


**PAGES**

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# THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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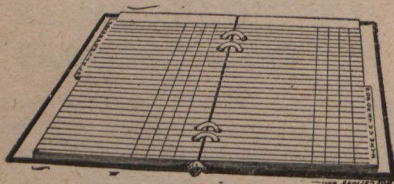
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# THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. II

TORONTO, MAY, 1903

No. 5

## CURRENT COMMENTS

### The Mending of the Tariff

NOW that Parliament is in session, a great number of questions of vital interest to the country are being discussed, both in and out of the legislative halls. One of these questions, which must continue a burning one until some adequate measure of reform is instituted, is the tariff. In the early weeks of the session the attention of the Government was called to this matter by a deputation from the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, when the views and desires of that important body were definitely presented. Perhaps the most telling point made on this occasion by the advocates of a higher tariff was that while Canada was now enjoying a period of prosperity, there was danger of the country being flooded with foreign-made goods just so soon as a wave of depression visited the United States, signs of which were not altogether wanting. The surplus of American manufacturers would then seriously interfere with the business of Canadian manufacturers. The present is the best time to avoid such a contingency by enforcing a higher tariff.

In direct opposition to these views, another deputation waited upon the Government a few days later, representing the farming interests. The desire of this de-

putation was that no changes be made in the tariff, claiming that the present restrictions were sufficiently great. To both, the Ministers promised the Government's consideration.

The farmers seem, unfortunately, to be working against their own interests. A concise and unassailable argument was given in last month's NATIONAL MONTHLY, why farmers of Canada are as much in need as any of protection, the facts showing that an immense amount of farm produce is brought into this country that might and should be raised at home. The farmers, moreover, are not consistent, for in Ontario they are asking that the beet sugar industry be protected. Even the strongest free-traders are forced to sometimes admit that protection is a good thing, and they should be willing to consider the interests of Canada as a whole.

### High License for the Chinese

THE Chinese poll tax has been raised from \$100 to \$500. It is apparent that this is a most important move, as a means of controlling the immigration into Canada of a class of people of whom we now have quite enough. The Chinese population of Canada numbers about 16,-

ooo, and is yearly increasing. Some means of restriction is absolutely necessary, and none of the schemes proposed would be so likely of success as the radical increase of the poll tax. In this respect, at least, the Dominion Government has recognized the need of protection.



The Chinese immigrant is said to be industrious, honest and peaceable, willing to work and generally observant of the laws. But when the best is said of him the fact remains that he can never be adapted into Canadian citizenship; he can never form an electoral part of the nation, and can never be assimilated into our national life and aim. The people we want in Canada are the people who can, in precisely this way, be made Canadian citizens; for others, large as Canada is, we have no room. This is why the Chinaman must be kept out. Moreover, he is admittedly an unfair competitor in the labor market, underbidding our own workmen, and contributing only a fraction of taxes, because of his absurdly economical manner of life. Against such foreign competition, hopelessly alien, and the more unfair because it works against a class of labor whose moral value makes its money value, Canadian citizens must be protected.

The new regulation will chiefly affect the Pacific Coast, where Chinese colonies have been growing all too rapidly. In one industry, the salmon fisheries, the Chinese are both useful and in demand, but there are in British Columbia at the present time enough Chinese to supply this demand for many years to come, and all the other branches of industry may preferably be manned by whites. Even so, it is not to be prohibition; the Chinese

immigration will henceforth be heavily restricted, but it is quite likely that some of the Mongolians will come, despite the tax.

### Two Important Commissions

A RAILWAY Commission of three or five carefully selected members is to be appointed by the Canadian Government. The proposal was first made a year ago, and has now been presented again in a more definite form by the Minister of Railways. The Commission is to take the place of the Railway Committee of the Privy Council, but with greatly increased scope for practical usefulness. It will have the supervision of all railways in Canada, except those already under Government contract, and will be a court for investigation of all disputes, and the protection of public interests. Its practical results will be to lessen rate wars, equalize long and short hauls, improve tariff classifications, see that proper safety equipment is provided on all trains, benefit the smaller shippers, and protect the public from possible abuses, do statistical work, and also silence the unjust claims that are sometimes made against the railways. In the United States and in England such commissions have been found to be of the greatest value, and careful investigations into the conditions, both in Canada and the United States, have led to the decision to appoint a Railway Commission in this country. It is not expected that there will be any political opposition to the bill. The relation of the public to the railways is a matter of business importance, and any means of improving and controlling those relations will be a public service of the greatest value.

A Commission is also proposed to investigate into the best means of improving the St. Lawrence route, which must always hold the key to the solution of Canada's transportation problem. There can be no doubt that radical improvements are needed. Transportation facilities lie at the very foundation of Can-

ada's prosperity. It will be useless to invite thousands of immigrants to settle in this country unless we can more adequately furnish them with a means of moving their crops. In the Upper Lakes we are favored by nature with what is literally deep-sea navigation, but the eastward portion of the route to the seaboard is in an unsatisfactory and unprofitable condition. At the same time, its possibilities are of the very best, and only a sufficient expenditure of money is needed to provide a great national highway from the prairies to the ocean. The Government appreciates the situation, but is desirous of first making careful investigations. The proposed Commission will examine into the needs of the route, the requirements in the way of expenditure, how and where the money shall be spent, and will make a full report. Undoubtedly, this is a step in the right direction.

#### In the Interests of International Good Feeling

ANOTHER evidence of the growing tendency toward good feeling between Canada and the United States lies in the announcement that the Joint High Commission will resume its work next fall. Last month we referred to the Alaska boundary settlement as the promised healing of an unfortunate breach, and the united deliberations of the Commission will have a great effect in the same connection. It is, in fact, this disposal of the Alaska dispute which makes it possible for the Commission to resume. The more important of the questions to be considered are forecasted as follows:

- Trade relations.
- Alien labor laws.

Atlantic, Pacific and Great Lake fisheries.

Transit of merchandise in bond through the territories of the two countries.

More complete definition of the boundary line.

The armaments which both countries shall be allowed to maintain on the Great Lakes.

Seal fisheries in the Pacific.

Enjoyment of mining rights by the nationals of one in the territory of the other.

Transportation of criminals.

Reciprocity in wreckage and salvage rights.

#### Canada's Defences

THERE has been considerable said at one time and another about the military defence of Canada against the great American power to the south of us. It has even been urged that we are in a state of danger and but poorly prepared along the boundary line to resist the attacks that would surely come in case of rupture between the two countries. Of such a rupture there is not the slightest probability. What Canada has to fear from the United States is in a commercial, rather than a military way, and the closeness of business interests, every year increasing, reduces by so much the likelihood of hostilities. The days of 1812 are long gone by, and the majority of Canadians would not sanction the expenditure of public money in preparing defences against a danger that they do not believe will ever materialize.

The strengthening and improving of the Canadian militia is, however, another matter. Canada wants nothing of a standing army, but she does want well trained forces available when occasion rises. The South African War proved the need of such a militia, and also demonstrated the value of able-bodied citizen-soldiers. A plan is now being formulated for the in-



crease of the Canadian militia to 100,000 men, who shall be systematically trained in rifle shooting. Lord Dundonald, the commanding officer, has announced his intention of discontinuing the merely ceremonial features of the instruction-camps and substituting a full course of thorough and efficient drilling. Rifle shooting is the secret of the successful soldier-craft, combined with that energy and nerve, which are the ordinary Canadian's natural inheritance. Men thus trained, and instructed in the principles of military discipline, will be available on call, and will prove the most satisfactory contribution to the defence of Canada. The raw volunteer, however willing, is not a first-class fighting man: the militia must be trained, and the new plan now proposed will be an important improvement at the least cost.

#### An Experiment in Immigration

FROM the agricultural districts of England a party of 2,100 persons has come to Canada, to settle in a colony of their own in the Saskatchewan country. They represent the best type of the English immigrant, and have transferred a total bank account of \$2,500,000. The colony is under the management of an English clergyman, who originated the plan and organized an enterprise which is both great and unique.

The English colony will settle in the valley of the Saskatchewan, where 1,300 homesteads have already been allotted. Three towns will be founded. Lumber has been taken down the river from Edmonton, and the open prairie will in a few weeks' time assume a busy shape. The party is self-contained, having its



own carpenters, mechanics, surveyors and builders; it has also six doctors, two clergymen, and an electrical expert. Everything possible has been brought with them from England, including a printing plant, and a hundred pianos; but arrangements were made in advance for the purchase of ordinary supplies in Canada. Provisions, farm implements and all the requisites of western farming will be furnished by a stores syndicate. The promoters of this enterprise are determined to preserve the community principle, but being entirely British, it will naturally take on a Canadian aspect with more readiness than other foreign colonies. It is expected that 10,000 more will follow next year, under the same auspices.

As an experiment in immigration, this is the largest single enterprise that has yet been attempted in Canada. It is naturally to be expected that some blunders will be made. Englishmen have to learn by experience what life in Canada means, and that these people are not informed as to the advanced resources of Canada is evident from the quantities of baggage they have transported across the Atlantic. But they will learn. Meanwhile, the Canadian Government is prepared to see that the experiment is carried out successfully; where blunders are made, they will be remedied, and everything possible will be done to make the new all-British colony in the Saskatchewan a prosperous one. For such experiments as this Canada is always ready.

#### The Settlement of New Ontario

PROGRESS is being steadily made in the opening up of New Ontario. In 1902 there was an increase of fifty per cent. in the number of homesteads taken up, as compared with the previous year, and, besides these, a considerable number of "squatters" are settling on unoccupied Government lands. The tide of settlement is in two directions, in the Rainy River

District and in the Temiskaming country. The former is being settled chiefly by people from Wisconsin, Dakota and other western states, and a few are coming from Manitoba. The Temiskaming district is drawing its new population most largely from the older portions of Ontario, and nearly all its settlers are English-speaking people.

The Temiskaming Railway, now under construction will mean great things for the development of this new country. About 2,000 men have been at work through the winter, and it is expected that by the end of the year seventy miles will be completed. Already the towns and villages are following in its track. The traffic that awaits this line is prospectively increasing, and its northward progress is attended with fresh evidence of the country's resources. The timber tracts are immense, and several discoveries of iron and copper have recently been made; while a Wisconsin geologist claims that mineralogical science points to the existence of a diamond belt south of Hudson's Bay.

#### Testimony to Canada's Greatness

ONE of the most cautious, but most observant, of the American papers is the *New York Post*, which said recently: "The last two years have wrought a marked change in the status of Canada among the nations. Unquestionably, this change is largely an outcome of the period of phenomenal prosperity into which Canada is now entering. Already the per capita wealth of the Dominion is in excess of any other country in the world, the United States not excepted."

Another American paper, the *Detroit Journal*, has taken the pains to count up Canada's greatness, and gives the following figures: "Canada has already 17,000 miles of railway, that cost nearly \$900,000,000. She has the longest continuous stretch of internal navigation in the world. She has 70 miles of canals; 10,000 post offices; 30,000 miles of telegraph

wire; 18,000 public schools; 60,000 men in her lumber camps in winter; 17 universities and over 50 colleges; only 15 per cent. illiterates; a river over 2,000 miles long; 6,000,000 people, of whom nearly 90 per cent. are Canadian-born and only 3 per cent. foreign born, the remainder being British-born. Canada ranks fourth in the production of gold; has 1,000,000 square miles of practically unexplored territory; and coal beds that will yield over 4,000,000 tons annually for 5,000 years."

#### Our Place in Scientific Progress

IT is a matter of satisfaction to progressive Canadians that our country is not only furnishing geographical locations for important scientific investigations, such as the Marconi wireless telegraph, but is also furnishing, from her own sons, the men to make experiments and discoveries. The expedition upon which Captain Bernier intends to start on June 1, with the North Pole as his objective point, will be a matter of interest, and it may be of great scientific importance, to the whole world. He has the advantage of a more passable route, by way of Behring Strait, than his predecessors on the Atlantic side.

Another Canadian, Dr. Otto Klotz, is now in the Fiji Islands making surveys, whose results will be a more accurate map of the Pacific. The exact position of many of the South Sea islands has never been known, and navigation has been attended with considerable inconvenience. There is a space between Vancouver, in Canada, and Brisbane, in Australia, whose longitude has not been taken, and Dr. Klotz has gone for the purpose of completing the world's chart.

#### In the Labor World

THE last chapter in the history of the great coal strike has been reached. The commission appointed last October to investigate the whole trouble has given a ver-



dict which is commended on all sides for its fairness and the thorough manner in which the work has been done. On the whole, the commission's report is a victory for the men, who have had undoubted wrongs thus recognized and the way made easy for redress. The most important features of the new agreement under which the miners will now work are: an increase of ten per cent. in wages; an eight-hour day instead of twelve hours; coal to be weighed under the miners' inspection; a sliding scale of wages, allowing proportionate increase with every increase in price of coal; local boards of arbitration, but no specific recognition of the United Mine Workers. This arrangement has met with the approval of both the miners and the operators, and may be taken as a distinct advance in the popular effectiveness of arbitration. The coal strike was a most disastrous one, its total cost being estimated at \$99,000,000, besides the inconvenience it caused to the public and the manufacturing interests of all America.

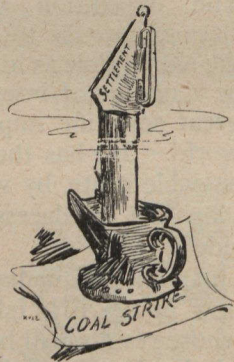
An important measure for the prevention of railway strikes in Canada owes its conception to Sir William Mulock. It is readily apparent that in a country where the public prosperity depends in such large measure upon the efficiency of its transportation systems as it does in Canada, an interruption of traffic because of disputes between company and employees is productive of the greatest loss and inconvenience. There have within the past year been a number of such disputes, more or less serious, and to avoid a recurrence of their unpleasant results, the Mulock Bill has been pre-

pared and submitted to Parliament. It provides for a Board of Arbitration, to which all disputes, failing of settlement otherwise, shall be submitted. The workings of this arbitration court will be in accord with general usage.

### Mr. Carnegie and His Gifts

THE author of "The Empire of Business" is consistently proving the sincerity of his belief that rich men should give. It has become of late highly popular with millionaires to make benefactions, and a large number of colleges and other public institutions have reaped the benefits. Mr. Carnegie is unique among these princely givers. He has laid a plan and tallies all his gifts according to a definite, business-like scheme, his favorite line of benefactions being the public libraries. In Canada Mr. Carnegie has already endowed libraries in twenty-four different places, the entire list representing gifts of \$1,084,500. The largest and most recent of these gifts was \$350,000 to Toronto, accepted after considerable opposition.

Mr. Carnegie has also offered to defray the expenses of a new water-works system for Cornell University, has founded an institution for scientific research, and has undertaken to build a Temple of Peace at The Hague. But with all his giving, Mr. Carnegie is not a popular man. This is not so much due to what the workmen more or less justly say about his record as an employer, as it is to the manner of his giving. The editor of *Collier's Weekly* credits Mr. Carnegie with an honest desire to benefit his race, but points out that his benefactions annoy and irritate the public because of the cold and methodical way in which they are made. "There is no appearance of sympathy, of pity, of affection, of heart, in Mr. Carnegie's gifts. They come out of his pocket, not out of himself. They are cold, methodical, statistical. . . . Money

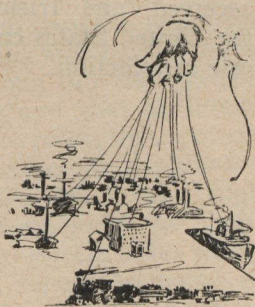


is not everything in this world. It is sometimes easier to give a dollar than to give a word of good cheer!" Nevertheless, Mr. Carnegie is a public benefactor.

### A Leader of Canadian Industry

READERS of the NATIONAL MONTHLY will remember the vivid descriptions of Canadian industry given some months ago in

two articles dealing with the Clergue works at Sault Ste. Marie and the steel works at Sydney. Important changes have recently taken place in connection with both of these great industries, and the stock market has



been variously affected. The most significant change, in many ways, however, is the appointment of a new president and manager for the Clergue Company, or, properly speaking, the Consolidated Lake Superior Company. The man chosen was Mr. Cornelius Shields, manager of the Sydney works, and the significant thing about this appointment is the value attached to one personality as the inspiration of a whole industrial fabric.

The directors of the Clergue Company knew the man they wanted, and they not only offered him a salary as large as that of the Governor-General of Canada, but the various banking institutions concerned in the enterprise expressed their willingness to advance twenty millions more capital upon the company securing the services of Mr. Shields. When the position seeks the man in this way it may be taken as evidence of the man's value. In Mr. Shields' case it is a confidence well placed. His connection with the Sydney works covers a period of only two years, but

in that time he has reorganized the companies, given them a name in the world, and very materially increased their output. The present prosperity of the iron and coal industries in Cape Breton is due in no small measure to the ability and energy of this one man. He is indeed, a leader of Canadian industry, and has proved his fitness to take charge of the largest single enterprise in the Dominion. Men like this give visibility to national enterprise. They are the kings and the executive heads, whose value is in more than their salaries. Another such man is Mr. Clergue, who, while now giving place to Mr. Shields, will still retain a large interest in the enterprise. The organization and development of the Soo industries is due to the far-sightedness and the skilful planning of Mr. Clergue, who has proved himself an industrial pioneer, but who believes that another man, with the practical experience of Mr. Shields, can now better carry out the work that has been so well begun.

### For the Relief of Ireland

IRELAND has been a thorn in England's side for many years. Disaffection has time after time assumed such a threatening aspect, that a popular outbreak has been narrowly averted. Home Rule was demanded, but was not granted, and the Irish, with characteristic warmth of temper, have remained in discontented acquiescence in their lot. That they had real grievances is beyond doubt. The industrial condition of their country also aggravated their misfortunes, and Ireland has fallen greatly from her first estate, losing much of her population and declining year by year in her agricultural industries. And with it all the peasantry have been at the mercy of the landlords.

A better day for Ireland has now dawned. After grappling with the political situation since the early days of Gladstone, the British Government has

formulated a measure for the relief of the Irish farmers. The remedying of the industrial conditions will prove the solution, in time, of the political difficulties. The plan is this: The tenants in Ireland are to have the right to purchase the estates from the landlords, the Government making, for this purpose, a free grant of \$60,000,000 and a loan of \$500,000,000, bearing interest at three and a quarter per cent. The bulk of the Irish tenants are in an almost penniless condition, and without such assistance would never be able to purchase their lands. But with easy loans, and the difference between the

land value and the owners' prices met by an absolutely free grant, the peasantry ought, with comparative ease, to soon remedy their condition. It is not intended that the landlords shall sell entirely out, but that they shall retain a portion of their land holdings and still dwell among the people.

It is believed that this plan, which has been formulated by Mr. Wyndham, Secretary for Ireland, will prove the salvation of the country. It has been warmly received, and Irishmen in Canada and the United States commend it with patriotic satisfaction.



THE LATE SIR OLIVER MOWAT

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## SIR OLIVER MOWAT

WITH the passing of Sir Oliver Mowat there has gone from the public life of Canada a man who, in his character and career, illustrated in a remarkable, if not unique degree, the best qualities of the people he so long and worthily represented. It would indeed be difficult to point out a single trait or faculty of nature eminently, ay, vitally, necessary in those who should conduct the affairs of the still young country which the just departed statesman did not possess in sufficient measure, and that he should have been permitted to retain these powers to the close of a life exceeding the allotted span, and to die whilst still holding high official position, and enjoying the undiminished affection and esteem of his fellow countrymen without regard to party or sect seemed but poetically just and fitting.

An outstanding fact in Sir Oliver's public experience was his unparalleled continuance in power as Premier of this Province. It was in the year 1872 that he resigned the snug security of the Vice-Chancellorship to return to the turbulent arena of politics at the urgent request of the Liberal party, and assuming then the Premiership in succession to Mr. Edward Blake he held his place against all efforts of the Opposition for a period only one year less than a quarter of a century, resigning in 1896 in order to enter the larger field of Dominion affairs as a member of the first Laurier administration. During all these years it may be said that with the same enthusiasm, loyalty and perfect trust with which the soldiers of Napoleon followed their "Little Corporal" did the members of the Liberal party in Ontario follow the "Little Premier."

What were the qualities of head and heart which wrought this remarkable result? They can hardly be stated with adequate detail in the brief space at our disposal, but the four corner stones of Sir

Oliver's character may be set down as caution, conviction, concentration and courtesy. "First, be sure you're right, then go ahead, and keep going until you have achieved your purpose," may be accepted as a homely paraphrase of the principle which inspired and controlled his life.

He was the very incarnation of shrewd common-sense. Throughout his entire political career no opponent could boast of ever having worsted him in any encounter that called for astuteness and foresight. No trick was crafty enough to mislead him, no trap clever enough to beguile him. Although himself the very soul of sincerity he understood human nature too well to rashly credit others with the same virtue, and thus was enabled to avoid the innumerable pit-falls which beset his path.

In these troublous times when charges of self-enrichment, of the betraying of their trusts for their own private advantage, are so freely flung against the administrations of our affairs the record of Sir Oliver Mowat presents an inspiring example. If ever public man could say "these hands are clean" it was assuredly he. Never did the foul breath of suspicion or scandal touch him in that regard. He served his country because he loved his country, and not because he sought financial reward or profit at her hands.

In his home Sir Oliver "wore the white flower of a blameless life" in a way that endeared him to all who had the privilege of knowing him in that relation. His was an essentially kind, genial, tender nature, and the profound faith that possessed him was ever being revealed in the amenities of daily intercourse. Concerning such a man one can hardly do better than repeat the poet's prayer anent Abou Ben Adhem, "May his tribe increase!"

# THE DOMINION COATS OF ARMS

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THE new cover of the magazine shows the coats-of-arms of the different divisions of the Dominion, gracefully reposing in an appropriate setting of maple leaves, and a few words concerning these armorials may be of timely interest.

The combined coat-of-arms of the Dominion has never been formally adopted by the Government, we are informed by that acknowledged expert in heraldry, Mr. Edward Chadwick, to whom we are indebted for material help in this article. So far as the authorities are concerned, the arms consist only of the original quarters adopted at the completion of Confederation in 1867, and which also appear on the great seal of Canada, representing the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

In practice, however, there has been added a quarter for each fresh province incorporated into the Dominion, until now the whole nine are included. Taking them in their accepted order, the following explanation may be offered:

1. *Ontario*. The Maple Leaves indicate a Canadian province, while the St. George's Cross shows that it is British territory.

2. *Quebec*. The Lion of England declares it to be a British territory, and the Gold Shield with the blue Fleur de Lis records the historical fact of its having originally been a French colony. When it was a French possession the arms of France were blue with golden Fleur de Lis, but when it passed into British hands it was in strict accordance with heraldic etiquette that the colors should be reversed. The adoption of this reversed coloring, of course, constitutes a diplomatic courtesy to France. By the addi-

tion of the Maple Leaves, the Canadian locality of this British province of French origin is brought out.

3. *Nova Scotia*. The Thistles, of course, suggest the connection of the name with "Auld Scotia," while the salmon in a wavy *fesse* indicates the geographical nature of the country as one bordering on the sea with a coast broken by many inlets.

4. *New Brunswick*. By these arms a British maritime province is clearly intended. Usually the quaint-looking galleon is represented in heraldry with sails furled, but in this instance it appears with sails set, which may be considered to imply activity upon the seas.

5. *British Columbia*. These arms, which declare a British territory on the Pacific Ocean, were adopted by Order-in-Council of the Provincial Government. The appropriation of the Union Jack is a somewhat characteristic example of Western enterprise, not to say presumption, as a mere colonial dependency has no title to so distinctly Imperial a heraldic feature.

6. *Prince Edward Island*. There has been a change to the armorial bearings of this province. Formerly they consisted of a simple design borrowed from the coinage, to wit, three oak trees standing in greensward, the intent being that the province comprises three counties, and is distinguished for its fertility. In the general coat-of-arms for the Dominion a heraldic equivalent to this former device has been substituted, consisting of an oak branch issuing from the top of the shield, and divided from a sprig of three maple leaves by a deeply indented line, the same idea being sought to be conveyed as before.

7. *Manitoba*. The arms of this province were undoubtedly adapted from those

of Ontario, the bounding buffalo being substituted for the maple leaves as more typical of the prairie.

8. *The North-West Territories.* These arms signify a fur country, and that it extends up to the Arctic regions is shown by the white bear, while in the lower

part of the shield the wheat sheaves emphasize the vast agricultural resources of the district.

9. *Yukon.* The bearings indicate a British territory, composed principally of snow-covered mountains wherein gold is to be found by the adventurous miner.



LOWER END OF "THE MILE" PORTAGE,  
TAMAGAMI RIVER

# THE FUTURE OF CANADA

By FRANCES CASSIDY

IT is an incongruity but nevertheless a recognized fact that Americans, speaking generally, have a very hazy knowledge of Canada as compared with the intelligence displayed by Canadians about their cousins across the border. It is not the writer's intention to discuss the alleged causes of this inconsistency, but in the face of such unnatural conditions, it will be necessary to mention a few facts about the land given that lamentable misnomer, "Our Lady of the Snows," for a dissertation on this subject to be thoroughly comprehended and to explain why Canada is finding herself able to plough her own furrow, in spite of the rejected proffers of commercial friendship tendered so frequently in a brotherly spirit to her powerful neighbor. Indeed, the assertion by eminent Canadians that the next step towards reciprocity must emanate from Washington has thoroughly aroused Democrats and Republicans, and editorials from Boston to Baltimore deplore the scant consideration given by officials at the capital to more or less advantageous offers, which, being refused, will inevitably lead to high trade barriers being erected on the northern side of the great lakes. The marvellous development of the thirteen revolutionary colonies during the short time of a century and a quarter, a mere breathing space compared with the centuries which old England has passed, into a wealthy world-power, whose favor is courted by the nations of Europe, and the steady but exceedingly slow comparative growth of a contiguous country, richly blessed by Nature, with practically inexhaustible resources in sea, forest, and land, has always been an enigma to thousands of Canadians.

A still more disheartening feature has been that, while well-paid immigration

agents were sent abroad to induce Europe's best combination of intelligence and brawn to desert poverty and perhaps persecution for prosperity and freedom, to be reached via the cities of Quebec and Montreal, the genuine, composite Canadian, the most valuable asset that the Dominion possesses, was migrating in thousands from his native land to share in the good times prevailing in Uncle Sam's domain. So steady has been the outgoing stream that now there is approximately 1,200,000 people of Canadian birth residing permanently in the United States, an amount equivalent to more than one-fifth of the entire population of Canada, or more than 11 per cent. of the total foreign born population of its neighbor. As fast as Doukhobors and less desirable immigrants were disembarked on the St. Lawrence, at the expense of the Government, the best blood of the Anglo-Saxon stock was departing through another door. It is a difficult, if not impossible task to repatriate the prosperous. Sentiment is strong enough to bind Canada and the Mother Country so strongly together that the vast Atlantic seems to unite rather than separate, but yet, after all, when you touch the average man's pocket, you interfere with what he treasures most of all his possessions, material and immaterial. Expatriated Canadians have been eminently successful in the great Republic, and the great majority of these may be considered as lost to Canada forever. It is deplorable, but the mischief has been done. Knowledge of the past should influence those who have the power to regulate the future.

If Canada has untold resources waiting the combination of capital and labor to

transform them into commodities desired the world over; if she has such a healthy, invigorating climate; if she has one of the most representative governments that has ever existed; if her navigation system is unsurpassed; if her inhabitants are hardy, industrious, and thrifty; if her statesmen are progressive, broad-minded, and far-seeing; if her Educational System is thoroughly abreast of the times; if her captains of industry are men of vigilant energy, and of more than the average integrity—all of which conditions are conceded to Canada by those unbiased citizens of the world, who know most about her—then there must have been serious blunders made by all political parties that the country should have been so sadly drained of its best blood for some scores of years. Partly as the result of this, another keen disappointment was the small proportion of British emigrants bound for America, who determined to remain under the Union Jack. In the nine years preceding 1890, of the 1,500,000 emigrants who left the United Kingdom only 13 per cent. came to Canada, while no less than 68 per cent. settled in the United States. Between 1891 and 1900 a fair estimate of the proportion is that 72 per cent. went to the United States, and still only 13 per cent. to Canada. If Canada cannot hold her own sons, it is beyond the pale of reason to expect the most desirable immigrants from Europe to settle within her confines.

But happily, this dark cloud so long on the horizon of the future is rolling rapidly away, and the signs of the times point to a wonderful change in the tide of affairs. Progressive American capitalists have had a peep into the resources of the land of the maple. Their enterprise has been of invaluable assistance in the prying off of the shell of one of the very few but nevertheless well filled oysters yet to be legitimately exploited, and they are reaping richly where they have sown. It is sufficient to cite the name of F. H.

Clergue, whose efforts, backed by southern capitalists, have within a few months transformed an inactive town at Sault Ste. Marie into a city throbbing with the hum of busy manufacturers. It is now one of the world's steel centres. The same story might be told of Western mines, wheat lands and forests.

Canada's time has just commenced. Instead of her sons leaving by thousands, as has unfortunately been the case for too many decades, there is taking place in the West an American invasion, which is more agreeable than the one in Europe, and which, for its kind, is unparalleled in the history of America. A Winnipeg correspondent for a reputable American newspaper places the influx at 100,000 for last year, adding that this is but the beginning. Editorials throughout the United States view with alarm the wholesale depopulation by migration across the border. The building of another transcontinental railway heralded from the Great Lakes to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has already accomplished more than a large number of excellent but disregarded leaders towards opening the eyes of our cousins to the fact that their so-called diminutive neighbor to the north is rapidly attaining her majority as an economic and political power in the world. Opportunity is knocking at the door, and she has but to grasp it to realize the roseate future spread out before her. During the past six or seven years she has made such phenomenal progress that it may be truthfully said that as the nineteenth century was the century of the United States, so the twentieth century is Canada's century. In the fiscal year of 1895-6 the total volume of her trade was \$231,600,000. In 1900-1 it had leaped to over \$400,000,000, a ratio of increase that is not equalled during any period of the marvellous growth of the United States. In the following fiscal year, ended June 30, 1902, the increase in foreign trade had increased \$37,007,287, or \$184,885,084 more than in 1896. While the value of exports of the



United States has been declining the past twelve months as steadily as it rose the preceding twelve months, that of Canada has increased \$15,152,645. The increase in the value of imports into the latter country in the last fiscal year was \$21,553,607. Canada's total revenue has increased from \$36,000,000 in 1895-6 to \$58,000,000 last year and an average surplus of \$6,000,000 has been officially announced. The recent repeal of the tariff for twelve months on all coal entering the United States will be another boom for Canada, with a coal area of 97,200 square miles. It is estimated

that there are 7,000,000,000 tons in Nova Scotia.

The greatness of Canada's destiny is not in doubt. Nothing great was ever accomplished in a hurry. A good foundation for a mighty nation has been fairly well laid, and before many decades, no matter what her political relations will have become, Canada will be sufficiently powerful, not necessarily from a military or naval standpoint, to command the respect, if not court the favors of the present world-powers.

## ODD FACTS

**S**KATING is a modern art, a form of diversion and recreation either unknown to the ancients, or left unrecorded by them, their want of silence about sports less pleasurable being negative evidence of their unacquaintance with it.

Credit must be accorded to the Dutch for introducing this most delightful and useful means of locomotion, but as they skated only through necessity, they did not acquire, and have never yet acquired, that proficiency in the art which younger nations have, who have practised it for pleasure.

Bones of animals were first used as skates, and after these came the heavy Dutch skates, alluded to in "Evelyn's Diary" of 1662; cumbrous, clumsy things which were used by all classes on the canals, which spread their tortuous network over the Netherlands.

Yankees invented, and are still making, the best skates.

Switzerland has a species of fragrant and beautiful flower which grows up through the ice.

The Wiener-Eislauf-Verein Skating Club has the largest membership in the world—eighteen thousand.

Canada's Ice Carnivals begin about eight o'clock and end about eleven. London's begin about eleven and last all night.

Some lady skaters in Vienna wear top-boots, much like our military riding boots, and some in France, Knickerbocker bicycling costume, minus the skirt.

One skating park in Europe renews the glossy surface of the ice, not with water, or scrapers, but fire. A large tank of gasoline supplying a burner several feet wide being drawn over the ice.

## TORONTO'S GREAT PARK

**I**N this age of endeavor and progress, in all that pertains to the moral and physical welfare of man, it would seem superfluous to attempt to incite to further exertion in that respect, were it not for the fact that this compliment to our time is applicable only in its general sense.

The great centres of industry—the most advanced cities, and many less populous abodes, are to-day keenly alive to all that ministers to the needs of their denizens, but unfortunately the same spirit is not everywhere.

In some localities which have received from Nature but a moiety of gifts, a hundred-fold is returned, whilst in others laden with benefits lavishly bestowed upon them, the recipients stand idle.

It has long been realized by the advanced thinkers of all places, that for increase of population and the consequent progression of industries, attractive inducements to outsiders to join them, are not alone beneficial, but necessary; and that none are more attractive than Parks.

What has made Paris "The Beautiful," but her varied and innumerable attractions, the first amongst them being her gardens and boulevards!

What has given New York, Philadelphia, Chicago their pre-eminence, but incitements to visit them and then to reside there! Who but has longed to see "Central" and "Prospect" Parks; "Fairmount," or Chicago's "Lincoln"?

See the fortunes that are spent on parks in all the great cities! Observe Cleve-



MR. JOHN G. HOWARD



HOWARD'S OLD HOMESTEAD, HIGH PARK

land's system of parks and boulevards, now being engineered by the city, and Rockefeller assisting with millions!

Many such achievements are prompted, no doubt, by divers motives, but principally the philanthropic and utilitarian.

People must have some pleasant place to which to repair, some breathing spot, some oasis whither they can go to be refreshed in body and mind. They must have relief from the constant tumult, dirt, din, and dust of streets; otherwise they would, in time, become enervated, ambition cease, and body and mind degenerate. Cities must have lungs to clarify the blood that flows through their many veins.

On the other hand, communities, like individuals, must have money, for how little can be accomplished without it?

The shrewd, the far-seeing man-of-affairs, knowing so well its utility, strives

to attract capital and capitalist, therefore his endeavor to exhibit to the outside world the attractions of his particular location.

Unconscious philanthropists some of them may be, but who will say they are not benefactors?

#### HIGH PARK—TORONTO'S GREATEST ASSET.

This most charming spot; this gift of Nature and of man, to the "Queen City of the West"—the metropolis of the Dominion's greatest province, is a Garden of Eden in more than one sense; for of all the lovely sites, and picturesque spots in this vast and fertile country, in point of natural beauty, it is without a peer; yet, like Eden, which still exists somewhere on this mundane sphere, it is unknown!

On the eleventh of May, in the year 1881, to benefit posterity, Mr. John G.

Howard, one of Toronto's most esteemed citizens and Canada's best-known architect, bequeathed it to us:

One hundred and sixty-five acres of diversified landscape above the level of the city, and fanned by the ozonized breeze of the great lake!

A wide expanse of verdant plain, bedecked with daisies, buttercups, and wild-flower hues, whereon could be reviewed the battalions of the province! A sea of pine-clad, undulated woodland, furrowed by deep, dark ravines! Dells car-

a boon hardly understood at present. What a landscape, what a shore-line do the environs of Toronto possess! This park has what is dear to everyone—a wide stretch of varied surface, composed of forest and stream, where pure air may be breathed."

"Mr Howard conducted me through his art gallery, also donated to the city. May it not be the nucleus of a much greater one? This grand old man, now eighty-two years of age, and looking forward to life immortal in the society of her who was his companion on earth, should



PAVILION, HIGH PARK

peted with brightest verdure, and traced with tiny streams of purest water and the red-man's trails!

The following tribute to Mr. Howard is from the pen of Alderman Frankland, and appeared in the *Toronto Globe* of the 8th of July, 1885:

"IS THIS GREAT POSSESSION SUFFICIENTLY VALUED?"

"A few days ago I went for the first time to High Park, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Howard, who has given to the city a park that in after years will be

be appreciated while he is with us. My object in writing these few lines is not only to call attention to the beauties within our precincts, but to impress upon our people that we have amongst us men whose philanthropy will challenge the world."

THE ARCHITECT'S TOMB.

"Erected by Mr. J. G. Howard, in memory of his wife, and in readiness for himself."

The plot of ground upon which it stands is enclosed by some of the old iron railings

which surrounded St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, for one hundred and sixty years.

The marble pedestal weighs over ten tons, and is from the Rutland quarries. The cairn is built of granite boulders. Mrs. Howard was Scotch, which accounts for it. Mr. Howard was a Masonic Knight Templar, therefore the double pedestal surmounted with the Maltese cross.

Engraved on a brass plate attached to one of the gate-posts of the old railing, is the following:

"Sacred to the memory of John George Howard and Jemima Frances Howard, his wife. John George, born 27 July, 1803. Jemima Frances, born 18 August, 1802. Died 1st September, 1877, aged 75 years."

What a commendation of Toronto's park,—that its site was chosen by one of the greatest architects that Canada ever possessed! To be his residence during life, and the resting-place of the remains of his beloved wife and himself, for all time!

But are we, the citizens of this most favored city, fully aware of what we have received?

Have we the due appreciation of our lucky inheritance?

Do we see in it all that our noted architect saw?

Look out from any part of the great length of wave-lapped beach, far as the eye can reach, to where the boundless blue of Ontario joins the sky, and feel the



HOWARD'S MONUMENT, HIGH PARK

soothing influence of such a summer sight!

Drink of the cool, pure waters, ye who hasten thither to be refreshed!

Mark the white steamers laden with tourists to our shores!

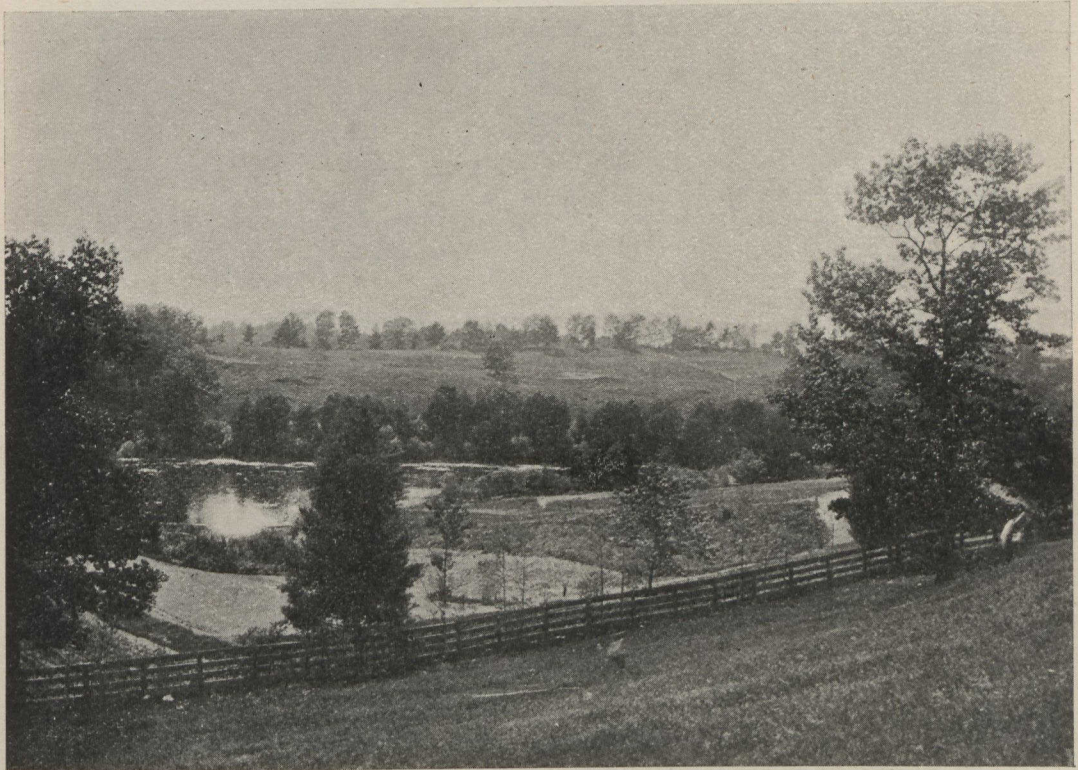
Follow the graceful movements of the city's white-winged fleet as they skim along in midsummer's breeze!

Observe the party-colored vestments of the gay canoeists as they dip the slender paddle to the rhythm of their song!

"This Palace, built by God's own hand,  
The world's fresh prime hath seen,  
Wide stretch its living halls away,  
Pillar'd and roof'd with green.  
Its music is the wind that now  
Pours loud its swelling bars,  
Now lulls in soft'ning cadences;  
Its festal lamps are stars."

What would many places give for such a park, and such a climate as that of Southern Ontario, where never is excess of heat or cold?

Year after year our shores are visited by thousands from the South; and yearly



A VIEW FROM PICNIC GROUNDS OVERLOOKING HOWARD LAKE

See the snowy gulls that float with folded wings up the waters, or as easily sail upon the ambient air!

Wander by the brooks, through the vales, ye who would escape the "madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife," and note their tortuous passages through shade! Penetrate the silent fastnesses where naught is heard but the wood-pecker's tapping, or the rustling of the forest leaves, as the wind moves overhead.

the number is increasing *en route* to Muskoka and the North.

Let us then, for our own sake, and that of all whom it may concern, strive to enhance the value of our unique possession. Nature has destined our province to be the Garden of the Continent. High Park has been chosen as its loveliest spot; and who so well qualified as an architect to make choice from amongst the works of the Architect Supreme?  
DEMAR.



SCENE IN HIGH PARK

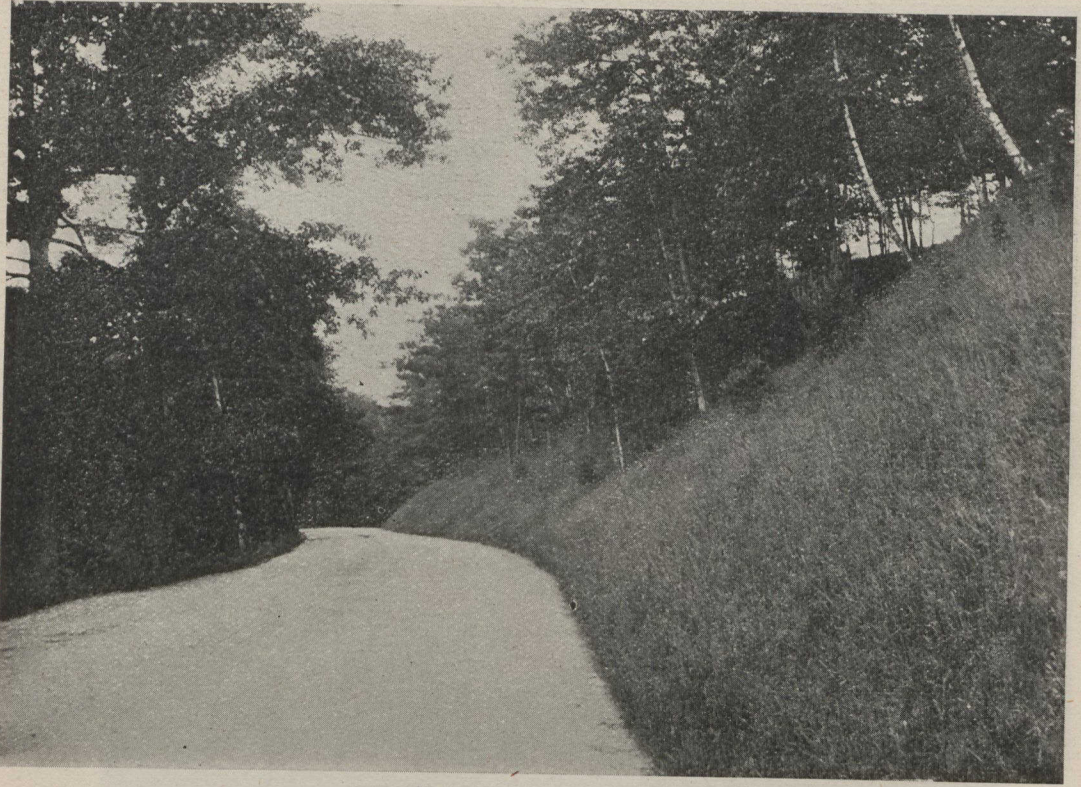


HIGH PARK BEACH—LAKE ONTARIO

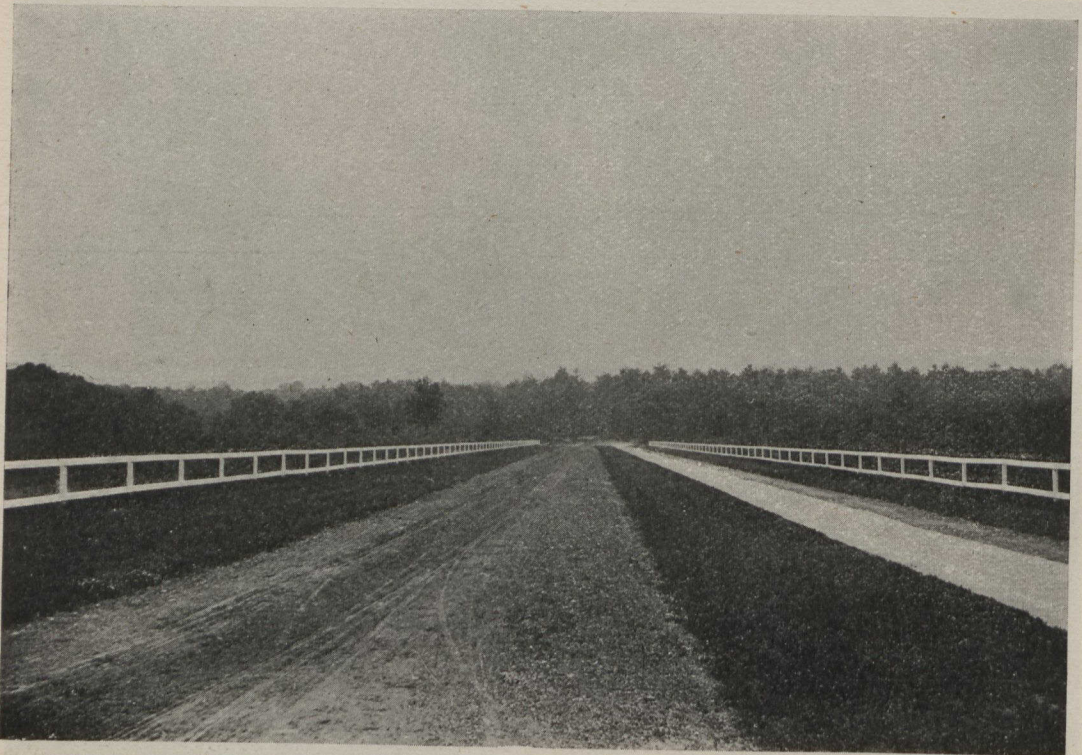


DRIVE-WAY IN HIGH PARK





DRIVE-WAY IN HIGH PARK



NEW ENTRANCE TO HIGH PARK RECENTLY BUILT BY THE YORK COUNTY LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY



HOWARD LAKE RAVINE LOOKING SOUTH FROM BLOOR STREET



DRIVE-WAYS IN HIGH PARK



HOWARD LAKE LOOKING WEST FROM HIGH PARK



DRIVE-WAY IN HIGH PARK



HOWARD LAKE, HIGH PARK



HOWARD LAKE, HIGH PARK

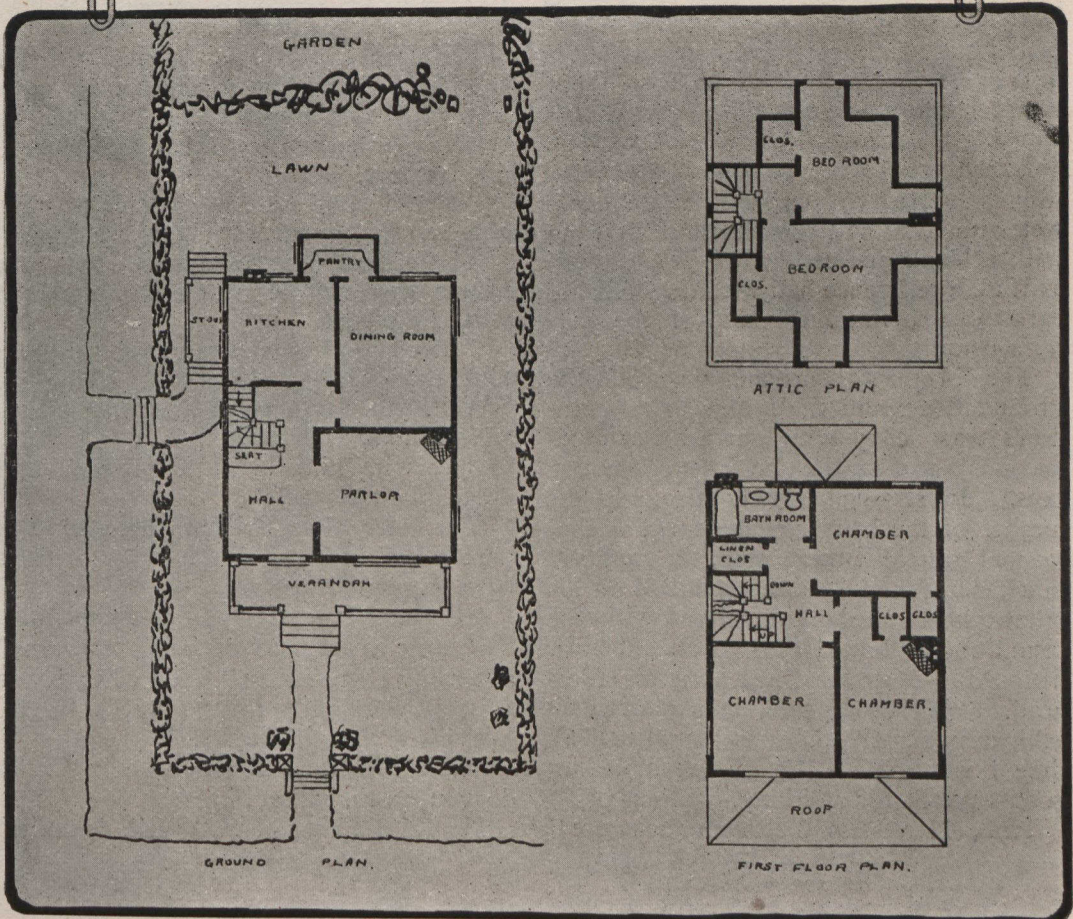
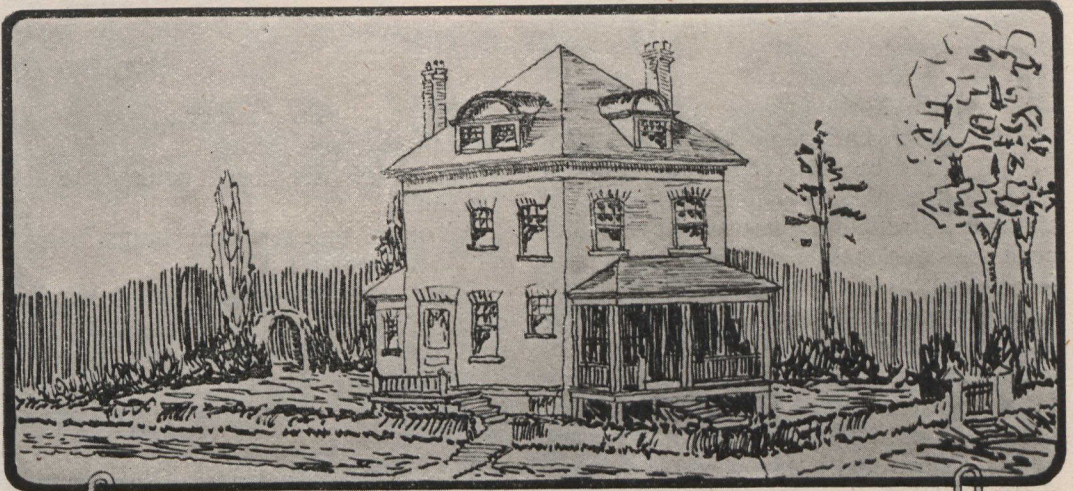


WALK IN HIGH PARK



HOWARD LAKE, HIGH PARK

A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE, TORONTO, SHOWING PLANS AND LAY-OUT OF GROUNDS



# MISS ALICIA

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

EARLY in the afternoon Major Tolbooth had taken to his bed with what he declared was "only a touch of the sun," and had continued obstinately to refuse the household remedies until he developed a delirious fever and frightened his two daughters into a panic with his moans. Miss Tolbooth, having sent their breathless maid-of-all-work to get young Dr. Greening, had attacked her father with mustard plasters, and hot foot-baths until she had brought him back to his clear mind, very weak and much shaken. He had announced feebly, then, that he was dying. And he lay back now, on his pillows, his eyes closed; breathing hoarsely, while they stood on either side of his huge mahogany bed, watching him in a speechless tremble of anxiety—Miss Alicia holding herself stiffly upright and working an awkward elbow with her fan, too frightened to weep, and her sister, who was of a matronly corpulence, her cheeks wet with tears and perspiration, listening with a blank distress of eye that showed as if all intelligence had withdrawn to her ears to catch the first sound of the doctor's coming.

The Major's bedroom was on the ground floor, and the breeze in the windows was heavy with garden perfumes and drowsy with the dronings of bumble bees. It strained slowly through the meshes of the hanging lace curtains that seemed to hold it there, with the sunlight, in a net. When the Major turned on his pillow, he blinked at this light with the round and wrinkled eyes of an old bird, lifting his eyebrows high on his forehead. "Well," he said, in a plaintively belligerent tone, "it's time, I suppose. It's time I was gone. I'm no use now—no good—not fit for anything."

The elder Miss Tolbooth answered,

choking: "Ah, father, don't.—You mustn't say such things."

He rolled his head around to her. "What?"

"You mustn't say such things."

"Why mustn't I?"

She covered her eyes with her handkerchief. "Well, you're company for us," she sobbed, with that clumsy frankness which ordinarily irritated him to the point of profanity. "We'd be lonely without you."

He made a sour mouth, drawing down his eyebrows. In a moment, he went on, in a stubborn self-condemnation: "No. I'm not fit for company, either. I've been a trial to you—a trial to you both."

He turned to Miss Alicia, and she stopped fanning him to pick at her palm leaf with trembling fingers. He had always awed her with a violent and blustering tyranny.

"You'll have no one to look to now, girl," he said to her. "That's *my* doing."

The sisters were both silent, for the reason that neither of them understood what he meant.

"Of course I was wrong," he said in a tone that accused them of thinking so. "Well, your mother should have been alive to look after you. . . . I lost my temper with him. . . . I sent him about his business."

The elder Miss Tolbooth listened with parted lips, stopped in the midst of tears by a gaping curiosity.

"Coming around here," he complained, "making a pretence of being concerned about my rheumatism! Gad! when I was young, we didn't court a girl's father. We asked the girl herself."

"Who?" Miss Tolbooth asked. "Who do you mean, father?"

He did not heed her. "Well, demmit,"

he cried, with a flicker of passion, "he beat me at chess, that night, and he quarrelled with me about the Boer war."

"Dr. Greening!" Miss Tolbooth cried. "Was it Dr. Greening?"

He did not answer her. "I couldn't stand it, girl," he apologized to Miss Alicia. "He got on my nerves."

She looked up in a confused doubt of him.

"Did he ever speak to you?" he asked her.

She shook her head. She had had scarcely more than the most conventional conversation with Dr. Greening during his winter's visits to the Major.

Miss Tolbooth turned her eyes, wonderingly, from one to the other. "What did you say to him, father?" she asked.

He closed his hand on the coverlet. "I told him," he confessed, in a manner of defiance, "that if he wasn't clever enough to get a practice he needn't be calling here—he couldn't get a living off *my* money."

Miss Alicia rose slowly and walked to the far window, her face an inscrutable blank of bewilderment.

"Oh, *father!*" Miss Tolbooth said in unutterable reproach.

"You mind your own business," he replied, curtly. "No one ever wanted to marry *you*."

She went, with meekness, to take the fan from her sister. When she came back with it, the Major said, in aggrieved surrender: "Well, you can do what you please, pretty soon. You can do what you please."

Miss Tolbooth did not answer. Miss Alicia, in the silence, stood looking out of the window at the garden, with its glowing patches of old-fashioned purples and magentas; and for a time there was nothing in her eyes but a puzzled interest in nothing. Then her lips moved in a slow smile. It faded into a tender placidity that very evidently contained no thought of herself. And that expression remained as the permanent glow of her mood.

There are crises in life which seem—like the tap of the chemist's finger on the test-tube—to precipitate and crystallize a character that has been for years in solution and unformed. Miss Alicia was, perhaps, twenty-two years of age, and she had a prominent English nose that gave her face an appearance of sharpness and a character of strength. But she had been simply educated by her mother in the seclusion of her early years at home; she had been prevented—after her mother's death—by her own shyness and the gruff inhospitality of her father, from entering the social circles of the little Canadian town of which the Tolbooths were at once the wealth and the aristocracy; and she was still mothered by her sister and ignored and silenced by the Major, as if she were a child.

It is true that she was well read in her mother's old volumes of the early Victorian novelists, but she had never had any opportunity of applying the lessons of fiction to the interpretation of life, and she had come even to hear the news of the world about her in the interested isolation of a "gentle reader," who might be appealed to for sympathy, but who could not interfere. It was seldom that she was so appealed to, outside of the little household which her father ruled; for he lived like a country gentleman on his estate, and treated his neighbors as if they were English peasantry and villagers beneath him.

He had been a British officer of the line, garrisoned at first in Halifax, and later in "Upper Canada," as he still called Ontario. He had married a rich young wife in his retired middle age, and after she had died he had continued to administer her estate with an eccentric care. He was so far from practising any ostentation in his manner of life that the town-folk accused him of niggardliness towards his family. This criticism was the more bitter because of his frank contempt of them.

In this atmosphere Miss Alicia had



grown up. Her sister had taken over the duties of the domestic management, and left her to the care of her flowers, the companionship of her books, and the study of her few volumes of melodies, whose pages were as old and yellow as the ivories of the piano on which she tinkled them out, in a subdued monotony of thin notes at once sweet and melancholy. Young Dr. Greening, called in by her sister in the early Spring, to treat her father's lumbago—because he was the only local physician with whom the Major had not quarrelled—had brightened a few April evenings with chess and conversation, chatting of books and music with her; and then he had disappeared again into the active life of his profession, and had left her to that almost conventual routine which had made her face as placid as a young nun's.

She was still standing, half-smiling, at the window, when a ring on the door-bell announced Dr. Greening. She said: "I'll go." Miss Tolbooth looked around at her in quick surprise, but she was evidently unconscious that she was doing anything unusual.

## II.

Dr. Greening, being accustomed to reserve and silence in her, greeted her—through the wire-screen door—with his most diffident smile, that gave his face a pleasant boyishness. Miss Alicia held out her hand to him gravely as she opened the door. "Father is ill," she said, as he took her slim fingers. "He is sorry for the way he spoke to you—some time ago. He has told us so."

He reddened with surprise at her kindness. She took his hat from him hospitably. "We did not know—before—that this had happened," she said. "He is waiting to see you now."

He was the son of a small tradesman in a neighboring city, and Major Tolbooth and his daughters were of the English aristocracy in his eyes. The Major's inexplicable rebuff had hurt and humbled

him; and he accepted Miss Alicia's kindness, now, as a true lady's manner of making amends for her father's injury.

"You are very kind," he said, meekly.

She looked at him with an expression which remained as much an enigma to him as the distant humility of his tone was to her. She led him to the door of the bedroom, in silence; and, having ushered him in to her father, she returned to the sitting-room, where she stood with her thoughts.

Her sister joined her there, pressing her finger-tips against her lips and listening to the voices in the bedroom. Miss Tolbooth said suddenly: "I—I never knew how—how sweet he could be. We haven't been patient with him, dear. We—we didn't love him."

Miss Alicia blinked away her dream, and contemplated that accusation with dry eyes. It had probably never occurred to her that the Major was to be loved. She had obeyed him, at a distance, leaving the nearer approaches to her sister, and watching her, with terror, bring the thunders about her ears.

"We might have known," Miss Tolbooth said, "it was just his—his way. . . . He's fond of *you*, dear." There was, perhaps, the implication of a charge against him in that last.

"I hope he'll be polite to the doctor," Miss Alicia replied, from a distance of thought.

They sat down mechanically, after a silence.

Miss Alicia shrank, blushing, from a fear which assailed her. "Do you think," she asked, "that father will"—she dropped her voice to the faintest note of bashfulness—"will tell the doctor?"

Miss Tolbooth did not hear. Her face was set in a staring misery. Miss Alicia clasped her hands in her lap, and did not speak again. She had an air of waiting in fearful shyness for a summons from the bedroom.

And then Dr. Greening came in on tip-toe and smiling. "No danger," he whis-

pered. "Just a fainting spell. You have done right. Put ice on his temples. I'll leave a prescription to be filled as I pass Allen's, and it'll be here in an hour." He shook hands with them in a manner of congratulation, and Miss Alicia caught a long breath of relief.

"And there's no danger whatever, doctor?" Miss Tolbooth asked, in a tone that almost regretted an unnecessary grief.

"Well," he answered, "he's an old man, of course. His heart is weak. He may go off at any time, but there's no reason to believe it will be *this* time."

While Miss Tolbooth was adjusting herself to this new point of view, Miss Alicia slipped away lightly to get him his hat. He followed her; and when she held out her hand to him again at the door, he noticed for the first time a certain blushing hesitation in her manner, which he could not understand. He searched for the meaning of it in her eyes. She met him with a look of timorous expectancy. The vaguest preshadowing of a thought of the truth floated in over his mind, and he pressed her fingers in a startled grip. A ready tenderness brightened in her face. He turned from her, as confused as a boy.

When the screen door had closed between them, she asked: "You'll be in to-morrow morning?"

"Oh, yes. Yes—thank you," he replied, sidling awkwardly down the steps. His knees were so stiff that he seemed unable to walk without jolting on his heels.

At the gate he looked back to see her still watching him from the doorway. She nodded and smiled. He bowed. A cold chill sprayed in his brain and trickled icily down his spine; and it came with a near suspicion of the truth.

That, then, was why the Major had forbidden him the house!

### III,

It was characteristic of Miss Alicia that she proceeded on the routine of her

ordinary day with a certain air of self-sufficiency, but without any fluttered blushes, without any of the dreamy pauses and guilty starts that are supposed to be indicative of a "love-bewildered" mind. When she picked a bouquet of flowers for her father's sick-room, she took them from her own beds and her sister's, as if she felt herself privileged, moving in some possession of thought that seemed newly to dignify her actions. And when she smiled, it was the even smile of meditation, of a heart that was stilled at a full calm.

She stopped on the porch to look down the gravel walk at the gate through which the doctor had gone from her; and there was a tenderness in her expression that had a pity in it too. It was the expression with which she read the "Adventures of Philip."

She turned at the rustle of her sister's gown in the hallway, and found Miss Tolbooth's eye fixed on her bouquet. "For father," she explained.

"Did he ask for them?" Miss Tolbooth said.

Miss Alicia shook her head reflectively. "The doctor will be here to-morrow morning," she replied, thinking of the sick-room.

Miss Tolbooth asked: "Did he speak to you?"

She regarded her sister a moment, thoughtfully, before she answered: "No, he didn't *speak*," and smiled.

She went to tap on her father's door. Miss Tolbooth looked after her, puzzled to understand a manner which was to puzzle Dr. Greening even more.

He had gone home to pass a distracted afternoon, that was followed by an uneasy night. The Major's quarrel had suddenly found a meaning for him that prevented sleep. It was plain that Miss Alicia must have betrayed to her family an unsuspected tenderness for him—as was natural, he told himself, in a girl who saw no company from year's end to year's end. It was possible—indeed, as he

thought it over, it became more and more probable—that he had innocently misled her and the Major into the belief that she was the object of his attentions at the house; for when he had found that his attendance there gave him a coveted prestige among the doctors of the town, he had attempted to continue in his office of physician after it had lapsed, by ingratiating himself with his patient, and making himself agreeable to his two daughters. The Major, of course, had condemned him as a fortune-hunter; and at last, over a glass of toddy, after the household had retired, had ended a good-natured discussion of the Battle of Colenso by browbeating and insulting him. And Miss Alicia—

Well, it was at least evident that she was ready to receive him as her suitor, and her only suitor. And the goal of a wealthy marriage was plain before him when he started out, next morning, to visit the Major, walking happy in his plans for a busy future in a city where there would be hospitals and large practices, and the opportunity to rise.

However, as he neared his patient's house, he began to feel a nervous apprehension that reminded him of his first surgical case; for this was not only his initial experience in such affairs of the heart, but it began to appear to be a false position also, and it required him to make love to a woman who most probably had, in such matters, a system of laws and conventions that was unknown to him. It was not to be supposed that one could court Miss Alicia with the blunt directness that would serve with a farm girl; neither could he imagine that the common coin of flattery and compliment would pass with her. Affection in her heart, must be grounded in respect and esteem; and the business of courtship would require a delicacy and discretion of which he did not feel himself quite capable.

She seemed pleasantly predisposed in his favor, but that might be from a first

impression which a more intimate acquaintance would correct. Wherefore, as he turned the corner of the Major's street, and saw the evergreens tufted over the fence, he took a cowardly resolve to be very professional and non-committal in his manner, to interest himself rather in the Major, and to study Miss Alicia from a safe distance for a time. He came into the open with his head down. When he looked up, he saw her seated alone on the porch.

It came on him with the suddenness of an ambush discovered in his path. He stumbled in his step, with a momentary temptation to retreat; but his body went on, and before he got control of it again he was at the gate. He came up the path—an interminable journey—unable to raise his eyes to her. When he did lift a ridiculously white and grave face, he found her bending over her needle-work. He was at the foot of the porch steps. He cleared his throat with a nervous cough. "Good morning," he said, taking off his hat. "How is the Major?"

She did not look up. She answered, in a voice that was false and strained: "Good morning. He isn't in."

He suddenly forgot the difficulty he was having in getting breath into his lungs. "I—I beg your pardon?" he stammered.

She bent her face lower over the embroidery frame. "He has gone down town," she said.

"O—oh!" Surprise struck him dumb. He looked at the screen door. He raised his hat towards his head, to put it on, as if he had been told to go. He heard her say: "He seems much better this morning;" and he dropped his arm again. Her manner made him hot with the apprehension that the Major had prepared another humiliation for him.

She stitched a moment, flushing. "I angered him this morning," she apologized. "I told him what you said about his heart. . . . I was afraid he might overtax his strength."

"You were quite right," he absolved

her haughtily. He would show her that her father's behavior was a matter of indifference to him.

"I'm afraid," she said, gently, "that he is angry—with you—for having said it." She looked up at him for a shy glance, and he saw that her eyes were red from tears.

While he was wondering why she had been weeping, he replied, mechanically. "Very possibly. Old folk are—are arbitrary, of course."

"He is very unjust," she sympathized, over her needle.

He watched her, from the foot of the steps, without replying. For the moment, there was not a clear thought in the confusion of his mind; and a morning breeze, tossing through the chestnut boughs, made its hollow murmur a noisy distraction in his ears.

"Won't you . . . sit down?" she said.

There was a chair before her. He took it in silence. After he was seated, it occurred to him that he would have been wiser to have made an excuse to get away. He was unprepared—awkwardly unprepared—for any such situation as this.

"You didn't tell him yesterday?" she asked.

He said gravely: "Yesterday, I merely assured him that he was not dying."

She looked up again, but at sight of his serious expression, she returned her eyes to her work. "He is very unjust," she repeated, feelingly.

It pricked him with an indignation against the Major that made him resent her pity, although he did not know why he was indignant, or for what she pitied him. He did not speak.

"Did he say anything to you," she asked, at last, with a guilty blush, "about calling?"

"He guessed the reason of her confusion. "Nothing," he answered. "I suppose he said something this morning."

She nodded, speechlessly, overcome at this approach of the crisis.

"About me calling here?"

Her silence answered for her.

He took a bold resolve, born of his resentment. "Miss Tolbooth," he spoke up, "I did not quite understand—from you yesterday—what he had said—then."

She answered slowly, as if with a sense of how with every word she was making his future out of this one moment: "He said he was sorry he had forbidden you." She added, meaningly: "He was speaking to *me*."

He waited, baffled. She did not go on. He wiped his forehead. "And you?" he asked. "I have your —"

"He—he has forbidden me again," she confessed piteously, "to let you."

He rose, fumbling with his hat. "Well," he said, in a blundering attempt to carry it off proudly, "I suppose I'd better say good-bye."

The wound to his vanity was as sore as any stinging of disprized love; and she found him so pale and disappointed that the tears started to her eyes. "I'm *so* sorry," she said, rising to hold out her hand to him.

He saw so much more than formal sympathy in her face that he knew, if he could but find a true word now to speak he could win her with it. But he could not find the word; and he found, instead, a shame of his situation that mounted to his cheeks. He had an accession of fear that she would read his thoughts if he remained silent. "Th-thanks," he began, and he spoke it in a voice so unnatural that it put him to flight.

He turned to blunder down the steps, his teeth set to stifle the elation of a vanity that had been flattered by the look in her eyes, at the same time that his face was hot with the feeling that he had been a cad.

He looked back at her from the gate. She was watching him from the porch, her hand clenched at her lips. He felt that if her father's prohibition had not been between them, he could have played the part which she expected of him. But aggressively to act the hypocrite?

He shut the Major's gate on that temptation and turned his back to her.

A boy in the distance was running towards him under the trees of the boulevard. As soon as he looked up, that boy opened his mouth, and cried shrilly: "Doctor! Major Tolb'ot's sick—or somethin'—down at Allen's!"

#### IV.

The Major allowed himself to be brought home, very weak and humble, in a carriage with the doctor. He was put to bed without protest. "He needs rest—and medicine as prescribed," Dr. Greening directed Miss Tolbooth briefly. "There is no cause for alarm. Keep him quiet. I will call this evening."

He departed, on a professional bow, without seeing Miss Alicia. She was locked in her room.

She remained there until the afternoon, and then she was called to relieve her sister at her father's bedside. She came with the air of one who had been quarrelling with a sick man, though she knew that it was he who had been in the wrong. There was sullen pride in her silence; and yet she guiltily avoided meeting his eyes, moving her fan like an automaton, her gaze fixed, with an appearance of sulkiness that belied her. He looked at her only once, and then grunted a "Humph!" that might mean anything. For the most part he lay on his back, dozing and waking, in a sort of stupor of weakness.

At nightfall, he seemed to be wandering in his mind. He began to talk to himself in a restless whisper, unintelligible to Miss Alicia; it distressed her as much as a moaning of pain. She was weeping when the doctor entered. The Major, at sight of a stranger bringing the light of the lamp over to him, stopped short, and shut his eyes. He kept them shut—though his eyelids twitched wakefully—while his pulse was counted and his temperature registered.

Miss Alicia, moving her fan blindly, averted her face. The doctor respected her silence. When he took the lamp to

the back of the room, he spoke low to Miss Tolbooth over it.

The Major, as soon as the light was withdrawn, turned his head to Miss Alicia, and she saw that his lips moved, though she could not hear what he said. The only words she caught were: "Doctor's wife, eh? . . . Well." The rest was a mumble.

He rolled back to stare at the ceiling in a silence that hung over the room like a threat. "Poor girl!" he said suddenly, in a stronger voice.

He frowned in an attempt to rouse himself. "That's he?" he asked, and propped himself on his elbow to jerk his head towards the end of the room. "Eh?"

Dr. Greening came over to him. "Lie down, now," he said. "Don't excite yourself. 'You'll be well enough in the morning.'" He laid the old man back on his pillows with firm hands. "Only keep out of the sun. And remember, you're not as strong as you were once."

The Major said: "You want to marry my girl."

The doctor reddened. "It would make me very happy, sir," he was compelled to say.

"No doubt. No doubt," the Major grumbled. "How about her? Will you make *her* happy?"

Miss Alicia raised to the doctor a look of trust that shone through her tears with a pale happiness. He said: "I'll do my best."

The Major lifted a hand of trembling fingers. "Do you promise?" he demanded, pointing menacingly at him.

The doctor looked down at her. "I do," he said huskily.

The Major dropped his hand and scowled at him; and Dr. Greening stood up to that scowl as if it were the muzzle of a gun.

The Major shouldered down into his bed clothes. "Go away," he growled. "Go away. I'm tired. Don't bother me any more—neither of you—with your flowers either. Mary! Mary! Send them away."

## V.

The doctor went out to the porch with her in a silence of guilt and bewilderment. The Major's questions had come so suddenly on him, that he had not had time to think of any evasion. He had not had time to rouse his conscience. He had engaged himself under false pretences to an act of love; and now he could not fulfil it.

Miss Alicia, trembling, clung to his hand in a nervous tension that gave her strength to crush his fingers. He was standing on the porch step below her. He drew back from her with a shudder of self-loathing.

She murmured breathlessly: "Oh, isn't it—strange—ever since yesterday morning!" And there was a note in her voice that caught his ear at once. "Father, saying he was dying—and about you—that you wanted to marry me." It was as if she were telling a plot which she had read. "I was sorry—because he had spoken to you so—and you hadn't been able to come to see me all those months. I knew you would want to see me." She laughed low and happily.

He saw the mistake which her father had made, and the mistake which she had made, in supposing that his professional visits to the house had had a double object. But had he himself made a mistake! He listened to her in amazement. Was this the voice of love—or of pity?

She said: "I didn't—I didn't know how much it meant to you until after—after you said good-bye this morning. Then I knew."

There were tears in her eyes. He saw the glint of them in the light that streamed through the open door. He frowned in a puzzled effort to get her point of view. "Ye-es?" he said, vaguely.

"I'm . . . so glad," she choked, and made as if to turn from him.

He held her. "Wait," he said, "I don't understand."

"I know," she whispered, thrilled. "It has been so—so quick. But we'll have

. . . years. You mustn't blame father. He didn't know—at first."

Was it possible that she was not thinking of herself at all? "But see," he said, "what about you? Don't think of me. think of yourself—what is due to you."

"You will think of that," she said softly.

"You're very good," he faltered, beginning to understand the trust in his affection which had brought her to him. "But you don't know me very well yet. You may be disappointed in me. And remember, if you should be—before it's too late—you're not bound to me. I'm the only one that's bound."

She put her hand on his shoulder, as if to reassure him. "No," she whispered.

The kindness of it silenced him in an almost tearful tenderness for her; and with this emotion that held him dumb, he felt his heart freed of the guilt that had weighed upon it. "You're very kind," he said at last.

Her hand fluttered up against his cheek. "No, no," she explained, brokenly. "I want to be more than that. I want to be—what you are."

He did not understand.

"It's so good to have someone—care for me—so much!" she sobbed. "I want to be that, too—for you."

He drew her to him. She seemed pitifully frail and gentle against the arm that held her. Her sobs set him tingling. "Don't," he said, "I'm not worth it. I'm—I didn't understand. I'm not worth it. I didn't appreciate —"

"I want to try," she said, "to make you . . . as happy . . . as you've made me. Do you think I can?"

"Ah, don't—don't," he protested. "I've done nothing—worse than nothing."

She tried to put her fingers on his lips to stop him. "Haven't you!" she cried. And as if to show her faith in him, she bent down to kiss him on the forehead. "Do you think I can?" she whispered.

He caught her to him in a burst of gratitude, of tenderness, of affection. "Yes," he said thickly. "Yes."

# BANKED FIRES

By ARTHUR STRINGER

IT was Handsome Mike's first day back at the Smeltery. Like the rest of that little colony of "Black Irish" at the Big Eagle Mining Camp, the keen, Canadian winter bewildered him, with its muffled sharpness, like a razor-blade wrapped in chamois. But now he was going to sweat this trouble out, as he had always done before.

After one lurid, red week of whiskey—and things even worse—and five long weeks in the Mounted Police hospital, and then two terrible, tottering days hugging the stove in Doogan's tavern, he had cursed himself and his luck, and crept back to his old solace—work.

But Handsome Mike, "the devil wid wimmen" had changed. He felt dizzy and sick, and his throat burned for a few drops of the old something to brace him up. The dare-devil face had weakened, the bull-neck had fallen away. His arm was flaccid. And work was going hard with him. He wished he was home. Already his clothes were wet and soggy with sweat. *He* called it "a bit av lung trouble." The little surgeon over at the Hospital had called it "double-pneumonia."

Whatever it was, Mike knew it had hit him hard. He wished he was home. But "Tell me ye'll never go back to her!" the other woman had said.

Towards noon a sudden chill came over him. It bewildered him, as his first sickness of a month ago had done, and he wished he was home again. A sharp knife-blade of pain pushed and pierced through his left breast. He crouched down, shivering and cowed, against a car of ore.

Two of the smelting gang found him there, and helped him into the furnace-room. There he lay, full in the blaze of the open doors. But still he shivered.

Oily beads of sweat glistened through the smoke and dust on his leathery face. But still he shivered. And he wished he was home. The heat of the fiery red cavern scorched his boots, and the smell of their burning soles filled the air. But still he shook with his chill.

"Tell me ye'll never go back to her!" the other woman had said. And as he lay there he cursed her gently for saying it.

In time Mike's chill wore itself away. But it left him dazed and weak, with sudden spasms, twisting and bending his great body. It was then that his foreman came and told him to go and get to bed. He took his pail and crawled away. He felt, though, that he could never go home. But now the thought of the other woman sickened him. He wished he could get a long rest somewhere.

Just beyond the Mary Stewart shaft he was taken with a spell of blood-spitting. He knew what that meant. It left him dazed, but terrified. Now he *had* to go home. They had told him, or he had heard it somewhere, that ice was good for a hemorrhage. He clutched insanely at the water frozen in the gutter, and the discolored icicles that hung from the sluice. But his stomach revolted at its filthiness as it dissolved muddily on his tongue, and he spat it out.

He wanted to go home and sleep. He would straighten it out with Dora some way or other. Then everything would be all right. But what was the use, now, he asked. Was it all worth bucking up against?

He stopped in front of the Sunset Supply House. Then he crawled inside, and asked for a cheap revolver.

Sunset Charlie handed him over a useless toy, with white bone handles, for one dollar.

"Phwat the divvle good is that?" Handsome Mike demanded huskily, wiping his mouth with his sleeve, and holding the toy in the palm of his shaking hand. "Gim' me a gun that'll kill a dog!"

"What size dog, stranger?" inquired Sunset Charlie eyeing him meaninglessly. Life walked bare to the buff in those rough parts.

"A dog about me own soize!"

"Mebbe *he'll* do?" asked Sunset Charlie, caressing a heavy, ugly, thirty-eight calibre six-shooter.

Handsome Mike groped his way out. But still he wanted to go home. He could make it up some way, first. Foot by foot, leaning on rocks and stumps, he wore his way to that one door, the door of his home, as dying men have done before.

A woman with red arms, bending over a reeking wash-tub, looked up at him through clouds of steam.

"I've come back," he said, with his hand on his chest.

"Ye've come back?" she repeated.

He staggered in through the low door. "I'm sick!" he said.

"Phwat's that blood from?" she cried suddenly. He leaned against the little broken wall and wiped his mouth weakly.

"I'm sick, Dora!" he whined. "An' I've come back to ye!"

"Where's *she*?"

"Ye're me woife, Dora!" He shivered forlornly. She made a step towards him, then stopped.

"If it's sick ye are, into bed wid ye!" she cried, pretending not to relent. Something in his face frightened her. But *she* had never gone a step to bring him back! *She* had spoken no word! And she bent over her tub once more.

Handsome Mike unlaced his scorched boots with shaking fingers. Then he crawled into bed, with his clothes still on. Another chill was coming over him. Still she hung back.

"Some whiskey, Dora, for th' love av God some whiskey!" he cried, with his blind fear of the blackness about him.

She came and stood over him, arms akimbo. She looked down at him with what seemed cold eyes.

"Why don't ye call to *her* for yer whiskey?"

She looked at the dare-devil face so drawn and blanched, and the bull neck so fallen away.

"Ye've threatad me loike a dog, Mickey, ye've threatad me loike a dog!" she cried out suddenly, as the hot tears rained from her eyes.

With a crooked thumb and forefinger she scooped the suds from her red arms, and threw a shawl over her shoulders. She could hear the shaking of the bed as she hurried out through the door. Sure enough, he was sick. But all his life, her big, strong Mickey had known no illness that whiskey could not charm away.

Terry Ford met her outside, as she came scuttling back from Doogan's Tavern with the bottle under her arm.

"Thin it wasn't you?" he said.

She brushed past him. "Phwat wasn't me?"

"Oh, nothin'!" Terry had noticed the movement. "I was jus' comin' in!" he said, meaningly.

"Ye can't, Terry, Mike's home!"

"Mike! What's that to you an' me!"

"He'll murder ye, Terry!"

"Have ye told him ye were comin'—comin' wid me?"

"'Twas me philanderin,' Terry," she cried, in sudden fear.

"But ye meant it?"

"Terry, ye're a fool!"

"But ye promised! Ye swore ye'd shame him whin he came back, tired av—av the other wan!"

"I was mad wid rage—jilous rage!"

"An' I've been thinkin' ye'll keep to it."

"Ye're sthoppin' me way! An' Mike's sick!"

"I'll not have ye put me off, me darlin'."

"Ye bla'g'ard! I'm a woife, an' a good woman!"



Terry laughed wickedly.

"He's come back to me!" she cried, proudly, in answer to his jeer.

"Back to ye!" scoffed Terry. "Wid her for comp'ny?"

"Wid her?"

"Yis, wid her! She's wid him now!"

"Ye lie!" she flamed out at him.

"Look inside, me darlin'."

"Ye lie!" she cried again, but with a whiter face.

"She said she'd be keepin' him to th' ind!" said Terry.

The woman with the white face crept to her door, and peered in. Through the gloom she saw the other woman, bending over the little wooden bed.

"Yer hands off that man!" she screamed, baring her arms.

"Hist!" said the woman, quietly. "He's dead!"

"An' phwat's that to ye?" cried the dead man's wife—his lawful wife.

"'Tis this!" said the other woman, with Handsome Mike's pistol at her own laughing mouth. The report shook the dust and clay from the wall of the little shack. The other woman had fallen, and lay there over the dead man.

"Terry!" called the wife, in her hard, colorless voice, "Terry!" She seized the still warm body that lay over the cold one, and flung it horridly out on the bare floor.

"Terry!" she called again, coming to the door. "Terry, me darlin' I'm waitin' for ye now!"



CAMP POINT, DEVIL LAKE

# THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

BY EMILY FERGUSON

For a stranger in the land to express dogmatic opinions regarding the social life and traits of the inhabitants always smacks of presumption. It is only upon the secure basis of several years' residence that one can hope to make a fair judgment. At best you can only present the characteristics of the comparatively few people you have met, and as they appeared to you under certain circumstances.

It has been pointed out that in England a woman is either decidedly a lady or decidedly not a lady. Perhaps this is the only way in which as a sex they are particularly emphasized. As compared with the Americans, the English women of position are lacking in individuality; they are solid but not brilliant; wanting in tone but not insipid; they are an amalgamation. Animated, graceful, polished, dignified, and domestic, are all terms that could be properly applied to them; but apart from their high culture they have no organic individuality, unless perhaps it is in their religionism. An English lady has a high sense of her moral obligations. She considers it meet, right, and her bounden duty to be entirely religious. Often she makes her life a continuous round of labor in the performance of sacred or philanthropic undertakings.

In her home, you may be sure of luxurious and opulent appointments; it is well-ordered and neat. If rich, she keeps a small army of servants, and if poor, does not make the work of living too hard, but reduces her housekeeping to a very simple system.

When she bids you to "a great supper," it is always well for a stranger to go. It means that you have successfully passed a searching scrutiny into your position and

general deportment. It is just possible that you may find it a dismal function, well-mannered, and dreary beyond words, for in many homes, even where you are the guest of the evening, it is not usual to make introductions, for a presentation is almost as binding as a marriage. Some attribute this to insolent insularism, but I have always believed it to arise from shyness. On being introduced, they often seem embarrassed and ill at ease, even to the verge of *gaucherie*, and when you lead off the conversation, are greatly relieved. It is a strange trait in their make-up, that while they can so cleverly express their feelings in music and paintings, or on paper, they sadly fail in conversation.

The English *menus* are excellent, but if on any rare occasion the dinner should be poor, you may still count on its being served with the finest linen and plate, and with dignified ceremony. Sometimes a hostess will consider her hospitality at an end when you have partaken of her claret and sandwiches, but this is not the rule. True, she will not assume a concern she does not feel, nor will she voice a social falsehood, no matter how tiny, to make you feel comfortable, but as a general thing, she is *really* interested in her guests. On one occasion, while discussing a certain old ruins with my hostess, I expressed regret at not having photographed it. I had forgotten the conversation until a couple of weeks later, when she sent me a beautiful water-color painting of the scene. The incident remains typical.

Her husband's chief characteristic is pride. An Englishman is proud of his national pre-eminence, his church, his university, his sovereign, his home, and even of himself—with "pride in his port, de-

fiance in his eye," he will give you to understand that he does not like foreigners, and above all, the inhabitants of America. He does not think much of the prospects or wealth of a nation that is expressed in a decimal system instead of in pounds. He almost invariably underrates the strength and intelligence of other peoples. Without braggodocio, and yet in a manner that is vaguely irritating, he suggests to your mind the words of the vivacious Mrs. Squeers, "I pities your ignorance and despises you." And why not? It is well known that the Almighty is English, or at least possesses only English traits.

If you are a Canadian, he is mildly surprised at the fairness of your skin. He had an idea that you were half French and half Indian. It must be that the hot-air furnaces in the colonies bleach your complexion. He is distinctly charmed when he finds you eat with a fork. As he does not of necessity read the daily papers, he sneers at your passion for news, and dubs you, "the inquisitive Canadian."

The male Briton claims that when the fogs allow it, he is capable of seeing the ludicrous side of a thing. He has an extravagant passion for walking. Rude foreigners say that he walks straight ahead like a mad dog. To summarize him brutally, he is a queer conglomerate of obstinacy, pride, justice, refinement, acquisitiveness, hard-headedness, bravery, and sensuality.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### WESTWARD HO!

November 7th.

The Padre was chaplain for the voyage, and on boarding the vessel at Liverpool, we were met by a clergyman, bearing a large package of books and magazines, to be distributed among the steerage passengers. They were the gift of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It seems a pity that all the books were in

English, for the majority of the three hundred and fifty steerage passengers did not speak that language.

We watched them coming aboard, a swarthy, motley gang, skimpily clad, down-at-heel, and out-at-elbow. The question of "Wherewithal shall we be clothed" is one that presses hard on this swarm from the European hive. These hard-featured, unwashed, shambling fellows are perhaps the filthiest sweepings of the Old World, and yet bound for the better land of Canada, every one of them is looking out grandly into the future with unbounded faith. And fortunate, too, is their escape from the foul atmosphere of fetid slums and rotting tenements; or from a rural serfdom, replete with all that is debilitating, debasing, and destructive of intellect and morality. They are what Froude calls "the few elect." Pallid, puny children, as thick as blackberries, and as ragged, held others that were younger. We were glad to walk to the other end of the vessel, for the smell that greeted our nostrils was by no means the sweet odors of Araby the blest.

The night closed in with high seas and heavy weather. The breath from the wintry ocean was marrow-freezing, and we were forced in off the storm-swept deck. Through the port-holes we could see, as our bows ducked and nosed, that we were executing a vigorous see-saw with the horizon. Now the boat shook herself like a huge, writhing monster, and again the sensation was that of rapidly descending from a great height in an elevator. We began to recall the words of the prophet, "They go down alive into Hades." We were glad to retire to our airless dungeons, and settle down into that sluggish torpor, the stolid lethargic silence that is peculiar to *mal-de-mer*.

All night the screw raved, as if angered by the tramp of insurgent waves on the deck. Next morning the sea was wrathily white, and hissing wreaths of foam mounted to the upper decks. A few ladies emerged from their staterooms with

toilets displaying more haste than taste. For six awful days the ship was walloped about, and on the seventh, something like a hurricane blew up. We were in "the roaring forties"—it was night, and the ship trembled like a frightened bird. Few and short were the prayers said on the vessel, if we except the cry, "How long, O, Lord, how long?" Even the Padre began to believe that there was something in Schopenhauer's dictum, "Life is a folly which death repairs." My brain was on fire, and every bone was sore with unwonted acrobatic feats. After having shot twice out of my berth, I settled down to an old-fashioned, womanly cry. The good, grey stewardess gave me a Scotch potion that was hot and wet, and then said, as she tucked the pillows around me: "Hoots child! dinna greit sae sair."

As the vessel leaped and swung, there was a crashing accompaniment of broken plates and bottles, and a queer hurly-burly of cutlery. Thud after thud came the huge rollers with mad impetuosity on the deck, an occasional wave finding its way down the halls, and into our staterooms. Yet it was grandly awful, this dread shrieking, and the wild clangor and moan of the storm, and as one listened through the long watches of the night, now and then prayed for the lonely man lashed to the bridge.

The boat was turned to face the storm, and for two days we travelled out of our course. On the ninth day the ship stopped dead. The screw had been out of the water so frequently that the packing had worn out, and in its present condition we were making only three knots an hour. I was staggering along the corridor, when the extremely cross old woman in the next stateroom put her head out of the door. She looked frightened. "Why had the boat stopped in the storm?" At that moment my innate germ of original sin asserted itself, and in a low tone that could mean anything appalling, I told her that the boiler might burst at any second, and then, by dint of marvellous balancing, hurried on.

This stoppage was the climax of our troubles. We were at the mercy of the opposing waves, which, in their wild orgy, kicked the ship like a football over the black mountains of water, or hurled her down in the wide-mouthed graves of the sea. Madame de Stael was right when she said travelling was one of the sad pleasures of life. After two hours we felt the tremor of the screw, and were again under control. Eventually we weathered the storm, and once more began to realize that life was not entirely devoid of sweets.

In his official capacity the Padre took me to see the cave-dwellers in the steerage. Horses are carried to England in this part of the vessel, and passengers are carried back. A strong smell of poverty, a soul-sickening reek, drove us back from this human sardine-tin. By-and-by we mastered our feelings sufficiently to enter, and found it what the nautical gentleman in "*Nicholas Nickleby*" would term as "pernicious snug." There is no nonsense here about modern sanitation, and so many cubic feet of air per person.

We could not talk to many, for it was a strife of tongues, except for the querulous cries of the children, which are in the one language the world over. Here lay a dark-eyed woman, of magnificent physique, her full breasts heedlessly exposed. Further on were decrepit old crones from Asia Minor. Their deeply-lined and repulsively ugly faces, and their skinny claws caused you to associate them with harpies. Poor souls! with only a limited dole of water, their dirt is not so much their fault as their misfortune. There were a number of young English girls, too, whose fresh complexions looked like nothing so much as a mixture of coffee and milk. Some of them were very ill, and as the Padre poured the oil of wine and sympathy into their bruised hearts, I fed them with oranges and apples, for I have a clear, well-defined idea, that women are not all soul; that they have a way of hungering after bread, even before they hunger after righteousness.

All the emigrants are counted and vaccinated before landed. The interpreter told us that most of them had money, but it is hardly credible that these off-scourings of the Old World own much else than their poor rags, which are the *prima facie* evidence of their poverty.

We were glad to escape the pungent stenches, and once more breathe freely on deck. I did not visit the men's quarters. The sexes are separated by the whole length of the boat, but in the day time mingle freely on deck. Towards evening they settle down into couples and make love with a brazen boldness and brutal indecorum that almost braves the onlookers, for what care these wantons, young or old, with their passions on fire, for the prejudices of the officers or saloon passengers? George Herbert was not wrong when he said that there were two things not to be hidden—love and cough.

Our crew were all Scotch, and of that hale and hearty class who demonstrate that much of the stamina and energy of the British Isles is to be found in the Land of the Heather.

We had the regulation concert, when a "chappie" with riding leggings, and a suit of aggressive design, sang for our entertainment "Suwanee River." He gave to the word "home" a queer, crescendo effect, introducing a couple of extra notes, and threw the audience into convulsions of

laughter. He was highly pleased with the sensation he had created, and sang it for an *encore*. A young French-Canadian played on the violincello with high finish, purity, and brilliance of tone. His instrument was presented to him by the Queen of the Belgians, he having graduated at the head of his class.

It was contrary to all known laws that we should see icebergs in November, but nevertheless we sighted several of these huge battering-rams. It was good to see Newfoundland in the distance; its shore hugged by a pearl-grey mist, for it was Canada, and we were gliding gently to the haven where we would be. The Padre told us that in the privy purse of Henry VIII. there is this curious entry: "To the man that found the new isle, £10." This man was Cabot, the island lay before us.

We got up at five o'clock to see the Laurentians: it was the most beautiful sight that had ravished our eyes since we left home. "Dress'd in earliest light," the mountain-tops blazed in the sky like altars of beaten gold. They seemed a mirage of the god-lit hills of heaven.

We spent the last and fourteenth night aboard ship on the St. Lawrence. The steamer's talons were dropped on the riverbed, and we lay at anchor, once more in the "first, best country," God's fairest gift to man—The Land of the Maple.

THE END

## SONG OF EMPIRE

Winds of all the continents, waves of every sounding sea,  
Bear the flag of Albion the Great, the standard of the free ;  
Clarions sound the battle song, all her armies march apace,  
Lord of Hosts, keep thou command, give freedom to the human race.

Full a hundred years ago, Nelson's cannon shook the Nile,  
While the Sphinx astonished watched the fray beside his ancient pile,  
But a second Nelson spoke and The Mahdi met his doom,  
As the sword of Britain flashed where died the hero of Khartoum.

Over Africa's sunny realms, late the Lion pushed his paw,  
Now the Orange and the Cape heed one great Imperial Law,  
And the Triple Cross flies clear over Boers and Britains all,  
From the headlands of the south to the sources of the Vaal.

Where the mighty Ganges rolls from the slopes of Himalay,  
And the ruddy sunset lights the domes and towers of proud Bombay,  
Our good Emperor holds a realm stretching far to Khybar Pass,  
And English songs of love are sung in homes of fair Madras.

From the distant Austral land, Britain's heritage of peace,  
Kindred hearts unite as one with ours across the western seas ;  
Ample ocean continent where the Southern Cross shines clear,  
Thou art chief of all Earth's myriad isles, queen of a hemisphere.

*Onward to the golden west ! Onward to that sunny air,  
Where beneath the Indian Summer skies lies Canada the Fair ;  
Land of fishes, woods and furs ; land of maples, oaks and pines,  
Land of grains and fruits and flowers rare, land of the precious mines.*

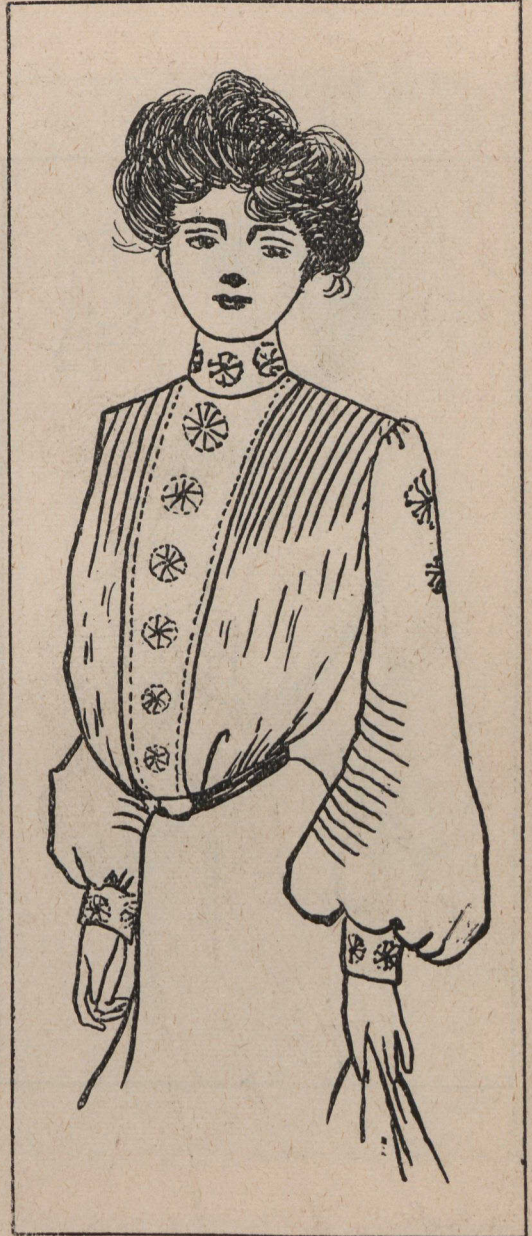
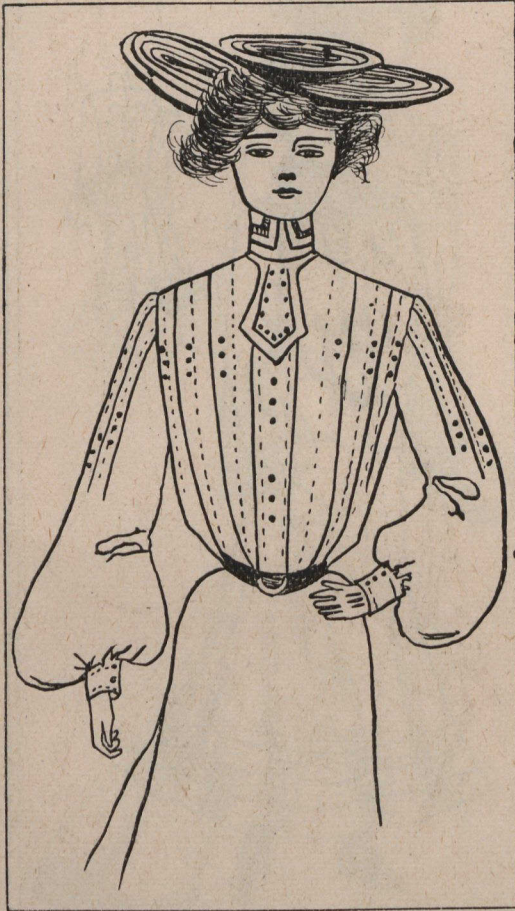
England's call goes to the Straits ; Malta, Cyprus, send it on ;  
Egypt tells Suez and India, the spice groves of Ceylon ;  
Now Australia hears the word, hears Hong Kong Vancouver call,  
Thunders on the great Dominion's voice to old Westminster Hall.

Marching on in every land, floating fair on every tide,  
Waves the standard that old England loves for which our fathers died ;  
Every continent sustains millions of the noble free ;  
Heaven-beloved, Imperial Britain, Hail ! All Hail, from o'er the sea.

ALBERT D. WATSON,

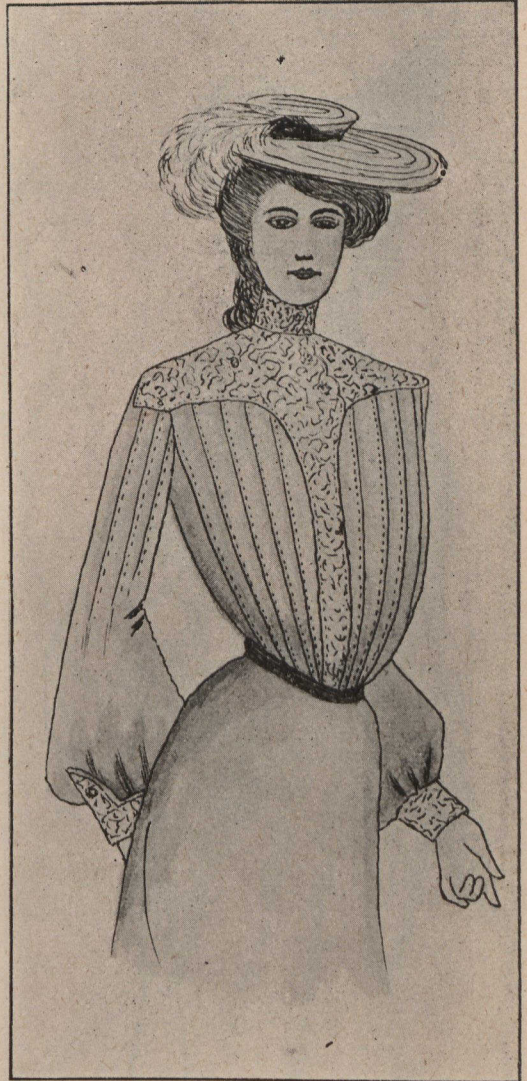
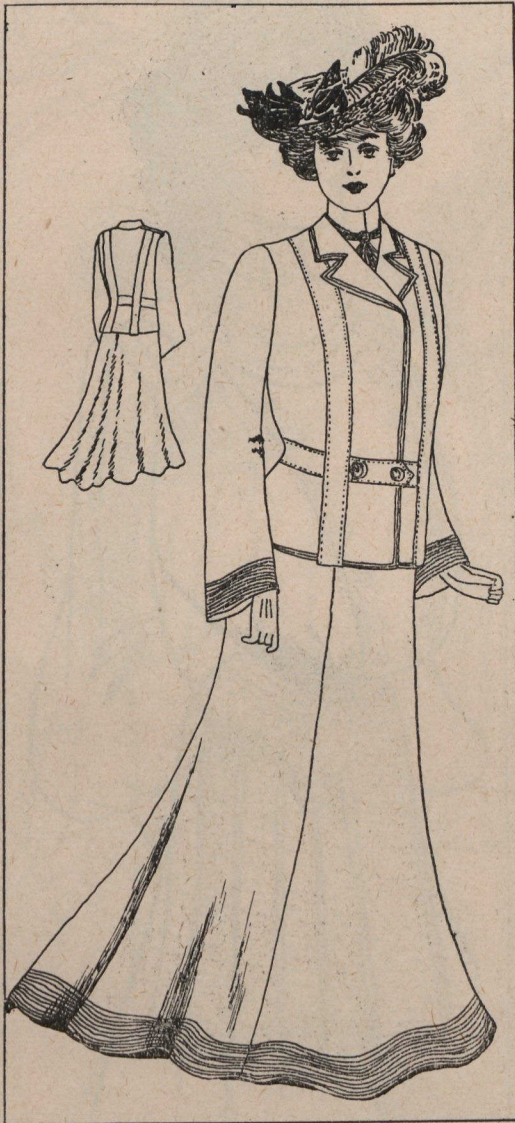
SOME OF THE SMART THINGS BEING  
WORN THIS SEASON

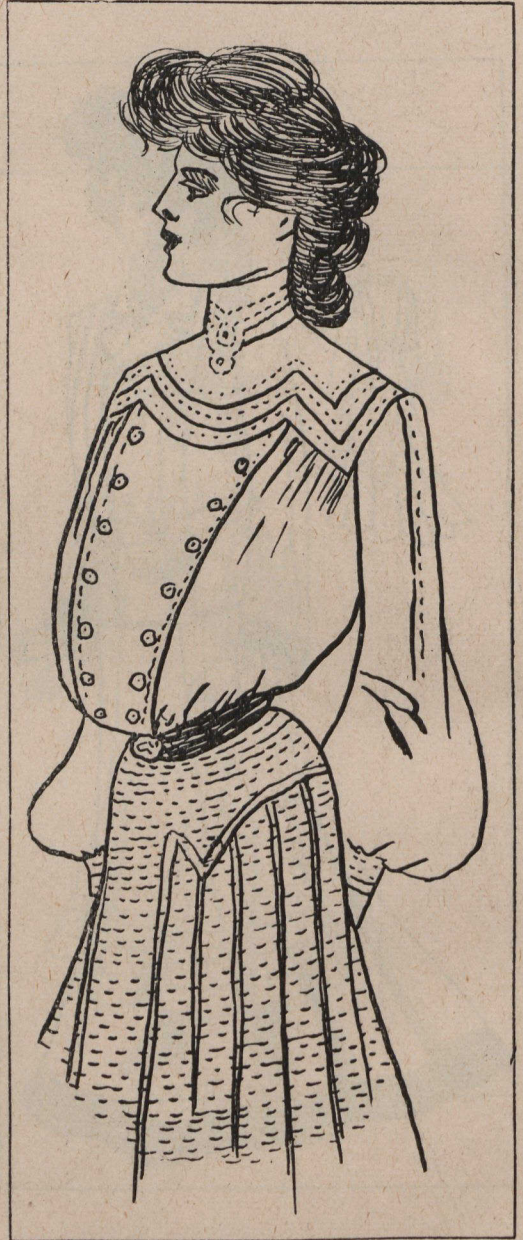
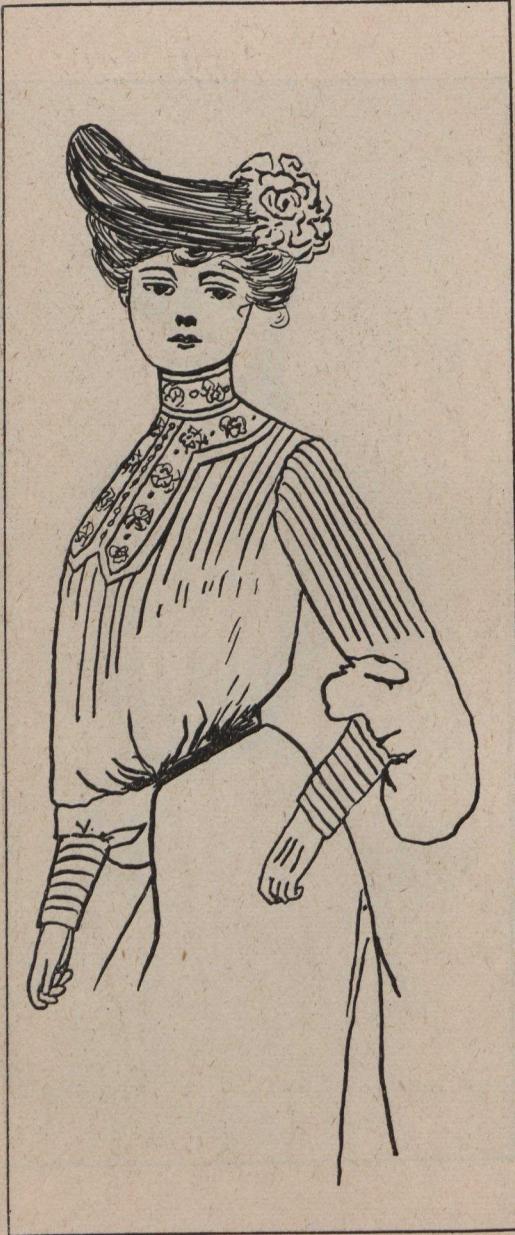














# 79 SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

## ON WHAT TO SERVE DURING THE MONTHS OF SPRING

### Breakfasts.

Grapes.  
 Chicken broth.  
 Rolled wheat, sugar and cream.  
 Broiled bacon. Eggs.  
 French fried potatoes.  
 Toast. Coffee.

Grape fruit.  
 Malta Vita, sugar and cream.  
 Broiled finnan haddie.  
 Creamed potatoes.  
 Corn muffins. Coffee.

Bananas.  
 Rolled oats, sugar and cream.  
 Lamb croquettes.  
 Lyonnaise potatoes.  
 Rolls. Marmalade.  
 Coffee.

Figs.  
 Force, sugar and cream.  
 Minced beef. Poached eggs on toast.  
 Scalloped potatoes.  
 Buckwheat pancakes.  
 Coffee.

Apples.  
 Quaker Oats, sugar and cream.  
 Corn beef hash.  
 Baked potatoes.  
 Toast. Jam.  
 Coffee.

Dates.  
 Wheatlets, sugar and cream.  
 Broiled steak.  
 Boiled potatoes.  
 Sally lunn. Canned pears.  
 Coffee.

Stewed rhubarb.  
 Corn mush, sugar and cream.  
 Fried herrings.  
 Fried potatoes.  
 Toast. Coffee.

Oranges.  
 Grape Nut, sugar and cream.  
 Boiled salmon.  
 Potatoes.  
 Corn gems. Coffee.

Strawberries.  
 Shredded Wheat Biscuits, sugar and cream.  
 Fried smelts.  
 Creamed potatoes.  
 Milk biscuits. Coffee.

### Luncheons.

Bovril.  
 Sausages, with tomato sauce.  
 Plain rice pudding.  
 Buns. Tea.

Soup.  
 Cold meat. Mashed potatoes.  
 Bread pudding.  
 Cocoa.

Asparagus soup.  
 Broiled beef steak, water cress.  
 Home-made buns.  
 Tea.

Grilled smoked herring.  
 Sliced lemon.  
 Royal buns. Honey.  
 Coffee.

Tomato soup.  
 Fried smelts. Cold slaw.  
 Scalloped potatoes.  
 Biscuits. Cream cheese.  
 Tea.

Cream of celery soup.  
 Welsh rarebit. Sago pudding.  
 Strawberry short-cake.  
 Coffee.

Soup.  
 Boston baked beans.  
 Brown bread. Preserves.  
 Tapioca cream.  
 Cocoa.

Fried sole, sauce tartar.  
 Cold slaw. Fried potatoes.  
 Apple short-cake.  
 Tea.

Clam bouillon.  
 Hashed beef. Mashed potatoes.  
 Milk biscuits.  
 German coffee cake. Jelly.  
 Coffee.

### Dinners.

Clear soup.  
 Roast leg of mutton, currant jelly.  
 Asparagus. Boiled potatoes.  
 Lettuce. French dressing.  
 Raspberry roly poly.  
 Coffee.

Vegetable soup.  
 Roast beef, brown gravy.  
 Brown potatoes. Horse radish.  
 Canned corn.  
 Lettuce. French dressing.  
 Plain rice pudding. Coffee.

Tomato soup.  
 Roast chicken. Boiled potatoes.  
 Creamed carrots. Radishes.  
 Rhubarb pie. Custard.  
 Coffee.

Cream of potato soup.  
 Roast pork, apple sauce.  
 Boiled potatoes. Boiled beets.  
 Lettuce. French dressing.  
 Saratoga pudding, cream sauce.  
 Tea or coffee.

Mutton broth.  
 Irish stew.  
 Boiled potatoes. Canned beans.  
 Water cress.  
 Baked apple dumplings, sweet sauce.  
 Coffee.

Split pea soup.  
 Boiled fish, parsley sauce.  
 Boiled potatoes. Tomatoes.  
 Lettuce. French dressing.  
 Apple pudding, sweet sauce.  
 Tea or coffee.

Onion soup.  
 Lamb with mint sauce.  
 Boiled potatoes. Peas.  
 Lettuce with French dressing.  
 Sago pudding, cream sauce.  
 Coffee.

Cream of celery soup.  
 Beefsteak pie.  
 Radishes. Cucumbers.  
 Boiled potatoes. Canned corn.  
 Blancmange. Coffee.

Chicken soup.  
 Boiled corned beef.  
 Cabbage. Mashed potatoes.  
 Lettuce. French dressing.  
 Apple cake, sweet sauce.  
 Coffee.



# HOME DEPARTMENT

BY JANEY CANUCK

## WOMEN AS LETTER-WRITERS

I RECEIVED a letter from a little Indian girl the other day signed "Your truly friend, Mary Bear." Its novelty set me thinking about the conventional formulas used in opening and closing letters. It ended in my turning out a box of old epistles for the purpose of investigation.

It was curious to observe how closely a particular set of words and expressions were followed by the generality of writers. In nearly half of them the first page was given up to trivial excuses for not having written sooner. Some few sorry laggards took refuge in the excuse that they were bad correspondents. A large number concluded with the "catch the mail," or the "dinner-bell," excuse for brevity. Nearly all sent their "regards," but in some cases I was dubious as to whether it was an expression of the heart or an external civility.

The usual terms for opening and closing were "My dear—," and "Very sincerely yours," but there was some variety, too. Here are a few: "My dear old girl; Dear Heart; Yours most true; *Toute a vous*; Yours faithfully, as sincerely meant as written; Believe me, most sincerely and gratefully yours; Yours joyfully; *Votre tres humble serviteur*; Tenderly yours; and Yours to white ashes." Of a surety, we need a new set of terms, for the old are long since out at the elbows—something racy and strong, yet not so strong as the term the Etrick Shep-

herd addressed to Sir Walter Scott. The authors had had a quarrel, and the poet addressed the novelist with an unusual formula. The letter began: "D—d, Sir." Perhaps the next *Genteel Letter-Writer for Ladies and Gents*, will work out something to meet this demand for variety.

Some of the epistles I turned out were old—that is, fifteen years old—and caused certain moralizings on the uncomfortably long life of a letter. What we say may be forgotten, but what we write is immortal. We all say too much in our letters. If all the letters we have written in the last ten years were returned to us, the death rate would be almost equal to the time of the plague.

Women are the great offenders in prolixity. Men, as a rule, are too cautious to commit themselves in writing. Give the average woman lots of paper, a good pen and plenty of ink, and she will tell you all she knows—and a lot else. When overcome by her feelings, she naturally turns to letter-writing for solace and relief. She finds in a letter a valuable conduit for all sorts of redundant emotions. It answers all the purposes of a good cry without entailing the disagreeable consequence of red eyes. There is, in short, as Whyte Melville tells us, "no such safety valve for a woman as her blotting paper."

Few women write a stilted style. It is only when they write a letter of condolence that they find their pen awkward and unbidable. It was a wise essayist

who said that if you would read our noble language in its relative beauty, picturesque form, idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate, yet sinewy, in its composition, you must steal the mail-bags and break open the women's letters.

And there is a reason for this. The Greeks were the greatest masters of style in all the ages, and they knew no language but their own. Other languages were spoken by "barbarians." Now, the majority of women, being accustomed solely to their native tongue, usually speak and write it with a grace and purity surpassing those of men.

When the average man has to write a social letter, he suddenly finds himself without one jot or tittle of an idea, and scrape, rake and cudgel his brain as he may, the idea refuses to materialize. He nearly always asks us to "pardon haste," not that he is really in any hurry, for we all know that he has taken a long time to do it, but as an excuse for brilliancy, and, well—it is two words more to his notekin.

Letters are doing much to kill public men. The tyranny of correspondence in these days has become a formidable thing. To answer a dozen letters carefully will take up the best part of a morning.

Women, however, are not, as a rule, burdened by too many letters. To them good news from a far country is as cold water to their thirsty souls. It does not make any difference if the letter is an infinite deal of nothing, criss-crossed, and with unnumbered pages—it is a letter, all the same, and gives her an opportunity of reply.

One charm of a good letter lies in making it personally considerate; another that it should clearly call to mind the individuality of the writer.

If you wish to discourage familiarity with your correspondent, write about outside things or current events. If your object, on the other hand, is to encourage it, write about affairs in connection with the

life of the person you are addressing. It is only to people with whom you wish to be on the most friendly terms, that you speak of yourself, your life, or your feelings. To the latter, your letter may contain all three classes of topics. This is best.

A letter in the third person is an atrocity, except in the case of an R. S. V. P.

Not half enough is made of correspondence as a sweetener and solacer of life. I believe in keeping your correspondence in repair. It will be pretty much what you make it. If you want good letters, you must write good letters.

One who holds the pen of a ready writer, and has a heart sensitive to the needs of other lives about her, will find opportunities continuously of sending a letter, which will be like the coming of one of God's angels to her who receives it.

Letter-writing gives her the opportunity of reaching other lives in the closest of all ways. The free expression of personal feelings, observations and thoughts, the tacit assumption of mutual tastes, the intimacy which we can never find in print, the household words and pet phrases which grow up between correspondents, these are what give to letter-writing its limitless charms.

Delicate thoughtfulness is all that is wanted to suggest to whom letters should be written. Either joy or sorrow in our friends make an occasion which should not be overlooked. When there has been any pleasant occurrence, or special prosperity, congratulations sent, are always welcomed and leave a graceful impression. As a rule, people are willing to weep with us, but they secretly resent our good fortune. It always seems to me that the way our acquaintances acquit themselves in those "glad, mad moments, when the lights flare high," is a truer test of their friendship than anything else.

Old people, in particular, appreciate letters. We have but a poor opinion of the woman who is "too busy" to write

home to her parents. One has only to read the "Agony Columns" of the newspapers to see the way families lose track of each other from the neglect of correspondence.

Perhaps you may argue, "But I have nothing to tell them—there is nothing going on, but time and the milk-waggon."

Ah, my dear madam! you could not possibly find better subjects. Time and the milk-waggon are given to playing queer pranks with humanity. Whole volumes, sad, glad, bad and mad, could be written on either.

### HITS AND HINTS FOR HUSBANDS

Since you are married you may as well make the best of it. If you intended being "one of the boys," you should have stayed single.

\* \* \*

Possession does not mean oppression.

\* \* \*

It is not an unmanly thing for a man to love his wife, although one might readily believe so from the way some men go about it.

\* \* \*

Tell her that the baby is a beauty, and "just the image of its mother." Never claim it for your side of the family.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Caudle, notwithstanding her notoriety, was only a myth.

\* \* \*

If a woman is heartless, some man is to blame.

\* \* \*

Few women are angels, few are even heroines. When you have learned this, you have excellent capital to start married life on.

\* \* \*

Don't criticize her. Perhaps it is a model she needs.

It is not wise to tell her too frequently that the female sex is inferior to the male. Besides, it is not an easy thing to prove. It was in the same line of thought that the greedy boy whose father called him a "pig," suggested that a pig was "an old hog's sonny."

\* \* \*

"What age should she be?"

Ah, my dear Sir! The dot-age.

\* \* \*

Don't be economical of your praise. She wants to *know* that you see.

\* \* \*

A woman's vanity is vast, deep, capacious as the sea. It will drink in anything. She is more flattered by a compliment to her youth and beauty than to her head or heart.

\* \* \*

The world to most women means some man.

\* \* \*

Don't turn her into a mendicant. Give her a purse of her own. Remember the most elastic dollar only contains one hundred cents. She can't make it one hundred and ten. If you save, save at your own expense.

\* \* \*

Go out with her in the evenings now and then. The outward and visible sign in matrimony is the husband—not the ring.

\* \* \*

Some wit once said that the Pilgrim mothers had much more to bear than the Pilgrim fathers, since the mothers had not only to endure the cold and the hunger, but to endure the fathers besides.

\* \* \*

If you have made a mistake, don't be mean enough to advertise it.

\* \* \*

A woman always has romance at any and every age.



I wouldn't be always talking about the "obey" clause in the marriage service. A well-regulated wife resents it. It is wiser to get your own way after the fashion of the teamster, who incites his donkey by a bunch of turnips rather than a whip.

\* \* \*

Don't worry her if she is losing her beauty. She is gaining in sense. There is a saying that ladies are not worth looking at after forty, or worth talking to before.

\* \* \*

There is good sense in the two lines of an old ballad, "If your wife is dearer to you than life, Kiss her and tell her so."

\* \* \*

There is no happier man than the one who has boundless confidence in his wife—who looks upon her as a model of womankind.

\* \* \*

If you take liberties be prepared to give them.

\* \* \*

Does she use your heart as a pin-cushion? Well, sir! you cannot dragoon her into loving you, but let me say in passing, there are few natures able to resist steady kindness and persevering manifestations of regard.

\* \* \*

It is absurd to fancy that you may fret, fume, and fuss hour by hour, and day by day, with impunity.

\* \* \*

Even if she is maid-of-all-work with the title of mistress, it is not wise to over-estimate or over-tax her strength. The human machine is not like the wonderful one-horse shay that ran for a hundred years without a flaw.

\* \* \*

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambitions.

The only man who is answerable for alienation of a woman's affections is her own husband.

\* \* \*

Never be cross at the same time as your wife. It will be your turn next.

\* \* \*

Perhaps your idol is so shattered that the pieces are hardly worth picking up, but pick them up just the same. Patience and glue will work wonders.

\* \* \*

Be tolerant with her faults and shortcomings. God has given you eyelids as well as eyes.

\* \* \*

Make her your chum.

\* \* \*

If you read the newspaper at breakfast, she is apt to feel lonely. Besides, conversation will help your digestion, and then the stock quotations may spoil your appetite.

\* \* \*

"She either loved and lost, or loved and got him," commented an unsentimental critic when his attention was called to the portrait of a sad-faced woman.

\* \* \*

Don't be always contrasting her with your old sweetheart, or other women, to her disadvantage.

\* \* \*

Two Bears that will keep the home happy—Bear and Forebear.

\* \* \*

In an old New England burying-ground, stands a single stone erected to commemorate the lives and virtues of a good Puritan deacon and his wife. The dates of birth and death are recorded, and after them this brief inscription:

"Their warfare is ended."

Does the cap fit you?

A woman can only love one man at a time, and the husband has but to see that *he* is that man.

\* \* \*

See to it yesterday, to-day, and forever that your deeds as a husband are as tender as the lover-words. But this is reasoning for the millennium.

\* \* \*

Don't say "that's just like a woman," insinuating that she is illogical or silly. You know, you had a pretty good idea that she was a woman when you married her.

\* \* \*

If she is ordinarily polite to other gentlemen, there is no reason why your mind should be racked and tortured by a thousand barbed suspicions. Don't try to force her to eat onions when she is going out.

\* \* \*

Remember that "a daughter is a daughter all the days of her life." This being the case, it is neither wise nor decorous to call your mother-in-law "Old Sitting Bull."

Fiction and precedent to the contrary, she may be a very charming person, and well worth cultivating.

The French for mother-in-law is *la belle mere*—the beautiful mother.

\* \* \*

What matter if there are a dozen sprigs on the olive-tree already? Never, under any circumstances, make reproaches or laments because of a probable thirteenth. It is neither manly nor kind. If she *will* moan, let her make it a solo.

\* \* \*

Now it is a secret worth a great deal, but I'll tell it to you:

If you have offended her, the best way to make her forget it is to pretend you are offended yourself. This is a trump-card that always restores equilibrium.

A short absence favors love, a long absence kills it.

\* \* \*

It is only celibates and disappointed bachelors who make mean flings at marriage. It was one of the latter who said he wished that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body, and when the Pope heard of Father Hyacinthe's marriage, he exclaimed: "The saints be praised! The renegade has taken his punishment into his own hands. Truly the ways of Providence are inscrutable."

\* \* \*

Don't compliment your wife on her conspicuous traits or points of beauty. She knows them better than you do. Let her see you have discovered some overlooked excellence that has escaped general notice. She will have a much higher opinion of your intelligence and discrimination.

\* \* \*

Husband and wife should read the same books and keep up common interests. By this means, if they cease to be lovers, they may be agreeably surprised to find themselves friends.

\* \* \*

There is no use in asserting that you are master, for if she is the wise woman I take her to be, she will tell you she is mistress of the master, and you cannot go one better.

\* \* \*

There are other ways of proving your fondness for the domestic hearth than by spending most of your time elsewhere. Nowadays you may find a man at home anywhere, except at home.

\* \* \*

Never boast that you are not tied down by the connubial garter. No one suspects that you are. We all know—that is, most of us—that this very necessary gear is *extremely elastic*. It has one drawback, though. When it breaks, it has a nasty habit of hitting the one who has done the stretching.

# LITERATURE

## ANDREW CARNEGIE—THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Barnard Alderson.

THIS is a biography free from partiality and from fulsome adulation. The author gives us the story of the man's life and work, and lets us draw our inferences. It is well done; the story is clearly told, proportion is duly observed, and there is no lack either of discrimination or sympathy. It is a noble monument to a noble subject.

Andrew Carnegie was born in Dunfermline, in Scotland, on November 25th, 1837, the year in which Queen Victoria ascended the throne.

His father was a master-weaver, and the owner of four damask looms. The introduction of steam looms put him out of business, and the ruined family emigrated to America. The Steel King began his business career on this side of the ocean as a bobbin-boy in a cotton factory at \$1.20 a week.

At the age of thirteen he was promoted. His work was to fire the boiler and run the steam engine, which drove the machinery of a small factory. It was an onerous position, and told heavily on his nerves, but he never showed the white flag. He was a confirmed and plucky little optimist, who had confidence in the future.

The embryo millionaire never believed in the precept "Stick to your last." He seemed to think it the equivalent of "Stick in the mud," and, therefore, at fourteen he made his third change by forsaking stoking for the brighter work of a telegraph boy at \$3.00 a week.

In his spare time "Andy" practised sending and receiving messages, and became expert in such a short time that he was promoted to the position of operator. It was at this time his father died,

and on his youthful shoulders fell the burden of maintaining the family.

Among those who visited the telegraph office was Mr. Thomas A. Scott, superintendent of the Pittsburg Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His keen eye singled Carnegie out as a young fellow of unusual promise; accordingly he offered him a situation as operator in the service of the railroad company at an advance of \$10.00 a month. It was accepted.

Mr. Carnegie's first "deal" was the purchase of ten shares of the Adam's Express Company at \$60 a share; \$100 of the money was his own, the other \$500 he borrowed from his mother, who mortgaged her house to raise the money. This was the basis of his fortune.

By his ability and promptitude, Carnegie made himself indispensable to his chief, so when the Civil War broke out, and Scott was made Assistant Secretary of War, he took his young protege with him. Carnegie, who was then only twenty-four, was appointed by his chief to a responsible work. He had to see to the transport of the troops and stores, and generally supervise the network of railways and telegraphs—a work that required a clear head and nerves of steel.

Although he did no fighting, curiously enough he was the third man to be wounded in the war. A telegraph wire which had been pinned to the ground sprang up and cut a severe gash in his face, but he did not allow the injury to affect his duties. He was at several battles, and was the last man to leave the field at Bull Run.

In the War Department at Washington, Carnegie inaugurated a system of telegraphing by ciphers, which proved to be of invaluable service.

Shortly after the war, he was appointed

Superintendent of the Pittsburg Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

It would take too long to tell how Mr. Carnegie "struck oil," both literally and financially, how he seized at its flood the tide that lifted him into the position of the foremost iron and steel producer in the world, but, nevertheless, it is a story well worth the reading. We will refer rather to his later days, and some facts in connection with his life, which are of more general interest.

When Mr. Carnegie finally decided to retire from business, he sold out his interests in the steel plant to the mammoth Trust for \$250,000,000. In speaking of this matter to the people of Pittsburg, he gave the reasons that prompted him, as follows:

"An opportunity to retire from business came to me unsought, which I considered my duty to accept. My resolve was made in youth to retire before old age. From what I have seen around me, I cannot doubt the wisdom of this course, although the change is great, even serious, and seldom brings the happiness expected. But this is because so many having abundance to retire upon, have so little to retire to. I have always felt that old age should be spent, not as the Scotch say, in 'makin' mickle mair,' but in making good use of what has been acquired, and I hope my friends at Pittsburg will approve of my action in retiring while still in full health and vigor, and I can reasonably expect many years of usefulness in fields which have other than personal aims."

Much ado has been made over the Homestead riots, and in consequence of the occurrence, great blame has been laid on Mr. Carnegie. Most people are unmindful of the fact that there are two sides to the question, but at all events, it must not be forgotten that Carnegie was in Scotland when the trouble took place. It must also be borne in mind that in twenty-six years there had been only one labor stoppage under his management.

If Mr. Carnegie worked his men hard, he paid them well. Not only this, he set

aside \$4,000,000 as a pension fund for his work people. He allowed any workman to deposit his savings in the business, and paid him 6 per cent. interest on the money invested. He also made loans to any employee who was desirous of building or purchasing a home. In addition, he made strenuous efforts to reduce the hours of labor in America, by working the eight-hour instead of the twelve-hour shifts. This system he introduced into his own works, but as no other competitors followed suit, he was obliged to abandon his position or be left behind in the fight, and Mr. Carnegie was certainly not the man to be "left."

The multi-millionaire, as every one knows, is an extreme radical, and strongly in favor of drastic social reform. His hatred and abhorrence of war amount almost to a passion. In religious matters, Mr. Carnegie takes up an independent position. He is not an agnostic, for he believes in Christianity, and in the goodness of God, but he will not be bound by formulas or creeds.

His dearest political project is the Federation of English-speaking peoples. He points out that it is only in political ideas that there is any dissimilarity. In language, literature, religion, and law, we are a united race. He contends that the welfare of humanity imperatively calls for the consolidation of an Anglo-American power, which would be invincible, both in arts of peace and war, for it would be the arbiter of the world's disputes, and the maintenance of bloated armaments would thus be forever stopped.

As a benefactor, his position is unique. Up to June, 1902, Mr. Carnegie had given away nearly \$100,000,000, the largest aggregate ever given away by one man. He believes, with an old writer, that "to amass money and to make no use of it, is as senseless as to hunt game and not roast it." The great philanthropist is anxious to prevent his mint of money from doing harm by disbursing it worthily during his lifetime.

The journalistic craving has always been strong within Mr. Carnegie, and he has earned for himself international notoriety as a strong, incisive writer, with a vivid, attractive style, and a mastery of powerful illustrations and apt quotations. His most important works have been *Triumphant Democracy* and *The Empire of Business*.

Although he has a palatial home in New York, Mr. Carnegie's headquarters are at Skibo Castle, Scotland. From his old castle tower an immense double flag—the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes—floats in the breeze.

Andrew Carnegie was intensely devoted to his mother, and during her lifetime never married. Mrs. Carnegie is an American, and is twenty years his junior. A woman charming, vivacious, clever, of far-seeing judgment, it is to her Carnegie first turns for advice in the management of his business affairs and benefactions. He has one daughter.

Mr. Carnegie is an ardent golfer. He is fond of coaching, and is a splendid sailor. He is an omnivorous reader. Shakespeare and Burns are his special favorites, and he pays each his daily homage by reading some portion of their works.

To quote the prefatory note by the author, "The story of his life is a record of high aims and strenuous endeavor, disclosing constant indications of a master mind; so that the rising generation, as they follow the gradual growth of his fortunes and the development of his character, may gather from an account of the winning of his wealth a strong incentive to courageous enterprise and also appreciate the intention of this pithy paradox, 'a man who dies rich, dies disgraced.'"

*Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.*

#### SAVINGS AND SAVINGS INSTITUTIONS. By James Henry Hamilton, Ph.D.

THE author is Professor of Sociology in Syracuse University, and is a close student of all matters relating to social economics and applied sociology.

His book is a valuable and special contribution to the literature of this subject. It is a practical book for practical people. In this able critique, Mr. Hamilton contends that the practice of saving constitutes the most important subject in sociology. It is the most reliable key to the substantial well-being of the people.

The last century artisan unfolded his character in the quality and quantity of his work. The twentieth century artisan must unfold his character in the way he spends his money. It is when the man's imagination is able to project itself into the future and to indulge the larger enjoyments, or to realize the pain of deprivation which will accompany the weakening of the productive power, that there is a force sufficient to hold in check his spendthrift proclivities. It is after the animal or elementary wants have been satisfied that the person is able to deny himself immediate gratification in order to provide against the decline in productive power, or for a more brilliant future. In order to realize either of these purposes, a man must capitalize a portion of his income, that is, invest his means in something which yields an income. The provident manufacturer will invest in a better or larger plant. The man who receives a salary may invest in stocks or bonds, in a life insurance policy, or possibly in rentable property. The wage-earner may invest his savings in Building Associations stock, or in savings bank accounts.

These savings institutions supply a permanent store of strength, and serve as an effective shield against general distress. Strength and power are always conditioned upon a reserve of energy. Community happiness is dependent upon the degree of providence practised by the citizens; and where the individuals alternately revel and starve, the community has no foundation on which to build prosperity.

Savings banks are the elementary schools of Capitalism, and the author contends that their starting place is among the children of the elementary classes. He

says, "Savings banks should above all be placed within the knowledge of the children, and their methods and advantages should be explained to every child. This would be the surest way of bringing within their reach the realization of the sense of order which culture creates. Savings banks offer most attractive facilities for impressing youth with the value of providence. While the pupil is learning the advantages of sacrificing the small pleasures of the present for the greater pleasures of the future, through his weekly investments in savings bank credits, he is acquiring a new zest for the mastery of arithmetical sums and the rules of interest.

Providence is the faculty which there is most need to cultivate in the child. Education must instil into the thought of the child the character of property, the desirability of its lawful possession, and the means of acquiring it. Criminality largely flows from hazy conceptions of the character of property and proper methods of acquiring it. Education should enforce these things upon the minds of the young by the most simple and concrete methods. Children are like savages in their conception of property. Anyone who has watched the Indians at an agency, spending the money which they draw from the government, knows how aptly they represent the childhood of the race in the use of money. While they are wretchedly housed and clothed, they will invest their money in bright tin boxes and Saratoga trunks.

Hamilton also shows that unless the parents are indoctrinated with the idea and give the children their co-operation, the full value of the savings cannot be reached. Poor parents, whose children earn money out of school hours, are often incompetent to advise their children as to how to spend their earnings, which are often spent to the injury of the children. Newsboys are alarmingly addicted to the use of cigarettes. If their parents could be induced to become patrons of the savings

banks in ever so small a way, the children's accounts would have secured a powerful ally.

In the case of well-to-do parents, the need of such co-operation is also great. To such families the savings bank visitor might suggest salutary modifications in the domestic economy. The pampering of children in such families is likely to prove their ruin. A parent, who is able to respond to the wants of children, is naturally apt to run into the fault of catering to their appeals unwisely and indiscriminately. The children of the poor have in this respect the advantage. If they know nothing of saving, they at least learn the lesson of making.

To quote again, the author says: "A wholesome doctrine for the adoption of well-to-do homes would be to teach the children to look to their parents, as a matter of course, for provision for their physical necessities, and for their education, but for nothing more than this. Facilities for earning should be afforded by the parents, if necessary, in the care of the house and gardens, or the furnace, or amanuensis work, or doing errands. In such cases payment should not be made in money, but in certificates of deposit in the savings bank. Every opportunity and facility should be used for increasing the familiarity with the savings bank."

*Macmillan & Co., New York.*

#### FOREST TREES AND FOREST SCENERY.

By Frederick Schwarz.

THIS is the work of a specialist. Mr. Schwarz gives us for a matter of two dollars, the ripe experience of a lifetime well illustrated. In the book, which reads with interest and ease, the author makes inquiries into the sources of beauty and attractiveness in American forest trees and sylvan scenery.

He contrasts them with the aesthetic effects of the artificial forests of Europe, which have long been subject to a systematic treatment known as forestry.

In America a movement for the rational

use of forests is rapidly advancing, and is certain in time to find a very wide application. Although the aims of forestry are utilitarian and not artistic, the former must inevitably affect the latter, as anyone who has seen cut-over and abandoned timber lands is well aware. It is this phase the author deals with.

Incidentally, the author gives us an attractive portrait of the woodsman. The attitude of the woodsman, he says, towards the forest is much like the affection the sailor has for the ocean. There is, indeed, a similarity between their callings and even the elements in which they pass their lives are not so dissimilar in reality as they appear on the surface. In his vast domain of evergreen trees, the woodsman is shut out from the busier haunts of men. He lives for months in his sequestered camp or cabin, where his bed is often only a narrow bunk of boughs. His food is simple and his clothing rough, to suit the conditions of his life. A large part of the time he is out in the snow and rain, tramping over rough rock and soil. The camps that are scattered through the forest are to him like islands, where he can turn aside for food and rest when on some longer journey than usual.

Like the sailor, he has learned many of Nature's secrets.

He does not need a compass, for he can tell its points by many familiar signs: by the pendent tops of the hemlocks which usually bend towards the east, or by the mossy sides of the trees which are generally in the direction of the coolest quarter of the heavens. In an extreme case he will even mount one of the tallest of the trees to find his bearings in his ocean-like forest. If well judged, the sighing of the wind in the boughs, says much about the coming weather; just as the sickly wash means something to the sailor. Withal, both he

and the woodsman are natural, and generally honest fellows, hard workers at perilous callings, and less apt to speak than to commune with their own thoughts.

*The Grafton Press, New York.*

UP FROM GEORGIA. By Frank M. Stanton

**D**AINTY bits of verse are these songs of Georgia, vivacious to the rollicking point, with here and there a bit of shadow.

Frank M. Stanton is a singer of the ever new romance of hope and love. Some of his poems would put heart in a stone, yet, it is in his plantation songs and songs of the soil, that we like him best. Here is one entitled "Christmas Times in Georgia":

"Don't care how the cotton sells—  
Christmas times in Georgia!  
Hear the ringing of the bells—  
Christmas times in Georgia!  
Take your place Miss Nancy Lou,  
Eyes like violets bright with dew,  
Sugar is sweet an' so are you—  
Christmas times in Georgia.

Don't care how the country goes—  
Christmas times in Georgia!  
Loud and sweet the bugle blows—  
Christmas times in Georgia!  
Take your place Malinda-Jane,  
Curls as bright as April rain,  
Lips as sweet as sugar-cane—  
Christmas times in Georgia!

Don't care how the fiddle plays—  
Christmas times in Georgia!  
Let the roarin' oak fires blaze—  
Christmas times in Georgia!  
Come from East and come from West,  
In your silks an' satins dressed,  
Kiss the one you love the best—  
Christmas times in Georgia!

Balance to your partners all—  
Christmas times in Georgia!  
Lead the ladies round the hall—  
Christmas times in Georgia!  
Roof is ringin'; snow and sleet;  
But the music's in your feet!  
Girls 'll pay the forfeits sweet—  
Christmas times in Georgia!"

*D. Appleton & Co., New York.*