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**CANADIAN  
 MAGAZINE**

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*A Plea for Woman Suffrage in Canada*

PROF. R. E. MACNAGHTEN

*Reminiscences of Tilley and Mitchell*

J. E. B. McCREADY

*Canada's New Cavern World*

FRANK YEIGH

Illustrated

*Plays of the Season*

JOHN E. WEBBER

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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIX.

No. 2

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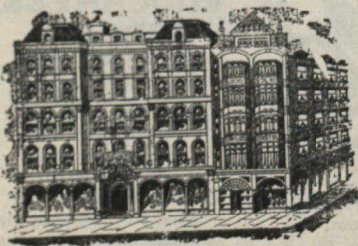
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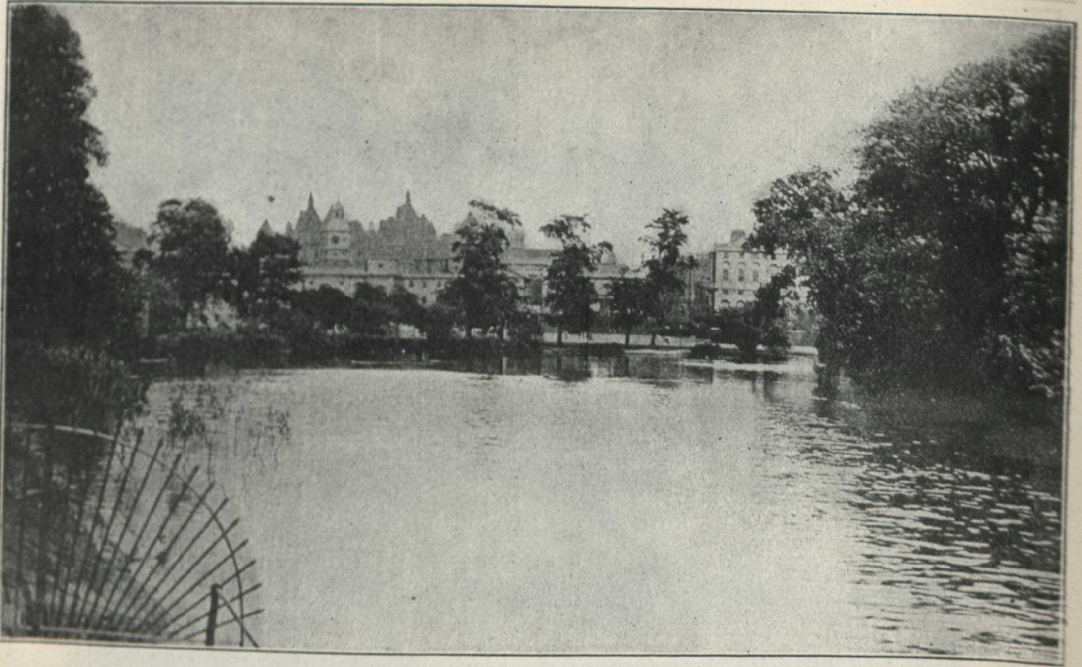
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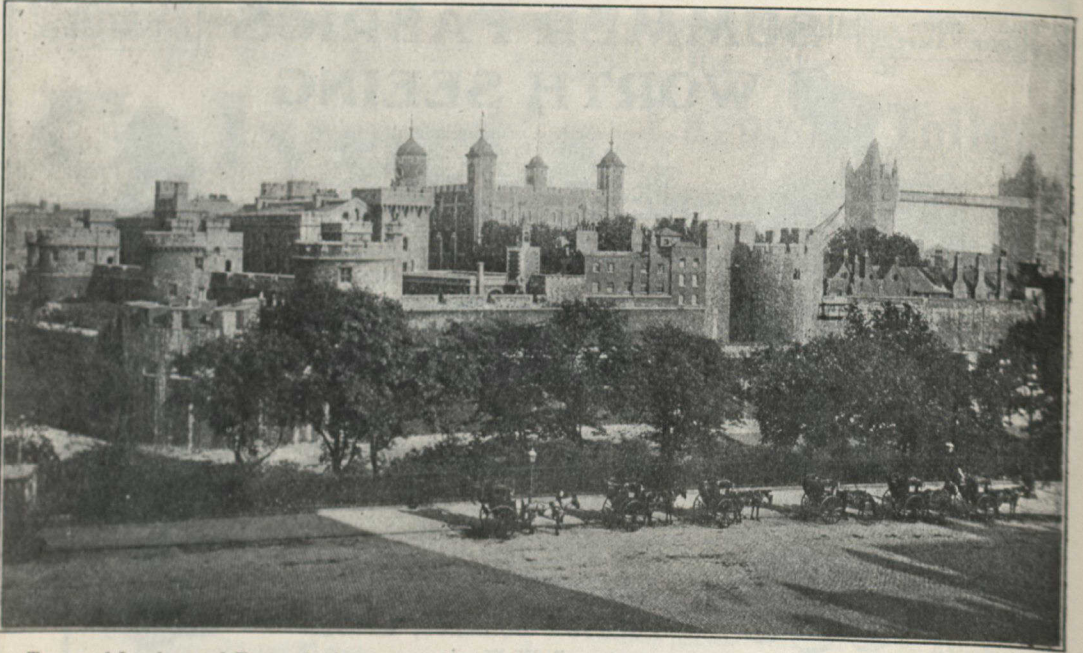
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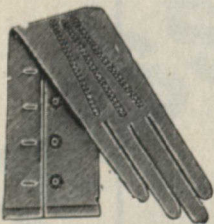


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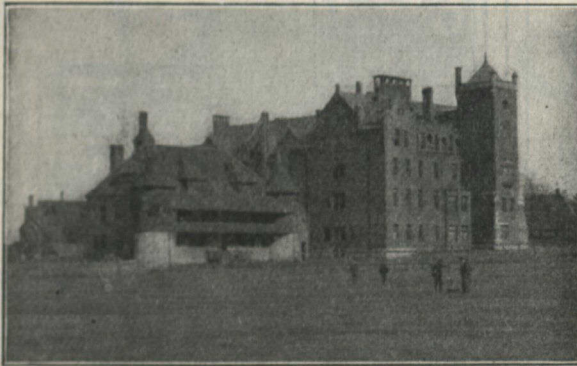
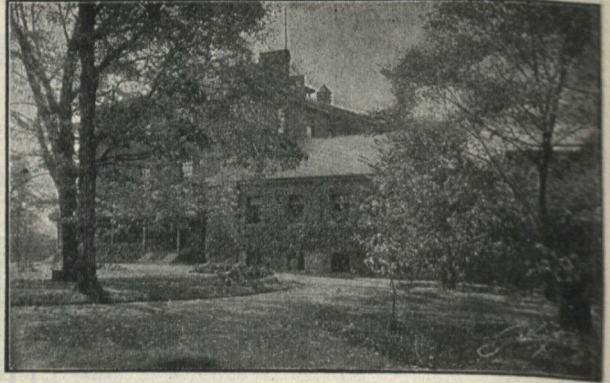
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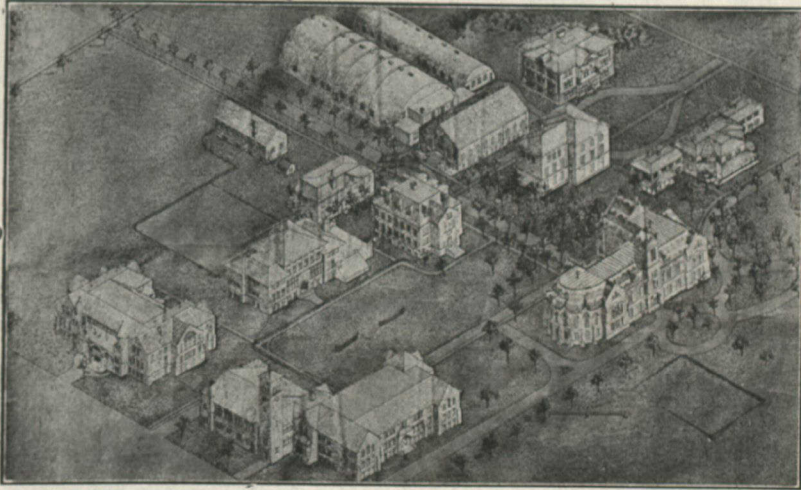
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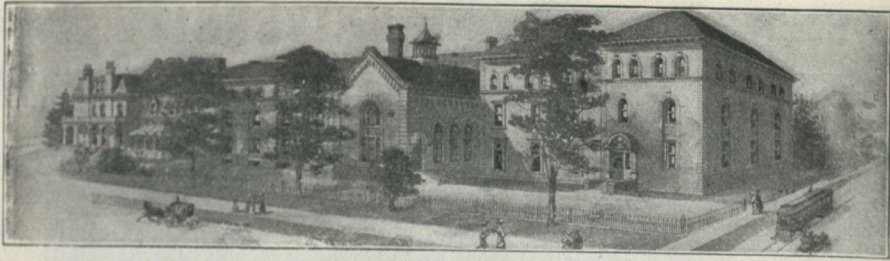
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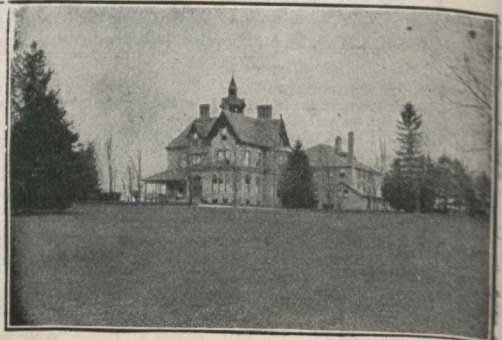
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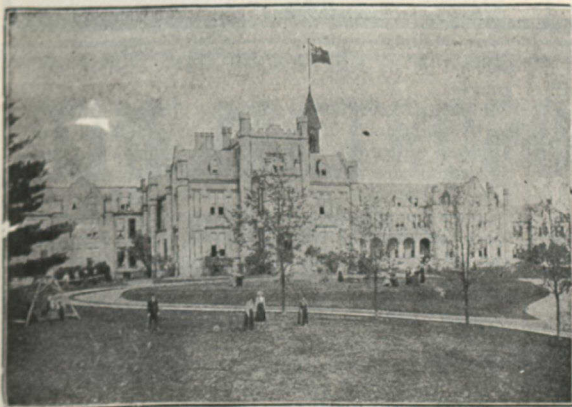
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Cash Income	188,949.82	8%
Total Assets	748,111.83	27%
Government Reserve	488,257.32	24%
Surplus Security for Policyholders	257,854.51	34%

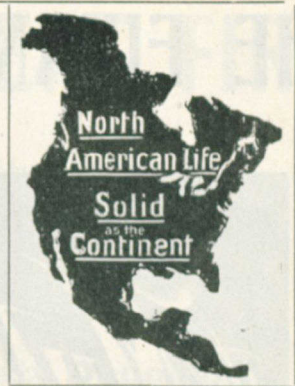
Expenses decreased by 3%

Interest Income paid all death losses

87% of Assets are interest bearing

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Surplus over all liabilities, including capital stock	\$31,142.01

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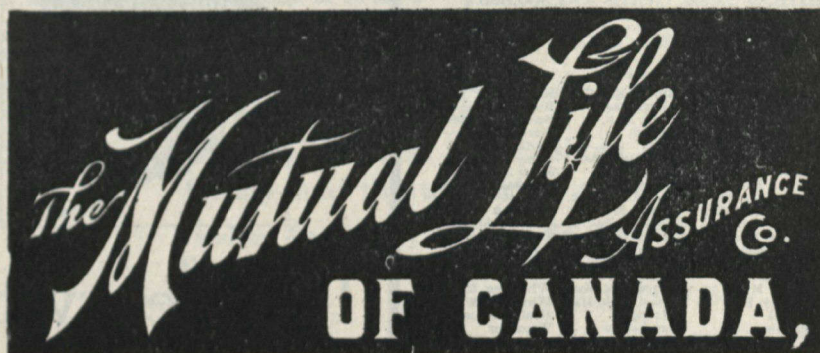
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# THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT

—OF—



FOR 1906, GIVES THE STANDING OF THE COMPANY AT  
DECENNIAL PERIODS AS FOLLOWS:

INCOME.		ASSETS.	SURPLUS.	BUSINESS IN FORCE.
1876.....	\$ 43,493	\$ 81,105	\$ 13,980	\$ 1,634,156
1886.....	315,802	909,489	61,534	9,774,543
1896.....	760,403	3,392,697	201,579	20,001,462
1906.....	2,072,423	10,385,539	1,203,378	46,912,407

With a larger volume of business to be taken care of, the expenses of the Company for 1906, including taxes, were \$10,224.36 less than in 1905, while the ratio of expense to income was the lowest of any Canadian Company.

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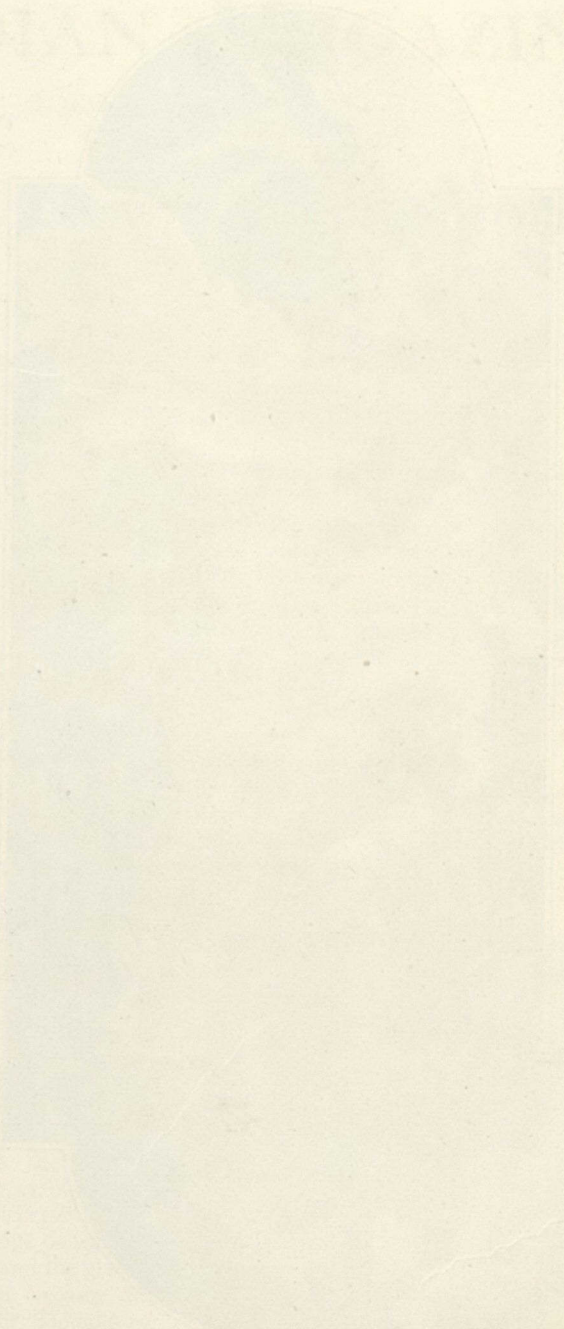
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1914





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*For description see page 188*



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIX

TORONTO, JUNE, 1907

No. 2

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By FRANK YEIGH

*A graphic account of a visit to the stupendous Selkirk Caves in the Rocky Mountains.*



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The discovery of the Selkirk Caves was made in October of 1904, by Charles Deutschmann, of Revelstoke, a typical hunter and mountaineer, whose intrepidity was clearly proved by his initial exploration of the caves alone and without any proper equipment for the dangerous task.

It was worth the trip to the Selkirks to meet Deutschmann and enjoy his rustic hospitality and listen around the campfire to his thrilling tales of the hills. It was worth all the cross-continent journeying to explore this wonder-world of night in the empty hills; it was worth all the expense to be the first tenderfoot to negotiate the new trail built by the Dominion Government from Glacier station to the cave entrances.

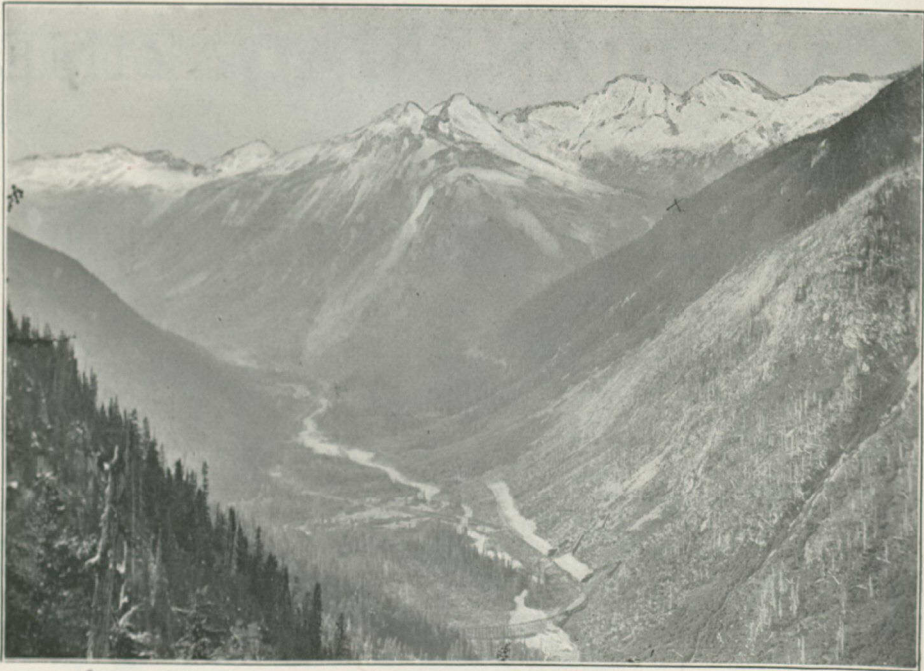
The pony ride through the Selkirk forest and up the steep slopes of Mount Cheops revealed at each successive corkscrew turn in the trail glorious panoramic views of Mount Sir Donald and the glacier that borders its base. One became acquainted with the real Sir Donald—a kingly spirit enthroned among the hills—as its mighty pyramidal spire rose into pre-eminence, enrobed in white garments of cloud.

It is not of the trail or the scenery, however, that I am to write, but of what awaits the traveller at the end of the steep way, nearly six thousand feet above the sea. One is environed with lofty peaks, whose precipitous slopes are shedding Niagaras of transcendent beauty and purity. Immediately above rises Cata-mont Mountain, 9,099 feet high, from whose pinnacle point of rock Deutschmann declares a view is had of the sea of mountains for one hundred and twenty-five miles, as far south as Nakusp on the Arrow Lakes and eastward to the giants of the Rockies. It is God's world of the eternal hills, and they are within touch!

It seemed sacrilegious to leave this

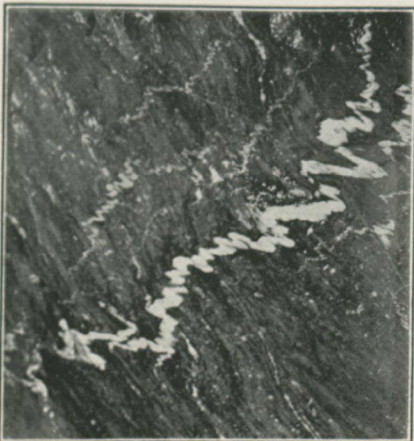


ENTRANCE TO CAVE No. 1



VALLEY OF THE ILLECILLEWAT RIVER. COUGAR RANGE TO THE RIGHT, WITH X SHOWING LOCATION OF THE SELKIRK CAVES

marvellous arena of snow-shrouded summits and ice-filled crevices, of deep-cut valleys looking up to blue-arched heavens, for the Stygian recesses below; to exchange, even for a few brief hours, the glory of the sun-lit scene, with its Alpine meadows and deep-hearted forests, for



EXAMPLE OF MARBLE FORMATION IN THE WALLS OF THE PIT

vast sunless spaces filled with the blackness of darkness.

The writer must confess to a moment of indecision and a shiver of fear as Deutschmann led the way through a tangle of forest and along the tumbling Cougar River to the black sockets in the mountain side, where the stream makes the first of its three disappearances. A cavern mouth always takes on the look of an ogre waiting to "gobble you up if you don't look out!"

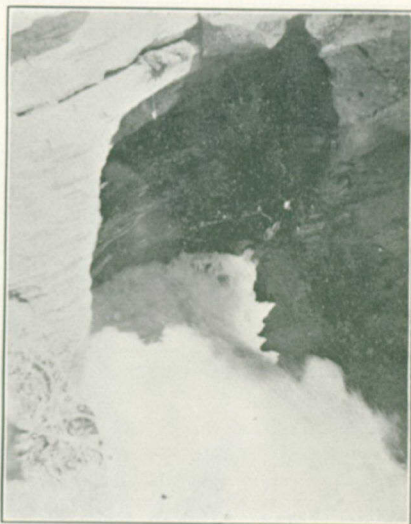
The cave-making stream is born of a glacier high up on the flanks of the magnificent Cougar range of shimmering peaks. In its steep and impetuous descent, the waters have encountered massive strata of limestone rocks through which they have forced themselves with the infinite patience of nature, forming the caves thus far discovered and doubtless many another strange and weird abode of darkness where human foot has never intruded and in which human voice has never broken the age-long silence.

The whole valley area shows indica-

tions of other earth holes, like the bottomless openings that mark the country in the vicinity of the Kentucky caverns. Deutschmann believes there is a great subterranean lake below the valley floor. "How do you know?" I asked. "Well, I was under there," he quietly replied. "But the travelling was too dangerous, the danger of water rushing in on one by the removal of obstacles. I found lots of dry channels, however."

Deutschmann's discoveries have led to the opening up of three distinct cave sections, on three different levels. After the first wild plunge of the river into the hillside, it emerges to the light lower down, preparatory to making another underground journey, marked by twists and turns of a bewildering nature. A second time it seeks the light, at the bottom of a canyon of unnerving depth, where it makes a final leap into the hidden haunts of the hills, and no man knows its ultimate course beyond the eight or ten thousand feet of cave corridors thus far mapped out.

The rocks in which the caves occur are of hard crystalline limestone, whose thick beds are composed of alternate bands of white, mottled and gray marble, with other shades and colours in the lower levels. The caves have, no doubt, been made by water erosion. Evidences are had on every hand of the persistency of



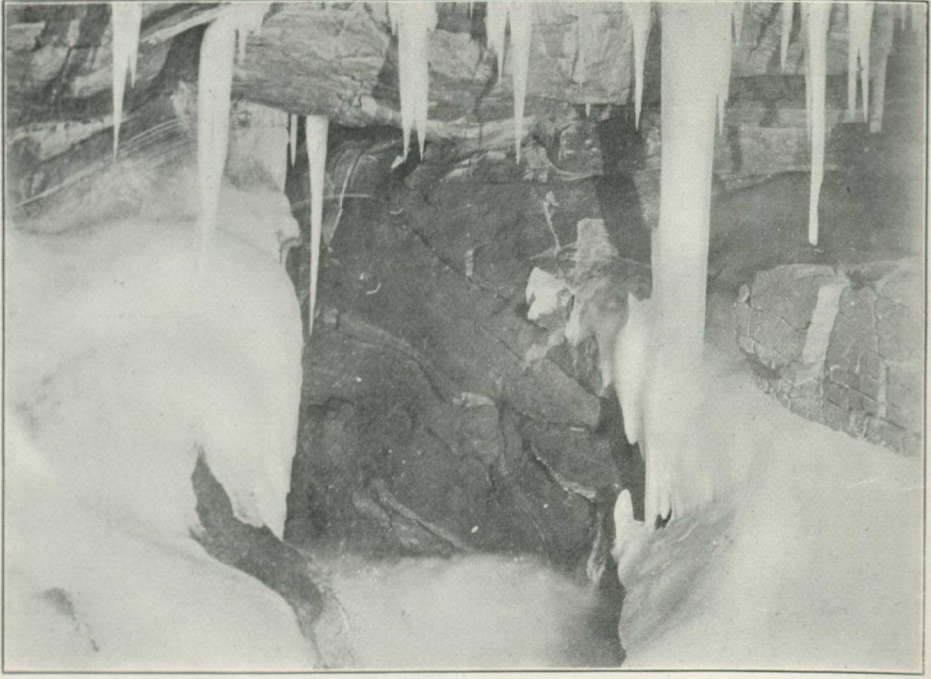
THE TURBINE IN THE SELKIRK CAVES

nature's methods. There is no rock so dense that through it water will not pass; no union of particles so closely related but the chemical processes of the world beneath can sever them. Water is the world's greatest sculptor.

Cougar River is entirely made up of glacier and snow water. The fine grains of sharp sand loosened from the lime rock and caught and rushed forward in the race-horse current have given the water an unusual erosive power, especially where

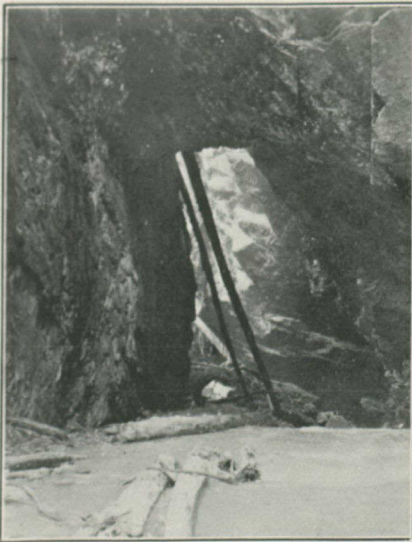


DEUTSCHMANN, THE DISCOVERER, AT ONE OF THE CAVE ENTRANCES



AN ICE-FILLED CAVE

it has found a shrinkage crack. Thus the mountain torrent has for an estimated period of forty thousand years been ceaselessly at work, as it still is, carving out a



NATURAL BRIDGE OVER THE GORGE

labyrinth of extraordinary channels in the limestone and marble region it has encountered.

As the channel passages grew deeper and wider, huge masses of rock fell from the overhanging walls and now constitute the obstructions that divide the current and force it at times into enormous pot-holes, with their deposits of sand particles whirling the rock away in the ceaseless grinding process. Straight and narrow ways are succeeded by crooked and narrower ways. Abysses lie below one where the sounding depths of rushing waters strike the ear with indescribable awe; galleries radiate in every direction, natural bridges spring into and out of space, and the confusing twistings of the river's course makes up what Deutschmann aptly terms "the snake route."

The first descent is made into and along an old river channel *via* a series of perpendicular and rickety ladders, slimy and, therefore, slippery, their rungs having been built to accommodate the long legs of the athletic guide. It does not take long for the last glint of sunlight to

give way to such a degree of darkness as can be felt if not seen. Even the flickering rays of the carbide lanterns could only force their way a few yards into the opaque walls of gloom that menacingly engulfed us on every hand. This first entrance into a well of darkest night is just a trifle trying to the nerves, and all the surroundings help to bring one's heart into one's mouth. Under the feet are uncertain paths sloping toward potholes of unknown depths, or trying to trick the intruder into bewildering by-ways; overhead, titanic arches of rock, pierced with gothic windows, appear in ghostly outline; to right and left, overlapping walls of rock, like scenery shifts in a theatre, mark the strange way.

The awful sublimity of the place is beyond description. It is a realm where the centuries are as a day and millenniums as a year, where the processes of time are measured by countless decades, a region that mocks our estimate of time.

The flash of a Bengal light, or the burning of a magnesium wire thrusts back, temporarily, the bands of blackness, unveiling the weird witchery of the cavern, showing up vividly the white marble streaks in the rock cracks, revealing the comparatively few baby stalactites that will need a few more æons before reaching a respectable length, and showing as well the uncanny imitations in limestone encrustations of human faces and animals, of birds and fish and flowers. A natural carving of a horse's head with an alligator's tail may be succeeded by strange serpentine forms or uncouth gargoyles. It is a stone-sculptured zoo.

But more awesome than even the rock wonders of this buried wonder-land is the imprisoned cry of the mad-rushing stream, for the Cougar is as strenuously at work in cave-making as in the long lost ages when the worlds were young. The river drops a thousand feet in its meandering course. Appalling, unnerving, is this deep-throated song of the stream, increasing in volume as the Auditorium is neared where the foam of the tortured waters shows strangely white against their black enclosing barriers.

The bystander in "the chamber of irrevocable dark" feels more assured when

he actually sees the tumbling waters; it is more fearsome when he can only hear the mysterious swish of the subterranean stream in some yet deeper abyss. It then becomes a positive relief to halt by a pool of limpid water, stranded in its rocky basin, and resting in soothing quietude in contrast with the turmoil of the river itself.

One of the three series of caves is, curiously enough, partially filled with ice, and this fact produces some striking effects. Instead of limestone stalactites, as in the Mammoth or Luray caverns, here there are stalactites of purest ice and of wondrous beauty, especially when illuminated with the magnesium light. Ice deposits fill the crevices in the rocks, making other strange animal and bird forms. One such ice bank resembled a gigantic sea lion vainly trying to scale the dark wall overhead. From a cavernous opening there hung suspended an ice Niagara—a fall transfixed in the grasp of the frost king, and a more beautiful object could not well be imagined in the hungry dark beneath or in the sunlit world above. One ice-filled gallery ended in a perfect fireplace, as if to mock the chill of the glacial interior. Nor was the walking of the best. Treacherous slopes of ice invited disastrous plunges into potholes, filled to the brim and overrunning, and the guide could probably tell a truthful tale of how, at least, one cave visitor hung nervously to his coat-tails as ticklish bits of protruding rocks were rounded where the ice floor was as slippery as glass. The utilitarian possibilities of the place were brought strikingly to mind when Deutschmann filled a pail with the clearest of ice and carried it back to his tent for domestic use.

Then came the Inferno. It proved to be no more inviting as a pleasant parlour than the Judgment Hall or the water-filled turbines. To reach it one crawled and crept or backed up in order to go ahead, or walked very discreetly over uncertain boulders. Glimpses overhead showed other mighty arches and natural bridges and eerie prongs of rock on which the devil might spit an enemy. Tiers of gothic arches were placed as if by man's handiwork; fan-shaped canopies and lace-like perforations in the limestone

crust alternated with fluted columns and exquisite draperies. Nature's freakish arts were everywhere displayed in this great chamber of eternal night, and here again the sepulchral notes of far-away torrents reached the ear, and crystal drops on projections of rock sent back glittering scintillations as they caught the light of the lanterns.

The entrance to the last series of cave apartments and to the pit was not easily negotiated. A canyon with a sheer depth of nearly one hundred feet held the river in its bed before it dashed with wicked venom into the black world for the last time. With ropes tied around the waist and under the arms, the tenderfoot must have made a sight for the gods as he dangled on his way down the cliff wall, wildly clutching the while for a handhold that was never found. And it was with ruffled feelings, as well as clothes, that he found himself, breathless and nearly distraught, standing on a bit of snow bank that bordered the Cougar.

From that point the guide led the way by the only available path—in mid-stream—with the impact of the water threatening at every step to sweep one's feet from under one. The region next explored

proved to be the most remarkable of all. Down a distance of nearly five hundred feet the stream tumbles in rapids and falls to fearsome depths. At one point of the *decensus averni* a weird glimpse is had of an opening in the roof of rock, through which the sky may be seen as if mocking the pit of darkness around. Down the Steeps of Time one may walk, a series of steps kindly cut by nature, through vast high-roofed caves hundreds of feet long, through the Witches' Dancing Hall and the Brocken and the Bridal Chamber, with its draperies of creamy white, down and ever down, until the high water of the snow-swollen stream forbade further progress unless an unwise risk were taken.

Thus far and no farther we went, but what lies beyond? Deutschmann thinks a vast underground lake will be found. The unexplored region along the lower courses of the Cougar may easily reveal cavernous depths and nature wonders far more wonderful than what has already been discovered. But even as it is, with nearly ten thousand feet of cave corridors mapped out, the Caves of the Selkirks are fairly entitled to be regarded as among Canada's greatest scenic wonders.

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## In Transit

BY W. INGLIS MORSE

IN this self-doubting, mystic age of life  
 We look for some redeeming man, creative soul—  
 The self-asserting heart that can unroll  
 The deepening mazes of our thought and strife.

Shall he appear, the Hero-heart and Sage,  
 Or hath he come, unsought, unsung and gone  
 Into the rosy stillness of a dawn,  
 When all men slept, dreaming of naught but wage?

# New Brunswick at Confederation

By J. E. B. McCREADY

*Some personal experiences with Sir Leonard Tilley and Hon. Peter Mitchell, a dismissal and an appointment*

## ARTICLE II



MY first recollection of Sir Leonard Tilley was when he came to Upper Sussex, now Penobsquis, over fifty years ago to form a division of the Sons of Temperance, and he gave in the Baptist Church one of his eloquent addresses on the great moral reform to which he devoted the energies of his early and middle life. He was then a man of fine presence, with an excellent voice for public speaking, and an engaging manner. Later I saw him standing in the midst of the tall grass in my father's meadow talking with a number of the resident farmers about the railway that was shortly to run through that beautiful valley, first to be known as the European and North American Railway, and later the Intercolonial. They were standing on almost the exact spot where, a few years later, "the embattled farmers" of the district fought and won against a captain and squad of railway police in a matter of holding possession of their lands till the damages were paid. But that is another story. Looking over the broad, rich meadows, the sloping, well-tilled uplands and the green mountain ranges of Pisgah and Pickadilly to north and south, Mr. Tilley remarked with diplomatic enthusiasm to my father: "Mr. McCready, if men could not live here and flourish and be happy, it would be their own fault." And after he had gone my uncle, Caleb McCready, told me of how well he had known the budding statesman when the latter was a clerk in Peters's drug store, and my relative was learning a trade in St. John. I was destined to meet Mr. Tilley later, many times, and to have much to say of him in the St. John press and in Ottawa corre-

spondence, much that was appreciative and possibly some things that could hardly be quite to his liking.

Our next meeting was to be under rather singular circumstances. It was some years later. The Province once in its new-born zeal for temperance had demanded prohibition, got it, and then turned to rend the law and those who enacted it. The Government was defeated, all the advocates of prohibition but two swept out of public life and the law repealed. That was in 1856-7. But Tilley had fallen to rise again, while prohibition was buried for half a century. The greater question of uniting the Provinces had come on the scene with Tilley as its foremost advocate. He and his Government submitted the terms of the Quebec Scheme to the people at the polls, and again, in 1865, he and his measure were rejected. The Allan-Smith-Anglin Government came in and appointed their anti-confederate friends to office. Among the latter, I was given charge of Penobsquis railway station. Presently the Legislature met, its forty-one members, as it turned out, less influential than one defeated man, who became known as the "Forty-second Member"—S. L. Tilley. He was there in daily conference with the few confederates-elect; he was privileged to occupy a seat reserved for ex-members on the floor; he was reported to be from time to time an honoured and favoured guest at Government House. And presently the Lieutenant-Governor, against the counsel of his constitutional advisers, dissolved the House of Assembly. There was a howl of indignation among the anti-confederates, but Tilley and the better terms of the British North America Act swept the country, and he and his colleagues proceeded to do many things,

not omitting to restore their friends to the offices from which they had been dismissed.

As a matter of course, the anti-confederate Board of Railway Commissioners was swept away, and with them almost all the station masters from St. John to Shediac. It would be too trivial to here relate my own dismissal but for some more interesting events it led to. The office and emoluments were of no account. My fellow-workers in the railway service all expected dismissal; it was the custom of the time when a change of government took place, and we did not resent it. I had intended in a few months to resign, but could not resist the temptation to make some slight trouble for the confederate autocrats who were now asserting their supremacy with so high a hand. Everybody has some friends in the land of his nativity. A petition was signed by every one of the patrons of the station, asking that I be retained. Then down the line came the Superintendent, the late J. Edward Boyd, C.E., serving the notices that at the end of the current month our services would be no longer required. He took off my official head in most kindly and regretful fashion. He gave me a certificate that my accounts had been always correctly kept and that I had always done my duty as station master quite to his satisfaction. He also handed me a pass over the road from station to station good to the end of the year. He was evidently my friend. Why, then, was I being dismissed? For an answer to that he must refer me to the Commissioners. I did not know them personally. Well, if I would get on the train and go with him to St. John, he would introduce me. Would he tell them all the nice things he had just said to me and done? He would. I went with him and he more than made good his word. The gruff Commissioners referred me in turn to the Government which had ordered the dismissal. I told them I would see the Government about it, and I did so later, as hereafter detailed. Previous to this, one member of the Executive had several times called at my station in passing and assured me that he

was my friend, and that I would not be disturbed.

Following my dismissal from the railway, I was asked to join the staff of the *St. John Telegraph*, and when the Legislature met was sent to report its proceedings, the last session in which that body retained its plenary powers, and at which the terms of Union were definitely adopted. The *Telegraph* was supporting the Government. I, as its representative, was still bound to have what fun I could over my dismissal. Arrived at Fredericton on Saturday evening, I put up at the Barker House. The hotel was full and the obliging clerk told me he would have to give me Hon. John M. Johnson's room till Monday and then change me to another, as Mr. Johnson would then have arrived. He had been detained. Mr. Johnson's room, as it happened, was one of a suite and was only separated by a door from that occupied by Hon. Peter Mitchell. That night there was a meeting of the Government in Mr. Mitchell's room, and a stormy meeting it was. It kept the young newspaper man and dismissed station master awake far along into the morning hours of Sunday. The "River Members" were in revolt over the list of new Senators. How came it that these "twelve apostles" of the new dispensation had nearly all been chosen from along the shores of the Bay of Fundy and the North Shore, while half the population of the Province residing in the fertile valley of the St. John had been overlooked, despised, treated with contempt? How came it that little Albert County, with a mere handful of population, was given two Senators, while four of the River Counties, Kings, Queens, Carleton and Victoria, had none? And so they argued, remonstrated, challenged and defied one another until the leaders saw that something must be done. The revolt was too strong to be quieted with mere soft words and explanations.

It was thought that Hon. E. B. Chandler might be induced to give up the Senatorial seat to which he had been named. He was rich and there was to be presently a new Railway Commission appointed to build the Intercolonial. Peter Mitchell



undertook to see him. Mitchell could do it if any one could. And the next day being Sunday, I saw Peter Mitchell and E. B. Chandler pacing up and down in front of the hotel in earnest conference. (In the end the River Counties got another Senator, and Mr. Chandler became Railway Commissioner and, later, Governor of New Brunswick.) Thus, by accident, I had got much secret information which I could not publicly use, but with which, rightly or wrongly, I hastened to acquaint my principal, Mr. Livingstone of the *Telegraph*. And I thought I ought to also acquaint Mr. Tilley of what I knew and how I had acquired the information. Accordingly, on Monday morning, I called at his office, introduced myself as the representative of the *Telegraph*, come to report the legislative proceedings. He received me very graciously. I artlessly inquired who was to be the new Senator? He was on his guard in a moment and with grave face and half-closed eyes inquired "What Senator?" Then I told him frankly that I knew all about it and had been an enforced listener to all the Cabinet wrangle of Saturday night. He at once endeavoured to impress me with a sense of the impropriety of publishing any information so obtained. In this I entirely concurred and stated that I had no desire or intention to do so. But there was another matter. How came it that I had been dismissed from the railway service? He inquired the circumstances and I related them. "This took place when I was in England, and, of course, I had nothing to do with it," he said. "Come back at 10 o'clock. The Cabinet is to meet then and I will take you in with me and we will have it all explained."

At ten I returned, and he took me with him to the Council Chamber, introduced me as one of their friends, who by some mistake had been dismissed from the railway, and made me sit among the rest at the table. Of course he, Mr. Mitchell and some others had been absent when the dismissal had taken place, he said. An awkward silence followed, which I greatly enjoyed. I was seated between Hon. Charles Connell and Hon. John McAdam. Mr. Connell turned to me

and said: "Mack, I had nothing to do with it." Mr. McAdam, on the other side, said: "I had nothing to do with it, either." Two of the five members of the Executive who had been present at the meeting of Council which dismissed me had spoken. A third was the member who had called at my station assuring me that he was my friend and that I should not be disturbed, and as there was an awkward pause, I cited this circumstance. How could I have been dismissed by five men, three of whom were in my favor? Mr. Tilley, who sat at the head of the table opposite me, raised his hand as a signal for silence. I rose, thanked them for their courtesy, and remarking that I was still in doubt as to how and why I had been dismissed, withdrew.

I was half-way back to the Barker House when I heard some one behind me shouting my name. I turned and met Mr. McAdam. He was out of breath with his haste to overtake me. "You think there is a lie somewhere," he blurted out. I protested, no, not a lie, but still I could not quite understand. "It was this way," he said, "there were five of us at the meeting. I was called away on urgent business. It was understood that there were to be no more dismissals till our leaders came back from England. But in the event of a tie occurring between the two northern and the two southern members who remained, on any other matter, I left power with McMillan from the north, and McClelan from the south, to jointly cast my vote to decide the tie. When I was gone, McMillan brought up the question of your dismissal. The two North Shore men voted against you and Connell and McClelan voted in your favour. That made a tie. Then McMillan and McClelan together threw my vote against you and you were dismissed." Of course, I afterwards called Mr. McClelan to account, and he quite properly declined to discuss the matter, what was done in Council being under the seal of secrecy. For my part, I have never doubted the substantial accuracy of "Honest" John McAdam's version.

The incident derives any interest it may possess from the prominence of the persons present at the two meetings of the

New Brunswick Cabinet, at one of which I was an accidental listener and the other at which I was an invited spectator. The list of nine included some seven gentlemen who were afterwards members of the House of Commons, four who were afterward Senators, two or three who were afterwards Judges, and three who became Lieutenant-Governors of the Province, one for two terms. They afterward showed a disposition to make right any real or imaginary wrong they had done me, and I was promptly offered one of the best railway stations on the line. This was not accepted because of an alternative offer of a clerkship in the House of Commons. The *Telegraph* wanted an Ottawa correspondent, and in those days the position of correspondent for a journal supporting the Government was not incompatible with a position in the Civil Service.

I came to Ottawa with the Maritime Senators, members and newspaper men, and entered the Reporters' Gallery and went to work. I said nothing and nobody said anything to me of the promised clerkship till weeks after the House met. Then one day a big envelope was sent me containing my appointment as Junior Clerk in the House of Commons at \$800 a year, conditioned on residing permanently at the seat of Government. I promptly notified Mr. Tilley that I could not accept this. He advised me to accept; the duties were merely sessional, he said, and members of Parliament only received \$600 per session in those days; promotion would follow shortly, and I could go on with my newspaper work, and between the two would have a fair remuneration. I still declined but when the session resumed in March, 1868, I went back to the gallery, and also reported for duty as Junior Clerk. It was funny that my first official task was to draw my pay.

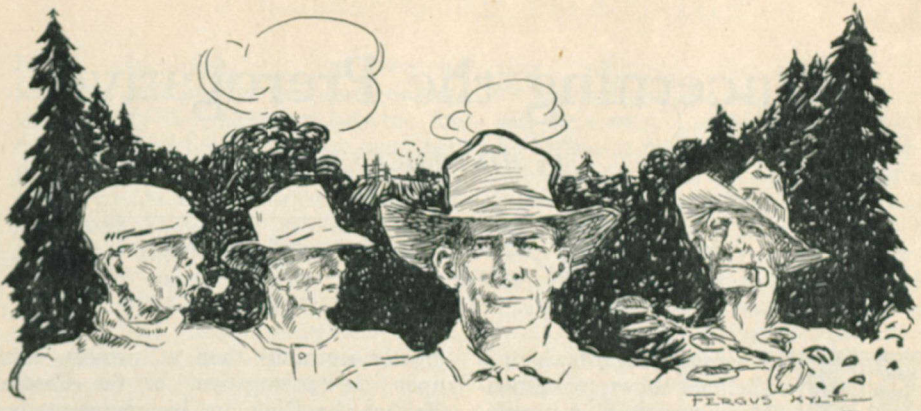
In those days the official staff of the House were paid half-monthly in advance. It was now the middle of March. I found the paying office busy, clerks and translators signing the book and being handed out money, and in not a few cases slips of paper called "bons." I was shown one of these by a fellow junior. It read, "Good for \$20 at my next pay.

(Signed) ——." On these "bons" advances were regularly obtained by considerable numbers of the staff as it appeared. My turn came and I signed for \$33.34 for the latter half of March, got the money and turned away. Mr. Stansfield, the accountant, called me back. He handed me another envelope containing a like amount for the first half of March, and kept me signing for one-half month back of another to 6th November, 1867, the date of my appointment. So I received nearly five months' pay before I began work, and had loaned \$40 of it to a fellow clerk (he had little but "bons" that day) before I reached my rooms. It was promptly repaid at the time promised.

In subsequent sketches I shall have something to say of five years' experiences as a clerk in the Commons, and among the men prominent in political life whom I met there in that capacity, and afterward as representative at Ottawa of the *St. John Telegraph* and *Toronto Globe*. Very pleasant experiences they were in the main. I found my official associates on the staff of the Commons capable, courteous and efficient public servants. And of the public men I trust I shall have no ill-report. Of Sir Leonard Tilley I have most pleasant memories. Since New Brunswick became a Province no one of its sons held greater sway in its affairs or for a longer time. He had a gift of leadership, was at once astute and kindly, and above all, a man whose private life was irreproachable. I think he was a little too sensitive of newspaper criticism, but perhaps our pens are sometimes sharper than we wot.

Sir Leonard was not only the greatest political leader that his Province had hitherto raised. He was much more than that. He was a great advocate and exemplar of moral reform. After prohibition had failed of acceptance and his political fortunes had gone down with it, he remained faithful to his total abstinence principles till the end of his days. Twice defeated in his constituency of St. John, he never sought another, and in each case, in about a year, he won his old seat again.

*Mr. McCready's next article will be entitled "Journalism at Confederation," and will be found to be extremely interesting.*



# THE EMPIRE BUILDERS

BY JAMES P HAVERSON

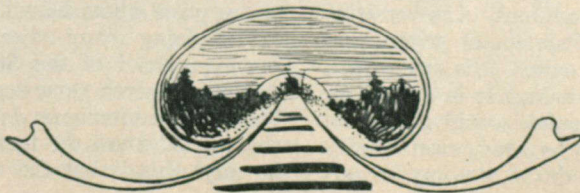
OUT o' the camp with the morning,  
Into a world of snow,  
Draggin' a chain in the sun or the rain,  
This is the life we know.

Up to our hips in the muskegs,  
Into the swamps an' the hills,  
Swingin' the axe with achin' backs,  
Sweatin' with fever an' chills.

Survey or 'struction party,  
Settin' the transit true,  
Makin' the grade with the pick an' the spade,  
This is the work we do.

Out of the bar or the barracks,  
Doin' the work of a mule,  
Only a chump to be kept on the jump,  
Bossed by a kid out of school.

Buildin' the glorious Empire,  
Us, a disorganised mob;  
Layin' the rails for the easier trails,  
Boys, it's a h—l of a job.



# Concerning the Prerogative

By HISTORICUS

*A review of the King's authority, privileges, and limitations, particularly with respect to Colonial application.*



HE sensitive regard which is sometimes shown for responsible government, in its relation to the prerogatives of the Crown, is suggestive. It is less noticeable as to the weightier matters of the law, which are really worth controverting, than as to the "mint and anise and cummin," so to speak, of government—those special marks of distinction, *e.g.*, which the King graciously confers on citizens of the Empire in the exercise of his royal prerogative. The risks to ministerial responsibility, which, it is feared, may attend this particular use of the prerogative, are not very clearly defined, and are hard to understand. To say that an Imperial decoration should not be bestowed on a Canadian who has rendered useful or eminent public service, because it is an "interference" with the ordinary functions of local self-government, or is liable to abuse, is scarcely a sufficient reason. The question was once asked in a leading journal—"Should a Lieutenant-Governor be knighted because of his mere tenure of an office that might as easily be filled by a rubber stamp? Or because he has given good dinners or many of them?" "If," it was well said, "titles are to be conferred in a colonial commonwealth, a distinct service to the state, substantial and valuable, should be the sole criterion of merit."

The question of the menace to ministerial responsibility seems to be hardly arguable, considering the incidents and attributes and traditions of sovereignty in a monarchical system of government so limited as our own. It is safe to say, that neither in Britain, nor in any of the self-governing colonies, would the power of the democracy be used, even were it perfectly free to do so, to impose any

greater restraints than at present exist upon the prerogatives of the Crown. Neither the King nor his representative in Canada can give away a penny (except from his privy purse) without the sanction of Parliament. There is reason for this, based on both the written and the unwritten constitution. He may, however, by virtue of his prerogative, bestow a decoration, or his representative may recommend one, and we may well ask what sane constitutional reason can there be against it? Granted that it is invidious or anomalous in communities where "the social system is so much based on equality," wherein lies the jar or the mischief to the working of free government?

A good deal of the existing prejudice in these things is due to a misconception of what is meant by the prerogatives of the Crown. To the foreigner who has not studied British institutions, and the British principles of government, and who has not been bred in the atmosphere in which these have grown and flourished, the King appears to be little short of a beneficent despot. He sees, for example, the King invested with absolute personal impunity; with a power of refusing his assent to laws which have been passed by both houses of parliament at home, and by the many legislatures of Britain's dominions overseas; of conferring by his regal mandate, upon any set or succession of men he pleases, the privilege of sending representatives into one house of parliament, as by his immediate appointment he can place whom he will in the other; and of doing many other things as the sovereign Head of the State which an absolute monarch alone would dare to do. The untutored foreigner does not perceive, what we all know the fact to be, that at the most this is but the mere theory of

British government, and that what he mistakes for a sort of circuitous despotism, is only the difference between the theoretical and the actual state of things. And this difference, he may soon discover, is a very wide one. Because, as has been truly said, "when we turn our attention from the legal existence to the actual exercise of royal authority in England, we see these formidable prerogatives dwindle into mere ceremonies; and, in their stead, a sure and commanding influence, of which the constitution, it seems, is totally ignorant, growing out of that enormous patronage which the increased extent and opulence of the Empire has placed in the disposal of the executive magistrate." Historically speaking and as a matter of fact, the "prerogative" is nothing more than "the residue of discretionary or arbitrary authority, which at any given time is legally left in the hands of the Crown." And this is so whether the power is exercised by the sovereign himself, or by his ministers. It is simply the discretionary power of the executive—the name given to every act which the executive government can lawfully do without statutory authority; whatever act can be so done is done in virtue of what Hallam has described as "the gigantic image of prerogative in the full play of its hundred arms."

There was a time in England when the vigilant guardians of ministerial and legislative authority went to an extreme length in their jealous oversight of the prerogative. The reports of the English State trials contain an account of a trial, which was forced by the House of Commons on the Ministry of the day, of the learned author of a standard text-book on our law curricula, for his expressed opinions on the powers of the Crown. Mr. Reeves, who produced an admirable treatise on the History of English Law, was solemnly indicted for the high crime and misdemeanour of publishing opinions which were intended to exalt the prerogative of the Crown at the expense of the authority of the House of Commons. He had in his book compared the Crown to the trunk of a great tree, and the other parts of the constitution to its branches and leaves. This, it was charged, was

rank "sedition." The inference from the simile, it was said, was that the Crown was the source of all legal power; that if its authority were destroyed it would at once destroy the refuge sought by Englishmen of the time from the storms of Jacobinism; but that the Commons and the other bulwarks of the constitution were the mere branches and leaves which might perish without harm to the stately trunk. It was, in the words of the dramatist, "a good, swift simile but something currish." The jury, as we know, failed to perceive the taint of sedition alleged in the indictment. Like Prior they said that—

Similes are like songs in love;  
They much describe, they nothing prove.

The shield has a reverse side. There was a time in this country, not far removed from the event just described, when a spirit exactly the opposite of that of the English Commons of 1791 was manifested by the Commons of Canada, and when the prerogative of the Crown was exalted and upheld, by those who should have curbed it, at the expense of popular liberty. In the strife of parties which ended in the "spurt of civil war" of 1837, the advocates of responsible government, who were the true interpreters of the constitution, were denounced by the ruling faction and their friends as the enemies of the Crown and of British institutions. And, at a later period, when Lord Elgin dutifully and courageously carried out the principles of the new order of things, which were the outcome of the "civil war," he was treated with extreme indignity and his life threatened by the friends and supporters of the old *régime*. It is a far cry from the arbitrary rule of ante-rebellion times to the constitutional rule of to-day—from Sir Francis Bond Head to Lord Grey. Bond Head did as he liked, and was upheld in his doings, however irredeemably bad these were, by the men about him. He consulted them at his own sweet will, and took their advice or not as it suited him. His exercise of the prerogatives of the Crown, which he grossly misrepresented, was of the most wanton character, and there was not a shadow of question, or a whisper of misgiving or

complaint by the servile majority in the Assembly or the Legislative Council. What a change has been wrought by "the question of '37!" No sooner does it appear that the Governor-General of the day, who, besides being the medium of communication with the Home Government, is the representative of "the fountain of honour," and a great Imperial Officer, has recommended some mark of distinction for acknowledged public services, than inquiry is at once made by some one in the House of Commons, or perhaps in the press, who is of course always thinking of responsible government, and who "wants to know" all about it. Is there any truth in the "rumour," it is asked, that his Excellency acted on his own responsibility in that little matter—that he did not consult his advisers? Because, if he did not, what is to become of the ark of the constitution? Well, suppose he did not—suppose he made such a recommendation "off his own bat," so to speak, is responsible government in danger? Is it still safe? Or has there been any infringement of the principle? This is an interesting question for professed guardians of the principle, some of whom, it is no offence to say, trace their political descent from men who despised and ignored executive responsibility to the people and did their best to make it impossible.

The great commentator on our laws has told us that "the sovereign is the fountain of honour, of office, and of privilege," and he adds: "A due subordination of rank is essential for the maintenance of government; the people must know and distinguish such as are set over them, in order to yield them a due respect and obedience; the officials themselves, if encouraged by emulation and the hopes of preferment, will the better discharge their functions, and the law supposes that no one can be so good a judge of their several merits and services as the sovereign who employs them. It has therefore entrusted him with the sole power of conferring dignities and honours, in confidence that he will bestow them upon none but such as deserve them. And therefore all degrees of nobility, of knighthood, and other titles are received by immediate grant from the Crown,

either expressed in writing by writ or letters patent, or by corporeal investiture. From the same principle also arises the prerogative of erecting and disposing of offices; for honours and offices are in their nature convertible and synonymous. All offices under the Crown carry in the eye of the law honour along with them; because they imply superiority of parts and abilities, being supposed to be always filled by those who are most able to execute them."

Language like this by the masters of our laws is sometimes represented as unreal, but it is no more unreal than the quaint survival of many another theory or doctrine of government which has been accepted or acquiesced in for centuries. It is no more unreal than the unquestioned legal theory which was applied to Canada at the fall of Quebec, that, when the King of England conquers a country he, by saving the lives of the conquered people, gains a right and property in such people—that he becomes seized of the whole legislative power, and may impose upon them what laws he pleases, in so far as he has not parted with his prerogative rights by capitulation, or by his own voluntary grant.

It is pretty well understood—and there is authority for the statement—that while there are certain prerogatives of the Crown, the use and control of which are incidental to the ordinary administration of government, there are other prerogatives which are not. One of these is the prerogative of the sovereign as "the fountain of honour." This is exceptional in its nature and personal in its exercise; it is not included in the ordinary delegation of powers to a Governor-General or a Lieutenant-Governor, but is administered directly by the King himself, or by delegation to the Governor-General as the King's representative. Honorary distinctions are, in theory, the spontaneous act of the sovereign, and not necessarily or exclusively at the instigation of others; but in practice they are conferred with the concurrence and on the responsibility of his ministers. So far as the United Kingdom is concerned, the recommendations for these honours are tendered by the First Minister, but, with respect to

the colonies, by the Colonial Minister, who acts, as in the case of a self-governing colony like Canada, on the recommendation of the Governor-General.

It is noticeable that the instructions to the Governor-General, which accompany his patent of office from the Crown, contain no express article as to this prerogative as they do with respect to another prerogative, namely, that of mercy. This latter prerogative, which was at one time exercised on the discretion of the Governor-General, has been exercised ever since the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General in October, 1878, on the advice of his ministers. But the rule is not invariable, as was shown in the case of Shortiss, who was convicted of murder at Beauharnois. In that case Lord Aberdeen's ministers were apparently divided in opinion, and no advice was tendered, and his Excellency, after communicating the facts to the Home authorities, was allowed to use his own discretion, which he did by commuting the capital penalty to life imprisonment in a criminal lunatic asylum.

The prerogative of the Crown in Canada, with respect to Imperial honours, is no great mystery. Lord Elgin, who had a thorough understanding of the principles of responsible government, and who showed calm and strong judgment in their application, expressed an opinion as Governor-General which is worth quoting. Writing to the Colonial Secretary (the Duke of Newcastle) in 1853, he said: "Now that the bonds formed by commercial protection and the disposal of local offices are severed, it is very desirable that the prerogatives of the Crown, as the fountain of honour, should be employed, in so far as this can properly be done, as a means of attaching the outlying parts of the Empire to the throne. Of the soundness of this proposition as a general principle, no doubt can, I presume, be entertained. It is not, indeed, always easy to apply it in these communities where fortunes are precarious, the social system so much based on equality, and public services so generally mixed up with party conflicts. But it should never, in my opinion, be lost sight of, and advantage should be taken of all favourable oppor-

tunities to act upon it. There are two principles which ought, I think, as a general rule to be attended to in the distribution of Imperial honours among colonists. Firstly, they should appear to emanate directly from the Crown, on the advice, if you will, of the Governors and Imperial Ministers, but not on the recommendation of the local executive. And, secondly, they should be conferred, as much as possible, on the eminent persons who are no longer actively engaged in political life. If these principles be neglected, such distinctions will, I fear, soon lose their value." From this it plainly appears that Lord Elgin's opinion was, that these honours should be conferred on the recommendation of the Governor-General and not of his ministers. And this is now understood to be the constitutional rule, although, as in the case of the prerogative of mercy, it has its exceptions.

The question of the precedence to be given to British subjects, resident in a British colony, has also given rise to some opinions as to the authority of a colonial governor. The rule is, that every such question must be determined by the Governor, as representing the Crown, in its character of "the fountain of honour." In reply to a request on that point, in 1859, by the Governor of South Australia, who suggested that the Governor should himself decide in the first instance, without formally consulting his executive council, all future disputed questions of personal precedence, the Colonial Secretary forwarded an opinion from the law officers of the Crown. This opinion distinctly assigned to the Governor, as representing the Crown, the right and duty of determining all such questions, in default of specific rules and instructions already prescribed by law, or by the authority of the Crown, applicable to the case.

The right of the sovereign to confer honours in a self-governing colony was pointedly raised and determined in a New Zealand case in 1877. In August of that year, Lord Carnarvon sent a despatch to the Governor of New Zealand in reference to the dignity and precedence of judges in Australia. Sir George Grey,

the Premier of the colony, thereupon addressed a memorandum to the Governor taking exception to the interference of the Crown in a self-governing colony and, without the consent of the General Assembly, in establishing any order of rank and dignity therein. This memorandum was sent to the Colonial Secretary by the Governor, who declared his inability to understand the objection raised by the Premier, or to see how the exercise by her Majesty—who was constitutionally the source of all honours throughout the Empire—of her undoubted prerogative in conferring distinction on a retired judge, could be supposed to interfere in the slightest degree with the constitution of New Zealand, or with the rights and privileges of the local parliament. This opinion was approved by the Colonial Secretary. Sir George Grey also remonstrated with Sir M. Hicks-Beach for advising the Queen to confer honours for political services on two leading members of the Opposition; but it met with no favour. Sir J. S. Pakington, as the Colonial Minister, had previously asserted, in a despatch to the Governor of Nova Scotia, the independent and presumably impartial position of the Crown, in the distribution of honours in a colony, irrespective of political opinions. That these honours are strictly guarded was shown in another New Zealand case, in which a purely local decoration, instituted and conferred by Sir G. Bowen, the Governor of that colony, on the advice of his ministers, was disapproved of by Earl Granville, the then head of the Colonial Office. The Queen, it was said, as the fountain of honour, had not delegated her authority to the Governor, and although, under the circumstances, she sanctioned the order, the Governor's act was not to be drawn into precedent in any colony.

The complete recognition of responsible government under Lord Elgin and its evolution since his time, has not weakened the prerogative of the Crown, as represented by the Governor-General, with

respect to Imperial honours. He still has the right of recommendation; but Canada, being to use a Chamberlain-Bryce phrase, "a sister state," the First Minister has usually been consulted. The real responsibility, however, is not on the Canadian executive, but on the Imperial Ministers. If, however, any of the King's birthday honours had been recommended by his Excellency alone, without any such consultation, it is difficult to see, as did the Governor of the "sister state" of New Zealand, wherein the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown could "interfere in the slightest degree" with the Canadian constitution, or with the rights and privileges of Parliament. The fact, however, as stated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that there was no foundation for the "rumour" that he had not been consulted, must have been a relief to the sensitive guardians of our present responsible system.

Of the Imperial honours conferred on prominent Canadians the Order of St. Michael and St. George, it should be observed, is peculiarly a colonial decoration. It was enlarged and extended for the express purpose of enabling the sovereign to confer distinction upon such of his subjects as "may have rendered, or shall hereafter render, extraordinary and important services to his Majesty.... within or in relation to any of his Majesty's colonial possessions; or who may become eminently distinguished therein by their talents, merits, virtues, loyalty, or services."

There is a broad margin here for the recognition of worth in the "sister states," and it is an open secret that the present Lord Elgin, who holds the seals of the Colonial Office, is a Canadian to the manner born, and has kept in close touch with Canadian affairs, has expressed his warm personal approval of most of the decorations which have been recommended to him, and particularly of those conferred upon persons connected with the civil government of Canada.



# Worry—the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

*The last article of this important series deals largely with sleep and its effect on worry.*

## VI.—THE PHYSICAL CURES OF WORRY



WORRY is so complicated a phenomenon; having so many varieties and causes, that the reader will not expect it to be curable by means of any single formula, or rule of life, or prescription. But the means of treatment, many though they are, may all be included under the two terms, physical and mental. Now, though worry is a disease of the mind, the physical or bodily aspects of its prevention and cure are not by any means to be ignored; so intimate is the relation of mind and body that the merely physical, "materialistic" measures which affect this mental disease are well worthy of a chapter to themselves, and here I propose to confine myself to them.

In a previous chapter we discussed at length some of the most important means by which health of mind may be maintained, and plainly the maintenance of mental health is equivalent to the prevention of worry. We analysed the idea of a "holiday," which should have some part in even every working-day; and we saw that holidaying is one of the chief preventives of worry. Other and still more potent means for the *prevention* of worry there are, but these are not physical, but mental or spiritual. Hence we may now pass on to the *cure* of worry.

Certain physical means for the cure of worry have already been discussed—to be utterly condemned. These are drugs of various kinds, of which by far the most important is alcohol. I refer to them here merely in order that our discussion of the subject may be systematic. Our concern now is with physical cures of

worry that do indeed cure, and amongst these such drugs have no place.

In so far as a man worries about anything whatsoever, in so far he is a practical *pessimist*. It does not matter in the least what his ostensible creed may be. He may formally subscribe to the most optimistic of creeds, and yet be a practical pessimist. On the other hand, his creed may be the most hopeless materialism, and yet he may be a practical optimist. The question for us to consider, then, is the physical means by which we may make practical optimists, all questions of philosophic or religious creed being for the present ignored.

Thus our main business will be to consider the physical causes that make men into optimists rather than pessimists. The facts of alcohol prove abundantly that such physical causes do exist; and we have to ask whether there are any which, like alcohol, will convert a man into an optimist, to whom worry is merely a name, but which, unlike alcohol, will do so permanently and securely.

Now before we enter into the theory of the matter, which will be found of the first practical importance, let us consider one of the most valuable and familiar means by which worry may be cured and prevented. The means to which I refer is *sleep*, and of course the first comment that springs to the reader's mind is that worry is destructive of sleep. It is of little avail to tell the victim of worry and consequent insomnia that sound, refreshing sleep will banish his cares. It is unfortunately true that we have here an instance of a vicious circle, and this fact makes it all-important that we should learn, if possible, how the circle may be broken. This is not the place, however, for a treatise on insomnia, and

it is only possible to lay down a few salient propositions.

The man who realises that he has become or is becoming a victim of worry must be advised consciously and resolutely to direct himself to the question of his sleep. It is safe to say that the worrying man cannot sleep too much, and as a rule, he sleeps too little. If he would be cured, then, he must attend to this matter. Insomnia may well be *the* efficient cause of worry in his case, and to remove the efficient cause is to cure the disease. If the doctor's help is necessary it must be obtained. There are very few cases of insomnia that cannot be relieved. This holds true even if we declare that hypnotic drugs are out of place in this connection. Thus used, they are all false friends, as we have already seen. It is worth recognising that the overwhelming proportion of cases of insomnia—including, of course, those which result in worry—are due to simple and easily remediable causes. By far the most common of all the physical causes of insomnia is indigestion. This may be such as to cause scarcely any of the obvious symptoms of indigestion; but this is no reason for not making certain, in any case of insomnia, that indigestion is not its cause. If this cause be looked for, it will very often be found; and the mere lightening of the last meal of the day, the exclusion of coffee after it, or the use of some simple digestive drug for a short period, may suffice to relieve the sleeplessness, and thus the mental dispeace which it is causing. More vigorous measures may be necessary in some cases, but, as a rule, the doctor may be relied upon, if he is given a fair chance, to cure the sleeplessness and thus avert its consequences.

The qualifying clause is necessary, since it is only the few intelligent patients who do give the doctor a fair chance in such cases. The men whose profession it is to do the difficult work about which it is so easy to write, are still hampered by the fashion in which patients persistently regard their prescriptions as all-important and their advice as negligible. Nine times out of ten it is the

doctor's advice—and this is peculiarly true of insomnia—that masters everything, whilst the prescription, as likely as not, is a mere *placebo*—something to please the patient, since patients of all classes closely resemble those who frequent dispensaries and the out-patient departments of hospitals, in that they display a pathetic belief in the value of those contents of a "bottle," especially if those contents be highly coloured, and vigorously assail the senses of smell and taste. But it is not by the contents of such bottles that insomnia is usually cured; the rather is it by some modification of habits, such as the wise physician is wise because he is able to suggest—and fortunate if he is able to have his advice acted upon.

And now we must turn to the theory of the matter. Why should sleep relieve worry, and insomnia cause it? The answer is that the man who sleeps well is, *ipso facto*, a practical optimist, whilst the victim of insomnia is, *ipso facto*, a practical pessimist—a man who worries. And why does sleep, or the lack of it, produce such results in the sphere of the mind? The answer is to be found in the study of the conditions which are necessary to what I have elsewhere called *sensory, organic*, or, if you like, *gastric* optimism.\*

Sensory or organic optimism I call that which is scarcely so much a state of mind as a state of the body. It is intimately dependent upon the health of the digestion, and is derived from the sensations transmitted by the nerves that run to the brain from the internal organs. These, in health, combine to give us what is called the "organic sense of well-being." In health, then, as I have said, "every man has an organic bias towards optimism"; and we must remember that the incalculable practical value of organic optimism is in itself an argument for rational optimism—the philosophic creed that life brings, on the average, a surplus of happiness, and is therefore worth living. But what I have called organic optimism leads us

\*See "Evolution the Master-key" (Harper & Bros., 1906.)

on to a closer analysis of the causes of worry than we have yet attempted.

Since we are all self-conscious we all look before and after; but nevertheless we do not all worry in the same degree, nor about similar things; whilst some of us, even without the aid of any particular creed, or even without the aid of smooth circumstances, scarcely worry at all. Wherein does the difference subsist?

Plainly, if it is not to be found in circumstances, it must be found in ourselves. We differ from one another, not merely in external configuration, nor in intellectual calibre, but also temperamentally and emotionally. Our mutual differences in this last respect are at least as great as the others. Two persons, alike self-conscious, alike called upon to face an imminent disaster, look upon it with different eyes. Men have long recognised this fact, and express it by the image—which is in defiance of medical experience, but serves the purpose nevertheless—that to the jaundiced eye everything is yellow, and by the converse image of “rose-tinted spectacles.” It is the fact, then, that the organic conditions, the nervous organisation, that determine our outlook, differ widely in different men. This is one of the unappreciated commonplaces which superficial people dismiss as platitudes. There has yet been no adequate study of the psychology of temperament from the scientific standpoint; and none other serves our purpose. Whilst it is true that in virtue of self-consciousness and the desire for life and happiness we are all predisposed to worry, it is also true that the emotional nature peculiar to each of us modifies this predisposition in an extraordinary degree, heightening it in some, and lowering it in others, quite independently of external circumstances, the effect of which upon the mind must be rigorously distinguished from the consequences of the mind’s own predisposition.

Now let us consider what we really mean by the inherent predisposition of the mind itself. According to some unscientific systems of thought, such an assertion is incapable of any further analysis. The mind, according to them, is a indivisible, unanalysable substance,

its characters depending upon nought but the Divine will. The number of people who retain this wholly uncritical notion, however, is fast diminishing; and certainly we have no place for it here. On the contrary, we have to recognise an absolute and complete, if not a necessary connection between mind and body; whilst, for practical purposes and without attempting any deeper inquiry, we must regard the mind and its characters as conditioned by the state of the body. Practically we shall have to recognise the action of the mind upon the body, and the action of the body upon the mind; but this last phrase is inadequate fully to express the truth it suggests. Mental states and bodily states are not identical, but yet they are inseparable; and our descriptions of them are diverse but complementary ways of expressing the same fact. When, therefore, we assert the existence of profound emotional or temperamental differences between men, determining in very large measure the manner in which they look before and after—in which they contemplate the facts of the past and the possibilities of the future—we must go on to ask ourselves what are the bodily facts by which these emotional differences are conditioned. “The mind is as deep as the viscera” (the internal organs), said Herbert Spencer in the last chapter of his priceless autobiography; and we shall soon see the practical significance of that saying.

It means that, whilst we are all predisposed to worry, the measure of that predisposition is capable of almost indefinite modification by our physical health. As that statement stands, it is not adequate nor even correct. The question is not merely one of health.

This is evident when we consider the facts of two common and terrible diseases—tuberculosis of the lungs and general paralysis of the insane. In the first of these—often known as consumption or phthisis—the patient’s tendency to look on the bright side of things, to expect speedy recovery, and to leave all worrying to his friends, is so conspicuous as to have led, long ago, to the coining of the term *spes phthisica*—the phthisical

hope—in order to indicate its characteristic association with a disease which, until quite lately, was well-nigh hopeless. Whether or not this state of mind be explained by the common occurrence of slight fever in this disease, at any rate it is a striking instance of the manner in which physical disease may affect the mental outlook.

But the case of general paralysis, or "paresis," is yet more striking. Here is a disease which, so far as we have any record, is invariably fatal, death commonly occurring within about two years of the first symptoms. The patient rapidly and visibly fails in every way, physical and mental. In the later stages, he lies in a huddled heap, unable to perform the simplest functions, his skin broken by the mere pressure of his clothes, no external circumstances that can make for happiness present, and none that can make for misery wanting. Yet, throughout, the patient is happier than any king. He cannot worry about anything whatever; his peace of mind is alike non-conditioned by, and immune to, all exterior circumstances. In the light of these and similar facts, we certainly cannot say that the measure of a man's predisposition to worry is in direct proportion to his departure from the standard of bodily health. Never was philosopher yet that could endure the toothache patiently; yet the general paralytic "suffering"—if that is the word—from a disease which is incalculably worse than toothache, is more consistently and imperturbably happy than he ever was in his days of health.

As I see them, these facts are extremely instructive. They do much more than teach us that peace of mind is not necessarily correlated with health, nor worry with disease. They teach us that there may be a pathological, a morbid peace of mind. Plainly the mental ease of the patient, who is all but moribund from general paralysis, is morbid. But more, What of the mental peace seen in the man, suffering from early symptoms of insanity, whose affairs are in a desperate state, yet who evinces no concern thereat? His peace of mind is evidently morbid; *he ought to be worried.*

I think we have discovered an important—if, indeed, an evident—truth; that not all worry is morbid. If there are times when not to worry is to raise doubts of one's sanity, it is plain that there are circumstances in which a judicious worry is natural, normal, and right. We must distinguish, then, and not permit ourselves too roundly to declare that worry is a disease of the mind, since it may be answered that there are times when not to worry indicates disease of the mind. Hereafter, then, we must invariably distinguish, whenever the distinction is as significant as it certainly is true, between *normal and morbid worry.*

I have quoted the two remarkable instances of tuberculosis and general paralysis partly because they teach us that worry may be normal or morbid, and its absence also, but chiefly because one has to recognise facts, and because it would not do roundly to state that freedom from worry is proportionate to the bodily health, when such striking exceptions are to be found. Nevertheless, when we allow their full value to such exceptions as these, there does remain a rule which is generally true, and which is of the utmost importance in any understanding of worry. It is the rule that in the vast majority of all cases, morbid worry and a morbid state of body go together, whilst peace of mind is associated with bodily health. These propositions are so widely true, and so important, that it is to be hoped that the reader will not attach more than due importance to the exceptions which I have felt bound to quote. But this need indeed is scarcely likely, for after all, the main fact is a commonplace of experience.

But it is well not only to recognise the fact, but also to have a rational understanding of it. And this will be easy if we remember what has already been said of organic optimism. It was pointed out that the organic sense of well-being to which we refer when we speak of "feeling fit," and which explains the optimism, the peace of mind, and the freedom from morbid worry which are begot of good health and of good digestion, depends upon the combination in

consciousness of the faint sensations which reach us through the thousands of nerve fibres that are distributed to the internal organs of the body. Now, in health, the impressions which these fibres convey to consciousness are exceedingly faint. Indeed, as a rule they are rather negative than positive. It is only the convalescent, in whom the organic sense of well-being is returning, that is able fully to appreciate it as a positive fact, rather than merely the absence or negation of discomfort. But though the sensitiveness of these nerves is comparatively so slight, they are able exquisitely to respond to every kind of disorder that may affect the organs to which they are distributed. It would be a great mistake to imagine that this disorder must consist of some grave disease before it is able to affect these nerves. The very slightest poisoning of the tissues—such, for instance, as that consequent upon spending an hour or two in a badly-ventilated room—is more than sufficient in many people to abolish the organic sense of well-being, and to produce that state of consciousness, misunderstood by itself, which leads a man to worry about external things, *whereas the real cause of his worry is within him.*

Now, if we once recognise that even the very smallest departure from health may suffice only too easily, in virtue of its effect upon the internal nerves, to produce the state of consciousness that leads to worry, we shall be ready to understand the prevalence of the symptom that we are studying. If the smallest degree of ill-health, however temporary or trifling, is sufficient to induce a morbid and unjustified worry, then we can understand why worry is so widespread; for minor degrees of ill-health, in the present state of civilisation, are not far short of universal. If there is any one fact, insistence upon which would justify this article, it is this fact that only a very small percentage of the population of any city can be regarded as well. The main condition predisposing to morbid worry is minor degree of physical ill-health, and such ill-health is the rule rather than the exception to-day. It is probably safe to assert that of the pre-

disposing causes of morbid worry, none can be named for importance beside the minor degrees of ill-health, and especially of indigestion, which affect such a large proportion of the citizens of any modern community. Eminent amongst the physical cures of worry, then, will be attention to minor degrees of ill-health in every case of worry where this state of affairs can be recognised. Chief importance attaches to disorder of any part of the digestive tract, since there is to be found the distribution of those nerves upon the proper behaviour of which the organic sense of well-being depends. This is why I use the phrase *gastric optimism*, in order to indicate the importance of the stomach—the mere plebeian stomach—in determining the emotional tone of its owner's mind, and deciding whether he shall be a practical optimist or a practical pessimist.

It follows, for instance, that a man may worry because he upsets or overloads his digestive organs by eating too much. Now it has lately been proved, by the researches of Professor Chittenden, in America, that those doctors were right who maintained that the great majority of well-to-do persons eat too much; and here we have an explanation of much meaningless and unnecessary worry.

Again, these facts explain the general relations of optimism—practical optimism—with good digestion, and of pessimism, such as is evidenced in much of the writings of Carlyle, with dyspepsia. They also afford a testimony to what is in no need of further testimony, the supremacy of the reason over all its enemies in the case of such thinkers as Spencer and Darwin. Both of those men are victims to chronic dyspepsia, and yet they were optimists. But theirs was a rational optimism, the reason defying those internal sensations which, in ordinary men, would have inevitably led to pessimism.

Again, these facts explain the inconsistency to be found in the writings of many authors who were artists rather than thinkers, in whom the reason was not supreme, and who had the artistic temperament, which is ever at the mercy of organic sensations, leading to optimistic writing when the digestion is in

order, or when alcohol has modified the organic sensations, and to an equally decided pessimism in writings produced when the digestion was out of order, or during the period of depression that follows the transient stimulation of alcohol.

The foremost physical cures of worry, then, are, in the first place, such measures—varying, of course, according to circumstances—as procure abundant and normal sleep; and, in the second place, such measures—similarly various—as procure easy, rapid, and complete performance of the functions of the digestive tract—the influence of which is always dominant in determining the presence or absence of that sense of organic well-being which is the one physical condition that excludes the possibility of morbid worry.

This last statement has already been justified. The case of two common and terrible diseases has proved that even the gravest ill-health cannot produce worry if the conditions are such as to favour—in some inexplicable way—the organic sense of well-being; and, on the other

hand, we have only to consider the countless people, in times past and in the present, who have believed and believe that an enormous proportion of their predecessors are suffering eternal torment, but who, nevertheless, are happy, because the possession of a good digestion and the enjoyment of sound sleep make worry impossible, even in the presence of such an appalling cause for worry.

Appalling I might well call it, even if I had seen only one case of religious melancholia in my life. For it is only necessary that some physical cause shall interfere with the sense of organic well-being, as it does in such cases, for the miserable patients to pass days and nights of mental agony in contemplation, sometimes of the fate which they think to be in store for themselves, sometimes of the fate which they fear that others have earned. When such a patient is cured, and the organic sense of well-being returns, the belief, as a belief, persists—but it no longer causes any worry, either for self or others.

Such is the empire of the body over the mind.

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## The Trail to Lillooet

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON  
(Tekahionwaki)

SOB of fall and song of forest, come you here on haunting quest,  
Calling through the seas and silence from God's country of the West?  
Where the mountain pass is narrow, and the torrent white and strong  
Down its rocky-throated cañon sings its golden-throated song.

You are singing there together through the God-begotten nights,  
And the leaning stars are listening beyond the ranging heights  
That lift like points of opal in the crescent coronet,  
About whose golden setting sweeps the trail to Lillooet.

Trail that winds and trail that wanders, like a cobweb hanging high—  
Just a hazy thread outlining, midway of the stream and sky,  
Where the Fraser River cañon yawns,—the pathway to the sea,—  
But half the world has shouldered up between its song and me.

Here, the placid English August and the sea-encircled miles;  
There, God's copper-coloured sunshine beating through the mountain aisles,  
Where the water fall and forest voice forever their duet,  
And call across the cañon on the trail to Lillooet.



MADAME NAZIMOVA, THE GREAT RUSSIAN ACTRESS, AS "NORA," ONE OF HER NEW YORK SUCCESSES



MISS CARLOTTA NILLSON, ONE OF THE SEASON'S STARS OF FIRST MAGNITUDE IN NEW YORK

## Plays of the Season

By JOHN E. WEBBER

*A review of the most notable dramatic productions of the season in New York.*



N Mme. Alla Nazimova, whose remarkable performances in Ibsen rôles have proved the dramatic event of the present season, the modern American stage has received a tremendously important acquisition. Ranking at once with Dusè, Bernhardt and the leading continentals of the day, the distinguished Russian towers to a solitude of acting genius beside which the achievements of our own best actresses—gifted and accomplished as many are—seem the merest foothills. This is strong praise, and to some it may seem extravagant when we call to mind such native exponents of the dramatic art, say, as Mrs. Fiske.

Mme. Nazimova first came into notice here as the leading woman in Paul Orleneff's fine company of Russian players seen in this country last season. While the foreign tongue naturally proved a barrier to a full appreciation of the actress' work, her superb gifts were plainly recognisable, and her English *début* in "Hedda Gabler" less than a year later, under the management of Mr. Henry Miller, is the remarkable result. This has since been followed by an equally brilliant performance of Nora in "A Doll's House," the two contrasting characterisations offering abundant evidence of the resourcefulness and quality of the Russian's art. Of the two, Hedda Gabler proved the happier portrait, the part

physically and temperamentally seeming to lend itself with particular appropriateness to the personality of the actress. In its broader outlines, we have the bored woman of breeding, admirably self-possessed, cold, cynical and, to outward appearances, indifferent, but inwardly, a volcano of tragic protest. It is this volcano, these mysterious psychological forces at work in Hedda's turbulent nature that Nazimova's acting so successfully discloses, both through her wonderfully illuminating countenance and by infinite little touches of by-play. Her command of stage technique is apparently inexhaustible, and the art of acting she seems to have mastered to its minutest detail. Every pose, gesture and facial expression, from the turn of a hand, or the half shrug of a shoulder, to the languid dropping of an eyelid or that contemptuous half-smile that lingers tauntingly at the corners of her mouth, are persistently eloquent of the intolerable boredom, the sick disgust and moral suffocation of Hedda's life. Beauty, Hedda must have and, in the Nazimova portrait, has to a remarkable degree. But its distinguishing quality is a subtlety amounting almost to elusiveness, that holds you with an indescribable fascination. Cynicism, contempt for poor commonplace Tesman

and his amiable aunts, malignant hatred of the ingenuous Mrs. Elvsted, and her reclamation of Lovberg, are depicted with almost imperceptible changes of countenance and tone. Yet subtle, elusive, fascinating as the portrait is, not a single note of the insinuating malevolence of the character is spared. In fact the studied deliberation, the repose and self-possession of the acting, the slow *tempo* of every movement are precisely calculated to emphasise the cruelty of Hedda's conduct.

To the casual observer, unable to appreciate fully the incongruity of her surroundings, this amazing Ibsen creation remains a source of deep perplexity. Even criticism sometimes stops at the moral perverseness she exhibits. But mean as Hedda appears—and she is mean enough in all conscience—the point not to be overlooked is that her indictment of the social and spiritual narrowness of life generally, and her life in particular, is just as complete as if she had been a domestic paragon or hemmed garments for the poor. In this latter event, of course (conceiving the possibility of a drama at all on such terms), we should have had to sacrifice all artistic values and that fine sense of dramatic proportion which the great playwright has so admirably preserved. The greatness of the performance lies in



MISS ROSE STAHL IN "THE CHORUS LADY"



MADAME NAZIMOVA AS "HEDDA GABLER"





MR. E. H. SOTHERN, IN THE  
TITLE RÔLE OF



MISS JULIA MARLOWE, THE TEMPTRESS  
SALOME IN

"JOHN THE BAPTIST"

A much-discussed play of the season.

the fact that without modifying a line of Hedda's character, Mme. Nazimova so depicts the incongruity of her surroundings, so communicates their suffocating narrowness as to compel our sympathy from first to last. Viewed also as a symbol of protest against the commonplace, even the cruelty and thorough inhumanity of her conduct become impersonal and are seen as incidental to an effective protest.

The presentation of a character of such deep symbolic import naturally calls for unusual imaginative depths in the interpreter. And it is in the imaginative qualities, no less than her marvellous technical skill, that Mme. Nazimova's performance is so immensely superior to any we have seen on this stage.

From Hedda to Nora was nothing short of a re-incarnation, so complete was the actress' absorption of each character in turn. For the studied deliberation of the one, with its intervals of silence, its studied poses, its languor and general atmosphere of boredom expressed in every movement and line of her supple body (its serpentine charms purposely accentuated by long, flowing draperies), we had in the other a chattering little girl-

wife, short skirted, quick in speech, quick in action, who romped with children like a girl in her teens, or nibbled forbidden sweets, keeping a continuous eye on her husband's study door meanwhile. Nora is the most appealing character in the Ibsen gallery and one of the most human in all stage literature. Yet, in spite of its obviously human qualities, it is a commonplace of dramatic criticism, that a consistent stage presentation of the character is impossible. Nazimova, however, by presenting the character simply and untheatrically throughout, thereby preserving its integral girlishness, has kept the thread of consistency unbroken to the last. There are no scenes of violent emotion in her portrayal, no familiar poses of grief, no cataleptic shock. When she quits Helmer's house it is done quietly, naturally, without anger, as the simple, logical outcome of the situation that has developed. "You are not the man to help me. . . . That is why I am leaving you," she says to her husband. The scene is wonderfully intense, and her words come with swift, dynamic force. But, it is the directness that gives them force, every word striking true as a hammer on the human con-



MRS. FISKE IN HER NEW PLAY, "THE  
NEW YORK IDEA"



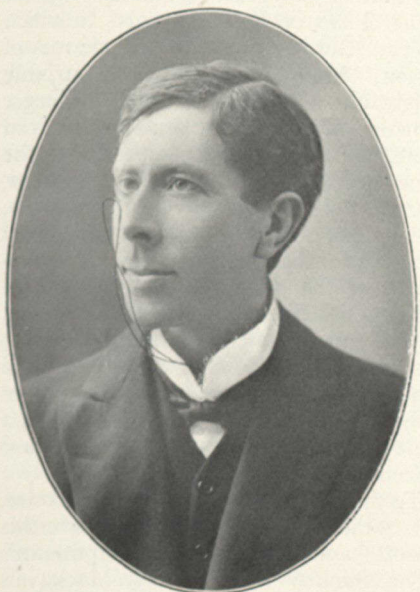
MISS FRANCES STARR AS "JUANITA" IN  
"THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO"

science. Of the world's wisdom Nora has been brought up in ignorance. Treated as a child by those about her, she has played her child's part in her doll's house, questioning life, however, with a startling directness at times, and, with all her inconsequence, grasping fundamental truths with a clear, penetrating vision. The awakening comes when she is compelled to match her truth with the world's truth: her ideal of love with a love that is not inconsistent with self-interest, her sense of justice with a law that takes no account of motives, her spiritual essence with the sordid materiality of the conventional life she is now realising for the first time.

"The Chorus Lady," by Mr. James Forbes, has been one of the entirely pleasant theatrical experiences of the winter. It was easily the season's happiest note and, with the exception of "The Great Divide," its most pronounced hit. The event, moreover, held the double interest of bringing to the front a new American author, and of "fixing" a star of considerable lustre in the dramatic firmament. Mr. Forbes' play is skilful in its construction, the situations are interesting and logical in their development, the char-

acter drawing clever, the dialogue bright, crisp and clean-cut, while the serious motive is admirably projected and sustained in a medium of comedy. The piece is pre-eminently, though never obviously, satirical of certain phases of theatredom, and one act devoted to a green-room scene fairly bristles with repartee and general feminine cattishness that we are to suppose go on with the pretty make-up. But happy as the comedy itself is, it is nevertheless Miss Rose Stahl's clever characterisation of the central rôle that gives the performance its great distinction and chief artistic interest. It is the best example of character acting we have had since "The Music Master," at least; and while it lacks the rich soul unction of Mr. Warfield's creation, its mingling of sentiment and humour are an unqualified delight. Credit for Miss Stahl's discovery seems to belong to London, where last season she made the same instantaneous impression in a one-act sketch of which the present play is the author's own elaboration. The wonder on both sides seems to be that the discovery was delayed so long.

Another first-magnitude star which the beneficent fates have this season placed



MR. GEORGE ARLISS, IN "THE NEW YORK IDEA"



ELEANOR ROBSON IN "SALOMY JANE"

in the dramatic firmament is Miss Carlotta Nillson, with the vehicle of her stellar *début* "The Three of Us," by Rachael Crowthers, likewise brings a new writer, and up to this point, we may add, an entirely successful one, into the field of American dramatists. Miss Nillson is unquestionably one of the cleverest and most finished of the younger actresses of the American stage. Earnest, sincere, unaffected and serious, she has come to the front by the legitimate way of hard, conscientious work, and strict devotion to the highest principles of the dramatic art. She has been spared none of the disappointments that guard the highways of success, none of the bitterness of ambition's cup, and her present triumph is therefore in a strict sense the reward of virtue no less than the recognition of positive acting talents. Prior to this, Miss Nillson is perhaps best known for her remarkable performance of Mrs. Elvsted, in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Hedda Gabler." Since then she has appeared with great success in "The Man on the Box," creating the rôle of Miss Annesley, and in

"Letty." "The Three of Us," although a story of the west, is in no sense melodrama, but a simple, sweet, domestic drama.

A thoroughly interesting and satisfying play of its kind is Mr. George Broadhurst's clever political satire "The Man of the Hour," which has proved one of the four pronounced hits of the winter programme. The play had a special interest to New Yorkers from the fact that the dramatic narrative followed recent civic events rather closely. The organisation under the calcium is easily recognised as Tammany, while the political boss—so ably impersonated in the beginning by the late Mr. MacVickar—might be a replica of the present notorious boss of that notorious democratic organisation. Mr. Broadhurst's second excursion into the "legitimate" took the form of out-and-out melodrama under the euphuistic title, "The Mills of the Gods." The mills of Mr. Broadhurst's gods, moreover, not only grind slowly, we find, but they continue to grind with the water that is past. A theft committed by one James Clarke, under extenuating circumstances, its discovery by a fel-

low-employee, further deprivations exacted as the price of silence, followed by the inevitable exposure, trial, conviction, escape and beginning of a new life amid new scenes, there to be run down eventually by his old pal and, at the psychological moment of his happiness, threatened with the exposure he dreads, are the main threads of the narrative; the hero vindicated, and the villain properly discomfited follow as a matter of course. This is a very rough outline, however, of what proved to be a play of absorbing human interest. The presentation was unusually able.

"Clarice," a southern romance, by Mr. William Gillette, realised certain very charming effects of atmosphere, as well as some exquisitely subtle touches of sentiment. Its first act, at least, was as tender as a sonnet, and fragrant as the rose garden that held the scene. Like another charming little comedy, however, which we saw this season, "Mauricette," its first act set a standard which was never quite reached again. Had this level been maintained, Mr. Gillette's play would have ranked with the best offerings of the year. The story involves the love of a young physician for his pretty ward, followed by his renunciation of her, when his case has been diagnosed as consumption. The unfavourable diagnosis, however, afterward proves to have been part of a plot to separate two lovers, and, as usually happens in the play, is discovered in time to save the happiness of those concerned. Mr. Gillette acted the central rôle in his own characteristic, convincing manner, scoring a very gratifying measure of popular success. That a play of the literary and poetic quality of this should have been marred by certain theatrical clap-trap is, to say the least, unfortunate.

The Sothern-Marlowe combination, whose New York engagement this year happily extended over a period of many weeks, have almost come to be recognised as the standard exponents of legitimate drama in this country. Their Shakespearean performances, while not perfect Shakespearean presentations by any means, nor yet of uniform merit, are at all times of sufficient excellence to command the interest of every intelligent and dis-

criminating playgoer. In such parts as *Juliet*, *Viola* or *Rosalind*, parts to which she can lend her own positive charms of person, Miss Marlowe is invariably delightful. On the other hand, the larger demands of *Portia*, particularly the trial scene, she is unable to compass with the same degree of success. Mr. Sothern, too, is at all times a conscientious artist, and is able to bring to his task a very concise knowledge of the technical requirements of the stage, as well as a high order of intelligence. His *Malvolio* and *Shylock* are artistic performances in the best sense, and *Hamlet*, while not to be compared, for instance, with Mr. Forbes Robertson's, is an excellent and in parts a quite satisfying rendering—one of the best indeed the American stage can offer.

To their large Shakespearean repertoire, Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have this season added Gerhart Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell," Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne D'Arc," and Sudermann's "John the Baptist,"—plays which sufficiently indicate the serious artistic aim of their work. There was an impressive dignity in Mr. Sothern's presentation of "John the Baptist," and moments of deep tenderness, such as the leave-taking of the Galileans, were realised. But for the most part the character as conceived by Sudermann, and portrayed by Mr. Sothern, is rather colourless, dramatically weak and inconclusive, and never quite fulfils the expectations that are from time to time held out. Miss Marlowe's "Salome" was endowed with so many of the actress' own charms, that the daughter of Herodias seemed at times little else than a transplanted Juliet. The famous *dance du ventre* proved to be a judicious mingling of sensuous charms and maidenly reserve, and was quite gracefully executed.

"The New York Idea," by Mr. Langdon Mitchell, which Mrs. Fiske is presenting this season with brilliant success, turns very lightly on the subject of divorce, and in the course of its four clever and diverting acts, the instability of modern matrimonial institutions becomes the occasion of much delicately pointed wit and epigram. An open mind on the general subject is perhaps to be recommended for a perfect enjoyment of the comedy form,

though for the mental comfort of the orthodox we may at once add that the humorous shafts are all turned the "other way." And here again, while essentially satirical of modern conditions and intended to be taken somewhat seriously, we are told, the New York "idea" is projected with such perfect *insouciance*, and in such a manifest spirit of fun, that its subtler satirical purposes only appear in the calm of after reflection. Its shafts are sent not so much to wound as to indicate, say, the direction of the wind or possibly some otherwise inappreciable air currents.

The desired viewpoint is furnished by a somewhat cosmopolitan Englishman, Sir Wilfred Cates-Darby, who in spite of having "knocked about some," to use his own description, experiences a very natural bewilderment over the marital complications of the set in which he finds himself. From bewilderment, however, he soon begins to experience downright interest in the novelty of the situation and with the assurance of his hereditary position proceeds to make the most of his opportunities in an "open field." The leading *motif*, the reconciliation of a hasty divorcee, and her adoring but apparently indifferent husband, while somewhat reminiscent, say, of Sardou is handled with considerable originality. No doubt much of the success is due to the perfect presentation at the hands of Mrs. Fiske, Mr. George Arliss and other members of the Manhattan Company, who once more prove themselves both individually and in the *ensemble* to be the finest acting organisation in America.

Another genuine success of the late season, and an offering of conspicuous literary and dramatic merit, is "The Road to Yesterday," written by Beulah Marie Dix and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. This is a dream fantasy of the "Peter Pan," or "Message from Mars" order, but instead of the unreal *never-never-land*, or the unexplored Martian globe, the scene is dear old England of Elizabethan times, where in a supposed state of former existence the characters in the play travel the familiar road of their past, be that road comedy or tragedy. The action thus turns lightly on the theory of re-incarnation, and some curious fancies along this line are

worked out as well as some conceits as to former identity, humorously exposed in the course of the play. To give further credibility to the succeeding acts, the dream follows a strenuous day of sight-seeing in the museum and art galleries of London, where in an ordinary studio the action commences. The dreamer is a charming girl, who in the first act is Elspeth Tyrell, in the second and third, the period of her former existence, Lady Elizabeth Tyrell, and in actual life, Miss Minnie Dupree. "The Road to Yesterday" may not possess quite the delicate literary flavour of "Peter Pan,"—which in many respects remains a unique offering—but it is more skilful in invention and in point of dramatic interest and dramatic sequence is superior to the Barrie gem. Those rare qualities of poetry and romance are also present to an unusual degree.

In this year's offering, "The Rose of the Rancho," Mr. Belasco has evidently found a popular successor to "The Girl of the Golden West." "The Rose" tells a charming story, brimful of action and romance, and the picturesque background of Spanish America is utilised with all the stage skill for which Mr. Belasco is famed. A feature of the production is the excellent performance of Miss Frances Starr, a prepossessing and skilful young actress, whose name must also be included in the season's encouraging list of "discoveries."

The prolific Mr. Clyde Fitch has this season added two new plays to his numerous literary offspring, one, "The Straight Road," a serious sociological study, the other a comedy of modern life called "Truth." The title of the latter is somewhat a misnomer, as the story has chiefly to do with untruth in the form of a prevaricating young wife, whose indiscretions, innocent enough in themselves, have, through her fatal habit of lying, involved her in serious complications, from which she is finally extricated only with great difficulty. Mrs. Clara Bloodgood enacted this rôle in her own clever, convincing way, and had it not been for certain obvious weaknesses in structure, the play would undoubtedly have achieved a considerable success at her hands.

"The Straight Road" is a more or less

graphic account of the slums, a side of life which the author has handled with a great deal of characteristic vigour and dash. The picture is bold in its outlines, and the crude, vivid colours are put in with, at times, startling effect.

"The Ambitious Mrs. Olcott," by Leo Ditrichstein and Percival Pollard, one of the last of the season's offerings, is an interesting story of love and intrigue woven into the diplomatic life of Washington. A charming woman with two matrimonial experiences to her credit, the employment of a State-secret to intercept a third, the intervention of a foreign *attaché* to defeat the nefarious scheme, and the incidental reading of some lessons in public honour, are the chief items of the narrative. The play was admirably presented, with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein and that sterling English actor, Mr. William Hawtrey, in the leading rôles.

Miss Eleanor Robson's metropolitan season in repertoire, opening with Zangwill's "Nurse Marjorie," already noticed, and followed later by Clyde Fitch's "The Girl Who Has Everything," "Susan in Search of a Husband," and "A Tenement Tragedy," culminated in "Salomy Jane," by Paul Armstrong, author of the "Heir to the Hoorah," of recent fame. Like many others of our dramatists, Mr. Armstrong still finds his inspiration in the west—in "God's great out-of-doors," among people who live life somewhat at first hand; where love, hate and kindred human passions have free play, and where justice is usually dispensed without the formality of law. "Salomy Jane" is a decidedly interesting play of this breezy, western sort, with, however, the importation of a Kentucky feud to add excitement to its scenes and to further complicate the love affairs of its charming heroine.

In the rôle of the western girl, Miss Robson has found a possible rival to her own delightful "Merely Mary Ann," both in the measure of its popularity, and in point of effective characterisation. Associated with Miss Robson also is that excellent character actor, Mr. Reuben Fax, of whom Canadians will be interested to hear. His performances have invariably provoked favourable comment, but his *Colonel Starbottle* in "Salomy Jane"

proved in its own way as decided a hit as the star's own performance.

The Empire engagement of Miss Ethel Barrymore has so far resulted in a revival of "Captain Jinks," a first production here of John Galsworthy's "The Silver Box," and a revival of Captain Marshall's comedy, "His Excellency the Governor." Of these "The Silver Box" is by far the most important from any point of view. Structurally, Mr. Galsworthy's play may have serious faults and his mental bias is always apparent. But he tells a story that is worth the telling, with a directness and skill that many other playwrights might well envy. The impression of the play that will remain longest, however, is Miss Barrymore's acting in the central character. Miss Barrymore, in certain comedy rôles to which she can lend her great personal attractiveness, has ever been a favourite. But her realisation of the inherent tragedy of this simple charwoman's life, her skill in conveying its moving pathos, were a revelation of emotional depths heretofore unsuspected.

Singularly enough, too, the ever-adorable Ellen Terry, whom we have invariably associated with the most joyous comedy, has in her recent visit made her deepest and perhaps most lasting impression in a tragic rôle. The part of "Lady Cecily" in Bernard Shaw's sparkling comedy, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," written especially for her, of course fitted her precisely, giving free scope for the expression of her many vivacious acting charms, her lovely womanliness, great good sense, as well as native graciousness of manner. Her "Nance Oldfield," too, is an old delight, but it remained for Heijerman's "The Good Hope," a play of wonderful tragic impressiveness, to reveal Terry's acting art in its full maturity.

Among other events worthy of more than passing note, must be named the production of Bernard Shaw's "Widowers' Houses," at the hands of Mr. William Hawtrey and a capable cast; a revival of the same author's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," with Mary Shaw in the title rôle, and "The Reckoning" ("Liebeleil") by Arthur Schnitzler, a problem play of sincere, emotional and literary interest,

produced by Mr. Robert Hunter, with Katherine Grey in the leading rôle. "All-of-a-sudden Peggy" by Ernest Denny, a London success of last season, in which Miss Henrietta Crossman as the impulsive Peggy on this side, found abundant expression for her own vivacious acting charms, was another delightful

comedy offering of the new year. Not since "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," has Miss Crossman been so well placed.

The season just concluded has witnessed comparatively few efforts in the dramatisation of novels, a condition we may at once ascribe to the number and quality of original plays offered.

## A June Madrigal

BY DONALDA L. WALLACE

YOU could but marvel in the woods to-day  
That I so blind the blossoming turf did tread,  
Where Spring had lately found a dreary way,  
And left a path with fairest colours spread

No flower can fail,  
No rosebud die,  
I'd miss from its accustomed place.  
All charms must pale  
In earth and sky,  
When near me glows your well-loved face.

You say bird voices most melodious trilled;  
On ears that heard not fell their joyous song.  
With more enchanting sounds my heart was filled,  
For you were speaking as we passed along.

Those vernal strains  
Will wander wide,  
The songsters leave the silent trees,  
But still remains  
Where you abide  
The noblest of all harmonies.

The sunbeams must have touched the sombre ground  
And tinged with gold the green beneath our feet:  
Their light to me was darkness, for I found  
In your clear eyes a radiance more sweet.

Outside that ray  
A world of night  
Fast held in wintry gloom I see.  
Ah, bid me stay  
Where, warm and bright,  
The whole year round Spring smiles on me.

# Over the Tiles to Charlie

By TOM GALLON

*This story throws a strong sidelight on a great problem—  
the distribution of wealth.*



“WICH it couldn’t possibly be the mice, sir.” Mrs. Liles stood with her hands folded under her apron, and regarded her master with a blank face of perplexity; her eyebrows seemed to have disappeared completely into her black bonnet. “An’ as for cats, sir, w’y there ain’t so much as the w’iskers of one about the ’ouse!”

“Personally, Mrs. Liles, I don’t see how the mice are likely to have carried off the whole of a chicken pie—dish and all,” said Mr. Charles Raynell, with a faint smile. “You are perfectly certain, of course, that there is no other explanation to give as to the disappearance of food day after day like this.”

“I know no more than the dead, sir,” replied Mrs. Liles piously. “I on’y know it’s there of a night w’en I leaves the place, an’ goes back as is my duty bound to Liles; I on’y know it ain’t there in the mornin’.”

“I suppose you don’t suggest, for example, that I walk in my sleep, and get through a whole chicken pie?” demanded Mr. Raynell, somewhat sarcastically.

“To say nothink, sir, of a quartern loaf,” supplemented Mrs. Liles. “No, sir, I do not.”

Mr. Charles Raynell stopped in the act of filling a pipe, and without looking round, spoke as gently as he could. Mrs. Liles had been with him in the capacity of daily cook and housekeeper for some considerable time; but Mr. Liles was out of work (chronically), and Mrs. Liles was but human. “You know, Mrs. Liles, anybody that didn’t know you as well as I do might suggest that you had carried off these things—by mistake, you know,” he said slowly.

Mrs. Liles said “Oh!” three times in

succession, something in the manner of pistol shots, and flushed indignantly. “I give you my word, sir, that not so much as a bone of the chicken has passed me lips, nor wouldn’t, not if I was starvin’. Oh, sir, ’ow could you?”

“I beg your pardon, I’m sure; I never really believed anything of the kind,” he broke in hastily. “But I think you’ll admit that it’s all very mysterious. There’s not the slightest sign of the place having been broken into; not a door nor a window disturbed; and yet these substantial viands are constantly disappearing in the night. It’s no ordinary burglar, Mrs. Liles; nothing of value is ever taken. And it can scarcely be a joke on anybody’s part. I repeat that I do not like it.”

“I don’t like it either, sir,” said Mrs. Liles, sniffing and putting a corner of her apron delicately to the corner of an eye. “Me ’aving me character took away on account of a chicken pie—to say nothink of a quartern loaf.”

“Last week, you will remember, an almost untouched leg of mutton also disappeared,” said Raynell. “However, I intend to take measures to find out how it happens; I intend to discover for myself who it is that in some mysterious way contrives to steal food—and food only. That will do, thank you, Mrs. Liles; and please don’t think anything about my unjust suspicions.”

“I dessay in your place, sir, I should think the same meself; but I wouldn’t take so much as a hounce of anythink, not even for Liles.” The good woman shook her head virtuously and retired.

It certainly was very mysterious, and as Mr. Charles Raynell had said, he did not like it at all. The element of comedy about the thing disappeared in its uncanny air of mystery; the man did not like to



think that in some fashion a stranger was able to gain access to the house, and get clear away again, leaving no trace as to how an entry had been made.

Some three years before that time Mr. Charles Raynell—bachelor of thirty-two and man of means—had taken up his residence at No. 29 Toddington Terrace. Other people in Toddington Terrace wondered a little who he was, and why he should elect to live alone, save for the daily company of the highly respectable but seedy-looking Mrs. Liles; for Mr. Raynell was decidedly young and good-looking, and had scarcely the appearance of a man soured with the world. Yet that is precisely what the man had told himself was the case before he came to Toddington Terrace.

It began with a woman—as most things do in this world—and it must be confessed that the lady (for the sake of her sex she shall be nameless) treated a good man rather carelessly and casually. In the end she married somebody else, after an affecting farewell to poor Charlie Raynell. Telling himself that he had done with the world, he came to Toddington Terrace, and set up in a house many times too large for him. There he buried himself with his books; there he lived his simple, quiet life, with the culinary and bed-making help of his housekeeper.

Time, that greatest of all healers, laid its hand upon him, and upon the heart he had believed was broken, and gently showed him that there was not very much the matter with his affections after all. Three years before he would have scorned the suggestion; now he smiled a little bitterly, and thought that perhaps after all, Time was right. He was still young—still that happy-natured Charlie Raynell most people had liked; he began, almost without knowing it, to look out of the windows of Toddington Terrace on to a world that might possibly hold something for him still. Of course, he could never love another woman; that was quite out of the question; but there were other matters besides love in the world.

It was about that time, when he had lived for some three years in Toddington Terrace, that he began to notice the young

lady who put her head over the railings. (I am quite aware that that reads something like an old nursery jingle, but it is the only way I have of describing the extraordinary effect she first had upon Charlie Raynell. He thought of her always afterwards—or at all events, for a very long time—in that way).

It happened thus. He was seated one evening in his comfortable dining-room, and Mrs. Liles had been waiting upon him. The meal was well cooked and excellently served, and he had enjoyed it. It was only when he got half-way through it that he happened to turn his head, and to see the young lady outside. It being a fine night, and Toddington Terrace being a place where few people walk in the evening, the blinds were up; and the room, being lighted, was fully exposed to the street.

The young lady was holding on to the railings by both hands; and that brought her chin just on top of the spikes. It was a pretty chin, and the face altogether was wistful, and as it seemed somewhat sharper in its lines that it should have been for anyone so young. But the most remarkable thing about the face was a pair of great brown eyes staring with all their might, not at the man, but at the table. But for the utter absurdity of such an idea, it might have seemed that the young lady was hungry, and was staring in like any common child at food beyond her reach.

The curious part of the business was that she did not seem to see Charlie at all; she just stared and stared at the food. At last he could stand that white, wistful face no longer; with some vague intention of speaking to her, he got up and crossed to the windows; and in a moment she dropped back into the gloom of the Terrace, and was gone.

He hurried to the door of the house, and opened it and looked out; there was no one in sight. At first he had an uncanny feeling that it had been a mere apparition, and that he had not seen any real person at all; then he reflected that if she had run quickly after first seeing him she could have got out of sight round the corner before he could reach the hall door. He

wished he had not got up from the table; he began to wonder about her—most of all to wonder who she was.

He saw her once more—holding on to the railings in just the same way, and staring in; but on that occasion it was only for a moment, and then she fled as before. He might have thought more about the matter, but for the fact that the mysterious disappearance of the leg of mutton occurred that week—and following that the chicken pie was lost; to say nothing of the quartern loaf. He gave himself up to probing that mystery, and quite forgot the young lady who put her head over the railings.

Mrs. Liles brought "Liles" down to assist her in probing the mystery; and "Liles," being introduced, proved to be a stolid-faced, sandy-haired man, with a feeble chin and a deficiency as to forehead. "Liles," on the matter being placed before him anxiously by Mrs. Liles, in the presence of her master, as to how he thought the burglary could have been effected, put his head on one side, and murmured something about "chimbleys" and on that being scouted, proceeded to tap the walls with his knuckles in various places, perhaps under the impression that there was a secret passage somewhere. Receiving a shilling for his trouble, he went away quite satisfied with his own wisdom and deep powers of penetration.

Charlie Raynell determined that that night he would watch on his own account, and would if possible catch the thief in the very act. The better to be prepared for anything that might happen, he carefully loaded a large revolver he had purchased some years before, and determined that if necessary he would not hesitate to shoot anyone attempting to force an entrance. Then as it was growing dark, he proceeded from top to bottom of the house—(or perhaps I should say from the bottom to the top)—in order to discover the most likely place that would be selected by any desperate ruffian for entrance.

The basement had heavily barred windows, and the doors were securely bolted and locked. Ascending to the ground floor, he found that heavy old-fashioned shutters guarded the windows, and that

the hall door had no less than five different fastenings. The windows on the next floor, and on the next above that clearly could not be reached except by means of a ladder; only the attics remained unexplored, and it scarcely seemed worth while for him to penetrate so far as that.

He had never been in the attics; so far as he was aware they had never been used. He made up his mind to go up to them now, more out of curiosity than from any other motive; he mounted a short and steep flight of stairs, and thrust open a door, and went in. He heard the squeak of a mouse, and the quick scamper of the small thing across the uncarpeted boards. Cut into the sloping roof was a deep window through which the moon was shining and making a pattern on the dusty floor. Some odds and ends of furniture and a portmanteau or two were pushed against one wall; for the rest, the place was empty.

He stepped across to the window, and touched it; it came open at once. He swung himself up and looked out, and saw that a parapet ran to right and to left of him, and that opening on to the parapet were other windows like that out of which he looked. He dropped back into the room, and closed the window softly, without fastening it, and stood for a moment or two lost in thought.

"Now, why didn't I think of that before?" he said at last. "It's the simplest thing in the world; the thief crawls along that parapet, and drops through that window, and the whole house is at his mercy. Though why in the name of all that's wonderful he takes food only I can't for the life of me understand. Well, tonight at any rate someone will be on the watch for him. It's perfectly disgraceful that the house should have been left at the mercy of any one in this fashion; besides, how am I to know that something has not been stolen besides food? I dare say if I looked round the house I should find lots of things gone."

He watched that night in a corner of the attic, seated uncomfortably on a portmanteau; but nothing happened. At about three o'clock in the morning, when he was tired and cramped, and cold and half

asleep, he crept downstairs to his bed, and slept later than usual in direct consequence the next day.

Mrs. Liles, hovering about to wait upon him at his breakfast, fingered the edge of her apron, and gave him a startling piece of news. "That was a tender cut o' beef last night, sir," she began.

"Very—and nicely cooked," said Charlie, going on with his breakfast.

"Gorn! gorn, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Liles, with a sort of gulp. "Snatched away, sir, before it 'ad 'ardly bin enjoyed."

Charlie Raynell laid down his knife and fork, and stared at her. "You don't mean to say——"

Mrs. Liles nodded vigorously, and put her apron to her eyes. "W'ich I would wish to leave at once, sir," she sobbed; "some'ow I don't seem to like the feel of the 'ouse. Seems to me, sir, it's sperits."

He was on the point of telling her of his discovery on the previous night, but checked himself; he would have the glory of the capture alone. As a matter of fact, he raged within himself at the thought of this cool thief who could actually wait until he had gone to his bed before raiding the place in this impudent fashion. This time he would wait all night, and woe betide the ruffian when he was caught.

He waited a week—night after night in that cold attic—and nothing happened. Then one night, when he had almost decided to give up the game, he waited there, and was rewarded by hearing a sound outside the window. It was a rainy, gusty night with no moon, and the attic was almost entirely dark; in fact, Charlie Raynell only knew that the window was open when a whiff of cold air struck into the place. Then he heard a light thud as someone dropped to the floor, and then the stealthy movement of feet as the intruder stole across the room to the door and opened it, and went out.

"I'll wait and catch him red-handed," thought Charlie to himself. "He's sure to come back this way."

He unfastened a coil of rope from an old box, and got it ready in his hands with a slip knot. He had not long to wait, for presently he heard the burglar returning through the darkened house; heard him pause for a moment at the door, and then

come into the attic. He was carrying something, because when he got to the window he opened it cautiously, and then set that something on the window sill. And that was Charlie Raynell's opportunity.

He stole forward cautiously, and flung the rope over the head of the dark shape before him; put his strength into the business to draw the rope tightly about a pair of struggling arms. And when that was done, all in a grim, tense silence, with only the hard breathing of two people to break it, he left his captive, and walked across the attic and struck a light.

"Now, my friend," he said, as he bent over the candle, "let's have a look at you?"

Even as he bent above the candle he thought he heard behind him in the darkness a little, quick sob; bewildered, he caught up the light, and turned swiftly and faced his prisoner. Faced in that moment, not the burly, scowling man his primitive ideas of burglars had suggested, but a young, slight girl, who stood slim and patient, with her arms bound tightly to her sides by the cruel rope.

It was the lady who had looked over the railings! The only difference in her appearance, apart from the excitement that shone in her dark eyes, was that now she was hatless and her dress was stained and dusty where she had climbed along the parapet.

"What are you going to do with me?" she breathed, giving a sudden little lift to her chin that was half pride and half resentment. "You've got me tight enough; you needn't be afraid of me."

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Charlie; and made a movement towards her, with the intention of unfastening the rope.

She stamped her foot and moved swiftly away from him. "Don't you dare to come near me!" she exclaimed. "You've acted like a coward—like a brute, and I——" . . . She suddenly dropped her head upon her breast and burst into tears, looking a pathetic figure enough standing there weeping and helpless, and with her arms bound.

Charlie Raynell hesitated no longer; he moved swiftly towards her and almost roughly untied the knots and let the rope

drop at her feet. Then in a masterful way he put an arm about her shoulders and gave her a little shake.

"Come, don't cry; there's nothing going to happen to you," he said gently. "I dare say it's all a joke, and you can explain it. Come downstairs and talk to me."

She shook him off, keeping her face covered with her hands. "I don't want anything to do with you," she said. "I'll confess everything. I've had a chicken pie—and a leg of mutton—and now to-night——"

"You're forgetting the beef," he broke in icily. "As I find it very necessary to have some explanation, I'm afraid I must ask you to accompany me downstairs; I don't want to use force."

She lowered her hands slowly, looking at him. "And the alternative?" she asked.

"I'm afraid the only alternative is a policeman," he replied soberly.

She gave a little gasp, shut her eyes for a moment and nodded. "Very well, sir," she said slowly, "you must do as you wish."

He took up the candle which he had placed on the window ledge, and which was flaring in the wind; then motioned to her to go in front of him. She walked out of the room and down the stairs. He thought as she went that she tried once or twice to put into place little flying tendrils of hair, and also to whisk some dust surreptitiously from her dress. He showed the way into the dining-room and set down the candle there and looked at her. A sudden new whiteness in her face alarmed him, and he made a movement to set a chair for her. But she waved him back.

"I'm all right, thank you," she said, holding on to the back of a chair, and swaying a little giddily. "Now, what do you want to say to me?"

"I want to know all about it," said Charlie, feeling perhaps at that moment meaner and smaller than a man likes to feel in the presence of a woman. "I've seen you before, you know; you're the lady who looks over the railings."

She nodded quickly. "That began it," she said. "I saw you—from outside, and

it hurt me to see you having a great meal like that."

"It hurts me now when I think that I had it," he replied gently. "You were—hungry?"

"Oh, it wasn't for me," she said. "It was for someone else—someone who couldn't help themselves. I'd have starved rather than steal for myself; I'm young and strong; besides, I—I understand."

"And the someone else doesn't understand?" he suggested. "I wish you'd sit down; you'd make me feel less a brute if you did."

She looked at him with sharp suspicion for a moment; then sat down. She sat prim and stiff, and he thought as he looked at her that she had the face of a child, though it was a tired face at the best. Her hands were slim and white; her dress was thin and shabby, and it almost seemed, by the length of it, that she had outgrown it a little. She tucked her feet under her chair and pulled her skirts down further over her knees.

"You haven't told me yet who had the food," he reminded her.

"Is that necessary? Will it get that somebody into trouble?" Her lips trembled a little as she asked the question.

"Nobody's going to get into trouble at all," he assured her. "But I think I ought to know something about it all."

"It was for my father," she said, in a low voice. "Oh! you needn't think he knows anything about it; he's much more of a child than I am in everything—poor, kind, old thing. He doesn't think about matters of food, and such things as that; he only expects to be called to meals at certain times and to find it ready; some one's looked after him like that all his life. He writes books you know—wonderful books, that take years and years to write—and then no one ever reads them afterwards—not even the subscribers. Some day lots of people will read them—some day when poor father's dead and it's too late."

"I begin to understand a little," said Charlie. "And I suppose the time came when there was no money left for food, and you were afraid to tell him, eh?"

She nodded solemnly. "I dared not;

it would have stopped the work," she said. "You see, it's the most important work he's ever done, and he's already been two years at it. It's a 'History of Money,' and it dates from the earliest times, when you wouldn't think there had ever been any money in the world at all. If you come to that," she added, with a demure little smile, "there doesn't seem to be very much now."

He was silent, while he looked at her and wondered what he was to do. Now that her first terror had passed, and she had unbent a little to him, she seemed in all things so much a child that he could but treat her whimsically. She, too, was evidently puzzled at the situation—wondering a little what was going to happen to her.

"As you are my prisoner, I have a right, I suppose, to question you," he said at last. "In the first place, your name?"

"Lucy Youlden," she replied.

"You don't look very old."

"A little more than nineteen," she said softly. "And I live next door. We've got lodgings there, right up at the top of the house." She broke off to ask a question. "Could you let me go now, if I promise to—give myself up afterwards?"

"Why?" he asked in return.

"Because father will be expecting his—his supper," she said, with a vivid blush.

"And you've left that upstairs," he reminded her, laughing. "Do you propose to return the way you came? Because, if so, perhaps I might be allowed to assist you."

"Of course, I must go back the way I came," she said, getting to her feet quickly. "And you needn't think I'll take—what I stole to-night," she added in a lower tone. "We shall manage somehow; something's sure to happen."

"Yes, I expect something'll happen pretty quickly," he responded with a smile. "As for the food—(was it a pie this time?)—if you don't take that with you, I shall take the liberty of following you and putting it through the window."

"You're very—very kind to me," she replied, almost in a whisper. "When shall I—give myself up?"

"If you could make it convenient to call at about eleven to-morrow morning?" He spoke politely, with his hand upon the door.

They went up the house together, and he got out first through the window, and assisted her after him. In that extraordinary fashion they proceeded along the parapet, and he watched her disappear into her own window. At the last moment she raised her face to his and whispered "good-night."

True to the appointment made, she presented herself before him in the morning, only on this occasion she came in shamed and angered; stood before him like a little fury with clenched hands.

"You've been to see father!" she exclaimed.

"I have," he replied calmly. "I watched you go away, and I went in and introduced myself. Also, being much taken with the monumental work now in progress, I subscribed for fifty copies at a guinea apiece."

"And paid in advance," she interrupted him fiercely. "I suppose you know that the work will probably never be finished?"

"I take that risk—very cheerfully," he said.

"Father always finds 'kinks' in the work when he gets to about the seventh volume, and then he begins to re-write it. Oh! don't you see how mean you are!" she cried. "You leave your food about, so that anyone is bound to be tempted beyond their strength, and then you give your dreadful money . . . Oh, I'm sure I beg your pardon; I know quite well why you did it—and I'm grateful. Besides, you know," she added more hopefully, "the book may be finished, mayn't it?"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," he replied. "But I want you to understand that I did it because I should like you to forget what happened last night—my brutality in tying you up as I did—and threatening you. This is a beastly unequal world, little friend; on one side of a mere party wall you find an idle man like myself, with more money than he knows what to do with, and with strength enough to dig for a living if necessary; and on the other side a weak, young girl, with the

burden of two lives on her frail shoulders. I want to make it a little more equal, if I can; at least as far as you're concerned."

"I wish—I wish with all my heart I could do something for you," she said, with the grateful tears springing to her eyes. "Won't you tell me if there's anything I can do for you?"

"Some day, perhaps," he replied, looking steadily at her. "I'm almost sure that some day you'll be able to do something for me."

And seeing that the monumental work and its author have been transferred to the other side of that party wall, and that the "kinks" in that work are being smoothed out in a room very near the attic in which Lucy was once made a prisoner; and seeing also that a blithe little lady sings about the old rooms, and is addressed by Mrs. Liles (supplemented in these days by a couple of smart maids) as "Mrs. Raynell," I am almost inclined to think that Lucy found a way to do something for him after all.

## I Whispered to the Bob-o-Link

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

I WHISPERED to the Bob-o-link.  
 "Sweet Singer of the Field,  
 Teach me a song to reach a heart,  
 In maiden armour steeled."

"I only know one song," said he,  
 "And that I cannot tell to thee."

I whispered to the sweetest Rose,  
 "What doth thy fragrance stir?  
 Tell me the charm that I may touch  
 The deep, sweet heart of her."

"'Tis in the wind, the charm you seek,  
 But of the name no Rose may speak!"

I whispered to the quiet Lake,  
 "What draws the stars to thee?  
 Tell me, so may her starlike eyes  
 Create a heaven in me."

The calm Lake rippled this reply,  
 "The stars are mine—I know not why."

"Sweet Maid," I said, "I cannot learn  
 A charm to make thee mine,  
 And in my heart no grace I see  
 To lift it up to thine."

Stooping, I caught her whisper low,  
 "I love thee—why, I do not know!"

# Poetry, Poverty and Spring

By MARGARET O'GRADY

*A striking contrast in every-day life that too often goes unobserved by the eager throng.*



It was spring that very day. Oh, the madness and gladness of it! The air pulsed with bird-song. The streets teemed with children and moving vans. You shuddered at the outlook, which was garish, and the surroundings, which were sordid. Poetry and beauty were to be found in the park, where the younger trees looked self-conscious in their fresh leaves. The grass blades were tenderly tolerant, while a few awkward robins pecked industriously in search of worms. Above, a sky of everlasting blue, flecked with silly little white clouds, like *chiffon choux* stuck on with grateful artlessness. On an irreproachable bench, that exuded generous whiffs of splendid, green paint, you lolled luxuriously, taking long breaths and thanking Heaven for being alive, dreaming the golden hours away, while respectable neighbourhoods laboured in the throes of spring cleaning. Pouf! Neighbourhoods lack temperament. To-morrow, then, for littered drawers and shrieking wardrobes.

At that very moment the deep throb of the mighty city beat and broke through the exclusive aloofness of tulip beds and haughty elms. Down immaculately kept paths prudish youth sauntered decorously, while distinguished infants, in prodigious *lingerie* bonnets, were perambulated by pert nurse-maids with appalling exactness. Occasionally an automobile, panting and agitated, dashed past, freighted with veiled women and impenetrable *chauffeurs*, leaving in its wake a malodorous cloud of dust. Handsome equipages, smart frocks, gleaming silks, exaggerated *coiffures*, smiling emphasised eyes, flashed by in a bewildering confusion of gorgeously and

colour. It was all so beautiful and quite uncommercial enough to soothe the poetic soul and quiet the practical mind. Just then a careless cloud slipped across the sun, and Poverty seated herself on the other end of the bench. She was garbed in rusty and ancient black, her hair and eyes were faded, and she had an altogether hand-me-down air. There were holes in her shoes, and she had but one glove. She was extremely dirty and entirely hopeless.

There are degrees of poverty. This was the thirty-third degree.

To be absolutely poor!

Ah, how dreadful! Imagine existing on one scanty meal a day and going to bed to keep warm. Again, awakening in the morning to desolation and at night sinking to sleep in despair. In fine, such a life becomes a detestable farce, invariably dragged out to a sullen and prayerless end.

Poor, pale, wretched creature of the slums! The slums? Oh, yes, of course, where the submerged tenth, the great unwashed, vegetate; where dissolute tenelements crouch together—and vile odours assail one; where slattern mothers call shrilly to the dirty, unkempt children sprawling noisily on the sidewalks. Sorrow and suffering had laid heavy hands upon this soiled dove, this woman of the streets, and God seemed very far away. And you knew and she knew, too, that one day they would find her when her drug-sodden soul had slipped into eternity.

On that glorious spring day you had sought poetry and had found poverty. Meanwhile the birds sang madly, and the daffodils simpered and pouted at the foolish little white clouds.

# A Plea for Woman Suffrage in Canada

By PROF. R. E. MACNAGHTEN

*To show that woman suffrage would improve and enormously increase the power of the family vote.*



THE recent Federal elections held throughout Australasia last December, every adult woman was for the second time in the history of the Commonwealth enabled to exercise the privilege of the franchise. For Federal purposes the Commonwealth of Australia includes not only the whole continent of Australia, but also, the large and important island of Tasmania. Thus throughout an enormous extent of territory the political enfranchisement of women is already an accomplished fact; and this fact has surely added significance when we remember that Australia is the one continent in the world which is British in its civilisation. Here, and here alone, the British flag, British government and British institutions hold undivided sway; and in this great and magnificent country it has been realised for the first time in the world's history that women have a distinct and important part to play in contributing to the welfare of the body politic. Even if Australia were a small and unimportant country, the fact would not be without significance; but when we remember the size, wealth, resources and progress of the Island-Continent, the precedent thus set may reasonably be expected to appeal to the world with added force and weight. A political organisation which is of such extent and importance as the Commonwealth of Australia cannot be lightly regarded by other countries. Its vastness compels attention; and some idea of its relative capacities may be gathered from the fact that were the rest of the habitable globe to be submerged beneath the ocean to-morrow, there is—with the single exception of diamonds—probably hardly any commodity which is now enjoyed by man that the Com-

monwealth of Australia could not still continue to produce and utilise.

That the extension of the franchise to women has been a real success in Australia can hardly, I think, be disputed by any unprejudiced person; and sufficient time has passed since its first introduction to enable us to take a broad and dispassionate view of the case. Ninety per cent. of the men of Australia, to whichever of the great popular parties they might belong, would, I believe, agree in stating that the concession of the vote to women had been a real benefit to the State; and it must be remembered that though it is only four years since the Commonwealth of Australia adopted the principle, it had been in operation for at least a decade previously in the neighbouring islands of New Zealand, and thence had been adopted by what was then the colony of South Australia; so that when the electors of the Commonwealth endorsed the enfranchisement of women, they were not committing themselves blindly or rashly to a new or untried experiment. It was the success of the principle in New Zealand which led to its adoption in South Australia; it was the success of the principle in South Australia which made it an almost necessary concomitant of the new constitution when the Commonwealth was inaugurated.

It is indeed remarkable and interesting to note with what ease a political change—which some persons might have been tempted to regard as a revolution—was brought about in Australia and Tasmania. At the time when the representation of the various Australian colonies (including the island colony of Tasmania) agreed to unite “in one indissoluble federal constitution under the Crown, and under the constitution hereby established,” one of the contracting parties, namely the colony



of South Australia, already possessed the franchise for women for its local Parliament. It was felt that to alter the voting lists in South Australia would be a cumbersome and retrograde step, and therefore it was agreed that in the case of South Australia the first Federal elections should proceed on the basis of adult (male and female) suffrage. But the principle of female suffrage being thus admitted, it was realised during the session of the first Federal Parliament that its limitation to one state was absurd and ridiculous; and with very little opposition the Federal Parliament agreed to the extension of the principle to all the Commonwealth (or Federal) elections. Once more, when women had thus been admitted to the vote for the Federal Parliament, it was apparent that to deny them the vote in the smaller and less important area of local politics was even more absurd; and thus in a very short time almost every individual State has accepted the principle in State as well as in Federal elections.

Now, it is sometimes said, as an argument against female suffrage, that "women do not really want the vote." What has happened in Australia *since the granting of female franchise* is, I think, a clear and striking disproof of that assertion. I admit, of course, that before the suffrage was granted to the women of Australia, there was no very manifest or outspoken indication of such a desire. It is difficult indeed to see how such a desire could be articulated or formulated without recourse to such means as have lately astonished the English public, of which I hope to say more presently. But on the other hand that women, since the boon has been granted, have shown the fullest and most intelligent appreciation of their privileges will hardly be denied by any one conversant with the actual facts of the case. In the towns women vote, if anything, in greater proportional numbers than men. In the country, owing to the long distances which have to be traversed, and the fact that the farmer's wife is generally unable to leave her household duties, the case is somewhat different, though even there, so far as the villages are concerned, the women are exhibiting remarkable political acumen.

And not only are women, by going in great numbers to the polls, showing that they fully appreciate the privilege conferred on them; but they are also introducing new, and what I think must be regarded as more scientific, methods into political and electoral organisation. Let me give an example to illustrate this fact: At the time when the Federal franchise was first conceded to women voters I was residing in the State of Tasmania. There was already in existence in Hobart an organisation entitled "The Women's Franchise Association," which had been originated with the purpose of securing female franchise. Though the original object had been largely attained, the association was not disbanded. On the contrary, its members, representing some of the ablest and most cultured women of Southern Tasmania, immediately set to work to prove their utility in the coming election. In addition to other work they organised a series of weekly meetings, each of which they invited two or three of the Federal Candidates to address. This was an entirely new departure. Formerly each candidate had merely addressed his own supporters in his own district. But, acting whether instinctively or of set purpose, the Women's Franchise Association introduced a new and, in my opinion, an incomparably better method. The comparative method is the one truly scientific method, and it was this which they for the first time utilised. The result was extraordinarily successful. Candidates were eager to be invited to address the Association, and woe betide the man who refused. And the benefit gained by the enunciation of opposing views by different speakers at the same time in the presence of an audience whose one avowed object was to ascertain the truth, was a real advance on anything which had been attempted before. This indeed appears to me a distinctive and salutary characteristic of the women's vote, that it above all things endeavours to ascertain and act on the merits of the case. And this point has attracted the attention of a recent writer in New South Wales, whose words I may quote: "For the first few years of their political enfranchisement their principal effort has been

to educate themselves as a body in political ways. And their education is still going on; has, in fact, only begun. But the lines in which their influence is to be specially felt are gradually becoming clear. In the first place they have very largely declared themselves against privilege, against monopolies of all kinds, against the raising of the cost of living by a protective tariff, in favour of individual liberty and therefore against socialism, in favour of temperance, moral and physical cleanliness, and all that goes to build up a good national character. They are organising throughout the states, and their power is already great."

While thoroughly agreeing in the main with the writer of this extract, I do not think that the implication that female suffrage is necessarily anti-socialistic in character is borne out by the facts of the case. Since the establishment of female franchise by the Labour Party has made considerable progress in Australia, and the result of the last Federal election points still more clearly to the same tendency. The true view would rather seem to be that the access of the female vote makes no perceptible difference in matters of cut-and-dried policy. If a Conservative Government be in power with male suffrage, it would gain approximately the same proportional addition of votes under a system of female suffrage, and the same principle holds true in regard to a Liberal or to a Labour party. It is not because female suffrage gives any advantage to a particular political party (a view which certainly cannot be substantiated by the actual results of the franchise in Australia), but rather because in all matters, and especially in what I may term matters of social politics, the woman's vote has a purifying, an elevating and an ennobling influence, that the granting of female suffrage in Australia must be regarded as an unqualified success.

The question then naturally arises why, when the women of Australia have received and proved themselves worthy of this privilege, the same right should any longer be denied to their Canadian sisters? It surely cannot seriously be argued that there is any real difference between the two cases, or that the mere environment

of the Southern Cross has such a benign political influence, that the individual who can exercise her vote when living in Tasmania, New Zealand or Australia should be disfranchised if she comes to Canada. The women of the Commonwealth and of the Dominion alike belong to the same race, have the same civilisation and are distinguished from the rest of the world by the same national characteristics. And if it be true, as seems to be generally conceded, that female suffrage in Australia is exercising a purifying influence in the domain of politics, it might well be argued that Canada has even more need of such an influence than Australia. The proximity of the United States (where the political atmosphere has long been notoriously corrupt) has not, it would seem, been altogether ineffective in introducing certain of the least desirable of American methods across the boundary line. If Canadian political life is ever to attain that purity and serenity which all right-minded citizens must earnestly desire, it would seem that the shortest and most effective road to it would be through female suffrage, and if, as seems beyond question, the women of Canada were to use such a privilege with the same intelligence, earnestness and appreciation as their Australian sisters, there is surely no reasonable ground for doubting that the same beneficial results which have been noticed in Australia would be equally noticeable here.

It may, of course, be said that, in view of what has recently transpired in England, the present is hardly a suitable occasion, for advocating the claims of female suffrage. To such an objection a double answer may, I think, be made. In the first place the account of the behaviour of the ladies who by somewhat novel means endeavoured to attract the attention of Parliament to their demands appears to have been greatly exaggerated. Thus Mrs. Fawcett in a letter to the *Times* tells how, at the recent meeting of the National Union of Women Workers—a body which is distinguished for sobriety and ability—Miss Robins (authoress of the "Magnetic North,") sent up her name desiring to speak. "She described her own recent experience in regard to the

group of women suffragists, eleven of whom are now in prison.\* She *said she had read the accounts of their proceedings in the press and cordially condemned them.* Feeling, however, that her knowledge of them and their methods was necessarily incomplete in the absence of personal observation, she thought she ought to attend some of the meetings. She did so, and instead of finding them to be what they had been described, she discovered that they were a body of earnest, sincere and self-sacrificing people, and that what had been written about them was 'extraordinarily and flagrantly untrue.'" The fact is that the comic papers, headed by *Punch*, seem to have seized on the incident as being capable of a ludicrous development, and thus to have given a somewhat unfair and exaggerated idea of the facts.

But, secondly, even if the facts had been as they were first reported to be, they at least give a positive and conclusive denial to the argument that "women don't want the franchise." However undignified the conduct of some of these ladies may have been, it at least finally disposes of that time-worn criticism, and to that extent offers a very practical excuse for any excess of zeal which they may have displayed. Under these circumstances there is some reason in Mrs. Fawcett's contention that these ladies were compelled by the necessity of the situation to adopt "other and more sensational methods to force the attention of the country to the claim of women to share in the advantages of representation." In this connection it must be added that, however undesirable may have been the methods adopted by these ladies, they were at least entitled to impartial justice. This, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has clearly demonstrated in a recent letter to the *Times*, they certainly did not get. When Charles Bradlaugh endeavoured to take his seat in the House of Commons without taking the oath, he was ordered to withdraw, and when he refused to obey the Speaker's mandate, he had to be removed by force. Yet it was never suggested that he should be imprisoned for his contumacy, and it is hard to see on what principle a

\*The italics are my own.

different and severer punishment should have been meted out to the pioneers of the franchise movement. While some allowance may not unreasonably be made for the prejudices of an old-established and conservative country, the mere fact of such a prejudice existing is surely no argument for its perpetuation in a country like Canada, which may be well expected to show a more excellent way. And the present time, when great questions of national and international policy must inevitably be faced, seems a peculiarly fitting one for introducing into our political life those elements of clarifying and refining influence which, I believe, will always be found to be the inevitable concomitant of the admission of women to the councils of a nation. In countries where the system has not been tried, there generally seems to be prevalent a sort of feeling that an unknown danger lies in the fact of suddenly doubling the number of voters. That feeling, which often undoubtedly exists, does not, I believe, in any way realise the true facts of the case. If I may express my meaning by a paradox, female suffrage does not have the effect of duplicating the voting power by the admission of a large body of voters of unknown calibre. The increase being a mere proportional one does not for practical purposes really make any numerical difference so far as *quantity* is concerned. If a thousand voters give their suffrages for a successful candidate under adult (including female) suffrage, the quantitative result is really the same as if five hundred had voted for him under a principle of adult suffrage. The real difference is in the *quality* of the vote. And in this regard there is a genuine and sensible difference, though it may be somewhat difficult to analyse or define. None the less does it exist. However incapable we may be of specifying the exact causes, most men will admit that the presence of a woman in the house makes all the difference between comfort and misery, and that what Matthew Arnold might have termed the "sweetness and light" of family life contrasts in the most striking and obvious manner with the squalor of a bachelor's den. And the same subtle and almost

indescribable element which pervades domestic life through the presence of woman, *does* also assuredly make its influence felt, when women take part in the political life of a nation.

Nor would it be hard to find other and more particular reasons for the extension of this privilege to the female sex. The individual woman will probably exercise the suffrage with greater conscientiousness than the ordinary man. This is, of course, a very difficult point to prove, but it will at least hardly be denied that women will not be so prone to sell their votes for such paltry bribes as have often in the past turned the scale of elections where only men were the electors. There have been, and I fear still are, places where the successful candidate's poll bears a curious relation to the number of glasses of beer which have been drunk in his favour and at his expense. There still are quite a number of men whose political views are so hazy that a glass or two of beer will turn the scale. I remember being present at a cricket match in Australasia in which one of the candidates for a coming State election (whom we will call Mr. Z.) was playing. After luncheon was over one of the players came out of the booth, and said to a friend in tones of fervent gratitude and admiration: "Mr. Z. *shouted* for the lot of us."

To "shout," I should explain, is the Australian term for "to stand a drink." I have little doubt that by the judicious expenditure of two or three dollars Mr. Z. gained quite a number of votes. This incident happened before the days of female suffrage; since its introduction the value of beer as an electioneering agent has very largely decreased, because any suspicion of the employment of such means would immediately cause a considerable body of the enfranchised voters to offer the most determined opposition to the guilty candidate, on conscientious grounds alone. Indeed, I feel quite positive from what I have actually seen that the introduction of female franchise has considerably cheapened the cost of elections owing to candidates being compelled (and very willingly compelled) to be more strict in their expenditure.

Again, while the admission of women

to the franchise is already doing much to abolish the petty and sordid bribery of the public house, the same purifying influence may reasonably be expected to be displayed in larger and more important directions. It is, for instance, impossible to believe that the appalling political and municipal corruption which is eating like a canker into the life of the United States would be possible or tolerable when once women gained the vote. The growth and continued existence of such an organisation as Tammany Hall may be ascribed to two causes: first, that the average male voter is too busy in the pursuit of a livelihood to be able to devote much or any time to the proper study of municipal politics; and secondly, that he is not sufficiently endowed with the consciousness of civic responsibility to feel that he is bound to spare the time. The thorough-going and conscientious manner in which the women of Australia have prepared and are still preparing themselves for the exercise of the franchise is a sufficient proof that so far as the latter of these two points is concerned the advent of women voters is bound to exercise a salutary influence. But the fact that the admission of enfranchised women must necessarily include a class which is largely a class of leisure is an even more important consideration. Of all busy men the wealthy man of affairs is the busiest. A thousand schemes, a thousand engagements, demand his constant attention. And thus it is precisely the man who in a new country is most required for the conduct of public and municipal affairs, who is least able or least inclined to spare the necessary time. But with his wife and his daughters the case is very different. They have leisure in super-abundance, and to such an extent that they are frequently tempted to devote "their all too numerous leisure hours" to empty and frivolous distractions. By such women as these, and by the wives and daughters of thousands of business and professional men, the time necessary for the proper study of political and social questions can be easily given; and the opportunity of useful work often proves extremely acceptable. And they can now come to the task equipped with all the

necessary preparation. The higher education of women has already in all English-speaking countries accomplished so much that the women of the leisure classes are just as potentially capable of dealing with difficult social and political problems as men. And if men be more fitted by the nature of their sex for the adjustment of purely political questions (and this is after all a matter which still remains to be proved), it is hardly questionable that women in virtue of their sex are peculiarly fitted to deal with all those social-political problems with which some question of domestic economy is in any way concerned. Such questions as poor-law economy, hospital organisation, the housing of the working-classes and all those educational matters in which the problems of the household are reproduced on a larger scale, are clearly within the natural and proper province of woman, and much of the mismanagement of the past is assuredly owing to the fact that women have so long been excluded from their legitimate and natural sphere. Moreover, for the consideration of all such problems women have one great advantage, in that they do not by predisposition attach the same importance to precedent and form. Even the ablest and most successful of men are inclined to bow down and worship before the altar of red-tape; and this routine tendency in the case of the average male often produces the most deplorable results. A striking concrete illustration of the inherent difference between the sexes in this regard is afforded by the advent of Florence Nightingale on the stage of the Crimean War, which I give in the words of Dr. Fitchett: "Into what Russell calls 'the hell' of this great temple of pain and foulness moved the slight and delicate form of this English lady, with her band of nurses. Instantly a new intelligence, instinct with pity, aflame with energy, fertile with womanly invention, swept through the hospital. Clumsy male devices were dismissed, almost with a gesture, into space. Dirt became a crime, fresh air and clean linen, sweet food, and soft hands a piety. A great kitchen was organised which provided well-cooked food for a thousand men.

Washing was a lost art in the hospital; but this band of women created, as with a breath, a great laundry, and a strange cleanliness crept along the walls and beds of the hospital. . . . Muddle-headed male routine was swept ruthlessly aside. . . . Some stores had arrived from England: sick men were languishing for them. But routine required that they should be 'inspected' by a board before being issued, and the board, moving with heavy-footed slowness, had not completed its work when night fell. The stores were, therefore, with official phlegm, locked up, and their use denied to the sick. Between the needs of hundreds of sick men, that is, and the comforts they required, was the locked door, the symbol of red-tape. Florence Nightingale called a couple of orderlies, walked to the door, and quietly ordered them to burst it open, and the stores to be distributed!" The recent revelation of similar incapacity in the conduct of the hospitals during the Boer War seems to show that the controlling influence of woman is still needed under like circumstances.

I have reserved for the end of my article what I regard as the strongest argument in favour of female suffrage. It is an argument which I do not think has been advanced before, but to me at least it appeals with irresistible force. It is sometimes said that as married women will generally vote on the same side as their husbands, the reason for a large proportion of the female sex being admitted to the franchise is *ipso facto* eliminated. While agreeing with the probability of the statement, I utterly dissent from the conclusion which it is sought to draw from it. Doubtless in at least ninety cases out of a hundred wives will vote for the same candidate as their husbands (or husbands will vote for the same candidate as their wives); and I may add that the grown-up daughters of the family will probably also vote on the same side as their parents. But far from being an argument against female suffrage, this fact surely affords one of the most cogent pleas in its favour. The vote of the married man in any community is always and necessarily a conservative vote in the best sense of the term. The married man

from the very fact that he "has given hostages to fortune" represents more than any other man the element of stability in national life. With the increasing facilities and increasing opportunities of modern civilisation, the bachelor may be here to-day and at the other end of the world in six months' time. He has no unavoidable ties to keep him to the spot, and wherever fortune seems to offer the best chance of success, thither will he go. With the married man the case is very different, and especially so as regards a married man with a growing family. For such an one a move is so difficult and expensive that countless causes hold him to the place in which his lot happens to be cast. And the necessary consequence is that he has a far more abiding and provident regard for the country in which he is settled than the man to whom that country represents little more than a place of temporary sojourn. Whether he be a

Tory or a Radical in politics, his vote will certainly be cast with some regard to the permanent stability of his country, and the future welfare of his family. In other words his vote will always be a vote of relative prudence and conservatism. Now the power of this prudential vote will be enormously increased by female suffrage. If we calculate (and I think the figures are probably understated) that on the average every married man will under female suffrage also represent the vote of a wife and one daughter, then it is clear that this most important element of national stability will be increased in power by two hundred per cent. In other words, besides all its other advantages, female suffrage must inevitably tend to an enormous increase in the power of the family vote, and that vote is bound to be cast in the best interests of the State, of which the family itself is the origin and prototype.

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## The Deserted Schoolhouse

BY OWEN E. MCGILlicuddy.

IT stands forsaken near the road,  
 The schoolhouse that I used to know,  
 And holds unbroken through the years  
 Its mem'ries of the long ago.  
 The ceilings drop long cobwebs gray,  
 The door's old hinges creak and groan;  
 But ghosts of childhood days live there,  
 And hear the oldtime hum and drone.

The sun looks through the windows dim,  
 As if to watch some task or game;  
 The wind slips o'er the benches old,  
 And stirs the dust on some carved name.  
 The wide crack still is in the floor  
 That once kept straight our restless feet,  
 How hard it was to read and spell  
 When summer's heart-strings softly beat!

When shadows sit at battered desks,  
 And moonbeams pale peer through the gloom,  
 Faint echoes from the voices gone  
 May whisper softly in the room;  
 Faint echoes from our merry songs,  
 Or some far-off forgotten prayer,  
 May rise or fall like dying breath  
 Upon the silence brooding there.



THE GIRLS  
CARRY  
THE BANNERS



A ROW OF  
FIRST  
COMMUNICANTS



PRIESTS IN ELABORATE VESTMENTS PRECEDING  
THE SACRED HOST

## The Fête Dieu

By ESTHER BOTTING

*A great religious festival, perhaps the most imposing to be seen in Canada.*



THE procession of Corpus Christi, or the *Fête Dieu*, is the great open-air celebration of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada. The festival has about it a mediæval atmosphere, as indeed it might have, considering that it was first instituted, it is said, in Italy by Pope Urban IV, about 1264 A.D., because of a "miracle" by which a doubting priest at Volsinii was convinced of the truth of the doctrine of transubstantiation. In Vienna and Munich, in Spain and France, the festival in honour of the Eucharist has been celebrated for centuries with great pomp and ceremony.

From almost the very foundation of

the town of Ville Marie, now the city of Montreal, the Corpus Christi celebration has been observed in its due season. In 1646, as an ancient historian observes, there were in the procession "two French angels, who led between them a little savage." Throughout the Province of Quebec the small towns, as well as the cities, all have their annual *Fête Dieu*.

Corpus Christi is a movable festival. The procession takes place on the Sunday following Trinity Sunday, although the date really falls on the Thursday, but for several reasons the Sunday celebration is found more satisfactory than on a week day.

In Montreal, when the day is fine, spectators gather by many thousands

along the route of procession. It is a mixed gathering that borders the pavements, four or five deep. There are members of the Roman Catholic communion who, from physical indisposition, or because they prefer more private observance of their religion, or for various other reasons, do not join in the procession; Protestants, interested in the religious point of view of so many of their fellow-citizens, or, for the most part, simply looking on from the spectacular standpoint; a sprinkling of Orientals and other foreigners regarding the unusual scene as another part of the life of this strange, new country; a few Jews standing aloof with a disdainful smile for all Gentile delusions.

The streets through which the procession is to pass have been decorated the previous evening. Flags and bunting flutter from windows and house fronts; Latin inscriptions—"Hostia Sanctus," "Venite Adoremus," "Agnus Dei"—and garlands of evergreens span the street or extend along either side. Here and there, on ledges outside the windows of some dwelling, are the household images, with vases of bright-hued paper flowers.

After the celebration of mass, the procession starts from the church of Notre Dame amid the ringing of bells. In

advance are three or four mounted constables and a posse of policemen with visages solemn beyond their wont. A *Suisse d'église* heads the procession, whose official rank, notwithstanding the gorgeous robe of crimson and silver, is that of a beadle. He carries the staff of his office.

Then follow the congregations and religious societies of the various parishes in order, passing slowly along with banners and mottoes, hymns and vocal prayers. Down the street, as far as one can see, is a slowly advancing stream—children, women, and men—above whom hang numberless white silken banners, each telling by picture and inscription its own story from Scripture or tradition.

There are many children in the procession. Little girls in white dresses carry the image of the little Jésus on a flower-decked stand. Other little girls enveloped in the white veils of their first communion follow, singing and carrying banners. Then larger girls holding the ribbons of many banners, emblematic, "*Les Mystères Dououreux*," in one group; "*Les Mystères Joyeux*" in another. A line of novices in black is followed by sisters of the community with downcast eyes and hands folded inside their loose sleeves. Grey nuns have with them some of the larger of the many orphans in their care. Boys of the



THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION, SHOWING THE BALDACHIN, OR CANOPY



Christian Brothers' school are accompanied by, here and there, a Brother or two in long, straight black cassock. The white ribbon streamer on the left arm of little boys in several groups signifies that they have made their first communion. Children of Mary from some of the congregations, young women in black gowns and enveloping white veils bear a statuette of the Madonna and Child. The theologians of the *Séminaire de Montréal*, in short, white surplices over the long, black *soutanes*, pass on each side of the road, some with eyes kept devoutly fixed on the book of devotion in their hands, others still observant of the sun-lit world about them. Groups of monks in brown serge and sandals swell the numbers.

Young ladies in fashionable summer dresses and flower-trimmed hats are there. Middle-aged and old women, with tired faces and bare, work-hardened hands, tell their beads with silently moving lips, or respond aloud to the prayers the priest is reciting. There is no class distinction, a titled lady of eminent piety walks, it may be, next a woman who goes out to work by the day.

A touch of vivid green is given by the plumage in the head-gear of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the tufts of red and blue feathers on the Father Matthews banner indicate the temperance society of St. Patrick's with a decent following. As the men pass, some of them slow and stooping with age, a low rumble of half-audible prayers mingles with the sweet voices of girls and nuns raised in the *Ave Maria* farther along the line. And everywhere there are banners, banners. It takes the procession about an hour to pass any given point.

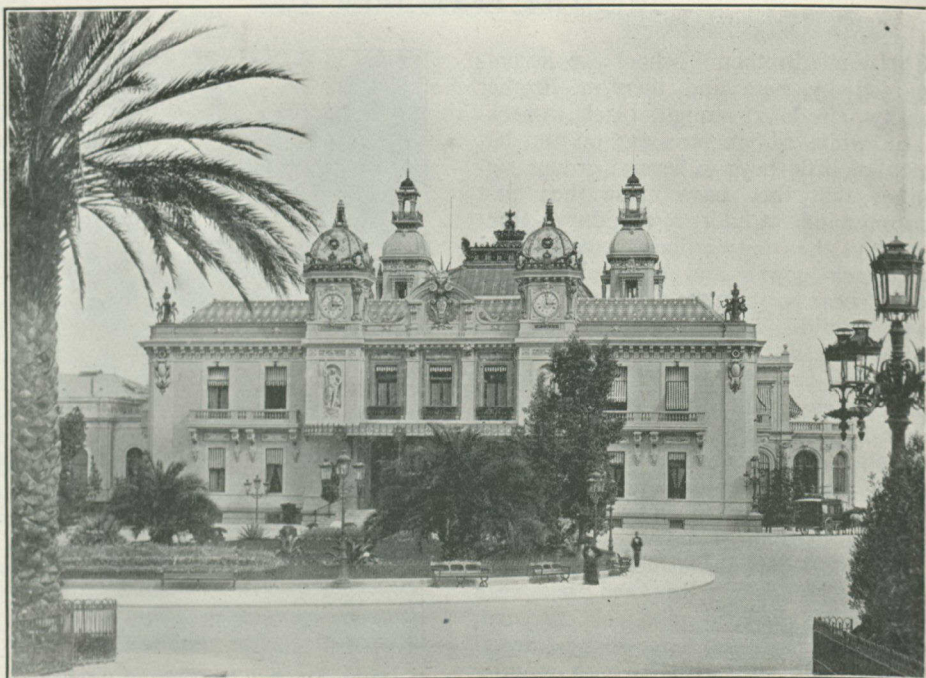
Finally the 65th regiment, the guard of honour, lines up, to a march of its band. Choir-boys in white and red pass through. Priests in richly embroidered vestments and white surplices, bordered a foot deep with lace of price, appear, preceding the baldachin—a canopy of cloth of gold, surmounted by nodding white ostrich plumes at the four corners. Beneath the canopy walk the highest dignitaries of the church,



BOYS CARRY A FIGURE OF CHRIST

one, with uncovered head, carrying the golden ostensorium containing the Host. Before it walk acolytes swinging censers, and as it passes, the faithful on the sidewalks fall upon their knees, and the men uncover their heads. After the canopy follow members of the bar and other citizens. A *repositor* is erected at the end of the route, sometimes in front of Laval University, and is embowered in palms, garlands of greenery, and many flowers. If the procession take that direction, the ostensorium is carried into St. James' Cathedral, where the great altar is ablaze with light. The people fill the vast space, the organ peals out, the priests about the altar pronounce a benediction, the perfume of incense steals through the church.

Out again in the sunshine, the procession re-forms, and through other streets returns to *Notre Dame* whence it started. The bells in the east tower clang and clash, the great *Bourdon* booms out, the myriad lights about the great altar blaze forth, the organ thunder bursts, the baldachin is borne within, and the vast gathering of people disperses.



THE CASINO, MONTE CARLO

## Monte Carlo

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

*Glimpses of an entrancing spot, where the gayety and recklessness of Europe finds plenty of scope.*



IN the 13th May, 1858, in the midst of a deluge of rain, the present prince, then ten years old, laid the foundation stone of the Casino on Monte Carlo. One morning, while the building was slowly progressing, M. Blanc called on the proprietors, who were in difficulties, and offered them three hundred and forty thousand dollars for their rights and property. "I shall give you," he said, "three hours to consider the matter, for I return to Nice in the afternoon. In the meantime I am going to breakfast, and I shall be back at half past two."

On that same day, the 31st of March, 1860, the offer was accepted, and the agreement signed. François Blanc died seventeen years afterwards, leaving a fortune of twelve million dollars.

Monaco is the one clean city on the Mediterranean, and there is no more beautiful spot in the world when the sun is rising in the cloudless sky, bringing brightness and warmth, or at that magic moment when sinking behind the ranges of the Maritime Alps, displaying in its setting the beautiful and varied succession of tints which characterise the sunsets on the Riviera. From Marseilles to Menton there are no two places alike—

each outvying its neighbour in brightness and colour, but Monaco and its surroundings surely beat them all.

Even in midwinter the long orchids, the purple anemone and the violet clothe the hillsides, while in February and March, wild thyme, lavender and roses scent the air round the olive woods, and amidst orange trees and palms and eucalyptus, form a most picturesque carpet under the clear sky. Few visitors to Monte Carlo have time to see the old palace on the isolated rock of Monaco, rising as it does in all its grandeur nearly two hundred feet above the sea. The attractions in Monte Carlo itself are far too great.

As you pass down the steps from the rock you see the Casino with the gilded domes shining in the sun like some temple of prayer and peace. Your eyes wander across the picturesque gully of La Condamine with its quaint homes and the little fleet of fishing boats lying at anchor in the bay—and perchance a yacht or two flying the White Ensign or Stars and Stripes of some millionaire. You follow the houses where the officials live, near the spot where the body of St. Devote, a Roman martyr, was stranded. Then you walk along the roadway by the sea and ascend the steps which lead to the terrace in front of the rooms. Then you should look back on Monaco, and no one who does so ever forgets that view.

The Casino stands in gardens kept by a small army of men dressed in blue uniforms, who are always busy among the palms and flowers. At every turn there is an official who watches the passers-by and perhaps a detective who takes a snapshot of some undesirable looking person. The magnificent hotels and restaurants, gaily decked with creepers and evergreens, invite the traveller to halt and pass within—for from the open doors come the refreshing sounds of mirth and festivity, and the view of some of the most beautiful women in the world. As one enters the Casino one receives an entrance card which entitles the lady or gentleman to play. You cannot carry anything with you in your hand save a purse, or a small bag. The rooms are open all the year round from 11 a.m. until

midnight, but it is after Christmas that the real season begins; then for three months every seat at the tables is occupied, and there are rows two or three deep with outstretched hands listening to the sound of the *croupiers* calling continually "*Messieurs, faites le jeu.*"

There is a saying that if you go often to Monte Carlo you meet everyone you have ever met. That, of course, is absurd—but it is extraordinary the number of people who go there and how some of them ever reach this attractive spot.

The majority play *roulette*, partly because it is easy to understand, and no doubt because five-franc pieces called cartwheels are allowed at the tables. Here it is the money is made by the bank, for everyone seems reckless. The very air, stimulated by every sort of perfume, forces one to stay and infuses one with eagerness to win or lose. There are three tables in gilded chambers where larger sums are admitted and where frequently the bank is broken at *trente et quarente*. At *roulette* the largest sum allowed at once on a *chance simple* is 6,000 francs, or 1,200 dollars—at *trente et quarente* the chances are determined by cards—the smallest sum admitted is twenty francs, and the largest twelve thousand, or 2,400 dollars. Here the stakes must be divisible by twenty, and the winner receives an amount equal to the stake. Many people have worked out and tried systems, and ninety-nine out of a hundred have failed. Perhaps the most simple is backing a colour, and I have seen red turn up thirteen times. The organisation in the rooms is perfect. Frequently there are discussions and heated arguments, but if there is any doubt the person invariably who claims the money is paid. With a table covered with coins and notes, sometimes five pieces on a single number, and coins at every corner on the *carré* or *transversale*, it is impossible for the *croupiers* to note all the correct amounts on each.

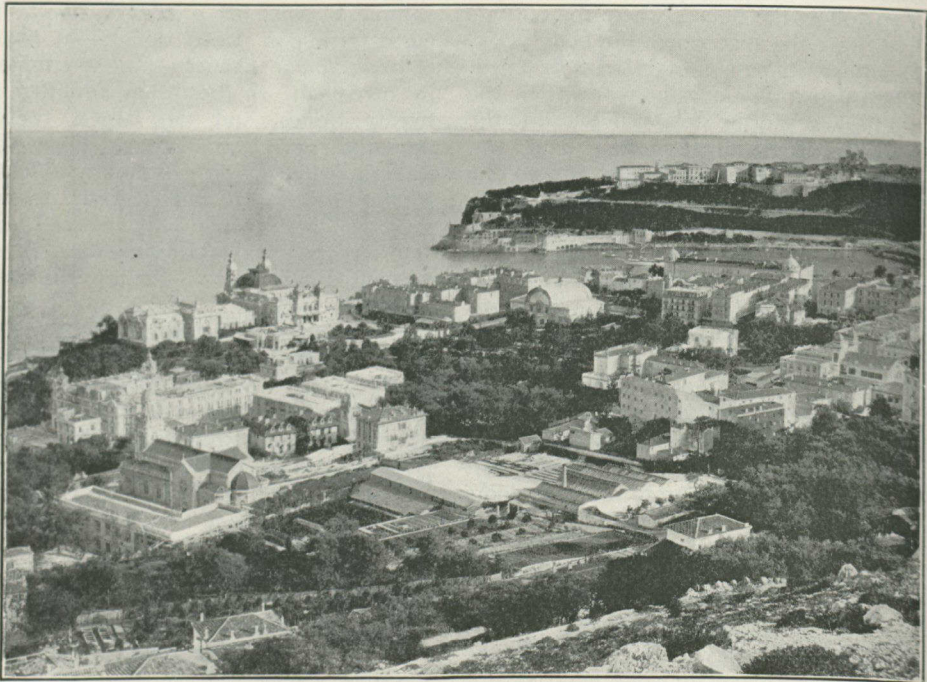
I remember some years ago, about the time Lord Kitchener met Marchand at Fashoda, when the relations between England and France were highly strained, and thinkers in every European country

considered that war was inevitable, I was standing near a *roulette* table and had staked a louis on number eleven. The wheel went round and the ball dropped into my compartment. There was another coin on eleven. When the money was paid out a Frenchman near me claimed seventy-two louis, or twice the amount he had won. I took some of the coins as they were thrown over the cloth and drew the *croupier's* attention to the fact that they were mine. The Frenchman, who had been dining not wisely but rather too well, was furious and made a complaint. Fortunately the *croupier* had seen me stake a louis, and immediately decided in my favour—whereupon the infuriated foreigner commenced to throw louis into the circular tray which had again commenced to revolve. This stopped the play and the players were extremely annoyed. The Frenchman then shook his fist at me, and seeing that I was English said: "You may take Egypt, but I insist on having my money." He was promptly removed by the officials. It

frequently happens that a player loses everything and has not the wherewithal to return home. In those cases application is made to the Secretary, and if it is proved that much money has been lost in the rooms a railway ticket is granted, called a "viatica." It is impossible after receiving this to return to the rooms. I know of a man who was given one, and three years later came back to Monte Carlo to try his luck; he was refused admittance until the amount of the viatica had been refunded.

One of the most interesting places in Monte Carlo is the Mount de Piété, the Government *paru* office, which lies close to the Funiculaire railway up the mountain to La Turbie. Here rests priceless jewels which once belonged to an Empress or some Grand Duke. It is only twenty minutes' walk from the Casino to the eastern border of the principality—a bridge over a little valley, half of which belongs to the Prince of Monaco and the other half to France.

Away up above Monte Carlo, surrounded



MONTE CARLO, FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE BEHIND THE CASINO—MONACO IN THE DISTANCE



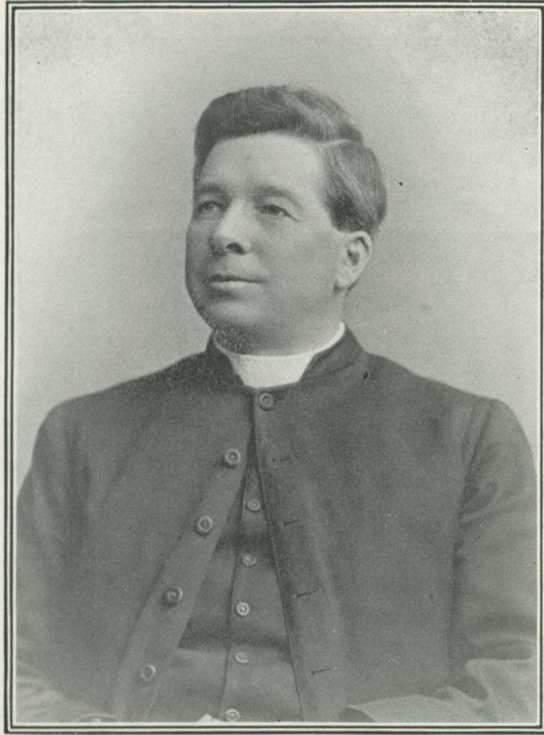
MONTE CARLO, FROM MONACO—THE CASINO IN THE MIDDLE RIGHT

by pines, is the famous Corniche road, the ancient Roman track which runs from Paris to Rome. It is reached by a steep and rugged path through the valley of Monaghetti, or by steps cut in the mountain side—*en route* you pass the old Tropea, erected by Augustus as a trophy of his victories over the Alpine tribes and which was used in the middle ages as a fortress. Near by is an old building where nowadays one rests amongst the aloes and olive trees. Here there is a church and image of the 16th century commemorating a far older image and

which has been solemnly chosen by the town of Nice as its special patroness. It is visited on Trinity Sunday by hundreds of pilgrims and numbers of cripples who are brought there in the hope of a miracle.

The other attractions at Monte Carlo during the season are the *Tir au Pigeon*, and the tennis courts, where English and Italians are the chief exponents. The *Grand Prix de Monte Carlo* is the blue ribbon of pigeon shooting, and one sees the best tennis players in Europe gathered in the gravel courts near the *Hotel de Paris*.





## Canadian Celebrities

No. 76—REV. DR. A. E. BURKE



HE Maritime Provinces boast of few, if any, millionaires. Their comparatively small area still possesses an enormous acreage of undeveloped natural wealth. Their industries are scattered and barely remunerative. They save themselves from obscurity, however, with the vitalising blood of their sons, which aids in the upbuilding of our Dominion from coast to coast.

Prince Edward Island, like its two sister provinces, has produced and is producing its proportionate share of great Canadians. This smallest unit in Confederation can to-day count hundreds of its successful children, both in the various portions of the British Empire and in the American Republic. Among them all, at home or abroad, none are more noteworthy or deservedly popu-

lar than Rev. Dr. A. E. Burke, of Alberton, P.E.I. Since his ordination by the late Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, in the early eighties, this talented priest has been noted as a most liberal-minded cleric and strong, indefatigable publicist. That he has been energetic and conscientious in the discharge of his purely parochial duties, the briefest visit to his parish of Alberton would show. His church and its immediate environments testify to his zeal in that direction; as does also his popularity with his parishioners. But Father Burke is a living denial of the every-day theory that all churchmen are narrow-viewed, their intellectual horizon being identical with the boundary of their parishes. He is a champion as well as a teacher of the people, not only of his co-religionists, but of his fellow-citizens. He is a man of the world,

without any of its worldiness; a whole-hearted priest and lover of his people; a zealous advocate of the rights which are contained in our British heritage. There is nothing suggestive of the demagogue about him. He is not a mere lover of words, a notoriety-seeker, but a man who is slow to begin an argument, and slow to give his just convictions up.

Though an optimist, he is not an idealist. He is a man who is thoroughly convinced that the gospel of Christianity enjoins a gospel of work. And he is a strenuous example of his belief. With a willing brain, he has industriously occupied his leisure moments in the study of horticulture. It is due largely to his active enthusiasm that his native Province is becoming so justly famed for its plentiful, luscious fruit. In the other branches of agriculture he also takes a practical interest. Stock raising, bee keeping, etc., engage his attention. He is not merely a superficial student, nor a hobbyist, but a firm believer of experience as a final proof, and an advocate of utility as opposed to mere theory. His constant contributions to the agricultural journals of the Dominion give ample evidence of this fact; for they are noted for their extensive knowledge, sound advice, and breadth of view.

As a publicist, Father Burke is not only esteemed by Prince Edward Island, but by the Federal authorities as well. So great is the confidence of his fellow-provincialists in him, that he was appointed the head of the Provincial delegation which journeyed to Ottawa in 1904, to discuss several important features of the British North America Act with the Government. It would not only be false, but decidedly uncomplimentary to state that Father Burke has no enemies. If such was the case, anyone would be perfectly justified in terming him a demagogue or know-nothing. No man who ever stood determinedly and uncompromisingly for the rights of himself and his colleagues, has ever been blessed with a monopoly of well-wishers. This public-spirited priest is no exception to this universal rule, although it is safe to say that his admirers far outnumber his opponents.

Prince Edward Islanders are everywhere credited with a superabundant amount of energy; in the New England States they have been for years playing a hard clean game with the strenuous Yankee, the everlasting contest of dollars and cents, where victory goes only to the strong. Is it the cool, invigorating ozone of the ocean, the enormous consumption of sea food, which Professor Agassiz declared to be productive of a powerful mentality, or the healthy exertion of breaking the soft rich soil of this Island of the Gulf, which is mainly the cause of that high average of brain and body that these men from the east maintain? Pseudo-scientists may attempt the solution of the problem, future students of environment and its relation to evolution may study it with success; we, of the present, however, are content to view it as a generality in connection with some particular examples. It is scarcely necessary to state that this tireless worker from our easternmost Province possesses a great share of this energy and determination of purpose which is so characteristic of the men from his section of the Dominion.

"Father Burke says the island *must* have the tunnel," declared a Toronto journal some time ago, "let Father Burke dig it himself."

We may assure ourselves that Father Burke would certainly begin this monumental task, pickaxe in hand, if he possessed the strength and endurance of the Samsons who are yet unborn. As it is, he is content to be the indefatigable and public-spirited agitator. When all other means of winter communication between the isolated Province and the mainland have been found ineffectual, it is generally conceded that more expensive measures must be tried.

Personally, Dr. Burke is a charming host and a delightful conversationalist. His sense of humour is a prominent characteristic, and it has helped to enliven many otherwise embarrassing situations. Though a scholar, he is not a pedant, but is at all times approachable by all his fellow-Canadians who visit his beautiful island home.

*William Pitts.*

# The Last Mound

By ALFRED PALMER

*The terrible fate of a man overcome by land-madness  
in Saskatchewan.*



MIDDLE-AGED man alighted from the north-bound train at the insignificant station of Kendurn, Saskatchewan. He was a rather portly person of about forty-five, with dark hair thickly streaked with gray, and a clean-shaven, fleshy face, with small, restless eyes, which fully expressed the alert business mind within. He immediately walked over to the immense unpainted lumber cube, which in large, rudely-formed black letters rejoiced in the fact that it was the "King's Hotel." There he entered his name in the visitor's book: J. W. Mauget, Winnipeg. This done, the traveller stepped a pace or two towards the middle of the room and surveyed the silent group of farmers seated in a row of arm-chairs ranged against the wall around the room. These good people were staring at him as one man. He took a cigar from his case, lighted it, blew several clouds of fragrant smoke therefrom, then turned towards the host who had by this time succeeded in spelling through the name entered by the traveller in the desk-book.

"What are chances for a rig good and early to-morrow morning?" he asked.

The host slowly replied: "Both rigs are away, but one should be in to-night if they can make the ferry. Guess we'll know before bedtime."

Mauget seated himself in one of the chairs. He was still the centre of all eyes, which fact, by the way, did not seem to cause him the least embarrassment, as he puffed at his cigar and watched the curling smoke and sat at his ease. This self-confident, well-dressed man was in sharp contrast with the rough-clad farmers, Nature's field-men, that surrounded him.

A tall, lean, elderly farmer, Asa Lobb

by name, who sat on his right, was the first to break the silence with him. He asked of Mauget, simply: "Looking for land?"

"Not exactly," replied Mauget, without any hesitation or reserve. "Not exactly, as we already have some few thousand acres now on our hands which should carry us through this season—unless, of course, we have any snap offered us. If these people can scare up a rig for me I intend driving out to Vender to-morrow and take a look at some of the dirt we have that way."

"To Vender, eh?" queried the old farmer to himself; yet quite aloud. Then slowly, after quite a pause, he continued as if he had succeeded in digging up some recollections from his mind by sheer effort. "Vender, ah; I s'pose you are the Mauget & Co.? Them as is buying up all land in sight, eh?"

"Yep," quickly replied Mauget, blowing out a big cloud as if it was a thank offering to that fact and his own importance. He then turned his face towards the old farmer in a confident manner, to watch the effect. His eyes met those of the farmer. These small, keen eyes glistening from an ambush of heavy, drooping brows were fastened on Mauget with all the intensity the old man could command. Yet in that grisly old face there was no expression to divulge the thoughts that were passing slowly through the old farmer's mind. Mauget, with all his self-confidence, felt that he was the subject of the old man's thoughts and that these same thoughts were intensely critical of him. The old black hat which shaded the tanned face, the "going-to-town" coat of the shoddiest of tweeds, the patched overalls, and the long, sinewy hands that lay extended upon the arms



of the chair after the manner of those black marble statues of the antique Pharaohs—he had seen such appearances a hundred times before on just such men, and could look forward to see them a hundred times more—but this face that held back thought and had such curious, searching eyes, that he could not fathom, was an unusual experience. He distinctly winced, but why he did so he could not understand.

The expected rig did not arrive. The ferry had broken down and the two rigs were stranded on the other side of the river. Mauget peevishly cursed his ill-luck.

“Was anyone present going Vender way?” he asked.

No one. Old man Asa Lobb, who lived twenty miles north-west of Vender, was going home to-morrow; he might ride out with him and stay off at Benjafield’s and ride back with the mail carrier, who called there to-morrow night. This would enable him to see his land. Thus argued the host, and in the end it was thus arranged.

The rest of the evening was passed by Mauget enlightening the farmers as to the enormous profits made in land speculation; how well he had done and how well everyone else could do, if only everyone would help and “boost the country.” He succeeded in arousing the “land hunger” in more than one of the hitherto contented, listening farmers. Old Asa, although he listened very attentively to all that was said, did not again speak, except at one point, where Mauget was extolling in an exceptionally coloured way a successful farmer he knew down in Manitoba who, by manipulating his homestead, borrowing money on it, buying more land and selling that at a higher figure, had at length owned a whole section without a cent against it. Then Asa quietly asked him whether he remembered such and such a verse in the Book of Ecclesiastes. Mauget turned to him with a studied look of indulgence and smiling sagaciously to the listening group, drily replied that “he didn’t just quite.”

“It would be as well for ye and for the peace of mind of others if ye did,” retorted the old man.

But they were too excited over the golden dream to take any stock of such a remark.

The morning broke gray and cool. The south-west horizon was heaped with angry storm clouds, and the thick, steely clouds in the eastern sky were struggling fiercely to obliterate the sunlight that pierced them in small patches or reflected beams.

Mauget came from the door and placed his valise in Asa’s democrat himself, climbed on to the seat and composed himself for the drive.

The horses responded slowly to the chuck and the vehicle moved as if reluctant to depart from that tiny centre of civilisation.

The storm, although so menacing in its aspect, seemed loth to break, and our travellers had covered a goodly number of miles, in fact were in sight of the first corner stake of Mauget’s lands, before the first outbreak occurred. Soon after old Lobb pointed out a small iron rod sticking in the centre of a small mound that marked the beginning of Mauget’s cheaply bought lands. Mauget stood up and feasted his eyes on the broad expanse of heaving grass, gay with a profusion of brightly-coloured wild flowers. It was good. He was delighted with the lands, and began to estimate his bargain.

After a time the land became rather rolling and streaked with sloughs. This was far from pleasing to Mauget, who viewed levelness in land as value—indeed, as a market essential.

They arrived at a ridge from which the watchful eyes of Asa discerned a house at right angles with the road. It was Benjafield’s.

The old man ventured a suave remark that as they had succeeded in covering so much ground in the face of the storm the wisest thing to do was to at once make for cover before the violence of the storm overtook them. The old man anticipated a refusal, but the “pshaw” of Mauget was of such an irritating nature that Asa determined not to go a step further.

“Say, Mister, here’s for the house, and no fooling.”

“Stay,” pleaded Mauget, in his excitement to see all the land, “it’s only two and

a half miles to the last mound and two miles from there to the house."

The old man tightened on the reins but did not move the team. They looked fixedly at each other—each was grimly determined now.

"Well then, you can hike off to the house or to the devil, and I'll foot it," Mauget angrily exclaimed. He lit a fresh cigar, put on his overshoes and stepped down from the rig. This resolve in the face of such weather was rashness. At any other time he would have been the first to admit it, but now he was vexed, doubly vexed at the poor quality of the land, and at the stubbornness of Asa in placing the convenience of his team before his.

The rain now began to fall heavily. It was very cold, and chilled him. His low overshoes did not for very long protect his feet from the damp grass. He had extreme difficulty in keeping the line and had wandered very considerably out of his way before he was able to reach the first mound he had set out to find. By this time the storm had burst with a wild fury. Still he had no thought of turning back.

Wet through, miserable, feeling his utter loneliness, he, for the first time today, in fact for many days, looked into the landscape surrounding him. Of course he had looked at it daily, but now he looked into it, realising that he was not outside of it or apart from it, but of it and part of it. He had been moving, not above the creatures of the world, but with them, although thoughtless, senseless and blind to the many profound connections that linked him to them at every turn.

What did his quarter of a million dollars' value avail him now? The thought mocked him as it had mocked many a miserable man before when sundered from comradeship. So Nature thus brought him to a stand and compelled him to feel, although it could not thus suddenly teach him to comprehend. his present position, where unsustained by the social props that had supported him in his daily intercourse with men that he was now like a cripple that had lost his crutches. He viewed his revealed impotence with disgust, even tinged with anger. He was unimpressed by the revela-

tion of the mighty powers that confronted his speck of will power, dominated as it was by greed.

He arose from the stone on which he had rested and looked into the face of the storm, exclaimed bitterly with the voice of despair, "I will make that last mound before I quit!" Desperate words, O desperate man! He clambered up and down the many knolls and coulees totally regardless now of preserving his clothes from the soiling of the mud. As he walked the pain in his side tormented him and his breath was shorter. However, he struggled on and did not rest again until he had reached the fence that bounded the farm of the reckless Irishman on whom the firm had foreclosed. The house, as rugged as its late luckless owner, stood a little back from the road, and between him and the end of the quarter. It was a very forlorn-looking place now. Rory's hard reputation did him more harm than his spasmodic fits of diligence could make right. The marks of his conquest over the primeval prairie were thus being obliterated, and silently and sadly he had passed on to some other place, no one knew where, or cared for that matter—except the one or two who had seen and felt the human warmth of that wild heart—old Asa was one of those who *knew* him. The wind sighed through the broken roof as Mauget looked in, but he did not care to enter. It seemed the house of the dead, but of the dead that never rest: the sighing winds were their voices, and these were perpetually lifted up with complaints to their mother Nature, of wrongs inflicted on her life-loving children.

He went on slowly, holding his side. The mist seemed to tire his eyes and he was obliged to keep a fixed gaze upon the knoll where the last mound lay to prevent himself from going quite astray.

Suddenly he noticed a dark object near this mound that seemed to be moving. What was it? Confound this hazy rain. It was moving—it seemed to be like a man's head. A cry burst from his feverish lips; he had recognised in that dark object beside the mound the tweed coat, the faded blue overalls and the slouched hat of old Lobb.

Mauget shouted like a crazy man.

"Hi, hi, hi! Old man, here am I! Where's the rig? Why don't you come over here? I'm done up." No answer came back from the figure seated at the mound.

He staggered on for a few paces; stopped and shouted again to the silent figure ahead. "Here you, why don't you bring that rig? Hell, can't you see I am done up; done to death." The word "death," uttered in a spasm, slipped out without thought, without the intention to utter it, but once out it seemed to have been flung from him by an inner force stronger than his will. He was now afraid. The terror was overcoming him, and possessing him. It controlled his speech, and presently would control and then vanquish him in the end. But, the old man over there, silent though he was, had he not come over to meet him? Had he not come to save him, to get him to the house? Why, of course, this was the fever: who wouldn't have the fever passing the last few hours as he had done? But the last effort had quite exhausted him; his heart was fluttering like a newly caught bird beating its pinions against the wires of its cage.

He painfully pulled himself up to a large stone that lay close to the mound, clutched it, drew himself partly upright, and gasped out his protestings at the old man: "Why don't you reach me your hand? Can't you see I am quite played out?" The head of the figure which had been slightly turned away from Mauget now moved to look him in the face. One of the long, lean hands slowly raised and

came towards Mauget. He put forward all his remaining strength, half staggering and half crawling, clutched it eagerly.

O God! What was this? The hand he clutched was fleshless—was a death's hand. The fearful chill of the disgusting bones stopped his heart. It was as if the horrid hand had closed around the fluttering bird within and squeezed it to stillness.

He uttered an agonising, despairing shriek, but was powerless to shake away the bunch of loose bones that wound themselves around his fingers. The old flop hat blew aside from the face and revealed, instead of the old farmer's face, the pale horrors of a mocking death. Its grim despair lurked in the deep shadows of the hollow eyes and its ghastly triumph revelled on its grinning teeth. Mauget's face reflected that cold, ghastly stare as he fell forward to the dread embrace.

He had reached the "Last Mound."

Late in the afternoon they found him. His cold hand lay entangled in a thick brier, whose waving head still nodded in the breeze. The brier grew close beside the rough, notched pole that Rory had planted to mark the corner. The rain still fell, but so lightly it seemed as if Nature was weeping these gentle tears of grief for the fate of one of her wayward sons, who was now in harmony with all around him, as the mere earth, no more, no less—the more than Nature had departed. Where? He alone knows who loaned it and took it as He will take ours in the ripeness of time.



# Fon, Cook, Chinaman

By IRENE M. NORCROSS

*An amusing account of the eccentricities of a Chinaman who was a domestic in a Canadian household.*



ING the aged, Wing the perfect, Wing the discreet, the resourceful, the economical, having briefly announced that he would "catchee pay to-morrow and takee tlain, too much lain this place allee time," had forthwith departed, having first, however, promised to send us his cousin to take his place, said cousin having worked for a "heap toney" family in Kamloops and a "velly good boy." Conjecturing that any cousin of Wing's, while lacking his monumental kitchen virtues, must be at least a fair cook and creditable all-round servant, we waited in pleasant anticipation for three days, the Mater and Amy meantime collaborating on the necessary three meals a day, and taking it turn about to recover in the verandah hammock. Then in the dusk of the third evening a slim young Chinaman appeared at the back door, a large paper parcel under his arm, a deprecating little smile on his small, brown face, and remarked "Me Fon. You sabbee Wing? He say me come and work, Alli?"

We said it was "alli," and the Mater showed him round the kitchen and pantry, gave him a key of the back door and mentioned that we had breakfast at half-past seven. The next morning we knew for a certainty that another reigned in Wing's stead; for the crackling of the kindling in the cook-stove had always wakened me at 6.30—my room is over the kitchen—but on this eventful day I slept serenely on till seven, and then awoke to hear nothing but silence in the region below. Full of wrath and apprehension, I hustled into my bath-robe and slippers and stumbled downstairs, my right hand ready clenched for a rousing rat-a-tat on the door of the slumbering Fon; but

in the corridor I met the boy, his arms full of shavings.

"G'morning," he vouchsafed, with the shy, fleeting smile we were to know so well.

"Fon!" I exploded, "you sabbee it's after seven and no breakfast started?"

Fon's amiable little face darkened just a shade.

"When you want blekfast?"

"Half-past seven!"

"Alli! you get him!"

And we did. That was the astonishing and disconcerting part of it. Mush, bacon, eggs, buckwheat cakes, coffee and toast well ready to the minute, and excellently cooked, but—ye shades! How that table was laid!

The pepper and salt and maple syrup were minus, but the Worcester sauce stood boldly forth in its native bottle; also the marmalade showed its maker's name unblushingly on its white stone jar, though the Mater's pet marmalade dish, half-full, had a conspicuous place on the pantry shelf; and, last straw, the coffee was already poured out and the cups distributed with an impartial hand, though the Mater takes cocoa, and Amy hot water. We surveyed the artistic effect in dead silence for quite ten seconds, and then—"We are not *pigs* if we do live in the country," said the Mater, as she rang the bell with a violence that threatened the spring.

"Looks as though he had spilt the things out of a gunny-sack and thrown them into place," the Governor suggested. "Tell him we'll exchange the Worcester sauce for the butter, if he doesn't mind."

Before that day was over it was borne in upon us that we had the most amazing bundle of contradictions that was ever created tied up in Fon's spotless apron;

spotless it was; personally he was immaculate from his neatly coiled cue and clean-shaven forehead to the tips of his quaint native shoes; but his kitchen—how he ever found room to turn round, or lay anything down, or find anything he wanted to pick up in that appalling chaos, I can't imagine. Dirty dishes and cooking utensils littered the tables, sink, the one chair, and overflowed on to the floor. A basin of flour stood on a half-empty soup plate; a packet of corn starch had been deposited in the sink; a bowl of dripping and half a pie jostled one another on the window ledge; the butter dish balanced precariously on the edge of the oven; the breakfast coffee pot, still unemptied, was half buried under the potato parings of the dinner preparations; the pickle-jar shared the alarm clock's tiny shelf to the deadly peril of both, and by way of a conscientious finish, our culinary treasure had draped the end of a very dingy tea towel over a mould of Bavarian cream, while, in a small space in the middle of the table, bounded on all sides by the broken fragments of every law of good house-keeping, he calmly rolled out pastry, his inscrutable Asiatic face as bland the while as a sleeping infant's. Small wonder the Mater had collected us all in the doorway—sympathetic witnesses to the righteousness of her wrath.

"And Wing said he was a good boy," she wailed; "had been in a—what did he call it—toney family! Why I never *dreamt* of such a—such a pig-sty! We can't keep him!"

"Gently—gently!" urged the Governor. "Remember there's only one other Chinaman within fifteen miles, and not a chuck-luck game within fifty. It's a concession for a chink to stay at all under those conditions, and if he goes the next may be worse. We can't get white help in the Buckley Valley. You've tried a Klootchman, and there you are. Besides, this fellow keeps himself clean."

That shot told. The Mater retired until such time as Fon's black sins should have simmered down to a neutral tinted gray in her mental vision, and it was about an hour later that she descended to the kitchen again and received a fresh shock. Everything tidyable had been tidied up

and off. The floor was newly swept, the table scrubbed, the stove polished. The Mater retreated mollified and wondering, a wonder that we all shared and that grew upon us as Fon's marvellous inconsistencies gradually unfolded in our midst. Particular to a fault about his own person—I more than once caught him using my manicure things on his own yellow nails, and his tooth brush had an honoured position next the lemon squeezer over the sink. Yet his sloppiness in his work was beyond belief. Too lazy to get out of his own way as a general rule, and always leaving everything to the last possible moment, he was still always on time, and could rustle his kitchen into shape in short order when it suited him. He was deeply disturbed if there were no flowers for the dining-room, and took no end of pains with the Mater's lace centre-pieces; yet he fairly shied the meals on to the table, and on one memorable occasion actually presented a tin of condensed milk, the lid pried half off, in place of the conventional cream pitcher. This peculiarity extended to his speech also; he was never saucy, never rude, and even when scolded he either remained silent or gave the soft answer that generally increases wrath, but when the Mater asked one morning how the new potato-steamer worked, he answered gently that it was "no bloody damn good!" The Mater fled, and the Governor, after indulging in unseemly mirth in the dining-room, marched into the kitchen to point out to Fon the error of his way; but his own turn came a day or so later. Our nearest neighbours were four young fellows ranching on shares, and batching it together in a shanty, having as cook and general factotum an ancient Chinaman who used his spare time most profitably on an eight-by-ten vegetable patch. We were too new on our wild acres to have any "green stuff" of our own; but when the Mater remarked at lunch one day how nicely a salad would go with the cold meat, the Governor had an inspiration: "I dare say those fellows down the road have more than they need," he suggested.

"Fon, you go look see you can catchee some lettuce off Mr. Reade, sabbee?"

Fon raised his pretty timid eye from the jelly he was placing before Amy.

"Me catchee hell, me go now," he said, mildly reproachful. "Bimeby heap dark, me catchee plenty; have to-morrow."

It was quite a minute before the Governor could make himself heard above the roars of his undutiful family, and when he had got his meaning home, I think Fon's respect for him diminished considerably. We might have been puzzling yet over all his strange antithetic peculiarities, if we had not got light on the mystery from a man who was weather-bound at our house in the course of "hoofing it" out to the coast with blankets and rifle. He recognised Fon at a glance as the erstwhile second cook at a lumber camp at which he had been employed about three years earlier. Then indeed we understood many things. Fon was clearly the product of a very mixed training. The flowers and centre-piece and deft-handed waiting represented the influence of the "toney family"; while the bad language and Worcester sauce and condensed milk tin outrages dated back to the logging-camp epoch, carefully suppressed by the artful Wing. But there were ways and phases of Fon that we were loth to attribute to either the *toney* ones or the logging camp; we decided they must be just original Fon. Among these was his extraordinary absence of mind—and body—in connection with the meals. He rejoiced in putting on all the hot things first, and would then retire, leaving us minus some such important trifle as the plates or carvers. When everything was half cold, and the Mater preparing to ring for the fourth time, he would glide in with the missing articles and the shy, appealing little smile, that had probably saved him from sudden death. Many a time, at first, between courses, we used to speculate as to whether he had run away or merely died, and urged one another to go and investigate, but as time passed we grew resigned, and putting our elbows on the table for lack of anything else, discussed the weather, till Fon saw fit to come out of his trance. His cooking was generally good, occasionally excellent, and now and then very bad; yet here also his typical contradictoriness came out. He had a passion for onions that

amounted to a vice, in fact, to a perfect obsession. He put them into every savoury pie, every soup, every gravy he made, and, when he couldn't dodge them in any other way, he dished them up plain boiled. We were never free from a haunting dread of finding them in the puddings. In his sweets, however, his fancy ran to peculiarity of hue and form, rather than that of flavour and taste. He was always springing some surprise on us—a wild oriental concoction in cake, with seven colours not counting the icing, with Chinese pagodas scattered over the top, and fantastic little josses racing round the edge; or a weird creation that the Governor called his delirium-tremens pudding, consisting of red, shady stuff, with an underpinning of yellow jelly and a green trelliswork arrangement to top off with. It was good to eat, though probably damaging to the gastric centre.

I could never decide whether it was Asiatic cunning or mere good luck, but Fon always managed to avoid getting us all angry with him at once. If the Governor was suppressing bad language over a half-cooked joint at one end of the table, the Mater, at the other, was complacently remarking on that boy's really delicious sauce; and when she suddenly announced that she couldn't endure Fon another week—his kitchen was quite too disgraceful—ten to one the Governor replied that anyone who made curry as he did was worth keeping, though his kitchen looked like a landslide.

For eight interesting months we experienced Fon; then one morning, two weeks before the commencement of the Chinese New Year, he told the Mater that she had better "catchee new boy" as he was going. We did not argue the point, nor even ask the reason. Well we knew that the gambling fever had laid hold of his little brown soul and must run its course in the odoriferous by-streets of the nearest Chinatown before he could settle quietly into harness again. So he went, and in his place reigns a yellow-haired Scandinavian girl; she is clean, neat and thrifty, and never swears—at least not in English—and I quite agree with the Mater that a girl is so much nicer in the house—but she is deadly monotonous after Fon.

# Scottish-Canadian Poetry

By WILLIAM CAMPBELL

*The author concludes his review of this subject, and gives considerable space therein to women.*

## ARTICLE II



THE subject of Scottish-Canadian poetry was dealt with, in part, in the April number. It is now proposed to take up the writings of as many more of those poets who come within the scope of these articles, as will fairly present the claims of Scottish-Canadian poets before the public. At most it is possible only to give examples. To attempt to review the whole Scottish-Canadian anthology of poetry would be beyond the writer's intention. Besides, a review that would aim to cover so wide a field might prove somewhat monotonous.

Among the poets whose pens are still kept in practice, John Macfarlane, widely known by his *nom-de-plume* "John Arbory," is entitled to a prominent place. Mr. Macfarlane has given to the world many fine poems and lyrical pieces. Perhaps his fame will rest largely on what he has done to perpetuate the memory of the Scottish martyrs. Having martyr blood in his veins, and being possessed of a deeply religious nature, his heart went out in sympathy to those heroes of covenanting times, and he was constrained to sing their praises in such burning words as the following:

Chased frae his hame, an' the bairns he lo'ed,  
Far frae the luv o' his kith an' kin,  
He still was leal to the grand auld league,  
For he couldna bide in the tents o' sin;  
An' the croun was his that the sainted wear,  
For it glinted aft on his broo o' care

Abune was the treasure he lang had hained,  
Abune wi' the host o' the pure an' just,  
Sae he didna flee frae the hour o' doom,  
His father's God was his only trust;  
An' his saul's ta'en flicht to the realms sae  
blest,  
Tho' his shroud was a shroud o' mornin'  
mist

Of other poems by Macfarlane on the

Covenanters and their times may be specially mentioned "Auchensaugh," "Dowie Howms o' Bothwell," "The Nameless Martyr" and "The Last o' the Hillmen."

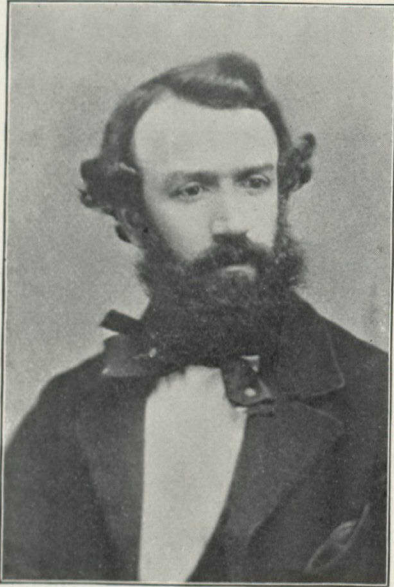
With a heart always warm for the mother land, Macfarlane is fully alive to the magnificence of Canadian scenery, as some of his verses show.

The poet's birthplace was the village of Abington, situated near the source of the River Clyde. When he came to Canada, Macfarlane took up his abode in Montreal, and there he still resides. That his muse is not dormant is evidenced by frequent contributions to *The Scottish American*, and other publications.

Donald McCaig, Public School Inspector for the District of Algoma, has not responded to his poetic aspirations in vain. In a little book published by him some



JOHN MACFARLANE



WM. MURDOCH

years ago, under the title of "Milestone Moods and Memories," he proved to the world his title to a place among Scottish-Canadian poets. Before venturing on a printed collection of his writings, Mr. McCaig was a frequent contributor to local newspapers, and he wrote the prize poem for the Toronto Caledonian Society in 1885, "Moods of Burns." The poet's father was a Highlander, and his mother came from Ayrshire. He was born in Cape Breton in 1832. His fondness for the land of his fathers is shown in his verses, "My Island Home," a poem which displays literary ability of a high order.

His poem entitled "Eastern Twilight" paints the downfall of Brahma before the Christian religion. The concluding verses are as follows:

Gautama's lamp is burning low,  
The incense lost, the perfume shed  
From censers idly swinging now,  
Where soul of Brahma's life lies dead!

O sages! waiting, watching still,  
For Him who prophets saw afar,  
Behold a light breaks o'er the hill,  
Behold a newly-lighted star!

O priestess! looking to the skies  
For coming tokens of the morn,  
For you this brighter star shall rise,  
For you this nobler Prince be born!

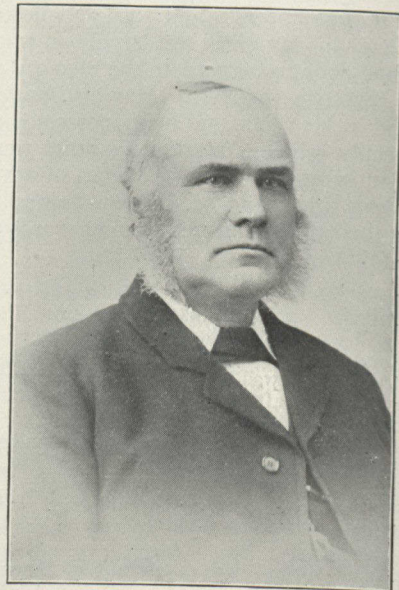
Of Him the herald angels sing,  
"He knows, His children feel like them,  
A Sun with healing in His wing,  
A Star, the Star of Bethlehem!"

At the time when Mr. McCaig's published poems appeared, they came under review, in these columns, at the hands of Mr. David Boyle.

As a man and a poet, Thomas Laidlaw, of Guelph, has scarcely come in for that mode of praise which his merits call for. If ever a man was filled with that burning love for Scotsmen and for Scotland, which is so characteristic of his countrymen, that man was Thomas Laidlaw. Although only six years of age when he came to Canada, he had within his nature, in large measure, that *ingenium perferendum Scotorum* possessed, more or less, by every true Scotsman.

Mr. Laidlaw's verses on "The Old Scottish Songs" are true to nature; brimful of descriptive power worthy of our best poets; and breathing out a spirit of patriotism which can only spring from the purest of sources. The poem consists of eleven stanzas, of which the following are fair samples:

With the sweet-scented gowan the meadows  
are gemmed,  
And the lark sings its song from the sky;



DONALD McCAIG



All nature rejoices, and the hills have the  
voices  
Of freedom that never will die.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, the spirit that stemmed the invasion  
that sought  
To wrest from the kingdom its crown;  
That spirit untamed down the ages has  
flamed  
With untarnished, unsullied renown.

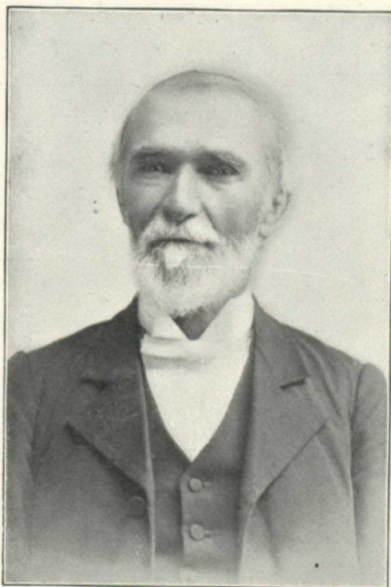
Robert Boyd, who was a pioneer as well as a poet, wrote some excellent poems, and no man within a radius of fifty miles of Guelph was better known or more highly respected. In his writings Mr. Boyd made everything very real. In his "Song of the Backwoodsman," one fancies he sees the gleam of the axe, and hears the crash of the proud oak as it measures its length on the sward. A striking contrast is furnished by a love-lilt which follows, the opening stanza of which is well worthy of preservation, for its sweet and tender imagery:

The dark e'e o' e'ening's beginning to drape  
The tears o' its kindness in Nature's green lap;  
Ilk wee modest gowan has faulded its blossom  
To sleep a' the night wi' a tear in its bosom.

"The Herd Laddie" is a pastoral poem,



THOMAS LAIDLAW



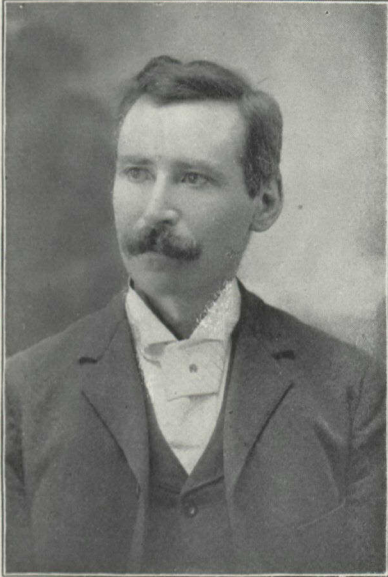
REV. WM. WYE SMITH

redolent of the heather hills and gowany braes of Auld Scotland, and affords unmistakable proof of the author's love for his native land, after an absence of well-nigh half a century.

That Mr. Boyd was possessed of a keen sense of humour, is shown in a lengthy poem entitled "The Bachelor in His Shanty," in which he relates his experience as a pioneer, and the hardships he endured while hewing out a home for himself in the heart of the primeval forest. His experiences with wolves and bears in winter; and mosquitos and "bull-frogs brawlin'" in the summer, are graphically described, along with many more ills, to wit:

And oh! the mice are sic a pest,  
They eat my meat and spoil my rest;  
Whatever suits their palate best,  
They're sure to win it;  
Blast their snouts, they e'en build their nest  
In my auld bonnet!

The crickets squeak like sucking pigs,  
And dance about my fire their jigs,  
Syne eat my stockings, feet and legs,  
The hungry deevils;  
Sure Egypt e'en wi' a' her plagues  
Had ne'er sic evils.



JOHN MORTIMER

Rev. William Wye Smith, of St. Catharines, was born in Jedburgh, Scotland, and came to Canada with his parents while yet in early boyhood. Mr. Smith's name has been before the Canadian public, as a writer of both prose and verse, for well-nigh fifty years. His poetry, with which alone this article has to do, is characterised by originality, a masterly style and a winning tenderness, at times, that is quite captivating. Many of his lyrical pieces are beautiful, their outstanding features being simplicity and sweetness, alike in thought and expression. Coming from the border-land of Scotland, Mr. Smith naturally evinces a keen interest in border incidents of by-gone times. In a quaint poem, "The Ghost that Danced at Jethart," he recalls an episode in the history of Jedburgh which is familiar to the student of Scottish history. During the revels following the marriage of Alexander III, the assembled guests were startled by the appearance of an unbidden guest—a thing of dry bones, a skeleton, in fact—whose movements were marked by time and seeming sense—a something "uncanny" whose visit has never been explained. A few stanzas are given here because of their peculiar style, and to

show Mr. Smith's familiarity with the Scottish words in use in those days when the abbots of Jedburgh "had fat kail on Friday when they fasted":

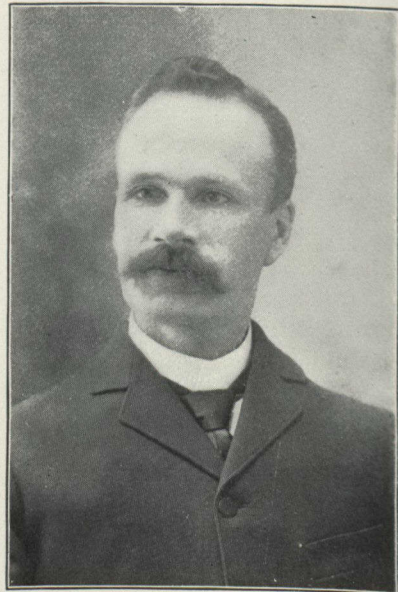
When gude King Alysander was marriet,  
'Twas lang syne, kimmer, i' the town o'  
Jethart;  
Stane-biggie, Abbey-crowned, auld Border  
clachan,  
Whiles I ha'e thocht on greetin', and whiles  
"lauchin',  
Just as fond memory wi' the past forgather't,  
And down Time's stream was carriet.

The poem goes on to describe the marriage feast, the music and then the dancing. The merry guests are treading a lively measure—

"When sudden cam' a stand!"  
But still the patter o' a pair o' feet  
Was heard fu' right!  
The lad had fainted wi' the lang bassoon,  
An' kettle-drums an' fifes were in a swoon,  
An' harpers glowered atween their silent  
thairms  
On sic a sight!

It jos't wi' it's elbucks e'en the King—  
And maskers fled—  
For ne'er in masquerade had sic a thing  
Been seen or read!

It wasna leevin', yet 'twas dancin', loupin',  
An' ower the provost it was nearly coupin',  
Sic swirls it led!



MALCOLM MACCORMACK

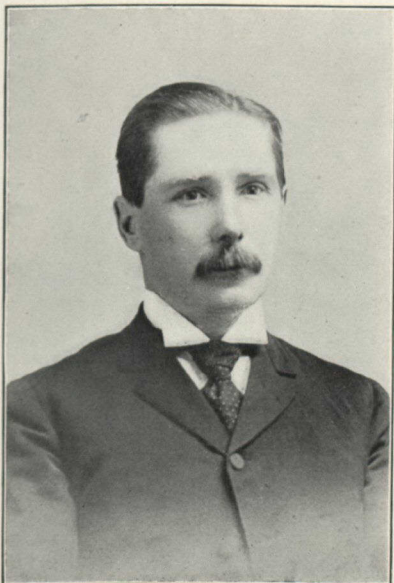
It had a plume an it had been a baron,  
 Wi' feathers hie—  
 A kilt wi' gold brocade an' siller lacin',  
 An' dainty doublet wi' braw, braw facin',  
 But Òch-hon-a-rie!  
 It was an atomy, a thing o' banes,  
 That wadna dee!

It lightly trod the airy min-e-wae,  
 An' crackit its fleshless thooms;  
 An' linked wi' unseen partners down the  
 floor,  
 A country dance was never danced before!  
 An' girned an' boo'd to leddies on the dais—  
 Then flittit frae the place!

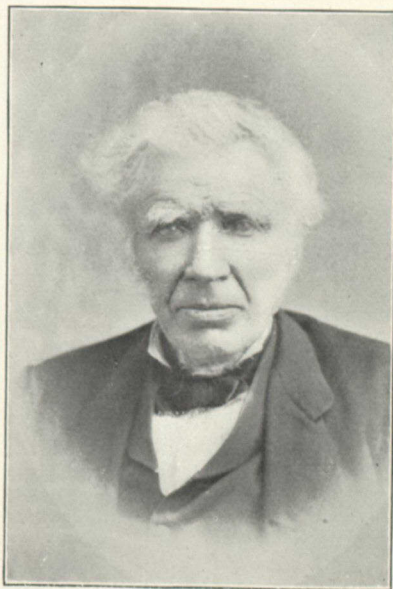
Here is a sample of Mr. Smith's style  
 on another theme, in which he shows his  
 poetic fancy to advantage:

Wi' the laverock i' the lift, piping music i'  
 the skies  
 When the shepherd lea's his cot, and the dew  
 on gowan lies—  
 Up, up, let me awa' frae the dreams the  
 night has seen  
 And ask what is the matter wi' my heart  
 sin' yestere'en?

The laverock i' the lift, i' the wildest o' his  
 flight,  
 Sees whaur his love abides, wi' throbbings  
 o' delight—  
 But I beheld her cot, and awaken to my  
 pain—  
 It canna sure be love, or I'd sune be weel  
 again!



JOHN SIMPSON



ROBERT BOYD

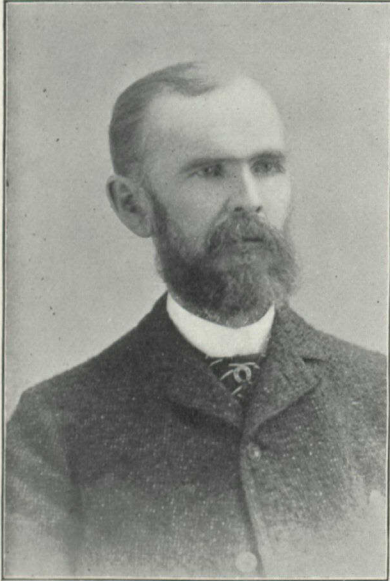
Adown the sunny glade, there's a bower  
 that cottage nigh  
 Whaur the flowers aye are sweetest, and the  
 burn gangs singin' by—  
 'Twas there we pairtit late, wi' a kiss or twa  
 between,—  
 But what can be the matter wi' my heart  
 sin' yestere'en?

I'll to yon garden hie, ere the gloamin' close  
 it's e'e,  
 I'll tell her o' my pain, and ask what it can be;  
 It may be she can cure wha gar't me first  
 compleen,  
 For ah! there's something wrang wi' my  
 heart sin' yestere'en!

Another good example of Mr. Smith's  
 versification is a sweet, breezy poem en-  
 titled, "O, the Woods." The verses  
 have a true poetic ring in them and they  
 are here reproduced, omitting the first  
 stanza:

O, the woods! the woods! the Summer woods,  
 And the coolness of their shade!  
 Where in wildwood dell all the Graces dwell,  
 There to wait on a sylvan maid!  
 I'll seek for flowers to deck her bowers,  
 And twine in her golden hair;  
 And, I wonder much if she thinks of such  
 As I, when the Winter's here.

O, the woods! the woods! the Autumn woods,  
 And the chestnuts ripe and brown!



WM. MURRAY

When the leaves hang bright in the chang-  
ing light,  
Like the banners of old renown!  
And south-winds ripple across the lake,  
Like chiming of marriage bells;—  
O, I wouldn't much grieve, if I'd never  
leave  
These wildest of woodland dells!

O, the woods! the woods! Canada's woods,  
And the sweet flowers nourished there!  
O, the beechen shade, and the sylvan maid  
That garlands her golden hair!  
Her name may change with the magic ring—  
Her heart is the same for aye!—  
In my little canoe there is room for two,  
And sweetly we glide away!

Mr. Smith has been a prolific writer of poetry and his muse awakes at times, even yet.

Among the many Scottish-Canadians who have sung in a minor strain, John Mortimer has a prominent place. Mr. Mortimer comes of Aberdeenshire stock. His father and mother settled on land immediately adjoining the town of Elora, and on the old homestead the poet still dwells.

Mr. Mortimer has exhibited in his writings a deep love of nature as it appears to him in his rural surroundings; his descriptive powers are above the average;

he is possessed of a somewhat brilliant fancy, and a vivid imagination; in short, he is by nature well equipped for poetry, especially in its simpler forms. His lines entitled "A Tribute to the Toads," appeals to us because of their simplicity and naturalness. Here are the first two verses:

The Spring has reached our Northern clime,  
Crows in the air abound;  
The snow is melting, and the time  
For toads will soon be round.

I'm glad the Spring will turn them out,  
I love so much to see  
Those sober creatures hop about  
Upon the grassy lea

The short poem "Song" is a neatly written appeal to our common humanity and is one of Mr. Mortimer's favourite pieces. It is as follows:

Some seem to think our mission here  
Is only to be glad;  
And the way to bless the sons of men  
Is bid them ne'er be sad.  
I claim not mirth should rule the earth,—  
No prejudice have I,—  
Nor reckon those but friends or foes  
Who make me laugh or cry:  
He who would share my joy or care  
Is still the friend for me,  
For the heart, you know, where'er you go  
Is won by sympathy.



MRS. JEAN BLEWETT, AUTHOR OF "THE CORNFLOWER AND OTHER POEMS"

Is won by sympathy,  
Is won by sympathy;  
The heart, you know, where'er you go  
Is won by sympathy.

When sounds of mirth and gladness fall  
In vain on Sorrow's ear,  
Then strive to comfort those who weep  
And give them cause for cheer;  
We may impart to every heart  
Some sunshine if we try;  
'Twill hasten on the joyous dawn  
We hope for bye-and-bye,  
Till comes to stay that happy day  
When all shall brothers be,  
For the heart, you know, etc.

Another poem, "The Felling of the Forest," brings out Mr. Mortimer's descriptive powers. The poem is too long for reproduction here, but the temptation to give an extract from it is too strong to be resisted:

But slowly did the work advance; to tell  
How, thrown with skill, the forest monarchs  
fell,

To me were pleasant—prone and parallel;  
This way and that, their huge boughs interlaced,

Tier over tier, for giant bonfires placed,  
With terrible descent; but fearless all  
We laid them low and climbed each sway-  
ing wall

To cut the higher trunks and boughs, and lay  
Compact for burning at some future day.—  
And listening now I hear those bonfires roar,



MISS H. ISABEL GRAHAM



MRS. ISABELLE ECCLESTONE MACKAY

And see great sheets of flame that skyward  
soar,

Triumphant beacons of thy future, great,  
Oh, Canada! our dearly loved estate!

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus fared the noblest of our forest trees,  
Whose branches mingled, bending in the  
breeze

For broad, unmeasured leagues on every side,  
All green and glorious in their summer's  
pride!

The home of rustling wings and nimble feet,  
The Red Man's shelter, and the deer's retreat.

Others of Mr. Mortimer's poems that are deserving of special mention are "Somebody's Child," "After a Hundred Years," a tribute to Burns; "Nelly and Mary," a well-conceived and cleverly-written dialogue; "A Dream," being a vision in which is a graphic and awe-inspiring description of the Deluge; "A Woodland Vision," etc.

Malcolm MacCormack, as his name indicates, comes of pure Highland extraction, his parents having both come to Canada from Argyleshire. The poet was born in the village of Crieff, Wellington, Ontario. He early evinced a poetic tendency, which was stimulated and encouraged through coming in contact with McColl, Laidlaw, McCaig and others.

MacCormack's verses entitled "The



MRS. GEORGINA FRASER NEWHALL

Gael's Heritage," are a tribute to Fingal and Ossian. Following are some verses which indicate pretty clearly the scope of the poem:

Sons of the Gael! 'tis yours, with proud  
elation,  
To guard the fame of the unconquered  
brave  
Who stood erect, disdainng subjugation,  
And scorned to own the hateful name of  
slave

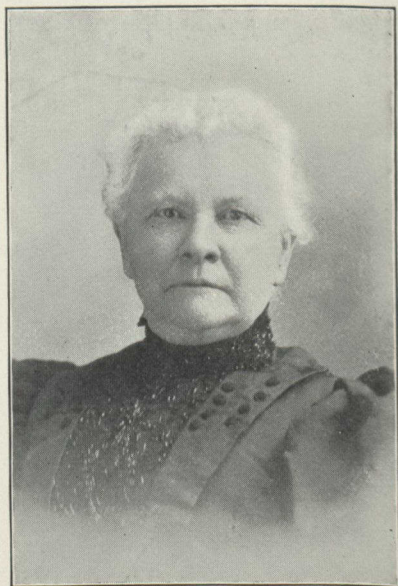
'Tis yours to claim the heritage of splendour,  
That gilds with light the old historic page,  
Whereon your fathers' deeds remain to render  
Their fame undying to the latest age.

'Tis yours with grateful homage to remember  
Their glorious deeds in those heroic days,  
When Fingal fought his foeman without  
number,  
And tuneful Ossian sang immortal lays.

The name of John Simpson is not so well known in Canada as it deserves to be. This may be accounted for in two ways. In the first place, he has not published his writings in book form; and in the second place he has resided for many years in the United States; at present he is understood to be living in British Columbia. Mr. Simpson was born in Elora, Ontario, on July 2nd, 1855, of

good Aberdeenshire stock, his father's name being Peter Simpson, and his mother's maiden name, Janet Catanach. On his mother's side, his progenitors were of a decidedly literary turn of mind, and distinguished themselves in the halls of learning. Mr. Simpson obtained his education at the Elora public and high schools, and at Toronto University, where he took his B.A. degree in 1884, and his M.A. degree in 1887. He has followed in the footsteps of his maternal grandfather, becoming a successful teacher. This enlargement on Mr. Simpson's career is justified by the fact that he has written some of the best poetry of which Canada can boast; and it can confidently be said that he has not yet given to the world the best that is in him. His is the true poetic temperament and his genius is of that soaring kind behind which there lurk great possibilities. Here is what may be called a prayer for his native land. It is given in almost its entirety, as it breathes out a spirit which should animate every true Canadian heart:

THOU GOD OF NATIONS, GUARD OUR LAND!  
Thou God of nations! guard our land,  
Thy blessings on our country pour!



AGNES TYTLER

Our shield and succour evermore  
 Be Thine Almighty hand!  
 Thou high and mighty King of kings,  
 Thou Maker of all earthly things,  
 Support us with thy leading-strings,  
 Alone we cannot stand!

The mighty empires of the past  
 Have fallen, and in ruins lie;  
 Their walls, that towered once on high,  
 Upon the earth are cast:  
 Great Babylon is lying low,  
 Proud Carthage is a scene of woe,  
 In Rome corroding lichens grow  
 On ruins that are vast.

No human hand can shackle time:  
 Though Petra from the rocks was hewn,  
 In heaps its fragments now are strewn  
 Within a desert clime:  
 O Lord, lest such a direful fate  
 Our land and nation should await,  
 To Thee we fain would consecrate  
 Our lives with faith sublime.

Our nation ever shall be free,  
 No dweller in our broad domain  
 Shall ever guiltless wear a chain,  
 Or pine in slavery:  
 In praising Thee each shall alone  
 The guidance of his conscience own;  
 Our land shall never hear the groan  
 Of dying liberty.

A prolific writer of poetry is Mr. William Murray, of Hamilton, a kindly Scot from Finlarig, Perthshire, who, for thirty years or so, has been the honoured bard of the St. Andrew's Society of Hamilton, and of the Caledonian and Gaelic Societies as well. Mr. Murray has written poetry sufficient to fill two volumes, but he has never ventured on the publication of his works, although many of his poems have appeared in print. Here is a specimen—not his best, but selected as being within available space:

#### THE SCOTTISH PLAID

The plaid among our auld forbears  
 Was lo'ed ower a' their precious wares,  
 Their dearest joys wad be but cares  
 Without the plaid.

And, when the auld guidman was deid,  
 'Twas aye, by a' the hoose agreed,  
 That to his auldest son was fee'd  
 His faither's plaid.

Ah! gin auld plaids could speak or sing,  
 Our heids and hearts wad reel and ring,  
 To hear the thrillin' tales that cling  
 To Scotia's plaid.

To hear hoo Scottish men and maids,  
 'Mang Scotland's hills and glens and glades,  
 Baith wrocht and fought wi' brains and  
 blades  
 In thae auld plaids.

The star o' Scotland n'er will set  
 If we will only ne'er forget  
 The virtues in our sires that met  
 Aneath the plaid.

Among the Scottish sights I've seen,  
 Was ane that touched baith heart and een,—  
 A shepherd comin' ower the green  
 Wi' crook and plaid.

And i' the plaid a limp' lamb,  
 That on the hill had lost its dam,  
 And, like some trustfu' bairnie, cam'  
 Row'd i' the plaid.

Another sight I think I see—  
 The saddest o' them a' to me—  
 The Scottish martyrs gaun to dee  
 I' their auld plaids.

But let's rejoice, the times are changed,  
 The martyrs hae been a' avenged—  
 An English princess has arranged  
 To wear the plaid.

Wm. Murdoch, a native of Paisley, Scotland, came to Canada in 1823, and settled in St. John, N.B., where he engaged in various occupations, his later years being devoted to journalism. In his youth Mr. Murdoch was intimately acquainted with Walter Watson, who wrote the well-known song, "Sit Ye Doon My Crony and Gi'e Us Your Crack." A day or two before Mr. Murdoch's departure for Canada, Mr. Watson walked all the way from Kilmarnock to Paisley to bid farewell to his brother poet. The following stanzas from "A Prayer" will show what Mr. Murdoch could do in the way of versification:

From the depths of the ocean to earth's ut-  
 most bound,  
 In ravine and valley, O God, Thou art found  
 By all who would seek Thee aright;  
 Could we penetrate earth to its innermost  
 cave,  
 Or were mountains on mountains laid over  
 our grave,  
 Were the floods of the ocean above us to rave,  
 We could not be hid from Thy sight.

Oh, Father of worlds—omnipotent God!  
 Support us, Thy creatures, who groan 'neath  
 a load  
 Of transgressions by nature our own;  
 When Thy thunders shall over this universe  
 boom,

And awake all who are, or have been, from  
the tomb,  
May we number with those who in glory  
shall bloom  
Eternally around Thy white throne.

It seems a noticeable and well-established fact to those who have given the subject of poetry any thought, that the proportion of the gentler sex who have wooed the poetic muse in Canada is greater than in the Old Land. Scotland may not have produced, proportionately, so large a number of poetesses; but what has been lacking in quantity has been made up in quality. Some of the finest songs in the language have been created by women in Scotland, and their popularity will go down through the ages.

Several ladies have distinguished themselves in the realm of poetry on this side of the Atlantic. Of these Mrs. Jean Blewett is perhaps the most widely read. As her work is well known to those who read *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, but little need be said for her here. Her latest volume of verse was reviewed in the January number. Miss H. Isabel Graham, of Seaforth, a daughter of the Manse, has written many poems that will live. Miss Graham is a daughter of the Rev. Wm. Graham, for thirty years minister of the Presbyterian Church at Egmondville, and a native of Comrie, Perthshire, Scotland. Miss Graham is not unknown to public fame, as several of her poems have found their way into the public press. One little poem of hers entitled "There's Aye a Something," furnishes a moral clothed in every-day apparel, with a due proportion of embroidery in the shape of mother wit. Here is a sample of Miss Graham's work in a familiar strain, bearing the title of "The Prodigal Child":

Far from the light and the comfort of home,  
Out where the feet of the desolate roam,  
Wanders a son from his parent astray,  
Bruised by the thorns of life's rough, weary  
way;  
Father, have mercy, the night's dark and  
wild,  
Save in his weakness Thy prodigal child.

Fall'n like a star from the firmament bright,  
Hiding in darkness, away from Thy sight;  
Gone are the false, fleeting pleasures of earth,  
Dim are the marks of his right royal birth;

Yet Thou dost love him where'er he may  
stray,  
Bidding him come to Thy bosom to-day.

Mrs. Isabella Ecclestone MacKay is a daughter of one of Woodstock's best-known citizens, Mr. Donald MacLeod MacPherson, Scottish to the core, as his name indicates. Mrs. MacKay has the true gift of song, with a style of expression that is all her own. She has contributed quite a number of poems to Canadian and American publications, and these have attracted considerable attention. Her verses on "Hallowe'en" are unlike all other poems on that subject. Hallowe'en is suggestive of frolicsome fun, with a spice of something "no' canny" thrown in. Mrs. MacKay's poem is in the nature of a reverie—an appeal to the past, with a glimpse of

"Old friends whose comradeship my age  
has missed,  
Dear faces whom death's cruel lips have  
kissed;  
One long-lost love whose face for weary  
years  
I have not seen save through a mist of  
tears—  
I see them all so plain. Ah, yes, I ween  
I need no other guests on Hallowe'en."

In "The Apple-parin' Bee," Mrs. MacKay strikes a different chord. Here are two verses:

My gals is struck on parties, the kind that's  
known as "balls,"  
They spend their lives in dancin' an' re-  
turnin' dooty calls;  
They never seem to get much fun, in fact it  
'pears to me  
We were a sight more jolly at an apple-  
parin' bee.

\* \* \* \* \*

I asked the gals one mornin' "Look here,  
I'd like to know  
Jes' what you think you're gettin' from this  
everlastin' show?  
We didn't wake with faded eyes and head-  
aches—no, siree!  
The days our greatest frolic was an apple-  
parin' bee!"

Mrs. Georgina Fraser Newhall, a native of Galt, of good Scottish stock, has distinguished herself both by her poetic and prose writings. Her "Fraser's Drinking Song" has been adopted as the "Failte," or welcome of the Clan Fraser Society of Canada, and it has been set to a stirring martial tune. The first and last verses, or toasts, are as follows:



All ready?

Let us drink to the woman who rules us  
to-night,  
To her lands, to her laws, 'neath her flag  
we will smite  
Ev'ry foe,  
Hip and thigh,  
Eye for eye,  
Blow for blow—  
Are you ready?

All ready?

A Fraser! A Fraser forever, my friends;  
While he lives how he hates, how he loves  
till life ends,  
He is first,  
Here's my hand,  
Into grand  
Hurrah burst—  
Are you ready?  
All ready!  
All ready!!  
All ready!!!

Agnes Tytler, whose poems, though comparatively few in number, have won for her a place among Scottish-Canadian poets, was born in the Township of Nichol, County of Wellington. Her father came from Aberdeenshire and her mother from Banff. Most of Miss Tytler's poems are couched in a somewhat serious vein. The following verses from "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" are a fair sample of what she has written:

Even in youngest baby-days  
The dark shade hovers nigh,  
As oft we are reminded  
There is none too young to die.  
\* \* \* \* \*

The world was fair and beautiful  
When I was young and gay;  
I find much that is sorrowful  
When I am turning gray.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Tired, from this weary, weary world  
I turn my thoughts on high,  
Where dwelleth holy peace and love,  
And naught can fade or die.

We need not wealth or power  
To reach the heavenly shore;  
Freely God gives us, day by day,  
And bids us ask for more.

In making the foregoing selections from poems by women, only the writings of Scottish-Canadians have been drawn upon. Quite a number of native-born Scots-women, resident in Canada, have contributed largely to the poetry of this land. Among the more prominent of the latter are: Mrs. Mary A. Maitland, Mrs.

Jessie Wanless Brack, Mrs. Margaret Beatrice Burgess, and Mrs. J. R. Marshall.

There is one other poet to whom a tribute may well be paid—Rev. R. S. G. Anderson, who was, some years ago, in charge of the Presbyterian congregation at Wroxeter, but who is, at present, living in Scotland. Mr. Anderson has produced poetry that will compare very favourably with that of any of his compeers. "The Young Minister," and "The Precentor," are vivid pen-pictures. Both are written in "braid Scots," with which Mr. Anderson is quite familiar; and they are brimful of that pawky humour which is characteristic of the Scot in his best moods. The Dominion is well remembered by this poet. "The Crofter's Song," "Sugar Making," and "Canada," all bear the stamp of a loyal and warm-hearted citizen. That Mr. Anderson is an Imperialist, as well as a patriot, is evidenced by the closing verse of "Canada," which reads as follows:

Blest be our land that has written in story  
Names that are worthy, and deeds that  
inspire!  
Long may her place in the roll-call of glory  
Wake a true pride with the patriot's fire.  
God ring the Empire round;  
But let our sons be found  
Marching, breast forward, the first of  
the free.  
True to the larger house  
Still shall we give the rouse,—  
"Canada! Motherland! Our hearts beat  
for thee"

What has been spoken of as "the flowery field of Scottish song" may be said to have been well cultivated in Canada. A few samples—among thousands—have been given in this and the previous article. But these will suffice to prove that the product, so far, has not only been plentiful, but excellent. With the making of history—the development of the country and the gradual building up of this great Dominion—will come a purely national poetry; but those who write that poetry will not be less successful that they have had as their model those poems and songs which have contributed, in so marked a degree, to popularise Scotland among the other nations of the earth.

# Current Events

By F. A. ACLAND

SO far as the proceedings of the Imperial Conference have reached us, they have followed the lines of least resistance and, consequently, nothing of a radical or even seriously important nature has apparently happened. The spectacular portion of it all has been excellent; the processions, the dinners, the receptions, and the many brilliant functions in which the assembled premiers have taken part, have been carried through with admirable effect. In its way this is no small achievement; at least it shows the absence of any friction in the present relations, for the colonial premiers are not of the type who would hesitate to speak their minds. Laurier and Botha have been, as was generally predicted, the most interesting figures; perhaps Botha has, in fact, rather taken the lead as a feature, and certainly nothing could have exceeded the enthusiasm of his reception by the British people. Botha has shown by his speeches that he is a man of fine feelings, and he will go back to the Transvaal cheered and confirmed in his resolution to rehabilitate his country and to work with Dr. Jamieson for a united South Africa. There has been much talk in the inner circle of the Conference of which the public knows nothing, but we may be sure that much of it hinged on the vexed question of the burden and privilege of Empire, and how to shift somewhat of both from the shoulders of the mother country to those of the colonies, without trammelling the independence of each individual part. Nothing very practical is likely to come of it all for many a year, unless the arrival of a sudden and terrific crisis rends or welds the Empire; but, in the meantime, the quadrennial Conference is a pleasing and substantial evidence of the warm ties of sentiment that are alone at present sufficient to keep the Empire together. Anything we do to strengthen these ties of sentiment we contribute to the cause of Imperial unity; once we allow them to be shattered, the cause of the Empire is gone.

We are apt to overlook sometimes the force of imperialism in other empires than that with which we are connected. The recent elections in Germany, which resulted in cutting almost in two the parliamentary representation of the Social Democrats—practically Socialists—in the Reichstag had imperialism well in the foreground of the issues raised. Moreover, the occasion has developed the man, and a sort of German Chamberlain is at the helm in the colonial office, an ex-banker, Herr Dernburg, who proposes to put the colonies on a business basis. The dissolution itself was sprung upon the house by the Kaiser, so it is believed, because an important group in the house controlling the balance of power had threatened to prevent the passage of a money vote for the war in German Southwest Africa—and Herr Dernburg's part in the elections was to draw alluring pictures of what in his opinion the German colonies might become one day for the Fatherland, of their productive possibilities, their commercial value and the field they opened for the enterprising energies of the young in all sorts of directions. Dr. Edward Bernstein, writing on the subject in the *Contemporary Review*, says of Herr Dernburg's speeches that they "read often as if they were extracts from a company prospectus, and the calculations Herr Dernburg read to his enchanted hearers remind one rather of a promoter of doubtful companies than of a man experienced in the formation of over capitalised companies. But it cannot be gainsaid that they made a deep impression. It is always an enticing spectacle to see a man of business and dry figures turn up before our eyes as a visionary dreamer."



The Arbitration and Peace Congress, that met during the month in New York, was the occasion of many interesting speeches, in which much amiable sentiment was expressed, but it is doubt-

ful if it has really made war any less likely than before. War, it is to be feared, will be banished from the earth only when we can also safely abolish gaols. Both are a sign of human frailty, until we have eliminated which from our nature, it is idle to talk of ideals. The proposal for a universal arbitration court is a very proper and timely one, and such a court is a natural development of the universal friction which the embittered industrial rivalry of the age continually begets. There will be work enough for such a court in the settlement of the minor disputes of the world; it is when we come to matters which nations will not allow to be arbitrated that red war begins to rage.



If we glance for a moment at the great wars of the last century and a half, those, at least, with which we are most familiar, to how few of them we could point and say that an arbitration court would have averted the mad strife of arms. Take the American Revolution; can we suppose that George III and Lord North, on the one hand, or the colonial leaders on the other, would, or could, have made concessions that would have kept the peace? Chatham was a stronger force in England at that time than would have been any arbitration court in Europe, and when he failed, the court would hardly have succeeded. Would anyone be disposed to argue that Napoleon would have heeded an arbitration court, until, at least, he had finished his career of conquest, and could have used it as a tool? Not that Napoleon did not appreciate the principle of arbitration within a modest sphere—he was one of the first of modern statesmen to apply it to industrial disputes, for instance, and the councils of *Prud'hommes* established by him in 1809, are effective yet in France and Belgium. Would France, England and Turkey have allowed Russia to arbitrate the question of the balance of power in Europe in 1854? Would Bismarck have given France the possibility of escaping the ordeal of 1870? Did not Spain almost beg for arbitration with the United States ten years ago, and did not the United States reply through the button-hole badges of its soldiers, "To h— with

Spain?" Would arbitration have averted the Boer War? Who shall say? If it was written in fate that the Boer nations were to be engulfed in the British Empire, as we must now believe it to have been, no possible arbitration court could have kept the Boers from struggling fiercely against such a destiny. The field of the arbitration court must be the comparatively humble one of bickering technicalities; the destinies of nations will continue to be settled by the sword. The greatest existing safeguard against war is its great and increasing cost, and the only sure preventive of war is the production of a race of mortals who are too wise to quarrel or too weak to fight.



The deliverance of the budget speech of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer tempts a comparison with the figures of our own national expenditure and income. Mr. Asquith was fortunate in having a magnificent surplus of \$26,995,000, which came instead of an anticipated deficit of \$230,000. The expenditure for the coming year is placed at \$703,785,000, while the revenue, after certain reductions have been made, will yield a surplus of \$11,250,000. These are gigantic figures, but in proportion to our population, our own are not unequal. Including capital expenditure and ordinary expenditure, the estimates for the coming year for Canada provide for \$116,000,000, about one-sixth of that of Britain, and our population stands in about the same ratio. A third of the Canadian total, however, may be said to be devoted to purposes relating to the development of the country. The present is preëminently our growing time, and it is necessary, above all things, that the commercial and industrial equipment of the country should march abreast or should keep even ahead of the prodigious expansion in population which we are at present experiencing.



Should we, therefore, look to see our expenditure keep pace with the growth of our numbers, so that, given a population equal to that of Britain, our taxation would equal that of her people? By no

means. The total of Imperial expenditure includes \$300,000,000 for army and navy alone, and a further \$75,000,000 for interest on the huge national debt which the wars of centuries have bequeathed her. Against this we may set \$10,000,000 for the interest payable on our own national debt, but the remainder of the vast expenditure named, over one-half the total indicated by Mr. Asquith, may be practically cut out of the Canadian prospect; this represents the dual advantage of living on this side of the world and of living under the ægis of Britain. Whether in course of time some portion of the large sums we are now expending annually on development purposes should not in some way be transferred to the relief of the parent country in recognition of the peace secured to us by reason of her vast armaments, is for the future to determine, but such a diversion would not represent increased expenditure. There are many other things to take into consideration, but on the whole, it seems reasonable to conclude that we could equal the population of Britain without attaining more than half her present annual expenditure, perhaps without exceeding a third of it.



It is interesting to note that the question of old age pensions is beginning to receive practical attention in England and Canada at about the same time. The older country is ahead of us in the matter of providing the money, since Mr. Asquith proposes to set aside \$7,500,000 of the anticipated surplus of next year for this purpose; we, on the other hand, are first in the field with respect to the measure, since Sir Richard Cartwright has already introduced into the Senate a bill providing for a scheme of selling annuities to workmen, which, despite disavowals, still has some semblance to pensions by the State to the aged. What will be the nature of Mr. Asquith's scheme, it is impossible to say. The Canadian proposal, as outlined at present, is to take the savings of the workman and care for them until he is 60 years old, then to supplement them handsomely by the State and return them to him in the form of an annuity proportioned to the amount of his savings.

The maximum annuity so granted is to be \$400. This is well, so far as it goes, and it may be added is on the lines of the legislation adopted in New Zealand, whose experiments in sociological legislation we are accustomed to regard as the most radical and most successful of their kind, but it does not really meet the case of that necessitous old age which is one of the worst reproaches of our civilisation. Men who are now old, or getting old, could not benefit by such a scheme. Moreover, there are many, very many, even in Canada, in spite of assertions to the contrary during the debate in the Senate, who need absolutely every cent of their earnings to provide even the most meagre living for their families. These, in their old age, need and deserve the assistance of the State equally with those who have been able to save money, but they will be unable to claim it. On the other hand, there is undoubtedly a most serious objection to conferring such an annuity on all men equally on reaching a certain age, apart from deserts, apart from needs, and without reference to the prodigious strain such a system would place on the finances of any country. Here, therefore, is the dilemma that faces the modern statesman who touches this rather painful problem in sociology.



The letter written by President Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, of the C.P.R., to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, shows how prodigious have been the efforts made by that railway to keep pace with the wonderful expansion which the west has seen during the last few years. The locomotives and freight cars were increased from 1901 to 1906 by 70 per cent., and the total expenditure for this and other lines of development had amounted to \$72,000,000; this in five years, not counting the \$35,000,000 expended during the same time in building new railways. It is not enough, of course, perhaps it is not even as much as the railway should have done, or might have done; and yet there is a limit to the possibility of production. The north-western lines of the United States have a very similar story to tell, for the expansion has not been confined to our own side of

the line. Everywhere, where they can be produced, engines and cars have been building for the western railways. But the growth of the West in population and productivity is greater yet, and is far outstripping the progress of transportation facilities. A difficulty, too, of which we hear little, but which is a very genuine one, is the dearth of practical railway men. Not a few of the old hands have gone farming themselves—and who can blame them?—while with the building of new lines and the running of more trains, there has been a greatly increased demand for men with more or less technical knowledge, with much of it of necessity in the case of engine drivers. There are few sources of supply and there is a strong temptation to supply the demand with men who may not be wholly fit. It is taking great risks with life and property if this is done, but the impatient public must bear in part the blame for all that happens. To put it briefly, Canada has grown out of her railroad clothes, and it is a matter of time to make a new suit. If it were not treason to do so, one might almost suggest that it would be well even to stop growing for a year or two.



Surely the ban of the comic opera "The Mikado" in England is the most extraordinary outcome imaginable of the alliance between Britain and Japan. Nothing more comic could have been imagined by Gilbert and Sullivan themselves. Somehow it does not strike one as wholly in keeping with the dignity of Great Britain that it should be quite so eager to soothe the ruffled feelings of a nation that is still so lately arrived among civilised states that it takes seriously the buffoonery and burlesque of an amusing play. After all, the Japanese are new in the rôle of western civilisation, and that their identity with it is far from being complete is evident from their susceptibility to matters of this kind. Those westerners who have lived in Japan tell us that the Europeanisation which the Japanese have undergone is, after all, but a thin veneer, extending, moreover, only to the upper orders of the people. It may be abandoned one day as quickly as it has been

assumed. Not that Japan will necessarily revert even then to her former seclusive barbarism—but she will proceed to work out her destiny on other lines than those of such civilisation as we know to-day, and quite possibly on lines that will put out of the question any alliance between her and a western nation of humanitarian propensities.



The retirement of Lord Cromer from the unique position he has occupied as practical tyrant of Egypt has brought forth a chorus of eulogy of his great career. He is a most signal demonstration of the truth of Tom Hood's theory that "an angel from heaven and a despotism" is the best possible form of government, if we could only get it. It is true Lord Cromer was not an angel, but a most wise and virtuous statesman, who by force of circumstances was given a free hand in the management of the affairs of the ancient land of Egypt at a time when its worn-out system had completely broken down and anarchy threatened to paralyse its national life. He rehabilitated the country, restored to it the vast territory that had for ages been under its dominion, made it prosperous and independent of all—save only Britain, and now modestly and unostentatiously retires to private life. He never had an official title higher than that of Consul-General, but the Khedive obeyed him unquestioningly, though not perhaps without inward resentment.



The successor to Lord Cromer has difficulties of another type than those encountered by the retiring statesman. Sir Eldon Gorst, the new Consul-General, finds a new Egypt in an economic sense, and an Egypt, moreover, in which the reawakened national life is demanding definite expression. The national sentiment is inevitably antagonistic to foreign control, and an agitation that has grown stronger and stronger as the country has become more prosperous and better organised, threatens to assume more formidable shape now that the guiding hand of Lord Cromer has been removed.

# WOMAN'S SPHERE



## JUNE

**D**ARK red roses in a honeyed wind swing-  
ing;  
Silk-soft hollyhock, coloured like the  
moon;  
Larks high overhead lost in light, and singing;  
That's the way of June.

Dark red roses in the warm wind falling,  
Velvet leaf by velvet leaf, all the breath-  
less noon;  
Far-off sea-waves calling, calling, calling;  
That's the way of June.

Sweet as scarlet strawberry under wet leaves  
hidden,  
Honeyed as the damask rose, lavish as  
the moon,  
Shedding lovely light on things forgotten,  
hope forbidden—  
That's the way of June.

—Nora Chesson.



## BEFORE WE GO AWAY

**T**HE feminine half of creation is busy just now, preparing for the coming vacation—for the river, the lake or the hills. Every year we seem to become a more “going-away” people and the holiday brings a corresponding rush beforehand. Life would be much more desirable if there were no getting ready or clearing up. Perhaps the latter undertaking is the more burdensome. The process of preparing and cooking a dinner has something of elemental joy about it, but the woman who can look you in the eye and say she delights in washing dishes is a lineal descendant of Sapphira. It would be a good thing if women would realise that an essential for an enjoyable holiday is comparative simplicity in dress and furnishing. Comfort must be there or the summer cottage is worse than the town or city home. Children who are tormented with fine clothes during the holidays are losing the finest happiness in

the world. Cool and simply-trimmed linens, sensible straw hats or rakish Tam o' Shanters, are the true holiday garb, while the serge skirt is a necessity if there are canoes to paddle or rocks to climb. It is a fatal mistake to tire yourself out with frills and “fixings” beforehand, in the belief that you will get all the needed rest in the holiday. The strain will be felt for a fortnight or a month, and you will declare that the last state of the holiday-maker is worse than the first.



## BONBONS

**T**HE bonbon is such a favourite with most women, such a sweet habit of the sex, that it must have been formed at a very early date. There is a rhyme which every child knows, the second stanza of which declares:

“What are little girls made of?  
Sugar and spice and everything nice.”

Long ago woman's affinity for sugar was established. It may be true that the secret of winning a man's love is to “feed the brute.” But what about the affections of the gentle girl whom Edwin desires to win? Let him put not his trust in poetry books or sheet music, but in the bonbon box in the *de luxe* edition. The palate of Angelina cannot resist the contents thereof, and Edwin will find the way to her heart strewn with chocolates of vari-coloured fillings and adorned by sugared cherries.

We are informed by an English authority that the origin of the manufacture of bonbons dates from the time when sugar was first used in England—that is to say, about the commencement of the thirteenth century. The first experiments with the juice of the sugar-cane, brought from the East after the Crusades were at Sicily by

Jewish traders, about the year 1230. The following curious extract relating to the production of sugar is from a letter written in Latin of the period by Frederick II, Emperor of Germany, and King of Sicily and Jerusalem, to Ricardo Filangieri, Governor of Palermo (1230): "We invite you to take steps to find two men who know well how to make sugar, and send them to Palermo to manufacture it. You will also see that they teach the process to others, in order that the art may not be lost in Palermo."

The manufacture of bonbons, which was rather rude in the commencement, improved gradually and acquired a certain perfection in the fourteenth century. Francis I was accustomed to give bonbons to the artists whose work he looked on at the Louvre and at Fontainebleau, and he had dishes of assorted sweetmeats served at his table daily. Henry IV carried all sorts of bonbons and ate them at court daily. Even to the present, France, the land of all dainty manufactures, produces the most tempting bonbons.



#### AN UNUSUAL CONTRIBUTION

THE English suffragettes who elected to go to Holloway Jail rather than pay a fine for disturbing the peace, have contributed not a little to the discomfort of politicians and the gaiety of nations. Mrs. Pankhurst, one of the most aggressive of the noble army, spent some of her spare time in prison in making sketches of her deadly dull surroundings. Since their liberation, the suffragettes have dined sumptuously and have spoken loud and long. They are also writing for the magazines and telling of their week-end in prison. The May number of the *Pall-Mall* contains an article, "What It Feels Like to be in Prison," written by Sylvia Pankhurst, and illustrated after drawings made at Holloway by the author. There is not much literary grace in the description, but Mrs. Pankhurst is concerned chiefly with the suggestions for reform. Her conclusions are decidedly sane and humanitarian:

"Holloway Jail, of which I have tried to give you a glimpse, has set me thinking deeply on the need for reform of prisons,



MISS EDNA MAY

Another dramatic favourite who recently left the stage to become the wife of a "copper millionaire"

and of what they ought to be. Having been among the prisoners as one of themselves, and having seen that most of them are very poor and many of them are old, and that few of them reach the standard of health at which it is possible to enjoy life, it has seemed to me that whatever may be thought as to the treatment of graver criminals, these short-sentence prisons ought really to be hospitals for mind and body, and are needed rather to help and reclaim the poor, wrecked waifs of society than to punish them by inhuman routine and spirit-crushing solitude. . . . The idea of teaching habits of decency and refinement never seems to have entered the minds of the prison authorities. . . . The need for reform strikes one at every turn, and as one thinks of the hundreds of practical housewives one knows, the thought forces itself home that if they were allowed a voice in the management of these matters, they would come in, with their sensible ways, and brush away the dust of ages from our moulding prison system."

It's a poor imprisonment that does



"TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW"

From the painting by J Pettie, R.A.

nobody good and the riotous doings of the suffragettes may ultimately result in good if reforms of the nature indicated are made in the English system.



#### A CHEERING REPORT

THE Hamilton Health Association has issued its second annual report, which contains among other interesting matter an account of the establishment of the Mountain Sanatorium for the consumptive citizens of Hamilton and the county of Wentworth. The people have responded with commendable generosity to the claims of the work, and the various illustrations in the report show how thoroughly the benevolent enterprise has been carried out. The grounds comprise a beautifully wooded farm of close to one hundred acres, rolling land, well watered and drained, and situated on the high table land above the city. Those who know Hamilton do not need to be told how beautiful is the prospect that stretches from the height of the ridge and beyond one of the most picturesque bays in Ontario. The air is pure and invigorating, the view everything that Ontario's woods and waters can afford, and the patient who refuses to recover in the midst of all this cheering environment is incurable indeed.

The Daughters of the Empire, under the leadership of Mrs. P. D. Crerar, have done and are doing a great deal for this truly patriotic cause. Tuberculosis is properly called the white plague, which

commits its ravages in every Province of our Dominion. To fight it successfully, there must be sunshine and fresh air. This is part of the treatment at the Mountain Sanatorium, and the proof of its efficacy may be found in the number of cured or improved patients. All over Canada the importance of the campaign against this unsparring foe is being recognised, and it is essential that women everywhere realise how much may be done to check its first advance by the simple agency of light, air and proper nourishment.



#### THE CANADIAN COMPLEXION

WE may as well admit that a Canadian woman with rosy cheeks is not a common sight. A writer in "Canada" remarks in this wise:

I am an Englishwoman who has spent many years, first in England and then in Canada, studying girls from an educational point of view, and I am far from finding that "all Canadian girls are constitutionally strong, healthful, and absolutely happy in the fullest sense of the word." I must confess to a feeling of disappointment that the girlhood of a new country with such a splendid climate compares, on the whole, so unfavourably with our English girls. The pale, colourless faces (except when out in bright frosty weather) of the majority of Canadian girls present a great contrast to the clear skins and bright colouring of the majority of English girls (my experience was chiefly amongst upper-class girls in both countries), and their physical strength and powers of endurance compare still more unfavourably. An ordinarily healthy English girl takes as a matter of course, and enjoys, a daily walk of from three to five miles or six miles, or a bicycle ride of eight or twelve miles. A Canadian girl feels quite worn out after a walk of two or three miles, and her bicycling powers are on the same scale. English girls between twelve and twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, dislike intensely having to confess to physical weakness, or even tiredness; the Canadian girls I came across had no hesitation in saying they did not feel like it, and discussing their



ailments, nervous feelings, etc. This latter is not as healthy a condition as the former, and the girls are not constitutionally as strong, the ordinary diseases of childhood and lesser ailments taking far more hold of them than of English girls. This is, I think, greatly due to the over-heated, shut-up houses of the Canadian winter, the large quantities of candies eaten at all times, and the constant whirl of excitement in which the ordinary girl lives.

We are willing to plead an unhealthy pallor, but when it comes to displaying dainty molars, the Canadian girl is superior to her English cousin. So there are consolations.



#### WOMEN NOVELISTS

THE London (England) correspondent of a San Francisco journal says a few encouraging words regarding the popularity of the fiction that is written by the members of the sex which has no vote. Here is the paragraph which gives an interesting summary of the lucky novels:

There is one point worthy of mention in literary England. It is mainly the women who write the stories and who have thus a peaceful supremacy more real than they will ever get by storming Parliament Yard. In a list of twelve best sellers in England, degenerate man has no place whatever. Let me conclude with the list itself. The books are: "Fenwick's Career," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "The Far Horizon," by Lucas Malet (Mrs. Harrison); "The Treasure of Heaven," by Marie Corelli; "The Gambler," by Mrs. Cecil Thurston; "Prisoners," by Mary Cholmondeley; "The Dream and the Business," by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie); "The Viper of Milan," by Marjorie Bowen; "The White House," by Miss Braddon; "In Subjection," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; "A Sovereign Remedy," by Mrs. Steel; "The Incomplete Amourist," by E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland), and "A Queen of Rushes" by Allen Raine (Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe).



#### THE APPAREL AND THE MAN

THE change in man's attire from the picturesqueness of the past to the practical ugliness of the present is discussed by an English writer in somewhat melancholy fashion. After referring to the former distinctions of dress he says:

"Then suddenly it seemed to the careless onlooker at Life's Pageant, there came a flop in clothes—no other word

will better describe my meaning. The decadent, greenery-gallery style commenced, men (perhaps I should say æsthetic people) faint from the enclosed air of early Victorian drawing-rooms, strolled languidly to giddy heights, and there biliously began the faded art tones, the yellow ties, the appearance of personal neglect, rigorously conventional, which marked an age of thought, typified by dress, an age which was really only the end and decay of early Victorianism. The semi-monastic appearance of the Middle Ages, the gay exuberance of the Elizabethan, the lolling dare-devil of the times of Charles the Second, the Dutch rigidness of William of Orange, the brutal snuff-stained Georgian stocks, the facetious primness of Beau Brummell—all these down to our queer new fashions of to-day are as important to the study of mankind as any written books."

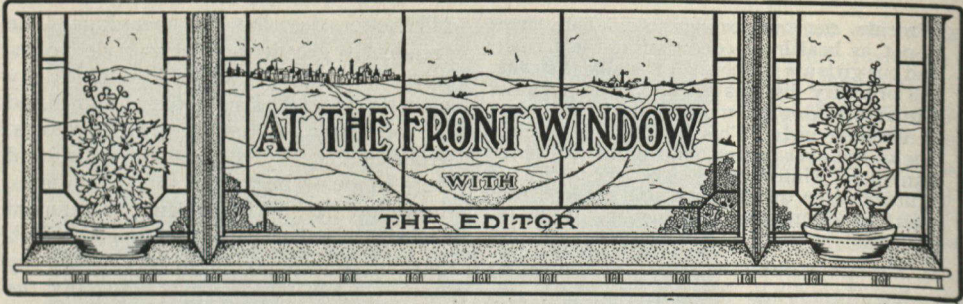


#### MAN'S SPHERE

OF course we have all heard of Woman's Sphere. Do not the words adorn the head of a department in many a newspaper and magazine? But what about man's sphere? It used to be considered incorrect for woman to be occupied with anything more than baking or sewing. To spell incorrectly, to play insipid variations and to read with the falling inflection the poems of Felicia Hemans were accomplishments of every perfect lady. But time and the typewriter have changed all that. Defective orthography is no longer considered charming, and a "smattering" is no longer regarded as elegant. Woman has "invaded," we are told, the business world and man does not approve of the liberty she has taken.

But what was woman to do? Man had coolly taken up dressmaking, usurped millinery and gone to house-cleaning. In sheer self-defence, woman decided to take degrees and enter offices. It is idle and inconsistent for man to cavil at her becoming barrister while he insists on baking bread. There is really no sphere left for woman except scrubbing, which still seems to be an exclusively feminine occupation.

*Jean Graham.*



#### A MASTERPIECE IN COLOUR

WHEN the original of Mr. Frederick S. Challener's painting, "The Meeting of Venus and Adonis," which will decorate the proscenium arch of the new Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, has been seen by the public, not many persons will dispute the assertion that it stands as the most distinguished example of decorative art by a Canadian painter that we are able to show. The reproduction, which is the frontispiece of this number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, serves merely to indicate the outlines of the painting. To fully appreciate the great beauty of the colouring it is necessary to see the original, for the reproduction loses all the depth and variations of the sky, the water and mountains in the distance, and the superb flesh tones of the figures. Venus, or Aphrodite, was the Greek goddess of love, who outshone all the other goddesses in grace and loveliness. Her retinue consisted in part of Eros (Cupid), the three Graces and the personification of laughter. These the artist has placed on the canvas. Among her favourite animals were the ram, he-goat and doves. In the earliest works of art she usually appears clothed, but later she is shown more or less undraped, either rising from the sea, leaving the bath, or merely as an ideal of feminine beauty. Sculptors took delight in idealising her form. The most famous of original statues are the Aphrodite of Melos at Paris and the Aphrodite of Capua at Naples. Adonis was properly a Syrian god of nature. While yet a youth he was killed during battle with a wild boar. The goddess, inconsolable, made the anemone grow out of his blood. When the river Adonis, in Syria, ran red because of

soil washed down from Lebanon by the autumn rains, the native women believed that Adonis had been slain in the mountains and that the water was dyed with his blood. His funeral rites were performed with great lamentation, but when he was resurrected in the spring in the shape of blossoming vegetation, the celebration was licentious in the extreme. This rejoicing became an annual custom, known as the Feast of Adonis, and was observed by women. The custom, which began in Syria, crossed over into Greece and thence as far as Rome. The Grecian festivities on these occasions were simple and restrained.

Mr. Challener has imagined the first meeting of Aphrodite, who personified feminine beauty, and Adonis, a high type of manly beauty. The incident shows the four goddesses waiting for Adonis to awake, with Cupid ready at hand. Cupid is usually represented as a child, but he has been sometimes shown as a model of ripening youth, lithe of limb and graceful of form. Mr. Challener has adopted the latter conception. Known in mythology as Eros, this youth is the deity that sways the passions of the heart of both gods and men. It will be seen, therefore, that to paint a picture such as "The Meeting of Venus and Adonis," requires much more than a mere knowledge of the principles of art and the values of colours.



#### THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM

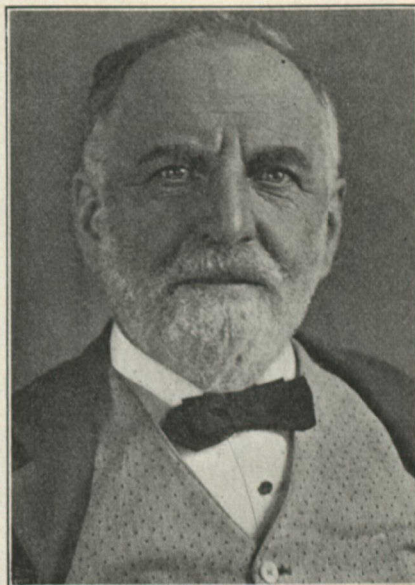
EVEN before the article entitled "Swede Girls for Canadian Homes" appeared in the April number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, we had had a pretty good idea that in many Canadian households the problem of how to get a good,

faithful servant girl at a moderate wage was regarded as almost beyond solution. The number of inquiries that have been received as a result of the publication of that article, has enlarged our appreciation of the situation. The difficulty has been, all along, not so much a lack of quantity as a lack of quality, not the quality of adeptness, but rather the quality of faithfulness and trustworthiness. There is extant, in our cities in particular, a class of young women who are lamentably frivolous and morally irresponsible. They are, many of them, the so-called professional domestics. They frequent the employment agencies, make engagements that are broken without any apparent shred of excuse, and flit from place to place in the deplorable quest for romance. The women who have suffered from the whims and fancies of this class of girl are beginning to look elsewhere for help, and are learning that it is a good investment to assist willing girls from the Old Country by paying their passage, which amount is afterwards made up in service. Enterprise of this kind has been made convenient through the instrumentality of organisations for the purpose, a good example of which is the Women's Domestic Guild of Canada, which has a centre of distribution at 71 Drummond Street, Montreal. When it becomes generally known that good girls from abroad are available for a small temporary outlay, the problem will be at least partly solved.



#### A CHAMPION OF WOMEN

**W**HATEVER may be said about the merits of the reforms that Mr. W. T. Stead advocates, the gentleman himself is an excellent type of the person who presses his case to the last ditch. He is more than anything else a man of conviction, but he is also a slave to his conviction. For instance, he upholds what is known as woman's rights, but he makes no exception to prove the rule. If he is to speak at any gathering, he makes it an unalterable condition that women must be allowed to attend. He gives no ear to the plea that the presence of women would be irregular at a gathering of club men. Apparently he does not care much whether



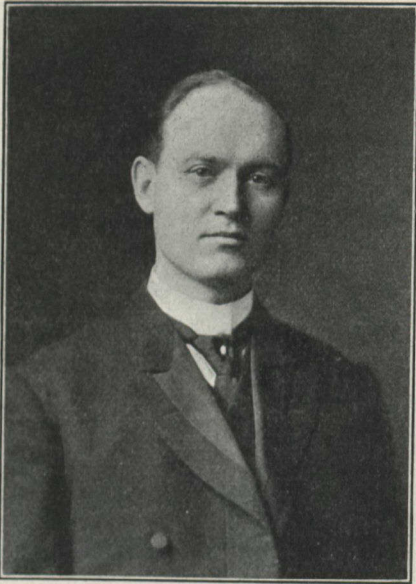
MR. W. T. STEAD  
Apostle of Peace

women attend or not, but he insists that they have that privilege anyway. His motto is: "No women, no Stead." He lived up to it at Chicago, refusing to address a meeting, the organisers of which stood pat against permitting women to attend. He did the same thing again at Toronto, and discovered a spirit of independence equal to his own. Of course, that is simply one of his eccentricities, but it is a kind of eccentricity that develops antagonism and tends to hinder the possessor in the propagation of his ideas.



#### THE NEW PRINCIPAL

**D**R. R. A. FALCONER, to whom has been offered the Presidency of the University of Toronto, is one more Prince Edward Islander who has won high distinction. At present he is Principal of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, and it is expected that as soon as he returns from a trip that he has been enjoying abroad, he will formally accept the position offered. Since the resignation of President Loudon, several months ago, the Presidency of the University of Toronto has been unoccupied, except in an acting capacity, by



DR. R. A. FALCONER

To whom has been offered the Presidency of the University of Toronto.

Principal Hutton, of University College. Dr. Falconer is forty years of age. He was educated first at Queen's Royal College, Trinidad, and later in London, Leipzig, Berlin and Mareburg. In 1892 he came across to Nova Scotia, and soon became lecturer in Greek exegetics in the college of which he is now Principal. Those who know him speak confidently of his capabilities for the important position to which he has just been called.



#### A CANADIAN ORCHESTRA

THE musical season in Canada, just closed, was distinguished by the first performance of an orchestra for which there is hope that it may in time take rank with the best instrumental organisations on the continent. The occasion was the concert of the Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra on April 12.

Writing on the significance of the performance, Mr. J. Harry Smith says:

"Canada has seen several attempts at the organisation of a symphony orchestra, some of them entirely worthy, made in a desire to provide in Canada something that Canadian musical art really needed. The

results, however, have not heretofore been so successful as the cause in most cases was worthy. While the attainments of existing and past Canadian orchestras are to a great degree creditable, in no case has there been a combination of favourable circumstances such as would give to the Dominion an orchestra that might, in the near future, compare with the greatest of those of the United States.

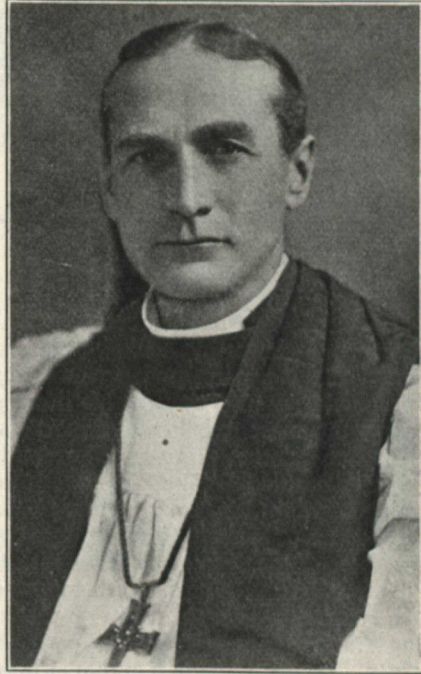
"If anything were necessary to ensure Canada's right to a place of musical honour, the laurels brought from New York by the Mendelssohn Choir would supply the need. But Canada has never had an entirely successful orchestra. Thousands of dollars have been spent annually in bringing to the Dominion the great orchestras of other countries. Attention and encouragement have been lavished upon the half-dozen choral societies which have been doing and are still doing a splendid work in Toronto alone, but never has it been possible to find enthusiastic support for the Toronto orchestras that have, up to this time, claimed public attention. At the time of former attempts, the difficulties attendant upon the securing of sufficient talent have been too great to allow of the measure of success that would ensure support. The musical union, which includes in its membership practically all the professional orchestral players of North America, has its regular scale of charges for rehearsals and concerts. The great expense thus involved had to be guaranteed at the start. This was done by a number of public-spirited citizens appreciative of the country's need in this direction. For the first time in Canada, members of the musical union played with instrumental teachers and their more advanced pupils in a symphony orchestra, and the result was what might have been expected.

"The man to whom the greatest credit must be given is the conductor, Mr. Frank Welsman, who has proved himself so well justified in assuming the duties of orchestral leadership. He is a comparatively young man, with more than a national reputation as a violinist and pianist, but he has never shown to greater advantage than when he presented to the public the result of the season's work of his orchestra.

Very great credit is also due the professional musicians associated with him. In the majority of cases they worked for the cause and for no personal gain.

"A word should be said of what was accomplished by the orchestra. The attendance was large, sufficiently so to pay the season's expenses. It was necessarily a highly critical audience and the enthusiasm displayed throughout the evening left no doubt as to the verdict. The programme was, to some extent, exacting, including Beethoven's symphony in C major, op. 21; Moszkowski's Spanish Danish, op. 12, No. 2, and the Liszt Hungarian fantasia. The work of the strings calls for special mention. Tone and technique were surprisingly excellent and the unanimity of the instruments was particularly noteworthy. The orchestra comprised fifty players, including eighteen violins, four violas, four 'cellos, five contra basses, eight wood-wind, nine brass and two percussion.

"If Canada is ever to have an orchestra as worthy of her as is the Mendelssohn Choir, it would seem that the auspices under which this Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra has been started are those which have the greatest chance of success. We are, evidently, not yet sufficiently cultured to allow of government or municipal grants towards this sort of educative institution, and if the good work is to go on, generous individuals and an appreciative public will have to assume that duty. Canada must some day have a national music. She will some day have men who shall write in poems of tone Canada as they know her. Until she has worthy orchestras as well as



*A. F. Ingram*

DR. A. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM

Bishop of London, who is soon to visit Canada,  
and his official signature.

worthy choral societies, the genius that lies latent within our country will never show forth. The foundation of a lasting orchestra that may in time take its place among the great musical combinations of this continent, is a big step forward in the general advancement of Canada's musical art."





MORE MERITORIOUS WORK BY  
CANADIANS

THE month's reviews embrace a number of noteworthy books by Canadians. Mr. Norman Duncan, who seems to be making a sure way for his literary work in the most remunerative markets, has written another story of Newfoundland life, entitled, "The Cruise of the Shining Light." Mr. Arthur Stringer has followed his "Wire Tappers" with a story along the same lines, entitled, "Phantom Wires." Anish North, to whose name we are unable to supply a prefix, being frankly ignorant of this person's identity, is a new Canadian author, whose first novel, as far as we are aware, is entitled "Carmichael." Prof. Workman, of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, in his work on the Servant of Jehovah, has contributed an important addition to theological literature. Reviews of these books follow:



A NEWFOUNDLAND STORY

NORMAN DUNCAN'S latest novel, "The Cruise of the Shining Light," (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25 net) is quite different from the suggestion of the title. It is mostly a study of quaint, eccentric character as found in a Newfoundland fisherman and shown in first-rate outline against a youthful background in the person of *Dannie*, a lad who lives with and by this outlandish man of the sea. The *Shining Light* lies dormant in a little cove near Twist Tickle, the scene of the story, during most of the first twenty years of *Dannie's* life, and then she is rigged up and sailed for a purpose. The author saw probabilities of romance and mystery in the possibility of a designing person being able to hire a seaman to purposely wreck a vessel at a convenient

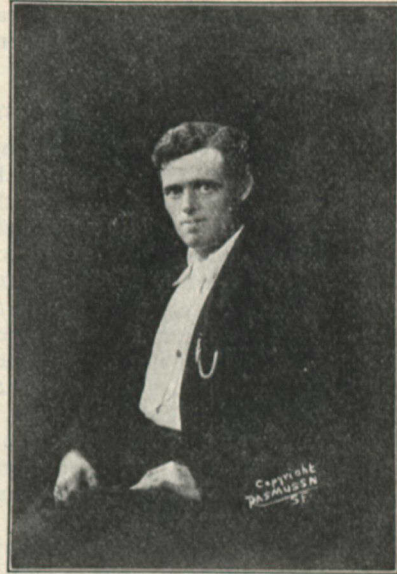
place for safely landing the crew, and being familiar with the quaint speech and manner of the Newfoundland fisher-folk, he saw also opportunity for picturesque setting and artistic treatment. He tells the story in the first person, beginning with the first intelligent observations of the lad *Dannie* in the guardianship of the old salt, Nicholas Top, of Twist Tickle. Nick, as this "hook and line" fisherman comes to be familiarly named, possessed almost an uncanny determination to see *Dannie* grow up to be a gentleman, and towards that end he sacrificed much of what comfort and luxury he might have enjoyed in order to bestow more upon the lad. One wonders why this unusual type of humanity, this peg-legged, bescarred and bewrinkled old sailor, living in bachelorhood, with *Dannie* as sole companion, should possess so strong a desire to "stand by" the boy and rear him like a gentleman that it developed with the years into a veritable passion. While the mystery is being impressed and the curiosity of the reader whetted by the foster parent's unwitting remarks and by half-yearly trips of questionable character to St. John's, agreeable entertainment is provided by Nick's superb garrulity and rum-tipping propensities and by the author's poetic appreciation of a picturesque community, with the sound of the sea always ringing in the ear. Presently a girl named *Judith* appears, and enthalls *Dannie*. The love-making is distinguished by the sweet, unaffected simplicity of honest hearts, but it is interrupted by a tutor who is "imported" from London to give *Dannie* bearings as a gentleman and to accompany him in the pursuit of culture abroad. After two years the tutor and *Dannie* return, and in the confusion of love-making, *Judith* disappears. Then the *Shining Light* is put to sea in an endeavour to

find the girl. The quest is successful and Dannie and Judith become reconciled. Old Nick comes to his accounting, and then he reveals the secret of Dannie's life. Dannie's mother died when he was born, and six months afterward the father, with Nicholas Top as one of his crew, wrecked a vessel at the wrong place, and all on board were lost except Nicholas. Before going down the father had received Nick's assurance on oath that the baby Dannie would be reared like a gentleman, the money to be provided by the man who had prompted the wrecking, the means of extraction to be blackmail. Some readers may conclude that the secret is not worthy of the consequences. Be that as it may, Mr. Duncan has written in a charming style, a style that reminds one of Stevenson's, but it departs from Stevenson's into a fuller appreciation of the poetry of environment.



#### A MELODRAMATIC STORY

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER'S novel of a year ago, entitled "The Wire Tappers," is followed now by another in sequel form and of the title "Phantom Wires" (Toronto: The Musson Book Company. Cloth, \$1.50). While the incidents of the later story involve the adventures of two of the leading characters in the first, Frances and "Jim" Durkin, "Phantom Wires" is an independent novel, and therefore a knowledge of the first is by no means essential to an appreciation of the second. Frances and Jim had determined to depart from their former shady means of livelihood, and had gone to Europe with that object in view. The second story begins by finding Jim stranded at Monte Carlo. There we have a picture of a man whose temperament is craving for *action*, for sensation, and is whetted by lack of money. He has been separated by force of circumstances from his wife, Frances, who, he supposes, is honestly teaching music in Paris. But he gets a momentary glimpse of her at Monte Carlo, masquerading as Lady Boxspur; and when he sees that she has gone back into their former ways, he goes too. He breaks into the apartments of a Russian prince. While he is there working in the dark, having cut the electric



JACK LONDON, THE AUTHOR

Who is leaving on a three years' cruise around the world.

light wires, a key turns in the door. Then some one walks in and lights a match. It is his wife. He had come for money; she for documents, having joined the British secret service. They decide to join forces in the old way again, and then follows in rapid succession a series of extremely sensational and melodramatic adventures. The average detective story is away outdone. Electricity and wireless telegraphy play a part, and scenes change with Arabian nightlike unexpectedness. While it must be admitted that some of the moves have scarcely a plausible excuse, the plot is intensely absorbing, even if it is also intensely theatrical. It is melodramatic and sensational to an extreme, with a moderate, well-tempered medium. In other words, while the story itself reaches the top heights of extravagance, it is told in restrained diction. Instead of being full of "blood and thunder," it is distinguished by lightning and whispers. In the end, the Durkins get back to New York, where, after a few hours of tremendously rapid action, they overcome their arch enemies, MacNutt and Keenan. An epilogue shows them once more in the right way, and there is

a promise that this time they will stay there, for a child is to be born unto them.



#### DID ISAAH PROPHECY OF CHRIST?

PROFESSOR WORKMAN'S long-expected volume dealing with the problem of the Servant of Jehovah in the book of Isaiah, has at length been published. (Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.75 net.) The writer, who is at present Professor of Old Testament Exegesis and Literature in the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, has given to this subject particular thought for twenty years, and the result of this long period of scholarly research and acute study is a book which might well serve as a model of chiselled and easily understood phraseology, of careful paragraphing and of truly remarkable compression. Dr. Workman has accomplished the rare feat of discussing a subject which has been regarded as the peculiar province of the learned exegete, in such a way that the reader of general intelligence can understand his every sentence and grasp the whole problem.

There is no doubt but that the contents of this book will prove intensely interesting reading to every student of the Bible who thinks he knows something of the relation of Old Testament prophecy to the Christ of the New Testament. Most Bible students, while uncertain about a great many passages in the prophets, firmly believe that the well-known 53rd chapter of Isaiah refers directly to Jesus Christ; the Servant of whom the prophet speaks, whose appearance he describes and whose mission of vicarious suffering he details with such a wealth of imagery has always been identified with the Saviour who died on Calvary. Professor Workman, however, while agreeing that the suffering Servant's mission was ideally fulfilled in Christ, sets forth in these pages his reasons for holding to the view of many modern scholars that Isaiah's Man of Sorrows was not an individual, but the community, ideal Israel. He claims that the *Servant* passages were composed in the days of Babylonian exile, and holds that "the Servant is always the Israelitish nation, or the Jewish church, contem-

plated by the prophet either from the point of view of its actual condition or from the point of view of its divine vocation." He further asserts that vicarious suffering as taught by Deutero-Isaiah, "is participative, not substitutionary. The voluntary sacrifice of the Servant was not an offering given to God, but an offering made for men." To one who has not studied the context, he admits that "the account reads like that of a person; but traditional interpreters have been blameworthy for disregarding the historical setting and for viewing the delineation as a miraculous portraiture of Christ."

Whether the reader will agree that Professor Workman has given absolute proof of his main contention or not, he will be grateful for the flood of clear light thrown upon this old question. One whose mind is open to truth will surely admit that the author's argument for a late writer of these passages, commonly called by modern critics Deutero-Isaiah, is invincible. Every reader, Jew and Gentile alike, will enjoy the splendid chapter on the mission of the Jewish nation to the world and will at last close the book with a profound regard for the patient, devout, and long-continued labour of the man whose thorough scholarship and literary skill have built it up in spite of years of difficulty, discouragement and devotion in the cause of what he believes to be the truth.



#### A NEW CANADIAN AUTHOR

"CARMICHAEL," by Anish North (London, Ontario: The William Weld Company. Cloth, \$1.25) is a novel of Canadian rural life, based on animosity between neighbours, aroused by a dispute over the location of a line fence. It is related in the first person, by "Peggy" Mallory, a farmer's daughter, who tells in an unaffected and convincing style how human proneness to suspect evil in others prevented the love of herself and Dick Carmichael, a youth of the adjoining farm, from developing in its own sweet way. It is rather refreshing to read a story of this kind after some of the highly-flavoured novels that are being produced, even though the technique may not be,



artistically, satisfactory. At the outset the reader is interested in two urchins, Peggy and Dick, who are the only evidences of recognition of any kind between the Carmichael and Mallory households. The maid and the lad are scampering together through the fields, in blissful ignorance that a dispute over the line fence had ever existed or that it had been settled. They discover a cut in the standing timber on the Mallory side of the fence, and an innocent announcement of that fact stirs up the smoldering rancour and bad feeling between the fathers. Then the Mallory house and barns are burned, and Carmichael is suspected, even by his own son, Dick. But the suspicion keeps Peggy and Dick apart. The youth leaves home as a result of a dispute with his father. Revival meetings are held in the neighbourhood, and at one of them a convert confesses the theft of the timber that stood near the Mallory-Carmichael line fence, and it is learned also that Carmichael did not fire the Mallory buildings. About this time Dick returns, and he and Peggy are married, as a matter of course. The story is valuable, inasmuch as it gives a faithful account of many things characteristic of farm life in Ontario.



#### A SPLENDID CHARACTER STUDY

THE appearance of Edith Wharton's novelette, "Madame de Treymes," in book form (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.00 net) renders available in convenient form one of the most subtle character studies in current fiction. Although the complete story is told with the use of only about twenty thousand words, the reader gets more out of it than he oftentimes might get out of a story of five times its length. The name indicates that *Madame de Treymes* is a French woman. She is also a resident of Paris and a member of an exclusive branch of Parisian society. The story has to do in particular with her and an American who seeks marriage with her sister-in-law, an American woman who has been unhappily married to Madame de Treymes' brother, an incorrigible *rué*. Of this unhappy union one child is a result. There has been no



EDITH WHARTON  
Author of "Madame de Treymes"

divorce, but the parents have for some time lived apart from each other. The child has been living with the mother. While this domestic arrangement is being carried out, the American, John Durham, the former lover, casually meets the mother in Paris, and as a means towards bringing about a legal divorce from the erring husband and a marriage with Durham, Madame de Treymes, the sister-in-law, is introduced. Through the succession of interviews that follow between this elusive French woman and the American, one obtains an intimate acquaintance with a highly influential, super-aristocratic, Roman Catholic family—a family that is in reality a political body, in the councils of which individuals may express opinions and differ from the others, but when a move is to be made all must act as one person. It is contrary to the practice of the Church to sanction divorce, and in support of that the family stand pat, but there is the soul of a child at stake, a child that is now in the custody of a heretic. Durham and Madame de Treymes carry on negotiations, during which the French woman displays an extreme astuteness and almost devilish elusiveness. She pre-

tends to be acting as Durham's intercessor at the family councils, and finally she reports success—that an agreement has been declared in favour of divorce. Durham is elated, but before he has more than begun to enjoy his prospect, Madame de Treymes informs him that the only condition is that the custody of the child be transferred to the father's family. Rather than agree to that, knowing the mother's attachment to the boy, Durham abandons all hope of possessing the mother. The end is somewhat uncertain, and it is left to the reader to decide whether Madame de Treymes really deceived Durham or whether she, too, was a victim of jealously guarded family traditions.



#### "NEWER IDEALS OF PEACE"

ONE of the notable publications of the month is a volume entitled "Newer Ideals of Peace," by Jane Addams, author of "Democracy and Social Ethics" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25 net). Its appearance is timely, coming at a time when there is promise of real progress towards an international understanding that will forever place international warfare in the realm of history. The author of this work has found the sources of her inspiration in the heart of a great cosmopolitan community, and her conclusions are drawn in the belief that the forces at work there in the making of all men kin will in time have a universal application. Her appeal is quite different from Tolstoi's, who describes the pitiful side of war, depicting the average soldier as one who goes into battle at the bidding of his superiors, knowing little of the moral consequences, and caring less. Then we have had our painters of armed conflict, particularly Verestchagin, who put on canvas thousands of the wounded and the dead, and thus force us to question the moral fitness of the thing. We have also the economical side, championed by Jean de Block, who counts the cost and argues like a homeopathist that if the expense were carried further the preparation for war would make war impossible. Jane Addam's *newer ideals* are different from these, and can be best epitomised by saying that they

are based on humanitarian principles—widening sympathies, increase in international good-will and the removal of prejudice by increased contact.



#### A TIMELY HISTORY

ALL who hope to visit the Jamestown Exposition at Norfolk, Va., should, in order to fully appreciate the significance of the occasion, read such a book as "The Birth of the Nation," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited. Price, \$1.75 net). Most persons already know that the exposition is intended to be a celebration of the settlement of the English at Jamestown three hundred years ago. Mrs. Pryor, who has already attained a reputation as a writer of history by her two other books, entitled, respectively, "The Mother of Washington and Her Times," and "Reminiscences of Peace and War," shows in this, her latest work, a thorough equipment for the task of writing an account of the early colonisation by the English of the Virginian tracts; and, in fact, of the history of North America from the time of Columbus down to the delightful romance that hallows the names of John Smith and Pocahontas. The author has wisely refrained from attempting to epitomise the history of the United States, but has confined her efforts to a comprehensive account of the early settlement of the English on these western shores, chronicling events of tremendous significance in our day, with the object of giving the reader a proper appreciation of what the Jamestown Exposition should mean to all persons of Anglo-Saxon origin.



#### A BOOK ON INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA

THE fact that Great Britain is lamentably lacking in authentic information respecting the native races of the various parts of the Empire, has induced the publication of an extensive work to be known under the general title of "The Native Races of the British Empire." One of the latest volumes to be published in this connection deals with the Salish and Déné tribes of North America, who

inhabit the vast tracts from Hudson's Bay west as far as the Pacific coast (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.50 net.). The author, Mr. C. Hill-Tout, has spent fifteen years in intimate contact with the Salish tribes, and he has had exceptional opportunities of obtaining authentic information regarding the Déné. Not only are the people and their customs, beliefs, etc., dealt with in a comprehensive manner, but there is, as well, a valuable description of the country they inhabit, and of the flora, fauna, etc., to be found there. The volume contains thirty-three full-page reproductions of excellent photographs and a map.



#### RESPECTING RAILWAYS

NO period in the history of our country has been marked by so extensive an amount of railroad building as the present, and now is, therefore, the time when the people should see to it that they do not divest themselves of powers that will cripple or embarrass later generations. We have seen examples of the immense influence that has been wielded in the United States by some of the railroads, and therefore a book of much value has just appeared entitled, "Federal Power over Carriers and Corporations," by E. Parmalee Prentice. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50 net.) The work deals with the nature and extent of powers belonging to the general government in the United States, and not with Congressional legislation. A perusal of the book affords an opportunity to form an estimate of the value of explicit laws affecting carrying companies or corporations, and its value to Canadians lies in the warning that it gives and the caution that it should inspire.



#### NOTES

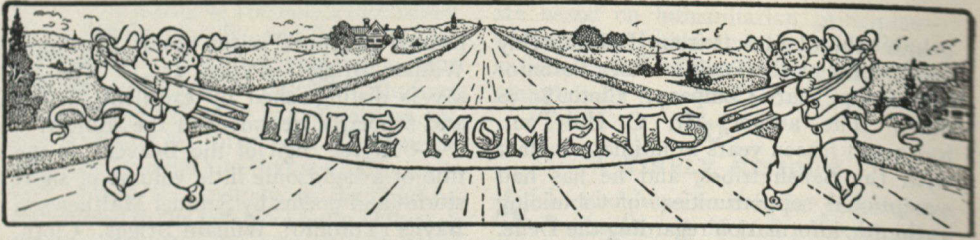
—J. D. Logan, A.M., Ph.D., author of "The Structural Principles of Style," and numerous essays, recently delivered a lecture before the Philosophical Society of the University of Toronto, entitled "The Religious Function of Comedy," which was so well received that requests were made to have it published as an essay. The request was granted and a well-

printed brochure is the result (Toronto: William Briggs. Paper, 25c.). The essay is distinguished by excellent diction and scholarly treatment of the subject.

—"At the Sign of the Beaver" is the title of a handsome little volume of short stories and poems by Samuel Matthewson Baylis (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.00). As Mr. Baylis is a Canadian, being a resident of Montreal, added interest will be taken in his work. The first short story, entitled "A Notarial Protest," will likely give the most pleasure in reading, but the others will be found interesting, particularly to those who have a fancy for religious speculation. The poems and sonnets show, if anything, more merit than the prose, and they are especially praiseworthy because many of them deal with historical subjects that are too often neglected by our native singers.

—"Historical Sketches of Scotland in Prose and Verse" is the title of an artistic little volume by Miss Mary Leslie (Toronto: The Bryant Press). It is an account of the Kings and Queens of Scotland from the reign of Fergus the First to Victoria. All who have had the pleasure of reading "Rhymes of the Kings and Queens of England," an earlier work of Miss Leslie's, will be able to anticipate the worth of a similar work with respect to Scotland. There is a valuable appendix, containing brief sketches of the Highland clans.

—In *University of Toronto Studies*, the review of historical publications during 1906, relating to Canada, making Volume XI, edited by Prof. George M. Wrong and H. H. Langton, Librarian of the University of Toronto (Toronto: Morang and Company, Limited. Paper, \$1.50), contains almost two hundred reviews. Although the work covers book and periodical literature, one would scarcely believe that so much historical matter relating to Canada would find a way into print during only twelve months. Some of the reviews are necessarily quite brief, but the more important publications have received comprehensive treatment. The value of the volume to all persons who have an interest in the Dominion is at once apparent. The names of the reviewers and the works assigned to each, show that there has been a judicious selection.



#### HER PHOTOGRAPH

THERE was never any real hunger or cold at the Norvals—their's was not that kind of poverty. But neither was there any money at all to be spent for extras or luxuries.

Virginia knew that papa and mamma gave her all they possibly could. She recalled with pain how mamma still wore those old, old, mended gloves, because she took the money for the new ones and bought Virginia a dotted muslin dress.

Mamma was so sweet, poverty had not made her bitter or impatient. How lovingly and with what infinite pains she devised pleasures for Virginia, and toiled over her dainty, inexpensive clothes!

Virginia knew it all so well, and tried hard to be brave and patient, too, but, somehow, when she looked over at the Bentons, and saw Jessie coming out in her new *organdie*, and being joined by Mary Carter in her pink silk *mull*, and both going toward that temple of delight, the new photographer's "gallery," Virginia could scarcely keep back the tears.

The tiny village of Elmhurst had the excitement of the photographer's visit only once a year, and never at any of these annual visits had there been money enough for Virginia to have that longed-for picture taken. She had no photograph at all, she thought, sadly, only that one taken when she was a year old—long ago, before papa lost his money. All the other girls had such fascinating pictures of themselves. Mary even had a *pastel*, almost life-size, her hair in rigid curls, and some *La France* roses from their garden in her lap. Virginia was sitting on the beautiful old verandah, with the purple wistaria growing all about it. Out in the yard the tall old locust trees wore their June dress of white blossoms. All the air was sweet with their perfume, and

the sun shone very brightly; but Virginia's heart was sad as she watched the two little girls entering the big white tent down the street. There was a pathetic droop to the soft mouth, and the tears were very near, when mamma came out of the cool, bare old dining-room, and drew Virginia into her arms.

"Dear little girl, mother is so sorry about the photographs. Mother hoped you might have some taken this time; but, dear, the money mother had saved must go to buy poor old Aunt Ailsey some shoes; you know how she has looked forward to "Big Meeting" out at the darkey church, and now she cannot go unless we buy the shoes for her," and there were tears in mother's eyes.

Virginia gave her an earnest hug, and said: "Darling mamma, you know I want her to go, and I'll try hard not to fret a bit. I'll go up in the attic and have a glorious dressing up, mayn't I, mamma?" And mamma smiled a relieved "yes."

But when Virginia had dressed up in lovely old faded India mull, with the big pink flowers in it, and while she was looking for a bonnet in the old chest, she found such a dear little, old daguerreotype of mamma, when she was a little girl, in a quaint little low-necked dress and with roses in her lap. Virginia's heart swelled again and the tears fell fast on the pink-flowered dress. She jumped up quickly; "I'll go out to the big swing," she thought; "somehow things don't seem to hurt so much out there," and she slipped quickly down the attic stairs and out to her loved retreat—the big swing in the cool, green forest, just back of tiny *Elmhurst*.

"I may as well cry it out," thought she, and did, sobbing out her little grief, which seemed so big to her, until she fell asleep and slipped to the soft mould beneath the swing, where she lay, a pretty picture, with her yellow-brown hair falling in curly

disorder over the old flowered gown. Drowsily she slipped her dimpled arm beneath her head and slept.

She was awakened by a voice, a strange voice, but soft and sweet, saying:

"Louise, look at her! Isn't that exquisite! I must paint that, if I can possibly get her to sit for me."

Virginia got up quickly, flushing and shyly saying, "Good evening," which is provincial Virginian for "Good afternoon."

Two charming-looking ladies in dainty summer gowns stood near, one carrying paint-box and portfolio. The fairer one had spoken. "I am Miss Tyler," she said again. "I paint pictures, and I should like to paint you in that dress, if your mamma will let you sit to me; do you think you would? I would gladly pay you, you know."

Virginia's heart beat high with excitement, but she hesitated: she did not think mamma would allow her to accept money from a stranger.

"Won't you take me to your mamma, and let me try?" said the fairer lady, smiling.

Virginia led the way to the stately old house. Mamma came to the door herself, in her simple, pretty, white gown; and when she saw the fairer lady, she exclaimed: "Why, Grace Tyler, is it really you?" and almost as quickly the fairer lady said: "Why, Georgie Peyton, I've never seen you since the dear old days at college."

So they kissed, and talked and talked; and though for a long time nothing was said of the picture, Virginia felt sure it would be painted—and it was.

And though, of course, nothing was said of pay, before it was painted at all, Miss Tyler took Virginia down to Richmond, which wasn't very far away, and had a dozen platinum-finished photographs made, in which Virginia wore her



A HISTORIC TREE

hair in its natural curls, and had *La France* roses in her hands. *Pearl L. Benedum.*



#### AN HISTORIC APPLE TREE

THIS is a photograph of an old apple tree which stands about four miles northeasterly from Port Hope, on the farm of Mr. J. Holdsworth. Old residents of the neighbourhood say that this tree is the sole relic of the first orchard planted in Central Ontario. The tree is certainly very old, for the orchard in which it grew is mentioned in Mrs. Moodie's famous story of early Canadian life, "Roughing it in the Bush" (Vol. I, pages 126 and 135). This work was written about 1830, and the orchard was old even at that early date, so there may be much truth in the assertion made by old residents that the orchard was planted in 1792. As may be seen by the photograph, taken in August, 1905, the tree is



A FISH STORY IN THE MAKING

now very bent, and is more than half dead. The apples it bears to-day are small and of a disagreeable flavour, but when the orchard was in its prime, its fruit was the pride of the countryside.

If the tree could speak, what a tale it could tell! For over a century it has stood on the hillside, overlooking the whole farm, and the highway winds past the foot of the hill. It has seen storm and shine, snow and rain, and all the changes that have passed over the neighbourhood for the last hundred years. It has witnessed the progress from the haphazard, bush-whacking and ground-scratching of the earliest settler to the scientific forestry and farming of the present day. Think of all the changes in the personnel of the farm! Think of the sturdy farmers and the busy housewives who have lived their lives or sojourned beside it! Think of the youths and maidens who have eaten its fruit, wandered under its branches, and made love in its shade! Truly the old tree could tell a tale.

The spring spoken of in Mrs. Moodie's book still supplies the farm with the best of water, and the graveyard is still undeseccated by strangers. Mrs. Moodie's log houses and sheds have, of course, disappeared, but their sites are yet known. It is indeed very interesting to read such a book on the spot where it was written, where the author toiled and sang. The descendants of him who planted the orchard, as well as of many

others, mentioned in the book, are still living in the neighbourhood. But the ruin of the old apple tree is hastily approaching; soon its gnarled trunk and withered arms will bow in the feebleness of extreme old age before some ruthless tempest, and the historic spot where it now stands will know it no more for ever. *James E. Horning.*



## BETWEEN COURSES

*By D. J. O'D.*

**K**IND LADY (to tramp):  
My good man, I can

smell your breath a mile off.

TRAMP: No mam, it's de methelated spirits off me autermobile what you smell.



TEACHER (to Johnny who is listening to chum near the hot air register): Johnny, shut off that hot air down there.

JOHNNY: I can't, mam, he's too big fer me to lick.



LADY (to ex-tramp, who is applying for a job): What we want is some one to look after the goats. Have you had any experience in that line?

EX-TRAMP: Well, lady, I served me apprenticeship on de bumpers.



WIFEY: George, dear, isn't my new hat a cuckoo?

HUBBY (looking at the bill): By the size of the bill it must be a pelican.



JOHNNY: Ma says pa is bull-headed.

FREDDY: That's nothing; my mother says pa has the neck of a canal horse.



PROFESSOR AT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE: What is the typical American steer?

STUDENT FROM MISSOURI: The bum steer, sir.



INTERIOR OF AN EXCLUSIVE SLATER SHOE STORE

## A ROMANCE OF SUCCESS IN THE SHOE TRADE

By RALPH R. WOOD

*A Story of a Big Idea Carefully Thought Out and Merged  
into a Wonderful Success.*



OME fifty years ago the late George T. Slater founded a shoe factory in Montreal, beginning his business in a modest way, but building on the foundation of quality. Within a stone's throw of the then residence of the founder of this great shoe business stands the large factory of the Slater Shoe Company to-day. Fifty years ago handsome residences and beautiful gardens graced the streets at present occupied by these great factories and warehouses.

Montreal has spread out and grown in exact proportion to the growth of

Canada, and of the Slater Shoe Company.

For years the finest ladies' shoes made in Canada were made by the late George T. Slater. That was his specialty.

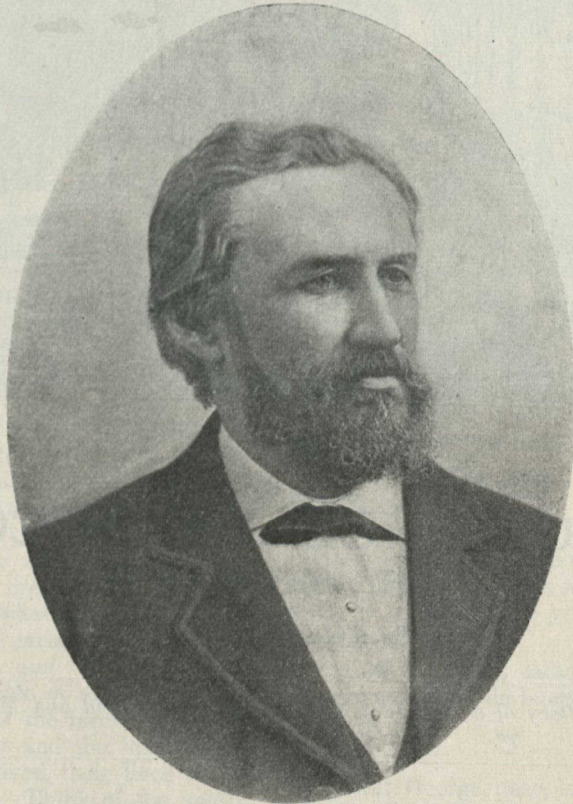
His sons shortly came into the business to help him. As soon as he had completed his studies at college, Charles E. Slater, the president and general manager of the Slater Shoe Company, entered his father's business house. He was given a minor position until he had mastered the details and gained a thorough practical knowledge of the making of good shoes. Then he was promoted to a position on the travelling staff. Salesmanship is an art, and it was soon

known "on the road" that "Charlie" Slater could get larger orders for shoes of quality than other salesmen could. For a full score of years Mr. Slater travelled throughout Canada from Coast to Coast. He was a keen observer.

What impressed him in the last de-

was usually the person who bought the shoes who lost.

In 1893 the shoe manufacturing business was in a bad way. With one or two exceptions, every factory in Canada was trying to see how cheap they could make shoes, and they were study-



MR. GEORGE T. SLATER  
 Founder of the Slater Shoe Business.

cade of the Nineteenth Century was the ruinous seeking by nearly every trader for "something cheaper." The department stores with their bargain counters had made the strife keen. People had not learned that cheap shoes meant cheap quality, and that when they bought a new pair of shoes for less money than they were apparently worth, somebody was losing money. And it

ing how they could substitute cheap materials in every part of the shoe. It was then that the importation of high-priced foreign shoes began, and men who wanted good shoes not only had to pay Broadway prices, but they were compelled to pay the extra dollar in duty to get them, or else have them made to order by a custom shoemaker.

It was in the fall of 1893 that Mr.

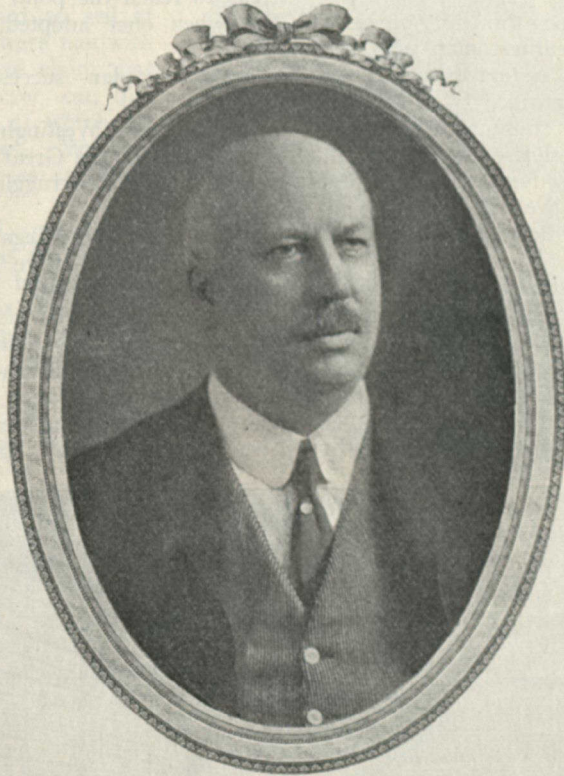


Slater came home from his season's trip with the big idea which has since been called "the Slater idea."

"The good name of the Canadian shoe would have been ruined if somebody had not called a halt," said one prominent shoe dealer, "and every shoe manu-

price of the shoe. Put the worth in the shoe and sell it at the stamped price, and at no higher price nor at no lower price," exclaimed the projector.

That was the gist of the idea. And Mr. Slater backed it up with "reasons why" and "plans how." He had it



MR. CHARLES E. SLATER

President and General Manager of the Slater Shoe Company.

facturer in Canada owes a debt to Slater which can never be paid."

The "big idea" was the parent of many intermediary ideas in the gradual unfolding of a plan to make and to sell shoes of which every Canadian shoe wearer would be proud.

"Let us not only put our name on our shoes as we have been doing, but let us stamp on each shoe the actual

very carefully and methodically planned.

One exclusive agent in each town and in each selling district was his plan to follow up the campaign for shoes of quality. That agent would be responsible for the carrying out in his own district of the honest, straightforward system of selling the Slater Shoes.

"We will tell the people of our plan," said the originator of the idea.

"We will give them the definite, specific and straight truth, and they will be quick to learn that a shoe thus stamped and guaranteed must be worth the money they pay for it. "We will stop the abnormal profit and end the making and selling of worthless shoes.

"We will sell more Slater Shoes to one dealer in each town than we now sell to a dozen dealers in the same town.

"I have studied this for years. I know," said the earnest man who proposed to initiate a system that was unheard of and unknown.

"We will equip our factory for the making of good shoes only. We will use nothing but Goodyear welt machinery and methods, and we will make designs and shoe models which cannot but please the people."

With characteristic energy Mr. Slater laid before his partners these and many other reasons why this should be done, and how it could be done.

It looked good, and it sounded fine. But who is so hard to convince as the business men who are doing well by

adhering to old methods. The man in office could not foresee the ultimate end of the methods towards which all were drifting. "Substitute the cheap leather for that good insole and we save three cents a pair," was becoming a common saying in shoe factories, and the substituting was eating the heart out of honest shoes.

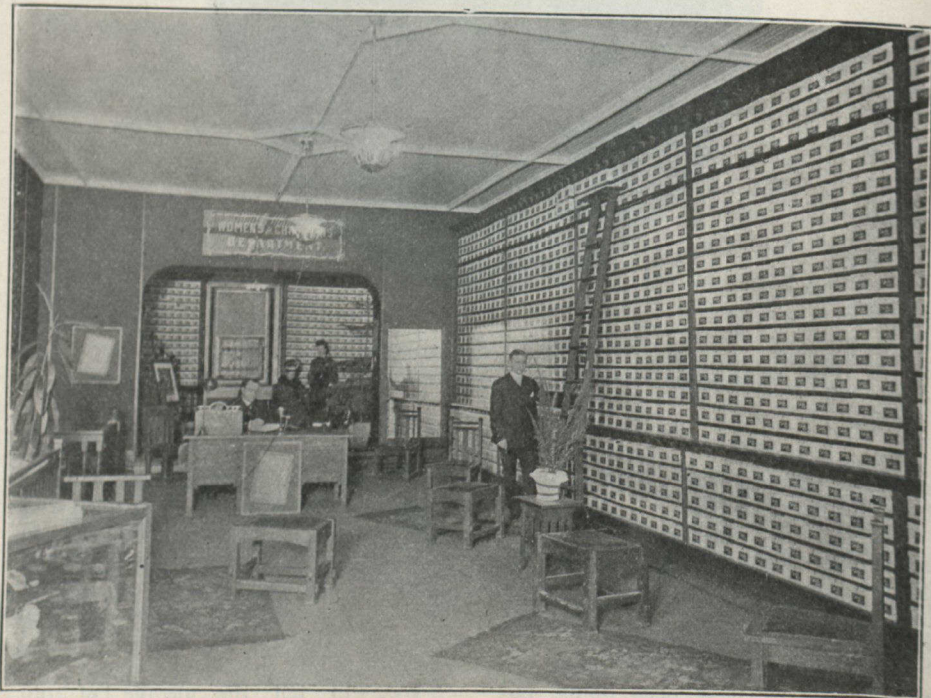
It took nearly a year for Mr. Slater's ideas to reach the point of acceptance. But when once adopted, there was no recall.

Was the plan successful from the start?

Ask Edison, Westinghouse, Graham, Bell, or any of the Great Men of Initiative of their early struggles to obtain recognition.

There were whole kegs of trouble and disappointment in store for the young man with the big idea.

City after city was visited. The exclusive agency was offered to many dealers. The sample shoes were such as had never before been shown in Canada. "Oh, yes," the dealers admitted, "we know the Slater Shoe is the best



ANOTHER INTERIOR OF A SLATER SHOE STORE

made, but we are not going to let you compel us to sell a pair of shoes for \$4 when we can just as easily get \$5 for them. Not much! We'll buy your shoes at your prices, but you must not stamp the selling price on them."

All arguments that the volume of business would be five times as large, and that they could afford to sell at smaller profits, were met with the same derisive claim that "No manufacturer can dictate the price at which we shall sell shoes. We pay you for your shoes, and there your rights end."

"Why," said one candid dealer, "yours is the shoe on which we have been making our biggest profits. The Slater Shoe is a standard article, and we never cut the price on it!"

Younger in the business world than he is to-day, the shoe dealer had not learned that Charles E. Slater had accumulated Patience and Persistence, which cannot be measured in dollars. The "man on the road" absorbs those qualifications. He must, to be successful.

"We need demonstration stores," was the conclusion of the founder of the Slater idea, and his enthusiasm carried the day.

Exclusive Slater Shoe stores were opened in Montreal, in Toronto, in Winnipeg—and in other big cities. The Slater Shoe, with its stamped price, its Seal of Certainty, its fine new lasts and extra good workmanship, was presented to the public. The newspapers and magazines talked about the new ideas, and the dealers helped some by unfriendly criticism.

When it was seen that the public approved, those who had loudly opposed the honestly made and honestly priced shoe, sought to imitate it. The manifold ideas contained in the Slater ideal could not be grasped, but many parts

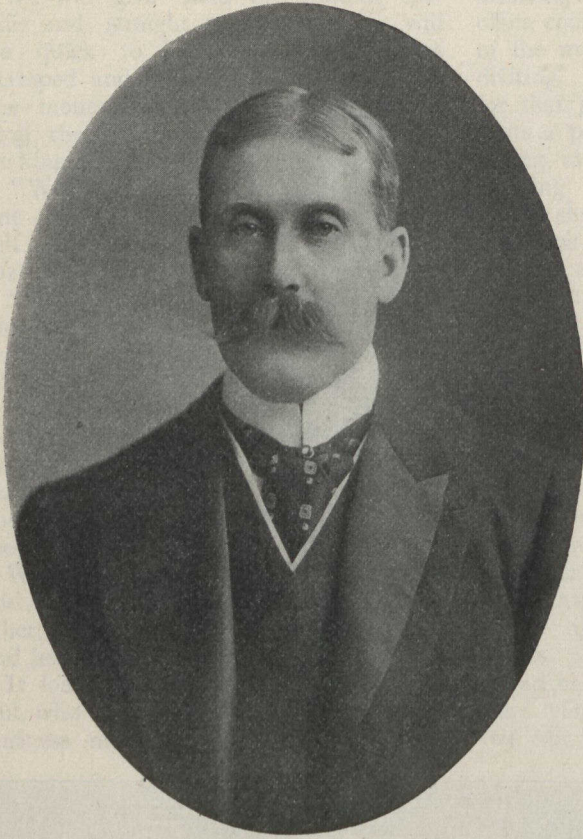


MR. WILLIAM STARKE

Vice-President of the Slater Shoe Company

of it were seized upon, and all kinds of imitations were hurled on the market. Dealers persuaded factories to stamp high prices on cheap shoes. Then all sorts of plays were made on the name "Slater," and hundreds of dealers were caught trying to deceive the public by infringing the registered "Slater" trade mark. One versatile member of the Tribe of Jacob hired a young man of the same name as Slater, and proudly stamped his full name and a price on each shoe. Of course his cupidity spoiled the scheme, for he thought that he could make a \$2 shoe worth \$5 with a steel stamp.

But in a few years the best and most observant shoe dealers in every town in Canada were seeking the Slater Shoe Agency. It was an asset. The Slater sign hanging in front of a store was



MR. JAMES W. WOODS  
A Director of the Slater Shoe Company.  
President of Woods, Limited, Ottawa.

found to be a magnet of powerful attraction.

The evolution of the Slater idea, backed as it was by a strength of purpose and an intelligent use of advertising, had revolutionised the shoe business, and had incidentally saved to Canada its own fine shoe business. The people wanted the Slater Shoe. They had decided. The dealers were won. Their customers wanted the Slater Shoe. They wanted all it represented—a square deal, and a fair deal—a fair price, and the standard price—the same price to everybody.

There were many picturesque incidents attending the final success of the Slater business, but the most comforting,

perhaps, was that on the day when a rival shoe manufacturer advised Mr. Slater that he could have \$250,000 for the Slater trade mark and its goodwill.

A quarter of a million is not much for a trade mark which is to-day valued at a cool million.

The "Sign of the Slate" was first thought of not because the word slate was easily made into "Slater," but because a child will soon learn that "Slater" spells "shoes"—good shoes.

Afterwards the sign of the slate was called the "Seal of Certainty" by a brilliant young Canadian now in New York, who had spent his younger days in the employ of the Slater Shoe Company.

This slate sign means more than a price mark. It's a protection to the public against "raised" prices. The price is stamped into the leather, so that it cannot be changed or erased by anyone without defacing the shoe.

Perhaps this great shoe industry has done more than any single industry to spread wide the knowledge that Canada is becoming a great manufacturing country, and that she has greater natural resources than any country in the world.

Enquiries and definite large orders have come from many parts of the world for the Slater shoe. From importing houses in Great Britain, in South Africa, in Australia, and even from the United States, these enquiries have come, and in many cases the first enquiry has been followed by orders and repeat orders.

The economy of this exclusive agency system is revealed. The Slater Company sold a \$37,000 order to their

Winnipeg agency for delivery in one season, and in Montreal the Slater traveller booked orders for \$48,000 for this spring delivery. Under the old system, which encourages dealers to buy from a medley of makers, such orders would be a dream.

There are many other unique features in the business end of the representative shoe factory, but naturally to an outsider like myself the more picturesque features were in the factory.

It was not known either in the offices of the Slater Shoe Company or in the factory itself that I intended to pay a visit and to see for myself just what was going on in the ordinary way.

I found the factory in the very heart of Montreal, and going unannounced to the office I expressed my wish. Mr. Slater was away, but some one else took my message, and after a short consultation, the manager of the factory, W. H. Gordon, was summoned.

"Come right this way," he said, having been told the object of my visit.

We took an elevator and passed two or three flats, where I saw an absolute sea of shoes. There were racks full of them, perhaps thousands of pairs actually in sight, although I had no time to count them.

I said that I wished to begin at the beginning and see a whole shoe made, from the leather pile to the packing case, and I must confess that a shoe passes through so many hands and so many processes before it is declared finished that it is almost impossible to follow.

I attach considerable importance to



MR. A. MCKIM

A Director of the Slater Shoe Company.

the fact that I went there when they had not been expecting a visitor, because it is well known that many shoes have paper and parings packed into the soles and heels, and that frequently even paper is used as an interlining. I cannot say whether or not these articles have ever been used in the making of a Slater Shoe, but I can say in all truthfulness that I saw none of them while I was there. And I think that I saw all that was going on. The only materials that the Slater workers used, and I was assured that it is the same day in and day out, were choice leathers, cottons and ducks, silk and linen threads, waterproof cloth, felt, cement, eyelets and buttons. Of course, this is for those who have never worn



MAJOR ROBERT STARKE

A Director of the Slater Shoe Company

Slater Shoes, because all who have worn them know that nothing of an inferior nature is used.

I remarked to one of the foremen that perhaps he would have preferred to have been prepared for my inspection, but he replied that it would make no difference. They had their instructions, and if any improvement could be made he would make it whether any one came to look or not.

We went first to where the leathers were stocked and saw the skins being examined and handed out to the cutters. In a fine vici kid or calf, for instance, the skins look much like the hide of either of these animals would look if stretched out and the roughest edges removed. Every hide represents only a com-

paratively small amount of "select" leather. The rest is cut away as the patterns are passed over by the cutters and thrown into the refuse heap.

I was rather curious to know what disposition could be made of this heap of refuse, for it seems to be an unattractive business nowadays that cannot make good use of the "tailings." So I inquired on the side of one of the cutters. He told me that the refuse was all sold. The foreman afterwards confirmed that statement, saying that it went into shops where cheap, and sometimes unlabelled, shoes were made. He assured me that none of it ever found its way in any form whatever into a Slater Shoe. It seems like almost a breach of etiquette and a slander on hospitality to say that I almost feared before I came to the last process in the making of the shoes I should run across some of that refuse. But I failed to find any of it anywhere but

in the original heap near the cutting tables. The same thing was seen in the sole leather department, and I was really amazed to see how much apparently good sole leather was not fit to pass muster.

Although I saw the shoe pass through the various stages of its manufacture, I have room to touch only on those features that have made it a "thing of beauty and a joy for"—well, with the Slater Shoe, for a good long time.

As a visitor passes along, he sees so many shoes piled up on all sides that he is induced to ask questions about them.

"These are the samples of men's and women's shoes," said the foreman. There are in all 450 different lines. From even that item of itself a fair

idea may be formed of what a great institution a factory such as that of the Slater Shoe Co. really is.

Here is another item: I was told that the piles of glossy, elegant-looking leather reaching up almost to the ceiling was the ordinary stock material on hand, and represented an outlay of two hundred thousand dollars.

Before the shoe passes into stock it is examined by experienced hands to see that it is perfect. Previously it is examined at each process. If it fails even in the smallest detail it is either culled or sent back to be made right. After having passed the final examination, it is packed in a carton or paper box on which is stamped the size, price and number of the order.

It took me practically a whole afternoon to follow the leather from its original skin until it became a shoe ready for wear, and yet I am told that the output of the Slater Shoe Factory is one thousand pairs a day, which will have to be increased to ten thousand pairs a week, in keeping with the increased demand; at least, that is what I was told. The books show that for the first two months of 1907 the increase of business was \$161,000. The business pays an annual dividend of seven per cent. All surplus is used to extend the business and propagate new ideas. The next thing promised is a new factory, one that will make possible a doubling of the output.

The present factory can turn out 1,000 pairs of shoes each day, but this does not mean that one can place an order for 1,000 pairs and get them that day. I was told that it usually takes six weeks to complete an order, dating



MR. J. NELSON MCKIM

A Director of the Slater Shoe Company.

from the day when the specifications are handed to the superintendent. Possibly 25,000 pairs of shoes may be in process of making at the one time. The Slater Company get all the latest styles of lasts, which accounts for the distinctive style of their shoes. These lasts cost \$1 a pair, and a well-equipped factory has to have from 50,000, to 100,000 on hand.

What impressed me was the many little touches which, combined together, helped to make the Slater Shoe and its finished appearance. The wonderful system in the factory, its rhythmic swing of the workers, shows the power of a complete organisation. It demonstrates, too, the growth of the great

Canadian industries, under the inspiration of creative genius.

Founded some fifty years ago the Slater Shoe business would to-day be a revelation to its worthy founder. With a directorate of able business men behind him, the President and General Manager, Mr. Charles E. Slater, confidently looks forward to still larger achievements. Associated with him are these directors:

J. W. Woods, President of Woods,

Limited, Ottawa, and President of Ottawa Board of Trade.

William Starke, President of the Starke Hardware Company, Montreal.

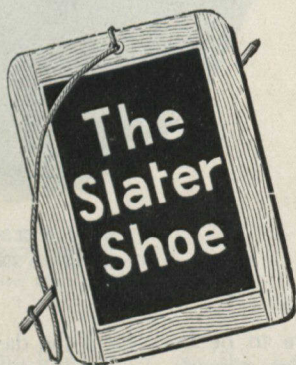
Anson McKim, of A. McKim & Co., Montreal.

William Smith, capitalist, Montreal.

W. F. Borland, Guardian Insurance Company, Montreal.

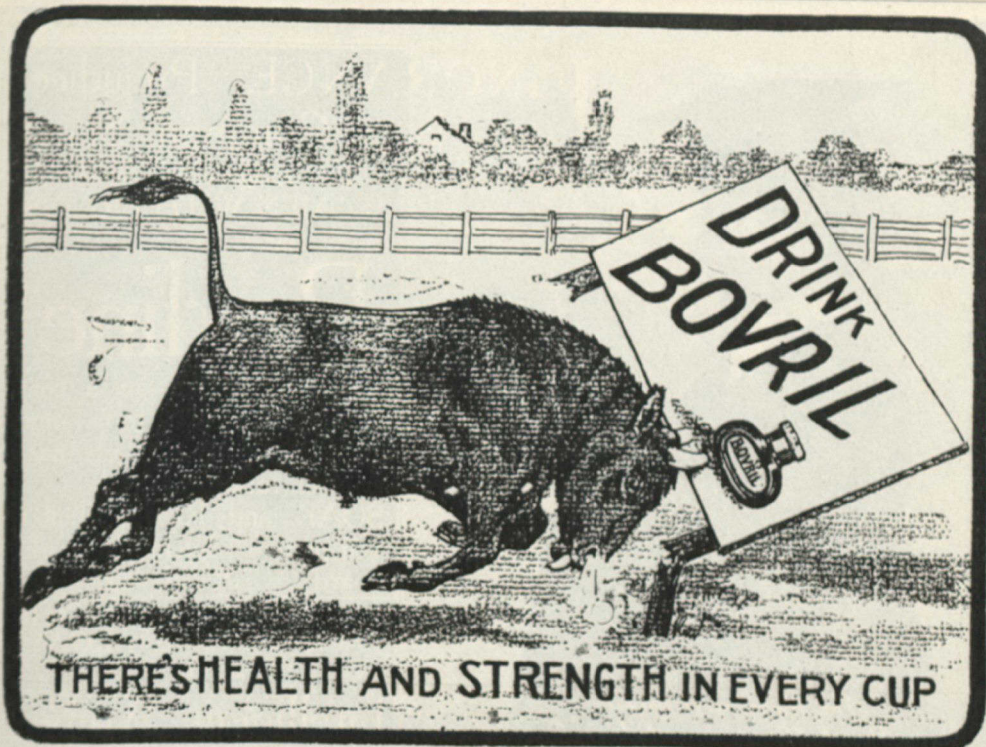
Major Robert Starke, Montreal.

J. Nelson McKim, of A. McKim & Co. Montreal.



"The Sign of the Slate"  
—A Trade Mark which  
has been declared to be  
worth a million dollars.





**GOLD MEDAL**



FOR

**Ale and Porter**

AWARDED

**JOHN LABATT**

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1904

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*"A man is known by the candy he sends."*

*Kuyler's*

**Toronto Chocolate  
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The most delicious confection  
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**I**GNORANCE—Prejudice,  
Lack of Common Sense  
make drudgery of housework.  
**WOMEN WITH BRAINS,**  
know that

# Pearline

is the Best Soap—in a convenient, powdered form—and something more. It cleanses without rubbing—simply **SOAK and RINSE** (boil if you prefer). Avoids the wash-board's wear and tear.

THE DIRECTIONS ON THE PACKAGE ARE ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY

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*The more you know  
The better you like it.*

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You ask how? By our method of keeping all such clothing in smart and tailor-like shape the year round. If soiled or ruffled or out of shape in any way send these garments here and we'll fix them all right again—ready for another season's wear.

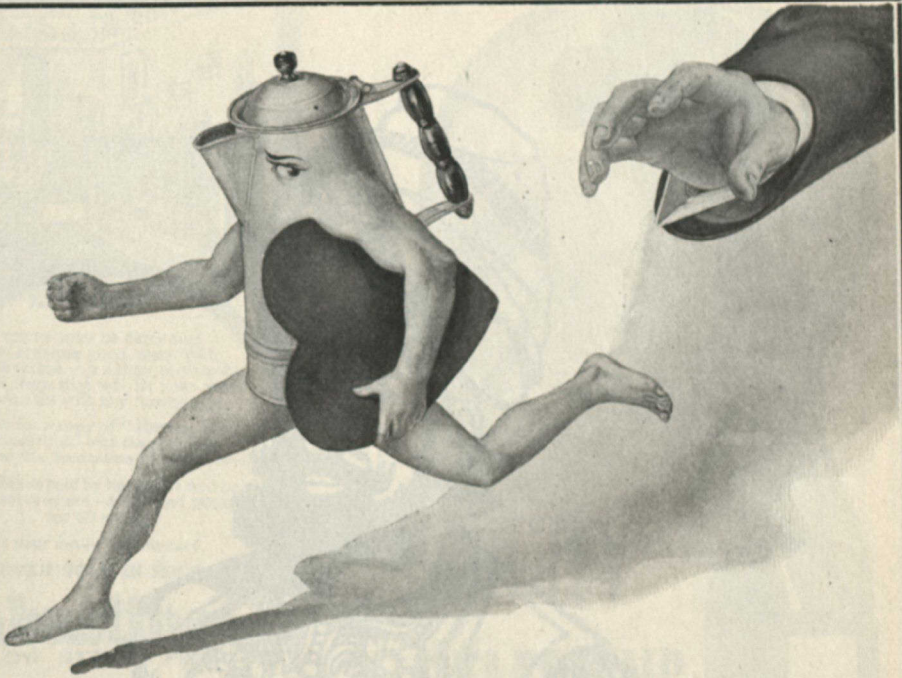
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### FIND THE HEARTLESS PERSON

Do you wake up in the night with a feeling of suffocation and dread?  
 Do you get dizzy and out of breath on exertion or feel faint when you  
 rise suddenly from a sitting posture?

Does your heart flutter and palpitate at times?

You don't believe it's Coffee, but that's easy to prove.

Quit the Coffee 10 days.

That removes the cause—the poisonous drug, Caffeine.

Then use well-made Postum.

That supplies the food elements required by Nature to rebuild a broken  
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These are incontrovertible facts.

Any physician can tell you this, but the best way to prove it is to quit  
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“There's a Reason” for

# POSTUM

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# MOGUL

**Egyptian Cigarettes**

(Cork Tips)

15c. per box



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rooms may be decorated in absolute good taste with **Alabastine**—a range of tints to select from that will let your walls harmonize with any furnishings.

Send 10c for a copy of "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," with many dainty, new ideas for the decoration of your home.

**Alabastine** is sold by hardware and paint dealers everywhere—a 5 pound package for 50 cents.

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There's everything for  
Picture Making in the

## Kodak Box

THE BOX CONTAINS: No. 2 Brownie Camera, Brownie Developing Box, Film, Paper, Trays, Chemicals, Mounts. No Dark Room for any part of the work, and so simple that the beginner can get good pictures from the start.

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Toronto, Canada



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—and the only Vichy bottled under official supervision at the Springs and sealed with a special label of the French Government.

Vichy Célestins is a specific for Kidney and Bladder Troubles, a natural solvent of Uric Acid.

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS FOR  
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**Vichy Water**  
IS CALLED  
**CÉLESTINS**



## DO GET THE BEST!

Don't buy any kind of syrup. It's worth while for greater economy, increased enjoyment and better health to get *the best*. "CROWN BRAND" is the best syrup of its kind—made in the *best manner* possible from the best ingredients, which give it the rich "honey cream" flavour so much appreciated.

For cleanliness, convenience and purity it is put up in 2 lb., 5 lb., 10 lb. and 20 lb. air-tight tins.

Insist that your dealer supplies  
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# Crown Brand Corn Syrup

THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO., LIMITED

Established 1858

Works:  
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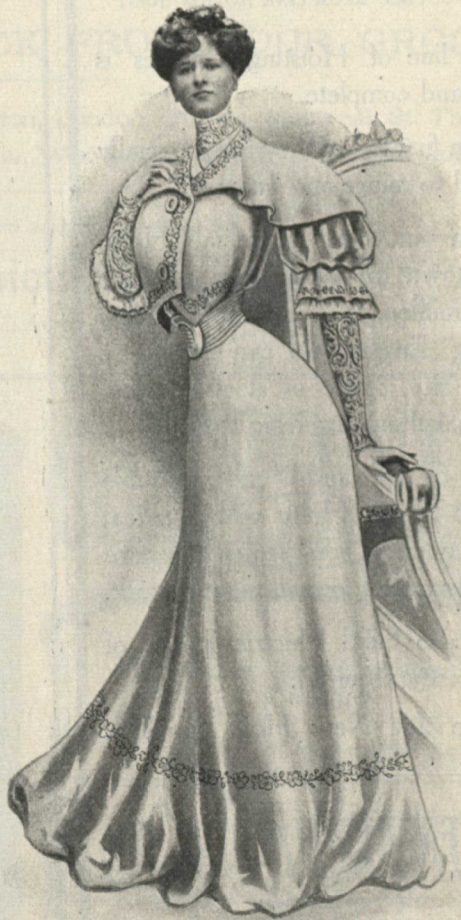
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## "HUGUENOT" CLOTH

PRIESTLEY'S unrivalled dyeing and finishing have produced a cloth sure of immediate appeal to the present day's demand.

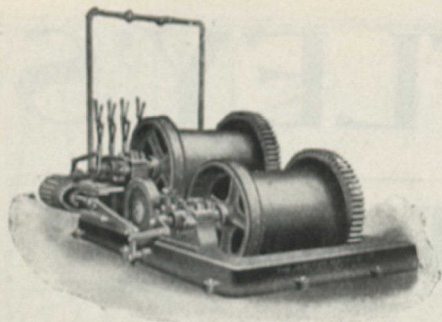
"HUGUENOT" Cloth contains all the durability and close texture of the old-time serge, with the soft, rich, draping qualities of a French cashmere.

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FAVORITE**



Colors include the latest shades, rich tints of red, green, blue, brown, and new evening shades.

FOR SALE AT ALL THE BEST DRY GOODS STORES



7 x 10 DOUBLE DRUM LINK MOTION HOIST

- ☐ Our line of Hoisting Engines is varied and complete.
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ONE HEIGHT ONLY  
BACK 2 IN X 2½ IN FRONT  
QUARTER, HALF AND THREE-  
QUARTER SIZES  
13½ TO 17



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For lighting your range or for a light SUMMER FIRE  
there is nothing equal to

# BEAVER BRAND CHARCOAL

TRY A SAMPLE SACK FROM YOUR GROCER

Departments in { Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ottawa, Montreal, St. Thomas,  
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Manufactured and put up only by

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The latest and daintiest arrangement for  
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A delicious assortment of Creams,  
Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and  
Nuts.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1, 2, 3, and 5 pounds.  
Full weight in every box.

35 Years' Experience

GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

# THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

## AND THE SANITARY FIXTURES THAT INSURE ITS HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

**A** SNOWY, sanitary bathroom, a dainty, kitchen, and a spotless laundry—what an influence they have exercised upon the health and happiness of the modern home! In the past few years the progress in the equipment of these rooms has been so great that could the housewife of a quarter century ago be unconsciously transported from her dark, unsanitary bathroom and her unprepossessing kitchen to the snow-white surroundings of the woman of to-day she would imagine herself in some wonderland of luxury where beauty, purity, and cleanliness were the very keystones of existence.

Of all domestic developments for the greater safety, convenience and comfort of family-living in the modern home, the equipment of the modern bathroom evidences the most thorough and radical change. The bathroom of a few years past was usually the most poorly appointed room in the house, making no appeal to its occupants other than that of absolute necessity. How great a change has come to pass! The snowy bathroom of to-day, with its pure white, glistening STANDARD fixtures, is undoubtedly the most perfectly equipped of all portions of the home, and its inviting charm is irresistible to every member of the household.

From the standpoint of the family health the householder's choice of a bathroom fixture should be guided by a desire for the best and by the experience of his neighbors. For the vital matter of health preservation only the perfect fixture should be used, an equipment of natural purity, absolutely sanitary, an equipment under all conditions of usage remaining constantly pure and wholesome. This perfection in a bathroom fixture is obtainable from one source alone—STANDARD Porcelain Enamelled Ware. Those in whose homes STANDARD fixtures have been installed will vouch for their healthful influence

and will speak with pardonable pride of the additional beauty they confer upon the home appointment.

Although actual use in thousands of representative homes has proven its superior worth, the cost of STANDARD Ware is not prohibitive even where the most rigid economy is necessitated. An equipment of STANDARD Ware may be had for practically the same outlay as would be required for the old style unsanitary fittings. But the installation of STANDARD fixtures must not be looked upon as an expense. The money invested in your bathroom in STANDARD Ware adds many times its cost to the selling or rental value of your home.

Any real-estate expert or agent knows that the house equipped throughout with STANDARD fixtures may be more easily and more advantageously disposed of than one equipped with any other grade of plumbing, for the general public recognizes in STANDARD Ware the best and most desirable equipment for domestic use. Intelligent comparison

will substantiate the claim that STANDARD Porcelain Enamelled Ware will give you at the least expense the greatest of all modern luxuries and comforts—an absolutely sanitary bathroom whose purity and cleanliness will be a source of pride and



A bedroom in which a STANDARD lavatory has superseded the washstand.



A cheery bathroom of to-day.

satisfaction from the day the fixtures are installed.

And it is not only for the infinite comforts and conveniences it affords, nor for its cleanliness and beauty that STANDARD Ware is the most widely preferred of all bathroom equipments. The guarantee of life-long durability that it gives is largely responsible for the extent of its general use. Indestructible as the iron which constitutes its basic element, STANDARD Ware is built to last as long as the house in which it is installed. Even under the most severe usage its snowy enamel glaze, which becomes in manufacture an integral part of the metal body, will resist the most extraordinary wear without a crack or craze. STANDARD fixtures combine the strength and grace of metal with the lustrous elegance of porcelain, and in their perfect sanitation constantly protect the family health, giving the maximum of service at a minimum of cost.

The modern kitchen and the modern laundry have been as fully revolutionized as the modern bathroom. The old-fashioned sink and laundry-tub have gone the way of the unsanitary wood-incased bathtub. These undesirable fixtures had their day. This is the day of the modern kitchen and immaculate laundry with healthful, sanitary STANDARD fixtures, the equipment generating purity and cleanliness throughout the home, the fixtures that are the woman's pride and the delight of all who come in contact with them.

Every genuine STANDARD fixture bears the STANDARD Green and Gold Guarantee Label. This label is the purchaser's safeguard against the substitution of inferior goods and

gives assurance of the best sanitary fixture, made at a cost no greater than the common kind. In specifying the sanitary equipment for your home you should insist that every



An immaculate kitchen.

fixture bear this guarantee, as none are genuine without it.

Every householder should have our book entitled "Modern Bathrooms." This 100-page treatise deals with a subject of vital import to the head of every family—the perfect sanitation of the home. It illustrates many equipments, both luxurious and inexpensive, for the bathroom, boudoir, kitchen and laundry and contains numerous suggestions for the proper decoration of these rooms. It shows the estimated cost of each individual fitting and tells you the most economical way to plan, buy and arrange your sanitary fixtures. It is the most complete and beautiful brochure ever issued on this subject. Write, enclosing six cents postage, and a copy of "Modern Bathrooms" will be sent you free by return mail.



A clean, sanitary laundry

## Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Dept. A 41

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Unsurpassed musical qualities, and the artistic elegance and finish of the

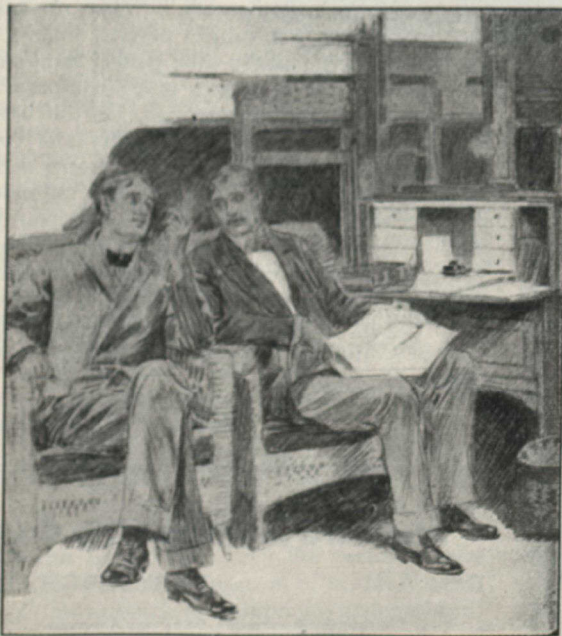
## HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

(Made by Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co., Ltd.)

has, for more than fifty years, made this the "premier" piano in Canadian homes.

The most famous musicians praise its full, rich, melodious tone.

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*Maintains the first position in Canada*

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is a high-grade household flour that makes baking easy and dependable even for the inexperienced.

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produced from the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat by the most scientific process, makes tasty, wholesome bread with least trouble.

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MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH AND BRANDON



**NO HOUSE**  
is now considered complete without at least one

**Brick Mantel**  
in red or buff colors

Prices from \$15.00 up

For summer homes, club houses, etc., they are the correct thing.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

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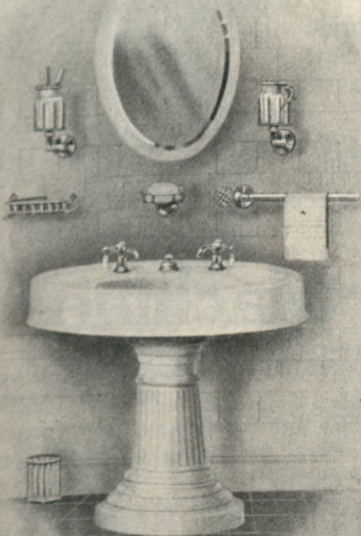
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This Would Improve Your Home.

## Is Your House Properly Equipped?

STANDARD IDEAL Porcelain Enamelled Ware ensures perfect sanitation and promotes health and comfort. Its beauty of design, purity and rich, snowy opaque appearance makes the home beautiful.

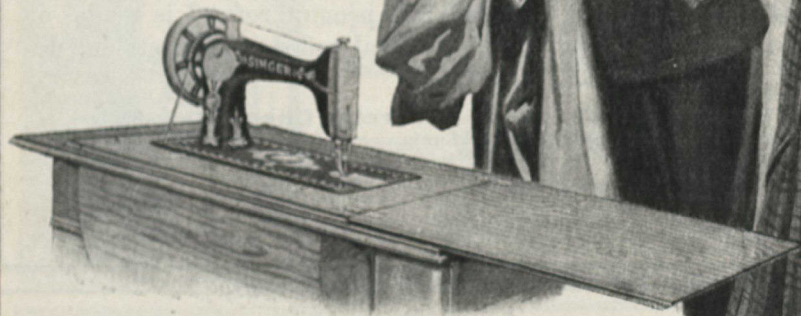
STANDARD IDEAL Ware is finished in a manner that virtually makes the porcelain enameling a part of the iron. We make bath tubs, lavatories, sinks, and all modern plumbing equipment.

*Write for Catalogue*

**The Standard Ideal Co., Limited**  
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THE first and most welcome present for the bride when she enters her future home is a brand new Singer Sewing Machine, or a Wheeler & Wilson.

These machines help thousands of newly married couples to start housekeeping every year. They enable young wives to have *more* and *better* clothes than they could possibly possess in any other way on the same allowance. But avoid the danger of false economy when you select a sewing machine. Get the *best* obtainable—a

## Singer Sewing Machine or a Wheeler & Wilson

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BY THIS SIGN YOU  
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There's no better illuminant made for lighting the streets and houses of small towns and villages, for farm-houses and outbuildings, for asylums, churches, hospitals, etc., than acetylene.

The lighting for these places can be done from one central point.

Acetylene is an ideal light for campers, prospectors, engineering parties, military camps, etc.

The carbide, from which acetylene is made, can be taken anywhere, with safety, as long as it's kept moisture proof.—

Can be safely carried with food without affecting it in any way.—

Does away with all the unpleasant and dangerous features of kerosene and gasoline.

Acetylene is the only satisfactory light for country houses, especially in summer, as it gives out very little heat.

All the buoys and lighthouses on the River St. Lawrence are lighted with acetylene, because it gives the clearest and most penetrating of all artificial illuminants.

The Canadian Pacific Railway use acetylene exclusively for lighting their cars.

There are different grades of acetylene, depending upon the quality of the carbide used.

The best gas comes from using the best carbide—

**S** Calcium Carbide.

Write us to-day. We can give you many more particulars about Carbide and prices.

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QUALITY IS OUR SUCCESS

The choicest hair of France and Germany are bought by our agents for our famous

Wavy and Straight Hair Switches

In our stock will be found the silkiest textures and rarest shades at most

Moderate Prices

The Beauty and Quality of our inimitable Parisian Method Hair Creations have conquered the Hair Trade of Canada for us.

The "Maison" Jules & Charles has the unlimited confidence of thousands of Fastidious Patrons.

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Gives New Life to the HAIR





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No extravagant claims to mislead intending purchasers. No extravagant testimonials from artists who are bribed for their opinions. No extravagant prices to inflate values. "Dominion" pianos are made to make music, by artists who understand what makes music, and sold by reliable agents throughout the country. For catalogues etc., write the

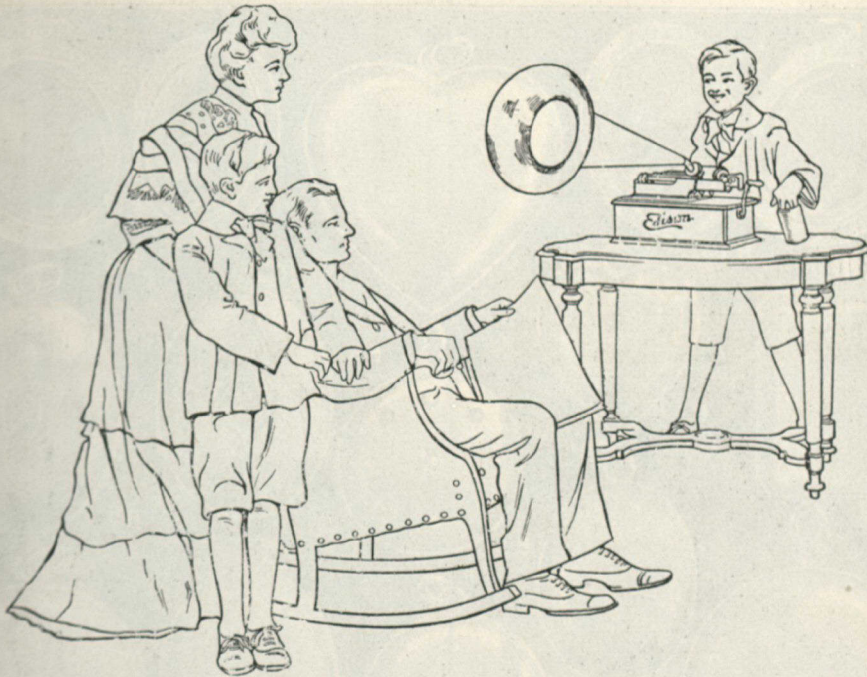
**DOMINION PIANO AND ORGAN CO., Limited**  
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# Laurentides National Park

**T**HIS renowned hunting and fishing territory takes on increased popularity yearly. Dates for hunting and fishing may be applied for at any time. Increased accommodation will be provided for sportsmen by 1st September, 1906, in the great Caribou Barrens. For information of any kind re sport

ADDRESS

The Hon. Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries  
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## Have You Children Growing Up?

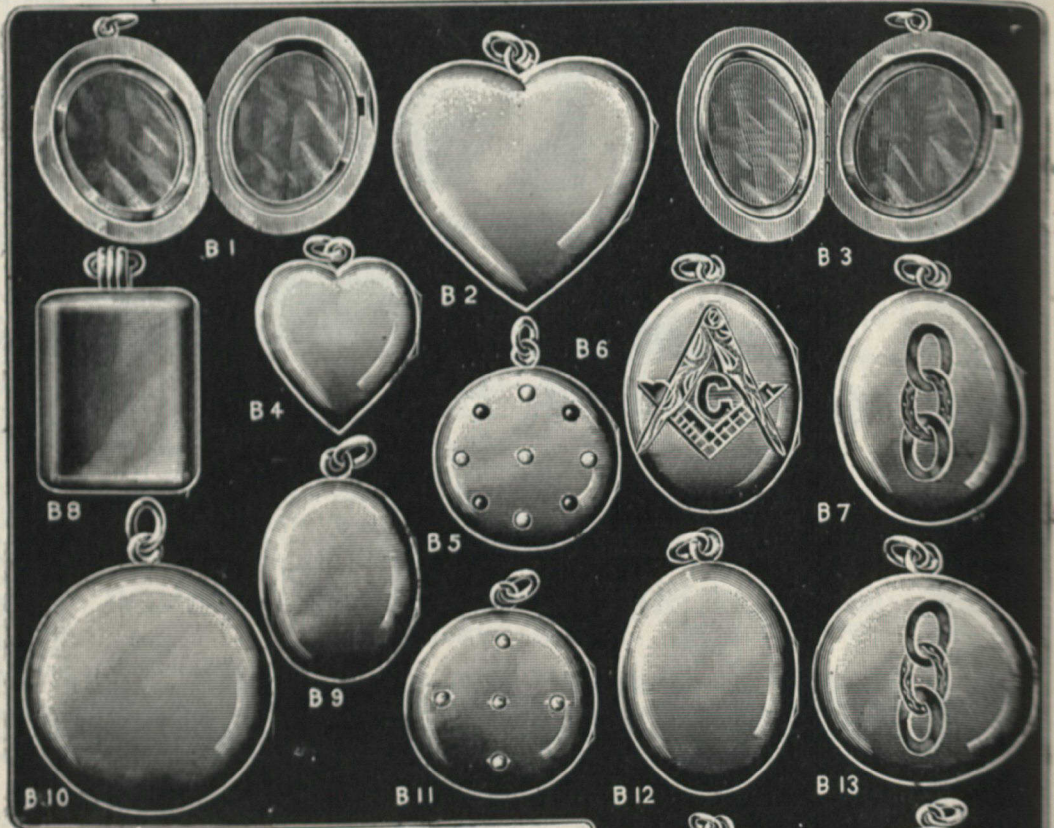
**D**O you realize what it means for a family to grow up without any knowledge of music, without keeping in touch with the world's progress in music? There is one easy, inexpensive way to treat your family to the best music of the world — by the purchase of

## THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH and Edison Gold-Moulded Records

The Edison Phonograph is the most perfect method of reproducing all music, whether instrumental or vocal. The Edison Gold-Moulded Records are the most distinct and carefully made records in the world. They represent the best selections of grand opera, the best old songs and ballads, the best popular songs, the best dance music, the best band pieces, the best of everything. You can have the Edison Phonograph on the easy payment plan. There is someone in your town who will show it to you and let you hear the new records.

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Live dealers in any line who have a store and established trade on other goods, are wanted to take up the agency for the Edison Phonograph in towns where we have no dealers now. Write for full information as to terms, discounts, etc.



## 2,000 GOLD-FILLED LOCKETS

REGULAR VALUE UP TO \$3.00

NOW OFFERING AT 98c.

THESE LOCKETS were purchased by our Jewelry Department direct from the manufacturer. They are such Lockets as he makes for regular jewelry firms to sell at about \$3.00 apiece. In solid gold exclusive dealers get \$10.00 to \$15.00 for the same designs. These are gold-filled, but they are guaranteed by the makers and by this store for ten years.

We took 2,000 of them—that is a big order for any jewelry manufacturer to receive. We got very special terms on that account.

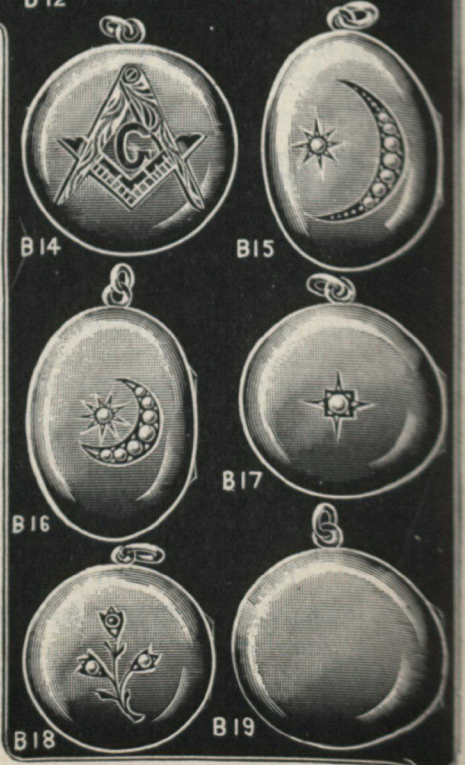
There is room for two pictures in each Locket as shown in cuts B1 and B3. Some of them are set with fine Oriental pearls.

Now, what do you think we are going to ask for these Lockets?

### Ninety-Eight Cents

It is an extraordinary occasion this. Order quickly. Write now. Don't let it slip from your mind until you have made sure of one of these pretty Gold Lockets at..... **98c.**

THE **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED  
ROBERT  
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**COWAN'S**  
PERFECTION  
**COCOA**

Such dainty and delicate  
Confections are

**COWAN'S**

Milk Chocolate,  
Croquettes, Wafers,  
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.  
Chocolate Cream Bars

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03



**YOU  
CAN BURN  
GAS OR  
COAL  
WITH THIS  
RANGE**

**PERFECT  
IDEA**

Would it appeal to you to be able to burn gas and coal on the same range? You can do it at the same time if you want to, too.

The Perfect Idea is the only range that permits of such a thing. Taking up in your kitchen only the room required for an ordinary kitchen stove, in the hot summer days just one touch of a match will have a hot fire going for you in a second. Or in the winter time, it's all ready for coal without changing.

If your dealer does not handle it, write us direct.

**GUELPH STOVE CO.,**

Limited

Branches at Montreal, Winnipeg & Calgary



**PERFECT IDEA  
RANGE**

# SUNSHINE FURNACE

DIRECT DRAFT  
DAMPER

## There is No Dust

nuisance in connection with the Sunshine.

Because the Sunshine is fitted with a dust flue (see illustration).

When you rock down the ashes (no back-breaking shaking with the Sunshine) what dust arises is drawn from the ash-pan up the dust-flue, then

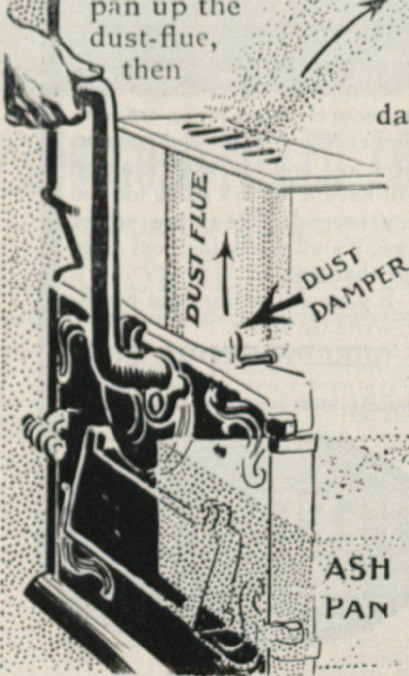
across the fire-pot to the smoke-pipe, as shown in illustration, where it immediately ascends to the outer air.

Only two things to remember in connection with this operation:— open both the dust and direct draft dampers.

Sunshine is just the cleanest, simplest, easiest managed, greatest labor-saving furnace that you can buy.


If your local dealer does not handle the "Sunshine" write direct to us for

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ESTABLISHED NEARLY 50 YEARS

*The*  
**Gerhard Heintzman**  
**Piano**

holds the place of honor among  
 Canadian Pianos

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You know the trouble you have with the old style of Infants' Bands. Look at our *Infants' M Bands* illustrated and you will be convinced that these are the only satisfactory bands on the market. These bands are knitted. The narrow tapes running over the shoulder are sewed on, the wide woven tab to which the diaper is pinned is attached to these tapes front and back. *Knitted tabs stretch and tear*, these tapes and tabs will not, they hold the diaper in place and carry the weight to where it belongs, to the shoulder. These bands are made in fine cotton, fine wool and silk and wool. Price 25c. and 50c. at all first-class drygoods stores.



HE HAS IT

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

**The C. TURNBULL CO., Limited**

**GALT, CANADA**



HE NEEDS IT



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Present day fashions require for the ideal figure an upright poise of the shoulder, long sloping bust with straight-front, tapering-waist lines, and a graceful curve over the hips.

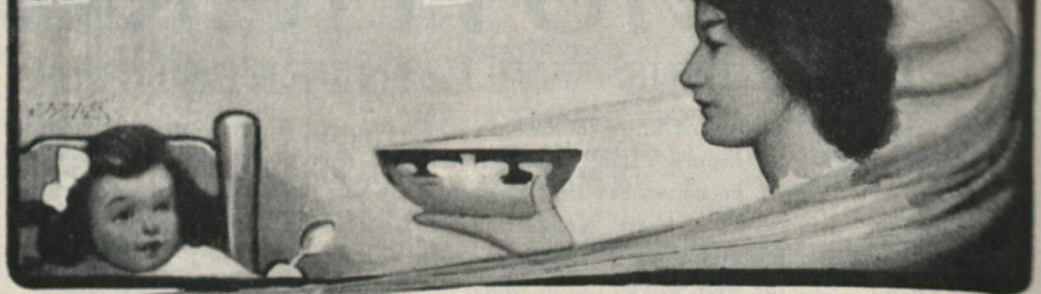
D & A correct-form corsets will assist to secure this ideal, and providing a suitable model be selected, will fit comfortably to the figure, delightfully easy, and luxurious to wear.

1907 Brochure of styles, artistically illustrated,  
free on request.

DOMINION CORSET MFG. CO., QUEBEC

Prices \$1.00 to \$6.00

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FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

### Robinson's Patent Barley

¶ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ¶ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ¶ But insist on having ROBINSON'S

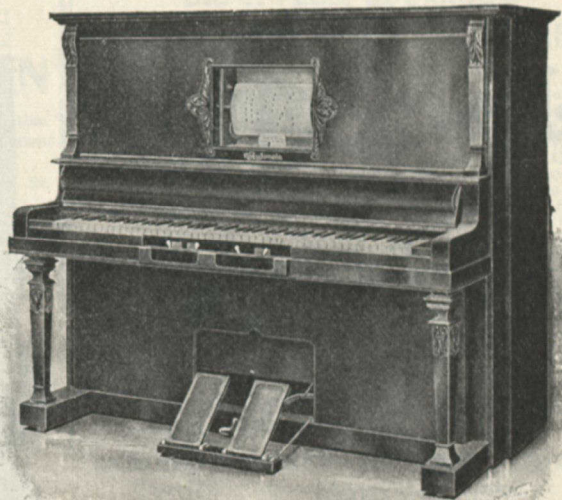
FRANK MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL





## The Autonola

- IS A Bell Art Piano fitted with an interior Player Mechanism.
- IS A Piano capable of being played in two ways.
- IS A source of delight to the musician because of its exquisite touch and tone.
- IS A source of pleasure to everyone in the home because all can play readily and without musical knowledge.
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- IS A good investment, and if you have an old piano we take it in exchange as part payment.
- IS fully described in our Booklet C, which we would like to mail you.



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Long before King  
Edward was crowned  
the

## KARN PIANO

was King of all Canadian Pianos. It occupies this proud position from the artistic standpoint and is the recognized representative of the highest development in Piano making. No other Piano embraces so many points of exclusive merit.

Karn Piano & Organ Co., Woodstock, Can.

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**"Jaeger" Pure Wool**  
 Keeps you Cool  
 In Summer

Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear protects your skin against the sun's excessive heat. By promoting the activity of your skin, your blood and whole system are cooled.

The porous nature of the wool itself and the loose open weave of the underwear allow the air to circulate freely around the body, keeping your skin dry, cool and fresh.

But insist on having Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear. It is guaranteed by the trade mark shown below.

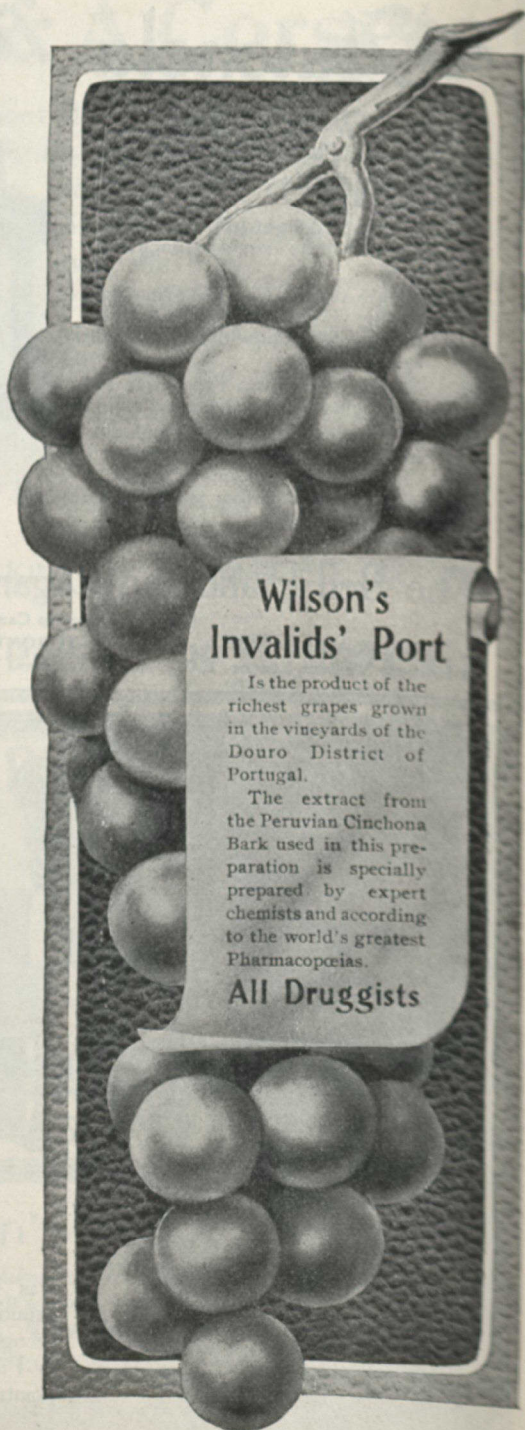
Special spring and summer weights in all sizes for men, women and children.

Send for illustrated catalogue and a copy of health culture.

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Is the product of the richest grapes grown in the vineyards of the Douro District of Portugal.

The extract from the Peruvian Cinchona Bark used in this preparation is specially prepared by expert chemists and according to the world's greatest Pharmacopœias.

All Druggists



**IF I WERE A QUEEN**

I would eat gelatine,  
And I'd order it home  
by the car lot,  
By the Cross of St.  
George,  
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge  
Of the kind that they call  
**"LADY CHARLOTTE"**

**\$3 a Day Sure**

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once  
**IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 910, WINDSOR, ONT**

**INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**  
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM

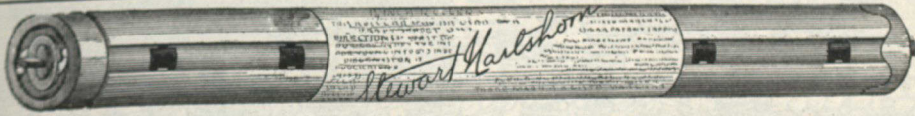
**A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER**  
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S**  
**ORIENTAL CREAM, OF MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**



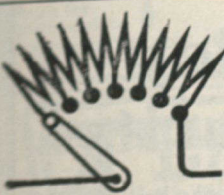
**REMOVES** Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 58 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's

*Cream*' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.  
**Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

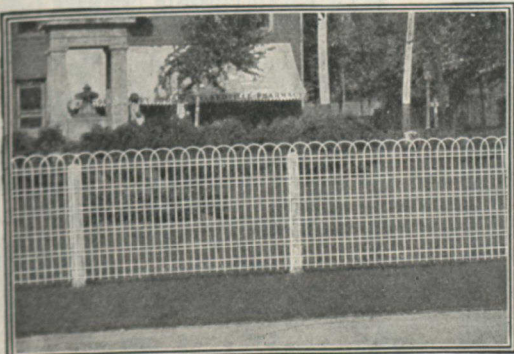
**GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER**  
For infants and adults, exquisitely perfumed.  
Price, 25c. per Box, by Mail.  
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Wood Rollers      Tin Rollers  
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Jams, Jellies and  
Orange Marmalade

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the most  
particular  
people.

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YOUR GROCER  
WILL SUPPLY  
THEM

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PURE  
ORANGE MARMALADE



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Purity**

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All the barley used in Carling's Ale is grown in these districts, and the best crops are selected each year by Carling's own experts.

Before being used it is put through special machinery which separates all the impure and foreign substances.

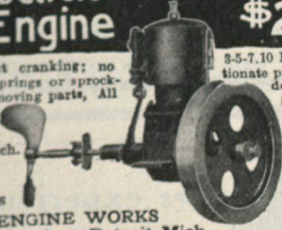
Ask for Carling's Ale — accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

**Carling's Ale**  
The Ale That's Always Pure



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**Every Device**  
 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.  
 Our Catalogue goes in detail. **Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.**  
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 Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

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Starts without cranking; no cams, valves, springs or sprockets. Only 3 moving parts, All bearings ball. For your Row Boat, Hull Boat, Launch, 10/600 in use.  
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 It is now positively known that falling hair is caused by a germ, hence is a regular germ disease. Hall's Hair Renewer, as now made from the "revised formula," promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs which produce this trouble. It also destroys the dandruff germs, and restores the scalp to a healthy condition.  
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 Ask your druggist for "the new kind." The kind that does not change the color of the hair.  
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¶ Think of the number of typewriters that seemed popular a few years ago.

¶ Think of the different ones seeking public favor today.

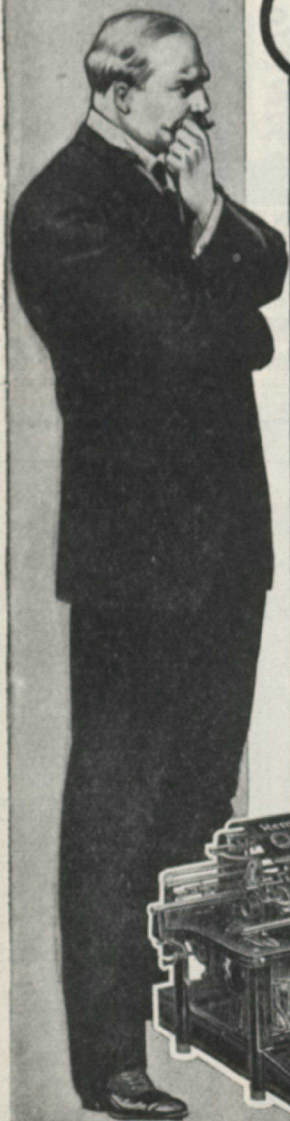
¶ Then think of the Remington, which has been the standard since typewriters were invented and which maintains its supremacy solely through lasting merit.

¶ The man who *seeks* experience may seek it anywhere, but the man who *heeds* experience buys the

## Remington

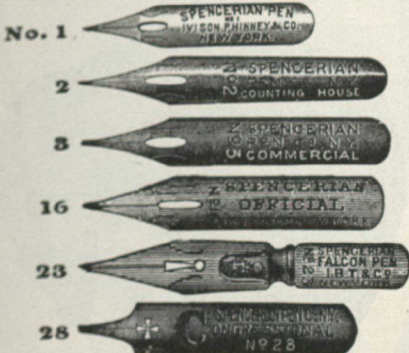
¶ Have you tried the new Remington escapement? It will be a revelation to you of the latest and best in typewriter achievement.

**Remington Typewriter Company**  
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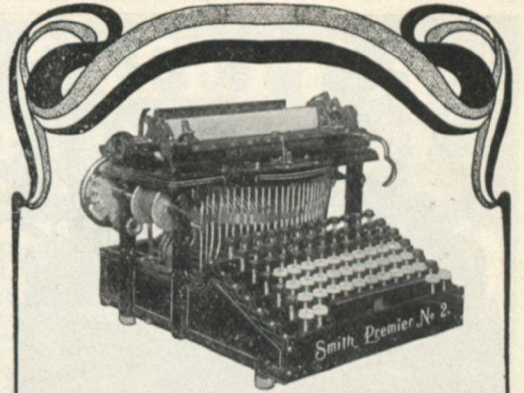


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The leading numbers for Canada will be sent  
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will say in red those words or phrases  
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The price is the same as that of all Smith  
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"Ever-Ready" Razor sets are sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Department Stores, Jewelers and Druggists throughout the world. Remember it's the "Ever-Ready" razor you want. Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of Canadian Price, \$1.25.

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For My Country  
 Cottage I Always  
 Take a Supply of



## Clark's Lunch Tongue

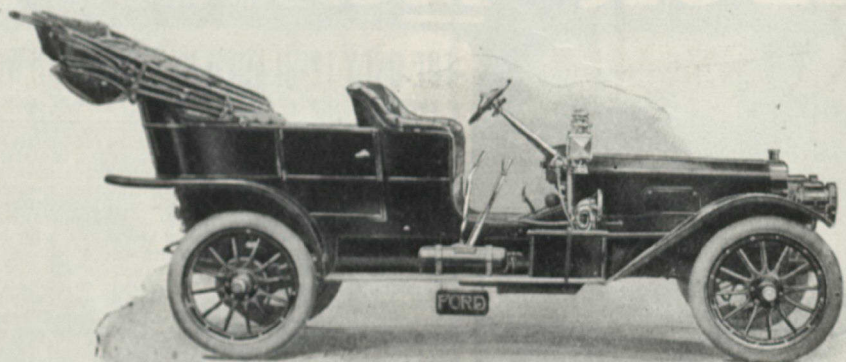
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We are the largest makers of both 6 cylinder Touring Cars and 4 cylinder Runabouts in the world. If you want a two-passenger car just look at **The Ford Runabout**, \$750.00, 15 H. P., 4 cylinder vertical engine. Direct drive.

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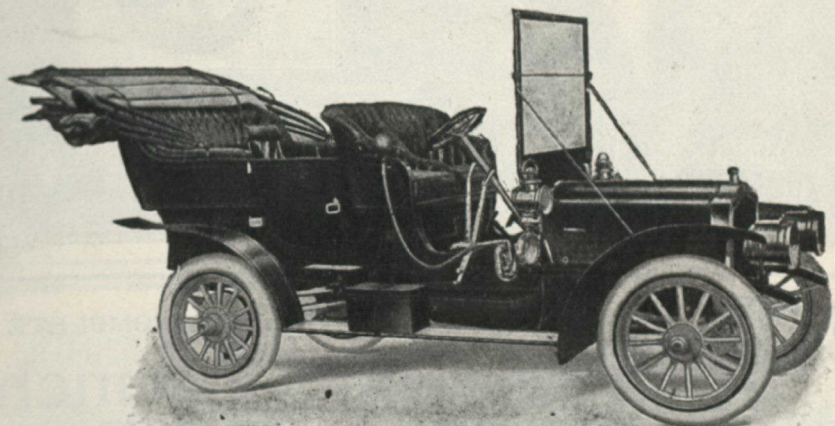
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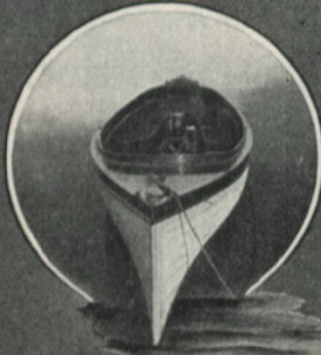
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TORONTO JUNCTION, CANADA

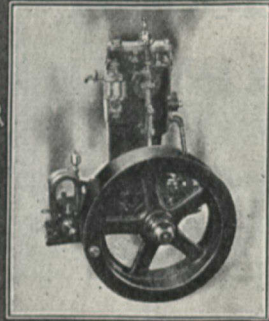
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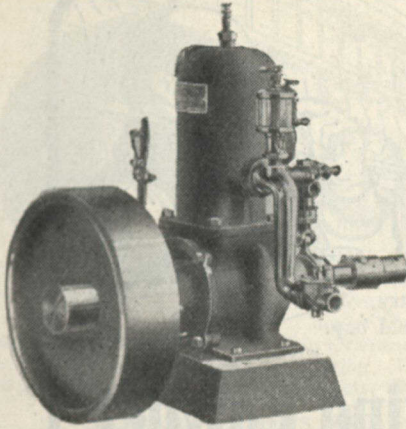
WATER LEADS

AWARDS

Gold Medal, Paris - 1900

Gold Medal, Ottawa 1889

Gold Medal, Montreal, 1881



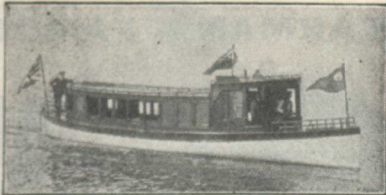
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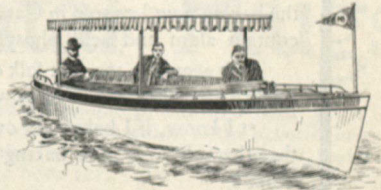
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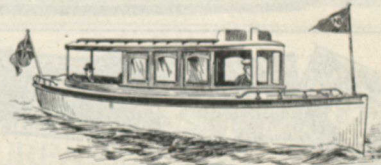
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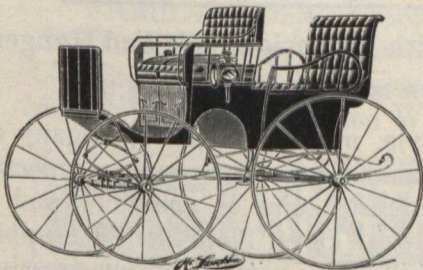
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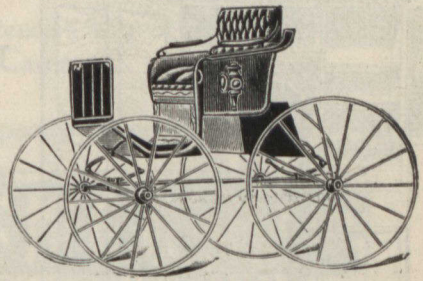


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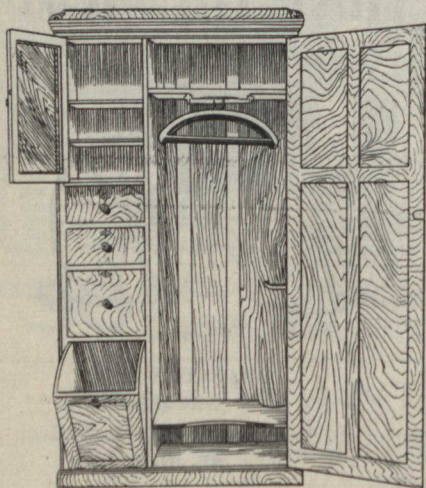
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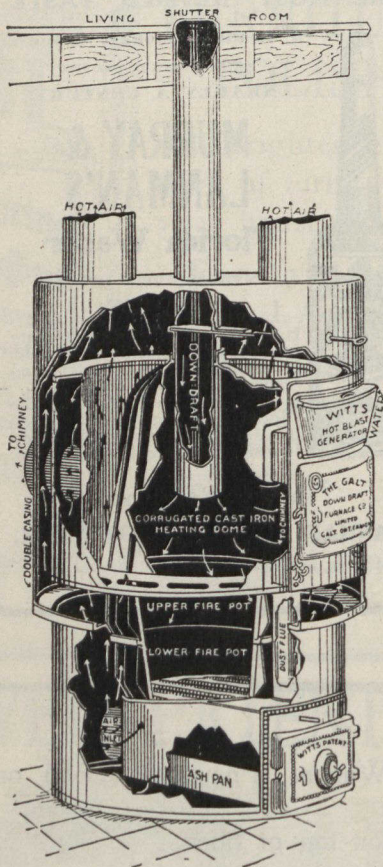
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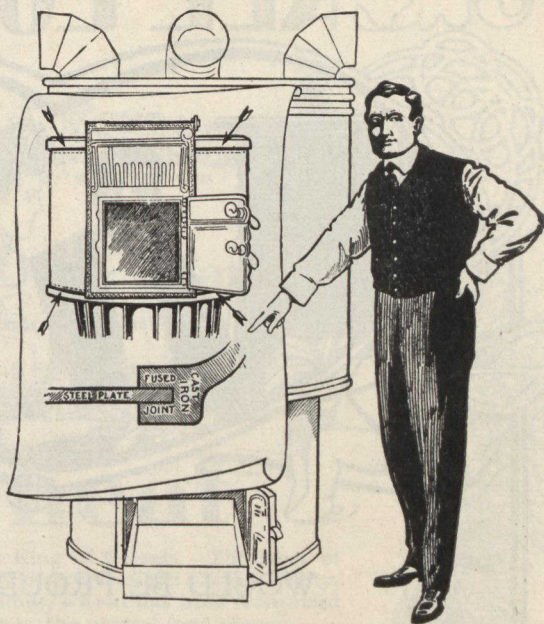
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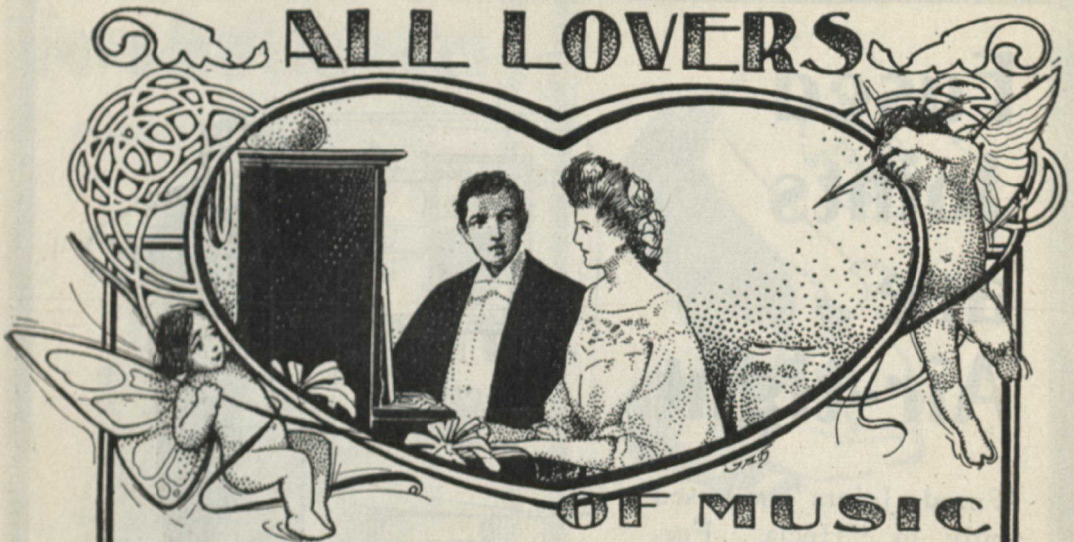
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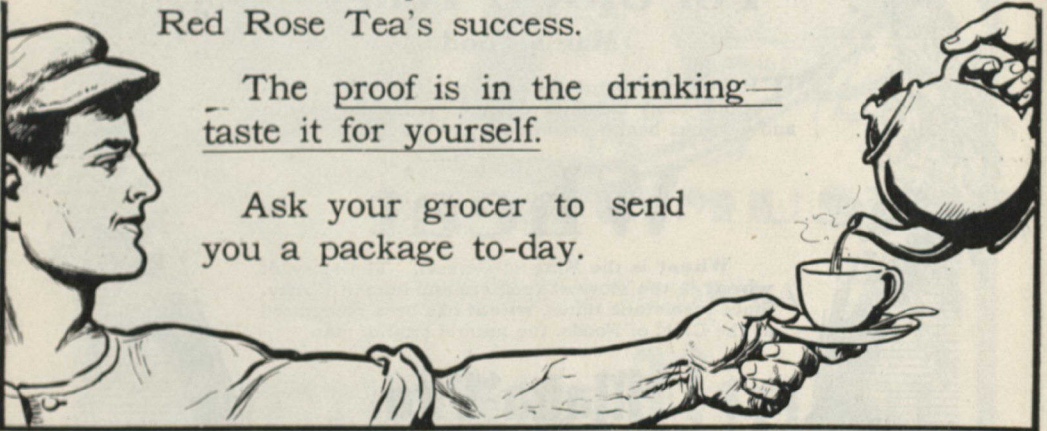
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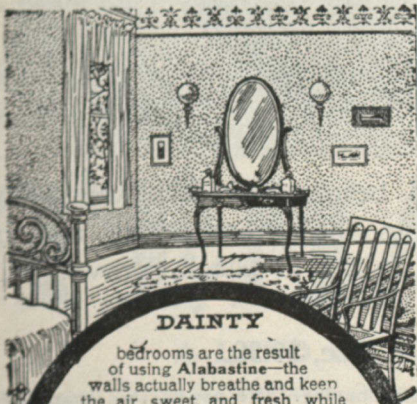
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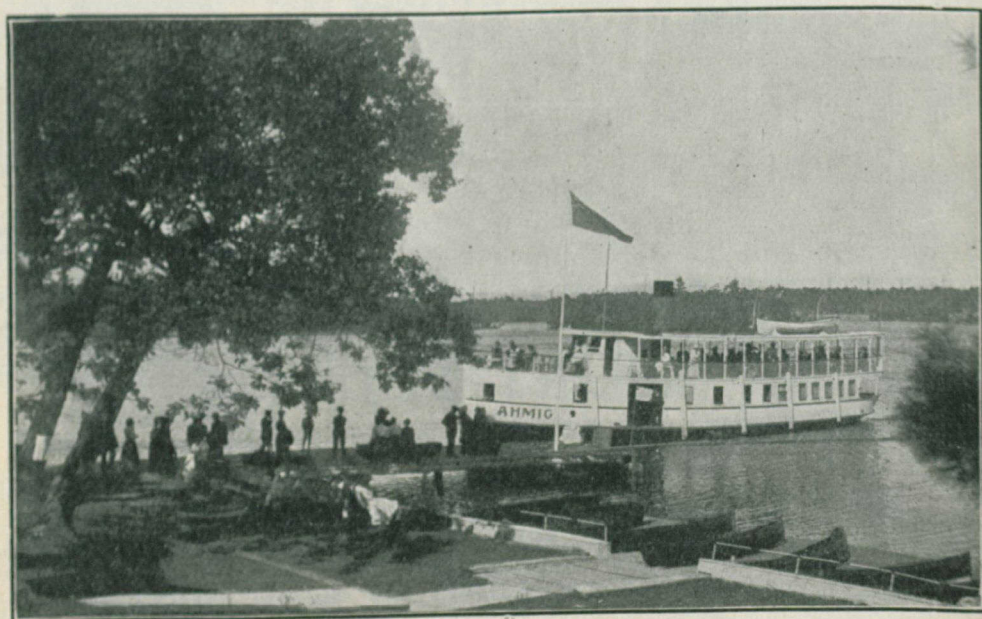


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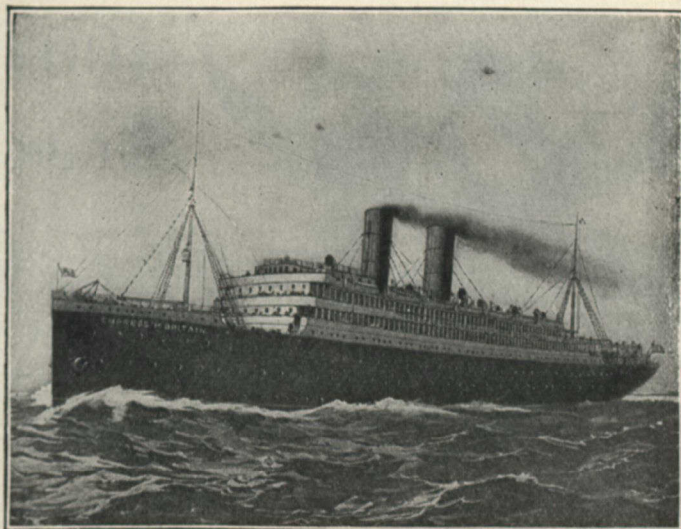
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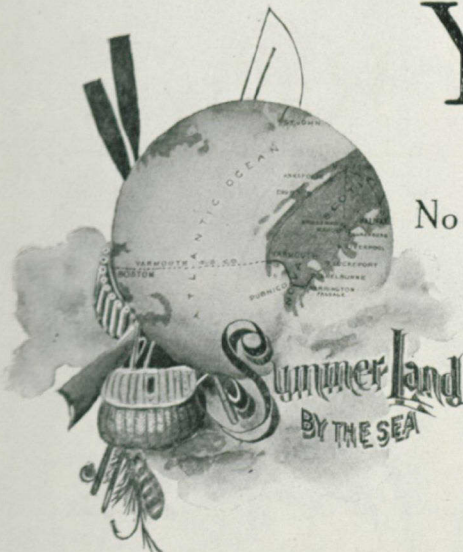
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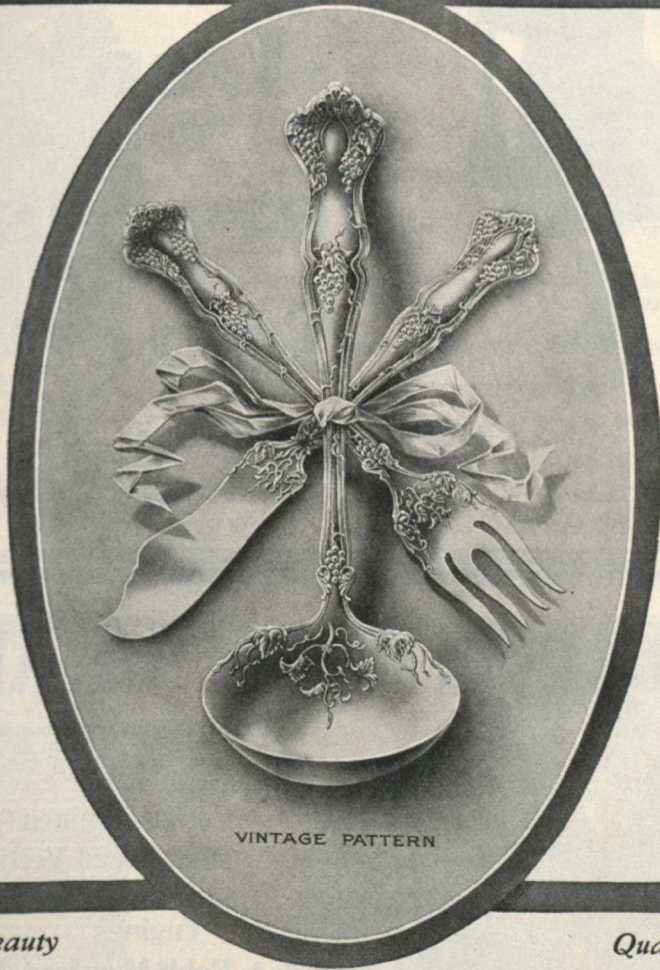
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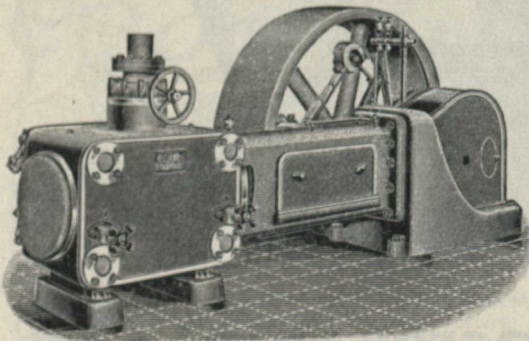
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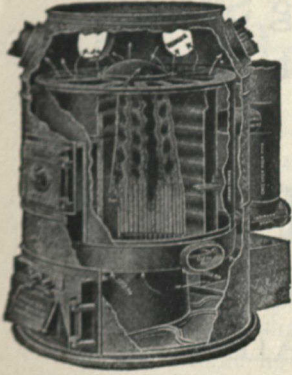
**Return Tubular Boilers**

**Water Tube Boilers**

## ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

District Offices { 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, William McKay, Manager  
Bell Telephone Building, Montreal, Watson Jack, Manager  
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HEALTHFUL—EFFICIENT—ECONOMICAL  
**WARMING and VENTILATING**  
 FOR HOME—CHURCH—SCHOOL



**KELSEY** <sup>WARM</sup>  
<sup>AIR</sup>  
**GENERATOR** PAT'D

**The Kelsey System** is in a class by itself and quite unlike any other.

**The Kelsey System** gives the most economical warming with proper ventilation.

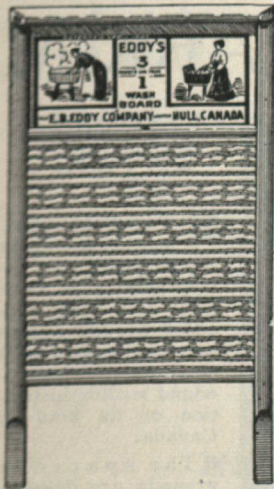
**The Kelsey System** provides large volumes of PURE, FRESH, PROPERLY WARMED AIR.

**The Kelsey System** assures an even temperature in all rooms and AT ALL TIMES.

**The Kelsey System** is installed under the direction of EXPERIENCED AND COMPETENT "KELSEY EXPERTS."

Full particulars with estimates promptly furnished on request.

SOLE KELSEY MAKERS FOR CANADA  
**THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Limited**  
 WINNIPEG, MAN. BROCKVILLE, ONT.



Supply your  
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**EDDY'S  
 WARES**

and make life  
 worth living.

With a

**3 IN 1 WASHBOARD**  
 and an **EDDY FIBRE TUB**



washday labor is reduced to a minimum and comfort  
 to the worker is correspondingly enhanced.

See that you are well supplied with

**Eddy's Washboards, Tubs, Pails, etc.**

# SPORTING GOODS

All Kinds of Outdoor Sporting Supplies  
for Lacrosse, Baseball, Cricket, Bowling  
and Golf Players.

## FISHING TACKLE

LINES—REELS—RODS  
BAIT BOXES and PAILS

**RICE LEWIS & SON, LIMITED, TORONTO**

# LAKEHURST SANITARIUM

OAKVILLE  
ONTARIO



IN LAKEHURST GROUNDS

¶ This Sanitarium, established some eleven years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

¶ The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boat-ing and Bathing.

For terms, etc., Address the Manager, LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE



# THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST

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Brain, Brawn and Capital can all be Utilized

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THE magnificent development of Western Canada since the opening of the Twentieth Century has attracted the attention of the world, and every year since 1900 has been an improvement upon its predecessor, in so far as immigration and general progress are concerned.

The inauguration of the new provinces—Saskatchewan and Alberta—in 1905, gave an immense impetus to the work of development there, and a largely increased population is the result. But there is always room for more in this land of great possibilities, and the Canadian Government still offers

## 160 ACRES FREE

to every young man over 18 years of age who is able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

The excellent crop of 1905, it is claimed, will put fully \$60,000,000 in circulation in Western Canada, and it is freely stated that the great expenditure in railway construction at present going on will raise that amount to \$100,000,000 during the current year—which will bring added prosperity to the country that lies between Winnipeg and the foothills.

---

### INFORMATION AND ADVICE

MAY BE FREELY OBTAINED FROM

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

THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION

11 and 12 CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W., ENG.

# What an Oxford Gas Range will do for you

A GAS RANGE used to be a make-shift for the warm days. You put up with its shortcomings because of the relief it gave you from the heat of a coal fire, the heavy work of a coal range and the dirt of the ashes.

Any gas range is a relief from this drudgery. But the Oxford Gas Range is a wonder of efficiency.

It bakes, roasts, broils—cooks a large dinner in a most satisfactory manner with the least possible work and worry.

The Oxford oven has an extra corrugated steel lining and air space at the back, and is lined throughout with asbestos mill-board. You thus get the full benefit of all the heat generated, none is lost. The oven is scientifically ventilated so that the fumes of the cooking and all excess moisture are drawn up the chimney.

The oven racks are of pressed steel, practically unbreakable.

A cover plate in the bottom of the oven permits of the examination of the burners, which may be removed for cleaning.

The drop oven door has balance springs which permit its being left open at any angle.

When fully open the door forms a strong, firm shelf on which the pan may rest while inspecting pastry or basting a roast.

The Oxford Range is fitted with our new adjustable gas valve which accommodates any pressure of gas. This valve regulates the flow of gas so that none is wasted and the proper proportion of air is burned.

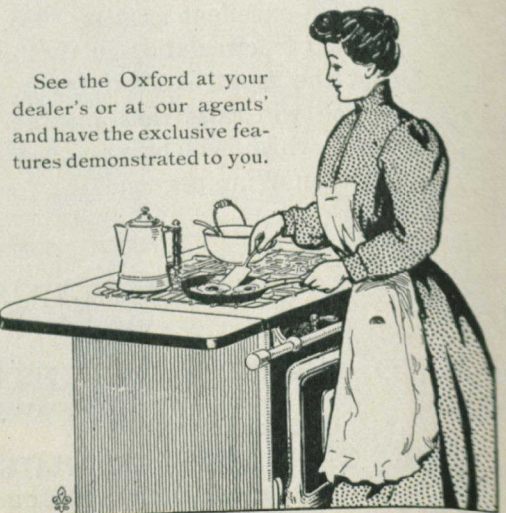
The top of the stove is flush so a heavy pot may easily be slid on or off the fire. Each range is equipped with giant and simmering burners.

For economy, comfort and perfect cooking you should have a gas range, and the best on the market—the Oxford Gas Range—doesn't cost any more than the other kinds.

This Oxford Range is also made suitable for the use of natural gas. It includes all the good points of the Oxford artificial Gas Range and many exclusive features which make it a most perfect

baker, roaster and broiler.

## OXFORD GAS RANGE



See the Oxford at your dealer's or at our agents' and have the exclusive features demonstrated to you.

**THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.**  
LIMITED

TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER  
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THE GURNEY, MASSEY & CO., Limited  
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CALGARY, ALTA.

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**A D A**  
with SHREDDE



The red ripeness and savory sweetness combined with the purest, cleanest and best WHEAT. A joy to jaded palates; a bo

The porous shreds take up and neutralize the delicious aroma of the berry, presenting a wafer that not disturb the weakest stomach. More digestible than the soggy white flour dough used in many cereals. Serve with cream and sugar.

Shredded Wheat contains all the brain-building nutrients in the whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking. Contains more nutriment than corn or oats and is n

If you like SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT you will like TRISCUIT, the shredded wheat wafer. It is used with butter, cheese or marmalades. An ideal food for travellers, dwellers, light housekeepers, campers, for picnics, for excursions on land or on sea. The best of all wafers for continental dish cookery. The "Vital Question Cook Book" is sent

MADE IN CANADA

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS

# ate Range

## Newest Steel Range

**OVEN**—The oven is large and  
re, made in three sizes with  
oven door which forms an oven  
when open. The inside oven  
as well as the oven door is  
enitized, making a bright, clean  
ier. The construction is such  
it is impossible for ashes to leak  
ugh into the oven.

### FIRE BOX—

The construction  
of the fire box is  
such that the  
parts which are  
exposed to the  
fire are made  
exceptionally  
strong and sim-  
ple, and the du-  
plex grates can  
be taken out  
and replaced  
through the side  
door without dis-  
turbng the rest  
of the fire box.

### "AERATED"

—This Range,  
as is the case  
with all Souve-  
nirs, is fitted with  
the celebrated

### ME SOUVENIR

which fresh air is constantly being heated and admitted into the  
ties up the chimney. This particular "AERATED" feature always  
oven sweet and wholesome.

ALL BEST STOVE MEN SELL THIS RANGE

MANUFACTURED BY

**Gurney, Tilden Co., Limited**

ON

MONTREAL

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**N, GURNEY & CO., Limited - Winnipeg, Man.**

# Libby's

(Natural Flavor)

## Food Products

### Quality Counts

It is the quality of Libby's Relishes that make even an ordinary meal a most delightful repast.

Mixed Pickles

Tomato Catsup

Salad Dressing

Chow Chow

are a few of the delicious products prepared by Libby's chefs in the great white enameled kitchens.

Among other appetizing Natural Flavor Food Products, ready for immediate serving, are Peerless Dried Beef, Vienna Sausage, Baked Beans, Corned Beef Hash, etc.

A supply of Libby's delicious Food Products should be in every home to meet the unexpected emergency.

Your grocer has them and you should insist on having Libby's.

The new 84-page booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat," gives many delightful recipes for luncheon, dinners and evening spreads that every housewife will appreciate. It is sent free on request.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago**



# NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

IS THE PIANO OF THE PERIOD

that is in me, by the attraction of the world that is in my soul."

For particulars and literature explaining, apply to  
**THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Limited**  
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## Brains Repaired

Active thinking uses up the soft gray filling of the brain.

It must be replaced by proper food or trouble results.

A successful brain must be properly fed.

The true brain food is

## Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg.

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## First Aid to Beauty

Beecham's Pills are Nature's first aid to beauty. They strengthen the digestion, create appetite, free the blood of all impurities, clear the complexion and tone the entire system. Used in every land for over sixty years, Beecham's Pills are a blessing to womankind for those recurring ills which frequently sap the strength and undermine the general health. Taken at the first signs of derangement, Beecham's Pills soothe and regulate the functions and create health, beauty and happiness by their prompt and beneficent action.

## Beecham's Pills

Beauty is largely a matter of health. Bright eyes, clear skin, rosy cheeks, red lips are charms that make the plainest features attractive. These are the secret of womanly beauty and Beecham's Pills do more for the maid or matron than any other medicine. A healthy stomach, active liver, regular bowels, sound sleep and clear complexion are the reward of every woman who lives reasonably, eats moderately and takes Beecham's Pills when there are symptoms that indicate any disturbance of the stomach, liver or bowels.

## Clear the Complexion

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN BOXES, 25 CENTS

# Platt's Chlorides,

NOTICE: "Platt's Chlorides," the Odorless Disinfectant, is now manufactured in Canada and sold there by druggists at the same price as in the United States, viz: 50-CENTS PER QUART.

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 On any Fabric.  
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