

THE
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JULY

Vol. XXXV

No. 3

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXV.

No. 3

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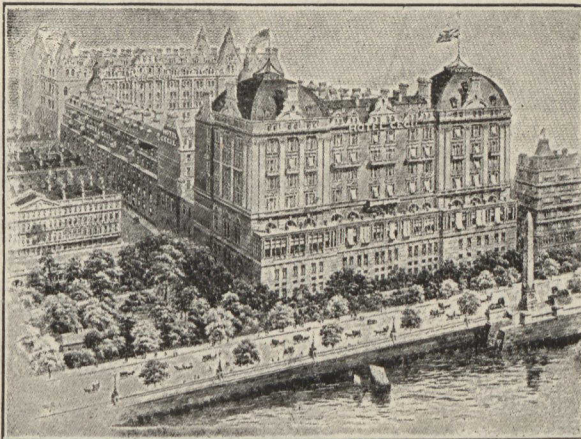
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The Canadian Magazine for August

The Blot.—You will now want to read the second act of this fascinating play, and then the third, and then the fourth. The second act finds the scene shifted to New York. It will be in the August number, with another full-page illustration by Mr. Beatty.

Storied Halifax.—Professor Archibald MacMechan, in this article, gives a delightful picture of Halifax in early days. And few persons know Halifax better than he knows it. The illustrations are from early drawings by Short.

Canada's Wonderland.—The highest authority on mountaineering and mountain phenomena in Canada is Mr. Arthur Wheeler, A. C., F. R. G. S., and his article on the Canadian Rockies is of singular interest to all lovers of outdoor recreation and study. The illustrations are exceptionally beautiful.

Goldwin Smith in Canada.—Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education, has made a splendid appreciation of the Master of The Grange as well as a summary of his work. There will be reproductions of some heretofore unpublished photographs of the aged Professor at home.

Goldwin Smith at Oxford.—Professor W. L. Grant, lecturer on Colonial History at Oxford University, contributes a real historical document. In this form the result of his researches at the instance of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be read with profound interest. After all, too little is known of the Goldwin Smith of a half-century ago.

The Northern Ontario Clay Belt.—This is a careful and comprehensive consideration of a section of Ontario that seems bound to play an important part in the future of the Province—in agriculture as well as in mining. The article deals mostly with agricultural possibilities, and it is well illustrated.

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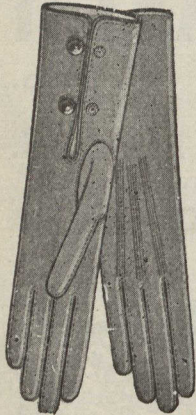
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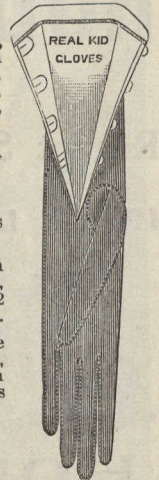
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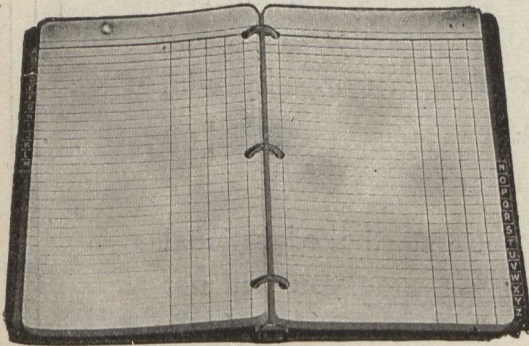
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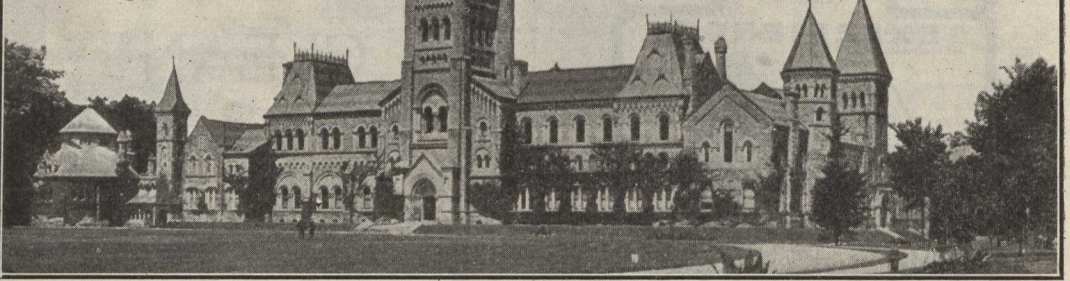
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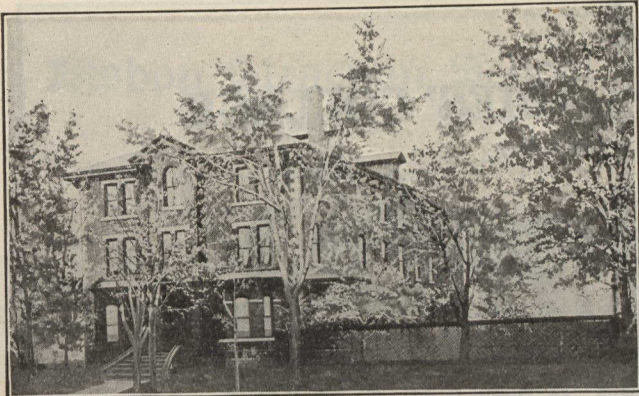
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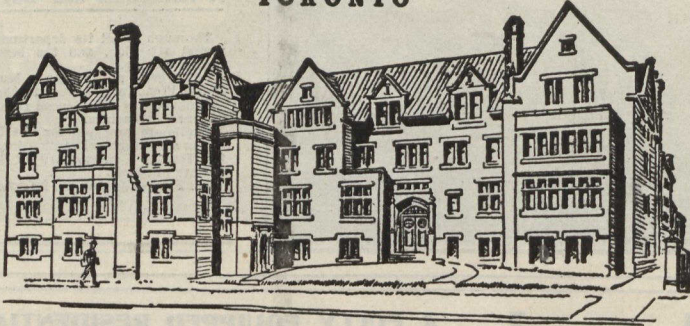
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The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

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For full particulars of this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council Ottawa, Ont. : or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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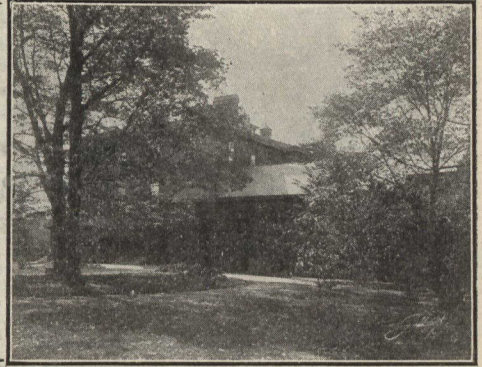
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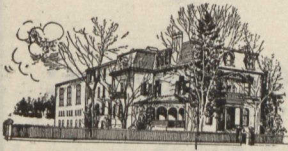
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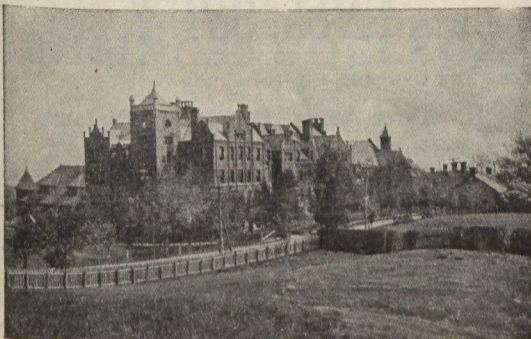
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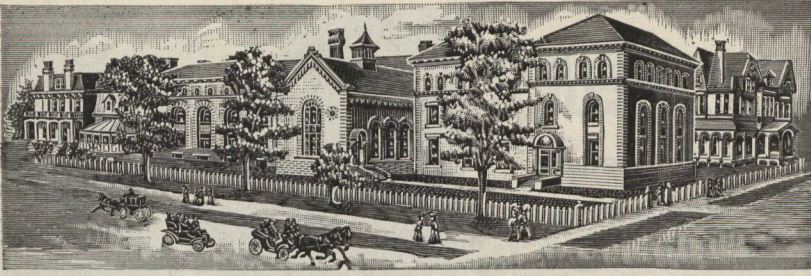


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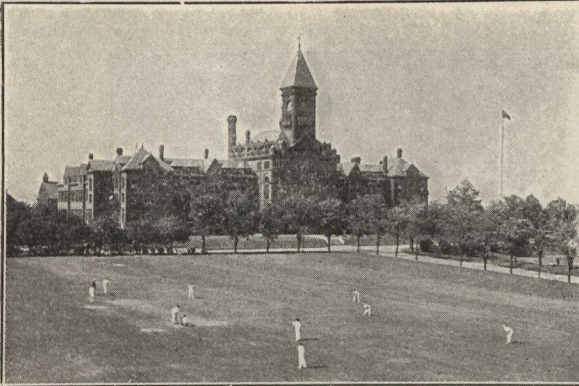
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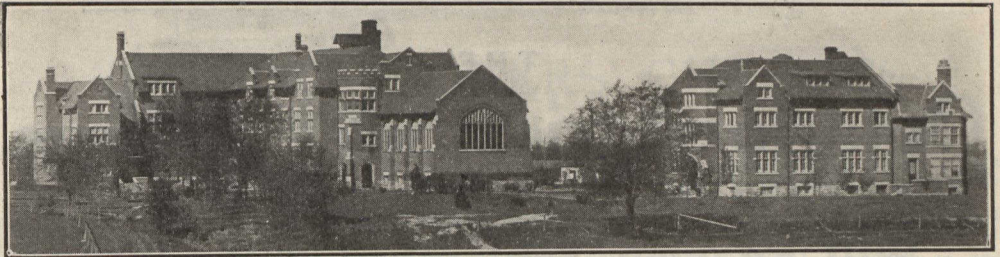
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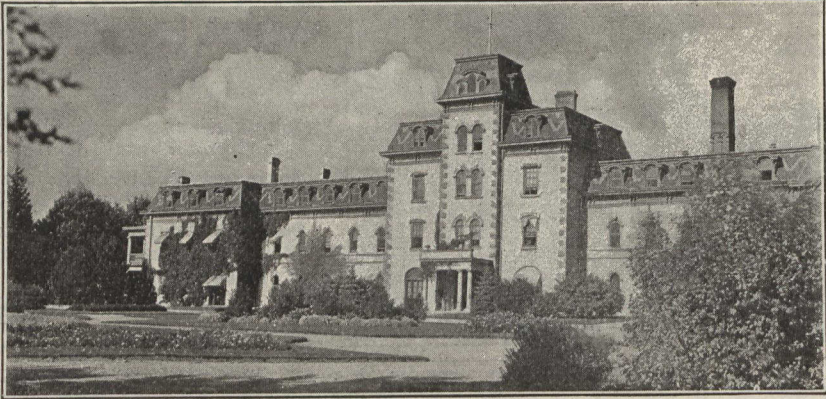
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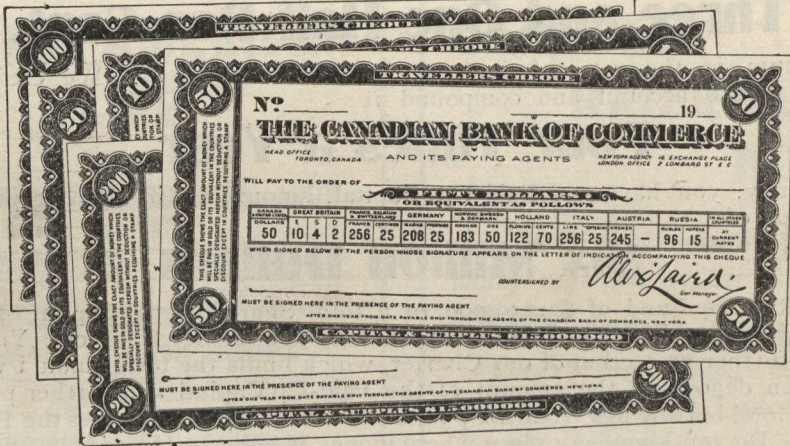
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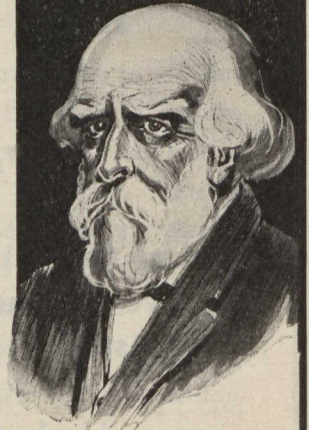
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NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

SPLENDID RECORD FOR 1909

The Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at its Home Office in Toronto on Thursday, Jan. 27, 1910, when the Report of the business for the year ended Dec. 31, 1909, was presented.

INCREASE IN CASH INCOME

The cash income for the year from premiums, interest, etc., was \$2,028,595.40, showing the satisfactory increase of \$133,117.35.

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

The business continues to be conducted on an economical basis; the ratio of expenses to premium income remains practically the same, notwithstanding the large increase in new assurances.

LARGE PAYMENTS TO POLICY- HOLDERS

The amount paid on policyholders' account was \$789,530.42. Of this sum \$138,320.47 was for surplus or dividends, while \$227,111.96 represents payments for Matured Endowment and Investment Policies.

ADDITION TO ASSETS

The assets increased in 1909 by \$899,826.81, and now amount to \$10,490,464.90. As heretofore, they continue to be invested in the best class of securities available, the addition to mortgage loans being \$710,285.38.

INCREASE IN NET SURPLUS

After making ample provision for all liabilities and distributing during the year the relatively large amount for dividends mentioned, the net surplus on policyholders' account was increased to \$1,018,121.25.

INSURANCES INCREASED

The policies issued during the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of \$5,091,029, being an increase over the previous year of \$625,805, the total business in force amounted to \$41,964,641.

CAREFUL AND SYSTEMATIC AUDIT

A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the Auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities.

A Committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, made an independent audit of the securities each quarter.

J. L. BLAIKIE,
President.

L. GOLDMAN,
Managing Director.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

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This class of security is always highly regarded by the conservative investor.

The 5% first mortgage gold bonds of the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railway Co. are no exception to this rule, and have met with a ready reception from the best Canadian Insurance Companies and Banks.

The company possesses a Dominion Government Charter, and their line is constructed almost entirely on a private right of way.

Surpluses have been earned every year over and above all operating expenses and bond interest, and these have been applied to make general betterments to the system.

The management of the company is under the close supervision of such experienced railway men as the officials of the Canadian Northern Railway.

Write for our special circular C. 3 which contains full particulars of this excellent investment.

Æmilus Jarvis & Co.

(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)

Toronto, Ont. Vancouver, B. C. London, Eng.

HIGH GRADE INVESTMENTS

ASSETS
\$ 8,617,909

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$ 2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$ 1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$ 1,250,000

**CENTRAL
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**LOAN & SAVINGS
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DEPOSITS RECEIVED
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The Northern Life Assurance Company

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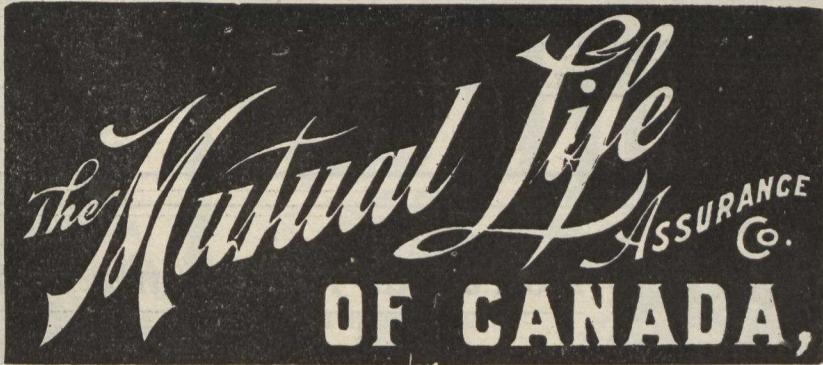
Some aim to earn large dividends for both stockholders and policyholders, while others having no stockholders, can have but one aim, to give

THE BEST POSSIBLE RESULTS
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Some Companies are extravagantly managed while with others

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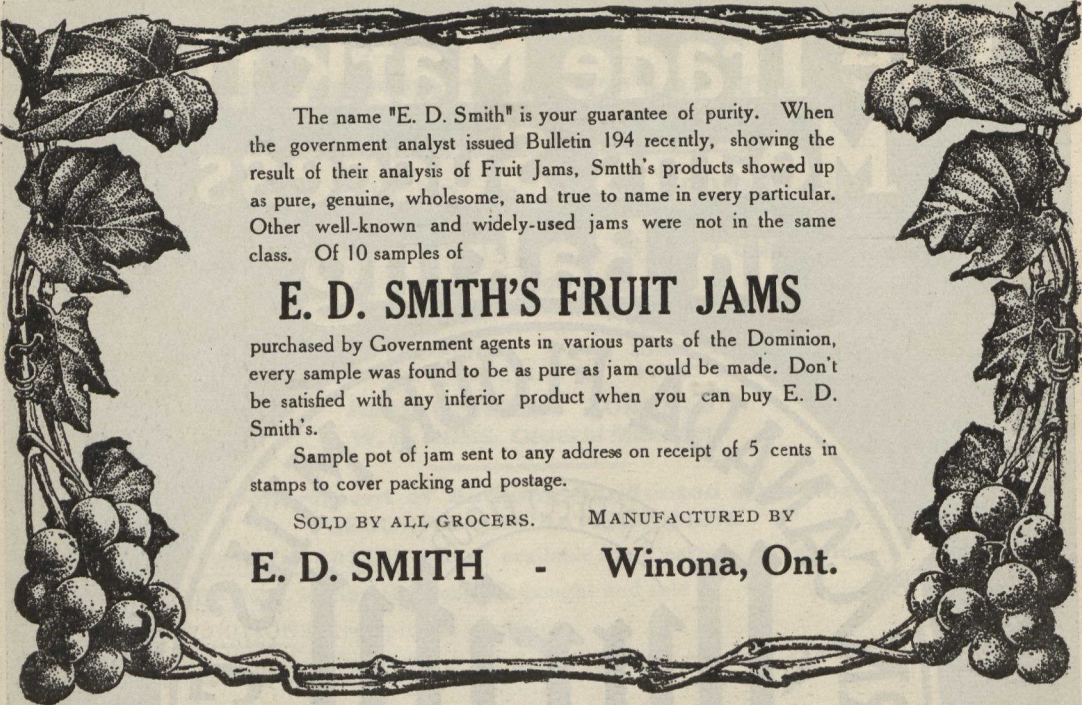
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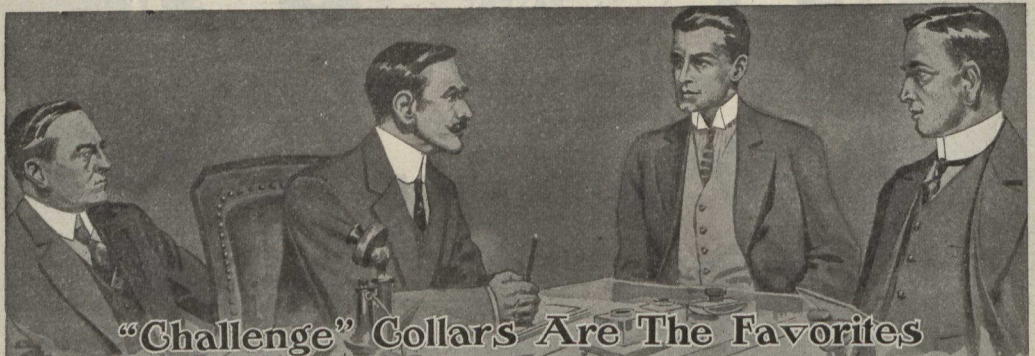
E. D. SMITH'S FRUIT JAMS

purchased by Government agents in various parts of the Dominion, every sample was found to be as pure as jam could be made. Don't be satisfied with any inferior product when you can buy E. D. Smith's.

Sample pot of jam sent to any address on receipt of 5 cents in stamps to cover packing and postage.

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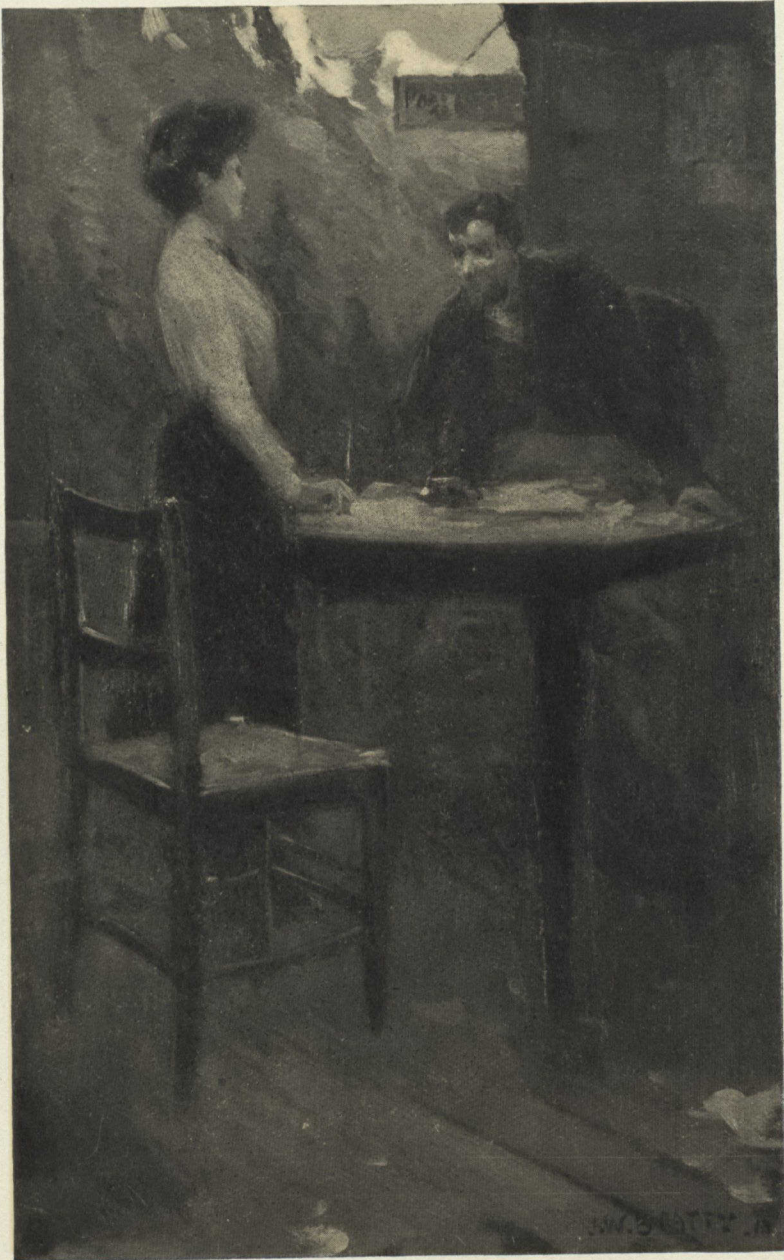
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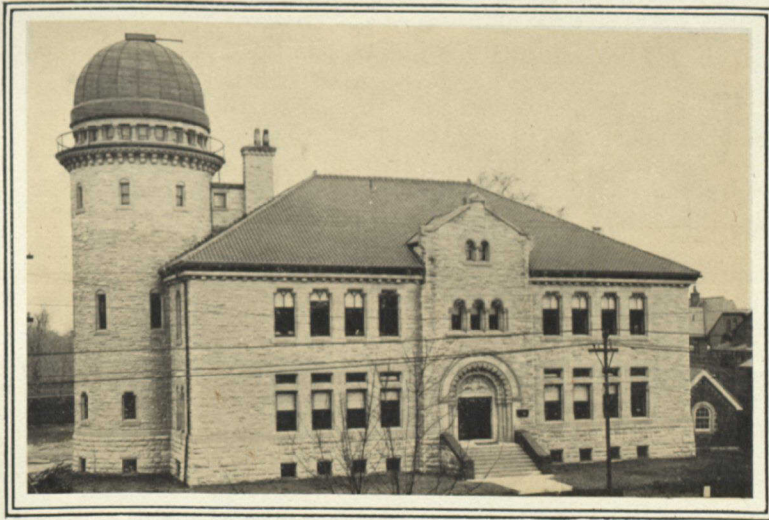
Illustration for “The Blot”

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXV

TORONTO, JULY, 1910

No. 3



THE CANADIAN OBSERVATORY AND METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE AT TORONTO

THE METEOROLOGICAL SERVICE

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ESTABLISHMENT AND DEVELOPMENT IN
CANADA OF MAGNETIC AND METEOROLOGICAL RESEARCH
AND OF A STORM SIGNAL AND FORECAST SERVICE

BY R. F. STUPART,

DIRECTOR OF THE CANADIAN METEOROLOGICAL
SERVICE AND OBSERVATORY

FROM an early period in the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the interests of terrestrial magnetism had received no inconsiderable share of the attention of its members, and it was a memorial addressed to the Government by the Association which led

to the equipment of the naval expedition in 1839 under Captain James Ross for the purpose of a magnetic survey of high latitudes in the Southern Hemisphere. The British Association conjointly with the Royal Society of London further represented to the Government the expediency of

establishing fixed observatories for magnetical and meteorological research in different portions of the Colonial Empire, and the Government having acceded to this joint representation, it was finally determined that observatories should be erected in Canada, Saint Helena, the Cape of Good Hope and Tasmania, the whole to be under the supervision of the Master-General and Board of Ordnance of the British Army.

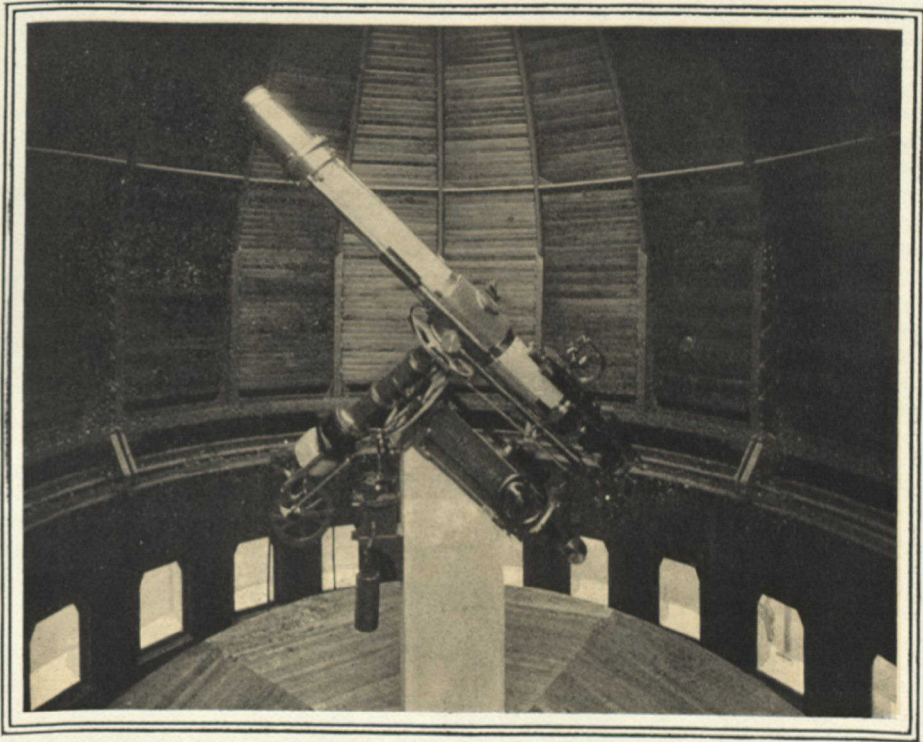
Toronto was chosen as the site for the Canadian Observatory, and during the summer of 1840 Lieutenant Riddell, of the Royal Artillery, who was appointed first officer in charge, proceeded thither from England with three non-commissioned officers, who were to act as assistants. The Observatory was erected on a plot of land granted by the Governors of King's College and lay immediately

south of the present University campus. It was built of logs and plastered over, and this building was used until the erection of a new stone building in 1855, which in turn has within the past few years been demolished to make room for University buildings.

Lieutenant Riddell remained in Toronto less than one year, and was succeeded by Captain Lefroy, R.A., afterwards General Sir Henry Lefroy, K.C.M.G., who had previously erected the Observatory in Saint Helena, but was now transferred to the Toronto establishment with the special view of his being employed on a magnetic survey in Canada and of such portions of the countries north of the Canadian Provinces as should be conveniently accessible by opportunities which might be furnished by the goodwill



THE FORECAST-ROOM AT TORONTO OBSERVATORY



THE TELESCOPE AT TORONTO OBSERVATORY

of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Captain Lefroy was absent from Toronto on magnetic survey work during the greater portion of 1843 and 1844, and from Lieutenant Riddell's departure in 1841 until the autumn of 1844 the observatory was under the direction of Lieutenant Younghusband, R.A., whose work, together with that of both Riddell and Lefroy, tended to make the Toronto Observatory famous for its valuable contributions to the science of terrestrial magnetism.

With the departure of Captain Lefroy early in 1853, the operations of the Observatory as an Imperial establishment were brought to a close, but were resumed under authority of the Provincial Government in July of that year, and the non-commissioned officers of the artillery who had acted as observers during the military régime, having resigned from the army,

were retained as members of the Observatory staff.

For the two years, 1853 to the summer of 1855, the Observatory was under the direction of the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Toronto, but in August of the latter year Professor G. T. Kingston was appointed Director and so continued for twenty-five years.

Up to the later 'sixties the work of the Toronto Observatory was confined almost entirely to observations of the absolute values and the secular and diurnal changes of the earth's magnetism, together with local meteorological observations, but about 1869 Professor Kingston, having foreseen the desirableness of a meteorological service embracing the whole Dominion, set himself to work to inaugurate a system which would serve as a basis for a knowledge of the climatology of the Dominion. The first

observers outside Toronto were the principals of some of the grammar schools of Ontario, who, for a small honorarium allowed by the Ontario Government kept a daily meteorological record, copies of which were forwarded to the Toronto Observatory, and a little later, other persons in various parts of Canada having become interested in the work, there were many voluntary observers in the older Provinces. But mere climatology was not the ultimate aim of Professor Kingston; his objective was the establishment of a storm signal and forecast service, which, he foresaw, would in the future be of in-

of the telegraph had become feasible, would afford the best, perhaps the only, means of forecasting the weather. In 1856 the Smithsonian Institute at Washington exhibited telegraphic information regarding the weather of the United States by means of coloured tokens on a map of the United States, but the system was discontinued at the outbreak of the Civil War, and to France belongs the credit of having issued the first weather maps and daily forecasts.

In the spring of 1871 a grant of \$5,000 was made by the Dominion Government for the promotion of meteorological research and with a



TORONTO OBSERVATORY. ERECTED, 1855; DEMOLISHED, 1908

calculable benefit to both commerce and agriculture.

As far back as the end of the eighteenth century it had been suggested that could the weather conditions over a large portion of the earth's surface be known and shown at the time on a chart, it would be possible to forecast the weather from one to two days in advance, and by about 1860, after much discussion and argument between those scientific men who had become interested in the subject, the belief had become pretty general that the synchronous weather chart, which with the advent

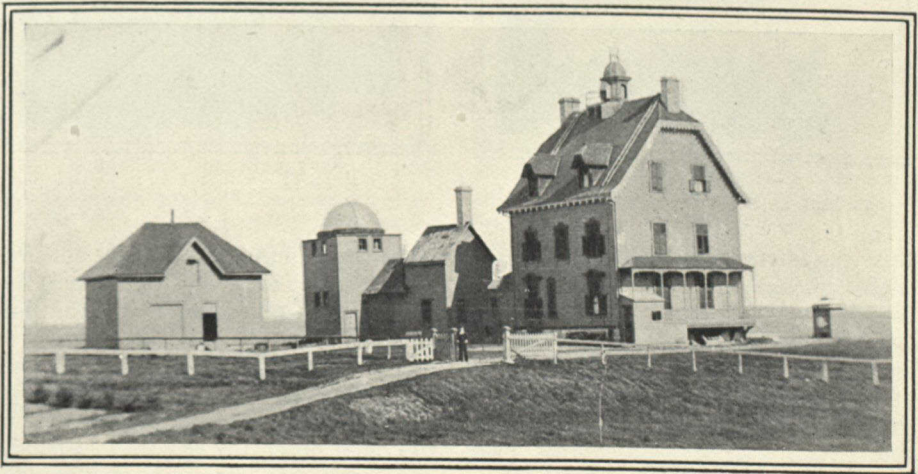
special view of establishing a system of storm signals. Maps showing a large portion of North America were now printed, and, as a commencement, six stations telegraphed weather reports to Toronto three times a day. These were forwarded to the United States Weather Bureau, which bureau in return furnished reports from fifteen American stations. In 1872 the grant was increased to \$10,000, and the number of stations reporting was increased to eight, and storm signal masts were erected at various ports on the Great Lakes, and in the Maritime Pro-

vinces. The staff of the Observatory was at the commencement of 1873 composed of the Director, Assistant Director and six others, including a messenger.

Up to the autumn of 1876 the Canadian service depended wholly on the judgment of the United States Bureau for the issue of storm warnings, which on advice from Washington were distributed from Toronto. In September, 1876, however, warnings were independently issued from Toronto, and in October daily forecasts were issued to some points in the older Provinces. Early in 1880 Professor Kingston resigned office, the

were in a one-storey frame building immediately west of the Observatory, which had been erected in 1879 and was not vacated until 1898, when, with the removal of the magnetic instruments to a site distant from electric trams, the stone building became available for the meteorological work.

Having outlined the earlier growth of the Canadian Weather Bureau and bearing in mind the fact that the public are interested in the weather and that the first item the average reader looks for in the morning newspaper is "the Probs," we will now essay a brief description of the principles on which the science



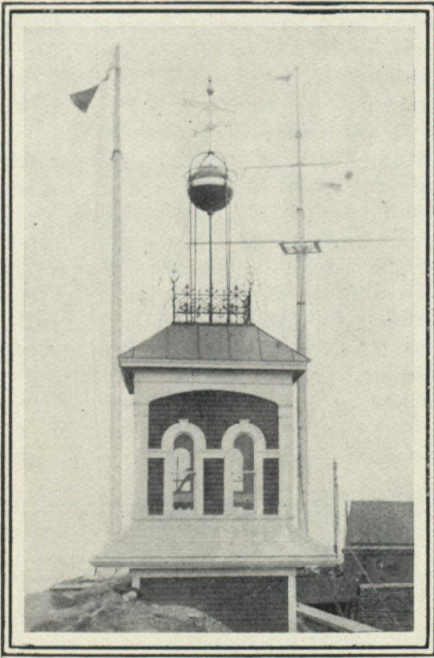
THE OBSERVATORY AT QUEBEC

Service under his direction having been placed upon a secure footing, with 140 observers, eighteen of whom reported by telegraph to Toronto; forty-four storm signal stations and a central office staff of seventeen.

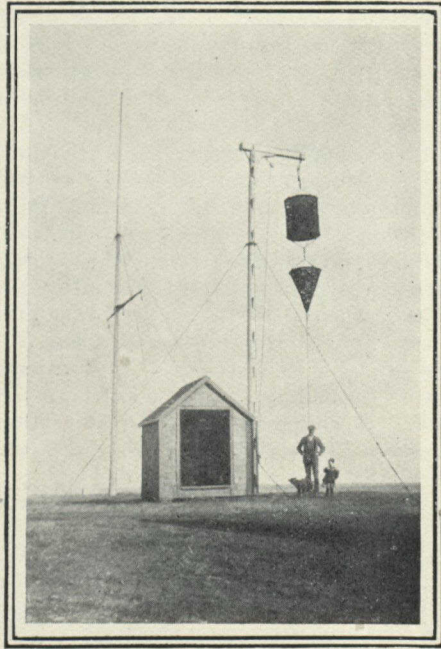
From 1880 to 1894 the Service grew and expanded under the direction of Charles Carpmal, M.A., the number of observers being nearly doubled, the telegraph reporting stations increased to twenty-nine and the storm signal stations to sixty-five, while daily forecasts were issued each evening to about 1,500 places in Canada. The offices occupied during this period

of weather forecasting rests and then indicate some of the methods adopted to disseminate the forecasts and render them of value to the public.

Weather forecasting depends primarily on the fact that the earth's atmosphere does not drift hither and thither without definite currents and flow, but presents on the contrary a mechanism of marvellous beauty and intricacy and of constancy, which is among the chiefest wonders of natural phenomena. In each hemisphere are found two principal and well-marked zones of action; namely, a zone within and just outside the



THE TIME BALL AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA



STORM SIGNAL AT LEPREAU, NEW BRUNSWICK

tropics, where the trade winds blow with remarkable persistency in one direction, and a zone in the middle latitudes, where, while the winds are variable, the general movement of the atmosphere is from the westward to the eastward. It is within and with this easterly drift that storms pass across Canada, and in a general way it may be said that all weather changes come from the westward.

Most of the civilised countries are now dotted over with meteorological stations at which observations of

barometer, temperature and wind are taken twice each day and forwarded to a central office, at which the data thus gathered is used as a basis on which weather forecasts are prepared. We have just reviewed the circumstances which led to Toronto being the chief observing station in Canada, and such it continues to be, the Meteorological Office, Toronto, being the central office of the Canadian meteorological system, from which emanate all storm warnings and forecasts and where all Canadian mete-



SECTION OF RECORD OF EARTHQUAKE ON NORTH-EAST COAST OF JAPAN, AS MADE BY THE SEISMOGRAPH AT TORONTO OBSERVATORY

orological data are compiled. Thirty-seven stations report by telegraph to Toronto, including Dawson City in the far north, Victoria in the extreme west, Saint John's, Newfoundland, in the east, and Bermuda in the south. Most of these reports are forwarded to Washington for the use of the United States Weather Bureau, and in return Canada receives reports from some sixty American stations in the morning and from nearly as many in the evening, affording data for a very comprehensive meteorological chart of the North American Continent. The reports, which at all stations are filed at the telegraph office at exactly 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. Eastern Standard time, are wired without delay to Toronto.

The most essential information received from the various stations is the reading of the barometer, as with this information alone without anything regarding temperature, wind and weather, it would usually be possible to issue fairly accurate forecasts, while with all possible information regarding winds and weather, but the barometer lacking, forecasts would be almost impossible. In order to render the barometer readings at stations at different elevations comparable, observers apply a correction to the barometer reading to reduce it to sea level, and in order to show the existing conditions the more graphically isobars (lines connecting points of equal atmospheric pressure) are drawn, and the whole map is in this manner marked out in a way which shows at a glance where the barometer is high and where low.

The forenoon chart is usually ready for inspection about 9.45 a.m., and the forecast official, having drawn the isobars and carefully considered the existing conditions, first issues a bulletin for Newfoundland, covering a period of from thirty-six to forty-eight hours; then follows a bulletin for the Maritime Provinces, which contains a forecast for vessels leaving for the Grand Banks and for Ameri-

can ports. Next in order is a forecast for the Western Provinces, which goes to Winnipeg, where a local agent, who has meanwhile received weather reports from some twenty-five points additional to those received in Toronto, prepares a bulletin giving a general synopsis of existing weather conditions and also includes all weather reports received, together with the forecasts from Toronto. This bulletin is then distributed in Winnipeg and telegraphed to the more important centres in the Prairie Provinces. The forecast official of the central office lastly prepares a bulletin for Ontario and Quebec, which is usually despatched about 10.10 a.m., and is published very widely by the afternoon press as well as posted at telegraph offices, post-offices and other frequented places. At all the larger towns in these Provinces a special effort has been made to have these bulletins exposed on wharves and docks within easy reach of shipping people and fishermen.

The evening weather chart, like that of the morning, is usually ready for inspection about 9.45, and with as little delay as possible a bulletin is prepared for the press and forecasts are issued for all parts of the Dominion exclusive of British Columbia. These forecasts are distributed by wire to most of the telegraph offices in the Dominion, and by arrangement are posted up in a frame hung in a conspicuous place, and nearly every morning journal publishes them, generally on the front page. Forecasts and storm warnings for British Columbia are, by the authority of the Director of the Service at Toronto, issued from Victoria, to which place are telegraphed reports from all Canadian stations west of White River, together with some twenty-five reports from the Pacific States.

Quite recently arrangements were made whereby the Canadian central office issues forecasts and storm warnings to Newfoundland, which Colony

now receives just the same service as the various Provinces of the Dominion, and the fishermen on the rock-bound coasts of Labrador, often swept by wild Atlantic storms, now watch for the bulletin issued from Toronto.

With the advancing tide of immigration, Canada looks towards her north-land and makes inquiry regarding climate and general meteorological conditions in the valleys of the Peace and Mackenzie rivers. Adjoined to this is the fact that a knowledge of atmospheric changes in northern latitudes is essential to a more complete solution of the physics of the atmosphere as a whole, and the obtaining of the required data from our northern coasts is an obligation recognised by Canada.

With these facts in view, full meteorological equipments were placed last year at Lesser Slave Lake, Fort McMurray, Fort Chipewyan, Hay River, Fort Simpson, Fort Good Hope and Fort Macpherson, and, with the old established stations at Dunvegan, York Factory, Churchill and Moose Factory, this extension of the field of observation provides for a much more intelligible study of the conditions leading to abnormalities in seasonal changes. The reports from these far-off stations do not in some instances reach Toronto until the following year. There are now nearly 450 stations in Canada supplied with a more or less complete equipment for meteorological observations, and the majority of the observers perform the duty voluntarily, it being only at the telegraph reporting stations and a few others in important but very sparsely settled districts that small salaries are paid. There are eighty-five storm-signal display stations.

The publications of the Meteorological Service, under authority from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, are as follows: An Annual Climatological Report, the last issued having 645 pages; a Monthly Weather Review, containing meteorological

tables and a general summary of weather conditions for each of the Provinces; a monthly map issued on the fourth day after the close of the month, showing the general character of the weather of the month just closed; a daily weather map and a meteorological register of the Toronto Observatory, a publication which has been continuous for over half a century. It will then be easily seen that the work of the Meteorological Office is not light, and possibly it may be better understood why commodious quarters and a fairly large staff are essential to the successful working of the central office.

While the meteorological service, whose infancy had been nourished in the Toronto Magnetic Observatory, has grown into a large department which embraces the whole Dominion, the interests of terrestrial magnetism have not been neglected. Up to 1892 the magnets had for fifty years recorded the changes in the earth's magnetism unaffected by the increase in industrial activity in the city, but with the advent of the electric railway came trouble, and it was soon evident that the magnets in addition to recording earth changes were responding to the stopping and starting of every trolley car in the city. Toronto was clearly now not a suitable place for the Observatory, and the Dominion Government in 1896 erected an observatory in the village of Agincourt, at which place photographic records of magnetic changes have ever since been obtained. A continuous record of the changes in the earth's magnetism are registered by means of three permanent magnets which are pieces of steel about six inches long and one-eighth-inch thick, to each of which is attached a small mirror which reflects a ray of light upon a sheet of photographic paper wound around a cylinder which revolves by clock-work. When the magnets are quite steady a straight line is registered but every movement is recorded, together with

the exact time it began and ended. The direction in which the compass needle points is shown by a magnet suspended by a single fine gold wire; the horizontal component of the earth's magnetic force by a needle with bifilar suspension which is so adjusted as to keep the magnet nearly at right angles to the meridian; while the magnet registering the vertical component is balanced on a knife edge. The problem of terrestrial magnetism still awaits solution, but Toronto, with other magnetic observatories, is accumulating data on which ultimate success must depend.

From early days the clocks of Toronto have been regulated by time obtained at the Observatory from star transits across the meridian, and in more recent years the time service over the larger part of the Dominion has been performed by meteorological observers and paid for out of the meteorological appropriation. By the present system the director of the observatory at McGill University obtains time by transit observations, and the Observatory clock automatically transmits signals to various parts of Montreal, including the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways, which companies distribute it along their lines. Quebec Observatory gives time signals to that city, and the director of the Saint John Observatory sends time signals throughout the Maritime Provinces, including the dropping of time balls in both Saint John and Halifax and the transmission seaward of a noon signal by wireless telegraphy for the benefit of ocean shipping. About twice a month, in order to make comparison between the time signals sent out from Toronto and those sent out from the various observatories, telegraphic exchanges are made, the signals from outside stations being recorded electrically on the chronograph in the Central Meteorological Office, Toronto, thus assuring agreement and accuracy in the Dominion time service.

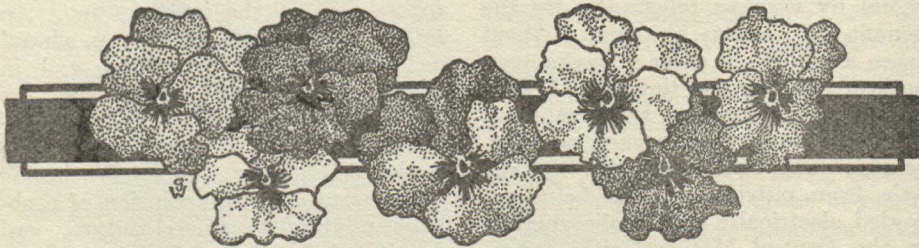
In 1882 a six-inch refracting telescope was purchased for the purpose of observing from Toronto the transit of Venus. For many years no systematic observations were made with this instrument, but since about 1896 regular daily observations of sun spots have been taken, the image of the sun being projected on to a sheet of white paper, and any disturbances shown thereon have been sketched in pencil. In this way a fairly continuous record of solar disturbance has been obtained. It is proposed in future to pay more attention to solar observations and in addition to photographing sun spots, spectroscopic observations in connection with solar prominences will be undertaken. Beyond this no systematic observations will be made with the telescope, as the instrument is small, the installation far from good from an astronomical point of view, and the meteorologist, apart from the sun, does not recognise any connection between meteorological changes and the movements of the heavenly bodies.

About twenty years ago investigators of seismological phenomena discovered that tremors produced by large quakes are propagated throughout the globe and various instruments have been devised to measure the earth's movements. One of the most important of these instruments was that invented by Professor John Milne, F.R.S., who, as Secretary of the Seismological Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has taken a very active part in the investigation. In 1897 a Milne instrument was placed in the Toronto Observatory, and in 1899 another was placed in the Meteorological Office at Victoria, British Columbia, forming links in the world-wide *réseau* which is gathering data essential to the solution of problems relating to the structure and density of the globe. The instrument consists of an iron bed-plate and stand, carried on three levelling screws on which there is placed a ver-

tical rod. Resting against a needle-point or pivot projecting from the base of the upright, there is a light aluminium boom held in a nearly horizontal position by a tie. Attached to the outer end of this boom is a small rectangular plate in which there is a small slit parallel to the length of the boom. Partly for the purpose of balancing the weight of the outer end of the boom, and partly for obtaining the "steady point" of a seismograph between the attachment of the tie and the pivot, a weighted cross bar is pivoted. When the boom swings to the right or left the rectangular plate, with its slit, passes to the right and left across a fixed slit in the lid of a box, inside of which a two-inch strip of bromide paper is being driven by clock-work. Light from a lamp is reflected downwards by a mirror to cover the whole of the latter slit. It, however, only enters the box to the right and left of the floating plate and through the slit in the same. When the boom is steady, the resulting photogram on the moving bromide paper will be, when developed, that of a white band equal in width to that of the moving plate down the centre of which is a thin well-defined line. To the right and left of this white band the paper will have been blackened by the light which entered at the two ends of the fixed slits. On one edge of one of these bands, at intervals of about

fifty millimetres, there are white marks produced by the minute hand of a watch which has hourly passed over the fixed slit, and for the period of one minute entirely eclipsed the light.

A disturbance usually begins with small rapid tremors which come through the earth by the shortest line from the earthquake centre; and these are followed by surface waves of large amplitude which travel at a lesser rate of speed. The records from the Toronto seismograph show an average of seventy-three disturbances every year, or about six every month. Of the yearly number there are usually about five which are large and are generally found to have been caused by quakes occurring in regions such as Alaska and Central America or along the submarine inclines of the Pacific. Among the largest disturbances recorded were the Alaskan quakes of early September, 1899, and the memorable San Francisco quake of April 18th, 1906, when the earth waves were larger than could be measured by the instrument. It is of interest that whenever a really important quake occurs, even be it in far-off Alaska or Japan, the magnets at the Observatory begin to swing at the same moment that the seismograph records the larger movements, showing how very real are the waves which pass over the earth's surface.



THE BLOT*

BY ARTHUR STRINGER,

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER POPPY," "THE WIRE TAPPERS,"
"THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN," ETC., ETC.

KEY TO CHARACTERS.

HELEN RIDER:

About twenty-five, essentially attractive. First Act shows her in a feminised western cowboy costume. After Act One, while more spirited and alert-minded, success must have given her a touch of imperiousness. She dresses in height of fashion, in last three acts; an undertone of anxiety not always implied by the text must show her knowledge of her own false position.

JOHN BURKE:

A strong, large man of outdoor world, past forty. As a successful construction engineer his deep voice carries authority, used to handling men and meeting emergencies. Yet, with somewhat grim sense of largeness he carries a kindly heart and keen sense of justice. His face is suntanned, and Act One clothes are work-clothes.

PAUL WHITGREAVE:

About twenty-three; idealistic young Oxford man, with a touch of the student; always good form; exacting in his ideals; he must show sternness of youth in judging others. While he does not lisp, his gentleness and emotionalism must carry the note of the minor poet.

SIDNEY RIDER:

Helen's only brother; boy of about twenty; loose-jointed, dare-devilish

Western type, slangy in talk, yet toughness more veneer than ingrained nature. In Act One he wears dust-covered cowboy costume.

HERMAN OPDYKE:

A lank, white-faced "lunger," obviously in decline. His make-up should approximate to the later portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson, with an added touch of the Byronic.

HENRY SLATER:

Short fat man of forty, pompously deprecatory, yet shrewd and tricky man of business, who can at times show the claws under the velvet. Always well dressed.

MRS. TUPPER:

Stout and wealthy widow past forty, Malapropish in gesture and over-dress; gluttonous yet gushy; her sentimentality does not keep her from being cattish.

WILSON:

Mrs. Tupper's English footman.

THE BLOT.

ACT I.

"THE LAND THAT GOD FORGOT."

SCENE: Discloses wide covered porch, rough and rustic, against wooden shack-side bearing sign "BUCKHORN POSTOFFICE." This is backed by panorama of Rockies, rising tier by tier to lonely white peaks cutting into the red and gold

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of waning sunset. The vast distance must carry sense of loneliness. Helen, writing at wooden table as Opdyke, wrapped in Navajo blanket, dictates to her, as light slowly darkens.

Opdyke. [Dictating slowly until curtain is well up.] And we say that those wrongs we do are forgotten, that what is past is past, that the dead are dead. And we grope on, dreaming Tomorrow to be the threshold of a new life, only to find it thronged with the ghosts of Yesterday, the ghosts who whisper that the Future is still the Past, the Past peered at from a narrower door. [He repeats wearily.] That the Future is still the Past peered at from a narrower door. [A pause, during which she writes on.] And at the end of that, thank God, you can write the word "Finis." [Opdyke leans back, watching the wine-glow on the peaks as they slowly darken. Helen writes on. The silence, until the last word is written, remains unbroken.]

Helen. That means the end—at last.

Opdyke. [As Helen places last sheet on pile of mss.] The end!

Helen. You're tired out.

Opdyke. Tired out? Why shouldn't I be tired out? Who'd want to quit the trail, without being tired out; and I've covered it, from end to end. I've been through it all, good and bad, up and down! [He puts hand on mss.] And that's all I get out of it. That's all you've helped me save from the wreck.

Helen. But it's beautiful, every page of it. It's something to be proud of. And see how it's kept you from suffering.

Opdyke. Then it's the pearl that comes from the sick oyster. [He coughs.] A damned sick oyster!

Helen. But now that Spring's here you'll get stronger—you'll—

Opdyke. I'll be dead in a week. I know it; you know it. Why, I'm dead now. I've been dead for the whole

eleven months I've been under this roof of yours. [Takes up mss.] That's the only part of me you've been able to keep alive. Ha, you've kept me afloat until you got the last of that cargo off!

Helen. But it's given you something to live for. It's made you forget.

Opdyke. Been irrigating some of the alkali out of my nature, I suppose.

Helen. But there were days when you've been almost happy, writing this book.

Opdyke. Happy! [Gazing at her hungrily.] And you? Weren't there times when you were happy?

Helen. [Without feeling.] Yes, it irrigated some of the alkali out of my existence as well.

Opdyke. But your existence isn't a waste, like mine. You've got all your life in front of you.

Helen. [Looking into the sunset-glow.] I wonder what is in front of me?

Opdyke. Life's in front of you. Isn't that enough?

Helen. No; it's never enough.

Opdyke. [Snarling.] Of course, it isn't, out here. What do you or anybody else know about living, in this wilderness, a thousand miles from nowhere? What have coyotes and canyons and jack-pine got to do with living? No; it's the city where you get life, noisy and warm and crowded. [He coughs.] Oh God, I'd give it all, all that's left, for one day in New York, for the old names, the old faces, the old scenes!

Helen. But you'll go back—some-time.

Opdyke. I'll never see it again—never. But you'll go! [He sits up.] Listen to me. I want you to promise me that you'll take this book where it belongs, that you'll take it to New York. Don't worry about 'em not wanting it. It's got a whole life crowded into it. A mess of a life—but it's there. They'll take it. You'll get money for it—and I guess you've

earned what you'll get out of it.

Helen. I've only tried to help you, to make you happier. I've never seen the East. I don't know what New York is like. I'd be afraid of it.

Opdyke. Afraid of it? Why, you belong to it. Isn't Memphis a city? Weren't you a city girl before your father crawled out here to die, the same as I'm dying? You're no longer a girl. You've got brains, and energy, and a future. You know you're wasting your life out here—you know it! Haven't I seen you fretting and chafing under it, month by month? You can't grow old and wither up in a place like this. You're not made for it. It'll stifle the soul out of you. You want life, you're hungry for life. You want the city—you're born for it.

Helen. I'd be afraid of it, now!

Opdyke. Of course you would. We always are. That's one of the reasons we love it. But you're starving for what it's got for you. You're hungry for power. You love it; I know you love it, or you'd never have made me work on this thing the way you did—this thing I've let simmer in my brain for ten wasted years. No, you can't stay here, sorting mail in a wooden shack!

Helen. [*Gazing up at lonely mountains.*] I wonder if that's true.

Opdyke. True? Of course it's true. You'll see it some night, you'll see the city, with all its crowds and its lights, with all its wealth and color and hunger and work, and you'll feel that you never knew what life meant until you heard the roar of its wheels and smelt its street-dust!

Helen. But I can make myself happy here. I can always have the mountains and the light and the open spaces. I'm always happy when I'm riding. And then I've got Syd to look after. He's run wild this last two years. He needs me now, now that we're alone.

Opdyke. You're wrong there. That young brother of yours will be out of your reach before you know it. That

boy's got his own way to go. And when he goes you'll be alone—altogether alone.

Helen. Don't! You make me afraid of the future.

Opdyke. [*Rising, excited.*] You've got to do it! You can't get out of it! You've got to promise me you'll take this book to New York and show 'em I wasn't as bad as they thought me. You've got to go and show 'em, up there, that all my life wasn't wasted, that there was a rat or two alive on the old wreck, to the end!

Helen. Don't, don't — see how you're tiring yourself.

Opdyke. [*More excitedly.*] It's a mission, I tell you! It'll be a duty to the dead, when I'm gone— [*Gasp- ing.*] Promise me you'll do it! Promise me!

Helen. You're making yourself worse. You're wearing yourself out.

Opdyke. Then promise me. Promise me before God Almighty that you'll do it! I tell you, you've got to! My God, haven't I trusted you, haven't I depended on you? Haven't I been like a child in your hands from the first? I'm no saint. I never have been. You know that. You've always suspected I had to slink away and hide and die here, like a rat in a hole! That's why you hate me!

Helen. I've never hated you.

Opdyke. It's worse than hate—it's apathy! I'm nothing to you! I never have been. Every thing you've done, you've done out of pity.

Helen. What did you expect? How could I give you more than pity?

Opdyke. All right—make it pity, then. That's all a corpse deserves, I suppose. Go on pitying me. But promise me one thing, promise me you'll do what I've asked. [*Lifting up mss.*] Promise me you'll take this and go East with it. It's not asking much. You ought to be glad of the chance—you ought to look on it as your deliverance. You ought to be glad to get out of this hole. Haven't I heard you cursing it, complaining

about it often enough? You've got to go!

Helen. But how could I go? I couldn't leave Syd! And I feel that things are going to be different, in some way.

Opdyke. Different? What'll make them different?

Helen. I think I feel different.

Opdyke. [*Jealously.*] Is that all? Is that what's changed you this last ten days?

Helen. I haven't changed. But I've only begun to feel how beautiful these mountains are, how big and holy they are, how old and tranquil and eternal all these valleys and peaks and canyons seem.

Opdyke. Beautiful! Beautiful for dead things—like me. They're dead themselves. Everything's dead in this God-forsaken land. Nothing ever happens here. Nothing could happen.

Helen. [*Looking at peaks.*] But someone told me this shouldn't be called the Land that God forgot. It should be called the Land where you'd never Forget there's God. And he's right. I feel he's right.

Opdyke. Who's right? Who's been telling you this? [*In a jealous snarl.*]

Helen. [*Absently.*] A friend of mine.

Opdyke. [*Fiercely.*] What friend?

Helen. [*Not looking at him.*] An engineer at Portal Canyon, the Irrigation Engineer there.

Opdyke. [*In malevolent rage.*] At Portal Canyon! Ha, now I know what's changed you. And I'll tell you. Every day for ten days you've ridden down Crooked Canyon and up into Melrose Trail. Every day you've ridden half way to Portal. I've seen you. I watched you with this glass. And every day you've been meeting a man there.

Helen. [*Quietly.*] Every day for ten days I've taken the mail up for the Irrigation Camp.

Opdyke. And you met this man alone, every day. You rode twenty

miles a day to see *him*. He's the one who's been changing things for you. He's the man, eh, who's going to anchor you out here among the gophers and sage and jack-pine! [*He gropes weakly along the shack wall, catching at the door-corner for support.*] So that's what's made the difference! A man! That's what's going to tie you down to these damned rocks and alkali trails?

Helen. You've no right to talk this way. You're killing yourself. You're killing my respect for you. I tried to be kind to you. I've worked with you on this book of yours, because it brought out the nobler side of you, because you put into it only the beautiful things of your life. I've loved it as much as though it were my own. I've wanted you to leave it as something worthy, as—

Opdyke. Then who'll save it if you don't? You've got to do it! You're not going to throw it away? You can't! It's the same as strangling an orphan, now you've made me bring it to life, now you've wrung it out of me. It's your duty. By the living God, I tell you it's your duty! [*At this outburst he is seized with fit of coughing. Helen runs to him.*]

Helen. [*Calling.*] Martha! [*She repeats call "Martha" as she supports Opdyke.*]

Opdyke. [*Weakly.*] It's all right! I forgot! It's all right!

Helen. You must go in. See, it's getting dark. You've worn yourself out. [*Goes to him.*] I'll help you in.

Opdyke. No, don't touch me. I'll go—I'll go alone. [*He turns in door, carrying mss.*] We always have to go alone. But you haven't promised. I can't go until you promise me.

Helen. Oh, it means so much. Let me think about it. Give me a little time.

Opdyke. [*Looking at her intently.*] You'll do it. I know you'll do it. [*Exits into house, gasping.*] You'll do it! [*Helen looks after him. Then she turns to railing, looking out at*

Rockies. The light has darkened minute by minute. The silence is broken by a coyote's howl. She does not move.. Then sound of horse-hoofs on the trail, nearer and nearer. She stands and listens.]

Helen. [Calling.] Syd! Is that you, Syd? [She listens and calls again.] Syd!

Burke. [From darkness.] This is Burke of the Gunnison Irrigation Camp.

Helen. What is it?

Burke. I want to get down to Winona. Is it far?

Helen. It's thirteen miles by the Canyon Trail.

Burke. Anyone there to show me the way?

Helen. My brother Syd is riding up from Winona, with the mail. He's two hours late now.

Burke. [After a pause.] Just a minute! [Helen lights lamp. Burke climbs to porch. His large frame is dust-covered. Clothes show wear and tear of engineer work. Hand-shake.]

Burke. It's you! I never thought to-night would bring me anywhere near you.

Helen. [Direct and Quiet.] This is my home. [Pointing to sign-board.] This is Buckhorn.

Burke. This—your home?

Helen. Yes, where Syd and I keep the post-office. When father came, four years ago, they gave him the postmastership. Now Syd and I have it.

Burke. No one told me there was a settlement up here.

Helen. There's only the post-office. The upper canyon ranchers ride down for their mail here.

Burke. What a munificent gift from our esteemed Government! [Looks at house.] And what a responsibility for Syd and you!

Helen. [Ghost of laugh.] Yes, sometimes almost twenty letters a week. But has anything happened?

Burke. No, nothing spectacular. But I've got to get through to Denver

by morning. If I can flag the D. & R. G. at Winona I'll save a day. The difficulty is, I don't know the trail down.

Helen. But I know every foot of it. As I told you last week, I taught at the school in Winona, for a year. But it's no bad news, is it?

Burke. Yes, it is, in a way. Since I came out here to take charge I've been trying to weed the graft out of this Gunnison contract. There's a clique in the Reclamation Bureau who don't want their dirty work uncovered. They think I'm doing enough if I blast rock. I've just learned the Washington people are transferring me back to the Army commission.

Helen. What does that mean?

Burke. It means a decision on their part to detail me for two years on the Panama Canal work.

Helen. You don't mean they're taking your Gunnison work away from you?

Burke. Not openly. I can't tell yet. That's why I'm going to Washington to fight it out, to-morrow, as soon as I can get out of Denver. That's why I have to make this midnight train out of Winona.

Helen. But if they send you to Panama, for two years?

Burke. [Looking into her eyes tenderly.] I have to go, of course. And it will be hard, for more reasons than one.

Helen. [Turning away.] But your heart was so much in your work. And it seemed such noble work, to turn a desert into a garden, to give water to all those thousands and thousands of thirsty acres. Oh, it is noble work, to make a desert into fertile land, to make towns and villages and homes for so many men and women.

Burke. [As she turns back they stand face to face.] Then you are sorry I'm going?

Helen. Yes, I'm sorry. I'm sorry if it's to take you away from what you're doing. Your heart's in it; I know that. And it means so much to

have your heart in what you're trying to do.

Burke. Then more than my work ought to keep me here.

Helen. But you need that. You need it so much. I've felt it, from the first.

Burke. Why have you felt it?

Helen. Because I've known—you don't mind if I say this, do you? Because I've known, I've seen, that you are a lonely man.

Burke. Lonely, with three hundred rock-men to look after?

Helen. Lonely in spirit, I mean.

Burke. And you?

Helen. Yes; I've been lonely. [*She turns to the west, with its thin rind of yellow light above the Rockies.*] One can't help it, out here, I think. Sometimes I could hardly bear it. There used to be days when I thought I'd go mad. Then I'd take my pinto and ride, ride and ride until the fit had worked off.

Burke. [*Taking her hand in his, quickly, as a wave of comprehension sweeps through him.*] I know—I know what it means. And with us two, some day, there may be no more loneliness. [*Helen looks at him, her eyes wide with wonder and emotion.*]

Helen. [*In a little more than a whisper.*] I'll miss you.

Burke. [*Still holding her hand.*] But if I'm back in a week? If—

Helen. But I may not see you, for two years! The world's so big—

Burke. No, no; the world's so small. I've found that out. What's a few thousand miles to a man when a woman's waiting for him?

Helen. [*A quaver of tenderness in her voice.*] Yes; what's a few thousand miles! [*As they stand, face to face, oblivious of the world, the sound of a horse on the canyon trail comes nearer and nearer. Helen is the first to hear it; she starts and turns.*] Listen! [*The approaching horse has stopped outside in the darkness.*] It's Syd! [*Syd enters. He is dust-covered; cowboy costume; walks un-*

steadily to show he is not quite sober.]

Sydney.—This is a hell of a job—and a hell of a life! [*He slams down mail-bag on wooden floor.*] And I'm glad it's over!

Helen. Syd! Is this the way you do your work?

Sydney. My work? It's not my work any longer! Where's that nigger?

Helen. It's not your work any longer?

Sydney. They're going to wipe your damned post-office off the map! And nobody's goin' to cry over it. Eatin' dust six hours a day—it's enough to make a man—where's that nigger?

Helen. What does this mean?

Sydney. Mean? It means the Government's transferrin' this two-by-four office up to the Gunnison Camp—the irrigation work gets about all the mail—so they get the office, 's well. Where's that nigger?

Burke. One moment. I'm Burke of the Irrigation Camp. I want someone to show me the trail to Winona. I've got to push through before midnight.

Sydney. Where you from?

Burke. What does that matter?

Sydney. Then where you goin'?

Burke. I'm going to Winona, and I'm going inside of five minutes. [*Looking at watch.*] What I want to know is, can you trail me out that far?

Sydney. Yes, I s'pose I can—when I've had some supper and corralled something better 'n a lame mare.

Burke. Unluckily, I'm late already.

Helen. It's very simple, Mr. Burke. I know every foot of the trail, and in less than half an hour the moon will be up. [*She crosses and takes sombrero and bridle down from shack wall, adjusting hat hurriedly as she speaks, etc.*] My pinto 's picketed down the canyon. It won't take five minutes to have him up.

Burke. Then I'll help you.

Helen. [*Hurriedly.*] No; you shorten Syd's stirrups for me, up to the

third hole. Then bring the saddle to the corral when I call. That will save time. [*She goes out, and Burke looks after her, for a moment. Then he turns and shortens stirrup straps, while Syd unbuckles his belt and holster, flinging them on the table with revolver-butt protruding from holster. He calls out angrily, "Martha," kicks mail-bag to one side, then turns to Burke, with a shrug.*]

Sydney. So you're the man who's going to get the post-office, eh?

Burke. [*Bent over saddle.*] It's news to me if I am.

Sydney. Oh, you'll get it! [*Laughs bitterly and pulls "Post-Office" sign from shack-side, flinging it insolently towards Burke.*] You'll get it! And, by God, I hope you'll get more out of it than I got! [*Sydney goes through door into the house. Burke turns over sign-board and looks down at it. While still bent over it Opdyke stealthily enters. He is backing away in terror, when Burke looks up and sees him. Neither speaks for several seconds, but the attitude of each man shows the tenseness of the situation.*]

Burke. [*Quietly, and in little more than a whisper.*] You!

Opdyke. [*Shaking.*] Who're you?

Burke. You know who I am.

Opdyke. [*Groping weakly about.*]

Who are you?

Burke. So this is where it comes? Here? After five years?

Opdyke. [*Shivering.*] It's a—a mistake.

Burke. So it's here? Here, of all places!

Opdyke. You're wrong. You don't know me. You never saw me before.

Burke. I wish to God I never had, but I have seen you before. I'd know you, John Blewett, in the blackest smoke of the blackest hell, where you belong.

Opdyke. I'm not John Blewett. My name's Opdyke, Herman Opdyke. Ask them; they'll all tell you that.

Burke. Stop it, you cur.

Opdyke. [*Collapsing.*] What are

you going to do? What are you—

Burke. [*Quietly.*] I'm going to kill you.

Opdyke. To kill me? You can't do that. Men don't kill each other nowadays. Men don't murder one another for things—for things that—

Burke. Don't they?

Opdyke. No, it's—it's against the law. It's not fair.

Burke. In the land I lived in for ten years men made their own law. I made mine, and I lived by it and worked by it. It was rough, because the country was rough. But it was justice—the only justice we got in that land of greasers.

Opdyke. But we're not in Mexico now! And that was six years ago, six—

Burke. Six years ago, when you crawled into my home like a sick dog. I took pity on you. I trusted you. I think I admired you, you brilliant, Byronic, broken-down libertine. And you took that young girl, that mere girl who was as pure as a flower, who knew nothing of you and your ways, and you killed her, you—

Opdyke. It's a lie.

Burke. And when you killed that girl, the only thing I had in the world, you knew I'd—

Opdyke. That's a lie. No one killed her. She died at Morida, of fever. She died before we reached the border. She died of fever.

Burke. When you killed that sister of mine, you knew I'd kill you. You knew it all along. That's why you slunk away and hid. That's why you're here. [*Opdyke, whose retreat has been cut off by Burke, catches sight of the pistol in the holster on table. He creeps towards it as Burke speaks. He has reached the table and snatched at the gun before Burke realises his move. He gets the gun, but Burke, being the stronger man, forces up Opdyke's arm. He wrests the weapon out of Opdyke's grasp, in the struggle, steps back, facing him.*]

Opdyke. [Cowering before weapon.] Wait! Good God, don't shoot. Give me time!

Burke. [As he lowers weapon and swings Opdyke about.] You poor weak cur.

Opdyke. Wait!

Burke. I could smash you like an egg-shell.

Opdyke. [Writhing in his clutch.] That's not fair. It's not justice. You talk of justice. Then gi' me a show.

Burke. A show—you've had your show.

Opdyke. You can't kill a dying man. Don't you see I'm dying, that I'm done for? I haven't your strength. But, good God, gi' me a chance. Don't let me die like a dog.

Burke. No, not like a dog. You deserve it, but not like a dog. I suppose you must have been a man once, years ago. [With quick decision.] Here, get a gun. You've got that, haven't you?

Opdyke. Yes, yes, inside.

Burke. Your finger's as good as mine on a trigger. Get your gun. Then come out and take your chance.

Opdyke. Yes, that makes us even—yes, a gun! [Tottering towards door.] And take a chance, like a man! A gun! [As he exits, Burke springs to lamp, "breaks" revolver, sees cartridges, snaps it shut, shifts lamp's reflector to shack-side, and then turns, backing guardedly and calmly away until he stands against farthest porch-post, vigilant, attentive. There is the noise of a door slammed shut. The coyote-howl is repeated from the canyon. Then the utter silence is broken by a quickly repeated pistol-shot, muffled, but unmistakable. There is a further silence of a second or two, during which Burke does not stir. The light,

during this, becomes bluer, showing the moon has risen. Then the screams of a negro woman come from within. Sydney is heard running through the house, and then calls. Burke quietly returns the revolver to its open holster on the table, and stands looking at it.]

Sydney. [In doorway.] Nell! Nell! Come quick. Opdyke's shot himself. [Ignoring Burke, he runs to the railing and calls.] Nell! [He runs back into the house, momentarily panic-stricken. Burke turns away, looking out over the lonely and moonlit mountains. As he stands there Sydney staggers out, pale and quite sober now.] He's dead!

Burke. [Crossing towards door.] Let me see him.

Sydney. [Barring the way, as he covers his face in horror.] No; don't go! Don't look! My God, it's terrible! It's horrible! [As he stands with face covered, Helen's voice, calling musically from the trail below, comes to the two men. Her call is repeated.] Don't let her come! Don't let her see him! What'll we do?

Burke. She must not see him.

Sydney. Then get her away—get her away! [Burke stoops and picks up the dusty saddle. As he crosses the porch to step down to the trail, Helen, coming nearer, calls out, "We're losing time." She comes full into the moonlight at the porch-edge as Burke goes towards her. Then she touches his arm, and points towards the wide expanse of the Rockies, vast and grim and silent in the moonlight that bathes them.]

Helen. [As she points westward with her riding quirt.] Look! Is it, can it be, the Land that God Forgot?

Burke. [Looking, as she points.] No, I don't think God ever forgets!

CURTAIN.

(To be continued.)



ARE WE PRODUCING A CRIMINAL CLASS?

AN ANALYSIS OF SOME RECENT REPORTS ON CRIME

BY J. SEDGWICK COWPER

BEHIND the bars of a cell in Kingston Penitentiary a man still in his twenties is caged. The flight of days or months or years means nothing to him, for he is doomed to that cell for the term of his natural life. Nobody—not even the writer—feels any strong sympathy with the man, for George Chambers in his later days was a menace to organised, peace-loving society every moment he was at large.

But a perusal of the bare record of George Chambers' life as it is inscribed on the passionless pages of the police books, may suggest the thought in the minds of many earnest people that perhaps Society in its treatment of him has aided in the making of this desperado. This is the record:

“George Chambers, born in England, 1881. Shoemaker. August 23rd, 1895—Sentenced to the Reformatory for three years for theft. July 23rd, 1900—Sentenced to the Central Prison for nine months, for theft. September 13th, 1901—Sentenced to the Central Prison for eighteen months for theft. April 3rd, 1903—Sentenced to the Central Prison for eighteen months for theft. January 4th, 1905—Sentenced to Kingston Penitentiary for three years for housebreaking (three charges). January 17th, 1908—Sentenced to Kingston Penitentiary for life. Five charges of theft, three with shooting.

Thus in a few perfunctory sentences the record of a human life is embalmed. These show that with the

exception of less than two years following his discharge from the Reformatory, the life of George Chambers from the age of fourteen until his committal for life at the age of twenty-six was practically all spent in custody.

If the charge suggested is true, that our organisation of society is responsible for the creation of a criminal class, and our treatment of delinquents tends to make them habitual offenders, such a record as that quoted above might make angels weep for our civilisation and our boast.

A perusal of some recent official reports on crime in Canada, might startle any reader who loves to think of his country as one of the most law-abiding on earth. Indeed the figures are too startling, for the shock they give at first reading will not survive an analysis of the records.

The first all-too-startling fact is that during the year 1907 (the last year for which Dominion figures are yet obtainable, one person out of every seventy-eight in the Dominion was convicted of some offence. In Manitoba one person out of every forty-one was convicted. This is an alarming increase from one in 136 for Canada in 1898 and one in 165 for Manitoba during the same year. But these figures include all summary offences, many of which it would be incorrect to class as criminal, such as breaches of the license

laws, municipal by-laws and the gaming, game, fishery, medical and dentistry Acts.

Similarly, during the year 1908 in the city of Toronto the records show the alarming total of 19,037 persons apprehended or summoned for some offence or other, of whom 10,735 were convicted. But these totals from the Chief Constable's report are of little service to the sociologist, for the reason that all classes of misdemeanours are included therein. A misdemeanour may be anything from bibulosity to murder, while the "crime" of a citizen charged with a breach of the city by-laws may be really a public-spirited protest against having to pay two street-car fares for one ride. Probably the "village Hampdens" each found a place in the police records of their day, before the poet gave them an enduring place in literature. Indeed where measures are arbitrary, a high rate of law-breaking is evidence of a splendid temper in the nation. It is reassuring to know that an analysis of the criminal statistics for the Dominion shows that only 11.50 per cent. of the total convictions during 1907 were for indictable offences—for infractions of the Criminal Code. This is a satisfactory decrease from the 15.14 per cent. of 1898.

But the startlingly significant thing about the matter is that of a total of 9,110 convictions for indictable offences in Canada during 1907, 4,798 were for common theft. These do not include cases of burglary, highway robbery, house and shop breaking, false pretences, conspiracy, pickpocketing, or any of the usual methods of theft practised by the professional thief. They are entirely concerned with cases where men and women have stolen some near object, almost invariably some article of small value. The second significant fact is that 88.33 per cent. of these thefts are perpetrated in cities and towns and only 11.67 per cent. in rural districts.

The third significant fact is that 76.5 per cent. of the thieves are unmarried persons of the labouring class. Out of the 4,798 convicted persons only twenty-two were of the professional class and only 445 were skilled mechanics. An analysis of the criminal records therefore points to the following conclusions:

(1) That one-half of the crime of Canada is common theft.

(2) That nearly nine-tenths of it occurs in the cities and towns.

(3) That the offenders are principally young unmarried men.

These summaries are strikingly paralleled by the records of the Toronto police court, the most representative of the city courts in Canada. Out of the 19,037 cases tried last year, only 3,772 were for indictable offences. Out of the 3,772 indictable offences, 3,306 were for common theft. The total amount stolen, \$130,856, appears large, but it includes several large individual amounts, such as an item of \$40,000 for securities contained in a satchel which a thief snatched from an untended automobile. In this case the thief did not even mentally realise the value of the scrip, for after taking a few pawnable articles from the satchel, he threw it together with the \$40,000 worth of negotiable paper out into a lane where a newsboy found it a few hours later. Allowing for these exceptional items, the average value of the articles stolen was very small. Among them were several cases of penniless men and women who stole bottles of milk for their starving children. Most of them—the writer was present in court daily throughout the year—were cases of homeless, workless, moneyless men who took something with the idea of selling it to satisfy their needs. When it is remembered that during the same twelvemonth, 9,876 homeless men and women were provided with shelter overnight at the various police stations in Toronto, it is scarcely to be wondered at that common theft is so common a crime. Curiously enough

of the 9,876 waifs, 8,417 were unmarried men.

It is something more than a mere coincidence that the records of the Dominion and the city alike point clearly to the same outstanding conclusions. Both records suggest that we have with us a floating regiment of the unemployed and the socially unfit, men who are crowded out in the competition for jobs, men who are probably deficient in initiative and self-reliance, men who do not marry because they are unable to establish homes, men who are living on the thin edge of nothing, and who when work is not plentiful hover between a night's shelter in the police station and the opportunity to steal. They are not criminals by nature, but they find it hard to earn an honest living all the time. Among them undoubtedly are some victims of drink and some congenital loafers, but these are not in so large a proportion as is generally believed. Only twenty-two per cent. of the common thieves are reported as being immoderate in the use of drink, and only eight per cent. are illiterate. They are merely the weaklings and the unfortunate in the struggle for a living. Every fresh improvement in machinery and every successful factory reorganisation which economises labour, increases the army of the unemployed, and makes it increasingly difficult for the least equipped to find employment.

This growing uncertainty of employment is felt throughout the continent. In the United States census of 1890, eighty-five per cent. of the population were returned as fully employed and fifteen per cent. as employed only part of the time. The census of 1900 showed that the partially employed had risen to twenty-two per cent., while according to the eighteenth annual report of the Honourable Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labour, the regularly employed by 1904 had fallen to 50.2 per cent. and the irregularly employed had grown to 49.8

per cent. Upon the socially unfit this condition weighs heavily. Born into a society which has no definite use for them, which makes laws for them, disciplines them, but gives them no employment, many are driven to steal. Then society further handicaps them in the struggle for a living by the humiliation of imprisonment. Self-esteem and initiative, the two most necessary qualities for success in life, are crushed out by the monotony and providence of prison life. Finally, without character, without money and without a job they are turned out onto the streets again to re-engage in a battle which under better conditions they fared ill in. Daily the newspapers record cases which suggest that the economic factor is the compelling cause in these crimes. A typical one from a recent issue of the *Toronto Globe* reads as follows:

"It was only on Thursday morning that young Charles Elliott was discharged from Toronto Jail after serving a sentence for theft. He had no money in his pockets, and no job to go to. But the elemental appetites of hunger and thirst were as strong as ever.

"On Friday morning he crept to a building where workmen were at work and stole some tools. He intended to pawn them and raise money, but instead he finished up in the arms of a policeman.

"This morning in the Police Court, his sudden return to crime was looked on as evidence of an unregenerate spirit, and he was sent to the Central Prison this time.

"In five months he will be discharged from the Central without any money, without any job, and with the elemental appetites still unquenched."

Many more of these cases would be reported were they less common. As it is, their abundance discounts their news value, and only those cases with "a feature" to them are written up.

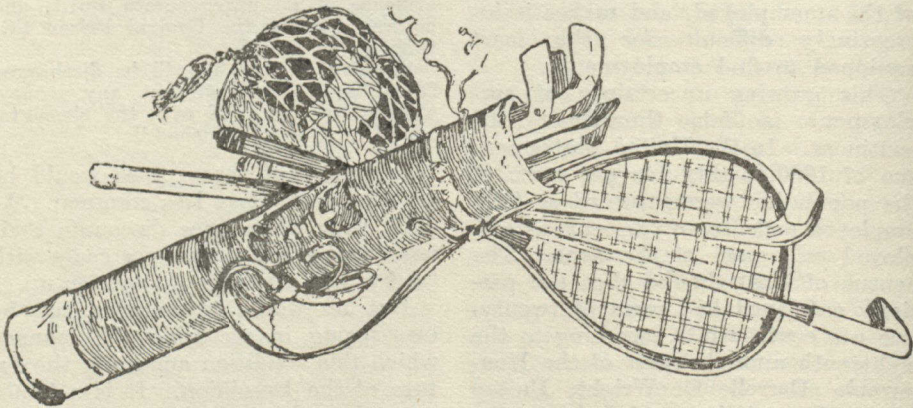
But no words of warning can be over-strong in picturing the menace which this condition augurs to the future of the Dominion. It is a "submerged tenth" in embryo. Slumdom, the blight of the civilisation of all Europe, has already a grip on the great cities of the United States. Un-

less some more scientific remedy than jail treatment is given to this growing class in the cities and towns of Canada, it will be here also within a generation. Was ever in any country, in any age, such a golden opportunity presented to the sociologist and the statesman as Canada now affords? Measures primarily directed to stemming the tide of pauperism and crime at its spring, may yet place all humanity under an obligation.

The case of George Chambers is merely a peg to hang a preachment on. There are hundreds of others, who like him, having supplied their needs by theft, find the path blocked by which they might have returned to an honest life. No sane man, surely, with his experience of the short-lived liberty of the criminal, would have deliberately embarked on that last desperate week, else. For three years he had lived the life of a caged animal behind the gray walls of Kingston Penitentiary, until his release on Thursday morning, December 19th, 1907. He came straight to Toronto, where many a man with home, friends, character and a trade union behind him was finding it hard

to get work that week. Without any of these helps and incentives Chambers arrived to take part in the economic struggle. After two days of it he bought a gun and went back to the one sure way he knew of raising money. A farmer on the third concession line up Yonge Street handed over \$25 and fled at sight of the gun. By the following Thursday night five more hold-ups had been accomplished, netting Chambers and a new-found partner \$6.70 and a gold-filled watch. Next night they were pounced on by three detectives while on their way to commit more crimes. That was the end. His one week of liberty had brought Chambers a share in \$31.70 and a gold-filled watch—and imprisonment for life.

For one very good reason, the writer has no sympathy with desperado George Chambers, but facts are facts. Until our civilisation has solved the problem of unemployment in the interests of the under-qualified, job-less man, common theft will continue to be the most frequent crime on the calendar, and our jails will continue to manufacture criminals. And the evil does not end there.



SALMON-FISHING AT VANCOUVER ISLAND

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down."

SINCE the days of Simon Peter, and indeed before that, men have been fishers and drawers of nets. The sculpture of the ancients shows that mankind angled in all the ages. From the rude and primitive bone-hook of the savage, the bark net of the aboriginal, and the tossing *kyak* of the far north Eskimo have been evolved the steel hooks, the woven linen nets and the fishing fleets of the modern fisherman. And still the glamour lasts; and with sails set, or steam up, those who harvest the deep go down in ships, as in days gone by, to follow the lure of the schools of cod and halibut, mackerel, herring, and salmon.

Through every inlet, strait and passage of the sea waters along the Pacific coast, every four years in regular rotation, the "big-run" of the sock-eye salmon comes up the Fraser River of British Columbia. During the other years the spring salmon, the cohoes, the hump-backs, the sock-eyes and the dog-salmon come in more or less quantities, but at each turn of the four-year dial, from some unknown and unknowable source, surges in this marvellous tide of shining scales and undulating folds of the sock-eyes to the Fraser.

They come to search for the spawning grounds whence they originated; and with an instinct too mysterious

to be other than unsolvable, they come to the very gravel-beds where they lay first in the egg. All along the coast, beating up against the tides, following the uncharted courses of the sea, they swim in with such numbers that the straits and bays are alive with them, the sun striking myriad facets of silver from their backs and sides.

To the latter-day salmon fisher, the size of the "run," the length of days to which it continues, and the proportion of good fish in the "run," make up his commercialised interest. The situation of his "traps," their stability, the luck as to tides and the directions the "run" may swim in, will determine either his success, or his lack of success, premising that his crews are all skilled at their work and alive to the necessity of keen-visaged alertness. Eternal vigilance is the key-note to good work in the salmon fishing along the coast, and as for hours of labour they may run from three in a morning until 11.30 that night. It all depends upon the exigencies of the "run." The traps must be emptied and the fish taken to the cannery, and after that, sleep, food, and rest. Otherwise you eat when you can, you sleep when you happen to, and you rest on the way to the traps or cannery.

A salmon-trap consists of "pots" and "spiller," the "hearts" as they are called, and the cross-section of wire netting called the "lead,"



A VANCOUVER ISLAND SALMON TRAP

against which, or close to which, the oncoming salmon first see a barrier in their course. The cross-section is built from the shore out towards the main body of the trap. The "hearts," of which there are also two, and occasionally three, are frames of somewhat heartshaped piles and timbers, reaching to the bottom, and with netting stretched to them to prevent the salmon from passing. As the fish approach to the coast, cross-section, they turn and follow down, going with the tide, and swim into the first "heart," or heart-shaped entrance to the main trap. They drift gradually down to the second "heart," or heart-shaped section, and this one, which is fastened to the "pot" and "spiller," has a narrow entrance to the "pot." This comparatively small aperture is found by the fish and they swim into the "pot." In the centre of the space between the "pot" and the "spiller" is another small opening into the "spiller." Into this last entrance the fish go, and end their journey there, for from the "spiller" they are finally loaded into the scows

and taken to the waiting canneries.

The "spiller" and the "pot" are forty feet square, and there is only one entrance from the second "heart" and this goes into the "pot." Both "pot" and "spiller" are strongly built, and surrounded with netting. The salmon work their way leisurely down from the spot where they were first headed off by the straight cross-section of wire netting or lead, built out from the coast-line. They get into the first "heart," follow the tide as it works up through the netting, turn and drift into the second "heart," swim around in the second-heart-space awhile and then edge into the "pot." There they eventually find their way into the "spiller," where they are ready for loading.

Alongside the "spiller" is a scow. To load the salmon on the scow by means of the "brailer," and then slip the scow across the top of the "spiller" and fasten it to the fishing tug, is the problem presented when the mass of salmon has worked its way to the extent of a scow-load or more into the "spiller." As this space in the

"spiller" is alive with fish, it becomes necessary to force the mass into close quarters, where the "brailer," a huge piece of netting, can be drawn down under the seething multitudes of fish, and hoisted up and its load of fish deposited on the scow.

To do this, to get the salmon on one side of the "spiller," the crew of the scow reach down and pull up the net attached to the "spiller" frame and commence to haul it aboard of the scow. This slides the fish under the scow and back towards the opposite net. This forces the salmon to one side from which the men raise the side of the scow and away out from the outside of the "spiller" space. When the net is drawn up a sufficient number of times, the salmon are squeezed into a comparatively small space next to the scow; and the "brailer" is let down and under the twisting mass of salmon. It is then hoisted, dumped on the scow, and the salmon are sorted and thrown into their allotted spaces in the pens on the scow.

Various undesirable citizens of the deep are sometimes found to have

got in with the salmon. Sometimes two or three sharks arrive, twelve feet long or more, but comparatively harmless for members of the shark family. The men take a boat and rope and go into the "spiller" and, tying a rope around their tails, drag them out. Sometimes a hair seal, or even a sea-lion may make his debut, and then it is usually a case of fire-arms to get rid of him. Of other varieties of fish, the cod and the halibut come in quite often, and sometimes a huge sturgeon. With the sock-eyes will come the spring salmon, sometimes immense fish of sixty or seventy pounds in weight, and also dog salmon, and cohoes, and humpbacks.

A staunch and sea-worthy tug or small steamer is used to convey the men from their sleeping quarters on shore to the traps and fishing grounds; and to tow the loaded scows to the canneries. A fishing crew entire will number from twenty to thirty men, according to the number of "traps" and the extent of the "run." The average pay is sixty dollars a month and board. There is no particular danger to be faced, excepting that



A SCOW-LOAD OF SALMON



BRAILING SALMON OUT OF THE SPILLER

in the work a man is liable to step overboard or get thrown into the water. A good swimmer is at an advantage in all work which brings him near deep water.

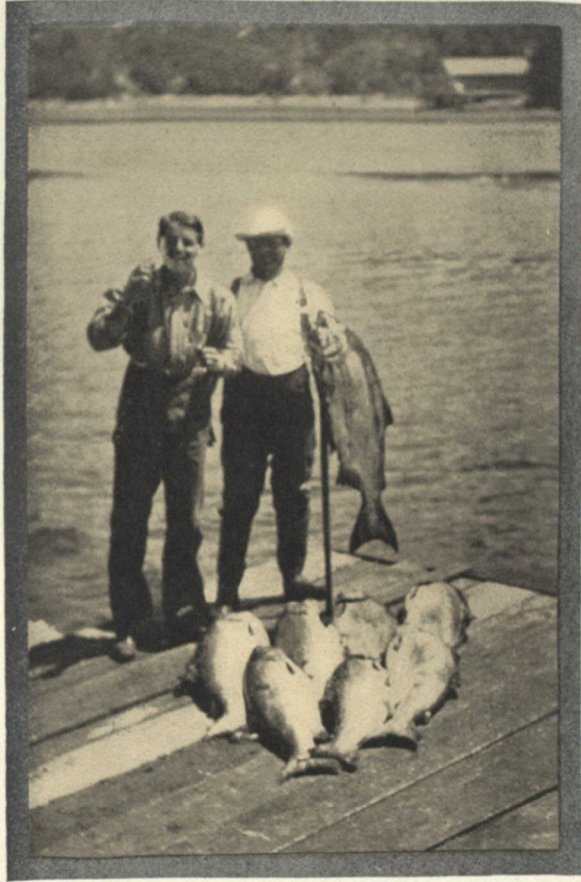
The "run" usually begins around the 26th of July, and it is at its height for somewhere near ten days. A great deal of money is invested in the various fishing interests; and the renewing of nets, the carrying away by storms of nets and timbers, and the wear and tear of appliances, make the business one in which considerable risks are apparent. A good "run" and good luck during the "run" mean something in the way of a small-sized fortune sometimes; but, like all enterprises where men go into partnership with wind and waves, it needs experience, precaution, and more than ordinary skill to reap great benefits.

Unfortunately for the future of the industry, the supply of salmon is becoming less and less each succeeding season. It is true that on the Fraser River the Dominion Government, and the Provincial Government as well, have established large hatcheries, which have annually turned out large

quantities of salmon fry; but the results so far have not been very encouraging.

With the hope of improving conditions as regards the Fraser River, and also as to the salmon industry of Puget Sound, both of which secure their supplies as the salmon pass through their waters *en route* to the Fraser, the Government of Great Britain and the United States have entered into a treaty, by which joint conserving regulations will be adopted. For some time past, Professor Edward E. Prince and Doctor David Starr Jordan, the two Commissioners appointed under this treaty, have been in consultation, and no doubt very shortly the new regulations will be announced, and it is to be hoped, by giving increased protection, particularly to the sock-eye salmon, that the future of the supply may be assured.

The work, while hard, and calling for activity and endurance, is alive with excitement and incident. There is not a dull hour in it. The panorama of sea, sky and tossing waves makes a frame where the picture



FIFTY-POUND SPRING SALMON

stands out abruptly and with a touch of the primitive and unusual. The turmoil of glittering scales in the "spiller," the host of screaming gulls overhead, the shouts of the directing foreman, the "heave-yo" at the dripping nets, the swish of the "brailer" under the silvery masses of fish, the dripping hosts of scaly denizens of the sea tumbling on the scow from the "brailer," and the sorting and the towing to the canneries affords a constant shift of scene and interest which makes the work intense and invigourating.

Yet as familiarity breeds contempt, even in things most unusual and rare, so the salmon come to be as only so

much merchandise to be sorted and taken away; and sea and sky and white-caps tipped with sunlight are merely the common-place settings of daily toil. And to the fishers, the glamour of pictures Pelagian does not hold so much allurements as the solace of a friendly pipe, and the hearty jests of the supper-table after a hard day's labour at the "traps." It's the point of view after all. And perhaps the poetry of it appeals mostly to the outsider.

But, nevertheless, the poetry is there, as in the old legends, the Britanny sands, the sands of Dee and the herring fisheries of Bonnie Scotland Fleets returning and fleets that never



LIFTING THE SALMON NETS

have returned! Sails that sank beyond the horizon, never to glint again across the dawning light! Fisher cabins where sputtering candles faded into the hopeless dawn! And gleams of fisher-folk, with heavy rush-woven

baskets on their heads, chanting a refrain whose echo still reaches the imaginative ear:

“Wha’ll buy my caller herrin’?
They’re bonny fish an’ halesome farin’;
Wives an’ mithers maist despairin’
Ca’ them lives o’ men.”

THE PASSING OF A KING

By H. O. N. BELFORD

The gray old tide of London town
Winds slowly to the sea;
The grimy halls of commerce frown,
Holding a world in fee;
The wind blows chill from darkened sky;
A shadowy ship sets sail:
Oh, still as Death she passes by—
And the hearts of the landmen fail.

For the form of one who goes by night
Waits calm on the royal pier,
While a nation cries with wild affright:
“Ho, helmsman pale, what cheer?”
But the traveller fares from London town
To where the dead kings be;
A Briton’s soul of just renown
Goes out to the silent sea.

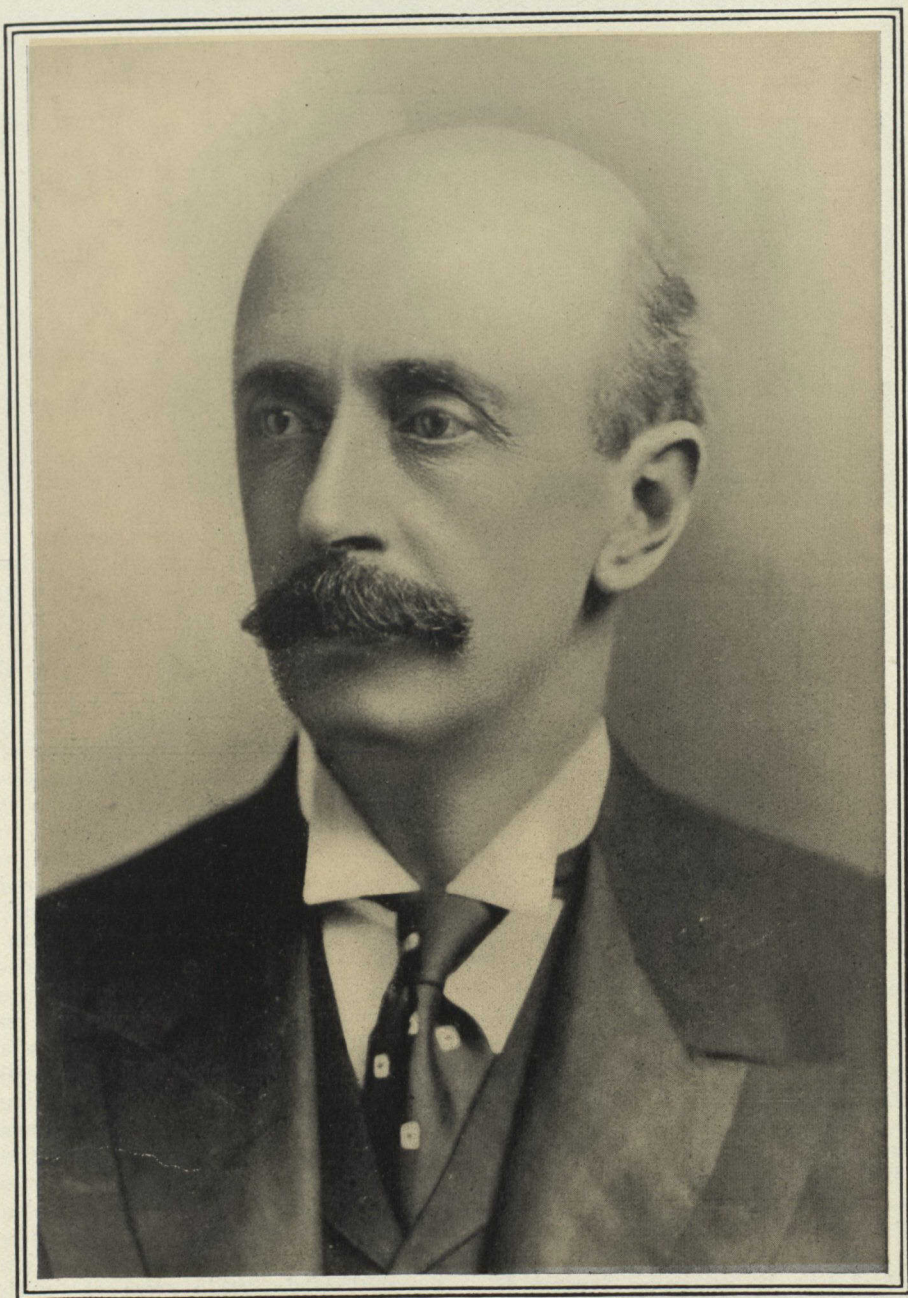
EARL GREY'S ADMINISTRATION IN CANADA

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS

MANY men of great ability, high character, and honest purpose or patriotic intent have administered affairs in Canada as the representatives of the British Crown. Some have had great difficulties to encounter, serious problems to overcome or evade, severe criticisms to face, vigorous opposition to meet. Few or none have passed through their periods of office without some unpleasant episodes created by personal and party complications, the stress of a society and political system in the making, the ebb and flow of an Imperial spirit which varied with almost bewildering changes. Whether in the case of Lord Grey, it has been the possession of some subtle personal quality which makes for popularity and influence; whether it is that Canadian institutions and political and general conditions are becoming more stable; whether it is that Empire relations and the Imperial spirit in Canada are assuming a basis of more fixed and permanent character; whether it is that Canadians are becoming less touchy in the matter of Imperial policy and British authorities possessed of a keener insight into Canadian conditions; whether the position of Governor-General in its functions and duties is becoming better defined and understood; the fact is clear that the Vice-regal administration in Canada now drawing to its close has proved a quiet but apparently uniform success, with a more continuous

expression of public approval and with fewer elements of public friction during its five years' term than in almost any preceding period.

Since Lord Grey arrived in Canada, late in 1904, he has grown steadily in popularity without appearing to strive after it; he has been constructive in personal proposals and policy without arousing serious suspicion or antagonism; he has been quietly influential in carrying out various plans and in developing certain lines of thought which were not without elements of controversy; he seems to have exhibited more than once a combination of two qualities essential to statecraft in this country if not in others—caution and courage. It will be remembered that the incoming Governor-General, when he sailed for Canada on December 1st, 1904, had already won distinction by his administration of the Chartered Company's territory in South Africa, that he was known as a friend and close associate of Cecil Rhodes, that he had some reputation as a social reformer. But to Canadians the most interesting feature of the appointment, and certainly the one most discussed in the press, was his family name, his connection with the historic Liberalism of England, his association in this respect with memories of Lord Durham and the Report so often described as the Charter of Canada and of Colonial freedom. No doubt this condition had its influence upon the dominant Liberal-



EARL GREY

ism of the moment in Canada; one which any personal views of Lord Grey as to the Unionist issue could not offset and which his known opinion of the South African War could only increase.

He had not left England without some tactful words as to coming duties and responsibilities. A banquet in London on November 21st had given him the opportunity. In his speech the new Governor-General referred eulogistically to Canadian soldiers in South Africa and spoke of the loyalty which had so stirred the pulse of the Canadian people; described the skies of Canada as blue and the air like champagne; mentioned a visit to the Dominion in 1883 with Mr. Brodrick and his interest in then hearing an eloquent speech by the late Sir Adolphe Chapleau; and described the historic devotion of the United Empire Loyalists to the Crown. Two weeks before, at another banquet, he had expressed opinions which in a most unusual degree touched certain key-notes of Canadian feeling. In this speech he described partnership and not rule as the basis of Imperial relationship; spoke of the rich resources and splendid climate of Canada and its freer and less-crowded life; expressed pleasure at the growth of the movement for celebrating Empire Day; declared it to be the duty of every Englishman crossing the ocean to the United States to visit the Dominion, and spoke with enthusiasm of the future of the country over whose destinies he was going to preside: "It has been steadily engaged in planting its roots for future national greatness; it is now arriving at the blossoming stage. It is believed by those who are not only healthy and cheerful optimists but who take a very careful view of the future that the population of Canada will, in 1950, be larger than that of the United Kingdom to-day."

There were certain felicitous touches in this address which boded well for the future and indicated a clearness

of outlook upon local points of view in Canada which is not always discernible in the external observer. On December 10th the new Governor-General arrived at Halifax accompanied by the Countess Grey, Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, and his staff. Welcomed on landing by the General then in command of His Majesty's forces, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Honourable R. W. Scott on behalf of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Provincial Premier and his Government, the Mayor and City Council, Lord Grey and his family drove through streets lined with armed men and crowded observers, accompanied by a brilliant escort, to the historic chamber of the Legislative Council where he was sworn in by Mr. Justice Sedgewick, acting Chief Justice of Canada. Addresses were presented to His Excellency by the Government of Nova Scotia, and the Corporation of Halifax, and to Lady Grey from the National Council of Women. Other functions followed, and Ottawa was reached on the 13th. The following extract from a speech in reply to the civic address at the Capital will illustrate the nature of many succeeding speeches and reveal a form of eloquence which was not so much striking, or intense, or fervid in delivery as it was impressive and convincing:

"The blood is stirred and the imagination warmed by the contemplation of your vast territories, by the mysterious and fascinating silence of the undeveloped North, by the varied richness of your boundless resources, by the unsurpassed charm and splendour of the scenery and by the invigourating magnificence of your unrivaled climate. But there is one asset which you possess even more important than those to which I have referred, than those of area, riches, mystery, scenery and climate, namely that which is represented by your national character. If you do not jealously guard the sacred fire of that asset, the others to which I have referred will be as dross and as the crumbling clay. If, on the other hand, you keep, as your Address informs me you will keep, the character of your people high, strenuous, virile, imaginative, heroic and Imperial, no one can venture

to set a limit to the degree of influence which will be exercised on the future of mankind by the great Canadian nation composed as it is of all that is best in England, Scotland, Ireland and France and privileged, as it is, to be a factor of ever-increasing importance in that British Empire, representing already over 400,000,000 human beings, and which is the greatest and most beneficent organisation that has ever attempted to be the instrument of God on earth."

In Lord Grey's succeeding speeches during his whole term of office and in his policy, so far as a Governor-General can have a policy, there were certain lines of thought and utterance which he adhered to with persistence and presented with success or at least a minimum of criticism. The first was a clear recognition of the fundamental fact that there are two distinct races imbedded in Canadian history and sharing in Canada's development; the second a keen belief in and frequent reference to the splendid material progress of the Dominion and the most vivid optimism as to its future; the third was a vigorous enunciation of the desirability of Canadians sharing in Imperial defence and helping, as soon as they were able, to bear the burdens in this respect of the motherland; the fourth was an unflinching, ever-pressed appeal to the higher instincts of the people in moral reform, political purity and British ideals of life and citizenship; the fifth was quick and obvious recognition of the commercial and financial and transportation needs of Canada. Incidentally, too, he reached a high level of treatment in the topic of international peace and arbitration upon more than one occasion, and voiced a good many Canadian aspirations in certain speeches as to the United States and Canada and the future relations of the two countries with each other and with the United Kingdom.

On March 14th of the first year of his stay in Canada Lord Grey touched the French-Canadian issue with skilful words in addressing the Ottawa Saint Jean Baptiste Society: "I notice with much pleasure that an object

of your Society is to conserve your beautiful French language in all its purity, for the purpose of enabling you to render, in the most eloquent expressions the human tongue can command, the homage of your hearts to the British institutions under which you live and under which you enjoy a measure of liberty and security which I do not believe would be obtainable for you under any other rule." At Laval University, Quebec, a little later (June 19th) he referred to the Rhodes Scholarships as a precious advantage to Canadian universities and hoped that French and English would alike avail themselves of the opportunities offered. "We are all members of a vast Empire where all can aspire to the highest careers. If I have any advice to give to the students of Laval I would tell them to emulate the example of their predecessors and devote their efforts to God, their King, and the People." Speaking in the same city on August 15th, at the unveiling of a South African monument, the Governor-General made a speech which appealed at once to the personal instincts of liberty in the French people, to the love of local rights and powers, and even to the popular Liberalism of the times:

"The struggle which shook the foundations of continents one hundred years ago was a death struggle, not between French and English, but between the principles of liberty, of freedom and of self-government, as opposed to those of despotism, militarism and centralised tyranny; and it is because French-Canadians recognise that the spirit of freedom is sheltered in the folds of our British flag—which has become to them the symbol of their liberties and the assurance of their rights—that they have on repeated occasions shown their readiness to die for it and to prove themselves, together with the English-Canadians, the most loyal and devoted sons of an Empire which stands for freedom, justice and equal rights all over the world. It would have been surprising if the object for which the British Crown fought in South Africa had not appealed to the enthusiasm of French no less than of English-Canadians, for the struggle in

South Africa was not between Boer and Briton alone. Again we fought for principles; we fought to secure equal rights between the Briton and the Boer; we fought to rescue British South Africa from the insupportable domination of a corrupt and exclusive oligarchy; we fought for the principles of Papineau as opposed to those of the Family Compact; we fought in order that our fellow subjects in South Africa should obtain the same rights that you English and French-Canadians enjoy in the Province of Quebec and in every other Province of this Dominion."

There is almost a volume in that clear, concise, brief, and yet adequate description of an Empire-wide problem. The Boer might disagree with it; the old-time Loyalist and Tory certainly would; but the Boer is defeated, and the Tory is dead; so that it can be taken as a very tactful and clever description of the situation. In this French-Canadian connection there occurred the most conspicuous and picturesque event of Lord Grey's vice-royalty. Arising out of a Quebec City proposal for a Dominion grant to aid in a local and Provincial celebration of Champlain's founding of Quebec, the Governor-General took hold of the idea and enlarged it into a movement to establish a great national park on the scene of Montcalm and Wolfe's memorable battle and to turn a French-Canadian fête into a national and imperial and international demonstration. His Excellency appears to have interested the Government in his larger ideas; he got the Canadian Clubs together and they proved a factor in the result; he interested the press also. Finally, with the Prince of Wales as the chief guest, with the United States Vice-President in attendance and representatives of France participating, with a great fleet of warships in the Saint Lawrence, and 10,000 Canadian troops under arms on the Plains of Abraham, with delegates present from South Africa and Australia and Newfoundland, and pageants which portrayed in splendid style the early events of Canadian history, Earl Grey, in July, 1908, scored a brilliant suc-

cess and was able to inaugurate at a cost of \$450,000 the National Battlefields Park.

The Quebec Tercentenary was indeed a triumph of tact, a tribute paid by success to the clever management of apparently conflicting conditions. To turn a proposed demonstration in honour of the French discovery, settlement and occupation of Canada into a combined celebration of that event and of the conquest of French Canada by the British; to bring French sailors and ships, dramatic pictures of the French régime and evidences of the *entente cordiale* between France and Britain into a full blaze of Canadian publicity, side by side with an overwhelming evidence of British naval strength and such a striking picture of power as the *Indomitable* resting under the shadow of the rock of Quebec; to evoke a mimic presentation of the glories of the Court of Henri IV. only to equal or exceed it by the stately ceremonial surrounding a visit of the heir to the throne of Edward VII.; to create a condition in which the Vice-President of the United States could, with dignity to himself and credit to his nation, share in compliments to the race which had helped in the making of Canada and had aided his own Republic in obtaining its independence, while, at the same time, he was paying honour to the British Empire of to-day; all this involved skill and statecraft and stands in great part to the credit of the outgoing Governor-General of Canada.

Lord Grey's belief in Canada's present and future greatness may be shared by many, but it has been rarely, if ever, expressed in such strong terms as he has freely used. Before reaching our shores he had predicted in fifty years a greater population than that of Britain; in his very first speech at Toronto he declared that before the end of the new century Canada would equal the United States in everything that makes a great nation; on another oc-

casian he described Canada as a treasure-chest rather than an ice-box, and elsewhere referred to himself in a colloquialism of the day as "a booster rather than a knocker;" to the school-boys of Toronto, on Empire Day, 1909, he urged devotion to the Empire not only because of its traditions and achievements but because "every Canadian knows that it is only a matter of time before Canada becomes the most populous, the most wealthy and, if its people live the right life, the most important part of the British Empire;" to the Canadian Mining Institute at Montreal in the same year he spoke of Canada as having "the largest area of unprospected mineral country in the world." This confidence in Canada's future greatness led him naturally upon many occasions to speak of the question of Imperial defence.

In Lord Grey's speeches upon this topic of defence, it may be frankly admitted by the most advanced Imperialist that, while they obviously represented the Governor-General's inmost and earnest convictions, they did not always embody the opinion of Canada which is, even yet, in a state of ebb and flow. They were delivered amid circumstances of some difficulty, and they did, unquestionably, mark a rather new departure. Hitherto, even in those unique speeches of Lord Dufferin's which, thirty years after their delivery, can still stir the pulse of any lover of British institutions and Empire unity, the tendency had been to deal in generalities, beautiful abstractions, broad principles of admitted force but of no specific application. Lord Grey, in a few months, changed this practice of his predecessors into one of touching practical points of national and local development, making suggestions along lines of Imperial or international relationship, entering boldly into new Empire fields of trade and defence and migration. To the Toronto Club (April 24, 1905) during his first visit to that city he touched the key-

note of many subsequent speeches and at a time when the subject was new to many minds:

"I would ask you with great respect not to forget that it is the arm of the Old Mother which is keeping the door of Asia open for Canadian trade, and that it is the fleet of the Old Mother which is keeping the way to that open door clear; and yet Canada does not contribute a single ship or a single dollar to this imperial service. Do not think that I complain. The people of the United Kingdom do not complain. Burdened as the old country is with debt which she has incurred in building up the British Empire; burdened as she is with the maintenance of a poverty to which this young land is fortunately a stranger, and which is the saddest part of the inheritance in her splendid achievements, the lion heart of old England is proud to think that the little islands set in the silver seas across the Atlantic, so small that they could be swallowed up thirty times in your vast Dominion, are yet carrying, practically single-handed, the whole burden of Empire."

At Quebec on August 22nd, 1906; at Toronto, on November 29th; at Saint John and Halifax, in August, 1907; at Port Hope, on October 15th; to the Australian Press Delegates in 1909 on their way to Britain; at Victoria, British Columbia, later in that year; at the laying of the cornerstones of the Parliament buildings in Edmonton and Regina; at Winnipeg and Calgary during this Western trip, and on other occasions, Lord Grey repeated and amplified and pressed home these or similar views, with the reiterated belief expressed in varied forms that as soon as Canadians were able to do so they would carry out their duty in Imperial defence. On the tariff question, preferential problems, the fiscal issue as it developed in Britain, he never spoke in public. As to the constitutional phase of closer union he was also reserved, but at a Canadian Club luncheon in Vancouver (September 25th, 1906) he was drawn out by the chairman, F. C. Wade, K.C., who asked him the direct question: "What is our destiny?" The answer was explicit: "I do not come here with a scheme of

Imperial federation, but in speaking along the line to which the Chairman has given expression I might say that the Dominion has only to ask England to admit her into the councils of her Parliament, and if she is prepared to assume her share of obligations in relation to the Empire, I venture to say, not speaking officially but personally, that she will receive the warmest response. I have often had a dream that while former schemes of federation had been the pressure of necessity, the real federation of the British Empire may yet be founded on a basis of self-respect, and that the self-respect to which your Chairman has given expression may be the impelling motive toward the realisation of that dream."

Any appeal to the higher moral sensibilities of our people comes easily and appropriately from a man of Lord Grey's personality. Replying to the Toronto Civic Address in 1905 he asked Canadians to be foremost in "subordinating personal advantage to the common good;" in Winnipeg a little later he spoke of his belief in what he termed "the religion of the British Empire" as a power fashioned by Providence for the promotion of all that is best in man; on another occasion he asked the Canadian Club in the same city to make Winnipeg felt throughout Canada for an ideal which would "esteem honour above success, service and sacrifice above selfishness and greed, all that makes for true nobility and efficiency above the pursuit of self-indulgence;" toward the close of 1907 he asked the women of Canada, through the Women's Canadian Club at Montreal, to "shut the doors of their homes against men who corrupt domestic or national life or who in sport, in business, or in politics, hit below the belt."

The tremendous progress, the potential development of Canada seems to have gripped His Excellency's imagination from the start. Almost at once—in the Toronto Club address

already quoted—he broached the idea which was then quite new of a great future development in Canada's Oriental trade and Oriental interests; to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association a little later he declared that Canada should be "the stepping-stone of trade throughout the Empire" and that the mails for the United States should come *via* Canada; to the Vancouver Board of Trade in 1906 and in a speech which aroused local enthusiasm he stated that "Nature, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the British fleet" had together given and secured to Canada the shortest and best route between Europe and Asia; in Toronto, not long afterwards, he spoke of the half-million dollars' worth of goods Canada was sending to the East while the United States sent fifty millions worth; and he described the chief requisites of the moment as being (1) the foundation of a great Oriental trade, (2) the perfecting of a transportation system east and west, (3) the increasing of the labour supply. In 1907 he went to England avowedly to help forward Sir Wilfrid Laurier's scheme of an All-Red steamship line.

Lord Grey undoubtedly helped in making his administration remarkable for a great advance in friendly relations with the United States. He was, no doubt, responsible for the visit of Mr. J. H. Choate to Ottawa early in 1906, which led to the notable Pilgrim's Club Dinner of that year in New York, when the Governor-General covered in eloquent terms the whole ground of relationship amongst English-speaking peoples, and yet eulogised to the full Canada's independent position and the stimulation of its splendid hopes apart from the United States. He had much to do with the succeeding visit of Mr. Root, United States Secretary of State, the many visits to Ottawa of Mr. Bryce, the new British Ambassador at Washington, the initiation at least of the various treaties negotiated with the

Republic toward the end of his term of office. The Arbitration and Peace Congress at New York in 1907 and the negotiations in this present year for averting a tariff war with the United States were both notable for discriminating, useful, and practical, speeches given by Lord Grey at the right time and in the right place with the right ring and with obvious effect.

As to the rest, only a little more can be said here. Much might still be told of speech and act, but they must lie in the realm of history rather than in the briefer and brighter pages of magazine literature. A few general references only can be made. Lord Grey by tactful intervention at the right moment obtained, or at least hastened, the construction of a provincial gaol in Montreal. During all his years of office he showed a vigorous interest in the forestry movement and the general question of protecting Canadian natural resources. He was an almost enthusiastic supporter of the Canadian Club movement and a speaker at their meetings whenever and wherever opportunity permitted. In a visit to Newfoundland during 1906 he sowed the seeds of a new and perhaps fruitful friendliness to Canada. As a patron of rifle and military associations he was earnest and active; as a traveller over Canada's vast domain

he was most energetic and observant and as an advertiser of Canada's resources he has been consistent and continuous in his efforts.

Enough has, perhaps, been said here to indicate the elements which have made for success in Lord Grey's administration and to throw some light upon the qualities necessary for the attainment of that end in Canada. It is not an easy country to rule and, although the Governor-General must be aloof from and above the stormy struggles of politics, and can only use the magic touch of tactful influence and experienced advice so far as legislation is concerned, he yet stands for much in the nation and the Empire. He embodies British power and is the one visible link between the King and our people; he represents history and tradition and ceremonial and much in forms of government that the average Canadian has never seen. He is a diplomatic factor of unquestioned influence, and should be a constant power for good in the smoothing away of obstacles upon the path of this Canadian wheel of Empire. That Lord Grey has done something, has done much, to this end, is very high praise, but it is a tribute which Canadian opinion now accords him and one which Canadian history will emblazon upon its pages.



"A SOUL'S TRAGEDY"

[AN APPRECIATION

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

THIS drama differs from Browning's other plays in three respects, particularly. It is the shortest ("In a Balcony" not being classed as formal drama); it uses verse throughout the first of its two acts, and prose throughout the second; and, lastly, it is, more peculiarly than any other of the eight, a person-play, the tragedy of a single character, *Chiappino*. *Chiappino* is the building; the others, so to speak, are the scaffolding. As Arthur Symonds has said: "*Eulalia* is an observer, *Luitolfo* a foil, *Ogniben* a touchstone." Browning himself, in a letter to Alfred Domett, written May 22nd, 1842, promises soon to "finish a wise metaphysical play (about a great mind and soul turning to ill.)" It appeared in 1846, with "*Luria*," as the last of the plays, and is frankly a study-drama rather than an acting performance, being intensely subjective in point of both scene and movement, hence characteristically a Browning creation.

It is interesting to find from the letters of Robert Browning and Miss Barrett written in 1846 that there was some initial difference between them touching "A Soul's Tragedy." Its author, fatigued by long dramatic effort, and aware that the response his work was meeting with was somehow not of the sort his soul was an-hungering for, let his doubts turn traitors, and seriously questioned the worth of this play, and the wisdom of publishing it. Miss Barrett was

clearer-sighted, and became in this troubled time, as not seldom before and thereafter, Browning's better angel of understanding and comfort, who "fired his bad one out." I subjoin those passages from their correspondence that touch the matter:

Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett Barrett,—

"February 11th, 1846.

"For the 'Soul's Tragedy'—that will surprise you, I think. There is no trace of you there,—you have not put out the black face of it—it is all sneering and disillusion— and shall not be printed but burned if you say the word—now wait and see and then say. I will bring the first of the two parts next Saturday."

"February 13th, 1846.

"Two nights ago I read the 'Soul's Tragedy' once more, and though there were not a few points which still struck me as successful in design and execution, yet on the whole I came to a decided opinion, that it will be better to postpone the publication of it for the present. It is not a good ending, an auspicious wind-up of this series; subject-matter and style are alike unpopular even for the literary *græz* that stands aloof from the purer *plebs*, and uses that privilege to display and parade an ignorance which the other is altogether unconscious of—so that, if '*Luria*' is clearish, the 'Tragedy' would be an unnecessary troubling the waters. Whereas, if I printed it first in order, my readers, according to custom, would make the (comparatively) little they did not see into, a full excuse for shutting their eyes at the rest, and we may as well part friends, so as not to meet enemies. But, at bottom, I believe the proper objection is to the immediate, first effect of the whole—its moral effect—which is dependent on the contrary supposition of its being really

understood, in the main drift of it. Yet I don't know: for I wrote it with the intention of producing the best of all effects—perhaps the truth is, that I am tired, rather, and desirous of getting done, and 'Luria' will answer my purpose so far. . . . I have lost, of late, interest in dramatic writing, as you know, and, perhaps, occasion."

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett to Robert Browning,—

"March 10th, 1846.

"I read your 'Soul's Tragedy' last night and was quite possessed with it, and fell finally into a mute wonder how you could for a moment doubt about publishing it. It is very vivid, I think, and vital, and impressed me more than the first act of 'Luria,' though I do not mean to compare such dissimilar things, and for pure nobleness 'Luria' is unapproachable—will prove so, it seems to me. But this 'Tragedy' shows more heat from the first, and then, the words beat down more closely. . . . well! I am struck by it all as you see. If you keep it up to this passion, if you justify this high keynote, it is a great work, and worthy of a place next 'Luria.' And do observe how excellently balanced the two will be, and how the tongue of this next silver Bell will swing from side to side. And you to frighten me about it! Yes, and the worst is (because it was stupid in me) the worst is that I half believed you and took the manuscript to be something inferior—for you—and the advisableness of its publication, a doubtful case. And yet, after all, the really worst is, that you should prove yourself such an adept at deceiving! For can it be possible that the same

'Robert Browning'

who (I heard the other day) said once that he could 'wait three hundred years,' should not feel the life of centuries in this work too—can it be? Why, all the pulses of the life of it are beating in even my ears!"

Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett Barrett,—

"March 30th, 1846.

"How you surprise me (whatever you may think) by liking that 'Tragedy'!"

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett to Robert Browning,—

"March 30th, 1846.

"But, to go to the 'Tragedy'—I am not to admire it . . . am I? And you really think that anyone who can think . . . feel . . . could help such an admiration, or ought to try to help

it? Now just see. It is a new work with your mark on it. That is . . . it would make some six or sixteen works for other people, if 'cut up into little stars'—rolled out . . . diluted with rain-water. But it is your work as it is—and if you do not care for that, I care, and shall remember to care on. It is a work full of power and significance, and I am not at all sure (not that it is wise to make comparisons, but that I want you to understand how I am impressed!)—I am not at all sure that if I knew you now first and only by these two productions . . . 'Luria' and the 'Tragedy,' . . . I should not involuntarily attribute more power and a higher faculty to the writer of the last—I should, I think—yet 'Luria' is a completer work . . . I know it very well. Such thoughts, you have, in the second part of the 'Tragedy'! A 'Soul's Tragedy' indeed! No one thinks like you—other poets talk like the merest women in comparison. Why, it is full of hope for both of us, to look forward and consider what you may achieve with that combination of authority over the reasons and the passions, and the wonderful variety of the plastic power! But I am going to tell you—Certainly, I think you were right (though you know I doubted and cried out) I think now you were right in omitting the theological argument you told me of, from this second part. It would clog the action, and already I am half-inclined to fancy it a little clogged in one or two places—but if this is true even, it would be easy to lighten it. Your Ogniben (here is my only criticism in the way of objection) seems to me almost too wise for a crafty worldling—tell me if he is not! Such thoughts, for the rest, you are prodigal of! That about the child . . . do you remember how you brought it to me in your first visit, nearly a year ago?"

"April 5th, 1846.

"To-morrow I shall force you to tell me how you like the 'Tragedy' now? For my part, it delights me—and must raise your reputation as a poet and thinker . . . must. Chiappino is highly dramatic in that first part, and speaks so finely sometimes that it is a wrench to one's sympathies to find him overthrown. Do you know that, as far as the temper of the man goes, I am acquainted with a Chiappino . . . just such a man, in the temper, the pride and the bitterness . . . not in other things. . . . Though I shall not tell you the other name of mine."

"April 17th, 1846.

"The 'Soul's Tragedy' is wonderful—it suggests the idea of more various

power than was necessary to the completion of 'Luria' . . . though in itself not a comparable work. But you never wrote more vivid dramatic dialogue than that first part—it is exquisite art, it appears to me. Tell me what the people say!—and tell me what the gods say . . . Landor, for instance!"

"April 28th, 1846.

"That 'Tragedy' has wonderful things in it—thoughts, suggestions . . . and more and more I feel that you never did better dialogue than in the first part. Every pulse of it is alive and individual—dramatic dialogue of the best. Nobody in the world could write such dialogue—now, you know, you must be patient and 'make as maid,' being in the course of the forty-nine days of enduring praises. Praises, instead of 'bangs'!!—consider that it might be worse!—dicit ipsissima Ba."

Miss Barreett, as has been indicated, won the debate. Her growing love must have helped her insight and her insight her utterance, for her criticisms here are more just than some of her early remarks touching "Luria." We may share her enthusiasm for the power and felicity of the dialogue in Act I., and carry over much of our admiration into Act II. as well, for "the prose of *Chiappino's* life," though less emotionally grateful and appealing, is as dramatically convincing as the poetry. Its quick, subtle, nervous cadences are borne along by a marvellous comprehension and humour, and *Chiappino's* fervid falseness, his animated special pleading, crowds itself on into an excess that undeceives at last even its author, and condemns him into silence and banishment.

For *Chiappino* is self-condemned, not Browning-condemned. It is difficult to sympathise with Professor Rolfe's and Miss Hersey's statement that "we realise that for him [*Chiappino*] there is no hope," that Browning here "shows us a veritable tragedy—a soul lost beyond the possibility of recall." It does not seem to me that Browning's work anywhere shows us this, and precisely for the reason that his philosophy of life does not conceive of such a possibility.

"There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of our days? Have we withered or agonised?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?"

These are the words of Browning's "Abt Vogler," and they are echoed in many another of the dramatic monologues and in the *Reverie* in "Asolando," where Browning speaks out directly to his reader. Indeed, if *Chiappino* were irredeemable, his would not be a tragedy at all, in any vital sense. What constitutes a "veritable" tragedy? This, it would seem—that evil is *chosen in lieu* of good, not that it *conquers* good. "A Soul's Tragedy" is the story of two great choices,—one noble, the other ignoble; one impulsively good, the other deliberately bad; one tainted with the alloy of excited pride in the picturesque, the other happily though almost imperceptibly relieved by self-deception in addition to other-deception,—a self-deception that bears within it not merely the germ of punishment but also the need and warrant of potential redemption. For the *Chiappino* that slinks off at the close of the play is better worth our regret

and regard than the *Chiappino* who fences so ineffectively with the wise and wily *Ogniben*. Like *Sebald* in "Pippa Passes," he at last knows, even though he be lost,

" . . . which is the better, never fear,
Of vice or virtue, purity or lust,
Nature or trick! I see what I have done
Entirely now! Oh, I am proud to feel
Such torments—let the world take credit
thence—
I, having done my deed, pay too its
price!"

And it is precisely this mood of awakening remorse that, confessing all, and expecting no forgiveness, is therefore forgiven all and saved against the loss it despairingly embraces. *Chiappino's* silence and departure are as eloquent in their way as *Sebald's* passion of remorse. They are his first means of becoming himself again. Browning's whole point here is that there is no final loss; that so to believe is the only heresy; that every tragedy, however dark and awful, is a messenger and minister of the stern kindness that made and pervades the universe. In *Luitolfo's* last speech and *Ogniben's* there are two sayings that not only reflect the dramatic situation of the moment, but also by implication suggest the future of *Chiappino*. "Having taken thought, I am grown stronger," says *Luitolfo*; and *Ogniben*,—"You must get better as you get older." For his part, Browning very clearly sees and insistently declares that the poet, like God, judges that he may save, and for that alone.

On the other, more directly apparent, side, that of the actual present falseness and weakness of *Chiappino*, the psychological analysis and dramatic developing are wrought out with admirable skill. The *Chiappino* who regards himself alone as prime patriot, true lover, understanding friend, and whose blinded vision induces the betrayal of his own root-honour, thereafter experiences a slowly clearing insight that reveals him to himself as unpatriotic, unlov-

ing, disloyal. Yet he will not even then forego his situation, since it seems to him to spell a power at least that was never his before. But here still he misinterprets, for there is no power, says Browning, but the power that is based on love, that is love, and it is not until he learns this truth that *Chiappino* sees at last his soul's tragedy and makes ready to close this specific account in his spiritual history. The silence for which he professes so much partiality at the beginning of the play is the silence of a nature so preoccupied with its own superior impulses as to become moodily scornful of others' regards and antagonisms alike. "I can't be silent," he cries to *Eulalia* at the novel moment of his impulsive and not unheroic acceptance of *Luitolfo's* deed and punishment. But his speeches that follow are rightly expressed in prose, for he is speaking thereafter unvital words merely galvanised into a semblance of sincerity. His final silence fitly interprets him, so far as the motive of the drama is concerned, for though Browning by implication does not despair of *Chiappino's* future, yet he does mean this: that *Chiappino*, despite unusual insight and equipment, has so given himself over to a loveless self-seeking, a glamorous insincerity, that the illness of his soul can find its cure only in death. And *Chiappino's* soul does die,—that it *must* is its tragedy—only, it is conceivably born again. Indeed, if we could but see deeply enough, we should see tragedy lurking and moving in every moment of every life. As the fine-spirited Lanier has written:

"My soul is like the oar that momentarily
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the
wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the
sea:
Each second I'm new-born from some
new grave."

There are, perhaps, two dramatic weaknesses in the second act, though these seem almost inevitable when we

consider the need of indicating the change in conditions by means of chat and conversation. The device of "talk" among the bystanders is ancient and effective enough, yet it may be questioned whether the First Bystander does not see too far into the characters of both *Chiappino* and *Ogniben* to sustain his own casual relation thereto with convincing reality. He may, of course, be a *Tertium Quid* sort of man, but even so, he seems to see too clearly to sustain even that likeness well, and is rather reminiscent of the Greek Chorus, saying what he will without strict dramatic occasion. Even more questionable is *Luitolfo's* long aside (beginning, "I understand the drift of *Eulalia's* communication less than ever.") To the present writer's thinking, this

passage seems more unfortunately stagey than any other in Browning, and, so far as dictional fitness or dramatic verisimilitude is concerned, might almost as well have been abruptly interpolated as a first-hand author's explanation. If Browning's early unease regarding "A Soul's Tragedy" did not take this passage into account, and if he were not *always* uneasy with particular reference thereto, I shall have seriously mis-conceived its local value and his poetic temper.

Yet these are sun-spots only, for this drama is as a sun in the warmth of its humanity and the clearness of the images it projects, of justice and injustice, love and selfishness, heroism and temporising, even of life and death.

TO SLEEP

By ALAN SULLIVAN

OUT of what boundless ocean cometh this tide
 To blot out all the headlands of our day?
 It calls not, but it whispers, and we stray
 Into its ghostly arms, well satisfied
 That gilded hope and tears and love and pride
 Should for a little season pass away:
 The ivory gates unfold, till, faint and gray
 The undiscovered country stretches wide.
 Our night is the soul's day-time, and no care,
 No languor doth oppress it, all its hours
 Are measured by our slumbers; it replies
 To mystic questionings from the outer air,
 Looks up to heaven to renew its powers,
 And flashes its quick answer to the skies.

MAKING THE RAILWAYS SERVE THE PEOPLE

HOW THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION IS
WORKING OUT THE TASK OF REGULATING THE COMMON CARRIERS

BY LEONARD F. EARL

ARE you concerned with the services which the common carriers render to the country? If you are a merchant doing business in any city, town or village in Canada; if you are a manufacturer producing articles which are being distributed from your shops and warehouses among the purchasing public; if you are a grower of wheat, a shipper of live stock, a farmer on the prairie, or merely a transient traveller, you will be compelled to answer this question affirmatively.

In other words, if you come under any one of these classes, or if you are engaged in any business or industrial occupation, you are brought into direct contact with the railways and you must be concerned with the legislation which controls their operations. By means of that legislation in Canada, where the *per capita* railway mileage is greater than in any other country in the world, more disputes have been settled at less cost during the five years just past than were adjusted in the whole half century immediately before.

A prominent Canadian Pacific Railway official in the West, speaking recently of the Canadian railway legislation and of the time when the Railway Act was being read in the House of Commons, said: "One would have naturally supposed that the

Canadian Government, fearful of discouraging railway construction at a time when it was sorely needed, would have moved slowly in the matter of enacting a railway regulation measure which in the United States, at least, would have been considered drastic. But the Government saw clearly that while additional transportation facilities were of vital importance, at the same time efficient railway regulation was an absolute necessity to the development of the West, and, instead of resorting to dilatory tactics, it met the situation squarely." In citing this opinion he was referring to the present Railway Act and the work of the Board of Railway Commissioners, which has been exercising its authority over railways in Canada for the five years just past.

Whenever you hear a condemnation of the Commission and its powers you may rest assured that it is the complaint of some one who has not watched its workings since its inauguration. It speaks directly to the people and the corporation, saying to the former, "It is our intention to go to you and see that you get a square deal," and replying to the latter, "We will not permit these high-handed actions which have frequently been practised in the past. We must see that you give fair and reasonable

treatment to the public, and at the same time we wish to see you secured from the piratical attacks of competitors, and will not allow you to be besieged with unwarranted and uncalled-for complaints."

This is exactly the attitude of the Railway Commission. To enforce its orders, it has greater powers and command of a more extensive system than any other administrative body in Canada. Its jurisdiction reaches from Sydney, Cape Breton, to Dawson City, Yukon Territory, and, speaking to a population of over seven million people distributed over half a continent, it has more than two hundred corporations under its control, more than half of them railways, with the remainder composed of telegraph, telephone or express companies operated in connection with the railways. It deals with five hundred distinct industries, and the public is to-day making six thousand requests annually for its services. From March 1st, 1908, until March 1st, 1909, it issued 2,249 orders and disposed of 2,742 other applications without the necessity of a hearing.

The railway corporations of Canada are operating more than 25,000 miles of road. The total capital paid in, including share capital, bonded debt and amounts representing government and municipal aid, is almost \$1,550,000,000. These great arteries of commerce carry 80,000,000 passengers annually and 65,000,000 tons of freight, in connection with which there is employed an army of 200,000 helpers to whom is paid in salary every year the enormous sum of \$40,000,000, which year by year increases. In ten years there has been a growth in actual mileage of two hundred per cent. The respective revenues and expenditures of the Canadian railways are annually over twice as much as those of the Federal Government. The importance of a commission which regulates a service of this magnitude can thereby be adjudged.

By reason of the work of such a

board not only the corporations but private individuals can approach the railway and get redress within a reasonable time. Formerly, complaints of trivial abuses and injustices when received were usually shelved for a time for matters of greater importance, and if they were not altogether forgotten it was often months before they received consideration. Now the big and the little fare alike, and an adequate regulatory law demands action in every instance. The smallest order which the Commission makes is as binding and obligatory as its weightiest judgment.

The achievement of this method of dealing with the common carriers of the country occupied a period of seventy-two years. Back in 1832 a special act incorporated the Champlain and Saint Lawrence Railway. This was the first instance of railway legislation in Canada. Two years later other special acts incorporated the Cobourg Railway and the London and Gore Railway Company. The statute empowered the incorporators to hold real estate for the purpose of the railway only, to construct "a double or single iron or wooden railroad or way, to carry passengers, goods and property either in carriages used and propelled by the force of steam, or by the power of animals or by any mechanical or other power or by any combination of power" which the company might choose to employ. They could "collect tolls on all goods, merchandise and passengers using or occupying the said double or single iron or wooden railroad or way, and erect and maintain such toll houses and other buildings as might be required for their purposes." In case of dispute with the landowners arbitration was to be employed. Provisions were also made to regulate the internal affairs of the management of the corporation and for limiting the time within which actions for damages could be brought. And most conspicuous of all was a clause common to nearly all of these

early charters which conferred public franchises, providing for a reversion of the franchise to the Government after certain periods set by the statute, usually from thirty to fifty years. Government ownership of public utilities as a public question was before the people over half a century ago.

When more railways began to be projected in Canada, and there was no general statute under which they could operate, special powers being given to each, the railway administration was not long in becoming hopelessly complicated. Between 1834 and 1851 the number of railway enterprises applying for incorporation in Canada rapidly increased. In the latter year the Railway Clauses Consolidation Act, a statute modelled after the English Railway Act of 1845, became law, but further progress and development and repeated changes soon demonstrated that the railway legislation of the country was neither uniform nor regulatory. In 1888 the statute was consolidated and re-enacted, and this new Railway Act had tacked to it eleven amending statutes before the final move was taken which resulted in the present Commission.

In deference to the demands of the public that some tribunal be established where grievances against railway corporations could be heard and settled, the present law was enacted. The outlines of the Act were recommended by Professor S. J. McLean, professor in that branch of the department of political economy at the University of Toronto, having special reference to transportation and commerce, when in 1901 he was appointed by the Dominion Government to investigate the whole matter of transportation and freight charges. Thereupon he suggested the appointment of a Commission as a substitute for the Railway Committee of the Privy Council, the previous body exercising jurisdiction over railways, at the same time recommending great care in the definition of the powers

to be conferred. Two years later the Railway Act, following on the whole the report of Professor McLean, became law.

Never before in Canada, nor indeed in any country, has a more ample machinery been provided for dealing with disputes arising out of the operation of railways. The powers conferred upon the Commission cover such a field and are laid down with such detail, that no matter is too small nor no crisis too large to receive attention. The law substantially recognises that the matters to be dealt with are not so much matters of "formal judicial procedure as matters concerned with administration and policy." The Commissioners may frame whatever rules they think fit, and the Commission as such is a court of record with an official seal judicially recognised. A court of record is one whose records are absolutely authoritative, as distinguished from courts not of record or inferior courts whose proceedings must in every case be proved like other facts.

So extensive have been the powers given for the purpose of regulating the public service that the Board has full jurisdiction to hear and determine all questions whether of law or of fact. It may investigate into any act done or omitted to be done in violation of the Act or of any of its orders; it may examine all the books, records, contracts or documents of any corporation over which it rules, and compel their production at its hearing; it may take evidence by commission in a foreign country and it prescribes the manner in which annual reports are made in each of its five departments.

Every railway accident resulting in death or injury must be reported to the Board and full investigation may be made and an order may be issued if the cause of such accident was any defect in mechanical appliances or operation. Five accident inspectors, each with certain sections of the Dominion assigned to him, report every

MAKING THE RAILWAYS SERVE THE PEOPLE

occurrence under this department. One inspector at first was in charge of all these inspections, but the numerous complaints received regarding railway equipment generally made additions imperative, and besides the regular inspectors there is now a special expert on railway equipment and safety appliances.

The Commission has even wider powers than this. Should occasion require, its members and experts have the right of entry on and inspection of any railway property; it may make orders limiting the speed of trains in cities, towns and villages; it may even regulate the method and means of passing from one car to another and likewise for the safety of railway employees; it may make any order that seems fit for the prevention of fires and protection generally; it may order that proper shelter be provided for railway employees while on duty; it may provide means for due protection of property, the employees of the company and the public with respect to rolling stock, apparatus, cattle-guards, appliances, signals, methods, devices, structures and works to be used upon the railway; it may fix maximum freight and passenger rates which may be charged or prescribe tariffs to be enforced, and generally do or order anything which will give the public and the corporation a square deal.

Not a single mile of new railway can be operated by any railway corporation without the approval of the Commission. Whenever the Canadian Pacific or the Canadian Northern sends out a branch line across the prairie, as soon as the rails are laid and the track properly ballasted, the engineer or some other competent official must give notice to the Commission by affidavit that such road is, in his opinion, sufficiently completed for the carriage of traffic, and thereupon requests the Board to authorise the same to be opened for such purpose. An expert inspecting engineer is commissioned to make a thorough ex-

amination of the road and upon his report depends whether or not the new line will be immediately opened. Whenever the people of Vancouver or Wainwright or Edmonton complain that they are not receiving a service the moment a new road comes within their limits, it is because the Railway Commission has not given its sanction and has not allowed the new line to be taken over from the engineering branch by the operating department. The law demands that there must be a service which is safe, adequate and reasonable. Herein lies the benefit to the public. There is a mutual benefit to the corporation. Until a railway is officially declared to be open for public traffic the company is not subject to the liabilities of common carriers, nor bound as such to carry whatever traffic is offered.

The same inspection is applied to all interlocking plants, highway crossings, subways, bridges, culverts, road diversions, grade revisions, and any change in or addition to equipment or mechanical appliance. Between April 1st, 1906, and March 31st, 1907, the engineering department under the Commission made 134 official inspections, either of new road or of some matter pertaining to mechanical appliance. The following year the number was increased to 256, and for the year that closed on March 31st, 1909, the work of the five inspectors was embodied in 333 official inspections which covered every branch of the mechanical department. Of the inspections of new railway in five years, seventy per cent. of the total mileage represented was in the three Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan.

When the Railway Board was organised it incurred upon the country a liability of \$250 a day, which has been increased substantially during its five years' existence. The portion of the public which has come into contact with its work judges that if its cost were twenty times as much its maintenance even then would be

but a fraction of the value of its services to the country.

What has the Railway Board done? Has it used its great powers for the common good? These questions may be decisively answered by looking at its records. The very first year it was in existence it listened to 1,009 applications, formal and informal, and in accordance with its powers issued 405 orders. Since then its work has been more than trebled. From April 1st, 1908, to March 31st, 1909, it had 3,479 applications from which were issued 2,249 official orders, an average of ten requests daily, some single ones of which affected capital representing \$10,000,000 and fifty thousand people. Its record since its inauguration, up to March 31st, 1909, may be estimated again when one considers it has disposed of 12,036 applications, given 6,799 orders in connection with which there has been filed in the record department 152,794 folios of testimony and evidence. To do this required 289 public sittings.

Instead of three commissioners as at first provided for, there are now six. Many additions have had to be made in the various departments. At present there are five commissioners holding sessions, the vacancy caused by the recent death of one of the members not having been filled at the time of writing.

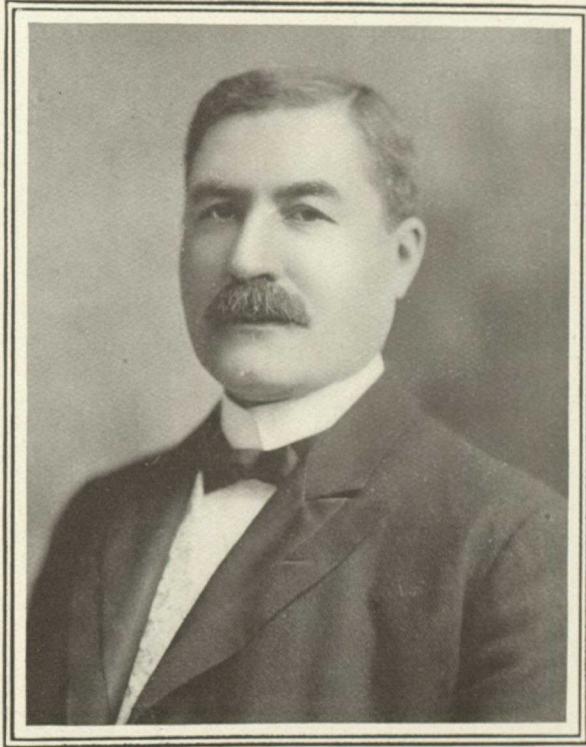
The Board held its first public sitting in temporary premises in the western block of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa on February 9th, 1904. The first application heard was that of the Vancouver, Westminster and Yukon Railway Company to rescind or vary an order of the Railway Committee of the Privy Council. One of the first orders issued on March 9th, 1904, was one permitting railway companies to continue their reduced fares to clergymen, and to students of universities, colleges and schools, to and from their homes.

As various as were the powers conferred upon the Board, so right at the commencement were the applications

correspondingly diversified. Unreasonableness of rates, discrimination, demurrage charges, freight classifications, which affect the public generally, and matters which relate to the operation of railways, railway crossings and junctions, highway crossings, farm crossings, and the expropriation of land for railway purposes, which affect localities and individuals, these formed the bulk of the complaints for the first two years.

The Canadian farmer who has seen thousands of cattle killed by railway trains every year owing to defective cattle-guards or unfenced right-of-way is beginning to understand that the Railway Board can do more in six months to right matters than all the legislation of the past twenty years. Recently the Chief Commissioner of the Board remarked that at every sitting of the Board, especially from Winnipeg to Victoria, complaints had been made against the railway companies in connection with the fencing of their rights-of-way. Innumerable claims for stock killed were shown to have been made, and, as the Commissioners stated, it was no surprise to learn that in nearly every instance compensation was refused. Farmers were even afraid to ask for reimbursement lest they should become involved in endless litigation. Cases were given where those in charge of the construction of railways entered upon improved and enclosed land, threw down the fences, made no attempt to enclose the right-of-way, allowing stock to get out upon the highways, injuring the crops, while in some instances the cattle were killed upon distant railway tracks.

At once the Board determined to put a stop to all such unreasonable action. The Railway Act was clear upon the question of fencing and cattle-guards. Its provisions, among other things, obliged the company to erect and maintain upon the premises, railway fences of a minimum height of four feet, six inches on each side of the track, and cattle-guards on each



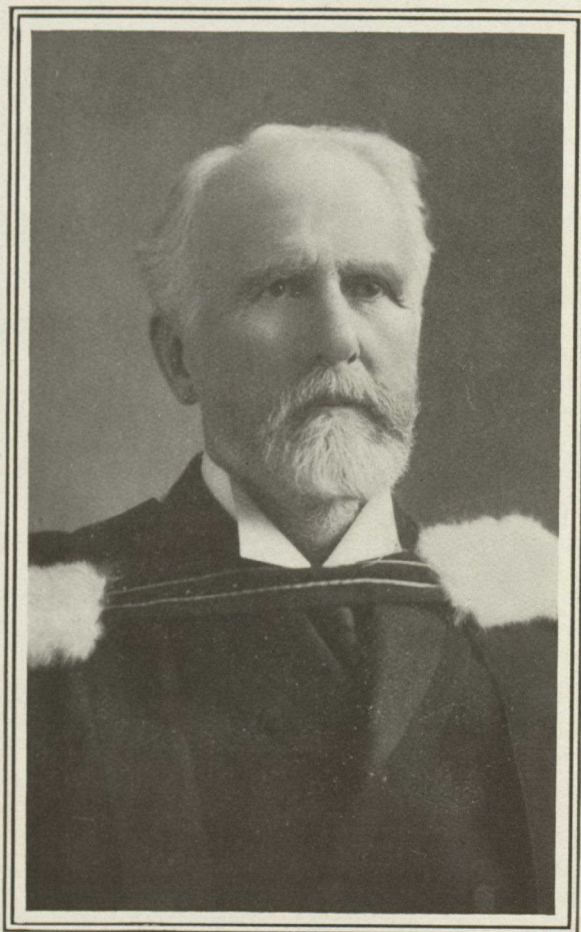
MR. JAMES P. MABEE,
CHAIRMAN OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION

side of the highway, at every highway crossing at rail level with the road. So as not to work any hardship upon the companies requiring them to build fences in portions of the country where they were not needed, an exemption was allowed whereby it was enacted "that in cases where the railway passes through any locality in which the lands on either side of the railway are not enclosed and either settled or improved, the company shall not be required to erect and maintain such fences, gates and cattle-guards, unless the Board otherwise orders and directs."

Quite naturally, the provisions of this exemption were soon abused, possibly through no fault of the railways or the Commission. But it did not take the Board long to detect that this statutory exemption from fencing had been successfully used by the

railways to free themselves from making compensation in innumerable instances of meritorious claims.

"This condition of affairs cannot be permitted to continue," was the message of Chief Commissioner Mabee, in speaking on this point. "It works great hardship upon the public and is of little or no benefit to the railway companies. The condition of affairs in the West has greatly changed since the exemption was granted to the companies, and as they are compelled at some stage of the undertaking to erect fences, I am clearly of the opinion that no hardship will be imposed if that stage is made the initial one. I am aware that in various parts of the country no necessity now exists and possibly never will for the erection of fences. The formal order may contain a provision that railway companies, the lines of which have been



DOCTOR JAMES MILLS,
OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION

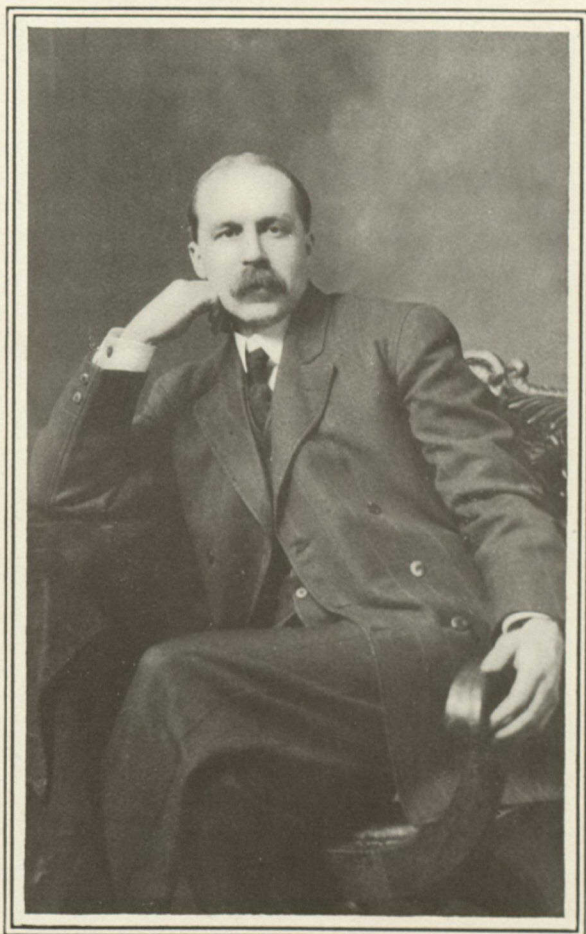
already constructed, may apply to exempt certain sections of the road from the operation of the order, when if conditions are shown that such course will entail no hardship upon the public, the Board may so declare.

. I am convinced that this course will in the end be less expense for the railway companies, as the erection of fences and gates can all be carried on at the time of construction at less cost than later on, to say nothing of saving liability for damage claims for stock killed, and law costs in defending, even if successful. . . . As to the railways

now in operation, all highway crossings opened for travel must be put in the condition called for by the regulations within one year from date."

This judgment was given on March 23rd, 1909. A draft order embodying its provisions was sent to all the companies. Now the railways are beginning to understand that if they are to carry the produce of the farm they must do the square thing by the producer.

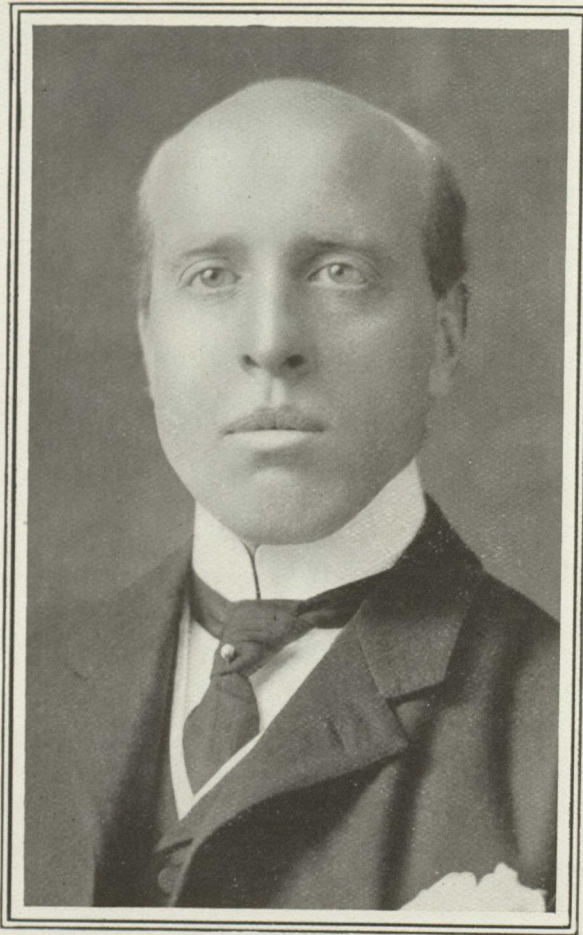
One more instance where the Railway Board gets at the farmer and the shipper. The second great industry of the West, the premier one of



MR. S. J. McLEAN,
OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION

Alberta and a part of Saskatchewan, is stock raising. The value of the live stock shipped annually from the Canadian West is about four million dollars. The big loss to the shipper of live stock is occasioned by shrinkage, a loss which the shippers of the West recently estimated to be \$100,000 annually. Delinquency by the railways in supplying cars, inadequate facilities for receiving, feeding and watering stock at the main stock-yards and rural points of shipment have occasioned great loss to the live stock dealer. Calculate what it means to a shipper who has driven over a

whole township, purchased a hundred head of cattle, which must be delivered at a particular rural yard on a certain day, if the car or cars which he has ordered should fail to be switched off at the siding. Let such a circumstance occur on a day in mid-winter, in which instance the stock must be kept over night in open yards without sufficient feed or water, and you have a case which has frequently occurred. The live stock shipper's need for prompt service from the railway is more imperative than that of the wheat grower, for he is dealing in a more perishable article.

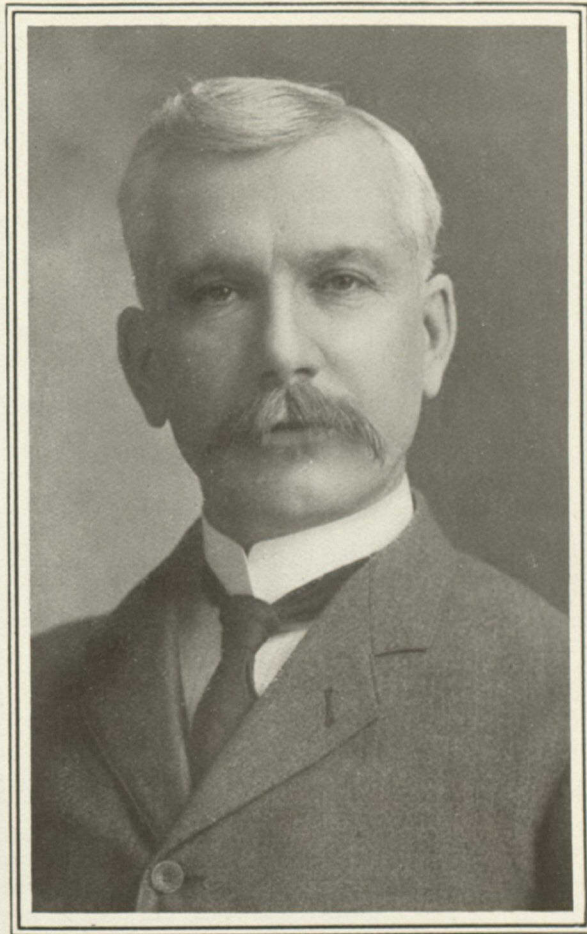


MR. D'ARCY SCOTT,
OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION

At a recent sitting of the Commission in Winnipeg, the Western Live-Stock Shippers' Association made application under the provisions of the Act for an order directing the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Canadian Northern Railway Company to furnish better facilities for the live-stock traffic. The evidence given showed many cases where the live-stock shippers were suffering hardship without getting any rebate from the carriers. The Commission proceeded to get at the matter in the only way possible. In dealing with a great industry of the country it di-

rected an expert operating assistant in the traffic department to inspect the live-stock shipping facilities in the Western Provinces and report to the Board. A thorough inspection was made in accordance with the order and the rural shippers say that they have a big improvement in their facilities for carrying on their business.

The Commission, under the authority with which it has been vested, examines every freight, passenger, express and telephone tariff in connection with the railways. So extensive has been this supervision that between November 1st, 1904, when

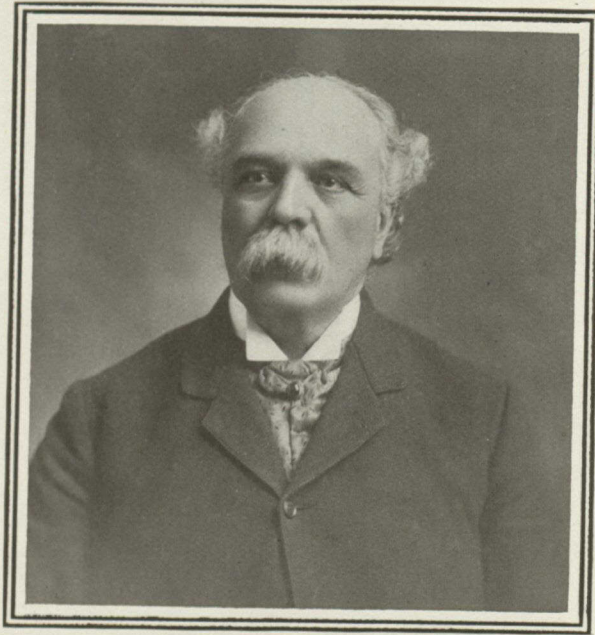


HONOURABLE GEORGE P. GRAHAM,
MINISTER OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS

the railway companies commenced filing their tariffs, and March 31st, 1909, there were filed with the traffic officer of the Board 99,715 freight schedules, 15,490 passenger schedules, 20,168 express schedules, and 4,542 telephone schedules, making an aggregate of 139,915. These schedules comprise all local tariffs, joint tariffs, international tariffs and supplements issued by all the railways of Canada.

Shippers who for years had been charged excessive freight rates by non-competitive railroads soon found redress. The Commission dealt equally as forcibly with the little

things as the big. They took occasion to delve into the shipping business of every locality, and made the transportation companies give a fair basis in every case that came before their notice. In many places they naturally did not have to exert their authority. At every sitting held at the present time usually one or two orders of this nature are made. A railway company cannot now take advantage of circumstances to impose a higher tariff than could be afforded in centres where competition existed. All discriminating practices are being squelched and the natural result is



HONOURABLE M. F. BERNIER,
OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION

adequate readjustment and fair equalisation.

The lumber dealers of British Columbia who, without knowing why, had to pay higher rates on cedar lumber than those paid on pine, fir and spruce secured redress. Grain exporters obtained a basis of fair distribution of empty cars at Lake Huron and Georgian Bay ports for the movement of Northwest grain during periods of car shortage. An ice company in Saint John was allowed to institute legal proceedings against the New Brunswick Southern Railway Company for permitting one of its customers to obtain lower rates of transportation than the published tolls. The Grand Trunk Railway Company was compelled to issue tickets at two cents a mile and to run third-class carriages between Toronto and Montreal. Railway companies were ordered to make an allowance to grain shippers who had to supply temporary grain doors to cars in which to ship grain. And in innumerable instances

justice has been done without the aggrieved party being compelled to resort to the courts.

Not every application which is made is granted. The Commission is a clearing-house of difficulties arising between the companies and the public, and the railways, long accustomed to disregarding the little demands made upon them, and in many cases through no fault of their own, are busy obeying the orders made, and in honestly trying to serve the people. They welcome the aid of the Commission. The value of regulative machinery which can bring about such results is not to be compared with the inefficient special legislation with which the people had contended since the time Canada was a sealed country waiting for the steel rail to start her process of development.

There are settled rules of procedure for making formal application to the Board of Railway Commissioners, but many of the applications which are

dealt with are classed as informal. Many more disputes are settled by correspondence. A day spent in the busy Ottawa offices is evidence of how the Board is reaching out to the people of nine Provinces.

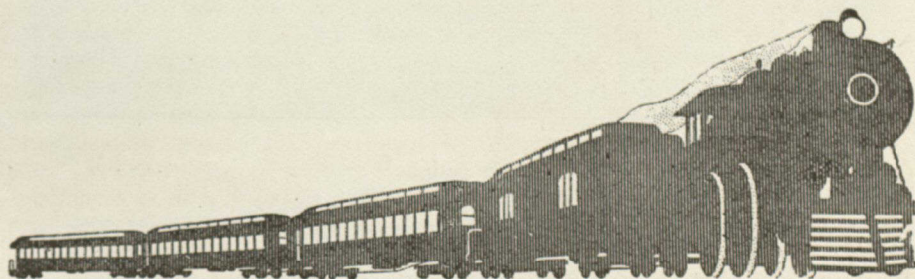
The corporations themselves are beneficiaries of the work of the Commission. The development which has resulted in the fair administration of the law has placed the railways and the people on a mutual basis of understanding, a circumstance which must be of invaluable aid to the public in its use of public utilities and which in the long run will gratify the owners and operators of the railways as well.

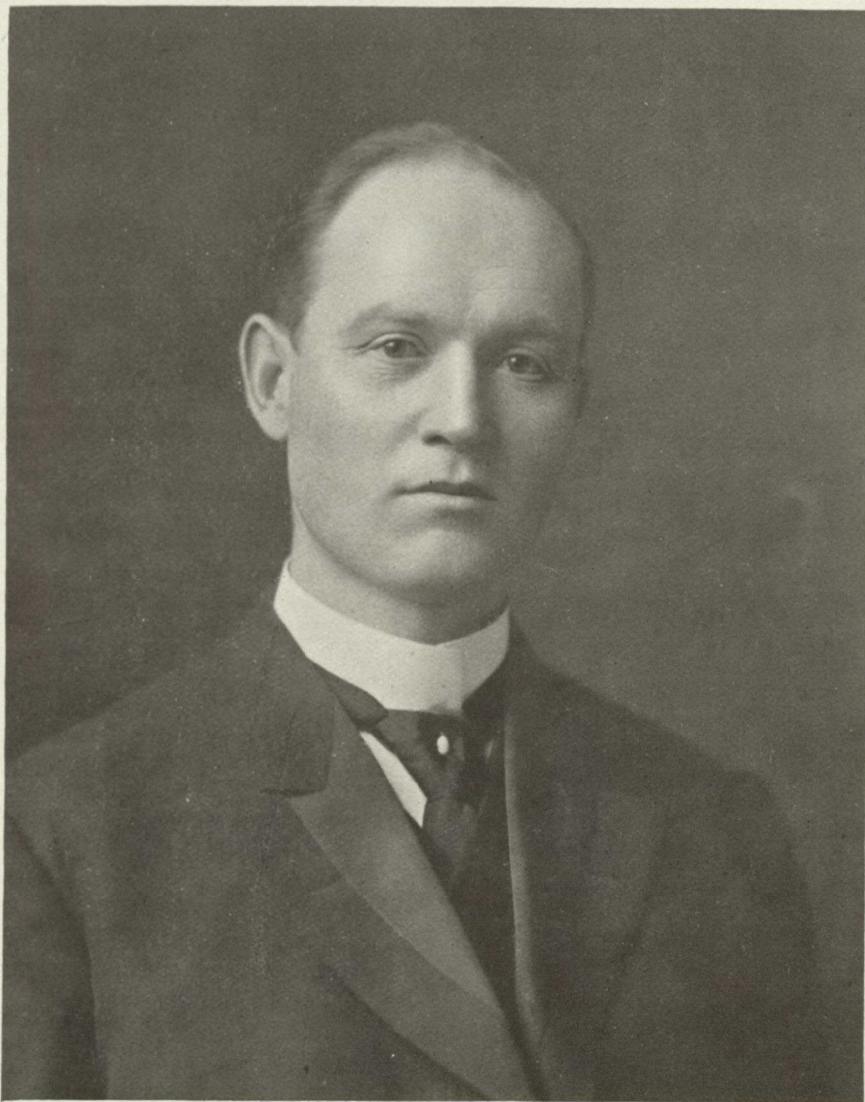
An eastern railway man whose roads ramify the western prairies, has this to say of the Commission: "We have been put to heavy expense by the orders which the Commission has made in order to put our lines in shape to meet the requirements of the law, but in the end I must say the Railway Commission has been of inestimable value to us. It is no easy task for the best operated road even to know the exact needs and requirements of all the classes of people who utilise its services, and the Board has in many cases brought a direct contact which has made possible an easy and satis-

factory settlement of many difficulties. Railway companies will never oppose a sound and adequate railway regulation."

No greater compliment could be paid to the work of the Commission than this. Public service corporations have found that the Board will not countenance competitive roads entering the field to menace their workings where adequate service at fair rates is being afforded. The city of Calgary may desire the entrance into its limits of another railway and the civic corporation may wish to grant a location to the entering road which may be injurious to the first road. Here the Board steps in and prevents any injustice.

The method of appointment of the members of the Board guarantees a high standard of men, capable of dealing with all the matters of dispute between people and corporations. It is doubtful if one objection to the operation of the Railway Board can be really supported. Ask the people from whom comes the privilege of the railways to do business at all. Ask the railway managers themselves, who seek to give the public the service common carriers are bound to provide. The respective answers will show but little difference of opinion.





PRESIDENT FALCONER,
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE PRESIDENT OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

TO write an appreciation of a living man who is also a celebrity and a friend is no easy task. The function of praise is seriously restricted. I cannot pretend for a moment to approach my subject without prejudice. For me an impartial survey is impossible; my bias must be evident from the start. Again, what might appear to me nothing but his just dues would seem fulsome to the outside world and be offensive to the man himself. My hand is shackled as I write.

As background for all my reminiscences of President Falconer stands that wonderful three-mile fiord on the flank of Halifax, which the natives call the "Arm." On its bank is the little divinity school where Falconer made his reputation. On its waters we have floated on summer afternoons, and along its shores we have rambled when the first May-flowers came in the spring and when the great wild landscape turned crimson with huckleberry leaves in the autumn. My earliest recollection of him is as he stood one fine day at the entrance to Pine Hill. He seemed no more than a boy, a typical, undergraduate—a slim figure—a pleasant, beardless face—flannels—straw hat—a tennis racket in his hand. Since then I have seen him gather weight in more ways than one, and discard the racket for the cleek and driver. The young lecturer soon blossomed into the full professor, the head of the

college, a figure in Synod and Assembly, a Father of the Church. Translated to another sphere, I saw him a year ago the centre of a brilliant Convocation, and he fitted his frame with perfect harmony.

And yet though a professor and a minister and a president twice over, Falconer is the last man who can be described by a vocational adjective. He is not in the least professorial, or ministerial, or presidential. None of the usual labels, scholar, student, don, attach themselves to him. Scholarship is his, for he is a Doctor of Letters of Edinburgh, and that ancient university is chary of its honours and has accounted only some half-dozen worthy of this degree. If you wish to explain him in a single word, you must fall back on "man." This may seem inadequate, until you remember that it was Napoleon's description of Goethe: "*C'est un homme.*" In this sense men are rare. Falconer is emphatically a man, rich in the essential quality of humanity. In him is the proverb exemplified, "Brother to a prince, brother to a beggar." His interest in man as man is sincere and unaffected, because he himself is a man.

Two little incidents may serve to make this plainer. While in Halifax, he became embroiled once in a newspaper controversy with a fighting editor who wielded a shrewd pen. The battle was not a military picnic or a reconnaissance in force, but a genuine

engagement of all arms, horse, foot and dragoons. When the smoke cleared away, the town was astonished one morning to find a long eulogistic leading article on Falconer in the very paper by the very man who had been fighting him—an ending, I should say, unique in the history of newspaper controversies. The simple explanation was that his late opponent had come to know Falconer. At another time, he was making a long railway journey and in the train he met by chance a fellow townsman. The latter was not a university man; in religion he was at the opposite pole from Falconer, he was, in fact, a plain Canadian merchant with no pretensions to culture. It might seem that such a pair had nothing in common, but they entered into conversation and kept it up—you may say—till the journey's end. That talk gave the merchant one of his pleasantest memories and made him take Falconer's promotion to Toronto as the just recognition of merit, at which all honest men should rejoice.

Though not in the least a cleric, Falconer was and is a Presbyterian minister, a son of the manse, facts of no slight significance; for a man is moulded by his profession. Modern Edinburgh has set its seal upon him and Germany has taught him not a little. In the pulpit, he is no Sabbath droner of old saws, but powerful, earnest, and above all, masculine, with never a touch of hysteria or sentimentality. There is something almost combative, menacing, in the set brow and the deep voice, which at times takes on a rougher, grating note. Man-like is the trick of glancing at his watch between his periods. Well versed in the thought of the day and the philosophies of all time, he has yet a real and positive faith of his own, which teaches him eloquence.

Falconer has the power of the tongue. In the pulpit or out of it, on or off the platform, in a crowd, be-

side the fireside, at the council board, with many or few, the right word never fails him. His talk is frank, easy, unaffected, full of information, of ideas, of thought, and he has the gift of humour. His praise is hearty, but I have never known him to dissect a friend. When he cannot commend, he is silent.

Anything but a recluse, a man of the cloister, he has studied the problems of our country, and he brings to that study not only a trained intelligence and the power to gather knowledge, but that rare quality we call insight. He is a good Canadian, because he is not and cannot be provincial. He has seen cities and governments of men other than our own. Born in Canada, educated in the West Indies, Britain and Germany, he has travelled Italy and Greece, much of the United States, and Canada from end to end. His outlook is broad and serene. I venture to predict that in ten years' time the people of Canada will desire his judgment on great public questions.

Falconer's suavity and ease of manner may prove deceptive to any who oppose them. It is the velvet glove that covers the steel gauntlet. His antagonists will find arrayed against them reason, moderation, power in debate, disarming good temper and the swordsman's poise. He will solve—he is solving—the complex problem he was called to grapple with, the management of the second largest university in the Empire. As they come to know him, all loyal alumni of Toronto will be proud of their President.

You must not think him perfect. He has one grave fault and, in any complete estimate, it should not be concealed. I am sorry to record that he *will* talk when he plays golf, but I hasten to add my private opinion, which will shock Mr. Haultain and other good golfers—his talk is ample compensation for a bad round.

KING GEORGE THE FIFTH

HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

DESPITE the fact that the panoply of royalty which Great Britain maintains as a heritage of the ages has been present hourly in our minds since the night of Friday, May 6th, when tidings of the death of King Edward VII. were borne around the world, it is doubtful whether anyone of us readily realises how stupendous an institution the sovereignty of the British Empire is. In the days when the Roman Empire was at the height of its grandeur and influence Cæsar was regarded almost as a divinity; he had his multitude of magistrates, his tetrarchs and his men of war, who carried on the business of empire, but he was held as a being more sacred than all these, a demi-god in sooth. To-day in an empire vaster than the Roman Empire, though not enjoying the unrivalled isolation of that great foundation of western civilisation, the time-spirit has changed all things. Not only is the titular head of "a vaster Empire than has been," no longer sacred, but the tendency of the day even among those devoutly loyal to that Empire as an institution and an instrument of civilisation, is to depreciate the capacity of the sovereign. The tendency of Anglo-Saxon humanity has ever been to respect its kings most after they were dead. Ten years ago, when Edward VII. came to the throne, the man on the street was disposed to think that he could never be such a ruler as his sainted mother; and to-day the same note of depreciation is discernable in discussions on the personality of his successor,

George V. Nevertheless sovereignty is a great and wonderful thing. In 1901, when the present King was travelling through the Canadian Rockies, the writer saw a lonely woman come to the door of a little cabin on a patch of a ground which had been cleared upon a mountain side and strain her eyes toward the train which flew the Royal Standard, in the hope of catching a glimpse of her future King and Queen. In the clear light one could discern near her door the graves where her loved ones were buried. Her whole world was there, and everything expressed a terrible loneliness amid the most Titanic architecture of nature; yet as the woman stood with straining gaze until the flying train disappeared among the mighty rifts of the mountains, she became kindred with the thousands who had jostled each other in the streets of the crowded cities of the East with the same end—to gain a glimpse of the man in whose veins flowed the blood of Britain's kings. He was the son of their sovereign, the son of her sovereign, and the sovereign to be. The King is the one individual among the countless millions that constitute the British Empire who enters into the consciousness of every reasoning being within its vast domains. The Crown is, as it were, the governing key of the Empire and opens every door.

It is one of the privileges of the man on the street in the various democracies which constitute the Anglo-Saxon portions of the Empire that he may patronise the King in

talking of him, and of that privilege he amply avails himself. Listening to some of the discussions about the new sovereign and reading many of the editorials that have been written since his proclamation, one would imagine that the veriest lawyer's clerk was better equipped for severignity than he, and that the average editor had infinitely greater grasp of the affairs of State. The answer to this is that if any prince of the Royal house of Britain, whether he be a man of large mental grasp or not, is not exceptionally equipped for the task of kingship, then our whole theory of education and discipline is wrong, and in turning out men, breeding, training and the forces of civilisation count for naught. No one wishes to controvert the actual saying of Robert Burns, which everybody misquotes:

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that;

but if there is any logic whatever in spending the vast sums we do on educating the youth of this land with a view of perfecting them as instruments of civilisation, then a prince who undergoes a discipline in the way of education that would be appalling to our most eager students, must become a highly developed product. The writer, as a newspaper correspondent, had exceptional opportunities of viewing the new King on both his visits to Canada as Heir Apparent, and he came to the conclusion that in addition to the culture and training which we may take for granted, he was judged, on the basis of Burns' aphorism, a good deal of a man.

Despite the fact that this is the hey-day of democracy, public opportunities for judging of the man behind the monarch are very limited. The royal personage is so surrounded by discreet advisers and so enveloped by an elaborate etiquette that all attempts to learn what he really feels and thinks must be largely guess work. This accounts for the wild misstatements with reference to George

V. which have appeared in many reliable newspapers. To give but one instance: The assertion has been widely published by journals that are the reverse of "yellow" that he speaks no language but his own. The writer himself heard him address the young ladies of Ville Marie convent at Montreal in French, and it was an extemporaneous speech at that. Moreover, it is generally known that German is as much in use by the Royal family in its intercourse with its innumerable relatives as English. There are times when one almost detects in the King himself a slightly Teutonic turn of speech, though this is an impression that might easily be exaggerated.

The outstanding fact about the King, which almost every observer has noted, is that he is a man of democratic tendencies with but little natural appetite for the show and panoply of kingship. Whether this quality will be modified as the years go on remains to be seen. On his visits to Canada his desire to get really in touch with the people has been marked. He is not by nature a "mixer" (to use a slang phrase for which there is no exact substitute) in the sense that his father was. His demeanour is by nature grave and rather formal, but it became very apparent to those who like the writer saw him closely throughout his tour of Canada in 1901 and were present at the Royal functions during the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec in 1908, that this attitude was dictated by no feeling of *hauteur*. He bore the reputation of being a man of democratic feeling during the years when he was an officer of the fleet and had no expectation of occupying a position more important than that which is held by the Duke of Connaught to-day or by the other subordinate princes of the Royal house. The tale of how he showed an American visitor through his ship at Halifax years ago and never revealed his identity, leaving the American to

learn with astonishment later that the being whom he had been anxious to view as from afar off had actually been in his company for two hours, seems to be very well authenticated. When, as a young man in the early 'eighties, he visited Toronto and was the guest of Honourable John Beverly Robinson at Government House he impressed those in daily association with him as a most kindly, genial and thoroughly straightforward youth. The sailor's calling, in which for long periods his world lies within the walls of his ship, tends to make a man democratic in feeling; his life would be unendurable were it otherwise. During the Royal tour of 1901 the only occasions when he seemed to be genuinely happy were those on which formalism was banished. One of these was when he spent the day with the lumber-jacks and rivermen at Ottawa in a typical spectacle arranged by the great timber barons of the Ottawa valley. By his express orders top hats, frock coats and all that they imply were banished, and, though he was physically ill at the time, he entered into the spirit of the thing and was especially delighted by the speech of a typical French-Canadian riverman who had apparently no conception of the exalted rank of the visitor. Never has one heard heartier laughter from any man or laughter that surpassed it for sheer spontaneity and abandon.

Another occasion when he genuinely enjoyed himself was during the tour of the mountains of British Columbia when there were no formal ceremonies and when he spent most of the time on the engine with the trainmen. His frank delight in the air and beauty of the mountains, the colossal majesty of the Rockies, the glorious emerald amphitheatre which opens before the eye at the entrance to the Selkirks and the fascinating outlines of the Coast range was unbounded. Another day when he really enjoyed himself was a Sunday on the Niagara Peninsula, when the only inconveni-

ence of his state was the presence of detectives. And, by the way, detectives like the new King, and he apparently has no dislike for them, if they are pleasant and interesting men, as many detectives are. There is a certain Pinkerton man on whom he has bestowed certain tokens of his regard and who, though an American, is a devoted Royalist so far as the present King of England is concerned.

During his visit to Canada His Majesty acquired an extreme fondness for the game of lacrosse. He had seen a game or two when as a sailor he visited Canada in an informal manner, and he was particularly pleased with a game arranged in his honour in 1910 between the Capitals of Ottawa and the Cornwalls. There was bad blood between the two teams, and when he set the ball for the game to begin he made a little impromptu speech to the line-up of players in which he asked them to avoid roughness. He gave his views about fair-play in sport. The effect was salutary. A swift game but a clean game, something rather infrequent in Ottawa at the time, was the outcome. When at Quebec, the year before last, he happened to learn that a lacrosse match was in progress in a certain part of the city. With a friend he dropped in informally during the game, and the officials at the club were chagrined because they did not know of his coming, and had arranged no reception. They were consoled by the intimation that this latter was what the then Prince wished expressly to avoid and that he had merely dropped in for love of the sport. Throughout this Quebec visit he showed the keenest desire to loosen so far as possible the bonds of formality and to get in touch with the people.

One fact which impressed the writer was that he was no militarist. Though he unquestionably realises the value of the army to the Empire (and military reviews have been important features of the entertainment provid-

ed for him), he has no liking for the spectacle of the man in uniform at all times and seasons. When he arrived for the Tercentenary celebration he found the streets lined with troops from the King's wharf to the citadel, which in the narrow streets of Quebec was a great inconvenience to the spectators. He at once gave orders that there should be no more of it. He even refused the usual guard of honour. One Canadian force for which, however, he has the keenest admiration is the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. They appeal to his sense of efficiency, of which as a very practical-minded man he is a devotee. He first saw them in any considerable number at Calgary in 1901, when he reviewed three squadrons of them. Their perfect horsemanship, brilliant charging in column and general fitness aroused his keenest admiration. He requested that a body-guard composed of these riders of the plains accompany him as far as Victoria, and it was at his personal request that a detail of four picked men came from the West to Quebec to act as his guard in 1908, a much-prized compliment from the military standpoint. With reference to his respect for efficiency, I learned from men closely in touch with the Heir Apparent of his taste and aptitude for mechanics. He was particularly pleased when H.M.S. *Indomitable*, a wonderful warship with the speed of the fastest cruiser and the firing power of a *Dreadnought*, was assigned to convey him across the Atlantic in 1908. Portraits were taken of him in stoker's garments aboard this mighty vessel, and this was not a mere pose. He takes the keenest possible interest in all that pertains to machinery and is credited with a very useful invention for use in the model houses for the poor which have been erected in London. This was a reversible fire grate whereby the same coals may be used to heat either kitchen or living-room. Only those who understand how precious coals are to the poor of England can

appreciate the utility of this invention.

On the Royal tour of 1901 he was surrounded by close personal friends like Sir Charles Cust, an old mate in the navy; Honourable Derek Keppel, his brother-in-law Prince Alexander of Teck, and Viscount Creighton. There were also many officials representing various branches of the Home administration, including Lord Wenbourne, the chancellor of the tour, and Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, assistant private secretary and official historiographer of the expedition. Sir Donald, who is an expert on foreign affairs, was at one time an instructor of the present Czar, and for a time was also in charge of the foreign department of the London *Times*. He wrote a book on the entire Imperial journey of 1901, and entitled it "The Web of Empire," which is an admirable record of the Royal visit to Canada and to the other great appanages of the British Crown.

Another man of great experience who was attached to the party was his private secretary, Sir Arthur Bigge. Sir Arthur acted in a similar capacity for Queen Victoria in her latter years. On the accession of King Edward, the sovereign, of course, brought with him his faithful councillor, Lord Knollys, but suggested to his son that he retain the services of Sir Arthur. With the accession of George V., the latter finds himself once more in the most confidential relation to the supreme head of the British Empire. There was another and humbler friend of the present King who accompanied the Royal party in 1901 but had no official status. He was Mr. Jones, the schoolmaster of the village of Sandringham. His Royal Highness had known and liked him from boyhood, and thinking that a trip around the world would be a boon to a man of his humble means, contrived to have him travel with the secret service men. Mr. Jones performed a very charming personal service for the future King

and Queen. They are both passionately attached to their children, but owing to their multifarious engagements had no opportunity to write to them. Each day Mr. Jones would write out a lengthy description of everything that father and mother were doing and submit it to their royal highnesses, who would add a word or two of love and send it to Sandringham to the little ones. He also kept a great scrap book of newspaper accounts and pictures for the perusal of the royal youngsters. From Mr. Jones I learned much of the thorough democratic sympathies of the future King. In Sandringham it is not etiquette to treat Royalty with other obeisance than the cordial respect that the British villager feels for a kindly and well-intentioned squire, and it was the pleasure of both the future King and his consort to drop informally into the homes of the schoolmaster and the other villagers during an evening stroll and have a cup of tea on the most neighbourly terms. It is my surmise that Mr. Jones, who had previously accompanied the Royal couple on their trips abroad, also fulfilled another function. He was a keen observer, and he probably made an independent report on everything that happened during the tour. It is the custom of British Royalty to obtain information from other than merely official sources.

In the patronising comments on the new King one has read and heard it has been assumed that he was a mere man of straw incapable of writing his own speeches. That the King of England, just as does the Prime Minister of Canada or the President of the United States, avails himself of discreet assistance in preparing the matter of his addresses is probably true; but, as has been stated, he makes happy impromptu speeches, speaking with dignity and a judicious choice of words, though without any considerable degree of fluency or oratorical flourishes. The longest speech that

he ever delivered in Canada was one which he made at Calgary to the Indian tribes of the Northwest who were gathered from the reservations to render homage. It was full of natural images which would supposedly appeal to the poetic feelings of the red-man. Canadians who were present could not help thinking that he hardly understood the fallen position of the Indian to-day. His speech would have been more appropriate if addressed to the powerful native chiefs of savage lands or to some vital survival of savagery like the Maori, of New Zealand, who take an active part in the affairs of government. In all his addresses he is singularly judicious and terse. On his arrival in Canada in 1901 the rancour which had arisen in Canada over participation in the South African war and which had been promoted by short-sighted politicians of both Quebec and Ontario was still fresh. Speaking at Quebec, on the day of his arrival, to the clergy of the Province and to the students of Laval University, he said:

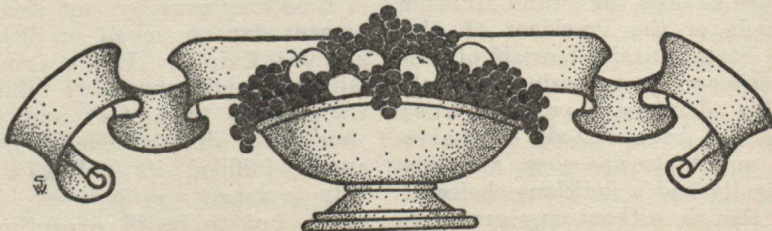
"I am glad to acknowledge the noble part which the Catholic Church in Canada has played throughout its history, the hallowed memories of its martyred missionaries are a priceless heritage, and in the great and beneficial work of education, and in implanting and fostering a spirit of patriotism and loyalty, it has rendered signal service to Canada and the Empire. Abundant proof of the success of your efforts has been afforded by the readiness with which the French-Canadians have sprung to arms and shed their blood, not only in time long gone by, but also in the present day on behalf of their King and his Empire. If the Crown has faithfully and honourably fulfilled its engagement to protect and respect your faith, the Catholic Church has amply fulfilled its obligations, not only to teach reverence for law and order, but to instill a sentiment of loyalty and devotion into the minds of those to whom it ministers."

Under the circumstances nothing could have been more tactful, and it was evidently written under advisement. There is, however, no reason to believe that His Majesty, seized of the circumstances, was not entirely capable of penning the words himself. Similarly his speech at the Guild Hall, London, on his return, beginning "Britons, Wake Up," which was an intimation to British manufacturers that they must reach out for Imperial trade or lose it altogether, was a genuinely appropriate utterance. George V. has seen more and knows more of the British Empire than any predecessor of his on the throne since an Empire existed. He impresses all who have come in contact with him as a thoughtful man with a taste for grave problems, and there is reason to believe that his reign will have important results in cementing Imperial ties. Any influence he may use should prove a sane and enlightened influence, for he is assuredly no military jingoist.

It was deeply to the regret of those who from close observation had come to have a great respect for the Heir Apparent that he did not make a better impression on the community at large in 1901. He came to Canada tired from a long sea voyage, at the close of an exhausting tour and with a great personal sorrow still fresh in his heart. The day after his arrival he contracted a severe cold in a manner which showed the tenacity of his nature. He insisted on sitting un-

covered in a most bitter rainstorm at a military review on the Plains of Abraham, when everyone of his staff had sought cover. This little incident had unhappy results, for he was sick with the grippe almost to the end of his tour in Canada, and this illness the tongue of slander attributed to more scandalous causes. The writer, who had him under fairly close observation for a month, has no hesitation in giving the lie to certain tales that have been uttered since. To-day he is a man of the most abstemious habits. At Quebec, in 1908, when he was in much finer physical trim, he made a very admirable impression on everyone and had gained much in ease and affability of manner.

One question suggests itself in conclusion: Will the people of Canada again see their sovereign face to face? Of a certainty the young Heir Apparent will visit us ere a decade has passed, and it seems possible that the Sovereign will reverse the policy of his predecessors and visit his overseas dominions. King Edward and Queen Victoria before him frequently visited European countries, but never cared to attempt a long ocean voyage. The new King is a man reared to follow the sea and one who loves it in all its moods. He will not be deterred by the considerations which actuated his sire, and therefore we may look to see him some day in the full glory of his rank as Sovereign Prince of our great world-girdling domain.



THE PYRAMIDS OF TEOTIHUACAN

BY G. E. KINGSFORD

Illustrations from photographs by C. B. Waite

ONE is so instinctively dubious about ever finding anything of truly old age in America, that even in Mexico one is influenced by the same doubt. For the city of Mexico is in many ways as advanced as some of those places in Europe and America which affect not to notice the great changes that have taken place there of late years. So modern, indeed, is it, with the splendid trams and electric lights, its magnificent buildings and wide well-paved streets, that one can hardly associate it, at first, with that older city made famous by the wondrous deeds of Cortez; and one has to live there some months before realising that beneath its smiling exterior still run the deep historic memories of bygone days, that the echoes of that terrible conquest still sound in the deadened hearts of the descendants of the Aztecs.

We had been in Mexico some time before we considered it worth our while to even look up any of the ruins still standing of those ancient races. But the ascending one day of Ajusco, an extinct volcano some seven leagues away, and the magnificent view of the valley of Mexico which was from there spread out before us; the knowledge that in former days those dusty fields had been covered

with a deep forest; that in happier days the ancient Aztec capital, fair Anhuac, had lain on the bosom of a lake where now stands the modern city, far miles from the sunken remnant of the same; in fact, the comparison with its present condition, bare of trees, and with lake so diminished in size as scarce to be seen, awakened in our minds queries; and thence on to wondering as to the height of the civilisation the ancient inhabitants had attained and as to what traces they had left which could still be seen.

We had often heard of the ruins of Mexico—of obelisks, of deserted Mitla, Palenque, cities of fabled Yucatan, pyramids, of ancient buried towns. So now was born in us the ardent wish to see some part of these strange things. The pyramids appealed most strongly. The name of pyramid conjures up the thought of forgotten races, of great human forces, and of mystery; and when we were told of their great size, one of them, Cholula,* being even greater than Cheops, we listened, even with disbelief, but yet straightway decided to see such wonders the very first chance we had.

About thirty miles to the northeast of the city of Mexico are the ruins of ancient Teotihuacan; but the remains

The Pyramid of Cholula (State of Puebla, Mexico) is about 1.044 feet square, and 165 feet high. Cheops (Egypt) is now 755 feet square and 481 feet high. Originally it is supposed to have been 775 feet square and 481 feet high.

now to be seen give one no idea of the important position the city must once have had. They extend over a space of about two miles in breadth, but two and a half miles in width, and lie to one side of a wide valley fifteen miles across. Directly to their south are the peaks of the sleeping volcanoes Popocatepetl and Ixtlahuatl, wrapped in their mantles of eternal snow and fronted by ever rising tiers of mountains of lesser size. To their southwest is the great valley of Mexico, mountain encompassed. Eastwards the valley expands into a wide plain, while behind rise bare and treeless hills. Although the country must have been once covered with trees (that is, before they were cut down by the Indians under the orders of the ruthless Spaniards), it is now almost barren, even though crops of Indian corn still grow, as well as the ubiquitous aloe of the Mexican plateau.

Readers of Prescott's fascinating "Conquest of Mexico" will recall the occasion when Cortez escaped with his force from the city of Mexico, but with such fearful loss that it is known in history as "*La Noche Triste*," or The Night of Sorrow. It was by these very ruins of Teotihuacan that he led his weary and weakened comrades, while on the road to rejoin his allies at Tlaxcala; and it was from them that he saw in the distance the army of the Toltecs drawn up in overwhelming numbers to oppose his passage. Even at that early date they would seem to have been covered up with the unkempt growth of shaggy bushes, with which they have been hidden for so many long years, for Cortez, so careful in his Cæsar-like reports, made no mention of them.

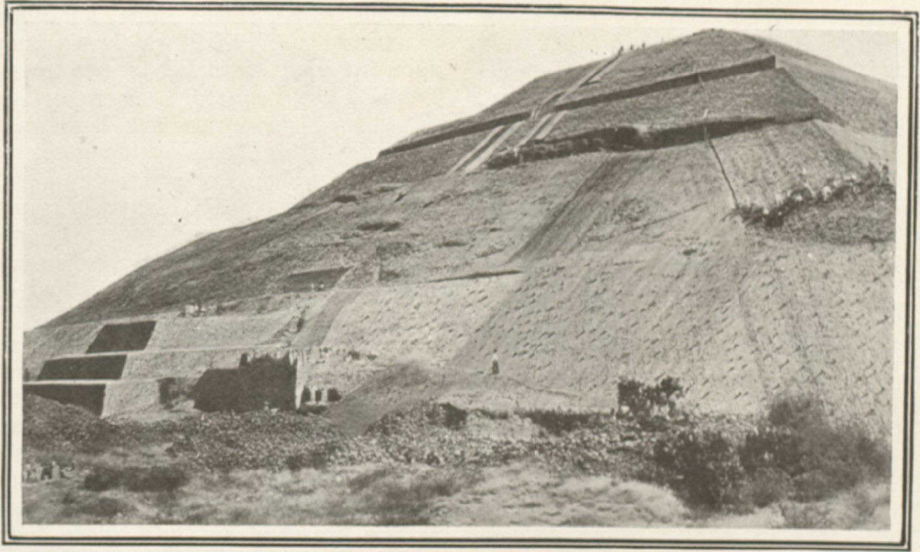
The traveller may now see two pyramids, one of which, the larger, is completely uncovered, and the foundations of several buildings near by, as well as innumerable mounds spreading out in all directions, beneath which the uncovered por-

tions of the city still lie buried. The whole appearance of the district resembles a gigantic ant-heap from the number of the hillocks with which it is strewn. These ancient Mexican cities were built very compactly, without the suburbs we are accustomed to see in Canada; so that the extent of ground covered by the ruins, large though it is, is not a point by which to judge their population. Like the modern Mexicans, they lived very close together.

The excavations of the ruins now being undertaken were begun three years ago by the Mexican Government. It is intended to have the larger pyramid completely uncovered before September, 1910, the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of Mexico. It is as fortunate that the present Government is liberal enough to preserve them as it is that they were so completely buried that they deterred the Spanish viceroys from unearthing them. There is a detachment of soldiers on guard now.

In the centre of their cities, the Aztecs and their kindred races erected these pyramids, called by them *teocallis* (temples). Besides the chief one, dedicated to the honour of Quetzalcoatl, their god of war, there usually were numbers of smaller ones surrounding it; and this general arrangement seems to have been followed at Teotihuacan, where we find a large one now called the Pyramid of the Sun, a secondary one the Pyramid of the Moon, and traces of the smaller ones. But there is this important difference to note: the Toltecs, whatever was their original object, *did* use them as temples upon which to offer up fruit and grain to their deities (so are the hieroglyphics read), whereas the Aztecs used them as places whereon to sacrifice their fellow creatures.

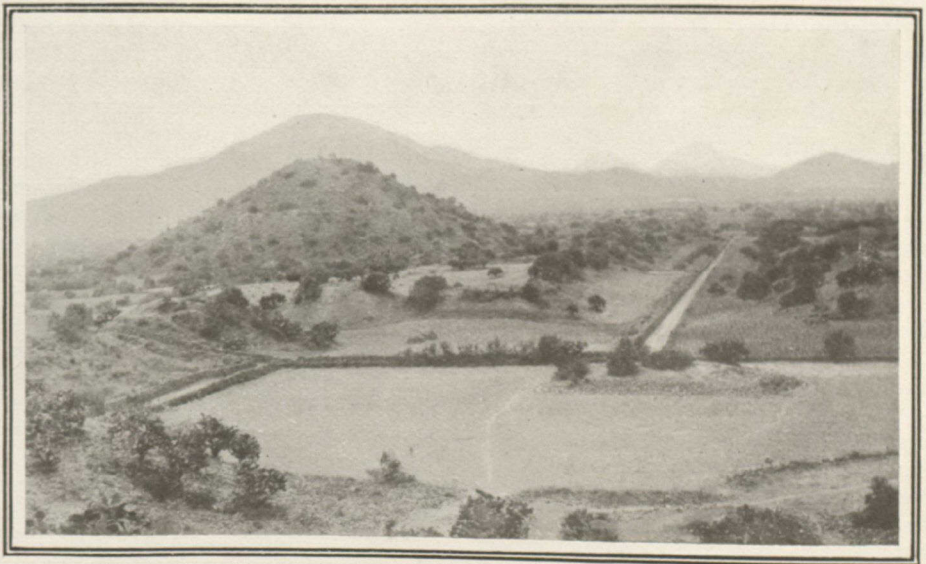
The Pyramid of the Sun is about 690 feet square at the base, and 185 feet high. It is built in five terraces, or storeys, which are connected by a



PYRAMID OF THE SUN PARTIALLY RESTORED. SMALL KNOBS ON FACE ARE ROCKS WHICH HELD THE OUTER LAYER IN PLACE

broad flight of steps on the southern slope, leading to the top. On the top, where was once probably a temple, it is now bare. The interior is composed of alternate layers of rubble, and adobe or sun-dried bricks.

The Government has removed the outer layer to the depth of about a metre, and has repaired the layer beneath with cement. The stairs are made of faced stone, and up their sides, and at the different storeys,



PYRAMID OF THE SUN, LOOKING FROM THE PYRAMID OF THE MOON, AND SHOWING "STREET OF THE DEAD"

idols were apparently at one time placed, but of which, however, only a broken column or two now stands to mark where they once had been. The stairway has been built over another beneath, which was sunk into the face, while the former is flush with it. Although only a portion of the older one has been uncovered, enough has been exposed to show how worn down are the steps, making the curious wonder how many countless thousands have passed up them in days gone by.

It is said that when the conquerors first came to Mexico, they found that the art of making tools of iron was not known to the natives; who had, instead, the knowledge of some secret process of hardening copper, which was so entirely successful as to take the place of the baser metal. It was with copper tools that all their carving was done.

The spur to the endeavours of the Government has been the idea of some day recovering the lost treasure of Montezuma; and for that purpose the first thing done, after commencing operations, was to sink a shaft from the summit to the base—but without success. It was found, however, that the interior was composed of those alternate layers of stones and bricks, which we have already mentioned. The Pyramid of the Moon has not been touched as yet; but it is unlikely that anything in the way of treasure will be found in it, as it would seem reasonable to suppose that any treasure they had—if hidden there at all—would be buried in the larger and more important pile.

To the south of the Pyramid of the Sun is a large space—a sort of square—covered with concrete. The concrete is in an excellent state of preservation, being almost as good as when first laid down; and it is as firm and hard now as on many of the asphalt streets of the Canadian cities.

Beyond this space some buildings have been uncovered, which are built upon a great artificial terrace overlooking the square. Antiquarians claim that they were the houses of the priests, and the arrangement of the quarters lends colour to this idea. Outside these again are the innumerable mounds and hillocks, still covered with cacti and scrub bushes, still awaiting the pick and shovel of the scientist and excavator.

The houses which have already been exposed, were not built of solid masonry, but of small stones and pebbles joined together with mortar, and faced with concrete. This concrete had such lasting qualities that to this day the parts which were not exposed to the weather are still quite hard and fresh. On this point Senor Leopoldo Batres, in his monograph* on the pyramids, writes as follows: "The walls of the rooms and chapels are covered with a plaster of lime and earth. They are smooth and painted white. Around the bottom a 'base board' is painted, usually red but sometimes lead colour, and generally about fifty centimetres in height, about a foot and a half. The roofs were made of a cement of lava rock, gypsum and fine dust mixed. They were flat but of such durability that they resist to-day the blows of the crowbar. The builders understood brickwork. Each dwelling contained from six to twelve rooms, quadrangular and rectangular in form. The roof rested upon six pilasters with bases and capitals. Both cylindrical and quadrangular forms were employed in their columns. The bases of the pilasters were each formed of two inclined planes cut at right angles. The cornices as well as the walls were beautifully decorated with colours. On their ornamentation as many as twenty tints were used; and in lines of drawing, curves and concentric circles in combination with the

* Monograph "Teotihuacán, ó la Ciudad Sagrada de los Toltecas," by Leopoldo Batres, Inspector and Conservador of the Archaeological Monuments of the Mexican Republic.



PRIESTS' HOUSES. PYRAMID OF THE SUN ON RIGHT. PYRAMID OF THE MOON
IN MIDDLE DISTANCE

straight lines were used." Those parts of the walls which have been exposed to the wind and the rain are worn quite thin, just as, it is said, are the walls of the buildings of pre-historic Egyptian cities, which have

had to oppose the fierce sand-storms of the desert, whose sand-laden breath cuts like a knife into the hardest stone.

The original city seems to have been laid out on very generous lines;



RUINS OF PALENQUE. THE GREEK "T" IS A WINDOW COVERED SO AS TO PREVENT
DIFFUSION OF LIGHT WHILE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

for besides the square and buildings described, there is a broad avenue about one hundred feet wide—"The Road of the Dead"—connecting the two pyramids. Along its entire length, parallel to it on both sides, exist terraces, constructed of cement, clay and broken lava, faced with a coating of mortar or plaster highly polished and painted red and white. This avenue leads in a straight line to Texcoco on the west. Texcoco was a city of the Aztec Confederation second only in wealth and importance to Mexico City itself, and it is supposed to have had in the days of Cortez a population of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is now a village.

We made a careful examination of every building which has been uncovered to date. For some reason they have all been filled with stones and rubbish, making their desolation complete; but whether from the design of their last occupants themselves or their enemies, or from the falling in of the walls and roofs, caused by the frequent earthquakes there, or from old age, it is impossible now to say. Appearances, however, point to their having been covered by the hand of man; and this applies to the two large pyramids as well as the buildings of the city proper. To again quote Señor Batres: "It is truly wonderful and almost incomprehensible how the destruction of that grand city was accomplished. . . . The work of burying these temples was as great as that of constructing them. Only by personal visit to the place can one appreciate the gigantic nature of the task. I am inclined to the belief that the Toltec city was interred by the hand of man. I base my opinion upon the fact that in the excavations I made I found the roofs of the houses that I uncovered perfectly preserved; and my attention was called to the fact that the interior of the rooms was in every case filled with stones neatly fitting into the spaces, and joined one with another by a clayish

cement, forming thus a compact mass which I had to take to pieces and remove with much care in order to avoid injuring the mural decorations." No trace of any "arch" is to be seen throughout the entire structure.

There were apparently two races, who, at different times, lived on this site—the Toltecs, and the Aztecs, because under the floors of the later houses are found the ruins of the earlier. This can be plainly seen where roads have been cut through, leaving a cross section of the two exposed. The pottery of the earlier period is of much better execution than that of the later, which is found nearer the surface; and it is often made in beautiful designs, quite different from the cruder specimens on top. In a temple which has been discovered facing the "Road of the Dead" are seats or steps arranged just like a modern race-stand, behind which are some beautiful frescoes painted on a wall in front of which was probably the altar. These were all found built over by another lot of seats, which were also buried beneath a covering of stones and rubbish similar to that found on all the other buildings of the city. It is on account of these facts that authorities claim the presence of the two different peoples. There are also little heads of terra-cotta unearthed, which in the lower stratum, *i.e.*, the Toltec, have broad faces and flat noses, and in the upper, or Aztec, long faces and hooked noses, corresponding to the two types as they are known.

Many figures of idols, pieces of ancient pottery, and the little heads just spoken of have been unearthed during the progress of the excavations, and the observant tourist may pick up from the natives many unique specimens of prehistoric workmanship. Just at present, besides, most of it is genuine; although in a year or two—when the ground has been well gone over—the industrious Indians will be reaping a harvest, as now, but from articles of present day

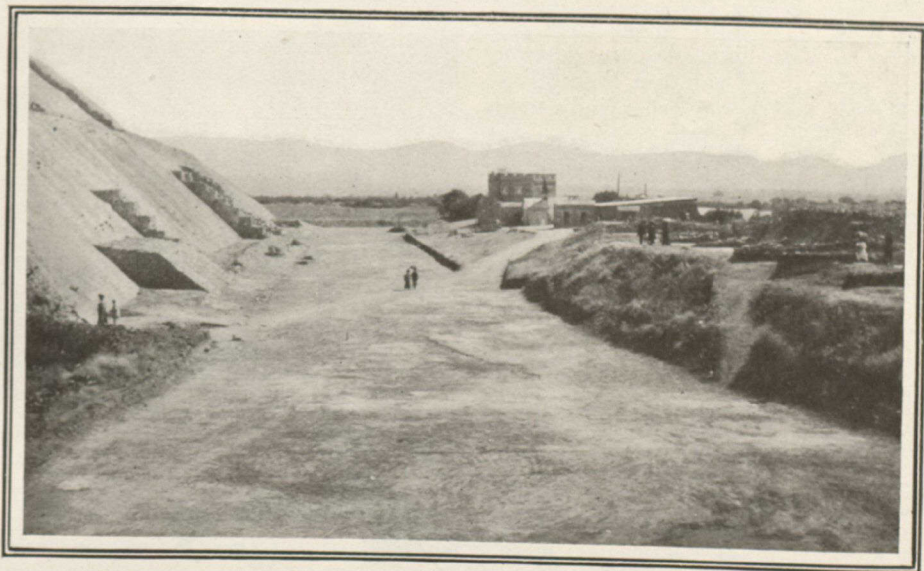


CLEARING A CORNER OF THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN. CEMENT PAVEMENT IN LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER

manufacture—from idols “Made in Manchester.”

The original object of these pyramids, the purpose for which they were built, is unknown, although they are believed to have been used for wor-

ship, as has been said before. They are not tombs; nor have any long shafts been discovered in them pointing to certain stars, as are found in those of Egypt. It is improbable, therefore, that the primary object was



PYRAMID OF THE SUN. SHOWING CEMENT PAVEMENT. PRIESTS' HOUSES ON RIGHT. GOVERNMENT BARRACKS IN BACKGROUND

astronomical, even though they are built on the Egyptian plan, *i.e.*, with sides facing the cardinal points. The series of terraces would lead one to suppose that they were designed for the same purposes as were those of the Aztecs, to whom, apparently, the Toltecs taught this kind of building. The Aztecs were in the habit of leading their sacrificial victims to the top, by the circuitous method of encircling the edifice at each successive storey, a method which, while it doubtless added to the religious frenzy of the priests and the hungry spectators, did not probably have the same effect upon their ill-starred victims. But as we are told that the sinister arts of cannibalism and sacrifice were first practised by the Aztec priests only two centuries before the advent of the Spaniards, it could not have been for that purpose, even if, as is extremely likely, these pyramids had their full share of victims in their later days. They would then seem to have been built for religious purposes.

Who were they who built these colossal monuments? They are generally believed to have been the Toltecs, immediate predecessors to the Aztecs, but it is uncertain. When they first came to that high plateau, whoever they were, if not the first themselves, did they find some other indigenous people already on the scene — the "Pelasgians" of Mexico? How is it that in countries so far apart as Mexico and Egypt the erection of such peculiar structures should have been so industriously carried on? For it must be remembered that when the country was first known to the Spaniards there were numbers of them in every city; and they would be still in existence, if the militant priests had not had the natives prove

their conversion to the Christian faith by pulling them down. Was this race of pyramid builders, who were to later give their knowledge to the Aztecs, an offshoot from fabled Atlantis? Or crossing from Europe by means of the Atlantic Islands, did they come from remote Egypt or yet more remote Babylonia? Perhaps, instead, their ancestors migrated from India—that cradle of the Aryan race, coming by way of China and the Behring Straits. Were they then the mound builders of Wyoming? Or were the immense irrigation ditches of Arizona and New Mexico and those tremendous mounds of the West built by some portion of that people, searching, even in that remote age, for some new world to conquer? Perhaps they disappeared to the south, to leave at Mitla and Palenque those wonderful ruins which still compel admiration; and then to wander farther southward, to Honduras and Nicaragua, to give there a final proof of their genius before being swept off by pestilence and plague.

Was their religion at one time an elevated one? Had they, in their migratory life, increased in wisdom; or were the traces which had clung to them the shell of some former belief more pure even than Christianity? For how strong, indeed, must have been that faith which could have made them build such colossal pyramids (to our ideas so aimlessly); and it would seem probable that the original intent had been so obscured in their onward struggles, that they finally became used for purposes so debased as the cannibal repasts of the Aztecs.

But these questions may never have a satisfactory answer, although they are but natural to all who visit these monuments of the past.



"THE FAITH OF A LAYMAN"*

AN APPRECIATION OF PROFESSOR OSBORNE'S ARRAIGNMENT
OF THE CHURCH

BY A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER

A BOOK has come out of the Canadian West that is likely to sting the ministers and church-members of this country into lively discussion. It is entitled "The Faith of a Layman," and its author is William F. Osborne, M.A., for some years Professor of English in Wesley College, Winnipeg. Written by a man still in his thirties, this book is dedicated to another young Canadian educator, Professor George J. Blewett of Victoria College, Toronto, author of a volume of essays in philosophy which has earned for him enviable fame in the world of scholarship. "The Faith of a Layman" is in reality a collection of essays dealing with various aspects of religious thought, and, judging by their tone-colour, subject-matter, and above all by their lavish illustrations, might well come from the pen of an alert, broad-minded preacher. Whether he treats of the theory of evolution or of the element of design in human history, Professor Osborne writes with directness, clearness, warmth. We must confess, however, that the style is too Macaulayesque, bristles with too many short sentences, parades too many metaphors, is in short breathless. We imagine that the author has caught this jerky, breathless, headlong style in the frosty air of one of the brisker cities in Canada. We can forgive a western Canadian, however, for a certain staccato quality of utterance

because he has much to say that must be said with the utmost directness and frankness.

This hammer-like force of style, this western frankness, is exhibited best of all in the opening chapter of the book, "Christianity and the Social Crisis," which is based on Professor Rauschenbusch's remarkable book of the same name, and is an attempt to answer the question so often tolled out to-day from magazine, newspaper, and novel, "What is the matter with the Church?" While we have no patience with such a prejudiced argument as is to be found in the usual newspaper article, or in the distorted pages of "The Calling of Dan Matthews," or with Dawson's absurd plot in "A Prophet of Babylon," the modern minister, and all sincere lovers and defenders of the church, have need to read with prayerful attention and much searching of heart the great work of Rauschenbusch and the brief, compact, powerful pages of Osborne's diagnosis. Strange to tell, these latter critics are both professors in Christian institutions, the former a minister, the latter the son of a minister; this is probably the reason why their works are valuable, for they are criticisms from those inside the fold, from men who believe in the church, who pray for her progress, and who grieve over her spiritual apathy.

Passing over Osborne's comments on Rauschenbusch, let us see what

* "The Faith of a Layman," by W. T. Osborne. (Toronto: Cassell and Company.)

are the symptoms of decay which the Winnipeg doctor finds in the church of to-day. "Speaking in the mass," he says, "we have temporarily, at any rate, lost our sense of the great spiritual values and entities." He finds evidence of this spiritual torpor in the following conditions:

(1) Evangelistic work is the despair of ministers to-day. "The average man and the average minister knows that this is true; that conversion as a present and pervasive phenomenon has virtually disappeared." With a glance at Chapman's campaigns, he grants that a whole city can be attacked by a highly developed body of imported men, but the very elaborateness of these arrangements shows the mortal terror with which church-workers regard evangelistic effort. Men are really afraid to make the attempt to "convert" their fellows. The ministers are not to be blamed, because they are in the grip of a most depressing situation. Our time is "weighed upon by a vast religious torpor."

(2) In the grip of a deadly materialism, the church is to-day divided into two classes—the men that pay and the men that pray. "In almost every large city church there is a small group of men without whose givings the enterprises of the Church would languish, nay without whose givings the Church could not be maintained at all, who yet take little or no part in the devotional activities of the Church. These men have to be waited on privately for their money. At different types of church meetings you find altogether different types of men. At devotional meetings you see one class. At a business meeting you see another. Suppose there is a proposal on the part of a municipality to tax Church property. A meeting is called to agree on a policy. A group of men will gather who can practically not be got to attend a purely religious service. Men are not to be blamed for this; it is a characteristic

of the time; but it is a characteristic that threatens the whole vitality of the church." This spiritual deadness is also seen in the attitude of the majority of church members to the benevolences of the Church, especially to such great causes as temperance, missions, education, and the maintenance of the Sabbath in its quiet and sanctity. "A Lord's Day Alliance Sunday is apt to be a signal for a wholesale *saute qui peut*." "There is not an educational institution of the Church in this country that would not immediately languish, were it not for the special skill of some particular man." And how squalid is the scramble "to raise missionary money." "The minister must go down on his knees to get collectors. And, in a multitude of cases, the collectors must go down on their knees to get the money. And this money, thus squalidly got, is the money that constitutes the sinews of war essential to the propagation of what should be a jubilantly militant faith. Surely one is not wrong in thinking and saying that it is in a far different spirit that Mohammedanism sets out with a determination to conquer the world.

(3) Ministers also as a class are becoming materialised. "These are days when it is tremendously difficult to be simply loyal to the higher voices. Ministers are paid beggarly salaries. It is doubtful whether the Church can go forward in any adequate manner until there is a sweeping readjustment in this regard." Ministers are not lusting for wealth, but it is natural that they should be discontented when they suffer from the pinch of poverty while their church members are in affluence. So lacking in enthusiasm are the preachers of to-day regarding the opportunities and attractions of their own profession that in twenty years Professor Osborne has never heard anything like a distinct advocacy of the claims of the pulpit. This attitude on their part is reflected in the shrinkage in the number of candidates for the ministry.

(4) The machine element in the Church is also a cause of its impotence. Some leaders of our denominations, he thinks, are schemers, intriguers, wire-pullers, so busy in managing men and things that they have no time to read, to sermonise freshly, or to pray. "In every one of our denominations there are outstanding executive leaders who, save for the newspapers, and what is absolutely necessary to keep them in touch with affairs, and with the exception of the really illiterate, read less than any group of men in the country. One unfortunate effect of this is that all openness of mind on their part is gone." If the Church knew what was good for it, some of these leaders, who, afflicted with dry-rot, go on preaching the same sermons from year to year, "mouthing platitudes in the very face of God," practising tortuous astuteness and Machiavelian subtlety, the very principle of whose lives is compromise, making and smashing careers of ministers who are in their power, would be removed from positions of prominence where they are rendering the Church such subtle and incalculable "dis-service."

(5) The vice Professor Osborne calls "Professionalism," is another very real foe to the efficiency of the Church. This is "the hack element in the ministry." When a minister has to be present at every meeting, to be "everlastingly radiant and conciliatory," to be constantly placating sensitive and censorious people, to be giving sermons and addresses in one ceaseless round, these routine tasks tempt him to take the easiest way, to lose his interest in the human heart and to use conventional language in public prayer and sermon. Too many prayers and sermons lack sincerity now-a-days because ministers have lost heart, or intellectual interest, and have become hacks.

(6) The lax discipline in the Church is also a source of weakness. It is

hard to distinguish between the Church and the world, because the Church allows any ordinary reputable citizen to become a member, and is afraid to discipline her members if they break the rules. "There is not a Church in the country that has the moral courage to apply its rules. Perhaps some of them are better not applied; nevertheless there they are. The net effect of this policy is lack of corporate self-respect. The challenge can be thrown down without fear: there is not a church in the country that dare weed out its membership on the basis of its standards."

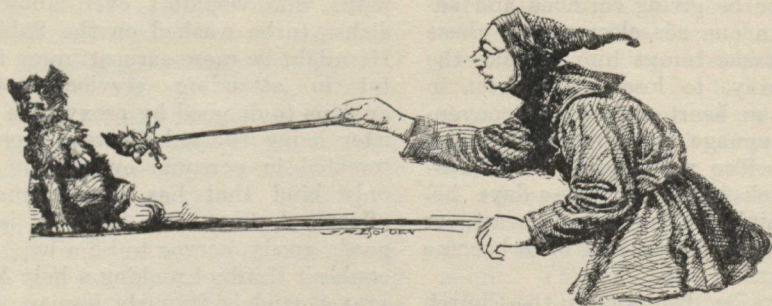
After eight years' experience in the ministry, the present writer is able to read Professor Osborne's indictment of the Church with a sorrowful acquiescence. It would be a difficult matter to confute the majority of his statements. There is considerable apathy among the laity, and a reflex deadness in the pulpit. The average layman will not go to prayer-meeting, will not pray or talk in devotional meetings, is careless as to Bible study, private prayer and meditation, in country districts is disgracefully stingy, and yet with all his spiritual torpor, we believe there never was a time when the church member was so human, so sincere, so generous, or so lovable as he is to-day. We prefer him infinitely to a layman of the John Milton type, holy, austere, censorious, pig-headed, or even to our sanctimonious grandfather, solemn, fervent in prayer, but not a desirable man to live with, who wouldn't even allow the dishes to be washed on the Sabbath. He might be more earnest, more faithful in attending service, not so anxious to do good by proxy (the minister being the substitute), more interested in personal evangelism (the only kind that has any permanent effect), but at any rate he is not goody-goody, scorns to be a hypocrite, couldn't think of making a holy Willie prayer, and is joyously human. And the ministers of to-day (and we know

them from the inside when they are not wearing that everlastingly radiant smile) are a pretty fine class of men. Many of them do more driving than reading, great numbers of them are rusty-coated hacks, some of them might be more earnest, a few ought to stop hugging the machine, and brethren (of other denominations) ought to quit their strenuous wire-pulling. But, take him all in all, the minister of to-day is a far better sample in every respect than the fox-hunting parson of Wesley's time, or even the high-browed, straight-laced, long-winded, Zeal-of-the-Land busy type, the Puritan divine who flourished in the days of the Commonwealth. (We regret exceedingly that even our Presbyterian forefathers in 1645 would have condemned their schismatic opponents to death, if they had had the power). There can be no doubt about it that the Church has improved mightily in recent times. In spite of the fact that we cannot have any camp-meeting extravaganzas to-day, nor even the ranting of a vapid evangelist in a thinking community, we believe that we are in a healthier condition than if, from time to time, we were being galvanised into soul-winning, only to relapse again into the old devil-catch-the-hindmost rut.

Professor Osborne is not a pessimist; although he tells of the agony of raising church benevolences, he devotes a whole chapter to the sudden

wonder of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Christians have been reaching for money as never before during the last fifty years, but this new continental enthusiasm shows that they can be roused to action, and it appears as if we were now entering a glorious spending era in the Church of Christ, when those who have been busy accumulating will rally to the hearty financial support of all good causes, including ministers' "beggarly" salaries. Taking a large outlook, we feel sure that the Church was never in such good shape as to-day, never so sensitive to criticism (which is surely a healthy sign), never so anxious to mend the error of her ways, never so intelligent, and consequently tolerant, never so generous, never so rich in promise for the future.

Perhaps Professor Osborne would admit all this, and at the same time would insist upon the sources of weakness and need for self-introspection among ministers and laity. We hope his trenchant criticism will have widest circulation, especially among laymen who set themselves up for bosses in the church and try to put the minister in their pocket, and among our clerical engineers, who are so busy oiling the machinery that they have no time for the Higher Criticism. We have ventured to paint in a few bright streaks, however, to keep our poor, jaded, ministerial brethren from losing heart altogether.



YOU NEVER CAN TELL

BY G. H. READE

WE decided to go to Canada, to the land where trout and salmon and pike and bass are in plenty with none of the hedging difficulties of private waters, eagle-eyed keepers and much red tape.

So Sir Charles and I came, making Toronto our headquarters ere we started on our piscatorial expedition.

We were clearly sportsmen; even the Canadian who eyes all Britishers askance felt our influence, and in the corner of his eye I knew he envied us: he liked our appearance, our clothes, our manners. And we liked—I was about to say “our,” but politeness forbids—his country.

It was race week in Toronto, and to the races we would go. We didn't expect Hurst Park, or Sandown, or Kempton, but we expected something quite different, yet just as good in a way.

“This money stumps me,” said Sir Charles; “it takes a year to get into it.”

“I hate these paper bills,” I remarked.

“Fiddling things,” returned my friend, “not a gold piece about the lot. I'll have to get—let me see—five and ten dollar bills to go to the races.”

“Or fifties or hundreds,” I added.

“Oh, no; I go easy this time,” he retorted; “I leave the dash to you.” We were quietly conversing, arranging our programme of action, when several men, presumably residents at the hotel where we were staying, entered the front parlour, and one courteously remarked:

“Good afternoon, gentlemen.”

“Good afternoon, sir,” I replied. Sir Charles bowed.

“Over from the old country?”

“Yes,” laughed Sir Charles, “and find men and manners little changed by the Atlantic separating us.”

“That so?” remarked the Canadian stranger, taking a chair close to us, his companions likewise seating themselves on other chairs scattered about the parlour.

“Yes, that is so,” replied Sir Charles firmly, not caring about his statement being questioned. Sir Charles had yet to learn Americanisms, and know how closely allied Canadian folk were to their cousins in the States.

“Tell me,” I broke in questioningly: “there's been a rumpus about betting here.”

“Oh, yes,” replied the stranger, a big square set man with furtive but kindly eyes, “any amount of talking, but no doing as yet. We're waiting for Parliament.”

“The same in England,” I said, with a laugh; “the country will have to wait. As long as men are men they'll bet, if not on horses, then on donkeys or snails.” The whole party laughed, and the dinner hour having arrived, broke up.

Sir Charles and I occupied a room to ourselves. The hotel was crowded, chiefly by American visitors, and not too gay or good a lot they looked.

When we were retiring to our rooms that night, our Canadian friend of the parlour met us on the stairs. Addressing himself to us both, he said:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but I think it is only right to tell you I'm a banker here in this city and reside here in this hotel. Most possibly you'll be going to the Woodbine races to-morrow. Take care if you do, for there are a lot of bad characters about, and in the old country they are better able, I reckon, to deal with them than out here. All is a rush this race week—we only get two such weeks, remember, in the year."

We thanked him cordially for his advice, although we gave him to understand that we were by no means chickens, but rather old stagers on life's hard battlefield, and real old 'uns at that.

II

Next morning we went to the bank to draw our requisite money (to make more or to lose what we drew), but there was no end of a delay in getting the cashier to do the requisite for us, as a long line of eager applicants were waiting before his grille. Sir Charles stood in front of me several places in the line, and between himself and myself were three men. They carried in their looks all the hot-air swank of the regular gambler: cold, cruel faces, set with penetrating eyes, tight lips, callous in their expression, and the one in particular who stood directly before me had a long narrow-shaped head, which a criminologist would have longed to examine. All three were men between thirty-five and forty-five years of age, presumably, and wore that type of loud sporting clothes, symbolical of the bookie or racing tout.

I would have thought no more of them than of anyone else had not the long wait to get my draft cashed made me examine my nearest neighbour to kill time.

"You bet your life," said the leading man in an undertone to the one behind him, "he's a bit of all right." By the backward glance of his eyes, I could see he alluded to Sir Charles.

"An English bloke," quoth the

second in the line; "I've seen him afore at Newmarket."

I pricked up my ears. Here, in the most respectable bank in Toronto, stood a howling, gambling Yankee swank who knew Sir Charles at Newmarket. Of course, Sir Charles regularly went there, I knew, when at home, but this man!

"One of the crowd that came over with the American invasion a few years ago," I thought to myself.

"You're right, too," said the one with the narrow head; "keep him in your gaze."

It was evident, therefore, that all three sports were friends, and oh! the luscious looks they gave at the fat roll of bills Sir Charles took from the cashier; and I saw that their own supply was extremely limited.

I told Sir Charles the gist of their remarks, but he was in one of his "moods," and pooh-poohed my fanciful ideas.

"Shouldn't think everybody's a rogue, Guy," he said. So I said nothing more; and I forgot all about them, too, for as the first were winning days both of us were on good terms with ourselves and each other.

The governor of one of the gaols had introduced himself to Sir Charles on the stand on the first day, and Sir Charles, having been in earlier life a deputy-governor of one of Her Majesty's prisons in England, when he had first retired from the army, the acquaintance was mutually agreeable. Of course, everybody who was anybody was at the races, and many who considered themselves somebody and were in reality nobody were there, too. The reserved lawns were crowded with Canada's fairest and best. The ring was full of spectators and bookies, the latter ever on the move, obedient to the letter of some strange law, or so it seemed to us strangers. The paddock had its quorum of horse devotees and race owners, and the weather was perfect.

"Where everything was pleasing, but only man (and woman, too,) was vile."

The second night Captain Revell, the prison governor, dined with us and brought a young friend, Dick Rogers by name. Mr. Rogers was an officer, the captain said, in the Canadian Field Artillery. He had certainly all the appearance and bearing of a military man, with an extensive knowledge of the world, and both Sir Charles and I took to him from the first.

I had a bad headache, and for a few minutes decided not to join the diners after the meal was over; but at the suggestion of a game of Canadian straight pool I bucked up and went downstairs to the pool-room.

Sir Charles and Rogers played; they had a side bet of one hundred dollars and no more. It was Sir Charles' maximum at a billiard-table.

The residents and visitors in the hotel who were present were much interested in the game, and excitement ran high, for the pair were, it seemed, evenly matched. The banker, who was present however, eyed our guests curiously — rather too curiously, I thought — and I distinctly heard him say to his next door neighbour on the couch, "The young man has any amount up his sleeve, ph-s-t," and he whistled this very softly. So it proved, for at the crucial moment Rogers won with consummate ease.

"Never mind, Sir Charles," he said, "to-morrow you'll have a splendid win."

We then adjourned to our bedroom and played cards. Here both Sir Charles and I were lucky. His loss of a hundred dollars was soon wiped off, and another hundred made.

Then our guests left, promising to meet us on the morrow at the races.

"Right good fellows, these Canadians are," my friend said.

"I agree," was my reply, "capital chaps."

III

"How did you get to know your friend Charles?" I asked, as we

stood on the stand prior to the first race of the day, awaiting the expected arrival of our friends. "It seems curious to ask you, but, then, I feel interested in them."

"Oh, he introduced himself to me. While you were collecting your winnings, he came forward and said, 'Sir Charles Sexton, I believe!'"

"Yes," I replied.

"I'm Captain Revell, the governor of prisons here in this Province, and, if I think rightly, I met you in Ireland, when I was in the Constabulary there. Surely you were a cousin of Tickell and Mills, both of whom were with me at Athlone and Roscrea."

"I held out my hand. 'I'm a cousin of those gentlemen,' I replied, 'and am glad to meet you, though I forget your face.'"

"Possibly," he answered, "but I recollect you well at Ballinrobe races. Let me see; fifteen years ago, it must be. I was staying with Tickell at Roscrea."

"That was sufficient introduction, wasn't it, Guy?" Sir Charles concluded.

"Ample," I rejoined, "and I'm glad we've all met."

It was not till the second race was over that I spotted the captain and Rogers. True, there was such a goodly crush, enough to miss many a friend one looked for, that it was small wonder they could see us at all.

The captain came up, however, a few minutes later, profuse with apologies. He had been detained officially and only arrived in time to see the second race, but not in time to have a bet.

"Never mind, Sir Charles," he said; "the next race, Rogers tells me, is a snip for *Velocipede*."

He went into facts and figures, oh, so different from our English system! Sir Charles and I at the end of his argument agreed with him thoroughly.

And our confidence was justified. Sir Charles put on one hundred dollars at four to one against. I put

on fifty at the same odds. We were both delighted. The fourth race was won by the favourite; again both of us, at Captain Revell's wish, played up our winnings on it; and we were doubly pleased.

It was more than Sir Charles or I could fairly stand when the captain then asked us to have a bottle of wine with him. We would not say no, so we had it, and Sir Charles insisted on our friends having another.

"With whom do you make your bets, Sir Charles?" asked the captain.

"Oh, with Peter O'Leary, I think his name is," replied Sir Charles. "Chose him because I fancied he was an Irishman."

The captain and Rogers laughed.

"Take my advice," said the former, "bet with McLaughlin. He's a Scotchman, but much better breeched for dollars than O'Leary. Rogers wants us all to have a thundering good win, the next race and the last, so I will introduce you two at once to him."

And he did.

The champagne had mounted into my head, and all I noticed was the fact that McLaughlin walked close to the course rails, and we had two hundred and fifty dollars each on the horse (*Princess May*) that Rogers told us to back. We lost, but were by no means disgraced, our fancy being a thundering good second.

Sir Charles and I counted up our winnings. On the three days we were nine hundred dollars to the good.

"Make the next a thousand bet, Charlie," I said.

"I was going to suggest the same myself," he replied quickly. "You

remember that bookie at the Curragh saying the time we backed *Theatre Royal*, 'you may as well die in July as September.'"

I laughed. How well I remembered that day.

We told Rogers our intention.

"Certain, sure," he said, "you're right; never speculate you'll never accumulate, only let me advise you not to make several bets with your money: you'll lose the price and frighten the ring. I'll fix it for you, or the captain will. So we handed Rogers each of us a thousand dollars, the price being eight to one against. The race was a splendid one and our mount, at the distance though to all appearance a loser, came out at the vital moment to win comfortably by a length.

We all four shook hands. "I'll draw the cash," said Rogers, "and bring you gentlemen up your share. Stay here, as the crowd will all be surging toward the turnstiles." With that he bounded down the steps of the stand to the ring.

The captain left us as well.

"I'll be back in a moment, Sir Charles," he said, "but I must be at the gate to see the Lieutenant-Governor drive away, if only for the sake of appearance."

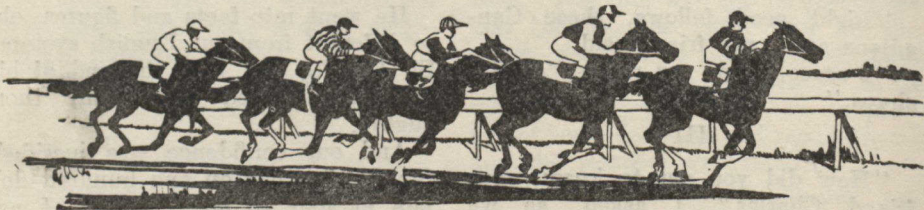
That seemed reasonable, for was he not a government official?

Rogers and the captain never returned.

After a quarter of an hour's waiting, by which time the place was almost deserted, we began to feel uneasy. We looked at each other.

"Well, I'm _____," we both said in unison.

And we felt so.





Current Events

BY
F. A. ACLAND

ALL events have paled into insignificance beside the death of the King. Coming as a bolt from the blue, with almost tragical suddenness, it has stunned British subjects the world over, and has brought down with a crash all conjectures and prophecies as to the immediate political future. The death of King Edward has removed a great personality from the realm of British affairs, removed it, moreover, at the precise moment when there seemed to be pressing need for it. Not since electricity has enabled the world to experience its emotion has there been so spontaneous and universal an outburst of genuine sorrow as that occasioned by the British monarch's decease. King Edward had succeeded to an almost incredible degree in securing the affections, not only of his own people but of many foreign nations, and notably of the kindred nation in the United States, where extraordinary marks of affection and respect have been paid his memory. The alternative terms of Edward the Peacemaker and Edward the Beloved, variously applied by the popular voice to the late sovereign, are magnificent titles to have won during his brief reign of nine years.

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The presence at the solemn and splendid funeral function of eight European rulers, including the man who is admittedly at the moment the master of Europe's destinies, was a tribute such as no monarch's death has ever before elicited. It would be

unwise to exaggerate the meaning or effect of such an incident, but such moments soften discords, whether national or international, and may well be the prelude to the harmony among nations which was the first wish and effort of the dead sovereign. The Kaiser was moved in a manly fashion; it was the second time within a decade that he had come to Britain to be a chief mourner at the burial of her sovereign. The people of England could not but appreciate the ready sympathy and tact that appear to have marked the German Emperor's every act on British soil, and in the account between the two nations the exhibition of these humble qualities will count greatly to his credit. The removal of the English King leaves the Emperor William without doubt the most distinguished and probably the most potent figure of the old world, just as Theodore Roosevelt is the most striking and influential man of the new world; and it was a strange conjunction of events that brought these men together at the bier of the one man who had outdistanced both in the highest qualities of statesman and ruler.

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In Britain's outlook over the world at the present time there is one portentous cloud, a cloud which shadowed more or less the whole reign of King Edward and grew darker in his later years, namely, the doubtful relations with Germany. It would be folly to deny that the seeds of war lurk in the terrible contest in shipbuilding

which has been for some years proceeding between the two nations, and it is natural to ask if an event which for the moment brought the British and German people into touch on terms of friendly sympathy, can have the effect of modifying these unhappy conditions. It is a sad commentary on human nature that it was the very efforts of King Edward to promote friendship between his country and the nations of Europe, that in part prompted Germany's movement for greater armaments, she believing herself, or so professing, ringed in by unfriendly nations as a result of England's manipulations and manœuvres. It is perhaps possible to hope that in the softened moments following the death of a King who had identified himself with the cause of peace, the best statesmen of both countries may see an opportunity for beginning a better understanding between the two peoples.

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The effect of the King's death on the British political situation is less remote. Already it has compelled the abandonment of the proposed summer election, and there seems a growing feeling that by some means the new King should be spared the hard experience of facing, in his first years what promised to be one of the severest constitutional crises in Britain's experience, and one which has threatened to centre in a peculiarly unpleasant and unfortunate fashion around the person and prerogative of the sovereign. Here, therefore, at least the death of King Edward has brought something of a truce, and in the time afforded for reflection some of the elements of discord may disappear.

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Nothing could exceed the dignity and even the nobleness which characterised the formal proceedings in both houses of Parliament on the re-assembling after the King's death.

Mr. Asquith, in a speech of rare felicity, paid tribute to the public and private virtues of King Edward, showing great emotion as he spoke; the late Sovereign's keen sense of public duty was, said the Premier, his governing motive throughout his reign. Mr. Balfour in an exquisite phrase spoke of the incommunicable gift of personality possessed by the dead King. The Labour party added its tribute. None spoke on behalf of the Irish party, but this silence in Parliament was more than atoned for by the manifestations of deep sorrow on the part of the Irish people, as elsewhere throughout the kingdom.

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The reign of the new King starts almost simultaneously with the birth of the new Dominion of South Africa. In this direction at least the situation is far happier than at the outset of King Edward's reign, when what is now the new Dominion was devastated by war. What is still more remarkable, the then leader of the forces against Britain is now the Prime Minister of United South Africa, and has long since proved himself a loyal subject of the King. It is one of the happiest transformations in history. There was some speculation to the very last as to whether the choice of the first Governor-General of South Africa, Lord Gladstone, would fall on General Botha as Premier of the Transvaal, or on Mr. Merriman as Premier of Cape Colony. From the first there has been really no one else in sight, though gossip has given a third place in the list of possibilities to Doctor Jameson; it would manifestly, however, have been improper to select an opposition leader from any colony for the task of forming the first administration.

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What seemed at one time more practicable, and would have been from many points of view desirable, was the inclusion of Doctor Jameson

and others of his party in a coalition government, under which the new commonwealth might be launched free of the bias of partisanship. General Botha was believed personally to favour this method and there were the precedents of Canada and Australia to quote in its favour, though as to Canada it must be remembered that the coalition came into existence for the purpose of bringing about Confederation and not simply when Confederation had been accomplished. However, the coalition proposition had to be abandoned in South Africa, Mr. Merriman being violently opposed to it. The new Government will therefore be substantially a Boer government, its most prominent member of English name and origin, Mr. Merriman, being more vehemently Dutch in his leanings than his leader Botha. Indeed it is Botha's marked moderation and amenity in racial matters that have made him by no means unacceptable to the English-speaking people of South Africa, and will go far to make his government a success.

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One disadvantage of starting the new commonwealth under a party administration is the important fact that it will give a party tinge to the whole system of appointments, civil and judicial, which it will immediately become necessary to make, and there is no blinking the fact that the gravest issues may arise out of this condition. It will be remembered that the system of government devised for the new commonwealth is central rather than federal, and the Botha government will have in its gift all offices of importance in connection with the provincial councils. In common fairness, whether the Government be of a coalition character or not, the foundations of the new nation should be laid on broad lines if they are to endure, and the views of all parties in the state should be carefully considered in the initial steps now to be taken in connection with all

the various problems, social, racial, educational, and economic, of United South Africa.

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Colonel Roosevelt in his round of the nations of Europe reached Christiania early in May and delivered the address which is expected from every winner of a Nobel prize. It was not really possible to say anything very new or striking on the subject of peace and its general desirability, and Mr. Roosevelt is not to be blamed if he failed to attain a very lofty level in his remarks. War will always inspire greater eloquence than peace, for the very reason that in peace there is no crisis, no imminent danger, no need for strenuous and immediate self-sacrifice and heroic exertion. It is not surprising, therefore, that some of the American newspapers which do not make it a practice to approve all that Mr. Roosevelt says and does declare that the speech fell very flat. The ex-President expressed the usual views as to the desirability of curbing armaments, but he must have felt that his remarks had a perfunctory flavour if he recalled while uttering them the vigorous efforts he had himself made while President to strengthen the navy of the United States.

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Mr. Roosevelt said such things as he had to say as the winner of a Peace Prize, but it must have been almost with his tongue in his cheek that he suggested the creation of an armed force to be placed at the disposal of The Hague arbitration court for the enforcement of its decrees. In another part of his address he had extolled "the stern and virile virtues" and had remarked that "no man is worth calling a man who will not fight rather than submit to infamy or see those that are dear to him suffer wrong." That is the practical side of the matter. It is so easy to induce people to believe they are being wronged and so difficult to pre-

vent them fighting rather than submitting. The nations of Europe found a verdict against France early in the revolutionary period and united to enforce it, with the result that France turned and almost annihilated them; and similarly to-day a nation will accept the judgment of a Hague tribunal only when its acceptance does not seriously interfere with its ambitions or designs.

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As for the question of enforcement, what kind of an armed force would The Hague require to enforce a decree, say, at the present time against Germany? As a practical man, Mr. Roosevelt is no doubt an earnest lover of peace, as a soldier he knows the horrors of war, and as a statesman he used his utmost influence, and not without effect, in bringing to a close the Russo-Japanese war; but in suggesting an armed force for The Hague, he was obviously making a concession to the sentimental. The Hague tribunal may frequently be enabled to do good work. Delicate questions which cannot be handled without growing heat between the nations directly concerned, may be amicably disposed of by its machinery; frequently a country will welcome such an opportunity of retreating from a difficult position and saving its face. But there are situations where The Hague can have no influence.

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Such a situation developed a few months ago when Russia had to decide practically in an instant whether she would fight Germany and Austria or would recognise the right of Austria to take from Turkey, regardless of treaty obligations, the Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina and annex them to her own territory. It might have been necessary for Great Britain to assist Russia had war followed, and all Europe would have been ablaze. Russia felt herself unprepared for so great an effort and

withdrew. Austria kept the Provinces. The compelling power of the German legions had been felt without the movement of a regiment. The world may be moving towards an era when a great nation will deny itself the right to the possession and exercise of such power, but the movement is at any rate slow, and marches, and can march, only with the growth in men and women individually of the spirit of sacrifice and self-denial—and no matter how much we may protest, we know when we look the facts in the face that mankind is not going with railway speed towards these ideals.

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It is to be hoped that the agitation for the removal from the King's test oath of the phrases objectionable to Roman Catholics is heard now for the last time. What may have been appropriate enough in the closing years of the seventeenth century is no longer necessary or desirable in the twentieth century. The Catholic population of the Empire, and particularly that of the United Kingdom, have a genuine grievance in the existing form of oath and there is every reason to believe the immense majority of people in the Christian portions of the Empire would favour the suggested change. While it is sometimes felt that Irish grievances against Great Britain are not very real, here is a case where a sense of injury and soreness may be legitimately felt. If only for the reason that the oath in its changed form would be offensive to none and would remove a cause of annoyance to the bulk of the Irish people, the change is desirable; but it is still more to be desired because the present oath is out of keeping with the spirit of the age. It is the great merit of the British constitution that it is easily adaptable to changing thought and circumstances, and Parliament should relieve George V. of the necessity of taking an oath which circumstances

may have rendered necessary in the case of the successor of James II.

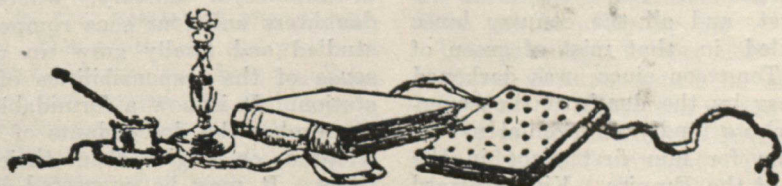
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The question of proportional representation continues to receive attention. It will be remembered that during the last Parliament the matter was made the subject of inquiry by a special committee of the House of Commons, the Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King being chairman; unfortunately the illness of Mr. Monk, the enthusiast for the cause, at whose instance the committee was appointed, prevented anything of importance being done for the time, but doubtless the matter will come up again. In the meantime a Royal commission which was appointed by the British Government in 1908 has reported on the subject and presented a mass of information and deductions. Proportional representation examined microscopically by the Commission would seem to be very much like Socialism, having a different meaning for every exponent, since the Commission reports having examined no less than 300 systems. The variations must be, however, infinitesimal, the same principle pervading the whole, that of minority representation.

*

John Stuart Mill was one of the earliest exponents of the system, which in a restricted fashion was practised in the Imperial Parliament and occasionally elsewhere, as for instance in the case of Ontario, where under the Mowat Government a minority member was given for many years to the city of Toronto; it is hardly necessary to state, however,

that these partial results of minority representation did not entail any serious departure from the normal system of voting and counting. It may be added that Earl Grey, the present Governor-General, is an ardent advocate of proportional representation, and so far back as in 1884, when a member of the House of Commons, had an article in *The Nineteenth Century Review* discussing the subject. The British Commission has ruled out all the systems examined save three, the Belgian, the French, and the transferable vote plans, and of these three recommend the last as that securing the best results. The Commission, however, refrains from expressing a view as to the desirability or practicability of applying this method to Great Britain. The British press is divided, regardless of party. It is admitted that it would tend to place parties more on a numerical equality, but it is not all clear that this is an advantage, since it might easily lead to a succession of weak governments. In Canada the adoption of proportional representation would somewhat widen the outlook of the average voter; grouped constituencies would be an almost essential feature of any system and this would entail a departure from the principle of localism which is too apt to characterise our politics. On the other hand, it would permit the massing of votes from eccentrics or for eccentrics and might send to Parliament many a member who would not add to its value. It is a change which is no doubt destined to come in time, but it may be questioned whether it will bring, on the whole, more advantage than disadvantage.





At five O'clock

England, England, England,
Girdled by ocean and skies,
And the power of a world, and the heart
of a race,
And a hope that never dies.

England, England, England,
Wherever a true heart beats,
Wherever the rivers of commerce flow,
Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,
Wherever the glories of liberty grow,
'Tis the name that the world repeats.

North and south and east and west,
Wherever their triumphs be,
Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt
isle
Where the heather blooms and the roses
smile

With the green isle under her lee;
And if ever the smoke of an alien gun
Should threaten her iron repose,
Shoulder to shoulder against the world,
Face to face with her foes,
Scot and Celt and Saxon are one
Where the glory of England goes.
And we of the newer and vaster West,
Where the great war banners are furled,
And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,
And the cannon are silent along our
coasts,

Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim
A part in the glory and pride and aim
Of the Empire that girdles the world.
—Wilfred Campbell.

*

THE month of May, usually so sunny in the British isles, when the verdure of the year is at its brightest, and all the country lanes are veiled in that mist of green of which Tennyson sings, was darkened this year by the death of the sovereign, whose kindly and genial nature had won for him first place in the hearts of the Empire. King Edward

had identified himself so completely with the social, as well as the political welfare of the country, that his sudden passing left the nation bereft of a personality which had always made for peace and goodwill.

But the old cry "The King is dead! Long live the King!" is the inexorable law of life, and we turn from the funeral pageantry at Windsor to the new household at Buckingham Palace. Yet, even here, one feels the continuity of British sovereignty, for it is son succeeding father, not the coming of a new order. Under the republican form of government, the household of the Chief Executive changes completely with the passing of a President, and the political association is the outstanding feature of the office. In a monarchy, such as that of Great Britain, the family at the head of the State preserves from reign to reign that sense of "An Habitation Enforced" which is the strongest bond of empire. The long reign of Queen Victoria gave to the British people a stronger personal interest than ever was known before in the sovereign's household. There was much that seemed typical of the British home in the royal nursery, where five daughters and four sons romped and studied and finally grew up with a sense of the responsibilities of their station. It is now a formidable task to number the descendants of Queen Victoria, or to give them their royal titles. It may be suggested by the

cynical that an extensive relationship among the royal families of Europe does not necessarily imply peace and comfort, since family quarrels are the most bitter of all dissensions. But slight family differences, after all, may be easily adjusted by those who know and understand the dispositions of those concerned.

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IT is more than forty-seven years since a Danish princess crossed the narrow seas to become the bride of the heir to the British throne. A royal position has its disadvantages, and eighteen-year-old Alexandra might not, like any ordinary girl, be "married from her own home." Since her bridegroom's position far outshone her own, the marriage must take place in his realm and the historic Saint George's chapel saw the plighting of their vows. Poetry which is written for such an occasion is usually of the trite and machine-made order, with little of the "first, fine, careless rapture" about it. But the "Welcome to Alexandra" which Tennyson wrote, in celebration of this event is an ode of genuine sympathy and beauty, with a rhythm as of the waves of a summer sea. It was a subject which might well inspire a poet—the wedding of a British prince with a daughter from the land of Canute and Sweyn — the peninsula kingdom which had played the part of historic enemy for centuries, along the very shores to which the bride was hastening. No wonder that whatever drop of Danish blood was in Alfred Tennyson's nature flowed to his pen as he wrote of the Princess Alexandra. In the many years which have followed since that royal wedding, Alexandra, whether as princess or Queen, has made for herself a home in the hearts of the British people. Her gentleness and graciousness have shown the best qualities of queen and woman and, in her present bereavement, she has the warm sympathy of a world-wide Empire. To appreciate what such a consort

means to the British sovereign, one need only review mentally the history of the early Hanoverian kings. The unfortunate Sophia, bustling Caroline, lachrymose Charlotte and the ill-fated spouse of George IV, present a somewhat different type of *chatelaine* from the gracious lady who, either at Sandringham or Windsor, has been a queen indeed.

*

THERE is naturally much popular interest manifest just now in the new royal household. Queen Mary, like Queen Alexandra and Queen Victoria, has a happy household of small persons. When she was in India, it is said, she was regarded with peculiar veneration as the mother of five sons.

The marriage of those of royal rank is not always the fancy-free choice which is made by those whose humbler and happier position gives them a wider freedom, so far as "affairs of the heart" are concerned. Princess May, as she was called in her early days, was a great favourite with Queen Victoria, whose affection for her kinswoman Duchess of Teck, mother of the princess, was well known. The Teck household was not rich, as wealth goes in this modern world of millionaires, and the ends refused to meet with a most provoking frequency. On such occasions, Queen Victoria is said to have come royally to the rescue, paid the bills of the Teck household and — perhaps — given a mild address on the virtue of living within one's means. The Duchess of Teck was an eminently popular, laughter-loving woman who took life gaily and had little thought for the morrow or the importunate tradesmen. Her daughter, on the contrary, displayed the contrast from the maternal temperament which we often see in everyday life.

Consequently, it was not singular that an alliance should be arranged between the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence, and this admirable princess. The death of the Duke of Clarence in 1892, left

George, the Duke of York, the only son of the heir to the throne. More than a year after the death of his brother, Prince George and the Princess May were married, with the full approval of Queen Victoria and with all the state which a royal wedding demands. A rumour as to a prior "marriage" on the part of the Prince (circulated chiefly by anarchistic papers) led to a denial by the Archbishop of Canterbury as to any legal "obstacle" to the nuptials. This rumour has lately been revived by certain United States papers of the yellow class. The writers of such tales show such an absurd ignorance of the Royal Marriage Act that their idle fancies hardly deserve notice by Canadian editors, some of whom have seriously republished the story.

The life of Prince George and Princess May, up to the time of Queen Victoria's death, was decidedly domestic and secluded for those in high position. The nursery claimed the attention of the Princess, who showed a keen interest in the early training and guidance of the "princelings" in whom she delighted. The children are—Prince Edward, now called the Duke of Cornwall, who was born in 1894; Prince Albert, a year younger; Princess Mary, in her fourteenth year; Prince Henry, Prince George and Prince John. Thus the succession appears to be fairly secured to the household of George V.

The colonies (or shall we say the British dominions beyond the seas?) became acquainted, by sight at least, with Prince George and his consort, when, in the latter part of the year, 1901, they visited Australia, Canada, Newfoundland and other British territories.

Princess May, or the Duchess of Cornwall and York, as she was called on her visit, won general liking for her excellent judgment and kindness, as shown in her brief sojourn. It must have meant a trial to the anxious mother to leave her small family in charge of others, while the pleasure

and interest she showed in the small persons who greeted her along the way were evidence of her womanly appreciation of their songs and smiles. The visit to Toronto extended over two days and must have been an exacting period for Their Royal Highnesses, as every available moment was used in street parade, military review, dinner, state concert and reception. The last-named was democratic enough to please the most republican soul, as all sorts and conditions of citizens, in all manner of attire, were presented and politely greeted. To anyone who watched that procession of thousands, the royal responsibilities appeared in anything but an enviable light. The first day of the Toronto visit was cold and damp, with the citizens a-shiver as the royal carriage passed along its route, while the curious observer remarked: "Why, they're just like their photographs." But the second afternoon was one of scarlet and blue and gold, when October ceased from sulking and gave us such *largesse* of sunshine as only a Canadian autumn can bestow. 'Varsity and the campus of emerald velvet never looked more radiant and stately, and we shall not soon forget the cheering crowds which greeted the grandson of Queen Victoria and his consort with such enthusiasm as our fathers showed his sire in the 'sixties. The tragedy of the war just over probably deepened the occasion into something more than mere shouting and acclaim. Its shadow had rested on our young country, the sovereign in whose name Canadian troops had gone forth was buried at historic Windsor; but the outlook was toward To-morrow as we greeted with hearty cheers the representatives of that British authority and might for which we had been proud to make a sacrifice.

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FOR many a day it will seem strange to see new faces as pictures of King and Queen, for the late

King Edward's long "minority" made us familiar with his pleasant smile and gracious ways long before he was called to royal duties. The genuine friendship and tenderness which seemed to exist between King Edward and his son form another welcome contrast to conditions which existed in Georgian days, when the sovereign was seldom on speaking terms with his heir.

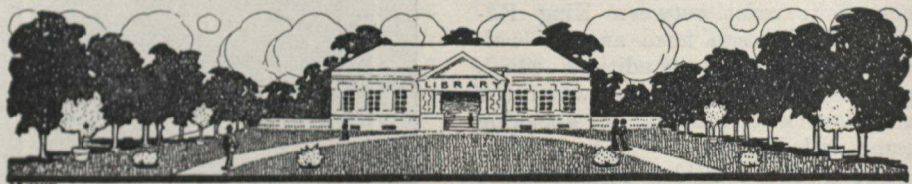
Queen Mary is said to possess many of the characteristics of Queen Victoria—her appreciation of the domestic virtues and her stern sense of obligation. Her amusement, or rather relaxation, has been of the serious order, and her taste in both music and drama is declared excellent by those who have reached an exalted place in these professions. She has the practical good-sense of the typical Teutonic housewife, as she showed more than once during her Canadian visit, especially in the West, where the flour claimed her attention by its surpassing quality.

Queen Alexandra retires from the public scene, but not from England; for, in her widowhood, she is true to her adopted country. Princess Victoria, her only unmarried daughter, remains to be her companion. A young figure, towards which many eyes will turn with interest, is the Princess Mary, the only daughter of the King, who is only thirteen years of age, and who looks like a bright, wholesome English girl, and is credited with the possession of a strong will and a fondness for out-door sports. In her isolated position, as the only daughter of a royal house, she has a sympathiser in her cousin, the sole daughter of the Kaiser, who is said to rule the Emperor of Germany in his own household. The old song of "God Save the King!" means much to the British dominions beyond the seas, where the best wishes for the royal household are fervent and sincere.

JEAN GRAHAM.



PRINCESS MARY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF KING GEORGE V.,
AND THEREFORE THE FIRST PRINCESS
OF ENGLAND



The WAY of LETTERS

THE question of most interest about some books is, How did they ever find publishers? It arises with unusual insistence in the case of "The Arch-Satirist," by Frances de Wolfe Fenwick. This is a book full of trite sentences, inconsequential chit-chat and verbose inanities. Apart from one or two aphorisms, there is nothing arresting in the volume. Montreal is the location, and there is a pretense at giving a picture of social life in that city. But the most that can be said for it is that it presents a contrast between two feminine characters—one, the worldly-wise, marry-for-money type; the other, a young woman whose scruples are sufficiently rigid and annoying to keep the plot, such as it is, together. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

THE public should be able to take it for granted that the publishers stand between the readers and the writers, that if irredeemably poor material is offered for publication as literature it will be refused. But, alas! the publishers sometimes fail lamentably. There is an instance in the volume of rhymed truisms entitled "The Veteran and Other Poems," by the Reverend Hamilton Wigle. The publishers should have known that no matter how successful Mr. Wigle is as a preacher and pastor in the city of Winnipeg, the

material he wished to have published under their imprint is not poetry. Whether they knew it or not, the volume goes out as a sample of Canadian versification. It is attractively bound, nicely decorated and well printed. But surely as much consideration should have been given to the contents. We shall quote a stanza from "The Flowers":

The sun is climbing up the hill;
The ice-fields soon will he distill;
And all the sunny slopes he'll fill
With flowers.

and the first and last stanzas of "Halley's Comet":

A comet's coming right this way,
About ten million miles a day,
And it will reach us, so they say,
Sometime in June.

* * * *

Its trip, in years, takes most four score;
Its course must touch some far-off shore;
We'll see it once and then no more,
Sometime in June.

The colour of the book is light mauve, with the lamp of knowledge conventionalised and stamped on the front cover in gold. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

"FRAGMENTS OF SAM SLICK" is the title of a praiseworthy little volume of selections from the humorous writings of Thomas Chandler Haliburton. While credit is due to Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee for the

idea that prompted him to make the selections and secure their publication, it is to be regretted that some note was not made of the books from which they were made. The reader unfamiliar with the works of Haliburton will in this volume find no clue to the precise source, and should he wish to know from which volume "The Philosophy of Kisses" was taken, it will be necessary for him to make a search through the original volumes themselves. As Mr. Burpee observes, many persons will find in Sam Slick's writings many sayings that have become familiar to us even if we have not known their origin, and from "Wilmot Springs," which is an account of a "cure-all" water, we take the following:

"Folks believed everything they heard of it. They actilly swallered a story that a British officer that had a cork leg bathed there, and the flesh growed on it, so that no soul could tell the difference atween it and the natural one. They believed the age of miracles had come; so a fellor took a dead pig and throw'd it in, sayin' who know'd as it cured the half dead, that it wouldn't go the whole hog?"

But it is a pity that the editor does not tell from which book his selections are taken. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

*

THERE is an old fairy tale about a magic mill which ground out all the bad and left nothing but the good. If "Nathan Burk," by Mary S. Watts, had been submitted to this mill a very fine book would probably have been the result. There is plenty of splendid material in the book, well handled, too, but the really interesting parts are so interwoven and overlaid with masses of padding that the whole effect is conducive to repose. It is all very well to call such a book "leisurely" and "comprehensive" and to compare it to Thackeray; the fact is that the modern reader doesn't want to go to sleep over a novel. There are some first-rate characters



MISS FRANCES DE WOLFE FENWICK,
AUTHOR OF "THE ARCH-SATIRIST"

in "Nathan Burk." Mrs. Ducey is delightful as a fast vanishing type of the eternal feminine; Nance is appealing and Francie is sweet and true—all the women, in fact, are well done. Nathan Burk himself suffers a little by the reminiscent style of the story, but he is a character well worth our interest. The other men-folk are clear-cut and admirable—but oh, the interminable pages which must be read to follow their fortunes; the by-ways, and the side tracks and the no-thoroughfares! It shows an exhaustive knowledge on the part of the author of little American happenings in the days of Mexican troubles before the Civil War broke out, but the unnecessary obtruding of such knowledge has certainly ruined the book as a work of fiction. And yet perhaps not that, for nothing could really ruin a book containing so much that is first-class. We are glad to have known the Duceys and Old George, the Sharpless family, Nathan Burk himself, and the adorable Francie; and our only quarrel with



MR. ARTHUR SPURGEON, J.P.,
GENERAL-MANAGER OF CASSELL AND COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS, LONDON, WHO RECENTLY
MADE A TOUR OF CANADA

their historian is that we are continually being dragged away from these delightful people to be introduced to a procession of others about whom we care nothing at all! (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

DOCTOR L. E. HORNING, professor of Teutonic Philology, University of Toronto (Victoria College) has done a valuable work in translating from the second German edition, a critical work, "The German Drama of the Nineteenth Century," by Doctor Georg Witkowski. The book is divided into five headings, representing chronologically the distinct periods which marked German dramatic literature during the last century. Kleist, Grillparzer, Hebbell, Ludwig, Wildenbruch, Sudermann, Hauptmann and lesser dramatists are treated with a discrimination which gives that much-discussed character, "the general reader," an opportunity to become acquainted with the recent

history of a great art in the most scholarly country of modern times. Doctor Horning is so sincere a student of German literature that the labour of translation has evidently been much to his liking, and the result is a treatise which is clear, terse and illuminating. In view of much current disparagement of the American stage, the following quotation from Doctor Witkowski's concluding chapter, regarding drama, may not be without interest.

"The complaint that the public of to-day takes less pleasure in the good than the public of the past is refuted by an impartial test of the facts. At no time have the works of the classic writers of more modern and most modern times enjoyed such eager appreciation as at present. Under Goethe's managership of the Weimar theatre two to three evenings in a year on the average were given to the plays of Shakespeare, which may well be considered a reliable standard, a number now often increased tenfold."

*

"THE PRODIGAL FATHER," by J. Storer Clouston, is a book which shows a pleasant twist of humour, a pleasant touch of wisdom, and a yet more pleasant hint of tenderness. *Mr. Walkinshaw* is undoubtedly very funny in his return to youth and folly, and that, I suppose, is the chief part of the story. But there is so much charm in the few pages devoted to *Mr. Walkinshaw's* daughter *Jean* and the painter *Lucas*, that one could wish for a whole volume devoted to the affairs of these nice young folk. It would be an enjoyable sort of book. The career of the young gentleman who made such "a remarkable contrast to *Mr. Walkinshaw's* sedate upholstery," and of the girl in the golden-brown dress would be worth following for 300-odd pages of a summer's afternoon, when problems are dull and epigrams tedious; and humanity, incurably old-fashioned,



MR. ARTHUR STRINGER, THE ACCOMPLISHED CANADIAN WRITER.
THE FIRST ACT OF HIS PLAY ENTITLED "THE BLOT"
APPEARS IN THIS NUMBER

returns to its old gods of simple love and simple fun. As for the present volume, the conclusion is rather disturbing; the author leaves the redoubtable *Walkinshaw* at a boys' school; the logical sequence would be in a baby-carriage. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

JAPAN has provided for Hallie Erminie Rives the setting for a pretty love story involving a comingling of American, European and Japanese characteristics. The volume is resplendent with descriptions of Japanese life and scenery, and the play on local colour is impressive. Apart from one or two chapters that might be regarded as crowded with

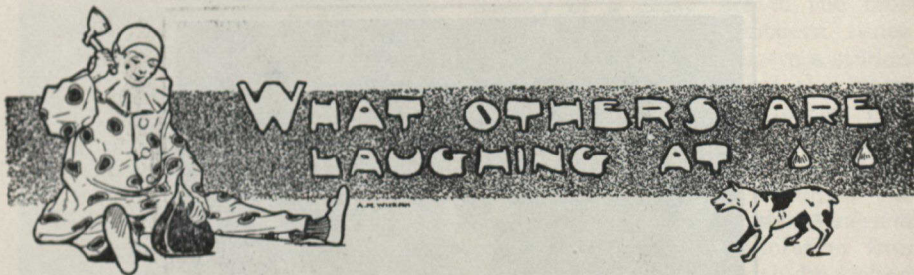
non-essentials, the book is readable and entertaining. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.)

*

NOTES.

—"Sweet Forget-Me-Not" is the title of a pleasing song by a young Canadian, Mr. Peter Johnson, with musical arrangement by Mr. Alexander Spencer.

—"Kilmeny of the Orchard" is the title of a new story by Miss L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea." The publishers, L. C. Page and Company, of Boston, have also published a new book entitled "A Cavalier or Virginia," by Theodore Roberts.



HITTING IT UP

A guest in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"'Bout like dis way," explained the negro, clapping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was a passing de Big Fo' depot."—*The Herald and Presbyter*.

A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE

"You are charged with stealing nine of Colonel Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses?" asked the justice sternly.

"Nussah," said Brother Jones humbly. "I 'specks I'se sawtuh perculia dat-uh-way, but it ain't never been mah custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken stealin', suh."—*Central Law Journal*.

*

WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT

A boy who had been going to one of the public schools in Buffalo left school to go to work for a small manufacturer.

The boy was dull and his stupidity annoyed the manufacturer greatly. After two weeks of trial the manufacturer discharged the boy at the end of the week on Saturday night.

"You are discharged," the manufacturer said. "Go and get your pay, and let that be the last of you. You're discharged."

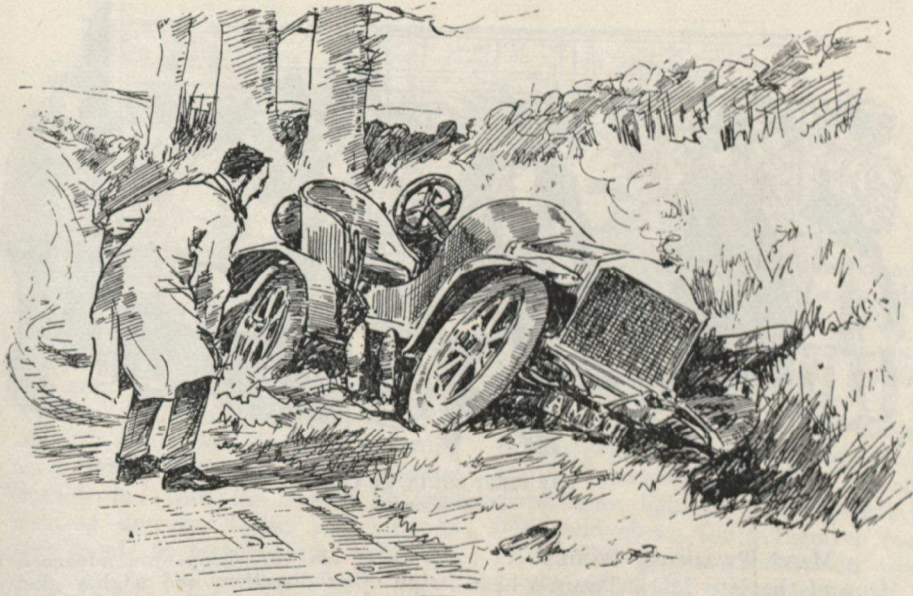
On Monday morning the manufacturer was much surprised to see the boy in his former place at work.

"Here!" he shouted. "What are you doing in this shop? I discharged you Saturday night."

"Yes," said the boy, "and don't you do it again. When I told my mother she licked me."—*Saturday Evening Post*.



CALLER: "Is Mrs. Brown at home?"
 ARTLESS PARLOURMAID (smiling confidentially): "No, Ma'am—
 she really is out this afternoon."
 —Punch



OWNER (practically unscathed): "Smart man, my chauffeur. Got down to his work already."

—Punch

THE STRAWS THAT SHOWED

Mother—"Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear?"

Daughter—"I certainly do, mama. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that two-guinea hat than in the three-guinea one."—*Scraps*.

*

A BARGAIN

A well-dressed man was standing outside a bookseller's shop in Charing Cross Road, closely examining one of Balzac's works, illustrated by Gustave Doré. "How much is this Balzac?" he asked an assistant outside.

"Twenty-five shillings," was the reply.

"Oh, that's far too much. I must see the manager about a reduction," continued the prospective customer, and, suiting the action to the word, he took up the book and went into the shop.

Approaching the bookseller, he took the book from under his arm, and asked what he would give for it.

"Seven shillings, highest offer," he was told.

The offer was accepted—the man took his money, and left.

"Well," queried the assistant later, after the man had gone, "were you able to hit off with the gentleman, sir?"

"Oh, yes. I managed to get another copy of that edition of Balzac for seven shillings."

Then the bookseller went out to lodge a complaint with the police.—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

*

THOSE LITTLE ANGELS

Neighbour—"How did that naughty little boy of yours get hurt?"

Ditto—"That good little boy of yours hit him in the head with a brick."—*Jewish Ledger*.

*

CHANGED HIS MIND

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, an' he's convinced me that I ain't."—*Catholic News*.



THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST
"OTHER DOOR!"

CURTIS HENRY GARDNER A.C.

—Life

MARK TWAIN ON BABIES

One of the late Mark Twain's best-remembered speeches was made at a banquet held in Chicago in honour of General Grant shortly after his return from his tour around the world. To this company, met in honour of a great soldier, and largely composed of Civil War veterans, Mark Twain talked of "The Babies." The *Atlanta Georgian* reprints part of his speech as follows:

We have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not been generals, or poets, or statesmen, but when the toasts work down to the babies, we stand on common ground—for we have all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby—as if he didn't amount to anything.

You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey—his mere body-servant—and you had to stand around, too.

He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect—and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers and pulled your hair and twisted your nose you had to take it.

When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears you set your face toward the batteries, and advanced with a steady tread, but when he turned on the ter-

rors of his war-whoop—you advanced in the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing-syrup, did you venture to throw out any remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No. You got up and got it. If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, didn't you rise promptly and remark, with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday-school book much, that it was the very thing you were about to propose yourself?

Oh, you were under good discipline—and as you went faltering up and down the room in your undress uniform you not only prattled baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing "Rock-a-by Baby in the Tree Top," for instance. What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee—and what an affliction for the neighbours, too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at 3 in the morning.

*

TRANSMIGRATION

One morning Jenkins looked over his garden wall and said to his neighbour:

"Hey, what are you burying in that hole?"

"Oh," he said. "I'm just replanting some of my seeds; that's all."

"Seeds!" shouted Jenkins angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens."

"That's all right. The seeds are inside."—*Christian Work and Evangelist.*

THE SIGN OF THE RED ROSE

BY OLIVE LANIER

THE world owes much to the discoverer of tea. He was a Buddhist missionary (so at least one fable goes) who went from India to China many years before the Christian era, to convert the heathen to another form of paganism. While making a fire for his frugal evening meal some leaves from a burning branch fell into the water he was heating and he found the infusion thus made so pleasant and exhilarating that he recommended the shrub to his followers and the cultivation of the queen of plants began.

Think of living a tealess life. Could anything be so impossible? How could we endure the stress and strain of our occupations; how could we hope to win our hard-fought battles; what would calm our nerves and keep our tempers down; and oh, for our social amenities and our gossip, what would become of them?

British planters in India and Ceylon have done more in fifty years to improve the cultivation and manufacture of tea than have the Chinese in twenty centuries. It was started in the Chinese way in India but Anglo-Saxon ingenuity has evolved machinery for every process after plucking so that to-day when a housewife in Canada buys a package of Red Rose tea she knows it has not been touched by human hand since it was gathered by the white-robed natives from the low green bushes in the British tea gardens of the Orient.

The Encyclopædia Britannica makes the following interesting statement: "What is indisputable about tea drinking is that it forms an agreeable means of imparting the proportion of water necessary in human nutrition,

which, being taken hot, communicates to the system a beneficial warm glow. Further, it is a medium of taking no inconsiderable amount of real nutriment. Its properties have nowhere been better described than by the earliest Chinese writer on the subject, Lo Yu, who writes: "Tea tempers the spirit, awakens thought, prevents drowsiness, lightens and refreshes the body and clears the perceptive faculty." The gentle exhilaration which accompanies the moderate use of tea is not followed by the depression which succeeds the use of alcoholic stimuli. Experience has proven that tea sustains the mind under severe muscular or mental exercise without causing subsequent exhaustion."

To draw tea to perfection put it in a warm *dry* earthen pot, pour on fresh water that has just been brought to a *hard* boil; let it stand six minutes and remove the leaves from the liquor. Tea should never be boiled.

Tea is the cheapest beverage in the world. A pound will make over 200 cups, which at forty cents a pound is less than a cent for five cups. A pound of the forty cent grade of Red Rose tea will make a good many more than 200 cups, and the delicate flavour and smooth richness of it can be obtained only by the Red Rose process of scientific blending of teas of India and Ceylon.

The Red Rose tea warehouse at Saint John, N.B., is the largest, best equipped, most sanitary tea warehouse in Canada. Mr. T. H. Estabrooks, the proprietor of Red Rose tea, though still a young man, has, by the quality of his tea, gained a leading position in the tea business in America.

EVOLUTION OF THE ORCHID.

BY M. VALLIERE

An orchid perfume. What a delightful thought. To extract the redolence of this rarest and daintest of flowers and preserve all its balmy fragrance for our use. The orchid; that matchless genus of flowering plants in which an extraordinary series of changes have been wrought by the scientific florist in generations of cross-fertilization, until it has become the most exquisite of all floral life in form, color and odor: the queen of flowers, held in highest esteem by plant-lovers: the sweetest token of the tropics, of which new and rare varieties are almost priceless.

An English enthusiast, not long ago paid \$40,000 for a single type of orchid but it was one in which the floral structure was so curious, so infinitely delicate and refined and the perfume so wonderful that no other of all the flower creation could equal it. An orchid perfume was a charming idea.

Of all our senses the one we delight to gratify most is the sense of smell—the one we are most fastidious and over-nice about—and it is not surprising that in the indulgence of this pardonable vagary a great amount of ingenuity and capital should be engaged. And so we have an endless variety of compounds and distillations, all of them very alluring, some having a quasi-scientific basis, but only a few of them that are really what they are claimed to be—and seem to be.

Hundreds of fancy names there are, and bewitching packages, which after all are only alcoholic solutions or tinctures of some well-known artificial odors blended in various proportions. The art of absorbing and retaining the delicate odors of the natural flowers is rare and seldom practised. It is so much easier to compound a scent of ingredients common to the chemist, sufficiently pleasing to have a commercial value, than by distilling scientifically that part of the plant in which the perfume is contained, or by inflowering or maceration, which are intricate processes requiring much skill and care, that the critical sense of smell is offended by numberless cheap perfumes wherever we turn.

We have looked to France for our best perfumes—La Belle France, whose virtues would not go so far if vanity did not bear them company—yet for what good reason should we do so? Giving all the credit he deserves to the French perfumer, is it logical that he should have precedence over our own? All that France affords in materials and attainment, the Canadian manufacturer brings to his laboratories, but he has more than the foreign compounder in the scientific adaptation of machinery and devices.

He is in a land of flowers too, as effulgent as those of France. Was it not in Canada that the young hero of the fairy-tale lived, who wandered far and wide seeking the key-flower which he had seen in dreams, that was to open for him a treasure-house of riches and when he returned from his quest, found the magic blossom blowing at the threshold of his door?

The famed perfumer of Grasse who supplies our manufacturers with much of the foundation material for their preparations is not now essential to Sovereign Perfumes Limited, whose laboratories in Toronto are the largest in Canada. They are supplied with the best known devices for the most perfect extraction and filtration of the odors from natural flowers. With them the distillation is an art; the product is as pure and exhilarating as the air the flowers breathe. They are producing a series of Ideal Orchid preparations which are becoming very popular, viz; Orchid Perfume, Orchid Sachet, Orchid Talcum Powder, Orchid Toilet Water and Orchid Cream.

The basis of this delicious series of "Ideal" adjuncts to the genteel toilet is extracted from Orchids which grow only on the Island of Borneo and each article is prepared by experts who know that to constitute a perfect bouquet, the odors must correspond, like the notes of a musical instrument—one false note as in the music would destroy the harmony of the whole. These dainty Orchid preparations deserve the synonym of "Ideal" because that is what they are.

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is prime beef in a highly concentrated form.

Nothing is more rapidly assimilated than Bovril.

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GOLD MEDAL



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ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

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DON'T be fooled by the size of the Soap Powder Packages. Some *look* big but *do* little.

Here are the results of an actual test:

You should be able to guess the story—think of Corn *before* and *after* it is POPPED

PEARLINE

ALWAYS HAS BEEN—IS NOW ALWAYS WILL BE

Best by Test

TRY TO MAKE SOAP PASTE OF THE FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS BY PEARLINE'S DIRECTIONS—SEE WHAT YOU'LL GET



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF PEARLINE WEIGHED ONE OUNCE



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF ONE OF THE FLUFFED, LOOK-BIG PACKAGES WEIGHED ONE-HALF OUNCE



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF ANOTHER OF THE FLUFFED, LOOK-BIG PACKAGES WEIGHED ONE-HALF OUNCE SCANT

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

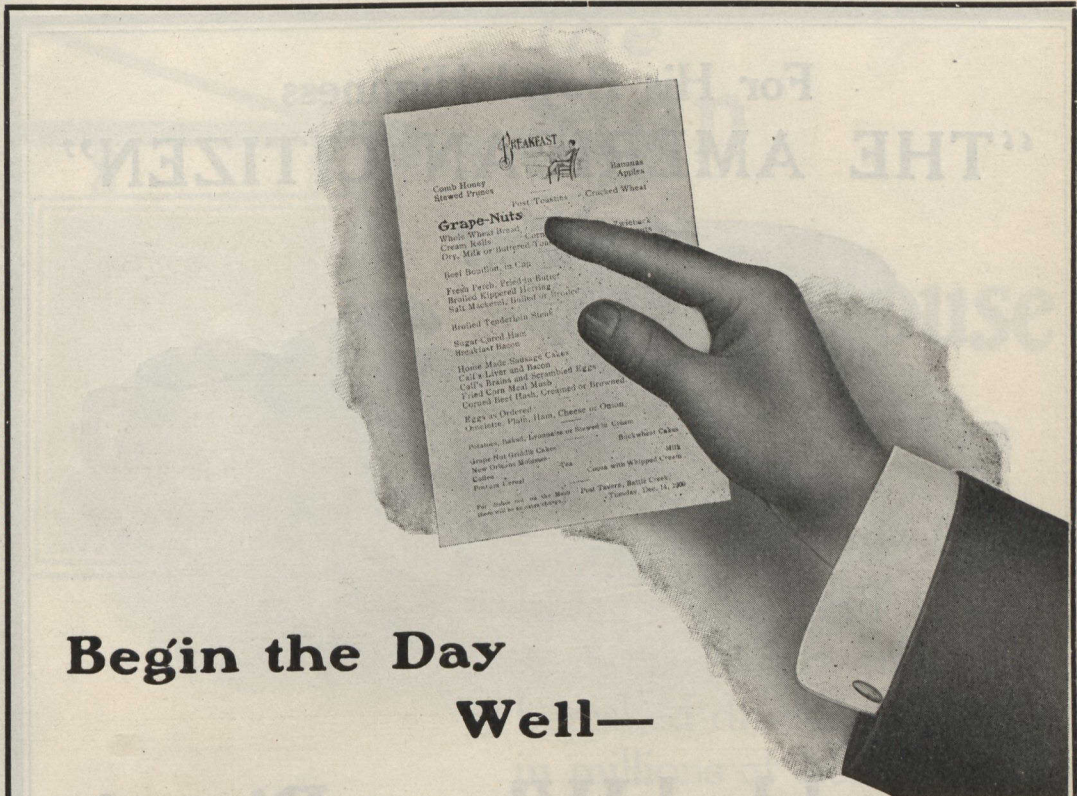
You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes Hard. Every particle can be consumed.

**SOLD ONLY IN 15c AND 25c BLOCKS
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Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada





Begin the Day
Well—

Grape-Nuts

with Cream

is a scientific, partially predigested food, containing the vital elements of wheat and barley for rebuilding body and brain.

It is easily and quickly assimilated, and does not detract from the morning's energy as do many other foods which are hard to digest.

Grape-Nuts sustains body and brain in fine fettle for any activity the day's business or pleasure may present.

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For His Royal Highness
“THE AMERICAN CITIZEN”



Shredded Wheat Biscuit with RED RASPBERRIES

A wholesome, delicious combination for the summer days when the appetite needs to be coddled with toothsome things that nourish and satisfy without disturbing the digestion.

Being made in Biscuit form it is easy to prepare an appetizing, nourishing meal with Shredded Wheat on short notice. No culinary skill or experience required. Simply heat a Shredded Wheat Biscuit in the oven to restore its crispness, then cover with raspberries, or other berries, and serve with milk or cream adding sugar to suit the taste. The porous shreds take up the fruit juices, presenting them to the palate with all the full, rich aroma of the natural berry.

If you like Shredded Wheat Biscuit with berries or other fruits you will like the Biscuit for breakfast with milk or cream. It is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the finest, cleanest, most hygienic food factory in the world. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream and a little fruit will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work.

ALL THE MEAT OF THE GOLDEN WHEAT
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Old Dutch
Cleanser has
brought spick and
span cleanliness and
banished drudgery
in millions of homes.

*Is it
a Stranger
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You'll find
it a friend
in need and
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**Large
Sifter - Can**

giving full
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many uses **10c**

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.



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WONDERFUL FOOD

First of all it is high in food value—it contains the most desirable food properties in the right proportions.

It suits everybody, old and young, all like it and all are the better for partaking of it.

Then it acts as a conveyor to other foods—in fact children will take anything if there is Crown Brand Corn Syrup on it.

They would rather have CROWN BRAND SYRUP on their bread, biscuit, rolls or toast than butter, jam, preserves or anything else.

Porridge and cereals which children so much need, would often remain untouched if it were not for the CROWN SYRUP on them.

CROWN SYRUP is a food which parents can give generously to their children.

It is the most economic even if children eat more with it than they otherwise would.

And there is no anxiety as to results.

It is put up in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lbs. air tight tins with lift-off lids.

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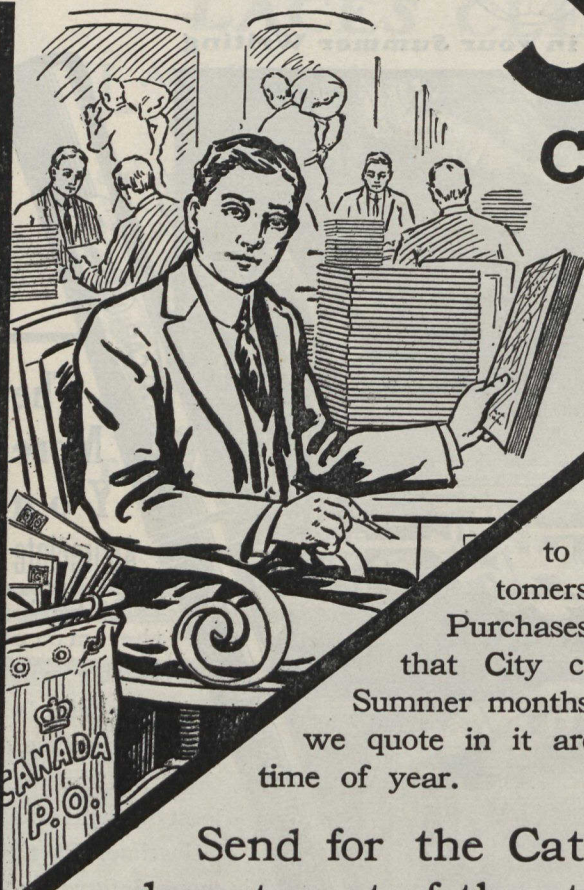
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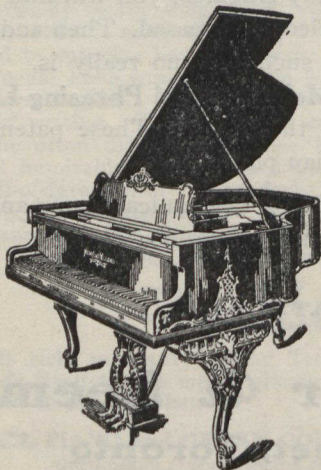
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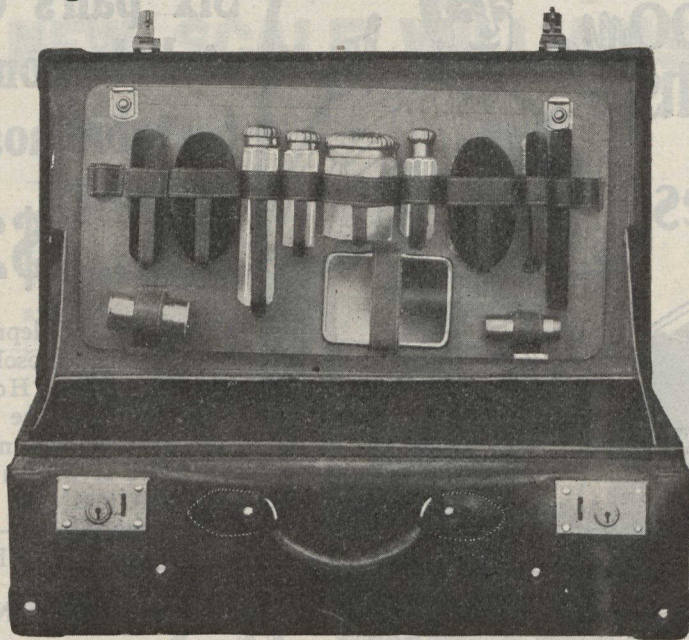
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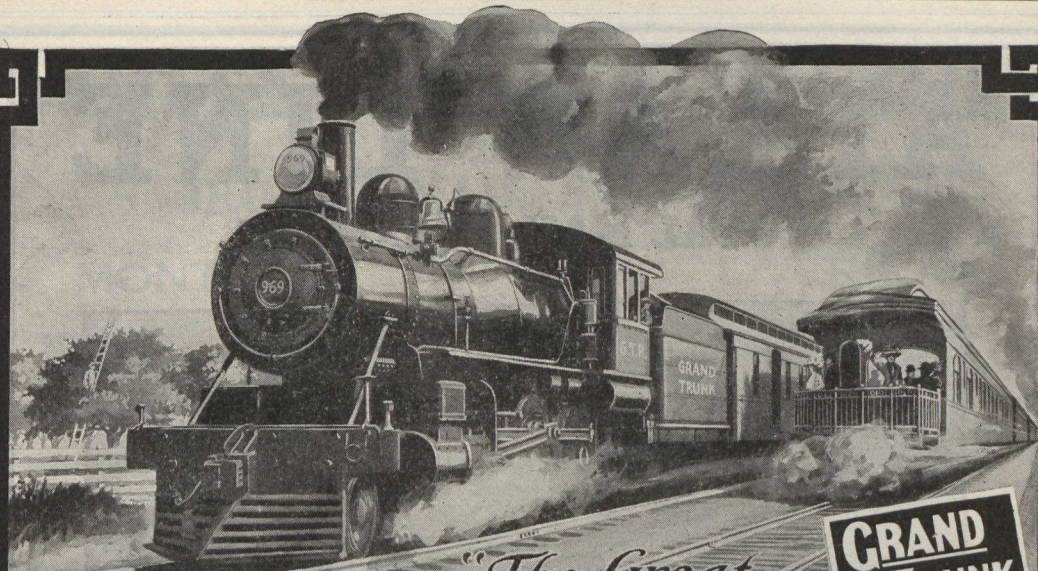
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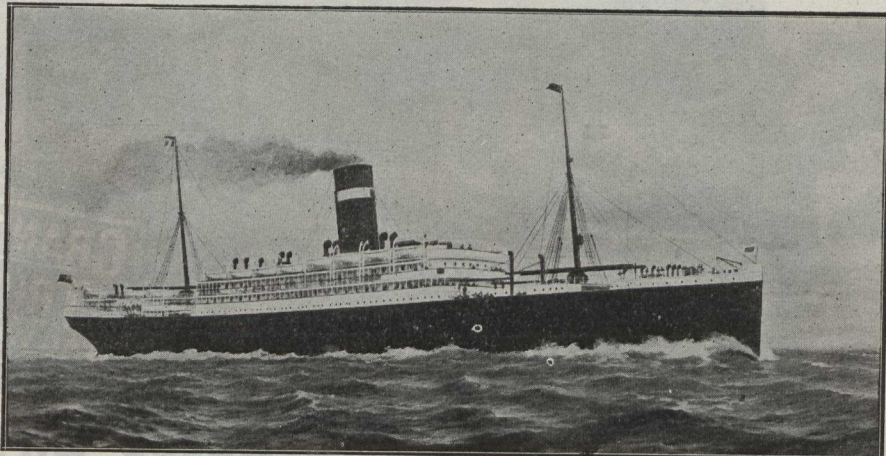
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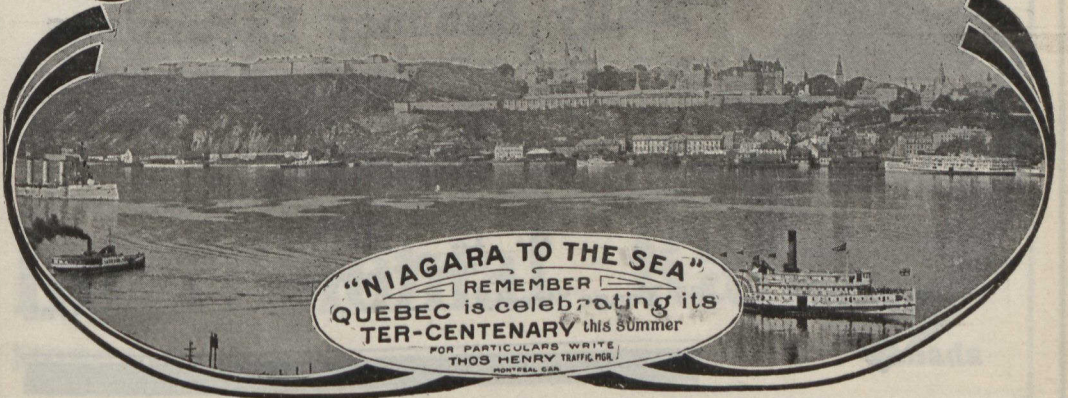
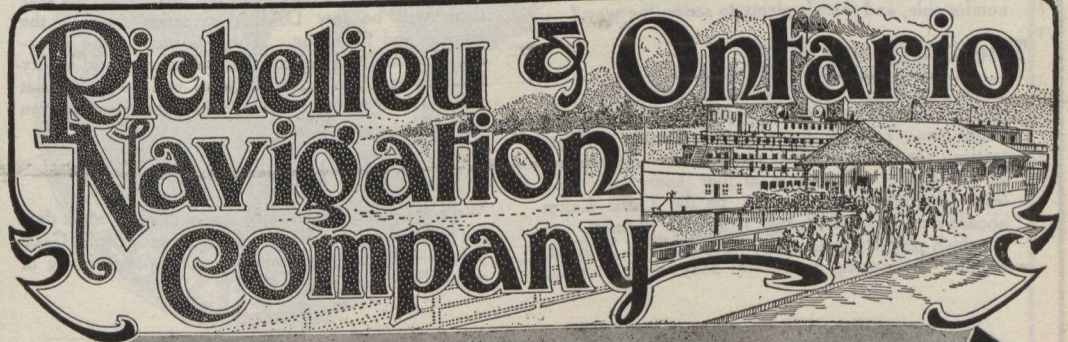
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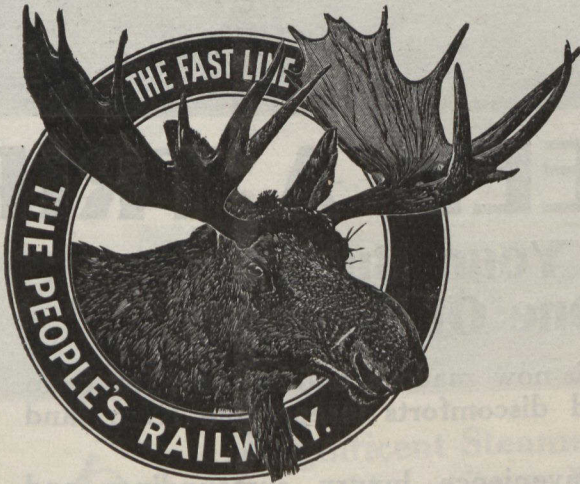
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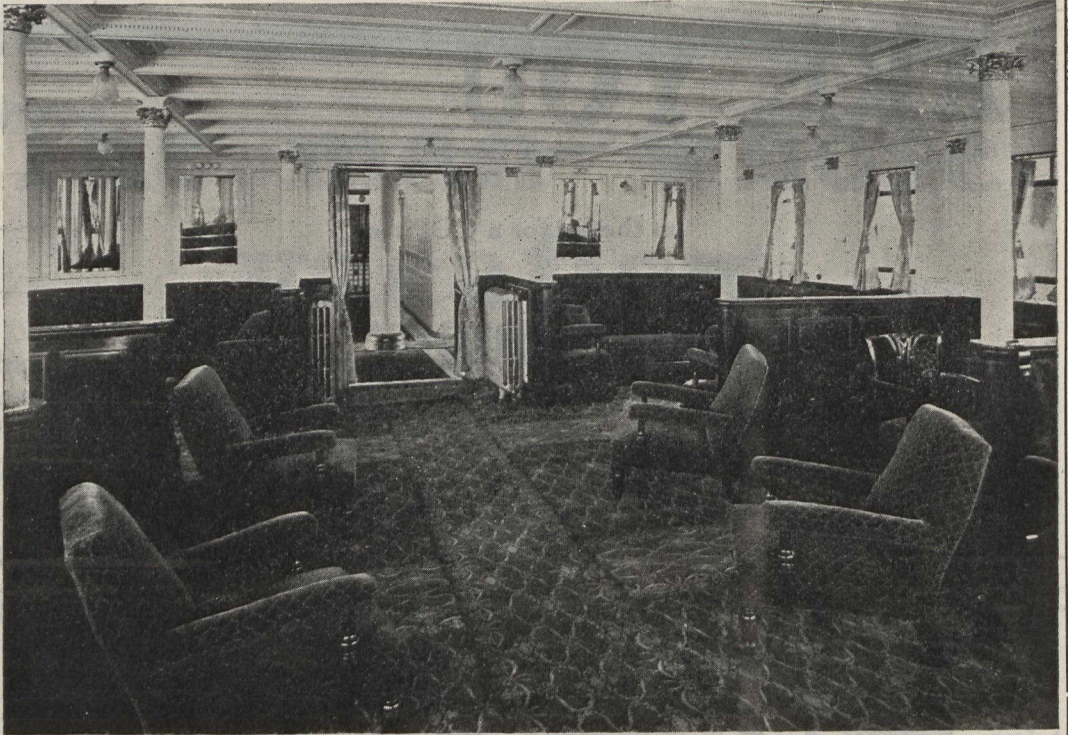
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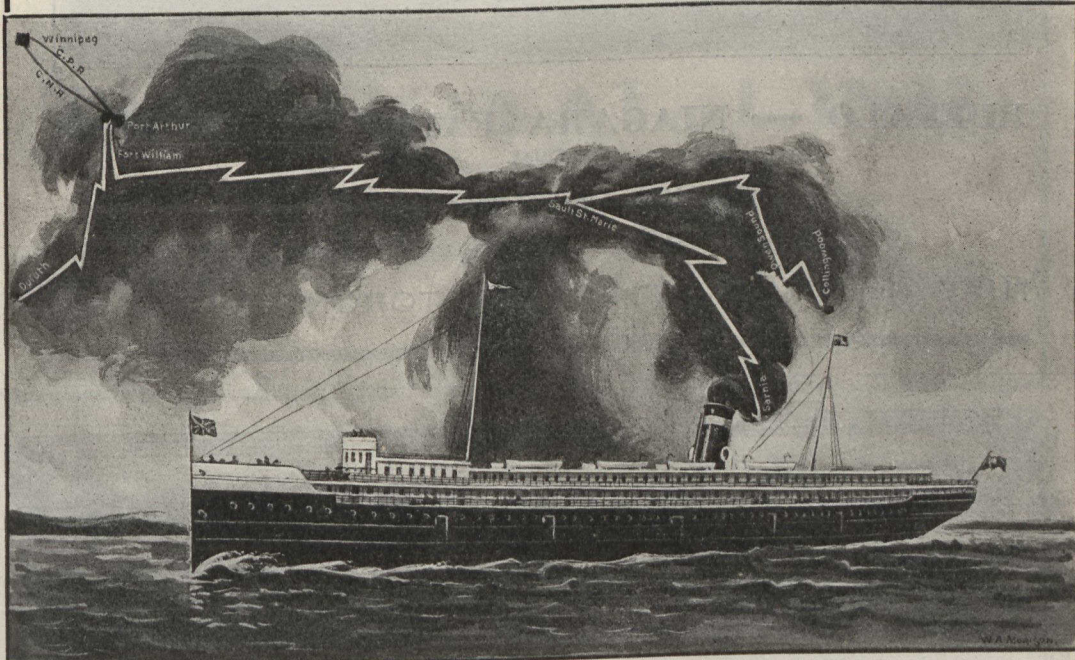
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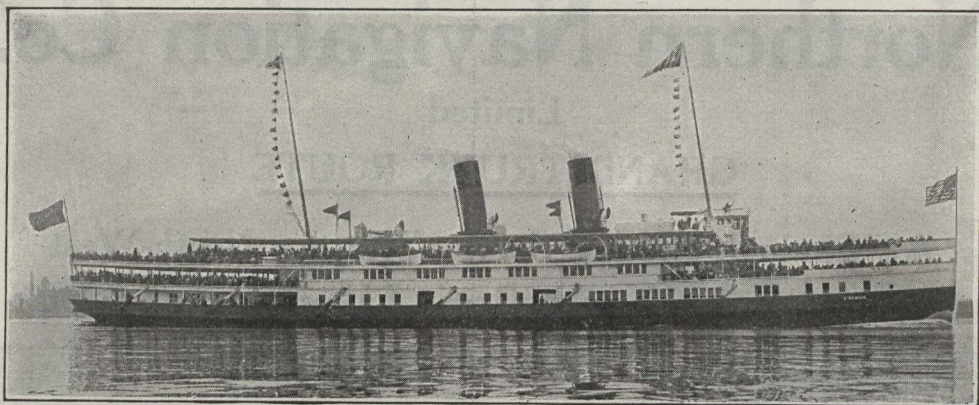


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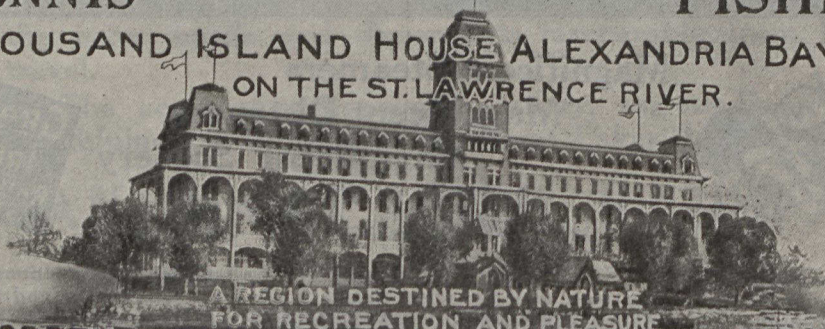
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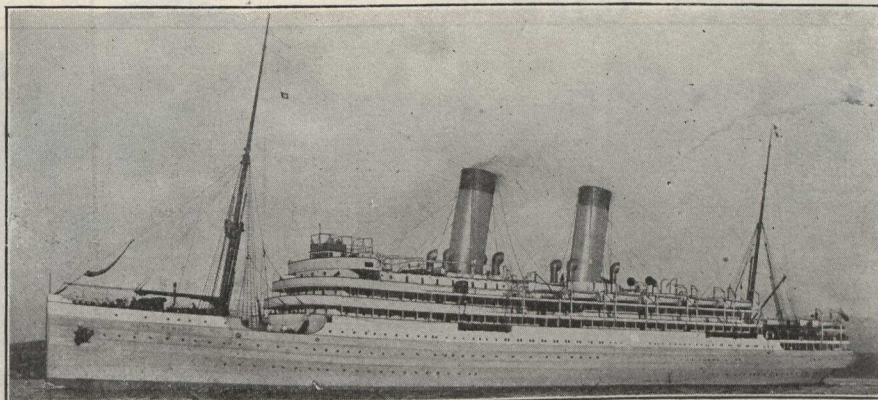
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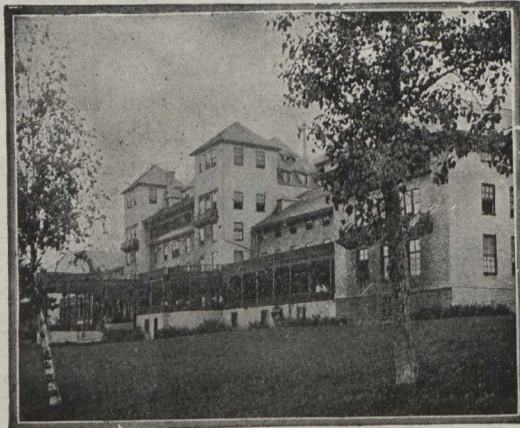
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Send for our free booklet, entitled "Dainty Decorator," and learn how "LACQUERET" will make the old suite shine with all the beautiful lustre of new life. A coat of colored "Lacqueret" (any shade to suit the furniture, or your fancy) will make every article look brighter and better than on the day you bought it.

Most prominent Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

Toronto - Winnipeg 2365





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THE NEW ARROW COLLARS

for Summer Wear, show above coat collar in the back, are cut low enough in front for comfort, and have room for cravat to slide in and tie in.

Made in two ways { CONCORD with notch
EVANSTON with buttonhole } 20c. 3 for 50c.

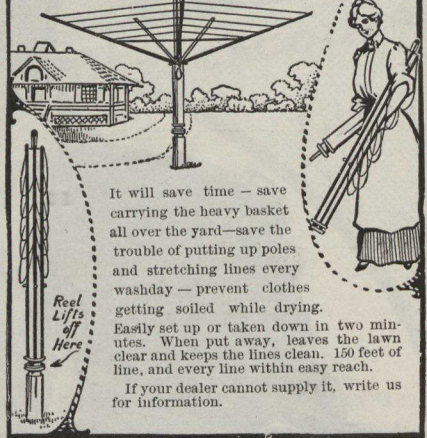
Cluett, Peabody & Company, Makers, Troy, N. Y.

Perrin Gloves



Style
Fit
Durability—
‘Standard of
the World’

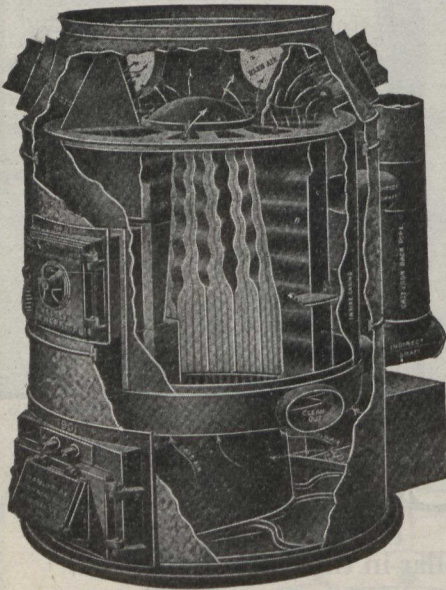
THE MONITOR ROTARY LAWN CLOTHES DRYER



It will save time — save carrying the heavy basket all over the yard—save the trouble of putting up poles and stretching lines every washday — prevent clothes getting soiled while drying. Easily set up or taken down in two minutes. When put away, leaves the lawn clear and keeps the lines clean. 150 feet of line, and every line within easy reach. If your dealer cannot supply it, write us for information.

CUMMER - DOWSWELL, Limited
HAMILTON, ONT.

59



No Heat Lost in the Cellar

This is a Distinctive Feature of the

KELSEY ^{WARM} AIR GENERATOR

that all air, as quickly as heated, passes through the hot chamber, and on to the part of the building to be heated. There's no heat lost by radiation in the cellar or basement.

Churches, Schools, Halls, Dwellings, etc., can be evenly heated by the **Kelsey** with an amount of fuel which, with any other system, would be wholly inadequate.

Write for Catalogue "S" which gives full details.

James Smart Mfg. Co., Limited BROCKVILLE, ONT.
Western Branch : WINNIPEG

TRADE  MARK

KNOWN THE

WORLD OVER

The Razor that Caused a Revolution

It was not so very long ago that a man who thought enough of himself to look neat, was considered a "dude".

The Saturday night bath, Sunday morning shave, baggy trousers and dull boots, were the general rule.

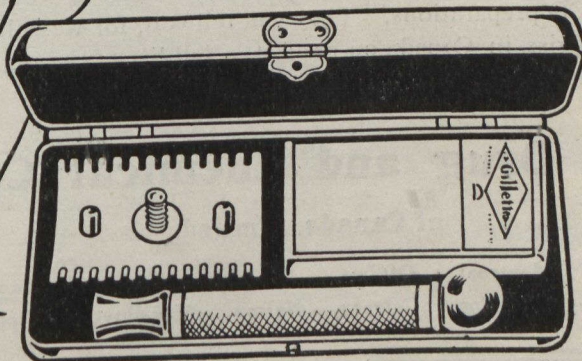
Then came the "GILLETTE" Safety Razor with its message of cleanliness and comfort. And the revolt began.

Men saw the value of appearances. The fresh collar every morning, polished boots, stylish clothes and personal cleanliness, came with the daily shave.

Today, the progressive successful man is the man who is clean, physically as well as morally.

And the "GILLETTE" started the revolution. Have you the "GILLETTE" face?

"GILLETTE" Standard Sets and Pocket Editions—\$5.00 to \$7.50.



"Gillette" Signs show Gillette dealers.

Gillette Safety Razor Co.
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Office and Factory: MONTREAL

Anywhere in Canada

You Can Get Any

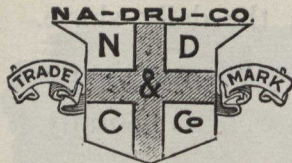
NA-DRU-CO

Toilet or Medicinal Preparation You Need

Step into a drug store in Halifax and ask for a tube of **NA-DRU-CO Tooth Paste**. You'll get it, of course.

When that tube is used up, if you should chance to be in Vancouver, or in a country village in Ontario, or anywhere else in Canada between Atlantic and Pacific, you can get exactly the same tooth-paste—under the same **NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark**—at the same price.

So with **NA-DRU-CO Tasteless Cod Liver Oil**, the great tonic, with **NA-DRU-CO Cascara Laxatives**, **NA-DRU-CO Blood Purifier** or any other



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS
TRADE MARK

of 125 **NA-DRU-CO Toilet and Medicinal preparations**. They are on sale under **one trade mark**, at **one price throughout the Dominion**. Should your druggist not have the particular article you ask for in stock, he can get it for you **within 48 hours** from our nearest Wholesale Branch.

When you get an article bearing the **NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark** you have the best that money can buy. But if for any reason you are not entirely satisfied with it, we want it back. **Return the unused portion to your druggist and he will refund your money.**

Ask your physician or druggist—men of standing in your community—about **NA-DRU-CO preparations**. They can tell you, for we will furnish to any physician or druggist in Canada on request, a full list of the ingredients in any **NA-DRU-CO article**.

National Drug and Chemical Company

of Canada, Limited.

Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London,
Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Nelson, Vancouver, Victoria. 13

H & R REVOLVERS

A Revolver
you can ALWAYS
say "THE BEST" about

H&R ARMS CO

REVOLVERS

are the embodiment of perfection — the result of thirty-six years' experience in making firearms exclusively. Up to the minute in finish and detail, and absolutely reliable.

Sold by all first class dealers. *Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and little target trade-mark on the handle. Send for Illustrated Catalog.*

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620 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.

H & R
"Premier"
Automatic
Double Action,
22 caliber, 7 shot,
or 32 caliber, 5 shot,
3 inch barrel, finest
nickel finish, Target
Grip, \$7.00; 4 inch
barrel, as illustrated,
50 cents extra.



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means foot comfort. It keeps leather soft and pliable — makes shoes last longer. Does not contain any Turpentine, Acids, or other injurious ingredients. Brilliant and lasting—one rub does the trick.
ALL DEALERS, 10c.

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None Genuine Without This Signature.

Stewart Hartshorn

Get the Originator's Signed Product
and Avoid Disappointment.

The Inventor's Signature that stands for perfection in

SHADE ROLLERS

For 61 years the Hartshorn Shade Roller has kept in the lead of all imitations, because of original merit and every possible improvement. Latest model requires no tacks. Wood or Tin Rollers. Dependable, lasting springs.



*Tumbler in popular
new Butterfly Pattern.*

ELITE CUT GLASS.

WITH all its individuality and class due to its delightfully original designs and unmatched brilliancy of cutting, ELITE Cut Glass can be procured for as low a price as is paid for the inferior kinds.

There is a vast difference between the merit of this fine art product and ordinary commercial glass. Be sure to get the genuine.

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on the bottom of the article.
It is your sure protection.

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16 Front St. East, :: Toronto



Headquarters for Fine Rugs

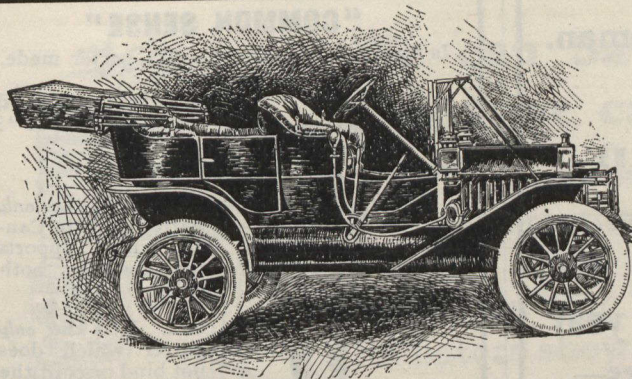
Look at all the handsome new residences being erected in Toronto. Hardly any other city in America has had so many built in the past year. The specifications for these houses call for hardwood floors, and hardwood floors are unsightly without the softening, beautifying charm of

High Class Oriental Rugs

Only the higher grades of Oriental Rugs are suitable for drawing rooms and reception rooms, and in this connection we wish to lay forcible emphasis on the fact that we carry the most perfect line of Kermanshah Rugs in Canada, and do not hesitate to say that few houses on this whole continent can show an equal assortment of soft, rich colorings, in delicate shades, and in such fine patterns in Kirmanshahs as we are showing. Kirmanshahs, Sarouks, Tabriz, Shiraz, and other fine specimens gladly shown to any intending purchasing new floor coverings. Ask for our booklet on Oriental Rugs. Out of town orders given our careful attention.

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Opposite King Edward Hotel



To own a
McLaughlin-
Buick
Model "8"

Is a Sign of Distinction

This Car Speaks for Itself

AND is justly proud of the fact that it is MODEL "8," not just because its designers failed to call it "13," or some such unlucky number, but because in the motor world, "No. 8" McLaughlin-Buick is a car whose name and number bear PRESTIGE.

It sells for \$1,325. and, should its REAL MOTOR VALUE be estimated, the mere cost price would be a "song" in comparison.

Not a heavy car, but just enough weight to act in perfect unison with its powerful motor, and afford that smooth and pleasant carriage so lacking in most medium weight cars.

Then, too, you may purchase a Model "8" and still have money in your pocket with which to enjoy it and provide a good up-keep. A reliable car at a medium price, lots of power and a handsome body—what more may one expect?

The

McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Ltd.

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Talks by a Furnaceman.

PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE

"I save money each year for 'Economy' owners—the coal bill shows it."

MY "Economy" employers are the lucky ones. Why I have attended one "Economy" Furnace for 19 years. No expense for repairs, no bother, no worry—just absolute heating satisfaction, year in and year out. It's because it's built right—every section from heavy, durable material, in the most scientific design. Take the firepot—its peculiar shape makes for fuel saving. It widens slightly at the bottom. The fuel **cannot** become congested, smothering the fire. It settles evenly and loosely on the grate. Every particle is consumed—**every possible heat unit extracted**. No waste—no ashes to sift—the "Economy" cuts off that dirty, disagreeable, expensive job. For economy sake you should know more about the Pease heating system. Investigate "Economy" features. Watch for my next talk.

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"The Question of Heating"

PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY

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NOTE—We manufacture exclusively Warm Air, Hot Water, Steam and Combination Heating Systems.

2482

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Why is it called "Common Sense"?

Because:—

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2nd. It is the *only* garter which does not bind or cord the leg.

3rd. It is endorsed by medical men as the most hygienic garter on the market owing to simple yet scientific construction.



(Patented)

If your dealer cannot supply "Common Sense" Garters send us 25c for a sample pair post paid.

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ACTS IN 30 MINUTES

Cures

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Mr. Mothersill gave demonstrations of this remedy in 1908, on the English and Irish Channels and received the universal praise of the leading papers of Great Britain. These test were considered of so much importance that reports were cabled over the world. The leading papers published these cable articles at the time; among these we may mention, New York Herald and Montreal Star.

We have also received the highest testimonials from many of the world's foremost men, among these being Lord Northcliffe and Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain General of the British Forces.

Write us for particulars.

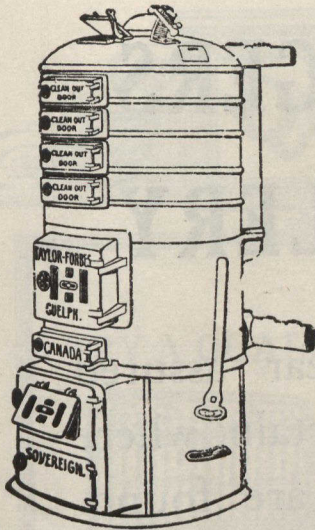
50c. box sufficient for 24 hour sea journey.

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For sale at Druggists or write,

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WE can prove it by the number of testimonials we have received from satisfied users of Sovereign Hot Water Boilers and Radiators showing that a winter's heating has been maintained at unusually light consumption of coal, as compared with the past experiences of those persons who write us about our boilers.

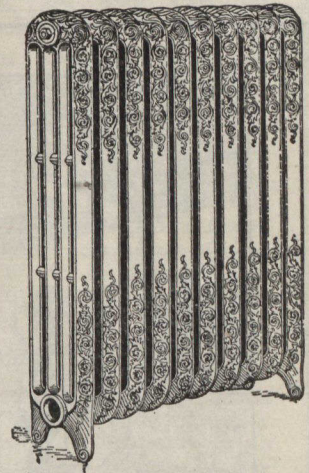
The Sovereign Hot Water Boiler gives more healthful and more efficient heating with less attention and on the same or less amount of coal than would be used in a hot air furnace heating a house of the same given size.

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Installed by Heating Engineers and Plumbers throughout Canada.

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Cutlery to His Majesty

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dressed windows and cases and carefully arranged goods lose half their effect under a cracked, discolored, unsanitary wood or plaster ceiling.

"Classik" embossed steel ceilings and walls are not only fire-proof and hygienic but very artistic and will last forever. Easily kept bright and fresh by wiping with a damp cloth. Machine-cut beads (patented) make seams invisible and erecting easy.

Quickly and easily installed without interruption to business. Get catalog 'A' showing hundreds of designs suitable for stores, schools and residences. It gives full information.

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GALT, ONTARIO
WINNIPEG—DUNN BROS.

Galt "Classik" Ceilings

Quality Beds

TRY A QUALITY BED FREE FOR THIRTY DAYS



Quality Brass Bed No. 1813

and if you do not then think it is the best bed you've ever seen, anywhere, don't keep it. Unless you conclude with us that Quality Beds are the *best*, there is no sale. This is a fair, square offer. We *want* you to test a Quality Bed in *your way, in your home*. Remember, Quality Beds are sold with the express understanding that you must be satisfied. So you can be absolutely sure of long wear, Quality Beds are

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THE
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THE REAL
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SUPERIOR ACOUSTIC PROPERTIES.

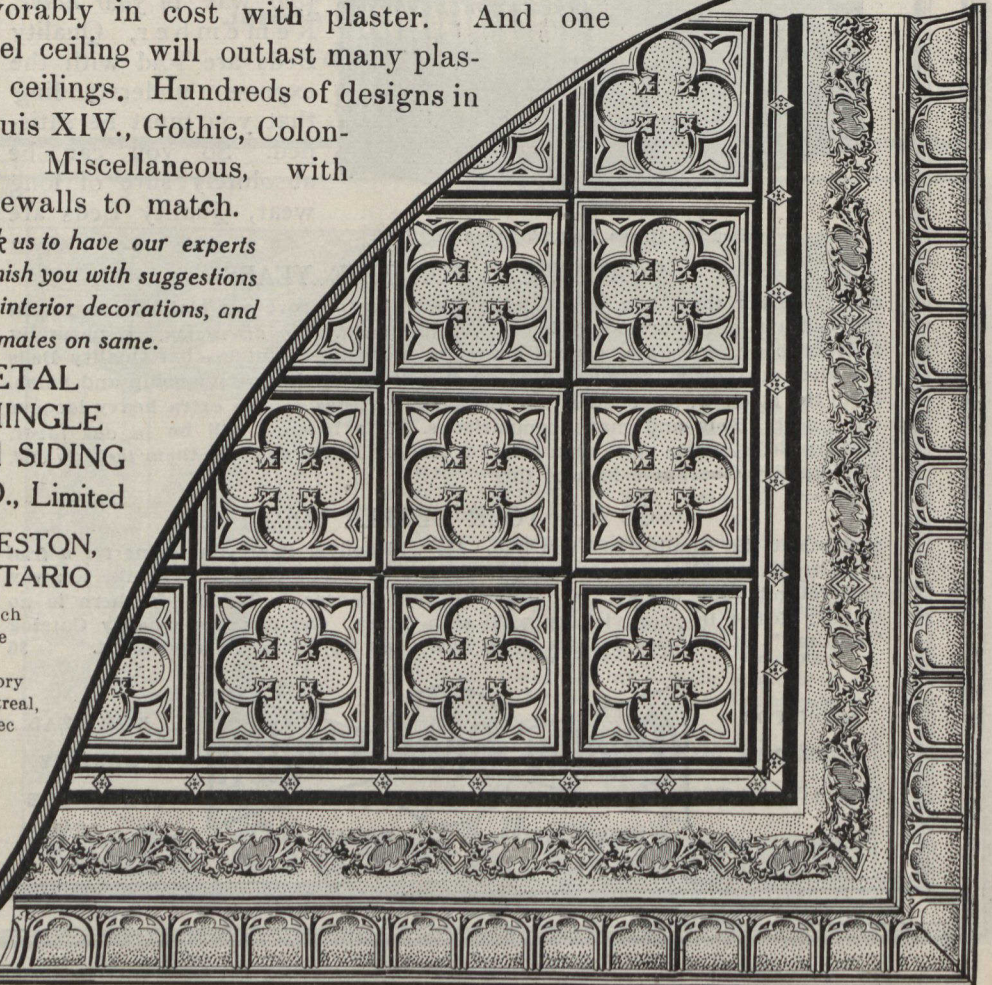
WOOD and plaster, being of an *absorbent* nature, naturally *absorb* and deaden the sound of a singer's voice. But steel, being *non-absorbent*, *returns* the sound. It's *this quality of resonance* that makes PRESTON Steel Ceilings so admirably adapted for schools, churches, auditoriums and other buildings where superior acoustic properties are desirable. PRESTON Steel Ceilings compare favorably in cost with plaster. And one steel ceiling will outlast many plaster ceilings. Hundreds of designs in Louis XIV., Gothic, Colonial, Miscellaneous, with sidewalls to match.

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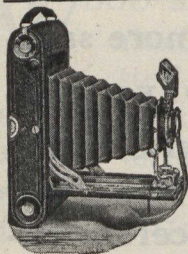
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No. 3A
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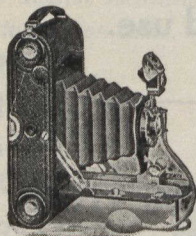
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3¼ x 5½

\$20.00

— The most popular of all cameras; takes the full size post card picture, 3¼ x 5½ inches.

Provided with every feature for the most serious work, yet so simple as to be effectively handled by the novice.

Equipment includes double Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Brilliant Reversible Finder and Tripod Sockets. Covered with fine black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings. Top coat pocket size.



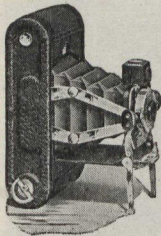
No. 1A
FOLDING
POCKET
KODAK—
SPECIAL

Pictures,
2½ x 4¼

\$15.00

Made for those who want a dainty little pocket camera with quality all through. Light and compact, yet possesses every requisite for serious work.

Equipment includes Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Socket and Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.



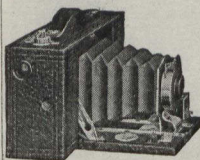
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POCKET
KODAK

Pictures,
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The smallest and simplest of all the Pocket Kodaks. Especially designed for those who wish to take good pictures the simplest way. Pulling down the bed automatically springs the front into position, no focusing necessary—just locate the image in the finder and press the lever.

Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic Lens, fitted to Pocket Automatic Shutter, adjustable to both snap shot and time exposures. Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.



No. 2A
FOLDING
POCKET
BROWNIE

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Inexpensive, devoid of all complications extremely simple to understand and to operate, this dainty little pocket camera takes first class pictures. Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic Lens, Pocket Automatic Shutter, (adapted for both snap shots and time exposures). Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Sockets and Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black imitation leather, nickeled fittings.

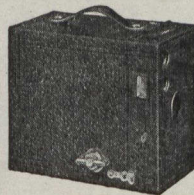


No. 3
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CAMERA

Pictures,
3¼ x 4¼

\$4.00

Designed for one of the most popular of amateur sizes, the No. 3 Brownie brings 3¼ x 4¼ pictures within the scope of simple inexpensive Brownie photography. Easily operated by the children, it will satisfy the grown-up people as well. Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic Lens, Eastman Rotary Shutter, adapted for both snap shot and time exposures. Two finders. Covered with fine quality imitation black leather, nickeled fittings.



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BROWNIE
CAMERA

Pictures,
2¼ x 3¼

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Remarkable pictures have been produced by these simple fixed focus cameras, even in the hands of school children, while work of the highest character has been done by experts.

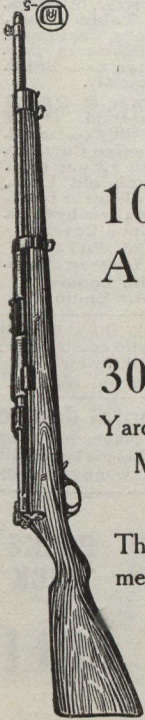
Equipped with first quality Meniscus Lens, Eastman Rotary Shutter, adapted for both snap shots and time exposures. Two Finders. Covered with fine quality imitation black leather, nickeled fittings.

Kodaks and Brownies, \$1.00 to \$111.00. Ask your dealer or write us for our complete catalogue.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited,

Toronto, Canada

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105 POINTS
A Perfect Score

were made at

300, 500 and 600

Yards last Fall at Hythe by Sgt.

Major Wallingford using a

ROSS RIFLE

The general opinion of Marksmen in Canada and in Great Britain as well, is that it is doubtful whether as good an arm as the Ross Mark III can be found anywhere.

If you want your scores
TO LEAD buy a
Mark III ROSS RIFLE.

Write for Catalogue which gives full particulars also of the celebrated Ross Military and Target Rifles which are recognized to be the finest Military Arm of the day.

THE
ROSS RIFLE
COMPANY
QUEBEC, P.Q.
CANADA

The Faneuil Pattern

A new and attractive design wrought in the famous "**1847 ROGERS BROS.**" ware is now on sale.

The Faneuil Pattern is one of dignity and grace—its lines suggestive of the Colonial—from which period it takes the name of Faneuil.

In appearance it is the equal of any design in sterling—the quality and workmanship being upon the same high plane as all goods bearing the stamp

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

The Faneuil Pattern is now made in the staple spoons, forks, knives and many of the fancy pieces—and will shortly be procurable in the full line.

There is every indication that the new design will soon establish itself as one of the most popular of this well-known brand of "*Silver Plate that Wears.*"

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

ware is sold by the best dealers everywhere.

Send for catalog "68" showing the Faneuil Pattern as well as other patterns, of which there are many styles—some fancy, some simple and chaste.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
Hamilton, Ont.

MERIDEN NEW YORK CHICAGO





**THE
STANDARD
OF
EXCELLENCE**

is always assured on a piece of silver-ware when it bears the above trade mark, not only the quality of the goods but the design and workmanship are guaranteed. All first-class jewelry stores in Canada keep these goods in stock.

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SILVER CO.**

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53 Years Reputation. Makers Contrenet Curtains, Double Strength. Latest Catalogue, largest issued Post Free. Lace, Serge, Tapestry, Muslins, Curtains, Casement Fabrics, Table Linen, Ladies' & Gents' Underwear, Shoes, Costumes, Gents' Clothing. A Whole Warehouse in Book form to look through. Import your own goods British made and Reliable. Write to-day.

CURTAIN PARCEL Postage & Duty Paid **\$6.60**

All Patent Contrenet Make, durability guaranteed. 2 prs. good quality Point Lace Design Curtains 3yds. long, 60ins. wide, worth \$2 per pair. 1 pair Handsome Curtains, rich old Lace, 3yds. long, 60ins. wide. (In White or Ecu.) 1 pr. Curtains, Ribbon & Bow design 3yds. by 43ins. 1 Duchesse Toilet Set of Six Lace Covers.

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Ben-Vonde Co., Dept. C-E, Staunton, Va., U.S.

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Secure a correspondence course, it will enable you to make more money and retain good health. Full course by mail \$10.00
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Manufacturers of:—STEEL CHAIRS, OPERA CHAIRS, RESTAURANT CHAIRS, OPERA (SEATS FOR MOVING PICTURE SHOWS A SPECIALTY.)

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Write for special price.

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ACCOUNTANTS, - AUDITORS,
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**ABOTTLED
DELIGHT**



How many bar-made cocktails have you had that were really suited to your taste?

Leave chance-made drinks for those who don't appreciate good liquor and to yourself and your critical friends serve **CLUB COCKTAILS**. They're infinitely better.

Don't judge these mixed-to-measure joys by any made-by-guesswork drink.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular.

At all good dealers

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Timber
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Railroads
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offers opportunity to you

MILD SUNNY CLIMATE

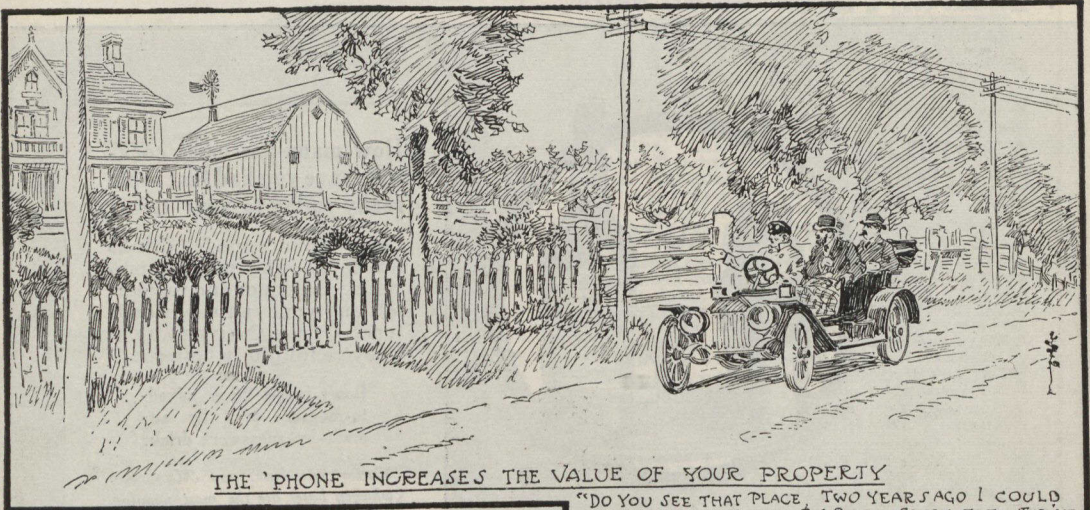
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Your questions carefully answered
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THE 'PHONE INCREASES THE VALUE OF YOUR PROPERTY

"DO YOU SEE THAT PLACE TWO YEARS AGO I COULD HAVE BOUGHT IT FOR \$4800. SINCE THEN THEY'VE GOT TELEPHONE CONNECTION THROUGH HERE, AND LAST WEEK THE OWNER REFUSED \$6000 FOR IT."

Telephone Service in the Rural Districts

The local telephone service in the rural district means quick communication with your neighbor, your Doctor and your market centre. This changes the aspect of life both in a social and business way.

It makes living outside of the centres more attractive and increases values of rural properties.

The experience of hundreds of communities where local organizations are now building telephone service, proves that the only way to get a local system that will cover the entire community is through a local company or organization of some kind.

If you are interested, write us and we will give you full information. We will also be pleased to mail you a copy of our new book entitled, "CANADA AND THE TELEPHONE", free of charge. It will give you some idea of what is being done in developing independent local telephone systems.

We manufacture complete telephone systems, both automatic and manual. We can supply everything necessary to build the lines and equip the system. Thousands of people are now using our telephones and are connected with our switchboards. Write if you are interested.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANY, Limited

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NATURE'S lines are graceful, smooth flowing, healthy lines—like the Venus Medici—not broken, injurious, and harsh as produced by the ordinary corset.

Nature intended you to have graceful, smooth and flowing lines—these are the lines our new Corset, the “La Diva” Renaissance will give you.

The resultant health you'll enjoy by wearing the “La Diva”—the resultant fine shapely physique are Nature's smiles of approval.

We looked the fashion centres of the world over in our quest for a perfect corset.

Our designers studied the styles at the Longchamps race-track, Paris, in the tea rooms where fashion's leaders meet, in the great dress-making establishments of the Rue de la Paix.

Then our ideas were developed on the human form, and our “La Diva” Corset is the result.

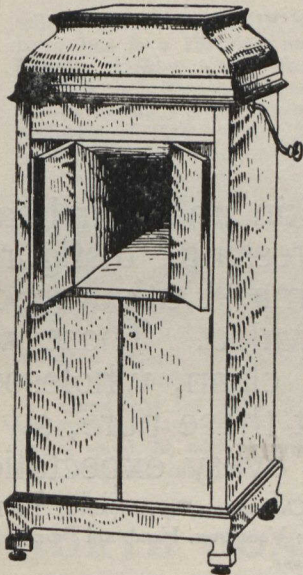
Write today for our Corset Booklet. We send it FREE. This book will tell you just what style of corset is adapted to YOUR physique in order to retain health and give shapeliness.

The Dominion Corset Company
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THE PHONOLA

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THE PHONOLA is the ideal entertainer for the Summer Cottage. It will sing, talk or play for you.

There is no limit to the pleasure it will give you and your friends.

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FOR preserving and promoting skin and hair health and for the treatment of distressing, disfiguring eruptions, from pimples to eczema, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are unrivaled. Those who value a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp with live, glossy hair will find that these pure, sweet and gentle emollients more than realize every expectation.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Montreal, The Lyman Knox Co., Ltd.; Toronto, Northrop & Lyman Co.; Winnipeg, Bole Drug Co., Ltd.; Vancouver, Henderson Bros.; Halifax, Simson Bros. Co. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed free, 32 page Cuticura Book, an Invaluable Guide to the Care of Skin and Hair.

In the frozen regions of the North or in the hot countries of the South, a pure high grade Coffee like

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is the friend of mankind, bringing comfort and cheer wherever used.

Sold in 1 and 2 lb. Cans only.

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

Telkwa the Coming Mining City

will be THE BUTTE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. TELKWA is not a townsite or a paper town but is a thriving established town—the metropolis and commercial centre of the famous Bulkley Valley farming country. TELKWA is located at the junction of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers and is the largest and best town along the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Transcontinental Railway between Edmonton and Prince Rupert, a distance of 900 miles. TELKWA adjoins 50,000 acres of the richest coal fields in Central British Columbia, which will furnish fuel for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

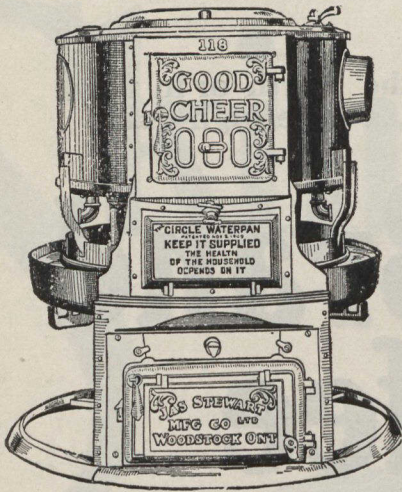
The mountains surrounding TELKWA are filled with immense deposits of gold, silver, copper and lead, and after the railway is running TELKWA should be the largest mining and manufacturing city in Central British Columbia.

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A Real Summer Temperature

YOU know the perfect comfort of a summer day with the thermometer at 65°. Why does 65° in the house in winter feel chilly? Why does 75°, while warm enough, feel stuffy and oppressive?

Because the average furnace, in warming the air, dries out the natural moisture and fails to replace it. Instead of the 70% average humidity of the outside air, your furnace heated air probably contains less than 30% of moisture.

The sudden changes from this hot, dry air to the cold, outdoor air is the commonest cause of the colds, sore throats and lung troubles so common in winter.

The Remedy is The

“CIRCLE WATERPAN”

OF THE

“GOOD CHEER” FURNACE

This pan encircles the firepot, and holds several times as much water as the make-shift pan in the average furnace. The result is an evaporation sufficient to keep the air in every room in the house at practically the same humidity as the fresh outside air, so that 68° feels perfectly comfortable, like a summer day. Plants and people thrive in such an atmosphere.

The “Good Cheer” Circle Waterpan Furnace saves doctors’ bills as well as coal bills.

For full particulars of this splendid furnace write

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For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

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Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

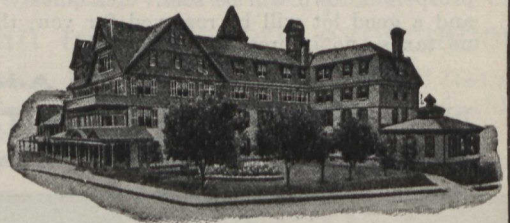
The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established thirty-two years.

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25c. for a new Parlor Table

That's the economy of using "China Lac." A couple of dollars, invested in this new varnish stain, will give you bright, beautiful furniture as good as new and the same as new.

"China Lac" stains and varnishes at one operation—and covers up the scars and scratches.

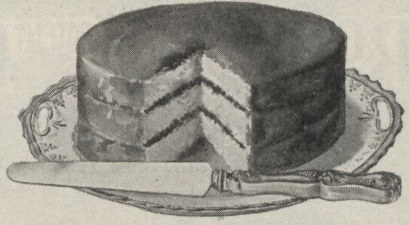
"China Lac" gives china-like finish that is soap and water proof.

14 rich colors for Furniture, Floors, etc.

Remember to ask for "China-Lac"—the new varnish stain with the china-like finish.

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Art Dept. Canadian Magazine



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Art Dept. Canadian Magazine

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Accept no Substitute!



Clark's

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TIME was when every woman in the country baked her
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baker's bread.

The same wise reasoning induces people to buy Clark's

Pork and Beans

They are the best selected beans cooked in the best way
(as forty years of experience has shown) and ready for the
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broiling.

Just try Clark's Lunch Tongue, Clark's Corned Beef, or any of Clark's Meats—they are all good.

WM. CLARK,

MONTREAL

MANUFACTURER OF HIGH GRADE FOOD SPECIALTIES

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FRIENDS IN
UNITED
STATES
WITHOUT DUTY.

Realizing the difficulty in sending gifts from Canada to the United States, on account of the customs tariff, we have in the make up of our Catalogue been careful to secure an assortment of gift things which we can deliver in the United States through our United States Agents, all charges prepaid and without inconvenience or expense to the recipient.

Upon request we will forward illustrations and prices of such articles.

HENRY BIRKS & SONS

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Gold and Silversmiths

MONTREAL

OTTAWA—WINNIPEG—VANCOUVER

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The "KALAMAZOO" Loose Leaf Binder is a book not a box.

It is the best expression of the loose leaf idea that has yet been offered.

It is the only binder that does not require to be filled with a certain thickness of paper in order to be workable.

It has no metal parts to injure the desk.

Its capacity and expansion are greater than any other. It will hold just as few or as many sheets as one actually requires for use, from one to a thousand.

It is the simplest, lightest, strongest and most easily operated binder on the market.

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It gives the most complete and authoritative information on lenses that you can find anywhere, and shows and tells in non-technical terms why the famous

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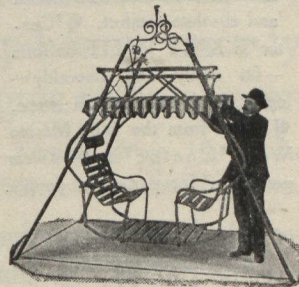
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IS AN
**EAGLE STEEL
LAWN SWING**

You and the children will get many years
solid enjoyment.

LAST A LIFETIME

Swing as light as a feather. Ornamental
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Made Entirely from
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Pure wool, light weight underwear has proven its coolness. It absorbs all perspiration. The warmest day, pure wool never becomes damp or clammy. No shivering when a cool breeze springs up. ☑ Only in "CEETEE" LIGHT WEIGHT UNDER CLOTHING is delightful coolness combined with health and absolute comfort. ☑ "Ceetee" is KNIT TO FIT the form—fits easily and smoothly—never bags or loses its shape. ☑ Made from the finest Merino Wool, "Ceetee" is underwear perfection for particular people.



All sizes for men, women and children. Ask your dealer for "Ceetee" Light-weight.

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63-71 Wellington St. West, TORONTO

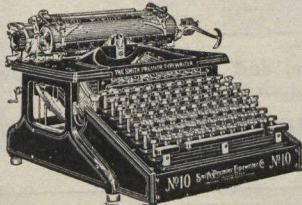
Do you know what a Removable Platen is ?

If you learn about it, you will see that a typewriter without it lacks a feature that is essential—so essential that eventually all typewriters will try to have it. The one typewriter now offering this feature is the

SmithPremier

Write us for information as to what a Removable Platen is and what it does.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., INC.
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Round the world we go, collecting ingredients good enough for this toilet preparation. The talc of sunny Italy is the purest and finest, and we use nothing else. The unique, haunting fragrance of the East is due to our use of the rare Borneo orchid. If your druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size box.

SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED,
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43

THE Underwood Typewriter has won every speed contest for championship honors since typewriter operation became recognized as a science.

There have been 22 contests—the most recent in Toronto, May 19, for the championship of Canada. The winner wrote 105 words a minute for 30 minutes.

The Underwood is the only typewriter mechanically equal to the task of sustaining a speed of over 100 words a minute and doing perfect work. It has been operated at a speed of 17 strokes a second.

Being the best machine for the most exacting requirements, it does not lose any of its efficiency in the more ordinary uses.

75 per cent. of typists are trained on the Underwood.



United Typewriter Co.

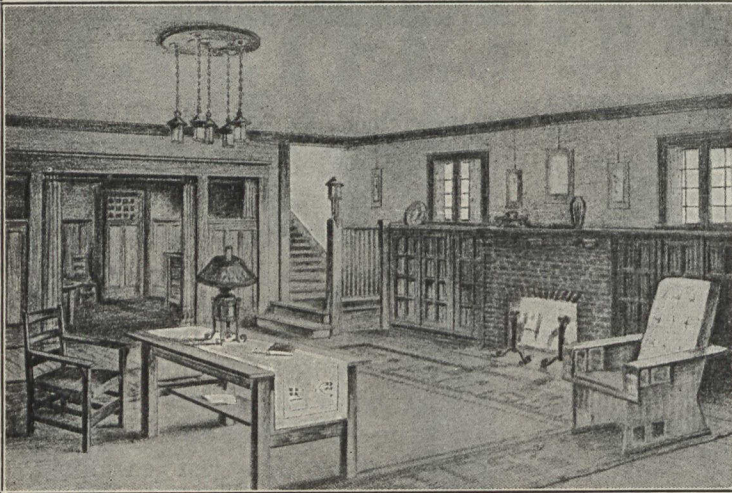
Limited

Adelaide St. E.

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Plan to have a **Milton Mantel** in at least one room in your home.

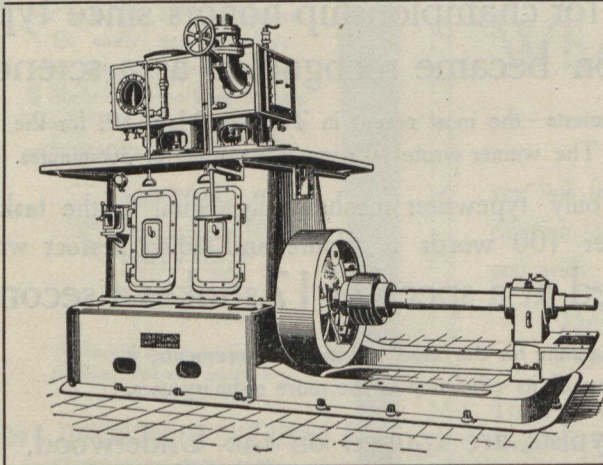


Will add an especial touch of cosyness to library or den.

Plan for your future building or renovations of your home, and let us send you now our catalogue of artistic but inexpensive mantels—\$18.00 up.

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IT is pure gold in purity—pure gold in quality—pure gold in richness and deliciousness.

Absolute purity is the first essential of good Ale. O'Keefe's "Gold Label" is not only brewed of the finest hops and malt—but both water and ale are filtered.

If you want a treat in malt beverages, drink "Gold Label" Ale. Put up in "Crown" stoppered bottles. Every disk sterilized.

"The Beer that is always O.K."

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are produced only by pure rich colors.

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EDDY'S

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MAKE NO NOISE NO ODOR ARE QUICK AND SAFE

THEY ARE CANADA'S BEST, ALSO
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HAVE YOU DECIDED TO LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER
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Unlimited Opportunities and a Chance on the Ground Floor

The land is offered free by the Canadian Government, and settlement
conditions are easy.

SYNOPSIS OF HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

DUTIES—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him, or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price, \$3.00 per acre. **Duties**—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate 80 acres of homestead or pre-emption.

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DUTIES—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

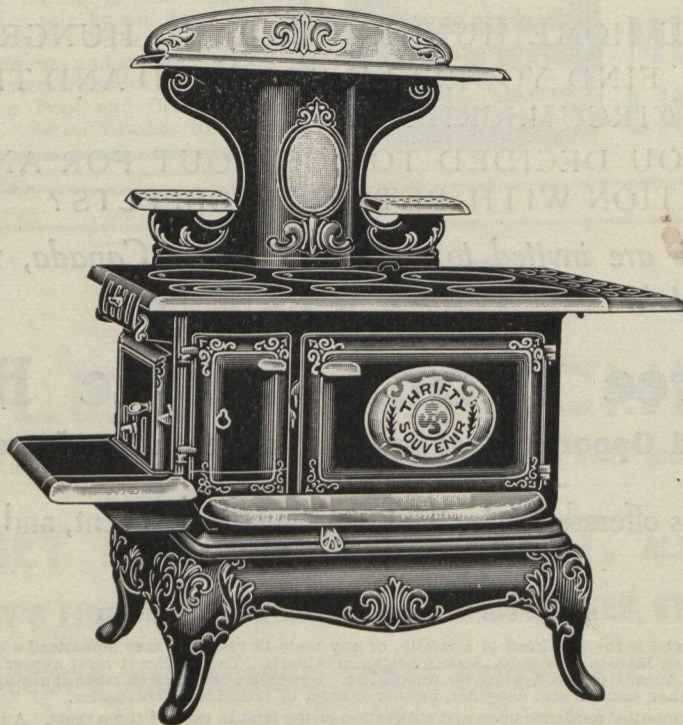
Full particulars will be sent free of charge on application to

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The crowning feature of the lunch should be Libby's Preserves and Pickles. They taste just right and are sold in most convenient packages.

Libby's Individuals—Dainty portions of famous Libby's preserves—just enough for the week-end journey.

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*Insist on Libby's
Your grocer sells them.*

Libby, McNeill
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"Dosing" for troubles if you keep on drinking coffee?

You can get good results by quitting coffee and using well-made

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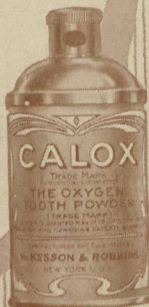
THE OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

In principle and in efficiency the only perfect dentifrice is CALOX, the Oxygen Tooth Powder. Its principle is the evolution of oxygen. Its efficiency as a cleanser of the teeth is due to the oxygen which it generates when used.

All Druggists 25c.

Sample and booklet free on request.

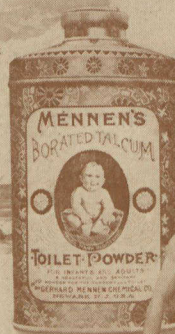
**National Drug & Chemical
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BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER



**One Touch of Mennen's Soothes the
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Positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn; deodorizes perspiration. For over a quarter of a century it has been the standard toilet preparation. Remember to ask for Mennen's, and accept no substitute.

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