THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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March, 1914

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The Canadian Magazine

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The CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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By Francis A. Carman. An original contribution to Canadian History, showing that because of a direct attempt to deprive De Salaberry of the credit for the victory at Chateauguay it was three years after the Battle before it became generally known that he was a national hero.

NEW LIGHT ON THE VINLAND VOYAGES

By W. S. Wallace. Mr. Wallace, who is a lecturer in history at the University of Toronto, here shows what new light has been thrown on the supposition that America was visited by Northmen about the year 1,000.

ROADSIDE FLOWERS

By Geraldine Steinmetz. A delightful essay on the beauties and vagaries of flowers discerned along Ontario roadsides. There are charming decorations and drawings by Innis D. Steinmetz.

RED MICHAEL

By Harry W. Anderson. A sketch and appreciation of the career and talents of Dr. Michael Clark, Member of the House of Commons for Red Deer, Alberta, and an outstanding figure in Political Circles at Ottawa.

NORTHERN VISTAS

By Mrs. Arthur Murphy. This last of the series of six sketches of travel in the country North of Edmonton will be found even more charming than the others of the series.

TENNYSON'S "MAUD"

By Professor A. W. Crawford. A fine appreciation of the Great Laureate's favorite poem. An attempt to show why it is only now being properly understood by the Public.

DEGRADING A GENERATION

By W. Lacey Amy. The auther of "The Blue Wolf" takes Fathers and Mothers of the present generation to task for permitting practices that inculcate in the young ideas of flippancy and irreverance.

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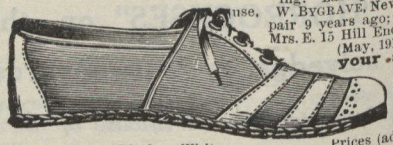

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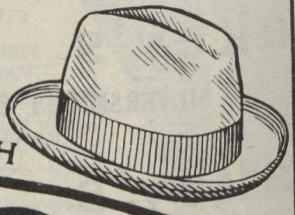

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By The Way

The publishers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE have received hundreds of congratulations on the completion of twenty-one years of continuous publication. For the present at least, only a few of those that have appeared in the Press will be republished here:

"The Canadian Magazine" has completed its twenty-first year. The February number contains a very interesting article by Dr. Colquhoun. Deputy Minister of Education, on the various magazine enterprises that have been launched in Canada. The prosperity of "The Canadian Magazine" is matter for congratulation, not only to its editorial and business managers, but to Canada. Its contents are readable and thoroughly Canadian. The illustrations are real works of art, and the workmanship and material are a credit to the country.—The Star, (Toronto), Feb. 2, 1914.

"The Canadian Magazine" is to be congratulated on having reached the full period of twenty-five years of continuous publication. To have done this in the face of keen competition of high-class British and American monthlies is a notable achievement, all the more because the successive editors have steadily aimed at the elevation of its standard of excellence. "The Canadian Magazine" is not the first venture of the kind in Canada. Among the more ambitious of its predecessors many of the passing generation will be able to recall The Anglo-American Magazine of more than half a century ago, The British-American Magazine of a few years later, The Maritime Monthly of the early seventies, and The Canadian Monthly of the early years after Confederation. These were failures of the kind that point and pave the way for future successes, and in this case their secrifice was fortunately not in vain. "The Canadian Magazine" is their worthy successor.—The Globe (Toronto), Jan. 31, 1914.

"The Canadian Magazine" has reached the close of its twenty-first year of publication, and its forty-second volume. In this country for so many years exclusively flooded with magazines from the United States, breathing only an atmosphere of Americanism, it should be a matter for congratulation that a thoroughly Canadian magazine has made good and secured a foothold in the interest and esteem of the people, following years of disastrous failure by others along that line. . . . The magazine is beautifully illustrated, with more pretentions to artistic effect than the generality of United States publications, while its contents are never trashy. Every magazine reader in Canada should rally to the support of so excellent and deserving a native publication as "The Canadian Magazine," which is now read and commended from ocean to ocean, and forms one of the links which bind our wide-flung Provinces together.—The Times (St. Thomas), Feb. 4, 1914.

A most interesting article for those who have Canadian literary progress at heart has been contributed by Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education, to "The Canadian Magazine" on the attainment of its twenty-first year of publication . The predecessors of "The Canadian," as he says, all perished in their prime, and the record is a melancholy one. They appeared in Ontario to the number of eighteen, literary periodicals, exclusive, of course, of more technical publications or those devoted to religion, education, science or sport between 1833 and 1893. Of these, The Canadian Monthly, which survived ten years, was the most notable. Dr. Colquhoun explains the precarious life of the earlier ventures as due to insufficient nourishment and a reliance on the subscriber rather than the advertiser for sustenance. Thus is commerce the modern patron of letters. But he pays a tribute to the management of "The Canadian Magazine" for "patient courage under the thousand natural shocks every publication is heir to, and a patriotic spirit that has never quailed."—The World (Toronto), Feb. 2, 1914.

"The Canadian Magazine" has entered its twenty-first year, and in the current number Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun briefly reviews its record, together with that of its numerous and unfortunately short-lived predecessors. The list of the departed is long. The past 125 years of Canadian history are fairly strewn with the graves of literary periodicals, which expired in their infancy. "The Canadian Magazine" has proved the task of permanently establishing a national monthly to be a not impossible one. Its readers reside in every Province, and the available Canadian contributors increase in number. We congratulate it on the attainment of its majority and wish it a long and influential life.—The News (Toronto), Feb. 3, 1914.

The completion of twenty-one years of continuous publication of "The Canadian Magazine" is an interesting event in the literary history of the Dominion. The February number celebrates this anniversary with an excellent table of contents, among which is an article by Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, appreciative of the progress made by "The Canadian Magazine" against great odds during its twenty-one years of existence. No other magazine in Canada has ever been able to attain its "majority," or even to come near it, so that the mere fact that one literary publication has been able to do so is of special interest.—The Star (Montreal), Jan. 31, 1914.

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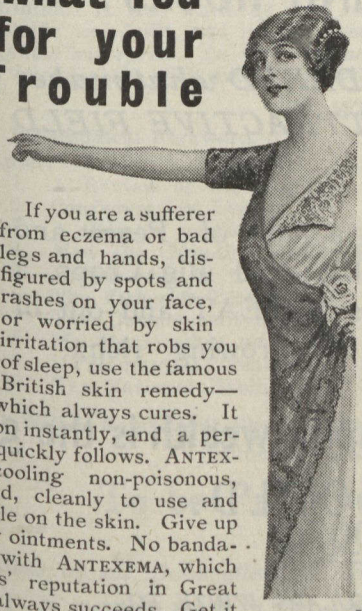

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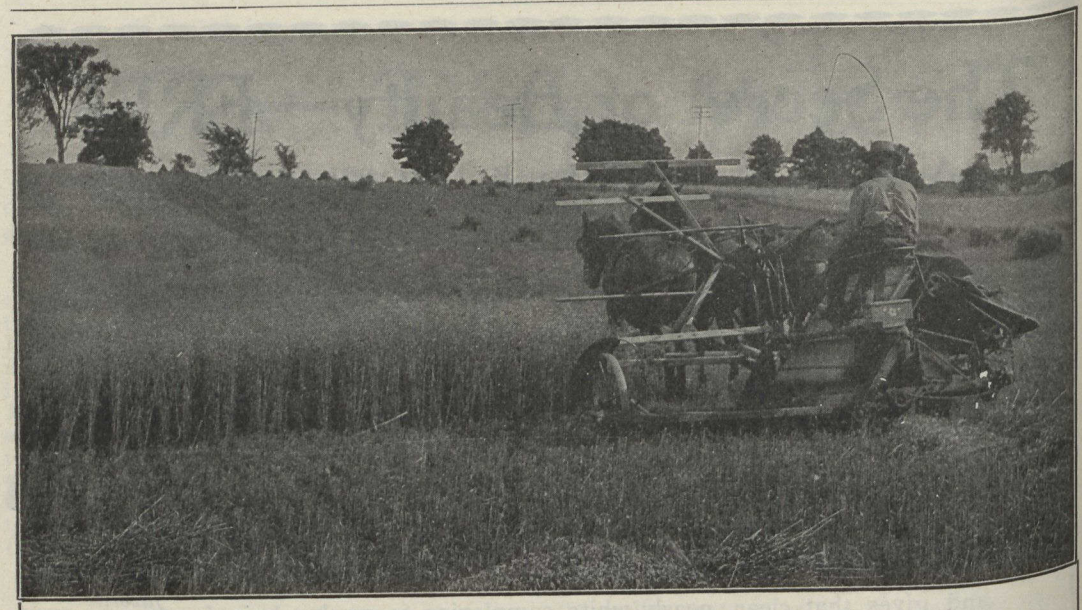

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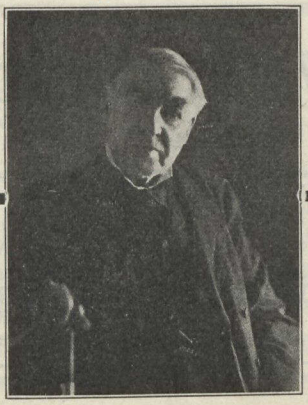

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Biographical Foreword.

Chapter:

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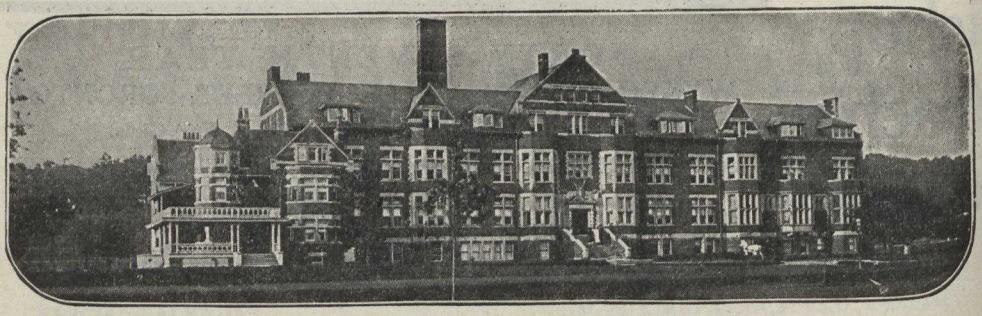

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Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the Cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

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Royal Naval College of Canada

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May 1914, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st of July 1914.

Further details can be obtained on application to the Undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister.

Department of the Nava Service, Ottawa.

Department of the Naval Service,
—53690. Ottawa, Jan. 8th, 1914.

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SIGNIFICANT FIGURES

Payments to Policyholders	$ 1,396,445.	Gain over 1912.....	$ 120,558
Income.....	4,169,660.	" " "	470,095
Total Assets.....	22,252,724.	" " "	2,181,921
Surplus.....	3,816,612.	" " "	344,279
New Assurances.....	14,412,962.	" " "	3,291,538
Assurance in Force.....	87,392,026.	" " "	9,470,883

SURPLUS EARNED DURING THE YEAR, $852,163.

This excellent result of the year's operations cannot fail to be extremely gratifying to the policyholders of the Company, as it guarantees to them the continuance of the payment of very **generous dividends.**

The usual booklet, containing in detail the complete financial statement and a report of the proceedings of the annual meeting, will be mailed to every policyholder in due course.

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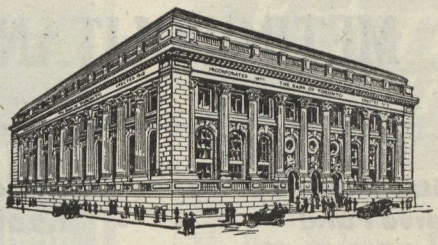

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

LE DÉJEUNER

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLII TORONTO, MARCH, 1914 No. 5

THE OLD BYTOWN CANAL

BY WILFRED CAMPBELL

Where the splendid Chateau Laurier
On the old canal looks down;
And the ghost of the crowding future
On the fading past doth frown.

IN the very heart of modern, twentieth century Ottawa, with its cement bridges, paved streets, and gorgeous railway station and hotel, there yet lingers, though slowly but surely being crowded out, a bit of that old, early nineteenth century Bytown, with its old-world suggestion of solidity and romantic reminiscence.

To him who prefers the secluded, quiet and winding by-paths to the glare and noise and feverish pavements of a modern city, there yet remains in Ottawa such a manner of approach to Connaught Place—from Cartier Square by way of the Canal bank. This way leads down under the west end of the Laurier Bridge, under what was once called Maria Street, and along the wharf-lined, meandering bank of the Canal, and the wide basin which has been to Ottawa in a small way what the old Indian dock yards were to London.

Here, over not always clean or mudless roads, past grimy and dilapidated coal sheds and decayed wharfs and buildings, one reaches a place of shipping and water-side warehouses of the commercial conditions now long past, conditions which were in their zenith and prime in the middle years of the century past and gone.

Once this place is entered, the modern twentieth century Ottawa is left behind and time seems to slip back through intervening decades. Here are old, solidly-built rough stone warehouses, with gloomy and rude, but sincerely constructed interiors, reminiscent of the old canal trade and the ancient commerce of Bytown. All around one sees all manner of canal craft, some representing in their structure the boat building of over a third of a century ago, and carry the mind back to a period of our history whose pages are long since closed. There is a charm and a suggestion of the past and its associations that seems to penetrate these old canal-side warehouses. But nothing can be more suggestive of the vast change which divides one period from another, than the class of craft found

on our old canal and inland water-ways. Sad to say, the world of to-day has moved with tremendous strides, in its changes of the last half century; and there is no greater gulf in the whole history of shipping than that which lies between the wooden and the iron ship; and with the vanishing of the former a poetry and a charm have vanished from the world and an influence for good upon human society which never can be replaced.

The real value of the ship as an ocean home for myriads of humanity, lay in the masts and shrouds, and the wooden hull. On the world's oceans to-day these have largely vanished, giving place to those hideous iron prisons of the mimes and helots of modern machinery. But on our inland water-ways the old order still lingers and among them all the most ancient, primitive and veritably ark-like vessel is the old, and quaintly appearing canal boat, which moves slowly and methodically, but mysteriously on its way; being here to-day and away to-morrow; on its tranquil, never-hurrying rounds of a thrifty and regulated system of inland marine conveyance.

Here, on a bright April morning, after the long frosty sleep of the winter months, the northern Canadian spring and approaching summer is heralded by the sharp, quick ring of caulking mallets, on the decks and sides of ancient and modern vessels, building or repairing by the wharf-sides, and the smell of boiling tar, and new clean paint—with a myriad other signs and, pictures of opening navigation. These sounds and scenes have periodically recurred here, each returning springtime for well-nigh a hundred years, and the mode of building and repairing has changed little; for the ship-yards of the Rideau are for the most part still primitive and simple.

It seems strange when passing this place, to linger and get the smell and sound and suggestion of the marine life, and the wide water, and ships and surf and distant climes, so far inland. For here indeed, is in epitome, a little port or haven of the water-farer, with its power of bringing the ocean-life back to the imagination.

There is always a certain poetry and mystery in any kind of water-craft, be it a trim, snug schooner or a snub-nosed, square-sailing scow, a tug or even a lake steamer. There is something primitive and picturesque in the very shape and build of a ship or boat, alien from the land while its bird-like suggestion of eternal movement, leads the thought to unknown regions of the undiscovered round the remote edges of the far sky-line.

Down by these wharfs, the entry to the water-side through the stone arches in the old warehouses, suggests the comings and goings of generations of commerce, and the long journeys by water-ways ere the necessaries and luxuries of daily life could reach their destination. Here is an old warehouse that grew up out of, and maintained its existence with, the life of the canal-trade, before the more prosaic railway had proved so great a competitor. Upon these old rotting wharf-sides have landed coals from Pennsylvania; building-stone from the south; and all sorts of commodities coarse and fine, from the outside world. The imagination revives memories of the old Muscovado sugars and syrups, the coffees and spices of the West and East Indies the Young Hyson and Ceylon teas from the far East and the raisins and other delights so dear to our vanished childhood, and that of our parents and grandparents.

Here, in the slow-going sturdy commerce and trade of the early and middle years of the last century, there toiled a couple of generations of men of a slower, surer, more exact, more thrifty and careful type than exists to-day.

There yet lingers, in those few solid, low, less pretentious, old build-

ings, with their plain, but useful interiors, the memory of the old-time office clerk now quite obsolete, in his alpaca coat, quaint dignity and scorn of haste, methodical and exact and still true to his high wall-desk and high office stool; who wrote in his fine clerkly hand, with his steel pen his daily dole of strictly honest accounts. To recall all this is to revive the memory of an era and a condition as dead and gone as that of Athens, but which had the making for weal or woe of the larger portion of this present people.

The world of to-day, with its speed, and haste, its utter contempt for all suggestion of thrift and forethought, may sneer at the old, slower, surer and harder ways, when everything was more difficult of attainment; it may scorn the slow saving, the small salaries, the self-sustaining methods, the careful housekeeping and the simpler surroundings; and look askance at the necessarily strange, stronger, narrower, more competent, and perchance bigotted character it produced. But they had, as we realize their uses, and great results, in the production of character in men and women—such as is lacking in these more loose, less responsible and more feverish days.

During the slow and sure progression of almost a century of time—what drama of human life has not played its part here? All sorts of men have come and gone with their tragedy and comedy, lofty and sordid, of human destiny. Here have striven, honesty and greed, covetousness and folly. Determination and recklessness toil and sloth have made or marred many a dole of years where life and death in turn have animated or desolated these old purlieus of a community's activities.

That was a period largely of the skilled workman, of the man who toiled in a simple, sincere way with his hands and those tools and inventions which the master workman of the past had won from the hard resources of grim necessity and need.

That artist-destroying tyranny of machinery had not yet eclipsed the personal pride that a man had in producing a good boot or in sewing a fine seam, or in developing the rare finish of the old-time ship or house carpenter.

Here on this water-side toiled By's and Bolton's sappers and miners and engineers—men of a great capacity, of a hundred devices for the execution of fine and sincere work; also builders and carvers of solid, dignified and enduring masonry, which is yet revealed in the splendid locks which lead down to the Ottawa. They were the constructors of those simple, plain and modest, but well-built old stone and wooden houses, ere the hypocrisy of brick veneer had intruded its insincere and pretentious conditions.

They were a generation of plodding, staid, careful and contented, exact, and honest toilers and artisans from the old-land, of the slower but more solid methods and controlled by a class of military officers who were for the most part skilled engineers and artists who could draw a map or plan or sketch a picture with an equal exactness and idealism that would shame our general incapacity and astonish our arrogant ignorance of old-world and early nineteenth century knowledge and character in all classes.

That was an era of the strong and simple hinge and lock, of the closely-mated, well-seasoned, and well-wrought panel, and small but picturesque window-pane with a similar condition in individual character and national and religious outlook. It was an age, inimical to anything shoddy, for as all was done by hand the reputation of both master and man was constantly at stake.

But, in the days when shipping and commerce on the canal-side were at their prime, the Ottawa of the last three decades was not even dreamed of. Those who read of the

discovery of layers of cities below cities in the old-world, such as those of Asia Minor, would be surprised to be told that such a process has been rapidly going on in such places as the Capital of Canada—and it is curious how building may succeed building, in turn to be replaced even in the short space of a couple of generations. In those days, not far from the canal, up what is now a side street, stood the old wooden building, used as the Bytown Grammar School presided over by a scholarly old Scottish dominie and divine.

It is now a place of paved streets, many storied office buildings and the clang of street cars.

But then the conditions were more primitive and idyllic. Near this place, we are told, there ran a brook or stream, across what is now Elgin Street, out of a sort of swamp below two graveyards. This brook found its sinuous passage by all sorts of declivities, mysteriously into the old Canal. In this brook fish of a kind were said to have been caught. The dreamer may, perchance, imagine the small boy of that period, weary of much study in the dingy walls of the old school and fain for the outdoors, and the sun and wind's companionship, on his way loitering eager for the gleaming and hurrying bass or perch that flashed under the amber water of a sunny pool; or we may stray with him down to the rude wharf-side, in wonder at some strange craft just arrived from the outside world, bearing those cargoes, delightful and mysterious to the boy mind; and with him watch the slow, old-time process of unloading and storing in the equally mysterious gloom of the, even then, dingy and cobwebby old warehouses.

At that time there were few houses in what was called Middle Town; and from near what is now Connaught Place a pathway wound over the hill to Upper Town. At each end of this path was a turn-stile, and this was the only means of approach for many a year. North, on the cliff, were the Soldier's Barracks, and the town gaol—while on the East side of the Sapper's Bridge was a lodge and gate, which was the entrance to Mayor's Hill, where was the residence of the Millitary Commander. That certainly was a diffierent environment from what exists to-day. It is indeed a place now long dead and gone, a mere memory and a dream vanished with the youth, and vague longings or imaginings of the schoolboy of that period, now, perchance like the old Bytown a part of what is dust and ashes.

Still each recurring springtime I love to pass here, and linger, and view once more the old, eternal revival of life in this old-time water-side commerce. Here is a new vessel on the stays, all wooden ribs and keel. There an old hulk is undergoing complete renewal ere she once more ventures forth on the deep she has plowed so often. Another old craft, a passenger boat and freighter combined, is being modernized, in the vain attempt by means of paint and trimmings to hide the evident ravages of time, which makes vessels as well as men obsolete. Up the shore, an old veteran lies brazenly, the worse for wear, without any attempt to disguise the broken rails, and seams and patches, and faded paint that proclaim the ancient tug or canal freighter.

Day by day the work goes on, each balmy morning the din of mallet and hammer and voices recommences, until, in a few weeks, they will, one by one, slip out and disappear in the gray of the dawn down the Ottawa, or up the Canal to Kingston and beyond out on the great lakes, some of them to join the great host of the foundered or wrecked, never to return. There they go: with their quaint, haunting names: the *Kingston Maid* or the *Jenny B. Greene* the *Water Witch* or the *Rideau Belle*, relics of a kaleidescopic, vanishing dream, in the insurgent ever-onrush-

ing wave of the grimly commonplace.

One by one, the old craft disappear, one by one, the old buildings come down to make room for the crowding present and the perilous future. One by one the old veterans, drop off the office stools, or decayed wharf-tying posts, where they have toiled or loafed through many years. Of course, who can stay the hands of chance and time, eternally busy weaving the meshes of change and death. But what of this change, called progress, which slowly but surely destroys the past, and shrivels it up as the ashes in an urn. Where is it leading and to what triumphant end?

Meanwhile, the old Bytown of the canal-side still lingers in a few old vessels and dingy warehouses. If the lover of the past and old associations cares to wander there on an auspicious April morning, he may perchance, if his soul be vibrant, recapture once more a slight tang of the old-time inland seaport, in the smell of oakum and the merry ring of the caulkers, and the redolence of the spices and muscovados of the old warehouses, which bring back the romance of the past, the blue ocean and faw-away days and land of youth and youths' migratory imagination now:

> Blown by that gust, oblivion,
> From the futile thoughts of men.

THE POOL OF SILOAM

By MAY AUSTIN LOW

WITHOUT thy friendship, life is nothing worth;
The world has moved on sadly since there grew
The cause to part us. There has been a dearth
Of dear delight. What happy hours we knew,
What rapturous dreams encompassed all God's earth;
What pure expectancy in heaven's blue
Stirred me to music 'mid the joy and mirth
In all the blessed years I knew you true!
True thou wert always—I it was that fell
From faith in thee. Oh, cruel, craven hour
That cast me bruised in a prison cell!
Had I not heeded the accursed power
Of stinging tongues, I still had kept for aye,
The dream of joy that gladdened all my way.

CANADA'S CONQUEST OF ASTORIA

HOW MONTREALERS PEACEFULLY SECURED AMERICAN FORT ON PACIFIC COAST DURING THE WAR OF 1812

BY HAROLD SANDS

AT this time, when so much is heard in Canada of one hundred years of peace between the English-speaking people of North America, it is interesting to recall that a century ago, in October 1813, the representatives of a Montreal fur company secured for the British Crown, without the firing of a shot, the newly established American fort and port of Astoria and held it for a number of years under the name of Fort George.

This Canadian occupation of Astoria was one of the most curious incidents in connection with the war of 1812. It shows that the conflict between Great Britain and the United States, in which Canadians played so notable a part, was not entirely confined to the East.

Established by John Jacob Astor of New York and by Montreal partners who joined him in starting the Pacific Fur Company, Astoria had as romantic a birth as any city on the Pacific Coast. With Duncan McDougal, a former partner in the Northwest Fur Company, in charge, the new post in the extreme West began its career under distressing circumstances. The second terrible massacre of whites in the history of the Pacific Northwest happened shortly after the foundations of the fort were laid. This was when the crew of the *Tonquin*, all members of the Astoria establishment, were slain by treacherous redskins on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

Quickly following this tragedy came the outbreak of the war of 1812. A small squadron of British vessels was sent to the Pacific with orders to capture Astoria, which it would have done had not Canadians forestalled the action by obtaining possession of the post without the shedding of a drop of blood.

News of the war was first brought to Astoria in January, 1813, by Donald MacTavish, an intrepid servant of the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal, who led an expedition overland. He told Astor's Canadian partners that British war vessels were on the way to capture the fort and that when it had fallen the Northwest Company would get it as a Pacific base. Although McDougal could have driven MacTavish and his followers away, he allowed them to establish themselves under the fort's guns. No sooner was MacTavish well settled than he offered to buy the fort, lock, stock and barrel, and McDougal agreed to sell, despite the remonstrances of Americans who were with him.

Possession in the name of the

Northwest Company was taken on October 16, 1813, and but for this peaceful occupation the place would have been seized by the British war sloop *Racoon,* which arrived in the Columbia River just six weeks later.

The transfer of Astoria to the Canadian company was displeasing not only to John Jacob Astor but to the British naval officers on the sloop. Astor denounced the sale because it was made before the fort could be said to have been seriously threatened by the British. The English were grievously disappointed at the turn of events because the Canadians robbed them, as they put it, of the honour and glory of capturing the only port of any importance in the North Pacific belonging to the United States a century ago. Captain William Black, who commanded the British expedition, roundly reproached McDougal and his associates for "defrauding him, the officers and crew of the *Racoon* of the reward due to their exertions."

Captain Black went through the usual ceremony of "taking possession of the country in the name of His Britannic Majesty," a ceremony which had little effect later on when the Oregon boundary trouble came up for disposition. He ordered that the name Astoria be blotted out and re-christened the post Fort George, in honour of his King, which also was a futile act. Then thoroughly disgusted at being cheated of fame by Canadian civilians, he sailed to the South Pacific and left Astoria to its fate. John Jacob Astor lost no time in approaching the Government at Washington in an effort to induce it to take notice that the war had extended to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Munroe, of Munroe Doctrine fame, was then Secretary of State, and Astor wrote him asking him to send fifty men to man the fort at Astoria.

"I think that number will be sufficient for its defence until I can send reinforcements overland," wrote in effect the founder.

Munroe did not reply, but several months afterward President Madison awoke to the fact that the transfer of Astoria to the Canadians might prove a severe blow to United States claims in the region through which the mythical Oregon was supposed to flow, hearing no sound but its own dashings. He determined to send the frigate *Adams* to the mouth of the Columbia River with instructions to retake this fort. When the war vessel was ready to sail from the Atlantic urgent word came from Lake Ontario that more United States seamen were badly needed there, and the crew of the *Adams* was sent north instead of to the Pacific, much to the disgust of Astor.

After the war the millionaire fur-trader sought to re-establish his colony. He informed the Government at Washington that he would renew his enterprise if the United States would establish a military post at Astoria. No action being taken in this direction he abandoned Astoria to the Canadian fur-traders. Subsequently, when the Northwest Company was merged with the Hudson's Bay Company the post became the Pacific headquarters of the Company of Adventurers. By the treaty of Ghent, Astoria was formally restored to the United States but was not actually given up until the Hudson's Bay Company abandoned its operations in Oregon.

This, in brief, is the history of a remarkable Pacific Coast enterprise in which Eastern Canadians played leading parts. The centenary of the capture of Astoria by Canadians serves as a reminder that men from this country were as prominently concerned in opening up what are now the wealthy States of Oregon and Washington as they were in laying the foundations of civilization in British Columbia. The entire Pacific Northwest owes no small debt to Eastern Canadians who braved a thousand perils in first penetrating the country.

Another fact worth remarking is that the more notable men of this gallant band of pioneers were first connected with the enterprising Northwest Fur Company during the period of its ferocious rivalry with the Hudson's Bay Company. The Mackenzies, Frasers, MacTavishes, McDougals' McKays, McDonalds, McLeods, and MacGillivrays who left their mark on the great West wore the gray of the Northwest Company as distinct from the blue of the great chartered company whose amazing history has been imperishably written by Dr. Bryce.

Glorious and romantic as are the annals of the "H.B.C.," those of the Northwest Company are equally splendid and inspiring. The Hudson's Bay Company started its career under the auspices of "the nobility and gentry" of the mother country, with some solid goldsmiths and other Londoners of wealth admitted on the ground floor to provide the necessary working capital. The Northwest Company, on the other hand, owed nothing to princes, potentates, and powers, but was established by sturdy Canadian colonists. The men of Montreal who founded the new concern did far more for Canada than all the princes, counts, dukes, and knights who figured in the charter of the more ancient company.

It may be remarked that one of the objects of the Hudson's Bay Company was to exploit the Northwest Passage connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, which navigators had sought for centuries. Neither "our dear, entirely beloved Prince Rupert," as cousin Charles II. described the first Governor, nor any of his noble friends evinced any overwhelming desire to search for that passage.

With the charter granted to the company went a hugh slice of Canadian soil, which formed the world's greatest fur-producing country. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Hudson's Bay Company had to reckon with "poachers on its preserves." In its earlier days the "H.B.C." undoubtedly was the biggest monopoly in the universe. The "poachers" were the independent fur-traders. They couldn't fight the monopoly singly, so they combined. Thus was born the famous Northwest Fur Company, described by the historian Bancroft as "the most daring, dashing, audacious, and ultimately successful" rival that the great chartered company ever had.

Ruled by bold and fearless Scotch-Canadians who had their headquarters in Montreal, the new company infused into its business the spirit of adventure and enterprise, a mixture which accompanies empire-making. On the other hand, the Hudson's Bay Company, governed from London, reached at this time a state of comparative apathy. The vigour of the Northwest Company served to awaken the ancient corporation, but by the time the sleep was out of its eyes the Montrealers had pushed their fur trade beyond Ontario to the backbone of the continent and their resourceful representatives were well on their strenuous way to the Pacific. They were the first to burst into the silent realms of the West and the first to put the vigorous touch of civilization upon the vast and rich interior of the magic Province beyond the Rockies. Englishmen and Spaniards who dared fate in tiny vessels started the fur trade on the Pacific Coast, but the Scotch-Canadians from Montreal were the pioneer cross-country traders. They spanned the continent with posts and forts and opened up for the enjoyment of the present generation the marvellous heritage of the West.

Formed in the winter of 1783, the Northwest Company was made up of the choicest of Canadian fur-traders, men whose ability was quickly shown and whose energy knew no bounds until the Pacific was reached. The great Alexander Mackenzie, one of the leaders of the company, performed the remarkable journey from Mon-

treal to the Pacific Coast, which won for him the admiration of the world and knighthood. Three of the mightiest rivers of the West were discovered by men of the company, who were imbued with the "Sail on" spirit of Columbus. The mighty Mackenzie River is a perpetual reminder of Sir Alexander's unfailing courage and hardihood. The swift and yellow Fraser River will ever keep green the memory of the Ontario explorer, Simon Fraser. To that brave and gentle soul, David Thompson of Montreal, fell the honour of discovering the Thompson River and of being the first to navigate the majestic Columbia from its source to its mouth.

All these men were members of the Northwest Company. They and colleagues like them, gifted with the same resistless energy and Scotch shrewdness, as Bancroft puts it, "after absorbing the Canada (Eastern) trade, took possession of the Northwest coast, swept Astor from the Columbia and brought the immense monopoly itself (the Hudson's Bay Company) upon its knees."

Marvellous was the growth of this company. So great it waxed that its principal stockholders lived in Montreal in more than baronial magnificence. Its factors and "wintering partners" who travelled far into the wilderness were spoken of as veritable lords of the rivers and forests. Within thirty years of its establishment the Northwest Company had extended its scope to both the Pacific and Arctic oceans. By the purchase of Astoria in 1813, it entrenched itself on the Columbia River and meanwhile it had also moved southward into United States territory on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Where furs and adventure were, there also was the Northwest Company.

Its success at Astoria was not as great as the sacrifices entailed justified. This was due to the fact that it became engaged in a life and death struggle with the Hudson's Bay Company. Owing to the bitter feeling between the two companies, which finally led to open war, the men left in charge at Astoria, or Fort George, had to carry on their work without much assistance from the Montreal headquarters. However, operations were extended far up the Columbia River and the Thompson River and a chain of forts built, the sites of some of which are thriving cities to-day.

A Scotch-Canadian, James Keith, was in charge of Astoria when the settlement was restored to the United States in 1818 in accordance with the treaty of Ghent. Although "restored" the fort was not transferred in that year to the United States. The Northwest Company was left in possession of the property, and when that company united with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, Astoria was taken over by the monopoly. The Hudson's Bay Company, under its new, young and energetic Governor, Sir George Simpson, the world's first globe-trotter, retained possession until 1846, when the Oregon treaty between Great Britain and the United States fixed parallel 49 as the boundary line between the two countries.

Before that day, however, Astoria's glory as the fur company's seat of government on the Pacific Coast had departed. Its descent from the primary position it occupied in those history-making days was due to one of the giants of the West, Dr. John McLoughlin, the good and great doctor.

McLoughlin, a native of Riviere du Loup, Quebec, was appointed the first chief factor of the western department of the Hudson's Bay Company after the union with the Northwest Company. He arrived at Astoria in 1824. Being a man of great discernment, the "White-Headed Eagle", as the Indians called him, quickly realized that Astoria was a disadvantageous location for the company's coast headquarters. Accordingly he established a new central post for the division at a beautiful

site on the north bank of the Columbia River near the confluence with the Willamette. This he called Fort Vancouver, after the celebrated British explorer.

Later, in 1845, the far-seeing Hudson's Bay officers on the Pacific Coast realized that a further change must be made. Under Sir James Douglas, Victoria, at the southern end of Vancouver Island, was selected as the new Pacific post. This abandonment of the Columbia River was the beginning of a new regime fraught with important consequences to Pacific Canada. Infinitely superior in every way to Astoria or Fort Vancouver, Victoria has become the queen of the British possessions on the North Pacific Coast. It is not too much to say, however, that but for the energy of the Northwest Company at Astoria and elsewhere, followed later by the activities of the Hudson's Bay Company, Canada might have been shorn of a large and rich slice of what is now British Columbia.

THE SONG OF THE LATHE

By R. C. READE

Oh, this is the song of the lathe,
And this is the song of the loom,
We are young in the workshops of nations,
But the nations have found us room.

THIS is the law of the builders: "Ye must make, if ye would have fame,
Else ye stand, at the forge of the Titans, with pigmy blushes of shame."
Yea, this is the age of the Titans, but have *our* hands shown their worth?
De we beg from the spindles of others, seek we alms in the workships of Earth?

Are we drones in the hive of the world, are our talents all buried in words?
Are we clad with the fleece of *our* sheep, are we shod with the hides of *our* herds?
Are we housed in the castles of Spain, are we couched on the carpets of Turks?
Lo, here are our works made known, and we are made known by our works.

Lo, here are the things that we make, yea, here at the works of our hand!
For we are heirs of the nations and the skill that the nations command.
Ask, and it shall be created; demand, it shall not be denied;
We have covered the land with our mills, but our strength is yet to be tried.

For the iron and the coal obey us, and all things bow us the knee,
Where the prairies call to the mountains, and the lakes flow into the sea.
We have paved the prairies with cities, we have furrowed the lakes with prows;
But we are not ploughmen alone, we are the *makers* of ploughs.

Oh, the broad axe rings through the forest, and the ploughshare cuts through the plain,
But this is the song of the makers of the reapers that reap the grain.
Oh, this is the song of the lathe, and this is the song of the loom,
We are young in the workshops of nations, but the nations have found us room.

ON THE LITTLE SLAVE RIVER

THE FIFTH OF A SERIES OF SIX SKETCHES

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

Gitchie Manito, the Mighty,
  Mitchie Manito, the bad;
In the breast of every Redman,
In the dust of every dead man,
  There's the tiny heap of Gitchie,
  And a mighty mound of Mitchie—
There's the good and there's the bad.
—Cy Warman.

FROM Soto Landing, the Lesser Slave River bends its course to the north and west till it empties into Lesser Slave Lake at Sawridge. It is a small river, being about a hundred and fifty feet wide and about thirty deep. Owing to its sharply curving banks much care is required in its navigation. Its banks are heavily wooded, and as we pass down its quiet reaches we seem to have sailed into a dreamful world, where just to breathe is a delight. I account it sinful to talk in these surroundings, but one may not hope to enjoy solitude for any considerable time in a country where women-travellers are sufficiently rare to arouse a raging curiosity in the breast of every male entity who comes within reach of woman. People like these northmen, who live out of doors most of the year, are not easily bored. They are interested in things; they are perennially young, and this, I take it, is the secret of Pan.

Now, the trouble about having a man near is that he is always picking up your things and so making you nervous. I prefer to wait till ready to move before regaining my handkerchief, my back-comb, my hand satchel and my scarf. This is why I pretend not to notice the iron-built person with strong white teeth who has seated himself nearby and who is watching a chance to restore something. He is what the Irish call "bold-like." I know what he is thinking about and understand his motive perfectly. He wants to know if I have ever been north before. He is the thirteenth man so to wonder. I am, however, severely purposed not to tell him.

There is a belief, common in the cities, that no questions are asked in the bush; that people may travel for days together, without divulging ends. Here is a good place to spend an arrow on this widely droll deception. An uninquisitive man is as hard to find here as an unsociable cockerel. Goodness Divine! the chief use of a stranger in the woods is to keep the denizens of it from dying from *ennui* and lack of news. They would consider it the essence of uncordiality not to show an interest in the affairs of a stranger, especially as the stranger might possibly have succeeded in smuggling a flask or two past the police on the prohibition line.

This bush-ranger catches me off my guard when a bull-dog fly takes a piece out of my ear. It is his opportunity to produce a vial of collodion for the wound. As he pulls out the cork and finds a match to dip in the mixture, he tells me that the bull-dog fly is no sweet angel and equal

to ten thousand times its weight in prize-fighters—a statement which I do not think it fit to disbelieve. The collodion having eased the hurt, this impudent gentleman draws up his chair and talks with an immense volubility concerning the species, genera, and habits of these flies till one might take him for a professor of entomology.

The long winter nights in this province enable the denizens of it to become well posted in any subject which they may elect to pursue. This was how the late Bishop Bompas, who lived here for over half a century, became the first authority in the world on Syriac, so that the savants of Europe were wont to refer their mooted points to this lonely old prelate for decision, waiting a year, or often longer, for the answer which was carried by Indians for hundreds of miles down the out trail to Edmonton. My new friend declares that, like Montaigne, the bull-dog fly has only one virtue and that this one got in by stealth.

"Yes?" say I, with a rising inflection which delicately hints at an answer.

He does not seem to hear me, this cold-chilled, case-hardened northener, and goes on stuffing his pipe with cut-plug and searching through pocket after pocket for a match as if my remark were of no concernment. He is trying to pretend he has known me for a long time, and that I was the one who took the initiative in this acquaintanceship. This is why I became dumb, and why he repeats his statement. Still I am wordless, whereupon he vouchsafes, with an exasperating drawl, that the fly's one virtue lies in the fact that it prefers picturesque food which is very eatable.

Our parliament should legislate against the cunning arts of these desinging northeners, against which no town-bred woman may hope to set up an adequate defence, however perfect may be her poise, or fertile and calculating her brain.

This person tells me that all a man needs to succeed in the Northwest Provinces is to keep his head hard and his eyes open—a recipe, no doubt, equally applicable in the more southerly regions, and one which I am supposed to deduct he himself has proved with very happy success.

He has been down south getting people to come to the Peace River Country, the new unpossessed empire where there are twenty-two hours of daylight and which will, one day, be belted by a string of cities and gridironed by a score of railways. It is good to listen to this fellow talk, for, in his calculations lineal or intellectual, he can measure nothing less than a mile. He is typical of the great and splendid body of Canadian and English pioneers who have absolutely no truck with pessimism. These men and women are opening up this empire and they are under no misapprehensions concerning it. They are people with a vision, which they are willing to endorse with the best years of their lives.

Kitemakis, the poor one, who intends writing the book about the white folk, has drawn near to us and is listening to our talk. We invite her to join us and, after awhile, she tells us curious legends of the North in which fear does many times more prevail than love; these and old superstitions which catch your fancy sharply and freshen the dusty dryness of your spirit.

Although they are in no great credit with historians, it is an odd idea of mine that the only true history of a country is to be found in its fairy tales. These seem to be the crystallization of the country's psychology. On the trail, on the river, in the woods, you may glean from the redmen and their mate-women tales that are well veined with the fine gold of poetry but which, as a general thing, are inconclusive and do not serve aright the ends of justice. As you search into the untaught minds of these Indian folk and pull

on their mental muscle, you must perforce recall the amazing sensation of the gentleman who took the hand of a little ragged girl in his and felt that she wanted a thumb.

Or again, in your Anglo-Saxon superiority you may feel like that Merodach, the King of Uruk, of whom a philosopher tells us. This Merodach wished to make his enemies his footstool, so, as he sat at meat, he kept a hundred Kings beneath his table with their thumbs cut off that they might be living witnesses to his power and leniency.

And when Merodach observed how painfully the kings fed themselves with the crumbs that fell to them, he praised God for having given thumbs to man. "It is by the absence of thumbs" he said, "that we are enabled to discern their use."

Listen now to this tale of the North: Once there was a smiling woman in this land and wherever she went she brought warmth with her and light, so that even the ice melted in the rivers. Her eyes were blue like the flowers and her skin was white like the milk of a young mother. As she passed through the land the fish swam out of their caves, the birds rested on their nests, and even the dead women who were in the clay stirred themselves when she passed over, for once they had known lovers and had carried men children. She was vastly kind, this woman, and was known even to the dear God and the Holy Virgin in the country of the beautiful heaven.

Now, there was also in this river-land an evil man of impetuous appetite who was part bear, and had seven tongues, and his arms had claws instead of hands. And it befell that when he saw the woman and heard her voice that was sweet like the singing voice of an arrow when it leaves the bow, he yearned to her with a vehement love and wooed her with cunning words and with drum songs that she might come to him and be his mate-woman.

"So strong am I," he said, "that my blow can break any skull. My skin is flushed, and my flesh is warm with thoughts of you. My bed is of soft skins and I will feed you with yellow marrow from white bones. I am *Mistikwan,* the Head, and I have strength and skill to feed the mouth of any woman. I am *Askinekew,* the Young Man."

But the woman flouted him, for he was hateful with his hands of hair and his seven tongues, besides she knew, this woman, that there were matters of scandal against him and that the people of the Crees said *weyasekao,* "He is a flesh-eater," and hid themselves in trees as he passed by.

And because she thus flouted him, the dew stood out on his face like the juice on the fir tree, for he loved her most exceedingly.

But as he drew near and grasped her in his strong arms that could not be unloosed, the woman's heart became weak as the poplar smoke when it turns into air.

And thus he holds her for nine months, this *Askinekew,* the Young Man, who is strong and very mischievous, till she bears him a son, when it happens that for three months he falls asleep, so that the woman goes free to bring heat and light to the river-land and meat and fish to the kettles.

Thus does Kitemakis, the poor one, tell me the story of winter and summer and of the birth of the year.

And Kitemakis who has "the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks," advises me to hold no converse with left-handed people, for it is well known in these parts that such have communion with the devils.

I am warned, too, that if I have a bad dream; that is to say, if I dream of small-pox, or of white people, I must cut a lock from over my ear and burn it in the fire.

Also, madam is instructed to throw away the wishbone of any bird she may eat, in order that it may grow

again and be food for other folk.

And Kitemakis tells me further that when the beaver dies its soul lives on. In the happy hunting-grounds the beaver was a carpenter who, through some distemper of the mind, kept working while the moose were on the runway, so that he frightened them away. This caused the chief hunter to become very angry and he said to the beaver, "Thou shalt build always, and men shall break down thy work and take thy pelt for covering. Also, thou shalt eat wood forever."

I cannot hear any more of these stories for my attention is drawn to a man who has come close to the ship in a small row-boat. The engine has stopped and a "permit" is handed to him over the side of the vessel. The man looks like a Scotsman, seems like an Irishman, but in reality is a German, an erstwhile soldier, who makes his livelihood in curing and smoking whitfish. He is indulging in a surly and wrong-headed paroxyism because Elise, his wife, is not on the boat. Elise went to the city to have her teeth filled and still lingers in the south. A certain rude fellow with a brass-throated laugh is suggesting to the soldier-fisherman that he is foolish to look for her under two months. "Better enjoy your permit before Elise gets home; that's my advice," enjoins the tormentor.

"About the viskey, not one tam I care," replies the irascible husband, "it's ma vife I vant. Ma vife she in Edmonton stays," a praiseworthy choice on his part which, to our way of thinking, nullifies the oft-urged but yet unproved claim that "A woman's only a woman, but a good cigar's a smoke."

As the man pushes off, "Baldy," a pucker-faced fellow, whose real name is Nathaniel, assures me that this German is considered "sorta queer" hereabouts and that it is nothing short of flat irreverence for a man to speak so lightly about his permit in a land of such inordinate thirsts.

This matter of leaving home for the treatment of sore molars has suddenly become an important one in the North. Hitherto, the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company and the missionaries did not need to go to the city "on business," or to "see their mother-in-law", their errand was "teeth." But this summer the Company seems to have waxed overwise, for the Inspector of Posts is bringing a dentist with him on his annual tour. Men and women alike consider this to be an ill courtesy and hold to the hope that the dentist may be drowned at Athabasca Landing. The woman who tells me of it believes that when she gives nine-tenths of her time to the Company, the church, and the household, it is not wicked to take one-tenth for herself. Indeed, there are times when she honestly desires to be wicked and to take several tenths for herself. The whole arrangement she stigmatizes as a graceless one and a blot on the Company's escutcheon.

Still, there are drawbacks in being so far from a dentist. It was only yesterday that a woman who was using the river as her wash-pot, dropped her new set of teeth overboard. She had not been "out" for five years and made the trip with her husband and her two youngest sons at the cost of much time and money. However amusing the incident might be to thoughtless onlookers, at the bottom it was almost tragic, and she, at least, is hoping that the Company's dentist will meet no dire or untimely fate before reaching Grouard. This is a healthful-bodied, healthful-minded woman with a temperment that adjusts itself to life. She is proud of the fact that she is educating her five sons at home; that she cooks for the ten men engaged in her husband's saw-mill, and that she has twelve hundred cabbages in her garden. I am glad she wears a hoop of diamonds on her finger and that her fur wrap would cost a fortune in Paris. It means that her husband is no stingy,

unappreciative curmudgeon and that all is well with her.

Sawridge is at the mouth of the Lesser Slave River where it enters into the lake of the same name. At present, it consists of a Hudson's Bay Company post and a telegraph office. Some day, by reason of its location, it will be a good-sized town. Farther on are the Swan Hills and the Swan River. This is the river referred to by Lever in "Charles O' Malley." The young gentleman whose affairs were in an ill posture had his choice, you may remember, between going to "Hell or Swan River." This was a libel on the place and an impudent falsity, for, if you omit the mosquitoes with their unhandsome manners, one might call it the trail to paradise. Besides if life cut too hard the young gentleman might have taken his last trail here. It would not have been a bad death either—a wide sky, a wide sea, and a sudden dip into immortality—or oblivion.

On the lower deck, the Indians who travel to Grouard for the Golden Jubilee of the great Bishop Grouard are whiling away the time by playing poker. The cards which they use weigh twice as much as when purchased, but why worry in a land where microbes are unheard of and so have no pernicious consequences. These Indians have the air of unambitious men; they have not cared to come into the big Canadian job. They appear to do little else than eat, sleep, and gamble. But, god of civilization, what else is there to do except to make love, and men cannot make love to preposterous women who work always. These fellows have, however, one saving quality, having never formed themselves into unions. Now that even the farmers have gone over to the enemy, the redmen would appear to be our last hope.

A doctor on the boat who knows all about the Indians, tells me of their misfortunes, peccadilloes, their thin, transitory pleasures and their love and practice of idleness. But this is not strange, for gossip is so common in the North that everyone knows "the carryings-on" of everyone else from the Arctic Circle clear up to the Landing. Indeed, if I have heard tell that these Northerners know what you are up to before you have done it.

The Indians, the doctor would have me notice, are beginning to chew gum and hence their teeth and gums are deteriorating.

The mildewed fellow who is dealing the cards is pestiferous with disease. His birth was a biological tragedy. The doctor thinks he could best serve his tribe by dying without delay.

André, the man who has just won the jack-pot, is not the prototype of the expression "Honest Indian." He is a bad Indian, a most bad Indian.

"His profession?" I ask.

"Oh, André is my camp-cook" is the reply, "and when he washes himself he uses quite a cupful of water." By way of amends, André affects a stupendous scarf-pin, a watch-chain, and two rings. Ah well! to quote Mr. Artemus Ward, "The best of us has our weaknesses, and if a man has jewelry let him show it." Besides, it is entirely thinkable that even a man like André might have to dress for those whose discernment goes no deeper than clothes and ornamentation.

The difference between an Indian and a half-breed lies in the fact that the Indian is in treaty with the Government and lives on a reservation. The breed is free to come and go, but his blood is just as pure as the Indians so far as its redness is concerned.

In most cases, the children look to their mother as the head of the family. The doctor says this is quite fitting. Take the case of Marie there—Yes! the little girl with the precise plaits—she is the daughter of old Henrietta and a Mounted Policeman. Jacqueline, her sister who in-toes so queerly,

is the result of old Henrietta's fancy for a fur trader. It can be readily seen how several masculine heads to the family would complicate matters and that it is wholly desirable the girls should look to their mother for their lineage. In the North, as yet, it has not been necessary to cover vices with cloaks.

The Indian women have fallen on better days since the Government passed a law prohibiting the Indian from selling his cattle without a permit from the agency, and making it illegal for a white man to purchase. Previously, the Indian gambled away his animals, leaving his squaw and papooses to suffer from starvation.

"The old effigy" asleep in the sun is, I am informed, a chief of distinction. Like Froissart's Knights, the hereditary chieftain may be blind, crippled and infirm. His body foredone with age is by them considered to be "full of the spirit of wisdom." He is the giver of law and keeper of traditions. The Indians have no dead-line in their tribal codes, it being held in suspension north of 55 with the league rules and the game laws, a fact which leads to the deduction that what the world has gained by civilization is fairly balanced by what it has lost.

While we have been getting acquainted with the Indians, our ship has carried us into the finest duck grounds in the world, the teal and mallard rising from the rice beds in almost incredible numbers. It seems impossible that their numbers should ever be noticeably depleted, nor are they likely to be, until Grouard, which we have now reached, has become the splended metropolis its people have planned and which, no doubt, their best efforts will one day materialize.

"We believe," says my medical friend, "that anyone who says Grouard isn't going to be a large city hasn't got things properly sized-up. I hope you won't go south again, my interesting child," he further continues, "it would seem like being cut off in the flower of your days. While sometimes shadowed here, the days are never dull and if no one loves you in this burgh, believe me it will be entirely your own fault."

The sixth and concluding sketch of this series is entitled "Northern Vistas."

THE RED GOWN

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE VILLAGE OF PANDY-RO-DYN, WALES

THE WELSHMAN AT HOME

BY FRANK YEIGH

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

NEVER again will I smile at the enthusiasm of a Welshman for his little Principality.

Tucked away on the western rim of Britain's map, it fails to make a brave showing in the matter of comparative area. Indeed, the very name is often left out when reciting a geography lesson of the King's world-circling possessions, and the voice of Wales, as articulated in the nation's parliament, is at times disregarded or depreciated because of its minority note when pitted against that of the rest of Britain's commoners.

It only needs a peaceful summer invasion of this Alpine realm of the United Kingdom—not to conquer it, but to be conquered by it, and he who does not lose his heart to it, even though alien to all that is distinctive of the land of the Cumry, should be banished ever more beyond its boundaries. He who, like Borrow, responds to its allurements will have shown only an obvious sense of appreciation for which no credit is due. Happy is the mortal who can claim such a sea-bordered and hill-crowned realm as his own, and who possesses the right of ownership that birth gives to glory in its history and scenery, to participate in its national aspirations and to be a sharer in its literature and folk-lore.

Wales has many gateways of entry. Landing at Liverpool one may soon plunge into the heart of the country on the north, and within a few hours find oneself transported from the great commercial city on

the Mersey to the quiet of a forest-environed retreat where nature still reigns supreme. Or entrance may be made at one of the Channel ports, where the curving beach stretches are crowded with holiday seekers, both in and out of the water, and where the breath of the Atlantic is bracingly felt.

IN A WELSH MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

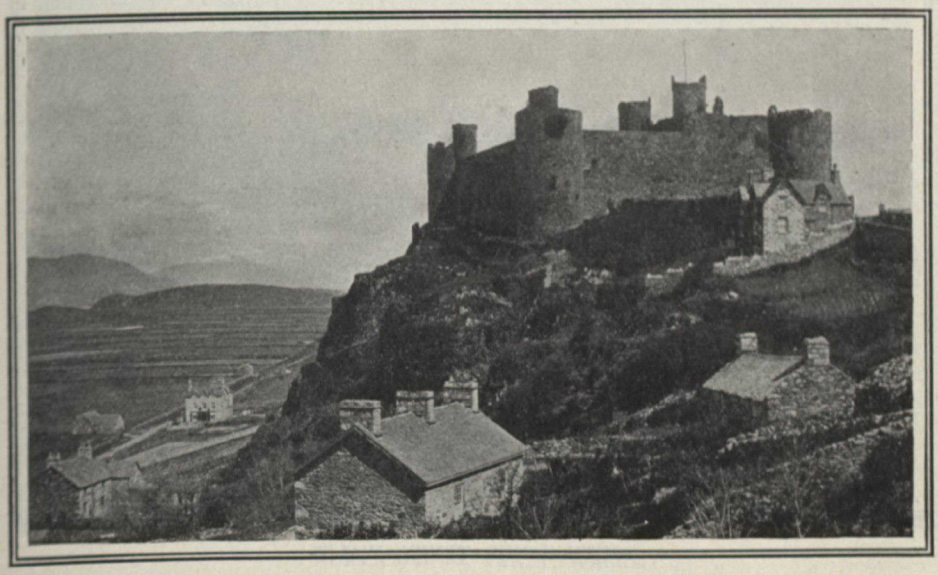
Or, he who has the Welsh country as his objective may, if a start is made at Bristol, make a gradual approach through South Wales, and this route of entry has its advantages. The journey northward is varied and interesting. The delta of the Severn, separating England from Wales, is traversed by means of a long tunnel, bringing the traveller to a series of interesting centres in Newport, Cardiff and Swansea. Each has its own civic life and history, each is the centre of active industries, and the population of each shows a steady growth. One soon realizes that one is in a land of black diamonds. The endless coal trains emphasize the fact, but a more striking evidence is had in such a scene as meets the eye between Cardiff and Swansea. From an elevation long valleys are seen stretching away to the hills on the north or the sea on the south. Cuddled close together in the bed and on the slopes of the valleys are little miners' villages beyond number, and always hard by are the vast black heaps that help to tell the story of Britain's industrial supremacy.

As Swansea is neared a weird world comes into view, for a sweep of the eye includes a Dantesque realm of smoking chimneys and dusty coal pyramids. The air is thick with the black dust, turning the sun to a dull blood-red. The stone cottages of the toilers take on ghostly outlines through the smoke and mist and all looks as unreal as a mirage. But it is real enough. Sympathy is awakened for those who must needs labour amid such surroundings, and those others depending upon them, who must exist as best they can in a region where nature is scarred and the earth has lost much of its loveliness.

We later saw the miner in the concrete crowding the narrow streets of Swansea and overflowing into every

open space, for it was Bank Holiday and the Welsh miner was celebrating it in his own boisterous way, not always on steady legs, as the crowded public houses revealed.

at random through the Welshman's land. Waiting at a little wayside station for a train connection, a group of young men on the platform treated their fellow-travellers to a



HARLECH CASTLE, WALES

Farther north we wended our way through pretty little Carmarthen, with the blue waters of the Irish Channel filling in the canvas on the one hand, and the agricultural valleys and foothills creating an idyllic scene on the right, for the mining world has been left behind, and the tiller of the soil is in possession of the land. There is a crescendo in scenic effect along this southern method of approach to the heart of Wales. Gradually the hills swell into larger moulds, the face of the world takes on a wilder note, the sea-ward flowing streams have the greater momentum that tells of falls and rapids along the way from loftier heights, and at last in the far distance, and as the sun once more sinks to rest, a mountain takes form, dominating the landscape and turning the foothills into mere out-guarding heights.

Many varying scenes come within the range of vision as one wanders

delightful impromptu open-air concert. They formed part of a local male choir returning from the great National Eisteddfod and one caught an impression of the musical qualities of the Welsh voice, and of the fine effect that must be produced under leadership and training.

Driving through the winding streets of another Welsh village, the sound of muffled drums was heard above the quiet rumble of the street. In the distance a stately procession moved in slow cadence, while a riderless horse, a military firing party with guns reversed and a marching company of soldiers spoke of a military funeral, as the men laid to rest a fallen comrade.

Later in the day, and while penetrating other narrow lanes in the heart of the hills, an unusual sound struck upon the ear and arrested attention. A turn of the road revealed in the distance a highway

SOUTH SANDS, TENBY, WALES

crowded with marching soldiers. For an hour they passed by in solid ranks, hundreds of them, thousands of them —infantry, artillery, Red Cross Corps, baggage wagons, scouts on bicycles, mounted officers. It was a dramatic episode amid a quiet countryside. The note of war was struck amid a scene of prevailing peace. A whole campful of Territorials were on the march in connection with their annual manœuvres, and the dust-coated men, with perspiring features, told that they were having a testing day's work.

Farther along the same locality, a glimpse over a high hedge showed a field full of white tents, and in their midst hundreds of sturdy lads who were part and parcel of one of the many boy scout camps to be seen all through the United Kingdom.

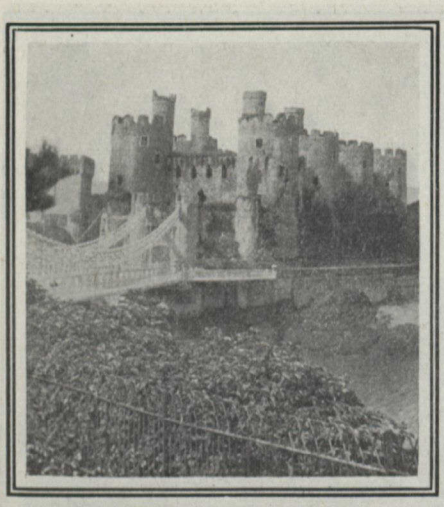
Down in quaint little Dolgelly another and a different scene was observed by the flitting travellers. Again a little cluster of cottages under the shade of Cader Idris poured out their inhabitants as the parish church bell rang a joyous peal. Cupid had reached the quaint little Welsh centre, and a wedding was the tangible result. Toward the ivy-clad church, guests, villagers, and peripatetic tourists made their way through such a maze of crooked lanes as sadly to mix up the points of the compass. A very pretty picture bride and maids made as they moved in slow procession over the winding path and between the ancient gravestones to the equally ancient portal. Leaning on a bit of slate, that chronicled the last resting-place of a long-forgotten citizen, stood an old Welsh dame, whose only tongue was her native Welsh. One wondered how many weddings she had heard announced by the chimes and how many funerals she had heard the tolling bells proclaim. I forsook the wedding party for the wrinkled, shrunken bit of humanity, who the

NORTH SANDS, TENBY, WALES

while willingly submitted to face the camera, and my only regret is that the kodak had not the power to capture and hold in picture the dainty curtesy produced by the modest offering that fell into her hands.

Dolgelly, crowded in between the base of Cader Idris and the rippling Wnion, is picturesque enough when seen from the level of the many-arched bridge or the perspective distance of the road to Tyn-y-Groes. The chimney pots blend so perfectly into the background of trees and mountainside as to lose their identity, except when a thin blue wisp of smoke keeps its curl of individuality in a leisurely ascent. But the picture of the little Merionethshire town, as viewed from the upper reaches of the Precipice Walk, is more charming still. The genius who first planned a pathway around the steep slopes of Moel Cynwch is better deserving of a monument than the forgotten knight in effigy who sleeps in the village church. As the Precipice Walk it is known, and precipitous it in truth is. The approach to the first marked ascent is an illusive one as to distance, for many a stile must be overcome, many a pasture field crossed "on sufferance only," and the numerous wayside signs drove the truth home. Centuries-old farmhouses line the winding route—the farms of Tydden Bach and Maes-y-Brynar, the old Nannau mansion, and weather-stained barns with thatched roofs and deep recesses under the eaves that have housed many a generous harvest.

Ere many miles have been traversed, the green walk along the grassy hillside and by the shores of Llyn Cynwch is exchanged for a narrower path higher and ever higher up the mountain with each step—and the step must needs be carefully watched. Entrancing panoramas come as a reward for the exertion. You suddenly discover that Dolgelly, lost for a few miles, is far below, its gray stone houses crowded close



CONWAY CASTLE, WALES

together for seeming companionship, but, all combined, taking up a very circumscribed area of the valley. Cader Idris now asserts his lofty dignity, reducing his satellite foothills to their proper dimensions; the estuary of the Mawddach glistens under the full sunshine like a river of shimmering silver, and far in the west, between a cleft in the hills, the sea fills the remaining nature canvas with its sky blue. No wonder the Welshman loves with a passionate earnestness such a land, no wonder wild Owen Glendower fought with desperate bitterness in its defence: he who, turning rebel at sixty, was crowned king of Wales and for fourteen years held his own against the whole power of England.

Yet another stile marks a bend in the Walk, and there the Freckled Boy had stationed himself as a wayside merchant, displaying on a rickety table an abbreviated stock of refreshments, both liquid and solid. It was worth a few pennies to have the eye attracted from the world of beauty on every hand to the homely little laddie and to hear his strange speech. From his childhood he had conquered the double "ll" of his native tongue, and had caught the inflection of voice and twist of pronunciation that soon proved his nationality.

Almost sheer is the slope of the path at this point to the valley hundreds of feet below. A steady head and a sure foot are not to be despised, and if the scenery is to be enjoyed, a halt and a hugging of the mountain wall is necessary. Letting the eye sweep the horizon farther afield, as the northwestern slope of Moel Cynwch is rounded, a glorious vision of Snowdon, three leagues away, fills the cup of joy to over-flowing—the giant of the Welshman's world we are yet to encircle and climb.

It was the next day that the real Snowdonia was entered by the portal of the Aberglaslyn Pass. I only wish Tam O'Shanter had been one of the passengers in the motor-car, on that wild journey from Port Madoc to Beddgelert, to have heard his contrast of it with his own famous ride of olden days, or of Ichabod Crane in his fearsome flight over the Tarry-

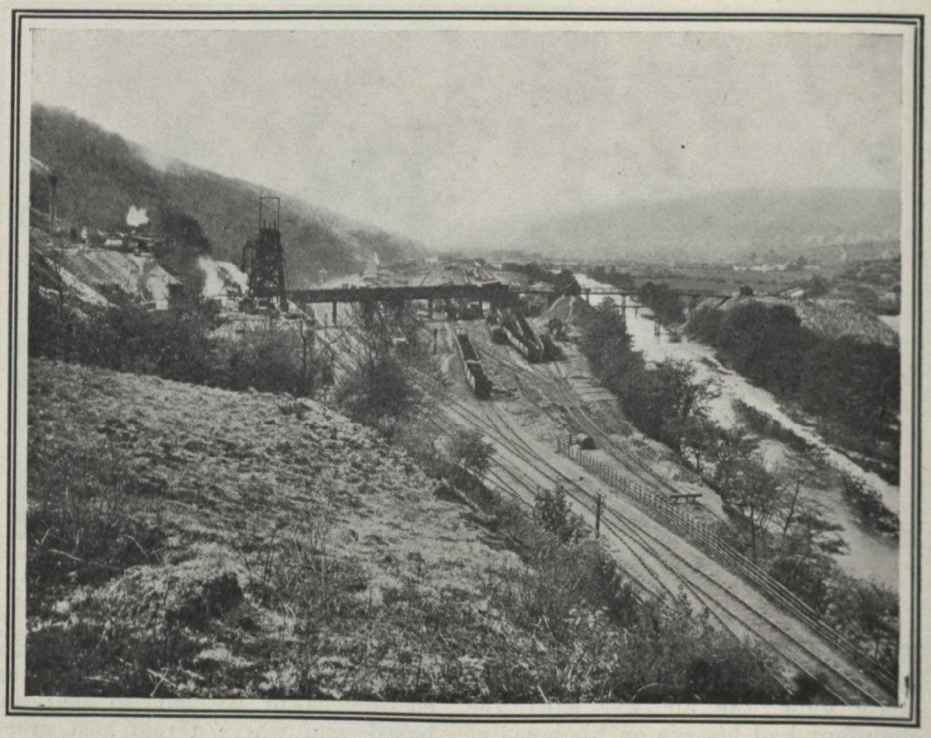
AN OLD WELSH WOMAN IN AN OLD WELSH VILLAGE

TAL-Y-LLYN PASS, WALES

town turnpike. Night was fast falling, the twilight had lost its first misty glow, the air was chill, the chauffeur had his eye on his home at the end of the run, and a hot dinner awaited the hungry passengers.

It is possibly true that all concerned were parties to the speed of the run. If Wales has speed limit laws they were a dead letter for that one hour and well it was that no one took it into his head to travel in the same reckless fashion over the same twisting highway in the opposite direction. Little time and less light was left to drink in the solemn beauty of the noble Pass, the awesome fortress-like walls, towering to a height of eight hundred feet, the richly tinted rocks, and the sky-line of the cliff summit. At one's very feet ran the little Glaslyn stream, singing a song so quiet as scarce to be heard above the din of the car, and when the moss-garmented bridge suddenly swept into view and as suddenly lost itself in the gloom and the trees, we knew that Beddgelert was within honking distance and the record-breaking run was at an end and a safe end. At such a time the pilgrim from over the sea is constrained to sing the praises of a motherland inn where comfort is to be had, in bed and board, and where a real host greets the guest with a heartiness and cordiality strangely different from a similar experience in many a Canadian hotel.

The scenic description of North Wales as the Switzerland of England is a permissible one if the matter of relative height and grandeur is kept in mind. Snowdon cannot rival Ben Nevis, for it is a comparison of 3,560 as against 4,406 feet. The Welsh king among hills is a lonely monarch of a wide region aptly termed Snowdonia, and almost an object of nature worship by the Welsh people of the North. For days we had glimpses of its dominating crown—from the Precipice Walk, from the Aberglashan road, from Snowdon station, on the little toy railway, and from many a point on the coast. Like a towering magnet it attracts and holds the eye to its regal beauty, and yet it is true that only in recent times has alpine scenery such as Snowdon represents been appreciated.

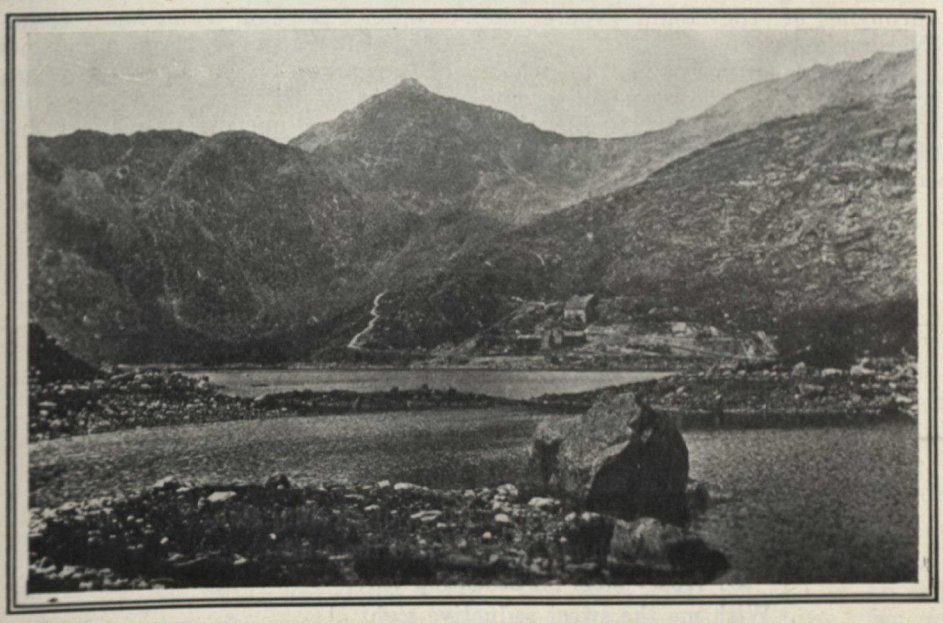


A TYPICAL WELSH COLLIERY

In his "Life of Fox" Sir George Trevelyan tells of an eighteenth-century nobleman who crossed the Alps "in a chair carried by six men, shuddering at every step, and tortured by apprehensions for the safety of his dog, which, bolder than himself, ventured now and then to look over the edge of the precipice. The scenery of a fine pass inspired him with no ideas except those of horror and melancholy; and he never spoke of 'beauties' until he was safe and warm in the opera house at Turin." A Highland landscape, an Edinburgh contemporary reminds us, inspired similar feelings of disgust. Oliver Goldsmith, when commenting on Scottish scenery, complained that "hills and rocks intercept every prospect." But he who is privileged to gaze upon Snowdon, on a clear day, would surely be a Philistine and a blind one at that if the scene from a distance did not thrill him. And even more so when the view is reversed and, standing on its circumscribed summit, the wide sweep of sea and buttressing mountain, even to the Wicklow Range of Ireland, fill a mighty canvas. Twenty lakes and tarns reflect their banks, and scores of little hamlets, tucked away in narrow valleys, give a human note to the superb picture.

Beautiful as the panorama is under a cloudless sky, the effect under mist and fog is even more dramatic. At one moment the world was blotted out by a swirl of storm and a deluge of hail and cold, driving rain; at another, a sudden rift revealed unsuspected depths down the face of precipitous cliffs, or a square of farmstead in the bed of a vale. Descending the slopes, other delectable revelations came as thrilling surprises; now a shaft of sunshine, seen through a window of cloud, touched a distant peak with silver or cast an arrow of light across the face of a nearer hill,

and by the time the return journey was made, all traces of storm or tempest had disappeared and the deep-hearted Pass of Llanberis showed its winding and climbing road to Capel Curig and beyond.



SNOWDON, A WELSH MOUNTAIN PEAK, FROM LLYN LLYDAW

One was reminded of the ancient Day of Judgment tradition of Wales when "the brow of Snowdon shall be levelled with the ground, and the eddying waters shall murmur round it." But there were eddying wreaths of mist instead of waters around the brow on this August day, though a poet has vividly described a winter day on the crest of the great mountain:

Cold is the snow on Snowdon's brow,
It makes the air so chill;
For cold, I trow, there is no snow
Like that of Snowdon's hill.

A hill most chill is Snowdon's hill,
And wintry is his brow;
From Snowdon's hill the breezes chill
Can freeze the very snow!

Llanberis, the wildest valley in a wild land, opens the way to another delectable corner in Wales. Is there another point of pilgrimage so popular as Bettws-y-Coed? Only a straggling village on a highway; only little trout streams crossed by Inigo Jones's bridges; only rose-smothered cottages and closely-knitted hedges, only pastures and farms, near-by hills and more hills, but the Chapel in the Wood, as the name signifies, gives vast content to the lucky traveller who includes it in his itinerary. Within walking distance are ancient churches, singing falls and rapids and fairy glens, mills that have ground grain for generations, and mountain paths under arches of trees. Dear little, dear old Bettws-y-Coed, may we live to look upon you again.

Many quaint ceremonies still survive in Wales. Such a one, known as "dressing" St. David's Well, was performed recently in a Welsh village, when the vicar, referring to the peculiarities of the well, showed how it had ceased to flow when some great calamity was going to fall upon them or upon the country. The well had, it was believed, foretold all the

dark days of the Boer War, and when it last ceased in 1909, it foretold the death of King Edward VII. Since then it has had a steady flow, which is consequently regarded as a happy omen.

Thus is given a traveller's brief chronicle of the Land where the Welshman lives.

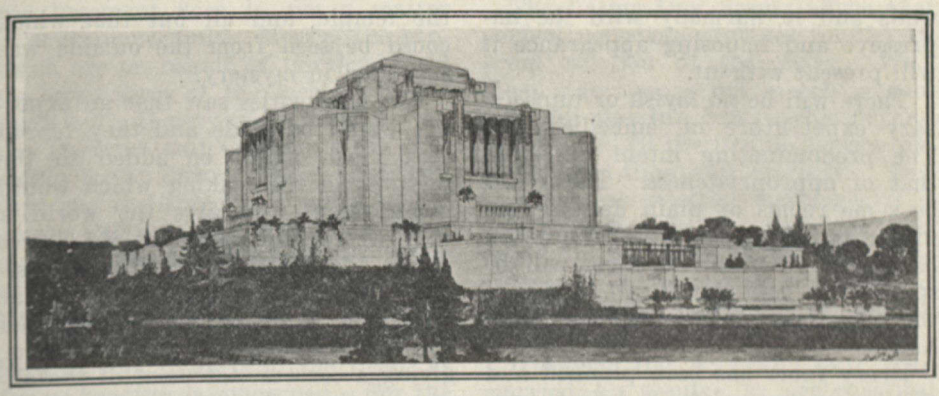
No other country in the whole world has been the scene of events more stirring and remarkable than those recorded in its history, no other country has been the scene of a struggle so deadly, so embittered and protracted as that between the Cumro and the Saxon—a struggle which only terminates at Carnarvon, when Edward Longshanks induced the Welsh chieftains to accept his young son as Prince of Wales. And when another Prince of Wales faced a multitude of Welshmen, from a parapet of Carnarvon Castle, a few years ago, the men of Glendower felt anew the thrill of an ancient patriotism and realized anew their ancient pride in this their native land.

WINTER NOCTURNE

By BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

WITH me is revelry and light,
A wind-blown world of circling rink;
With me is music and the clink
Of frosty steel on crackling ice;
With me the sweet seductive sight
Of gliding figures that entice
The watcher to pursue their flight
Through mazy whirls, alertly tense,
To steal swift passage left and right,
All thought o'erwhelmed in giddy sense.
With me is revelry and light—
With thee, the silence and the night.

Yet oh! could I be with you, dear,
In your rose-garden, wet with dew,
To pluck one perfect bud for you,
Or where the sands at Miramar
In starlit silence glimmer clear
Hold converse of the near and far—
No longer would I tarry here,
In these mad gaieties; I'd fly,
As from a desert lone and drear,
To that calm pleasure, chaste, and high,
Where souls commune in holy fear
That God should let them draw so near.



THE MORMON TEMPLE AT CARDSTON, ALBERTA, AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

THE MORMON TEMPLE IN CANADA

BY W. McD. TAIT

CANADA is to have a Mormon temple. When completed it will compare favourably with the temples of Mormonism in Utah, and it will be the only building of its kind on British soil. At the last Conference at Salt Lake City, which was attended by the President of the Alberta Stake, E. J. Wood, an entirely new set of plans were presented showing a building much larger than at first proposed; it will cost at least a quarter of a million dollars.

Cardston, in the southern portion of Alberta, is the location of the proposed site. In sight of the Rockies, which begin twenty-five miles to the west, the surroundings are ideal. The town is about twenty-five years old. It was first settled by the Cards, Mormon pioneers, after whom it took its name. A meeting-house was erected shortly after the arrival of the little band in Canada, and since that time Cardstone has been the ecclesiastical centre of the church on this side of the line. The President resides there, as well as his staff of workers. A Bishop is also installed in an office in the central part of the town, and it is proposed to add another such officer to the Cardston ward.

A splendid tabernacle, costing upwards of $50,000, has duly been built on the Temple square, and it will be one of the edifices used in connection with the Mormon activities at Cardston.

The Canadian temple will not be built for the present alone. As one looks at the immense growth of the Mormon people and their spreading out to north and south and east and west, it will be evident that any building of the nature of a temple erected by them to accommodate present requirements would serve only a few years at the most.

But not only in size will the future be considered. In structure it will be stable and of the best construction skill and devotion can produce. In the interior its appearance will be strictly in keeping with the

walls and in harmony with the impressive and imposing appearance it will present without.

There will be no lavish or unnecessary expenditure in embellishment. The predominating intent has been that of appropriateness. There will be some rooms of plain design, furnished in simple style, and there will be others in which no effort will be spared nor cost considered to secure the essentials of grandeur and sublimity.

Every room has been planned and will be constructed for a definite purpose, and will be finished in strict accordance thereto. No mere display will be tolerated, no wasting of material, no over-ornamentation. The temple will be planned and built as believed to be most appropriate to the House of the Lord.

The architecture will not correspond to that of any temple erected by the church in Utah. The authorities seek utility in the Canadian building rather than adherence to any type or revealed plan. This refers to exterior only. The arrangement of interiors of Mormon temples is always uniform. Furnishings differ, but the general plan and relative location of the various rooms does not change.

Spires, domes and towers will be eliminated. No large auditorium such as is found in the Salt Lake temple will be needed. The general balance and beauty of the building will, however, be maintained. Utility has been sought in all the appointments, and nothing superfluous will be allowed to enter in.

The interior of the Mormon temple probably would never have been revealed to any but those who actually pass through in the ceremony of temple work, had not the great building at Salt Lake City been entered by a motion picture manipulator and photographs been made of all the main rooms. Up till this time nothing had been written of a descriptive nature regarding the interior of the temple, and all but that which could be seen from the outside was shrouded in mystery.

The authorities saw that an exposure would be made and they feared that much might be added to the pictures in the making which would misrepresent and give the world a very wrong impression of the secret work administered within. President Smith, therefore, ordered that authentic information be prepared for the public by church historians, giving a correct statement of the object of the ordinances performed in the temple. Official photographs were also made, and from these cuts were prepared, and as far as it is possible to make it the Mormon temple is open to the public.

The doors, of course, are closed even to members of the Mormon church who are not taking work in the building, and then are open only to persons presenting a signed statement given by the Bishop of his ward saying they are proper persons to receive the ordinances sought.

It is possible now to get even more information than that given in the official writings of the church from men in prominent authority. The writer of this article is greatly indebted to President Wood of Cardston for an accurate and willing description of the temple rooms and the appointed ordinances for which they serve.

The only ordinance room of interest in the basement of the Cardston temple will be the baptistry. This will be a much-used room, because of the belief of the church in baptism by immersion for the remission of sins and also in baptism for the dead. The font will be excavated to a depth of two or three feet below the floor, and in this depression will stand twelve life-sized oxen. On their backs will be placed the font. Facilities for quickly replenishing hot and cold water will be adequate and efficient.

The placing of the baptistry on

the basement floor is not a matter of convenience only. Most of the baptisms are on behalf of the dead, and the symbolism of the location is set forth by authority of the church. In the Doctrine and Covenants the following is set down: "The baptismal font was instituted as a simile of the grave, and was commanded to be in a place underneath where the living are wont to assemble." So the baptismal font is placed in the basement.

No distinction is made by Mormons between the living and the dead, as far as baptism is concerned. For the dead it is accomplished by a living proxy. The church believes that the dead of generations past may be saved from sin by the ministry of the present generation. So we find Mormons in the temple having ordinances administered for relatives dead hundreds of years. One southern Alberta Mormon will begin work as soon as the temple opens for his ancestry which he has traced as far back as William the Conqueror. It practically means that if William died in his sins his Alberta relative will work out his salvation in the temple service.

In the sealing-rooms, two in number, is performed rites for both living and dead, but here again work for the dead exceeds by a great preponderance work for the living.

In the sealing-room for the dead there stands a richly upholstered altar. Before this altar the living proxies, representing deceased husbands and wives, parents and children, kneel. The other sealing-room is for the living. It will be furnished in brighter colours and will be a counterpart of the sealing-room for the dead. In it will be solemnized the ordinance of marriage between parties who come to plight their vows of marital fidelity for time and eternity. Here also will be solemnized the ordinances of sealing or adoption of living children by their parents who were not at first united in the order of celestial marriage.

The Latter Day Saints affirm that perfect marriage provides for the eternal relation of the sexes. With them marriage is not merely a contract for this life, but reaches beyond the grave. In the temple service union is for time and eternity. This is known as celestial marriage; it is understood to be the marriage that exists in the celestial worlds. The ordinance of celestial marriage is known as the ceremony of sealing in marriage.

Husband and wife who have been married by secular or ecclesiastical ceremony may be sealed in marriage, provided they furnish proof of an existing union.

The church, of course, sanctions ordinary legal marriages and solemnizes such unions, but only in the temple are marriages solemnized for and in behalf of parties who are dead.

Children born outside celestial marriage, yet within the legally established bonds of wedlock, are, according to Mormon belief, the lawful and legitimate heirs of their parents in all affairs of life. They are the offspring of an earthly union that is in every respect a moral and proper relation under the laws of man. But that the children will belong to the parents in the hereafter, which the church desires, is as uncertain according to its reasoning as that parents not joined in celestial wedlock shall belong to each other. Children, the church holds, are for the period of the parent's contract only, which is for this life. So it comes about that children who have been born to parents married in other than celestial marriage must be sealed to their parents after father and mother have been sealed to each other in the order of celestial marriage. The church affirms the eternal perpetuity of all family relationships existing on earth under the seal and authority of the priesthood of the church, and husbands and wives who are dead are married or sealed to each other by proxy administration, and

their children are similiarly sealed to them in the family relationship.

So it may be seen that vicarious labour of the living for the dead, which will be performed in the new Canadian temple, will comprise more than baptism. The sealing ordinances will form almost as large a part as baptism. The work can be done, of course, only by those who themselves as living representatives have been baptised, confirmed, endowed, and sealed.

The "Garden" and "World" rooms depict to the candidate the world before and after the Fall. The "Garden" room is really the Garden of Eden room, while the "World" room is the world as it has been since Adam's sin.

All the appointments of the "Garden" room are of elaborate design. In the Cardston temple the best artists that can be found will do the decorating. Ceiling and walls will be embellished with oil paintings, the former to represent sky and clouds, with sun, moon, and stars; the latter to show landscape scenes of rare beauty. In every part and appurtenance it will speak of sweet content and blessed repose. There will be no suggestion of disturbance, enmity, or hostility. In the room will be an altar for prayer, and on it will rest a copy of the Bible.

The "World" room will be in striking contrast. It will depict the expulsion from Eden. Rocks will be shown, rent and riven. The earth-story is that of mountain uplift and seismic disruption. Trees will be gnarled and misshapen. The scenes will be typical of the world's condition under the curse of God. Struggle and strife, victory and triumph, defeat and death will constantly face the candidate in this room and remind him that his earthly home is in a fallen world.

In both these rooms the candidates will be seated, and a lecturer will inculcate the truths of man's estate before and after the Fall.

The "Terrestrial" and "Celestial" rooms are interesting, because between them is the Veil of the Temple, which must be rent in twain in order to allow the workers to pass through from one room to the other.

In the "Terrestrial" room lectures will be given pertaining to the endowments and emphasizing the practical duties of a religious life. At the east end of this room there will be an arch, supported by columns, between which will hang silken portieres to represent the Veil of the Temple. Through this Veil all must pass who would enter the "Celestial" room. This will be a large and lofty appartment, and the finish and furnishings will be the most magnificent of all the rooms within the walls of the Temple. The preceding room is suggestive of the terrestrial state. This will suggest conditions more exalted. Palms and living plants will be set in gorgeous jardinieres. These two rooms represent the degrees of glory as taught by the Mormon church. That the privileges or glories of heaven are graded to suit the various capacities of the blessed is, they believe, assured to them by revelation.

The "Holy of Holies" in the Mormon Temple is reserved for the higher ordinances of the priesthood, relating to the exaltation of both living and dead. This room will be between the sealing-rooms, with an entrance from the "Celestial" room. It is perhaps the least used of all.

There will be an elders' room, where this body may meet for council and prayer. The Seventy will also have a room allotted to them.

President Wood, of the Alberta Stake, and President Allen, of the Taylor Stake, with their officers and councillors, representing the High Council, will also have rooms in the new temple. They will meet elsewhere for business sessions, the temple rooms being for prayer and devotional service only.

Like the Salt Lake temple, and, in

fact, all the temples the Mormons have built in Utah, the Canadian structure will have an annex. In it will be the cloak room, well-equipped offices, with desk facilities for the extensive routine work of registration and record. In this building will be a small refectory, where a noon-day luncheon will be served to officials on duty for the day.

Entrance to the temple will be through the annex. This does not mean that the temple has no doors, but that the usual entrance will be through this detached building. Here also the janitor will have his quarters, and the heating apparatus of the temple will be placed.

This year will celebrate the ninety-first anniversary of the founding of the Mormon church, or, as they prefer to be called, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Ninety-one years ago Joseph Smith, who founded the sect, first beheld the plates upon which the Book of Mormon, the foundation-stone of the church, was engraved.

According to Mormon history, all night between the 21st and 22nd of September, Smith communicated with a heavenly messenger who appeared to him three times. It is one of the most remarkable visits on record from a being of the other world. After a period of prayer and supplication, prior to retiring, the prophet became aware of the cover of light by which the angel was surrounded. And then he saw the heavenly visitor himself.

Three times the angel appeared that night, each time with a special message in addition to that already given. The first time Smith tells that the angel made known to him that records were deposited in a nearby mound. The message is said to have been accompanied by quotations from the Scriptures, proving that the new epoch in the history of the world now about to be inaugurated was predicted by the ancient prophets. The second time the angel appeared he told Smith of great judgments that were to come upon the earth in the form of famine, sword, and pestilence. The third visit, Smith alleges, was to warn him that the treasures entrusted to him were not to be used for himself, but for the glory of God.

The visions occupied the entire night, and in the morning young Smith related his experience to his father, who was impressed that the visit was from God, and advised his son to do as the vision had directed. Accordingly, the story goes, he went to the Hill Cumorah and found the sacred treasures deposited as he had seen in the vision. Here, too, Maroni appeared and instructed him regarding the future work he was called upon to do.

Thus was born the church which after many years of persecution has secured temporal as well as spiritual control of one State of the United States and is rapidly extending its propoganda throughout the world.

Canada has given over a large tract of land in Southern Alberta to this rapidly growing sect. Seven years ago a deal was consummated by which they gained control of 67,000 acres of fertile farming and grazing land between the Waterton and Belly rivers. The tract was known as the Cochrane Ranch. This land has been subdivided into farms of 160 acres, and no Mormon is allowed to purchase more than one parcel till he has all his payments made to the church. The land was bought by the late Senator Cochrane of Montreal in the early days for $1.00 an acre. The Mormon church paid six dollars and by the prices at which it is being disposed of it will yield the treasury of Mormonism a large amount in profits. Towns have been built, roads and bridges constructed, so that the country presents the appearance of a district settled years ago. Mormon churches and meeting-houses abound, and the Church does everything. There is here, perhaps, the best example of Mormon community life outside Utah.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is the one modern organisation proclaiming the present need of temples. It believes that upon its members has been placed the commission to build and maintain these structures and to administer in them ordinances which they believe to be vital to a saving knowledge of God. These apply not only to the living but also to the dead.

Of the six temples built by the Mormon Church only four are still standing, and these are all in the State of Utah, which has come to be regarded as the stronghold of Mormonism.

The church had first established herself at Kirtland, Ohio, where in 1831, Smith and seven other elders of the church assembled on the Temple lot and dedicated the same to its sacred purpose. They met with much opposition, and after establishing themselves, with temples, in Illinois and Missouri, they went to the vales of Utah.

The people had pledged themselves collectively and individually to furnish as fast as it might be needed, all the money required to complete the temple and on April 6, 1893, the people of Utah presented to the Lord His finished House. The great temple is one of the outstanding attractions to tourists in the Utah capital.

While the great Salt Lake temple was in course of construction three other temples were proposed, planned, built, dedicated, and opened to sacred ordinance service. These are known from their locations as St. George, Logan, and Manti. All three are constructed on the same general plan, and for similar specific purposes.

It may be said of St. George in distinction to the others that in it Baptism for the dead and endowments were first administered by the Mormon church. Hardly had St. George temple been finished and opened, when in the city of Logan another building was begun. An interesting sidelight is thrown on the spirit of earnestness with which the people went to work. A saw mill was erected to prepare material, and even the mill was dedicated before it was set in operation. The temple was completed in 1884, seven years after work started.

While the people were putting forth strong efforts to complete the temple at St. George, and preliminary steps were being taken for the erection of one at Logan, the call of authority was heard directing another great undertaking of a similar nature. Manti, one hundred miles south of Salt Lake, was to be the site of the fourth Utah temple, and again the people responded with time and money in the building. In 1888 the last temple started was completed and opened for the ordinances of the Gospel as taught by the Latter Day Saints.

ALI BABA

From the Painting by John Hassall, R. I. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE PANAMA CANAL TOLLS*

BY THE HON. ELIHU ROOT

ARGUMENT BY AN EMINENT AMERICAN SENATOR IN FAVOUR OF SUBMITTING TO THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL FOR INTERPRETATION THE CLAUSE "THE COASTING TRADE" AS IT AFFECTS THE TOLLS OF THIS GREAT INTEROCEANIC WATERWAYS

MR. PRESIDENT, in the late days of last summer, after nearly nine months of continuous session, Congress enacted, in the bill to provide for the administration of the Panama Canal, a provision making a discrimination between the tolls to be charged upon foreign vessels and the tolls to be charged upon American vessels engaged in coastwise trade. We all must realize, as we look back, that when that provision was adopted the members of both Houses were much exhausted; our minds were not working with their full vigour; we were weary physically and mentally. Such discussion as there was was to empty seats. In neither House of Congress, during the period that this provision was under discussion, could there be found more than a scant dozen or two of members. The provision has been the cause of great regret to a multitude of our fellow citizens, whose good opinion we all desire and whose leadership of opinion in the country makes their approval of the course of our Congress an important element in maintaining that confidence in government which is so essential to its success. The provision has caused a painful impression throughout the world that the United States has departed from its often-announced rule of equality of opportunity in the use of the Panama Canal, and is seeking a special advantage for itself in what is believed to be a violation of the obligations of a treaty. Mr. President, that opinion of the civilized world is something which we may not lightly disregard. "A decent respect to the opinions of mankind" was one of the motives stated for the people of these colonies in the great Declaration of American Independence.

The effect of the provision has thus been doubly unfortunate, and I ask the Senate to listen to me while I endeavour to state the situation in which we find ourselves; to state the case which is made against the action that we have taken, in order that I may present to the Senate the question whether we should not either submit to an impartial tribunal the question whether we are right; so that if we are right, we may be vindicated in the eyes of the world, or whether we should not, by a repeal of the provision, retire from the position which we have taken.

In the year 1850, Mr. President, there were two great powers in possession of the North American Continent to the north of the Rio Grande. The United States had but just come to its full stature. By the Webster-

*A speech delivered by Senator Root in the United States Senate on January 21st, 1913.

Ashburton Treaty of 1842 our north-eastern boundary had been settled, leaving to Great Britain that tremendous stretch of seacoast including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Labrador, and the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, now forming the Province of Quebec. In 1846 the Oregon boundary had been settled, assuring to the United States a title to that vast region which now constitutes the States of Washington, Oregon, and Ihado. In 1848 the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo had given to us that great empire wrested from Mexico as a result of the Mexican War, which now spreads along the coast of the Pacific as the State of California and the great region between California and Texas.

Inspired by the manifest requirements of this new empire, the United States turned its attention to the possibility of realizing the dream of centuries and connecting its two coasts—its old coast upon the Atlantic and its new coast upon the Pacific—by a ship canal through the Isthmus; but when it turned its attention in that direction it found the other empire holding the place of advantage. Great Britain had also her coast upon the Atlantic and her coast upon the Pacific, to be joined by a canal. Further than that, Great Britain was a Caribbean power. She had Bermuda and the Bahamas; she had Jamaica and Trinidad; she had the Windward Islands and the Leeward Islands; she had British Guiana and British Honduras; she had, moreover, a protectorate over the Mosquito coast, a great stretch of territory upon the eastern shore of Central America which included the river San Juan and the valley and harbour of San Juan de Nicaragua, or Greytown. All men's minds then were concentrated upon the Nicaragua Canal route, as they were until after the treaty of 1901 was made.

And thus when the United States turned its attention toward joining these two coasts by a canal through the Isthmus it found Great Britain in possession of the eastern end of the route which men generally believed would be the most available route for the canal. Accordingly, the United States sought a treaty with Great Britain by which Great Britain should renounce the advantage which she had and admit the United States to equal participation with her in the control and the protection of a canal across the Isthmus. From that came the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Let me repeat that this treaty was sought not by England, but by the United States. Mr. Clayton, who was Secretary of State at the time, sent our Minister to France, Mr. Rives, to London for the purpose of urging upon Lord Palmerston the making of the treaty. The treaty was made by Great Britain as a concession to the urgent demands of the United States.

I should have said, in speaking about the urgency with which the United States sought the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, that there were two treaties made with Nicaragua, one by Mr. Heis and one by Mr. Squire, both representatives of the United States. Each gave, so far as Nicaragua could, great powers to the United States in regard to the construction of a canal, but they were made without authorization from the United States, and they were not approved by the Government of the United States and were never sent to the Senate. Mr. Clayton, however, held those treaties in abeyance as a means of inducing Great Britain to enter into the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. He held them practically as a whip over the British negotiators, and having accomplished the purpose they were thrown into the waste-basket.

By that treaty Great Britain agreed with the United States that neither Government should "ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the ship canal"; that neither would "make use of any protection" which either afforded to a canal "or any alliance which

either'' might have ''with any State or people for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same,'' and that neither would ''take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection, or influence that either'' might ''possess with any State or Government through whose territory the said canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for the citizens or subjects of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other.''

You will observe, Mr. President, that under these provisions the United States gave up nothing that it then had. Its obligations were entirely looking to the future; and Great Britain gave up its rights under the protectorate over the Mosquito coast, gave up its rights to what was supposed to be the eastern terminus of the canal. And, let me say without recurring to it again, under this treaty, after much discussion which ensued as to the meaning of its terms, Great Britain did surrender her rights to the Mosquito coast, so that the position of the United States and Great Britain became a position of absolute equality. Under this treaty also both parties agreed that each should ''enter into treaty stipulations with such of the Central American States as they'' might ''deem advisable for the purpose''—I now quote the words of the treaty—''for the purpose of more effectually carrying out the great design of this convention, namely, that of constructing and maintaining the said canal as a ship communication between the two oceans for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all, and of protecting the same.''

That declaration, Mr. President, is the cornerstone of the rights of the United States upon the Isthmus of Panama, rights having their origin in a solemn declaration that there should be constructed and maintained a ship canal ''between the two oceans for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all.''

In the eighth article of that treaty the parties agreed:

> The Governments of the United States and Great Britain having not only desired, in entering into this convention, to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection, by treaty stipulations, to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especialy to the interoceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are now proposed to be established by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama. In granting, however, their joint protection to any such canals or railways as are by this article specified, it is always understood by the United States and Great Britain that the parties constructing or owning the same shall impose no other charges or conditions of traffic thereupon than the aforesaid Governments shall approve of as just and equitable; and that the same canals or railways, being open to the citizens and subjects of the United States and Great Britain on equal terms, shall also be open on like terms to the citizens and subjects of every other State which is willing to grant thereto such protection as the United States and Great Britain engage to afford.

There, Mr. President, is the explicit agreement for equality of treatment to the citizens of the United States and to the citizens of Great Britain in any canal, wherever it may be constructed, across the Isthmus. That was the fundamental principle embodied in the treaty of 1850. And we are not without an authoritative construction as to the scope and requirements of an agreement of that description, because we have another treaty with Great Britain—a treaty which formed one of the great landmarks in the diplomatic history of the world, and one of the great steps

in the progress of civilization—the Treaty of Washington of 1871, under which the Alabama claims were submitted to arbitration. Under that treaty there were provisions for the use of the American canals along the waterway of the Great Lakes, and the Canadian canals along the same line of communication, upon equal terms to the citizens of the two countries.

Some years after the treaty, Canada undertook to do something quite similar to what we have undertaken to do in this law about the Panama Canal. It provided that while nominally a toll of twenty cents a ton should be charged upon the merchandise both of Canada and of the United States there should be a rebate of eighteen cents for all merchandise which went to Montreal or beyond, leaving a toll of but two cents a ton for that merchandise. The United States objected; and I beg your indulgence while I read from the message of President Cleveland upon that subject, sent to the Congress August 23rd, 1888. He says:

> By article 27 of the treaty of 1871 provision was made to secure to the citizens of the United States the use of the Welland, St. Lawrence, and other canals in the Dominion of Canada on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion, and to also secure to the subjects of Great Britain the use of the St. Clair Flats Canal on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the United States.
>
> The equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion which we were promised in the use of the canals of Canada did not secure to us freedom from tolls in their navigation, but we had a right to expect that we, being Americans and interested in American commerce, would be no more burdened in regard to the same than Canadians engaged in their own trade; and the whole spirit of the concession made was, or should have been, that mercandise and property transported to an American market through these canals should not be enhanced in its cost by tolls many times higher than such as were carried to an adjoining Canadian market. All our citizens, producers and consumers, as well as vessel owners, were to enjoy the equality promised.
>
> And yet evidence has for some time been before the Congress, furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury, showing that while the tolls charged in the first instance are the same to all, such vessels and cargoes as are destined to certain Canadian ports—

Their coastwise trade—

> are allowed a refund of nearly the entire tolls, while those bound for American ports are not allowed any such advantage.
>
> To promise equality and then in practice make it conditional upon our vessels doing Canadian business instead of their own, is to fulfill a promise with the shadow of performance.

Upon the representations of the United States embodying that view, Canada retired from the position which she had taken, rescinded the provision for differential tolls, and put American trade going to American markets on the same basis of tolls as Canadian trade going to Canadian markets. She did not base her action upon any idea that there was no competition between trade to American ports and trade to Canadian ports, but she recognized the law of equality in good faith and honour; and to this day that law is being accorded to us and by each great nation to the other.

I have said, Mr. President, that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was sought by us. In seeking it we declared to Great Britain what it was that we sought. I ask the Senate to listen to the declaration that we made to induce Great Britain to enter into that treaty—to listen to it because it is the declaration by which we are in honour bound as truly as if it were signed and sealed.

Here I will read from the report made to the Senate on the 5th day of April, 1900, by Senator Cushman K. Davis, then chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. So you will perceive that this is no new matter to the Senate of the United States and that I am not proceeding upon my own authority in thinking it worthy of your attention.

Mr. Rives was instructed to say and did say to Lord Palmerston, in urging upon him the making of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, this:

The United States sought no exclusive privilege or preferential right of any kind in regard to the proposed communication, and their sincere wish, if it should be found practicable, was to see it dedicated to the common use of all nations on the most liberal terms and a footing of perfect equality for all.

That the United States would not, if they could, obtain any exclusive right or privilege in a great highway which naturally belonged to all mankind.

That, sir, was the spirit of the Clayton-Bulwer convention. That was what the United States asked Great Britain to agree upon. That self-denying declaration underlaid and permeated and found expression in the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer convention. And upon that representation Great Britain in that convention relinquished her coign of vantage which she herself had for the benefit of her great North American empire for the control of the canal across the Isthmus.

Mr. Cummins. Mr. President—

The President pro tempore. Does the Senator from New York yield to the Senator from Iowa?

Mr. Root. I do, but—

Mr. Cummins. I will ask the Senator from New York whether he prefers that there shall be no interruptions? If he does, I shall not ask any question.

Mr. Root. Mr. President, I should prefer it, because what I have to say involves establishing the relation between a considerable number of acts and instruments, and interruptions naturally would destroy the continuity of my statement.

Mr. Cummins. The question I was about to ask was purely a historic one.

Mr. Root. I shall be very glad to answer the Senator.

Mr. Cummins. The Senator has stated that at the time of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty we were excluded from the Mosquito coast by the protectorate exercised by Great Britain over that coast. My question is this: Had we not at that time a treaty with New Grenada that gave us equal or greater rights upon the Isthmus of Panama than were claimed even by Great Britain over the Mosquito coast?

Mr. Root. Mr. President, we had the treaty of 1846 with New Grenada, under which we undertook to protect any railway or canal across the Isthmus. But that did not apply to the Nicaragua route, which was then supposed to be the most available route for a canal.

Mr. Cummins. I quite agree with the Senator about that. I only wanted it to appear in the course of the argument that we were then under no disability so far as concerned building a canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

Mr. Root. We were under a disability so far as concerned building a canal by the Nicaragua route, which was regarded as the available route until the discussion in the Senate after 1901, in which Senator Spooner and Senator Hanna practically changed the judgment of the Senate with regard to what was the proper route to take. And in the treaty of 1850, so anxious were we to secure freedom from the claims of Great Britain on the eastern end of the Nicaragua route that, as I have read, we agreed that the same contract should apply not merely to the Nicaragua route but to the whole of the Isthmus. So that from that time on the whole Isthmus was impressed by the same obligations which were impressed upon the Nicaragua route, and whatever rights we had under our treaty of 1846 with New Grenada we were thenceforth bound to exercise with due regard and subordination to the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Mr. President, after the lapse of thirty years, during the early part of which we were strenuously insisting upon the observance by Great Britain of her obligations under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and during the latter part of which we were beginning to be restive under our obligations by reason of that treaty, we

undertook to secure a modification of it from Great Britain. In the course of that undertaking there was much discussion and some difference of opinion as to the continued obligations of the treaty. But I think that was finally put at rest by the decision of Secretary Olney in the memorandum upon the subject made by him in the year 1896. In that memorandum he said:

> Under these circumstances, upon every principle which governs the relation to each other, either of nations or of individuals, the United States is completely estopped from denying that the treaty is in full force and vigour.
>
> If changed conditions now make stipulations, which were once deemed advantageous, either inapplicable or injurious, the true remedy is not in ingenious attempts to deny the existence of the treaty or to explain away its provisions, but in a direct and straightforward application to Great Britain for a reconsideration of the whole matter.

We did apply to Great Britain for a reconsideration of the whole matter, and the result of the application was the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. That treaty came before the Senate in two forms: First, in the form of an instrument signed on the 5th of February, 1900, which was amended by the Senate; and, second, in the form of an instrument signed on the 18th of November, 1901, which continued the greater part of the provisions of the earlier instrument, but somewhat modified or varied the amendments which had been made by the Senate to that earlier instrument.

It is really but one process by which the paper sent to the Senate in February, 1900, passed through a course of amendment; first, at the hands of the Senate, and then at the hands of the negotiators between Great Britain and the United States, with the subsequent approval of the Senate. In both the first form and the last of this treaty the preamble provides for preserving the provisions of article 8 of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Both forms provide for the construction of the canal under the auspices of the United States alone instead of its construction under the auspices of both countries.

Both forms of that treaty provide that the canal might be—

> constructed under the auspices of the Government of the United States, either directly at its own cost or by gift or loan of money to individuals or corporations or through subscription to or purchase of stock or shares—

that being substituted for the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty under which both countries were to be patrons of the enterprise.

Under both forms it was further provided that—

> Subject to the provisions of the present convention, the said Government—
>
> The United States—
>
> shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal.

That provision, however, for the exclusive patronage of the United States was subject to the initial provision that the modification or change from the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was to be for the construction of such canal under the auspices of the Government of the United States, without impairing the general principle of neutralization established in article 8 of that convention.

Then the treaty as it was finally agreed to provides that the United States "adopt, as the basis of such neutralization of such ship canal," the following rules, substantially as embodied in the convention "of Constantinople, signed the 29th of October, 1888," for the free navigation of the Suez Maritime Canal; that is to say:

First. The canal shall be free and open . . . to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations "observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation

or its citizens or subjects in respect to the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise." Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable.

Then follow rules relating to blockade and vessels of war, the embarkation and disembarkation of troops, and the extension of the provisions to the waters adjacent to the canal.

Now, Mr. President, that rule must, of course, be read in connection with the provision for the preservation of the principle of neutralization established in article 8 of the Clayton-Bulwer convention.

Let me take your minds back again to article 8 of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, consistently with which we are bound to construe the rule established by the Hay-Pauncefote convention. The principle of neutralization provided for by the eighth article is neutralization upon terms of absolute equality both between the United States and Great Britain and between the United States and all other powers.

It is always understood—

Says the eighth article—

by the United States and Great Britain that the parties constructing or owning the same—

That is, the canal—

shall impose no other charges or conditions of traffic thereupon than the aforesaid Governments shall approve of as just and equitable, and that the same canals or railways, being open to the citizens and subjects of the United States and Great Britain on equal terms, shall also be open on like terms to the citizens of every other State which is willing to grant thereto such protection as the United States and Great Britain engage to afford.

Now, we are not at liberty to put any construction upon the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty which violates that controlling declaration of absolute equality between the citizens and subjects of Great Britain and the United States.

Mr. President, when the Hay-Pauncefote convention was ratified by the Senate it was in full view of this controlling principle, in accordance with which their act must be construed, for Senator Davis, in his report from the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which I have already referred—

Mr. McCumber. On the treaty in it first form.

Mr. Root. Yes; the report on the treaty in its first form. Mr. Davis said, after referring to the Suez convention of 1888:

The United States can not take an attitude of opposition to the principles of the great act of October 22, 1888, without discrediting the official declarations of our Government for fifty years on the neutrality of an Isthmian canal and its equal use by all nations without discrimination.

To set up the selfish motive of gain by establishing a monopoly of a highway that must derive its income from the patronage of all maritime countries would be unworthy of the United States if we owned the country through which the canal is to be built.

But the location of the canal belongs to other Governments, from whom we must obtain any right to construct a canal on their territory, and it is not unreasonable, if the question was new and was not involved in a subsisting treaty with Great Britain, that she should question the right of even Nicaragua and Costa Rica to grant to our ships of commerce and of war extraordinary privileges of transit through the canal.

I shall revert to that principle declared by Senator Davis. I continue the quotation:

It is not reasonable to suppose that Nicaragua and Costa Rica would grant to the United States the exclusive control of a canal through those States on terms less generous to the other maritime nations than those prescribed in the great Act of October 22, 1888, or if we could compel them to give us such advantages over other nations it would not be creditable to our country to accept them.

That our Government or our people will furnish the money to build the canal presents the single question whether it is profitable to do so. If the canal, as property, is worth more than its cost, we are

not called on to divide the profits with other nations. If it is worth less and we are compelled by national necessities to build the canal, we have no right to call on other nations to make up the loss to us. In any view, it is a venture that we will enter upon if it is to our interest, and if it is otherwise we will withdraw from its further consideration.

The Suez Canal makes no discrimination in its tolls in favour of its stockholders, and, taking its profits or the half of them as our basis of calculation, we will never find it necessary to differentiate our rates of toll in favour of our own people in order to secure a very great profit on the investment.

Mr. President, in view of that declaration of principle, in the face of that declaration, the United States can not afford to take a position at variance with the rule of universal equality established in the Suez Canal convention—equality as to every stockholder and all non-stockholders, equality as to every nation whether in possession or out of possession. In the face of that declaration the United States can not afford to take any other position than upon the rule of universal equality of the Suez Canal convention, and upon the further declaration that the country owning territory through which this canal was to be built would not and ought not to give any special advantage or preference to the United States as compared with all the other nations of the earth. In view of that report the Senate rejected the amendment which was offered by Senator Bard, of California, providing for preference to the coastwise trade of the United States. This is the amendment which was proposed:

The United States reserves the right in the regulation and management of the canal to discriminate in respect of the charges of traffic in favour of vessels of its own citizens engaged in the coastwise trade.

I say, the Senate rejected that amendment upon this report, which declared the rule of universal equality without any preference or discrimination in favour of the United States as being the meaning of the treaty and the necessary meaning of the treaty.

There was still more before the Senate, there was still more before the country to fix the meaning of the treaty. I have read the representations that were made, the solemn declarations made by the United States to Great Britain establishing the rule of absolute equality without discrimination in favour of the United States or its citizens to induce Great Britain to enter into the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Now, let me read the declaration made to Great Britain to induce her to modify the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and give up her right to joint control of the canal and put in our hands the sole power to construct it or patronize it or control it.

Mr. Blaine said in his instructions to Mr. Lowell on June 24, 1881, directing Mr. Lowell to propose to Great Britain the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

I read his words:

The United States recognizes a proper guarantee of neutrality as essential to the construction and successful operation of any highway across the Isthmus of Panama, and in the last generation every step was taken by this Government that is deemed requisite in the premises. The necessity was foreseen and abundantly provided for long in advance of any possible call for the actual exercise of power. . . . Nor, in time of peace, does the United States seek to have any exclusive privileges accorded to American ships in respect to precedence or tolls through an interoceanic canal any more than it has sought like privileges for American goods in transit over the Panama Railway, under the exclusive control of an American corporation. The extent of the privileges of American citizens and ships is measurable under the treaty of 1846 by those of Columbian citizens and ships. It would be our earnest desire and expectation to see the world's peaceful commerce enjoy the same just, liberal, and rational treatment.

Secretary Cass had already said to Great Britain in 1857:

The United States, as I have before

had occasion to assure your Lordship, demand no exclusive privileges in these passages, but will always exert their influence to secure their free and unrestricted benefits, both in peace and war, to the commerce of the world.

Mr. President, it was upon that declaration, upon that self-denying declaration, upon that solemn assurance, that the United States sought not and would not have any preference for its own citizens over the subjects and citizens of other countries that Great Britain abandoned her rights under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and entered into the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, with the clause continuing the principles of clause eight, which embodied these same declarations, and the clause establishing the rule of equality taken from the Suez Canal convention. We are not at liberty to give any other construction to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty than the construction which is consistent with that declaration.

Mr. President, these declarations, made specifically and directly to secure the making of these treaties, do not stand alone. For a longer period than the oldest Senator has lived the United States has been from time to time making open and public declarations of her disinterestedness, her altruism, her purposes for the benefit of mankind, her freedom from desire or willingness to secure special and peculiar advantage in respect of transit across the Isthmus. In 1826 Mr. Clay, then Secretary of State in the Cabinet of John Quincy Adams, said, in his instructions to the delegates to the Panama Congress of that year:

> If a canal across the Isthmus be opened "so as to admit of the passage of sea vessels from ocean to ocean, the benefit of it ought not to be exclusively appropriated to any one nation, but should be extended to all parts of the globe upon the payment of a just compensation for reasonable tolls."

Mr. Cleveland, in his annual message of 1885, said:

> The lapse of years has abundantly confirmed the wisdom and foresight of those earlier administrations which, long before the conditions of maritime intercourse were changed and enlarged by the progress of the age, proclaimed the vital need of interoceanic transit across the American Isthmus and consecrated it in advance to the common use of mankind by their positive declarations and through the formal obligations of treaties. Toward such realization the efforts of my administration will be applied, ever bearing in mind the principles on which it must rest and which were declared in no uncertain tones by Mr. Cass, who, while Secretary of State in 1858, announced that "What the United States want in Central America next to the happiness of its people is the security and neutrality of the interoceanic routes which lead through it."

By public declaration, by the solemn asseverations of our treaties with Columbia in 1846, with Great Britain in 1850, our treaties with Niracagua, our treaty with Great Britain in 1901, our treaty with Panama in 1903, we have presented to the world the most unequivocal guaranty of disinterested action for the common benefit of mankind and not for our selfish advantage.

In the message which was sent to Congress by President Roosevelt on the 4th of January, 1904, explaining the course of this Government regarding the revolution in Panama and the making of the treaty by which we acquired all the title that we have upon the Isthmus, President Roosevelt said:

> If ever a Government could be said to have received a mandate from civilization to effect an object the accomplishment of which was demanded in the interest of mankind, the United States holds that position with regard to the interoceanic canal.

Mr. President, there has been much discussion for many years among authorities upon international law as to whether artificial canals for the convenience of commerce did not partake of the character of natural passageways to such a degree that, by the rules of international law, equality must be observed in the treatment

of mankind by the nation which has possession and control. Many very high authorities have asserted that that rule applies to the Panama Canal even without a treaty. We base our title upon the right of mankind in the Isthmus, treaty or no treaty. We have long asserted, beginning with Secretary Cass, that the nations of Central America had no right to debar the world from its right of passage across the Isthmus. Upon that view, in the words which I have quoted from President Roosevelt's message to Congress, we base the justice of our entire action upon the Isthmus which resulted in our having the Canal Zone. We could not have taken it for our selfish interest; we could not have taken it for the purpose of securing an advantage to the people of the United States over the other peoples of the world; it was only because civilization had its rights to passage across the Isthmus and because we have ourselves the mandatory of civilization to assert those rights that we are entitled to be there at all. On the principles which underlie our action and upon all the declarations that we have made for more than half a century, as well as upon the express and positive stipulations of our treaties, we are forbidden to say we have taken the custody of the Canal Zone to give ourselves any right of preference over the other civilized nations of the world beyond those rights which go to the owner of a canal to have the tolls that are charged for passage.

Well, Mr. President, asserting that we were acting for the common benefit of mankind, willing to accept no preferential right of our own, just as we asserted it to secure the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, just as we asserted it to secure the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, when we had recognized the Republic of Panama, we made a treaty with her on the 18th of November, 1903. I ask your attention now to the provisions of that treaty. In that treaty both Panama and the United States recognize the fact that the United States was acting, not for its own special and selfish interest, but in the interest of mankind.

The suggestion has been made that we are relieved from the obligations of our treaties with Great Britain because the Canal Zone is our territory. It is said that, because it has become ours, we are entitled to build the canal on our own territory and do what we please with it. Nothing can be further from the fact. It is not our territory, except in trust. Article two of the treaty with Panama provides:

> The Republic of Panama grants to the United States in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of a zone of land and land under water for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of said canal—

And for no other purpose—

> of the width of ten mines extending to the distance of five miles on each side of the centre line of the route of the canal to be constructed.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The Republic of Panama further grants to the United States in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of any other lands and waters outside of the zone above described which may be necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the said canal or of any auxiliary canals or other works necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the said enterprise.

Article three provides:

> The Republic of Panama grants to the United States all the rights, power, and authority within the zone mentioned and described in article two of this agreement—

From which I have just read—

> and within the limits of all auxiliary lands and waters mentioned and described in said article two which the United States would possess and exercise if it were the sovereign of the territory within which said lands and waters are located to the entire exclusion of the exercise by

the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power, or authority.

Article five provides:

The Republic of Panama grants to the United States in perpetuity a monopoly for the construction, maintenance, and operation of any system of communication by means of canal or railroad across its territory between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean.

I now read from article eighteen:

The canal, when constructed, and the entrances thereto shall be neutral in perpetuity, and shall be opened upon the terms provided for by section 1 of article 3 of, and in conformity with all the stipulations of, the treaty entered into by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain on November 18, 1901.

So, Mr. President, far from our being relieved of the obligations of the treaty with Great Britain by reason of the title that we have obtained to the Canal Zone, we have taken that title impressed with a solemn trust. We have taken it for no purpose except the construction and maintenance of a canal in accordance with all the stipulations of our treaty with Great Britain. We can not be false to those stipulations without adding to the breach of contract a breach of trust which we have assumed, according to our own declarations, for the benefit of mankind as the mandatory of civilization.

In anticipation of the plainly-to-be-foreseen contingency of our having to acquire some kind of title in order to construct the canal, the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty provided expressly in article four:

It is agreed that no change of territorial sovereignty or of international relations of the country or countries traversed by the before-mentioned canal shall affect the general principle of neutralization or the obligation of the high contracting parties under the present treaty.

So you will see that the treaty with Great Britain expressly provides that its obligations shall continue, no matter what title we get to the Canal Zone; and the treaty by which we get the title expressly impresses upon it as a trust the obligations of the treaty with Great Britain. How idle it is to say that because the Canal Zone is ours we can do with it what we please.

There is another suggestion made regarding the obligations of this treaty, and that is that matters relating to the coasting trade are matters of special domestic concern, and that nobody else has any right to say anything about them. We did not think so when we were dealing with the Canadian canals. But that may not be conclusive as to rights under this treaty. But examine it for a moment.

It is rather poverty of language than a genius for definition which leads us to call a voyage from New York to San Francisco, passing along countries thousands of miles away from our territory, "coasting trade," or to call a voyage from New York to Manila, on the other side of the world, "coasting trade." When we use the term "coasting trade" what we really mean is that under our navigation laws a voyage which begins and ends at an American port has certain privileges and immunities and rights, and it is necessarily in that sense that the term is used in this statute. It must be construed in accordance with our statutes.

Sir, I do not for a moment dispute that ordinary coasting trade is a special kind of trade that is entitled to be treated differently from trade to or from distant foreign points. It is ordinarily neighbourhood trade, from port to port, by which the people of a country carry on their intercommunication, often by small vessels, poor vessels, carrying cargoes of slight value. It would be quite impracticable to impose upon trade of that kind the same kind of burdens which great ocean-going steamers, trading to the farthest parts of the earth, can well bear. We make that distinction. Indeed, Great Britain

herself makes it, although Great Britain admits all the world to her coasting trade. But it is by quite a different basis of classification—that is, the statutory basis—that we call a voyage from the eastern coast of the United States to the Orient a coasting voyage, because it begins and ends in an American port.

This is a special, peculiar kind of trade which passes through the Panama Canal. You may call it "coasting trade," but it is unlike any other coasting trade. It is special and peculiar to itself.

Grant that we are entitled to fix a different rate of tolls for that class of trade from that which would be fixed for other classes of trade. Ah, yes; but Great Britain has her coastin gtrade through the canal under the same definition, and Mexico has her coasting trade, and Germany has her coasting trade, and Columbia has her coasting trade, in the same sense that we have. You are not at liberty to discriminate in fixing tolls bebetween a voyage from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, by an American ship, and a voyage from Halifax to Victoria in a British ship, or a voyage from Vera Cruz to Acapulco in a Mexican ship, because when you do so you discriminate, not between coasting trade and other trade, but between American ships and British ships, Mexican ships, or Colombian ships. That is a violation of the rule of equality which we have solemnly adopted, and asserted and reasserted, and to which we are bound by every consideration of honour and good faith. Whatever this treaty means, it means for that kind of trade as well as for any other kind of trade.

The suggestion has been made, also, that we should not consider that the provision in this treaty about equality as to tolls really means what it says, because it is not to be supposed that the United States would give up the right to defend itself, to protect its own territory, to land its own troops, and to send through the canal as it pleases its own ships of war. That is disposed of by the considerations which were presented to the Senate in the Davis report, to which I have already referred, in regard to the Suez convention.

The Suez convention, from which these rules of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty were taken almost—though not quite—textually, contained other provisions which reserved to Turkey and to Egypt, as sovereigns of the territory through which the canal passed—Egypt as the sovereign and Turkey as the sovereign over Egypt —all of the rights that pertained to sovereigns for the protection of their own territory. As when the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was made neither party to the treaty had any title to the region which would be traversed by the canal, no such clauses could be introduced. But, as was pointed out, the rules which were taken from the Suez Canal for the control of the canal management would necessarily be subject to these rights of sovereignty which were still to be secured from the countries owning the territory. That is recognized by the British Government in the note which has been sent to us and has been laid before the Senate, or is in the possession of the Senate, from the British Foreign Office.

In Sir Edward Grey's note of November 14, 1912, he says what I am about to read. This is an explicit disclaimer of any contention that the provisions of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty exclude us from the same rights of protection of territory which Nicaragua or Colombia or Panama would have had as sovereigns, and which we succeed to, *pro tanto*, by virtue of the Panama Canal Treaty.

Sir Edward Grey says:

> I notice that in the course of the debate in the Senate on the Panama Canal Bill the argument was used by one of the speakers that the third, fourth, and fifth rules embodied in article 3 of the treaty show that the words "all nations" can not include the United States, because, if the United States were at war, it is

impossible to believe that it could be intended to be debarred by the treaty from using its own territory for revictualling its warships or landing troops.

The same point may strike others who read nothing but the text of the Hay-pauncefote treaty itself, and I think it is therefore worth while that I should briefly show that this agrument is not well founded.

I read this not as an argument, but because it is a formal official disclaimer which is binding.

Sir Edward Grey proceeds:

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901 aimed at carrying out the principle of the neutralization of the Panama Canal by subjecting it to the same régime as the Suez Canal. Rules 3, 4, and 5 of article 3 of the treaty are taken almost textually from articles 4, 5, and 6 of the Suez Canal Convention of 1888. At the date of the signature of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty the territory on which the Isthmian Canal was to be constructed did not belong to the United States, consequently there was no need to insert in the draft treaty provisions corresponding to those in articles 10 and 13 of the Suez Canal Convention, which preserve the sovereign rights of Turkey and of Egypt, and stipulate that articles 4 and 5 shall not affect the right of Turkey, as the local sovereign, and of Egypt, within the measure of her automony, to take such measures as may be necessary for securing the defence of Egypt and the maintenance of public order, and, in the case of Turkey, the defence of her possessions on the Red Sea.

Now that the United States has become the practical sovereign of the canal. His Majesty's Government do not question its title to exercise belligerent rights for its protection.

Mr. President, Great Britain has asserted the construction of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901, the arguments for which I have been stating to the Senate. I realize, sir, that I may be wrong. I have often been wrong. I realize that the gentlemen who have taken a different view regarding the meaning of this treaty may be right. I do not think so. But their ability and fairness of mind would make it idle for me not to entertain the possibility that they are right and I am wrong. Yet, Mr. President, the question whether they are right and I am wrong depends upon the interpretation of the treaty. It depends upon the interpretation of the treaty in the light of all the declarations that have been made by the parties to it, in the light of the nature of the subject matter with which it deals.

Gentlemen say the question of imposing tolls or not imposing tolls upon our coastwise commerce is a matter of our concern. Ah! we have made a treaty about it. If the interpretation of the treaty is as England claims, then it is not a matter of our concern; it is a matter of treaty rights and duties. But, sir, it is not a question as to our rights to remit tolls to our commerce. It is a question whether we can impose tolls upon British commerce when we have remitted them from our own. That is the question. Nobody disputes our right to allow our own ships to go through the canal without paying tolls. What is disputed is our right to charge tolls against other ships when we do not charge them against our own. That is, pure and simple, a question of international right and duty, and depends upon the interpretation of the treaty.

Sir, we have another treaty, made between the United States and Great Britain on the 4th of April, 1908, in which the two nations have agreed as follows:

Differences which may arise of a legal nature or relating to the interpretation of treaties existing between the two contracting parties and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be referred to the Permanent Court of Arbitration established at The Hague by the convention of the 29th of July, 1899, provided, nevertheless, that they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honour of the two contracting States, and do not concern the interests of third parties.

Of course, the question of the rate of tolls on the Panama Canal does not affect any nation's vital interests. It does not affect the independence or the honour of either of these contracting States. We have a differ-

ence relating to the interpretation of this treaty, and that is all there is to it. We are bound, by this treaty to arbitration, not to stand with arrogant assertion upon our own Government's opinion as to the interpretation of the treaty, not to require that Great Britain shall suffer what she deems injustice by violation of the treaty, or else go to war. We are bound to say, "We keep the faith of our treaty of arbitration, and we will submit the question as to what this treaty means to an impartial tribunal of arbitration."

Mr. President, if we stand in the position of arrogant refusal to submit the questions arising upon the interpretation of this treaty to arbitration, we shall not only violate our solemn obligation, but we shall be false to all the principles that we have asserted to the world and that we have urged upon mankind. We have been the apostle of arbitration. We have been urging it upon the other civilized nations. Presidents, Secretaries of State, Ambassadors, and Ministers—aye, Congresses, the Senate, and the House, all branches of our Government have committed the United States to the principle of arbitration irrevocably, unequivocally, and we have urged it in season and out of season on the rest of mankind.

Sir, I can not detain the Senate by more than beginning upon the expressions that have come from our Government upon this subject, but I will ask your indulgence while I call your attention to a few selected from the others.

On the 9th of June, 1874, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations reported and the Senate adopted this resolution:

> Resolved, That the United States having at heart the cause of peace everywhere, and hoping to help its permanent establishment between nations, hereby recommend the adoption of arbitration as a great and practical method for the determination of international differences, to be maintained sincerely and in good faith, so that war may cease to be regarded as a proper form of trial between nations.

On the 17th of June, 1874, the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House adopted this resolution:

> Whereas war is at all times destructive of the material interests of a people, demoralizing in its tendencies, and at variance with an enlightened public sentiment; and whereas differences between nations should in the interests of humanity and fraternity be adjusted, if possible, by international arbitration; Therefore,
>
> Resolved, That the people of the United States being devoted to the policy of peace with all mankind, enjoining its blessings and hoping for its permanence and its universal adoption, hereby through their representatives in Congress recommend such arbitration as a rational substitute for war; and they further recommend to the treaty-making powers of the Government to provide, if practicable, that hereafter in treaties made between the United States and foreign powers war shall not be declared by either of the contracting parties against the other until efforts shall have been made to adjust all alleged cause of difference by impartial arbitration.

On the same 17th of June, 1874, the Senate adopted this resolution:

> Resolved, etc., That the President of the United States is bereby authorized and requested to negotiate with all civilized powers who may be willing to enter into such negotiations for the establishment of an international system whereby matters in dispute between different Governments agreeing thereto may be adjusted by arbitration, and, if possible, without recourse to war.

. . . . . .

Mr. President, in pursuance of those declarations by both Houses of Congress, the Presidents, and the Secretaries of State, and the diplomatic agents of the United States, doing their bounden duty, have been urging arbitration upon the people of the world. Our representatives in The Hague conference of 1899, and in The Hague conference of 1907, and in the Pan-American conference in Washington, and in the Pan-American conference in Mexico, and in the Pan-American conference in Rio de Janeiro were instructed to urge and

did urge and pledge the United States in the most unequivocal and urgent terms to support the principle of arbitration upon all questions capable of being submitted to a tribunal for a decision.

Under those instructions Mr. Hay addressed the people of the entire civilized world with the request to come into treaties of arbitration with the United States. Here was his letter. After quoting from the resolutions and from expressions by the President he said:

> Moved by these views, the President has charged me to instruct you to ascertain whether the Government to which you are accredited, which he has reason to believe is equally desirous of advancing the principle of international arbitration, is willing to conclude with the Government of the United States an arbitration treaty of like tenor to the arrangement concluded between France and Great Britain on October 14, 1913.

That was the origin of this treaty. The treaties made by Mr. Hay were not satisfactory to the Senate because of the question about the participation of the Senate in the make-up of the special agreement of submission. Mr. Hay's successor modified that on conference with the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, and secured the assent of the other countries of the world to the treaty with that modification. We have made twenty-five of these treaties of arbitration, covering the greater part of the world, under the direction of the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives of the United States and in accordance with the traditional policy of the United States, holding up to the world the principle of peaceful arbitration.

One of these treaties is here, and under it Great Britain is demanding that the question as to what the true interpretation of our treaty about the canal is shall be submitted to decision and not be made the subject of war or of submission to what she deems injustice to avoid war.

In response to the last resolution which I have read, the concurrent resolution passed by the Senate and the House requesting the President to enter into the negotiations which resulted in these treaties of arbitration, the British House of Commons passed a resolution accepting the overture.

. . . . . .

Mr. President, what revolting hypocrisy we convict ourselves of, if after all this, the first time there comes up a question in which we have an interest, the first time there comes up a question of difference about the meaning of a treaty as to which we fear we may be beaten in an arbitration, we refuse to keep our agreement? Where will be our self-respect if we do that? Where will be that respect to which a great nation is entitled from all other nations?

[The Honourable Mr. Root, to show further the American disposition towards arbitration, here quoted from President Grant's annual message of December 4, 1871; from the resolution proposed by United States delegates to the first Pan-American Conference at Washington, April 18th, 1890; from the address of Mr. Blaine, the presiding officer at that conference; from President Arthur's annual message of December 4, 1882; from President Harrison's annual message of December 3, 1889; from President Cleveland's message of December 4, 1893; from President McKinley's message of Dec. 6, 1897; and from President Roosevelt's message of December 3, 1905].

Oh, Mr. President, are we Pharisees? Have we been insincere and false? Have we been pretending in all these long years of resolution and declaration and proposal and urgency for arbitration? Are we ready now to admit that our country, that its Congresses and its Presidents, have all been guilty of false pretense, of humbug, of talking to the galleries, of fine words to secure applause, and that the instant we have an interest we are ready to falsify every declar-

ation, every promise, and every principle? But we must do that if we arrogantly insist that we alone will determine upon the interpretation of this treaty and will refuse to abide by the agreement of our treaty of arbitration.

Mr. President, what is all this for? Is the game worth the candle? Is it worth while to put ourselves in a position and to remain in a position to maintain which we may be driven to repudiate our principles, our professions, and our agreements for the purpose of conferring a money benefit—not very great, not very important, but a money benefit—at the expense of the Treasury of the United States, upon the most highly and absolutely protected special industry in the United States? Is it worth while? We refuse to help our foreign shipping, which is in competition with the lower wages and the lower standard of living of foreign countries, and we are proposing to do this for a part of our coastwise shipping which has now by law the absolute protection of a statutory monopoly and which needs no help.

Mr. President, there is but one alternative consistent with self-respect. We must arbitrate the interpretation of this treaty or we must retire from the position we have taken.

O Senators, consider for a moment what it is that we are doing. We all love our country; we are all proud of its history; we are all full of hope and courage for its future; we love its good name; we desire for it that power among the nations of the earth which will enable it to accomplish still greater things for civilization than it has accomplished in its noble past. Shall we make ourselves in the minds of the world like unto the man who in his own community is marked as astute and cunning to get out of his obligations? Shall we make ourselves like unto the man who is known to be false to his agreements; false to his pledged word? Shall we have it understood the whole world over that "you must look out for the United States or she will get the advantage of you"; that we are clever and cunning to get the better of the other party to an agreement, and that at the end—

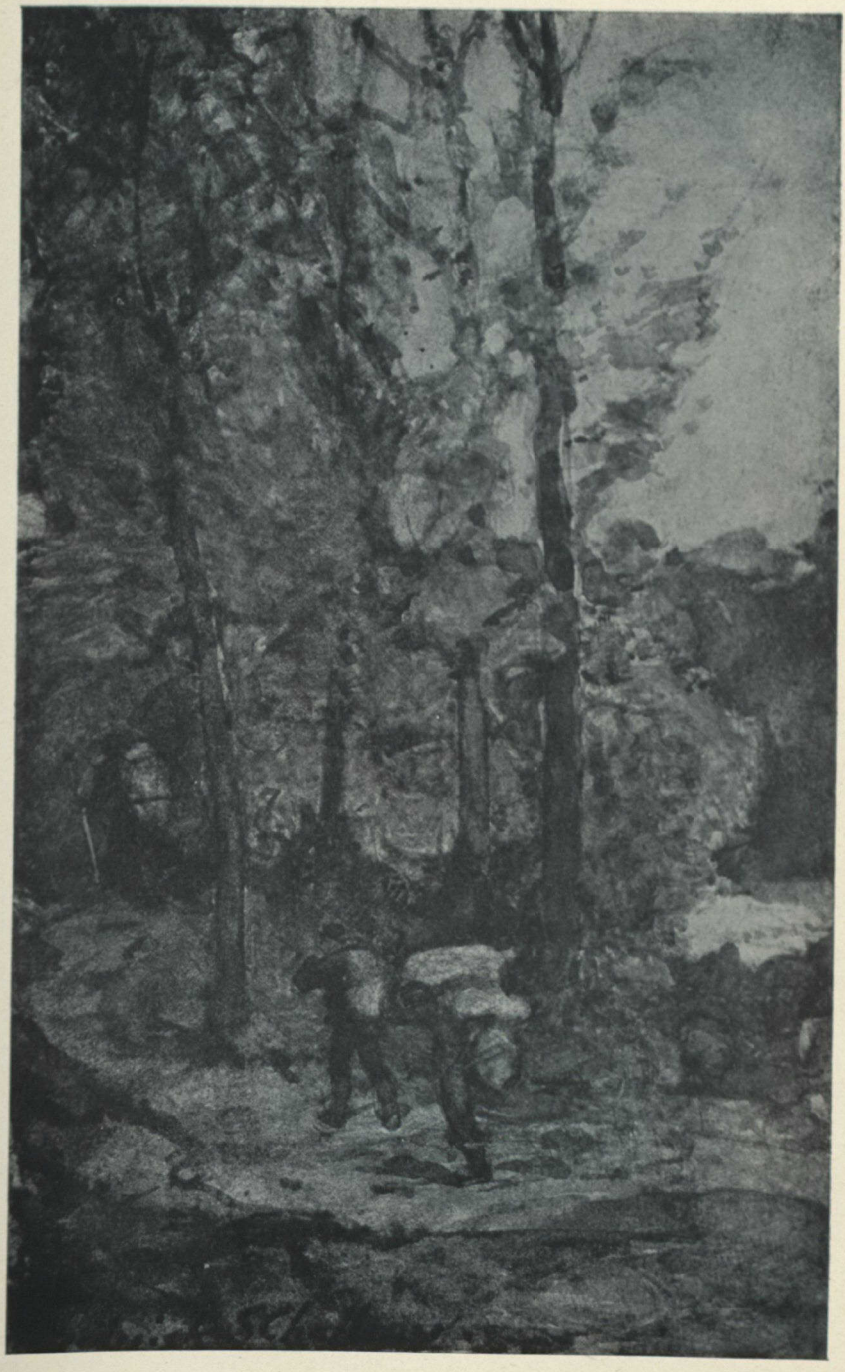
Mr. Brandegee. "Slippery" would be a better word.

Mr. Root. Yes; I thank the Senator for the suggestion—"slippery." Shall we in our generation add to those claims to honour and respect that our fathers have established for our country good cause that we shall be considered slippery?

It is worth while, Mr. President, to be a citizen of a great country, but size alone is not enough to make a country great. A country must be great in its ideals; it must be great-hearted; it must be noble; it must despise and reject all smallness and meanness; it must be faithful to its word; it must keep the faith of treaties; it must be faithful to its mission of civilization in order that it shall be truly great. It is because we believe that of our country that we are proud, aye, that the alien with the first step of his foot upon our soil is proud to be a part of this great democracy.

Let us put aside the idea of small, petty advantage; let us treat this situation and these obligations in our relation to this canal in that large way which befits a great nation.

Mr. President, how sad it would be if we were to dim the splendour of that great achievement by drawing across it the mark of petty selfishness; if we were to diminish and reduce for generations to come the power and influence of this free Republic for the uplifting and the progress of mankind by destroying the respect of mankind for us! How sad it would be if you and I, Senators, were to make ourselves responsible for destroying that bright and inspiring ideal which has enabled free America to lead the world in progress toward liberty and justice!



THE PORTAGE

From the Water-colour Drawing by Frederick S. Challener

THE CHEF D'ŒUVRE OF THE BRISTOL POTTERIES

This Teapot was sold for $2,500 by auction. It is from the Burke set

THE TRAPNELL COLLECTION

BY PHIL IVES

There's a joy without canker or cark,
There's a pleasure eternally new,
'Tis to gloat on the glaze and the mark,
Of China that's ancient and blue,
Unchipped all the centuries through
It has passed, since the chime of it rang,
And they fashioned it, figure and hue,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.
—Andrew Lang.

IN view of the fact that Mr. Alfred Trapnell has disposed of his remarkable and unique collection *en bloc* to a dealer in London, and that it is now being dispersed to the four quarters of the globe (the writer saw two of the cups and saucers in a well-known Toronto collector's cabinet the other day), a few notes might serve to inform the amateur ceramic collector who has not studied the peculiar history of Bristol porcelain why specimens are so scarce and so highly prized.

Mr. Trapnell took forty years to gather this collection together. He had the "pick of the market" of all important sales, and was always on the alert for any fine specimens which were offered privately from time to time.

One can safely say that at the present time, outside this collection, it would be impossible to spend, say, five thousand dollars in buying old Bristol china, even if the would-be investor travelled all over the British Isles. It simply does not exist in the market. He would hear such a remark as, "Yes, I did have such and such a piece, but I sold it to Mr. Trapnell years ago."

The Schreiber collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum contains some excellent specimens, and owing to Mr. Trapnell's liberality there are some representative examples in the

A BRISTOL PLAQUE

With Bust of Benjamin Franklin

Museum of Bristol. Private collections contain a few specimens, but they are hard to get.

The manufacture of porcelain was started at Bristol in 1750, but the enterprise was only of short duration and was not a financial success. Chaffers, the standard authority on porcelain, has quoted from an old diary of a certain Dr. Pococke, in which the following passage occurs: "They make white sauce boats adorned with reliefs of festoons, which sell at six shillings a pair," and some further particulars are given as to materials of which this early English porcelain was made. Some soap rock found at Lizard Point was used, the work was carried on in a small way at the "Lowris China-house," and is supposed to have ceased about twelve years after its inception, that is, in 1762. Some examples of this early Bristol were included in the Trapnell collection. Some of the specimens bear the word "Bristoll" in slight relief, and the date 1750.

The next important event in the history of making hard paste porcelain in England from native materials, was the enterprise of William Cooksworthy, who found suitable clay on Lord Camelford's estate, and the date of this venture is generally considered to be 1768, some six years after the failure of the "Lowris House" undertaking. Cookworthy carried on his Plymouth factory under great difficulties, want of capital being the chief of these, and in 1774 sold his whole plant, trade secrets and models to his friend Richard Champion, of Bristol, who had been making experiments in porcelain with clays from South Carolina.

Cooksworthy retired from business in 1774, and the factory was moved to Castle Green, Bristol, and worked by Champion until 1780, when, beaten by the ever-increasing competition of the Staffordshire potters, who were turning out much cheaper wares, he closed his factory and sold by auction the whole of his stock-in-trade. This important sale was conducted by Messrs. Christie & Ansell, in Pall Mall (the forerunners of the present King Street firm, and lasted three days (February 28th to March 2nd, 1780), and comprised three hundred and three lots, which realized very small prices, seventy-five cents and a dollar and a quarter being common figures and twenty-five dollars an unusually high one for a lot.

The following sale catalogue is still in the possession of the Christies: "A catalogue of a valuable collection of Bristol Porcelain, consisting of an extensive variety of elegant patterns in Dessert Services, Tea and Coffee Equipages, Cabaret and Caudle Cups, etc., etc., in the newest and most approved Taste. Likewise, an Assortment of Medallions of curious China Flowers accurately model'd and highly finished." The catalogue shows that tea services were the chief objects of manufacture.

Amongst the many and varied examples collected by Mr. Trapnell, the most notable are the tea services for which the Bristol pottery was justly noted. The following specimens of

sets either presented by Mr. Champion or made to order are the most celebrated:

(*a*) The famous Burke tea service (five pieces) decorated with the Burke arms, and presented by Champion to Edmund Burke on his election as M.P. for Bristol in 1774. The covers of this service have wreaths or groups of flowers in biscuit. It is hard to give justice to this beautiful historical example of Bristol porcelain; it stands by itself, unique, and has never been surpassed by any English manufacturer, so I shall quote Owen: "If the results of Champion's labours were of such excellence when he was urged by pride, he far surpassed them when he worked for love."

The most elaborately ornamented tea service was made by Champion as the joint gift of himself and wife to Mrs. Burke. Two figures, representing respectively Liberty, holding a spear surmounted by a Phrygian cap and shield bearing gorgon's head, and Plenty, with cornucopias, support a pedestal, emblazoned with the arms of Burke empaling Nugent, and is inscribed at the foot in Latin, which translated reads: "R. and J. Champion gave this as a token of friendship of J. Burke, the best of British wives, on the third day of November, 1774." The cups also bear on either side a wreath of roses from which hang the scales of Justice, crossed by a spear bearing the Phrygian cap and the flaming torch, and the hands of friendship clasping a caduceus. It has a rich border of Arabesque gold, enclosing spaces of Byzantine pattern work on a canary yellow. This was sold with the remainder of the service in 1870 for £535. The teapot sold separately in 1871 for £190 and resold by owners next day for £210 and again in 1876 for £215. At Christie's in 1907 it realized £441 and was then purchased by Mr. Trapnell for £500. A tea cup and saucer of this service sold at Christie's December 7th, 1911, for £178. There are four services, not so gorgeous in gilding as the Burk service but far more beautiful and refined, which have a similiar decoration.

(*b*) The first of these, the Burke-Smith service was given by Edmund Burke to Sarah Smith, the wife of Joseph Smith, of 19 Queen Square, Bristol, who entertained him during his election in 1774. The house has a further interest through it having been the residence of Captain Woodes Rogers, who in his privateering voyage around the world in 1708-1711, discovered Alexander Selkirk on the Island of Juan Fernandez, *vide* Robinson Crusoe. There are excellent specimens of this tea service. Each piece bears the initials "S. S." painted in bright blossoms with precision and delicacy and the arms of the Smith family beautifully emblazoned. The shape of the teapot is from a Meissen model and the painting also, and the festoons and wreaths are of

A BRISTOL VASE

laurel in green, making a good effect.

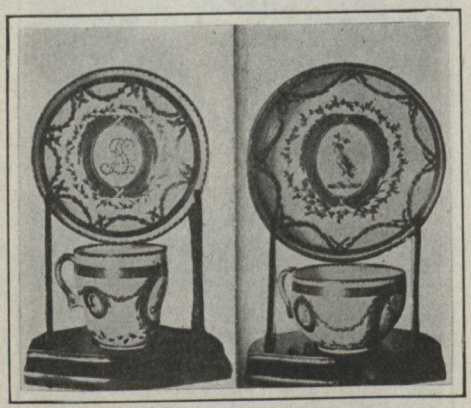
(*c*) The "R. S." (Sir Robert Smith) tea service of ten pieces which includes a Teapot with cover, of great rarity, with monogram enamelled in bright blossoms and a classic head in grisaille on a medallion on each side, also richly matted gilding very delicately wrought with a burnished pattern, the contrast of the deep green wreaths and festoons of laurel with the dead gold is charming.

(*d*) The Plummer service, a teapot cover and stand and a sucrier. These beautiful examples are part of a service made for Mr. William Plummer, M.P., a portion of which is now in the Liverpool Museum.

(*e*) The Chough service, the fourth of these similarly decorated services is a rare sucrier and cover, a teabowl, a large teacup and saucer and a chocolate-cup and saucer. These examples of this service are of fine quality, decorated with deep bands of matted gold and green laurel leaf festoons, two medallions painted with classic heads in grisaille, and a centre medallion with a crest of a Cornish figure holding an olive branch surrounded with a gilt border relieved with pink lines.

(*f*) The William Cowles service bears the monogram "W. C." twice repeated on the inside of the cup.

(*g*) A service made for Mr. Edward Brice, who advanced $5,000 to Champion, is decorated with the letter "B" painted with forget-me-nots and a circle over, in the same manner, the spaces filled in with gold. These specimens are exceedingly rare and mostly in private collections.



From the Chough Service From the Smith Service

BRISTOL CUPS AND SAUCERS

Fragments of other interesting services in the Trapnell collection are a tea pot and cover of fine quality with entwined bands of floral gold decorations, exquisitely painted with detached bouquets and looped festoons of flowers, the cover beautifully decorated with garlands of flowers; also a teacup and saucer decorated with the arms of the Bristol Carpenters Society (three compasses) on the front, festoons of flowers hanging from a rose and initials in the bottom of the cup surrounded with floral wreath, "P. A. M." made for Peter and Ann Morris; a teacup and saucer, finely painted with festoons of flowers suspended from gold rosettes. The inside of cup and bottom of saucer have the initials "J. A. C." surrounded with a green laurel border.

A teapot and cover with entwined bands of floral decorations, with detached bouquets and looped festoons of flowers; the cover decorated with garlands of flowers in raised white biscuit and initials in gold "W. I. E., 1777." And the service made for the Colston family. Of these were two exceedingly rare chocolate cups and saucers decorated with the letter "C" with a wreath over, painted in forget-me-nots, marked "X" in blue and "L" in gold. The only noted service of which Mr. Trapnell had no specimen was the one made for either Joseph Harford or Joseph Hickey, of which there are two cups in the South Kensington Museum and one in the British Museum. They bear the initials "J. H." and the date 1774.

It is the desire of every keen collector to be the happy possessor of cups and saucers from these and other good services. A well-known banker was fortunate enough to pick up a few years ago at the Gosling

THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE

Splendid Examples of Bristol Porcelain

sale in Toronto a rare cup and saucer for twenty-five dollars. The writer, like most journalists, was hard up at the time, otherwise he would have given him a run for his money. The paste and glaze of this cup and saucer are as good as anything in any collection and inferior to few in way of decoration. If offered for sale in London and not in Canada, it would probably fetch upwards of a hundred and fifty dollars.

A few words must be said here concerning the hexagonal vases made at Bristol. They are about twelve inches high, or, including the cover, sixteen inches. Some have a neck of open or perforated work. They very rarely have coloured or salmon scale grounds, but are enamelled with large trees in blue or green, with exotic birds, and occasionally a couple of large sprays of foliage in place of handles. The form of the vases and the style of the painting are good. It is not unlikely these large and sumptuous vases which are now extant were made partly as show pieces and partly for those friends who had helped to start the works. Some small but choice specimens were made for exhibition of the Committee of the Commons before which Champion's bill for the extension of Cooksworthy's patent was discussed.

There were some excellent statuettes in the Trapnell collection finely modelled and coloured. The best figures were modelled by an artist who seems to have worked for other potteries. His pieces are sometimes marked "To," probably a contraction for his name, Tebo. The set of beautiful female figures, emblematic of the four quarters of the globe, on scroll plinths, is admirable in every way and is an interesting set. These were made originally in the Plymouth factory. Europe is represented as a female holding a book in her right hand and a palette in her left hand, at her side a horse lying down and war trophies. Asia represented as a female with a diadem on her head, a spice vase in her hands and a camel at her side. Africa, represented as a negress wearing a headgear of feathers, in her hand a spear and a crocodile and lion at her side. America, represented as a huntress wearing a coronal of feathers, drawing an arrow from a quiver with her right

hand and in her left hand a bow and below a prairie cat. The average height of this singularly fine and rare series is thirteen and a half inches. The four Elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water, are finely modelled and decorated and marked "To."

The four seasons exist in two sets, called by Owen, rustic and classic. They are most beautifully decorated, and one set in the collection is in white. There are many other figures, some fairly common, others extremely rare. The finest of all is the group of "Three Virgins with Torches" standing on a shaped base leaning against a column surmounted with an urn, fluted at base and top with goats' heads on either side draped, the whole covered with ornamentation, and the base draped with festoons of green leaves.

A speciality of Champion's work was the production of plaques, generally oval in shape of biscuit or unglazed porcelain. Some of these have portraits modelled in relief, others have heraldic devices and many are decorated with flower subjects. The modelling of these plaques is of the most delicate description showing a lightness of touch that must be seen to be appreciated.

The peculiarities of Bristol china are in the first place its paste, which is the only true hard paste porcelain ever made in England. In composition it differs from the so-called "artificial" porcelain of Chelsea, Bow, or Worcester, and its body and glaze come nearest to the composition of real Oriental china. It is harder and whiter than any other English porcelain. Another point is this; the pieces are frequently marked with spiral ridges or unevenness, due to the throwers imperfect skill. The glaze generally exhibits inequalities of surface and minute pittings or air holes.

In decoration, wreaths of bay leaves entwined with festoons in gold another group of flowers. In shape it is often out of proper form; that is to say, not quite symmetrical or quite perpendicular. The majority of Bristol pieces follow the decorations and forms of Meissen China, then one should notice the gold on the rims; this was nearly always scalloped. Under dishes and plates will often be found a ring or wavy ridge. Owen says "The peculiar glaze of the Bristol ware is rich and creamy as compared with the cold and glassy surface of the Meissen, and though marked as such cannot be mistaken for it." At the same time the Bristol has a peculiar style of ornamentation, rich though sober, brilliant though chaste, so characteristic that it can never be attributed to any other English factory. A large number of pieces however are decorated with quaint figures after the Chinese style.

The marks on the early "Lowris china house" is the word BRISTOLL or BRISTOL, in slight relief. This is rare. Upon one or two specimens in the Trapnell collection the Plymouth mark (the Alchemic symbol for tin) is found in combination with the Bristol mark. The impressed mark "To" stands for Tebo (exceedingly rare) which is impressed on some figures in the collection. The usual Bristol marks are across rectangles, the capital letter "B", and the crossed swords, either used alone or in combination, and these marks are not infrequently accompanied by a number, and in rare cases by a date. Several of these marks are so rare that Mr. Amor (the purchaser of the collection) allowed connoisseurs to examine them, for they have not yet been published in china books, and they are known to occur only in specimens in this collection. For instance, three crossed swords and the figure 1 is extremely rare.

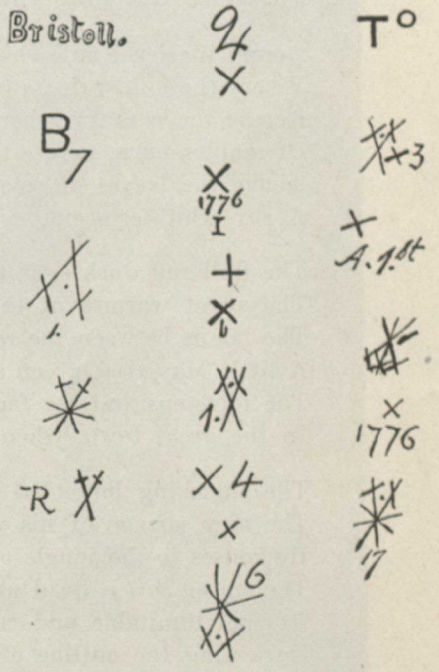
Henry Bone, the famous enameller and miniature painter, was Champion's first apprentice. He it was who decorated the large vases. His mark was probably figure 1, while the second apprentice, W. Stephens, a

painter of flowers and festoons, is known to have signed his work with the figure 2. Thomas Briant, of Derby, is supposed to have modelled the fine biscuit flowers and plaques. Naturally a good deal has to be granted in the identification of some mark on pottery, but experts usually know by the workmanship, even without the marks, where certain pieces were made.

The manufacture of real hard paste porcelain after the Chinese methods may be said to have begun and practically ended with the Plymouth and Bristol works. For the Staffordshire Company (Newhall) that bought Champion's patents seem to have made very little or no porcelain on the Bristol lines, but rather used their privileges in trading the materials.

Though the pitcher that goes to the sparkling rill
Too oft gets broken at last,
There are scores of others it's place to fill
When its earth to the earth is cast;
Keep that pitcher at home, let it never roam,
But lie like a useless clod,
Yet sooner or later the hour will come
When its chips are thrown to the sod.
It is wise, then, say, in waning day,
When the vessel is crack'd and old,
To cherish the battered potter's clay,
As though it were virgin gold?
Take care of yourself, dull, borish elf,
Though prudent and safe you seem,
Your pitcher will break on the musty shelf,
And mine by the dazzling stream.

—A. Lindsay Gordon.



Marks on Bristol Porcelain

THE HOMESTEADER

By LUCY BETTY McRAYE

HIS racing heart the racing wind outstrips,
From the unlovely street he drives alone,
The keen cold films his eyes and chills his lips,
On the dull, brutish men he turns his back,
The sad-eyed women, each unpainted shack,
The raucous music of the gramaphone.

He drives from town, wrapped in his bearskin robe,
Casting a violet shadow as he goes,
Westward to where the sun, a scarlet globe,
Hangs like a jewel in the flaming sky,
Ruby and amber when the short days die,
Over the flat, interminable snows.

The whipping wind lashes across the plains,
And scuds upon the ridges of the snow;
Benumbed, his fingers slacken on the reins,
In apathy he hears above the gale,
The runners purr along the snow-packed trail,
The bells' unending wrangle, harsh and low.

Across the level miles his heart beholds,
Where the mild rains and dews of England are,
Across the country where the reds and golds
Of maples burn, across the living sea,
Above the leaves of some star-silvered tree
A shy white crescent, cradling a star.

The dull red dusk over the roofs at dark,
The sweet warmth of the shining city street,
The lamps between the railings of the park,
A little May tree, green and rosy boughed,
The footsteps and the faces of the crowd,
In the great town, when spring and summer meet.

The shrieking buffet of the wind dispels,
The airy mirage of his waking dream;
He rouses to the jangle of the bells;
The sunset fire is dead upon the hearth
Of the illimitable and trackless path,
Darkening the outline of his straining team.

The dark dissolves, ripped by the tireless wind,
Pierced by the penetrating stars of steel.
The shadow of his shack is faintly lined
By the cold radiance of an unseen moon
In the chill circle of the snows; and soon
The world grows whiter, ghostly and unreal.

His spirit beats the bounds of wind-blown space,
As some poor exile beats his prison bars.
He sits a moment, with uplifted face,
Watching the pure and pallid moon arise,
On a bleak earth, cupped by the bleaker skies,
And God, so far, behind the grim, bright stars.

LADY MARY SULLIVAN

From the Painting by George Romney. Exhibited by the Montreal Art Association.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE GOPHER LIMITED

BY CHARLES STOKES

IN the company's yellow time folder it is effectually disguised as Number 915, so that transcontinental travellers, running their fingers down the column which indicates the day they are due to arrive (the day, mark you, not the mere hour) very easily overlook the inch and a half of condensed type its itinerary occupies, at the edge of the page. But we who use it in our more circumscribed journeyings have bestowed upon it the playful nickname of the "Gopher Limited," just as we have christened No. 886, which comes from the south, the "Blueberry Special."

Mariposa is not the only small town reached by a local. The Gopher Limited is a local, the objective of which is west of Mariposa by over two thousand miles; but there the comparison ends. The Mariposa Local, you will remember, runs from the big city to a small though famous town; the Gopher Limited runs between two cities on a transcontinental line, over which rattle no less than four transcontinental specials each way every day, so that its patrons are not accustomed to the physical sensations attendant on contact with real trains. They are familiar with the sight of observation cars—most familiar with the sight of observation cars receding rapidly in the distance, as the real limited crashes through the little wooden station without stopping—with glimpses caught of white-capped cooks peering out of kitchen windows, and with the semi-mysterious sleepers behind.

The Mariposa Local, again, takes you away, when you were blasé and dyspeptic, to the boyhood home which you had forgotten until you saw it through the haze of romance superinduced by a rebellion against city cooking; the Gopher Limited takes you into no one's boyhood home, because the points it serves had no tender boyhood, any more than a "newsy" can be said to have ever been young, but jumped precociously into the game of life. Their children will have no opportunity for indulging in fatted-calf reminiscences as the train carries them through the gathering dusk to the scenes of their innocent childhood for ten-twenty years more. Finally, the Mariposa Local runs through the woods and meadows of domesticated Ontario, the Gopher Limited, across the Western prairie.

The Gopher Limited's daily journey covers 180-odd miles—at one end a big, handsome city, like a young wife wearing out her bridal dress (in the shape of buildings) as an everyday frock; at the other, a smaller sister, more awkward, more audacious, more vociferous, which, to continue the simile, is the flapper of the family. Between them are some score tiny tots (that is, towns and villages) from one to five years in age. The Gopher Limited starts from one end at a quarter to five in the afternoon, and returns from the other at six-thirty in the early morning. At every point at which it stops (and it stops at every point spurned by the transcontinental, and on switches) it is

known as the 9.15 Local, or the 11.26 Local, or so on, as though that were the only important point. It is usually very punctual. It is a straight passenger train—herein lies its superiority over the Mariposa Local, which you will recollect is a "mixed"—and consists of two coaches and a baggage-car. The smoking-car is invariably crowded, and the other half-empty; from which you can deduce the fact that its patrons are mostly men. Sometimes they are drummers, occasionally they are store-keepers in the small towns, but most frequently they are farmers or farmers' hired men. Hence, perhaps, "Gopher Limited."

The Gopher Limited makes no great to-do when it leaves its point of origin—no clanging of bells, no shouting, no springing aboard of darkey porters who stand on the steps and hold by the rails till the train rounds the curve out of sight. Its passengers bring in no huge collection of impedimenta, grips bearing the hotel labels of two continents. No worried trainman is besieged by applications to find Lower Five or Upper Eight. It slinks away quietly, like a young man who kisses his sweetheart good-night at the back gate, in the gloaming.

But be sure it receives its due later. With its first stop, its greatness begins. I would not have you assume, for one instant, that a railway journey by the Gopher Limited is any remarkable event, to be handed down as a tradition to the next generation; our people, to start with, made a very long journey to get here, in some instances a long one following upon an ocean voyage, and the Gopher Limited inspires not awe in their breasts. Sometimes, they use it to go to the city for a night at the theatre, which everyone knows is the *ne plus ultra* of casualness. But they turn out in force to meet it, nevertheless.

During the afternoon, beginning approximately two hours before the train is scheduled to start from the city, the despatcher at the station receives a series of telephone calls: "Local on time, Steve?" The inquirers have no personal interest whatsoever in the punctuality or tardiness of the local, but they like to know. Should there be a stranger staying at the hotel, it puts one on an equality with him, as he sits in the midst of his grips in the lounge, to be able to observe, "Local's on time, I see."

About forty minutes before the train is due, the townspeople drift down the wooden sidewalk to the station. Bill, the baggage-man, and one of two of his cronies, engage in a game of hit-and-catch along the track; sometimes the ball falls on the station roof, causing much amusement to the others, who sit along the platform edge. Bob, the hotel "porter," staggers up under the weight of the solitary traveller's suit-case. Then there is a flash of a scarlet coat and the jangle of spurs, as the one mounted policeman joins the throng. Four or five buggies come jolting along, and hitch upon against the platform. One of the hotel waitresses, who is alleged to be on terms of intimacy with the day-despatcher (if it is possible for a hotel-waitress to be on any but frigid terms with anyone!) reads the tattered notices and ocean sailings in the waiting-room. In effect, and by types, the whole town is there.

The hands of the clock creep along. Will the Local be on time? The despatcher said so—the bulletin board's chalked surface says so; but there is no sign of it yet, and it has only five minutes left. Then, afar off, one hears the hoot of a siren. A thrill goes through everyone. The boys quit their baseball, and Bill trundles his truck up opposite to where he anticipates the baggage-car will stand; the hotel waitress comes out of the waiting-room; the mounted policeman comes out of his dignity; the folks who have driven in come out of their buggies; the one traveller comes out of the bar; the miscellanea

climb up off the platform. With its bell ringing, with its bell clanging, with the three trainmen on the steps, with its baggage-car door open, the Local comes up on time! Immediately ensues a scene of remarkable activity. No less than four passengers disembark, and are at once accosted by Bob. "Majestic Hotel?" The conductor runs up for his orders. The baggagemen on the train and on the platform exchange parcels, badinage, and O.C.S. mail. The one outgoing passenger climbs aboard, and disappears into the interior. The smoking-car windows are all open, and out of them lean shirt-sleeved men who, recognizing acquaintances on the platform, hail them with geniality. To the station agent, the newsman on the train delivers a package of city newspapers. For about four minutes, the platform is the centre of bustle and laughter. Then, "All aboard!" cries the conductor; the bell clangs again; the agile trainmen leap to the steps; the engine-wheels skid round, and the Local moves slowly out.

The ticket office closes for the day. The baggageman goes off to supper. Three of the newcomers go off to the "Majestic Hotel." The fourth whirls away in a buggy, and in ten minutes the station is deserted.

At one of its stops the train stays for twenty minutes for supper—fifty cents a ticket, you know, at the counter, with a menu long enough to frighten Lucullus, and only one girl to attend upon a clamouring score. If you doubt my assertion that hotel waitresses delight in keeping the hotel's customers at arm's length, just attempt a pleasantry with one of them under circumstances such as these. The only person she recognizes as a personality possessing other attributes than human stuffing machines is the conductor. It is a fortunate habit of the conductor to eat his supper here, because you can watch him; so long as he sits, you can't miss the train: but directly he rises, it is safer for you to rise, too. This is an advantage not enjoyed by the more frugal people who go to the Chinese lunch-counter on the opposite side of Main Street, and who frequently get left behind in consequence. The conductor, by the way, knows the Christian names and callings of all his passengers; so does the fat newsman, whose beat I should imagine is very unremunerative, because the "roughnecks" who travel by the Gopher Limited have no earthly use for chewing-gum, bananas, or fifteen-cent magazines.

On we go after supper, and twilight steals across the prairie. The setting sun leaves a rusty-red flush upon everything. The sky turns to a deep and then deeper blue; the thousand shades of green which make the prairie so wonderful to look upon in daytime merge into one. Lights begin to twinkle in the houses we pass, and the far prairie horizon grows dimmer. Overhead, in the car, the big lamp is lighted. The atmosphere is very still and very clear. You can belittle the prairies as much as you like, as being flat, unromantic, and unpicturesque; but to me, at any rate, and I think to all who have lived upon them in the summer, they have their peculiar fascination.

"The magnetic pole is nearest, in Alberta,
The skies are ever clearest, in Alberta,
But if you come this way, mark well what
I do say,
You are surely come to stay, in Alberta."

At every stop, our passenger list diminishes, until the smoking-car contains only half a dozen. At length comes our own station; and, Heavens, it has commenced to rain! But George is waiting there with the buggy and team. We greet him heartily, likewise our fellow townspeople whom we left in the dew of the morning of the day before, and who occupy the platform, wet or fine. We hand George our grip and the parcels and the newspaper and the new parts for the machinery which broke down.

"Local's on time, I see," says George.

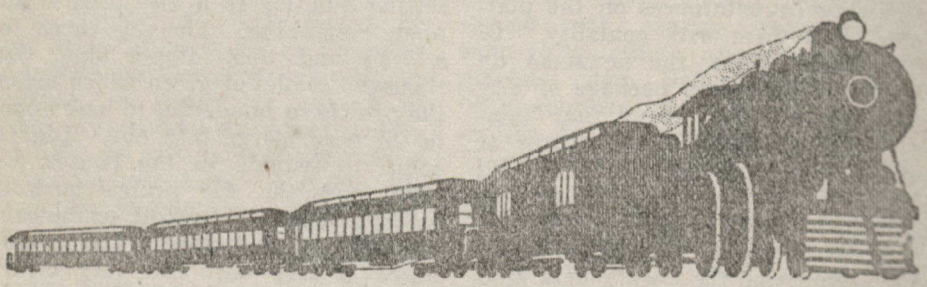
"Yes," we say. "How's everything?"

"Oh, fine," says George. "Bud was over this morning. He says he'll be cutting next week. No mistake about it this time."

Bud has been going to cut "next week" for nearly a month, but still he announces it daily, as a novel item, and it still causes the sensation he intends. One gets used to that kind of way, in the country.

"Guess we'll go straight home?" says George, as we squeeze ourselves into the slicker he has brought, and draw the buffalo robe over our knees to keep the rain out. But it is always understood that he waits until the Local has gone. It is already on the move; it has but a short distance yet to-night before it finishes, and the conductor has no more tickets to collect. He cries to us "Good-night" from the steps of the rear coach, and we cry back a "Good-night" before we start the team.

Romance, indeed, brought up the Nine-fifteen. Might not even Romance sometimes bring up the Gopher Limited?



THE VOICE OF THE FALLEN

By WILLIAM A. CREELMAN

WHEN nations turn in wrath from studied lies,
And meet in that last argument of thrones,
Where sounds War's horrid voice in thunder tones
As bursts the shell death-dealing as it dies,
Where on a trampled hill Grim Battle plies
His ghastly trade in slaughtered men and brutes,
As some mad charge, half won, a chance transmutes
To awful fate told in those lifeless eyes,
There, prone on War's red fields, when ends the day,
Each over each lie those of either host.
And Death, exulting, hears one body say
To its dead foe, "Ah, we may bootless boast,
My lips of clay against your cold dead ear,
Your lord and mine fell out, and we are here."

BYGONE DAYS IN TORONTO

BY MRS. FORSYTH GRANT

KING STREET! How very different from what I remember as a youngster. Then it was the most fashionable of parades, up and down, from near Church Street to York Street. In winter, there were snowy pavements, ice-crackling roads, sleighs with high backs and coachmen's seats, most comfortable brand of vehicles, with their huge soft robes. Bearskin, black and brown, were considered the finest, with bright linings of blue and red, and narrow edges showing all round—generously patterned with pierced holes or pleated. These were used both inside and out, and with fur foot muffs or hot water tins fitted to the floor of the sleigh, then covered with a robe, nothing could be warmer or a more delightful method of getting the air, even at its coldest.

The military men, of course, had the smartest turnouts, and many a four-in-hand and tandem, driven by a first-rate whip, swept along King Street. Sometimes, from the middle of the street, a tandem leader would suddenly insist on trying to get round a lamp-post. I remember hearing that Captain (afterwards General) Moorsom, an excellent horseman, was seen driving a spirited tandem on King Street, he smoking a big cigar, with liveried groom up at the back. when something frightened the horses and away they ran, tearing down the street, and scattering everything in their path. Captain Moorsom calmly held the ribbons, as he best could, the groom clinging on for dear life, and when at last they pulled up far away he was still smoking his cigar! Also I can now think that it was a sight not to be forgotten to see Colonel Jengus, of the 13th Hussars, the *beau ideal* of a commanding officer, in splendid fur coat and cap, his great moustache curled up ferociously, on the box seat of the regimental four-in-hand, driving the four high-spirited horses, with rosettes of the regimental colours above each ear, silver bells ringing out, beautiful robes, and the Colonel handling his long-lashed whip with consummate ease, as he drove down King Street, to the admiration of all beholders. His wife was a superb horsewoman and could manage the roughest troopers with her tight hand and perfect seat.

The old St. Lawrence Hall, above the Market, was a great place for concerts, and though I cannot remember being there myself, I used often to hear of the different entertainments in which my mother, with her glorious voice, and many other ladies and gentlemen were associated. I have an old book-programme, printed and bound in black and gold, of a great concert given in aid of an "Industrial Farm," always a favourite idea of my mother's, and much the same as is only now being gradually accomplished by the Honourable Mr. Hanna.

Three hundred pounds was the sum realized by the concert, but the "Farm," having fallen through, the money was put away at interest, and while my father was in Government

House, it having by that time grown to a considerable sum, my mother, by permission, had it given to the Home for Incurables, and had an illuminated address of thanks presented to her, which now hangs below her portrait in the hospital. It became the nucleus of the building fund of that institution, and gave the board just the impetus wanted to further the splendid scheme of helping those unable to help themselves.

St. James's Cathedral, just opposite, was the great meeting-place on Sundays of Toronto's citizens, and it is associated with my earliest recollections. As a small child I stayed much with a very dear aunt, Mrs. James Strachan, my father's sister. She was married to Captain Strachan, eldest son of the Right Reverend John Strachan, the famous first Bishop of Toronto Diocese. Many of the pews of those days were square in shape, and the Bishop's own pew, in the east aisle, was heavily curtained with red damask on brass rods hung above the height of any person standing within the shut door. My aunt was a striking figure (I can see her now), in flounced silk dress, and the beautiful shawl, which she wore with such a wonderful grace, even in the days when "wearing the shawl" was taught as one of the attributes of gentle bearing; tall feathered bonnet, from which fell the lovely dark curls of wavy brown hair, fringed parasol, short gloves on braceleted wrists, and carrying the gilt-edged and gilt-cornered prayed-book so much used then. Thus she used to walk to the afternoon service, and I with her. We used to go into my grandfather's square pew, where I was relegated to a hassock, leaning back against the cushioned seat, the seats themselves being, I suppose, much too high for me. A great gallery ran round St. James's Cathedral on both sides, meeting at the choir, with its big organ, at the south end. The Bishop, always appearing to me like an old old man, occupied the special canopied pulpit-like seat arranged for him on the east side of the choir; and always, in the complete hush which followed the closing prayers, could be heard the quivering tones, in broad Scotch accent, of the famous divine as he invoked a blessing on the kneeling congregation. The pulpit was tremendously high, with a winding staircase, and after the ceremony of carrying up the great books and placing them within, on the crimson cushioned ledge, the Reverend Mr. Grasett, first Rector of St. James's, used to come out with flowing black gown, and narrow white bands, to hurl denunciatory truths from a black-covered manuscript, probably much longer than would be tolerated nowadays.

I can recall the Christmas decorations as being most primitive. In the top of each tall end to each pew was stuck an evergreen twig! And, on entering, the great number of twigs gave the appearance of a small wood. Hundreds of persons interchanged greetings after the service, and the streets were thronged with vehicles, though many walked miles to church then.

As to shops. "The Mammoth" was a huge clothing establishment below the Cathedral (I met, by accident, one of Mr. Thompson's sons last year, returning to Toronto, after thirty years spent in England); Mr. Scott had a well-known shop near Church Street, and farther west Merrick's and Arthur's held sway for the fashionables. At the great crossing of King and Yonge Streets was Bettey & Kay's, with its beautiful counters and small windows. Across the street was a curious, dark, square shop, kept by Mr. Dow, a dour Scotsman with pale, silent aspect, and never anything but grumpy words for his patrons. Mr. Staunton, a fine old gentleman, had the great wallpaper shop of Toronto, on the northwest side, a large place with two entrances, and indeed two businesses; for in charge of Miss Staunton there was a large counter and glass case given

up to wools, silks, fancy-work and embroidery patterns of every kind.

Farther west was Coleman's, the rival confectioner to Webb, who had an excellent ice cream and luncheon "parlour" in later days, but the early shop was small and one-sided, with some rather dingy-looking cakes, and funny little pastry mice with black currants for eyes. Hooper was the great chemist near Bay Street, and he sold also glass decanters, etc., always for forty years of precisely the same pattern. Mr. Nordheimer's establishment was, of course, in King Street, and he reminded my mother one evening at a large supper he gave for Madame Christine Nilsson, that she (as Miss Hagerman) had given him his first large order for music. The undertaking had been a venture, so much music having to be copied in those days, but she and her beautiful singing were so well known that it really established the business in this part of Canada.

My father was one of a number of gentlemen who undertook to get subscriptions towards building the first big hotel here, and I have some interesting lists of names of those who subscribed, with the amounts given, for the *Rossin House*. I just remember Mr. Rossin one day coming to *Sleepy Hollow* with a handsome presentation, a set of ornaments for my mother "Herself" of gold and mosaic, studded with coral, the long black case containing two brooches, bracelet, and ear-rings, which I still have; also a splendid bronze statue of "Night Holding a Torch," given in recognition of my father's services. Afterwards it reposed at the head of the staircase in Government House, with a gas jet on the torch, held aloft. Now it is in my brother's (Sir John Beverley Robinson's) home in New York.

Bansley's shop for toys was our one and only of that kind; and in King Street was Mrs. Swan, who had a charming shop for ladies and babies, and upstairs dwelt Mrs. Lyon, then a well-known dressmaker.

Upper Canada College is, of course, well remembered by thousands; all one's brothers, cousins, friends of the second generation went there. My father and his brothers were educated there. The prize days were great occasions for the young folk, and in the old Hall many of our present-day well-known judges, barristers and doctors were watched by mischievous eyes when, very shy as many were, they went through their recitations or received handsomely-bound books, with the well-known crest on the cover. One memorable day, we awaited with great interest the appearance of a pupil who was down on the programme for Marc Antony's famous oration. He was a young brother of a present Justice of the Supreme Court, and well known for his somewhat conceited opinion of his own superiority, a thing which fellow youngsters never forget or forgive! After a little delay he appeared from the crowd of pupils at a side door, walked to the platform, threw his arm out in what was supposed to be the correct attitude, and began! Before he well got through the opening salutation, "Friends, Romans, countrymen," he faltered, let his arm fall in an instant's breathless pause, turned—sprang from the low platform, and vanished amongst the crowd in the doorway! No doubt he was well jeered at! I heard afterwards that he exclaimed, as he made his way to the staircase, "If only that girl hadn't been at the front!" —meaning myself, with whom he often had wordy warfare. I wonder if the circumstance has stayed in his memory as in mine? I shall never forget his look of despair as his memory failed to recall the lines.

My father went every year when at Government House to the prize-giving at the college, and loved it; and his last visit to the old Upper Canada College was when my mother presented to the college a portrait of him, which hangs in the hall of the

present building, which is soon, alas, to be moved from the city with which it has been associated for so many generations. The many portraits of the bygone Principals always bring so many recollections to those whose relatives have been pupils.

Opposite the college there stood always the Government House of my earliest memory. I can just recollect once seeing Sir Edmund Head. I was invited to go down to Government House to play with the youngest daughter, Miss Anabel Head, and I have a distinct recollection of being taken by my nurse (Fannie), in at the big hall door, thence, I presume by some mistake, into the Lieutenant-Governor's office, where a gentleman stood in the military dress of the day—long coat with frogs, gold lace, and peaked, gold-laced cap. I thought, looking from my diminutive height, he was several yards away up! A few kind words were spoken to the shy child, then a bell was rung (not an electric button!) with a long bell-rope, such as was always in use then, and we were ushered by a footman into the long hall and up the broad staircase (much as it was in the Government House of my father's time) and to, no doubt, a happy day of play. The son of the house was alive then, and he had, to us children, a dreadful fad of having snakes in his room. The snakes were kept in a long box on a bureau, with holes covered with glass, through which we gazed in terror at them. Boy-like, he found our fright very amusing; so one day, with a couple of snakes in his hands, he chased us round the halls upstairs, and to the broad landing of the staircase, on and under the big sofa always there. Amidst shrieks and yells we got into a room and banged the door, to perceive in another moment that we were not rid of our tormentor, for through the empty key-hole (large as they were in those days), was protruded slowly the hideous head and body of his pet. I imagine our cries must have brought orders from Lady Head to stop the teasing, for we certainly were terrified.

Anabel rode a pretty pony, to my great admiration. I remember seeing her and her sister (Miss Head was a most accomplished horse-woman) riding in the Park on "Band Days," on which occasions all the fashionables assembled.

NORMAN ANGELL: APOSTLE OF PEACE

BY MAIN JOHNSON

AN English journalist at Paris, in 1909, when only thirty-five years of age and comparatively obscure, one whose name was not known to any extent outside his own circle of friends and business acquaintances, wrote a phamphlet on a subject in which he was particularly interested. This is by no means an unusual thing to do; some Canadian writers are doing the same thing; witness J. S. Ewart and his "Kingdom Papers," and J. C. Walsh with his "Moccasin Prints." This booklet in point, however, was rather too long, for it contained nearly 150 pages. To make the authorship still more obscure, the journalist adopted a pseudonym and sent out his work as the product of an entirely unknown author. He secured a list of the book critics of all the European dailies and sent each one a copy of his pamphlet for review purposes.

Enthusiastic readers of this article will doubtless expect the triumphant announcement in the next sentence that this pamphlet made its obscure writer famous over-night and that before a week passed his name was emblazoned on all the electric signs and in all the newspaper headings (such as they are) in Europe. To tell the simple truth, however, not a single paper published a word of comment, favourable or unfavourable. The work was ignored as completely as if it had never been written. Either it had been thrown into the waste-paper basket or had been treated just as effectively—placed in the pigeonholes of the reviewer's old-fashioned desks.

For six weeks, hoping against hope, the author scanned, at first eagerly and then more and more listlessly, the book columns of his exchanges, but never a mention of his pamphlet did he see. Then one morning he was startled to find in his personal mail, addressed to his assumed name, a letter from the King of Italy! It was a short note, complimenting him on his booklet,

At the time he had sent out the press copies, he also had had the audacity to mail a sample to each crowned head of Europe and to the leading statesmen in each country. He had almost forgotten by this time that he had done so; the silence of the press, he felt, revealed the absolute lack of interest. And now the King of Italy had read his work, and had liked it!

Two days later he received a similar letter from the Prince Consort of Sweden. The next afternoon a third congratulation came from Viscount Esher, famous as the confidential friend of Queen Victoria and one of the notable members of the English nobility. The author's most insistent thought was not self praise, but a query, "What about the reviewers?" He wrote again to each

critic, reminded him of the despatch of the pamphlet, and courteously suggested that the booklet either was poor and therefore to be censured, or it was exceedingly important.

Before these letters had time to reach their destinations, King Edward made an incidental reference to the booklet on a public occasion, and the French papers of the same date, in their account of the proceedings in the Chambre des Deputies, told of a reference to the pamphlet made in the debate.

The writer was "Norman Angell," whose real name is Ralph Norman Angell Lane, and who until recently was manager of the Paris edition of *The London Daily Mail*. The booklet was "Europe's Optical Illusion." Its chief aim was to point out the economic futility of war. It did not emphasize the sentimental or moral objections; what it did set out to prove was that war did not pay. In its enlarged form, and under the revised title of "The Great Illusion," this book, first written only four years ago, has become a world classic, with ten English editions, ten American editions, six Canadian editions, and translations into eighteen different languages. Ten thousand copies of the book were sold in Germany in one week. The press of the world, secular, religious, literary, military and humorous have given it hundreds and hundreds of columns of comment.

Ten years ago Norman Angell, who was then plain Ralph Lane, wrote another book on the same subject, called, "Patriotism Under Three Flags." The author himself to-day considers this previous work better written in many respects than "The Great Illusion." It was a complete failure, however, as far as attracting attention was concerned, and the sales were very small. If reprinted now, it would have a widespread circulation, owing to the reputation of its author, but, according to Mr. Angell, its republication is unlikely. "Patriotism Under Three Flags" approached the subject of war from an angle different from that used in the second work. The emphasis there was laid on the moral rather than on the economic aspect.

When Norman Angell was in Toronto last summer, several people, including some University of Toronto graduates, spoke to him about the possibility of forming clubs in Canada to discuss the principles enunciated in "The Great Illusion," and to study international relations. Definite steps were taken along this line during the autumn and winter season, and one of the results is the International Polity Club of the University of Toronto, which is likely to be followed by similar organizations in other Canadian universities. This movement is an extension of a club system which already is widespread in Great Britain, and which is making headway not only in Anglo-Saxon countries but in "foreign" lands as well.

The story of this development is of interest. Norman Angell, in 1911, was invited by the Cambridge Union to debate with the President of the Navy League. Even at that time, two years after the publication of his book, he had not won the distinguished reputation he bears to-day. He had never appeared on the public platform nor in public debate. It was with a decided feeling of nervousness, therefore, that he accepted the invitation to try conclusions with such an influential figure as the President of the Navy League, a man who, a week before, at the Oxford Union, had won a brilliant victory in a similar encounter.

"Resolved, that the only effective means of securing the national safety is the two-to-one standard for the navy," was the subject arranged. The militarist was to take the affirmative, the young journalist the negative. The night of the debate brought out a large attendance of Cambridge men, for a "whole raft of admirals"

had come to the University to lend colour and dignity to the proceedings and to give moral support to their speaker. The navy advocate spoke for an hour and a half, and was the embodiment of eloquence and emotion. A storm of applause greeted him at the conclusion of his speech.

There is nothing pompous about Angell, nothing of the spectacular or the exaggerated. He speaks in a conversational manner, embellished with no rhetoric. On this occasion, his maiden speech, he talked for ten minutes, using a synopsis of arguments from "The Great Illusion." By a majority of twenty, when the vote came, he was declared victor over the President of the Navy League, admirals and all. The next morning the metropolitan papers gave considerable space to the debate, and Angell's reputation was firmly established. It became still more secure when a speech made by him was hailed with enthusiasm by the Institute of Bankers of Great Britain.

A society was established to spread his views. Prominent in the organization work were Viscount Esher, who, as a permanent member of The Committee of Imperial Defence, had been identified up to this time with militarism, the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour, and Sir Richard Garton. In connection with this Foundation clubs of various names have been established. In Cambridge, for example, there is the War and Peace Society, whose objects are slated as follows:

To gather and distribute information with regard to the economic futility of armed aggression.

To consider the problem of defence.

To consider means of settling international disputes without war.

To discourage the use of misleading terminology in the discussion of international relations.

The list of Honourary members begins with the names "Norman Angell" and Viscount Esher.

In Glasgow under the presidency of the Lord Provost is the Glasgow International Polity Club. In Manchester, members of the Chamber of Commerce, co-operating with the Lord Mayor, formed the "Norman Angell League of Manchester." The general committee includes the names of many of the best known men in the English city. "The methods of the League," says the prospectus, "will be the equipment of lecturers to attend public meetings and debates, the arranging of courses of lectures, the awarding of prizes for essays, the encouragement generally of the widest possible consideration among all classes of the facts concerning international relations, and other means that will assist in forming public opinion in this and other countries? A subscription list is given, showing that three men in Manchester have promised $250 a year for five years, one man $125, two $100, three $50, and a large number have pledged smaller subscriptions.

The parent body, the Garton Foundation, which is supported by an endowment, issues a great quantity of literature. One of its little booklets is entitled, "The Case for War as stated by its apologists." Twenty-seven arguments for war are given, and are supported by quotations from modern standard works. These are answered not in the ordinary manner by dogmatic statements, but by suggestive questions. The method is remarkably effective. We can here give only one example:

Argument: That military efficiency is an expression of general national efficiency.

Authorities: National power is surely a legitimate factor in international settlements, for it is the outcome of national efficiency, and efficiency is entitled to assert its fair position and chance of exercise in world matters.—Mahan, "Armaments and Arbitrations," Page 84.

"Military efficiency is not a quality that stands alone or can be considered by itself; military efficiency is

but a symptom of national efficiency,—the decay of one quality merely symptomizes the decay of others—hence the warlike nation does inherit the earth."—A Rifleman, "Struggle for Bread," Page 179.

Questions:

"Give a list of the warlike nations of the earth, that is to say, the nations whose populations have fought much (in the New World as well as in the Old), and a list of those nations which during the last generation or so have fought little; then indicate why you regard the first list as expanding and rising nations and the second list as dying or decaying."

The real power behind the Garton Foundation, the International Polity Clubs and the whole anti-militarist movement in its most positive and common-sense form, based not only on sentiment but on facts, is Norman Angell himself, still a young man and one who lacks the outward dignity and weight of an imposing physical appearance.

A remarkable person, as you will admit. How to account for him? If you knew him personally, you would recognise even more fully that he does differ essentially from the majority of Englishmen. There is a clarion note of individuality in the man and his work. The reason? Will it not be found, partly at any rate, in these facts? He was born in England, was educated in France, and had newspaper experience in the Western United States. What better combination could a man possibly have, unless it would be to finish off by getting a flavour of Canadian civilization? Even as it is, however, the union of English, French and American influences has been very happy. As an Englishman, Norman Angell realizes the importance of the problem of defence and is endowned with that stability which characterizes the English race; as an American he has energy and vitality and "push"; as a Frenchman he has delicacy and keenness of perception and a method of logical thinking which is abundantly evident in his writings and in his speeches.

Would you like to know Norman Angell still better, by hearing what he thinks about subjects apart from his own speciality? A personal interview brought out the following side-lights.

Norman Angell is a critic of a type of public speaking rather in vogue in Canada and The United States. "Some men," he said, "apparently cannot talk about even exclusively business subjects without adopting rhetorical flourishes, using their throats in an artificial manner, and plunging into an interminable series of lofty perorations."

Norman Angell cannot understand why women do not realize the effectiveness of simplicity in dress. Women's clothes are a great source of controversy nowadays. The author of "The Great Illusion" asked with a smile, "Why do they go in so much for complexity?"

Norman Angell is not an admirer of "Blue Laws." "Legislation of an excessively restrictive kind only marks a moral cowardice," is his opinion.

Angell has promised to return to Canada this year. In the meantime he has been introduced to Canadians, and his views on international relations expressed in his book have been supplemented by addresses delivered in several clubs and through the press to the general public. Whether men agree with him or not, they have had some of their views on war and peace shaken to the foundations.

"Napoleon," writes an admirer, "made the world tremble; Norman Angell has done even more, he has made the world think."

THE RIGHT HAND OF THE PREMIER

A SKETCH OF THE HONOURABLE GEORGE HALSEY PERLEY, MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO IN THE BORDEN CABINET

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

SOME men go into politics to make money; others to make a career. George Halsey Perley is in it because he saw work to be done, and he did it. Though merely "Minister without portfolio," he is one of the hardest-worked men in the Cabinet. Yet he does not get a cent for it. But then, fortunately, he does not need it.

This unassuming but powerful man has had an astonishing life. "Born with a silver spoon in his mouth," he has never allowed good fortune to hamper him. He has always been a worker; and his quickness of perception has enabled him to accomplish at a comparatively early age success in two spheres of activity in a degree which is given to few even among earth's favoured. He found a fortune awaiting him. He built his father's businesses bigger yet; and then he launched out and set new industries on the high road to prosperity. His success in the world of manufacturing and commerce being unchallenged, he turned aside at his party's call into the paths of politics; and to-day he is recognized as a master spirit among those who sit about the throne.

Mr. Perley's prominence in the conduct of the Government, which is sometimes the subject of kindly jest in the press of the country, is no matter of accident. On the day when the members of the new Cabinet took the oath of office, Mr. Borden took care that his former chief whip should be sworn in immediately after himself. This course gave the Minister without portfolio precedence of every member of the Cabinet, except the Prime Minister and the Honourable George E. Foster, who held rank from his entrance into the Privy Council in 1885. Thus, in the absence of Mr. Borden, unless Mr. Foster is at home, Mr. Perley takes priority as acting-Premier and is the head of the Administration for the time being.

To some men such distinction would be fatal, either by way of collapse or inflation. But Mr. Borden knew the man in whom he was placing his trust. The last two summers, during the absence of the First Minister, the member for Argenteuil presided over the destinies of the Dominion and made a name for himself as an administrator. At times he added to the labours of the Prime Minister the headship of four or five other departments, and he evinced a capacity for work which kept the secretaries and higher officials much busier than they cared for in the parliamentary recess. Unworried, unhurried, unresting, he kept the machinery of the Government moving smoothly, and saw that

there was no blockade in the large functions which our system throws upon the political chiefs of the departments. And for all this he drew no more from the public exchequer than if he were a private member of Parliament. Of course, he did not need it; but it is not every wealthy man, even in Canada, who takes this view of his public obligations.

Neatness, efficiency, restrained power—these are the immediate impressions which the personality of George H. Perley makes upon you. A man of about medium height, slightly built, neatly garbed, usually in dark; a refined but keen face which looks pale against his abundant black hair and beard—that is the physical man. Welsh blood runs in his veins—the name being originally Apperley—and doubtless there is Celtic fire in it; but so far it has been allowed to escape only in an intense capacity for application. He is one of the most approachable and most unassuming of men. "Side" is an unknown element in life to him. But he is not a man with whom one would take liberties. He makes you conscious at once that he means business; and he makes you conscious, too, that you can trust him.

The Perleys—or the Apperleys, to give them their ancient name—have been in America since 1630, when Allan, of the Perley clan, arrived in Charleston, Massachusetts. A branch of the family was in the United Empire Loyalist movement and now has representatives in New Brunswick and in the West, the late Senator from Wolseley, Saskatchewan, being a member of that branch. There are also a large number of the members of the family scattered abroad in Uncle Sam's dominions still. The father of George H. Perley came to Canada in the bad year of 1857, and while the father was spying out the land of Canaan, the son entered the light at Lebanon, in New Hampshire. The "bad year" was a good year for the Perleys, father and son. William Goodhue, the father of the present Cabinet Minister, launched out into the lumbering business and prospered exceedingly. He built up big mills at Ottawa and became wealthy and took part in promoting the Canada Atlantic Railway, which is now part of the Grand Trunk System. In due course of time he became a naturalized subject of the British crown and in 1887 was elected to the House of Commons for the City of Ottawa.

His birth in the United States has led to some uncertainity as to the standing of George H. Perley as a British subject. His father was naturalized when he was yet an infant, and this may be held to have naturalized the young son as well. But as there were some doubts upon the point, Mr. Perley when he entered politics took out naturalization papers on his own account. Now under existing laws a foreign citizen naturalized in Canada is a British subject so long only as he remains in the Dominion. Consequently, if Mr. Perley depends upon his own naturalization papers, he is an American citizen whenever he leaves the confines of Canada. Thus a curious situation would arise, were he to be selected, as has been suggested, as the Canadian Minister on the Imperial Defence Committee. For while in London representing Canada, he would technically be an American citizen. Under the arrangements recently reached between the colonies and the home government on the subject of naturalization, however, this difficulty would vanish. Under that arrangement every naturalized subject who has been a resident within the Empire for five years, is a British subject all over the Empire.

George Perley the youth was the father of the Cabinet Minister. He was quiet and studious. His home—first down in "the flats" where Booth's lumber mills now stand and later on Wellington Street in the great house which is now the Perley Home for Incurables—was one of the

centres of social life in the capital; and the young man took his part in the gaiety but was by no means a leader among his "set." He was in no sense a "sport"; and the first game to which he was devoted was the dignfied pastime of walking after a golf ball, which he acquired in full manhood. He was away from Ottawa during nine years of his early life in attendance upon schools in New Hampshire and at Harvard. He studied for a while at the Ottawa grammar school and then went away to St. Paul's school in Concord, New Hampshire, where he led his class during four of his six years. At Harvard he had a brilliant record and achieved the degree of Bachelor of Arts in but three years.

To those who have known him only in his political phase, Mr. Perley's business career seems as a watch in the night. But there was a time when it took up most of his life. For fifteen years after graduation he was with his father in the old firm of Perley and Pattee which laid the foundation of the Perley fortune. Then after his father's death he took charge of the family interests and broadened them and built them up. The old association still exists; but its place in the manufacturing world is taken by J. R. Booth, who was once an employee in the Perley mills. The holdings of the old group of associates are now driven back farther into the woods and some of the funds have been invested in timber in far California. In the meantime the new head of the business established new industries in Calumet at the junction of the Ottawa and Rouge rivers in the county which he now represents in the House of Commons. The son too took over his father's interests in the Canada Atlantic and for a number of years grappled with railway problems as vice-president of the company. What he did he did then, as he does now, with his might. His railway interests have been taken over by the Grand Trunk. His lumbering and pulp interests have been consolidated with the Riordon concerns; he has withdrawn from the details of management, but still keeps a close watch upon the organization in his capacity as a director. He is a director also of the Bank of Ottawa; and only illness or absence from the city is allowed to interfere with his attendance at the regular meetings of the board. He is a director who directs.

While still in active participation in the lumbering business he was not content with merely piling up wealth. Like his father he had a mind open to the social uses and duties of wealth. Nor was he satisfied with giving money and allowing others to do the work. He did the work, and although undoubtedly he also gave largely, little was heard of the pecuniary side of the transaction. This was so of the forest fires in Prescott and Russell counties in 1897 when he administered relief funds of $50,000; and again in the Ottawa and Hull conflagration of 1900 he assumed the same arduous duties and gave a detailed account of his stewardship to the contributors to the fund. The Perley Home for Incurables, which has already been mentioned, was the gift of the Perley heirs; and only in March last was opened the Perley Memorial Hospital for incipient cases of tuberculosis, which was donated by Mr. Perley in memory of his first wife who had died some two and a half years earlier.

In politics, to which he is now devoting almost all his time and energies, the Cabinet Minister of to-day had no rose-strewn apprenticeship. Twice he tried to storm the citadel of the House of Commons in Liberal strongholds; and twice he found the enemy too strong for him. But to those who rallied him on his failure he merely said: "Give me another chance." His first effort was in Russell in 1900 and his second at a by-election in Argenteuil two years later. After his second defeat he

set himself to canvass the county from end to end, and in the general election of 1904 he ousted the veteran "Tom" Christie and has ever since held the county steadily in the Conservative column.

Behind this story of determined assault and success there is the tale of what has become an institution in Argenteuil—the Perley picnics. The scene of these picnics is at Lachute. The whole county is invited and the whole county comes *en masse*. There is no question of Liberal or Conservative. Everybody is welcome. There are big marquees where there is plenty to eat and drink—of the temperance kind. There are sports for those who care to join; and there is a general good time for everybody. George Perley is not what would be called a "mixer;" but these picnics have made him known and beloved among his constituents. In their success, as the member for Argenteuil is the first to point out, and in the success of his general campaign, a large share of credit is owing to his former wife, who was a daughter of the late Judge Bowlby of western Ontario. Mrs. Perley was a woman of charming personality and made herself beloved among the lumbermen and farmers throughout the constituency. The abilities of his present wife in the political sphere have not been tested; but she comes of good political stock, being a daughter of the late Honourable Thomas White, Minister of the Interior in the second Macdonald ministry.

For six years Mr. Perley sat in the House of Commons and studied the situation. Then suddenly he stepped to the front and has been among the leaders ever since. George Taylor, the veteran whip of the Conservative party, found it necessary under the burden of the years to lay down his office in 1910. George Perley was at once selected by the Conservative leader to succeed him. Through the long parliamentary fight over reciprocity the novice whip shepherded the forces of the Opposition and kept them in line with a master hand. He organized the Western tour of 1911 and sat at the signal house for the election campaign which followed. It was a trying position for a young politician, but his habits of hard work and his business training stood him in good stead. Seldom was he known to be even flustered by the problems which poured in upon him. When the fight was fought and won, he was a marked man in the party; and Mr. Borden's only hesitancy in placing him on the firing line in the Cabinet was that he thereby deprived the organization of a master whip.

His part in the anti-reciprocity campaign is typical of his attitude towards public questions. As a mere matter of private business the reciprocity agreement would have put thousands of dollars into his pocket. But he believed that nevertheless the agreement was dangerous to the best interests of Canada and dangerous to British connection. One may marvel at this attitude in a former American citizen. One may think that he was mistaken in his estimate of the tendencies of the agreement. But one must admit, if one knows the man, that he was sincere. Mr. Perley is not in politics with "an axe to grind."

This man who puts the public interest—or what he believes to be the public interest—before his own pocket, is a business man before he is a politician. He carries his business methods into his politics. He is not an orator. He lacks the gift of ready speech. His utterances on the stump or in the House—as when he piloted through some of Mr. Foster's estimates last year—are the utterances of a business man. He speaks both French and English; but his command of neither is ready. He can take care of himself very comfortably in his native tongue; but he talks his French as a compliment to his constituents and not as a weapon of political argument.

THE RIGHT HAND OF THE PREMIER

The Honourable George H. Perley, Minister without Portfolio in the Borden Government

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

A CONTRAST IN ACADIANS

BY W. C. GAYNOR

THE Acadian of Louisiana—the Creole Acadian, let us for the moment call him—is blood-brother to the Acadian of ancient *Acadie,* to the Acadian of Maryland, Ohio, or Quebec, for that matter. The two are descendants of the same sires and equal inheritors of the tragic memories of 1755. Their family names are identical, their baptismal names are limited to the same eponymous saints and they speak the same peculiar *patois,* with its refrain of the sea. In a word, the two are of the same family, possessing the same inherited traits, and their blood currents run with congenital similtude.

Upon this background of racial and family identity it is quite feasible therefore to portray the contrast which time, separation, and the determinating influence of climate and government have worked on this people in these its two principal branches. The Canadian branch being the larger and more fully developed in what it is beginning to style its national life, offers us a fair subject for the study of a sane government along monarchical lines as it influences a retiring people of a different race; while the Louisiana branch, in turn, presents to us the same people as they have been guided and formed, in a civil sense, by a hundred years of republican government. Other influences there are, of course, which have had their share in effecting the contrast that exists between these two families of the same clan—I am at a loss for a better word. Quebec, on the one hand, and New Orleans, on the other, represent this influence. which in the nature of things is one of identity—the formative and guiding influence of the great Church to which both parties pay allegiance. Even in this, however, we shall discover a very material difference, the resulting effect of care and solicitude as contrasted with supine indifference and cold nonchalance.

Climate and climatic influences, too, must come in for their share of credit—or discredit—in effecting this contrast. The heats of a Canadian summer and the rigours of a Canadian winter must needs have a determining influence upon the northern Acadian, while a semi-tropical sun has for nigh a century and a half worked its pleasure with the Acadian of Louisiana. If it is true, as the poet says it is, that:

> "Southern climes were not made for northern men,"

then the deported Acadian who was forced to make his home in the South has suffered physically by the change. But more of this anon.

The contrasting influences therefore with which we have to deal in this article—the pigments we are to use— are principally environment, in the restricted sense of political surroundings and imitative effect of the other nationalities amongst whom both branches of the Acadian family have had to live; the tell-tale factor of climate and the physical character of the land each party occupies; and,

finally, in what should be a minor sense, the greater or less influence of the religion which both so unreservedly profess. It would be much more to the writer's wishes if he could, in an article of this kind, which is intended for general reading, refrain altogether from introducing this feature of the case; but no true picture of the Acadians, North or South, can be drawn from which their religion is eliminated. Moreover, a very considerable interest must accrue from the study of the differing views and practices in the actual exercise of their religion which distinguish both parties.

It is a noteworthy fact that, religion and its more intelligent practices apart, the Acadian of the South comes closer to our authentic conception of the original Acadian of the Expulsion than his brother of the North, although the latter did not leave the first seats of the race. In the nature of things, we should expect the latter to hold truer to type than his brother, whom travel and the vicissitudes of government have put into the turning lathe of fate. Yet it is not so. In so far as heredity and blood still exercise their predominating effect, the Canadian members of the family of course show their origin and resemble their ancestors; for, like their Creole brothers, in the matter of marriage they are a corporation close, but in their intertribal observances (again I must be pardoned for the word) the Southern Acadians retain more examples of the original, patriarchal customs than do the others. The pastoral picture which Longfellow drew can no longer be verified in the North, hence the exceptions so often taken to its truth and the doubts cast upon the veracity of the poet. In the South, however—in Louisiana—one finds the same patriarchal aspect in the life of a segregated Acadian community, the same unalterable attachment to custom.

Still our photograph must be a composite one, if we would picture the first Acadian. We must draw on northern sources for certain lights and shades and configuration of countenance; we must superimpose the real Land of Evangeline upon its southern namesake in order to bring out a satisfying picture. Because we need him as a background and limit to our perspective, we must first delineate this ancient Acadian. He was a fisherman who lived principally by the sea. Hence his lack of the more ambitious virtues, his aversion to tumult and strife, his peaceableness, his sturdy physique. Hence, too, his language overcrowded with metaphors borrowed from his seafaring. His nature was intensely religious—the sea ever draws men close to God when their nature is at all thoughtful; he came originally from a part of France where religious disputes and mayhap a short period of religious persecution helped confirm him in his religious convictions. His traditional fear and dislike of the heretic, which had no small share in determining his ultimate fate, still clings to his descendants of the South and modifies very considerably their progress in modern days.

Our historic information ceases here; we must therefore supplement its meagre outlines by drawing on the living sources at hand. In the South we find entirely Acadian communities living their own life, segregated and apart from the great currents. In such secluded communities the Louisiana Acadian is governed by a sort of patriarchal rule, the voice of the elders; tradition in turn guides them; ambition for change meets with scanty encouragement—what was good for the father should be good enough for the son. The law of clan—not to speak of the teachings of religion—makes him charitable, deprecatory, and apologetic towards the frailties of his neighbour. He hesitates to condemn outright or at first blush, no matter what the fault may be. He waits for the detailed and authen-

the proof. If questioned at such times, even by those who have the right to know, he will with due hesitation venture to admit that it is so reported; but if he makes this admission, this grave and doubting, *on dit*, he will invariably qualify it by an *on verra*—we shall see. Taken all in all, this Southern Acadian is a fairly charitable Christian, who deserves imitation. But let the fault or crime be fully established—we will instance the rare case of seduction—the young man is haled before a committee of older men and quietly ordered to remove himself entirely from the community, a certain limit of time being allowed him to do so. Usually he is exiled to Texas, that *refugium peccatorum*. There is no gunplay, as elsewhere in Louisiana, no shotgun marriages so-called; and no stigma remains to blight the future of the unfortunate girl.

It cannot be questioned but that we have here some of the ancient practices and customs of the fathers—patriarchal laws brought with them from "*Acadie*, home of the blest", for Louisiana is far too lax and easy in its morals to produce anything similar.

So far we have limned our picture with what I may term a Southern pencil—we have had to call in the southern Acadian and copy him as regards certain traits of his. To complete the sketch, we shall now have to introduce the salient religious traits of the northern Acadian. He is a church-goer; he is likely to be more—he may be a chancel-chorister. Garbed in cassock and surplice, he is most likely to be one of the choir-singers who chant the Mass in response to the priest. He may be a *marguillier* also, a vestryman, charged with certain responsibilities in church finances.

And so our composite shows us a primitive character, simple and woefully single-minded according to our modern standards, but sound of heart, patriarchal in his ideas, naïvely just in his judgments; clannish if you will, and distrustful of strangers and of change; obstinate and hard-headed; but never failing to obey the behests of the most abiding charity; no angel, but a man with a man's shortcomings.

Such was the Acadian of 1755, when the hand of Fate descended on him. Just how far he was himself to blame for the tragedy of which he was the victim, we do not propose to discuss. He may easily have been blameworthy from the standpoint of the English, who were principally New Englanders—it is so natural for men to sympathize with their own nationality; he may have been held to his detriment by the voice of his spiritual guides, for the French priest is ever most likely to be an ardent patriot; he may have been prevented with malice aforethought by the very nature of the oath proffered to him by the British authorities of that day as the condition of his peaceful retention of his lands. Incidentally this is the historic truth; no Catholic of that day or this could conscientously take the oath which was offered to those unlettered Acadians.

In any case, wherever the blame lay, the Basin of Minas witnessed in 1755 the forcible exile of a simple people. We will not attempt to picture their despairing sorrow as the high bluffs of their native land were lost to view, the homesickness made ten-thousand times more unbearable by the uncertainity of the fate that awaited them; the loneliness of the wife cruelly separated from her husband, of the mother whose children by the mischance of fate are in another ship. All this we pass over; its counterpart can be found only in the sacred books which record the sufferings of the exiles of Judea.

The trail leads us many a weary mile. We pick it up in Massachusetts, where the exiles are scattered or receive their first hospitality; then farther south along the Atlantic coast; then in Maryland, where the Catholic

heart of the colony goes out to these exiles for the faith; again in Catholic Mobile—and here they are welcomed by a priest of their own race, the devoted Father Ferdinand, Capuchin and first Acadian priest of authentic history. We have not time to follow those who were carried to Guiana or those who were deported to France; by and by we shall discover them either returning to their native shores or coming to Louisiana or seeking covert in the French province of Quebec. Nor do we know with exactitude the number of souls who suffered deportation. It may have been from six thousand to eight thousand, as early historians say, or it may have been the full eighteen thousand which the Acadian historian Richard claims. We are interested for the moment in those only who came to the far south. In Mobile we find the first record of their arrival in 1763. Some families must have chosen to remain in Alabama, for we find their familiar names in the famous *registres paroissiales* of the cathedral of Mobile—and what is much less to their credit, we recognize in the half-breed "Cajens" of the woodland districts of the same State the offspring of the miscegenation of Acadians with Indians or negroes.

Our interest centres rather with that small band of nondescript humanity which in the spring of 1764 landed from the Mississippi at the *Place d' Armes*, now Jackson Square, in New Orleans. The Spanish records tell us that they were twenty-four in number only, but the Spaniard in such cases did not count the women and children—they were negligible quantities, as we shall again perceive. The hearts of French and Spanish alike went out to those piteous exiles. Provision was at once made for their comfort both by public and private contribution, and later they were allotted lands on the bayous and alluvial bottoms, not far from the city. The French colonists of Louisiana were especially insistent that due succour be given to the exiles; for in 1768 we find that one of the gravest charges made by the National Council against Don Ulloa, the Spanish governor, was that he sent back to New England three Acadian families who came to the colony at their own expense, and that he had threatened to sell other Acadians as slaves. The number of arrivals had in the meantime increased, for we find that in February 1766, two-hundred and sixteen others had come. They were supplied with farming implements and settled along the Mississippi between the German Coast (so called) and Baton Rouge. Later the exiles to British Guiana succeeded in making their way to Louisiana, thus swelling the number, so that in 1787 the census taken by Governor Miro shows an Acadian population of 1,587 souls—souls of men, let me insist, for the Spaniard did not count the women and children. About the same period the annual government donation of provisions and other articles to the Acadians and the Islênos—Spaniards from the Canary Islands—amounted to $173,338.

Thus were the forefathers of the present Acadian population established in a land which in its climate, soil, and in the texture of its inhabitants, was as different as it possibly could be from their old home on the Bay of Fundy, or *Baie Francaise*, as they called it. As years go, it is not so very long ago. Men are still living whose grandmothers could tell of the old happy life in the north. Gradually they increased in numbers—for they are a prolific race—and began to spread out and occupy the land. Along the bayous on the southern shores, on the alluvial plains in the centre of the State, in scattered but compact communities in unexpected localities, the Acadians are found to-day throughout the State, perhaps 45,000 in all.

Turn we now to the Acadian of the Expulsion who did not suffer himself to be expelled, but clung to

his native shores through good and evil fortune—the Acadian of the Maritime Provinces of Canada. There must be one hundred thousand of him, if not more, within the boundaries of ancient *Acadie* and *Isle Saint-Jean* (Prince Edward's Island). He escaped deportation because the cordon of British soldiery was not long enough to surround the country in which he lived and hunted; or because he doubled back from the country along the Atlantic to which he had been consigned; or because he eventually returned from France to Quebec and thence to his old home. Large numbers managed to escape the bagnet of the soldiery during the first weeks of that uncertain detention before the ships were ready or available. They betook themselves to the woods with their families; their friends and allies, the Micmacs, were sympathetic and helped conceal them. They pushed into the interior, into wooded fastnesses whither no soldiers could follow, and there on inland lakes or on the edge of the great sea marshes, which to an inexperienced eye appeared like swampy meres ready to engulf the timid wanderer, they built rude shelters for themselves and their stock; and thus they bided their time until the English mind should recover its balance, as it must always do, when they were once more free to come out into the open and live. By 1765 we find them more or less free to take up land under the King's grant; assistance came to them from the French government which still hoped to retain their country; and while Wolfe on his way from Louisburg to Quebec completed the destruction of their settlements on the Miramichi, the guns of his ships could not reach other favoured centres of theirs. But what they did and suffered during that period of distress when they were hunted like wild animals, let the cave dwellings of that time, still extant on the Miramichi, bear witness.

Nor was this the end of persecution for them. They were still more or less under the ban of outlawry, so that when, after the achievement of American independence, it was necessary for the English Government to provide for the Loyalists of that struggle, they were again dispossessed of their homes and either murdered—as at Saint Ann's on the Saint John River—or driven away, the new colonists, unmindful of their own unhappy experience, being careful to retain the Acadian's live stock.

In the years succeeding these unhappy events time went quietly with this devoted people. The country was ruled by governors sent out from England, usually good men who were held responsible by the Crown for the peace and comfort of the inhabitants. It was the form of government best suited to a new and unsettled country, in which the machinery of popular representation did not yet have that background of intelligence and popular self-control so necessary to sane ruling. But Responsible Government, as it was termed in those days, came in due time, and then the Acadians found their recognized place and position equally with the English-speaking races.

It is not necessary to enter into a detailed account of their subsequent development down to the present day. Placed as they are in the midst of a stalwart population of English, Irish, and Scotch extraction, and living in a climate which does not incite to heady deeds, they have learned to know their rights and secure them, while at the same time emulating their fellow-citizens in the moderation of their political views, and equalling them in their ability for self-government. It is said that the Latin races have not the capacity for sane and conservative self-guidance in political matters, but at least in Canada this reproach is not justified; both the French of Quebec and the Acadian French of the Maritime Provinces display unusual wisdom and discretion.

In resuming, after this necessary historical interlude, our purpose of contrasting these two peoples, so differently placed both geographically and politically, it is not necessary to emphasize again their unison in heredity. We will simply bear it in mind, for without it there would be no reason for contrast. But, unfortunately, we must now emphasize, not their religious differences, not their difference in religion, but the very obvious difference which does exist between their respective views and practices of religion. I do not know whether I make my meaning sufficiently clear; perhaps after all I do not; I may be trying to paint a nuance and may make a cloud of it.

I remarked at the outset that it was a question of Quebec or New Orleans. Quebec from the earliest days of Acadian history was charged with the spiritual care of *Acadie*—just as in the early days of Louisiana her spiritual jurisdiction extended to the Gulf of Mexico. The book has yet to be written which will do bare justice to the work of the Mother-Church of Quebec on this continent. She sent her missionaries into *Acadie* equally as well when it became a British possession as she did when it owed allegiance to the Lilies of France. The Acadians were a neutral people, ground between the nether and upper millstones of France and England—she held herself responsible for their souls. It was through no fault of hers, although some historians, ill informed, charge her with complicity—it was through no fault of hers that the missionaries she sent on this delicate duty were sometimes patriots first and priests only in the second place, or that they employed spiritual terrors to compel the peace-loving Acadians to mingle in the fray, always on the part of the French. Quebec in turn employed all its spiritual weapons to force these militant clerics to observe the *bienseances* of a neutral position. Note her treatment of the Abbé Le Loutre—the famous Black Abbe of Acadian history. She unfrocked him, although he had been *Grand-vicaire*—Vicar-General—of the Bishop of Quebec.

At no time during that weary struggle did she lose sight of these quaint children of the sea whom men called Acadians and despised for their lack of spirit. She kept her missionaries among them when she had scarcely enough to do her home work in *la nouvelle France.*

When the British decided on their terrible *coup* of expatriation, they entrapped the people in the church. Father Felician was therefore no myth. He was there in the flesh—although, perhaps under a different name. He represented Quebec, whence he received his spiritual mission; the records of his work still exist, having been carried by his sorrowing flock, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,* to their final place of exile on the Bayou Attakapas.

But it is not such minor historical facts that we wish to establish—we are not aware that anyone has contested them. It is rather the quality of the training given by those devoted missionaries, which afterwards shines so clearly in the fortitude and patience of this people in misfortune, in such examples of Christian charity and forbearance, unimaginable elsewhere in Louisiana, and on the part of the Acadians of the North an equal, but more widespread, and intelligent, conception of Christian duties. Such training must react on character, and in a contrast of character must the nub of this article consist.

The exiles, then, whom fate threw into Louisiana, brought with them such Christian training as only the great school of missionaries at Quebec could give. They were equally fitted in this regard as their *confrères* who escaped deportation. They came to a country which at the time was exclusively Catholic, the religion they professed was a first passport to public sympathy. For one hundred and fifty years they and their descendants

have lived in this Catholic atmosphere, unmolested by the mere thought of persecution for their religious beliefs. Why then are the Acadians of Louisiana to-day—educated or illiterate, as the case may be—so measurably inferior as Catholics to their brothers in Acadia? For years after the *débacle* of 1755 they were in constant danger of life, some, as we have seen, did lose their lives and many were again stripped of their little property; they had no sympathetic co-religionists to hold out the hand of fellowship to them; the Government was hostile, so they were not beneficiaries of state generosity. Still they kept the faith. The Acadians of the South, too, have kept the faith, not knowing why very often; but they have suffered it to be tarnished with the virus of a certain un-Christian indifference, a certain questioning materialism; they have suffered suspicion and doubt to take possession of their minds without adequate understanding on their own part as to why it should be so. Their *entêtement* in this regard is obvious to the world.

We have not far to go to seek an explanation of this condition. While Quebec in the North poured out her solicitous care upon those children of misfortune, the Church in the South ignored and greviously neglected them. Entire communities were left for years without religious help. Like hibernating animals they had to subsist on their own inner resources, on the practices of religion and the memories of those religious customs which they had brought with them. They were left without education, and had no means of supplying the defect, even if they could have envisaged the need. The close relationship of Church and State in those earlier days gave a wrong perspective religiously—they came almost unconsciously to set the one above the other but in an inverse way. It requires much persuasion and not a little diplomacy even in this year of Our Lord, 1914, to get this people to have their marriages solemnized before a priest and not before a secular magistrate.

Such a condition of things, in the religious sense, is absolutely unimaginable amongst the Acadians of Canada. Their system of church government—borrowed from Quebec—admits of no such laxity of ideas. Everything is fixed, stable, and intelligent, so that the youth as well as the old man knows what its requirements are.

And now, with a sense of relief—for after all, this discussion of minor religious differences may have been unprofitable—we can pass on to the differentiating factor of climate. Has the southern Acadian degenerated physically? If a residence in a semi-tropical climate during a century and a half can acclimatize a man, surely the Creole Acadian has been acclimatized. Has he suffered in the process? It is claimed that he has, but so slowly that only now, after the expiration of so many years, is he beginning to show the sapping of his pristine strength. He is undoubtedly degenerating in bodily size, in height and weight and strength of limb. One beholds the old men gaunt but powerful, tall and originally well set up; their sons and grandsons—especially the latter—are human runts; their daughters are pasty faced, as are most southern women. Both sexes show a development backwards.

We take no note here of certain bodily and mental disabilities which both sections share about equally, owing to their ingrained practice of intermarriage—of in-breeding. The Acadian both in the North and in the South is the victim of insanity, deaf-mutism, and other distressing physical visitations because of this intermarriage of relatives.

Physically and mentally, however, there can be no question that the northern brother is the stronger and better equipped. Climate and soil compel him to greater physical effort. Moreover, he is a self-made man; he

has worked out his own problems of sustenance, support, and growth himself, unaided by state help. He fought the issue out single-handed—hence, he has developed more self-reliance; he lives in the midst of virile and aggressive races—hence, he has learned the value of aggressiveness. "What we have, we hold" has become his motto equally with the other races of the British Empire.

In thus availing himself of his opportunities the Canadian Acadian shows how wise and clear-headed the race can be. The Acadian of Louisiana does not yet show the same temper. He is not so sophisticated or adaptive as his northern brother—more sluggish, inert, less ambitious. Misfortune and distressing illiteracy make him distrustful of novelty or change; his prejudices must first be overcome before he can be brought to accept anything that smacks of the new or unusual. In a word, he is the mediæval man, living in the twentieth century; a reversion to type to show us what the best of our forefathers were not two centuries ago. To him, in this regard, his northern brother is a perfect foil, an instructive contrast because of a common heredity.

It would be invidious and unfair in me, however, were I to pass over, as if they had no existence, the great body of educated Acadians of Louisiana—the judges, lawyers, physicians, and professional men generally. Their number is legion, and equally with their northern *confrères* of the same class they demonstrate the intellectual ability of their race. In political life, too, they have risen to high honours, and in point of military achievment on the battlefield they share with the other sons of Louisiana a well-earned renown. But, notwithstanding all these pleasant admissions, the fact still remains that these scions of Acadian blood are lacking in that loyalty to their stock which so highly distinguishes the educated Acadian of the North. He is with his people and of them, their sorrows are his sorrows, their triumphs are his triumph, he is ready to fight for them at the drop of a handkerchief. The contagion of his clan loyalty is breezy and infectious. The Southerner, on the contrary, having gone out from his people is no longer of them, unless in being a politician he must needs still court their favour. Socially his ambition is to be known and called a Creole, because—in Louisiana—the name connotes the old aristocracy of blood, the purely French or Spanish descendants of the original settlers and founders of the State. And yet the Acadian has been as long in Louisiana as the Spaniard—they came about the same time; and his blood is of purer and higher strain than that of many a Creole whose forbears came from the galleys and prisons of France, on parole.

In approaching the question of political contrast, or rather of contrast growing out of differing political conditions, I confess I do so with hesitation. I would much rather pretermit it altogether, for the reason that it is a contrast which grows out of eminently different systems of self-government. Moreover, the popular conception of a republican form of government which obtains in Latin-American Louisiana differs *toto cælo* from the concurrent ideas of the same government which obtain and guide the public mind in Massachusetts, for instance. Louisiana is on the edge of the United States; she is not yet in it. Having made this genial admission, we would say that the Acadian of *Acadie*, living as he does under a saner democracy, has a greater and more intelligent conception of the sanctity of law, of the inviolability of personal freedom within just bounds, of the sacredness of human life, of the need of punishing crime. The examples of his aggressive neighbours—Irish, English, and Scotch—have taught him to demand his rights under the commonwealth, and to get

them. In a word, he is a free man in a free state. The Acadian of Louisiana, on the other hand, having been so long the puppet and plaything of political fortune—at first a Spanish subject under the rigorous yet just rule of Spain, then nominally a subject of France; now an American citizen but holding their "ungodly" Americans in horror; later, and for fifty years at least, reconciling in his person two opposing qualities, citizenship of the Federal Government at Washington and citizenship of an all-claiming State Government at home; now a rebel and secessionist, again a staid citizen of the Union; for a century under the tutelage of the wildest vagaries of human thought in this one matter of how to govern himself—he has come out of this political witches' cauldron of jarring and contending political views and theories either with an utter indifference to his own rights as a citizen or unduly magnifying them according as he is educated or uneducated. In the latter case, he swells the Babel of clamours for an impossible Utopia, and raises his voice to high heaven for the things which are unattainable.

The interesting problem of blood, as manifesting itself in such differing ways according to the direction which environment and other influences give it, finds, then, an instructive exemplification in the case of these dissevered branches of the Acadian stock. In its contradictions it exercises a compelling interest; it forces us to acknowledge the contrast between what it was and what it is—between what it stands for in one country and what it represents in another. Supreme resignation in unheard of misfortunes and fortitude in time of trial—these are virtues of the blood, and they bespeak a valiant strain of it. The Acadians may have been called weak and cowardly in those days of international struggle when to both French and English they tried to be a neutral people; but later evidences of the blood go to show that their attitude may have been due not to lack of spirit but to a hard-headed common sense which led them to avoid, if possible, committing themselves to either side. It is reasonable to infer that a race could not have been from the outset so weak and bloodless which in our day in Canada is asserting nationality so bravely or that on many a Southern battlefield—Shilo, Mansfield, Gettysburg, and elsewhere—did heroic work for the Lost Cause. The famous Louisiana Tigers were not all Irish, there was a good sprinkling of fighting Acadians amongst them. Mansfield was a better fight than Shilo, these rebel veterans will assure you—it was a fight in the open. Can these be children of the neutral people of history whom the British condemmed as spiritless; the French, as cowards?

It has been promised that the meek shall possess the earth; it would seem as if this promise would be verified in the case of the Acadians of old *Acadie*—they are surely coming into their own. No such pleasing outlook, however, faces their brothers of the South. Extinction as a separate people, with an individual history, awaits them. They are giving up their language fast, and their identity is slowly but surely losing itself, being swallowed up in the over-flow of other races. It seems a pity that it should be so, but so it is.

THE TELEGRAM

BY MARGARET BELL

IT was very seldom that Martha took a holiday. The children, the chickens, the garden, and the milking occupied most of her time. And then, there was Lewis, her youngest child, who had always been a great anxiety to her. Lewis had never been strong, like the other children. In the six years of his little life, he had suffered more than Martha in all her forty-three. She hoped that he would soon outgrow his convulsions. That is why she so seldom left the little, white farmhouse on the hill.

But one day in summer, she determined to take a holiday. There was to be an excursion to Spruce Creek, a quiet summering-place on the lake. Her train left the village station about seven o'clock, and went to Wexford, from which Spruce Creek was reached by a local stubline, in thirty minutes.

She was very happy, as she prepared for her little outing. She made salmon sandwiches, a rare treat for her, since salmon had gone up to twenty cents a tin. Then she opened a bottle of cucumber pickles. And there were a couple of cheese cakes and a large piece of apple pie, made from the first fruit of the Astrachan tree. She would allow herself the extravagance of some pears and a bag of peanuts on the train. Pears were her favourite fruit, but it was seldom that she had any now. Her two pear trees had died, for some reason or other.

At first she thought of taking Lewis with her, but finally decided that she would go away alone. She would leave John to look after Lewis, for just this once.

The train was crowded, as it usually is on an excursion. Babies cooed, and tired mothers dandled them up and down on their knees. The fathers strolled up and down the aisles, munching popcorn and peanuts. Many of the elder children opened their lunch baskets, as soon as they got on the train, but, seeing some unfamiliar sight through the windows, dropped their sandwiches and forgot all about the well-filled baskets.

Martha was enjoying herself. Everywhere she saw new faces and heard new interests. She liked to watch the colts scamper across the fields, as the train puffed along. And the little gardens behind the houses were interesting. Many of them had more regularity than hers. But, then, the chickens in these gardens were not so plump as hers, she noticed, and there was only one cow to milk. Now and then, as she watched the children on the train, a wave of remorse would sweep over her.

She might have brought Lewis.

She felt rather anxious about him, she did not know why. Perhaps it was because she never went anywhere without him. But she tried to forget all her anxiety. It would not be so very long till she would see him again. Then she began to reckon in her mind how she could save enough for the excursion every summer. It did not cost so very much. Perhaps she could raise a few more chickens

or save a little cream from the milk each morning.

She decided not ot be quite so frugal with herself in future. For the few dollars it took to go to Spruce Creek were just as well invested as if she put them in the Post-office Savings Bank. For, after all, a bit of enjoyment was worth something. The two or three dollars she took were to have been used for her summer hat. Martha was quite certain that the outing would be worth the extra season's wearing of the old one. And then came again the thought:

If only she had brought Lewis with her!

They were just pulling into Wexford. There was a scramble amongst the mothers and children. The fathers appeared from somewhere and helped with the baskets. They were all much excited, the fathers, mothers, and children. And they did not try to hide their excitement. Why should they? That was one of the greatest enjoyments of the excursion. They did not notice the soot and grime from the crowded train or the cinders which flew back from the engine.

Martha followed the crowds to the door. She lifted a little child down the steps and patted a baby on the cheeks. A burly-looking conductor stood on the platform, helping everyone. He alone seemed out of sorts. But very likely he was used to excursions and crying babies. There was no excitement in it for him.

A number of smart young men, wearing red ties and very wide trousers, stood nearby, saying things, which to Martha sounded very rude. But she was not accustomed to the city and its ways. She saw a poor, blind man standing near the station. He held his cap in his hand, and solicited pennies from the excursionists, in a plaintive, monotonous drawl. Martha put a five-cent piece into the cap. And her own eyes filled with tears, when she looked at the poor, unseeing ones, turned pitifully toward the crowds jostling on the station platform.

The group of young men saw her drop the five-cent piece into the cap. Martha heard them sneer and say something about easy marks from the country. She knew her cheeks were red, but she did not mind. The car bells all around were new to her, and even the voice of the station policeman was not unkind. She liked the hustle of it all, and the life.

And then came the sudden, overpowering thought about Lewis.

If only he were with her, everything would be all right. She bought a toy balloon from the pedlar on the corner, to take home to him.

Finally, the excursion train stood empty. Then it crawled up the tracks, to make way for the next incoming express, which sounded from the curve. There was a stir amongst the people in the waiting-room, and porters pushed loads of trunks and boxes along the platform. The loud-voiced policeman called out that the train for Spruce Creek was waiting on the next track. Everyone began to rush across the ties, and up and down the steps. Babies, baskets, and bundles were hustled in through the narrow door. It seemed that everyone wanted to be the first in the train. Martha joined the crowds of scrambling children and tired mothers, and for a moment she felt glad that Lewis was at home. He was not strong enough to scramble and jump like the other children. But in a moment the anxiety came again, and Martha feared that her day would not be so happy as she had supposed.

The sun came out bright, and everyone seemed to settle down for a few minutes' peace. The burly conductor stood waiting for the excursionists to board their train. He spat tobacco and frowned, but Martha did not feel so much afraid of him now. She could feel herself becoming nervous, she did not know why, and wished that the train would start soon. The cars were hot and stuffy, and

every possible space seemed filled with boxes and bundles. The old grandmothers had forgotten all about their knitting, and mothers let the babies and children amuse themselves.

It took a long time to load all the excursionists. Some had left the station to take a peep at the city. Many stood around the blind beggar, and looked in awe at the smart, young men who wore the red neckties. Many spent their pennies and nickels at the sing-song peanut stand by the baggage-room. There was something to interest everyone. And it was a great day for the men in brass buttons, who gave orders around the station. A great day for them, but they did not know it. How could they know the resolutions which were being formed in many young minds that day? How could they know that their appearance had decided many village boys on their future career? It is so nice to wear a uniform of blue and brass!

They were almost ready to start. A boy came running from the station. Martha saw him through the window, and shuddered. Somehow or other, she felt that he was coming to her. She trembled, and her breath came in little sobs. Just as he reached the tracks, she noticed a yellow paper in his hand. She got up, blindly, from her seat. Now, she knew that something was wrong. There was a vague, intangible communication going on between her and the boy who carried the yellow paper. People did not pay much attention to her, as she found her way along the aisle of the car. There were others walking up and down, such as there always are on excursions. But Martha did not notice the others. She saw only the yellow paper in the hand of the boy from the telegraph office.

She reached the door, just as the boy stepped into the vestibule. Her face was very white, and her hand trembled. The boy went to brush past her, but she stood in the doorway. He called out her name, from the vestibule, before she could stop him.

"Is Mrs. John Higgins here?"

Martha reached out and took the telegram from his hands. He knew from her face that she was Mrs. John Higgins.

"You will sign here, madam."

She did not see the line, but wrote her name, stumbling across the grimy page. Then she tore open the flap of the envelope:

"Lewis fell into cistern. Better come home."

It was signed by the old family physician.

She went slowly down the steps, just as the burly conductor shouted, "All aboard." In a seat within the car remained a tiny blue balloon.

The engine puffed, and the wheels creaked, and the excursion party was off for Spruce Creek.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE old controversies were revived at Ottawa when Parliament assembled last month, and leaders on both sides covered familiar ground once more during the debate on the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. The question of free wheat is still agitating the West, and the demand for a lowering of the tariff walls is no longer confined to one side of the House. Redistribution is the only important measure to be brought forward this session.

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The outstanding event of the past month was the labour strike in South Africa, the proclamation of martial law, and the deportation of the labour leaders by the Botha Government. The employees on the State railways struck work following the dismissal of several hundred men on the ground of economy, the railways being run at a loss. As sometimes happens in such weeding-out processes, the leaders of the railway men were among those cashiered. A general strike was instantly called, and miners and other workers responded to the strike order. For months the Government had been preparing for such an eventuality, and Premier Botha was reported to have said that he would make the recurrence of a strike impossible in South Africa. Old Boer generals, including the famous De Wet and De Larey, sprang to arms once more, and seventy thousand seasoned burghers mounted horse and joined their commandos to preserve the peace. It is easy at this distance to criticize the conduct of Botha, but when sifted to the bottom his troubles are largely a legacy from British administration. It was the Imperial Government that introduced indentured Chinese and Indian labour into South Africa, and sowed the seeds of the present trouble by encouragement of coloured labour in the mines and throughout the country. It was prophesied at the time of the South African war by far-seeing observers of events at that period, that the employment at comparatively high wages of the natives by the War Office was bound to affect the relations between white and black in the future and introduce competition in the labour market which would militate in days to come against white supremacy. What was then predicted has come to pass, and there are thousands of poor whites at present in South Africa living on charity or on the labour or vice of their wives and daughters—forced by the caste system to decline labour at which the blacks are employed, and without the necessary training to compete for skilled labour with their own race.

With thousands of natives living in the midst of the white population, and with the constant dread of a rising by the Basutos, the attitude of Botha towards labour must be viewed in the light of local circumstances. Account must also be taken of the traditional barrier between the Boer farmer and the town artisan, the gulf

between town and country being more pronounced in South Africa than in any other part of the British Dominions. Add to this the fact that the ranks of labour are recruited largely from the foreign white immigrants, and it will be admitted that there is reasonable ground for the fear on the part of the Boers that a general strike, in a country where the blacks outnumber the whites, imparts an element of danger which no responsible statesman could afford to ignore. There has been a fierce outburst of indignation in Great Britain over the constitutional aspect of the question, but in a country enjoying autonomy the Government of South Africa stands or falls to its own citizens. There is no justification for any interference by the Imperial authorities, nor is Mr. Asquith the one to act unconstitutionally in such an emergency. The most singular feature of the controversy is the attitude of the British labour leaders, who, while opposed to Imperialism as a principle implying centralized authority, have on this occasion been more Imperial than the most ultra-Imperialist in demanding the interference of Great Britain in the domestic affairs of the Union of South Africa.

Were Botha disposed to take notice of the criticisms levelled at him by the British press, he would have no difficulty in finding precedents in the history of British progressive movements for his high-handed conduct towards the labour leaders in South Africa. This does not justify the conduct of the Botha Government, but those responsible for the government of South Africa have in their labour problems entanglements and complications which are of British origin and they deserve, to this extent at least, some consideration at the hands of those who profess to find in Botha's drastic action everything to condemn.

Who, for instance, would hold the Botha Government responsible for labour conditions on the Rand? Was it not for these foreign Rand miners that Britain and Boer went to war? To-day, no party in South Africa has any use for the mining magnates whose blatant luxury, alongside the "poor whites" who live in Johannesburg, is a reproach to British civilization. It is these magnates who have exploited black labour and brought the coloured menace upon South Africa. With dividends in some cases of over one hundred per cent., the Rand magnates refuse to meet the reasonable demands of white labour, although these demands, if satisfied, would only mean a drop to a ninety per cent. dividend. The labour situation in South Africa is complex and not without grave peril for the white race, but South Africa must now work out her own salvation. One thing is assured: the power of labour is increasing there, while the influence of the Rand mining interests is on the decline in political circles. It should not be forgotten when considering the question of wages in South Africa that the purchasing power of £1 to-day is equivalent only to eight shillings.

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An event of much importance was the death of Lord Strathcona. The history of the British peerage records no more romantic story than that of the rise of this humble Scottish immigrant from Hudson's Bay factor to High Commissioner for Canada in London. It is an inspiring tale of enterprise, dogged resolve, and triumph over obstacles.

Another great figure has passed out of public view by the retirement of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The controversies in which he was the central figure are as yet too recent to admit of full justice being done to his memory, but the future historian may be trusted to allot the member for Birmingham a place among the leading statesmen of the Victorian era. His active political career ended soon after the death

of Queen Victoria and the close of the Boer war. He will always be remembered for his municipal reform work in Birmingham, for his advocacy of a national system of education, and for his sincere, if highly controversial proposals regarding Imperial Federation. As a successful manufacturer he confounded Imperial with trade relations, and has lived to see his proposals for an Imperial Zollverein cast aside by his own party and to witness the rising tide of free trade lapping the shores of protectionist countries. But he loved his country and devoted many years of his life to her service. It would be difficult to justify his desertion of Gladstone on the Home Rule issue—having himself been a home ruler before Gladstone—or to exonerate him from blame over the South African war, but against these highly contentious episodes in his career must be set his sincere desire for social reform at a time when it had few friends, and his active influence in the Salisbury and Balfour Cabinets in the promotion of advanced legislation against which reactionary peers protested in vain.

The writer has a lively recollection of the first occasion on which he saw Mr. Chamberlain. It was the "Black Week"—the week that witnessed such humiliating reverses in the South African campaign, and when the fate of the Empire itself seemed to tremble in the balance. Disaster after disaster had befallen General Buller in his attempt to relieve Ladysmith, and there were some who despaired of averting the collapse of British rule in the Cape. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener were under orders to go to the front, the son of the former having been shot down a few days previously in a gallant attempt to save the guns. Party feeling ran very high in Ireland at the time, and Chamberlain was hated by the Nationalists as no other man had been since the days of Castlereagh. Dublin University had decided to confer an honourary degree on the Colonial Secretary, and there was some doubt as to whether, under the depressing circumstances, he would attend. He arrived, however, in due course of time, and his carriage had to be smuggled through a side gate to avoid the hostile mob that paraded the streets. In the academic procession through the University grounds he appeared to be the most unconcerned man there and bore no outward trace of the anxiety he must have felt regarding the fate of Ladysmith and the honour of British arms in South Africa. Debonnair and erect, with orchid in breast and monocle in eye, faultlessly attired and looking much younger than his years, the storm-centre of British politics at the time smiled and nodded in response to the welcome, apparently oblivious to external affairs and concerned only with the immediate purpose of his visit to the Irish capital.

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The raising of the embargo on arms at the Mexican border by the United States Government will hasten the end of Huerta, and it is difficult to see why this course was not sanctioned the moment the Mexican Provisional President flouted the wishes of the Powers. As it is, the free importation of arms will give the Constitutionalists a decided advantage over the Federal forces, and it cannot be long before Villa appears in the capital to avenge the murder of Madero, and commence once more the work of reform.

*

A great deal of time is wasted in Canada investigating municipal and governmental charges of corruption. The Dominion Parliament, the Quebec, Ontario, and other Provincial Legislatures have witnessed in recent times charges of wholesale corruption and mal-administration made against Ministers and private members. A similar state of things prevails in the

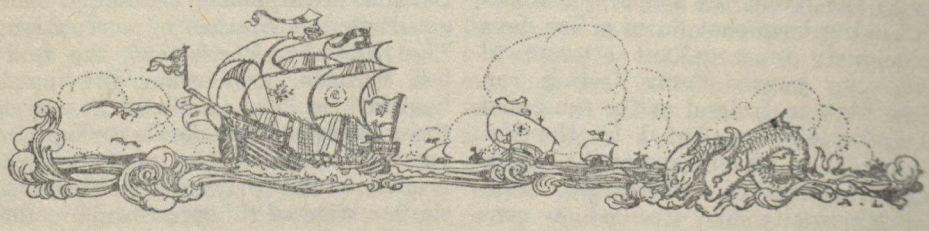
United States. Even Great Britain is not wholly free from such scandals. The trouble seems to be due to the party system, which makes it more and more difficult for men of high character and independence of thought to take a part in public life. The party machine has gradually usurped the functions of the electorate, and while the elector may record his vote he has little say as to the nomination of the candidate. The atmosphere in municipal and national politics is not conducive to the growth of character and originality of thought. Men sensitive of their good name shrink from entering public life and submitting to the indignities which public service, dominated by the ward boss and the party wire-puller, now entails.

*

The opening of the British Parliament will provide an exciting session as the Home Rule Bill has yet to be disposed of. Ulster is still defiant and an indemnity fund of $5,000,000 has been raised to make provision for the relatives of volunteers who may be killed or wounded in the event of civil war. Few really believe that affairs will drift to this extent, but this session will clear the air. Another important bill to be discussed is the Irish Land Bill, introduced by Mr. Birrell. From the standpoint of both parties the Bill has imperfections; the increase of the annuity rate is not fair to the tenant, and although it is proposed to pay half the purchase price in cash, an improvement in the Act of 1909, the landlord not unnaturally wants the whole price paid in cash. Apart from these and, perhaps, some other imperfections, the Bill undoubtedly offers a reasonable basis of discussion; and the Landowners' Convention, acting on this view, recently authorized its executive favourably to consider the question of a conference with representatives of the tenants "with a view to the passing of an Irish Land Act in the next session of Parliament, and thus facilitating the completion of land purchase in Ireland."

*

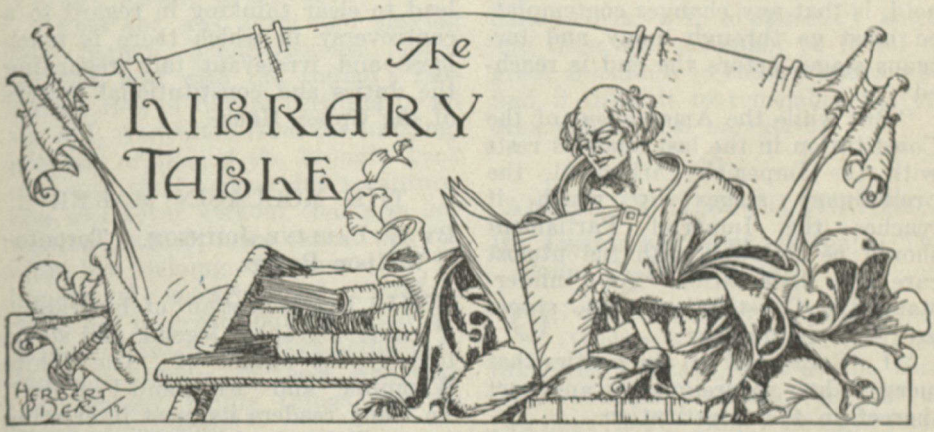
A visit to Canada by a gentleman who has been a President of the United States would be at any time an incident of more than ordinary interest, but in the case of Mr. Taft, who recently passed a few days at Toronto and Ottawa, the attention of the public was peculiarly keen. An insignificant few dared to say privately that it would have been justifiable had the people ignored the visitor who in his capacity of President had written to his immediate predecessor in office intimating the likelihood of Canada becoming an adjunct of the United States. But it can be said for the audiences at Toronto and at the Capital that they received Mr. Taft with all the cordiality and liberality that becomes a democratic people. No person hearing this genial statesman will ever afterwards think of accusing him of malicious intent towards any individual or nation, and indeed instead of causing a demonstration of aloofness, the visit of Mr. Taft will undoubtedly do much to further impress the friendly relations existing between the Republic and the Dominion.



THE PRAYER

From the Painting by Ida Lovering

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



THE SENATE OF CANADA: ITS CONSTITUTION, POWERS, AND DUTIES, HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

By Sir George Ross, LL.D., F.R.S.C. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE brilliant leader of the Liberal majority in the Senate deals here very exhaustively and lucidly with the question of the reform of the Upper House in the Dominion Parliament. He examines the subject in all its phases from the Quebec Conference of 1864, when the Constitution of the Senate was formed, down to its latest action in regard to the Navy Bill. He shows from the speeches of leading men on both sides that the reform or abolition of the Senate is not the simple matter which some erroneously suppose it to be, and that before the reforms can be carried the consent of all the parties to Confederation must first be obtained.

"The observations of the founders of Confederation on the constitutional obligations of the Senate as the protector of the territorial rights of the Provinces deserve more than a passing notice. If accepted as interpreting the Constitution (and by whom could a more reliable interpretation be given?) they invest the Senate with an obligation not generally understood; that is, its guardianship of the Constitution as a treaty with the Provinces. By the Constitution of the United States, the Senate has the right to amend or reject any treaty made by the Executive Government. It is, therefore, the guardian of the honour as well as of the interests of the Republic in its relations with foreign countries. In the same sense, and to the same degree, the Senate of Canada is constituted the guardian of every right 'exclusively' conferred upon the Provinces under Section 92 of the British North America Act. No matter what may be the impulses or political exigencies of the Lower Chamber; no matter how clamorous one or more of the Provinces may be for special consideration, or for a modification of any of its conditions; no matter how urgent may be the appeal for better terms, the first and

only duty of the Senate is to consider the treaty rights of all the Provinces under the Constitution."

The conclusion arrived at by Sir George Ross, and it is one which every student of constitutional law will uphold, is that any changes contemplated must go through many and tortuous stages before the end is reached:

"But while the Amendment of the Constitution in the last analysis rests with the Imperial Parliament, the preliminary stages by which it reaches the Imperial Parliament should be followed with the utmost care and deliberation. As I understand the Constitution, these stages are three in number:

"1. Consent of all the parties that merged their sovereignty or any part thereof in the Constitution.

"2. Approval of the Amendment proposed by both Houses of the Parliament of Canada.

"3. Ratification by an Act of the Imperial Parliament.

"The doctrine of consent stands at the threshold—is, in fact, the flaming sword of the Constitution, which turns every way, and forbids progress till consent is clearly established. This doctrine is based on a long line of precedents, as well as on the fundamental character of the Constitution itself, as I have endeavoured to show in Chapter III. The precedents reach back to the very beginning of the history of Canada. The terms of the capitulation of Quebec in 1759, the Quebec Act of 1774, and the Constitutional Act of 1791 received, as far as it was possible to be obtained, the prior consent of the people. The Union Act of 1841, and the British North America Act of 1867, were unquestionably framed according to the doctrine of consent, and if we examine the conditions upon which Great Britain acquired the right to be called the United Kingdom, it will be found that in the Union of Scotland and Ireland this principle was recognized. Even the transfer of royalty from the Stuart Dynasty to the House of Orange was assented to and confirmed by the Parliament which inaugurated the Revolution of 1688."

"The Senate of Canada" ought to lead to clear thinking in regard to a controversy in which there is much loose and irrelevant talk regarding the duties and constitutional powers of the Upper House.

*

THE MOCCASIN MAKER

By E. Pauline Johnson. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS is a collection of biography, autobiography, legend, and story, told by the author of "The White Wampum" and "Flint and Feather." To many readers its most interesting part will be the introduction by the author's compatriot Sir Gilbert Parker. In view of the fact that since the death of Miss Johnson, about a year ago, many sentences of the highest praise have been written about her literary work, it is worth republishing here Sir Gilbert's estimate:

"She was not great, but her work in verse is sure and sincere; and it is alive with the true spirit of poetry. Her skill in mere technique is good, her handling of narrative is notable, and if there is no striking individuality—which might have been expected from her Indian origin—if she was often reminiscent in her manner, metre, form, and expression, it only proves her a minor poet and not a Tennyson or a Browning. That she should have done what she did do, devotedly, with an astonishing charm and the delight of inspired labour, makes her life memorable, as it certainly made life and work beautiful. The pain and suffering which attended the latter part of her life never found its way into her work save through increased sweetness and pensiveness. No shadow of death fell upon her pages. To the last the soul ruled the body to its will. Phenom-

enon Pauline Johnson was, though to call her a genius would be to place her among the immortals, and no one was more conscious of her limitations than herself. Therefore, it would do her memory poor service to give her a crown instead of a coronet.

"Poet she was, lyric and singing and happy, bright-visioned, high-hearted, and with the Indian's passionate love of nature thrilling in all she did, even when from the hunting-grounds of poetry she brought back now and then a poor day's capture. She was never without charm in her writing; indeed, mere charm was too often her undoing. She could not be impersonal enough, and therefore could not be great; but she could get very near to human sympathies, to domestic natures, to those who care for pleasant, happy things, to the lovers of the wild."

The most notable part of the author's work in this volume is the monograph entitled, "My Mother", which is the life story of an English girl who came to Canada and married an Indian chieftain. The book contains also an "Appreciation" by Charles Mair, which is in part a reprint of an essay contributed to *The Canadian Magazine*. There are a number of half-tone illustrations.

*

THE ANNALS OF THE WAR

By J. M. Harper. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

MOST persons have thought of the War of 1812 as having taken place mostly along the Niagara River and culminating in the defeat of the American forces on Queenston Heights, immediately following the death of Brock. But there were in that war three distinctive fields of operation—the Detroit River, the Niagara River, and the St. Lawrence River. In this concise history, Dr. Harper has paid commendable attention to the sequence of events as they occurred in their respective vicinities. Each of these three divisions has been unified as far as possible, but the Niagara unity, for instance, has not been treated as if it had been a compaign quite apart and distinct from the courses of the war elsewhere. A number of chapters are written in ballad form, with explanatory notes, and these will no doubt be found of great assistance to those persons who find it difficult to remember the ordinary historical narrative.

*

ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS

By Joseph Knowles. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

"ON the Saturday afternoon of October fourth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, just at the time when sunshine marked the end of two days' heavy rain, I emerged from the Canadian forest on the shores of Lake Megantic, having lived the life of a primitive man for two months in the wilderness of northern Maine.

"I was tanned to the colour of an Indian. I had a matted beard, and long, matted hair. I was scratched from head to foot by briers and underbrush.

"Over the upper part of my body I wore the skin of a black bear, which I had fastened together in front with deerskin thongs. My legs were incased in crudely tanned deerskin chaps, with the hair inside. On my feet I wore moccasins of buckskin, sewed together with sinew. I wore no hat. On my back was a pack, made from woven lining bark of the cedar, in which I carried various implements from the forest.

"I had a rude bow and arrows, and a crude knife, made from the horn of a deer, dangled at my waist.

"It was thus that I entered the little French-Canadian town of Megantic—back to the civilized world."

This is the author's simple statement of how he appeared at the end of a trial of man's resourcefulness with and against the forces of nature.

BEHIND THE BEYOND

By Stephen Leacock. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

EVERY reader of this book seems to start with the sole purpose of finding out whether it is as good as "Sunshine Sketches." In the first place, comparisons are odious, and it is scarcely fair to the one who runs a mile in three minutes to be disappointed unless he run the next mile in the same space of time. Is it not enough to know that he runs a good full mile, even if he does lag here and there by the wayside? We confess that this book lags in places, that there is a little forcing of the pace in spots, but nevertheless it contains a quantity of rich humour and subtle observation. What better entertainment could be desired than the chapter on the man who had a retroactive temperament? He went to saw the end off a board. But the saw was dull. He got a file, but the file needed a handle. He got a knife to make the handle, but the knife was dull, so he went to the grindstone. The grindstone was out of order, and so on until we see the unfortunate man receding and receding, and yet so true to life. The title of this book has puzzled thousands. It is taken from the first part, which is a travesty on the so-called modern problem play. One infers that the title is the same as "Behind the Scenes."

*

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

By Edith Wharton. Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

MRS. WHARTON is of all living women writers of fiction supreme. Her work is almost tantalizingly subtle, and she has an amazing mastery of form. But above all other things, she is artistic. She thrusts nothing upon her readers, drums nothing into them; and yet there is the compelling style, the smooth, seductive suggestion. One can experience this in "The Custom of the Country", when the hopelessness of the tragedy takes hold of one. A wealthy couple with one daughter (Undine) come to New York to get into society. It is not easy to get in, they discover, but Undine's beauty attracts a leader named Ralph Marvell, whom she marries. It is to be inferred that Undine is a "spoiled child." Her marriage is unhappy. But a bullet through the young husband's brain puts an end to that affair, although the fact that Undine had just divorced him makes it seem a strange way of celebrating the event. Her next venture is with a French nobleman. He is too French and too noble, and Undine avails herself of the kindly custom of her country by divorcing him too, and marrying her millionaire friend, Mr. Moffat, whom even before her experience with Ralph Marvell she had married and divorced. Mr. Moffat is fairly capable of taking care of himself, so that it might be hoped that no further call on our pity for Undine's victims will be made. But this is not the case. The position of Undine's little boy is the most biting tragedy of all. Truly, Mrs. Wharton spares us nothing.

*

THE COUNTIES OF ONTARIO

By Emily P. Weaver. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

THIS book achieves what the author sets out to achieve, as indicated in the preface, and no doubt what was in the mind of Mr. M. O. Hammond, of *The Globe*, Toronto, who suggested that it be written, namely, that the volumes of local history, vagrant scraps, and widely-dispersed manuscripts and documents be assembled together and from them be extracted enough essence to give the average reader a fairly comprehensive knowledge of the local history of the Province. In no better hands could this work have been plac-

ed. Not only is Miss Weaver a felicitous writer, but she has additional qualities of sympathetic discernment and a keen appreciation of historical values. She is not a mere dabbler, but one who sees deep into the significance of events. We know a good deal about the political history of the Province, but if one wants to get close to the pioneer life, close to those valiant spirits who came with axe and cradle and strong arm and established a commonwealth in the forest, we must turn to this book.

✲

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

By Marian Keith. Toronto: The Westminster Publishing Company.

THERE is a wholesomeness about Miss Keith's work that is always to be admired. The spirit of rural Ontario permeates the pages, and one catches glimpses here and there that cannot be duplicated anywhere else. It is in this respect that these novels are valuable, not as works of fiction that deal with outstanding human problems. Here is an example of Miss Keith's descriptive style:

> In the late afternoon the silent tournament between sunshine and shadow resulted in a conquest for the sun. His victorious lances swept the enemy from the clean, blue skies; they glanced over the lake, lodged in every treetop, and glittered from every church spire. The little town began to stir. The yellow dogs, that had slept all afternoon on the shop steps, roused themselves and resumed their fight in the middle of Main Street. Now and then a clerk ran across to a rival firm to get change for a customer. A few belated shoppers hurried homeward. A farmer's double-buggy backed out of the hotel yard with a scraping sound, and went rattling up the street towards the country. Everything seemed pervaded with an atmosphere of expectancy, a tense air of unrest, as though the whole place were holding itself in readiness for a summons.

✲

EARLY DAYS ON THE YUKON

By William Ogilvie. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

WHOEVER wishes to know the history of the Yukon Territory must go to this book, which is a straight-forward, matter-of-fact account of what a former Governor of that vast territory learned as a result of his experiences there. The volume contains eighteen chapters and thirty-four illustrations. It gives a comparative statement of geographical and political distinctions of the American Territory of Alaska and the Yukon Territory of Canada, describes early trading and trading-posts on the river, gold discoveries and mining, first gold sent out, the discovery of the Klondike, the excitement following the revelation of the wealth of gold there, experiences in camp and on river, methods of mining, the administration of law in the early days, social customs, etc. After reading this book, one feels as if one knows about a territory that always heretofore has been described in terms of romance.

✲

THE RELATION OF THE CHURCHES

By The Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

THIS book is the result of much careful reading and observation of the various religious movements with which we are confronted at the present time, and upon this excellent basis the author proceeds to give an outline of several of the prominent Christian denominations, together with a sketch of the Church Union movement. The author is not wholly in sympathy with the movement, and he sees a good many difficulties in the way. He asks the very pertinent question, Would Union be permanent? He doubts whether it would change human nature, and whether sooner or later there would not be schisms within the Union and whether certain sects would not begin to break away as they have broken away in the past. He believes that they could not be expected to go on agreeing in the future any more than they have agreed. He also makes the

striking observation that working men do not attend church services because of the social side of labour unions. "Somehow or other," he says, "the Church must try to get the ear of the unions and persuade them that their highest interests, both for time and eternity, are bound up with the rest of society, and especially that they should not harbour the thought that Christianity is against them." He finds that the Protestant churches are not soothing enough in their services, and he thinks that they should get back to the personal touch and service in the home, instead of large congregations.

*

—From the standpoint of sheer beauty, *The Studio* for December, with the Christmas supplement of drawings in colours by Jessie M. King, has seldom been equalled. These drawings in themselves are a beautiful contribution, but apart from them this issue contains a number of unusually interesting articles and reproductions; several mural decorations in colours, and charcoal studies, by Frank Brangwyn; "An Italian Painter: Beppe Ciardi," by L. Brosch, with ten reproductions; "Some Personal Reminiscences of Corot," by Albert Dubuisson, with several unusual examples of this artist's work, together with a particularly fine ensemble of "Studio Talk." *The Studio* continues to be the leading art journal. (London: 44 Leicester Square, The Studio).

*

—A young French-Canadian writer who is commanding attention as a novelist is M. Hector Bernier. In 1912 he published his first novel, *"Au Large de l'Ecueil,"* and in the autumn of 1913 appeared his second, *"Ce que disait la Flamme . . ."* Both are redolent of French Canada, and both form a valuable addition to the scant library of French-Canadian fiction. To the second there is an introduction by M. A. D. DeCelles, who predicts for this author an assured place in the unique literature of his native Province. (Quebec: L'Evénement Press).

*

—"The Chief of the Rangers," by H. A. Cody, is a story of the Yukon before the invasion of the gold-seeker. The characters are traders and Indians, and the action deals with long trails, primitive love, hatred, and revenge. Natsatt, the hero, is in love with Owindia, an Indian beauty, and although they undergo many hardships and face numerous perils, they are in the end happily united. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

BOOKS RECEIVED

—"The Home Nurse," by Dr. E. B. Lowry; a health book for the home. (Chicago: Forbes and Company.)

—"The Backyard Farmer," by J. Willard Bolte; a book on how to make the backyard a place of beauty. (Chicago: Forbes and Company.)

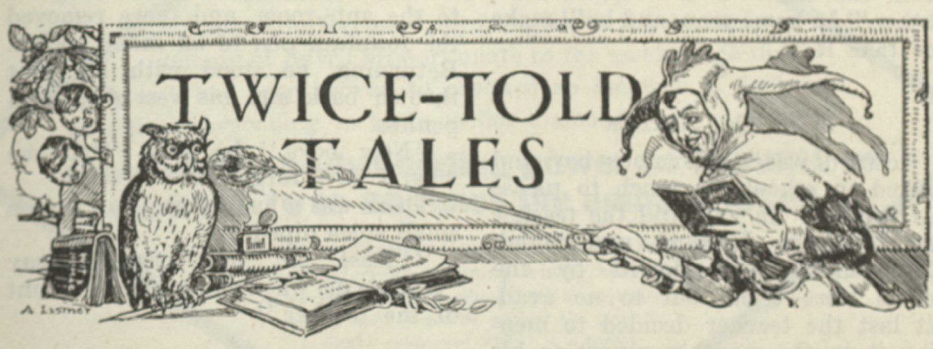
—"Success With Hens," by Robert Joos; a book to help reduce the cost of living. (Chicago: Forbes and Company.)

—"The New Dawn," by Agnes C. Laut. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

—"The Valley of the Humber," by K. M. Lizars. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

—"Asia at the Door," by K. K. Kawakami. (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company.)

—"The Canadian Almanac," the sixty-seventh of the series. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)



Couldn't Help It

Miss Isabella Lowe, the actress, accosted a little girl who was entering one of the fashionable New York flats, where she knew the rules were exceedingly strict, and after some little conversation said:

"How does it come that you live in these flats? I thought they would not take in children. How did you get in?"

"Why," replied the child. "I was borned in."

*

Almost Treed

A motorist tells this one on himself. Trying out a new car on the road between Cedar Grove and Great Notch he stopped to pick up an old farmer who looked as if he might like a ride and who admitted that it was his first experience in an automobile. The machine was hitting a pretty good clip when it skidded on a soft spot and ran into a tree. Nobody was hurt, but as the ruralite picked himself up he said to the motorist:

"Well, that was going some. But say, mister, there's one thing I'd like to ask you. How do you stop one of these contraptions where there ain't no trees?"

Excusable Roughness

Wilfrid Philip Dittoe, purchasing agent for the Nickle Plate, as related by the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, came upon two men rolling about in the road in a desperate fight. The man on top was beating the face off the man underneath. Mr. Dittoe interfered:

"I don't see how you can look me in the face," he said to the big fellow who had been on top. "Don't you know that it isn't decent to strike a man after he's down?"

A broad grin came across the grimy face of the rebuked man. "Sure, friend, I don't know who you ar-re," he said, "but if yez knew th' throuble I had gettin' him down yez wouldn't ta-alk loike that!"

*

Now All Pull Together

Old Salt—Yes, mum, them's men-o'-war.

Sweet Young Thing—How interesting! And what are the little ones just in front?

Old Salt—Oh, them's just tugs, mum.

Sweet Young Thing—Oh, yes, of course; tugs-of-war. I've heard of them.

Wait For Father

A little lad was desperately ill, but refused to take the medicine the doctor prescribed. His mother finally gave up. "Oh, my boy will die!" she sobbed. Presently a voice piped up from the bed: "Don't cry, mother; father'll be home soon, and he'll make me take it."

*

Hard On Mother

Edward was a garrulous boy and talked in school too much to please his teacher. In vain did the teacher try to make Edward understand. The punishments allowed by the school were tried, but to no avail. At last the teacher decided to mention it in the monthly report to his parents.

The next report contained the following:

"Edward persists in talking a great deal more than he should."

When the report was returned, duly signed by the father, there was a comment in red ink, which read thus:

"You ought to hear his mother."

Was She Good Looking?

A school inspector was testing a class's powers of observation. He made sure that the class saw that he had a gold-mounted fountain pen in his waistcoat pocket plainly displayed. Then he left the rostrum, retired to the ante-room, and there removed the fountain pen to an inner pocket. Returning, he stood with his coat thrown back and his vest displayed penless.

"Now boys," he said, "tell me what I have forgotten."

There was a long pause, and then a small voice piped up:

"Please, sir, you forgot to say "Excuse me when you walked in front of the teacher."

*

The Short Of It

Tourist (exasperated at not being able to get a satisfactory answer)—But, hang it all, man! you surely must know how far it is to the station. Is it three miles?

Roadmender—N-no, zur, it ain't so far as that—not if you 'urry.—*London Tatler.*

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

"Woman Suffrage? I guess not! Women are too shifty. I'd just got my mills running to suit me, when every woman went on strike for shorter hours!"

—*The Masses*

Fashion-Craft Clothes—

Made in Canada,
Sold in Canada,
Worn in Canada by the well-dressed Canadian. Never more perfect than now. Price range $18. to $50.00. All equally well cut and tailored.

Shops of
"Fashion-Craft"
in every principal Town and City in Canada

Both at Once

A little cream and some Grape-Nuts in the spoon, both at once. Then one gets the delicious, nut-like flavour of the cereal, combined with the most digestible of all fats —cream.

The golden-brown granules are tender and crisp; and invite thorough chewing. That's one reason why **Grape-Nuts** food is of special value. There are many others.

Chewing brings down the saliva which is necessary to "taste," and also—more important—to *begin* digestion.

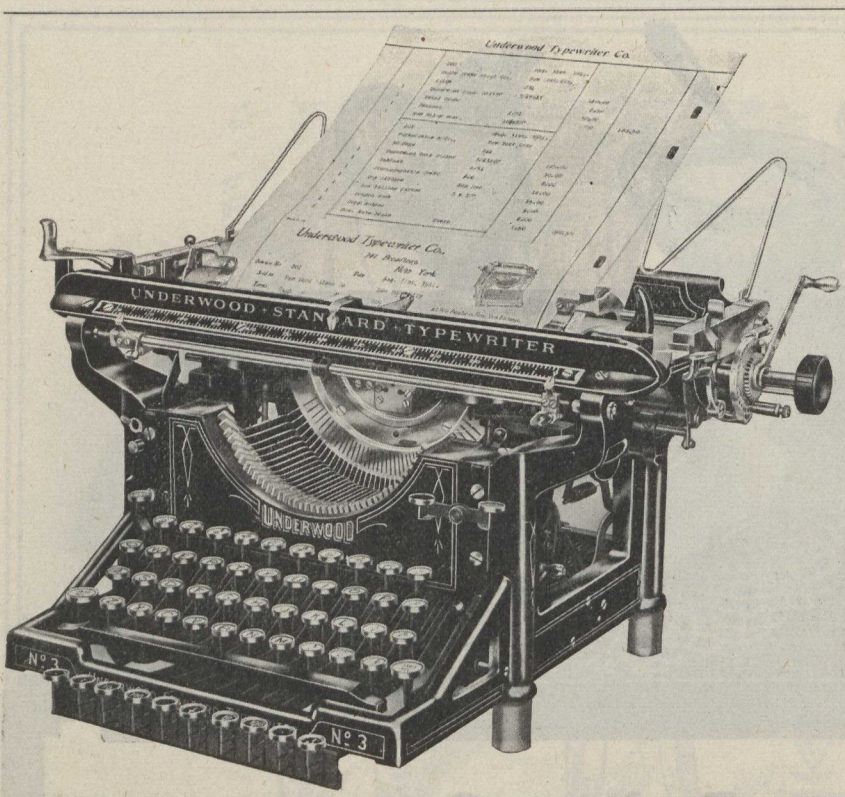
This act of chewing also causes, by a natural reflex action, the flow of digestive juices in the stomach, so that by the time the food reaches that organ, it is ready for *further* digestion.

In making Grape-Nuts, *whole* wheat and malted barley are ground into flour, and the "vital" salts (phosphate of potash, etc.) are retained. These "cell-salts" are highly necessary to the daily repair of the tissue cells of body, brain and nerves.

Try a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream regularly for awhile, and notice the mental "glow" and physical "go"—how much better everything seems.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere.



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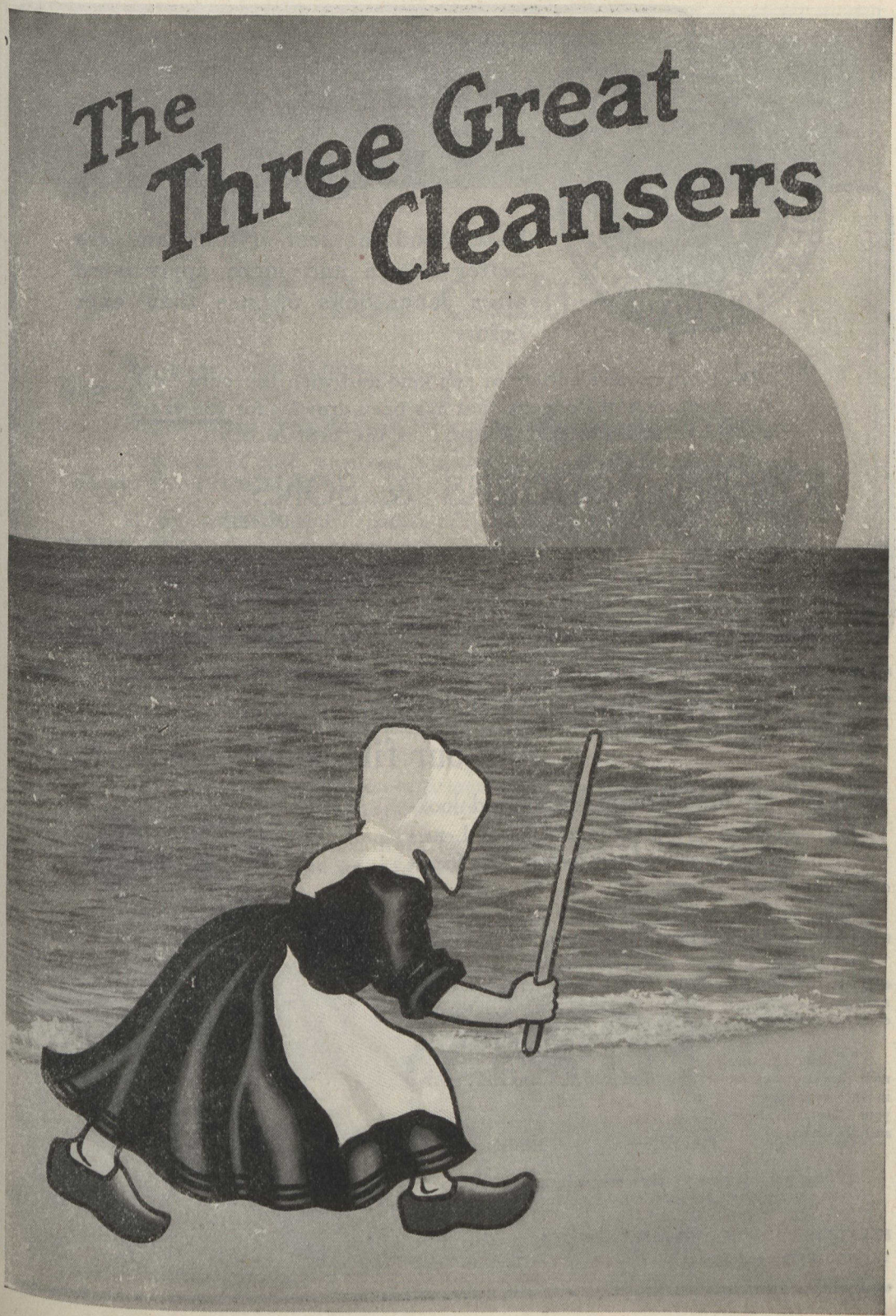
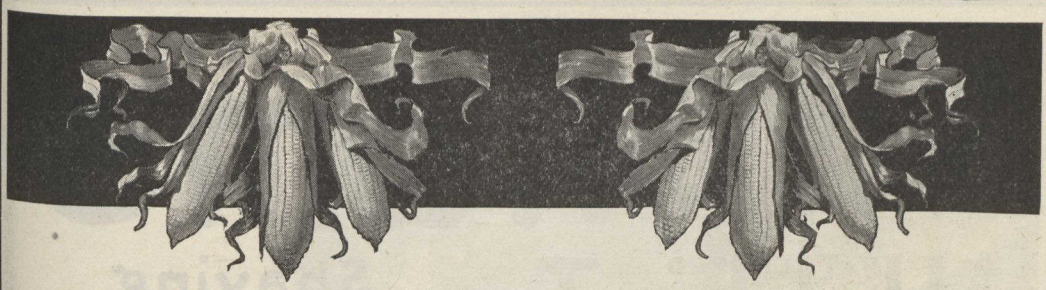

The Three Great Cleansers



If You Could—

Separate the most nutritious part of the kernels of choicest white corn—

If you could cook this carefully selected part just as we cook it –

If you could cure, sweeten and salt it to get the same delicious, delicate flavor that we get—

If you could roll each separate bit, thin and ribbony, under 40 tons of pressure—

If you could pass the flaky bits in at the top of a great oven 30 feet high, through which they would slowly move to the bottom and come out toasted to a delicate golden-brown—and all this, without being touched by hand—

Then, 'most anyone could make his own **Post Toasties.**

But the best part is, you don't have to go to all that bother and care. It is all done for you!

Anywhere in Canada, ten or fifteen cents (according to size) will buy a large tighly sealed package of this dainty food—

Sweet and crisp, fresh from the factory, and ready to eat with cream immediately the package is opened.

Grocers everywhere sell

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PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

Greater Convenience—Greater Satisfaction

Your fingers do not touch the soap. You grasp it by the metal cap in which the stick is firmly fastened, rub it gently over the face, which has previously been moistened, and then return the Shaving Stick to its nickeled container.

The Holder-Top permits you to use the stick down to the last available bit with perfect ease and convenience.

THREE OTHER FORMS OF THE SAME GOOD QUALITY

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-Cover Nickeled Box
Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-Cover Nickeled Box
Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

A sample of any one of these four shaving preparations will be sent postpaid for 4 cents in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
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WILLIAMS' JERSEY CREAM SOAP

and our extensive line of *Toilet* soaps have the same softening, creamy, emollient qualities that have made Williams' *Shaving* Soaps so famous. Ask your dealer for them.

Vitality

Any oat food is a great vim-producer. Any supplies an abundance of what brains and nerves are made.

The difference lies in flavor. Puny oats lack richness and aroma. The taste which makes oatmeal delicious comes from big, plump oats.

That's why millions of mothers, all the world over, serve Quaker Oats to children. They do this to foster the love of oatmeal. Then the food children need, beyond all else, becomes the wanted dish.

Quaker Oats

The Big, Luscious Flakes Alone

For Quaker Oats we pick out only the big, richly-flavored grains. A bushel of the choicest oats yields only ten pounds of Quaker.

Thus you get in Quaker just the big, luscious flakes. And you get a flavor which has won the world. Because of that flavor. a billion dishes of Quaker Oats are consumed each year.

Yet Quaker Oats costs no more than others. Simply say "Quaker," then, at no extra trouble, no extra price, you get the utmost in oatmeal.

Regular Size package, 10c

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

Except in the Extreme West

Look for the Quaker trademark on every package.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

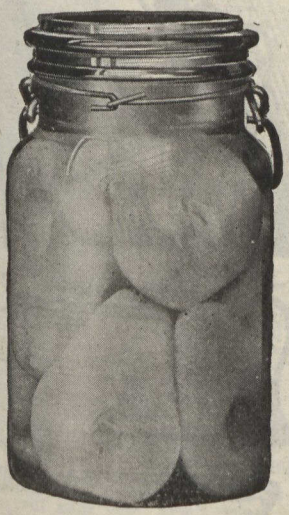
(519)

Sixty-Six Per Cent.

Statistics show that the retail prices of the principal articles of food in forty industrial cities in this country have advanced sixty-six per cent. in fourteen years. The price of

Shredded Wheat

in all that time has remained the same, and it is just as nourishing, sustaining and satisfying as it was fourteen years ago—a complete, perfect food supplying more real body-building nutriment than meat or eggs and costing much less and more easily digested.



Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven to restore crispness) eaten with hot milk or cream will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work. Deliciously wholesome and nourishing when eaten in combination with canned pears, baked apples, stewed prunes, sliced bananas or other fruits. Try toasted TRISCUIT, the shredded wheat wafer, for luncheon with butter, cheese or marmalade.

"It's All in the Shreds"

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Limited, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

TORONTO OFFICE: 49 WELLINGTON STREET E.

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

(NAME AND DESIGN REGISTERED)

The Delicious, Solid Chocolate Confection

Cheer your tedious journey with these delightful bites.

Rich, full flavored, velvet-smooth, and pure and wholesome, they agree with young and old alike.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE COWAN COMPANY, LIMITED
265 Toronto, Canada

TAKE THEM WITH YOU

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos
Pianos of Prestige

A Gerhard Heintzman
PLAYER PIANO

in your home is enjoyment, entertainment and education not for one, but ALL. Anyone can play it, and with its exclusive features all music can be played intelligently and correctly. Think of the recreation for a business man and the entertainment of any company a

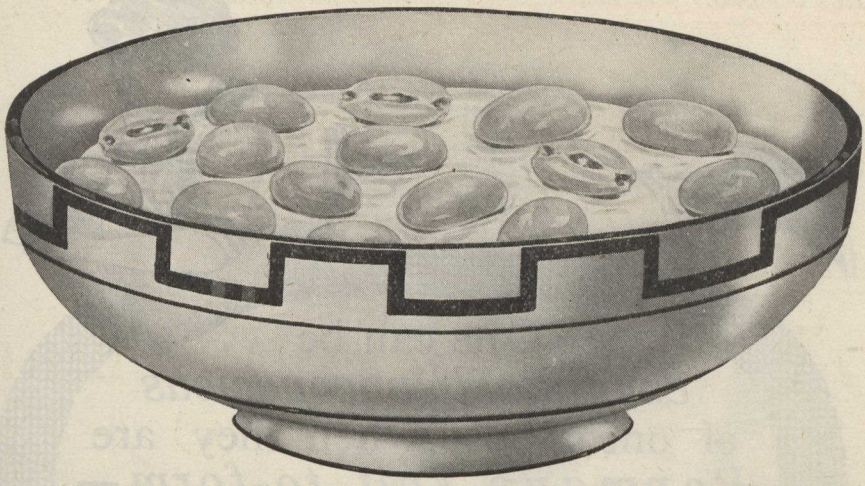
Gerhard Heintzman
PLAYER PIANO

wonld be; your present instrument could be turned in as part payment and convenient terms arranged for the balance.

Let us send you a proposition that will interest you or if in the city call at

Our only city salesrooms

GERHARD-HEINTZMAN, Limited - 41-43 Queen St. West,
TORONTO (Opposite City Hall)
Salesrooms in Hamilton next to Post Office.



The Wonder of Exploded Grains

Those bubble-like grains of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice result from a curious process.

Nature stored in each kernel a hundred million food granules. Each granule enclosed a mere atom of moisture.

Sealed up in guns, in terrific heat, those atoms of moisture are changed to steam. Then the guns are shot and the steam explodes. A separate explosion occurs in each granule—a hundred million explosions in every grain.

Thus every food granule is blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Whole grains in this way are made wholly digestible. That never was done before.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. Each becomes a wilderness of thin, crisp, toasted walls. The result is fragile, dainty morsels with a taste like toasted nuts.

Never were grains so well fitted for food—never made so delightful—as they are by this curious, costly process invented by Prof. Anderson.

Puffed Wheat-10¢
Puffed Rice-15¢

Except in Extreme West.

Let Your Folks Enjoy Them

Here are two cereals, entirely different in taste. And each can be served both as food and confection.

Serve with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit. Or serve like crackers, floating in bowls of milk. Use like nut meats in home candy making, or as garnish to ice cream.

They will add delight to a thousand meals when you find them out. Order them now. Let your folks enjoy them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(512)

One can be
comfortably-unconscious
of one's hose when they are
Penmans-knit-to-form—
without-a-seam.

Think what this implies!
Hose bearing the Penman trademark snuggle like a second skin to every curve of foot and limb. They do not rip, or tear because there is not a seam about them. And, they're made for men, women and children in *cotton, cashmere, silk* and *lisle*— in any weight and all popular colors.

Ask for Penmans Hosiery the next time you go shopping.
And look for the trademark!

Penmans Limited
Paris, Canada

Hosiery
Sweaters
Underwear

83 pen Angle

WARRANTED HIGH GRADE PENMANS KNIT GOODS

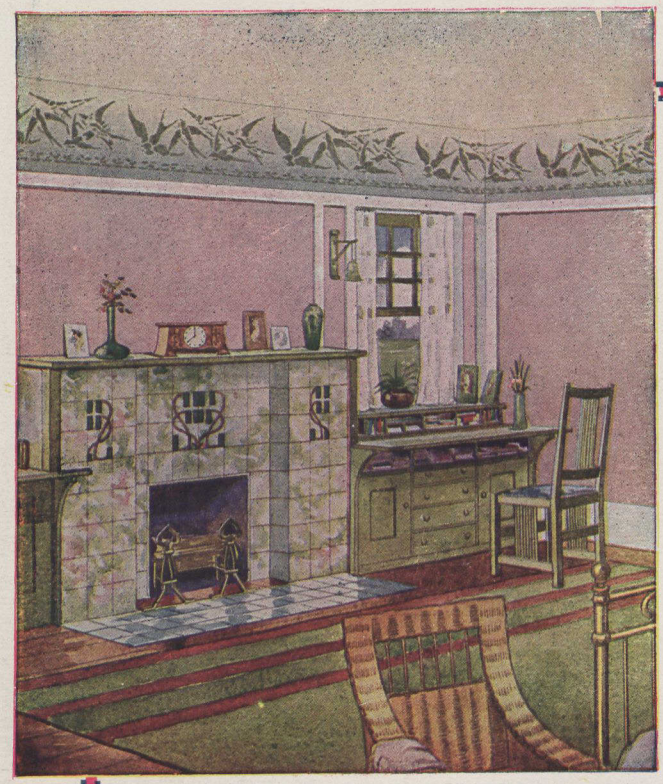
Penmans

Hosiery

As men take pleasure in the contemplation of a good cigar, so do women enjoy the realization of a package of

Neilson's Chocolates

"The chocolates that are different"



Four - Fifths of Your Home is Wall Surface —Have that Four - Fifths Right!

Use Alabastine as a wall-finish and you have the most durable satisfying, and at the same time, the most artistic covering possible.

Wall-paper is no longer considered the height of good taste by people of refinement. Its use has long been condemned on account of the arsenious poisons it frequently contains and because it affords a favorable field for the growth of bacteria. Kalsomine at best is little in advance of common whiting with a quantity of added color. But Alabastine is made from finely ground alabaster rock and shines with tiny particles in the form of crystals, which reflect light from every angle and give to Alabastine its unequalled brightness as a wall finish.

Some Advantages of ALABASTINE

The brightest color in paint is opaque, therefore heavy and dull in effect. Wall-paper—however much admired when new—becomes extremely tiresome after a little while. It is seldom in good taste and presents a series of repetitions of some absurd design in glaring monotony. Its greatest advocates do not claim that it is sanitary. Kalsomine fades, cracks, peels and rubs off. When you want to go over it you must wash it completely off in order to do even a moderately good piece of work

Alabastine, because of its semi-transparency and the thousands of invisible light-reflecting crystals of rock it contains, is bright and clear always. It will not chip, scale or rub off— nor will it fade. One coat makes the best possible foundation for another, so you do not have to wash off the wall. Alabastine has antiseptic properties that prevent the development of bacteria in any form.

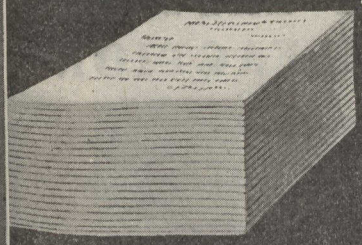
FREE! Decorative Plans and Stencils

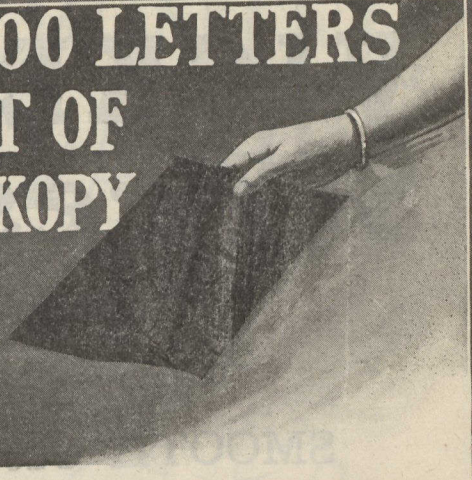
In order to assist Alabastine users to secure the best results, we maintain a complete art and designing department. Write us to-day for INFORMATION BLANK and we will have our studio men design you an original color scheme. We also supply stencils free to our customers.

Alabastine is sold by all hardware and paint dealers. See that the *little church* is on the label. Avoid substitutes.

The Alabastine Co., 21 Willow Street, Paris, Canada

YOU CAN COPY 100 LETTERS WITH ONE SHEET OF MULTI-KOPY





THEY will *all* be clean, clear, non-smudging, non-fading and legible as long as the paper lasts. With ordinary carbon paper most of the carbon comes off the first few times it is used, while

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK Carbon Paper

has such a smooth surface, and is so scientifically compounded, that it gives off a film *two to five times as thin as other carbons.* Just enough to make a sharp, distinct impression on even the hundredth copy. Yet never enough to soil the paper or the hands.

When MultiKopy will thus make a hundred neat copies from one sheet, it is obviously the most economical carbon paper. Moreover, its lastingly legible copies are constant insurance against the loss that follows faded or illegible copies made by cheap, unreliable carbon paper.

Write for FREE Sample Sheet

Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons are guaranteed to make 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" and "e" without clogging the type so as to show on the paper.

F. S. WEBSTER CO., 363 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.
Address all letters to the Home Office

United Typewriter Co. Ltd. 7-9 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Cosy Comfort Indoors or Out

Like other garments of Turnbull manufacture, "CEETEE" Sweater Coats possess unequalled qualities of long wearing service and comfort.

The soft Australian Merino Wool used, 6 ply, the perfect and accurate shaping during the knitting, on special machines, produces a shapely yet comfortable garment that is a joy to the owner.

"CEETEE"

Shaker Knit

Sweater Coats

are acknowledge to be the finest made in Canada, the very home of fine woolen goods. The only sweater of this style made in Canada.

Unlike most Sweater Coats in which the sleeves and pockets are sewn to the body of the garment, "CEETEE" Sweater Coats have both sleeves and pockets carefully and closely knitted which makes practically a one piece garment, an immense advantage both in wearing and comfort.

A "CEETEE" Sweater Coat is the ideal thing for a warm, cosy house coat these cold winter nights or ample protection for outdoor sports of winter or summer.

Most dealers carry them, if yours does not, write us giving his name and address and we will supply you direct.

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Ltd.,

Galt, Ontario

WINTER RASHES

Demand Use of

CUTICURA SOAP

Frost bites, chappings, chafings, red, rough and tender faces and hands, eczemas, itchings and irritations incidental to winter sports are promptly relieved by warm baths with Cuticura Soap, followed by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment. As winter emollients for preserving and beautifying the skin, they are priceless.

For samples address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. Liberal sample free.

A Beautiful Complexion

May Be Obtained by the Use of Stewart's Calcium Wafers, the Greatest of All Blood Purifiers.

No need for anyone to go about any longer with a face covered with pimples, blotches, eruptions, blackheads and liver-spots. These are all due to impurities in the blood. Cleanse the blood thoroughly and the blemishes will disappear.

"Stuart's Calcium Wafers will give you an excellent skin color and remove all face eruptions."

That's what Stuart's Calcium Wafers are intended to accomplish and do accomplish. Their principal ingredient is Calcium Sulphide, the quickest and most thorough blood cleanser known.

These wonderful little wafers get right into the blood, and destroy eruptive substances present in it. In some cases a few days are sufficient to make a marked improvement. And when the blood is pure the whole system is a hundred per cent. better.

Go to any drug store and get a 50-cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Get them to-day.

Don't fret any longer about those blackheads, pimples, boils, tetter, eczema spots or skin eruptions; they all go and "go quick" if you use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

No Matter How Hard the Wear

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

Stand the Test

The tripping of merry, dancing feet, the joyful romp of young folks, the constant tread of grown-ups, reveal the quality of any varnish.

Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite has stood the test for over half a century. It gives natural wood floors a tough, elastic surface, unsurpassed in lustre and beauty. Liquid Granite floors are mar-proof and waterproof. They give year-in and year-out satisfaction.

LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL

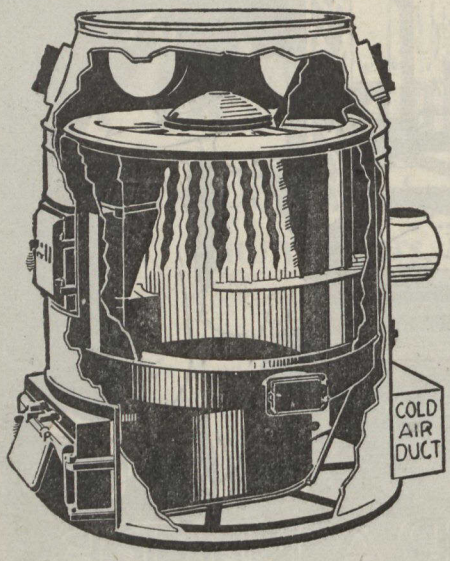
For stairs, bathrooms, bedrooms, hallways and furniture where a deep, rich, snowy white finish is desired, nothing is so thoroughly satisfactory as Luxeberry White Enamel. It gives a surface of exceptional beauty and durability. It is a white enamel that stays white.

Ask your dealer about these products, or write us direct.

BERRY BROTHERS
(INCORPORATED)
World's Largest Varnish Makers

Walkerville, Ont.
Established 1858

Branches in Principal Cities of the World



The Extra Weight
in a KELSEY
Saves Coal Bills

You can buy a Kelsey Warm Air Generator for less than any good steam or hot water heating system.

But a Kelsey costs more than an ordinary warm air furnace because it weighs more.

This extra weight is built into a Kelsey to give it more heat-radiating surface.

It has 61 square feet of radiating surface for one square foot of fire-grate surface.

A Kelsey heats larger volumes of air than an ordinary furnace, and does it with less coal.

Because a Kelsey consumes about one-third less coal than an ordinary furnace it is more economical to operate.

A house heated with a Kelsey is worth more to live in and will rent or sell for more money.

The cost of a Kelsey is small when the saving in coal bills and repairs is considered.

This economical heating system is fully described in our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation." Send for it.

The James Smart Mfg. Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "MILTON" on it."

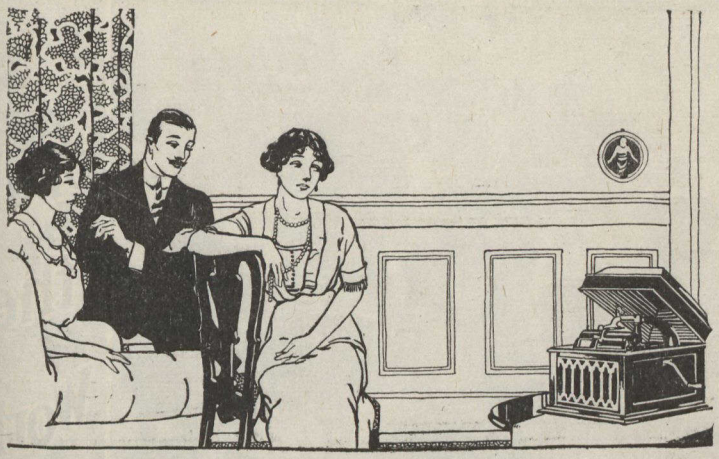
are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not effective by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office - - - - 50 Adelaide Street W.



Edison's Latest Wonder
The Blue Amberol Record

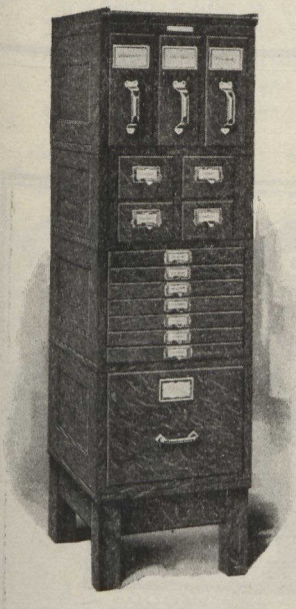
is so faithful and lifelike in its tone reproduction, so fine and broad in the scope of its selections, so high in its plane of artists, that you can almost see the stage setting.

For more than four minutes, thousands of times, the Blue Amberol unwinds to you the most luxurious entertainment you ever knew. It never wears out and won't break. Drop in on your Edison dealer today. He'll be glad to give you a concert free. Specify the Blue Amberol always.

Thomas A Edison
INCORPORATED

6 Lakeside Avenue - Orange, N.J., U.S.A

You would find a "close-by-my-desk" file a great accomodation in your office



The logical place for your private papers and those records which claim your constant attention is *right beside your desk.* There, they are always under your personal control and can be quickly and conveniently referred to at any moment.

A Stack of Office Specialty Half Sections affords you an excellent accomodation for keeping your records in this proximate position. Perhaps you will require but one or two sections at first. Start as small as you like—other sections can be added as you need them.

Get full particulars on the complete Office Specialty Half Section line from our Folder No. 809, or ask us to send catalog of our *complete* line of filing equipment. Write us today to send either of these booklets.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD

CANADA

HEAD OFFICE: 97 Wellington Street West, TORONTO

Branches: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

Factories: NEWMARKET, ONT.

When the Stomach Goes Back to Work

Then Is the Whole System Glad. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Will Quickly Put the Stomach in Shape.

When the stomach fails to do its work properly the whole machine of man is unstrung and wholly incapable of work. This condition obtains from the tiniest nerve to the big, strong, pumping heart.

It is a wise law of nature that has made the stomach man's strongest organ, but when it stops work man ought to realize that it does so because it can continue no longer.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will certainly give the stomach the repair it needs and is always crying aloud for.

A tablet taken after each meal will in the course of several hours become a portion of the digestive fluids. It will build up these fluids. First in the stomach, then in the intestines.

The liver is the storehouse of the body. Here are assembled all the reserve fluids of the system and here the various ingredients of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets mingle with the faulty natural juices and strengthen them or if they are too strong then they will be reduced to their proper strength and proportion.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain a single ingredient, one grain of which is sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of food. Just think how gratefully such an element is received into a body that cannot digest at all without a new weakening of the already depleted juices.

Go to your druggist this very day and obtain a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, price 50 cents. A week's trial will make you a new man and your stomach will go back to work.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

The Kodak Story

The story of the Kodak album—its a continued and never concluded story that grips you stronger with every chapter—a story that fascinates every member of the family from grandmother to the kiddies because it's a personal story full of human interest. Let Kodak keep that story for you.

Ask your dealer, or write us, for "At Home with the Kodak," a delightfully illustrated little book that tells about home pictures—flashlight, groups home portraits and the like—and how to make them. It's mailed without charge.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, Toronto.

GREATEST SUBSCRIPTION PREMIUM EVER OFFERED BY A MAGAZINE——Nothing To Equal It Was Ever Attempted

ACT AT ONCE—Secure Your LOT in this RICH, WONDERFUL Country—NOW. THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Canada's acknowledged leading monthly is making this exceptional offer to you.

Subscribe to the Canadian Magazine for two years at the regular price and receive a lot 33 x 120 feet in East New Hazelton FREE (with the exception of a small fee to cover cost of survey, delivery of deed, etc.)

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER WILL POSITIVELY RECEIVE A LOT.

G. T. P. R. STATION, NEW HAZELTON, B. C.

RESERVATION NOW OPEN.

East New Hazelton adjoins the well established town of New Hazelton, in a district immensely wealthy in coal and a variety of minerals, and fringed by some of the most productive farm country in the world. Lots in this very neighborhood are now selling from $150.00 to $1,500.00 and prices are increasing rapidly.

GRASP THIS UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY NOW.

There are no strings to this offer, the reputation of the Canadian Magazine is your ample guarantee that every statement made here is genuinely true.

THIS GENEROUS OFFER WILL STAND A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION.

The Canadian Magazine is in the publishing business and not in the real estate business, but is offering these lots as a special inducement to get your subsciption.

THIS IS A SIMPLE AND DEFINITE PROPOSITION.

Manager Premium Dept.,
302 Webster Bldg.,
53 Yonge St.,
Toronto,

Kindly send me complete information in regard to lots in East New Hazelton, you are offering with your magazine as a special premium inducement.

Name.....

Address.....

Investigate this Offer NOW

Write Manager, Premium Department, The Canadian Magazine, 302 Webster Bldg., 53 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Alfred Tremblay Journeyed
4000 miles on foot in the Arctic

and on many occasions owed his life and that of his companions of the "Minnie Maud" Expedition "to the wonderful precision and shocking power" of .280 "Ross" Rifle which was his constant companion. Though "unwittingly submitted to every test of ill usage never once did it jam, break, or become affected by the intense frost or rough usage." Mr. Tremblay's letter to us is a revelation of the hardships of a surveying expedition as well as a splendid testimonial of the value of the .280 "Ross."

If you want the most powerful and most accurate sporting rifle sold, buy the .280 High Velocity "Ross" and the special Sporting Cartridges, with copper tube bullet, patented. .280 "Ross" Rifle sells at $55.00 and the cartridges $7.50 per 100.

Other models "Ross" Rifle at from $12.00.

Complete illustrated catalogue on request.

ROSS RIFLE CO., QUEBEC, Canada.

- IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH WHILE -
- SATISFYING YOUR THIRST -

O'Keefe's "Gold Label Ale" is concentrated health, strength and vigor. It is a rich, creamy old ale—containing just the nutriment needed to build up and invigorate the whole system.

O'Keefe's GOLD LABEL ALE

Traveller's Inquiry Department

Subscribers to the Canadian Magazine who are contemplating a trip for business or pleasure, either at home or abroad, are invited to write us for free information concerning routes, hotels, etc.

Suggestions for travel can be found in the following pages, and should further information be desired it can be obtained by addressing

The Canadian Magazine
Travel Bureau
200-206 Adelaide Street W.
TORONTO *CANADA*

Algonquin Provincial Park

(ONTARIO)

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

A Thoroughly Universal Vacation Territory
SUMMER or WINTER

Satisfying Alike to Novice and Veteran.

High Altitude—Pure Air—Unspoiled Forest—Beautiful Lakes—Splendid Fishing—Much Wild Game—Hotel and Camp Life.

IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH CIVILIZATION
OR ENTIRELY APART FROM IT.

WINTER SPORTS — Snowshoeing — Tobogganing — Skiing — Skating

THE HIGHLAND INN

Beautifully situated 2,000 feet above the sea level. Rates $2.50 to $3.00 per day, $16.00 to $18.00 per week. Write to G. W. Haworth, Resident Manager, Algonquin Park, P. O.

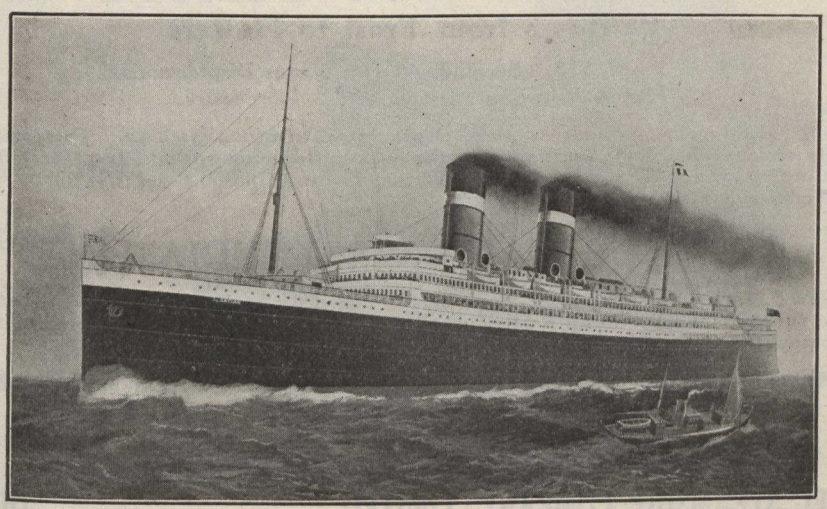
For advertising matter and all particulars apply to any agent of the system, including J. Quinlan, D. P. A., Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, D. P. A., Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal.

H. G. ELLIOTT,
General Passenger Agent,
Montreal.

Allan Line Steamship Co., Ltd.

Halifax	St. John	St. John	Boston	Portland	Philadelphia
Liverpool	Liverpool	Havre-London	Glasgow	Glasgow	Glasgow



New Steamships "ALSATIAN" and "CALGARIAN"

Quadruple Screws. 18,000 Tons. Turbine Engines.

LARGEST and FINEST STEAMERS CANADIAN ROUTE

TO EUROPE IN 1914

on these "passenger" ships *par excellence* provides

A NEW EXPERIENCE IN OCEAN TRAVEL

The magnificent accommodation includes Dining Saloon (60 ft. x 70 ft.); Smoking Room; Library; Card Room; Grill Room; Lounge (18 ft. high in centre); Gymnasium; Passenger Elevators; Telephone System

Sleeping Apartments comprise staterooms en suite, including bedroom, sitting rooms, private toilet and bathroom—also a large number of ONE BERTH ROOMS.

For further information, reservations, tickets, etc., apply LOCAL AGENTS or

H. & A. ALLAN, General Agents

2 St. Peter St., MONTREAL 675 St. Catharine St. W.

THE ALLAN LINE
95 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.
320 Homer Street, Vancouver, B. C.

W. R. ALLAN,
General Western Agent
364 Main Street, Winnipeg. Man.

For Ocean Travel Use A *Berth-high* Steamer Wardrobe Trunk

Make your next ocean voyage leave pleasant thoughts of travelling comfort—travel with a "Berth-high." Just the right size for use aboard steamer and marvellously compact, but has double carrying capacity. Ample room for the most extended voyages, and your clothing will be as crisp and bright on landing as when packed for the trip.

Outfit for your next voyage at "Julian Sale." Everything for travelling comfort is displayed for easy choosing. If out of town, send for catalogue and prices.

Our display of kit bags, club bags and suit cases offers wide range for selection at reasonable prices considering quality and workmanship.

"JULIAN SALE"

(The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.)

105 King Street West, Toronto

PARKERS HOTEL NAPLES

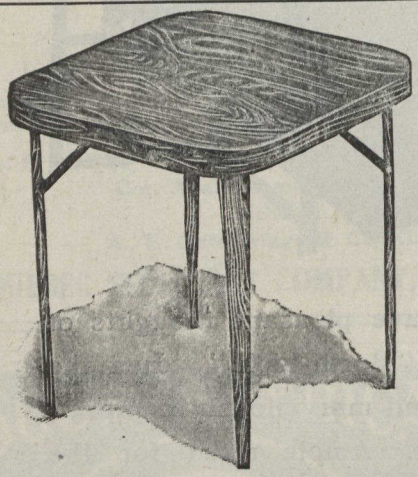
Private Suites with Bath, Up-to-date in every respect. In the healthiest part of the town, Cuisine excellent, Sanitation perfect.

BOOKLET can be obtained from The Canadian Magazine, Toronto, Canada.

BEAUTIFUL in the EXTREME

is the view from Parker's Hotel, Naples. In the foreground the Villa residences of Naples' finest suburb; beyond the City and the Bay. A magnificent panorama of uninterrupted loveliness with Vesuvius—Grey Beacon of Antiquity—still keeipng watch and ward over the

MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY in the WORLD



A Table wherever you want it.

This table can be folded and carried to any part of the house, verandah, or lawn by even a child. Yet it is staunch and steady enough to hold over half a ton.

The Lightweight PEERLESS Folding Table

is made in Early English, Fumed or Golden Oak, with green felt or leatherette and are made with both round or square tops.

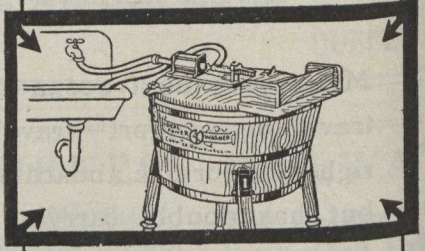
This table is indespensable in the house and can be used for cards, sewing, reading, lunches or teas. Always ready for use and when not in use it can be folded and put behind a door or in a closet.

Write for Catalog "C" and name of nearest dealer who sells the Peerless, so that you can see the table for yourself.

HOURD & COMPANY, Limited
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers
London - Ontario

THE "IDEAL" IS PARAMOUNT

If the Water Motor of the Ideal Washer was its only feature, it would still be the best one that could be bought.



But it is only one of many and the combination makes the Ideal unique among washing machines.

There is a patented feature that prevents warping and another that gives rigidity, strength and durability.

Investigate this washer at your dealer's or send to us for information.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited
Hamilton, Ontario 204

INVESTING FOR PROFIT FREE

FOR SIX MONTHS. It is worth **$10** a copy to any one intending to invest any money, however small, who has invested money unprofitably, or who can save $5.00 or more per month, but who hasn't learned the art of investing for profit. It demonstrates the **real** earning power of money, the knowledge financiers and bankers hide from the masses. It reveals the enormous profits bankers make and shows how to make the same profits. It explains **how** stupendous fortunes are made and **why** made, how $1,000 grows to $22,000. To introduce my magazine, write me **now.** I'll send it six months absolutely **FREE.**

H. L. BARBER, Pub. R 176, 26 W. Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

The Prophy-lac-tic is the ONE Tooth Brush in universal use today—everywhere

There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

Fearman's Star Brand

Made by

F. W Fearman Co., Limited, Hamilton.

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

THERE is no limit to the number of good things to be made from KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE and KNOX ACIDULATED GELATINE (LEMON FLAVOR). Each package makes FOUR PINTS (½ gallon) of jelly, and may be used in making

Desserts Jellies
Puddings Ice Creams
Sherbets Salads
Mayonnaise Dressing
Candies, etc.

With the ACIDULATED package try this new way of making

Veal Loaf

Soak 1 envelope of Knox Acidulated Gelatine and ½ teaspoonful of lemon flavoring found in Acidulated package in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1 onion grated and 1 stalk of celery to 1 pint of rich stock well seasoned, and after boiling a few minutes strain and pour over softened gelatine. When jelly is beginning to set, mold in two cups of cooked and chopped veal, adding if desired, chopped parsley and pimentoes. Slice and serve on platter.

Recipe Book FREE

for your grocer's name. **PINT SAMPLE for 2 cent stamp and grocer's name.**

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
499 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory, Montreal, Can.

A Matter of Pride

IN ITALY, as you are motoring, perhaps in the Eternal City, with the gentleman to whom you have had letters of introduction, he will refer with evident satisfaction to the good points of his home-made "Itala" car, point out maybe, its ease of riding or its special adaption for climbing and desending the miles after miles of steep grades of the Italian and Swiss Alps.

IN GERMANY your Teutonic friend will indicate with a glow of honest pride his reasons for pleasure with his smooth running, powerful "Mercedes."

IN BELGIUM the owner of a "Minerva" Knight Engine car will, perhaps, show you the long list of "Minerva" triumphs in speed contests through the mountain districts of his own and adjoining countries.

IN FRANCE the fastidious Parisian will glow with pleasure as he tells you of his "Panhard" or his "Renault" which, after he has paid his duty on his gasoline in Paris sweep over the straight, smooth roads of France with an insistent rhythmical rush.

IN ENGLAND your somewhat reticent John Bull friend, without saying much, will act in a way to indicate to his guests that his "Daimler" or his "Rolls-Royce" are good enough for little England, having regard to their elegance of finish, smooth running engines, and low frames, suitable to the delightful English roads, with their smooth surfaces always in good repair.

IN THE UNITED STATES the Detroiter takes just pride in showing off his "Packard," the Buffalonian his "Pierce-Arrow," and the Clevelander his "Stearns-Knight."

We say "All honor to them!" They have the cars, and they have the attitude of mind—

"Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home."

Russell KNIGHT IN CANADA

The **Russell Motor Car Company** now submits, with deference, but also with great confidence, that it has done its part, and that the fair-minded and alert Canadian need not curb his enthusiasm for his Canadian-made car, but may point out, as a matter of considerable pride to him as a Canadian, that his "RUSSELL" is the full peer of the best cars of other countries, and that it has some features that make it, beyond all others, the car for Canadian roads.

The **Russell Motor Car Company** confidently ask you to examine their four-cylinder and six-cylinder cars, equipped as they are with electric self-starters, electric lamps, left-hand drive, etc., and finished, and upholstered, and appointed with the utmost elegance and comfort, and propelled by their silent-running and powerful Canadian-made Knight engine. They ask you to compare these distintive cars, not with cheaper cars, nor only with cars selling on the same price-level, but with the very best cars of foreign make.

We have been too good Canadians to be satisfied with anything but the best for Canada. We feel sure that a sufficient number of intelligent and appreciative Canadians will be found to own "Russell" cars to warrant us in persisting in our determination to supply only the very best cars that Canadian brains and Canadian mechanics can produce.

See the RUSSELL at the Show—a full range of the country's finest Cars. Prices from $3.200.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office and Factory: West Toronto

Branches at: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, and Melbourne, Australia.

When the new Dictionary of Auto terms and phrases is issued "to tractionize" will be explained as a term denoting "to equip a car with the standardized anti-skid, which ensures perpetual safety."

Holds Highest Honors for Prevention of Skidding

It has yet to be proven that any sanely driven car has ever skidded when the tire equipment was Dunlop Traction Tread. No other tire can produce such a record.

Holds Highest Honors for Prevention of Rim-Cutting

About eight years ago we invented the Won't-Rim-Cut Tire and brought out the first tire of this type ever made in Canada. For two years we gathered statistics from dealers, all of which went to prove that Dunlop was the one tire which Never Did Rim-Cut.

Holds Highest Honors for Mileage and Endurance

Winnipeg, August 22, 1913, Gas Power Age Trophy, 500 Mile Endurance Run, Winning car equipped with Dunlop Tires. Two of the four had previously gone 12,000 miles and one of the other two had previously gone 9,000 miles. As a Winnipeg paper very truthfully said: "Can you beat that for a driver's confidence in a tire?

Holds Highest Honors for Anti-Skidding, No-Rim-Cutting, Mileage, Endurance—All in One

August-October, 1912, Dunlop Traction Treads made the first Canadian Trans-Continental Trip. One of the four tires travelled the full distance from Halifax to Vancouver without even being pumped up a second time.

The Dunlop line consists of Tires for Automobile, Motor Truck, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage, Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose, Heels, Mats, Tiling and General Rubber Specialties.

BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES.

$1250

Completely equipped
With electric starter and generator, $1425, f.o.b. Hamilton, Ont.

A PROMINENT foreign automobile manufacturer was given the blueprints and detailed specifications of the 1914 Overland and asked to figure out what the car could be sold for.

After considerable figuring and calculating he reported that if the model were manufactured *in large lots of from one thousand to fifteen hundred cars a year,* it could be sold for approximately $1800.

Now note that he specified "1000 cars a year" as large lots. We make that many in a week! And there is the difference.

This man was an excellent manufacturer, but accustomed to doing business on, what we call, a small basis. Our idea of small business was his idea of big business.

Fifty thousand cars a year (our production) was beyond his limited conception.

When we told him we could market the car for $1250 he said it was a mechanical impossibility; inferred we were crazy.

A good many people are like this foreign manufacturer.

They cannot grasp what 50,000 cars a year means. They cannot understand the numerous and various manufacturing economies, which such an enormous production effects.

Yet if they will but compare the $1250 Overland with most any of the $1500 to $1700 cars they will be unable to find much material difference.

There are over 3000 Overland dealers. Look up the one in your town. Examine this car carefully.

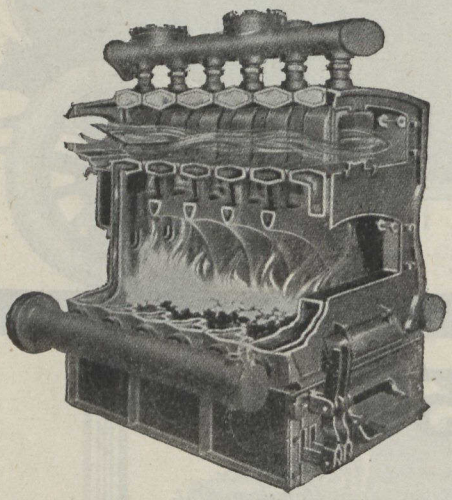
Handsome 1914 catalogue and name of nearest dealer on request.

Please address Dept. 4.

The Willys-Overland Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks.
Full information on request.

Heating Equipment for Canadian Homes, Institutions and Buildings



"Canadian" Steam Heating Boiler.

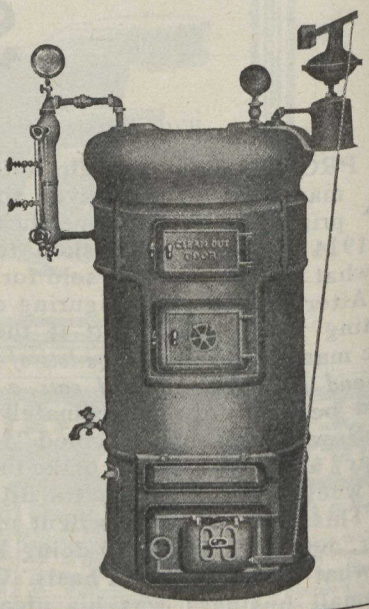
The "CANADIAN" Steam Boiler is designed for heating institutions, office buildings and large residences. It is made up of a series of sections, each a complete boiler in itself.

Unfailing in its satisfactory operation. Will meet every particular requirement as to architecture and rating.

Made in twenty-eight sizes, with five different widths of grate. Burns hard or soft coal or coke.

The "WESTERN JR." steam heating boiler is a soft coal burner for private homes. In the districts where Alberta coal is used this boiler is being almost exclusively installed in modern buildings. Its features embody a deep fire-pot that will carry an unusually heavy bed of fire, and a large area of fire travel with clean-out doors affording a ready means to quickly and completely remove all accumulations of soot.

Makers also of the "Sovereign" hot water boiler—the heating equipment in the great majority of modernly built Canadian homes. The new, The 1913-1914 Model will burn hard or soft coal or wood. "Sovereign" Radiators afford perfect radiation for steam, water or vacuum heating.



"Western Jr." Steam Heating Boiler.

"Sovereign" Radiators

TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY LIMITED

"Canadian" Steam Boilers

Head Office and Foundries: Guelph, Canada

F3

Toronto—1088 King St. West
Vancouver—1070 Homer St.
Quebec—Mechanics Supply Company
Calgary—P. D. McLaren, Limited, 622 Ninth Ave.
Montreal—246 Craig St. West
St. John, N.B.—W. H. Campbell, 16 Water Street
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works, Limited
Hamilton, Ont.—W. W. Taylor, 17 Stanley Ave.

REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** has been used by mothers for their children while teething. **Are you disturbed at night** and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**"

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

Easy to run—easy to buy

BISSELL'S

"Cyco" BALL BEARING

Carpet Sweeper

is the handy, inexpensive cleaning device runs without effort, readily gathers up dirt or litter, and brightens and preserves fine carpets and rugs with its gentle but thorough brushing. An extra sweeper for upstairs adds to the convenience and saves steps. All stores have them at $3.00 to $4.75. Let us mail you the booklet "*Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping*".

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Save Your Voice

Do not ignore hoarseness, coughs, sore throats or loss of voice. Use

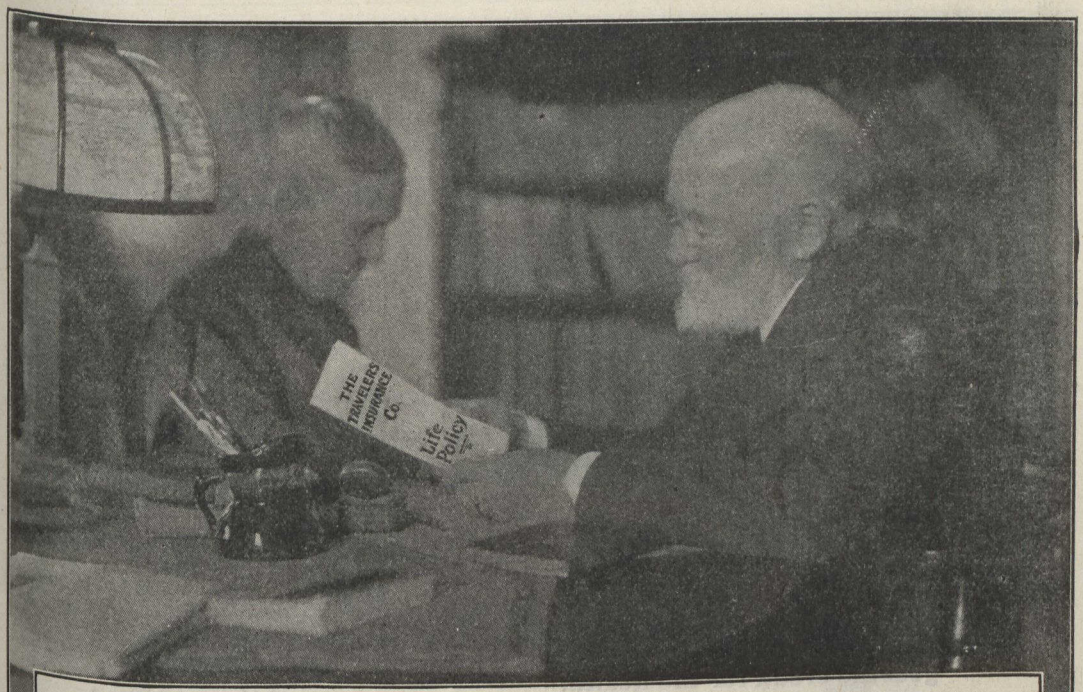
EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT Pastilles

FORMULA OF THE LIVERPOOL THROAT HOSPITAL

They give relief at once, and their continued use restores strength and tone to the throat and vocal organs, If you speak or sing in public, always keep Evans' Antiseptic Throat Pastilles at hand. 174

For Free Sample, write

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal



Their Source of Comfort

OLD AGE dependent upon others and full of anxiety about the daily needs of life is a painful prospect. Old age is beautiful when free from care. The right kind of an old age pension is one which comes from your frugality and foresight in younger and more prosperous times. Insurance money is the kind of an old age pension you can accept with dignity and self-esteem.

The TRAVELERS "Insurance Annuity-65" Policy is the right kind of an old age pension. It provides insurance protection to age 65, when premiums cease, the policy matures and The TRAVELERS begins to pay to the insured 1/10 of the face of the policy each year as long as the insured lives. If the insured lives to age 65 but dies within 10 years the payments are continued to the beneficiary until the full amount of the original insurance is paid. The policy also contains the most liberal disability clause ever offered to the public.

Let us send you information about this TRAVELERS "Insurance Annuity-65" Policy which makes the last days full of comfort for the body and peace for the mind.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn. Canadian M. Tear off

Send me further information about The TRAVELERS "Insurance Annuity-65" Policy.
My name, date of birth and address are written below:

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

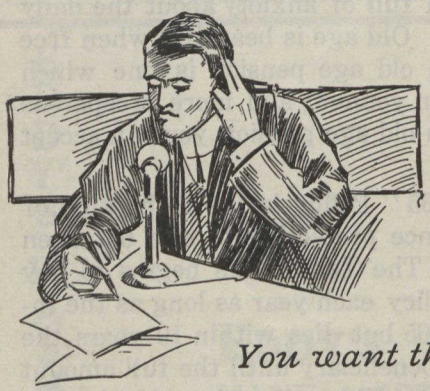
gets the credit for the health, of this family of eleven. . .

MAGOR SON & CO. Limited, Can. Agents, MONTREAL

Read what this Mother says:

"I am the mother of eleven children and have brought them all up on Robinson's "Patent" Barley, since they were a fortnight old; they were all fine healthy babies. My baby is now just seven weeks old, and improves daily. A friend of mine had a very delicate baby which was gradually wasting away, and she tried several kinds of food, and when I saw her I recommended her the 'Patent' Barley, and it is almost wonderful how the child has improved since taking it. I have recommended it to several people, as I think it is a splendid food for babies, and I advise every mother that has to bring up her baby by hand to use Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, as it is unequalled."

Mrs. A. C. Goodall,
12 Mount Ash Road,
Sydenham Hill, S.E.,
London, England



Remember to say

"COSGRAVES"

Don't merely telephone for beer. There is ordinary beer for people who do not care.

You want the best. To get it, say

COSGRAVES

(Chill-Proof)

PALE ALE

Any dealer will fill your order promptly.

Cosgraves is also on sale at all hotels and licensed cafes.

The ONLY Chill-proof beer.

2-90

Examine *your* skin closely

Follow the treatment given here and you can keep your skin so that you will always be proud of it.

See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

These conditions of the skin are a natural results of the constant strain imposed upon it during the winter months, when we eat heavy foods and take almost no exercise. Each spring the skin needs *refreshing*.

How to refresh your skin

Wash your face with care and take plenty of time to do it. Lather freely with Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub in gently till the skin is softened and the pores open. Then rinse several times in very cold water, or better still, rub with a *lump of ice*.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, then closes them and brings the blood to the surface. You feel the difference the first time you use it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Go to your dealer's today and get a cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. 109-n Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd., Dept. 109-n Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.

Every puff of P. A. is a wallop!

Get *that* punched into your system!

Never was such jimmy pipe tobacco, because no other tobacco but P. A. ever was made by the patented process that *cuts out* the bite and the parch!

You, and every other man, can smoke a pipe all you want if you'll only get wise and stick to

PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

It's true blue sport to open the A. M. with a jimmy pipe packed full of P. A. So fresh and pleasing and so fragrant that the songs of little birds and puffs of joy smoke just put the music of the early sunshine right into your system!

Get the idea?

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

P. A. in the tidy red tin.

Prince Albert is manufactured only by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. at its factories in Winston-Salem, N. C., U.S.A., and is imported from the United States by Canadian dealers.

Prince Albert is the largest selling brand of pipe tobacco in the United States.

Buy Prince Albert everywhere in the tidy red full 2-ounce tins.

Diamond Dyes give "Perfectly Splendid Results" and a "Fresh From Paris" Look

Alice Blue suit dyed Dark Blue.

Mrs. K. B. Jackson, writes:—

"My daughter Julia had a light Alice Blue suit that my sister in Hartford gave her for her birthday present. Although the material was of excellent quality it soon faded in spots and became mussy looking.

"Julia felt badly for the suit fit her beautifully and it was a really handsome one.

"I had made up my mind that I would have to do without something and spend the money so saved on a new suit for her, when one of Julia's friends said, 'Why don't you dye it with DIAMOND DYES.'

"The next day I bought a package of DIAMOND DYES for Wool or Silk and dyed the suit dark blue. The result was perfectly splendid. We were so pleased that I felt we could spare some of the money DIAMOND DYES saved for us to have Julia's photograph taken. I send you one showing the 'new DIAMOND DYE suit.'"

Mrs. Elbert Young, writes:—

"I send you my picture taken in a broadcloth suit which I re-colored with DIAMOND DYES. It was originally a a tan suit and because faded I dyed it black. I cut the coat which was long and altered it into the modish short coat you see in the picture. I also dyed a white aigrette which I had and bought some white velvet and made the hat which I am wearing in the photograph.

"My friends tell me the suit and hat are stunning creations and that they look as though fresh from Paris. Perhaps you will think enough of my handiwork to use my photo in your advertising."

Tan Broadcloth dyed Black.

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.** **Wool** and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool** or **Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen,** or **Mixed Goods** to color Vegeble Fibre Fabrics, **so that you may obtain the Very Best Results on EVERY fabric.**

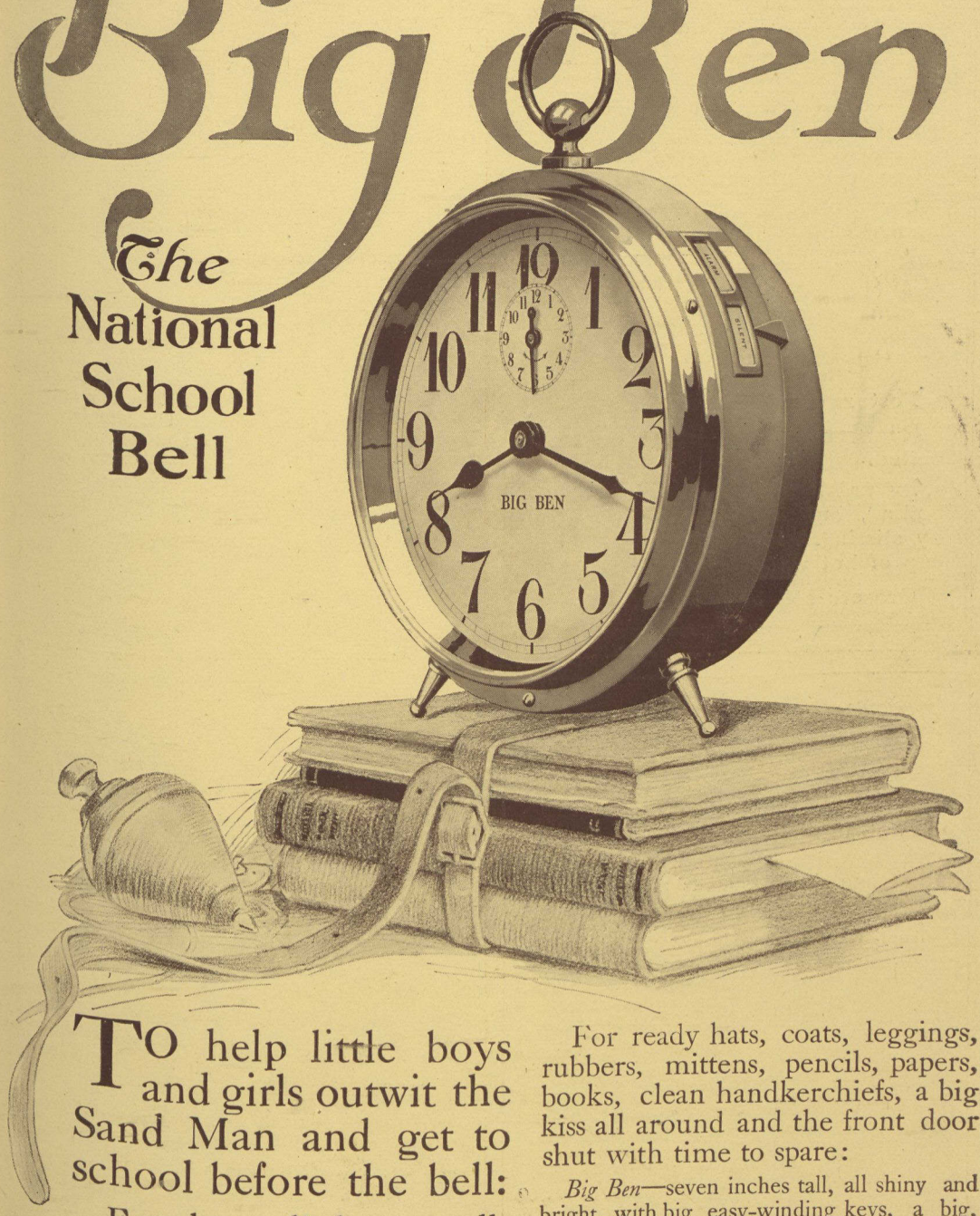
DIAMOND DYES SELL AT 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA

Big Ben

The National School Bell



TO help little boys and girls outwit the Sand Man and get to school before the bell:

For a happy little crew calling "Mother, we beat you!" For brushed hair, tied ties, white hands, pink ears inside and behind.

For ready hats, coats, leggings, rubbers, mittens, pencils, papers, books, clean handkerchiefs, a big kiss all around and the front door shut with time to spare:

Big Ben—seven inches tall, all shiny and bright, with big easy-winding keys, a big, frank, open face, and a big jolly deep-toned voice.—He'll wake them every day at any time you say.

Rings two ways—five minutes straight or every other half minute during ten minutes. $2.50 anywhere in the States, $3.00 anywhere in Canada. *Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox.*

Let In Sunlight!

The coffee-habit clouds many a bright intellect.

Don't let it be a perpetual handicap to your ability for success!

Leave off coffee and drink well-made

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum—doesn't require boiling, but is prepared **instantly** by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water.

Grocers sell both kinds.

Good For Grown Ups, Too!

Nothing like hot bouilion made from Armour's Bouilion Cubes to keep the cold out and ward off chills. Drop a cube in a cup of hot water and you have it—a delicious bouilion, tasting of beef, vegetables and seasoning.

Druggists and Grocers Everywhere.

For Free Samples Address Dept. 562 Armour and Company, Chicago

Armour's Bouillon Cube

O-Cedar Polish

gives all furniture and varnished woodwork new-like appearance and lustre. More than that, it cleans as it polishes, making the furniture hygienically clean.

The hard, dry, durable lustre it gives never becomes foggy or hazy, sticky or gummy, or dust-collecting, but is hard and dry.

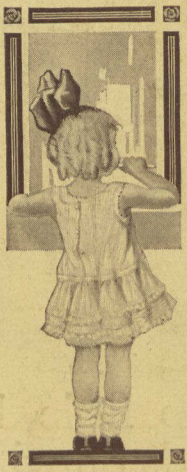
Most economical, because you use half O-Cedar and half water.

Read directions on the bottle

Your Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

25c. to $3.00
Sizes at
All Dealers

CHANNEL CHEMICAL CO., Limited
369 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Ont.
CHANNEL CHEMICAL Co, Chicago



A "DRUGGY" taste is not necessary to make a dentifrice efficient.

The delicious flavor of Ribbon Dental Cream makes the regular care of the teeth a treat. Its thorough, antiseptic cleansing checks decay-germs and leaves the mouth wholesome and non-acid.

Send 4c. in stamps for a generous trial tube and our booklet "The Jungle Pow-Wow."

COLGATE & CO.,
Dept. P., Coristine Bldg., Montreal.
W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL.
Sole Agent for Canada.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

T. H. BEST PRINTING CO. LIMITED, TORONTO