

JULY, 1913

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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TORONTO





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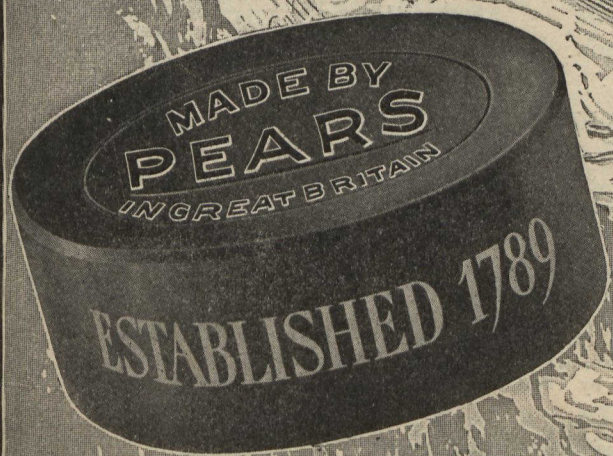
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLI.

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Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Offices, 3 Regent St., London, S.W. 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.
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LONDON

Interesting Facts about the World's Greatest Hotel

THIS mammoth hotel—easily the largest in Europe—stands on $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres of ground.

Its tastefully furnished and quietly situated bedrooms can accommodate 850 guests. The bathrooms number 400, and altogether there are over 1,200 apartments of various kinds.

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This wonderful hotel makes its own ice, its refrigerating machinery yielding an output of some 6 tons daily. At times of ice-famine, by no means rare in London, it is therefore always independent of outside sources for the supply of this very necessary luxury.

The CECIL has its own electric light plant—the largest private installation in Europe. The hotel is therefore independent of the public supply.

The CECIL maintains, on the premises, its own laundry, employing a laundry staff of some 80 persons. Guests can give out their linen over-night, and have it got up ready for donning in the morning. This laundry is responsible

or some 80,000 pieces per week.

The great kitchens which cater for the large population of this small town require a staff of 120,—in the persons of bakers, pastrycooks, butchers, cooks, etc.

The magnificent new Palm Court, a lofty and noble hall, has recently been built on the site of the old Courtyard in the Strand. This is decorated in the Louis Quatorze style, and accommodates guests to the number of 600. A skilled orchestra performs afternoon and evening, and refreshments of a light nature are served, thus constituting the Cecil Palm Court the most refreshing and delightful lounge in London.

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Ask at the Travel Bureau of this Magazine for copy of the Hotel Cecil Booklet. This shows, by text and illustration, some of the luxuries of the Hotel's interior, its imposing exterior, the cost of a stay, brief or extended, and contains a variety of general information that will be found very useful to the intending visitor to London.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU
TORONTO, CANADA

THE
AUGUST

CANADIAN

Fiction will dominate this number, in keeping with the holiday season, but there will be also a most attractive article by Prof. Archibald MacMechan dealing with that part of old Halifax that is disappearing with the intrusion of modern requirements. Splendid pen-and-ink drawings by Gyrth Russell, with colored frontispiece.

THE EDICT UPON THE WALL

By ED. CAHN

An unusually spirited story about two brothers one a grocer, the other a soldier, who exchange occupations, with results that are extremely amusing and bizarre.

REGAN'S DEL

By IRENE NORCROSS

This is the pathetic love story of a half-breed girl who falls in love with a cultured Englishman.

UNQUIET SPIRITS

By W. C. GAYNOR

A short story of the supernatural, based on an incident to a trip to the backwoods of New Brunswick.

HER POINT OF VIEW

By GEORGE W. HALL

A Western story of a race between two threshers for the hand of a local beauty and of the part the girl took in the contest. A most exciting story.

TO C. W.

By PAULINE JOHNSON

In the July Number, Mr. Charles Mair says that Pauline Johnson had an unfortunate love affair, and in view of that this poem, which has never before been published, will be read with peculiar interest.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

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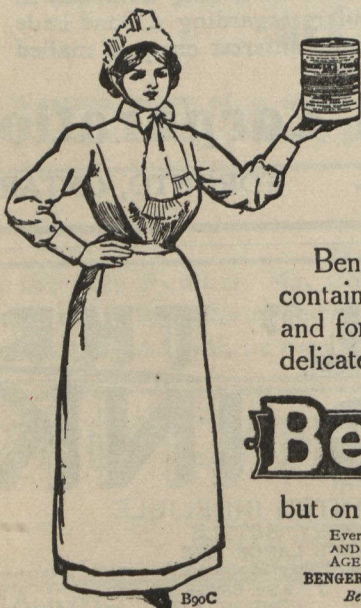


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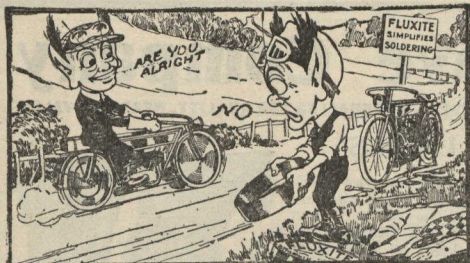
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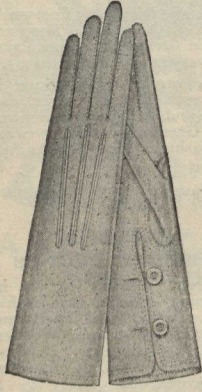
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The "Canadian" Buck finish Gloves, in Tan, Grey or White, an excellent wearing, British made glove, 3 Buttons, 95c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$2.80

LADIES'

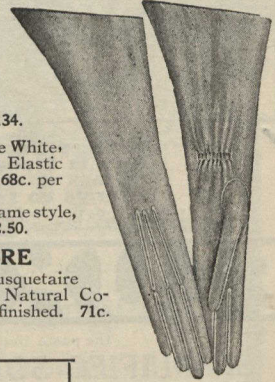
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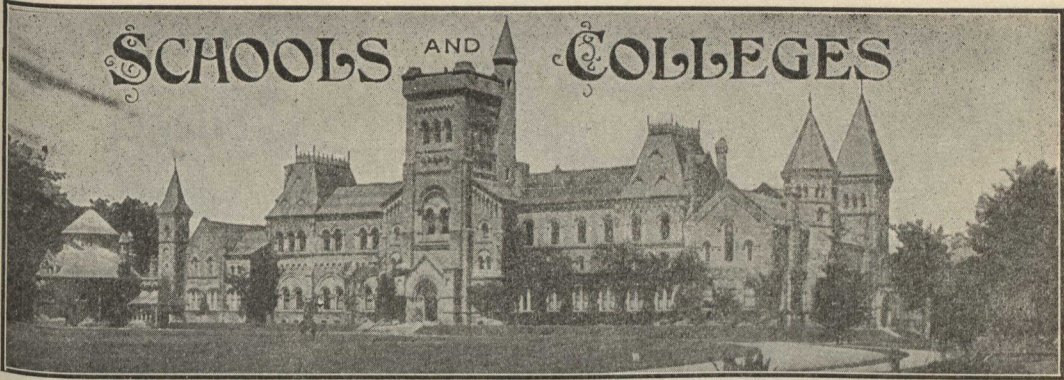


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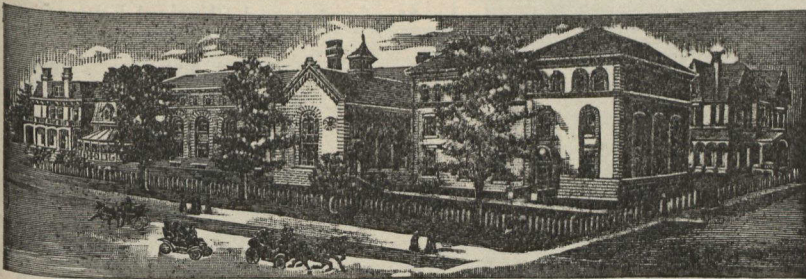
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A FOREWORD

¶ THE INTERVIEW WITH SIR CHARLES TUPPER BY MR. BOYD IS FORTUNATE AS TO TIME AND IMPORTANT AS TO FACT. OF NOTEWORTHY SIGNIFICANCE IS SIR CHARLES'S STATEMENT THAT JOSEPH HOWE FIRST OPPOSED CONFEDERATION IN THE HOPES OF THEREBY GAINING A POLITICAL ASCENDENCY IN NOVA SCOTIA. THE ARTICLE HAPPILY PRECEDES DR. COLQUHOUN'S FINE STUDY OF CONFEDERATION, AND MR. BOYD, WHO IS NOW ENGAGED IN WRITING A HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR GEORGE ETIENNE CARTIER, IS TO BE CONGRATULATED ON HAVING ELICITED FROM THE ONLY FATHER OF CONFEDERATION STILL WITH US IMPORTANT COMMENT ON A CRITICAL PERIOD IN OUR NATIONAL EVOLUTION. ¶ ONE GOES ON WITH ADDED INTEREST TO PROFESSOR DUCKWORTH'S ESSAY ON THE PRESENT SITUATION. WE ALL DO NOT AGREE WITH HIS CONCLUSIONS; NEVERTHELESS THEY WILL BE READ, NOT WITH ALARM, BUT WITH CLOSE ATTENTION. ¶ MISS BELL GIVES A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE "WARD" IN TORONTO, AND IT IS CONVINCING BECAUSE OF ITS SYMPATHY. ¶ IT IS GRATIFYING TO HAVE TWO POETS SUCH AS ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY AND CHARLES MAIR WRITE THEIR IMPRESSIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF PAULINE JOHNSON, AND WE ARE FORTUNATE ALSO IN BEING ABLE TO GIVE FIRST PUBLICATION TO A POEM BY THE LAMENTED INDIAN POET HERSELF. ¶ MUCH COMMENT HAS BEEN CAUSED BY DR. WORKMAN'S FIRST ARTICLE ON THE HIGHER CRITICISM, AND IT IS SAFE TO SAY THAT THIS SECOND ARTICLE WILL BE FOUND TO BE EQUALLY ILLUMINATING. ¶ THE ARTICLE BY MR. PHILLIPS ON THE TREATMENT OF THE MENTALLY AFFLICTED WILL BE READ WITH GENERAL GRATIFICATION BECAUSE OF RESULTS ALREADY ATTAINED. ¶ CONTRIBUTIONS OF POETRY BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, PAULINE JOHNSON, L. M. MONTGOMERY, ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD, AND GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE SHOULD BE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY ONE NUMBER NOTEWORTHY. ¶ THE REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS ARE FROM DIRECT PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ORIGINALS, AND EACH ONE IS WELL WORTHY OF ATTENTION.



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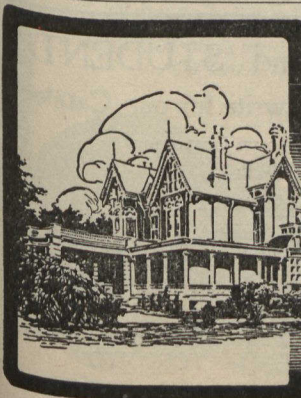


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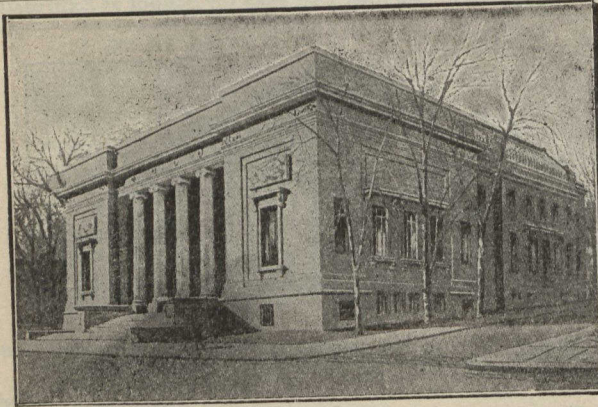
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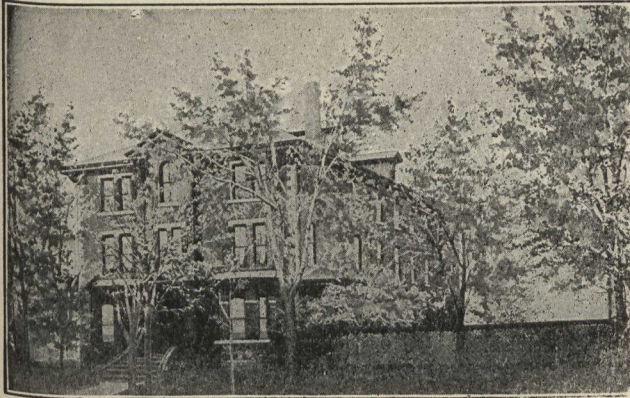
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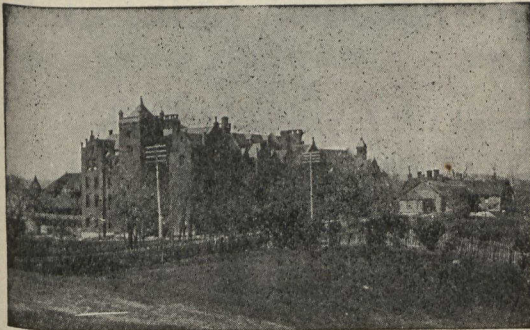
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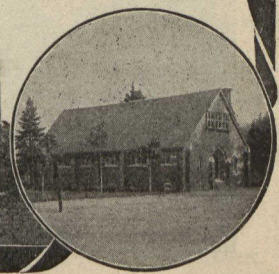
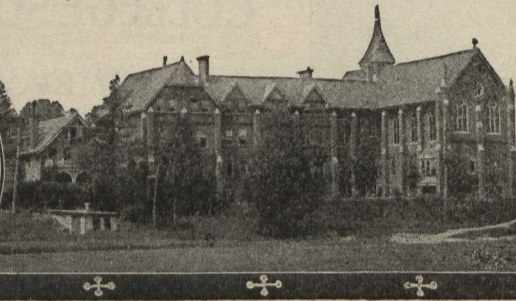
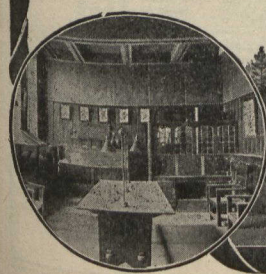
Men occupying some of the most prominent positions in Canada, both in the army, the professions and in business, have been educated at Bishop's College School.

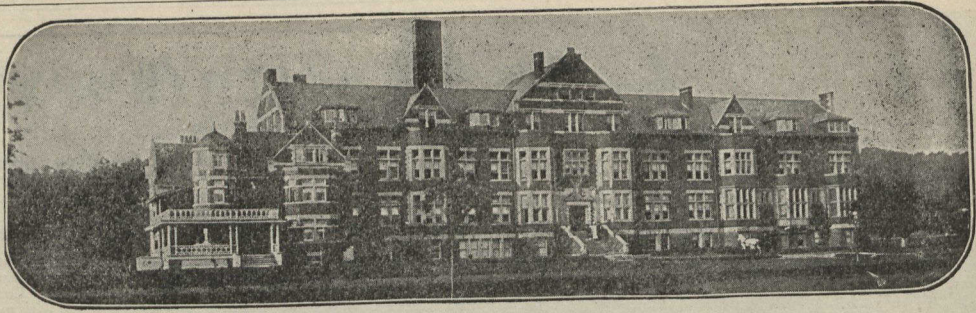
All B.C.S. candidates for Matriculation into the Royal Military College Kingston, passed successfully, the head boy taking fourth place.

This is an ideal place to send your boy, the surroundings are healthful and the buildings up-to-date, sanitary and well ventilated.

Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities and business life by an efficient staff of masters, chiefly graduates of English Universities.

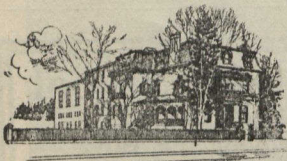
FOR CALENDARS, INFORMATION, Etc., APPLY TO THE HEAD MASTER.





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A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. **UPPER 4 and Autumn Term commences Sept. 11th.**
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 REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER



ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE
 144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson
Academic Course, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work.
Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball, Hockey, Swimming Bath.

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 Principal.

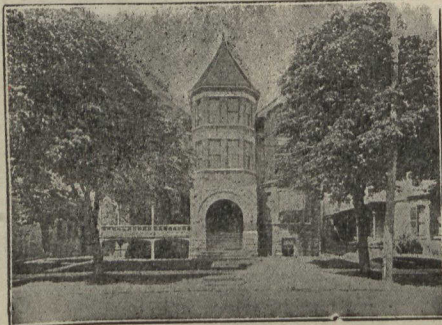
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CANADA

MONTREAL

Head Master:
C.S. Fosbery, M.A.

Successes:
 1st Place McGill Science
 Matric. in 1910 and 1912



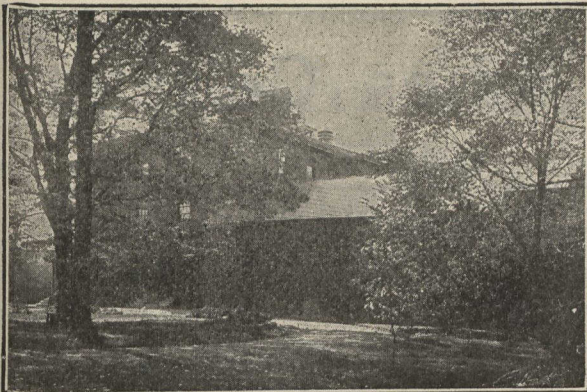
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 Musical Director.

COLLEGE RE-OPENS
SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1913

Send for new Calendar and Syllabus.



Bishop Strachan School

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College Street TORONTO

FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

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A Church Residential and Day School for Girls. Full Matriculation Course. Elementary Work—Domestic Arts—Music and Painting.

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A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed, and convenient. Students prepared for University Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information address the Principal,

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Ashbury College

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Rev. Geo. P. Woollcombe, M. A. (Oxon.) Headmaster.

Resident and Day School for Boys.

Modern, fireproof buildings. Excellent Sanitation. Ten acres of playing fields. Gymnasium. Careful preparation for R. M. College, Universities and R. Canadian Navy. The last seven years all candidates for R. M. C. entrance passed, one first place. For Calendar apply:

The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

North Street, Toronto.

Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal

English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Interpretation, Oratory and Public Speaking, and Dramatic Art.

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Bishop Bethune College - Oshawa, Ontario

A Residential School for Girls.

Visitor, The Lord Bishop of Toronto,

Preparation for the University and for the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Young children also received.

Fine location. Outdoor games and physical training.

The Musical Department (Piano, Theory and Harmony) will be under the direction of a Master, and a Sister, who for twelve years taught in the School with marked success.

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For Illustrated Calendars and Prospectus apply to the Bursar.

R. MILLICHAMP, Hon. Sec.-Treas.



The Royal Military College

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial Army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

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

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

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulation of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

Royal Victoria College

**McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL.**

For Resident and Day Women Students. Students prepared for degrees in Arts, Pure Science and Music. Scholarships are awarded annually. For all information apply to the Warden.

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269 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

Thorough courses in Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting and all kindred subjects. Graduates successfully placed. *Catalog free.*

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

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The Premier Boys' School of Canada

*Founded 1829, by Sir John Colborne,
Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada*

A large teaching staff of Canadian and English graduates. Records show the highest yearly average in matriculation and entrance to the Royal Military College.

An infirmary, in a scientifically constructed building is provided, with resident nurse. Playing and athletic fields of 50 acres, rinks, gymnasium and all equipment.

Senior and preparatory schools in separate buildings. Summer Camp at Lake Temagami, conducted by A. L. Cochrane, physical instructor of the college, trains boys to take care of themselves in the open.

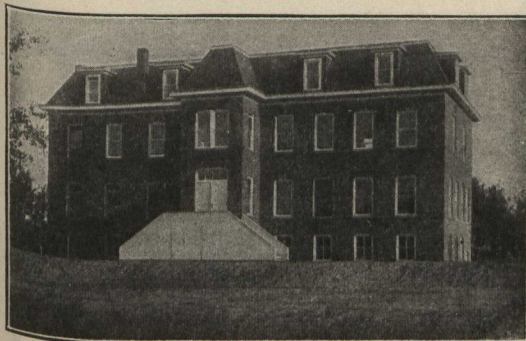
Write for full particulars and historical sketch.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

TORONTO

Autumn term begins September 11th, 1913, at 10 a.m.
Boarders return on the 10th.

H. W. AUDEN, M. A., Principal.

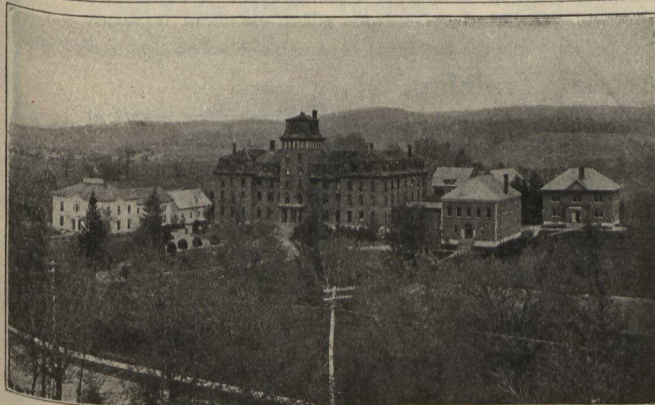


A High-Class Residential and Day School for Girls St. Alban's Ladies' College PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

President—The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Saskatchewan

Regular Course of Study—That laid down by the Department of Education. Pupils prepared for the Universities for the Normal School, for the Examination of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and for the Royal Drawing Society. Fully Qualified Staff. Special attention given to Language and Music. High and healthy situation. Good grounds and Tennis Court. Steam Heating and Electric Light. Perfect Sanitary Arrangements.

For Illustrated Booklet (all information) apply to Lady Principal



Stanstead College

A Residential School for Boys and Girls. Students prepared for the University and Military College. Thorough courses in English, Music, Business, Household Science and Manual Training.

Affiliated with the Toronto College of Music and McGill University.

Situation, beautiful and healthful, with large campus and good gymnasium.

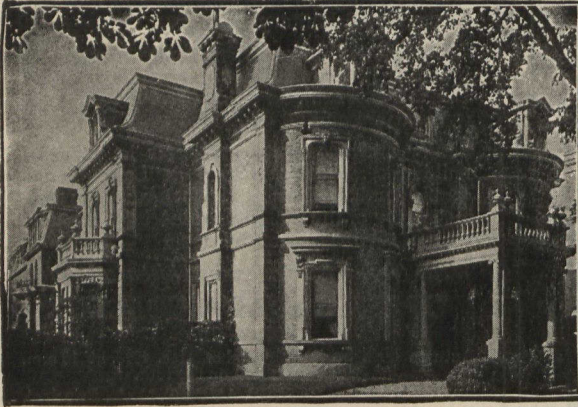
For Prospectus write to—

G. J. Trueman, M.A., Principal
Stanstead, Que.

Fall Term opens September 11th, 1913

MOULTON COLLEGE

*A high grade Residential School
for Girls and Young Women*



Courses—

MATRICULATION
ENGLISH
MUSIC
ART

**Careful Training under
Competent Teachers**

A. S. VOGT, *Mus. Doc.*,
Consulting Musical Director

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Moulton College
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Woodstock College

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

A fully equipped Residential School for Boys and Young Men

Offers facilities for training unexcelled anywhere.

Intellectual

Full Courses—Matriculation, Teachers, English, Scientific, Commercial. A University trained staff of teachers and large well-ventilated classrooms afford excellent facilities for teaching the boy "to do" by "knowing."

Manual Training

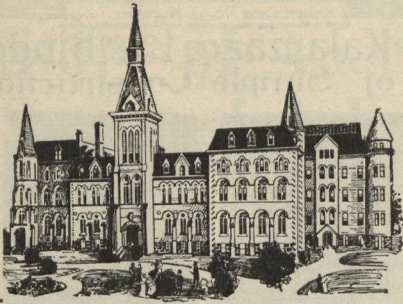
The first established and the most fully equipped in the Dominion. The practical training received in this department teaches a boy "to know" by "doing."

Physical Culture

Large grounds and campus and fine gymnasium under the direction of a competent physical director ensures healthy physical conditions.
The school is noted for its high moral and Christian character.

Write for Annual Calendar

A. T. MacNEILL, B.A. - - - Principal



Thousands of careful parents
have chosen

Alma (Ladies) College

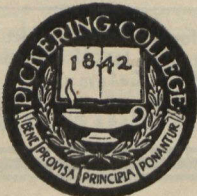
as the proper school-home for their daughters during the most important character forming period of their education. The College is Methodist and patronized largely by the leading denominations, is 500 miles farther south than Winnipeg, and has a fine record for good health as well as for success in methods of training. Courses for Normal, Matriculations, Music, Art, Crafts, Expression, Commercial, Household, Health, Physical Culture. Write for Prospectus

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St. Thomas, Ont.

THERE'S MONEY IN ART.

The greatest incomes of modern times are earned by Artists. We teach you right at Home this very popular profession. *Our courses have been prepared by the strongest combination of art talent in America—6 specialists.* We offer the most authoritative and scientific instruction to be obtained. *We bring the art of Europe to your home.* Prospectus free. Write to-day.

Shaw Correspondence School,
393 Yonge Street, Toronto.



FOR BOY
AND GIRL

ALL TERM
OPENS SEPT. 9

**A RESIDENT SCHOOL. PREPARATORY, COMMERCIAL
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Newly built and equipped, ideal site, easy access from
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Write:—W. P. Firth, M.A., D.Sc., Principal,
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Train Yourself FOR A Better Position

Enroll in one of the three Colleges
of the Fort Dearborn University of
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The Chicago College of Advertising is the only institution of its kind in the world. It is a genuine college of advertising, maintaining day and night classes as well as a correspondence department. You can prepare yourself for a position as advertising manager in any line of business by studying our course in Advertising at home. The price is reasonable and our method is far superior to that of any other school.

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The Chicago College of Salesmanship offers a course of instruction which will train any man in scientific salesmanship and make him a better salesman. It will build up his character and enable him to become a keen judge of human nature. This is the only course which teaches you how to analyze an article of merchandise so as to find its selling points; how to study the buyers; how to construct your selling talk in various literary styles so as to be interesting.

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The National Traffic College is well-known as the best institution of its kind in the United States for the training of traffic managers. Its course is remarkably complete and easy to understand. Men who are genuinely interested in traffic work and who want to fit themselves for one of the many positions now open in this field, should enroll for this course. It has the endorsement of some of the best traffic managers in the United States.

These three splendid colleges are separate and successful institutions although they are parts of the Fort Dearborn University of Chicago. You are invited to write for a booklet of the course which most interests you. You can address the colleges direct or write to the University. Kindly state your present occupation and tell us something of your plans. This will enable us to answer your letter personally and to advise you much more intelligently.

Fort Dearborn University
309 Peoples Gas Bldg.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

RESULT OF A GREAT-WEST POLICY.

Plan—20 year Endowment. Amount \$1,000.

Age at issue 21.

Premium \$42.55. Issued
in 1892. matured in 1912.

The insured paid in 20 years to The Great-
West Life Assurance Company... \$ 851.00
Received from the Great-West Life \$1391.00
Profit (with \$1000 Insurance for
20 years free)..... \$ 540.00
\$42.55 deposited annually for 20
years at 4½% will amount to..... \$1394.91
Received from the Company..... \$1391.00

\$ 3.91

Had the Company paid \$3.91 more
profit the insured would have re-
ceived 4½% compound interest be-
sides having his protection without
cost.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co.,
Head Office - - - - - Winnipeg.

BOND OFFERINGS

*Lists of bonds which we offer sent on
application. Every Security poss-
esses the qualities essential in a sound
investment, combining SAFETY OF
PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST
with THE MOST FAVORABLE
INTEREST RETURN.*

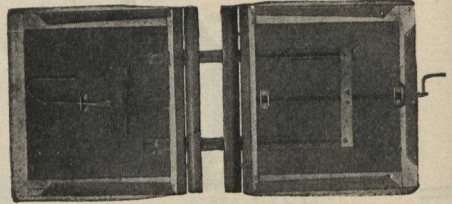
**Government — Municipal
Corporation and Proven
Industrial Bonds.**

Yield 4% to 6%

*We shall be pleased to aid you in the
selection of a desirable investment.*

**DOMINION SECURITIES
CORPORATION-LIMITED**
TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON. ENG.

Kalamazoo Point Number Two
The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder
is of Simple Construction.



THE mechanism of the
"Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf
Binder is so simple that one hesi-
tates to call it "mechanism" at all.
It has no exposed metal parts,
and two or four flexible rawhide
things take the place of the rigid
metal posts of the binders in
general use.

These things are secured to a
cross bar working on a threaded
screw, and by the operation of
the key at the end of this screw,
the covers are drawn together
or opened for the insertion or
removal of sheets.

The "KALAMAZOO"
Loose Leaf Binder has been
made in the United States and
in England for many years and
is to-day recognized as the best
expression of the Loose Leaf
idea that has yet been offered.

Write for descriptive booklet "C.M."
giving partial list of Canadian users
of the "Kalamazoo" Binder.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Limited
Loose Leaf & Account- King &
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Toronto



Story of Another Successful Year



The thirty two years of North American Life history have been years of uninterrupted growth. But in 1912 more substantial gains than ever were registered all along the line. New Policies in 1912 ran 25 per cent. in excess of those for 1911. Assets increased by nearly one million dollars and Net Surplus by 21 per cent. Policies in Force now total nearly fifty millions. The swing of success is with the

North American Life Assurance Co.

THE FIGURES TELL THE STORY:

	1912	1911	Increase
Policies Issued - - -	\$ 7,630,336	\$ 6,129,426	\$ 1,500,910
Policies in Force - - -	49,469,581	45,849,515	3,620,066
Assets - - - - -	13,224,159	12,313,108	911,051
Net Surplus - - - -	1,576,046	1,300,784	275,262
Cash Income - - - -	2,404,757	2,295,177	109,580
Total Payments to Policyholders - - - -	1,116,908	988,313	128,595
Profits Paid to Policyholders - - - - -	166,368	148,135	18,233

You Can Make No Mistake

In insuring with the North American Life. It is a Company of proven worth. In the past ten years it has distributed \$1,165,388 by way of profits among its policyholders. In 1912 disbursements of profits to policyholders amounted to over \$166,000.

A steadily increasing earning-power on investments, a favorable death-rate and a management that skilfully combines progress with conservatism, are your guarantees that North American Life Policies will pay.

North American Life Assurance Company

"Solid as the Continent"

L. GOLDMAN
First Vice-President and
Managing Director

EDWARD GURNEY
President

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street, - Toronto

Established 1855

President, W. G. Gooderham;
First Vice-President, W. D. Matthews; Second Vice-President, G. W. Monk; Joint General Managers, R. S. Hudson, John Massey; Superintendent of Branches and Secretary, George H. Smith.

Paid-Up Capital .. \$6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund (earned) **\$4,000,000.00**
Investments **\$31,299,095.55**

The Corporation is a

Legal Depository for Trust Funds

Every facility is afforded Depositors.

Deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail with perfect convenience.

Deposits of one dollar and upwards are welcomed.

Interest at

Three and One-Half Per Cent
per annum is credited and compounded twice a year

Debentures

For sums of one hundred dollars and upwards we issue Debentures bearing a special rate of interest, for which coupons payable half-yearly are attached. They may be made payable in one or more years, as desired.

They are a

Legal Investment for Trust Funds

Associated with the above Corporation and under the same direction and management is the

Canada Permanent Trust Company

lately incorporated by the Dominion Parliament. This Trust Company is now prepared to accept and execute Trusts of every description, to act as Executor, Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian, Curator or Committee of a lunatic, etc. Any branch of the business of a legitimate Trust Company will have careful and prompt attention.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

PAID UP CAPITAL \$15,000,000

RESERVE FUND \$12,500,000

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C. V. O., LL. D., D. C. L., President.

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager.

JOHN AIRD, Asst. General Manager.

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Issued by the Canadian Bank of Commerce enable the traveller to provide himself with funds without delay at each point of his journey in a convenient yet inexpensive manner. They are issued payable in every country in the world in denominations of

\$10. \$20. \$50. \$100. \$200.

with the exact equivalent in the moneys of the principal countries stated on the face of each cheque. They are economical, absolutely safe, self-identifying and easily negotiated.

LONDON, ENGLAND OFFICE, 2 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

New York Agency: 16 Exchange Place. Mexico City: Avenida San Francisco, No. 50

BANK OF HAMILTON

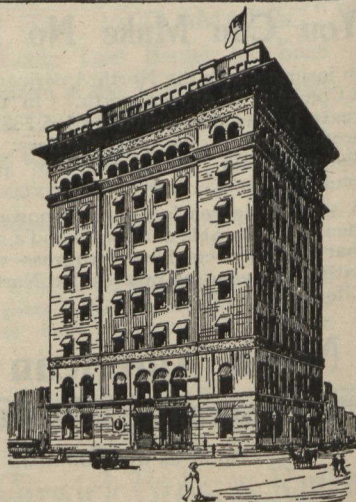
HEAD OFFICE:

HAMILTON

CAPITAL PAID UP... \$3,000,000

RESERVE AND UNDI-
VIDED PROFITS ... 3,750,000\$6,750,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$48,000,000



SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL
BRANCHES

POLICIES THAT PROTECT

To guarantee the payment of Assurances in force. The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada holds in reserve \$16,161,753.55---an amount more than sufficient to meet the severest requirements of the Canadian Government.

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This Company is organized on the MUTUAL system. There is no private capital invested. To the policyholders exclusively the earnings belong. This is one of the reasons why

THE MUTUAL LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

has acquired so enviable a reputation as

“A DIVIDEND PAYER”

HEAD OFFICE,

- - WATERLOO, ONT.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000
Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,000,000
Total Assets - 180,000,000

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Wiley Smith	Hon. David Mackeen	James Redmond
D. K. Elliott	W. H. Thorne	T. J. Drummond
	C. S. Wilcox	W. J. Sheppard
		A. E. Dymont
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Officers.

E. L. Pease, General Manager
W. B. Torrance, Supt. of Branches
C. E. Neill and F. J. Sherman, Asst. Gen.-Managers

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Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad and Bahamas Islands and British Honduras.

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NEW YORK, Corner William and Cedar Sts

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THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office: TORONTO, CANADA.

Assets \$ 2,842,654.08
Insurance in Force \$15,000,000.00

Security and Profit are what intending insurers desire, both obtained under "Excelsior" policies which also contain the "Last Word" in liberal features.

The Reason the Company has been able to pay satisfactory profits is because it has been continuously foremost in those features from which profits are derived.

In 1911 Interest Earnings 7.33 per cent.
Death Rate 34 per cent of expected.
Expenses decreased 2.50 per cent.

Agents Wanted: to give either entire or spare time.

E. MARSHALL,
General Manager

D. FASKEN,
President.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated in 1851

ASSETS, \$3,213,438.28
LIABILITIES, 469,254.36
SECURITY TO POLICY-
HOLDERS 2,744,183.92

LOSSES paid since organization of Company
\$54,069,727.16

DIRECTORS:

Hon. GEO. A. COX, President
W. R. BROCK, Vice-President
W. B. MEIKLE, Managing Director

Head Office: - Toronto

London Life

POLICIES

"GOOD AS GOLD"

Have you

provided for those
who are depend-
ent upon you?

Good intentions or
good resolutions
will not count for
much when your
widow is struggling
to make a living.

Ask for booklet,
"Endowment at
Life Rate."

Esterbrook Pens

250
styles



R. Esterbrook

The smooth, easy-writing qualities, long wear, and ability to hold a large quantity of ink, are some of the things that have helped to make Esterbrook's Jackson Stub No. 442 the most popular of all stub pens.

Write for illustrated booklet.

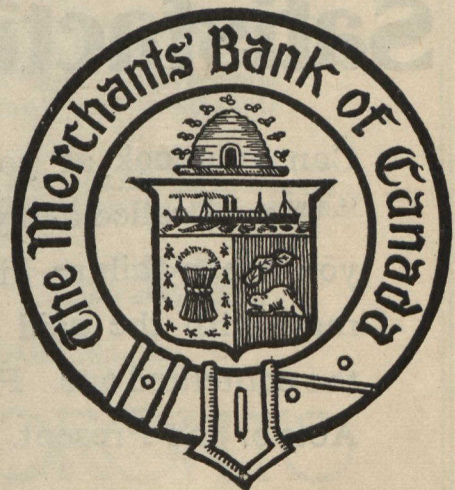
Esterbrook Pen Mfg Co.
New York, Camden, N.J.

BROWN BROS., Limited
Canadian Agents, Toronto.



R. ESTERBROOK & CO'S
JACKSON STUB
442

Ask
your
stationer



Paid-up Capital - - \$6,758,900
Reserve Fund and
- Undivided Profits - 6,820,189

194 Branches in Canada.

Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Savings Department at all Branches.

Deposits received of \$1 00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates.

General Banking Business.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up	- -	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	- - -	1,250,000.00
Undivided Profits	- -	181,888.26

Head Office: - Toronto

S. J. Moore, President.

W. D. Ross, General Manager

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Satisfaction

Can you look at your family with a feeling "Were I called away they are safe?" If not, you are a failure in the battle of life. The man with the paid up Insurance Policies is the contented one. Prepare your future by the Acts of the Present. Take a Policy with the

Federal Life Assurance Co.

Hamilton - Ontario.

When You Travel

WHEN you go abroad, take with you Travellers' Cheques or Letters of Credit.

These are the safest and most convenient forms of carrying money from one country to another, and are a complete protection against loss. All experienced and prudent travellers carry their money in one or both of these ways.

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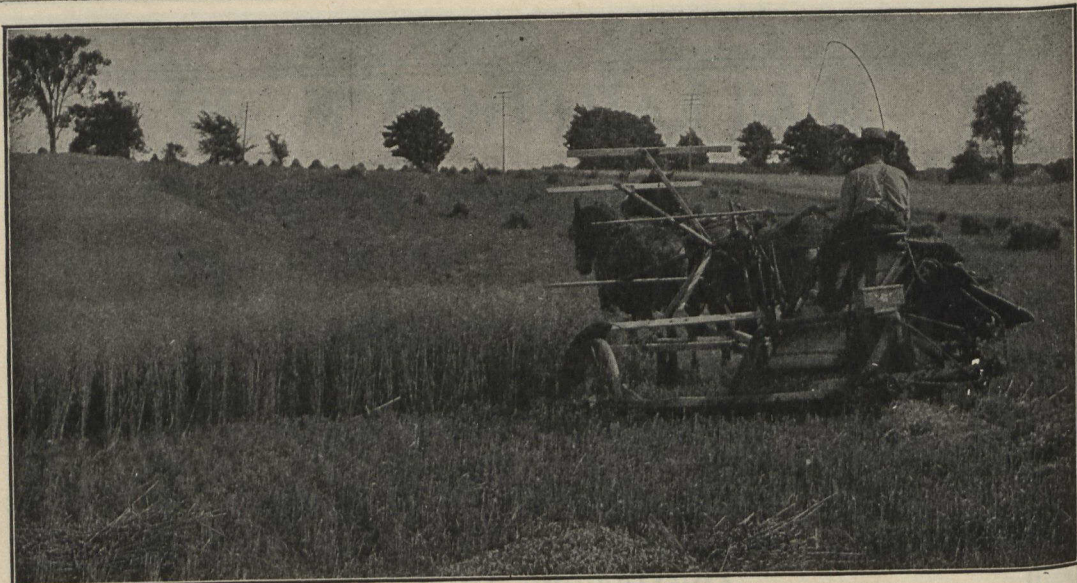
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Reserved Funds	\$6,176,578
Assets	over \$58,000,000

THE
BANK OF TORONTO

INCORPORATED 1855

Head Office:

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To gain the votes of Spotless Town, the Mayor beamed at Mrs. Brown. Her candid way shut off debate: she promptly flashed her candidate. As he reflects, of course he'll know She must have used

SAPOLIO

Three household problems—with one answer

Suppose you must clean grimy floors, or dirty shelves, or a dingy kitchen. How can you freshen them up with a quick cleaner that *won't waste*?

Answer—Use **SAPOLIO**.
(It *cleans* economically.)

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Answer—Use **SAPOLIO**.
(It *polishes* brilliantly. Its suds thoroughly remove grease.)

You rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp rag. Not a particle scatters or wastes.

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IT is our proudest boast that every article carrying the well-known "E.D.S." Trade Mark is absolutely pure, no coloring matter or preservatives of any kind being used. But don't accept our unsupported statement. Send to the Department of Inland Revenue for Bulletin 194 which tells how

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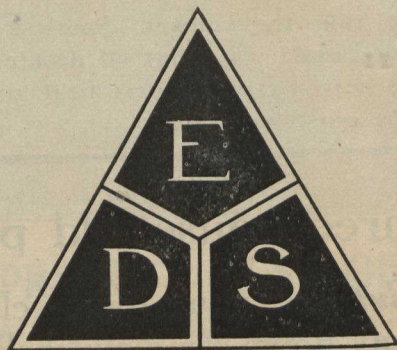
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Here are a few "E.D.S." leading lines which all good grocers handle:

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INSIST ON GETTING "E.D.S." GOODS

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KEEP COOL

comfortable and dressy by wearing
a pair of light

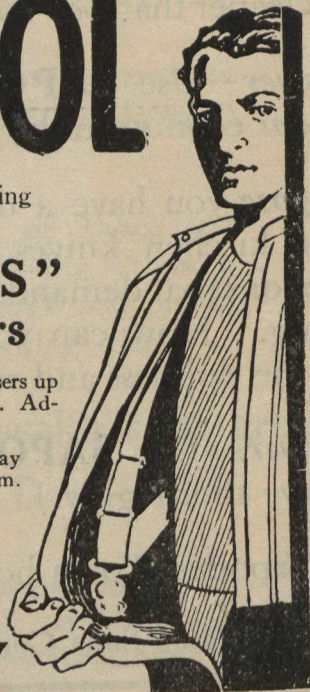
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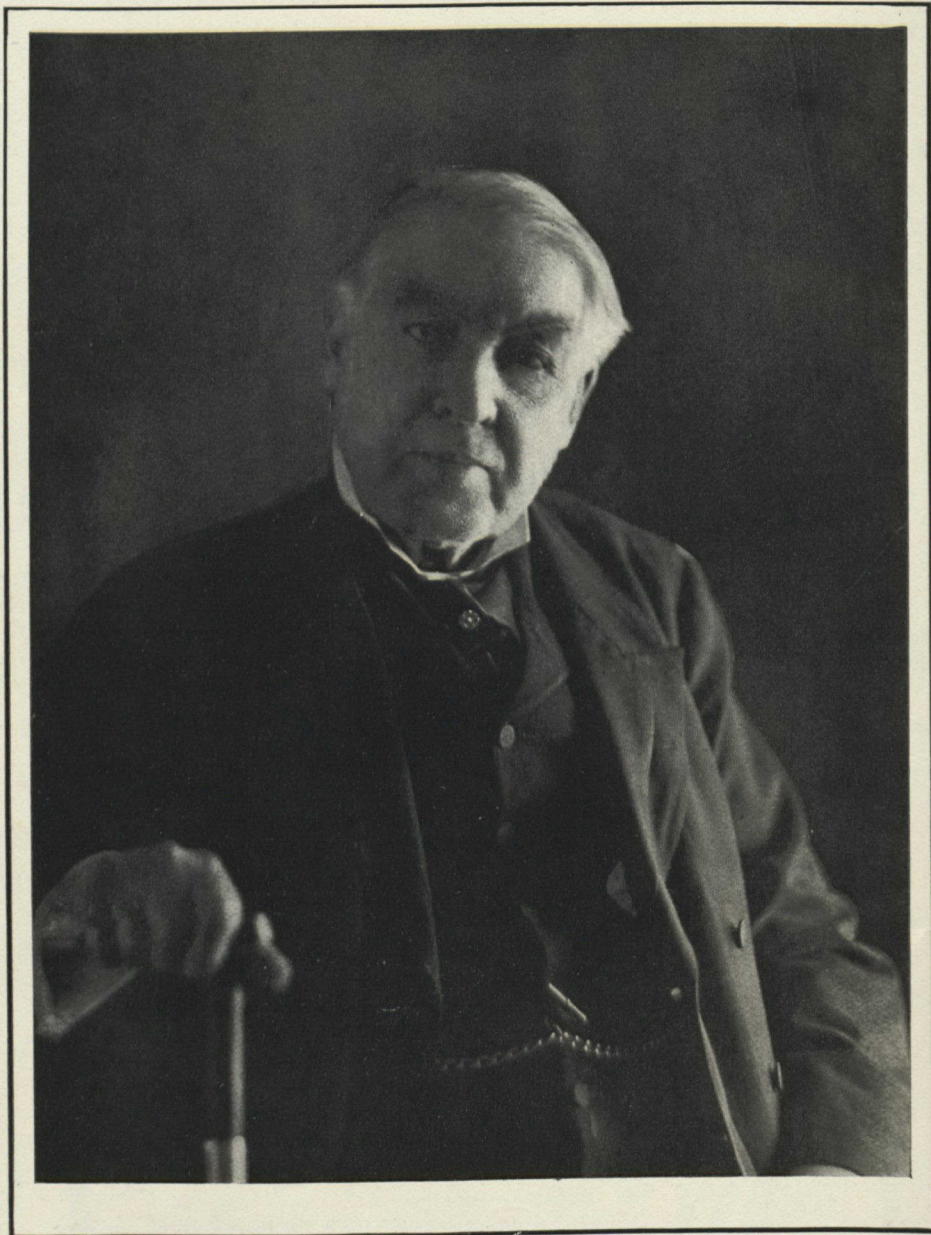
Out of sight under your shirt. Hold trousers up and shirt down. Give neat shirt-waist effect. Adjustable to any size.

Name "King Coatless" on buckles. Say "King Coatless" and make sure you get them.

50c at all Dealers or mailed free with instructions on receipt of 50c. by

The King Suspender Co.
TORONTO





SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART

The sole surviving Father of Confederation. From a photograph taken especially for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, in his 93rd year, at Amherst, Nova Scotia, on the eve of his departure for England.



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI

TORONTO, JULY, 1913

No. 3

THE BIRTH OF THE DOMINION

WITH SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BAR'T.,
THE SOLE SURVIVING FATHER OF CONFEDERATION

BY JOHN BOYD

HISTORIAN OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR GEORGE ETIENNE CARTIER, BAR'T.

FROM one of the leading hotels of the City of St. John, N.B., at noon on Thursday, May 1st, of the present year, slowly emerged a venerable figure, the cynosure of many eyes. Clad in a fur-trimmed top coat, protecting him from the inclemency of a stormy day, a silk hat surmounting his silvery locks, his shoulders stooped by the burden of years, but his glance still keen and alert, recognising old friends with a cordial bow, his whole air was one of extreme distinction. Even a stranger would have felt that he was in the presence of no ordinary man.

It was Sir Charles Tupper, Bar't., the sole surviving Father of Confederation, on his way to the *Empress of Ireland*. A few hours later the Canadian Pacific's palatial steamship sailed for England, having as its most distinguished passenger the veteran statesman, fated perhaps—though all Canadians will hope otherwise—never to see his native land again. It was

an historical setting and the unique character of the event was emphasised by the spontaneous and hearty cheers which arose from the large concourse of people who had assembled to wish the departing statesman God speed and bon voyage.

It was my privilege to spend some time with Sir Charles at Amherst, to accompany him to St. John, and to be one of the last to take leave of him. What most deeply impressed me, what in fact impressed everybody was the wonderful vitality which he displayed at his advanced age. His energy, his alertness, his mental vigour, the manner in which he stood the strain of a long series of fatiguing engagements would have put to shame many a younger man. Amherst, his old home, where he spent a week, gave a celebration in his honour that was worthy both of the city and of its distinguished son. For a whole week festivity followed upon festivity, and the most pleasing feature of the cele-

bration was that all party differences were forgotten, and that Liberals and Conservatives united to do honour to one who though one of the stoutest fighters and hardest hitters of his time in the political arena, was, as the Honourable G. H. Murray, Liberal Premier of Nova Scotia, declared, always a generous political opponent. One of the leading spirits in the Amherst celebration was Mr. Hance J. Logan, former Liberal member of Parliament for Cumberland, Nova Scotia, who presiding at the great mass meeting, well said that while they might not all agree with their distinguished fellow-citizen in his political faith and allegiance, they recognised that at his time of life he stood apart from the political arena, that he had been an outstanding figure of the Empire and as such they all bowed the knee to him. This note of generous appreciation was in evidence throughout the whole celebration, and it was one that reflected honour upon the people of Amherst.

Amherst of course has a special interest in the career of the great statesman. Ninety-two years ago Charles Tupper was born near that city, seventy years ago he entered upon his professional career in Amherst; he married there, and it was there that he scored his earliest triumphs. His father, the Reverend Charles Tupper, D.D., was for many years pastor of the First Baptist Church of Amherst. Ninety years from the date when his father first became identified with the First Baptist Church, his distinguished son attended divine service in that church on Sunday, April 28th, of this year.

An entry from the pen of the Reverend Dr. Tupper found amongst some old papers records:

"On the 2nd of July, 1821, an event occurred in which many others as well as myself proved to be interested, namely, the birth of my eldest son, who has been for a number of years an eminent and highly useful physician, and who is now

the Provincial Secretary and leader of the Government in this, his native Province."

The house in which one of the greatest of the Fathers of Confederation first saw the light of day was within a few miles of Amherst. It was destroyed by fire about a quarter of a century ago, but the site is still pointed out to visitors.

Another item found in an old paper records:

"Charles Tupper, by consent of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, has opened an office in Amherst for the profession of the practice of medicine, 1843."

The expectations of a brilliant future for the young physician were more than realised. For fourteen consecutive times he was returned for his native County of Cumberland, in which Amherst is situated, and he represented it for thirty-one years. His defeat of his great antagonist, Joseph Howe, with whom he was destined to cross swords more than once, is historic. The "War-Horse of Cumberland" became the term by which in after years Sir Charles Tupper was familiarly known. It was fitting, therefore, that his farewell visit to his old home should have united all in doing him honour.

From the hour of his arrival at Amherst until the moment of his sailing from St. John, a week later, Sir Charles Tupper was called upon to fill innumerable engagements, to receive hosts of friends and to make numerous speeches. Despite this fatiguing strain, which would have exhausted a much younger man, when I took leave of him just previous to the sailing of the *Empress* the veteran statesman was in the best of health and spirits, without a sign of fatigue. When I said that I would not bid him good-bye, but only *au revoir*, as we all hope to see him back in Canada soon again, he smilingly remarked that he deeply appreciated all the kindness of which he had been the recipient from his

Dear Mr Boyd,
May 1st 1913

I wish you
the utmost success
in the great work
you have undertaken
- taken in writing
the life of the Hon.
Sir George Eliot
Comptroller of the
greatest of the
Constitution.
Yours faithfully
Charles Tupper.

Facsimile of a letter addressed by Sir Charles Tupper to Mr. Boyd, showing Sir Charles's handwriting in his 93rd year.

fellow-countrymen and that he sincerely hoped he would be privileged to return to his beloved country.

This last trip was the sixty-fourth time Sir Charles Tupper has crossed the Atlantic. The first time was in 1840, when he crossed in a brigantine

of 160 tons, which took forty days getting from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Lough Foyle, Ireland. Though he had been advised by his physician not to attempt the voyage again at his advanced age, he had no fears, as he is a good sailor, and he was unac-

accompanied on the trip save by his valet. During his stay in Amherst he was the guest of his nephew Mr. C. T. Hillson and Mrs. Hillson, whose loving care attended him until his departure.

What is the secret of the marvellous vitality displayed by Sir Charles Tupper in the 93rd year of his age? How is it that a man who has been through many strenuous political campaigns, who has borne the burden of many important and responsible public offices, is able at this advanced age to still fill the most exacting engagements, to eat well, sleep well and enjoy life with all the zest of a younger man? The answer is to be found in his temperate habits throughout life. Though a tireless worker, he never abused his physical powers, he eschewed convivial gatherings, refrained from the use of intoxicants, and husbanded his strength for great and serious work. His career is a lesson to young Canadians in more ways than one.

When asked to what he attributed his long life and his great vitality, he remarked: "I have no specific for long life save one—hard work. I have never known anything else. My only holidays have been in train journeys and in crossing the Atlantic."

What a great example is furnished by the career of this marvellous man.

It will be fifty years next September since the Charlottetown Conference assembled, and the 10th of October of next year (1914) will mark the semi-centennial anniversary of the meeting of the historic Quebec Conference at which were framed the resolutions which formed the basis of Confederation.

It will be interesting to recall here the names of the statesmen who took part in those two historic gatherings.

At the Charlottetown conference the delegates were:

From Nova Scotia—The Honourable Charles Tupper, The Honourable A. W. Henry, the Honourable R. B. Dickey, The Honourable J. McCully,

and The Honourable A. Archibald.

From New Brunswick—The Honourable S. L. Tilley, The Honourable J. Johnston, the Honourable J. H. Gray, the Hon. B. Chandler, and the Honourable W. H. Steeves.

From Prince Edward Island—The Honourable Colonel Gray, the Honourable E. Palmer, the Hon. W. H. Pope, the Honourable H. G. Coles, and the Honourable A. A. MacDonald.

From Canada—The Honourable J. A. Macdonald, the Honourable George Etienne Cartier, the Honourable A. T. Galt, the Honourable George Brown, the Honourable H. L. Langevin, the Honourable William McDougall, and the Honourable Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

The delegates who composed the Quebec Conference which resulted in the establishment of the Dominion were:

From Canada—The Honourable Etienne P. Taché, the Honourable John A. Macdonald, the Honourable George Etienne Cartier, the Honourable George Brown, the Honourable A. T. Galt, the Honourable A. Campbell, the Honourable H. L. Langevin, the Honourable T. Chapais, the Honourable Oliver Mowat, the Honourable D'Arcy McGee, the Honourable William McDougall, and the Honourable J. Cockburn.

From Nova Scotia—The Honourable Messrs. Charles Tupper, Henry, McCully, Dickey, and Archibald.

From New Brunswick—The Honourable Messrs. Tilley, Peter Mitchell, Fisher, Steeves, Gray, and Johnston.

From Prince Edward Island—The Honourable Messrs. Coles, Haviland, Palmer, Col. Gray, MacDonald, Whelan, and Pope.

From Newfoundland—The Honourable Messrs. Shea and Carter.

Of the twenty-two statesmen who met at Charlottetown and of the the thirty-two who assembled at Quebec, Sir Charles Tupper is the sole survivor. During my visit to Amherst it was my proud privilege to spend some time with the venerable

statesman, and to hear from his own lips a recital of the events which resulted in the birth of our great Dominion. The "War-Horse of Cumberland" sat in the cozy library of the beautiful home of his nephew, and for several hours did me the honour of giving me his personal narrative of the most memorable event in all Canadian history.

It was a unique experience and one that shall never be effaced from my memory. There was I, a comparatively young Canadian, born in the very year when the Quebec Conference met, privileged to listen to the narrative of a man who was one of the greatest figures in that historic gathering, a man at that time forty-three years of age, in the very prime of his life, when I was but an infant in arms. Now at the age of ninety-two, when the Dominion which he had helped to form had nearly attained a half-century of existence, this remarkable man was recalling the men and events of half a century ago as clearly and as vividly as if they were but of yesterday. There were giants in those days, and the figures of the great men of that period appeared more distinct as they were recalled by one who had been of their number. For a man of ninety-two, Sir Charles Tupper's memory is little short of marvellous.

Let me attempt to give a pen portrait of the last surviving Father of Confederation. A man who in his prime was nearly six feet in stature, with a powerful physique, his shoulders are now bent and rounded by the burden of years, but his figure is still full and well preserved. The only indication of old age is the slowness of his gait, his legs of all his physical parts alone indicating feebleness, necessitating the constant use of a sturdy cane. The body is surmounted by a magnificent head. The face is still full and round, with none of the sunken features usually associated with old age; the chin square and powerful, showing deter-

mination of character; the mouth large, indicating oratorical power; the nose long and aquiline; eyes of grayish blue, constantly animated, still powerful of vision, enabling their possessor to see and read without the use of spectacles. From large protruding eyebrows rises a magnificent dome of thought, the forehead slightly retreating, but the temple of the brain high and spacious. The head is surmounted by a light crop of silvery gray hair, sparse compared with the splendid growth of raven black which adorned his head in his prime. His voice always powerful, is still strong and clear as a bell, as was evidenced when he addressed the great meeting at Amherst, every word being heard distinctly by those in the farthest extremity of the immense hall. The figure of the venerable statesman is habitually garbed in the old style conventional Prince Albert, without which our public men of the olden days were never seen.

The form of Charles Tupper as it appears in the picture of the Fathers of Confederation shows what a magnificent man he was in his prime. There he is seen standing between George Brown and D'Arcy McGee, who are seated, his figure tall and erect, holding a paper in his right hand, his features full of firmness and determination, his face adorned by side whiskers, and his head covered by a profuse growth of jet black hair.

The Conference which met at Charlottetown in September of 1863 and which was intended primarily to discuss the union of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, was due to the initiative of Dr. Tupper, then Prime Minister of Nova Scotia. Delegates from the Canadian Ministry appeared at that conference and presented the wider scheme of a Federal union of all the British North American Provinces. These proposals resulted in the Quebec Conference and eventually in

Confederation. At both the Charlottetown and Quebec Conferences Charles Tupper played a leading part, and his voice exercised a determining influence.

From a very early period of his career, Sir Charles Tupper entertained the idea of a union of all the British North American Provinces in a great Confederation, stretching from ocean to ocean.

"As long ago as 1860," he remarked, "in an address which I made at the opening of the Mechanics' Institute at St. John, New Brunswick, on 'The Political Conditions of British North America,' I advocated a Federal union of the British North American Provinces as the only solution for the difficulties that then existed, and I closed my address by expressing the hope that the time would come when the whole of British North America would be united from sea to sea under one Federal Government, presided over by a son of our beloved Queen, a desire that has at last been realised. With the object of uniting Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, I arranged with the Governments of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island for a conference at Charlottetown to consider arrangements for such a union. After I had organised that conference the Government of what was then United Canada and the Opposition came to a deadlock.

"There had been three elections within two years, and the position of parties was such that it was found practically impossible to carry on the Government of the country. There followed the formation of the Coalition Government, which included such men as Sir E. P. Taché, John A. Macdonald, George Etienne Cartier, A. T. Galt, Alexander Campbell, D'Arcy McGee, George Brown, William McDougall, W. P. Howland, and Hector Langevin.

"The Coalition Ministry was formed with the avowed object of bring-

ing about Confederation, if possible. Hearing that the representatives of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island were, as the result of my efforts, to assemble at Charlottetown, to discuss a maritime union, the Canadian Ministry applied for permission to send delegates to that Conference, and to present their views in favour of a larger union. In the meantime the Government of Prince Edward Island had informed me that it would comply with my wish to discuss a maritime union, but that it would be impossible for Prince Edward Island to agree to such a union unless Charlottetown was made the seat of Government, which, of course, owing to its geographical situation and other considerations, was rather an absurdity.

"When I propounded a union of the Maritime Provinces I expressed my strong desire to see the Confederation of British North America effected, but I may say that I regarded it, as far as I could judge at that time, as impracticable, though I considered it desirable in the event of its being brought about that the three Maritime Provinces should enter as a unit and not as three distinct Provinces.

"At Charlottetown we received the Canadian delegates, Macdonald, Cartier, George Brown, William McDougall, and D'Arcy McGee, with open arms. They put before us the terms on which they were prepared to favour a union with the Maritime Provinces, and the result was that it was decided that further negotiations should take place. The Canadian delegates were most hospitably entertained, and when the Conference was over I invited them to visit Halifax, where a great banquet was given in their honour. Personally I had the honour of entertaining George Brown, the distinguished Liberal leader, at my house for several days. It was Brown who made the principal speech at the Halifax banquet, outlining the general principles on which a union

of all the British North American Provinces was favoured. Macdonald and Cartier also spoke, and their remarks created a very favourable impression.

“Following the return of the Canadian delegates, Lord Monck, the Governor-General of Canada, addressed the Governors of all the Provinces on the subject, and subsequently with the authority of the Imperial Government, the representatives of the Provinces met in the City of Quebec to consider a union of all the British North American Provinces.

“There were thirty-two present at that historic gathering, including representatives from Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. The sessions were held with closed doors, but I may say now that the proceedings throughout were characterised by the utmost harmony, and that there was a practical unanimity of opinion on the leading principles, though, of course, there were some differences as to details, differences which were all amicably adjusted before the close of the conference. The delegates, I may say, were unanimous in favour of a Federal Union. Sir John A. Macdonald, who, as is well known, was a believer in a legislative union, frankly declared that he had always been in favour of legislative union, but that he fully recognised that the consideration of any such idea under the circumstances was impossible. The prevailing sentiment, in fact, prevented any other than a Federal Union being considered. Strong objection was made by Mr. Oliver Mowat to the nomination of members of the Senate by the Crown, as he favoured their election by the people, but he was the only one at the Conference who took that view, the principle of the election of members of the Upper House by the people having been abandoned by general consent. The labours of the Conference resulted, as all know, in the drafting of the Quebec resolutions,

which formed the basis of Confederation.”

Sir Charles Tupper vividly recalled the great men who had been present at the historic gathering which resulted in the establishment of the Dominion. The outstanding figures were, of course, those of John A. Macdonald, George Etienne Cartier, George Brown, A. T. Galt, Leonard Tilley and D'Arcy McGee. To these great names which were recalled by Sir Charles must, of course, be added that of the venerable surviving Father of Confederation, who took such a leading part in the conference.

For all of his illustrious colleagues Sir Charles Tupper had words of generous praise and appreciation. He dwelt on the consummate qualities of Macdonald as a leader, his tact and his resourcefulness, he gave credit to George Brown for the signal service he rendered at a grave juncture of his country's history, by making the formation of the Coalition Ministry which resulted in Confederation being possible; he spoke of the eminent abilities displayed by Tilley and Galt, and he referred warmly to the potent influence wielded by McGee as a patriot and an orator.

To George Etienne Cartier, the great French-Canadian statesman, Sir Charles Tupper paid a specially striking tribute. Cartier, he declared, had been a powerful influence in the establishment of Confederation. It may be mentioned here that Cartier was a strong supporter of Confederation from a very early period, and to the Cartier-Macdonald Government, of which he became the head in 1858 as Prime Minister of United Canada, must be given the credit of having taken the first practical steps to bring about Confederation. One of the items of that Government's programme was the union of the British North American Provinces, and soon after the close of the session of 1858, a delegation composed of three members of the Government, Cartier himself, A. T. Galt, and John

Rose, went to England to press the matter upon the Imperial Government. A memorandum signed by Cartier, Galt and Rose was submitted to the Imperial Government, urging it to take steps to have a meeting of delegates from all the British North American Provinces to consider the question of Confederation. Though the steps taken in 1858 had no immediate result, the fact remains that the Government of which Cartier was the head was the first to make a practical move in the direction of Confederation, that, as McGee remarked, in his great speech during the Confederation debate, "the first real stage of the success of Confederation, the thing that gave importance to theory in men's minds, was the memorandum of 1858 signed by Cartier, Galt and Rose." The recommendations in that memorandum, as McGee further remarked, laid dormant until revived by the Constitutional Committee, which led to the coalition, which led to the Quebec Conference, which led to the draft of the Constitution, which led to the eventual union of all the British North American Provinces.

Cartier's rôle was an extremely difficult one. There was the strongest opposition in Quebec to Confederation. Cartier had to face the powerful attacks of redoubtable antagonists who maintained that Confederation would be detrimental to French-Canadian interests. In face of the most determined opposition, and the bitterest attacks, Cartier stood firm, and secured the allegiance of the Province of Quebec to the measure. Sir Charles Tupper declared that the services that Cartier rendered at that time entitled his name to the lasting and grateful remembrance of all Canadians. "I have no hesitation in saying," he added, "that without Cartier there would have been no Confederation, and therefore Canada owes him a debt that can never be repaid."

It is noteworthy that fifty years

from the year which witnessed the meeting of the Quebec Conference, through the indefatigable efforts of Mr. E. W. Villeneuve, and those associated with him on the Cartier Centenary Committee, there will be unveiled on one of the commanding slopes of Mount Royal, at Montreal, a magnificent memorial, which will serve not only to perpetuate Cartier's memory but also to commemorate the establishment of Confederation, in which he played such a conspicuous part. In the movement to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of Cartier's birth, which falls on September 6th, 1914, Sir Charles Tupper displayed the deepest interest and expressed the hope that all Canadians would join in doing honour to the memory of one of the greatest of the Fathers of Confederation. He also expressed himself as deeply interested in the memorial history of the life and times of Sir George Etienne Cartier, which will be published in connection with the big celebration to be held next year, and on the eve of his departure he did me the honour of forwarding me a personal letter in his own handwriting, wishing me the utmost success in that work. Sir Charles Tupper's handwriting is remarkably clear and distinct for a man in the ninety-third year of his age.

One of the most interesting portions of Sir Charles Tupper's reminiscent talk dealt with his great antagonist, Joseph Howe. That distinguished Nova Scotian, it must be remembered, was not always opposed to a union of the British North American Provinces. As Dr. Parkin points out in his "Life" of Sir John A. Macdonald, the first formal adoption of the idea of Confederation by a legislative body was in the Province of Nova Scotia, where the Assembly in 1854 unanimously passed a resolution that the "Union, or Confederation, of the British Provinces, while calculated to perpetuate their connection with the parent state, will

promote their advancement and prosperity, increase their strength and influence and elevate their position." Howe, who was then leader of the Liberal party of Nova Scotia, on that occasion made a speech of remarkable power. His strongly-expressed belief at that time was that a united British North America was the true stepping-stone to a firmly united Empire, while both were essential to the highest political development of the nation.

What were Howe's real reasons for the bitter opposition he displayed to Confederation after having previously advocated such a project?—I asked Sir Charles Tupper. "Howe, in that connection," replied Sir Charles "undoubtedly made the mistake of his life. When the question of union was broached, the first man I invited to represent the Liberal party in the negotiations was Joseph Howe. At that time Howe had been appointed to the office of Imperial Fishery Commissioner, and he informed me that he was unable to accept my proposal as he would be away, but that he would be back in October, and that he would then be prepared to agree to anything I might propose, as he had always been a very strong advocate of such an idea. In fact, I recall that at a meeting at Halifax some time previously, at which D'Arcy McGee had delivered an address on Confederation, Howe had warmly supported the idea. On his return to Halifax, however, he found that many of those who had been amongst my most influential supporters were strongly opposed to any idea of Confederation. The temptation to down me was too great, and, unfortunately for himself, Howe put himself at the head of the Opposition and used all his great powers to prevent Confederation."

Regarding Howe's visit to London as head of the delegation sent to ask for the repeal of Confederation, Sir Charles Tupper told of how he had had several personal interviews with

Howe in London, during which he had pointed out to him the futility of opposition. As everybody knows, Howe's mission, owing to the great work done by Tupper, proved to be a failure, and Howe returned to Nova Scotia to report that British sympathy could not be counted upon for any movement having for its object the breaking-up of Confederation. Howe subsequently became a member of Sir John A. Macdonald's Government, and died as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, having become reconciled to the new order of things.

Of Howe personally and of his great powers, Sir Charles Tupper spoke in terms of the most generous appreciation. "Despite the mistake he then made," said his great rival, "Howe was a great man and a remarkable orator. His memory is rightly cherished by all Nova Scotians as one of that Province's greatest sons."

The limited space of a magazine article will but permit of a reference to the successive stages following the Quebec Conference, which culminated in the birth of the Dominion. The memorable Confederation debate in the Assembly of United Canada was marked by speeches worthy of the subject, and after the project had been adopted by the Legislature, Macdonald, Cartier, Brown and Galt went to England to confer with the Imperial Government. At the historic conference which sat at the Westminster Palace Hotel, in London, from the 4th to the 24th December, 1866, a series of sixty-nine resolutions based on those of the Quebec Conference were finally passed. The sittings of the Conference were renewed early in January of 1867; a series of draft bills were then drawn up and revised by the Imperial law officers; a bill was submitted to the Imperial Parliament in February, and on March 29th, under the title of the British North America Act it received the royal assent. A royal proclamation

issued by Queen Victoria from Windsor Castle on May 22nd, 1867, appointed July 1st as the date upon which the Act should come into force, and the following first of July witnessed the birth of what the Governor-General, Lord Monck, well designated as "a new nationality."

Four years from now, the first of July, 1917, will be the semi-centennial of the establishment of Confederation, and it has been proposed by Mr. Charles R. McCullough, of Hamilton, whose name will forever be honoured by the Canadian people as the founder of the Canadian Club movement, which has done and is doing so much to foster a spirit of patriotism and to create a national sentiment, that what he well terms the "Jubilee of the Canadian people," should be appropriately commemorated. Sir Charles Tupper, to whom I gave a copy of Mr. McCullough's interesting booklet, "The Semi-Centennial of Confederation," in which he outlines his proposals, expressed his deep interest in the suggestion, and warmly approved of the idea, declaring that the semi-centennial of the establishment of the Dominion should certainly not be allowed to pass without fitting commemoration. Mr. McCullough in this connection has rendered another signal service, and it is to be hoped that his proposal will be carried into effect and that 1917 will witness a celebration worthy of the great Dominion.

Sir Charles Tupper has always been an optimist, and he is still an optimist in regard to the future of the Dominion, which he helped so greatly to establish.

On the eve of his sailing from Canada, I asked him to give me a farewell message which I might convey to the Canadian public through the medium of *The Canadian Magazine*.

The message which he gave me is as follows:

"Say to Canadians that while the prosperity of Canada has exceeded the most sanguine anticipation of the founders of Confederation, to whom I belong, I do not hesitate to say that that prosperity which has surpassed our greatest expectations is merely in outline a faint representation of the enormous advantages enjoyed by Canadians. I think that the people of Canada may claim, and justly claim, that there is no part of the known world whose progress is greater than at present exhibited by the Dominion of Canada, and I believe that that prosperity is only a faint outline of what the Dominion is to enjoy."

"The day is coming, I firmly believe, when Canada, which has become the right arm of the British Empire, will dominate the American continent."

Men of small vision have been accustomed to deride the optimism of Sir Charles Tupper, but that great statesman has had the satisfaction of living to see many of his predictions, which were regarded as but idle boastings when they were made, fulfilled. As the present eminent Prime Minister of the Dominion, Right Honourable R. L. Borden, himself a distinguished son of Nova Scotia, well remarked in a message of felicitation to the people of Amherst, "This great Canadian has lived to see more than amply fulfilled every prophecy which in the early days of doubt and hesitation his splendid vision placed before his fellow-countrymen."

Who shall say that the latest prediction made by the grand old man of the Dominion shall not also be fulfilled—that Canada shall dominate the American continent, not in aggression or materialism, but in the arts of peace, in the greatness of its institutions, in the broadness of its culture, and in the lofty moral character of its people?

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CONFEDERATION

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

THE creation of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 must always be considered a wonderful achievement. A bolder undertaking in nation-building had not, under similar conditions, been attempted before. The founders of the new Dominion saw nothing in modern experience to guide them, because their problem was to evolve a workable constitution for a vast undeveloped area containing a few disconnected settlements. It was a task from which the most skilful statesmen in Europe might have shrunk. The obstacles in the way seemed to be unsurmountable. The various groups of Provinces were distant from one another. Direct communication between them was slow and, during some seasons, impossible. They had developed as distinct units and the political and social intimacy of the people was of the slenderest. They had but small commercial interests in common. There were jealousies and a rooted distrust to be reckoned with.

Moreover, the idea of uniting the fragments of British power on this continent lacked the charm of novelty. Federation in some form was, in truth, an old story. It had been propounded before the American Revolution, and after that event had often been urged as the natural method of repairing the loss made by the dismemberment of the Empire in 1783. Schemes worked out in detail had been presented on several occasions. Root-

and-branch reformers like Robert Gourley and William Lyon Mackenzie had advocated it as a remedy for defective administration. Loyalists of the pronounced type of Chief Justice Sewell and Bishop Strachan were equally enamoured of its merits. It found favour with Lord Durham in his famous report. Several of the Legislatures debated its possibilities. Men of the resolute character of Alexander Galt in Canada, and Joseph Howe in Nova Scotia, had tried to rouse public opinion in its behalf. Yet in the eighty years between 1783 and 1863 it had made little apparent progress. The dream of a great self-governing state stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and rivalling in extent, resources and power the empires of the ancient world had failed to rivet itself upon the imagination of the people at large. Nearly all the influential politicians in the various Provinces were those who applied their energies to local measures and the business of the hour, and who abandoned vast projects of government to the enthusiast and the visionary. The statesmen of Great Britain viewed consolidation with indifference because they had come to regard separation as inevitable and were disposed to pave the way for it.

In a situation so depressing the marvel is that the founders of Confederation were able, within a brief period, to bring their plans to accom-

plishment. Their success has been accounted for on various grounds. The chief cause has been set down as political deadlock in Canada. The clash of races and creeds in the ill-sorted union of Upper Canada and Lower Canada, had rendered constitutional rearrangements necessary and the leaders of the two parties had joined together. With some adroitness, several delegates from Canada sought and were given admission to the conference at Charlottetown in September, 1864, where representatives of the three Maritime Provinces were debating a legislative union. The conference adjourned to meet at Quebec later in the year and there the basis of the larger union was agreed upon.

Another influence which hastened Confederation is declared to have been the commercial position of the Provinces. The Reciprocity Treaty with the United States negotiated by Lord Elgin in 1854, had for ten years afforded a convenient market for the surplus products of British America. The Washington politicians made no secret of their intention to abrogate it. The Provinces, therefore were naturally inclined to declare for free exchange amongst themselves. In this new trade, optimists averred, there would be found ample compensation for the foreign market about to be taken away. Yet another factor making for union was the need of defence. The Civil War in the United States was drawing to a close, and an immense army would be free to undertake, if occasion offered, fresh military operations. Already the Fenian element in the Republic were laying plans to gather hostile forces on the New Brunswick and Canada frontiers and to invade British territory. The relations between Great Britain and the United States were strained to the breaking point. What more probable than that the American possessions of the Crown should be the theatre of the next war? This consideration was not absent from the minds of the promoters of union.

That the strife of parties, the demands of commerce and the menace of invasion each played its part in helping to carry Confederation is not to be denied. But we must look deeper than these for the influences that made union certain. The future benefits of Confederation, depicted as they were with persuasive eloquence, were not in themselves susceptible of definite proof. The experiment would certainly involve heavier taxation and might easily fail altogether. The real vitality of the movement lay in the deeply-rooted attachment to British rule which dominated all the Provinces. This sentiment rested partly upon the ties of racial origin, partly upon confidence in British institutions and partly upon a practical grasp of the value of the Imperial connection. The reasoning, so often heard, that the British Provinces would in course of time follow the example of the United States and break away from the Empire, was superficial. It ignored the chief factors which alone enabled a sound conclusion to be reached. The French were then, as they have always been, contented subjects of the Crown. The English settlements were established by the loyalists who had sacrificed every material interest to retain their allegiance and who had declared their preference for monarchy over republicanism. The struggles for responsible government were not for the purpose of ultimate separation from the Empire. Immigration strengthened instead of weakened the essentially British type of civilisation that was in process of formation. The communications between Mother Country and colony were more rapid and frequent than they had been a century earlier. The tendencies, in short, were steadily drawing the component parts of the Empire together, instead of severing them.

The Briton overseas was able to grasp the truth more quickly and with clearer vision than the statesmen at home. He foresaw, dimly perhaps,

but with an instinct that did not err, the days when the outlying states of the Empire, each supreme in its own affairs, would unite in maintaining the Imperial bond for the furtherance of objects which only a World Power could hope to render tangible and enduring. To British statesmen such a conception had not yet come. It was alien to the economic and political theories of the mid-Victorian period. The colonial questions that obtruded themselves upon the Imperial authorities were usually troublesome and often petty. The doctrines of the Manchester school exercised a great authority, and the projects for British American union when laid before successive Ministries, previous to 1866, excited no enthusiasm. The representatives of the Crown in some of the Provinces had been permitted to express views antagonistic to union. The attitude of these officials was a decided embarrassment to the movement, and upon a protest being made to the Imperial Government their conduct was modified. It must in justice be said that from the moment the Imperial authorities understood that the responsible statesmen of both parties in British America favoured union, and when another war seemed imminent, the official attitude became sympathetic and cordial. When the matter was broached in 1858, the colonial secretary had written to Sir Edmund Head, Governor-General of Canada: "The question of the Federation of the Colonies is one in which Canada has no doubt a very deep interest, and in which any representations proceeding from the Legislature of the Province will be received with the greatest attention. But it is necessarily one of Imperial character involving the future government of the other North American Colonies equally bound with Canada by the common tie which unites all the members of that Empire. It is therefore one which it properly belongs to the executive authority of the Empire, and not that of any separate Province, to initiate."

These guarded, and somewhat unsympathetic terms may have accurately expressed the official mind of England in 1858. Events were soon to occur which showed the paramount importance of encouraging the consolidation of British power in North America. At the outbreak of the Civil War in the United States what is familiarly known as the "Trent" affair ruptured the friendly relations between Great Britain and the Republic. The outstanding facts respecting this famous episode have passed into history, and are familiar to all, but the extent to which Canada and the other Provinces were concerned is not so generally known. Captain Wilkes of the United States sloop-of-war *San Jacinto* stopped the British steamer *Trent* on the high seas on November 8th, 1861, and forcibly removed Mason and Slidell, two agents of the Confederate States. England demanded that they be given up, and at once prepared to defend her North American possessions should the issue be war. The Washington authorities had, owing to the slow ocean communications of those days, and to the absence of a cable, some time in which to debate their policy. It was proposed to heal the rapidly-widening breach between the North and South by seizing Canada, evoking a strong national feeling, and bringing on a conflict with Great Britain instead of civil war at home. The idea was no doubt advanced by Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State. Seward had for some time meditated a war with several European Powers as a means of staying off the threatened rebellion. In the sober light of fifty years' experience and reflection it resembles the dream of an insane man. Yet the documents which afterwards came to light fully attest the truth of the story in every particular. For several weeks Canada's fate hung in the balance. Lincoln, who was a statesman, saw that the true course to follow was to restore the two delegates. The danger passed for the time, but the

possibility of war in which Canada would be the prize to be contested for impressed itself clearly upon the British Government. A project for the union of the Provinces assumed a new phase. It became at once the object of Imperial policy, and the despatches to the Colonial Governors reflected the change.

Yet down to the very eve of Union the prospects were dark and uncertain. In Canada the junction of the leaders of both parties in the Coalition Ministry seemed to ensure success. Suddenly in December, 1865, George Brown, the leader of the Reform section in the Cabinet, resigned. The reason assigned was disapproval of the Government's negotiations at Washington for a renewal of reciprocity on the basis of concurrent legislation. The lack of cordiality in the personal relations of Brown and Macdonald was the primary cause. For the moment the stability of the Ministry appeared to be undermined. As Brown promised an unwavering support in favour of the Confederation measure, however, the threatened danger of complete disruption passed away. In the Maritime Provinces a series of misfortunes occurred. Prince Edward Island, by a vote of its Legislature in 1865, declined to join, and re-affirmed this decision in 1866. Venturing upon a general election before the Quebec resolutions were debated in the Legislature, the Tilley Government in New Brunswick was overthrown. This being the first submission of the question to a popular vote the repulse was discouraging. In Nova Scotia the situation was even more embarrassing. Joseph Howe, the idol of his Province, upon whose aid the union forces had confidently relied, began a vehement opposition. The case of Howe will illustrate the dangers that beset Confederation. Howe, if not the first to propose British American union, was in some measure its most potent and eloquent champion. In 1861 he had secured the unanimous endorsement of the

Legislature, and had visited Canada to rouse sentiment in favour of a forward movement. The Canadian public men at that date were not enthusiastic enough to please him. As late as August, 1864, he had declared in an address at Halifax: "I am not one of those who thank God that I am a Nova Scotian merely, for I am a Canadian as well. I have never thought I was a Nova Scotian, but I have looked across the broad continent as the great territory which the Almighty has given us for an inheritance, and studied the mode by which it could be consolidated, the mode by which it could be united, the mode by which it could be made strong and vigorous, while the old flag still floats over the soil." That the man who held this language and who had in a sense launched the project should turn and rend it was unexpected. It is unnecessary to discuss here the reasons for Howe's conduct, but the immediate effect was highly disconcerting. Delegates from Newfoundland had attended the Quebec Conference in 1865, and it was hoped that the colony would join the others. But a strong opposition showed itself in the Island and ultimately overwhelmed the Ministry that had supported union. Nothing, therefore, could be less promising than the condition of affairs at the dawn of 1866.

Events, however, now began to take a more favourable turn. The New Brunswick anti-Confederate Ministry was defeated and a new Government swept the Province on the union policy. This emboldened the Nova Scotian Premier, Dr. Tupper, to secure a vote of the Legislature endorsing the Quebec resolutions with an undertaking that some modification would be embodied in the terms. It was not until December that the delegates from Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick met in London to prepare the bill to be passed by the Imperial Parliament. The result of the Conference was an agreement upon the measure known to history as the Brit-

ish North America Act. This was introduced by Lord Carnarvon in the House of Lords on February 7th, 1867, was passed on March 8th, and received the Royal Assent on the 29th of that month. It provided that the new Dominion should come into existence by proclamation on a day to be appointed not more than six months after the passage of the Act.

Thus quietly, and with a complete absence of pomp and ceremony, occurred one of the most important events in the annals of the British Empire. It marked the foundation of a new power in North America

which was to restore to Great Britain the prestige and authority in the new world so badly shattered by the independence of the United States a century before. It set an example to be followed later by the political consolidations in Australia and South Africa. It proved in a signal manner the adaptability of the British monarchical system to new continents. It gave an impetus to the spirit of Imperial unity which in due course of time spread to the most distant portions of the Empire and likewise profoundly affected the mother country herself.

O CANADA

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

O H not for thee the futile round
Of pomp and greed and pride's increase;
Stand firm for worthier things than these,
Our clear-eyed Land of Peace!

Age after age the nations rise,
Grow drunk with glory, fade and fail,
No nearer life's unvisioned prize,
Their strife of no avail.

Was Rome not empress of the world?
Her god was power; where now abide
The hosts that hailed her flag unfurled
By Tiber's yellow tide?

Vain warfare, recompense as vain;
Who strives for earth to earth is thrust;
For king and serf the same refrain
Is breathed of "Dust to dust."

But thou, for all that helps the race,
For purer customs, kindlier laws,
For light in every darkened place,
Fight strongly, God's the cause.

So, not in blood and tears thy name
Shall blazoned live for times afar,
But in the hearts of men a flame,
And in their souls a star!

TORONTO'S MELTING-POT

BY MARGARET BELL

ABOVE the din and clatter of the congested street the song of the pick-axe rings out clear and persistent. You hear it, as you near the corner. You may pause a moment, to peep into the garish shop-window above which three gilded balls swing back and forth in dizzy regularity. You glance up at the shop-keeper as he comes to the door, rubbing his soft hands and showing two rows of yellowish teeth.

Won't you step inside? You need not buy. There are plenty of things—very beautiful things, which are not displayed in the window. There are brass candlesticks two centuries old. And a ring, which brings good luck to the wearer. A glowing, glaring ring, showing the fire of a sunset in an Oriental sky. The black opal is a very lucky stone. And it costs nothing to look at it.

But you do not trust the cunning shop-keeper who stands in the door, rubbing his hands and showing his yellowish teeth. And, anyhow, there is the persistent sing-sing of the pick-axe as it strikes against a stone.

You walk on toward the corner. The pick-axe represents for you all the seething, sweating centre of the activity of the city's Lower End.

At the corner you pause.

There they are, a whole hundred of them, bare-armed, bare-necked, sturdy, brown fellows, forming a cordon in the middle of the street, between the two rows of tumbledown shacks, which form the business section of the city's melting-pot!

The picks swing up, then down, then up again. Each swing is accompanied by some utterance, an unintelligible muttering or a snatch of song.

And you think of the Italian operas and the greatest singers of them. From such a melting-pot as this have they often come.

They do not pay much attention to you as you walk past. They would like to, you can tell, by the side-glances which are jerked toward you. But the boss is there in the midst of them. And the big clock on the City Hall is calling out the hour of four. There is much to be done before the street will be ready for the steam roller.

You forget the springtime activity of the hundred little shop-keepers all around you. You do not notice the old, blind beggar who sits on the sidewalk soliciting coppers. You do not hear the wailing discords of his concertina. The sing-song of the picks against the stones has drowned it out of all hearing.

A mob of children come screaming from a small side street somewhere. They are dirty little wretches, with hair uncombed and clothes all torn. You wonder why they are not in school.

They seem to be heralding something. In a moment, you see it. A man with a hurdy-gurdy and a dancing bear. One youngster more bold than the rest is throwing banana skins at it, and bits of orange peel and grapefruit, from the gutter.

They pause before a fish shop. The



Drawing by Marion Long

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

A familiar scene in Toronto's "Ward"

man has wonderful spangles on his coat and wears a peculiar shaped hat. With one hand, he turns the handle of the hurdy-gurdy, with the other, waves a vari-coloured baton, which seems to have a rattle in one end.

The big brown bear circles round and round. There are shrieks from the mob of dirty-faced youngsters. Fat shop women come out of their doors, and stand with hands on hips. Big smiles appear on their faces and their eyes dance with enjoyment. It is not every day that dancing bear comes along. Faster and faster goes the music, more dizzy becomes the big dancing brute. The old, blind beggar ceases playing his concertina and asks someone—anyone—what all the fuss is about. In reply, his coat tails are pulled by one of the shrieking young ruffians.

The brown-armed gang of workmen have laid down their picks. The boss does not seem to mind. Everyone presses close to the howling hurdy-gurdy and dancing bear.

You notice someone slip away from the crowd, down an alley and in through a side door. He has a peculiar, slouching gait, and looks covertly from right to left.

By and by, he comes out and disappears down the alley.

The street organ, the much-spangled man and the dancing bear move on down the street.

As you walk slowly away from the crowd, your attention is arrested by the shouting of someone. It is the fat shop woman. She is calling for a policeman. Someone has robbed her till!

But you go your way along the street, and leave the members of the melting-pot to fight their battles for themselves.

An old man stands on a little bit of ground between a shop and the sidewalk, fanning a charcoal fire in a large tin boiler. He has great woolly whiskers and wears a shirt of red flannel. He might be an ancient prophet, casting a spell over his enemies

But he is only a tinker, mending brass and copper kettles.

You speak to him. A cunning look creeps into his eyes, and he regards you from under quizzical eyebrows. He does not trust any respectably dressed person who happens to saunter through that part of town. For he did not receive a licence slip from the City Hall that year.

When you ask him how much he charges for mending a copper kettle, he pretends he is deaf, and you may shout until all the ragamuffins of the street ridicule you into silence.

You are now among the Jewish inhabitants of The Ward.

Half a dozen tawdry women, with scarlet shawls on their heads, appear from a lane somewhere, carrying shrieking chickens under their arms. Not one or two. Each woman carries six or seven birds, out into the street, in full view of all the passers-by.

They are on their way to the Rabbi's. For it is he who must bless the chickens before they can be killed for eating.

Innumerable tumbledown shacks stand in a state of slatternly decay, on both sides of the street. You peep inside one or two. For the doors stand ajar, letting in the dust from the street. And some air too, let us hope. Although one wonders how the air from that part of town can be worth the coveting.

Inside one of the doors, you catch a glimpse of a little girl rocking a sick baby. The room is tiny, but it contains a cook stove, a table, two or three chairs and an equal number of beds. Beds undoubtedly, but from all appearances, piles of filthy rags, thrown in indiscriminate piles on the floor.

You wonder vaguely what will be that little girl's outlook on life, in ten more years.

What should be another living-room is a miniature grocery shop, where one may buy ice cream from dirty cones, or cakes which hang in the window, on a bit of greasy brown paper. The window itself is a poor



Drawing by Marion Long

THE ITALIAN FRUIT VENDOR

affair, with two panes gone. A million flies buzz around the sweet stuffs shown therein. The boards in the floor are cracked, and bits of oozy mud spurt up through them. When the fat proprietor of it all happens to walk across the floor, the mud splashes up and lights on the cakes and bologna displayed on the counter.

There are seven children living in the little room, next to the grocery shop. And every night, a much be-whiskered father comes in from his rounds in the lanes and alleyways.

Just now, he is back in the few square feet of mud, at the rear of the one-roomed home. You see him, as you tear your eyes from the vision of the tawdry, little girl rocking the baby to sleep. There is a side alleyway leading from the street to the few square feet of mud. This alleyway is the receptacle for the thousands of bottles which are gathered on the streets, every day.

Beer bottles, whiskey bottles, medicine bottles of all descriptions have hurtled out of the itinerant collector's sack. The much-whiskered man smiles grimly as he fingers each one. In one barrel, he puts the beer bottles, in another the whiskey bottles, and so on. His systematic arrangement of everything is sickening. One cannot help thinking of the mud which pozes up between the boards of the grocery shop floor, or the tawdry little girl who sits rocking the baby to sleep. And there are two other children out among the rattle of the streets somewhere, gathering bits of coal and wood, to cook the father's supper. And very soon there will be another baby to rock to sleep, in the dirty, little room, with the three beds of rags.

In the few square feet of mud adjoining the shop, a young fellow has just come in, with a load of cast-off clothing. Evidently, he is a hired collector. For the indifferent expression of interest on his face could not belong to a Hebrew proprietor of anything.

A little man runs out of the shop. He has a peculiar stoop to his shoulders, and a smile of avariciousness lurks about the corners of his mouth. You know at once that he is the proprietor.

"Ach, Jakey, vere did you get dis coat?"

The older man unearths a frock coat from the pile. For a moment, he counts on his fingers—gloatingly. And the smile of satisfaction becomes broader and broader.

The indifference leaves Jakey's face. He rubs his hands together contentedly.

"That there? Oh, that—a pretty goil ga'me that. Oh, what a figger! She was the maid. Up North it was, in Rosedale. Everyone else was out. There are a few more things there. I'll get 'em to-morrow."

The elbow of the impatient little man with the stooping shoulders and avaricious smile finds a sudden way to the ribs of the young man, and the smile expands into a boisterous laugh.

"Ha, Jakey, you vere a devil wid de skoits. Vell, it is a good vay for de business. You vill make de great success, if you always make lofe to de maids."

Each article is commented on, each bit of clothing converted into an imaginary pile of tinkling coins.

This is the behind scenes of the rag wagon, which makes its daily rounds through the streets and alleyways.

And perhaps, in some home up in in the North End of the city, some business man about to dress for a funeral, exclaims peevishly to his valet:

"I say, Hawkins, what has become of my frock coat?"

A couple of doors along, a very industrious shopkeeper stands outside his shop, exhorting the passers-by to come and see his stock of saleable stuffs. It is an extraordinary thing, how these industrious shopkeepers care so little about the sale of goods! Their one desire seems to be a bowing courtesy to the passers-by, who may be seeking amusement.



Drawing by Marion Long

GOSSIP IN THE "WARD"



Drawing by Marion Long

A FRESH SUPPLY OF FUEL

Truly, there is a great and varied assortment of goods outside that shop, most of them displayed in a pyramid of Hebrew disorder. And there are plenty of women who pause, to have a look. Women wearing variegated shawls over their heads, and women wearing nothing over their heads. Women carrying babies and women carrying chickens. Fat women and thin women—with the former greatly in the majority. As a matter of fact, all the women in the lower Hebrew district seem at enmity with the sylph of the more select circles.

Chickens seem to be the crest of all the Hebrew shops. On every window appears a paint-besmeared figure, which, according to the motive of the painter, was supposed to represent a half-matured fowl. Both sexes of bird are represented, probably on account of the militancy of things amongst a sex of more civilised extraction.

Grocery shops, with big dishes of melting butter in the windows, meat shops, showing pounds of fly-besmirched beef and huge cakes of tallow, fish shops, with piles of sprawling perch and lake bass—barber shops and saloons—all have the same emblem as a window adornment, a couple of outrageous looking chickens!

A white-coated man, with a brownish face, has paused at a corner. He rings a bell, and calls something half English, half something else. He has a little cart. All the tawdry youngsters appear from their respective hovels, and run out to greet him. They fight and scramble, each intent on being the first to reach the cart.

The brownish-faced man smiles. There is always a good market for his ice cream cones, among the dirty-faced youngsters of the Hebrew district.

There are two races in the Lower



Drawing by Marion Long

DISTANT HILLS LOOK GREEN

End, who keep apart from the grinning Hebrew or slatternly Canadian slum dweller. These are the Negroes and Chinese.

You come suddenly upon the Chinese quarter, as you turn from the garish windows of the pawnshops and pyramids of Southern fruit. Great green signs, with splashes of gold for the lettering, greet you from above the doors. The windows are full of wonderful things from the Orient. With silk mandarin coats, gorgeous in purples and reds and blues. You marvel at the art of the Celestial in the successful blending of colours.

And there are vases with dragons curling around them. And ivory chop

sticks, and curious-looking implements of war. Another window may show weirdly carved furniture and bits of old lace. Anything, everything, which will attract the eye and coax a few coins out of the purse.

Silent, slant-eyed fellows stroll around the streets before their shops, grinning and suggesting in their silent way that you go inside and look around.

The inside is interesting, too. Chinese candies of all sorts and descriptions, Chinese nuts and fruit, as well as Chinese kimonos, which attract the eye of the pretty girl.

Upstairs, there may be gorgeous hangings and rooms fragrant of in-

cense. Yes, and the pretty Canadian girl in a wonderful kimono and jewels. She is luxurious with all the comforts of a twentieth century courtesan. She may have been a Sunday school teacher, at one time, in a church which thought to turn the Celestial from his ancient Buddha. But there is a rule in the great Law Book of Canada that says that Chinese women may not be allowed into Canada under five hundred dollars a head!

The Negroes are quite exclusive as a colony. Their houses seem a little more neglected, their doors a little more securely closed, perhaps, than those of the other races in the melting-pot. They have their night-time-revels, their balls and suppers, their clubs and societies, just the same as their neighbours.

It is almost evening. The odours of garlic and spaghetti come from the kitchens in the Italian district. And lazy-looking workmen lie sprawling on the doorsteps. The gang from down the street come lurching home, with their pickaxes. Urchins are everywhere, under your feet, peering saucily into your face. On the corner a couple of them pause before a large circus poster. There will be a parade the next day, perhaps. That is a great time for the youngsters.

The shops seem busier than ever. Well-dressed girls, newly released from work in the down-town factories, stroll along, commenting on the jewelry which glistens in a window below three swaying balls. Beautiful girls they are, with olive complexions and eyes like glowing, black pearls. They look curiously alien, with their long ear-rings and much-coiffed black hair. Alien to the city in general, but much at home in the district of the garlic and spaghetti. If it were not for the filth all around!

All the carts are returning home. You know it by the sounds which come from the neighbouring streets.

"Ri-ri a banan; r-ri; only ten-a da centa da dozen!"

There is music in those sounds. You love them, because you are cosmopolitan.

And then the hurdy-gurdies. Six or seven of them, crawling lazily along past the rows of shops, past the jabbering workmen who sit loafing on the steps.

One halts before the saloon. It plays the *Miséréré*. Dirty-faced youngsters run shrieking along, and circle around the wailing thing. Then they dance. The music goes faster and faster, the smile on the dark-complexioned girl's face more radiant. She carries a tambourine. Into the saloon she goes, shaking the bizarre contribution box, and showing two rows of very white teeth.

Fascinating? It simmers in fascination. These are the people who live. These are the people who can loll on their door-steps and laugh, while all the world is steeped in parliamentary debates. The girls are pretty, the men alive. *Voilà*, what will you?

To the warm-blooded man of the South, the drawling Italian, with his Chianti and cigarette, is given the talent of getting the most out of this life called the material.

They live there, huddled up in impossible little shacks, they laugh and dance and sing—and sometimes kill—but they are happy. There is a pathos in their contented sordidness, perhaps. A pathos to all who go amongst them, intent only on the theoretical problem of bettering their mode of existence. People who go amongst them, in white gloves and lorgnettes, who look at them through the lenses of condescension and pity. People who preach sanitation, without seeing that the indolent Southerners have the means of bringing that preaching into practical use.

But, in spite of all the preaching and pitiable condescension, the Italian always will remain a contented pleasure-seeker, with more thought for his Chianti and snatch of song than all the sanitation sermons in the universe.



THE ERMINE TRAIN
From the Painting by John Russell

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE NEW BRITAINS AND THE OLD

BY PROFESSOR H. T. F. DUCKWORTH

THE Colonial policy of successive British Ministries during the greater part of the Victorian epoch, which was not so much pursued as allowed to pursue its own way, had as its implied if not avowed end and aim the ultimate separation of the "white" or "English-speaking" colonies from the metropolitan country. This policy* is now supposed to be antiquated, unworthy, and discreditable. It is, however, by no means certain that the statesmen of the days of *laissez faire laissez aller* were not wiser than the politicians who now-a-days have so much to say about "The Empire" and its "problems" and the processes variously described as "welding" or "cementing." The "problem of Empire," which presents itself when the communities generally spoken of as "the self-governing dominions" are under consideration is simply the question of how these dominions are to be retained in a position of subordination to the United Kingdom. From the extensive concessions of autonomy made in the course of the last seventy-five

years to the "colonials" in North America, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand one might fairly infer that "the powers that be" in Westminster had long ago decided that these communities could not be retained in perpetual subordination to the United Kingdom and that, unless open warfare and its evil consequences were to be risked, the wisest course was to recognise and yield to the inherent schismatic tendencies of the New Britains as forces which, even though they might be arrested, could by no means be trammelled up for ever, and would only prove themselves the more dangerous in proportion to the number and size of the obstacles placed in their way.

There is no way, there are no means, of retaining the New Britains in a status of subordination to the old. The impossibility of the enterprise was discerned clearly enough in times when the disparity in respect of wealth and population between the metropolitan and the colonial communities was far greater than it is now.‡ Just because the fact *was* dis-

*"I had always believed," wrote Lord Blachford in 1885, "and the belief has so confirmed and consolidated itself, that I can hardly realise the possibility of anyone seriously thinking the contrary, that the destiny of our Colonies is independence; and that in this point of view the function of the Colonial Office is to secure that our connection, while it lasts, shall be as profitable to both parties, and our separation, when it comes, as amicable as possible." Quoted in H. E. Egerton's "Short History of British Colonial Policy," pp. 367-8. Lord Blachford was Permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office from 1860 to 1871.

‡"It is a great pity," Lord Blachford (then known as Sir F. Rogers) wrote in 1854, "that, give as much as you will, you can't please the Colonists with anything short of absolute independence, so that it is not easy to say how you are to accomplish what we are, I suppose, all looking to, the eventual parting company on good terms."

cerned, the colonies obtained concessions upon concessions, which finally reduced the *imperium* of Great Britain to the mere "shadow of a great name."

The process of concessions began when there were yet in the land of the living men who could remember the first news of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga and Cornwallis's capitulation at Yorktown, and when relations between Britons and Americans were far more unpleasant than they are now. The attempt to maintain *imperium* over the thirteen American colonies had ended in disastrous failure. That was the only end it ever could have had. Britons* being stiff-necked, self-assertive, and irreconcilably opposed to centralising government, there was nothing to be surprised at in the "Great Schism" that rent the British Empire asunder in the eighteenth century.

It was a hard matter to get the thirteen colonies to join together in a federal commonwealth. It had been a hard matter to maintain effective concerted action among them in the face of the common enemy. What wonder, if they had found the *imperium* of the United Kingdom—the *imperium* of which the British Parliament claimed to be the organ—a burden and a yoke, the bearing whereof was incompatible with the exercise of what they deemed their inalienable rights? Whether these rights were theirs and inalienable is a question to which more than one answer is discoverable. But it is not a question of great practical import-

ance, and indeed never was. The fact that really mattered was that the American insurgents believed, and had irrevocably decided, that these rights were such as they proclaimed them to be.

It is true that among the American colonials there were many loyalists. But had the rupture between the colonies and Britain befallen later, there would in all probability have been no loyalists at all and the subsequent history of Canada would have been very different. The men of the new Britains to-day are of the same type or make-up as the Americans of the eighteenth century. It is said that a tour of the British Empire (self-governing dominions included) is the best cure for the British Radical's myopic insularity and parochialism. The experience changes him into an Imperialist, if not even into a Tory. Granting that this is so—though it is far from certain—it proves nothing as to the effects of emigration and permanent settlement in the New Britains upon men and women of British or Irish blood, large numbers of whom in the country of their birth have been accustomed to be told—and perhaps have not actively resented being told—that they are the masses, to whom the classes allow no portion, no inheritance, in the sea-girt realm. These people† make new homes for themselves over sea. There they prosper (not without much toil); there they found and build up new political communities. They have, indeed, memories of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland (as the case may be)

*The part played by American colonists of North-Hibernian origin is not overlooked. But these men were Scots, rather than Irishmen, and Scots may be counted as North Britons.

†The weekly edition of "The Toronto Daily Star," in the issue of January 25, 1913, contains a dialogue between two Englishmen, both supposed to have settled in Canada, but not equally "Canadianised," the one being a newer arrival than the other. One of them (the older resident in Canada) makes the remark that the nobility and gentry had got rid of him and his like in the stream of emigration to the new country. "And now," he goes on to say, in effect, "we have the handling of a bigger and finer country than they have." That the generation of the settlers will bequeath to their children traditional memories of the Old Country is shown clearly enough by the sympathy and assistance bestowed by colonials of Hibernian origin upon the Nationalist cause in Ireland.

which are affectionate and kindly. But these are not the only memories they retain. What aspect, in *their* view, has the Imperial Government? It is the forbidding aspect of the classes, with whom in the old days, though they dwelt within the same boundaries, many of them hardly felt themselves to be fellow-citizens. Even apart from this, even supposing class-animosity eliminated, the Imperial Government is afar off and practically alien. It is impersonate in a minister of the Crown who has, it may be, never travelled abroad farther than Germany or Italy, and who may know and understand the habits and minds of Switzers or Silicians much better than those of his fellow-tribesmen in the over-sea dominions. Even if he has travelled in those dominions he has not lived in them. While he was travelling there he was entertained in the houses of the colonial grandees, and he saw and heard just as much as they would choose to let him see and hear, whether or not they themselves held or believed the same. Why should the affairs of the new country and rapidly-growing nation be subject to any meddling control or supervision exercised by strangers living thousands of miles away? This is coming up out of Egypt, crossing the Red Sea, and still finding oneself under Pharaoh's sceptre! "We are governed enough and to spare, even in this new country, which we have made habitable. It is intolerable that we should have to bear the constraint of government exercised by men who have attained to their places of authority without our having had any voice in the affair, any opportunity of saying yea or nay." So we may imagine the col-

onial mind delivering itself, and however strongly it may savour to some of disaffection or disloyalty, no one can but allow that it is natural and inevitable. So the colonial mind is apt to deliver itself on occasion, even now, when displeased with some Privy Council judgment or roused to suspicion of the existence of a "centralising" scheme behind proposals for Imperial Federation.*

But would not the federation of the Old with the New Britains remove neo-Britannic prejudice against a re-Neo-Britannic prejudice against a re-concentration? In a federal union, would not the Imperial Government be truly Imperial?† It would not be an alien organisation to the New Britains. In it they would participate by representation. Its acts would be their acts, its policy, their policy. No doubt of all this if certain conditions could be fulfilled. But they cannot be all fulfilled at the present time, and it is very questionable whether they ever can be.

At present, the self-governing Dominions enjoy a fuller measure of independence than they would in federal union with Great Britain. A federation of the Britains would institute a common, federal, foreign policy, naval and military service, mail-service, and fiscal system, in place of the existing administrations. At present, the Dominions have no voice in foreign policy. But for that very reason it is allowed that they can severally make their own arrangements for defence or make none at all, or leave the whole matter to the metropolitan state.§ In the case of the metropolitan state becoming involved in hostilities, it is within the rights of the Dominions to stand aloof from the conflict,

*See, for instance, Mr. J. S. Ewart's observations upon "Imperial Federation" in his book entitled "The Kingdom of Canada," (1908).

†"Pan-Britannic" would be a better name. The phrase "Imperial Federation" involves a contradiction. If there is imperium exercised by one of the members over the rest, it is not a federation. If it is a federation, the constituents are co-equal.

§Canadians and Australians and New Zealanders took part with Great Britain in the South African war, but only as volunteers. They did not come in answer to any summons from the British authorities.

if they are so minded. They are not obliged to take part in it, unless they find themselves assailed by Britain's enemy. In the annual votes for the maintenance of the Royal Navy and Army colonials have no say. But not a farthing of the money expended upon those forces is paid by them. If they wish to contribute, they may contribute. If they do not wish to do so, no constraint is put upon them unless it is put on by their own governments. Again, while the political relations of the British Crown to foreign powers are administered by an official with whose appointment no dominion has anything to do, the dominions are at liberty to make their several commercial treaties with foreign nations, as for instance, the Canadian commercial treaties with France. These treaties are made with the cognizance, but with the cognizance only, of the ambassadors and envoys of the King, who are appointed by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. To all intents and purposes, the Dominions negotiate on a footing of independence, as nations with nations. This liberty they would have to abandon, when they entered a federal Union. Once more: each Dominion has its own fiscal system, adjusted to its own needs (or those of the most influential class among its citizens) and designed for its own profit.

New South Wales, on becoming federated with the other Australian colonies, had to abandon its own policy of free imports. The Australian commonwealth, on entering a larger federation, would have to modify its existing tariff-schedules. The like concessions would be exacted of each and all of the other federating communities. The institution of a federal mail-service would probably be a matter of less difficulty, the way for it being already to some extent open. Nevertheless, here again there would be various liberties to be surrendered or curtailed.

From the fact that the British North American colonies have form-

ed one federal union (which still has to include Newfoundland), and the Australian colonies another, it is quite unsafe to infer that Canadians and Australians are ready and desirous to enter a larger federation. In each case, federation has been carried out to meet the needs and purposes of the participants, and just so far as those needs and purposes were felt to require it. But it cannot be said that the Canadian people, as a whole, feel any need, or have any purpose in view which could only be met, or could best be met, by entering into a federal union with Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand.

What would the Dominion of Canada stand to gain by such a move? What would any of the other possible federants stand to gain? As the representation of the several constituents of the federal union would be proportionate to population, that of the Old Country, whose population is three times as large as that of all the new ones taken together, would be greatly preponderant, so much so, indeed, that on any given occasion the Old Country members of the federal legislature would be able to outvote all the rest. It is doubtful whether the Old Country folk would agree to numerical equality of representation in a federal second chamber.

In the course of time, no doubt, this difficulty between the Old and the New Britains will vanish. But in that course of time the several Britains will all have become more and more used to their several liberties, and more and more loth to part from any, even the least measure of them. Each of the communities included in the designation of "Greater Britain" regards itself as a nation—i.e., a sovereign body-politic—in the making, if not already made, *in posse* of not *in actu*. Now federal union would arrest the "nation-making process," of which colonials not seldom make their boast, and with justice do exult over. Communities which have attained the

status and stature of *nationality* are too big to enter a federation. The true *raison d'être* of a federal union is the avoidance of friction and annoyances perceived to be incidental to a closer union, and there is no federal union in existence which may not, with changing conditions, become a commonwealth of the unitary kind. It should be remembered that Sir John Macdonald regarded the federation of the British North American colonies only as a *pis aller*—he would have preferred the formation of a unitary state.*

Yet again there is a serious impediment to what is called Imperial Federation, i.e., the federation of the Britains (Great and Greater)—in the fact that one of the States to be federated is already an imperial state. Would Great Britain have to surrender or share her *imperium* over India and the Crown colonies and the Protectorates? It is much to be doubted whether the prospect would commend itself to public opinion in that country. Would the interests of these dependencies be better served, when the Indian Office and the Colonial Office had become departments of a Pan-Britannic Federation? The position in which Great Britain stands towards India and the other dependencies is not that of the Roman Republic towards its subjects, viz: a receiver of tribute. By retaining sovereign control over their affairs, the people and Parliament of Great Britain are not selfishly thrusting their kinsfolk in Greater Britain away from a bounteous feast of good things. In respect of Imperial affairs, natives of Greater Britain are not unfavourably placed. There are colonials, as they used to be called, without exciting protest, though another designation is required now, in the Imperial Parliament, in the Navy, the Army, and other Imperial services.

The apostles of Imperial Federa-

tion demand, in effect, that the metropolitan nation, having abandoned all control over the internal (and even some of the external) affairs of the colonial ones, shall share with them the imperial authority and control it still retains over the Dependencies. The colonial nations, it is true, must purchase this increase of dignity at a price, the price being curtailment under federation of present liberties and exemptions. On the other hand, federation will exact from the people of Great Britain surrender of status and prestige, over and above surrender of liberties, while the liabilities will remain the same.

Imperial Federation would be unjust to all the parties concerned, if it became an accomplished fact. Not one of them stands to gain anything by it, except at the expense of the rest, and all stand to lose, the metropolitan nation most of all. However, it is not to be expected that the colonial nations (for nations they are rapidly becoming, if they are not such already) will remain indefinitely in their present somewhat indefinite status. In theory they are subordinate communities—e.g., the British Parliament possesses a right of veto over Canadian legislation. But it is only a theory. The Acts of the Imperial Parliament, conceding measure upon measure of autonomy to the colonies, have been so many amputations of imperial authority. The one thing that reconciles the Neo-Britons to allegiance is that allegiance is understood to be claimed for the British Crown, not by the British Parliament, and "the King" is not supposed to be "he that can do anything against you."

In a Canadian publication of no small interest and importance the end and aim of Canadian policy with regard to the metropolitan state is said to be equality and equipollence, not subservience and inferiority.‡ This,

*L. S. Amery, "The Case Against Home Rule," pp. 77-78.

‡J. S. Ewart, "The Kingdom of Canada," p. 30.

it may be supposed, is also the end and aim held in view by the statesmen of South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. Equality and equipollence may be attained, and it is the present writer's belief that the status so designated will be attained, by the communities formerly spoken of as "Colonies," but now as "Dominions." But is it attainable within the Empire? The Dominions may take rank as kingdoms of equal standing with Great Britain under the same Crown, as England and Scotland stood from 1603 to 1707, or they may do so as commonwealths entirely separate from the Crown as the American colonies did in 1776. But equality in the separate allegiance to one and the same Crown will be no more than a transitional state. The outcome will either be legislative union (as in the case of England and Scotland or Norway and Sweden). The equalising of the Dominions with Great Britain as kingdoms independently in allegiance to one and the same Sovereign would really have the effect of placing these countries outside the Empire, if indeed they are not already outside it. "In form and appearance," we are told, "Canada is a part of the British Empire." In reality, she is not. *The same thing is to be said of the other self-governing Dominions or sister nations. In the status of distinct kingdoms, however, there would no longer remain even the semblance of their being in, or parts of, the British Empire. They would be alongside the Empire, as equal and independent allies of the Imperial State, Great Britain. The real extent and content of the Empire (which means India, the Crown colonies, and the Protectorates) would then emerge clearly into view.

But how long would the sister nations continue in allegiance to a sovereign unable to leave Great Britain without consent of the British Parliament, and how long could equipoise

be maintained in a group of nations, one of which was an imperial power, while the others were not? Sooner or later—more likely sooner than later—the Quintuple Alliance would break up over some *lapis offensivis*. Or there might be so strong a growth of republican sentiment in the younger communities as would render them incapable of enduring the sovereignty even of a king who reigns but does not govern. Republican in tone and sentiment they are already. If in the Old Country, where class-distinctions and accompanying privileges have been "the order of the day" for so many centuries, democratic views have become so influential that the differences between political parties and programmes are no more than differences between so many democratic theories and policies, can it be wondered at for a moment that in the colonial communities, where landed aristocracies have never established themselves, democratic republicanism, in one version or another, should reign exalted above all thrones and principalities? There are notables and magnates in these countries, but no nobility, no great families. There are titled persons, but no lords. Colonials who have become lords find it advisable to settle in England, where the environment is still favourable to lordship, though much less favourable than it used to be. The social structure of the New Britains is markedly different from that of the Old. The difference, no doubt, is by way of disappearing, but the way is a long one. Here we find another obstacle in the path to Imperial Federation, and it crops up again across the prospect of permanent association of the Old and the New Countries in separate allegiance to the same Crown. The abolition of the monarchy would not improve the situation either for Pan-Britannic federation or Pan-Britannic association. Why should a group of British republics fetter

*J. S. Ewart, op. cit. p. 64.

themselves and one another in a *Bundesstaat* or even a *Staatenbund* any more than the United Kingdom and the Dominions should do so? Besides, Great Britain, even without the monarchy, would still be an imperial state—unless, of course, the abolition of monarchy came about as the consummation of a civil war, in which the whole Empire (real and nominal) would go to pieces. But supposing the monarchy abolished in a bloodless revolution, there would be nothing in that to prevent Great Britain from still exercising *imperium* over a number of dependencies. Republics may be imperial states. Rome is an instance in the ancient; France, in the modern world. The autonomous New Britains would certainly assume and assert complete independence in absolute separation, as soon as the last King of England had abdicated the Crown, but India and the other dependencies might still remain in their present subordinate status.

In the position of independent, sovereign commonwealths, Canada and the other autonomous Dominions would not be any less friendly in the future than they are now. They would still be open to emigrants from Britain. Such trade-preferences as have so far been conceded by them would probably disappear. But this might happen even now, while the Imperial tie still holds. Furthermore, it is not likely that the New Britains, with the warning example of the United States full in view, will engage in a policy of high protection. Already, and without any reference to the Empire or Pan-Britannic federation, large reductions of import duties are loudly called for in the Prairie Provinces of Canada. The demand would be just as insistent, were Canada a fully-matured sovereign state.

It is at least worth while considering whether the inevitable attainment of national stature and its inseparable consequences, national status, by the New Britains, would be inconveni-

ently anticipated by an Act of the Parliament of the Old Britains, declaring the complete independence of the new communities and withdrawing from them the last remnants and vestiges of the jurisdiction of the British Crown. National sovereignty is the ambition of the communities of Greater Britain—the full control by each, and for each, independently and exclusively, of all its affairs, foreign as well as domestic. This ambition cannot be attained within the limits of a federation, and there is nothing to be gained in federation which would be worth the curtailment of liberties already enjoyed. The example of the States in the American Union does not supply the basis for an analogy, nor does that of the Canadian provinces, nor that of the states of Australia. The Five Nations have not the homogeneity of the forty-eight American States, or of the constituents of the Canadian and Australian federations. The States of the American Union call themselves sovereign States. But they are not nations. Texas, in respect of political standing, is inferior to Belgium or Montenegro. Indiana must yield precedence to Denmark. The American States, the Canadian Provinces, the States of Australia. These groups whose members make up respectively the American, Canadian, and Australian nations, ought to be regarded rather as administrative areas, the assembling whereof in federal unions no more furnishes a precedent for Pan-Britannic federation than is supplied by diocesan or parochial amalgamations, or by the consolidation (which at the longest continued for no more than 120 years) of the twelve tribes of Israel under Saul, David, and Solomon.

It may be objected that such an Act of the Imperial Parliament as above has been suggested would be offensive to the New Britains, and that an awkward situation might be created, if they refused severance from the Mother Country. What would hap-

pen, then, if they were declared to be so many kingdoms, each of sovereignty and self-sufficiency equal to that of Great Britain, equal and independent allies of Great Britain, acknowledging the same person as sovereign lord, but in every other respect uncontrolled and unrestrained? It was the desire of Sir John Macdonald that the federated Provinces of British North America should be denoted by the title of "The Kingdom of Canada." Sir John very probably sought to

make of all British North America one vast Nova Scotia, and to gain a gigantic compensation for the Union of 1707. Would Canada refuse the status of an equipollent kingdom? Would Australia, would South Africa, would New Zealand? It is improbable. But this (as we have seen already) would be no more than a temporary arrangement. The certain issue and end is the emergence of these Dominions as absolutely separate nation-states.*

*The assumption (which is not groundless) of the schismatic or centrifugal tendencies of the New Britains may be supposed to be completely refuted by the recent action of Australia and New Zealand in regard to Imperial (Pan-Britannic) Defence, and the proposal recently before the Canadian Parliament to expend \$35,000,000 on the construction of battleships. But nothing has been undertaken, still less has anything been done, that could be pointed to as the beginning of the formation of a Pan-Britannic Naval Service comparable, in respect of ways and means used for its organisation and maintenance, with that of the United States, Australia and New Zealand propose to take part in "Imperial" Defence as allies of Great Britain, not as contributors to the maintenance of a navy directed from Whitehall. What does Canada intend to do? The contribution proposed by Mr. Borden is very far from having attained the grace of unanimous approval in the Dominion. Note the implications of Mr. Bourassa's address to the Empire Club of Toronto on March 6, and Mr. E. C. Drury's letter in *The Globe* of March 8th, 1913.



LIVING WITH GOD'S AFFLICTED

BY E. J. PHILLIPS

BEFORE the nineteenth century the public treatment of the mentally afflicted was in the majority of cases cruel and inhuman. Violent persons were closely confined and manacled, and only those suffering from mental deficiency were allowed to go uncared for, persecuted by many and by some regarded with superstitious awe as being touched of the Almighty. Hence the origin of the term "God's Afflicted." This refers to Europe. In the Orient, on the other hand, what is now our modern treatment seems to have had a much earlier origin, there being in Japan traces of certain forms of community treatment which were practised for many centuries. The year 1790 is given as the date when a certain Parisian doctor, pioneer among European alienists, first removed the manacles from a confined lunatic. The utmost provision in those days was for detention, and well might Dante's line, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," have been inscribed over the door of the mad house, as it was aptly termed. This period in the history of the treatment of insanity has given to the world much of its inheritance of the horror which seemingly clings so persistently to it.

During the nineteenth century the mad house gave place to the lunatic asylum, and a sense of responsibility was developed in the public mind. In recent years there has come such a dawn of knowledge regarding the treatment of mental derangement that over the portals of every hospital for

the insane might fairly be emblazoned in letters of gold the magic words, "High Hopes for All."

From persecution to detention, from detention to intelligent care, and now positive curative treatment, such is the history of modern progress in institutions for the insane.

While in recent conversation with an asylum medical superintendent, we sat looking out of his office window across a stretch of green sward and over a wall into the street. One could see the busy city throng hurrying by and dimly hear the clang of trolley car gongs.

"Between our work and out there," said the doctor, nodding toward the street, "there is a tremendous gulf fixed."

"Why?" inquired the writer.

"That would make a long story," he replied, with a smile, "but the people who do know us in here, and have experienced the results of our work, are the most anxious never to know us out there in the street. The people who have no occasion to come in touch with the work, imagine a great deal, but never seem to have any desire to investigate."

The morbid interest of the merely curious was, of course, not to be desired, continued the doctor, but intelligent appreciation of what was being accomplished in a curative way would, he had no doubt, alter materially the fixed opinion of asylums possessed by the great majority of the public.

In the average hospital for the in-

sane, taking those under the control of the Ontario Government, for example, there are three or four medical officers, a staff of nurses and male attendants, and a certain number of persons whose duty it is to provide for the temporal and physical needs of the inmates. Every employee of the institution contributes his or her share to the well-being of seven or eight hundred patients, but it may be easily understood that the principal burden, in a curative sense, falls heavily on the shoulders of the medical staff.

Every case must receive individual study and attention, there can be no such thing as generalised treatment, outside the plan of provision for physical needs and the code of kindly discipline that forms such an important feature of the work. Beyond these uniform means the doctor must go alone into the battle, his ability to overcome difficulties beyond this point depending on his knowledge and control of each individual case.

Truly the labour of living with "God's afflicted," if good might be accomplished, is no easy task.

In order to make this modern idea of treatment effective, the Ontario Government has had to constantly alter and enlarge upon its methods and plans in reference to this important public responsibility. Within the past few weeks the outline of prospective advancement to be made in the new Hospital for the Insane at Whitby has been made public. It reveals to a striking extent the progress being made in the work.

The property at Whitby comprises in all about 640 acres. The arrangement of buildings outlined on the plan may best be described as a hospital village, where the features that suggest detention will be eliminated so far as that is practicable. The main grouping of buildings is placed on a wide gentle slope, having the advantage of a southeastern exposure. From this site are extensive open views across Lake Ontario to the

south, and Whitby harbour to the east. The town of Whitby lies to the north, and to the west is a prosperous farming country. Great natural beauty, existing trees, orchards and roads, convenient railway and water facilities, all emphasize the suitability of the property for hospital purposes. Gardens will be laid out around the cottages, providing healthful outdoor employment for patients, with desirable mental occupation.

The buildings will be grouped into three centres, the hospital centre, and male and female cottage centres. There will be extensive admission and observation hospitals, convalescent and private cottages, and two buildings where acute cases may be segregated. In all of these buildings the patients will be considered as mentally sick with every possibility for cure that any hospital might offer.

The cottage centres will accommodate all patients who do not require or who have ceased to require, for the time at least, special medical treatment, the more easily managed patients, those who are able to work, and all who would benefit by the suggestion of normal home life. This grouping affords better facilities for making the daily life of a majority of the inmates more like that of a sane community.

As yet the work on this greater institution is only in prospect. Some of the foundation work has been done and the construction of buildings will go on rapidly during the summer. Of Ontario institutions at present in existence, the most modern are situated at Brockville and Mimico. The advantage of the beauties of nature to those requiring mental rest are more fully exemplified in these institutions than in any others in the Province. Amidst their surroundings in these institutions many find mental peace and relaxation who would never recover in the close confines of modern civic centres.

So far has the asylum for insane progressed along hospital lines that

the average of temporary or complete relief is over seventy-five per cent. of the number who obtain admission. The doors of the institution close permanently on only one in four. Thus it is that many patients who have received temporary benefit and have been restored to their friends, do not hesitate to return to the asylum of their own accord on a recurrence of the malady, well knowing that there can be no better or more pleasant place for them and that the doctor's desire will be, not to detain them, but to adopt every means to send them forth at the earliest possible moment, once more able to face the worries and cares of life with equanimity.

Epictetus says that when Thales was asked what is most universal, he answered, "Hope," for hope stays with those who have nothing else.

The universality of hope has been greatly broadened by the asylum physician, and one may well inquire what method has accomplished this remarkable change.

Beginning at the beginning, so to speak, the first question was, "What happens when a person is committed to a hospital for the insane?"

"What happens to you when you are sick, and call in a doctor?" counter-questioned the asylum superintendent.

"He usually puts me to bed, much against my will," I replied with rueful recollection.

"The same here," was the laconic answer.

All new patients were considered as in an acute condition of illness, continued the doctor, and there was an invariable close relationship between physical and mental trouble. The commitment of a person to an asylum merely served to bring their malady under convenient expert observation. The real ground work for a curative action lay in the principle that there was no definite line to be drawn between sanity and insanity, and that, like temperature, it was largely a question of degrees.

A majority of the so-called insane might, under casual examination, appear mentally normal on every subject but perhaps one. In reality this notable lapse was visible indication of very complete physical and mental break down.

Taking a physical comparison, one was asked to consider for a moment the nerve absorbing functions of an ordinary toothache. Remove or quiet the offending molar, and *presto*, the whole world looked different. Thus a definite hallucination might indicate as many contributory causes as a definite pain, but the quieting influence of a different mental outlook along with physical improvement, might cure many acute cases of so-called insanity. It was by considering all of us as possible patients, even as the dentist might, that the asylum doctor arrived at a point where he could bid those committed to his care some prospect of cure. Thus the alienist looked forward to the dawn of the day when the public would learn that mental illness at the outset should be treated in the same manner as the physical illness.

It may be said here in passing that present methods of commitment are somewhat out of date and open to much improvement. It should not be necessary to brand a person as "lunatic" or formally "certified insane," in order that he may reap the benefits of the treatment and care by those who have been trained in the methods of curative science that may probably send the patient, after a short period, back into the world again. The stigma of insanity that should never exist bears hardest on the person who has had the good fortune to recover.

Patients are placed in the "admission hospital" department of the institution on entering and here the closest attention is given by the medical staff. From three months to two years of regular hospital treatment works wonders in the majority of cases.

"When they come to us," said the doctor, they are usually under weight, with nerves all gone, physically out of order, and suffering from stomach and bowel trouble. That's why everybody goes to bed."

"Are many of your patients violent?" inquired the writer.

"Some of them are," was the reply, "but violence is due to over absorption of toxins or, in other words, toxic poisoning, and the physical cleansing and rest cure proves, in many instances, to be the principal needs.

Then one was told of individual cases by way of illustration. "The big six-footer of a man, a giant in health, but a danger to himself in the condition to which he had fallen." A year or two back this man had come to Canada with a little money and brave hopes. The expected easily-made fortune did not arrive; and, proud but daily poorer, he starved and worried and ran down physically until the day when all the world seemed to have turned away from him, and he began to harbour queer fancies and unhealthy delusions. Then it was a short cut to the asylum door. The man was not insane. He was sick, and although in this case, as in many others, the patient's confidence in himself had to be restored, the rebuilding of the physical man was equally necessary.

Then there was the case of the delicate little woman, wife of a labourer, with a family of seven children, the last one only two months old. Her history, through many years, had been one of hard work, constant child-bearing, insufficient nourishment, and no one to understand. She came to the asylum in a speechless condition of utter weakness and mental inertia. Her husband explained that he thought something was queer when she got out of bed at night to white-wash the wood-shed.

"Just a case of utterly worn-out muscles and nerves," said the doctor, "but the neighbours will say she has gone crazy."

Back in the country on a farm, nine miles from the nearest railway station, there lived a woman, thirty years of age, who kept house for her two brothers. She had been born and brought up on that farm, and the only variation in the daily monotony of life was the trip to church on Sunday, three miles around the concession square. One day she attempted to cut her throat, and was brought to the asylum by two very much worried brothers, who had no idea where they would get another housekeeper. On her way to the asylum she had her first ride on a railway train.

All of which brings one to what seems to be the great need in Ontario, in the treatment of the mentally sick. Over in Glasgow, that great city of municipal well-being, they have a special officer to investigate cases of mental derangement. A report is made by relatives, or the family physician, and the patient examined by the special officer, who as a matter of course is an expert alienist. If the symptoms are unquestionable, as in cases of violent insanity, protracted dementia, or positive idiocy, the patient is at once declared insane and permanently placed in suitable quarters. If there is hope of cure, and statistics show that there is, in a majority of cases, the patient is sent to an observation admission hospital, a separate institution from the regular asylum. No odium of madness attaches to this hospital and the inmates are considered as sick people, with every hope of cure.

So far the Ontario Government has not seen fit to appoint any special officer, but it may be stated that the plan for a separate admission hospital for curable cases is already under way and suitable temporary quarters in Toronto are being sought for at the present time.

As a sample of the injustice wrought by indiscriminate commitment for insanity, the superintendent cited cases of many young women in domestic service who had suffered

from hysterical nervous collapse. After a few months of treatment they were fully able to return to their regular employment, but it was practically impossible to get them positions. One mention of the word asylum was sufficient to close every avenue of egress to useful service. For such as these the separate hospital institution would prove a priceless boon.

Meanwhile the general hospitalisation of existing institutions is increasing the work of the medical staffs, both as regards executive detail and added responsibility. The one time all powerful keeper is giving place to the trained nurse, and the three-years probation course in a hospital for the insane is even more thorough and exacting than that of many general hospitals. The chart system is more intricate and calls for closer study of the patient on the part of both doctor and nurse. Not alone in the admission hospital but in every part of the institution, the endeavour is being made to give the patient the benefit of constant trained observation and care.

The element of hope is not entirely eliminated when the patient passes from the admission hospital into permanent asylum residence, and although permanent patients are at present somewhat loosely classified, there is much good to be accomplished through careful nursing and scientific dietetics. Thus the added importance of the work of the nursing staff.

By loose classification one does not wish to imply any neglect. The means of accommodation in the average asylum necessitate the placing together of many patients who might be better for closer classification. The medical superintendents number this among their present difficulties hoping for improvement as the needs of the work become better understood.

Mental derangement may be divided into about seven distinctive classes. This does not include idiocy and imbecility, which are congenital conditions, quite hopeless, and confined in

separate institutions. It also leaves out the sufferer from paresis, a final form of incurable blood disease.

First, there are the seniles, those who by reason of old age or weakness, have passed into second childhood. These people are harmless but invariably become a permanent charge on the Government, although in many cases they might better be cared for in their own homes. The extensive cottage system in rural surroundings tends to bring about as much of a home influence as possible in a Government institution.

Second, there is the epileptic class, patients subject to convulsions and fits. There is only a small hope for cure in such cases, but much need for expert medical attention. This condition, even when partly cured, leaves an inheritance of mental weakness.

The cases due to error in evolution form a third class. These patients usually reach the asylum after a breakdown of the nervous system, resulting collapse or some overt act. Their malady is termed adolescent insanity, and in this class there is a large percentage who derive permanent benefit from hospital treatment. The case of Harry K. Thaw may be given as a widely-known example of this form of insanity. One of the most numerous classes of patients come under a fourth heading, the toxic class. By reason of physical run-down and exhaustion there is a corresponding weakened mentality. The average of cure in this class is very large. Somewhat similar to these are the alcoholics, men or women addicted to the excessive use of liquor or drugs. This is a partly responsible condition, and in the main curable.

The sixth class are those in what is termed a condition of exaggerated mentality, either profound exaltation or depression. These unfortunates live in a world of their own making, a creation of dreams and visions or else profound melancholy. When it is said that great genius is akin to

madness it is to this class of the insane that the latter portion of the remark would apply.

Lastly, there are the neurasthenic and hysterical patients, a class better known to the general public for the simple reason that they have already been removed, to a great extent, from the mentally deranged, and their malady is the subject of daily treatment by the general practitioner.

Thus it will be seen that in the majority of cases that find their way to the hospitals for the insane there is some initial hope for betterment.

The permanent resident patients should be divided into three separate institutions for their own good. The smallest number are those who may be termed restless and at periods disturbed, a class given to freakish impulse. For instance, the man who stood in the superintendent's office one day, quiet and apparently sane. In the most deliberate fashion he walked to an over mantel, picked up a marble clock, and threw it out of the open window. Such people, for the safety of themselves and others, must be kept separate. A highly specialised hospital is required for the feeble, decrepit and physically incurable class. For these the work is entirely of a hospital nature. The third class, and in every way the most numerous permanent patients, are those whose chief need is care. They may have come from the admission hospital partly cured, much better in every way than when they entered, but a condition of irresponsibility remains, and lacking means or friends to care for them, their only home is in the asylum. They usually have good health, enjoy a good deal of privilege and freedom, and are frequently paroled. When one meets a dozen or more asylum patients enjoying the sights at the Industrial Exhibition or reads of concerts and dances at the institution, it is from among these that the participating patients are chosen. By constant addition this class grows larger from year to year.

Speaking of social events reminds one of a good joke at the expense of a certain young doctor. It also shows how little common sense some people have, who enjoy the liberty of alleged sanity.

A dance and card party was in progress at the asylum, and the young doctor, seated at a table, was playing euchre with three patients. A loud-voiced pompous woman, whose social position had brought her an invitation to the event, was marching about surveying the happy gathering through her lorgnette in much the same manner one might look over the animals at a circus.

"That young man over there," she exclaimed, pointing an accusing finger at the doctor, "doesn't look a bit crazy."

It is to be hoped the lesson was not lost upon her when it was explained that the gentleman in question was one of the medical staff.

Difficulties that would soon place the most of us on a mental level with the patients, perplexities that arise in any hour of the twenty-four, and need for constant diplomacy and vigilance. Such is the "All in a day's work" to the asylum doctor or nurse. The results of a month's careful treatment may be entirely discounted in an hour by a well-meaning but inconsiderate relative of the patient. The most impossible stories may be told to outsiders by inmates, and sometimes it is hard for the superintendent to convince the relatives that not even a colour of truth exists in the yarn. Many patients are ready letter writers, a harmless pastime for them so long as the letters get no further than the official censor. One night a well-known lady vocalist sang at an asylum concert. A few days later she received a formal offer of marriage and the sharing of a vast fortune. This was a case where a patient's letter "got by" the superintendent's desk by mistake.

Above all things the doctor must know no weariness or impatience in

dealing with his numerous charges. Harmless whims must be gratified, and it is no small mental task to keep track of the little things that will please seven hundred people. For instance he comes to his office desk in the morning and finds a most elaborately dressed doll with a paper attached. Opening the paper he finds the name of the doll as follows:—"Hazel, Margareta, Ellen, Fanny, Maud, Helena, Annie, May, Agnes, and the doctor's name added. A poor old harmless woman has spent some weeks preparing this surprise for the doctor who is so kind to her.

With a hundred important duties ahead of him he must hunt up the old lady at once and thank her. It is not a part of his duty, but he will do it and a dozen other equally preposterous things from the outsider's viewpoint, all to make it a little brighter for those who sit in darkness.

Darkness, indeed, for surely there can be no such evil befall one as the going out of mental light. It might readily be thought that nothing but sadness and the shadow of great tragedy could abide in such a place, and yet there is the genuine, brighter side to the work, and the doctor and nurse have their reward. One lowering stormy night in early fall a girl was brought in on a stretcher, too weak to stand. She had suffered from continual hysterics for three weeks, crying night and day and eating nothing, until the cry had become a ceaseless moan of despair, and the form had shrunk to terrible emaciation.

Forcible feeding had to be resorted to for a time until a certain measure of strength had returned to the system. Then came the uphill task, two-thirds of which was psychic, the task of making a weak woman who had lost all confidence, believe in herself and the rest of humanity. Six months later a plump, rosy-cheeked girl, with the glorious light of health and sanity in her countenance, came to bid the doctor good-bye and get her discharge

fully cured. As she stood with tears of gratitude coursing down her cheeks, trying to express her feelings, could one say there was no reward in the work?

Here is an extract from a letter written by an old mother in Scotland, whose grown-up son is one of "God's Afflicted," and under treatment in Canada. It is addressed to the asylum doctor:

"Dear Sir:

"My son has often spoken in his letters to me of your great kindness and goodness to him, a stranger in a strange land and afflicted. I know what his feelings to you are, and I feel that I would like, as his mother, to convey to you my heartfelt thanks for all your kindness to him in making his life a happier one than it would have been otherwise. I am sure that he will never forget what you have done for him."

Bright flashes of humour on the part of patients are of occasional occurrence. An alcoholic was placed in a hot bath over night for the good of his nerves, in charge of an attendant, a very beneficial form of treatment, by the way.

Next morning the doctor visited him.

"How are you feeling now?" was the question.

"Fine," replied the patient, "as fit as a fiddle; but say, Doc," he continued seriously, "I'm going to write K. C.B. after my name from now on."

"K.C.B.," replied the doctor.

"Yes, Knight Commander of the Bath, don't you know."

Another unfortunate suffered from the rather common delusion that he was the devil. He also conceived a violent dislike for one of the male nurses, whose name we will say is Jones.

"How is it you do not like Jones," inquired the superintendent.

"Did I never explain that to you, doctor?" replied the patient. "You see, Jones and I were at one time in partnership, ran hell together in fact, but honest, Doc, I found he was roasting the boys altogether too hard, and I had to let him go."

On the other hand, it is no uncommon thing for nurses and patients to become very much attached to one another. One hears of under-paid attendants, but never a word of the men and women who are in the work year after year, for little pay it is true, but more for a genuine regard for it. They look after their charges with a care that is above and beyond the realm of irksome duty, and for the very love of it, would not obtain any other employment. This idea is carried out between certain patients, one being placed in ostensible charge of another. The sense of responsibility developed is often of great benefit.

Frequently the question is asked, "Is insanity on the increase?" The writer made it a final query.

"Nobody really knows," replied the doctor, who may be cited as an authority, "there are at present more cases of insanity in Canada than formerly, because a great many failures in other countries are being sent here. They get past the immigration officers, and hope in some way that the new country and change of environment will benefit them. It seldom proves the case.

"Then again," continued the doctor, "mental weakness is more quickly recognised by charity organisations and those in charge of other public institutions. The half crazy tramp was once a common sight throughout the country. Certain tragic events in which this class figured have caused increasing vigilance on the part of police officers. Under arrest for vagrancy, the former free rover is sent to us to be cared for. There is not so much increase in insanity, as there is a wider recognition of those who should not be at large.

Thus has developed the work of caring for "God's Afflicted," and to this the lives of many able men and women are conscientiously devoted. For an instant let us turn back the page of time and get some idea of the prevailing impression of insanity

from various authors. In Gray's Prospect of Eton College this phrase occurs: "And moody madness laughing wild amid severest woe." Another old writer speaks of the insane as "Rending the air with mad cries."

In Asmodius, written three hundred years ago, the madmen are described at midnight as "tearing their throats with shouts and shrill cries."

In comparison the writer walked through the wards of an Ontario hospital for the insane one night, at the witching hour, so called, when the clocks were striking twelve. Surely a dark hour and place when, one might find horrible imaginings at work. A number of the patients snored, dreadful thought. The majority of them under their neat white coverlets slept peacefully as anyone might wish. A few were in uneasy dreams, possibly too much lobster salad. One man sprang from his bed at our approach, but he was a new patient, not yet fairly under the influence of the place. It was only the work of a moment to kindly reassure him. All was peace and quietness, as they say out in the country. It was hard to realise that we were in the midst of hundreds of human beings, who were considered a menace to society. One poor soul had quietly passed to the Great Beyond that night, and the undertaker was at work in the morgue. Another old man was battling for life more feebly as the hours went by. But out in the great city many were dying, and some had crossed the Dark River.

Passing from the building a few moments later, one trod the moonlit pathway to the street, and as the outer gate was gained, a wierd and uncanny howl smote the stillness of the night. Sorry, kind reader, if you have had patience with me thus far, even in conclusion, I cannot give you one real thrill of horror.

That howl came from the black cat belonging to the groceryman who resides on the opposite corner.



THE FAIR-HEADED CHILD

From the Painting by Fragonard, in the Wallace Collection

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK

II.—THE OBJECT OF CRITICISM

BY THE REV. DR. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

MAN is a thinking animal, and as he thinks he judges. In spite of himself, he must take notice of what appeals to his senses and form some opinion respecting it. His mind compels him to pass judgment on the people he meets, the places he visits, and the objects he sees. He judges or criticises, therefore, because he thinks. Criticism of some sort is thus as natural as thinking, and so long as man thinks he will judge. That is to say, he will form opinions, whether he expresses them or not.

The primary motive of criticism is an interest in things. All investigation springs directly or indirectly from that cause. As the Bible was an object of special interest, Biblical criticism was inevitable. Like each of the so-called physical sciences, this science had to begin; and, as intimated in the previous paper, it did begin on a small scale in pre-Christian times. If any one had power to stop it now, and that could be done only by destroying or concealing the Scriptures, it would begin again, because man has to use his intellect.

An interest in the Bible begat a desire to know what was in it and to learn how it arose. But men could find out fully what was in it and how it arose only by dissecting its books and analysing their contents. Biblical criticism, therefore, was not simply

inevitable, but needful. It was necessary to an adequate understanding of the Scriptures. Hence the object of criticism is to understand the Bible and to get it understood. Men may have other objects in studying it, but that is the true object of a critic, and the supreme object of a true critic. Thus criticism is only a means to an end.

People have always had a desire to understand the Bible, so far as they have had an opportunity to study it, but the privilege of studying it was long confined to a favoured few. For a long time, too, the Church insisted on interpreting the Scriptures for her members, and permitted no one to interpret them differently. She did even more than that. She not only forbade all opposition to her teaching, but also threatened those who opposed it either with excommunication or with imprisonment and death. Such a policy, however, could not keep thoughtful men from thinking, nor studious men from studying and proclaiming their conclusions; and, in process of time, independent thought and study produced the Reformation.

The Reformers claimed the right of private judgment in religious matters, and by implication in all other matters; so that, in a practical sense, that is the fundamental principle of Protestantism. Hence they both exer-

cised that right themselves and taught their followers to exercise it. The result of their counsel, no less than their example, was a great intellectual revival. Men began then to put things to a searching test in order to ascertain their true nature; and, since that period, the spirit of inquiry has been at work in all departments of knowledge, modifying old views and exploding old theories, till now there is nothing taken for granted, but everything is made to reveal its character by being brought to the touchstone of truth.

Having been a critical movement, the Reformation encouraged not merely the free study, but the free interpretation, of the Scriptures, and by so doing gave an added impulse to an ancient practice. It quickened the general interest in them and strengthened the general desire to understand them. Owing to the intellectual freedom this movement secured and the scientific method it adopted, the Bible came soon to be studied, as it had not previously been studied, in a systematic way. Thus modern Biblical criticism, or the systematic study of the Scriptures for the purpose of understanding them, was the immediate outcome of the spirit of free inquiry which commenced with the Reformation and continues to this day.

The first awakening in this direction had reference chiefly to the canon of Scripture; the second awakening was mainly devoted to the texts and versions of Scriptures; the third awakening paid special attention to Scripture as literature. Each of these awakenings may be regarded as a critical revival, and this three-fold investigation of Scripture led to the gradual evolution of Biblical criticism into a science. Ere long, as a natural consequence, this science revolutionised men's views of the origin and structure of the Bible. The Reformers rejected many traditional beliefs about it, and expressed themselves with the utmost frankness with respect to many parts of it.

For instance, they eliminated the so-called Apocryphal books from the Old Testament, because they thought them spiritually inferior to the other books; and Luther thought that the Book of Esther might well be removed from the canon, and the First Book of Maccabees inserted in its place. Luther taught, too, that the Book of Ecclesiastes was not written by Solomon, nor the Book of Revelation by John; and he held that it made no serious matter if Moses should not have written the Pentateuch. Moreover, he regarded the Epistle of Jude as an extract from the Second Epistle of Peter, and considered the Epistle to the Hebrews to have been composed by a disciple of Paul. Calvin, also, expressed himself almost as freely as Luther. He denied the Pauline authorship of Hebrews and doubted the Petrine authorship of Second Peter, and he opposed the belief then current that David was the author or editor of the entire Book of Psalms.

The untrammelled study of the Scriptures helped men to find things in them they had not before noticed and to learn things about them they had not before known. It revealed peculiarities, too, that had not been previously observed, or, if they had, had not been fully appreciated. Some of these peculiarities have become specially manifest with the evolution of scientific thought, and are now so apparent that uncritical readers remark them, and are perplexed by them. Let me give some examples.

The free study of the Bible discloses difficulties, such as the statement in Genesis 36:31, that certain kings reigned in the land of Edom before there reigned any king over the children of Israel, a passage thought once to be of Mosaic origin, but seen now to have originated from some one who lived when the Israelites had a king; and such as the account in the last chapter of Deuteronomy of the death and burial of Moses, which of itself demonstrates that he could not

have been, as was at one time popularly supposed, the author of the whole book.

The free study of the Bible discloses divergencies, such as the sober statement in Second Samuel 24:24, that David paid Araunah fifty shekels of silver, and the exaggerated statement in First Chronicles 21:25, where he is said to have paid six hundred shekels of gold; such as the earlier and more primitive account in Second Samuel 24:1, that God moved David to number Israel and Judah, and the later and developed account in First Chronicles 21:1, where it is stated that Satan provoked him to number Israel, and such as the two genealogies of Joseph given in Matthew and Luke, which agree only in the portion from Abraham to David.

The free study of the Bible discloses impossibilities, such as the anthropomorphic representation in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis of Jehovah appearing to Abraham as a man, and being entertained by him as a guest; such as the fabulous account in Numbers 22:28-30, of a dumb animal talking to Balaam in human language, and such as the poetic account in Joshua 10:13, of the sun standing still for almost a whole day.

There are other peculiarities which the free study of the Bible discloses, namely, references to institutions which conflict with the historical situation of the person who is supposed to describe them, and allusions to events which imply a later date for certain writings than that which is commonly assumed for them. An example of the former kind occurs in the twelfth and fourteenth chapters of Deuteronomy, which refer to a central sanctuary, an institution that did not exist at the time of Moses, who, therefore, cannot be the author of those passages. An example of the latter kind occurs in chapters forty to fifty-five of Isaiah, which deal with the captivity of the Israelites in Babylon, an event that did not take place till long after the son of Amoz

had died, and so those chapters cannot possibly have been written by him.

All these disclosures stimulated men to pry into the Scriptures, and increased the necessity for the scientific study, or the Higher criticism, of them, for the Higher criticism is only a scientific study of their literary facts. The sole inquiry with which it is concerned is, What are the facts and what is their significance? It aims to find out what is in the Bible, or rather what the Bible is, by the application of sound principles in accordance with the laws of literary evidence; and certainly no other kind of studious inquiry is more legitimate. Hence the questions of the Higher criticism are questions not of authority, but of testimony; and by testimony, direct and indirect, they will be settled, so far as they admit of settlement. I say so far as they admit of settlement, because some of them are of such a nature that they cannot be absolutely settled. We have not, and may never have, sufficient evidence to settle them.

Active inquiry tends quite frequently to divergent opinions, and for a long time the free study of the Bible tended to produce disagreement. In the circumstances freedom of thought would naturally lead to divergence of view. Owing to the constitution of the human mind, it could not have been otherwise. But, though that was very much the case formerly, it is not so much the case to-day, and it is becoming less and less the case each year. The reason for the change is obvious. At first the Bible was not studied scientifically, and for a good while arbitrary and conflicting methods were employed in studying it. Now, however, all competent investigators adopt the same method and apply the same principles, and, as a consequence, reach substantially the same conclusions.

It may seem unfortunate that critics should have varied in their views as much as they have, because their disagreements have been used to

prejudice people against criticism, but critics have not disagreed so much as theologians have. That fact should be carefully noted and constantly borne in mind. We should also bear in mind that many of the problems of criticism do not admit of demonstration, and for that reason have been variously solved. Hence there was some excuse for considerable disagreement in regard to them. We should remember, too, that Biblical critics, like physical scientists, have always differed in their attitude towards the Supernatural or Divine. From the commencement of modern criticism there have been different schools of thought, and critics have ranged all the way from the most sceptical to the most evangelical of men.

As it has been, so it is still. There are critics who do not believe in Divine revelation, and there are critics who believe that God is constantly disclosing himself to the minds of devout men, and that all pure religious ideas have been prompted by his Spirit. There are critics who ignore the Divine element in Scripture, and there are critics who recognise its presence in every moral truth and every spiritual principle. There are also men engaged in Biblical study whose judgments are biassed, and whose conclusions are vitiated on that account. Most of the extreme criticism that is published is by men of the latter class. But, while there are sceptical critics, as there are sceptical scientists, criticism, like science, is just as evangelical as the man who represents it is. If the man is Christian, his results are Christian, whether they are correct or not, for the reason that his object is to help the cause of Christian truth.

We should always distinguish, therefore, between criticism that is reverent and sober and criticism that is irreverent and extreme. The opponents of critical study have generally failed to make that distinction. Most of them have not simply assumed that there is only one class of

Biblical critics, but have insinuated that there is no middle ground between the traditional view of religious truth and the rationalistic view. Failing to discriminate as they should, they have either repudiated and ridiculed, when they should have sympathised and encouraged, or have antagonised and denounced, when they should have approved and endorsed. In one or other of these ways they have created prejudice when there was no ground for prejudice, and have caused alarm when there was no reason for alarm. By so doing they have both misled their followers and worked mischief in the Church, for nothing can be more misleading than ignorant prejudice, nor can anything be more mischievous than indiscriminate denunciation.

There is no incompatibility between scholarship and Scripture, yet people have been led to believe there is something incompatible between them, as they were once led to believe there was something incompatible between science and religion. The critical spirit and the religious spirit are not merely compatible the one with the other, but complementary the one to the other, and they are always united in the Christian critic. Nor does scholarship contradict Scripture, as so many seem to think, though it shows that Scripture contradicts itself occasionally in unimportant matters. In unimportant matters, be it observed, because in all important matters Christian scholars recognise a spiritual unity running through the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. There are some differences among Biblical critics, as there are among physical scientists, but scholarship does not conflict with revelation any more than science conflicts with religion. The Higher criticism deals exclusively with literary facts, so that its problems are purely literary problems.

Being of a strictly literary character, they require for their solution a strictly literary training. Hence a

sceptical critic may be as competent to deal with them as a Christian critic is. In this respect, criticism is wholly unlike exegesis. To be a Biblical exegete one should have a religious experience, a deep religious experience, for many of the truths of Scripture are spiritually discerned; but to be a literary critic one has no more need of religion than one has to be a historical or a political critic, because literary criticism has nothing to do with religious doctrine. Let me repeat what I have said. Literary criticism has nothing to do with religious doctrine. If a man discusses inspiration, or revelation, or a religious tenet of any kind, he discusses it, not because it is a part of Biblical criticism, but because he has a personal interest in the subject. We have no greater reason, therefore, to reject the sober conclusions of a sceptical critic of Scripture than we have to reject the sober conclusions of a sceptical critic in any other branch of criticism, so long as he confines himself to purely literary questions. Let no one overlook that fact.

Critics are not enemies of Scripture any more than scientists are enemies of Nature. Whether evangelical or unevangelical, a critic, like a scientist, endeavours only to understand the subject he investigates. We may regret his attitude towards the Supernatural, and repudiate his view of the verities, but we should remember that he can do nothing permanently against the truth. Even if his judgment is biassed and his conclusions are extreme, aberration is better than stagnation; and, in spite of aberrations, free inquiry has been helpful to the cause of truth. Neither science nor criticism is antagonistic to Christianity, though certain scientists and certain critics may be; and, as science has proved itself to be the friend of religion, so criticism will prove itself to be the same, for reverent criticism is one of God's ways of getting the Bible understood.

Criticism is sometimes represented

as being destructive, but the representation is unfair. When examining the structure of a book we must dissect and analyse, of course, but that is not in any sense a destructive process. Criticism destroys nothing but error, and removes nothing but misconception. That is all it has done, and all it is capable of doing. That is all, indeed, it has ever tried to do. Yet men are often called destructive, when they are simply seeking to correct mistaken notions about the Bible, and are only endeavouring to evince its literary characteristics. In itself, criticism is neither destructive nor constructive, but discriminative. It tends, however, to become constructive by unifying opinions and leading to definite results. The true tendency of criticism, as of every other science, is to produce agreement. Extreme conclusions are being modified and reckless critics are becoming fewer all the time, I am glad to be able to affirm; and, when all investigators become diligent and candid, divergency will practically disappear.

The object of an honest critic is not to injure the Bible, but to investigate it; not to discredit any part of it, but to get each part of it appreciated. In other words, he aims to make each portion of Scripture reveal its real character—its real literary character, I mean; and neither injury nor detriment can come from such an aim as that. While some of the results of criticism are contrary to traditional views, and on that account are calculated to make students of Scripture think, all of its results are literary, and none of them contravene religious truth. Nor does the critical study of the Bible lessen its religious value, because the religious value of a book does not depend on either its date, its authorship, or its literary structure, but on the spiritual character of its contents.

Hence its usefulness is not impaired by our ignorance of its origin. No matter when, or where, or by whom a book was written, the importance of

its teaching is that which makes it valuable. We need not know who wrote it to derive profit from it. We do not know, for instance, who was the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, though the Revisers have unwarrantably ascribed it to Paul; but its value is not lessened by our not knowing who he was, and it would not be enhanced if someone could inform us. Authorship is not authority in religion, nor does authorship

impose authority on a religious writing. A great name may help to give it additional weight, but not additional worth. The truth a book contains is that which gives it spiritual authority, for truth, and truth only, is spiritually authoritative. In matters of opinion authorship counts, but in matters of experience it does not. In all such matters truth is its own authority, when we apprehend and appreciate it.

“The Method of Criticism” is the title of Dr. Workman’s paper for the August Number.

TO A YOUNG GIRL

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Do not forget,
When you are old,
Margaret,
And I am— cold,
That long ago I was your loyal lover.

Two, when we met,
Were you,—no more,
Margaret,
And I— two-score;
Far in the past, those sunlit days are over,—

Those days God let
Shine pure and bright,
Margaret,
When man and mite
Merrily played amid the summer clover.

My sun has set
That yours might rise,
Margaret;
Now all men’s eyes
Rejoice your radiant beauty to discover.

And yet, and yet
My soul says slowly:
“Margaret
Will not forget!
Her child-heart holy
Once and for aye enshrined you as her lover.”

THE SPELL

BY ETHEL HAMILTON-HUNTER

MULVANEY'S home, down in the lonely glen, had been taken.

The country-people round wondered how any family could have so far forgotten the laws of comfort to bury themselves away from human habitation, because a great wood separated the house on one side from the outer world, and a river on the other.

Wild bracken, tall untrimmed trees, and rude struggling brushwood screened the half-ruined cottage from observation; so it was not to be wondered that Mulvaney's "bit o' ground" had remained untenanted for many a year; and when Mulvaney the younger (since the elder Mulvaney, who built the house and reared his family there, had long ago refused to take any interest in his affairs, being at all times a wee bit daft) received an offer from a certain firm of solicitors to purchase the house he was very much surprised, indeed he was almost disconcerted.

Tim, of course, was the first person to hear the news. As long as he carried the mail-bag, he had never been known to deliver a letter without gaining at least a hap'worth of gossip.

Tim lit his pipe and peered over Mulvaney's shoulder as he read the epistle, and when they had both finished perusing its contents, Tim said: "Your Fathar wasn't th' only fool in th' worrld, afther all, Jock."

Mulvaney afterwards remarked that he was too surprised to take notice of him reading his letter. In-

stead he turned it over and looked at the back, and then read the envelope again.

"Strange any wan wantin' to live in th' Glen," he said. "I don't much like th' thought o' it. It's verry lonesome there now since th' old farm house at Donnerail has broke up. There's not a man, woman, or child livin' near. I can remember even now th' strange low cry of th' wind as it used to whistle through th' glyen, for all th' worrld like th' cry of a banshee. Who evir would have thought that any man would be for livin' there, to say nothin' of the thirty pound."

"Thirty pound!" said Mrs. Jock, as told by Tim afterwards. "Is me sineses right or are ye foolin' me? Thirty pound, holy mother! For that bit o' deserted house. It's a gude day, Jock, I'll be thinkin' thot your fathar built it."

And Tim said it would make your heart leap th' way she smiled.

Tim told the story everywhere, not always being credited with belief, it only being after tenders for the renovation of the cottage were received that the statement was believed.

Then everyone heard with surprise that a single individual and, more wonderful still, a woman; was to live alone among the firs and bracken in the lonely glen.

And when the daffodils were in the fields, the woods full of bluebells, and the air was sweet with the perfume of new life, the whisper went around that she had come.

Tim had to deliver a letter at the cottage some days later, and great interest was manifested regarding the event. He knew this would be the case, and revelled in the occasion.

That evening Tim was invited to have a sup more than once, but after all there was not much to hear.

"I cum along th' path at a quarter to eleven," said Tim, "an, whin I was in sight af th' chimney smoke, me heart nearly lept into me mouth, for I seen th' wickedest, fearfulest lukin animal af a dog, a great beast with gray shaggy fur standin' straight fornist me.

"I was afeared to come, and I was afeared to go, so I stood all af a trimble and watched him, and as I watched him something white moved out af th' bushes, and I knew it must be herr.

"Wid that th' baste gave an awful yell, but whin she spoke he lay down quiet as a lamb

"I gave herr th' letter, and she was pleasant and chatted wid me and said it was sich a long way and so hot I was to cum inside and have a drink af cold tea. *Cold tea!* But knowin' th' curiosity af yez all, I wint.

"She has th' house verry plane, but verry elane.

"She comes of gentle folk, I reckon. Herr face is young and sort of kind, but herr hair is snow white. She's a tall proud lukin' woman, wid nothin' strange about herr except herr eyes, and they seem always to be lukin' verry far away. She speaks soft, but I dared not question herr, nor did she offer any information.

"By th' heartt of St. Patrick, woman is quare fish!"

From that evening curiosity lessened concerning the inhabitant of the Glen. She had come, she meant to stay, and the people forgot to wonder.

Thus May slipped by, and June was unfolding her summer beauty when late one afternoon, Father Dillon, keeper of the souls of the little scattered congregation who attended service regularly in the gray chapel

on the hill, passed along the wooded path that led to the lonely dwelling. He was a sweet-faced man, with many a care stamped upon his wrinkled brow—a life passing into the serenity of middle age, leaving behind the snares and pitfalls of exuberance and youth.

He was also a lover of nature, and as he passed along he stooped, and gathering some wild anemones began making them into a nosegay.

He was thus occupied when suddenly, at no great distance off, a voice began to sing.

The flowers fell from his hand as he listened. He could hear every word distinctly:

Do ye hear th' children callin',
A-cushla, A-cushla?
Do ye hear th' children callin',
As they wander through th' glen?
Do ye hear th' pitter-patter,
Do ye hear their chitter-chatter?
A-cushla, A-cushla, they have
Caught me in their spell.

They are steppin' through th' meadows,
A-cushla, A-cushla.
They are singin' as they wander,
As they wander through th' glen.
Do ye hear th' pitter-patter,
Do ye hear their chitter-chatter?
A-cushla, A-cushla, they have
Caught me in their spell.

I am longin' so for children,
A-cushla, A-cushla.
Ah! my soul cries out wid anguish,
As I wander through th' glen,
I will never hear th' patter,
I will never hear their chatter.
A-cushla, A-cushla, they have
Caught me in their spell.

I am old an' I am childless,
A-cushla, A-cushla,
But I hear th' children callin',
As I wander through th' glen.
'Tis the Fairies as they patter,
'Tis the Fairies as they chatter,
A-cushla, A-cushla, they have
Caught me in their spell.

As the voice died away, a glimmer of white showed through the trees.

"Come a little farther, Deerling, where the river crosses the meadow, come."

The speaker, a woman, paused. She was facing the priest, her eyes bent upon his white, careworn face.

"Excuse my singing. I did not hear you."

But the priest was already bowing courteously.

"Mine is the apology for intruding."

He bared his head and smiled as he spoke.

"The lady of the glen, I persume. I hoped to have the honour of calling upon you, madam, but now—"

"Now, I shall be very offended with you if you go away without some tea. Deerling! come here. I see you like dogs. He looks rather formidable, but he is really as quiet as a lamb. May I lead the way to my humble abode? Come, Deerling."

Little beams of sunshine twinkled through the trees. The great dog pushed his snout into the priest's hand, but he was looking at the woman.

"I liked the song." He ran his fingers through the shaggy fur. "Is it Irish?"

"Yes, I suppose so. It is my own composition."

The woman was smiling now as they walked along.

"I sing it every evening, and—I wonder *would* you understand it?"

"I think so."

"It comforts me. But how could you understand, you a priest?" She faced him abruptly.

"What can you know of a woman's longings? What do you, who have willingly renounced marriage, know of little children?"

"Nothing except—exce-p-t—"

He had grown very white, and his hands were twitching as he plucked a long blade of grass.

"Lady," he said, and he paused as he spoke, "shall we sit down here upon the bank? I would be a confessor."

"I am old and I am childless,
But I hear th' children callin."

They have called to me for long, long

years. Ah! I never see a curly head without a pang

"I joined my church when a mere boy, and understood little of life. Later it came upon me with awful force all I had lost, though God knows I ought not to say it.

"Ah! I long for them, those pure sweet innocents, that are God's greatest blessing. You say a woman longs; but a man may long too.

"Forgive me, lady, if I have transgressed, but the words you sang ('twas strange I should have heard them) are my heart's secret. Now I think you understand."

"And pity." Tears were falling down her cheeks.

"Listen, father. My secret is yours also. All my life I have longed for those little curly heads too. I loved and married when a mere girl, but death soon robbed me of everything.

"Do you wonder why I have come to live here in this lonely glen? Listen, father. I have come here to be with them, my little fairy children. They will soon be coming out now, troops and troops of them

"Do you hear their pitter-patter,
Do you hear their chitter-chatter?"

"When the sun goes down and long shadows creep beneath the trees then my little children crowd around me. Why do you shake your head, father, can't *you* understand?"

"But I do, lady; indeed I do."

"Then won't you wait and see. I am not daft, though they say I am. We live all by ourselves, but you may come; will you?"

He smiled sadly.

mit me. I must deliver Sacrament to-night, and I see it is already late. I am afraid it must be good-bye, lady, and God bless you. If your burden grows some weighty at times, remember another has suffered too, and we must neither of us forget a kinder heart than ours has willed it so, and ever remember, 'He doeth all things well.'"

"You will come again?" she said,

her tall figure silouetted against the now darkening sky. "My little children shall welcome you. They come with the twilight, and they creep away with dawn."

But he only shook his head sadly and said: "I understand, lady, I will not forget."

And when he turned and saw that

she was out of sight, he laid his hands across his eyes and murmured:

"Poor thing! Poor thing! God in his mercy hath sent angels to comfort her."

Then he knelt down on the grass.

And as he walked homeward, his thin cheeks were wet with tears, but his fingers held a crucifix.

YOU

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

ONLY a long, low-lying lane
 That follows to the misty sea.
 Across a bare and russet plain
 Where wild winds whistle vagrantly.
 I know that many a fairer path
 With lure and song and bloom may woo,
 But, oh, I love this lonely strath
 Because it is so full of *you!*

Here we have walked in elder years.
 And here wour truest memories wait,
This spot is sacred to your tears,
That to your laughter dedicate.
 Here by this turn you gave to me
 A gem of thought that glitters yet,
 This tawny slope is graciously
 By a remembered smile beset.

Here once you lingered on an hour
 When stars were shining in the west
 To gather one pale scented flower
 And place it smiling on your breast;
 And since that eve its fragrance blows
 For me across these grasses sere,
 Far sweeter than the latest rose,
 That faded bloom of yesteryear.

For me the sky, the sea, the wold,
 Have beckoning visions wild and fair.
 The mystery of a tale untold,
 The grace of an unuttered prayer.
 Let others choose the fairer path
 That winds the dimpling valley through,
 I gladly seek this lonely strath
 Companioned by my dreams of you.

PAULINE JOHNSON: A REMINISCENCE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS," ETC.

WITH the passing of Pauline Johnson on the seventh of March last, Canada has lost a daughter of unique interest and romance. Child of the old and the new, offspring of Mohawk chief and English gentlewoman, she flashed across the space between, the only one of the vanishing race articulate in the poetry of its supplanters.

Once, not so very long ago, this was the land of the Indian. The red man had poetry of his own then, poetry in plenty. The slim Indian maidens listened to it in the dusky aisles of the wood; it fired the warriors before fierce and sudden battle; the old men chanted it over the camp fires of victory, but under the eye of the white man it sank into silence.

Many still believe the Indian race to have been devoid of that perception of beauty in sense and sound, that sonorous fitness of word and meaning which we call poetry. But a greater mistake could hardly be made. Indeed we are forever poorer because in the early days more was not done to capture for us the illusive spirit of poetry, flame-fed from nature's own eternal fire in wild and savage hearts.

One does not sing for one's conquerors, and from a long surcease of singing one becomes dumb, and it is not likely now that we shall ever do more than guess at the lost treasures

of the primitive peoples whose place we have taken, but in the guessing we have one who helps, an interpreter who whispers the clue—Pauline Johnson. I have used the present tense, and it may stand, for the beautiful thing about a gift such as hers is that it keeps its giver alive; it is spirit and does not yield itself to death.

I asked Miss Johnson once how she accounted for the fact that she alone of her father's race had translated its beauty of thought into verse?

"I do not know," she answered thoughtfully, "for at heart almost every Indian is a poet. He is quick to respond to the call of poetry, often where many white people would be quite untouched. The language of many of the tribes in its pure form is the very language of poetry. I would have needed but little to transform some of my grandfather's speeches into sonorous blank verse. So beautiful was his voice and so delicate and so fine his handling of words and phrases that he was known everywhere as the "Mohawk Warbler." White men who heard him described his language as "pure music."

"Then it is, perhaps from him," I suggested.

"Partly, no doubt; although I have always thought that much of my facility for verse writing was born of my mother's longing for poetic expres-

sion. The desire to write was in her blood—many of the Howells were literary—and once I remember her saying to me ‘Pauline, you say in your verses exactly what I have so often felt and never could express.’ But when I talk of the Indian being inarticulate,” she added, “I refer of course only to his inability to express himself by the written word, and this after all is natural enough. Writing was never the Indian’s mode of expression. It was the speech, the oration which was his great achievement. And that, like all the old customs, is dying out.”

Seeing that she was in a reminiscent mood, I asked her if she could remember when first she felt the impulse to write.

“Always,” she smiled, “always. When I was a tiny girl and my father, who was going to the city, asked me what kind of candy I would like, I said, ‘Not candy. Bring me a book of verses’; and it was not that I did not like candy, either! It was always such a joy to write, I can remember yet the thrill of expectation and delight when one cold winter morning I awoke to see the window covered with frost and fringed with icicles and felt with breathless pleasure that I could write about it in verse. Before breakfast I had written ‘Little Lady Icicle.’ The glow of it stayed with me all the day. That glow—if you know it—is the poet’s true payment.”

“And was the writing always joyous?” I asked.

“Oh, no, not always joyous, but always comforting, like talking aloud to someone who understood. I remember when I was in London, how terribly homesick I became for the Western woods and mountains. The great city seemed to shut me in and smother me. My longing to go back was acutely painful, but one dull day in a dreary room it reached its crisis and broke forth in ‘The Trail to Lillooet.’ After that I felt better.”

“I can understand that,” I said. “We always appreciate most poignantly the things which we miss the most. So then, since you have found heastsease as well as joy in poetry, may one conclude that many of your poems are the reflections of moods and experiences of your own?”

She smiled at this.

“Well, not entirely so, of course. One must allow for imagination which brings to the verse writer an inspired second-hand knowledge of experiences which she herself may never have passed through. Indeed, one of the secrets of good writing of any kind is the power of being somebody else.”

“That is so,” I agreed, “and it explains why some good people have such a hard time trying to make a poet consistent—to compel all his varying outbursts fit in to their idea of his personality.”

“Oh, *consistency!*” she shrugged her shoulders. “How can one be consistent until the world ceases to change with the changing days? It always amuses me when some very clever critic undertakes to tell you exactly what kind of person you are ‘under the skin,’ as Kipling says, from the verses in your books. There was a critic on *The Manchester Guardian*, who, after reading ‘The White Wampum,’ said: ‘This lady thinks she knows something about Indians, but it is plain upon the face of it that she has never seen a real Indian.’ Next week *Black and White* had a full-page portrait of myself in Indian costume surrounded by a belt of white wampum, and I will say this for *The Manchester Guardian* critic—he climbed down gracefully! Indeed, he published a second article taking it all back.”

This reminiscence led Miss Johnson to talk of her first trip to England and about her début as a dramatic reader. She had been invited to a meeting of Canadian authors in Toronto, a meeting at which each author was expected to read a piece of orig-

inal work. Everyone knows that many very good writers read very badly, and the young Indian girl's fire and freedom of delivery came as a pleasant surprise. Among those particularly interested in the undoubted talent which she displayed was Mr. Frank Yiegh, and next morning his interest took concrete form in a note asking her if she were open for engagements as an interpreter of her own poems upon the stage.

"I had had no training," said Miss Johnson, "but I was young and ambitious and full of love for the work. So I said I would try. The success of the first performance decided me—and I have been a dramatic reciter ever since."

For two years Mr. Yeigh continued to be her manager, and at the end of that time she went to England with her first book of poems in manuscript.

"It was a wonderful visit," she mused. "Everyone was so kind to me. I met so many interesting people, people who were really interested in what I was trying to do and who understood the difficulties in the way. Many of them had been young writers themselves. I shall never forget the kindness of the Canadians in London—of Sir Gilbert Parker and Lady Parker especially. I could not have wished for a warmer welcome."

It was through her own countryman, Sir Gilbert Parker, that the poetess met Clement Scott, the eminent critic, to whom she ascribed the prompt acceptance of her first book by the John Lane Company. "The White Wampum" was its felicitous title, and booklovers who hold it now should treasure it as a volume which is already rare. It contains much of her finest and freshest work, and although, as is usual with volumes of verse, the financial returns were small, its publicity helped the young writer greatly—"placed her," as it were, in the literary world.

It was while upon this visit to England that Miss Johnson was engaged

by Mr. Arthur Pearson, the well-known magazine publisher, to write a weekly "special" for his paper, *The London Express*, the first sketch of which appeared under the title of "A Pagan in St. Paul's." Up to the present these sketches have not been collected. We understand, however, that shortly they are to be offered to the public in some accessible form.

"And did you give up your stage work while in England?" I asked.

"Oh, no, that formed a very important part. But the recitals were mostly given in drawing-rooms. It was something of a novelty over there, you see, for I wore my complete Indian dress and gave the selections which were most purely Indian. Do you remember the scarlet mantle which I wear? Well, that was the square of broadcloth upon which Prince Arthur of Connaught stood when he was made a chief of the Six Nations. Oddly enough, he remembered it and sent an aide to ask me if I knew what had become of it. He seemed greatly pleased to be informed that it had been preserved and now formed the scarlet mantle of my costume."

Seeing that I smiled a little, she added hastily, "It was a ceremonial square, you know—it has its own special significance."

"Was it during that visit," I asked, "that you met old Chief Joe Capilano in London?"

"No, that was not until the second visit. He had come over with some other coast chiefs 'to see the King.' During their period of waiting they were very lonely and homesick, and as a result very taciturn and difficult. I imagine the authorities were somewhat embarrassed by the care of such unresponsive responsibilities. Anyhow, I was asked to visit them, to see if I could cheer them up. You should have seen their faces when they heard my "*Klahowya Tillicum*." Although, to tell the truth, I knew at that time very little of the coast dialects. Old

Chief Joe was my friend forever after, and it was from him that I learned the beautiful and fast vanishing legends of the Pacific coast—but all that has nothing to do with my visit to England.”

“We do not need to be consistent,” I urged. “Please tell me about the legends. He was rather a forceful character, was he not—old Chief Joe?”

“He was, indeed, and a strange and wonderful teller of tales! There was no use in asking him for anything. One had to wait and be patient. Often he would come to visit me in Vancouver, and, after sitting a while, depart without saying more than half a dozen words. But I never urged him, although he knew very well how I loved to hear his stories. My reward always came sooner or later, for suddenly he would begin, ‘You would like to know this?’ and then would follow a wondrous tale, full of strange wild poetry—the kind of folklore which soon will be heard no longer. For the Indians are forgetting! They do not care, as they used to, for the old tales; even the meanings are getting obscured. Soon investigators will be saying that the coast Indians have no folklore—because there will be so few left who can or will tell of it.”

“You have saved some of the best for us, anyhow,” I reminded her, and she said simply, “Yes, I am glad of that.”

“When you returned from England,” I asked, “did you find that your success there made any difference to your reception in Canada?”

“Yes—it did!” she said smiling, “but, then, Canada has always been kind to me, you know.”

Speaking with deep feeling, she went on to tell of the friendship and help received from the little band of Canadian poets as she knew them in the earlier days. From Charles G. D. Roberts she had received one of her earliest words of praise. It was when

she had written only her first two poems and was quite unknown, Roberts had seen them and, with that kindness and generosity of heart which distinguished him, had written the girl poet, telling her that she had begun well and urging her to go on. They became good friends and among the treasures which Miss Johnson leaves behind her is the manuscript of “Songs of the Common Day,” and the stained cork penholder with which the poet wrote it. Of Lampman, she had much to say; of his gentle humour and kindliness; of the large simplicity of his great heart. “The little brown bird that sings,” they used to call him, and great was the grief of those who knew him when the bird’s sun died away at noon.

In John Greenleaf Whittier, too, the young poetess had a kind admirer. I will show you the letter he wrote me,” said she. And a charming letter it was, the beautiful delicate handwriting suiting well its quaint phraseology of “thee” and “thou.” I remember only one sentence, “I thank thee for thy charming poetry; it is well that one of thy race should write the songs of thy people,” but I think its recipient knew it by heart. Many autograph letters she showed me, including those from the Duke of Argyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, Max O’Rell and others whose well-known names made their words of appreciation doubly impressive.

After the publication of her first book and her first visit to England, there followed twelve years of good work in Canada and America—years which were to make of her a well-known and welcome figure all over the country. Sometimes alone, but often with a small company of entertainers, notably Owen Smiley, the humourist; Walter MacRaye, the clever interpreter of Drummond, and Harold Jarvis, the popular tenor, she travelled from end to end of Canada. Not only did the larger cities hear her, but most of the smaller towns, while many a

village and country schoolhouse, where good entertainment is rare, had the privilege of seeing this native daughter of Canada in her historical Indian buckskins, and of listening to her stirring recitals of the faiths and fancies of her father's race. Better than any schoolbook would these recitals bring home, to the young people who heard, the poetry and romance of the great race of red men who once reigned as kings where now they are perhaps erroneously regarded as a vanishing race.

Miss Johnson loved to talk of these travels, and her store of amusing anecdote seemed never to run low. Sensitive as she was in many ways, she had a full share of that sense of humour which oils the wheels of life and enjoyed nothing better than a good story against herself.

"Once," she said, "we were giving our entertainment under the auspices of a Ladies' Aid in a small prairie village. Perhaps the Ladies' Aid was not popular, for it was one of the smallest audiences before which we had ever played. And it would not laugh! What it lacked in numbers it made up in solemnity; so that the supposedly humorous part of our programme was pathetic in the extreme. Naturally the president of the Ladies' Aid was not cheerful when she came to pay our fee next morning. She had the air of one who has been badly fooled."

"Be you the real Pauline Johnson?" she asked dourly.

"I said I was the one and only.

"Be them your photygraphs?" pointing an accusing finger at my advertising posters. I admitted this fact also, and foolishly asked 'Why?' The President looked grimly from me to the photographs and back again. 'Well, I reckon them pictures was took a right smart time ago!' said she, for she was a great believer in speaking the truth in line!"

When we had ceased laughing over this, she told me many more stories,

grave and gay, letting me have more than a glimpse of a strong and virile personality. When she grew tired we sat for a while in silence.

"It has been a varied life," I said at last.

"But a good life!" she responded. "Good friends, plenty of work, and not too much thought for the morrow. My great trouble now is that I cannot work. There are so many things I want to do, my brain is full of them, but—I'll never write again."

It would not do to let her think about that. So we began to talk instead about the things she *had* written, and her brave cheerfulness soon returned. Anyone now who has a copy of "Flint and Feather" could follow our discussion as we roamed through her verses, stopping here and there the better to appreciate some special beauty. But the best way to appreciate poetry is to read it, and not to read about it. If poetry has a message it is always a personal one, one which cannot be delivered by proxy. At the most, all that I can do is to tell you the message which the verse of Pauline Johnson brings personally to me.

First it brings a breath of the woods, warm and fragrant, a breath which catches at the throat and makes one close one's eyes to smell the green things and to see the hot sun through millions of moving leaves. Then it brings the sound of swiftly-flowing water, the splash of leaping trout, the dip of a paddle, the song of a hidden voyageur. And with all these lovely and familiar things, it brings also something fainter, more remote, more primitive, the strain of an earlier, bolder, cruder race. It tells of the time when these peaceful brooks were fished not for sport, but for life itself; when the only craft these rivers bore were the swift canoe of the hunter or the menacing fleets of war canoes, silent, relentless; when in all the great forest there was no road, only dim trails trodden by swift-

moccasined feet; when nowhere was there sound of axe or mill, only the sudden shrieking cry of war and the ping of an arrow through the air. These things are gone, and now the poet who dreamed and wrote of them is gone, but her work remains, a legacy to her own people and to her own country.

The ashes of Pauline Johnson rest in Stanley Park, Vancouver, in a green corner at the foot of a silver birch. On one side lie the waters of the sea she loved, and on the other stand the giant trees of the untouched forest. A more ideal resting-place for this child of nature can hardly

be imagined. Often did she dream of resting in just such a spot. To quote from her own verse:

The cedar trees have sung their vesper hymn,

And now the music sleeps—
Its benediction falling where the dim
Dusk of the forest creeps.

Mute grows the great concerto—and the light

Of day is darkening. Good-night, good-night.

But through the night time I shall hear within

The murmur of these trees,
The calling of your distant violin
Sobbing across the seas,

And waking wind, and star-reflected light
Shall voice my answering, Good-night,
Good-night.''

BENEDICTUS*

BY PAULINE JOHNSON

SOMETHING so tender fills the air to-day,
What it may be or mean no voice can say
But all the harsh hard things seem far away.

Something so restful lies on lake and shore
The world seems anchored, and life's petty war,
Of haste and labour gone for evermore.

Something so holy lies upon the land,
Like to a blessing from some saintly hand,
A peace we feel, though cannot understand.

*Here published for the first time.



THE INDIAN POETESS PAULINE JOHNSON

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PAULINE JOHNSON: AN APPRECIATION

BY CHARLES MAIR

AUTHOR OF "DREAMLAND AND OTHER POEMS", "TECUMSEH: A DRAMA," ETC.

IN the death of Pauline Johnson a star has fallen from the intellectual firmament of Canada. When her poetry first appeared its effect upon the reader was as that of something abnormal, certainly of something new and strange. Here was a girl whose blood and sympathies were largely drawn from the greatest tribe of the greatest nation of Indians on the continent, "who spoke out loud and bold," not for it alone, but for the whole red race, and sang of its glories and its wrongs in strains of poetic fire.

However aloof the sympathies of the ordinary business world may be from the red man's record, even it is moved at times by his fate and stirred by his persistent, his inevitable romance. For the Indian's history is the background of our own. His struggles with the invader are a counterpart of the unwritten or unrecorded struggles of all primitive time. He had to yield, but he left behind him a halo of romance which is imperishable, which our literature should not and probably never shall outgrow. Hence the oncoming into the field of letters of a real Indian poet had a significance which, aided by its novelty, was immediately appreciated by all that was best in Canadian culture. Hence, too, and by reason of its strength, her work

at once took its fitting place without jar or hindrance, for there are few educated Canadians who do not possess, in some measure, that aboriginal, historic sense which was the very atmosphere of Pauline Johnson's being.

When the writer first met Pauline Johnson, many years ago, she was engrossed in her work, but still more absorbed in the fervour of an ill-fated engagement. Her strong, yet refined features lighted up when she spoke of this, with reticence, but with a transparent trustfulness as to its issue. She had felt vividly; she had come, as she says in "Wave-won":

To idolise the perfect world, to taste of
love at last.

But it ended in her poem, "The Prodigal," or, rather, did not end there, for the defeat of love runs like a gray thread through much of her verse:

Ah, me! My paddle failed me in the
steering across love's shoreless sea.

And, again, in "Overlooked":

Sleep, sister-twin of peace, my waking
eyes so weary grow!

O! Love, thou wanderer from Paradise,
dost thou not know

How oft my lonely heart has cried to
thee?

But thou and Sleep and Peace come not
to me.

Before the meeting referred to, the writer, living in the north, was able to do her some service in the matter of costume for her public performances. Besides, there was the bond of literary sympathy, and it was pleasant to part from her in the belief that she had not only a bright professional career before her, but the prospect, as well, of domestic happiness.

The delight of genius in the act of composition has been called the keenest of intellectual pleasures, and this was the poet's almost sole reward in Canada a generation ago, when nothing seemed to catch the popular ear but burlesque or trivial verse.

Probably owing to this, and partly through advice, and partly by inclination, Miss Johnson took to the public platform for a living, and certainly vindicated her choice of a vocation by her admirable performances. To the writer they seemed the perfection of monologue, graced by a musical voice, and by gesture at once simple and dignified. But these artistic entertainments were seemingly "caviare to the general public." They were not sensational, so her audiences were too often confined to discerners, to those, in a word, who thought highly of her art.

As this is an appreciation and a tribute to Miss Johnson's memory, rather than a criticism, the writer will touch but lightly upon the more prominent features of her productions. Without being obtrusive, not the least of these is her national pride; for nothing worthier, she thought, could be said of a man than "that he was born in Canada beneath the British flag." In her political creed wavering and uncertainty had no place. She saw our national life from its most salient angles, and, in current phrase, she saw it whole.

Another opinion is not likely to be challenged, viz., that much of her poetry is unique, not only in subject, but also in the sincerity of her treatment of themes so far removed from the

common range. Intense feeling distinguishes her Indian poems from all others; they flow from her very veins, and are stamped with the seal of heredity. This strikes one at every reading, and not less their truth to fact, however idealised. Indeed the "wildest" of them, "*Ojistoh*" (The White Wampum), is based upon an actual occurrence, though the incident took place on the Western plains, and the heroine was not a Mohawk. The same intensity marks "The Cattle Thief," and "A Cry from an Indian Wife." Begot of her knowledge of the long-suffering of her race, of iniquities in the past and present, they poured red-hot from her inmost heart.

One turns, however, with a sense of relief from those fierce dithyrambs to the beauty and pathos of her other poems. Take for example that exquisite piece of music, "The Lullaby of the Iroquois," simple, yet entrancing! Could anything of its kind be more perfect in structure and expression? Or the sweet idyll, "Shadow River," that transmutation of fancy and fact, which ends with her own philosophy:

O! pathless world of seeming!
O! pathless life of mine whose deep ordeal
Is more my own than ever was the real.
For others fame
And Love's red flame,
And yellow gold: I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming.

And this ideality, the hall-mark of her poetry, has a character of its own, a quality which distinguishes it from the general run of subjective verse. Though of the Christian faith, there is yet an almost pagan yearning manifest in her work, which she undoubtedly drew from her Indian ancestry. That is, she was in constant contact with nature, and saw herself, her every thought and feeling, reflected in the mysterious world around her.

There's a spirit on the river, there's a
ghost upon the shore,

And they sing of love and loving through
the starlight evermore,
As they steal amid the silence,
And the shadows of the shore.

And in the following verses this contrast of the outer world with the inner is still more finely drawn:

O! soft responsive voices of the night, I
join your minstrelsy,
And call across the fading silver light as
something calls to me;
I may not all your meaning understand,
But I have touched your soul in shadow-
land.

"Sweetness and light" met in Miss Johnson's nature, but free from sentimentality; and even a carping critic would find little to cavil at in her production. If fault should be found with any of them probably it would be with such a narrative as "Wolverine." It "bites," like all her Indian pieces, and conveys a definite meaning. But, written, as it is, in the conventional language of the frontier, it jars with her other work and seems not only out of form but out of place.

However, no poet escapes a break at times, and Miss Johnson's work is not to be judged, like a chain, by its weakest links. Its beauty, its strength, its originality are unmistakable, and although, had she lived, we might have looked for still higher flights of her genius, what we possess is beyond price, and it fully justifies the instinctive feeling, everywhere expressed, that our country has lost a true poet.

Turning from her verse to her latest prose, there is ample evidence that, had she applied herself, she would have taken high rank as a writer of fiction. Her "Legends of Vancouver" is a remarkable book, in which she relates a number of Coast-Indian myths and traditions with unerring insight and literary skill. These legends had a common source in the person of the famous old Chief Capilano who, for the first time, revealed them to her in Chinook, or in broken English, and, as reproduced in her rich and harmonious prose, belong emphatically to what has been

called "The literature of power." Bound together, so to speak, in the retentive mind of the old Chief, they are authentic legends of his people and true to the Indian nature. But we find in them, also, something that seems to transcend history. Indefinable forms, earthly and unearthly, pass before us in mythical procession, in a world beyond ordinary conception, in which nothing seems impossible.

The origin of the Red Indian's myths, east or west, cannot be traced, and must ever remain a mystery. But we believe that many of them have been handed down from father to son, unchanged, from the prehistoric past to the present day; a past certainly far back in the mists of antiquity.

In this "Appreciation" the writer mentions his first meeting with Miss Johnson, and he may be pardoned for referring to his last. In December, 1912, on a hurried visit to Vancouver, he called at the Bute hospital and had the great privilege of an interview, for her critical condition made it that. But, alas, the change! The worn face, with its sad but welcoming smile, the wasted form, the hand of ice! Never can he forget the shock as his thoughts ran back to the beautiful and happy girl of former days.

At parting, following the writer to the stair-head, she gave him her last adieu in a Chinook word derived from the Kootenay tongue, meaning literally, "Yellow Weather," but, as used, "Farewell!" She had her own longings, her own augury of the "Yellow Weather," which was not far off, which she had already welcomed in "The Happy Hunting Grounds," when she descried the red-skin's soul:

Sailing into the cloud-land, sailing into
the sun,
Into the crimson portals, ajar when life
is done,
O, dear, dear race, my spirit, too,
Would fain sail westward unto you.

THE OTHER WOMAN

BY TOM GALLON

SHE counted the people down the other side of the table quite mechanically and unnecessarily, because she had counted them before, and she knew who they were. And while her calm and placid eyes were resting upon them, her thoughts ran in this fashion:

"To-morrow you won't know me; to-morrow you will hold up hands of horror at the mere mention of my disgraceful name. And it won't matter to me, because I shall be far away, where the sunshine is, and where, perhaps, love will be."

She became vaguely aware that the young man on her left was speaking to her—and had indeed spoken to her twice before. She looked around with a quick smile—one of those smiles that made men fall in love with her, before even they knew who she was—and answered his question. It was quite a trivial question, and, having answered it and so dropped the young man, as it were, she leaned forward to speak to a woman on the other side of the table. And still her thoughts ran on, even while she smiled into the woman's eyes.

"You are a most highly respectable and extremely rich woman, my dear; you married the man who was chosen for you, and you were jolly glad to get him on any terms. And won't you look horrified when you hear about me to-morrow—and won't you chatter about me, and say you always expected it, over as many tea cups as you can get to join you!"

It had been a stupid thing for her

to come to the dinner at all; but Sir Denis Charnley, her husband, had wished her to come; and it was, after all, a filling out of the evening. Sir Denis, as usual, was down at the House, and there would probably be an all-night sitting. This was only a killing of the time until that hour arrived when she could meet the one man about whom she was thinking. And this world of which she formed a brilliant unit to-night would know her no more, and would forget the shameful thing she had done. It was curious to think that it was all mapped out and arranged, and that to-morrow would see her far away—never to come back to the safe and respectable things any more. She caught herself smiling a little wanly at the thought of that.

It was not too late; nothing had been done yet that should fling her outside the portals of Society. When presently it was time to go, she had only to drive homewards in the usual fashion, and then explain to the man.

And yet she couldn't do that; she shuddered at the thought of it. That man, her husband, whom she had once thought she loved, and who now loved only that absurd game of politics that had gradually drawn him away from her, the house where she had been so lonely for such a long time; the stolid, heavy relatives who called from time to time; the dinner parties of heavy men and heavier women—no, she couldn't go back to it. Something better called her—something more natural.

The something better and more natural was embodied in that man of whom she had been thinking—Justin Sharwood. The man of the ugly, smiling face, with a jest forever on his lips, and sunshine (or so it seemed) in his heart. The man who had teased her into loving him, by making her wonder about him and his life; the man who had finally shown himself her master—the man who cared about nothing else on earth save herself. Women had said that no woman could make any real appeal to him; that he laughed at them and snapped his fingers and took his way without them. It had been left to this one woman to conquer him, and to make him fling everything to the winds for her sake.

He was very rich, and they were to travel. There was to be no settling down in any one place—not for a long time at least; they were to journey on where the sun was shining, leaving behind them all the old dullness—never to come back to it. Justin Sharwood had said so; she seemed to be looking now into his keen eyes and hearing him whispering it softly to her, with that little smile on his face.

A rustling at the table; her hostess had given the signal, and the ladies were moving out from their places. The hostess, pausing for a moment, took Miriam Charnley by the arm and moved along by her side.

"You look tired, my dear," she whispered. "Anything the matter?"

Lady Charnley smiled round at her half whimsically. "Nothing at all, thanks," she answered. "Only I think I'll get away pretty early, if I may."

"Not too soon, I hope, or some of the men will never forgive me," murmured the old lady.

"You must let me slip away, please, a little later; I haven't ordered the car, and all I want is a taxi; you know it isn't five minutes."

When the time actually arrived for her to go it appeared to be a difficult matter for her to go alone. More than

one young bachelor protested that he must at least see her safely home; it was no trouble at all. But smilingly she insisted that she would be quite all right, and there would be servants waiting up. The taxi was brought, and her hostess insisted on taking her down the steps and putting her into it, and giving the man the proper address. The taxi moved away.

It would be doubly easy now for her to sit still and do nothing; she would arrive at the familiar house, and go straight to bed. Instead, she suddenly sat up, tense and white-faced, and took the speaking-tube into her hand. The man had only got to turn the next corner when she spoke sharply, seeing his head inclined towards the tube, and gave him the other address. He nodded, and drove straight on.

The thing was done now; she leaned back and closed her eyes, and strove to think. And yet, after all, there was nothing to think about. Had not Justin Sharwood told her smilingly that she was never to think or worry or trouble about anything again? He was going to look after her.

She opened the tiny gold bag she carried in her hand and searched in it with gloved fingers. There was the key quite safe—the key that Justin had given her. He might not be back at his flat for some time, and she was to let herself in and to rest there quietly until he came. And then they were to go straight off—even if it was in the middle of the night—in his great touring car; and go with the car across the Channel, and so face the world. She was glad now, as the taxi drew up at the entrance to a block of flats in a side street, that she had not gone home; she was glad to think that she had made her choice, and that there could be no going back.

It had all been arranged with the utmost simplicity. This was a quieter entrance to the block of flats, and at that time of night there was no

porter. She had only to mount the stairs and slip the key in the lock and close the door after her.

She paid the taxi driver generously, and gathered her skirts into her hand and began to mount the stairs. The flat was only on the first floor, and she had but to slip the key in the lock and turn on the electric light immediately inside. And yet, as she mounted, she found herself wishing that she was back again in the taxi, and that she had never given the man that altered address. She knew that there would be no one in the flat; Justin's manservant had been sent away that day. Yet she had a feeling that when the door was opened someone or something would confront her and cry out the thing she was about to do.

The key went softly into the lock—perhaps because her hand was shaking a little, and perhaps because the key was new. Sharwood had had it made especially for her on the pattern of his own. She fumbled round the edge of the door until her hand touched the switch; then, as the friendly light sprang up, she closed the door quickly and stood in the little hall.

The other doors round about were all closed. That was a disagreeable circumstance in itself. She argued that it was perfectly natural that the doors should be closed; nevertheless, it was something of an ordeal to have to open them. She knew which was the sitting-room, and she went straight towards that door, and turned the handle and went in. Here also she put up the light and looked about her.

The room was as she had seen it once before—and once only. She had come there with three or four other women to tea, and to look round the really beautiful rooms. That was quite a long time ago, when she had first known him. She took off her cloak and dropped it on a chair, sighed a little with a feeling of relief that the worst of the business was over,

and sank down luxuriously and closed her eyes. Nothing could harm her now, and nothing could be found out about her—until to-morrow.

Presently, merely for the sake of doing something, she got up and moved restlessly about the room, looking at pictures and photographs and ornaments. She drifted into another room, and yet another, turning on the light in each, and then turning it off again as she left. She closed all doors behind her, and, coming at last into the hall of the flat, remembered that the light was on there, and turned it off. Not with any purpose of being careful or economical, but simply because the light was not needed. She came back into the sitting-room, and lighted a little electric stove that stood there, turned out all lights save one shaded lamp on a table beside her chair, and settled herself again to wait.

She felt curiously tired. Now that the strain of the matter was ended, and she had taken that final plunge, she had a feeling that she wanted to rest—for a long, long time—body and soul and mind. And with that thought her eyes closed, as she leaned back in the chair, and she fell into a light sleep.

It was so light that the slight sound at the outer door woke her instantly. Startled for a moment at finding herself in a strange place, she almost sprang to her feet, remembered as quickly why she was in that particular room, and smiled a little excitedly at the thought that Justin had come at last. That was his key carefully turning in the lock—that one sound for which she had been waiting.

She heard the door close very quietly. She pictured him hanging up his coat and hat. On the impulse, with her heart beating even more rapidly, she stretched out her hand to the little table beside her, and noiselessly switched off the little shaded lamp. She pictured his starting as he came into the room, not knowing her to be

there. She dropped back again into the chair, and laid her cheek against the cushion, and kept her eyes fixed on the door.

Strangely enough, he did not come direct into the room. She heard him open the door of another room and pass in. Nor did she hear the click of the switch as he went into that other room, and his footsteps were so muffled that she could not hear him moving about. She had a vague feeling that she wished she had not turned off all the lights. She wondered impatiently why he did not come in. And then she heard the handle of the other door leading into the sitting-room turned. She swept her eyes towards that, but save that she knew that a man was standing there, she did not know who it was; she only knew, with an uneasy feeling, that it certainly was not Justin Sharwood.

He began to move round the room, whistling very softly through his teeth—the mere ghost of a sound. He came to a switch, and turned it on, and looked about him. Lady Charnley crouched down lower in the big chair, and wondered what she was to do, or who the man was. She had not dared to look at him. And then suddenly, as he crept noiselessly across the room, he saw her buried among the soft cushions and the great cloak—just two wide, startled eyes staring straight at him. So for a moment or two they held each other, with nothing seemingly that should break the spell that held them.

“What are you doing here?” the woman asked at last in a shaking whisper. She sat up a little as she put the question, and tried to get some dignity into her attitude, but she knew that her lips were shaking and her fingers were trembling.

The man had stepped back, with a quick glance round the room. He spoke more strongly than she did, and with something of a threatening manner. She noticed, as she looked at him, that he was very shabbily dressed, with an old black muffler round

his throat. He was a middle-aged man, lean and lantern-jawed and hollow-eyed.

“Well, that is rather a question, isn’t it?” he answered; and, to her surprise, his voice had no accent of the bully or the street tough, but was refined and quiet and almost gentle. Scarcely realising the position in which she stood, she began to be curiously interested in the man.

“Why have you come here?” she asked, getting to her feet and backing away from the man. “You’ve no right here. How did you get in?”

She had moved instinctively towards the bell, just as she might have done in her own house. The man, with a snarl, dived a hand into his pocket and whipped out a revolver.

“Let that alone,” he cried hoarsely. “I’ve done no harm, and I’ll slip out the way I came. But if you ring for anyone I can put up a fight for it.”

“I wasn’t going to ring,” she faltered. “Besides, there’s nobody in the flat.”

She saw in an instant the blunder she had made, because the man, with a little, quick laugh, dropped his weapon back into his pocket. “I could have told you that,” he said; “only I didn’t turn up the lights as I went through, and so there might have been somebody I didn’t see.”

“Why didn’t you turn up the lights?” she asked idly.

“Because on that side the windows look on to the street, and I didn’t want anyone to see a light, and know that the owner was away, and so come to investigate. You have to be careful in my business.”

She did not ask him what his business was; she seemed to know in some dreadful fashion. And the strange part of it was that, as she looked at him, and at the dreadful shabbiness of him, and the hunger-haunted eyes, all memory of herself seemed to have gone out of her. It would have been a matter of difficulty just then for her to drag up the re-

membrance of where she was and what she was going to do that night.

"How did you manage to get in?" she asked, taking a step towards him.

"Oh, these locks are easily picked, and I've had experience. A fellow-jailbird showed me the way, and he was clever at it. It's the clumsy ones that make marks on doors."

"You've been in prison?" she whispered. She had never seen anyone that had been in prison before. In her guarded and sheltered life such people were in a world apart from her. "You speak like a gentleman."

"Does that surprise you?" he asked. "There are quite a lot of us knocking about the jails up and down the country; we don't all speak as though we had been born in the gutter. But, of course, you wouldn't understand that. Well"—he had taken off his cap, as by some old instinct, and was twisting it about in his hands—"as I've done no harm in any way, I presume you have no objection if I slip out again?"

"I'm afraid it's scarcely my affair," she said a little haughtily. "Properly speaking, I suppose I ought to summon assistance, and have you detained until the owner returns. Oh, I didn't say I was going to," she added hurriedly, as he made a movement towards the pocket of his jacket. "So far as I'm concerned the sooner you go away the better."

He laughed, and turned towards the door. "The ladies are always changeable," he added impudently.

"Are you going to rob some other flat?" she asked.

"That'd be a fool's trick, and would give you the chance of letting the porter know before I could get away. No; as a matter of fact, I shall give up work for to-night. Luck's against me."

He moved towards the door, still with his cap in his hand; then he lounged back again towards her. She saw that he was looking at her quizzically.

"I seem to have seen you somewhere or other before," he said. "I'm certain of it. That's one of my good qualities—I never forget a face. I wonder where I've seen you?"

"It is scarcely likely that anyone in your position would meet anyone in mine," she said. "Hadn't you better go? The owner of the flat may return at any moment."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of another woman. I can always silence her if she starts screaming."

"I didn't say it was a woman," she retorted, some of her courage coming back. "It happens to be a man—and rather a big man at that."

The man whistled softly and looked her up and down.

"In the circles in which you move they'd call it a bit late for paying visits," he retorted, "And now I come to look at you again, I've got your likeness pat. I told you I never forget a face—Lady Charnley."

She swayed as though he had struck her a blow, and turned quickly away from him.

"You've made a mistake this time, at all events," she lied calmly. "I'm not in the least anyone so important as all that. Now, will you go quietly, or am I to ring—"

"There's no one in the flat, you know," he replied coolly. "Lady Charnley—wife of Sir Denis Charnley, who's getting on quite nicely in the House of Commons, and is likely to get on better still. And his wife calls at this hour on gentlemen friends, eh?"

She flashed round on him with a burning face. "There's no harm in it; the gentleman is an old friend—a relation. You're risking a great deal by staying here. He may be in at any moment."

"Such a very great friend and such a relation," went on the man, without taking any notice of the warning, "that he gives the lady a special key that shall admit her to his flat at this hour."

"How did you know that?"

"Did you pick the lock?" he asked with a laugh. "Because there's no one else in the flat, you know."

"I have said all that I desire to say to you—thank you," she retorted. "Go at once, please—and be grateful that you are allowed to slip away."

"My dear Lady Charnley," he answered, with a bow, "I am indeed grateful. If I have said anything in the least offensive, please forgive me. I know the ways of the order to which I once belonged, and it is not for me to sit in judgment upon them. Good-night—and thank you again."

He moved slowly towards the door, after bowing to her half derisively, and put his hand upon the door knob. Standing like that, he leaned a little sideways and looked at a portrait that stood on a cabinet, started quickly, and caught up the portrait, and came back to her.

"Who's this?" he demanded sharply.

It was a portrait of Justin Sharwood, taken some years previously. A smiling portrait—with that smile that was so fascinating. Lady Charnley glanced at it, and then haughtily stretched out her hand to take it from him.

"How dare you!" she said. "Give it to me—and go at once."

"I want to know whose portrait it is—or, rather, if you know whose portrait it is," said the man doggedly. "I can tell you, if it should happen that you don't know."

She did not reply; for some strange reason she began to feel dazed and ill and frightened. The man looked at her for a moment or two, and then back at the photograph. He struck it lightly with his hand, and held it out to her.

"The name of that man is Justin Sharwood, and there was a time when, if I could have got him by the throat, I'd have beaten that fair, smiling face of his to a jelly. I might do it now, if I saw him—although God knows the time for vengeance

there has long since gone past. Justin Sharwood is the man. Do you happen to know him?"

She answered mechanically; she scarcely knew what she said.

"Mr. Sharwood is a—a friend of mine," she said.

"And this is his flat?" he cried quickly.

"I did not say that," she retorted. "He may be a friend of the man who owns this place."

"Here's another portrait—and another," said the man, pointing. "The man who owns this place must be mighty fond of his friend Sharwood."

"I tell you I know nothing about it," she said restlessly. "I have warned you, for your own sake, to go away. I have told you of the risk you run. If Mr. Sharwood should walk in at that door—"

"I guessed as much!" broke in the man, with a laugh. "So Mr. Justin Sharwood—grown a little older, and yet still very fascinating, I'll be bound—hangs out here, does he? Snug quarters, too—while the man that was once his friend thieves for a living, and starves even at that."

"His friend?" she faltered.

The man nodded. "We were good pals—Sharwood and I. Once, when we were both younger, we roomed together at the 'Varsity. There never were such pals in all the world as Justin Sharwood and Billy Horton."

"Is that your name?" she asked.

The man nodded. "It was—once," he said. "Since then I've left it behind, with all the other good and decent things that I had in the beginning. There is nothing that ever was mine that is left to me. Hope is gone, and manhood, and strength, and love, and the beauty of life; and, as there is a God in heaven, that man stole them all!" He struck that pictured face again lightly with his fist, and then tossed it on to a table.

"You are wrong; it can't be the man I know at all," she exclaimed indignantly. "He is the best man in

the world—the noblest, the gentlest—a true friend to anyone and everyone.”

Horton looked at her sharply; then he gave a quick glance round the room, until his eyes lighted on the heavy cloak she had tossed into the chair. He took a step towards her, and caught her wrist roughly in his hand, and stared into her eyes. There was such a fierce sympathy and rage and fear all combined in that look that she shrank away from it.

“My God! are you going to do it too?”

“What do you mean?” she faltered, at the stretch of her arm. “Let me go!”

“I wouldn’t let you go now,” he answered quietly, “if Sharwood came in this moment. It would be fine sport to stop him at the eleventh hour, wouldn’t it? I was too late before. He had told his story too well to the woman who was my wife.”

“Your wife!” she whispered.

“That shocks you horribly, doesn’t it?” The man loosed his hold on her arm and turned away. “You see, you’re not the first; there has been a long succession of them; the tale of their broken lives goes on through the years, and even the smiling Justin Sharwood has perhaps forgotten who they were. He was my friend in those old days; but that didn’t matter. Mary—my Mary! — fascinated him, and so he set himself to work to get her.

“It isn’t true!” she said. “He’s not that sort of man.”

“Lady Charnley, the world reports you as happily married.”

“What does the world know?” she retorted scornfully. “The world sees me at receptions and balls and dinners and what not; the world sees me in my motor-car, and talks of Charnley as a clever and a rich and a coming man. What does the world know?”

“Is Sir Denis Charnley so bad that you must run away from him?” asked Horton gently. “Is life such a

bitter cruel thing that you must change it for a mere experiment with Justin Sharwood? I can look into the years that are coming, and I can see you left alone, just as Mary was left at the last—a woman without a name, and without a friend. Give yourself a chance; don’t go under for the sake of a creature like Sharwood.”

Lady Charnley had got a grip upon herself at last; the real purpose that had brought her there at all was strong within her. This was some old story that concerned someone else; some forgotten scandal that had not touched the man she told herself she loved at all. She moved across the room and sank again into the chair in which the man had at first discovered her. She could even find it in her heart to smile a little at this ragged creature who was so preposterously in earnest and who had no right to be in the place at all.

“I cannot for the life of me see what you have to do with any affair of mine,” she said. “Anyone claiming an acquaintance with Mr. Sharwood might come here with some hatched-up tale and expect to be believed. Is it likely that I should accept as truth any story you might tell?” Her eyes swept him scornfully for a moment.

“No, I suppose not,” he answered. He picked up the photograph and walked slowly across the room and set the picture in its place. He stood with his cap twisted in his hands and spoke gently and half brokenly without looking at her. “A woman thinks she sees the way clear and straight before her; and she trusts the man. You can’t show me what you’re doing to-night is right and square and true; in your heart of hearts you know that presently Sharwood will be back in the world again, with people who know him only too glad to receive him; while you will be out among the lost and the damned and forgotten. You know that as well as I can tell you.”

"You don't understand," she broke in impetuously. "He loves me; he's going to marry me just as soon as Charnley sets me free."

Horton laughed and passed his hand for a moment over his thin face; then he looked round at her. "That's what he told the dear woman—my Mary—when he stole her away from me. He was to marry her; he loved her better than any one else could possibly do—shall I tell you what became of her?" He had lowered his voice to a whisper, and he leaned his starved and shrunken face towards her.

"When they had fled, and she had left behind only a little note excusing herself, I set out to follow them. I tried in various places, but each time the news of my pursuit had reached them, and they were gone. I knew long afterwards that she was afraid and dared not wait to see me. I would have taken her back—poor broken thing that she was—because there was no one else on all the wide earth like her. And when at last I found her, by the merest chance, she was alone. He had left her—penniless—in a strange city; she was dying of want. I thank my God that at the last she died in my arms; it is a sweet and precious memory to me that she whispered at the last that she loved me, and that she had never loved anyone else. And it was then she spoke to me of the old happy days when we had been first married, and when we had made the best of things on a very little money in a couple of tiny rooms. That had been before the serpent had entered into our Eden."

"I—I'm sorry," she said. "Your life has been a poor thing since then?"

"There was nothing for which I had to live—no future. I was unlucky, or so men said, and I sank lower and lower. I have been in prison. And sometimes there, in the dark watches of the night, the poor, pitiful spirit of her has come to me, to comfort me.

I know in my heart that the poor spirit of her brought me here, to save the soul of a woman alive. Because you're not going to sin, Lady Charnley; you're going back."

Miriam Charnley drew herself up and smiled at him through her tears. "Yes, I'm going back," she said. "I hadn't understood before."

"That's good," answered the man; and with some old remembrance of gallantry he picked up the cloak and dropped it about her shoulders.

"I'm going back," she said, "for the sake of Mary. And you—what will you do?"

"Now, if we slip out," he said, "I can get you a taxi."

So the strange pair went out of the flat, Horton skirmishing in advance, to be certain that the coast was clear. But the street was so quiet, and she got out into it so rapidly, that to the casual glance of a stolid-faced policeman it was no more than just a well-dressed woman waiting for a moment in a lighted doorway, while a shabby man, who had drifted in the fashion of shabby men from nowhere, scurried off to find a taxi for her.

In due course the taxi deposited Miriam Charnley at her own house and went away again; and ten minutes later another taxi drove up, bringing Sir Denis Charnley. He was decidedly pleased at finding his wife waiting up for him. He dropped an arm with rough affection about her shoulders, and stooped and put his lips to hers.

"I say, old girl, I've been a bit careless lately, and I've let this Parliament business take up too much of my time. You're looking tired and worried; we'll take a holiday. I've paired for the rest of the session with another chap, and if you can get your things in time we'll clear out. What do you say?"

She looked up at him, and he saw with contrition that her eyes had tears in them. "I—I'm very grateful, Denis," she said.

THE LOVER TO HIS LASS

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

CROWN her with stars, this angel of our planet,
Cover her with morning, this thing of pure delight,
Mantle her with midnight till a mortal cannot
See her for the garments of the light and the night.

How far I wandered, worlds away and far away!
Heard a voice, but knew it not in the clear cold,
Many a wide circle and many a wan star away
Dwelling in the chambers where the worlds were growing old:

Felt them growing old and heard them falling
Like ripe fruit when a tree is in the wind;
Swift the seraphs gathered them, their clarion voices calling
In the rounds of cheering labour till the orchard floor was thinned:

Saw a whole universe turn to its setting,
Old and cold and weary, gray and cold as death,
But before mine eyes were veiled in forgetting,
Something always caught my soul and held its breath.

Caught it up and held it—now I know the reason;
Governed it and soothed it—now I know why;
Nurtured it, and trained it, and kept it for the season
When new worlds should blossom in the springtime sky.

How have they blossomed, see! the sky is like a garden;
Ah, how fresh the worlds look hanging on the slope!
Pluck one and wear it, Love, and ask the Gardener's pardon,
Pluck out the Pleiads like a spray of heliotrope.

See Aldebaran like a red rose clamber,
See brave Betelgeux pranked with poppy light;
This young earth must float in floods of amber
Glowing with a crocus flame in the dells of night.

O, you cannot cheat the soul of an inborn ambition,
'Tis a naked viewless thing living in its thought,
But it mounts through errors and by valleys of contrition,
Till it conquers destiny and finds the thing it sought.

Crown her with stars, this angel of our planet,
Cover her with morning, this thing of pure delight,
Mantle her with midnight till a mortal cannot
See her for the garments of the light and the night.

WITH THE AID OF THE WIDOW

BY PETER McARTHUR

IN affairs of the heart a man, especially a young man, needs a disinterested woman to guide, to encourage, or to check him, as the case may require. Now, Harry Watson was young twenty years ago, and so fortunate as to have a charming widow as his confidant and friend. She was several years his senior, and he was once very much in love with her—or thought he was. She had poohpoohed his proposal and told him that, although she thought him a fine, clever young fellow, she had no desire to take a boy to raise and that he mustn't talk nonsense. Of course he was very tragic and went out west to hunt for grizzlies, hoping to be masticated by one, but he presently came to his senses and returned to the city. He was naturally rather shame-faced when he met the widow, but she was so jolly that he soon forgot his previous absurdity, and they became fast friends.

But about the middle of the season a change came over him. The widow wondered a little at first and then smiled. He was absent-minded, had no confidences to impart and could no longer be relied on for an escort.

"Well, Harry," she finally inquired when her patience was exhausted, "who are you in love with now?"

"How do you know I am in love?"

"Oh, I am so familiar with the symptoms, and besides I have seen you in love before!"

"No, no!" he exclaimed ruefully. "I never knew until now what love means!"

The widow thought of some wild protestations she had once heard and smiled, but her smile was good-natured and forgiving.

"Really," she said, "this looks serious, and perhaps I was wrong in not interfering sooner! But come, tell me who she is?"

"Miss Townsend."

"Esther?"

He nodded.

The widow blushed slightly and murmured something altogether irrelevant about taking a boy to raise, after all. Then she exclaimed:

"That is the first sensible thing I have ever known you to do! Have you proposed to her yet?"

"No, indeed! She knows nothing of how I feel toward her!"



"Who are you in love with now?"



"He sank back into his chair with a groan."

"Perhaps not," said the widow.
"Some girls are queer."

"And besides she seems altogether unapproachable. Something seems to make it almost a sin to think of loving her."

The widow understood this at once. Esther's mother had died some years ago, and, being the only daughter, Esther had become the housekeeper for her father and brothers, and in consequence she naturally assumed a matronly attitude toward young men.

"You poor boy!" said the widow in humorous sympathy. "What would become of you if it were not for me? But if you obey my orders I will guarantee that you will win her."

"What must I do?" asked Harry brightening.

"You must go and propose to Esther to-night."

"I haven't the courage."

"You don't need courage. A proper amount of fear and trembling helps a man wonderfully when he is proposing."

Harry argued for awhile, but the upshot of the matter was that he

obeyed the widow and sought Esther with a carefully prepared proposal on the tip of his tongue. Being so occupied with this it was only natural that his conversational efforts were of the blundering kind that it would be cruel to repeat, and after the first few minutes Esther was no more at ease than he was, for embarrassment is very contagious among lovers, whether they realise that they are in love or not. Finally, after much disjointed chat, Harry made the plunge like a man closing his eyes and leaping over a precipice.

"Miss Townsend, I know that I am pre — that I — er — er—I love you."

Her reply was an inarticulate murmur of surprise.

"I cannot dare to think that you will consent to be my wife just now, but perhaps some day—will you not let me hope? I will do anything to win your love."

"Please don't, don't, Mr. Watson! It is impossible."

He sank back into his chair with a groan.

"I am so sorry this has happened," she said with forced calmness. "I like you very much, and I thought we were always to be friends, but you can see that it is impossible for me to marry. It is my duty to take care of papa and my brothers and try to take the place of my poor mother."

"I felt from the first," said Harry sorrowfully, "that it was hopeless to think of you. You are too good for me."

"Don't say that, please, for I like you very much more than any one I know. If I ever did lo—marry, it would be just such a man as you—good, clever and generous. But you see that it is impossible, don't you?"

He looked into her appealing eyes, but could not answer. Nothing is so sublimely tragic as a beautiful girl sacrificing herself to a mistaken sense of duty, and she appeared so sublime to him that he couldn't help thinking her in the right.

"Please leave me now, Mr. Watson. I am so sorry this has happened. You must forget me—no, not that—for I shall always like to think of you as a friend, and when you have forgotten this—this—please go. I must be true to my duty."

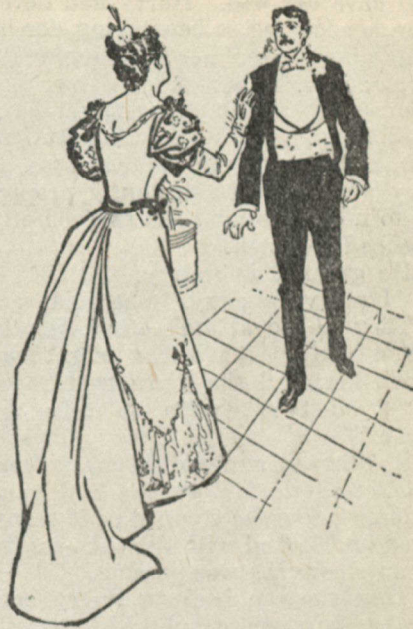
When Harry had reached the street, the weight of his disappointment pressed down on him in the darkness and maddened him. He loved her more than ever and was utterly without hope. When he had walked about until his sorrow had somewhat exhausted itself, he began to crave sympathy and naturally sought the widow. It was a delicate matter to handle, but she questioned him tactfully and soon learned all that she wished to know, and that was that his love was undoubtedly returned.

After talking the whole matter over Harry felt comforted, and he felt sure that the clever widow was going to do all in her power to help him. But he did not imagine that while they were discussing the subject the peerless, self-sacrificing Esther was weeping bitterly and almost rebelling against her fate. It was only by magnifying her duty to an appalling grimness that she finally recovered her composure and soothed the pain at her heart to an aching numbness.

As soon as the widow felt that Harry had recovered from the first bitterness of his disappointment she ordered him to go and call on Esther. He obeyed, and a few such calls restored to some extent their old relationship, and they could talk more like brother and sister. And one evening she talked to him in a most sisterly fashion, warning him wistfully to beware of the wiles of the widow.

"You know I look upon you as a brother, and I should not like to see one of my brothers as much in her company as you are. Of course she is nice, but is she designing?"

"The little minx," said the widow when she had heard of it. "I know I am designing, but she will find it is



"Take me Home."

for her happiness I am doing it now—and incidentally for my own—or just the reverse."

She of course diagnosed the case as one of jealousy and was pleased. Harry didn't understand the last part of her remark, but he did not question.

"Are you going to the Madison musicale?" the widow asked.

"Yes, Esther and her father will be there," Harry replied.

"Well, I shall be there, too, and I may want you to do me a favour. Will you do it?"

"Certainly."

*

On the night of the musicale the widow was triumphantly beautiful. There was the light of battle in her eyes, and that with good reason, for she had brought her own affairs and those of several other people to a crisis. But no one could look at her perfect figure and animated face without feeling that she could conquer the most obdurate by her charms

and have her will. Harry had never seen her looking so bewitching, for he had never seen her so thoroughly alert and aroused. Had Esther not been there the old flame might have rekindled. But Esther was beautiful—in a different way—and as soon as they were alone he promptly proposed to her again, and she as promptly declined to listen.

He groaned in misery.

"I am very sorry," she said.

They looked at each other silently for a while. At last a slight sob shook her, and she murmured:

"I must get papa to take me home."

She turned and walked away from him quickly. Before she had gone a dozen paces she stopped as if transfixed and looked with dilated eyes into an alcove she was passing.

Then she ran back to Harry and, almost fainting, caught his arm.

"Take me home! Take me away from here!"

He hastened to call a carriage. When they had entered it, Esther began to cry, and he tried to console her. Instinctively he put his arm about her, and she did not resist. A moment after — it was the natural thing to do—he kissed her, and, leaning her head on his shoulder, she wept until her sorrow had abated. He could not imagine what was the matter, but when they arrived at her home she enlightened him. As she was leaving him in the conservatory she had seen her father kneeling before the widow proposing to her and had seen her grant him a kiss of acceptance. All

her illusions about duty vanished in an instant. Her father was getting another to take care of him, and her occupation was gone.

"I shall leave home!" she cried angrily. "If he marries her, I must leave home!"

"I have a home to offer you," said Harry.

But it is not necessary to follow them through this last scene, which could have but one result—happiness for both.

It never occurred to Harry that the widow had ordered him to propose to Esther so that she could bring her father, as if by accident, to see the little scene. She had watched his movements, and judging the correct moment to a nicety had brought Mr. Townsend to that part of the conservatory. He liked Harry too much to interrupt, which the widow had taken care to learn before she took the step, and she was not sorry when she heard of it.

Harry was naturally profuse in his thanks, for his happiness so blinded him to everything else in the world that he thought it was for his sake it had all been done. When this dawned upon the widow, she laughed loud and long.

"Oh, go away," she laughed, "to your billing and cooing with Esther! You are such a pair of fools you should be happy together." And she added somewhat mischievously:

"You see, I am in a sense taking a boy to raise, after all. But you will find me a very indulgent mother-in-law."





ON THE THRESHOLD

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

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE SILVER FOX MUFF

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

I THINK I was the most desperate woman in New York yesterday when I climbed into the lurching old Fifth Avenue stage in front of Ellis Leight's office and started for his house. That sounds sentimental, considering that Ellis was my first beau, in the old days out in Grand Rapids, and that I've never seen him since I married Phil twelve years ago. Heaven knows though, there was nothing sentimental about the situation. I was going to try to borrow money from Ellis, and I would almost rather have died. But the whole breadth and length of the city there was no one else left to appeal to—And when I had told him "no," he had said if ever I needed a friend—and Ellis wasn't the sort to change. But it almost killed me to face him with the story, and yet there was no one else left. To that pass Phil and I had brought ourselves.

There is no question about it—Phil and I are a bad lot. We didn't set out to be swindlers, dead beats and all the ugly rest of it, of course. We merely set out to live as comfortably and dress as well, to go to the theatre as often and dine in restaurants as often and go to the races as often, as the rest of the world. But Phil's salary at Bankington and Bondley's didn't quite allow that. So we began to run into debt; and then we borrowed where we could to pay the debts; and then we took to being very sure who was at the door before we opened it, and very careful about what little shops we passed in our walks.

And we moved often. And then, one day, Bankington and Bondley discovered — Oh well, what's the good of harking back nine years to that? Here we are, and Phil's no worse than the rest of the world. Aren't you always reading about the great captains of industry and how they rob the public, and how they ought all to be behind bars? Well, they aren't, are they? Neither is Phil. When the worst has come to the worst, I have always gone and interceded for him. I'm a slightly-built woman; I look fragile, I suppose. In the flats we live in even the janitresses tell me that I have "such sad eyes." And my hair's my own. I never touched it up even when Phil began to admire copper. So that, when I have to go and see people for him, I have a notion I look a good deal of a lady and a little of a suffering saint. Anyhow the old codgers who have employed him always weaken on prosecuting him when they see me.

The funny part of it is that I always feel entirely in earnest when I beg them not to proceed against him, and when I promise that this shall be his very last offence. My quaverings, and the tears that don't quite come, are as genuine as if I didn't remember the last time and couldn't foresee the next. Well, I don't know that I do, exactly. I'm always thinking, those times, how glad, how glad, I am that little Philip didn't live—He would be just ten, little Phil.

Well, that's the way we've lived for a long time now. But this year has been a little worse. Phil lost his

job last fall and hasn't had any work for four or five months. Naturally we are very much on our uppers. Whenever he's in funds—and sometimes he lands a good thing on the races—we salt it down in something pawnable. I have two very decent stones and Phil has a scarf pin and a ring that has seen us through many a tight place. But of course these were all tied up by the end of the second month. Since then I've been standing off the agent and the butcher and the rest of the pests, and Phil has been wearing out shoe leather looking for work. There aren't many jobs waiting for a man of thirty-five with no references and something about him that makes you think of pool rooms and Sheepshead Bay and the combination of your safe. I don't know just what it is, that look, but I can see it in Phil myself. It sticks out like the colour of his necktie when he wears blue.

Sometimes I've tried to get work myself. But where my lack of experience hasn't queered me, the fact that I have a husband to support me has. And so it has gone.

Yesterday he went out just after breakfast, which happened also to be lunch. It saves something to sleep through until one o'clock! In about two hours I heard his latch key click. I was still sitting at the table reading a paper, but I jumped up and began to hustle the dishes off. When things are going against Phil he's as nasty as you please, and I've known him to make more of a row over a soiled wrapper and a spotted tablecloth than I have ever made over being hungry and cold and ashamed to show my face.

This time he didn't notice the dishes or my kimono or anything. He was clammy white and when he spoke it was with a sound as though his tongue were thick in his mouth.

"Maudie," he said. "Maudie—" and stopped. Then I knew there was trouble. I'm "Maud" or "Old Girl" or "Old Fellow" when the wind is

fair. But where was the trouble to come from? He had lost his last place for incompetency, not for—anything else.

Finally I got it out of him. He had taken fifty dollars the night before—taken it from a man in Garry's saloon. It was the first time he had picked a pocket and it's silly, I suppose, but it's true—I felt as if I should die of shame. The ground seemed slipping away from under my feet and I grabbed the edge of the table.

"Picked a pocket," I said stupidly. "O Phil, Phil."

"Snivel about it later," said Phil crossly. "You've something else to do now. I tell you Garry's barkeep saw—or says he saw. And Garry says he'll not have it — no crooked business at his joint. He's got to have it back or he'll put the dopey cry-baby that couldn't take care of it on to me, and—well, you know what it'll mean."

"But why don't you give it back?" I asked him, like a fool. As though I hadn't been married to him twelve years! Of course it had gone already—on the Aqueduct races.

"Maudie, Maudie," he cried when he was through telling it, "get me out of this, this time, and I promise you—I swear—"

But I had put up my hand at that. I couldn't stand hearing one of Phil's vows just then.

I don't know what I expected to do as I dressed for the street. There was no one left to lend me a dollar. I had exhausted all credit and all kindness long ago. There was nothing in the flat that I could raise three dollars on. The only chance in the world was Ellis Leight and I felt that I would rather die than go to him. I dare say he knew well enough what we had become, and that I had done badly enough for myself when I took Phil instead of him. Still, I couldn't bear the thought of facing him myself with a request that would be an acknowledgment of everything. And yet—if I didn't, he could read it all

in a dingy paragraph in to-morrow's paper.

So I went down to his office, scourging myself along. I took a look at myself in the first big, reflecting window I passed on Columbus Avenue and I wondered if he would believe me. Somehow I have always managed to seem well dressed. A little bit of training and I would have made a dandy "Celestine et Cie," and could have charged sixty-five dollars for a blouse with the best of them. And upon my word, as I boarded the car, my pocket book flat over my last quarter, I gave a very passable tailor-made effect, though I was wearing literally the only thing I had except the kimono.

And then Ellis wasn't in his office, but at home in his hotel, convalescing from an attack of grippe.

If you have ever summoned every particle of strength in your body to lift some weight, and have strained and struggled and tried only to find that you have not done it by two inches, you know how you feel about the next attempt. That is how I felt as I boarded that stage—exhausted from the effort that had resulted in nothing, convinced that I could never screw myself up to the same pitch of courage again.

The stage stopped and a woman climbed in, a woman who was fairly tinny with silk linings. She was in mourning of the very rich, not very deep sort. She extracted a little purse of gun metal mesh from her silver fox muff—such silver fox!—and moved toward the front of the stage to ring for change. The muff dropped from beneath her arm as she moved and I stooped to pick it up for her.

It was no sooner in my hand than the whole plot flashed across me, though, on my word of hon — well, never mind that!—though I had really meant nothing in picking up the muff but to do her a little service. But there I held that rich thing — enough to save poor Phil, to stop the

landlord's mouth, to spare me the humiliation of begging from Ellis Leight. I held it, it might be my own. There was no one else in the stage. She wore no boa to match the muff, for the day was mild for mid-winter. And as for the rest of her dress—well, a hasty observer would not have known my blue cheviot for home-made.

By the time she had got her change and dropped her nickel in the box, one of my hands was cosily and intimately feeling the soft package inside the big, soft, lovely thing; the other was about to pull the bell rope.

"Thank you," she said, turning to me and putting out her hand. I looked at her blandly, inquiringly.

"For picking up my muff," she explained, growing quite red. She was blonde and rather sweet looking, and the colour came easily under her thin skin. I smiled at her.

"I picked up my muff," I told her gently.

"You — you — why, that is my muff," she sputtered.

"I beg your pardon, madam," I said, very haughtily and sternly. The stage jerked to a standstill by the curb. I made my way to the door. She followed, excited, incoherent. A policeman stood a third-block away, up the Avenue. I looked at her severely.

"I should be very sorry to have to give you in charge," I told her coldly. "But if you persist in this bare-faced attempt at highway robbery—"

For a second she looked at me too dazed to speak. I think she thought she was in a nightmare or an insane asylum. Then the policeman began to swing his way up the avenue and she made a dash after him. It was a fatal movement on her part. Her back was not turned before the side street had swallowed me. You see she was too well bred to make an outcry in public. If she had stood still and screamed for that policeman, I don't know what I should have done!

Four minutes later, from the fourth

story window of an office building across the street I watched that majestic, slow cop and that excited, gesticulating lady as they stopped puzzled pedestrians and made a useless scene upon the sidewalk. By and by the man seemed to represent to her the impossibility of making a room-to-room search of a busy, city block, and they went off together.

By and by I cautiously made my way out again. I went—sacrilege, I suppose it was—to a church, to sit down and think the situation over. I wanted to find out what the muff contained, and to make a plan for its disposal.

And only an hour or two before I had been horror-stricken to think that Phil had descended to such low dishonesty as to rob a man!

In the dusky shelter of a side pew I drew out the contents of the muff—a card case of seal with a name and address stamped inside in silver—“Mrs. Godfrey Reinhart, 18 West Seventy Second Street.” The cards narrowly edged with black, bore the same name and address.

There was besides a soft package rolled in tissue paper. I opened it. An unframed miniature came out. Dimly, in that religious twilight, I saw a child's pink, laughing face. Then I drew out an unsealed envelope, black-bordered like the cards. Something was pencilled on its surface. I drew out the enclosure—a big, loose, fair curl.

Somehow my heart almost stopped beating then. For at home—at home—

I held the envelope close to my eyes

and read these words, “Eddie's hair.”

And I—I who had been little Philip's mother—

Don't ask me what went on in my mind as I sat in that church, or how long I sat there, or anything. I only know that when I came out it was purply dark and Fifth Avenue was a tangle of lights and shadows.

I walked out to West Seventy Second street. At her door they wanted my card, they wanted to know my business, they were sure she was engaged. But when I said that I had come about Mrs. Reinhart's muff they let me in in short order.

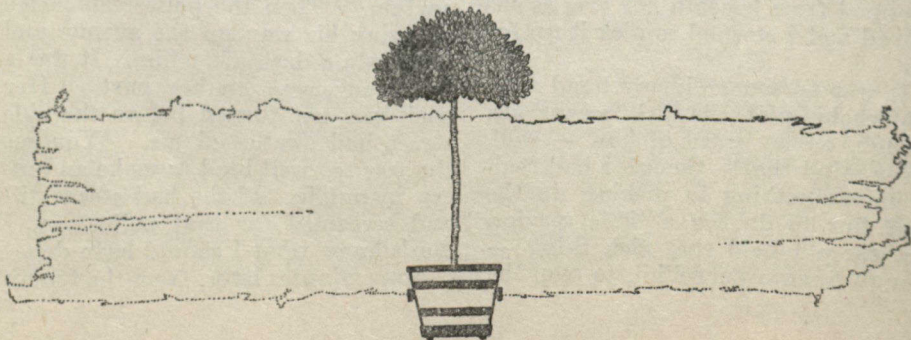
They sent me up to her—boudoir, I suppose it was. Anyway it was all brocade, pink and creamy, and flowers and couches and a fire. But she came in out of the next room—an empty nursery it was; I could see a rocking horse in there in the dusk and a long train of cars.

“You!” she cried out when she saw me.

I couldn't say anything. I held out the muff. She looked bewildered, took it, stared at me, and then said: “Tell me what you mean!”

I looked in through the half open door at the rocking horse, standing so still, and told her.

That is all. Except that Phil will not go to jail this time. And maybe—maybe—never. For who knows what it may do for him, life on a ranch, away from the city and its temptations, with the open air and work and all? Mrs. Reinhart says everything. And perhaps, perhaps, she will be proved right.



THE LAST OF HER RACE

BY S. WALKEY

THE château was set on fire by the Terrorists in the twilight of an autumn evening; and by the time the moon had risen the old home of the De Lissacs was a smoking ruin, around which fantastic and terrible figures were dancing like demons.

Monsieur le Comte and his wife and his sons had perished in the flames. They had chosen to defend the place to the last, rather than surrender themselves to a more dreadful death at the hands of their merciless foes.

They were a hated race—the De Lissacs. A peasant might not cut his corn until his seigneur had finished his partridge-shooting; and by then, most likely, the crop was spoilt. He might at any time be called upon to neglect his own poor patch of land and to work upon the vast farm that adjoined the park of the château. And there were other reasons, far greater than these, for the peasants' hatred of their lord. As for his two sons, they were loathed and feared throughout the whole demesne, while Madame la Comtesse, arrogant and proud, had done naught to win the affection or the love of those who for so long had groaned beneath the De Lissac yoke.

But now the Comtesse and the old Comte and his sons were dead. Vengeance had fallen upon the accursed race.

One, and one only, remained alive.

*

It chanced that on this tragic even-

ing Valéric De Lissac was returning from a visit to a distant château—the home of the La Chesnays, and young Aubert La Chesnaye rode beside the coach which was bearing her towards Lissac, after an absence of a month or more.

Neither had dreamt of danger, neither had imagined that the Terrorists, of which such dreadful tales had been told, had penetrated to Lissac. So secure were the La Chesnays in the affections of their peasantry that they had disdained to flee when the first thunder-clap of the coming storm sent its echoes over France; and the De Lissacs, for all their arrogance, never lacked courage. They also stayed.

The great coach, drawn by six horses, had reached the summit of a hill whence the château, in daytime, might clearly be seen; when Aubert beheld a red tongue of fire leap upward towards the heavens.

In the twilight hour it looked sinister and strange. He drew rein for an instant and stayed gazing towards Lissac. The coach had halted that the horses might take a breather, and Valérie thrust her charming head from the window and called gaily to her young escort.

"Is it too dark to see the château?"

"Aye," he answered swiftly, for a sudden fear—a sudden trembling had come upon him. For an instant he knew not what to say, nor what to do. Only in his heart he thanked Heaven that their journey had been

delayed at a hamlet where they had halted for awhile because one of the horses had cast a shoe.

"I have never travelled so late!" she exclaimed. "But what matter? I have a brave and gallant cavalier in you, Aubert. Don't you remember when we were children, how you used to vow that one day you were going to be my champion, and rescue me from all kinds of dreadful perils? Somehow to-night I feel that there is romance in the very air — romance and danger.

Valérie was always most charming in this gay, this mocking mood. Thrice had Aubert La Chesnaye striven to tell her of his love, thrice had she laughed him to scorn; but he was sure, in the end, that he would win her.

She was strangely unlike her brothers, for there was no arrogance, no cruelty in her nature. Hers was a heart of gold.

When the peasants sent secret messages to the Terrorists who, in a neighbouring province, were roaming from château to château — and who had offered to come and help to destroy the De Lissacs—they chose a time when they believed that Mademoiselle Valérie, whom they loved and revered, was safe from all danger. They did not imagine that the night of their vengeance would be the night of her return.

But so it was.

And Aubert La Chesnaye guessed what had happened. He remembered his father had more than once remarked that Lissac would perish if ever the tempest of the Terror swept in that direction. He knew now that the château was in flames.

Dismounting, he bade the lackey who sat beside the coachman to alight and hold his horse.

Then he went to Valérie.

"I want you to come with me," he said.

Something in his voice alarmed her, yet she left the coach without a question, and Aubert led her to a spot

whence she could see the pillar of flame that marked the blazing château.

"Valérie," said he very gently, "just now you imagined there was romance in the very air—romance and danger. And you were right. When you asked me whether 'twas too dark to see the château, I lied, for at the moment I knew not what to say. Then I remembered that with you truth was best always. I remembered you had told me, long ago, that if ever you were fated to meet danger—to suffer grief—you would pray to know the worst at the very outset. That is why I ask you now to look towards Lissac."

He took her hand, and for a moment her face was turned from him, but he knew she was gazing at the château. He could hear her half-stifled sobs.

"I understand," she said at last. "The peasants have risen. They have driven forth my father and my mother, and Silvain and Roland. They will have to flee to Chesnaye for safety. Nay, that will not be right, for were they to take refuge at Chesnaye you and yours might be in peril. Let us go on—on towards Lissac. Perhaps we shall meet my people, and then we may help them to escape. For I must join them, you see. It is my duty."

But ere Aubert Le Chesnaye could answer, three fugitives from Lissac came panting up from the hill. They were lackeys of the château who had been allowed to escape ere the mansion was set on fire.

They ran like men distraught. One kept crying:

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" in a voice that was shaken by sobs, and in an instant Valérie had hurried after him and seized his sleeve.

"Jules! Jules Cadillac! What has happened!" she cried.

The man threw up his arms in a gesture of horror and despair.

"They are dead — all dead!" he gasped. "They perished in the

flames! Monsieur le Comte, Madame la Comtesse, and the others! Had they come forth the redcaps would have butchered them. So they stayed in the château and fired upon the mob. Then faggots were brought and and oil, and soon the place was all ablaze. Heavens! I shall never forget their faces at the windows — never, never, never!”

“Hush!” said La Chesnaye. “Do you not recognise mademoiselle?”

“Nay, he was right to tell me the truth,” she faltered. “Are you sure that they are dead, Jules? Is there no hope?”

“None, mademoiselle,” replied Cadillac. “Do not venture farther. Return to Chesnaye. That is whither we are bound. Monsieur le Vicomte will give us shelter and food.”

“Aye, he will,” said Aubert. “Come Valérie, let us go back.”

“Is there no hope?” she asked again.

One of Jules Cadillac’s companions answered her.

“Someone said that Madame la Comtesse disappeared from view before the others,” he said. “I heard a redcap remark that her men-folk had made her leave them—that they had urged her to escape. But I never learned what happened afterwards, for I fled, and then I was overtaken by Jules and Pierre.”

There came a silence, broken at last by the voice of Aubert La Chesnaye.

“Come, Valérie, let us go back,” he said again.

But she turned fiercely upon him.

“Go back? Never!” she cried. “My mother may be living! She may be in the hands of those bloodthirsty wretches who have destroyed my father and Silvain and Roland! I will not return to Chesnaye. If they take her to Paris, I will walk beside her tumbril, and I will go with her to the guillotine!”

“But if she be dead, mademoiselle?” said Jules. “If she has perished? Then, by going to Lissac, you

will have imperilled your own life for naught!”

“Yet I will go!” she cried.

II.

“A brave decision, citoyenne,” said a strange voice, and a tall figure emerged from the shadows. “If you will permit me to be your escort, I will take you safely to Lissac. For I am sure you will find your mother alive, and I have no doubt that when she is on her way to the conciergerie, she will be comforted by your presence. If Citizen Chesnaye will be so gracious as to lend us his coach, we shall be at Lissac within an hour.”

But Aubert La Chesnaye had leapt ’twixt the stranger and mademoiselle, and had drawn his rapier. The steel glittered like silver in the bright moonlight.

“If mademoiselle goes to Lissac, she goes under my escort!” he exclaimed.

“Ah, but your escort would be worthless, citizen,” replied the stranger; “whereas mine would ensure the citoyenne’s safety. I will tell you why. The patriots who have assisted the peasants of Lissac to destroy the château are under my command. I am Citizen Roberie, from Paris, recently appointed inspector-general of the various bands sent forth to destroy the châteaux of the foes of the Republic and to bring aristocrats before the Tribunal. My business is to send to Paris full reports of the work of our patriots, and my warrant gives me power to release captives who, in my opinion, are guiltless of any crime against the well-being of the Republic. Thus you will realise that I can be a strong friend or a dangerous enemy. Which do you choose to consider me?”

The question was addressed to Valérie, but ’twas Aubert La Chesnaye who answered it.

“An enemy!” he cried.

“Then I shall remember you as my foe when I visit Chesnaye,” said

Citizen Roberie. "Really, citizen, you are extremely foolish. So many aristocrats go to the guillotine because they have spoken a careless or hasty word. And I beg you to sheath your sword. It is true that you can kill me if you please, for I am alone, and you have men around you who are upon your side. But would my death help the citoyenne to find her mother? I think not. So I will appeal to her to make her choice."

Roberie bowed to mademoiselle.

"Citoyenne," he said, "will you accompany me to Lissac? Will you trust me? I assure you that if your mother be alive—and I have reason to believe that she is safe—you shall join her. Afterwards, though I make no promise, I may be able to arrange for her release. If she be dead, then I will send you to Chesnaye. Can I say more?"

Aubert would have spoken, but Valérie, distraught with grief and wrought to a desperate resolve to go to Lissac—to prove whether or not her mother lived—placed her hand in that of Citizen Roberie.

"I have chosen," she murmured. "I will trust you."

The citizen turned to La Chesnaye.

"You will allow me to borrow your coach?" he said. "Perhaps you yourself would like to remain here on the slender chance of the citoyenne returning in, say, two hours or so. I warn you not to follow us to Lissac unless you court certain death.

Aubert La Chesnaye made no reply. He stood like a figure cut in stone. When Citizen Roberie bade the coachman make ready to drive to Lissac, and fetched his own horse from a place amid the trees, where it had been tethered, La Chesnaye shivered, but still he made no sign, and presently the great coach rumbled down the hill, while Roberie clattered along behind.

Jules was now holding Aubert's horse, but La Chesnaye took the reins from him.

"You can go," he said—"all three

of you. Hasten to Chesnaye—tell my father that danger threatens. Bid him make preparations for a flight to England, for the sake of my mother and my sisters. Say that the wolves from Paris are a-prowl, and that ere long Chesnaye will suffer the fate of Lissac. I count upon you, Jules, to persuade my people to flee. Why should they perish? Why should they remain in France, to be butchered by wandering ruffians calling themselves patriots, or to be dragged to Paris to the guillotine?"

"But you, m'sieu? What will you do?" stammered Cadillac. "Where will you go?"

"Jules," said Aubert, "I imagine that I shall go to heaven, for I follow Mademoiselle De Lissac."

III.

"You will alight here, citoyenne," said Roberie.

The door of the coach was opened and Valérie stepped out. The citizen offered his arm. All around sounded confused and savage voices. She saw fierce and dreadful faces, revealed only too clearly, by the tossing flames of torches.

Not once during the twenty years of her sheltered life had Mademoiselle De Lissac beheld such people as these. They were the gutter-scum—the sweepings of the towns—banded together for one purpose—to destroy the aristocrats.

The coachman and the lackey beside him were dragged from their seats. No harm befell them. They were bidden to be off, for their horses were wanted to replace some of the weary beasts which had been dragging the tumbrils that carried ammunition and food for the Terrorists.

Valérie seemed to be in a hideous, a terrible dream. The shock of the tragedy at Lissac had shaken her to the very depths of her soul. She realised little save that Roberie was speaking in a haughty and commanding tone to the ruffians who seethed

around her; and presently these fell back, making a lane through which the citizen was able to lead his captive.

"Does my mother live?" she murmured.

"Yes—yes. But have patience," he replied. "I must find for you a place of safety. That is my first duty."

Leading his horse, he escorted mademoiselle, by a path which appeared to be familiar to him, to the little hamlet which nestled among the beeches beyond the great park. It was deserted. Everyone had gone to see the last of the château.

Roberie halted by the hostelry, stabled his horse, then entered the inn, and called upon Valérie to follow.

The place was in darkness, and she remained in the porch until the citizen found some candles. These he lighted and placed in the guest-chamber, which was opposite the common-room.

It was a small apartment, furnished with a round table, four chairs, some cheap pictures and ornaments, and an ancient harpsichord which half a century before had stood in the salon of the Château Lissac, and which, when nearly worn out, had been sold or presented to a former innkeeper.

Roberie went to Valérie and took her hand, and lifted it to his lips. Then he stood gazing into her eyes.

"You are enchantingly beautiful, citoyenne," he murmured. "I must save you, if I can, from the guillotine—you, the last of your race."

Mademoiselle turned on him with a passion that struck the exultant look from his face, yet her voice was clear and tranquil.

"So I have come to Lissac for naught," she said. "My mother perished in the flames?"

"Aye," he answered. "She would not desert her husband and her sons."

Valérie fell to her knees and caught

at his hand. "Why did you bring me here?" she cried. "Why did you not tell me the truth when we reached the ruins of the château?"

"Because I wanted you to myself. I wanted to tell you that my name was not Roberie—three years ago," he murmured.

Dumbfounded she rose to her feet.

Again he took her unresisting hand and lifted it to his lips. Then he released her and stepped back, and threw off his heavy cloak, and cast his great hat, with its tricoloured cockade, upon the floor.

Valérie De Lissac stood gazing at him. His face was colourless, but his eyes blazed, and a smile which she remembered and hated made his thin lips curl as in a snarl.

"Monsieur Perregaux!" she gasped.

The man bowed and showed his teeth. Then he drew himself to his full height, exultant and triumphant.

"Aye, Monsieur Perregaux!" he cried. "You remember that evening when I left Lissac? You were standing upon the terrace. You saw your father—that devil whose body is now in ashes—strike me across the face with his cane. You saw your brothers, with their whips, chase me from the parterre. You saw me fall ere I reached the gate, and you watched them kick me until I arose and staggered away—away from Lissac for ever. Nay not for ever, for I have returned to see vengeance fall upon your accursed race. I, the poor secretary, whose only crime was that I loved you, that I was mad enough to declare that love, and unfortunate enough to be spied upon by your brother Silvain, am now more powerful than all the aristocrats who remain in France!"

She stared at him with startled, dilated eyes. She remembered only too well that scene, three years before, when Perregaux had been driven from Lissac. She remembered how she had shuddered while she stood there upon the terrace, listening to

his curses and his cries. She remembered how she had begged her brothers to be merciful, to let him go in peace. She remembered her mother's scornful laughter when she made her fruitless plea.

And now, here was she alone with the wretch who had so cruelly suffered because he had been fool enough to love the daughter of Monsieur le Comte, his master.

Perregaux was no longer the poor secretary. He was Roberie, the Republican—Roberie, the friend of all the great ones of Paris; and she was at his mercy.

Somehow she had always feared and hated this man. She remembered how he used to follow her about at Lissac, and with what persistence he would force himself upon her notice when she chanced to be alone. She had never understood that he was frenzied with love for her until that passionate outbreak which had been overheard by her brother Silvain.

"Citoyenne," he said, "I rode to Lissac with that band of patriots who assisted the peasants to destroy the château. Having set them to their task, I discovered on inquiry that you were not at home. A woman of the neighbourhood said that you were upon a visit to Chesnaye. Then another remarked that she had heard you were returning that evening."

"So I rode forth towards Chesnaye, and halted upon the first hill-top that I might watch the destruction of the château. Then I heard the rumble of the coach, and I hid among the trees. Later I listened to your converse with La Chesnaye. Fortune was with me. I needed but to play a bold game. So I was able to lure you here."

"Then my mother had perished. You knew that when you brought me to Lissac," she said after a long pause.

"I guessed that she was dead. Ere I left my patriots I exhorted them to destroy the whole accursed brood. It

was done. You, and you alone, remain alive, and you are in my power."

It was then that the old spirit of the De Lissacs — the spirit which counted no cost—the spirit of quenchless courage—flamed in the heart of mademoiselle.

That spirit rose above all grief and all despair.

This was not the shy, enchanting girl of seventeen whom Perregaux had coveted three years ago.

He had roused in her all that was best, and all that was most splendid, in the character of the race of which she was the last.

"Citizen Roberie," she said, "you have wreaked your vengeance on Lissac, on those whom you hated, but whom I loved. I, and I only, remain. What is to be my fate? The guillotine? If so, I am ready."

He showed his teeth again and gave a laugh.

Somehow that laugh seemed to madden her, to rouse a fury in her heart.

"Murderer!" she cried. "Liar and murderer! Do your worst and be content!"

"Content!" he exclaimed. "Content! Why, I am that already. I am like the old Camisard who, when asked whether he felt no remorse for his crimes, replied that 'his soul was like a garden, full of shelter and of fountains.'"

"Citoyenne, I can assure you that my soul, also, is like a garden, full of shelter and of fountains; for those whom I loathed are destroyed, and you, whom I love, are here with me alone in this deserted hamlet—alone, and at my mercy.

"My hour of vengeance has passed; now comes my hour of love.

"Those kisses which three years ago a cruel fate denied me, I now can claim by right of conquest, for you are my prisoner—my prisoner of love, Valérie—aye, my prisoner of love."

He ceased, and threw wide his

arms, and advanced as though to embrace her. But something in her eyes checked and awed him.

"I wonder whether, amid all the dreadful monsters who have dipped their hands in the blood of the innocent, there is one so vile as you," she murmured in a voice that was low and clear and thrilling with such hate, that Monsieur Perregaux, now Citizen Roberie, was seized by a fierce desire to kill this fair aristocrat whom he so madly loved.

"Have you finished, citoyenne?" he snarled.

"Nay, I have not told you the half of that which is in my heart!" she answered. "You, and you only, planned the destruction of Lissac; yours was the master mind which formed the link between the discontented peasants and the Terrorists over whom you have control. Through you I have lost all, and yet in this bitter hour you dare to speak to me of love. You dare to tell me that your soul is like a garden, full of shelter and of fountains! Saints in Heaven! God must indeed be merciful to suffer *you* to live!"

"Have you finished, citoyenne?" he snarled again; "because, whereas I meant to plead with you—whereas I meant to go upon my knees, if you willed, and to beg you to let me be your guardian all through these perilous days of the Terror — whereas I meant to take you to the mayor of the nearest town, that you might wed me by law as ordained by the Republic, I am now resolved to drag you to Paris—to make you suffer, to taste all the bitterness in this life that a woman can endure, and yet remain alive.

"Think not to escape me by death!"

His voice broke; his savage passion was drowned for an instant in his love for her; and then, finding her cold as ice, scornful and fearless and proud, the man's rage burst in a torrent, and he sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"Hark!" cried mademoiselle.

Roberie did not release her, but he stood listening, his eyes fixed upon the door. He remembered that it was neither locked nor bolted.

It opened slowly and without a sound, and in the dim glow of the candlelight stood Aubert La Chesnaye, his face deathly, his eyes blazing like coals.

In his hand he held a drawn sword.

A moment earlier Citizen Roberie was at the height of his triumph—a moment earlier his lips were near the lips of mademoiselle — and now all that he had won was dashed from his grasp.

One glance at the face of La Chesnaye warned him that he was trapped by a merciless, a terrible foe—a foe who believed that the lips of the woman whom he loved and worshipped had been desecrated by the vile taint of the Terrorist.

Aubert came swiftly forward. His sword glimmered like a stream of fire.

It was then that Roberie's courage failed him.

His grasp upon Valérie relaxed; she glided away, and left him face to face with her lover.

Roberie, with a curse, drew his heavy sabre, and for an instant the duellists watched each other, while mademoiselle stood by the old harpsichord as still as death.

Suddenly La Chesnaye made a swift, a subtle movement, and his blade flashed towards the breast of his foe. Citizen Roberie parried the thrust, and aimed a fierce stroke with his sabre at the head of the aristocrat. The blow fell short, and next moment La Chesnaye's rapier was rasping against the steel of his adversary; then, with bewildering swiftness, Roberie was wounded and disarmed.

His sabre whirled across the room and fell at the feet of Mademoiselle De Lissac.

Roberie was upon his knees, groveling before La Chesnaye, crying for mercy, his hands outspread to stay

the downward thrust of the threatening sword.

Valérie stooped and picked up the wretch's sabre, and flung it crashing through the window.

"Go!" she cried to Roberie. "I give you your life! Go!"

She seized her lover's arm.

"Let God be his judge!" she murmured. "He has not harmed me, though through him my people perished. But I cannot find it in my heart to let you be his executioner. All my life, Aubert, I should picture you standing over him—all my life I should see his terror and hear his cries for mercy. Heaven sent you in time to save me; therefore let Heaven deal with our foe."

Slowly Aubert La Chesnaye sheathed his blade.

Then he stooped and wrenched the great tri-color sash from Roberie's waist. Tearing this into strips, he bound his captive hand and foot. The Terrorist broke into a frenzied storm of curses.

"Come, Valérie," said La Chesnaye.

He took her hand, blew out the candles, and they passed from the hostelry, leaving their enemy locked in the guest-chamber.

Aubert's horse was tethered to a

post at the head of the little village. He had seen the light in the window of the inn, and had come afoot to the rescue.

"We must ride to Chesnaye, you and I, Valérie," he whispered. "We can go by the road, round by Sancy, and by dawn, if my people have not already fled, we shall all be far from these perils which now encompass us. If only we had another horse! But mine is strong, and you are but a light burden."

"The Citizen Roberie's horse is in the stable," she replied.

He gave an exclamation of surprise and rapture.

Three minutes later the hamlet was wholly deserted save by Roberie, who lay in the darkness, cursing the evil fate that had snatched from him the prize which he had deemed to be within his grasp, and tortured by the knowledge that she for whom he would have sold his soul was gone from him forever.

"Will he ever feel remorse, that wretch whom we spared to-night?" said Aubert, as he and Valérie rode swiftly towards Chesnaye.

"Nay," she answered, "never! For he told me that his soul was like a garden, full of shelter and of fountains."



CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE visit of the King and Queen to the German capital in connection with the marriage of the Kaiser's daughter has been heralded as indicating a material change in Anglo-German relations.

It is significant that while King George came to the throne in 1910, this was his first visit to the Berlin Court. It is customary for a new sovereign to make a grand tour of foreign courts after his succession, but the relations between Britain and Germany were not of a character to ensure a hearty welcome to the King from the people of Berlin. The last occasion on which the two royal cousins met was at the funeral of the late King Edward, when the Emperor rode in the cortège through the streets of London. King Edward was never on very intimate terms with his nephew. A temperamental barrier separated the two, and international differences — commencing with the famous telegram of congratulation from William II. to Kruger on the failure of the Jameson raid—strained the family ties to a breaking point. There was one interval when it seemed as if the breach would be healed. The Kaiser hastened to the deathbed of Queen Victoria, and was a conspicuous figure, at the last solemn rites. Then, as now, it was hoped that the breach would be healed, but King Edward and Lord Lansdowne committed Britain to a foreign policy that isolated Germany and divided Europe into two hostile camps—the Triple Entente and the Triple Alli-

ance. Whether King George's visit will accomplish much remains to be seen. Family ties count for little in the game of diplomacy, and unless Germany and Britain come to some agreement widening the horizon of Teutonic colonial activity there will be little permanent relief from the burden of armaments.

The war in the Balkans has helped to bring Britain and Germany together. Their mutual financial interests in Turkey have ranged them in opposition to France and Russia over the question of indemnity, and this diplomatic understanding has given rise to the hope that an agreement may be reached on wider issues.

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Spain is no longer a negligible quantity in the delicate equipoise of the balance of power in Europe. There was a tendency for some time towards closer relations with the Triple Alliance, but the settlement of the Franco-Spanish differences in Morocco opened the door for a more intimate understanding between Spain and the Triple Entente which it has been the ambition of the former to effect. The growing stability of Spain and the change in the situation in the Mediterranean make this nation a valued asset as a margin of strength in that strategical waterway. Spain has three first-class battleships ready for launching, and the construction of a second fleet consisting of three more battleships, two cruisers and twenty-two auxiliary vessels

has been approved. On the military side her Government have shown equal activity in the reorganisation of the army and the construction of naval bases on the coast.

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The navy controversy in Canada has reached an interesting stage. The Senate has refused to approve the Borden bill until it has been endorsed by the electors. This naturally has aroused the fury of the Conservative press. What right has the Senate, a non-elective body, to force the Government to the country? The deadlock is similar to that which confronted the Liberal Government in Britain when the House of Lords refused to endorse the Lloyd-George budget of 1909-10. That, of course, was a measure that could not be hung up, and there was no alternative for the Government but to appeal to the country.

The country upheld the Government in its quarrel with the Lords, and not only the Budget but the Parliament Act restricting the veto power of the Lords was made an issue and carried into law. What hinders Mr. Borden from making a similar appeal to the Canadian people? The Canadian Senate is a gross anachronism in the twentieth century and should be ended or mended. But on what lines do the irate Conservatives propose to effect its reform? Would an elective Second Chamber simply exist for the purpose of registering the decrees of the Lower House? And, if an effective instrument for the checking of hasty legislation, what practical purpose would it serve that could not be achieved through a referendum?

As to the Navy Bill there does not seem to be any anxiety on the part of the Dominion Government to accept the challenge of the Senate and submit the issue to the people. Either the emergency is not so urgent as Canadians were led to believe or Mr. Borden has not been able to impose

the conditions which he suggested when in England might be the subject of negotiation between the Dominion and British Governments. The navy bill is not a question of aid to the Mother Country. There is really no difference of opinion in Canada on this point. Canada is one in its resolve to help Britain in time of need. The problem is more complex. It reaches down to the roots of Confederation and involves an examination of the principles that govern the relations of Canada to the Empire. For this reason the Liberals were justified in demanding the fullest possible discussion of the navy bill so that the country would have an opportunity of grasping the fact that, under cover of an emergency contribution to the British navy, the Borden Government was seeking to carry through constitutional changes in the relations between Canada and the Empire for which it had no mandate, and which the people alone had the right to decide.

The Canadian people surely have a right to know on what grounds their country is regarded as inferior to the foreign allies of Great Britain in relation to control of her own unit of Imperial defence? For some years past Britain has delegated to Japan and France—states having no British aims or sympathies—the safeguarding of Imperial interests in the Pacific and Mediterranean. Are Canada and Australia less willing and competent to undertake the responsibility entrusted to Japan? If the principle of naval co-operation can be carried out in the case of France and Japan, why not in conjunction with the Dominions? As no strategical excuse can be advanced for this distrust of her own Dominions by Great Britain Canadians must look elsewhere for the reasons that have led Mr. Borden to accept the principle of centralised naval control in relation to Canada's unit of defence, whatever form this ultimately may assume.

By a process of elimination thinking Canadians are forced to the conclusion that the Borden naval departure has its origin in the desire to conform to the British viewpoint regarding the constitutional relation of Canada to the Empire. The British conception of Imperialism is that of a Greater Britain. Hence the conclusion of *The London Times* that the Australian and Laurier policy of naval alliance, as opposed to centralised control, "complicates the constitutional problem to an extent which is likely to lead some day to a complete rupture of Imperial ties." And hence also the refusal of the Australian Government to accept the proposal to substitute the Imperial Defence Committee in lieu of the Imperial Conference as the organ of consultation between Britain and the Dominions. The Defence Committee represents the principle of Imperialism based on centralised control; the Imperial Conference represents a joint assembly of co-ordinate states. Whither is Mr. Borden leading Canada? The country is entitled to know.

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The visit of the author of "The Great Illusion" to Toronto has served to stimulate public thought on the issues of peace and war. Mr. Norman Angell's conception of international relations as based upon the principle of conscious economic interdependence rather than force is a restatement of the Cobdenite theory, reinforced by the stronger argument afforded by modern developments of international economic agencies, including Finance and Labour, made possible by improved inter-communication. The internationalisation of Capital and Labour is in process of achievement and once the interests of Labour, equally with those of Capital, are identical throughout the world we may arrive at a point where national boundaries cease to exist. The interests of Finance are practically common throughout the civilised

world at the present time. Interdependence is the basis of financial stability, and the cause of recurrent cycles of world-wide depression.

Labour is not so highly organised on an international basis as finance; it is not equally "fluid." Language, national customs and other barriers tend to prevent the co-operation of Labour. These national differences do not affect the co-operation of finance to the same extent. Mr. Angell's argument is that both these agencies have so far advanced towards effective international co-operation that it is no longer possible for any State to reap economic advantages by recourse to armed diplomacy or actual war. Whatever differences of opinion may obtain as to his theory it must be admitted that he has caught the ear of the thinking world, and has injected a fresh idea into the controversy concerning arbitration and war. There is, however, one flaw in Mr. Norman Angell's internationalisation theory. Will internationalisation proceed to the extent of abolishing colour distinctions? Will Australia, California and British Columbia lower the colour barrier raised against the Asiatic? If not, how is this racial antagonism to give place to international economic interdependence?

*

The prosecution of the "Deborah" company, in Toronto, on the sworn information of a clergyman, raises questions of serious import. Censorship is a necessary and legitimate method for exercising control over theatres. In England the office of censor, from time immemorial, has been associated with the Lord Chamberlain's department, but in recent years has fallen into disrepute and will likely be replaced by municipal censorship. Under the old system of licensing plays the public censor in England laid down his own standards and was independent of public criticism. The last censor to be appointed was himself the author of a play

of questionable morality. Yet he took it upon him to have plays by George Bernard Shaw and others banned on the ground that they were immoral.

The municipal authority provides a convenient and simple machinery for the exercise of all necessary control over amusement places, and Toronto has recognised this by appointing an official censor. But this does not satisfy the "Committee of Forty," the self-constituted guardians of the morals of the people. Rev. John Coburn is the appointed agent of this committee, and in this capacity he acted as informer in the case of "Deborah." Apart from the merits of the play, the question arises: What justification is there for the existence of the "Committee of Forty," seeing that Toronto, a self-governing city, has appointed a censor? Is Toronto ruled by a representative civic council or by an irresponsible unrepresentative Committee of Forty? Ecclesiastical tyranny in the form of an inquisitorial committee is an evil that differs only in degree from those it seeks to eradicate. If these good men desire to sweeten civic life and keep it wholesome there are other agencies open to them. Has the pulpit lost its power? Is municipal government in Toronto so hopeless that it cannot be trusted to discharge its most elementary obligations to the community?

As to "Deborah," it was a first night, and might have been rehearsed for the benefit of the public censor. The censored play, as it was staged on the second night, was no better and no worse than other so-called problem plays. From begin-

ning to end there was nothing that could offend the most sensitive ears of the theatre-goer. The play as a whole made no claim on behalf of woman of the right to motherhood independent of marriage and love. On the contrary the suffering and remorse of "Deborah" conveyed a salutary warning and lesson at the close.

As a play "Deborah" has some fundamental defects. The maternal instinct is stronger in woman than the sexual, but the Deborah created by the author is not a normal type of womanhood. Who has ever heard of her or known her? The maternal instinct does not lead the normal woman to seek for motherhood apart from love and marriage, for this is to assume that maternal instinct is compatible with indifference as to the future of the offspring. Whether "Deborah" is ever staged again matters little in the contention. What does matter is that the people through the municipal authorities, and not a self-constituted Committee of Forty, should have the right to decide what plays are to be allowed.

Since writing the foregoing, Judge Morson has given judgment in favour of the "Deborah" Company, and the grounds on which he arrived at his decision in the appeal against the conviction of the lower court will be approved by all who value the theatre as an educational influence. So many good people nowadays want to add to the Ten Commandments. It will be an evil day for Canada if the horizon of the people is narrowed down to the limited vision of one reverend gentleman.

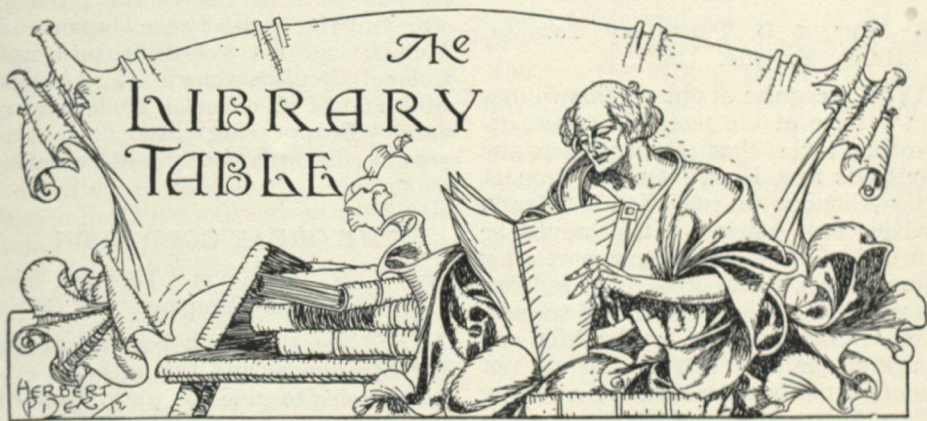




THE HONOURABLE MRS. WRIGHT

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

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



EGERTON RYERSON

BY DR. PUTMAN. Toronto: William Briggs.

EGERTON RYERSON firmly believed in the teaching of biography as one of the strongest points in a system of education. In his remarks on this subject he says that biography should form the principal topic in elementary history. The life of the individual often forms the character of the age in which he lives, and will form the nucleus round which to collect the youthful mind. It is a happy fact, therefore, that his own life is not forgotten, and that in this volume by Dr. Putnam his achievements once more are brought to our attention.

Ryerson was a man who was intensely interested in every movement which had for its end the betterment of the government and general condition under which the people lived at this time, and the history of Upper Canada during a period of nearly sixty years is as much bound up in the labours of Egerton Ryerson as

with the work of any other public man. Not only did he imbue everyone with whom he came into contact with interest, but he had an abiding faith in furthering popular education and in the realisation of this work he was the greatest champion of free schools in Upper Canada.

Without in any way disparaging the great services rendered to British North America by Egerton Ryerson, his long and arduous fight for religious liberty and equality, as well as in his work for the church, the author has written the volume with the primary object of giving a succinct idea of the nature and history of our Ontario school legislation. The story of how the work was done, how valiant and strenuous was Ryerson's championing of the cause of free schools, how firm his adherence to his work, how tireless his energy, how capable his management of details, is what Dr. Putman undertakes to tell, and he does it in a very direct and readable way. Dr. Putnam, himself a well-known educationist, at the present time holds the position of inspector

of public schools at Ottawa. Among his contributions to Canadian literature the best known is entitled "Britain and the Empire."

*

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

By FRANK L. PACKARD. Toronto: Henry Frowde.

WE recognise at once in this volume some of the terse, dramatic, arresting style that characterises the author's first book, "On the Iron at Big Cloud," a collection of fresh, virile short stories, but it would be unjust to otherwise compare this second book to the first. For it takes a supreme stylist to carry off successfully an old theme, and while one may give a new setting, that is not enough. Mr. Packard is a young Canadian author, and his standing as a short story writer makes one regret that his first novel has not more to commend it. However, he recently returned from a trip to the south seas, and as he seems to be gifted naturally as well as by his training as an engineer for dealing with big manly exploits in the open, it is to be hoped that he will write as a result of his trip, and as he can write, a novel that will deal with men as he finds them at the outposts of civilisation.

*

A HISTORY OF CAVALRY

By COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is a tribute to the worth of this book to say that it has gone into a second edition. It was first published in 1877, when it won the prize given by the Emperor of Russia for the best work on the subject in competition with writers the world over. It was translated into several languages. This second edition includes a preface, which brings the history down to the present time. The volume

gives an account of the use of cavalry in time of war as far back as the knowledge of man goes, and in this respect it is a unique work. In calling attention to it, it is interesting to observe that while at the time it was written the modern firearm, such as was used in the South African war and the war between Japan and Russia, had not yet come into use, Colonel Denison made a forecast of it and of its effect on modern warfare. Reappearing just now, this second edition is timely and valuable.

*

THE GREAT GOLD RUSH

By W. H. P. JARVIS. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

WE like this book because of its frankness and the author's evident desire to give the plain facts of one of the greatest stampedes in the history of the world. For the rush to the Klondike gold-fields at the close of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly one of the most wonderful evidences of man's lust for gold that the world has even seen. While Mr. Jarvis's book is scarcely a novel, it embraces a series of pictures that have all the freshness of novelty. We feel that he does justice to the miner. He makes of him a respectable man, and, as he himself says, so many things have been written about him to compromise him, so many imaginations have drawn pictures of his morals, that he has felt himself called upon to correct the impression. Besides dealing with miners and mining, the North-west Mounted Police, and many strenuous and adventurous incidents in connection with that great rush, there is as well the introduction, as characters, of a number of dogs whose personalities become firmly fixed in the mind of the reader. These dogs form an important and attractive part of the narrative. This is Mr. Jarvis's second book, his first being entitled "The Letters of a Remittance Man to his Mother."

THE HARBOUR MASTER

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS.
Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

MR. ROBERTS here gives us a rattling good tale of adventure along the picturesque Newfoundland coast. As every one knows, there are many perilous reefs in those northern waters, and as a consequence, wrecks are fairly numerous. Perhaps not so numerous now as they used to be when—according to this story—wrecking was a lucrative and adventurous calling. We know, of course, the primitive folk who live by the sea-shore have always in mind the possibility of something coming to them upon the crest of the wave, and this fact Mr. Roberts has well developed and used to excellent advantage in depicting the scenes of looting and fighting and rescuing and drowning. The old harbour master in the cove where the story is laid tries to keep his unruly and mutinous followers in subjection, but there is too much excitement, too much chance for looting rich stores in holdings and cabins of unfortunate vessels. The story fairly reeks of the sea and of sea-faring men, and there is enough romance in it to hold the reader's interest. It is one of Mr. Roberts's best efforts.

*

TWIXT LAND AND SEA

By JOSEPH CONRAD. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

THIS volume of three short stories or novelettes serves to further the opinion that the author is the leading short story writer of to-day. Like all Conrad's writing, they are the kind of stories that cannot be described. There is no plot in the ordinary sense of the word, but they are full of movement and rhythm and character and mystery and an infinity that seems to carry them on and set them quite apart from the commonplace. You see ships, heaving upon

troubled seas, and men struggling and cursing and straining against the great gales. Then again you see the sails set, but no wind, and the helpless impotency of mere man is startlingly pictured. In "The Secret Sharer," for instance, one has a good example of Conrad's mastery of the art of creating a sense of impending fate. You see the sailing vessel with men going about it in the ordinary course of events, with the captain in his place, with the sails well set; and yet over all there is a feeling of calamity. You seem to know that something unusual is about to happen, and it does happen. Not so unusual, after all, but unusual in Conrad's interpretation of it. In this story, a naked man in the dead of night comes aboard out of the water. He has killed a man, and has swum from another ship. The captain happens to be alone on deck, and he sympathises with the man and hides him in his cabin. The stowaway resembles the captain in appearance, so much so that the captain comes to think, almost, that he is hiding himself. This feeling of uncanniness increases, as well as the suspicions of the crew, until at last one feels that the very ship itself is aware of something unusual or of something damaging to its serenity. While everything from day to day goes well enough, there seems to be in every mind a fear that something terrible is about to happen. However, at length a way is discovered to rid the vessel of her secret passenger, and from that time on the captain and the vessel find themselves, as Kipling would say, and are master of their environment.

*

LONDON AND ITS GOVERNMENT

By PERCY A. HARRIS. London and

AS this writer so fittingly observes, London has spread its unwieldy mass over the surrounding hills and valleys, and has become

more like a nation than a town, more like a province than a city. He finds that the people who compose London feel a common pride in belonging to so great a community, but are unconscious of any civic union, which, as a matter of fact, he says does not exist. These people, he observes, neither know nor seek to know how they are governed, nor who is responsible for their municipal administration. A great city like this should have great strength, but London, instead of being the great city that it is supposed to be, is in reality nothing more than a little community contained within one square mile of business offices. To trace the history of its complex system of government is the purpose of the book.

*

THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

BY OWEN JOHNSON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

AN interesting story about how a novel sometimes originates is told in connection with this book. Some years ago Mr. Johnson wrote a short story entitled "One Hundred in the Dark." The story was to the effect that at a Bohemian dinner-party given in New York a costly diamond ring was stolen. The hostess, a person of some courage and resourefulness, ordered the doors to be locked and all the lights lowered. She then announced that one of her guests had lost a ring, and she requested that before one hundred should be counted the ring be deposited on a table. During the counting the ring was heard to drop upon the table, but when the lights were turned on again it was not there. The question was, Where did the ring go? Having read the story, some one suggested to Mr. Johnson that it would make a first-class mystery novel, and so from that beginning Mr. Johnson worked out "The Sixty-First Second," using

that title because it was just at the point of counting sixty-one that the ring was dropped upon the table.

*

"Songs of Frank Lawson" is the title of a volume of verse edited and published by the author's son, Mr. Ray Lawson, with a biographical sketch by Mr. C. R. Somerville. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

The writings of the late Mary Stewart Durie, some of which appeared in early numbers of *The Canadian Magazine*, have been printed for private circulation by the author's husband, Mr. James Goodwin Gibson. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

BOBBIE: GENERAL MANAGER

BY OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY. Toronto: Henry Frowde.

WE have no recollection of ever having heard before of this writer, and therefore we presume that it is a first novel. Whether or not one must regard it seriously, and the author is one whose name is sure to become endeared to all those readers who enjoy a wholesome consideration of life. It is a pleasant rendering of the little things in the daily routine, written in such a way as to make them pleasant reading and an agreeable tonic. Bobbie is a girl whose mother dies, leaving to her young shoulders the responsibility of looking after her father and her numerous brothers and sisters. She is of a happy disposition, and capable of much affection. Her experiences as a manager of a household are so delightfully told that it is impossible to give much idea of them in a review. It is needless to say, however, that she conducted the household with eminent satisfaction to all in her charge, and even to herself; for,

when at last love in its all-confining sense comes to her, she accepts it naturally, becomes a happy wife, with the satisfaction of knowing that she has done her duty and achieved several modest but praiseworthy ambitions. This is a book that classes with Miss Alcott's "Little Women."

*

JUST BEFORE THE DAWN

By R. C. ARMSTRONG. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IN these days of remarkable interest and achievements in agriculture, it is informing to pick up this book by R. C. Armstrong, and find out how the Japanese discovered that a better cultivation of the land was at the basis of their economic success. The leader in this movement was the great farmer-sage Ninomiya Sontoku who was born in 1787 and died in 1856. Born of parents who were suffering the tortures of economic reverses, Ninomiya set to work at an early age to redeem his father's estate. This accomplished, he was called to redeem other estates and then to assist the Government in cultivating waste land and restoring deserted villages. His influence, industrially and morally, was so great that in his honour were built shrines that now attract many devotees. His all but Christian devotion and self-sacrifice in his work causes wonder that, in an age before Christian influence had reached Japan and under such adverse circumstances, one could reach so high a moral level. The book is replete with examples of fine sayings on thrift, diligence, self-sacrifice and other virtues. One particularly exalted saying cannot be omitted. A village chief had lost his influence with his people, and, following the example of hundreds from all Japan, he came to Ninomiya for advice. "Selfishness is of beasts, and a selfish man is animal-like," the sage told him. "You can have influence over

your people only by giving yourself and your all to them. Sell your land, your house, your raiment, your all and contribute the proceeds to the village fund, giving yourself wholly to the service of the people." The book is very readable, but would be improved by a map showing the location of the very many places mentioned.

*

"The Crime of War," by his Excellency John Batiste Alberdi, who has been described as the "Blackstone of Argentine," has been translated into English. It is one of the greatest works of the kind in existence, and although it was written in 1870, it is admirably suited to present-day discussion, and it should be read by every person who considers or talks about war. (London and Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons).

*

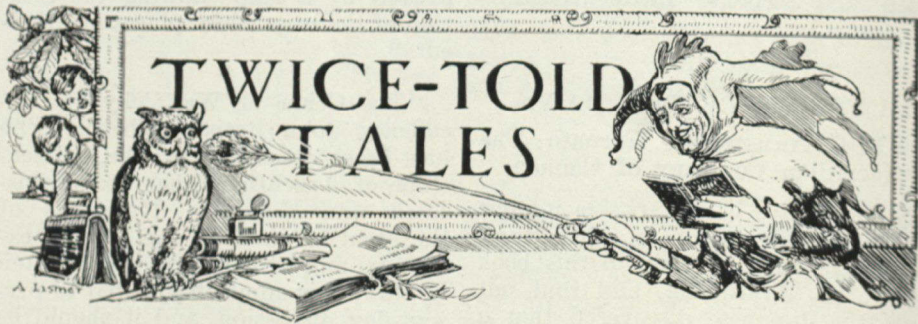
Now that apartment life is so important a part of very large American and Canadian cities, the difficulty of economically providing a table for two persons is constantly being questioned. The volume of recipes entitled, "A Table for Two," by Eldene Davis, therefore, will be perused eagerly. (Chicago: Forbes Company).

*

From the volume published by the Ottawa Canadian Club, it is evident that the addresses delivered during the year reflect much of the best thought of the year on matters of high moment to the world at large, and it is a creditable undertaking to have the addresses preserved in this collective and available form. The volume is edited by Mr. F. A. Acland, Deputy Minister of Labour.

*

"Prince Charlie's Pilot" is the title of a most interesting and sympathetic account of Evan Macleod Barron, of the Scottish hero's last days and of a service so well rendered to him by Donald Macleod. (Inverness: Robert Carruthers & Sons).



SUCCEEDED

Artist—"My object was to try to express all the horrors of war. How do you like it?"

Friend—"I have never seen anything so horrible."—*London Opinion*.

*

KINDLY INTENDED

Missionary (explaining to visitors)—"Our situation was so remote that for a whole year my wife never saw a white face but my own."

Sympathetic Young Woman—"Oh, the poor thing!"—*Boston Transcript*.

*

BUTTING IN

In a small South Carolina town that was "finished" before the war, two men were playing checkers in the back of a store. A travelling man who was making his first trip to the town was watching the game, and, not being acquainted with the business methods of the citizens, he called the attention of the owner of the store to some customers who had just entered the front door.

"Sh! Sh!" answered the storekeeper, making another move on the checker-board. "Keep perfectly quiet and they'll go out."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

HIS BEST MOVE

There is one first-rate story of an Oscar Wilde retort in Mr. H. M. Hyndman's newly published and entertaining autobiography. The late Sir Lewis Morris, author of "The Epic of Hades," was complaining bitterly of the attitude of the press in the matter of his claims to the poet laureateship.

"It is all a complete conspiracy of silence against me," he declared, "a conspiracy of silence. What ought I to do?"

"Join it," replied Wilde.—*London Daily News*.

*

POETRY FOR TO-DAY

To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again,
Price is too big.—*Judge*.

*

FAIR PLAY

Wife—"I see you're putting on your new coat. It makes my old hat look awfully shabby."

Husband—"Is that so? Well, that's soon mended. I'll put on my old coat."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.



DRAMATIC AUTHOR: "Well, what do you think of my play?"

MANAGER: "D'you want to know my real opinion of it?" AUTHOR (stoutly): "I'm prepared for the worst."

MANAGER (handing him the M.S.): "That's where you authors have the pull of us. I wasn't!" —Punch.

A GRAND STOVE

A Georgia woman who moved to Philadelphia found she could not be contented without the coloured mammy who had been her servant for many years. She sent for old mammy, and the servant arrived in due season. It so happened that the Georgia woman had to leave town the very day mammy arrived. Before departing she had just time to explain to mammy the modern conveniences with which her apartment was furnished. The gas stove was the contrivance which interested the coloured woman most. After the mistress of the household had lighted the oven, the broiler, and the other burners and felt certain the old servant understood its operations, the mistress hurried for her train.

She was absent two weeks and one of her first questions to mammy was how she had worried along.

"De fines' ever," was the reply.

"And dat air gas stove—oh, my! Why, do you know, Miss Flo-ence, dat fire ain't gon out yit!"—*Sacred Heart Review*.

*

AN OLD FRIEND GONE.

A gentleman from London was invited to go far "a day's snipe-shooting" in the country. The invitation was accepted, and host and guest shouldered guns and sallied forth in quest of game.

After a while a solitary snipe rose, and promptly fell to the visitor's first barrel.

"We may as well return," he remarked, gloomily, "for that was the only snipe in the neighbourhood."

The bird had afforded excellent sport to all his friends for six weeks. —*Tit-Bits*.

*

Judge—"Why did you steal the gentleman's purse?"

Prisoner—"I thought the change would do me good."



"Excuse me, but I suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want a young lady to do nothing, don't you?"

"Yes, I don't."

—Tatter.

BABIES' EYES.

'Tis fairies make the colours that
 beam in babies' eyes;
 They steal the soft, blue wing-dust
 from sleeping butterflies,
 To mix with azure essence of speed-
 well, violet,
 And that small lovers' blossom that
 bids them not forget.

From mists that veil the meadows or
 drift up from the bay
 They draw the opal shadows for
 dreamy eyes of gray;
 They press rich browns from hazel
 and leaves to russet grown,
 And green of four-leaved clover for
 bantlings like their own.

—Punch.

TACTFUL

Judge—"You are a freeholder?"

Talesman—"Yes, sir; I am."

Judge—"Married or single?"

Talesman—"Married three years
 last June."

Judge—"Have you formed or ex-
 pressed any opinion?"

Talesman—"Not for three years,
 your honour."—*Success Magazine.*

*

WILLIE'S EDUCATION

Willie—"Say, pa, you ought to see
 the men across the street raise a house
 on jacks."

Pa (absently)—"Impossible, Wil-
 lie. You can open on jacks, but a
 man is a fool to try to raise on them
 —er—I mean it must have been quite
 a sight."—*Puck.*

TASTY DISHES FOR SUMMER

Do you remember in Dickens' story "Martin Chuzzlewit," the beef-steak pudding made by little Ruth Pinch for her brother Tom?

How she fluttered in and out in her dainty way collecting and preparing the ingredients, how excited she was over the proper making of the pudding, how distressed for fear it might not turn out just right! This is all told in Dickens' inimitable manner. Now-a-days we need not be so anxious about the outcome of our cooking experiments. If we just use a little Bovril in our beef-steak puddings, soups, sauces and made dishes of any kind, we shall produce a finely flavored, appetising dish which is certain to please far more exacting critics than plain Tom Pinch or John Westcott.



"Spreads like Butter"

When you serve "Light Refreshments"

—let them include some delicious, tempting, melting sandwiches made with

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

Of a delightful creamy consistency, it is not only appetizing, but it is very convenient to use.

All Grocers, 15c. & 25c. pkts.



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Imagine This!

- full flavored luscious fruits
- embedded in velvety cream
- lavishly coated in the richest, smoothest chocolate you have ever tasted
- then go to the nearest Neilson dealer and get a package of

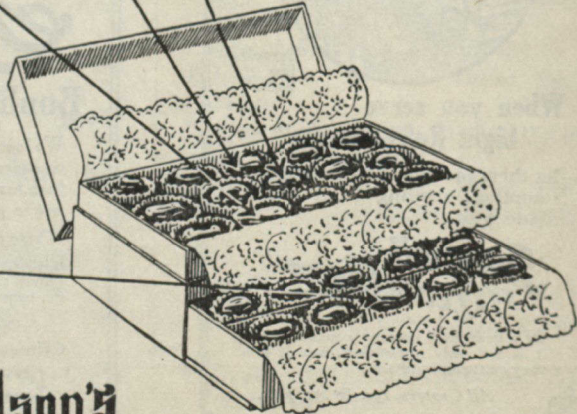
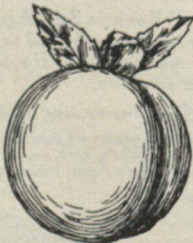
Specially Prepared Fruits Chocolate Dipped

—and revel in the most delicious confection you can think of.

Truly here is a chocolate of chocolates the very imagination of which should make one thrill with anticipation.

Buy a box to-day.

This package contains
Cherries, Strawberries,
Pineapple and Peach.



Neilson's Chocolates

"THE CHOCOLATES
THAT ARE DIFFERENT"

1913 William Neilson Limited.

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Ready When You Stop

A food immediately ready for use. Add a little cream (or milk) and a sprinkle of sugar.

It is put up in double sealed packages—impossible of contamination from dust or moisture.

Post Toasties

the deliciously toasted bits of wafer-like corn are the food for picnics, auto tours and any kind of trips—and for the home.

Its convenience does away with a lot of bother to whoever prepares the meals.

The delightful flavor of Post Toasties makes new friends every day—and

“The Memory Lingers”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

"Have You a Little Fairy
in Your Home?"



FAIRY SOAP

is pure because it is made from a higher grade of fats and oils than used in other toilet and bath soaps.

FAIRY SOAP

cools, soothes and refreshes the skin, and cleanses so gently yet thoroughly that it is best for babies, as well as grown-ups.

☞ This oval, floating cake is the perfection of soap purity.

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PPRICE alone sells few typewriters. It is what you get for the money that sells them—in other words, value.

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THE price of every Underwood (and there are 28 models) is based solely upon what that machine will do. The initial cost is a minor consideration.

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The note you thought was hasty and somewhat carelessly written made a favorable impression because it was on stationery that reflected your care and thought in the choosing of small things.

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is of beautiful fabric finish of just the right weight, size and tint to meet the latest word in fashion, and boxed to meet the most critical demand. At your stationers, or if not write us and we will have you supplied.

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We Envy You

Who Never Tasted Puffed Grains



There's a charming revelation coming sometime to the folks who meet around your morning table.

They have yet to discover the most winsome morsels men have ever made from grain.

Some morning, a dish like we show will greet them. A dish of porous, brown grains—eight times normal size—puffed by a steam explosion.

A dish of thin-walled wafers—airy bubbles of grain—with a taste like toasted nuts.

Some will serve them with cream and sugar, some will mix them with berries. And the grains will crush at a touch of the teeth into almond-flavored granules.

Then, for luncheons or suppers, you'll serve the grains floating in bowls of milk. You'll use them at dinner to garnish ice cream. You'll use them in candy making.

Thus will come to your table a new delight. Also scientific foods which stand among the greatest of food inventions.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in
Puffed Rice, 15c Extreme
West

Millions of Explosions

Within each Puffed Grain have occurred at least a hundred million explosions. Every food granule has been blasted to pieces, by turning the moisture within it to steam.

Thus the countless cells are created. Thus digestion is made easy. And thus comes the nutty flavor.

Thus is Prof. Anderson's process for making whole-grain foods wholly digestible. But the foods are so fascinating—so dainty, crisp and melting—that one forgets the scientific side.

Don't let these summer days go by without having Puffed Grains on your table. Order them now—a package of each—and surprise your folks to-morrow.



Served like crackers in bowls of milk

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers



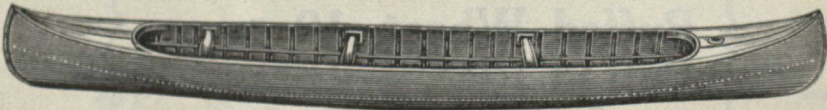
RODGERS' CUTLERY

Your grandfathers and their grandfathers were familiar with the two stars on "Rodgers" Knives and in their day, as now, these were looked upon as a safe guide in buying.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited

Cutlers to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND



Wm. English "CANOES"

Are known the world over for their Strength, Beauty and Durability. They are absolutely unsurpassed in quality and are reasonable in price. We have a model for every requirement. Write for Catalogue.

**Wm. English Canoe Co., 184-186 Charlotte Street, Peterborough, Ont.
Established 1861.**

2

IN

1

SHOE
POLISH

**The EASY polish
Makes Shoes
Last Longest**

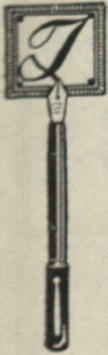
F. F. DALLEY CO., Ltd.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Hamilton, Ont.

10
CTS.

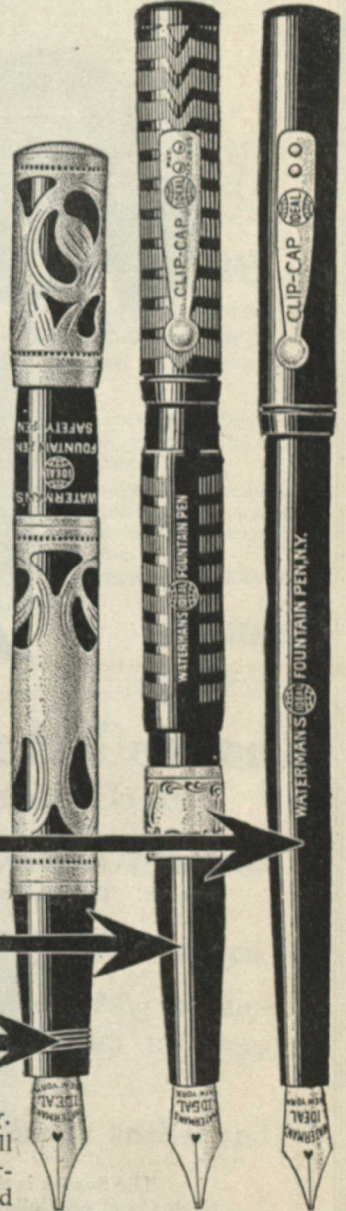


Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

For Your Summer Writing



HE pen for the season of outdoor writing; the sending of postcards from wherever you happen to be, the social note and the home letter. One Waterman's Ideal makes the whole world your writing table. It is ready to write when you are; it is just the kind of pen you can depend upon when you are miles away from an inkwell. Your hand can be suited exactly in Waterman's Ideals; they are made with extreme accuracy and to last. A permanent investment.



- REGULAR TYPE**
WITH CLIP-CAP
- SELF-FILLING TYPE**
GOLD MOUNTED
- SAFETY TYPE**
SILVER MOUNTED

These are the three standard types in different styles of mounting. Your dealer will show and explain each type to you, or folder will be sent upon request. Besure to buy the genuine, stamped Waterman's Ideal—it distinguishes the best pen ideas and patents and the highest quality ever joined in any one writing implement.

From the Best Dealers Everywhere

L. E. Waterman Company, Limited, Montreal

173 Broadway, New York;

Kingsway, London;

6 Rue d'Hanovre, Paris.

No. 412S	No. 12GMM	No. 12
Ster Silver	Self-filling	Plain
\$5.50	\$3.75	\$2.75
Plain	Plain	Larger
\$3.00	\$2.75	\$4.25
Without Clip-on-Cap, \$.25 Less		



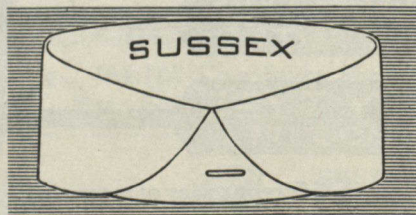


ALL doubt regarding correctness of style vanishes when you wear Ide Silver Collars. They are truly smart.

Ide Silver Collars

$\frac{1}{4}$ sizes—3 for 50c

retain every bit of their original "snap and set" of lines—because the LINOCORD UNBREAKABLE BUTTONHOLES, found only in Ide Collars, don't stretch and don't tear out. This insures continued style, comfort and service.



The Sussex is the newest cut-a-way fold effect. It has the approval of the High Court of Collar Fashion—the famous old clubs of London. It is daring only because as yet unimitated. Full wide front sweep effect.

Send for Style Book—FREE

GEO. P. IDE & CO., 531 River Street, TROY, N. Y.
Also Makers of IDE Shirts



La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

Ready for the new Costume

For any woman of ordinary height and weighing between 115 and 140 lbs., the La Diva 718 is the ideal foundation for this season's costume, and makes possible a perfect fit and an up-to-date figure, and it sells at only \$3.00.

This year's D. & A. and La Diva Models are great successes; they are comfortable, support the figure well, and give that supple, graceful, almost corsetless effect which is the aim of the fashionable "modistes."

Made specially for Canadian Women after long studies of Canadian figures in one of the largest and best equipped corset factories in the world, the D. & A. and La Diva Corsets offer style and comfort superior to imported corsets yet at from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per pair less.

There is a model for every figure. Our catalogue, sent free on request, will help you to choose the best for yours.

E. D. 13

DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC

"JAEGER" Golf Coats Are In Demand

If you golf you should wear Jaeger Coats.

They are very elastic, you can get a good swing in them, and they do not hamper any of your movements.

Besides that, they look well and wear well throughout the season.

Jaeger's Golfing Coats are made to meet the exacting requirements of golfers everywhere, and they fill the bill in every particular.

All material used is passed upon by our scientific analyst and adviser.



Dr. JAEGER

SANITARY WOOLEN CO. LIMITED
SYSTEM

316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal

352 Portage Ave., Carlton Block, Winnipeg

32 King St. West, Toronto

784 Yonge St., Near Bloor, Toronto

And at Jaeger Agents Everywhere

Forty Years Experience Built Into These Lawnmowers

Taylor-Forbes is the name you will most likely find on your neighbor's lawnmower.

Of course there are plenty other lawnmowers made in Canada, as well as the several kinds that are imported.

Still for all that Taylor-Forbes is the name you will most likely find on your neighbor's lawnmower, because there are more of that kind in use in Canada than any other.

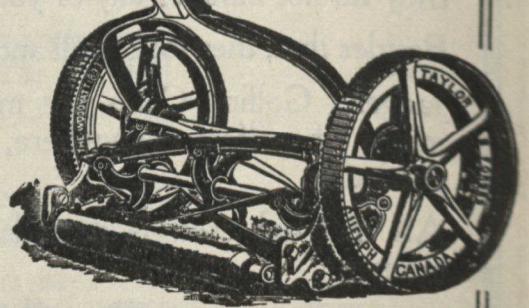
A great many more.

If your Hardware Dealer has not a Taylor-Forbes Lawnmower in the size, and at the price you consider right for a good-working machine, drop us a post card and we will tell you who the Dealer is in your town who has a complete stock of our lawnmowers for you to select from.

These lawnmowers are perfection in their way. There is 40 years experience built into every machine. They are thoroughly guaranteed. Made in a variety of styles, the best known being

“Adanac”
“Woodyatt”
“Empress”

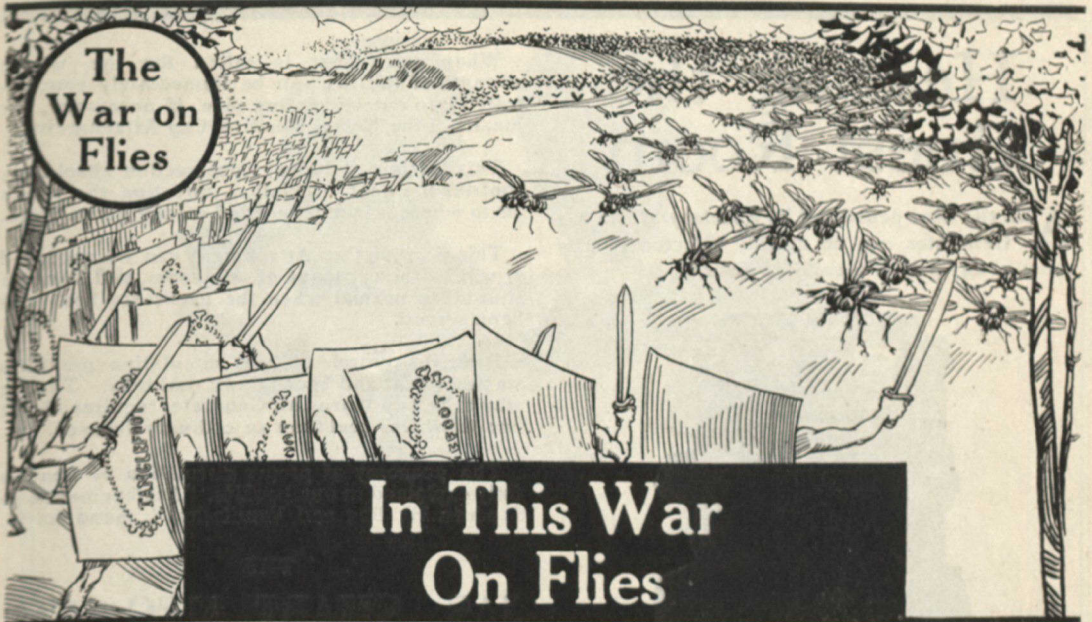
The “Adanac” cuts a swath 17 to 21 inches wide. It is made to excel the most expensive of the imported lawnmowers.



MADE BY

TAYLOR-FORBES Company,
Limited, Guelph

Sold by Hardware Dealers everywhere in Canada.



In This War On Flies

In this warfare on flies, nothing has been found so effective as Tanglefoot.

So now, each year 300,000,000 sheets are used in households all over America during the fly-season.

Swatting Won't Do

Don't trust to half-way methods. With the first fly get Tanglefoot.

Put a sheet wherever you see a fly. Each early fly may breed millions if you wait. By using Tanglefoot now, you prevent countless armies of flies.

Avoid Poisons

In several states the sale of poison is forbidden except by registered pharmacists.

Poisoned flies drop into your food, into the baby's milk, everywhere. And the poison does not kill the germ on the fly. Fly-traps, too, are unsanitary and disgusting to care for.

A Double Protection

Tanglefoot is non-poisonous. It not only catches and kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish which *destroys the germ* as well as the fly.

Each sheet of Tanglefoot can catch 1,000 flies. Have a supply always on hand, and enjoy freedom from flies and fleas the summer through.

Millions Know This Trademark



Tanglefoot contains one-third more sticky compound, hence it lasts longer than ordinary sticky fly-papers. Get a supply of Tanglefoot from your druggist or grocer today for this season's warfare on flies.

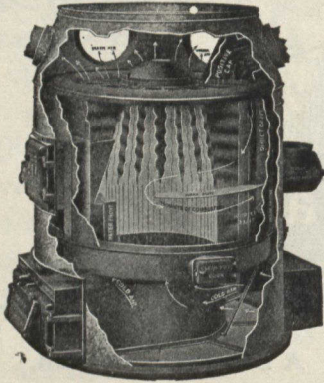
Made Only by THE O. & W. THUM CO., Grand Rapids, Michigan

A little gasoline quickly removes Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

[10]

Heating the Guest Room

ALL the heat generated by a Kelsey Warm Air Generator can be quickly directed to any room or any part of a building desired.



When quick heat is called for the whole strength of the fire can be immediately concentrated into one circulating pipe, if necessary, by means of the Kelsey Positive Cap Attachment.

This feature of Kelsey construction absolutely controls the heat circulation, directing the warm air to where it is most needed at any given time.

This positive Cap Attachment can be operated at will by the occupant of any room, and can be shut off to normal when the necessary heat has been served.

Positive control of heat circulation prevents waste of heat and keeps down coal bills. That is why a Kelsey Warm Air Generator requires about one-third less coal than an ordinary furnace.

The economy of proper circulation of heat is fully explained in our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation." Send for it.

THE
JAS. SMART MFG. CO.
 LIMITED
 BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

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

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

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - **Dept. D.**
MILTON, ONTARIO.

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office - - - - 50 Adelaide St. W.



This Is Holeproof, Dad Did You Ever See Finer Looking Socks?

"Do you mean to say, son, they *guarantee* them to wear six months without holes?"

That is exactly what we are doing.

Six pairs of cotton hose, guaranteed six months, for men, cost \$1.50 to \$3 per box; for women and children, \$2 to \$3 per box; also three pairs for children, \$1 per box, guaranteed three

months. Several weights; all sizes and colors. Three pairs of silk Holeproof, guaranteed three months, for men and women, cost \$2 a box for men and \$3 a box for women. All colors. Medium cashmere socks, six pairs, \$2; fine cashmere, six pairs, \$3. Women's fine cashmere stockings, six pairs, \$3. Six pairs of cashmere guaranteed six months.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

These are soft, pliable and stylish. The foundation of the wear is yarn that costs us an average of 74c a pound. We could buy common yarn for 32c; but hose made from it wouldn't last.

Our guarantee covers every stitch, not just the heels and toes. Our inspection department, where each pair is examined, costs \$60,000 a year. But we cannot afford to replace many pairs, so we see that each pair is right.

The above figures refer to Holeproof as made in the States and Canada.

Look for the trademark and signature,

Carl Frieschl stamped on every pair. The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. Write for the dealers' names. We ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write today for our free book on Holeproof.



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Frieschl

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.

362 Bond Street, LONDON, CANADA

(446)



Have you seen the
new **TOOKE** Shirts,
with the

Tooke
PATENT
NEK-GARD

This is the latest improve-
ment—and “the greatest
thing that ever happened
to a shirt.”



Drink
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

**Delicious - Refreshing
Thirst - Quenching**

Ask for it by its full name
then you will get the genuine

Send for our
free booklet

THE COCA-COLA CO., Atlanta, Ga.

MOGUL

CIGARETTES EGYPTIENNES



Once upon a midnight dreary
while I struggled weak and weary
O'er a ledger

full of bad accounts that made me sad and sore
While I nodded, body swaying,

dreaming debtors bad were paying
I awoke by someone saying,
saying at my office door-

"MOGUL! MOGUL! smoke some more!"

There is No Danger of Mouldy Preserves

*if you seal your jars
and glasses with*

Parowax

(Pure Refined Paraffine)

**EASY TO USE INEXPENSIVE
ABSOLUTELY AIR TIGHT**

Parowax is tasteless and odorless. Every package carries the pure food guarantee.

Just dip the head of the jar in melted Parowax, or pour it over the preserves.

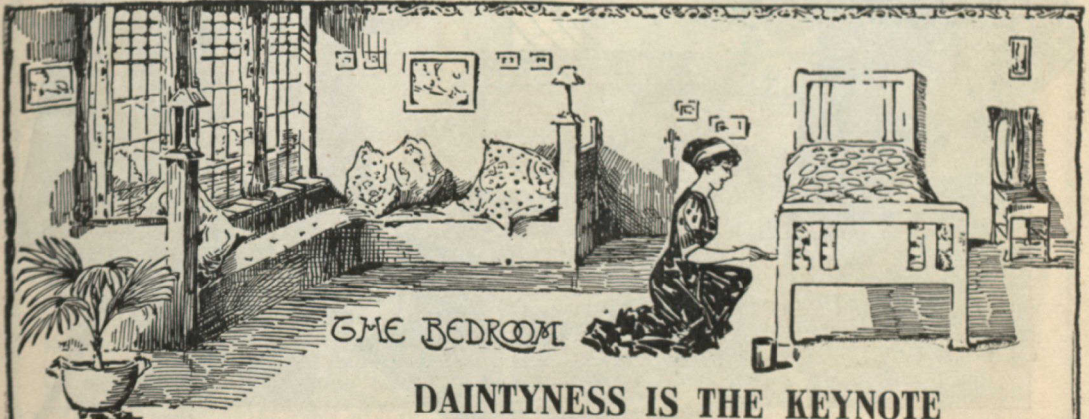


Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere



Pound and half-pound cartons.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited
Montreal Winnipeg Toronto Vancouver St. John Halifax



GIVE BEDROOM

DAINTYNESS IS THE KEYNOTE

What pride you take in the quiet artistic arrangement of your bedroom!
So restful, so harmonious!

But the furniture may be a little the worse for wear. If so, try—

It's so easy to apply! And it will cover up blemishes on your bedstead, rejuvenate the doors, brighten the drawers, and hide the wear and tear marks on sofa and table legs.

"LACQUERET" is made in eight artistic



shades. Also in silver and gold, Flat and Gloss White, and Flat and Gloss Black.

Our little booklet "Dainty Decorator" tells of its many uses in the home. Ask your dealer—Don't accept a substitute.

TORONTO

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

WINNIPEG

YSAYE BONCI

You may think you already know Brahms' Fifth Hungarian Dance. But hear it as Ysaye plays it; under the master's bow it fairly leaps with vivid vigor; there is an exultant abandon in the tremendous rhythm, such as probably no other interpreter ever produced.

The first series of his records issued comprises eight selections—including that Hungarian Dance—and the price is \$1.50 a record.

The new Bonci records supply a better translation of "Bel Canto" than all the dictionaries in Christendom. Not for nothing has Bonci been called the "Master of Bel Canto". If you have not heard him, listen to his Columbia records and you will understand.

Records ready from "La Boheme", "Elisir D'Amore", "Rigoletto", "Luisa Miller" and "La Favorita".

All Columbia records can be played on Victor talking machines—likewise all Columbia instruments will play Victor records. You can get descriptive lists and catalogues from any dealer in talking machines or by mail direct from us.



Columbia

The Columbia Grafonola
"Favorite" \$65.

GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY,

365 Sorauren Avenue, Toronto

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World. Dealers and prospective dealers write for a confidential letter and a free copy of our book "Music Money."

What the Fat Man Said to His Wife

"YES, John, the plans for our new home provide for a bath tub big enough for a fat man. And the architect says he'll make the cellar steps wide and easy for you to climb."

"That's fine, Gertrude! But remember I also said we must have a good old Sunshine Furnace like the one downstairs."

"That's a good furnace, John. It certainly keeps us cosy and warm."

"Can't beat McClary's Sunshine, Gertrude. Why it hasn't gone out on me once this winter. And you don't hear me grumbling about looking after it."

"I just open those big, double feed doors in the morning and throw in two or three shovels of coal. Then, it only takes me a jiffy to fill the water pan, because it's right over the feed doors in the front of the furnace where it's easy to pour water into. And I don't mind emptying an ash pan that slides out easily, and has bail handles that are always cool."

"But you forgot about shaking, John."

"Deuce, take it, Gertrude! How many more times will I have to tell you that you don't shake the Sunshine? McClary's call it 'rocking down' the ashes. I call it a kid's job to move this handle gently to and fro a half-dozen times."

"Yes, John, McClary's Sunshine is a good furnace for a lazy old fat man. It almost looks after itself."

There's a McClary agent in your locality, who will be glad to give you full particulars about McClary's Sunshine Furnace and tell you the cost of installing one in your home. You would find it profitable to read the latest Sunshine booklet, so write to our nearest office for a copy.



McClary's Sunshine Furnace

LONDON
ST. JOHN, N.B.

TORONTO
HAMILTON

MONTREAL
CALGARY

WINNIPEG
SASKATOON

VANCOUVER
EDMONTON

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

PLAIN SAUCE, CHILI SAUCE, TOMATO SAUCE

An appetising, nourishing, and satisfying meal provided for the housewife with the minimum of preparation and the maximum of comfort.

Is it not worth while to know that you can obtain the most carefully selected beans cooked thoroughly and whole by a process which is unsurpassed, and which retains the full mealy flavour of the beans, blended with the most delicate sauces, giving you no trouble beyond heating for a few moments?

That is what Clark gives you

ORDER CLARKS' FROM YOUR GROCER

W. CLARK

MONTREAL

REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Clothes Washed Rapidly

A great boon to the busy housewife, is the Connor Ball Bearing Washer. Washes clothes spotlessly clean three times as fast as she can do it with a wash board. Does the trick, too, without loosening a button or fraying an edge. Treats delicate fabrics very gently.

Connor Ball Bearing Washer

Just think of all the wash-board wear on your clothes that the Connor Ball Bearing Washer would save. Just think how much longer your clothes would last. Think, too, how much easier it would be to do the washing on a machine that almost runs itself — runs on ball bearings. It's the handy helper you've needed for a good long time.



Write for booklet telling all about it.

J. H. CONNOR & SON, Ltd., OTTAWA, ONT.

Williams' Talc Powder



is a summer necessity for the woman who cares for the appearance of her skin. More time spent in the open should mean greater care for the complexion. After the unrelenting heat of the sun, after the trying effect of salt spray and wind-blown sand particles, there is nothing quite so soothing and refreshing as frequent application of this exquisitely soft and delicate powder.

Four odors—Violet, Carnation, Rose and Karsi

A Vanity Box and An Interesting Offer

For users of Williams' Talc we have had manufactured a charming little Vanity Box, heavily silver-plated, containing a French powder puff and a concentrating mirror. We will gladly send it with a sample can of Williams' Violet Talc Powder and a tube of Williams' Dental Cream, trial size, on receipt of 20 cents in stamps.



All three for 20c.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
P. O. Drawer 235, Glastonbury, Conn.

HIGH-CLASS TELEPHONES

If you are about to build a new telephone system, or renew the equipment of an old one, it will be to your advantage to get into communication with us. Our magneto wall telephone desk sets, test or portable sets, switchboards, and all kinds of equipment and construction materials, are of the highest class and fully guaranteed.



The majority of the independent local and municipal companies are customers of ours. We helped them to get started under conditions that ensured their success. We are thus in a position to supply any independent company entering the field with reliable information.

Our various booklets and bulletins are free on request. Write and let us know how we may be of service to you.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co.
LIMITED

20 DUNCAN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA



**GERHARD HEINTZMAN
PIANOS**

**GERHARD HEINTZMAN
Is The Piano for ENDURANCE**

You are buying your piano for a great many years of service. Only a piano that will endure will satisfy you in the end.

Thousands of owners of Gerhard Heintzman Pianos, who have had them so long and used them so hard that they seem to simply have to write about their lasting qualities.

They see the results but we see the reasons. This piano is built right. Its material and construction are not sacrificed for any consideration whatsoever; it involves the cost of his investment to the owner, but it involves a life-time's reputation to us who have made the

GERHARD HEINTZMAN
Canada's Greatest Piano.

Send for our beautiful book describing the piano fully, whether Self Player, Grand or Upright.

Your present instrument taken as part payment at a fair valuation.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited
41-43 Queen Street W., - TORONTO
(Opposite City Hall)
New Hamilton Salesrooms
(next to Post Office.) 0.95



\$50,000 BLAZE AT BROCKVILLE

Fanned by High Wind the Flames Scourge Half of the Town

RESIDENCES DESTROYED

Starting in Skating Rink, Fire Engulfed Large Part of the Residential Sector

(Special to The Gazette) Brockville, Ont., April 22.—The biggest conflagration of years in Brockville broke out tonight in the covered skating rink owned by L. R. Consett and situated in a thickly settled portion of the town. Before the flames were gotten under control more than fifty thousand dollars worth of property was destroyed.

The burning embers were carried more than four blocks to the water front, igniting the Bowls & Co. brewery, the club house of the Brockville Bowling Club, the cowsheds of Reynolds & Co., and the George E. P. R. and the Bow livery of Mrs. Fraser, besides several rest and garden hose saved much valuable property. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the fire department, the two cowsheds were damaged, also the Fraser livery.

The rain which had been threatening for some time, did not fall until after midnight.

FIRE RAGING AT MONCTON

Blaze Started at Victoria Rink Threatens Big Area

Moncton, N. B., May 6.—At 1.29 this morning fire was discovered in Victoria Rink, which was all ablaze and a later hour the Baptist Brotherhood Church and parsonage, while the Knights of Columbus Hall, Methodist Church and other buildings are now totally destroyed and the Methodist Church on fire. Cinders are flying in all directions, and incipient fires are raging in dozens of places. It is hoped to prevent further spread of the flames.

The Baptist Church is now totally destroyed and the Methodist Church on fire. Cinders are flying in all directions, and incipient fires are raging in dozens of places. It is hoped to prevent further spread of the flames.

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The rain which had been threatening for some time, did not fall until after midnight.

Brockville's Fire Protection

Brockville, Ont., May 6.—(Special)—The Brockville town council has made a material expansion in the fire limits of the town, which now includes every part of the thickly settled residential and business section. Wooden structures are heretofore prohibited and repairs to existing buildings are relegated to the supervision of the building inspector. Brockville's recent big fire has served a purpose.

Why not act BEFORE the loss?

CATHEDRAL BLAZE.

All Church Documents Were Saved From Destruction.

Charlottetown, P.E.I., March 6.—The firemen were kept busy yesterday with the ruins of St. Dunstan's Cathedral to extinguish the fire and prevent further trouble. The Bishop's palace on the opposite side of the street caught fire from the dome and although the fire was confined to the top of the edifice, there is \$15,000 worth of documents and records in the palace.

NOTE.—None of these documents would have been nearly so important if the sparks had alighted on roofs of

ASBESTOSLATE CEMENT SHINGLES

They are absolutely fireproof

Asbestos Manufacturing Co., Limited

Address—Dept. C.M., E. T. Bank Bldg., 263 St. James St., Montreal. Factory at Lachine, P.Q. (near Montreal)

THE GAZETTE.

VANCOUVER RESIDENCES THREATENED BY FLAMES

Only Miracle Saved House in Shaughnessy Heights—High Wind

Vancouver, B.C., April 22.—No fire has been more ferocious than did the residents of Shaughnessy Heights today pray for the dropping of a western gale. A million dollars worth of residences in Vancouver's most fashionable homestead were saved by a miracle. One house only was burned, and the total loss to this residence and the damages to several others will be without twenty thousand dollars. The trouble started just before noon, when sparks carried from land clearing fires in Point Grey dropped on several fine Shaughnessy residences. Five caught almost at the same time, and that owned by A. E. Millington, manager of the Ocean Falls company, was destroyed. Fire companies from all over the city were called, and scores of people moved their belongings into the streets, expecting that their houses would be burned and wiped out. Fires caught in great piles of logs, and by two o'clock there was a great spectacle occupying thousands of people, many of them nearly streets. At three o'clock every house within a radius of a mile had two or three volunteer fire fighters out on the roof, keeping the sparks brushed off, while the gale still blew merrily. Many of the houses were saved.



MADE ENTIRELY FROM THE WOOL OF AUSTRALIAN MERINO SHEEP

CETEE UNDERWEAR

—BUSINESS —OUTING —EXERCISE

For all phases of the modern life
CETEE
pure wool unshrinkable
UNDERCLOTHING
is best.

The lighter weights for summer are a constant source of comfort. The pure, soft wool absorbs all the perspiration and keeps the body at a normal temperature. Free action of the limbs and body is rendered easy by shaping the garment during the process of knitting. Made in sizes to fit all the family.

Worn by the best people—Sold by the best dealers.

Manufactured by
THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT LIMITED
Also manufacturers of Turnbull's ribbed Underwear for ladies and children; "M" Bands for infants and Cetee Shaker-Knit Sweater Coats.



Why the System Desk is Favored

IT is a new modern desk, built to enable the user to perform the work of the day in a time-saving and efficient manner.

Into the Office Specialty System Desk have been built mechanical time and labor-saving devices, which are the means of enabling the man who works at this Desk to increase his own efficiency.

The same care and thought which was extended on the mechanical features of this Desk, is also evidenced in the designing and inside workmanship.

You should see it at our showrooms, or ask one of our representatives to call and give you full particulars.

Head Office and Toronto Showrooms:
97 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

Filing Equipment Stores: MONTREAL, OTTAWA, HALIFAX,
WINNIPEG, CALGARY, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER.
Factories: NEWMARKET, ONT.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.
 LIMITED
 AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD
 CANADA

Do You Know?

That for a good all round serviceable suit of clothes there is nothing to equal a Blue Serge or Cheviot, and when you are getting one, get the best—

VICKERMAN'S
BLUE SERGES
and CHEVIOTS

**Are The Best
Manufactured.**
They Never Fade



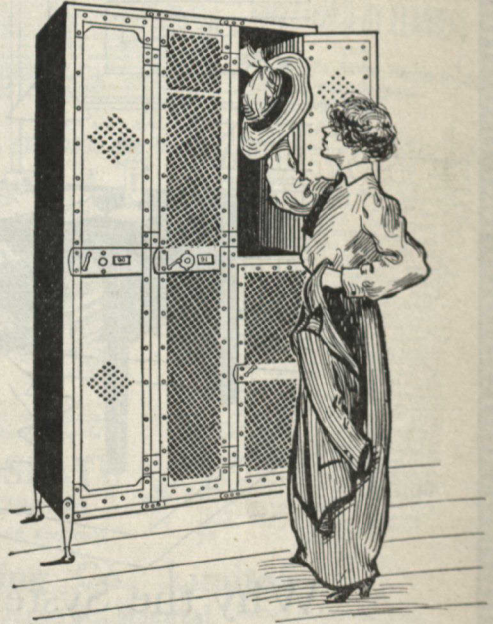
The makers name along the Selvage every 3 yards.

Let us know if your own tailor does not handle them. We can tell you who does.

Nisbet & Auld, Limited
Toronto.

Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada.

No Office is Complete



without our **D. L. Standard Lockers**. You owe it to yourself and your staff to have a sanitary receptacle for your clothes. The **D. L. Standard Locker** possess a quality, a style and finished appearance different and superior to those of the ordinary make. Each locker is a unit. You can make cabinets of any size or number of units; you can add to or take from the cabinet whatever re-arranging or addition required. Lockers may be ordered set up— assembled at factory, or shipped knocked down—to be assembled at destination.



Dennis Wire & Iron Co.
London, Ontario, Canada



The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of
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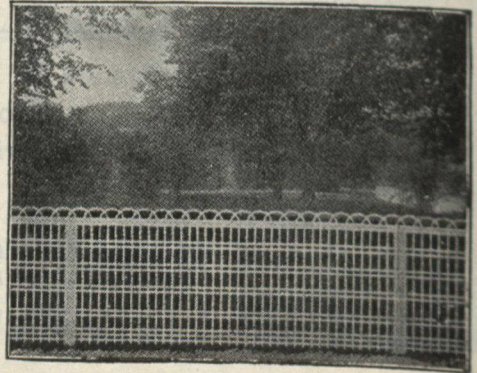
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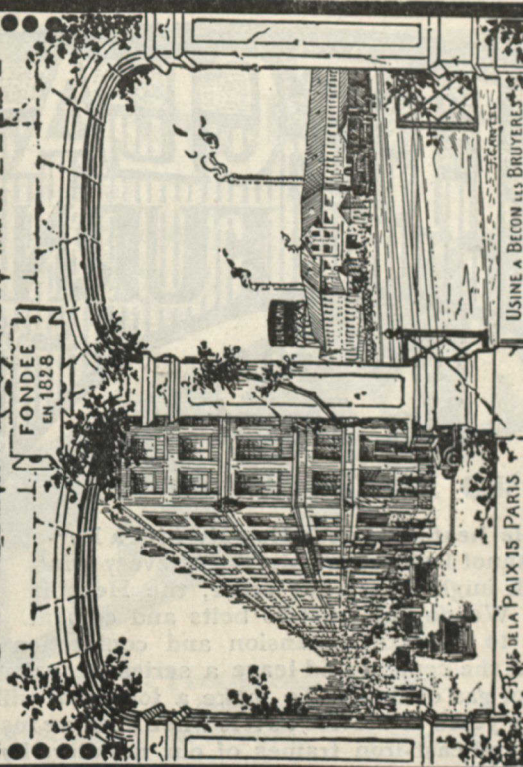


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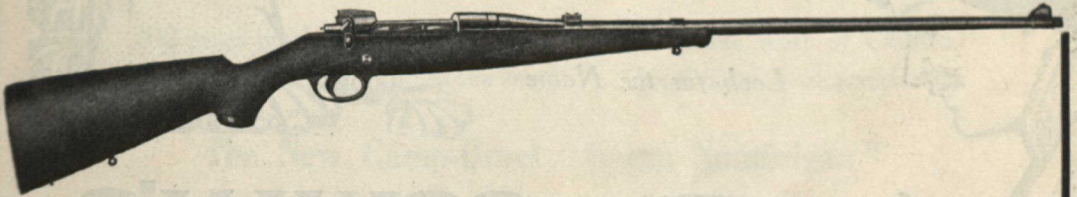
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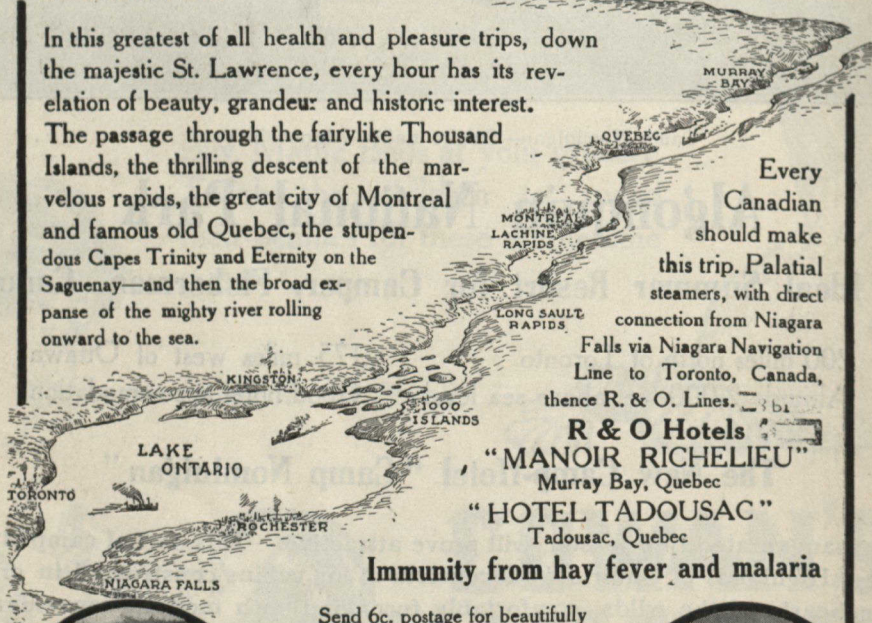
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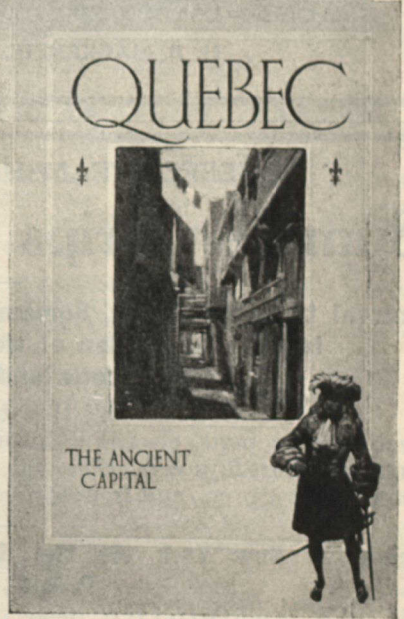
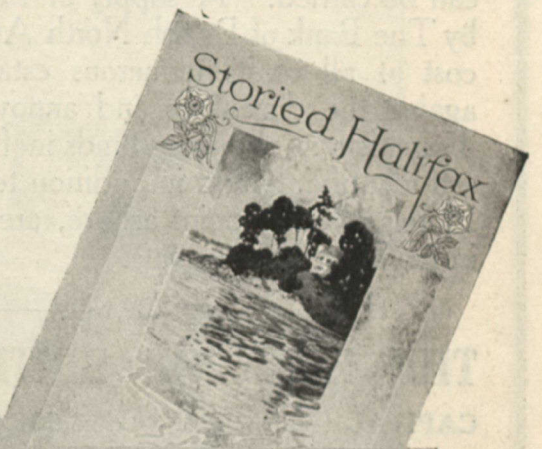
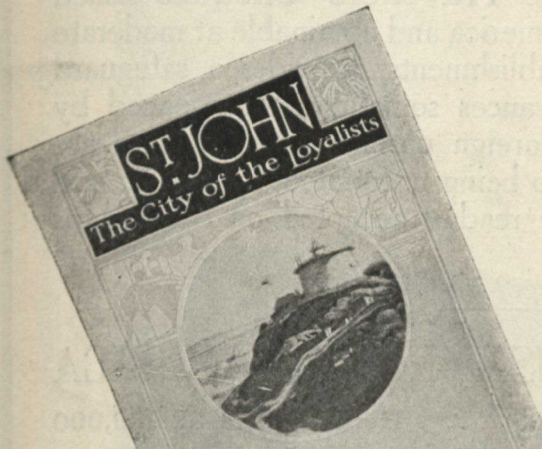
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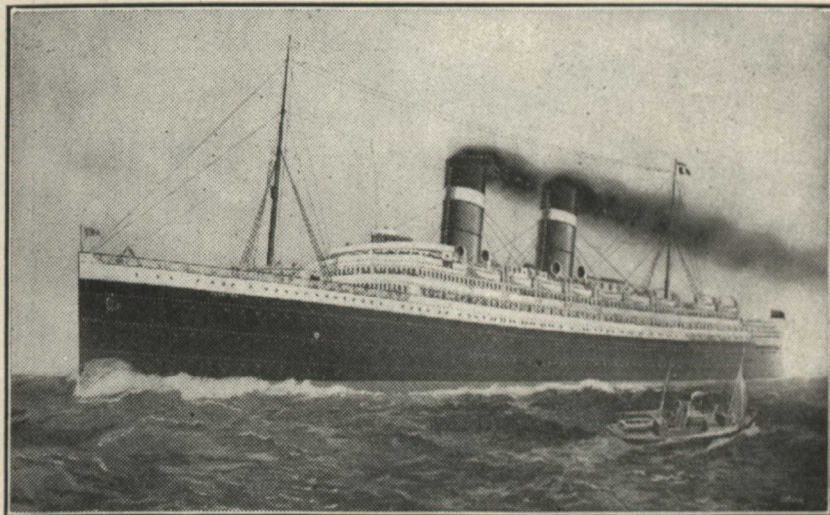
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				†VICTORIAN	" 29 " 3.00 a.m.

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	MONTREAL	QUEBEC		MONTREAL	QUEBEC
†GRAMPIAN	Sat. 5 July	Daylight	3.00 p.m.	†HESPERIAN	Sat. 19 July Daylight 3 00 p.m.
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*MONTREAL—QUEBEC to HAVRE and LONDON

	MONTREAL		MONTREAL
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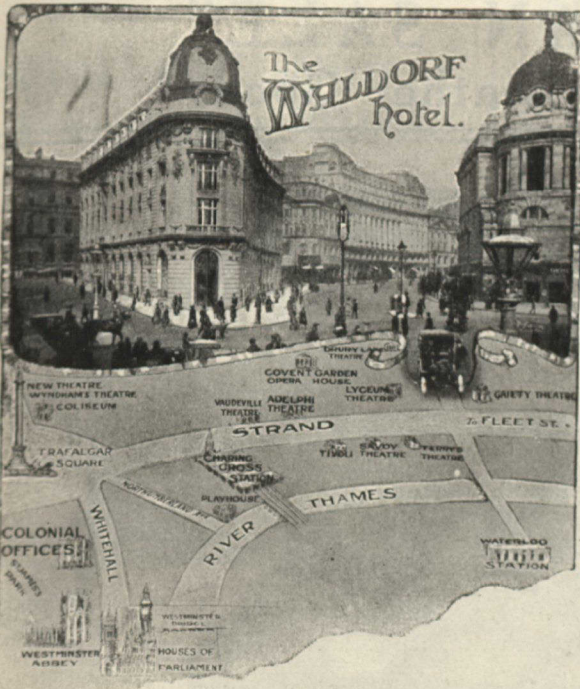


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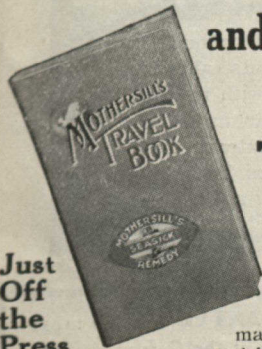


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Scientists tell us that some day no person will do hard manual labor—machines will do it all! The first great step has already been accomplished, as far as household work is concerned. The New Century Washer, not only takes all the hard manual labor away from washing, but it washes clothes better than such work has ever been done before. The water tip furnishes the power, the New Century does nearly all the rest.

Washing machines are not new but the New Century is. The other kinds did some of the work, the New Century does almost all the work. The others gave trouble, the New Century saves trouble. The difference is in the patented and exclusive features of the New Century. Ask your dealer about them or send us for full information.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL, LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Cure that Bunion

No need to suffer bunion torture another day

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT

removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE of all bunion pain. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure.

Dr. Scholl's *Bunion Right* is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from



The B. Scholl Manufacturing Co. 214 King St.
E. Toronto. *Illustrated Booklet Free.*

BE A VENTRILOQUIST

Earn from \$30.00 to \$500.00 a week, you can do it, I will tell you the secret, best paying profession in the world. Ventriloquists are always in demand, send stamp for particulars to B. J. Murfin, Box 222, Guelph, Ontario, Canada.

Shirriff's True Vanilla

Imagine how much more delicious cakes taste when flavored with real vanilla extract. You can make certain of using real extract of finest Vanilla beans by buying Shirriff's True Vanilla.

24

SALESPeople WANTED for the most wonderful proposition of the Century. Energetic salespeople communicate with us at once for full particulars.

DEPARTMENT B. — CANADIAN SPECIALTIES CO.
Station C. Montreal.

The
Prophylactic

Tooth Brush

Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows



Read what this Mother says :

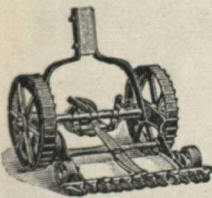
"I am the mother of eleven children, and have brought them all up on Robinson's "Patent" Barley, since they were a fortnight old; they were all fine healthy babies. My baby is now just seven weeks old, and improves daily. A friend of mine had a very delicate baby which was gradually wasting away, and she tried several kinds of food, and when I saw her I recommended her the 'Patent' Barley, and it is almost wonderful how the child has improved since taking it. I have recommended it to several people, as I think it is a splendid food for babies, and I advise every mother that has to bring up her baby by hand to use Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, as it is unequalled."

Mrs. A. C. Goodall,
12 Mount Ash Road,
Sydenham Hill, S E.,
London, England

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

gets the credit for the health,
of this family of eleven. . .

MAGOR SON & CO. Limited, Can. Agents, MONTREAL



What is Killing Your Lawn?

Dandelion, Buck Plantain and Crab Grass secure such a hold on many lawns that the grass is completely smothered out.

The **Clipper Lawn Mower** is the only mower that will cut and drive these weeds from your lawn and it will do it in one season.

Old style mowers catch the top of the grass, jerking it, breaking the feeders at the roots and killing it. The Clipper Mower does not touch the grass until it cuts it. In this way the feeders of the roots are not broken and the grass becomes thick, producing a beautiful lawn. *WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.*

Clipper Lawn Mower Company
Dixon - - - - - Illinois

A Razor is only as Good as its Steel

When you buy a razor with a Barrel Trade Mark you get razor perfection and the Barrel Mark is its guarantee—made of the finest tempered steel to keep your temper.

Sold where quality is demanded.

GREEFF-BREDT & Co.,
TORONTO
Canadian Agents



Clear Carbon Copies Would Save Your Time

THERE is no excuse for poor Carbon copies—faint smudgy copies. They waste hours of your time, often prove to be your only record of important letters—a quotation or agreement.

Some like that in *your files*? You can't be using PEERLESS Carbons. PEERLESS Carbon Papers make copies clear as originals without smudging or blurring. Order a box and note the difference.

PEERLESS

CARBON
PAPERS

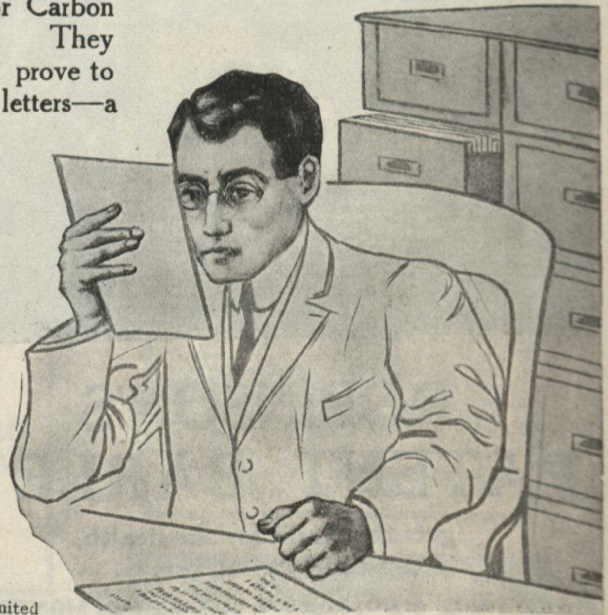
TYPEWRITER
RIBBONS

52

Clean cut, neatly-typed letters are a credit to the firm that sends them out. If yours are not going out in as fine shape as you would like, PEERLESS Ribbons will sharpen them up.

There are PEERLESS Dealers everywhere.

Peerless Carbon and Ribbon Mfg. Company, Limited
176-178 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



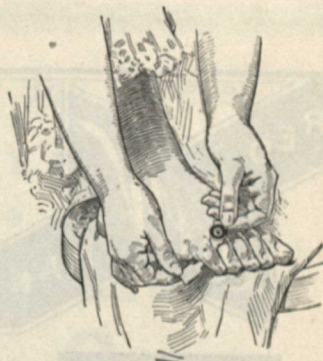
IRRESISTIBLE

GANONG'S
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

*Set the
Olfactory Nerves
a Tingle!*

The tempting
Aroma
of
**SEAL
BRAND
COFFEE**
is
An Excellent
Appetizer

**CHASE AND
SANBORN** ♦
MONTREAL



All the Corns

In America Could be
Ended This Week

If all people used what millions are using, there would be no corns next week.

Every corn would be treated at once with a little Blue-jay Plaster.

The pain would stop instantly. Then the B & B wax would gently loosen each corn. In 48 hours all the corns would come out.

You can prove this yourself in two days. Try a Blue-jay on that old, old corn.

Note how it acts without any discomfort. Note the absence of pain or soreness. The corn is completely forgotten.

Then note in two days how the whole corn lifts out.

Blue-jay keeps millions free from corns. When you stop paring—stop old-time treatments—you will have freedom too. And all people sometime will know this.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.

B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.

C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.

D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



RED
Earl & Wilson
MAN

PENWOOD
GOOD LOOKS—GOOD FIT—
GOOD WEAR.

EARL & WILSON
SHIRTS \$1.50 AND MORE

SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES

A remedy which has no equal for

DIABETES

No Diabetic should fail to give this perfectly harmless and efficacious remedy a trial. It never fails to effect wonderful results. It has the unrestricted approval of prominent physicians. Price **\$2.00** per bottle.

SANOL

is a Reliable Cure for Gall Stones, Kidney Trouble, Kidney Stones, Bladder Stones, Gravel, Lumbago and all diseases arising from Uric Acid. Price **\$1.50**.

SANOL'S BLOOD SALT
(*Sal Sanguinis*)

This salt is an excellent and absolutely harmless remedy for any disturbances of digestion such as Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, etc., and as an aid to digestion in wasting and nervous diseases.

The preparations of the originator have been awarded First Prize Medal at the Hygiene Didactical Exposition by the University of Lemberg. Price **50c.** per bottle.

LITERATURE ON REQUEST.

The Sanol Mfg. Company of Canada, Ltd.
975 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.



UPTON'S

THE "UPTON" FLAVOR

in Jams and Jellies is the most delicious that can be obtained, because these Goods are made from only the purest of Fruits under the most hygienic conditions—The natural flavor of fresh fruits

Try an order of UPTON'S
on your next Grocery List

THE T. UPTON COMPANY LIMITED
HAMILTON - ONTARIO



A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever



Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's

Oriental Cream

or Magical Beautifier

*RELIEVES SUNBURN AND
REMOVES TAN*

Every lady who spends the Summer at the seashore, in the mountains or at some fashionable watering place should take with her a few bottles of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM to improve and beautify her complexion and protect her skin from the burning suns and bleaching winds, and damp night air. It has been in

actual use for considerably over half a century, which proves its superiority.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM cures Skin Diseases and relieves Sunburn. Removes Tan, Pimples, Blackheads, Moth Patches, Rash, Freckles and Vulgar Redness, Yellow and Muddy Skin, giving a delicately clear and refined complexion. It has the highest recommendations and cannot be surpassed when preparing for evening attire.

50c. and \$1.50 Per Bottle

at Department Stores and Druggists or direct on receipt of price.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, 37 Great Jones St., NEW YORK.



No. 2057

Elegance and Endurance
 centre in
 "Standard" Silver Plate

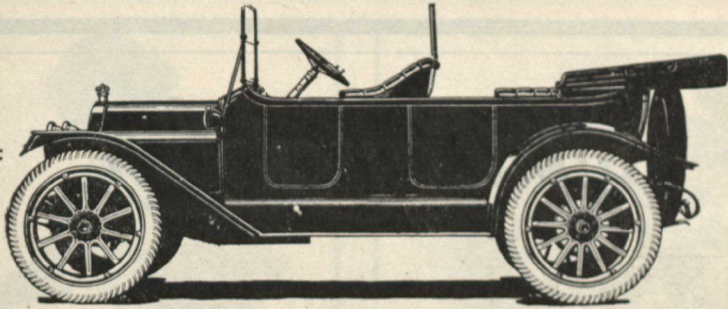
WE present in the above illustration as beautiful a set as has been produced in high-class Silver Plate. The perfect harmony of every detail of the design is made more pleasing by the highly burnished finish, and the elaborate engraving on every piece. Covers are mounted with real Ivory Tips. Of well-known "Standard" workmanship and reliable "Standard" quality. Satisfaction as to wear is guaranteed. Enquire at your jewelers about it.

Sold by reliable jewelers everywhere.

Look for our name.

Every piece manufactured and guaranteed by

Standard Silver Co., Limited - Toronto



Russell-Knight "Six," 7-Passenger Touring Model.....	\$5,000
Russell-Knight "Six," Roadster Model.....	5,000
Russell-Knight "Six," 5-Passenger Phaeton.....	5,000

F. O. B. West Toronto

The Russell-Knight "Six"

It has been generally believed that the four cylinder "Knight" Engine offers greater flexibility of engine and more in performance than any six-cylinder, poppet-valve motor, can give.

But this new six-cylinder "Knight" Engine surpasses anything that has gone before. Developed concurrently in Europe, United States and Canada, this six-cylinder motor of Knight design represents the highest type of automobile construction that has yet been reached.

This Engine is powerful and flexible to a degree not before attained. It throttles low in traffic, yet at a touch you have any speed you desire.

You need to sit behind the steering wheel, or take a seat in the tonneau while this splendid "Six" negotiates roads and hills considered impassable, in order to be fully impressed with its efficiency.

Model "42" and "28" were designed and produced side by side. The same balanced construction and clean designing characterizes both models. But the "Six" surpasses even the company model in power, in silence, in flexibility to a degree that will appeal to those who demand the world's finest.

Though there is a clearance of 12" under the working parts of the car, skilful designing has lowered the body and kept the centre of gravity so low that the car rides steadily over even the roughest roads. The long wheel base (140") provides easy suspension of the body.

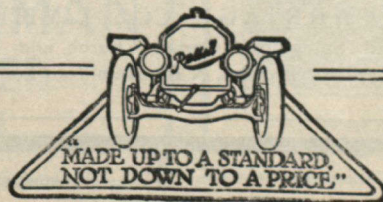
The Russell Starting and Lighting System with the added convenience of left hand drive and centre control, ranks the Russell-Knight "Six" as one of the most complete cars on the road to-day.

Additional information upon request to the branch or agent nearest you.

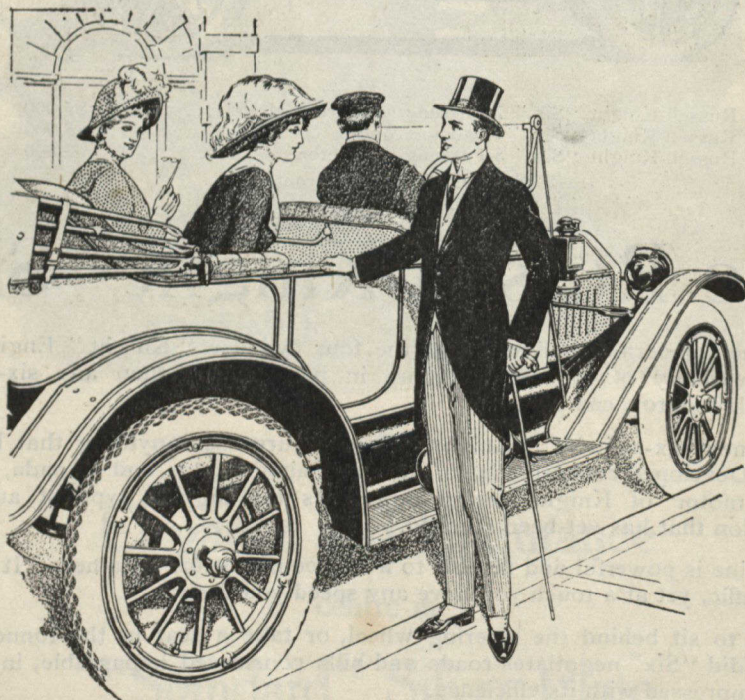
RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO. LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORY, WEST TORONTO

Branches at: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Melbourne, Aust.



McLaughlin



A Real Car at a Right Price

YOU will find in the McLAUGHLIN none of the fads and fancies which are used as talking points where intrinsic merit is lacking.

Forty-three years' experience in the production of high-grade vehicles has proved the wisdom of adherence to tried and tested principles. With every modern improvement which IS an improvement, the McLAUGHLIN will meet the requirements of the man who is looking for a *A Real Car at a Right Price.*

**Runabouts and
Touring Cars
from \$1,250 up.**

Write for literature

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., LIMITED, OSHAWA
Toronto Garage and Salesroom—Corner Church and Richmond Streets
Other Branch Houses—St. John, N B., Hamilton London, Belleville,



FEARMAN'S STAR BRAND HAMS and BACON

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but 'Star Brand' Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it. Made under Government Inspection.

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



KNOX GELATINE

KNOX GELATINE comes in two packages—Plain and Acidulated—both alike, except the latter contains an envelope of concentrated lemon juice, taking the place of lemons in flavoring. Each package contains a tablet for coloring.

Knox Snow Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
1 cup of sugar. $\frac{3}{4}$ pint cold water.
Whites of 2 eggs. $\frac{1}{4}$ pint boiling water.
Rind and juice of 2 lemons.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve in boiling water; add grated rind and juice of lemons and sugar. Stir till dissolved. Strain; let stand in cool place till nearly set. Add whites of eggs, well beaten, and beat mixture till light and spongy. Put lightly into glass dish or mold. Serve with thin custard made of yolks of eggs, or cream and sugar.

Knox Recipe Book FREE

A book of recipes for Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, Candies, etc., sent free for grocer's name.

Print sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY

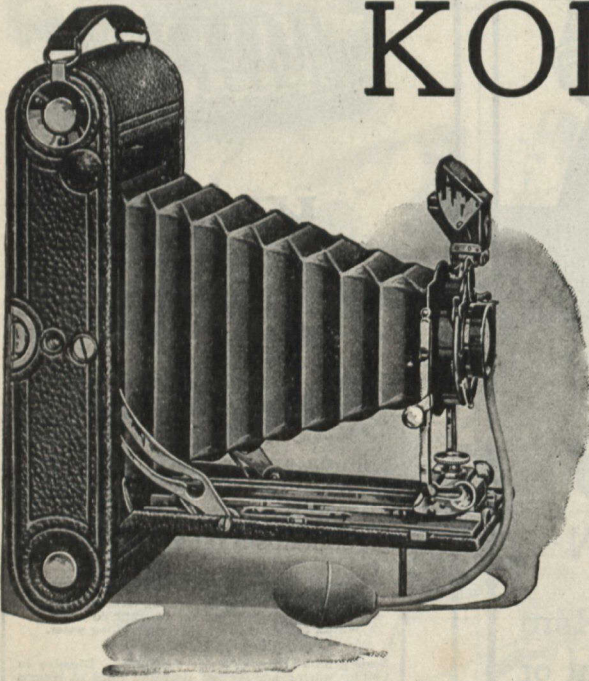
499 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N. Y.

Branch Factory:
Montreal, Canada



Either package makes
2 full quarts of Jelly.

3^A Folding Pocket KODAK



Pictures,
Post Card Size,
(3¼ x 5½ inches)

Price,
\$20.

So capable as to meet the requirements of the expert—So simple as to fit the needs of the novice.

The high grade rapid rectilinear lens permits snap shots up to a hundredth of a second. The automatic focusing lock is quickly set for any distance from 6 feet to 100. Has Kodak Ball Bearing shutter, automatic speeds 1/25, 1/50, 1/100 second—also operates for time and bulb exposures—loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges, and an indicator registers each exposure as made. Kodak simplicity, quality and efficiency all the way.

Kodak catalogue free at your dealers, or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED

TORONTO

"For Mother,
the Others—
and Me"



Taylor's
**INFANTS-
DELIGHT
TOILET SOAP**

THE supreme test of a toilet soap is its use in the Nursery.

Infants-Delight Toilet Soap received its name from the fact that it has proved soothing and refreshing even to the delicate velvety skin of a baby. And what is good for baby's skin certainly cannot irritate the fairest lady's cheek or the tenderest shaven face.

Everyone who tries it likes Infants-Delight Toilet Soap, 10c. everywhere.

John Taylor & Co., Limited,
Toronto

OLDEST AND LARGEST PERFUMERS
AND TOILET SOAP MAKERS IN CANADA



**Silver for the
Country Home**

It is now the sensible practice of many city residents to store their sterling in safety vaults during their absence from town and use

1847

ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

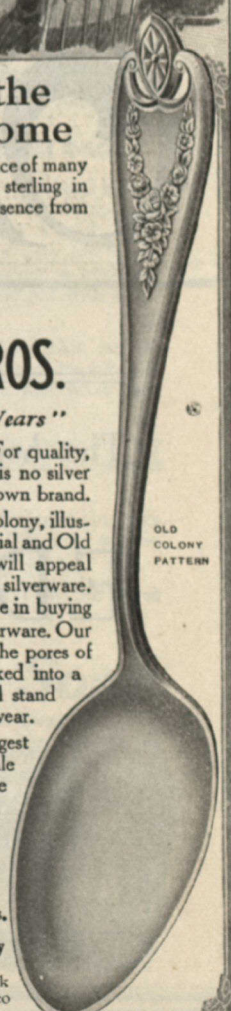
in their country homes. For quality, style, finish and wear there is no silver plate equal to this well-known brand.

Our new pattern, Old Colony, illustrated here, is ideal for Colonial and Old English dining rooms, and will appeal to all lovers of simplicity in silverware.

You can make no mistake in buying **1847 ROGERS BROS.** silverware. Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand years of the severest kind of wear.

Guaranteed by the largest makers in the world. For sale by leading dealers. Visit the store of your local dealer and see for yourself the beauty of this famous silverware. Write for illustrated catalogue, "T-14," showing many of the newest patterns.

Meriden Britannia Company
HAMILTON, CAN.
Meriden, Conn. New York
Chicago San Francisco



OLD COLONY
PATTERN

- IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH WHILE ·
· SATISFYING YOUR THIRST ·



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



O'Keefe's

290

GOLD LABEL ALE

The housekeeper who would make wash-day easier,
can do so by using

EDDY'S WARES

Eddy's Indurated Tubs allow the water to retain heat longer and never rust. Being made in one seamless piece cannot splinter, and so the danger of snagged fingers and torn clothes is eliminated. Used in conjunction with

EDDY'S WASHBOARDS

wash-day loses half its terrors. :: :: :: ::



*Begin today to
give your baby the
Woodbury treatment*

Baby's Summer Skin Troubles

How to prevent them

During the hot summer months your baby's skin needs especial care. The high temperature and free perspiration cause the slightest thing to irritate it. Rough underclothes, too-warm clothing and overfeeding will quickly cause it to become raw and chafed. It will often break out in rashes and red spots whose intense burning and itching cause that irritable crying which every mother knows.

Begin this treatment today

The best means to prevent your baby's suffering from these summer troubles is a daily bath with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Use luke-warm water and a very soft wash-cloth or silk sponge, applying a generous

lather over the entire body. Rinse with slightly cooler water and pat with a soft towel until the little body is thoroughly dry.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. It has been recommended for years by physicians because of its valuable properties. Its cleansing action and mild antiseptic quality are just what your baby's skin needs for summer protection.

Begin now to get its benefits. Get a cake of Woodbury's today and try the treatment described above. See how delightfully sweet, smooth and soft it leaves baby's tender skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No mother hesitates at the price after her first cake. As a matter of fact it is not expensive, for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get a cake today.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian dealers from coast to coast, including Newfoundland

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c. a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 109-F Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.



TRAVEL IN COMFORT

TAKE A SWEATER COAT



*Your health is protected and you will enjoy **SOLID COMFORT** if you wear "MONARCH KNIT."*

We have an immense range of up-to-date Styles. Ask your dealer to show you "MONARCH-KNIT" lines.

MONARCH-KNIT is the Standard for Style, Quality and Workmanship.

The Monarch Knitting Co., Limited

Head Office—DUNNVILLE, CANADA

Factories at Dunnville, St. Catharines, St. Thomas, Ont., Buffalo, N.Y.



Back of This Name Come The World's Best Foods

It's almost second nature with most people to think of "Libby's" when they think of quality foods. For they know that from start to finish, nothing will do for Libby's but—*the finest*.

Distance means nothing to Libby's. They go to Hawaii for the choicest pineapples, and to Spain for the plumpest olives as readily as to Illinois for the richest milk. And mind you, it's not a Libby buyer that goes—but *a Libby plant*.

That in itself is a wonderful guarantee of goodness. For it means that there's no long jostling in freight cars—no bruising—no deterioration. For day by day, as the crops ripen, they go straight to the big, cleanly Libby kitchens that stand in sight of the fields.

And that's the Libby way—always. It makes a difference, too—a difference you can taste and a taste you will like.

Libby's Foods—for quality and convenience.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



Coffee is a Secret Menace

to steady nerves, a clear brain and the best success.

The new food-drink

Instant Postum

"openly" shows the way to comfort, health and mental power.

It is regular Postum so processed that only the soluble portions are retained. A spoonful in cup with hot water, and sugar and cream to taste, makes a delicious beverage instantly.

**"There's a Reason"
for POSTUM**

For a Summer "cooler" add cracked ice and a dash of lemon.

The Advantages of Drinking

BAKER'S C O C O A



Registered
Trade-Mark

*The Cocoa of
High Quality*

lie in its absolute purity and wholesomeness, its delicious natural flavor, and its perfect assimilation by the digestive organs.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780

Montreal, Can.

Dorchester, Mass.

Taylor's

BLUE BIRD

"The Perfume of Happiness."

The expression in lightsome, joyous fragrance of all the beauties of Maeterlink's masterpiece. You may have it in any of these—



Perfume

Cologne

Sachet

Soap

Talcum

**ASK YOUR
DRUGGIST**



**No matter
which razor you use**

you can't get an easy shave unless your face is properly prepared. Do not use a lather which has to be "rubbed in." "Rubbing in" brings the blood to the surface and opens the pores, thus allowing the free caustic to get in its painful work—no wonder that you hate to shave! Try

Mennen's Shaving Cream

It contains no free caustic and requires no mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers. It softens the beard while you work up the rich, full-bodied lather. It reduces shaving to two operations—lathering and shaving—and leaves your face fresh and cool.

Self-shaving is a big economy; Mennen's will give you 10 shaves for a cent—and no tips. It's the only sanitary way; your own razor, brush and a clean cream each shave from a germ-proof tube.

For sale everywhere 25 cents. Sample tube free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.
Makers of the celebrated Mennen Toilet Powder