

PAGES

MISSING

THE
NATIONAL MONTHLY

OF CANADA.

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1903

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

VOL. II

TORONTO, MARCH, 1903

No. 3

CURRENT COMMENTS

Getting Our Eyes Open

THE people who know most about a place are its own citizens, and of no place is this truer than of Western Canada. THE NATIONAL MONTHLY recently had the privilege of an interview with a business man from the Territory of Assiniboia, who was returning from a tour of the Western States and some of the American cities. He was a man filled with what we call the "Spirit of the West," and he said that he was going home with a greater faith than ever in his own country. But his American trip had been an eye-opener. Twenty years before he had gone over the same ground, and the object of his recent visit was to see what progress had been made in the meantime. In some districts of Dakota, Nebraska, and other western states, where twenty years ago he had seen only desert plains or straggling settlements, there were now thriving towns and cities, and the prairies had been converted into the best of farm-lands. The American West, he said, was full of the marks of progress. But he believed that the Canadian West was even better country, and that its only need was to adopt the same methods that had been so successful on the other side.

What our politicians ought to do, he said, was to make such a tour as he had,

and then to study the needs of Canada by actual comparison—to see what others had done, and then to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with our own country. The West was already waking up. The two things it wanted most were railways and immigration. The best class of immigrants to be had were the men who came over from the United States, for even when these were of foreign descent they had already had experience which fitted them to become Canadian citizens at once. There is no danger, our informant said, of Western Canada becoming "Americanized;" the people who come over come with the intention of being citizens, and in many cases that he had known personally they had expressed themselves as delighted not only with the resources of the country, but with the excellence of our Canadian laws and system of government.

The greatness of the country was something that no one who had not seen it could realize. Politicians who stayed at home had no conception of it, and therefore an intelligent study of conditions on the spot was almost essential. The Canadian West had the makings of a great country, but its future would never be worked out as it should be, unless a wide-awake policy such as our American neighbors had followed were applied there too.

The country is there, but the people must be brought in to settle it and the railroads must be built to give them business accommodation.

There can be no doubt that in all this there is much sound sense. It is the opinion of a man who knows from experience and observation, and is worthy of the attention both of our capitalists and our statesmen. Canadians must get their eyes open.

A New Transcontinental Railway

A PROPOSITION first made some years ago has within the last year been revived, and is now taking definite form. It is the construction of a third great system of railways across the continent, and at the approaching session of Parliament this will be one of the most important matters under discussion. The new scheme bears the name of the Trans-Canada Railway, and the proposed route is from Chicoutimi, in the Province of Quebec, through Northern Quebec and Ontario, north of Lake Winnipeg, and through the Territories to a terminus near Port Simpson, on the British Columbia coast, the entire length being about 2,700 miles. The road will pass through the very best of wheat-growing country, and excellent timber limits and mineral deposits will also be opened up.

The promoters of this enterprise are confident of success. An active campaign to interest the public both in the West and the East, has been carried on for some time past, and the fact that Canada greatly needs increased railway facilities makes such an agitation the more likely of public favor. But the Canadian public are not in favor of granting to railway companies such extensive privileges as they have had in former years. It is probable that the proposition to give this new transcontinental enterprise a bonus and land grant will be vigorously opposed, the general sentiment seeming to be rather in favor of the Government taking a number of shares in the stock-list of the company,

thus showing its interest as an investor and not as a benefactor. The day of subsidies is past, say many of the leading papers and politicians; railways should be built and managed on a strictly business basis.

Canada's prospects for more railways are good. The Canadian Northern is already building, the Trans-Canada is asking for rights, and the Grand Trunk has plans for extending its line to the Coast. For a portion of the distance the latter will, according to the plans so far announced, cover the same ground as the Trans-Canada, and it is an open question whether the northern territories are yet ready for two new roads so close together; but this will be a matter for the legislators to decide in Parliament. In any case, it means much for Canada's industrial development that direct communication be opened up between the St. Lawrence and the western wheat belt.

Canada's Supply of Water Power

THE many uses to which electricity has been applied of late years have wakened Canadian people to the immense value of natural water power. It was thought not very long ago that a mill operated by water-power was an old-fashioned institution, and that steam represented the greatest modern progress. But with the discovery of the practical value of electric force has come also the discovery that the natural water powers which abound throughout the country, are both the cheapest and the most efficient motive supplies. Nowadays the water-falls give the power, and electricity conveys that power over miles of wires to the manufactories at half the cost of steam. The electric motor was the solution of the problem; it is no longer necessary for each manufacturer to have his own engine or his own water-power.

It may be taken as a sign of the times that there is this winter more discussion of the water-power question than perhaps of any other mat-

ter of public interest. The various developments being made at Niagara Falls have started the ball rolling, and now almost every town in Canada is examining its available supplies of water-power. At Niagara three companies are in the field, the last being a combination of large power-using interests in Toronto. It is proposed to carry the power generated at the Falls to a number of places within one hundred miles, and Toronto, Brantford, Guelph, Galt, and other towns are deeply concerned in the success of the new enterprises. What has been done on the American side, where, for instance, Buffalo is almost entirely supplied from Niagara, shows what can be done equally well on the Canadian side.

But although it is the greatest, Niagara is not the only water-power in Canada. Other cities too far away to be directly interested in its development, have water-powers of their own, which are also being rapidly turned to account. Only a few weeks ago power was sent into Montreal from Shawnigan Falls; Quebec City's street car system is operated by power from Montmorency Falls; in Hamilton the street cars are run by power from Decew Falls, along the Welland Canal; Ottawa is planning to develop the Chaudiere Falls more extensively, while in Winnipeg there is said to be illimitable power awaiting development in the Winnipeg River. Thus there is within reach of nearly all the large Canadian cities a natural supply of power, which in the near future will be of incalculable value. The exploitation of these water-powers will mean the establishment of great numbers of manufactories, and it goes without saying that the granting of franchises and their regulation by Government is a matter of immense importance.

The Wonders of To-Morrow

IN these days of progress it is not a wise policy to be skeptical of any great movement. Men who have ridiculed various enterprises as utterly impossible

have been so often proved mistaken that the most rational attitude on the part of any one is at least a willingness to await developments. This is as true of our great industrial enterprises as it is of science.

In this connection, some words of Thomas A. Edison, himself one of the greatest discoverers, are of practical interest, as showing the safest attitude toward new projects. Speaking of the only partial success which had at that time attended the experiments in wireless telegraphy, he said: "It takes years to work those things out in their details, but it will be done, you may be assured. . . . To-morrow some fellow may have discovered some other little fact, some little things that will lead to a whole train of things that nobody can see now. We discover those things one at a time. No man knows more than the millionth part of one per cent. of what there is to know. A tiny little thing that the discoverer can see no use for starts the practical men to work, and soon they have found a practical application for it."

Canada's Trade

THE last annual report of the Department of Trade and Commerce gives some figures that must be a source of gratification to every Canadian. As an evidence of Canada's prosperity there can be nothing more definite than the fact that in the last fiscal year the trade of the Dominion increased over the previous year something more than thirty-seven million dollars. As compared with seven years ago, the total trade has increased very nearly one hundred per cent.

While these facts are very gratifying, there is still further reason for satisfaction in the fact that, as regards percentage increases, Canada leads the procession. That is to say, that of all the countries in the world showing an increase of trade during the past seven years, Canada's percentage is the highest, Japan being second. While we have yet a long way to go before we approach the aggregate trade of

older and larger countries, we may congratulate ourselves that proportionately our growth is greater than any.

A large amount of this trade comes, of course, from the West, where growth and expansion are the rule at all times. The total value of the agricultural products of Manitoba last year was \$50,000,000, and this amount was produced by 41,000 farmers—a remarkable showing for one province.

To Make Our Cities Better

A MOVEMENT is on foot to beautify the cities and towns throughout Canada, the plan being first to awaken a public interest in such improvements, and then to organize locally under the auspices of civic or municipal governing bodies. One of the most important features of this improvement work will be the laying out, and care of public parks and squares. Individual property-holders will be asked to show their interest by improving their private gardens and street-fronts, where necessary, and as a body the local improvement league will concern itself with such matters as unsightly telegraph poles, broken fences, bad roads, and poor scavenging. In all these respects, by awakening a public and private pride in the good appearance of the place, it is expected that much can be done to make even the best of our cities look cleaner and better. In Hamilton, in some districts where such improvement has been carried on, property has been enhanced twenty-five per cent., while in Ottawa, where there is a very active improvement league, a great deal has been accomplished by public addresses, garden competitions, and the force of individual example.

One very important result of such improvements is that not only are our cities made to look better by having more trees, prettier parks, and cleaner streets, but a stimulus is given for cleaner civic government. Pride in external appearance leads in such cases to a desire for sound government.

A Canadian League of Civic Improvement was organized last month at a convention held in Toronto. It has representatives in various parts of Ontario, and strong efforts will be made to enlist the co-operation of the public.

A Demand for Rural Mail Delivery

A NOTHER evidence of the people's awakening is the present agitation for a system of mail delivery in rural districts. In the average country settlement in Canada the post office facilities are not of the best—a great deal better than fifty years ago, it is true, but not in keeping with the progress of the present day. The farmer is obliged to go several miles, in some cases, to the nearest post office, and very often he gets a mail only once a week. Under such conditions he is not only deprived of the news of the day, but he is forced to go without one of the greatest social advantages and family conveniences. Country districts are isolated even more than they need be.

The remedy is a rural delivery of mail by the Government Post Office Department. Such a system has been in operation in the United States for many years, and is being constantly extended, it being expected that in two years' time all available parts of the country, from coast to coast, will be covered. Each route has a postman, who delivers letters and papers, sells stamps, issues money orders, and transacts general post office business. The country districts are thus given the same postal facilities as the towns, and the plan has not only proved immensely popular, but has been very profitable to the United States Post Office Department. There is no apparent reason why a similar plan could not be adopted in Canada, making it an experiment, at first, in a number of communities, and extending it as results might justify. It is just such a plan that is now being advocated, and the Government will be asked to give its attention to the matter in the interests of rural Canadians.

Concentration for Country Schools

ONE of the best ideas for which Canada is indebted to the United States is in connection with the management of country schools. The educational system of Canada is good, but it is open for improvement in not a few respects, and one of these is the consolidating and centralizing of the schools in rural districts. The principle is not unlike that of business amalgamation under one central head, for purposes of more effective and progressive work, and the details of working are borrowed from the State of Ohio, where an unique system has been in operation for several years. The plan is as follows:

Instead of a number of small schools in adjoining communities, meeting only local needs and doing only very elementary work, there is one large central school, with five or six departments, covering the whole district and doing much more efficient work. The small local schools have been closed. The pupils of this consolidated school come from a radius of six miles, and an essential part of the new system is the conveying of these pupils from their homes to the school. For a total roll of some 160 pupils, nine large covered vans are in use, which go over the road, in as many different routes, every morning, gathering the pupils from house to house, and bringing them home again in the afternoon. It is said that no inconvenience or injury to even the youngest children has resulted from this plan, which has altogether worked most satisfactorily. The attendance at the school has increased over the total attendance at the nine former local schools, and much better educational work has been done. In some districts it has solved the problem of education or no-education.

A committee of Canadian educationists has examined the Ohio system, and has urged its adoption in this country, where the conditions in many places are very similar. It is believed that a higher standard of education throughout the country

would follow the introduction of such a system. Already one district in Nova Scotia has decided to give it a trial, and the attempt will be watched with interest.

The Alaska Boundary

THE only source of disagreement that has for any length of time remained between the United States and Canada is now in a fair way of settlement. The dispute concerning the Alaska boundary, which has held fire for several years, is at last to be peacefully ended by the modern means of arbitration. The terms were mutually agreed to last month, and three eminent jurists on each side will finally decide what shall for all future time be the boundary line between the Canadian Yukon and American Alaska.

Neither Canada nor the United States is responsible for the beginning of the dispute. It arose from the uncertainty of the old Russian treaty by which the United States acquired possession of Alaska. That was in 1825, and it was not even guessed at that time that the country would some day become so important that every mile of its territory would be worth disputing. But with the discovery of gold it was desirous that the limits should be definitely marked. The Russian treaty named certain geographical bounds which should mark the Alaskan territory; but the exact delineation of those bounds it has not hitherto been possible to agree upon, each country claiming a disputed area 320 miles long, and from 15 to 70 miles in width. This disputed area is rich in gold deposits, and, more than all, it bars the way between the Yukon and the sea. A seaport is of great importance, for both commercial and military purposes, and it is not at all to be wondered at that both nations should be desirous of retaining possession. Commissions and committees have failed to effect settlement, but now that arbitration has been agreed upon, the end may be confidently expected. Which will be the winner remains to be seen.

A Canadian Benefactor

IT is in order nowadays to give honor to the men of wealth who bestow gifts upon various educational and charitable institutions. Chiefest of all such benefactors just now is Mr. Carnegie, whose dollars have greatly enriched so many libraries in his own country and in this. But the liberality of one of our own Canadians is worthy of honorable mention also. Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal, one of Canada's most successful business men, has from time to time given large amounts of money to McGill University, and has recently furnished the sum of \$170,000 for a large manual training school and separate college residence at Guelph, in connection with the Ontario Agricultural School. The Macdonald Institute, as it will be called, will be devoted to domestic science, nature study and manual training, its great object being to furnish a means of higher and more practical education for women. Plans of the new buildings have been prepared, and operations will soon begin. By the generosity of this one benefactor Ontario will have an institution whose benefits will be far-reaching and which will mean a great deal for the cause of education in Canada.

The Programme of Parliament

THE Canadian Parliament of 1903 will have some unusually important business on its programme. These are growing times in Canada, and legislators must face the necessities of a growing country with both determination and prudence. One of the chief matters of discussion will be the great number of new railway enterprises seeking franchises, which is in itself a sure sign of progress; and another will be the revision of the tariff, which will be discussed in some form or other. One of the Ministers is quoted as saying that the Liberal Government is no longer a free trade government; it stands for a just and fair tariff, but not a prohibitory

tariff. But the exact determination of what is a "just and fair" tariff, as distinguished from a prohibitory tariff is not yet given.

The other most important features of the parliamentary programme will be as follows:

1. A bill for the redistribution of constituencies.
2. A bill to revise the Railroad Act and to provide for the appointment of a railway commission.
3. A bill for the compulsory arbitration of disputes on railways.
4. A bill for the revision and consolidation of the Acts relating to telegraph and telephone companies.
5. A bill to amend the Militia Act.
6. A bill for the adoption of cattle guards on railways.

A Demand for Protection

THE Chamber of Commerce of Montreal, is one of the leading commercial organizations in Canada, and its opinions always carry weight. It is withal a thoroughly patriotic body, and is strongly in favor of the "Canada-for-the-Canadians" policy. At a recent session of the Chamber the President spoke on the matter of protection.

"It has become indispensable," he said, "for all those who have at heart the preservation of our population to attract towards our country a sound and strong immigration, and to bring it to the country to fill up our waiting homes. We need a protection which would allow us to use our incomparable water-powers, our immense forest wealth, to manufacture our wood pulp, etc.; a protection necessary for the development of our mineral resources, a natural and obligatory protection, if we wish to resist successfully the invasion which threatens us on all sides. We cannot allow this invasion unless it accords us a practical means of preserving Canada for the Canadians."

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH

A HINT AS TO THE SOURCE OF THE CANADIAN CHARACTER

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

EARLY this morning as I stood under the open, high-arched sky of Northern Alberta—and there is no sky like these skies of Canada!—as I stood, I say, marvelling at the deep sapphire above me, where it melted softly into liquid cyan blue, and from cyan blue into dreamy turquoise, I sniffed gratefully at the crisp, cool air, fragrant of life more odorous than leaves and grass and water, and thanked the gods of Earth and all her discontented hearts that I was born Canadian, that I was still Canadian to the backbone, and, *more Hibernico*, two inches into the marrow.

As I took my way, in this mood, toward the rapid, hurrying Waziska, where, like the good and evil deeds of men in life, the traveller's canoe can never turn back, I stumbled wide-eyed with wonder on a glowing, odorous clump of over-ripe, wild strawberries, making a dash of ruddy, bewildering color on a sun-soaked cut-bank of yellow sand.

In the shadow of these stern sub-arctics I had foolishly dreamed the last wild strawberry to have been left a good five hundred miles behind. But here I found them, sweetening and glowing merrily enough in the open air, under their high northern sky of pulsating sapphire, as timorously saucy as a small boy at the top of a pine-tree, fairly whistling, like a little chorus of red lips, to be seen and noticed; and altogether as clamorous as any minor poet for publicity.

For all their brave swaggering, however, I must reluctantly confess that they were nothing more than mere hot-house fruit. Yet they had blossomed and ripened in a conservatory built, not by man, but by nature herself. This mad little river of racing, hurrying, unresting

waters had nibbled impertinently at a bluff that lounged sleepily in the sun,—had nibbled till the face of it was eaten clean away and it came tumbling and rumbling down in a smoky avalanche of greyish-yellow, sandy loam. There it sprawled, with the sun straight over it to look up at, and the hurrying water beneath it to lap at in its thirst, while two little up-thrust shoulders of rock protected its face from the winds of east and west, just as the shoulders of a marble Clytie shut in the soft hollow of her bosom. On this little slope of sand and loam the long, indolent, northern sun shone and glowed until it quivered and swam with heat, until, indeed, even the three chill twilight hours that make up a northern summer night could not quite steal away all its precious warmth.

But just how the essential berry-seed came there, no man shall ever know. Probably some migratory-winged hunger dropped it carelessly in his flight. Yet there it had been carried, by bird, or water, or wind, and there, plainly enough, were the ruddy clusters of over-ripe berries, flashing unexpectedly up at one, like the merry eyes of children found hidden in some corner of your dull old library of a dull day. And oh, what swollen and pulpy globes of soft deliciousness they were,—the essence of filtered sunlight, racy and tangy, as both you and I have always found Northern fruit to be; and so mysteriously luscious that one could imagine each soft oval to be the very heart of Summer herself, and with its life's blood still staining your lip you could wish she were as many-hearted as that mutable woman who lost Actium for Antony.

So without further ado I fell on my

strawberries bodily, as hungrily as Persephone herself on the violets of Enna, till some Pluto of introspection seized me and carried me off to the world of Tartarean wonderment.

What a misunderstood land, I thought, is this northern country of ours, this vast country of essential silences, of passionate summers, of inscrutable snows and frosts! And how seldom it has been sung of as it ought to have been sung of, how little known to that lyric *animula vagula* thrumming so busily up and down your garrulous and garish South! How she has waited in silence for her interpreter! And what wealth of runic passion and song she holds when wisdom and much waiting have once forged the golden key for him!

"Dark and true and tender is the North!"—'twas no Latin penned the line; nothing south of the chalk cliffs of Albion could teach such things. And yet, if there had been no Cambunian Range, who knows but what Homer's Elysium would have been in some remote region beyond Macedonia, in the mysterious north of the Greeks; and would not Apollo's Hyperboreans, as well, have been less ghost-like to the people of Thessaly!

It might have been so, yet we find it hard to forget that icy, deepest Hades of Dante. We must remember, too, that the minstrel and the maker of verse and song is a feeble fellow, sorry afraid of the cold, piping only in the sun. We must remember that even the birds themselves forget their quips and quavers when they flock northward to nest and brood and bring up their young. Nor can we forget that even water, the first of Mother Earth's wandering singers, itself at times grows silent and muffled, like a very tongueless Loti, as it falls under the flame of the Aurora Borealis. The only music of this great North of ours is a sonata of mingled mood and silence. She has her passions, it is true, but they are the passions of a barren and beautiful woman

hungering for some ever-eluding life to creep up into her empty arms, for some worthy cry on which to lavish her laughter and tears. It is Silence waiting for its Voice. It is the Dusk of Life groping toward its older dreams. And for that reason ever "Dark and true and tender is the North!"

If you would know this reticent North you must, above all things, lie by night on her lap, under the open sky, with a Hudson Bay "Four Pointer" about you, and the Great Bear wheeling solemnly above you. It is then, it always seemed to me, that some shy whisper first creeps down through the tense silence from her sphinx-like lips. For woman she ever was, this mysterious, bewildering, inscrutable North,—moody and shy, a goddess in her twilight age, an old and tried enchantress with her blood now running somewhat a-cold, now huddling above her flickering fires of memory, in a chamber of whispering gloamings and shadows. Time was when her blood ran rich and warm enough. But she has had her day of hot life, this languid and muffled woman; she gives you the impression that she has lived it all, that she has drained the golden bowl; that she remembers still, remembers too well, and that therein lies her one great sorrow. Yet, you can imagine you hear her telling herself, that is all past now, past and gone this many a day; and for centuries now she has crept early to bed by night, seeming most nun-like under her white sheets, yet tingling through all her tired veins with an inappeasable passion. Old enchantress, she knows too well the first fine careless rapture and grace are gone. But when once she has awakened from that long slumber of hers, who, indeed, is more lavish of alluring and haunting perfumes,—as these Northern prairies to-day tell you only too well; who more artful with cosmetic of crimson and carmine,—as our Ontario maple has confessed to us time and time again; and who more lan-

gourously moody, who so wistfully challenging, with that air of suave austerity and latent, unlooked-for passion of hers?

And wise, oh, she is very wise! She has had so many wooers; she has been courted so long that now, one almost fears she can never surrender. She bewilders by her very coldness, she intoxicates and maddens with her very reticence. And being so, my cold and tender North, you will be ever sought, you will ever allure your own adventurous brood to your knees, till Andres and Nansens are forgotten, and men still die failing to wring from you the ultimate heart of your mystery!

Yet what, indeed, is the cause of this sublimated sorrow which creeps so like a minor undertone through all these quiet norland summer days? It is the essence of that northern note which breathes through the aspirations of the Symphonists from Bach to Beethoven, and even on to the symphonic suites of Grieg, if you will. It is the haunting melancholy of Shakespeare's introspective young Dane. It is the thing, I venture to claim, that is making, in another hemisphere, our Padrewskis and Kocians and Kubeliks. It is the pensive spirit that hides in the leaves of Yggdrasil,—even, to-day, indeed, one looks, scarcely knowing it, for Thor and Balder to come striding austerely over these lonely low hills, so ghost-like under their moveless army of slim white poplar. It is the spirit that one day soon, in time to be, shall strike deep into the heart of some young son of this vast land of ours, and touch him into song; and it shall be the like of which the world has seldom heard. In it shall be the melancholy of the Slav, commingled with the spiritual audacity of the American; in it the grim strength of the Anglo-Saxon shall be fused with the dreamy wistfulness of the vanished Algonquin; and that ultimate child of Canadian song shall have a voice fresh with all the freshness of the Great Lakes, a voice with breath that is the

lands that break like a golden tide at the feet of the Rockies, a voice with a beauty like the beauty of our flaming autumnal woodlands, with a mystery like the mystery that broods over the snow-clad leagues of our northern pines. And when he comes Canada shall know him as her own.

About me here, at this moment, the sun is shining brightly enough, and the only sign in the quiet, sapphire sky is the filmy lace of the Chinook Arch, foretelling some breath of still balmier air. The only sounds, too, that strike my ear is the muffled chirp of a lonely bird or two, and the endless monotone of the racing, hurrying, impetuous river at my feet.

'Tis the very heart of the northern mid-summer here, and the hills have by no means begun to put on their Titianesque crimson and blues. But for all that there is an intangible touch of Autumn in the quiet, brooding sunlight. It is both a premonition and a warning, for the shadow of winter always lurks mockingly near these northern summers, and always about these long, golden, northern afternoons of sun and silence dwells some poignant sense of transiency, some fleeting touch of tears. For, like Cassius, the North must always think too much. It is the atmosphere of eternal premonition, of aspiration,—the atmosphere that makes mystics and dreamers, and tellers of strange tales, of men. 'Tis all so keen, so fine, so subtle. It is the joy that leads to fugitive regret, the beauty that is weeded to death, the fleeting life that makes the living mourn again for the miraculous apples of Iduna. Who, indeed, ever heard of a northern bacchanalian? And what Sodom could flourish in the shadow of the Arctic Circle?

Beyond the Euxine there were no fauns. The sober twilight of our presaging autumns makes us northerners all lookers into the future. We can never quite forget, never be satisfied with the day and its pleasures. We know only too well how brief our season of burgeoning and flower-

ing must be, beautiful as it is, and how long shall be the season of snows. And that knowledge brings with it, too, the minute sands of our unrest and our sorrow, out of which should rise and blossom the best of Art, as the wheat-fields of Egypt rise from the mud of the Nile.

So whether we would or not, we must question the To-Be, and pause regretfully in the midst of our handful of golden days—and what golden days they are!—and ask of the coming darkness, Whither? and Whence? And we know that we must gather our scattered sticks of solace, be it art or music or lyric song, to warm our naked souls through the winters of discontent. If that solace be music, it will be the music of the Poles, touched with the majesty of a free people; if it is art, it will be art that is opposed to the last to the realist; if it is song it will be song with a god-like madness and sorrow and yearning in it, a breed of song that went out, perhaps, with the birth of the popular magazine, too hot and impetuous and candid for modern ears.

Yet, at the last, I am afraid that much of this feeling of exaltation, as we watch our North fighting with a sort of berserker rage for her last silver trireme of summer, must, indeed, be largely, if not altogether, physical. The clear, keen, invigorating northern air is so like old wine to the veins, its unpolluted oxygen is so exhilarating, that a day above the Fifty-fourth Parallel has always seemed to me as a draught of Youth itself in the autumn of existence. It is an aerial intoxication that converts all the Sub-Arctics in summer into one united Greater Dionysia.

There is a surfeit of life, a superabundance of energy, a plethora of aspiration, and yet, all along, that eternal undertone of wistfulness, which ends in abortive play of mood and Hamlet-like lethargy, while some Aristophanic voice seems to whisper to us how futile is all endeavor, and how fleeting is all existence.

But already, I notice, the sun, golden and full and deep, is low in the green-gold West. The sky of sapphire has long since faded to a robin's-egg blue, and is now a shimmering, changing, pale turquoise, shot through with pearl and amethyst,—a brilliancy slowly dulled to a slumberous translucency. One quiet breath, and all the old warmth of atmosphere is gone. The last wisp of wind has dropped. Like twin rainbows blown awry, north and south thin bands of violets and greens and reds creep up over the darkening hills. Overhead the great dome is still dreamily limpid with the softest of blues and yellows. The orange of the west deepens into rose and carmine, and as each remoter hue and tone melts and crowds and shifts, like a many-tunicked army, into stratiated lines of iridescence, a keen, small wind strays up through the quiet hills, a whisper of unrest creeps through the leaves of the ghost-like poplars. Then the great, golden sun founders in a burgundian flood and tumult of bewildering color, and the pageantry of the norland sunset is past. But as I turn homeward under the violet skies, I look up at the bright, steely, crystalline stars, and once more thank the gods of my being that I am a Canadian.

HIS SWEETHEART

By JEAN MURDOCK

“COME and spend your enforced holiday with us; Jack and Baby will do you good, and I will try not to bore you to extinction.”

The young Doctor, whose health had shown signs of breaking at his arduous hospital duties, had been ordered by his senior physician to leave off work and worry, and spend a summer in the country.

“It will either be that or a complete breakdown, my lad, so take your medicine in time, and come back well and strong to help me in the fall. It’s not so much overwork that ails him,” mused the kindly old Doctor to himself, after the young man had gone, “as a fret I can’t just understand, but anyway the summer’s rest will do him good, and he’s too much in earnest about his work for me to want to lose him.”

The old man had written of the young Doctor’s illness to the writer of the note which opens our story, knowing what a pleasant home her’s was by the sea; but alas! not knowing of any previous acquaintance between Jack Leslie’s vivacious wife and young Doctor Mervyn. Hence the note which the young man was crushing so viciously in his burning fingers.

“Go and spend the summer at her house, indeed! to be laughed at, and flouted, and to be petted by dear, old Jack Leslie, whom I would wrong if I could, much as I love him; but as she says, there is Baby Madge, and who could resist her? Yes, on second thoughts, I’ll go: just to show madam that my wound is healed, that I am not the love-sick boy she jilted seven years ago for a rich man’s gold.” And having once made up his mind, he was in as much of a fever to be off as before he had been to persuade his old friend that he was all right and needed no rest.

“Many thanks for your kind invitation; will be with you on Saturday,” was the answer he sent to Mrs. Leslie’s daintily perfumed note, at which she laughed a saucy little laugh, then flipped it across the breakfast table to her husband.

“He hasn’t yet got over his sulks, Jack, but I’ll cure him effectually this summer,” and she tossed back her pert head, and then nodded it emphatically at her husband.

“Don’t be too hard on him, Madge, he may really be ill, as Doctor Hallinan says,” was the good natured response.

A little flutter of excitement was felt in the Leslie household on that Saturday morning, for little Madge had been extolling the visitor’s virtues all week, and Madam herself had prepared his room.

At two o’clock the carriage with Baby Madge and her father in it had bowled away to the railway station, leaving Mrs. Leslie humming a triumphant little tune as she went to array herself for the coming of the guest.

“Each summer he says he will not come again, and each summer he comes again,” and she made a saucy little *move* at her own bright face in the glass.

Eight years ago Madge McKenzie had been engaged to young Doctor Mervyn. He was not a doctor then, but a fledgling student, and Madge had said that it was good for him to be engaged to a girl five years his senior; it kept him from getting into difficulties at college and it did her no harm, for she never believed that Grant Mervyn was really in love with her.

But when Jack Leslie, an eminent scientist, had come to spend the summer with her father in search of specimens, he found one he little expected to find, and fell in love with it immediately. Jack Leslie had never troubled his head about women until now, hence the success he

had made so early in life in his chosen profession. But Madge McKenzie's bright eyes and saucy ways took him completely by storm, and he fell down at her feet and worshipped her with as much earnestness as he had hitherto devoted himself to his work.

Opposites attract, and the young man's grave, quiet ways, and earnest devotion to her, won Madge in spite of herself, and she promised to be his wife, never thinking that Grant Mervyn would raise any objection, but he did.

"Have I not always told you, my child," said Madge, with her sauciest smile, "that I only did it for your good, and to keep you straight while you were at college? Did I ever say I loved you since we were silly children? Come, Grant, don't be foolish, you'll thank me some day for refusing to let you marry a woman five years older than yourself," and then she paid no more attention to him, but quietly became the wife of the man she loved, leaving the boy's heart sore and hurt.

But Grant Mervyn had never gotten over his infatuation for her as she had said he would. Each summer he met her for a fortnight at her father's home, and she had always persuaded him on one pretext or another to spend another week at her seaside home, where he grew to respect and love her husband Jack Leslie, and to adore the little blossom that came to bless their home the second year of their union. Here Mrs. Leslie lectured him, and laughed at him, and petted him till each year he vowed he would not come again, and went away more in love than ever.

And so he came again, and was really glad to return Jack Leslie's hearty hand-clasp and Baby Madge's dainty kiss. A very picture was this five-year-old maid, with her sunny curls, her eager blue eyes and her crisp muslin dress, with its floating blue ribbons.

"I've got a new pet, Uncle Grant, to

show you; and you must help me to learn to ride it. It's a dear, little, funny donkey, with long ears and fuzzy-wuzy tail; and papa has buyed me a cart for it, and will you teach me how to drive it? Papa is too busy, and mamma is 'fraider of it than I is," which truthful remark elicited peals of laughter from her companions.

"You do look a little rusty, old chap," said Jack Leslie, when they had taken their seats in the low carriage. "A few weeks of our fresh summer air will blow away the cobwebs that have gathered while living among the smell of physic and the groans of sick people for a year. Ugh! Deliver me! I'd rather study nature," and the professor leaned idly back in his carriage and left his little daughter to handle the reins, which she was only too delighted to do, bringing them up the winding gravelled drive with a flourish to the front door, where mamma awaited them.

With one nervous spring Grant Mervyn was out of the carriage and up the steps, clasping Mrs. Leslie's cool hand in both his own, and being speedily brought to his senses by her gay laugh.

"Doctor Hallinan sent you just in time, I am sure," said she, with a mocking light in her bright eyes. "A month more and you would have been—gone!" and she clasped her hands tragically.

"Oh, if you only invited me to make game of me, I will go away at once."

"By no means. I invited you to feed you well, to take good care of you, and send you back in the fall fat and happy," and she laughed merrily at his rueful face. "Come into the dining-room, there's sherbet and iced bananas ready for you after your hot and dusty journey," and she led the way, with her little daughter clinging to her hand.

And this was his arrival: and the summer days flew by, spent happily in amusing little Madge out of doors, or amusing her mother in the house, or in long seaside walks, when the professor accompanied them and taught his little daughter to

notice all the wonderful things that usually escape eyes not trained to close observance—walks that cooled the fever in the young man's blood, and gave him back steady nerves, and sound, healthful sleep. The contact of the bright wit and ready word of his hostess, and the loving, clinging ways of her little daughter, did him good also, and helped to bring him to his sober senses, so that he could look upon his friend's wife as an apple that was altogether beyond his reach, and too fair and pure a thing to be tarnished by a love that was not honest. Consequently he did go back to his work, when autumn came, a stronger and a better man. But it was five long summers after, before he came again to Mrs. Leslie's seaside home.

He had been studying and travelling in Europe, and came back with honors added to his name, and a clearer comprehension of the world's men and women; so that at last he was able to tell Mrs. Leslie that he was glad of the wholesome lesson she had taught him, of not being always ready to jump into the condition of being "in love;" and to meet with surprise her tall daughter of ten years.

"Can this be little Madge, whom I taught to ride the donkey?" But he was soon convinced, and their summer was just as merry and full of enjoyment as any in the past, so that it was with sincere regret he said good-bye and went back to his work, where old Doctor Hallinan was only too glad to lay the lion's share of the practice upon him.

And it happened that his holidays fell no more in the long, pleasant summer days, but that he was glad to snatch them a few days at any time, for his old partner could ill spare him in the hot weather. In this way, when he came to the Leslie's, he missed the merry chatter and winning ways of the daughter of the house.

For eight years matters went on so, when failing health again compelled him to a summer's rest, and he was glad

of Mrs. Leslie's ever kind invitation to come to them.

It was at the same season of the year, on such another June day, that Doctor Mervyn, grown older and wiser, stepped from his train to be greeted by his friend, Jack Leslie, in the same old, hearty fashion.

But who was this dainty lady beside him, who bore such a striking resemblance to his old sweetheart, Madge McKenzie, except that this fair vision was shy and quiet?

"Has little Madge grown quite beyond your comprehension, Mervyn?" queried her father, laying his arm around the young girl's shoulder, affectionately, "and Madge, have you forgotten Uncle Grant?"

Then they shook hands, looking at each other in wonder, and found it necessary to become acquainted all over again. But if Doctor Mervyn found it difficult to believe in the grown-up daughter Madge in the presence of her father, he found it almost incomprehensible that Mrs. Leslie, who was as young in looks, if not quite so mischievous in manner as in the olden days, should be her mother.

The grown-up Madge was a constant marvel to the Doctor, who had never taken notice of any young lady since the disastrous love-making of his early days: her dainty ways, her sunny face, the sweetness of her disposition, most of all, her resemblance to his boyhood's love, took his heart by storm, and the staid man of the world began his wooing all over again.

It was all so strange and new to gentle Madge, the devotion of this tall, bearded man, that she told him many a time in the happy after-days that he had quite frightened her into saying yes.

Mrs. Leslie looked on well pleased, for she thought that a boy who could be so true to his youthful love, would be very likely to be a great deal in earnest in his

manhood's years. Doctor Mervyn took no pains to hide the fact that he was indeed very much in earnest; he would scarcely let Madge out of his sight.

"But you are so different from the lover I had pictured for myself," Madge demurred when he had really told her of his love. "You are so——"

"So old, you are about to say, sweetheart, but that only serves to prove that I am all the better able to take care of you, and that I am not likely to change my mind. Come and let us go and tell your mother," and drawing his arm about her, he led her into the house, where they could see Mrs. Leslie swaying back and forward in her own particular chair by the open window.

"Culprits!" she cried, seeing the news in their faces, his so triumphant and yet so tender, and her's so shy and downcast. "What mischief have you been making now?"

"No mischief, madam; but I have come to beg from you this fair maiden."

"And what does the fair maiden say?" asked Mrs. Leslie, rising and holding out her arms to her daughter. Madge flew to her mother, and hid her blushing face against her shoulder.

"Take her, Grant, and God bless you! You have always wanted Madge for your sweetheart," and the bright mother eyes were full of tears as she raised her face to receive the kiss he placed softly upon her forehead.



THE DEVIL'S OVEN, THOUSAND ISLANDS

"PICKLES" AND THE ELECTION

By ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE

THAT November found the Republicans and Democrats and Independents of the "Greater City" finally united against the "Mohawks," and the whole nation was hanging upon the battle; for it was the old, heart-moving struggle between Good and Evil. For years the "Big Boss" of Mohawkdom, and the two score lesser bosses under him, had been blackmailing the rich, and bleeding and terrorizing the poor, and teaching the people everywhere that if only they "kept right" with the district "collector," it mattered very little whether they "kept right" with the Creator.—Now, there was some hope of an accounting.

But it could hardly have been said that it was any realization of what was at issue, that drew that small "newsy," "Pickles," from his stand at the Bridge into the very midst of the battle. It was rather because chance had identified him with the big E—Street tenement,— "Athens," by nickname,—in which headquarters of the Greeks in Boss Monger's district hived together. The youngster looked after one, Argyros's fruit-stand during the noon-hour; and in return he was given sleeping-room with him and half a dozen other Argives in the basement of that E—Street hive.

There, through the chill Fall nights he lay snug and warm, on the soft, grass-mattressed top of a fragrantly-smelling banana-cart,—and thought all good things of Greeks. Hence, too, when Monger's campaign "collector" called one night and levied on them for a good two weeks' earnings and they dared not deny him,—and when again, the day following, "Pickles" beheld the boss himself all but beat to death a trembling, white-haired rabbi for speaking against him in the Synagogue,—he thought all evil against

him and everything Mohawk! And when, finally, a few nights later, those young, indomitable "Unions," Travers and Van Allen, came on *their* visit to the E—Street basement, and preached flaming, rebellion against Monger and all his Mohawk tyrannies, they received a small recruit they had not been looking for.

But it did not take them long to decide that they had enrolled a "lad of parts." Travers, who in daylight hours was secretary to the "Union" headquarters downtown, had him made a messenger, at a salary of five dollars a week. But he really went forth to be what Van Allen called the "Ambassador to Athens." For through him the "Unions" reached the whole one hundred and thirty Greeks of the district.

He took to the new game, even to the exclusion of craps. For in it he had all the honor of the "grown-up." And not only had he daily, ever-bettering reports to make of his "Athenians," and the secret campaign now set burning among them; but soon in his fierce enthusiasm he was coming in with the addresses of "colonizers," whom the "Mohawks" were bringing in from "solid" districts across the river. He "got lines on" "repeaters," and he "spotted" whole lodging-houses full of "drifters" who were on the list to "personate." In a week no face was better known in the "Union" rooms. He was a little fox, but he was doing a very great deal towards spoiling the Monger vineyard.

And his name and fame at headquarters went up, and up, and up. Finally the day came when bursting with triumph, he slipped breathlessly into "Traversy's" office, and reported that the Greeks were sure: they had had a meeting the night before, and they were with them to the last man.—"On'y dey wouldn't let it get out fer all

de money in America, dey're so scared o' Monger!"

The young lawyer rose up joyously, driving his fingers into the lad's small shoulder in his exultation, and told him he was the one and only "vote-pusher" in that district; he had given Monger his knock-down, and it was only a matter now of how deep they could bury him! Whereafter "Pickles" went forth and walked in the centre of the street, because he felt too large for the sidewalk.

Also he continued to work as no "vote-pusher" had ever worked before. He made Demosthenic orations to his "Athenians." He "got lines on" more "repeaters." He "spotted" more "personators." He thought votes all day and dreamed them all night. And, the Saturday before election day "de general chief" of the "Unions" himself rewarded and crowned it all a thousand times by formally taking him into the campaign legion-of-honor. For he pinned a purple and gold badge upon him, and duly authorized and assigned him as "watcher" to No. X. polling subdivision,—the one in which Travers was to be "Union" inspector, and Van Allen ballot-clerk. It was the "big subdivision," the most important in the district, and in it "Athens" voted. With "Pickles'" badge, too, went a card which admitted him within the booth-rails, which gave him the right to challenge doubtful voters, and to sit with the clerks, inspectors and division-captains, while the vote was being counted,—and if you don't feel the greatness and honor of that position, it is because you are a "no-good" American, and the faculty of awe and reverence is not in you!

From the streets that night came the blare and crash of scores of brass bands, the sound and fury of jostling marching-clubs, of roaring cart-tail spell-binders, of the shouting of hilarious corner audiences, of the crackling of red fire and the bursting of rockets.

In the Union head-quarters, faces sharpened and eyes lead-ringed from lack of

sleep, ran nervously and unceasingly up and down the weary registration lists. And one small "newsy," aloof in a corner, was stooped in painful concentration over "*The Revised Instructions to Watchers and Challengers.*" He was laboriously spelling his way through the solid legal paragraphs, heroically resolved to memorize the whole two dozen pages.—"*A void ballot is a ballot on which there shall be found any mark other than the cross X mark made for the purpose of voting, or one which is defaced or torn or one which. . . . And it is the privilege of a duly authorized 'watcher'*"

—At half-past five in the morning of that raw, cheerless November the Fifth, young Travers, Van Allen, and "Pickles" were standing aside from a spitting group of Mohawks, waiting for the bakery in which the "big subdivision" voted, to open its doors. And before they had been inside long enough to arrange their places at the tables and set up the row of little bathhouse-like polling-booths, they were beginning to feel that they were "in for it."

Of the "chairman" and three "inspectors," one alone, Travers, represented the "Unions." And not only had Monger two watchers and two "challengers," as well as a ballot-clerk, but he had half a dozen "general utility" men outside the rails. And in this, too, he had kept within the law. During the last six weeks some three hundred thousand honest "Union" voters had been telling each other how furiously their blood boiled against "Mohawk" infamy. But apparently it had not boiled quite enough to bring out the five or six thousand of them that would have fully manned every polling division in the Greater City, and given the few hundred brave spirits who had done all the fighting for them some little assurance of fair play on that day when everything came to the decision.

However, the two young fellows were

evidently familiar with the "reformer who always stays in the audience." And, though their subdivision was pivotal in Monger's district,—as, indeed, *it* was one of the pivots of the city at large,—they accepted the situation with unworrying philosophy.—"Seems as if there are only going to be the three of us, old man," Travers whispered to his diminutive "watcher,"—"but I guess we'll manage to hold her down, all right."

"Pickles" did not answer him. He was taking stock of the "Mohawk" representatives with the gloomiest forebodings. They were all alike, typical "Monger's men,"—thick-necked, bulldog-jowled young "sports" and bar-keepers; keen, hawk-faced "runners" and "touts" and "pullers-in." Half of them he knew,—Dorgan and Kutner of the "Bald Eagle," Gronan the policy-shop man, and Sodolsky the door-man of a C—Street pool-room. As for the chairman, the fact that the lad had never seen him in the district before made him only the more suspicious of him.

There was a shifty-eyed something about the man, too, that made Travers and Van Allen view him even more askance. And when he had made his first decision, forced upon him by the more than dubious identity of the third man to vote, their suspicion became a surety. For he ruled that all so challenged for identification should, for the time, be allowed their votes, and their legality be definitely decided upon in the leisure after the poll. This was practically in direct contravention of the State election laws; and the two young "Unions" knew that if crookedness could still beat them in the "big subdivision," beaten they certainly would be.

"Pickles," boiling, wanted to fly without further question for a squad of the special police-deputies under the Superintendent of Elections in the next district. But,—"Oh, let it go," said Travers; "this is something we have to look after ourselves. We

get *them* when it comes to fighting,—and anyway, he can't stop any of *our* men, now. Supposing he'd left himself free to hold up your Greeks?" Which *was* one phase of the decision that might very soothingly be thought upon.

And when, only a few minutes later, those "Athenians" arrived and for a long hour and a half crowded past the gaping "Mohawk" inspection, unchallenged and uninterrupted, "Pickles" was consoled. They came in a huddling, whispering body. They were full of present fears and miserable apprehensions. They could hardly be got to break their mass to pass the wicket one by one. They were like cattle quivering and quaking in a stock-yard run-way.

But it did not take Monger's men long to decide how they were *voting*, nor how overwhelmingly complete was the "turn-over!" It meant a difference of two hundred and sixty in a seven-hundred-vote subdivision,—in the boss's very stronghold, too. "Unless something could be done," it would lose him his district, and end forever his power and pull and bossdom!

Monger himself showed with sufficient clearness what it meant to him when he pushed panting into the booth ten minutes later. He plunged straight ahead of him, glaring at his henchmen like a charging bull. And before he reached them he was cursing and swearing at them.—"You got to fix dis, now! You got to set it dead to rights!"—In his fury he was careless if all the "Unions" in the "Greater City" heard him.—"Youse give it to me fifty times dat dese Greeks was solider dan ever! I told you it was a bunch you couldn't put no reliance on, and de on'y way to scare dem sure, was to pick one out and smash his head wit' half a brick fer an example! But you knowed, oh, you knowed! You was so certain, you was!—But you got to fix it now. You got de time yet, an' you got to fix it. You said dis division was all right, and now you got to deliver de goods!"

He poured his rage and brutality upon them, and they kept their eyes upon their registration-books, drawing lines and crosses on their blotters. They swallowed the green in their throats, they took what he gave them, and they goaded him with no reply.—And, when the “quiet hour” after the noon rush of voters came, they put their heads together in a corner and held a council. When they took their places again, it was with an air altogether distraught and casual. Travers and Van Allen felt the new portentousness in the atmosphere in a minute.

A young “Union” came in and whispered a question to the former.

“How are they going to play it out?” he answered,—“Oh, pretty near as straight as a ram’s horn, by all present appearances.—But I’m still swearing by ourselves, Willie!”

“Pickles,” for his part, was watching the “Mohawk” heelers with pupils tensely a-glitter. It was never for nothing that “Monger’s men” looked meek and resigned. But, whatever it was those half-dozen “Mohawks” held up their uncuffed sleeves, it remained too far up for even the X-ray-like vision of the small “newsy.” And, as hour after hour went by, the thing became not a whit more open. An occasional “drifter” or “colonizer” still went through under the ægis of the chairman’s early-morning ruling. But Monger, it was evident, could have no hope now of winning by *their* crooked help alone.

Yet there was nothing else. The situation was absolutely without change. There was the same impatient line of voters, shuffling through the litter of paper on the dirty floor, the same dry haze of dust and tobacco-smoke, the same monotonous sing-song of names repeated from clerks to inspectors, and from inspectors to chairman, the same maudlin election-forecasting among the loafing crowd outside the rails. The current of the day was flowing flatly and wearily onward, unvarying, undeviating, unaltered. And “Pickles,” as silent in his corner as a young Arab

before his tent on a “Midway,” held his prickling eyes now on this man, now on that. But whomsoever he watched, Kutner or Dorgan or Gronan or Sodolsky, or the others he did not know,—one and all were manifestly “playin’ de game on de level.” Then like a terrier at a rat-hole, for a straight half-hour he watched the slot of the big square ballot-box.

But, at the end of it, he had only to acknowledge that the chairman was “playin’ his game on de level,” too. He took each trebly-folded ballot from the hands of the departing voter, and dropped it into the box regularly, and in good condition. There was no marking, no mutilating, no illusive sleight-of-hand.—A quarter after four came, half-past four, a quarter to five! Yet, in the confusion and hurry of the final minutes, there was no “Mohawk” attempt to rush through a batch of “repeaters!”—And “Pickles” was half crazy with the miserable suspense and uncertainty of it. Five o’clock came, and the chairman in his court-crier voice declared the polling ended. Clerks and inspectors hastily tallied books,—an exasperatingly empty form after the chairman’s first decision. But the two young “Unions” went through it in grim-jawed silence.

Then followed the shuffle to arrange the tables end to end for the count. Travers crossed over to “Pickles” and relaxed into the chair opposite him, with a fagged-out but comradish grimace.—“Well, old man, what do you think of it?”

“I t’ink dey got a brick under de hat, somehow or udder!” “Pickles” answered fiercely.

For all the strain of the last twelve hours and the stress of the moment, the young fellow went into an inward roar.—“Oh, you *do*, do you?—Well, two more of us are thinking just about that, too. But the *hat* seems to be a kind of *trick* hat: we don’t discover the brick till we’ve gone up against it!”

“Pickles” made no reply to the un-

timely frivolling. He was there to watch, and he had scarcely taken his eyes off the ballot-box. And now, when the chairman sat at the head of the triplet of tables, and the three inspectors took their places in a row at his left hand, first Travers, then Kutner, then Sodolfsky,—he was determined to “dig up de Mohawk pipes” if he died for it.—Tormenting thought, it might now be hours too late!

The crowd, a dozen deep, were steaming and crushing over the booth-rails. For all that a two-months' campaign stands for gathers itself, a hundred times intensified, into the breathless minutes while the ballots are being counted. Monger came in, and was, by virtue of his division-captaincy, admitted within the wicket. “Pickles,” happening to look up found himself almost at elbows with him. He was not a coward, but he edged away from the big leader, down the line till he was opposite the last man, Sodolfsky.

The chairman unsnapped the padlock of the ballot-box, turned it on its side, and emptied the snow of ballots in a drift upon the table. Then, still without unfolding them, he arranged them into piles of ten. “Pickles” drew his breath painfully;—“If dere was goin' to be anyswipin' done!” . . . —But Monger's lieutenants were not officious. They did no more than straighten the little piles, and prepare for the preliminary scrutiny. In this scrutiny the chairman unfolds the ballots, rapidly glances them over, calls their denomination, and passes them on down to the inspectors. They classify them into three divisions, one for each of the “big” parties, and a third for “odds” and “split tickets.” The count proper, in which all ballots spoiled or doubtful from whatever cause, are for the time thrown out, and from which the poll is practically declared, can then naturally and rapidly follow.

When ballots as large as napkins have been folded and refolded on themselves, “opening the papers” is a somewhat laborious business. But the chairman got

briskly to work. He put the first, a “Mohawk,” in front of Travers. He was about to send it down the table, but Monger called out scornfully,—“Oh, you can leave it dere. Mebbe if we let you have our pile under yer nose, youse'll feel a little sureder we're on'y gettin' what's comin' to us!” So the “odds” and “splits” found themselves in front of Kutner, and the “Unions” in front of Sodolfsky. If Monger had reversed the natural arrangement, he had left it a “saw-off,” as fair for the one as it was for the other.

But there was something about the air and attitude of Sodolfsky, something in the pool-room door-man's careless sprawl of elbows and bored disinterestedness of countenance, which caught “Pickles's” suspicious notice in a trice. And he kept his eyes upon him unwaveringly, almost unwinkingly, minute after minute, till he felt them “goin' bleary” with the strain of it.

Yet he could get no cause against the man. He was doing his work precisely as the others were doing theirs. As each new “Union” ballot was passed along to him, his left hand flattened down the pile already before him, and his right added the last to come patly and evenly in their folds and creases. Though “Pickles” watched him until his head “went hot-box,” he could find no fault in him. In desperation, he transferred his “bead” to Kutner, then to the chairman,—then back to Sodolfsky again. His brain was half-mechanically repeating to itself what he still remembered of the “*Instructions to Watchers.*” If that right hand, as it received each new ballot should “*tear, erase or deface . . . or put upon it any mark other than the cross X mark —!*”—But it *did* not. Anyone could see, beyond all question, that it was leaving those ballots just as it had picked them up.—“Pickles's” eyes again started despairingly up the line. His head was now like a choked up furnace. As ballot after ballot passed him his heart groaned anew. . . .

"Oh, dey're goin' to do us, de beasts!" he whimpered wretchedly to himself,— "Dey're goin' to do us, sure!" In final misery he came back once more to Sodolsky, and watched him add the twenty-first to the twentieth, and the twenty-second to the twenty-first.—

Then, as that swart, long-fingered upper hand laid the twenty-third upon the twenty-second,—suddenly, and for only the barest moment, the lower half of it bent stiffly upward. The deft under hand was just slipping swiftly from beneath it. Across that "twenty-second" was a sharp, black mark!—

—For three seconds "Pickles" was without power of speech or motion. Then,— "You got a pencil!" he screamed;— "You got a pencil or some black lead! It's a-tween yer fingers!" And he sprang furiously for the other side of the table.

Monger's huge fist caught him below the ear, and knocked him rolling under the feet of the yelling, lurching crowd. He was dazed only for half a minute. The next,—nobody giving the first thought to him,—he was digging and writhing his way through the phalanx of staggering legs. Then pitching himself into the darkness of the shop behind, he flung through the door. It slammed upon him heavily, and on the instant the sound was dulled by the barricading back of a bulwark "Mohawk."

He sped down the street, and—"De deputies, de deputies!" his spirit wailed in anguish. For with poignant clearness he realized what would now be the "Mohawk" game.— "Dey'll get Traversy an' Van Allen fightin'," he groaned,— "an' den, while some of dem does dem up, de udders'll grab our ballots!" And dropping his head pantingly on his breast, he fled through the election-night crowd like a hunted animal. It was a long half-mile run, but he was making the race of his life. . . .

He never had any precise idea of how he got those policemen; but a minute after he burst, choking into the wide, arc-

lighted, official-bulletined hall, he was flying back again to the "big subdivision" with six broad-shouldered "election specials," running lumberingly but swiftly in his wake. He gripped the throbbing pain in his side, so that he might not give in and fall behind them. . . . — "If on'y dose "Unions" does de wise an' foxy! If on'y dey take it out in talk, an' stand t'ings off wit' an argyment!—If on'y,—if on'y—!" And the half-mile back seemed endless. . . .

—Deputies Sulzberger and O'Sullivan drove with the united rush of a five-hundred-pound double battering ram against that barricaded bakery door, and their four fellow six-footers tumbled ponderously in behind them. And then went up such a volleying yell of check-mated "Mohawk" rage as had never been heard before in Monger's district! For "Traversy" and Van Allen had been "wise an' foxy," and they had been "standin' t'ings off wit' an argyment."—And the ballots still lay exactly as "Pickles" had left them!—

"The Ambassador to Athens" screeched with joy and triumph. Oh, Monger and his men might do what they would to him next day,—they could kill him, run him from his stand at the Bridge, send him to the Island,—but he had them now!—"I done it," he screamed;—"I brought dem!—Oh, you can't fly de coop now, Sodolsky!—Let dem see a-tween yer fingers!—Oh, you're dirty, you're dirty!" He stopped for a moment, dry-mouthed.— "An' *him*, too, de old chairman guy,—he's been doin' us all day! He's de worst of de gang! But we'se got it *in fer him*! An' now, Traversy, an' now, tell dem to go on wit' de countin'!"

* * * * *

An hour later it was evident beyond all possibility of set-back or mischance that Monger's power was broken for all time to come. His district had gone two hundred against him, and Mohawkdom would never forgive him that. The "big subdi-

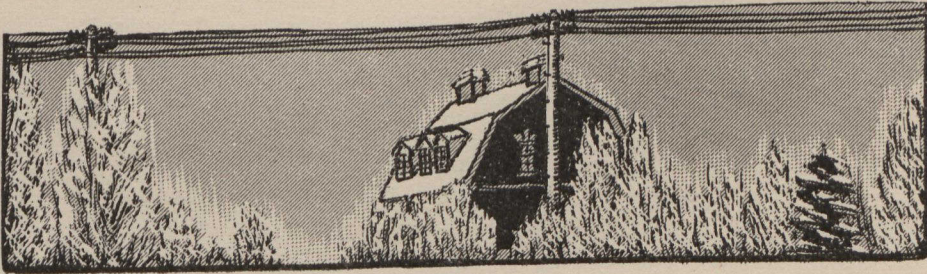
vision," in spite of his "drifters," and "repeaters," and "colonizers," in spite of Sodolfsky's black-leaded ballots,—(set aside for judicial reconsideration, and for *another judicial purpose*, also)—had given a "Union" majority of one hundred and forty-eight. And by nine o'clock it was as overwhelmingly evident that the same "Union" tidal wave was engulfing Mohawkdom throughout the whole "Greater City." Up-town, in the surging streets below the pallidly winking bulletins, were a hundred braying, blaring pandemoniums of fish-horns, bellowing megaphones, and rattles, like ten-horse-power cicadas. Down-town in the tenement quarters the altar-fires of civic freedom were ablaze at every corner, and ten thousand small boys were iniquitously feeding them with barrels and boxes looted from every near-by grocery.

Monger himself was making what bestial speed he could to drink himself into the gutter of forgetfulness. And when he should awaken, he would with swiftness begin to realize how completely, how crushingly, had all conditions in his world reversed themselves. The thousand poor

and helpless whom he had for years so mercilessly afflicted, even by them would he now be as fiercely and unpityingly brought to justice.—Sodolfsky was already behind a steel-bar lattice; some "two years hard" would in all probability be his portion. And those with whom he had been "working,"—at any rate the shifty-eyed election chairman,—would as probably, and for as long a time, *continue* to work beside him.

In the down-town "Union" headquarters "Pickles," rocking an ecstatic knee on the corner of "Traversy's" desk, shrilled anti-Mohawk mockery high above the shouting of belated returns and the tumultuous give-and-take of joyful congratulations. The "Ambassador to Athens" was uplifted to the glittering stars!

On the Monday following, he was wearing messenger-boy uniform within the wicket of the paternal Traversy' law-offices. But, let it here be very explicitly set down, that as to whether he arrived by that smooth and well-ordered route of the law at the high estate which inevitably awaited him, the present honest chronicler cannot conscientiously engage to prophesy.





RAINY WEATHER

As I walked home one rainy day
Escorting Miss Estella,
Above her head with care I spread
My old black silk umbrella—
Such very wet and windy weather,
We had to keep quite close together.

“Now,” thought I, “is the very chance
Which I’ve so long been seeking ;
I’m sure the way is clear to-day,
What should prevent my speaking ?”
So I began, “In rainy weather
When two must be abroad together,

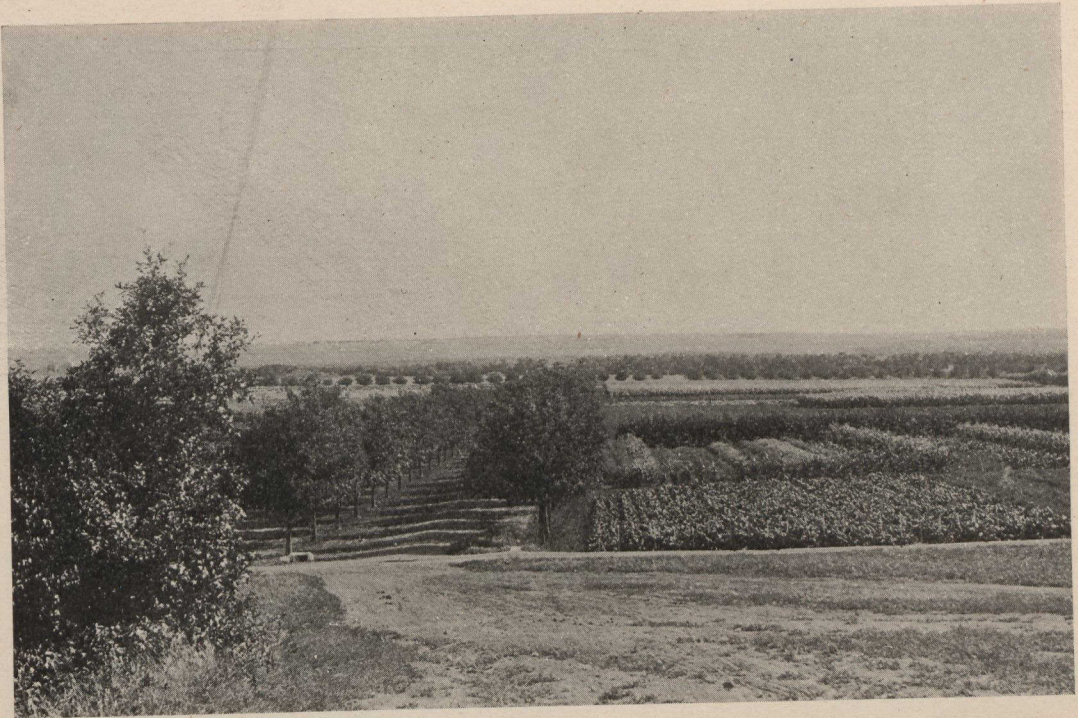
How pleasant ’tis to find that one”
(I grasped the handle firmer) OHAI
“Umbrella ’ll do to shelter two ;”
(My voice dropped to a murmur)
“Then let us two in rainy weather
Walk always side by side together.”

“I should advise,” in calmest tones
Responded Miss Estella,
“You not to try to keep two dry
Beneath this one umbrella ;
What’s only fit for sunny weather
Is not for us to share together.”

I quickly glanced above. Alas,
The while that I’d been speaking
A hole had spread above her head
Through which the rain was leaking !
I cursed the luck that sent such weather
When we two happened out together.

And so I learned that ’till a man,
Above his head can carry
A good sound roof that’s water-proof,
He needn’t think to marry.
Alone I trudge in rainy weather,
I can’t afford to go “together !”
HELEN A. SAXON.





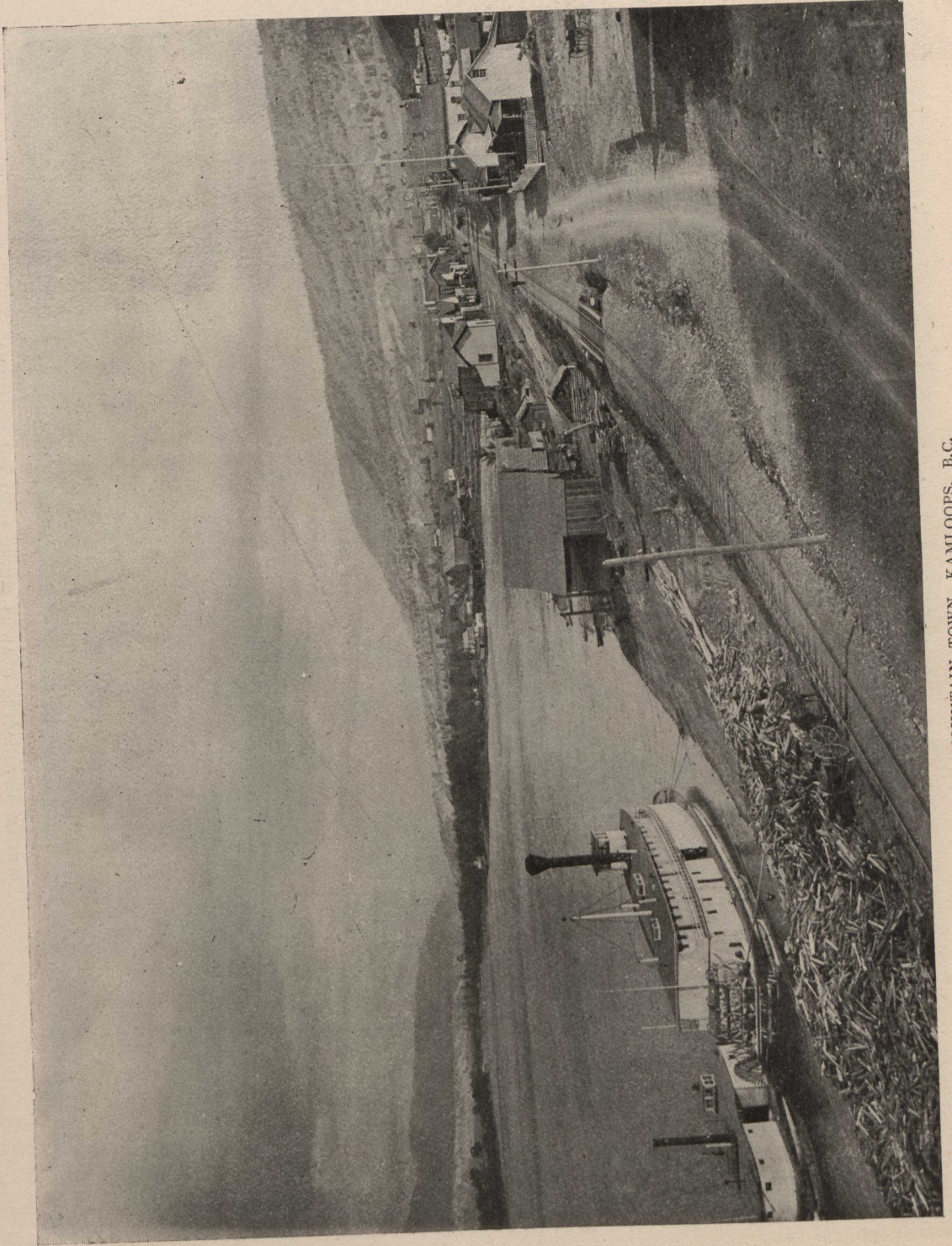
GOVERNMENT FARM AT INDIAN HEAD, MAN.



HIGHLAND CATTLE—CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.



WHEAT STACKS AND WAGON LOAD OF GRAIN.



A MOUNTAIN TOWN, KAMLOOPS, B.C.



WHERE ANTHRACITE COAL IS MINED—BRITISH COLUMBIA

BORROWED PLUMES

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY

TO be making endless entries in great clumsy ledgers when one would fain be fashioning polished paragraphs, or achieving felicitous verses, does not conduce to a contented spirit, and, appreciating this, one has less difficulty in understanding the unhappy look which Maynard Boulton's handsome features so frequently bore.

He was wont to liken himself to Pegasus harnessed to a dray, and somehow the simile afforded him a certain sort of consolation.

"If I only had a moderate income of my own, so that I could afford to quit the bank, and give my whole time to literature, what a happy man I'd be!"

Such was the cry of his heart, uttered again and again, when he was alone, and growing stronger, not weaker with each iteration.

What scant margin of time he could rescue from his daily tasks, and his social duties, he did devote to the patient pursuit of the Muse, and a still deeper pathos than that which had its foundation in the hopeless Philistinism of his routine occupation lay in the fact that the literary product of these exalted hours in some way failed to win the suffrages of editors or publishers. With one consent, and with kindly phrases which, however they varied, hid the same cruel meaning, they made excuse.

Yet Maynard, although sorely disappointed, was not daunted.

"It's that wretched grind at the bank which is to blame," he cried, "it takes all the inspiration out of me. If I could just have a year to myself I'd show these editors that I have the right stuff in me."

But the unsympathetic Fates betrayed no disposition to respond to his prayer for a period of leisure, and the unappreciating editors continued to courteously decline his proffered contributions.

Mrs. Waller's, where Maynard had his

rooms, was a boarding-house of the higher class, whose patrons were carefully selected, and strictly limited in number. The atmosphere of the establishment was consequently more conducive to intimacy among the residents than is usual in such places, and they were for the most part on the friendliest of footings.

Maynard, while always polite and conventionally attentive to the ladies, showed no definite interest in any of them. The Muse absorbed his heart, and she was his only mistress.

Yet there came one day an addition to the pleasant circle that aroused him from his attitude of courteous detachment.

She seemed little more than the shadow of a woman—a white, frail, exquisitely dainty little body, with wonderful appealing eyes, and a mass of dark hair, already touched with silver. Doomed by some incurable spinal trouble to a life divided between bed and sofa, she nevertheless bore her cruel lot with unconquerable serenity, and the smile that was so ready to illuminate her pale, pinched features bespoke the bravery of her spirit.

Her name, Christina Thorgood, at first gave one the impression of being too sonorous and significant to belong to so small a person, but further knowledge was sure to find in her ample argument for its fitness.

This certainly was the experience of Maynard Boulton, who at the very outset of their acquaintance felt drawn towards the cheery invalid as he had never been towards any member of her sex.

Her society yielded him a two-fold return, for while he could not altogether suppress the comfortable conviction of bestowing kindness, he was even more alive to the fact that Miss Thorgood exercised a distinctly beneficent influence upon him. She both soothed and inspired him, so that he always came away from her the better for the time spent in her presence.

A bond between them was that they were both practically without kith or kin. Save for a distant relative, who was trustee of her moderate fortune, and with whom she had only business relations, she was the last of her family, and he, on his part, stood equally alone in the world.

It presently became his custom to drop into her cosy sitting-room, whose furnishings bore evidence no less to her perfect taste than to her love of beauty, every evening for a while before dinner. From the seductive arm-chair before the fire he would tell her, as she lay on the sofa, the news of the day, and such little incidents as were of interest to one who rarely set foot upon the city's streets.

This grew to be the brightest hour of the long weary day to her, and she waited for his tap upon the door with an eagerness that she would not for her life have had him discover.

As their intimacy deepened, their interchange of talk went far beyond the mere externals of things, and, almost before he realized it, he found himself opening his heart to her without reserve. His thwarted ambitions, his foiled aims, his hum-drum duties, his passion for unfettered opportunity in what he believed to be his true sphere, he told her all, and she listened with her whole fragile being attuned to complete comprehension and sympathy.

"It is too bad, but it will not be always so," she cried, rising from her recumbent position, that she might give more emphasis to her words. "Your opportunity will yet come. All things come round to those who wait, you know," she added, with a smile whose sweet significance he did not then understand, although it was revealed to him later.

The ice being thus broken, Maynard began to bring her the manuscripts which the obtuse editors failed to esteem, and the manifest pleasure they afforded her proved inexpressably grateful.

"If I only were the editor of a periodical, how glad I would be to get such contributions!" she exclaimed, her eyes glow-

ing, and a spot of color showing in her pale cheeks. "But, don't despair. You'll come into your own some day."

The keen interest she henceforth took in the methods and manners of literary folk he regarded as in the main complimentary to himself, and he was well pleased that these and cognate matters should constitute the chief topics of their conversation.

As the winter drew on he noted with concern that such slight hold upon life as she possessed seemed to be slackening, and presently the constant attendance of a trained nurse became necessary.

"My miserable luck again," he groaned, after a brief visit to her room, during which she had hardly strength to speak to him. "Here, just when I had found one who understood me and believed in me, she must be taken from me. With her to cheer and inspire me, I would have done better work than ever I did."

But there was no staying the inevitable, and one night that ever remained a memory of unspeakable sadness, he bent over her to catch the whispered words that were to be her last. Pressing a packet into his hands, she said brokenly:

"You shall have your chance—that will tell you all. God bless you for your goodness to me." And then sank into the long sleep—wherein all suffering ends.

The reading of the contents of the packet filled Maynard with strangely mingled feelings. Acute astonishment and exultant joy contended with tenderest sorrow and fervent gratitude. Written in her own minute yet easily legible handwriting, the closely-covered pages contained such a revelation as the writer would never have made in life. They told the story of her heart, and the hot tears flooded Maynard's face as he read them.

Condemned by cruel fate to a life of great loneliness, she had starved for love until it came to her in the person of Maynard Boulton. He had brought into her shadowed existence the light and gladness for which she had pined, and in return for this ineffable boon she asked of

him the acceptance of all that she possessed. She was absolute mistress of her fortune. No one had any claim to her consideration, and so she would have him be her sole heir, entreating that he would receive the poor gift as willingly as she bestowed it. In the carved cedar chest of which the key was enclosed, would be found her will, and certain other papers, to be perused at his leisure, and dealt with as he saw fit.

So admirably had everything been arranged that Maynard met with little difficulty or delay in obtaining his inheritance, and was gratified beyond measure to find it sufficient to render him independent of further "drudgery at the desk's dead wood."

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed exultantly. "Thanks to that blessed little angel, my time has come. I had no idea what she meant then, but I understand it all now."

It was not until he had somewhat settled down to his new life of freedom that he took time to examine the further contents of the cedar chest. Then came another surprise, as they proved to constitute a veritable treasure-trove, the nature of which nothing Miss Thorgood had ever let fall in the course of their conversations prepared him to expect.

What he found was a large number of manuscripts, the exquisite clearness of whose caligraphy was in striking contrast to the undeniable crudity of their composition. There were essays, stories, verses, instinct with original thought, brightened by a shy delicate humor, suffused with a profound sympathy, irradiated by a rare elevation and purity of outlook, and yet set down in a style that was actually childish in its untutored simplicity.

As Maynard read them one after another, he could not hide from himself that he felt strangely chastened.

"I understand it better now," he murmured. "These have the very qualities that my own poor things lack. I can string words together after a more literary

fashion, I suppose, but she had the ideas, wonderful little woman that she was."

At the bottom of the pile lay a letter addressed to him, and endorsed: "Do not read this until after you have gone through the manuscripts."

When he opened it, and read its contents, he was brought face to face with as perplexing a problem as ever troubled a man's mind.

In her own simple direct way she told how through many years of loneliness she had found solace in setting down her thoughts, although never for a moment had she contemplated having them appear in print. She was fully alive to her utter lack of literary skill. She understood that what she wrote must needs be re-written by some practised hand before it could be made public, and on coming to know Maynard she realized he was the one to do this if he felt convinced her vagaries were of any worth.

But, and here emerged the problem, it was her express wish that if Maynard did undertake the task, he must have entire credit for the result. Her own part in it must be kept absolutely unknown. Whether the world received it with plaudits, or passed it by unheeded, could not matter to her. As he would make the venture, he should have whatever reward might befall.

The longer Maynard pondered this proposition, the more he felt its subtle sapping strength. The dilemma was so bewildering in its complexity. If he prepared the writings for publication, and revealed their authorship, he was violating the express terms of his trust. If he put them forth as his own, he would be playing false, although no one could suffer by it, nor the truth ever be discovered.

Yet, so rare was the quality of the dead woman's work, that he felt it must not be kept from the world, which sorely needed the very message it bore.

Neither need it be omitted that affecting all other considerations was the wild desire to bring those who held the gates of literature to terms at last, and have them

asking eagerly for what they had before refused even to encourage.

For many days did the distracting debate wage within him, and when finally the decision was reached he fully realized that he had crossed a Rubicon upon whose other side he stood an altered man.

When a little later the editors once more began to receive offerings from Maynard Boulton they were at first perplexed in no small measure. The style was undoubtedly the same as before, but the freshness of view, the delicious, lambent humor, the penetrating insight, the pathos as true as it was tender—whence came these novel enrichments?

Unable to solve the riddle, they ceased to concern themselves about it, and vied with each other in the warmth of their reception. Whether it was essay, poem, or story, they were only too glad to find a place for it in their pages, and 'ere long the name of Maynard Boulton stood high in literary circles, while the publishers, once so difficult, made no secret of their readiness to bring out his work in more permanent form.

In the intoxication of success, and the sweet satisfaction of having overcome the obstacles which had once thwarted him, Maynard found an opiate for his conscience that enabled him to keenly relish his rapidly-growing fame.

He accepted the homage offered him, however, without permitting it to turn his head, and went steadily on with his work, not allowing himself to be concerned as to what he would do when the store of manuscripts was exhausted.

One day he received a note from the famous editor of the *World-at-Large*, by general consent the greatest of periodicals, asking him to come to his office at a time appointed, and urging upon him to make sure of being present, as he wished to confer with him upon a matter of importance.

Wondering much what the summons might mean, Maynard did not fail to respond, and found himself in the company not only of the editor, but of a

group of distinguished writers and artists, evidently gathered for the same purpose.

The editor was a bluff, hearty man, brimming with enterprise and enthusiasm, and he welcomed them all warmly to his handsomely-appointed sanctum. When the party was complete he made known his purpose. The *World-at-Large* was drawing near the semi-centennial of its history, and he had decided to celebrate the event by the publication of a number which should surpass in literary and artistic worth all previous issues. In the accomplishment of his object, he accordingly invited the assistance of those present. With their cordial co-operation, success was assured.

The project was received with the liveliest approval, and, after the outburst of talk it evoked had subsided, the editor began to make definite arrangements with his contributors.

When he came to Maynard Boulton, an icy chill of apprehension struck to the latter's soul. Nemesis, so long delayed, had found him at last, for now there was asked of him something that he knew but too well the cedar chest could not supply.

Nevertheless he bore a brave front, and not one of the jovial company rejoicing together over their liberal commissions, for a moment suspected that he felt like one condemned to execution.

That night in his room he wrestled with his fate until daybreak found him still unsleeping.

He had not dared to decline the editor's request, yet he had no thought of even attempting to fulfil it. What then remained?

Rack his brains as he might, he could see only one way of escape, and that lay in ignominious flight. It was unspeakably hard. It meant the surrender of all that he enjoyed in life. But there seemed no alternative. Accordingly, as quietly as possible, he set about his arrangements, and, when they were complete, he vanished from the place that had held him in honor to begin a new existence elsewhere under an altered name.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

The hotel we stopped at was inordinately expensive—outrageously so. Mine host, an obese Dutchman, made me think of Lewis Caroll's dragonfly, for his body was a plum-pudding, his wings were made of holly-leaves, and his head was a raisin burning in brandy. As you cross the borders into the Fatherland you feel very small, indeed, for at once you are surrounded by tremendously be-buttoned men, very grand and officious. It is hard to withstand the orders of a man who wears a furious cavalry moustache, and a spread eagle surmounting his plated person. The Padre had taken our hand-bags into the Custom-house, but three of these important officials visited my coach one after the other, and tried to get me out "The sinewy vigor of the traveller" had failed me, and I was not in a humor to be moved, so pointing to the station, I said *Mein Herr*, whereupon they left me. The last one seized upon some baggage which did not belong to me, but had already been examined, and bore it off in defiant triumph.

Germany is "a land of vineyards and olive yards, and of brooks that run among the hills." There is no riot of nature here. Indeed, that old shrew has been so tamed and tyrannized over as to be now warped and twisted into the most capricious designs. The crops of different kinds and colors resemble a crazy-patchwork quilt. The women cut the grain and bind it in sheaves. It is not unusual to see a horse and cow ploughing together.

The comfortless tedium of the trip was added to by the numerous tunnels, where there was nought but Cimmerian darkness, steamy, vaporous air, and a smell "of the earth, earthy." Like somebody

in the Bible, we had "gone down to the bottom of the mountains, and the earth with her bars was about us forever." At the stations, as in Holland, there were all kinds of commodities for sale, and everybody drank beer. Heads must be strong in Germany.

Our train passed down the Rhine through scenery of surpassing beauty. The river leaped and sparkled in dazzling discs under the lustre of a blazing sun. The fantastic rock forms with their castled tops, added romance and beauty to the scene. These hoary palaces are the dry-bones of the mediaeval strongholds of "the good old times." The heat was scorching, and I was too ill to crane my neck out of the window, so allowed the beauties to pass by unnoticed, while sympathetic travellers drenched me with eau-de-cologne.

Koln!—this is the German spelling of Cologne, but being British, it would be *infra dig* for me to use even a name "made in Germany." I shall not attempt to tell you of the dizzying wonder of the stupendous Cathedral, its vast and delicate proportions, pillars, portals, and chiselry. It has best been described as "frozen music." To read aright its arches, buttresses, and statues is to understand all architecture.

St. Ursula's Church in Cologne is a vast charnel house dedicated to the Saint, who with eleven thousand virgins, was murdered by the Huns in the eleventh century. The interior of the church is "decorated" with the skulls of these virgins. Some of the skulls are partly covered with velvet. We dawdled about Cologne till we were tired of antiquity—wearied of the scents and scenes of the city, and then we journeyed on to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where we rested a few

days before going to our destination.

There are two fine monuments in Frankfort, erected to Gutenberg and Goethe. The city is opulent, and the streets clean and wide. It is a city of sun. The householders, by a cunning arrangement of looking-glasses placed on their window-sill, are able to see all that goes on in the street without looking out. In this way they are able to reconnoitre their callers.

Hood pertinently remarked, it was that the tidy housewife might watch before being at home to a caller with dirty boots.

In a bookstall here, I saw a print representing the German farmer, and those whom he supports. They stand on steps and the Emperor occupies the highest one. He is made to say, "I am supported by the taxes." The preacher exclaims on his step, "I live on the tithes." On the next platform the soldier remarks, "I pay for nothing." The lower parasite is the beggar, who says, "I live on what is donated me," and on the last step the Jew boasts, "I strip them all."

We arrived at Homburg, the lovely Tanus town, late on Saturday evening. As we alighted from our *coupe*, an old woman, followed by two young ones, made a sudden sortie from a doorway and fairly embraced the Padre. Before I knew what had happened, D—— was whipped off and we were landed upstairs in a big room. This was Frau Becker and her maids, and here the Padre had lodged. One maid flew off for a warm bath for D——, another bed was put up for me (they all sleep in single beds in Germany), tea was on the table and D—— and I had been patted and petted and called *das gute kind*, and the prettaya *frau*. Just fancy an English landlady being so demonstrative!

Homburg, August.

Homburg has nine thousand inhabitants. It was the residence of the Landgraves of Hesse-Homburg (I am not just sure what a "Landgrave" is), and years ago it was

the Monte Carlo of Europe. The Marquis de Caux, Adeline Patti's first husband, was then the leading star of the place. The people talk about "the good old gambling times," although I should judge the town has fallen upon better days. Since gambling has been abolished, each guest is obliged to pay a tax of eight marks to the municipality for the maintenance of the parks, springs and roads. Already this season, exclusive of tourists, there have been twelve thousand visitors. We escaped this tax, for the Padre and family go to make up the parasites who live on the farmer.

Homburg is said to have the worldliest society in Europe at this season of the year. The visitors make it their business to thoroughly "enjoy bad health." In the mornings they throng the springs to drink the waters and to chatter in all known and unknown tongues. I take my morning draught at the Elisabethbrunnen on the tessellated floor of which are wrought the words:—

"Bubble, holy spring, thou present of the active
depth,
Distribute forever and ever, a blessing to man-
kind."

Beautiful roads lead to the Springs, which are surrounded by parterres of flowers, orange trees, and statues of dazzling whiteness. All the while we are drinking, a string-band plays entrancingly. I am beginning to believe that the early rising, the walk before breakfast, a plain diet, and life by schedule, are not entirely unessential in the curative process.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm* bath-house is an imposing edifice, and contains eighty-four rooms. Hither come the victims of spleen, obesity, gout, rheumatism, and of anaemia, both mental and physical. In it you sweat and frizzle in baths of mud, pine, electricity, and vapor. If your purse and constitution will stand it, you may take inhalations galore, or the water, gymnastic and massage cures. Outside the baths, a

Swiss prepares and serves goat's-milk whey. We drink deeply and try to believe it most beneficial.

The centre of attraction, however, is the *Kurhaus* gardens, where twice a day we listen to the most ravishing music. I'll never, never laugh at another German band. At nights when the Rose Gardens and parks are lit up by hundreds of colored lights, they look like a fairy-land nocturnal spectacle. Sometimes a glittering girl dancer, with seductive grace of gesture, will execute a series of gyral antics and giddy paces, on an improvised platform, but under the spell of soft music, subtle odors, low laughter and the "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearl," her performance does not seem vulgar, but rather those of a "trickey, dainty Ariel."

In Homburg, it is never safe for a woman to look directly at a man, no matter how venerable he may appear. He is almost sure to give her a knowing glance, and perhaps follow it up by some ingratiatory remark, thereby hoping to lead up to his evil and unmentionable purpose. Some of these men, I am told, are loose-moraled Englishmen, who come abroad for adventures. They are heart-scalds to their families, many of whom make some claims to respectability. It is quite evident that if hundreds of people are trying to climb the social rungs an equal number are as busily engaged in descending it. The ascent of man is kept balanced by the descent of man.

The stately *Kurhaus* contains reading-rooms, ball-rooms, a theatre, a museum and a concert hall. The play-room where formerly the devotees of *Trente et Quarante* gathered, where the roulette ball rolled and the croupier's monotonous voice was heard, is now given up to games of more innocent nature. There is a gigantic dining-hall too, but it is the smart thing to dine on the *Kurhaus* piazza, where, however, you pay for "atmosphere." One portion of it has been set aside for the Prince of Wales and his suite, who come here every summer.

If you would view the grand dames aright, you must promenade on this piazza between nine and ten o'clock, taking care to have on your finest bibs and tuckers, for the procession is nought else than dress-parade. Up and down they go; Russian princesses with costumes fearfully and wonderfully made, the wives and daughters of Ambassadors, English Duchesses, alarmingly *decolletee*, beautiful Americans and wealthy Jewesses. Down the long walk too, lounges Adeline Patti and her boy-husband. Her hair is dyed the new shade, known as "Tuscan red." Her jewels would buy a small kingdom.

Twice a week *reunions* are held. Last night the Duke of Cambridge gave an affair at the *Kurhaus*. The majority of the ladies were dressy, rather than well-dressed. The German officers, with their tortured moustaches, gold-sheathed swords and studied politeness, were striking figures, indeed nowhere have I seen men of better physique and bearing.

I engaged a nurse-maid for D—. We call her Gretchen. She is the most sullen savage in Germany. My attempt at making her understand what I require of her are as ludicrous as they are useless. In the best German I could summon up, and with the assistance of my pantomimic powers, I told her one day that I was not well, and wanted her to bring over my dinner from a restaurant. I waited nearly an hour, when Gretchen appeared, looking particularly happy. She had gone to the restaurant and eaten my portion. I could suggest some reforms in the Meisterchafft system.

The Padre has had the offer of the church here, but I think will decline it, as the season only lasts five months, and he would have to spend the remaining seven in idleness, which would be sheer torture to one of such an active temperament, besides, he likes roving better.

The church seats about five thousand, and is well attended. Like our American Indians, the people come and go through the service—some come only for the

prayers, others for the sermon, and a third lot appear for the Communion. There is a "Royal Pew," and when the Padre prays for the Royal family he can look down and see them there. He must also include in the State Prayers, as is customary here, the names of the German Imperial Family and the President of the United States. The Padre preaches to all these grandees as if they were very simple people and regulation every-day sinners given to gambling, lying, sensuality, and hypocrisy, which is most likely.

On his first Sunday two ladies and a little boy came up, and after shaking hands with him, chattered freely, asking him about his country. He was surprised to learn later that the ladies were the Empress Frederick and the Crown Princess of Greece. The little chap he had been patting on the head, will one day be King of Greece. A few hours later the Duchess of Rutland, who had sung in the choir, died suddenly, and a memorial service was held the next Sunday. The Empress sent a telegram expressing her regret at being unable to be present. She is always thoughtful and kindly, and in spite of newspaper gossip is greatly respected by the Germans.

CHAPTER XIX.

DER KAISER.

London, Sept.

We returned to London three days ago. My sciatica has been completely cured by my stay in Germany, and I am again sight-seeing. Before leaving the Fatherland, we spent an afternoon in the Emperor William's summer palace at Homburg. He was not here this season, and so we were permitted to see it.

The Royal Park which encloses the Castle on three sides is not laid out with the oppressive regularity of most palatial grounds. The paths lead you through avenues of chestnut, lime, poplar, maple, and cedars of Lebanon, over rustic bridges, and past a miniature lake wherein

floats a fleet of lily-pads with golden varnished petals. A castle has stood on this site since Roman times, and about its protecting walls the houses have been built. "Like chickens cosily nestling close beneath the mother's wings." The oldest part of the castle is the donjon or White Tower, which was built in the year 1200.

Under the care of a herculean German, we pass into the courtyard through a huge *porte cochere* of red stone which was decorated by statues and lions cut in bas-relief. Crossing the yard we entered the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress. At the head of the ornate staircase leading to the King's Corridor, is a statue of St. Elizabeth feeding a child. This Queen was an ancestress of the House of Homburg. The King's Corridor is of grey marble, and is hung with a picture of Noah's Ark, and portraits of Maria Theresa, the Prince of Orange, a Turkish Princess who married Count Gleichen, and Frederick I.

Standing in the Emperor's bath-room, there is a vista of state rooms three hundred feet long. They are all arranged with an eye to comfort rather than magnificence. After his bath *Der Kaiser* reclines in his "Rest Room" for an hour. The writing room is a sunny den, with an elaborate escorial outfit. On the desk is a piece of beautiful Wedgewood, a gold inkstand, and busts of Blucher, Gustavus Adolphus, and Napoleon. There are books too, containing drawings of all the vessels of the Russian, English, German and French men-of-war, with their tonnage and armament. The draughts are the deft work of the King, and show not only energy and a great capacity for work, but also that William II. (to none) has given the matter of the navy his most sedulous attention.

Through an ante-room we entered the dining-room, where two huge porcelain vases, the gift of Nicholas I. of Russia, singled themselves out by their magnificence. The yellow and red Assembly

Rooms are hung with sumptuous brocades, a century old. We lingered long, examining the tables of marble marquetry, priceless cabinets, needlework of divers colors, and exquisite paintings. The Empress has in her writing room a large vase made from a single amethyst, some beautiful *articles de luxe*, and an epergne of rare, antique, ruby glass. In an apartment given as a wedding gift from the town of Homburg, the walls are a marvel of ingenious handicraft. The monograms and crests of the wedded pair are inlaid with thousands of pieces of wood of different color and texture. The elaborate smoking-cabinet of Rubens is in this room. The Emperor and Empress occupy a large stately bedroom looking out over the town. Their downy beds of ease are sent from Berlin when required. Off the bedroom, are dressing-rooms fitted up with a wealth of delicate tiles and furnishings in birds-eye-maple.

In spite of all the saws about the crown, and the uneasy head, the position of kingship is by no means to be despised.

Two tennis tournaments were held at Homburg during the season. One was open to all the officers of the Army, and the first prize was donated by the Emperor. It consisted of a gold smoking set, with his initials in diamonds on each piece. The other tournament was international. The champion was a young woman, a hybrid person, who looked more male than female. She was loose-jointed, long-strided, and prodigiously muscular.

Twice a week, in the afternoon, a ball was given for the children in the beautiful Golden Hall which almost translates one to "Bagdats' shrines of fretted gold." The figures of the children and grave masters of ceremony were reflected in scores of mirrors that paneled the rooms. The tiny maidens were be-curled and be-powdered, and be-sashed. Their important old-fashioned airs made one moralize on the fact that the child is not always father of the man, but sometimes mother of the woman.

The light infantry was composed of Italian, French, English, and Spanish children. There were little German Princesses too, who pirouetted with as much spirit as their subjects and visitors. Eminently proper little boys with high collars and gloves, looked nervous till the music started, and in a moment they lost all their airs and daintiness in a good old-fashioned polka. The tiny tots just hopped around on the polished floor and looked very sweet and kissable. A rough-and-tumble little lassie from Ontario, almost invariably chose for her partner a dark-haired Irish boy named "Teddy," who reciprocated the preference, and in every way upheld the national fame for gallantry.

When tired of the gayety and glitter of the crowds, we used to fly as birds to the Tanus Mountains that surround the city like outriders in green. In these mountain forests, thousands once lived, moved and had their being. Under our feet in gigantic mounds lay the remains of the original inhabitants, who with their weapons and ornaments were buried milleniums ago. Most of these mounds have been opened for scientific research.

It is good to rest oneself in these "black forests." It is the joy which a wandering child might feel when compassed by the loving arms of its mother. The dark languor of the wood and the soft depth of gloom have an air of mystery. You long to know their secrets. Perhaps it is the delirious glamour of your own mood, for some say that we see nature through temperament. It is not strange that the Northern imagination invested the pine woods with awe as the haunts of Odin and Thor; that the Teutons should make them the home of the Erl Konig and his Elfin Court. The pine trees have such educated formal looks that they can be personified with ease. The Brahmans saw Pan in them. The Christians call them "God's crops."

The Padre used to read aloud from Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy*

Life. It is an old book—two hundred years old—and tells how the imprudent use of an estate corrupts all the tempers of the mind, and fills the heart with poor and ridiculous passions through the whole course of life as represented in the character of *Flavia*. Listen! "If you visit *Flavia* on Sunday, you will always meet good company. You will know what is doing in the world. You will hear the last lampoon, be told who wrote it, and who is meant by every name that is in it. You will hear what plays were acted that week, which is the finest song in the opera, who was intolerable at the last assembly, and what games are most in fashion." Then we read of the pious *Miranda*, who "while she was under her mother, was forced to sit up late at nights, to be the folly of every fashion, always visiting on Sunday; to go patched and loaded with finery to the Holy Sacrament, to be in every polite conversation, to hear profanity at the opera; to dance at public places that rakes might admire the fineness of her shape and the beauty of her motion."

When tired of the doings of *Flavia* and *Miranda*, we used to sleep our weariness away. The air in the forests is dim and slumbrous, the tree-tops croon a lullaby, and the tassels of the rich pines form themselves into pillows.

There is a Swiss Chalet at the edge of the pinery, where we would buy rusks, for the all-prevailing resinous odor makes one hungry. The rusks crackled in our teeth, and like silly children of the woods, we made believe we were Canadian red squirrels eating beech-nuts, and laughed with the sheer bliss of being alive. I used to dip my rusk in the Rhenish wine called "Dragon's Blood," for it was enchanted wine, and came from the Castle of the Drachenfels, where Siegfried slew the dragon, and bathed himself in its blood, that he might become invulnerable. Rested and rejuvenated, we pass from the woodlands out into the summer night and down the green feathered slopes of the

mountains, to the ever-brilliant shifting sights of the town.

* * * * *

The Canadian climate and country resemble Germany in many respects. When the next century will have combed out Canada's tangles, the resemblance will be even more apparent. It seemed to me too, that the people more nearly approach the Canadians in habits and manners, than do the English.

I did not find the German cookery as startling as I expected. True, we went to restaurants where they catered for English guests, but sometimes we sought out a purely German eating-house, that we might sample the national eccentricities in comestibles. All German food has been divided into three classes—the salt, the sour, and the greasy. I have quite new ideas of the possibilities of veal. The German cook serves it in a dozen appetizing and savory ways, such as his soul loveth. I could not endure their oily salads and salt, rye bread of indigestible solidity, but the divine rolls made amend for these shrotcomings. A distinctively German dish to which my palate was totally uneducated, consisted of baked apples, with lemon peel, sugar, and brown meat gravy. Many indefinable dishes are served, which taste well, and about which I was not too curious.

The *Weinkarte* figures largely on every table. Indeed, strange as it may seem, you are always charged extra for dinner if you do not order wine. If you order water, mineral water is understood. You must be more explicit, and say you wish "natural water." Coffee, black and strong, with rolls, make up the German breakfast. Our bill for that meal always contained "extras" in the way of ham, eggs, and marmalade. At four the people have afternoon coffee—not tea. We found it almost impossible to purchase tea in any of the shops. They sold us something by that name, but when brewed it was evil

both in looks and taste. The German waiter is a model of attention and obsequiousness. He knows what you are thinking of, and presto! it is there.

By seven each morning all the streets have been swept, and chiefly by women, who use brooms of twigs. The females wear abbreviated skirts. Their heads are bare and without disfiguring halos of curl-papers. In person they are always clean and tidy. Pauperism is unknown among them, and thieving is a lost art. This is probably owing to the officialism and inquisitorial system of espionage that exist. During our stay we did not see a single case of intoxication. There does not seem to be any room there for the W.C.T.U.

The people complain greatly of the taxes, which are a crushing burden. They stigmatize the system as grand larceny. It is for the maintenance of the army, that they are so heavily charged, yet they are proud of their soldiers, and well they may be, for the world has never seen a larger, finer physiqued, better drilled or equipped army than is now to be found in Germany. Long ago Heine said of the soldiers, that they looked as if they had first been thrashed with ramrods, and then swallowed them. It has been hinted too, that the heavens opened and rained soldiers for forty days in Germany. The people we talked with have a poor opinion of the English soldiers. They consider the British Army a convenient and soft berth for young men of high station, the majority of whom are mere beaux, while the privates are of the rawest material. John Bull, himself, they style as the insatiable thief of the world.

The plegmatic German males, appear to exist largely on newspapers, Wagnerian music, beer and politics. The Teutons do not display the same gallantry to their wives and daughters as do Anglo-Saxons. The women are simply his domestic appanage. He holds that "To be without color, is the highest virtue of the women and the diamond." The Germans

ask of a woman, only blue eyes, a bust, and economy. I was, however, surprised by what I saw of this people. Going among them with an English bias, I expected to find an inferior race. On the contrary, they are more ambitious, sober, and thrifty than the English, and cleaner both in person and morals. Vogelweide was right when he sung:—

"German men have virtues rare,
And German maids, are angels fair."

We did not expect even, with our Colonial democracy, to meet socially, the grand people who went to make up the Padre's congregation, and so were surprised and pleased when "The Lords of the Council and all the nobility" called on us and invited us to their luncheons and merry tea-drinkings.

Among the ladies who go to make up the smart set, there were some few beautiful women, who could swear upon occasion, who had cold hearts and hot lips, and whose lovers were not of necessity their husbands. These dames were not by any means considered the skim-milk of the *creme de la creme*.

But while birds of prey were plentiful, they were greatly outnumbered by real birds of Paradise, for refinement has reached its zenith in the persons of English ladies of birth. Their voices are soft and musical; their manners dignified, yet gentle. In their company I found what I had frequently read of, but seldom met, "the indefinable charm." These ladies are truly religious too, but it is a part of their breeding. They would no more speak of their fidelity to their Maker than of their faithfulness to their husbands. These things you may take for granted, without any misgivings. If their religious sensibilities are keenly wrought upon, they even shrink into deeper reserve, but will show their appreciation by gifts and kindnesses of no mean order.

Yet I have somewhat against them. They are unjust and harsh in their opinions of *La belle Americaine* who figures

prominently in European society at present. While outwardly the English women are courteous to her, they give it as their opinion that she poses, twangs, and overdresses. They say that she is surface-clever, has a superficial veneering of refinement, and is purely of the genus *nouveau riche*. These strictures may in a measure be intended to act as deterrents to the young man who is matrimonially inclined, for his mother calls her "a poacher;" or it may be that they really do consider her bad form. At any rate, it is what the Englishwomen consider her vices, which become her virtues to the Englishmen.

The American girl is vivacious, clear-witted, and an adept in the art of conversation. She knows how to fence, thrust, and parry in brilliant repartee. She is quick to assimilate new ideas or manners, and is always deeply interested in whatever for the moment is uppermost. It is not to be wondered that John Bull, jr., finds her society entertaining, and many matrimonial alliances that have been attributed to cupidity, are really only the doings of Cupid.

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To oblige an eccentric time-table, we rose with the sun and took the train to Biebrich, where we boarded the steamer *Die Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* for our trip on the Rhine.

Early in the day we passed the "vine-clad hills of Bingen." Across the Rhine from this lovely Rhenish town, stands Rudesheim, above which on a high rock is the Niederwald Monument, which is reached by a rack-and-pinion railway. This national monument was erected to commemorate the confederation of the German States in the present empire. The celebrated Mouse Tower, where the cruel Archbishop of Mayence was said to have been eaten alive by mice, stands on a rock in the river, opposite the Castle of Ehrenfels.

I half expected to see a fair lady sitting on the Lorelei Rock combing her hair

with a golden comb. She no longer intoxicates with her voice, but with her grapes, and we had plenty of this intoxicant on our own vessel.

All about us, soft-spoken attendants filled the flowing bowls with vinious potations, for in spite of the beauties of the scenery, travellers on the Rhine get unromantically thirsty. In generous quantities, they quaffed rare and costly hocks that gurgled and laughed in the glasses, and excitable wines that recalled George Augustus Sala's wise advice, "Look not upon the champagne when it is dry."

The River forces its majestic way through volcanic upheavals and barriers of rock, up whose giant staircases the vines have stormed the position. There is no waste or irreclaimable rock; every inch is utilized and tilled. "Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere."

The Rhenish vine-dressers are far ahead of our Canadian farmers in diligence and thrift. The earth long chastened by the hands of man, has been brought to a state of the utmost perfection. In many of the vineyards there are shrines and watch-towers, for these people literally obey the command to "Watch and pray."

Each lofty rock-head is crowned with a castle and bastioned burgh, deep-wrinkled with the sun of a thousand summers. Ehrenbretstein has a fine fortress, whose grim-eyed batteries command the Rhine and Moselle. It is called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. We seemed to hear the echoes of the mighty conflicts that once convulsed Europe, when the monument was pointed out to us, that marks the spot where in 1814 Blucher crossed the Rhine.

At dusk, Cologne was reached. Some of the passengers expressed themselves as disappointed with the River. I have been wondering ever since what they expected. To me, it was a matchless panorama of beauty. Its castled rocks and sun-bathed, vine-mantled slopes were unspeakably lovely. Its unique spell will live long in my memory. It is "the land of longings fulfilled."

OF INTEREST TO LADIES

TAKING CARE OF THE HANDS

DID you ever see a pretty woman with a skin like a rose, but with coarse, ill-shaped hands?

Once it was enough for a woman to keep the hands washed and the nails clean and trimmed. Now much more is required.

It is the woman who does housework who is puzzled as to how her hands may look white and well kept. This is one reason why she often gets careless and thinks it is useless to attempt so difficult a task. The woman who does housework and is constantly dipping her hands in hot and cold water must take more care of her hands than must the woman who does no housework. She must wear gloves when she can. If her purse will permit, she can purchase soft rubber gloves to be worn washing dishes. Cast-off kid gloves can be utilized when sweeping and doing other rough work.

Then again, the woman who is constantly wetting her hands must dry them thoroughly. After she has been doing some dirty piece of work, or even after washing dishes, she should have close at hand a cake of good soap and a jar of almond meal or oatmeal, which will answer the purpose quite as well, and let her fill a basin with hot water, wash her hands well with the soap and then the meal, rubbing it all over the hands. This will make the skin white. After the hands are perfectly clean she should dry them thoroughly on a soft towel, and apply some nice lotion, such as glycerine and rose-water and rub well in. This will soften the skin and prevent it becoming rough or chapped. Hard water and impure soap make the hands chap. When the hands are chapped they should be washed clean in hot water, and a good

cold cream or skin food applied to them and loose gloves worn all night.

To soften and whiten the hands, mix a paste of glycerine and oatmeal, powdered is preferred, and plaster it thickly over the hands, wearing loose gloves all night. A special glove open down the back is now sold for cosmetic purposes.

The buttermilk bath is also excellent for the hands. Take a double handful of powdered oatmeal or bran and soak it in a quart of buttermilk for an hour or two. Wash the hands in soap and very hot water, then dip them in this mixture and plaster the arms with it. If possible let them soak an hour or so. Then wash off gently with warm water, using no soap. Those living in the country have the advantage of being able to use rain water for bathing, and can always obtain buttermilk.

Of course the necessary attention to the hands will mean a little inconvenience and a little time, but what of that. Should it mean rising earlier in the morning, or the staying up later at night, there will be the satisfaction of seeing the hands look beautiful.

DOING AWAY WITH THE DOUBLE CHIN

WOMEN who are inclined to be obese, are always deploring their double chins. There is nothing that so soon marks the years as the fat necks and the habit of letting the head drop onto the chest. It is claimed that the weight of the fatty tissues causes the head to settle onto the shoulders, making a woman look shorter, and robbing her of all genuine gracefulness.

The new method of combatting the double chin is to hold the head well up, and the chin out, and very high, for with

this the throat gains in length and naturally in grace.

Sarah Bernhardt is accredited with having set the hold-your-head-up fashion, which is the latest pose among the smart set.

This new fashion of rearing the head is an exaggeration as all fads are for a time.

But the exaggeration is on the right side, and those who practise it will keep young and always graceful.

FASHION NOTES

All the most effective hats are now trimmed with some sort of flowers, or flowers in combination with something else.

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Crushed roses, roses and violets, pansies and dahlias, to say nothing of the immensely popular chrysanthemum, are much in vogue.

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French knots are by no means things of the past, but appear larger, more elaborate and more numerous than ever.

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Paquin and Worth, famed the world over, have each an entirely new and original model at the beginning of every season, and it is said that all the gowns they turn out during the following months are merely a variation of it.

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White is to be the rage again this summer. This is fortunate, as it is becoming to every woman.

The advance spring gowns tell a story of their own about sleeves and skirts. The former are to be fuller, and the latter anything but tight. Indeed, skirts are to be just as generous as one's figure can stand.

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Discrimination is the key-note of successful gowns. A woman who knows at once what she can and what she cannot wear, has solved the first problem of good dressing.

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Laces, platings and tucks of all descriptions are also on the list of summer sureties, while handwork in many old and new styles will be popular.

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Sashes are to be worn, and long stole-like ends of black velvet ribbon finish many a lovely gown about the belt.

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Black straw hats will be extensively worn next season.

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Fashion's favorite violet shows the pink instead of the blue cast.

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Pongee undershirts will be worn next summer.

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Summer sashes will have no loops. They will be held in place by fancy pins or buckles.

"Much also depends on the proper preparation of food, and a skilled housewife with ten shillings a week to spend on food will often do more for the health and strength of her family than an unskilled one with twenty."

Marshall's "Economics of Industry." P. 139.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY

NOTES FROM THE TORONTO SCHOOL OF COOKING

IMPROPER diet is depopulating rural France, according to Cloudsley Breton, an English scientist.

* * *

TO HELP THE HOUSEKEEPER

Report is received of a very interesting and instructive exhibit of household appliances at the Drexel Institute, held during the month of February. This display was especially attractive to those facing the difficulties of poor help, poor supplies and poor conveniences for housekeeping. To lessen drudgery, to promote health, and to secure the greatest satisfaction for the time, money and effort expended in housekeeping was the laudable aim of this exhibition.

There were suitable house plans for building in various localities. Ventilation was a subject for study, and such woodwork in the house that could be easily cleaned, which is something to interest every housekeeper.

Just why house builders persist in making baseboards with every possible dirt-catching angle, crevice and curve is not to be understood.

The photographs of rooms furnished with sensible simplicity were shown in contrast with those of the over-furnished sort.

In one frame was shown two rooms, which cost the same to furnish. The simple one was not only the more artistic, but the more admirable in every way.

All variations of the Windsor chair were recommended, and so were the plain, quaint Dutch styles. Cheap dietaries were

indicated by comprehensive charts. There was also an arrangement called a dietary computer; likewise a table outlining a well-balanced division of the income, and much valuable literature on home economies.

Some interesting experiments were noted in textiles. Handsome linen taffeta, dainty cretonne, Japanese crepe, and other fabrics show the change wrought by washing and sunshine. There were too, the admired Colonial rugs, in rag and woven effects. There were suggestions as to underwear. It seems that laundering lace-trimmed, ribbon-run frivolity costs \$83.20, as against \$21.20 for the higher-class sort with sprays embroidered thereon in the French fashion.

Washing is a necessity, ironing a luxury, and besides, the fresh, sunned air remains an unironed material.

Economy and hygiene was the key-note of this struggle for the ideal, and it cannot but stimulate research.

* * *

MEASURES FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

A set of tin or glass measures with spouts, which measure from a gallon down to half a gill should be kept in every kitchen.

Dry ingredients such as flour, sugar, spices and soda, should be sifted before using; sifted flour will measure twice as much as unsifted flour. In cooking it is of the greatest importance to measure everything accurately. In measuring dry materials a teaspoon is a level teaspoon,

when a heaping teaspoon is intended, it is stated in the recipe.

Three teaspoons dry material equal one tablespoon.

Four teaspoons liquid equal one tablespoon.

Sixteen teaspoons liquid equal one cupful.

Twelve teaspoons dry material equal one cupful.

Two cupfuls equal one pint.

Four cupfuls equal one quart.

Four cupfuls of flour equal one quart or one pound.

Two cupfuls solid butter equal one pound.

Two cupfuls granulated sugar equal one pound.

Two and a half cupfuls powdered sugar equal one pound.

One pint of milk or water equals one pound.

One dozen eggs should weigh one and a half pounds.

Skim milk is heavier than whole milk, and cream is lighter than either, while pure milk is three per cent. heavier than water.

One tablespoonful of soda to one cupful of molasses.

One teaspoonful of soda to one pint of sour milk.

Three teaspoonfuls of baking powder to one quart of flour.

One-half cupful of yeast or one-quarter cake compressed yeast to one pint liquid.

One teaspoonful of salt to two quarts of flour.

One teaspoonful of salt to one quart of soup.

One scant cupful of liquid to two full cupfuls of flour for bread or muffins.

One scant cupful of liquid to one full cupful of flour for batters.

One quart water to each pound of meat and bone for soup stock.

Four peppercorns, four cloves, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs for each quart of water for soup stock.

It is often said of good cooks that

“they never measure, they guess.” Not so. Long experience has taught them to measure, and measure accurately, by means of that same experience and judgment. This, however, is a most risky experience for beginners.

* * *

SARATOGA PUDDING

Ingredients.—One cup of sifted flour, four tablespoonfuls of chopped suet, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, one tablespoonful molasses, one-half cup of currants, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk.

Method.—Mix milk, molasses and beaten egg together, then mix flour, suet, baking-powder, salt, sugar and spice and add to the liquid mixture; lastly add the currants. Pour in a buttered mold and tie a buttered paper over the top, and steam for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with cream or hard sauce.

CREAM SUCE

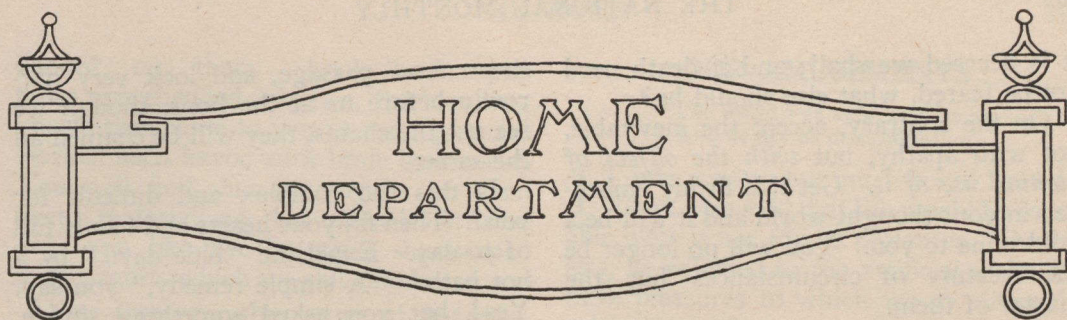
Ingredients.—One egg, one-half cup of powdered sugar, one cup of cream, flavor with vanilla. Whip the white of the egg to a stiff froth, and add the well-beaten yolk; then the sugar gradually; then fold in the cream, also beaten very stiff.

HARD SAUCE

To one tablespoonful of butter add four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, cream butter; then add gradually the sugar sifted; flavor with vanilla.

CORNMEAL GEMS

One cup of flour, one-half cup of cornmeal, one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, two teaspoonfuls of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Bake from 20 to 25 minutes.



HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

WOMEN AND WORRY

WE couple the two because worry is largely kept alive by the female sex. The impatient solicitude, the fretting, teasing thought, and many of the sinister hobgoblins that make life miserable, are bred of house atmosphere. The miry lanes leading to the Slough of Despond are not so often trodden by men. Their open-air life gives stronger pulses, steadier eyes and a better sense of balance. Business competition teaches them to obey the will rather than feeling, and strengthens their faculty of concentrating and guiding thought. Men do not negotiate for trouble, but women do. They negotiate for it at compound interest, and pay both the bond money and the pound of flesh.

With many of us fear has become a fixed habit. We fear lest our cruse run dry and the barrel fail. Fear of sickness, fear of death, and fear of Mrs. Grundy, are the bats and owls that lodge in the hidden recesses of our lives.

"S'pose," said a small boy to another, as they stood under a plum tree. "S'pose I was to climb there, and I was to slip, or I was to a wasp's nest, or—"

"No, s'pose!" replied the other, as he shinned up the tree.

Now, which one got the fruit? You remember how the White Knight in *Alice in Wonderland* lugged around a beehive lest he should meet a swarm of bees in his travels. He is hardly less open to criticism than some of us who bear around

a bundle of "carking cares," with just such a slender possibility of ever seeing the evil day on which they will materialize.

Worries are very much like healthy babies, the better they are nursed the bigger they grow. If you let this baby die of neglect, rest assured the police will not arrest you.

A good bit of homely wisdom says there are two classes of things we should not worry about—things we can help and things we cannot help.

Evils we can, we ought to help. If we have to "sit on a cushion and sew up a seam," it is wisdom to sit and sew. If we need money, let us get out and earn it. Help them—that is the wisdom for this sort of cares.

But the things you cannot help? Why worry about them? "Which of you, by being anxious can add one cubit to his stature?" We cannot hold back the waves the sea flings upon the beach. We cannot shut pain and death out of our doors. We cannot prevent the disaster that comes through others. In the presence of this class of ills we are utterly powerless. They are irremediable. I do not mean by this to council an escape from our worries and trials by schooling ourselves in apathy, which might also be called resignation, insensibility or fatalism. It is this an Arab proverb teaches when it says there are two days on which it is needless to fear death—the day on which it is decreed we shall not die, and the day on which

it is decreed we shall; and if death need not be feared, what else should be?

On the contrary, accept the inevitable, not with apathy, but *with the object of making use of it*. Get this firmly embedded in your thought-world and it will be a gold mine to you. You will no longer be the creature of circumstances but the master of them.

Worry is a ruinous expenditure of vital force. It is a mental tenant which pulls down our physical organism just as its opposite builds up bodily tissue, then why harbor such an expensive guest? "The only thing to be feared," said a philosopher, "is fear."

Present troubles may be very real and very sore, petty vexations rasp you every hour of the day, and there may be never a rift in the clouds. Of course, in the future, "the rainy day" will come, and the strong tempest, and the frost that bites to the bone. Nevertheless, don't worry. Demand of your intellect to free you entirely from the corroding influence of anxiety.

The warp and woof of your mentality holds strands of fear that have been twisted therein by past generations, but these threads may be plucked out.

You can change your consciousness concerning these fears by putting yourself in harmony with them, *and using them*.

You can awaken recuperative forces to action and conquer one emotion with another. The opponent of fear is courage. Courage recognizes the danger and avoids or meets it with a calm face and a confidence in its own powers. Indeed, this salutary and protective trait is the very condition of existence. Mulford is right when he says we do not want to run away from that interview we fear, or from that difficulty we dread, so much as we want the state of mind which will cause us not to fear it. In this way we will not only cease to dread the terrible lion in our path, but will be eager to test our faculties upon it.

Like Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, when we enter

the narrow passage, and look very narrowly before us at the lions, though we see not the chains, they will be chained all the same.

Is this too complex and difficult for you? Then fill your hearts and hands full of to-day. Expel the "blue devil" by a hot bath. "A simple remedy," you say. Yes! but you asked something simple. You never leave a hot bath in the frame of mind in which you entered. If you don't believe it, ask the asylum nurses what they do to calm their nervous, excited patients. Play on the piano. Take active exercise or amusement. Better still, adopt Lord Lytton's advice and attack a new language, for brain-work is the greatest antidote to worry.

Are you in a tearing hurry, worried about how much you have to do to-day, to-morrow? Then sit down and say, "I *will not* be driven by these duties." When you have recovered balance, take up the appointed tale of bricks. Do one thing at a time. Sufficient unto the hour is the labor thereof. Live but one day in twenty-four hours. "Never cross the great, big, muddy creek until you come to it."

Take short views of life. You are happy now. You are likely to be so until to-morrow. Then, it is the highest wisdom to enjoy yourself. The man who is climbing the Rockies must not look too far ahead, or it will tire him; he must not look back or he gets dizzy; he has but to set his foot on the right spot before him.

When the world holds *only black* for you, when it has seemed to turn you down with a thud, and the "Shadowy Future" is a grey blank, rest awhile and talk over your tangled affairs mentally. The ill-boding raven and his croaking "Nevermore" may often be routed by a deliberate consideration of the situation, and the causes of anxiety. There is no liar like low spirits. See if your Goliath is not a David, with possible hidden stones in his sling. Consider if you have not been in this plight before and outlived the worries and even

danced on them. Look back upon those apprehended miseries, the haunting ghosts that came to you in the night and worked such havoc with brain and nerve. You will find that nine-tenths of them never materialized, but passed harmless over you like the beautiful sun-steeped mist-wraiths which we call clouds.

You there on the verge of anaemia, despair, or nervous prostration, sit down, take a pencil and balance your accounts. Don't wait till Thanksgiving Day. On one side write your adversities and mis-haps, both present and expected, and then in the other column make an inventory of what you have left on the side of possible happiness, your abilities, physical powers, your probability of life, your inheritance, tastes, possessions, friends, acquirements, and the pleasures you expect to derive from your work.

The result will surprise you. One of the keenest and most heart-breaking of worries is the regret at our own blunders, ignorance, and weaknesses. In our searching introspection, we learn to hate ourselves. We grow dispirited and tired of life itself. Luck dealt us a good hand, and we had the lead, but we played our cards badly and lost the odd. In such hours, it is well to recall the pregnant maxim that he who never makes mistakes, never makes anything.

What a waste of our energy and vital forces to blame ourselves for past blunders. How foolish. At best, we can only see through a glass darkly. A different course might have been attended by even more deplorable results. If, with reasonable prudence, we acted up to our light at the moment, we need not waste to-day in self-reproach or self-abasement.

Only one thing—don't complain of your worries. If you *will* hold by them, hide them as far as possible from public gaze. You betray your weakness by showing them, and sometimes the effort to conceal from others will hide them from your own gaze.

OUR AMUSEMENTS

“The world's as ugly, aye, as sin—
And nearly as delightful.”

IT was a witty but much-bored Frenchman who said that life would be tolerable were it not for its pleasures. Doubtless, he referred to the artificial make-believe pleasures to which we so strangely subject ourselves.

Many of us there are who sigh over our invitations, and yet these same entertainments are classed as amusements. *Samanthy Allan* hit it off exactly when she described the pleasure excursion as “the pleasure exertion.” Scores of us play golf, chess, poker or ping-pong, not because we have any special liking for these games, but because we are expected to play, and then “One must have some amusement, you know.” Poor souls! how we bedevil ourselves—that is, some of us.

On the other hand, the great majority refuse to be mere “dumb driven cattle,” and select their amusements according to their particular tastes, and it is in these same pleasures that they show their true colors. During the day, people are bitted and bridled by the work they have to contend with, but when work is done, then they reveal themselves. They flock with the birds of their own particular feather. It may be said of them, as of the saints of old, “Being let go, they went each into his own company.”

We have no patience with the odious doctrines of the ascetics, or wooden-souled disciplinarians who maintain that whatever is agreeable to man is offensive to God, and to cultivate pleasurable sensations is to take a short cut to perdition. Nothing of the kind! Work and play are reciprocally advantageous. It is in our leisure hours that we rid ourselves of the lees of life. What is recreation but recreation? At least, it should be.

The difference between true and false recreation is just this: The true is paid for with pain *before* you enjoy it; the false afterwards.

Amusement is healthful.

It is right.

It is inspiring.

We must have it.

A thousand voices in Nature demand it.

But this is the point. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous, so that you cannot sleep, and you rise in the morning, not because you are rested, but because duty drags you, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man to his work next day with bloodshot eyes, "big head," yawning, stupid, nauseated; and they are the wrong kinds of amusement. "He buys pleasure too dear who licks it from thorns." Such amusement is the agitation of a rough musician, who in ringing out the time, breaks the instrument. Anything that first pleases or gratifies and then hurls back on a man in terrible reaction, pulling him down mentally, physically and morally, is most obnoxious and deplorable. "I do it for a treat," said a man to Rowland Hill, when remonstrated with regarding a certain pleasure resort. "Indeed," replied Mr. Hill, "and I know what kind of a bird feeds on carrion for a treat."

There are entertainments, too, that give a woman disrespect for the drudgery of life; for the rolling-pin because it is not a sceptre, for the kitchen apron because it is not a bespangled robe. Rest assured, any amusement that makes you long for a life of thrilling adventure, surreptitious trysts, hair-breadth escapes, and love that takes poison and shoots itself, is an amusement that is both foolish and hurtful.

When you come to analyze the subject closely, we find that all our pleasures are derived from three sources—the senses, emotions, and intellect. All are equally worth cultivating. Indeed, we cannot perform any action without this triple alliance. In our amusements we should handle the three much as we play "cut-throat" euchre, where the two players who are behind constantly enter into combination against the one who is ahead. In

this way, we shall be able to keep a true and healthful balance of our powers.

It has been the habit of all ages to stigmatize the pleasures we derive from the senses as gross and unworthy. Even the Romans who worshipped the beautiful goddess Voluptas, the queen of sensual pleasure, represented her as having virtue under her feet. In our days, very few dare own up to the keen pleasure they derive from eating and drinking. And yet eating your dinner may be as holy an act—in truth, it is—as saying your prayers. Care not then, if people call you a wine-bibber and gluttonous; you will not be the first to lie under these epithets and you need not be ashamed of your company. Remember only, that the pleasure from the sense of taste should have its measure. It ought to be like the manna which the Israelites gathered daily in the wilderness—a sufficiency and no more.

The amusement which is pre-eminently cultivated to-day is the enjoyment of the emotions of risk, such as are excited by games of chance. Enjoyed moderately, cards, pool, back-gammon, horse-racing, and athletic games, are a healthful stimulus and beneficial, but immoderation is followed by exhaustion of the nerve-fibres and consequent re-action.

Some players have a habit of going to bed in the afternoon that they may come fresh to the card-table at night. In the smart set, the man who does this is said to *jouer le cadavre*—play the corpse.

Games of chance have unfortunately, an ill-odor as being the most convenient means of gambling—and of cheating, too,—for one naturally follows the other.

"What would you do if you saw a man cheating at cards?" asked a lady of Lord Hertford. "Bet on him, to be sure," said this candid gamester.

And 'tis a pity that these favorite amusements should lie under such a ban, but how often our fairest pleasures harbor the grossest sins. Just as where, in tropical countries, the most beautiful cacti grow, there the venomous serpents are to be

found at the root of every plant. Even Cleopatra's asp was introduced in a basket of flowers.

At every hazard table, on one side sit ecstasy, romance, enthusiasm, and the frenzy of joy. On the other, schooled into apparent quietness, are fierceness, rage and tumult. There is no mistaking the professional gamester when the gambling passion with its infernal spell is on him. It discovers itself in the greed of his eye, the hardness of his features, and the sickly pallor of his skin—sometimes, in the threadbareness of his coat.

On the whole, it is best to treat games of chance as boggy lands, over which we must run lightly without stopping to put our feet down.

Perhaps, of all the weary, flat, dull and unprofitable ways of seeking amusement, the society snare is the worst. It passes our simple understanding how people can spend their whole lives fluttering from one idle pastime to another. Even a child will not play with its toys all day. It must have food. "A leisure week," said a professional man, as the result of his experience, "or even a leisure month, is pleasant enough, but a leisure year, or a leisure lifetime is sure to become a leaden burden to carry." You might as well try to make a lion happy by feeding him with a fly as to satisfy yourselves with such amusement. It is like pouring water into a sieve or putting money into a bag with holes.

We go to some society "crush" and pretend to enjoy ourselves. We meet animated icicles in jewels and silk, people who do not say what they mean, or mean what they say. Two or three commonplace observations or vapid sentences do duty for conversation. On the way home, as likely as not, we will comment on the falsetto tones of the hostess, her bad style, or her bread and butter. The dear guests will style her eldest daughter as "an old campaigner," her youngest "a bran-stuffed doll," and her husband "a veneered cowboy."

Speaking of these silly rounds of so-

ciety, Lord Chesterfield said those who value them are only those who see their gay outside and are dazzled by their glare. Those behind the scenes see the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machinery.

The fact of the matter is, the cream of earth's pleasure floats on the top. Be content to skim it. If you seek to drink deeper you fare worse. Most divers bring up slime, but few, pearls. Pleasure is found more often in simple things, in the beauties of form, line, and color, the blithesome song of a bird or child, the sinking of your teeth into a sweet-blooded pear, a sky pageant, or some silent joy that Mother Nature has ever ready to pour into the hurts of her returned and wounded children. One who cultivates these pleasures, can enjoy them every hour of the day.

Some find pleasure in fame. What is it? It means to be discussed by people who do not know you, whom you do not know, and whom you have not the slightest wish to know.

Then there is the amusement which is in "Plot-interest," as elucidated by the theatre or novel. It is the most fashionable narcotic of the century, claiming more devotees than opium, chloral and alcohol combined.

We can derive pleasure from gardening, photography, painting, or from the training of our pet animals to whose love and fealty we so often turn with relief from the association of our own species.

The commonest and cheapest of all pleasures is conversation. It is the greatest pastime of life. Others find amusement in collections of various kinds, and a person who has a cabinet stocked by his own efforts is one who will never complain of ennui.

To sum up all the foregoing, every man to his own taste—and every woman, too,—even if it be the pleasure derived from the contempt of pleasure. Only remember, pray, pleasure for sauce, not for food.

LITERATURE

THE EMPIRE OF BUSINESS. By Andrew Carnegie.

THIS is a volume of rare value, in which the author covers a wide range of business topics that are of vital interest. It is pithy, pointed, practical, and bristles with argumentative weapons of the finest temper. Mr. Carnegie has the faculty of making an admittedly heavy subject not only instructive, but positively entertaining.

His opening chapter is "a talk" to young men on the elements of success in business. They should, he says, begin at the beginning, or, in other words, they must know how to lick postage stamps before they can write letters. Once begun, they should aim high. In the business sea, the Scylla, speculation the Charybdis, and indorsement the rock ahead. It takes a steady hand and a keen eye to steer clear of them. To succeed, the employee should never say, "What *must* I do for my employer? but what *can* I do?"

Very striking are Mr. Carnegie's words on thrift. Before quoting, we would like to preface them with a statement of *John Graham's* in *The Letters of a Self-Made Man*: "Boys are constantly writing me for advice about how to succeed, and when I send them my receipt they say that I am dealing out commonplace generalities. Of course I am, but that's what the receipt calls for, and if a boy will take these commonplace generalities and knead them into his job, the mixture will be cake."

Now the multimillionaire, Andrew Carnegie, gives in his receipt for making money the following directions:

"There is one sure mark of the coming partner, the future millionaire; his revenues always exceed his expenditures. He begins to save early, almost as soon as he begins to earn. No matter how little it may be

possible to save, save that little. Invest it securely, not necessarily in bonds, but in anything which you have good reason to believe will be profitable, but no gambling with it, remember. A rare chance will soon present itself for investment. The little you have saved will prove the basis for an amount of credit utterly surprising to you. Capitalists trust the saving young man. For every hundred dollars you can produce as the result of hard-won savings, Midas, in search of a partner, will lend or credit a thousand. It is not capital that your seniors require, it is the man that has proved that he has the business habits which create capital, and to create it in the best of all possible ways, is by adjusting his habits to his means. Gentlemen, it is the first hundred dollars saved that tells. Begin at once to lay up something. The bee predominates in the future millionaire. Make a note of this essential rule: Expenditure always within income."

In the chapter entitled "Thrift as a Duty," the author returns to this subject, and writes:

"As a rule, you will find that the saving man is a temperate man, a good husband and father, a peaceful, law-abiding citizen. Nor need the saving be great. It is surprising how little it takes to provide for the real necessities of life. A little home paid for and a few hundred pounds—a very few—make all the difference. These are more easily acquired by frugal people than you might suppose."

"Thrift is mainly at the bottom of all improvements. Without it no railroads, no canals, no ships, no telegraphs, no churches, no universities could we have. Man must exercise thrift and save before he can produce anything material of great value. There was nothing built, no great progress made, as long as man remained a thriftless savage. The civilized man has no clearer duty than in early life to keep steadily in view the necessity of providing for the future of himself and those dependent upon him. There are few rules more salutary than that which has been followed by most wise and good men, namely, 'that expenses should always be less than income.' In other words, one should be a civilized man, saving something, and not a savage, consuming every day all that which he has earned."

'Tis a thousand pities that these business maxims, these great "secrets" of Mr. Carnegie, will not reach the rank and file of Canadians, for like Solomon's virtuous woman, their price is "far above rubies." "And here," says the author, "is the prime condition of success, the great secret: concentrate your energy, thought and capital exclusively upon the business in which you are engaged. Having begun in one line, resolve to fight it out on that line, to lead in it, adopt every

improvement, have the best machinery, and know the most about it.

The concerns which fail are those which have scattered their capital, which means they have scattered their brains also. They have investments in this, or that, or the other, here, there, and everywhere. 'Don't put all your eggs in one basket,' is all wrong. I tell you, 'put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket.' Look around you and take notice; men who do that do not often fail. It is easy to watch and carry the one basket. It is trying to carry too many baskets that breaks most eggs in this country. He who carries three baskets must put one on his head, which is apt to tumble and trip him up. One fault of the American business man is lack of concentration.

To summarize what I have said: Aim for the highest; never enter a bar-room; do not touch liquor, or, if at all, only at meals; never speculate; never indorse beyond your surplus cash fund; make the firm's interest yours; concentrate; put all your eggs in one basket, and watch that basket; expenditure always within revenue; lastly, be not impatient, for, as Emerson says, 'No one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourselves.'

Mr. Carnegie does not believe in the efficacy of a college education for a business man. Indeed, the total absence of graduates in high position in the business world almost justifies the conclusion that it is fatal to success in that domain. Wanamaker, Clafin, Barr, Field, Lord, Jordan, Phelps, and Dodge, were all poor boys. In banking and finance, Stanford, Rockefeller, Gould, Sage, Dillon and Huntington came from the ranks, and were trained in the stern, but most effective of all schools—poverty. College education is necessary for the learned professions, but not for business. Education should be adapted to the end in view, and must give instruction bearing upon a man's career.

In a clear and instructive manner, the author teaches the A.B.C. of money, and

makes a comparison of the gold and silver standards, showing how they affect the credit of the nation. He points out that silver, owing to changes of value, has become the tool of the speculator, and that steady, pure, unchangeable gold will ever be the best instrument for the protection of the masses. Whatever happens, they can sleep soundly on gold, but silver will bring bad dreams to wise men.

The author traces the genesis of Trusts and answers the exceedingly practical questions: "Do they menace the permanent interest of the nation?" "Are they a source of danger?" "Are they to prove mere passing phases of unrest and transition?" The fear of trusts, he contends, is a bogey-man, for, given freedom of competition, all combinations or trusts that attempt to extract from the consumer more than a legitimate return upon capital and services, write the charter of their own defeat. No body of men can pass resolutions that will change the great laws which govern human affairs in the business world.

Mr. Carnegie shows the reasons why the Republic has become the greatest steel-producing country in the world, for such she is. Twenty-seven years ago, England produced three times as much steel as the United States, but now the States produce twice as much as England, their annual output being 27,000,000 tons, or 40 per cent. of all the steel made in the world. And what does this mean? It means that the nation that makes the cheapest steel has the other nations at its feet, so far as its manufacturing interests are concerned. The cheapest steel means the cheapest ships, the cheapest machinery, and the cheapest thousand and one articles of which steel is the base, and so the Republic is on the eve of the development of a manufacturing power such as the world has never seen.

The author very aptly calls the scheme of the world's work "a three-legged stool." The three legs are Labor, Capi-

tal, and Business Ability. It is a triple alliance, in which all are interdependent and there is no precedence. Without capital, nothing of importance can be built. It is the first breath of life that comes into inert matter. The structure reared and equipped, Business ability comes in, but unless Labor starts the wheels nothing can be accomplished. Combined, these three forces work wonders, separate, they are of little account.

In the last chapter of this really remarkable book, Mr. Carnegie answers the pertinent question, "What would I do with the tariff, if I were Czar?"

He would, first of all, aim to keep free of duty the necessaries of life used by the many, and tax the luxuries of the few. He would have no income tax in time of peace. The policy of reciprocity, he would restore to the fullest extent. It is well for us that Mr. Carnegie is not Czar, for he would not extend this reciprocity to Canada, but would tax highly all our products entering the United States, because we belong to an European power, and he considers us a menace to the peace of the Union. We fail to see why Mr. Carnegie would grant reciprocity to England and deny it to England's dependencies unless he has a very covetous cast in his eye when it turns towards Miss Canada, with her wealth, beauty and illimitable prospects. That something of the kind exists is shown by his statement further on :

"Therefore, I should tax highly all her products entering the United States; and this I should do, not in dislike for Canada, but for love of her, in the hope that it would cause her to realize that the nations upon this continent are expected (?) to be American nations, and, I trust finally one nation so far as the English-speaking portions are concerned. I should use the rod, not in anger but in love; but I should use it."

Now the shy Miss Canada has been importunately wooed by Uncle Sam before, and it has hitherto been her policy to decline his overtures with thanks. She lays to heart the advice Bailey gave to the Miss Pecksniffs, and will "'Ave none of him." But when Uncle Sam loses

his temper and attempts to "use the rod," the wary, but dutiful young thing will probably settle the matter once for all by referring him to "Popper Bull."

William Briggs, Toronto.

THE STORY OF THE TRAPPER. By C. A. Laut.

"YOU can't write about anything till you know it," said Emerson Hough. "You can't know it till you love it, and you can't love it till you have lived with it."

In her books on the Canadian Wilds, Miss Laut has filled all these conditions. She writes from first-hand knowledge of the subject. She has lived in the mountains, in the forests, and by the streams. She knows and loves the furtive folk of the wood.

The book has been dedicated, "To all who know the gipsy yearning for the wilds," still it is very diverting to the rest of us, who are content with the boulevards. The Story of the Trapper comes in like Parkman, proceeds like Miss Laut, and goes out like Mary Adams, with an Indian Woman's "Confessions" in the appendix.

In the foreword, the author tells us "the volume aims to show the type-character of the Western trapper, and to sketch in a series of pictures the checkered life of the adventurer of the wilderness." The first paragraph of the book is her proposition. It runs thus: "Fearing nothing, stopping at nothing, knowing no law, ruling his stronghold of the wilds, like a despot, checkmating rivals with a deviltry that beggars parallel, wassailing with a shamelessness that might have put Rome's worst deeds to the blush, fighting—fighting—fighting, always fighting, with a courage that knew no truce but victory, the American trapper must ever stand as a type of the worst and the best in the militant heroes of mankind.

Each with an army at his back, Wolfe and Napoleon won victories that upset the geography of the earth. The fur traders

never at any time exceeded a few thousands in number, faced enemies unbacked by armies, and sallied out singly or in pairs; yet they won a continent that has bred a new race."

Miss Laut throws light, too, on the perils and well-nigh incredible hardships of these men of "blood and iron." From a letter written by MacDonald, of Garth, to his son, she quotes this partial sentence: "Here at the source of the Athabasca, sometimes camping on snow twenty feet deep, so that the fires we made in the evening were fifteen or twenty feet below in the morning."

The trapper's most deadly enemies were the Indians, who, a hundred years ago, were not troubled with nice questions of motive and action, and rarely hesitated to waylay and murder the whites, either for revenge or plunder. Writing of these same Indians, Miss Laut says, "the Indian's stomach is the magnet that draws his soul," and "when an Indian balances motives, the motive of hunger invariably prevails."

The methods of trapping are interesting, too. Here is how the ermine is snared: "The little ermine comes trotting in dots and dashes and gallops, and dives to the knife. It smells the grease, and in all the curiosity which has been teaching it to forage for food since it was born urges it to put out its tongue and taste. That greasy smell of meat it knows; but the frost-silvered bit of steel is something new. The knife is frosted like ice. Ice the ermine has licked, so he licks the knife. But, alas, for the resemblance between ice and steel! Ice turns to water under the warm tongue; steel turns to fire that blisters and holds the foolish little stoat by his inquisitive tongue a hopeless prisoner till the trapper comes."

As we read, it begins to dawn upon us what the loss of the buffalo is to the Indian. It was to him bed, blanket, clothing, shields for war time, sinew for bows, bones for the shaping of rude lance-heads, kettles, and bull-boats, saddles, roof, rug,

and curtain wall for hunting lodge, and above all, food that could be kept in any climate for any length of time.

Miss Laut traces with great accuracy the history of the rival fur-traders that strove for supremacy in America over "a territory richer than Spanish Eldorado, albeit the coin was beaver—not gold." In those bad old days, all companies held that "Opposition was the death of trade," that "Might was right," and that "Preservation was the first law of nature," and so they fought each other like devils. The ultimate victory of the Hudson Bay Company is thus strikingly summed up: "In the history of the world only one corporate company has maintained empire over an area as large as Europe. Only one corporate company's sway has been so beneficent that its profits have stood in exact proportion to the well-being of its subjects. Indeed, few armies can boast a rank and file of men who never once retreated in three hundred years, whose lives, generation after generation, were one long bivouac of hardship, of danger, of ambushed death, of grim purpose, of silent achievement."

One of the best sketches in this elaborate compilation of trapper lore is that of "Ba'tiste, the bear hunter." It is an idyll of the Canadian forest.

Miss Laut has added greatly to her fame in this book. There is something real and vital in her manner of telling that puts life into the narrative. Her training in journalism has heightened her power of interpreting the commonplace.

William Briggs, Toronto.

THREE YEARS' WAR. By Christiaan Rudolf De Wet.

GENERAL DE WET is a fire-eater, a ripe, thumping-romancer (we put it mildly), who breathes "accusations vast and vague, spleen-born and proofless." It is a pity that he still carries such a sore head. It almost needs trepanning. If he were only Irish, he could easily forget a beating in the satisfaction of having

a good fight. His story of the war reminds us of the wonderful, wily steer that so recently troubled Ottawa and the gate inventors. It could find a way out of every snare, no odds how cunningly planned and laid, and *it had only one eye*.

This is De Wet's case. He can see but out of one eye. The other is "a wall-eye." Nor does the similarity end here. Some up-to-date firm will condense the Ottawa animal to the minute proportions of a bottle of Bovril, and John Bull & Co., while not boasting of any such feat in hydraulic pressure, can still claim to have salted down the Afrikander, and cooked him pretty fine.

Indubitably some of De Wet's taunts will bite home, for among a quarter of a million soldiers, recruited from all sorts and conditions of men, we can hardly expect every one to be a Sir Galahad.

Then, too, many acts are fair in love and war that would not pass muster in everyday civil routine, but when it comes to lumping all our men in a heap and pointedly telling us that they are blunderers, plunderers, ravishers, cowards and turn-tails, we must reply that the matter is not even open for argument. The end of the war has proven otherwise, has proven that Britishers, whether Australian Lancers, Scotch Greys, Irish Fusiliers, Canadian Strathconas, English Grenadiers, foreign secretaries, statesmen or Premiers, are not the thugs of the world. They are its gentlemen, courteous, conciliatory, merciful, firm, liberal, just.

True, the history of the war demonstrated the fact that our men were often slow, slack and sleepy, but we consoled ourselves that in "the fight to the finish," Victory must inevitably follow our flag, for even if the route be the longest way round, the British have the knack of eventually "getting there."

Apart from his prejudice and one-eyed deficiency, it would be impossible for De Wet or any other writer to pen at this time a fair history of the struggle. At

best they can only record the events through the medium of a dust-cloud. Partizanship causes a mental astigmatism which makes their views singularly distorted. Any history of the events in connection with the war, written now, can only be heaped together without testing or sifting. It is but through the vista of years that the historian can see without color and give the whole matter its proper balance.

As a general, De Wet was a foeman worthy of our steel. He believed in himself, which was the first step in making others believe in him. His mind was at once both strong and nimble. He was resourceful, far-seeing, quick-witted, crafty, unscrupulous, and not wanting in the quality of mendacity vulgarly called "cheek." Add to these elements his "stout muscles and sinewy heart," his daring, unfettered, almost foolhardy action, and you have the characteristics that enabled him to so successfully evade capture, and to lead our troops such a lively dance over South Africa.

In his preface, De Wet says, "I am no book-writer," but we have to take the events contained in this volume with a whole barrel of salt, nevertheless, he tells not entirely without style, a yarn that is lively, interesting, perspicuous, and often amusing. It is sad, too. These people, now our fellow-subjects of the British Empire, have suffered as keenly as we. On both sides there was bravery, the exuberant thrill of national pride, and the grand parade beneath flags consecrated by the blood of heroes. In both sides there were patriotic songs, thrilling bugle-calls, defiant and mad charges, and brilliant deeds that will live in the annals of our race.

On the other hand, we have seen the prosaic but pathetic struggle of the taxpayer, ruined homesteads, the rumbling of the death waggon, the lasting and bitter sorrow, the wily picket shot, the desperate hand-to-hand struggle of quick-breathed, hot-hearted men, the moaning

away of young life in the black night, and the untimely grave on the veldt.

The time for recrimination and taunts is past. 'Tis the time for hand-grasps and friendship—the time “When all men’s good” should “be each man’s rule, and universal Peace, lie like a shaft of light across the land.”

Charles Scribner & Sons, New York.

THE LITTLE ORGANIST OF ST. JEROME
and other stories of Work and Experience. By
Annie L. Jack.

THIS book is a collection of short stories, which appeared first as serials, and now make their bow to the public in orthodox book form. The stories are well done. They are clean, wholesome, unintrospective, and are told with facility of expression and picturesqueness of language. The characters are all real people. We feel as if we were sitting before a good story-teller and hearing a living voice.

Many contend that books of short stories are not as salable as novels. This can hardly be right, for magazine stories are more popular to-day than ever before. And why not? They are “interpretations of a vital moment of life, snatched blood-red and hot with passion, from the long grey stretches of existence”—moments that have come to most lives, but which to ourselves appear commonplace. It is only the outsider who can see the beauties of our stained windows in the night.

In substantiation of the popularity of short stories, we would instance such books as “Plain Tales from the Hills,” and Bret Harte’s inimitable collection.

In the book before us, one of the prettiest stories is “A Silver Wedding,” an exquisite little romance, tenderly conceived, and skilfully wrought out. It tells of a wife, who on her silver-wedding day takes a retrospective glance on her married life. For the last fifteen years she and her husband, though living under one roof, have never spoken to each other. The man was

jealous because his wife had planted a honeysuckle given her by a handsome young clergyman, and had said, “Mary, if you plant that man’s gift at my door, I’ll never speak to you again until it is rooted up.” And the woman tells how the devil took possession of her, and how she went out and planted the vine by the porch. The vine grew, and now on this twenty-fifth wedding-day was a great plant, as strong as the pride that held these two hearts asunder. The story of its uprooting by the wife, and the planting of two climbing roses by the husband, is as engrossing as it is entirely satisfying.

William Briggs, Toronto.

THE DEER FAMILY. By Theodore Roosevelt and others.

THIS volume is the first of a series of ten to be published in the “American Sportsman’s Library.” It is edited by Mr. Caspar Whitney, the editor of *Outing*, who exercises the privileges of his position by smartly calling up the writers, when he thinks occasion demands it. The book is dedicated to “the lover of the wild, free, lonely life of the wilderness, and of the hardy pastimes known to the sojourners therein.”

The greatest interest naturally centres around the five chapters by President Roosevelt. With the exception of the buffalo, the chief quarry followed by American hunters now, as in the last hundred years, have been the representatives of the different deer families. To-day, ninety-nine out of every hundred head of game killed in the United States are elk, deer, or antelope.

The subject is discussed with such minutiae, it is impossible to quote at large from the book, but we would append the President’s opinion as to the best way of preserving the deer. It is to “establish on the nation’s property great nurseries and wintering grounds, such as the Yellowstone Park, and then to secure fair play for the deer outside these grounds by a wisely planned and faithfully executed

series of game laws. This is the really democratic method of solving the problem. Occasionally even yet someone will assert that the game 'belongs to the people,' and should be given over to them—meaning thereby, that there should be no game laws, and that every man should be at liberty indiscriminately to kill every kind of wild animal, harmless, useless, or noxious, until the day when our woods become wholly bereft of all the higher forms of animal life. Such an argument can only be made from the standpoint of those big game dealers in the cities, who care nothing for the future, and desire to make money at the present day by a slaughter which in the last analysis only benefits the wealthy people, who are able to pay for game—for once the game has been destroyed, the livelihood of the professional gunner will be taken away. Most

emphatically wild game not on private property does belong to the people, and the only way in which the people can secure their ownership is by protecting it in the interests of all against the vandal few."

It seems strange to the uninitiated that the "rutting" or mating season should be the "open season" for killing. The writers tell us how they lure the buck by simulating the call of his mate. How treacherous! It is what Scott called "seething the kid in its mother's milk." It is just thus "the strange woman" allures her prey, "till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." What odds that the buck is often brutal, a coward, or a selfish bully?" This method of killing is not fair play, and does violence to our social sentiments.

MacMillan & Co., New York.



SHADOW RIVER, MUSKOKA

FINANCIAL

THE CANADIAN INVASION OF AMERICAN FIELDS

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THERE has been so much said and written in Canada of late with regard to the alleged American invasion, some hailing it with cordial approval, while others, for reasons very difficult to formulate, and still more difficult to understand, assume to regard it with apprehension, that it is not altogether wonderful if the fact of a Canadian invasion of what might be fairly regarded as distinctly American fields of enterprises has been, if not entirely overlooked, at least inadequately appreciated. It would be perhaps too much to affirm that the financiers of Canada have as a body manifested that spirit of daring enterprise combined with almost prophetic foresight which has been so characteristic of their American contemporaries. At the same time there have been, and are, those who, while remaining in every sense Canadians, have yet had the courage to embark in enterprises entirely outside of Canada, and it is our present purpose to give some account of the more important of these undertakings in which Canadians have either taken the initiative, or have assumed an important part at a later stage.

THE TWIN CITY RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY.

To begin with, we have the Twin City Rapid Transit Company, which owns all the electric lines in and connecting the cities of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Stillwater. Having in view the size and importance of the flourishing "Twin Cities," it is only natural to inquire how it comes that their people have allowed a very important interest in the securities of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company to

pass into the hands of Canadians. The answer to this is two-fold.

In the first place, there is no Stock Exchange in either Minneapolis or St. Paul; hence there is no body of brokers or financial agents interested in building up a market for home securities, or at all events to anything like the extent which would obtain if there were a regularly organized Stock Exchange in either of the cities, as is the case in both Toronto and Montreal.

The second reason comes naturally in succession to the first. After the securities of the street railway system of the cities of Toronto and Montreal had been dealt in on the Stock Exchanges of those cities—both securities having been listed on both exchanges—their shares had become favorite media for both investment and speculative transactions. Owing to the great proportion of Canadian securities at this period having passed into investment, the tendency was to force the prices of these street railroad stocks to so high a figure as to rob them of speculative interest for the time being. This stage having been reached, it was deemed desirable to seek the introduction upon the Canadian Exchanges of some other stock, if one could be found the securities of which were on so low a basis relative to their earnings and prospects as to make them attractive for extensive dealings on both investment and speculative account.

To a group of Toronto financiers, led by the house of A. E. Ames & Co., the Twin City Rapid Transit Company seemed to present precisely what was sought, and in the early part of the year 1898 a Canadian interest in the stock began, which subsequently developed to large proportions.

It was in February of the year 1899 that the Twin City securities were first listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange, the price then being about 70; and during that year fluctuations ranged between 60 and 73. The year 1900 made no marked change in these figures, but in the year 1901 the stock not only went beyond par, but reached 110. The year 1902, however, saw even this figure considerably exceeded, the highest point reached being 128 3-8. There were, of course, active movements up and down during this period, but the stock at present seems to have settled to what may be considered a standard price of something in excess of 120.

In the spring of 1901 the stock took its place as a leader on the Canadian Exchanges, Mr. A. E. Ames being elected a director in that year, and the number of Canadians taking an interest being largely increased. This stock, together with the shares of the Montreal and Toronto Street Railway Companies, were now regarded as staple items in the list of marketable securities.

Of the common stock some \$16,500,000 have been issued, and of the preferred stock \$3,000,000. The rate of dividend on the common stock is 5 per cent., paid quarterly, and upon the preferred stock 7 per cent. There are more than 250 miles of track in the system, everything being of the most modern and substantial construction, and the entire physical condition of the property of the highest character. Considering the inevitable growth of population, not only in the large cities served, but in the rapidly-extending suburbs, this corporation, possessing a practically unlimited franchise, and a five cent fare irrevocably fixed, constitutes an exceedingly valuable property, about as permanent as human undertakings can be, and the Canadian investors have reason to congratulate themselves upon securing the important interest which, speaking generally, it is understood they intend to retain permanently.

The gross earnings of the system have increased from \$2,009,120.98 in 1897 to \$3,612,210.88 for the year 1902. The rate of earnings on the common stock for the past five years has been as follows: 1898, 2.49 per cent.; 1899, 3.66 per cent.; 1900, 4.70 per cent.; 1901, 5.87 per cent., and 1902, 7.06 per cent. The gross earnings for January, 1903, show an increase of 14.64 per cent. over those of the same month of the previous year, and though the management is conservative, there is a tendency in the market to discount a dividend distribution at a six per cent. per annum rate, commencing some time during 1903. The stock is regarded as a favorite collateral by Canadian banks, and in New York there is always a good demand on the Stock Exchange, and the shares are increasing steadily in favor with lenders. The stock is, however, rapidly passing into the investment stage.

Turning from the North to the South, we find in the city of Birmingham, Alabama, an important enterprise, to wit, the Sloss-Sheffield Steel and Iron Company, wherein the Canadian interest is so substantial as to justify its inclusion in this article. Although Canadians had invested in the stock of this company to some extent previously, it was not until the spring and summer of 1902 that large purchases on Canadian account were made. The progress of the company in the meantime having been closely watched, and it becoming apparent that conditions were shaping themselves so as to allow the payment of substantial dividends, when once the Canadian investors did decide to go in, they went in with a will, with the result that it is altogether probable that at the next annual meeting, to be held in the course of a month, two Canadian directors will be added to the board, to represent their fellow-countrymen.

The enterprise itself consists of an extensive plant, comprising a number of furnaces for the reduction of iron ore as well as coal mines and ore-deposits from

which the raw material may be obtained in unlimited quantities. The statement for the year just ended has not yet been made public, but from that for the year 1901 it appears that the product comprised over 200,000 tons of pig-iron, over 1,000,000 tons of coal, and over 400,000 tons of coke, besides enormous quantities of ore. When the figures for the year 1902 are made public, it is understood they will show earnings on the common stock of slightly over ten per cent., while indications for the present year are that still further advances will be made, in view of old contracts at lower prices having been filled and the product for 1903 being available for current prices. In addition President Maben has achieved such economies in production as to bring the cost per ton close to a minimum. It is understood that the product of the furnaces has been sold up to June, 1903, and if contracts for the last half of the year are as favorable as expected, it is likely that the company will have a net earning upon the common stock of about thirty per cent. The properties of the company were purchased on so favorable a basis that those familiar with them consider them to be excellent value for \$18,000,000 cash, which represents the total capitalization of the company, including bonds. In other words, it may be affirmed that to all intents and purposes there is not a dollar of "water" represented in the securities.

The issued capital stock of this company consists of \$6,500,000 preferred, and \$7,300,000 common, making \$13,800,000 in all, with \$4,000,000 of bonds. Upon the preferred stock a 7 per cent. dividend is regularly paid. Upon the common stock no dividend has yet been paid, but certainly will be in the very near future.

THE SAO PAULO TRAMWAY, LIGHT AND POWER CO.

It is a far cry from the Dominion of Canada to the Republic of Brazil, but distance is of small account nowadays, and capital is ever ready to go wherever

there is promise of adequate security and substantial returns.

Some five years ago Signor Gualco, an Italian gentleman then resident in Montreal, had occasion to make a business trip to the city of Sao Paulo, in Brazil, and while there had his attention drawn to the fine field presented for electric light and power enterprise. On his return to Montreal he chanced to meet with Mr. F. S. Pearson, consulting engineer of the Metropolitan Street Railway of New York, and succeeded in arousing his interest in the scheme, the result being that after due investigation had been made, Mr. Pearson was so entirely satisfied with the prospects as to have no hesitation in commending it to his Canadian associates in other great enterprises, notably Senator Cox, and Mr. William Mackenzie, of Toronto. With their co-operation a company was formed, in which Mr. Mackenzie became president, while Messrs. Frederick Nicholls, F. S. Pearson, E. R. Woods and Senator Cox, with others, formed the Board of Directors. The capitalization of the company consisted of a bond issue amounting to \$6,000,000, and ordinary stock of \$7,000,000, there being no preferred stock.

The concessions already obtained by Signor Gualco were taken over, and a much more extended franchise obtained from the Government, covering not only construction and operation of electric railways, but also electric light and general power distribution, the title of the new company being the Sao Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited.

Sao Paulo itself is a handsome city, having a population of almost 300,000, admirably situated upon a plateau high above the sea level, and about 45 miles from the sea coast. It is the centre of a great trade in coffee, sugar, cotton and other products of the soil, in return for which a large business is done in manufactured goods of many kinds. It is a remarkably healthy city, having a death rate lower than that of New York itself.

It is finely laid out, and has well-paved streets and imposing buildings for commercial, public and domestic use. One hardly expects to find an excellent sewage system in these southern countries, but Sao Paulo is as well provided in that regard as many a northern capital.

The State of Sao Paulo, whereof its chief city was the birthplace of the Republic of Brazil, and the Paulistas, as they are called, control the Government, supply the Presidents, and in a general way are masters of the situation; in fact, they are frequently called the "South American Yankees."

In regard to climate, Sao Paulo comes pretty near perfection, providing you do not object to sameness, the thermometer never going higher than 95 degrees, nor lower than 36, while even during the season of greatest heat the nights are so cool that a blanket to cover one is always in order.

The water-power which the company converts into electricity for the operation of its own and other plants, is situated at the so-called Cachoiras do Inferno (Rapids of Hell), which are little more than a score of miles distant from the city. An enormous dam has been built at this place, and a great lake thereby created, which insures a more than sufficient supply of water at all seasons of the year, while there is practically no limit to the quantity of power which might be obtained by the installation of additional turbines.

The street railway system, which is at present the chief concern of the company, comprises some sixty miles of track, thoroughly equipped in every particular and liberally patronized by the people.

The rapid growth of business can be shown by a few figures. Thus, for the month of January, 1901, the net income from the railway department was \$11,821; while for the corresponding month of 1902 it was only a little short of \$45,000. December, 1901, gave a net return of \$38,000; December, 1902, of \$58,000, and the grand

total for the year were respectively in round numbers, \$235,000 and \$555,000.

The receipts from light and power, while on a smaller scale, show equally satisfactory growth, the net income for January, 1901, being \$1,500, and for 1902, \$7,500; for December, 1901, \$6,700; for 1902, \$13,300, and the respective totals for the two years being \$41,500 and \$152,000. The result being that the total net income from both sources rose in a single year from \$277,000 to \$705,000.

It is therefore very clear that the Canadian financiers, who were persuaded by Signor Gualco and Mr. Pearson to cooperate in this enterprise have reason to congratulate themselves upon the soundness of their investment and the sure prospects of substantial returns therefrom.

THE CUBA COMPANY.

An enterprise on a still vaster scale than any of the foregoing, and the identification of which with Canada may be justified on the ground that the man who conceived it, and under whose immediate personal direction it has been carried to a successful issue, is a resident of the city of Montreal, and, although he was a man of note in American railroad circles, ere he came to Canada a quarter of a century ago, undoubtedly achieved his greatest fame while carrying to completion that stupendous enterprise, the Canadian Pacific Railway.

When Sir William Van Horne retired from the onerous position of President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to become chairman of the Board of Directors, he was thereby relieved in a large degree of the vast pressure of work which he had been bearing during so many years. Considering the multiplicity of what might be called his avocations (for, although first and foremost a railway king, he is also an artist of no mean excellence, and an expert collector of pictures, ceramics, and other precious products of human genius and skill), he

might well have been content to spend the remainder of his days looking after his large financial interests, and enjoying himself amongst his artistic treasures. Instead, however, of doing so, he must, forsooth, look southward to the splendid island of Cuba, which once freed from the crushing yoke of Spain, could not fail to become one of the richest spots on earth, and seeing that her supreme lack was a system of railways, whereby her abounding products might be brought to market, he said to himself, "I will give to Cuba the railways she needs."

Whereupon, with all his marvelous energy, he threw himself into the project as if by magic a company was formed to undertake it. Behind this company are some of the foremost financiers of the American Republic, who unhesitatingly enlisted with Sir William in the enterprise. Although full details of its composition are difficult to obtain, it is understood that each share of its capital stock represents the substantial sum of \$50,000, and that there is practically no limit to its financial resources.

Imparting to this new undertaking the same untiring vigor and executive genius whereby he carried the Canadian Pacific Railway to construction five years sooner than the contract with the Government required, or its most sanguine supporters ever hoped, Sir William has pressed forward the construction of these Cuban railroads, until already the scheme is in a large measure complete. The main line runs from Santiago to Santa Clara, a distance of about 300 miles, but there are many branches, of which the most important one is that making a junction between Santiago, Altocedra and Nippe Bay, where there is a fine harbor for ships of all sizes. A large passenger business has already sprung up, and the freight traffic promises equally well, so that the financial returns will justify the expectations of himself and his associates seems altogether probable, and the Cuban Railway System will take its place with the

Canadian Pacific Railroad System as constituting two of the grandest practical achievements in the span of a single life.

THE MEXICAN LIGHT AND POWER CO.

The latest development of Canadian enterprise in American fields is the Mexican Light and Power Company, the history of which certainly illustrates the quickness of Canadian appreciation of a good thing and the confidence with which it is undertaken.

Among those actively associated with the early stages of the Dominion Coal and Steel enterprises at Sydney, Cape Breton, was Mr. F. S. Pearson, the eminent consulting engineer, of New York. His relation to these undertakings brought him into close contact with the leading financiers of our country, and when, therefore, he became inspired with the idea of providing the city of Mexico with the advantages accruing from the use of electric power, it was only natural that he should turn to his Canadian friends for the co-operation necessary to the carrying out of the project. The response was prompt and hearty. In a surprisingly short space of time the financial features of the scheme were practically settled, and a company known as the Mexican Light and Power Company, Limited, was incorporated under the "Companies Act" of Canada.

The authorized capital of this company is \$12,000,000, whereof \$7,500,000 has been placed and fully paid; the authorized bond issue \$12,000,000, of which \$5,000,000 have been issued. The essentially Canadian character of this corporation is at once evident from the composition of the Board of Directors, which is as follows: President, James Ross, of Montreal; vice-presidents, J. H. Plummer, late assistant general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, and F. S. Pearson, of New York; and directors, Senator Drummond, vice-president of the Bank of Montreal; F. L. Wanklyn, manager of the Montreal Street Railway; E. S. Clouston, general manager Bank of

Montreal, and E. R. Wood, managing director Central Canada Loan and Savings Company.

The objects of the company are the acquiring and operating of the property and franchise of the Societe de Necax, in connection with the water-powers on the Necaxa, Tenango and Catepuxtia Rivers, in the State of Pueblo, Mexico; the installation of plant for the generation of electricity, and the construction of transmission lines from the power-houses to the city of Mexico and elsewhere; and the distribution and sale of light and power within the city.

The federal franchise covers in addition the right to extend the company's transmission lines to any other towns in Mexico, and confers all necessary powers of expropriation, etc.

By the possession of this franchise, the company is in the position of enjoying a monopoly of the right of supplying electric light and power to the great and growing capital of the city of Mexico. Although the water-powers are distant nearly 90 miles as the crow flies, from the city, and the transmission lines on the route selected will be at least 95 miles long, the facilities for both creating and transmitting power are so great that it will be possible to accomplish it at a comparatively low rate of expense.

At present the City of Mexico has to depend for its power upon the burning of

coal, and as this fuel is now, and always must be, an expensive commodity there, the minimum price at the best of times being not less than \$8.50 per ton, the splendid field for the sale of electric power at a price which, while rendering its use far cheaper than that of coal, will yet return very handsome dividends upon the investment required to produce it, becomes at once manifest.

The Mexican Republic, under the direction of that marvellous man, President Porfirio Diaz, has for many years been enjoying the benefits of settled government and enlightened administration. Remarkable advances have been made, not only in manufactures and commerce, but in education and culture, and the increase of wealth has been by leaps and bounds.

The capital of the Republic, situated in the centre of the bed of a dry lake, is a handsome and prosperous city, rapidly growing in population and wealth. The streets are well lighted and well paved; there is already an excellent tramway service with nearly 200 miles of track. The public buildings are of striking appearance, and of substantial construction, and the whole city is full of bustling and prosperous life. Within recent years vast amounts of American capital have been invested in Mexico, more particularly in mines and railways, and this entrance of Canadian capital into the field gives every promise of proving a well-considered and amply remunerative enterprise.