

753
APRIL 1908

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

EASTER
NUMBER

VOL. 30

No. 6

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

You cannot possibly have
a better Cocoa than

Epps's Cocoa

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and should be used in every home in the Dominion.

Epps's Cocoa

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers
in $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. and $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. Tins.



St. Denis Hotel

Broadway and Eleventh Street
NEW YORK

European Plan — Convenient Location

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON

The Convenient Location, Tasteful Appointment, Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance, and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence are Characteristic of this Hotel, and have Secured and Retained for it a Patronage of the Highest Order.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

A HOUSEHOLD
REMEDY FOR

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Giddiness, Heartburn, or Constipation. It is a Refreshing and Invigorating Beverage, most invaluable to Travellers and Residents in Tropical Climates.

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'; otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd.,
'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E.,
Eng., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

Wholesale of Messrs. EVANS & SONS, Ltd.,
Montreal and Toronto, Canada.

Twenty Years of Floor Laying

have qualified us to
advise as experts in
this branch of house
furnishing. Write
for our catalogue of
floor designs

ELLIOTT & SON
Manufacturers LIMITED

79 King St. W., Toronto



Two of the world's most useful and valued necessities to protect our women and keep them happy

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX.

No. 5

CONTENTS, APRIL, 1908

Easter Dawn, Poem	JEAN BLEWETT	<i>FRONTISPIECE</i>
Reform of the Senate	GOLDWIN SMITH	491
A Vision of Old Spain	H. S. SCOTT-HARDEN	494
<small>ILLUSTRATED</small>		
The Narrative of Col. Fanning	A. W. SAVARY	497
<small>LAST INSTALLMENT</small>		
Mr. Dalby's Volcano, Story	JAMES MARTIN	507
The Miracle, Poem	ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY	512
From Garden to Conservatory	JEAN GRAHAM	513
<small>ILLUSTRATED</small>		
The Corruptionist, Story	W. A. FRASER	523
To-morrow, Poem	A. L. FRASER	529
French-Canadian Folk-Lore	LOUIS FRÉCHETTE	530
<small>LAST INSTALLMENT</small>		
From Tennyson to Kipling	ARNOLD HAULTAIN	533
Chinatown in Victoria	HENRY F. PULLEN	537
<small>ILLUSTRATED</small>		
The Deeper Note, Poem	LOUISE C. GLASGOW	541
John McClary	RANDOLPH CARLYLE	542
<small>A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY</small>		
Resurrection, Poem	EMILY HAND	545
Musical Awakening in Canada	KATHERINE HALE	546
A Trio of Western Journals	R. J. MACPHERSON	550
The Modern Acadia	NEWTON MACTAVISH	553
Sanctification by Pain, Poem	CHARLES LELAND ARMSTRONG	560
April, Poem	S. A. WHITE	561
In Robin Time, Story	ETHEL G. CODY STODDARD	562
Current Events	F. A. ACLAND	567
Woman's Sphere	JEAN GRAHAM	571
The Front Window	THE EDITOR	575
The Way of Letters	BOOK REVIEWS	581

\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto European Office, 106 Strand, London, W.C.

THE HOTEL CECIL LONDON

*Architecturally Famous as the
Finest Hotel Structure in Europe*

YOU can make a preliminary acquaintance with the Cecil by requesting a Booklet. This little volume presents by illustration and description a fair idea of the Hotel's luxurious interior, its imposing exterior, the cost of a stay, either brief or extended, and contains a variety of general information of service to the visitor to town. It can be had for the asking from the Offices of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto, Canada.



The Cecil is a cosmopolitan hotel in the broadest sense of the term, with a fixed Tariff based on strict relation to the MODERN COST OF LIVING. Accommodation can be had from the modest, but comfortable, Single Room to the most elaborate Suite. The public Apartments—spacious and elegantly equipped—have no rival in Europe. The situation of the Hotel is Central and Convenient; indeed, a SOURCE OF CONSIDERABLE TRAVEL ECONOMY to visitors to town on business or pleasure bent.

TARIFF

BEDROOMS.

Single	From \$1.25 per day	} No charge for Light or Attendance
Double.....	" 2.25 "	
Suite of Rooms....	" 6.25 "	

BREAKFAST.

Table d'Hote Room (Indian Floor)	60c., 70c., 85c.
--	------------------

LUNCH.

Table d'Hote Room (Indian Floor).....	85c.
---------------------------------------	------

DINNER.

Table d'Hote Room (Indian Floor)	\$1.25
--	--------

IN RESTAURANT.

Déjeuner, \$1.25; Diner, \$1.80 and \$2.50; Souper, \$1.25
Or à la Carte.

ORCHESTRA AT ALL MEALS.

On Sundays Vocal Concert after Dinner.

There is no charge for Attendance or Light.

INCLUSIVE CHARGES QUOTED IF DESIRED.

THE JAPANESE

THERE has been a good deal of talk, from a political standpoint, about the "Japanese Influx to British Columbia," but not so much has been said about that interesting race as actual citizens of Canada. ¶ Margaret Eadie Henderson, a careful observer and able writer, will tell in the May number of the Canadian Magazine just how her fellow-citizens from the Land of the Rising Sun have impressed her.

ALL who have read Dr. Louis Frechette's delightful series of sketches entitled "French-Canadian Folk Lore," the last of which appears in this issue, will be pleased to hear that the May number will contain an unusually strange and semi-historical sketch by the same author, entitled 'DRAPEAU THE PATRIOT'

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND AND MOST OF THE COLONIES THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR POSTPAID

HOTEL METROPOLE, LONDON

Admittedly the most comfortable hotel in Europe"



IN Northumberland Avenue, adjoining Trafalgar Square. A favorite hotel with Canadians. Most centrally situated. Close to Royal Palaces, Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, and fashionable centres. Orchestra. Luxuriously furnished suites of rooms with private baths attached.

Proprietors:
GORDON HOTELS, LIMITED

Illustrated Tariff Booklets from Canadian Magazine Office

THE GREAT DIGESTIVE

The A1 SAUCE

Excellent with "FISH, FLESH OR FOWL"

Sole Manufacturers—**BRAND & CO., Ltd., Mayfair, London, Eng.**
Agent, H. HUBBARD, 27 Common Street, Montreal, P.Q.

IT HAS NO EQUAL
FOR KEEPING
THE SKIN
SOFT,
SMOOTH,
AND WHITE
AT ALL SEASONS

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S
LAIT
Reg'd **Larola**

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
after Cycling, Motoring, Skating, Dancing, etc.
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England.

It Entirely Removes and Prevents all

**ROUGHNESS,
REDNESS,
IRRITATION,
CHAPS, Etc.**

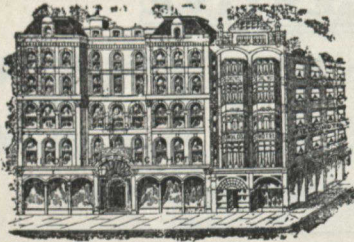
INVALUABLE
for Preserving
THE SKIN
AND COMPLEXION
from the effects of
FROST, COLD WINDS
and HARD WATER.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR IT, AND ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.



Westminster Bridge, London, England.

WILD'S FIRST-CLASS TEMPERANCE HOTELS



Home Comforts, Cleanliness and Quiet.

For illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of tariff, etc., apply to The Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto

LONDON

30 to 40 LUDGATE HILL

ELECTRIC LIFT

Central for the Wholesale Houses, Continental Trains and City.

Telegrams; Wild's Hotel, London.

Telephone; 4695 Holborn

Also at

70 and 71 EUSTON SQUARE

(Close to Euston, Midland and G. N. R. Stations.)

Convenient for Early and Late Trains.

Telegrams; Wild's, 71 Euston Sq.

Telephone; 1949 North.

THE

Morton Hotel

RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.

W. E. CLARKE, Proprietor

Close to all the great London termini, theatres, and shopping centres, yet quiet and restful, surrounded by the beautiful gardens of Russell Square. One minute from Russell Square station on Piccadilly "Tube."

THIS quiet and comfortable Family Hotel is well known and largely patronized by Colonial visitors requiring the comforts of the larger licensed Hotels at a moderate fixed tariff. Commodious Dining, Drawing and Smoking Rooms. New Lounge designed by Waring. Electric light throughout, Bathrooms (hot and cold) on every floor, Hydraulic Vacuum Cleaner, Passenger Lift, Night Porter, Telephone.

Bedroom, Bath, Lights, Attendance, and
Table d' Hote Breakfast, \$1.35.

Or en Pension from \$2.00 per day inclusive

Telephone Gerrard 1618.

Telegrams, Morton Hotel, London

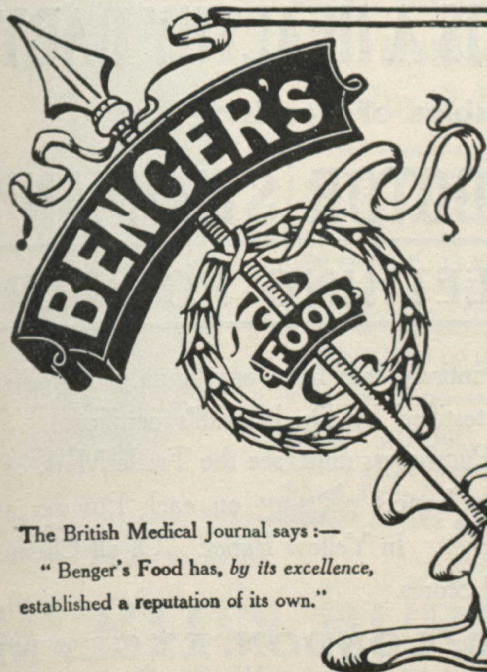
POSITION
UNRIVALLED IN
LONDON

THE LANGHAM HOTEL

Portland Place and Regent Street, London, W.
FAMILY HOTEL OF THE HIGHEST ORDER.



Quiet, Open and Healthy Location in Fashionable Part of West End.
Close to Best Shops, and Convenient for Theatres and Tube Railway.



Benger's Food with Milk
forms a Dainty, Delicious, and
most Easily Digested Cream.

It assists Nature without imposing
a task upon the digestive organs.
Benger's Food is a great restora-
tive, and rich in all the elements
necessary to sustain life.

The British Medical Journal says:—

“Benger's Food has, by its excellence,
established a reputation of its own.”

*Benger's Food can be obtained
through most wholesale druggists
and leading Drug Stores.*

Oakey's

SILVERSMITHS' SOAP
For Cleaning Plate

Oakey's

EMERY CLOTH
Glass Paper, Flint Paper

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH
Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD
Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKLEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Wellington Mills, London, Eng. S.E.

REPRESENTATIVE IN CANADA

JOHN FORMAN,

644 Craig Street, ————— MONTREAL.

Made
with the same
unfailing care for
half-a-century.

Callard & Bowser's Butter-Scotch

You may enjoy Callard & Bowser's
Butter-Scotch with the comfortable
assurance that only first-class materials
are employed in its manufacture.

*Really wholesome
Confectionery.* LANCET

Each package bears our trade
mark—"The Thistle."

WORKS: LONDON.



REPRESENTATIVES:
The
London & Toronto
Trading Co.

14 Front St. East
Toronto
Canada

"A LAUGHING BABY IS A HEALTHY BABY"


To Lessen the Troubles of Teething use



Send for Booklet, "Nursery
Doctor," post free

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS

Entirely free from any harmful ingredient,
as testified by Dr. Hassall's certificate.

Purchasers must see the Trade Mark of a
Gum Lancet  on each Powder and
Packet. In Yellow Paper. Of all Chemists
and Stores.

125 NEW NORTH ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND

Distinctive and Satisfying Quality



No. 503
Costume in Special Value
Royal Serge, to measure **\$12.50**

Tell us to send you free samples of the exceptional values in new fabrics that we sell by the yard or make up to your measure. Handsome showings in Coatings, Dress Fabrics, Tweeds, Venetians, Delaines, Linens, Cottons, Silks and

The Serge that Stands the
Test of Time



Made of good wool, dyed well, woven well. Many colors, weight and prices. Real value at moderate prices. Costumes from \$6.45. Skirts from \$2.45. Girls' Dresses from \$2.30. Men's Suits from \$9.15. Boys' Suits from \$3.05, etc.



No. 54
Suit to measure, in Special Value
soft make Navy Serge..... **\$14.50**



No. 1A
Boys' Norfolk Suits, in "Wontare-wilware" Tweeds or good Navy Serge to measure from.... **\$4.20 to \$7.70**

HOLDERS OF 24
ROYAL WARRANTS

"The Suit of Clothes and Overcoat have safely come to hand in splendid condition. They fit to perfection. On prices out here I have saved from \$15.00 to \$20.00 on the outfit." P.F.C., Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

"I received the dresses in good order and must say they are very satisfactory, the fit is splendid. We are very pleased with them, and must thank you for your kind attention." Miss N. M., Sheba, G.M.O., South Africa.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER SAMPLES, Measurement Blanks, Style Plates, Price Lists, etc., all sent Postpaid FREE for the asking.



No. 508
Maid's Costume to measure, with trimmings, in good Royal Serge..... **\$11.40**
Sailor Dresses from \$2.30

ADDRESS

EGERTON BURNETT, LIMITED

R. W. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, England

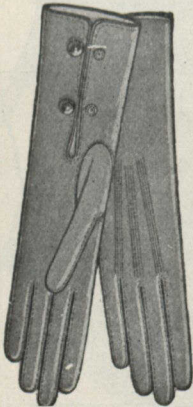


The new Bailey is worthy of the greatness of modern London and takes rank with the great palaces of justice for which Europe is celebrated. Frontage, 287 ft. (Old Bailey) and 142 ft. (Newgate St.); average height from pavement to top of balustrade, 75 ft.; height of dome to the ball, 195 ft.; bronze figure of Justice, 12 ft. high; civic sword held by statue, 6 ft. long. Figures over entrance representing "The Recording Angel," "Truth" and "Fortitude," sculptured by Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A.

The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S GLOVES

AT WAREHOUSE
PRICES

NO INTERMEDIATE
PROFITS



The "Cynthia" Ladies' Kid Gloves, in White, Cream, Pastel, Putty, Greys, Beaver, Tans, Browns and Navy, 3 Buttons, 6 pairs for \$3.57 Sample Pair 60 Cents.

The Lebon Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, in Black, White and all colors, 6 pairs for \$4.26. Sample pair 73 Cents.

Best Quality Washable French Kid Gloves, in White, Pastel, Beaver, Tan, Brown and Grey, with 4 Pearl Buttons, 6 pairs for \$6.09 Sample Pair \$1.03

Ladies' Doeskin Gloves, Mocha Finish, in Tan, Beaver and Grey shades, 3 Buttons, 6 pairs for \$3.53. Sample Pair 61 Cents.

Ladies' Real Gazelle Gloves, a smart good-wearing glove, Tan, Beaver, Grey Shades and Black, pique sewn, 2 Press Buttons, 6 pairs for \$4.14. Sample Pair 71 Cents.

Ladies' Real Reindeer Gloves, pique sewn, Imperial Points, in Dark Tan, Beaver and Grey, with 1 Horn Press Buttons, 6 pairs for \$7.06 Sample Pair \$1.19.

The "Esme" Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, beautiful quality, in Black, White and all Light and Dark shades.

8-Button Length Mousquetaire,	\$0 91 per pair
12-Button "	1.19 per pair
16-Button "	1.52 per pair
20-Button "	1.83 per pair

The L. G. Co. hold the largest variety of Gloves in the United Kingdom and are prepared to forward any of their celebrated makes by return mail

Ladies' Superior Quality Fine Chevette, in Tan, Beaver Brown, Grey and Black, lined with Colored Silk, 3 Press Buttons, 70 CENTS per pair.

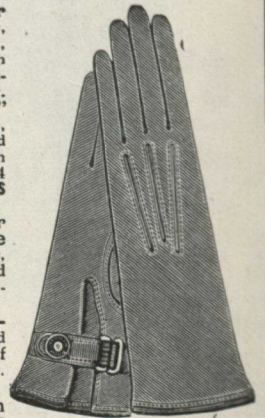
Ladies' Glace "Kid," in Beaver, Brown, Slate, Tan, Navy, Green and Black, lined with rich Colored Milanese Silk, 4 Press Buttons, 85 CENTS per pair.

Ladies' Superior Quality Tan Cape Gloves, Wool Lining, Piqué Sewn, Strap and Press Button, as illustration, \$1.09

Ladies' Fine Chevette, in Brown and Grey, Fur Tops and half Fur lined, 1 Press Button, \$1.09 per pair.

Ladies' Imitation Seal Skin Fur Back Gloves, Wool Lining, Leather Palms, Elastic Wrist, \$1.52 per pair.

Ladies' Muskrat Gauntlets, lined White Lambs, Leather Palms, \$3.08 per pair.



Write for our Detailed Price List, Fully Illustrated, Post Free on Application. Remittances, including Postage, to be made by International Money Orders, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, at the General Post Office, London. Only addresses

45 & 45a CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.; and 82 & 83 NEW BOND STREET, W.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER.

Write for Samples and Price List (sent Post Free) and Save 50 Per Cent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, IRELAND

LTD.

Regent Street and Cheapside, London; also Liverpool.

Telegraphic Address: ("LINEN, BELFAST.")

IRISH LINEN AND DAMASK MANUFACTURERS

AND FURNISHERS TO

**His Gracious Majesty THE KING,
H. R. H. The Princess of Wales,**

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE
COURTS OF EUROPE.



Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels,
Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and
the General Public, direct with every description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World.

Which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer, and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last.

By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

IRISH LINENS: Linen Sheetings, two yards wide, 46c. per yard; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide, 57c. per yard; Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 9c. per yard; Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters from 78c. Glass Cloths, \$1.18 per doz. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 23c. per yard. Our Special Soft-finished Longcloth from 10c. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN: Fish Napkins, 74c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.56 per doz. Table Cloths, two yards square, 74c.; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards by 3 yards, \$1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckabout Towels, \$1.32 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (*Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.*)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS: With 4-fold fronts and cuffs and bodies of fine Longcloth, \$8.52 the half doz. (to measure, 48c. extra). New Designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. OLD SHIRTS made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for \$3.36 the half doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS: "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen*. "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Sylvia's Home Journal*. Children's, from 30c. to \$1.18 per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. to \$2.76 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. to \$3.84 per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', 66c. to \$8.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c. to \$6.00 per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS: COLLARS—Gentlemen's 4-fold, newest shapes, from \$1.18 per doz. CUFFS—For gentlemen, from \$1.66 per doz.. Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey," and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING: A luxury now within the reach of all Ladies. Chemises, trimmed embroidery 56c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, \$1.08. India or Colonial Outfits from \$52.68; Bridal Trousseau from \$32.04; Infants' Layettes from \$15.00. (See list).

N.B.—All Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be Addressed:

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast, Ireland.

Our Catalogues can be obtained by Post Card request to the "Canadian Magazine, Toronto

NOTE.—Beware of parties using our name
We employ neither Agents nor Travellers.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY OF ENGLAND

MR. E. W. BURCH, the recently appointed GENERAL AGENT for the G. W. R. at 428 TRADERS' BANK BUILDINGS, TORONTO, will give every information in regard to facilities for PASSENGERS and FREIGHT from and to CANADA.

JAMES C. INGLIS,

Paddington Station,
London, W.

General Manager.

A LOVELY CLEAR COMPLEXION
ENSURED BY USING
**SULPHOLINE
SKIN LOTION**



The standard remedy
of over 35 years

Quickly removes all Skin Eruptions. Clears off every Pimple, Blemish or Spot, and a wonderful cure for Eczema. Maintains its reputation as the most healthful, soothing and cooling lotion for the skin.

N.B.—A special effect of Sulpholine: To develop and sustain a lovely complexion in Sun, Dust, Heat, Frost and Cold Winds.

A good complexion is better than a pretty face.

Agents, Lyman Bros., Toronto

THE GREAT REMEDY.

BLAIR'S GOUT

& RHEUMATIC PILLS.

Strongly recommended by the late Dr. Hastings, Dr. Ramskill, and other noted doctors.

BLAIR'S have proved themselves for many years the best cure for Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, and Sciatica.

Purely Vegetable. Sure and Safe.
All Chemists and Stores 1/1½ and 2/9 per box.

Tailoring Department

A smart, modern, skillful, and an efficient tailoring department that is sure of its work, sure of its patrons—so sure that money is refunded if fit, fashion and material are not all satisfactory. We sell Hamilton's Irish Homespuns direct to the public, and our patrons enjoy two very real advantages. The first is the saving of the profits and expenses of middlemen. The second is our "money-back" guarantee of their genuineness. We also guarantee the material hand spun and hand woven from pure wool only. Vegetable dyes.

Hamilton's Irish Homespuns

Spun in textures, designs, and weights suitable for ladies, gentlemen, boys and girls.

Materials from 42 cents per yard.

Ladies' Costumes, complete, from \$16.00.

Gentlemen's Suits, complete, from \$14.00.

Please write for free box of patterns, also "The White House Budget." Address Desk 59.

Depot for Irish Peasant Industries.

THE WHITE HOUSE, PORTRUSH, IRELAND

EE

EE

Steedman's

SOOTHING

Powders

Relieve FEVERISH HEAT.
Prevent FITS, CONVULSIONS, etc.
Preserve a healthy state of the constitution
during the period of

TEETHING.

Please observe the EE in STEEDMAN.

EE

CONTAIN
NO
POISON

EE

PEACH & SONS

LACE CURTAINS

Illustrated List & Buyers' Guide. The largest and most complete Window Drapery Guide in Canadian Currency. Sole Makers and Patentees of "CONTRENET" Curtains. Twice the Wear. No Extra Cost. Latest styles' Nets, Muslins, Cretonnes, Blinds, Linen, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Tailoring, Boots and Shoes. 51 Years Experience Result—Pronounced Superiority.

BENEFIT BY THE PREFERENTIAL TARIFF.

POPULAR CANADIAN PARCEL

6 pairs Choice Lace Curtains **\$8.40** Half Parcel 1 pair each **\$4.30**

Contains:—2 pairs effective Diningroom Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 60 ins. wide.

2 pairs exquisite Drawingroom Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide.

2 pairs choice Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 43 ins. wide. (White or Ecru) postage paid, Marvellous Value. Reliable Goods. Quite Distinct.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS. DIRECT TO YOU.

Price Lists may be obtained at the office of this Paper

SAML. PEACH & SONS, The Looms, Box 684, NOTTINGHAM, Eng. (Est. 1857.)

As your teeth
are wanted to last
—for years to come—
begin now to use

Calvert's

Tooth Powder

CARBOLIC

However perfect your teeth may naturally be, they still require, and will well repay, the slight trouble and the short time you should daily give to their care.

Regular use of Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder ensures a complete antiseptic cleansing, helps the tooth-brush to do its work easily, pleasantly, and thoroughly, and thus assists your own efforts towards keeping the teeth in the best possible condition.

Of all Druggists, in tins, 15, 30 and 45 cts.; glass jar (sprinkler top), 35 cts. Sample free if you send 2 ct. stamp to
F. C. CALVERT & Co.,
349 Dorchester-St. West, Montreal.

Descriptive booklet free. Tells also about our Antiseptic Soaps and other Preparations

KINGSLEY HOTEL

HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, LONDON

(NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM)

THACKERAY HOTEL

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON

(OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM)

THESE well-appointed and commodious TEMPERANCE HOTELS will, it is believed, meet the requirements, at moderate charges, of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

FIREPROOF FLOORS

PERFECT SANITATION

TELEPHONES

NIGHT PORTERS

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 3/6 to 6/

Kingsley Hotel, "Bookcraft, London."

Telegraphic Addresses

Thackeray Hotel, "Thackeray, London."

For Illustrated Booklet, giving full particulars of Tariff, etc., apply to the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

British Periodical Literature under Postal Preference

Referring to the recently granted Postal Preference on
British Literature the

CANADIAN POSTMASTER-GENERAL

in his Annual Report remarks:—

“Apart from the Political Results, there is the solid
“intellectual advantage of having opened to Canadian
“use the finest periodical press in the English language.”

Are YOU getting this advantage? Why not? A sub-
scription to a British Periodical costs but a trifling sum now,
and will put you in touch with the best expert writers on all
topics. Write to day for our new 72 pp. pamphlet “British
Periodical Literature under Postal Preference” (gratis).

WM. DAWSON & SONS, Limited

Manning Chambers, TORONTO

The Largest Postal Subscription Agency in the World

The Boy's Own Paper The Girl's Own Paper

These two splendid monthlies are of the highest standard of
juvenile magazine literature. They appeal chiefly to the young
people of school age. The best writers of boys' and girls'
stories contribute to their pages, and every issue is beauti-
fully illustrated. They are full of good stories of school and
home-life, adventure, travel, besides containing articles of a
useful character—the kind in which boys and girls delight.
Subscribe now. New volume begins in November.

Price for each, 10c. per copy, \$1.20 per year

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited

CANADIAN PUBLISHERS, ————— TORONTO



**HOTEL
ECONOMY**

¶ There is an economy which is extravagance. It is "Hotel Economy" so called. In selecting an Hotel, only the *best* is economical, for apart from the discomfort of the second-rate establishment, the "extras" not infrequently make the total outlay equal to—if not more than—first-class hotel charges.

¶ In Hotel Life the **BEST** is **SELECT**—**SELECT** the **BEST**.

VISITING ENGLAND

Ensure Luxury with **TRUE ECONOMY** by making your headquarters the

**HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL
LONDON**

RENDEZVOUS of the **BEST CANADIAN FAMILIES** visiting the **METROPOLIS**

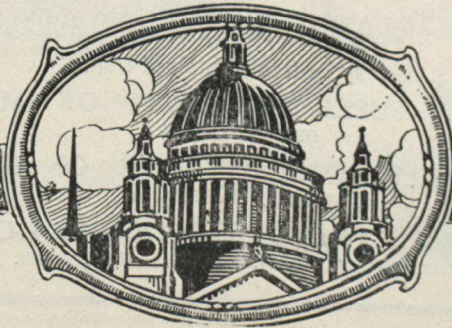
From the **HEALTH, COMFORT** and **ECONOMY** standpoints the "GREAT CENTRAL" is **LONDON'S FINEST HOTEL**. Towering above the residential property in the vicinity, it is the highest building 'twixt the **WEST END** area and the northern heights of London with the open country beyond. Within a few minutes walk of Regent's Park, Hyde Park and Zoological Gardens, and in touch with all parts of London via **Tube Service** immediately adjoining the hotel.

Spacious and comfortable Public Rooms, reposeful Bedrooms, first-class Cuisine, selected Wines, Table d'Hôte, a la Carte, and Grill at very moderate charges. Orchestras, Concerts every Sunday evening in Winter Garden. Theatre and Ticket Booking Offices. Well-disciplined Services.

Of the FREDERICK HOTELS, LTD.

Which comprise **HOTEL BURLINGTON**, Dover; **ROYAL PAVILION HOTEL**, Folkstone; **SACKVILLE HOTEL**, Bexhill-on-Sea; **HOTEL MAJESTIC**, Harrogate; **HOTEL METROPOLE**, Whitby; **HOTEL RUSSELL**, London.

The Most Complete Hotel Organization in Europe



The Last Best West

Health, Liberty and Prosperity

Awaits the Settler in the Prairie Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

From eastern Canada, the United States, the British Isles and continental Europe farmers in thousands are yearly flocking to secure

A Free Homestead of 160 Acres

which the Canadian Government offers to every man over 18 years of age able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

The Construction of hundreds of miles of new railways has brought millions of acres within easy access of transportation facilities and provided employment at remunerative wages for those desirous of engaging in such labour while waiting for returns from their first crop. Thousands of free homesteads yet available. First comers have first choice.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE

may be freely obtained from

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

J. BRUCE WALKER, COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION,
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, or

J. OBED SMITH, ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION
11-12, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W., ENGLAND.



LONDON



LONDON

The Prince of Wales HOTEL

De Vere Gardens, Kensington,
Hyde Park, W.

**For Home Comforts and Cuisine Unsurpassed.
Accommodation for 140 Visitors.**

The Prince of Wales Hotel. Situation most fashionable and central for pleasure and business, nearly opposite Kensington Palace and Gardens, quiet, being just off the High Street, Kensington, near the Albert Hall, within a few minutes ride of Hyde Park Corner.

The Prince of Wales Hotel. Terms, inclusive, en weekly, single, £2 12s. 6d. (\$12.80) and upwards. Special reductions this month to families and officers. Single Bedrooms 4s. 0d. (1.00) Breakfast 2s. 0d. (50c) Luncheon 2s. 6d. (60c) Dinner 3s. 6d. (85c) Or daily, with full board and baths 9s. 0d. (\$2.20)

The Prince of Wales Hotel. Ladies and gentlemen contemplating taking up or changing their residence in London are requested to inspect this residential Hotel.

Telegrams :

"Suasively, London."

Telephone No. :

3022 Kensington.

Address: Manager,

Prince of Wales Hotel,

De Vere Gardens,

Kensington,

London, W.

The DE VERE HOTEL



LONDON

LONDON

THE DE VERE HOTEL, W.

Facing Kensington Gardens. Close to the Albert Hall.

THE DE VERE HOTEL, W.

Select, Fashionable, Moderate.* En pension terms, 10s. 6d. (\$2.50) daily. En pension terms, from £3 3s. (\$15.35) weekly. Fully Licensed. Choicest Wines and Spirits.

THE DE VERE HOTEL, W.

Decorated and furnished in the elegant style of a High-class Residential Hotel. The Mosaics in the Egyptian Lounge are well worth viewing.

THE DE VERE HOTEL, W.

Lift to all floors. Electric light, radiators. Bedrooms centrally heated. Separate tables. Private suites and sitting rooms.

For Tariff, address Manager, De Vere Hotel, Kensington, London, W.

Telegrams: "Improvisor, London."

Telephone: 524, Kensington

For Terms of

The Broad-Walk Hotel

See Over.

LONDON, W.

The Broad-Walk HotelDE VERE GARDENS,
KENSINGTON, W.*Tel. No.*

858, Kensington.

Telegrams :

"Kensingtonian, London."

* * *

In the immediate vicinity of the
BROADWALK,
Kensington
Gardens.

* *

INCLUSIVE EN PENSION

TERMS 8/- (\$2.00) per Day.

BEDROOMS from 3/6 (85c.) per Night.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. LIFT TO ALL FLOORS.

Address : Manager, Broad-Walk Hotel, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, W.

The PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL is a fully-licensed High-Class Residential Hotel, with accommodation for 140 Visitors; it is luxuriously furnished, and has a service so excellent with prices so moderate, that visitors staying in London for a longer period than a few days often find it to their interest to reside at the above rather than at the larger and more expensive centrally-situated Hotels.

The BROAD-WALK HOTEL, though not licensed, is run on Residential Hotel lines, with ample public rooms, avoiding the objectionable features of a boarding establishment, yet maintaining the privacy and comfort of a family home.

The DE VERE HOTEL, with its strikingly handsome exterior and commanding position facing the Kensington Gardens, is a well-known Kensington landmark. It has Public Rooms and Lounges on the Ground Floor, is fully licensed, and is generally considered to be the most **Select, Fashionable and Moderate** Hotel in the district. Arrangements can be made for Motor Garage, Stabling, &c., in the immediate vicinity.

Illustrated tariff booklets can be obtained from the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto

Standard Sets at Clearance Prices

ARTISTIC BINDING, CLEAR TYPE, GILT TOPS UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED, ILLUSTRATED. THE FRONTISPIECE IN EACH BOOK ADDS TO ITS ATTRACTIVENESS. CLOTH BOUND.

	PUBLISHER'S PRICE	SALE PRICE
Scott. 12 vols.....	\$12.00	\$8.00
Thackeray. 10 vols.....	10.00	7.00
Lytton. 15 vols.....	15.00	10.00
Ruskin. 13 vols.....	13.00	8.75
Dumas. 15 vols.....	15.00	10.00
Guizot. 8 vols.....	8.00	5.50
Hugo. 10 vols.....	10.00	7.00
Eliot. 8 vols.....	8.00	5.50
Macaulay's England. 5 vols.....	5.00	3.50
Robert Browning. 12 vols.....	9.00	6.75
Mrs. E. B. Browning. 6 vols.....	4.50	3.00
Prescott. 12 vols., plain tops.....	12.00	8.00
Samuel Lover. 4 vols.....	4.00	3.00
Shakespeare. 11 vols.....	16.50	5.00
Green's History of the English People, 4 vols....	4.00	3.00

Fine English Cloth, Gilt Tops, Boxed

Count of Monte Christo. Dumas. 2 vols.....	\$2.00	\$1.00
Twenty Years After. Dumas. 2 vols.....	2.00	1.00
Stones of Venice. Ruskin. 3 vols.....	3.00	1.50
Rawlinson's Monarchies. 3 vols.....	3.00	2.00
History of the English People. Green. 4 vols....	2.00	1.50
Shakespeare. 8 vols.....	3.00	2.00
Fireside Stories, old and new. 3 vols.....	3.00	1.50
Richard Harding Davis. 5 vols.....	3.00	2.00
1 set Tolstoy. 24 vols., cloth, illustrated..	\$36.00	Special \$25.00
1 set Scott. 24 vols., cloth, illustrated..	30.00	" 20.00
1 set Fireside Dickens, lambskin, illustrated 22 vols.....	25.00	" 20.00

CARRIAGE EXTRA ON ABOVE SETS

WILLIAM BRIGGS

29-33 RICHMOND ST. WEST,

TORONTO

THE Bishop Strachan School

WYKEHAM HALL

COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

President—His Grace, the Lord Archbishop of Toronto

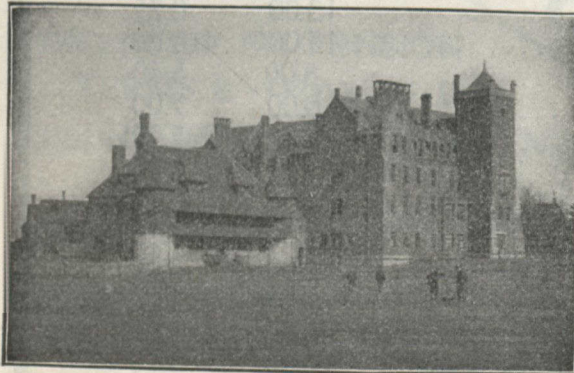
FORTY-FIRST YEAR

A CHURCH, RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

FULL MATRICULATION COURSE AND ELEMENTARY WORK

For Calendar apply to

MISS ACRES, Lady Principal



Trinity College School

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Residential School for Boys

Founded 1865

Next term begins January 9th

For Calendar and all particulars apply to

REV. OSWALD RIGBY

M.A. (St. John's College, Cambridge), LL.D.

HEAD MASTER

Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

UPPER SCHOOL

Boys prepared for the Universities and for business

LOWER SCHOOL

A fine new building under charge of H. G. Williams, Esq., B.A., Vice-Principal

For Calendar, Etc., apply to Rev. J. O. MILLER, M.A., Principal

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AMID EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SURROUNDINGS

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—14 teachers of the highest Academic qualifications, of whom 8 are in residence, and of these 4 are European trained teachers of Modern Languages.

26 VISITING TEACHERS—Music 19, Art 3, Physical Culture 2, Elocution 1, Domestic Science 1.

DAILY ATTENDANCE 140, of whom 50 are in residence; classes average 10 each.

PREPARATION FOR THE UNIVERSITY a specialty; extended course for those not contemplating a university education.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A.,
Principal.

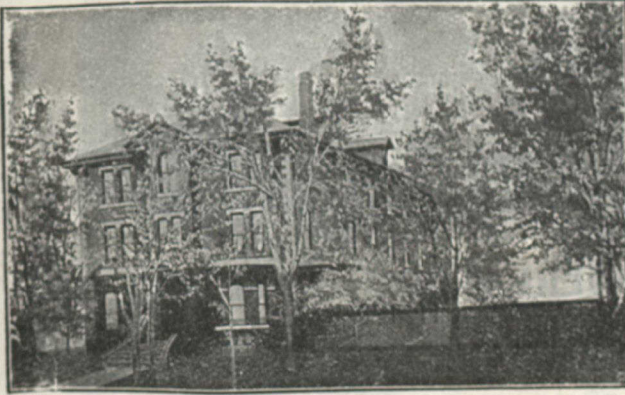
CLASS-ROOMS built specially for the work.
LARGE LAWNS for games and recreation. Full-sized outdoor skating rink in winter.

RESIDENCE distinct in its management from the school. Specialists in every department.

RECORD—1905-06: 14 at Universities; 20 passed examination in Music at Toronto University, winning 11 1st class honors and 5 2nd class, and 10 at Conservatory of Music winning 3 first places in honor lists.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

GEORGE DICKSON, M.A.,
Late Principal Upper Canada College, Toronto } Directors.
MRS. GEORGE DICKSON



Glen Mawr

651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Thorough in all its departments. Gives careful individual attention, and the best physical, mental, and moral training.

Offers great advantages in Music, Art and Languages. Native French and German teachers. Large staff of experienced residential and visiting Professors and Teachers.

Pupils are prepared for the Universities and for the Music and Singing Examinations of Toronto University, the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and the Toronto College of Music.

For Prospectus and full information apply to

MISS VEALS,
Lady Principal.

BRANKSOME HALL

A Residential and Day School for Girls

102 BLOOR STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Under the joint management of MISS SCOTT, formerly principal of Girls Department of the Provincial Model School, Toronto, and MISS MERRICK, formerly of Kingston.

FOR CIRCULAR, APPLY TO MISS SCOTT



BRANKSOME HALL

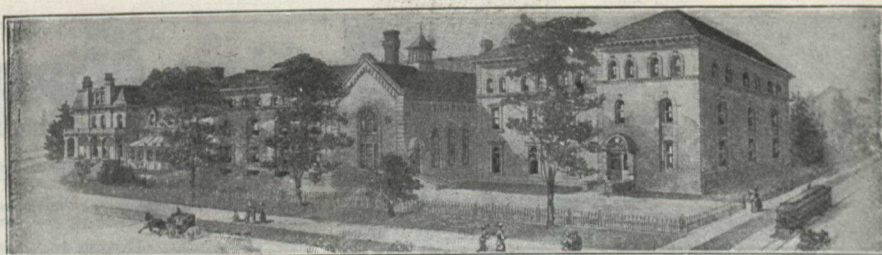
Royal Victoria College

MONTREAL

RESIDENTIAL hall for the women students of McGill University. Situated on Sherbrooke Street, in close proximity to the University buildings and laboratories. Students of the College are admitted to the courses in Arts of McGill University on identical terms with men, but mainly in separate classes. In addition to the lectures given by the Professors and Lecturers of the University, students are assisted by resident tutors. Gymnasium, skating-rink, tennis-courts, etc. Scholarships and Exhibitions awarded annually. Instruction in all branches of music in the McGill Conservatorium of Music.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, ADDRESS

THE WARDEN, ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, MONTREAL, QUE.



TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

ONE OF THE STRONGEST MUSIC SCHOOLS IN AMERICA

Send for New Calendar.

EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., Musical Director



COLLEGE BUILDINGS FROM THE SOUTH

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO

A Canadian Residential and Day School for Boys

Upper and Lower School. Separate Junior Residence. Boys prepared for Universities. Royal Military College and Business
Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Principal.



WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

340 Bloor Street West,

TORONTO, CANADA

A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Students prepared for University and Departmental Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director For announcement and information, address the Principal. MISS M CURLETTE, B.A.

BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE

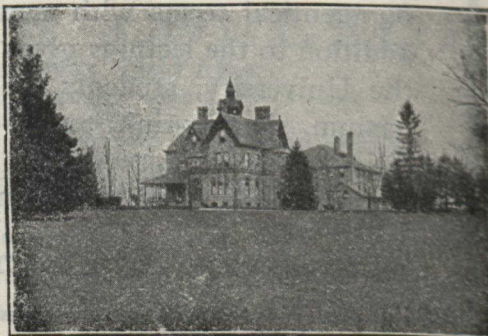
OSHAWA, ONT.

Visitor, the Lord Bishop of Toronto

Preparation for the University Young Children also Received

For Terms and Particulars apply to the SISTER in CHARGE, or to

THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
Major Street, Toronto



Thirty-Eighth Annual Report

To January 1st, 1908, of the

Mutual Life of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONTARIO

CASH ACCOUNT

INCOME	
NET LEDGER ASSETS, December 31st, 1906.....	\$9,890,477.70
PREMIUMS :	
First year.....	\$ 230,636.63
Renewal.....	1,519,322.77
Annuity.....	3,450.00
	1,753,409.40
Less Re-assurance	20,367.52
	1,733,041.88
INTEREST.....	509,240.02
PROFIT AND LOSS.....	1,288.25
	<u>\$12,134,047.85</u>

DISBURSEMENTS	
TO POLICYHOLDERS :	
Death Claims....	\$ 317,776.50
Matured Endow- ments.....	178,785.00
Surrendered Policies.....	92,138.68
Surplus.....	80,805.19
Annuities.....	10,714.93
	\$ 680,220.30
EXPENSES, TAXES, & C.....	383,981.33
BALANCE NET LEDGER ASSETS, December 31st, 1907.....	11,069,846.22
	<u>\$12,134,047.85</u>

BALANCE SHEET

ASSETS	
Mortgages.....	\$5,756,070.85
Debentures and Bonds.....	3,593,965.84
Loans on Policies.....	1,410,130.87
Premium Obligations.....	22,534.21
Real Estate (Company's Head Office).....	30,875.79
Cash in Banks.....	280,494.29
Cash at Head Office.....	1,505.19
Due and deferred premiums, (net).....	319,277.97
Interest due and accrued.....	241,554.91
	<u>\$11,656,409.92</u>

LIABILITIES	
Reserve, 4%, 3½% and 3% standard.....	\$10,019,563.89
Reserve on lapsed policies on which surrender values are claimable.....	4,171.22
Death Claims, unadjusted.....	39,350.00
Present value of death claims payable in instalments....	38,506.93
Matured Endowments, un- adjusted.....	1,693.45
Premiums paid in advance....	12,737.18
Due for medical fees and sundry accounts.....	10,936.75
Credit Ledger Balances.....	25,730.82
Surplus, December 31st, 1907..	1,503,719.68
(Surplus on Government Stand- ard of Valuation \$1,897,358.28).....	
	<u>\$11,656,409.92</u>

Audited and found correct,
J. M. SCULLY, F. C. A.
Waterloo, January 29th, 1908. Auditor.

GEO. WEGENAST,
Managing-Director

New Business written (gain over 1906, \$1,577,855)	\$7,081,402
Insurance in force (gain over 1906, \$4,179,440)	\$51,091,848
Surplus (gain over 1906, \$300,341)	\$1,503,719

Booklets containing full report of the Annual Meeting, held March 5th, 1908, are being published and will be distributed among Policyholders in due course.

FEDERAL LIFE

ASSURANCE
COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE,
HAMILTON
CANADA.

The Wise Man's
"Anchor"

FOR FUTURE HAPPINESS.



IS A POLICY OF
LIFE ASSURANCE

IN A STRONG AND CAREFULLY MANAGED COMPANY.

A Typical Settlement

under the Fifteen-Year Deferred Dividend Policies of The Great-West Life, maturing this year, is the following:

Policy No. 770, for \$5,000 on the Fifteen-Year Endowment Plan, matures shortly. The Policyholder has paid premiums amounting in all to \$5,156.25. The Total Cash Value of the Policy, now at his disposal, is \$8,400—that is to say, the insured receives a clear cash profit of \$3,243.75 on the transaction and has had \$5,000 Life Insurance for fifteen years without cost.

The Pamphlet "ACTUAL RESULTS" gives full details of maturing Policies. A copy will be mailed on request.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE : : WINNIPEG

Bank of Hamilton

Head Office, Hamilton

HON. WILLIAM GIBSON - - - President
J. TURNBULL - - - General Manager

Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 2,500,000
Reserve.....2,500,000
Total Assets.....32,000,000

Branches:

Abernethy, Sask.	Georgetown	Melfort, Sask.	Saskatoon, Sask.
Alt-	Gladstone, Man.	Miami, Man.	St. Albert, Alta.
Atwood	Gorrie	Mildand	Simcoe
Battleford, Sask.	Grimby	Milton	Southampton
Beamsville	Hagersville	Minnedosa, Man.	Stonewall, Man.
Berlin	Hamilton	Mitchell	Swan Lake, Man.
Blyth	" Barton St.	Moorefield	Teeswater
Bradwardine, M.	" Deering Br.	Moose Jaw, Sask.	Toronto-
Brandon, Man.	" East End	Morden, Man.	College & Ossing'n
Brantford	" West End	Niagara Falls	Queen & Spadina
Carberry, Man.	Jarvis	Niagara Falls South	Toronto Junction
Carman, Man.	Hamloia, Man.	Orangeville	Tuxford, Sask.
Chesley	Kamloops, B. C.	Owen Sound	Vancouver, B. C.
Delhi	Kenton, Man.	Palmerston	Wingham
Dundalk	Killarney, Man.	Pilot Mound, Man.	Winkler, Man.
Dundas	Listowel	Port Elgin	Winnipeg, Man.
Dunnville	Lucknow	Port Rowan	Winnipeg, Man.—
Fernie, B. C.	Manitou, Man.	Ripley	Grain Exchange
Fordwich		Roland, Man.	Wroxeter

Correspondents in Great Britain—The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited.

Correspondents in United States—New York—Hanover National Bank and Fourth National Bank. Boston—International Trust Co. Buffalo—Marine National Bank. Chicago—Continental National Bank and First National Bank. Detroit—Old Detroit National Bank. Philadelphia—Merchants National Bank. St. Louis—Third National Bank. San Francisco—Crocker-Woolworth National Bank. Pittsburgh—Mellon National Bank.

Collections effected in all parts of Canada promptly and cheaply. Savings Banks at all offices.

Correspondence Solicited

Drawing Money

If you have a Deposit Account with the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation you can withdraw money by mail just as easily as if you visited the Corporation's office.

Your signature, to a blank receipt, which we will send you to fill out, is all the identification necessary. We will send you the Corporation's cheque for the amount you withdraw, or an express or postoffice money order, or, if you prefer, we will send you cash by express or registered mail if of moderate amount.

Interest may be withdrawn any time after it is due on the first days of January, April, July and October. If not withdrawn, it is added to the account and bears INTEREST AT THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT.

Thus you receive interest upon interest. No dollar you ever leave with this Corporation is ever idle. That is the reason savings grow so rapidly.

Let us send you our Booklet "Safe Saving"—Send us your address.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET

TORONTO

1907

Has been the most prosperous year in the history of

THE NORTHERN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

It shows substantial increases in every department of the Company's business.

SPLENDID OPENINGS

For reliable, producing agents.

Write for particulars to

Head Office - London, Ont.

JOHN MILNE, Managing Director

REAL ESTATE
and
INSURANCE

PROPERTIES
for
SALE OR RENT

W. E. McCARTHY

Agent for
New York Underwriters' Agency—Fire, Accident
and Life Insurance

LOANS NEGOTIATED

RENTS COLLECTED

ESTATES MANAGED

Call or Phone

43 Scott Street

TORONTO

Main 7748

STAMMERERS

The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
BERLIN, ONT., CAN.

English Motor Tours

Member of Historic Society personally drives parties on private tours arranged as to scenery and places of interest to suit his clients; interesting and historic places visited and explained. For terms write Box 242 T. B. Browne's Advertising Offices, 163 Queen Victoria St., London, England.

ASSETS
\$7,905,847

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,100,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED

Where Shall I Place My Life Insurance?

You OUGHT to place it

Safely, Sanely, Profitably

To Take a Policy in the

London Life Insurance Company

A PURELY CANADIAN COMPANY

- IS SAFE—For speculation in no form enters into the investment of the funds.
- IS SANE—For the policy conditions are simple and the complications of International Law are entirely avoided.
- IS PROFITABLE—For the Actual Profit Results of the Company are unexcelled and Estimates on present rates have been fully realized.

Ask for particulars from any Agent of the Company
or write direct to

HEAD OFFICE, - LONDON, CANADA

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up	-	-	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	}	-	\$1,241,532.26

DIRECTORS

S. J. MOORE, Esq., President
D. E. THOMSON, K.C., Vice-Pres.
SIR MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.

THOMAS BRADSHAW, Esq.
JOHN FIRSTBROOK, Esq.
JAMES RYRIE, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO
W. D. ROSS, General Manager

**Every Department of Banking Conducted with Absolute Security and
SATISFACTION**

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in all parts of the world.

EXCHANGE, foreign and domestic bought and sold.

COLLECTIONS given prompt execution.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches, interest compounded **FOUR** times a year.

If you
want

your morning coffee to be always fresh and fragrant, always pure and sustaining, always just perfect, always easily made, and yet always of uniform quality—try

'CAMP' COFFEE

the perfection in coffee. Grocers sell it. Order it to-day. *R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.*

The ILLINOIS TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Founded in 1880. Connected with Cook County and Chicago Lying-in Hospital. Offers to young women a three years' course of unexcelled, practical and theoretical training in Cook County Hospital, of 1,800 beds, including large children's and contagious departments. Special obstetrics in Lying-in Hospital. Private duty in private institutions. Practical course in Dietetics. Physical Culture and Massage. Monthly payment to nurses during entire course. Salaries paid to graduate nurses. Six scholarships. Commodious Nurses' Home. Address



Nurses' Home

Miss Helen S. Hay, Supt.,
308 Honore St., Chicago.

MEDAL OF HIGHEST AWARD

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Add TONE to Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by Using Only Washburne's Patent



"O.K."

Paper Fasteners

There is Genuine Pleasure in Their Use as Well as PERFECT SECURITY. These Fasteners are in a class by themselves. There are no others like them, therefore they can not be compared with the ordinary paper clips which depend on friction for their holding power.

The "O.K." Paper Fasteners have the advantage of an indestructible paper-piercing point which goes through every sheet co-acting with a small PROTECTING SLEEVE which prevents any liability of injury.

HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG
NO SLIPPING, NEVER!

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of Brass, 3 sizes. Put up in Brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each. All Enterprising Stationers.

Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated descriptive booklet free.

Liberal Discount to the Trade.

BROWN BROS. Limited

51-53 Wellington St., W., TORONTO, CAN.

Sole Selling Agents for Canada

THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

MANUFACTURERS

NATURAL SIZES



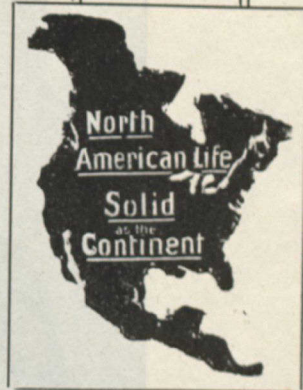
NO 0B



NO 1B



NO 2B



WHY You Should Insure

Because you are not certain of living and your life is a valuable asset, against the loss of which you should make provision now.

Because your family, whom you are bound to protect, will require almost as great an income when you are gone as they do now.

Because the money will be invested, not expended. It returns surely—being only a question of time.

Because if you live to be old you can convert the policy into a cash payment or annuity for the support of yourself and family.

Because a strong and reliable company such as the **North American Life** stands prepared to assist you in this important matter.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
Assurance Company
HOME OFFICE - TORONTO



Frock Coats
for Easter,
Silk faced, at
\$20 and \$25,
as good as \$30.

The Booklet
is free;
"How Men
Should Dress,"

¶ Semi-ready Clothes this spring are distinctly in advance of custom tailoring designs—no custom tailor can possibly reproduce the high standard of Semi-ready Tailoring.

¶ The Semi-ready Company, of Montreal, have 25 sample sets ready for merchants who want their Special Made-to-Measure Samples. Suits are made in 4 days.

SEMI-READY, LIMITED, MONTREAL, CANADA



Easter Dawn

By

JEAN BLEWETT

*Awake, O earth! the rose of dawn
Flames softly over Olivet,
The night of pain and death has
gone,*

*The air is full of fragrance
drawn*

*From blossoms of the thorn, dew-
wet,*

*Awake, O earth! awake and
greet*

*The day and all it brings to thee—
Love's crowning triumph, full,
complete;*

*Awake and sing with rapture sweet
Thy song of Immortality!*

*Awake, O earth! the rose of dawn
Flames softly over Olivet.*



A. J. C. 1918

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX

TORONTO, APRIL, 1908

No. 6

Reform of the Senate

By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

CONFEDERATION was not so much a deliberate measure of constructive statesmanship as a door of escape for two sets of party politicians from the dead-lock in which their struggle for place had ended. Government had been reduced to a majority of two. Only in the two Provinces which were the scene of that party conflict can Confederation be said to have been clearly desired at the time. Outside them there was a good deal of opposition. Nor does the debate on Confederation impress us as a conference of statesmen. British institutions were copied without much reflection by men more versed in party management than in history or political science, and probably little conscious of the difference in the social conditions of the two countries, or of the effect which social conditions have on the working of political institutions. On the social influence of courts they had probably not much reflected, when as an equivalent for the court of Great Britain they gave us half a dozen, with more to come. The constitution was never submitted to the people. As an excuse for the omission was pleaded the

Parliamentary election which followed. This, it was pretended, was an equivalent for the submission of the constitution, which, of course, involving as it did miscellaneous questions, it could not be. We may therefore hold ourselves free to deal with the work of the fathers of Confederation.

The Upper House of the British Parliament, with its hereditary peerage, could have no counterpart here. It was a legacy of the middle ages, though rather in form than in substance; for in the middle ages the seat was attached not to the pedigree but to the fief, and the handful of Bishops now sitting in the House of Lords represent a number of mediaeval Prelates and mitred Abbots who sat with the lay Lords as representatives of ecclesiastical fiefs and far more nearly balanced the lay Lords in numbers. Nor did the legislative history of the House of Lords present to the architects of constitutions a happy model. It has been as that of an hereditary order might be expected to be, a continuous series of resistance to reforms, even the most necessary and beneficial. Its obstinacy in opposing Parliamentary reform and struggling

to maintain the rotten borough system brought the nation to the verge of revolution.

That a second Chamber is needed as an organ of legislative second thought and revision will hardly be denied. We have a thrilling proof of this in the case of Gladstone's Irish Home Rule Bill. As leader of the Liberal party and head of the Government, Gladstone had been decidedly opposed to the Home Rulers and had thrown their leaders into prison. But his political position became precarious. The Conservative leaders had begun with the usual unscrupulousness of party to coquette with Home Rule. Suddenly Gladstone turned round, declared for Home Rule, joined hands with Parnell, and brought in a measure which, however cloaked, would practically have dismembered the United Kingdom, and was supported almost avowedly for that purpose by Irishmen breathing the most intense hatred of England. The Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords, which on that occasion had no patrician bias to pervert its judgment, and the integrity of the United Kingdom was thus saved. The conduct of the Lords was emphatically ratified by national opinion, to which Gladstone succumbed, and relief was evidently felt by some, probably by most, of those British members who had given a party vote for the Bill. Mr. Gladstone's state of mind at that time was described by one of the most eminent of his political associates as moral insanity. But had his Home Rule Bill passed, as without a second Chamber it would, it would have passed irrevocably and only by a convulsion of some kind could the integrity of the United Kingdom have been retrieved. The Separatists in Ireland would probably have stretched out their hands for help to the enemies of England abroad. In this case the Second Chamber saved England from mortal peril. The thought of abolishing the House of reconsideration and

revision ought surely to be laid aside.

It may almost be said that if the framers of our constitution had wished to adapt it to the real conditions of the case, at the same time following an English precedent, they had better on some points have looked to the Protectorate than to the Monarchy. It is not impossible that England herself may some day turn her eyes in that direction.

Legislative revision, however, is not the only function of the British House of Lords, nor is aptitude for it the only title to the appointments. Personal distinction and influence are also qualifications for its membership. Of this Lord Kelvin, Lord Rogers, and Lord Hobhouse were instances, Lords Rogers and Hobhouse having been distinguished in the public service. Instances at present are Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts; so are Lord Mountstephen and Lord Strathcona. An instance in a line wholly non-political was Lord Tennyson. Canada, of course, has not the material for anything of this kind, nor is it certain that she would use it if she had. With us the nominations all go by party.

The House of Commons is supposed to represent "the people," whose will is taken to be supreme wisdom as well as supreme power. Suppose it did represent the people and not the caucus, has the people never need for an hour of cool reconsideration? How many of us are qualified for the settlement of great questions of state? What proportion of the voters under universal suffrage understand the arguments or know the facts of the case? We endow "the people" with personality and mental combination, whereas it is the aggregate of an infinite number of separate grains of humanity blown often by the same wind but hardly capable of common thought.

That the Canadian Senate will bear improvement seems to be generally admitted. It used to be loudly pro-

claimed by the party now in power, which, since it has come into power, appears to have shown practically that its former allegations were not unfounded. The invidious task of framing the indictment no longer needs to be performed. That the Senate is not what it might be, even under existing conditions, is pretty well admitted on all sides.

What shape is the reform to take? Nomination by the Governor-General must always be, as it is, like the exercise of his Excellency's other nominal prerogatives, a formality, or rather worse; a slight screen for the abuse of patronage by the Minister. The question practically seems to be, by whom shall the Senators be elected? How can a basis sufficiently broad to satisfy popular demand be combined with a character sufficiently select to guard against the scramble of party? The Provincial Legislature naturally presents itself for the purpose. The State Legislatures over the way seem to have done their allotted duties pretty well till they fell under the domination of commercial magnates, then corruption began. To some danger of that kind we should no doubt be exposed in giving any new power to our Provincial Legislatures. Still, if the election of Senators were vested in the Provincial Legislatures there would be at least public criti-

cism of the candidates. The net result would probably be an improvement on the system of nomination by a Minister who securely treats the patronage as mere party spoil.

If the election of our Senators were given to the Provincial Legislatures it would surely be an improvement on the present system. The appointments could not be made in the dark. A man of whom his Province was proud would sometimes have a chance. The election should be tenable for life or up to a certain age. The voting should perhaps be by ballot, which though it does not commonly produce much effect may sometimes baffle intrigue and sometimes shield an honest vote. Account must certainly be taken of population; there would otherwise be weakness from the outset.

Election by the House of Commons would be simply a return, perhaps with an increase of jobbery, to nomination by the head of the party in power through his majority in the Lower House.

Reduction of the number of the Senate would be a small gain of money, but surely it would be a loss of authority.

If the evil is in our political character, no change in institutions will set us right; still something may be done by a judicious reform of the Senate.



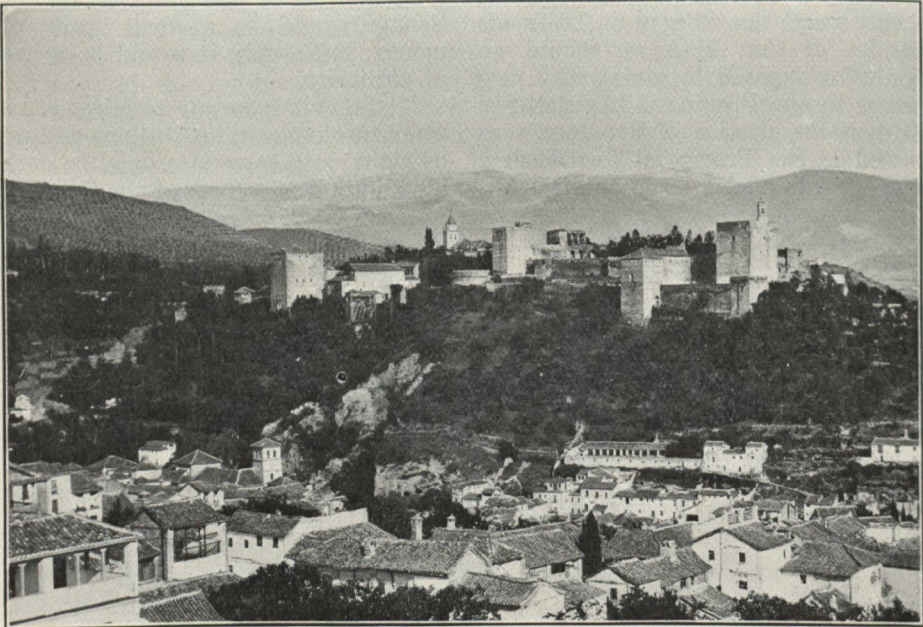
A Vision of Old Spain

By H. S. SCOTT-HARDEN

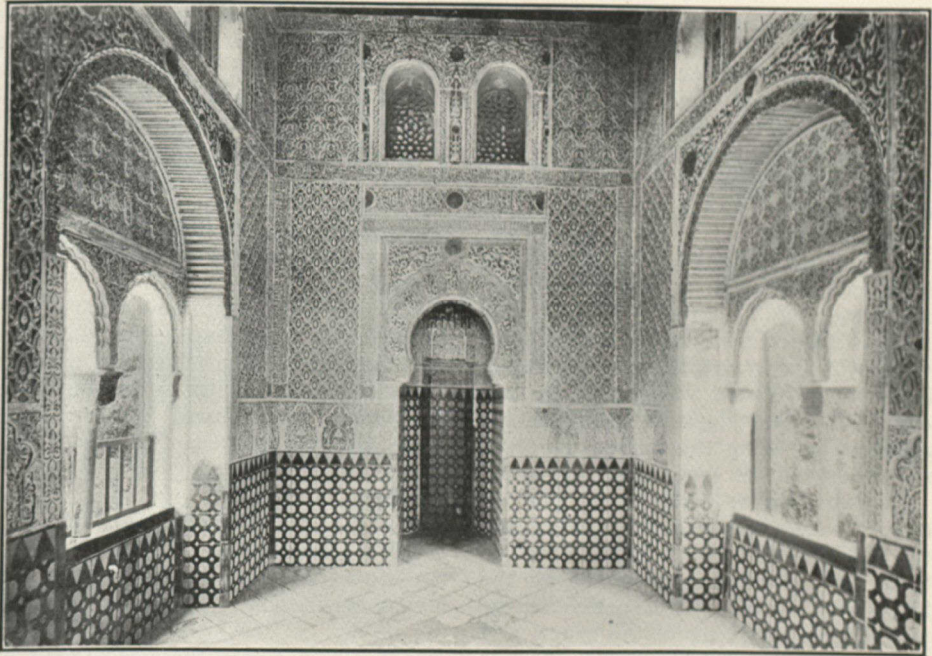
*Dealing particularly with the Alhambra and its surroundings,
where romance and chivalry long held sway*

THERE are three places in the world that one should certainly see by moonlight—the Taj Mahal, Melrose Abbey, and the Alhambra in Spain—each one so different yet so wonderfully impressive. The great Moslem pile of the Alhambra in the midst of a Christian land was built by Mahomet Abu. It is the ancient fortress of the Moorish kings of Grenada, an Oriental palace, and an elegant memento of the

brave, intelligent and graceful people who came and conquered and have passed away. The Moors regarded the Alhambra as a miracle of art, and many now consider it one of the wonders of the world—for fairy tracery and fragile fretwork have survived the wear and tear of time and shocks of earthquake, and save for the fire a few years ago many parts are just as beautiful and perfect as they were when Ferdinand and Queen Isabella



THE GLORY OF GRENADA—THE ALHAMBRA AND THE SIERRA NEVADA



A CORNER OF THE ALHAMBRA, SHOWING THE ELABORATENESS OF THE DECORATIONS

prayed within the walls, and Columbus, before he discovered the new world, was a quiet and unobserved beholder.

What legends and traditions, songs and romances of love and war are wrapped up here! One enters a great porch formed by an immense Arabian horse-shoe-shaped arch which springs to half the height of the tower. On the keystone of the arch is engraven a huge hand; within the vestibule on the keystone of the portal is sculptured, in like manner, a gigantic key. Those who understand Mohammedan symbols affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, and the key of faith. The latter was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems when they subdued Andalusia in opposition to the Christian emblem of the Cross. When you enter you seem to be carried back into other times and are treading the scenes of some Arabian story. Through the Moorish arches you see the shadows from the moon on the pavements, and the outlines of the fragile fretwork on the twelve lions which hold up the alabaster basin, waiting as it were

for the silver stream of water to flow from the fountain above.

In the daytime the rich, gilded ornamentations and the colours of the Moorish tiles and the roofs of the halls outvie one another in picturesqueness, and from the open window above, one pauses to think what scenes were beheld by the dark-eyed beauties of the harem who used to sit and gaze unseen upon the entertainments below.

This is indeed an enchanted palace of an Arabian tale. And standing on the roof of some hall one sees below the old Moorish capital, with the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada shining like silver in the distance. From the summit of one of the hills the unfortunate Boabdil cast back his last look upon Grenada and gave vent to the agony of his soul, "The Last Sight of the Moor."

The Sierra Nevada is the glory of Grenada, and dominates the whole extent of Andalusia, sending down the cool breezes across the Vega to the Alameda—the great avenue of trees where the Spaniards sit and watch the passers-by in the

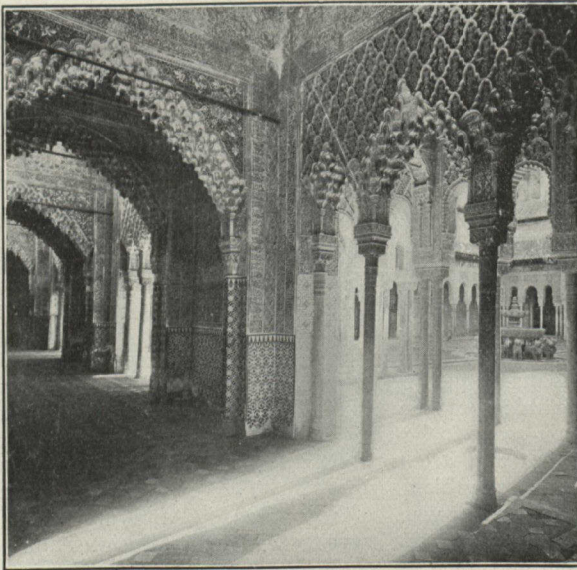
evenings and listen to the guitar. But to return to the Alhambra: From the heights above the palace one sees the city of Santa Fe, built by the Catholic sovereign during the siege. It was there that Columbus was called back, and within those walls the treaty was concluded that led to the discovery of the Western World.

Before descending to the courtyard you look once more from a terraced roof on the tower of Cornares. The winding river is hidden here and there by some Gothic dome or row of houses, or perchance in summer by the orange groves and olive trees—and the suburb where the convent lies filling the narrow gorge of the valley with its gray walls.

As one wanders through the gateway down the steep hill to the town one passes the little fountain and well which used to be a sort of meeting place for all the lovers in Granada. It is noted for the pureness and coolness of the water, and for the legends. To-day, there, a Spaniard stops the passers-by and offers for sale pictures of the palace and pretty castanets and fans. The Alhambra has recently

been renovated and some of the walls recoloured and the roof regilded, while large iron bars hold together the Moorish pillars and strengthen the decaying walls. Not far from Grenada is the Duke of Wellington's Spanish home at Torre Molinos. The house is quite new, but the vineyards are old and bring forth quantities of grapes which help to keep the estate of the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo in good order.

From the hills round the house you can just see the gray towers of the Alhambra and the views of the mountains beyond; and while you wander under the olive trees some good-natured Spaniard will relate the tales of the Moslem monuments at Cordova and Seville, and of Ferdinand and Isabella and their courts where they took possession of the Alhambra. The present Duke of Wellington often visits his Spanish home, and invites his friends to shoot partridges in the fields. A few years ago I spent several pleasant days there as a guest of Colonel Mostyn, who manages the estate, and we had excellent sport on the hillsides under the olive trees.



THE HALL OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA, SHOWING THE "COURT OF LIONS," SURROUNDED BY COLONNADES

The Narrative of Col. Fanning

Edited by A. W. SAVARY

(Last Installment)

ON the 10th of March I had some business to St. Augustine, the inhabitants of Musqueto asked the favour of me to hand a petition to his Excellency the Governor, and knowing the situation of the petitioners I spoke in their behalf; asked his Excellency what answer he sent to the people, he said he should send for none of them, and if they were a mind to remove, they must get to the shipping as they could, for he said he had no vessels at that time in Government's services.

"To his Excellency Patrick Tonym, Esq., Capt. General, Governor and Commander and Chief in and over his Majesty's province of East Florida and vice-admiral of the same: whereas your humble petitioners showeth that they are rendered very poor and unable to remove ourselves to be in readiness to receive the opportunity offered for our removal from his Majesty's province of this East Florida which is to be evacuated; here is several poor widows as well as poor men of his Majesty's loyal subjects; we pray his Excellency would send a schooner to remove us to the vessels provided for our passage when his Excellency sees that this province will be given up; we would wish to tarry here where we have good warm houses till his Excellency sees the time draws nigh; however, we would wish to refer it to his Excellency's opinion upon the matter, and in granting of your petitioners' humble petition, your humble petitioners ever will be in duty bound to pray.

At the Musqueto, this 26th of January, 1784.

THOMAS YOUNG, Capt. S. C. Mil.
Abraham Floyd, Joseph Currie, Magee Black, Agnes Wilson, Moses Barnes, Jacob Barnes, Joseph Rogers."

I left St. Augustine the 13th of said month and returned to the Musqueto and made the following speech to the inhabitants:

My good and worthy friends: I am now going to make some remarks as to your disagreeable situation. The distresses to which the unfortunate loyalists in America are now reduced are too poignant not to command the pity and commiseration of every friend to human nature. The man that is steeled against such a forcible impression is a monster that should be drove from the circle of cultivated society. In most situations, when calamities and misfortunes press upon their minds, hope buoys us up and keeps us from sinking into the ocean of despondency and despair, but the unfortunate loyalists have no hopes to cheer up their spirits; even this last refuge of the afflicted is denied us of enjoying peace and happiness which our forefathers and ourselves were born under. During a seven years' war we have been induced to brave every danger and difficulty in support of the Government under which we were born, in hopes that we and our children would reap the fruits of our labour in peace and serenity. Instead of that reasonable expectation, we find ourselves at the conclusion of a war sacrificed to the indignation of their enemies, expelled their native country, and thrown on the wide world friendless and unsupported. It is needless to repeat the many promises of support and protection held out to the public by the King and those acting under his authority. These promises have been violated in every instance, and that national faith which we had been accustomed to look upon as sacred, basely bartered for an inglorious peace, even to this province for which the loyalists from

the other colonies have fled to for shelter are denied us. The Spaniards are in a short time to take possession of this province, and whilst we are together we had better draw up a decent petition to have protection, and throw ourselves on their mercy. If they deny us we will have few to condemn us, which cruel and relenting necessity may compel them to adopt. Innumerable are the difficulties at present to encounter. Stripped of our property, drove from our homes, excluded from the company and care of their dearest connections, robbed of the blessing of a free and mild government, betrayed and deserted by our friends, what is it can repay them for their misery, dragging out a wretched life of obscurity and want? Heaven only that smooths the rugged paths of life can reconcile us to our misfortunes. Also, my hopes of ever receiving anything from Government for losses or services are vanished, as I cannot support any other opinion than whenever Great Britain sees it her interest to withdraw her force and protection from us, let us go where we will, we never can say we are safe from difficulties as we have been induced to brave since the commencement of the late war, and for the same reason I shall in a few days get out in open boats to West Florida to settle myself at or near Fort Notches on the Mississippi River.

On the 20th of March myself and seven other families set out, all in open boats. We kept company for 160 miles. I then left them and went forward to get to better hunting ground, and proceeded until I got to the Scibirskan, where I waited for the rest of my company twelve days; but not seeing them come, I concluded they had passed me, and must have proceeded on their journey. I hoisted sail and stood on until I came to Key West, and seeing a large schooner I stood for her. She hove to, and when I came alongside she informed me that I was then on the edge of the Gulf of Mexico, and then I turned and stood for that key. I got to the key at three o'clock, and the wind blew a gale for fifteen days, and whilst on board the before-mentioned schooner, who belonged to the Spaniards. They had some Creek Indians on board, and then bound to Havana; the Spaniards I could not understand, but they understood

the Creek language and my speaking to the Indians and informing of the Indians that I was going to Mississippi, he told me that my boat was too small, and it would be impossible for me to make the main land, as it was three days' sail before I could make land. The Spaniards understood all my discourse, and upon finding where I was bound, they spoke to me in Indian and told me that there were six or seven families of the English had left St. Augustine some time before, and that they were all killed except the negroes, and they thought we would stand a poor chance to escape them, as I should be obliged to keep the shore. In an hour after I made the key there came another Spanish schooner to anchor that I had passed the day before. They could not speak any English, but finding that the others could speak Creek, I also spoke to them in the same language, which they understood very well, and informed me as the other schooner had done. They were windbound for fifteen days, and treated me with every civility. I had one white lad of eighteen years of age, and by the different accounts we had of the Spaniards he got scared. I told him not to lose his life on my account. He then went on board of the schooner, and on the night she wind abated, the Spaniards came on shore and took the most of myself and wife's wearing apparel and bedding.

They informed me before their departure that they looked upon it that we could not proceed with our small open boats, the distance of the bay where we had to cross being about 36 leagues to a key called Sandy Key, which is nine leagues from the main land, which in case of our not hitting that key the distance would be about 100 leagues before we should make land again. Upon which I turned and went back about twelve leagues to Key Bockes, and steered due north till we made the key, being about eight hours out of sight of land. When we made the key, being 19th of said month, I got to said land the 20th. I saw a small schooner standing for the land about four leagues distance from us, and cast anchor where the aforementioned Spaniards informed us that the Indians were very bad in killing the English people that crossed the Bay of Tompay, as the man that started

with me being much alarmed at the behaviour of the Indians, set off back again with the Spaniards to the Havana. I then with my little family, consisting of my wife, self and two little negroes, I perceiving it might be dangerous for me to proceed, went on board the little schooner that lay at anchor about four leagues from me. I immediately took my boats and went on board of him, enquiring of one Baptist, who commanded her. I found he was an Italian; asked him where he was from, he informed me from New Providence. I then applied to him to get a passage with him. He told me he could not tell me at that time whether he could carry all my property or not, desired me to pay my boats off that night. The next morning he told me he could not give me a passage for less than 200 dollars. The next day he fell to 150 dollars. Then the wind blowing very fresh, I went on board my boat, and hoisted sail and went off for the land again. In the course of two or three hours he came round a point with a schooner to the land in order to mend some turtle nets which were much broken. He, during the time of his laying there, gave us liberty to come and sleep on board, and on the 23rd of the month I asked him if he would not take less than 150 dollars to carry me to Providence, as I told him I could not afford to give him so much, as it was more than I was able to give him, as I was entirely robbed of what little I had. He said he would not take less. The next morning I set off in my boat and sent my girl along shore to catch some fowls I had on shore, where I was to come back again to the place as soon as I got the distance of about three miles round a point. When I got to the point I left my boat ashore, and went back in order to meet the girl where I expected to see her. I got about half the distance, but did not meet her, and coming there and not finding her I went some little distance back to where the schooner lay. As I expected, they were going to use me in the same manner the Spaniards had done before, when I saw them take my negro girl and carry her on board with them. I then set down for the space of a half hour, and considering within myself what I had best do, and seeing the said Baptist, commander of the said schooner,

and his man Thomas coming ashore again, after carrying my negro girl off into the woods and hid her. I then saw them coming out of the woods. Thinking within myself that they intended to kill me, with which I looked and examined my gun and powder; finding I had only one charge with me or nigher than my boats, and considering the present distressed situation I was in, obliged me to consider what was my best measure to pursue, and I immediately advanced towards them, they parting, one turned back to where the girl was, the other coming on a small distance, went from the beach and turned off into the woods. I immediately ran and called to him and asked him concerning what he had done with the girl, with which he denied having seen her. I then told him he need not deny it, for I had seen him with her, and offered him four dollars if he would inform me where she was, so that I could get her. He immediately said that Mr. Baptist had the command of the schooner, and that I had better go back and speak to him myself. I also went back to where their boat lay, and continued there for the space of fifteen minutes, then I turned and walked back from the place I started from. During the course of my walking I looked behind and saw the said Baptist about 150 yards in my rear, his gun lying across his left arm. I turned around and advanced to him, and when near him I observed his gun cocked. I asked him at first what he had his gun cocked for; his answer was in order to fire at anything that came. With that I told him that he had better uncock his gun as I did not see anything to fire at there. I told him several times; he replied he always carried his gun cocked, and kept her cocked for the space of fifteen minutes. I asked if he had not seen my girl come that way. He told me no. I then told him that he need not deny it, for I had seen her on board his boat, he being in the boat at the same time, carrying her off to the schooner, not mentioning to him that I saw him bring her back. I then told him I could carry him back and show him the girl's tracks

where he had carried her along and took her on board. I then offered him four dollars to give her up, as I told him my present situations would not admit of my giving him as much money as he asked to carry me to Providence. He told me I talked like a boy, as no person would carry me to Providence under five hundred dollars, and he only asked one hundred and fifty, and also alluded to my going off and not speaking to him any more, and that if he had my girl he would keep her as he had lost a boy that cost him eight hundred dollars, and that he must make something before he returned to Providence. I asked him if he would carry me for either the boy or girl, allowing me fifty dollars. He told me no. I told him that it was but little less than the half I was worth; he told me he would carry me for one of them, or fifty dollars. In my distressed situation, and my wife being pregnant, I thought I had best endeavour to get a passage with him. I told him that I would sooner than to lose my negro girl give him one hundred and fifty dollars than either the girl or the boy, as I was convinced I should have justice done me on my arrival at New Providence, as I should see some persons who were acquainted with me in Providence; he told me he would. I then told him I wanted him to drop his schooner down to where my boats were in order to get my property out of the boats. He told me he could not as he was going round the Key to turtle. I then going back, I met with the other man and wanted to hire him. He told me he could not unless I had got liberty from Baptist. With that I went myself, and came to my boats and told my wife the situation of matters, and we immediately started with only my boy's assistance and rowed back against the wind blowing fresh for seven miles; then coming very near the schooner I threw out my anchor and lay there all night, and the next morning I called to them several times and asked them if they had seen my girl. After some time they answered me, Ay, Ay! and told us to come alongside. I told them I wanted my girl to come and assist me in taking

out my property. They answered me they would assist me in taking them out. With that I weighed anchor and went alongside of the schooner and told my wife to go on board. When on board she went and called the girl several times. My wife then went down into the hold with a stick, and she said that she found the girl hid among the sails, being stripped of all her clothes she had on the day when she left me. I had my property put on board, and soon after I set off to the shore and anchored my large boat some little distance from the shore, where I lay till some time in June, round the point where I came from, as the wind was blowing fresh. On the 15th of June he got his turtle and water on board where he had his turtle in a crawl in the Bay of Fundy, where he had supplied himself with wood and water, and all his turtle on board, where he then drew a note of hand for me to sign for two hundred pieces of eight for my passage. I immediately answered him I would sooner suffer death than to sign any instrument of writing. He then wished himself damned before I should go with him, and ordered me to haul up my boat and put what I could in her and go on shore with my family. My boat being so small would not carry one-fourth part of my property off. As there lay a large boat alongside that they had brought off their turtle wood and water on board in, I asked them for the loan of her. They told me they could not as they were going to get under way. With that I brought my boat alongside, and they in the meantime took their two boats and went on shore.

My wife being in a bad situation, fell a crying and begged of me to do anything to get away for fear we might meet with others who might distress us of everything. As I found that I should lose the greatest part in case I went on shore, as I had left my large boat at Cape Sable on the mainland, and my little boat not being large enough to contain over the one-fourth of my property, for which I told him to draw a note for one hundred and fifty dollars, for which I signed, the note being dated 15th July,

and was to be paid after my arrival in Providence, to have thirty-five days after my landing there before payment was to be made.

On the 30th of June, as we were laying at New Madamcumba after our having several words, he told me that he understood by my negroes that I intended to have him hung after my arrival at New Providence if he had turned my wife on shore, and in case she had died that I should do my endeavours to hang him in Providence, and told me if it had not been for killing my wife he would be damned if he did not drown me overboard long ago, only on account of my wife. On the 12th July a Capt. Bunch, Capt. Clutsam, and Capt. Wm. Smith, of New Providence, appeared, and Capt. Bunch came on board the small schooner commanded by the said Baptist. The said Mr. Bunch asked me my reasons for staying so long on board that small schooner, and why I gave the said Baptist my note of hand for one hundred and fifty dollars, of which Mr. Bunch informed me that it was contrary to the laws of the Government of New Providence to make any agreement with any person or persons found in distress, but to render every assistance. With this I found Mr. Bunch wished to render me a service in my distressed situation, and I opened to him all former proceedings respecting the ill treatment and behaviour of the said Baptist. On the same account every gentleman of them offered me any assistance I wanted, and Mr. Bunch told me that in case I did not get a passage with Capt. Clutsam, which he did not doubt but what I should, he would give me a passage himself. However, I procured a passage from Capt. Clutsam for fifty dollars, during which passage I was in every respect used and treated like a gentleman by the said Capt. Clutsam, and on my arrival at New Providence the said Capt. Clutsam behaved with so much honour that, instead of taking fifty dollars of me, he deducted twenty, and only charged me thirty, and upon finding who I was would not take but twenty dollars, and he at the same time refused taking any

more of me. During the course of my being on board of Capt. Clutsam he found me in every necessary, and made no charge for any provisions or anything I received from him. His humanity was so great, that if ever in my power to render any service to him or any of those gentlemen, nothing shall ever be wanting on my part to do them service.

I continued in Nassau for twenty days, and then took my passage with Capt. Jacob Bell to New Brunswick, where we cast anchor 23rd of Sept., 1784, and continued until the 25th of October, and then set out for Halifax to his Excellency Governor Parr, to know how I should get land, but as I got to Halifax his Excellency Governor Carlton arrived, and I could do nothing, so I returned on the 7th November, and in August I received the following letter from Col. John Hamilton in answer to mine in regard to my claims:

DEAR SIR,—I received yours of the 9th February, 1785, a few days ago and notice the contents. I am sorry to inform you that your claims are not yet given in, but I expect the office for receiving claims will be opened again by act of Parliament this session, when you may depend proper care shall be taken of yours. I am sorry to hear of your losses. I hope you are now agreeably settled, and making something for your family. I think if you can leave your business in proper hands, a trip to this country would be of service to you, though I don't think you would get half-pay. Government would settle an annuity on you for life; which cannot be done without your coming here.

If you come you may depend on all my interest in your favour, and I cannot help thinking it worth your while to come home.

I am, dear sir, your humble servant,

JOHN HAMILTON.

London, May 10th, 1785.

In a short time after I heard that there was another act of Parliament passed to receive claims for losses and services, also that the Commissioners had arrived at Halifax, and on the 20th March, I set out for Halifax, and presented a copy of my claim from East Florida, with the Memorial as follows:

"To the Honourable Commissioners, appointed by act of Parliament, further to enquire into the losses and services of the American Loyalists.

The Memorial of David Fanning, late Colonel of the North Carolina Militia, humbly sheweth: That your Memorialist is a loyalist from North Carolina, who uniformly and religiously adhered to his duty and loyalty to the best of Sovereigns, for which he suffered persecution, and many other inconveniences—that your Memorialist, by a warrant from Major Craig, of the 82nd Regiment, then commanding at Wilmington, was placed at the head of the militia of that province; that your Memorialist during the late war did command from one to nine hundred and fifty men, with whom he was engaged in six and thirty skirmishes in North Carolina, and four in South Carolina; all of which were of his own planning and in which he had the honour to command; that your Memorialist killed many of the rebels and took many of them prisoners; among the latter of whom were Governor Burke, his council, and many officers of distinction in the rebel army; that your Memorialist, during that time, was twice wounded, and fourteen times taken prisoner; that, on the conclusion of the late peace, your Memorialist settled two hundred and fifty souls in East Florida; and himself having taken refuge in several parts of his Majesty's remaining possessions in America, finally settled in the Province of New Brunswick, where he is in great distress, with his family. That your Memorialist, in consequence of his said loyalty to his Sovereign, the many services rendered him, and attachment to the British Government, had his property, real and personal, seized, confiscated, and sold by rebel authority. Your Memorialist therefore prays that his case may be taken into consideration, in order that he may be enabled under your report to receive such aid or relief as his case may be found to deserve."

DAVID FANNING.

St. John, March 1st, 1786.

I also took the following oath before Peter Hunter, Secretary to the Commissioners, in favour of my claim at Halifax:

Town of Halifax, }
Nova Scotia. } S. S.

David Fanning, late of North Carolina, Colonel of Militia, but now of Kings County, in the Province of New Brunswick, maketh oath and saith that he resided in East Florida and the Bahama Islands from the 15th day of July, 1783, to the 25th of March, 1784, and this deponent further saith that he was utterly incapable of preferring or delivering to the Commissioners appointed by Act of Parliament passed in the twenty-third year of his present Majesty, entitled an Act for appointing Commissioners to enquire into the losses and services of all such persons who have suffered in their rights, properties and possessions, during the late unhappy dissensions in America in consequence of their loyalty to his Majesty and attachment to the British Government, or at this office any Memorial Claim or request for aid or relief on account of this deponent's losses during the late unhappy dissensions in America, within the limited time by the said Act for the receiving of such claims by the reason that this deponent during all such time, viz., Between the 15th July, 1783, and the 25th March, 1784, lived or resided in East Florida and the Bahama Islands; that this deponent did, however, send a claim to Col. John Hamilton, of the North Carolina Volunteers in England, of his losses, but that by a letter that this deponent received from said Hamilton, bearing date 10th May, 1785, he is informed that his claims were not then given to the Commissioners in England, and that this deponent believes his said claim must have arrived in London after the time appointed by the late Act of Parliament for receiving such claims had expired, or that the Colonel, Hutchins, to whom I had entrusted the delivery of the said claim had neglected the trust reposed in him in giving in my claim.

Sworn this — day of March, 1786, before me—

DAVID FANNING.

When I presented my Memorial and estimate of claim to Peter Hunter, Secretary to the Commissioners, he gave me no manner of satisfaction, and on my asking

him if I could come under an examination, he told me to be gone, he did not think the Commissioners would receive my claim. When I found I could get no hearing at Halifax at that time, I returned home with a full resolution never to trouble myself any more. At the time of being in Halifax I met my old friend, Capt. John Legett, of the Royal North Carolina Regiment, who said he would speak to the Commissioners in my favour. He also gave me a copy of the following letter from Lieut.-Col. Arch. McKay:

LONDON, Nov. 15th, 1785.

DEAR CAPTAIN,—

Ever mindful of your good-will and the kindness you showed unto me since I had the pleasure of being acquainted with you, induces me to write you a few lines at present informing you of my success since I came to England, knowing you would be glad to hear of the provision made for me. When I came to England, I got a hearing by the Commissioners of American Claims, and they granted me thirty pounds yearly for temporary subsistence. I then laid in a memorial to Sir George Young for Captain's half-pay; but I must confess I thought my chances for that bad enough, as I was not acquainted with any of the Generals who commanded in America; but since it was only amusement to try, I got a certificate from Col. Craig, and another from Col. Hamilton and laid them in with the memorial. It was, with a good many others, a long time from office to office; at length they have allowed me seventy pounds sterling, yearly, for life, for my services in America, exclusive of the other thirty pounds. Upon the whole I do not repent coming to London, as things have turned out.

I wrote to Capt. McNeill this morning, not thinking I should have time to write to you before the ship sailed, and I had not time to write to him so fully as I could wish, but I will mind better next time.

I intend to spend next summer in Scotland, if everything turns out here to my expectations, and I would be glad to get a long letter from you concerning your new settlements. You will please to write to me, under cover to Messrs. John and Hector McKay, No. 5, Crown Court,

Westminster; and if I am in Britain I shall be sure to get any letter that may come for me. After my jaunt to Scotland I hope to do myself the honour to call and see you on my way to New Providence, where Alexander and Malcom McKay are gone. I am, sir, with due respect,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,
ARCHIBALD MCKAY."

To Capt. John Legett.

I returned home and continued until the 27th June, 1787. When I was entering the suburbs of the city of St. John, I accidentally met Ensign Henry Niss, with a letter from the Commissioners, desiring me to attend immediately for an examination. I still retained my opinion, but on informing Col. Joseph Robinson, he prevailed with me, after a long persuasion, to call and see the Commissioners, which I did, in company with Col. Robinson, where I was treated with every civility and all attention paid to me. After my examination they gave me the following certificate:

"OFFICE OF AMERICAN CLAIMS,

St. John, 2nd February, 1787.

We do hereby certify that David Fanning has undergone an examination on oath before us, as an American sufferer from North Carolina. We are satisfied by his own account, and by the evidence he has produced, that his exertions in support of the British Government, as Colonel of the Chatham and Randolph County Militia, during the late troubles in America, have been very great and exemplary; that he has been severely wounded in several engagements and has in other respects been a great sufferer; though, from particular reasons, it will not be in our power to make him any considerable allowance under our report. We therefore recommend him as a proper person to be put on the half-pay list as Captain, and to have an annual allowance from Government equal to that half-pay.

THOMAS DUNDAS.

J. PEMBERTON."

I then empowered George Randall, Esq., Whitehall, London, to act for me. I sent the original certificates and memorial in company with the letter.

To the Right Honourable Sir George Younge, Baronet, Secretary at War, etc., etc.:

The Memorial of David Fanning, late Colonel of the Chatham and Randolph County Militia, in North Carolina, humbly sheweth:

That in the year 1781, under an appointment from Major Henry Craig, then commanding the British troops in North Carolina, your Memorialist embodied near one thousand men of the loyal inhabitants of that Province, and with them performed singular service to the British Government; that he has been twice severely wounded in the course of the war; he has been fourteen times taken prisoner, and has been tried for his life by the rebels, and has ever exerted his utmost endeavours in support of the cause of Great Britain; he is disabled by wounds he has received and has no means of support. For the truth of these allegations he begs to refer to his appointment of Colonel, to the certificates of several officers under whom he served, and to the certificates of the Commissioners of American Claims, forwarded herewith.

Your Memorialist most humbly prays that he may be put on the Provincial half-pay list as Captain, fully confident that his past services and present necessitous situation will be thought deserving of that appointment, and your Memorialist, as in duty bound, shall ever pray,

DAVID FANNING.

City of St. John, 2nd February, 1787.

Pursuant to the advice of Lieut.-Col. Joseph Robinson, I have transmitted a power of attorney to you in order to receive half-pay, with a certificate from the Commissioners. Mr. I. Pemberton and Colonel Dundas, Esq.; General Alexander Leslie, Col. Nisbet Balfour, Lieut.-Col. J. Henry Craig, of the 16th Regiment, and Lieut.-Col. John Hamilton, of the North Carolina Regiment, are witnesses of my services. If you will be so good as to accept the power and grant me your assistance in obtaining the same, you will highly oblige,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID FANNING.

New Brunswick,

City of St. John, February 7th, 1787.

GEORGE RANDALL, ESQ., WESTMINSTER,
WHITEHALL, LONDON.

Received July 20th, 1787, the following from my agent:

WHITEHALL, 15th May, 1787.

SIR,—On the 3rd inst., in a letter to Lieut.-Col. Robinson, I desired he would inform you of my having received your Memorial, Certificate, etc., claiming the half-pay of a Captain or a military pension equal to the rank. Since then I have received your letter with duplicates of the above papers, and your bill of £260 is. has been presented as you desired, and as I was also much disposed to do. I gave the holder a favourable answer and the true one, that you had reason to expect that I should have effects in hand sufficient to pay the bill when it became due, but that a delay in settling your business, and which you could not foresee, would for a time prevent my accepting your bill.

I must now inform you that I took the earliest opportunity of presenting your memorial and the certificate of the Commissioners, being highly honourable to you and recommending you for an allowance, or the half-pay of Captain. I think there is no reason to doubt you will have a sum equal to that rank allowed you by Government. You had omitted to request that the grant might take place from the 24th of October, 1783, but I added a paragraph to the memorial for that purpose, but whether you will be allowed from that period is doubtful. I am sorry at the same time to acquaint you that it may be some months before the determination of Government is known, but you may be sure that I shall pay a particular attention to your business and give you the earliest notice of the event. The certificate you sent, though very regular as to the periods, I think would not entitle me to receive the money from the pay office on your account, as I am inclined to believe your allowance will be a military allowance, and not half-pay, and for that reason I send you a printed certificate, which you can keep as a precedent, and desire you will transmit to me a sett,

copied from it, for the same periods as them you have already transmitted, taking particular care that there be no blot, alteration or erasure in the dates. I will be much obliged to you if you will acquaint Chillas that the answer of Government to his memorial is that he cannot be placed on the half-pay establishment, the commission he held being only in the militia of the town of New York.

The packet you sent with the certificate amounted to 12 shillings postage and your single letter to one shilling.

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE RANDALL.

To David Fanning.

WHITEHALL, 1st August, 1787.

SIR,—On the 15th May, I acknowledged the receipt of your letter and duplicate containing memorials, certificates and other papers relating to your claim of half-pay, or a military pension, and acquainted you that having presented those papers, I thought you had a very fair prospect of success. I am still of that opinion, but am sorry to acquaint you that the consideration of half-pay claims is again deferred and that it may be some months longer before I can acquaint you with the results. I conclude, therefore, that the bill you drew on me for £260 is. must be returned.

I have received from the Treasury the sum granted to you by Government on account of your losses, for which I gave a receipt in the annexed form and am ready to accept your bill for £22 14s., as after deducting agency and postage, etc., and abstract herewith sent.

Copy of a receipt:

The 24th day of July, 1787, received of Mr. Thomas Coffin by order of the Lords of the Treasury and according to a distribution under the direction of the Commissioners of American Claims, appointed by an Act of the 23rd of his present Majesty, the sum of £24, as a payment for present relief and on account of the losses during the late dissensions in America.

Signed for David Fanning,

G. RANDALL, *Attorney.*

£24 os.

After this I received the letter from my

Agent and found I had lost property to the amount of £1,625 10s. according to an appraisement of three men acquainted with the property. But, as it was not like a coat taken out of my hand, or gold taken out of my pocket, I could not get anything for my losses, although I did not give in anything like the amount of my losses. I lost twenty-four horses, and only reported fifteen, one of which cost more than all I ever got from Government, and six head of cattle, £289 for property sold at the commencement of the war, and the land which I was heir to, and for which I refused, many times, £3,000 Virginia currency. But because I turned out in the service of my King and country in the 20th year of my age, and my exertions were very exemplary in support of the British Government, I have lost my all, for and on account of my attachment to the British Government—only £60, which would not pay the expenses I have been at to obtain it.

I can prove what I have here wrote to be facts, and the world will be able to judge after reading this narrative, and observe this Act of Oblivion passed in North Carolina, in the year 1783, which is herewith set forth—which is enlarged and improved in the *London Magazine*, which will be found on page 607, Vol. 1, from July 1 to Dec. 1, 1783.

An Act of Pardon and Oblivion, by the State of North Carolina.

Whereas, it is the policy of all wise States, on the termination of all Civil Wars, to grant an Act of Pardon and Oblivion for past offences, and as divers of the citizens of this State and others, the inhabitants thereof in the course of the late unhappy war, have become liable to great pains and penalties for offences committed against the peace and government of this State, and the General Assembly, out of an earnest desire to observe the articles of peace on all occasions, disposed to forgive offences rather than punish where the necessity for an exemplary punishment has ceased. Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that all and all manner of treasons, misprisions

of treason, felony or misdemeanour, committed or done since the 4th day of July, 1776, by any persons whatsoever, be pardoned, released and put in total oblivion.

Provided always that this Act or anything therein contained, shall not extend to pardon or discharge, or give any benefit whatsoever to persons who have taken commission or have been denominated officers, and acted as such to the King of Great Britain, or to such as are named in any of the laws commonly called confiscation laws, or to such as have attached themselves to the British and continued without the limits of the State and not returned within twelve months previous to the passing of this Act.

Provided further, that nothing herein contained shall extend to pardon Peter Mallet, David Fanning and Samuel Andrews, or any person or persons guilty of deliberate and wilful murder, robbery, rape or house-breaking, or any of them, anything herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding. *Provided*, nevertheless, that nothing in this Act shall be construed to bar any citizen of this State from their civil action for the recovery of debts or damage. *Provided*, also, that nothing herein contained shall entitle any person by this law to be relieved to elect or be elected to any office or trust in this State, or to hold any office civil or military.

And whereas by an Act passed at Wake Court House, all officers, civil and military, who have taken parole were suspended from the execution of their respective offices, and required to appear at the next General Assembly, to shew cause, if any they could, why they should not be removed from the said office; and, whereas, several of the officers aforesaid have neglected to appear agreeably to the requisition of the Act of Assembly. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted, by the authority of the same, that all such officers, both civil and military, are hereby declared to stand suspended from

the execution of their several offices until they shall appear at some future Assembly and be restored to the execution of their respective offices or removed agreeable to their merits or demerits. *Provided* that nothin herein contained shall be construed to exclude a Justice of the Peace from executing the duties of his office, who shall make it appear to the satisfaction of the Court of his County by oath or otherwise; that he was taken prisoner without his consent and privily, and that after his capture he had not voluntarily stayed with the enemy, nor taken an active part in any manner by furnishing them willingly with provisions, bearing arms, or accepting any appointment in their civil regulations.

Read three times and ratified in General Assembly, the 17th May, 1783.

RIC. CASWELL, *S. Senate.*

E. STARKEY, *S. Commons.*

Many people are fools enough to think, because our three names are particularly put in this Act, that we are all guilty of the crimes set forth, but I defy the world to charge me with rape, or anything more than I have set forth in this Journal.

All his Majesty's subjects or others that wish to know the truth of anything further than I have set forth, let them make enquiry of those gentlemen whose names I have struck in; examine the letters of the rebels, and the recommendations of the officers who have been acquainted with me in person and with my services in the time of the late war.

Although I have been prohibited from receiving any benefit from the laws of the State, all that I desire is to have the liberty of commanding 30,000 men in favour of the British Government. I flatter myself that there would be no doubt of my putting many of them to swing by the neck for their honesty, as John White did, after stealing 150 horses in North Carolina.

Here follows a short address to the printer, signed, sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,
DAVID FANNING.

(*The end.*)

Mr. Danby's Volcano

By JAMES MARTIN

"YES, John, I'll fight them an' I'll win. If old Joe Smith thinks that his pesky comp'ny kin walk over me he'll find that I aint made o' putty."

"You can't mean it, Mr. Danby," said Stirling, incredulously. "What! Fight a wealthy and soulless corporation like Smith's!"

"No, it aint got no soul," the old man admitted, "but Joe Smith has a body, an' if he tries his runnin' rights or whatever he calls it over my land, he'll git all the runnin' he wants an' more'n he likes, by gosh!"

He tapped his pipe against the end of the rustic bench and proceeded to refill it. Stirling made no rejoinder, wishing to give the other a chance to cool down before offering any advice; but as soon as his pipe was lit Mr. Danby got in the first word.

"I know ye're goin' to argee agin my decision, John," he said; "so ye may's well begin. I'm ready."

"Well, you see, it's this way," began Stirling. "If you do as you propose it will end in your spending all your savings, and in the long run they'll get the farm. I know it's your's, but they've the law behind them and can compel you to sell. Wait now and listen—I won't be long. On the other hand, if you accept their offer you'll get full value for your land; there will be no heart-breaking law business; you'll come down to the city and live with Barbara and me, and be as happy as the day is long."

A change passed over the old man's face. "Poor little Bab," he murmured

softly. "She's had a lonely time of it here, with no one but old dad for comp'ny ever since she come home from boardin' school four years ago. When's this ye're goin' to be married, my boy?"

"About the middle of June."

For a couple of minutes nothing more was said on either side, but Stirling quietly observed the old man's play of features and pretty accurately guessed at what was going on behind. Mr. Danby was the first to speak.

"Young Weston was here a few days ago," he said, "an', by gosh, he argeed the same's you've done."

"That's because he has your interests at heart, my dear friend."

The old man bristled up.

"My interests at heart! To advise me to bow down to that darnation railway comp'ny an' give in to 'em! No, sirree. I just told him I'd fight them to the last ditch, an' so I will. It's very kind o' ye to invite me down to yer new home, your's an' Bab's, but I can't do it, John. I've lived for more'n sixty year on this farm, an' here I'll die, so there's an end to the argeement."

Stirling held his peace. It was about the wisest thing he could do just then. When Mr. Danby spoke again his prospective son-in-law found that he had switched off to another subject.

"John," he said, "d'ye know anything about volcanies?"

The young man slowly turned his head and looked full in Mr. Danby's face.

"Volcanoes?" he echoed.

"Yes, them pesky things what busts out

an' throws down avvylinches of flame an' smoke, an' kills people in their beds afore their time."

"I've read of them. Why do you ask?"

"If I was to tell ye, will ye promise not to say anything to Bab?"

"Yes, if you wish it so."

"Well, then, I've been talkin' to a man what knows a man what has seed a volcany with his own eyes, an' he tells me they're the darnedest, cussedest things he ever heard tell on."

"What did he say about them?"

"Everything what's bad. They're the wickedest, cruellest things in this world; worse'n snakes or tigers. They're perfect demmons, John!"

"Why did he tell you this? How did it come about?"

The old man looked carefully around before replying. "I don't want Bab to hear me," he said, lowering his voice, "it 'ud frighten her. John, ye see that mount'n over there? It looks quiet enough, don't it?"

"It certainly does."

"Well, for all that it may be the treacherousest, sneekiest, cussedest devil of a mount'n ye ever seed in all yer life."

Stirling's eyes opened to their full extent.

"This mountain! What do you mean?" he asked in a tone of bewilderment.

"Nothin' more nor less than this, my lad: That mount'n's turnin' into a pesky, darnation volcany."

"How did such a notion get into your head?" Stirling's lips were twitching.

"A man what knows all about volcanies put me on my guard agin the treacherous demmon."

"Who is he?"

"I aint at liberty to tell ye just now, but he's a man what I've a great respect for, an' his friend says that volcanies busts out in fire an' smoke an' the avvylinches rolls down their sides for miles an' miles around—hush, here comes Bab."

"Daddy, dear," said Miss Danby, coming up to him, "John and I are going for a sail. You won't be lonesome?"

"Tut, tut, Bab; stay's long's ye like, but don't git yer feet wet." He watched the young people as they walked down

the lane, and before turning a corner which would hide them from view, Barbara looked back and kissed her hand to him.

"Ah, well," he sighed, "I guess I'll be mighty lonesome when she's gone for good, but I musn't let her know it. Anyhow, I kin run down to the city once in a while an' see her an' John—Hello, Mr. Weston; I'm right glad to see ye. Bab an' John's just gone for a sail on the river."

"I'm sorry to have missed them," returned the new-comer, "but you and I can have a quiet chat while they're away, that is, if you're not busy."

"I'm never that when there's a friend around, my boy. Sit down."

"The railway people are still after your land, I suppose, Mr. Danby?"

"Yes, drat them, but they'll not git it, as I told ye the other day."

"Well, I've been thinking the matter over since I saw you last and have come to the conclusion that perhaps you are right."

"Ye think I ought to fight old Joe Smith an' his pesky comp'ny?"

"I do."

"Give me yer hand, lad!"

"Yes, I think you stand a good chance of winning. At any rate, it's worth tryin'."

"I'm mighty glad to hear ye say so, Mr. Weston. John seems to think I ought to put my neck under Joe Smith's heel. I'd sooner give the farm away than do that."

"And you're about right, although at first I didn't agree with you. Oh, by the way, I saw my friend last night!"

"Ye did! An' is it true about the fire an' smoke rollin' down on the people right an' left?"

"Every word of it."

"An' the mount'n that he saw—was it always a volcany?"

"It was never known as such until it began its work."

"An' did it bust out sudden?"

"Oh, no; it gave ample warning."

"How?"

"Well, about eight o'clock at night a rumbling noise was heard, which my friend compared to the hollow sounds

produced by an empty cart going over a cobblestone pavement. You've heard such?"

"Yes, yes!"

"This was followed by an explosion, accompanied by fire and smoke which disappeared in a few seconds, and all was quiet again. But, the following night—that is to say about twenty-four hours after the volcano had given its warning—it broke out in earnest, and only a few people were left to tell the tale."

A dead silence followed the recital of this calamitous news. At length Mr. Danby, keeping the corner of his eye on the mountain, found breath to ask:

"An' this here mount'n—what does he think of it?"

"It can't be trusted, he says. He has something to do with the oil works beyond, and this is why he takes an interest in it. He's really afraid of it."

"What's yer own idea, Mr. Weston?"

"My idea? Oh, I have no experience in such matters. I have never been within a thousand miles of a volcano."

"An' he has seed one with his own eyes," said Mr. Danby, half aloud, as if speaking to himself, his gaze meanwhile resting on the mountain. Mr. Weston rose.

"I must be off now, Mr. Danby," he said, "but I'll run in this evening before I go home. Pray don't let Miss Danby or Stirling know that I've been telling you all this."

"No, no; ye kin trust me, my boy. I was speakin' to John about the pesky thing a little while ago, but I didn't mention yer name. Never fear; ye kin trust me."

* * *

Tea was over, and Mr. Dandy and Stirling were seated on the verandah, smoking. A pleasant breeze came down from the mountain, but the old man got no enjoyment from it. His mind was busy with volcanoes, and his eyes were on the wooded height before him. Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"By gosh, there it is, John!" he cried, pointing upward. "Don't ye see it?"

"See what?" queried Stirling, in reply.

"The smoke—the smoke, man!"

"I can see nothing bearing the slightest resemblance to smoke," Stirling assured him. "But even if you are right, Mr. Danby, a little of the substance you mention wouldn't hurt anyone."

Mr. Danby turned to the speaker.

"John, my boy," he said impressively, "I've lived here sixty odd years; I've seed that mount'n every day, but if smoke ever come from it afore, may I be eternally golswozzled!"

"It's quite possible that some dry rubbish has caught fire," the young man admitted; "but I can see no sign of it."

"John, it aint no rubbitch what's caught fire."

"What is it, then?"

"It seems to me like the first warnin', an' p'r'aps the next thing we'll see is flames."

"Flames!"

"Yes, John, flames," repeated Mr. Danby; "an' after that comes the volcany an' the avvylinches."

"But, my dear Mr. Danby, I've already told you that this mountain is not a volcano."

"I hope ye're right, but my friend tells me it may be one, an' if it is, the avvylinches of flame an' smoke'll come rollin' down the side, an' it'll turn into a volcany twenty-four hours after it gives the first warnin'. That's what he says an' he knows, for his friend has seed one with his own eyes."

Stirling smiled.

"I see there's no use arguing the point," he said.

"Ye never seed a volcany in yer life, John," retorted Mr. Danby; "so ye kin argee all ye like an' laugh all ye like, but I know what they do. If this here mount'n busts out in a explosion like a cart goin' over cobblestones, we'll have just twenty-four hours to git away."

Stirling's smile vanished.

"If I could meet the fellow that has filled your head with this balderdash," he said, with heat, "I'd be tempted to twist his neck!"

"That 'ud be a very onkind thing to do to a man what wanted to save yer life, my boy."

Miss Danby came out and joined them.

"What a gorgeous sunset!" she exclaimed, gazing at the sky over the mountain.

"Gorgeous, indeed, Barbara," echoed Stirling. "I have never seen the like of it."

"Such beautiful colours!" the girl went on. "How exquisitely they blend and harmonise! And that little patch of gray near the mountain's summit—"

"That's the smoke," broke in the old man.

"Smoke, dad? I don't see any."

Stirling interposed.

"Mr. Danby thought he saw smoke on the mountain a few minutes ago, Barbara," he explained; "but I've been unable to detect any. Can you?"

"Oh, yes, I see it," she declared, "or, rather, I perceive a small gray cloud, mist-like—"

"It aint no cloud, Bab," interrupted the old man; "I know better'n that; it's smoke."

The sun had disappeared, and a darkening shadow was sweeping over the valley. Stirling glanced up and saw a thundercloud thrusting its shoulder over the top of the mountain.

"That means a shower, Bab," he said.

"Shall we go in?"

"Oh, no," came the reply; "we should lose this lovely breeze; and see—here comes Mr. Weston." The latter approached and was soon engaged in conversation with Miss Danby and Stirling. The old man became absorbed in the mountain. Presently a flash of lightning flared out, and it was followed by a sharp peal of thunder. Mr. Danby uttered a hoarse cry and clutched the railing in front of him.

"It's come agin, by gosh!" he shouted.

"There—don't ye see it?"

Barbara put her arm around his neck. "Come in, dad," she pleaded. "Lightning and thunder always disturb you. Do come, dear."

"No, no, I want to see the whole darn performance," he cried, turning a pair of excited eyes upon his daughter. "See here, Bab; if she busts out like a cart goin' over cobblestones, she's turnin' into a volcany, an' then—"

A heavy crash of thunder cut off the remainder of his information. Weston leaned over and whispered to Stirling:

"Get Barbara into the house, John, but let Mr. Danby remain here."

The young fellow's voice had a nervous ring in it. Stirling glanced sharply at him.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Never mind just now, but get her inside," returned Weston.

Stirling was about to comply with the request, when a rumbling noise startled him and the other occupants of the verandah; it was instantly followed by a terrific explosion, and near the river, a hundred yards away, a mass of fire leaped from the earth and was gone in a moment, leaving the spectators in inky darkness.

"My goodness!" cried Barbara, "what was that?" Stirling threw his arm around the terrified girl.

"It's the pesky, darnation volcany," roared the old man, "an' we've got to git out o' here quicker'n lightnin'!"

He rushed into the house and was followed by Weston.

"Let us go in, Bab," said Stirling.

"What was it, John?" she gasped.

"I don't know, but it's all over, so don't be afraid. Come."

They heard Weston counselling Mr. Danby to keep cool.

"Keep cool! How in thunder can a body keep cool with a demmon of a volcany at his heels?"

"Dad, it's all over and we're safe," Barbara assured him.

"All over, Bab? By gosh, it'll soon be all over with us if we don't show a clean pair o' heels to the roarin', screechin' avvylinch!"

"For heaven's sake don't frighten the life out of Bab!" whispered Stirling. "Tom, get him out in the back somewhere and keep him quiet." He then accompanied the girl into the parlour and applied himself to the task of allaying her fears. He had spoken scarcely a dozen words when the old man was heard to say in a relieved tone:

"By gosh, that's so, Mr. Weston. Yes, sure enough, yer friend said we'd have twenty-four hours, so we needn't be in a

hurry. Come along." The sound of their footsteps died away, and an ominous frown darkened Stirling's face.

"What does he mean, John?" asked Barbara, in a frightened whisper.

"Some nonsense about the mountain becoming a volcano," the young man replied, trying to smile. "I'm afraid that your reading of the *Last Days of Pompeii* is at the bottom of his hallucination, but someone has been —"

The sentence was never completed. A door in the rear of the house was hastily thrown open and Mr. Danby came tumbling in in the last stages of fright. He was followed by Weston, whose usually ruddy cheeks were pale as death.

"The avylinches is pourin' down the mount'n!" gasped the old man in tones made hoarse by terror, "an' we'll have to git out o' here at once."

"There's something wrong, John," said Weston. "Will you step outside for a moment?"

Stirling glanced at Barbara, whose state of mind was indicated by her parted lips and frightened eyes.

"Remain here with Barbara, Mr. Danby," he said, "while I have a look outside. Don't be alarmed, Bab," he added; "I'll be back in a few seconds, and you may be sure it'll turn out to be nothing."

He and Weston went out by the front door. The storm, although lessening, was not yet over; brilliant flashes of lightning glared over the valley, and the booming of nature's artillery was almost incessant. But upon reaching the outer air, Stirling's ear caught another sound—a peculiar *gushing* noise, which he was utterly at a loss to account for.

"In heaven's name what does this racket mean!" he cried.

"I can't make it out," replied Weston; "it seems to me the river has overflowed its banks—at least it sounds that way.

Suddenly an idea flashed into Stirling's mind. He recalled Weston's peculiar request just prior to the explosion, and the old man's subsequent reference to the twenty-four hours' notice.

"Have you had anything to do with the explosion?" he demanded sharply.

"Yes, I placed a charge of powder in the old dried-up well," admitted Weston, "and applied a slow fuse, which I fired as I came up this evening.

"Good heaven! What was your object?"

"To scare the old man from the farm and save him from the result of his own obstinacy. But this infernal rumpus has no connection with my act."

"I don't know about that," returned Stirling. "It seems to me that water is rushing past close to this spot—good God! the old well is near the dam! Perhaps the latter has given way. I must get a closer view."

He descended the steps and had just reached the ground when a cry escaped him. He hastily retraced his steps.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Weston.

"It's a flood in dead earnest and I've put my foot in it," replied Stirling. "We'll have to clear out at once."

"Wait a moment: don't you get a strange smell?"

Stirling sniffed the air.

"I do, but can't name it," he said. "However, we must get away from here. Let us go in."

Mr. Danby was saying something to Barbara about "that pesky volcanic" when the young man re-entered the house.

"Something has happened Barbara," said Stirling. "The river is over its banks, I fear —"

"It aint no river what's over its banks," put in the old man, jumping to his feet; "it's them darnation avylinches what's rollin' down onto the farm! Come along, Mr. Weston, an' help me to hitch up the mare."

"Now, my dear Bab, you must not wear that terrified face," said Stirling when the others had gone out. "If I am right the dam has given way and a flood is the result, but there is no danger. All we shall have to do is get to higher ground, that is to say, we'll drive to the city, and by to-morrow the water shall have gone down."

"But that awful explosion, John!"

"Can be explained, but not just now.

Wrap yourself up warmly, for the air is chilly, although the storm is nearly over. Hurry like a good girl, and we'll be away in three minutes."

Barbara needed no further urging. When they had left the house by the back door, they saw Mr. Danby and Weston working like beavers, by the light of the lantern, getting the mare harnessed to the waggon. The ground was higher behind the house than it was in front, and, save for the wet occasioned by the rain, was in its usual state.

"What strange odour is that?" Barbara inquired, as she descended the steps.

"It aint no odour at all, Bab," the old man answered; "it's the pesky smell o' that darnation volcany. Come along now an' jump in," he added; "we're all ready."

Stirling assisted Barbara to a seat in the waggon, and Weston climbed in behind. The strange, *gushing* sound had increased

to a hoarse roar. Mr. Danby looked at Stirling over his shoulder.

"John," he said, with a chuckle, "old Joe Smith can't say I gave in to him or his pesky comp'ny, an' the volcany's there to prove it. By gosh, a man 'ud be a fool to hang on to the farm when the darnation avvylinches was right at his heels. Yes, sirree, Joe Smith's welcome to the old farm—that is if he kin find it in the mornin'. Where to, John?"

"To the city," replied Stirling.

The old man touched the mare with his whip, and presently the farm and its "volcanies an' avvylinches" were swallowed up in the gloom of the night. A few days later Mr. Dandy closed with an offer of fifty thousand dollars for his land, which is now producing oil at the rate of one hundred barrels a day. Weston has the oil fever and is off prospecting with the hope that he will meet with another lucky "strike."

The Miracle

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

There's not a leaf upon the tree
 To show the sap is leaping,
 There's not a blade and not an ear
 Escaped from winter's keeping—
 But there's a something in the air
 A something here, a something there,
 A restless something everywhere—
 A stirring in the sleeping.

A robin's sudden, thrilling note!
 And see—the sky is bluer!
 The world, so ancient yesterday,
 To-day seems strangely newer;
 All that was wearisome and stale
 Has wrapped itself in rosy veil—
 The wraith of Winter, grown so pale
 That smiling Spring peeps through her!



From Garden to Conservatory

By JEAN GRAHAM

The place of floral development in our expanding civilisation



WHATEVER the Higher Criticism may do with the rest of the Book of Genesis, it is to be hoped that it will leave us the Garden of Eden, for the belief that humanity began its varied course in a garden has helped to restore some of its primeval blossoms. Mr. Kipling has a pretty fancy that the Angel of the Sword flung an Eden Rose to banished Eve and that its scent has never been lost through the years since it crumbled to dust. However far we have wandered from the original Paradise, few will deny that wherever humanity is aiming at a life of sweetness and light, flowers are an adornment of that existence.

One of the first objects a child learns to clutch and love is a bright-petalled flower; one of his happiest experiences is a day in the fields or woods. In one of her earlier stories, Josephine Daskam told of city-stained little *Ardelia* who was taken to Arcady but who hated the meadows and the farm, preferring to go back to the stifling flowerless slums. But, fortunately, *Ardelia* is the unwholesome exception, and most of us look back to the wild flowers of spring or the apple blossoms of the old orchard as the accompaniment of that time, when the evil days came not.

Canada is regarded by some nations as a comparatively bleak and blossomless country; but it is the stranger who depicts the Land of the Maple in such cheerless colours. We have almost every variety of garden, from the West, where Victoria knows an English spring, to Prince Edward Island, with its daisy-starred paths. An English traveller may seldom find



PART OF LONG ROSE HOUSE, SHOWING MRS. J. PIERPONT MORGAN
VARIETY IN BLOOM

such lanes as those of the Old Land, but perhaps our summer blooms are all the sweeter to the native-born because, like Herrick's daffodils, "they have short time to stay."

The modern development of horticulture is one of the most striking evidences of our advance from the simplicity of pioneer life to the complexities of a more urban civilisation. Our great-grandmothers were women whose lives were filled with practical toil, yet they found time to lay out and tend an old-fashioned garden whose fragrance is one of childhood's memories. The flowers of old-time taste were to be found—rows of hollyhocks, a long line of crinkly petunias, blazing beds of geranium and a spicy border of the clove pink. There were pansies in profusion—not the magnificent multi-coloured pansies of to-day, but trim heartsease beds which kept the invalids of the neighbourhood in modest bouquets.

But what would our ancestors think of the florist's bill of to-day? Grandfather sent his sweetheart a simple valentine outpouring his heart in stilted verse on a page of gilt-edged paper; his descendant orders a box of violets or roses by telephone and is rewarded by the later information that "the flowers were perfectly sweet." We are constantly reading comparative statistics (and dreary stuff some of us find it) regarding the wheat supply and the cheese products, as showing the country's marvellous development; but no better proof could be found of Canada's increasing wealth, which considers a necessity that which our fathers deemed a luxury, than the expansion of floral industries. There is hardly a town in Ontario without a greenhouse of some pretensions, while there are several establishments filling orders of continental dimensions. Now, people are not going to



A BENCH IN ONE OF THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY HOUSES. PART OF THE GROWTH HAS BEEN CUT

buy lilies of the valley or chrysanthemums, to say nothing of orchids, unless they are first supplied with bread and butter. Therefore, the fact that the florist is extensively patronised from Sydney, Cape Breton, to Victoria, British Columbia, is a fragrant and convincing evidence that Canadians are quite able to provide themselves with the refinements, as well as the comforts, of life.

The rose was long ago called the queen of all the flowers that be and, while there are those who prefer the violet or the primrose to the "red and royal rose," there will probably never come a day when the flower which Persian Omar loved will not have a host of admirers. The long wars, which took their name from the rival badges, left the rose as the flower of England, and it is there that the June blossoms reach the rarest perfection. Years ago, an Englishman came to Canada and, after

establishing a market garden, turned his most devoted attention to the cultivation of a wonderful rose tree, which became the floral marvel of Brampton and its county, and which finally led its owner, Mr. Harry Dale, to build in 1880 a conservatory which has broadened into the greatest establishment of its class in Canada, and which has been known since the founder's death as the Dale Estate.

In such an immense stretch of fifteen acres of greenhouses, the visitor sees what the Canadian "flower trade" has become in this opening decade of the twentieth century. The fragrant moisture of a greenhouse gives a grateful sensation to most lovers of flowers, and the eye is rested by the long cool lines of green with blossoms, white, crimson and golden, shining above the verdant growth. Sixty-three greenhouses, the longest of which is over eight hundred feet, present a bewildering floral wealth



HOUSE OF EASTER LILIES

and then the extremely practical consideration comes that it takes more than six thousand tons of coal a year to bring these delicate products to perfection. The poet who called the life of Nature "a circle of eternal change" was writing science as well as melodious verse. As one looks at the spreading maidenhair fern which is to form a fringe for the orchids, it is hard to realise that graceful fern leaves, crushed by millions in the ages that have gone, furnish the very coal beds whose product now keeps the palm and fern alive, in spite of February frosts or the winds of March.

Of course it is the roses which first claim attention, and to see them at their best on the Dale Estate one must pay them a visit before Christmas makes its demands, for American Beauties, Canadian Queens and Bridesmaids are ordered by thousands in the weeks before the happiest holiday of the year. The fashion of sending flowers at Christmas

appears to be well-established by this time, and it is to be hoped that the floral gift will flourish as the years go by. "Such a perishable present," some will say. But they forget the exquisite pleasure which the roses give while they last and, as Longfellow tells us in the *Golden Legend*, "Themselves will fade but not their memory;

And memory has the power to recreate them from the dust."

The American Beauty is a rose for which there is a great demand, and when one sees these regal flowers stretching in a dark red vista for one-sixth of a mile and inhales their almost overwhelming sweetness, the surpassing splendour of this rose with stalk of royal length must be frankly admitted. Truly a box of such beauties would be fit for any queen, and it is no wonder that by the twenty-sixth of December there are few of such roses uncut. Then there is the rich and radiant Canadian Queen,



THE MAUDE DEAN CHRYSANTHEMUM IN NOVEMBER GLORY

not so gorgeous as the American Beauty, but a flower to wear with pride notwithstanding, and a special evolution of the Brampton green-houses. Forty per cent. of the space under 750,000 square feet of glass is devoted to the varieties of roses. The Bride and the Bridesmaid are, as might be expected, roses for which there is a steady and increasing demand in our young country. In the month of June, boxes are frantically rushed out to all parts of the country, to be opened finally by blushing maidens who think the soft white blooms much sweeter than the flaming red. Then there are the girl graduates to be considered in June and florists from Nova Scotia to the Pacific must be taking into consideration the flowers which are to be the fragrant portion of those who are to be granted hard-won diplomas. The Bride and the Bridesmaid are ordered in greater quantities than any other roses, and the room where the

flowers are finally packed has a brilliant display with Bridesmaids in the majority. Then there are to be found the crimson Richmond and the velvety Meteor, the latter requiring a higher temperature than any other rose for its perfect development. It is rather surprising to learn that Ireland, the country of the blessed Shamrock, is the source of rose supply, a firm near Belfast being the foremost dealers known to rosedom. They are houses to be remembered and revisited, these places where the white, pink and crimson flowers spread beneath the glass and make a mimic June.

One asks about the busiest season for florists, to be informed that December sales equal the combined output of July, August and September. The Easter season comes next to Christmas in floral importance, the flower in most demand at that season being what is popularly called the Easter Lily. A Canadian who re-



GROUP OF ORCHIDS IN BLOOM. THE GROWER, MR. GEORGE HANSEN, IS STANDING ON THE RIGHT

members the services of half a century ago was commenting lately on the almost universal custom of decorating Canadian churches at Easter and was comparing it favourably with former conditions. All denominations seem to have adopted this custom and have added unto it a "flower Sunday" in June and an imposing "Harvest Home" in the autumn.

In October and November, the chrysanthemum is the reigning flower and queens it in golden splendour at "Mum Shows" in nearly every Canadian city. The fashion is comparatively new, probably intensified by the fondness for all Japanese adornment; but it has become so popular, while the chrysanthemum has become a flower of such fluffy magnitude and of such variety of colouring, that it is a hopeless task to keep informed of its latest development. One-eighth of the space is given up in the greenhouses to this flower of Ori-

ental origin, of which there are one hundred varieties. The pungent, earthy odour of the chrysanthemum comes from balls of white, shaggy heads of bronze and rich stretches of dull crimson. Most of these splendid blooms have been given prosaic names. Mrs. Thirkell is the designation of the finest yellow bloom, a dusky reddish brown is Mrs. H. Patridge, a huge white bloom is Mrs. Thurlow, while an English importation of vivid pink is known as T. Carrington, and a dark red beauty is merely E. R. Brooks. Maude Dean is the more melodious name for a bit of magenta splendour, while President Roosevelt is represented by a glowing mass of rose pink. The evolution of this flower is a most interesting example of what may be done by modern cultivation. This flower which makes November golden seems to be capable of infinite development and variety.

Next to the rose as a "selling"



GROUP OF THE DELICATE DENDROBIUM ORCHID FROM NORTHERN INDIA,
WITH MAIDENHAIR FERN

favourite comes the carnation, the flower which our Canadian poet, Mr. Bliss Carman, has associated with the quality of comeliness. Our old friend, the clove pink, which so soon wilted in the clasp of warm, childish fingers, comes back in its quaint charm as we breathe the piquant scent of more than a mile of carnations. Crimson, cardinal, rose and white they are seen through a wilderness of bluish stalks. The queen of all these spicy blossoms is known as Enchantress, a flower of pale pink delicacy with the soft colouring of the lining of the shell. The "double" carnation is of rare proportion when compared to the "pink" of olden times and, at its best, has the appearance of a rose. This flower has been induced, in the atmosphere of the Canadian greenhouse, to yield what is technically called a "sport" and a new carnation has been produced, known as the Excelsior or rose pink Enchantress, of deeper tint than

the original. The carnation is suggestive of clean and wholesome qualities. There is something sturdy and vigorous about its growth and bearing which associates itself with hardihood. It flourishes in a temperature ten degrees lower than that of the rose and can be sent greater distances, with assurance of safe arrival, than most of greenhouse growths. The annual cut from this estate alone is about two millions; so the carnation must be fairly diffusing its aroma in the Canadian atmosphere. A carnation of which we heard a good deal some years ago is the Mrs. Thomas W. Lawson, named after the late wife of the Bostonian writer and business man, whose attacks on "Frenzied Finance" may have had something to do with the vogue of this rose pink blossom. Interesting experiments have been made with the seedling, resulting in streaked specimens, which are rather dainty illustrations of

floral art but which will hardly appeal to the general public. The Enchantress and Excelsior are the present favourites.

It is curious, so we are informed, how the orders from the "trade" have grown more specific as the knowledge of varieties has increased. At one time a florist or dealer would simply order one hundred or five hundred roses, with no qualifying terms. Recently, however, Bride, Bridesmaid, Meteor or Richmond is added as a detail. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the golden rose with a red heart, the Sunset, is hardly so much in demand as to render its extensive cultivation a matter "worth while." Fashion, that capricious

ruler of most of us, has something to say in the flower world, and one hears of "old" varieties, no longer in demand, which seem as much out of date as the hats of 1900. Will there come a day when even the stately American Beauty shall be superseded? Perhaps an Omar Khayyam wonder may some day take its place.

There was a time when sweet peas were considered old-fashioned, but the last decade has changed all that and these delicate creatures which Keats has described as "on tip-toe for a flight," hold their own with much more imposing flowers. They are of country garden associations and are never sweeter than when stretching away in prim lines of pink and

purple under a July sky of cloudless blue. Yet the greenhouse blooms have their own charm when they extend in a fragrant battalion, in spite of the whirling snow outside their shelter. Mignonette, too, has an old-fashioned loveliness, a perfume which steals upon us with a refreshing potency. But these modern stalks of goodly size are gigantic in comparison with the olden flower, while they have not sacrificed sweetness to magnitude. Well did the French affectionately name its quiet fragrance "Mignonette." Modest as it is, some of us would rather miss the rose than this permeating "reseda."

There is a quartette of houses where the tulip and its kindred hold their heads up proudly. There is something stern and unbending about its bloom which makes stubborn little Holland seem its natural home. There is not a more curious chapter in history than the chronicle of the tulip craze which seized upon the land of windmills and canals, centuries ago, and which, like every other extrava-



THE CANADIAN QUEEN ROSE, AN EXCLUSIVE PRODUCTION OF THE DALE ESTATE

gant fad, was followed by financial disaster. A "corner in tulips" meant a fortune in those frenzied days. It was Oliver Goldsmith, impulsive and impecunious Irishman that he was, who spent all his modest guineas on a few bulbs for a favourite uncle, and then set out to tramp through Europe. But when one beholds brilliant beds of the pink and white double tulip, known as the Murillo, the extravagance of Oliver may be condoned. Strangely enough, this pride of Holland is given a Spanish name, a reconciliation of historic differences. These bulbs come over the sea from Queen Wilhelmina's dominions in the month of August and flourish from January to April, the one effort of the florist being to anticipate the natural season. Yellow, cardinal and white, the tulips stand up like brave little warriors, but the incomparable bloom is the dainty, flushed flower with the artist's name. Then there are daffodils—such a golden host as Wordsworth would have loved — a crowd such as he must have seen when he wrote:

"And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

There is the "bi-colour" variety with petals of white forming a pale setting for the golden trumpet, which is comparatively a newcomer. The daffodils are prime favourites in February and March, anticipating, as they do, the sunshine of the later season. "Paper white" is the popular name for the overwhelmingly sweet bloom which comes from France as the *Narcissus Grandiorum*. There is the single hyacinth and in richest fragrance are the violet, mauve and rose hyacinths of double bloom, the flowers which breathe of Southern Europe and which tell of kindlier climates than the Northland knows. Germany, the Netherlands, France and Italy contribute the bulbs which come to blossom in Canadian spring time. The Easter lily, which is at its best in April, but which may be coax-

ed into bloom during other months, is imported from the islands of Japan, although the supply in earlier years came from Bermuda.

Daintiest of all the lilies is that which is called "of the valley." Its fairy bells have rung in all literature, from the sacred songs of the Old Testament to the rhymes of the youngest poet. It seems almost vulgar to speak of piles and bunches of this airy, fairy flower and yet it is bundled away in express parcels amounting to a million and a half of an annual cut. It has become a wedding favourite, many of the June brides preferring its delicacy to the rose. This flower comes from Germany, the pips arriving in boxes of two thousand each, which may be kept for a year. The demand has grown so rapidly that two of these boxes are "put in" daily and carefully guarded at first from open growth. The lily of the valley is delicate but lasting in its perfume. It may be sent many hundreds of miles with comparative safety, even in our sternest weather.

There has been some popular satire regarding the term "modest" as applied to the violet, since the Christmas prices for that exquisite little bloom are hardly in keeping with the adjective. Its richness of colouring would assure its popularity and when a subtle, ethereal sweetness is added, the violet becomes a blossom to be supremely desired. The wild violet, bluish, yellow or white, is a flower to be sought in the fresh May woods; but the purple violet of advanced cultivation makes an appeal to the flower lover which is well-nigh irresistible. It is no wonder that the poets have written of its loveliness in terms of tenderness, or that even the all-conquering Napoleon turned from more gorgeous blossoms to make it the flower of his empire. Imperial yet gentle, its purple sweetness has given it a place as an enduring symbol.

But in the flower world of modern times, there is one development that

in exquisite charm is the ultimate word. The fragile mystery of the orchid gives it a suggestiveness and grace which are associated with no other floral product. There have been books written on the orchid hunters, but the real romance of the search for these frail air flowers is yet to be told. Twenty years ago, the orchid was a rarity in Canadian conservatories. The late Senator Sanford of Hamilton was among the earliest to import orchid specimens. At the present, the orchid plants in the greatest of Canadian greenhouses number several thousands with a future of promising extent. It was a venture four years ago when the manager decided to experiment with this most exquisite and—most costly—of flowers. But there had come to Canada, to take charge of the lilies of the valley, a Danish gardener, named Hansen, who, having spent over a score of years abroad in orchid culture, became lonely for his pet plants and proposed to return to England. To please this exacting cultivator of the orchid, a house was set apart for these exotics, with the result that four new houses are now devoted to beauties from Brazil, Colombia and Northern India. To be an orchid collector means to possess a constitution equal to swamps, snakes and fever, and a courage which will take the hunter ten thousand feet up the Andes in search of the *odontoglossum crispum*—which is as clumsy a name as ever was given to a rare white flower whose petals are hardly more than gossamer. Technical terms never seem more ridiculous than when applied by the mouthful to such aerial bits of nature. There is the *oncidium varicosum*, with spreading yellow sprays, which comes from sunny Brazil, while the *dendrobium* in tendrils of heliotrope perfection has travelled over mountains and many seas in its journey from Northern India. There is a wonderful bit of flowering which one can hardly believe is without

wings—a spread of silvery white petals with flecks of tawny orange and brown and the golden centre of a butterfly, by which name it is called. Ruling with a master's supremacy over all this orchid territory is Hansen, the Dane, who will allow no other man to come near the flowers, which he cherishes with the passion of a devotee. Kingdoms may rise and fall, storms come and go, bargains be made or unmade in the outside world, but Hansen cares for none of these things. He is verily an artist and, should the visitor be properly humble, Hansen will explain how the true lover of orchids can stoop to care for no lesser blooms, since the finest art seeks only the best. Such utter abandon to so frail an idol is something to marvel at in our modern world of mammon-worship. Happy Hansen! When he stands before a fairy group of *cattleya labiata* and his blue eyes kindle with enthusiasm as he tells of their voyage from Brazil and the care which has brought them to their mauve immaculacy, he knows the artist's rare exaltation. He may live in Canada for twenty long years, but he will know only the glass-enclosed corner where his beloved orchids have reached their ultimate loveliness.

The most solid framework, the most careful construction must go to the glass houses which shield these fragrant and fragile wares. Iron, cement and steel take their part in a structure which must admit light and keep out cold. It forms a small world in itself, where over one hundred workmen are busy throughout the year with soil and seeds and bulbs, and from which wagon loads make many journeys a day with flowers for all parts of the Dominion. It has all grown, from a rose tree planted by an Englishman in a picturesque Canadian town, to an estate of sixty acres, and it shows that we are adding unto our bread and our cheese the colour and fragrance which spell prosperity and progress.

The Corruptionist

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "*Mooswa of the Boundaries*," "*The Lone Furrow*," *Etc.*

JACK ROONEY assured the world that he was a "handicapper," a "clocker," but the world, impatient of fine distinctions, dubbed him a tout. However, Rooney was certainly an adept at the business of holding a stop watch on horses in their gallops, and reducing to black and white their chances in different races.

One day in May, Rooney took a seat in the race train, just across the Harlem River, on his way to Morris Park. The clocker had scarcely settled himself down to a deep study of the racing chart when he was brought to attention by the quick, nervous voice of Dicky Sproat, saying: "Jack, shake hands with my friend, Mr. Larmour."

Something in the respectful tone of the "Mister" caused Rooney to raise his eyes to the small, green-gray, foxlike beads that peeped between the narrowed lids of Sproat's thin face—in fact, but one of the green eyes peeped, the other being veiled by a drooping lid, and Rooney knew that there was business afoot. Before Sproat had a chance to give him a key to the situation another man, loquacious in racing talk, joined them, and Sproat, again winking at the clocker, carried the intruder away.

Larmour was a heavy, ponderous man; he raked Rooney's ribs with his hip as he crushed into the seat beside him, saying: "It's a nice day—the track'll be fast, Mr. Lane."

Rooney utilised the careful folding up

of his paper as an excuse for a minute's inner commune. "Lane? Ah!" he muttered, "that's the idea; this duck thinks I'm Jack Lane the trainer. Dicky Sproat has worked this."

The big man unbuttoned his vest, snorted an expostulation against the heat, and continued: "Say, Mr. Lane, you don't got to be 'fraid of me—I ain't got no pump wit' me. You know me, eh?"

Rooney had for two minutes, so he nodded in acquiescence.

"Sure thing—everybody does; I'm Ab Larmour, the bookmaker."

The huge face beamed benignly on Rooney; then the heavy lines drew down in a sardonic frown of impatience when this momentous announcement failed to galvanise the little man into exuberant recognition. Then Larmour struck again at the imperturbable clocker:

"Dicky Sproat haf told you many times about me, eh? Didn't Dicky an' you haf the good thing at Sheepshead already—I was on, myself, that time."

"Sproat's too fresh—his tongue's hung in the middle."

"Say, Jack, that don't make no loser with me, see. Dicky knows I'm a clam; I ain't no mutt to give a good thing away."

The speaker looked cautiously over his shoulder, then, tipping his gorilla head towards Rooney, whispered:

"Firebrand looks good with 112 pounds; he'll be favourite—the papers call him to win. But I'll tell you something, Lane—Whitestocking, handicapped at ninety-

eight pounds, might cop the goods." He looked solemnly out of his heavy eyes at the clocker, then dug a ponderous thumb in his ribs, whispering: "I'm wise to that stable—there's somethin' doin'."

"There's always something doin'," Rooney growled dejectedly, thinking of the wondrous scheme that had gone all awry the day before, leaving him with but \$5 in his pocket. "That old gag's got whiskers on; something doing, and at the finish the best horse wins, and the wise guys are broke. Whitestocking with a postage stamp on his back couldn't beat Firebrand——"

The big man interrupted Rooney with a snort: "It ain't what a horse *can* do, it's what he *does* gets the mun. Say, Dicky told me 'bout you, Mr. Lane—can't we do some business together?"

The speaker's lips were so close to Rooney's ear that his hot breath scorched the little man's cheek.

"As to how?" the clocker queried patiently.

"Well, I'll speak plain—that's my way, an' if you ain't on, why—nothin' doin'. You want to make some sure money, don't you? You ain't in the racin' game for your health?"

"I'm in it to improve the breed of horses."

"Ha, ha! that's a good one. That old chestnut is dead ripe up in the clubhouse among the swells, an' I notice they're all after the long green. If you beat 'em out of a few dollars they'll squeal like a stuck pig. You can't feed your horses for the public; they don't give a pretzel for you—an' we don't cry over 'em, ain't it?"

"When a man's short of the 'ready,' it's the three gold balls—that much of the public for him, eh?" affiliated Rooney.

"You bet; a man ain't got no friends when he's shy the price. I'll make you some good money, Lane; you stick to me, an' you don't have to train for nobody by an' by; you'll have your own stable."

This spoon-bait, suddenly turned at the clocker's very nose, threw him off his guard, and he snapped, saying eagerly:

"Say, mister, if I had a horse could win I'd unseat some of the push; I'd

knock some of the Mets off the block."

"What's the matter with Firebrand?—he can win."

Jack gasped; *pro tem.* he was supposed to be a trainer with a stable in which was Firebrand, not a tout.

"I mean a *good* horse," Rooney explained.

"Well, we'll get him by an' by—we'll get one like Hermis, eh? But first we got to get the sixty thousand, eh, Jack?—that's what Hermis cost."

Rooney thought of the solitary five dollar bill resting in his vest pocket.

"You're going to ride Ike Murray on Firebrand, ain't you?" the bookmaker proceeded.

"Murray'll ride him; he can do the weight," Rooney answered evasively.

"Well, the public's followin' Murray, an' they'll back your horse off the boards"—the speaker made a pass with both hands as though he were washing windows—" 'cause he's in this race with a lot of selling platers. You've got to take a short price. And perhaps somebody's got a horse in the race that's been saved for a killin'; an' the boy on the dark un'll take a chance of bein' fined a hundred, an' try to beat the barrier—p'raps he'll get away flyin', an win out all the way. Then where's your horse?"

"Down the course."

"Sure thing! Your mun's gone, an' the public they'll swear you never tried a yard, ain't it? If they win on your horse they don't whack up, never no more."

"I ain't botherin' over the public," the other answered truthfully enough; "Betsy and I are out—me an' the public's divorced."

"That's what Dicky told me. He said you was tired talkin' the short odds 'bout Firebrand; an' p'raps get him bid up on you, an' take the purse away. 'Tain't like it was, no more, when a man could get his horse ready an' make a killin'. Nowadays there's always some damn sneakin' tout about—clockers they call themselves, railbirds—What's the matter wit' you, Mr. Lane—was I crowdin' you too much?" For Rooney squirmed most uncomfortably under the bookmaker's thrusts.

"Something bit me in the leg," he answered lamely.

"Maybe 'twas a bee or an ant. What was I saying? Oh, yes, you got to play the game wit' these fellows, an' that's what I'm goin' to talk about. I'm in a book here—see? I don't get up on the block; I'm behind—it's my mun—I keep the bank roll."

The speaker stopped, and the heavy eyes looked questioningly at Jack. Under their pressure the little man said:

"Well?"

"Hell! what more d'you want—have we got to make some legal documents to understand the layout? There'll be bar'ls of money for Firebrand, and if I held him safe, I could lay against him, an' win a big pot. Some of the books'll be rubbin' him off the slate."

"You want me to pull the horse?"

"Nobody don't pull no horse no more. If Firebrand gets into a pocket or gets left at the post, I'd make a big winnin'."

"But the purse——"

"What's that? Six hundred—'bout four-fifty to the first horse, an' White-stockin' might beat you out—see? I know *somehin'*!"

"What do I get if Firebrand don't win?"

"I give you quarter interest in the book, an' I'll lay him till they get tired comin' at me mit the goods. An' you make the purse next time you start the horse. He'll be a better price if he gets beat, won't he? Now, that's the proposition—does it go?"

"Yes; I'll come around after the race. What's the name of your book?"

"I don't whisper that to the moon; I'm behind. You meet me by the oyster stand, where the big fat fellow mit the black moustache dishes up the clam chowder, where a man what finds a clam in it gets a prize."

"I know it, just by the bar; I'll be there soon's the numbers go up."

"Don't get a hot box running to meet me—I'm good for what I promise. Ain't you got to see your horse in?"

"When they win I do; winners for mine! the stable lad takes the losers. I'll be there, for I want to close up a deal of this sort quick—see?"

A sudden inspiration of commerce came to the clocker, and he added: "If it's all the same to you we'll make this deal solid. What horse'll win if—if—mine's beat?"

"Whitestocking."

"Well, I'll take a hundred on account. I want to play it on this good thing of yours."

"Oh by gracious! how do I know if Firebrand don't win, eh? You might give me the double cross."

"When I make a bargain I stick to it. If Firebrand wins to-day I'll never start him in a race—I'll never pull a girth on him."

"Will you swear that?"

"Yes, sure thing."

"All right; I'll give you the hundred. But if Firebrand don't sulk, or something, or get shut off—if he comes home by himself you'd better not stop runnin' till you strike Harlem."

The train chucked; the wheels skidded to a stop; the big man tapped Jack on the arm as he rose, looking over his shoulder, and whispered:

"I'm your friend; you stick to me an' we got that good horse like Hermis."

Dicky Sproat swung in beside the clocker as he strode along the gravel, under the arch, and up the incline to the stand entrance.

"How'd the bookie get it in his crop I was Lane?" Rooney queried of Sproat.

"He squats down in my seat, an' commenced makin' a play that he'd like to meet Lane—that he'd like to find out whether Firebrand could win or not. Then he told me to look back four seats an' tell him if that wasn't Lane. When I looked——"

"You saw me."

"I did; that's all I know about it. Larmour must have seen you about Lane's stable, or somebody'd pointed you out, or *somehin'*. How'd you get on?"

"I thought it was a joke at first, Dicky."

"I didn't. I knew it was business with Mister Ab. He has no use for comedy, that duck—he plays the heavy villain all the time. What's the game over Firebrand—does he want him pulled?"

"Yes, I swore I'd never saddle him for a race again if he won."

"You'd never get the chance; but he'll win all the same."

"He promised me a quarter in the book if the horse was beat—say, Dicky, I don't like it—it's a variety of the confidence game. I'm broke—I'm down to five dollars, or I wouldn't have anything to do with it."

"He's a pirate—you needn't worry over him. He'd lay against the horse anyway; it's the bookin' game to pound the favourite."

"I screwed a hundred out of him, an' I'm going to bet it on Firebrand. You're halves in it, Dick."

"We'll whipsaw the race anyway; but, we'll have to take to the woods as soon as we cash this bet. This same Larmour is a rusty cuss when he gets a jolt."

"Here, Dick, you take the hundred and put it on Firebrand. I'll have to go over into the paddock and stand near Lane's horse when he's saddling for the second race. This heeler of honest men might take a notion to prowl."

"I'll watch for him here by the paddock gate, and stop him with some excuse if he comes along," Sproat answered.

"Say, Dick, if he gets wise to this before the race, what'll we do—give him back the hundred?"

"Yes, tell him it was a joke—that you was drawin' him."

In the paddock, the clocker had his opinion of the race confirmed on every side. It was a pipe for Firebrand; he'd come home on the bit; it was the best bet of the day. Unfortunately these assurances were unpleasing to Rooney, for, though chance had cast his way a hundred to bet, the profit would be small.

Even the horse, when he was stripped for the saddle, appealed to the clocker's pessimistic vision as a model of condition. His bronze-bay coat glistened in the hot summer sun like a polished Russian samovar; blue and red and peacock green shimmered tantalisingly here and there in patches over the bunches of muscles that curled and uncurled as the horse capered and lashed out under the tickling sensation of girth-cinching.

"There's not a chance on earth for the big end of this," Jack moaned; "nothing but an accident, and something happens only when one's down on a horse good and plenty with the dough."

A bugle sounded over at the judges' stand; a paddock official called: "Mount your horses! Come on, Murray—get up! Eight boys small of stature, gaudy with many-coloured silks, fluttered like butterflies to the backs of eight thoroughbreds; then, in procession, Indian file, they wound from between the cool, whispering trees; a white-painted gate swung open, and leisurely, daintily stepping, the horses, old campaigners, passed down the course, turned, and cantered over to the mile post.

Rooney trailed the racers from the paddock, passed along the narrow walk by the club inclosure, and, as he emerged on to the stand lawn, was met by his partner in the hold-up of eager Ab.

"How does Firebrand look?" Sproat asked.

"Great—it's a pity."

"It's too bad; but I got even money to the hundred—I got it in Larmour's book."

"The devil! You've got a nerve."

"Firebrand was four to five all over the ring, and I saw Danny Baird—that's the book Larmour's backing—layin' even money as fast as they came to him. An' they was comin'. You've heard of salmon runnin' up a river till you could walk over them—well, that's what it was like. I threw an eye behind the box, an' I couldn't see Larmour, so I took a chance. I'm flat yet from the squeeze of that push."

"He'll shoot you when you go to cash in—you'll never get it in the world."

"I'll give my badge to Cully French to collect. They'll pay to the number on the badge; they don't use faces in their business. I'll go and send him to stand in line as soon as the horses are off. I'll tell him to get his chest right up against the cashier; I want some of the early money, for Ab Larmour's goin' to get a knock when Firebrand rolls home with his ears prickin'."

"That's good business, Dicky."

"Yes, Cully can get out of line if some-thin' else wins."

Over at the starting post there was a swaying, undulating blotch of strong colours, so like a gaudy Persian rug swinging in the wind. Suddenly the network barrier shot upward; the rug was drawn into an arrowhead, with a crimson point that was the colours of Firebrand; a bell clanged viciously in the betting ring; a thousand men swirled from the money mart—even the bookmakers rushed to the grass lawn, dragging stools.

"I'll back the favourite," one of them said, from the eminence of his chair.

Larmour levelled his glasses on the horses; the cylinders were filled with the presence of a big-headed steed, Firebrand; and behind him, spread out like the flight of wild geese, were the other seven.

"What the deuce is that boy gettin' off so well as that if Lane don't want to win," Larmour growled.

"The favourite 'll roll home," some one at his elbow said.

"Whitestocking's going well," another announced.

"White nothin'!" the first speaker retorted; "Murray's playin' with 'em—Firebrand's tow-ropin' the whole field."

And still the heavy-headed horse loped along in front just as though there was no financial enterprise depending upon his tardiness.

Perhaps Murray was rushing his mount so energetically to the front to kill him off. Isaac was a finished horseman and could beat a horse as well as he could nurse him for a win. Larmour knew that. "By Jiminie!" the bookmaker muttered, "he's runnin' him into the ground. I'll give that boy a diamond stud for a present."

"I'll lay three to one on the favourite," a bettor cried; "three thousand to a thousand Firebrand gets the long end of this purse."

"By Jiminie! if I don't see Dicky Sproat bet that hundred, I'd shut that fellow's mouth," Larmour whispered to himself; "they might be throwin' me down."

Now the racers were swinging to the last corner, the turn into the stretch; and still in front gleamed the placid white face of Firebrand. Up the stretch the big horse loped, leading the procession with a full dignity of little exertion.

"By gracious! I'm just kiddin' myself. I'm a sucker from Missouri; there ain't nothin' doin'—nothin' doin'," the bookmaker groaned. He could hardly hear his own thoughts, bitter as they were; his senses were numbed by the babel of many voices; the air palpitated with the echoing beat of galloping hoofs as the straining thoroughbreds swept by. Then there was a discordant clatter of Larmour's compatriots clambering from their perches with ornate expressions of regret.

Somewhat abstracted in his engrossing discontent, Larmour came to earth with unintentioned haste; his long-legged pedestal swayed as if caught in the wave of contagious excitement, and the big man was dumped most unceremoniously, his last view showing him Firebrand well in front.

Physically shocked, and financially battered beyond doubt, the bookmaker, all but stunned, arose with one paramount thought in his mind—two, perhaps—a glass of brandy and revenge.

As he cut across towards the bar, he was conscious of a voice asking some one, "What's the matter?" And another voice had answered, "Fell; must be drunk."

The bookmaker flung a curse over his shoulder at this gratuitous comment upon his accident, as he thought.

Clocker Rooney, standing where the blue-gray of the cement walk hides the hard line of its sharp edge in the velvet fringe of the greensward lawn, watched the sweep of the horse wave as it came like a breaker gliding up a stretch of sand.

"That'll crack gentle Ab's heart," he said to Dicky Sproat, nodding toward Firebrand's gleaming white face that was showing in front down by the betting ring.

"It breaks mine, too," Sproat replied.

"Yes, he's just ambling; Murray's yawning. It's a thousand to one on Firebrand. There they go!"

This, as a chorus of voices started the backer's anthem, "The favourite wins!"

"In a romp!" somebody cried. "Come on, you, Murray!"

Just over the course on the infield a big black yelled: "See him come—come on, you ole Firebrand—huroo-oo! ole Firebrand!"

Within the lingering of the darky's voice the racers were but fifty yards away. The apathy of assured result stilled the tumult of the watchers, even stilled the senses of Firebrand's jockey; the little man in crimson rode in dreamland.

All at once, like the alarm of many angry bells, a hundred voices called in warning to the careless boy. A look, quick-turned over his shoulder, showed Firebrand's rider the head of Whitestocking on his flank, stealing the race with a well-judged rush. Then Murray's whip shot into the air, his small, sinewy form uncurled from its lethargy; men who had turned away, their interest lost, wheeled, stood still, and held their breath.

A struggle! Would the boy on Whitestocking outride the great Isaac—would their idol pay the penalty of his nap and lose? No; the big horse, gathered by those quick hands of steel, thrust forward. No more the lean-flanked mare gained.

"The favourite's got— My God! what's up?" It was a cry of startled horror from Rooney. The crimson jacket wavered like a wind-blown rag; a whip flew forward from a small hand that clutched at the horse's mane; then down, down, fighting, clutching, sinking in the wave of swirling horses, the boy sank and was lost from Firebrand's back.

Up in the stand ten thousand faces blanched till it was one white wall. No one spoke. As the boy sank, a woman's scream cut down through the stillness of the mob.

"My God! that's the boy's mother—she sits up there," Rooney said.

The note of anguish, and then in crescendo a tempest of articulate emotion! Women screamed and swooned with a call on their lips. There was the drumming pound of rushing feet; hoarse calls from sane men to be seated; and down on the track, past the goal, still in the lead, the big horse had swept riderless; and where the others had swerved in their gallop lay the poor lad, who was now surely asleep in death. Over the rails, from lawn and infield, men leaped, to crowd in useless sympathy about the boy.

There was the rushing whirr of wheels—

the ambulance. Up to the cordon of men it dashed.

"Back, back! Stand back, make room!"

And as the foolish ones surged away a shout of relief went up from the stand; the little figure in crimson—the fierce red softened to silence by the dust of the course—weak, tottering, was up, with the strong arm of the big black about him. The thick-lipped face of the negro gleamed in spots in the sunlight as though tiny pearls had been pinned to his swarthy cheek, and the great bass voice that had bellowed across the course the triumph of Firebrand was soft as he said: "Doctah, if dat boy'd been killed, I doan race no moah!"

"That's Murray's valet," some one said.

"Whitestocking gets the race," the clocker said, as the numbers, creaking dismally, crawled up the notice pole.

"See, that's what happened—the girth broke. I thought so," Sproat cried, pointing to barebacked Firebrand, and the broken-girthed saddle on the stable lad's arm.

"Say, Dick, I'd 've felt guilty if that boy'd been killed; of course, I had nothin' to do with it, but—hell, it was creepy. I wouldn't have touched that Larmour money."

"Will you now?"

"Yes, our hundred's burnt up, an' I'll chase myself down to that oyster place an' make Larmour part. What'll I hit him for?"

"Not less than a thou.; let him think you prepared that girth play."

As Jimmie slipped through the arch at the oyster bar he met Larmour.

The two men instinctively stood and measured each other with the eye. "I haven't got it yet," was in the clocker's mind; and the other was whispering to himself, "I got to pay him off cheap's I can."

"Well," said Jimmie.

"Is the boy much hurt?"

"Where'll we go where it's quiet?" the little man clicked sharp through his teeth.

Larmour moved toward the bar, saying,

speaking low, "I got cold feet an' didn't lay much against Firebrand."

"The hell you didn't!"

"I see Dicky Sproat back him for a hundred in my book, an' it looks like I'm gettin' the double cross—the straight flap-doodle. If I don't get that jolt I make a bar'l of money."

"I don't open my head about my business to Sproat; he didn't know our arrangement."

"I thought he was next it; that's why I don't lay Firebrand much. But that's my fault, p'raps. Come over here just by the coatrack. There is a nice quiet place. Here's a little present for you," and Larmour slipped his hand surreptitiously toward the clocker.

Rooney's thin, wiry fingers closed upon the bills; then he counted them—five one-hundred dollar bills.

"Where's the rest of it?" he asked.

"That's all; I didn't make no money. Didn't I told you I got cold feet and quit!"

Then Rooney stretched up on his toes so that he could look from a level into the pig eyes of the fat man of evasion, and said, in a low, sincere voice: "I'll

take a thou—see? I'll take a thou—"

"No you won't—"

"Or the stewards'll have you on the carpet for corrupt tendencies—see?"

A twitch of apprehension turned the big pasty face yellow; then it flushed red in anger, and he answered: "By hell! you think I'm a kid, eh? You'd lose your license, Mister Jack Lane."

"I'm not Jack Lane—I'm Jack Rooney; I wasn't in on that good thing at Sheepshead with your money, but Dicky Sproat is in on *this*, so we need five hundred more."

Larmour stepped back, and in his eyes was bewilderment.

"You won twenty thousand if you won a cent, an' you won it because you thought Firebrand was stiff. It was as good as the real thing; you'll pay me a thousand, or get ruled off for trying to bribe Lane to pull his horse."

Larmour hesitated for a minute; then he smiled in a ghastly manner, and said:

"Don't get de hot wave—I was just kiddin'—Come and split a bottle—here's another five hundred—I said I'd be your friend."



To-morrow

By A. L. FRASER

In thought I wandered where Time lays his dead
 And scanned the tomb-stones to past days with sorrow;
 Hope met me there,—an aureole round her head;
 She told me not to weep; there still remained to-morrow,
 That though of all my days I be bereft,
 Eternity, secure, to me is left.

French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

Last Installment

THERE is no place in the province of Quebec where fantastic traditions blossom with an equal profusion as in the neighbourhood of the famous Forges of the St. Maurice, a short distance north of Three Rivers. People live there in full fantasmagory. Mysterious beings, ghosts, sorcerers of all descriptions, the devil in all shapes and forms, are the main subject of conversation. Here, it is an invisible phantom, heaving forth some lamentable moan in the silence of the night; there, it is a huge black cat with blazing eyes, which walks and sleeps on melting iron as tranquilly as on an oriental carpet. Somewhere else, it is an unknown man in shirt sleeves, who, in the open air, by the bitterest winter colds, shaves himself for hours in front of a pocket looking-glass which a monstrous black dog—a loup-garou probably—holds in his mouth; somewhere else, it is a negro carter, unknown to all, who, drawn by a gigantic black horse, drives a cartload of coal and disappears on the edge of a ravine, without a soul being able to tell whence he came and where he went to. Some other time, it is a mysterious and formidable forger who lights up the old furnaces at night, sets the forges at work, puts the rams in motion, and hammers and hammers his own leg until it reaches incredible dimensions. This strange individual has been seen several times by the most trustworthy persons of the place. The same folk would also point out a most extraordinary fellow who cannot wear

a decent suit of clothes, having to fight every night with a familiar demon who follows him since he was born. And so forth; there is no end to it.

In this vicinity is situated the famous chapel—*la chapelle des Piles*—where the shanty men of the St. Maurice used to lock up the *Bon Dieu*, to have a free hand at *la Chasse-galerie*. Not far from there, way up the river, in the dense forest, at night a terrible cry of anguish, a most horrible growl, a blood-curdling lamentation was often heard, and rolled along and along, repeated by the echoes of the shores, without anybody having ever been able to discover the cause or the origin of the phenomena. This is called the *Gueulard*—the Squaller—of the St. Maurice.

At some distance further up again, we meet the *Mont-à-l'Oiseau*, a high and wall-sided peak which is the terror of the travellers of those regions. This mountain is inhabited by spectres of the most extraordinary sorts. They are nothing but skeletons of men and beasts, of all shapes and sizes. At midnight, when the voice of the *Gueulard* is heard, the whole crowd turn out in the most terrific procession and sarraband, scaring to death all who happen to witness the infernal scenes. Woe to the imprudent travellers who dare to camp in the coves of the *Mont-à-l'Oiseau*! They are never to be seen again in this world.

And so on; and so on; the fact is that if I were to recount all the marvellous stories told about this region, I wouldn't

have time to write of anything else. And God knows that I am not in lack of kindred subjects.

For instance, the *Braillard de la Madeleine*—the Brawler of the Magdalen Islands. This Braillard de la Madeleine had for long years bewildered many people, and been the subject of many superstitious tales—until it was discovered that the awful cry, which had all the intonations of a human voice, was caused by the grating of two trunks of trees against each other, when the wind blew in a certain direction.

Who has not heard of the mysterious light of Lake St. Peter? I saw it myself; it is like the glimpse of a candle which seems to float on the surface of the lake, projecting a long and trembling glimmer on the wave. Numbers of people have often tried to approach the strange light, to investigate its nature. It always faded away before it could be reached. The legends told about this light are numberless.

Another light of the same kind is also to be seen on the St. Lawrence, somewhere in the vicinity of Coteau Landing. Like that of Lake St. Peter, it never could be reached. It does not fade away though; it only changes position, and wanders so well right and left as to challenge the efforts of the most obstinate hunters.

In some localities below Quebec, in the vicinity of Kamouraska, there are sorcerers who can call east or west wind at will, by building a little fire on the shore in which they burn some mysterious powder unknown to the vulgar. Others know some incantation by which they can stop short vessels sailing up or down the river, five or six miles distant.

We have at Rivière-Ouelle a phantom schooner which, at certain periods of the year, boards at Pointe-aux-Orignaux pier, apparently mounted by a frolicsome crew of dancers and merrymaking young people, which vanishes as soon as outsiders make their appearance. In relation to this, there is a tradition in the locality that, at the beginning of the last century, a joyous party left La Rivière-Ouelle, on board a schooner,

one Sunday morning, to join a dancing re-union at La Malbaie—now the summer resort called Murray Bay—and was never heard of since.

In addition to this we have the spectre of the Cap-au-Diable, the well known Ghost of Gentilly, the phantom priest of the Rigault presbytery, the apparitions of the late Sir John Caldwell in his manor of Etchemin, the phantom Head of Pointe-Levy, etc.

As to our popular beliefs attributing such and such power to such and such objects, or practices, most of them are now things of the past; but they were almost numberless in old times. In my infancy, I knew lots of people who never failed to gather and preserve some of the first rain fallen in the month of May, the same having, in their belief, the propriety of curing all sorts of maladies and bodily harm.

All the young girls—I mean all those who were not particularly scrupulous, for such practices were strictly forbidden by the priests—had recourse to different sorts of cabalistic performances to know their future husbands. The would-be sorceress would swallow some peculiar kind of drug together with, I do not know what sort of a cake baked according to certain mysterious rites; and then she would go to bed after having put a basin of water, a looking-glass or a small wooden ladder at the head of her couch. During the night, she would see in dream some fellow either washing his hands in the basin, or shaving before the glass, or climbing the ladder. It was the man she was bound to marry.

I am not sure whether this piece of sorcery was always successful or not, but I know at least of a certain case which was considered very remarkable at the time, and gave great credit to this popular superstition in our midst. It happened to one of our servant girls, who had seen, instead of a man, a hog climbing the ladder. Nobody was surprised when the unfortunate girl united her fate to the most inveterate drunkard of the whole parish and village.

A most extraordinary story was told freely by the veterans of that time—

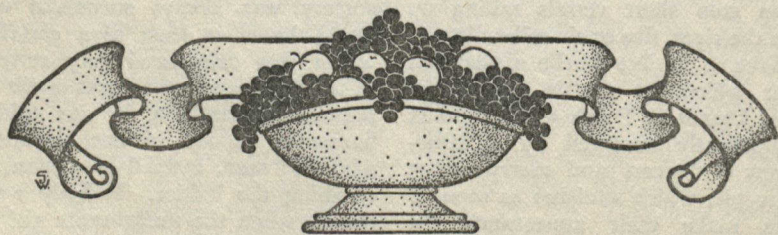
and I shall close with the same. It was pretended that at the beginning of the last century, or at least by the end of the eighteenth, a man—a stranger to the country—gave daily a very strange spectacle to the citizens of Quebec. He would tie—so they said—a log or a piece of square timber to the tail of a rooster, and the rooster would drag it along the steep and lofty Palace Hill, without any apparent effort. And this was accomplished, they said, in broad daylight, in the presence of an astounded and stupefied crowd. One can easily imagine the affluence of spectators attracted by such wonderful exhibition.

One day, an old woman, who carried a basket full of vegetables, exclaimed laughingly: "Why! for goodness sake, what do you find so astonishing in all this? Where is the difficulty for a fowl to draw a bit of straw at the end of his tail?" As everybody saw a log instead of a straw, everybody thought the old woman was crazy. But the magician went to her and said: "Madam, will you let me look in your basket?" "No objection," she said. And among the lettuce and the cabbage leaves was found a young toad. This had, it appears, averted the charm from the old woman's eyes, who saw but a straw, while the rest of the crowd saw a log.

Now, what is to be thought of such a story? Can it be nothing but fibs invented by practical jokers? This would be very strange indeed, the fact being vested with a character of publicity

which excludes all idea of mystification. How could a story of that kind have gained credit among the population of Quebec and the neighbouring localities with such a stamp of notoriety, if there was not something true at the bottom of it? As late as forty years ago, the matter was still talked of in Quebec. Some old people asserted in my presence having heard the fact certified by their own parents. Are we here in presence of an extraordinary case of hypnotism? Was the man who practised such witchcraft in possession of the secrets and science of the fakirs of India? At all events, if the fact ever existed, it cannot be but through the virtue of some power of that kind. In reality, this seems to have been the opinion of most people of the time, who attributed the whole thing to a charm exercised on the eyes and sight of the spectators by the magician's will and suggestion.

Such are the principal characteristic features of our French-Canadian folklore. Of course, it is useless for me to add that the almost totality of these legends, popular beliefs, traditions and superstitions are no more to be found, even among the illiterate portion of our community. I am not so fond of idealistics to deplore this progress beyond measure; but I am enough of a poet to think that these legendary traditions, like the relics of the past kept in our museums, should not be entirely forgotten in the pages of our national history.



From Tennyson to Kipling

By *ARNOLD HAULTAIN*

THE Germans have been talking much of late of "world-politics." And since East has lately touched West in so intimate, not to say inimical, a manner, first on the banks of the Yalu and then on the shores of the Pacific, it was time perhaps that the coinage was made. No one, however, has yet coined the word "world-poetics." Let us hasten to do it.

The poet—or let us say rather the artist in words—is always the best exponent of his age. The artist of whatever kind is always a better exponent of his age than is any other kind of worker. And for more reasons than one. To begin with, the artist deals with emotions; with feelings and sentiments, hopes and desires and doubts; and if we would know the spirit of an age we must know these. The poet holds up a mirror to nature—including man: he shows us the workings of the human soul. He cannot help but do this: it is his gift, his function, and—he is the product of his age.

Now, of the spirit of the age immediately preceding our own, of the era styled Victorian, was there any one great exponent? Surely there was, and surely Alfred Tennyson, in spite of many limitations, was he. To labour that point, there is no need now or here.

In the interval between Tennyson's day and ours, the world has travelled fast and far. Tennyson wrote for the

educated. Not till twenty years after he was created Laureate was national education instituted. And he wrote of the educated. The Idylls of the King were really a depiction, not of the Court of King Arthur, but of the manners, customs, and sentiments of the gentlemen of England in the time of Prince Albert. Stripped of their history and of their local colour, the Idylls portray the chivalry, the taste, the notions of honour, the delicacy, the refinement—and also the aloofness, the dignity, the reserve of the educated classes of the Victorian era. "The Palace of Art" is typical of Tennyson, a Tennyson shut up in his beautiful England, where he built for his soul a lordly pleasure-house wherein at ease for aye to dwell. He sang the brook, the mead, the mill, the English home, and dewy pastures, dewy trees—haunts of ancient peace. He sang, too, the growing religious doubts of his age:

"Oh! sure it is a special care
Of God, to fortify from doubt."

"I am void,
Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.
Why not believe then?"

"O spirit and heart made desolate!
O damnéd vacillating state."

This in his earlier years. In his later years he applauds honest doubt. In his later years also we see dawning upon him the effect of novel views,

novel theories, and the rapid rise of "the people." In "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" we see him somewhat petulantly recognising, yet fearing, the rise of democracy. Listen,—

"Equal-born? O yes, if yonder hill be level
with the flat.
Charm us, Orator, till the Lion look no
larger than the Cat,

Till the Cat thro' that mirage of overheated
language loom
Larger than the Lion,—Demos end in work-
ing its own doom."

What, now, are the chief characteristics of the days in which we live as compared with the days of Wordsworth's successor? Well, the seeds sown then have flowered and fruited—and some of the fruit is over-ripe, and some is rather bitter, and some has already sown a second crop!

First, popular education, factories, and, by consequence, city life, have together completed the rise of Demos. Hence forward the artist in words must not forget the man in the street. And this means much. Second, scientific investigation and scientific speculation have gone so far that (*i*) every detail of life is governed by scientific facts or scientific appliances; and (*ii*) every detail of thought, philosophical or religious, is governed by scientific method or scientific theory. When the seed was germinating, Dogma looked askance at hesitating Doubt; now that it has fruited, it is Dogma that hesitates, for Doubt loses its timorousness and sometimes even masquerades as a New Ethic. So, a Herbert Spencer falls back upon an Unknowable (vague and hollow entity), and Matthew Arnold on a Stream of Tendency (a tenuous thing and highly innutritious), and Swinburne blandly wonders "if any gods there be," and Grant Allen proves (to his own content) that Jahveh was "a stone" (whereat many were shocked). Third, with the rise into power of "the people" has come the rise into power of the peoples

of the colonies and dependencies. Of all the characteristics of this age this is the chiefest, that whereas in 1850 England was all-in-all and Greater Britain not even was, to-day Greater Britain is all-in-all and England is fast becoming the mother and protectress of a family of nations. Tennyson foresaw nothing of this, sing as he did of the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World. Fourth, there has come into being in this our day a something to which it is difficult to give a name. In Coleridge, Southey, Shelley, Keats, in Wordsworth above all, there is a pensiveness, a leisure, a calm, a tendency to dream and meditate and quietly observe: an inheritance, no doubt, from the eighteenth century. To-day there is everywhere apparent a spirit of. . . perhaps "strenuousness," the word of President Roosevelt, is the best to choose.

Now of these four great outstanding characteristics of the age, who, since Tennyson, has been the chief exponent? Surely we can point to no other than to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Of certain particular tendencies certain particular artists in words might perhaps be chosen; but could the phrase "world-poet" be ascribed to any other of Tennyson's successors—to the Brownings, the Rossettis, Swinburne, George Meredith, Patmore, Morris, the Arnolds, George Eliot, Robert Bridges, William Watson, Lawrence Binyon, Stephen Phillips, Yeats, Henley, James or Francis Thompson, the two Moores, Locker Lampson, John Davidson, Alfred Symons?—some of these names will cause a smile.

Turn we then to Kipling.

I was looking over various editions of Mr. Kipling's works the other day, when I alighted upon the following:

"I do not anticipate for Mr. Kipling a very popular popularity. He does not compete with Miss Braddon or Mr. E. P. Roe. His favourite subjects are too remote and unfamiliar for a world that likes to be amused with matters near home and pas-

sions that do not stray far from the drawing-room or the parlor . . . He is an exotic romancer . . . He is not in tune with our modern civilisation."

That is from a "Biographical and Critical Sketch," by no less a personage than Mr. Andrew Lang. I confess I smiled when I read it. By this time, I suspect, this is one of the things that Mr. Lang wishes he had left unsaid—or said otherwise. Not popular! Too remote! Too far from the drawing-room! Exotic! Not in tune with our modern civilisation! Why, it is precisely to our modern civilisation that Mr. Kipling appeals; and he is popular to the last degree, just because that modern civilisation asks for something remote, "exotic" (if Mr. Lang will have it so), and that strays very far away from the drawing-room. So much the more Kipling he, surely. So much certainly the more world-poet he.

When the great exemplar and exponent of the thought and sentiment of the Victorian Era was building for himself in Little England a Palace of Art, and inditing therein Idylls of a King who had lived centuries bygone, his true lineal successor and descendant was busying himself in knitting together the scattered portions of an England that had outgrown itself. Of the Imperialistic idea Kipling is the true progenitor, numerous as may have been the foster-fathers who have nurtured his offspring.

Secondly, whereas Tennyson, the laureate successor of Wordsworth, hedged about by influences dating from the dawn of the nineteenth century—even perhaps from the sunset of the eighteenth—whereas Tennyson sung in mellifluous phrase of the educated and for the educated, and of the higher classes and for them, Kipling has shaken ungloved hands with the man in the street; for, since Tennyson's day, Demos has arisen and has proclaimed itself arisen. Tennyson did not understand him; Kipling does. In which may be noted the

enormous stride made between the Era Victorian and the Era Edwardian.

With the rise of Demos has come the rise of many things, among others, as I have said, of the reign of science—both applied (in the shape of machinery) and theoretical (in the shape of investigation and speculation), this latter leading in the long run to curious things, for example, to highly un-Tennysonian views of life and duty. Here, too, Kipling is true to his day. Who ever "sang" machinery as has Kipling? "McAndrew's Hymn" ("Hymn," mind you), "The Bridge Builders," "The Ship That Found Herself," ".007," "With the Night Mail," "The Devil and the Deep Sea," and even "Steam Tactics" . . . time presses else could one expatiate long upon these unique—and romantic and poetic as unique—apotheoses of the Mechanical. Never before the dawn of the twentieth century could they have been penned, and by none other than by Kipling himself could they—at all events have they, been penned.

And what of the speculative side of science, the side that has substituted Evolution for ecclesiastical dogma? Here one treads on dangerous ground. Is Kipling true to his age in depicting this? Yea, verily. Demos is not versed in the Origin of Species, nor does he care over-much whence come his ideas of right and wrong, whether from a Divine sanction or from recon-dite laws of Nature, but Mr. Tommy Atkins, with less science, but perhaps more common sense, still believes in a Gawd—and Mr. Kipling faithfully portrays Mr. Tommy Atkins. From the vacillation and dubiety of "In Memoriam" to the vacillation and dubiety of "Tomlinson" what a step? And yet how perfectly each represents its particular age!

And what does "Tomlinson" teach? Something that the singer of "The Lotos Eaters" and "The Brook" and "The Day Dream" and "Saint Simon Stylites" did not teach—

“ ‘Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,’ he said, ‘and the tale is yet to run:

‘By the worth of the body that once ye had give answer—what ha’ ye done?’ ”

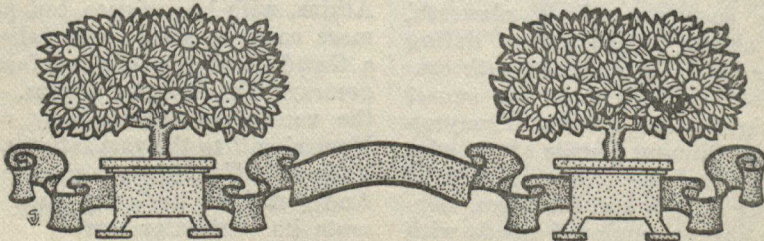
Not a hero of Kipling’s but does something . . . And here note a most significant fact, one that perhaps the twenty-first century will ponder thoughtfully—he does it because he knows he ought, without waiting for one moment to ask whether he ought because a Nebula or an Unknowable or a Stream of Tendency or a Gawd demands it. In this perhaps lies Kipling’s greatest greatness. He is a serious and earnest man is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He that would, could analyse his lightest effort to find in it something serious and earnest. Is there not even in “The Song of the Banjo” a pathos sublime? And take this one stanza from “The Return”—*i.e.*, the return of troops, English and Colonial, after peace was declared, from South Africa:

“Also Time runnin’ into years—
A thousand Places left be’ind—
An’ Men from both two ’emispheres
Discussin’ things of every kind;
So much more near that I ’ad known,
So much more great than I ’ad guessed—
An’ me, like all the rest, alone—
But reachin’ out to all the rest!”

Reader, what read you between those lines? For me, I read an Imperialism so passionate that the discussion of Chamberlainian tariffs seems trivial in comparison; a patriotism too intense to be formally expressed; a fellow-brotherhood almost poignant in its fervour; a national spirit religious in its devotion; and an individual aspiration at once so lofty and so humble that . . . well, one reads the stanza over again and thinks quietly to one’s self.

I have left myself no space in which to speak of those exquisite works, the “Jungle Books” and the “Just So Stories.” They will live as long—as long as Aesop’s Fables will live. Indeed, there are some of us who think the “Jungle Books” will live longer. But if you ask, Why? we cannot tell. Can anyone tell wherein consists the permanent popularity of a supreme work of art?

Art? There lies the secret. Mr. Kipling is at once the supreme exponent of his age and a consummate artist. Evidently, to be the exponent of an age—to be the exponent of anything, one must (unconsciously) be an artist. The higher the art, perhaps, the deeper the truth expressed; the finer the art, the more fundamental the human passions portrayed.



Chinatown in Victoria

By HENRY F. PULLEN

IT is curious to notice how little the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of the Pacific Coast cities know of the thousands of aliens that always inhabit that district known locally as Chinatown. It is always contiguous to, and partially intermingled with, the district of red lights, which is the sore spot of every western town, differing little in this respect from the older cities of the East. Every morning scores of cooks and male houseworkers come out of this part of the town to do the domestic work of the richer part of the population, yet the employers know almost nothing of the part of the city where their spare time is spent, the companions with whom they associate, and the rooms in which they sleep. It is sufficient for them that the boy comes dressed in a clean suit of clothes and that he is not too strongly impregnated with the odour of opium.

A few days ago a lady teacher belonging to one of the religious denominations that work among these people, and who, therefore, is able to speak their language fluently, volunteered to take myself and two friends into some of the interesting parts of Victoria's Chinatown. The Chinese seem never to mind the visits paid by tourists and others, but they never "sabey" when their visitors ask for information. Hence the advantage of having an interpreter.

The first place we saw was the joss house, or temple, devoted to the wor-

ship of the departed spirits of their ancestors. This place was in charge of two men, one of whom seemed to be a novice. It is a small and dingy place this temple to the dead, eminently suited for the worship of dead people. The only light came through the open door or from the faint glimmering lamp that burnt before the idol day and night, never being allowed to go out; and from two gaudily coloured candles that were the offering of some Celestial who had lately gone to Toronto, and who had written to inquire of the spirits of their



CHINESE CHILDREN AT VICTORIA RETURNING FROM A BIRTHDAY PARTY



HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHINESE REFORM ASSOCIATION
AT VICTORIA, B.C.

forefathers respecting some journey to be undertaken, or to seek advice as to some such momentous undertaking as building a house, starting in business, or buying a wife.

At first we thought there was no idol in this temple, but much seeking discovered it hidden behind the gaudy decorations in the very darkest part of the building. The carving of the image is of the crudest kind, resembling somewhat the carvings of the Pacific coast Indians.

In front of the altar were cushions for the kneeling worshippers, usually only one or two coming at a time. On this altar was a cylindrical box of

ornamented sticks which attracted our attention. We were told that these were used in invoking the oracle. Each of them was numbered and the numbers corresponded with similar ones in a book of interpretations. There were also printed slips with extracts from the book.

I was going on a journey in the near future, so I spent twenty-five cents for an invocation, from which I gathered that it would be quite lucky for me to make the journey at any time, a most consoling result. Whether the intermediary was having a game at our expense I cannot say. At any rate he kept his countenance admirably if he was. In order that the gods might give a proper answer, the priest had lighted no less than eighteen punk sticks, which smouldered, giving off a smell similar to incense. Two candles were also ignited as an aid in the incantation, and at the close a paper of the value to the ancestral divinities of twenty-five cents was burned on the

altar. Thus the gods were satisfied, and so were the priests who pocketed the money.

The building adjoining this little joss house is owned and occupied by the Chinese Reform Association, it being the headquarters of that society for the Province of British Columbia. Here the members meet every Sunday evening and discuss questions affecting the rousing and reforming of old China. As a result of their efforts in Victoria, many young Chinese men are preparing themselves to become school teachers in their native land, for they recognise that the people must be educated before any great

change can come about.

In the place of honour in their club room is an etching of the great sage, Confucius, while next in importance is the leader of the present movement, Kong Yu Wei. The walls all around three sides are almost covered with photographs of prominent reformers, one group being that of the officers of the Women's Chinese Reform Association, with the wife of Kong Yu Wei at their head.

There are branches of this association at Vancouver, Nelson and Kamloops, and practically all the influential Chinamen are members.

The next place we visited was the joss house devoted to the worship of Confucius. At the farther end of the room, beneath a gaudily decorated canopy, were the idols, three in number, and before them a small lamp burned perpetually in a large square glass lantern. The punk sticks and candles are stuck in large metal vessels kept for the purpose. A Chinaman discussing the similarity of their religion to ours said that we worshipped three gods and so did they, as witness the three idols in the joss house. He also went on to say that some of the Christian churches had pictures and images of the gods much as they did. This argument was irrefutable.

In front of the idols was the altar as shown in the illustration. On its face were clever carvings in gilded wood. These carved pictures, we were told, illustrated life, but wherein lay the allegory we could not discover. The dragon and little figures of men and women were the most conspicuous objects to be seen. The New Year



AN IDOL IN THE CONFUCIAN TEMPLE AT VICTORIA, B.C.

season having just passed, the sacred lillies and the columns of sweet cakes still remained on the tables in front of the altar. These latter are for the use of the gods when they feel hungry. In every temple little cups of tea are kept always in front of the idols. An attendant informed us that they, the idols, came down every morning at four o'clock and drank the tea, and that punctually every morning at five it was replenished by them.

All around the room were wooden models of old weapons and Masonic emblems, as well as Chinese instruments of music. These are used on



INTERIOR OF CONFUCIAN JOSS HOUSE AT VICTORIA, SHOWING THE ALTAR BEHIND WHICH THE IDOLS ARE HIDDEN

festive occasions, when they are carried in the processions.

Next we called in at the Chinese hospital, where we found only one patient, and he was suffering from a venereal disease. Apparently his days were numbered, for his eyes were starting from his head and he was covered all over with running sores. Not long before he had been a cook in the house of one of Victoria's best citizens. Every Chinese patient brings with him his blankets when he goes to the hospital. He is provided with a wooden bed, on which he lies without any mattress. Any other luxuries he may wish, such as easy chairs, he must provide himself. As the Chinese are not fond of waiting on sick people, the patients would have a hard time of it were it not for the good-women of the Christian Chinese missions, who minister to the wants of the sick in this institution.

The hospital was in a little open space behind the stores on one of the

busiest streets. Leading to it was a little dirty lane between two houses. At the entrance to this lane a Chinese merchant had set up in business, his stock in trade being a few pounds of cooked fat pork, which he chopped up with a sharp knife and retailed to the children at five cents "per." His fixtures were a broken chair and a small table. Doubtless the pork was quite edible, but the way it was served was not very enticing, yet the Chinese children buy this instead of candy when they can manage to get sufficient money.

The Methodist Mission Church is in charge of a Chinese convert from Hong Kong. There many of the little Chinese boys and girls, all resplendent in their gay-coloured silks, both boys and girls wearing long pants, come on Sunday afternoons to be taught the story of Jesus, and in the evening the older folk assemble to hear the same message. The little folk seem to enjoy coming more than

the older ones. They like to see the pictures and hear the stories. All join in the singing lustily, and some of them are quite musical.

Passing from the mission we visited the theatre, a rickety, dirty old place of the plainest possible type. Here our guide pointed out the place where a murder had been committed a few years ago and for which two men had been condemned to be hanged. It was afterwards proved that the witnesses had perjured themselves and the prisoners were allowed to go free, while the false witnesses were sent up for a long term. No white man will ever know the truth about the affair, for the Chinese are a secretive people and honesty of speech is not one of their virtues.

The last call was made at an opium

den, where one old Celestial had just returned from the land of dreams to which he had passed under the influence of the baneful fumes of opium, inhaled while reclining on his wooden pallet. Others were preparing the syrupy stuff, roasting it in the flame of a little lamp, before smearing it on the pipe.

Throughout the trip our nostrils were assailed with a thousand odours, spicy and otherwise. At times these became so sickening that one felt that one really could stand it no longer. If in our cool country under the regulations of our sanitary officers it could be as bad as this, what must it be like in the hot cities of the Orient, where there are no such restrictions. Surely there can be nothing more horrible this side of Hades!

The Deeper Note

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

Soft-housed with Joy and Sweet Content,
 He sang a measured lay,
 And marvelled that unmindful went
 The world upon its way.

But one day hand in hand at last,
 Went Joy and Sweet Content
 From out his cot, where all the past
 Of gladsome years was spent.

Then low he sang, with grief athrill,
 To ease his sad heart's pain ;
 And lo ! the busy world stood still
 Applauding every strain.

John McClary

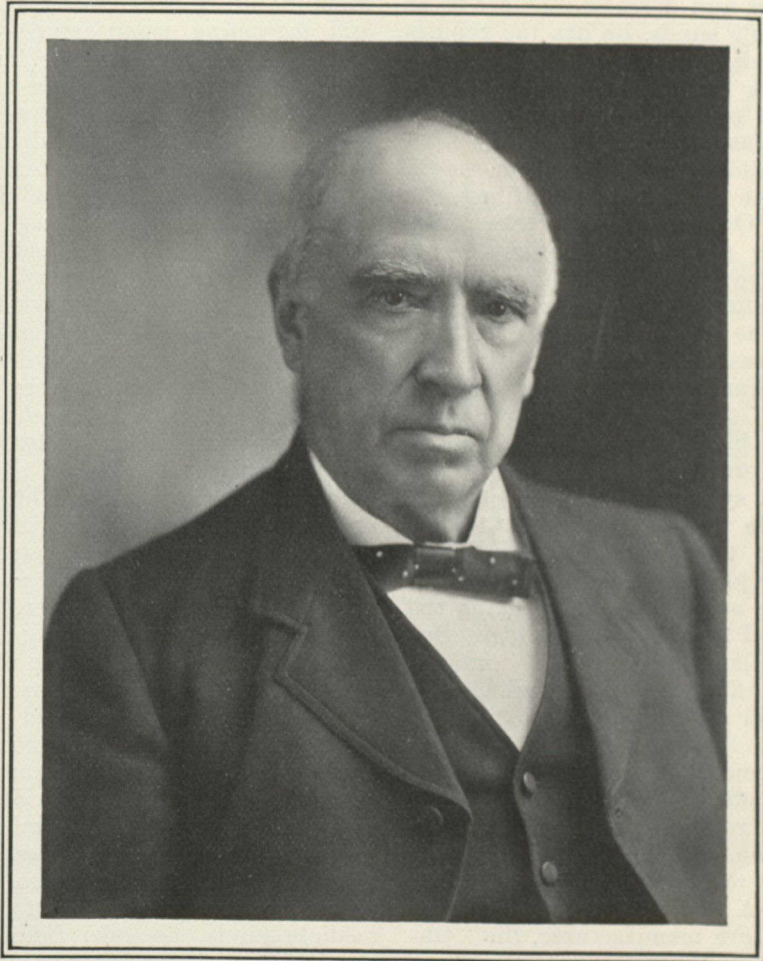
A Captain of Industry

By *RANDOLPH CARLYLE*

BUT few of the ever-increasing number of "Captains of Industry" in Canada have stood out steadfastly against total obliteration of the old-time personal relationship between employer and employee. John McClary is one of the few. In his extensive business, in which persons are employed in various capacities all over the Dominion, it is impossible for the official head to keep in personal touch with all, but if Mr. McClary's character is properly appreciated, that is what he would like to do. There is a singular charm about the mutual interest that nowadays is so infrequently manifested between employer and employee in large enterprises, but who could discover any charm or any attraction or even any sympathy in a condition that demands a consideration of the former as capital and of the latter as labour? That, nevertheless, is the usual condition to-day, and that is the condition against which men like John McClary, whether consciously or unconsciously, have so long stood. The regrettable fact remains, however, that as a business grows and expands—as the list of employees increases from tens into hundreds and from hundreds into thousands—the one who initiated it is gradually forced further and further away from the actual scene of operation, until finally he is to the man at the bench almost an unknown quantity. But happily there are exceptions—while

that is always the case in theory, it is not always the case in practice. It is possible for a man, even though he engage five thousand employees, to have his personality felt right down throughout the entire list, from the general manager to the latest apprentice. And even though it might be impossible for a single individual to come into personal contact with all of those who serve under him, it is possible for him to maintain an equally keen interest in every individual's behalf, by insisting that work be justly rewarded, that humane principles be practised, that no man be discharged because he has grown old in the service, and that special cases of distress or misfortune be reported at headquarters. That seems to be the ideal, or at least one of the ideals, of John McClary; and if nothing else were ever said of him that in itself would be enough to mark him as a man worthy of emulation by those whose endeavours place them in positions similar to his. He began where most persons begin — at the bottom of the ladder. He stands where few stand—at the top.

John McClary, who, by the way, is president of the McClary Manufacturing Company, of London, Ont., was born on a farm in Middlesex county, and, although he has realised the allotted span, he still takes an active interest in that great business and still lives within a short distance of the place that gave him birth. He



MR JOHN McCLARY

comes of good and even distinguished stock, his grandmother having been a niece of John Adams, second President of the United States, and a cousin of the famous John Quincy Adams. His experience with business, as a young man, is worthy of note: it might serve as an inspiration to the boy who chafes under the trials of apprenticeship and feels like flying off to something easier. John McClary, after leaving the farm, learned tinsmithing, but he contracted the gold fever, and soon found himself on the way to California. Realising that all is not gold that

glitters, he returned to London, and there as a business man he has remained ever since. Singularly enough, perhaps, his early love had not forsaken him, and so on tinsmithing he once more centred his affections, and that and the many great industries that have grown out of it have ever since been his hobby, his business, his pleasure, his life.

It was not an easy thing for him to start afresh in business in those days, not so easy as it was later to establish a branch; but John McClary had indomitable will and great foresight, and, even to-day, when shrewd

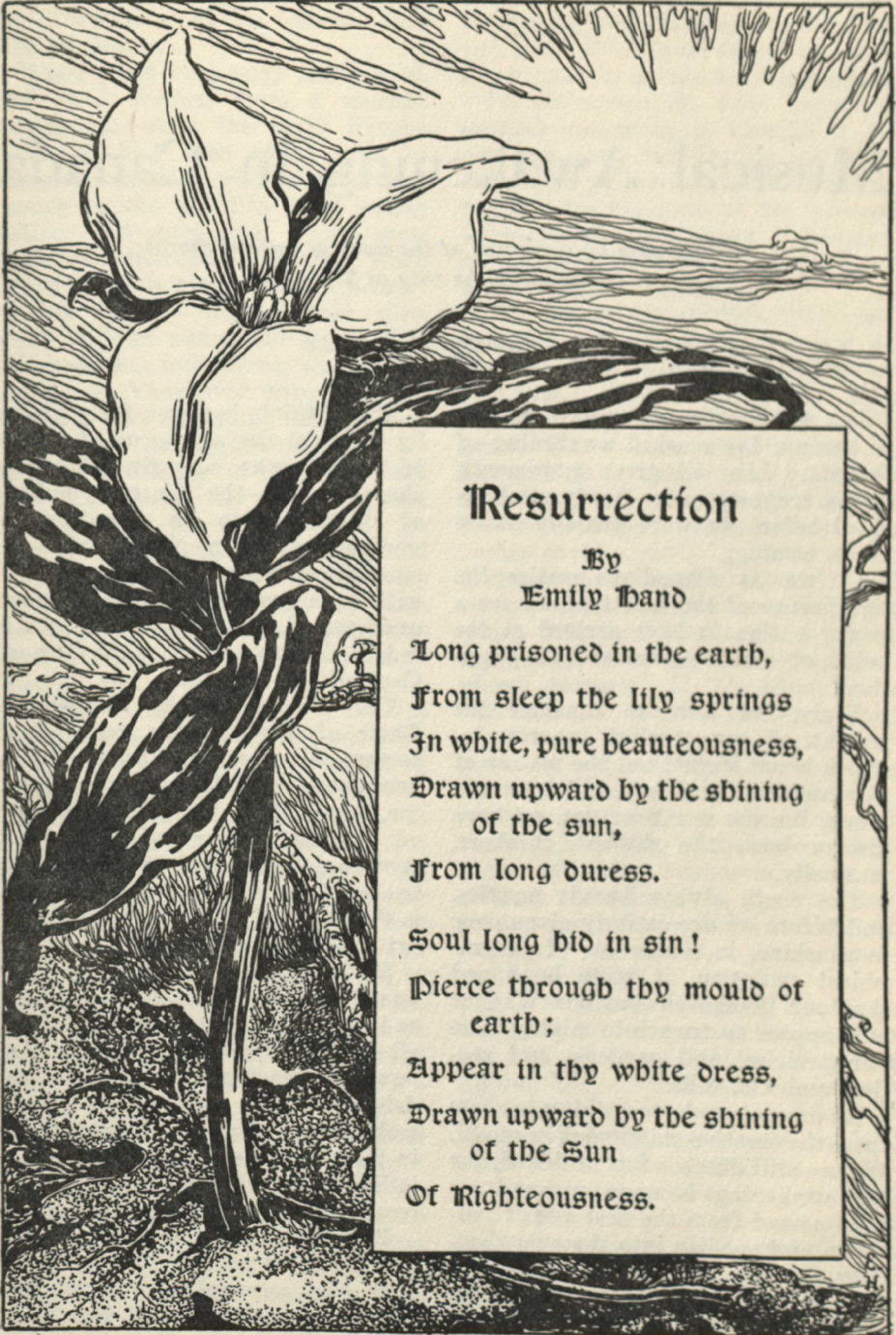
financiers and business men are to be met on all hands, he has the reputation of being an extraordinarily astute calculator and keen appraiser of the financial or commercial outlook. A person passing by the McClary head office building in London can see on one of the walls, in faint outlines, the words "Ontario Stove Works." Mr. McClary saw those words in his mind's eye many years ago, and to the inspiration that they afforded can be traced the inception of the McClary enterprises. At that time Mr. McClary manufactured only tinware and ploughs. As the sphere of trade was limited, his business was not only entirely provincial but much of it was local. A system of appointing agents to handle the trade of each district was just then in its infancy. The McClary plan consisted largely of the man who owned the place making the goods and then delivering them. But Mr. McClary early realised that the plough industry was too limited as a provincial business to yield sufficient margins. He was satisfied, on the other hand, that the demand for kitchen utensils was universal and would increase in exact ratio with the population. He looked for a sister industry to tinware, and decided on stoves. A deal was completed with a local stove manufacturer, the "Ontario Stove Works" was lettered on the wall, and the first chapter in the history of the McClary Manufacturing Company was closed.

Mr. McClary next directed his attention to the manufacture of enamelware and furnaces, and later commenced the wholesaling of metals.

Manufacturing is one thing, however, and marketing manufactures is another. A problem Mr. McClary had early to contend with was that of haulage. Sales records showed that certain territories consumed more of one article than other territories. The result was the establishing of the first branch distributing warehouse, at Toronto, in 1879. In rapid succession came the call for a warehouse at Montreal. Then the West loomed into view, and Winnipeg and Vancouver became McClary sub-divisions. The Maritime Provinces were invaded in 1900; later on branches were opened at Hamilton and Calgary.

Considerateness is one of Mr. McClary's characteristics, and he is generous almost to a fault, but not ostentatious. He gives liberally, and rarely in a manner that makes the giving known to any but the receiver. Kindnesses done unexpectedly and in a quiet way have endeared him to many who had no reason to expect from him anything more than cold justice. His spare moments are spent in quiet amusements. Cards, checkers, and other games, with congenial company, are enjoyed as a relaxation from the problems of business. But business is, after all, closest to his heart, together with those of his immediate circle, his own family and the ones who have been associated with him in a long and vigorous career. Sixty years is the record of one person in Mr. McClary's employ. There are many who can boast of thirty to forty years of service, while in the twenty-year class the number could be counted by the score.





Resurrection

By
Emily Hand

Long prisoned in the earth,
From sleep the lily springs
In white, pure beauty,
Drawn upward by the shining
of the sun,
From long duress.

Soul long hid in sin!
Pierce through thy mould of
earth;
Appear in thy white dress,
Drawn upward by the shining
of the Sun
Of Righteousness.

Musical Awakening in Canada

Illustrated by a résumé of the work of certain choral societies in the City of Toronto

By KATHERINE HALE

IT is not a thing of to-day, or yesterday, the musical awakening of Canada. Like all great movements, it has crept upon us slowly, and arrived before we were actually aware of its coming.

Do we as Canadians realise the significance of the fact that we are a young nation to have arrived at the point of serious musical interpretation?

Truly, we have to consider the weight of our musical inheritance, which is not slight, and the matter of geographical position, which means much, for the northern nations have always been the deepest thinkers, musically.

The north always breeds mystics, and before we are entirely given over to sunshine, in the course of geographical evolution, it is to be hoped that our Beethoven and our Wagner will appear to turn into mighty tone our prairies, and gardens, and sea-line, and vast hills.

At present we have nothing to show from the creative standpoint in music. We are still dumb. But not dead, for the awakening is upon us, and we have passed from the first age of imitation and crudity into the age when, from one end to the other of our vast Dominion, musical expression is an absolute necessity. And not expression alone, but the finest expression that we can attain.

This, I think, has been fully proved by the existence among us of a band of singers who can give that vast choral work—the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven—to an assemblage of musical critics in New York—the musical centre of the new world—with such perfection as to evoke an unexampled enthusiasm. Toronto is, indeed, known abroad as the “Choral Capital” of America.

The success of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto—the germ of its success—lies largely, I believe, in the herculean enthusiasm of its conductor, Doctor A. S. Vogt, who has pricked Canada in her most vulnerable spot, and shown that nervous energy, backed by confidence and precision, is the elixir of life, which we need in art as in enterprise.

Dr. Vogt stands out in the vanguard of our national music to-day as its most conspicuous figure. Nearly all Canadian choral unions are shadowed by the perfection of the Mendelssohn Choir, and as the Mendelssohn Choir proceeds to develop, and in the way it develops, will follow, in individual fashion, the destinies of some dozen or more Canadian choirs.

But the recent meteoric career of choir singing in Canada could never have been accomplished in the manner and the time that it has, had it not been for another figure who came before, who was the maker and path-

finder of choral singing in Canada—Dr. Torrington, of the Toronto College of Music.

When times were early and dismal, and most forlorn from a musical standpoint, when the early French influence had died away, and the dreaded middle period that always occurs in the art life of a young nation had appeared, when most churches distrusted organs, when singing schools with a local "teacher" howled "glees" with unholy glee, when Halifax was sound asleep, and Montreal was indifferent, when Winnipeg and Vancouver were not, and Toronto was struggling on its feet, then Dr. Torrington slowly began the building of an organised music in Canada. He worked against fearful odds, and he conquered. So that he is our grand old man, and when for the twenty-fifth time the "Messiah" was conducted by him last December, and Massey Hall was filled tier upon tier with enthusiastic friends, and civic honours and the good-will of his musical confreres was tendered him, one could not but realise that here was a vital moment in the history of music in Canada.

I shall present various events in the musical season of Toronto, not considering them as all-inclusive, but merely as distinctive phases of our development. News comes to us from the east, and from the middle and far west, and from various centres in Quebec and Ontario, of oratorios, cantatas, operas, and concerts, which show how busy the present musical season has been from Halifax to Vancouver.

In Toronto, which is the musical centre of Canada at present, we have had a series of concerts by local organisations, showing an immense range in material and style. So liberal indeed has been the home supply of music, that but few foreign artists have been brought to Toronto for concert or recital work. At the time of writing, only the visits of Madame

Calve, Paderewski, DePachmann, Hambourg and Madame Nordica, are recalled. With our choral societies, many eminent artists have appeared.

By all means the most important musical movement in Toronto in the past two years has been the establishment of a permanent local orchestra, which takes the name of the Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, and is organised and conducted by Mr. Frank S. Welsman.

The first concert of this, the second season for the orchestra, showed an increase, both in volume and balance of tone. The fact that such numbers as the Beethoven Symphony No. 2, and the Saint-Saens Concerto in G Minor, were presented with ease, and with genuine delight to the listener, proved that this orchestra is already a factor to be counted on in musical Canada. If we can establish a Canadian orchestra which will develop into the doing of big things; if we can get weekly symphony concerts; if Canadian cities will take into account the importance of orchestral work to music; the way good or bad orchestral music tinges the whole musical life of a community, the possibility for education, and the understanding of the serious literature of great composers which an efficient orchestra alone can give, our place among the musical nations of the world will become a thing of possibility indeed.

The Beethoven Symphony No. 2 was the prelude to the winter's music, for me, and as that infinitely sweet and sighing body of tone came welling up through the great spaces of Massey Hall, satisfying, pure, and perfect, one felt that the breath of a new freedom was sent, loose-winged, out into the world. There is that about our new orchestra, a small perfection, a quiet steadiness and balance, that gives a real sense of permanence.

Dr. Albert Ham gave the first choral concert of the season, with the assistance of the Damroch Orchestra

of New York, presenting as his chief work, on the first night, Coleridge-Taylor's delightful cantata "The Death of Minnehaha; and Sir Hubert Parry's setting of Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" on the second evening.

A balance of fine tone and the ability to perform the quality of music attempted is the result of Dr. Ham's choral work. He chooses picturesque subjects rather than those which are directly informative, and so leaves impressions which are genuinely agreeable with the average musician. And are not audiences, and masses of people as a rule, composed of average musicians? It is one of the great factors of importance in a musical country that various conductors should cater to varying kinds of audiences.

The Northern poem of Hiawatha makes an interesting study musically: we see the frozen forest, with crackling twigs, and the bright, dry starlight overhead, feel the savage, lonely hunger of the famine, when "forth into the empty forest rush the maddened Hiawatha." The Indian music, with its harmony, which is built chiefly on variety of rhythm—complex, elaborate, changing rhythm—makes the form of song to flash before the eye, and gives the mind a picture, as well as the ear. The cries, the silences, the sudden holding back of Time, all made the legend of Hiawatha memorable. So, too, with the quick-hurrying, crowded lines of "The Pied Piper"—always a perfection of detail that was noticeable also in the lighter undertakings of the choir.

Mr. Sherlock, with the Oratorio Society in the cantata "Joan d'Arc," deserves congratulation, for he alone proved what could be done by Canadians alone, without outside orchestral assistance. The Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra united with the Oratorio Society and got a fine *ensemble*.

Historically, the theme of Joan d'Arc is the most compelling in the annals of womanhood; dramatically it has been the fascination and the overthrow of generations of playwrights; musically Gaul has approached its mystery, and almost touched it, in his cantata. The music is not complex, but it is suggestive. And as, against the clamour of intrigue and battle, we get the sweet, ethereal quality of "The Voices," and the subtle contrast again between the unearthly nature of massed feminine voices in high pitch, where personality is all lost, and the effect of one quality of soprano in the character of Joan, the opposition of human and divine forces is marked.

Herr A. Wilhelmj, the son of the late distinguished violinist, is teaching singing in Ontario, and it was under his direction that scenes from grand opera have been presented in several places, his offering being the first that we have had in Canada of Humperdinck's charming "Hansel and Gretel."

The week of the Mendelssohn Choir concerts in Toronto has become a sort of general festival, when it would seem that the whole town—like an over-excited village—was hurrying en masse to the great Hall, when street cars are impossible, and carriages hard to obtain, when suburban trains come into town laden with musical pilgrims, and many a friendly American gets his first sight of Canada as a representative of his journal or musical club or college.

And those who crowd into the starry, glittering Hall, which is for a moment the centre of musical Canada, what do they bring away from all the lauded perfection of which they have heard? Only hints, images, outlines, perhaps, in the brief, crowded hours, but images and outlines of the gigantic forms of such works as the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, of the Brahms Requiem, or some tremendous masterpiece of Bach or

Richard Strauss or Grieg. Forms which have been presented in the full body and majesty of tone, and whose wavering images, that remain, will colour forever the musical perspective of hundreds of listeners, and give to hundreds of others that thing itself of which they never knew before, a sense of perspective: of relative values in music.

I need not deal in programmes, and the phrases of musical critics. Those who read this article have heard, or will hear some day, the best choir in Canada. As the last vibrations of such music ceases, it is as if a great army with banners had gone by.

That such work is sustained in our midst, and that we crowd forth to hear it, is not to say that we are ambitious or wonderful, but merely that we have awakened musically to a desire for the best things in this art, as we desire the best in literature or painting.

The Elgar Choir of Hamilton, under the baton of Mr. Bruce A. Carey, is doing remarkable work in unaccompanied part singing. The members number ninety-nine, and they lie safely within the fold of musical ability. The quality of tone they produce is pure and exceedingly refined. It is evidently the conductor's intention to build upwards from a perfection in small effects. Some of these effects, especially in the "Dirge of Darthula," with ancient words from Ossian and the quiet sonority of Brahms' setting, recall the restraint and spiritual quality of a drama by Yeats. It is in this essentially modern movement of restraint and mystery—an appeal to the soul rather than the senses—that the Elgar Choir excels and will excel.

The cultivation of great music in Canada has been of vast commercial value to the country, as well as of educational and artistic value.

What of its moral force? In Toronto, Mr. H. M. Fletcher is the conductor of two bands of singers, the Schubert Choir and the People's Choral Union, numbering nearly five hundred members in all. This year the Schubert Choir presented such works of Max Bruch's "Roman Obsequies," Gounod's Motette "Ave Verum," and Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's Irish Cantata, "Phandrig Crohoore," assisted by the Pittsburg Orchestra, with Emil Paur as conductor.

To train two separate Choirs in entirely different work is no small task. And whence came these singers? Chiefly from out of the business world; from the foundries, factories and big departmental stores. Mr. Fletcher takes hold of that vast chaotic mass of people who love music, with the elemental passion of all humanity, and know nothing about it—absolutely nothing. He teaches his singers sight reading in half a dozen lessons. He lectures them on the rudiments of tone—building, harmony, and musical construction, and leads them on through simple part songs to the deathless work of Gounod or Schubert.

And what do we get? A clerk whistling Carmen? A shop girl humming Grieg under her breath? A charwoman hurrying from pots and pans to a choir rehearsal?

If so, we are laying a glorious foundation for musical Canada.

I believe that in little and large places, all over this land there is, today, a renaissance of feeling as regards every form of art. Musically, in every place where choirs and choir leaders, where musical clubs and kindred organisations are doing vital work, which is coupled with enthusiasm, the awakening is upon us, and, as in commercial life, the future of Canada is assured.

A Trio of Early Western Journals

By R. G. MACPHERSON

WESTERN journalism has now developed into such considerable proportions that the time of its early struggles is fast being forgotten. For a very few it still remains a memory full of incidents which through the perspective of time look sufficiently amusing, but which, while they were passing, were met with the most intense sincerity. Perhaps there is nothing in the whole life of a nation which is better calculated to illustrate the amusing side of the exigencies of business and policy than the history of its organs of publicity and public opinion. It is my intention to record a few of the scenes of the journalistic drama of those early times, and in order to do so I have fixed upon the first chapters of the three publications which marked the consecutive steps in the westward march of the forces of newspaperdom across the prairies from Old Ontario to the Rocky Mountains. And one feature which gives fitness to the selection of these three journals is the fact that they respectively marked also the beginnings of journalistic activity in what are now the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The foundation of western journalism was laid in the Red River Settlement with the establishment of the *Nor' Wester*, the first issue of which appeared on the 28th December, 1859. As there was no Winnipeg then, one

naturally asks what circumstances existed to justify a newspaper. But business was good between this settlement and St. Paul, and the little steamer *Anson Northup* had lately been chartered, by enterprising American merchants, to ply upon the river. The year which brought the steamer brought the newspaper, though the latter came too late in the fall to be brought in by water.

The founders of the *Nor' Wester*, William Buckingham (of the *Globe*) and William Coldwell (of the *Toronto Leader*), brought their outfit of paper, type and press by ox-team from St. Paul, and after an agonizing journey over the old Crow Wing Trail arrived at Fort Garry on November 1st. Two months more elapsed, and during Christmas week the first issue appeared: a four-page weekly, twelve inches in length by fourteen in width, and costing sixpence a copy, or twelve shillings a year, though this was soon reduced to ten shillings.

The partnership of the two editors lasted only a year—Buckingham returning east—but Coldwell remained with the *Nor' Wester* until 1865, when, on account, no doubt, of having lost his interest in the concern by fire, he too returned to Toronto. The *Nor' Wester*, however, with the financial assistance of Dr. Schultz—afterwards Sir John Schultz—continued publication until 1870.

In this year Coldwell again return-

ed west, and because of the interest of the sequel, we may be pardoned for dwelling upon his next venture. His intention was to found the *Pioneer*, but just as he arrived Riel rose in his first revolt, and when the outside pages of the first issue were printed—favouring, of course, the McDougall régime—Riel issued an order forbidding its appearance “until peace is restored.” The office of the *Pioneer* was practically seized, and Coldwell gladly sold out to Major H. M. Robinson, who undertook to publish *The New Nation* in the Riel interests. And then did actually occur that strange phenomenon of a newspaper riding at once two political horses which were travelling in opposite directions, for the pages of the *Pioneer*, already printed on the outside, were now used, on the inside, for publishing the first issue of *The New Nation*, advocating a policy diametrically the reverse. Riel, however, ordered the destruction of the edition, and the issue of a second edition with the same pages of *The New Nation*, and two others to replace those of the *Pioneer*. But one copy at least of the “half-breed” was preserved, and is now in the possession of the Provincial Library of Manitoba.

Interesting as that number is, it is scarcely more so than that of a few weeks later—March 4th—which contained Riel’s own account of the Scott tragedy, but, like its predecessor, this too was immediately suppressed, an eminent ecclesiastic deeming it expedient that it should not be published. The whole impression was accordingly destroyed, and the next edition which appeared was uniform with the last, except that new matter filled the space occupied by the account of Scott’s death. But how strange the irony of fate. In the possession of the Provincial Librarian there is a copy of the suppressed edition, whilst the authorized edition is no where to be had.

The New Nation lasted about eight

months, terminating with the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley.

Leaving Winnipeg, which during the next three decades was both the birthplace and graveyard of several notable journalistic ventures, we proceed along the line of the survey made by the Mackenzie Government for the Canadian Pacific Railway, to Battleford, which, in 1874, had been proclaimed capital of the Northwest Territories. Here, in 1878, Mr. P. G. Laurie established the *Saskatchewan Herald*.

Mr. Laurie was one of the most interesting newspaper men whom Western Canada, at least, has ever known. Far-seeing, optimistic, poetical but extremely practical, he wielded a pen of great power, and impressed his personality upon all who knew him. Far out on the prairie plains, without any of his loved profession near with whom he might neighbour, or be at rivalry, he bravely set his little press to work. There was no Portage la Prairie or Brandon then, and no mention had ever been made of Calgary or Regina.

The *Herald*—Vol. 1, No. 1, dated 25th August, 1878—was a bi-weekly, fourteen inches by ten in size, and costing two dollars a year. In the first issue there is a poem by the editor, which he has named “The Herald’s Song.” One verse:

“And perchance in the long, long future,
Ere the star of my life goes down,
I shall know this land shines the brightest
Of the gems in the British crown.”

It reads pathetically enough now, for Mr. Laurie passed to his reward just three years ago, on the eve of the long-delayed realisation of his bright dreams, and when, after more than a quarter of a century of waiting, the sound of the railway train was, for the first time, approaching the ancient capital.

The eighth volume of the *Herald* is of special historic value. It gives the editor’s first hand account of the events of the second Riel rebellion,

especially as they happened in the neighbourhood of Battleford, which was one of the storm centres and the scene of Poundmaker's depredations. During the struggle Mr. Laurie ran his paper as regularly as possible, and at the same time served on the Home Guards.

The genesis of the Edmonton *Bulletin* is of unusual interest. The construction of the telegraph line along the Mackenzie survey had not quite reached Edmonton when, in 1878, the Government was defeated, and instantly the constructors ceased work. Mr. Alex. Taylor, now Postmaster of Edmonton, was operator at Hay Lakes, the last established office, and, going out into the woods, he found the coil of wire where it had been dropped by the workmen, and threw it into Hay Lake for his base circuit. Soon after, paying a visit to Edmonton, he was requested to complete the line, and a subscription of one hundred and eight-seven dollars was made to assist. With the line completed, the young city was athirst for news, and Mr. Taylor made arrangements with an operator in Winnipeg for a weekly budget, of which he himself undertook to make five copies: one for the Bishop of St. Albert, one for the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, a third for the commandant of the Mounted Police at Fort Saskatchewan and another for the public, to be posted as a bulletin on the door of the Hudson's Bay store. This arrangement was satisfactory until the spring of 1880, when the general election was held in England and Mr. Gladstone was returned to power. The Winnipeg operator was enthusiastic. A detailed report, full of Welsh names, difficult to spell and hard to copy, was the result. Mr. Taylor was overcome.

Just at this opportune moment Mr. Frank Oliver—now the Minister of

the Interior—dropped into the office. He had seen service on *The Globe* and the Manitoba *Free Press*. Taylor, from the midst of his copy, sighed for the establishment of a paper and declared that he had seen a press advertised in Philadelphia for four dollars. Oliver liked the idea, and twenty-one dollars was got together to pay the duty and freight. Being in Winnipeg, Oliver secured the press, and Mr. Luxton, then of the *Free Press*, presented the type. Oliver returned triumphant. But when they were about to issue they discovered that large type for the head title had been overlooked. Taylor was equal to the occasion, however, and cut the word *Bulletin* out of a chip of birch, and this heading the paper carried until, after several issues, a new one in type was donated by Mr. Laurie of the Saskatchewan *Herald*.

The first issued appeared on December 5th, 1880, and the size of its pages was six and a half inches by five. It ran for eighteen consecutive weeks during the winter and was then discontinued, as its editors found more profitable employment. The seventy-two pages of the first volume form a dainty booklet when bound, but few complete copies are now extant. In its second year the *Bulletin* was slightly enlarged, but was still smaller than the first volume of even the *Herald*.

Of the three journals with which we have principally dealt, the *Nor' Wester* is long since defunct; the *Herald* is still published and, though increased in size and circulation, is still a weekly, and since its founder's death possesses only the embers of its former fire; the third, the *Bulletin*, is now a vigorous daily, and, since Edmonton has become the capital of Alberta, it too has grown in importance and is now one of the influential magazines of the West.



The Modern Acadia

By NEWTON MACTAVISH

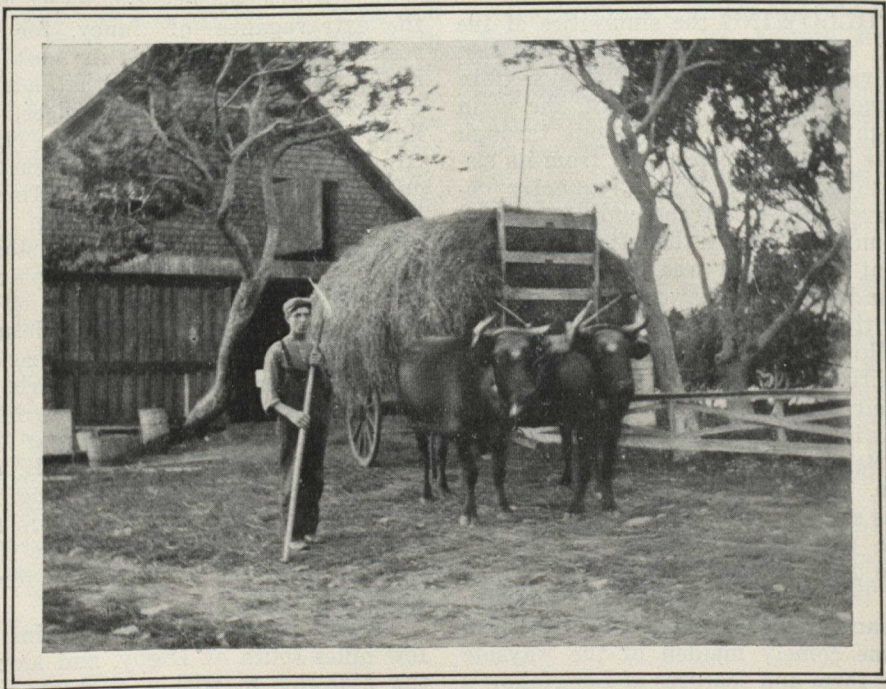
FOLLOWING the sinuosities of the eastern shore of St. Mary's Bay, Nova Scotia, from Belliveau's Cove almost down to Yarmouth, the main highway curves in and out through *The Modern Acadia*, and from its elevations the wayfarer frequently observes scenes of transcending pastoral beauty. It was on this attractive shore that an asylum was first found, one hundred and fifty years ago, by many of the Acadians who had the temerity, following their expulsion, to return to British territory, and it is there that their descendants now live in all the rustic simplicity and primitive comforts of a contented, unambitious people. A stranger in this land, one who has some appreciation of the spirit of the environment, passes along with the uncanny sensation that he is likely to encounter a will o' the wisp Evangeline, or about to discern in some comely maiden of the wayside the form and features of Longfellow's angelic heroine. That, however, is but

the extravagance of fancy, for in reality the place affords in most of its outward aspects little that has a marked resemblance to the place, as Longfellow describes it, where the Acadians had their first settlement, on the shore of the Basin of Minas. But an occasional well-sweep or the yard arms of a fishing sloop looming up against the sapphiric sky adds to the attractiveness of a scene already uncommonly picturesque, while the presence at the roadside of a cleric in monkish garb, a yoke of oxen in working gear, a group of beshawled matrons gossiping towards the church at vesper bells, or in the meadows the glint of swinging scythes, gives assurance that here at least there has not been a wide departure from the ways of the forefathers.

This remnant of Acadia begins a few miles south of Digby, and along the highway to within a short distance of Yarmouth the houses are dis-

tributed closely enough to give the appearance of a continuous village. St. Mary's Bay lies on one side and the back country on the other side. Across the Bay, which is perhaps a mile wide, there is a narrow strip of land, sometimes called Digby Neck, dividing St. Mary's Bay from the Bay of Fundy. To look across the bay, across the neck and beyond, to where the sun is setting at the far horizon, affords at times an entrancing spectacle, a diffusion of purples and yellows and grays that is not often excelled in extravagance of pictorial beauty or atmospheric quality. The houses are surrounded by old-fashioned gardens, and an idea of the age of the settlement may be formed by an inspection of the apple orchards, where the trees stand invariably gnarled and twisted with age. Few new trees are to be seen, and because of that the impression is received that the people are not throbbing with enterprise.

While close proximity to English settlements has caused in some measure the adoption of modern ideas in such things as house-building, road-making and personal adornment, there is still a clinging to those primitive methods of husbandry that possess more of the charm of quaintness than of the force of utility. It is not an uncommon thing to see a whole family, consisting of father, mother and several children, all out making hay with one rack and one yoke of oxen. To a person accustomed to more progressive ways, a spectacle of that kind, with strong bodies bending over scythes on the long, flat stretches out towards the shore, arouses feelings akin to amazement. And yet it is a charming spectacle. Hay is the staple *par excellence* of this community, and indeed without hay the people would be in a sorry plight. Fish provide food, and are as well a merchantable commodity; but the sea seems to depend much on the farm and the farm



FARM SCENE AT POINTE L'ÉGLISE

likewise on the sea, with the result that the return from either source is by no means overwhelming. Appreciation of tourist travel is awakening, and already the shrewd housewife sets a bucket of clams on the front gatepost, in the hope that some one in passing will stop and offer her ten cents for it.

She is a simple, confiding person, this descendant of the early Acadians, and if opportunity occurs she will say that with them there is everything but money. Money rarely passes through their hands, and that is one reason why a small sum looms big in their sight.

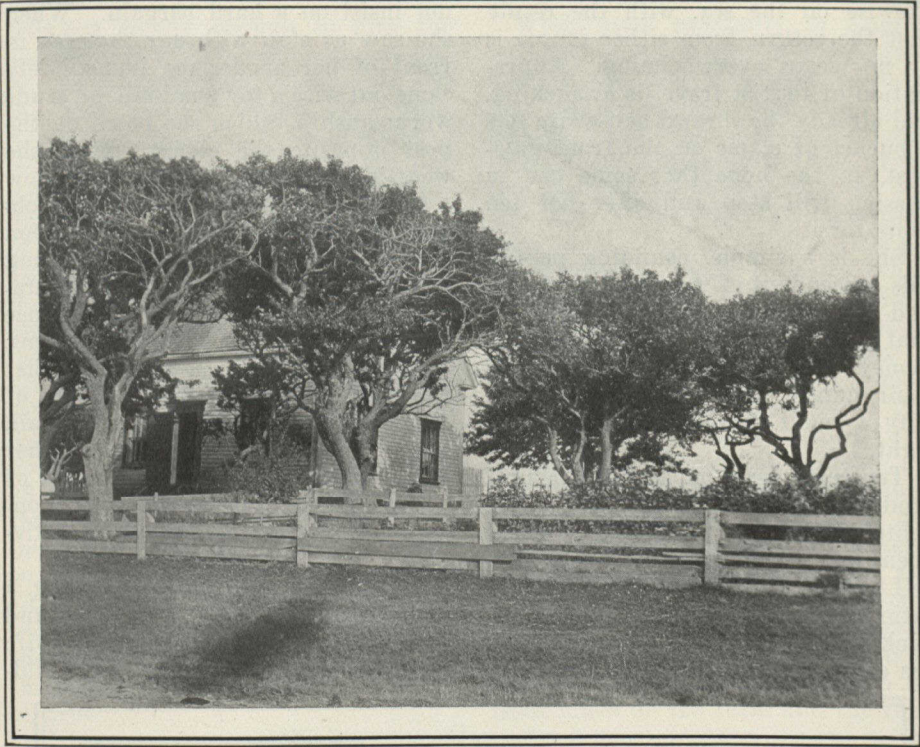
Ten cents for a bucketful of clams! And if the seller should receive five cents extra for a paper bag to carry them in she will be quite beside herself with gratitude and self-congratulation. She would sell also a large, pink-lined shell, with the roar of the sea ever-present inside, and she would

not insist on a hard bargain. When she saw us stop with our cameras in front of her abode, she immediately came out with a toy windmill of crude workmanship, which she posed on the post opposite the clams. Then she went inside and placed in the window a glass bottle that contained some object that surely could not have been forced through the neck. Having satisfied herself with this ornamentation, she came out again on the chance that we might wish to buy the clams. We did wish to buy, and with that the good woman unfolded a tale of domestic life that presented certain attractive phases, but which to her meant nothing more than a series of commonplace, a never-changing monotony, a sure and unrelenting oblivion.

"I came here," she said, using a little English and more French, "and married this man, whose first wife died and left him with six little child-



AN OLD HOUSE IN *The Modern Acadia*



OLD APPLE TREES IN *The Modern Acadia*

ren. Now we have three more. And I work, work, work, in the field, in the house, at the hay, at the churn—all day long. I don't often see any money. Only the rich have horses here. We have none. It must be so nice to live in the city. I have a sister. She went to the States. She has a lovely position there and makes lots of money—six dollars a week. Sometimes she sends a little over to us.”

She had no old dishes to sell, and it is safe to say that if she had had any the sight of money would have brought them forth. But across the way, at the rich man's house, one might find something of the early potters' wares that the inquisitive collectors had not discovered. An inconsequent jug was all the rich man's house could boast of, and even the rich man was not unwilling to part from it on consideration of a small payment.

How curious was this primitive idea of the constitution of wealth! The place gave no evidence of affluence, and indeed nothing could be seen there but those things that are usually regarded as the bare necessities of life. All of the houses that we visited showed a lack of interior decoration, but there were on the other hand some home-like comforts that were becoming and in good form. Scarcely one of the habitations of the first settlers remains, but there are the old apple trees, gnarled and twisted, making known that they have seen more than one generation. The houses now are mostly built of wood, and in appearance they are much the same as the frame houses of other rural parts of Canada, except the typical farm house of the Province of Quebec. One of the houses interested us exceedingly, because just under the front gable,



A MODERN ACADIAN HOUSE, WITH A CLOCK IN FRONT GABLE

in place of a window, an old-fashioned clock told off the hours to the passers-by. The photograph of which a reproduction is presented herewith shows the house and the clock.

The person wishing to visit this modern Acadia should leave the Dominion Atlantic Railway at Weymouth, which is situated a few miles below Digby, on the way from Halifax to Yarmouth. Weymouth is in itself a singularly inviting hamlet, having all the allurements of a tidal stream and that remoteness from the common, congested channels that gives flavour and piquancy to its whole bearing. There a conveyance can be procured, something rather different from the ox-cart that is a usual adornment of the winding village street. Going southward the road runs almost parallel with the shore line, and in its ramblings passes an

occasional saw-mill and crosses an occasional stream. Advice is given to drive on to Pointe L'Eglise, which is the centre of the whole community, the spot towards which all eyes turn. If the visitor should attempt to converse in French with any one whom he might casually meet on the road he would find that certain forms of expression are used there that are not countenanced in the academies and that are not heard even among the *habitants* of the Province of Quebec. They mix the tenses and numbers of verbs with rare unconcern, and instead of saying *j'ai* for I have, they use the plural form *j'avons*. Therefore, a sentence such as *j'en ai un peu* (I have a little) is rendered *j'en avons un peu*.

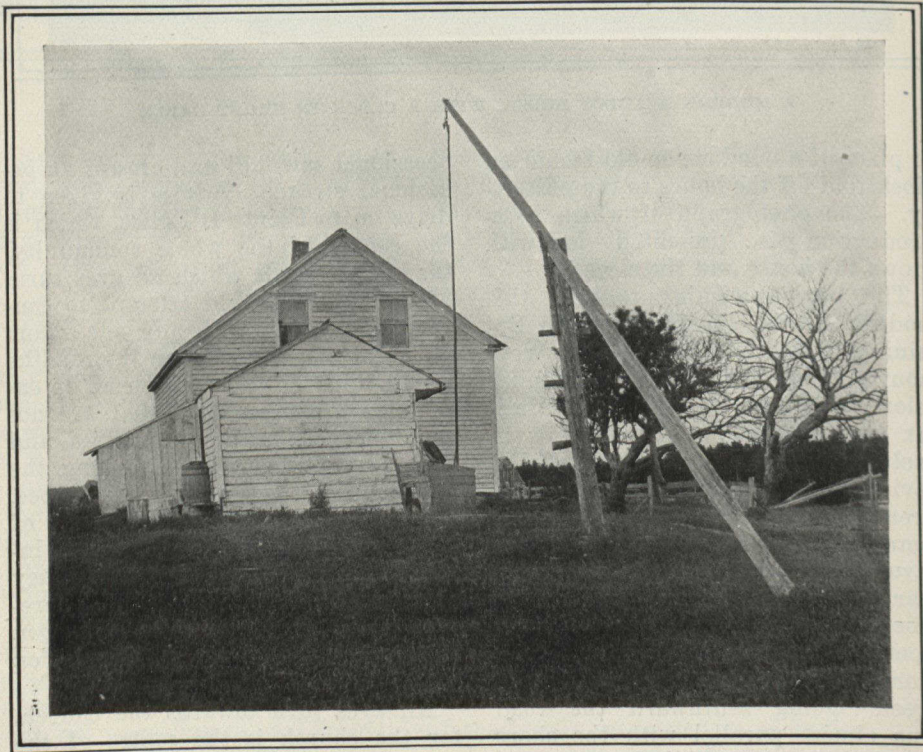
All eyes turn towards the church, for the church is the centre of the social and religious life of the parish.

In the same grounds with the church are the presbytery, where the priests reside, a convent and the College of St. Anne. The structures themselves are not so imposing as those of most Roman Catholic parishes of equal importance with that of Pointe L'Eglise but they are large and well built, and for the people they are a source of pride and satisfaction. The church contains a huge rug that is peculiarly interesting. It was made by hand by the women of the congregation, and is really a superb sample of native handiwork. The pile is about an inch thick, and it is safe to say that no other church in Canada contains a more excellent floor covering. The design embraces the *fleur de lys* and heart, and forms a very pleasing device.

The college usually accommodates about a hundred pupils. There are various grades, from the primary

classes to the classics, and preparation is made there also for those who purpose to enter the priesthood. The discipline is very rigid, and the pupils are trained in obedience and humbleness with the same seriousness as they are schooled in grammar or arithmetic. The result is very marked in the bearing and behaviour of the pupils. There is not at this college any appearance of the rant and bombast that is so apparent in most of the Protestant colleges of the West, and the doffed hat in passing either an elder or a stranger, and the general polite demeanour, speak much for the effectiveness of the system. The pupils are not even allowed to sleep unattended in the dormitories. Individual beds are supplied, row upon row across the room, while at one end, apart from the others, sleeps a priest whose duty it is to keep order.

But the church is above all other



"AN OCCASIONAL, WELL-SWEEP"

things the *pièce de résistance*. It stands at the head of everything, having first place in the minds of the priests and first place in the hearts of the people. Little heed is given to what goes on outside the parish, and Halifax and St. John are far-away ports. Even with the priests, Montreal and Quebec, which are regarded as the great fountains of Roman Catholicism in the Dominion, are in the dim, uncertain distance, and for any of them to visit either place would be the event of more than one lifetime.

The name of one man is stamped indelibly upon this serene community—the *Abbé Sigogne*. It was the *Abbé Sigogne* who ministered to their spiritual and bodily welfare at a time when the people were in sore need of a comforter and a guide, and his influence is still felt throughout the whole of Clare county. In all the his-

tory of Acadia or of the Acadians his figure is perhaps the most noble and the most picturesque. This faithful servant of God, in the writings that he has left, gives some idea of the condition in which he found the returned Acadians in 1799. "In their forlorn condition," he writes, "as I found them, they were like sheep left to themselves, without law, almost without religion, victims of any schemer who took notice of them rather for the sake of their money than for their real interest. As for the rest of their English neighbours, they paid no attention to them. They were ignorant in the extreme, a great object of commiseration, especially for one who, like me, took the office as their pastor."

Although it is sixty years since *Père Sigogne* passed away, the upcoming generations are taught to revere his name, and there is as well a



THE CHURCH AT POINTE L'EGLISE

fitting outward monument to his memory. The College, in front of which the reverend father's ashes rest, is, next to the church, the most important institution within the eye and compass of the people who support it. To appreciate the character of the *Abbé Sigogne* one must imagine him, alone at night in an open boat, pulling against wave and tide, out from the unsheltered, wind-swept point, in order to carry comfort and atonement to some soul in distress; standing as interpreter between his people and the Government; acting as priest, governor, notary and physician; or boiling eggs over his own fire and hand-

ing them out to the little children, who ran to him as if to a father.

So we find the Acadians of *Pointe L'Eglise* to-day — a peaceful, contented and, in a measure, prosperous people. They have but little concern about the outside world, for, as yet, the outside world has shown but little concern in them. They attend strictly to their religious duties, and pursue their common aims with fortitude and sincerity. To them the memory of *Père Sigogne* is a guide and an inspiration, while the big church spire, standing high and imposing above the skyline, is as well their "Craig Ellachie."

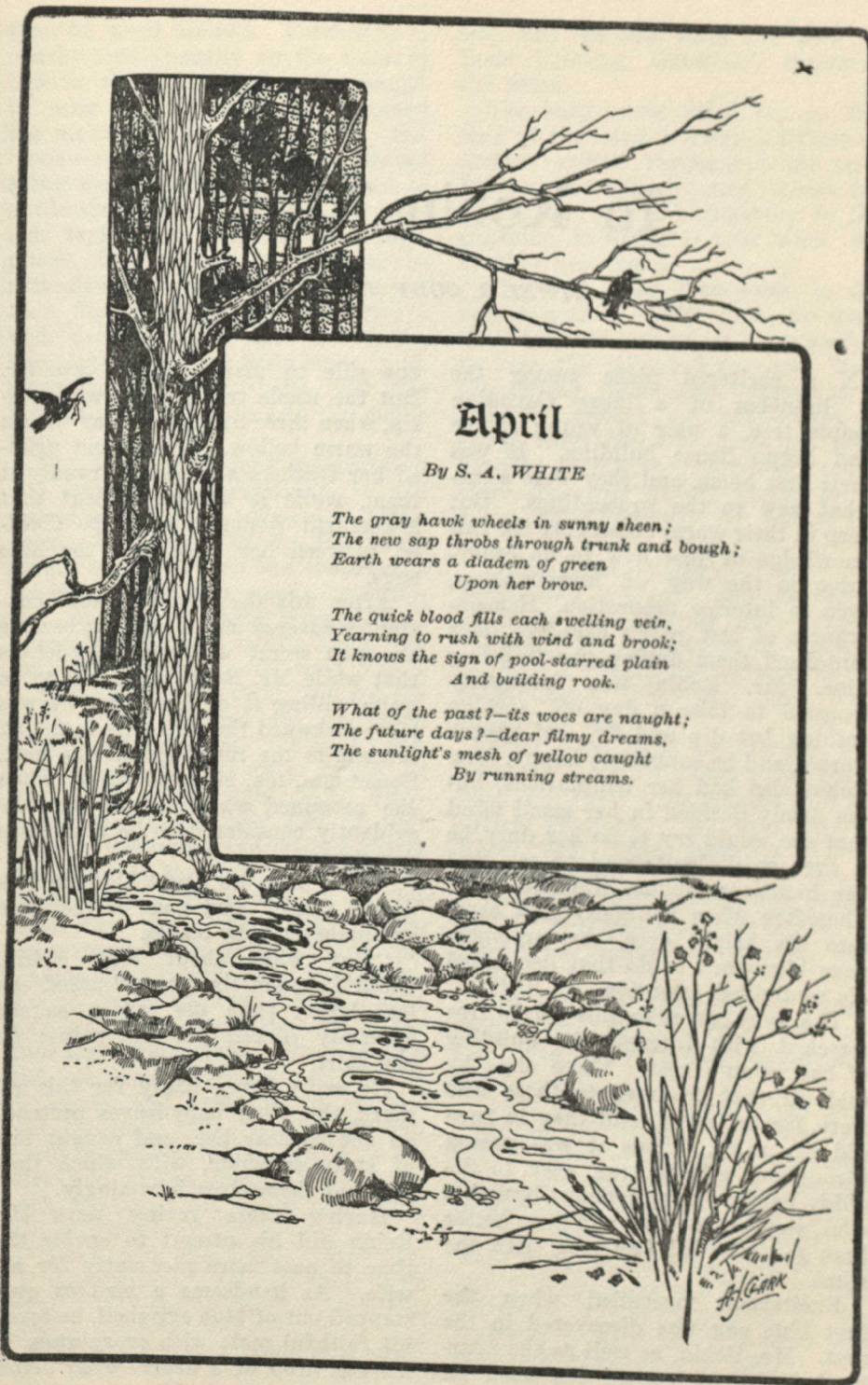
Sanctification by Pain

By

CHARLES LELAND ARMSTRONG

What though among the Phillistines, in bondage,
 I tarry and toil on;
 What though the clouds of doubt and ill enshroud me
 And hope seem gone?
 I know, as the long days and nights drag by,
 So I but play my part,
 I'll 'suage this passing pain and feel thy lips again,
 Dear heart, dear heart.

What though inglorious 'scape be offered me,
 My misery to end;
 What though my heart grow faint and weak within me,
 Sans pity and *sans* friend?
 I fight through doubt and dark and pain that 'fold me;
 So, tempered by the smart,
 And, sanctified by pain, I'll clasp thee close again,
 Dear heart, dear heart!



April

By S. A. WHITE

*The gray hawk wheels in sunny sheen;
The new sap throbs through trunk and bough;
Earth wears a diadem of green
Upon her brow.*

*The quick blood fills each swelling vein,
Yearning to rush with wind and brook;
It knows the sign of pool-starred plain
And building rook.*

*What of the past?—its woes are naught;
The future days?—dear filmy dreams,
The sunlight's mesh of yellow caught
By running streams.*

In Robin Time

By *ETHEL G. CODY STODDARD*

IN a sheltered place among the branches of a large Canadian maple tree, a pair of young robins had begun house building. It was their first home, and they were somewhat new to the proceedings. But deep in their warm breasts lay the full knowledge of just how to do everything in the way of home-making, even to interior decoration. Remembrances of last year's care-free days tantalised them during this building time. Mr. Robin was frequently tempted to take a day off, and do nothing but dip and fly, and stretch worms, and be supremely happy. Mrs. Robin also had her temptations, but she firmly decided in her small mind that she would try to do her duty, be it ever so difficult; and to see that her handsome spouse did the same. Therefore when a flightly look came into his bright eyes, she promptly gave him work to do that demanded his undivided attention.

The baby-leaves in this maple tree watched with interest the building of the robin's nest. Those close by told all that occurred to those who were farther away, and they in turn did the same. Thus it was passed throughout all the tree, even to the giddy babies on the topmost branches who seemed to love nothing better than to frolic all day long with the wind.

Excitement prevailed when the first blue egg was discovered in the nest. Mr. Robin, as well as the nearby baby-leaves, cocked his head on

one side to view the new wonder. But the whole tree rustled with gossip, when three balls of sky lay within the warm hollow. Mrs. Robin pruned her feathers and gazed proudly at them, while it became evident that henceforth honours would be divided between her mate and the blue eggs.

After this the nest was kept constantly covered and warm. It became an open secret with the baby-leaves that while Mr. Robin appeared to be quite willing to do his share, he was more awkward than his wife in fitting himself to the roundness of the nest. Sometimes, too, he grew uneasy when she remained away longer than he evidently considered to be absolutely necessary.

"Poor dear, no doubt his long legs do get tired," said some of the more sympathetic baby-leaves.

"But what about Mrs. Robin, doesn't she get tired too?" asked one leaf larger than the others, as she carefully picked out the points on her skirt.

No reply being ready for this remark, the other baby-leaves pretended not to hear her, and caught bits of stray sunshine, with which they adorned themselves becomingly.

During these trying days Mr. Robin did his utmost to enable the time to pass more pleasantly for his wife. As handsome a bird as ever stepped out of blue egg-shell, he loved his faithful mate with every atom in his red drop of a heart—even better

than he loved himself. Perched in a nearby tree (usually on the topmost branch, which he could easily swing) he sang out the day and welcomed the night with his clear warble. His "swe-e-e-t, chire-e chire-e" floated along through the air, and seemed to outdo the neighbour robins, who were also trying to sweeten the atmosphere. Then, at the first wane of the afterglow, he would ruffle every feather, flip his saucy tail, and with a wide detour, finally nestle among the baby-leaves near the little home. And, when night settled down over the land, all was quiet in the big maple tree.

The baby-leaves long remembered one evening in particular. It had rained a soft warm wetness all afternoon. Just before sunset Mr. Robin sought his high perch and commenced his carol. The rain ceased suddenly, and the clouds disappeared as if brushed aside by an unseen hand. The sun, half-dipped in the west, threw a parting kiss straight up to the robin, while its rays did not reach anything below him. There he sat, a round red ball of sweet music, lit up by the golden light. The baby-leaves near him caught bits of light on their wet lashes and made a sparkling ring. In the home tree, the baby-leaves rustled with delight at this sight, and even Mrs. Robin seemed not unappreciative of the pretty scene.

One day, through some miscalculation on the part of the young couple, both were away from the nest at the same time. Immediately three scrappy and inquisitive sparrows arrived on the scene, and proceeded to investigate the nest. The two boldest balanced themselves impertinently on the edge and looked down at the eggs, with anything but peace and goodwill in their beady eyes.

"Let's pick the shells," said one.

"A good idea," said another, as he twisted his head to see if anyone was coming.

"That will settle their housekeep-

ing, and we can have the pick of their building material," chattered the third.

The baby-leaves cried out in dismay at this, and a distinct flutter of anxiety spread throughout the tree. It even reached the airy babies far above, who stopped splashing in the sunshine, in order to hear what the trouble was about.

The west wind then came to the rescue with a swift gust, knowing that desperate measures were needed to keep the robin's house safe from the daring marauders. Grasping a graceful branch of baby-leaves, it swept them directly across the nest, thereby giving the sparrows such a scare that they hardly waited to fly away, but practically fell out of the tree.

"That was splendid," sang the baby-leaves in chorus, and they bobbed in the wind through sheer delight.

Finally the announcement was sent out that a family had arrived at the robin house. The blue balls were gone—but where?

After this event day-dreams had no place in Father Robin's life. Stern duty and three wide mouths held his entire attention. He and Mother Robin were busy securing tid-bits from dawn till dusk of every day.

The baby-leaves peeped and gossiped over the squirming contents of the nest; this indeed was a queer new family.

"What ugly little things," they said to the north wind, "we don't like them, we wish they would move away."

"Ah, but wait," replied the wind, "they'll not always look like that, they'll soon grow, and from somewhere will procure fine clothes, and become more handsome every day."

"Oh, how odd. Why, we've always been lovely, even from the first day we came," sang a band of baby-leaves on a sunny branch, as they teetered in the wind. "We are beauties and will never be ugly."

"Think so?" questioned the wind. "Wait, my dears, I've seen many like you before. All life is much the same. Some there are who obtain a good start; others have a poor show, and, in making the best of it, come out ahead. The robins will fly to other sunny climes when summer is over. But you my little green fellows (and he ticked their toes), your day is in the present, with a bit of the future to come. Wait till my friend Autumn arrives for his regular visit — just wait."

"He must be nice if he is a friend of yours," flattered the baby-leaves.

"He's a fine fellow, sure enough, my little ones. You'll all love him—for awhile. He'll bring gorgeous new dresses and suits for every one of you. Then, when you least expect it, his oldest son, one of the Frost boys, will come along and nip your cheeks and curl up all your pretty skirts. Then, ah then—! But I must hurry on," and he tried to escape.

"What then?" called the baby-leaves, very much frightened, but anxious to know more. "Do tell us," and they wound their stems around him.

"Well, my pretty ones, your beauty of which you are now so proud will surely fade, and you'll be as ugly as—the baby robins. Make the best of what you now have little ones; drink in the sunshine and shake off the dust. In your own small field of life, do all you can to make the world bright. And remember, that in the doing of anything, whether great or small, it is for you to do your best. I'll help you all I can," and he blew away.

"We don't believe a word he says," sang out some saucy topmost leaves. "The south wind never tells things like that, she only speaks of warmth and love, and we'd rather believe her."

One cloudy, dreary day the east wind blew strong and cold and chilled the rain which fell ceaselessly from

dawn. Father Robin hurried away early in search of the usual breakfast. Time passed and he did not return. Mother Robin grew uneasy and her bright eyes became strained with eager gaze. The east wind mentioned "cats" as he growled by. At this the baby-leaves shuddered, then drew their skirts tighter about them and huddled close together. "Surely," they whispered, "such a thing could never have happened."

Mother Robin at last grew desperate, much as she dreaded to leave her little ones to the mercy of the weather, yet—they must be fed. After first tucking them in as well as she could, she flew away. The baby-leaves tried to give as much shelter to the nest as possible, but the east wind was too strong; it swung them hither and thither. Indeed, some very weak leaf-babies were torn from their mother branch, and compelled to go whirling before the wind, till at last, wet and weary, they cried out their small hearts far from home.

"Have pity!" cried the leaves on the tree to the east wind.

"Pity," he growled. "No one has pity for me; I'm driven on and on whether I want to or not. Now it's my turn," and he lashed them harder than ever.

"But spare the baby-robins," they wailed as they dripped dolefully.

"Can't," muttered the wind.

The baby-robins soon missed the warm breast of their mother; and as the first sharp cold raindrops fell on their almost naked little bodies, they squirmed with the hurt of it, and huddled closer together.

Back and ever out and back flew Mother Robin, panting with anxiety and a nameless fear which tugged at her heart. Why didn't her mate return—he who was so faithful and willing? She endeavoured to warm the little ones. They shivered and made queer noises; but the wind and rain undid her work during her short absences. Her heart ached for them,

but she was doing her best—even a human could not do more.

Shortly before noon she flew in a new direction. On she went till she reached several outlying city back yards. In one she espied a cat under a shed; he eyed her with greedy yellow orbs, and she tried the next yard, when — horrors! What was that? Could it be? Yes, a few red feathers lay scattered on the ground. A faintness came over her, and her limbs seemed unable to hold up her round body. This must surely be the reason why "he" had not returned home. And the babies! She would now have to work harder than ever to keep their hungry little bodies nourished. And how very tired she was! Wearily she flew to a nearby tree, and huddled on a branch among some baby-leaves; but they were not her home friends and did not understand. For a long time she crouched there, her body looking like a wet ball on the limb. Dimly she realised how weary and sick at heart she felt, and how cold the wind was, while the rain cut like a knife.

The babies! She stirred feebly at the thought of them, and with an effort she started for home, after first capturing a lively worm; but even its weight seemed to impede her tired flight. Home seemed very far away. Why had she come such a distance? Then across her tiny brain flashed the vision of those few red feathers. Ah, she knew now—it was to discover the reason "why." At length, when her usually strong wings felt as if they could not carry her much farther, she saw the baby-leaves. They were all drooping and looked tired, while they shivered dismally with the cold. Put-

ting forth an extra effort, she hurried on, and almost blindly found the edge of the nest.

But what had happened? There was no movement in the tiny bodies. The three mouths which always opened so wide at her approach were quiet and still. Placing the worm over a twig, she softly touched each small form with a gentle beak. Gradually she realised that the bitter wind and keen rain had torn the life out of her babies. And her mate! Her handsome, sweet-voiced, faithful mate! She clutched the nest's edge, and dropped her head. Her limbs trembled beneath her, and her wings drooped, while her little heart beat almost to suffocation.

Was this life? This what all her hard work, weary waiting and busy days had meant? To end like this!

The wind and rain beat on as before, but what did she care whether she was tired and wet? It didn't matter—now.

The east wind, half ashamed, blew sulkily. As an extra blast came by, a few of the sorrowing baby-leaves, who had watched the baby-robins' lives go out, tore themselves from their branches and fluttered softly down into the nest, completely covering the tiny cold forms within.

Startled, Mother Robin gazed at what they had done; then she gently tucked the leaves in around the edges. This done, she shook herself free of the wet drops, stretched her wings, and flew away—up under the church tower, where at least there was shelter.

The baby-leaves mourned sadly among themselves, and thought of what the north wind had said.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

DESPITE the expressions of goodwill interchanged so lately between the British Sovereign and the German Emperor, and the lessening of hostile newspaper talk, the silent duel between the two nations continues. The naval appropriations of Germany, based on estimates prepared while the Emperor was visiting England and expressing the utmost friendliness towards its institutions and its people, are on a scale vaster than any nation has ever before attempted, and too obviously contemplate the increase of the German navy to a point where it will be second only, and not a bad second, to that of Britain. It remains to be seen how Great Britain will officially view this frank challenge of her position as the first of sea powers, the maintenance of which has been avowedly supposed to depend on the possession by the British navy of a strength equal to that of the two greatest navies controlled by other nations, friendly or unfriendly. The outbreak of sharp criticism consequent on the letter-writing indiscretion of the impulsive Emperor, raging at the moment of writing, will, it is hoped, have assumed a milder aspect before the words are printed.

* * *

The immediate effect on England has been to cause an increase in the naval appropriations instead of the decrease so strenuously striven for by the present Liberal Government, and the estimates for the coming year, re-

cently presented to Parliament, call for the enormous expenditure of \$160,000,000, which, however, is still considerably below that of Germany. But Mr. Haldane, War Secretary in the Imperial Government, and by no means a disciple of the *laissez-faire* or passive policy in matters imperial, has stated plainly his doubt whether Great Britain will be able much longer to bear the terrible financial strain which the maintenance of her relative naval superiority will necessitate, especially if American competition be added to that of Germany.

* * *

Without venturing here to discuss the vexed question how far the maintenance of the two-power standard in



"EXPRESS" SPEED

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON (new Managing Director of *The Times*)—"I'll make him hum!" —*Punch*

the past has contributed to the immunity from foreign foes which every part of the Empire has enjoyed for almost a century, it is obvious that the failure to maintain that standard would mean the disappearance of what British statesmen of both parties have long accepted as a vital and essential element of Imperial defence. The situation is full of suggestiveness for Canadians, and must hasten the moment when the Dominion takes a definite position in this all-important matter. Putting aside the larger Imperial question as to whether Canada has any real interest in the maintenance of the integrity as a whole, though we may have little doubt in our minds on this point, Canadians may well ponder seriously the more selfish thought whether it will be safe much longer to trust the defence of their shores to the forty millions of English, Irish and Scottish people of the United Kingdom.

* * *

Undoubtedly there is in Canada a growing sense of irritation and resentment at the unsatisfactory position of the Imperial defence problem at the present time. If we are doing our duty in the matter British statesmen should cease to hint or openly urge that we should do more. An attempt should be made to define the position of Canada and Australia in this matter as clearly as are those of the relative parts of the United Kingdom itself. If we are doing less than our duty, as perhaps the majority of us feel, some well-organised effort

should be made to give expression to the sentiment and to devise a plan for levelling up. The people should prompt the Government in such a matter, and the subject should be kept scrupulously out of politics and away from partyism. Does not the situation afford an opportunity for the exercise of the great latent force which has already been found to exist in the splendid chain of Canadian clubs that crosses the continent? What subject could more properly and more profitably be made the theme of consideration by the fine groups of progressive Canadians who compose these clubs than that of Imperial defence and the precise part Canada should play therein?

* * *

The resignation of Dr. Jameson in Cape Colony by Mr. Merriman, supported almost solely by the Dutch element of the colony, leaves three of the four self-governing provinces of South Africa under Dutch control. It is a remarkable outcome of the great war; yet if Imperialism



A NEW PLAYTHING FOR THE CZAREVITCH
Port Arthur and the quarreling generals
—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart)

proves sufficiently elastic to bear the strain for a time we need not fear the ultimate issue. The British flag flies at Cape Town, Bloemfontein and Pretoria, and, after all, the new Premier of Cape Colony is not Dutch but English, and the fact will doubtless modify in some degree at least the racial antagonism that yet retards the advancement of South Africa. In the meantime it must be remembered that Natal and Rhodesia are distinctively British; while there is a British majority in the Transvaal, in spite of



THE REAL GUARANTIES OF PEACE

—Fischiello (Turin)

the Boer administration. Barely half a century, moreover, has elapsed since the British began to settle in South Africa, while the Dutch have been colonising there for over three centuries. In a few years the tide of immigration from the British Isles, now flowing so plentifully to Canada, and which in the past has fertilised and strengthened the American nationality, will flow to South Africa also, and the British race will gradually come to outnumber and outweigh the Dutch. The South African race of the future will be none the worse for the Dutch elements in its makeup. One may legitimately sympathise a little with those of the English-speaking race who find themselves for the time subordinated in a measure to the rival race, but if these are true to their traditions, it is a situation that will stimulate them to finer efforts and more strenuous achievements.

* * *

The outcry on the part of the tiny minority of educated or partly educated people of India for a free representative government finds an apt commentary in the tragedy at Lisbon, and the attempted assassination of the Shah in Persia. Portugal and Persia are forcible demonstrations of John

Morley's formula that a system of government applicable to a particular people or race can not be imposed on the universe. Portugal was nominally free, Carlos a constitutional monarch only too anxious to govern on the methods pursued with striking success by Queen Victoria and King Edward, and with good results by their predecessors since James II. Suffrage was practically universal, and the people might have what government they would—in theory. But the nation was degenerate and illiterate. The Parliamentary system has no cure for a canker at the heart. Under a limited monarchy and a representative Parliament, Portugal has been the milk cow of a few thousand greedy politicians. In Persia, too, with a Parliament newly modelled after that of Westminster, constitutional government has proved a farce; a race that has been enslaved for three thousand years cannot leap suddenly to the responsibilities and privileges of free men.

* * *

France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, all are Latin nations, and all, like the hybrid Latin-Indian peoples of South America, are alike finding it difficult, whether under the form of republic or monarchy, to work out smoothly the plan of free government patterned in England during a thousand years. In every instance politics in these countries have been in the main deserted by the intellect and worthy of the community. Organised and progressive nations may be trusted to find some way, though not always the happiest of ways, out of the tangle, but in the case of the races which have fallen into a decline or have never reached a state of vigour, Parliamentary government, it is to be feared, can never be made an effective instrument to promote the welfare of

the people. Nothing is finer in English politics at the present time than the stand Mr. Morley is taking against the thoughtless agitation for rash and premature changes in India.

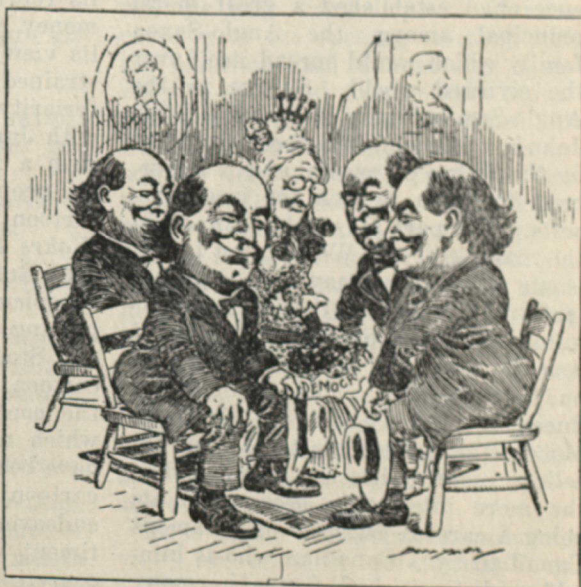
* * *

One of the most interesting chapters in Dr. Parkin's life of Sir John Macdonald in the "Makers of Canada" series, is that devoted to the making of the Washington treaty of 1872. It was the first occasion on which Canada had been directly represented in the making of a treaty, and the responsibility fell on Sir John Macdonald, then Premier of the Dominion. Sir John seems to have been genuinely reluctant to accept the responsibility, yet obviously if Canada of its own will remained unrepresented on the treaty commission it could not consistently complain of what might be the outcome. As we know, the outcome was by no means satisfactory, at least, looking at the matter superficially. British and Canadian questions had been thrown together into the crucible, and, in the instrument into which they were transformed, some Canadian matters escaped attention altogether, notably that of compensation by the United States to Canada for the damage done by the Fenian raid. Sir John appears to have fought vigorously for the special interest of Canada, but yielded with good grace to the inevitable.

* * *

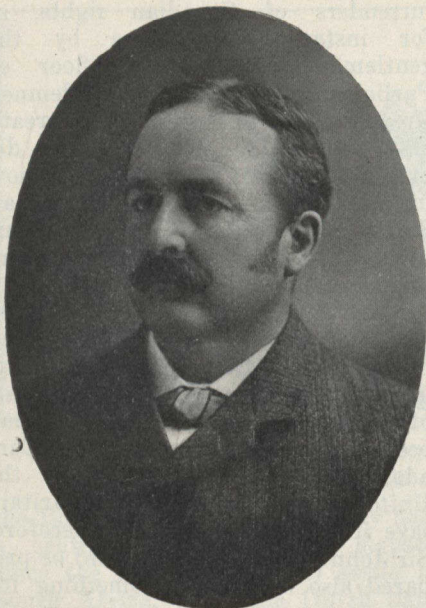
The speech in which Sir John Macdonald unfolded in Parliament the treaty effected as a result of these negotiations is one that shows the Canadian statesman at his best, and which may be read with advantage by those who to-day are ready on the smallest provocation to denounce Great Britain for its alleged successive

surrenders of Canadian rights, as for instance, was done by the gentleman who, on the floor of Parliament the other day condemned Great Britain for having by the treaty of 1783 with the United States deprived Canada of territory which now includes half a dozen American States and fifteen or eighteen millions of people—with a little more imagination he might have blamed England for the loss of Calais, or even the whole of France. Sir John showed how great was the sacrifice that England had herself made in the interests of peace, and how this sacrifice had been made mainly for the sake of Canada, for how, he asked, could the United States attack Great Britain save in Canada? Canada, therefore, Sir John justly argued, should be prepared also to sacrifice something for the same cause. The arguments advanced by Sir John were on the lines of the loftiest statesmanship, and his concluding remarks were a fine panegyric on the virtues of conciliation and arbitration and a prediction that the



MR. BRYAN FEELS REASONABLY CERTAIN THAT HE
WILL BE HER CHOICE

—Berryman in the *Washington Star*



A NEW MAN IN OFFICE

Premier Haszard of Prince Edward Island

peaceful settlement of these differences had established a great moral principal among the Anglo-Saxon family which would spread itself over the civilised world. So far as the Anglo-Saxon family is concerned, Sir John's optimism has been justified by the course of events, and it is perhaps too soon to look for larger results. The part played by Canada in the making of the Washington treaty is one of which we may well be proud, instead of regarding it with regret or humiliation, and Sir John Macdonald was the man who personated Canada on that occasion. The volume produced by Dr. Parkin on Sir John Macdonald is, needless to say, an excellent piece of literary work, and is the more interesting because of its being a careful estimate of a famous Canadian by a Canadian who is himself a distinguished figure in many parts of the Empire, particularly in

connection with Rhodes scholarships.

* * *

Four recent by-elections in England seem to suggest that the political tide has begun to turn in that country, and as we know, once the tide has turned it frequently runs very fast and very high indeed. Nothing is more conducive to sound and stable government in Great Britain than that admirable swing of the pendulum which unsystematically but periodically passes the sceptre of power from one to the other of the great parties, so that neither party need look to spend more than a few years in opposition. Bye-elections are an uncertain index, yet it must mean something when four important centres so largely modify when they do not actually reverse the verdict of two years ago.

* * *

Of the cartoons of the month reproduced in this department, one, taken from the Italian *Fischietto* gives a continental impression of the friction between Japan and the United States, correct doubtless, so far as its representation of Japan's lack of money is concerned, but hardly so in its view that the United States is restrained by a sense of military inferiority from pushing its differences with Japan; at least we may be sure such a feeling does not exist among the people of the United States. The cartoon from the German paper *Wahre Jacob* shows the aftermath of the Russo-Japanese war, the most conspicuous feature of which is the passing of the death sentence on General Stoessel, discussed above. Punch's cartoon refers to the Pearson bid for the control of the London *Times*, which now appears not after all to have been accomplished. Finally, the cartoonist of the Washington *Star* endeavours to reflect the popular sentiment within the Democratic party concerning Mr. Bryan as a coming Presidential candidate.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



LEAFLESS APRIL.

Leafless April, chased by light,
Chased by dark and full of laughter,
Stays a moment in her flight
Where the warmest breezes waft her,
By the meadow brook to lean
Or where winter rye is growing,
Showing in a lovelier green
Where her wayward steps are going.

Blithesome April, brown and warm,
Showing slimmess through her tatters,
Chased by sun or chased by storm—
Not a whit to her it matters.
Swiftly through the violet bed
Down to where the stream is flooding,
Light she flits—and round her head
See the orchard branches budding!
—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

* * *

THE ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS CONVENTION.

THE Ontario provincial convention to discuss prevention and cure of the White Plague was held last month in the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, and showed the increasing interest taken in the fight against this national foe. His Excellency the

Governor-General, whose interest in all matters for the improvement of the community is a shining example to Canadian citizens, came from Ottawa to address the gathering, and Sir William Mortimer Clarke, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, also showed an active interest in the proceedings.

Mrs. P. D. Crerar, of Hamilton, was the only woman speaker on the occasion of the opening meeting, but the feminine half of humanity is always so ably and convincingly represented when the head of the Hamilton Daughters of the Empire delivers an address that woman's place in this work was fully defined. Mention has been repeatedly made in this department of the extent of tuberculosis ravages in this country, but this time it is desirable to dwell on the hopeful side of the modern fight. In the past, our indifference to its awful extent resembled rather the fatalism of the Orient than the bright determination of a young country to be as healthy and wholesome as is possible to germ-surrounded humanity.

Mrs. Crerar's hopeful, stimulating views are based on substantial facts—the modern miracles wrought by sunlight, pure air and proper nourishment. The Mountain Sanatorium at Hamilton has already done a cheer-

ing work in proving how many incipient cases are cured by the latest scientific treatment. The experiments in the Adirondacks have resulted so happily as to demonstrate to a continent how mistaken and even cruel was the old policy which regarded a struggle against the White Plague as a useless "flying in the face of Providence." The details of this sanatorium crusade must be woman's charge. Furnishing, equipment, ascertaining those in need of prompt treatment are matters which appeal directly to woman's housewifely instincts and ability. At Hamilton, feminine taste in colour, cleanliness and comfort is generally evident, and throughout Canada the burden of arrangement and equipment will naturally be taken by our women. But the banishment of this dreaded plague is worth any effort and is as fine a form as patriotism can take.

An article in the *Home Journal* on "Brehmer Rest" at Ste. Agathe, Quebec, shows how the Montreal women are aiding in the suppression of tuberculosis. The closing words of the writer, Elizabeth Griswold Wyacott, are worthy of national consideration. "The economic point of view would take us far on another road for that would touch the inhumanly small wages paid and the long hours, combined with unhygienic environment, that help to create the need for such institutions, but while these conditions remain let us cheerfully make our patriotism ring true and save those whom we can to their homes and to our country by giving assistance when it will yield the best results."

* * *

THE OLD-TIME DANCES.

THE northern part of America has been described as "a continent in a hurry." Compared with the stage-coach days of our forefathers, our ways do not seem either graceful or possessed of repose. We eat, walk, buy, sell and die in a rush which

would have shocked our ancestors. Yet, in our hurly-burly world, there is an occasional revival of the customs of the past which indicates a desire to abandon the ways of haste. It is said that the dainty, poetic dances of long ago are to be the vogue once more, and the less graceful cotillion and german are to be voted rompish and outworn. The pavane and the saraband and the chaconne are now being taught in fashionable London, with an improvement in walk and manner as a consequence. Much more stately and delicate than the modern waltz or *deux temps* are these dances of the day-before-yesterday. Even the most puritanic denouncer of the dance could find nothing to condemn in the picturesqueness of minuet or sarabande. It is to be hoped that the revival will spread to Canadian cities and towns, where social life would take on new charm with the return of those rhythmic old movements.

* * *

FEMINISED EDUCATION.

THE President of Clark University, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, has written a forcible article, *The Feminisation of Boys*, which has appeared in various United States publications. The educational problems of the great Republic are similar to our own, and Dr. Hall's views on the "problem of the American boy" deserve respectful consideration. The writer is of the opinion that boys beyond the kindergarten age have received too much coddling and are in danger of suffering seriously from the lack of stimulating masculine influence.

In an age when corporal punishment is regarded with extreme disfavour such sentiments as the following will arouse much discussion:

"Very often a good sound flogging is the only medicine that will cure an unruly 'only son,' and it needs a man to do the job. They do these things better in England. There boys and girls are rattaned up to the teens by

teachers of both sexes, and for boys especially Dr. Spankster's tonic often works wondrous changes for the better. A good hiding, if well deserved, often wakes a boy up morally and even intellectually."

This sounds like harsh doctrine. Probably if such treatment had been the youthful portion of Mr. Harry Thaw, the continent of North America would have been spared two disgusting trials. Dr. Hall is of the opinion that we have too many women school teachers. Doubtless we have, but the question is purely economic. The salaries paid to men teachers are not such as to induce men of ambition to enter the profession. Most women teachers would prefer to have classes of girls; but trustees are yet too penurious to provide a more expensive system than co-education. Girls have a much more satisfactory life in private colleges than in co-educational universities, and it is rather tiresome to have so many educational authorities on the continent talking and writing as if girls were really anxious to attend co-educational institutions and as if women instructors enjoy teaching boys. Dr. Hall may have overstated his case, but the article shows very decidedly which way the educational wind is blowing.

* * *

THE WINNIPEG W. C. C.

WINNIPEG and Montreal have the proud distinction of possessing the only women's Canadian Clubs in the Dominion. The capital of Manitoba, according to numerous prophecies, will be the largest city of Canada before the middle of the present century. Certainly the way in which it has rushed from a muddy village to a

handsome Western City, throbbing with the vitality of a new province, with illimitable future prosperity, is a record of which all Canada may be proud, for every province of the country had a hand in the making of Winnipeg. Mrs. Sanford Evans, the president of the new club, has a host of friends in Toronto, the home of her girlhood. As Miss Irene Gurney she was known as an extremely talented musician and, unlike too many of her sisters, since her marriage, her devotion to music has been undiminished. Mrs. Evans is a most hearty believer in the great things possible for Central Canada and in the part women may play in developing a strong and sane national spirit. The Winnipeg Women's Canadian Club bids fair to be one of the best-managed organisations in that city.



MRS. W. SANFORD EVANS,
President, the Winnipeg Women's Canadian Club

THE DEADLY HAT PIN.

"THE city of Moscow," says the *Argonaut*, "is after all a civilised city, seeing that the men of that ancient metropolis are suffering just as much as their brothers elsewhere from the deadly hat pin of fashion. A student in a Moscow street car stooped to pick up a lady's reticule, and the lady stooping at the same time, as will sometimes happen, there was a collision and the lady triumphantly bore away the student's eye upon her hat pin. Of course she restored it to him and subsequently extenuated her offence by the plea that the eye must have been already loose, but a succession of such incidents has produced a painful impression, especially upon the sufferers, and now the newspapers are making an appeal to women to discard the panoply of war and to arrest the attention of the sterner sex in some less strenuous way."

* * *

THE CULT OF THE MAMMOTH.

A DAINTY bit of a woman, five feet and a fraction, recently surveyed the Spring designs in alarm and exclaimed:

"What do you suppose I shall look like in a gown splashed with immense sunflowers and chrysanthemums and a hat trimmed with huge morning glories? There doesn't seem to be anything that a small woman can wear."

"Don't say a word," retorted the fat person, gazing forlornly at a "draped" skirt, "if the polonaise with a fullness over the hips is about to come in, this is where I beg leave to die. Really, there isn't anything fit for a woman to wear, unless she weighs about a hundred and ten pounds and is nearly six feet tall."

* * *

THE HALIFAX EXHIBITION.

THE Local Council of Women in Halifax has recently taken active measures to make the Nova Scotia

Provincial Exhibition a success, in so far as the Department of Women's Work is concerned. Letters have been sent throughout the province, calling attention to the prize list and urging all public-spirited women to assist in making the Domestic Department of the Exhibition as extensive as any other feature. The Exhibition will be held from September 2nd to 10th, and the early preparations of the Halifax Local Council are highly commendable. A successful provincial exhibition is a matter for long and earnest consideration and the Halifax authorities have shown good judgment in enlisting the co-operation of the Local Council of Women.

* * *

THE HEALTHY HEROINE.

MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN has written another book—*Somehow Good*—which is a great deal more than its title, although not quite so delightful as *Joseph Vance*. The heroine, *Sally*, has already been called charming by nearly every reviewer. She is, indeed, a breezy, wholesome sort of young woman with a decided talent for swimming and a store of slang which would make a newsboy envious. Even in the solemn moment when she promises to become the bride of a timid, little doctor who is henpecked by his mother, *Sally* resorts to such an exclamation as: "What a rum start it all is—the whole turnout!" The writer insists too frequently that *Sally* is charming, instead of allowing her attractions to enslave the reader. But how very different she is from the old-fashioned heroines who fainted and wept without the slightest provocation! *Sally* is, no doubt, thoroughly modern and admirably athletic; but some readers will be so perverse as to turn with a kind of homesick longing to the dainty witchery of the *Lady Baltimore* girl, to say nothing of the coquetry of *Beatrix*.

Jean Graham.

THE FRONT WINDOW

THE O. S. A. ANNUAL EXHIBITION

THE thirty-sixth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists revealed nothing of a startling nature, and yet there was evidence of genuine improvement, particularly in the work of the younger artists. On the whole the exhibition was better than what had been seen in the same gallery within recent years, notwithstanding the fact that a number of the most prominent contributors had withdrawn—and some others of our leading artists were not represented at all. But most of those who had withdrawn, or who did not send in

any pictures, had not in recent years offered anything of much importance, reserving for the Royal Canadian Academy the work upon which they had to any extent exerted themselves. The formation of the Canadian Art Club removed such usual contributors as Homer Watson, Curtis Williamson, Edmund Morris and W. E. Atkinson, while St. Thomas Smith, Laura Muntz and Florence Carlyle did not send in anything. One would almost think that the absence of the work of these painters, all of whom are important Canadian artists, would have told severely on the exhibition, but their withdrawal had been gradual,



"SUMMER LANDSCAPE," BY GEORGE CHAVIGNAUD



"BOY AND DOG," BY F. S. HAINES

Bought for Ontario Government

some being missed last year and more this year, while meantime there had been a saving grace in the form of new blood. Younger artists had been coming in to take the places of those who had been leaving, so that the exhibition on the whole was decidedly creditable. Of course, there was a good representation of the work of veterans, such as G. A. Reid, R. F. Gagen, J. W. L. Forster, E. Wyly Grier, F. McG. Knowles, George Chavignaud, C. M. Manly, O. P. Staples, and the president, F. M. Bell-Smith. Among the contributions by the gentler sex, the names of well-known artists such as Miss Tully, Miss Wrinch, Miss Hillyard and Miss Haggarty were noted. A picture that was discussed by artists a good deal, although it would not appeal to the average person, was an oil painting of two school girls by Miss Henrietta Shore.

Mr. Reid sent in a number of can-

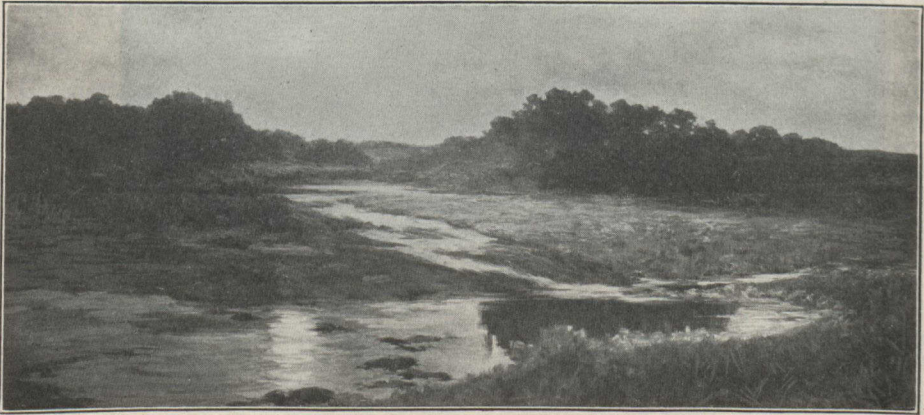
vasses, but perhaps the most pleasing was the one called "Nasturtiums." One of the best things that Mr. Gagen has shown was a water-colour entitled "A Soft Day in the Grampians." It was a nice composition and full of colour. Mr. Knowles had a pleasing effect in oils called "In Time of Peace," showing a tug and scow at Quebec, with a man-of-war looming up big in the background. Mr. Manly's best piece was a fairly large canvas entitled "Evening on the Conestogo." It was the nicest thing that he had done for some time. The glow of the setting sun, in particular, was happily reproduced. It had been expected that Mr. Challenger's removal to the quiet environment of his new home at Conestogo would have resulted in something important from his brush, but all that he was able to send was a very small oil called "The Old Pioneer." It was nevertheless a dainty bit of work.



"AUTUMN ON THE PRAIRIES," BY C. W. JEFFERYS
Bought for Ontario Government



"A SOFT DAY IN THE GRAMPIANS," BY ROBERT F. GAGEN, A.R.C.A.



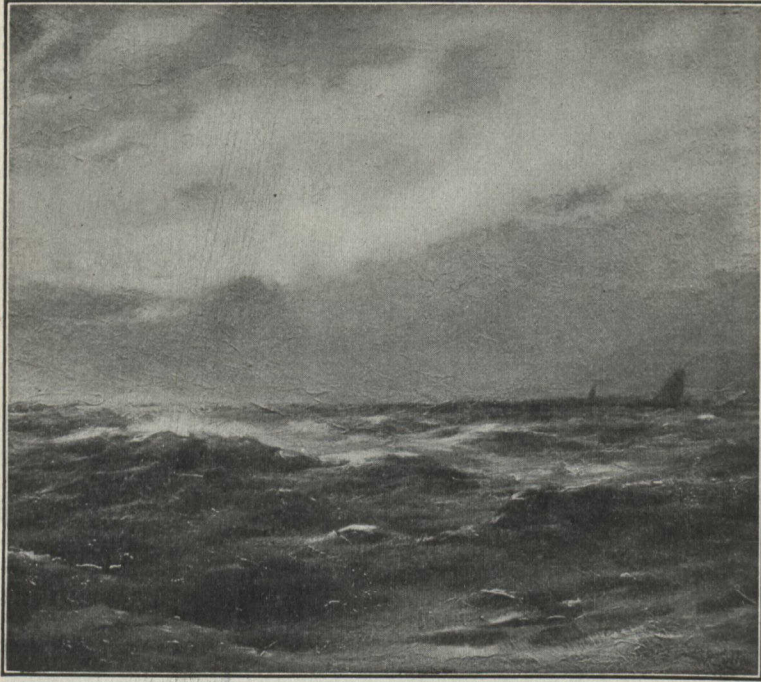
"EVENING ON THE CONESTOGO," BY C. M. MANLY, A.R.C.A.



"IN TIME OF PEACE."
By F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A.
Bought for Ontario Government

There is one thing in connection with this annual exhibition that almost goes the length of being ridiculous—the disposition of the Provincial Government's grant of one thousand dollars. This year eight pictures were bought for the Provincial art collection. They certainly were a bargain. Think of it: eight pictures of Provincial importance for \$1,000!

Presumably the purpose of the appropriation by the Government is to encourage art, but surely it is no encouragement to an artist who paints a picture of sufficient importance to hang in a Provincial gallery and to then receive only seventy-five or a hundred dollars for it. It is a very nice thing for an artist to have a painting of his bought for or by the Government, but



"THE RESTLESS DEEP," BY W. CUTTS
Bought for Ontario Government

it is perhaps not so nice for the taxpayer who is interested in art and who takes a visitor to the Normal School to show what should be the very best work of our best artists. Is it the best? Eight pictures for a thousand dollars should be answer enough. The selections by the committee were as follows: Fred. S. Haines, two pictures; F. M. Bell-Smith, F. H. Brigden, Mary Wrinch, F. McGillivray Knowles, W. Cutts and Charles W. Jefferys, one each. The highest price paid was \$300, which went to Mr. McGillivray Knowles for "In Time of Peace"; and the lowest price, seventy-five dollars, was for "A Muskoka Garden," by Miss Wrinch.

The trouble seems to lie in the fact that the Government have put no limit on the number of pictures that may be bought for their thousand dollars, and also in the fact that the committee seem to think that it is necessary to give, at least, quantity.

In the first place, the sum of two hundred dollars is handed over to a committee composed of members of the Ontario Society of Artists, and with that amount there are instructions to buy two pictures. That is a wrong thing to do. Two hundred dollars is not enough for even one picture of the kind that should be bought, and it can scarcely be expected that the Government will get a bargain every time, especially when the catalogue determines the price to be paid. The rest, \$800, is at the disposition of a second committee, composed mostly of persons outside the society. As a matter of fact, the whole amount of one thousand dollars should be limited to at least two pictures and, if the committee so decided, in some circumstances to only one picture. Then the artists would have something worth while working for, and the result would not be, as it really appears to be, a pleasant division of the spoils.



The WAY of LETTERS

THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION.

TO students of Canadian history, particularly of our constitutional history, much assistance has been given in a new volume entitled "Selected Speeches and Despatches Relating to Canadian Constitutional History," by H. E. Egerton, the new Beit Professor of Colonial History at Oxford, and W. L. Grant, his assistant (Toronto: The Musson Book Company. Cloth, \$2.50 net). Much had already been done by Dr. Doughty in a general way for the Canadian Archives, but this volume is confined to such matter as speeches, letters and instructions bearing immediately on the shaping and evolution of the constitution. The subject possesses universal and important interest. The Canadian constitution, as an off-shoot of the British constitution, has been a model, or perhaps rather an example, of colonial constitutional government, and therefore it has had an indirect effect in the shaping of government outside the British Empire, for British self-government has been studied and emulated all over the world. In his preface, Prof. Egerton well sets forth the purpose and compass of the work in these words: "The chief acts of Parliament and treaties in which the stages of its progress are recorded have been collected in a very handy and useful volume, edited by Mr. William Hous-

ton of Toronto; but the dry bones of acts of Parliament, if they are to be galvanised into life, require the flesh and blood which come from considering the motives and language of their authors."

* * *

A WELL-ILLUSTRATED HISTORY.

No wonder that those who remember the miserable little paper-bound history of Canada that used to be authorised by the Department of Education, for use in the public schools of Ontario, marvel at the immense advance that has been made by the publication of the revised edition of "The History of Canada" by Emily P. Weaver (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 50 cents.) If the text were left out completely the volume would still be a fair history, because it contains a great many reproductions of historical subjects in half-tone and zinc etching, and these serve as illustrations of supreme importance in the interpretation and appreciation of Canadian history by the juvenile mind. The illustrations could have been procured only as a result of indefatigable energy and persistence, and it is a gratifying thing that Miss Weaver's text, which has also been carefully revised, has the good fortune to be illustrated in a manner that adds interest and colour to pages that must of necessity be confined mostly to mere statement



THE BARONESS VON HUTTON,
AUTHOR OF "THE HALO"

of fact. School children into whose hands this history will fall will have an immense advantage over those who have gone before them.

* * *

A WRITING BARONESS.

The Baroness Von Hutton, whose new novel "The Halo" is being widely read (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25), seems to have had no thorny path to tread on her way towards fame as a writer. Her first novels were published in the United States, her native country, but it remained for "Pam" and "Pam Decides" to make her famous on two continents. And now we have "The Halo." Before she started to write, she was travelling in Europe, when she was inspired by the late Herbert Crackenthorpe to try something, which she did, and as a result, a number of sketches appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*. Then she met Baron von Hutton, and became his bride. In her husband's ancestral Bavarian home, the romantic old castle of

Steinbach, she writes her novels. It is said that when she has once started on a theme, she works hard every day for hours at a stretch in a white-heat of creative enthusiasm. No one may disturb here till her allotted task is finished, not even her small boy and girl, who speak three languages with equal ease. The Baroness von Hutton is a favourite in London and Continental society, and it is no wonder therefore that her novels are widely read.

* * *

THE TENTH CENTURY IN ROME.

Few historical novels of recent years have commanded so much attention as has "The Sorceress of Rome," a romantic tale of about the time of Gregory V., by Nathan Gallizer (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, \$1.50). This romance might be classed with the Scott school, inasmuch as it is full of detail and historical lore (some of it perhaps wearisome and irrelevant), and pictured in broad, daring colours on a huge, almost bewildering canvas. The scene is in Rome, when the curse of intrigue and unrest and bitterness and strife of the tenth century was at its height, in the time of Johannes Crescentius, Senator of Rome, whose beautiful wife was the cause of the Emperor's downfall. Mr. Gallizer is credited with having made an exhaustive study of that period in the history of Rome, and one would judge that he has made the most of what material he found as a result of his researches. He has painted a very broad picture, with the feeling of the mystery, tragedy, bigotry and superstition of that dark age. It outclasses the average novel in instructive material, but that is oftentimes a doubtful feature.

* * *

THE LAND OF THE PYRENEES.

A most sumptuous and entertaining book of travel is that entitled "Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre and the Basque Provinces," by Francis Miltoun, with pictures by

Blanche McManus (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, \$3). It is an injustice to the author to call the work a book of travel merely, because in it are embraced as well much of the history and romance of that extremely interesting part of Europe. There is a peculiar and subtle charm in the magnificent feudal chateaux and fortified bourgs of that region vaguely known as "The Pyrenees," of which the old French Provinces (and before them the independent kingdoms, countships and dukedoms) of Béarn, Navarre, Foix and Rousillon are the chief and most familiar. Both the author of the volume and the artist who has illustrated it are well, if not familiarly, acquainted with this region, of which they have afforded a first-class bird's-eye view. Their report of things seen and facts garnered about the history, institutions and people of that part of France is picturesque as well as informing.

* * *

BOOKS ON ART.

Artists and students of art have much of interest to them in the art publications of Cassell and Company of London and Toronto, three of which are particularly interesting (Landscape Painting by Alfred East, A. R. A. Colours, \$3.15; "The MacWhirter Sketch Book, Colours, \$1.50, and a series entitled "The National Gallery," "The Louvre," "The Luxembourg," and "The Tait Gallery." Imitation leather, 30 cents each). The volume that deals with the work of Alfred East is a very sumptuous publication, with excellent reproductions in black and colours. East is one of the most successful of living painters, and not to know his work is not to know contemporaneous art. The MacWhirter sketch book consists of reproductions of a selection in colour and pencil sketches from the celebrated artist's sketch book, with the object of assisting students of landscape painting in water-

colours. There is an introduction by Edwin Bale, R.I. The four smaller books serve as excellent introductions to four important art galleries. Each contains about sixty full-page reproductions from the works of famous masters. They open the door to an appreciation of art.

* * *

DUAL AUTHORSHIP.

Whenever a book has two authors' names attached a person is surely justified to expect in it material worth reading. Disappointment may follow. Not so, however, in "Clementina's Highwayman," by Robert Neilson Stephens and George Humbert Wesley (Boston: L. C. Page & Company), if a readable, though improbable yarn, quite cleverly thought out, is desired. The story, which has setting for a play, deals with a phase of life that surrounded the inn, the stage-coach and parts of London in 1742. An impoverished lord, by name Eastcourt, who figures most prominently in the book, was an adventuresome, yet masterful, young nobleman of sound intellect. Peculiar circumstances caused him to become actively engaged in a "mix-up" in a gambling saloon, after which he deemed it advisable to change his name for a time. One night in the midst of hilarity over a bowl of punch, Eastcourt made a wager to waylay and rob a coach. The accomplishment of this brought about a network of dangers into which he became deeply enmeshed.

* * *

AROUND THE WORLD.

"The Other Side of the Lantern" by Sir Frederick Treves (London and Toronto: Cassel & Company. Cloth, \$1.80), although a somewhat peculiar title, has reached its tenth issue, a mark that is not often reached by a modern book of travel. Of course, the name of the author carries great weight with it, but the volume, apart altogether from the eminence of its author, is very interesting and informing. It takes the reader from Tilbury

on-Thames, England, down to the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, India, Burmah, Ceylon, China, Japan, Honolulu, the United States, and back again to England. It has the value of being written by one who had been trained to important observation.

* * *

NEXT FRIENDS VS. MRS. EDDY.

"Mrs. Eddy and the Late Suit in Equity" is the title of a large and handsome volume recently published (Concord, N. H.: Michael Meehan. Cloth, \$2.25). To all who are interested in a great and growing faith, this book will have an especial appeal. It deals with a celebrated case, one that threatened the foundations of that faith, and is written by one who is admittedly in sympathy with Christian Science, and who therefore is able to do justice to that side of the case.

* * *

NOTES.

—Mr. J. D. Logan, Ph.D., an original and scholarly essayist, is the author of "Democracy, Education and an Essay in Social Theory," with an epistolary introduction addressed to Hon. Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, and Dr. Falconer, President of the University of Toronto (Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Paper, 25 cents). In the same connection the author dedicates to Canada and the future a poem entitled "Democracy Triumphant."

"O latest warder of Democracy,
The nations westward turn their eager eyes
On thee to watch thy aspirant hosts appear
A mighty people, strong, reliant, free,
With souls sustained by foulest sorcery
Of noxious demagogues whose wiles disguise
Their sanguine lusts, and whose polluted
lies

Besmirk the fairest form of Liberty!

"Not with a Titan's strength shalt thou be
strong,
Nor build thine empire with the power that
can:
No kingdom bides whose pillars stand on
wrong;—

Free first the Bonds that bind the mind of
Man,
Then truth shall triumph (though the strife
be long)
And Earth bloom loveliest since the world
began."

* * *

—As a rule, there is so much in a volume of *The Studio* (London: The Studio Publishing Company, Leicester Square) that in calling attention to it, it is difficult to know where to begin or where to leave off. Volume forty-two is no exception, but, if anything, it contains more than usual of exceptional interest. The first important article deals in a comprehensive way with the art of Anton Mauve, who ranks with such painters as Jacob Maris, Corot, Diaz, Troyon, and Daubigny. There are twenty reproductions of this interesting artist's work, and some of them are full-page and in colours. Another interesting article is by Count Louis Sparre on Victor Westerholm, a Finnish landscape painter, with portrait and seven reproductions of the artist's work. The work of S. Welton Fisher, an English painter, is considered in a comprehensive way by A. Lys Baldry, while some of the many other interesting articles are on the art of H. Hughes-Stanton, Fred V. Burrige, etcher, and Isobelle A. Dods-Withers.

—A new and enlarged edition of "South Wales: The County of Castles" has recently been issued (London: The Great Western Railway Company). This is one of the most interesting and best illustrated books on travel that one could wish to see, and it deals with a part of the Old Country where charm and quaintness are unexcelled. There are almost 150 pages; some pages have two illustrations, while others have one. The reading matter deals with the annals, antiquities and general attractiveness of Wales, and anyone who knows anything about that part of the British Isles knows that there is an abundance of material for the writer to work on.

Better Cooking

Every man appreciates good cooking and every woman takes a pride in doing it. "BOVRIL" can be used to advantage with all hot dishes. It greatly improves the flavor of stews, soups, roasts, fish, etc., and also increases their nourishing value. An economical way to get it is in the 1 lb. bottle.



GOLD MEDAL



FOR

Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition
1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

*Easter Offerings of All the
Latest Novelties in Boxes,
Baskets and Fancy
Articles*

FILLED WITH

Huyler's

PURE, DELICIOUS

CHOCOLATES & BON-BONS

AS WELL AS

HUYLER'S Chocolate, Parisian,
and Nougat

EASTER EGGS

HUYLER'S

130-132 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, CANADA



Purity

The LILY is the Symbol of Natural Purity—CLEANLINESS
If Nature were to undertake our Washing and Cleaning for us

PEARLINE

and PEARLINE'S method would be the means used.

Pearline Possesses Peculiar Purifying Properties

—besides in doing away with the rubbing it **DOES AWAY** with the worst of the Work and Wear and Tear.

More Millions than ever use Pearlina



TRUST IT TO US

We'll clean your fine waists, gowns or suits as only experts can do it. Our improved French method does not harm the most delicate fabrics, lace or embroidery. Waists and Gowns dyed.

R. PARKER & CO.

Canada's Greatest Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto, Canada

BRANCH STORES AND AGENCIES IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA



Do You Realize?

In the Poison Cupboard of the Drug Store, "Caffeine" (the alkaloid from coffee and tea) is alongside Cocaine, Morphine, Strychnine, etc.

This drug, put in coffee by Nature, may be all right as a medicine when skillfully handled by a physician, but was never intended to be used as a beverage.

In many persons this constant drugging sets up disease—such as nervousness, indigestion, weak eyes, palpitation, liver and kidney troubles, etc. You may be sure a day of reckoning will come, when ailments become chronic.

If there are signs of trouble in you, and if you care to feel again the old-time "go" of physical and mental poise—the luxury of being perfectly well—try a 10 day's change from coffee to

POSTUM

They will bring relief from the poison—caffeine—and you'll know

"There's a Reason"

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

**“Now your teeth are in good
condition use**

CALOX

and keep them so!”

“Most of the trouble with your teeth is due to your own neglect to keep the teeth free from the influences that cause them to decay. Unconscious neglect it is true, but neglect nevertheless. Now that I have put your teeth in good condition I want you to use Calox to keep them so and to protect my work from failing.

While I do not claim that Calox will do away with the need for my services, it will undoubtedly reduce that need to a minimum when systematically used and will profoundly influence the kind and character of dental operations that may be necessary. Never have I seen so many well kept mouths as I have since I have made the habitual use of Calox a general requirement in my treatment of patients.”

What a prominent Dentist tells his patients.

“The Oxygen does it.”

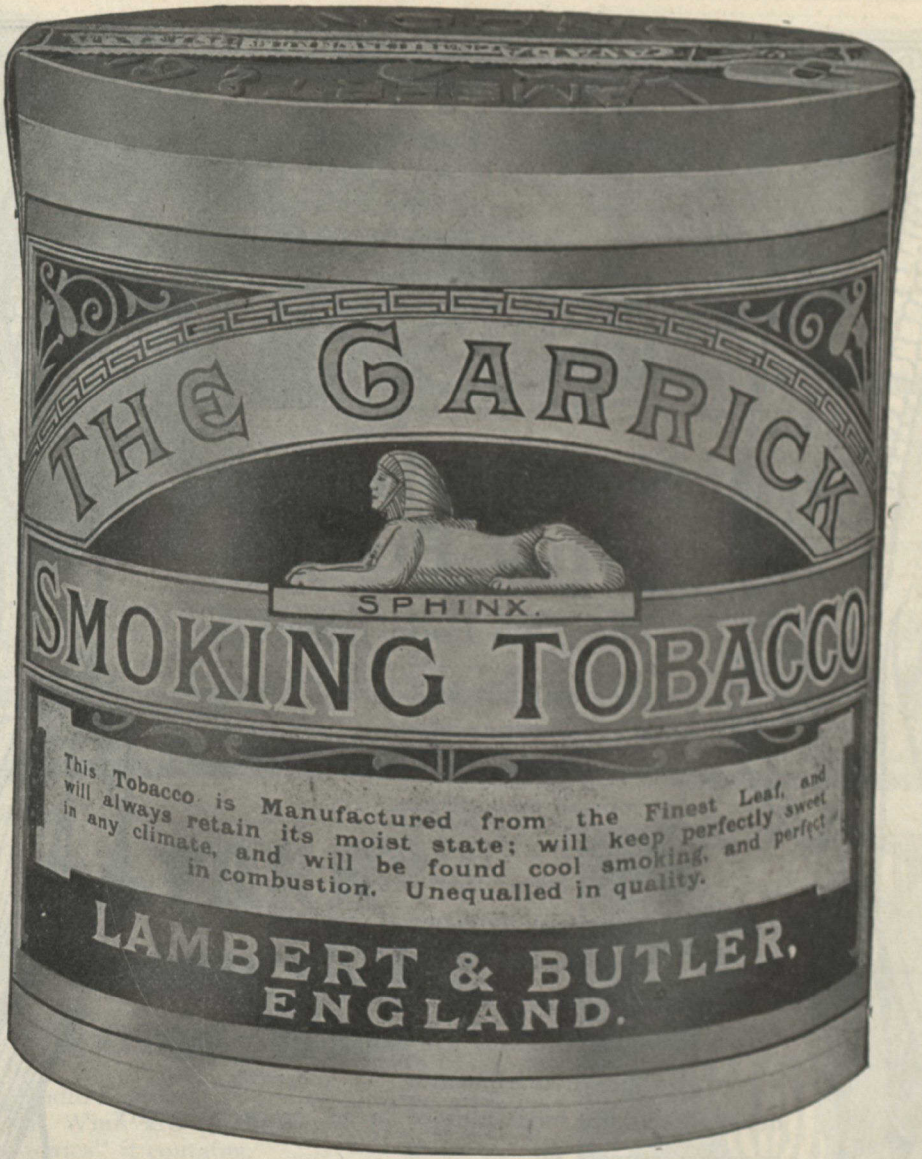
All druggists or postpaid by mail for 25 cents

McKESSON & ROBBINS, 91-97 Fulton Street, New York, U.S.A.

Dainty Trial Size Can and Booklet sent on request from

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.,

Montreal, Canada



THE CONNOISSEUR'S BRAND.

SOLD IN AIR TIGHT TINS ONLY

AT ALL TOBACCONISTS

<table border="0"> <tr> <td>½ lb. tins</td> <td rowspan="3">} - - - - -</td> <td rowspan="3">\$2.25 per lb.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>¼ " "</td> </tr> <tr> <td>⅛ " "</td> </tr> </table>	½ lb. tins	} - - - - -	\$2.25 per lb.	¼ " "	⅛ " "	
½ lb. tins	} - - - - -			\$2.25 per lb.		
¼ " "						
⅛ " "						

"A Pipe—it is a great soother, a pleasant comforter, the blue devils fly before its honest breath. It ripens the brain, it opens the heart, and the man who smokes **GARRICK** Tobacco thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan."—Lord Lytton (A.M.)

**Nourishment
and Purity**

The Two Food Essentials

One day the truth will come home to you that the purity and nourishing value of your food are more than ever a necessity for yourself and children.

“CROWN BRAND SYRUP” is something more and better than ordinary food. Not only is it absolutely pure but it contains all the muscle and fat making elements of ripe corn—concentrated and in an easily digestible form.

It therefore contains the two great essentials—purity and nourishment. It increases the deliciousness and food value of bread, crackers, pastry, pancakes, cereals, etc.

For your convenience your dealer has it in 2 lb., 5 lb., 10 lb. and 20 lb. air-tight tins with lever lids.

Crown Brand Corn Syrup

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd.
Established 1858
Works: Cardinal, Ont. Offices: Montreal and Toronto



IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

TRADE MARK
IVER JOHNSON

Different from every other revolver, and infinitely superior to near-safe imitations, because the feature that makes it possible to

Hammer the Hammer

in perfect safety, is not a mere device added to the revolver, but is itself a part of the firing mechanism. No buttons to press, no catches to set, no levers to pull. The hammer of an Iver Johnson Automatic Safety Revolver *never* touches the firing pin, and the firing pin *never* touches the cartridge until the trigger is pulled. You can "hammer the hammer," drop it, kick it, pound it, but until you pull the trigger, there's "nothing doing."

ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE IMPOSSIBLE

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
Richly nickeled, 3-inch barrel, 22 rim-fire, 32 cen. \$7.50
ter-fire, or 3¼ inch 38 center-fire cartridge

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
Richly nickeled, 3-inch barrel, 32 center-fire, o. \$8.50
3¼ inch 38 center-fire cartridge,

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works, 145 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers St. Hamburg, Germany: Fickhuben 4.
San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St. London, England: 13 Cullum St., E. C.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles

Hammer the Hammer



Accidental Discharge Impossible

"BYRRH"

A Recuperative Tonic Wine

The splendid recuperative and restorative qualities of Byrrh Wine are produced by the distinctive "nerve tonics" it contains.

Byrrh Wine is a combination of a rare Old Port—possessing in a marked degree of perfection all the qualities of flavor of "Grand Crus" Wine—together with herbs noted for their beneficial restorative properties.

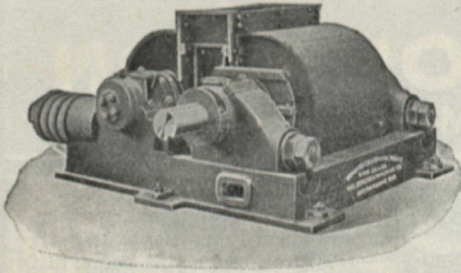
Byrrh wine is bottled in France by Messrs. Violet Freres, Thuir, and is sold by all leading grocers and wine merchants throughout the world.

A large Free Sample will be sent on receipt of this advertisement and 10 cents to help pay the postage, etc. Write to-day.



BYRRH

HUDON, HEBERT & CO., Limited, "Byrrh Wine Dept." MONTREAL



Crushing rolls are widely used in mining operations, for taking the product of jaw crushers and crushing it still finer.

We build a complete line of crushing rolls, geared or belt driven, for coarse or fine crushing, and invite special attention to our style "B" rolls shown in illustration.

The design of these rolls strikes the high water mark in roll construction and if interested in the subject we should like to send you our bulletin containing full particulars. The number is 616.

We invite correspondence and all enquiries will receive prompt attention.

THE JENCKES MACHINE CO. LIMITED

Executive Offices: SHERBROOKE, QUE.

WORKS

Sherbrooke, Que. St. Catharines, Ont.

SALES OFFICES

St. Catharines Rosland Vancouver
Halifax Cobalt

Please Address Enquiries to Nearest Sales Office



There is no "just-as-good" Cutlery

RODGERS is the best

Insist on that name and look carefully for the above trade-mark on every blade. That **Trade-Mark** stands for quality. **Rodgers** Cutlery is used in the Royal Households.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS LIMITED

Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, - ENGLAND

Would You Let 35 Cents Stand Between You and Prosperity?

THERE are many readers of the Canadian Magazine who more or less appreciate the fact that there are fortunes in fruit farming at Peach Grove, that desirable fruit growing district situated six miles from New Westminster and overlooking the Fraser River.

¶ I have been interested nearly all my life in fruit and fruit farming and make the statement, without fear of contradiction, that nowhere in all of Canada can you find a richer and more suitable soil for fruit growing, a more congenial or even climate or better market and shipping facilities, than those surrounding Peach Grove.

¶ It's the place where there is sunshine in every day of the year, a noticeable absence of frosts and dreary days in winter. The broad, blue Fraser, fresh from the snow-capped Rockies, flows past Peach Grove to the Pacific Ocean, twenty miles distant. Large steamers come and go to the wharf at Peach Grove. Five times each day the trans-continental trains westward pause long enough to add many new arrivals to this fast growing community. Five times each day the east-bound trains stop to allow citizens of Peach Grove to alight from shopping expeditions into New Westminster and Vancouver.

¶ Any one of my five acre fruit farms in Peach Grove is large enough and rich enough to support a family in luxury, and then some over for a bank account. The soil is a deep, chocolate loam, varying in depth from three to seven feet, and every foot is pure leaf mould, capable of producing bumper crops for the next twenty years without further fertilizing. A portion of the crops will more than pay for the property. With very little improvements in the way of buildings and fruit trees the farms of Peach Grove in four years time will be worth and sell for \$1000 per acre, yet the price now is only \$100 an acre. Terms :-\$100 cash and the remainder of the purchase price (\$400) to be spread over a period of three years, which is really 35 cents a day.

¶ I am sending out free to all who are interested enough to write for same, the beautifully illustrated plan of Peach Grove and free booklet "Fortunes in Fruit Farming." You owe it to yourself to know just what my proposition really means. Many men have missed the opportunity of a lifetime because they did not exhibit even normal curiosity concerning a proposition of promise and independence.

¶ I want your name and address in order that I may show you just what Peach Grove can do for you.—W. J. KERR, New Westminster, B. C.



MOTHERS

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU

YOU know the trouble you have with the old style of Infants' Bands. Look at our *Infants' M Bands* illustrated and you will be convinced that these are the only satisfactory bands on the market. These bands are knitted. The narrow tapes running over the shoulder are sewed on, the wide woven tab to which the diaper is pinned is attached to these tapes front and back. *Knitted tabs stretch and tear*, these tapes and tabs will not, they hold the diaper in place and carry the weight to where it belongs, to the shoulder. These bands are made in fine cotton, fine wool and silk and wool.

Price 25c. and 50c.

At all first-class dry-goods stores

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The
C. Turnbull Co.
Limited

MARK GALT - CANADA



Such dainty and delicate Confections are

COWAN'S
Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

Brighten Up



Paints
Varnishes
Stains
Enamels
Colors
A best
quality
product
for every
kind of
surface or
finish



"That's my advice to you. You've seen it in the windows of good paint stores. Now you see it here. It means paint and varnish and everything that makes the home bright—outside and inside. It means 'spring' and 'cheerfulness' and 'boost,' and finally

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

—the real 'brighten-up' stuff."

—*The Little Paint Man.*

"**B**RIGHTEN UP" as we use it is a broad term. It means not only home surroundings but also all surfaces with which mankind comes in contact; it means not only beauty, freshness and pleasing effects, but also protection that is lasting. Whatever the surface—a piano or a bridge, a buggy or a boiler, a floor or a freight car—there is a Sherwin-Williams product for it and it is the best for it. Tell us the surface you wish to treat and we will send you a book about it.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST) PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
 FACTORIES: CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, NEWARK, MONTREAL, LONDON, ENG.
 SALES OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES IN 23 PRINCIPAL CITIES
 Address all inquiries to 611 Canal Road, N.W., Cleveland, Ohio
 In Canada to 639 Centre St., Montreal
 London Address: 7 Well Court, Queen St., E.C.



The Unvarying Uniformity of "Five Roses" Flour


is one of the strongest claims we can advance for this brand and is one of the greatest helps towards securing the best bread and pastry that any housekeeper can have. The methods we employ in our mills are so scientifically perfect, and the quality of the wheat we use so high, that it is practically impossible for there to be any variation in the quality of "Five Roses" flour. Baking with "Five Roses" becomes a pleasure, for there is no uncertainty as to how to treat a particular bag of flour; the same simple methods can be used with every one. Ask your grocer for a bag to-day and learn how easy it is to bake with a uniform flour.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., Ltd.

MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, KEEWATIN

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, OTTAWA, TORONTO, LONDON, ONT., ST. JOHN, N.B.

A Whiskey with a World-Wide Reputation



Teacher's "Highland Cream"

THE PERFECTION OF OLD SCOTCH



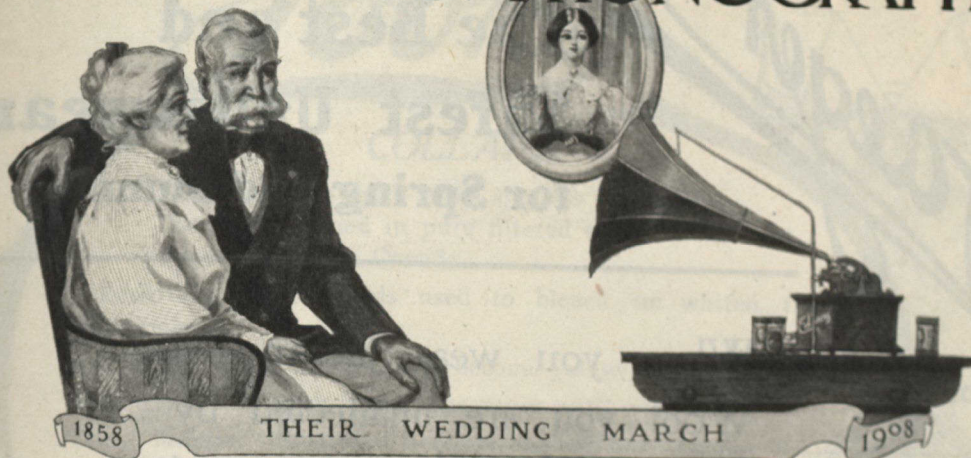
WM. TEACHER & SONS

Distillers, Blenders, Exporters

Glasgow, London and Manchester

AT ALL LEADING HOTELS

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH



SOME music never grows old, particularly if it recalls pleasant memories. The Edison Phonograph can reproduce for you the marches, ballads and airs that stirred you in the old days, just as well as it can sing the song that is the current hit in the metropolis, doing it with a clearness, a fidelity and a beauty and volume of sound that is not to be found in any similar instrument.

The Edison Phonograph is all things to all men at all times. Simply by changing a Record it may be a brass band at one moment and a violin virtuoso the next, a singer of ragtime or of grand opera, a funny vaudeville team or a quartette singing a sentimental ballad.

If you haven't heard the Phonograph lately, you'll be surprised at the wonderful improvement in the new model Edison with the big horn. Ask your dealer to show it to you or send to us for booklet describing it.

On March 25th go to the nearest Edison Store and hear the April Records

The April list of twenty-four new Records is made up of the choicest bits of vocal and instrumental music recently produced together with a sprinkling of things not new but good. These Records have been made by the best procurable talent with a skill and artistic finish that



Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY,

assure you rare pleasure in listening to them. And if you hear the April Records you'll buy—there's no doubt of that.

Ask your dealer or write to us for THE PHONOGRAM, describing each Record in detail: THE SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE, listing the new April Records; THE COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records in existence. Records in all foreign languages.

6 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.



The Best and Safest Underwear for Spring and Summer



When you wear Jaeger Pure Wool you are unaffected by .. changes in weather or temperature

Doctors and physicians all the world over endorse Jaeger Pure Wool as the best and safest underwear for every season.

To escape all the discomforts of the treacherous Spring weather wear Jaeger Pure Wool—day and night—cool on warm days, protective (warm) on cool days and chilly nights.

Personal experience has proved that Jaeger Underwear keeps the body comfortable, at an equable temperature however changeable the weather or climate. (Health Culture" by Dr. Jaeger, explains why. Copies sent free.)

Jaeger Underwear is light, soft, well made, perfect fitting, healthful and economical. With ordinary care it will last 4 or 5 seasons. It is sold at fixed moderate prices in most cities throughout Canada.

The Jaeger name and trade mark is a guarantee of high quality.

Spring and Summer weights now in.

Write for illustrated Catalogue.

DR. JAEGER'S CO. LTD. 316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal.
10 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.
286 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.



Tooke

COLLARS

These collars reach you a spotless white.
They're laundered in pure filtered water in the best
equipped laundry in Canada.

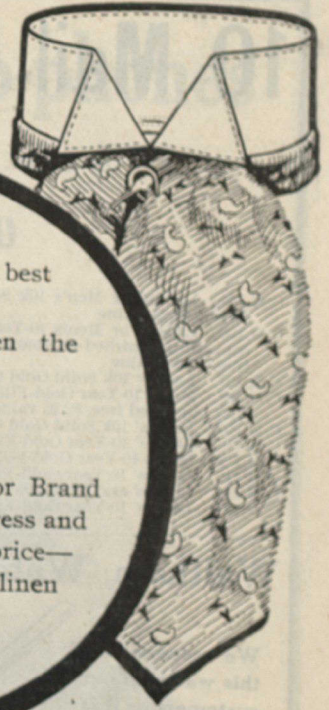
Positively no chemicals used to bleach or whiten the
materials.

As a result Tooke Collars never become yellow.

They keep their snow-white appearance until worn out.

The "Maxim," illustrated here, is one of our Anchor Brand
wing collars—very popular. It is suitable for semi-dress and
business wear. Is the finest collar made for the price—
2 for 25c. Made in 4-ply with outside facing of linen
in sizes 14 to 18 and heights 2, 2 ¼ and 2 ½.

TOOKE BROTHERS, LIMITED
MONTREAL



"AS SILENT AS THE SPHINX."

Eddy's

"Silent"

PARLOR MATCHES.

All Up-to-date Grocers Sell 'Em

Always, Everywhere in Canada

Ask for Eddy's Matches.

Here since 1851.



10 Mail Order Jewelry Bargains

ALL ONE PRICE

98^c.

- C.M.105. Ladies' or Men's 10k Solid Gold Heavy Signet Rings, oval top for initial, engraved free. Bright or Roman finish, \$2.25 value .98
- C.M.106. Ladies' or Men's 10-Year Gold-Filled Round or Heart Shape Locketts (size of a 25c. piece), room for two pictures, beautifully finished in Roman or bright with crescent and star pearl setting, or three letter monogram engraved free, \$2.25 value .98
- C.M.107. Ladies' 10k Solid Gold Crescent Brooch with single pearl star, \$2.50 value .98
- C.M.108. Men's 10-Year Gold-Filled Cuff Links, plain Roman finish for monogram. Any 3-letter monogram on each link engraved free, \$2.25 value .98
- C.M.109. Ladies' 10k Solid Gold Crosses, medium size, bright or Roman finish, \$2.25 value .98
- C.M.110. Ladies' 10-Year Gold-Filled Chain Bracelets with padlock and key each link soldered, \$2.50 value .98
- C.M.111. Men's 10-Year Gold-Filled Vest Chains, close or open curb links or rope pattern, \$2.25 value .98
- C.M.112. Ladies' 10-Year Gold-Filled Necklets, 16 inches long, fine or heavy curb patterns, \$2.25 value .98
- C.M.113. Ladies' and Men's 10-Year Gold-Filled Buckle Watch Chains, \$2.50 value .98
- C.M.114. Ladies' 10-Year Gold-Filled Crescent Brooches, with 3 pearl-set stars, \$2.25 each .98

Waltham Watch and Chain, \$9.95

We recommend this watch to our customers as it is exceptional value

C.M.115. Men's Open face, 20 year guaranteed gold-filled Waltham Watch; stem wind and set, 15 jewels in setting, exposed pallets, cut expansion balance, patent Briquet hair spring hardened and tempered on form, plain or fancy engraved cases, complete with 14K gold filled chain, same as cut..... **\$9.95**



A 20-year Guarantee in the back of every watch

The People's Library

C.M.116. A new series of copyright and non-copyright novels, masterpieces of Biography, History, Poetry, Essays, etc.; new type, fine quality paper, artistic in format. Bound in dark crimson and olive green, limp paste grain leather, gilt top and silk marker. Size of book, 7½x4½ inches. Price per vol.

Leather, .40 Cloth .19

- Treasure Island and Kidnapped. By Stevenson
- Adam Bede..... By Eliot
 - East Lynne..... By Mrs. H. Wood
 - Ivanhoe..... By Scott
 - Sesame and Lilies, etc. By Ruskin
 - The Scarlet Letter..... By Hawthorne
 - Cloister and the Hearth..... By Reade
 - Christmas Books..... By Dickens
 - Tom Brown's School Days..... By Hughes
 - King Solomon's Mines..... By Haggard
 - The Essays of Elia..... By Elia
 - A Tale of Two Cities..... By Dickens
 - Poems (1833-1865)..... By Browning
 - John Halifax, Gentleman..... By Mulock
 - Essays..... By Bacon
 - Mill on the Floss..... By Eliot
 - Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. By Holmes
 - Kenilworth..... By Scott
 - Jane Eyre..... By Bronte
 - Robinson Crusoe..... By Defoe
 - Waverley..... By Scott
 - Old Curiosity Shop..... By Dickens
 - Essays (Selected)..... By Emerson
 - Poems (1830-1865)..... By Tennyson
 - Westward Ho..... By Kingsley

The Robert **SIMPSON** Company Limited
TORONTO

Berliner-Victor Gram-o-phones

TO SUIT EVERY PURSE

From \$12.50 to \$120

Victor Records

are undoubtedly the finest made. The fact that Caruso, Melba, Eames, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Plancon, Sembrich, and other world-renowned artists, sing only for the Victor is sufficient evidence of that.



Ask any music dealer or talking machine merchant for a catalog of Berliner-Victor Gram-o-phones, and a list of over 3,000



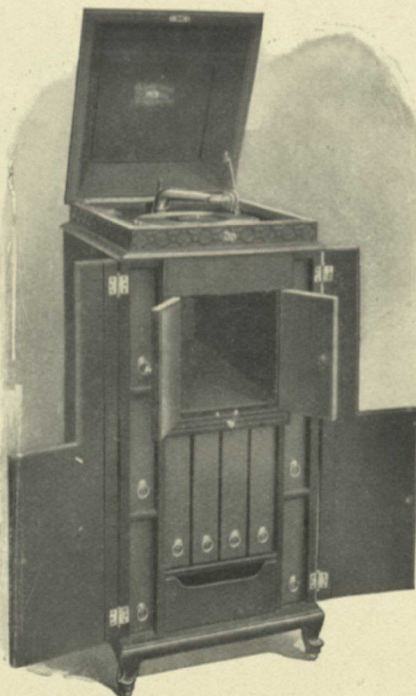
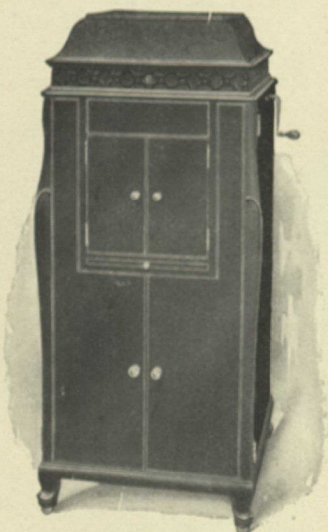
Records by famous bands, soloists, church choirs, quartettes, etc. There is no limit to the variety of records, from cake walks and coon songs to grand opera and oratorio.

If there is no dealer in your town, write to us for catalog — free for the asking.

SOLD ON EASY TERMS IF DESIRED

**The Berliner Gram-o-phone Company
of Canada, Limited, Montreal**

\$240



Victor-Victrola

A new style Victor

All the refined entertainment which only the Victor can supply, in a new and elegant setting.

The horn and all moving parts are entirely concealed in a handsome mahogany cabinet, and the music is made loud or soft by opening or closing the small doors.

The cabinet contains albums for 150 records and drawer for accessories. All metal parts heavily gold-plated.

The most complete
of all musical instruments.

Hear the Victor-Victrola at any music-house or talking-machine merchant's. Write to us for descriptive booklet.

THE BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE COMPANY
Of Canada, Limited
MONTREAL



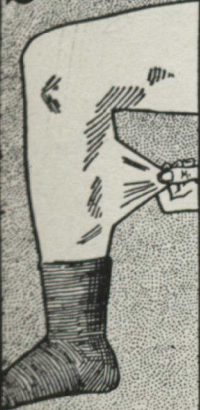


VICHY CÉLESTINS.

THERE is only one
Genuine "VICHY"
Water. It comes from
the *Celestins Spring*, which
is so highly prized for its
curative-properties in Kidney and
Bladder Complaints that the water
is bottled under French Government Super-
vision and sealed with a special label to
prevent substitution.

ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS

*It
Stretches*



THE
Ellis
SPRING NEEDLE
RIBBED
UNSHRINKABLE

**SPRING NEEDLE
RIBBED
UNDERWEAR**

Ellis

Don't Listen

to the dealer who tells you there's
any other brand of Underwear
"just as good" as this. No
other Underwear can be as good—
because no other Underwear is
made with the Spring Needle stitch
—which we control for Canada.
It gives the garments great elastic-
ity—makes them fit the form.

**THE ELLIS MFG. CO. LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONT.**

*It
Springs
Back*



THE
Ellis
SPRING NEEDLE
RIBBED
UNSHRINKABLE

Gerhard Heintzman
Art Pianos

Louis XV Case

The "Gerhard Heintzman"
STANDARD FOR ALL CANADIAN PIANO MAKERS
Perfection in tone quality for either home or concert hall playing.
GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LTD.
97 Yonge Street Toronto 853 127 King St. East, Hamilton

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

GANONG'S
G.B.
CHOCOLATES

The latest and daintiest arrangement for Chocolates

The "Evangeline"
Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts. ½, 1, 2, 3 and 5 pounds. Full weight in every box.

35 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

GANONG BROS., Limited, St. Stephen, N.B.

Singer Talks

1. The Difference in Sewing Machines

- ☐ It is a mistaken idea that sewing machines are pretty much alike, when as a matter of fact there is a vast difference.
- ☐ There is but one machine that sews better than any other—and that one is the Singer.
- ☐ This is because the Singer idea is **distinctive**—every year shows improvement in that idea.
- ☐ This is because the Singer factories are not only equipped with tools and machinery better calculated to make good sewing machines than any other, but this equipment is unique and not to be found elsewhere.
- ☐ This is because a half century has been devoted to training and specializing men, each to do **one thing best** in sewing machine construction. The Singer's superiority—its lifetime lasting value—does not appear on the surface.
- ☐ One machine **does** sew better than any other—and that **one** is the Singer.

Sold only by

Singer Sewing Machine Company

If a Singer Store or Singer Salesman is not available, address us at
531 Board of Trade Building, Montreal, or 308 Manning Chambers, Toronto



Eminent Physicians
Prescribe

**Wilson's
Invalids'
Port**

In all cases of
general debility
and
convalescence.





A NAME THAT MEANS SOMETHING

A flour of the finest quality, which the choicest Manitoba Hard Wheat and the most expert milling can make; a flour that never fails to give satisfaction; a flour that enjoys the confidence of those who have tried it—that's

PURITY FLOUR

No one wants to eat anything but the best bread. Purity Flour wins its way by what it does—the best flour makes the best bread. Try it to-day. Ask your grocer for Purity.

THIS IS
THE
LABEL



See that it
is on every
bag or barrel
you buy

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH AND BRANDON



The Most Popular Piano in the World To-day

THE PIANOLA PIANO

Do you know that all over the world—in England, France, Germany, and even far-off Australia—thousands of people will be made happier this year—thousands of homes made brighter by this new piano that **everyone** can play?

First, the Pianola Piano *is* a piano.

It can take the place of *any other piano*, because it can be played by hand, the same as any other.

No other upright made has finer tone, better action, or more beautiful case.

Second, the Pianola Piano contains the famous Metrostyle Pianola (recently so wonderfully improved by the new Thermodist).

This means that *everyone* who sits down in front of the Pianola Piano immediately becomes an *expert pianist*.

Wouldn't you like to own one of these wonderful pianos, which are above criticism from a musical standpoint—which enable you to hear all the world's best music—which **you yourself** can play.

Pianola Pianos cost from \$650 to \$1150. Let us send you Catalog C, and tell you a plan that makes their purchase easy

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Limited, 32 King Street West, Toronto

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH

This standard Canadian Dentifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aromas of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—Harmless and efficient.

At all druggists, 25c.

THE GENUINE
SMITH — STUMP PULLERS



W. SMITH GRUBBER CO.
CATALOG FREE—DEPT. 32 LACROSSE, WIS., U.S.A.

Windsor Salt

is pure—and doesn't lump.
It's savour—delightfully piquant.

Should be used whenever Salt is used—and Salt should be used enough to make up for the 70% of the natural salts which cooking takes out of the food.

AT ALL GOOD DEALERS

169

Gillette

NO
HONING
NO
STROPPING

Safety Razor

Face Insurance.

You insure your life, house, business holdings, etc., etc.

Why not your face?

The Policy of the "GILLETTE" is to insure you against further shaving troubles, dull unhone razors, cuts, time lost, money spent.

A GILLETTE Razor establishes a long term insurance policy for YOUR face.



BUY the
Gillette
Triple Silver
Plated Holder
and 12 double
edged flexible
blades—packed in
velvet lined leather
case for \$5.00. Sold
by all the leading
Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery,
Hardware, Sporting
Goods and Department
Stores.

If your dealer cannot supply you with booklets, write us.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
Canadian Factory, MONTREAL.

5



The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of

**MINARD'S
LINIMENT**



Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs that produce this trouble. Hall's Hair Renewer at once removes all dandruff, and completely destroys the dandruff germs.

A splendid dressing. Does not interfere with curling or waving the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask his opinion. Follow his advice.

H. F. HALL & CO.,
Boston, U. S. A.

DOES NOT COLOR THE HAIR



← FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS →



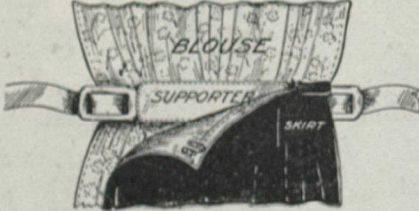
Robinson's Patent Barley

¶ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ¶ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ¶ But insist on having ROBINSON'S

FRANK MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL

**KEEPS
SKIRT AND BLOUSE NEAT**

Neatness counts more in dress than the cost of the apparel. The Vanatter Blouse and Skirt Holder enables every woman to look smart and tidy at all times. It's as easy to adjust as an ordinary belt. It can't be seen when worn and it simply can't get out of place. It will not tear the most delicate fabric and as it is curved and flexible it can be worn with perfect comfort.



Sold under our guarantee. Money refunded if the supporter is not absolutely satisfactory.

Postpaid to any address in Canada for

25 cents

Send money order or silver. Write to-day to

VANATTER SUPPORTER CO.

9 Oxford Street

TORONTO

AGENTS WANTED.—The "Vanatter" Blouse and Skirt Supporter sells at sight. Agents are making big money every day selling it. You can do the same. Write to-day for terms and territory.

HEALTH without MEDICINE



Hercules Sanche.

Copyright 1907 by Dr. Hercules Sanche
All rights reserved.

No one is now incurable in any form of disease until the prime conditions of life are lost by irreparable injury to some vital organ.

Oxygen is Nature's great physician. When the blood and all the tissues are plentifully supplied with Oxygen, additional vitality is begotten, which enables the system to throw off disease of any kind.

OXYDONOR

cures by creating in the body a strong affinity for Oxygen. The system is thus revitalized with Oxygen from the air. The disease—of whatever kind—is conquered and health returns.

Mrs. Albert Jacks, 42 Ossington St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "My daughter was ill for four years with St. Vitus' Dance. We tried different treatments, but all to no avail. At last she got so much worse that she was losing her voice and the use of her limbs, when a friend told me to get her an Oxydonor No. 2. I did so, and after five months' use I can say my daughter is cured."

Write for fuller particulars of the remarkable cures Oxydonor has accomplished to **Dr. H. Sanche & Co.,** 354 St. Catharine St., West, Montreal.

**EASY
TO PUT ON**

Just add cold water to Alabastine and apply with a brush. Sounds easy, doesn't it? And it is easy. With Alabastine any woman can be her own decorator and readily accomplish most dainty and artistic effects.

Many new and beautiful ideas for home decorations are illustrated and explained in our handsome book, "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful." Former price, 10c. On request mailed free to readers of this publication.

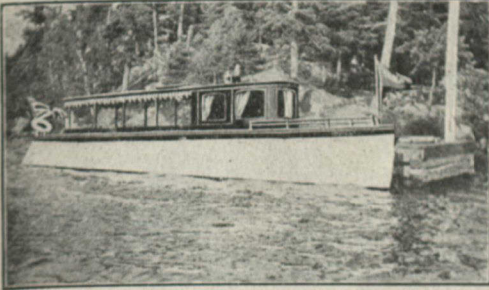
Alabastine is a hygienic cement, made from white gypsum rock. Quickly hardens and becomes part of the wall. Most indestructible as well as the most healthful and artistic wall covering in existence.

Alabastine is sold by hardware and paint dealers everywhere—a 5-pound package for 50 cents. Ask your dealer for tint card. Never sold in bulk.

THE LTD.

Alabastine Co.

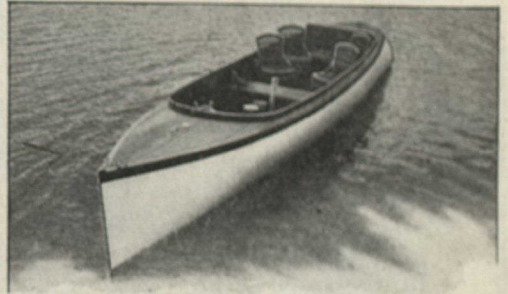
62 WILLOW STREET. PARIS, ONT.



Do you want a good Launch with an engine that will give you no trouble, and be a source of pleasure to you? If so, write for Catalogue B.

Jutten's Boat and Launch Works,
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Fay & Bowen Motor Boats



A 1908 WINNER

The Fay & Bowen 25 foot "Special" shown above is the handsomest thing in its class for 1908.

Copper-riveted, all woodwork counterbored and plugged, entire top and interior finished in mahogany

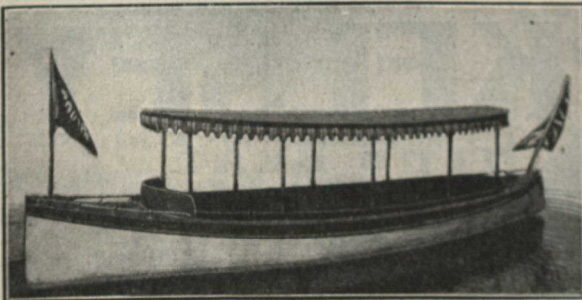
Fitted with a Fay & Bowen 7 H.P. double cylinder engine it develops a speed of 19 miles an hour, and it **actually makes it**, over a measured course. Steering wheel both at bow and at side. Engine speed controlled both forward or aft of engine.

Photographs and blue prints sent on application.

Fay & Bowen engines are reliable, simple and not sensitive. The Chicago-Mackinac endurance race for 1907 was won by our engine.

If you want a motor boat or marine engine you owe it to yourself to write for our free catalogue.

FAY & BOWEN ENGINE CO., 117 Lake St., Geneva, N.Y.



GIDLEY & CO'S

Celebrated Gasoline Launches, Row Boats and Canoes will be on exhibition at the Automobile and Motor Boat Show to be held in Toronto, March 21st to 28th. If you are present you are cordially invited to examine our goods. If not, send for our catalogue.

H. E. Gidley & Co.
DEPT. C
PENETANGUISHENE, ONT., CANADA

"WELLINGTON"

Photographic Specialties

HAVE
A
WORLD
WIDE
REPUTATION



BROMIDE
PAPERS
GASLIGHT
PAPERS
FILMS

Ask your Dealer or write
WARD & CO., 13 ST. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL

China Painters

Send 25c. for our handsome catalogue showing nearly 1000 designs of white china priced. Then send your orders in and get advantage of 20 per cent. discount sale now going on.

The Art Emporium
357 St. Catherine St. West, MONTREAL

Standard Silver Co. Ltd

Lovers of Old English Designs

as well as those of the most Modern and Up-To-Date Patterns can be supplied from our stock. Kept by all first-class dealers in Canada. See that every piece bears our trade-mark. **The STANDARD SILVER CO. Ltd. 35 Hayter St., TORONTO, CAN.**



The KELSEY

"ZIG-ZAG" HEAT TUBES

For \$2,000 and for \$200,000 Homes

☐The KELSEY Warm Air Generator has proven itself to be the one system of home heating that combines the three primary elements of economy, comfort and healthfulness in the greatest degree and is to-day used in over 30,000 of the best homes on the continent.

☐The KELSEY Zig-Zag Heat Tubes that form the fire-box of the Generator give more than twice the heating power for the same grate area that is possible with any other system.

☐This means cutting coal bills 20% to 30%. It means great volumes of fresh air warmed to the correct temperature (not scorched).

☐KELSEY Heating means properly warmed air FORCED to every room and is an ideal system of heating for country homes exposed to the high winds.

☐We want to show you how the KELSEY is constructed, and how it warms and distributes air, and why it has many advantages over other heaters.

The man who investigates buys the KELSEY

The James Smart Mfg. Co., Limited
BROCKVILLE, ONT., and WINNIPEG, MAN.



There's twice the pleasure in the journey, and twice the pleasure afterward--if you

KODAK

And anybody can make good pictures. It's simple from start to finish by the Kodak system. Press the button—do the rest—or leave it to another—just as you please. Kodak means photography with the bother left out.

Kodaks \$5 to \$112

Catalog free
at the dealers
or by mail

CANADIAN KODAK Co. Limited,
Toronto, Canada.

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum

The Box that Lox

TOILET POWDER

At Easter Tide

When custom decrees that men, and especially women, should look their best, the raw spring winds cause much damage to tender skins and complexions.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

is then doubly necessary. It soothes and heals the skin, prevents Chapping, Chafing, Prickly Heat, Sunburn and all skin troubles of summer. After bathing and shaving it is delightful, and in the nursery indispensable.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.

FEARMAN'S FAMOUS



STAR BRAND HAM

THE STANDARD OF
EPICUREAN TASTE

Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try it. Boiled or fried it will please you.

For Sale by all Leading Grocers

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited
HAMILTON, ONTARIO



MAGI CALEDONIA WATER

THE WATER

*that 'from bedrock to your table touches
nothing but silver, glass or glazed tile—
the most pleasant and healthful of waters*

Bottled at the Spring The Perfect Table Water

NATURAL—Half Gallon Bottles and 5 Gallon Denijohns
AERATED—Pints and Splits.

ALL BOTTLES THOROUGHLY STERILIZED BEFORE FILLING

THE CALEDONIA SPRINGS COMPANY, Ltd.

Phone Up 3937

596 St. Catherine St. West, MONTREAL

D. BREMNER, Phone M4399 36 King St. E., TORONTO, Agent for Toronto

Clarks You Must Eat—

PORK AND BEANS

to work,—but choose a food
that combines flavor, economy
and the maximum amount of
nourishment.

For Breakfast—

try a steaming hot dish of Clark's Pork and Beans—nothing better. Gives a substantial supply of working energy for the day.

Three flavors:—Plain or with Chili or Tomato Sauce.

Purity and quality guaranteed by the stamp "Canada Approved Establishment 24," and the name of

WM. CLARK, Mfr.,

MONTREAL





DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS



SAFE CONVENIENT ECONOMICAL

Payment is guaranteed and a prompt refund will be made, or a new order issued without extra charge, if order is lost, stolen or delayed in transit.

Payable at par in over 30,000 places in Canada, United States, Newfoundland, West Indies, Central and South America, Hawaii, Philippines and the Yukon.

FOREIGN CHEQUES

issued in Sterling, Marks, Francs, Lire, etc., payable in all commercial countries of the world at current rates.

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200, with equivalents in Foreign Money printed on each cheque. They are self identifying and payable everywhere.

Superior to Letters of Credit.

Agents in all the principal cities and towns throughout Canada

General Offices, Toronto

Rates and full information cheerfully furnished by our
Local Agent



CARLINGS

CELEBRATED
ALE, PORTER
and LAGER

NOTED FOR PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND
UNIFORMITY



SUNSHINE FURNACE

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WATER PAN

is not appreciated by many furnace manufacturers or the general public as much as it should be.

Without the moisture evaporated from the water in the pan, the hot air distributed throughout the house is dry and dusty. Cracks and opens up the furniture—it is not fit to breathe into the lungs.

Yet, mind! you, some furnace makers place this important water-pan where there is not enough heat to evaporate the water. Put it out of sight in an awkward position at the side or back, where it cannot readily be filled without being removed—and when filled it would take a juggler to replace it without spilling a big share over himself.



THE AWKWARD COMMON WAY



THE EASY SUNSHINE METHOD

Takes but a moment or two to fill it.

It is placed right in the path of the hot air as it circulates around the dome of the furnace. It is impossible for any heated air to pass out of the registers before extracting its due share of moisture from the water-pan. That means you breathe healthful, clarified air, free from dust and dryness.

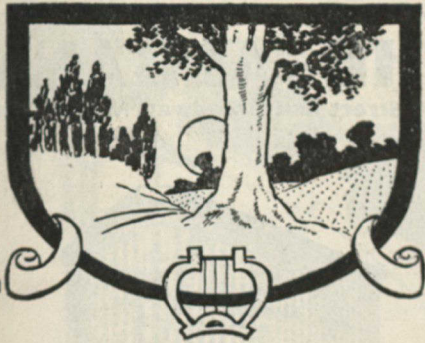
For the sake of your furniture, your own health and peace of mind, you should decide on the Sunshine.

If your local dealer does not handle the Sunshine, write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

Note the convenient location of the large water-pan of the Sunshine—just above the fuel door.

McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.



Finest Pianos in Canada sold on such purchase terms that every home may own one

WE want you to know more about the New Scale Williams Pianos—what magnificent instruments they are—and **WHY**. Our free booklets give these facts—tell what famous pianists, teachers, singers, colleges and schools think of these faultless pianos. And they are **FACTS** that you should know about the

New Scale Williams Piano

Let us send the booklets and show you how you may have any style of the New Scale Williams Piano—grand or upright—and pay for it on our new purchase plan. Cut out the coupon and mail to us to-day.

The Williams Piano Co., Limited
OSHAWA, ONT.

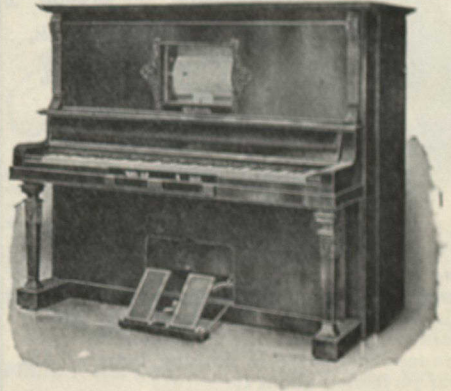
21

Please send me, free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Piano and special easy purchase plan

Name.....
 Address.....
 T. C. M.

The Autonola PLAYERPIANO

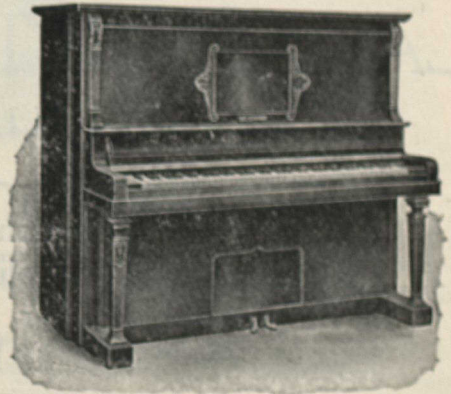
can be successfully played by anyone without any musical knowledge, and any musical composition can be rendered on it in a most artistic way.



(Ready for use with Music Roll)

SIMPLICITY AND DURABILITY

characterize the Autonola in its every part. The player mechanism is the latest and best, while the piano itself is the well known **BELL**.



(The Autonola—closed—is a handsome Piano and may be played by hand in the usual way)

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET C

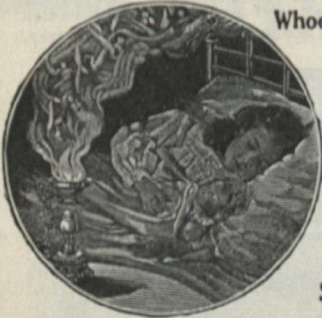
The Bell Piano

AND ORGAN COMPANY, LIMITED
 GUELPH, ONTARIO

TORONTO, OTTAWA and LONDON, ENGLAND

Vapo-Cresolene

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP



Whooping Cough,
Croup,
Bronchitis,
Coughs,
Grip,
Hay Fever,
Diphtheria,
Scarlet Fever.

Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

ALL DRUGGISTS

VAPRO-CRESOLENE CO., 1651 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL

Remodelled, Handsomely Furnished New Throughout

THE ALBANY

41st Street and Broadway, NEW YORK



ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF In the heart of the City
500 Rooms 300 Bath Rooms
European Plan Cuisine Unexcelled
Gentlemen's Cafe, Ladies' Restaurant and Moorish Rooms Popular Prices
Plenty of life—but home-like
Single Room and Suites with and without Bath
\$1.00 per Day and up
Send for Booklet **ROBERT P. MURPHY**

Meet me at the College Inn, under The Albany, New York's Leading
Rathskeller, a place to eat, drink and be merry Music

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM

OAKVILLE, ONTARIO

This Sanitarium, established some sixteen years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug Diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating, Bathing.

FOR TERMS, ETC., ADDRESS THE MANAGER

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE



A Smith Premier Typewriter Every Three Minutes!

An actual output of a complete machine every three minutes of every working day is required to meet the present demand for the

Smith Premier Typewriter

- a demand that has leaped from a local to a national one and from a national to a world-wide one in seventeen years. There is a story of typewriting achievement back of this. Let us send it to you in booklet form.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N. Y. Branches Everywhere

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES
 AS WELL AS
Beautifies
 the Skin
 So other cosmetics
 will do it.



REMOVE Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 59 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) - "As you ladies

will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. At Druggists.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous Hair without injury to the skin. \$1.00 per Bottle by Mail.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults, exquisitely perfumed.

Price, 25c. per Box. by Mail.

FERD. T. HOPKINS Prop'r, 37 Great Jones Street, N. Y.



Underwood

The Underwood Condensed Billing Typewriter describes itself in its title. An invoice (and as many carbon records as may be required), as well as the salesbook entry, are made at the one writing.

The salesbook entries are made on a long sheet, and are condensed, eliminating all waste space. Both sides of the sheet are utilized; disintegration columns may be added to the right of the total column upon the sales sheet, in which sales can be classified according to departments or ledgers.

We have an interesting catalogue which illustrates and fully explains this, and the other special Underwood bookkeeping typewriters. It is worth the trouble of asking for it.

United Typewriter Company, Limited

7-9 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO

AND IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES



NO HOUSE
is now considered complete
without at least one
Brick Mantel
in red or buff colors

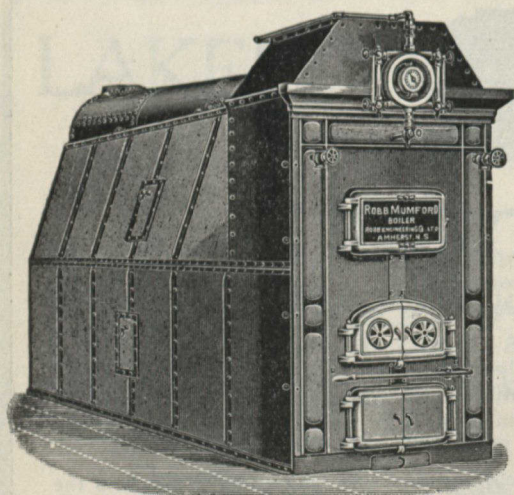
Prices from \$15.00 up

For Summer Homes,
Club Houses, etc., they
are the correct thing

Sena for Illustrated Catalogue

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO., Limited

Works and Head Office: MILTON, ONTARIO



SAVE MONEY

BY BUYING A

Robb-Mumford

Internally Fired Boiler.

LOW FIRST COST.
SAVING IN FUEL.
DURABLE. SAFE.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

District Offices { Traders Bank Building, Toronto, William McKay, Manager
Bell Telephone Building, Montreal, Watson Jack, Manager
Union Bank Building Winnipeg, J. F. Porter, Manager

CANADIAN INVENTION
 CANADIAN ENTERPRISE
 CANADIAN CAPITAL

CANADIAN
 INDEPENDENT
 TELEPHONES

A Telephone is an economy.

A Telephone is a necessity.

Saves time and money, sometimes life and property.

Do you have a telephone in your home ?

Are you satisfied with the service ?

Do you have anything to say about the management or conduct
 of the company ?

Perhaps you are patronizing the Telephone Trust—the policy
 of which is dictated from Boston.

Every community should own and operate its own telephone system
 and be able to insure good service, good management.

We have a full line—Magneto and Automatic.

Full information free.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co.

LIMITED

26 Duncan Street

TORONTO, ONTARIO



PAGE WHITE FENCES
Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches.
 Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white.
 Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence.
 Get 1908 prices and illustrated booklet
THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED
 Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada.
 WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG 218

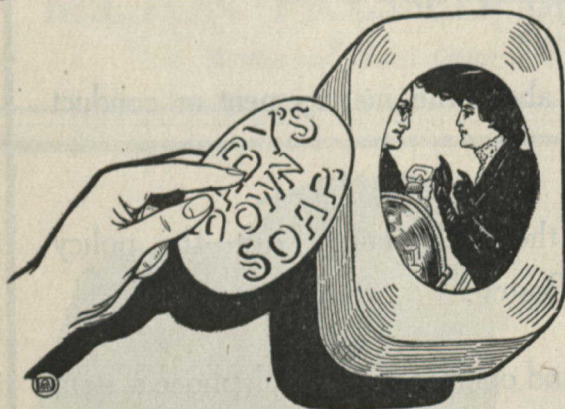
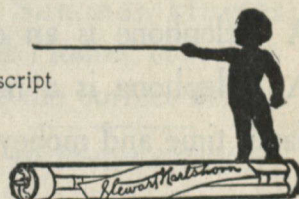
Wood Rollers
 Tin Rollers

Stewart Hartshorn

See that the label on each Roller bears this script signature for your protection.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Hartshorn Shade Rollers



Baby's Own Soap
 Best for Baby
 Best for You

The natural delicate fragrance and purity of Baby's Own Soap renders the use of expensive Toilet Waters unnecessary.

This fragrance permeates the whole cake of soap through and through. It pervades the creamy lather. It refreshes, heals and clings to the skin and makes every wash with "Baby's Own" a delight.

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, MANUFACTURERS, MONTREAL

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR



TRADE MARK

PERRIN GLOVES

For Ladies and Gentlemen

fit perfectly—because in cutting them out the grain of the kid or leather is placed so as to stretch correctly when the Glove is on.

While this entails waste it is the only way to secure a perfect fit.

Ask your dealer for new styles of

Perrin's Gloves
for Easter



Army Auction Bargains

Tents - \$1.90 up	Old Pistols - \$.50 up
Rifles - 1.95 "	Officers' Swords, new \$1.75 "
ARMY SADDLES 3.00 "	Cavalry Sabres " 1.50 "
" Bridles - 1.00 "	UNIFORMS " 1.95 "
" Leggings, pr. .15 "	7 Shot Carbine " - 2.50

1907 MILITARY ENCYCLOPEDIA CATALOGUE, 960 large pages, containing thousands of beautiful illustrations—with wholesale and retail prices of 15 acres **GOVT. AUCTION SALE GOODS**, mailed for 15 cents (stamps).

FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 501 Broadway, NEW YORK

"LAND" is a magazine that tells how YOU can make money in New York real estate. How YOU can start with \$10 and secure a piece of land that will multiply in value with the wonderful growth of New York City. It gives fascinating facts about the wealth that is being made in New York real estate and tells how YOU can share it. Send me your name, address and occupation on a postal card and I will send you **"LAND"** FREE for six months. **W. M. Ostrander, Suite 852, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York.**

Idyl of the Boer War

Entitled **"Delmarree"** by J. L. Martin, Missouri's well-known writer of verse, is now out, and pronounced by critics one of the finest poetic works in the English language. It is fashioned after "Evangeline," and its pathos and enduring love of woman weave it into the hearts of the American people. If you enjoy a beautiful story of love and war this book ought to appeal to you. Send 30c. (Postal Note) to-day for illustrated volume. Address—J. L. MARTIN, Hale, Mo.

Artistic designs, correct style, brilliant finish, combined with an honest value, make silver bearing the famous trade mark

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

the choice of the majority. This name has been the standard of excellence in silver plate for sixty years.

Forks, knives, spoons, fancy serving pieces, or complete sets in chests marked **"1847 ROGERS BROS."** are sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Let us send you our Catalogue "32" to aid in selection.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor)

"Silver Plate that Wears"



The Gourlay-Angelus

The Piano of Artistic Progress

The Gourlay-Angelus player-piano is the perfect combination of two individually complete instruments—the Gourlay piano and the Angelus piano-player. They are built in one case of exquisite design and the piano is ready at all times for playing by hand in the ordinary way, or by means of the Angelus.

The Gourlay Piano as compared with other Canadian pianos is in a class by itself. The new grand scale of the Gourlay piano in which the Angelus is installed, is the identical scale that has already won a success unprecedented in the history of Canadian piano-building and evoked a voluntary recognition of its superlative merit from musicians in all parts of Canada.

The Angelus is the pioneer piano player. It is manufactured by Messrs. Wilcox & White, of Meriden, Conn., and installed inside the piano case in our factory.

Messrs. Wilcox & White are its inventors and hold the patents covering those vital means of musical expression which are exclusive with the Angelus and maintain its supremacy, viz., The Melodant, the Phrasing Lever and The Diaphragm Pneumatics.

If you have listened to other player pianos that are mechanical, come and hear how artistic and human is the playing of the Gourlay-Angelus.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 Yonge St., Toronto

Branches: 66 King St. West, Hamilton; 195 Dundas St., London



For Presentations and Weddings

Nothing equals as a gift the

Dressing Bag

The lady's bag illustrated contains the finest quality of ebony brushes, real ebony mirrors and four bottles and comb.

Made in Rich Natural Grain Leather. Price \$22.00

Made in Dull Black Real Sea Lion. Price.. 30.00

Sterling Silver Bottle Tops \$6.00 extra

No charge for Lettering or Engraving

Catalogue C describes our other Bags and Travelling and Leather Goods. We pay expenses in Ontario and make liberal allowances to other points.

The **JULIAN SALE**

LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited

105 King Street West, Toronto

LAKE OF BAYS

HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.



**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

The LAKE OF BAYS

KNOWN AS THE

"KILLARNEY of AMERICA"

OVER 1000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL
 PURE AND EXHILARATING ATMOSPHERE
 MAGNIFICENT SCENERY and LOVELY WATER TRIPS
 AN IDEAL TERRITORY for CAMPERS and CANOEISTS
 MODERN STEAMBOATS HAVE BEEN PLACED ON THESE LAKES
 GOOD HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS AT REASONABLE RATES.

Write for handsome booklet which tells you all about it. Sent free on application to J. D. McDonald, Union Station, Toronto, or to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

W. E. DAVIS
 Passenger Traffic Manager
 MONTREAL

G. T. BELL
 Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent
 MONTREAL

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

Swift Steady Safe Elegant

FIRST IN ALL IMPROVEMENTS

Steel Hulls—1879

Bulge Keels—1881

“Victorian” and “Virginian”—Turbine Engines—1905

Three Services Weekly

Montreal to Liverpool : Turbine Steamers.

Montreal to Glasgow : New Twin Screw Steamers, “Grampian” and
“Hesperian” 10,000 tons.

Montreal to Havre and London : Large Single Screw Steamers.

RATES OF SALOON PASSAGE

Liverpool Steamers	-	-	-	\$77.50 upwards
Glasgow Steamers	-	-	-	\$67.50 “
Havre Steamers	-	-	-	\$50.00 “

RATES OF SECOND SALOON

\$42.50 to \$47.50 according to Steamer.

Rooms in Saloon are reserved on payment of \$25 each berth.

Second Saloon on payment of \$10.00.

Accommodation for June and July sailings should be secured at once, also west bound for sailings during August and September. ¶ The Edinburgh Exhibition is attracting a large number of tourists from Canada and the United States, and our improved service to Glasgow offers splendid facilities at very reasonable rates.

For illustrated descriptive circular, plans, rates, etc.,

Apply to any Agent or to

THE ALLAN LINE,
77 Yonge St., Toronto

H. & A. ALLAN,
Montreal

ROYAL MAIL TRAINS

VIA

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY



CANADA'S FAMOUS TRAIN

THE MARITIME EXPRESS

Leaving Montreal 12.00 noon Fridays, carries the European Mail, and lands passengers, baggage, etc., at the steamer's side, Halifax, avoiding any extra transfer the following Saturday.

SPECIAL TRAINS

When inward mail steamers at Halifax do not connect with the regular train, the Maritime Express, westbound special train, with through sleeping and dining car attached, for passengers, baggage and mail, will leave Halifax for Quebec and Montreal, connecting with trains for Ottawa, Toronto and points west.

For further particulars apply to

TORONTO HEAD OFFICE, 51 KING STREET EAST

YOUR PLANS FOR THE SUMMER



Should include at least one trip through Canadian Northern Territory. Here is a choice:

- IN ONTARIO**—The Muskokas (by Lake Shore Line) ; the Maganetawan Country ; Georgian Bay ; the French River ; the Superior Divide (Port Arthur to Lake of the Woods.)
- IN NOVA SCOTIA**—The Ocean Shore (700 miles, Halifax to Yarmouth) ; Lake Rossignol ; the Annapolis Valley ; Cape Breton Island (Gulf of St. Lawrence side).
- IN QUEBEC**—The Ottawa Valley ; Shawinigan Falls ; the Laurentians ; the Upper St. Maurice ; Lake Edward ; Lake St. John ; the Saguenay.
- IN THE WEST**—The best Farming Country ; the rivers, lakes, woods and mountains of Manitoba, and beyond the Saskatchewan, up to Edmpton.

Inquiries about them all of the Information Bureau, Head Office, Toronto

Laurentides National Park

THIS renowned hunting and fishing territory takes on increased popularity yearly. Dates for hunting and fishing may be applied for at any time. Increased accommodation will be provided for sportsmen by 1st September, 1908, in the great Caribou Barrens. For information of any kind re sport

ADDRESS

The Hon. Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries
QUEBEC, P.Q., CANADA

50 SWITZERLANDS IN ONE



CANADIAN
ROCKY
MOUNTAINS

MORAINÉ
LAKE

Send for
"Challenge of the
Mountains."

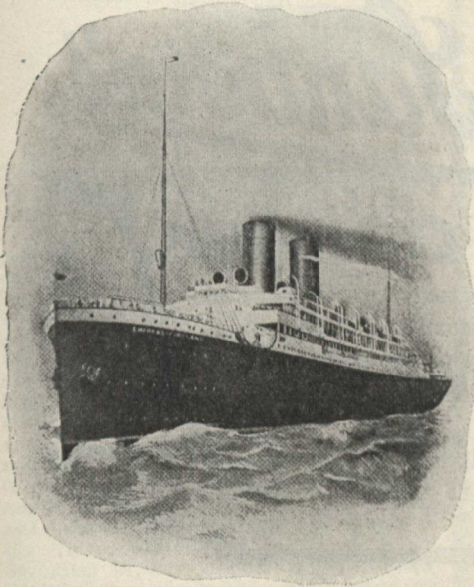
Near Lake Louise Hotel, in the Canadian Rockies, is this wonderful Morain Lake. Words fail to tell of the beauty of this region, which is one of the scenic marvels of the world. Here a most delightful vacation may be enjoyed. A paradise for the mountaineer, geologist, naturalist and mineralogist.

COMFORTABLY REACHED BY THE LUXURIOUS TRAINS OF THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ROBERT KERR PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER MONTREAL.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP LINES



EMPRESS OF BRITAIN and EMPRESS OF IRELAND

THE EMPRESSES

AND 14 OTHER MODERN
ATLANTIC LINERS

The record for the fastest trip
to Canadian ports is held by
the Empresses — six days,
one hour from dock to dock

For sailings, rates and other
information apply to any S.S.
and Railway agents

OR TO

S. J. SHARP

West. Pass. Agt.

71 Yonge St., TORONTO

G. McL. BROWN

Gen. Pass. Agt.

MONTREAL

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

WEEKLY SAILINGS

MONTREAL to LIVERPOOL
IN SUMMERPORTLAND to LIVERPOOL
(Via Halifax in Winter)

S. S. "CANADA"

S. S. "KENSINGTON"

S. S. "DOMINION"

S. S. "SOUTHWARK"

S. S. "VANCOUVER"

S. S. "OTTAWA"

The S.S. "CANADA" holds the record of having made the fastest passage between Liverpool and Canada. The S.S. "CANADA" and S.S. "DOMINION" have very fine accommodation for all classes of passengers. Passenger accommodation is situated amidships, electric light and spacious decks.

To Europe in Comfort At Moderate Rates

Per S. S. "KENSINGTON"

S. S. "SOUTHWARK"

S. S. "VANCOUVER"

S. S. "OTTAWA" (formerly the White Star Line S. S. "GERMANIC")

To Liverpool, - \$42.50

To London, - \$45.00

AND UPWARDS, ACCORDING TO STEAMER AND BERTH

These Steamers carry only one class of cabin passengers, namely, Second Cabin, to whom will be given the accommodation situated in the best part of the vessel. This accommodation includes Promenade Decks, Smoke Rooms, Ladies' Rooms, etc., all amidships, and meets the requirements of that section of the travelling public who, while wanting the best the steamer affords, do not care to pay the higher rates demanded for such in the ships having two classes of cabins.

For all information as to rates of passage and sailings, apply to local agents or to

H. G. THORLEY,

41 King St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

THE DOMINION LINE,

17 St. Sacrament St., MONTREAL, QUE.

Chase & Sanborn's

HIGH GRADE COFFEE

With its topaz-like clearness and aromatic fragrance—a cup of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee holds out a promise of deliciousness that is more than fulfilled in the drinking.

For unqualified perfection in coffee, be sure to order Chase & Sanborn's.

92

UPTON'S

PURE

Orange Marmalade

Cheapest and Best



Get it from your
Grocer and try it
on toast for
breakfast.



CHILDREN TEETHING

THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

"The Universal Perfume"



Most delightful,
Most refreshing,
Most lasting,
Most popular.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

FOR THE

HANDKERCHIEF
DRESSING - TABLE
AND BATH.

More Sprightly and
Invigorating than Cologne.

Ask your Druggist for it!



Many years of careful study among birds produced patent

Bird Bread

That is why it can be relied upon and why there is such an enormous demand for it. 10c, the pkge., 2 large cakes.

Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart from COTTAM SEED, with 6c. in stamps and ge. free two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (2)

Cottam Bird Seed

Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers. Advice FREE about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.

Bart Cottam Co., 64 Dundas St., London, Ont.



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

The Greatest GOLD Dredging Enterprise in the World

THE YUKON BASIN GOLD DREDGING COMPANY is an international company organized under the territorial laws of the United States, registered and sanctioned by the strict laws of the Dominion of Canada. Its properties are 105 miles river frontage, or more than 10,000 acres on the famous Stewart River, the richest gold bearing placer field in the world. Title absolute from the Canadian Government through William Ogilvie, former governor of Yukon Territory and now president and actual field manager of the Yukon Basin Gold Dredging Company.

THE GOLD DREDGE A WONDERFUL MODERN INVENTION Each dredge put in the field will do the work of 1,000 men, and we propose to install twelve as rapidly as it is possible to make the arrangements. Our first mammoth dredge is now being built by Risdon Iron Works Co., San Francisco. The ground is fully tested and immensely valuable.

This is the biggest gold dredging proposition in America. Careful tests covering 30 miles of our leaseholds went as high as \$11.00 and averaged more than \$1.06 per yard. Fabulous fortunes are being made dredging in California on ground averaging only 15c per yard.

PRICE OF STOCK NOW 15 CENTS We consider this stock intrinsically worth par, and in a reasonable length of time it will be paying large dividends on that amount. A limited amount of full paid, non-assessable stock will be sold for development purposes at **15 CENTS** per share. **Soon to be advanced to 25 cents. Par value \$1.** Stock may be had on ten monthly installment payments.

Write for prospectus containing minutest details. Write and ask questions. Address

YUKON BASIN GOLD DREDGING COMPANY, 121 Scarritt Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Why you should have this Range in your home in preference to any other make.

THE Imperial Oxford Range, Series "100," will not cost you any more than may much less efficient range.

But even if it did, it would still be the one range for you to buy.

Remember that first cost is the least expense in a range—the cost of running a range is where the saving or loss comes in.

The Imperial Oxford Range, Series "100," will save its cost in fuel and food in a very short time.

The Imperial Oxford "100" Series is our latest production. We've put the accumulated experience of years into its construction. It contains every device and improvement which will make it bake, roast, boil and broil to perfection, and do it with the greatest economy of fuel and labor.

Here are some of the points of constructions which make the Imperial Oxford "100" Series the range which you should have in your kitchen in preference to any other make:

The oven is large and roomy—will easily

accommodate two large roasts or four ten-inch pie plates. The system of ventilation is so perfect that all fumes of cooking are carried up the chimney and the cooking is done with pure dry heat.

The fire-box is oval shaped and cannot get choked with ashes. This gives you the full benefit of all the fuel you burn and gives

the grate and linings double life.

In a few moments you can change the fire-box from coal to wood—and it gives perfect satisfaction with either fuel.

It has a lifting hearth held out of way by a self-acting catch—the ash pan is large

enough and so well fitted that it catches all the ashes.

No matter how pleased you are with the range you are using now, you should see and know the Imperial Oxford "100" Series.

Write to-day for our descriptive booklet and we'll tell you where you can see it.



The Gurney Foundry Company, Limited,

TORONTO

VANCOUVER

HAMILTON

LONDON

The Gurney-Massey Company, Limited, Montreal.

The Gurney Standard Metal Company, Limited, Calgary and Edmonton.

The Gurney North West Foundry Company, Winnipeg, Man.

Imperial Oxford

SERIES "100"



Easter Novelties

IN

*FINE CHINA
AND GLASS*

WILLIAM JUNOR

88 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO



King Edward Hotel

IN

NEW YORK

147-155 W. 47 ST.

Just off Broadway

"The Very Heart of New York."

Absolutely Fireproof

250 Private Baths

350 Rooms

Every Modern Convenience

Single Rooms (Running Water), \$1.50

Single Rooms and Bath, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, \$4.00 and upward

Parlor, Two Bedrooms and Bath, \$5.00 and upward

Write for Booklet

KING EDWARD HOTEL CO.,

John Hood, Pres. and Mgr.

Late of the New Tift House, Buffalo,
and Royal Hotel, Hamilton, Ont.

Club Cocktails



A Bottled Delight

THERE is always something lacking in the flavor of a made-by-guesswork cocktail. CLUB COCKTAILS are the only perfect cocktails. A mixed-to-measure blend of rare old liquors aged in wood—always uniform in flavor, fragrant, delicious, appetizing, a CLUB COCKTAIL is a vastly better drink than any chance-mixed cocktail possibly could be.

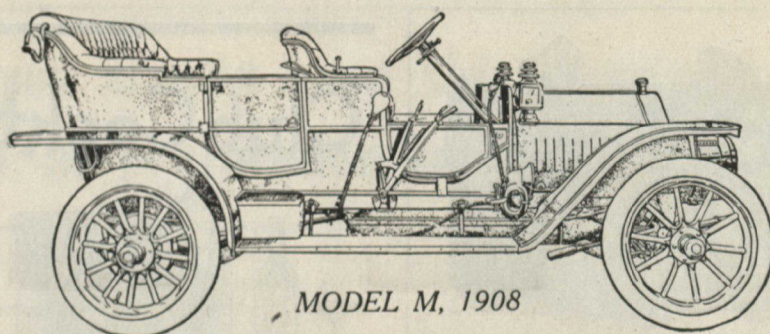
7 kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

G. F. Heublein & Bro.

HARTFORD

NEW YORK

LONDON



MODEL M, 1908

An Ideal Investment

What investment can you make that will yield you the positive dividends in Health, Happiness and Comfort that an

OLDSMOBILE

will bring to you and your family?

It is the Everyday, Year-in-and-year-out Service which makes the Oldsmobile a necessity to so many modern Homes. Then too, there's a lot of Satisfaction in knowing that the car in which you invest is Standardized—that it will be style this year and next—and for years to come.

Model M, shown above, is the ideal Family Service Car—Powerful. Simple, and above all Comfortable. A car as much at Home on the muddy country road as on the city pavement—distinctly a car for everyday Service.

Our catalog, filled with simple automobile information, is sent to those interested in the Oldsmobile on request. Address Dept. C.M.

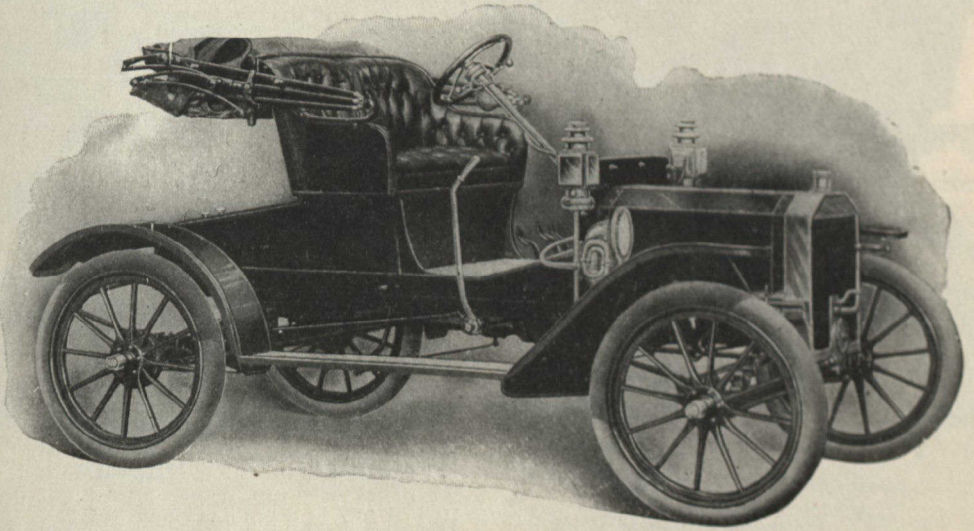
Oldsmobile Company of Canada

LIMITED

80 King Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

FREDERICK SAGER, Manager

The Ford Runabout



A Plain, Straightforward Business Proposition

¶ We believe that the manufacturer of an automobile should be satisfied with about the same margin of profit as the manufacturer of any other similar commodity. The motor car is as much a necessity as the sewing machines.

¶ We manufacture Ford Runabouts; we don't "build them." That is to say every part of each car is exactly the same as the corresponding part of every other car.

¶ This means economy in machine work and assures the purchaser that the car he gets is exactly the same as every other car of the same model.

¶ For 1908 we offer two models—Model "S"—same chassis as Model "N" with special fenders, running board, storage battery ignition, 28 x 3 inch tires, ironed for top, and with full equipment, consisting of two side oil lamps, tube horn, tools, repair kit and pump. Price \$800.00.

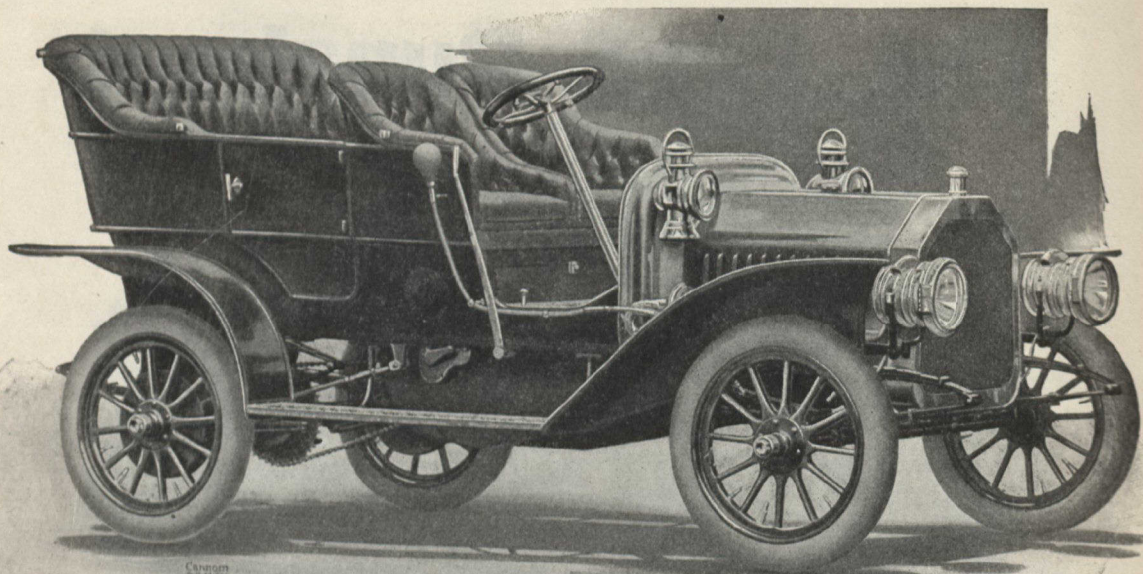
¶ Model "N"—the original four-cylinder runabout with all 1908 improvements. All automobile without some of the "trimmings." Equipment includes two side oil lamps, post horn, repair kit and pump. Price \$750.00.

¶ Don't forget when you are buying a Ford car, you are only paying for actual automobile value. The name "Ford" costs nothing, but it's worth more than most guarantees.

For Catalog and full particulars write

THE FORD MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, Limited
Walkerville, Ont.

Toronto Branch, 53-59 Adelaide St. West



McLaughlin-Buick Model F, 1908

The Greatest Automobile Value in Canada. \$1,400 Complete.

We claim for this car better service, lower cost of maintenance, easier riding and better lasting qualities than any car in its class that is being sold in Canada to-day under \$1,800. A demonstration will bear out our assertion. There are thousands of Buick Motors in use and thousands of satisfied and delighted owners.

Here are a few samples:

In the spring of 1907 I purchased a two-cylinder Buick Model "F," and have run the car fully 3,000 miles without an expenditure of 15 cents, aside from batteries and oils. The car has always been ready for business, and has afforded me great pleasure.

(Signed) D. C. SMITH.

I trust that it will be gratifying to you to know that the four-cylinder Touring Car sold me some time ago has fully substantiated my reasons for buying it. The 3,000 miles I have driven it were in all conditions of weather and over all kinds of country. My engine has never missed fire nor refused to take the grade or make the necessary time.

(Signed) JOHN VAN NORTWICK.

My Model "F" has given me absolutely no trouble or expense since the first day I drove it out. It has covered nearly 4,000 miles during the summer, and I have never had any delay on account of repairs or adjustments. The economy and simplicity of the car appeals to me more than any other feature. The other day I drove it 75 miles, registered by Stewart's Speedometer, carrying four passengers averaging 175 lbs., and on the trip consumed just $3\frac{1}{4}$ gallons of gasoline by actual measurement. I do not think there is another motor car built that will compare with Model "F" for the low cost of maintenance.

(Signed) E. E. ALLEN.

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.

Factory: OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Salesrooms: 111 King St. E., TORONTO; 204 Princess St., WINNIPEG; 376 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL; ST. JOHN, N.B. and CALGARY



IS

KING

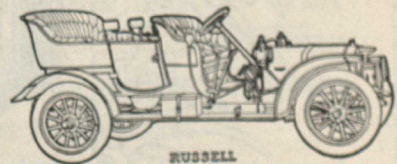
☐ If you desire an instrument that will be permanent in musical character, choose a KARN PIANO. It possesses those qualities which satisfy and will endure. Its responsive touch and general mechanism make it a favourite alike of the teacher and pupil. It is a better investment to purchase an instrument whose musical qualities you know will be lasting, than to buy one that may disappoint you later on

The
Karn Piano and Organ
Company

WOODSTOCK :: ONTARIO :: CANADA

The Russell Fifty

is a collection of good points. ☐ It embodies the best of all that's refined. ☐ 50 h.p. four-cylinder motor. ☐ Transmission of the selective sliding gear type. ☐ Shaft drive. ☐ All gears and shafts of nickel steel. ☐ Metal-to-metal clutch with cork inserts. ☐ Long wheel base, 122 inches. ☐ Thirty-six inch wheels. ☐ Splash system of lubrication. ☐ Imported high grade F. & S. annular ball bearings used throughout. ☐ Tonneau body of beautiful and neat design. ☐ Upholstering and finish possessing excellent features that are exclusively our own.



RUSSELL

☐ Our argument is clinched by a demonstration.

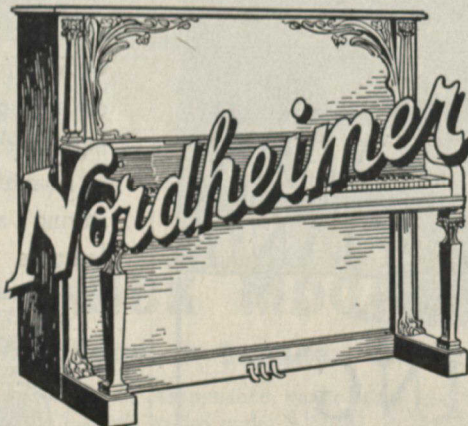
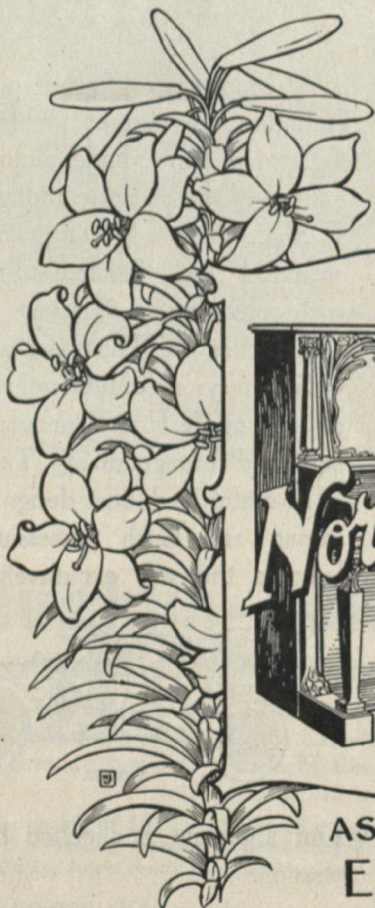
Canada Cycle & Motor Co.
LIMITED

Toronto Junction, Canada

Ottawa
Toronto
Hamilton
Winnipeg
Vancouver
Melbourne

☐ Our 1908 Catalogue de Luxe is just fresh off the press—want one?

THE
NORDHEIMER
PIANO
HAS A TONE AS PURE



AS AN
EASTER LILY

ESTABLISHED 1840

Head Office and Warerooms, 15 King St. East, Toronto

Branches in all Leading Cities

Food Sense and Cents



If you mix brains with your eating, you will be interested in the cost and nutritive value of food.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with a pint of milk (hot milk in winter) will furnish energy for work or play, for the indoor man or the outdoor man—at a total cost of five cents. Add to this a little fruit and cream and you have a wholesome, nourishing meal, rich in the elements that make muscle, bone and brain—at a cost of less than ten cents.

Try it for a few mornings (cut out meat and eggs) and notice how much more physical energy and mental vigor you can put into the day's work. And with it comes good digestion—stomach comfort and satisfaction.



Shredded Wheat is made of the choicest white wheat that grows—is cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the finest and cleanest food factory in the world. If you like the BISCUIT for breakfast you will like toasted TRISCUIT (the Shredded Wheat Wafer) for luncheon or other meals. It is delicious with butter, cheese or marmalades.

Our new and handsomely illustrated Cook Book is sent free for the asking.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Ltd.

“It's All in the Shreds”

Toronto Office : 32 Church St.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
(827)



ART. D. 111 CANADIAN MAGAZINE

ROYAL SOUVENIR

The Souvenir Range has been Purchased

WHY? Because as housekeepers they have realized the enormous influence on the health and happiness of their families by having food properly cooked in a sanitary way by the Souvenir Range with **AERATED OVEN.**

Another point which is easily discernible by the customer is the general beauty of design and solid construction of our Steel Plate Range.

A strong Guarantee signed by the Makers accompanies every stove.

THE GURNEY-TILDEN CO., LIMITED

HAMILTON

MONTREAL

VANCOUVER

Western Agents: TILDEN, GURNEY & CO., Limited, WINNIPEG



Handy size and exact style of wrapping. Look for trade mark face on each box.



Photo of dollar outfit when opened. Count the 12 blades. Avoid bad imitations.



'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed Safety Razor



The Ever-Ready Safety Razor will shave you best of all safety razors. This is a guarantee. The best test of the Ever-Ready is its use and the best proof of its value is its preference over \$5.00 makes by men who have used both. The Ever-Ready blade is the Ever-Ready razor's overwhelming success. No other razor blade is as capable of as good a shave. There are 12 of these intensely sharp "Ever-Ready" blades in each dollar set together with handsomely nickelled safety frame, handle and blade strop all in a fine case.

Extra "Ever-Ready" Blades 12 for 75 cents

Sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Department Stores, Jewelers and Druggists throughout the World. Ask any local dealer.

Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC., 320 Broadway, N.Y.

INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTING CO.

591 St. Catherine St.

Montreal, Canada

**Guaranteed
BEST with
BEST of
Guarantees**

**EXTRA
Ever-Ready
BLADES**

12 for 75c.

Read

DR. LOUIS FRECHETTE'S
MYSTERIOUS, POETICAL SKETCH

"Drapeau the Patriot

IN THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE FOR MAY

Is a Guarantee of Quality—Ask your Dealer
WILLIAMS, GREENE & HOME COMPANY, Limited
BERLIN, CANADA
MANUFACTURERS

Shirts and Collars

Trade Mark
W.G.A. Mark
This Trade Mark

Hand-Springs or Head-Springs

The Athlete and the College Professor both find the "ideal nutriment" in

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

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

1780 The Leader for 125 Years 1905

Walter Baker & Co.'s



Chocolate & Cocoa

It is a perfect food, highly nourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health and prolong life.

A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free.

Registered, U. S. Pat. Off.

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.
Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

45 Highest Awards
in Europe and America

Branch House, 86 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.

Stepping Stones to Womanly Health

A woman's health is more precious than riches. To keep well and strong, there are special reasons why a woman should take extra care of herself at times when Nature makes unusual demands upon her strength and vitality.

For woman's peculiar ailments there is no remedy so true and tried as

Beecham's Pills

This wonderful medicine has been a boon to women for over half a century. They dispel lassitude, low spirits, relieve headache and depression, operate the bowels and supply red corpuscles to the blood. Beecham's Pills fortify and beautify; bring back the appetite, improve the digestion, regulate the functions, clear the complexion, brighten the eyes, send the glow of health to the cheeks and

Pave the Way to Happiness

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN BOXES, 25 CENTS

IN ONE BOTTLE,
REQUIRES
NO HEATING OR
MIXING

Melanyl

Indelible and Harmless

On any Fabric
Try it once and you will
use no other

Inventors

MARKING INK FOR LINEN

Canada Lancel
\$2.00 PER YEAR

Best Medical Journal published in the Dominion. Articles by leading physicians appear in each issue, as well as selections from the best English, German and French Journals. Its personal news items are most complete and interesting and keep the physician in touch with the medical fraternity. Published by THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.