to any seat of learning. A walk through the University grounds for a view of the buildings, inharmonious as some of them may be, is a delight. Nothing indicates Ontario's true progress more convincingly than these temples of science and culture.

To-day the pioneer veterinary school of the continent is a government institution affiliated with the University of Toronto. It was taken over from private hands in 1908 in the interests of the live stock industry and is now under the Department of Agriculture. The new Ontario Veterinary College is to be housed on University Avenue in a modern building now under construction.

Not only in imparting knowledge to the farmer, but in adding to agritural knowledge is the Ontario Agricultural College devoted and earning for itself the standing of a university of agriculture. Affiliation with the University of Toronto has added to the academic standing of the college. Research and experiments in improving the fecundity of soil, improving the methods of breeding of live stock and poultry, improving the quality of seed, advancing methods of stock feeding and dairying and in eliminating the great waste attendant upon the industry of agriculture are carried on. Bulletins are issued giving the results of experiments and investigations. The attendance at the college has almost doubled since 1904.

A sense of public duty caused four million dollars to be spent to construct a transmission system for the distribution of electricity generated



A NORTHERN ONTARIO HOMESTEAD

by the waterfalls of the Province to provide a supply for municipalities and users of power at cost. The work is a monument to the unselfish labours of the Honourable Adam Beck and is a triumph of engineering. To date it is the last word in the distribution of electricity.

The Hydro-Electric enterprise, comprising a high tension system at present extending over three hundred miles with over three thousand steel towers carrying over twelve hundred miles of cable and its scheme of plain but wonderful transformer stations, was carried through for a sum within the estimate, something new in the construction of a public work. Opposition to the project on the part of the private interests antagonistic to it was so determined that even the very right of the Legislative Assembly to enact the legislation authorising it was attacked. Ontario's answer to that application was one so unanswerable that the legislation was undisturbed. As an assertion of the rights of provinces to legislate on matters within their own jurisdiction Ontario's answer on that occasion is a state document of prime importance. So thoroughly does it deal with the matter that the likelihood of such a question being raised again is remote. Now some of the benefits of the Whitney-Beck cheap power policy are being felt. Ontario's predominance as a manufacturing province is assured.

This predominance will be maintained by the soldier of the industrial army. His numbers are rapidly increasing in Ontario, and with them are increasing the dangers and occupational diseases that daily incapacitate many. Compensation to workmen for injuries is under consideration and legislation to that end only seems to await the selection of the best method of compensation. It is virtually proposed that where a man is injured in the course of his employment the fact that he is injured establishes his right to compensation.

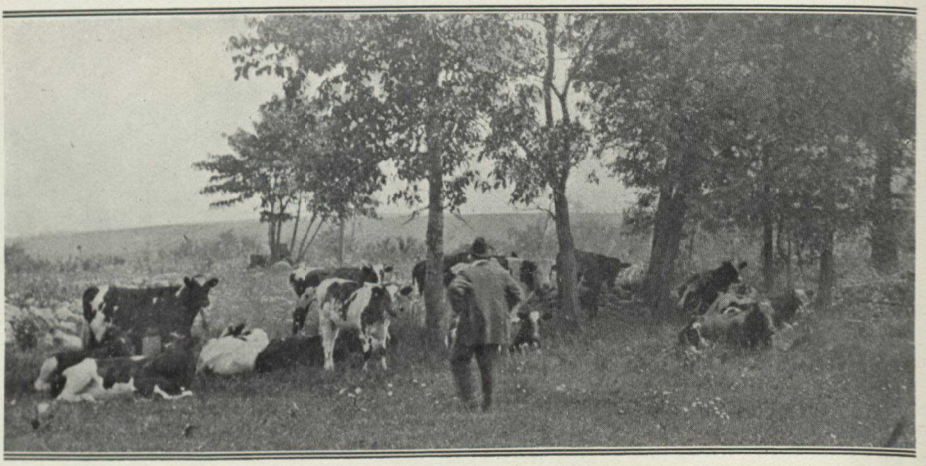
Since Sir James Whitney's "Scaffolding Act" the list of casualities on sky-scrapers and other steel-framed buildings has been shortened. As the steel frames of these structures are reared the girders to hold the floor on the storey below the workmen must be covered with planks. Workmen aloft who miss their foot-

INSPECTING A VEGETABLE GARDEN AT ENGLEHART, NORTHERN ONTARIO

ing are no longer is danger of falling through a network of beams to the basement and generally to death.

Ontario has demonstrated that a government owned railway can be made to pay. The administration and operation of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway is a triumph for public ownership and a tribute to the railroad ability, business acumen and public spirit of Mr. J. L. Englehart, the Chairman of the Commission operating the railway for the Government. The success of the operation of this railway is no small achievement when it is remembered that it received no assistance whatever in the way of a Dominion subsidy, such as other railways have received. In 1906 the earnings over expenses were $181,525 while in 1910 the earnings over expenses were $426,490. The line has a strategic position in connection with the transcontinental lines, running as it does north and south. To take full advantage of this position much of the older portion of the railway has been rebuilt. The Grand Trunk system has secured running rights over this line which connects its Ontario system at North Bay with its transcontinental artery at Cochrane. For these rights the Grand Trunk Railway is to pay a rental of $300,000 a year and a percentage of the maintenance charges of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway.

Railway legislation has been progressive. Since 1906 no railway has been allowed a franchise extending beyond twenty-five years. The day of the perpetual franchise is over. Since 1906 there has been a Railway and Municipal Board, so that the public now have a tribunal authorised to deal with all grievances arising from the operation of railways under provincial jurisdiction. This



THE HONOURABLE MR. HANNA INSPECTING THE CATTLE AT THE "JAIL" FARM

Board is also a tribunal for the protection of the telephone user, particularly the rural subscriber. Under the Charters Telephone Act the Board can compel any telephone company operating under provincial authority to exchange with any other company similarly authorised that declines to be accommodating. Under an arrangement with the Federal authorities connection is secured for the rural telephone subscriber over the lines of the Bell Company, which operates under a Dominion authority.

Of territory the Province has plenty. Population is what counts. How to develop this territory to employ and to support a population is one of the high functions of government that Ontario's administration is endeavouring to perform with an earnestness which critics do not question. The Ontario boy has been made to think twice now before he decides to go west. "Stay in Ontario" is a slogan which rings in his ears. At Sir James Whitney's suggestion the present Dominion Government plans to assist the Provinces in their tasks by making them grants out of the Federal surpluses in aid of agriculture and in aid of highway improvement. This means much for Ontario.

The rapid growth of Ontario's cities and the increase in her industrial population have taxed the counties to their limit for the production of a food supply. The farmer has found that his output was far from sufficient and through lack of skilled help it was growing less. The high cost of living became an acute condition. Lack of farm help means smaller areas under cultivation and smaller dairy herds. This means idle acres and impoverished land, while increasing urban populations require an increased food supply.

Action on the part of the Government to relieve this situation continues in aggressiveness The efforts of the Department of Agriculture to help the farmer are carried on through channels that have numerous ramifications. The story of the activities of the Department would be a chronicle in itself. Through his Provincial Government the farmer has a hand on his shoulder continually. Since 1907 the District Representative has been abroad in the land, and wherever he has appeared the farmer has taken hope. His acres have doubled and trebled in production. Years ago, when the Premier, Sir James Whitney, led the Opposition as Mr. J. P. Whitney, he saw

AN ONTARIO GOVERNMENT "HEALTH" EXHIBIT

the difficulty of reaching the average farmer through the class-rooms of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. Class-rooms were too small for such work, and the work to be done was urgent. When Sir James's opportunity came the best the Ontario Agriculture College could give was sent into the counties as far as the funds would allow. The emissary was a trained agriculturist and he is showng the farmer how to get the best out of his land, how to renew its strength, how to care for his orchard and how to adopt business methods in the marketing of his produce. The District Representative is on the staff of the High School or Collegiate Institute in the locality in which he is stationed.

Out of the Ontario Agricultural College men—and women, too—are coming every year who carry messages of hope to rural Ontario. These messages are delivered in many ways. The District Representatives take run down orchards, for instance, and demonstrate how spraying and care can increase the yeld as high as 500 per cent! Old counties like Norfolk and Lambton have taken new leases of life. Seven years ago no such work was done. This year there are about fifty demonstration orchards.

This increase in production requires marketing facilties. Here Ontario again took her farmer by the hand. The Province made it possible for him to ship his berries, grapes, peaches and orchard crops to the prairies. The Western demand has grown to such proportions that this year the Minister of Agriculture, the Honourable J. S. Duff, appointed a Market Commissioner with headquarters in Winnipeg to keep the Ontario fruit farmer posted on the condition of the prairie market.

THE HONOURABLE MR. BECK ADDRESSING FARMERS ON THE MERITS OF ELECTRICITY AS AN ADJUNCT TO FARMING

In London the staff of the Ontario Government office in the Strand have introduced Ontario peaches to the marketers of Covent Garden.

Seed and stock shows challenge the farmer to grow his best, and the prizes awarded confer on him the standing that his husbandry deserves. Field crop competitions came with the District Representative. In 1907 when these competitions were organised there were 325 competitors who entered crops covering 3,000 acres. Last year there were 18,000 competitors who entered crops covering 28,000 acres!

But dairying and intense cultivation are problems on the farm in these days of higher standards and meagre supply of labour. The man who can solve the farmers' problem of how to secure help, of how to get the most out of his land and of how to make the life of himself and his family happier and less laborious will be the man of the hour. The Honourable Adam Beck, of Hydro-Electric fame, has tackled these problems, and the eyes of Ontario are upon him. To teach the public to use electricity and to supply it to them at cost has almost become a religion with him. What he has done for the manufacturer and the city dweller, he now aims to do for the farmer. During this autumn the Hydro-Electric

Power Commission, of which he is chairman, is giving demonstrations in various rural localities of what electricity can do on the farm. In each district on a farm near which is a low tension transmission line supplying some municipality Mr. Beck and his demonstrators thresh the grain by a separator driven by a portable motor installed at the barn door and supplied with power by a cable hooked onto the transmission line at the roadside.

But the main part of the demonstrator's outfit is a collection of farm machinery and utensils which are put in operation by electricity.

With a two-horse-power motor, a circular saw, a pump, a grain chopper, milking machines, a cream separator, a washing machine, a cooker, a toaster and a number of other things may be operated if used in their natural place on the day's programme on a farm. A three-horse-power motor will drive an ensilage cutter. The possibilities such demonstrations suggest are many.

Advanced indeed have been the steps in the last seven years for the protection of public health. Milk, that prime incubator of germs and disseminator of disease, is now produced and marketed under sanitary conditions. In 1909 the Government appointed a Milk Commission whose members awakened the Province to the evils arising from unclean dairying and careless handling of milk. The recommendations of the Commission are embodied in one of the most progressive statutes of any state. The consumer now receives a supply measuring up to a strength and delivered as carefully as testing and inspection can ensure.

Rivers and streams are no longer allowed to be polluted with sewage. Tuberculosis is now classed as a communicable disease, and every medical man is compelled to notify the local and provincial officers of health of all cases of communicable disease coming under his care. Vaccination is compulsory when in the opinion of the authorities public health is menaced. The Province has been divided into Health Districts and each district is in charge of a medical officer with ample power to carry out the law. He owes his appointment to no local body and is therefore beyond local influence. The sanitary campaign is being waged diligently. Travelling exhibits show how to ventilate the sleeping room and the sick room, how to feed the baby, and how to care for the consumptive. He who runs may read circulars, pamphlets and booklets issued under government auspices on all subjects pertaining to sanitation and health. Prevention rather than cure is the new gospel. The physician of tomorrow is the sanitarian.

The baby is an object of no small concern. Infant mortality occurs at a rate that is an economic loss. Infant mortality is about twenty-eight per cent of the death rate, while the rate for consumption is not more than eight per cent. Nearly ten thousand children die in Ontario every year. The campaign of education in charge of Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, chief Health Officer of Ontario, who is assisted in this particular branch of work by Dr. Helen MacMurchy, is being diligently carried on, that the mother may be informed and the child given a chance.

"The science of penology" has now few students in Ontario. Stone walls no longer a prison make. Society's weaker members now atone for their mistakes under uplifting conditions and have a chance to return to society more fit than when they were taken away from it. The Honourable W. J. Hanna has inaugurated a new era in the work of treating the criminal. Instead of being guarded behind walls and made an unwilling competitor with free labour, he is put on his honour and sent out into the fields of the new prison farm near Guelph by the Provincial Secretary. The unfortunate

whose liberty the law has demanded is no longer caged and confined in the manner that the term convict has long expressed. He is put out in the open and there are no striped clothes to make him feel that he is an outcast. He goes to his rest like a human being and is not herded into a cage like a wild beast by guards who cover the corridors with rifles. Humane as the old Central Prison was thought to be with its patch of garden, its broom factory and woodenware shops, it is a relic of barbarism compared to the central corrective institution of the Province today and its companion institution at Port Arthur. Instead of the congested old Central Prison being a reformatory it was too often a confirmatory. Its disappearance to make room for industrial progress will be the removal of a landmark that many unfortunates will show no haste to remember.

The offender has cause to take hope when he is taken to the prison farm to serve his term. It lies with him whether he will serve the full length of that term, for in connection with the institution is the Parole Board, which rewards good conduct and obedience with shortened terms. The liberated man goes out to the world with no prison pallour on his face and with spirit unbroken. Neither does he go penniless. His term of toil brings pecuniary reward which enables him to return to employment dependent on no one, with a new attitude toward the future.

Legislation has also been placed on the statute book by Mr. Hanna enabling municipalities to discard their dungeon-like jails for the farm idea. Toronto has taken advantage of this opportunity and the victim of city temptations is not now put where enforced confinement and idleness leave him brooding. He is placed on a farm a few miles north of the city where his strength of mind and body is renewed by toil in the open. The poor inebriate recovers his will among surroundings where he is treated as a man and where those with him are regarded as men.

Another reform is being wrought by the Provincial Secretary. He has designated, and organised as far as possible, the Asylums for the Insane as Hospitals for the Insane, and it is his object to make them hospitals in fact as well as in name. To that end the Government has acquired an estate of 600 acres at Whitby where those who are so unfortunate as to be mentally afflicted can be cared for among natural surroundings and with a minimum of confinement. They will be occupants of cottages and residential buildings and not of "institutions." They will spend their days and nights under conditions as normal as their state will permit, and their individuality will be regarded and cultivated as far as circumstances will allow.

Social problems of various kinds have been dealt with by the energetic Provincial Secretary. Handling the liquor traffic of a province like Ontario is a man's job, and Mr. Hanna's efforts in that direction have been creditable. Under his leadership in curtailing it by mandate and regulating it by license Ontario has gone a long way in the last seven years towards minimising the evils of the traffic. His opponents criticise him for not having gone far enough, but the bar has been abolished in all communities where there is a public opinion sufficient to effect abolition under the procedure provided. There were 2,384 licensed taverns in 1905 and this year there are about 1,500.

Forestry is being carried on in a practical manner. At one time the provincial revenue was augmented annually by more than a million dollars at a time by periodical auctions of timber limits. Over a million of the revenue of 1904 was from this source. Since that time the practise has been discontinued. Now the Government is buying timber instead

of selling it. Till two years ago Algonquin Park, covering over 2,000 square mils, was a collection of timber limits on which lumbermen had licences to cut both pine and hardwood. Cutting was going on at a rate that threatened the sources of several rivers. Conservation measures were resolved upon for removal of the forest growth would destroy the park and would injure the streams which had their sources in the park. The Government has spent $290,000 to extinguish timber licences covering 219 square miles of the park and in some adjoining townships covering 132 square miles which have been added to the reservation. Provision has been made for securing by purchase the surrender of other licenses in the reserve. Ontario's six forest reserves cover an area of 18,000 square miles.

Now no timber is sold except where forest areas have been damaged by fire. Timber so damaged must of necessity be sold and sold promptly. When such sales take place the areas are divided into small berths so that the small operator can be in as good a position to tender as his big competitor. Timber put up for sale on such occasions is offered at a rate per thousand feet instead of a rate per mile, and this ensures that all the timber cut shall be paid for.

With the increase in the value of timber the Government felt warranted in increasing the fees on timber licences. The rate of dues was increased from $1 to $1.50 a thousand feet board measure and on square timber from $20 to $50 a thousand feet cubic. The ground rent was increased from $3 to $5 a mile.

The trend of public and high school education has taken a practical turn and promises to be more rational. The overcrowding of the professions and the imperfect provision made for the training of skilled workman have demonstrated that the tendency has been to educate the young mind away from labour and handicraft rather than to equip that mind for the day's work in practical life. As a state Ontario has been a most generous supporter of education. But it is not too much to say that the results obtained are none too satisfactory considering the money spent. This tendency to give cultural training rather than vocational training is a relic, to some extent, of the days when the population of the Province was not so well served by the professions and when manufacturing was carried on only in a comparatively small way.

Classes in agriculture are already in the rural schools. They are in charge of the District Representatives whose other duties have become so pressing that their work as teachers cannot be given the attention it requires. Sir James Whitney has recently announced that these classes are soon to be conducted by teachers who will be graduates in the new agriculture course established by the Ontario Government. The teacher-in-training who makes agriculture his specialty is to take a four years' course, the first two years to be spent in Toronto, McMaster or Queen's Unversity, and the second two years at the Ontario Agricultural College.

Cautious but steady steps are being taken to give the school teacher a professional standing in the eyes of the public and to secure for the members of that profession salaries that will induce them to follow that calling longer. The Honourable Dr. R. A. Pyne, the Minister of Education, has a devoted assistant in his deputy minister, Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, in his efforts to attain those ends. Failure on the part of the school boards to pay adequate salaries is not the least of the causes of the scarcity of teachers. The cost of a public school education is being lowered. Now a set of public school readers costs forty-nine cents; formerly $1.15.

THE SILVER BULLET

BY C. S. RICHARDSON

FROM Sunny Italy he came, a little wisp of a dark-haired "Dago." There had been scrimping and saving for years in the little home to gather enough money for his passage to the new world, and when he landed in Montreal his hoarded coins were sadly lessened. Compatriots took him to an employment agency and, though the agent took nearly all the money that was left, he was not sorry, for had not the big man secured him work, which would bring to America his Clelia and the babe Anita?

For years Guiseppe toiled, working and hoarding against that day when there would be sufficient in the battered tin box to pay the passage of Clelia and the raven-haired Anita, whom distance enshrined in his heart as the all consuming idol of his love. Honest and willing, his foreman knew that "Gip" was no ordinary "Dago." He drifted from place to place, not with the aimless wanderings of common labourers, with the movement of one possessed with an insatiable desire to move forward, to progress.

Then came the proud day when the savings in the tin box had gathered and mounted till there was sufficient to take him to the land of his fathers, the land where his childhood had been spent among the stirring days of Garibaldi and the land that held his little Anita. Gathered about him in the evening at the village wineshop, the relatives and friends, wide-eyed and wondering, listened as he told marvellous tales of America, the land of promise, and it was a tearful and envious group that waved good-bye as Guiseppe carefully conducted his little flock from the village on its way to that wonderful land.

The passage was rough and Clelia, whose frail beauty had been the envy of the village belles, weakened and finally passed away in the tossing of the little immigrant ship that was bearing her away from the land of sunshine and flowers to that other land of America.

Kind hands dressed her in all the finery the loving Guiseppe had bestowed upon her, and when he, with tears streaming down his swarthy cheeks, cursed the saints that he had not been the one to die rather than his cherished wife, they brought him Anita and placed her in his arms. As he looked into her smiling face, all unconscious of her loss, there came to his heart a yearning that seemed to speak of the years he had worshipped her baby face from afar, a yearning that was only intensified by the death of his lovely wife. He would live for Anita, he swore. She would be all to him, his everything. That was the thought that cheered him as he tearfully saw the canvas-sewn form drop to its last resting place in the sea.

Before they had swathed that form in its shroud of white, he had stooped and brushed the lips with his, then had unclasped the heavy silver bracelet from the wrist, where he himself had placed it, and with a ribbon from his wife's hair, he tied it about Anita's neck.

Up on Construction in Camp 4, played a little dark eyed beauty, the idol of the Italian labourers of the camp the day dream of her father, who was the sub-foreman of the gang. Straight and lithesome she was, handsome as a little queen, with the rugged health of the backwoods child and the unspoiled, untempered temperament of her mother, though she was petted and indulged till it seemed marvellous that she still retained her sunny temper.

To many of the men she was a reminder of the little children so far away, and to her father, she was the living image of her mother. Engineers from the "big camp" had taught her to read and spell in English, and her father would sit in the cabin at nights and listen to her spelling from the ragged primer, glowing with inward pride as he drew on the little clay pipe.

As she grew, the ambition came upon him to make of her a "lady," something like the grand dames who accompanied their husbands when the big officials of the road made their periodical inspection of the work, and when next the little priest, who ministered to the wants of the men of the bush, came to Camp 4, Guiseppe spoke to him of his plans and hopes for little Anita. Long into the night they talked and when the little father went away it had been decided that Anita should go to far-off Winnipeg to a convent school.

Anita herself rebelled and cried piteously when the good father came to take her away, but her father was firm and she must obey. He went to the little tin box and drew from there a roll of bills that made the man of God stare when he paid for the first year's tuition of his little child, his little queen.

He passed many a long day and lonesome weary night thinking of her, but always there stole into his mind the happy thought that he was making of her a lady and it was all for her, his little Anita.

Summer came, then another and another, and for two months each year the little convent girl came back to the railway construction camp and lived her old life till it was time to go back to school. Convent training had not spoiled her, and it was the same sweet child of nature who played and romped about the men at their work.

It came like a shock when the little priest said to Guiseppe on the sixth of these heavenly holidays that Anita was fast growing up and it would soon be time for her to leave the convent. Anita growing up? It was impossible. She could not grow up; she must always remain his little babe Anita, but as he looked the fact that she was verging into womanhood forced itself on the unwilling mind of the father who imagined her always as the little babe he had held in his arms as he looked at the shrouded form of his wife on that immigrant ship years before.

The words of the priest forced themselves into his ears, unwilling as they were to listen to: "The camp is rough, Guiseppe, it is no place for a girl like Anita. You must find her a home, where she can minister to your wants in your old age, for you are rich. But it must be somewhere she can call home, and not the rough cabin of a constantly changing construction camp." He loved the camps and their ways but even then he sadly thought the Big Road was almost completed and soon there would be no more of it for him.

When Anita went away to the convent for the last time, he said goodbye to the old shacks and the old boarding cars and setting his way westward struck out for new surroundings for his Anita.

At Selkirk, in Manitoba, was his cousin's store, and there he went for advice and consultation. As love would have it Toni was homesick for the hills of his native Italy, and when Guiseppe had told his tale, he eagerly offered to sell his little store and

stock. To this Guiseppe assented, and when Anita was ready to leave her convent home, it was to the neat cottage back of the store that he brought her.

Handsome, accomplished, the greatest beauty of the territory, it was no wonder that scarcely three months passed before suitors came calling at the little cottage seeking to win the girl. Offers in plenty she had, but to all she made the same laughing response. She was her father's girl and would have none of them.

Then Pierre Sinclair, the half-breed, came into her life. Tall and sinewy, cast in the mold of the gods with the strange beauty of his English-French-Indian blood showing in his dare-devil, handsome face, which had turned more women to love and men to hate than any other of the north. His panther-like grace, conscious power and mighty prowess as a trapper made it small wonder that the mere flash of his steel gray eyes was sufficient to send many maiden's heart fluttering.

In the bar of the frontier saloon that first night of his home-coming, Pierre and his tales received but scant attention. The young men were gathered together toasting a mysterious "Anita," and tales of the far north and the wonderful winter were as nothing. Angrily the half-breed demanded to know of this new rival of his fame.

"You shall see her to-night, for she will be at the dance," they told him and he, with drink-flamed mind, swore, "She shall be mine."

The dance was on. Moodily the half-breed lounged in the doorway, his massive body displaying its graceful form as he leaned against the post. The dark-eyed beauty who had condescendingly nodded to him at their introduction had taken all his thoughts, for she, unlike the other girls, ignored him.

The Indian blood in his veins seethed with hate as he saw the smiling glances she bestowed upon the others in the hall and his teeth ground with rage as he repeated his oath. He deliberately set his mind to capturing the girl and planning his wooing. That summer he did not go back to the north, but remained near the village more industrious than he had ever been in the history of its existence. Anita in the power of his presence had forgotten the disdain with which she had first regarded a "half-breed" and began to eagerly look forward to the attentions of the handsome Sinclair.

Her father knowing more of the world and its ways, read in the eyes of the "breed" something of the true meaning of his courtship, and when he heard of Annette, the pretty half-breed squaw, whose suicide had been caused by the attentions and then desertion of Pierre, he ordered the latter from the house and threatened to shoot him if he returned.

Knowing nothing of Annette and only thinking of the base suspicions of her father against her now accepted lover, Anita rebelled, and the midnight trysts with him only served to make the ardent wooing of the man more attractive.

Pleading, coaxing, entreating with all the French ardour of his maternal grandsire, he broke down every barrier of her love, and one morning old Guiseppe found his child had gone, leaving behind the heavy silver bracelet she had worn always about her neck and tear-stained note asking forgiveness.

Dazed, he peered at the note, reading it over and over, then slipping the bracelet into his pocket and shaking himself as if from a bad dream, he went to the little store.

News of the elopement of Anita flew quickly around the settlement and sympathising neighbours came to console the old man, but of their sympathy he would have none.

"I ask none, I want none," he said calmly as he heard their stammering

assurances of pity. "I only ask justice. To his customers he was the same polite store-keeper as before. His only diversion now was the cleaning and oiling of his shot gun with which he spent hours, crooning as if to a child, while it was common talk that he carried in his pocket a silver bullet, moulded from the bracelet that Anita had left behind on the day of her flight.

A year passed and no word came from Anita. Then came whispers from the north of her desertion by Pierre, of her ringless hand and her little child, and later of the dance halls where she now sought her living. Anita the daughter of the wealthy Italian store-keeper was now a woman of the dance halls.

The snow was beginning to fall when a strange woman came to the village. Dressed in black with deeply lined face and the stoop of an old woman, not one in ten recognised the handsome, girlish Anita that had gone off with dare-devil Sinclair.

Straight to her father's she went, and what passed between the two no one ever knew. But the next morning, the old man was at the store as usual with the same placid expression, the same quiet dignity as before. He vouchsafed no information and those who knew him refrained from questioning. They saw little of Anita, her shame and her ill health keeping her behind the walls of the cottage, and it was not long before she was forced to her bed with a slow fever, the result of her life in the dance halls, where she had been forced by her lover and betrayer.

Gradually she sank lower and lower, then just as spring was breaking she died. In the garden that had once been her pride, her father buried her, and yet the same placid, carefree expression surmounted his face, while underneath his heart was breaking, and again there were those who said that the silver bullet was always with him and it was true that his nightly cleaning of the shot gun that had been interrupted by the home coming of Anita had been again resumed.

Then came Pierre. Swaggering into the village from the north where he had gone with the most beautiful girl of the West, and he laughed coarsely when a friend warned him of the hate of the old Italian.

"Bah! I crush heem lak dat," he said, squeezing a twig in his fingers till it cracked and bent. And then he spat contemptuously. "I swore she'd be mine, and she was for a time—till some one else got her," and he laughed again.

His coming had been heralded and the villagers wondered what the Italian would do. He was sweeping the front of his store when the half-breed passed.

"Helloa, little man, how Anita?" he yelled, leering almost into the face of her father.

Not a muscle of Guiseppe's face moved, not a nerve twitched as he continued his sweeping.

"Hah! you no answer—then take that and tell," swinging his open palm against the face of the little man. "One time you say I no have Anita. I have her—and so do one, two, free hundred. She any man's woman," and he laughed again.

"Bah! you Eye-Talians have no life, no spirit, no nothing and again he spat contemptuously.

The sidewalk sweeping continued. Once finished, the Italian crossed slowly into the store, then in its shade, he moved like lightning. From the rack he snatched the well-oiled gun and hurried through the back door to the garden and Anita's grave. There by the side of the mound that held his betrayed daughter he held the silver bullet aloft and with vengeful eyes cast to heaven, intoned a prayer to the merciful Jesu' that the silver bullet would go straight, then he returned to the store.

Stopping at the back window, he waited quietly for the coming of the

"breed." He was not destined to be cheated of his prey for long, for inflamed by drink, the half-breed came at the head of a small crowd toward the little shop and with the sworn intention of showing the old man how he had beaten the daughter who had once been his pride.

Of Pierre in drink the crowd was afraid, but it was another matter to see him beat a helpless old man whose child he had led to ruin and death, and they followed, at a discreet distance.

But Guiseppe waited, with the face schooled to habitual calm, with gun in hand, the gun with the silver bullet.

And now the breed was across the street mouthing fearful curses upon the head of Guiseppe and his dead daughter; now he was stepping from the ricketty sidewalk to the road—then came the silver bullet, messenger of death, of hate and of retribution.

From the angle of the window Guiseppe had shot him in the back and into the post-office corner store he staggered, sinking across the corner in writhing agony.

"I'm shot, shot to death," he shrieked, and his cries were heard for half a mile.

Across the street the old man sat on the chair listening with glistening eyes to the cries of his enemy—Anita's enemy; then, with a convulsive sigh, the hand dropped the gun, and the mental strain that had held him up so long snapped with the accomplishment of his revenge, and with a muttered "Anita" on his lips he fell to the floor—dead.

TO JOHN READE

(Flos Poetarum Canadensium Decusque)

On His Attaining His 75th Birthday, November 13th, 1912

By J. D. LOGAN

RARE Melodist, whose days,—slow-cadencing
In music only God's rapt Minstrels hear,—
Are solaced and sustained by holy cheer
From memories the rev'nant hours re-bring,—
'Twas thou who first, in thy pellucid Art,
Disclosed to us,—the later Lyric band,—
Where Beauty, garbed in glory, treads our land,
Or haunts the warded chambers of the heart.

O let our homage this glad day increase
Thy blithe "Hail, dear returned Nativity,"
And flood thy Cup with wine of ecstasy.
For lo, in thought of thee, our eyes grow wet
With Love's luke mists,—fond, tender tears of peace
Which flow for joy that thou art with us yet!

OLD MAN KELLY

BY KATHLEEN BLACKBURN

HE stood at the door and watched the funny old figure as she trundled down the street, her two milk cans, one in each hand, her funny old yellow jacket sticking up at the back like a sparrow's tail.

"She's a pretty good sort," he commented, and then he wondered dryly why her hat always went crookedy and why her laugh sounded so like the cackle of a hen.

For ten years Miss Amanda Lovejoy had delivered a pint of milk—no more and no less—at Ryder Kelly's door every morning of the week and for ten years he had paid her grudgingly out of a rusty old brown purse where he kept his change.

If there was one thing more than another that Ryder Kelly hated it was parting with his change. He always felt as if he was conferring a special favour on the person in question, and not in the least as if he was paying a debt. And yet in spite of this he rather liked poor old Miss Lovejoy. She was good-hearted and easy-going and was always ready to pass the time of day with a joke or a pleasant word or two. Once, when he had a bad cold and was too mean to see a doctor about it, she had brought him in some cough medicine and had put a copious mustard-plaster on his chest. Ryder had quite liked that attention. He had never had a woman fussing over him before, and the feeling of her fingers as she adjusted the plaster, and the sound of her admonishing as she told him to "mind he kept it on till it burnt good and hard," gave him a comfortable sense of being looked after.

Once, years and years ago, he had seriously thought of getting married. The girl had been young and pretty, a little giddy perhaps, and with quite a taste for dress. He had thought her extravagant down in his soul, but when she laughed or said something nice he forgot about it. However, they managed to quarrel over some trivial matter or other, and afterwards, when the smart was gone he thanked his lucky stars that he had escaped. Then, somehow, he had settled down into a rusty, crusty enjoyment of his own society, and when he got tired of boarding he went into housekeeping on a diminutive scale. Take it on the whole, it was cheaper.

He was a cloak-mender by trade. It was rather an interesting trade. He went about from house to house all over the country and doctored up the watches and clocks. In this way people got to know him quite well, and he gained quite a little local notoriety.

"That poor old Ryder Kelly; he isn't a bad sort!" they would say with a grin, and speaking in much the same tone of patronising commiseration as he had spoken of Amanda Lovejoy.

And so the years had raced by, and the older he grew the quicker years seemed to race until one morning he woke up with the distinct realisation that he was no longer what the world would call young. His exact age he never told, but he was willing to own up to something over fifty.

That particular morning he had a pain in his back; it was a sharp, twinging sort of feeling, and made

him quite angry. What business had a pain like that to come to him? Why, the next thing he knew he'd be getting down sick, and needing a doctor and all that sort of truck.

He told Miss Lovejoy about it when she came with the milk that morning, and she advised a mixture of gin and bay leaves as a remedy.

"I guess it's a touch of the old man's trouble you've got," she added, cackling nervously like an industrious hen.

"What's that?" he inquired testily. Her laugh seemed to irritate him somehow that morning.

"Why, the rheumatiz, of course, Mr. Kelly," she explained. "It catches me once in a while when the weather's dull, and mother, why she's a regular martyr when the wind's east."

"But your mother's old," he expostulated, "she must be close on to eighty, and when you're that age you can kind of look out for squalls. But young people like ourselves now—"

"Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Kelly! Young people like ourselves now!" and her nervous laugh went a scale higher. "Why, we oughtn't even to be talking about it. But you take that gin stuff and you'll find it'll fix you up fine." And with a wag of her head that sent her hat "crookeder than ever" she picked up her milk cans and trotted away.

Ryder Kelly thought over the gin proposition with his hand on the small of his back where the pain was touching him up, but came to the conclusion finally that he could get along without it. There wasn't much sense in women's advice, and besides gin was expensive.

The next day he was feeling so much better that he found he could even dismiss the subject from his mind without an apology. A tough old nut like himself didn't need to be mucking around with medicines and such. Another thing had happened, though, that had rather put him out. Miss Lovejoy, contrary to her habit of ten years, had not appeared with his pint of milk. It was annoying to say the least. His porridge was bubbling on the stove and his tea brewing beside it. He was in a hurry for his breakfact, and that pint of milk was the one luxury he allower himself.

"Strange!" he said, and went to the door half a dozen times in as many minutes to peer down the street. Various solutions offered themselves in turn. Perhaps the cow had gone dry. Such things did occur. Perhaps she had kicked over the pail. Perhaps Amanda Lovejoy had been taken down herself with that rheumatism she had been talking about. This thought tickled him somehow, and he laughed over it until he was almost in good humour. Finally, he ate his porridge dry and gulped down his tea bald.

The next day, however, the very same thing happened all over again. Miss Lovejoy and her milk cans failed to apper, and Ryder Kelly, sitting down to his dry meal, began by feeling angry and ended by feeling amused. He pictured Miss Amanda tied up in red flannel and drinking gin and bay leaves, and the notion set him off laughing. "She'd look old enough then, I bet you!" he declared.

But he had just finished scraping his spoon all round the porridge pot so as not to have any wasted, making this performance the usual finish to his breakfast, when he heard a step at the door and there stood Amanda.

"Hello!" cried Ryder. "Why in thunderation didn't you bring that milk yesterday?"

Amanda didn't answer, and when old Kelly looked up at her sharply to see what was the matter she was making a queer, sniffing sound, and her eyes and the tip of her nose were suspicously red.

"Good Lord! woman, what's the matter?" he cried. If there was one thing more than another that got

on his nerves it was to have a female come upon him in the dumps.

"The—the cow's dead," she answered, her voice flat with misery.

"Oh, is that all!" he retorted. "I thought it must be your great grandmother at least."

"How did she die?" he added.

"She got hold of an apple and it went the wrong way or something and—oh, that cow was just all we had to depend on! I don't know—" she broke off.

"H'm!" said Ryder dryly.

"I—I didn't mean to bother you," she added apologetically. "P'raps Gideon'll buy us another. He's promised to."

"Likely!" he replied, the fine edge of sarcasm concentrating itself upon that one word. During his acquaintanceship with Gideon Lovejoy, which dated back a matter of thirty years or more, he had never heard of him buying anything more lasting or useful than alcoholic beverages.

"Fudge!" he said to himself as soon as the little old yellow coat and the crookedy hat had disappeared down the street. "Gideon buy them a cow indeed!" He had an uncomfortable sense of being sorry, and he hated to be sorry over anything. It was upsetting to the nervous system. At the same time there came to his mind the recollection of an extremely tidy little bank account which had been collecting for years, and for which there was really no definite use. The thought made him angrier still. "If she thinks she's going to get anything out of me with her sniffing she's very much out of her reckoning," he exclaimed, and tried to push the whole affair back into the most cobwebby and unused section of his brain.

The Lovejoys did not get a new cow, and for weeks Ryder Kelly went without milk on his porridge, not so much this time from a habit of economy as from a sort of unwillingness to begin taking from anyone else. He had got used to Amanda, and now that she had no longer any occasion to come he missed her visits, and the jokes they used to crack and even her funny, cackling laugh. Sometimes he would start to wonder what he would do if he should get a bad cold again, and there would be no one to make a mustard plaster for him and bring him that cough mixture. Occasionally stories would come to his ears of the straits the Lovejoys were in owing to heir loss. The cow and the milk customers, it appears, had been the main source of their revenue, and the animal's sudden death had left them almost beggars. But these stories made old Ryder feel uncomfortably angry and irritable, so that he invariably marshalled them off as quickly as possible to the cobwebs in the attic.

It was a winter's day, a hard, cold, biting winter's day with a wind as sharp as a toothache, and the thermometer registering away down in the zeros. The night before there had been a heavy fall of snow, one of those drifting, disagreeable snowfalls that seem to take a malicious sort of pleasure in blocking up and making every thoroughfore as impassable as snow can make it. Ryder Kelly's little cottage had something the appearance of a solitary plum sitting up on a desert of icing. It was literally buried in drifts.

"Holy Moses!" he said when he awoke the next morning and looked out of the window. He made a shift to get out of bed, but as luck would have it when he tried to move a pain seemed to catch him right in the small of his back and to double him up. He made two or three attempts, and then fell back weak and nerveless. He was going to die, he told himself. What else could that pain mean? It was a teriffic pain. It was worse than anything he had ever imagined. It was like a toothache and an earache in one, and both conspiring to make a cripple of him. Then there was no one to wait on him or to do anything for him. If only there was some

one within call! But just to die like that! To have the neighbours come and find him dead!

For a veritable eternity he lay moaning and groaning without relief. He thought of Amanda Lovejoy and her mustard plaster. Lord! what wouldn't he give for one now! What wouldn't he give to see her crookedy hat coming in the doorway and hear that funny laugh of hers. And if that pesky cow hadn't died she would be coming in. Oh, the luck of it! He wished he had given her another one after all. He wished—but that wish he drove back hurriedly among the cobwebs. Why, he was a confirmed old bachelor and he always would be.

It was drawing on towards evening, and old Ryder had been lying in a state of profanity and pain all day when he sound of a whistle going by the house roused him up. He managed to draw himself into a sitting posture, and by reaching over somehow to rap madly on the window pane.

The whistle ceased, and a minute later the door, after a great deal of pounding and noise, was driven open, and then a boy's voice sang out, "Was you wanting anything?"

"Yes," roared Ryder, for his lungs were still powerful, "I'm in bed and I can't get up. My back's all twisted up somehow."

The boy grinned. "My, you look it!" he remarked.

"Get out!" cried Ryder angrily. Boys always did make him angry.

"All right!" said the boy.

"You young devil you! Look here, I'm in pain, great pain. I want you to go round to the Lovejoys as quick as you can and tell Miss Lovejoy to come round directly. Understand?"

"Sure," said the boy, and grinned again.

"I'll give you a—a quarter if you do it right."

Ryder Kelly threw himself back on his pillow half dead from weakness, and again another eternity passed while he waited. Was she never coming? Perhaps she had made up her mind she wouldn't. Perhaps she was angry over the cow. These and a hundred other suggestions went through his head as he gritted his teeth at intervals and cursed himself and creation in general. But when at last the door opened and with it a blast of cold air and the nervous cackle of a woman's laugh it sounded like the most heavenly music in his ears.

"Why, you are in a bad way," she said, and smoothed his pillow and pulled up the clothes in a sort of womanly and comforting way. Then she proceeded to set things going. She lighted the fire which had gone out, and she boiled the kettle and made a cup of tea, and all in such a brisk and businesslike manner that it seemed to be done before he realised it.

"I guess you've got an attack of lumbago," she said after a bit. "I called at the doctor's on my way up and explained it to him, and he's given me some liniment to rub on. Roll over and I'll rub it on."

"I can't," he moaned. "I can't move."

"Oh, yes, you can," she said, and her voice was so confident that he found himself obeying, though with difficulty.

But oh, the heaven of that rubbing! The heaven of the warmth it gave! And the feeling of being waited on!

Ryder Kelly was acutely sick for three days, and then the pain suddenly left him. During those three days Amanda Lovejoy had nursed him through it, staying right on and taking charge just as though she had been brought up to the business. But on the fourth day she put on the crookedy hat and the old yellow jacket which she wore both winter and summer and said good-bye.

Old Kelly was racking his brain as to what he could say to express his gratitude. It occurred to him that he ought to give her something, and he took out his rusty old purse

where he kept his change and examined its contents. It contained two dollars in silver and coppers and a quarter extra for the boy. Would that be enough to offer?

She had shaken hands. It really seemed necessary to shake hands upon this occasion, and had admonished him in her funny, nervous way never again to dare to get lumbago.

"Would you nurse me if I did?" he asked.

"Well," twisting her head to one side, "I might if I was put to it and you couldn't get no one else."

"That's kind!" he remarked, and rubbed his chin testily. He wanted to make some suggestion about the money, and didn't know just how to do it.

"Look here," he said, suddenly plunging in, "I guess I owe you something. Hold out your hand, will you?" and as she complied unknowingly, he emptied the contents of the old purse into her palm.

"Oh," she cried and looked down at her hand confusedly. "I didn't mean—I don't want—" she broke off and the hot colour rushed to her face and temples. "Oh, that was cruel of you!" she cried. "Did you think I wanted to be paid like a hired servant? But I won't take it! I won't!" and with a spasmodic movement she flung the coins away as though they had burnt her, and sent them scattering all over the room.

Ryder Kelly stood like one petrified. Such a strange thing to have happened. Such a very strange thing. It had cost him quite an effort to open out his purse and do what he did, and then to think—but he didn't feel angry, which was remarkable, nor even put out. He only had a bewildered feeling.

Then the next thing he knew she was gone, and he was standing in the centre of the room with the empty purse in his hand, and the silver and coppers scattered all about the floor. "Well, women are the worst!" he said slowly, and snatching up his hat and coat he put them on quicker than he had ever done in his life before.

He hadn't quite made up his mind as to what he was going to say. He was so old and rusty in the business of love making, but he had a sort of hazy idea away back in his head somewhere that he would try and make it up to her for the purse incident, and then—and then—well, hang it all, how does a man go about it when he finds out that he's pretty lonely after all, and he has met a woman, *the* woman who will straighten out that loneliness and give him some of the happiness that he has missed?

That was the problem Ryder Kelly tried to solve as he followed Miss Amanda Lovejoy through the snow.

THE DESERTION OF PRIVATE TODD

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

IT was Sunday evening at Niagara Camp. The mess was still rolling in laughter over one of the Adjutant's inimitable stories when Sergeant-Major Grady entered and, with a warning cough, saluted.

"What's up, Grady?" asked the Colonel.

"Private Todd, sir," was the answer, "'e was in bathin' this afternoon, sir, and 'asn't been seen since. No, 'e wasn't seed to come out, sir."

"Nice job," grunted the Colonel. "Who's orderly officer? Better get lanterns and dig him up. He's probably only trying to desert."

"No, sir," I answered, "he's not that kind. More likely some practical joking on the part of the men. You see he's a Cockney, and a little soft."

"I'll bet there's a woman in it," broke in the Adjutant. "Who'll lay me a fiver that there isn't?"

"Not I," said some one through the smoke. "You see that's the way Todd is soft."

And as the voice continued to relate some acendote of Todd's experiences with the gentler sex, I slipped out into the dewy chill of the summer night.

It was about midnight when Private Todd, whistling merrily and blissfully unconscious of the sensation he was causing, stumbled wearily into the arms of the guard, who, after cursing him vilely and battering him round considerably, reported to me. I was sitting on my cot discussing a dozen improbable theories of his disappearance with "Butts" Brown. Across the way the Colonel's tent still showed a luminous cone through the mist; so thither we marched the unfortunate Todd.

"He is here, sir," I said. "Has a nice cock and bull story about being to the Falls and back."

"All right. Now, Todd, fire away with your yarn. Start right from the time you went in swimming and stick to the truth, you'll find it easiest."

"Well you see, sir," began Todd, "it was this wye, sir. W'en Hi was in bathin' I thought as 'ow the boys might be playin' some tricks on me like they has been doin' lately, so I swims under water and come hup on t'other side of t' bushes and gets into my duds afore they knowed it.

"So as I was walkin' along the road to camp I sees a motor-car comin' with only the showfure in it. 'Gi'e us a lift,' says I. 'I'm on,' says 'e, and 'e slows up and lets me in. Then we goes for a spin around a bit. ''Old on there,' I says, 'I 'ave to be back in camp by night, and 'Eaven knows 'ow far we are now.' But 'e wouldn't slow up. 'I 'ave to pick up a leddy along 'ere,' 'e tells me, 'and then I'll spin back and drop you.' 'Right O!' says I, and we spins along a few more miles. So we picks up the leddy and she asks me right off 'oo I was and w'at regiment

I belonged to. So I asks 'er if she knowed you and she said as 'ow she did."

"H'm. What did she look like?" queried the Colonel.

"She was a peach, but meanin' no offence, sir, seein' as 'ow she was a friend of yours, I should say as she pinted."

The Adjutant snorted.

"Go on, Todd," said the Colonel, as he rescued the table from upsetting.

"Well, she arsks me if I 'ad ever been to the Falls, and w'en I says 'no,' she leans over the showfure and says, 'Brown, drive us up to the Falls.' So I leans back into the paddin' and watches her with one eye and the chickens and 'ouses dodgin' past with the other. She sure was a game un, sir. After a bit we comes to an 'otel and she says, 'Brown, mebbe you and this 'ere gent would like to 'ave a drink.' 'So we got out, but there was nothin' doin', bein' as 'ow it was Sunday.

" 'Oh, well!' she says, 'we can take a run across to the American side and get it served up in style there.' So w'en we gets to the Falls we crosses over the bridge and takes a shoot in and out around the park there. Ever been there, sir? All fixed up like some of the plaices over 'ome.

"But she'd forgot all about the drink, sir. The rare and natcheral beauty of the plaice 'ad fair bewitched 'er. So I leans over and says, 'w'ich 'otel did you say, ma'am?' That kind of brung 'er to and she tells Brown and 'e pulls up and hopens the door. So I jumps out and takes 'er 'and, the same as I've seed you—"

"That will do, Todd," broke in the Colonel, "just go on with your story."

"Yes, sir. So I 'elps 'er out and 'ides my belt under my jacket and tilts back my cap so as they'd think I was a h'officer and we goes into the 'otel. 'Let's take a room,' says she, 'I'd rather like a glass myself but I couldn't take it 'ere.

"And as the bell 'op was showin' us along the corridor 'e calls out to 'is chum, 'Pipe the general,' says 'e So you see I wasn't exactly disgracin' the regiment.

"So w'en we got to the room she says 'W'at'll you 'ave.' So Brown says 'beer' and I says 'beer' and she says, 'I guess I'll 'ave beer too.'

"I knowed she was a rare plucked un right from the word go. 'Let me pay for this,' says I. 'Oh, no!' says she, but at last she says 'all right then.' So I pulls out a ten spot just to show I was a sport and 'ands it to Brown to get the drinks.

" 'E goes down the elevator. After aw'ile w'en 'e doesn't show up she begins to wonder w'at's keepin' 'im. ' 'Taint as though they didn't know me,' she says and starts downstairs after 'im. I waits a little longer and then begun to think as maybe they might know 'er too bloomin' well, so I starts down meself. They weren't nowhere to be seen.

" 'W'ere did they go?' I arsks the clerk.

" 'Oo?' says 'e, lookin' as wise as a cabbage.

" 'Them two,' says I.

" 'I dunno,' 'e answers. ' 'Oo's payin' for the room.'

"But I didn't wait to argue about that. I dodged out on the street and takes the first car across the bridge. As soon as I got safe over I shakes my fist back, 'opin' they was watchin' fer me and then goes through my pockets. 'Ere I was, 'Eaven only knows 'ow far from camp, with only half a dollar to me name. I don't know w'ere I'd been if I 'adn't got a lift from a farmer as 'ad been to church. I'd a been walkin' yet."

"Well, what do you think of that?" said the Colonel, as the Cockney breathlessly finished his narrative.

"I will be hanged if I know," murmured the Adjutant.

"Well, Todd," said the Colonel,

and the Cockney sprang to attention to receive his sentence, "you are convicted on your own evidence of three very serious offences. For the first, absence without leave, I sentence you to one day's confinement to camp. Your punishment for the other two offences, to wit, attempting to impersonate an officer and for conduct to the prejudice of discipline and order in the battalion, howevevr, will rest on your behaviour during camp."

"Thank you, sir," murmured Todd, as he was marched off, "and I won't tell a livin' soul as 'ow she was a friend of yours, sir."

"Well, I'll be blessed," said the Adjutant, as he brought his hand down on the Colonel's knee. "If he still doesn't believe she was one of your personal friends."

"You brainless idiot," replied the Colonel. "Can't you see that was the same girl you were putting on such airs with when showing her round camp on visitor's day."

"The deuce take it! Was she though? O Lord! to think how I might have been stung!"

And I stepped outside to laugh and to think that the Canadian Militia is nothing if it is not democratic.

AUTUMN

By MARY CORNELL

SUMPTUOUS autumn, cradling in her lap
The fruits of arduous summer! her ripe lip
Is dyed in ruddy wines; with fragrant sap
Her gurgling goblets drip.

Moves she in splendour toward those unbridged Fears,
While shuddering Winter counts her panting breath,
Armed with the warnings of a thousand years
And the wise saws of death.

Proud as a victor from a conquest come,
Bearing the trophies of his battles won;
Sad as the wounded soldier creeping home,
Knowing his deeds are done.

Rich as the miser whose engirdled earth
Glitters within a hoard of heightening gold;
Sad as the drooping minstrel by the hearth,
Whose tale has all been told.

CANALISING THE DETROIT RIVER

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

AUTHOR OF "OUR INLAND SEAS," ETC.

NOT many people of Canada, in all probability not more than one person in ten thousand, know that the United States have in the last few years handed over to them a good-sized fortune, and were eager to do it. Why the Government at Washington should have spent more than ten millions of dollars for the improvement of river channels lying almost wholly in Canadian waters and beyond its jurisdiction or control, is a question not open to much argument, but the facts surrounding this unusual expenditure should be thoroughly understood by the people of both nations. Because the fortune was not a tangible one, some persons in Canada may say that it was a sop thrown out to lure them into political errors; others of opposing beliefs may declare that it was an evidence of a broad international policy; while still others, perhaps better informed, may contend that it was merely a plan of expediency, for the easy solution of engineering problems.

None of these reasons, however, is justified by facts. The first is not worthy of consideration; the second, while true in fact, is not an impelling motive; and the third is unwarranted because the United States did not have to make good navigable channels wholly in Canadian waters in order to afford relief to the enormous traffic of the Straits. It was entirely feasible, as was contended ten years ago and has since been proved, to dredge a deep and straight ship canal for a distance of twelve miles, lying mostly in American waters. The real reason, therefore, for going into foreign ground in this great engineering project is simply that of economics. There is no sentiment about it; it is purely a matter of business, a question of efficiency: to spend ten millions to save a hundred millions.

This great work, which has been under way for thirty-seven years, is almost finished, almost ready to afford adequate navigation in the straits for the enormous commerce of the Great Lakes, a navigation which is free and open to the world, without hindrance or tolls. The greatest benefits accruing from this liberal expenditure will go, of course, to the United States, whose lake marine now forms a double procession of heavily laden freighters, liners and passenger steamers and is one of the wonders of America. Canada, in accepting the widened and deepened channels, enjoys the same benefits to the full extent of her merchant marine engaged in the upper and lower lake traffic. The waters of greatest value to her shipping are Lake Superior, Georgian Bay, Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, because the economic route from Fort William to Montreal is by the way of Georgian Bay ports, and not by the way of Lake Erie and the Welland Canal. Her shipping, moreover, is owned and controlled very largely by the transcontinental railroads, whose lines cut directly across Ontario to Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. The economic water route of the future will undoubtedly be the

Georgian Bay-Montreal Canal by way of the Ottawa River. This is the pet project of the Borden administration for the ostensible reason that it would afford continuous deep water navigation, from the head of the lakes to tide water, wholly within the boundaries of the Dominion. The gift, however, of canalised channels in the Detroit River is of no less importance, for the present at least, to the commerce of Canada.

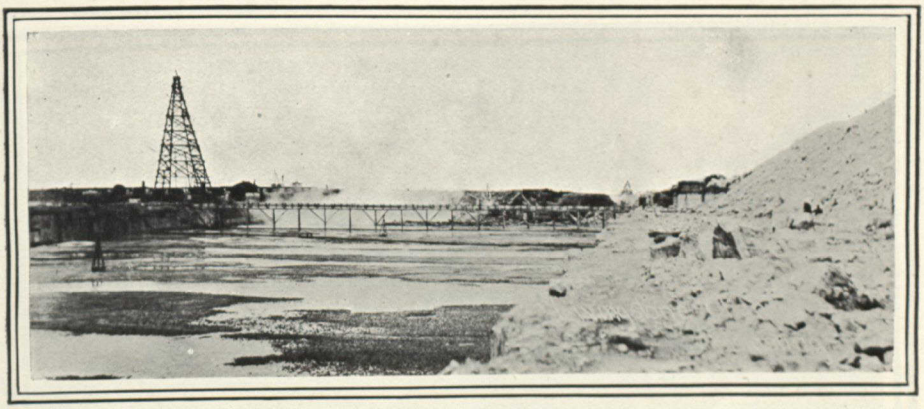
Although Nature has lavished her richest stores on the lake country and given it a great highway of commerce, numerous handicaps to free navigation of connecting straits were interposed to test the genius of man. From the time of the discovery and early exploration of the lower straits to the present, navigation of their tortuous and rock-bound channels has always been difficult and attended with hidden dangers. In August, 1679, when La Salle and his faithful followers in the *Griffin* sailed up the broad stream, and named it Detroit, the swift and treacherous waters were almost insurmountable; and Hennepin, in his narrative of the expedition, relates that they were three days in coming to the lake Sainte Claire, a distance of only twenty-eight miles. He was so impressed with the beautiful scenery of the straits that he wrote:

> "The straits are thirty leagues long, bordered by low and level banks, and navigable for their entire length; that on either hand are vast prairies extending back to hills covered with vines, fruit trees, thickets and tall forest trees, so distributed as to seem rather the work of art than of nature. . . The inhabitants who will have the good fortune to some day settle on this pleasant and fertile strait will bless the memory of those who pioneered the way, and crossed Lake Erie by more than a hundred leagues of an unknown navigation."

Upon reaching their head at the outlet of the lake of the Hurons, they found the current so swift that they resorted to the expedient of towing their vessel from the shore by manual strength. The historian declares that the waters ran almost as swift as in the rapids of the upper Niagara, where towing had been employed to bring the vessel to Lake Erie.

The boundary line between Canada and the United States was first established by the Treaty of Paris, which was signed on September 3, 1783. It followed the *middle* of the Detroit River through its entire length. But the Treaty of Ghent, executed in December, 1814, established the line as following the middle of the deepest channel in the straits. A definite line, however, was not laid down and mapped until August, 1842, and the map filed in the Department of State. This line runs to the west of Bois Blanc Island and east of Grosse Isle, thence west to Fighting Island and back along the Canadian shore to Lake St. Clair. Under the terms of this treaty the boundary line was so located that all improvements afterwards made by the United States to 1907 were entirely in Canadian waters. The best sailing channel lay east of Bois Blanc Island, and naturally the ship channel followed that course, and was improved under successive projects.

The distance from Detroit to deep water in Lake Erie is about twenty-four miles, but the section included in these various projects is the last half of this distance. From the lower end of Fighting Island the natural water-course veers toward the Canadian shore, and continues over a rocky bed with tortuous turns to the mouth of the river. This stretch, about twelve miles long, is known as the Amherstburg Channel, and floats a greater commerce than any other waterway in the world. Originally it was divided into five sections, which, beginning at the upper end, were designated as Ballard's Reef, Limekiln Crossing, Bois Blanc Range, Amherstburg Reach, and Hackett Range. The shallowest part of the channel was along Limekiln Crossing, where the depth ranged from thirteen to fifteen feet according to the stage of



BLASTING IN THE LIVINGSTONE CHANNEL

water in Lake Erie. Above and below the limekilns there was ample depth for all needs of commerce, but the winding channel and swift current rendered navigation extremely dangerous.

The first project to improve this channel by deepening and removing obstructions, was undertaken by the United States in 1874. Even at that time the freight movement through the Detroit was large and increasing rapidly. It amounted to about twenty million tons annually and comprised lumber and other products of the forest, salt, stone, coal, grain, and general merchandise. The shipping was composed of steam barges and their tows, "rabbits," a modified type of the barge, schooners, railroad liners, and side-wheel steamboats, the average capacity of which was less than five hundred tons. These vessels drew anywhere from ten to fifteen feet of water on load draft, and, in passing the treacherous section at the limekilns, they often grounded or collided with one another, entailing great loss. It was determined, therefore, to deepen the rock-bound channel at this place to twenty feet, at the datum plane of Lake Erie established at 572.6 above mean low tide at New York, for a least width of three hundred feet.

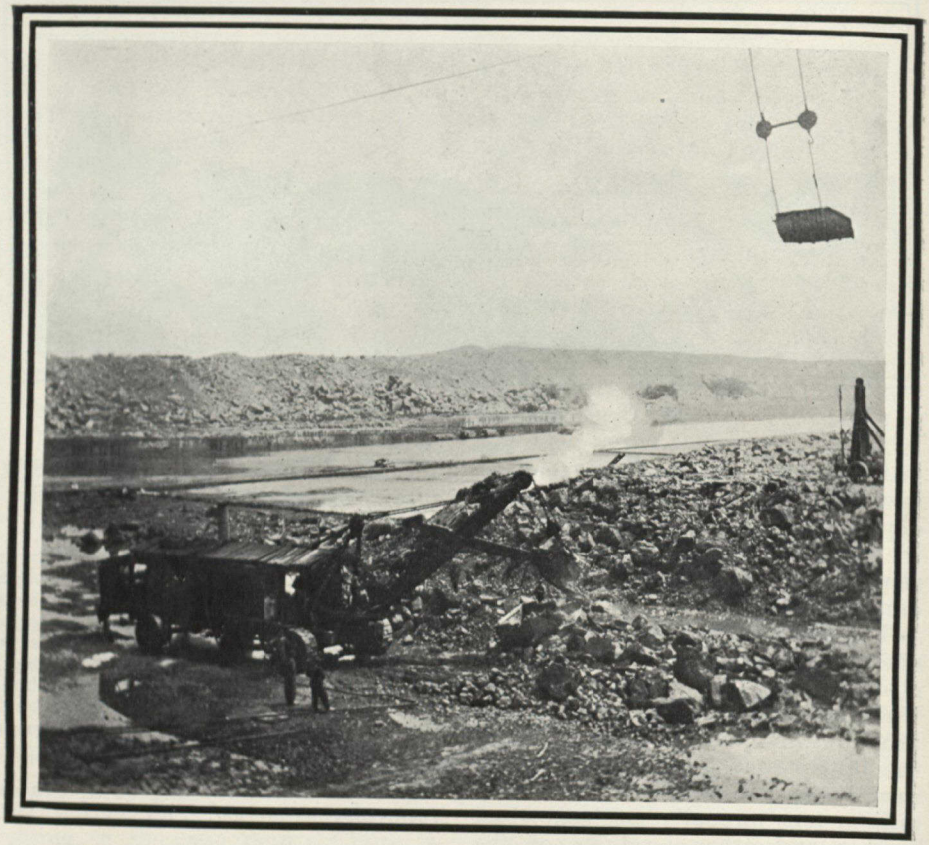
The reports of Major Comstock and Major Weitzel, of United States Corps of Engineers, dated January 12, 1874, throw some sidelights on the situation:

"At the limekilns on the Detroit River an excavation must be made through rock, undoubtedly overlaid at some places by boulders. Because of great expense of making cut at this point, we have taken the least allowable width of channel at 300 feet on account of great damage to which a large vessel would be exposed in striking the sides of a narrow rock-cut."

Again on February 10, 1874, Major Comstock reported:

"At this place the bed of the river is probably overlaid with boulders, and it seems probable that the removal of the larger of the boulders will give all the relief needed for vessels of heaviest draft at present used on the lakes. No detailed examination in reference to these boulders has been made on which to base an estimate of cost, but think $25,000 would be ample to remove the more serious ones. In the process it would be ascertained whether any of the obstructions are solid rock not covered by boulders, and hence involving a larger expense in removal. Where these obstructions are worse, the deep water of the river is within 200 yards of the Canadian shore, and they are partly in Canadian waters."

It will be noticed that the engineers at this time disregarded the established line laid down in 1842, and held that it followed the navigable channel east of Bois Blanc Island and near the Canadian shore. This contention has long since been abandoned, how-



HUGE STEAM SHOVEL AT WORK, WITH DUMP BUCKET SWINGING IN THE AIR FROM A CABLE

ever, the original boundary line being maintained to the satisfaction of the Canadian Government, and saving to them the beautiful little island of Bois Blanc (Bob-Lo).

The River and Harbour Act of June 23, 1874, appropriated $25,000 "to remove boulders and rocks in Detroit River, partly in Canadian waters." Major Weitzel was placed in charge of the work, and soon advertised for bids and planned for accurate surveys. Just at this time the Canadian Government lent a hand in the proposal to make the contemplated improvement. Their surveys then made proved that the information upon which Major Weitzel had based his specifications was erroneous. All bids were therefore rejected. It was afterward found, rather unfortunately, that the surveys made by the Canadian engineers did not cover sufficient ground; and a more extensive survey was ordered and made by assistant engineer H. A. Ulffers (U.S.A.) in the Spring of 1875. During 1875 the Canadian Government, under an appropriation of $5,000, removed some of the most dangerous projecting points and other obstructions in the bed of the river. With the crude appliances then used, and working over an extended area, drilling holes by hand and blasting out with one-quarter pound charges of nitroglycerin, the cost was $60 a cubic yard of actual rock excavation. This result must have been staggering to the advocates of government improve-

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STEAM SHOVEL

ments, in both countries concerned.

On November 26th, 1875, Major Weitzel submitted estimates for the work from information obtained from the United States survey of that year, which, based on $25 a cubic yard as unit cost, showed $261,750 for a channel eighteen feet in depth, and $1,166,500 for twenty feet depth. This channel would be wholly in Canadian waters, but, as much less cutting was required than for one in what was then held to be American waters, the plan was adopted. The section under improvement was 2,680 feet in length, and was given a gradual curve at it was considered advisable to make the channel conform to the direction of the currents, which flowed towards the Canadian shore just above the obstruction and were deflected back just below it. Negotiations at this stage with the Canadian Government failed to secure their co-operation in the work, as had been contemplated; but a project for the expenditure of the original appropriation of $25,000 was submitted on June 23rd, 1876. The work was to be done entirely on the American side of the then assumed boundary line, and hence in hypothecated waters.

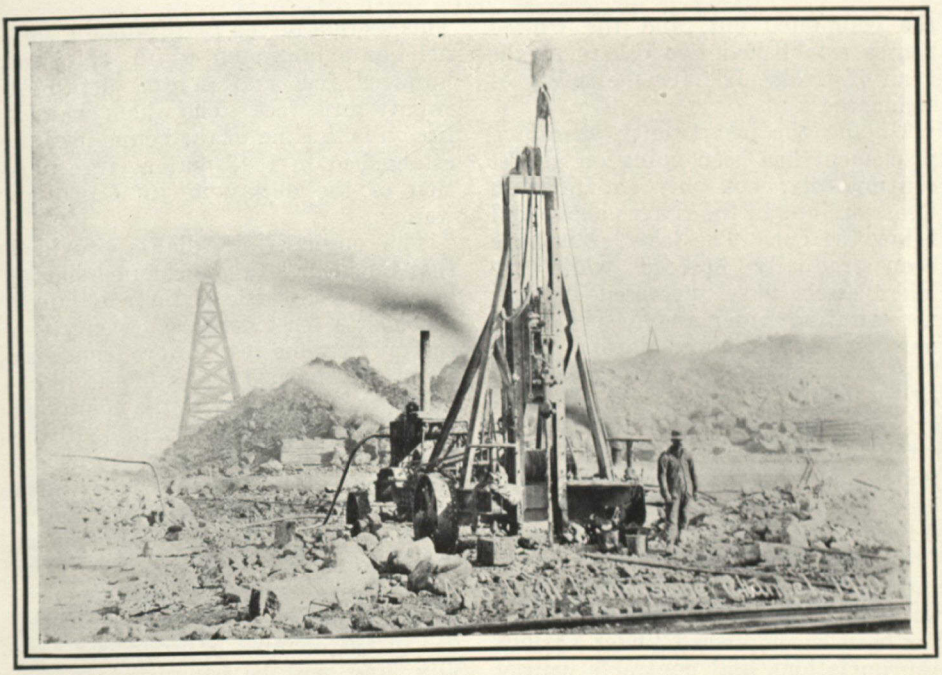
A contract was duly entered on September 4th, 1876, with Case and Jennings, of Dunkirk, for removal of solid rock at $7.50 a cubic yard, measured in scows. This price was remarkably low at that time, and other bidders predicted that the work could not be carried to completion under it. Developments, however, showed that the price yielded a good profit to the contractors; and it

was decided by the engineers to excavate the bed rock to a depth of twenty feet. Work was therefore begun on September 25th on the curved channel, three hundred feet wide, without waiting for co-operation of Canada. Operations were suspended when ice formed in the river, but were resumed in the spring and continued until the original appropriation was exhausted in June, 1877.

It is interesting to draw a comparison between the crude methods of excavation and appliances then employed and the highly efficient plants now used for such work. In those days the work was carried on from a raft, and drilling was done entirely by hand. When the exact position for the raft had been determined by an instrument from the shore, the raft was raised clear of the water by means of spuds, the operations carried on, and then lowered before blasting. The deck of the raft was perforated at equal spaces, and three-inch pipes inserted in the holes. Through these pipes the drills, two inches in diameter, were worked, eight being in operation at the same time. Each drill required four men to work it, the average depth of the holes being four and a half feet; and the charges were three and a half pounds of Oriental rifle powder. This explosive did not prove satisfactory, however, as the rock was not broken up into small enough pieces for the dredge to handle, and nitroglycerin in three pound charges was substituted. Later micapowder in charges of four to five and a half pounds was used, as the blast left the rock in condition to be economically handled by the dredge. Micapowder was about fifty per cent. cheaper than nitroglycerin, and could be safely handled. Twenty-six hundred and thirty cubic yards of rock were removed from the channel under this contract.

In striking contrast to these early methods are the highly economic means used to-day in excavating bed rock. Steam rock-drills, operated from huge plants on scows, drill a series of holes in the solid rock to a depth of from six to eight feet; a dynamite cartridge is lowered in each hole, rammed home, and set off. Powerful dredges equipped with buckets of the dipper and clam-shell type follow and remove the debris, depositing it on dump scows. These scows are towed by tugs to the dumping ground and automatically dumped by the mere shifting of levers. This work is now done under varying unit prices of $1.98, $2.80 or $3.40 a cubic yard, bank measurement, according to the character of the excavation. Clay, sand and silt are removed from the lower sections of the channel at prices ranging from 25½ cents a cubic yard, scow measurement, to 50 and 60 cents, bank measurement.

In June, 1878, Congress appropriated $100,000 for continuing the work, and a contract was duly entered on October 21, with Charles F. Dunbar, of Erie, at $7.00 a cubic yard for bed rock excavation. Under this and three subsequent appropriations of $50,000 each, made in 1879, 1880 and 1881 operations were energetically pushed from the Fall of 1878 to May 25th, 1882, and 32,067 cubic yards of solid rock and 849 cubic yards of loose rock were removed. The dredging plant in use at this time consisted of one drill scow equipped with two Ingersoll steam drills, one dredge, one tug, and two dump scows. Later another dredge was added to clean up the area passed over by the first dredge. The area was then swept and all material remaining above grade was located and removed by a diver. The plan was an efficient one for the time, and Dunbar had a monopoly at high prices as, under the policy of granting small appropriations for the work, other contractors could not afford to build plants suitable for carrying on the operations. Soundings were taken in advance of the drill scow and at each position of it



AUTO-DRILL AT WORK IN THE LIVINGSTONE CHANNEL

to check the accuracy of the work; and the results were platted daily on a large scale map.

The work of improvement was continued under successive projects, the one of 1883 modifying the original plan to afford a straight channel with flaring ends on the American side. The cost of this work with the contract operations in force amounted to another $100,000, but the work previously done was useful in the modified plan. As the work progressed and the commerce of the lakes continued to increase, Congress was impressed with the magnitude of the undertaking, the Act of July 5, 1884, appropriating $200,000 for continuing operations. The contract then entered with Carkin, Stickney and Cram, was at the price of $5.40 per cubic yard for bed rock excavation, and $1.00 for loose rock. These prices were a decided drop from the unit costs which had been paid in previous years. This contract was in force until the straight channel was completed on November 30th, 1886.

In his annual report of June 30th, 1885, Colonel O. M. Poe, who was then in charge of the engineering district, recommended that the straightened channel be increased in width to four hundred feet, as the increased size of lake vessels and the greater number passing the rock cut (about 35,000 in a season) rendered the channel with its jagged rock sides extremely dangerous to navigation. All of this excavation was made on the American side at a cost of $168,000, under appropriations of 1888 and 1889. The unit cost of the work was only $4.43 a cubic yard for bed rock excavation, and resulted in an additional forty feet being added to the width of the channel for its entire length. The four hundred and forty foot channel was completed to a depth of twenty feet on October 1st, 1890, at a total cost of $702,122. Early in the following year the Canadian Government established two range lights a short distance south of

the completed cut, and the United States established two others at the head of Grosse Isle for the safety of commerce.

During the last twenty years improvement has been going on almost continuously, not only in Limekiln Crossing, but in the ranges above and below the cut. The lake levels have been gradually lowered while the lake vessels have increased in size, necessitating wider and deeper channels on ever a lower datum plane. The level of Lake Erie was established in 1903 at 571 feet, and all operations since have been directed to attain a depth of twenty-two feet on that plane. The width meanwhile has been increased to six hundred feet through Ballard's Reef, Limekiln Crossing, and Amherstburg Reach, and eight hundred feet thence to deep water in Lake Erie. This great work has been accomplished under various appropriations and contracts calling for immense outlay for dredging plants. The splendid results obtained will first be realised in the spring of 1913, when the final project will be completed. The total cost of the Amherstburg Channel, lying wholly in Canadian waters, amounts to $4,564,-500, and has been borne entirely by the United States.

By far the greatest project which has ever been undertaken for the improvement of the Detroit River is the Livingstone Channel, which was begun in 1907 and will be open to commerce about May 1, 1913. This channel passes to the west of Bois Blanc Island, and is the straightest, safest, and most convenient canal possible in that locality. It leaves the old improved channel abreast of the middle of Grosse Isle, but near the Canadian shore, and extends almost directly south in an absolutely straight line for a distance of ten miles. East and north of the Detroit River Lighthouse it joins the Amherstburg Channel, and turns off to the south-east and continues for about two miles to deep water in Lake Erie. This section of the Livingstone Channel has a minimum width of eight hundred feet and a least depth of twenty-three feet. The whole channel lies on both sides of the boundary line established in 1842, but a large portion of the outlay is in Canadian waters.

The engineering plans provided that the clear straight channel should have a least width of three hundred feet and a least depth of twenty-two feet at extreme low water, from Bar Point Shoals, just north of the lighthouse, to its junction at the north end with the other channel. In 1910 the plan was modified to allow for an enlargement of this section to a width of four hundred and fifty feet, and a least depth of twenty-three feet at the established level of 571. The work of widening the rock-cuts, removing boulders and cleaning up the bed of the channel is progressig rapidly, and will be completed in the Spring of 1913.

The comprehensive plan of operations divides the stretch of river undergoing improvement into four sections, and as many separate contracts. This divisional scheme expedites the work, since the nature of the excavation differs materially and widely different plants are required for the economic handling of the spoil. There was much clay and sand removed from the channel during the first stage of the work, and many boulders of large size were encountered. Later the excavation became almost entirely bed rock of a thickness varying from ten to fifteen feet. This was a limestone formation, and was included in the subaqueous excavation.

The most interesting and unusual features of the whole work, however, are included in the northern part of Section II. and the southern part of Section I., directly opposite Stony Island. It is here that the ecavation is being done in the "dry" behind a great coffer-dam, which is the largest ever constructed. This huge dam is more than thirteen thousand feet

in length and unwaters a section of the river bed five thousand five hundred feet long, and twelve hundred feet wide, or an area of about one hundred and fifty acres. Although of such great length and width on the bottom, the dam was built at relatively small cost compared with the economies it has effected in excavation. Costing less than $40,000, including its enlargements, it has by the dry method of excavation effected a saving of about $1,800,000. This is due to the wide difference in the unit cost of subaqueous excavation by the method already described, and the unit cost of excavation in the "dry." The contract price for the under water work outside the dam in this section is $3.40 a cubic yard, owing to the character of the excavation, while the price for the work in the dry is only $1.24. The difference of $2.16 a cubic yard applied to more than eight hundred thousand cubic yards of rock excavated within the dam gives the amount stated.

In building this remarkable dam no core of any kind was necessary, nor was sheet piling used to render it watertight. The material excavated from other sections of the channel was used in its construction to the extent of two hundred and eighteen thousand five hundred cubic yards, and in the early stages of the work the dam formed a convenient dump for the scows filled with rock spoil. Quantities of tough clay stripped from the bed rock in the channel behind the dam were dumped in to fill the cavities and interstices between the jagged mass of blasted rock. This was a cheap method of disposing of considerable spoil. Further deposits were made in like manner until the long rock pile filled with impervious material was built up to the surface of the river. The dam thus formed resting on solid bed rock sloped gradually on either side, and was topped with a deposit of clay and crushed stone three or four feet high. When the ends had been joined to convenient points on Stony Island, and the overlying clay had been excavated from the channel site, the area was unwatered.

The bed of the river having been laid bare, a comprehensive system of ditching was laid out to drain the seepage of the area into sumps at the outer corner of the dam. From these sumps the water was removed by ten and twelve-inch pumps installed in a pump-house close by. Meanwhile "aerial dumps" were set up. These were of the usual type with towers one hundred and twenty-five feet high running on tracks laid on the dam on the outer side and on the exposed rock bed of the river on the inner side. Connecting these towers and spanning the channel were wire cables equipped with automatic bucket lifts operated by compressed air. At the north end of the enclosure a five-ton bucket steam shovel mounted on traction wheels, a steam channeling machine, and air rock-drills were set up. A complete duplicate plant was installed at the south end of the open section to work toward the middle; and a compressor plant of one thousand horse-power and a repair shop were erected at the east end of the island.

In operation, the channelling machines, which are simply mechanically operated knives, cut away at the rock making a smooth, vertical slit, four inches wide and about twelve feet deep, to form a straight and regular face for the rock cut. The rock-drills follow close behind, placing holes crossways of the course cut by the channellers. The rock is then blasted out and the steam shovel, which has a wide range of operations, picks up the debris and deposits it in large buckets. These are hoisted by the "lifts" high in the air, run along the cableways and automatically dumped in high piles at the side of the cut. As several of these buckets are in use this operation goes on continuously.

When the three hundred-foot

channel had been completed for the entire length of the cut, and the work was well advanced on the enlargement —the widening to four hundred and fifty feet—the view from the north wall was very impressive. Looking down into the mammoth pit more than a mile in length, four hundred and fifty feet wide, and sixty feet deep, one marvelled at the magnitude of the work and found much in the mechanical genius of the engineers to feel a pride in their achievement. The floor of the pit which is solid bed rock, is almost as smooth as a new brick pavement, as labourers with chissels have worked over it and chipped off all projecting points. The wall on the outer side has a vertical face for about fifteen feet from the bottom, while on the inner side the vertical side is nearly thirty feet high, above which the rock pile rises.

The work of enlargement of this section is almost finished, the parts of the dam across the channel having been removed last spring soon after the ice floes from the upper Lakes had passed through the river. The pit meanwhile had filled with water, and the small remaining sections of underlying rock ledge were blasted out and the debris cleaned up by dredges. When the channel is opened to navigation next May, vessels will steam through the rock-walled canal at full speed with ample water beneath their keels. The collisions and groundings which have been so frequent in the past will seldom occur in the future, as the new channel will be used only by the heavily laden freighters southbound, those proceeding in the opposite direction taking the old Amherstburg Channel near the Canadian shore. The total cost of the Lvingstone Channel was $6,805,000.

The economic value of the widened and deepened channels in this great water highway is unquestioned. A striking example may be cited in the direct effect the improvements have upon shipbuilding on the lakes. With every increase in depth of water the shipbuilders turn out still larger freighters, so that for every additional foot of water afforded the cargo capacity is increased fully two thousand tons. The latest ore ships are six hundred and seventeen feet in length, sixty-two feet beam, and thirty-four feet moulded depth, and will carry through the Livingstone Channel fully twenty thousand tons on a draft of twenty-three feet. By their remarkable economy of operation, under low power of twenty-four hundred horse-power, these great ships will effect a still greater saving in a huge transportation bill.

The enormous traffic of 1910, which exceeded the combined exports and imports of all ocean ports of the United States, was carried in twenty-five thousand five hundred and seventy-eight vessel passages, with an average cargo of three thousand one hundred and twenty-seven tons. During the two hundred and thirty-five days of navigation a loaded freighter passed the treacherous Limekiln Crossing every thirteen and a quarter minutes, which was a freight movement of two hundred and nineteen tons for every minute of every hour and day for the full season of navigation. Within the last twenty-five years the average freight charges per ton-mile have been reduced from 2.3 mills to .78 of a mill (the record of 1910). The difference (which is a direct saving) is 1.52 mills for every ton carried each mile through the highway of the Great Lakes. Based on eighty million tons, the commerce of 1910, the saving amounted to $121,600 for every mile, and, since the average haul was eight hundred and ten miles, the economic value of the present deep channels was $98,496,000 for the year 1910 alone. Wasn't it worth while spending $11,369,500 in thirty-seven years to save nearly one hundred millions every year to the commerce of America?

THE HARDER WAY

BY HILDA RIDLEY

THE manager of the Northington Works was a woman, even as I am. She had sent for me. I took the elevator to the third floor, and soon I was seated opposite her scanning anew the strong face with its lines of sorrow, of rigorous self-discipline and fortitude. She looked up.

"Ah, it's you, Elizabeth!" she said.

"Yes, Kate," I responded simply.

And then we looked at each other silently across the heavy oak table, enjoying the brief communion of a sympathetic reunion after the jarring course of the day. But it was only for a moment; then the cloud which had lifted temporarily from Kate Northington's rather sad face settled there again.

"Elizabeth, the time has come," she said under her breath. "Business is dull. To save ourselves, we must retrench. I have told each of the heads of departments to prepare for me a list of those who can most easily be spared. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. You, I know, Elizabeth, will let no personal consideration prejudice you in making the list."

She smiled, half-humorously, half-sadly, as she added:

"I wish I could say the same of some of the men."

"You can trust me," I said, while I felt my cheek paling.

I could not resist adding half bitterly:

"How horribly conscientious we women are when we set out to be perfectly just!"

She smiled a little as she spoke.

"Remember we are blazing the trail," she said.

"And when it's blazed," I responded, "do you think we can take it easy—like the men?"

"Never!" Her eyes flashed with an almost fanatical fire. "Our motto is 'Up and onward for evermore!' The men have been found wanting. It is now woman's turn."

I caught her fire. Long ago I had pledged myself to follow Kate Northington in the new paths which she and other women like her were forming for themselves.

"When do you want the list?" I asked.

"To-night."

That was all. I once more took the elevator and returned to my department.

As I sat at my desk, I watched my subordinates. How I had dreaded this day! One of the filing clerks could be spared; but which one? They were all good and faithful workers. Lillian Goodyear had come last; she must go; that was the fairest way to decide in that case. I put her name down on the list. One of the stenographers could be spared. I liked the fat, jolly one, who was always so willing to take my dictation; but she was often late in the morning and did not always punctuate correctly, whereas thin, sedate Miss Morris, of whom I was a little in awe, was irreproachable in the matter of punctuality and punctuation.

One of the bookkeepers must go.

I had known which one from the first. I looked toward a corner where on a high, revolving stool sat the slight figure of a young man in shabby blue serge. Suddenly he turned round on the stool and met my gaze. Large gray eyes looked at me from beneath eyebrows so dark and strongly marked that they were in startling contrast to the fair face in its pallor and thinness. He was only a boy—a poor, shabby, utterly incompetent boy—and he must go. It was a case of the survival of the fittest. I wrote his name down on the list, and in doing so smiled grimly. Kate Northington had no reason to doubt my loyalty.

When the evening came the boy lingered. I knew why. It had happened quite often of late that we had walked to the "L" together and talked. The boy talked wonderfully, and sometimes we had passed station after station, walking on through the fitful light of the crowded, noisy streets. He was a theoriser and dreamer, but never tedious. He talked and left gaps, which I filled in. I had discovered his philosophy of life. It was not bright, but calm and patient and saturated through and through with an ever-present consciousness of world pain.

"After all, you know," he said one night, as we passed under a flaring gas-light, which revealed to me more than ever the thinness of his face beneath the darkness of his eyebrows, "after all, the individual doesn't count very much. His part is to submit, to let the Divine Purpose, whatever that may be, play through him and find in him an obedient and passive instrument of service."

"To submit—to what?" I gasped.

"To his environment and circumstances," he replied quickly. "Only so can he find peace. So long as he kicks against the pricks, so long is he in hell."

"Take care the peace is not false," I replied. "A man must fight up to his best before he submits. As for me, I believe a man should undertake to mould his environment and not allow environment to mould him."

Then I saw in his face for a moment all the tragic force of an energy which he had lulled temporarily to sleep—and I knew that it would awaken.

This conversation had taken place only a few nights ago, and now he was waiting for me again at the door. I made up my mind that I would tell him to-night what I had done; that I would speak to him kindly and as an elder sister; but when we were in the crowded streets I found that I could not say what I wanted to. In all our talks we had been perfectly impersonal. It was as if we felt ourselves shielded and privileged by our avoidance of personalities—privileged to exchange certain confidences which we could not have made had we paused to become personally acquainted. To introduce the personal element now and in such a way seemed sacrilege. I turned, with a murmured excuse, into the nearest "L" station. To-morrow he would receive notice of the head's decision. Under the circumstances, I could not bear his presence.

It was just about noon on the following day that he was handed a blue envelope. Kate Northington was humane. She made a point of giving employees who were to be dismissed at least a week's notice in writing.

After luncheon I did not once look into the bookkeeper's corner. He did not wait for me that night, nor the next, nor the next. It was two days before the close of the week that I ventured to look at him. With a shock, I saw that he looked precisely the same. There he sat, as before, plodding over the heavy ledgers, accomplishing so little in his desire to be perfectly accurate and finding it so hard to be accurate that he had to return over and over again to one

tedious column. Pale and patient and resigned, there he sat! Suddenly he turned and looked at me. Pale and patient he might appear to those who had not looked into his eyes. I saw in them wounded pride and something else which I could not define. Ah, I thought, you do not always find it so easy to be resigned. What the "something else" in his eyes signified I learned that evening. It was after closing time and we were alone in the office with its half-extinguished lights and dingy furniture. He came and asked me simply if I had known that he was to be dismissed.

"Certainly," I replied, all the more brusquely, because my heart was beating fast and I felt afraid of his pale face and suppressed agitation. "It was I who gave Mrs. Northington your name."

He put his hand to his brow.

"I don't understand—I thought you were my friend," he said.

"Oh, so I am," I said eagerly; "but in a case like this, don't you see, business must come before personal considerations. Perfect justice demands—"

He interrupted me.

"I didn't think women were like that," he said. "I thought they were kind. A man might talk about such platitudes as perfect justice and act accordingly but—"

He paused and looked at me helplessly as if he were too bewildered and hurt to continue.

I felt very compassionate.

"Don't you see," I said gently, "that there should not be different standards for the sexes? Half the troubles of life are caused by this very thing. On both sides there are indulgences allowed on account of sex and these indulgences are the direct cause of the lack of understanding and antagonism between the sex, and thsee indulgences are the tinued, warming to my subject, "this very point we are now discussing. Women are supposed to be pitiful where men are supposed to be just; but there are cases where justice is an absolute virtue, and the woman who fails to recognise this has failed in her duty as surely as the man under similar conditions. Justice has nothing to do with sex. It is for him or her who is broad-minded and clear-eyed enough to accept it."

I was recovering my self-possession and thinking sub-consciously how much Kate Northington would approve of what I was saying when I looked up and caught the young man's eye. My flow of language and recovered self-assurance suddenly deserted me. He was leaning over the back of a chair, and his eyes drew mine like a magnet, and as I looked into them I saw there something which I have never forgotten, something which seemed to shake the foundations of my being—it was the man's old look of scorn for the woman who had refused her heritage—it went back hundreds of ages—a stern, unflinching, scornful look. The boy was the man now—and knew it—with all the man's steady conviction that he had the best that could be offered to woman, with all the man's deep, insulted pride at her refusal of it.

"The standards must always be different from the nature of things," he said. "Thank you. Good-night."

He took up his hat and left the office, and I was alone. I sat on at my desk thinking in a dazed way of his last words and foreseeing dimly and bitterly the length of the road and the "weariness of the way" for the women who demand what Kate Northington and I demanded. "The standards must always be different!" So deeply rooted was the prejudice of men, fostered by the kindly circumstances which favoured them, stretching downward into the darkness of the past.

As I was thus musing, not yet fully conscious of my pain and loss, the door opened and Kate Northington came in.

"I thought I would catch you," she said smiling. "Elizabeth, I am afraid this has been a harassing day."

"It has rather," I replied shortly.

"You look quite white."

"Probably."

"What is it, Elizabeth? I hope no one has been rude."

"Oh no—not very."

Kate Northington paused and eyed me doubtfully.

"Who was it?" she said; "not one of the girls?"

"No—it was a man if you must know."

"Ah, I can believe that!"

Katae's smile was grim.

"Let me see—there was only one man's name down on your list; was it that very careless, slipshod young bookkeeper? You never did a better deed than when you got rid of him."

My cheeks were now flaming.

"I did a cruel deed," I said.

Kate stared at me as if she thought I had suddenly become demented.

"That's a singular conclusion to arrive at," she said.

"He was young and he worked hard. It wasn't his fault that he had no aptitude for the work, and now he has been discouraged and perhaps ruined for life."

"Elizabeth, you talk like a sentimentalist," said Kate. "His having 'no aptitude for the work' was a most cogent reason for his quick dismissal from a business point of view. Not only was he ruining his own life here, but he was ruining my accounts."

"Well, perhaps it is because I am weak and tired to-night that I don't see clearly," I said.

"Exactly. You have had a trying day." She paused and then continued, with the awkwardness of a reserved nature, uncertain of its ground: "I know of course that you took a special interest in this young man—ahem—and for this very reason I admire especially your disinterested action; and Elizabeth, I think what we men and women are called upon to do is to do our duty so far as we can see it in our limited spheres, and in so doing I have perhaps a not unreasonable faith that we shall do ourselves and others no real injury. That young man was asleep; he needed arousing. His one chance lay in a rude awakening."

I felt the force of her argument, but could find in it then no consolation. She saw that words were of no avail and with rare tenderness bent and kissed me.

"Good-night," she said. "You will not realise the comfort of what you have done now, but later on you will find it."

Comfort! The words seemed mockery on the night when I sat in the bare office. Comfort we associate with warmth and light and love. There were none of these there. Pain is the attendant on the uprooting of certain instincts which, by force of long habit, have become a part of us. We find no material pleasure in the contemplation of the void where once the instinct flourished—a natural and vigorous weed. We are forced to leave the low ground of the material and seek consolation elsewhere—and we find it when we have become accustomed to the altitude on the higher planes of consciousness.

And I, too, in due course found that "comfort" which always comes sooner or later to those who sacrifice prejudice to principle.

And if my story ended here, it would not be said, as many perhaps would deem it; but in my case there has been another consolation. Kate Northington had stated that she had faith in justice. To me has come the blessing of the knowledge that my act has not injured a human soul. A few days ago I received a letter. It was from the boy who once sat on the high stool in my office in the shabby clothes, with the white face. He has thanked me for what I did, for he has found his true calling, and at the end of the letter he has asked to see me.

HOPE ON THE HIGHWAY

BY MARGARET BELL

I TOOK a walk one morning in spring, and watched the strollers who came toward me, passed by and disappeared in the dust by the turnstile.

One old man with a basket on his arm was particularly interesting. He looked always toward the ground, and poked in the dust with his cane. He had found a few pennies one day, and kept walking along the highway, always looking for more. I asked him if he did not become tired of his perpetual search, and he smiled a wan, sad smile and said that one gets tired toward the end of the day, no matter what one does, and searching in the dust was much easier than hauling stones. Behind him toddled a little child, who picked up the bits that the old man chanced to overlook. I turned to call after them, but they had disappeared around the bend near the willows.

I walked slowly along, and looking up suddenly was accosted by a hollow-eyed youth, who coughed uneasily. He could not have been more than twenty-three, but his step was uncertain, his eyes languid. He asked me to show him the way to a certain town. He had come out from one city, and was about to try his fortune in another. I chanced to know that upon reaching the town he sought his eyes would become more languid, his step more tottering. He answered, a trifle bitterly, that one town is just as good as another, and the ultimate end comes soon, no matter where one is.

Our conversation was interrupted by the sound of singing, and we saw a girl approaching from a clump of shrubbery all overgrown with blossoms. She carried a basket of flowers and wove wreaths as she sang. A great light glowed in her eyes, and her smile was like the caress of the sun on a lily bed. She curtsied as she passed us, and dropped a flower or two in the dust at our feet. We called to her but she paid no attention, and the fragrance of her flowers came back to us, through the dust-laden air. We watched her wander along the highway, until her blue dress melted into the blue of the horizon. And back through the trees was wafted the fragrance of her flowers. We turned toward the budding shrubbery. Its fragrance almost stifled us, it was so strange to our nostrils. The young man crept carefully between the branches and found a footpath. And away in the distance, almost hidden from view by the shrubbery and trees, was a wonderful city, which we had never seen before. As we walked along toward the town, the langour went from his eyes, the bitterness from his voice.

An old woman, hunch-backed and wrinkled, and a younger one with rouge on her cheeks, came up and asked me if I had seen a young man go along the way. Very foolishly, I replied that I had. They became much excited, and asked me to show them which way he had gone. I said that he had gone through the shrubbery, and that if they would find

their way there, they would probably overtake him. The younger woman looked at me strangely, and the older one, noting the look, laughed a mocking little laugh and asked me to go with them to find the place. I looked toward the shrubbery, but the blossoms had faded, and the trees and bushes stood gaunt and forlorn on the roadside. The sun came down and smote hot on my temples, and I felt quite faint. The two women stood grinning and smirking, and I fell to wondering what I should do with them. And from away over the treetops came the song of the young girl with the wreaths of blossoms. Clear, beautiful, plaintive, it came, and the two women upon hearing it, slunk off between the shadows. And immediately the shrubs and bushes became fragrant again, and the birds sang in the branches.

I was becoming tired of all the sordidness along the highway, when another girl came running toward me. She had eyes like two glowing black pearls and hair in colour like to the wings of a raven. My eyes brightened at sight of her. Over her face there trembled a certain fear, and she looked always behind, as if dreading the approach of someone. I asked her why she trembled.

"Oh, the highway seems full of people who prey on me. To the right, to the left they stand, smirking and smiling, and taunting me with their attentions. And I have not yet gone half my way."

She passed along through the rows of shrubbery, and the sun touched her hair until it glowed like royal purple.

And whole bevies of wayfarers came along, for it was toward noontime, and they went to their homes. Some sang and tripped gaily, others were silent. Many looked tired, though it was only noontime. A short, sleek man, with uneasy eyes lurked in the shadow of the trees and covertly watched the others. I went over and asked him why he lurked in the shadows. He clenched his first, as if to strike me, and his answer came in a hiss: "In the shadows one often finds the most interesting problems along the way. I came into it from dim, uncertain shadows, and in them I remain. The Master must look after me, for it was He who commanded me to come. I expect He is only waiting to conduct me back to 'dimness again." He laughed a harsh, grating laugh, and when I turned toward the crowds of wayfarers again, a great cloud had obscured the sun.

Many sullen-faced ones lurked by the way, and jangled over the cup at the spring. And many walked on wearily, making heavy footprints in the dust. At the extreme end of the row, I saw a pale-faced woman, with patient eyes and a kind mouth. She helped a lame man along and led a little blind child by the hand. Around her hovered a score of children, singing and dancing and clapping their hands. I followed them some distance, to see if I could catch some gleam of radiance from their smiles. And a great sunshine flooded the highway, and the spring gurgled and sparkled. Even the birds' songs seemed sweeter, the verdure of the trees more beautiful.

I looked along the way for the sullen ones and the lurkers along the shadows. But they had disappeared, and instead the highway was filled with laughing girls and boys, with happiness in their faces and joy in their hearts. And I took my place by the side of the woman with the kindly smile, and together we walked along, silent in a great happiness.

FINLAND AND THE FINNS

BY JOHN EDGCUMBE STALEY

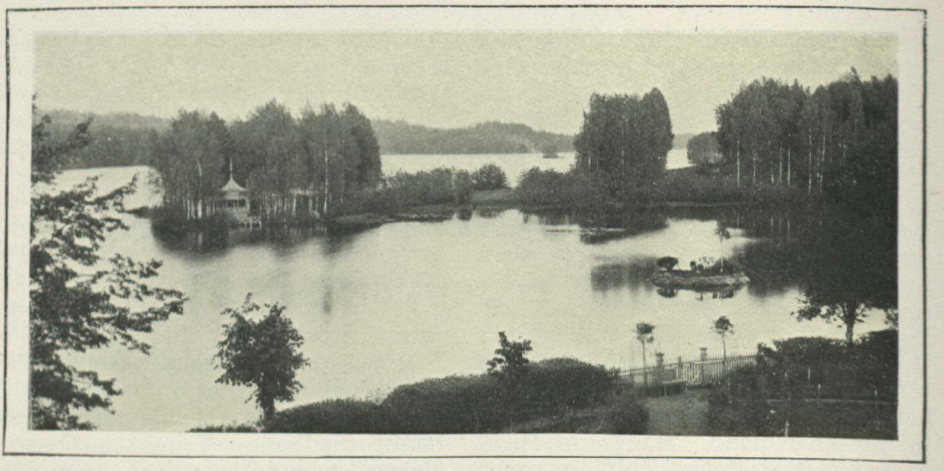
"THE Land of Many Waters" is the poetic designation of their beloved country most cherished by the people of Finland. Mountain ranges and forest stretches—bold and verdant—are interspersed with valley waterways and fragrant meadowlands. In summertime the foam and spray of rushing torrents hang sparkling dewdrops on the golden pine-needles whilst the vaporous mists of the marshlands weave fairy rainbows among the russet fruit of the bronzy hazels. The greenest of green moss and the most tender gray stonewort spread softest carpets for the feet as with the hand are plucked the sweetest wild flowers.

"The Thousand Lakes" of Finland, placid in the sunshine but whipped to fury by autumn storms, resemble clusters of precious gems cast by beneficent deities upon the bosom of Nature. The eye delights in the serenity of the panorama till the ear catches the impressive thunder of the cataracts and waterfalls. A river-lake-land trip is an experience at once novel and thrilling. Light boats, too frail they look, push off boldly into the rapids, manned by sturdy young fellows in red flannel shirts, slouched felt hats and leather boots far up the thigh, singing snatches of plaintive folk-lore as their craft clears rock and boulder daringly. The long wooden paddle thrown out behind and the supple oars dash showers of crystal water over the traveller. Groups of white-kerchiefed women and bare-legged children toss cheery welcome all along the course whilst the crafty boatmen take vigorous pulls at the ubiquitous cigarettes.

Winter brings about a marvellous transformation. True, the rude storms expend their fury upon the rock-bound coast but the deadly blizzard tears away Nature's beauty spots. When the "Lady of the Snows" has spread her glittering mantle far and wide peace, white and lasting, reigns everywhere. Ice crystals depend from every bough and eave and frost diamonds sprinkle on the ground. Above all and everything the great horizon is flashed with the dazzling Northern Lights giving promise of life and constancy.

Spring, which saw vegetation leap like magic out of the melting snows, is swiftly followed by brief and brilliant summer, and autumn comes on apace, ready, so it seems, to be devoured by the greedy frost king. Seed time and harvest hold each other by the hand to resist the grip of ice. Forest work ceases, and, the short day of winter over, old and young assemble in the homestead's long common room and together weave and spin, and read and smoke, and dance and sing. Certainly by sledge and ski and skate distances are covered, and happy school children glide hither and thither, sometimes scurrying home for fear of wolves.

Physically the Finns are tall and vigorous. Their faces, it is true, lack the handsome and expressive features of the South but they possess intelligence and determination. The women are even plainer than the



LAKE SCENERY FINLAND

men. Among the working class there is little time to spend upon the elegancies of the toilet. They have to toil day in day out like men—manning boats, feeding cattle, doing forest work, and making bricks. What hair they have, and it is not superabundant, is bleached and coarse, and their faces are without colour and vivacity. In the extreme north there is an extraordinary absence among men folk of hirsute adornment. This is due possibly to their diet, which consists almost exclusively of rye-bread and milk, without meat or vegetables.

The Finns came originally from the Altai Mountains. They took possession of the "Land of Many Waters" away in the seventh century. The language spoken by the country people has a similar origin; it is an unique tongue, soft and sonorous, not unlike modern Italian. The people of the Eastern Province, touching upon Russia, exhibit the Mongolian type—thick lips, high cheek bones and narrow eyes. The inhabitants of the Western Province are mostly of Swedish origin and speak the Swedish language.

The word "Finn" means wizard. Among their many superstitions is the tradition that a trinity of spirits presides over their destiny—"Ukko," the spirit of the air; "Tapo," the spirit of the forest, and "Abté," the spirit of the lakes. The mountain-ash is sacred, its ashes, after burning, are carefully preserved, for when sprinkled on the ground they descry luck or the reverse in wooing. Frogs and swallows are hallowed; they are the reincarnation of our first parents, Adam and Eve. Teeth after extraction are hung up in the way of spiders; should the web be woven above it is a token of good fortune, if below of evil omen.

Land tenure and land service in Finland present many interesting features. The more salient points are actual survivals of federal times. The class of peasant which may be called "labourer-farmers" consists of men who receive no wages. They occupy buildings belonging to the landowner, which they are required to keep in repair. The land-owners make grants of seed and other necessaries, and of certain lands which the labourer-farmers cultivate for their own benefit. They have free access to the forest for fuel and for lumber for repairs In return they are obliged to work for the land-owner with their own families and horses. On holdings, where there is clay, the labourer-farmers are allowed to make bricks and to earn what they can by

THE PORT OF HELSINGFORS

sales, paying so much per cent. on their gains to their landowner.

Many labourer-farmers are quite well off, and, whilst they retain their status as peasants, their sons and daughters are sent to excellent schools and enter government and commercial employments. This class of men must not, however, be confounded with the "free" peasantry. The latter, although generally poorer, have superior civil rights and form an Estate of the Realm with direct representation in the Finnish Parliament.

Finland was first occupied by the Russians in 1809. Alexander I. granted the inhabitants autonomy under their ancient laws and institutions. Recent events have greatly curtailed Finnish liberties, but like the patriots the Finns abide and sing:

"Land of a Thousand Lakes,
Where faith and life are ours,
Past wrongs inspire our powers,
For us the future wakes!"

Like other folk, the Finns rejoice in festivals—religious and profane. Christmas is the greatest of them all. Ever so long before the eve of the Nativity the stores are crowded with people choosing *klapps*, gifts for family and friends. In each town and village the snow-covered market-place becomes a pine forest full of Christmas trees, for every home keeps Christmas thus. If they do not rejoice in beef and plum pudding they have their seasonable dishes all the same—*lutfisk*, dried cod, soaked in brine and boiled to a jelly; with it they eat a sort of pease pudding. Smoked roast pork follows and then comes a rice pudding full of almonds —the more almonds you get the more happy months you will have. Plum tarts, served with paste and clotted cream, form the dessert.

On Christmas Eve each house and cottage exhibits a burning candle in every window; the peasants' dwellings are littered with clean straw and the cattle in their stalls have extra supplies of food. A popular observanceve is to arrange inverted saucers around the festive board—one for each guest—under which are placed objects bearing significant meanings. Each person in turn raises a saucer. May be it has covered a piece of red ribbon—that presages a wound or some bodily injury; or a coin, riches; or a key, for a girl the token of her direction within a twelve-month of some household, for a boy the entrance on a commercial career; or a piece of fuel, which fortells death; or a ring for matrimony, and so forth.

The "Christmas Buck" visits every home in Finland. He is an old

A FOREST ROAD, FINLAND

man with long white hair and beard and heavily clad in fur. He drives his team of reindeer over mountains and frozen lakes and enters unannounced each doorway. He makes a circuit of the family and inquires whether the children have been good or bad. Before leaving he throws down *klapps* for all. At Twelfth Night the "Star Boys" make their appearance. They are five young men in fancy dress. Three represent the Three Holy Kings of the Epiphany, one is King Herod, and the last a goat with hoofs and horns. They enact a legendary play which has for its finale the death of Herod, whilst the goat is thrust outside the door. Wherever they go they collect alms for poor people who have no Christmas cheer.

After the gaieties of Christmas two months elapse during which one is able to restore ones digestive organs, and then comes Lent. A distinctive Lenten diet is *blinés* and caviar; the former are large thick pancakes which are eaten with butter, sour cream and fruit juice. At mid-Lent a fresh water fish is much esteemed—*laké* it is called. It is caught in nets sunk through holes in the ice of rivers and lakes. It is boiled in milk. On Easter Eve everybody eats hard boiled eggs. A universal diet is *memma*, the principal ingredients being malt and syrup which, forming a brown dough, is packed, after being boiled,

A FINNISH HOMESTEAD

in boxes made of birch bark. When quite cold and set it is eaten with whipped cream and sugar.

The first of May is an ancient festival of general observance, especially by students and youths. They meet in the public parks of Helsingfors, the capital, and in country market-places, and there sing old folk-songs to the spirit of Spring. Then they drink deeply of sweet mead and consume vast quantities of *struvor*—rich puff-paste tarts—and then they dance and flirt with buxom maidens to their hearts' content. Midsummer day is of universal observance in Finland. Birch trees are planted at all the house doors and twigs of birch are stuck all over every room. The sun sets in the eve at eleven o'clock, and rises in the day at two. During those three brief hours the young people kindle big fires All are bent on dancing around and above the blazing embers. They call the fires *kokkó*, "love's flame."

Rye harvest is a very important season. On the first day the labourer-farmers, with their wives and families, foregather at the mansion of the land-owner. They are divided into squads—one man, two women and three children. To each squad is assigned a certain area wherein the man cuts the crop, the women shock and the children glean. They work from four in the morning until eight at night, with intervals for breakfast

A FINNISH WAKE

A PASTORAL IDYLL, FINLAND

YOUTHFUL SAILORS, FINLAND

and dinner. These meals, together with the supper at the end of toil, are substantial in every sense. They are provided gratis by the land-owner and are eaten at long tables placed in front of the mansion, whereat the land-owner and his family serve. After supper all join in singing the plaintive national song, *kaléwala,* and then a happy time is passed with games and dances.

The rye crop, which provides the Finns with their staff of life, does not dry in ordinary seasons in the fields. It is consequently carried to the *ria*, or barns, and laid on racks and rafters. Fires are kindled in each corner and the smoke permeates the crop imparting a much-loved and peculiar flavour. The country people's diet consists chiefly of *talkumma,* a sort of porridge made of rye. This is carried, when well set, in birch bark knapsacks. It is also baked hard and hung in great round, thick cakes, with holes in the centre, from the ceilings of the houses. Their favourite beverage is coffee which they brew to perfection. Corn-rye brandy is a liqueur much esteemed by all classes and sometimes indulged in to excess.

The greatest refreshment of the Finns is the bath; every homestead has a bath-house. It is their unfailing remedy in sickness. "If bath and brandy fail," they say, "then comes death." In the bath-houses are stone ovens wherein wood fires are kindled and every orifice is closed. After the fire has burnt itself out and the smoke has somewhat vanished buckets of water or shovelfuls of

snow are dashed upon the embers and red hot stones. Dense clouds of steam arise and into them the bathers plunge. The whole body is switched with small birch rods, and then follow thorough massage and rubbing down with soap. As the bather quits the bath-house sousings of cold water or snow are administered; sometimes a header into deep snow is preferred! Then for a while to cool they all sit on benches in the open air, and then they resume their clothes. During harvest time such baths in common are taken every evening after work is done; in winter the Saturday night tub suffices. Few spectacles can be more weird and astounding for the traveller than, when driving to night quarters, he suddenly comes upon the family at bath. The British royal motto has at last its due significance: *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

THE FAIRY CLOCK

By VIRNA SHEARD

SILVER CLOCK! O silver clock! tell to me the time o' day!
Is there yet a little hour left for us to work and play?
Tell me when the sun will set, tiny globe of silver-gray.

It has been so glad a world since the coming of the morn,
Oft I wondered when I met any souls who seemed forlorn;
And I scarce gave heed to those who were old, or travel-worn.

Mayhap I have loved too well all the merry fleeting things,
Run too lightly with the wind, chased too many shining wings,
Thought too seldom of the night and the silence that it brings.

Well I fear me I have been but an idler in the sun:
All unfinished are the tasks long and long ago begun;
In the dark perchance they weep who have left their work undone.

And I know each black-frocked Friar preacheth sermons that, alas!
Fain would halt the dancing feet of those careless ones who pass
Down a sweet and primrose path through the ribbons of the grass

Silver-clock! O Silver-clock! It was only yesterday
Dandelions flecked the field, starry bright, and gold and gay.
You are but the ghost of one—little globe of silver gray!

Tell me, tell me of the hour, for there is so much to do!
Is it early? Is it late? Fairy clock! O tell me true,
As I blow you down the wind, out upon a road of blue.

WHY I HAVE REASON TO COMPLAIN

BY KENNETH DOUGLAS

"WE worked the day that his baby was buried because he could not afford to lose a day's pay."

When I overheard this snatch of conversation between two working-men friends of mine, I believed it to be an exaggeration of fact. I investigated, because I knew the man who was the subject of their conversation. I found the statement to be exact truth. I have always felt that those who suffer most from the social and economic pressure of the present time are the respectable poor, but I was not aware of the bitter extent of their misery. It had occurred to me, at times, that the man of whom we are thinking might have a hard time to get along. In the light of my present knowledge of conditions, the statement at the head of this paragraph has become a startlingly tragic, concrete testimonial to the fierceness of this and many another man's struggle for the existence of his family and himself. To the man in question the loss of a day's pay did mean opening the door of his miserable hired cottage and inviting the wolf to enter.

As a result of this chance remark, I have investigated the living conditions of one hundred working men in Toronto. Of this number seventy-five are men who lead decent, sober lives; twenty-fiive are men who indulge in some degree or another in ineoxicating liquors and yet work steadily wherever employed. The man I have mentioned belongs to the former classification. It will not be an exaggeration of fact to say that he leads practically an exemplary life and that his first thought is for his wife and children. He gives to his wife every penny that he earns with the exception of a weekly sum of ten cents for tobacco and the amount necessary for his car-fares.

Without knowledge of the circumstances which hedge the man in, there are some, of course, who will say that a man in such a condition must be shiftless, or lazy, or a poor workman, because he had no savings fund to meet such a contingency or was not making a higher wage. Such belief, however, is not justified by observations. And it should be remembered, by those inclined to criticise without special knowledge, that very many men are largely what circumstances over which they have no control have made them. Birth, training, environment, economic pressure—all these have to be taken into account before we can judge of a man simply by his earning capacity and the manner in which he is enabled to care and provide for his family.

Writing in all seriousness, I am inclined to say of the man we are considering, that I find no fault in him other than having married and having thus become the father of a family. I will waive also his claim,

and that of his wife, to any commendation for being old-fashioned enough to allow nature to take its course in their lives. Perhaps, however, he should have waited until, as a single man, he could have worked himself into some trade which might have enabled him to marry and live in better circumstances. But from this thought comes another in his favour—that he married young, did not fall into any of the common vices and, therefore, such children as he possesses are free from a very common blood taint. A desirable condition which, despite their poverty and the probability that they will, through the pressure of circumstances, be compelled to follow in their father's footsteps in so far as material prosperity is concerned, still gives society some assurance that under ordinary conditions they are not likely to become charges of charitable, criminal, insane or other public establishments.

And so, in view of the fact that the man is a decent citizen, works hard on every available day, is esteemed by his employer and neighbours (which means that he pays his debts of duty and money) I am forced to the conclusion that he is not getting a square deal. And I am reluctantly compelled to write that there does not appear to be any probability that he ever will get one unless social conditions are very materially changed within the near future. His only hope, at this time, of averting an even more terrible condition of life rests in the coming to the minimum working age of his children that they may be put to labour the moment the law allows. For at this time, while the man is breaking even with the world, he is of necessity also gradually slipping back by reason of the depreciation in value of his household goods, the steady increase in the cost of the necessities of life, his advancing age and changing conditions. The added expense of the increasing age and demands of his children are also an added burden and point to the inexorable fact that, unless they begin to throw mites into the family exchequer he will, some day, come to the breaking point. This is a frequent tragedy among the respectable poor. Where it occurs, it means often the sundering of the home ties and the descent into the social parasite class of one or even more of the members of the family. In any event, the children are forced out into the world without any better preparation for their responsibilities in it than had their father.

I cannot better picture the condition of these men than by the plain statement of one who very frankly told me his story that I might write it. He represents a very fair average of conditions. There are some among the hundred I have studied who are in a greater plight; there are a few who are a little better off. They represent, in so far as I am able to judge by reports that I have from other cities, excepting only the far West, the conditions of their fellows throughout the Dominion. In addition to this man's story of "Why I Have Reason to Complain," I want to present briefly a few of the conditions least apparent to the superficial observer of economical-social conditions. And, if I may judge by the interest manifested in and the work being done to solve these, I must believe that this class constitutes a very large majority of our citizens. Fortunately, I am optimistic to the extent of believing that this lack of interest is largely due to ignorance on the part of those who could help if they would, just as so many of the problems of the poor are due to the same condition of mind.

We are disposed to dismiss the question of the need of the respectable poor with the thought that they are being cared for by the labour unions—that every man, therefore, who works is getting a decent living wage. To refute and

shatter such thought I must state that, of the one hundred men whose condition I investigated only three belong to or are eligible for membership in any organisation. The remainder of them are either not skilled enough to join any or are employed in tasks not covered by the mantle of unionism. They stand, a class apart, between the down-and-outs and the ranks of the more fortunate workers. They are, indeed, the lost tribe of the industrial world for whom neither socialist, labour unionist, syndicalist nor any other body appears to be making any provision. They are too busy with the problem of existence to give much tongue to their own need. The pressure of the economic conditions which are producing so great an unrest in all other branches of the social order is forcing these men nearer to their tasks as it is driving a majority of the rich further from their duties. But even these men can stand only a certain strain. To-day they are on the ragged edge. They may be the last to give voice to their plaint, but when they do the world will sit up and listen.

I can vouch for the truth and accuracy of this statement:

"I was born in England and came to Canada when I was twenty-four years old. At that time I had two children That was nine years ago, and I now have six children in all. We expect another one this winter. I left school when I was thirteen years old and was, I believe, a fair scholar for that age. At any rate, I wanted to be a clerk and had already gotten a prejudice against labouring work of any kind. When I married I was twenty-one years old and earning twenty-five shillings a week. Looking back to the years that I worked before I was married, I can see that I was always dissatisfied. I had been educated either too much or too little. In the schools we all got the same kind of education, no matter what our prospects in life were

"After the children began to come and I realised that there remained little hope for much advancement in the Old Country, I began to think of Canada or the United States. At that time, the firm that had employed me since I began work failed. I sold a large part of the furniture that remained to me from my father and mother and came to Canada. I had been particularly attracted by the farm advertisements appearing in all the English newspapers, which led me to believe that in a few years I could have a farm of my own. It all seemed very easy in print. When I arrived here I was driven into the city against my will. I had very little capital and I could not work as a labourer in order to learn the business, because labourers were not paid a wage that would support a family and I should have had to take to the woods in the winter time.

"I find that the education which I believe spoiled my future is just the same in this country and that my children are being educated practically along the same lines. It is promising them things that the world will not be able to give them because they will not be fit to receive them. They will have to leave school too soon in order to help me to take care of the younger ones. My wages are not very much higher than they were when I first came to Canada, but I am paying nearly twenty-five per cent. more than I was for everything that I have to use. When the youngsters leave school, at the earliest possible moment, they will have to take whatever work they can get. I am ambitious for them and love them, but what can I do? After working hard all day they are not fit to go to a night-school. They cannot burn the candle at both ends any more than older people can. Before they begin work I know that they are going to be dissatisfied, because they have all got big notions. They are mixing with children many of whom have parents very much richer than

I am. They are getting false social notions and they are going to continue to imbibe them, but there is nothing that I can do to hinder the growth of this kind of thought. I have a friend who was compelled to take his little girl out of school at the age of fourteen. There are five younger children in his family and the three dollars a week that she is earning are badly needed. But she is very ambitious to hold a "lady's job" and is taking a night course of stenography and bookkeeping that is costing five dollars a month. She will probably take six months to complete it—or more. That will mean thirty dollars at the least. And, worse than all else, she has not received a sufficient grounding to make a good stenographer. So that, even in the new work she will not be successful unless she is extraordinarily gifted. She's got false notions of her opportunities and her necessities. She is in the fix of my wife and children. They are ashamed of the house we have to live in and they are constantly tempted to spend more than they ought to for clothes because people they know, no better than we are, nor, I think, more deserving, have been fortunate and are able to have things that we cannot afford.

"I've had lots of fellows tell me that I ought to be in a better position—that it's my fault that I am not. It may be so. I believe that I am entitled to a better one, but I've never dared to leave work long enough to look for another, neither have I had the time to learn enough to fit me for one. I have no trade but that of a clerk that I learned in the Old Country. It is useless here. When I came to Canada I couldn't use the typewriter, for instance. I was not up on bookkeeping methods. Young men who would work cheap could do equally as well as I. The only work that would pay me a living wage was manual labour. I have been at that ever since excepting a brief period when I tried to sell life insurance.

"Just a week ago I received notice that the rent of my house has advanced two dollars a month. I know a good many other fellows who are in the same fix. I have to buy over three tons of coal this winter. I shall have to pay from eight to nine dollars a ton for it. That will mean every cent over my wages and that of the little boy I have working, outside of the bare necessities of living, for about three months. I am getting fifty dollars a month with time docked for holidays. In the month in which there are two holidays I suffer a real hardship. I have to live three and a half miles from my work and it costs me thirty-eight cents a week carfare. I work ten hours a day and have to use the cars unless I get up very early and get home very late. But I like to get home to have tea with my children. If I were stronger, however, I believe that I would forgo that pleasure in order to save the money.

"We have four rooms in the house in which we live. It is in wretched repair, but the landlord will not do anything for us because he expects, I understand, to pull it down in a year or two to build a factory on the land. We have no bath other than my wife's wash-tub and the closet is out in the yard. We pay two dollars a week for meat. For this we get very little. If we want to have enough roast beef to go around for our Sunday dinner, one half of the meat appropriation for the week is gone. Then we usually have to figure six dollars a week for groceries, milk, bread, when the wife is not able to bake, and all the other little things we need. If my wife was not handy with her needle we would be in a very hard way indeed for clothes. It is bad enough as it is. It is a case of continual making over and contriving and watching the bargains in the newspapers. A new suit of clothes or shoes have to be planned for months in advance. If it were not for the Salvation Army Salvage store I am afraid that we would very often go

cold in the winter time. Last Fall, I got from them overcoats for all the boys and cloaks for the girls for less than I could have bought one new coat in the ordinary store. They were not new, of course, but they were in good repair and warm, and people like us cannot afford to trouble about styles or a specially good fit, although I suppose we feel their absence as much as any other kind.

"One of the greatest hardships that I have to undergo comes from the monthly payment system of the corporation for which I work. One would not perhaps think this much of a burden if one could measure one's income up well and there was any reasonable surplus, but it is hard to foresee everything, and sometimes I do not know what we would do if it were not for the two dollars a week that my little boy brings home. It does seem unjust that a large concern should have the use of my money for so long a time when we all need it so badly. If we are one minute late, too, we are docked for a quarter of an hour. That means only a cent or two, but cents are so important that even a daily paper is an item which we have to consder very seriously.

"I have forgotten to mention that I am now paying eleven dollars a month rent. After all my bare expenses are paid I have left only six dollars a month if I have worked every day. To this we have added the eight dollars earned by my boy. Out of this fourteen dollars we have to provide clothing, insurance, such pleasures that we have, books for the children, our little contribution to the church, doctor and medicine, coal and other fuel. And our entire surplus, for over two months, owing to the high price of coal, will be expended to help us to keep warm. If the house were in repair it would take very much less.

"Two years ago, my wife and I thought that we could better our condition by taking a larger house and keeping 'roomers.' After a great deal of trouble we got a seven-roomed house down-town. We had to pay twenty-five dollars a month rent for it. We went a little in debt for furniture. Three of the rooms were so small that we could only let them to single tenants and get a small rental for them. The house, like the one I am in now, was left standing only because the landlord was waiting for the value of the land to raise or for some buyer to come along that would offer him a fancy price for it. There were no modern improvements. My wife and all the smaller children slept in the parlour, the oldest boy and I spent the night on a folding bed in the dining-room. Our kitchen was too small for us all to eat in it. We had to give that up soon for we found that we were only working for the landlord and the children were suffering from the overcrowding and the company they found in the street in which we lived. They are almost as badly off now, for we have only four rooms and a little kitchen. Whichever way we turn we seem to be up against it. For years I have been hoping that I would be able to get a few dollars together to start paying for a home of our own. Perhaps, when all the children get big enough we shall, but by that time some of them may be wanting and will have the right to start out for themselves. And the wife and I are not getting any stronger. I am afraid raising a large family, as we have had to raise them, and having to worry and contrive every moment that she is alive, is making terrible inroads on her strength. Luckily, we have not had a great deal of sickness. As it is, I have never been able to save a dollar and I am constantly worried as to what would happen to us if I were to be out of work for any length of time or rendered unable to work before the children are all big enough to take care of themselves and their mother. And that is the thought that is making my

wife gray too although it is one of the things that we never discuss."

I will quote the figures of another very average case—a man with a smaller family: John Doe, labourer. Wages for 5½ days a week—$9.63 (no pay for holidays). Rent, $5.00 (only one room). Two children, both small. Uses one and three-quarter tons of coal a year. Lives three miles from his work and spends forty cents a week car-fare. Average groceries, a week, $3.00, average meat, $1.00. He works ten hours a day. This man has an average of $15.00 a month on which to provide coal, clothing, etc. But he is living in the midst of fearfullly unsanitary surroundings and in an atmosphere which is bound to have a deleterious physical and moral effect upon his wife and children. Their cooking, eating, sleeping, and all else is performed in one room.

The two men I have considered are not in debt. But fifty-seven of the hundred are. Of this number twenty-three are among the twenty-five men who drink. This indebtedness ranges, in so far as can be estimated, from five to two hundred dollars in each instance. Those who are behind in the larger amounts may be considered hopelessly involved and in a condition in which they are practically forced into dishonesty of thought and action. In many cases however, it cannot be considered intentional dishonesty on their part, except in so far as they are to blame for the amounts they spend for liquor. But whether intentional or not, indebtedness as a continual burden, has a certain loosening effect upon their characters, and that of their children from the mere witnessing of the subterfuges in this connection to which their parents are compelled to resort.

Among the men who drink I have found that the amounts they spend range from sixty cents to four dollars a week. Among these it is evident that the families are suffering not only from a greater scarcity of good and propr food, but also from the lack of clothing and the necessity of living in very much poorer quarters and in more debasing neighbourhoods.

In these two cases the men are paying a smaller proportion of their wage for house rent than in many others I have in mind. In some instances it amounts to more than a quarter of the wage of the principal owner and is made possible only by the addition of the income of the children. Moving is a frequent item in the unusual expense account of these people. They are frequently rendered homeless in order to enable the manufacturer or the speculator to build on the ground from which the houses for which they have been paying exorbitant rents have been razed. In no instance have I found that any of these men could find adequate or responsible housing accommodation in the neighbourhood in which they worked. Conditions in this respect are becoming worse each day.

They contend against two alternatives in the matter of housing. Either they must overcrowd or they must suffer in other directions through the payment of an overlarge proportion of their incomes for roomier quarters. And in this latter event they are compelled to sub-let a number of their rooms. In either event they are denied the atmosphere of a real home in which to rear and guard their children. Children robbed of this birth-right are deprived of the strongest prop to their virtue. Thrown into the streets and dirty alleys they are often forced into the loss of the things they have not been taught to appreciate. It is a horrible and yet incontrovertible fact that a large number of the children of the deserving poor who are thus herded lose their most precious possession before they have reached the age of understanding—often when only eleven and twelve years old. But the other day I saw a little child of thirteen years nursing her own puny two-months-old illegitimate

infant. Later, when through our faulty and one-sided educational system these children go forth to their work with unsatisfied minds and abnormal cravings for the things of life they have been taught by association to place an unusual value upon, and which their parents cannot give them, they descend into vice to gain them. The American and Canadian brothels are furnishing many sequels to the life story of many honest, hard-working members of the respectable poor. A large majority of the tramps and wastrels of the world are the sons of these also. Education, in its narrowest sense and a bitter realisation of the little fruit of a life of labour have driven the boys and girls thence.

There is, too, the view point of health to be considered. The children of the burden bearers, by their lack of proper and nourishing food and their enforced early work become, in many instances, nervous wrecks driven into immorality by the craving for excitement which such a condition inevitably engenders. There is no argument against the statement that this prostitution of the children of these people can be laid to the door of those who extort from them unfair rentals; labour at a price below the maximum that should be given them in proportion to the advanced cost of the things upon which they are dependent for life, and those others who are responsible for the inflation of the price of the necessities of that life. I am not prepared to show wherein all these are guilty. A lack of space prohibits that possibility. I am hoping simply that the facts I am endeavouring to present will awaken the dormant conscience of some of those who are in some measure responsible and trying to arouse the attention of some of those others who are ignorant of the real need of relief of the respectable poor whom they may have thought in very comfortable circumstances. For among these exists the real, urgent misery of the world.

This question of the housing of the poor has been a burning one these many years. We have been given solutions if we would but act upon them. In sporadic fashion we have. We believe that if we would better the condition of the working-man we must suitably house him by giving each man who works either a fair equivalent for his labour or enabling him to secure a home of his own at a suitable price. Against this possibility we have the greed of the speculators, the men who go through life on the principle of getting a very great deal for the something they got for a very little. To-day, in Toronto, in every city of the Dominion, there are large vacant spaces held by men for profit concerning which we should be enabled, by law, to say to their owners—you must not leave them alone.

And, at this time, the condition of the respectable poor is more hazardous than at any other period of our history. They show less of the outward signs of the great unrset than any other class. When they come ot the break it will be sudden and complete. They are largely uninfluenced by the propaganda of the socialists, the syndicalists and the other forces drawn from the masses and all hoping for the millenium that is to come from legislation, the proselytising of other forces, or what not. In the main, a large number of them come from the ranks of Christianity and are bearing their burdens with the hope only of recompense in the life to come. A great number of them are fortified by the belief, gaining rapid ground in astonishing degree, that the second coming of Christ is at hand. If, however, the pressure upon them becomes very much stronger; if the neglect of the governing powers, the interest of the influential, is not concentrated into an active effort in the task of bettering their condition they will be forced into open revolt and a cessation of what must appear to be useless labour.

As it is now, every slight increase in the earning power of the worker simply means an addition to the sum that is to drop into the pocket of the capitalist. The harder he works, the more he obtains, the greater the burden that is placed upon him. There is no comparison between the things he is given and those he has in return to give for the privilege of the existence of those he loves and himself.

We cry that there is room for all in the country. It is true. But, first, we must have men fit for the country. My man has told you why he did not go to the country. As a matter of fact a large number of the men in the cities are forced there with their families against their will. And is there any encouragement for them either when, through the very forces which are binding them to their tasks in the cities, a large number of the skilled farmers in Ontario for instance, are struggling under tremendous handicaps of mortgages and other indebtedness and the knowledge that they are unable properly to market a large measure of the things they grow, under conditions which make their lot more enviable than that of the average city dweller.

Having set aside the evils of inadequate and unjust housing conditions let us briefly consider the matter of education of the respectable poor. Their children are not being educated *usefully* in the broad sense of the word. The child which fifty years ago would have grown to manhood probably without the power to read or write goes into the world to-day with a jumble of knowledge that has little effect in later years other than the giving of a superficial knowledge concerning a great many things for which he finds no use whatever. Forced into the necessity of earning something as soon as possible, but with a mind set beyond his legitimate sphere of life, he disdains many of the useful trades which he might learn and, in the end, falls even below the things he despised. One is almost tempted to say, for the good of the whole, that it would be better for the good of the masses if they were taught trades in their schools, at an early age, rather than a mass of knowledge that brings to them an ollapodrida of knowledge that inculcates in them a consciousness that they are fitted for more in the world than they will ever attain. Education, as applied to the children of the respectable poor, should not be administered on the hit or miss principle of keeping them in school for so many years and teaching them those things which were taught, indiscriminately, to all classes twenty years ago. They are being educated to a plane of thought which they see existent in many around them, in whom such aspirations have a possibility of satisfaction. But they have not the means of the accomplishment of their desires which belong to the class for whom the system of education applied to them was designed. To the whole is being given a means of advancement inaugurated, in the beginning, for the few. Of course, it will be argued against such objections as I have advanced, that a more limited education would result in the stutification of ambition. Far better that it should than have education arouse desires for advantages impossible because the conditions of the working man have not been improved in proportion to his opportunities for the acquirement of knowledge and a sort of superficial culture. There are men who will rise superior to their environment as a result of the education thus given them. But they are the exception and would probably have arisen to their true level under any circumstances. It is an injustice to handicap the whole for the possible benefit of the few.

Briefly, and in conclusion, as a result of this investigation of the condition of one hundred working men, we have seen that only a very small

proportion of those really bearing our burdens are receiving any protection from the many agencies doubtlessly working in favour of the working man. They are suffering from the race for wealth of the landlord, the man who derives profit from labour and those other men who have the essentials of life to sell, whether food, fuel, or transportation. We have seen that, whereas they breed children who open their eyes upon the world with clean blood in their veins and presumably healthy minds, these little ones, from the pressue of economic-social conditions largely reinforce the ranks of the unfortunates and undesirables. As never before in the world's history, we know how to alleviate these conditions. There is more wealth at hand to aid in the task of applying the remedies needed. There are more Christians and humanitarians in the world to perform the remedial work. There is more humane thought to devise the most efficacious methods. These men and their fellows are the more deserving. They are working hard to help themselves, but they are the most neglected. They cannot be neglected much longer, for they form a very great proportion of our industrious population. Is there not a large significance in the thought that of these one hundred men only seven have even a small savings bank fund and only fourteen are able to afford even a scanty insurance against death which, through the rapacity of the average undertaker, plunges the unfortunates left behind into an indebtedness which it takes oftentimes many months to eradicate?

"It's a very comfortable world to live in." No doubt there are many who will agree that it is. But because it has been so very comfortable for a great many is perhaps the reason that it may not be comfortable for any a generation hence. Once aroused, the terrible tenacity of purpose which permits the thousands of workers to labour on day after day, hopeless of anything but a future life, will form a fearful force in a perhaps violent reconstruction of our faulty social conditions. There are not lacking men, standing high among the capitalists and some students of America, who unite with many of the labour leaders in the statement that we are upon the brink of a tremendous uprising of the masses which will be infinitely more terrible and far-reaching in its effect than the French or any other revolution.

THE CHOICE

BY RAE HUTTON HARRIS

THEY met for the first time in the dingy, ill-lighted hotel dining-room, where their presence but served by contrast to emphasise the general impression of desertion. And there, as Waller looked into Mary Manners's delicate, refined face, a sense of relief from incongruities took hold of him, while the girl, meeting the calm strength of his fine, dark eyes, experienced a feeling of the presence of protecting forces. Their introduction was self-made, the landlady, who acted as waitress, preferring to ignore the ceremonies, and it was during the lapses, while she went in search of further viands, that a mutual good faith was established. They were seated opposite each other at the long, empty table, and in passing what lay beyond the reach of the other the ice was finally broken.

"It is a repast worthy of the appetites of the men in the lumber camps up the river," Waller said at length, after he had offered the girl the various dishes of the homely fare. "Perhaps you have visited the lumber camps?"

Her expression brightened perceptibly. "No, I have not had that pleasure," she returned quietly.

"Then you have decidedly something in store for you. The trip up the river over the ice on dog-sleds is a jolly experience, and the camp, when reached, offers no end of thrilling surprises. I only wish you might go up during the season, as I take for granted you are remaining through the winter."

"Yes," the girl smiled faintly. "I am scarcely equal to the long journey to the railroad and since there is no other alternative, one must be glad to remain."

"You are wise to take the matter so philosophically and to make the best of this unique situation. You had courage to decide to spend the winter here."

"But I was not nearly as courageous as you think," the girl returned, a wistful expression touching her eyes. "I was drawn here through the fascination of this wild, grand scenery, and the inducement of a larger salary than I was offered elsewhere. But when the last steamer came, and I saw myself facing the possibility of six months of solitary confinement at hard labour, without any possibility of escape, I was tempted to get my things together and go, while there was still time. As I had signed a contract to remain until spring, I could not leave the school-board in the lurch for a teacher; and besides there was the question of my pupils, they needed me so much."

"Ah, they needed you, I can well understand that, poor, neglected little urchins. It's good of you to take so much interest in them."

"How could one be human and do otherwise?" the girl threw out with a fleeting smile touching her pale face. "It's a great privilege to be permitted to do anything to add some cheer to their little lives."

"They are fortunate in having you, poor little souls. I've heard them speak of you with a great deal of affection."

He looked at her appreciatively. "But seeing you here raises another question," he added thoughtfully. "It seems to me, if you don't mind my saying so, that you have the small end of it."

"If the place offered different accommodations, I would have nothing to complain of," returned the girl simply. "While I remained at the doctor's home, I was very contented, but in being obliged to make the change here for a warmer room, I began to realise the limitations."

A more wistful expression touched her face.

"It's certainly no place for a young lady," said Waller with warmth of feeling. "I'm jolly sure I'd hate to see anyone of my women folks here in these polar wilds, though I'm selfish enough to be glad of the prospect of some human companionship; and perhaps we will be able to cheer each other up a bit when things become the bluest. You'll have to let me serve as a protector. It's likely to be exciting at times, when the shantymen come down to 'blow in' their pay, and I'll see that you are not annoyed."

She thanked him as they left the table and moved into the fuller light of the small sitting-room adjoining, where a bright, open fire lent a sense of cheer. Seated before the fire, and looking into its depths, they fell into further conversation. The presence in this isolated spot in the wilds of New Ontario, of this well-groomed, well-bred man of the world was partially explained. He had left England but three months before to taste of life in Canada, and having some interest in the lumber company which operated here at the Inlet, had been readily induced to take the place of manager of the camp for the winter season, the prospect of novel experiences in this rugged, frozen region of the north having influenced his decision. He had a taste for new experiences, and to his old-world sense the Inlet afforded endless surprises of contrast, the happiest being in finding her there.

Their conversation then took a more impersonal tone and they discussed music and books. The girl, to the accompaniment of the piano, sang some of his favourite songs, in a voice which, though untrained, was remarkable for sweetness. Before the evening was over they had entered on that good understanding which results from similarity of taste and view-point. For the man, the dreariness of the barren hotel had vanished as shadows before the light; for the girl, the forced change of environment from the genial atmosphere of the doctor's house to the deserted inn was relieved by the presence of a friendly, self-imposed protector. Each had supplied to the other the particular need to which the unique situation gave rise and this served to deepen the bond of good faith, of which they had been mutually conscious from the first moment of their meeting.

Winter had now set in with full force at the Inlet. The Georgian Bay, down which the last steamer of the season had sailed some weeks previously, lay a mass of glittering ice, alluring and inviting. The Englishman, with the eagerness of a novice, readily developed a taste for the winter sports peculiar to the district. Miss Manners, out of school hours, was glad to enjoy the diversion of outdoor exercise, and in the late hours of the short afternoons, she, with her new friend, would speed for miles over the ice on skates, away toward that distant blue water line, which marked the limit of the ice fields. Sometimes, at the head of a jolly party of eager school boys and girls, they would skate to the islands some miles out in the bay, build a bonfire and dance around its glow in the revels of fancy skating. Or they would form a party and tramp through the pine woods on snowshoes, or on moonlight nights toboggan down the steep hillside, out on to the

ice of the rever. So much of brightness had come into her life, through the cheer she was able to impart to the lives of these poor children of the mill-hands, who had known only the sordid grind of toil, that the girl forgot the isolation of her lot in this quiet lumbering hamlet, whose activities had been transferred, when the great mill closed down for the winter, to the camp up the river. Life in the silent hotel was less dreamy than she had feared, since it was relieved by the Englishman's kindly interest. She even came to be glad of the conditions which had thrown them so constantly together. From his wide experience of life on five continents she was to broaden her own knowledge. Moreover, his keen exuberance of interest never failed to discover new possibilities. From the school boys Waller learned of ice-boats, and with Miss Manners as companion, tested this new joy of winter sports. Then followed a trip up the river on dog-sleds to the lumber camp, where they obtained a glimpse of the shanty-man's peculiar mode of life. Such experiences gave the needed variety to the monotonous round of their lives, and served at once to deepen this new comradeship. When after pay-day at the camps the hotel was besieged by the shantymen who came down to blow in their pay, Waller took on himself the office of protector, and through the impressiveness of a cold, haughty dignity, held the drink-crazed shantymen at a respectful distance. Gratitude born of such worthy cause but tended to deepen the sense of his value as a positive, active force and in the girl's consciousness, and a deeper feeling arose, the response of the heart to the awakening of the man's deeper nature, at the inspiration of the subtle influence she was playing in his life.

Though they had talked freely about their past, there still had remained a tacit understanding regarding the reserve which Waller had assumed about the more personal side of his experience. A man of thirty, who has seen and known life in its broader phases, could not fail to arouse a curious interest in a girl of twenty, who had lived her orphaned life in a strict boarding-school of a small provincial town. If he had been married, she wondered that he never spoke of that part of his life. In spite of his brightness, there still lurked the shadow of some unhappy memory or experience. Life. apparently, had given variety which had lacked in satisfying quality. Sometimes as he sat of an evening, with eyes fastened on the depths of the live, burning logs of the open fire, the girl, silently observing him, would endeavour to puzzle out the nature of his thoughts. She could not know how intimately the picture which he conjured up from the blue depths of the flames, concerned her. How he longed to show her this picture, which was his dream of the future, the picture of his own fireside with her there beside him. In her simplicity and naturalness, in her unconscious beauty and the appealing note of her youth, and earnest effort to make her life count for others, he had found the qualities which had satisfied both his heart and mind. Weary of the conventions, he had come to value those real womanly qualities which distinctly marked her personality.

The winter days were passing rapidly into spring. March had come, and with its blustering days the return of the woodmen from the closed lumber camp. Miss Manners, warned of the riotous scenes likely to follow the influx of purse-laden, drink-thirsty shantymen, waiting in idleness their work on the river, had again taken up her abode at the doctor's house. She had been loth to quit the hotel and that companionship which had become a vital force in her life. But he would come to see her, and her calmly smiling goodbye had given no clue to the inner disturbance which marked her going.

"You have been so kind, you have meant so much in my life here, that I won't try to express my gratitude."

She smiled faintly and the colour deepened in her fair face.

"But what of me! It does not occur to you how I shall miss you!" Waller spoke with energy. "This place without you is an intolerable wilderness. I don't expect to be able to endure it very long."

But you don't think of leaving?" A not of anxiety she could not disguise coloured the girl's tone.

"Not at least until the first steamer comes, which will be another month, I suppose. You will see a great deal of me before that time. I expect the doctor's family will become quite weary of me.

"That is scarcely likely." She smiled brightly to conceal her inner disturbance, which arose from her consciousness of the forced change that must come in their friendly companionship.

Their first meeting after her going was in the small parlour of the doctor's house, and under the gaze of two curious pairs of eyes. The doctor was kindly disposed, but morbidly curious as to the interest which might have sprung up between these two beings, who had been thrown together so constantly.

His scrutiny provoked a self-consciousness which was disguised on the part of his guests by the showing of a mere friendly interest. Waller soon pleaded excuses of work and took his leave.

His next call was to announce his coming departure on the steamer that was now daily expected. Pressing matters of business demanded his presence in the west

The girl received this intelligence quietly, though the pained expression of her eyes and her sudden pallor revealed the emotion she was at pains to suppress. Her suffering reflected itself back on Waller's strong face. They were alone and he grasped her hand in a quick movement which conveyed more than words the depth of his feeling.

The tension of the moment was relieved by the sound of approaching footsteps. The doctor entered and, smiling his greetings, threw himself into an easy chair.

"It is a hard life I live here, Mr. Waller," he said wearily; "that of doctor in a lumber camp. It is from the Inlet to the camp, and from the camp to the Inlet, no end of amputating and placing of broken bones; no end of responsibility, and no money for your pains. I have decided to quit it."

"I am glad to hear that. I think you can better yourself. Leave myself in a few days."

"Indeed, but I thought you liked it here."

"Yes, in many respects I have. But with me it was only a temporary arrangement. The country is all new to me. I am afflicted with the spirit of adventure, and mean to try my fortunes elsewhere."

"I imagine there is not much you have not tried, Waller," said the doctor, in his easy, garrulous manner, as he crossed one leg over the other and sat back comfortably as though inviting a recital of his visitor's experiences. But Waller was in no communicative mood. He explained his intention of going west, and then rose to take his leave.

"I will not say my final good-bye now," he said, as he held Miss Manners's hand. I must have the pleasure of another of our long walks. May I call for you at the school tomorrow?"

"Of course you may call for me," she smiled, and he took his leave, his expression brightening as they moved to the hallway.

"Until to-morrow then," he said, as he waved back his hand to the girl in the open door.

When she returned to the sitting-room the doctor eyed her narrowly but he could not read beneath the calm surface of her quiet eyes.

"I suppose we shall hear of you going next?" he said.

"I shall finish out my term," she returned quietly. I cannot speak beyond that."

She bore the ordeal of his scrutiny, which lessened as he fell into a meditative mood.

"This Englishman has always puzzled me," he said. "He nevevr speaks of himself, and he is not one of those a man may question easily. He must have an interesting history. Certainly he does not belong to this life. I have every reason to believe he does not belong to this life. I have every reason to believe he is a man of means. There is some reason to explain his coming here if one only knew it."

The girl was in no mood to discuss the man who had touched her life so vitally. Fortunately at this moment the doctor's wife entered, and excusing herself on the plea of extra work, she retired to her room.

She was in a mood of unwonted excitement, with her thoughts turned in anticipation to the walk they had arranged for the following afternoon. How often they had walked out together over the long tramway road toward the water's edge, and now her whole interest was focused on this walk, which would be, perchance, the last they would take there together. The experience of the winter seemed to reach its culminating point in this anticipated meeting. He had conveyed tacitly how much of consequence he attached to this occasion of being alone with her. She could not have mistaken the veiled significance of his glance as he took leave of her. He had something of importance to impart and her thoughts, moving in rhythmic tune to her buoyed up emotions, translated his message in the language of the heart. A feeling of the approach of a great event in her life kept her from sleep, and made the hours pass slowly during the following day. When at length her scholars were dismissed, she went to the window to watch for his coming.

As she stood there, her mind busy with its own thoughts, her eyes wondered aimlessly over the bleak rocks to the bay, where the sparkling blue waters rippled in currents between the blocks of ice. Her attention more actively drawn to the scene before her, she observed that there was still ice in the harbour, and pleased herself with the assuring thought that it would be some days at least before a steamer could enter the port. And this place would still shelter him for some days to come. The reflection brought its own satisfaction, and she gazed absently toward the distant rim of dark blue, which formed the horizon of the waters, dreamily wondering what the future might have in store for her.

Suddenly on the horizon her eye caught a black speck, which increased in size as she watched it. Her interest awakened, she followed the moving object, until she discerned a small vessel laboriously ploughing its way toward the dock. She watched it eagerly as it came nearer through the piles of drifting ice. A little crowd was gathering on the dock, but she held her place at the window. Suddenly the tug had docked, and a lady stepped onto the wharf and accompanied by the doctor, ascended the hill to the manager's office. With a sickening sense of foreboding she turned from the window and, staggering to a chair, buried her face in her hands. So she remained until the shadows gathered. Then she roused herself and, assuming an air of alacrity, returned to the doctor's house.

At the supper table the doctor had much to communicate. The girl listentd with civil interest, while inwardly she felt a sensation of stifling The doctor had been on the wharf when the tug docked, and a tall, fine-looking woman of distinguished bearing had come on shore. The tug, in fact, had come in especially to land the lady, before the arrival and de-

parture of the expected steamer. He had not been very much surprised, he said, when the lady, in quite English accent, had asked for the manager's office, and had introduced herself as Mrs. Waller; then offering his escort, he had conducted her to her husband's office.

"And so Mr. Waller was really married!" said the doctor's wife in surprise. "You know we have wondered if he might have been."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "but, as I said, I was not much surprised, though he never mentioned her. However, now I think I know the reason why; and I shall never forget the meeting of those two," he continued, looking from his wife to the quiet, pale face at the side of the table. "When she entered the office, Waller was standing by the window, apparently in a disturbed state of mind. He must have seen her coming, and was evidently trying to decide what to do. She threw hereslf into his arms, and asked him to forgive her. He turned deathly white, and I thought he might need some assistance, so I stayed. He did not say a word, but I knew from his manner that her coming was the last thing in the world he wanted. She seemed to forget my presence, and I must say that I quite forgot to move away. I did not wish to pry on their meeting, but the woman's words held me spellbound. From all she said I judged that she had learned that Waller was leaving on the first steamer, and she had enlisted the sympathy of the company to send her in on a special tug, so that she might meet her husband before he got away. She acknowledged that the fault was all hers, but seemed to blame too the interference of her own people, and promised greater devoton in the future. Waller was to be pitied in his helpless misery. It is certain he does not love her, and she is not the kind, in my opinion, to hold a man's heart; it is altogether the most pitiable case I have known."

The girl listened, scarcely heeding his words. Her food seemed to be choking her. As soon as possible she escaped to her room, and throwing herself on her knees before her bed, she buried her head in her outstretched arms and found refuge in prayer.

She was aroused at length by a gentle tap on the door. Opening it she was confronted by the manager's office boy, who held in his hand a package of letters which had arrived in the mail sent in on the tug. Smilng faintly her thanks, she took the letters and turned them over quickly to read the post-marks. Among them was one which bore no stamp of another office, though stamped and dated at the Inlet. Opening it in feverish haste, she read

"Before you receive this note you will know why I failed to keep my appointment this afternoon. Had I not been prevented from doing so, I had meant to explain the circumstances of my life, about which I have been silent for so long. Perhaps you wonder why I never spoke of my wfe. We were separated and practically dead to each other, and I came out here to give her the ground of desertion she was seeking, in order to sue for a divorce. Since I have known you and have come to love you, I have looked forward to that freedom which would make it possible to ask you to share my life. Then I learned of my wife's change of plan, and I wrote her to urge the matter, but to no avail. At length I decided to act myself. You know the rest. My wife arrived, seeking reconcilation; but that is impossible. At present my mind is in such a whirl of excitement that I cannot think. I must see you and will chance to meet you to-morrow morning. My life, my fate, is in your hands. Surely my soul has not misspoken. If you care for me the future is ours, and no one can cheat us of our happiness."

The girl reread the note, her mind

dwelling on each detail. An inner exuberance took hold of her, to dispel her recent gloom. Her heart had not mistaken her; he loved her. This was the one fact in the universe which mattered. She could trust for the rest. If they loved each other, no force, no personality, could come between them. Her quick imagination, in this luminous moment of sureness, was free to weave its own fancies.

But a voice spoke from the depths of her inner consciousness, the voice of that rigid conscience which placed for her the call of duty before any other call. She passed the night in sleepless tossing, in the conflict between desire and duty, and the morning found her still active in the struggle between emotion and will. She rose early, and in the bright sunshine of the spring morning, climbed the rocky hillside to the school-house. Half-way up she halted to take breath, and looked back over the village below to the bay beyond, rippling and shimmering in the morning sunlight. The small tug lay at the dock, and a curl of smoke, rising from its engine, suggested preparations for departure. The small craft and the smiling waters seemed to call alluringly to her. She gazed out longingly, held under the bewitching spell of fancy which appeared to draw her away from this narrow existence to a larger world of love and happiness.

For the moment she was so held by imagination, that she was not conscious of Waller's approach until aroused by his voice. Their eyes met, his alive with determination and purpose, hers questioning.

"I have been looking for you at the school-house," he said in a tone of haste, "hoping that you had come early. The tug is ready for departure. Will you go with me?"

"Then you are going to-day?" she asked quietly.

"Yes, if you will go with me, I will not wait for the steamer."

"Oh, but I cannot go; you don't know what you ask of me." A pained expression touched the girl's face. "If you love me do not tempt me to lose my soul for you."

"But if you love me, it is our one chance of happiness. We must play a high stake."

"But what of your wife?" The girl was now calm with the calmness of a determining force. "Perhaps she loves you. Can you desert her now when she has come to you?"

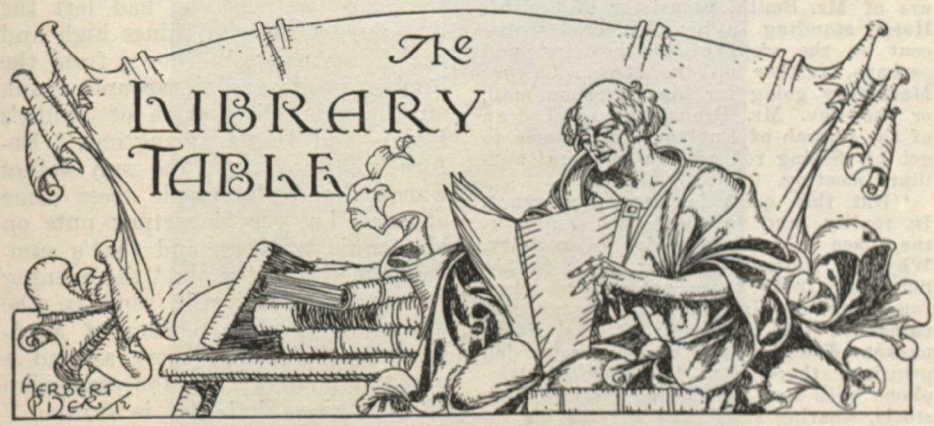
"But I cannot love her I must escape now from the dread of a future lost away from you. Will you go with me?"

The appealing passion of his glance left her weak and wavering. She looked over the sparkling, alluring waters, and back again to the little school-house above, which had marked the scene of her efforts. Between desire and duty the choice must be made, and happily for her the question of another woman's life and happiness was not to be thrust aside.

"Go, go with your wife; forget me. Follow the path of duty. It is the safest. Good-bye, and may all good go with you."

She hurriedly pressed his hand, and hastened up the path toward the school-house. The man stood as though transfixed. His expression softened from stern determinaton to an illuminating gentleness, as he watched her retreating figure until she entered the school-house. Then he slowly descended the hill.

In the afternoon the steamer arrived, and the teacher, from the window of the school-house, watched a man and a woman descend the road toward the dock. In the waning light, as the steamer moved out from the harbour, she espied two solitary figures on deck. She watched them until the steamer had rounded the curve of the bay and was lost to view. Then she turned back, her face serene with the calmness which follows a storm, to the still shadows of the school-room.



SUNSHINE SKETCHES OF A LITTLE TOWN.

By Stephen B. Leacock. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

SETTING the works of Sam Slick apart for the moment, we know of nothing that could be classed as Canadian humour that equals the first three chapters of this volume. Here we have excellent humour intermixed with wholesome satire It is wholesome satire, because Mr. Leacock makes good fun out of peculiarities that are common to many Ontario towns. Those of us who have lived in a town like Orillia, for instance, know very well the types personified in Boniface Smith, the barber Thorpe, the undertaker Gingham, and the Reverend Mr. Drone, rural dean Perhaps it would be not fair to make of Orillia a single instance, for the author may have had in mind such a place as Barrie. Or he may have thought of Fergus. But we suspect that the picture is composite, its application is so general. It is like the sins the evangelist (not Rural Dean Drone) depicts so cunningly that they seem always to fit one's own very self. Still, Mr. Leacock lifts the veil in one or two places, for we know that Glover's hardware store is in Aylmer, even if he does try to locate it in Mariposa. And, again, the banker Mullins used to be in Seaforth, whence he went to Montreal, and then "out West," where he settled down in Vancouver, after first marrying a girl who had sung one season with the Francis Wilson Opera Company. However, humourists should have licence as well as poets, and we do not blame Mr. Leacock for making, to use an expression much abused by lawyers, a change of venue. But we just wish him to know that liberties like this cannot be taken with the *locale* of well-known Ontario business men and nobody say a word about it. No doubt other readers will discover changes of venue, but these two instances show that the author is sufficiently artistic to make a satisfactory composition from all the material within range of his observation. His observation has been enough to see that in many Ontario towns and villages the main street is remarkable for false fronts and telegraph poles of colossal thickness. Furthermore, as he himself writes:

"To the careless eye the scene on the main street of a summer afternoon is one of deep and unbroken peace. The empty

street sleeps in the sunshine. There is a horse and buggy tied to the hitching-post in front of Glover's hardware store. There is, usually and commonly, the figure of Mr. Smith, proprietor of Smith's Hotel, standing in his chequered waistcoat on the steps of his hostelry, and perhaps, further up the street, Lawyer Macartney going for his afternoon mail, or the Rev. Mr. Drone, the rural dean of the Church of England, going home to get his fishing rod after a mothers' auxiliary meeting.

"But this quiet is mere appearance. In reality, and to those who know it, the place is a perfect hive of activity. Why, at Netley's butcher shop (established in 1882) there are no less than four men working on the sausage machines in the basement; at the Newspacket office there are as many more job printing; there is a long-distance telephone with four distracting girls on high stools, wearing steel caps and talking incessantly; in the offices of McCarthy's block are dentists, with their coats off, ready to work at any moment; and from the big planing factory down beside the lake where the railroad siding is, you may hear all through the hours of the summer afternoon the long-drawn music of the running saw.

"Busy—well, I should think so! Ask any of its inhabitants if Mariposa isn't a busy, hustling, thriving town. Ask Mullins, the manager of the Exchange Bank, who comes hustling over to his office from the Mariposa House every day at 10.30 and has scarcely time all morning to go out and take a drink with the manager of the Commercial; or ask—well, for the matter of that, ask any of them if they ever knew a more rushing, go-a-head town than Mariposa?"

But what bothers us about this town of Mariposa is the lake. We can fit the maple trees on the side streets, the Oddfellows' Hall, the Knights of Pythias, the brass band, the fire hall, and the Young Men's Christian Association into any number of towns, but the lake fits into only one here and there. Even the population which starts with the census returns at about 5,000, and goes up to various estimates until the bartender at the Mariposa House offers to bet the whole room that there are 9,000 people in Mariposa—even the population fits in. Likewise do the seasons. Dark enough and dull it seems of a winter night, with the lights burning dim behind the shop windows. But in time the snow melts and the ice goes out of the lake (we wish he had left the lake out), "the sun shines high and the shantymen come down from the lumber woods and lie around drunk on the sidewalk outside of Smith's Hotel—and that's springtime." Before we know it, "the sun shines warmer, and the maple trees come out and Lawyer Macartney puts on his tennis trousers, and that's summer time." Later on, "the evening closes dark and still, and in the gloom of the main corner of Mariposa the Salvation Army around a naphtha lamp lift up the confession of their sins—and that is autumn." The eagerness to buy mining stocks was as marked at Peterborough as at Orillia, and everybody everywhere "went in." In Bobcaygeon, just the same as at Mariposa, "Jim Eliot mortgaged the inside of the drug store and jammed it into Twin Temagami. Pete Glover at the hardware store bought Nippewa stock at thirteen cents, and sold it to his brother at seventeen, and bought it back in less than a week at nineteen. They took a chance. Judge Pepperleigh put the rest of his wife's money into Temiskaming common, and Lawyer Macartney got the fever, too, and put every cent that his sister possessed into Tulip preferred." But to know how Jefferson Thorpe, the barber, held his shares in Northern Star one must read Chapter II. And the point of importance about it all is that Mr. Leacock has made to the literature of Canada a contribution of permanent value. He has hit home, and at the same time he has "hit off" many distinctive characteristics of Ontario town life.

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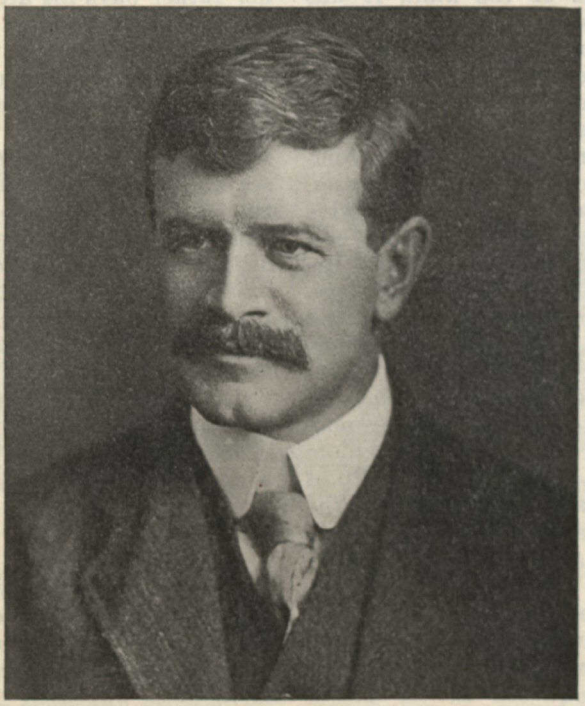
SWEETHEARTS AT HOME. By S. R. Crockett. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS charming volume of childish humour and piquancy comes as a welcome addition to the author's



DR. STEPHEN B. LEACOCK

Whose new book "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" is herewith reviewed

already admirable works of fiction. It purports to be, in part at least, the diary of a young girl from the age of ten to the age of sixteen, and one suspects that it is the outcome of the encouragement of an indulgent father. However that may be, it is well done, and the introduction by Mr. Crockett shows light touches and evidences of filial affection.

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A NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

By Remy de Gourmont. Translated. with introduction and sketch of the author, by Arthur Ransome. London: Stephen Swift.

WHEN the veteran man of letters Arthur Ransome cautions his readers against a squeamish interpretation of Remy de Gourmont's book entitled "A Night in the Luxembourg," it is not for us to lightly pronounce an opinion of its merits. That it is a peculiar work, very original in form and subtle in craftsmanship, we readily admit, but we should hesitate before saying that it propounds an important or even a new philosophy. That man's chief end is the gratification of the senses may be sound philosophy, but is a doctrine that can hardly lay claim to originality. No doubt what has stirred Mr. Ransome, and indeed many of the followers of art in Europe, is the form and daring of this book. M. de Gourmont presents a manuscript which has come to him through the death of his friend Sandy Rose. The manuscript was found

just as Mr. Rose had left it, and, unlike documents of the kind, it was complete, finished, and the pen was still in the man's grasp, showing that he had expired as he came to the end. This manuscript is an account of a night passed in the Gardens of the Luxembourg by Sandy in the company of a god and three goddesses. The god claims to have constructive influence over mankind, and he credits himself with having inspired the ideas of great thinkers like Epicurus, Pythagoras, Spinoza, St. Paul, and even Christ. He encourages amorous passages between the man and one of the goddesses, and in the end presents her to him so that he may retain her as a human companion. According to the circumstances of the man's death we infer that the company of a goddess upon earth is more than a mere man can enjoy and survive. The whole situation is made very real, and, having read it, one with difficulty forbears from asking, Did this actually happen?

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MARCUS HOLBEACH'S DAUGHTER.

By Alice Jones. Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

THERE is more in the title of "Marcus Holbeach's Daughter" (a recent novel by Miss Alice Jones, a New Brunswick novelist) than one would at first suspect. In the New Brunswick town where the gird lived she was known as Virginia Holbeach, a name that could not claim legal or Christian countenance, but for all that, one learns to reverence and admire her. Her father, Marcus Holbeach, a wealthy Englisihman, had experienced a youthful romance, and Virginia was a result. The mother died when the father was on military duty in India, and there had been no marriage ceremony. So the father takes the child and sets up an establishment on the banks of a New Brunswick salmon stream, and there he visits her once a year. She becomes a true sweetheart of a humble woodsman named Jack Le Roy, while her father pays his attentions abroad to an Englisih lady of title and some spirit. He has never told anyone in England about his daughter in Canada, but on his last visit to Canada he takes with him a more or less worthless nephew whom he wishes to see married to his daughter to keep the estate intact in the family and to enable Virginia to become mistress of his house in very fact—as the wife of the nephew, but not as his daughter. However, Viriginia rejects the nephew and clings to Jack, providing satisfactory ending. The story is written with grace, and the plot is developed naturally and without the melodrama that usualy accompanies a novel of this character.

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LIFE OF LORD SELKIRK.

By Dr. George Bryce. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

MANY vagrant writings about the Selkirk settlement in Manitoba have appeared from time to time, but nevertheless the appearance of this monograph is opportune. Dr. Bryce approached the subject with a familiar knowledge of that part of Scotland whence the Earl of Selkirk issued, as well as with the Red River district, where the colony finally located in the West in 1812. But the volume is not confined to the settlement of the West, for there are chapters on the Earl's early life, on his dreams of colonisation, and on his first venture of the kind, when he established a colony in Prince Edward Island.

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MR. W. LACY AMY who is a frequent contributor to *The Canadian Magazine,* has had a novel accepted by Hodder and Stoughton, of London, and the Musson Book Company, of Toronto. The novel is entitled, "The Blue Wolf," and deals with Western Canada, a part of the Dominion with which Mr. Amy is well acquainted.

Cutting Them Down

King Edward VII., like his successor, King George IV., had a keen eye to every detail of dress or uniform. Lord Rossmore ordered his tailor to extemporise some riding-breeches after the fashion of the tight-fitting Indian jodpores. One of these was in black buckskin, the other in brown, with cloth tops. At Elvedon a trial was made of the black jodpores.

Between the shooting of the coverts we were all standing clustered round the late King, when he spied my black legs, and was most interested. "I'm glad to see, Rossmore," he observed, "that you Irish landlords are becoming more provident." We looked at each other in amazement, and wondered what his Majesty could possibly be driving at. Then I ventured, "Why, sir?" "Because," replied the King, "I see that you are using up your old evening tr—rousers to make shooting-leg-leggings. . ." A long time after, he found time to say to me at Punchestown, "Well, Rossmore, and how are the evening tr—rousers?"—*"Things I Can Tell," by Lord Rossmore.*

Worth a Dukedom

I happened to be next gun to the late King, and I saw an easy woodcock flying like an owl straight towards me in the open. I was on Hill's left, but I sprang to the right, "shoed" it on to the King, shouting as I did so, "Woodcock, sir!" and the King killed it. I had glanced round before I "shooed" the bird to see if anyone was looking, and I quite thought my action had been unobserved, but a friend came up to me when the beat was over and said, "Derry, old man, that about the woodcock was the smartest done thing I've ever seen." "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "you don't say you saw it. On no account let the King know." "Yes, I saw it all right," rejoined my friend, "and, in my opinion, many a man has been made a duke for less."—*"Things I Can Tell," by Lord Rossmore.*

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Give and Take

Howell—"Does he take things philosophically?"

Powell—"Yes; but he doesn't part with them philosophically."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

First Young Lady (looking out of window). "Look, there's a pheasant!"
Second Young Lady. "Silly! it can't be; they don't begin till October." —*Punch*

His Plans

She was a lady visitor to the prison, kindly and well-meaning, and as she chattered with a burglar who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, she thought she detected signs of reform in him.

"And now," she said, "have you any plans for the future, on the expiration of your sentence?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," he said hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a post-office."—*The Argonaut.*

✲

Mosaic

The teacher asked: "When did Moses live?"

After the silence had become painful she ordered: "Open your Old Testaments. What does it say there?"

A boy answered: "Moses, 4,000"

"Now," said the teacher, "why didn't you know when Moses lived?"

"Well," replied the boy, "I thought it was his telephone number."—*Suburban Life.*

Prodigies

Jones—"Yes, sir, that boy of mine is a piano-player. Why, he can play with his toes."

Brown—"How old is he?"

Jones—"Fifteen."

Brown—"I've got a boy at home only one year old who plays with his toes,"—*Catholic News.*

✲

Calming Auntie

Aunt Mary (horrified) — "Good gracious, Harold, what would your mother say if she saw you smoking cigarets?"

Harold (calmly)—"She'd have a fit. They're her cigarets."—*Tit-Bits.*

✲

Terrible Accident to Cheese

Talleyrand's conservatism was summed up by a witty compatriot, Paul de Courier, who declared that if Talleyrand had been present at the creation, he would have exclaimed: "Good gracious! Chaos will be destroyed!"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

TYRO (who has just missed a sitter). Extraordinary! Wouldn't have believed such a thing possible."
OLD STALKER. "Well, well, a stag's a verra queer beastie. There's a deal o' room roond aboot a stag."
—*Punch*

AUTOMATIC

Pius the Ninth was not without a certain sense of humour. One day, while sitting for his portrait to Healy the painter speaking of a monk who had left the church and married, he observed, not without malice: "He has taken his punishment into his own hands."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

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POOR PROXY

A gentleman, who was once stopped by an old man begging, replied, "Don't you know, my man, that fortune knocks once at every man's door?"

"Yes," said the old man, "he knocked at my door once, but I was out, and ever since then he has sent his daughter."

"His daughter?" replied the gentleman. "What do you mean?"

"Why, Miss Fortune." — *Flashlight.*

A BUSY ANECDOTE

A private soldier once rendered some slight service to the first Napoleon.

"Thank you, Captain," said the Emperor, carelessly.

"In what regiment, sire?" was the instant response of the quick-witted private.

"In my Guards," replied the Emperor, pleased with the man's ready retort.

This incident, with appropriate variations, also happened to Genghis Khan, Ivan the Terrible, Attila, Gustavus Adolphus, Louis XIV., Charlemagne, Alexander, King Alfred, Xerxes, Richard the Lionhearted, and Henry of Navarre.—*Success.*

*

WASTED

Physics Prof. (after long-winded proof)—"And now, gentlemen, we get X equals 0."

Sleep Voice (from rear of room)—"Gee, all that work for nothing!"—*Yale Record.*

The bull moose on his hunting ground
Fills hill and dale with frienzied sound.
Kladderadatsch—(Berlin)

An "Appreciation"

A young lady who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father informed a friend that he liked all the Italian cities, but most of all he loved Venice.

"Ah, Venice, to be sure!" said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with its gondolas, and St. Mark's, and Michelangelos."

"Oh, no," the young lady interrupted, "it wasn't that. He liked it because he could sit in the hotel and fish from the window."—*Catholic News.*

❊

A Life Shaver

"What was the best job you ever did?" inquired the first barber.

"I once shaved a man," replied the second ditto. "Then I persuaded him to have a hair-cut, singe, shampoo, face massage, sea foam, electric buzz, tar spray, and finally a tonic rub."

"What then?"

"By that time," concluded barber No. 2, "he needed another shave."—*London Answers.*

How It's Done

Lady (to shoe clerk)—"I should like to get a pair of shoes."

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am. What size?"

Lady—"Size three."

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am. Just let me measure your foot."

Lady—"But I told you the size."

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am; but we have three sizes in size three—size three for a size three foot, size three for a size four foot, and size three for a size five foot."—*Judge.*

❊

Up to the Wishbone

Said an English clergyman, "Patriotism is the backbone of the British Empire; and what we have to do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

❊

Too Hasty

At a lecture a well-known authority on economics mentioned the fact that in some parts of America the number of men was considerably larger than that of women, and he added humorously:

"I can, therefore, recommend the ladies to emigrate to that part."

A young woman seated in one of the last rows of the auditorium got up and, full of indignation, left the room rather noisily, whereupon the lecturer remarked:

"I did not mean that it should be done in such a hurry."—*Tit-Bits.*

❊

A Foretaste

"My dear girl," exclaimed an elderly lady, "do you know that the man you are intending to marry drinks heavily and gambles?"

"Yes, I know; I am going to marry him to reform him."

"Listen to me, my girl. Try one experiment before you do that."

"What experiment?"

"Take in a—week's washing to do and see how you like it."—*Town Topics.*

THE GOSPEL OF EFFICIENCY

HOW IT IS PREACHED TO AND PRACTICED BY CANADIANS

FIFTEEN years ago the word "efficiency" held the same place in the dictionary that it does to-day, but in the popular mind it was a somewhat ordinary word used for describing the attributes of a certain engine, tool, or perhaps a remedy of some kind—all inanimate things.

At that time the watchwords of the ambitious Canadian were "Initiative" and "Hustle," and with these he whipped himself into superlative effort, until he found that he was fast losing the ability to keep himself up to "concert pitch"—he no longer responded to the whip—something serious had happened—

Truth was he had lost his efficiency.

Thus did the word Efficiency assume a new and great import among men and women alike, for without it we can have neither initiative, hustle or ability to keep pace with the business and social requirements of the twentieth century.

How to obtain and maintain the highest degree of Efficiency is partly the purpose of this article.

The great study with us now should be how to keep well and efficient while we are about rather than how to get well and efficient after we are ill—as a matter of fact, in this connection, those of us who consider ourselves well and strong are not consistently more than fifty per cent. efficient.

We may be able to get about and do our daily tasks with more or less satisfaction to ourselves, and without undue exhaustion, but that is not by any means one hundred per cent. of efficiency.

If our brains are clear, our intellects bright, and our condition such as to put enthusiasm and "ginger" as well as clear judgment into our work, we have a tremendous advantage over those who are half the time depressed, blue and all the time nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with perfect efficiency, and makes so much for success.

But most of us are in the latter class, if we analyze our feeling, and for a very good reason.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

Nature has constructed us for a certain physical "speed," as it were. If you construct an engine for a certain speed, and then attempt to run it at a quarter of that speed, it clogs up and gets "wheezy at the joints" and needs frequent attention and assistance to operate satisfactorily—just so with the human body.

If our work is mostly mental, or confining, as it is in almost every instance, and our physical body runs at quarter speed or less, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and the clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than is immediately apparent, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood, circulating through the colon, absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted, to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs which are always present in the blood a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously sometimes if there is a local weakness.

Accumulated waste, for instance, is the

direct, immediate and specific cause of Appendicitis.

Now there have been many preachers of the Gospel of Efficiency, among them men high up in the literary, commercial and professional world, who have tried to teach us to conserve our energies by relaxation, avoidance of worry, habitual cheerfulness, etc., but this is useless advice when the seat of the trouble is physical first and mental afterwards.

There have also been many practical men, such as physicians, physical culturists, dietarians, osteopaths, etc., who have done something towards actually removing this waste from the colon, at least for a time.

It remained for a new, rational and perfectly natural process, however, to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and efficient—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it, and us, sluggish and dull-spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as nature intended it should.

That process is internal bathing with warm water—and it, by the way, now has the unqualified and enthusiastic endorsements of the most enlightened physicians, physical culturists, osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found, through disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug-shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with internal bathing.

Drugs force nature instead of assisting her.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—internal bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon consistently clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased—internal bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of internal bathing, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as all Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about Efficiency—about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of internal bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to write about in detail, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work. He has written an extremely interesting book on the subject, called "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D , at Room 532, 280 College Street, Toronto, Ontario, and mentioning that he has read this article in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person about this subject, which has so great a bearing on the general health and efficiency.

My personal experience and my observation make me very enthusiastic on internal bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as well as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

Lighting for Cheerfulness

Why shouldn't the home be at its best at night when the whole family is there to enjoy it?

Why shouldn't you have exactly the light to bring out the beauties of the room, to make reading and playing games easy, to surround everything and everybody with cheerfulness, to do what light can do to make home life a success?

It can be done by using the proper

Globes and Shades

Get those that look well by day; but be sure to have them look well and do well at night. The wrong shades and globes waste your light, make your room gloomy or harsh and staring.

The right shades give you plenty of soft, gentle light where you want it.

We make every kind. The best are in our catalogue and so are the facts about them. It will help you make your home more beautiful and cheerful and probably save you money.

Send for our Catalogue No 42 of Shades and Globes — Alba and the many other kinds we make for electricity and gas. Give us your dealer's name. He has, or can get, any Macbeth-Evans shade or globe you desire.

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Registered
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The kind of food a man eats is responsible for a lot of his success or failure.

The brain cannot work clearly when it is distressed with aches and pains—or if it is "logy" from undigested food.

Cut out the fancy "dishes" and "drinks" and try for a time

Post Toasties

—delicious, crisp bits of perfectly cooked and toasted Indian Corn—eaten with cream and a sprinkle of sugar, if desired.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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Windsor, Ontario.


The Power Behind the Scrubbing Brush
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt

Bouncing Sturdy Children

—the kind parents are proud of—are largely the result of proper feeding.

Many a mother knows from experience that a child which "has not done well" can be started along the way to strength and rosy health on

Grape-Nuts

and Cream.

This food is scientifically made of wheat and barley and contains the strength-making elements stored by nature in cereals.

Among these elements is Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grain)—the vital salt of the grey nerve cells—especially needed for promoting healthy brain-growth in children.

Grape-Nuts food is easily digested, quickly absorbed, and has "worked wonders" in the developement of many a backward child —and children like the natural sweet flavor.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

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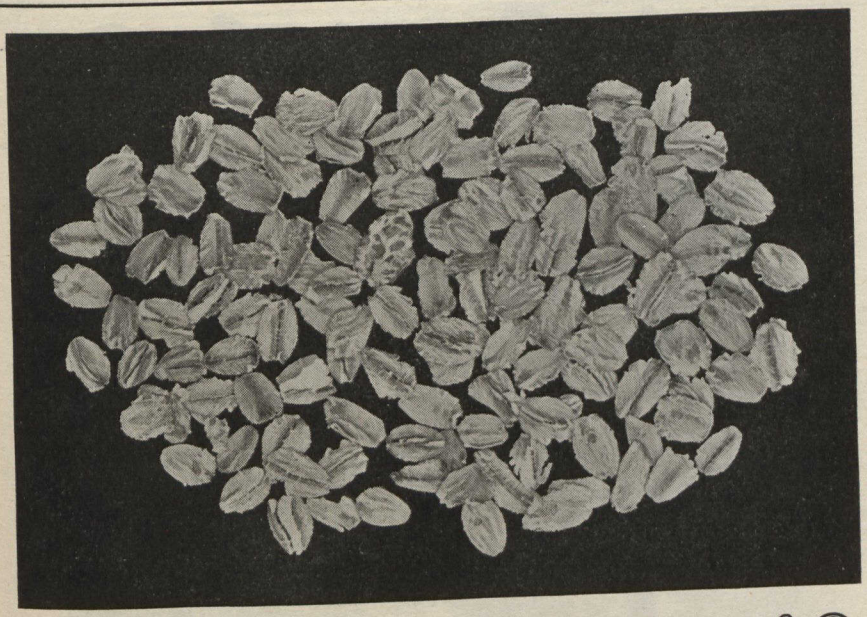
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.



Note These Mammoth Flakes of Oats

There Lies the Wondrous Flavor

These flakes of rolled oats were photographed from a spoonful of Quaker Oats.

Note their unusual size.

That's because we roll them from the richest, plumpest grains.

We pick out these oats by 62 siftings. We get but 10 pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel. That means that two-thirds is discarded.

Just the very choice grains—just the cream of the oats—go out in the Quaker package.

Luscious Oatmeal

The result is the acme of flavor.

Puny, half-flavored grains are not mixed with the big ones.

By our process we make from these premier grains the finest oatmeal in existence.

And it's always alike. For 25 years it never has varied.

That is why Quaker Oats, in all oat-loving nations, outsells every other brand.

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People are eating every year a thousand million dishes of this Quaker Oats, morning and night. Hosts of users, in foreign countries, send thousands of miles to get it. Because Quaker Oats, among connoisseurs. stands for the utmost in oatmeal. And because children delight in its flavor.

Yet Quaker Oats, despite this flavor, costs but one-half cent per dish.

You want these choice oats, unmixed with the poorer. Everybody does.

You enjoy, as do all, their pecular deliciousness. Then please don't forget how to get them.

So long as the brand Quaker Oats exists it will mark just the choicest grade.

Regular Size Package, 10c.

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West.

Look for the Quaker trademark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH

(318)

Class Distinction in Men's Dress Suits.

A thing you buy once in a long time—worth using care in selecting. Fashion-Craft never shows to better advantage than in the production of the Dress Suit. The many fine points so necessary to form perfection in style and fit are never overlooked.

Priced $30.00 to $40.00

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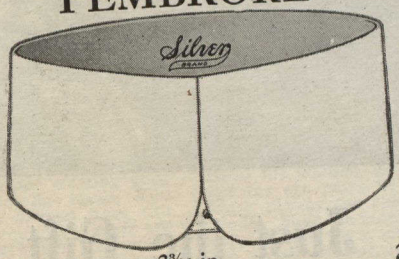
"I Shall be Garbed in the Mode with Correct Neckwear"

—Monsieur Beaucaire

One should do more than preserve oneself from being conspicuous—one should appear correct.

To be dressed in the mode today, your neckdress must be right. Fashion demands that you wear the correct collar—one whose trimness combines with dignity. The newest collar is the

PEMBROKE



2⅜ in. PEMBROKE | 2⅜₁₆ in. KENSETT | 2 in. CHATHAM

BEAUCAIRE, when he was minded to burst incognito upon the assembly at Bath, knew he could go farthest if correctly garbed. And his first thought, you will see, in being so was to have "correct neckwear."

In those days of old, correct neckdress meant laces and frills. And while those days have gone, fashion points out the same moral today for the well-dressed man—for, as then, the collar is the most distinctive part of man's attire.

The Pembroke is the correct closed-front type with ample scarf space and new LINOCORD "SNAP-ON" BUTTONHOLE, which is worked into the band so that it can not stretch nor break in laundering. Will not spread, pull apart, nor slip off the button. It is simple to adjust; holds the collar together in front and *assures* it the correct shape *every* time it is worn.

Ide Silver Collars

Ample scarf room

¼ Sizes—2 for 25c In Canada 3 for 50c

Hundreds of impartial tests have proved that Ide Silver Collars last longest in the laundry and always hold their shape.

Send for our "Style Book"

and the name of the nearest IDE SILVER COLLAR dealer. A postal will do.

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Just the Gift He Wanted

Most Christmas boxes which men receive are valued rather for the giver than for themselves. Not so when the gift is a

Gillette Safety Razor

That is something which adds to the sum total of a man's comfort and happiness. Every day he enjoys its time-saving efficiency, and learns to value the giver more highly because of the gift.

Can you think of any other article which is at once so handsome and so useful? Then make his gift this year a Gillette Safety Razor. Even if he has a Standard Set, he would appreciate a Combination Set, or a Pocket Edition for travelling.

Standard Sets cost $5.00
Pocket Editions $5.00 to $6.00
Combination Sets $6.50 up.

See them at your Jeweler's, Druggist's or Hardware Dealer's

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory: The New Gillette Bldg., MONTREAL

Gillette 1912

Gillette 1913

TRADE Gillette MARK

Get These Hose!

Six Pairs **Guaranteed** Six Months

Save Money Save Time Be Stylish

End All Mending!

Holeproof Hose are the world's finest. They are worn every day by more than a million MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. They cost 25c to 50c a pair in boxes of six pairs, *guaranteed* six months. Everybody can now buy their hose by the *year* instead of by the *pair*.

Every stitch, every thread of "Holeproof" is protected, not just the heels and toes. If a thread "runs" or breaks anywhere, you get a new pair free. The lightest weights in the cotton hose are guaranteed the full six months. The silk "Holeproof" for men and women now make silk hose an *actual economy*, for they last longer than common hose made from inferior cotton. Three pairs of silk are guaranteed three months. Three pairs of men's cost $2, women's $3.

End Darning Now!

You women who darn are wasting your time since there are hose like these. You men who are wearing darned hose are undergoing needless discomfort. Here are hose that are soft, lightweight and close-fitting, made with the costliest yarn produced. We pay an average price for it of 70c a pound. Common yarn sells for 30c. But our yarn is long fibre, soft but strong. That's why we can guarantee the hose. We can sell these hose at the prices of common kinds because we make so many pairs.

Send Trial Order

Send the coupon below with a trial order for six pairs of cotton hose today. Mark plainly the color, size, weight and grade. Send the money in any convenient way. Money back, always, if not satisfied. We have sent out, in this way, millions of pairs. You are perfectly safe in ordering from this advertisement. Our 13 years of selling "Holeproof" and our 39 years' experience in the hosiery business are a guarantee in themselves. We are known the world over.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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Gentlemen: I enclose $_____ for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for _____ (state whether for men, women or children). Weight _____ (medium or light). Size _____ Color _____ (check the color in list below). Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and one size.

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LIST OF COLORS

For Men and Women—Black, Light Tan, Dark Tan, Pearl, Lavender, Navy Blue, Light Blue.
For Children—Black and Tan only; medium wt. only.

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery
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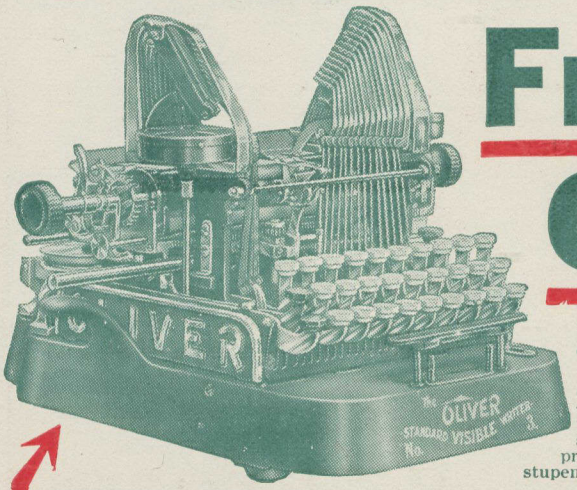
Are Your Hose Insured?

(371)


MOGUL
CIGARETTES
EGYPTIENNES
Then without much hesitation
I arose in aggravation
And I beat a lively tattoo
with my stick upon the floor
I'd hardly started pounding ere,
resonant, resounding,
From the window, most astounding!
came the self same voice once more
"MOGUL! MOGUL! smoke some more."

SMASHING



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We will ship to you for an absolutely free trial a genuine Standard Oliver Typewriter No. 3. Send us no money—**no, not a cent!** We want you to use this superb machine in your own home and office **absolutely free.** Write your business letters with it—send out your bills typewritten and see how much better your collections are—let your family learn to use it—all on our free offer—and then, if you are not convinced that the Oliver will pay for itself over and over again, just tell us that you don't want it and return the machine to us **at our expense.** If, after the free trial you decide that you do want it, send us only $2.50 **and you keep the machine,** paying the balance in small monthly payments. **But send the free coupon for full particulars of this great free trial offer today.** Let us tell you all about it.

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Don't fail to fill out the coupon and send it to us **now.** Remember that this is a limited offer—already our force is working day and night to meet the tremendous demands. Get in your application at once. Send the coupon today for our illustrated catalog, application blank and full particulars for this startling Free Trial Offer. It will pay you to investigate this startling offer and use this superb machine in your own home or office absolutely free. You will be under no obligations—so **send the coupon now while the offer lasts.**

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PERFECTION
SMOKELESS
OIL HEATER

SLEEPING with the windows open is "a first aid" to health and beauty. But it makes getting up in the morning a chilly ordeal.

With a **Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater** you dress in comfort on the coldest day.

A touch of a match, and the Perfection is aglow in a minute. Later, you can carry it to any other room, and breakfast, read or sew in comfort.

In fact, a Perfection Heater is just as good as a fire, and much cleaner and more convenient. It is a handsome heater, too.

Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater, or write for descriptive catalogue.

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The Gerhard Heintzman Self-Playing Piano.

Have you felt keenly the lack of musical skill which would make your home a rendezvous for music lovers? The

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will make full amends for your lack if you will but let it. Own this instrument and you can respond to requests for the choicest selections from any opera, and play with perfect expression.

It is almost as though you had stepped into a new world—indeed, you do just that when you open up such a vast field of pleasure for yourself and others by the purchase of this instrument which anyone can play.

There is no music which the Gerhard Heintzman is not capable of producing. There is no one who cannot operate it to perfection.

Used instruments taken in exchange. Liberal terms arranged. Send for our booklet.

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New Salesrooms: 41-43 Queen St. W., Opp. City Hall, TORONTO.

New Salesrooms in Hamilton, next Post Office.

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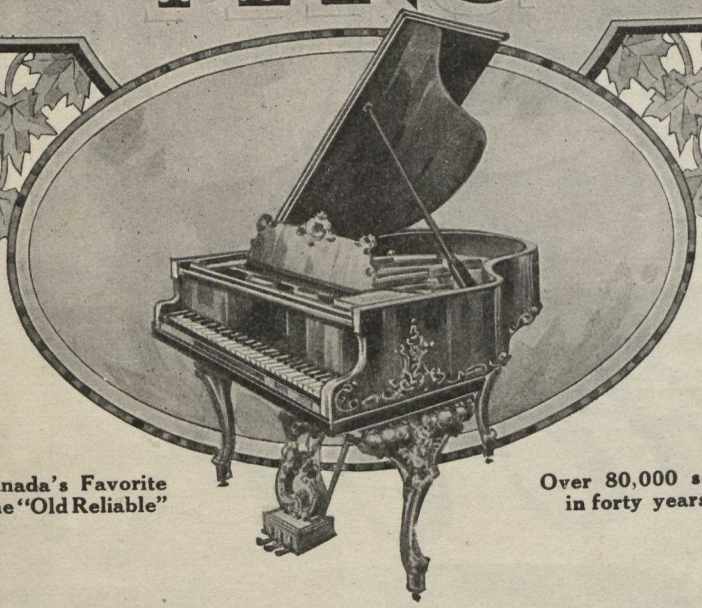


Canada's Favorite
The "Old Reliable"

Over 80,000 sold
in forty years

Buy YOUR Piano on the Plan 80,000 People Have Found Right

For more than forty years we have been selling DOMINION instruments solely on their merits, directly from our factory or through our local agents at the factory price.

We have never found it necessary to pay high rents or erect costly buildings, hire pianists to use the DOMINION in concerts, make gifts to secure testimonials—and similar methods which seem necessary to sell some makes of pianos.

These expenses add no value to the piano—and everybody knows it. That's why 80,000 have profited by the "DOMINION" plan of selling.

Direct from Factory to Home, Avoiding All Costs Which Add to Value

From far-away England, Australia, Africa, buyers send to Bowmanville for DOMINION instruments, preferring them to others of the world's best makes. This is because their tone is pre-eminently and permanently pure. In all climates, through many years of use, their musical quality remains unimpaired. This is because the

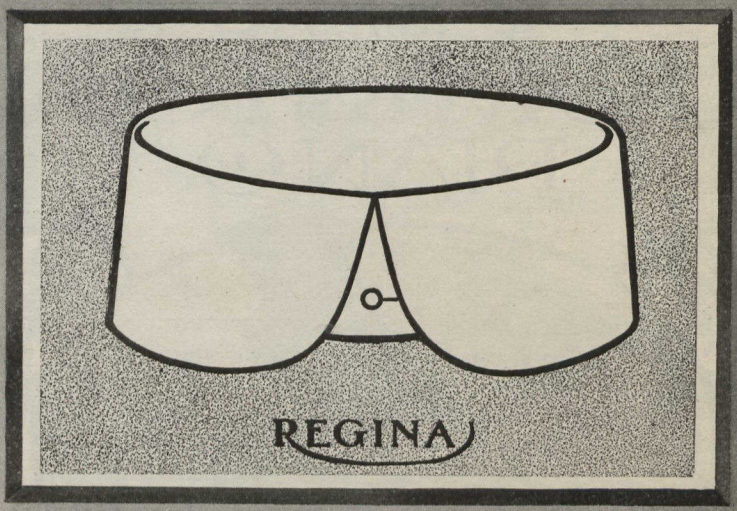
"DOMINION" is Built Like a Grand

An Arch Plate Frame, like that used in grand pianos, supports the entire playing mechanism, lessening the strain, improving the tone, preventing any "breakdown."

Write to-day for free Catalgoue. Learn more about these splendid instruments. Let us show you how easy we make it for you to own one.

The Dominion Organ & Piano Company, Ltd.

BOWMANVILLE, ONT.



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¼ sizes, They Fit, 2 for 25¢

The Tooke "REGINA" is the new English Style, with wide tie opening. Fits close on the shirt all the way round. With its 1½ inch band it is very comfortable, yet looks a good height.

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or enjoy the outdoors at all, you will enjoy it better clad in one of our

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Nearly every day in the year you need one of these beautifully made, exquisitely finished, shape-fitting knit garments of fleecy wool—the *improved* sweater-coat made by the Pen-Angle process that puts the shape and style into them to *stay*. Moderate in cost; surpassing in value. There's a style and a color combination to exactly suit *you*.

Inquire at some good store for these garments.

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For Men, Women and Children.

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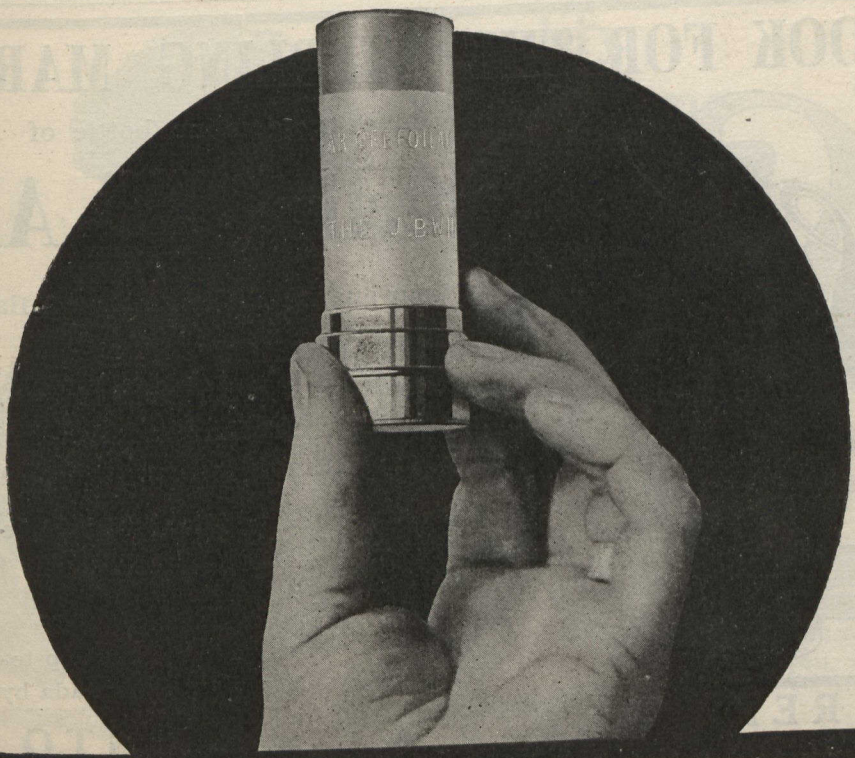

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PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

Your fingers don't touch the soap, not even when you are using up the last quarter-inch of the stick. That is one point of its convenience. Another is that when you set the stick down it will stand firm and steady on its metal base, without toppling. How much these two points mean every shaver understands. And with all this convenience there is the same thick, creamy, soothing lather that has made Williams' Shaving Soap famous through three-quarters of a century.

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Men's Combination Package

consisting of a liberal trial sample of Williams' Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and Dental Cream. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps.

A single sample of either of above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Four forms of the same good quality:

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Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

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Do you know you can beautify your home and make everything look bright and new from kitchen to garret if you merely

Dust With LIQUID VENEER

By simply moistening a cheese cloth duster with it and going over your chairs, tables, dressers, brass beds, piano, woodwork, chandeliers, floors, oilcloth, linoleum and bric-a-brac, you not only remove every particle of dust, but also take off marks, stains, scratches and restore everything to its original newness as you go along.

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Please send me, free and without further obligation on my part, sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER.

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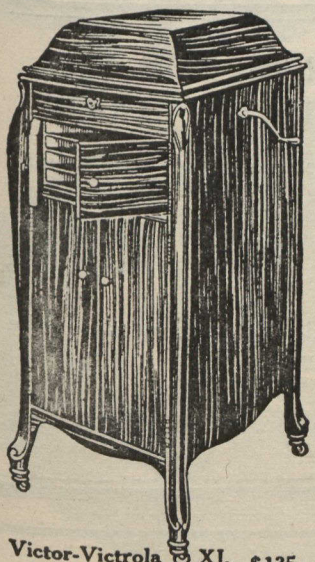
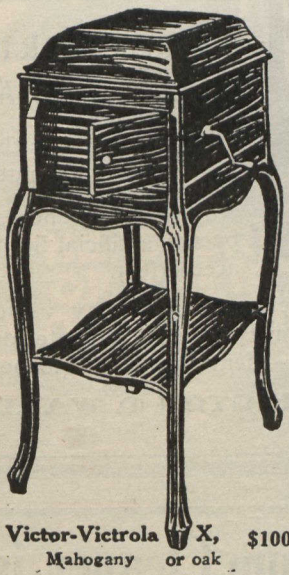
Accept no substitute; insist on the yellow package with the slant letters—LIQUID VENEER.

HOME OIL, our new product, is unequalled for oiling sewing machines

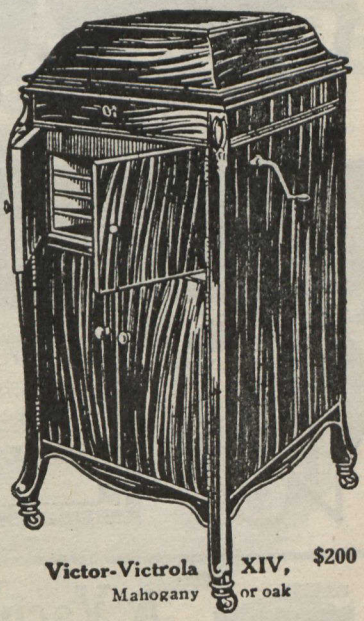
THREE NEW VICTOR - VICTROLAS



Victor-Victrola XI, $135
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola X, $100
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XIV, $200
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THERE'S no end of pleasure awaiting you if you own a GENUINE VICTROLA. This wonderful instrument is always at your service ready to entertain you with the best music and fun. At whatever price you care to pay there's a VICTROLA for YOU. Easy payments (as low as $1.00 a week) if desired.

When thinking of——

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Remember the VICTROLA and "His Master's Voice."

Call at the nearest "His Master's Voice" dealer for free demonstration Double sided records are 90 cents for the two. Write us for free copy of our 300 page Musical Encyclopædia, listing over 5000 records, and our beautifully illustrated novel.

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EVEN WITH THIS BIG 6 GALLON WATERPAN WE DO NOT PROMISE HIGHER THAN 55 % HUMIDITY
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The James Stewart Manufacturing Company Limited.

WOODSTOCK, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

No. 3

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Steel Filing Cabinets will Safeguard Your Records

THE Fire resisting properties of steel as well as its strength and durability have gained for steel filing cabinets their present popularity.

It is just as important that the interior fittings of a building be made of fire-resisting materials as it is that the building should be of fire-proof construction. Not only do steel filing sections offer better protection against fire, but they always operate easily. Climatic changes sometimes cause sections of wood construction to bind and stick, but cabinets of steel construction are not so affected.

We make steel sections to accommodate the same wide range of records as do our sections of wood construction. You will find our illustrated booklet describing our steel sections of interest. May we send you a copy?

Head Office: 97 Wellington St, W. TORONTO

Showrooms: Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver.

Representatives: St. John, Quebec, Hamilton and Regina.

Factories: Newmarket, Ont.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD

REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

A Perfume for the Most Refined Taste

A leader amongst leaders. After being in use for

NEARLY A CENTURY

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

is just as popular as ever

BECAUSE:

IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving: because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::

Ask your Druggist for it

Accept no Substitute!

HE SAID—"Few of us realize how much salt we eat. The fact that we put salt on all meats and vegetables—in bread, cake and pastry—soups and sauces—butter aud cheese—shows the importance of using an absolutely pure salt."

SHE SAID—"Well, we are using WINDSOR SALT and no one could make me believe there was any better salt in the whole world than my old standby

64

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

Science Understands the Stomach

Treating Indigestion with Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Is an Exact Science. They Give Quick Relief.

Medical men have learned more about the stomach than perhaps any other vital organ. They have discovered why the stomach rebels at certain conditions—what causes the formation of gases—what causes flatulency, heartburn, dyspepsia, burning sensation, brash, and all the other disorders of the stomach.

They have gone further. They have found remedies for all these afflictions, these results of improper digestion. They have learned that pepsin, hydrochloric acid and fruit salts are powerful digestants that relieve quickly and surely all the troubles to which the stomach is subject. They have discovered that one grain of these properties will digest 3,000 grains of food.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not a medicine. They are a scientific compound that supplies the stomach with the digestive agents which it is itself unable to provide. When your stomach is sick and not working right—when it fails to give out enough of the digestive juices to properly take care of the food you eat, these tablets will make up the deficiency. You will have no indigestion. Your food will digest thoroughly.

You never can tell just when your stomach is going back on you. It gives no warning. If you eat a big meal, if you eat hurriedly, take one of these little tablets You will avoid a lot of pain and misery.

Some of the most prominent men carry these tablets In their vest pockets when they attend banquets., etc., and never fail to take them.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box.

TRAVEL

¶ According to population, more people in Canada travel extensively than in any other country in the world. ¶ That is one reason why **The Canadian Magazine** has been regarded as the medium that gives the best results from advertisements of transportation companies, hotels and tourist resorts at home and abroad. ¶ Suggestions for travel can be found in the following pages, and should further information be desired, it can be obtained without charge by addressing,

The Canadian Magazine
Travel Bureau
15 Wellington Street East,
TORONTO *CANADA*

CANADIAN PACIFIC R. R.

—REACHES—

The Finest Hunting Resorts in America

CAMP SCENE—CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Those contemplating a hunting trip should obtain copy of "Open Seasons" also "Sportsmen's Map" showing haunts of all game both large and small including:

MOOSE, CARIBOU, BEAR, DEER,
MUSK OX, MOUNTAIN GOAT, Etc.

Apply to any C. P. R. Agent or Address
M. G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

CANADA'S SUMMER PLAY-GROUND
QUEBEC AND THE MARITIME PROVINCES

SEA-BATHING BOATING YACHTING FISHING

For Free Copies of above Booklets Issued by

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY

Write :

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT - MONCTON, N.B.

CEETEE
UNDERWEAR

NATURE'S COVERING

Every animal is provided by nature with an outdoor covering of some sort of wool, in varying degress of fineness

This covering is provided as a protection against the weather—both cold and heat.

It is known as hair, fur or wool—according to its quality, wool being the finest and the softest.

Now, as human beings belong to the animal kingdom, it is only logical to assume that nature's best animal covering is best for human beings.

All medical men are agreed that wool is the most sanitary material to wear next the skin. It is in other words, the best "health insurance."

The finest wool known is that grown on the Australian Merino sheep.

Most woollen underwear is made from all grades of wool from the coarsest to the finest.

"CEETEE"
Pure Wool Unshrinkable
UNDERWEAR

is manufactured from the very finest Australian Merino Wool, scoured and combed over and over again until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand is as clean as it is possible to be made.

It is then carefully manufactured on expensive and exclusive machinery, very different from the ordinary style of underwear machinery—fashioning each garment to fit the human form.

It is all made with selvedge edges, therefore cannot come unravelled, and every join is knitted together, not sewn as with ordinary underwear.

People who wear **CEETEE** Underwear wear it because they know it to be the best.

It is made in all sizes and weights for men, women and children. Ask your dealer to show it to you.

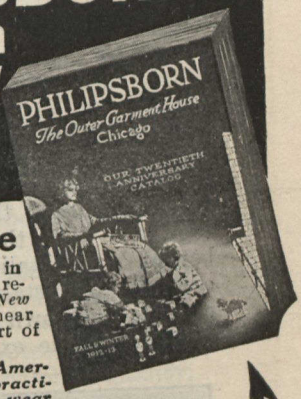
Worn by the Best People
Sold by the Best Dealers

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Ltd.,
Manufacturers
GALT, ONTARIO

Also manufacturers of Turnbull's high-class ribbed Underwear for ladies and children. Turnbull's "M" Bands for infants and CEETEE Shaker Knit Sweater Coats.

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT

PHILIPSBORN'S
Twentieth Anniversary Style Book
Is Sent Free



There are 160 pages in all—displaying a truly remarkable collection of *New Styles* in everything near and dear to the heart of every woman.

This book ***offers you America's best and most practical styles in ready-to-wear outer garments at heretofore unheard of low prices.***

There are *Coats*,	$4.98 to $39.95
Fur Sets,	2.98 to 47.50
Fur Coats,	36.95 to 95.00
Sweater Coats,	1.98 to 5.75
Suits,	10.98 to 32.50
Dresses,	5.98 to 24.98
Hats,	1.75 to 13.98
Plumes,	3.99 to 23.75
Waists,	89c to 8.98
Skirts,	2.89 to 12.50
Petticoats,	98c to 5.45

Also Ladies' House Dresses, Kimonos, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear, etc., and an exhaustive display of Misses', Junior's, Girl's and Children's apparel and accessories.

Philipsborn prices after duty is added net you a considerable saving.

Here Is One Of Our Most Sensational Bargains shown on page Six Of Our Catalog.

A-106—*Popular Model Full Length Ladies' Coat of Fine All Wool Chinchilla.* Collar, cuffs and pockets trimmed with contrasting chinchilla, Fashionable side fastening. Handsome tailoring throughout. Colors, navy with tan trimming or gray with navy trimming. Ideal winter coat. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Price, **$5.98** *prepaid,*

A-106X *Same in Misses'* 14 and 16, 50 inches long, 18 and 20, 52 inches long. Price *Prepaid,* **$5.98**

Send For This Catalog Today

Ask for Book No. 265

Don't delay or forget. A copy is reserved for you, and will be sent you by return mail. Samples of your favorite materials gladly sent if asked for.

A106
A106X

PHILIPSBORN
The Outer Garment House
212-214 W. ADAMS ST. CHICAGO.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT TELEPHONES

THE remarkable growth which has marked the development of rural telephone systems throughout Ontario during the past few years, together with the increasing number of municipalities that have successfully undertaken to build and operate their own local telephone systems made the exhibits of telephone equipment at the Exhibition of unusual interest to many hundreds of visitors who were there from all parts. No exhibit attracted more attention and certainly none seemed to be more complete from the standpoint of the requirements of the local and rural telephone systems as that made by The Canadian Independent Telephone Company, whose offices and factory are located on Duncan Street, Toronto. This exhibit consisted of every type of telephone used on a rural system and also types used on central energy systems. The Lorimer Automatic telephone which is used in cities and towns, the girless telephone which has been making such a success in commercial operation in Brantford and Lindsay, was also shown, as this automatic system is also made in the factory of the Canadian Independent Telephone Company. They also exhibited a one hundred and fifty line and a fifty line floor cabinet switchboard, and these were connected up to demonstrate the up-to-date way in which they are equipped, the drops

and jacks being self-restoring, easily accessible, and the coils readily changed and interchangeable. In fact, the switchboards had many distinctive features which seem to be decided advantages over any other types that were exhibited.

In their telephones the Company again demonstrated what has been characteristic of the exhibit every year, and that is that they are continually keeping up-to-date. For instance, while other companies are still using the old-fashioned push button telephone for giving the non-interfering service on rural bridging lines, the Canadian Independent Telephone Compay showed all their bridging telephones this year without any push button, but all equipped for push button service through the new patent hook switch. With this hook switch, if you ring with the receiver on the hook you ring only the subscribers on the line; if you ring with the receiver off the hook you ring the switchboard only. They also had on exhibit a new desk set for party line service, and this was also equipped with the new hook switch. This removes the awkward necessity of reaching for a push button when making a call, and the change will undoubtedly make desk equipment more popular on rural lines. Then, too, this new desk stand is a marvel of simplicity, as the removing of one screw allows the stand to be taken apart and gives access to all parts.

The Company guarantees their telephones for ten years against any defect in material or workmanship, and they also guarantee everything they send out to be first-class quality. They report a very large increase in business this year over any former year, although last year they doubled their business over the year preceding.

Further particulars can be obtained by writing for their illustrated catalog. Write their head office on Duncan Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Pimples Go--- Beauty Comes

You Just Can't Help Having a Beautiful Complexion If You Use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Pimples ! Horrors ! And what a wonderful change when they are all gone. Most everyone has noticed this.

Nowadays, when you see a real beauty, the chances are Stuart's Calcium Wafers wrought that wonderful change. It takes only a short time, even with very bad complexions—the kind that are disfigured with rash, eczema, boils, blotches and liver spots.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers cause the skin pores to breathe out impurities The lungs burn up a great amount, but Nature imposes upon the skin the larger burden. Every tick of the clock means work, work, work for these wonderful Wafers. And every instant new skin is forming, impurities become less and less, the pores are reinvigorated, and soon such a thing as a pimple, blackhead or any other eruption is impossible. You marvel at the change.

The soft, rosy tint love-taps the cheeks ; the neck, shoulders and arms show the health of youthful skin—in fact, you can't help having a beautiful complexion if you use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

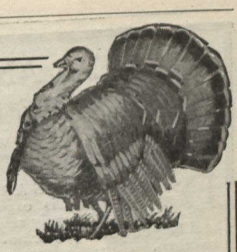
They are put up in convenient form to carry with you, are very palatable, and are sold by druggist everywhere, at 50c a box.

Madam:-

In the face of keen competition of the present day, no glove can hold its popularity with the public unless it possesses exceptional merit. In the face of the Keenest Competition more Dent's gloves are sold than any other three brands combined.

Can any stronger proof be advanced of the QUALITY of Dent's Gloves?

GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE SELL DENT'S.



After the Turkey

and other good things are eaten at the Thanksgiving dinner, why not top off that dinner with one of those delicious

Knox Gelatine Desserts

and have some pleasant surprise for your family that day, making everybody thankful and happy?

Thanksgiving Dessert

½ box of Knox Gelatine; ½ doz. rolled stale macaroons; 1 doz. marshmallows, cut in small pieces; 2 tablespoonfuls chopped candied cherries; ¼ lb. blanched and chopped almonds; 1 cup sugar; 1 pint heavy cream; vanilla or sherry; ¼ cup cold water; ¼ cup boiling water. Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar. When mixture is cold, add cream beaten till stiff, almonds, macaroons, marshmallows, and candied cherries. Flavor with vanilla or sherry. Turn into mold first dipped into cold water; chill. Remove from mold; serve with angel cake.

If the dessert given above does not happen to please you, send your grocer's name for our

Free Recipe Book

"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," telling of other good things to eat in desserts, ice creams, sherbets, salads, candies, etc.

Pint sample for 2c. stamp and grocer's name

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.

499 Knox Avenue, JOHNSTOWN, N.Y.

Branch Factory: MONTREAL

Either package makes 2 full quarts of jelly.

A Beautiful Range— Yet Easily Kept Clean

Glance at the "PANDORA' as it stands complete—a handsome range surely, yet easily kept clean. McClary's famed "Duplex" nickelling cannot burn off—it never becomes tarnished. About it there is no superfine "impossible-to-keep-clean" tracery—the nickel adornment is rich—the carving bold.

"PANDORA" Range

"PANDORA" surfaces are "burnished." The McClary System of burnishing is a special process that produces surfaces as smooth as plate glass. "PANDORA" surfaces keep their color indefinitely—they retain our special water-proof dressing. So, you can keep the "PANDORA" bright and clean by simply rubbing a dry cloth over it.

The "PANDORA" is more than a handsome range. It is also a permanent investment because it is built to endure—it is the one range that is as strong and compact as it looks.

The "PANDORA" cooking surface is made in sections with expansion top—the covers and cross-bars fit into them—this allows for expansion and contraction without any possibility of cracking or warping.

Top sections are reversible—you can place a boiler cross-wise on the "PANDORA" if you wish to use front pot-hole over fire. "PANDORA" lids and entire top are extra heavy and guaranteed not to crack or break under ordinary usage.

N.B.—You can have the story of the "PANDORA" Efficiency in detail by simply asking for our free book, "REASONS FOR 'PANDORA' POPULARITY."

LONDON
TORONTO
VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N.B.

McClary's

MONTREAL
WINNIPEG
HAMILTON
CALGARY

The Ross Rifle

Another Long Range Record Broken

The Score made in the Palma Trophy by Russell of our Canadian team, using "Ross" Service Pattern 303 Rifle and "Ross" Ammunition, established a new World's Record.

The Score in detail was:—

	Sighting Shot	
800 yds.	5. 5.	5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5.—75
900 "	4. 5.	5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 4.—74
1000 "		5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 5. 4. 4.—73

The "Ross" Rifle once more has demonstrated its efficiency and proven itself an unsurpassed military weapon.

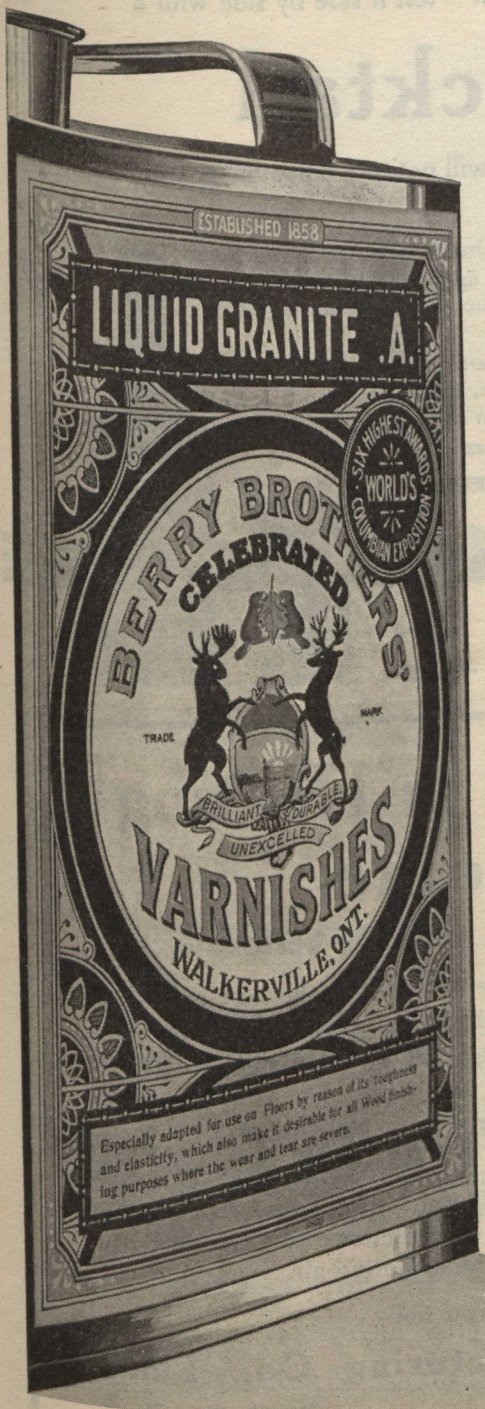
The second highest Score in this competition was also made by one of the Canadian team—using a "Ross" Rifle and Ammunition.

lti s of interest to sportsmen to know that the "Ross" Sporting models have the same accuracy and power which made this extraordinary scoring possible, plus a style and jauntiness of design which pleases the keenest sportsman.

On merit alone "Ross" Rifles are winning a large sale in India, the United States and other big game countries.

Sold by all good dealers, at from $25.00 and upwards.
Illustrated descriptive Catalogue on request.

ROSS RIFLE CO. - - - QUEBEC



Tell your dealer—
Tell your painter—
Tell your architect—
that this is the label you want.

The way to buy varnishing is to buy varnish—

Whether you do the work yourself or hire someone else—

Whether you have one floor or an entire building to be varnished.

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

The varnish itself is the important factor in a good or bad job of varnishing.

So don't neglect it.

Make sure of a good job by demanding good varnishes only.

You Can Afford to Use the Best Varnish

The better the varnish the less frequent your need to re-varnish. That is what makes Berry Brothers' Varnish the best "buy" for the man economically inclined.

That is why a little saving in the gallon-cost of cheaper varnish is really no saving at all—but an added expense in the end.

And you cannot measure in dollars and cents the annoyance that comes with the use of cheap varnish.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes, and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well-known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade mark—your protection against substitution.

Start your active interest in Varnish by sending today for a copy of "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited
The World's Largest Varnish Makers
WALKERVILLE, Ont.

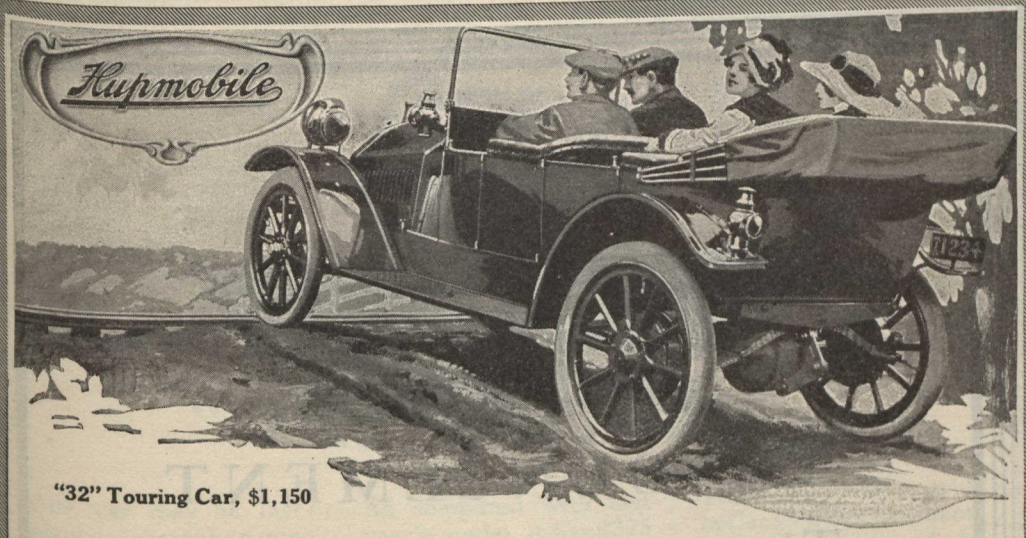
REPRODUCTION (REDUCED) FROM PICTURE MADE WITH A $12.00 BROWNIE CAMERA AND A FIFTY CENT KODAK PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT. ORDINARY WINDOW LIGHTING. KODAK FILM, KODAK TANK DEVELOPMENT, VELOX PRINT.

At Home with a Kodak

Make the most of the home side of photography. Let your Kodak, by daylight and flashlight, keep for you that intimate home story which to you will always be fascinating. Such pictures can by no means supplant the more formal studio portraits—***but they can delightfully supplement them,*** and make your whole collection more interesting to you and to your friends.

"AT HOME WITH THE KODAK," our beautifully illustrated and instructive little book on home picture making, free for the asking, at your dealers, or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.



"32" Touring Car, $1,150

F. O. B. Windsor, including windshield mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel. Roadster, fully equipped, **$1,150.**

"32" Delivery, fully equipped, $1,125
"20" H.P. Runabout, fully equipped, $850
F. O. B. Windsor

An axle that *is* an axle

The Hupmobile rear axle is of the full-floating type a type almost wholly restricted to cars of the highest price.

The chief advantage of this type is that no load whatever is carried on the axle shafts. They do nothing but drive the wheels.

The Hupmobile housing is built up of the two tapered steel tubes, 1, 1, the malleable iron central housings, 2 and 3; and the propeller shaft housing tube, 4—five pieces which form a case so strong and rigid that it does not require the support of truss rods.

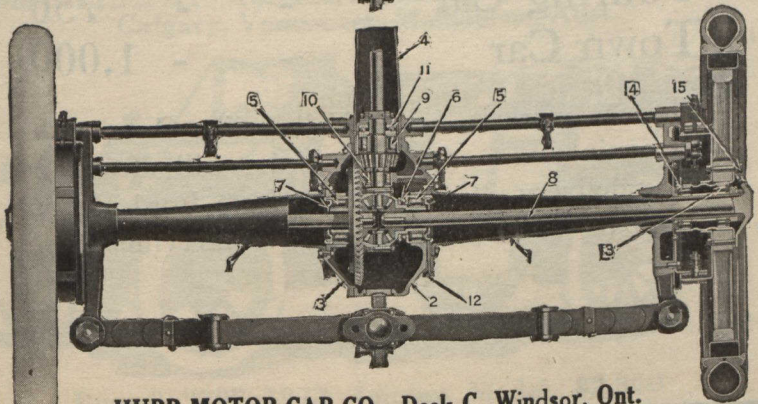
The tubes 1, 1, carry the weight of the car. Each wheel runs on two sets of roller bearings, 13 and 14—13 takes the load—14 takes care of the side strains

Thus, the axle shafts, 8, are freed to do the driving, with flanges bolted to the wheels at 15.

The large roller bearings, 5, 5, take only the up and down loads from the differential, the end thrust bearing being taken by two ball bearings just outside the rollers. One of these is shown at six.

In mounting the bevel driving pinion, we use two roller bearings, 9 and 10, instead of one, placing one on each side of the gear. They hold it in perfect alignment, while the ball bearings, 11, take the end thrust.

Two threaded adjusters, 7, 7, are used in our axle to set the bevel gear so that proper mesh with the driving pinion is secured and retained.



HUPP MOTOR CAR CO., Desk C, Windsor, Ont.

MADE UP TO A STANDARD

Russell

NOT DOWN TO A PRICE

"The Ideal Car"

One car may be fast; another car may be a good hill climber—yet another may be silent and of good appearance.

"The Ideal Car" is the one in which all of these qualities are combined.

Such a car is the 1913 Russell "30."

As compared with last year's model, it has $325 worth of new and high-grade equipment; including electric lighting throughout, electric self-starting device demountable rims, spare rim, motor fresh air pump and electrically lighted speedometer and clock.

The Russell "30" is made in Canada, by Canadians, for Canadians, and is, essentially, a Canadian's car.

If you are interested in it, write to the local agent nearest you for some interesting explanatory literature.

PRICES FULLY EQUIPPED

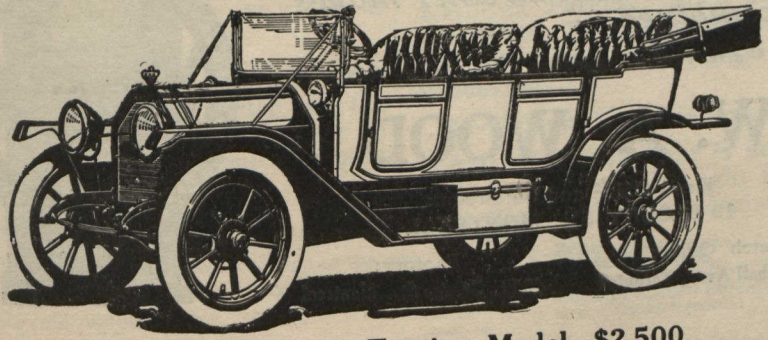
Russell "30" Model "R" 1913 Touring Model	$2,500
Russell "30" Model "R" 1913 Seven Passenger	$2,600
Russell "30" Model "R" 1913 Torpedo Model	$2,600
Russell "30" Model "R" 1913 Torpedo Roadster Model	$2,550

All Prices F.O.B. Factory.

We are also Makers of the famous Russell-Knight Car

Russell Motor Car Co., Limited - West Toronto

BRANCHES AT—Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.



Russell "30" 1913 Touring Model, $2,500

Scientific Management and Scientific Timekeeping Include The Use of a "GLOBE"

Because

they plug the leaks in your pay roll by their accuracy in recording, without fear or favor, the *exact* time of arrival and departure of your employees.

Adaptable to *Any* Business

no matter how large or small, or whether employees work on salary basis, on an hour rate or on piece work.

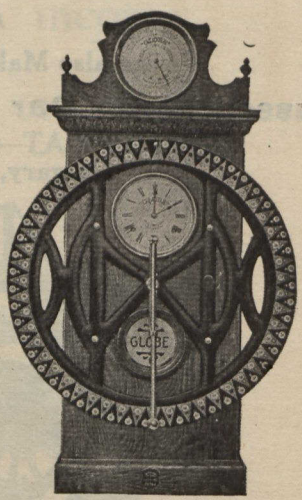
It Pays for Itself

as is shown by the following users:
Canadian Pacific Railway who have about 500 in daily use.
Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd.
Canadian Car and Foundry Co., Ltd.
Steel Company of Canada, Ltd.
and many others.

In Fact

there are more of our Time Recorders in actual use in Canada than all other makes combined.

Bulletin C gives further particulars. **Do you want one?**

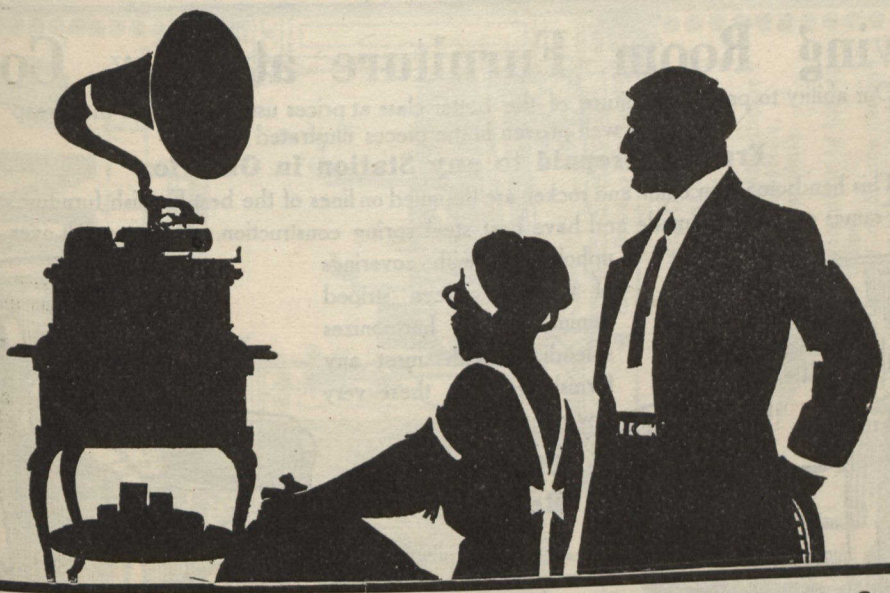


W. A. WOOD

Head Office and Salesroom:
19 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL

Branch Office:
53 Sparkhall Ave., Toronto

Factory:
40 St. George St., Montreal



Imagine an entertainment where every performer is a star and every number a selection of your own. That describes the entertainment of

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

You need not dress for it, go out after it, arrange your time for it or pay for admission to it. It takes place in your own home, at your convenience, as often as you like.

You listen—that is the extent of your effort — and — when you listen to the Edison you hear the greatest artists in the kind of music or other entertainment you like best.

You hear Eleonora de Cisneros, Slezak, Martin, Constantino, Marie Rappold, Carmen Melis and many others in Opera.

Such violinists as Albert Spalding and Kathleen Parlow. Such entertainers as Ada Jones, Stella Mayhew, Billy Murray and others of the funniest people from vaudeville.

The famous bands and orchestras.

And what you hear is not cut or hurried, because it is brought to you on the long-playing Edison Amberol Records.

There are Edison Dealers everywhere. Go to the one nearest you and ask for a free demonstration, or write us for complete information to-day.

Edison Phonographs	$16.50 to $240.
Standard Records	.40
Amberol Records (twice as long)	.65
Amberol Concert Records	$1.00
Grand Opera Records	.85 to $2.50

6 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J., U.S.A.

Thomas A Edison INCORPORATED

25 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

PURITY OF STYLE

Standard Silver Plate

embodies the essential factors that determine the value of decorative and table silver

Quality—The best that can be produced.
Original Designs—Worked out by prominent artists.

Careful consideration is given to the selection of the designs, for we realize the importance of thoroughly high class goods, fit to adorn every Canadian Home and we base

THE SUCCESS *of* STANDARD SILVER PLATE

on the reputation earned by our goods everywhere, through the original designs, honest workmanship and value given, unequalled by any other make.

Wisdom says: "Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for 'Standard' Silver Plate."

SOLD BY RELIABLE JEWELERS EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

Standard Silver Co., Limited

TORONTO

La Diva
NON-RUSTABLE
CORSET

LA DIVA 820 has medium high bust, very long hip, medium back, and is especially adapted to *full* or medium figures.

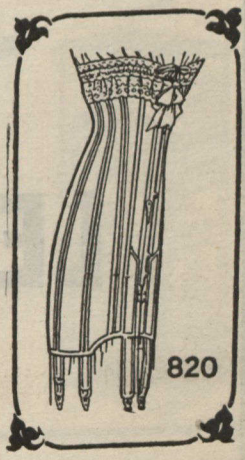
Just a Wee Help to Nature

Such is the latest "Paris" idea of a proper corset, to suit the prevailing *corsetless* figure effect.

And the latest La Diva and D & A creations have just hit this off.

No distortion, no cramping, just the enhancing of the form divine according to the latest style of dress.

La Diva 820, shown in cut, is an entirely new Directoire Model combining all the newest ideas and avoiding all extreme features. It is finished in white English coutil, boned with "Wabone" and trimmed with valenciennes lace. Six suspenders, draw strings, hooks, etc. An imported corset of similar quality would cost $7.00. Our price in all good stores is $5.00. Other La Diva models, $3.00 to $5.00; every pair guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded.



THE DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
QUEBEC
Makers of the Celebrated D & A Corsets

Eddy's Silent Matches

are made of thoroughly dried pine blocks.

The tips, when struck on any surface whatever, will light silently and burn steadily and smoothly without throwing off sparks.

Eddy's Matches are always full MM count —ask for them at all good dealers.

The E B. EDDY COMPANY, Limited
HULL, CANADA. Makers of Toilet Papers.

FEARMAN'S
STAR BRAND
HAMS and BACON

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.

F. W. FEARMAN
CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

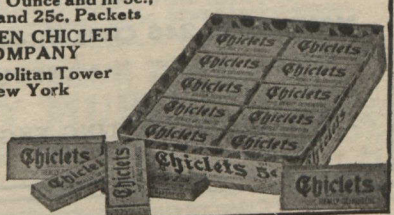
The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Just ask *your* doctor what *he* thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the *true* mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.

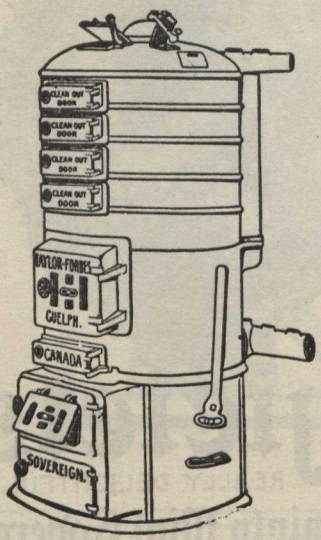
Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



What to Remember when the "Sovereign" is Mentioned



The

"Sovereign"

the Best Hot Water Boiler Made.

¶ Remember that it is an improved standard type of hot water boiler---that it is built with a *deeper fire pot* and a *larger first section* --- that the principals of the Taylor-Forbes Company, makers of the "Sovereign," have been making hot water boilers and radiators in Canada for twenty-five years.

¶ Remember, too, that the least *anyone* will say of the "Sovereign" will be that it is one of the best hot water boilers made--while its record proves it to be absolutely the best hot water boiler made.

TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED

MONTREAL: 246 Craig Street West **TORONTO: 1088 King Street West**

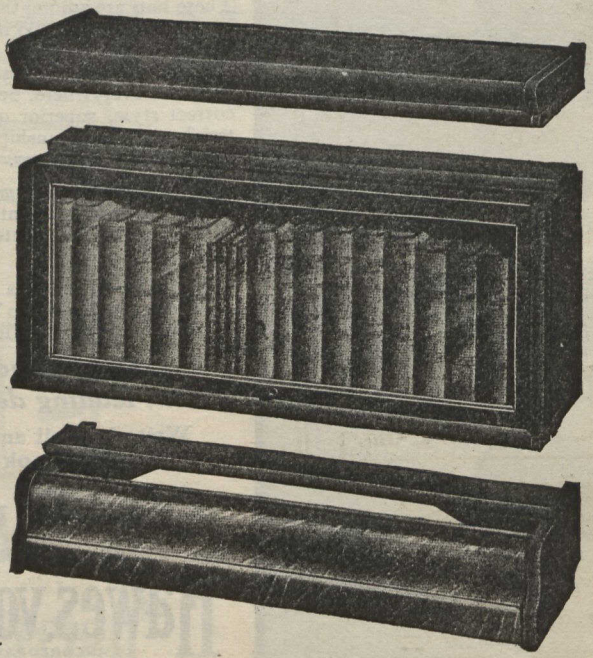
VANCOUVER: 1070 Homer Street

INSTALLED BY HEATING ENGINEERS AND PLUMBERS THROUGHOUT CANADA

SIMPLE ISN'T IT?

EVEN A CHILD CAN PUT THEM UP

THESE 3 SECTIONS WILL START YOUR LIBRARY



Top Section

Book Section

Base Section

TELLS THE STORY

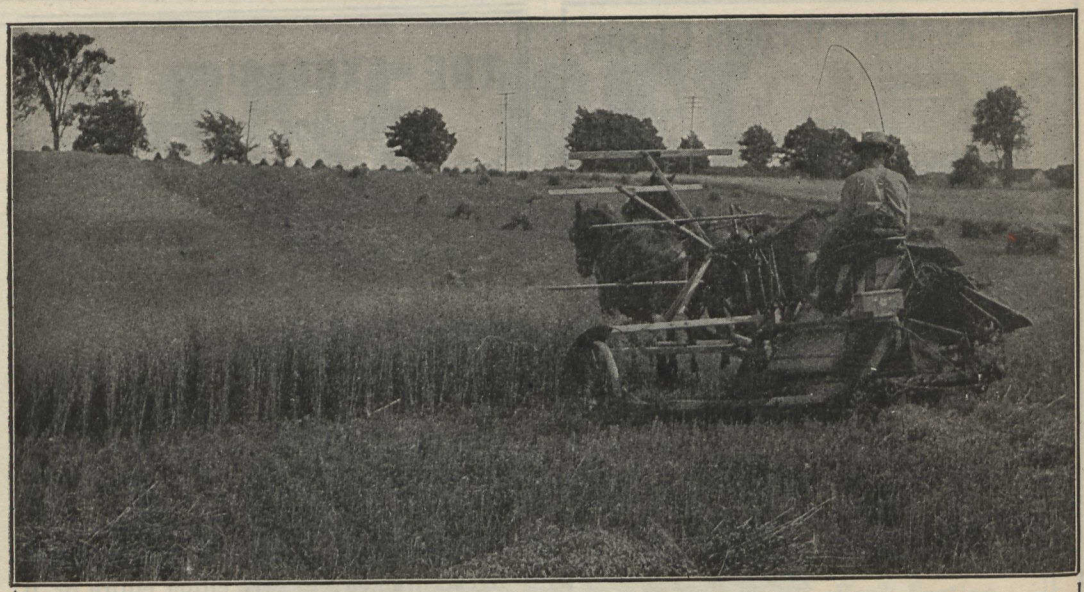
The above illustration shows one reason why the "Macey" Sectional Bookcases are so popular in many thousands of homes, there are no complicated parts to adjust, they fit together as if they grew that way, even a child can set them up or rearrange them without any trouble.

Start your library with what you see illustrated above, if that will hold your present stock of books, you can always add to it as your needs demand, and still you always have a bookcase of finished appearance.

Let us mail you our "Catalog C." showing all the different styles and features, it will help you in furnishing your library and will be mailed on receipt of your request. Write to-day.

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

GENERAL OFFICES: WOODSTOCK, ONT.



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The Land of Sunshine.
The Land of Big Crops.
The Land of Peace and Prosperity.
The Land of Opportunity.

Why not own a farm?

Give the boy a chance. **Get in on the "ground floor."**

160 Acres Free

The boundless prairie land is the finest on earth. Bracing climate; lots of water; excellent railway facilities—steadily increasing; cheap fuel; good schools; equitable laws.

THIS is the place for you. **NOW is your chance.**

ROOM for 50,000,000 more.

For further information apply to

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration,

OTTAWA - - CANADA

It's the tobacco, men, not the pipe!

It's the old Squire that hands me this.

Says he: "Son, I been fussin' with pipes a whole lot of years. Dallyin' with this an' tryin' that an' wonderin' why none suited quite perfect. Now I know, I tries Prince Albert and right off it makes every jimmy pipe I have good as gold. It's the tobacco—not the pipe!"

It's a poor pipe that won't taste right with Prince Albert tucked in the bowl. P. A. is the great pipe rejuvenator.

Take down 'most any old hod. Load 'er up with Prince Albert and she smokes sweet and clear. No sour heel, none of the old rankness, no tongue-bite.

It's the tobacco—not the pipe.

Prince Albert is made special for joyful pipe smoking. Made by a patented, exclusive process that takes out the old pipe drawbacks, takes out the bite and the rankness.

Now, listen! These are facts. P. A. has worked a revolution in pipe smoking because it's different—a new deal—a real tobacco without a fault. No other tobacco can be like P. A., because of the patent process. Do you get that? Now try the others if you want to. Get the tobacco question settled.

Prince Albert makes the best cigarette you ever put a match to. It's fresh and fragrant, and, when you roll it, *stays put*, whether the wind's blowing or not. You go to it while the going's good!

Most Canadian dealers sell Prince Albert in the tidy 2 oz. red tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

"Winter Suits Like New with Diamond Dyes"

"I think I ought to tell you for the benefit of others about my success with Diamond Dyes. Before I learned the magic of Diamond Dyes, I used to scrimp and worry every Spring and Fall about how to get new, fresh clothes for my daughters and myself.

Made over from a brown broadcloth dyed black

"I guess the two snapshots that I enclose will show you that I don't worry much now. These are two Winter suits I made over from a light tan serge suit and a brown broadcloth dress and coat. I got two of the latest———suit patterns, ripped the old suit and dress with coat up carefully and they are just like new.

"I also dyed some old ostrich plumes and ribbons and we made three hats with them. 10 W'S

"Please send me a copy of the new Diamond Dye Annual." *Mrs. H. G. Burgess*

Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric. There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics.**

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 80% Cotton —so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres requires one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

Made over from a tan serge dyed navy blue

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, **and another class** of Diamond Dies for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.**

AND REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.**

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.

Just Out—Sent Free—New Edition 1912-1913—Diamond Dye Annual.

This book is full of dress secrets, how to do almost magical things about the home, etc., etc. Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you this famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED, 200 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, QUE.

The patron saint of business men

Big Ben

ARNOLD Bennett says: "The attitude of the American business man toward his business is pre-eminently the attitude of an artist. He *loves* his business."

Most American businessmen know Big Ben. He routs 'em out o' mornings and starts 'em off with a merry and irresistible "Good luck to ye"

Big Ben loves *his* business. He runs on time—he rings on time—he stays on time. He's clean-cut, cheerful, right on the job—typical of American determination and grit. And the reason he *gets* so much business is that he *minds* his own so well.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, slender, massive, with well shaped, distinct hands easily visible in the dim morning light.

He rings just when you want and either way you want, *five straight minutes* or *every other half minute during ten minutes* unless you flag him off.—His keys are large, strong, pleasing to wind—his voice deep, jolly, pleasing to hear.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. His price is $3.00 anywhere.—If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to his designers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,* will bring him to you attractively boxed and duty charges paid.

A Fair Show

Give yourself a fair show to earn and achieve

If COFFEE interferes, stop and use

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.
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It's Baker's and It's Delicious

Made by a perfect mechanical process from high grade cocoa beans, scientifically blended, it is of the finest quality, full strength and absolutely pure and healthful.

Sold in 1/5 lb., 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. cans, net weight.

Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free

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ESTABLISHED 1780
MONTREAL, CAN. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Taylor's **Tooth Paste**

The tooth paste with the new flavor.

It whitens and preserves the teeth, sweetens the breath by its refreshing flavor and exerts a stimulating and hardening influence upon the gums.

25 cents—All Dealers.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO. LTD. - TORONTO
Oldest and Largest Perfumers and Toilet Soap Makers in Canada.

That "Awful Smart" Your Shaving Soap Did It

The **free caustic** found its way into the pores of your skin and that terrible smarting and drawing sensation resulted.

Use

MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

which **contains no free caustic,** and enjoy a *cool, comfortable shave.*

Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires *no "rubbing in"* to soften the beard. You *lather* and then you shave. *Saves time,* and does away with tender faces.

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Sample Tube 4c

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