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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Vol. XX

APRIL, 1903

No. 6

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MAY MAGAZINE

COMMENCING with the May number, The Canadian Magazine will grow gradually into summer lightness. The learned and exhaustive treatment of important subjects will be confined to narrower limits, and the writers of fancy, of story, of travel and of adventure will hold the centre of the stage.

The summer days draw nigh. The hammock will soon be sighing in unison with the heavy-leaved branches. The forthcoming numbers will be in keeping with the holiday period and the summer resort season.

The short stories will be more numerous, a number of excellent tales having been collected for this period. These are written by the very brightest of the Canadian writers—W. A. Fraser, E. W. Thomson, Sir Gilbert Parker and others. The travel articles will



E. W. THOMSON
Who will contribute several short stories during 1903.

take the reader into every continent in the world, now climbing the snow-clad mountain, now traversing the dusty plain.

Not the least among the summer features will be Mr. Albert R. Carman's eight-part story, "The Pensionnaires." This is a tourist story, with scenes shifting from Dresden to Switzerland, to the Latin Quarter of Paris, and finally to London, England. It is decidedly humorous and fanciful. Mr. Carman recently spent two seasons in Europe, writing special letters for the Montreal Star, and it was during this visit that the material for his new story was collected.

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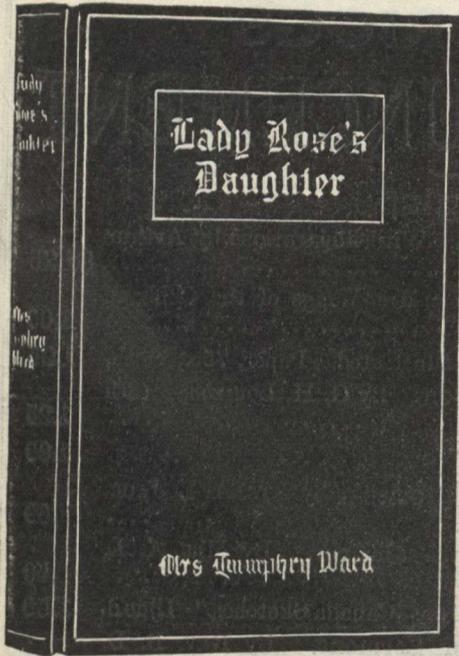
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CLASS OF CLAIMS	NUMBER	AMOUNT
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Expectation of Life	2	1,600.00
Total and Permanent Disability	148	97,367.50
Old Age Disability	130	17,600.00
Sickness	8,774	166,882.64
Funeral	259	12,832.88
Totals	10,585	\$1,748,351.05

Benefits Paid Since Establishment of the Order

Insurance or Mortuary	\$10,621,823.59
Total and Permanent Disability	532,706.76
Old Age Disability	53,970.28
Sick and Funeral	1,523,155.84
Grand Total	\$12,731,656.47

Average Daily Payment for Benefits **\$5,585.78**
During the Year 1902 (exclusive of Sundays).

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During the Year 1902 (exclusive of Sundays) allowing
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Accumulated Fund, 1st January, 1903	\$6,219,071.17
“ “ 1st March, 1903	6,389,863.48
Increase since 1st January, 1903	170,792.31

For further information respecting the I. O. F. apply to any officer or member.

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Twenty-first Annual Statement.

DIRECTORS' REPORT

The new business of the year consisted of two thousand and twelve applications for insurance, aggregating \$2,866,600, of which nineteen hundred and forty-three applications for \$2,739,625 were accepted; applications for \$126,975 were rejected or held for further information.

As in previous years, the income of the Company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the Company have been increased by \$192,462.31, and have now reached \$1,642,387.81, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for Policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$2,512,387.81, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$1,474,740.48, showing a surplus of \$1,037,647.33. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to Policyholders was \$167,647.33.

Policies on sixty-one lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$132,328.88, of which \$16,048.54 was re-insured in other companies; a rate of mortality considerably under that provided for.

Including Cash Dividends and Dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, \$32,214.74, with annuities, the total payments to Policyholders amounted to \$201,411.68.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the Company's funds in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the Company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded better than the average results of Insurance Companies doing business in Canada.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress in every desirable direction. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the Directors for your approval show an advance of eleven per cent. in income, thirteen per cent. in assets, and fourteen per cent. in the amount of insurance written.

The assurances carried by the Company now amount to \$13,981,577.56, upon which the Company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

The field officers and Agents of the Company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful in the Company's service.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:—

Gentlemen,—We have made a careful audit of the books of your Company for the year ending 31st December, 1902, and have certified to their correctness.

The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts and found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your Company as on 31st December is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Respectfully submitted,

H. S. STEPHENS, } Auditors.
J. J. MASON, }

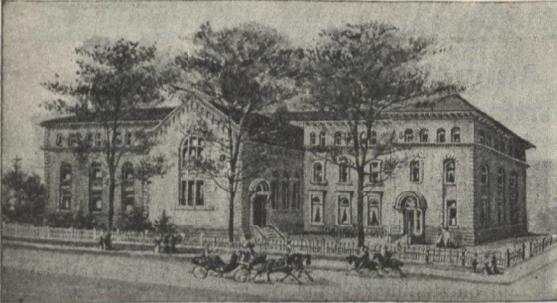
Hamilton, 3rd March, 1903.

Financial Statement for 1902

Premium and Annuity Income.....	\$481,203 80
Interest and Rents.....	71,297 86
	<hr/> \$552,501 66
Paid to Policyholders.....	\$201,411 68
All other payments.....	167,692 00
Balance.....	183,397 98
	<hr/> \$552,501 66
ASSETS—December 31st, 1902	
Debentures and Bonds.....	\$371,100 86
Mortgages.....	665,822 95
Loans on Policies, Bonds, Stocks, etc.....	278,709 24
All other Assets.....	326,754 76
	<hr/> \$1,642,387 81
LIABILITIES	
Reserve Fund.....	\$1,435,641 55
Death Losses awaiting proofs.....	18,000 00
Other Liabilities.....	21,098 93
Surplus on Policyholders' Account.....	167,647 33
	<hr/> \$1,642,387 81
Assets.....	\$1,642,387 81
Guarantee Capital.....	870,000 00
Total Security.....	<hr/> \$2,512,387 81
Policies were Issued Assuring.....	\$ 2,739,625 00
Total Assurance in Force.....	<hr/> \$13,981,577 56

At the Annual Meeting of Shareholders, held at the Head Office of the Company in Hamilton on Tuesday, the 3rd of March, the foregoing reports and statement were received and adopted on the motion of President David Dexter, seconded by Vice-President Lieut.-Col. W. Kerns.

All the retiring Directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the Directors the following officers were re-elected:—Mr. David Dexter, President and Managing Director; Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Mr. T. H. Macpherson, Vice-Presidents.



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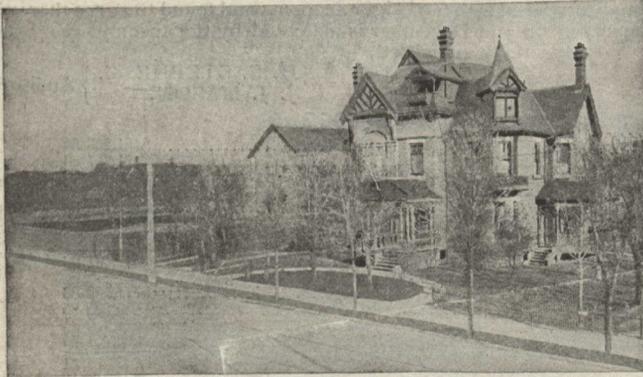
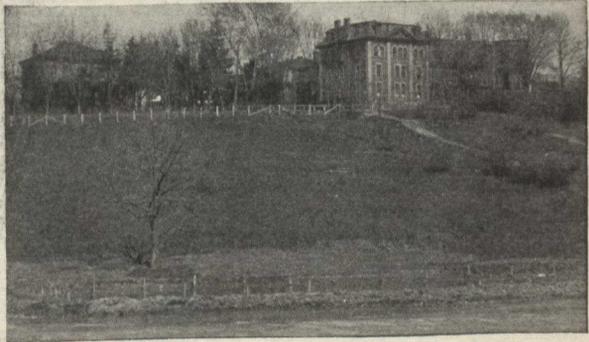
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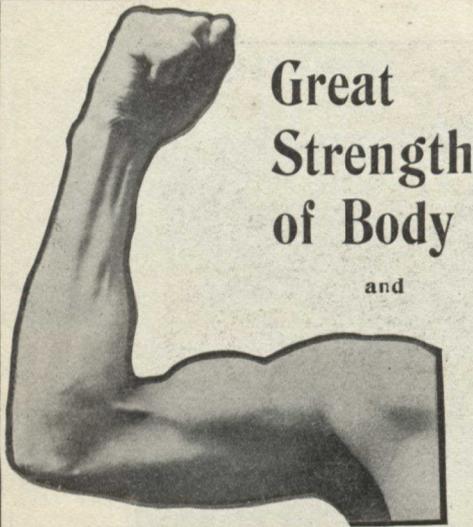
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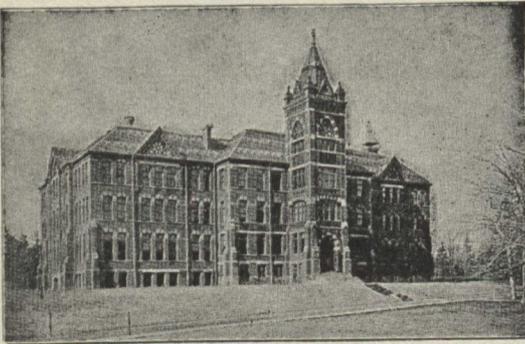
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Best college premises. Best courses of study. Our courses of study in both Business and Shorthand departments are up-to-date, practical, and the same as used in the best business houses of the Dominion.

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DERMA-ROYALE, \$1.00 per bottle, express paid.

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Both in one package, - - - \$1.25, express paid.

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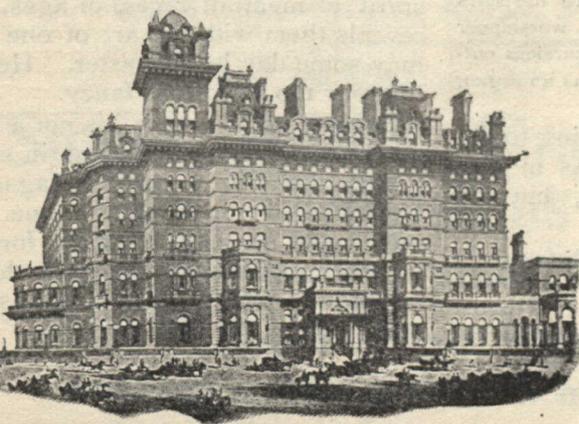
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ANY INTELLIGENT PERSON
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Modern Appointments.
Moderate Tariff.

The Pensionnaires

PENSIONNAIRES are people who live in a *pension*. A *pension* is a continental institution, unknown in the Anglo-Saxon world. It is not a hotel, neither is it lodgings. It is itself—a home for wandering tourists where the host and hostess seem to be people of leisure with the pleasant duty of entertaining their paying guests. Here the German, the Frenchman, the American and the Britisher sit side by side—if they are tourists.

Jessica Murney and her mother were living at a Dresden *pension*. They were not exactly tourists, since they had come from New York to have some further training bestowed on Jessica's voice.

"And it was a marvellous voice; not a light, frivolous jingle of bells, such as might dance to the castanets of comic opera; not even a rain of starry sweetness which so calls out and dazzles the very soul of one and then wings back to the stars without having so much as seen its worshipper on his knees; but a rich, pure, measureless outpouring, as human as a cry, as full as an organ, as high as the lark at morning."

Herr Vogt was endeavouring to develop the voice, but he was in dire distress. The voice sang, but the girl did not.

"You a heavenly voice haf. But haf you? Is it yours? It zings efery note in the zong—beautiful! But you—zing not one! . . . But you—you do not the music feel—you do not lif

her. You stand there and zing as if you were a heavenly phonograph—I t'ink that is him—just tin and paint—just tin and paint."

The story of the awakening of this young woman with the marvellous voice is most interesting. Herr Werner, the six-foot German, with the appreciation for the spirit of things, the son of the mediæval

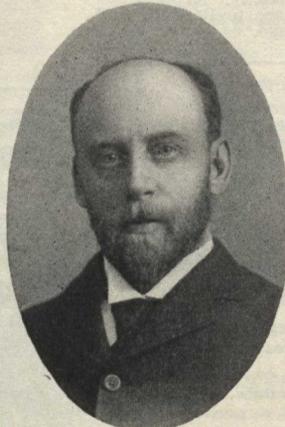
memories of his native land, he is the instrument which changes this human phonograph into a great songstress who is later to win the applause of all Paris and all London. Their relations are extraordinary, and Mr. Hughes, the stolid Englishman who is in love with Jessica, believes her bewitched, hypnotized.

It is a splendid story.

The writer is Mr. A. R. Carman, a Montreal journalist, and the author of "The Preparation of Ryerson Embury." Mr.

Carman himself sees the innermost spirit of men, of races, of ages, and reveals them with the art of one who may some day be a master. He has humour too as well as fancy.

"The Pensionnaires" is not a long story; it will be completed in eight numbers of The Canadian Magazine, beginning with the May issue. It will make splendid reading for the summer months, giving as it does a panoramic picture of the tourist resorts and tourist life in Europe.



ALBERT R. CARMAN
Author of "The Pensionnaires."

Commences in the May Canadian Magazine

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THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

As presented at the Annual Meeting of the Company held at its Head Office, Waterloo, Ont.,
Thursday, March 5th, 1903.

The Directors have pleasure in submitting their report for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1902, with the financial statement duly audited.

The business of the year was very satisfactory in all respects. New insurances were issued under 3,011 policies for \$4,627,878, all of which were written in Canada, excepting 14 policies for \$22,460. The whole amount of insurance in force is now \$34,467,420 under 23,621 policies, being an increase of \$2,754,389 for the year. The death rate was very light and much below the expectation, while the lapses, surrenders and other terminations were less than in 1901.

INCOME—The net premium income was \$1,111,897.41; Interest and Rents, \$275,507.03; Annuities, \$1,056; Profit and Loss, \$2,637.81; total income, \$1,391,098.25, being an increase of \$113,412.17 over 1901.

DISBURSEMENTS—The payments to policyholders for death claims, endowments, annuities and surrender values were \$405,506.44; for surplus, \$77,843.79; total, \$483,350.23. All other payments were \$248,956.13, including expenses, taxes, etc. The total disbursements were \$732,306.36, and the excess of income over disbursements was \$658,791.89.

ASSETS—The cash assets now amount to \$6,098,333.54, and the total assets are \$6,459,780.08, an increase for the year of \$701,957.91.

LIABILITIES—The total liabilities are \$5,960,629.84, including the reserve for the security of policyholder, \$5,925,443.97, computed on the Company's standard 4% and 3½%.

SURPLUS—On the Company's standard of valuation the surplus is \$499,150.24, and on the Government standard \$738,256.14. The increase in surplus is \$119,179.71.

NEW RESERVE STANDARD—For some years past the earning power of money has gradually but steadily decreased. Recognizing the importance of making the most ample provision for the fulfilment of our contracts, your Directors decided to place all new business issued from and after January 1st, 1903, upon a 3 per cent. basis of valuation, which has been adopted by many leading Companies, both naive and foreign.

The Manager, Officers and staff have discharged their duties to the satisfaction of the Board, and in the best interests of the Company. The Agents continue to merit the commendation of the Directors and Policyholders for their loyalty and the success attending the year's work.

The Executive Committee has again examined all the securities and compared them with the records, all of which were found correct and in accordance with the statement herewith submitted.

The following Directors retire by expiry of term of office, but all are eligible for re-election: Sir F. W. Borden, W. J. Kidd, William Snider and Robert Melvin.

On behalf of the Board, ROBERT MELVIN, President.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

LEDGER ASSETS

Dec. 31st, 1901 \$5,439,541 65

INCOME

Premiums (net).....\$1,111,897 41
Interest and rents 279,200 84
\$1,391,098 25

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS

Death Claims.....\$242,049 75
Matured Endowments..... 112,747 00
Payments to Annuitants 9,481 30
Purchased Policies 41,225 39
Surplus paid to Policyholders..... 77,843 79
\$ 483,350 23
All other payments 248,956 13
\$ 732,306 36

LEDGER ASSETS

Debentures and Bonds, Account Value\$2,290,322 95
Mortgages 2,991,644 56
Loans on Policies 617,288 25
Loans on Stocks..... 7,500 00
Liens on Policies..... 33,739 49
Real Estate..... 44,862 45
" " Company's Head Office 20,861 96
All other items, including Cash 28,925 88
\$6,098,333 54
Additional Assets 361,446 54

Total Assets.....

\$6,459,780 08

LIABILITIES

Reserve on Policies in force 4% and 3½%.....\$5,925,443 97
All other Liabilities..... 35,185 87
\$5,960,629 84

Surplus Company's Standard 4% and 3½% \$499,150 24

Surplus Government Standard 4½% and 3½% \$738,256 14

Audited and found correct.

J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A. } Auditors.
A. J. BREWSTER, }

GEO. WEGENAST,
Manager.

The various reports having been adopted, the retiring Directors were unanimously re-elected. After several able and pithy addresses had been made by the members of the Board, the Head Office staff, the agents and others, the meeting adjourned.

The Directors met subsequently and re-elected Mr. Robert Melvin, President; Mr. Alfred Hoskin, K.C., 1st Vice-President; and the Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, 2nd Vice-President of the Company for the ensuing year.

[Booklets containing full report, comprising list of death and endowment claims paid and other interesting and instructive particulars, are being issued and will in due course be distributed among policyholders and intending insureds.]

W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.

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Most central position in Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square.

Convenient for the West End and all chief places of interest.

It belongs to the Gordon Company, who are the greatest hotel proprietors in the world, and have carried hotel management to the highest state of perfection.



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Cliftonville, Margate
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Royal Pier, Ryde, I. of W.
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Metropole, Folkestone
Grand, Broadstairs

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Metropole, Cannes
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S. C. DUNHAM, *President*

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\$1 and upwards received on deposit and interest thereon paid or compounded half-yearly at **3 $\frac{1}{2}$ %**

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\$100 and upwards are received and Debentures for fixed terms issued therefor with interest **4%** half-yearly at

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PERMANENT AND
WESTERN
CANADA
MORTGAGE
CORPORATION**

TORONTO STREET - - TORONTO

PAID-UP CAPITAL	-	-	-	-	\$6,000,000.00
RESERVE FUND	-	-	-	-	\$1,600,000.00
INVESTED FUNDS	-	-	-	-	\$23,600,000.00

Federal Life Assurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, CANADA

Statement for the Year 1902

Premium Income,	\$ 474,703.80
Amount of New Policies issued,	2,739,625.00
Insurance in Force Dec. 31st, 1902,	13,981,577.56
Capital and Assets,	2,512,387.81

DAVID DEXTER

President and Managing Director

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation

ESTABLISHED 1882

TORONTO WINNIPEG

PAID-UP CAPITAL	- - \$1,000,000	RESERVE FUND	- - \$200,000
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Trust Funds to Loan on Mortgages at Lowest Current Rates of Interest.

J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director.

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Since its Organization in 1869

The Mutual Life of Canada

For 30 years THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE

has paid to its Policy-holders in cash:—

For Death Claims	- - - -	\$2,424,521.63
For Endowments and Annuities	- - - -	764,462.31
For Dividends to Policy-holders	- - - -	1,177,061.77
For Cash Surrender Values to Policy-holders	- - - -	859,570.51

making \$5,225,616 22, and it holds in Surplus and Reserve for the security of its policy-holders on 4 and 3½ per cent. basis \$6,424,594.21, being a grand total paid to policy-holders and held for their security of \$11,650,210.43. This sum largely exceeds the total premiums paid to the Company—the result of 33 years' operations, and actual favorable results count in life insurance.

R. MELVIN,
President.

GEO. WEGENAST,
Manager.

W. H. RIDDELL,
Secretary.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Paid-up Capital, \$8,000,000 Rest, \$2,500,000

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO

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ROBERT KILGOUR, Vice-President
ALEXANDER LAIRD, Asst. General Manager

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Deposits of \$1 and upwards received and interest allowed at current rates.

1902

The Best Financial Year

in the history of

The Northern Life

Policies Issued, \$1,119,725

Total Insurance in force.	\$3,172,535	Gain, 15%
Premium Cash Income...	99,490	" 31%
Interest Cash Income...	10,532	" 30%
Total Cash Income.....	110,022	" 30%
Total Assets.....	332,044	" 18%
Added to Reserve.....	54,307	" 45%

Ratio of Expenses to Income decreased 16%

Head Office, London, Ont.

JOHN MILNE
Managing Director

Bank of Hamilton

Board of Directors

JOHN STUART President A. G. RAMSAY Vice-President
John Proctor Geo. Roach Hon. A. T. Wood
A. B. Lee (Toronto) Hon. William Gibson

Capital, \$2,000,000 Reserve Fund, \$1,600,000
Total Assets, \$22,500,000

J. TURNBULL, General Manager
H. S. STEVEN, Asst. Gen. Manager

HEAD OFFICE - HAMILTON, ONT.

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Brantford	" West End	Morden, Man.	Teeswater
Carman, Man.	Hamiota, Man.	Niagara Falls	Toronto
Chesley	Indian Head, N.W.T.	Niag. Falls South	Vancouver, B.C.
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W. D. MATTHEWS, ESQ., FREDERICK WYLD, ESQ.,
Vice-Presidents.

W. C. MACDONALD,
Actuary.

I. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO,

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CONTINENT.”

THE REGRET OF OLD AGE.

Old age often brings regret for things left undone. One of the saddest reflections for a man well advanced in years is that he has neglected to make sufficient provision for the latter part of his life.

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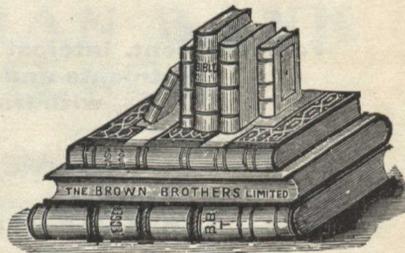
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Home Office, Toronto, Ontario.

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Secretary.

WM. McCABE,
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Absolute Security to Policyholders**

IMPERIAL LIFE

Assurance Company of Canada

1903—The Year's Record—1903

THE following table gives the results of the most successful year's business in the Company's history. It will at once be evident that the progress made has been of such a character as to further strengthen the unexcelled security afforded policyholders.

	January 1st		Increase.	Per Cent.
	1902	1903		
1. Assurances granted and revived	\$ 3,197,500	\$ 4,127,642	\$ 930,142	29.1
2. Total Assurances	11,236,700	14,037,444	2,800,744	24.9
3. Cash Premium Income,	395,170	482,326	87,156	22.1
4. Cash Interest, dividends on investments	53,502	81,178	27,676	51.7
5. Total Cash Income	448,672	563,504	114,832	25.6
6. Assets	1,339,804	1,660,393	320,589	23.9
7. Assurance and Annuity Reserves	798,785	1,102,531	303,746	38.0

1898—Five Years' Record—1903

THE following record is an indication of the steady and rapid progress made by the Company. In every department the figures for each year show a substantial increase over those of the previous year.

Year	Gross Premium Income	Interest, etc. from Investments	Total Income	Reserves	Assets	Total Assurance in force
Jan. 1st						
1899	\$169,288	\$12,464	\$181,752	\$180,761	\$677,062	\$4,169,125
1900	317,758	24,906	342,664	434,112	930,443	7,142,625
1901	319,860	36,273	356,133	597,488	1,102,092	9,226,350
1902	395,170	53,502	448,672	798,785	1,344,128	11,236,700
1903	482,326	81,178	563,504	1,102,531	1,660,777	14,037,444

"The record of The Imperial Life has never been equalled by any other life assurance company in Canada."

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA



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(Disinfecting and Cleansing)

By the use of Lifebuoy Soap for washing purposes you combine the process of cleansing with that of destroying the germs of disease.

It will beautify the complexion and make the skin soft and healthy.

Lifebuoy Soap has been analyzed and experimented with by expert chemists and its disease germ destroying properties are established.

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MONTREAL—A WINTER'S NIGHT VIEW

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XX

TORONTO, APRIL, 1903

No. 6

THE BURNING OF THE PARLIAMENT
BUILDINGS

By J. J. Bell, M.A.



THE march of improvement in Montreal led recently to the demolition of the St. Ann's market, one of the landmarks of the city. Its removal recalls the fact that its site was the scene of one of the most exciting events in Canadian history.

When the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada were united in 1841, Kingston, which had been the capital of Upper Canada, became the seat of government for the united Provinces. Three years later the honour went to Montreal. The latter was considered more suitable, being the chief commercial city, comparatively easy of access as travel went in those days, away from the frontier, and not far from the boundary line which had hitherto divided the Provinces. It would doubtless have remained the capital of greater Canada to this day, had it not been for the burning of the Parliament buildings by a mob in 1849, an event which brought lasting disgrace on the city.

The rebellion of 1837-38 had caused serious loss of property to numbers of persons in both Provinces. A demand for compensation was made, and in 1845, when Lord Cathcart was Governor-General, Sir Allan McNab, a leading member of the Draper Administration, introduced and carried through Parliament a bill granting compensation to those in Upper Canada who had suffered loss. Lower Canada was

not included for the reason that the Tory party, then in power, who assumed the title of loyalists, insisted that all the French-Canadians were rebels. The demand for similar compensation on the part of Lower Canada became so urgent that a commission was appointed to investigate. It reported that, although a quarter of a million dollars was claimed, £100,000 would cover the actual loss. To meet the demand the Draper (Tory) Government made an appropriation of £10,000. Immediately there was an outcry in both Provinces, in Lower Canada because the grant of such a small amount was a mockery of its claims, in Upper Canada because it was proposed to give any compensation to rebels.

At this crisis a change of Government occurred in England. Lord Cathcart was recalled and Lord Elgin sent out as Governor-General. Soon after his arrival, in 1847, the general elections were held, when the Conservative Government was defeated and the Reformers came into power. The French-Canadian influence was strong, and the Draper Government having given a virtual pledge to take action, the new Government felt bound to do so, especially as the Legislative Assembly had adopted an address to the Governor-General asking that steps might be taken to pay the Lower Canadian losses. A series of resolutions setting forth the facts was placed before Parliament by Mr. Lafontaine,

the French leader, and a bill founded thereon was introduced, its title being "An Act to provide for the indemnification of parties in Lower Canada whose property was destroyed during the rebellion in 1837 and 1838."* It provided that no one who had been convicted of treason, or transported, should share in the indemnity. Five commissioners were appointed to carry out the provisions of the Act, and £100,000 was set apart for the purpose of indemnification.

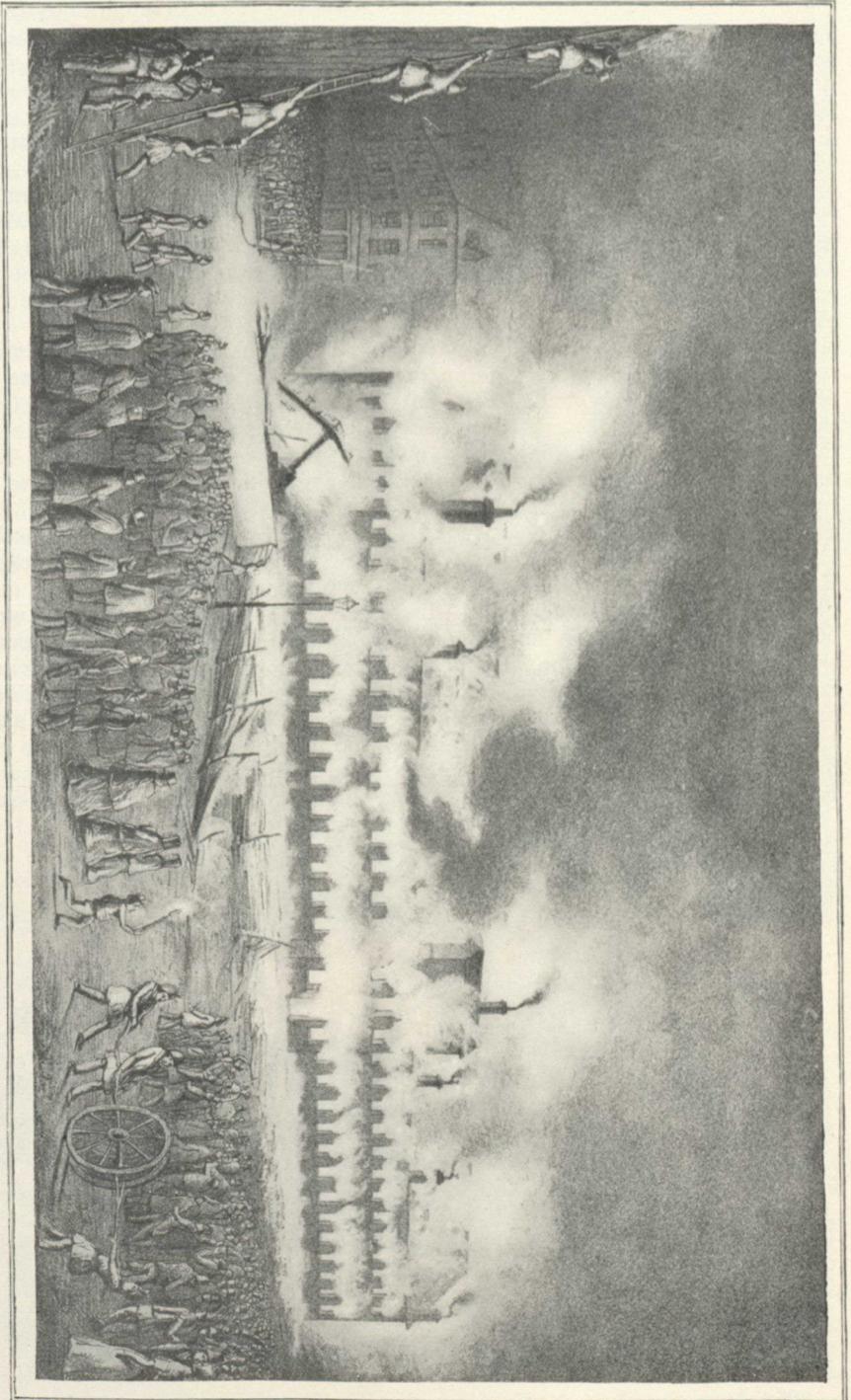
The Opposition did all in their power to defeat the bill. Their rallying cry was "No pay to Rebels." They pointed out that only "loyal inhabitants" had received indemnification in Upper Canada, whereas disloyal persons might share in the case of Lower Canada, unless they had been convicted or banished. Hon. W. H. Blake, Solicitor-General for Upper Canada, and father of Hon. Edward Blake, made a spirited speech in support of the measure, which was finally passed in the Legislative Assembly on the 9th of March, by a vote of 47 yeas to 18 nays, and in the Legislative Council six days later by 20 yeas to 14 nays.

Petitions against the bill poured in, asking that it be reserved for imperial sanction or that parliament be dissolved. The Governor-General, Lord Elgin, was understood personally not to be in favour of it, but he took the ground that as the compensation bill for Upper Canada had not been reserved for the Home authorities, there was no reason why that relating to Lower Canada should be. Of the thirty-one Upper Canada members who voted on the third reading, seventeen supported the bill and fourteen opposed it, and of ten members from Lower Canada, of British origin, six voted for it. To reserve the bill would have been against the principles of responsible government, and therefore Lord Elgin, acting on the advice of his Ministers, went to the Parliament House on the 25th of April, 1849, and gave the royal assent.

*The writer has in his possession a copy of the bill.

A rumour had gone abroad that there might be trouble, and the galleries were packed with spectators. When the bill was assented to with the usual formula a number of people left the House with considerable noise, and when Lord Elgin retired there were manifestations of displeasure in the way of hisses. As his carriage moved off he was pelted with eggs, stones and other missiles. Notices were soon circulated calling a public meeting for 8 o'clock on the Champ de Mars. The fire bells were rung and a large crowd assembled. Inflammatory speeches were made, strong resolutions passed, and finally shouts raised, "To the Parliament House," "To Monklands," (the residence of the Governor-General), "Down with Lord Elgin." A move was made towards the Parliament buildings. On the way the mob passed the office of the *Pilot*, the chief organ of the Government. The windows were broken, and a move made to set it on fire, but this was prevented by the cry that the buildings on either side belonged to persons who were loyal. Parliament was in session. The proceedings were interrupted by a shower of stones which crashed through the windows. The mob forced their way in and the members fled for safety. The invaders were prepared for anything. The furniture was smashed, and pandemonium reigned. One man seated himself in the Speaker's chair, and declared Parliament dissolved. The mace was carried away, but afterwards returned to the Speaker of the House at his hotel. Finally the torch was applied to the building, which, with its contents, was speedily destroyed. Out of a library of nearly 20,000 volumes only about 100 were saved. The public records were all burned. A full-length portrait of Queen Victoria, which cost \$2,000, was rescued, but in a damaged condition. It was taken to the Donegana hotel, and remained there for some months, till the hotel was burned, when it was again rescued by being cut out of the frame.

It was repaired and may now be seen in the Senate Chamber at Ottawa.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, MONTREAL, APRIL 25TH, 1849
FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. HELL

There was an insurance of £12,000 on the building and contents, which the underwriters refused to pay, as the fire was of incendiary origin.

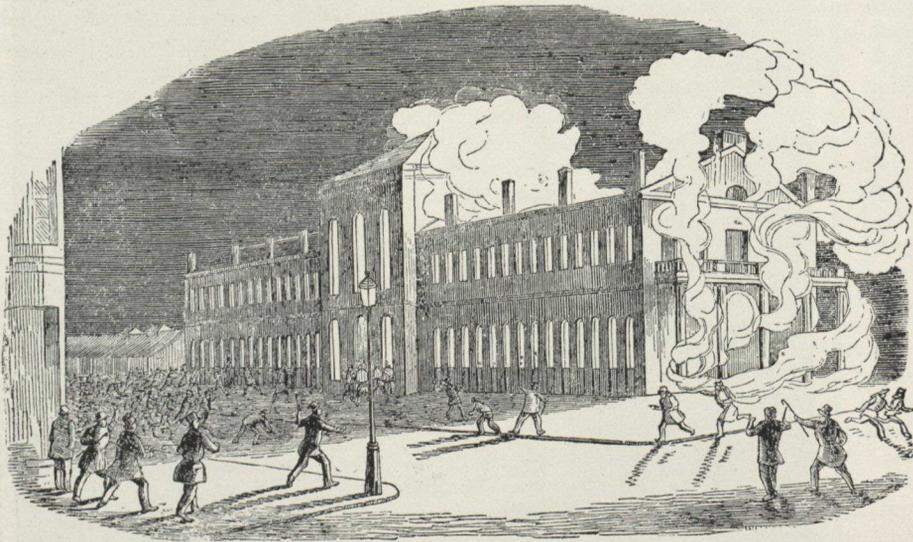
The building destroyed was of Montreal limestone, of plain but effective architectural design, without ornament except a portico at each end. It was 342 feet long and 50 feet wide, the central part projecting four feet beyond the rest of the building. It cost £30,000, and had been designed for a market, but was leased for public offices at a rental of £2,500 a year, until the seat of government was removed from Kingston.

When the mob left the Champ de Mars the troops were called out, but they did not arrive in time to prevent the destruction of the buildings. The fire engines were taken possession of to prevent their being used to extinguish the flames.

Parliament met the next day in the Bonsecours market building. Some of the Opposition members, Sir Allan McNab among the number, blamed the Government more than the populace for what had occurred, and one member declared that the Rebellion Losses bill was sufficient justification for the destruction of the Parliament Buildings.

The day after the destruction of the buildings the mob repaired to the house of Hon. Mr. Lafontaine, and set it on fire. The flames were extinguished, but his library of valuable books and his furniture were destroyed. Fortunately the members of his family were absent, or they might have suffered ill-treatment, such was the temper of the mob. On the 11th of May another attack was made on his house. A volley was fired by the troops and the mob driven back, one man being killed.

The mob had not yet expended its fury. The city was in a state of disturbance. A mob surrounded Government House and threatened to take it by storm and kill Lord Elgin. A conflict was imminent between the troops and the people, which was happily averted by the determined action of Mr. Gogy, a member of Parliament, who succeeded in restraining the rioters. Members of Parliament were assaulted and the houses of several of the members of the Government and their supporters damaged. The Government has been blamed for showing too much leniency towards the rioters, but their forbearance prevented bloodshed, and apart from the breaking of a



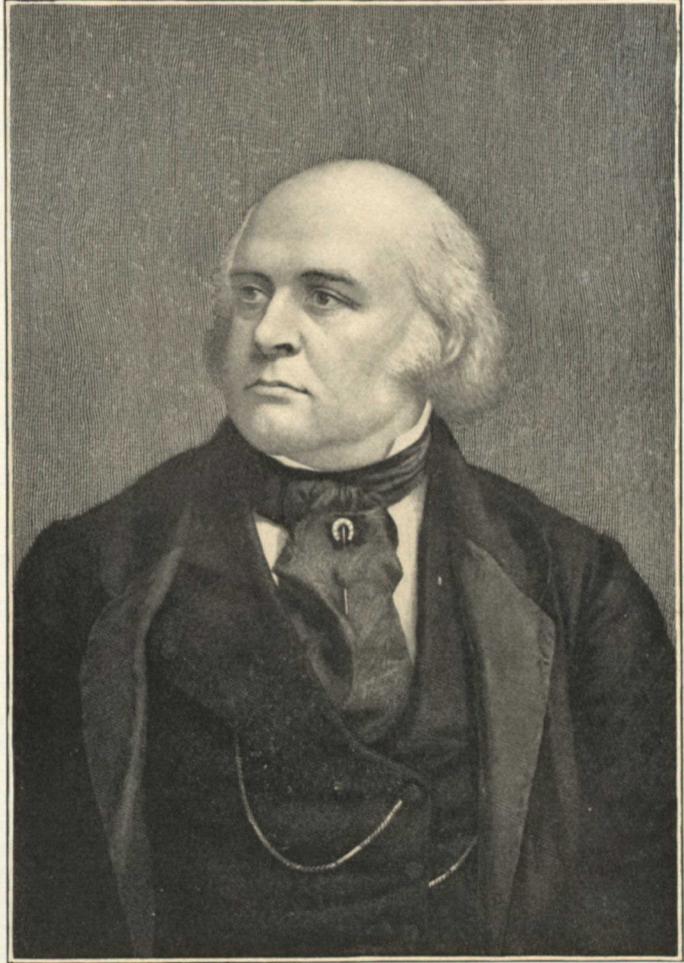
ANOTHER CONTEMPORANEOUS PICTURE OF THE FIRE—FROM "PUNCH IN CANADA"

few windows the only property damaged belonged to members of the Government. Some arrests for arson were made, but the cases were never pressed.

Two days after the Parliament Buildings were burned a meeting of the "friends of peace," as they styled themselves, was held on the Champ de Mars. An address to the Queen was adopted, asking for the recall of Lord Elgin and the disallowance of the obnoxious Act. On the other hand Parliament passed an address approving of the action of the Governor-General. On his way to the Government offices to receive it he was assaulted, and on his way back the attack was renewed, his brother, Colonel Bruce, who was with him

in the carriage, being injured by a stone. Members of Parliament were also attacked. Hostile demonstrations were kept up for some time, and Lord Elgin considered it prudent to absent himself from the city.

Demonstrations were made in a few Upper Canada towns, but as a rule Lord Elgin's course met with commendation, and addresses of approval poured in. One address from Toronto bore the signatures of nearly half the male adult population. The deputation which went to Montreal to present it was mobbed when it reached that city.



LORD ELGIN

FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING IN ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

Lord Elgin tendered his resignation, but the Colonial Secretary assured him of the approval of the Home Government and the Queen's desire that he should remain at his post, which he consented to do.

Parliament was prorogued on the 30th of May, but Lord Elgin, having been attacked and insulted on two occasions, did not attend the ceremony.

The Government proceeded to give effect to the provisions of the obnoxious Act. The agitation was kept up, and what was known as the British-American League was formed at Mont-

real, with branches at Toronto, Kingston and other towns in Upper Canada. Opposition to the existing Government, protection, an elective Legislative Council, and the union of the British North American Provinces were prominent planks in their platform. It is interesting to note that all these constitutional changes came about in course of time. There were discordant elements which prevented united action on the part of the League. A convention was held at Kingston, at which it was proposed to have Lord Elgin impeached in the House of Lords. Sir Allan McNab and Honorable W. Cayley were sent to England to influence opinion there. The Government sent Sir Francis Hincks to counteract their influence. Discussions in both Houses of the Imperial Parliament resulted in the vindication of Lord Elgin. Having failed in their purpose the League got up an agitation for annexation to the United States, and a manifesto was signed by many of the prominent men of Montreal, including such names as those of John Redpath, John Molson, William Molson, D. L. Macpherson, L. H. Holton, John Ross, Q.C., E. G. Penny, Thos. Workman, Wm. Workman, John Frothingham, John Torrance, J. G. Mackenzie, Benjamin Holmes, John Leeming, Theodore Hart, Theodore Lyman, Peter Redpath, Stanley Bagg and many others. Some of these had ten or twelve years before claimed to be "Constitutionalists," as opposed to the "Patriots" of 1837-38.

A number of the rioters having been subsequently arrested with a view of bringing them to trial, caused further disturbances and another attack on Lafontaine's house. Lord Elgin made a trip west, and in Toronto a few hostile demonstrations were made. An attempt to burn him in effigy at Quebec was frustrated, and instead a monster meeting to approve of his conduct was held.

While, generally speaking, the Tory party was opposed to the course adopted by Lord Elgin, that they did not all take this position is shown by the fact

that in a despatch sent by him to Lord Grey, Colonial Secretary, dated April 30th, 1849, detailing the riots and other proceedings, he states that John Wilson, an influential member of the Tory party from Upper Canada, and A. T. Galt, another member of that party, who subsequently figured prominently in Canadian affairs, and who had a few days previously been elected by a Lower Canada constituency, containing a large English population, approved of his course. There is evidence also to show that some of those who took part in the agitation which culminated in the burning of the Parliament buildings, and in the annexation movement, classed themselves as Reformers. The attitude of Sir Allan McNab, the leader of the Tory party, was that government conducted on British principles was unsuited for Canada.

Referring to this unfortunate event, McMullen, in his history of Canada, remarks that Paris mobs respect public buildings and works of art, but with the Montreal mob nothing was too good for destruction. The value of the property destroyed that one night was greater than the total amount to be paid under the indemnification act. The act of lawlessness cost the city dearly. Parliament never met there again. No permanent seat of government was fixed upon, and for some time the House sat alternately for four years at Toronto and Quebec. This itinerant system, involving the removal of all the officials, with the public records, library and other paraphernalia of government, and causing a serious interruption of business while it was going on, could not continue, and after a few years steps were taken to have a permanent capital. Parliament could not come to an agreement, and finally the question was referred to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who selected Ottawa. An attempt was made to set aside the Queen's decision, but the Government of the day stood loyally by it, and suitable buildings having been erected the seat of government was removed to Ottawa in 1866.

FROM QUEBEC TO JAMES BAY

By E. T. D. Chambers



SINCE the exaggeration of the erroneous notion which caused Canada to be talked of at the court of Louis XV. as *quelques arpents de neige*, and to be nicknamed by Kipling "Our Lady of the Snows," Quebec has long been regarded by many who ought to know better, as almost the northern limit of civilization. When the construction of a railway from Quebec to Lake St. John was first mooted, there were some who asked what the promoters of the road expected to find in the Lake St. John country besides bears and blueberries. Others declared that one might almost as well propose building a railway to the mountains in the moon as to run it over the Laurentian mountain chain which intervenes between Quebec and Lake St. John.

Notwithstanding the change of sentiment which has been produced by the completion of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, in regard to the climatic conditions and agricultural and forest wealth of the Lake St. John region, there is still very much misapprehension in regard to the country lying between Lake St. John and James Bay*. The prevailing impression seems to be that it is fit only to be the habitation of the fur-bearing animals of the woods and of the hunters who earn a scanty subsistence by trapping them for their pelts. When a large additional tract of country immediately to the south and east of James Bay, and running as far north as the Rupert River, was handed over to the Province of Quebec a few years ago by the Federal Government, there were many who saw no other value in it than the additional area which it added to the superficies of the Province. The awakening came almost immediately after the announcement that a railway was to be

*See map elsewhere in this issue.

built through this new territory, in the shape of an offer for the purchase of about one-tenth of the newly acquired district at a price which would enable the Government to pay off the whole of the Provincial indebtedness. The total amount offered is said to aggregate thirty-seven and a half millions of dollars. The Government knows so well the value of its far northern country that it rejected this offer.

During 1897 the Government sent an exploring party from Lake St. John to James Bay, which reported the greater part of the country visited to be comparatively level, well timbered, having a good soil, and a climate quite as temperate as that of the Lake St. John district, with a snowfall about half that of Montreal. It was also seen to be rich in minerals. The explorers found an excellent route for a railway from Roberval at Lake St. John to the mouth of the Nottaway on James Bay, where there is a harbour with twenty-seven feet of water, and having about four thousand miles of the coastline of James and Hudson Bay tributary to any railway which may be built there. Mr. Henry O'Sullivan, who was in charge of the exploring party, reports that over two-thirds of the land area should be fit for cultivation, for there are no mountains of great extent, and the land generally rises in easy swells from the lower levels of the river beds. Except where swamps may exist in the level plains between the main waterways, there is no reason why the greater part of the country would not be fit for settlement, should climatic conditions prove favourable. Mr. O'Sullivan's claims as to the soil and climate of the James Bay Territory are fully confirmed by the reports of Dr. Bell, of the Dominion Geological Survey, and by the statements of many of the missionaries to the Indians there.

The Rev. Father Nedelec, late mis-

sionary at James Bay, declares that the soil is generally of a clayey nature and the climate better than that of the north of Germany, Poland, Norway, and the north of Scotland. The reverend gentleman states that the natural resources of the James Bay Territory are quite similar to those of Quebec and Lake St. John. Between Lake Temiscamingue and the height of land, white and red pine abound, as well as spruce and soft birch. On the other side of the height of land the principal timber met with is spruce, soft birch and cedar.

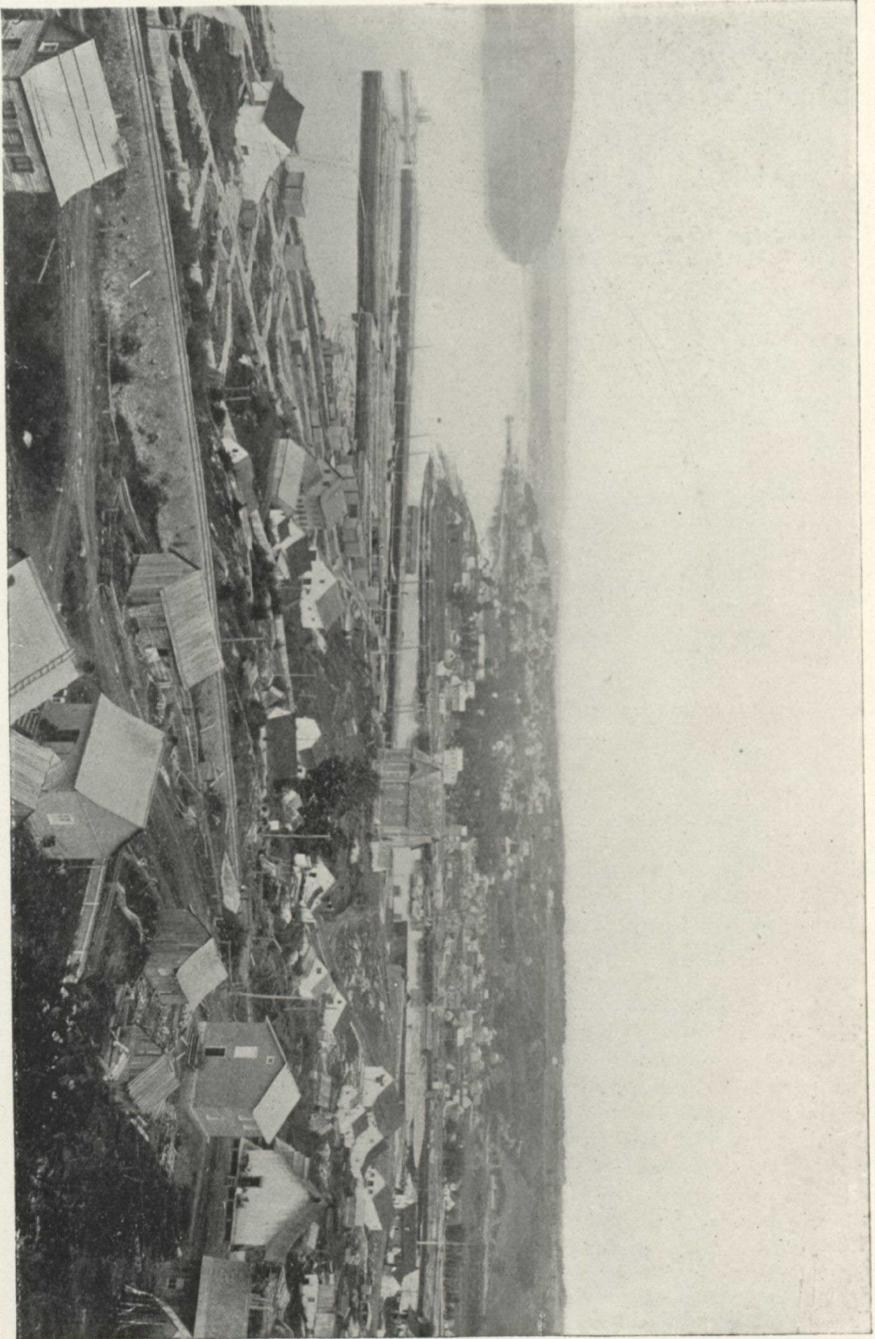
Rev. Father Paradis, formerly missionary at Moose Factory, describes the James Bay Territory as very suitable for settlement, and the land as first-class. He says that from Lake Temiscamingue, which is 650 feet above the sea, to Moose Factory, a distance of 500 miles, the country is one black clay plain, very suitable for grain, and well wooded with maple and other hardwoods. At the height of land, 920 feet above the sea, pine is found in abundance, as well as very large poplar. From Lake Abittibi to James Bay the finest spruce in America is to be found, according to Father Paradis, and on the south side of the mountains some red pine.

All the authorities agree that the snowfall in the far north of Quebec is much less than it is at Quebec. The climate is colder in winter at James Bay than at Quebec, but on the other hand it is warmer in summer, the thermometer sometimes registering 100 degrees.

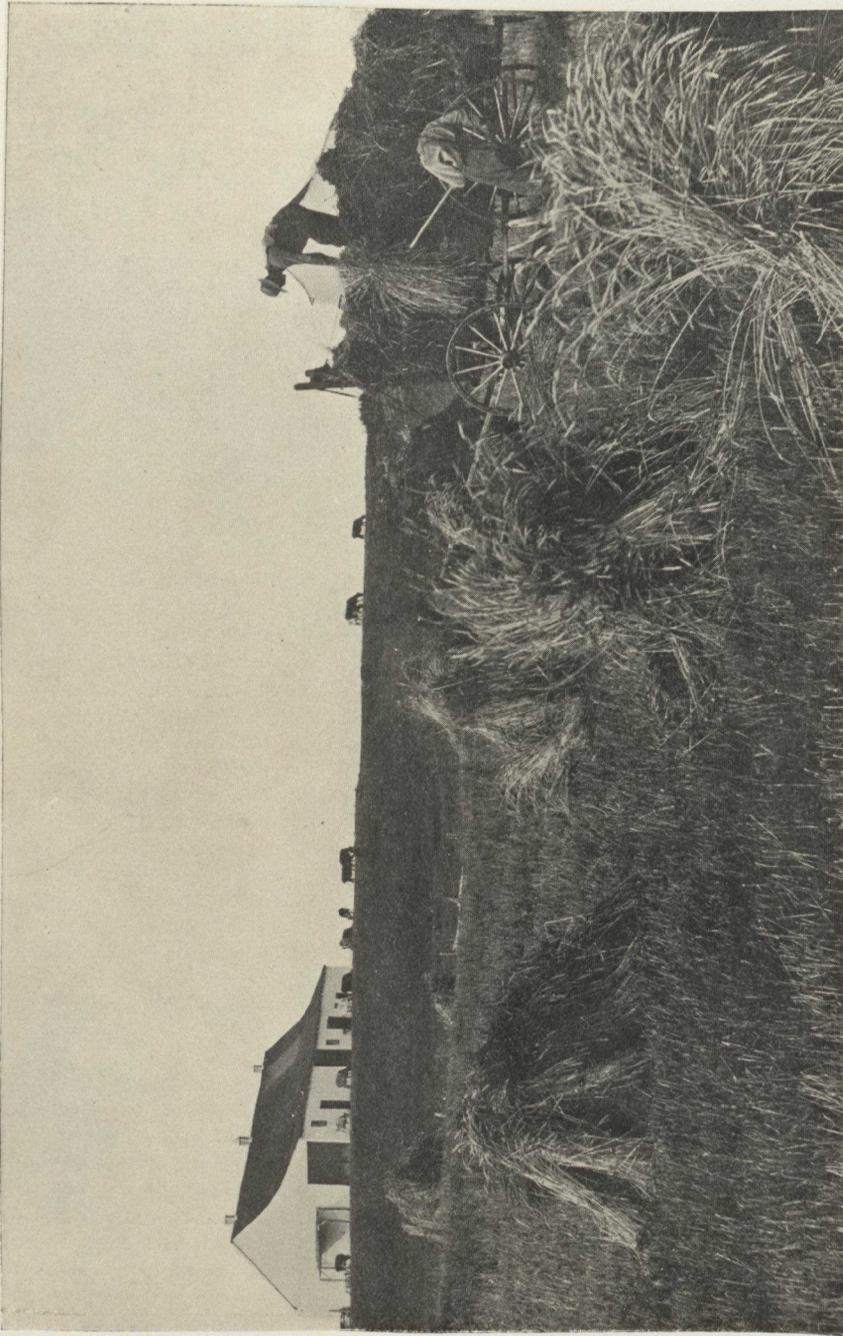
No better potatoes and other root crops can be raised than those produced in the James Bay country. Splendid fruit and other crops are grown in the garden of the Bishop at Moose Factory. Father Paradis compares the climate with that of Kamouraska in the province of Quebec. Dr. Bell confirms this statement, and adds that the summers are not so hot nor the winters so cold as at Winnipeg. Referring to Moose Factory, he says that the soil is heavy and cold compared with that of much of the territory to the immediate south, though vegetables, such as

potatoes, beans, pease, turnips, beets, carrots, cabbages and onions are successfully grown there. Upon one of his visits there at the end of September, he found that there had been no frost there all summer, and the most tender plants, such as melons and cucumbers, beans, balsams, tobacco and the castor oil bean, growing in the open air, were still quite green and flourishing. This summer was, however, probably a finer one than usual, for even at Quebec the climate is not always as favourable throughout the summer and up to the end of September as it was found to be on this occasion at Moose Factory. Barley, according to Dr. Bell, is sown annually at Moose Factory and Rupert's House, and it has ripened well, he says, every year that he has visited these parts. Still it is said to fail some seasons, though he adds that this is in places much farther north than the region now described; and what is worse for them, they are near the sea, which is said to have an unfavourable influence in the autumn. Mr. John McIntyre, now of Fort William, says he has ripened wheat at Missinibi and New Brunswick House, and Dr. Bell has had experiments made at the latter mentioned place and at Norfolk on the Abittibi River, with a great variety of farm and garden seeds, the results proving that this region is capable of producing anything which can be raised, say in the county of Rimouski, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence.

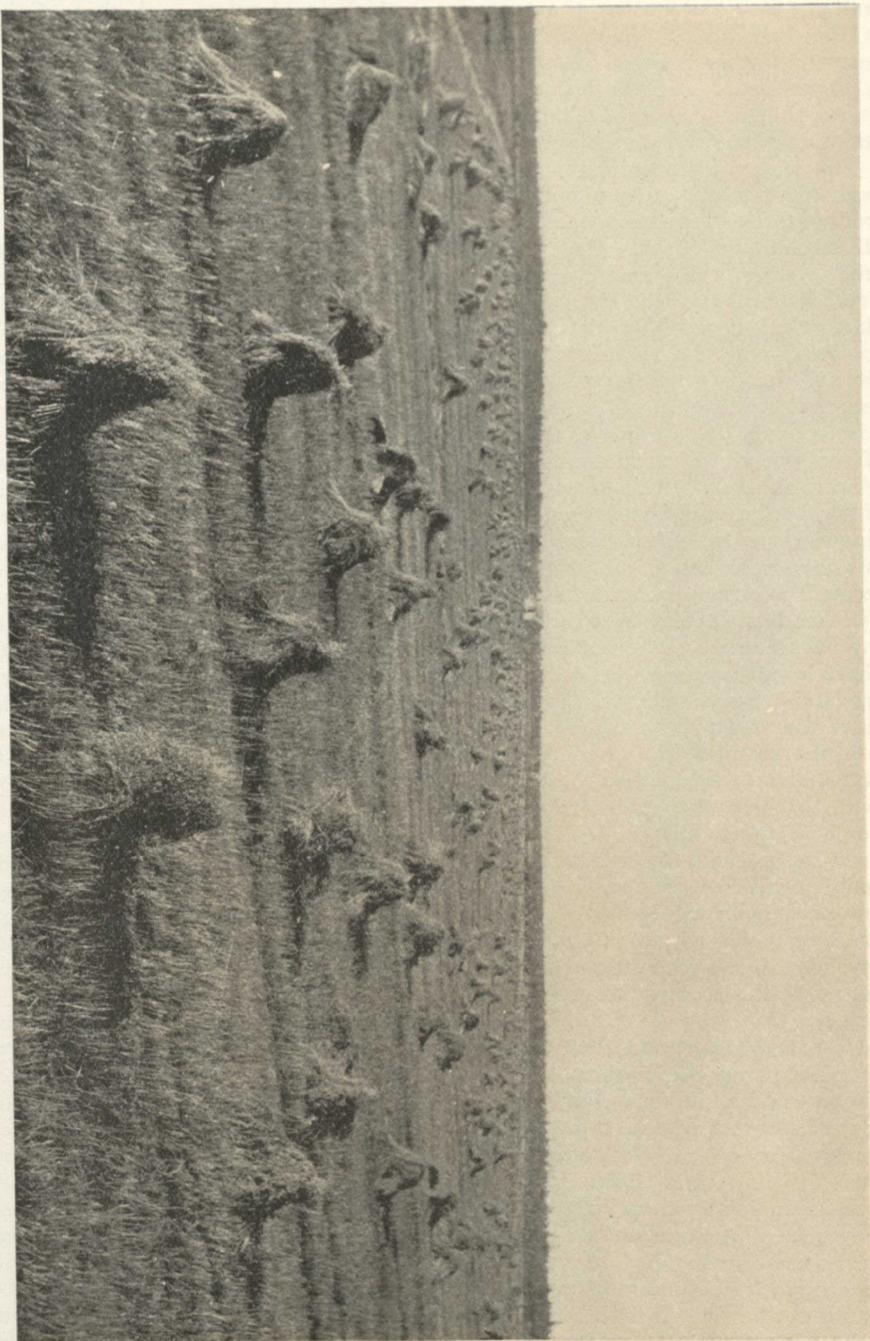
Farther to the south, where the cold winds of Hudson's Bay are no longer perceptible, there are wide expanses of country, which are destined to become vast wheat-producing areas, and to rival the fertile valley of Lake St. John. As in almost every other part of the country, there are of course large districts which are not adapted for agricultural purposes, but which may be made to yield large annual returns in the shape of timber and pulp wood, especially if a judicious system of cutting is practised. On both sides of the watershed between James Bay and



NORTHERN QUÉBEC—CHICOUTIMI



NORTHERN QUEBEC—FARM AT MISTOOK



NORTHERN QUÉBEC—FARM AT ST. METHODE

Lake St. John there are very valuable limits of pine and spruce, the property of the Province of Quebec, and the best and largest reserve of pulpwood in America is doubtless that which covers thousands of square miles of the new territory of northern Quebec.

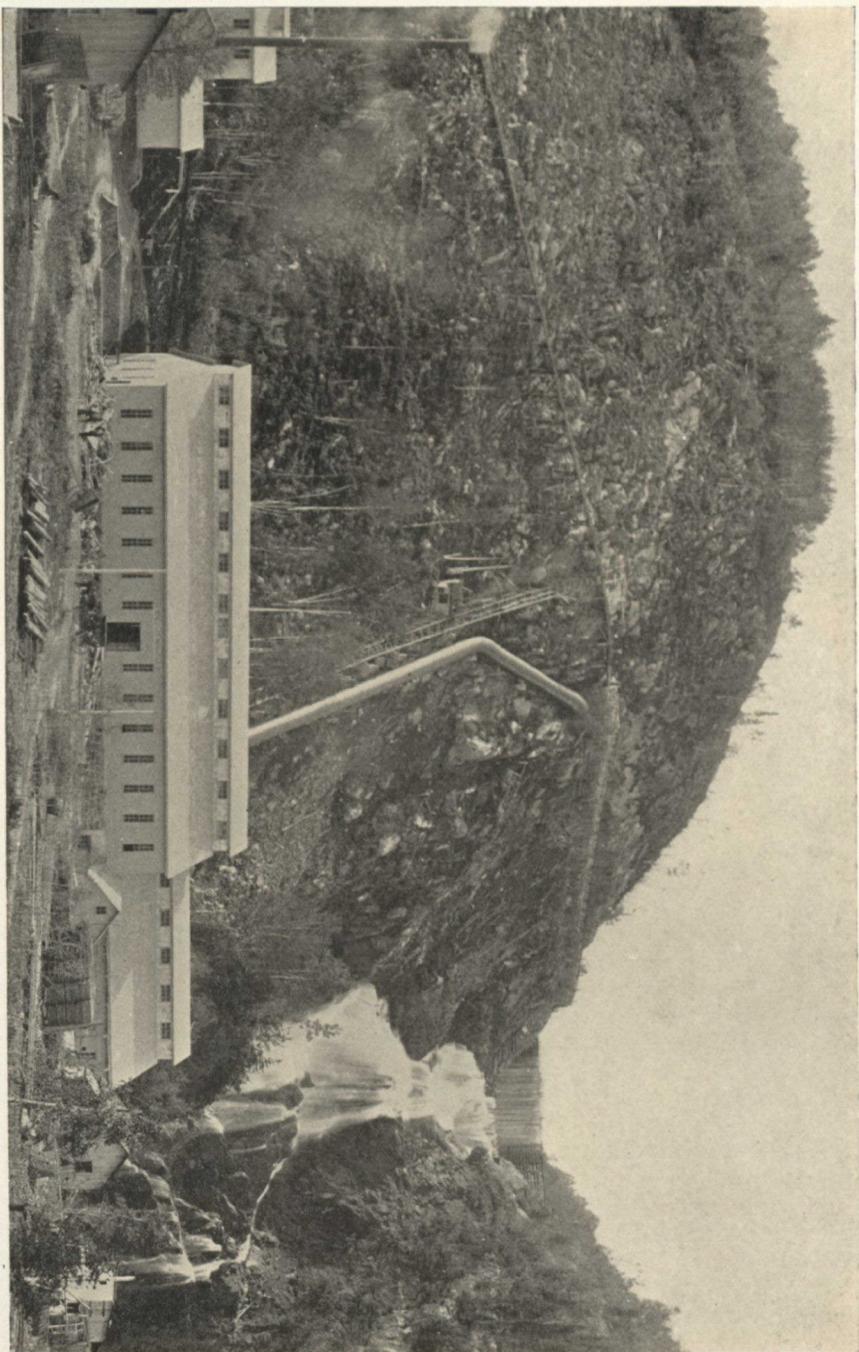
The water powers in this district, available for saw and pulp mills, are amongst the largest in the country. Mr. O'Sullivan reports that he measured one on the great Nottaway—a river as large as the Ottawa and in places a mile in width—which gave 400,000 horse-power, and three on the Rupert, another great river, that gave over 300,000 each, and one of them 350,000 horse-power. Summing up the supply of pulpwood in this territory, Mr. O'Sullivan says: "Pulp is the industry of the coming age, black spruce is the king of the woods for pulp-making, and this country is the home of the black spruce." Not, however, until the country is made accessible by a railway, can any development of it be looked for. There is now a proposition before the Provincial Government for the opening up of the territory, the offer coming from the promoters of the Trans-Canada Railway, who offer to run their road through the midst of the new North of Quebec in consideration of receiving a grant of a comparatively small portion of the lands which are now practically valueless to the Province, but which would be made immediately available for settlement and industry by the accomplishment of their project.

No better illustration of the development following the construction of a railway can be had than that furnished by the progress of the Lake St. John country during the last couple of decades. What was formerly looked upon as an inhospitable wilderness is now one of the gardens of Canada. There was never any reason, apart from the lack of communication, why it should not be so. It is situated in one of the most desirable parts of the temperate zone. Its choicest portion—that in the neighbourhood of Lake St. John itself—is situated between the

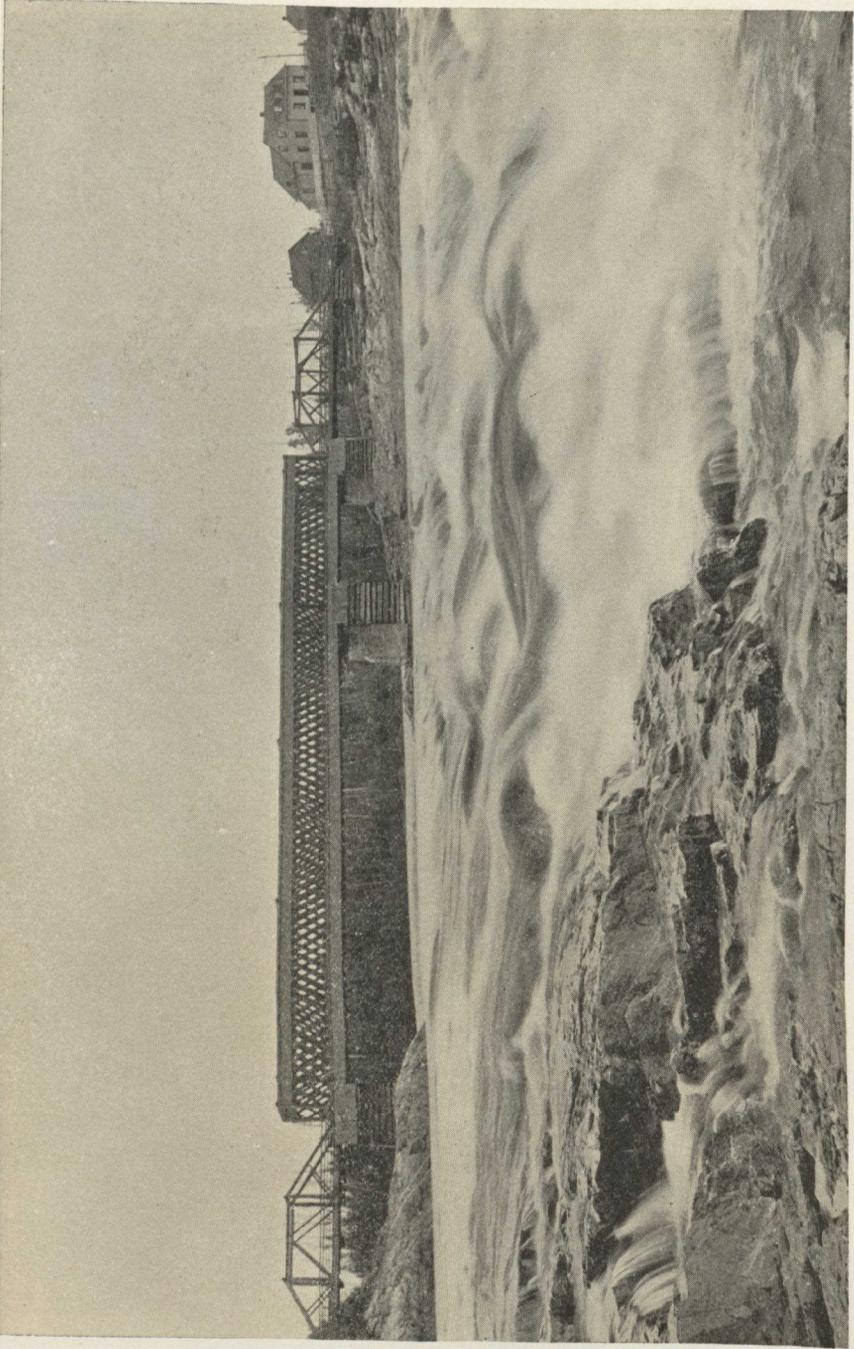
48th and 49th degrees of north latitude, which is identical with that of those specially favoured parts of France immediately surrounding Paris. The full significance of this situation will be made apparent when it is seen, by another reference to the map of Europe, that both Belgium and England are farther north than Lake St. John.

The soil of the greater part of the Lake St. John country is a rich loam, admirably adapted for both the growing of wheat and for pasturage, while the mean summer temperature is very similar to that of Quebec and Montreal. The production of wheat, oats and other grain is very large, and the yield of potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbages and other vegetables, quite abundant. As compared with other parts of the Province of Quebec, the grain output of the Lake St. John country is exceptionally large. The best and richest parts of the Province of Quebec, agriculturally speaking, outside of the Lake St. John country, are the counties of Compton, Stanstead and Huntingdon. Yet a comparison of their yield of wheat with that of Chicoutimi, the most thickly populated county of the Lake St. John region, gives the following result: Chicoutimi, with a population of 32,409, produced in one year 154,589 bushels of wheat, or 4,800 bushels to every thousand of the population. In the same year, according to the official census returns, Compton, with a population of 19,581, produced 34,181 bushels, or 1,800 bushels to every thousand of the population; Stanstead, with a population of 15,556, raised 37,727 bushels, or 2,400 to every thousand of the population; and Huntingdon, with 15,495 people, produced 24,378 bushels, or 1,600 per thousand.

As an instance of the productiveness of the soil in the Lake St. John country, Mr. Euloge Menard, of Roberval, gives the following result of the sowing of two pounds of Manitoba wheat on his farm at that place, which it would be difficult indeed for any part of Manitoba to equal. The first season the two pounds of wheat sown yielded 207 pounds. The next year, these 207



NORTHERN QUEBEC—PULP MILL AT OUIATCHOUAN FALLS



NORTHERN QUEBEC—MISTASSINI BRIDGE

pounds produced 38 bushels. This product was sown in the following season and yielded no less than 742 bushels. Thus in three years, two pounds of wheat produced 742 bushels, weighing 70 to 71 pounds per bushel.

Dairying is rapidly becoming one of the greatest industries of the Lake St. John country, almost every parish having its butter or cheese factory and sometimes several of both. The cheese and butter output of the Lake St. John country runs in value from \$600,000 to \$700,000 annually, and the cheese, in particular, which is largely exported to England, brings the highest price on the market. Many of the farms are of considerable value, some being worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each; and this, in a country which, prior to the construction of a comparatively new railway, was considered too inhospitable for occupation.

The lumber, pulpwood and water

powers of the Lake St. John country are simply wonderful. Outside of the timber suitable for saw-logs, and there are many large saw mills in this territory, Mr. Langelier, a Government prospector, estimates that there are in the region over 97,000,000 cords of pulpwood. As for waterpowers, he claims that the Peribonca river alone, one of the feeders of Lake St. John, is capable of supplying 300,000 horse power from the succession of falls occurring within about ten miles of its course. Fully ten thousand men find steady employment in the lumbering operations, saw and pulp mills and other industries in the Lake St. John country.

When the iron horse makes his appearance in the New North, bordering on James Bay, it is the popular belief that the marvellous development which has been effected in the valley of Lake St. John will be repeated there, but on a much more gigantic scale.

A NATIONAL POLICY

By J. S. Willison

IT is quite clear that the Government of Canada cannot yet afford to withdraw its attention either from the question of the tariff or from that of railway extension. It is useless to deny that there is an ever-increasing body of protectionist sentiment in the country. There are some protectionists in the Government, protectionists among the Liberal contingent in Parliament, and protectionists among the Liberal party in the constituencies. The old Rouge party of Quebec was honeycombed with protectionist sentiment. It was the economic faith, or at least the political teaching, of Papineau and all his school. In that school Sir Wilfrid Laurier was reared, although he developed the steadiness of Lafontaine

rather than the radicalism of Papineau. His earlier speeches, both in the Quebec Legislature and in the House of Commons, have a strong protectionist flavour. He foresaw clearly that Mackenzie could not survive the National Policy campaign, and although we have no evidence on the point, it is likely that he sympathized with the desire of Mr. Mackenzie and Sir Richard Cartwright to increase the tariff from 17½ to 20 per cent. That desire, as we know, was blocked by the Liberal contingent from the Maritime Provinces, where free trade feeling was thought to be stronger than in Quebec and Ontario.

The Conservative party, then timid and uncertain, is now almost a unit for

protection. There may be a low tariff element among the Conservatives of Manitoba and the Territories, but it will loyally accept the general judgment of the party on the question. On the other hand, the Liberals of the West are pretty well united against tariff increases, and perhaps generally favourable to some reduction of existing imposts. Both political and economic considerations influence the attitude of Western Liberals. It is believed that tariff reform gives good fighting ground against the Conservative party, and there is likely a lively fear that the new forces represented by the Political Reform Union will make destructive inroads into the Liberal ranks if any general increase of the tariff is attempted. It is just as certain that the Government will lose ground in the older Provinces, and particularly in Ontario and Quebec, if the tariff is not revised so as to increase the protection of some important industries, and to meet a destructive competition from Great Britain and from certain of the great specialized industries of the United States.

National feeling reinforces the protectionist feeling. The general American tariff is much higher than that of Canada, and is deliberately designed to exclude both the manufactured articles and the natural products of other countries. It is further designed to admit raw material from Canada at low rates, and to encourage the production of the finished article in the United States. Naturally enough, this breeds irritation and resentment in Canada, and strengthens the feeling for increased duties even to the point of retaliation. It has also to be remembered that Canada is more sparsely settled, and that therefore local freight charges are higher, while the competition of the railways for American business at low rates still further prejudices the position of Canadian industries. Even if our tariff rates were equal to those of the United States, the greater specialization of American industry and the lower freight rates due to a greater volume of traffic would give American manufacturers

some advantage in reciprocal trade. Substantially it is the fact, at least in times of depression, that Canadian manufacturers cannot get into the United States, while the surplus goods of United States factories are sold at low prices in Canada.

All this does not mean that under any circumstances, or from either the economic or the national standpoint, the Canadian tariff should be raised at all points to an equality with that of the United States. That would be a tariff for spite rather than a tariff for Canada. It does not even mean that a general increase of the tariff would be necessary to meet established grievances. It may mean that in revising the duties the Government will proceed along the lines followed when the Fielding tariff was adopted. In order to the preparation of that measure Ministers made a careful and sympathetic investigation into the condition of Canadian manufactures, and as a general principle determined that, while no existing industry should be refused a fair chance to live, exorbitant protectionist duties should not be continued to the detriment of the mass of the community. It is generally conceded that a large measure of prudence and common sense was shown by the Ministers who had most to do with the construction of the Fielding tariff. At least the result of their work was well received by the country. Even the West tacitly agreed to treat the tariff as a national question, and to give fair consideration to the opinions and prejudices of older Canada. There is no reason to think that the West is more sectional than the East, or that if we eastern people were settled on the prairies we would show any more robust Canadian spirit than the West exhibits. We do not believe the West will reject any tariff revision that can be shown to conserve the national interest, or will demand the sacrifice of eastern industries which show enterprise, courage, and a sincere desire to serve the western settlers at fair prices.

We venture to think that the West

is burdened by high freight rates, and particularly by an inefficient railway service, rather than by tariff taxation. If the East will consider transportation as a national question, and the West the tariff as a national question, all differences can be measurably reconciled. With both, as we have said, the Government is concerned from the national standpoint. The through routes from the West to the seaboard are neither adequately equipped nor fully developed. There are still great unoccupied areas in northern and western Ontario, in northern Quebec, in the Saskatchewan and Peace River countries, and in British Columbia, and Governments must have much to do with the settlement and development of these great tracts of territory. They must be furnished with railways under the direction of Governments and with the assistance of Governments. That direction must be courageous, sagacious, and far-seeing. What form the assistance shall take is for Ministers to determine. They have all the lessons of the past for guide, and they should be able to devise a policy which will guarantee production under the best conditions, transportation at rates which will give the best prices to producers, and a service which private capitalists cannot adjust with a single eye to the dividends of shareholders.

Municipal and state initiative is an increasing characteristic of modern government. By this means the great docks and harbours of Britain were created. It is a marked feature of the policy of Continental countries. Railway development was an essential concern of governments during the pioneer era in the United States. It would be the dominant feature of American policy to-day if the States had to open up and settle such vast unoccupied and fertile areas as we possess.

The business, therefore, of Canadian Ministers is not to shrink from initiative, or to refuse to grapple with transportation projects, but to be alert, wide-minded, and courageous in planning for the development of the country and for the effectual safeguarding of its permanent interests. If they but reveal these qualities in their policy and outlook they may rest easy in the certain confidence that a thoroughly national policy will receive the support of the mass of the people. There are great common interests between the East and the West, and if we get rid of sectional appeals and the parish spirit, and preach a broad Canadian nationalism in all the Provinces, neither tariff adjustment nor railway extension should prove insoluble problems to any progressive and public-spirited government.

EASTER

A LONG the rocky hillside road,
 The Man of Sorrows meekly toils;
 A crown of thorns His brow encoils,
 He bends beneath His heavy load.
 The hilltop reached, by ruffian hand
 He on the cruel cross is bound;
 Then silence deep, darkness profound,
 Falls o'er that favoured Eastern Land.
 Men's hearts grow sad, gone Hope's young light
 And Death has conquered in the strife.
 Death? No! In radiance full and bright
 On Easter morn, the Lord of Life
 Bursts from the tomb! Sad hearts, Rejoice!

L. E. Horning



SOUL

WIND of the wide world's mantled thought,
About the vague vast blowing;
This truth my wayward heart hath caught,
That being hath more doors than thought,
And life is more than knowing.

That creeds of darkness or of mind
Are but the scaly bark
That slips from off the centuried rind,
While inward works the impulse blind,
Amid the crannied dark.

And deeper than the builded theme
Of priest or book or seer,
There lies that life, that subtle dream
That rules the sunny warmth and gleam
That wakes the upward year.

And greater than all thoughts that fall
From wisdom's page or poet's song,
That dim impulse behind it all,
Flame from the ages' granite wall,
That finds no written tongue.

But speaks alike to mighty throngs
Or alien life apart;
That lifts whole races from their wrongs,
Or gives to one poor ploughman songs
That sing the whole world's heart.

This impulse in each being rife,
Deep hidden in each man;
This inward, mystic flame of life
Behind the passion or the strife,
The blessing or the ban.

Behind that fierceness none can tame,
Behind the ego dense,
It stands in some dim cell aflame,
Beyond all human thought or name,
A part of the immense.

Though science reads the cabined mind,
The wheeling stars and sun,
This mystic, veiled flame behind
Its barriers dread, shows her more blind
Than winds of night that run;

And search the hollow hills of sleep,
And beat with phantom hands;
But know not of the dreams that creep,
Or of the haunting ghosts that sweep
Athwart the haggard lands.

It is the master of all thought,
All impulse and all dream,
And builds or ruins, base or not,
The fabric of the common lot,
The blackness or the gleam.

It gives through some weird inward need
The centuries' impulse birth;
And weaves in subtle dream or deed,
Of those who burn or those who bleed,
All tragedies of earth.

Behind the mighty mind of Greece,
The titan force of Rome,
It bade earth's battles rage or cease,
And reared those splendid dreams of peace,
In column, plinth and dome.

Behind the artist when he wrought
Earth's beauty's rarest dream,
Or nature's poet when he caught
The melodies of morning fraught
With summer's azure gleam.

It kindled Homer's golden song
Of elemental man,
And lurks behind the fateful throng,
That stairway dread, of earth's weird wrong
From Christ to Caliban.

It lured Columbus round a world
Of trackless demon foam,
To Shakespeare vasts of dream unfurled,
And stood with Luther when he hurled
Her thunders back at Rome.

It is that greater self behind
All earth's confuséd gleam,
That leads men up by stairways blind
Of blackness, where they grope to find
The heaven of their dream.

At all earth's altars it hath knelt,
Sought God 'mid stars and dew,
Wherever life by plain or veldt
Hath down the craving ages felt
The agony of the few.

All sorrows, passions, all delights,
 All hopings, all despairs,
 All earth's old splendours, all her blights,
 Her agony of wrongs and rights,
 Her ruined starward stairs;

Her songs, her battles, her grim blades
 Forged in her caves of dream,
 Her woe that cowers or upbraids,
 Yea, all that glories, all that fades,
 Was cradled in its gleam.

And every hero heart who stood
 Alone in some dread hour,
 (When man faced man for ill or good,
 And history wrote her page in blood)
 Was governed by its power.

Greater than mightiest thought of mind,
 That measures life by rule,
 It soars by stars or crannies blind,
 In those dread dreams of God, behind
 The Plato or the fool.

Wind of the wide world's mantled thought
 About the vague vast blowing;
 Beyond our little "is" and "not,"
 Beyond the curtains of our thought,
 Life's mighty tides are flowing.

In every common hour of life,
 In every flame that glows,
 In every breath of being rife
 With aspiration or of strife
 Man feels more than he knows.

Earth's child of science counts the stars
 Upon God's garment's hem;
 He plumbs the seas, the heavens' bars,
 Chains Jove's fierce thunders to her cars,
 Rebuilds her rarest gem.

But blind as night to that within,
 That demon, god, or elf,
 That weird impulse to soar or sin,
 That universe of dreams that spin,
 That heaven or hell in "self."

That something subtle that outweighs
 The mightiest lore of man;
 That master of his dreams and days,
 Invisible in some weird haze
 Behind his bliss or ban.

Which lifted Shakespeare from the clod,
Yet spake in Caliban;
That god in man, or man in god,
That dreamed all music from the sod
Since melody began.

That outsoared Shelley's lark in flight,
Beyond all dreams we know;
That knew with Milton music's might,
Or that exquisite dream delight
Of Paganini's bow.

That same dim impulse Saxon, Celt,
Mohawk or Tartar knew;
Earth's mightiest power to move or melt,
That in old Shylock's agony felt
The tragedy of the Jew.

This demon force that moves a world,
Hath breathed a simple flower,
With tendrils milky-white upcurled,
And with demoniac power hath hurled,
Earth's might in one short hour.

Hath burgeoned beauty from the blind,
Deep earthy woodland's heart;
This inward flame that wings the wind,
Great in comparison to mind
As nature unto art.

Wind of the wide world's winnowed dream,
About the vague vast blowing;
Beyond our futile taper-gleam
Of priestly creed and poet's theme,
God's tides of might are flowing.

Man feels the present, feels the past,
As one born blind may know
The sun, the earth, the rain or blast,
Or those dread phantom shadows cast,
His brother men who go.

But round about the dreams we are,
In caves of wind and fire,
Where mind is cabined; soul afar,
Doth rise eternal, star to star,
To heights of God's desire.

William Wilfred Campbell



SYNOPSIS—This is a story of student-life. The rich man's son and the poor man's son—Teddy Darryl and David Trent meet on common ground. Darryl has a dread of surgery; Trent is stronger, older, and more brilliant. Darryl's cousin Margaret is in the background inspiring both. The blacksmith's son would cross the social gulf to meet her, and he is building the bridge as it is built in this country where the social gulfs are not too wide. Darryl is tempted by a wager to visit the dissecting room at night; faints in the attempt, and is rescued by Trent. Darryl's aunt and his cousin Margaret come to the boarding-house to nurse him. Thus Trent and Margaret are again thrown together. Eventually Darryl and Trent finish their courses, the latter graduating a double gold medalist. From Canada these two medical students go to London for post-graduate training, where both do well. Trent becomes assistant to Sir Wilfred Arnold, and Darryl secures a good private practice. At the beginning of the Boer war, Trent goes to South Africa, Margaret Darryl's uncle having refused him permission to pay addresses to his niece.

XXII.—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY.

IT is June again, and two years since I entered Guy's Hospital. It is the time of roses—the time when all young things are glad—but in here that is hard to believe. It seems to me that I long ago gathered my roses, and it is many moons since I knew what it feels like to be glad.

One can live a great deal in two years, though that is not put quite as lucidly as it might be. Ah, well! Who

will know it but this little book and . . . we understand.

There was a time when I used to say possibly some day some man might pass an idle hour in perusing what lies between these innocent-looking blue covers. Of course, he was to have been THE man.

I smile now when I think of that—a trifle forlornly, perhaps—for I have so long given up such thoughts. There never was but one possible man, and he went out of my life long ago.

No, that is not the truth and here I can be literally truthful. He has not gone out of my life—he never will—but he is so far away, and between us there is an unbroken silence.

On the 14th October following the June I entered Guy's, Dr. Trent left with the troops under Sir Redvers Buller for Cape Town. He was drafted as assistant-surgeon.

Teddy came across to the hospital and told me that he had been down to the Waterloo Station to see him off. That is how I heard.

I have always hoped that I did not look the way I felt. It is hardly likely I did, as it is second nature for a woman to look about as usual whatever news she hears.

I know it came to me suddenly at the moment—that David Trent was the one possible man. Whatever Teddy thought about my looks he was exceedingly kind and good.

He kept on talking of Dr. Trent for quite a time in that light fashion that occasionally covers so much. Incidentally, as it seemed, he mentioned a meeting which had taken place between Uncle Edward and Dr. Trent, and where I was the unfortunate cause of trouble. He appears to know most of the details of what took place and had evidently heard both sides.

I had not dreamed of it and it put things in another light.

I wondered greatly many times, but never knew why David Trent did not come to see me after the night when the horses got away from Griggs. I was not accustomed to such indifference, and I had *asked* him to come.

It is perfectly clear now, however. Teddy has thrown on all the sidelights that are necessary, and I understand why he did not call, why he left Sir Wilfred, even why he is with the army at the front.

I can imagine what Uncle Edward would say and how he might say it, Words of that kind—I fear me—are never forgotten nor forgiven, and the remembrance of them but grows more bitter.

I do not think I am angry with Uncle Edward. It is a thing far past being angry about. It is as though he had wilfully spoiled everything—all my beautiful days that might have been—all my dreams.

Yet even if I had been angry at first I could hardly be so now, for Uncle Edward is altogether changed; he is old and worn and childlike. The past has just slipped away from his memory. One could not have a quarrel with a person like that.

Dear little Dolly takes care of him in the sweetest way, and he still fancies he does as he likes. But whenever I see him I think "How are the mighty fallen!" for amongst the clan of our blood he has been a power indeed. So many of us have gone his way, unwillingly often, unwittingly oftener, and he has made or marred many lives. It comes about therefore, by these ways, that I think much of David Trent.

I often say his name over to myself as I go through the wards, or in the evening when there is a quiet hour or in the dead of the night when life drifts to its lowest ebb tide, and I am called to the bedside of some soul that is waiting to set sail upon the unknown sea—some soul that God alone can comfort and make unafraid.

As for me, I think He has sent this love of mine that I may take heart of

grace to live and understand better the suffering that is on every side, for all suffer one way or another. I follow in fancy that far-off figure which has always so persistently drawn my thoughts to it, and there is no hour of any day when I forget him. His dark face, like a mask, under which passions and conflicts are hidden, comes before me in the still early morning hours when I have the watch, and out doors in the dewy grayness the birds are stirring among the leaves and piping to each other.

"I love him," I say to myself, this man who more than any other I have known, is master of his own will, "I love him."

He looks at me silently, at those times, and in the strange colour of his eyes there burns that light as of fire within.

There is much written small between the lines of life, and we cannot always read it. If we could we would understand why this or that has come to us which seems such a mystery.

There is, one has said it who knew, "There *is* a destiny which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." It is a thought to stay one's soul, and I have ceased to wonder that this man—apart from the people I have known, yet entirely of them—should influence me as no one else ever has or will.

We are very busy here at Guy's Hospital. The physicians who give their services to the poor, and the surgeons, are a continual wonder to me. The spirit that actuates them is so beautiful, and they are, almost every one, so gentle in word and act, so unmindful of self, so deeply charitable. It must be the calling makes them so. In such work, when a man does not grow *hardened*, he grows sympathetic and tender-hearted as no other can.

The Sisters are good enough to say I have "the gift" of nursing, whatever that may mean.

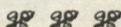
I like to be here, and in many ways have the full reward for what I do. Happily no dread possesses me of the things we have to see every hour of every day.

Perhaps Teddy has my share of that sort of thing as well as his own—I think his white thatch of hair proves it. His pitiful white hair, that always says so much to me, and under which his face looks so boyish! When he has time (for he is busy these days, and Uncle Edward was no false pro-

phet) he comes in to see me. No brother could be dearer, and he is my cousin of cousins.

He talks at great length of the war—which still goes on.

I fancy we have both learned to know what the horrible dread of a war bulletin may mean.



XXIII.—EDWARD DARRYL PROCEEDS

WHOM the gods love do not always die young. Jimsy and I are living proofs of this.

We have been here two years and a half, and our practice is growing in the same electrifying way the beanstalk did. I am sure in our wildest flights we never imagined people would flock to us the way they do.

Of course, we are not without personal attractions, either of us, but viewed dispassionately they hardly present sufficient reason why an innocent populace should place its life in our hands.

Some time ago Jimsy, who had been working upon the problem, came to the conclusion that there was only one solution to it. He affirmed that it must have leaked out and filtered through the community that we were seventh sons, and the element of superstition which is so strong in most natures (the Governor completely succumbed to it in my case) over-ruled any objections people made to our youth and inexperience.

This solution of the mystery did not appeal to me, and I assured him that even admitting he was right (which was out of the question), and allowing that the wretched story *had* got afloat, I had not floated it; that I stood or fell by my respect for Medical Ethics, and I hoped he comprehended it.

Upon which he rose in his wrath (exceeding red and puffy-looking), and said that he desired me to know that whoever told the — yarn, he had not. That, so far, he had never felt the necessity for peddling that variety of personal narrative around the coun-

try with a view to giving him a start in life, and that for Medical Ethics there were others, and so on.

All this went perilously near to dissolving the partnership, and we had it hot and unpleasantly heavy for some time, after which a cool wave set in, and we stiffened into attitudes of polite frigidity.

It was one of the most disagreeable periods of my life, and I look back at it with regret. It was such a fool thing to make a fuss over anyway, and we were such sample idiots to quarrel with luck of that kind.

By degrees this dawned upon us, and as work was pressing we gave over being dignified, and consulted with more or less freedom of speech.

This is of the past. I tell Jimsy now that undoubtedly our success is entirely owing to the hypnotizing effect of his name upon the neighbourhood. It is so resplendently dazzling on the brass doorplate that it simply throws mine out of sight. It reads as follows:

J. MORTIMER BEVERLY FEATHERSTONEHAUGH, M.D., M.R.C.S., ENGLAND.

He has a few other letters annexed in Edinburgh and Vienna, but we thought those were enough. No one in their senses would believe it means "Jimsy," or "Dr. Jim," as the hospital staff and sisters at the London called him. But it does.

I endeavour to be cheerful in my profession on the same principle that makes a little lad whistle when he goes through the dark.

However, by dint of keeping strictly

to the practice of medicine—for the surgical cases are all Dr. Featherstonehaugh's—I get through.

We are both serious when we need to be, and that is often enough. When in doubt we invariably call in a man who has had more than our experience, or a specialist, which shows that we recognize our limitations.

Since my fair cousin entered Guy's I have tried to see her often, for though there is small time to be lonely in a hospital, still she was away from her own people, and it was a bit hard for a girl.

She has never been just the same since I told her that story of my father and David Trent on the day he left for Africa. It was easy to see how she felt about it. He's the sort of fellow a girl might care a great deal about, and I didn't wonder. But I was cut up just the same, for it seemed so unlikely it would end the right way, and it was so absolutely plain the dear old Governor had made a desperate mistake.

He never took Trent's measure, nor Margaret's. They are of the unbendable but breakable variety of persons that are so abominably hard to do anything with.

Trent simply stepped out when London grew too difficult.

While as for Margaret, according to the family, she has buried herself alive, though I don't say so.

We have kept track of Trent steadily, Margaret and I.

We went with him over the ground, step by step, from Capetown to Lady-smith, and we two made all those five horrible attempts to cross the Tugela with General Buller's men, because Trent was with him.

He has written to me a few times, short characteristic letters that tell nothing of himself, yet are so like him in the brief, strong sentences, the firm clear-cut writing and the things he doesn't say.

His name has been mentioned in despatches for distinguished service, and he has been under fire many times with others of the ambulance corps.

Last week something occurred which may change events. Amongst the list of casualties at the War Office there was a line stating—in the cold-blooded way they say such things—that Surgeon-Major Trent was ill of enteric fever at Pretoria.

I went over to Guy's and told Margaret. She looked at me a moment in a queer little frightened way, unlike herself, and as though she saw something far off. Her face went white and her lips trembled, then she put up her hand and touched the lapel of my coat.

"I'm going out to him, Teddy," she said, "if you will help me. Perhaps they may not let me go as a Red Cross nurse. I do not graduate for three months, but oh! see if it cannot be managed, won't you?"

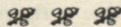
It has been managed with an infinite amount of red tape and simply because Sir Wilfred took it in hand.

Margaret started yesterday in company with some other nurses on a ship carrying supplies to the Cape.

I can only hope it will end all as it should. When one plays Providence, and interferes, he never knows.

Then, again, enteric fever is a beastly uncertain thing, and if anything happened to Trent before—but I will not think of the possibility.

These days I need all my nerve.



XXIV.—ACCORDING TO DAVID TRENT

THEY have left me in charge of this little hospital here on the outskirts of Pretoria, and now at midnight, having made my last round and finding all well as far as may be, I am free for a space.

It is a good thing to be able to step out into the night with one's pipe for company.

Afar off I see the flickering light where the garrison is stationed, and it is so still that if I listened keenly

doubtless I could catch the sentry's step across the stone flagging. Yes! now it comes, measured, firm planted.

There is a full moon of great brightness, and it turns the place into a city of silver that the shadows tarnish here and there. Everything is so defined that I can see the flag curling like a curve of smoke from the mast on the State Building. Now and again from away out on the open veldt comes the mournful baying of a dog, as he moves from place to place in a ceaseless search.

These dogs without homes, without masters, give me a headache. To them the war means but the loss of one man, as perhaps it means to others.

They refuse to be friends with us, these lean, dejected beasts, and we meet them everywhere, in packs, by twos and threes and alone. They stare at a man with unforgettable eyes in which there is an unuttered question. They do not understand, they only suffer.

Yes, out of doors to-night it is almost as light as day, and there is a deceptive peace over this land where there is but trouble. The Southern stars that are still strangers to me, shine down with a golden mellowness, quite different from the brilliance of our stars of the North. To my mind there is nothing so beautiful as a winter sky at home. If there is, I have not seen it.

Down the road some Kaffirs are taking their way to their huts and they are singing. It is an uncanny sort of music, but not without melody. I like to hear them. They are a gentle people and serve us well about the hospitals. The nurses have found that a little kindness turns them into slaves.

Of late I have grown restless and a bit homesick. If I had anyone to write to I would write surely, but I got off a letter to old Jack Bowlby last week, while Darryl and Sir Wilfred Arnold, my only other correspondents, have heard from me sufficiently often. All the fellows laid up in the hospitals have innumerable relatives to send word to. The nurses are kept busy posting their next of kin or their sweet-

hearts regarding their condition, and even I turn scribe for some of them at a pinch, so I have come to regard myself as possessing fewer home ties than any man in South Africa.

We are all weary of the war, weary of the country and dissatisfied with the unsettled state of affairs, for here at the front we know less than those in England.

Lord Roberts has long gone home, and Lord Kitchener is a man of granite and as silent.

Peace has not come and yet our flag floats over the Transvaal. There are no more battles, no heart-sickening lists of dead, wounded, or missing, so long the people will not take time at their breakfast tables to read them over, and yet our men are dropping by twos and threes, picked off by bullets from the horizon, and they in turn are sweeping away the few scattered, embittered enemies who remain where so many were.

"The rest," I sometimes ask myself "where are the legions of them?" They are gone like last year's leaves, into the "limbo of forgotten things"—only a woman here and there remembers.

I have learned the ways of death since I left England. I who thought I knew them before.

I have seen them all die—men, women and little children—in this troubled country.

Somewhere I read "the red cross and the white flag alone have any right to fly above an hospital, and beneath them there should be but two classes, those who suffer, and those who serve."

I think we have held to the spirit of this as well as the letter, both in the field and under cover.

Since quartering here at the Capital there has been comparative comfort for all of us, the sick and the well; before that I can only remember events following each other swiftly, always in a confusion of wretchedness. Not that I, individually, have reason to complain, for I seem to be made of an indestructible material that nothing hitherto has wasted or worn, but the men of the rank and file have suffered

many things. They have marched day in and day out, led by a pillar of cloud, which was dust, a fine impalpable dust that turns silver in the sun and chokes a man and brings him a deadly thirst.

And they have bivouacked at night with a pillar of fire rolling away in the distance where the dry grass of the veldts, having caught ablaze by the sun, burnt on and on till it was stopped by sand and rock.

There never was a country so destitute of beauty; the very colours are bleached out of it and it is a place of sad half-tones and monotonous outlines. The eye aches at the reaches of land covered only with coarse grass, rocks and scrub oaks. It has exhausted itself or nature has tired of it and given it back to the outcast wild creatures, and the small things that creep and fly and have withal infinite power to torment.

The troops have suffered untold misery from these insects of endless variety, and they have made sleeping under the stars a test of human endurance.

Never could I have believed that there was such patience in men, such silence under all forms of provocation, such heroism that looked for no recognition. I have watched them under every condition, and I know. I have been with them when they were hungry, thirsty, worn and homesick, and yet they have pressed on with a good courage, many of them to certain death.

Our soldiers, moreover, are not fighting for home and country as are the Outlanders, they are but upholding principle—and there is a difference.

I have seen them trying to ford an almost impassable river sewn back and forth in mid stream with barbed wire, and they crossed it—the Dublins, the Connaught Rangers, the Innis-

killens, the Borderers. I was near them at Colenso, and I looked at "the red river of men" at Spion Kop, for we went in and out with the stretcher-bearers among England's six hundred dead, doing what we could in God's name.

Ah! and I saw the trenches afterwards, and those who filled them lying as they had died, stiffened into all the shapes that agony could take, though some there were, one here and one there, who lay easily and smiled.

The sight of it is branded upon my brain.

No harm of any kind comes near me; there are men out here who bear this charmed life, and I have thought, seeing them, they were the ones who least cared whether they lived or died.

It may be I will be needed till the end of the campaign, but afterwards I may go back to Canada, my own country that I love. The Canadians have held their own, shoulder to shoulder, with the flower of the army.

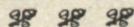
They will be known henceforth. Many will be left here, those who have fallen by Mauser bullets, by shot and shell and cannon ball, and those who have gone by slow heartbreak in prisons and by fever.

But I will stay to the end and then go home. Old Jack Bowlby would give me welcome and Pat.

These years have set a gulf between my old life and the future, and hope lies on the other side. And yet I still think of Margaret Darryl though against my will.

It must be I am of a slow unchangeable nature, totally lacking in versatility, that for so long I remain "true to a vision, steadfast to a dream." What else has it ever been?

If she had cared—in some way I would have known. Darryl does not speak of her when he writes, nor do I.



XXV.—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

THE bell of the State Building has tolled one, and the other clocks through the town are following like an echo.

From the small hallway beyond that I can look into from an open door, comes the faint smell of newly-cut tobacco, for one of the convalescent

soldiers has offered to watch with us to-night as we have no resident physician. I am on duty in this little ward where there are four men recovering from fever—and Surgeon-Major Trent.

There is another, indeed, but he is no longer counted upon the roll of His Majesty's soldiers. He died this afternoon and they bury him in the morning, but to-night he lies on his cot at the end of the ward, and we have just drawn a screen about him. Poor lad, if those at home only knew.

I am watching beside David Trent, and because he needs all the quiet we can give him there is a screen around his bed also. It is a screen one of the nurses must have made, for it is covered with pictures cut out of the English papers. The King's face looks at me from the centre of it with those great eyes that hold so much of melancholy. He brings a sense of security, of protection, even here to this lonely place.

There is a bird-cage hanging above the door, and a tiny bird of a kind I do not know is ruffled up into a ball of yellow and black feathers on the perch.

Beside me on the window ledge there is some mignonette growing in a shell—a shell that they tell me fell and exploded not twenty yards from the hospital. It is so strange a thing to hold flowers, and yet they grow there sweet and strong, all unknowing.

I will write for a while to keep my heart up and just to be doing something definite. The pencil makes no sound across the paper, nor does it disturb the one I watch.

It is a week since he knew anyone, and we, that is the nurse and I who have come to relieve those so long in charge, reached Pretoria but two days ago.

It is like a dream within a dream, but I know it is reality, and that it is here I belong—*here* out of all the world.

He thinks I am Nurse Maud, one of the Sisters who has just left, and yet he is puzzled, and through the far wandering of his mind is seeking the truth.

"He will not die," I say. "He will not die. He must not die."

It may be a sort of prayer, God knows.

I cannot find the right words to say when I kneel down beside him, and I only watch his eyes that are so wild and bright, and his lips that never are still, but move incessantly in their effort to disentangle his thoughts.

It is strangely against his nature, for he was always so silent.

The years of the war have changed him more than the fever, I think. The little waves of hair around his temples are white as though frosted, and there are many lines about his mouth and eyes. He is the wreck of so strong a thing that I only see him through my tears.

Sometimes I speak his name, but he does not listen and then I lose hope and cannot say "He will not die," but only "He will not *know*." He will never, never know.

Now he is talking clearly and by bending over I catch the words.

"The ice is a sheet of burnished steel beneath the moon," he says, "and the sky is a purple wilderness set with golden stars. They glitter as though cut into a thousand little points. There is nothing like a winter night in the North. I like the wind and the little flakes of snow against my face, and the sound of my skates. Darryl doesn't care for this sort of thing, but it tires one and brings sleep."

Then he watches me curiously, steadily. "Do not leave me, nurse," he says, smiling. "You remind me of some one at home, some one I may not see again.

"Well, that is best. One must climb alone to the top of Fortune's Hill. I will never reach it, I fear me. You are strangely like her, Nurse Maud. Only she is of the gay world and does not wear so sober a gown as yours of gray with the red cross.

"What would she be doing in such a garb? But you are like her. Her hair is of an auburn flecked with gold. It dazzles a man, and her face is a garden 'where roses and white lilies grow.'"

Oh! let me write it down so it will always tell me that he thought so—and I cannot ever say I deceived myself.

If he would only sleep.

Something troubles him now and his mood is changed.

I will call the orderly, or no! perhaps it would disturb him more.

His voice is rough and broken. "Will the guns never stop!" he cries. "My God! there will not be a man of them left. No! the stretchers are done, but the blankets will serve.

"It is the Middlesex men and the Light Infantry who are suffering most. What hell it is. Down the hill. Do you not see them coming?"

"They are staggering, crawling, slipping, where the grass is wet with blood! The horror of it! Some are drunk, though they've had neither wine nor water for hours, and some are singing and cursing and some are crying like lost children. Yes! and hark!

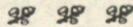
there are the pipers playing. The lanterns are blurred with smoke—turn them up—turn them up—and trim them again. It's damnable light to do such work by. Pray?—I am not given to praying much, but—pray—the rest of you—pray that the anaesthetics hold out. So! there's room here—don't jar him—gently, my men—gently."

His voice is gone but his lips move yet.

It must be Spion Kop he thinks of, and he is living it all over again—Spion Kop.

I lay my hands over his to quiet him and sometimes I kneel by the iron cot, and again I write, that I may not lose all hold on thought and go mad.

I will not leave him until it ends, one way or the other, and if it be that he dies, then life will be over for Margaret Darryl, and if he lives it will be God who gives him to me.



XXVI.—EDWARD DARRYL CONCLUDES

I AM arrayed as for a festal occasion and shall take one day wherein to be glad. There is, this morning, a wedding in South Africa, where I am in spirit best man, and these togs of joy are the outward and visible tokens of an inward and invisible delight.

Jimsy has also donned a tie of merry hue and breaks forth at inappropriate times into snatches of light, very light opera.

The last letter from my adorable cousin informed us that Trent had turned the corner and was going to pull through, though it wasn't put so clearly as that, being as short and incoherent an epistle as it is in the power of a girl to write.

However, after some lost time I made out the gist of it.

Following this—many weeks following this I may say—during which there was a silence that could be heard and that jarred one's nerves, there came a letter from Trent himself.

He had certainly been through the war, to judge by the writing, but his ideas were lucid, except in one particular. He seemed to fancy he was under some desperate obligation to me. That, doubtless, is a slight mental aberration following the exhaustion of prolonged fever.

It was a near thing for Trent, but he's not the kind of man that would mind going along the highroad to death if it brought him his heart's desire.

Sir Wilfred has written to offer him the position he left, or even more, for he tells me that if Trent takes it at the end of the year, when he is established, the whole practice shall pass into his hands, and he, Sir Wilfred, will retire. He agrees with me in every particular regarding Trent, and he knows a story about a Victoria Cross that was won in India by Trent's grandfather on his mother's side.

Trent never told me of it, nor even

that he had a grandfather on his mother's side, and the story rather gave me a shock.

He could have so completely spiked the Governor's guns with it.

Of course, I always knew that he had fighting blood in him; it is impossible to mistake the breed, but however was I to know where it came from? That point is settled now for all time.

The dear old Governor raises no more objections to anything we of the family do or say, and by dint of a score of letters I have laid the situation before the others of the clan, so when Surgeon-Major Trent and his bride arrive in London, they will be received with open arms. I really can

think of no less hackneyed expression.

The inner circle of relations will meet them in a body, that is Lord and Lady Brandon, Dick and Maud Travers, great-uncle Felix, and my beloved Aunt Marshall, who has run across to look me up in her old sweet way; also my brothers Robert and Douglas, who by luck, are in port, and Dolly. I think they'll all agree Trent falls no whit behind us in point of *looks*, and that's *something*.

So all's well that ends well, and it is a happy world and a good; for when I listen I fancy there is a sound of wedding bells, and they come from over the sea, from a land of many tears, but where joy may be some day again.

THE END

TWO LOVES

LAST night I dreamed, my love, that you and I
 Were young again. I saw the shining gold
 Above thy brow, unlined, and in thine eye
 I saw that blessed light, that once controlled
 All my life's purposes, and made me bold
 To meet the cares of earth whene'er they came.
 Across my heart once more Hope's blessing rolled
 As in thy virgin breast Love lit its flame,
 And there, bound up in sleep's strange mystery,
 My joyous youth, long dead, came back to me.

Far through the vale of love's own fairyland
 We wandered long; our pathway everywhere
 With blossoms strewn. The mellow-throated band
 Of feathered songsters filled the perfumed air
 Again with tuneful greeting. Here and there
 The light played hide-and-peek with arching sprays;
 Requitals' smile again seemed matchless fair.
 And in the bliss of these youth-hallowed days
 Which wizard Sleep snatched back from Time for me,
 I thought my love could never greater be.

But when I woke, my love, and saw you there,
 In thy ripe sweetness by the window-pane,
 The gold all gone from thy now whitened hair,
 Youth's glory flown to never come again—
 I thought of how thy soul, through joy or pain
 Had intertwined with mine in melody!
 Ah, then I knew my heart did not contain
 An atom of my dreamed-of love for thee,
 But love more deep and sweet, by angels given,
 That love which is the first foretaste of heaven.

T. C. Dean



ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND—BRITISH WAR-VESSELS RIDING AT ANCHOR

COLONIAL NAVAL RESERVES

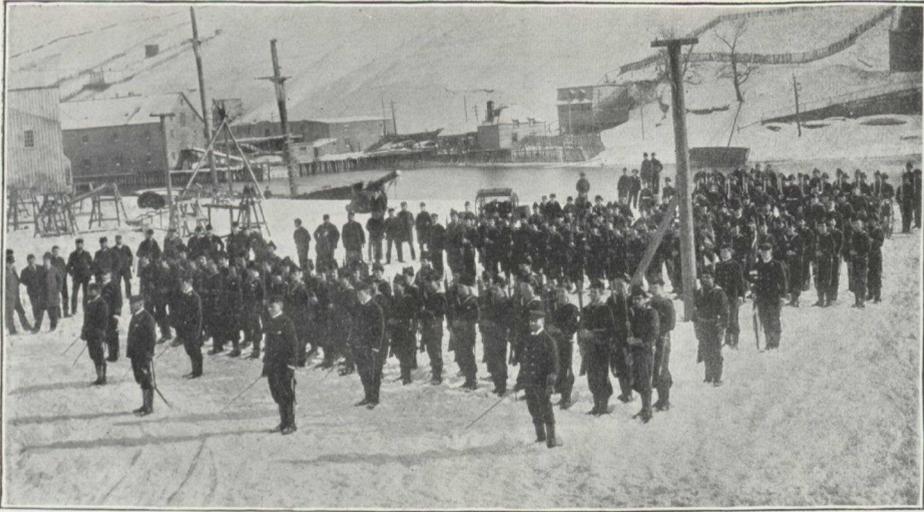
By P. T. McGrath



ANADA'S determination to establish a naval reserve as the complement to her militia, gives vitality to an issue of prime import both to the Dominion and the Empire. The problem of the hour is that of Naval Defence. Not alone is Britain grappling with it, but all the other maritime nations likewise. It is the price of Imperialism; an oversea appanage requires that the ocean be policed so that safety may be assured for the homeland and the colony in the day of peril. Therefore, until "the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flags are furled," the nations keep on vying with each other in increasing their navies, building larger and more powerful ships, devising new armaments and defences, and diversifying the types of vessel from ironclad to submarine, until the supply of men available to crew all these fabrics is becoming exhausted. The technical knowledge, too, which is required in every branch, accentuates the difficulty of providing an adequate

personnel. In Nelson's time a warcraft was a stout wooden hull, moved by sails and manned by sailors alone; to-day she is a box of complicated machinery, and half her crew are specialists—engineers, electricians, artificers, torpedoers and the like.

Thus it arises that, when the annual programme for the British Navy demands the completion of 62 new ships it means that several thousand more men must be found to crew them, and the obtaining of these is no easy matter. Last year the effective *personnel* of the navy was 154,875: of these 118,625 made up the crews of the ships in commission; 28,650 comprised the reserve of sailors, fishers and coastfolk; and 7,300 the coastguard, or second reserve, of time-expired bluejackets. But even this immense force proved inadequate to the Navy's needs, and the sources of recruiting are being sapped. The chief of these is the gathering into training ships of orphans and waifs who are converted into excellent naval material, this supply being augmented by



NEWFOUNDLAND NAVAL RESERVE—A NOVEMBER DRILL

recruits from the fisher-hamlets. But owing to the military demands during the Boer War the naval enlistment fell off, and in the west of England, which bred the men who crushed the Armada and swept the Spanish Main, the sailor-element has been so depleted that the training ships have been moved round to Harwich, on the East coast, to draw recruits from the fishing fleets that ply in the North Sea.

Bearing such a burden, then, Britain looks to her colonies to provide an auxiliary force. She cannot weaken her own Naval Reserve, because in war-time this will be required—partly to augment the crews of the warships and converted cruisers (ocean liners) and the remainder to man the freight-boats which must keep the sea if the British Isles are to secure their requisite food supplies. The British Navy is declared by an expert to safeguard a total annual movement of tonnage amounting to 50,000,000 by water and 30,000,000 by rail, and if its efficiency were to be impaired in any way the commercial supremacy of the Empire might be struck a shattering blow. The average citizen too rarely realizes what the Navy represents to the Empire as security for its commerce; and the colonial, while he shares in the security and credit, prestige and prosperity, which the navy stands for, has been lax ere

this in responding to the implied obligation to contribute to the strengthening of this right arm of the Empire.

However, at the conference of colonial Premiers during the Coronation-time, the matter of colonial contributions to the navy was discussed, and the subjoined self-governing dependencies agreed to provide annually the sums stated:

Australia	£200,000
New Zealand	40,000
Cape Colony	50,000
Natal	35,000
Newfoundland	3,000

The latter colony had already undertaken the establishment of a branch of the Royal Naval Reserve among its fishermen, and stipulated for the maintenance of a force of not less than 600 men. Canada alone of the autonomous colonies, declined to co-operate in this general scheme, though intimating her intention of establishing a colonial naval reserve of her own, as now proposed.

Canada's naval reserve will be independent of Imperial control, but available in aid of the Empire when such is necessary. Legislation to this end is to be introduced into the Dominion Parliament at the present session. Commander Spain, R.N., who is in charge of the Dominion cruiser service, has



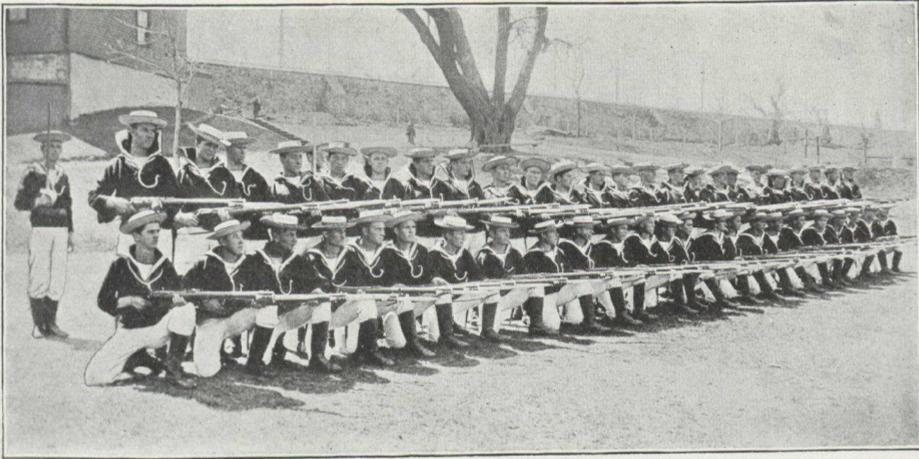
NEWFOUNDLAND NAVAL RESERVE—A GROUP IN WINTER DRESS

visited Newfoundland, where the Admiralty has already established a naval reserve among the fishermen. This is to be taken as a model for the contemplated Canadian body, except that the Newfoundland reserve is an Imperial force controlled by the Imperial authorities, whereas that of Canada is to be subject to no outside direction. The experiment has been so successful in Newfoundland that a cognate scheme should give equally good results in the Maritime Provinces, where the fisherfolk are of the same stock and their pursuits are almost identical.

It is noteworthy that the three nations—Great Britain, France and the United States—which control the deep sea fishery on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, should be developing the possibilities of that industry in augmenting their naval establishments. Of the 10,000 men who cross the ocean from France every spring to fish on these ledges, every one is enrolled as a naval conscript, and the enterprise is bolstered up by bounties to the men, the ships and the outfitters so that there shall be every inducement to the inhabitants of the Breton and Biscayan seabords to continue in the avocation, the State thereby securing a large body of trained sailors who would be

of immense value in filling the gaps in the navy in the day of peril. It is this fact which makes France so unwilling to settle the French shore question and relinquish St. Pierre-et-Miquelon—the knowledge that by so doing she would bring about the decay of this fishery and the loss of a potential naval auxiliary. The importance of this to her is becoming more and more evident each year as her hold on our coast line is lessening and the Breton fish merchants curtail their outfits, owing to the unremunerative character of the industry.

The New England fishermen are relied upon to provide a large proportion of the projected United States naval reserve of 20,000 men, and the Grand Banks are their great training ground. The British fishermen who correspond to them are those of Eastern Canada and Newfoundland, who obtain their livelihood in the same waters. The Newfoundlanders are *par excellence* the finest seamen of all, because fishing is their only pursuit, and they are as much at home on the treacherous icefloes off Labrador, where they hunt the seal, as among the billows of the banks where they catch the cod. The remoteness and isolation of the island, coupled with its lack of diversified industries, have kept generation after



NEWFOUNDLAND NAVAL RESERVE—A FINAL DRILL IN MAY

generation harvesting this ocean crop, and to-day the Newfoundland coast-folk are in physique and fearlessness the equals of any men of maritime callings. They are bred to the sea from their early youth. Inured to every hardship of floe or wave, careless of any danger the storm begets, they cannot be surpassed for naval purposes.

Accordingly this colony suggested itself to the Admiralty as the most fitting one for the initiation of an over-sea naval reserve, and the experiment was undertaken here so that it might have the best prospects of success, and if results warranted, the movement could in time be extended to the whole colonial Empire. The reasons operating in favour of Newfoundland were the ones above given as to the peculiar fitness of our fisherfolk, together with the moderate scale of wages, more nearly approaching the British rates than those of the other colonies and making the reservists' stipend an acceptable item to the seafaring population. The distance of the colony from the United States and the broken communication lessened the risk of leakage thereto, and the fact that all the men required could be got during the winter when the fishing is at a standstill around the coast, owing to the ice blockade, and the training of the recruits could be carried on without, in any way, interfering with the regular avocations of the people,

but, on the contrary, really serve to supplement their earnings during the fishery season.

The reservists are drawn from among the young fishermen of 18 to 21 years of age, and the period of enlistment is for five years. The men are required to put in a month's drill each year, and during the whole term to spend six months at sea in a warship learning the actual work among the regular crew. At the close of this sea service an examination is held, and the reservists who pass it are promoted to the "qualified seamen" class, which means an increase of pay and allowances. After the first five-years' term a second may be taken, and then a third if desired, and any man who has served for this period is eligible for a pension of \$58 a year if incapacitated on attaining the age of 60. It is not obligatory to begin with the sea service, though this has been the practice so far followed in Newfoundland, because it offers a greater inducement to the recruit in giving him the longer period in which to learn his work, and it yields the best results for the same reason. The recruit, on enlisting, must pass a medical examination and display his familiarity with compass, lead, log-line and oar, and if he passes he is formally enrolled, and is allowed 66 cents a day while drilling, besides being paid a retaining fee of \$16 a year and a full kit of uniform on the first and third

years of each enrolment. On promotion to "qualified seaman" his pay is raised to 75 cents per diem and his retaining fee to \$30 per annum. To provide him with bedding and coverlets for the six months at sea he is allowed an extra \$20, and his pay is increased 7 to 10 cents daily. Except when putting in his enrolment time, he is free to attend to his ordinary pursuits, save that he is liable to be called out at any time by Royal proclamation if war is imminent or actually in progress. This is, of course, the real value of a naval or military reserve, that it is available in such emergencies, and in regard to the naval auxiliary each man will be rated and paid as a regular during the time he serves, receiving a war fee of \$5 a month, also an allowance of \$17.50 for equipment on joining, and a full supply of clothing. If the period of service is over two years a man is paid 5 cents a day extra.

Such are the conditions under which the first contingent of Newfoundland fishermen embarked on H.M.S. *Charybdis* in November, 1900, fifty strong, for a six-months' cruise in the West Indies. On their return, in May, 1901, 44 of them were promoted to qualified seamen, and Commodore Giffard, in charge of the ship, made a most flattering report of them to the Admiralty and the Colonial Government. In sailorly tasks they could outdo the regulars; in rowing they beat the crack boats of the fleet; in physical strength they excelled. They acquired a knowledge of the *technique* of the service — gunnery, shooting, cutlass and other drills with surprising rapidity, and the Commodore

declared they would be a valuable addition to the naval *personnel*. The second contingent, another 50, proved equally capable in similar service the ensuing winter, and last spring 47 of them gained the higher class. This winter the contingent is increased to 80, and the lads are seeing active service in Venezuela, the *Charybdis* being the British flagship there, with Commodore Montgomerie, who succeeded Commodore Giffard, in charge, and the Newfoundlanders forming an important portion of his ship's company. He has commended them highly for their work in the bombardment of Puerto Cabello on December 16th, 1902, and in the blockade of the Venezuelan coast, and all reports indicate that their "regular" shipmates have the highest opinion of the courage and capability of the colonials.

While these records are being made at sea the drilling of the other men is being carried on, for a month at a time, aboard the training ship *Calyпсо* in St. John's Harbour. She is an old-style corvette, and was selected by the Admiralty to be stationed permanently in these waters for the perfecting of the reserve. She is housed over and steam-heated, and the men are taken



OVERHAULING THE NETS OFF THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS—
THIS IS THE LIFE WHICH MAKES MEN SUITABLE
FOR NAVAL RECRUITS

in classes of twelve, one of "seamen" and another of "recruits" being worked together. For there is a constant enrolment of the latter all the winter through, and the popularity of the scheme is steadily growing among the youth of the colony of the fishing class.

The task of defending the St. Lawrence route will be imposed, to a greater or less extent, upon Canada in the event of a naval war, and therefore the duty of promptly enlisting an adequate naval defensive arm is one not to be lightly disregarded. At the present moment there is absolutely no protection for shipping via that route, especially east of St. John's. One of the most serious economic and strategic situations arising out of the Atlantic Steamer Trust is the risk to the Dominion of having her whole waterborne commerce tied up in the day of war. It is true that Halifax is fortified and has a naval squadron there in summer, but there is no defence for ships plying through Belle Isle Strait, or which may be on the Grand Banks. The Admiralty realizes the seriousness of this, and the fortifying of St. John's with a view to making it an outpost and a shelter is in contemplation as a further development of our Naval Reserve scheme. Sydney, because of its position near Cabot Strait would, doubtless, be a centre for the Canadian Reserve, with Halifax and other

suitable ports also. These linked defences could be made part of the Imperial chain of secondary bases, and at the least could be used in the providing of a Canadian policy of naval development. To be made really effective they will need to be administered in conjunction with St. John's, as its prominent location, thrust out into the Atlantic and dominating the ocean trade route, makes it a specially important factor in planning a naval campaign.

The working out of Canada's naval defence plans will be a matter of no slight moment, and will represent a long step onward in the march towards a fuller national status. If the Canadian naval contingents do as good work in future as her military contingents did in the past, the Empire will have cause to welcome the establishment of this naval arm, but there are many warm Imperialists who think that there would be more assured results for Britain at home and abroad if Canada were to do as her sister colonies, and tender her contribution towards the maintenance of the one common navy for the defence of motherland and colonies alike. The matter is really, however, one for Canada herself to determine, and in adopting the course she does the disposition of all outsiders will be to wish her the greatest possible success in her undertaking.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLII.—THOMAS BARNARD FLINT



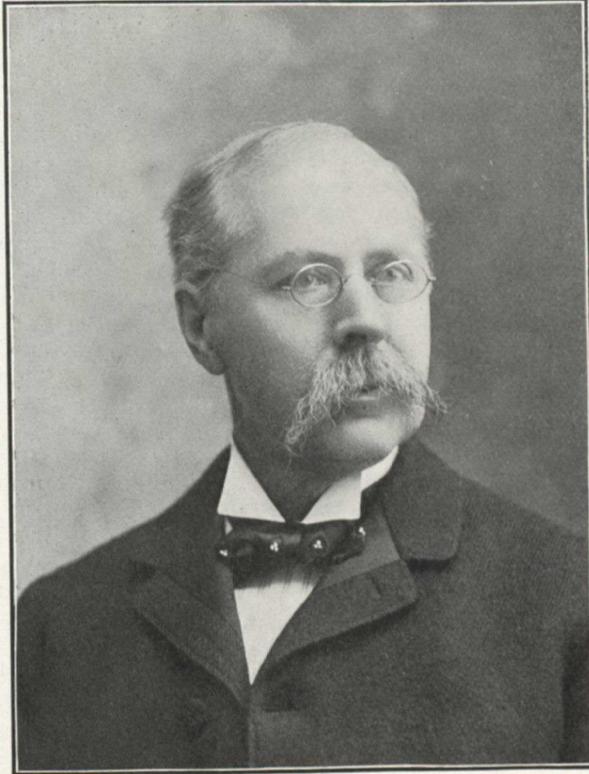
HOUGHTFUL and studious; a pleasing conversationalist; amiable, gentlemanly and diplomatic, —this briefly describes Mr.

Thomas Barnard Flint, the new Clerk of the House of Commons.

Like his notable predecessor, Sir John Bourinot, Mr. Flint is a Nova Scotian. Like Sir John, too, he brings to his position not only a first-class university education, but that wider

and more practical knowledge of men and affairs which is gained by years of experience in writing for the newspaper press.

Mr. Flint was born at Yarmouth, N.S., on April 28th, 1847. He is a descendant of the original settlers, Puritans who came from New England while that country was still a loyal British colony. The community was one made up then, as now, largely of people who were connected directly or



THOMAS BARNARD FLINT, CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

indirectly with shipping. Ship-owners and ship-masters, they were a people who travelled and observed. The importance of education was strongly impressed upon them early in the life of the place, and by the time Mr. Flint was old enough to go to school, Yarmouth had such an academy as few other places in British America could boast. There Flint received an excellent elementary training.

He was afterwards sent to the Wesleyan Academy and College at Sackville, N.B., and in 1872 graduated M.A. of that institution. He also attended Harvard and graduated LL.B. in 1871.

He was admitted to the bar of Nova Scotia, and practised his profession in his native place, being also engaged for a time in the then prevailing craze for ship-owning. In fact, at that time

the man or woman who did not own "a piece of a ship" hailing from Yarmouth was hopelessly out of the fashion.

Early in life the charms of politics seemed irresistible, for we find him, the year after he graduated from Sackville, in the field as a candidate for the House of Assembly. In those days party lines in Yarmouth were less clearly defined than they became later, factions rather than parties fighting each other, but in most instances the candidates were supposed to be Liberals. Thus the fact that Mr. Flint in this first election was the special candidate of the Temperance people did not mean that he was not a Liberal. There are those in Yarmouth who have been bad enough to say that in his first election young Flint (he was then but twenty-six years old) was

really elected; but his opponent was declared elected, and as the result of a "scrutiny," a very questionable kind of election trial carried on by a Committee of the House, was sustained in the seat.

In 1878 he was again in the field, this time in a federal contest and as an Independent Liberal, but was defeated by the other Liberal candidate. In the House of Assembly election of 1882 he was again the candidate of the Temperance party. It was a contest in which the candidates were numerous and issues somewhat mixed, but again Mr. Flint was among the unsuccessful.

In 1883 he was appointed High Sheriff of the County of Yarmouth, and held this position until 1886 when he resigned to take the stump on behalf of the Liberal candidate for the House of Commons. In 1887 he was appointed Clerk of the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia and continued to hold the position until 1890. Then he resigned, and in the following year accepted the straight party nomination of the Liberal convention. This was the first time he had been in the field with the nomination of the Liberal convention, and party lines had by this time become very closely drawn in the county. He was elected by a large majority, and was re-elected at the two succeeding general elections, holding the seat until he resigned a few months ago to accept the position he now holds.

In a community where the people go in for serious reading, where the "Magazine Club" gives its readers the leading magazines and reviews of the world, where "Shakespeare Clubs" and "Browning Clubs" devote more attention to real study than to cake and coffee, Mr. Flint was recognized as an exceedingly well-read man. While possessing a wide range of knowledge, his choice has always been biography as being entertaining reading and presenting human life as it really is and has been. He is probably among the most thoroughly inform-

ed readers of biography in Canada.

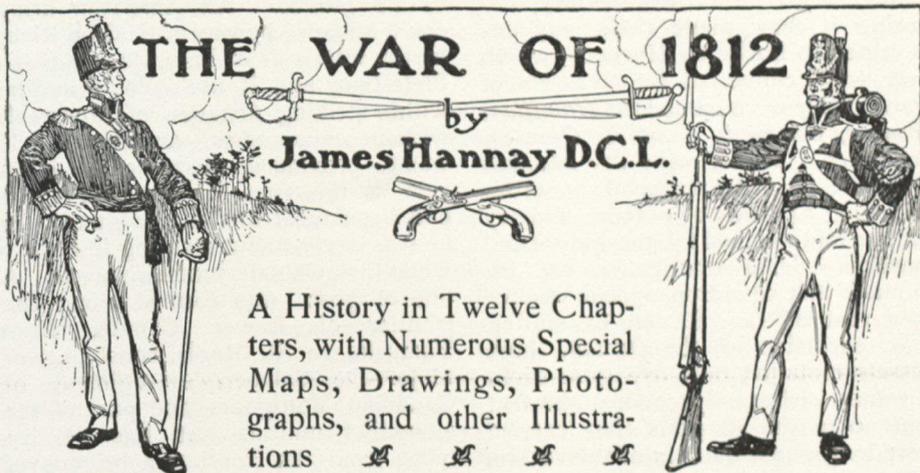
He has long been a most active and prominent worker in Freemasonry. His election to the high position of Grand Master of the Order in Nova Scotia was a distinct recognition of certain special work on behalf of the Order which had been done with much ability.

Mr. Flint's literary experience has been confined principally to the work of political editorial writing. He was the chief editorial writer on the Yarmouth *Herald*, one of Canada's oldest papers, for nearly twenty years. He is a vigorous writer, with a pleasant and gently cynical style, but has never been an abusive or scolding essayist. As a public speaker he has always been the possessor of an easy and fluent diction, a logical method of arrangement, a quiet delivery, rising at times to the slightly dramatic.

While he has taken part in most of the larger debates in Parliament during his time, his name has been especially identified with the Temperance cause, for he was the leader of the Temperance party in the House of Commons. Too often the advocacy of any special reform is accompanied by a narrowness of spirit which serves to make the advocate disliked by those who do not take such advanced views as he does on the reform in question, but this charge could never be justly made against Mr. Flint. He was personally most popular with all parties at Ottawa.

It has been said with undoubted truth that no sketch of any man's life is complete without a word as to his wife, if he be married. Mr. Flint was married in 1874 to Mary E., daughter of T. B. Dane. The family was one enthusiastically devoted to music, and was one quite numerous enough and talented enough to give a complete concert by themselves. This they often did, devoting the proceeds to public or charitable objects. Mrs. Flint possesses a soprano voice of great strength and sweetness.

Percy St. Clair Hamilton.



CHAPTER V.—NAVAL AND OTHER ENGAGEMENTS IN 1812

FOR the purpose of completing the narrative of the events of the year 1812 it is now necessary to go back somewhat and relate the occurrences on Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence, and the frontier from St. Regis to the head of Lake Champlain. When the war broke out the British force on Lake Ontario was stronger than that of the Americans, and had Sir George Prevost been endowed with correct military instincts he would have seen to it that this state of affairs continued. But he apparently did not understand that the safety of Canada depended on the naval ascendancy of the British on Lake Ontario; so the Americans, by greater diligence at the beginning of the war, were able to dispute the ascendancy, and occasionally wrest it from us, although fortunately not for long enough at any one time to produce a fatal result. In June, 1812, Commodore Earle, who commanded on the Lake, had five small vessels in his squadron, the *Royal George*, *Prince Regent*, *Earl of Moira*, *Simcoe*, and *Seneca*, mounting altogether about 50 guns, chiefly carronades and long sixes. This squadron formed no part of the Royal Navy; the vessels were undermanned, the men were untrained, and Earle himself was not a competent teacher. On the

29th of July, with this force, Earle undertook to capture the American armed brig *Oneida*, then lying at Sackett's Harbour, under the guns of a battery, but, after a cannonade which lasted for about an hour, hauled off without having suffered or inflicted any particular damage. The Americans, after this attack, displayed great vigour in the purchase, equipment, and construction of vessels for their fleet on Lake Ontario. Captain Isaac Chauncey was sent from the Brooklyn Navy Yard to superintend the work of forming a fleet, and before the end of the season he had accomplished much.

In the early summer, eight American schooners had been chased down the St. Lawrence, while attempting to escape from Ogdensburg, by a flotilla of boats manned by Canadians and commanded by one Jones. Two of the vessels were captured and burnt, and the remainder driven back to Ogdensburg. There, a few days after Earle's attack on Sackett's Harbour, they were joined by the armed schooner *Julia* from the latter place, with a large body of volunteers and a rifle corps. Their object was to protect the vessels until they could be armed and enabled to fight their way into the Lake; but the armistice which shortly followed

made this precaution unnecessary, and during it they made their way unmolested to Sackett's Harbour, where they were converted into vessels of war. They were named the *Hamilton*, *Scourge*, *Conquest*, *Tomkins*, *Growler*, and *Pert*. These, with the *Madison* and *Julia*, formed a powerful squadron, mounting 54 guns, 23 of them of heavy calibre, and manned by 500 sailors and marines. Some American writers try to make this squadron appear weaker than that of the British by stating that, exclusive of the *Oneida*, these vessels mounted only five guns each, but they dishonestly conceal the fact that 30 of the 38 guns they carried were long guns, that six of the vessels had a 32-pounder long gun on deck on a circle, so that it could be fired in any direction, and that the seventh had a 24-pounder mounted in a similar manner. The importance of this will be better understood when it is known that no frigate afloat at that time carried a long gun as heavy as a 32-pounder. The American squadron was greatly superior to the British for fighting purposes, and as a result of this preponderance, was able to blockade Earle in Kingston during the last three or four weeks of the season. Chauncey even ventured with his squadron to the mouth of Kingston Harbour, and undertook to attack the *Royal George* there, but he got such a warm reception from the batteries that he became convinced that discretion was the better part of valour, and retired with the loss of six or eight killed or wounded. The British suffered no loss whatever.

Turning once more to the military events of the year, we find General Dearborn, the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States in the Northern Department, with a large force of regulars and an unlimited number of militia at his disposal, with orders to capture Montreal. This city, from its situation at the head of ocean navigation, with very inadequate means of defence, and situated not more than 40 miles from the American frontier, seemed not only a most desirable prize to the invader, but one that might eas-

ily be gained. An American army could advance by way of Hudson River by the west side of Lake Champlain to Plattsburg and Rouse's Point, and be within striking distance of Montreal, without encountering an enemy. It was to provide against such an invasion as this that Sir George Prevost had been most anxious to guard, for he was never found wanting in energy when his own safety was involved. A line of posts was formed along the frontier of Lower Canada from Yamaska to St. Regis, consisting of Major De Salaberry's regiment of Canadian Voltigeurs and part of the embodied militia. At Lacadie, 25 miles from the frontier, a brigade of the regular and militia forces was formed, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Young, of the 8th Regt. It consisted of the flank companies of the 8th, 100th, and 103rd Regts., the Canadian Fencibles, the flank companies of the 1st battalion of embodied militia, and a detachment of Royal Artillery with six field-pieces. The road to the frontier was cut up and rendered difficult to an army by abattis formed by trees, so that any sudden irruption in that quarter was guarded against. The people in the Lower Province showed a zeal in the defence of their country which was very disheartening to those Americans who had hoped for a different result. In order to relieve the regulars and enable them to take the field at any moment, the militia of Quebec and Montreal did garrison duty, and continued it as long as the necessity for the employment of their services existed. In September a fifth battalion of militia, afterwards known as the Canadian Chasseurs, was embodied, principally from the Montreal militia. The North-West Company raised a corps of Voyageurs and the merchants and tradesmen of Montreal belonging to the 1st battalion of sedentary militia organized themselves into four companies of volunteers for garrison duty and field service, in case of emergency. But all these unusual efforts seemed to be necessary, for the enemy

was in formidable force upon the frontier. As early as the beginning of September, when the armistice was brought to an end, Brigadier-General Bloomfield had collected about 8,000 men at Plattsburg—regulars, volunteers, and militia—besides advanced parties at Chazy and Champlain. This American army, therefore, it will be seen, was the most formidable of any in point of numbers, and for that reason the most to be dreaded.

If there had been a master mind at the head of this strong force, which became still stronger before the end of the year, it certainly would have been heard from in connection with some important movement. But it seemed then, and also to a large extent throughout the war, as if the minds of the American commanders could not rise above the idea of a series of raids, which, however annoying they might be to the British, could have no influence whatever on the result of the contest. Of this character was the enterprise of Capt. Benjamin Forsyth against Gananoque on the St. Lawrence. This officer, with seventy of his own riflemen and thirty-four militia, crossed over from Cape Vincent on the night of the 20th of September, and landed a short distance west of the village, which they entered while the inhabitants were asleep. There were forty or fifty militia in the place, whom they encountered, and they succeeded in killing one man and taking four prisoners. Forsyth's party had one killed and one wounded. Perhaps to the British wounded should be added Mrs. Stone, wife of Colonel Stone, who was shot through the window by an American soldier as she lay on her bed. In Stone's house were found two kegs of fixed ammunition and a few muskets, which were carried off. In some American histories, this petty raid figures as a desperate conflict in which sixty British regulars were engaged, although there was not a regular within twenty miles of the place.

A more legitimate operation of war was the attempt of Adjutant D. W. Church to capture a number of British

bateaux, laden with stores, that were ascending the St. Lawrence in charge of Major Heathcote of the 49th Regt. A gunboat and Durham boat filled with men went down the river and encountered the British near Toussaint Island, but were beaten off with the loss of one killed and five wounded. The Durham boat was lost in the fight, and the gunboat also came near being taken. The expedition was a disastrous failure.

On the 4th of October Colonel Lethbridge, who commanded at Prescott, made an attempt upon the American fort at Ogdensburg. He took with him 340 men, of whom about half were militia, and embarked them in two gunboats and a number of bateaux. These were assailed in mid-channel by a heavy fire, and obliged to turn back with the loss of three men killed and four wounded. Ogdensburg was too strongly garrisoned at that time to be successfully assailed, for it was held by more than 1,200 men under General Brown.

On the 23rd of October a party of American militia numbering about 300, under command of Major Young, surprised the guard of the Indian village of St. Regis, which consisted of a detachment of the Canadian Voyageurs already referred to. Lieut. Rototte and seven others were killed and the remainder, 23 in number, captured. Montigny, the Indian agent, and the Catholic priest were also made prisoners. In this case there was no fighting, the guards were simply surrounded in their houses by ten times their numbers and shot down. The Americans in their plunderings found in the Indian agent's house a British flag, which that official was in the habit of displaying on Sundays and holidays, and this was heralded all over the United States as "the first flag taken during the war." Major Young not only had the impudence to represent this stolen piece of bunting as a regimental colour, but carried his audacity so far as to present it to the State of New York at a public ceremonial in the following January.



COL. ZEBULON PIKE, WHO COMMANDED THE UNITED STATES TROOPS AT LA COLLE, FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE AGAINST HIMSELF

This St. Regis affair led to a speedy retaliation. Captain Tilden, one of the St. Regis heroes, commanded a company at French Mills. On the 23rd November, Lieut.-Col. McMillan with 140 men, half regulars and half militia, surprised this party, which took to a blockhouse, but, finding themselves surrounded, surrendered prisoners of war. Captain Tilden and the whole of his command, 43 in all, were taken, with 4 batteaux, 57 stand of arms and other spoil. An Indian interpreter named Gray, who had guided Young to St. Regis, was also captured and carried to Quebec where he died. As the sequel showed, the Americans would have done better to have missed this "colour" and left St. Regis, its priest and its flag alone, for most of the St. Regis Indians joined the British and did good service during the war.

While these petty operations were going on along the line of the St. Lawrence, General Dearborn's large army was inactive at Plattsburg. By the be-

ginning of November it numbered about 10,000 and of this force 5,700 were regulars. It was not until the sixteenth of that month that Dearborn made a forward movement. On that day with three thousand regulars he advanced almost to Odelltown, which is a short distance across the boundary line of Lower Canada. Major De Salaberry, who commanded the frontier posts, received early information of Dearborn's movement and strengthened the position of La Colle, which was six or seven miles from the American camp at Champlain, by two companies of Canadian Voltigeurs, three hundred Indians and a small body of militia volunteers from the neighbouring parishes. As an invasion was now considered certain, 1,900 men, consisting of 600 militia and 1,100 of the Eighth and Glengarry regiments, were sent across the St. Lawrence and marched to Laprairie, so as to be ready to meet the enemy from whatever quarter he might come.

These timely precautions turned out to be quite unnecessary. On the 30th November Col. Zebulon M. Pike, with 600 of his regulars, crossed the La Colle between three and four o'clock in the morning. The enemy was seen by the Captain of the day as he was making his rounds, and he heard them cocking their muskets in the woods. He had barely time to apprise the picket of their danger when the enemy surrounded the guard hut on every side, and discharged their pieces so close to it that they set the roof on fire. The militia and Indians escaped from the building without loss, but the Americans, who had divided into two parties, commenced firing on each other, each party being under the impression that the other was British. This singular contest was continued for about half an hour and no doubt prodigies of valour were performed. By the time they had discovered their mistake De Salaberry was upon them, and, as soon as he approached, Col. Zebulon Pike and his 600

regulars ran away in such haste that they left five of their number dead and five wounded on the field. These numbers and losses are given on American authority, but current report at the time placed the American force at more than double the figure named above. This display of stupidity ended the operations of Dearborn's army which had been so much dreaded. That General immediately returned to Plattsburg where three of the regiments of regulars went into winter quarters. Three others were sent to Burlington to winter; the artillery and dragoons went to Greenbush and the valiant militia were sent home, where by their own firesides they could relate the story of their heroic deeds on the Canadian frontier.

Although the main object of this history is to give a truthful account of the operations of the war in Canada, some notice of the engagements at sea, from which the Americans professed to derive a full equivalent in the way of consolation for their defeats on land, cannot be omitted. When the war commenced the United States possessed seven ships that were rated as frigates and a number of smaller vessels. As the plunder of the British merchant marine was one of the advantages which the Americans expected to derive from the war, they were naturally prepared to pounce upon their prey at a moment's notice. In June, 1812, Commodore Rodgers, with his flagship the *President* 44, *United States* 44, *Congress* 38, *Hornet* 18 and *Argus* 16 was waiting at New York ready to put to sea the moment he heard that war had been declared. On the 21st of June, within an hour of the time the news of the declaration of war reached him, he put to sea with his squadron. His object was the capture of the British homeward bound fleet which had left Jamaica some time before, convoyed by the frigate *Thalia* 36, and sloop *Reindeer* 18, and which, all unconscious of danger, was then proceeding northward somewhere in the latitude of New York. This promising scheme, by which Rodgers and his men hoped to be enriched, was spoiled in a

very unexpected fashion. When 36 hours from port the British frigate *Belvidera*, 36, Captain Richard Byron, was sighted. Capt. Byron had not heard of the declaration of war, and when he saw the squadron he stood towards it. But when he observed that three of the ships were frigates, and saw them suddenly take in their studding sails and haul up in chase of him, he suspected hostility and stood away, going north-east by east, the wind being fresh from the west. The chase lasted until midnight, the American vessels firing on the British frigate and shots being frequently exchanged between the *President's* bow guns and the *Belvidera's* stern chasers. The latter finally escaped and got into Halifax where she gave the first information of the war. The *President* lost 22 killed and wounded, sixteen of them by the bursting of a gun; the loss of the *Belvidera* was seven killed and wounded.

The first frigate action of the war was that between the *Constitution* and *Guerriere* which took place on the 19th of August in lat. $41^{\circ} 30'$ north and 55° west. As this contest was a type of



MAJOR DE SALABERRY, WHO COMMANDED THE CANADIANS AT LA COLLE

the three engagements in which Americans captured British frigates, it is proper to explain the causes of so singular a succession of defeats. At this time the British had 900 warships on the ocean, manned by 146,000 sailors and marines. The supplying of men for so prodigious a fleet out of the population of the British Islands, then much less than half what it is at present, was a most difficult task and impressment had to be resorted to. This system brought into the navy many good and also many worthless men, and even then did not provide a sufficient supply, for the British ships were nearly always short of their complement. Moreover, in consequence of the French fleets having almost disappeared from the ocean, and the exercise of a false economy on the part of the Government, gunnery practice was almost entirely neglected. The Americans, on the other hand, had no difficulty whatever in overmanning the few ships they sent to sea, and in their crews were many men who had been trained in the Royal Navy and had deserted from it.

But a more potent cause of the British defeats was the size, armament and power of the large American frigates as compared to the British ships they were matched against. The *Constitution*, *United States* and *President* were sister ships and were the largest and most powerful frigates afloat. The capture of the *President* by the British in 1814, gave them an opportunity of comparing her with frigates of the class encountered by her sister ships. These American frigates, in addition to their superior size, had timbers, planking and masts as stout as a British 74-gun ship. The *Constitution* when she fought the *Guerriere* carried 32 long 24-pounders and 22 short 32-pounders. Her broadside weight of metal was 736 pounds. The *Guerriere* carried 30 long 18-pounders, two long 12-pounders, 16 short 32-pounders and one long 18. The weight of her broadside was 556 pounds. The comparative force of the ships was as follows:—

	Tonnage.	Weight of Broadside.	Number of Men.
Constitution	1,576	736 lbs.	456
Guerriere	1,338	556 "	272

Yet Lossing, the author of a book on the war of 1812, in the face of these figures, has the assurance to say that the contest was "not really an unequal one," and to add that the weight of the respective broadsides of the vessels "could not have varied very materially." Mr. Roosevelt, now the President of the United States, who has written a tolerably honest account of the naval operations of the war, admits that the disparity of force was as 10 to 7, that is to say that the American ship was superior by nearly one-half. The difference was really much more, as any candid reader can perceive, the *Constitution*, when weight of metal, number of men, size and staunchness are taken into account, being doubly superior to the *Guerriere*. The result might easily have been foreseen. After a stubborn battle which lasted a couple of hours, the British frigate was reduced to the condition of a defenceless hulk by being dismasted, and was compelled to surrender. She had lost seventy-nine men, of which twenty-three were killed or mortally wounded. The *Constitution* lost seven killed and seven wounded. The *Guerriere* was in a sinking condition when she struck her flag, and had to be set on fire and destroyed.

The two other frigate actions of the year, as regarded the force of the combatants, resembled that between the *Guerriere* and *Constitution*. The second in point of time was fought on the 25th of October in lat. 29° north and long. 29° 30' west. The combatants were the British frigate *Macedonian* and the American frigate *United States*. The comparative force of these vessels was as follows:

	Tonnage.	Weight of Broadside.	Number of Men.
United States	1,576	846 lbs.	478
Macedonian	1,325	547 "	301

Here the American vessel was superior by 59 per cent. in number of men, by 55 per cent. in weight of metal, and by 19 per cent. in tonnage, so that the American frigate was really more than double the force of the *Macedonian*, when all the elements of strength are

taken into account. After a contest which lasted an hour and a half, the British vessel was obliged to strike her colours, after losing her mizzen-mast, fore and main topmast, and most of her rigging. She had 43 of her crew killed and 61 wounded. The American ship lost six killed and five wounded.

The third and last action of the war, in which a British frigate was captured, was fought between the *Constitution* and *Java* on the 29th of December, in latitude 13° 6' south and longitude 31° west. The *Constitution* had made a slight change in her armament since her battle with the *Guerriere* by leaving on shore two of her 32-pounder carronades. The following is a comparative statement of the force of the combatants :

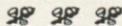
	Tonnage.	Weight of Broadside.	Number of Men.
Constitution	1,576	704 lbs.	476
Java	1,340	576 "	377

The *Java* carried a number of supernumeraries, intended for other ships on the Bombay station, and her crew was a new one and wholly untrained. The odds against her were about 70 per cent., apparently not quite so much as they were against the *Guerriere* or *Macedonian*, but really more when the untrained condition of her crew is taken into account. The *Java* was desperately defended, and did not strike until she was a riddled and dismasted hulk. She lost in the two hours' engagement 48 killed and 102 wounded, and was so badly damaged that she had to be destroyed. The *Constitution* had 12 killed and 22 wounded.

In October the American 18-gun ship-sloop *Wasp* captured the British

18-gun brig-sloop *Frolic* in lat. 37° north, long. 65° west. The American vessel carried two long 12-pounders and 16 32-pound carronades. The broadside weight of metal of the *Wasp* was therefore slightly superior, and she had a crew of 135 men against 110 for the British vessel. The latter had lost her mainyard and sustained other damage in a gale, and therefore went into the action in a disabled condition. Nevertheless she was not surrendered until she had become totally unmanageable and had lost 90 of her crew, of whom 30 were killed outright. When the Americans boarded her the only unwounded man who stood on deck was the grim old tar at the wheel. Captain Whinyates and his lieutenant, Wintle, were both so severely hurt that they could not stand without support. The same day the British ship *Poictiers*, 74, recaptured both vessels. The *Wasp* had ten killed and wounded. Certainly the British lost no glory in this affair, which would probably have had a very different result had the *Frolic* been in a fit condition to meet an enemy. Mr. Roosevelt thinks the loss of the *Frolic's* mainyard was no detriment, as it had "merely converted her into a brigantine." On the same principle the loss of a ship's mizzen-mast would not impair her efficiency, as it would merely convert her into a brig. Suggestions of this sort can well be left to the reader's contempt.

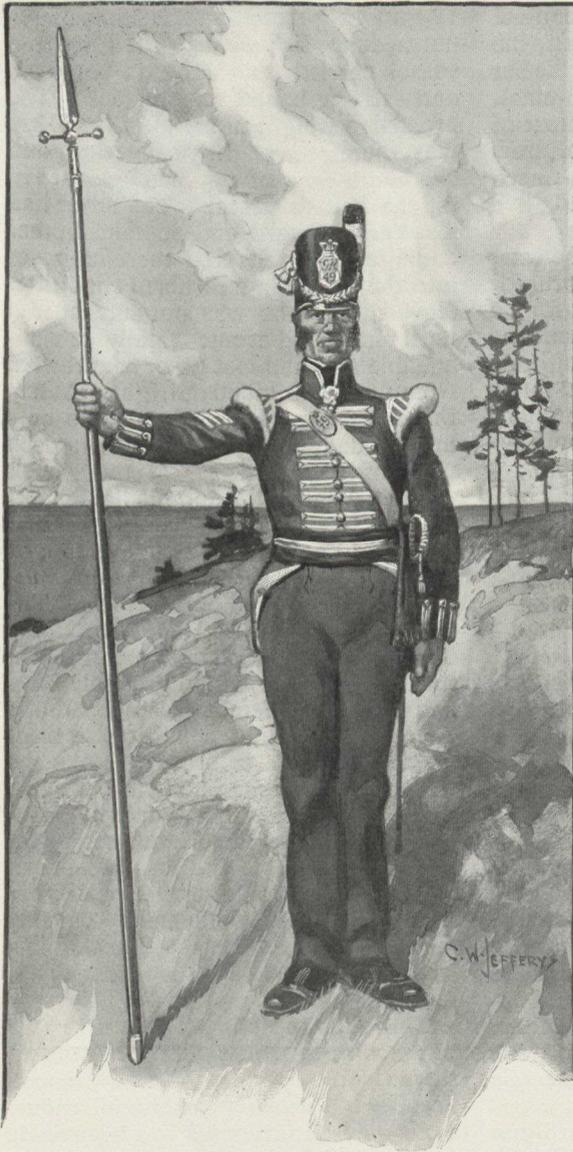
This ends the story of the first year of the war, in which the Americans, in their land operations, had reaped nothing but disasters and humiliations. Four different attempts had been made to invade Canada, and all had failed.



CHAPTER VI.—THE OPENING EVENTS OF 1813

THE attempt of Hull on the Detroit frontier, which had been so disastrously defeated by the promptitude and energy of Brock, was but a part of the movement against the Western Peninsula. The people of Kentucky

and Indiana, as well as of Pennsylvania, were not behind those of Ohio in their eagerness to reap glory in an easily won campaign. Kentucky alone, before war was declared, had 5,500 militia and volunteers in the field,



A SERGEANT OF THE GRENADEER COMPANY OF THE 49TH REGT., PRESENT AT QUEENSTON—BROCK'S AND FITZGIBBON'S REGIMENT

which were intended to co-operate with Hull in the conquest of Canada. This number was increased to 7,000 in October, 1812, for Hull's surrender, while it was a humiliation to the people of the Union generally, filled the inhabitants of the Western States with terror. It caused the Indians to flock

to the British standard, and gave the frontier settlers reason to fear that they would seek a bloody revenge for the injuries they had received from the white men.

Before General Brock left Detroit he gave instructions to Colonel Procter to send Captain Muir with a detachment of regulars and Indians to reduce Fort Wayne, which at that time had a garrison of only 70 men. But this enterprise, which must have succeeded, was prevented by the receipt of orders from Sir George Prevost. The Governor-General expressed his desire that, although the armistice did not extend to General Hull's command, it should be acted upon by Colonel Procter. That officer was also instructed to refrain from every hostile act, and to restrain the Indians by every means in his power. After the armistice was ended, when Captain Muir advanced towards Fort Wayne, he found that post had been heavily reinforced and that General Winchester with 2,000 men was in the vicinity. Under these circumstances any attack had necessarily to be abandoned. He returned to Fort Defiance, at the junction of the Maumee and Au Glaize Rivers, intending to give battle there, but three-fourths of his Indians at this time deserted him, and he had to retreat 20 miles farther down the Maumee. The Indians, who are unstable as children, had become disgusted with the restraint put upon them by the armistice, and they were alarmed by the reports of the mighty host that was coming against them from Kentucky and Ohio. For this state of affairs

Sir George Prevost was directly responsible, for there was no reason why he should have insisted on his lieutenants on the Detroit frontier observing an armistice that was not regarded by the enemy.

Governor Harrison of Indiana, "the hero of Tippecanoe," was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the Kentucky forces. He was also made a Brigadier-General of the United States Army, and assigned to the command of the North Western Army, which, in addition to the rangers and troops in that quarter, consisted of the volunteers and militia of Kentucky and Ohio and 3,000 from Virginia and Pennsylvania, and made his whole force 10,000 men. His instructions were to provide for the defence of the frontiers and to retake Detroit with a view to the conquest of Canada. These instructions were received on the 24th September, but all that could be accomplished during the next three months was the destruction of a few Indian towns that had been deserted by their inhabitants, and the burning of their winter supply of provisions. This was the method the Government of the United States took to conciliate the Indians, and when the unfortunate red men retaliated after their own fashion, the American people were amazed and horrified. They did not seem to appreciate the fact that to turn an Indian family out of their own hut at the beginning of winter, and to destroy the food they had stored up for that inclement season, is equivalent to a sentence of death. It would have been more merciful to kill these poor people outright than to leave them to perish of hunger and cold.

Towards the end of December Harrison had about 7,000 infantry, and a body of cavalry and artillery, under his command in the Northwest. He had his headquarters at Sandusky, where he had collected an abundance of ammunition, stores and provisions for the invasion of Canada at Amherstburg. General Winchester, who commanded the left wing of the army, was on the Maumee about six miles below the Au

Glaize when he received a despatch from Harrison ordering him to press forward to the Rapids of the Maumee. He was directed to commence building huts, so that the British might be deceived into the belief that he intended to winter there; but at the same time he was to prepare sleds for an advance towards Amherstburg, but to conceal from his troops their intended use. Winchester was also informed that the different wings of the army would be concentrated at the Rapids, and would proceed from there against Amherstburg, as soon as the ice was found strong enough to bear them. Winchester had his entire army established at the Rapids on 10th January, 1813. A day after this he received a message from Frenchtown, on the Raisin River, asking him to send a force there as the inhabitants feared an attack by the Indians. He called a council of officers which decided that troops should be sent to Frenchtown, and Colonel Lewis, with 550 regulars and Kentucky Volunteers, was entrusted with this duty. Lewis started for Frenchtown, which was 35 miles distant, on the morning of the 17th January, and he had not been gone many hours when a reinforcement of 110 men under Colonel Allen was sent after him. Lewis had instructions to attack and beat "the enemy," and to seize Frenchtown and hold it.

Frenchtown, which contained at that time 150 inhabitants, was held by 36 men of the Essex Militia under Major Reynolds. They had with them a three-pounder and were accompanied by a band of 200 Indians. This force was encountered by Colonel Lewis at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th and attacked. The American accounts of this affair are very absurd, for they magnify the little force of Canadian Militia nearly tenfold, and give detailed accounts of desperate charges and counter charges which never took place. The truth was that Major Reynolds, after resisting the enemy as long as he could, and inflicting as much damage upon them as possible, retired to Brownstown, 18 miles from the

scene of action. He had one militiaman and three Indians killed; the Americans, by their own account, had 12 killed and 55 wounded.

Colonel Lewis encamped at Frenchtown and sent to Winchester for reinforcements. The news of his affair with Major Reynolds' detachment, which was magnified into a great victory, made Winchester's Kentuckysoldiers fairly wild with excitement. To quote an American writer:—"All were eager to press northward, not doubting that the victory at the Raisin was the harbinger of continued success until Detroit and Amherstburg should be in possession of the Americans." Winchester, who was not well pleased at Harrison being placed over him, was anxious to bring on an engagement before his superior could reach him. He hastened to Frenchtown with a reinforcement, which brought up the strength of the army there to 1,000 men, encamping on the right of Lewis's forces on the evening of the 20th of January.

The moment Colonel Procter heard of the occupation of Frenchtown by the Americans, he set out from Amherstburg with all his available force. This, when joined to the detachment at Brownstown, comprised about 500 white troops and 450 Indians. The former consisted of 140 rank and file of the 41st, 40 of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, a few men of the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion, enough artillery to serve the 3-pounders and a 5½-inch howitzer, a number of Canadian sailors, and parts of the 1st and 2nd Essex Militia. This was the army which General Winchester in his report calls "greatly superior in numbers." Between four and five o'clock in the morning of the 22nd of January, Procter attacked the United States camp. The weather was severe so that no pickets were posted far in advance on the roads, and Procter's sudden assault was almost a surprise. The United States right was fiercely assailed and driven in until the troops in that part of the field gave way entirely, and fled to the farther side of the Au Raisin River, where they sought the

shelter of the woods. But there was no safety for them there, for the Indians, who had gained their flank and rear, cut them down. The slaughter was great, for the Red men who had seen their houses and provisions destroyed by Winchester's men, could hardly be restrained. General Winchester, who was with this section of the army, was taken prisoner, as was Colonel Lewis who led the advance to Frenchtown. The left and centre of the American army were posted in a picketed camp which afforded a strong defensive position. This was attacked by the British regulars, but the Americans, who dreaded the vengeance of the Indians, defended themselves with the courage of despair. Colonel Procter, anxious to stay the further effusion of blood, told General Winchester, to quote the language of the latter in his official report, "that he would afford them an opportunity of surrendering as prisoners of war." The American General accepted this offer and sent a flag to his beleaguered men ordering them to surrender, which they did. It was impossible for them to have escaped, and had their resistance been prolonged it would have been difficult to protect them from the Indians.

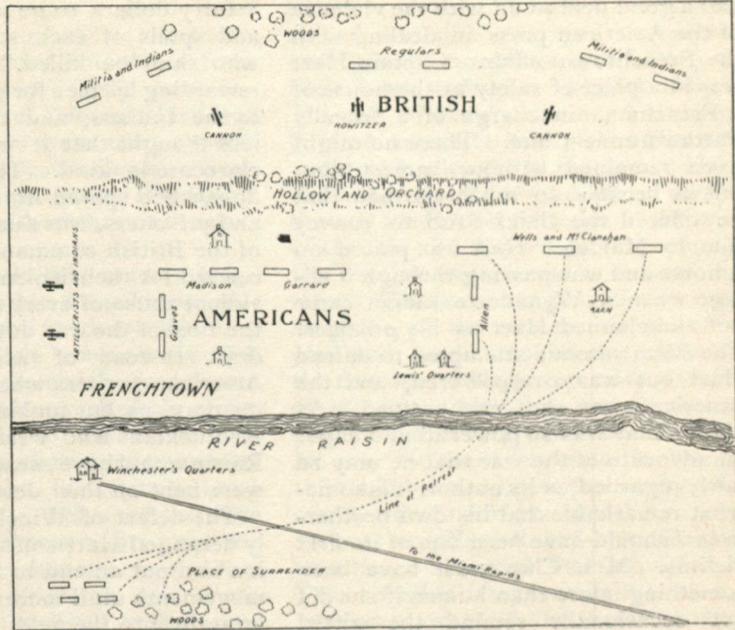
In this affair the British loss was very heavy, amounting to 24 killed and 158 wounded, a full third of the number of white troops engaged. Of this loss 38 fell on the Canadian Militia and sailors. Of the small detachment of the 41st present, 15 were killed and 97 wounded, and the losses of the few men of the Newfoundland Regiment engaged, were equally severe, amounting to 19 killed or wounded. Eleven British and Canadian officers were wounded, one of them, Ensign Kerr of the Newfoundland Regt., mortally. The American army was entirely annihilated, and of the whole force of about 1,000, only 33 escaped. The killed and missing numbered 397, the wounded 25 and the prisoners, wounded and unwounded, 536. The total loss was, therefore, 958. These figures are from American authority and are, no doubt, correct. The force thus destroyed com-

prised the greater part of Col. Wells' 17th United States Regt. of infantry, the 1st and 5th Regts. of Kentucky infantry, and Col. Allen's Kentucky Rifle Regt. The day of the Raisin was a dark and bloody day for Kentucky, and hundreds of its homes were in mourning, for many a youth who went from his father's house with a light heart in search of glory, was buried in an unknown grave.

Colonel Procter had now fewer white troops left than the number of his prisoners, and there were rumors that General Harrison was approaching with the other wing of the army of the Northwest. For these reasons, and also because he wished to put his captives in a place of safety, he set out on his return to Amherstburg on the day of the battle, taking all the prisoners with him that could be moved, and also the main body of Indians. A few wounded prisoners had to be left behind until a conveyance could be sent for them. They were placed in charge of Major Reynolds and the interpreters of the Indian Department, and two of their own surgeons were left with them. On the following day a report that was current of the approach of Harrison caused some of the guards to desert the wounded prisoners, and a few of the latter were killed by straggling Indians who were looking for some person to be revenged

on for the destruction of their own homes. This unfortunate affair for which Procter was certainly not to blame, has given unscrupulous authors like Lossing an opportunity of writing violent tirades against the British and the people of Canada. According to these writers the deaths of the men thus slain were deliberately planned by Procter, who by the same authority is denounced as a coward. There was certainly nothing of the latter shown in his prompt attack on the superior army of Winchester, but that, perhaps, is as good a name as any to throw at a British officer whom some Americans can never forgive because he defeated them, cutting to pieces or capturing their entire army, and adding another to the list of British triumphs.

Among those who lost their lives was Captain Hart, a Kentucky volunteer officer whose wife was the sister of Henry Clay. This fact, no doubt,



THE BATTLE OF FRENCHTOWN

Frenchtown, in what is now the State of Michigan, was a small village containing 150 people. The British garrison of 36 regulars were driven out of the village on the 18th of January, 1813. Hearing of this, Colonel Procter marched from Malden to recapture it. He attacked the United States camp on the 22nd, and inflicted a severe defeat on the enemy under General Winchester.

had a good deal to do with the violence of the American press in dealing with the Frenchtown affair. Captain Hart was in a place of safety at the house of a Frenchman in charge of a friendly Pattawatomie Chief. There he might have remained without molestation, but he became so much alarmed that he offered the Chief \$100 to convey him to Malden. Hart was placed on a horse and was passing through a village when a Wyandotte Indian came out and claimed Hart as his prisoner. The Pattawatomie attempted to defend Hart but was overpowered, and the American was shot and scalped. As Henry Clay was so powerful and eager an advocate of the war that he may be fairly regarded as its author, it is somewhat remarkable that his own brother-in-law should have been one of its first victims. Mrs. Clay must have been something more than human if she did not occasionally remind the gifted Henry that but for him her brother would have been living. Capt. Hart was not a military man but a prosperous merchant, and there was no special reason why he should engage in the invasion of Canada. Men who undertake such warlike enterprises must be prepared to face their risks.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the Indians cannot be taught to appreciate the beauties of the rules of civilized warfare, for, being children of Nature, they think the right way to deal with an enemy is to kill him and be done with him for good and all. Yet in their dealings with the Americans in the war of 1812, they were far more merciful than the latter were to them. They took prisoners and spared the lives of the wounded, although the Americans never took any Indian prisoners, but killed and scalped all who fell into their hands. The spirit of the Americans towards the Indians is shown by Hull's proclamation in which he said:—"No white man fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner—instant destruction will be his lot." It is shown also by General Smyth's address to the "Army of the Centre," in which he informed his soldiers that he would order

"forty dollars to be paid for the arms and spoils of each savage warrior—who shall be killed." This is simply rewarding his men for giving no quarter to the Indians, and the latter doubtless thought that it was proper to reciprocate in kind. That they did not do so, but spared Americans wounded and prisoners, was due to the influence of the British commanders whose only reward for their leniency has been the violent abuse of every hack writer from the time of the war down to the present day. Instead of assailing Procter, American writers should honour his memory, as but for him not one of the Kentuckians who were defeated at the Raisin would have escaped; the Indians were bent on their destruction.

The defeat of Winchester completely deranged Harrison's plans of invasion and put an end to further offensive movements until more troops could be brought into the field. The American general retired to the Rapids of the Maumee, where, on the high ground on the right bank of the river, he established a fortified camp, which, in honour of the Governor of Ohio, was named Fort Meigs. Before spring it had become a regular fortification, covering about eight acres of ground and mounting 18 guns, chiefly 18 and 12-pounders. From this point Harrison was able to keep open communication with Ohio and Kentucky, and to operate against Detroit and Malden.

As Procter had information that Harrison was to be heavily reinforced in the spring with a view to the invasion of Canada, he deemed it advisable to attack Fort Meigs before the American force had become too powerful. Accordingly on the 23rd of April, 1813, he embarked at Amherstburg with 461 rank and file of the regular troops, comprising 27 of the Royal Artillery, five of the 10th Veteran Battalion, 374 of the 41st Regt., and 55 of the Newfoundland Regt. and also 406 rank and file of the militia. The whole number of white troops, including staff and other officers, was 983, and they were accompanied by 1,200 Indians under Tecumseh. Fort

Meigs had at this time a garrison of 1,300 men, consisting of two regiments of regulars besides volunteers from Kentucky and Ohio. They were under the command of General Harrison, and reinforcements were daily expected from Kentucky, under General Green Clay, which would make Harrison's army far stronger than that of Procter, Indians included.

Procter, who had been made a Brigadier-General for his Frenchtown victory, reached the vicinity of Fort Meigs with his little army on the 28th of April, and batteries were at once commenced on the opposite side of the river. Rain delayed the work, but on the first of May two 24-pounders, three 12-pounders, an 8-inch howitzer and two 5½-inch mortars were mounted and opened fire on the fort. Very little damage was done, however, as a traverse had been erected by the besieged which protected its front. On the following day another battery of three 12-pounders opened on the fort. The same night a detachment of British crossed the river and mounted two 6-pounders and a 5½-inch mortar on the south side of the Maumee behind Fort Meigs. That place had been so completely protected by traverses of earth that the fire of the batteries produced but little effect, the guns, with the exception of the 24-pounders, not being heavy enough to make much impression on earthworks.

On the evening of the 3rd, General Clay was at the head of the Rapids of the Maumee with a reinforcement of 1,300 men from Kentucky, who were embarked in 18 large scows with shields on their sides to protect them against the bullets of the Indians. Harrison received the news of Clay's approach on the evening of the 4th, and at once sent out one of his officers, Captain Hamilton, in a canoe to meet Clay and direct him as to the plan of operations he was to adopt. Clay was to land 800 of his men on the north side of the river at a point a mile and a half above the British batteries opposite Fort Meigs. These

batteries were to be taken, the cannon spiked and the carriages destroyed, and then the troops were to return to their boats and cross to Fort Meigs. The rest of Clay's command were to land on the south side of the Maumee and march directly to the fort. Harrison then intended to make a sortie, destroy the British batteries in the rear of the fort and disperse or capture all the British on the south side of the river. The American general was very sanguine of the success of this fine plan and, as he had been stimulating the courage of his troops with a series of stirring addresses, it was to be presumed that they would not fail him. In one of these he said to them, "Should we encounter the enemy, remember the fate of your butchered brothers at the River Raisin—that British treachery produced that slaughter." This sounded very much like an invitation to grant the British no quarter. In another Napoleonic general order he said: "Can the citizens of a free country who have taken arms to defend its rights, think of submitting to an army composed of mercenary soldiers, reluctant Canadians, goaded to the field by the bayonet, and of wretched naked savages?" This Bobadil general should have known that the only troops who during the war had to be "goaded to the field by the bayonet"—were the American regulars and militia, as witness the orders of Colonel Miller before the battle of Maguaga, of Colonel Van Rensselaer at Queenstown, and of General Wilkinson at La Colle. General Harrison had the modesty to say at the conclusion of this general order that, although he did not presume to compare himself to the "immortal Wayne" he boasted of being "that hero's pupil."

On the morning of the 5th of May General Clay's army reached the vicinity of the fort, and Colonel Dudley with 866 men landed on the north side of the Maumee at a place pointed out by Captain Hamilton. They ascended to the plain unobserved by the British and marched straight to the batteries which were manned by only a few gun-

ners. Dudley's men got behind the guns and captured and spiked them without any loss, the main body of the British being at the camp a mile and a half down the river. Dudley now left the larger part of his force under Major Shelby in the captured batteries, and with the remainder advanced against a body of Indians in rear of the fort who had attacked some of his riflemen. Shelby was soon assailed by two companies of the 41st and a company of militia, the whole numbering less than 200 rank and file. This gallant little force, which was led by Captain Muir of the 41st, speedily recaptured the batteries, driving the American troops before them and making most of them prisoners. Harrison's Kentucky heroes, "citizens of a free country," were not able to stand for an instant before Muir's "mercenary soldiers and reluctant Canadians," Dudley was not more fortunate than Shelby had been; he was drawn into an ambushade by the Indians, and the whole of his command cut to pieces. Dudley himself was killed, and of the 866 men who had landed with him only 150 escaped.

The remainder of Clay's force, consisting of about 450 men, landed on the south side of the river, and reached the fort after a sharp skirmish with the Indians. General Harrison ordered a sortie to be made by 350 men, nearly all regulars, under Colonel John Miller, of the 19th United States Regt. These fell upon one of the British batteries, which was defended by the two flank companies of the 41st Regt., numbering 130 rank and file, under Captain Bullock. The small British force was defeated, the battery captured, and the gun, a six-pounder, spiked, 40 men of the 41st, including two lieutenants and a sergeant being made prisoners. Colonel Miller did not enjoy his triumph long. At this moment two companies of militia, numbering 130 rank and file, advanced with 300 Indians. These, with the help of the remnant of the 41st, instantly recaptured the cannon and drove the Americans back into Fort Meigs.

The total loss of the British and Canadians in this affair was 14 killed, 47 wounded and 40 made prisoners. Captain Bandy, of the militia, was wounded mortally and died on the day of the battle. The Americans acknowledged a loss of 81 killed, 270 wounded, and 485 of them were made prisoners, making a total loss of 836. Of this number 696 were lost under Dudley on the north side of the river, 87 in Clay's advance to the fort on the south side of the Maumee, and 53 in the sortie. Of General Clay's reinforcement of 1,300 men only about 500 got into Fort Meigs, yet even this limited accession of strength gave Harrison a total of more than 1,700 men, or more than double the number of Procter's white troops. This fact, and other circumstances over which he had no control, made it necessary for General Procter to raise the siege of Fort Meigs. The militia desired to go home to put in their crops, and the Indian chiefs sent him a deputation counselling him to return, as they could not prevent their people, as was their custom after a battle, returning to their villages with their wounded and their plunder, of which they had taken a considerable quantity from the boats of the enemy. "Before the ordnance could be drawn from the batteries," says Procter in his despatch, "I was left with Tecumseh and less than 20 chiefs and warriors, a circumstance which strongly proves that, under present circumstances at least, an Indian force is not a disposable one or permanent, though occasionally a most powerful aid." Procter was destined to experience the truth of this observation still more pointedly at a later period.

The British General withdrew his force from Fort Meigs on May the 9th, taking with him all his cannon and stores of every kind, and leaving absolutely nothing behind. Lossing attempts to convey a false impression to the minds of his readers by saying that "Procter attempted to bear away from his batteries his unharmed cannon, but a few shots from Fort Meigs made him with-

draw speedily." Here, without absolutely stating it and telling a direct falsehood, Lossing leads the reader to believe that Procter's cannon were left behind, the truth being, as that General states in his despatch: "I have, however, brought off all my ordnance; and, indeed, have not left anything behind. Part of the ordnance was embarked under the fire of the enemy." The American General had not the courage to interfere with Procter's de-

parture, except by an ineffectual fire from his cannon. The British retorted in kind, and the last shot they fired from one of their vessels killed half-a-dozen of the soldiers in the fort; with this emphatic farewell they sailed away. Procter had failed to capture Fort Meigs; but he had so demoralized the enemy that they were effectually prevented from engaging in a spring campaign against Detroit.

TO BE CONTINUED

PRECISE JUSTICE

By E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin," etc.



ANDREW GEMMILL left the Lanark County Fair in a cold rage because Rab Young's bull had won the first prize of thirty dollars and the blue ribbon. Time and again as Andrew drove home with his wife through the pleasant, cool September weather of the Ottawa Valley, he muttered aloud, "Ay, yon's the end 'twixt Rab and me!"

And as often Janet replied, "Think well, man. Think well first."

If she had persisted to the last in this judicious counsel, the events which I have to relate might not have occurred. But in getting down from the spring waggon at her own back door, she seemed to disclose a wish to do for her husband some of the thinking that she suggested to him.

"Us and them's been thick since twenty years before ever there was a Lanark County Fair," she remarked.

"Woman, have ye no pride in ye? And yourself taking notice of the leer of him at me when yon daft judges put the blue ribbon on his creature."

"Me? I said no word like leer. 'See the smile on auld Rab,' says I to you. And why should he no smile?"

"At me? Me that sold him the creature as a two weeks' cawf for bare four dollars!"

Janet knew she had said too much already, and she regretted that she had not thought to flatter her husband about his breeding of Rab's prize bull. So she choked down her desire to remind Andrew that he had, when selling the calf to Rab, entertained strong doubt of its surviving.

The dam had died at the calf's birth, and no other milky mother of the fine Gemmill herd was at the right stage to be deceived into adopting him. He had not seemed to thrive on nutriment taken by sucking human fingers submerged in warm milk. It was not until Rab Young had bought the calf and succeeded in inducing his adoption by a cow that had just lost her own two weeks' old infant that the little bull had begun to reflect honour on his progenitors.

Without mentioning these galling facts, Janet was waddling silently into the farmhouse when her husband called after her fiercely: "Ay, woman, it's the end of all! In the morn I'll go in to Perth for Crummell."

Janet threw up her hands in despair.

Andrew's tone put his resolution beyond doubt. He would employ Cromwell, the surveyor, to run his eastern sideline, that between his farm, Burnside, and Rab Young's farm, Kilspindie.

This was what Janet had long feared, for she surmised Andrew's suspicion that the line fence lay all on his side, instead of zigzagging equally on his and Rab Young's. The suspicion had begun when Cromwell's survey of Andrew's western boundary had given him a gore or triangle of twelve foot base and half a mile long, that had previously been fenced in by his western neighbour, Jock Scott.

This suspicion had hardened to conviction before Rab Young's Gemmil-bred bull captured the blue ribbon, which for eight previous years had always been taken by some of Andrew's bulls. Yet up to the moment of the judges' award, Andrew had felt that he and Janet could not risk a breach of friendship with Rab and Nannie Young—no, not for twice the land involved!

Jock Scott had bitterly resented the Cromwell survey, more especially after he had brought a rival surveyor, young Brabazon, "all the way from Ottawa to go over Cromwell," and had gained nothing for his money except the confirmation of Cromwell's accuracy. On that occasion Andrew's bearing had not pleased anybody in the Scotch Settlement.

"Didn't I tell ye, Jock?" he had exulted before all the neighbours. "Man alive, I tell't ye that Crummell ran a true astronomic line by the right ascension of Polaris; ay, and he tell't ye himsel'! Him? Crummell was never the surveyor that anyother could fault."

Then Andrew, in the name of "precise justice," had formally notified Jock to remove the fence from "Burnside" land, and from that day forth the Gemmills and Scotts were no longer neighbourly.

When the settlement learned that Andrew had again gone into Perth for Cromwell, all foresaw as clearly as Janet that the long friendship of the

Gemmills and Youngs was in jeopardy. "It's a peety!" was the general comment. "But what else could come after Rab taking the thirty-dollar prize with Andrew's ain cow's cawf?"

"Ay, and mair than that," was added. "Wasna it Andrew himself at the director's meeting of the fair that pushed up Peter Frazer to move that the first-prize Durham bull should get thirty dollars this year, when only twenty was the prize of old? And Andrew himself seconded the motion, and him sure he must win the money. Nae wonder he's sore vexed at Rab pouching it! Ou, aye, Andrew's a human-like body."

"I'm noways sure but what he will be worse vexed after he brings out Crummell this time," squeaked the schoolmaster.

"Vexed? What for?"

"What for no? It's like enough that the old side-lines were nigh to parallel. Andrew's got it into his head that Crummell is his own man, but he's a sworn surveyor, and must do precise justice. And if he moved Andrew's western side-line west over on Jock Scott, what more like than he will move the eastern side-line west?"

"Over onto Andrew himself!"

"I'm no predicting onything. It's possible. That's all I'm saying," for he was a cautious schoolmaster.

"Ma conscience, but that would put Andrew clean out of his senses!" It was spoken not without sympathy, for the Scotch Settlement knew things about Andrew Gemmill that more than offset his fits of "nearness" and petulance.

Great was the curiosity in the settlement when the schoolmaster's view was bruited about, and great the gathering about Cromwell's theodolite on the Wednesday when he came to run the line between the farms of Burnside and Kilspindie.

When the surveyor had measured the angle and peered through his telescope, he looked a trifle more serious than before, and called Andrew to the instrument.

"You will lose land," said Crom-

well, indicating the direction of the telescope.

"Me? How can that be?" Andrew stooped and squinted at the line of the glass.

"It's so. The fence is on Rab's land about as far as Jock Scott's fence was on your's."

Andrew gaped, staring about the wide three-quarter circle of neighbours, who had already suspected the truth, those standing right behind the telescope having sighted from their distance along its line. Just then Rab Young, already beginning to be called "auld Rab," came forward to Andrew with a good-natured visage.

"I'm well contented with the old line, Andrew, man," said he. "If you're willing, we'll even let the old fence stand where it is. What if I have a bit of your land or you have a bit of mine? It's a trifle onyhow—not worth the moving of the old fence."

But Andrew's heart was stony—he to be cutting a ridiculous figure when he had hoped to be in a position to show *his* magnanimity!

"It's a fine offer of ye, Mr. Young," he said. "And a douce, good-natured, magnaanimous body the settlement will see in ye. But we will see what we will see, and the surveyor can run off the line and earn his money. Maybe he'll be giving ye a strip of Burnside and maybe he'll be giving me a strip of what ye'd thocht was Kilspindie. Yourself maybe thinking ye can take land off of me as easy as your bull of my own breeding took the blue ribbon. It's a great man ye're getting to be, Mr. Young, making naught of arable as ye do. But there's more surveyors than Mr. Crummell in Canada, I'm thinking.

"And I'm able to pay for precise justice," he went on, hotly; "me that's wanting no better, nor never did!"

So the imperturbable Cromwell ran the line, took his two days' pay, with travelling expenses, and departed for Perth, having allotted to Rab a gore or triangle of half a mile long and some fourteen feet at the base. Then the settlement solemnly awaited for a week

the next development of human nature in Andrew.

"He'll be scorning the thought of bringing young Brabazon to go over Crummell," said the schoolmaster. "It's Wilson all the way from Toronto he'll be for this time, I'm thinking."

And once more the dominie's prophetic powers were proved. When Wilson had confirmed Cromwell's work "as abjectly," said Andrew to Janet, as Brabazon had confirmed it before, then the settlement fell into complete puzzlement as to what Andrew would do next.

"I'm fearin' there'll be great law play betwixt him and Rab," said Janet, meeting the schoolmaster on the road some days after Wilson had gone back to Toronto with fifty dollars of Andrew's cash.

"Is it Andrew that says so, Mistress Gemmill?"

"Na, not a word has he tell't me of what he's glowering over all the time. But I'm fearin'."

"I'm thinking ye needna fear law play. There can be no lawin' if there's no ground for a suit. Bab says he'll never take possession of the gore. And how can Andrew get Rab sued to make him take land that he's not wishful to take? Na, na, Mistress Gemmill. But there'll be worse than law play, I'm thinking, maybe."

"Dominie! How could that be?"

The schoolmaster scratched his head and looked extremely bewildered. What could Andrew do with Rab? The dominie thought that what puzzled his wits must quite disorder Andrew's. But he could not say that to Andrew's wife, and the effect of his dark words was to send her speedily home and thence out to the cedar swamp, where she found Andrew and his two hired men making posts and splitting rails.

"Andrew, my own mannie," said Janet, tearfully, after he had gone with her beyond the men's hearing, "I just canna endure it longer. What's the awfu' thing ye will be going to do to puir auld Rab, and him never done ye a stroke of ill-will in all your born days?"

"Poor, silly woman, what fule's been talkin' to ye?"

"The dominie."

"Him? The creature looks into his ain heart, and I'm feared it's black by what he thinks he sees in mine."

"And ye mean Rab no harm?"

"I'll tell ye nae thing—neither yes, no, nor perhaps. Go back to your kitchen, woman! When I consider of ye, and of me that's living with ye twenty-two years come May, and of ye kenning the soul of me no better than ye do, I'll be doubting but maybe the Mohommedan was no far wrong in holding weemen to be without souls themselves for the dealings of eternity."

"Ah, well," said Janet, relieved by something in his tone, "I'm fine and pleased ye are in no doubt about eternity and having a soul to save your ain self," and away she went toward home.

Another week passed by before the settlement found that Andrew's teams were rapidly transporting post and rails to the line between Burnside and Kilspindie. A new fence! Then of course Andrew intended to put it on the old line in place of the old fence. He meant to take auld Rab at his word, who had said over and over again, "I never will claim the gore."

And was this Andrew's "precise justice?" He would keep Rab's land with Rab's consent! Not so kindly had Andrew dealt with Jock Scott! And of Andrew and Rab a new opinion began to form, an opinion less favourable to Andrew and even more favourable to Rab than had been entertained by the settlement before.

It was still not a hardened opinion when Andrew destroyed it by beginning to build the new post and rail fence straight on the new Cromwell-Wilson line.

Its completion would set between the two fine farms a narrow gore, useless while fenced on both sides.

No sooner had Andrew fairly begun the new fence than Rab came nigh, in hope that his life-long friend would give some sign of amity. As he saw none, Rab came nearer.

"Burnside, it's mair than justice

ye're doing," he said, giving Andrew the name of his farm as a territorial title, a bit of subtle flattery signifying that he was addressed as a laird. "I'm thinking myself should be at half the charges of the grand new fence," concluded Rab.

"For your good opeenion I'm thankin' ye, Mr. Robert Young, but him that bred ye yon blue-ribbon bull was aye able to pay for his ain undertakings. And I'm no dune with ye yet, you'll see!"

Had he responded by calling Rab "Kilspindie," his farm's name, Rab would have felt that his advances were taken in good part; but the "Mr. Robert Young," the reference to the bull, and the apparent threat deepened the gulf. Rab walked away in some dudgeon, the more so as he was conscious that opinion in the settlement was turning to something like admiration for the costly rectitude of Andrew, which, so the schoolmaster told Janet, was regarded as "a maist improvin' exawmple of the innate justice of the Scottish mind."

Rab knew how curiously human sentiments shift, and he rather suspected that the settlement would soon be entertaining a vague notion that he had ill-used Andrew. The effusive rectitude of his opponent was beginning to make him feel like a good fellow wronged.

So things remained for a week or more after the new fence had been completed, and then auld Rab's wife, Nannie, surprised him by a most unexpected communication.

"Janet Gemmill was with me the day," said Nannie.

"Janet! With her man's consent?"

"I'm doubtful. It was on the queen's highway I met her, and nothing would do the poor body but I should go aside among the bushes and hear to the word in her mouth. Andrew's no done with ye yet, she says."

"What now?" asked Rab, angrily.

"He wants to pass over your land for a day or two."

"Did I ever bar him?" cried the farmer.

"But you have the power to deal with it as trespass."

"Trespass! Ma conscience! Who ever heard the like in Lanark County? Was she asking ye to get my word that I'd no sue him for trespass?"

"Nay. What's bothering him is that he will take no favours from ye, but wants to pass over yere land as a matter of his ain right."

"The name of sense, woman, what are ye sayin'?"

"He'll be for taking away the old fence, and runnin' plough and harrow over the gore so it will be fit for yere seeding."

"The creature's clean daft!"

"Na. Janet says, and she's aye weepin' over it, that he's possessed, no less, with the whim to show himself the very figure of precise justice, and maybe mair."

"He'd be heaping coals of fire on my head before the settlement, eh?"

"Janet says that's no his idea exactly. He's had a strip of your land this eighteen year back, and he's thinkin' precise justice is that he shall give it back to ye cumbered with no fence and ploughed and harrowed."

"That's no the way Jock Scott gave back Andrew's gore."

"Nay; but is Andrew Gemmill the man to be contentit unless he's seein' himself a fine exawmple alongside of Jock?"

"Ou, I see! It's Jock he means to read a lesson! 'Deed, then, he just sha'n't! I'll no consent to his trespass, and I'll never claim the gore—ye can tell Janet that."

"But he's no asking yere consent. He's been in to Perth asking Judge Malloch if himself has not the right to do ye precise justice, let you deal as you may."

"And what did Malloch tell him?"

"He tell't nae word of it to Janet."

"Na, for Malloch would tell him he was a plain fule."

"Janet's thinking that's it. But he's set, all the same, to make ye take the gore intil Kilspindie."

"Then I'm set no less. I'll no take the gore. If he ventures on my land

I'll have the law on him. Ye can tell Janet that."

"Take pity on her, Rab. The poor body's nigh distracted."

But for once auld Rab hardened his heart against Nannie's pleadings, so she had to tell Janet of her man's decision. When Janet related this to Andrew a queer gleam came into his eyes.

"He'll take the law on me, will he? Then he'll be claiming the gore," he said exultantly.

In the dead hour of that very night, when all the Youngs were asleep, Andrew went on the gore with his men and teams, removed the old fence, piled it, to the last rail, on Rab's pasture, and ploughed and harrowed the debatable strip.

The next morning while Rob was at breakfast, one of Andrew's hired men came with this note:

To Mr. Robert Young of Kilspindie.

Sir: If you will take the trouble to cast your eye on the gore the two surveyors gave you, you will see it in fair order, considering the difficulties of tillage by moonlight. I'm hoping you will find the rails piled convenient to your use. It was myself that committed the trespass necessary to precise justice, and I'll bide your suit at law with pleasure. Bring it, and you'll be claiming the gore to my heart's wish, and clean against your pledge. If you do not bring it, I'm giving ye the land in fine shape, to the satisfaction of my feelings. And whatever ye do, the settlement will not fail to see that I used your fine, blue ribbon and all notwithstanding. Never your ill-wisher.

Andrew Gemmill of Burnside.

Auld Rab laid the letter on the breakfast-table and stared at it. He felt completely trapped. The settlement would think him crazy with hatred if he should bring suit for trespass against Andrew, and moreover Judge Malloch would laugh the case out of court. If he should not bring an action for trespass he would break his vow, which he had made to more than his wife.

He thought of putting back the old fence, but saw that to do so would make the settlement laugh at him as a man sulky under the generosity of Andrew. Auld Rab was in a sore quandary until he discussed the situation

with Nannie, who knew Andrew's weak side better than Janet herself did. With Nannie's counsel in his ear, auld Rab put on his hat and walked straight across the gore to where Andrew was harrowing for fall wheat.

"Burnside," said Rab, "ye've clean beat me. My wits is but wool compared with the inside of your head. And for precise justice King Solomon himself was na mair than your equal. I canna but seed the land ye've given me all ready for seedin'. And mair magnanimous-minded than ye've proved yerself how could ony be, unless maybe your ain self by takin' the hand that's extendit to ye in admiration for your pairts and for the sake of the old friendship, if ye'll honour me with it once mair?"

"Kilspindie," said Andrew, quite melted by this flattery of Nannie's prescription, "ye're a decent, honest man of some perception, and it's no disgrace to ony if God has made him with wits a wee thick on some points. There's my hand; and with it I'm forgivin' ye about the cawf."

And so Nannie's sly counsel healed the breach. To this day the Scotch Settlement gravely discusses the question whether Andrew's magnanimity or Rab's was the greater, always with a leaning to the opinion that Rab showed himself "an auld-farrant chiel," and had a trifle the best of it.

"Not but what Andrew Gemmill gave a grand exawmple of the innate Scottish sense of precise justice," the dominie, now very old, continues to say.

DR. DOROTHY TREHERNE

AN EASTER LOVE STORY

By Jean Blewett



HE name ran in big gilt letters across the plate-glass window. It also, with all the added flourishes the local artist could bestow, garlanded the lamp hanging outside the office door:

"DR. DOROTHY TREHERNE."

The brown-eyed, brown-haired slip of a girl who was owner of the name, and of the office (opened that very day in a thriving Canadian town), spelled out the name, ticking each letter off on a slim forefinger.

"It's enough to make the dead and gone Dorothy Trehernes, grandmother, great-grandmother, and the spinster aunts, turn in their graves, Lesley." She smiled down on the child stretched out on the rug before the grate, but got no smile in return. Lesley, whose

imagination was a vivid one, was busily picturing all these dames making evolutions in their coffins. Ugh! She drew a little closer to the pretty young woman.

"Aren't you glad you're a doctor, a really doctor?" she asked, at length. "Then, if you are," in answer to the other's emphatic nod, "what makes you turn up your nose at that?" pointing to the window.

"My name is on the bill-board, first appearance before the public. I am wondering how I'll take. It's either bouquets or hisses, and so—" she broke off with a sigh.

"But you are not going to act in a play," argued the child.

"Yes, I am. Behold in me," rising and curtsying low, "the leading lady in that most realistic drama, 'Earning Her Bread and Butter.'"

"Your picture should go in the

window too," laughed Lesley. "What am I?"

"You? Oh, you're the angel of the wings, Little One."

"The angel with the wings, you mean." "Little One" pushed back her yellow curls and waited for applause. She often said smart things to sister, but not to Aunt Jarius. Sister was appreciative, and had a sense of humour. But sister was grave and unresponsive to-night. It seemed queer. Now that she was through with colleges, through with hospitals, through with cross old aunts and fault-finding friends, now that she was monarch of all she surveyed, why in the world was she gasping, and sighing, and knitting her brows?

"You act, to me, as though you were scared of something, or somebody," said Lesley, with a pout.

The other caught the injured tone, and slipped down on the rug beside her. "Scared? No. At least I hope I'm not," she said. "It has just come home to me that I may have made a mistake in electing to be a doctor in the face of so much opposition. I had to do something. I couldn't live in idleness and see you dependent on the whims of rich relatives. We must have a home of our own, you and I. Oh, baby," going back to the old pet name, "you don't know how brave I can be for your sake! That's right, hug me close. I'm not afraid now. This is the beginning of real home life for us. 'It's all the world and we two, and heaven be our stay.'"

Lesley was unused to hearing a tremble in that resolute voice; she did not approve of the serious trend the conversation was assuming.

"How would it be if you and I were to take a little stroll up and down in front of our place, and see how the window looks from the street," she suggested, artfully. "It's so dark nobody would notice us."

The four years' hard study at a medical college, and the one spent in post-graduate work, had a necessarily sobering effect on Dorothy, but there was still a lot that was pure girl about

her. "The very thing," Dorothy cried, jumping up. "I'm in sore need of some diversion—good, stirring diversion."

It came. A lamp swung lonesomely at the end of the street, but its rays did not come as far as the office. This was well, for it gave them opportunity to saunter and gaze at will. And because Dr. Dorothy was engrossed in pointing out to Lesley that one or two of the letters were below the line, and Lesley engrossed in arguing that they weren't, they both collided with an elderly gentleman hurrying along at break-neck speed.

"Here, here, one at a time," he cried, "or I'll have you both up for assault and battery."

"We beg your pardon." It was Lesley's shrill voice. "We were looking across the street, and didn't see you coming."

"Just so. I don't wonder you had eyes for nothing but the new-comer's premises. A woman doctor! What's the world coming to, I'd like to know. One good thing," the elderly gentleman grew confidential, "it isn't going to take her a lifetime to find out that she's not wanted in a quiet country town like ours. Oh, no."

"What do you think of that for a welcome?" questioned the child, indignantly, as they walked on.

Dorothy's reply was characteristic. "I'm glad I came," she said, with a burst of laughter, soft and sweet, which followed the elderly gentleman, and rang in his ears pleasantly; "very glad I came, dear."

They kept out of the way of people after that. It was fun to watch the passers-by pause to notice the legend in the lighted window across the way. Presently they saw that Harriet, the grim-featured but kind-hearted house-keeper—Harriet, whom they loved because of many things, but most of all because she had left Aunt Jarius' comfortable, nay, luxurious home, to cast in her lot with them—had come into the office. They could see her moving about, putting things to rights. By-and-by she took up her post beside

the uncurtained window and stood looking out.

"She's wondering where we are," said Lesley. "It's just like her to think we are lost. If you like—"

"Hush!" whispered Dr. Dorothy, someone is coming. We will go in as soon as the coast is clear. I don't care to be seen, and, later, recognized. We shall stand here in the shadow a moment."

Two men passed them but almost immediately halted.

"The woman doctor, as I live!" exclaimed one, "and homely enough to stop a clock! I'm disappointed." This was pleasant for the girls in hiding, but there was no help for it. "Expected something different. Thought she'd be—well, not exactly pretty, but pleasant and bright."

"How can a woman look either pretty or pleasant who quarrels with the fate which did not make her a man?" returned the other.

"She looks," with a parting glance at the impassive Harriet, "about as I thought she would. I'm against the woman doctor on principle; she makes the profession ridiculous. It seems—"

Dr. Dorothy heard no more. Grasping Lesley's hand tightly in hers she fled down the side street, and by a roundabout way reached her new home.

"They took Harriet for you," gurgled Lesley, as she was being tucked up in her bed that night. "Oh, my!" what fun you're going to have! and how surprised some folks are going to be—eh, Dorothy?"

"I hope so." The nervous depression which had marked the young woman for its own early in the evening had gone. The light in her eyes, the smile on her lips were alike radiant. She meant to win out—the scent of battle had brought courage, not dismay. "I hope so, little one."

Things did not go well with Dr. Dorothy. The first week brought her only one patient, and that a charity one. People refused to take her seriously, and disapproved of her boldness in quartering herself among them. The

men did not care for women with advanced views—evidently she was the newest of the new; and the women tossed their heads. The idea of a chit of a girl entering the lists with such men as old Challoner of the east end, and young Gordon of the west end!

It was Dr. Gordon, the man who had most deeply resented her coming, who brought about a different state of affairs. Not that he did it purposely. In fact many of his friends were ready to take oath that had he fully recovered from the shock of the accident he would never have consented to send for—but I am getting ahead of my story.

The doctor's favourite driver, a splendid roan, bolted one dark night. The road was rough and hard, the buggy a light one, and almost before the doctor knew what was happening he was thrown out. He held fast to the reins, knowing that a runaway would spell ruin to the horse. Now, to be dragged swiftly over frozen ground is neither a pleasant nor safe proceeding. He came into violent collision with some obstacle, and when next he opened his eyes he was in his own house, with frightened people about him.

He was hurt, he knew that, in fact everybody knew it. His right arm hung limp at his side for one thing, there was a cut on his forehead for another, and his face was the colour of chalk.

"Phone for Challoner," was his terse command.

"Dr. Challoner has just left for Bethel; may not be back before morning; woman very sick. I phoned as soon as I saw them bringing you in." It was the sister who lived with him who spoke. She was extremely proud of him, and of Waverly, his handsome driver. "What shall we do?"

The doctor mused. "Britton is only nine miles from here, but I don't want him. He's no good. How long," turning to his man, "would it take to get Dr. Harrington here?"

"It's twenty-two miles of a drive, sir. With the roads what they are, neither wheeling nor sleighing, it would

take three good hours for him to drive here. Will I phone?"

"No, I must get this arm attended to in less time than that," impatiently. "It can't knit too quickly. I have to perform one operation and assist at another in the near future."

It was Miss Gordon who made the astounding proposal that Dr. Dorothy Treherne be asked to come.

"No, I don't want her," he answered, but later his stubbornness gave place to reason. He must have some one.

"I'm sure she'll be useful," urged his sister.

"Humph! she ought to be. Certainly she's not ornamental; a great dragon of a woman! Well, call her up. Stay, John will go for her."

A Scotchman does not like to change his opinion; it goes against the grain to own, even to himself, that he has been in the wrong. But the doctor had to do it. This was no dragon, this woman with the air of culture and refinement, and the clear brown eyes, full of thought and interest, which met his so quietly and yet so bravely.

She laid aside her heavy ulster, furs, and gloves, but kept on her hat. The hat was a gold-brown velvet toque, trimmed with bands of mink fur, and a big crimson velvet rose, and was mightily becoming. Assuredly, Dr. Dorothy Treherne was not the woman he had thought her. The knowledge made him unreasonably angry.

But she had no skill. Anyone, to look at her slim fingers, would know they were fit for nothing but piano-playing, fancy work, and all such fool-ishness. What did she mean by that calm air of knowledge?

She soon let him see what she meant by it. The thorough way in which she went about making the examination daunted him, the quickness and clearness of her conclusions left him cowed.

"Nothing serious," she was saying cheerily; "a dislocated shoulder and fractured arm, that's all. The cut on the brow and slight injury to the back of the head are not worth mentioning. We shall have you around in no time."

He threw a helpless glance toward

his man. His man never got it, being busily engaged in looking admiringly at Dr. Dorothy. The doctor's glance went over to his sister. She, also, was gazing at Dr. Dorothy. And all the while the girl was going on with her preparations. When she began her work he felt new confidence; when she ended he was fain to confess that he himself could have done no better and having a great opinion of his own skill this meant a lot.

There were those, Dr. Dorothy among them, who felt certain he would ask her to look after his patients during the time of his enforced idleness. They were disappointed. He must needs send some fifty miles for a man to come to the rescue. Dr. Gordon had changed his opinion in regard to the qualifications of Dr. Dorothy, but not in regard to women doctors. He was as far from approving of them as ever.

But the fame of her began to go abroad. Dr. Gordon's man gave his friends a glowing description of her presence of mind and mastery of the situation. These passed the tale—with embellishments—on to their friends, and these, again, to another circle. People began to take an interest in the newcomer. This was the beginning of the change in affairs. After she had performed the miracle on poor Ralph Burk there was no questioning of her rights. Instead of looking on her as an interloper who had quartered herself on an unwilling populace they had a pride in claiming her. It was "our" new doctor instead of "the" new doctor, as formerly. They felt that she had displayed taste and judgment in casting in her lot with theirs. It showed faith in their penetration, their genius for discovering true worth.

Lesley claimed the glory. Had she not, as she pointed out to her big sister, discovered Ralph sitting on the sidewalk one bright but chilly day? And had she not asked him why he didn't run home and warm his toes, and been told, with a burst of tears, that this was his bad day and that he had broken his crutch and couldn't walk, let alone run.

"If Bruno and I hadn't brought him home and told Harriet to give him his dinner, and you to make him well, he'd be a poor lame boy yet, very likely. It was the new electric machine and I that did the business," she ended up with.

Ralph was the son of a washer-woman. From the effects of a fall he was paralyzed—one arm and leg being limp and useless. His features were beginning to be affected, and his eyes to take on a heavy, unintelligent expression. His mother grieved over his affliction, and had small hopes that he would ever be better. Everyone told her the case was incurable, the doctors owned that they could do little. Then came this girl with the soft touch and kind eyes who was willing to undertake his cure. During her post-graduate work at a famous Baltimore hospital she had watched just such a case. She did not consider the boy hopelessly afflicted. Moreover she was well equipped for treating such. The upshot of it was, Ralph came to Dr. Dorothy's home and lived in it for six long months. How much of his recovery was due to Harriet's wholesome meals, how much to Lesley's fun and brightness, how much to the electric battery.

I do not know, but 'twas Dr. Dorothy got the credit at the end of the six months. The boy was no longer pale, puny, almost helpless, but healthy and alert, a boy that laughed and ran and played with the best of them. They still speak of the cure as a miracle in that country town.

The board of lady workers in connection with the Home of the Friendless waited on her and invited her to be physician to the institution. Patients grew numerous, she began to be called to the hospital on the hill quite regularly. She was on her mettle, for all through that hard first year she had to meet the open opposition of Dr. Challoner, and the chill unfriendliness of Dr. Gordon. Neither gave her the right hand of fellowship, neither showed her any act of courtesy. She did not mind—much. It was only natural

that Dr. Gordon, with his prejudices against women taking their place alongside men, should think her bold and assertive. Meeting him on the street she fancied she could detect a stern disapproval of her personality. She was not far wrong. The big fair man's ideal woman was a timid clinging creature, with no ideas beyond her home. This tall, self-possessed girl who held her head high, and walked with a swinging step, had something decidedly mannish about her. When he thought of her—which was often, despite his disapproval—his brows lowered grimly. She was the opposite of his ideal, the very opposite. Dr. Dorothy went her even way. The cozy flat over the office was a paradise, with Harriet for guardian angel and golden-haired Lesley for cherub. Here she was happy.

It was just after her conquest of Dr. Challoner that trouble came. There had been a boiler explosion in a saw-mill ten miles away, and she and the old doctor, after spending the whole day with the injured, had come home together in the twilight, sworn friends. Dr. Dorothy had a way of winning people. "I never knew you until today, never let myself know you. God bless you for a brave little woman." This from fussy old Challoner as he helped her from the rig at her office door, and she had gone in with a face warm with gladness to find Lesley in a high fever and racked with pain. She fell on her knees beside the bed, trembling like a leaf. Where was her courage now? "Ask Dr. Gordon to come immediately," she told Harriet. What did it matter that he disliked her, and misunderstood her? He was a better doctor than the other and Lesley must have the best.

Inflammatory rheumatism was his finding, and Dr. Dorothy's heart sank. Six weeks of suspense and watching followed. Certainly she found no lack of attention to complain of in Dr. Gordon. He worked hard to save the child, was at his post morning, noon, and night. Dr. Challoner was not behind-hand in his attentions either, and

shared many a vigil with the watchers. Slowly but surely the danger passed and one early March day when a few belated snowflakes were drifting hither and thither in a vain attempt to keep out of the sun's rays a meagre, big-eyed Lesley remarked with the old saucy smile which sat oddly on her white, pinched face:

"Getting well in spite of three doctors. I must be tough, eh?"

The two men laughed delightedly, but Dorothy, who all along had been so strong and steadfast, broke down and ran out of the room.

Dr. Gordon following, found her in the office crying as though her heart would break. Most men have a horror of tears, but not so Dr. Gordon judging from the expression in his eyes as he stood watching her. The sternness was gone. There was pleasure and something akin to tenderness in the voice with which he said: "Surely not in tears; I expected better things of you. Come, stop crying, and look up, Dr. Dorothy Treherne."

"Oh, you don't know how glad and thankful I am!" lifting swimming eyes to his, "she is so near and dear to me—I studied for her, I work and plan for her—just her. If I had lost her!"

"But you haven't lost her," touching the ripples of brown hair gently, "she is doing well, very well."

"You have been good to us," Dr. Gordon. I cannot tell you how grateful I am." She held out both hands, and he took them in his. "I am so happy," with a fresh flood of tears, "so happy that the danger is past. You don't know what it means to have one little pair of hands hold all your happiness and hope in their grasp."

"I—I am not so sure of that," with a long steady glance which thrilled her strangely. "It would grip my heart hard if you were in danger." He dropped her hands abruptly, and left her sitting alone in the dusk with the tears still wet on her hot cheeks, and a strange, new thrill of pleasure mingling with the gratitude and gladness in her heart.

She did not see him again for a whole month. He came in one April

day with a bunch of yellow dandelions in his hand.

"The little lady's favourite flower. I found them in a sunny part of my garden," he said, delivering them over to Lesley, who sat on the hearthrug nursing Bruno's head. "Smell like spring, don't they. The meadow at Waverly will soon be full of them."

"Oh," cried the child, "Waverly is just the loveliest place. I wish I lived there, and had a whole field of grass instead of a little backyard." He left her making a crown of the dandelions for Bruno and went over to the still figure beside the window.

"Dr. Dorothy Treherne." She did not look up, but he could see the colour flooding her neck and brow. "Dorothy," impatiently, "speak to me."

She lifted her eyes then, but dropped them before the look in his. "I did not expect you, Dr. Gordon," she said stiffly.

"You did," he contradicted; "you knew I couldn't keep away. Knew my heart was so full of you it would draw me here in spite of myself." "But, you hated me once," she began, but he rudely interrupted:

"What of that? I love you now. No, don't draw your hands away. You gave them to me once." "It was when I was worn out and overcome," was her weak defence. He took no notice of it.

"When you were struggling for a foothold here I admired, but did not like you; when you grew into a high-headed, successful practitioner I was out of sympathy with you; but when you were just a woman, sweet and broken, and tearful, I loved you with all my heart. Care for me a little," he urged.

"But I cannot go through life weeping, not even to keep you a lover," she said with a smile which warmed its way to his heart.

"No need, the charm has done its work. Having begun to love you I shall never leave off." He had her in his arms by this time. Oh, it was a fair old world with the glorious April sunshine flooding it, and robins already singing saucily in the bare twigs! It was good to be young, and glad, and to have each other.

"There's Lesley, you know," came a murmur. "She must always come first with me." "With both of us," cried Gordon heartily; "I wonder what she will say?"

There was a laugh behind them, a full, delighted burst of merriment. "She says come out of the window," cried Lesley, dancing about them. "'Tis a

pretty play, but you don't want the public to see it, eh?"

There are those in the place mean enough to hint that Dr. Gordon married his wife because, like the canny Scot he was, he deemed it safer to have Dr. Dorothy Treherne for a partner than for a rival in the field. But these do not know.

OUR TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAYS

By Norman Patterson



AS each session of the Dominion Parliament approaches there is much talk about new railways. Owing to the immense crop of grain in Manitoba and the Territories last year, the large influx of settlers which marked the year 1902, and the larger influx which, it is expected, will occur during 1903, there is even more than the usual talk about new railways from the West to the East. A considerable number of people are aware that the promoters and builders of the Canadian Pacific, the Calgary and Edmonton, and other railways made considerable profit out of the building of these roads. This was due to the large cash and land bonuses which it was customary to give when the possibilities of the North and West were more enigmatical than they are to-day. These same people are aware that the various Governments have granted charters, bonuses and lands to people who stand square with the leaders of the party and that there is great profit accruing to those individuals who during the past twenty-five years have been so favoured. They are aware also that the peculiar position of the Intercolonial, with its long record of annual deficits, is a bar in the public mind to Government ownership; that politics are in such a condition in Canada, that the system of public ownership is not favoured by leading men at the present time.

There is no doubt that the country needs more railways. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick require more lines to open up the forest lands and serve the coal-producing areas. Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario have been visited by numerous surveying parties who have returned to report that there are still untouched above the height of land forty or fifty million acres of valuable forest land which may be turned into grain-growing areas. Keewatin, Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta are destined to be the homes of a half million people who shall add materially to the wheat production of the world, and lastly, Northern British Columbia is a land of great possibilities. The tide of American migration is set towards the North, and Canada, the undeveloped, is in the early stages of a great expansion which requires thousands of miles of new railways.

Some of these railway promoters are genuine workers in the railway field; others are mere seekers after easily-won fortunes. It is the duty of Parliament and the press to sift these applications carefully and separate the wheat from the chaff; to examine most thoroughly the present needs of the country and decide how these needs may best be met. Charters, bonuses, land grants and government guarantees must be given only after the most careful investigation. Charters should not be granted to men of straw, since the same charters may be required by

those who are really engaged in the solution of the transportation problem. Bonuses, land grants and Government guarantees should be given only where they are absolutely requisite to the solution of transportation difficulties of immediate concern.

The problem is a large and intricate one, and no one writer can hope to offer a full and adequate treatment of it. The press has been very chary of offering advice to Parliament, due no doubt to the natural modesty of journalists in the face of what they recognize is the greatest problem presented for solution since the fight over the Canadian Pacific Railway charter. The leading members of Parliament, provincial publicists and other acknowledged leaders of public opinion have also been strangely silent. Almost all that has been given out on the subject is the publication of the literature supplied or inspired by the various organizations which propose to ask Parliament for charters and aid. It is this knowledge which makes the present writer humble. He offers his study of the question with a full knowledge of its inadequacy and yet with the confidence which comes to one who has earnestly and honestly endeavoured to view the whole agitation from the standpoint of the average citizen.

DIVIDING THE PROBLEM.

The problem of supplying railways to the various sections may be divided into two parts, that which concerns provincial development and that which concerns dominion development. The Nova Scotian railways may be left to Nova Scotia and the New Brunswick to New Brunswick. In the Maritime Provinces the Federal authorities have done all that can be reasonably asked of them, by building and operating the Intercolonial. Northern Quebec may be left to Quebec and Northern Ontario to Ontario. If these Provinces desire to open up their northern districts let them, as Ontario is doing, build a railway into the wilderness. These Provinces own their own public lands, and can easily use these as a

basis for further railway building. So with Manitoba and British Columbia, although these two, being newer Provinces, might be slightly considered by the Federal authorities. The Territories have not yet been given provincial autonomy, and the Dominion Parliament still retains the Crown lands in these districts. Hence here the Federal authorities are burdened with responsibility.

In addition to opening up the Territories, the Dominion Government must consider itself responsible for the oversight of inter-provincial traffic, and that which connects with the waterways.

How far does this responsibility lay a present duty on the Dominion Parliament? Sir Wilfrid Laurier explained his view of it, and few they are who would disagree, when he said in the closing days of the session of 1902 that at the next session he would ask Parliament to consider the advisability of aiding another railway into the heart of the Northwest. That sums up Parliament's present duty. It outlines and limits that duty. It implies that the Government will not ask Parliament to aid a transcontinental line from Quebec via Moose Factory and Norway House to Port Simpson, or a transcontinental line from Quebec via North Bay and Winnipeg to the Rockies by a more southerly route, except in so far as these lines are requisite to the further opening up of the wheatlands of the Territories.

It is well that this has been clearly indicated by the Premier. If the newspaper editors who have been considering the possibility of enormous cash and land grants to the Trans-Canada and the Grand Trunk Pacific had read the Premier's remarks, and known the spirit in which they were made, they would have saved much of their argument against these. They would have recognized that Sir Wilfrid had clearly declared against any such extravagant policy, a declaration which must have had the sanction and approval of the then members of his Cabinet.

Nor have there been any develop-

ments since that statement was made which would show any reason for a change of attitude on the part of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government. All the influx of settlers has been into the district which, in Sir Wilfrid's opinion, was the only district in immediate need of a state-aided railway construction.*

WHICH RAILWAY?

Having thus cleared our subject of all matters which are not immediately relevant, let us examine the needs which the Dominion Government must meet. Shall it grant bounties to the C. P. R. and Canadian Northern for further extensions in the West to the Trans-Canada or the Grand Trunk Pacific for their transcontinental routes, or shall it project and build a grain-carrying route of its own?

One of the first considerations affecting this problem is the pressing nature of the need for more railway accommodation in Manitoba and the Territories. In fact, so pressing is the demand, so great the congestion of grain in the West, that a Solomon-like Government would have already solved the problem, decided upon a course, and had the new roads and extensions under way. This, however, may have been too much to expect of any democratic Government such as ours.

While we discuss and argue and lobby, wheat and other grains are spoiling in the West for lack of facilities for carrying them to the world's markets. Thousands of cars of wheat were in January and February standing on the sidings of the C. P. R. in Manitoba and at Fort William. Thirty or forty million bushels of wheat were yet to be moved to the seaboard. Twenty million bushels of oats were awaiting cars. The congestion of traffic was causing many farmers to take lower prices than they should get for their produce and causing them inconvenience and loss in other ways.

* Since the above was written, the Speech from the Throne indicates that there will be a Royal Commission to consider the whole transportation problem, which Commission is to report during the present session.

What the West requires is an increase of facilities during 1903 and 1904, not an increase which will commence to be felt only in 1908. To wait another five years before increasing the shipping facilities between Winnipeg and Montreal or Quebec would be absurd.

At first glance this consideration puts the proposed Trans-Canada and Grand Trunk Pacific out of the running as a possible solution of present difficulties. It would take five years, at least, to run the Grand Trunk from Quebec to Winnipeg and to build the branches through Manitoba necessary to collect the grain which is to be hauled over this line. It would take even longer to build a line from Roberval, the present terminus of the Trans-Canada, to Lake Winnipeg. And what is the West to do in the meantime?

It may be wise to build both the Trans-Canada and the Grand Trunk Pacific for future needs. But this does not meet the problem of to-day, which is to supply additional facilities for the grain which has been grown during 1902 and will be grown during 1903 and 1904.

THE APPARENT SOLUTION.

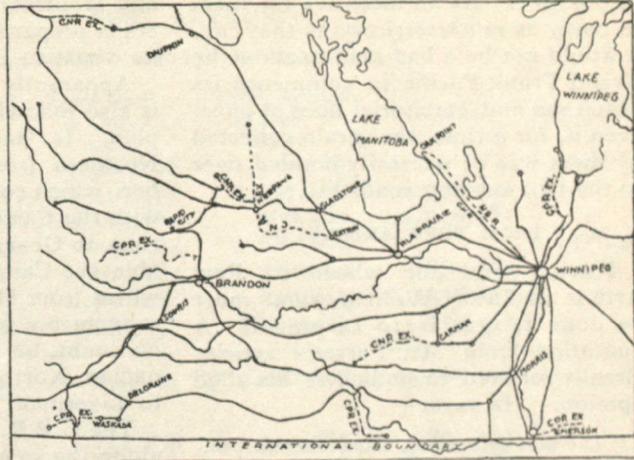
The apparent solution of the present difficulty in providing an outlet for the wheat grown in 1902 and to be grown in 1903 and 1904 is to improve the Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific from Winnipeg to Port Arthur. The new wheat is ready about October 1st, and navigation closes on Lake Superior on December 5th. Between these two dates, in 1902, the Canadian Northern brought down to Lake Superior five million bushels and the Canadian Pacific about eighteen million bushels of wheat. When navigation opens in the spring, there will be plenty of traffic to keep the trains on both these roads employed from May to October, and even then all the grain will not likely be brought down. These roads should be double-tracked at once, either one or both. The double-tracking would take at least two years to complete, and by the end of that

period there will be plenty of work for two double-track roads.

Or it might be advisable to make the Canadian Pacific from Winnipeg to Port Arthur a four-track road, two for freight and two for passenger traffic, and give the Grand Trunk Pacific running rights over them. Then let the Grand Trunk Pacific build a new and more northerly line from Port Arthur to North Bay to connect there with their existing lines and ultimately with a direct line to Quebec or Gaspé.

The great point to be borne in mind is that the roads from Winnipeg to Port Arthur are the main arteries. Once the wheat is at Port Arthur it is safe, because the boats on the Great Lakes will be able to handle it.

Let us examine this statement more carefully. Port Arthur (which for the purpose of this article includes Fort William) is a harbour, and all wheat can be carried more cheaply on water than on land. A train of wheat consists of from 30 to 50 cars, each containing from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels, according to size. The average trainload now brought over the two roads running from Manitoba to Lake Superior is 40,000 bushels, although this may be increased with better ballasted roads, larger cars, and more powerful locomotives. A steambot will carry from 175,000 to 300,000 bushels of wheat, or from four to eight trainloads. These figures before us, we need not stop to prove that steambot transportation is much cheaper than railway transportation. A most excellent explanation of this whole subject, and a statement of the reasons why Manitoba wheat goes via Buffalo and New York, instead of via Montreal, is given by Mr. Edward Farrer in an article in THE



PLAN SHOWING RAILWAY EXTENSIONS IN MANITOBA DURING 1902

In all 200 miles were built last year, all by the Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific. Every mile of the railways shown here have been built during the last twenty years.

CANADIAN MAGAZINE for September, 1898.

To return to our immediate topic, the improvement of the facilities for shipping from Manitoba to Port Arthur, let us emphasize the need for double-tracking the Canadian Northern and the Canadian Pacific. Down this narrow channel must come the major portion of all the wheat grown in Manitoba and the Territories. So far as the Grand Trunk Pacific will contribute to the facilities for bringing wheat to Port Arthur and Fort William, it should be considered. As the Trans-Canada does not propose to enter this channel, it is not a Federal proposition of much importance at the present moment. That it will ultimately carry wheat from Manitoba and Saskatchewan all rail to Chicoutimi and Quebec, its promoters claim. The claim may be good, but, for the present, Canada must focus its eyes on the Great Lakes.

Before passing from this part of the subject it may be well to point out there must be extensions of the Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific in Manitoba and the Territories. As a matter of fact, both these railways are rushing these extensions and making additions to their rolling stock as fast

as possible. As an incentive for them to cover as much territory as they can, it would not be a bad idea to allow the Grand Trunk Pacific to commence its Manitoba and Territorial lines at once, even if, for a time, the grain collected by them was of necessity handed over to the two existing roads.

FROM PORT ARTHUR.

Having got our wheat to Port Arthur and Fort William, what must be done to get it to Liverpool? A quotation from Mr. Farrer's article, already referred to, indicates his 1898 opinion. He says:—

"The best authorities, Canadian and United States, whom I have been able to consult, say the true if not the only way of recovering the Manitoba traffic for the St. Lawrence route is for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to put large grain steamers, with barge consorts, between Fort William and Owen Sound, running them in connection with the railway at Fort William and with a first-class ocean steamship line, owned by the Company, at Montreal so that the Manitoba shipper can get a through rate and through bill of lading direct from his elevator at Brandon, Morris or Indian Head, to Liverpool. This, it is believed, would give Montreal a pull over the United States route, which she can hardly hope to get in any other manner. What is of more moment, it would add to the value of all the grain annually produced in the Canadian Northwest by reducing the cost of transportation of the surplus for export. It would bring the Manitoba wheat grower, the Montreal or Toronto buyer and the English wheat-broker closer together, and enable them to handle the crop to better advantage all round. At the close of navigation grain stored at Owen Sound or Montreal could be shipped over the Canadian Pacific line west to St. John. The distance would be:—Owen Sound to Montreal, 460 miles; Montreal to St. John, 480; total, 940—a long rail haul, to be sure, but with this vital fact in its favour, that it would be merely part of a continuous rail-and-water haul in the same hands from Manitoba to the United Kingdom, a distance of 4,500 miles. As it is, the Canadian Pacific ceases to have any interest in the grain once it reaches Fort William. The transportation from Fort William to Montreal, and the transportation from Montreal across the Atlantic, are separate and distinct transactions."

Apparently the policy outlined by Mr. Farrer in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* in 1898 is the one which the C.P.R. is following to-day. It is improving its connections between the Georgian Bay

and Montreal, and with its new steamers is prepared to carry Canadian Pacific wheat to Liverpool.

Apparently the Canadian Northern is also following the C.P.R. or Farrer plan. It has purchased the Great Northern from Hawkesbury to Quebec, which connects at Glen Robertson with the Canadian Atlantic, which now runs to Georgian Bay. This will enable the Canadian Northern to carry wheat from Manitoba to Quebec. Arrangements with steamship lines will no doubt, be made, so as to carry Canadian Northern wheat from Quebec to Liverpool.

The C.P.R. and C.N.R. are working along the same lines to bring wheat to Port Arthur and Fort William by rail, by boat to Georgian Bay, by rail to Montreal and Quebec, by boat to Liverpool. The through bill of lading is a financial necessity. It would seem that the Grand Trunk Pacific must follow the same lines to succeed. To haul grain all rail from Port Arthur to Montreal has long since ceased to find favour with the Canadian Pacific, although it has always done more or less of it. During the past three months it has done more than it ever did. But it is not economical, and the man who bears the heavy expense of the long haul is the producer. The farmer whose wheat goes by that route gets much less for his labour than does the man whose wheat goes by the lakes to Georgian Bay or Buffalo.

The figures in the accompanying schedule, supplied by the Canadian Pacific, show how the managers of that railway disposed of the wheat brought from Winnipeg to Fort William last year.

GOVERNMENT AID.

When the Government and Parliament have decided what shall be done, what will be the best form of Government aid, if any is to be given?

With regard to the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific, it must not be forgotten that these roads were built mainly for political purposes. The I.C.R. was part of the Confederation bargain with the Maritime Provinces;

WHEAT SHIPMENTS BY LAKE FROM ALL ELEVATORS FORT WILLIAM AND PORT ARTHUR.

SEASON OF NAVIGATION, 1902 AND 1901.

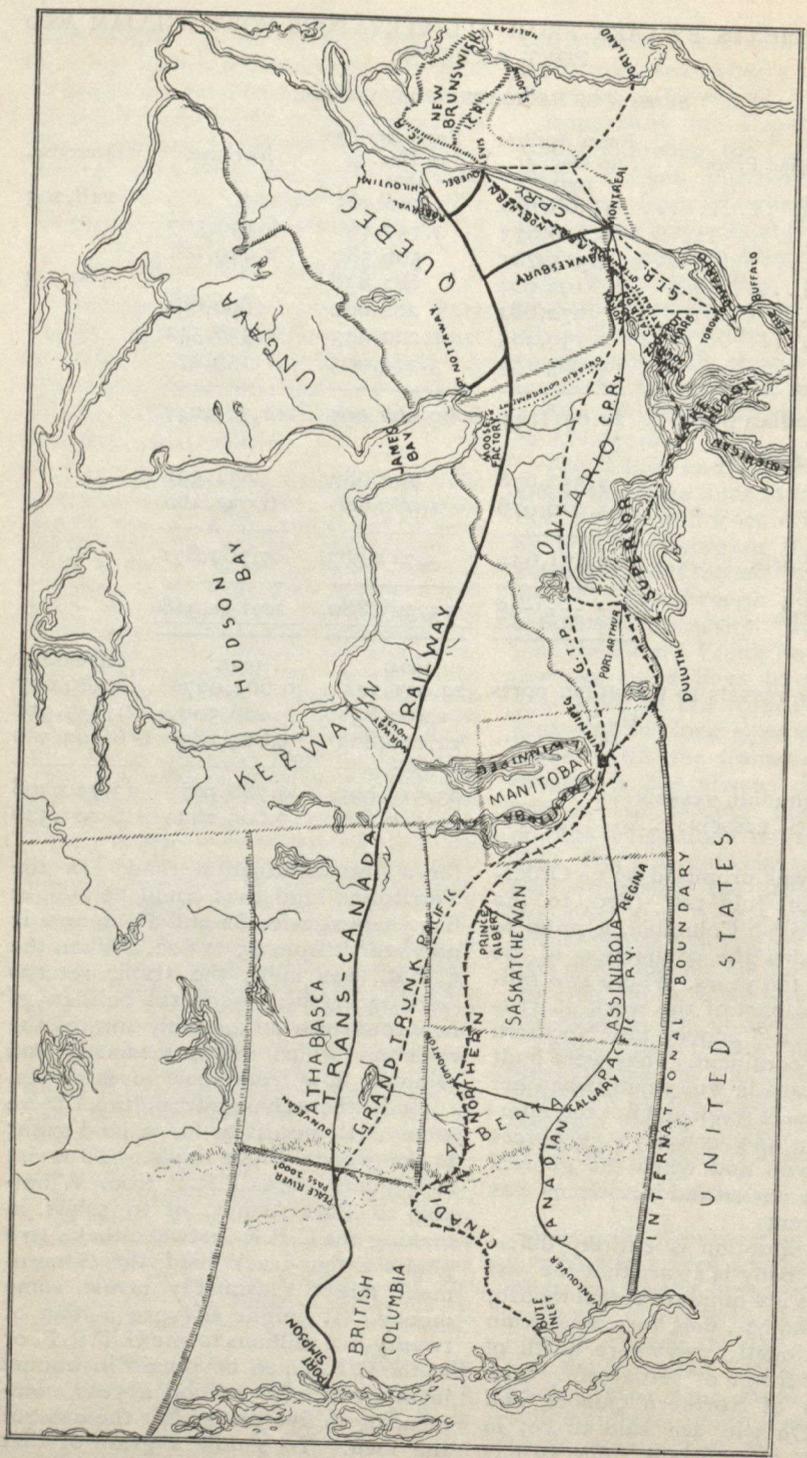
To Canadian Ports.	From April 11 to Dec. 5, 1902.	From April 30 to Dec. 5, 1901.	Increase.	Decrease.
Owen Sound.....	1,308,160	1,526,365		218,205
Midland.....	8,316,973	2,157,466	6,159,507	
Parry Sound.....	3,515,761	566,580	2,949,181	
Port Edward.....	192,904	682,838		489,934
Meaford.....	972,684	282,000	690,684	
Goderich.....	2,759,485	1,220,943	1,538,542	
Kingston.....	4,985,177	3,225,905	1,759,272	
Total Canadian ports...	22,051,144	9,662,097	12,389,047	
To U. S. Ports.				
Port Huron.....	1,553,678	722,087	831,591	
Buffalo.....	11,920,976	4,989,696	6,931,280	
Total U.S. Ports.....	13,474,654	5,711,783	7,762,871	
Grand Total.....	35,525,798	15,373,880	20,151,918	
		1902.	1901.	Increase.
By Canadian vessels to Canadian ports.		22,051,144	9,662,097	12,389,047
“ “ “ U. S. “		1,463,851	106,500	1,357,351
“ U. S. “ “ “		12,010,803	5,605,283	6,405,520
Total by Canadian vessels.....		23,514,995	9,768,597	13,746,398
Total by U.S. vessels.....		12,010,803	5,605,283	6,405,520

the C.P.R. was promised by an Order-in-Council of July 1st, 1870, to the people of British Columbia, a promise which included the completion of the road within ten years. These two railways were a part of the work of writing "Canada" across the Northern part of this continent. They were built too when Canada was small, when her capitalists were weak and not too numerous, when the country's resources were unknown and when the general credit of the nation and its citizens was none too great.

Now the situation is entirely different. Everybody is aware that the vast prairie lands are mines of cereal wealth, that coal, lumber, fish, furs, and grain are to be found everywhere north of the present fringe of settlement. The pulp lands of Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario are said to be, in themselves, of sufficient value to pay

for a transcontinental road. In the Territories land that could be bought five years ago for \$2 and \$3 an acre is now worth from \$5 to \$20. When the C.P.R. was built, the traffic returns were uncertain; to-day the builders of new roads can be tolerably sure of the revenues which will immediately and remotely flow from their investments.

Under these changed conditions, there seems little necessity for a land grant to the proposed new roads. To assist in building the G.T.R.P. from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, or to assist in making the C.P.R. between these two points a four-track road, the Government might reasonably invest some money. It might advance a loan of twenty-five millions to the G.T.R.P. or to the C.P.R., to be repaid in annual instalments of a million a year, commencing in five years after the date of the loan. To saddle a grant of that



OUR TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAYS

Winnipeg to Quebec via Canadian Northern to Port Arthur, boat (500 miles) to Depot Harbour, Canada Atlantic to Hawkesbury, Great Northern to Quebec 1,300 miles; to Liverpool 2,661 miles additional. Total 4,000 miles.

Winnipeg to Quebec via Canadian Pacific all rail to Montreal, to Quebec 1,570 miles; or via Fort William, boat to Owen Sound, rail to Toronto, to Montreal, to Quebec, 1,603 miles.

Winnipeg to Quebec via proposed Trans-Canada 4,410 miles, or to Chicoutimi on the Saguenay 1,284 miles; via proposed Grand Trunk Pacific about the same.

Winnipeg to New York via Canadian Pacific to Port Arthur, boat (924 miles) to Buffalo, rail to New York 1,850 miles; to Liverpool 3,300 miles additional. Total 5,000 miles.

size on the whole of Canada would be an injustice, although the interest might reasonably be borne by the consolidated fund.

Undoubtedly the day has gone by when large cash subsidies are necessary. The Government which grants them to all comers in future will be doing so for political purposes or because it is ignorant or incompetent. These were perhaps necessary in the past, but they are indefensible in future policy. The Dominion Government has condemned them by its action in refusing any last year; the Provinces have condemned them in several instances; the public has condemned them; and all economic writers agree that they are unnecessary and vicious in the present state of North American development.

If ever a loan or a guarantee of bonds and interest were permissible it would

be for a new road from Manitoba to Lake Superior. But the loans or guarantees for a transcontinental line such as the Trans-Canada or the Grand Trunk Pacific should not be large for the reasons stated and because these roads are not of immediate necessity and because they run mainly through territory which may safely be left to the tender mercies of the Provincial authorities.

Canada should be developed and that quickly and persistently. But that is no reason why we should be stampeded into perpetuating the unsound economic methods, which were rendered necessary at one stage of our political existence. The situation is now different and Canada need not resort to desperate methods to get capitalists to proceed with the developing process.



MY LOYAL LOVER

AS the dusk of the evening comes softly
 And gathers in shadowy gloom,
 To my side he comes stealing as gently
 As thistle-down drifts through a room,
 And two hands, oh, so trusting and loving,
 Are clasping mine closely and well,
 And a voice with the music of Heaven
 Is whispering my name like a spell.

Soon a tender, dear hand is slipped upward,
 Creeps round my neck lovingly, shy,
 A dear face with its dark eyes love-glowing
 Is laid against mine with a sigh.
 With a gentle, sweet touch of his fingers
 My hair he caresses with glee,
 And at last on my lips presses kisses—
 My loyal wee lover of three!

A. J. McDougall



Current Events Abroad

By
John A. Ewan

One is inclined to wonder if Colonel Denison has gained the ear of Mr. Stead and persuaded him that Great Britain's food supply in time of war depends on the development of Canadian wheatfields. At least, Mr. Stead seems to be coming around to that view. Will Mr. Stead now join the British Empire League?



IN our comments last month it was pointed out that the Venezuelan matter might not have been so gently handled by the United States if Great Britain had taken such action alone. This does not indicate the belief that the United States is anxious to humble Great Britain, but simply that it is still good politics to twist the lion's tail. There is a cognate phase of British-American relations to be considered.

Our dear old friend, Mr. W. T. Stead, having grown somewhat tired of slanging Mr. Chamberlain and printing eulogies of the sainted ex-President of the Transvaal, has undertaken to give the United States a better idea of their importance. He says that Great Britain dare not resist a United States demand which the United States might be willing to back up by a declaration of war. "Hence we have for the first time sunk into the position of a dependency of the United States. . . . We simply cannot help ourselves. America gives us day by day our daily bread, and until fresh sources of supply are opened we must always give way to her in the last resort." This is the reason, he believes, for the belated acceptance of the United States proposal to deal with the Alaskan Boundary Question by the appointment of a joint commission of six members, without an umpire. "The fact is, we have virtually ceased to be an independent Power, so far as the United States is concerned."

But is this true? Is Great Britain in such a position as Mr. Stead says she is? Does the United States control Great Britain's supply of foodstuffs to any alarming extent? Or is Mr. Stead playing the buffoon as usual?

In the first place, the United States is just as much interested in selling her foodstuffs as Great Britain is in buying them. If it is death to Great Britain not to get United States supplies, it is death to the United States not to sell them.

In case of war between the two countries, would the United States be able to control any part of the High Seas and prevent supplies from any one country reaching Great Britain? Could they prevent supplies coming in from Australia, India, Egypt and Russia? Could they close the St. Lawrence route via Belle Isle Strait? The United States navy will require to grow considerably before it can perform these miracles.

If Mr. Stead desires a cure for his present disease, he had better read the History of the War of 1812 by Dr. Hannay, now running in this periodical. He will there learn how well the United States navy succeeded on the High Seas, and how well the United States armies fought on land.



Let us hope that the possibility of war between the United States and

Great Britain is most remote, that the principles of Christianity to which both nations subscribe will point the way to a peaceful settlement of all disputes. Let us hope that the two nations will work together for the good of the world's people and the world's progress. But let us not admit that the British Empire is dependent for one moment on the forbearance of the United States. If the Empire is unwilling to preserve that attitude, if they are all as cowardly as Mr. Stead, then let them cut Canada adrift and they will find her preserving her independence in magnificent and self-reliant isolation. The Boers had 80,000 fighting men; Canada has 800,000 citizen-soldiers of whom, at least, 100,000 are equal to the Boers man for man. Canada has the men, but she hopes that they will never be called upon to speed the leaden missile against an Anglo-Saxon foe.

Great Britain has a War Minister whose schemes for defence re-organization have broken down, who has made a complete and abject administrative failure. What, think you, do they propose to do with him? What did they propose to do with Pitt when his usefulness was gone, what did they do with Canning when they wanted to get rid of him, with Lord Durham when he was troublesome? Sent him to the colonies. And so, Mr. Broderick is likely to succeed the brilliant Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India. Poor India! And yet one struggles to be thankful when the thought arises that it might have been Canada.

The English correspondents in China are warning the missionaries to send their wives and children to the treaty ports as the interior is unsafe. Of course, the fatuous missionary will not take the advice and we shall have another harvest of martyrs, when the anarchic dragon takes his next meal of foreign devils. The missionary will stay and sacrifice his innocent wife and

children in the name of a glorious fad.

General Tung Fu-hiang was condemned to death under the terms of the peace Protocol of September 1901. Yet this same General is one of the chief supporters of Yung Lu, the real ruler of China. He is not at Peking, of course. He is in the wilds of Kansu training an army which is estimated to number 80,000 men. Peking, which has promised to put him to death, is sending him regular supplies, stores and money. When he retreated from Peking, he took along a splendid stock of modern arms, equipment and ammunition. Besides, the arsenals and powder factories of the Empire have been very busy ever since peace was restored.

The United States Senate has refused to ratify the Bond-Blaine Treaty,



DISILLUSIONMENT

1st BOER: "But, Piet, var are de horns?"

2nd BOER: "And tail, and hoofs?"

1st BOER: "Those skellums of Europe papers! This is not the Kamberlain they draw. As the Rooineks say, they pull our legs. A pack of stronts!"—*London Outlook*.



IT IS WHISPERED THAT THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA IS BOILING SOMETHING THAT WILL KEEP THE POWERS AWAKE NIGHTS!—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

and Newfoundland is again disappointed. In his opening address in the House of Commons on March 13th, Sir Wilfrid Laurier announced that had the Treaty been ratified Canada would have had equal rights and advantages with the United States. The arrangement between Canada and the Imperial Government was that Canada should not be discriminated against.

With regard to the advisability of asking Newfoundland to enter Confederation, Sir Wilfrid was not sure that the time was opportune, at least it was necessary that the French shore question should first be settled.

Discussing the Alaskan Boundary Commission at the same time, Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared that by accepting a Board of six Jurists the United States had receded from its former position taken in 1898 and 1899, which was that all towns and

settlements on tidewater settled under the authority of the United States should remain under the jurisdiction of the United States, no matter what the decision of the Tribunal. He thought this was a tangible gain. Even if the six Jurists could not agree on the proper delimitation of the boundary line, much would be gained by a full statement of the claims of each nation. With regard to the *personnel* of the Tribunal, the three British representatives will be the Chief Justice of England, Lord Alverstone (formerly Sir Richard Webster), and two members of the Canadian Supreme Court. There was some disappointment over the selection of the United States representatives, but he could not object to Secretary Root and Senator Turner. The Canadian Government had objected to Senator Lodge because of his already strongly expressed opinions.

While the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal will certainly not be what Canada desired, it should help to remove some of the mystery which surrounds the interpretation of the Treaty of 1825. It will bring up and apply some rules of International Law which have, up to the present, been overlooked by one or both parties to the controversy. It will also be a standing tribute to the good-sense of both nations and an expression of a belief that the Anglo-Saxon world should settle its difficulties by arbitration rather than by the sword.

Canada is not vitally interested in the trouble in the Balkan States, and very few Canadians ever look at the European map. They know where Rome and Paris are, and they have a faint idea that Berlin is about half-way between Paris and St. Petersburg, the latter being in a position to overlook the Baltic Sea and Finland. Why should

they worry themselves with the struggles of Macedonia to throw off the Turkish yoke?

For those who are faintly interested, it may be stated that the latest European information is to the effect that the agents of Austria, Russia and Great Britain in Servia and Macedonia have warned the revolutionists in these two states that no foreign help will be forthcoming just now. Hence it follows that there will be no uprising there for some months at least. In the meantime an Austro-Russian note embodying suggestions for reform has been handed to the Sultan, and accepted with thanks. This note relates to revenues, taxes, banking and similar fiscal and commercial affairs. It is hoped that the suggestions made will enable the Sultan to stave off the struggle for religious freedom by economic reforms which will alleviate the condition of the people who inhabit the northern Provinces of Turkey in Europe.

In the meantime, the Emperor of all the Russias has again startled the world with a message of Peace. He it was who fathered the movement which ended in the establishment of the Hague Tribunal which it was hoped would eventually arbitrate the international differences of the world. This time he has issued a manifesto to his own people, providing for freedom of religion throughout his dominions and making a beginning in local self-government. His objects, as declared, are to bring about greater religious peace and to improve the conditions of village life and of the peasantry.

Russia is hardly ripe for provincial legislatures and a federal parliament with the absolute and extensive powers given to such institutions in the British

Empire, France or the United States. It does, however, mark the dawn of a new era which within a half century may bring the Russian Empire into the position of a self-governing instead of an absolute monarchy. It will be a reform of administration rather than a reform of law. It will remove to some extent the absolutism of the police and the army. It will enable the people to speak their minds and to form opinions. It will enable the peasant, who was but recently a serf, to hold up his head, to reap what he has sown, to raise sons who may hope to become educated and cultured, to lay his head on his pillow without a fear that before the morning dawns he may be arrested and started on a long journey into Siberia.

All these reforms will not come immediately nor with equal speed in all districts. There must be a few more Tolstoys to preach the doctrine of liberty, a few more patriots to die for the freedom of speech and worship, before tolerance and justice prevail. The autocrats who surround the throne must die gradually.



THE QUESTION IN FUTURE WARS: "WHO IS KIPLING WITH!"—*The Chicago News*.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MACLEAN HELLIWELL

APRIL

O winsome sprite, with violet eyes
'Neath dewy lashes peeping;
With gay delight o'er sunny skies
Thy cloudy drap'ries sweeping—
We'll drink to Spring, the artful thing,
Who waked thee from thy sleeping.

Thy roguish face, so fair, so sweet,
My heart in bliss is steeping,
And Love—in truth, companion meet—
Behind the blossoms peeping,
Lo, I descry! But tell me why
Thus sudden thou art weeping!

Cease, cease, sweet one, I haste to come
With ev'ry art beguiling,
About thy feet the flow'rets sweet
In fragrant billows piling.
O gracious be! A laugh of glee!
The little witch is smiling!

Thus flits the darling of the year,
Caprice her charms enhancing,
With now a smile and now a tear,
In every mood entrancing!
A blossom there, a blossom here,
Her way through spring-tide dancing.

M. MacL. H.

IT is nearly two hundred years ago that the same subtle something that is pulsating in the air around us to-day poured its delight into the sensitive heart of dear old Leigh Hunt, inspiring him to write a charming little essay on "Spring and Daisies."

"Spring, while we are writing, is complete," he begins it, and to-day, while *we* are writing, the miracle is once again performed—and oh, the eternal beauty of it and unfathomable mystery!

Dynasties rise and fall, kingdoms

wax and wane, the great reach their zenith then turn downward into decay, empires uprear themselves in pomp and power only to sink again to the dust whence they came, and yet throughout all the ages, over and over again with never-failing regularity, Nature, unmoved, completes her cycle, season following season in due recurrence. Winter and summer, seed-time and harvest, they fail not, and year by year all living things are called upon to rejoice with the great Earth-Mother in her wonderful resurrection. With what lavishness of rich perfumes and rare flowers does she celebrate her glorious Easter-tide, and what exquisite harmonies she puts into the throats of her feathered choirs, singing their glad little hearts out in praise and adoration!

These are the days when it is good to be just alive, when the sweet rapture that fills the heart at the note of joy in the bird-songs, and at sight of the tree-branches dotted with the tiny swelling buds that foreshadow the wealth of foliage that is to come, is ample compensation for life's deepest sorrow.

All the weariness of body, mind and spirit which the long gloomy winter has engendered, all despondency and discouragement must pass now, banished by April's sunny smiles and that marvellous, subtle elixir with which it pleases Nature to invest the palpitating air.

As he walks abroad, with the blue sky above him and the tender, sprout-

ing grass beneath, surely even the most intense pessimist can give but one heartfelt answer to Arnold's passionate cry :

" Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have
done,
To have advanced true friends, and
beat down baffling foes?"

One is glad to notice when on one's shopping tours that there is an ever-increasing tendency on the parts of both seller and purchaser to give prominence to articles of home manufacture.

Where, a few years ago, only "imported" things were deemed worthy of consideration, and the labels "Paris," "New York," "London" were important factors in making sales, now one's eye is attracted by such pleasant placards as "Our Own Manufacture," "Direct from Our Own Warerooms," etc., and there is a show-case in one of our largest shops containing the prettiest collection imaginable of dainty stocks and filmy jabots, all grouped around a card bearing the proud legend "Made in Canada."

We are often told that if it were not for the extremists no great movement would ever be fairly started or carried on to practical results. This may be true ; but on the other hand extreme extremists, if we may use such a term, frequently do lasting injury to the cause they champion, a truth which has been impressed upon me with new emphasis by the report of a lecture recently delivered by "an eminent American authority on homes and home-building," who a short time ago was brought over by the Household Economic Association of one of our cities, to air her views on "The Effects of the Higher Education of Women upon the Home." This subject, by the way, of Woman and the Home, has been the inspiration of more arrant rubbish, written and spoken, than any other

theme upon which the tongues and pens of contemporary faddists have been engaged.

It is, perhaps, not just to judge a lecture from the newspaper report of it, but if the report of which I have spoken was a fair one, the eminent lecturer gave utterance to a vast amount of great nonsense.

No one can deny that the place of "Woman in the Home" is a very important one, and that to effectively discharge her multitudinous responsibilities the modern Martha must be possessed of average intelligence, tact, judgment, common sense, and some practical rudimentary knowledge of hygiene and dietetics ; but surely it is adding unnecessarily to the white woman's burden to insist, as did this "American authority," that "to be a good home-builder"—I quote from the report—"a woman must have been educated mentally, physically and spiritually. She should, moreover, have a broad grounding in chemistry, physics, zoology and botany, in order to know throughout the science of cooking. In another part of her address the lecturer remarked that the reason for the decrease in the number of marriages was not that woman now cared less for the joys of matrimony, but that her education had made her more critical in her choice of a life partner. Perhaps, but I should think the average girl who is anxious, as are most nice, sincere girls, to faithfully and adequately discharge her duties as "a wife and home-builder," would indeed hesitate and draw back from matrimony when brought to realize all that such a state demands of her. It requires some time, strength and natural aptitude to acquire "a broad grounding" in half-a-dozen ologies and sciences !

Then there is a certain characteristic of these lecturers on Home and Home-building that always rouses my ireful indignation, and that is their very reprehensible habit of speaking in the most slighting and derogatory manner of their mothers and grandmothers.

"In the days agone," said our American lady, "in the days of the spit and the frying-pan"—by the way, is the frying-pan an obsolete utensil? I blush to have to confess that a certain pantry in which I have some interest contains three of them at this very minute—nice little iron pans which I have often used with great satisfaction! But I am interrupting the eminent lecturer!—"in the days of the spit and frying-pan there was no such thing as cooking. The wives of that time provided only 'filling' for the stomachs of their families. To-day tastes are so different, materials so many, that the modern lady requires as much judgment in the selection of the particular cereal to make her mush as her great-grandmother required in the selection of a husband. The cookery of the past was instinctive. For its results we have only to read the advertisements of patent medicines for indigestion."

To say that a generation or so ago there was "no such thing as cooking" is a libel upon our mothers and grandmothers too absurd to be considered seriously. There is no ardent graduate of a Domestic Science Institute to-day who is better versed in the practical knowledge of cooking and household management than was a certain little grandmother I know of, whose housekeeping skill and dainty, toothsome dishes were famous amongst her friends, and who brought up to healthy, hearty manhood and womanhood a large family of children, yet who never in the long course of her gentle life even heard of such a thing as household economics. As for the rich harvest being reaped by dentists and patent medicine proprietors, surely one must look elsewhere for the cause of the imperfect teeth and unsatisfactory digestions of the present generation than at the simple, wholesome food consumed by our forebears half a century ago!

Not for worlds would I discredit or attempt to discourage the efforts of those earnest, conscientious women who are endeavouring to elevate man-

kind through the medium of home influence, but one cannot help protesting against these constant, foundationless slurs upon a generation of women whose manners and methods in many things most of us could borrow with advantage. Nor is it possible to refrain from regretting that so worthy a cause should have uttered in its support so much meaningless and unworthy nonsense.



As a proof of my interest in the real development and improvement of the Home and the Home-maker, I have the greatest pleasure in commending to the attention of all women interested in these subjects the Household Science Course of the Canadian Correspondence College of Toronto. This course of study is comprehensive and of real practical value, the instructors have been carefully chosen, and a great advantage of this correspondence course is that the girl or woman who takes it can study at home and apply her knowledge as she acquires it, thus at once reaping the benefit of her work while performing her daily duties in her own home.



Another American lady who is looked upon as an authority on household economics and domestic science has recently contributed to a contemporary journal an illuminating article entitled: "Living on Fifteen Dollars a Week." I will confess that the title is not attractive, but I fear that those unfortunates who are tempted to try to accomplish the feat according to this lady's directions will find the reality even less felicitous.

After ponderously and somewhat superfluously remarking: "To live well on fifteen dollars a week the housewife must be a student of home economics," the writer proceeds to show how it may be done by a family of six. In the first place, three dollars a week is allowed for clothing for the entire family—one hundred and fifty-six dollars a year, which is just a trifle over

two dollars a month for each of them. Surely to be even decently covered on twenty-six dollars a year would require that one should be more than a mere *student* of home economics. I defy a pastmaster of the art to do it. Allowing for a suit one year and an overcoat the next, where is the toiling head of the family to obtain those other articles of clothing which are usually considered necessary to complete a gentleman's wardrobe? A neighbour's clothes-line would seem to afford the only solution to this problem. But we are led to believe that the student of home economics is well-attired; she takes ice, and expends fifty cents a week on fuel. The article was written, I acknowledge, before the coal strike, but even so—ah, yes, I am sure the neighbour's clothes-line must supplement this lack of warmth. Out of her fifteen dollars the extravagant housewife spends fifty cents a week on reading-matter, allows two dollars for insurance, and thriftily deposits two in the savings bank, though whether this last is a weekly or monthly proceeding, I cannot quite determine. Doctors' bills, which I should imagine would be rather large, as it takes a long time to overcome anæmia, malnutrition, and chronic colds, are to be paid out of the savings; and the food bills, milk, meat, and all groceries, "including ice," are fully covered by the sum of six dollars a week!

A list of daily menus for one week is given, with directions for making the various dishes suggested. Most of these are to be concocted out of what is "left over" from a previous meal, but I doubt if after six persons, possessing average appetites, had assuaged their hunger, there would be much left of food bought in the quantities directed by the writer.

For instance, five cents worth of peanuts serves as the basis for two satisfying meals, and this amiable family of six is represented as receiving with favour oyster soup in which twenty-five bivalves float drearily, that is four for each person, and one, I presume, "for the pot!"

Of course, I *may* be exceptionally extravagant, but it seems to me that if I had to keep my wardrobe in decent order on two dollars a month (which sum appears to be deemed sufficient to also cover such necessary expenses as postage stamps, stationery, car tickets, and similar incidentals), I should scarcely find time or heart to spend in the manufacture of such dishes as "beef hedgehog," "lentil rolls," or "nut-balls"—a curious mixture of "left-over" hominy, peanuts, and tomato; and I fear that if I did, my fastidious family would unanimously refuse to touch them.

Upon the day on which nut-balls are recommended for luncheon, the festive feast is completed by brown bread and a nourishing cream soup, simply made by cooking turnips in water in which mutton had been boiled the day before.

After giving the menus referred to, a little marketing list for the week is appended.

In looking this over one is struck by the fact that in the city in which the fifteen-dollar-a-week lady lives, onions and turnips are bought by the quart, and bulk oysters are sold at a cent each. It is also to be noted that the clever student of home economics can make soup for six out of half a can of tomatoes, and out of the remaining half can evolve a dish of scalloped tomatoes sufficient for the same number of people. Moreover, after buying only one dozen eggs, she can use seven of them in compounding various delectable dishes, and still have a sufficient number on hand to permit her to make eggs the *pièce de resistance* for two meals—beauregard eggs for Thursday's luncheon and poached eggs on toast for Monday's breakfast. Surely it is not supposing too much to imagine that each of the six members of the family will have at least one whole egg for himself on each occasion. Truly the egg basket of this fortunate housewife must be a veritable widow's cruise. When one hears of such achievements as this, one is certainly inspired to become a student of home economics without an instant's delay.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



FOR some time the Province of Ontario has been struggling with a political condition exhaus-

POLITICAL METHODS. ing. The Liberal party has held the reins of Govern-

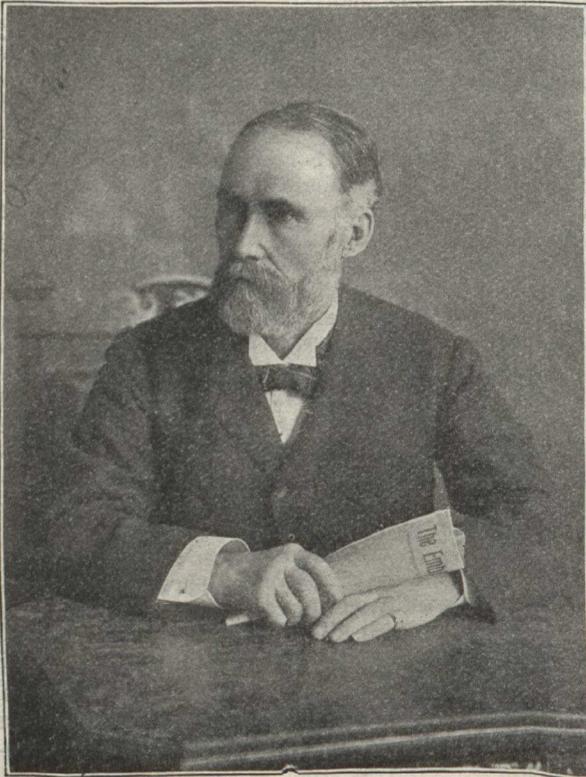
ment for over thirty years, and the Conservatives have recently become clamorous and energetic. The result of the general election last June left the Liberals with a narrow majority. Since that time they have been endeavouring to increase it by unseating Conservative members or by winning



them over to the Liberal side. Two seats were won by the former process, and one by the latter. This member won over has, however, laid his thirty

pieces of silver on the table of the Legislature, and in a most dramatic manner declared that he took the bribe because he desired to show the general corruptness of the Government of the Hon. G. W. Ross. His charges are now being investigated. Whatever the result of that investigation, the good names of the Province and of Canadian political purity have been besmirched, although the friends of Mr. Ross hope that his Government will be able to prove themselves innocent.

The real trouble is that both parties in Canada, whether in Federal or Provincial politics, have been guilty of dishonourable election methods for at least a quarter of a century. The dishonest acts were performed by party-heelers, and winked at by those in foremost places. Political zeal has carried this dishonesty a long way,



THE HON. G. W. ROSS, PREMIER OF ONTARIO
FROM AN AUTOGRAPH PHOTO

and Canada may well hang her head in shame. Franchises are given to those who contribute to party-funds, offices are bestowed upon men whose chief qualification is their intimate connection with party politics or party chicanery, and contracts are awarded to those who are known to be among the faithful and generous. Even members of Parliament freely accept offices of emolument under the Crown.

Perhaps Canada is not worse than the United States and Great Britain. Nevertheless there is much to make the honest man ashamed. If the present explosion in Ontario warns our public men that they must set their faces steadfastly against this insidious evil some good may be accomplished, some of our better and stronger citizens may be inclined to take a more active interest in the governing of the country.

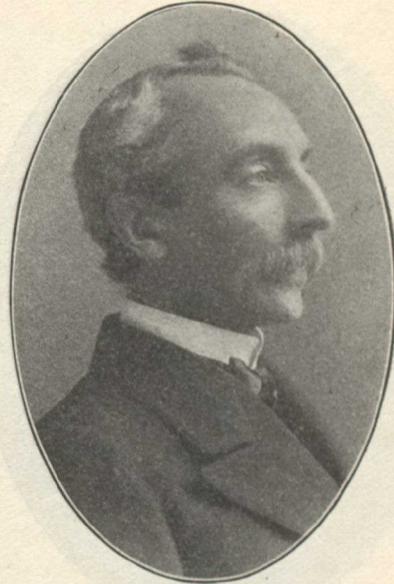


The victory of Mr. Tweedie in New Brunswick has its amusing side. Four years ago Premier Emmerson appealed to the people on the ground that Federal politics should not be an issue in Provincial affairs. Mr. Hazen, lead-

NEW
BRUNSWICK
ELECTIONS.



THE HON. JUSTICE ARMOUR, OF THE SUPREME COURT, ONE OF THE TWO JURISTS WHO WILL REPRESENT CANADA ON THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

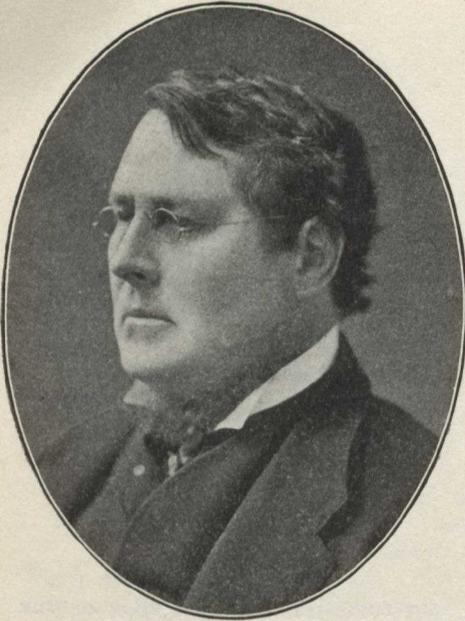


SIR LOUIS JETTÉ, K.C.M.G., ONE OF THE TWO JURISTS WHO WILL REPRESENT CANADA ON THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

er of the Opposition, urged the contrary, and appealed to the Conservatives to vote for his candidates. Premier Emmerson was successful. This year Premier Tweedie, successor to Mr. Emmerson, appealed to straight Liberal support, and was backed up by all the influence of Mr. Blair, a member of the Liberal Administration at Ottawa. Mr. Hazen, this time, objected to a party appeal and asked the franchises of both parties. Mr. Tweedie has been as successful as was Mr. Emmerson, and New Brunswick has thus reversed its verdict of 1899. Now the question may be asked, "What does New Brunswick mean?"

The real solution of the mystery apparently lies in the fact, pointed out on previous occasions, that New Brunswick votes for the "Government." Mr. Blair represents the Government at Ottawa, and he found New Brunswick faithful. Mr. Tweedie was only a pawn in Mr. Blair's game.

That the result will work any evil to the Province is hard to see. The Tweedie Government seems to have fair administrative powers and has



THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE, K.C., WHO WILL BE THE CHIEF CANADIAN COUNSEL IN CONNECTION WITH THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

recorded considerable progress during its regime. No doubt this will continue to be its record.

The movement to do away with the one-teacher country school is gaining ground. The great Canadian school

system, the much-vaunted, the over-praised, is to be torn down, and a new structure erected.

The old log schoolhouse and the little red schoolhouse are to be forgotten together. The new country schoolhouse is to be larger, to contain three or four rooms, and to serve a half or a whole township. It is to be a graded school, similar to that in a village, town or city. It will have a furnace in the cellar, pictures on the walls, comfortable benches, good teachers, and a telephone. Eventually it will be lighted with electricity furnished from the nearest water-power producing station.

In a few short years it will not be possible for the city youngster to shout "hayseed" at the country boys, for the latter will have equal advantages with the former.

With these improvements will come an increase in the teacher's salary, and an improvement in his or her efficiency. In a speech the other day, the Hon. Mr. Tarte stated that the average salary of 4,000 female teachers in the Province of Quebec was \$111 a year, while in four counties, out of 164 teachers only two have diplomas. In rural districts the salaries are as low as \$68 a year and in Montreal as low as \$122. Domestic servants in Montreal are as well paid, while nurses are more highly rewarded. Quebec is probably the worst served of all the Provinces owing to her system of religious schools, but even there they are agitating for improvements. Better-trained, better-paid teachers, is the keynote of the educational reformers in that Province. None of the Provinces pay their teachers too well, none of them train them too well.

This improvement in the country-school system will mean more male teachers. The principal of the township school will be a man with a man's qualifications and a man's strong will. The female teacher will be allowed to develop in her proper position—at the head of the kindergarten and junior classes.

And to whom is this reform to be credited? To the various political superintendents or ministers of education whom the citizens of each Province have set on such high pedestals? No, indeed. The idea came from the United States, and has been disseminated here by the energy of Professor Robertson, of Ottawa, and the charitableness of Sir William Macdonald—the same sources from which have come our manual-training schools, now found in almost every city.

It is lamentable to notice the jealousy among journalists. If one newspaper takes up a public grievance, the other newspapers in the city or town are

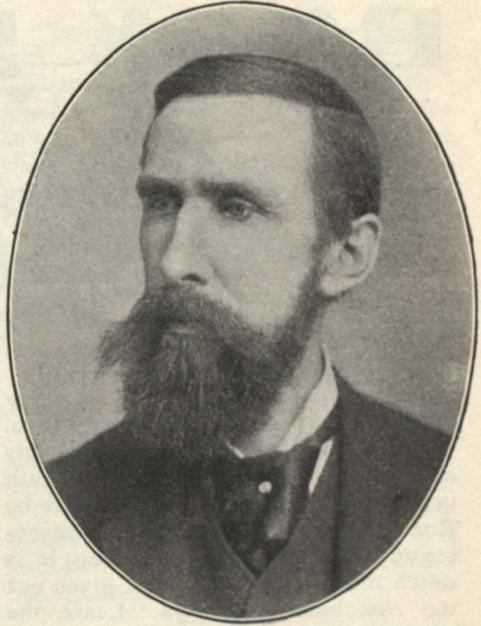
rather inclined to belittle that grievance and pooh-pooh the agitation. When one journal gets warm on municipal ownership, the other journals are doubtful of the feasibility of such a reform. When another takes up the question of Government ownership of telephones, the others at once begin to point out that the Postmaster-General has enough to do, that his leading officials are slave-drivers and that the employees of the department are overworked and underpaid. If one journal comes out in favour of the abolition of railway subsidies, the others cry out, "Oh, yes! all your friends have received their shares!" or they cry to their converted neighbour: "That's right. Lock the stable-door after the horse is stolen."

It is hard to explain this jealousy. There is no class of men in the country who make such a profession of fair-mindedness as the journalists. The politician is frankly partisan. He tells you plainly that he is working for his party and his party only. The Hon. A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways, said so during the recent contest in New Brunswick, when he condemned the independence of Senator Ellis. With the politician it is "My Party, Right or Wrong." The journalists claim to be the guardians of the public interest, to be seeking only the public good. Yet too often they seem to be as much interested in the business end of the paper, as in the editorial which influences for good or evil. If the circulation goes up, the editor is like the friend of our nursery days of whom we sang:

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas Pie.
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plumb,
And said "What a good boy am I."

If the advertising columns grow in number, the whole staff smiles and assumes a self-satisfied attitude.

To be sure there are signs of improvement. The epithets applied by one editor to another are much milder now than twenty years ago. Instead of referring to that "lying and pestiferous sheet," the phrase is, "the languid, old



THE HON. G. E. FOSTER, EX-MINISTER OF FINANCE, WHO WAS RECENTLY DEFEATED IN A FEDERAL CONTEST FOR PARLIAMENTARY HONOURS IN NORTH ONTARIO.

PHOTO BY JARVIS, OTTAWA

Star," or "our well-meaning but badly-informed contemporary." Probably the increase in journalistic salaries and profits has caused this modification. A newspaper editor who twenty years ago got \$15 a week, was doing well; now he gets \$50 to \$100. The proprietor who made \$2,000 a year, two decades back, was opulent; now there are numerous newspaper owners drawing \$10,000 per annum in profits, and some who are making \$100,000 even in young Canada. Recently the owner of a daily paper refused \$300,000 for his plant and good-will which five years ago could have been bought for less than half that sum.

If all the newspapers of Canada were to join in an effort to put down political corruption, to establish Government and municipal control of natural monopolies and public utilities, to introduce higher standards of business morality, these reforms would come quickly.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS



TRUTH AND THE PRIEST

THE great intellectual struggle of the past century, and probably also of this century, is that of Truth versus the Priest. The priest may be Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian or Methodist—the struggle is much the same. The priest gives out the catechism and says “Learn the Truth.” The thinking, educated man answers “That may or may not be the Truth: let me study it and think it out.” The priest replies, “No, you may not study, neither may you think. This is the Truth, because the Church says so.” Hence the struggle—the priest trying to retain his hold on the people, the people endeavouring to discover the Truth.

This is the essence of M. Zola's newest novel, the last which he completed. Because he died before the volume reached us, “Truth”* may be taken as his last message to the world. It is a message to the world, although it is primarily an address to France. It is an appeal for truth, liberty and justice, founded upon liberal education, equality of opportunity, and moral living. It is an appeal for the abolition of gross superstition, gross ignorance, spurious miracles and religious exploitation. The energy of tomorrow is to be found in the masses, for in them slumbers humanity's reserve force of intelligence and will. The children of the masses must be

educated in secular schools, that they may discharge the duties of freed citizens, possessed of knowledge and will power, released from all the absurd dogmas, errors and superstitions which destroy human liberty and dignity. The worth of the nation depends on the worth of the schoolmaster.

These are the lessons which Zola endeavours to teach in this book. Simon, the Jew schoolmaster, is accused of a murder committed by a Christian Brother. Perverted circumstantial evidence backed up by all the power of clericalism causes him to be convicted and sentenced, like Dreyfus, to penal servitude for life. For ten years his friends work to quash the conviction. Evidence of forged testimony is discovered and the conviction is quashed. A new trial is ordered. Again the Church exercises its influence and again Simon is condemned by a vote of seven jurymen to five. After the trial, all the jurymen sign a petition for pardon and this is granted. Fresh evidence of wrongdoing at the trials is secured and finally a new trial clears the persecuted Jew of the stain put upon his reputation. It is the Dreyfus case in a new form, and every reader knows how Zola stood firm in his belief in the innocence of Dreyfus.

Marc Froment, a schoolmaster and friend to Simon, is the persistent seeker after truth, who patiently seeks the release of his friend. For years he wages the battle single-handed, hated and persecuted by the religious orders which were anxious to discredit the secular schools in which there was no crucifix

*“Truth,” by Emile Zola. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

and no teaching of the catechism. His scholars are enticed away from him, his wife turns against him, he is the object of suspicion and the subject of malicious tattle-mongering. But Truth prevails. His honesty and tenacity of purpose eventually bring triumph for himself and his friend.

The story is the more interesting coming as it does just after the expulsion of the religious orders from France. It must be taken as Zola's view of the one great question which has disturbed the Republic and which threatened for a time to plunge the nation into civil war. To a Canadian familiar with the work of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, the picture seems overdrawn. For example, an extreme Protestant, even in an ecstatic moment, would hardly dare or desire to pen such a statement as is made in this quotation (p. 148):

"And, in like way, the France of to-day is devastated and ruined by the warfare which the Church there wages against Revolution, an exterminating warfare without truce or mercy, for the Church well understands that, if she does not stay the Revolution, by which is symbolized the spirit of liberty and justice, the Revolution will slay her. Thence comes the desperate struggle on every field, among every class—a struggle poisoning every question that arises, fomenting civil war, transforming the motherland into a field of massacre, where perhaps only ruins will remain. And therein lies the mortal danger, a certainty of death if the Church should triumph and cast France once more into the darkness and wretchedness of the past, making of her also one of those fallen nations which expire in the nursery and nothingness with which Roman Catholicism has stricken every land where she has reigned."

True, Zola distinguishes between the two classes in the Church, the conscientious bishops and the bigoted, jesuitical orders. He seems to hope, though faintly, that the Church may be purified and may put away from itself the mediæval spirit of intolerance and revenge which all religions are endeavouring to suppress. He hopes apparently that the dream of Roman temporal power will be abandoned and that the Church will take its place with Protestant and other churches in working for the education and enlightenment of the world.

MRS. WIGGS AGAIN

"Lovey Mary,"* by Alice Hegan Rice, is a new volume by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Much of the humour in the book lies in the author's familiarity with the slang and verbal mistakes of the submerged tenth. It is not genuine humour, it is as unlovely as the lives of those who give it expression. The analysis of character is excellent. The pathos of the situations is often expressive. The situations are sometimes comical and just as often absurd. Those who have enjoyed "Mrs. Wiggs" will find much in this volume to interest them. The latter half of the book rings more true than the first half, and the patient, forbearing reader will find some reward in the closing scenes. Like David Harum, it is a book for the thousands rather than for the hundreds.

THE PUBLISHER'S HONOUR

How far is a publisher responsible for the character of the book he issues with his imprint? This is a question suggested by a hasty glance at "Life in Canada," by Thomas Conant, a volume which is certainly no addition to Canadian literature. In this case the publisher has apparently undertaken to issue the work at the author's risk and expense, since no business man could be expected to issue it on its merits. The publisher has, one must conclude, given his imprint for the profit to be derived from the work secured for his presses. If an imprint is worth anything it should be a recommendation for the book on which it appears. People buy books issued by certain publishers because they are led by experience to believe that such publishers issue good books. In this case they are to be sadly disappointed.

Mr. Conant has not the elementary knowledge required to prepare a grammatical and literary manuscript. He is not possessed of any great amount of good taste, and drags in his family

*Toronto: William Briggs.

history at every opportunity. He is not more careful of his facts, and he tells many tales about Canadian life which are manifestly absurd. His intentions, no doubt, are honest, but if his supreme desire is to publish volumes of his own writings, he should not be allowed to secure the recommendations of those publishers to whom the people are accustomed to look for honest guidance.

HISTORICAL REVIEWS

It is to be hoped that the High School principals and public librarians throughout Canada will cease their study of United States book catalogues for sufficient time to read Prof. Wrong's list of "Historical Publications Relating to Canada, for the Year 1902."* It is to be hoped that they will pause in their mad haste to fill Canada with United States prints and consider some of the excellent volumes there reviewed. Our High School libraries are full of the literature of all countries except our own, and so are the public libraries and mechanics' institutes. The Canadian poets, Canadian historians and Canadian essayists are scarcely represented at all. The professors of English in our Universities never discuss them.

This admirable volume of reviews mentions about 200 books, pamphlets and articles. At least, fifty of these works should be in every public and school library. Of course, they have not all been written by Canadians, nor all printed in Canada, but they all touch Canadian history at some point. There are Roy and Doughty's books from the presses of Quebec, Moreau's "Laurier" from Paris, works by Van Tyne, Flick, Fiske, Shimmel and others from the publication offices of the United States, and various works from London. The array of titles is extensive and indicates a growing interest in the history of the American continent.

*Toronto: The University of Toronto. Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.

One of the chief values to be credited to Professor Wrong's volume is that it enables the purchaser of Canadian historical works to judge which are most interesting and which are likely to be of permanent value. But in addition to this temporary use, Professor Wrong's annual will be placed by all students of Canadian affairs among the leading "books of reference." It indicates to the author and the journalist, as well as the student, where one may go to find information on any historical point.

NOTES

The Copp, Clark Co. publish this month "The Countess Londa," by Guy Boothby, and "Marty," a story of London life, by John Strange Winter.

Dr. Horning, of Victoria University, is compiling a "Bibliography of Canadian Fiction," which will be issued next summer. It will be a companion volume to Mr. C. C. James' "Bibliography of Canadian Poetry."

"A Coin of Edward VII," by Ferus Hume (Copp, Clark Co.), is an up-to-date detective story that will command a large sale. It is, in fact, this author's best book since "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and will be eagerly read by anyone desiring an absorbing mystery story.

T. G. Marquis has written a most entertaining volume on the "Presidents of the United States," from Pierce to McKinley (Vol. XXI; the Nineteenth Century Series). The most of the existing "lives" of these men have been written by their admirers for the other admirers and are not history in the true sense of the word. Mr. Marquis is not so vain as to imagine that he can arrive at a true view of the value of each career. What he has done is to make each President, so far as possible, speak for himself by quoting freely from their letters and speeches. The list of Presidents dealt with includes Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield,

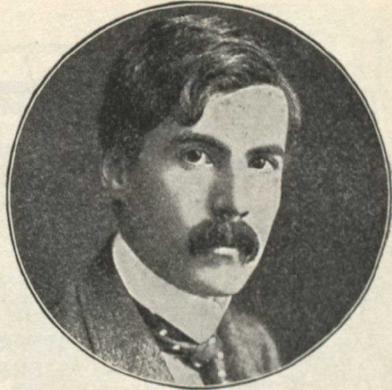
Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley.

Seldom has any young poet met with a heartier welcome than has Bliss Carman. "He is, indeed, so good a poet," says the *New York Mail and Express*, "that we question if his superior is now existing among us." His most important work is henceforward to appear in the series known as "Pipes of Pan," (Copp, Clark Co.) The first of this series, entitled "From the Book of Myths," is now ready.

"Izolda," a Magyar Romance, is from the pen of Captain J. W. Fuller, of London, Ont. (New York: The Abbey Press). It gives a picture of Magyar life which indicates the oppressions due to the extreme landlordism and clericalism of Hungary about three centuries ago. It is a painful tale, because of the vividness of its tragedy. Yet it is so well written that one wonders why the author has so long concealed his genius. Apparently the object of the story is to exhibit the real fault of our present social and economic conditions under which the rich still grow richer, and the poor poorer. Captain Fuller in his introduction hints that the old political oligarchy has been succeeded by the new financial oligarchy.

"The Star Dreamer," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, is said to be the most romantic love-story that these authors have written. Its heroine is a beautiful young widow, Elinor Marvel; its hero—Lord Bindon—"The Star Dreamer." The plot is said to be unusual, absorbing and at times thrilling. It is the first "Castle" novel since 1901, and should have a warm welcome, because its authors have waited to offer a polished and perfected work. (Copp, Clark Co.)

James H. Coyne has done Canadian literature a real service in translating and editing the record of the Exploration of Great Lakes by Dollier de Casson and De Bréhaut de Galinée in 1669-1670. This document is the corner-stone of Ontario's history, describing, as it does, nearly the whole of the lake and river boundary of that



NORMAN DUNCAN

A new Canadian writer who has found favour with United States Magazine Editors.

Province. The map made by these explorers or by one of them is also reproduced and inserted in a pocket in the volume. The text is printed in both French and English. The illustrations are excellent. (Volume IV. Papers and Records, Ontario Historical Society.)

Dr. N. M. Trenholme, Assistant Professor of History in the University of Missouri, has written an able monograph on "The Right of Sanctuary in England," (published by the University authorities). This study is dedicated to his father, Hon. Mr. Justice Trenholme, of Montreal. As the author says in his introduction: "The progress of the human race toward greater civilization and order is in no way better understood than by studying institutions which have now disappeared." Criminals are no longer allowed refuge and protection from the hand of the law in churches, abbeys and sanctified places, but they are now protected by a well-organized judiciary and even-handed justice.

Perhaps the most notable book of the year will be "Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which has been running in *Harper's*. It has been illustrated by Christy. The Canadian edition will be issued shortly by the Poole-Stewart Co., Toronto. Readers of "David Grieve" and "Marcella" will welcome this new work.



IDLE MOMENTS

A JOWETT STORY

A CHARACTERISTIC story which Balliol men used to tell of the old Master is recalled to the *Daily Chron-*

icle by the sudden death of Professor Ritchie at St. Andrew's. Ritchie was a favourite student of Jowett's, and during the progress of Jowett's translation of "The Republic," he asked Ritchie's advice regarding a difficult passage. The young scholar with diffidence gave his opinion, with sufficient reasons, as he thought, to back it, but the Master was obdurate, and held an opposite view. The two scholars parted for the night without coming to an agreement. But in the morning Ritchie hurried to Professor Jowett to say that he now saw his own mistake, and that the Master was right. "Oh, well," was Jowett's reply, "I, too, have been considering the matter, and have translated the passage according to your view, and I will make no change now."

■ KNEW HER OWN BUSINESS

"When does the next train that stops at Bendigo leave here?" asked the resolute widow at the booking office window.

"You'll have to wait five hours, ma'am."

"I don't think so."

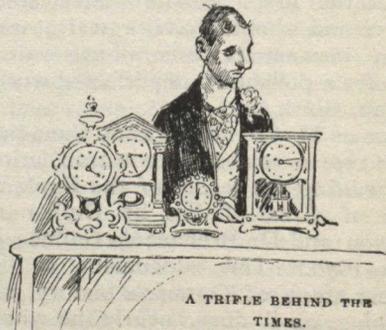
"Well, perhaps you know better than I do, ma'am."

"Yes, sir, and perhaps you know better than I do whether I am expecting to travel by that train myself, or whether I am inquiring for a relative that's visiting at my house, and wanted me to call here and ask about it and save her the trouble, because she's packing up her things, and maybe you think it's your business to stand behind there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do, if not better, and perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions, young man! My opinion is you won't!"

"Yes, ma'am."

■ AN ANECDOTE ABOUT ROYALTY

"A score or so of years ago," said Gunner McBride, "whin I was at Aldershot with my masher Captain O'Connor, the Queen came over from Windsor one day to hould a review, and she was to lunch with the General and the other supayrior officers. I was tould off to help to wait at table. More betoken the General's head man gev himself great airs intirely, and



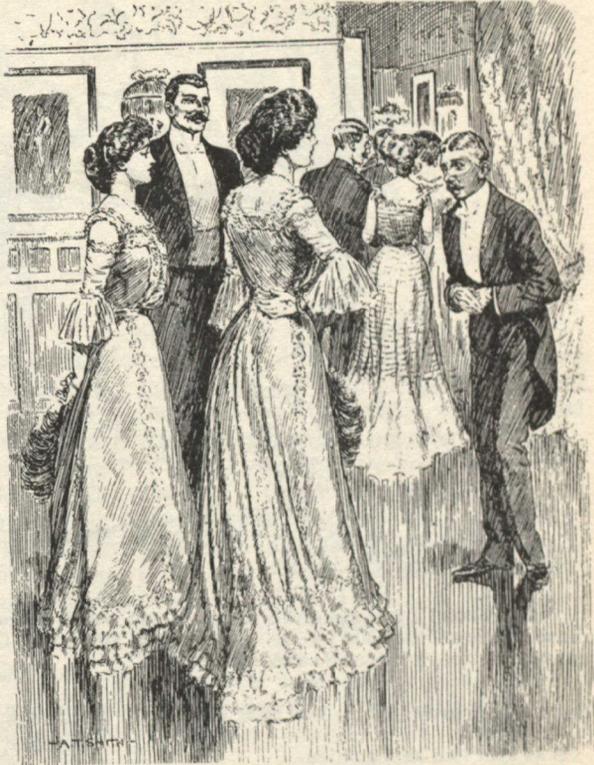
A TRIPLE BEHIND THE
TIMES.

—Life.

had the impudence to tell me not to go starin' at the Queen, as if I hadn't better manners than to throw sheep's eyes at anny lady, let alone her Majesty. Well, the lunch went off right enough without a trip or jostle, and we servants filed out into the passage at the end of the room, lavin' the company to enjoy themselves. But most of us waited outside behind the dure, manin' to rush in by an' bye, and see which of us would get hould of the champagne that the Queen was sure to lave in her glass. There was a bit of a fight at first to get next the dure, but I managed to get inside the whole of thim, and kept me hand on the handle. We stayed as quiet as mice till we heard signs of thim risin' inside. I put me eye to the keyhole and thin the other devils crowded on me like leeches, and one red-headed thief of a Scotchman actu'lly jumped stradlegs on me poor back, so I knew I would be thrown down and trampled on as soon as iver I opened the door; so siz I, 'Now, boys, keep asy, and I'll tell ye when the last of thim is gone,' and thin, after a little, I screamed out in a whisper, 'Begorra! she's comin' out this way. Let me off! Let me off! and I gave one jump that sent me Scotch jockey sprawlin'; and away wint all the other chaps like lightnin' down the passage. Thin wasn't it meself that opened the dure fair and asy, and was drinkin' the Queen's health out of her very own glass, whin the omadhawns came tearin' in? They wore unraisonable enough to tell me to me face that I tricked thim!"

"They tell me, professor, you have mastered all the modern tongues."

"Well, yes; all but my wife's and her mother's."



Little Titmuss (just told off to take the younger Miss Long into supper, quite forgets which of the two is the younger). "Er—er—May I have the pleasure—er—of—er—taking the longer Miss Young—I mean—the lunger Miss Yong—that is——" [Becomes incoherent].—*Punch*.

CABLES AND C(H)ORDS

[Signor Marconi is reported to have amused himself by piano-playing during his recent voyage from New York to Liverpool.]

Marconi, though harmonious strains
Are possibly produced by you,
Think of the strummer's ill-spent pains,
And give us wireless pianos, too!

—*London World*.

METAPHYSICS

Why and Wherefore set out one day
To hunt for a wild Negation.
They agreed to meet at a cool retreat
On the point of Interrogation.

But the night was dark and they missed their
mark,
And driven well-nigh to distraction,
They lost their ways in a murky maze
Of utter abstruse abstraction.

They took a boat and were soon afloat
On a sea of Speculation,



"Oh, Cook! I just ran down to see if you would please make some of those delicious little rolls for me—just for me, you know, Cook, dear—because I am denying myself cake during Lent."

But the sea grew rough, and their boat tho' tough,
Was split into an Equation.
As they floundered about in the waves of doubt

Rose a fearful Hypothesis,
Who gibbered with glee as they sank in the sea,
And the last they saw was this :

On a rock-bound reef of Unbelief
There sat the wild Negation ;
Then they sank once more and were washed ashore
At the point of Interrogation.

—*Oliver Herford.*

EXCHANGE HUMOUR

TEACHER—What is a farm ?

BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL—A piece of land entirely covered by a mortgage.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Say, our backbones are like serial stories, aren't they?"

"Prove it."

"Continued in our necks."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Waiter, bring me a demi."

"Yes, sir, tasse or john?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

"You say his wife's a brunette? I thought he married a blonde."

"He did, but she dyed."—*Wrinkle.*

HUSBAND (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody.

WIFE (calmly)—Order is heaven's first law.—*New York Weekly.*

A sad story is told of a young man who took his newly-acquired fiancée to church the other day. When the bag was brought round, he ostentatiously displayed a

gold coin. His fiancée remonstrated in whispers, "Don't be so extravagant, George." "Oh, that's nothing," he replied, "I always give a sovereign when I go to a strange church." When the usual notices were given out, they concluded with the wholly unexpected announcement of the day's collection. "The collection to-day," said the minister, "was 15s. 6d." The engagement is broken off.

Lady Visitor: "Well, Maisie, I have come after that new baby; you know you told me last week that you didn't want it and that I could take it home." Maisie: "Well, you can't have it. I want it myself now; but I'll get you a piece of paper and you can cut a pattern."

Young Husband: "Don't you think, darling, that it would spoil the curtains if I should smoke?" Young Wife: "You are the best and most considerate husband that ever lived, dear; of course it would." Young Husband: "Well then, you'd better take them down."

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



A WHITE MAN'S TEPEE

A CURIOUS adaptation of an Indian tepee by a white man stands in one of the eastern townships of Ontario. A sturdy settler—who appears in the doorway of his queer home—built the conical structure of upright poles and covered them with bark and slabs. Here he lived for many years and until recently, when his improved fortunes gave him a more imposing residence.

A DREAM AND A CRIME

It was from the dean of a certain cathedral in the east of England that I learned the following tale:

His niece, ordinarily a strong and active young woman, was slowly recovering from an unusually severe attack of scarlet fever, and was in a very nervous and weak condition when, one night, her sleep was disturbed by a strange and terrible dream.

It seemed to her that she stood before a house she had never in her life seen before, and that her sight could penetrate the walls as though they had been of glass. The whole interior lay open to her view—the staircase with curiously carved balusters; the lower rooms and the

upper room, with all they contained—and, finally, her attention focussed itself on one room in particular—a bedroom, the walls of which were covered with wallpaper of a peculiar pattern.

In one corner of the room was a bed, and on it lay a sick man. He was asleep, to judge from his appearance. Suddenly and silently another man entered the room, crept toward the sleeper, and with a quick movement removed the pillow from under his head.

The sick man awoke and stared at the intruder with horror-stricken eyes. The next moment the pillow was



A WHITE MAN'S TEPEE



THERE WERE FIVE CHILDREN IN THIS ROOM WHEN THE LIGHTNING CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION SHOWN BY THE CAMERA.

brought down on his face and held there with all the murderer's strength. The sheets moved convulsively; the sick man was being smothered . . . What followed the sleeper never saw, for at that juncture she awoke with a cry and in a fever of horror.

For a change of air she was afterwards taken to the cathedral town, and stayed for a while at the house of the dean, her uncle. He tried to amuse her by driving her about in a pony chaise. One day he took her into the country to see a house which he thought might suit her, for her people intended to take a place in the neighbourhood. But on arriving at the palings before the path that led to the door the girl showed the greatest reluctance to get out of the chaise.

"No! no!" she said, "not that place! I will not be taken there! It is the place I dreamed of!"

The dean told her she was talking nonsense.

"No, no! I know the place! I will prove it to you. You will find that the stair is one with curious balusters, the pattern of the wallpaper is as I will describe it to you, also the peculiar pattern on the walls of that bedroom to the right of the stairs landing. The bed is placed in the corner, and in that bed the man was murdered. I will not go in!"

The dean discovered that all was exactly as she had said; he knew also that a very strange death had taken place lately in that house! He pressed her no further, agreeing with her that "the place would not do."

There is no doubt that the girl, through some strange bond of sympathy between her soul and that of the murdered man, had witnessed a crime which to this day remains a mystery.—The Duke of Argyll (Lorne) in *The Royal Magazine*.

THE RESULTS OF LIGHTNING

The accompanying photograph shows the sitting room of Mr. James Wright's house, near Penetanguishene. On June 22, 1901, the house was struck by lightning. The children of Mr. Charles Nettleton, of Penetanguishene, and of Mr. Wright were in the room at the time. Two little girls were sitting on the sofa shown on the left of the room. One had her shoe torn from her foot by the stroke and cut into ribbons. The foot was badly burned. A playmate was similarly treated, and a dog lying at their feet was instantly killed. There were three other children in the room and their legs were more or less seared. There have been many strange accidents of a similar nature, but none could be much nearer being tragic.



FOR several years Canada has been convinced that the Canadian offices in London were of little national benefit, that social amenities and privileges were encouraged at the expense of trade and immigration interests. It was, therefore, without much regret that Canada heard of the resignation of Mr. Joseph C. Colmer, C.M.G., who has been Secretary to the High Commissioner since 1881. He was not a Canadian, and sympathized little with Canada's struggle for better recognition in Great Britain. No doubt he thought he was doing his duty, but his conception of his duty was not Canada's. His successor was not chosen from among the men whom Mr. Colmer had trained, and this is another matter for congratulation. Mr. W. L. Griffith is an ex-Manitoban farmer, who has for some time been Government agent at Cardiff, Wales. He will, no doubt, be more in accord with the energetic policy now being pursued by the Hon. Mr. Sifton and his able lieutenants, Messrs. Smart and Preston.

There has been some desultory talk about a system of Governmental telegraphs and telephones to be added to the Postal Department, but the movement does not make much headway. The efforts of municipal administrators and legislative reformers is at present confined to a careful watching of the Bell Telephone Company, which is rapidly developing into one of the greatest of Canadian monopolies. The

present session at Ottawa may witness another fight to safeguard municipal interests when telephone legislation is being considered.

Nevertheless the idea that there should be a Government telegraph and telephone system is not wholly lost to view. The Canadian Press Association, which held its annual meeting in Toronto in February, passed the following resolution:

"The Executive Committee would recommend that the Government of Canada reserve to the Postmaster-General the privilege of using the right of way and poles for public telephone and telegraph lines on all railways hereafter granted charters or amendments, or extensions of charters, so that the post-office may have a Governmental telegraph service across Canada. The news service between the East and the West should be independent of corporate influence, and might be made so in this way."

The press intimates that the supplying of news collected from all parts of Canada might be more efficiently done over Governmental lines than over lines controlled by private corporations. A little consideration will justify such a view. The gathering of news is a matter of public concern, and national news should not be coloured by the interests of private companies. The suggestion is excellent, and is opportune, seeing that some new transcontinental charters are to be granted at the present session.

Another feature which might reasonably be considered in this connection is an extension of the parcel post sys-

tem so as to increase the rivalry between the postal department and the express companies. At present the express companies which work with the G.T.R. and C.P.R. are under no obligation to make their rates as low as the conditions of the traffic warrant. In Great Britain and Germany parcels are sent by post and express at about one-third what it costs in this country, perhaps less. The Canadian express companies have been able to keep our post-office from extending its parcel system, because these companies are powerful at Ottawa. It is said that they go so far as to give franking privileges to members of Parliament and to prominent persons who have influence. These privileges are based on the same reasoning as causes railway passes to be given to favoured individuals. It is said also that the profits of the Canadian Express Co. and the Dominion Express Co. are enormous, although nobody seems to know exactly what these profits are or who are stockholders in these concerns.

This is a phase of the transportation problem which must not be overlooked. Successful national trade depends much upon cheap communication of all kinds, cheap letter-carriage, cheap money-carriage, cheap telegraph and telephone service, cheap parcel carriage, cheap freight carriage and cheap passenger carriage. The discussion of transportation facilities must include a discussion of all these elements, in order that the business of the country shall be done expeditiously, with certainty and at the lowest possible cost.

New South Wales has lost the benefit of the preference in the Canadian customs tariff now that the Australian Commonwealth Tariff applies to all the Australian colonies. The preference now applies only to the United Kingdom, British India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements and the West Indies.

In the State of Victoria, Australia, owing to Government-owned railways, the proportion of public servants to

the general community is as one in every eight persons. In recent years the civil service has exercised an undue and unhealthy influence in local politics. This has now been met by a law which lumps all civil servants into one constituency, but allows them to vote where they reside.

In Australia there is a law which prevents any employer bringing in workmen under contract. Some skilled English hatmakers recently had a trying experience getting into that colony in spite of its supposed Imperialism. Even Premier Barton hesitated for a week as to whether he would exercise his prerogative and admit them. This episode shows the dangers to democratic communities of the growth of that autocratic element—the trades unions.

The mineral product of Ontario in 1902 amounted to \$13,577,440, an increase of 19 per cent. over the previous year. The agricultural products for the same year are valued at \$250,000,000.

The fruit-growers of the Annapolis Valley are anxious to have the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company pay special attention to apple-carrying and facilitate this part of our export trade. It would be well for these persons to work with the apple-growers of Ontario along this line.

Messrs. Handyside, makers of steel bridges, roofs, buildings, etc., of Derby, England, to encourage their apprentices, have arranged to pay half the fees and purchase the necessary instruments and books for all their apprentices who attend evening classes at the Derby Technical College, in approved subjects for a term of three years.

Apprentices who pass the prescribed examinations, will receive increased wages, and will be allowed to retain the instruments purchased for them.

SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT

Cameron Brown

THE old nursery rhyme used to run along so smoothly about "sugar and spice and everything nice," and those who have had to do with the purchasing of the ordinary every-day foods for consumption in our households will readily concede that very little is possible without the aforesaid sugar and spice and something else that is nice.

Shopping in the old days, we have no doubt, was just as great a pleasure to the average matron as it is to-day, there being something exceedingly attractive to womankind in the operation. But what a change has taken place in relation to the products themselves! Who, for instance, less than twenty years ago would have thought of buying a can of tomatoes, or corn, or peas, much less a can of fruit of any kind, or what else was there to be had save old-fashioned stone cut oatmeal? Not even rolled wheat; and to-day we are positively overwhelmed with every kind of breakfast food imaginable, warranted good for every kind of digestive apparatus.

The grocer does not have to weigh out so much stuff these days. He gets almost everything from the manufacturer in such an attractive, up-to-date and condensed form, as to make store-keeping for pleasure an actual fact, as it always was for profit. It also goes without saying that it has become a great pleasure for the housewife. Almost everything she requires can be bought at the nearest store in a tidy sealed package, its attractive label blazoning forth the guarantee of the manufacturer, who is proud to put his name on the outside of the package as a guarantee of good faith; and the infinite variety of the hundred and one condensed foods, well-thought-out condiments and actual labor-saving concoctions for kitchen use, might well astonish one of our grandmothers did she have the temerity to drop in to the ordinary up-to-date store.

We in Toronto have been exceedingly fortunate in being kept strictly up-to-date in foods and general grocery products in almost every line. There is no better advertised trade centre in the Dominion, and in Toronto we have perhaps excelled in our accomplishment along the line of general food products of every description. In this connection it would only be graceful to acknowledge all that has been done by the Dairy Companies to lift up those products to a very high plane. Indeed, so useful has this latter been that the most ordinary individual in the Dairy



"A MAGNIFICENT FOOD CONSERVATORY"



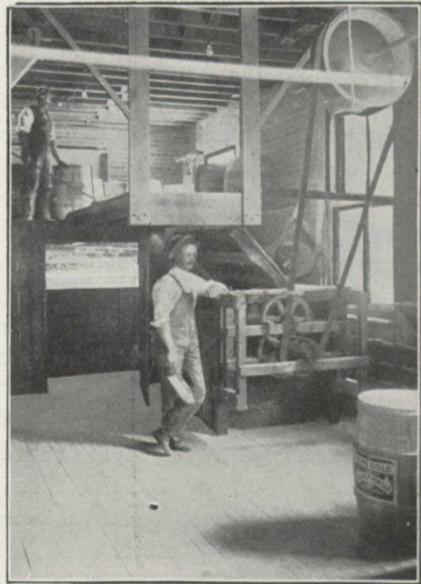
"WHEN YOU STEP INSIDE THE DOOR,"

business has found it incumbent upon him to follow suit if he desired to retain his trade.

The work of ordinary grocery sundries, which term might be taken to include Baking Powders, Flavoring Extracts, Coffees, Spices, Jelly and Pudding Powders, Preserves and Marmalades, might safely be said to have found a Champion and Leader in the Pure Gold Manufacturing Company, which has within the last year established itself prominently on King Street, in what may justly be called a magnificent food conservatory.

The Company has been about twenty years at the business of evolving absolutely pure high-grade products, under its well-known Trade Mark of "Pure Gold," and those of our readers who

have had anything to do with the manufacture of lines calculated to suit the hundred and one different palates of the public, will realize that it would be indeed a wonderful production which would suit every person who might choose to try it; and yet it might safely be said that the products of this Company have met with considerable favor, and have undergone less change, in so far as regards their outward appearance and staple quali-



"BAKING POWDER BEING MADE"



"WHERE OUT OF THE BIG, BRIGHT COPPER KETTLES"

ties of purity and cleanliness, than have many other goods of a like character. And changes have all been in the direction of better quality and less bulk.

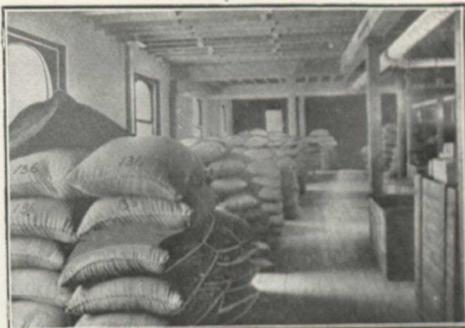
We had occasion recently to run through their factory, and were quite surprised at the extent of it, as well as at the variety of goods manufactured. The building is somewhat striking, having more of a residential appearance than a factory. Nor are you enlightened any further when you step inside the door, and find yourself in

the large, noble room of sixty feet square, all finished in plain quarter-cut oak and plate glass, and such quantities of these two desirable decorative materials as to make one positively wonder where all the handsome quartering came from. You do not usually see such fancy wood outside of furniture, but the Company, we can easily see, has determined to make a bold bid for publicity on the very threshold of its building, and it has succeeded, as throughout the whole factory there is the same attention to solid comfort and absolute cleanliness which makes for success in manufacturing food products; scrubbing, sweeping, dusting and cleaning seems to have resulted in brightness and freshness everywhere; and whether it be in the Jam Room, where out of big, bright copper kettles toothsome Marmalade or Preserves are coming; or out of the top flat where aromatic Coffee is being prepared for people who delight in that splendid beverage; or in anything between these two extremes, we can safely say there is not much to choose in the way of attractiveness.

This Company is perhaps better known by its Baking Powder than any other line. Most people, on being



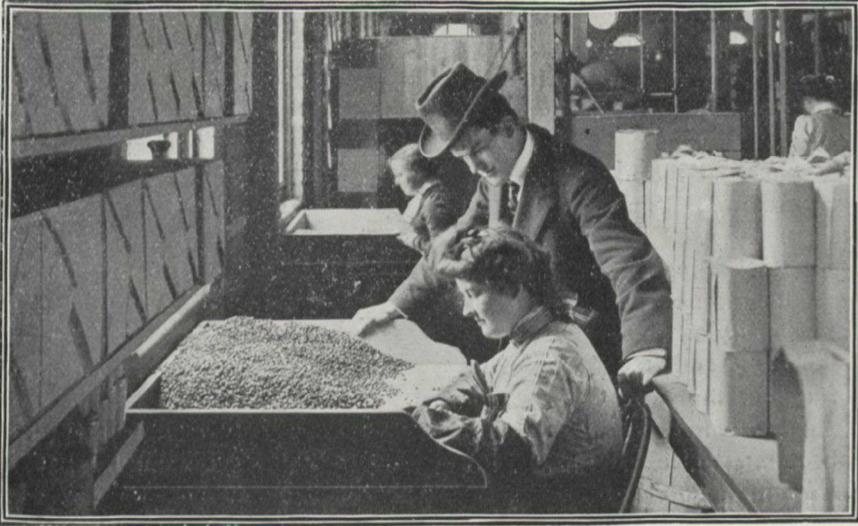
"CELEBRATED JELLY POWDER"



"WHERE LONG PILES OF GREEN COFFEE"

asked, would tell you this, and a great many would perhaps admit that they bought some other product of the Company, but that they certainly had always bought the Baking Powder. It is the great competitor of the American high-grade powder, which is pushed here so vigorously from time to time, at very high prices; and the Pure Gold Brand, being equally as good and selling for 25% less, naturally commands a splendid trade, particularly among those who are after the "Made in Canada" goods. We never saw so much Baking Powder being made before. There seemed to be barrels upon barrels of material waiting to be packed, by the exceedingly deft young girls, into a variety of cans of different sizes.

On this same flat also we saw the celebrated Jelly Powder, that "joyfully quick dessert" of which the advertising expert has told us so much, and which the Manager informed us was being imitated by no less than 23 manufacturers in the Dominion, and, he added, a twinkle in his eye, "everyone selling more than the original Pure Gold, at least so they say," and you must always believe what another man tells you until you find out differently.



“THIS WAS BEING ‘HANDPICKED’ ”

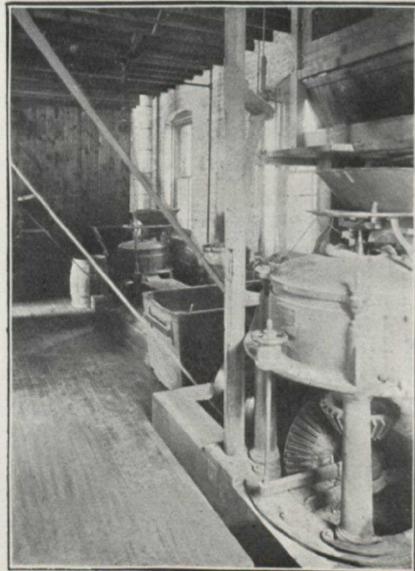
To our mind the most interesting portion of the whole factory is the Coffee flat, where long piles of green coffee bales testified to the business being done by the Company. Coffee is one of those things which it is extremely difficult to advertise to the public under any defined brand; for instance, “Pure Gold Coffee” might easily stand for any of the twenty or thirty brands turned out by this Company, every one of which has its supporters among the public. The taste being so diversified, it naturally

follows that no advertising problem presents so much difficulty as the one of advertising some particular one as being sure to suit all tastes.

There were various girls working on this flat before what seemed to be large bake boards. On these boards



“THOUSANDS OF LITTLE BOTTLES OF FLAVORING EXTRACTS”



“SOMETHING ABOUT SPICES”

were large piles of roasted coffee. We were informed that this was being "handpicked" so as to eliminate every possible chance of failure when the coffee came to be used, and a moment's consideration would show that dead beans, "quakers" as they are called, and other foreign matter, would speedily spoil a fine coffee although not materially affecting a cheap one.

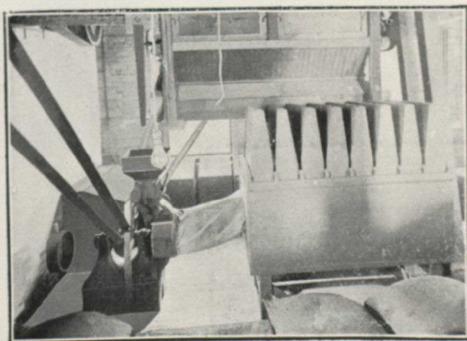
Down in the Extract Room, one of the sweetest rooms in the building on account of its cleanliness and absence from bustle and dust of any kind, thousands of little bottles of Flavoring Extracts were being prepared by another set of handy girls. How quick these girls become at handling twine, wrapping material, corks and labels! It is perfectly astonishing to the onlooker, and the cleanliness is such as to positively make you wonder how they are able to do it. Most of us proceed to stick a label on a thing and make a woeful mess of it. Not so these girls, who handle them quickly, cleanly, and with despatch. There is a fine aroma of Vanilla in the air, and the foreman shows us can after can of these attractive beans, all looking so trim and neat, giving one almost a regret that



"PAY FOR GOOD SPICES"

they have to be cut up and manufactured in order to get the best out of them. One would almost think that they would sell better on their appearance.

We could not think of leaving this factory without saying something about Spices. We never mention spices without thinking of Ceylon's balmy breezes, and yet comparatively little of the spices come from the aforesaid Ceylon; indeed, all the world might be said to contribute to the wants of humanity in this line. We never would have believed there was the variety and difference in the quality of the different old-fashioned spices, unless we had been put through a course of training by the Manager of this Company. We are very much afraid that the public does not always get what it buys in the matter of Spices. This is not altogether the fault of the public, so much as it is the fault of a system which has grown up of trying to give the people as cheap a product as is possible without any regard for quality; and no reform is more necessary in the work of the country than the calling upon the Government to studiously enforce the provisions of the Adulteration Act, so as to preclude the possibility of the



"SOMETHING ABOUT SPICES"

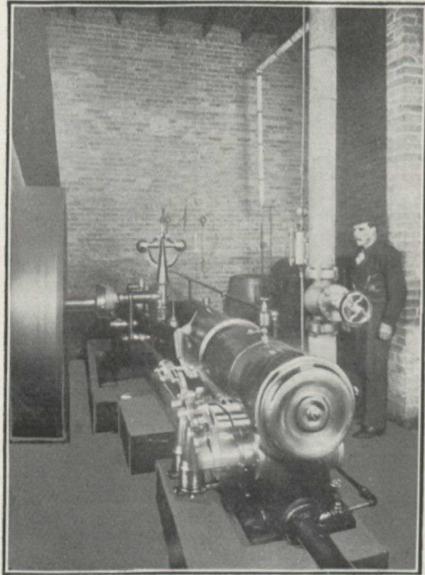


"POSITIVELY A JOY TO LOOK AT"

people being taken in with various makeshifts when they are quite willing to pay for good spices.

Oh, of course, you will want to hear about the Marmalades and Preserves. We had almost forgotten these. Everybody in Canada, pretty nearly, likes a Marmalade for breakfast, and most every person has had the notion that the only place where a decent Marmalade was made was the old country, notwithstanding the many fabulous stories regarding turnips, carrots and parsinps, which have floated over to us from the old land. Seriously, the old country people do put up nice goods, but more seriously still, is there any good reason why Canada, which is the home of small fruit, should not put up better? We were shown a jar of Marmalade by the Manager of this Company which was positively a joy to look at, and on

being tested on a piece of toast, obligingly made in the Company's testing room (for they have a regular kitchen there), proved to be just as nice as it looked, and he was only sorry that the large trade they had enjoyed for their Preserves had so cleared them out that it was almost impossible for him to show me anything of an attractive character in the way of their celebrated Preserves. He did have a pot of Black Currant Jam, which somebody had overlooked, and on being tested I must say that it was a good deal like mother's, and reminded an old chap like myself very much of home.



"THE MAN BEHIND THE POWER"



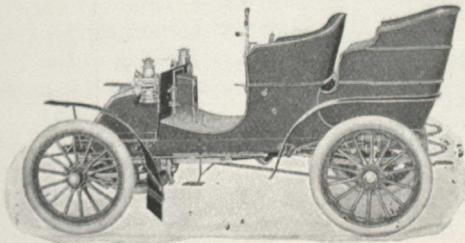
SOCIETY AND THE AUTOMOBILE

THE NEW MACHINES FOR 1903.

THE automobile has been making serious inroads on the territory of our old friend the horse. Among "the four hundred" it found instant success, and with its gradual improvements and the reduction in the cost, it has worked down the so-called social ladder to the realm of professional and business men.

The utility of the automobile cannot be denied. It stands ready at a moment's notice to do the bidding of its owner; and to such a point has it been perfected that there is little danger now of failure on the road through break-downs or exhausted power.

The popular demand seems to have turned particularly to touring cars. The "Auto-car" for 1903 is one of the very best machines



of its class on the pavement. It is built after the plan of the most successful French machines, having the motor and its attendant parts under a removable hood in the front of the vehicle.

The new "Winton" touring car seems to have found a solid place in the estimation of the Canadian public. A number of orders for these excellent machines have recently been filled by the Canada Cycle and Motor Co. The new design differs considerably from its predecessors, especially in the build of the Tonneau. It is a 20 horse-power car.

The "Winton" was one of the first American machines introduced to the public, and though it was popular from the start, the company have never ceased to seize every opportunity to improve it.

The "Rambler" gasoline automobile is the favorite in the light class and has proved itself a remarkably staunch little car under some trying tests. It possesses besides reliability and speed a very important feature in the absence of any vibration or noise from its machinery. The Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Limited, Toronto, are the sole Canadian agents for Canada.

In the catalogue of Gasoline Automobiles the "Stevens-Duryea" holds a very firm record for being a fast and reliable machine. It is, besides this, a very powerful and steady hill climber. Special excellence is claimed for the Stevens-Duryea motor.

There has recently been considerable progress made in the improving of the electric automobile. Perhaps of all these machines the 1903 "Waverly" reflects more than any other these improvements. The chief one of the "Waverly" designs is the light and very neat appearing road wagon. It is a plain, business-like automobile and thoroughly reliable.

The Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Limited, have recently purchased the plant and business of the Canadian Motors, Limited, 710 to 724 Yonge street, Toronto.

The company have increased the plant considerably, and a large number of carriages of improved design are now under way, and will be introduced to the public during the coming season. These will of course be electric vehicles, and of the most accepted modern type. Only thoroughly reliable and tested batteries will be used in their construction. With the recent improvements introduced it is assured that these machines will be found in a very prominent position in the auto world.

The company will also manufacture motors, batteries, etc., and confidently expects that the coming year will prove an exceptionally heavy one for the "Made in Canada" automobile.

THE BICYCLE KINGDOM

THE DANGER OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LIVING—DOCTORS AGREE ON THE BENEFITS OF WHEELING.

THE unnatural living forced upon the Canadian or American of this twentieth century by reason of the reigning condition of affairs, has led to considerable discussion as to what will be the result of it, and what means we should provide to protect ourselves from the possible physical degeneracy of the race and the mental decay sure to follow.

The conditions of life during the last fifty years on the American Continent have entirely changed. A generation ago the word "strenuous" could not be universally applied to define the existence of the working population. There was an easy, restive air about the busy hours. The day of labor was a short one, and a great deal of time was spent out of doors. The lives of even the office plodders were seldom sedentary.

To-day nearly three-fourths of the population of this American Continent are living alarmingly unnatural lives. Without the necessary exercise—without fresh air. To and from work in unclean street cars. In close office buildings until sunset; then to be closeted in homes which are huddled uncomfortably near the germ-laden pavements.

That there can be but one result from such an existence is conceded. This truth has led many doctors and

humanists to set seriously to work to warn the people of their danger and to devise means for their protection.

These doctors and humanists, after considering many physical culture methods, have turned to the bicycle as the only practical solution of the problem. In their opinion, it forces pleasant exercise and fresh air and sunshine upon us; and offers also an equal argument, because it is a useful and an economic vehicle of transportation.



THE NEW LADIES WHEEL. THE CUSHION FRAME BICYCLE

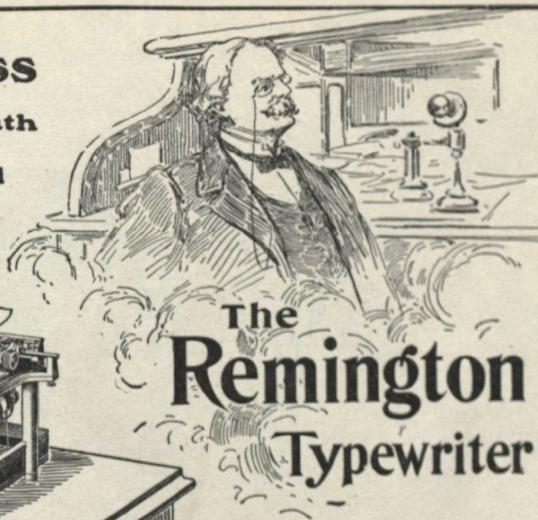
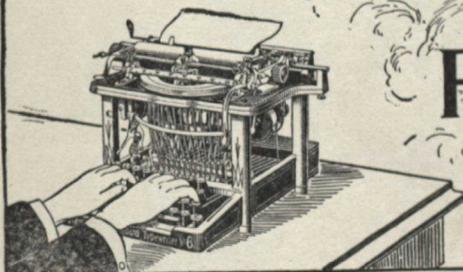
Such facts demand your serious and immediate consideration, for it is in the spring, after a winter spent indoors, that we most need this fresh air and exercise.

With bicycling to-day, the new improvements offer an additional temptation. The Hygienic Cushion Frame, which was recently introduced and may be found on the "Cleveland," "Massey-Harris," "Perfect" and "Brantford" Bicycles, is mainly responsible for the progress wheeling is making among all classes, because it adds comfort and pleasure to the exercise.

It is a simple device, part and parcel of the frame. The rider holds a uniform position, while the wheels accommodate themselves to the uneven roadbed. It makes all the roads smooth roads. It is to wheeling what the "Pullman" is to railroading.

Success

awaits the youth
who masters
shorthand and
the skilled
use of



The Remington Typewriter

THE use of the Remington everywhere predominates, and for the young man who operates it the best positions, providing the surest avenues for subsequent advancement, are always open. Our New Illustrated Booklet, "A Stepping Stone to Success," contains the biographies of many successful men who have been helped by their knowledge of shorthand or typewriting. Sent free to young men on request.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Limited,

6 Richmond Street East, Toronto

5 O'Connor Street, Ottawa

1757 Notre Dame Street, Montreal

DAVID PHILIP, General Dealer, 185 Lombard Street, Winnipeg

Labatt's
(LONDON)

ALE AND PORTER

AWARDED

GOLD MEDAL

AT

Pan-American Exposition

1901

MAGIC

TRADE



MARK

SODA

OR SALERATUS
IS THE BEST.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY
LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.



OUT OF SORTS

Ever analyze "out of sorts" or "the blues"? Try it just for fun, and 10 cases out of 10 you'll trace all the trouble to the stomach.

Can't do much work on a blue stomach. Wireless telegraphy nor air-ships nor any of the great fortunes of the world were built up on a sour, abused stomach. Sick stomach is an unnatural condition, always due to improper feeding.

If your stomach is out of sorts and you are trying to right it with medicine you are on the wrong track.

There is a positive and sure way to permanently remedy ills of the stomach, and that is to leave off the improper foods and take on the proper food. In **Grape-Nuts** the entire health-giving grains are treated to a predigesting process that makes the food so dainty the weakest stomach in the world will accept it immediately. Out of hundreds of thousands of sick people who have tried **Grape-Nuts** (many of whom could not retain any other food whatever), there has never been one case where the stomach did not immediately relish and digest **Grape-Nuts**.

This process has been accomplished in **Grape-Nuts** without taking away any of the health and brain rebuilding elements of the grains. Nature's best food is all there in **Grape-Nuts** in delicious, fully cooked form. Served in a variety of ways (see recipe book in package).

There are many cases on the medical records where **Grape-Nuts** alone has sustained life for weeks and months at a time. This proves that **Grape-Nuts** is a complete food in practice as well as in theory. This is worth thought if health is anything to you.

You can be happy again when well, and there is a sure road.

Some Silk Tags

recommend particular soaps and caution against Cheap Washing Powders. Latter is good advice, but cannot refer to **Pearline**

Test. We soaked in Pearline suds, as strong as we direct for heaviest, Coarsest Washing, for three hours, 20 skeins of the most sensitive and delicately colored Wash Embroidery Silks manufactured by BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO., CORTICELLI SILK CO., M. HEMINWAY & SONS CO., RICHARDSON SILK CO., BELDING BROS. & CO.

Nineteen skeins showed no loss of color. One skein showed almost imperceptible loss, and this skein when washed as directed on tag—using Pearline instead of the "mild soap" recommended—showed no loss of color.

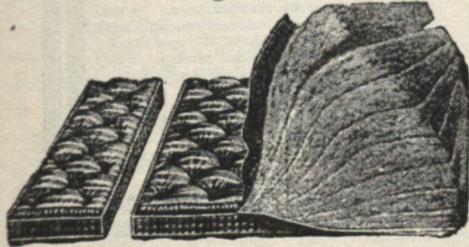
The Results of this Abuse of **Pearline** prove that there is Certainly no risk to Color in the Use of **Pearline**



SIMPLY A MATTER OF INTELLIGENCE

THE OSTERMOOR PATENT ELASTIC — FELT — MATTRESS

- DON'T** make mistakes about sleeping; between a sleepless rest and a restful sleep there's a world of difference.
- DON'T** hesitate to try the Ostermoor Mattress. It is constructed, not stuffed. It cannot lump or pack or bunch. It is sanitary and vermin-proof. Needs no overhauling—will last a lifetime without repairs.
- DON'T** let a dealer force another on you. He can't sell you a substitute for the Ostermoor, without your consent. It's not "felt" if it's not an Ostermoor.
- DON'T** fail to look for our name and trade mark which appears on the end of every genuine mattress.
- DON'T** forget that we make any size you desire, and prepay express charges to any point, and on it thirty nights you do not believe it equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort to any \$50 hair mattress ever made.



REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

STANDARD SIZES AND PRICES				
2 feet 6 in. wide,	25 lbs.,	\$ 9.50	} All 6 ft. 3 ins. long.	
3 " 0 "	30 "	11.00		
3 " 6 "	35 "	12.50		
4 " 0 "	40 "	14.00		
4 " 6 "	45 "	15.00		

Made in two parts, 50c. extra. Special sizes, special prices.

Don't Fail to Send for FREE BOOK—"Test of Time"—Send for it Now Before You Forget

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GOLD MEDAL Woman's Exhibition, London, (Eng.) 1900

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FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS AND
THE AGED

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Gentlemen.—Enclosed I am sending you a photo of our girl twins—seven months old. They have been fed on your Food since being nine days old, and have never had an hour's illness all the time. They are perfect in temper, and the admiration of the town for their healthy appearance. Many mothers have specially called to ask Mrs. Lee how she feeds them. I thought you would like to see some fruits of your excellent Food for Infants.

I remain, yours sincerely, (Signed) J. C. LEE.

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The Little Beauty Hammock Cot

HAS NO RIVAL



Mothers unanimously accord it **FIRST PLACE**
Baby swings itself to sleep, and plays in it when awake.
Made of enameled metal. Send for descriptive folder, to

THE GEO. B. MEADOWS
Wire, Iron & Brass Works Co., Limited
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THE DESK OF THE AGE.

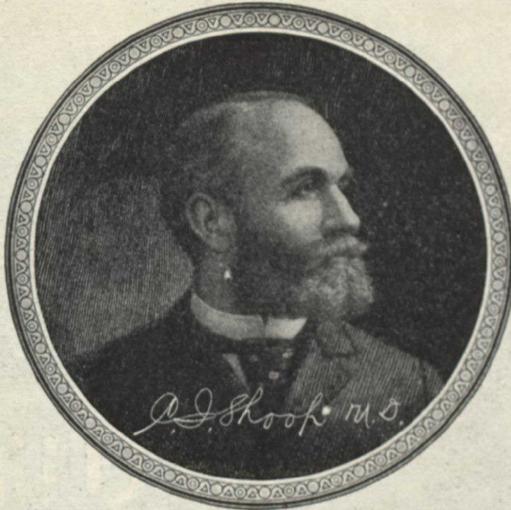
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necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office.

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**Canadian Office & School
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Office, School, Church and Lodge
Furniture.

**INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.



Thousands Get Well Without Risking a Penny

**They write for my book—and I send it.
I supply them my help on trial.
They take it a month at my risk.**

I'll do that for You.

Simply send me this coupon, or write me a postal, stating the book you need.

Then I will mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month on trial. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself. And your mere word shall decide it.

That is the offer which hundreds of thousands have accepted, and 39 out of 40 have paid for the medicine gladly, because they were cured.

There is scarcely a neighborhood in America without its men and women whom my Restorative made well.

On Jan. 11, 1903, I published in all the Chicago papers the names and addresses of one thousand people in that city alone whom my Restorative had cured in just the past six months.

Do you believe that any other remedy ever cured one thousand chronic cases in one city in one-half year?

Won't you test the remedy which did that when I promise to pay the whole cost if it fails?

This is How I do it:

I have spent a lifetime in learning how to strengthen *inside* nerves. I have learned how to *bring back* the only power that operates the vital organs.

I don't doctor the weak organ itself. I might as well doctor a weak engine to make it strong. I give the organ more power—more nerve power. I give it the strength to do its duty.

My Restorative does that always, and there is nothing more that medicine can do. Unless there is a cause like cancer, my Restorative will cure. And conditions that it can't cure are beyond the reach of medicine.

When you are cured you will keep my Restorative in the house for little troubles, and to prevent these serious troubles hereafter.

— Cut Out This Coupon. —

For we all resolve to send for something but forget. Mark the book desired and mail this with your name and address to
Dr. Shoop, Box 25, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.	Book No. 4 for Women.
Book No. 2 on the Heart.	Book No. 5 for Men.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.	Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

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Radnor
WATER

Radnor Mixes with Anything

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takes advantage of many helps and economizes in an intelligent way. By sending lace curtains, draperies and other household articles to us to be cleaned, you not only save labor, but you save the lace which is often injured by home treatment. Duchesse, Old Point, Guipure and Brussels are made white as snow or their original filmy tint. Women's garments are cleaned, too, in these works.

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BRANCHES—Montreal, London, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Galt,
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Priestley's Dress Goods

Perfect in Weave
and Color



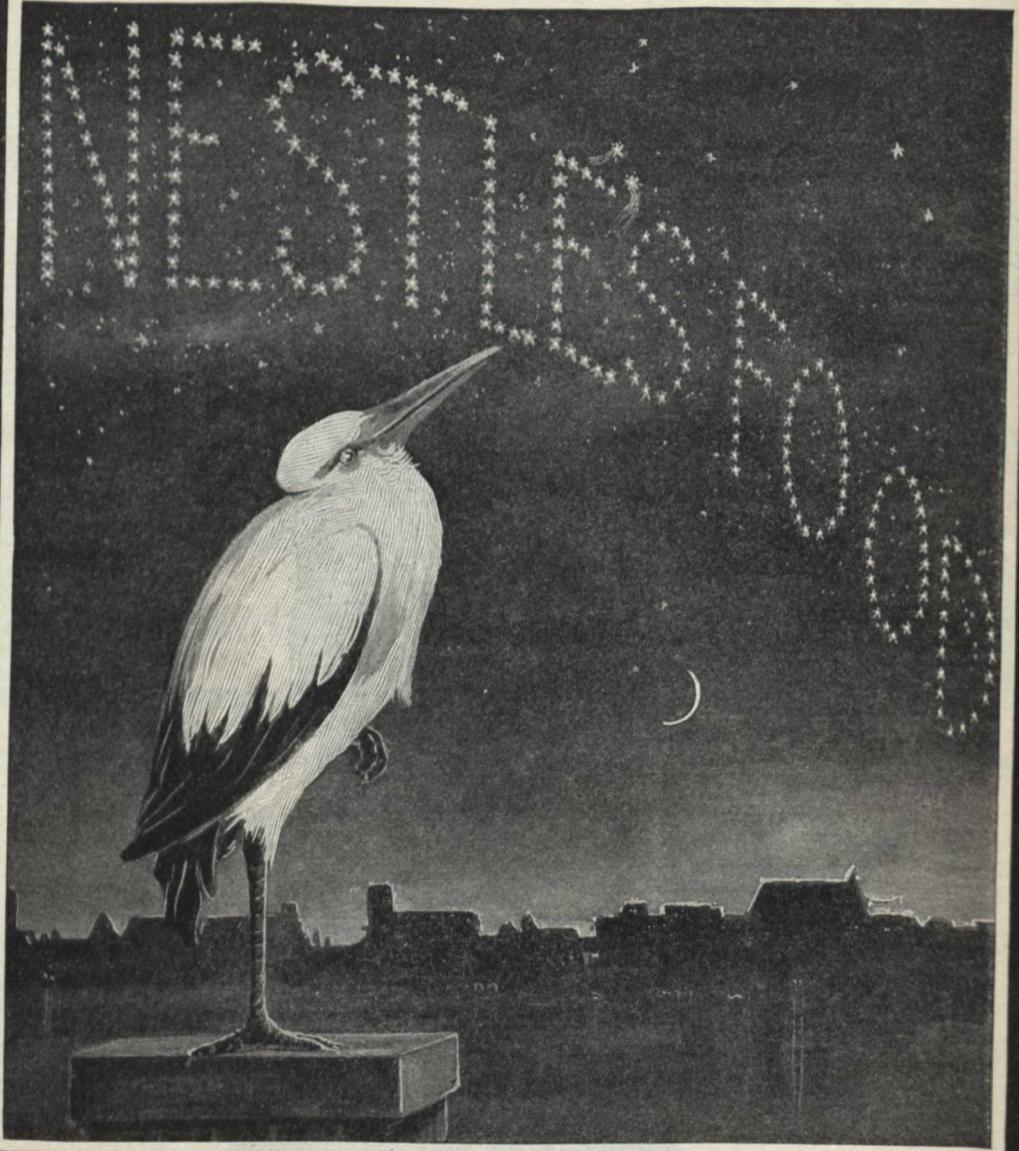
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ALL LEADING DRY GOODS STORES
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There is none other than "THE MILKY WAY"

when it comes to proper food for infants. It is Nature's way, and Nature's food.

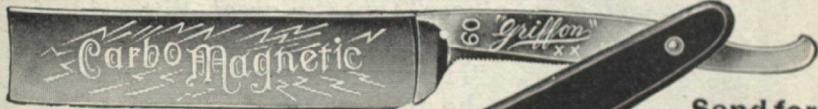
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has saved the lives of and properly nourished thousands of babies who have grown into strong men and women and brought up their children upon it in turn. It needs no added milk in preparation, because it is itself made from the purest of milk. It has been the most approved infants' food with three generations. With Nestlé's Food so universally used and so easily obtained, why experiment with others?

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Ampelopsis or Boston Ivy, Dutchman's Pipe, Wistaria, Trumpet Vine,
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Hardy kinds, such as Crimson and Yellow Ramblers, Prairie Queen,
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We are growers of these and hundreds of other kinds of plants, and can give you something good at reasonable prices every time. If you need vines suitable for training or climbing on verandahs, fences, walls, etc., see our Catalogue for 1903, it contains full lists, descriptions and prices. Send us a card if you have not received a copy. Address,

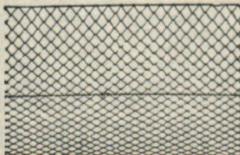
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"He states every difficulty *before* he undertakes any service, but none *after*."

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Coffees.



"SEAL BRAND"
In 1-lb. and 2-lb. Tin
Cans (air tight).
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richly colored parch-
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TO FAT PEOPLE



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I know you want to reduce your weight, but probably you think it impossible or are afraid the remedy is worse than the disease. Now, let me tell you that not only can the obesity be reduced in a short time, but your face, form and complexion will be improved, and in health you will be wonderfully benefited. **I am a regular practicing physician**, having made a specialty of this subject. Here is what I will do for you. First, I send you a blank to fill out; when it comes, I forward a five weeks' treatment. You make no radical change in your food, but eat as much or as often as you please. No bandages or tight lacing. No harmful drugs nor sickening pills. The treatment can be taken privately. You will lose from **3 to 5 pounds weekly**, according to age and condition of body. At the end of five weeks you are to report to me and I will send further treatment if necessary. When you have reduced your flesh to

the desired weight, you can retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome, you will feel years younger. Ailment of the heart and other vital organs will be cured. Double chin, heavy abdomen, flabby cheeks and other disagreeable evidences of obesity are remedied speedily. All patients receive my personal attention, whether being treated by mail or in person; all correspondence is strictly confidential. Treatment for either sex. Plain sealed envelopes and packages sent. Distance makes no difference. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for my new book on obesity: its cause and cure;—it will convince you. Address

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WE DO YOUR COOKING

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Inspect closely the Literature in our package.

MALTA-VITA is sold by all first-class grocers.

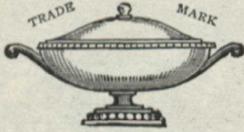
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30 Years



A Favorite!

FOR SOUPS, SAUCES, GRAVIES,
ROASTS, STEWS, ENTREES
AND GENERAL CULINARY PURPOSES.

Imparts a Rich Color and Delightful Flavor. The Kitchen Garden condensed and ready for instant use. Keeps in any climate. Used and Endorsed by Great Chefs and Eminent Teachers of Cookery.

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N.B.—The word "Kitchen Bouquet" is exclusively our Trade Mark. Infringements will be prosecuted.



A choice selection of the latest novelties in **Fine China, Rich Cut Glass, Art Pottery** etc. **Lily Leaves** (for holding flowers), in mother-of-pearl glass.

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A complete assortment of **Dinner, Tea and Toilet Ware, Table Glassware**, etc., in **Sets and Open Stock Patterns.**

Lamps and Globes.

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*Strengthens the Athlete.
Tempts the Invalid.*

52

All the flavor of fine cold Roast Beef is found in **Clark's** canned

Ready Lunch Beef

In tins, Ready to Serve.

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Clark's Pork and Beans
are simply delicious.

CANADIANS REWARDED

There is a reward for Canadians who buy Clark's Pork and Beans. They get a delicious nourishing dish, the best of its kind, for about half the price which no better Pork and Beans, but imported, would cost them.

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are fully equalled by its tonal brilliancy and responsiveness. It represents the highest achievement in 20th Century piano building

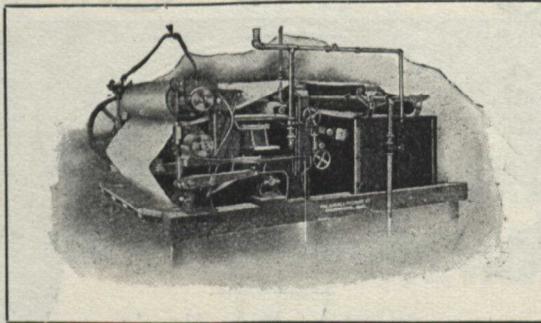
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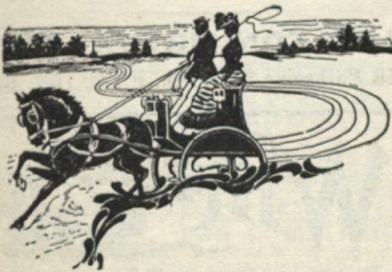
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The discriminating buyer—the man who knows what is best and won't take anything else—specifies Dunlop Solid Rubber Tires when he buys a carriage. He knows that for his own comfort and for wear-resisting qualities no other make can take its place.



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Something New **Mennen's Violet Talcum** Something Exquisite

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ASK FOR IT AND SEE THAT
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FAC-SIMILE OF
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I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
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But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call
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Style	Price
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584	2.00
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Single Strap Buggy Harness, upwards from \$13.50
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As it costs you nothing to inspect my harness, send for a set and compare it with the ordinary hand-made harness. I guarantee mine worth \$7.00 to \$15.00 more.

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Smooth, attractive, nobby; every strap strictly hand-made and guaranteed throughout; best No. 1 Moffat Oak Leather; fits your horse like a glove; economy and quality combined. My hand-made harness will set better and outwear any machine-made harness at twice the price.



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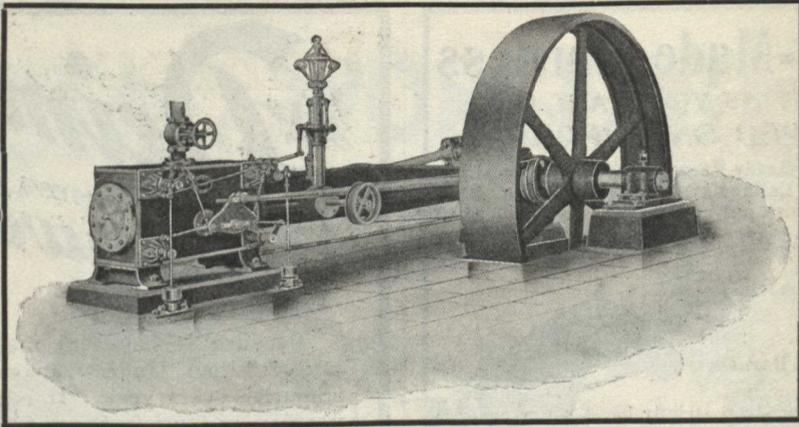
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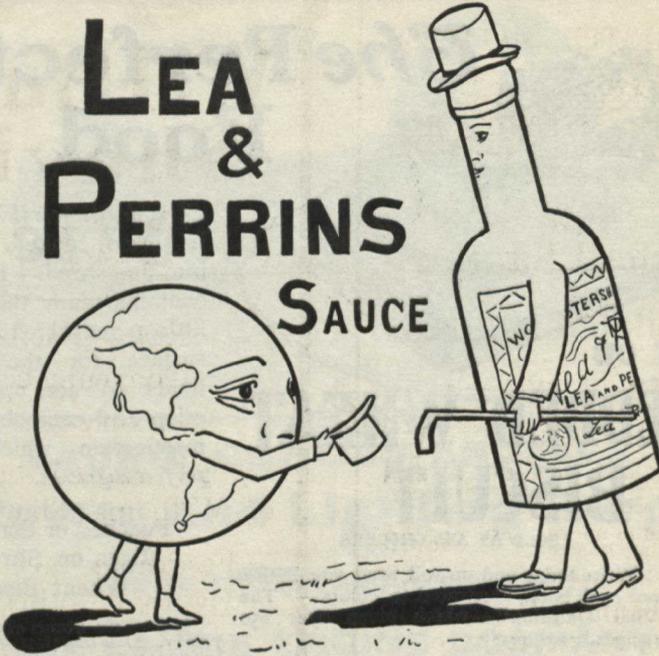
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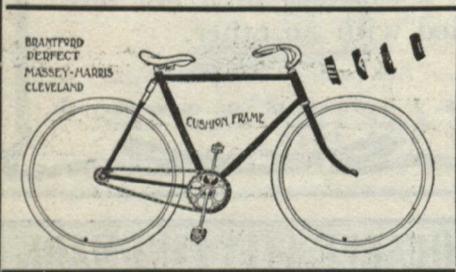
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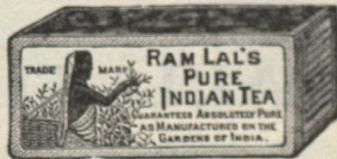
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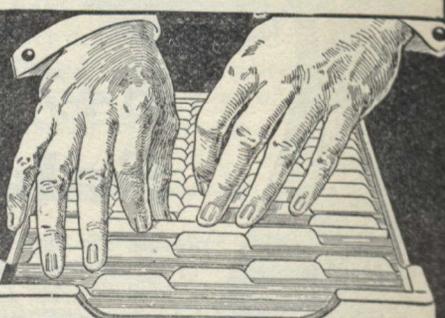
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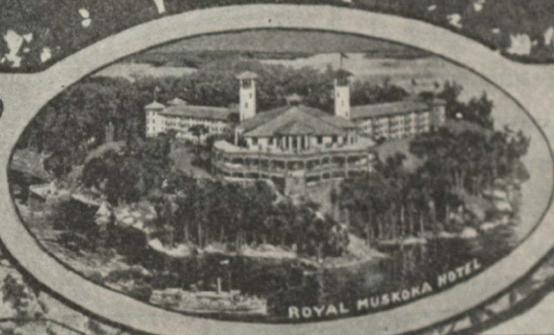
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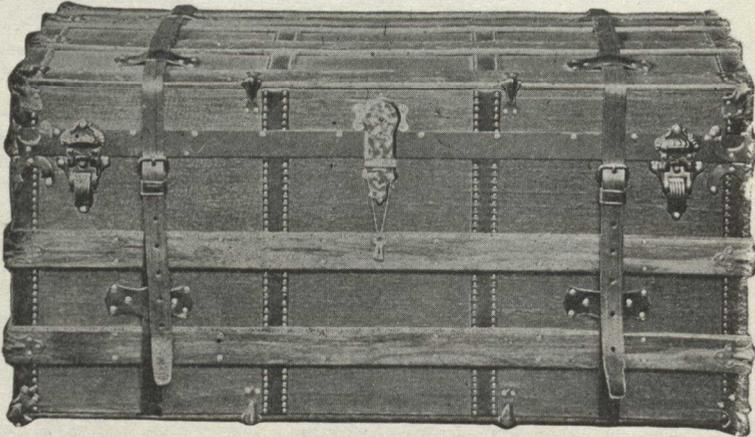
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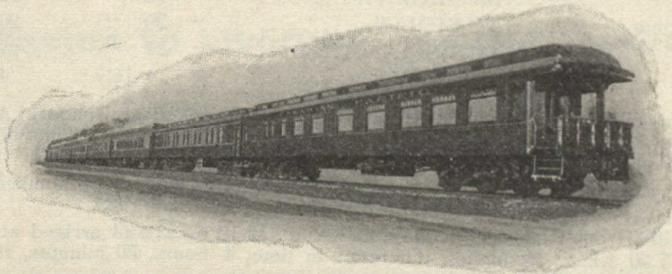
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IONIAN, New, Twin Screws, 9,000 Tons

BAVARIAN, Twin Screws, 10,375 Tons	TUNISIAN, Twin Screws, 10,575 Tons
CORINTHIAN, - - - 6,500 Tons	SICILIAN, - - - 6,500 Tons
PRETORIAN, - - - 6,300 Tons	PARISIAN, - - - 5,500 Tons

These fine new steamers sail **Weekly** to Liverpool from Montreal, calling at Londonderry.

The steamers are amongst the largest and finest in the Transatlantic Lines, and are excelled by none in the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The Saloons and Staterooms are amidships, where least motion is felt, and bilge keels have been fitted to all the steamers, which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum. The vessels are also fitted with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

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1903	PROPOSED SUMMER SAILINGS.	1903
FROM LIVERPOOL.	STEAMERS.	FROM MONTREAL. FROM QUEBEC.
		A.M. P.M.
16 AprilCORINTHIAN.....	Sat. 2 May 2 May
23 "BAVARIAN.....	" 9 " 9 "
30 "NUMIDIAN.....	" 16 " 16 "
7 MayTUNISIAN.....	" 23 " 23 "
14 "IONIAN.....	" 30 " 30 "
21 "PARISIAN.....	" 6 June 6 June
28 "BAVARIAN.....	" 13 " 13 "
4 JuneNUMIDIAN.....	" 20 " 20 "
11 "TUNISIAN.....	" 27 " 27 "
18 "IONIAN.....	" 4 July 4 July

Subject to change.

TUNISIAN passed Inshull August 8th, 3.40 p.m., and arrived at Rimouski August 14th, 10.40 p.m., 6 days, 7 hours, adding 4 hours, 30 minutes difference in time. Time of passage, 6 days, 11 hours, 30 minutes.

BAVARIAN is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Rimouski to Merville, 6 days, 15 hours.

PARISIAN sailed from Rimouski Sunday, Oct. 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Merville Sunday, Oct. 27th, 7.30 a.m. Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 16 hours, 50 minutes.

For rates or further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

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Of very fine Coutil or white Batiste, with double branch hose supporters attached. Sizes 18 to 30.

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