



MAY  
1909

THE  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE

Vol. 33

No. 1

MONTREAL: A GREAT COMMERCIAL  
CENTRE

*By John S. MacLean*

ONTARIO'S OUTWORN POLICE SYSTEM

*By John Verner McAree*

KAISER WILHELM: HIS OPPORTUNITY  
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXIII.

No. 1

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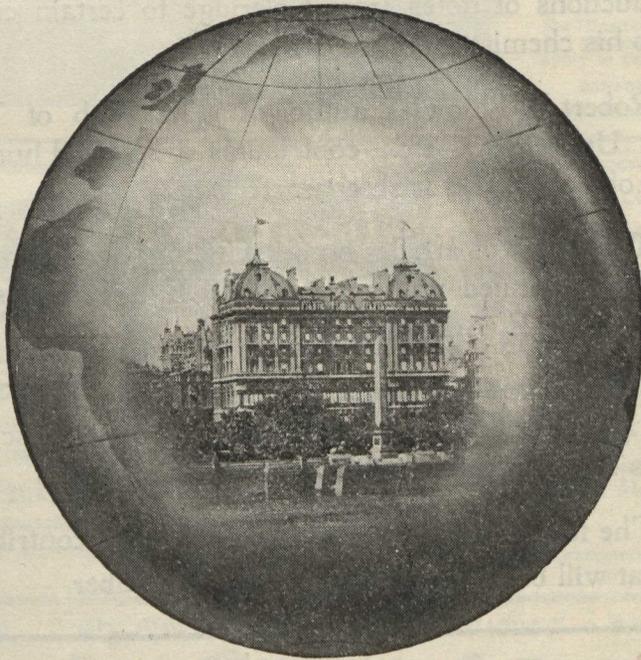
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# ANNOUNCEMENT

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"A Fragment from a Tragedy," by S. T. Wood will be the first article in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for June. Many persons have doubted the assertion that the poet Coleridge was an unfortunate victim of drugs, but in this article Mr. Wood shows conclusively that he was, and at the same time he makes some interesting and sympathetic comment on influence of that kind on artistic achievement. The article is entirely appreciative, and will be accompanied by interesting illustrations, particularly of reproductions of notes from Coleridge to certain creditors and to his chemist, asking for drugs.

Robert E. Knowles, author of "The Web of Time", "The Undertow", etc., contributes a splendid humorous study of Scotch and Irish characteristics.

The series of articles on outstanding Canadian artists will be continued with an article by E. F. B. Johnston on the art of W. E. Atkinson, A. R. C. A.

"Miniatures of Merrie England," by Frank Yeigh, with about twenty reproductions of most artistic photographs by E. S. Carter, will be one of the features

The foregoing are merely some of the contributions to what will be an unusually attractive number.

---

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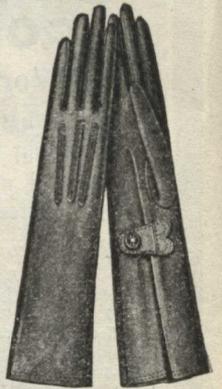
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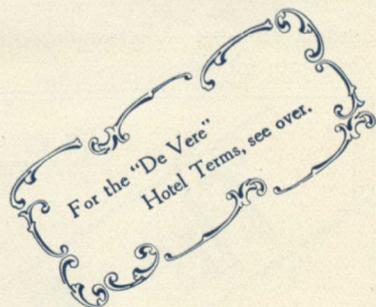
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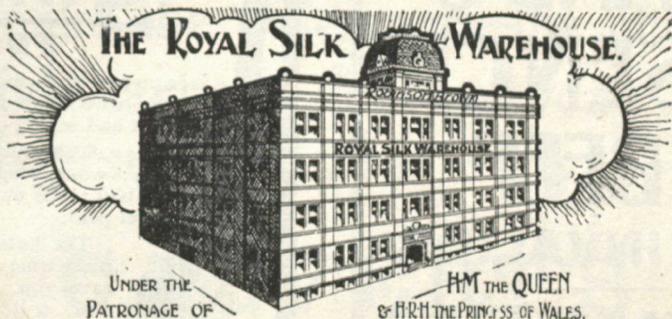
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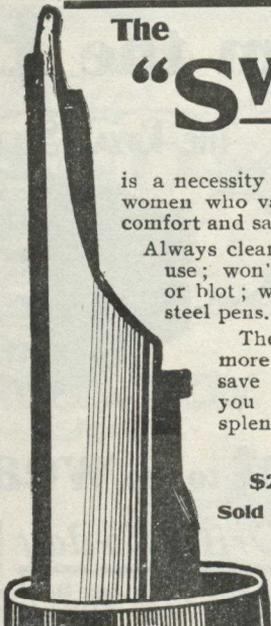
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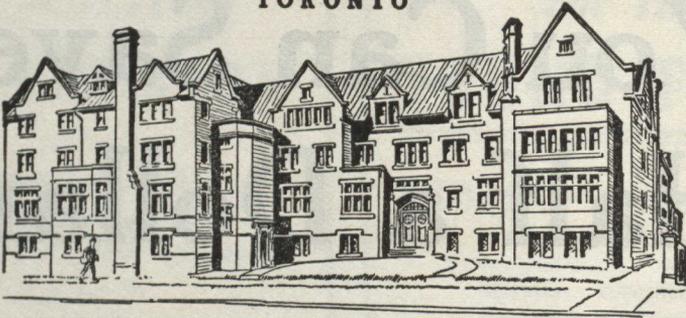
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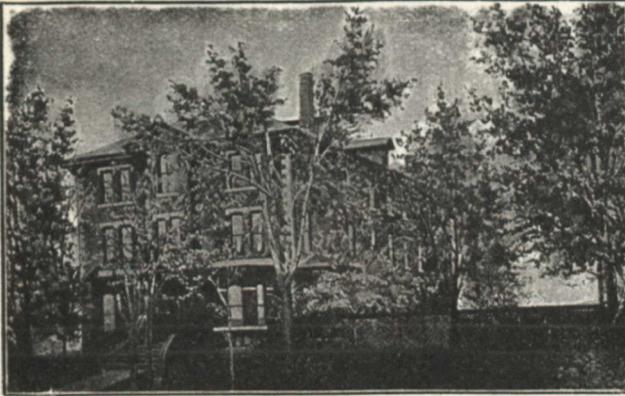
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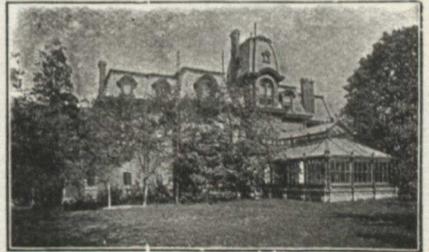
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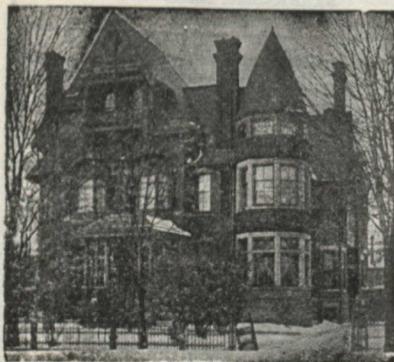
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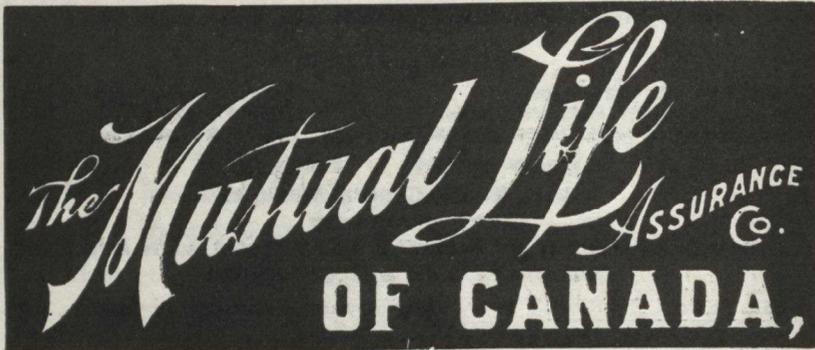
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## THE EXCELSIOR Life Insurance Company

Head Office, Excelsior Life Building, TORONTO

**BUSINESS FOR 1908 MOST SATISFACTORY  
EVER EXPERIENCED**

<b>INSURANCE IN FORCE</b>	- - - -	<b>\$12,236,064.10</b>
Increase	\$1,079,435.00	
<b>NEW INSURANCE WRITTEN</b>	- - - -	<b>2,483,906.00</b>
Increase	\$359,728.00	
<b>ASSETS FOR SECURITY OF POLICY HOLDERS</b>	- - - -	<b>2,020,102.72</b>
Increase	\$227,428.71	
<b>CASH INCOME</b>	- - - -	<b>454,790.94</b>
Increase	\$65,235.04	
<b>RESERVE FUNDS</b>	- - - -	<b>1,465,664.03</b>
Including special reserve	\$39,997.86	
<b>SURPLUS ON POLICYHOLDERS' ACCOUNT</b>	- - - -	<b>169,436.55</b>

**INCREASES**—Insurance in force 10 per cent. Assets 16 per cent. Income, 17 per cent. Reserves, 15 per cent. Net surplus 93 per cent.

**DECREASES**—Death Rate 44 per cent. less than expected, 9 per cent. less than preceding year; expense ratio 6.5 per cent.

**INTEREST INCOME** more than sufficient to pay Death losses and all expenses of the company excepting Agents' salary expenses. Interest earned on mean Net Assets 6.72 per cent. A good company to insure with, consequently a good company for agents to represent.

## The Northern Life Assurance Company

**REPORT FOR 1908 SHOWS**

Premium and Interest In-	
come .....	\$ 234,275.60
<b>Being an Increase of .....</b>	<b>20,778.43</b>
Total Assets .....	\$1,018,288.99
<b>Being an Increase of .....</b>	<b>128,831.03</b>
Government Reserve for Se-	
curity of Policyholders...	698,678.83
<b>Being an Increase of .....</b>	<b>111,459.26</b>
Surplus for Security of	
Policyholders .....	\$ 714,671.66
<b>Adding unpaid Subscribed Stock .....</b>	<b>613,382.67</b>
Total Security for Policy-	
holders .....	\$1,328,054.33
<b>Insurance in Force .....</b>	<b>\$6,086,871.00</b>

*Good openings for reliable producing agents.*

**W. M. GOVENLOCK,**  
Secretary

**JOHN MILNE,**  
Managing Director

Head Office, - - London, Ont.

**ASSETS**  
\$ 8,143,485

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000  
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000  
RESERVE FUND \$1,150,000

# CENTRAL CANADA

**LOAN & SAVINGS  
COMPANY**  
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED  
AND DEBENTURES  
ISSUED



**St. Denis Hotel**  
Broadway and Eleventh Street  
NEW YORK

European Plan — Convenient Location  
**WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON**

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

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OAKVILLE, ONTARIO

This Sanitarium, established some sixteen years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug Diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating, Bathing.

FOR TERMS, ETC., ADDRESS THE MANAGER

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE

# The Last Best West

Health, Liberty and Prosperity

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

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

## A Free Homestead of 160 Acres

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

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

### INFORMATION AND ADVICE

may be freely obtained from

W. D. SCOTT, SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION,  
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J. BRUCE WALKER, COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION,  
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, or

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11-12, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W., ENGLAND.

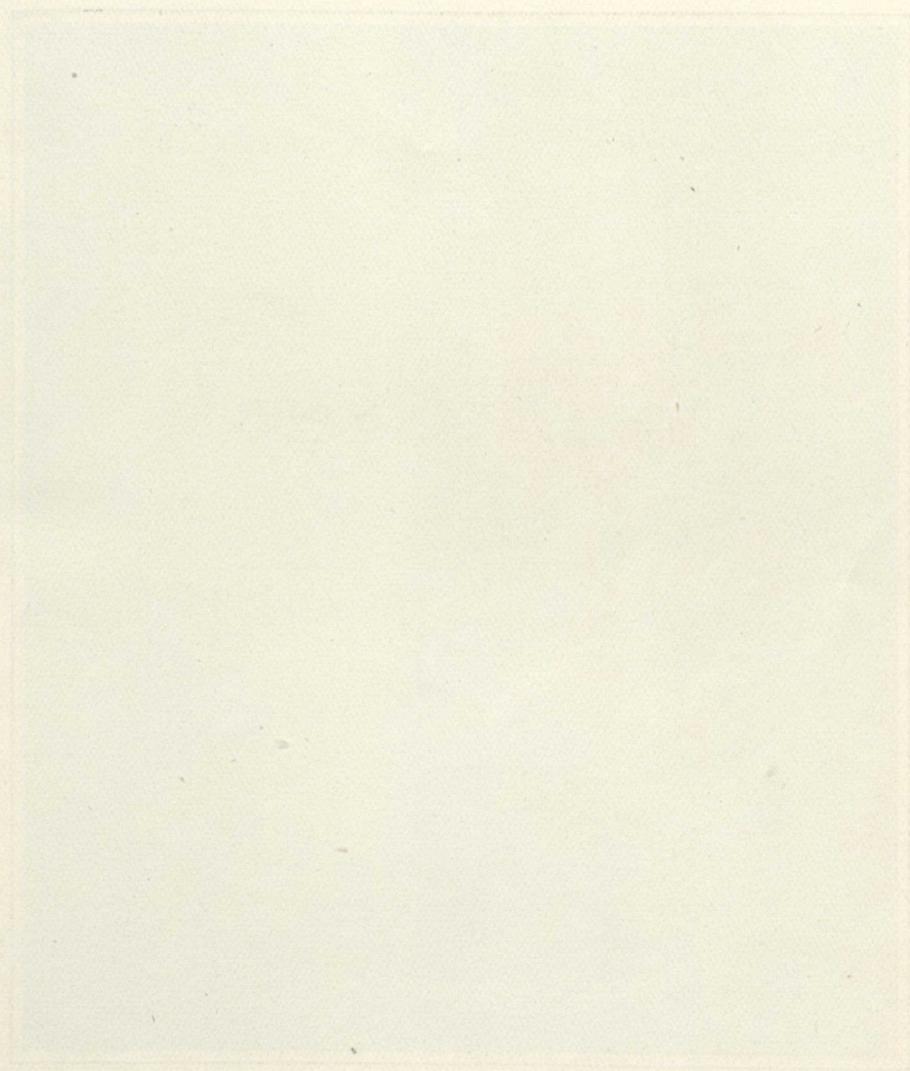


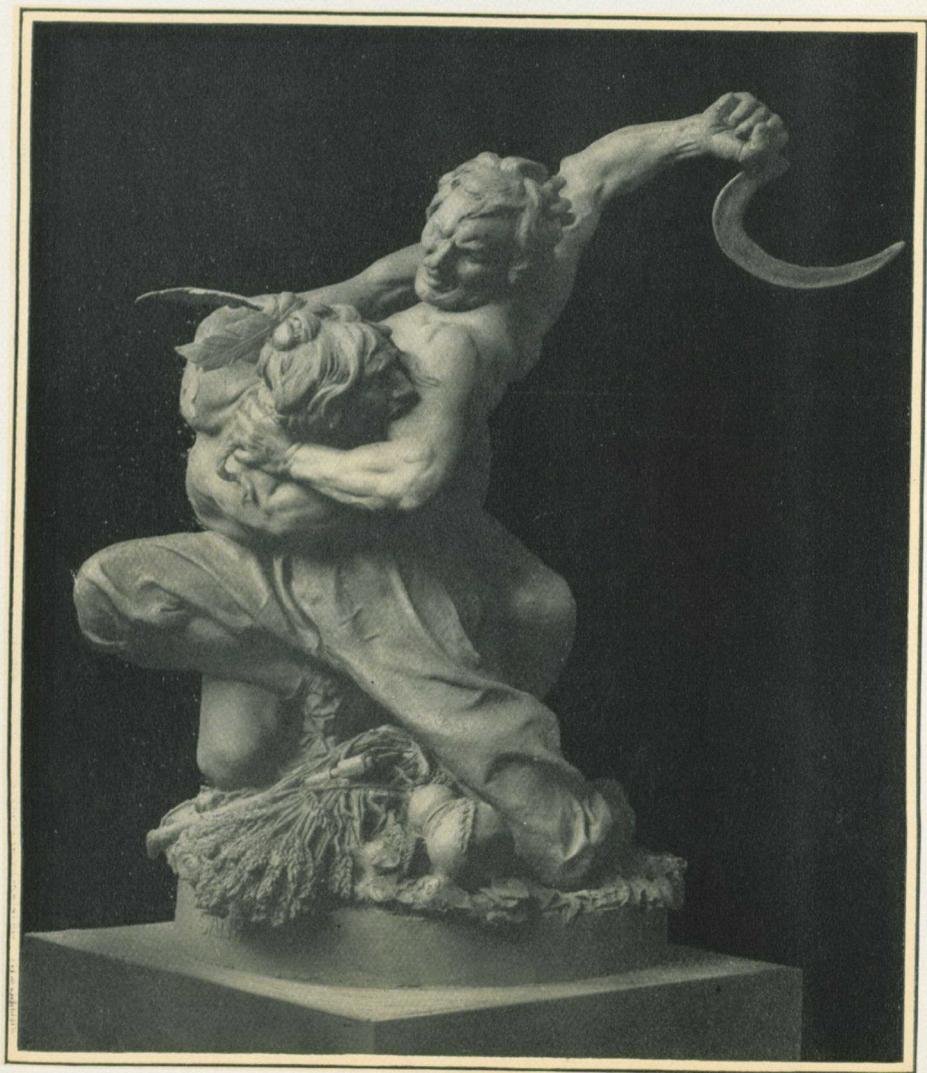
In the Semi-ready wardrobes throughout Canada they are showing all the distinguished styles in Summer Clothes—tailored and designed in the fashions that appeal to men of cultured tastes.

Not expensive, either, for at \$15 and \$18 they finish these hand-tailored suits in two hours.

**Semi-ready, Limited**

CHARLES H. NELSON, President  
472 Guy Street, MONTREAL





*From the model by Hébert*

"SANS MERCI"

THIS IS REGARDED AS ONE OF HEBERT'S BEST WORKS. UNFORTUNATELY, AS YET, IT HAS NEVER BEEN CAST IN BRONZE. IT DEPICTS THE STRUGGLE OF CIVILISATION AGAINST SAVAGERY

—See page 49

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII

TORONTO, MAY, 1909

No. 1



HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS' ELEVATOR, MONTREAL,  
Showing conveyor system and railway connections on King Edward Pier

## MONTREAL: A GREAT COMMERCIAL CENTRE

BY JOHN S. MACLEAN

**R**ADIATING in all directions, the trades routes of nature have been improved and enlarged by man to make of Montreal a great commercial centre. The head of ocean navigation, 1,000 miles from the Atlantic, the island is also the distributing point for a system of inland water ways reaching to the heart of the continent, 1,500 miles farther on. Allying themselves with the forces of nature, the railways find at Montreal the nearest ocean port for the products of the Great West. From Fort William to Montreal, through either

Midland or Victoria Harbour, the distance is 880 miles as compared with 1,190 miles to New York by way of Buffalo. From Duluth the Canadian route to Montreal is 360 miles shorter than the American route to New York. Chicago is 335 miles nearer the seaboard by the same route to Montreal than by way of Buffalo to New York. There are other routes, existing or projected, which are equally favourable to Montreal, but for many years it was a reproach that the spout was not large enough for the funnel; in other words, that the har-

bour was not equipped to handle the traffic which sought an outlet there. Under the present energetic Harbour Commission, headed by Major G. W. Stephens, the reproach has lost its force. The accompanying views will give an idea of what has been done in that regard.

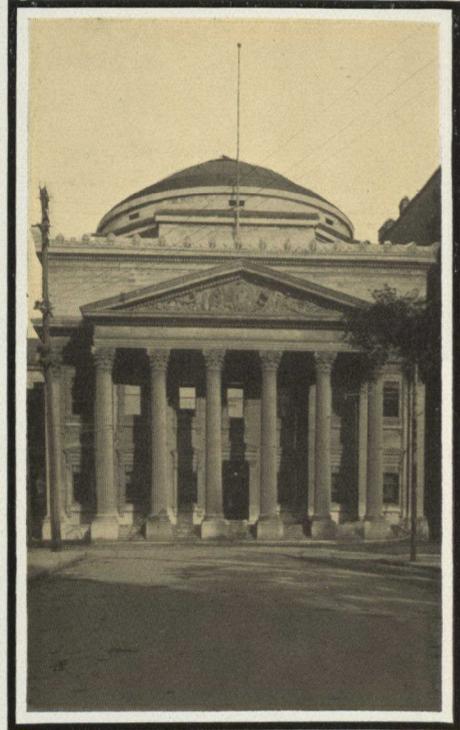
On the next page is a view of the modern harbour at the foot of the Lachine Canal and the shore wharves

for the basis of a Great Lakes Transportation Company, which was to revolutionise our export grain trade. But the option lapsed through his inability to raise the necessary capital to carry out his schemes, and Mr. Hays, realising also its strategical position and having in view the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, promptly acquired possession of the site. The system of high



ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL,

North side, looking west and showing three new bank buildings, the two of light gray colour and the farthest high building



THE BANK OF MONTREAL,

Wherein many of the big financial transactions of Canada are conducted. Its dignity has never been marred by the use of the modern sign

running down to Longue Pointe, a distance of six miles. It was taken from the Grand Trunk Railway elevator on Windmill Point. By way of parenthesis, it may be said that this was the spot chosen by Mr. W. J. Connors, the Buffalo grain shoveller, newspaper proprietor, banker, brewer, and chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee.

level piers and permanent sheds, started through the persistence of the late Hon. J. Israel Tarte, was completed last fall, and at the opening of navigation this spring the harbour will have fourteen double-deck steel and concrete fireproof permanent freight sheds and the largest grain conveying system in the world, ready for use. Even in its incomplete state



THE MODERN HARBOUR OF MONTREAL, FROM THE G.T.R. ELEVATOR,  
Showing the entrance to Lachine Canal, Notre Dame Church, the Harbour Commissioners' Elevator, and  
continuous accommodation for vessels almost as far as the eye can see

last year, the harbour's business averaged \$27,000,000 a month. It is not generally known among Canadians that there is only one port on the North American Continent, outside of New York, that is doing this volume of business and that there is only one port in Great Britain, outside of London and Liverpool, that can equal it. Montreal succeeded last year in taking away from Boston and New York the supremacy in the Western export grain trade. "The St. Lawrence route," says the report of the Minister of Public Works to Parliament, "captured the immense and ever-increasing traffic of the Canadian West and was in a fair way to monopolise that of the Western American States." Its facilities and its possibilities, however, are fully realised by the shipping companies. During the past summer White Star Line

officials made a careful investigation, with the result that this company will be represented by two entirely new vessels, among the largest in the trade, each 565 feet long and more than 15,000 tons. Three North German Lloyd steamers, each 7,000 tons, will run direct to German ports, and it is altogether likely that with the ratification of the Franco-Canadian treaty there will be a line of steamships between France and Canada, for which Parliament is now offering a subsidy. These are all in addition to the steamship lines which have been plying for years on the St. Lawrence route.

The character of the harbour equipment is shown in the panoramic view of King Edward pier on page three. At the right hand stands the million-bushel fire-proof elevator built by the Commission. Grain may be received

either from railway cars or by means of a marine leg from vessels in the harbour, and may be shipped by either water, rail, or truck. The conveyor system consists of over 6,000 feet of fire-proof galleries, containing belts, for carrying grain and exceeding any similar arrangement in the world. Berths for ten vessels are provided along side the conveyor system, four of which can be loaded simultaneously, and grain can be discharged at the rate of 60,000 bushels an hour. The latest word in freight

handling equipment is a "transporter," a sort of travelling crane with features in advance of any crane now in use. Two of these "transporters," each 112 feet long, have arrived from England and

are now ready for operation. If they prove as efficient as anticipated they will be adopted throughout the harbour. At any rate, the Commissioners are determined to spare no effort to improve the terminal facilities.

The main lines of railway run along the shore wharves, and the branches down the piers on both sides of the sheds. Cargoes can be discharged into the sheds for local distribution, direct into cars or through the sheds into cars for distribution by rail, or over side into barges and coast-

ing steamers for waterways. Simultaneously, the reverse of any or all of these operations can be carried on.

Montreal, though the *entrepot* for one-third of the commerce of Canada,



THE OLD RÉGIME  
Residence of a rich merchant of Montreal,  
built about 1655



ONE OF MONTREAL'S PALATIAL RESIDENCES,  
The Home of Mr. Robert Meighen



THE SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE

This quaint old stone structure stands in the financial centre of Montreal, facing Place d'Armes.  
The modern Stock Exchange adjoins the property



SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL,  
Showing the residence of Sir George A. Drummond



A MARKET SCENE ON JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE, MONTREAL



THE MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE  
Notre Dame Church in the background

has alone the honour of paying for its own harbour improvements, meeting the interest on loans by imposts on the business passing through its gates. There is now an indebtedness of \$10,000,000, on which an average of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is paid. But from a national point of view it is a good investment, for, since the improvements in the St. Lawrence channel were made, the annual reduction of insurance rates amounts to \$922,000. So that the investment is returned to the commerce of Canada at the rate of 10 per cent. a year.

But as we leave the harbour front, with its piers and sheds and elevators, there comes the report of Mr. John Armstrong, the Government engineer in charge of the Hudson's Bay railway survey, with the suggestion of a rival gateway for the products of the West. The vision of ocean vessels warping into the wharves of Winnipeg is startling but who can say whether the gate is of polished ivory or transparent horn?

The hall-mark of a modern commercial centre is a bankers' clearing house. Though the saving of time and labour is great and the process is simplicity itself, yet the origin of the institution is clouded with doubt. In the sixteenth century, the merchants who met at the great annual fair in Lyons were in the habit of making their bills payable only there. This, among other advantages, relieved them of the necessity of keeping large sums of coin in their homes at a period when *Dogberry* and *Verges* were on the watch. In the meantime their bills, circulating largely, became covered with endorsements, and at the yearly set-off, as we learn from Boisguillebert, transactions involving £80,000,000 were settled without the exchange of a *sou* in money. Notwithstanding its obvious advantages, the Montreal Clearing House was not established until January, 1889, and then apparently in a tentative fashion. It is now domiciled in the palatial head office of the Bank of Montreal,

on St. James Street, shown on page four. Each morning at 10 o'clock representatives of the banks gather in the Clearing House with the notes and cheques of one another enclosed in separate envelopes. Arranged in a semi-circle around the room are wickets for each of the banks. The messengers line up, and at a signal from the manager make a tour of the wickets, depositing with the clerk at each one the package of notes and cheques belonging to that bank. Each messenger then returns to the wicket representing his own bank and receives the packages deposited there from the other banks. They then leave for their respective offices, having done in three or four minutes what otherwise would take the better part of a day. The clerks remain to calculate the difference between the amounts delivered and those received, for which differences the manager of the Clearing House issues vouchers to be used later at the settling bank.

By arrangement, the Bank of Montreal acts as clearing bank for the receipt and disbursement of balances due to and by the various members of the Association. The record clearing for 1908 was on the eighth of November, when transactions involving \$8,892,236 were settled in ten minutes with the interchange of only one-fifth of that amount in legal tender.

St. James Street, now occupied almost exclusively by banks and office buildings, once bordered on the fortifications which hemmed in the city. But the peaceful victories of trade have brought more renown than those over the savage Iroquois. Within its short and narrow confines are nineteen chartered banks with a paid-up capital of \$78,000,000, having deposits of \$550,000,000, and lending \$425,000,000 on ordinary commercial paper presented daily from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The view of St. James Street on page four shows three of the latest banking houses added to this financial

quarter. Near the centre is the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Its front is a colonnade in pure Greco-Corinthian architecture with a heavy pylon on either end and a parapet above the cornice treated as an attica. The columns of Stanstead granite are sixty feet high. The screen wall, fifteen feet behind, is treated in the English *Renaissance* style. At the extreme left bordering on Victoria Square is the ten-storey office building erected by the Eastern Townships Bank. At the right is another fine example of Grecian architecture, the new building of the Royal Bank. The front is of Georgia marble and over the columns stand twelve-foot figures representing Mining, Agriculture, Railways and Fisheries. Adjoining the Royal Bank is seen the old St. Lawrence Hall, once Montreal's most famous hotel, now owned by the C.P.R. and soon to be replaced by a modern office building in keeping with the traditions of that company. That other mark of financial greatness, the Stock Exchange, is shown on page five.

In Heriot's day this was the limit of the city described in his Travels. Even then, a century ago, it had its Upper and its Lower Town. But among the changes which Commerce has wrought in Montreal none is more striking than the leap of the retail trade from Notre Dame and St. James Streets across the Craig Street valley, over Beaver Hall Hill, to St. Catherine Street. This magnificent boulevard has now absorbed most of the retail business of the city.

One tangible evidence of the progress of this new Upper Town is the real estate activity and the rapid rise of values. Since the beginning of the year opposite corners, about a block from the Windsor Hotel, have changed hands at over seventeen dollars a square foot.

Notwithstanding the rapid growth of the city and the consequent obliteration of landmarks, there are many reminders of the old *régime*. On page five is shown a busy market morning on Jacques Cartier Square, where the *habitant* dickers with the fashionable dame from Westmount. A block away at 27 St. Jean Baptiste Street stands the residence of Hubert dit Lacroix, a wealthy merchant, built in 1655. The handsome parlour, the carved-wood mantelpiece, the quaint hall and stairway testify to his standing in the community. Among the merchant princes of the present day Sir George A. Drummond takes front rank, and his handsome red sandstone residence on Sherbrooke Street shows the difference in two centuries of the city's life. Though not a commercial centre, yet in the very centre of commercial life, stands the Seminary of St. Sulpice, on Notre Dame Street, erected in 1710. "A stately, great, and pleasant House," wrote Charlevoix, "built of Free-stone after the model of that of St. Sulpice at Paris." Facing the Bank of Montreal, its gardens skirting the Stock Exchange, the Seminary, once Troy itself, still plays a great part in the city of Maisonneuve.



# ONTARIO'S OUTWORN POLICE SYSTEM

BY JOHN VERNER McAREE

TO criminals the police system of Ontario is very satisfactory. It is not to anyone else. It is not quite so bad as some critics try to make out for political purposes. Take the Barton Township murder, for example. This was the case of a young woman who was found done to death in a field near Hamilton. The Hamilton police, and after them a detective from the Attorney-General's Department, worked hard on the mystery. It remains a mystery, and because no one has been brought to justice fiery attacks have been made upon the police.

It is not the purpose of this article to defend the police; but the case is so bad against the system as a system that those who attack it can well afford to give it the benefit of every doubt. So it can be said that if the system were not a crude survival, the Barton murderer would probably have been apprehended within twelve hours of the discovery of the crime. But having eluded capture so long, the best system ever devised might not have laid him by the heels.

The curtain of the Barton Township mystery can be raised an inch or two and the public can be told for the first time in so many words why the slayer of that young woman has not been arrested. It is because he has accomplices, after the fact. These accomplices are the friends and kinsmen (or more likely kinswomen) of the murdered

girl. There is good reason to believe that the murderer and his victim came from some town in northern New York. The whole state was flooded with minute descriptions of the pair, as far as could be learned from those who saw them both in life, and the officers who carefully scrutinised the body and clothing of the victim. It is incredible that the police circulars failed to come into the hands of some one who recognised some of the little details that pointed unmistakably to the identity of an erring daughter or sister. To shield the dead from the disgrace that the trial of her slayer would surely bring upon her memory, and to save a family, perhaps a proud old family, from shame, those who know the name of the unidentified dead have kept silence. That the crime was one that had its beginning in an unfortunate love affair is reasonably sure. If the name of the victim were known, the name of her slayer would rise spontaneously from a hundred lips. But the duty of sparing the living appears greater than the duty of avenging the dead, and so the Barton mystery remains for the present.

It is reported that Honourable Mr. Foy, the Attorney-General of Ontario, intends to have some changes made in the law that regulates the activities of Provincial detectives. If he does anything at all, it will be to make the Attorney-General's department free to despatch an officer to

the scene of a crime without waiting for a request from the country crown attorney. At present a Provincial officer is supposed to wait until the local authorities send for him. He is the consulting specialist who must on no account rush to the rescue until requested to do so by the family physician who is in charge of the case.

Time is more than money; it is life and death in cases of serious crime. A day lost in getting a trained man on the spot is enough, in four cases out of five, to let the criminal escape. A case in point was that of little Glory Whalen, at Collingwood. The child was foully murdered in 1903, and to this day no one knows who killed her. Six years—that is one stretch of time. From Thursday until Saturday, that is another. One period is that in which the fiend who slew Glory Whalen has been at liberty; the other is the time it took a Provincial detective to get to work on the mystery. The crime was discovered on a Thursday. It was Saturday before the trained detective got to work.

Well, you can blame the Attorney-General's department for this, if you like, but what happens when the department does as you think it should? The Orr murder at Galt comes to mind. Emma Orr, a farmer's wife, had been murdered, and the local authorities had taken up the case with great vigour. Fortunately — miraculously, one might say — the county constable was a man of unusual intelligence. He had rounded up half a dozen or more suspicious characters, among them being young Alison, who was afterwards proved to be the actual murderer. But the case against none of them was conclusive.

Acting on its own initiative, the Attorney-General's department sent up Inspector John Murray. The indignant wrath of the coroner and the local attorney knew no bounds. What did Murray mean by "butting in" there? Did he think they were a lot

of "jays" who didn't know how to conduct a case? They had a fine officer in charge who already had the murderer under lock and key—the puzzle being to sort him out. Murray concurred, but went on with his own investigations just the same. He desired to interview Alison at the jail. To "sweat" him is the correct technical term. But the jailer refused him admittance. Then the thoroughly aroused Murray threatened to arrest the jailer and have him committed to his own institution and, further, to physically chastise him on the spot. So he was allowed to see Alison, who confessed to him, and the case ended there and then.

But the coroner and attorney nursed their indignation. The former tried to exclude the Toronto reporters from the inquest, on the ground that they took up too much room; that it was none of their business anyway, and that there was a number of his lady friends who wished to be present and sit where the reporters had established themselves. A peremptory wire from the Parliament buildings settled the quarrel with the reporters. But, suppose the Orr case had been one requiring several days' or weeks' work, with local officers and the Provincial police working side by side, what sort of team play would have been the result of the system in Galt?

Reversing usual logical procedure and passing from the specific to the general, it may be said that, as a rule, the local police object to the coming of the specialist. Did *Gregson* and *Lestrade* heave a sigh of relief when *Sherlock Holmes* was called in? Or did they resent what they called his intrusion? It undoubtedly does tend to belittle the county constable when he is shoved into the background as soon as a crime of importance happens. No man gets a national reputation by summoning a man for letting his cattle roam at large. No one becomes famous by arresting vagrants. That is the drudgery of the county constable's life, but sud-

denly there occurs a grand murder. The big papers have sent down their reporters; the hamlet finds itself of more importance than the war cloud in the Balkans. The eye of the nation is upon it. Is the chief officer of the district to be thrust aside when Opportunity, for the first time knocks loudly on his door?

Now, our local *Dogberry* may not be much of a sleuth, but you may be sure he is something of a politician, or he would not be the constable. That is what the local crown-attorney looks at. They are fellow Tories or fellow Grits. They feed at the same trough. The friends of the one are useful to the other. Or, leaving politics aside, they may be comrades. As between pals, now, would the crown-attorney telegraph to Toronto, in effect: "Constable here strictly N.G.—send down Provincial officer?" Suppose neither politics nor friendship enters into the matter, cannot you hear in imagination the local sleuth begging for just another day? Just give him till Saturday night, and he'll have the handcuffs on that fellow, never fear. He has just come into possession of a fresh clue. Give the old dog a chance; he'll show you, sir. So the crown-attorney waits till Saturday night, but there is no one to put the handcuffs on. He has come to the conclusion that the knock the constable thought was that of Opportunity was only some mischievous scampering urchins. He sends the fatal message, and *Sherlock Holmes* appears.

Unless he finds the constable to be what he very often is—a good man within certain narrow limits, the Provincial officer must begin at the beginning, and work step by step up to where the baffled constable has already arrived. This takes time, and, as has been shown, lost time may mean an unavenged murder.

The Provincial officer may spend a week or even a month on the ground, and finally drop the case. He returns home and puts in his report.

It appears that the local authorities had so bungled matters that it was an impossible job from the start. The wrong clues were followed, or the right clue was followed so precipitately that the criminal became alarmed at once, and was on his guard. An awkward question had aroused suspicion, a glib answer had permitted the real murderer to slip through the fingers of the law. Yes, yes, a very bad mess they had made, to be sure.

As for the local sleuths, we know what they say. Here they were, just on the verge of making a fell swoop, when that chap from Toronto came in to spoil all their plans. He thought he knew it all, and—well, they just let him go ahead to see how much he did know. It was just as I told you, sir. If you'd only listened to me we'd have been all right. As it is, here are the people saying we're no good. Yes, they blame you as much as me—more.

What's the matter with the police, then? The System is all wrong. There is not enough team-play, no combination, no proper, responsible management, too many authorities, jealousy among the petty heads, not enough men; far, far too few good men; not enough money spent, no training school for the men. There may be nineteen or twenty other defects that do not occur to me at the moment. But though there were a thousand things the trouble with the police system of Ontario that could be remedied in two prescriptions—a central management and plenty of money.

One of the first Canadian institutions to become famous was, strangely enough, a police system. The Royal Northwest Mounted Police is celebrated all over the world. Writers with the knack of the picturesque have called its men the "guardians of the frozen North." Is it more important that the frozen North should be efficiently policed than Ontario? In what essential as regards the prevention of crime and the prompt ar-

rest of the criminals does Ontario differ from Saskatchewan?

The idea of half a dozen malefactors breaking out of one of the barracks of the Mounted Police and roaming the country for months is absurd. Yet it is not absurd in Ontario. If Rose and his pals had escaped in that part of Canada under the jurisdiction of the R.N.-W.M.P. every man on the force would have been on the look-out for them within twenty-four hours after their escape. Trained men would have been set to watch the various holes into which they might be expected to crawl. Every outlet would have been guarded and their chances of remaining at large for weeks and months would be not better than a hundred to one.

The suggestion is made that the police forces of Ontario, including city police, county constables, provincial detectives, special officers such as are employed by the railways, forest and fire-rangers, game wardens and their deputies, and jail governors and turn-keys should be brought into one force, under one central management. There should be district headquarters in every county, and local depots in every town and township. At least once a day the local depot should report to the county headquarters, and the county headquarters to the central office. Also from the central office could radiate instructions by telegraph which could be in the hands of every man in the service in a couple of hours. There should be mounted men in every township whose duty it would be to patrol the country roads, day and night, sweeping up the tramps and vagrants who now make the life of women in the less populated rural districts a terror. These mounted patrols, at certain intervals along their route, should have telegraph or telephone stations, like the patrol boxes in the city, and from each of them they would report to the local depot, and receive fresh instructions, if necessary. They should have a certain time-table, so that

after a month or two it would be possible for the farmers along the route to tell, within about half a mile, where the nearest policeman was, and to get a message to him without delay, in case of emergency.

This system of patrolling the country roads would be, perhaps, the strongest feature of the system that is proposed. People who dwell in the cities are prone to cherish the delusion that the country is the headquarters of innocence and peace. It is not saying too much to declare that nobody in the country or the country villages has that sense of security in life and property that the dweller in the roughest city district enjoys. The cities may be the headquarters of vice, but it is also the headquarters of law and order. The police will tell you that the "bad men" of the cities come from the country or the little towns and villages. Perhaps the worst criminal gang that has figured prominently in police records in the last few years was the Rice-Rutledge outfit. Were its members products of the city slums? No; they came from pastoral scenes. And a few words will explain why it is natural that the most desperate criminals should come from the country or the little village. Take the bad boy who is brought up in the country. First he has to emancipate himself from parental control. This is usually accomplished when he is about eighteen. We will suppose him to be tough and quarrelsome, with particular abilities as a rough-and-tumbler fighter. He successively beats the other aspiring roughs in the district, to the number of eight or ten, and soon is ruffling it as cock of the walk. There only remains the local constable to quell, and our young friend is in truth the terror of the district. As the average county or village constable is no more celebrated for his physical than for his mental prowess, the chances are that he is early tamed. By the time our hero becomes a man, he is beyond restraint, knows no law but

his own desires, respects no one's rights, and refuses to realise that there is a power stronger than his own burly fist.

Suppose the same husky lad had been brought up in the city. He would have found out early in life that he could not thrash everyone in the city, not because the average city man is abler-bodied than the average country man, but because the extremes of feebleness and strength are more surely to be found among large populations. Instead of having the village constable to thrash, he has a six-foot policeman, *plus* club, *plus* revolver, and, above all, *plus* whistle. The whistle would bring two or three or ten or a hundred other six-foot policemen to the scene, and the more desperately our young hero would resist the more severely would he be punished. So it follows that while the cities may turn out more than their proper share of burglars, sneak thieves, forgers and bank wreckers, the country is the real breeding-ground for the hold-up man, the tramp and all members of that most dangerous class of criminals whose two weapons are physical strength and cruelty.

Under the new system our young rough would have to meet, not a middle aged politician, who is constable two days in the week and an auctioneer or shoemaker the rest of the time, but an abled-bodied, armed officer who is a policeman twenty-four hours a day, and who has a thousand men at the back of every order he issues. Would there not be a difference in the class of young men growing up along the side lines?

With such a body, governed in the matter of appointment and promotion along the most reformed of civil service lines, with decent pay for the recruit, and with rewards higher up, to be attained after faithful, intelligent service, as fine a class would be attracted to the Ontario police force as to the mounted force in the Northwest, in Australia or in Cape Colony.

There would be an opportunity for specialising in the prevention and detection of crime. The same central officer would not be required to ferret out a group of incendiaries and the utterers of base coin. Every good detective officer is better along certain lines of research than others, good all-round man though he be. The late John Murray had a national reputation as a counterfeit money expert, and similarly one might review the officers still in active service. Each has the specialty he would like to concentrate on, if the system permitted, and it would be greatly to the advantage of justice if each could follow his bent without interruption.

In the improved system the Bertillon device and the Rogues' Gallery would reach a high development. The boy or man who gave early evidence of criminal instincts would be under the watchful eye of the police no matter in what part of the province he established himself. As it is now, a man may be a thorough-going bully or petty thief in Halton, but when he moves to Peel no one knows him, and all the bitter experience of his Halton neighbours goes for nothing. In the larger cities like Toronto, where the police are better organised, the crook who moves from Sydenham Street to Strachan Avenue is instantly recognised, and is a marked man among the police of that particular division.

We would hoot the man who would arise with the suggestion that the police of Toronto should have no central head, and that those in each ward should act independently of those in the other wards. Yet that is the system that prevails throughout Ontario. To install such a system as has been outlined in this article would cost a lot of money. It might require years to work out all the details. It would necessitate the sacrifice of much petty patronage, the surrender of a large amount of local authority and autonomy. It would call for acts in the Ontario Legislature, and perhaps

for special Federal legislation. We might even have to send to the House of Lords for permission to amend the British North America Act.

But it would be worth it and a good deal more. Set against the formidable item of cost the increased value of millions of acres of lands, surrounded by lonely country roads, along which prowl tramps to terrorise the wives of thousands of farmers. On a modest estimate the new protection and sense of security would be worth another bushel to the acre. The actual saving of property from destruction and theft would be another great item to put on the credit side of the ledger. The new force, in its power to draw ambitious young men and offer them promising careers, would be at least equal to the discovery of a new mineral, the estab-

lishment of a new industry. The bankers of Canada met the other day and deplored the poor protection afforded them by the police. They would be willing to stand a stiff assessment to inaugurate the new régime. The insurance companies, which lose tens of thousands of dollars a year through incendiarism, might be tempted to reduce rates or to contribute handsomely to the maintenance of a satisfactory system of Provincial police.

It is a great big scheme, and big schemes have a trick of brushing aside obstacles through sheer force of gravity. It offers to an ambitious legislator a better opportunity than Niagara power offered to Mr. Beck. The question is, Will some modern politician take the chance of mortally offending the criminal classes?

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## A SERENADE

By A. CLARE GIFFIN

Ah open, Sweet, the fast-closed door!  
 The moonlight lies across the lawn;  
 Until the coming of the dawn,  
 Let us be happy yet once more!  
 The languid flowers scent the air,  
 And all the sweet dark earth is fair.

Rose of the world, my heart's delight!  
 Open the door and softly come;  
 For flowers sleep and birds are dumb,  
 And all around us is the night.  
 Oh, come into the garden sweet,  
 And wake the flowers at my feet!

Give me yet once more for my own,  
 Gray of your eyes, gold of your hair,  
 White of your long arms soft and bare,  
 The magic of your sweetest tone;  
 Tell how you love me till the light  
 Breaks on our heart-dream of the night.

Rose of the world, my sweet, my sweet!  
 The moonlight fades and goes away,  
 The still, soft darkness cannot stay:  
 Come, for the hours of night are fleet.  
 My longing heart, Belovéd cries  
 To see Love's glory in your eyes.

# WHY I AM A SUFFRAGETTE

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

A MEMBER of the Newcastle-on-Tyne School Board was knitting in her place, when the first of three selected candidates for an inspectorship came in to be interviewed by the Board. She looked at him for a second, and said: "I shan't vote for him. I don't like the way he parts his hair."

Whenever I have told this incident it has been received as almost conclusive evidence of the unsuitability of women for public office, and therefore of their unsuitability for the suffrage, which is the key to public office. In truth, it is nothing of the kind. It is rather an admirable text for a discourse upon the place of women in public life, not from the women's point of view so much as from the point of view of human fair-play.

The Almighty divided the race into male and female, because it was necessary for the perpetuation of the species, and because it was necessary to prevent men from getting an overpowering conceit of themselves. But the Almighty did not make a male and female arithmetic or make sex-partitions in the decalogue. There has been a universal tendency to regard women as the inferior vessel. Masculine notions of chivalry have, in the main, been allied with notions of masculine superiority, with about as much reason as Adam had for blaming Eve because he was disobedient. I think if I were a woman I should feel a resentful contempt for men, on account of the treatment of women by men, when men have had

the power of translating their real opinions into statutes.

There are constitutional differences between men and women—fortunately for women. Except in rare cases, there will always be a difference between a woman's approach of a public question and a man's. Menkind seldom seem to think upon their assumption that because the masculine is masculine it is therefore right. Talk to the average man—the average statesman, if there be such a thing—, about the fitness of women for public duty, and he immediately questions whether women can think and talk and act as *he* does about political questions. Just as far as a woman can become a man, so far, in most people's judgment, is she fit to work with men in law-making and law-administering.

That point of view is fundamentally wrong. Consider it in relation to the knitting member of the School Board who wouldn't vote for a man because of the way he parted his hair. What is the superlative quality in business administrative generalship? It is the power of selecting the most capable men for responsible posts. Ask your great general of industry how he sizes up men, and he can't tell you much more than "I know a good man when I see him." Back of all his figuring is intuition. His impressions form themselves, and they form him. He is the creature of instinct.

Now, suppose any half-dozen men of wide business experience were solicited by half a dozen other men for a responsible appointment; and sup-

pose the first man who came in had curled side-whiskers; would not his whiskers condemn him as one who had come to maturity out of due time? Curled mutton chop whiskers in 1909 reveal a peculiarity of character which the least responsible male intellect can appreciate. A man does the doubly obvious thing, in rejecting such a curiosity, and straight-way thinks he is smart. A woman, endowed with a finer, quicker, more trustworthy intuition than the man, detects a peculiarity in temper in the parting of the hair. Her judgment is just as good as that of the Board of Directors against Curled Whiskers; but, because it operates more quickly, and on apparently slenderer evidence than theirs, it is derisively called "prejudice."

Some years ago I visited a famous church in Brooklyn. A minister prayed at the invitation of the pastor, who gave him a name that made me prick up my ears. Later the pastor announced a lecture by the stranger, of whose career in Africa he spoke in high and noble terms. I had just come from Africa, and knew that the man whose prayer I had heard had been unfrocked for gross immorality. As I had some relation with the pastor of the church, I told him what I knew, and the impostor left the country in less than forty hours. Said the deceived minister: "My wife warned me against that man the first time she saw him, but I laughed at her."

The point I want to make is that an instinct—a faith if you like—that is valuable in domestic life is correspondingly valuable in public life. If men were as wise as they think they are they would have found a way of utilising it through the ballot long before now. That women are without the Parliamentary franchise is no final evidence of the sagacity of men.

Apropos of appointments to public office, it is worth while noticing the impulse that makes civil service reform an issue in politics. He is a particularly dull Pharisee who would

claim that women would make a worse mess of appointments to public office than has distinguished so much of all kinds of politics in these latter times. Thousands of men have been appointed to public office primarily because they have broken the laws against electoral wickedness.

So long as women have to obey laws for the making of which they have no responsibility, surely in the year of grace 1909 it is more pertinent to explain why they have been denied a part in making laws, than it is to justify their natural right to the franchise. Admittedly, the argument of historical usage is with the anti-suffragists. So it was with the stage-coach against the train, and with the mule against the automobile. So it was with the lord against his vassal. So it was with the candle against the incandescent.

We are growing out of the idea that because Adam was so weak and foolish as to please Eve, Eve was appropriately doomed to everlasting suffering in this life and, by inference, to second place in the life to come. There are eleven arguments against equal suffrage that are about as sound in logic as the first eleven chapters of Genesis are sound in history. One of them is especially interesting because of its seeming conclusiveness to those who would be in congenial company with William the Conqueror. It is that women must not vote because they cannot fight—that the nations are preserved by war, and that the capacity to become a soldier is the supreme test of civic power.

Well, there is a function more important to the State than quarrelling for the State. It is the perpetuation of the State, the bringing forth of children who will honorably bear its burdens. In church most men admit that it is the mother who makes the man. On the hustings they will concede that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, and think the remark original. But they

won't let it have anything to do with the ballot box. The idea of a feminine deacon would shock most of them. The Apostle Paul has a great deal to answer for; apparently, because he had a wife to whom he was not congenial. His views about women in the church were suitable to Corinthian circumstances, which vanished. If he lived to-day he would be going round a golf course with some saintly Lydia.

Formidable opposition to equal suffrage does not come from those whose real views about woman's place in the governance of the world are really barbaric, whether those views be dissembled in politeness and so-called chivalry, or are expressed with the honesty of the Cornish preacher who said: "Women be like pilchards—when they be good they be only middlin', and when they be bad they be bad." It is as unnecessary to worry about this brand of opinion as it is to be disturbed about the few remaining persons who think that popular education is a mistake, and dangerous to well-ordered institutions. There are serious arguments against woman's suffrage that are begotten of a truly lofty feminism—good people fear that women may have too much of a good thing. Mrs. Humphry Ward, and, apparently, Sir James Whitney, are of this timorous body of Littlefaiths.

Now, it is a mark of inexperience to criticise, on the ground that it is illogical, the attitude of a public character to some great public affair. The brainiest of men use their brains to discover and enforce arguments that accord with the predilections they derive from their parents, or from some ancestor of whom they may never have heard. A severely logical person is intolerable. Those who shrink from social, political, or religious innovations, as they would flee a pestilence, are invariably living examples of principles or practices which, not so long ago, were regarded by their fathers and mothers, perhaps by themselves,

as horribly revolutionary.

Mrs. Ward writes novels and makes speeches in public that would have astounded her grandmother. What would her great-grandmother have said of such things? Mrs. Ward has no objection to women administering the Poor Law and sitting on School Boards, and working with men in noisome slums. She does not denounce her lady friends who vote for aldermen, guardians and councillors. But when it comes to voting for members of parliament—Heavens, here is a subject for counter-agitation!

For the life of me, I cannot see why a member of Parliament is so very much worse than an alderman, or a county councillor, that women should be prevented from voting for or against him. It is true that members of parliament make laws which decide the most vital things in a woman's legal existence—when she may have control of herself, when she may invoke the law against those who despitefully use her, how far her children are hers, and so on and so forth. It is true that, in the main, men have made laws that discriminate against women—the divorce laws of the Empire are almost uniformly unfair in this respect. If it is not harmful for a woman with property to vote on a trunk sewer, it is surely not degrading for her to vote on such a question as the means that shall be taken to avert the shedding of blood that is dearer to her than her own.

It is impossible not to respect the viewpoint of those who tremble because they think the parliamentary ballot will weaken the sweet strengths of women in family, social, and national life. O ye of little faith! The average woman of this day is as far ahead of her unfortunate ancestress who changed from a simpering maiden to a submissive matron, as the trade-unionist is ahead of the villein who dare not leave his native heath. Why the evolution of women from chattelhood should halt at the ballot box is

surely beyond ordinary comprehension.

But politics is a rough game, and participation in it will destroy the fine bloom of womanliness. Will it? Fighting in the trenches is a rough game. Does it spoil the womanliness of the nurses who are in touch with it? But women do not fight; they are only in attendance on war. So. Cannot a woman vote in a parliamentary election without mixing herself up with the worst elements of politics? Has the science of government become so degraded that, though women must obey the laws that come from so degraded a fount, they must not participate in keeping the fountain clean? Cursorily, may one protest against the idea that politics must necessarily be bad and politicians disrespectful? There could not be a greater bulwark of graft and the grafter than this deadly heresy against human nature. If the conduct of a nation that is half female has become so disgraceful in the hands of men, it is surely time for some good women to leaven it, even as good women will leaven a terribly masculine mining camp.

But does not the conduct of the suffragettes prove that women's suffrage is harmful to women? Would I rejoice to see my daughter struggling with a policeman or interrupting the speech of a prime minister? I would not. But, to be consistent, should I not hunger to make such a contribution to the "cause"? Possibly yes; most likely no. It is just possible that I *ought* to regard woman's suffrage as the most vital necessity of this and succeeding generations, and that I ought to go on a self-denying crusade on its behalf. There be some apostles and some prophets. And equal suffrage is not the only thing in the world calling for the extremest self-denial. I believe in woman suffrage, just as I believe that it is an anachronism in Christianity that one should be expected to accept the creed of his grandfather if he would secure

assurance of salvation at the last. But no still, small voice, or all-compelling conviction requests me to become a theological gladiator.

I would prefer that my daughter, if she were an ardent suffragette, should keep out of the hands of the police; but a casual glance over a few determining factors in history makes me chary of condemning extremists, in the manner of the Pharisee. The records are full of instances of men who believed against all the world in some idea, invention, or principle; who, being reviled, reviled not again; and who, after death, were given the high places that were denied them in life. I am a young man, but I have seen the Salvation Army grow from a ridiculed "fanaticism" to the most respected engine of social regeneration all over the world. It has become so because its officers have felt an extraordinary compulsion, mighty strange, and unthinkable to most of us. I do not long to see my daughter marching by her parents' house, beating a tambourine. But I have a profound respect for the thousands of women who have followed the example of the great mystic who was the wife of General Booth; and I discern a warning against extreme denunciation of extremists in the facts that the Government of Ontario, where religious endowment is repugnant to the people, has put the Salvation Army on the estimates; and that on the stage I have seen the Salvation Army presented in a spirit of grateful homage with all its extremeness of tambourine and drum.

The suffragettes are extremists. They no doubt feel they are akin to the greatest propagandist that mankind has ever produced—to him who believed he could convert the world by the foolishness of preaching. They try to break the conventions of the British House of Commons. It is very shocking, of course. But they are not the first honourable people who have seemed to turn the world up-

side down. Occasionally, no doubt, they call to mind an utterly stupefying infraction of the canons of good sense, good breeding, and of the rules of Parliament itself, which produced a magnificent reform.

For untold years, British shipowners had sent horribly overloaded, unseaworthy, over-insured ships across the oceans. A certain Samuel Plimsoll began an agitation to prevent those crimes against seamanship. While the country fought a general election on Irish Church Disestablishment and other appalling issues, he entered Parliament on his one plank. He made little headway towards the desired legislation, until one day, with the vehemence of a suffragette, he denounced his enemies and named members of the House as guilty of the crimes he execrated. It was frightful, and I think he was suspended. But his measure passed; and the

Plimsoll line is painted on every British ship, by force of the Parliament he so indecorously outraged.

The claim of a woman to vote, on the same qualifications that a man does, seems to me to be based on the most elemental justice; and to be independent of the questions whether women, as a whole, would use the suffrage, and whether, with it, they would produce great social ameliorations. The franchise is no wonder-working panacea, but it is the sign, seal, and symbol of citizenship. Without it a man justly feels he is an alien to the commonwealth. If I were a woman, I think I should feel entitled, in nature, and on the services of my sex to the commonwealth, to take my place with the rest of the able-minded constituents of the nation. And that is why, having no facility in fair company, I am a suffragette.

## WHERE VIOLETS LANGUISH

By E. M. YEOMAN

Ah, what avails thine anguish?  
 Tears may not lessen grief.  
 But come where violets languish  
 And thou shalt have relief.  
 Thou shalt forget thy heart's distress  
 Where violets show their purple dress.  
 Yea, what may tears avail?  
 Tears may not lighten woe.  
 But we shall seek some verdant dale  
 Where purple flowers grow;  
 And there, where violets languish,  
 Thou shalt forget thine anguish.

We'll go by way of meadows green,  
 And gather as we go  
 Ripe buttercups with golden sheen,  
 That 'mongst the grasses grow;  
 And haply in our path shall be  
 A lonely crimson rose for thee.  
 And in some moss-grown rocky chair,  
 Where violets are spread,  
 We'll weave a garland for thy hair,  
 Of purple flowers, and gold, and red;  
 And there, where violets languish,  
 Thou shalt forget thine anguish.

# BY A VANCOUVER ISLAND RIVER

BY F. M. KELLY

FOR the foremost season of the year, nature had wrought her most wondrous work, and the pleasant fragrance of full-blown spring hung heavy on the air in the lovely valley of the Sooke. Countless blossoms gave of their best to make the day a sweet one, and though it could not compare with the dainty aroma spilled from the heart of the lowly violet in the glade, even the chaste white dog-wood, its spreading petals gleaming high against the dark background of the timber, contributed its portion to the wealth of fresh perfumes. A happy day, indeed, on which I was making a botanical collection for a friend, and had gathered no less than thirty-five varieties of flower-embellished plants when I sought the edge of the river to rest and dream under the spell of the soft, sun-kissed water where it made fond music with the enamelled stones of the shallow places.

I found my spot of contentment by the side of a pool, some twenty yards in width, and deep. At either end the water was purling and giving forth sweet sounds. There were no discords in that symphony of the river. Opposite, on the other bank, the forest came down almost to the water, while a great gray stump stood at its very brink. Over the pool it leaned slightly, and would, as a tree no doubt, have toppled over long since had a valley-sweeping tempest in some far away year not wrestled with it and flung a good half of its length to nothingness. With its fair top

gone, there had been no fresh green needles put forth from its branches each spring, no swelling of its girth each year. Undoubtedly death had been slow, as befitted the passing of a monarch of big trees; but how long ago the sap had ceased to flow it would be impossible to tell. The bark had fallen from its entire length, and the woodpeckers had honeycombed the skin for many feet. It was hollow, too; I could see that as I looked. Even the heart had evidently crumbled, for there was a large oval hole about fifteen feet from the bottom, behind which was deep shadow. Nothing but a shell it seemed to be; and, as I conjectured what its age might be, I figured that it was a giant of its kind ere Columbus dreamt of a new world. Just then quite a large bird flew up to the opening and disappeared within. I took it to be a sheldrake, and knew I was not wrong when I saw it emerge again shortly afterwards. Then I forgot that I was resting, forgot my dreams and my friend's botany; for I felt that there were things very dear to the bird in that old stump—its nest and coming brood, and that I must look and see. I crossed the river. In a hollow near the centre were five eggs of a creamy buff colour.

When next I passed that way there were two more eggs, making seven in all. Evidently the period of incubation then commenced, for the bird was on the nest when I called the following day. The day after it was the same, so I ceased my visits

for a time. When next I went to look I beheld seven balls of unfeathered life huddled close together. While I was intently observing them, the old bird came up very much excited. It did not come close, but kept flying swiftly past. So it intimated clearly that my presence was not wanted, and I took my leave.

All water-fowl become learned in the ways of the water before they make the acquaintance of the elements of the air. Because of this, I was anxious to know how the young birds would get to the pool from a nest so high above the ground. I decided to watch from the other bank when I felt it was near the time for the little things to be schooled in the elementary lessons of a sheldrake's life. Though several days of watching went by, I was at length rewarded. Something told me that an unusual sight was to be presented to my eyes when I saw the mother-bird fly up to the entrance of the castle, pause for a moment to look in and then hurriedly take wing again. Up the water-course some hundred yards it flew, then came back and went about the same distance down stream. Several times it did this, evidently, as I reasoned later, to learn if the swift hawks were moving in the neighbourhood, or whether the silent eagle was watching from a river-leaning limb of some tall tree.

Apparently satisfied that the time was propitious for the accomplishment of its purpose, it again sought the opening in the great fir stump. It seemed strange what then happened, yet it was the only possible way in which the young birds could reach the surface of the pool. One by one the old bird carried them down in its long saw-like mandible, placed each little feathered puff among the old roots beneath the bank ere it flew back for another.

But in what manner were those young birds warned not to show themselves while there alone? They must have been warned in some way,

for there was not a sign of them to be seen within a few seconds after they were dropped. At last all were down, and not even the sharp-eyed hawk as it drifted along had observed the little family in its natural refuge. If so, it had made no sign.

Days passed before I returned to the river. When I did so, I took a camera with me, determined, if possible, to get some pictures of this breed of *mergamser Americanus*. It proved to be an undertaking more easily figured out than successfully accomplished. In fact, I failed lamentably. This was through no lack of trying, and I would not care to mention my non-success on that particular occasion were it not for the fact that while I was endeavouring to get within camera-range of the little family I beheld the enactment of a tragic scene on nature's own stage, such a scene, indeed, as I shall probably never see presented again.

Having patiently passed several hours without success in the bush near the edge of the home pool, which the sheldrake and its brood still frequented, I decided to try other tactics. My hiding-place was not the most comfortable, besides the light had changed and the position of my camera, eight feet away, was not of the best. My idea was to stalk them, then break out suddenly from the timber with the camera set and press the bulb. I pressed it several times, but the results afterwards proved too poor for satisfaction.

At my first attempt the whole band started to fly. The little things were not very strong, nor were their wings fully developed, so they only went a short distance, dropped into the shallows close to the shore, floundered as fast as they could for a few yards and hid among the boulders until the old bird returned, which it did very quickly, and gathered them together. This was repeated several times before we reached the largest pool of the river. This pool appeared to be fully forty yards across, and the

side opposite to that on which I stood was devoid of dense bush, while there was a tangle of matted branches, the collection of years, partly on the bank and partly in the water. There were no signs of my camera-quarry when I peered through the wild gooseberry bushes which lined my side of the pool, but I was certain that the young birds were in hiding beneath the mass of brush opposite.

Three times, at least, while I was seeking to locate the hiding-place of the brood, the mother-bird went by. Then all at once it took the water, fair in the centre of the pool. Hardly had it done so before there was a great feathered thing dropping silently from above, its wings outspread. Suddenly those wide wings became almost vertical, it dropped swiftly, two sinewy limbs shot out, but the sharp claws closed short; for almost on the instant of apparent death the shel-drake disappeared beneath the water.

Then the great white-head lifted itself to where it could mark the course of the water-bird in the clear transparent element. It knew the moment that its quarry would come near the surface; it also knew that it dare not leave the deep water of the pool.

Swiftly then it would strike where the water broke in circles. The shel-drake was very quick, though, and I thought it might escape and reach the sanctuary where its young were in hiding; but the eagle was most determined, and at length it looked as if it were the end of all for the water-fowl. So quickly it happened, I could not see whether the sharp curving beak, the sharper curving talons or the strong wide wings did the damage, but the shel-drake's head was in the water, and it was turning in circles, apparently stunned. As it made ready for the final swoop, the eagle uttered a shrill scream, a cry of triumph that ended as the descent commenced.

How different, though, was that descent from the ordinary graceful downward sweep of the bird. A shot rang out, and the great winged hunter of our river-reaches fell inertly, a dead and broken thing, and while the shel-drake revived, a few dozen laggard, downy feathers dropped softly to the water about it.

Somebody else had been watching the unequal encounter, one whose sympathies were assuredly with the weak.



# MAKING CHEESE IN SWITZERLAND

BY HEDLEY P. SOMNER

SUMMER tourists in Switzerland, the playground of the world, in their first leisurely "doing" of the country's attractive and sequestered villages, often wonder at the unexpected absence of lowing herds. There is evidence enough that the country possesses dairies and cheese factories, but, "Where are the cows?" the tourist demands. The delicious dairy products placed before him every morning prove that there must be members of the "Milky Way" somewhere, and their absence from his summer gaze around the village seems remarkable to him, so much so that he always inquires about them, with no small amusement for the experienced traveller in the Alps.

The novice may pass through one pretty village after another and never see a cow, or be accosted by the gentle lowing of the herd. "Where are the cows?" he will repeat again. Not in the stables or pastures or meadows around the village. They are not to be found there—that is true; but here is one of the greatest dairying countries in the world, and to be such it must possess cows in number.

Switzerland, however, conducts her dairying industry upon radically different lines from those of any other dairy country; but the mode peculiar to her is certainly appropriate to the conditions surrounding the industry. In summer time the cows are far away from the villages—but they are where the best grass is, where the verdure is luscious and juicy.

During these summer months, indeed, the herds are upon the

mountains, climbing steadily higher and higher as the sun rises more and more directly above, pressing on the retreating edge of snow, grazing on the freshened, nutritious springing verdure as it bursts from beneath its long winter swaddling mantle.

In spring from early May to June the herds are collected on the village green, and an annual festival occurs in which the cow-herds and milkmaids take part. The best cow is adorned with a bell, a reward for her beauty of "form" at the pail. She proudly bears the bell and leads the herd in its summer migration. The famous country songs are sung to the accompaniment of the pipings of the musical herd laddies and the steps of the tripping maids, partners on the green. The bell-cow realises her dignity and preserves it with bovine obstinacy, allowing no encroachment upon her prerogatives, for she is pasture-wise and has a keen eye and nose for choicest spots on the uplands, and seeks them out for herself and followers. She leads the herd proudly in its parade, as it starts on its way to crop the juicy blades that will soon be transformed into a delicious flow of milk. These annual spring festivals have still their quaint customs and observances clinging to them from the days of old, and in them herdsman and maid are endeared to each other in their joyous pastoral duties.

In May or June the herds begin their climb, creeping higher up as the snow disappears; and they reach

the limit of their known haunts in September, when the return jaunt commences after their strenuous four months of milk production. And the snow recovers the meadows and gently follows at heel as the herd retraces its steps homeward, winterward. As they go with their heads close to the ground, browsing the fresh growth in the meadows which they had previously stripped, their milk becomes richer, for the grasses are now more luxuriant. High up these mountains real meadows are

the herd's main nutriment. These choice browsings give to the milk a flavour of alpine flowers that is in time imparted to the cheese.

In Switzerland the making of cheese is one of the most healthful and picturesque of occupations. When the snow has sufficiently melted from the higher alpine meadows and the grass and flowers begin to cover the sides of the mountains, the herdsmen are ready to leave their homes in the valleys, carrying with them on the backs of stout nags certain household



A SWISS CHEESE-MAKING HUT

plentiful; and these spots are "Alps" to the Swiss herdsmen, for the word to them means green—not white or high, according to the primitive significance. And these pastures and meadows or alps produce not only sweet-tasting grasses but sweet-scented. Their succulence is combined with and strengthened by many elements of fragrance and varieties of alpine plants eagerly nipped by the discerning milchers, for these alpine blooms furnish the salt and spice of

belongings, and also their cheese-making utensils, such as boilers, milk pails, cheese kettles, presses, moulds, etc.

All over Switzerland this summer migration to the higher alps takes place, and in its high valleys thousands of herds graze in summer. The Swiss are a race of athletes, sharing in the abundance and beauty of their surroundings. They love the open, robust freedom of the mountains, while engaged in cheese-making, re-

joining in the majestic horizons of jagged peaks and profound gorges, and the pastures clothed in rich verdure, bedecked with a profusion of brightest flowers. The mountain pastures are so favoured as to make Switzerland one of the most flowery countries on earth. The contrasts of colour are marvellous, and the soft and vivid blue of the gentian, the glowing purple and orange of the alpine toadflax, the passionate yellow of the sulphur-blossomed windflower and the crimson purple of the saxi-

There is no rank growth, but here is attained the rarest beauty of nature's artistry. It is to these glorious pastures that the grazers are driven and led by the queen of the herd, who gets the first nibbles of the choicest tufts and bunches of green.

It is the custom of the herdsmen to combine their herds for cheese-making. The cows belonging to individual owners are carefully studied as to breed and milk-yielding capacity. The milk of each cow is carefully analysed as to quality and measured as to



A SWISS CHEESE PRESS

frage are the despair of lowland gardeners. What could be more wistful or tender than a field of campanulas (bluebells) that spread over the meadows like a blue mist, emphasised by the dazzling whiteness of St. Bruno's lilies; or a mass of bird's eye primrose glowing like a pink carpet, when seen against a background of pines and snow-white mountains? And these pastures, hung on steep slopes rising 6,000 or 7,000 feet, look as if well cared for.

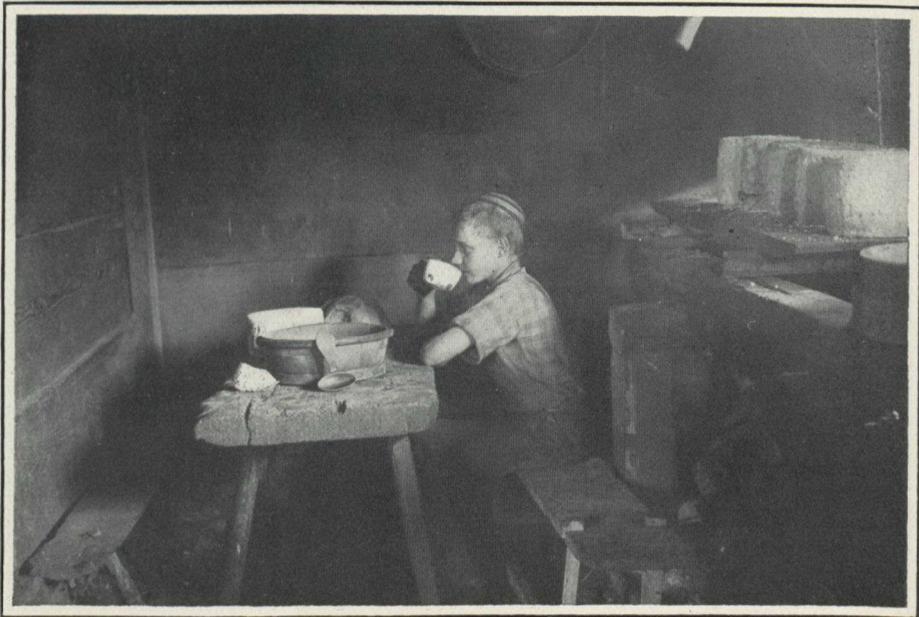
quantity. Everything is conducted on a strict basis, so that when one individual is adjudged one-fiftieth, and another one-seventieth of the cheese product of the combined herd, they know that they are being fairly dealt with, and will receive a fair share each.

Cheese is, indeed, one of the chiefest "country" products of Switzerland. Millions of pounds of it are exported annually. This means not only that the country possesses rich

pastures but proves the commonly observed fact that where there are such rich pastures there are always also fine cattle and staunch men. The cheese industry has indeed been finely developed and cheeseries or *fromageries* are scattered over the country wherever a vale affords a meadow. Dairy associations and breeders' associations exist in the various centres of the industry. The alpine cantons which offer so many temptations to the tourist to linger have each its own variety of the indigenous breed famous

meadows and rugged highlands that are a constant source of delight to the tourist, is produced a cheese known as *Schabieger*, which has friends wherever cheese is relished. In Lucerne the *Emmenthal* and *Entlebach* cheeses are held in high repute. The product commonly known as *Schweitzer* is favoured in the far northlands.

In the Simmenthal valley, in the Canton of Berne, a magnificent breed of Swiss cattle is raised. They are brown and white, spotted, speckled or mottled, of low blocky frame, deep-



A SWISS CHEESEMAKER LUNCHING

before the advent of the Romans and cultivated by the lake-dwellers of prehistoric times. Some of these breeds may have only a local fame, as likewise the variety of cheese made from the milk of their cows, but the choicest Swiss cheese is prized far away from its place of manufacture. There are varieties of green cheese and herb cheese, and they are all good and true varieties.

In the Canton of Glarus, which is richly endowed with those velvety

bodied and uddered. The breed is known the world over, and many fine specimens have been picked up and transported to America. The Simmenthal valley is perhaps the most famous of all cattle-producing sections of Switzerland, possessing three great fairs, held one after the other during one week in October. To these fairs thousands of cattle are driven, and in them throngs of breeders and dealers congregate to snap up the offerings of the local owners.

Saanen (Gessnay) is the most southern of these markets; Zweisimmen, the middle one, in the centre of the wide vale; and Erlenbach, the northwestern market. The climate of Simmenthal is mild and agreeable and it provides much fine natural scenery. At Gessnay memories of the former Counts of Gruyère are still preserved, the family arms, showing a white crane on a crimson field, being exhibited in the town. The Counts of Gruyère ruled here of yore, as they did in their own home valley.

range. He amuses himself with his full-throated songs and pipings, and may beguile his more tedious hours by whittling a stick into some quaint figure. His deep-lunged "*Allihoh-Trala-la,*" is echoed far and near and is sweet sound to the maids. It is the "All's Well" of the alpine environment.

That next valley, Gruyère, is identified with the most famous Swiss cheese, which has great favour in France and Italy. This pastoral valley is not only historic but idyllic.



DISPOSING OF THE WHEY

The finest cows yield on an average two hundred weight of cheese during their four months' summer outing. The life of the herd lads and dairy lasses during these months is strenuous and not a mere matter of play. The alpine dairy sheds are haunts of activity from dawn to dark, for the milk must be collected and manipulated quickly and correctly. The herdsman's business is often a serious one, for he must watch over the straying bovines and keep them within

and the hoary old castle still commands the valley as it did in more determined manner in the days when its owners, the Counts of Gruyère, were a power in the land, and maintained the fame of Fribourg chivalry. Gruyère is a valley of beautiful meadows and picturesque mountains, down whose sides dash foaming torrents—a rugged and smiling setting for the drama of peasant life that has made world famed the *Ranz des Vaches*, a pastoral song that not only

carries the brave national spirit wherever it is sung but the love of native land in the breast of the exile.

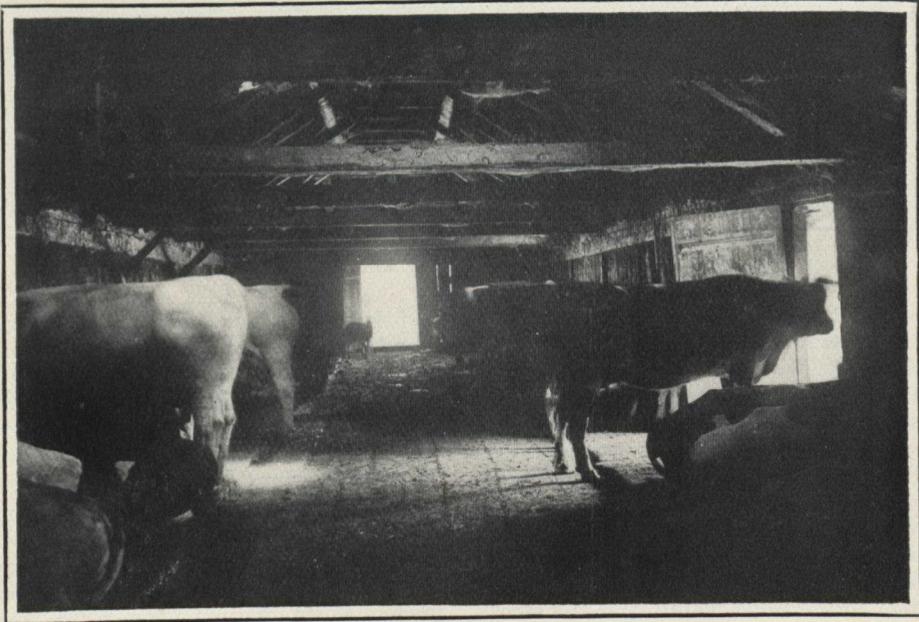
Gruyère cheese is the queen of all. It is recognised by its *lacunæ*, or holes, which, however, are not necessarily indicative of its genuineness or perfection, for the body of the cheese should be firm and solid, and with a deep old ivory hue, and should dissolve in the mouth like butter. Its peculiar piquant flavour is unique.

While various localities in Switzerland have developed many varieties of cheese, it is generally admitted that Gruyère is typical of the whole group of Swiss cheeses. It is usually made in a large copper kettle that will hold at least about 225 quarts of milk, the curd of which is made into a single cheese. The milk, first heated to a high pitch in the cauldron, is coagulated with rennet, an extract obtained from the fourth stomach of a calf that is still feeding upon milk. Rennet, being acid, causes coagulation of the casein, which assists in the ripening process. After the curd

has been coagulated, it is broken up in various ways into small pieces as nearly uniform in size as possible, and is again heated; then it receives careful stirring with a great iron comb. After heating, which is necessary to produce a firm curd and a slow ripening cheese, the curd is allowed to sink to the bottom of the vessel in a solid mass, and while in this condition a cloth is slipped around it and the whole mass of curd conveyed to the moulds in which it is pressed into shape. The cheese thus solidified loses all its free liquid and takes a round, solid form, weighing about fifty pounds.

The cheese in its present condition is a hard, tough mass, difficult of digestion. But it is put aside in a clean, cool, airy cellar for ripening, and it is the process of ripening, or curing, that creates the flavour which gives the cheese its specific character, and converts the casein into a more or less soluble and wholesome mass.

In the production of these changes two different processes are at work.

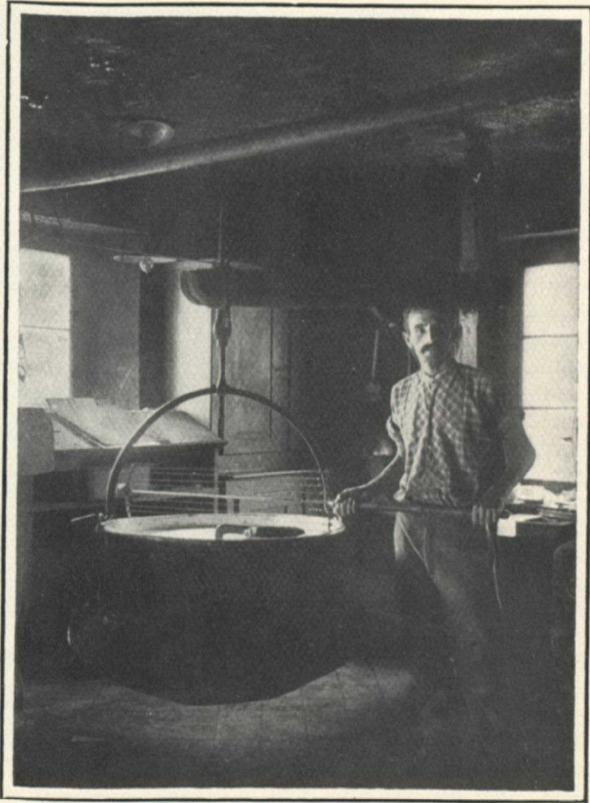


SWISS COWS UNDER SHELTER

The first is the rapid development of the bacteria already in the milk. These bacteria are microscopic, and are closely related to yeasts and moulds, the fermentative agents in other varieties of cheese. Bacteria multiply with extreme rapidity. The souring of milk is due to their actively giving rise to lactic acid and other chemical products.

The second process in cheese ripening is the action of certain chemical ferments, the combined action of which produces in the cheese its particular flavours and characteristics. Cheeses manufactured similarly, but in different localities, are widely different from one another. It is during the fermenting process that the holes are produced in the cheese by the liberation of gases. These holes in perfect cheese should be uniform in size, and at equal distances from each other. The casein breaks down into a cheese of solid, uniform texture, and characteristic flavour. The characteristic flavours of Swiss cheese are chiefly due to the character of the alpine pastures upon which the cows feed, as well as by micro-organisms peculiar to the alpine climate.

The popularity of cheese among so many races of men is due to the fact that its strong flavour gives an appetising taste to a variety of tasteless foods. It is well known that flavour is of the greatest significance in diet, by reason of its powerful stimulation of the digestive functions. A diet of tasteless food cannot be long digested and assimilated. But even the coarsest bit of dry bread may be made palatable by a bit of cheese to give it a relish and aid its digestibility. In



A SWISS CHEESE CAULDRON

composition Swiss cheese contains 31.00 per cent. of casein, 24.00 per cent. of fat, 1.50 per cent. of sugar, 40.00 per cent. of water and 3.00 per cent. of ash and common salt.

During the ripening process, Swiss cheese is salted from the outside. The quality is best when the curing goes on gradually and continually. The flavour increases with age, while the odour becomes increasingly pungent. In certain parts of Switzerland a man's social position is denoted by the number of cows he owns or the cheeses he accumulates. Sometimes a cheese is made to commemorate the birth of a child and slices are eaten on every anniversary. When old age is reached what remains of the cheese may become rather heroic in flavour and odour, but it is prized all the more highly.



KAISER WILHELM II.

## KAISER WILHELM: HIS OPPORTUNITY AND FAILURE

BY W. O. PAYNE

THE purpose of this paper is to treat of its personal subject as probably the last conspicuous regime in the world's affairs that is rapidly passing away, and to take note of the hopelessness of the struggle which a strong man may make never so bravely against the resistless tide of events.

Of course, the end of Kaiser Wilhelm is yet to be told. In the ordinary trend of human events he yet has still a very considerable expectancy

of life, and it is reasonable to anticipate that he will be heard from in numerous ways for yet an uncertain number of years to come; but as a successful meddler in the concerns of nations it is fairly well recognised that his race is run, and as the chief of a mighty nation he is no longer feared at home or abroad. Hence it appears that the reminiscent vein is the proper one in which to consider him and his time.

Wilhelm is the living representa-

tive of a long line of dead but distinguished ancestors. He belongs to one of the younger branches, but the strongest branch, of the house of Hohenzollern. The family traces back for about eleven centuries, at the beginning of which period it appears that the founder of the house was one of the predatory barons who held their castles and robbed the wayfarer and waylaid one another under the general supremacy of Charlemagne or his immediate successors. In the centuries that followed, the Hohenzollerns may not always have been achieving great things; but, as a certain survivor of the French Revolution said of himself and his time, "they lived." And when in the troublous times following the Reformation the German States were to a great extent recast and their relations readjusted, it appears that a count of Nuremberg had become a duke of Brandenburg; and the dukes in succession enlarged their territories and increased their influence until one of them became an Elector of Brandenburg, and then another became King of Prussia, and still another became the German Emperor, and his grandson, coming into the succession at a comparatively early age, became the present German Emperor and is known to the world as Kaiser Wilhelm II. He stands at the end of a line of barons and princes, reaching two and a half centuries back of the Norman conquest and including probably as many men of force and capacity in their respective times as are reckoned in any royal or noble line in history. Wilhelm has the pride of his family and not a little of its capacity. He is distinctly the most forceful man of his line since Frederick the Great, and he has all the ambition which any of his predecessors may have had to use the power and the opportunities he has for the aggrandisement of Germany and for the glory of the House of Hohenzollern.

Wilhelm is also by far the fore-

most representative and exponent of imperialism in the world's affairs. When the death of his aged grandfather was quickly followed by the untimely demise of his father, both in the year 1888, Wilhelm found himself in his thirtieth year at the head of a nation that had been consolidated by the genius of Bismarck and that had humiliated its leading continental rival with armies led by Von Moltke. The strategical position was the centre of Europe; the population was vast and enlightened; the army was the best organised and the best equipped that the world had ever seen and the most numerous of all standing armies save that of Russia; the nation was experiencing the commercial benefits of its political unity and was rapidly gaining in wealth and population; and, by virtue of a hard and fast alliance with the Catholics in the Reichstag, the dominance of the Imperial party in the politics of the nation was absolute. At the same time there was a treaty of alliance with Austria and Italy on the one hand and a close diplomatic understanding with Russia on the other hand, while France as the one continental rival of consequence was subject to control or influence at second hand by means of the German understanding with Russia and the Russian alliance with France.

Every conceivable factor, military, diplomatic, strategical, political, dynastic, personal, historical, and commercial, seemed to mark the fortunate Prince of Hohenzollern for the leadership, and the successful leadership, not merely of the greatest military power on earth, but also of the forces of imperialism everywhere. Imperialism, Germany, Hohenzollern—all of these might be thought to symbolise different causes; but for Wilhelm they coalesced in a common cause, the triumph of which should make him the fightiest of all monarchs, living or dead.

For a decade things worked for Wilhelm very nicely. He soon and

very naturally quarrelled with Bismarck, whose habit it had been to do the thinking for the Kaiser, and he put in Bismarck's place a more affable Chancellor, whose function it should be to execute the will of the Kaiser. The diplomatic understandings with surrounding nations were crystalised into what was known as "The Concert of Europe," the effect of which was that Germany, Russia, France, Austria, Italy, and Great Britain coöperated in all important international matters and by the weight of their influence, their armies and, above all, their navies, determined the course of events wherever their interests lay. In this concert, as already indicated, Germany and Russia dominated; but of the two Germany's was the more aggressive influence, and Germany was personated in the concert by Wilhelm. So thorough was the understanding between Germany and Russia, and so complete the acquiescence at all times of Austria, Italy and France, that Great Britain was essentially isolated, and, not being ready to break from the aggregation and fight all the rest of it, was dragged through one international muss after another, greatly to her chagrin and almost never to her satisfaction.

The power of the concert, and particularly of the imperialistic influence in the Concert, was most conspicuously manifested in the Orient. In that quarter the rising ambitions of Japan had led to a quarrel with China over the exercise of the dominant influence in Corea, and this quarrel had developed into a war, in which Japan speedily destroyed the Chinese navy, over-ran the Liau Tung peninsula and occupied Port Arthur. Japan had thereupon dictated the treaty of Shimoniseki, by which China relinquished all claims to the suzerainty of Corea and ceded Port Arthur to Japan. Then it was that the Concert, or rather the dominating influence in the Concert, showed both their purpose and their power. The time

came for the signing of the treaty. It was an international event, and the representatives of the powers were present. The admirals of Russia, Germany, and France arose in succession and forbade the signing of the treaty. British and American representatives were also present; but they had nothing to say.

The treaty was indeed signed; but Japan two days later, in due diplomatic form, returned to China the title to Port Arthur, and in humiliation so deep that its people wept with anger it confessed before the world that as against the demand of the "Concert of Europe" it could not hold what it had won in war. Then the leaders of the Concert proceeded with their plan. Russia took a "lease" of Port Arthur, fortified it and built a railroad down close to it through Manchuria from the main line of the Trans-Siberian railroad; France, which already held Cochin-China, began to interest itself in the affairs of the southern portion of the Chinese Empire; while Germany made the murder of two missionaries the occasion for seizing a piece of territory on the Shan Tung peninsula, and Great Britain was given to understand that it might take a slice near Hong-Kong and on the Yang-tse River. Great Britain did not particularly want the slice in just that way, but greatly preferred that China be kept intact and its trade enjoyed as a whole by the country that could offer the best commercial inducements; but the British objection amounted to little or more than had the feelings of the Japanese at Shimoniseki, and the scheme for the definition of "spheres of influence" in China and for the ultimate partition and absorption of the Empire promised the most flattering success.

About the same time the power of the Concert was illustrated nearer home upon the occasion of the little muss and war between Turkey and Greece. The people of Crete were always in more or less fuss with their

Turkish rulers, and their cousins of the mainland of Greece were always in sympathy with them. So in the summer of 1897 Greece declared war against Turkey. The Turks got into action first, invaded Greece, met the Greeks on the plain of Pharsalia, where Cæsar had wrested the world from Pompey, and speedily drove the Greeks off the field. So far as anyone could see, the way was open for the Turks to Athens; but the Turks stopped where they were and did not go to Athens. At the same time the Greek fleet, which was apparently quite as superior to anything that Turkey could offer in opposition as was the Turkish army to the Greek army, refrained absolutely from doing anything to the serious annoyance of the Turks. Why the Turkish army and the Greek navy both became so conspicuously quiescent, was never explained to the public; but a Greek prince was made Governor of Crete, and both Turkey and Greece understood when the incident was over that there was nothing for either of them to gain by fighting, but that if there were something in the affairs of the world that they did not like, the only remedy was to petition the Concert of Europe and to accept such satisfaction and favour as might be forthcoming. In other words, in the vicinity of the Ægean, as along the straits of Corea, the Concert of Europe demonstrated without actual resort to arms that it could both dictate and discipline. The Concert of Europe was dominating both the Asiatic and the European ends of the eastern continent, and for practical purposes the Concert was principally Kaiser and Czar, especially Kaiser.

This was the time when Kaiser Wilhelm could feel with ample warrant that the world was coming his way and that his dreams of universal empire for the House of Hohenzollern were indeed in the way of realisation. His only real opposition was Great Britain, and Great Britain was isolated and overawed. But at this

moment a chain of circumstances was started in a quarter of the world when nothing would have been or was anticipated as likely to be of especial interest to Europe. An insurrection had for some time been in progress in Cuba, and the sympathy of the people of the United States had been excited by the measures resorted to by the Spanish governor to suppress the insurrection. As a sort of expression of this sympathy, but without any definite purpose on the part of the Government or people to do anything of real consequence, the United States sent the battleship *Maine* down to Havana with general instructions to its commander to stay in the harbour for a while and exchange courtesies with the Spanish officials in Cuba. In the ordinary course of events the battleship would have sailed away, firing a salute in parting and very possibly bringing or sending back to the United States a pleasing report of the politenesses experienced. But something went wrong, or somebody played the villain very foolishly, and a mine was exploded under the ship and the *Maine* destroyed with a great part of its crew. Naturally the Government and people of the United States demanded of Spain apologies such as Spain could not possibly give, and war inevitably resulted.

As yet, however, there was no thought in anyone's mind of anything that could have any possible bearing on the general European situation; but it happened that Spain had in the Philippines a naval force which was of inconsiderable fighting capacity but which might be the cause of great damage to American commerce. So in advance of the declaration of war the United States Government assembled in the British port of Hong-Kong a respectable squadron of cruisers under the command of the best commodore in the navy, and managed somehow to keep the war-dogs in Congress from breaking entirely loose until another cruiser, the

*Baltimore*, could arrive directly from home with a ship-load of ammunition. The *Baltimore*, having arrived and the ammunition having been distributed through the squadron, the declaration of war was made, and Dewey was ordered to "capture or destroy" that Spanish naval force in the Philippines. So Dewey went after that force. He expected to find it in Subig Bay, which was a comparatively isolated harbour, the occupation of which might not have been attended with notable results. But the Spanish ships proved to be in Manila Bay, and when Dewey had in a few hours executed his orders with respect to the Spanish ships, he found himself to be incidentally in practical command of the city of Manila and of all that was materially important in the Philippine Islands.

So the United States came into possession of the Philippines and of one of the most favourable vantage points for trade or war in all the Orient, and to thoughtful observers it was plain that from this possession there must be diplomatic consequences. This naturally pleased the British diplomats, and if at the same time there were any besides the Spaniards who regarded the situation with greater regret than all others, they were Kaiser Wilhelm and those who were playing with him the game of international politics. This event did not indeed in any way involve the United States in any of the home affairs of Europe; but it did arouse in the United States a more vivid interest in all the affairs of the Orient and aroused also hopes of commercial relations there; and inasmuch as the Philippines were territorially quite all that the United States cared for in that quarter of the world, this country at once became identified with Great Britain and Japan in support of the policy of the "open door," or equal privileges of trade, in China, and became similarly opposed to the policy of "sphere of influence" and ultimate partition as favoured and promoted by

Germany, Russia and France.

At the same time the United States, under the impetus acquired from the Spanish war, took to building more and better battleships, and through Secretary Hay began taking a most active part in all the diplomatic discussions of Oriental affairs. The interposition of the United States as an Oriental factor did not at once turn the balance of power in the Orient or anywhere else; but American interest grew with time and the experiences of the Boxer rebellion, and Mr. Hay asked troublesome questions, which neither Russia nor Germany was ready to answer according to its own real purposes. Then also through Minister Conger a treaty was secured from China, assuring to the United States trade privileges in Manchuria quite incompatible with the conditions which Russia was inaugurating and extending in that region, so that if Russia should persist in its programme of absorption there it would necessarily become involved in a distinctly disagreeable and undesirable dispute with the United States. Thus the first real check for the Kaiser's and the Concert's programme of general aggrandisement came in consequence of the Spanish war and of Dewey's victory at Manila.

All of this time Japan had been nursing its wrath over the insult received from the Concert at Shimoni-seki and had with unparalleled industry been preparing for the day and hour of revenge. Japan provided itself with battleships; it trained its soldiers; it gathered material for war; it explored and surveyed thoroughly the district which was likely to be, and later proved to be, the theatre of war; it gave promise that if it should have a chance it could do something. Then, in view of American sympathy over general Oriental policies and in view of the Japanese preparation, Great Britain ventured to conclude with Japan a treaty by which it was agreed that if Japan should become involved in war with Russia and if

any other European power should join in such war on the side of Russia, then Great Britain would join in the war on the side of Japan. With the assurance of this treaty Japan was ready for war, and the fool Russian, having no idea what he was going into, speedily gave the provocation. Japan presented an ultimatum which Russia treated as a joke, and a night or two later the Japanese sent a lot of torpedoes among the Russian battleships off the harbour of Port Arthur.

Long before the ensuing war was over it was plainly to be seen that Russia as a political factor would thenceforth be of inferior consequence and that Russian coöperation in the Kaiser's plans was no longer to be effective. At the same time France, whose alliance with Russia had been for the purpose of self-protection against Germany and which had lagged more or less obviously in many of the moves of the Concert of Europe, saw plainly that it must make other arrangements than those with Russia for defence against the admittedly superior military power of Germany. So France turned to the only quarter whence such arrangements were to be had, and that was in Great Britain. Thus Great Britain added a French *entente* to the Japanese alliance, and Russia being no longer seriously in the game and the attitude of Italy in the readjustment of things being more or less evasive, Germany was left with no real supporter except Austria, which in a military sense did not particularly count.

In the state of affairs thus brought about there was presented to Kaiser Wilhelm the supreme test of his fitness for the great game of dominion he had essayed to play. He could bide his time, could seek to drive a wedge somewhere into the opposing but poorly cemented combination, could evade any notable controversy until the situation should be more favourable and could generally play the part of the diplomat amid difficult surroundings; or he could bluster

ahead, assuming that he would continue to win because he had often won, and thereby run the risk of being himself rebuffed and of cementing the opposition in case its coalition should prove to be strong enough to accomplish results. Wilhelm chose the latter course, and furthermore he chose an issue upon which Italy, though in most cases doubtful, would inevitably be against him, and in which Spain and other nations not included in the Concert of Europe, which by this time was almost defunct, would also have occasion to interest themselves adversely. Thus it was that the Kaiser brought on the controversy about Morocco.

The essential fact about Morocco was that it was an utterly misgoverned piece of very unattractive territory at the northwest corner of Africa, which in the general division of northern Africa into colonies and spheres of influence had come virtually under the protection of France and Spain. In this protectorate adhered the only possibility of the locality being made a safe one for Europeans beyond the range of guns of the ships in the harbours, and likewise the only hope of life being made at all pleasant within such range. As usual, France and Spain were having some trouble about persuading their ward in chancery to be good, and in this situation Kaiser Wilhelm took a yachting trip around to Mediterranean and stopped at Tangier, where he made a sensational speech in support of the "independence" of the Sultan of Morocco. The speech amounted to a notice that Germany supported the Sultan in resisting the advice of France and Spain as to the affairs of his country, and, as in the time when Russia, Germany and France ordered Japan out of Port Arthur, the query submitted to the rest of the nations was, What did they propose to do about it?

But this time there was an answer. France served notice that it resented the Kaiser's performance; Great

Britain served notice that it backed France in any action that country might take to defend its rights and interests in Africa; Spain, not very powerful but contributing nevertheless to the territorial solidity of western Europe, announced that it also stood with France; and even Italy, though allied by treaty with Germany, indicated that in a matter related so strictly to the situation about the Mediterranean its own interests were superior to those of Germany and that for itself it was satisfied with the opportunities for colonisation that were afforded to itself on the African coast of the Red Sea. The nub of the matter, however, was in the intimation from France and Great Britain that Germany might back down or fight and in the opposing fact that the Kaiser, on behalf of Germany, was distinctly not in the habit of backing down, and the case thus became one in which material concessions by either party would involve great loss of diplomatic prestige. The Moroccan matter was indeed a small one over which to raise an issue comprehending the hegemony of Europe; but nevertheless the issue was raised, and there were but two ways of settling it. One way was by going to war, and the other and much cheaper way was to call a conference of the powers and other nations interested.

So the conference over Morocco was convened at the Spanish town of Algeciras, adjacent to the British stronghold of Gibraltar. In this conference the nations of western and southern Europe were aligned as already indicated. Austria supported Germany, but without any ambition for a fight, and the attitude of Russia alone appeared doubtful. Russia would a few years before have supported Germany and the Kaiser as a matter of course; but the time of the conference was about a year after the signing of the treaty of Portsmouth, and Russia had reached the general conclusion that what it wanted most of all was to keep out of

any more serious difficulties. So, after much debate and after a clear definition of the issues and also after the determination of France and Great Britain to maintain their position had been made evident, Russia concluded to take the side of the greater number and of the great resources. That ended the play. The rest of Europe except Austria had lined up against Germany, which had to submit and did submit. To this conclusion at Algeciras events in many parts of the world had for several years been tending; but there is no mistaking the moment when the balance of power in Europe definitely shifted, and when Germany and Kaiser Wilhelm ceased to be the political leaders of Europe and were supplanted in that leadership by Great Britain and King Edward.

After Algeciras Wilhelm still had left the opportunity which any bully has after being exceedingly well thrashed, which opportunity was to show that he had profited from his lesson and was disposed to be decent. Wilhelm did nothing of the sort. Upon the contrary his conduct was that of a man still possessed of considerable power and actuated by a grouch. What he did was not of a character to amount to much; but his obvious disposition was to be as annoying as possible. He picked another fuss with France over some trivial matter, and again had to be shown that he could not bully any more the combination of which France was a part. He mobilised his fleet near the German shore of the North Sea, where Englishmen could contemplate it, and thereby occasioned Great Britain to mobilise a bigger fleet near the English shore of the same waters. He manœuvred a few army corps on the French frontier as a sort of suggestion of what might be done if those corps should actually be sent over the line. He did not really hurt anyone, but the chip on his shoulder was constantly in evidence. What was doubtless his last man-

cœuvre of this sort the Kaiser did not really get caught at, but when Austria, which for forty years had been the most pacific nation in Europe, suddenly seized the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, refusing any compensation therefor, and Bulgaria at the same time declared its entire independence of Turkey and seized similarly the Turkish province of Eastern Roumelia, it was fairly obvious that the German busybody was putting forward some of his protégés to get into trouble and to make trouble.

In the way of trouble-making this was the shrewdest job Wilhelm ever attempted, and it is conceivable that at an earlier period he might by this proceeding have created a real disturbance; but in the fall of 1908 the states of Europe under English hegemony were prepared for any ruction which he might seek to create or of which he might be an abettor. By this time even Russia had come to a working understanding with England. So Russia, whose influence was greatest in Bulgaria, notified Bulgaria to be good, and Bulgaria was good—that is, as good as Bulgaria can be. Then Austria was given to understand that, while there was no objection to her continuing to administer the government of Turkish provinces over which for thirty years she has acted as guardian, if she proposed to sequester the revenues of the provinces she must make compensation to the Turkish bond-holders. Austria did not like the admonition at all; but in the test Wilhelm failed to support her with any vigour, and so Austria began to haggle about the amount of compensation. Thus once again Wilhelm had failed to make good in a quarrel of his own seeking.

And all of this time what about the German people? If there are any people in the world more disposed than any other to deal with facts and to avoid bluster, probably the Germans are the ones. Also their inclination is to mind their own busi-

ness and to encourage others to do the same. Always earnestly concerned in the development of Germany, they are nevertheless quite able to distinguish between the development of Germany and the exaltation of the House of Hohenzollern. Further, the Germans are naturally good democrats; they are liberty-loving, and they still have the ways of thinking which caused their forebears to fight out the battles of the Reformation. They are part of the highly civilised world, and their natural sympathies and alliances are with England, France and America, and not with Russia, Austria and the remnants of Turkey. They would rather build factories than battleships, and would rather be employed in industry than in war. For such a people it was bad enough to have the chief of their mighty State parading as the champion of imperialism everywhere while yet opposition vanished from his path; but when the opposition stood against him and sent him back from his every demonstration discredited, involving them in his defeat and disgrace, the situation must have become increasingly unbearable.

As is often the case, it was a small matter and not a great one that finally precipitated the crisis. The Kaiser furnished to the London *Telegraph* an authorised interview, in which he represented that the German people were so hostile in sentiment towards Great Britain that they were ready and anxious to go to war, and that they were only restrained from so going to war because of his own moderation in policy and his own great friendliness for Great Britain. This was the limit. The Germans had put up with the Kaiser's war-talk, had footed his army and navy bills, had tolerated his international blunderings, had suffered the consequent diplomatic isolation of their country, all or mostly for twenty years, and now to have him tell the world that they and not he were seeking the troubles and that he and not they was keeping the

nation out of worse troubles — and other nations from the incidental trouble of having to thrash him and them too—well, they knew when they had had enough.

Just what happened it is not easy to tell. The Kaiser was not deposed. His salary and his perquisites were not cut off. No change was made in the national constitution. But the people said things, and the newspapers said things, and the politicians did likewise, and the Reichstag debated, and the Chancellor of the Empire made a notable speech; and when it was all over the Kaiser and the Empire alike understood that thereafter his Imperial functions were to be ornamental and not political, and that the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Bundesrath, which committee had not met for years, would thereafter meet as occasion might require and would determine questions of international policy.

This review should not be concluded without more than a passing mention of English Edward. During the long reign of his much revered but not politically active mother he had come after a time to be recognised as dignified; but he was most certainly not suspected of having in him the material for the best politician in Europe. It was, however, a part of the Kaiser's bad luck that at just about the time when the general situation in world politics was becoming problematical, his grandmother died and left the throne and sceptre of Great Britain to his hitherto much obscured uncle. That uncle has proved to be about everything that the Kaiser ought to be but is not. Edward in the eight years of his reign has never made a political speech. He has never in any way transcended the functions which by common consent of the English people are yet left to the occupant of the throne. He has never sought anything of glory for himself. There has never been in his word or in his manner suggestion that the exaltation of the House of Han-

over was of more consequence to him than the prosperity of Britain and the peace of the world. But with all this, he has contributed far more to the present league of Europe than has any other man. When a crisis might be on and people or rulers might be excited he has never had anything to say; but when the crisis has been over and it has been found, as usual, that the weight of ships and guns and men and money, and hence of argument, was on the side of Great Britain and of the nations with which Great Britain is politically associated, then he has gone off to the right place, talked things over with the sovereign or chief of the nation most concerned, and stitched up a little closer the league of Europe under British hegemony. Where Wilhelm talked for glory, Edward has worked for results; and in the climax, where Wilhelm is a monarch once powerful but now in disgrace, Edward is the unassuming but highly successful representative of the world's cause of peace and order and prosperity.

And as a conclusion of the whole matter: Wilhelm had opportunities such as before his time were never presented to anyone; but the use he sought to make of them was selfish; he has failed in his programme and in his ambitions; he is weighed in the balance and found wanting. And in his failure there is promise of much good to the world. The world is moving toward democracy and liberty, toward peace and security—not the peace such as the Romans called in Britain, when they made a solitude, nor yet the peace that is compelled by modern armies and navies—but the peace that is founded upon an international public opinion working for reason and for justice. The fact that, as already indicated, the leading exponent just now of this policy of civilisation is the crowned head of England in no wise controverts the greater fact that England itself is one of the two most democratic of all nations, and that English hegemony,

as it is now exercised in Europe, is supported by the profound public opinion and most enlightened judgment of republican France, of the democratic kingdoms of Scandinavia, of the devoted and long-tried exemplars of liberty in the Netherlands—yea, even by the good sense and underlying sympathies of Germany.

Of course, the man who should undertake to stem such a tide of civilisation and sentiment must inevitably be brushed aside. Like Charles V. and Philip of Spain, Wilhelm has

fought and struggled hard enough for the old regime; but Charles V. abdicated his throne, and Philip lost his Armada, and Kaiser Wilhelm is not much better off. It is to be said of him that by reason of his position in the greatest military power of Europe he has been able for a time to turn the flood of the world's political activities into false channels; but the flood has turned back, as it was bound to turn, into the main channel of justice and progress, and the end looks well.

## THE CANADIAN EXILE'S LAMENT

(*Le Canadien Errant*)\*

*From the French of Antoine Gérin-Lajoie*

BY JOHN BOYD

Weeping sorely as he journeyed  
Over many a foreign strand,  
A Canadian exile wandered,  
Banished from his native land.

Sad and pensive, sitting lonely  
By a rushing river's shore,  
To the flowing waters spake he  
Words that fondest memories bore:

"If you see my own dear country,—  
Most unhappy is its lot,—  
Say to all my friends, O river,  
That they never are forgot.

"Oh, those days so full of gladness,  
Now forever are they o'er;  
And, alas, my own dear country,  
I shall never see it more.

"No, dear Canada, Oh, my homeland!  
But upon my dying day  
Fondly shall my last look wander  
To thee, beloved, far away!"

\* *Le Canadien Errant*, of which the above is a translation, was written by Antoine Gérin-Lajoie, a distinguished French-Canadian litterateur, and is one of the most famous and touching songs of the French-Canadians—the lament of a French-Canadian banished from his native land following the rising of 1837.

# MUSIC OF THE SEASON

BY KATHERINE HALE

**C**OULD we forecast events, for even a decade, it is possible that this résumé of the music of one season in Canada's choral capital, Toronto, would seem but a pale beginning of all the achievement to follow. Certain it is that ten years ago the same résumé would have appeared ambitious beyond measure, for then good music was a luxury in Canada; to-day it is a necessity.

To the visitor in Toronto, the mid-winter is literally punctuated with concerts, and one of the most hopeful signs is the fact that we possess within ourselves a basis for comparison with visiting musical organisations.

Did we not possess our own choral societies, which are in turn blessed and stimulated by the spirit of competition among themselves, the visit of the Sheffield Choir, for instance, would have lost much of its value.

At first the oft-repeated question, "How does the Sheffield compare with the Meldelssohn?" seemed only narrow, conceited, and provincial. Yet, as the question was reiterated from one end of Canada to the other, as the editorial columns of the newspapers, far and wide, took up the subject, one saw that it meant something deeper than was at first implied. It was neither conceit nor curiosity; it was a living, burning interest in the matter of music in Canada. How do these singers, the best of British choruses, excel our young organisations? What have they in nationality, temperament, technique, and vocal perfection to offer to us as a lesson

for our further development? What can we learn from them or they from us?

Many great events have occurred in Massey Hall in the last ten years, but none I venture to say contained such deep significance as that evening in last November, when the people of Ontario crowded its capacity to welcome the Sheffield Choir. Certain moments, in all affairs of nations as well as individuals, contain a psychic significance. To many of us that evening became a vision which far outran the present. What was the roseate touch that illumined all, like the pink emblem that each member of the choir wore? It was the spirit of unity, it was the cosmic sense of kindredship which was not at all the kindredship of patriotism, as we exploit it for the purpose of war or even of legislation, it was the higher and more enduring kindredship of the ideal. For music is indeed "a vibrant door opening into the infinite". It is a "Marconi system of communication between spiritual beings".

Another aspect of the Choir's visit has been very well expressed by a contemporary writer who says:

"Imperial incentive is the inspiration of the trip. There are hundreds of cities in Great Britain which have never heard the Sheffield Choir, simply because the singers can only visit these places individually and at their own convenience. Outside of London and the Yorkshire festivals the Sheffield Choir is not heard. Just as in Canada, thus far, the Mendelssohn Choir has not given a concert away from its home city of Toronto. If the visit of the English singers leads, as is hoped, to a return visit by the finest chorus in

America, the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, the same interesting anomaly will occur. English cities which have never heard their own best choir will yet be able to hear the premier chorus of America. That this reverse situation should arise is a powerful and curious testimony to a significant doctrine. It proves that a greater empire knows not time or distance, and that limitations are overcome in the fulfilment of an ideal sentiment. Under these conditions, it is easy to see the important part that music can be made to play in the closer union of the motherland and her daughters beyond the seas."

These things are really of deeper significance than the way the Sheffield Choir sang. They sang well; but not superlatively well. The chief interest to us as Canadians was the fact that, in most of the points which, vocally, we consider of first importance in America, they were singularly lacking, and in the points where our development ceases, they were paramount. If the Sheffield Choir had been faultless we should have learned and enjoyed less than we did.

Strange, and most interesting, is the fact that in literature, painting, and music, we in the new world cling to perfection of form with a passion that has long passed away in the older countries. That is, mere form—I do not mean technique. I think it is because we are not really sure of ourselves yet; because art is still an ornament with us, and, in its development, we are always digging up our progress to see it grow. So in poetry, and pictures, and in music, there is, for the most part, an almost painful precision in form.

Now art in England and in Europe is part of human nature's daily food; there is about it nothing extraordinary, or new, or strange, and the people are as used to open galleries, free libraries, oratorios, operas and orchestra concerts as they are to coffee-stalls and parks. So that in music they hear a great deal and do a great deal—as well as they can and as a matter of course. Theirs is not the artistic spirit, but simply the living spirit of art. The Sheffield Choir

could not compare, in many points of technical excellence, with the Mendelssohn Choir; for instance, in correct intonation, and in artistic effect. I much prefer the work of Dr. Ham's band of singers, but when it comes to interpretation, to the rendering of the true inwardness of the composer's theme, then the British choir is unexcelled. They sang excerpts from "The Messiah" and "The Elijah"; they sang Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius", and the "Sanctus" from Bach, and such Canadian compositions as Charles Harriss' "Sands o' Dee", Albert Ham's "Coronation Ballads", and Dr. Vogt's "Indian Love-Song", and the same method was observable all the way through: a certain amount of technique, and that merely as the vehicle to express the mood and meaning of the composer.

I do not say that the Sheffield Choir can afford to take this attitude. It nevertheless remains that it is true, and in the main the effects produced by the Sheffield in comparison with that of the Mendelssohn is like a sonorous, and sometimes inconsistent human voice—a voice which has long known life; and that of some etherealised being, some tender, waiting force, which is shortly to be reincarnated in human form. One is the expression of an ancient civilisation, the other of an ardent hope, unsullied and fresh.

After the Sheffield Choir concerts the local curtain was rung up by the first concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Frank Welsman, who was assisted by Madame Johanna Gadski as soloist.

As was suggested in *The Canadian Magazine* last season, the musical hope of any country lies in the opportunity it can give to the people of hearing much music. Until we possessed in Toronto a permanent orchestra, all idea of great musical advance, in the broadest educational sense, was hopeless. Now that our orchestra is established, we already

clamour for more concerts—a healthy sign. The foreword to the first concert programme this season struck a popular note in stating that

“The Orchestra enters its third season upon an assuredly permanent basis, with the purpose of increasing its efficiency as opportunity may arise, and in the hope of adding to its public appearances from year to year until it shall be heard as frequently as are organisations of a similar nature elsewhere, to the end that the people of Toronto may become familiar with the best works of the great masters and their proper interpretation.”

I believe that one of the greatest needs in Toronto, and one of the things which the people want as well as need, is a moderate-sized hall where Sunday concerts can be given at reasonable rates, so that all the great army of students and workers who are denied the evening concerts of the season because of expense, or physical weariness, or lack of time, could for ten cents or a quarter, hear just such works as the Symphony Orchestra has played this season, and hear them, and other great compositions, over and over again, until the power and the meaning of them become part of everyday life and experience. There would be a greater sanity in life, a deeper seriousness, and, doubtless, less enthusiasm for cheap vaudeville and unclean theatres on week-nights, if such an uplifting and purifying element could be introduced into the average boarding-house Sunday afternoon.

The Symphony Orchestra has been strengthened this season by several new players of experience and ability, and in their work in the performance of the “Unfinished Symphony” of Schubert, they showed a real advance over anything that they had yet attempted.

The first concert was indeed an admirable performance. The second concert, on the evening of March the 25th, was a revelation of the possibility of real yet rapid progress. In the fifth symphony of Beethoven, a work that is both feared and dreaded

by most orchestras, we got a gracious presentation of a difficult work. This Symphony is an intricate musical fabric: a picture woven of the gloom and gladness of great emotional genius, it requires for its interpretation the full sweep and colour of an adequate orchestra. That our band is still deficient in the brass section was noticeable in places, yet, taking the work as a whole, it was a revelation of the orchestra’s growing power.

But the vital moment of the concert arrived with the Tschaiakowsky Concerto in D major, which introduced the young Russian violinist Mischa Elman, when occurred one of those rare hours of revelation which are quite unlooked for and sometimes flash across the horizon with as much, or as little, premeditation as a bolt of electric light. Something in the magic of Tschaiakowsky, and in the direct spell of the genius of Misha Elman, first arrested and then set free what had been merely a comfortable and well pleased audience into an assemblage of eager and excited beings who were startled out of themselves, and carried to heights undreamed of by the god-like gift of a lad of seventeen. People were stirred, spell-bound, moved to tears. Like the little magician standing before them, like the body of men and women at his back working with him to interpret the dream, the great audience was also divining for once the cosmic message of music. And because artist and orchestra had forgotten every earthly consideration in the act of listening for and repeating the revelation of the composer the men and women who had never heard a bar of the music before were caught up and, listening, understood. They entered into a place where they had never been, and because of that hour will be the richer to the end of their lives.

Not less important than the Symphony Orchestra, in the development of our musical life, is the steady growth of the Toronto String Quartette, an organisation composed of

four as sincere musicians as Canada or any other country can produce. Mr. Frank Blachford, with his impassioned tone, supported by the steady cadence of Mr. Roberts with the second violin, Mr. Frank Smith's mastery of the soft voice of the viola, and Dr. Nicolai with the 'cello of Italian warmth, can spin the fairy tale with an almost magic art. In this organisation, more than in any other that we possess, the claim for colour goes not unregarded. No one can say that their playing lacks human sympathy and understanding. They are so full of this colour that the Kneisel sounds coldly perfect after their warmth. The Beethoven Quartette, op. 59, No. 1, and Borodino, op. 11, heard for the first time in Toronto, is one of the charming recollections of the season.

The farther that the Toronto String Quartette travels on little pilgrimages of art in Canada, the nearer comes our musical awakening.

Dr. Albert Ham, with the National Chorus, provides an intellectual as well as a musical treat each season by bringing to Toronto the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Walter Damrosch, who is one of the most magnetic of all conductors. One puts everything into his hands with absolute confidence, and sinks into happiness at the first wave of his baton.

The production in Toronto of the first great British Symphony, at its third hearing in America, is an event which would, alone, have made this season notable. Two nations at least have been excited over the production of Elgar's premier symphony, which has been ranked in England as his best work, and "the finest masterpiece of its type that ever came from the pen of an English composer", and in New York as "the first symphony since the last of Brahms". Elgar is the composer of three oratorios and many lesser works, a man of deep feeling, a thinker and philosopher as well as a musician. While one cannot say that the symphony

was distinctly original, it was certainly worth producing, and the score contains some exquisite moments. Almost the whole of the adagio is memorable, and the close of this movement is a dream of lofty and exquisite beauty.

The orchestral event of the second concert was Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony which celebrated the centenary of the composer's birth. It is a descriptive work in which the love, despair and heroism of Scotland are depicted in four movements which are poetic in the extreme.

Chorally, these concerts were most successful. There is a delicacy and sweetness about Dr. Ham's singers which it is difficult to define. His interpretations show much care and a fine knowledge of tonal effects. Nothing in this rich and varied season was more perfect, in its way, than the rendering of Cowan's cantata, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep", for solo, chorus and orchestra. The lovely words of Mrs. Browning, set to music which is simply permeated with the spirit of tenderness, made one think of the holy grail. The wooing voice of Miss Margaret Keays seemed more than humanly sweet, as she entered the solo which was borne along so graciously by the orchestra and the voice of the choir.

After the National Chorus came the rush of the Mendelssohn Choir concerts. And here the most ardent pen fails, for what is left to say?

Out of the heaven of sound a few distinct impressions remain. A new wonder in the ethereal strength of this organisation and its rare promise; a keen desire to hear more new music and fewer of the "old favourites"; a delight in the intellectual splendour of the *Caractacus*, but sorrow that we do not oftener hear the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, that work which only a supremely trained chorus may attempt. I wish that we could hear the Ninth Symphony every season for a decade. The work would stand it, and so could we.

The circle of the Mendelssohn Choir has now broadened to Chicago, and I hope that a visit to Europe may soon be chronicled in these pages.

Mr. H. M. Fletcher with the Schubert Choir and the Pittsburg Orchestra followed the Mendelssohn closely in point of date. From the choral standpoint this instructor is striving to educate the masses, and his work has its own value in our musical effort. The Pittsburg Orchestra is sure of its welcome in Toronto, and this year the event which took our hearts was the production of Mr. Paur's own Symphony—again a First Symphony—in A major, which he has called "In der Natur". All that nature has to say to a man like Emil Paur is wonderfully worth hearing. It was all a glorious transcription of human life, as we follow it in nature, written by one who has suffered, and joyed and endured, and learned, at last, to go back to the old mother, who is the truest confidant of her children. Intellectual? The Symphony is a thousand times better than that; it is universal, it is simple, it is so true and sweet that it will abide.

Here are the annals of a dozen outstanding concerts by local organisations, while those of the People's Choral Union, Mr. Sherlock's Oratorio Society, which is singing "The Creation", Mr. Torrington's Easter performance of "The Redemption", and others are still to follow, although it is now the springtime of the year.

Mention should also be made of Mr. Bruce Carey's remarkable Elgar Choir, working in Hamilton, and of the fine band of singers, directed by Mr. Parnell Morris in London, Ont., which made such a favourable impression in Toronto very recently. Indeed, all over the country we find organisations which are springing up in what seems likely to prove a very *renaissance* of musical feeling.

Mr. Stewart Houston, the manager of the Massey Music Hall, has nobly done his part in bringing to Toronto a brilliant array of stars, and thereby contributing directly not only to the necessity of the music loving public, but of the hundreds of students who are in Toronto for a short time and must store up for future use impressions and suggestions as to their own work.

So the piano students crowd the top galleries for Paderewski and Le Vinne and Sauer, and the vocalists for Calvé, and the incomparable Marchesi, and Emma Eames, and the violinists for Marie Hall, and dramatic students for the Ben Greet productions.

It is wonderful how well the big stage adapts itself for productions which require scenery and lights. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" was truly set in sylvan mounting, and the wonder must have occurred to a good many people during the performance why we should not have a season of Grand Opera in Ontario, with Massey Hall for its theatre. Mr. Stewart Houston would thereby place us still further in his debt if such an important step could be taken, for we are as a desert island in remoteness from opera at present. And opera is one of the most important phases of musical life.

This résumé cannot be closed without reference, at least, to a remarkable programme which was arranged by the Women's Musical Club of Toronto, in February, when fourteen numbers were given—the work of Toronto composers. They comprised five piano groups, five groups of songs, a trio for two violins and organ, a group of 'cello compositions, and an arrangement of Fiona Macleod's poems read by Mrs. Fenton Arnton, with a charming musical setting by Mr. R. S. Pigott.

# THE HACK

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

**A**N old man sat at a table and wrote. Page after page fell from his worn hands, and the lines of weariness and the shadows under the tired eyes deepened. Someone was banging on a piano in another part of the second-rate apartment house, and a shade of annoyance crossed his face, to be swallowed in the general worn-out expression which was its all prominent feature. He turned back to his task, but still the pages fell to the floor—impossible. They were too bad even for his poor requirements as a magazine and newspaper hack.

Time was when the old man had been younger; when he had dreamed dreams of coming greatness; when the bare room in which he wrote had been but the doorstep of the mansion which his stories were to win from a world made happier by their charm.

It was not this room, for the patience of landlords had not always been long, appreciation had come slowly and rent had not always been forthcoming, so that there had been many migrations since his first hopeful advent into the battle. The successive changes had been a dreary retrogression from one dingy room to a dingier and so through a long list of gradual but constant descents.

But the dreams and aspirations were long since dead, merged in the struggle for bare existence gleaned from space-writing for daily newspapers and occasional poorly paid acceptances by second-rate magazines.

It was hard to write the stuff which should live only for a day and be ranked by the editors only a little in advance of the clipped miscellany used to fill up chinks and crannies in the columns. It was hard to be forever "timely" and harder still to furnish that quality of "brightness" which was his continual instruction, when the heart was heavy with disappointment and the brain ached from sleepless nights spent in endless worry over sordid and trifling calls, looming large beside the meagre resources of the purse which must answer them.

At last he stopped. The tired hands moved to the aching eyes and the shoulders bowed in dejection. It was no use. The ideas would not come. The sheets, fallen upon the floor, were covered with a prosy jargon which would bore even the armoured soul of the proof-reader who could "read ads." with the same methodical accuracy and patience that was accorded the most startling "feature."

The old man sat bowed in thought. His mind ranged over the forsaken trenches in the long battle, the forgotten mile-stones along the road that had led always one way—to Failure.

Here, there had been hope, but not fruition; there, there had been a momentary halt in the backward journey; but never a step toward the coveted goal of Success. The whole body of the man spoke of utter fag. He thought of the years as he had planned them at the beginning and

as they had fallen. The gray head fell upon the old arms and the bent shoulders shook.

At last one of the weary hands grasped a pencil and, almost mechanically, began jotting down notes and stray sentences upon the paper before him. The notes became more continuous; the sentences took shape and continuity. At last he raised his head and drew the pad toward him. There was a look of absorption upon the weary face, and the pencil moved unflinching over the sheets which were laid together mechanically. There was no more indecision. Nothing was crumpled or destroyed. The man was writing as from dictation. He wrote many sheets, but never wavered, never hesitated or erased a word until he had finished. Then he gathered up the pages, folded them and, putting the whole into his pocket, went out.

He went direct to the office of a magazine which was of a better class than he had approached for many days, but with the editor of which he still held some acquaintance through association of earlier days and who still talked with him at times, for the editor had a taste for "types."

He approached the sanctum and was ushered in by an office-boy in whose eyes showed a bantering tolerance.

The editor looked up in response to the old man's "Please read this."

Something in the tone was so ear-

nest, so unlike the usual half-frightened, wholly apologetic murmur he knew that, although he was a busy man, the editor did not refuse. He took the folded sheets with an air of good-natured suffering and began to read.

The bored look vanished; once he looked at the signature at the end of the pages; then read on.

When he had finished he named a figure which had heretofore meant weeks of toil early and late to the old man.

"I can use all this kind of stuff you can give me. It's great," he said smiling. "It is wonderful," and his voice was very gentle. "But," he went on with vigour, "you must give me more."

"I cannot," said the old man.

The editor looked up. "Is the price not sufficient?" he inquired.

"Indeed, it is generous," replied the old man, "but I can do no more. I have given you the story of my life. I have lived only one life, only one story. I have become a hack. The best I have ever done or can ever do you have there, and (here he hesitated) could you let me have an order for a part, only a part, for I need it very much?"

He got his order and departed. All the decision was gone from his bearing. The figure was once more bowed, old and hopeless. The editor looked again at the title of the story and read: "The Hack."



# HÉBERT THE SCULPTOR

BY GUSTAVE DUTAUD

LOUIS PHILIPPE HÉBERT, the noted French-Canadian sculptor, is descended from an Acadian family which removed to the county of Nicolet following the unfortunate events of 1755. After marrying, his father decided to carve out a fortune for himself in the new lands of the Eastern Townships, and settled down at Ste. Sophie d'Halifax, Megantic County. It was there that Louis Philippe Hébert was born on the twenty-seventh of January, 1850.

Like so many others who have achieved fame in the field of art and literature, the outset of his career was fraught with hardship and discouragement. Endowed with a romantic temperament, he loved to roam about in the woods, where he spent most of his childhood days.

"The forest has always exercised a fascination over me," he once wrote a friend. "I there experience an indescribable sensation. The stately trees swayed to and fro by the winds, the rustling of the leaves, the mighty roar of the elements mingled with the twittering of birds plunges me in the deepest reverie."

Naturally a country lad with such a disposition afforded anything but satisfaction, especially to the uncouth habitant with a large family to support; so it often fared badly with the boy. At the age of six, Philippe was sent to school, but the discipline did not suit him. He fretted, played truant or else, whenever he had the opportunity, busied himself with the carving of wooden figures. Briefly,

he turned out to be such a poor scholar that, after the reading and writing stage, his parents kept him at home to work on the farm.

During the long winter nights when the family was gathered around the fireside, the father used to read aloud from the "Relations of the Jesuits." These narratives deeply impressed the boy with the valour of the early French settlers who were so often obliged to fight the Indian while earning their daily bread. From them he gained an accurate knowledge of heroic episodes of our history, which he afterwards embodied in his work.

As a farmer the boy was no more of a success than as a pupil. Quickened by the tales of adventure of the "Relations of the Jesuits," over which he poured, his natural talent sought expression in further rough carvings, especially of Indians. Somewhat disappointed at the little interest which he took in farming, his parents placed him with an uncle who kept a country store, but here again the "Injun" clerk proved a failure, and was sent back home, where he met with a cold reception.

The struggle of Garibaldi to recover a part of the lands of Italy from the Holy See proved a turning point in his career. Hébert was then nineteen years old, full of youthful vigour and ambition. Grasping the opportunity of a free trip to the old world and of perhaps realising his fondest hope, he enrolled with the "Zouaves" and sailed for Italy to fight for the Pope. The expedition was scarcely a suc-

cess, the Eternal City falling into the hands of the Royalists shortly after the arrival of the Canadian contingent, with the result that Hébert and his devoted companions had to endure many hardships. In Rome he came in contact with the art treasures of the *Renaissance*, which dazzled him.

"I have made a foolish dream," he is quoted as declaring to one of his companions. "Never will I be able to attain such a height."

He nevertheless kept on carving, in secret, for fear of being laughed at. One day he ventured to show a bas relief representing a highwayman in the act of holding up a wayfarer. To his great surprise the work was praised by connoisseurs, who encouraged him.

"That night there was a happy man in Rome," wrote one of Hébert's personal friends.

Victor Emmanuel's success compelled Hébert to sail back home, not without regret, for he felt that luck was again turning against him. Dis-

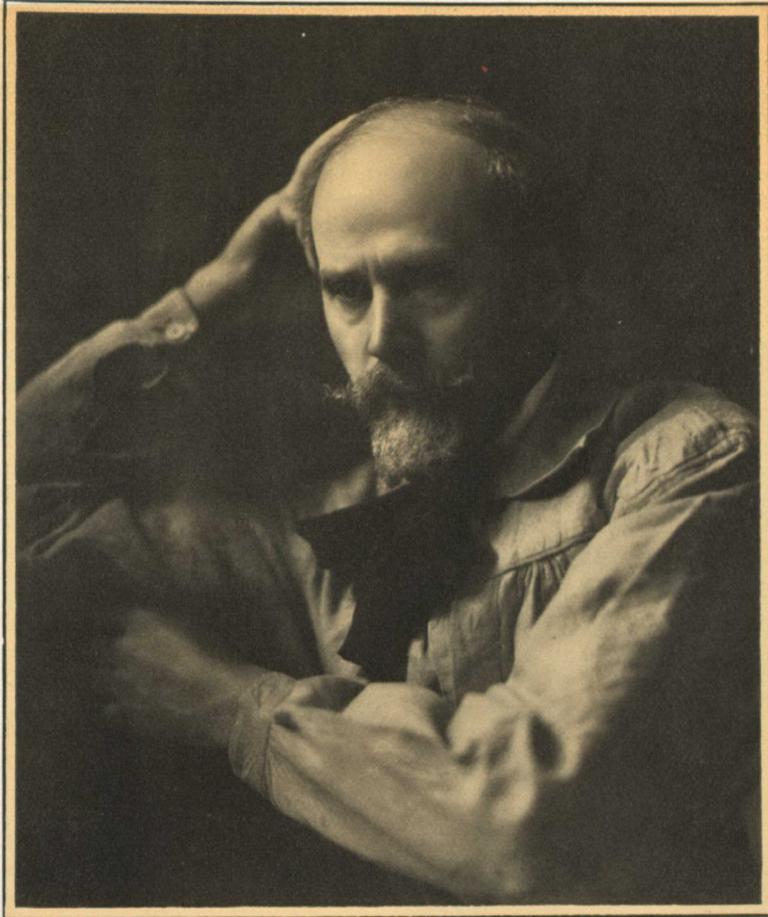
heartened and with an empty purse, he landed in New England, where for many years he eked out a wretched existence, first hiring out as a farmhand and beating the country roads as agent for a nurseryman.

On the advice of Mr. Edouard Richard, who wrote an account of the deportation of the Acadians, he came to Montreal in the hope of being able to exercise his talent with profit. A bust exhibited at the fair of 1873 attracted the attention of Mr. Napoleon Bourassa, the foremost French-Canadian artist of the time, who took him into his studio. Grateful in having at last obtained congenial employment, he worked with a will for seven years, striving toward his ideal with rapid progress. When at last he had mastered all that could be learned here, Hébert looked to France for further inspiration. With money which he managed to save, he went to Paris and remained one year studying. In that short time he managed to acquire a truer conception of



From the model by Hébert

FIRST MASS AT POINTE CLAIRE  
BRONZE PANEL ON THE MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT AT MONTREAL



PHILIPPE HÉBERT, C.M.G., SCULPTOR

art and especially more confidence in his own talent.

It was during his brief stay in the French capital, in the midst of favourable influences, that Hébert produced his first piece of real merit—the statue of de Salaberry which stands in the park at Chambly, Que. A superior conception of the hero of Chateauguay, produced by him ten years later, is that which adorns the Parliament Buildings at Quebec. With drawn sword, de Salaberry is represented leading his *Voltigeurs* into the momentous battle which resulted in the defeat of the invading

host and helped to insure British rule in Canada.

In 1885, Hébert was entrusted by the Federal Government with the producing of a statue of Sir George Etienne Cartier, and it is this achievement which brought him into prominence. Since that time he has risen rapidly and now ranks among the foremost sculptors of this continent.

Two years after receiving the order for the statue of Cartier, he was commissioned by the Quebec Government to execute ten historical statues for the ornamentation of the Legislative Buildings. In order to carry out this

important work to better advantage, Hébert returned to Paris and opened a studio there, where he continued to live until about two years ago, when he settled down in Montreal permanently.

Hébert's work is almost essentially patriotic. His masterpieces are all



From the model by Hébert

THE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD MONUMENT  
AT OTTAWA

devoted to the commemoration of momentous events in Canadian history. He was drawn in this direction as much out of personal sentiment as by the force of circumstances. It was a hero of the war of 1812 which he chose for his first noteworthy effort. Once his talent became recog-

nised, he was kept busier with orders from official sources than was perhaps always consistent with the leisure necessary for the attainment of the higher perfection in art. Hébert nevertheless responded happily in most cases to the task imposed upon him, with the result that many public buildings and squares in Canada bear the stamp of his genius.

Besides a galaxy of the illustrious soldiers and statesmen who did so much to mould the destinies of Canada, Hébert, no doubt under the lasting influence of early impressions, sought to immortalise the hardship and struggles of the early French settlers among the hostile Indians, as well as the customs of the Indians themselves. This subject always fascinated him and has found expression in his best work.

The most noteworthy example is perhaps to be found in the group which crowns the terrace of the Legislative Buildings at Quebec. It is a huge bronze representing a family of Algonquin Indians, and it does not fail to impress the most casual observer. With one knee resting on the ground, a youthful redskin aims a deadly shaft at some game which he has espied, while his father, standing proudly erect, and his mother distractedly kindling a fire, are watching to see how well their son can handle the bow. The younger member of the family, clinging to his mother's arm, pokes his chubby face between them, and is also interested in what his big brother is about to do. Apart from being a remarkable study in simultaneous concentration of attention, this group illustrates to the best advantage, perhaps, Hébert's mastery in the delineation of Indian features.

A somewhat more classical production on the same subject is that entitled "*Sans Merci*" (Without Mercy), which is reproduced as a frontispiece to this number. In 1890 Sir John Thompson, who was then at the head of the Federal Cabinet, suggested that Hé-

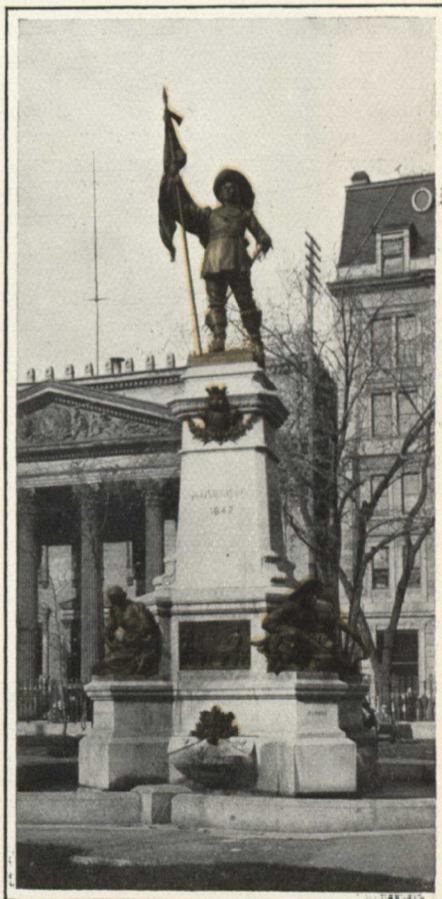
bert create a piece of statuary touching on Canadian history. It was under these circumstances that the Canadian sculptor conceived "*Sans Merci*," which is a life-size reproduction of a harvester who has been pounced upon by a redskin while at work in the field. Both men are writhing in a deadly hand-to-hand fight, the sturdy farmer aiming a blow with his sickle, while the adversary gnaws at his arm.

"*Une Mère*" and "*Le Rapt*" are the two other principal groups dealing with the peril in which early settlers were exposed among the hostile tribesmen: the first showing a mother defending her infant child from the cruel enemy, while the other recalls one of those many episodes when in the absence of the able members of the community, the Indians swooped down upon the settlers' homes and murdered the women and children. "*Le Rapt*" represents one of those early tillers of Canadian soil who, although enfeebled by age, musters his strength and courage in a vain attempt to repel the cowardly invaders and to protect his grand-daughter with whom he has been left in charge of the house.

If the relations of the white men with the Indians were frequently marked with bloodshed, there were instances where such gave rise to touching romances, as every reader of Canadian history knows. This subject has not escaped Hébert, who has given expression to it in several of his sculptural works, the most noteworthy being "*Madeline*" and "*Convoitises*." *Madeline* is a bright French maid, the idol of the community. She is worshipped by an Indian chief whose fierce nature has been completely subdued by the girl's beauty and innocence. As she winds thread around a distaff, he sits at her feet endeavouring to tell the tale of his heart, which, however, *Madeline* treats somewhat lightly. The sad and earnest expression of the savage makes a pathetic contrast with the

young girl's unconcerned joviality.

"*Convoitises*" deals with a less commendable theme. It recalls the gallant adventures of those reckless freebooters known in early days as "*coureurs des bois*." Hébert has produced one trying to tempt a fair Indian woman with a necklace. The



From the model by Hébert

THE MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT AT MONTREAL

creature makes a covetous gesture with her hand while the man's face expands in a Mephistophelian grin.

However, Hébert's most widely appreciated works are the Maison-Neuve Monument, unveiled on Place d'Armes, Montreal, on Dominion Day, 1895, and the historical figures that

are the pride of the Legislative Buildings at Quebec. Of the latter, only those of Montcalm, Wolfe, Lord Elgin, Levis, Frontenac, Salaberry, and Bishop Laval are in position, while the others, comprising statues of Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve, La Violette, the founder of Three Rivers, and of Fathers Bréboeuf and Viel, the priests who were martyred by the Indians, have not yet been completed. Accompanying these historical figures is the family group of Algonquin Indians, the "*Pêcheur a la Ninogue*" and two allegorical groups, "*Poesie et Histoire*" and "*Religion et Patrie*," which adorn the central tower.

Hébert has endeavoured to reproduce Frontenac at the critical moment when, swayed by anger, the French general replied to Phipps' envoy: "Go and tell your master that I will answer him with my cannon." The bronze figure points to the grim engine of war protruding at the base of the statue.

The genial attitude of Montcalm forms a happy contrast with the irritable Frontenac. It is the victor of Carillon who, bareheaded and full of pride, after the battle thanks his warriors in the name of the king.

Hébert's greatest achievement is admittedly the Maisonneuve Monument which is admired by thousands of tourists every year. It commands an excellent position on Place d'Armes, opposite Notre Dame Church. The monument is flanked by four corner figures of historical import: Lambert Closse, M'lle Mance, Lemoine, and the Huron chieftain Anahotaha. The founder of Montreal is shown at the time he took possession of the land which is now occupied by the greatest metropolis of Canada. With his right hand, he raises the standard of France, while the left rests on his sword. The statue of Lambert Closse, the dauntless Frenchman who, with pistol in hand and holding back his faithful dog Pilote, crouches ready to spring on the Iroquois, is considered to be superior in its execution to the central figure itself. On the south corner is the reclining form of M'lle Mance, the angel of mercy of Montreal's first settlement, in the act of bandaging the arm of a savage urchin. The monument is completed by four bas reliefs: the signing of the charter of Ville Marie, the first High Mass at Pointe Claire and Dollard's heroic fight with Indians and his death.



From the model by Hébert

A BAS RELIEF DETAIL OF THE LAVAL MONUMENT AT QUEBEC



*From the model by Hébert*

STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AT HAMILTON

Hébert is a prolific worker. His labours have produced no less than fifty pieces of great merit, comprising twelve large monuments, half a dozen bronze statues, twenty busts, ten groups. Besides these there are a number of statuettes and a good deal of church ornamental work. His latest work is a monument to Monseigneur Laval which was unveiled on St. Jean Baptiste Day at Quebec in June last. He has already executed a monument to Monseigneur Bourget, one of Mont-

real's most distinguished bishops. It is to be seen in front of St. James' Cathedral, Dominion Square.

Among his best statuary are two commemorative figures in bronze of Queen Victoria: one at Hamilton and another at Ottawa, on the grounds of the Parliament Buildings. It was upon the completion of this latter one six years ago that the Imperial Parliament conferred upon him the honorary title of C.M.G., as a mark of appreciation of his talent.

Besides this, Monsieur Hébert has

received a great number of prizes both in medals and money. In 1894, the Federal Government awarded him the Confederation Medal for his patriotic statuary. The French Government made him a *Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur* seven years ago, on the occasion of his birthday.

Since his return from Paris, Monsieur Hébert has opened a studio in Montreal, at 34 Labelle street, where he spends most of his time. Of unassuming manners, he receives visitors readily and does not mind suspending his work for a chat.

"This is as difficult for me to say as for a father to decide which of his children he loves the best," he said in answer to the question as to which of his works he considered to have the greatest artistic merit.

"You see, I have given my best attention to all and each has some

feature which appeals to different people according to their tastes."

Although he has successfully invaded the poetic realm, Monsieur Hébert does not care to go outside his own country for subject matter.

"There is everything here that an artist can wish for," he said. Then pointing at a bronze statuette which he had just completed: "Look at that. It is M'lle de Vercheres who held out the fort against a host of Indians. Can there be a more fitting subject for a Canadian artist than this heroine who exposed her life to save those of her compatriots? She is the type of true woman who, although unaccustomed to firearms, nevertheless does not hesitate to use them when the occasion so requires. That is why I have made her handle that gun as a woman handles an umbrella."

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## THE HURRYING RIVERS

By DOUGLAS ROBERTS

Plunging through the valley walls,  
Leaping high,  
Jetting white fumes from the falls,  
To the sky,  
And singing, ever singing, in your passing by.

Bending, rocking, roaring down,  
Till you wait,  
In the mill above the town,  
Shrieking hate,  
Then crashing, crying freedom, through the open gate.

Reeling, stamping down the shores.  
In your wake  
Stony, naked corridors  
Shout and shake,  
Then suddenly you sleep within the little lake.

# AMENDMENT OF M. DE CHIRAC

BY H. C. BAILEY

M. LE MARQUIS DE CHIRAC was concerned for his moustaches. They were little and beautiful, but they would not turn up. Mr. de Chirac desired infinitely that they should turn up, because it was not the fashion. Auguste, who daily had the honour of assisting M. de Chirac to achieve perfect beauty, suggested wax.

"Auguste," said M. de Chirac pensively, "you have the heart of a hangman." And he caressed the moustaches. "So young, so amiable! Shall I force them? Wax? Animal! You would eat babies—with a brown sauce. I am sure that you would choose a brown sauce." He continued to caress the moustaches.

"Virginal, dainty! Shall I constrain your young desires? O, Phœbus Apollo!" For the moustaches had consented to remain erect. M. de Chirac let himself fall lightly into his chair and admired them in the mirror. "Phœbus Apollo—who, if I remember, never had any. The incomplete Phœbus. Auguste, I meditate on my own completeness."

"Monsieur requires breeches," said Auguste.

"I think I had desired the tailor to refer you to a woodland bank of violets?"

"But yes, monsieur!" cried Auguste, and with the gesture of Hyperides unveiling Phryne drew back a curtain of tapestry.

M. de Chirac had the felicity to behold a lay figure clad in violet and

green. "It is," said M. de Chirac, "deeply impertinent to make a dummy in my proportions."

"But what would you, monsieur?"

"That," said M. de Chirac, "I never know," and became melancholy.

In an hour or two he was covered. A work of art, he bestowed himself on the long gallery of the Louvre. His shoes were dark green, his stockings and breeches green of a lighter tone. His long cassock coat was embroidered without in varieties of green, but falling open revealed itself violet within. Violet was his undercoat and pale violet his ruff and his ruffles, violet also his hat, adorned with a clasp of great sapphires and gold. A bunch of violets peeped out of his golden hair above his left ear. All of his was fragrant with the scent of violets. And the moustaches still turned up. So M. de Chirac displayed himself to the admiring sun in the year of grace 1586.

Then he beheld afar off a woman. She was silvery gray, with something of crimson at her breast. She progressed swiftly for two steps, then slowly for three. M. de Chirac compared her in appearance to a wounded dove, in gait to a kicked dog. She arrived at monsieur and stopped and looked at him.

M. de Chirac made her a bow. "Mademoiselle, I await your criticism with confidence."

"Can you tell me where I shall find M. le Comte de Manillac?"

"Probably, mademoiselle, where he ought to be. He has no imagination, the good Canillac."

"But where ought he to be, monsieur?"

"Finally, mademoiselle, in hades. To bore the devil. Temporarily, I know not."

"Oh, will you not tell me?" she cried, clasping her hands together. "I have asked so many and they laugh, but——"

"In fact it is a little laughable. To desire Canillac!" M. de Chirac delicately shrugged his shoulders. "Madame, I trust you are unique."

A moment, biting her lip, she gazed at monsieur, who presented her with a calm smile. Then she swept past him and on down the gallery.

"She has the audacity to produce tears, and she is not beautiful enough," said monsieur.

While he watched her Auguste came out to the gallery. She stopped and spoke to him. Auguste bowed. Auguste pointed her to the haven where she fain would be—the quarters of M. de Canillac—and bowed again. She went on, her hesitating gait grew slower, she waited a long time before she knocked at the door. Auguste, as well as his master, watched her till she went in.

Then, "Auguste!" says M. de Chirac, and Auguste turned with a start. Monsieur beckoned him nearer. "Auguste, you have the impertinence to be more polite than I."

"Impossible, monsieur!" cried Auguste. Monsieur put up his eyebrows. "Monsieur, the lady was crying."

"That also was impertinence. She is hardly even pretty."

Auguste bowed. "Is that all, monsieur?" said Auguste.

M. de Chirac looked him over a moment before he said "Yes." Auguste bowed again and went his way. Then monsieur looked after him. "Decidedly he becomes a satirist," said monsieur.

M. de Chirac, extremely bored, then went to wait on the

most Christian King Henry III.

The King was yawning over his comfit box. M. de Chirac stood still before him and yawned. They finished together.

"Sire," said M. de Chirac, "I offer you my profound sympathy."

"Chirac, amuse me," the King drawled.

Chirac surveyed him from the pearls in his cream-coloured shoes to the amethysts in his white ears.

"Do you not amuse yourself?" inquired Chirac.

The King shook his head.

"I am not nearly so amusing as your Majesty," said Chirac.

The King smiled languidly and offered a comfit box.

"Sire, no," said M. de Chirac with decision. "I have a complexion."

The King sighed.

M. de Canillac bustled in, and M. de Chirac groaned and turned away. M. de Canillac was full-fleshed and exuberant; he wore crimson from head to heel.

The King bent and picked up a spaniel.

"You are very red, Canillac," the King drawled. "So is sin. Try to be equally amusing."

Canillac laughed loudly and M. de Chirac shuddered.

"I will amuse you at once, sire." Canillac knelt and stretched forth his hands and spoke dramatically, "Sire, I pray for a man's life."

"Who has bought it?" the King drawled.

Canillac laughed again and rose. M. de Chirac in great haste brushed his moustaches down, for he saw that Canillac's stood up. "I have this day seen a love of my youth," said Canillac, smiling.

"It is always discouraging," said the King, and gave his spaniel a sugar plum.

M. de Chirac found a pack of cards and began to build a house with them.

"It appears that when I was young I said that I loved her. I had

forgotten. She remembers." Canillac laughed and the King yawned. "But she has had the insolence to love someone else. She loves M. de Vivonne." The King yawned again. "Vivonne, sire, you remember, who lies in the Bastille. And my well-beloved Mademoiselle de Montain comes to me to beg for his life!" Canillac laughed heartily.

"Vivonne?" the King drawled. "Some officious person accused him of a correspondence with the Béarnais. But was I going to kill him? I do not think that I was going to kill him."

"I regret to have announced otherwise, sire. I told his dear love that you had ordained his death."

The King pulled his spaniel's ears. "It may be so. Vivonne makes no difference. What did she say, Canillac?"

"Little coherent, sire. She embraced my knees and bedewed them."

"They will," said the King. "It is sometimes amusing."

M. de Chirac with great care put a fourth storey on his house.

Canillac was laughing. "In fact, sire, I was touched."

"That would not be amusing at all," said the King, and turned. "Chirac!"

But M. de Chirac, who was preparing his fifth storey, waved his Majesty away.

"Oh, sire, believe me!" cried Canillac. "It was most pleasing. I was touched. I offered mademoiselle to save this dear life which is not in danger provided that mademoiselle would enter into my embraces."

The King yawned. "You are not at all original, Canillac."

"But yes, sire, by your leave. Consider I who do not desire to espouse mademoiselle at all shall possess her, that she may save her dear love from the death he was never going to die. Comedy in the high strain!"

M. de Chirac imposed his fifth storey.

The King took a sweetmeat. "It is

a little amusing. She yielded easily, I suppose?"

"Quite otherwise. There were storms of words and tears. I have the honour to inform your Majesty that Mademoiselle de Montain considers me the most vile, the most loathsome of men. That will make her more comfortable as my wife. Finally, then, she yielded. She professes that she will kill herself afterwards—we shall see—and if I have the honour at all I shall never tell M. de Vivonne why and how he was set free—again we shall see."

"It might have been amusing to hear her," said the King, and yawned. "But I have had all the emotions before."

M. de Chirac imposed his sixth storey.

"Cecile has not, pardieu," laughed Canillac. "So, sire, I have the honour to beg that to-morrow about this time M. de Vivonne shall be set free."

"I never wanted the man," said the King. "Chirac!" and he turned in his chair. M. de Chirac's six storeys fell down. "What do you think?"

M. de Chirac stood up. "I think that your Majesty has knocked down my house," said he.

"What do you think of Canillac?"

M. de Chirac shrugged his shoulders. "Sire, he has no imagination. Let us talk of something pleasant."

Canillac flushed darkly and started forward. The King peevishly motioned him back. "I do not like these spasms, Canillac. Chirac, can you make it more amusing?"

"In a thousand ways, sire."

"One suffices."

"I have the honour to make the amendment that Canillac turn his moustaches down and that M. de Vivonne be brought to witness mademoiselle on the altar, that is to say when she espouses Canillac."

The King smiled and Canillac laughed. M. de Chirac bowed to one and the other.

"Certainly it shall be so," said the King.

"Canillac," said M. de Chirac, "turn down your moustaches. Order of the King!" Canillac, laughing, obeyed. M. de Chirac gave a great sigh of relief, and made his own stand up again.

Then the King spent an hour in elaborating the plan so that M. de Vivonne and his love should not fail of drinking deep passion and pain. M. de Chirac yawned vastly. But his Majesty had an interest in psychology.

"Sire," said M. de Chirac, rising, "I have yawned till my face aches. Does it suffice?"

"You will find nothing else more amusing, Chirac," said the King, whose eyes had grown bright.

"I shall find, sire, M. de Viviers, who does not talk," and Chirac made his bow.

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On the morrow Chirac and Canillac shared the King's tardy *déjeuner*. By a simple process of deduction we may discover that the meal was gay. For we have it on the authority of d'Aubigny, that austere person, that when M. de Chirac was interested he was interesting; and in a too brief memoir of himself M. de Chirac has left it on record that he was interested in Canillac and his King on that day. He adds that the sensation was unique, and that he wore sky blue with sapphire buttons.

M. de Canillac, who was naturally impatient, arose when the sweets arrived. The hour appointed to Mademoiselle de Montain for the marriage was well past, and, "*Mor-dieu*," said Canillac, "I bade her be punctual in chapel."

Still Chirac and his King were ingenious, still the meal was prolonged. But M. de Chirac leaned back in his chair and took the King's favourite toy, a cup and ball of ivory and ebony and began to play with it as he sipped his wine.

It seems to have been about this time that M. le Baron de Veviers rode into the courtyard of the Louvre and

reined up by the gate to speak to Crillon.

At last Canillac rose to seek his delight. "One hundred and one, one hundred and two," said Chirac as he rose also. He was counting his catches with the cup and ball. "Come, *mon galant*," said he, and opened the door for Canillac.

"May Venus smile!" cried the King, and Canillac went out with a laugh.

"One hundred and three, one hundred and four," said Chirac as he followed.

Together Chirac and Canillac went down the corridor and past the Swiss on guard and down the stairs and out to the courtyard. There were some horses in waiting, and M. le Baron de Veviers still talked with Crillon, whom he hated. Still Chirac continued his play. They mounted the stairs to the long gallery.

"One hundred and ninety-one, one hundred and ninety-two," said Chirac, "one hundred and ninety—" he stumbled against Canillac and lost the ball. "Bah! boor!" he cried, and flung Canillac away.

Canillac turned as he staggered.

"Chirac!" he cried, his face aflame.

"Boor! Yes, pardieu, I said boor. I baptise you."

"M. de Chirac!" Canillac started forward, hand on his sword.

Chirac flung the ebony cup in his face.

A moment, and Canillac plucked out his sword and dashed on. M. de Chirac broke ground, found his sword and the blades clashed and grated. Canillac was fierce and light-footed; he sprang in and out again lunging furiously; he was wont to make an end soon. But Chirac never shifted his place. It lasted long. It was doubtless good to see. Canillac dared more as the minutes passed. Again and again he lunged to his full reach — then wildly something beyond. Chirac drew himself up and straightened his sword arm. Canillac ran his neck on the point.

Canillac's sword fell clattering. He coughed and caught at the blade in his neck. But Chirac whipped it back and sheathed it still wet and sprang to Canillac and threw an arm about him and drew him on.

"Come, *mon galant*," said M. de Chirac.

Coughing and spitting blood, Canillac was borne to the woman, his prey. There was none in the long gallery to see him save Chirac's man, Auguste. Cloaked and booted, Auguste stood out in the middle, but he said nothing, he gave no sign. Canillac was brought to the chapel door.

A lacquey opened it, a lacquey who began mysteriously, "Mademoiselle is—" and ended in a cry, "Ah, *Mon Dieu!* monsieur is wounded! But I will run—I will run for a surgeon!"

"Certainly, run," said Chirac, and the man ran.

Canillac could only cough and spit, and the blood welled out of him. Chirac bore him up the aisle.

All over the Louvre the clocks were striking three. The tardiest note died. Then prompt to the ordered hour came the tramp of feet. Two of the Swiss guard led on M. de Vivonne, brought punctually to behold his shame.

Chirac bowed. "M. de Vivonne, welcome and in good time! This good Canillac yearns to do a deed of charity before he goes—some whither."

And Canillac groaned and Vivonne stood gaping. M. de Chirac lifted up his voice. "Mademoiselle! 'Tis your cue! Mademoiselle de Montain!"

A moment of silence while the Swiss stared round-eyed at each other, at Canillac and his blood, at Chirac flushed and laughing, and Vivonne's face turned white. Then a door opened. Slowly, timidly, her hand at her throat, all in black, came Cécile Montain, led by a grimacing priest. Vivonne sprang at her and she gave a great cry and reeled.

"Softly, softly," says Chirac, laughing and caught her in one arm and held off Vivonne with the other.

"Canillac, this dear Canillac, to him is the joy of joining your hands!" and moving swiftly he took Canillac's limp hand in his and made it give Vivonne's to Mademoiselle de Montain.

But Vivonne snatched her in his arms and clasped her close, there before the altar, while Canillac groaned in his blood.

M. de Chirac held Canillac's dying arms aloft. "Receive, monsieur and madame," says he with unction, "receive the benediction of M. le Comte de Canillac." And Canillac's glazing eyes were set on her. But she did not know it, she was sobbing on her man's shoulder, and quivering while he whispered silly tender names.

A lean figure, a lean, cream-coloured, bejewelled, perfumed figure, came into the doorway.

"Dame! What is this?" The two Swiss saluted. "What is this, Chirac?" cried the King.

The woman's sobbing stilled.

"Sire!" she gasped, "sire!" and tried to come to him. The man would not let her go.

M. de Chirac in his pale blue and his sapphires still held on high the red arms of Canillac's benediction. M. de Chirac still smiled amiably. "It is, sire, M. de Canillac, who desires at the last to save his soul."

"*Notre Dame de Chartres!* He is dead!" the King cried. Canillac's head was fallen forward in the blood on his breast.

Chirac let the arms fall and swing limp. "Certainly he is dead. But he lived long enough," said Chirac.

The King came forward to look "But how? Chirac, who has done it?"

Chirac caught Vivonne and his wife and whirled them away past the Swiss to the door. "Run, *mordieu!* Run!" he cried, and as the Swiss ran after them, he whipped out his blood-stained sword and held the path. "I have had the honour, sire, to send him whither he ought to go," cried Chirac.

And without was heard Auguste, "*Par ici, par ici, monsieur et madame,*" as he hurried the two away.

"You?" cried the King, and stared at Chirac and the smeared sword.

"Congratulate me, sire," said Chirac.

The King flushed. "Fools, cowards, take him!" he cried to the hesitating Swiss.

But it was not easy to take M. de Chirac from behind that yard of flickering steel. Chirac held the two in play in an instant.

"You behold, sire, the amendment of M. de Chirac," he cried and suddenly turned and ran hot foot.

He took the stairway in three bounds, he was down, he was out of the courtyard, before the King had broken open the window and cried, "Crillon! Crillon! Take him! Take Chirac!"

Crillon, who was still talking to M. de Veviers, started forward, shouting and lugging at his sword, but the Baron de Veviers drove his spurs to his horse and reined back, and the plunging of it sent Crillon rolling on the stones. Thence he roared for the guard, thence he bade the sentries shut the gate. But Veviers reined round into the gateway again and held the gate back with his horse's quarters. From without came the clattering of moving horsemen.

M. de Vivonne and mademoiselle were mounted now. Chirac sprang

to his saddle and urged them on. Ere any Swiss musketeer had his wheel lock under way, they were hurrying through the gate. "Chirac! Chirac!" the cry came pealing, and they vanished and sped clattering away.

"Good day, Monsieur Crillon," said Vevier, politely, and sped after them.

Crillon ran to the gate, cuffing and cursing whom he found in the way. He had the pleasure to see that M. de Veviers was but the rearguard of a column. M. de Chirac, suddenly provident, had marshalled the troop of his household. Crillon was for some days bad company.

The troop had gone a league out of Paris before M. de Veviers forsook the rear and came up abreast of Chirac, who rode bareheaded still, his yellow curls adorning the breeze.

"Whither now?" grunted Veviers.

"Whither? To *le Vert Galant*, to Henri de Navarre, *cordieu*. Let me find a man—for variety."

Veviers grunted: "I did not know that you liked men."

"I have seen so little of them," said M. de Chirac.

"But you are much a man yourself, *cap de Bioux*," cried the grateful Vivonne.

M. de Chirac made him a bow. "Hitherto, monsieur, only women have told me so. First among men you perceive my moustaches." M. de Chirac turned them up to the blue heaven.



# POETRY IN WILD LANDSCAPE

BY SUZANNE MARNY

IT had been raining all night; a plenteous but gentle rain that everyone was glad enough to see, on grass, on farm, on berry crop. In a short time, the evening before, our empty water-butts were full again of fresh soft water.

At ten o'clock in the morning the sky was still gray, and the rain down-coming, steady and gentle.

I set up an easel on the side verandah. I had often cast an eye from the breakfast table on this decorative little composition. A shady foreground, a low bush or two, and an overhanging branch framing a light and open tangle of low growing maples, raspberry shrubs, hazels, and brambles backed loftily by elms and other old trees.

I began my sketch, putting in a table, and a garden chair with a lady in black reclining thereon, her hand listlessly stretched upon the table.

The transparent greens of the light vista, with the bluish green of the leaves that received the sky's light flatly, were difficult; and to make the dark, yet transparent, green of the overhanging branch and dark shrubs of the foreground tell against it was difficult too.

My desire to force out the sentiment of the listless black figure in the shadow and the light vista beyond, no doubt helped in the expression of it; in the end the sentiment was all I cared about, and I probably did not make a very successful study as far as the technique was concerned.

I took my sketch to the studio, set it up near me and stretched myself on the sofa, and from this starting point I set out on a reverie. This rough sketch might have been made anywhere where the trees and foliage were at all the same—in a garden in England, nearly two thousand miles away; or the solitary figure might have been sitting at a table set under a tree behind some country hotel in France. I fell to remembering some suggestive bits in my wanderings in my present surroundings—bits where figures might quite as aptly have been placed.

For many a year I had been trying to put into my summer pictures some of the solemn pathetic prose of the north country. The scenery hereabouts of rock and hill and pine and lake always seemed so much more typically Canadian than the settled district of farmlands farther south. I had painted the tiny house at the foot of the rugged hillside, with a gleam of river and lumber piles at the foot. I had laboured happily before a small farm with its old gray buildings in the few acres of wheat which lay gleaming before its background of misty blue woods. I had painted lakes girt with wooded hills, with huge opalescent clouds joining and dispersing above them. I had loved to do the old Muskoka road winding to the purple distance through low young pines and spruce trees. I had loved the country in its poorest aspects. I had tried to make a picture of a wretched little farm-house

shaded by thirty-year-old balsams and surrounded by poverty-stricken fields with many stumps.

This country will give its greatest gift, I think, to the painter who shall place on canvas its pathetic, homely tale. But in my reverie I began to see that here, as elsewhere, are the poetic motives that suggest a landscape with a figure or a human occupation of some sort or some very human sentiment in a poetic form.

There is the eternal roadway. The roadway which curves sharply round a hillock and disappears underneath a tall overhanging elm. How many a plodding country man or urchin has marked this curve and overhanging tree. Here he knows his distance to the village or his homestead, or possibly there is an ice-cold spring by the roadside when he shall have passed the hillock.

I know a road glaring dustily up an immensely steep hillside whose summit is crowned with thick trees. Could not that be painted to suggest the thought of one who should be prepared to climb it for the first time—in a hope of arriving at a shady beauty varying in aspect to any he has seen before, in a hope that he will wander through woods and pastures enchanting from their strangeness.

Another road I know, so narrow that the wayside woods almost touch. I have seen above these trees at times startling white mountains of cloud. There one might expect to meet suddenly some strange figure coming with footsteps silent in the soft reddish soil.

There are joyous paths leading through sunny tangles where girls in light summer garments could be harmoniously flitting on the canvas, or more sombre ways, winding to blue distances, cloud-topped, where berry-pickers might be bringing home their August spoils.

While I lay day-dreaming, the sun broke out hot through dispersing

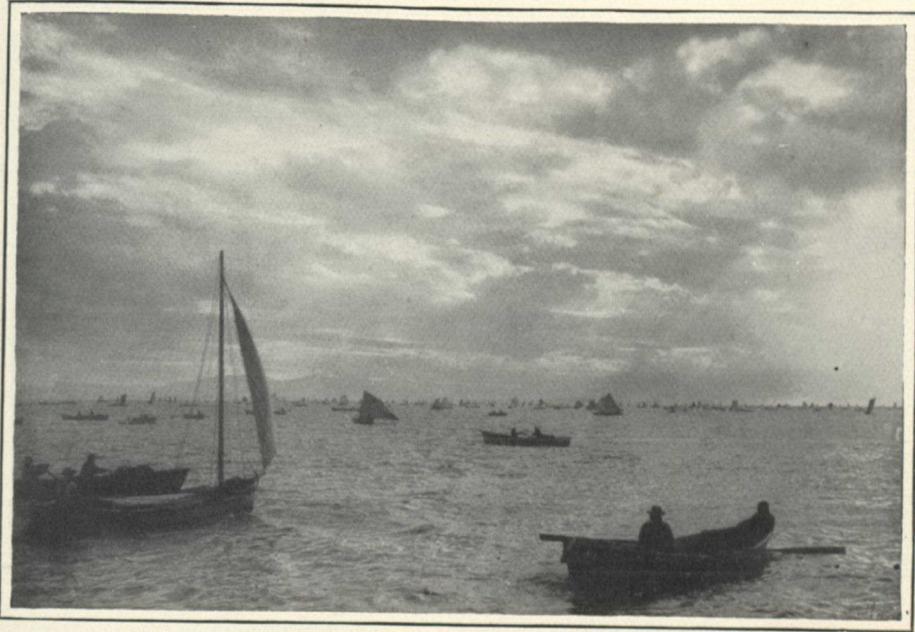
clouds. The verdure, the air was steaming hot. In the afternoon the wind came cool and fresh from the west. The ground was drying rapidly, and I sallied forth.

My mind ran in the same strain in which it had started in the morning. I was looking for my cosmopolitan poetic motives.

Who does not love old gardens and pictures of old gardens? I found in a wild field a composition which had once struck me as a very decorative, well-balanced scheme. A path wound about a round group of evergreens in the foreground, also pretty low climbing things and bracken fringed the base of the low trees. Behind them was what looked like a graded terrace of taller trees of a lighter green, and behind these again a broad elm hung its plumage before the sky with exquisite grace. Methought some day I might try this, putting an old gray statue to the left among the terraced maples, and nestling in front of the evergreen group a stone sun-dial. Then I should have a wild garden picture.

Later I found another motive wherein to place an old gray statue. It was a sunny path winding between two young pines into deep shadow. Glistening in the shadow curve were silvery mullein stalks. A crooked romantic maple towered into the blue behind the pines. I made my feeble effort after this model one day, and added, lurking in the shade athwart the mulleins, a flying cupid.

Now forever in the summer time I see poetic motives in my wanderings. I think now that one need not go to ancient Greece to paint an *entourage* for the folk of mythology. There are groves here where *Orpheus* might have sung, where *Bacchanalians* might have feasted, where pagan sacrifices might have been offered. There are ambushes where satyrs might have lurked, watching the dance of nymphs. There are sunny heights for temples and shrines.



A BRITISH COLUMBIAN SALMON FISHING FLEET

## SUBDUING THE SOCKEYE

BY HAROLD SANDS

KLATHMAK the Babine sat on the wharf at Steveston, British Columbia, and swore softly to himself. It would be decidedly impolite to the reader to translate literally what he said. It is enough to state that the Indian's remarks concerned the white men who were waxing rich canning the salmon which Klathmak claimed belonged to the original lords of the soil—the first Canadians. What did it matter that Indians as well as whites made many round, shining bucks each year out of the operations of the white *tyees*? Had not the *Hyas Tyee* of all, he whom the Eastern brave calls the *Great Manitou*, given the salmon to the Indians, and were not the white men thieves and liars?

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But Klathmak the Babine was not too busy swearing to fail to notice that the first boats of the morning were making their way towards the wharf with last night's catch of the splendid fish which the alliteratively inclined call the splendid succulent sockeye, king of canned comestibles. He hastened—if a British Columbia Indian ever can be said to hasten—to the little house where his *klootchman* was crooning over their papoose, and told her to get ready for the day's work at the cannery. He might call the whites thieves, but their money was good, and there were *potlatches* to be given when winter came.

Meanwhile two of the Columbia River fishing boats had just concluded an exciting race to the wharf. The



SALMON FISHING BOATS AT A BRITISH COLUMBIAN CANNERY

white crew, two splendid Scandinavians, descendants of the Vikings, had managed to win by an oar's length from a boat handled by two husky Japanese, sturdy specimens of the race which prevented Kuropatkin from eating his Christmas dinner at Tokio. Before the wife of the Babine had ceased her lullaby, the fish, looking like bars of burnished silver, were being rapidly forked through the air to the recently swabbed landing stage, and as they fell with a plunk, plunk on the freshly-hosed fir they were seen to be as firm-fleshed and in as perfect condition as brook trout.

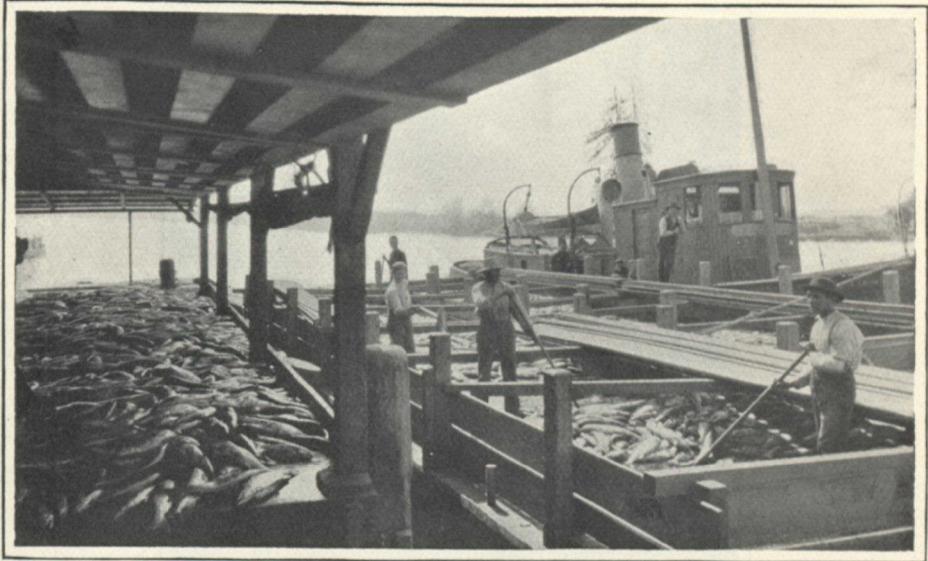
In these "Jungleised" days everyone must be interested in following the fortunes of a salmon from the time it was caught in the mouth of the Fraser out yonder until it appears on the table, a cutlet of rich, red fish, "good enough for an epicure and clean enough for a crank," as my friend, the "Old Prospector," said when I gave him a slice at the largest salmon cannery in the world, situated at that same Steveston where the Babine engaged in his torrid soliloquy.

It is a clean, comforting, appetising

story, this of the catching and canning of British Columbia salmon. All in the cool hours of the dawning the traps are relieved of their heavy burden, or the nets are pulled over the side with their rich prizes or beautifully-marked fish. As I have shown, no time is lost in delivering the sock-eye to the cannery, cool and hard, fit food for any man, be he king or peasant, president or plebeian.

While the catch is coming in, let us examine the cannery itself. Every floor, box and bench is as clean as repeated scrubblings can make it. The housewife who keeps her kitchen as clean is a pearl above price. A man could eat his breakfast from that floor.

By now the salmon are lying so thick on the landing stage that they reach the thighs of the checker, whose rubber boots or leggings are in danger of disappearing. The hose is turned on to them. How the silver sparkles and the water splashes in the glorious sun! Here comes the first salmon along the conveyors. They are not using the "Iron Chink" in this cannery yet, but the hands who have taken their places along the sides of



DELIVERING SALMON AT VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

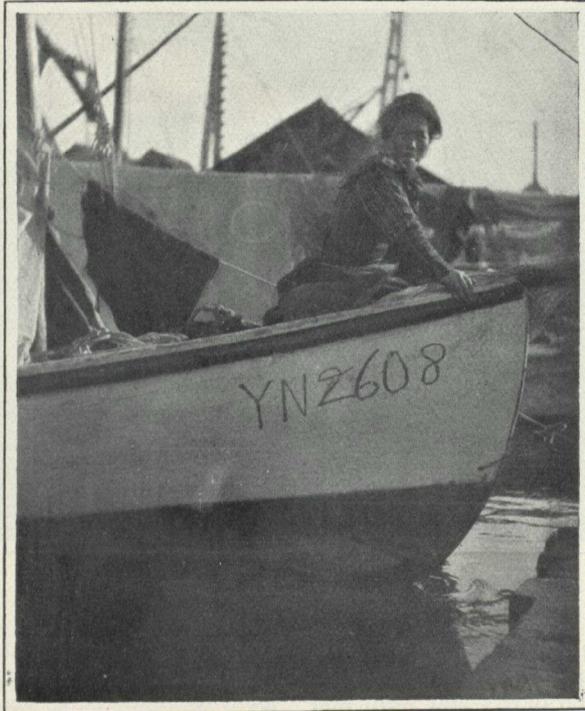
two long and narrow tanks are wholesome to look upon. They know how to handle salmon deftly and well, and where that running water is there can be no dirt. The "finner" has seized the first fish. Hey, presto! Fins, head, tail, are gone and the fish is slit open. Along the first row it swiftly passes to the initial tank. There the inside is removed and falls with the head and tail on to a constantly moving conveyor, which takes it to a scow alongside the wharf. Later a tug will tow this scow to the factory which converts these parts of the fish into guano.

As you easily will have seen, there has been no chance for dirt here. But that does not satisfy the canneryman—the man whom Klathmak swears at. After the washing in the first tank, the fish are passed into the second tank. Scrub, scrub, inside and out is the order. Perfectly clean, they are put upon another conveyor and begin to work their way toward the slicing machine. Circular knives, operated by steam power, descend on the fish and cut the salmon into slices just the right size for the particular can

that is being handled at the time. The cutlets are ready for the fillers. They look as appetising as a tenderloin steak does to a starving man. The cutlets are automatically passed along to the fillers, who place them in the cans and send them along to a machine which rejects any can the slightest degree under weight.

The fish has disappeared. In its place is a can whose fortunes we follow through a machine which forces a cover on, crimps it in place and passes it along to the soldering machine. Through both these movements sharp eyes are on each can and rarely can an imperfect one escape all of the ten separate inspections which it must undergo before it is ready for the final boxing. The soldering being done there comes the test under water for defective closing. Having satisfactorily gone through this, cooking is the order of the day. This is done with steam at a temperature of 212 degrees for the first time and 240 for the second.

The first cooking lasts about half an hour. A tiny hole is then punched in the tin to allow the steam



A JAPANESE FISHERWOMAN AT VANCOUVER

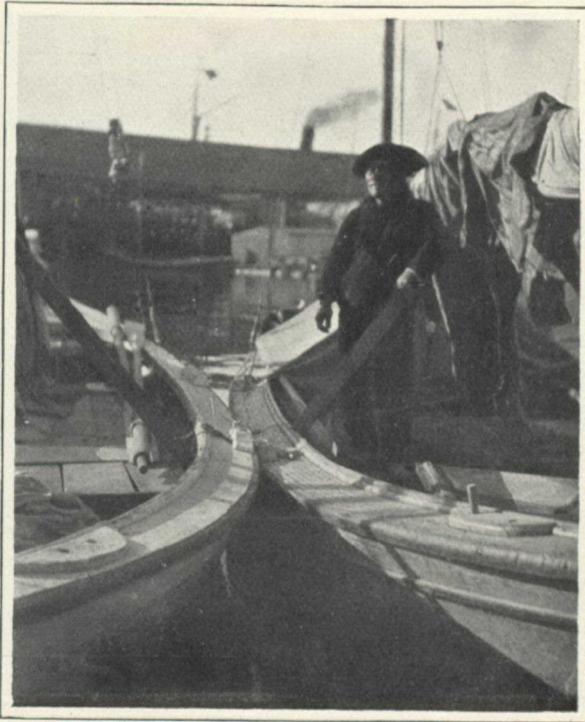
to escape. This hole is immediately closed up. Now you know the meaning of that little knob of solder which is found on every properly treated tin of salmon. The second steaming is continued for an hour. Surely by now, you will say, that little can of salmon can be called "done." By no means. True, the fish is cooked, but a band of experts has got to determine whether it is really and truly fit to go on your table. So each can is tested with the utmost care in order that no possible defects can be overlooked. It is indeed a perfect can of perfect salmon that finds itself elected to wear the bright label and take a trip through the markets of the world — to New Zealand, say, or to Australia, or Eastern Canada, or England — in search of a buyer.

Would you like to make sure, right here on the premises, how delicious that salmon is? Of course you would. Well, here, in this final testing room

of the cannery, the obliging superintendent will open a can for you. A few deft passes with a can-opener, and here is a compact outlet of rich red salmon. Yes, it came from that bar of burnished silver which you saw those two Vikings throw up from the boat a few minutes ago. It has been handled from first to last in the most careful and cleanly manner and with what a relish you, who have followed it from the first stage of preparation to the finished product, eat it, even though your table be but a box lid, and the background but a huge stack of similar cans and a mass of whirling, clicking machinery.

"My boy," says the superintendent, "I have been packing them for twenty years, and we have them on the table right along. I like them yet," and he reached for another slice of the rich, red fish.

If it be true that cleanliness comes next to Godliness, the salmon canner-



A JAPANESE FISHERMAN AT VANCOUVER

ies of British Columbia must be given a high place in this world. During my visit to Steveston it was a case of water, water everywhere—and sock-eye, too, of course. Wash, scrub and rewash, test and retest, were the orders, until there was nothing more to be desired by the most exacting. So much of the work formerly done by hand is now performed by machinery that there is far less handling of the fish than of old. And more machinery is being introduced. For instance, in 1906 the "Iron Chink" made his bow in the canneries. There is a suggestion of the Inquisition about that name, but the "Iron Chink" is an instrument of good, never of evil. It does away with a large number of Chinamen, and therefore is very popular in British Columbia. On the Pacific Coast they are too busy to call a Celestial by three syllables, so they name him a "Chink." The "Iron Chink" does with three men the work

it previously took thirty all their time to do. This machine has been described as being to the salmon-canning industry what the linotype is to the printing art. The members of the Dominion Fisheries Commission, while out on the Coast in 1906, made a special trip to Steveston to see the new machine at work. At the rate of seventy to the minute, sockeyes passed through it. When the fish enter the "Iron Chink" they are just as they come from the nets. In the twinkling of an eye heads and tails disappear, fins slip off clean to the scales with not a particle of waste, and with astonishing rapidity the entrails are removed and in most cleanly manner. No matter what the size or shape of the salmon, the rapidly-moving knives and saws of the machine adjust themselves so that all parts of the sockeye to be removed are whipped off.

By the way, talking of the Fisher-



SWEDISH FISHERMEN MENDING NETS AT VANCOUVER

ies Commission, that body was specially instructed by the Canadian Government to thoroughly investigate and inspect canning operations and canneries, from hygienic and sanitary standpoints, and gave the industry so clean a bill of health that it is a pleasure to talk of British Columbia as the place where the salmon comes from. Here is what the Commissioners said:

"Without exception we found conditions satisfactory; the salmon being packed were fresh from the cold waters of the Pacific and were placed in the cans in absolutely a fresh condition and in the most cleanly manner. We found no cause for complaint. The Provincial Government Board of Health, whose representative, Dr. Fagan, accompanied us, maintained a continuous and systematic inspection of all canneries last year. From our inspection we have to assure you (the Minister of Marine and Fisheries) that the salmon canned in this Province is fresh and wholesome."

With a certificate of good character like that, the British Columbia fish is afraid of nobody. "Jungleisers" may come and "Jungleisers" may go, but the Pacific Coast salmon will please forever. At the present time there are between seventy and a hundred canneries in British Columbia, and a number are situated on Puget Sound, on the other side of the boundary line. One company conducts as many as twenty canneries. Vancouver, New Westminster and Toronto capitalists are largely interested in the industry. A few independent people have plants, but most of the canneries are controlled by two big associations. They are the kings who pack the king of fishes.

No magazine reader really likes to wade through figures, so statistics will be avoided. It should be pointed out, however, that the indus-



LAYING NETS FOR SALMON IN BRITISH COLUMBIAN WATERS

try is now the third largest in Canada and during the fishing and packing season over 20,000 men and women find remunerative employment. Every housewife knows how handy it is to have canned salmon in the larder; it is a question, however, whether it is so universally realised that within the entire range of preserved food it would be difficult to name an article of greater dietary value, and cheaper, with the exception of milk.

So far attention has been paid in this article to the grade of salmon known as the sockeye, the blood-red favourite that commands the highest price in the markets of the world. The red spring, cohoes and humpbacks are by no means to be sneezed at. They do not show so much colour as the

sockeye, but they possess a good flavour.

With all this finny wealth it is small wonder that Klathmak the Babine sometimes becomes jealous of the white man who knows how to utilise the gold of the sea. As I passed out of the big cannery at Steveston on my way to the British Columbia Electric Railway station, to board the car for Vancouver, I saw the wife of the Babine cooking salmon. My last glimpse of Salmonopolis — as they sometimes call the little town at the mouth of the Fraser River — also took in Klathmak himself. The smell of the salmon was in his nostrils and it was so pleasant that he had forgotten to swear at the white man. The sockeye had called him home.





## A L'OUTRANCE

*Illustrat'on by Estelle Kerr*

BY CHARLOTTE BEAUMONT JARVIS

Turning to face his foe,  
The knight holds his lance at rest.  
"Now, steady, good lance! and so  
You will find the heart in his breast.

Dark knight, of foes the first!  
No quarter I give nor take;  
My lance's terrible thirst,  
There's naught but your blood can slake.

I know you—as strong as bold,  
But hold you awhile at bay,  
Ere one of us dyes the mold,  
And the other rides on his way."

Ho! the clang of the steel!  
Clear through his armour it thrust!  
He sees him waver and reel—  
His worst enemy bites the dust.

Prone 'neath the darkening skies,  
What recks he of fame or pelf?—  
One look—and the victor cries  
To the heavens: "It is myself!"

Conqueror in the fight,  
He springs to his steed again—  
Acclaim him the noblest knight,  
Because it is *Self* that lies slain.

# THE RETURN OF HESTER

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

*Author of "Anne of Green Gables"*

JUST at dusk that evening I had gone upstairs and put on my muslin gown. I had been busy all day attending to the strawberry preserving—for Mary could not be trusted with that—and I was a little tired, and thought it was hardly worth while to change my dress, especially when there was nobody to see or care since Hester was gone. But I did it because Hester would have cared if she had been here. She always liked to see me neat and dainty. So, although I was tired and sick at heart, I put on my pale-blue muslin and dressed my hair.

At first I did my hair up in a way I had always liked but had seldom worn because Hester disapproved of it. It became me; but I suddenly thought it was disloyal to her, so I took the hair down again and arranged it in the plain, quaint way she liked. My hair was thick and long and brown, although there were some gray strands in it; but that did not matter—nothing mattered since Hester was dead and I had sent Hugh Morrison away for the second time.

Many people in Glenannan wondered why I did not put on mourning for Hester. I did not tell them that it was because Hester had asked me not to. Hester never approved of mourning; she said that if the heart did not mourn crape would not mend matters, and if it did there was no need of the external trappings of woe. She told me calmly, the night before she died, to go on wearing my pretty dresses

just as I had always worn them, and to make no difference in my outward life because of her going.

"I know there will be a difference in your inward life," she said wistfully.

And oh, there was! But sometimes I wondered uneasily, feeling almost conscience-stricken, whether it were *all* because Hester had left me—whether it were not partly because, for a second time at her bidding, I had shut the door of my heart in the face of love.

When I had dressed I went downstairs to the front door and sat on the sandstone steps under the arch of the Virginia creeper. I was all alone, for Mary had gone to the village. It was a beautiful night; the full moon was just rising over the wooded hills and her light fell through the poplars into the garden before me. Through an open corner on the western side I saw the sea all silvery blue in the afterlight. The garden was very beautiful just then, for it was the time of the roses, and ours were all out, so many of them—great pink and red and white and yellow roses.

Hester loved roses and could never have enough of them. A bush was growing just by the steps, all gloried over with blossoms—white, with pale pink hearts. I gathered a cluster and pinned it loosely on my breast; then I put some half-open buds in my hair. But my eyes filled as I did so, and I felt desolate.

I was all alone, and it was bitter.

The roses could not give me sufficient companionship, much as I loved them. I wanted the clasp of a human hand and the lovelight in human eyes. And then I fell to thinking of Hugh, although I tried not to.

I had always lived with Hester. I did not remember my parents, who had died in my babyhood. Hester was fifteen years older than I, and she had always seemed more like a mother than a sister. She had been very good to me, and had never denied me anything I wanted—except one thing.

I was twenty-five before I ever had a lover. This was not, I think, because I was more unattractive than other women. The Merediths had always been the "big" family of Glenannan. The rest of the people had always looked up to us as their superiors—as we were, I suppose, in some respects. The young men would as soon have thought of wooing a duchess as a Meredith.

I had not a great deal of family pride, as perhaps I should be ashamed to confess. I found our exalted position very lonely, and cared more for the simple joys of friendship and companionship which other girls had. But Hester possessed it in a double measure: she never allowed me to associate on a level of equality with the young people of Glenannan. We must be very nice and kind and affable to them—*noblesse oblige*, as it were—but we must never forget that we were Merediths.

When I was twenty-five Hugh Morrison had come to Glenannan, having bought a farm near the village. He was a stranger and so was not imbued with any preconceptions of Meredith superiority. In his eyes I was just a girl like others—a girl to be wooed and won by any man of good life and honest heart. I met him at a little Sunday-school picnic which I attended because of my class. I thought him very handsome and manly. He talked to me a great deal,

and at last he drove me home. The next Sunday evening he walked up from church with me.

Hester was away or, of course, this would never have happened. She had gone for a month's visit to distant friends.

In that month I lived a lifetime. Hugh Morrison courted me as the other girls in Glenannan were courted. He took me out driving and came to see me in the evenings, which we spent for the most part in the garden. I did not like the stately gloom and formality of our old Meredith parlour, and Hugh never seemed to feel at ease there. His broad shoulders and hearty laughter were oddly out of place among our faded, old-maidish furnishings.

Mary was secretly pleased at Hugh's visits. She had always resented the fact that I had never had a "beau," seeming to think it reflected some slight or disparagement upon me. She did all she could to encourage him.

But when Hester returned and found out about Hugh she was very angry—and grieved, which hurt me more. She told me that I had forgotten myself and that Hugh's visits must cease.

I had never been afraid of Hester before, but I was afraid of her then. I yielded; perhaps it was very weak of me, but then I was always weak. I think that was why Hugh's strength had so appealed to me. I needed love and protection. Hester, strong and self-sufficient, had never felt such a need. She could not understand. Oh, how contemptuous she was!

Well, I told Hugh timidly that Hester did not approve of our friendship and that it must end. He took it quietly enough, and went away. I thought he did not care much, and the thought selfishly made my own heartache worse. I was very unhappy for a long time, but I tried not to let Hester see it, and I don't think she did. She was not very discerning in some things.

After a time I got over it; that is,

the heartache ceased to ache all the time. But things were never quite the same again. Life always seemed rather dreary and empty in spite of Hester and my roses and Sunday-school.

I supposed that Hugh Morrison would woo him a wife elsewhere, but he did not. The years went by and we never met, although I saw him often at church. At such times Hester always watched me very closely, but there was no need for her to do so. Hugh made no attempt to meet me or speak with me, and I would not have permitted it if he had. But my heart always yearned after him. I was selfishly glad he had not married, because if he had I could not have thought and dreamed of him—it would have been wrong. Perhaps as it was it was foolish; but it seemed to me that I must have something, if only foolish dreams, to fill my life.

At first there was only pain in the thought of him; but afterwards a faint, misty little pleasure crept in, like the mirage of a missed delight.

Ten years slipped away thus. And then Hester died. Her illness was sudden and short; but before she died she asked me to promise that I would never marry Hugh Morrison.

She had not mentioned his name for years. I thought she had forgotten all about him.

"Why, Hester, is there any need of such a promise?" I asked, weeping. "Hugh Morrison will never want me to marry him now."

"He has never married—he has not forgotten you," she said fiercely. "I could not rest in my grave if I thought you would disgrace your family by marrying beneath you. Promise me, Margaret."

I promised. I would have promised anything in my power to make her dying pillow easier. Besides, what did it matter? Hugh would never think of me again.

She smiled when she heard me, and pressed my hand.

"Good little sister—that is right.

You were always a good girl, Margaret, good and obedient, though a little sentimental and foolish in some ways. You are like our mother—she was always weak and loving. I took after the Merediths."

She did indeed. Even in her coffin her dark, handsome features preserved their expression of pride and determination. Somehow, that last look of her dead face remained in my memory, blotting out the real affection and gentleness which her living face had almost always shown me. This distressed me, but I could not help it. I wished to think of her as kind and loving, but I could remember only the pride and coldness with which she had crushed out my newborn happiness. Yet I felt no anger or resentment over what she had done! I knew she had meant it for the best—my best. It was only that she was mistaken.

And then, a month after she had died, Hugh Morrison came to me and asked me to be his wife. He said he had always loved me and could never love any other woman.

All my old love for him reawakened. I wanted to say yes, to feel his strong arms about me and the warmth of his love enfolding and guarding me. In my weakness I yearned for his strength. But there was my promise to Hester—that promise given by her deathbed. I could not break it and I told him so. It was the hardest thing I had ever done.

He did not go away quietly this time. He pleaded and reasoned and reproached. Every word of his hurt me like a knife-thrust; but I could not break my promise to the dead. If Hester had been living I would have braved her wrath and her estrangement and gone to him. But she was dead, and I could not do it.

Finally he went away in grief and anger. That was three weeks ago, and now I sat alone in the moonlit rose-garden and wept for him. But after a time my tears dried and a very strange feeling came over me. I felt

calm and happy, as if some wonderful tenderness and love were very near me.

And now comes the strange part of my story—the part which will not, I suppose, be believed. If it were not for one thing I think I should hardly believe it myself. I should feel tempted to think I had dreamed it. But because of that one thing I know it was real.

The night was very calm and still. Not a breath of wind stirred. The moonshine was the brightest I had ever seen. In the middle of the garden, where the shadows of the poplars did not fall, it was almost as bright as day. One could have read fine print. There was still a little rose-glow over the water in the west, and high over the poplars one or two large bright stars were shining. The world was so lovely that I held my breath over its beauty.

Then all at once, down at the far end of the garden, I saw a woman walking. At first I thought it must be Mary; but as she crossed a moonlit path I saw it was not my old nurse's stout, bent figure. She was tall and erect.

Although no suspicion of the truth came to me, something about her reminded me of Hester. Even so had Hester liked to wander about the garden in the twilight. I had seen her thus a thousand times.

I wondered who the woman could be. Some neighbour, of course; but what a strange way for her to come! She walked up the garden slowly, in the poplar shade. Now and then she stooped as if to caress a flower, but she plucked none. Half-way up she came out into the moonlight and walked across the plot of grass in the centre of the garden. My heart gave a great throb, and I stood up. She was quite near to me now, and I saw that it was Hester.

I can hardly say just what my feelings were at this moment. I know that I was not surprised. I was frightened, and yet I was not fright-

ened. Something in me shrank back with a sickening terror; but I, the real I, was not frightened. I knew that this was my sister, and that there could be no reason to be frightened of her, because she loved me still as she had always done. Further than this I was not conscious of any coherent thought, either of wonder or of attempt at reasoning.

Hester paused when she came to within a few steps of me. In the moonlight I saw her face quite plainly. It wore an expression I had never seen before on it—a humble, wistful, tender look. Often in life Hester had looked lovingly, even tenderly, upon me, but always as it were through a mask of pride and sternness. This was gone now, and I felt nearer to her than ever before. I knew suddenly that she understood me. And then the half-conscious awe and terror I had felt vanished, and I only realised that Hester was here and that there was no terrible gulf of change between us.

Hester beckoned and said, "Come."

No, she did not *say* it; no word issued from her gently-smiling lips; yet the command, or rather request, certainly passed from her to me, and I obeyed her unhesitatingly. I stood up and followed her out of the garden.

We walked side by side down our lane under the willows and out to the road, which lay long and still in that bright, calm moonshine. I felt as if I were in a dream, moving at the bidding of a will not my own, which I could not have disputed even if I had wished to do so. But I did not wish; I had only the feeling of a strange, boundless content.

We went down the road between the growths of young fir that bordered it. I smelled their balsam as we passed, and noticed how clearly and darkly their pointed tops came out against the sky. I heard the tread of my own feet on little twigs and plants in our way, and the trail of my dress over the grass; but Hester moved noiselessly, and when I looked

at her she was always looking at me with that strangely gentle smile on her lips.

Just at the bend of the road, below Adam Marchley's, James Trent overtook us, driving. It seems to me that our feelings at a given moment are seldom what we would expect them to be. I simply felt annoyed that James Trent, the most notorious gossip in Glenannan, should have seen me walking with Hester. In a flash I anticipated all the annoyance of it; he would talk of the matter far and wide. Nothing of the sort happened. James Trent nodded and called out:

"Howdy, Miss Margaret? Taking a moonlight stroll by yourself? Lovely night, isn't it?"

Just - then his horse suddenly swerved, as if startled, and broke into a gallop. They whirled around the curve of the road in an instant. I felt relieved but puzzled. *James Trent had not seen Hester.*

Down over the hill was Hugh Morrison's place. When we came to it Hester turned in at the gate. Then for the first time I understood why she had come back, and a blinding flash of joy broke over my soul. I stopped and looked at her. Her deep eyes gazed into mine, but no word crossed her lips.

We went on. Hugh's house lay before us in the moonlight, grown over by a tangle of vines. His garden was on our right, a quaint spot, full of old-fashioned flowers growing in a sort of disorderly sweetness. I trod on a bed of mint and the spice of it floated up to me like the incense of some strange, sacred, solemn ceremonial. I felt unspeakably happy and blessed.

When we came to the door I, still obeying Hester's voiceless bidding, rapped gently on it. In a moment Hugh had opened it. Then that happened by which in after days I was to know that this strange thing was no dream or fancy of mine. Hugh looked not at me but past me.

"Hester!" he exclaimed, with human fear and horror in his voice.

He leaned against the doorpost, the big strong fellow, trembling from head to foot.

Still no word passed Hester's lips, and yet Hugh and I both know that she said:

"I have learned that nothing matters in all God's universe except love. There is no pride where I have been and no false ideals."

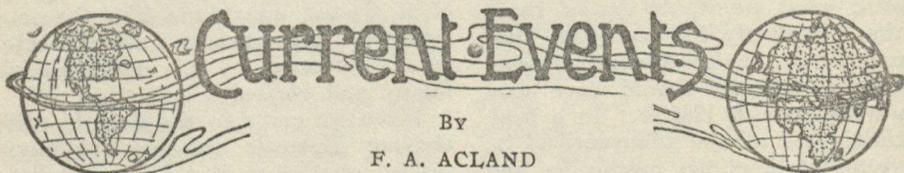
Hugh and I looked into each other's eyes, wondering, and then we knew that we were alone.

## THE PRIMROSE

BY CHARLOTTE EATON

I know a bank where the pale primrose grows,  
 A clear brook that ripples down a lane,  
 Whose memory brings the sweet romance again  
 When I, a child, went forth to gather sloes,  
 In little trodden paths I always chose,  
 Where I could follow up my fancy's train,  
 With heart uncognisant of human pain,  
 Filled with the loves that only childhood knows.

As I went dreaming of the fairy queen,  
 Or wishing I some magic sight might see,  
 Had she unveiled my eyes, had I but seen  
 Those twenty wandering years in store for me,  
 I think I would have prayed to slumber there  
 Where the pale primrose stars the fragrant air,



# Current Events

By  
F. A. ACLAND

THE chief event of the past month has been the world-wide discussion arising out of the naval estimates of Great Britain and the drawing together to a perceptible degree of the peoples of Britain and greater Britain. The naval vote of Great Britain, \$165,000,000, was the greatest in its history, which is in itself occasion for both satisfaction and alarm, satisfaction because it demonstrates the continued determination and ability of the mother country to outstrip all competitors for the command of the sea, and alarm because of the staggering expenditure to which the ruinous rivalry leads. Mr. McKenna, the first Lord of the Admiralty, departed from all precedent and tradition by comparing the fighting forces of the country with those of a neighbour with whom its relations are ostensibly of the best. It was probably as well to speak in plain terms, because all the unofficial world has long been engaged in making the comparison, and officialdom has no doubt done the same quietly.

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There were some surprises, however, and it came as a shock to many that Germany is building at a rate which will tax the utmost energies of Great Britain to equal, not to speak of maintaining the two-power standard which has long been regarded as the measure of safety of the mother country

and of the Empire. The discovery of the situation appears to have made a profound impression on the House of Commons and started a wave of emotion that went around the world. New Zealand came to the front immediately with the offer to Britain of a *Dreadnought*, and the question of proffering assistance in that or some other practical fashion to the mother country was actively debated also in Canada and Australia. Of New Zealand's intense devotion to the cause of the Empire there can, of course, be no doubt; it was proved by its attitude during the Boer war as strikingly as on the present occasion, but we must remember, when reflecting upon its promptness in offering a *Dreadnought* that it is in a position which compels it to feel with peculiar force the benefits of naval protection. Far away at the Antipodes, and a thousand miles distant even from its neighbour, Australia, New Zealand would doubtless be one of the first portions of Greater Britain to face real peril from an invading or conquering force in the event of the British navy being seriously worsted in war.

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It was not natural therefore, nor was it necessary, or perhaps desirable that all the great self-governing dependencies of Britain should proceed on precisely the same lines to show their intention to stand behind the

mother country in any crisis that may develop from the gigantic duel now in progress for the command of the seas. On the spur of the moment the suggestion was made from many quarters that Canada should follow New Zealand's example and present one or two *Dreadnoughts* to the Empire. But it is not clear that such a procedure would have been the most effective method of rendering aid, and it is certain that it was not the only method; also it has to be remembered that there are many and various elements in the population of Canada, and it needs some careful thought to bring these into harmony on a great question of public policy. The course taken by the Dominion Parliament therefore in the end was that which on the whole would, in all likelihood, most commend itself to the general judgment of the country. Better than the resolution passed at the close of the debate was the debate itself, which was conducted on lofty lines, and marred hardly by a jarring word. The resolution pledges the support of Canada to the mother country, and it may be assumed that if occasion arises for implementing that promise, Canadians will not allow a constitutional shibboleth to stand in the way of performance in whatever manner seems most practical.

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Meanwhile there has been no hint from Great Britain that that country feels in any respect unequal to the heavy burden laid upon her, though there were some momentary tremors when the speech of the First Lord of the Admiralty made it appear at first that Germany's programme was even more ambitious than it is, and that England would be outstripped in the race unless efforts were made even more prodigious than those contemplated. In the latest phase of the question that has been presented Sir Edward Grey, the greatest Foreign Secretary, with the exception of Lord Salisbury, in a generation, has declared that the situation compels the

building of a vast new navy, and that the greatest that has ever been constructed, and it must be remembered that this declaration comes from a Cabinet devoted to Peace and Social Reform, and which as a whole views with intense reluctance the expenditure on military enterprises of money which is so sorely needed for purposes identified with the gentler and more human aspects of life. The eminent British statesman pointed out one thing which we of Greater Britain should bear always in mind, that, whereas the controlling power of the seas is absolutely essential to the safety of England and of the British Empire, it is an incident only to Germany, while it may be as readily agreed that, Germany being situated as she is, in the centre of Europe, a controlling army is as essential to her proper protection. Great Britain with her mighty fleet can do little harm to Germany; Germany with an overpowering fleet could reduce England to humiliation without putting a soldier on her soil—the stoppage of the inflow of grain would be quite sufficient. No argument therefore is needed to show how vital to Great Britain is the retention of the command of the seas.

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Just what the effect on Canada individually would be of the loss of the sea-sovereignty or the actual destruction of British naval power it is impossible, of course, to say. So far as any European power is concerned we should doubtless be safe enough from any fear of invasion. We may not take pleasure in the thought, but it is doubtless none the less true, that we should be sheltered by the Monroe Doctrine. But, on the other hand, we should know the world too well to suppose that we could receive the advantage of such protection without paying for it, sooner or later, a great price. Canada's independence is as vitally associated with the British supremacy of the sea as is the safety of the parent country itself. A fore-

cast of the situation that would arise is found in such statements as that of Governor Folk, of Missouri, who finds in the immigration of American farmers into Canada a reason why the forcible annexation of Canada to the United States should be accomplished with comparatively little difficulty; or in the suggestion of so usually sane a paper as the New York *Evening Post*, which declared that if Canada should build a *Dreadnought* and keep it at home it would be necessary for the United States to augment her navy, though there has been no hint of Canada finding an excuse for navy building in the naval activity of the United States.

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Mr. Roosevelt is an admirable example of the strenuous life that he preached. He ceased on March fourth to be President of the United States and his first signed contribution to *The Outlook* in his new capacity as assistant-editor of that journal bore date of March fifth, and appeared in the issue bearing date of March sixth, which latter detail may tempt those who are acquainted with certain of the mechanical exigencies of a newspaper to affirm to believe that after all the article may have been penned whilst the writer was yet a resident of the White House. Mr. Roosevelt's first article was a discussion of journalistic ideals, and it is needless to say that he held up for general approval the particular kind of journalism which *The Outlook* represents, and better than which, it may be added, none is to be found in any land. In succeeding issues Mr. Roosevelt handled the subject of Socialism in the first article in the manner usually described by the epithet "without gloves", denouncing it vehemently, and insisting upon identifying it with all that tends to degeneracy and ruin, morally and materially; the second article showing the possibility, nevertheless, of reformers working in sympathy with many idealists who thoughtlessly style themselves Socialists, and proceeding

with them to the limits of practicality, limits which, from Mr. Roosevelt's standpoint, as from that of most of us, include a vast region of opportunity. The articles excited the fiercest antagonism in the daily Socialist newspaper of Chicago, but attracted little attention in the press generally, furnishing an apt commentary in this respect on the difference between words and actions. Mr. Roosevelt at the White House was one thing; Mr. Roosevelt as a mere writer is another thing. Meanwhile the ex-President has again betaken himself to action in a new field and has started on his gigantic hunting expedition in Central Africa, first warning the public not to believe anything they may hear about him during his absence.

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The ascendancy of Germany in Europe is shown clearly enough in the outcome of the Balkan intrigues. It is frankly acknowledged that Germany has stood behind Austria from the beginning of the movement which had for its object the definite shattering of a treaty and which has ended by leaving Austria in full possession of the Turkish provinces. All tends to the ultimate aggrandisement of German power, for Austria will, no doubt, in any emergency be found ready to support her powerful neighbour. It is a deliberate affront to Europe and one which could not have been perpetrated by any nation less powerful than modern Germany, whose ascendancy over the continent is incomparably greater than that which any nation has enjoyed since the downfall of Napoleon. There are those who cry out that the Germans are a great race and must be left free to work out their destiny. The proposition does not admit of argument. There is hardly a more inspiring sight in history than the achievements of the German people during the last half-century, though this does not commit us to an admiration of all that it has done, and still less does it re-

strict other nations from being on guard against the dangers of a rival's newly awakened ambitions.

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It will be a matter of regret to many Canadians and we may confidently assume to many of the people of Great Britain, that Mr. Eliot, ex-President of Harvard University, has declared himself unable to accept the ambassadorship to Great Britain, though it is not perhaps to be wondered at, that, having at the age of seventy-five retired from the position he filled so long and with such distinction, to enjoy a few years of scholarly leisure, he should shrink from undertaking the quite serious responsibilities of the position indicated. Mr. Eliot has many friends in Canada and enjoys an international reputation as scholar and publicist. His appointment would have maintained the tradition of peculiar distinction that has attached to the occupants of the position since the days when James Russell Lowell was at St. James, and would have been a worthy exchange for the ambassador sent by Great Britain to Washington. Presumably a worthy substitute will be found, however, and the honourable tradition continued.

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Mr. Taft, the new President, has locked horns with the tariff without delay. He dealt with the subject in his inaugural address, and urged that the conditions of industry have changed essentially since the passage of the Dingley law, which accordingly should be considerably revised and reduced. The revision, he believes, may be the means of increasing the revenue to the extent needed to supply the present deficit, some \$100,000,000, but, if not, Mr. Taft thinks a graduated inheritance tax would be a "correct and easy way" to improve the situation. The tariff measure which has been brought in, promptly enough, under

the auspices of the Administration, and which is known as the Payne Bill, demonstrates the impossibility of any tariff, based on high protection, being framed that does not antagonise a host of interests. The bill is being riddled by the free-lances of either party, and it is roundly declared by many that it will directly increase rather than diminish the cost of living. It seems susceptible of mathematical proof that the Payne tariff is 1.56 per cent. higher than the Dingley tariff, though this would not of itself prove that the proposed tariff would increase the cost of living, since the increased figures might bear on non-essentials. Apart from coal and lumber, the change of duty with regard to which is conditional, there is a general tendency to a reduction of tariff on raw material, but the critics of the Payne measure insist that this will serve only to increase the profits of the trusts, unless it is accompanied, as it is not, by a corresponding reduction in the duty on the manufactured article. Granted, however, that the reductions on raw materials remain and the anti-trust legislation foreshadowed by the ex-President and the actual President is enacted, there should be some substantial relief to the average citizen.

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It is always dangerous to pick winners whether as to horse-racing or as to public life or popularity, and the attempt of a Canadian contributor to the English National Review to name the twelve ablest living Canadians is no exception to the rule. "E. B. O.," the writer in question, who will be identified by many as a Winnipeg man, both by his initials and by the special prominence of Winnipeg men in his list, admits the danger of the undertaking, but presents the following list, "in defiance," as he says, "of all that makes for journalistic caution":—politicians, Laurier, Sifton, Mackenzie King; financiers, Byron Walker, E. S. Clouston; railway men, Hays and Mackenzie; publicists,

Sanford Evans, Mabee, Doughty; editors, Dansereau, Dafoe; humourist, George Ham." The writer adds: Time, the master maker of men, is even now preparing to leave out such men as James Robertson, Maurice Hutton, Lemieux, etc., etc. "E. O. B." must take the responsibility of the selection. Of the title to first rank of a number of the names he singles out there can, of course, be no doubt; as to others, which are less obvious, everyone will have his own opinion, and will consider his opinion as good as another.

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The British Government has taken up the matter of sweated industries as part of its extensive programme of social legislation, and an attempt is to be made to establish a rate of minimum wages for the classes of labour in which sweating exists, usually a low and unorganised industry, and applying expressly in the first instance to ready-made and wholesale tailoring, cardboard box making, machine made lace and net finishing and ready-made blouse making, though other trades may be added by the department regulations. The law will be administered by the Board of Trade, over which presides at present Mr. Winston Churchill, and the method adopted will be the establishment of wages boards consisting of representatives of employers and workpeople in equal numbers, with official members nominated by the Board of Trade of whom one is to be chairman. The duty of these wage boards is to establish a minimum wage, and when the decision of the wage board has been confirmed by the Board of Trade, it is binding upon all employers concerned, and enforceable under penalty.

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The effects of the legislation will be watched with keen interest in all industrial countries. It is, of course, in

line with the fair wages policy applied by the Dominion Government to all public contracts, a policy which has also been pursued for many years by the British Government with regard to its contracts, though less thoroughly than in the case of Canada; that is to say, the contractor in the case of the British contract has been required to pay current rates, while the Canadian contractor is required to accept the stipulated wages contained in a schedule inserted in the contract. In this and other ways sweating has been suppressed in connection with contracts under the control of the Dominion Government, but needless to say, this is but a tiny fraction of the work in which sweating may be practised. The regulation of industrial conditions at large is, however, a matter which seems to be regarded as falling within provincial jurisdiction. So far there has been no attempt to prescribe a minimum wage on the lines now to be laid down in England and which have prevailed yet more extensively in some of the Australasian divisions, but the measure introduced into the Ontario Legislature by Mr. Fripp, of Ottawa, though there is no chance of it becoming law for the present, at least shows that the subject is not altogether escaping attention. By many the proposals of the British law are opposed as a species of sumptuary legislation and an undue interference with the natural laws of competition. The tendency, however, to set theories at defiance and legislate whenever and wherever the cause of humanity may be served is steadily growing. The minimum wage law must be regarded as experimental in the meantime. Great Britain is making some tremendous social experiments at the present time and much may be learned by the younger British communities by sometimes following, sometimes avoiding, her example.



## At Five O'clock

### THE SILENT SISTERS OF THE POOR.

By George Herbert Clarke

Meekly, with folded hands and patient  
brows,  
Come two from out the shadow-deepened  
door;

A cross is on the altar of their House—  
It hushed their voices while it heard  
their vows;  
Ay me,—the Silent Sisters of the Poor!

The cross upon the altar is of gold,  
And coldly gleams in the chill chapel  
air;—

Is it for this their bosoms are so cold,  
Nor beat as they were wont to beat of  
old?—  
Or is a wintry cross enfixéd there?

The sun is dimly drooping down the  
west;  
The ancient House against his glory  
stands  
Sombre and gaunt and dark; and  
darkly drest

Two figures seem to fade within its  
breast  
Meekly, with patient brows and folded  
hands.

—*The Forum.*

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### THE SISTERHOODS

THERE is something beyond the  
merely curious in the regard  
which women who are leading the  
"worldly" life turn upon those whose  
garb symbolises a vocation. To the  
Protestant, there is the additional  
piquancy of the unfamiliar in the  
sombre figures which afford such con-

trast to the changing shapes and  
styles of the ordinary feminine world.  
The general sentiment of the unthink-  
ing is one of pity, while the masculine  
observer is almost certain to refer to  
such a life as "buried" or "sacrificed."  
In reply to such a remark  
from a man who had expressed him-  
self forcibly as to woman's manifest  
destiny being marriage, a woman who  
is a happy wife and mother asked:

"Have you ever seen a nun with  
a sorrowful expression? I often notice  
their calm, serene faces, with a feel-  
ing of rest and comfort. I believe  
that most of these women have chosen  
the life—that they have not resorted  
to it through disappointment or  
crushing grief. It is a varied world,  
remember, and we do not all find the  
same road to or from Rome."

However, the man growled his dis-  
belief in the possibility of any unwed-  
ded woman being either happy or  
useful and the demure little matron  
contented herself with a quiet last  
word about life fulfilling itself in many  
ways.

This conversation, overheard years  
ago, came to my mind when I was  
reading "One Immortality," a new  
novel by H. Fielding Hall, which  
treats once more of the ancient theme,  
"the love that binds man and woman  
into one flesh and soul." It is a story  
of an ocean voyage from Venice to

that East which Venice once held in fee and, as all the world knows, the ocean has an immemorial fashion of developing dreams into romance before the port is reached. It is a love story with the fragrance of "old-world roses," yet the life is of to-day, with its unrest and doubt. The heroine, *Amitié*, finally discovers that her vocation is that of Eve, but her mental wandering in search of her destiny is the querying of this age, rather than the "life unquestioned" of the ancients.

A group of "sisters" on the steamer affords a quiet contrast to the shifting loves and hates and *Amitié* is almost irresistibly attracted to them in her girlish resentment of a lover's insistence. But the nuns are wise and merely smile at the curiosity which urges the young inquirer to ask if she, also, may not have the call to the cloistered life.

"Listen," says the gentle *Cecilia*. "If it is the mind that seeks, it is the heart that finds. When God calls, you will hear it then. He calls with many voices. The voice which says, 'Go to the sick and friendless, to the poor; help them and love them,' that is God's voice, the voice that says, 'Work hard; cultivate then the talent that you have, for your work will help your family, your nation or humanity,' that is God's voice. And if a man says to you, 'Come to me,' and you know that you *must* go, that is God's voice also."

It is a curious fragmentary story, this "One Immortality," with its wistful idealism. Not the least attractive feature in the story is that quiet group of "The Silent Sisters of the Poor," for whom the writer seems to have a comprehension as profound as that which interprets winsome *Amitié* and her futile flutterings against the first "Immortality."

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#### THE QUINQUENNIAL CONGRESS

**G**REAT are the expectations of the work to be accomplished by the Quinquennial Congress of Women

which meets in Toronto in the month of June. When the National Council was formed in Canada, many grumbled, and with apparent reason, over the multiplicity of societies and questioned the unifying power of the new organisation. However, complaints and doubts are far in the past, so long has it seemed since the National Council made itself a power in the land. Now, women of many lands, forming a great International Council, are to meet in our own fortunate Dominion, in the capital of our Premier Province, to discuss the movements, philanthropic, literary and everything else under the sun, in which women are concerned.

The Countess of Aberdeen, who took such an interest in all matters pertaining to feminine welfare when she was in Canada as *châtelaine* of Rideau Hall, is the president of this large assembly and will probably come to Canada earlier than most of the delegates. Among the representatives from foreign countries there will be twenty-five from Germany, eleven from Holland, two from India, three from Tasmania and four from New South Wales.

The party from Europe will probably arrive in Montreal in the second week of June and will remain there for two days as the guests of the Montreal Local Council, who will give a reception in their honour. Special cars will take the party to Ottawa on Monday, June 14th, arriving there about noon, when they will be received by the Ottawa Local Council, who will provide for their entertainment until they leave for Toronto by the night train.

It is probable that fifty or more will come from Great Britain, the official delegates being Mrs. Edwin Gray, President of the British Council, who is much interested in questions of public health, housing of the poor, and like topics; Mrs. George Cadbury, of Northfield Manor, Birmingham, whose interest in the social betterment of the people is well

known; Miss E. M. Eaton, Editor of the Council paper; Hon. Mrs. Franklin, whose special interest is education, she being Hon. Secretary of the Parents' National Educational Union; Miss Olga Hertz, a Poor Law Guardian of Manchester; Mrs. W. S. Johnston, of Woodleigh, Cheshire, who is an earnest worker in the "Mothers' Union"; Miss F. H. Melville, M.A., head of the Scottish Girton; Dr. Mary Murdoch, a clever woman physician; Miss Janes and Miss Green, the hard-working secretaries of the British Council.

Among others who are also expected, and who will speak at the Congress will be Miss Constance Smith, whose addresses in the Albert Hall during the Pan Anglican Congress on the Housing of the Poor, and the Sweating System, were both deeply earnest and eloquent.

Miss Wilkinson, Principal of Swanley Horticultural College for Women, will also be of the party, and her address will be of special interest doubtless to the members of the Women's Institute in particular. Miss Wilkinson will be accompanied by a party from the college.

Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, the Corresponding Secretary of the International Council, who will also be here, is entitled to the letters "D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S.," after her name, a distinction won but by few women. Mrs. Gordon is much interested in trying to secure the formation of Educational Bureaus, so that boys and girls on leaving school may if they wish it have help and guidance in choosing their future vocations.

It may readily be seen that these women are no visionaries, but are



MRS. ADAM BECK, ON A FAVOURITE MOUNT IN THE GROUNDS OF "HEADLEY", HER RESIDENCE AT LONDON, ONTARIO

practical citizens, engaged in work for the physical and mental betterment of the race. The meetings in June must result in a broader outlook for our own National Council and a mutual quickening of those activities which are for the universal good.

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#### AN ATTRACTIVE HORSEWOMAN

IT is to be regretted that more Canadian women are not at home on horseback. In Great Britain, to say nothing of Ireland, the accomplished horsewoman is no rarity. In the Southern States, most of the girls are fearless and graceful riders. But it must be admitted that comparatively few Canadian women are noted for their equestrian art. Among those who have won distinction at horse shows in Toronto and Montreal is Mrs. Adam Beck, of London, Ontario, whose grace and spirit in the arena are to be admired by all lovers of the finest sport in the world. To see this dainty driver managing one of her famous teams at the Toronto Horse Show is to be inspired with the hope that there will never be a horseless era. An automobile is a marvellous

machine at best. It is a thing of noise and bluster, which can inspire no sentiment of regard or admiration. But a horse, a magnificent, sensitive creature, responding to human pride and guidance, is one of the finest friends in that "lesser world" of animal creation.

Mrs. Beck presides over "Headley," one of the most attractive homes in a city which has more comfort and hospitality to the square foot than any other in Canada. Her husband, Hon. Adam Beck, shares his wife's enthusiasm for equestrian affairs and the Headley stables are not to be excelled in the County of Middlesex. Mrs. Beck's tastes and interests are wide and varied, and her musical talent makes her songs a coveted feature of London recitals. Her influence in social circles unites a feminine gentleness and grace with a devotion to all that is healthful and inspiring. Mr. Beck and his charming wife have met with a political and social prosperity which, their friends hope, may long continue.

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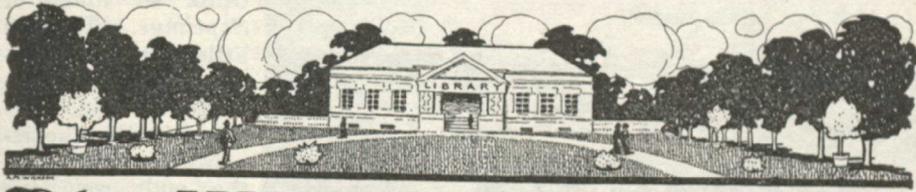
#### OUR WANDERING SCRIBES

GOOD Americans when they die go to Paris, according to the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Successful Canadian literary lights cease to twinkle north of the forty-ninth parallel, or whatever the boundary line is called and blaze forth in Chicago and New York. To drop metaphor, which is a dangerous figure, given to becoming mixed, our journalists, novelists and poets have a gentle fashion of leaving the Hamilton Mountain, the Winnipeg cafés, and the Toronto suburbs for the wider ways of the States. It is true that Ralph Connor remains, but we may pick up the *Globe* any morning to be informed that the "Sky Pilot" (whom the Editor of that journal discovered) has received a "call" to San Francisco or Minneapolis.

The women writers of Canada are

also given to straying to the south and giving us only a passing call. Mrs. Everard Cotes has belonged to Calcutta for this long while, Miss Agnes Laut has betaken herself to the picturesque seclusion of Wassaic, New York; Miss Lily Dougall has become enamoured of Devonshire and Miss Agnes Deans Cameron is a dweller in Chicago. But Miss Cameron's heart turns to the North as soon as the ice begins to leave the rivers and bays, and she comes back to explore and lecture, as the fancy may lead. Miss Cameron is still the Vice-President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and her recent return to this country should be an occasion for several travel talks and much enjoyment, for Miss Cameron is a standing, or rather a talking refutation of the charge that the Daughters of Eve have the sense of humour left out. More than a year ago, an article by Miss Cameron appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "Wheat, the Wizard of the North," that told the most picturesque story of the western fields which has appeared in modern journalism. Then Miss Cameron has the story of her ten-thousand-mile journey in the summer of 1908, from Chicago to the Arctic Ocean by way of the Athabasca, Great Slave Lake and the great Mackenzie River, in which Crees, Chipewyans, Dog-Ribs, Yellow-Knives and Eskimo are prominent gentry. "The Witchery of the Peace" tells of six weeks in an open boat in this river of the wonderful, fertile north, where the fields of Vermilion bewilder the traveller from the south with their golden wealth. It is a great map which this Canadian woman voyager and writer unrolls, and those of the settled districts begin to grasp what the Dominion means in breadth, length and opportunity. Miss Cameron is endowed with more than average pluck and ability, but it is the happy gift of all such spirits to infuse something of their own belief and determination into their hearers.

JEAN GRAHAM.



## The WAY of LETTERS

HAD Eric Mackay Yeoman lived to mature his gifts as a poet, his name would doubtless have stood at or near the head of all the poets that Canada has yet produced. But he died, and all we have of his work is a small collection of poems, most of which have appeared in *The Canadian Magazine*, and some of which will still be seen from time to time in the pages of the same publication. Mr. Yeoman had seen but twenty-three summers when he passed away, burned out almost, last February, at Halifax; where he lived; and, although he had scarcely begun to seek publication for his literary work, he had already attracted more than usual attention. He saw much beauty in grief, and employed the sad and pathetic, even sombre aspects of nature and life, and particularly of human love, as themes for the development of his art. In this respect he was a disciple of Poe's, but in theory only, for his work is full of colour, like that of Keats. Scarcely did he strike a lightsome or jocund note, for his themes seldom ever admitted of such. His work displays intense emotion and keen sensitiveness. One of his temperament could not hope to live long, but it is

a pity that he could not have seen a few more years. Still, he has left his mark, and it is to be hoped that a judicious selection of his writings will be made and published in a volume. His leave-taking is a distinct loss, and while we lament him we are nevertheless glad for what he has left behind.

\*

### A RARE CHARACTER: SEPTIMUS

The very surest way to become a successful novelist is to write a couple



THE LATE ERIC MACKAY YEOMAN



Illustration from "Where the Buffalo Roamed", by Miss E. L. Marsh

#### A FUR BRIGADE

or three really delightful novels. This may sound absurdly easy but it is true. A few years ago no one had even heard of W. J. Locke; now his name upon a book means instant and assured success. Like many other modern writers, skilful dramatisation has helped his sudden rise to fame—"The Morals of Marcus" charmingly played, having become one of the hits of a London season—but in any event his arrival was sure. The public like advertising, but better still they like a good book and they know that the author of "The Beloved Vagabond" can be trusted to give them that. "Septimus" is Mr. Locke's latest book and the promise of its quaint title is delightfully fulfilled. The story is perhaps not as strong as "Marcus Ordeyne" or as consistent in its inconsistency as "The Beloved Vagabond", but it is charming, and it possesses in full measure Mr. Locke's peculiar beauty of style. There are, of course, things which we do not approve—we feel sure that *Zora* made a mistake in marrying the patent medicine man whom we tried in vain to like; we found ourself very much out of patience with *Zora* herself and wonder what our delicious *Septimus* could see in her; if she were not the heroine we

might frankly dislike her, in spots, but this is only our prejudice because we think so much of *Septimus*. There is little plot, little description and the pages are not burdened with heart-searchings but in the end we have been everywhere. *Septimus* was, we have seen what he saw (except in *Zora*) and we know his little world well and himself best of all. In other words we have made a find, we have discovered another oasis in the great Sahara of modern fiction. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

\*

#### A BOOK ON CANADA FOR BOYS.

An historical narrative, written in much the same style as the Henty books, and intended for the amusement and information of boys and girls, is entitled "How Canada Was Won." The author is Captain F. S. Brereton, who has a wide reputation as a writer of books on travel. In what must be accepted as a very graphic style, the events that ended in the conquest of Canada by the British are related. The chief character, or hero, is one of a party of British trappers who becomes captain of a band of scouts, takes part in the defence of Fort William Henry; is made prisoner at Quebec; escapes by means of the steep cliffs, and takes part in the attack on Louisburg, and afterwards figures in the capture of Quebec. (London: Blackie and Son. Cloth, 6s.).

\*

#### A MILD PASTORAL.

Any reader who has a weakness for a smoothly written story of the pastoral type will make no mistake in

selecting "Miss Charity," by Keble Howard. It is a story of life in an English village, but within this rather circumscribed limit all our old friends of moral melodrama play their familiar parts. We have the saintly heroine (in this case rather a charming heroine also), the heroine's lover, the double-faced cousin who endeavours to part the lovers, the rich villain (not *too* dangerous), and several minor characters who act as chorus. The plot is not original, but there is very little of it, and the book will doubtless be considered moral, because although all envy, malice and uncharitableness is displayed by some of the characters, there is a certain commandment which remains unbroken. But any kind of harsh criticism seems out of place in connection with so simple a story, and it is sufficient to say that on the whole the tale strikes one as having been written to suit the simpler taste of by-gone years. One certainly becomes tired of the eternal modern problem novel, but perhaps our education along that line has spoiled our appreciation of the simple life, especially if it be very simple. Only a master-hand can take a few commonplace people in a commonplace village and make us laugh and weep and wonder and admire. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: The Westminster Company. Cloth. \$1.25).

\*

#### A NEW CANADIAN NOVELIST

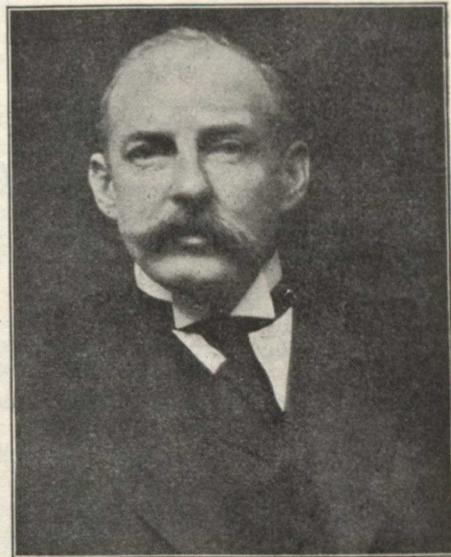
A new Canadian novelist has appeared. Dr. William J. Fischer, of Waterloo, Ontario, who is well known as the author of several volumes of verse, has written a story that should make a strong appeal to all who enjoy a wholesome story that is told without any striving after sensation or theatrical effect. "Child of Destiny" is the title. It is the story of a girl who was kidnapped in infancy, but who finally came to her earthly reward in an unusual manner, after a succession of important and surprising

events. The plot is quite ingenious, particularly towards the end. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25).

\*

#### DUTCH ART.

Perhaps nowhere outside of Holland is Dutch art favoured so much as in Canada. Owing to some peculiar reason, Canadians have taken a special interest in paintings by Dutchmen, and there are as a result several collections of distinction. Not only are some of the old Dutch masters represented in Canadian collections, but there are large groups from the brushes of modern leaders in Dutch art. The publication therefore of a volume entitled "The Art of the Netherland Galleries," by David C. Preyer, which is the latest volume in the series called "The Art Galleries of Europe," should attract art lovers in Canada. The volume is splendid in appearance and workmanship; the illustrations and letter press are excellent. The author writes in an enthusiastic, sympathetic manner, and,



F. MARION CRAWFORD, THE DISTINGUISHED  
NOVELIST, WHO DIED RECENTLY  
IN ITALY

as the subject embraces the work of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Rysdael and many others, there is plenty of material for him to describe. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$2).

\*

"IN VIKING LAND."

Even without its romantic past, Norway is full of interest, geographically, pictorially and socially. Conclusive evidence of this is given by W. S. Monroe in his volume, "In Viking Land. Norway: Its People, Its Fjords and Its Fjelds." This volume is more than a mere book of travel, in as much as it gives prominence to matters of human interest—the people, their habits, customs, and traditions, and to the developed and developing civilisation of the country. Geographic types and marvels of scenery are by no means overlooked, but there are chapters on institutions of the country, on its folk-lore, its music, literature, etc., with special reference to persons such as Greig and Björnson. The viking age is treated interestingly, the old Norse sages having been carefully consulted

for material along this line. The volume is well illustrated by reproductions of excellent photographs. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$3).

\*

CUPID AND HEATHER.

When a Scotch novelist announces his book as a love story, the reader may be sure that the narrative is more desperately affectionate than anything an impulsive Irishman could produce. "Whither Thou Goest," by J. J. Bell, is an instance of the dour Scot turning sentimentalist to an alarming degree. This is a book for the matinée girl to pronounce "lovely," inasmuch as it is given over to the unsmooth course of the truest kind of love. It is not so interesting as "Wee Macgregor" of tender memory but it may entertain those who like something better than Annie Swan and not so fine as Maurice Hewlett. The scenes are thoroughly modern, even to the point of introducing us to suffragettes with an enthusiasm for slumming. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: The Westminster Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

So for me — O fair, O dear! —  
 I fled the night when you drew near;  
 With the shining of your eyes  
 Did my laggard sun arise —  
 And the light, day being spent,  
 Died along the way you went!

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

An autograph stanza from the original draught of a poem by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

# Within The Sanctum

SENATOR WILLIAM MILLER writes as follows under recent date: In a characteristic article in *The Canadian Magazine* of January last, Sir Charles Tupper, in the alleged cause of "historical accuracy," but in many respects with a striking disregard of historic truths, attempts to discredit some portions of my "Reminiscence", published in the September number of last year, in relation to the Union struggle in Nova Scotia in 1866.

Although Sir Charles does not deny that it was in accordance with, and in response to, my proposition made in the Legislative Assembly on the third of April, 1866, and which was accepted by his government, that Confederation was carried in Nova Scotia, yet his admission is accompanied by so many mis-statements that, however reluctant to do so, I feel it necessary to refute a few of them. Let me call attention to one or two specimens of Sir Charles Tupper's "historical accuracy", which are fair samples in this respect, of his whole article. He says:

"At this time Mr. Miller, who had been elected as a supporter of our party, but who had continually opposed me, sent his friend, Mr. S. McDonnell, a member of the Legislature, to inquire how I would treat him if he would announce himself a supporter of Confederation."

This whole sentence is simply untrue, and Sir Charles Tupper's memory was greatly at fault when he wrote it. I was not

elected as a member of his party, and I did not continually oppose him, as witness the government's "Judge in Equity Bill", which was the bitterest party question of the first session I was in the Legislature, and which I supported.

I was elected to represent Richmond in 1863 under a written requisition from the electors of that county, which has been more than once published in the newspaper press of Nova Scotia and in public pamphlets; and which was several times the subject of conversation between Sir Charles and myself. The third paragraph of that requisition is as follows:

"Viewing as we do the advancement of the general interests of the country, and attention to our local wants, of far higher importance than mere party rivalry, we desire to return you to the Legislature unfettered by pledges of a party character, which might interfere with those objects, or cripple your general usefulness."

This requisition was also read and marked by the learned judge who tried the cause, as an "exhibit" in the libel suit of Miller vs. Annand, tried in Halifax in 1878, in which I was plaintiff, and Sir Charles Tupper was a leading witness, for the sole purpose of proving that I was elected as an independent member of the Assembly "unfettered by pledges". So much for Sir Charles' "historical accuracy" on this point.

Equally incorrect are Sir Charles Tupper's references to my friend, Mr. S. McDonnell, and here I can contra-

dict him by himself under oath. I may observe that in 1866 I lived in Halifax, and Mr. McDonnell lived in Cape Breton. We seldom met except when he came to Halifax to attend to his legislative duties. But Sir Charles swears that he and I discussed the Union difficulties *before* the session of 1866, and therefore our negotiations could not have been initiated by Mr. McDonnell. While intimate friends, with views in common on many subjects, of which Confederation was one, Mr. McDonnell was no follower of mine, but a very independent man, who thought for himself on public questions. I was the youngest man in the Assembly, and did not claim to have any followers, not even as much as the "one" he doubtfully gives me; but I do say that my proposition secured a majority of both branches of the Legislature at a moment when the Union cause was threatened with disaster.

Sir Charles Tupper did not always value my services in the cause of Confederation as lightly as he appears to do now. I have just said that he was an important witness in the cause of *Miller vs. Annand*, reported in the *Dominion Annual Register* for 1879, and on that occasion he minutely detailed our negotiations *re* confederation (but never alluded to Mr. McDonnell), while very emphatically declaring his high estimate of my services. I quote the following extract from his evidence on that occasion as reported:

"Sir Charles Tupper was sworn. He stated that he was Premier of Nova Scotia from May, 1864, until to July, 1867. He had been a delegate to the Charlottetown Conference and also to the Conference at Quebec. The Charlottetown Conference was intended to bring about a Union of the Maritime Provinces; the Conference at Quebec had for its intention a union of all the provinces of British North America. The plaintiff (Mr. Miller) was a member of the Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia from the election of 1863 until July, 1867. When the resolution authorising the first Conference was proposed in the Assembly,

the plaintiff opposed it, and expressed his desire for Confederation of all the provinces. When the Quebec scheme was published in 1864, plaintiff also opposed it, in its details, chiefly on financial grounds, but reiterated his desire for a union on what he considered fair terms. In 1866 witness had several conversations with plaintiff *before* and after the meeting of the Legislature in that year on the subject of Union. The attitude of the Imperial Government, the relations of the provinces with the neighbouring states, and other causes which the plaintiff mentioned induced him to desire a compromise of the difficulties that stood in the way of confederation. After several interviews and much discussion, it was agreed that the plaintiff would support a compromise by which the whole question was to be referred to a new conference to meet in London, when all disputed points would be decided under the auspices of the Imperial Government.

When delegates to the London Conference were appointed, it was considered that plaintiff's position and services entitled him to a place on that delegation, and witness notified him of the intention of the Government to appoint him. The plaintiff declined the appointment. He stated his desire was to recover the confidence of his constituents, among whom he had become very unpopular on account of his support of the Union, and that if he took any office or position from the Government it would be looked upon as a consideration for that support, and would be injurious to him in his election. This was months after the Union resolution had been carried in the Legislature of Nova Scotia, and was the first communication of a personal character witness ever had with the plaintiff in regard to this subject. Witness then informed plaintiff for the first time that the Government was prepared to offer him a seat in the Senate of Canada. Plaintiff replied that he did not want a seat in the Senate, as he intended to ask his constituents for a seat in the House of Commons, and only consented to his appointment on the condition that he should be at liberty to resign the Senatorship at any time previous to the general election, and contest his county. Plaintiff appeared decided either to get a seat in the Commons or go out of public life. Witness considered the plaintiff's prominence and public services justly entitled him to a Senatorship, and it was for these reasons the position was offered him."

And yet at this time of day Sir Charles Tupper has the effrontery to taunt me with being indebted to him

for my present position as if it were a personal gift, when in reality I enabled him to make his public career a success, and he owed me more personally than he ever could repay, and till now he always admitted his obligations.

Notwithstanding the haste with which he grasped at my proposition for another conference in London, Sir Charles desires to leave the unwarranted impression on the minds of his readers, that there was no crisis pending in Nova Scotia in 1866, and that he was only awaiting the action of New Brunswick to submit the Quebec scheme to the Nova Scotian Legislature. How then does he account for the cyclone that struck him in the first Federal elections, in 1867, when he did not take even "one" follower with him to Ottawa? The newspaper press of that day—the annals of that period—have only to be searched to expose the absurdity of that false impression. Besides, his motion was made on the tenth of April, and the New Brunswick elections did not take place until the ensuing June or July. The passage indicated is a fine specimen of the game of bluff, at

which Sir Charles was ever expert.

As to the Pictou Railway transaction, I beg to remind Sir Charles that I have used the names of two living men, his old friends, Hon. James McDonald and Sir Sandford Fleming, both of whom are concerned in my narrative of that transaction, and can easily be called by him to refute my story, if they deem it incorrect. How any one can imagine, who reads the last paragraph of that story, that it was written in a hostile spirit to Sir Charles Tupper, I cannot understand.

Perhaps few of the Fathers of Confederation put up a braver fight for Union than did Sir Charles Tupper in Nova Scotia, and I would be the last man to detract from his merits in that connection; but it is well known that one of Sir Charles' weaknesses has always been to magnify his own services by minimising those of others, without whose assistance he could have accomplished nothing, and in too many cases to forget, or ignore, or repudiate that assistance altogether.

My reminiscence is correct in every particular, and no one knows this better than Sir Charles Tupper himself.





## WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



### A FABLE.

ONCE Upon a Time there was a Young Man who met Two Girls, who were Constantly Together. Now, he was an Astute Young Man, and he desired to say Something Pretty and Agreeable to the Ladies, but he knew that if he paid a Compliment to One of them, No Matter which, the Other would be Hurt.

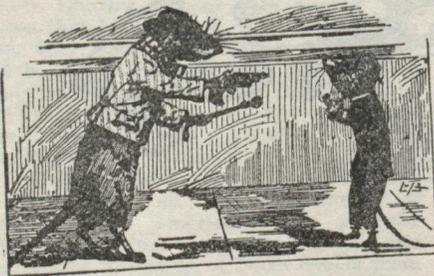
So he Thought Rapidly for a moment, and then he said:

"Ah, I know Why you Two Girls are Always Together!"

"Why?" asked the Two Girls.

"Because Everybody said that A Handsome Girl Always Chooses a Homely One as a Companion So That Her Beauty may be Enhanced by the Contrast."

After Such a Remark, either Both Girls would be Angry or Delighted.



"Your money or your life!"

"Excuse me. I'm a Church mouse."

—Life

And what Do you think Happened? The Two Girls Blushed and said he was A Flatterer and went their way Together, each Happy for Herself and Sorry for the Other. — *London Answers.*

\*

### THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Who are you, please?"

"Watt."

"What is your name, please?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes; what is your name?"

"I say my name is Watt."

"Oh, well, I'm coming to see you."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No; I'm Knott."

"Who are you, then, please?"

"I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name, please?"

"Will Knott."

"Why won't you?"

"I say my name is William Knott."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"Then you will be in if I come 'round, Watt?"

"Certainly, Knott."

Then they were cut off by the exchange, and Knott wants to know if Watt will be in or not.—*The Ka-zooster.*



PHYLLIS: "I'm very sorry, but I think we must be going. Andrew has borne it as long as he can."

—Punch

#### AN EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT.

From a serious-minded jester the editor received this note, together with a consignment of humour that was heavy enough to go by freight:

Dear Sir,—I read all these jokes to my wife, and she laughed heartily. Now, I have it on good authority that when a man's wife will laugh at his jokes they are bound to be very good—or she is.

Yours, etc.

The editor slipped them into the return envelope with the letter, after writing on the margin, "*She is.*"  
—Lippincott's.

\*

#### A HELP.

"Do you ever do anything to help your wife with her household tasks?"

"Sure I do. I light the fire every morning."

"Ah! And do you carry the coal up?"

"No—no. We cook with electricity."—Cleveland Leader.

95

#### CHIEFLY LEGAL ADVICE.

A certain prominent lawyer of Toronto is in the habit of lecturing his office staff from the junior partner down, and Tommy, the office boy, comes in for his full share of the admonition. That his words were appreciated was made evident to the lawyer by a conversation between Tommy and another office boy on the same floor which he recently overheard.

"Wotcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"Ten thousand a year," replied Tommy.

"Aw, g'wan!"

"Sure," insisted Tommy, unabashed. "Four dollars a week in cash an' de rest in legal advice."—Everybody's Magazine.

\*

#### THE NAME, PLEASE.

They talk about the heroes of old, but we would like to know the name of the daring and reckless man who wore the first green hat.

—Toronto News.

# The Merry Muse

## TO A MOSQUITO

Once when the members of the Royal Society were being entertained at dinner by the Governor-General at Rideau Hall, a man of science and a *littérateur* drew each other's attention to the presence of a mosquito, which, alighting on the latter's hand, drew a challenge from the former for a sonnet on the incident. The following *jeu d'esprit* was the outcome of the challenge:

What dost thou here? Thy frolic  
cries alarm,  
Where festal vapours 'courage men  
to laugh  
At cares that sting. The mirth that's  
tipped with harm  
Graves premature its own sad epi-  
taph:  
Blind passion, sipping surfeit, coun-  
sels not  
How vaulting pleasure finds its goal  
in pain—  
How life and death, the twins of  
Nature's reign,  
Adjust the balance of all power. Thy  
lot  
In hall vice-regal is but ill-assured;  
For here the poet dares thy song  
berate,  
While science shuns, with ken of  
thee matured,  
Thy hovering heedless hum, as wo-  
men hate  
A trifling wooer, not for what he is,  
But for the poisoned insult in his  
stolen kiss.

J. M. Harper.

\*

## GROWING VOCABULARY

I purchased me a motor many, many  
years ago,  
And used to mote me thisaway and  
that;  
I slaughtered countless fauna and a  
dozen folk or so,

The world was sure my oyster, on  
a plat;  
But now the outlook's different, and  
my motor gathers rust—  
I spurn it—let it stand around and  
loaf;  
I long for sport much stranger which  
is fuller far of danger—  
Ah, how I'd rather aviate than  
chauf!  
What fun is there is spinning through  
a city's dinny dinning?  
How much I'd rather aviate than  
chauf.

I'm sick of honking swiftly over com-  
mon, stupid streets,  
I'm sick of all the things the cop-  
pers do;  
I'm ill of turning chickens into little  
fresh mincemeats,  
I'm bored of cutting ladies half in  
two.  
I want to cleave the ether in a dizzy  
aeroplane  
(Who doesn't is a dullard and an  
oaf)—  
I long to skim the breezes like a  
bunch of well-skimmed cheeses,  
For I had rather aviate than chauf—  
(I never, never hammer all this long-  
haired, new-born grammar,  
So I had rather aviate than chauf).  
—Richmond *Times Despatch*.

\*

## A DISTINCTION

"She's as pretty as a picture"—  
There is sunshine in her smile,  
And she has a pair of dimples  
That are fashioned to beguile.

"She's as pretty as a picture,"  
But it may as well be known  
That she isn't, to be honest,  
Quite as pretty as her own.  
—Chicago *Evening Post*.

## Keep "BOVRIL" in the house

Why not take a cup of BOVRIL, every morning ?

It invigorates the whole system and helps you to do the work of the day easily and well.



BOVRIL is quickly made—a cup, hot water and a spoonful of BOVRIL, are all you need.

# BOVRIL

**GIVES STRENGTH AND VIGOR.**

## GOLD MEDAL



FOR

## Ale and Porter

AWARDED

# JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition  
1904

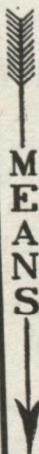
ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

## CANDIES,

Of unequalled QUALITY, such as *Snyder's* are the result of extraordinary care & watchfulness in the purchase of only the Highest Grade of Raw Materials.

The workmanship also is watched as carefully, and the same unremitting watchfulness enters into the manufacture of our Cups, Bars, Drops and other Counter Goods as in our BONBONS, COCOA and CHOCOLATES.

If you want a Nourishing, Strengthening Chocolate, with Real Food Value, and at the same time having a pleasant taste, try our PEANUT CHOCOLATE or Chocolate Dipped TRISCUIT.



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*Simply Economy  
Based on Intelligence*

PEARLINE contains the Correct Amount of Soap in Combination with Safe, Scientific Detergents and is Superior to, and more Economical than Powders which are made to be Used with Soap.

NOT ONE WOMAN IN A HUNDRED used Soap Powder or Washing Powder of any sort when PEARLINE was Discovered and Introduced by James Pyle thirty (30) years ago—no wonder to those who recall the sort made at that time.

**NINETY WOMEN IN EVERY  
HUNDRED**

in the land (as proved by a careful Census made in the year 1908) now use a Soap Powder or Washing Powder of some Sort—Good—Bad or Indifferent.

Those who Insist on having the Best—those who have the Finer—more Delicate Articles which they cannot subject to the Risk of Cheap Powders—those who have the Greatest Intelligence and Realize that the Best is the Cheapest remain Steadfast to PEARLINE, the Original and Best Washing Powder.



## Dyeing and Cleaning That's Always Well Done

There's a satisfaction in work well done. With a record of thirty three years serving the Canadian public we dare not do anything but the best work in dyeing and cleaning.

With a plant the largest and most complete in Canada and a staff of work people skilled in their business, we are in a position to do the best work. Curtains, furniture coverings, most anything in housefurnishings and all things nearly in personal wear can be dyed and cleaned here.

**R. Parker & Co.** Toronto  
Canada.

Canada's Greatest Dyers and Cleaners

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA



# BUILDING FOR OLD AGE

Children particularly need food containing the elements that make the soft gray matter in the nerve cells and in brain.

When brain and nerves are right the life forces select the bone- and teeth-making parts and the muscle-making elements and day by day build up a perfect and powerful structure.

So people should let the youngsters have

## Grape-Nuts

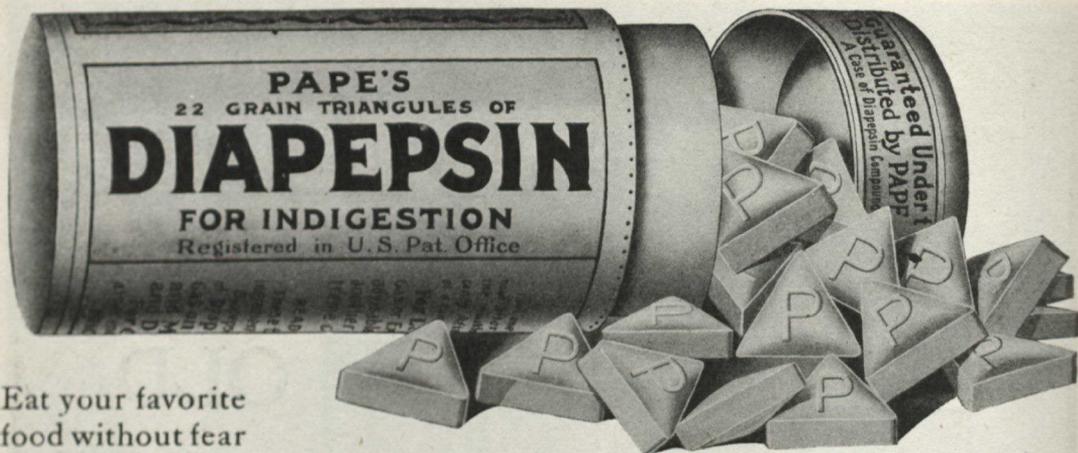
and Cream every day. They like it and you can be absolutely certain you are feeding them wisely and scientifically.

A few weeks will prove it to you by the appearance and activity of the child.

Do your duty by the children.

**“There’s a Reason”**

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



Eat your favorite food without fear

**FORMULA.**

Each 22 Gr. Triangle contains

- Pepsin—Pure Aseptic
- Papain
- Diastase
- Calcium Carbon Precip.
- Cascara Sagrada
- Powd. Ginger
- Powd. Cardamon
- Sugar q. s.
- Oil Canada Snake Root.

Relieves Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all distress from an out-of-order stomach

Large 50c cases — any drug store

PAPE, THOMPSON & PAPE, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A. and Windsor, Ont., Canada

**What is Sewing Machine Oil ?**

Any oil that gums will surely clog the action parts. Heavy oils remain where dropped or smear over outside of machine. Oil should aid—not hinder free action of the machine. Grease can't lubricate. "3 in One" is an oil compound that will not dry out, cake, gum, turn rancid or collect dust. Where other oils work out "3 in One" works in. Reaches remotest action point of all bearings and lubricates where most essential. It makes machine run easily and smoothly—reduces friction—prevents wear and tear that loosens bearings—in short—it lengthens life of machine and operator.

"3 in One" prevents rust and tarnish on all the nickel and metal parts—cleans and polishes the wooden case.

**FREE**

Write for sample bottle and "3 in One" dictionary—both free.

3 IN ONE OIL CO.  
50 Broadway,  
New York.



The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

**MINARD'S LINIMENT**

# Old Dutch Cleanser

is a handy, all-'round, *mechanical* cleanser, which takes the place of the old-fashioned surface-eating caustic and acid cleaners, and does *all* their work in an easier, quicker and better way—

Chases  
Dirt



Cleans,  
Scrubs,  
Scours,  
Polishes,

without harming surfaces  
in the least. Large,  
Sifting-Top Can,

**10c**

CUDAHY  
OMAHA  
MAKER

**10¢**  
At all  
Grocers

Branch—Toronto, Canada

# CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.



## Makes Housekeeping Easier

In spring and summer "Crown Brand Syrup" should be more largely used by everyone. It simplifies the making of delicious dishes to such an extent that housekeeping becomes easier in every way.

Crown Brand Syrup eaten with bread, toast, biscuits, pudding, porridge or pastry, provides sustaining dishes that please the palate and don't overheat the body—dishes that are plain, wholesome, easily prepared and

easily digested and at the same time very nourishing.

Won't you try CROWN BRAND SYRUP? When you think of its purity, its wholesomeness, of all the dainty and delightful dishes you can make with it.—when you think of its fine "honey cream" flavor and clear golden colour,—and how it will save you trouble and bring variety to every meal—don't you think it worth your while to order some. Children thrive on it. Adults enjoy it.

For your convenience Crown Brand Syrup is put up in 2, 5, 10 and 20 air tight tins with lift-off lids.

**The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited**

ESTABLISHED 1858.

Works: CARDINAL, Ont.,

Offices: MONTREAL, TORONTO and BRANTFORD

3-09



## "Long Range Champion"

(London Morning Post, July 16, 1908)

The London, England, papers loudly praise the performances of the Ross Rifle at Bisley last year when all long range records were broken by Mr. F. W. Jones with a Ross Match Rifle. In five matches totalling 27 shots at 900 yards and 17 shots at 1,000 yards, **Mr. Jones never missed the bull.**

This performance was well seconded by the work of the Ross Rifles at the D.R.A. last fall when 13 out of 15 Mark III Ross Rifles competing in the first stage of the "Governor General's" secured places in the second stage.

Rifle shots who want to set the pace in 1909 cannot afford to use any rifle but

# Ross Rifle, Mark III

Ross Sporting Rifles, \$25 and upwards, are on sheer merit winning out against all imported sporting arms. Write for Catalogue.

ROSS RIFLE CO.

QUEBEC, P.Q.

## The Standard Silver Co. Ltd.



IN THE CORNER of this advertisement appears a *fac-simile* of our

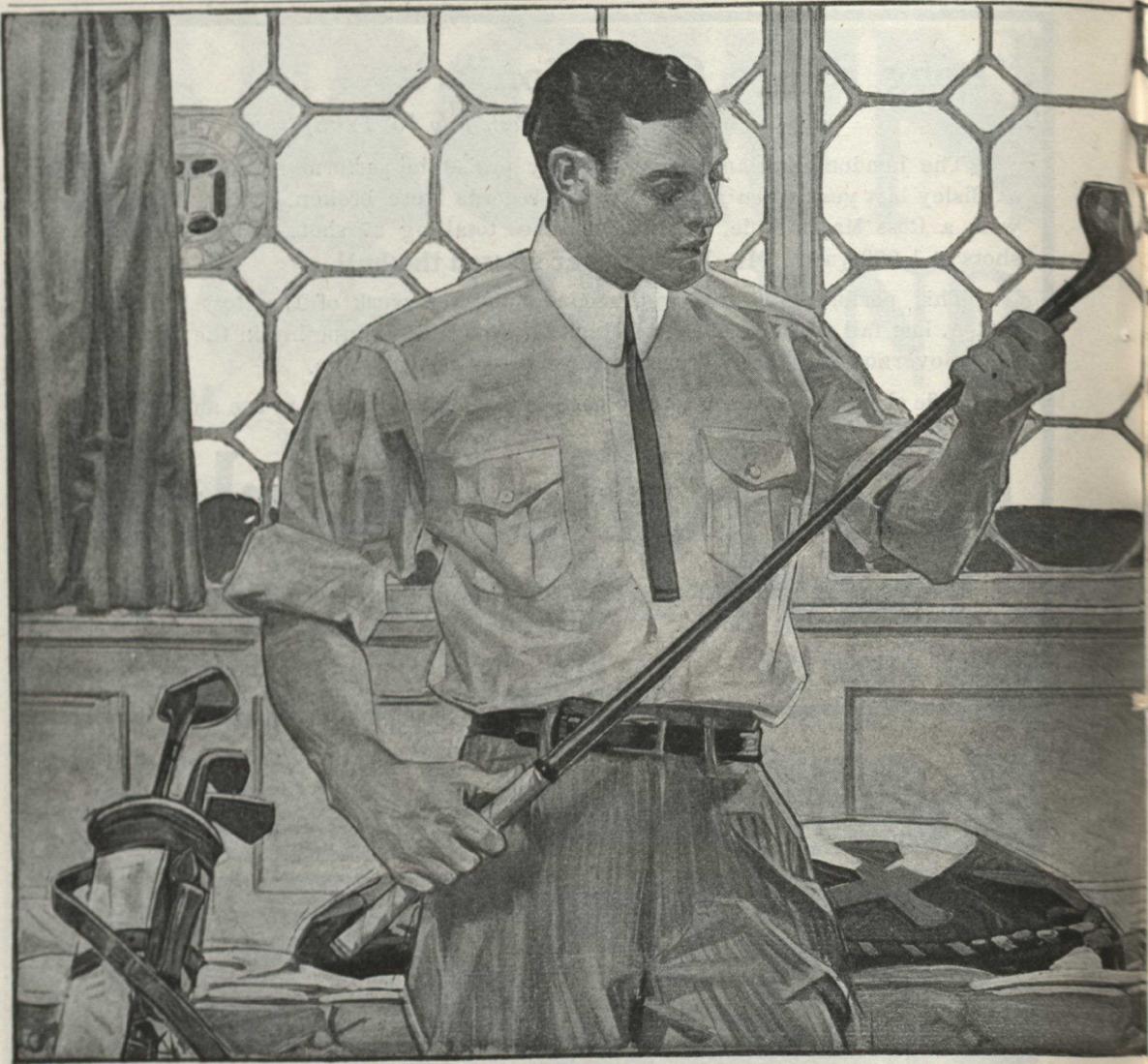
TRADE MARK. Every piece of Silverware bearing this stamp carries with it our absolute Guarantee as to quality. The designs are always correct.

**THE STANDARD SILVER CO., Limited**  
TORONTO, CANADA



ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE





*“Tremont”*—the one distinctive style of the season—in the non-crackable, non-shrinkable  
**ARROW COLLARS**

20c.—3 for 50c.

Send for “Proper Dress,” a booklet. Cluett, Peabody & Company, Makers, 44½ River St., Troy, N. Y.

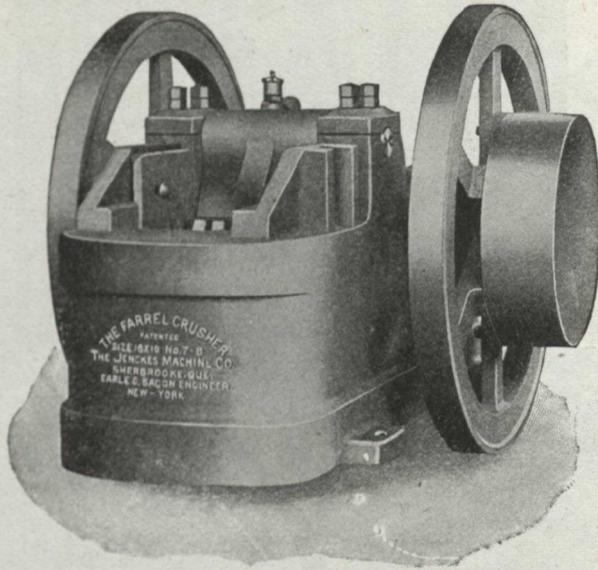


*"Stratford"* — a shirt  
imparting that atmosphere of correct  
style so thoroughly characteristic of

*Cluett* SHIRTS \$2.00

Send for "To-Day's Shirt."

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers, 441 River St., Troy, N. Y.




---

# To Crush Rock and Ore

You need the information we can supply from first hand knowledge, a complete knowledge of the Farrel-Bacon Rock and Ore Crusher, now in use by the principal mining companies of British Columbia and the West—and by many of the leading American railroads for crushing rock for railway ballast.

## OUR CRUSHER BOOK

gives a complete description, with strong illustrations of crushers and crushing plants, drawings and tables. It will establish to your full satisfaction the magnificent features of Farrel-Bacon Crushers.

Fine designing! Simple construction! Few working parts—easy of access for adjustment or repairs. Built in several styles and many sizes, adapting them for crushing all classes of rock and ore.

*Write, wire or call on our nearest office.*

## THE JENCKES MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED

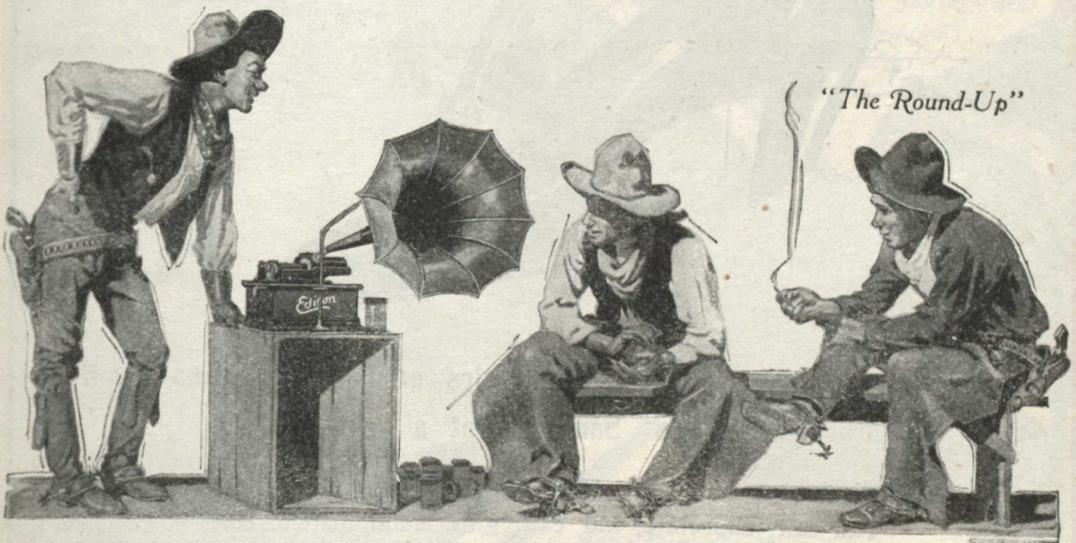
Sherbrooke, Que. St. Catharines, Ont.

Sales Offices: Sherbrooke Montreal St. Catharines Cobalt Vancouver

---

# The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

**S**OMETHING to enjoy in the evening,  
at home, in comfort, without effort.  
Something that is cleaner, brighter and  
more fascinating than most entertain-  
ment that is planned for and paid for.



## Some Exclusive Features of the Edison Phonograph

**G**O to an Edison dealer's and compare the Phonograph with other instruments. Note particularly its sturdy construction, good for years of perfect work; its indestructible reproducing point, which never needs to be changed; its long-running, silent motor, most essential to brilliant work; its sensitive wax cylinder Records, famous for their clearness and sweetness of tone; its large, specially designed horn and its new Amberol Records, playing twice as long as the standard Edison Records and longer than any other Record.

Have you ever tried making your own Phonograph Records? It's no end of fun. This can be done only with the Edison.

Ask your dealer or write us for catalogs of Edison Phonographs and Records.

**NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 6 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.**

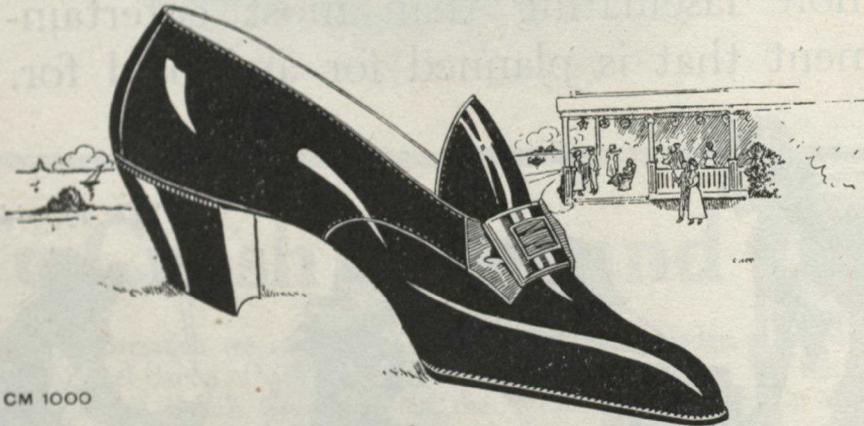
The Edison Business Phonograph saves the time of high-salaried men and increases their letter-writing capacity



# Ladies' High-grade Oxfords



## Travellers' Samples



CM 1000

We have purchased several thousand pairs of Ladies' "Queen Quality" Travellers' Samples "at a price."

They come in sizes,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , 4, and  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , B and C widths. Tan calf, chocolate, kid calf, gun metal, patent colt, vici kid and ooze calf leathers. Blucher, lace, buckle, tie, bow, ribbon tie and butterfly bow styles; light, medium and heavy soles. Regular prices, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00. Special bargain to Mail Order Customers..... **\$2.49**

THE  
ROBERT

# SIMPSON

COMPANY,  
LIMITED

TORONTO - CANADA

# "61" FLOOR VARNISH

TEST  
IT  
WITH  
A HAMMER

-you may dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish

withstands the severest wear and tear—the continual walking, the scraping of chair legs, the weight of heavy furniture, the hard romping of children—all of this it will withstand, without cracking, peeling, or turning white.

*That is why we say—test it yourself.*

*Hit it with a hammer or stamp on it with your heel—you may dent the wood but you can't crack or peel the varnish*



*Shows Only the Reflection*

Write for  
Free Sample Panel

finished with "61" and make this test at once. No other varnish, or finish, or preparation for any kind of floors can equal Pratt & Lambert's "61" Floor Varnish for beauty and durability. It is water-proof. There is no substitute for it.

Send for our Floor Finishing Booklet. Buy "61" from your dealer. All size cans, as follows: Gallons, \$3.00; Half-Gallons, \$1.60; Quarts, \$0.85; Pints, \$0.45; Half-Pints, \$0.25.

And our other varnishes for every purpose are just as good as "61." Ask for "The All Star Line."



**PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.**  
VARNISH MAKERS 60 YEARS  
91 TONAWANDA ST., BUFFALO, N.Y.  
FACTORIES IN 7 CITIES



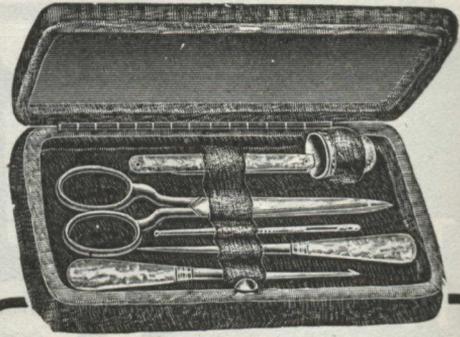
All other points being equal, would you not give preference to that Underwear which furnishes the most perfect fit?

Ellis Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear, while equal in every respect, from a quality standpoint, to the lines that are of highest price and highest reputation, has something more than any of these in its wonderful elasticity feature.

This elasticity—ensured by the patent Spring Needle Ribbed process (which we control for Canada)—enables us to guarantee a more perfect fit than can be found in any other Underwear, no matter at what price.

**THE ELLIS MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.,**

Hamilton, - Ontario



## Tested and Guaranteed

The trade mark shown below and stamped on Rodgers' Cutlery means that it has been thoroughly tested and is guaranteed in every particular. Isn't it worth while to see that the cutlery you buy bears that

"Mark of Guaranteed Quality"

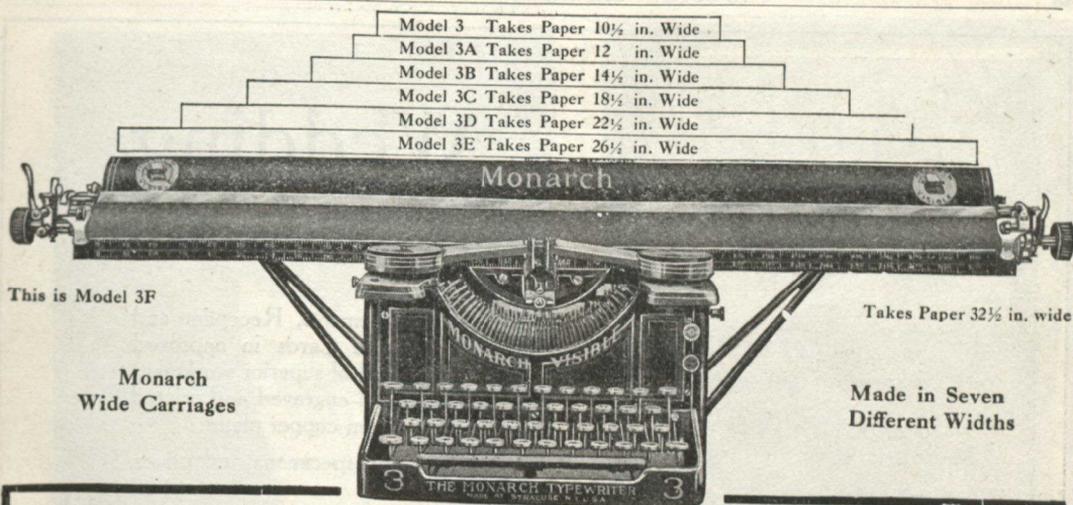
# RODGERS CUTLERY

Used in the Royal Households

**Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Ltd.**

Cutlers to His Majesty  
SHEFFIELD, ENG.





This is Model 3F

Monarch  
Wide Carriages

Takes Paper 32½ in. wide

Made in Seven  
Different Widths

## Monarch Adaptability

Monarch Typewriters do more than merely write letters. They write anything from index cards to the widest forms you wish to use—all with the same ease and satisfaction. The widest Monarch carriage runs as easily as the

narrowest. Furthermore, the touch of the keys and the shift for capitals is equally light on *all* Monarch Models.

Let us demonstrate to you the mechanical reasons for the "Monarch Light Touch."

*Write for Illustrated Descriptive Booklet*

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Limited, 98 King St. West, Toronto; 128 St. Peter St., Montreal  
*Branches and dealers throughout the world.*

## CHILDREN

like to wear Turnbull's Vests—they are so nice and warm, soft and comfortable.

☞ Knitted by a special process they keep their shape.

## Turnbull's Vests

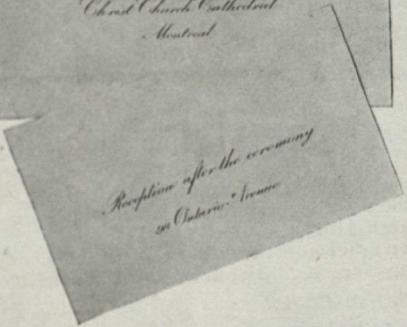
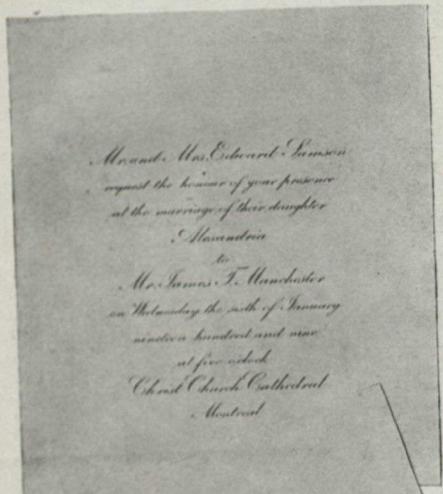
and the famous Cee-Tee under-clothing are manufactured at Galt by the

**C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited**

Ask your dealer to show you Turnbull's Goods



# Wedding Invitations



Announcements, Reception and At Home Cards in approved forms and of superior workmanship, hand-engraved and printed from copper plates.

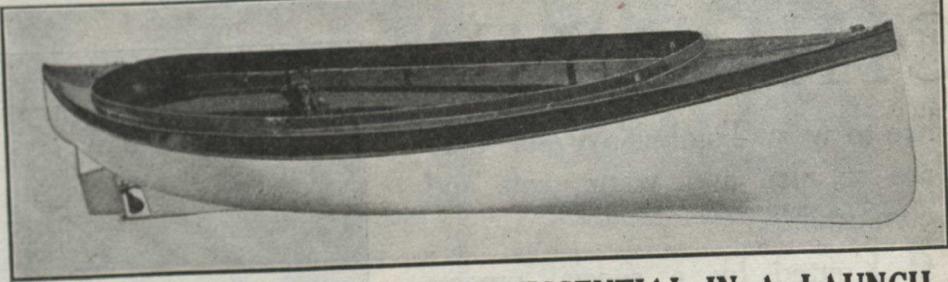
Send for specimens and prices.

## Henry Birks & Sons

LIMITED

Gold and Silversmiths

M O N T R E A L  
OTTAWA WINNIPEG VANCOUVER



### CONSIDER WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL IN A LAUNCH

- 1st. Strongly constructed of good material.
- 2nd. To be able to stand a heavy storm and sea, when you are caught in it; and with a GIDLEY Launch you know you are safe.
- 3rd. A Reliable Engine of sufficient power.
- 4th. Comfort.

In addition to the above, if you purchase a GIDLEY Launch you get, without extra cost, a fast, handsomely finished, boat. The accompanying cut shows the design of our Special 18½ and 21 ft. Launches. These boats are fitted with a 5½ h.p. Engine, Reversible Propellers, complete and ready to run. Speed 9 to 9½ miles.

18½ Ft.	-	-	-	\$325.00, f. o. b. cars our factory.
21 "	-	-	-	\$385.00, " " " "

The reason we can sell this Beautifully Built and Finished Boat at these prices is because these two sizes are built in large quantities, off perfect templets.

H. E. GIDLEY & CO.,

PENETANGUISHENE, ONTARIO.

Write Dept. C. for Catalogue.



*This MAVRO Collar and IMPERIAL Shirt have Fashion's approval for Evening Dress ❁❁*

**M**EN who esteem real quality and modish—but decorous—style find full satisfaction in the shirts and collars trademarked “W. G. & R.” and made at Berlin. They fit well; they look well; they wear well; they will meet your exactions and longer withstand the laundries. Compare by wear. The value's there.

*There is a W.G.R. collar and shirt for every taste, season and occasion. Enquire at your favorite shop.*

*W.G.R.*

## Selecting Wedding Gifts

As the mind turns to silver in choosing presents for the wedding so should the eye seek the name and brand

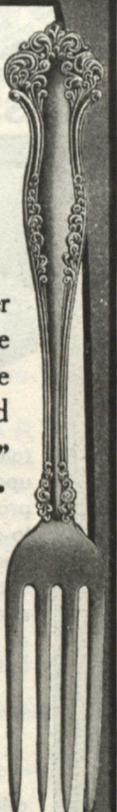
**“1847 ROGERS BROS.”**

*“Silver Plate that Wears.”*



By this mark only can you distinguish the original Rogers ware (first made in 1847) and assure yourself of the best in quality, the finest in finish, the handsomest in design of any silver plate made, no matter where purchased. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Our catalogue “76” will prove helpful in selection of designs. Send for it.

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,**  
Hamilton, Canada



# CREX

GRASS CARPETS AND RUGS

TRADE MARK

*From the  
PRAIRIES OF THE  
WEST*

A few years ago the long, tough grass which grows wild upon our western prairies was pronounced utterly useless; but to-day, through modern ideas, this really wonderful gift of nature has been brought into almost every home in the form of an attractive, sanitary and lasting floor covering, called

## C-R-E-X

Quality and economy have established the reputation of CREX, while the beautifully blended colors and exclusive designs of both carpets and rugs meet every requirement of a richly appointed room.

As a floor covering for summer cottages or porches CREX has no equal.

**CARPETS**—Solid colors—plain and striped effects—in all widths.

**RUGS**—All sizes, in a large variety of exclusive designs and beautiful colors.

*CAUTION*—Avoid imitations—the genuine bears the **CREX** label.

Sold by all Up-to-Date Carpet and Department Stores.

Send for free Booklet J. Beautifully illustrated

**CREX CARPET COMPANY**

377 Broadway, New York



ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

It is the "Star" Brand



Ask for Fearman's  
'Star' Brand English  
Breakfast Bacon and  
see that it is branded  
with the Star.



Made for over 50 years by

**F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED**  
HAMILTON, CANADA



# H&R REVOLVERS

*The Line is Complete*

From the heaviest pattern for sportsmen to the light, dainty revolver for ladies—you will find *the one* just suited to your purpose—whether for pleasure or protection.

Behind every H & R Revolver is over 36 years manufacturing experience—your guarantee of dependability, safety and accuracy.

Rather than accept substitutes, order from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and the little target trademark on the handle.

Our new and beautiful catalog shows our complete line. We want you to have it—write for it.

**HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.**  
520 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

TRADE MARK  
HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO. MARK



Sheraton Cabinet, in fine mahogany, inlaid.  
Price \$39.00.

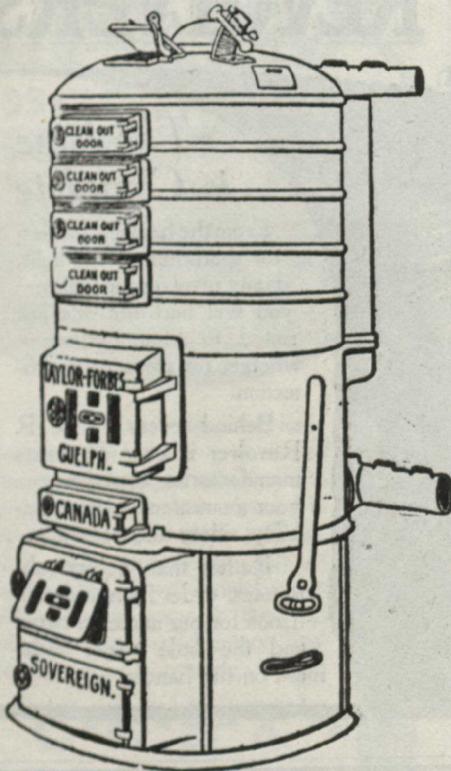
## Kay's New Catalogue

Our new Catalogue, now in course of preparation, will contain about 175 pages of fine half-tone engravings and colored plates of Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Draperies, Wall Papers, Pottery, etc.

Readers of the Canadian Magazine who are interested in High-Class Furniture and Furnishings are invited to write for a copy. It will be mailed free of charge as soon as published.

# JOHN KAY COMPANY, LIMITED

36 and 38 King Street West : : : : Toronto, Canada



**"Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler**

has the "larger first section," the most important improvement introduced in boiler construction during recent years.

A Taylor-Forbes "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler will make a house a comfortable home to live in and also enhance its value as an investment. The first cost of installing a "Sovereign" boiler, with

"Sovereign radiators, buys an efficient and substantial heating system that will cost nothing for maintenance and will add 15 to 25% more than its entire cost to the value of any house in which it is installed.

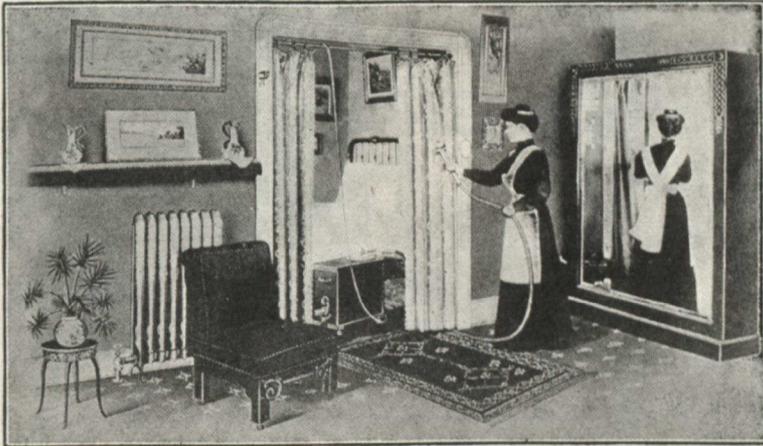
Write for Booklet Showing Designs for High and Low Cellars.

**THE TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY LIMITED**

Head Office Guelph, Can. Works and Foundries

MONTREAL TORONTO QUEBEC WINNIPEG VANCOUVER CALGARY

# A DUSTLESS HOME By Acme Vacuum System



Have you not often wished, after a thorough housecleaning, your home might be kept in like condition all the time? This is now made possible by the use of the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner.

You are undoubtedly aware of the fact that the dust and dirt carried into your home, by air currents or otherwise, is full of disease germs, and that the majority of the known diseases result from germs which enter the system with the air we breathe.

Further, you must appreciate that every time you sweep you actually remove by this laborious method only the larger particles of dirt from the premises, and that you stir up the germ laden dust only to settle on the walls and furniture, and later to find its way back onto the floor through the accustomed dusting process.

But you need neither sweep nor dust when you use our Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner. It takes up the disease germs with the dust and dirt, and removes them forever from your home. The vacuum in the cleaner is so regulated as to thoroughly clean your carpets without injury to the fabrics.

The motor in our Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner is wound for Direct or Alternating Current, and operates from the ordinary lamp socket at an approximate cost of one cent per hour.

The best proof you can have of the thorough manner in which the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner will remove the dirt and dust from your home is with your own eyes, and we would be pleased to show it in actual operation in your own home.

For full particulars and prices address the Vacuum Department.

## CANADIAN PNEUMATIC TOOL CO., Limited

MANUFACTURERS

CANADIAN BRANCH CHICAGO PNEUMATIC TOOL COMPANY  
66 MCGILL STREET, MONTREAL

GEORGE J. SHEPPARD, MANAGER



MATTHEWS  
ROSE BRAND

"The Nearer the Bone  
The Sweeter the Meat"  
But "ROSE BRAND" Hams  
Are sweet right through.

Order of your dealer.

# Lea & Perrins'

## Sauce

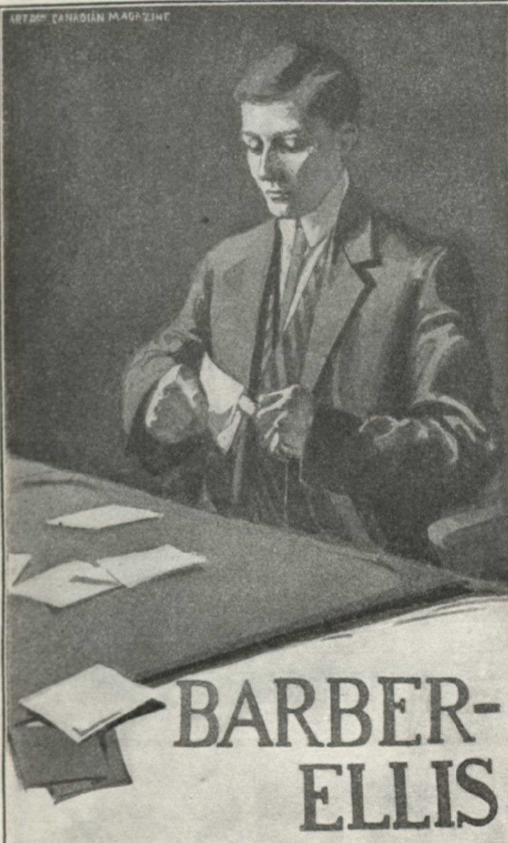
The Original and Genuine  
Worcestershire

For over 70 years, the world's favorite relish for  
soups, fish, game, fowl, chops and roasts.

Inimitable and incomparable.



J. M. DOUGLAS & CO.  
EST. 1857  
MONTREAL  
CANADIAN AGENTS



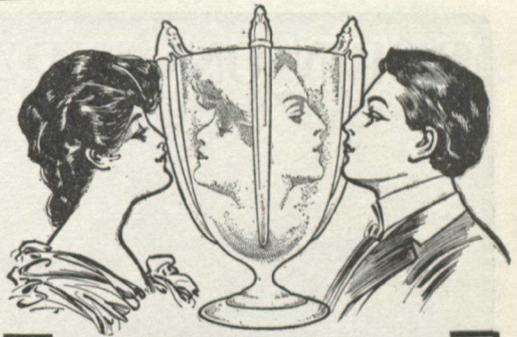
**BARBER-  
ELLIS**

*For business correspondence.*

*Ask your printer to show  
you these four grades of  
paper:*

*Danish bond, English  
bond, Hercules bond, Regal  
bond, white and colors.*

*Envelopes to match.*



**The Charm That Attracts**  
is Brilliancy, whether of mind or metal.  
Great Brilliancy of metal is easily and quickly  
obtained by using

**ELECTRO  
SILICON**

the famous Silver Polish. Over 40 years in  
household use. Unequalled for Cleaning  
and Polishing SILVERWARE. Perfectly  
harmless, never scratching or wearing.

It's the easy way; the pleasing way; the  
saving way. Isn't it the way worth trying?

**FREE SAMPLE**

mailed on receipt of address.  
Full Sized box, post-paid, 16 cts. in stamps.  
The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff St., New York.  
**Sold by Grocers and Druggists.**

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Agents, Montreal.

**A Sumptuous Illustrated Work  
Here and There in the Home Land**

England, Scotland and Ireland as seen by a Canadian. By  
Canniff Haight. With biographical introduction by E. B.  
Biggar. 261 illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth, Toronto, 1904  
We have pleasure in saying that Mr. Haight's book from  
the breadth of its knowledge, the accuracy of its information,  
the vigor and vivacity of its narrative, and the illumination  
which it throws on English history and English literature, is  
one of the very best books of its class with which we are ac-  
quainted. We cordially commend it to the favor of intelligent  
and patriotic readers.—W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor of Meth-  
odist Magazine. **\$1.50**

**HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO.**

446 Parliament St. - - - Toronto, Ont.

**STAMPS** Large and finest stock  
**British Colonials**  
for Stamp Collections.

6 Barbades 10c., 10 Jamaica 8c., 6 Mauritius 10c., 6 Trini-  
dad 9c., 5 Gold Coast 10c., 20 India 10c., 5 Bermuda 10c.,  
50 different 10c., 200 different \$1.50.

**STAMPS BOUGHT FOR CASH**

Canadians and British Colonials wanted, for which we pay  
the highest prices. Send samples and return postage.

**ROYAL ALBUM**

exclusively for British Colonials. Send for booklet.

**COLONIAL STAMP CO.** Established  
1882  
953 E. 53d Street, CHICAGO

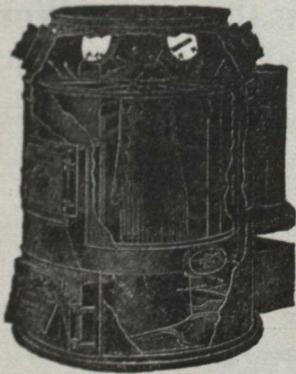


← FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS →

## Robinson's Patent Barley

¶ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ¶ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ¶ But insist on having ROBINSON'S

**FRANK MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL**



**The JAS. SMART MFG. CO.,**  
Limited  
**BROCKVILLE, ONT.**

Write for Illustrated Booklets, etc.

# The Kelsey

## WARM AIR

## GENERATOR

is THE LAST WORD in the methods of heating. It is an easy matter to make a fire and create heat, but to create the greatest amount of heat to use the least amount of fuel, to send the heat to its proper place in proper quantities is the problem that has been solved most effectively by

## The KELSEY

Churches, Schools, Halls, Dwellings, etc., can be heated by the Kelsey System with a supply of coal which with any other system would be wholly inadequate.

First, the sound principles of typewriter construction which gave world-wide appreciation to the

**Smith Premier**

**TO**

And Now, these same original features plus every improvement that twenty years of thought and study could suggest

**New Model 10**



The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Ltd.  
Syracuse, N.Y.

Interchangeable  
Platen & Carriages  
Visible writing  
Column finder  
Back Spacer and  
other features

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin No other cosmetic will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) — "As you ladies will use them,

I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

**GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER**

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

**GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE**

Removes superfluous Hair Price \$1.00 by Mail  
FRED. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., New York City

**Caribbean Fruit Lands**

are very productive. They produce larger net income than any fruit lands known, while their cost of operation is the smallest. We have them in lots to suit, at bed-rock prices. Delightful climate, excellent health conditions and a friendly people. A more charming place for a home cannot be imagined. Free booklets.

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**Typewriters**



At this season we have a clearance sale of rebuilt and slightly used typewriters. We have quite a number of Remingtons, Smith Premiers, Monarchs, L. C. Smiths, and others, at very low prices for quick disposal.

Write for particulars and prices.

**UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY, LIMITED**

ADELAIDE STREET EAST  
TORONTO

# PRINCE RUPERT

The Terminal Port of Canada's New Transcontinental Railway  
offers one of the best opportunities for investment in

## REAL ESTATE

Sale of Lots to take place in May

In order to secure the most desirable lots, an investor or his agent should have definite information regarding the situation and condition of such lots

In view of this fact we have prepared and have on file a detailed description of each and every lot on the townsite and can therefore act as agents to the best advantage for those who are unable to be present at the sale.

Correspondence invited from intending investors.

### PRINCE RUPERT AGENCIES

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P. O. Box 229, Prince Rupert, B. C.

B. W. BROWNE



**CARLINGS**

CELEBRATED  
ALE, PORTER  
and LAGER

NOTED FOR PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND  
UNIFORMITY



# SUNSHINE FURNACE

## THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WATER PAN

is not appreciated by many furnace manufacturers or the general public as much as it should be.

Without the moisture evaporated from the water in the pan, the hot air distributed throughout the house is dry and dusty. Cracks and opens up the furniture—it is not fit to breathe into the lungs.

Yet, mind you, some furnace makers place this important water-pan where there is not enough heat to evaporate the water. Put it out of sight in an awkward position at the side or back, where it cannot readily be filled without being removed—and when filled it would take a juggler to replace it without spilling a big share over himself.

Note the convenient location of the large water-pan of the Sunshine—just above the fuel door.



THE AWKWARD COMMON WAY



## THE EASY SUNSHINE METHOD

Takes but a moment or two to fill it.

It is placed right in the path of the hot air as it circulates around the dome of the furnace. It is impossible for any heated air to pass out of the registers before extracting its due share of moisture from the water-pan. That means you breathe healthful, clarified air, free from dust and dryness.

For the sake of your furniture, your own health and peace of mind, you should decide on the Sunshine.

If your local dealer does not handle the Sunshine, write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

# McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.

# Beauty and Solid Comfort



do not always go together. You get the combination in our brick fire places, which are artistic and give a room a very cosy appearance. All up-to-date houses have them. Buy a good Buff Milton Brick when you build your house.

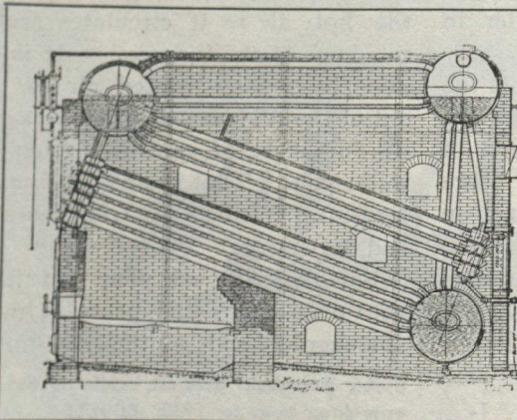
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## Milton Pressed Brick Company Limited

TORONTO OFFICE:  
75 YONGE STREET

WORKS AND OFFICE:  
MILTON - ONTARIO

# Robb-Mumford Water Tube Boiler



Free Expansion of Tubes

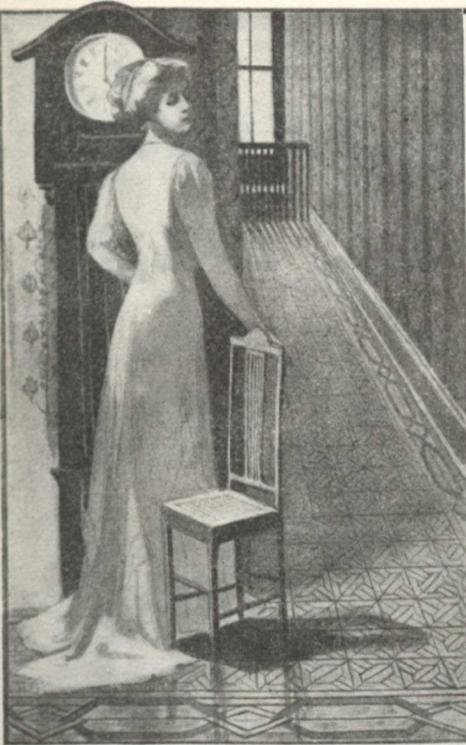
Perfect Water  
Circulation

Dry or Superheated  
Steam

Half the usual number  
of handholes

**ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited, AMHERST, N.S.**

District Offices: { Traders Bank Building, Toronto, William McKay, Manager  
Bell Telephone Building, Montreal, Watson Jack, Manager  
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in Drapery Materials are now the vogue. We have imported a number of reproductions of beautiful old designs in inexpensive fabrics which at once attract the discriminating buyer. Many of these match our artistic Wallpapers.

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LIMITED

79 King Street West, Toronto



**GANONG'S**  
G.B.  
CHOCOLATES

# GANONG'S

G.B.

CHOCOLATES

The latest and daintiest arrangement  
for Chocolates

## The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

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

35 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

GANONG BROS., Limited, St. Stephen, N.B.

# Special Value in Traveling Bags



The bag illustrated is wonderful value being made of the finest smooth grain leather, hand sewed edges, leather covered frames with brass lock and catches

**Leather Lined 14 inches long \$5.00**

“ “ 16 “ “ 5.75

“ “ 18 “ “ 6.50

**Linen Lined (as strong as leather)**

“ “ 14 inches long \$4.50

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Catalogue C contains 100 pages of our special traveling and leather goods. We pay Ontario Express Charges.

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**LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited**

105 King Street West, Toronto

# A New Place to Shoot and Fish

**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**



## Temagami

*Northern Ontario, Canada*

—a new territory now reached by rail—the country of the canoe, the camper's paradise.

Fish for black bass, speckled trout and lake trout—the gamiest fish that swim. Shoot moose, deer, bear, partridge and other game during the hunting season.

Bring your camera—the scenery is wild and magnificent.

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Royal Muskoka Hotel - Lake Rosseau

## THE ROYAL MUSKOKA HOTEL

Muskoka Lakes, Canada.

*"The Grandest Spot in all America."*

LAKES OF BLUE SET WITH ISLES OF EMERALD.

Amid miles of inland lakes are thousands of picturesque islands on which are located over 100 hotels and boarding houses, with prices ranging from \$5 to \$35 per week. The Lakes, 112 MILES FROM TORONTO, are reached by a magnificent train service on three lines, the Grand Trunk, Canadian Northern, and Canadian Pacific Railways. NINE SPLENDID TRAINS ARE RUN SOLID FROM TORONTO to Muskoka Wharf, Bala, Bala Park and Lake Joseph, where steamers carry passengers to their various destinations.

Get illustrated folder giving list of Hotels and other information. Muskoka Lakes Navigation & Hotel Co., Limited, Gravenhurst, Ontario.

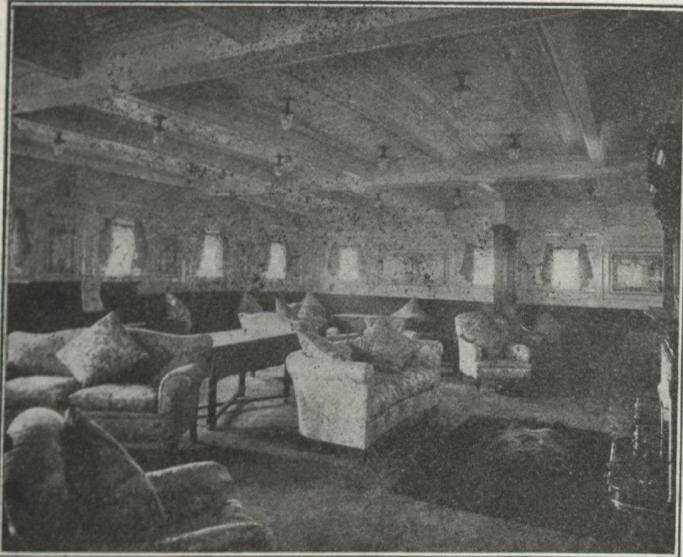


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MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

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MUSIC ROOM, S.S. VIRGINIAN

## The St. Lawrence Route

**Shortest, Smoothest, Most Picturesque**

**Four Days from Land to Land**

A boon to those desiring rest and recreation

The Magnificent Turbine Triple Screw Steamers

**VICTORIAN and VIRGINIAN**

Absolutely without noise, odour or vibration

New Twin Screw Steamers **CORSICAN, 11,000 tons, and TUNISIAN**

Moderate Rates    Polite Attention    Cuisine Unexcelled

## GLASGOW SERVICE

New Twin Screw Steamers **GRAMPIAN and HESPERIAN**

and One Class Cabin Steamers **IONIAN and PRETORIAN**

Send for Sailings and Rates

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will be the most healthful and inexpensive trip you can arrange. A country of scenic surprises, a wonderland of colour, purple crags, rushing torrents, beautiful bridges, quaint cities, unique attractions from the base to summit of the lofty Eternal Sun-lit, Snow-clad Alps.



LUXURIOUS  
RAIL  
TRAVEL

15  
DAYS  
\$8.64



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ENJOYABLE—EDUCATIONAL—ECONOMICAL

**THE RAILWAY LINES** of the Swiss Federal Railroad reach all resorts; the modern and comfortable style of mountain climbing. Luxurious travel service with every modern comfort and convenience carrying you anywhere and everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land at an average of \$1.09 per day first-class, 58c. third class and longer terms even less.

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*is more than ever  
attractive*

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle—"the Fair that will be Ready", will be a revelation to the Eastern visitor. This latest of World's Fairs exploits the resources of Alaska and the Pacific coast, presenting many novel and interesting features.

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Picture the wonderful journey! Your choice of rail or lake steamer to Fort William, on through the wheat and prairie empire of the west, and a day amidst the grandest mountain scenery in the world, passing the incomparable Rockies. Then from Vancouver to Seattle a fascinating water trip, by C.P.R. 19-knot steamer.

Every mile and every minute of the trip will be enjoyable on the Canadian Pacific short line. There is no finer train service or faster time, and the question of expense is simplified by the exceptionally low summer rates.



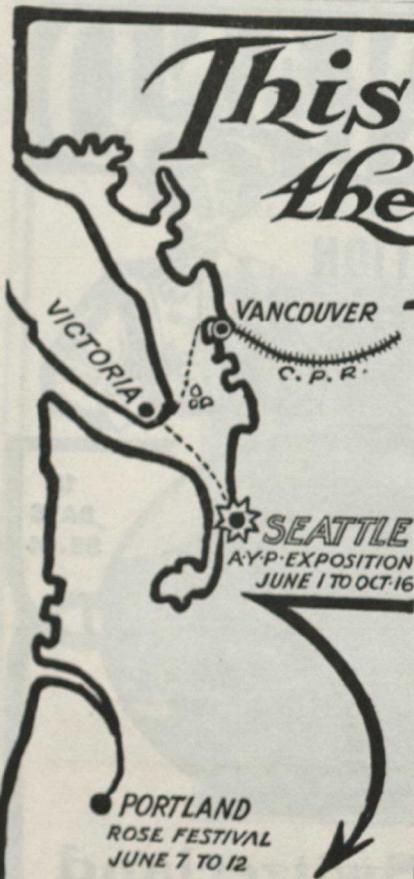
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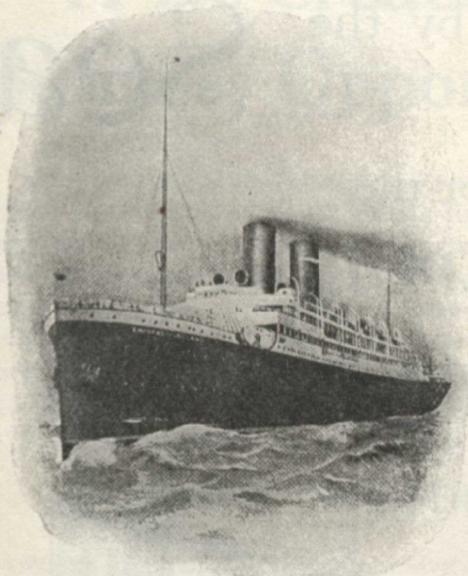
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The record for the fastest trip  
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one hour from dock to dock

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EMPRESS OF BRITAIN and EMPRESS OF IRELAND

# White Star-Dominion Line

WEEKLY SAILINGS ST. LAWRENCE SEASON

From MONTREAL and QUEBEC to LIVERPOOL

FLEET FOR SEASON 1909

The new steamers S. S. "LAURENTIC," of 15,340 tons, triple screw, combination of turbine and reciprocal engines, also the S. S. "MEGANTIC," twin screw, 15,000 tons. Largest and finest steamers in the St. Lawrence, with accommodation for First, Second and Third Class passengers. The S. S. "CANADA" will also be operated, with accommodation for three classes of passengers.

### Moderate Rate Service—One Class Cabin (called Second Class)

To meet the growing demand especially from those engaged in educational work, it has been decided to continue the One Class Cabin Service. The S. S. "DOMINION" and the S. S. "OTTAWA" have been placed on this service, and will meet the demands of those who desire the best that the steamer affords at a moderate rate.

For all information apply to Local Agents or Company's Offices.

MONTREAL, 118 Notre Dame St. West. TORONTO, 41 King St. East. WINNIPEG, 205 McDermot Ave.

Ideal  
Summer  
Holidays

by the  
.....**Sea**

for the  
**Family**



in  
Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia,  
Prince Edward Island

*Write General Passenger Dept., Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B., for*

**“Tours to Summer Haunts”**

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The commercial opportunities opened up by the Canadian Northern Railway System are unequalled in the British Empire. In 1897 the Canadian Northern operated 100 miles of railway. It now controls 5,000 miles in the most promising parts of the country. Hundreds of new townsites have been created west of Lake Superior and many new enterprises have been made practicable in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. All these newly developed territories are bristling with business opportunities for the enterprising and they are clearly described from the commercial viewpoint in the new edition of the publication—

## A MILE A DAY FOR TWELVE YEARS

a copy of which is free for the asking from the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Head Offices, Toronto.

### *The* "Killarney of America"

The Land of Mountain and Lake—1,000 feet above sea level.

### *The Lake of Bays* "Highlands of Ontario," Canada

The ideal country for camp and canoe—unsurpassed fishing and water trips. If you don't want to camp there are fine hotel accommodations at reasonable rates—and modern steamboat service all through the lakes. Send for the handsome booklet which tells you about this magic land. Free on application.

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**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**



# Cowan's "Perfection" Cocoa

is the perfect food drink for children. Highly nutritious—easily digested—delicious and economical.

The Cowan Co., Limited, Toronto



## Chateau Brand Baked Beans Are Rich In Nourishment

A tin of Chateau Brand Baked Beans, sufficient for persons, costs 20c.

Eighty-four per cent of this is straight nourishment.

To obtain the same amount of nourishment from beef, would cost three times as much.

Nothing offers a more delicious or appetizing meal than a tin of Chateau brand baked beans, either plain or with tomato sauce.

Don't judge baked beans by the home-made kind or by other brands of Pork & Beans.

You've got to eat CHATEAU BRAND Baked Beans to know what a delicacy beans are when properly prepared.

In the cooking of Chateau Brand Baked Beans all the particles of the bean are broken up by the extreme and even heat to which they are subjected in our Clark process ovens.

This makes them mealy and extremely digestible.

A good sized savory slice of choice young pork is found in every tin.

Follow the special recipes which will be found on the labels.

Prices 10, 15 and 20c.

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COLORS.**

No true artist ever risks a  
poor color on a picture.  
He buys only  
**Winsor & Newton's**  
Oil and Water Colors  
because he knows they are the  
standard throughout the world.  
They are not dear.  
For sale at all Art Stores.

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THE SECRET  
OF THE  
ENDURING SUCCESS OF

**MURRAY &  
LANMAN'S  
FLORIDA WATER**

IS EXPLAINED IN THIS SCRAP  
FROM THE LETTER  
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own, readily recognized,  
but which baffles descrip-  
tion as it appears to baffle  
your countless imitators.  
I find it in no other  
perfume.-----*

**THE SWEETEST AND MOST  
REFRESHING PERFUME FOR THE  
HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.**



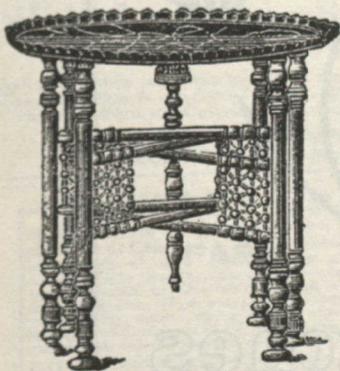
**IF  
I WERE  
A QUEEN**

I would eat gelatine,  
And I'd order it home  
by the car lot,  
By the Cross of St.  
George,  
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge  
Of the kind that they call

**"LADY CHARLOTTE"**

## ARTISTIC WEDDING GIFTS

Break away from the overdone practice of giving cut glass and silverware for wedding presents. At every wedding there is such a lot of this kind given the bride usually does not know what to do with half of it. Give something unique—something that others are not likely to give, and which will reflect the good taste of the giver and be useful in the bride's home. Ideal presents of that kind are



Carved and Inlaid Cairo Tea Tray  
and Stand.  
\$12.00 to \$25.00 the Set.

### ORIENTAL BRASSWARE

### ORIENTAL RUGS

We have the largest collection of brassware in Canada, and our rugs are known all over the country for rarity of design and color. Prices cannot be equalled in any other store in America.



Damascus Old Jug.  
\$1.00 to \$6.00.

**COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.**  
40 King Street East, Toronto, Opposite King Edward Hotel



# Vapo-Cresolene

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

**for Whooping Cough  
Croup, Sore Throat  
Coughs, Bronchitis  
Colds, Diphtheria  
Catarrh.**

"Used while you sleep."

**Vaporized Cresolene** stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

**Cresolene** is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

**Cresolene's** best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

**For Sale By All Druggists.**

*Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.*

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

**THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York**

Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.



## Newcombe Pianos

**Built for Music and Built to Endure**

Awarded Medals and Awards at many international expositions, including Paris, Chicago, London, England, Jamestown, etc.

**"The Finest made in Canada."**

Write for Catalogue of designs and prices.

**The Newcombe Piano Co., Limited,  
129 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto**

New City Warerooms: 7 & 7½ Queen St., East, Toronto

**3**  
**SURE**  
**SCRATCHERS**

**Eddy's Matches**  
The Most Perfect Matches You Ever Struck.  
"Always Everywhere in Canada ask for Eddy's Matches"



Recreation is essential to every Professional and Business man.

Few things will divert the mind from daily cares more quickly than Music.

There is no method by which one can more readily or effectively produce the best of Music than by using that charming instrument

# The Autonola

It is the modern Playerpiano. Anyone can play it. Everyone who uses it appreciates the simplicity with which it can be operated. A handsome instrument.

Send for free Booklet C to the makers.



The BELL PIANO & ORGAN CO., LIMITED  
 TORONTO LONDON, ENG. OTTAWA

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Established Thirty-one Years.

For the exclusive treatment of cancer and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths (except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs, and the thoracic cavity),

**With the Escharotic Method**  
 (without resorting to surgical procedure).

Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. This institution is conducted upon a strictly ethical basis. Complete information given upon request. Address,

**WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.**  
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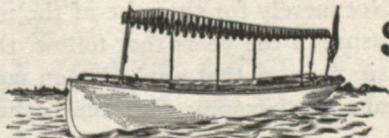


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beautiful 32-page Art Catalogue showing Gems in actual colors and sizes, for 10 cents to cover cost of mailing. Send to-day.

Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. CL5, Mesilla Park, N.M.



**\$75<sup>00</sup> up**

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and a perfect record for reliable performance and superior build is behind Pierce Motors. They are all that good motors should be. Equally dependable are

### PIERCE Motor Boats

—noiseless, speedy, safe and strong. We guarantee them to give full satisfaction and will repair or furnish to replace free within 5 years from date of purchase any part that should prove defective.

Write for Book showing different sizes, prices, etc., and telling about Pierce supremacy. Don't buy a Motor Boat or Motor till you hear from the pioneer builders of Gasoline Motors.

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To every out-door hobby, to every delight of nature, to the very Spirit of Spring itself, there is an added charm for those who

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KODAKS, \$5.00 to \$100.00.

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OGILVIE'S  
"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD"

The  
World's Best  
Bread and Pastry Flour

SOLD BY ALL LEADING GROCERS.

**Over 20 Million cups  
of CHASE & SANBORN'S  
SEAL BRAND COFFEE  
were drunk in Canada  
during last year.**

**Why!**

**In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.**

98



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**PURE  
Orange  
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The tonic qualities of good Orange Marmalade is recognized by the best physicians. Insist on having UPTON'S.

**"It's Pure  
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# Old Dutch Glass

Some exquisite designs mounted in Royal Copper, Brass and Gun Metal.

**ELECTROLIERS and SHADES**



**WILLIAM JUNOR**

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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 Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial Number 1098.

## TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH

This standard Canadian Dentifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aroma of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—Harmless and efficient.

At all druggists, 25c.

## The VACUUM + MASSAGE

ITS DELIGHTFUL APPLICATION DRAWS THE IMPURITIES OUT OF THE SKIN.

Brings the rosy hue of health to pale cheeks. Prevents and removes wrinkles, black-heads, eruptions, etc. Makes the skin soft, clear, smooth, and white. For men it is the companion to the safety razor. Indispensable for barbers. This instrument is finely finished and indestructible. Price in case \$3.00.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED. DEMONSTRATORS WANTED IN EVERY CITY.

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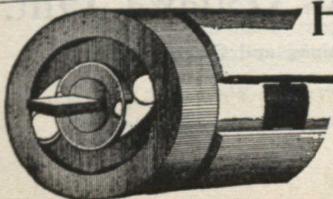
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**PEDLAR People of Oshawa**  
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**Taught Any Man or Boy** by Mail at Home. This is no special gift as you have supposed, but an art. I have taught thousands in all parts of the world. Cost small. Send today, 2-cent stamp for particulars and proofs.

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# Hartshorn Shade Rollers

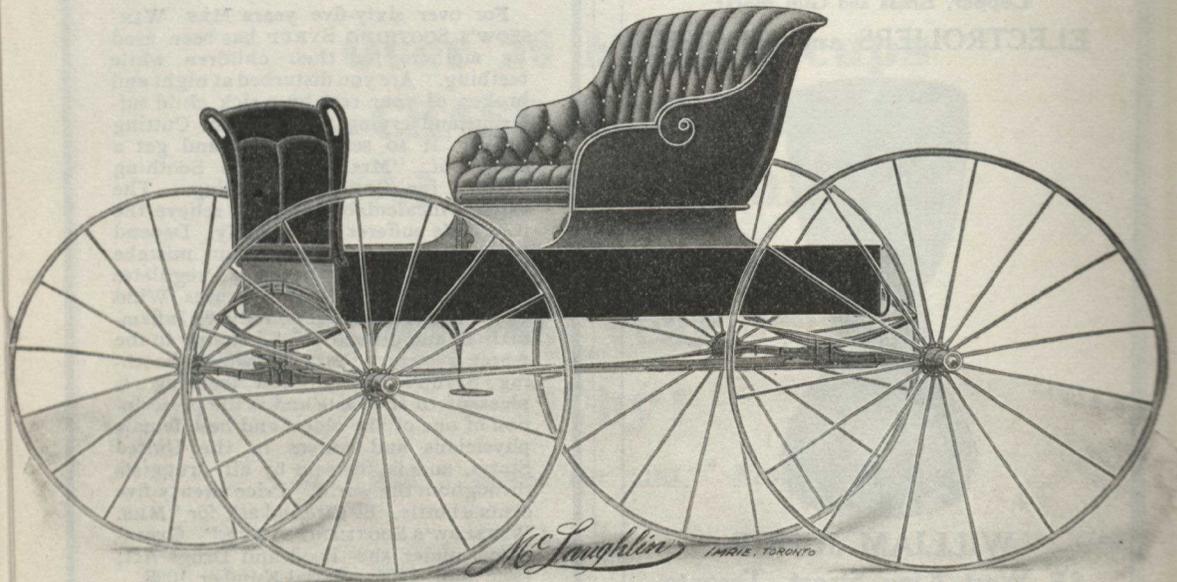
Wood Rollers  
Tin Rollers

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label for your protection. Get "Improved," no tacks required.

*Stewart Hartshorn*



# McLAUGHLIN VEHICLES



No. 466. Westboro Road Wagon

This Plate illustrates one of our New Models for 1909.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGES ARE EQUIPPED with A Standard wheels; solid drop forged fifth wheels and perch ends; number one hand buffed leather trimmings with genuine leather welting; heavy frame solid foot dashes; English cast steel springs; second growth XXX hickory shafts, spring bars, axle beds, reaches and head blocks; McLAUGHLIN PATENTED, NOISELESS, LIGHT DRAFT BRASS AND RUBBER WASHERS.

ONE GRADE ONLY AND THAT THE BEST—Our motto for forty years.

McLAUGHLIN QUALITY represents HIGHEST QUALITY and remember that quality remains long after price is forgotten.

Our new Toronto warerooms, corner Church and Richmond streets, will be opened about April 15th, and we will be pleased to meet with our customers there and show them the merits of our line of carriages and automobiles.

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McLaughlin Carriage Co., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

Branches: St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and Calgary  
CATALOGUE SENT ON APPLICATION

**A Record:** We have sold more RUSSELL Automobiles in the past seven months than during the previous twelve months combined.

**Why?** Because the RUSSELL is the best built car for Canadian roads; because our factory is here backing up its product and its real guarantee; because we have the most complete system of branches and agencies in the country.

If you drive a

# Russell

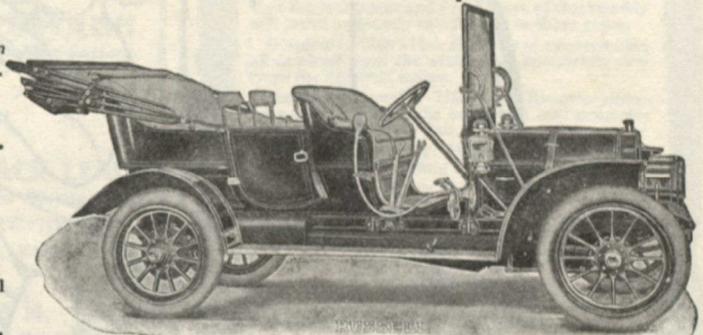
you are never out of touch with the makers of your car. If anything needs attention, you can get it quickly, no matter where you are. No importing expense—no customs delay.

*Our catalogues showing cars from \$1,500 to \$4,500 sent upon request. Write us.*

**Canada Cycle & Motor Co.**  
LIMITED  
West Toronto

Makers of High Grade Automobiles

Branches:  
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**Tudhope-McIntyre** Complete with solid rubber tires, horn, wheel  
**Motor Carriage \$550** steer and 3 lamps.

This \$550 "Tudhope-McIntyre" is just what most men have always wanted—a Motor Carriage that will make 25 miles an hour if necessary—that is practically trouble-proof—and is far cheaper than a horse and carriage.

There are no tire-troubles with Model H H. Tires are solid rubber—can't puncture—rocks, ice, etc. have no terrors for them.

With these tires, high wheels



and the 12 horse power motor, this carriage will go anywhere that a horse can.

Fitted with Chapman's Double Ball Bearing Axles, that Run a year with one oiling.

For down-right economy, Tudhope-McIntyre Model H H is a wonder. Hundreds of road tests have proven that this \$550 Motor Carriage will run 30 miles on one gallon of Gasoline. 15 models from \$550 to \$1000.

### Dealers, and Others

who can handle a reasonable number of these cars, should write us at once for terms and territory. 1

THE TUDHOPE-MCINTYRE CO.,

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You have tried other soaps—but you've failed to get the same complete satisfaction that "Baby's Own" gives you.

Pay what you will—you cannot get a purer, more refined or better soap than "Baby's Own."

Baby's Own Soap is made from the finest vegetable oils—possessing a natural fragrance. When washing these fragrant oils are absorbed by the skin and preserve its soft delicate texture.

Your skin will improve greatly under Baby's Own Soap. Do not accept substitutes.

# Baby's Own Soap

*Best for Baby—Best for You*

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# Oakey's

**SILVERSMITHS' SOAP**  
For Cleaning Plate

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Glass Paper, Flint Paper

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**"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH**  
Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

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**"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD**  
Best for Stoves, etc.

**Oakey's Goods Sold Everywhere.**

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REPRESENTATIVE IN CANADA

**JOHN FORMAN,**

644 Craig Street, MONTREAL.



**Hall's**  
Vegetable Sicilian  
**Hair Renewer**

**Falling Hair.** Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs that produce this trouble. We certainly believe that the intelligent and faithful use of this remedy will prove eminently satisfactory in these cases.

**Dandruff.** Hall's Hair Renewer at once removes all dandruff from the scalp, and completely destroys the dandruff germs.

**Promotes Growth.** Hall's Hair Renewer stimulates and nourishes the hair-bulbs and promotes a luxuriant growth of hair.

**A Splendid Dressing.** Hall's Hair Renewer does not interfere with curling or waving the hair.

**Your Doctor.** Show the "ingredients" to your family physician. He is acquainted with each one, hence can give you a valuable opinion concerning their use for falling hair, dandruff, etc.

R. P. HALL & Co., Nashua, N. H.

**Ingredients.** Glycerin, Capsicum, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Water, Perfume.

**Does not Change the Color of the Hair**

## SHE DID NOT KNOW

A lady said to the writer the other day that "she did not know there could be such a difference in teas until she tried Red Rose Tea."

The difference is that Red Rose Tea is a blended tea, carefully selected by the Red Rose Tea expert tea testers who have made a life study of teas and who select the choicest teas from hill-grown plants that have matured slowly, so you can easily see why it has such a delightfully fragrant flavor.

You won't be satisfied with the tea you are using when you try **RED ROSE TEA.**

**YOUR GROCER WILL BE PLEASED  
TO SEND YOU A PACKAGE**



Every Home May Have a



## New Scale Williams PIANO

You want a piano.  
You enjoy music.  
You think the children  
should learn to play. And  
yet—you hesitate to put  
out so much money all  
at once.

We will make it very, very easy  
for you to buy a New Scale  
Williams Piano. Our system of  
Partial Payments will be arranged  
to suit your convenience. The  
piano you select will be delivered  
after the first payment and you  
will have the use of it all the time  
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This method enables you to own  
the finest piano in Canada—one  
of the world's standard instruments  
—and still have it cost you no  
more than you would pay for  
renting one.

There is no question as to the  
supremacy of the "New Scale  
Williams." The greatest artists  
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section of the country, show  
their preference by installing  
the "New Scale Williams."

Write us. We will send you, free  
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Piano—and also explain our  
Easy Purchase Plan. Cut  
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Oshawa,  
Ont.

Please send me free of all cost, booklets describ-  
ing the New Scale Williams Piano and  
special easy purchase plan.

Name.....  
Address.....

TOM

## In Selecting Your Underwear for Summer Do You Consider the REAL Needs of Your Body?

☐ Nature clothes animals with wool (hair or fur) in hot as well as cold climates—never with cotton or linen.

☐ Cotton and linen, when damp do not dry as quickly as wool—and being plant fibres they absorb Carbon Dioxide (a deadly poison) and other noxious substances.

☐ Why wear either linen or cotton?—both which are uncleanly, uncomfortable, oppressive and harmful in hot weather."

☐ Wool is the **only covering** for human beings which approaches nature's covering for animals.

☐ If you have worn wool for any outdoor sports—you know that skin moisture, is readily evaporated, and that the skin is not chilled as with linen or cotton.

☐ Woollen underwear, shirts and clothing keep the skin pores working freely, removing the feeling of oppressive heat, all fear of chills, and giving a lightness and freedom unknown to those who have not tried it.

☐ The Jaeger System provides absolutely pure undyed woollen underwear of gauze texture; and the smartest and most up-to-date styles in shirtings for men, who value their health and comfort during business hours in the hot weather. Also—Golf Coats, Coat Sweaters, Rugs, Socks, Stockings, etc.

☐ The needs of Ladies and Children are equally well provided for. We shall be pleased to mail catalogue or to show the goods at our own store. Sold by best dealers throughout Canada. Look for the Jaeger trademark.



## Dr. Jaeger's Co.

Limited

316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal  
10 Adelaide St. W., - Toronto  
Steele Block, Portage Av., Winnipeg



# Gourlay Pianos

## Their Character and Their Reputation

THE reputation of the *Gourlay Piano* is due entirely to the character of the *Gourlay Piano* as at present manufactured—not to the character of instruments made twenty-five years or more ago.

Character is necessary to the upbuilding of a reputation. The *Gourlay* reputation is in the upbuilding, therefore the character must be beyond question. This is the buyer's safeguard and assurance of permanent satisfaction with a *Gourlay*.

Why purchase a piano relying upon a reputation due to the labor and skill of a former generation when the character or the instrument to be purchased is wholly dependent upon the labor and ability of the present?

Musicians and music-lovers in every part of Canada have voiced their appreciation of the character of *Gourlay Pianos*—hence their reputation earned in six year as

CANADA'S MOST NEARLY PERFECT PIANOS

Booklet No. 6 tells of this appreciation. Write for it

**GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING,**

188 Yonge Street, Toronto

# A Club Cocktail

is always

## A Better Cocktail

than any made-by-guess-work drink can ever be. CLUB COCKTAILS are *mixed-to-measure*, delicious, fragrant, appetizing and always ready to serve.



*Martini (gin base)  
and Manhattan  
(whiskey base) are  
the most popular.*

Get a bottle  
from your dealer

G·F·HEUBLEIN & BRO  
HARTFORD LONDON  
NEW YORK



## On Choosing Wall-Papers for Cheerful Effect

**M**ANY good People select Wall-papers as they select dress-goods. They choose certain Colorings because such are their favorites or the favorites of individual members of the family.

They lose sight of the fact that Wall-covering should be selected solely with regard to its *Influence* upon those who must constantly "*live with*" it.

Many a Wall-paper that promised well in the roll, and was purchased on impulse, has become a horror to the sick person who must lie in bed and look at it day after day before him.

\*\*\*

"No influence upon life is so potent as harmonious surroundings."

"The paper of a room in which we live has a silent but irresistible influence upon us."

And,—three-fourths of what meets the eye in a room is the design and color of its Wall-paper.

That Wall-paper therefore supplies to the room its atmosphere of Cheerfulness and Restfulness, or of Depression and Irritability.

People who live in constant association with clamorous Colors, gaudy "Gold-papers," poor pictures, and tawdry ornament, suffer a *depreciation* from it as surely they would from a continuous mental diet of silly, ungrammatical reading, yellow-backed-novel, and piffle.

\*\*\*

Now, many people live in undesirable surroundings without knowing exactly *what* selections should be made, and *what* rules of Color to follow, in order to improve them.

A little book by Walter Reade Brightling, just published, points the way in an interesting manner.

Its title is "Wall-paper Influence on the Home."

It is well worth a dollar at a book store but issold by your wall paper dealer, at 25 cents, or mailed at same price by the publishers, who are the Watson-Foster Co., Ltd., Ontario St., East, Montreal.

# At Forty Six



At forty-six your stomach begins to "talk back" to you—sometimes before you are forty-six—sometimes later. It will not always stand bad treatment without vigorous protest. If you are wise you will heed its warning before it is too late.

Stomach Comfort and Stomach Satisfaction come from eating

## SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

the steam-cooked wheat, drawn into filmy, porous shreds and twice baked in the cleanest, finest bakery in the world—a food for children and grown-ups, for invalids and athletes, for the toiler with hand or brain. Better than mushy porridges—crisp, nourishing, easily digested.

When you get tired of the same old breakfast every morning, try this for a change: Heat one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; cover with sliced pineapples and serve with milk or cream and sugar. The Biscuit is equally wholesome and nutritious with baked apple, peaches, berries or other fruit. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer eaten as a Toast with butter, cheese or marmalades.

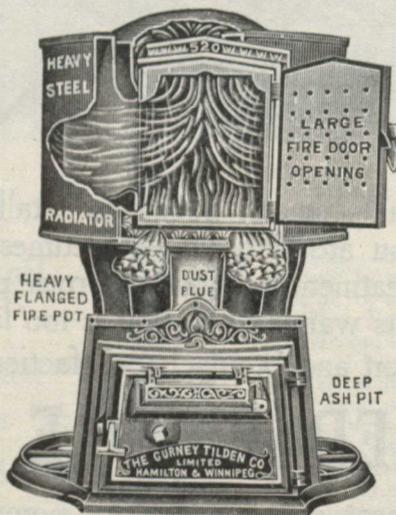
THE ONLY "BREAKFAST CEREAL" MADE IN BISCUIT FORM

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Limited - - Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

1507

# NEW IDEA FURNACES



## NEW IDEA GRATE

NO SIFTING  
OF ASHES



SHAKING.

DUMPING

**BOTH SHAKES AND DUMPS**

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUES.

SEND SIZE OF HOUSE

IF YOU WISH ESTIMATE OF

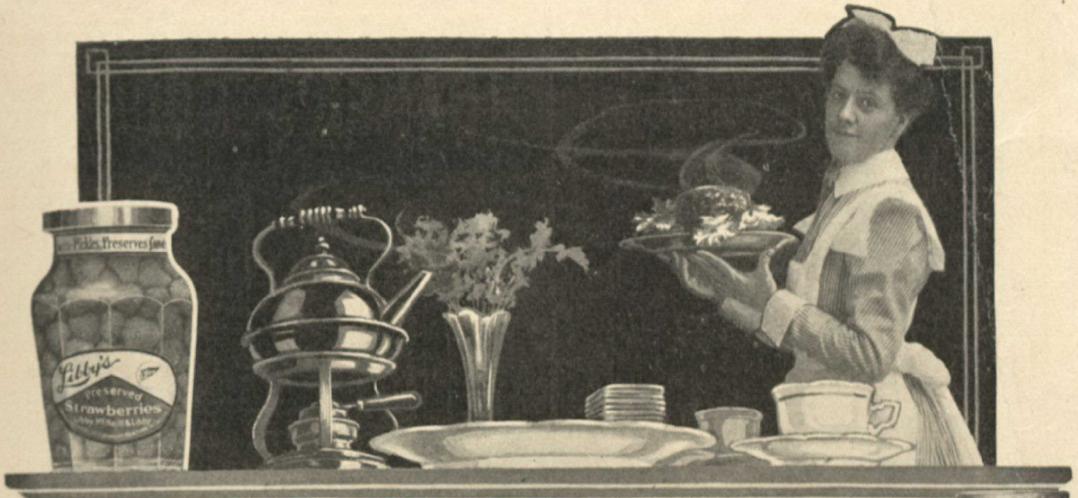
**COST OF FURNACE**

INSTALLED READY FOR USE

**THE GURNEY TILDEN Co.**

HAMILTON LIMITED MONTREAL

WINNIPEG. DEPT D VANCOUVER.



You will like Libby's Products better after a visit to their great white enamel kitchen, the largest in the world, where Libby's Food Products are prepared.

## 112,253 Visitors During 1908

More than a total population of cities like Grand Rapids, Hartford or Memphis, were conducted through Libby's by uniformed guides, and each Visitor came away with a new idea of the Libby system, which makes perfect cleanliness possible, and of the high quality of ingredients used in Libby's Food Products.



### A Cordial Invitation

We believe that if you would personally visit these great, interesting kitchens, see the white enameled equipment, clean tables and the neat Libby maids preparing the product, that you would insist upon having *Libby's* and none other. We invite you to come and see us, and assure you a cordial welcome and a pleasant and profitable visit.

### Libby's Preserved Strawberries

### Libby's Sweet Pickles

### Libby's Salad Dressing

are just the things for this time of year. They are absolutely pure, taste just right and will add to the pleasure of any meal.

*Your grocer has Libby's, and it is wise to keep a supply in the house.*

**Libby, McNeill & Libby,  
Chicago, Ill.**



and loss? True repentance is the ceasing to repeat these indulgences. An opportunity to redeem your ill-advised investments is now presented to you. Fifty Thousand Dollars of a \$500,000 authorized Stock issue, paying 6% per annum, payable half yearly, is open for subscription in one or more share lots. Chartered 1892. This chance will not be long available. Write to-day for Sixteenth Annual Balance Sheet. **PEOPLE'S BUILDING & LOAN ASSN., London, Ont.**

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Advantages  
in Being  
Well.**

Ten days' change from  
coffee to well-made

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will tell its own tale—

**"There's a Reason."**

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HIGHEST  
AWARDS  
IN  
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AMERICA**

**A perfect food, preserves  
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The trade mark guarantees satisfaction or your money back.

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**Indelible and Harmless  
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Try it once and you will  
use no other**

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**ALABASTINE**  
More durable and cheaper than wall paper. More sanitary and durable, too. Doesn't decay or peel off. 5 lb. package 50c. at hardware stores.