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THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature

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VOL. XI.

MAY 1898, TO OCTOBER, 1898, INCLUSIVE.

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**Toronto :**  
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED.  
1898.

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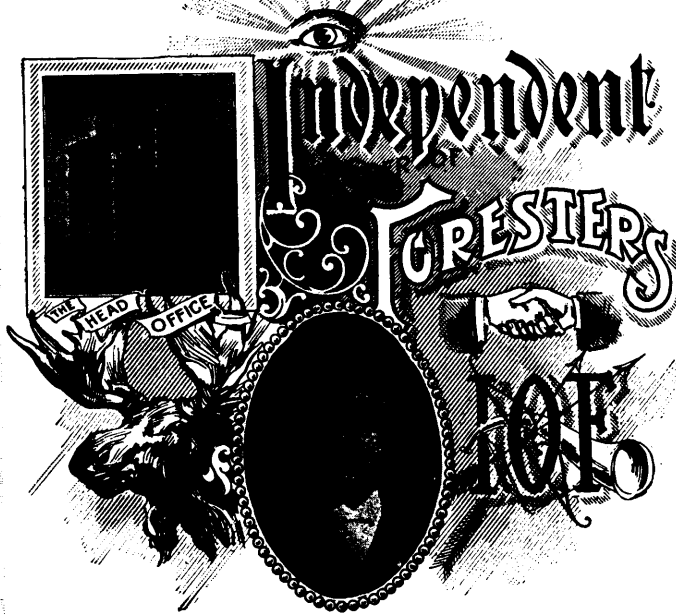
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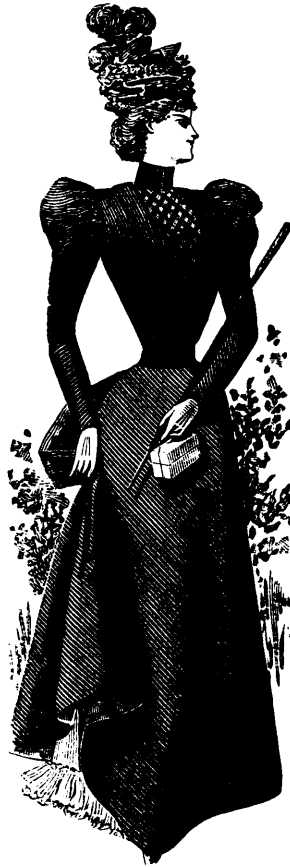
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MAY, 1898.

No. 1.

## SOME ASPECTS OF THE SOCIAL LIFE OF CANADA.

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AS there is no single type of social life which is characteristic of Canada as a whole, it is not possible to discuss under one set of terms the social life of the Dominion. In this paper I attempt to deal with some of the underlying features of our common life in the representative parts of Ontario.

In order properly to understand our society we require to know whence came the chief elements of our population, and what were the influences which bore upon them in this Province. The first comers would naturally have a greater influence upon the future social life of the country than any after streams of immigration. There would be a tendency among the later arrivals to adopt the customs, methods and manners of those whom they found in the country. This would be all the greater if the newcomers found their surroundings very different from those to which they had been accustomed in the lands whence they came. So great is the influence of surroundings that an alteration there greatly affects the whole current of one's life, inner and outer.

The first settlers in Upper Canada were Americans, made up partly of United Empire Loyalists, themselves a very mixed element, and partly of miscellaneous immigrants from the neighbouring States; some of them actuated by restless enterprise, others driven by a stern necessity, not always of happy

memory. To most of these people the change brought little or no difference in surroundings, or general method of life, though it meant for some a change of occupation. Naturally, therefore, the American immigrants brought with them, almost intact, the system of economic, political and social life to which they had grown accustomed in the neighbouring British colonies, or young Republic.

Little European immigration was received in Canada before Waterloo closed the Napoleonic wars. Then followed in Britain the distress, alike of those who were discharged from the Government service and of those who had found employment in feeding and clothing them. The resulting misery and discontent revived the emigration to America which had been checked by the Revolutionary War, by the great development of England's industry through machinery, and by that long demand for men to shoot and be shot, which, with but one short interval, never flagged from 1789 till 1815.

Following the direction already set, much the greater part of the British emigration went to the United States. Canada, however, received a share, some by special contract, others of their own motion. These formed the second important element in the peopling of this Province.

Succeeding waves of emigration to

this country have usually coincided with special periods of distress in Britain. Recently a habit of emigrating seems to be established.

Many phases of American life appeared particularly attractive to the imagination of the migrating classes. They came with a long-cherished and expectant belief that here there were no invidious social distinctions. There was a latent faith that this was the result of a general levelling up, not of a general levelling down. In America Jack was understood to be as good as his Master, which meant, in practice, that every one had free scope for his natural and untutored conviction that he was somewhat better than his neighbours. The spontaneous outgrowth of such a conviction, like the natural tendency to laziness, is one of the most valuable foundation qualities of human nature. It is the basis of individuality, the ground principle of ambition, self-respect, individual responsibility, and almost every species of progressive enterprise. But this undisciplined self-assertion stands related to all these beautiful and desirable things as fertile soil does to bountiful crops and beautiful gardens. It requires an immense amount of cultivation, trimming and tending—education in a word—to produce the desired result. Otherwise this great natural fertility simply serves to produce a rank growth of social nettles, thistles and briars, in the midst of which it is extremely unpleasant to dwell.

America, then, afforded free scope for the raw self-assertion and rugged barbarism which represents the great natural fertility of that immensely successful racial mixture which bears the British brand. It is necessary to observe that Canada, unlike the ancient Greek colonies, did not receive a cross-section of the British nation, containing all elements and grades of society as found in the mother country. It was rather a lateral section, drawn almost entirely from one or two grades. They were mainly of the working classes from farm and factory, discharged soldiers—useful often in the

second generation—some small traders, a respectable sprinkling of journeymen craftsmen—the salt of the immigration—not a few ne'er-do-wells and a miscellaneous fringe containing odds and ends of all grades. Among the latter were some gems of rare worth; men who here and there kept the lamp of knowledge burning in the wilderness, men of broad ideas and high aspirations, which they communicated to a few disciples who were found worthy.

Though coming directly or indirectly of British stock for the most part, and, on the whole, representing fairly well the capacities of the British race, yet the founders of Canada, and their successors for several decades, did not bring with them, or acquire afterwards, the standard features of British civilization. Thanks to the fertility of the land, and the stimulus to industry which results from direct contact with nature, the country escaped most of the lower grades of misery with their attendant evils in the mother country. On the other hand, they enjoyed almost none of its higher life. True, they had little of that leisure which at once permits and renders necessary a choice between self-improvement and self-abasement. Their lot allowed them few outlets:

“Nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined.”

Their life was laborious and narrow, or worse, monotonous and narrow, their amusements simple and rude, too often tending to coarseness and barbarity. The necessity to make life possible saved them from themselves to a large degree, though not wholly, for what leisure they had for social intercourse often resulted in little mutual improvement.

Thus, without any special fault of their own, the early settlers of Ontario had few standards to which they might make conscious appeal, or which they might bequeath to their children. The lack was not felt while the country was new, and the economic foundations were being laid; but it soon became evident in the case of those who

had accumulated means beyond the needs of the day. For them two alternatives presented themselves; either they must simply keep on accumulating wealth, or they must spend it without wisdom. Force of habit, and such standards as there were, told in favour of the former and operated with the older or more conservative element. Impatience of restraint and a longing for something that was not, yet could not be defined, told in favour of the latter and influenced many of the younger men. Undisciplined and random experiments in search of the fullness of life will account for many of those whole or partial wrecks of the second generation which have been so frequent in this country. In milder form we have those grotesque results which come from the apeing of the outward aspects of a higher civilization whose inner character is not understood. Both results alike proclaim the lack of ideals or standards which express the accumulated and tested experience of a cultured society.

Such standards are, of course, largely inherited, and the society which possesses them at any given time cannot be credited with their formation. Each generation grows up continually surrounded and influenced by them. They are the social atmosphere to which in childhood we become acclimatized.

They undergo change, it is true, as time goes on, but the changes are not made at random. They are the results of the necessity and convenience of altering conditions, of growing knowledge and broadening culture.

Now this statement is not intended to carry with it any general condemnation of the capacities or motives of our predecessors in Ontario. The conditions which I have been sketching, when we understand all the circumstances, were perfectly natural and inevitable. The first settlers did not sin against the light; they fell short or went astray for lack of light. Neither can we condemn those who followed them, on account of their failing to improve to the full their greater op-

portunities. If, as some pessimists tell us, civilization is a disease, it is at least contagious, not endemic. Moreover, as Aristotle pointed out, it is eminently social, and is not the product or possession of one generation. Canadians have amply proven that in their capacity for knowledge and their interest in it, when once awakened, they are not inferior to any other branch of the British race. But it cannot be denied that, whereas other sections of the race have inherited not only capacity, but a cultured social atmosphere fraught with many civilizing influences, we have inherited but little of the latter. Not quite appreciating what it is that we have missed, it is but natural that some of us should resent the imputation, especially from without, that we are not in all respects abreast of the best. But our indignant resentment of criticism, and our scornful conceit in our own perfection, may simply betray the lack of that little knowledge which reveals ignorance. A survey of many recorded impressions of America indicates that this bumptious conceit in the perfection of the country is particularly noticeable in both Canada and the United States.

In suggesting that in these matters we are far behind the mother country, I do not mean to say that all classes of the British people are above our level. There is a far wider range between the higher and lower grades of British society than there is to be found in Ontario. We have little or nothing corresponding to either of Britain's social extremes, and it is not at all necessary to our complete social life in this country that we should have either. But while, as Englishmen commonly admit, we can offer a better lot for the poor man than he is likely to enjoy in Britain, for the man of culture, as Arnold reminds us, we cannot offer, outside the economic line, any attractions which will at all compare with those of Britain.

What is it, then, that cultured Englishmen find most defective or lacking in us? Partly, we find, certain things upon which we most pride ourselves,

partly surroundings and interests which we are apt to regard as trivial or superfluous, matters of personal whim or accidental taste. Among the former is that obtrusive self-assertion which passes with many for patriotism, and among the latter the narrowness and bareness of our social interests and the general disregard of our physical surroundings. It is just because the refinement of our social life and attention to the fairness of our physical setting are still looked upon by so many as non-essentials, as the mere frills and gee-gaws of life, instead of its very soul and meaning, that we take so little care to promote them, and are even half ashamed should we find ourselves getting seriously interested in such trifles. This attitude may be fairly compared to that of a man who should spend many years with pride and satisfaction to himself and commendation from his neighbours in collecting the materials to build a fine mansion; but should regard it as frivolity and waste of time, and a ground of ridicule by his friends, should he be found seriously devoting himself to the actual building of the mansion. In America we have spent no end of time and talent in learning, better perhaps than in any other part of the world, how most effectively to acquire wealth, but we have not considered it worth our while to make any serious study as to how most perfectly to spend it. Yet after all its only meaning is in its spending. American wealth does get spent, of course, lavishly enough, but because little care or thought are wasted on its spending much of it goes for raw and vulgar objects.

But, speaking of Ontario in particular, some one may ask, what ground can there be for dwelling on our rawness and lack of culture in a Province where we have the most absolutely perfect and symmetrical system of education in the world, presenting a perfectly articulated chain of instruction from the kindergarten to the university? Well, it is not in my programme at present to quarrel with our system of education. As a system it

will doubtless pass muster. Being a government institution it is perhaps inevitable that its system should be the main feature in it. But a system of education is something very different from the general civilization or social culture of a country. A system of education stands related to a national life that is rich and full of interest, as a builder's tools to a piece of architecture. They are indispensable as instruments to the end, but they are not the end itself. Moreover, the great body of the teachers in the schools are themselves part of the social structure of the country, and as a fountain cannot rise higher than its source, we cannot expect them to produce effects which they have not known in their own experience. It is precisely because most people rest satisfied in the conviction that our educational system introduces the youth of the country to the whole range of necessary culture that it is so highly needful to remind them that there are whole regions of the field of complete life which are not touched upon in the schools, and which, indeed, it is not possible to treat adequately there. Education is in truth an indispensable preparation of the individual for a well-rounded life. It furnishes him with the instruments of knowledge; and the higher kinds of education, which stimulate reflection, promote self-criticism and lead the individual to seek the full meaning of life, fittingly prepare him for an intelligent entry upon his practical position in society. Yet the actual living of his life, and the success or failure which he makes of it, will still greatly depend upon the influences which surrounded him in his youth, and the social and physical setting in which he has to build up his concrete citizenship.

But now some one is getting impatient and would ask me: "What, then, precisely is lacking in our Canadian civilization? Have you any scheme to offer for the bringing of our society into an ideal condition?" Well, if thus forced into the open, I have to confess that I have no general scheme. Indeed, I have further to confess that I do not

believe that any general scheme is possible.

To tell what is actually necessary to the complete life of this country would be to prescribe for each individual that particular form of realization which his talents and opportunities permit. The social life of a country is the result of the separate concrete realization of its citizens, and each citizen again is a joint not an individual product. There must be division of labour in the achievement of a full life for each. I may be able to appreciate the accomplishments of my neighbour, and I may be greatly influenced and benefited by them, yet neither my time nor my faculties might permit me to attain them for myself. Because I am thus dependent upon my fellows, there is no full life for me in the midst of those who cannot assist me by the steady pressure of their influence to round out my life.

He is but a crippled specimen in the end, however great his talents or however remarkable his isolated achievements, who is spiritually a self-made man.

But while the improvement of our social life calls for infinitely varied resource and the encouragement, not repression, of individuality, and therefore offers no place for any general millennial nostrum, it is still possible to suggest certain broad lines of improvement which are recommended by the experience of other peoples, yet may have been largely neglected by our own.

But the first and most pressing service required is an intelligent criticism of the actual condition of the country. The conservative tendency of human nature, most admirable in its place, exerts a constant influence towards settlement in ruts, and the avoidance of all but indispensable exertion. Nature, while man's only tutor, took care to keep him going by operating on him through his physical wants and distresses. Thus he was constantly stimulated to fresh exertions and forced on to independent manhood. On arriving at that stage, he began to

take his own management in hand. He began to learn where the cupboard was and whence it was stored. Though still living on his mother's bounty, yet, fancying that he was supporting himself, he began to forget both Nature and her parental rule. Assured of a living, his future progress must depend upon his own divine unrest, an impetus of vast range but of very uncertain action. The experience of the world shows us that man in this condition does not usually keep up the pace which Nature set him. Stagnation is the rule, progress the exception. Even civilized nations have required constant reminding that they have still other worlds to conquer.

I have been attempting to show why it is that the people of Canada, as of the neighbouring States, without having incurred the charge of having spurned the light, are yet, with reference to their general civilization, much too thoroughly at ease in Zion. This is the conservative tendency operating in our case. We are in danger of prematurely ripening into the finest people on earth. This condition has been attained by several promising races in the past, and is at present most conspicuously enjoyed by the Chinese and the Turks, where self-flattery and self-complacency are identical with patriotism, and where self-criticism is at once blasphemy, heresy and treason. What is first wanted, then, it seems to me, is an intelligent self-criticism. It is much better to discover one's own defects than to be beholden to strangers for the service of pointing them out. Moreover, just as it is, by report, useless to preach salvation to a man who has no conviction of sin, so it is not likely to be more than a passing entertainment to preach the beauties of a higher civilization to a people who are not aware that they are lacking in anything.

Coming now to those broad lines in which more immediate improvement may be made, we shall find that they may be gathered under three aspects of our social life. First there is needed



an improvement in the nature of the work done, and the interest taken in the daily occupations by which the people earn their livelihood. This is a large and difficult subject, and one whose treatment immediately breaks up into great detail, hence cannot be more than referred to here. It concerns chiefly those occupations in which it is possible for individuals to obtain more or less opportunity for an adequate realization of their powers.

Secondly, there is great need for improvement in the means and methods used to employ our leisure from mere business cares. To enlarge that leisure should be one of the chief objects of a successful business life. In other words, a perfectly rational object of business may be its own curtailment, except where it is itself a channel for admissible self-realization. The proper employment of one's leisure really means the adequate living of life. All the rest of life, its drudgery and its accumulations, obtain meaning and value only as contributing to the most adequate expression of ourselves. Morality itself gets its meaning from aiding to make this self-realization possible for us. Too much attention, therefore, cannot be given to the worthy employment of our leisure. Yet, too commonly in this country, leisure is regarded simply as an opportunity for amusement and relaxation almost meaningless otherwise. Getting ready to live is the serious business of life; living is a trivial pastime. People who spend little thought on the proper employment of their leisure commonly attempt to fill it with mere extravagant display, calculated to take admiration by violence. Providing for such display prevents leisure, and thus leisure, not business, is made to secure its own curtailment. Our people must be roused to a condition of dissatisfaction with such a life and encouraged to look higher for their ideal.

Thirdly and lastly, there is need of improvement in the whole physical setting of our social life, involving the relations of man and nature. In the

progress of civilization, man's relation to nature, though the most fundamental of all, is commonly the last to be seriously regarded; and only the rarest minds are fully alive to its importance. The poetic and artistic temperaments among the cultured minds of the chief civilizations are those who have led the way in the return of man to communion with his earliest friend, tutor and parent. While, however, only the minority have adequately realized what is the range of nature's influence over the human spirit, yet that influence has been steadily, though unconsciously, felt by humanity. At the same time, man has interposed many artificialities between himself and nature, and has also greatly disfigured her over wide areas. He has thus, to a large extent, shut himself off from her influence. Consequently for many human beings several of those higher faculties and capacities, which were bred in man as he lay in the lap of nature, and which had before them a great potential range, have been so atrophied by disuse that he is not only quite unaware of their possession, but it is only in the dimmest and most inarticulate fashion that they will respond at all to their natural stimulus.

What the full range of the influence of nature on man may be we are only now beginning to know. These influences and their consequences are not to be traced in set lines. The studies of Darwin and his successors have made known to us how infinite is the variety of the influences which operate between nature and her offspring in physical structure. But few have sought to unravel the far more interesting and difficult question of the range of the mutual give and take between nature and man as a spiritual being. The Indian who sits through motionless hours steeped in luxurious solitude, in the midst of those immense, low, liquid sweeps, ever flowing to the mind, yet ever fixed to the eye, that mark the outlines of the western plains, knows not that his dazed spirit, like the lazy sweep of the hawk above him, is but a reflex of the moods of nature in that

part of the world. Yet that very eternity of stillness which seems to be so soothing to his soul, may so work upon the mind of one accustomed to the variety and bustle of existence elsewhere as to drive him melancholy mad. Again, many who speak of patriotism as something to be taught in the schools have surely not stopped to reflect that the great national patriotisms of the past have had much less to do with dynasties, constitutions and statesmen than with the character of the country in which each people dwelt, and whether or not it could take hold upon their deeper natures. In listening to some who have come to this country speak of the places whence they came, I have often been struck with the very different attitude of those who had come from dismal and forbidding surroundings, whether of town or country, as compared with that of those from some locality where the blended work of nature and man was genial and charming. The first seemed to look back with painful memories of dreary, cheerless days which they were glad to have escaped; the others with a wistful longing for a sight of the old land again, where, even if life was severe, the face of nature was sweet. By what chains is the heart of a Scotchman, for instance, bound to his native land? Is it by the population returns of the country, by the number of square miles which it contains, by its undeveloped natural resources, the mileage of its railways or the nature of its constitution? I think not. But picture to him faithfully some familiar country side, the home of his youth, whether it be in the valley of some fruitful lowland river, by a Perthshire loch, or in a highland glen, and he will respond in a manner to leave no possible doubt as to the overwhelming influence which the fairness of nature has upon the spirit of man. Yet much of the most fascinating charm of that country, even among its mountains, is due to the influence of man upon nature, in the two branches of architecture, the rearing of structures and the planting of gardens and fields. Now the making of Britain

the fair country that it is in so many places was not the work of the common people, but rather expresses the guiding influence of the most cultured classes, the ancient monk, the later gentry or the modern retired citizen. These in turn influenced others until the effect reached to many who could follow but could not lead the way. This may help to explain why it was that the classes which migrated to America, though containing many who long remembered the beauty of their former surroundings, yet had apparently little idea of the possibility of reproducing a corresponding fairness in this country. Yet that this country is capable of being made as fair a land, in its own way, and as capable of exercising a great social influence upon the people, as many another country, is quite evident both from its physical structure and from what has been accomplished by individuals and corporations here and there, especially in and around our towns and cities. No one can deny, however, that the country in general is sadly neglected, and no longer for want of time or means, but for want of attention and the conviction of its importance. Carlyle has well said, "Not our logical mensurative faculty, but our imaginative one is king over us." If we wish to have a country that will foster in the hearts of the people true patriotism, it must be able to capture their imaginations. It must be able to inspire poets to sing its praises, artists to paint its loveliness, men of leisure to make their homes in it, and pilgrims to visit its shrines. To dwell in such a country is an education in itself. Its patriotism will not be of that spurious, baneful kind, which lives by fostering hatred and detraction of neighbouring nations.

If I have singled out for special reference the improvement of our physical surroundings, it is because architecture, in its various branches of building and planting, is at once the most eminently social of all the arts, and because it is in many respects the most fundamental. It is at once the earliest and the latest, acting both uncon-

sciously and consciously, and touching most closely the every-day life of the people. It is therefore specially suited to a country in our position and is particularly adapted to redeem the barrenness and cheerlessness of so much of our social life, especially in country places. Its important practical bearing

on the problem of the future of the agricultural classes in this country I cannot dwell upon here. But once some interest in a broader and fuller life is awakened it will not likely end before it has extended to the rounding out of our social life into a much happier and worthier civilization.

*Adam Shortt.*

### REFLECTIONS IN A WOOD.

HERE, in a venerable wood, I rest ;  
 My thoughts subdued to meet the deeper calm  
 Of constant Nature, by Time undistressed ;  
 The solitude is grateful as a balm.

An older, beauteous faith fills up mine eyes  
 With gentle love for the tall solemn trees ;  
 And with the clouds that drift across the skies,  
 I hold communion sweet ; and from the breeze

I gather comfort of familiar voice ;—  
 Alone, yet company seems gracious near ;  
 With the returning life I can rejoice,  
 With mantled dales, and all the budding year.

And not the faith alone ; but beauty gave  
 Her warmer touch, that woke deep joys in me ;  
 Building, above the universal grave,  
 An aureole of noble dignity.

Earth is our mother, and our final dream ;  
 Some in the sun shall lift their radiant form ;  
 And some shall hardly from the shadowy stream  
 Emerge ; yet what is summer bloom, or storm,

To peasant, prince, or warrior, where they rest ?  
 Obedient to the fate the days allot,  
 They gave themselves to death, and it was best ;  
 And if 'tis best to wake again, care not !

So, with the wind-blown leaf ; the fallen bough ;  
 The sere, dead monarch of the grove undone,  
 I bind my trust ; nor e'er shall question how  
 The Master planned the road we mortals run.

The leaf shall fall ; yet, falling, catch the light ;—  
 The bough was broken by a load of fruit ;  
 And heaven's archers, in the awful night,  
 Brought to a glorious end this monarch mute.

Rise, sense of mine ! to grander quietness ;  
 And ope the windows of thy life, until  
 The Maker of the Universe shall bless  
 Thee with His light, and love of all His will.

*John Stuart Thomson.*

## LOVE AND THE CAPELLO.\*

### *A Tale of India.*

THE lights from the Gymkhana club were streaming across Halpin road, and the drone of the band came lazily across the open, filtering itself through the octopus limbs of the big banyans, and over the lake of roses the professor had filled the compound with. That was the professor's hobby—roses. That and snakes—only the snakes were real business, the roses were for pleasure. But both thrived equally well in Rangoon—jacquiminat and the capello.

It was paradise, this land where the roses grew even as cabbages, and the hooded devils came up out of the jungle of their own accord to be dissected. So thought Professor Conti.

But the professor was over at the gym now, and the drowsy music, elbowing and jostling the straggling light as they crowded through the Kush-Kush tatties, mingled with the soft patter of small talk with which Minora Conti was beguiling the minutes as they sat there, she and the major, waiting the return of the professor.

Of course, the major's pony, Nat Thue, would win the Tharawady plate, she was saying, when she stopped suddenly, and steadied herself as one does when a 10-foot ditch suddenly opens its yawning maw under the forefeet of one's mount.

The light which streamed out from the drawing room, and offered battle to the glimmer of the Gymkhana, showed the sudden paling of her cheek. Parian marble was not more white than that set face.

"Do not move, major," she said; "do not move your lips even, if you value your life."

Herkomer looked straight into the great, strong eyes of the girl, and they

told him more of the danger, more of the horror, than even her words had done.

"Keep perfectly still," she continued, "and do not interfere with me in any way."

"Is it a snake?" asked the major, regarding her injunction to remain silent.

"Yes, a cobra!" the lips whispered. "Do not move."

From the direction of Minora's eyes Herkomer knew that the hooded demon was on the high back of his chair.

Surely it was the light of inspiration which came into the eyes of this strange girl, as she broke into a low Italian chant, weaving her slender arms back and forth, back and forth.

Herkomer could feel that the cobra was following her movements. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead—not so much at his own proximity to the heated thing, but because of the grand, cool courage Minora was showing, and the risk she was running in drawing the attention of the viper to herself.

"She's going to hypnotize the beast," he thought. He knew she could do it, too; the face told him that. It seemed cowardly to sit there and allow a woman to face the snake, but her command to keep perfectly still had been as much entreaty as command, and he felt that by moving he would only increase the danger to both.

With the same sinuous movement Minora had risen from her seat, and gently swaying her body as the soft cadences of the chant rose and fell, glided toward the cobra.

"My God, keep back!" Herkomer groaned, scarcely moving his lips.

\* W. A. Fraser, the author of this, has been contributing stories to English and United States magazines for some time. Two or three of these have also appeared in Canadian periodicals. Most of his tales deal with life in India or the Canadian North-West. Mr. Fraser was born in Nova Scotia but has spent nine years of his life in India, and has still more recently spent much time in the North-West. His present home is in Ontario. His stories are bright, cheerful and wholesome, and the CANADIAN MAGAZINE is pleased to announce that several of these will appear in its forthcoming numbers.

"Stand back and wait till he goes away."

But the chant continued, and there were the interjected two English words "keep still!"

Before Herkomer could move or remonstrate further there was the flash of a white arm, a rustle of the soft folds of Minora's muslin dress, and he sprang to his feet to see the cobra being held at arm's length, firmly grasped by those slender fingers close up to its ugly wedge-shaped head.

"Wait please!" she cried, stepping back, as Herkomer advanced toward her with evident intention of taking the snake; "father's tomtom has just driven up to the door—he will take the cobra—it is one of his patients."

She was still holding the repulsive creature at arm's length as the professor ran up the cemented steps, calling for the bearer to come and take his topee.

He stopped short when he observed the gruesome tableau in front of him, stopped short until startled into activity by his daughter's voice asking to be relieved of her terrible captive.

In an instant the professor had the cobra by the tail, and calling to Minora to let go quickly, he swung him clear, and holding him thus, carried him back to the box from which he had escaped.

Overcome by the reaction, the brave girl sank into the chair she had risen from, and gave way to a flood of nervous, hysterical tears.

Of course, there could only be one reward for such gallantry, if the term may be applied to woman's brave deeds. A "V. C." was out of the question; besides, the great Italian eyes had worked sad havoc with Herkomer long before the advent of the cobra.

"Love made her brave," mused the major, as his Burma pony rattled him over the metalled road of the cantonment late that night; "but she's a well-bred one any way, and blood will tell. God! how she stood there and never flinched, with that devil in her hand!" And then he thought of the soft maidenly blushes that had swept over the sweet face as he talked to

her of love, of the love that had been in his mind for days and weeks before the appearance of that sinister visitor.

With Jesuitical complaisance Herkomer began to feel deuced glad that the cobra had precipitated matters by poking his ugly head into their tête-à-tête. It had given him the opportunity to risk it all on a single throw of the dice, and he had won—won with the other fellow, her father's great friend, Count Rubitino, a bad second.

Count Rubitino was a dilettanti, an amateur scientist, ostensibly devoted, like Minora's father, the professor, to the discovery of an antidote to the virus of the cobra and kharite.

"All d—n rot!" said Herkomer to the little iron gray that was carrying him so gallantly along. "Minora's his game, and I have beaten him, my boy, beaten him clean out of his boots, by Jove!" and he chuckled to himself as he thought of the bally row both the count and the professor would kick up when they learned how the land lay.

As he jogged home from parade next morning, Herkomer brought his pony up alongside of Surgeon Thornycroft.

"Come over and have breakfast with me. I want to have a talk with you, old man," he said.

The preliminary of the talk was an account of what had happened the night before over the advent of the thing with the spectacles, for he and Thornycroft were even as Damon and Pythias in the olden time.

"Now for the sequel, my boy," he said, as he drew his chair closer to Thornycroft, "and then I want you to tell what is the matter with me."

Thornycroft shot a suspicious professional look over the physical map of his friend's exterior, searching for touches of "liver," "sun," "Burmah head," "pegcitis" or other unique complaints indigenous to that land.

"It's this," said Herkomer thoughtfully. "I woke up about 3 o'clock in the morning, as near as I can judge, with a peculiar tingling sensation through every nerve of my body, as though some poison were coursing through my veins. Sitting in a chair

beside my bed was the figure of a man.

"I spoke to it, thinking that the bearer had fallen asleep there.

"The figure did not move. I got up and struck a match, lighting a candle which stood on the table; I dislodged a bottle of soda in my fumbling about for a match and it rolled off, striking the cement floor and exploding with a report like a gun.

"Still the figure did not move. It must be the bearer, I thought, only a bearer could sleep through such a jolly row.

"When I turned the light of the candle on the face of the sleeper, what do you suppose I saw, Thornycroft?" And Herkomer leaned over until his troubled, questioning eyes were brought close into the surgeon's face, and he gripped Thornycroft's wrist till his fingers seemed eating into the flesh.

"One of the fellows who had tarried long at the gym. and lost the number of his mess," answered the other carelessly, knocking the ashes off the end of his cheroot.

"I saw myself—dead!" continued the major, taking no notice of his friend's chaff; "dead, and a cobra clinging to my arm!"

"Liver and sun both," sighed Thornycroft mentally.

"Of course you'll call it a dream," added Herkomer, "but this morning the soda bottle was in fragments on the floor, the candle had been lighted, and the sole of my foot was bleeding where I had stepped on a piece of the broken glass; besides, I know I was awake. Now, what do you make of that?" he asked triumphantly.

"What do you make of it?" queried the surgeon, as he hunted about for his helmet, "make nothing of it; only don't let it occur again, and as preventative is better than cure in this country, take a run up to Darjeeling, it may save you the expense of a trip home. There is a little angel sits up above, in these days of robbery by ruinous exchange, who sends us these warnings, with a postscript added, "Look to your liver." So the next time your chum comes take him up to Darjeeling, and

let the mountain winds carpet-beat the jungle fever out of his system."

"No, I'm quite well," said Herkomer; quite well, and that's the deuce of it," he added plaintively: "I can't make it out. When a man is well and sees things, it's—it's the devil."

Often after that Herkomer had company of the same sort; always the same, sitting there in the chair waiting. "What the thunder is it waiting for?" Herkomer used to ask himself. Only he did not bother his friend any more about it—it was no use.

Physically he was all right. He could put the best man in the regiment on his back; aye, and hold him there, too, for ten seconds, with both points of the shoulder touching the ground. Neither did he go to Darjeeling. He was in a happier place, had climbed into heaven, otherwise known as the haunts of Minora Conti. Not but what the hot chinook winds which blow up from hades sometimes withered and scorched his paradise.

It was Count Rubitino who always started these hot blasts. He and Minora were unnecessarily too much together, it seemed to Herkomer, but then he was jealous, and consequently no judge of such matters.

As often as Minora assured him that she cared nothing for the count he believed her, and as often as he stumbled upon them in close communion over some secret matter did he feel the hot winds blow, and vow that he would break away from his bondage and leave her to the count. But it always ended the same way. It wasn't what Minora said that put things right. It was the eyes—the great, soft Italian eyes looking straight and truthfully at and through him, bowling over his jealous resolves like tenpins and bringing him back into leash, like a whipped beagle.

And still it sat there, almost nightly now, beside his bed. He had grown accustomed to seeing it. What was it waiting for?

Sometimes it annoyed him; he felt like getting out of bed and kicking it; but the idea was so incongruous, this kicking of himself, this spiritual self, as

it were, so he gave it up and sighed resignedly.

"Of course it means something," he mused; "something going to happen, but I'm not going to make an ass of myself by talking about it at the mess." So he sat tight and waited for the thing to happen as he would have waited for a Ghazi rush.

It was gruesome, but much in India is gruesome, so he had learned to take things of that order much as he took fighting—with his coffee.

A far greater puzzle to him was Minora herself. Sometimes he found her listless, indifferent, and then again for a time she would be her old brilliant self.

Thinking perhaps that these fits of dejection were due to oppression from her father, or undue influence brought to bear by the count, he made bold to question her, but she shrank from him with horror, and seemed more agitated than she had been when holding the cobra.

It's nerves, he thought. Life with the musty old professor and his cobra associates is depressing enough to wreck the nerves of a bronze Buddha. I'll have to get her out of this.

So he rushed matters a little, and it was all settled for Christmas week. The professor gave his consent reluctantly enough, Herkomer thought, and the count congratulated him with an ironical sneer that made Herkomer long to give him a toss in the air from which he would alight on the top of his curly black head.

When he and common sense sat face to face, common sense told him that Minora loved him with all the strength of her high-strung nature. What else is there in it for her, common sense argued, for the major's inheritance was limited to what his sword might cut down from the pagoda tree, with the exception of a trifling allowance, barely large enough to settle his monthly gym account.

That was the way common sense put it, but the other, intuition, or whatever other alias he masqueraded under, said there was something behind it all; and

for once in a way they were both right.

The love was there right enough, and also something else behind it, and this something else might have all come out one evening if Herkomer had not been so Cooley-headed; honourable he called it at the time.

It lacked two weeks of Christmas time, and they were sitting on the verandah, as they had sat that other evening. Minora, putting her cool white hand on Herkomer's wrist and turning her face a little into the shadow, so that he did not notice how set and white it was, said: "I have a confession to make, Rolando!"

"Don't make it then, little woman. Confessions are silly things for which we are always sorry afterwards.

"But I shall be happier if you let me tell you about this. I can't marry you without telling you first. I won't—"

"Look here, Minora," said the major, turning her around so that he could look into her face, "my objection to your confession is purely selfish. You see, I couldn't let you confess all on your side without unloading some of my sins into your ears, and if we exchanged experiences,—well, well, I fancy the count would appear such a saint by comparison that I should lose you altogether. By the way, I'll compromise," he added, laughingly. "I'll just ask you one question, which you may answer or not, and then we'll call the whole thing off."

"I will answer," she said quietly, "only—only—"

"Well, has it anything to do with the count, what you were going to tell me?"

"No."

"Then I can't possibly listen."

And so the chance went by, the evil went on—went on for two weeks longer, and it was the eve of the wedding day.

Love does many strange things, among others causes a pony to gallop so fast that a syce cannot possibly keep pace with the winged rider. That was why Herkomer arrived at Minora's home syceless. As there was nobody

to hold his pony, he led him around behind the bungalow to the stables.

Minora's rooms were in the north wing of the bungalow, and as he passed the great windows opening on to the verandah and reaching from ceiling to floor, and open save for the shutters, voices that he could not help but hear fell upon his ear.

For an instant he stood petrified. It was the count's voice, speaking to Minora.

"You will wreck your happiness for a fancy," sneered the voice.

Herkomer quickened his pace, so that he might hear no more, and of her answer, whatever it was, he only caught the one word "confession," as he turned the corner of the bungalow.

But all the fierce jealous passion that had slumbered in his heart for weeks arose and smothered him—smothered everything—all sense of shame, of justice, of prudence, and he rushed into Minora's boudoir a passion-mad man.

What right had she, who was to become his wife the next day, to hold secret intercourse with the count there in her own apartments?

With a startled cry Minora thrust something into the drawer of a secretaire beside which she was standing, and stood with her back to it as though she would guard the secret.

"Perhaps I am de trop," remarked the count, passing beyond the purdah with a low bow, and, as Herkomer thought, a sneer on his pale face.

"Why—why have you rushed in here, Rolando, and frightened me?" asked Minora confusedly.

"I am sorry if I have frightened you," said the major shortly, and I will answer your question by asking another, for perhaps your answer will suffice for both questions. What have you got in that drawer?"

If Minora had not gone white with guilty fear it might have been all right yet; but it was the faltering which developed the tiger in the man. He took a quick step forward and grasped her wrist cruelly—harshly, as he fairly hissed out, "You have a letter or something from him there!"

"My God!" she moaned; "back, do not touch it. If you touch that drawer I will never marry you—never." With an exclamation of rage he brushed her to one side, and snatching the drawer open, plunged his hand in.

There was the lightning swish of a dark body, like the coil of a whiplash in motion; an electric shooting of pain through his arm which brought an involuntary cry of anguish from his lips, and the twisting, writhing of the hideous cobra-body as he snatched his hand from the death trap.

A piercing scream had rung out on the still night air as he pulled the drawer open, for, powerless to stop him, Minora had foreseen that he was driving to his death.

It was the scream that brought the professor to the room.

"Quick, father, Rolando is bitten!" and before the major knew what he was about, the professor had grasped his wrist as in a vise and pulled him into his own room, which was next.

From that on it was a head and head finish, with the professor and death as the runners. There were ligatures and lancing, and the injecting of the professor's antidote, and the ceaseless marching up and down of the patient between two sturdy durwans, and the watching of a woman with a great sore heart, and eyes that were too dry and hot for tears.

And the other, the one that had sat night after night by Herkomer's bed, came and sat there just in the center of the verandah. Herkomer would not let the durwans move the chair. "Don't disturb him," he said; "let him sit there."

"Huzoor, it is but an empty chair," said one of them. "No one sits there, sahib."

But still he told them not to move the chair—they could walk around it. "He won't have long to wait now," he muttered.

"Surely the poison was making the sahib a little mad," the durwan thought.

At first Herkomer felt strangely elated. It was like new wine—he was



drunk on it ; it was good to be bitten by cobras. If he could only get over it he would like to try it again—it was like opium.

And then came the poppy sleep. He begged them to let him lie down and rest.

“If you sleep you die!” the professor yelled in his ear.

The voice was far off, it was like a dream, it was the murmuring of the breakers far away on the coral reefs, and required too much energy to listen to it. Besides, he was so tired and sleepy. This ceaseless walking up and down was like counting sheep, it made his head heavy.

Up and down, up and down, the hard floor of the verandah re-echoing to the clap, clap of the durwans' loose slippers as they marched one on either side of him.

It was a terrible race, and life was the stake.

But as the torturing hours chased each other through the long Burmese night and the gray began to steal up behind the tapering spire of the golden pagoda in the east, and the major still lived, still walked up and down between his relays of Punjabis, the professor knew that he had won—had robbed the hooded fiend of his victim.

And the man who had come back out of the jaws of death, when he was told that he might sleep, went deep down into the rest-world, and lay for hours in a sleep that was first cousin to death.

When he awoke the figure sitting beside his couch had changed—it was Minora ; she who had sat there hour after hour watching that the light did not go quite out—that the sleep did not become of closer kin to death.

Very confusedly the questioning eyes looked at her when they opened.

When he had grown a little stronger she told him this, told him the tale that she had tried to tell that night when he had stopped her.

“Father inoculated me with the cobra virus, partly as an experiment, and partly for my own safety, as his cobras were always about.

“As it seemed to be harmless and to make it sure, he performed the operation several times. But he, learned as he is, did not foresee the result. It acted on me like morphine acts on those who have it injected into their veins. It became necessary to my life. The exhilaration you felt would be mine for days, then depression followed as a natural law.

“But why go into detail?” she added, with a faint, wan smile; “without it I was dead. At last I became so that the bite from the cobra was only equal to the dose my father used. This was the simplest plan.

“When you first came into my life I thought that I should overcome it, for love is blind.

“The night you were bitten I meant to tell you all, but to fortify myself, to summon up the moral courage to drown the love which was so great and strong, I had asked Count Rubitino to bring a cobra from my father's box.

“That is all; it is not pleasant,” and she smiled again wanly. “I should not have allowed this love to conquer me, but now it has conquered, it has triumphed over all. I will not marry you because I love you.”

It was the best that way: “Because I love you I will not marry you.”

*W. A. Fraser.*



# THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

*A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)*

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

## VII.—FOUNDERS OF REPRESENTATIVE INSTITUTIONS (1758-1792).\*

REPRESENTATIVE institutions were established in the Acadian or Maritime Provinces of the present Dominion for some years before they were conceded by the British Government to the communities of the St. Lawrence valley. In the order of time Nova Scotia came first, then Prince Edward Island, a little later New Brunswick, which had previously formed part of Nova Scotia, and lastly Lower Canada and Upper Canada. The island of Cape Breton had also for years a system of local government apart from Nova Scotia, but it was never given an Assembly, and in 1820 was annexed once more to the Province of which it has ever since continued to be a part.

### NOVA SCOTIA.

Governor Lawrence, whose name will be always unhappily associated with the merciless expatriation of the French Acadians, had the honour of opening the first Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia in 1758, but the records of those times also show that he had been opposed to the introduction of a popular Assembly on account of the small population of the Province (not more than three thousand souls probably), and his conviction that "heats, animosities and dissensions" would be created among the few inhabitants "at a time when the enemy is at our doors, and the whole should join together as one man for their mutual safety and defence." These words were written by

the Governor during the progress of the Seven Years' War, when a great conflict was being fought between England and France for the supremacy in North America. No doubt, as a soldier, he preferred the practically supreme control he possessed in the administration of provincial affairs by means of a Council nominated by the Crown and little influenced by the merchants and the people generally. Even on the eve of the first meeting of the Assembly he wrote to the Lords of Trade, who administered colonial affairs in those times, that he hoped he would not find among the newly-elected representatives a disposition "to embarrass or obstruct His Majesty's Service" or "to dispute the Royal Prerogative," and he added that he feared "that too many of the members chosen are such as have not been the most remarkable for promoting unity or obedience to His Majesty's Government here, or indeed have the most natural attachment to the Province." In his first speech to the Legislature he reminded the members of the fleets and armies sent out from time to time for their protection from "a most merciless foe," and expressed the hope that they would "promote the real welfare and prosperity of the Crown or, in other words, the real welfare and prosperity of the people." One Robert Sanderson, of whom we know nothing, was chosen as the first Speaker, but he held his office for only one session, and was succeeded by William Nesbitt, who presided over the House for many years. The first sittings of the Legislature were held in the Court House, and subsequently in the old

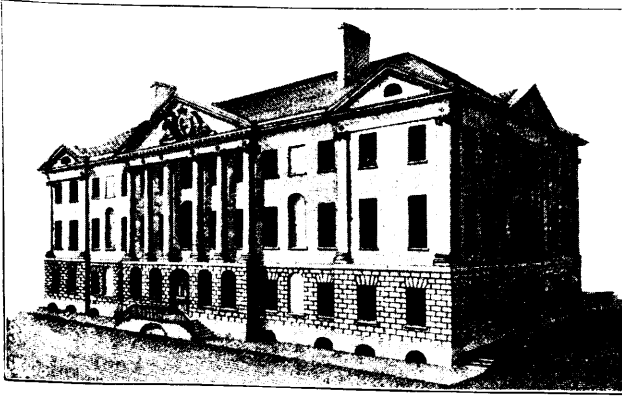
\*ERRATUM.—In Article 6, Vol. X., p. 485, the date of Lord Dorchester's Order-in-Council respecting the U. E. Loyalists, should be "9th of November, 1789."

grammar school at the corner of Barrington and Sackville Streets, for very many years one of the historic memorials of the Halifax of the eighteenth century. It was removed eventually to a building on the Market Square, on the spot where the Dominion Public Building now stands, and here it remained until 1820, when the present Parliament House was completed for its reception.

The first Assembly obviously disappointed Governor Lawrence, who had looked forward to its meeting with many misgivings. In one of his letters to the Imperial authorities he admitted that the Legislature had gone to work in a business-like manner to pass a number of necessary measures with "less altercation than from the seeming disposition of the people he had been apprehensive of." The population of the Province was so insignificant at that time that it was only practicable to give a special representation of four members to Halifax and of two members to Lunenburg, while the remaining sixteen representatives had to be elected by the Province at large. In later years, however, as I have already shown in a previous paper on the founders of Nova Scotia, a considerable body of people were induced to come from New England and settle on some of the finest agricultural lands of the Province, as well as on the banks of the River St. John. By 1783 the population, apart from the Canadian French, were not far from fifteen thousand souls, and the Province was divided into counties for electoral, judicial and other purposes. The old townships of Horton, Annapolis, Cornwallis, Falmouth, Onslow, Truro, Cumberland, Yarmouth, and others associated with the early migration of 1763-66, continued for many years to be represented in the Legislature.

During the progress of the American revolution, some of the American element, as the archives of the province clearly show, sympathized with their rebellious countrymen in New England, and the people of Truro, Onslow, and Londonderry, with the exception of

five persons, refused to take the oath of allegiance, and were not allowed for some time to be represented in the legislature. The Assembly, however, were always loyal to the Crown, and refused to consider the appeals that were made to them by circular letters and otherwise to give aid and sympathy to the rebellious colonies. But at the same time they entertained strong opinions on the questions that were agitating the liberal minds of the province. In 1775 they forwarded an address to the Imperial Government in which they asked for a redress of certain grievances, which they set forth in detail. While "humbly acknowledging" the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament, and their duty "to pay a due proportion of the expenses of this great empire," they expressed a desire for triennial parliaments, vote by ballot, the non-interference of officials in elections, new regulations for the imposition of customs duties, the severe repression of illicit trade, the appointment of legislative councillors for life, with a property qualification, annual sittings of the legislature, the tenure of judicial office during good behaviour, the limitations of legal fees in civil actions. They closed a long list of their demands with the expression of the hope that "the Father of Mercies may preserve constitutional freedom to the British race in every part of the globe." This memorial appears to have been forwarded to the Imperial Government without the knowledge of the Governor. A Nova Scotian historian reviews the document as animated by a desire to adjust difficulties that then existed in the self-governing colonies—"to stay the destroying angel, and harmonize the members of the one great English family." In many respects the Nova Scotia memorialists had reason on their side, and only anticipated many of the reforms that were to be granted in the course of the next century. In 1775 the prerogatives of the Crown were arbitrarily exercised by the Governors, who looked more to the support of the combined executive



THE PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX.  
The Oldest Legislative Building in Canada.

and legislative council than to the approval of the Assembly elected by the people. Three-quarters of a century was to pass after 1775 before the Royal prerogative was limited by the principles of responsible government. Vote by ballot, annual parliaments and other reforms advocated in the address of the last century, have existed in the province for many years.

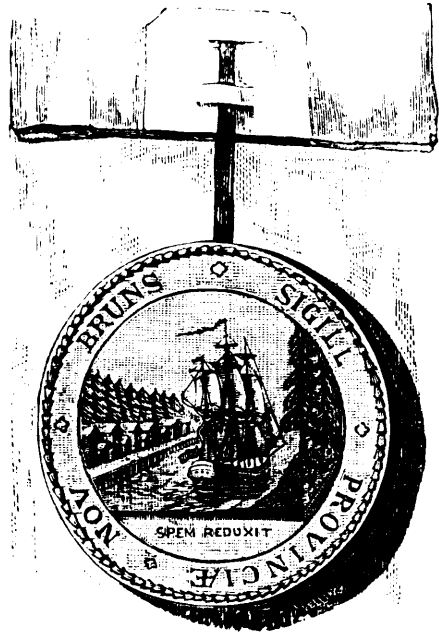
#### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

We must now cross the Strait of Northumberland to the little island of Prince Edward, which was known in the days of the French regime as Isle de St. Jean, and the home of a large Acadian population who were driven from their fertile and prosperous settlements by the successful English troops immediately after the capture of Louisbourg. The history of representative government in this beautiful island, which lies so snugly ensconced in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, contains little of interest for the general reader from its commencement to the present time. It is chiefly a record of political conflict between the governors and assemblies, and of difficulties and controversies arising out of the extraordinary concessions of land to a few proprietors soon after it became a possession of Great Britain. After the peace of 1763, this island, as well as Cape Breton, were temporarily annexed to the

Government of Nova Scotia; and in the following year a survey was commenced of the lands of all the imperial dominions on the Atlantic.

Various schemes were proposed as soon as the surveys were in progress for the cultivation and settlement of the island. The most notable suggestion was made by the Earl of Egmont when First Lord of the Admiralty; he proposed the division of the island

into baronies, each with a castle or stronghold under a feudal lord, subject to himself as lord paramount, under the customs of the feudal system of Europe. This was the last example in colonial history of the desire that so long animated pioneers of American settlement, like Alexander and others, to reproduce the antiquated and un-



GREAT SEAL OF NEW BRUNSWICK, 1794.

suitable usages of feudal times in the wilderness of a new country. While the imperial authorities rejected this scheme, at the same time they adopted one which was equally as unwise as that of the noble earl. The whole island, with the exception of certain small reservations and royalties, was given away by lottery in a single day to officers of the army and navy who had served in the preceding war, and to other persons who were ambitious to be great land-owners, on the easy condition of paying certain quit-rents—a condition constantly broken. This ill-advised measure led to many troublesome complications for a hundred years, until at last they were removed by the terms of the arrangement which brought the island into the federal union of British North America in 1873.

In 1760 the island was separated from Nova Scotia and granted a distinct government, although its total population at the time did not exceed one hundred and fifty families. An assembly of eighteen representatives was called as early as 1773, when the first Governor, Captain Walter Paterson, still administered public affairs. The assembly was not allowed to meet with regularity during many years of the early history of the island. During one administration it was practically without parliamentary government for ten years, and it took nearly three-quarters of a century after the concession of a representative system before the people obtained complete control of the public revenues. For very many years the government was largely influenced by the landed proprietors, who retarded settlement.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

A small number of people, chiefly from New England, settled on the banks of the St. John River in 1763 and later years, and formed the electorate of the county of Sunbury, which was represented for a short time in the legislature of Nova Scotia. The coming of the Loyalists effected a most important change in the conditions of the

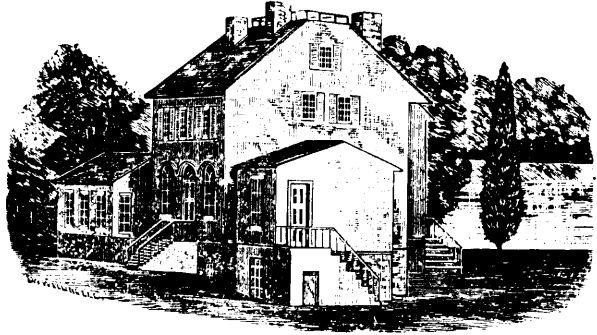
country. Between ten and twelve thousand people, devoted to the British Crown, settled on the banks of the St. John and elsewhere, and founded a number of towns and villages, notably the commercial capital known as the city of St. John, for more than a hundred years, though it was first called Parrtown, in honour of the Governor of Nova Scotia, during whose administration the Loyalists landed in the Acadian country. On the 16th of August, 1784, the county of Sunbury was formally constituted a province, whose first governor was Colonel Thomas Carleton,\* a brother of the distinguished Governor-General, whose name is so intimately associated with the fortunes of Canada during a most critical period of its history. The first Executive Council, which was also the Legislative Council, comprised some of the most eminent men of the Loyalist migration. For instance, George Duncan Ludlow, who had been a judge of the Supreme Court of New York; Jonathan Odell, the famous satirist and divine; William Hazen, a merchant of high reputation, who had large interests on the St. John River from 1763, and had proved his fidelity to the Crown at a time when his countrymen at Maugerville were disposed to join the revolutionary party; Gabriel G. Ludlow, previously a colonel in a royal regiment; Edward Winslow, Daniel Bliss and Isaac Allen, all of whom had borne arms in the royal service and had suffered the loss of valuable property, confiscated by the rebels. These are the names of men, who, as well as their descendants, have been distinguished in the public records of the province.

The Constitution of 1784 provided for an assembly of twenty-six members who were elected in 1785, and met for the first time on the 3rd of January, 1786, at the Mallard House, a plain two-storey building on the north side of King Street, where the Royal Hotel now stands. The city of St. John

\*I have not been able to obtain portraits of the first governors of the Maritime provinces, and must consequently give only those of Dorchester and Simcoe in this article.

ceased to be the seat of government in 1787, when the present capital, Fredericton, first known as St. Ann's, was chosen. Elections in those early days were often remarkable for the virulence of political faction. In the first contest for the city of St. John, it was necessary to call out the troops to protect a number of gentlemen who were attacked by a mob with brickbats and stones.

Those were "the good old times," when the polls continued open for a number of days—often for two or three weeks—and political parties had abundant opportunity of using intimidation and every possible means of preventing their opponents recording their votes. Liquor was poured out like water, and the scenes that were witnessed as long as the polls were open would be considered most unseemly and illegal in these times, when the law wisely requires all polling to take place on the one day, and every possible precaution is taken to give fair play to all parties and prohibit anything like corruption and undue interference in the conduct of an election. However, despite the unscrupulous methods too often followed to elect a candidate, the assemblies of those primitive days were composed of men of excellent business habits and honesty of purpose. One historian tells us that "If we may judge of the character of the first representatives from their numerous useful and highly respected laws then enacted, and still in force, we must conclude that there never was a more efficient or respectable assembly convened in New Brunswick." It is interesting to note that of the twenty-six members first elected to this assembly, twenty-three were necessarily Loyalists, and the same class continued for many years to predominate in the legislature. The first Speaker was Amos Botsford, the pioneer of the Loyalist migration to New Brunswick, whose grandson



FIRST GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN FREDERICTON.

Built 1787—Burned 1825.

occupied the same position for a short time in the Senate of the Dominion of Canada.

## CANADA.

We must now proceed to the country watered by the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and follow the early stages in the evolution of parliamentary government in those provinces which now form such important parts of the present federation. The men who exercised the most decided influence in the formative period of the constitution of old Canada were General Murray, who was the first Governor-General in effect—Amherst's appointment having been merely nominal—Sir Guy Carleton (Lord Dorchester), William Pitt, the great son of Chatham; General Alured Clark, and General Simcoe. Several political facts require a brief mention in this connection. For nearly four years after the capitulation of Vaudreuil in 1760, there was a military government as a necessary consequence of the unsettled condition of things. During this transition period as well as during the few years he acted as Governor-General—from 1764 to 1766—General Murray was animated by a spirit of justice and conciliation in all his relations with the French Canadians. Civil matters in the parishes were practically administered in accordance with the old usages and laws, so far as the circumstances of each case permitted. When the people began to understand that they would be



HON. WM. PITT.

Author of the Constitutional Act of 1791.

treated with kindness and justice under the new British dominion, they went about their ordinary vocations with confidence, and gradually became content with a state of things which left them their church and insured them rest and peace instead of misery and war. The tinkle of the cow-bells, the whirr of the mill, or the stroke of the hammer on the anvil, was more pleasant music than the beat of the drum or the call of the bugle which had so often in the past hurried them from the field, the mill, and the forge. 104.

In 1763 George III. issued his famous proclamation which established a system of government for Canada. The people were to have the right to elect representatives to an assembly, but the time was not yet ripe for so large a measure of political liberty, if, indeed, it had been possible for them to do so under the instructions to the Governor-General, which required all persons holding office or elected to an assembly to take oaths against

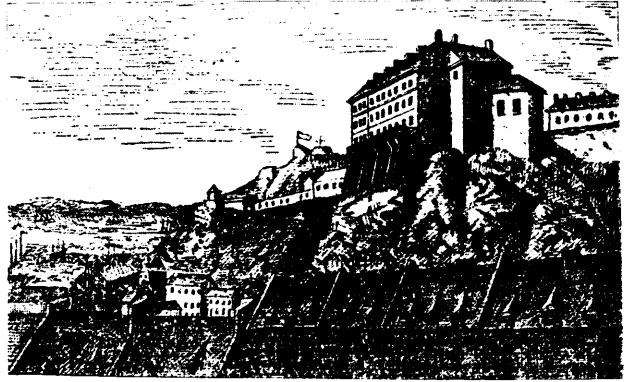
transubstantiation and the supremacy of the Pope. This proclamation, which was very clumsily framed, in the opinion of lawyers, created a great deal of dissatisfaction, not only for the reason just given, but on account of its loose reference to the system of laws that should prevail in the conquered country. As a matter of fact, the ordinances issued by the Governor and Executive Council, that now governed Canada, practically went to establish both the common and the criminal law of England to the decided inconvenience and dissatisfaction of the French Canadians accustomed to the civil law of France. But events were shaping themselves in favour of the French Canadians, or "new subjects" as they were called in those days. The differences that had arisen between England and the old thirteen colonies led her statesmen to pay more attention to the state of Canada and to study the best methods of strengthening their government in the French colony, where the English element was still relatively insignificant,



GUY CARLETON (LORD DORCHESTER).

though holding practically the reins of power by means of the Executive Council and the public offices.

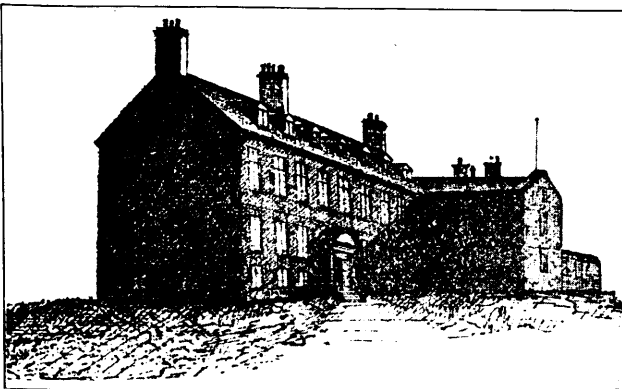
In 1774 the Parliament of Great Britain was for the first time called upon to intervene in the affairs of Canada, and passed the act giving the first constitution to Canada, generally known in our history as the Quebec Act. This measure was in the direction of conciliating the French Canadians, who naturally received it with much satisfaction. The English, on the other hand, regarded it with great disfavour, and the same may be said of the people of the old Thirteen Colonies, who subsequently, through their Congress, stated their objections in an appeal to the people of Great Britain, and declared it to be "unjust, unconstitutional, and most dangerous and destructive of American rights." The act established a legislative council nominated by the Crown, and the project of an assembly was indefinitely postponed. The French Canadians were not yet prepared for representative institutions, of whose working they had no practical knowledge, and were quite content for the time being with a system which brought some of



CHATEAU ST. LOUIS, 1834.

their leading men into the new legislative body. All their experiences and traditions were in favour of a governing body nominated by the King, and it required time to show them the advantage of the English system of popular assemblies. But what made the act so popular among the influential men in Lower Canada was the fact that it removed the disabilities under which the French Canadians, as Roman Catholics, were heretofore placed, guaranteed them full freedom of worship, and placed the Church, with the exception of the religious orders, the Jesuits and Sulpitians,\* in complete possession of their valuable property. The old French law was restored in all matters of controversy relating to property and civil rights.

The criminal law of England, which was, in the opinion of the French Canadians, after an experience of some years, preferable to their own system on account of its greater mildness and humanity, was to prevail throughout the country. The hostile sentiment that existed in Canada and the old Thirteen Colonies arose in a great measure



THE CHATEAU HALDIMAND.

Occupied by the Quebec Government in 1792.

\*The Sulpitians, however, were allowed to remain in possession of their property, and eventually received legal recognition.

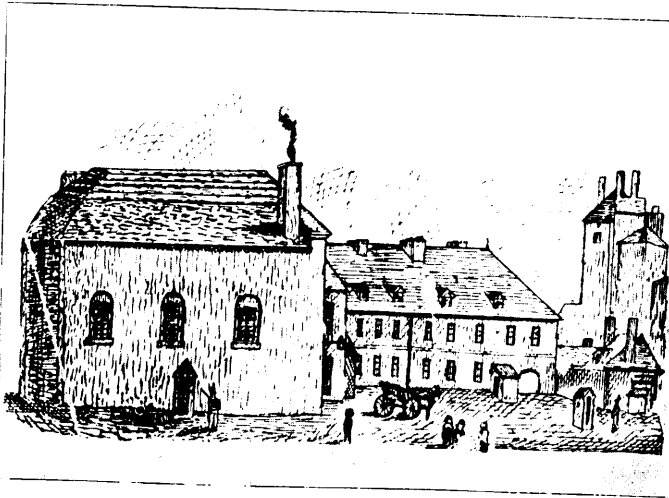


from the fact that the civil law of France was applied to the English residents not only in the French section, but to the large area of country extending to the Mississippi on the west and the Ohio on the south, so as to include the territory now embraced by the five states north-west of the Ohio.

It is well established that Sir Guy Carleton, who succeeded General Murray as Governor-General of Canada, and had thoroughly studied the conditions of the French province, largely influenced the imperial authorities to pass the Quebec Act. From the outset Governor Carleton, as wise a statesman as he was a brave soldier, showed his desire to carry on his government with a due regard to the feelings and interests of a population who were deeply attached to their civil law, religion and language.

In the course of a few years, however, the Quebec Act itself was shown to be unequal to the new conditions that arose after the American revolution and the coming of the Loyalists into the unsettled country now known as Ontario. In view of the rapidly increasing English population of Canada and of the difficulties that were constantly arising between the two races—difficulties increased by the fact that the two systems of law were constantly clashing, and the whole system of justice was consequently very unsatisfactorily administered—the British Government considered it the wisest policy

to interfere again and form two separate provinces, in which the two races could work out their own future, as far as practicable, apart from each other. This was a very important change in its far-reaching consequences. It was not merely another remarkable step in the political development of Canada, but it was to have the effect not only of educating the French Canadians more thoroughly in the advantages of self-government, but of continuing the work which the Quebec Act practically commenced, and strengthening them as a distinct nationality desirous of perpetuating their religion and institutions.



FIRST LEGISLATIVE BUILDING OF LOWER CANADA, 1792.

necessary to make another important change in the constitution of the provinces. This act extended the political liberties of the people in the two provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada—now Quebec and Ontario—organized under the act, since it gave them a complete legislature, composed of a governor, a legislative council nominated by the Crown, and an assembly elected by the people on a limited franchise, principally the old forty-shilling freehold system so long in vogue in English-speaking colonies. The object was, as stated at the time, to separate

The passage of the Constitutional Act of 1791 is the beginning of an epoch in the political history of Canada which lasted for half a century, until it was found

the two races as much as possible, and to give both a constitution resembling that of England, "as far as the circumstances of the country would permit."

William Pitt, whose fame as a statesman is not inferior to that of his great father, carried through the Imperial Parliament a measure which formed two provinces in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and conceded to their people what was then a liberal system of government.

Let us now go back to the last decade of the eighteenth century and recall the meetings of the first legislature of Lower Canada, where the French Canadians constituted then as now the great majority, and also that of Upper Canada, where the Loyalists dominated from River Beau-dette to Niagara. The circumstances under which the two legislatures met were necessarily very different. Lower Canada was now an old community, and contained a French population of one hundred and twenty-five thousand souls, comprising many men of ability and culture. Quebec and Montreal were then large towns with a little aristocracy of French Canadian seigniors and British officials and military men. Upper Canada was still a wilderness, except where the Loyalists and other settlers were struggling with the difficulties of a new country, and the only villages or towns of importance were Johnstown (Cornwall), Adolphustown, Kingston and Newark (Niagara). The city where the first Assembly of Lower Canada met was surrounded by associations of deep historic and political interest.

Only a few years had passed since the lilies of France had waved above Fort St. Louis, where had assembled for a century and a half many noble and ambitious Frenchmen, who had often dreamt of a French empire on the continent of America. The massive fortifications that defended the rugged heights, the stone churches, convents and residences that stood within the walls, with their quaint gates, seemed more suited to some fastness of mediæval times than to a city amid the forests of the New World. The very buildings in which the British Govern-

ment transacted its business had echoed to the footsteps of statesmen, soldiers and priests of the old régime. The civil and military branches of the State then occupied rooms in the old chateau St. Louis, elevated on the brink of an inaccessible precipice rising from the noble river which carries to the ocean the waters of many lakes and tributary streams. The Governor General at that time was living in the chateau Haldimand which had been built a few years before by the Governor of that name within the



LIEUT.-GENL. JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE.

walls of the old fort, and was used for the same purpose until the ancient castle of St. Louis was repaired and enlarged by the addition of another story from 1808 to 1811. On a rocky eminence in the vicinity of a battery (and close to Prescott gate, erected in 1797) was an old stone building known as the Bishop's palace. The first Assembly met in the chapel, and the Legislative Council in an upper room of this historic edifice, which for many years was the scene of stirring political conflict. On the 17th of December the two Houses assem-



gros de Léry, St Ours, Delanadière, de Boucherville, Longueuil, Salaberry, Duchesnay, Rouville, La Valtrie, Lormier, Lotbinière, Rocheblave, Papi-neau, De Bonne, were among the names that told of the *ancien régime* and gave a guarantee to the French Canadians that their race and institutions would be fully represented in the new system of government. The Chief Justice, Honourable William Smith, a Loyalist who had held the same judicial position in New York, was Speaker of the Legislative Council, and Mr. J. A. Panet, an eminent advocate of the Quebec Bar, was Speaker of the Assembly.

Now let us leave the Bishop's palace on the heights of Quebec and visit the small town of Newark, on the verge of the western wilderness. The natural surroundings of the first capital of Upper Canada were, in their way, as picturesque as those of the ancient capital. Below the town rushed the deep stream which carried the waters of the great western lakes into Ontario, which sparkled in the sunshine close by; across the river could be seen the old fort of Niagara, so long associated with the history of the French régime, and

still in possession of the English, though it was given up some years later, like other western posts, to the United States. This town was chosen as the capital by Colonel (afterwards General) Simcoe, who was the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. He had served with much distinction



UPPER CANADA GAZETTE

OR

AMERICAN ORACLE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1793.

JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE.  
PROCLAMATION  
*For the Suppression of Vice, Profaneness & Immorality*  
BY HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE, Esquire,  
Lieutenant Governor & Colonel Commanding the Majesty's Forces, in the Province of Upper Canada.



WHEREAS it is the Indispensible duty of all People, and more especially of all Christian Nations, to preserve and advance the Honour and Service of Almighty God; and to discourage and suppress all Vice, Profaneness and Immorality, which if not timely prevented may justly draw down the Divine Vengeance upon Us and our Country: And His Majesty having for the promotion of Virtue, and in respect to the best Interests of His Subjects, given command for causing all Laws made against Blasphemy, Profaneness, Adultery, Fornication, Polygamy, Incest, Prophaneness of the Lords Day, Swearing and Drunkenness, to be strictly put in Execution in every part of the Province, I do therefore direct, require and command the Peace Officers and Constables of the several Towns and Townships, to make presentment upon Oath, of any of the Vice, before mentioned, to the Justices of the Peace in their Session, or to any of the other temporal Courts: And for the more effectual proceeding herein, all Judges, Justices and Magistrates and all other officers concerned for putting the Laws against Crimes and Offences into execution, are directed and commanded to exert themselves, for the due prosecution and punishment of all persons, who shall presume to offend in any of the kinds aforesaid; and also of all persons that, contrary to their Laws in execution. And I do further charge and command, that this Proclamation be publickly read in all Courts of Justice, on the first day of every Session of all Courts of Justice, on the first day of the present year, and more especially in such of His Majesty's Courts, as have the Cognizance of Crimes and Offences; recommending the same, to all Christian Ministers of every denomination, to cause the same Proclamation to be read (and times in the said year, immediately after Divine Service, in all places of Public Worship, and that they do their utmost Endeavour, to incite their respective Auditors to the practice of Piety and Virtue, and the avoiding of every course, contrary to the pure Morality of the Religion of the Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ.

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal at Arms at the Government House, NAVY HALL, the Eleventh day of April, in the Year of our Lord One thousand seven Hundred and Ninety-three, and in the Thirty-third Year of His Majesty's Reign.

By His Excellency's Command,  
Wm. JARVIS, Secretary.

J. G. S.

THE KING'S SPEECH  
TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT  
December 17, 1792.

My Lord, and Gentlemen,

HAVING judged it necessary to embody a part of the contents of this Remonstrance, called you together within the same Session for this purpose, it is on every account, a great Satisfaction to me to meet you in Parliament at this conjuncture. I should have been happy if I could have announced to you the secure and undisturbed continuance of all the blessings which my Subjects have derived from a state of tranquillity; but events have recently occurred which require our united vigilance and exertion in order to preserve the advantages which we have hitherto enjoyed.

The felonious practices which have been in a great measure checked by your firm and explicit declaration in the last Session, and by the general concurrence of my people in the same sentiments, have of late been more openly renewed, and with increased activity. A spirit of tumult and disorder (the natural consequence of such practices) has been witnessed in acts of riot and insurrection, which required the intervention of a military force in support of the Civil Magistrate. The industry employed to excite discontent on various pretexts and in different parts of the kingdom has appeared to proceed from a design to attempt the destruction of our happy constitution, and the subversion of all order and government; and this design has evidently been pursued in connection, and concert with persons in foreign countries.

I have carefully observed a strict neutrality with respect to any interference with and upon the internal Affairs of France; but it is impossible for me to see, without the most serious uneasiness, the growing and increasing indications which have appeared there of an intention to excite disturbances in other countries, to disregard the rights of neutral Nations, and to pursue views of conquest and aggrandizement, as well as to adopt towards my Allies the States General (who have observed the strict neutrality with myself) measures which are neither conformable to the Law of Nations, nor to the positive stipulations of existing Treaties. Under all these circumstances, I have felt it my indispensible duty to have recourse to those means of prevention and internal defence which I am entrusted by Law and I have also thought it right to take steps for making some augmentation of my naval and military force. Being persuaded that these exertions are necessary in the present state of Affairs, and are best calculated both to maintain internal Tranquillity, and to render a firm and temperate conduct effectual for preserving the Blessings of peace.

Nothing will be neglected on my part that can contribute to the important duty of assiduously watching the security of my Kingdoms, and with the strictest performance of engagements which we are bound equally by Interest and Honour to fulfil.

during the Revolution as the commander of the Queen's Rangers, some of whom had settled in the Niagara district. He was remarkable for his decision of character and for his ardent desire to establish the principles of British government in the new province. He was a sincere friend of the Loyalists, whose attachment to the Crown he had had many opportunities of appreciating during his career in the rebellious colonies, and, consequently, was an uncompromising opponent of the new republic and of the people who were labouring to make it a success on the other side of the border. The new parliament met, not in Navy Hall, as has been supposed by some writers, but in a wooden building nearly completed on the sloping bank of the river, at a spot subsequently covered by a rampart of Fort George, which was constructed by Governor Simcoe on the surrender of Fort Niagara. A large boulder has been placed on the top of the rampart to mark the site of the humble parliament house of Upper Canada, which had to be eventually demolished to make place for the new fortifications. The same authority (\*) from whom I take these interesting details tells us that the sittings of the first legislature were not infrequently held under a large tent set up in front of the house, and having an interesting history of own, since it had been carried around the world by the famous navigator, Captain Cook.

The legislature met under these humble circumstances at Newark on the 17th of September, 1792. Chief Justice Osgoode was the Speaker of the Council, and Colonel John Macdonell, of Aberchalder, who had gallantly served in the royal forces during the Revolution, was chosen presiding officer of the Assembly. Besides him, there were eleven Loyalists among the sixteen members of the lower house. At this first session there were only three

members present in the Council, and five in the Assembly. Governor Simcoe opened every session of his legislature with as much ceremony as was possible, as we can gather from a book of the Duke de Liancourt, who visited Newark in 1775. "The whole retinue of the Governor," wrote the duke, "consisted of a guard of fifty men taken from the garrison of the fort (Niagara). Dressed in silk, he entered the hall with his hat on his head, attended by his adjutant and two secretaries. Two members of the Legislative Council gave notice of the arrival of the Governor to the Assembly. Five members of the body then appeared at the Bar of the Council, and the Governor delivered a speech modelled after that of the King." If the attendance was small on this occasion, it must be remembered that there were many difficulties to overcome before the two Houses could assemble in obedience to the Governor's proclamation. The seven legislative councillors and sixteen members, who represented a population of only 20,000 souls, were scattered at very remote points, and could only find their way at times in canoes and slow sailing craft. Nor must it be forgotten that in those early days of colonization men had the stern necessities of existence to consider before all things else. However urgent the call to public duty, the harvest must be gathered in before laws could be made. In the latter part of the eighteenth century it was not considered below the dignity of a speech to refer to the great event of the Canadian year in those terms: "I call you together at an early period in the hope that you may be able to finish the business of the session before the commencement of your approaching harvest."

Such were the circumstances under which the legislature was opened in the two provinces, representing two distinct races of the population. Humble as were the beginnings in the little Parliament House of Newark, yet we can see from their proceedings that the men then called to do the public business were of practical habits and fully

\* Mr. William Kirby, F.R.S.C., author of "Le Chien D'Or," in his "Annals of Niagara." He is of Loyalist descent, and has lived in Niagara for nearly fifty years. The town was burnt in 1813 by troops of the United States under General McClure, and none of the buildings of last century remain.



people full control over the public revenues and the administration of public affairs, in accordance with the principles of ministerial responsibility to parliament as understood in the parent state. More than that, it failed because it had not been established at the outset on a basis of local self-government, as was the case in the United States, where the institutions of New England and other colonies had gradu-

free and representative government has alone worked well had been in all respects followed in Lower Canada, care would have been taken that at the same time that a parliamentary system, based on a very extended suffrage, was introduced into the country, the people should have been entrusted with a complete control over their own local affairs, and been trained in taking their part in the concerns of the pro-



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

NIAGARA, FROM THE COURT HOUSE, (1898).

A View of the First Capital of Upper Canada.

ally prepared the people for a free system of government. Turning to the remarkable report on the affairs of Canada which bears the name of Lord Durham, who was Governor-General and High Commissioner in 1838, we find the following clear appreciation of the weakness of the system in operation for so many years in the old provinces of Canada: "If the wise example of those countries in which a

vince by their experience in the management of that local business which was most interesting and most intelligible to them. But the inhabitants of Lower Canada were unhappily initiated into self-governing at the wrong end, and those who were not trusted with the management of a parish were enabled by their votes to influence the destinies of a State."

(To be continued.)

## JULIA ARTHUR.

THOUGH the actor's art is the most evanescent of all arts which endeavour to please and instruct man, and though necessarily it has this pathetic aspect, that it can leave no permanent memorial of itself as music or painting can, nevertheless it brings artist and public into the closest of relations.

Since her metropolitan début at Wallack's in November last the name of Julia Arthur has been upon every lip, and her photographs have blazed forth in countless magazines and shop windows. She has been feted by society and haunted by interviewers. Indeed, it would appear the whole country has been set agog by her rare beauty and exquisite talent. And the playgoing public—that cold, discriminating critic—has quietly surrendered to the sweet graciousness and gentle manner of the young star. Her passage so far through the stellar realms has been one long path of roses—for youth, beauty and ability are a strong trinity—and it will continue to be so if hard work and serious thought will achieve its continuity—alas! successfully maintained by few.

Prosperity, sometimes, has an ill effect upon new stars. It goes to their brain, and, lo! all is changed. Miss Arthur, however, gives the impression of being a young woman of sound common-sense, who will keep her head though her success reaches a triumph. In fact, she appears to be really un-mindful of her own importance. Her magnetic personality and retiring nature brought themselves to the notice of her fellow-players at the Lyceum, where she was a favourite with them all, not excepting Sir Henry himself, who evinced a marked liking for the clever Canadian; for Miss Arthur is a Canadian, being born at Hamilton, of Scotch and Irish parents. She says she is the only member of her family who is not "stage-struck." A younger

sister is also an actress, and uses "Florence Fairchild" as a *nom de theatre*.

Julia Arthur made her first appearance on the stage in an amateur way at the age of eleven, playing in "The Honeymoon" and "The Merchant of Venice." Her initial professional performance was given as a member of Bandmann's company, where she remained three years, playing in "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III.," "Macbeth" and "The Merchant of Venice"; also "The Lady of Lyons," "Don Cæsar de Bazan," "The Two Orphans," "The Black Flag," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "Jim the Penman," "The Galley Slave," "Called Back," "Woman Against Woman," "Divorce," "After Dark," "Captain Swift," "Peril," "The Private Secretary," "The Still Alarm" and "The Colleen Bawn"; she took the leading female rôles. In the early days she also appeared in New York with Teddy Henley; but her first hit was made there in a weird and morbid concoction called "The Black Masque." Then, as leading woman with A. M. Palmer she played Lady Windermere in "Lady Windermere's Fan," Letty Fletcher in "Saints and Sinners," "A Broken Seal," and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Mercedes," in which she achieved her greatest success, and which, in all probability, will be included in her repertoire next season. Among other rôles she has portrayed Druscilla Ives in "The Dancing Girl," "The Prodigal Daughter," and Vere Herbert in "Moths," when in 1890 she was a member of the late Eugene A. McDowell's Comedy Company. Then came "Sister Mary," written by Clement Scott and Wilson Barrett. It was a failure, and afterwards Miss Arthur crossed the sea to try her fortune in London, where she shortly received an offer from Sir Henry Irving. That was four years ago, and during her



connection with the Lyceum Company she played in "The Corsican Brothers," Rosamond in "Becket," Queen Anne in "Richard III." Her Imogen in "Cymbeline" and Elaine in "King Arthur" were admirably conceived and beautifully delineated; strength and picturesqueness were combined in the presentation.

For her first starring season, just closed, the play chosen, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "A Lady of Quality," proved a most unworthy vehicle for the display of Miss Arthur's histrionic powers, and was only saved from utter ruin by the superb capabilities of the player. People went to see Julia Arthur, not "A Lady of Quality," and considered themselves amply repaid for the outlay—nay, more, they became extraordinarily enthusiastic, and cheered and applauded the woman whose art dominated the drama; whose acting was fervid, passionate, intense; whose reserve power, though great, was held within bounds, so that it never became inartistically prominent. If Julia Arthur can do so much for a weak play, what will she not do in a strong one?

If "A Lady of Quality" was unpopular, it was Mrs. Burnett's fault, not the player's. The piece was talky to a wearisome degree, and even the skill of the actress and charm of the woman could not make it a successful drama.

Miss Arthur prefers emotional rôles to any others, probably because they are best suited to her style. Next season she will produce "As You Like It," "Ingomar," possibly "Twelfth Night," "Camille" and "Mercedes."

She is sensitive to criticism, inasmuch as she hates being slated without reason. In past years she used to cry her heart out when a criticism proved unjust or unkind. However, experience has made her philosophical, and she has learned to extract all the good and forget the bad. Of Clorinda she is not inordinately fond, and frankly admits a dislike of many of the speeches the part calls for. Again, she is very decided in her opinion on the subject of forgetting the existence of an audience, and

declares it beyond the power of human nature to become utterly oblivious of those in front. The young artist allows that such a thing is possible for a short space of time; for instance, in her own case when she has become so absorbed in the rôle she is playing that for a moment she is lost to everything outside that particular character. But the slightest movement in the audience, the rustle of a programme, a whisper, a waving fan, brings her back instantly to the world of reality. This is interesting in view of the contention of numberless players that the audience is to them merely a fourth wall. Miss Arthur's statement flatly contradicts the fourth-wall theory.

Like her brothers and sisters, Miss Arthur is musical; and her favourite flower—if she has a favourite, for she loves them all—is the fleur de lis, the lily flower of France, and she uses that design almost entirely. Her favourite authors after Shakespeare are: Carlyle, Emerson, Plato, Homer and Pope. She is also extremely fond of Longfellow and the principal American poets.

Personally she is one of the most charming creatures imaginable, devoid of affectation and opposed to display of any kind. Her dainty refinement and delightful femininity have already endeared her to the public. She is devoted to her art and is very happy. Her beauty is as apparent off the stage as on, and her manner quite irresistible. In the deep, dark Spanish eyes lies the reflection of a noble soul. Her mouth, nose and ears are small, and her hair black as a crow's wing and more lustrous than the wigs she wears on the other side of the footlights. Miss Arthur is about the average height, or under it, and possesses a form of poetical slenderness. No photograph can do her justice, for no photograph can picture the varying expression of that mobile face. She is modest, and "modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues." While her voice, perhaps, lacks the much-quoted *qualité d'or*, yet enunciation and intonation are perfectly distinct and pure. It has frequently



PHOTOGRAPHED BY LYONDE FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

JULIA ARTHUR

In this costume, Miss Arthur is representing no particular character: she is simply in her favourite pose.

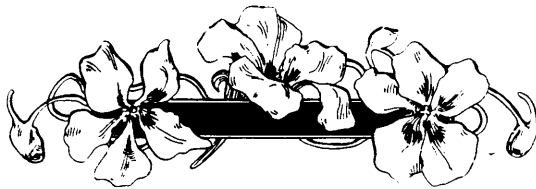
been remarked that the temperament of this talented artiste is of the sad, yearning variety; while there is certainly an under-current of deep feeling in her nature, and sometimes a profoundly pensive look in the great, starry eyes glowing in the pale face, yet her disposition is rarely bright, her mirth infectious and her laugh spontaneity itself. And this is the *personnel* of a brilliant woman.

As for her acting—Julia Arthur's acting is not artifice. It is nature. She has certainly achieved fame, if fame means to make a noise in the world. All her life she has worked hard; she is working hard still. Not content to sit in idleness because the stellar heights have been accomplished, her ambition carries her still further. Miss Arthur's motto might well read "*Labore et constantia*," as it is evident she believes labour conquers everything. Some day—if not hampered by the lim-

itations of the flesh, for she is rather frail—when maturity has broadened and ripened her art, when Duse and Bernhardt have silently slipped away, Julia Arthur will assume her rightful position; and she will be greater than them all. She is the actress of the future, and to her we must look for all that is pure and good and true in the drama. The laurel wreath of triumph will yet rest upon a head where already genius sits enthroned.

This article would be incomplete without a passing reference to Mr. Arthur Lewis, Miss Arthur's brother and manager, to whom not a little of his sister's success is due. It is said he is known on the "Rialto" in New York as "the white manager," and though that may signify much on the "Rialto," it is, nevertheless, a rather meagre encomium to such a sincere, cordial, business-like and genuinely courteous gentleman.

Margaret O'Grady.



#### THROUGH THE CLOUD.

THE snow-cloud parts—and, parting, shows above  
 The opalescent sky. Out dart the light  
 Glad rays, illuminate with warmth and love  
 The dull grey face of earth, and with delight,  
 Change her sad look to joy—pure, gleaming bright.

And so in life; when weighted down with care;  
 Oppressed by anxious thought; when colourless  
 Deem the long years, to end but in despair—  
 Love pulls aside the veil; with a caress  
 Warms our dead hearts to glowing happiness.

A. Isabel Wigham.

# THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

## CHAPTER V.

### CHURCH AND STATE IN CANADA. THE CLERGY RESERVES AND THE RECTORIES.

AMONG the members of the Anglican Church in Canada as it now exists, probably only a very small percentage in number know that for nearly sixty years after the creation by the Imperial Parliament of the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, the Church in Canada, as in England, was the State Church and that the whole of her bishops, besides some of the clergy, were appointed to their charges not by the Church's spiritual rulers, but by the Crown. For instance, Dr. Inglis was in 1787 appointed to the bishopric of Nova Scotia by the English Government, as were his successors in the see down to the time of Bishop Binney in 1851. So it was with the whole of the bishops, twelve in number, appointed prior to the consecration of the last named prelate; Bishop Binney being the thirteenth and last of the State bishops.

As it was with the bishoprics so it was with the rectories of York, Kingston, London and many other places. These were filled in the first place by nominees of the political party in power at the time the vacancies occurred, while the most surprising thing in connection with the early system of patronage in the Anglo-Canadian Church is that on the whole such faithful and zealous men were appointed. To Charles Inglis, John Stuart, George O'Kill Stuart, the last two father and son, John Strachan and Jacob Mountain, the first bishops of Toronto and Quebec respectively, Alexander N. Bethune, Benjamin Cronyn, Henry James Grasset, besides others who can not now be named, all pioneer clergymen and appointed under State patronage, Canadians generally and Canadian Churchmen especially owe a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.

Though, except upon the assumption that the Church is the creature or servant of the State, it is impossible to defend State patronage in spiritual matters, it must nevertheless be confessed that had it not been for that patronage and consequent material support the Anglo-Canadian Church could not in its early days have made the progress that it did in extending the parochial system throughout the various provinces. That in later years this connection with the State did the Canadian Church great harm in many ways is unhappily too well known to require to be commented on. The system came to an end in 1856. No one now regrets its termination less than the great majority of thoughtful Churchmen.

It is ancient history now when one comes to speak of the Clergy Reserves in connection with the Anglo-Canadian Church, but the question was one that sixty years ago divided political parties in Upper Canada far more rigidly than even the Manitoban School question or any other subject has done since. By an Act of Parliament passed in the 31st year of the reign of George III., one-seventh of all lands in Canada were to be devoted to the support and maintenance of "a Protestant clergy," though it was not specified that this meant the clergy of the Church of England only, as there is little, if any, doubt was the intention of the framers of the Act.

In the first quarter of the century the possession of these lands solely by the Anglican Church was allowed to pass unchallenged, but about 1826 the Presbyterian body asserted, and with a show of justice that is apparent to everyone, that their ministers were "a Protestant clergy" and that consequently they, too, were entitled to a share in the "Clergy Reserves," as these lands were called. Soon other denominations, on similar grounds, claimed

their share, and a heated and bitter controversy arose.

Dr. Strachan, both as Archdeacon of York and as Bishop of Toronto, strongly supported in the press and on the platform the claims of his church to the lands, and brought down upon himself much unmerited abuse and obloquy in consequence. From his point of view, the Church of England was meant to be the sole beneficiary from these lands, the term "a Protestant Clergy" meant the clergy of the Church of England who did not owe allegiance to Rome, and was not intended to include the ministers of all the various dissenting denominations. Dr. Strachan was willing to make concessions to the Presbyterians, but beyond that he was not prepared to go.

Now, it is perfectly clear that when an Act of Parliament comes to be interpreted the plain words of the Act must be taken, despite the supposed intention of its framers. If the "Clergy Reserves" were to remain at all, they would have to be the property of all Protestant denominations, and this was, of course, almost as absurd a conclusion as an impossible one. The end came after more than thirty years bitter controversy, and untold injury to the Anglican Church, by the Reserves being with drawn altogether and a sum of money, nearly \$1,000,000, being given to the Anglicans by Government in settlement of all prospective claims.

During the period that Sir John Colborne was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada there were founded by him the Upper Canadian Rectories, each with an ample endowment in land. This act on the part of Sir John caused, when it was proposed, great heart-burning and discontent, though it was eventually carried into law. Taken on the whole, the policy has proved a beneficial one, as, had it not been for these rectories, there are many parts of Canada where there would have been no religious teaching whatever. It was an act of expediency, if not one of strictly logical justice as regards religious equality.

The rectories created by Sir John

Colborne were as follows: Adelaide, Amherstburg, Adolphustown, Ancaster, Barrie, Bath, Belleville, Beckwith (now Carleton Place), Cobourg, Cavan, Chippawa, Cornwall, Darlington, Elizabethtown, Erie (Fort Erie), Fredericksburg, Grimsby, Guelph, Kempville, Kingston, Louth, London (Township), London (St. Paul's), Malden, Mimico, Markham, Newcastle, Napanee, Perth, Peterborough, Port Hope, Picton, Prescott, Richmond, St. Catharines, Stamford, Thornhill, Thorold, Woodhouse, Woodstock, Warwick, Williamsburg, York, York Mills.

These, as will be seen at a glance, extend from the extreme east to the extreme west of the Province of Ontario, and the rectors have retained their glebe lands up to the present, leaving to them an indefeasible title.

In a necessarily very much condensed paper it has only been practicable to give the more salient points as to Church and State in Canada, much having to be omitted which in a fuller history could be inserted.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE GENERAL WORK OF THE CHURCH. THE OXFORD MOVEMENT AND OTHER MATTERS.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis" ("The times change and we change with them"). So runs the old Latin proverb, and in nothing is the truth of the proverb so apparent as in the state of the Church, her mode of work and the conduct of her services as it is now, and as it was fifty years ago.

For the first forty years of the Church's history in Canada her bishops and clergy for the most part belonged to the school of thought now known as "Evangelical," and they would have looked with horror on any one of their number who had ventured to assert that he disclaimed the title of Protestant. They were generally faithful preachers, and where it was at all possible visited their widely-scattered parishioners with more or less frequency. In very few of the churches was there

more than one service on the Sunday, and that in the morning or in the afternoon, the reason being that the parishes were of such very great extent that the clergyman had often to hold his service in the morning in the parish church, near which he generally resided, and then ride, drive, or even walk several miles to hold a second service, perhaps, in the open air in summer, or, at best, in the parlour of a more than usually commodious farmhouse, or in the farmer's barn. This is no fancy picture; there are many Anglicans still living in and near Toronto, Kingston and London who can remember when their only place of worship was the open air, or a private room, or barn, in the first and last cases the seats consisting of newly-sawn boards resting on rough trestles. The person officiating was generally a clergyman, but not always, as laymen were, not infrequently, licensed to read prayers and a sermon to the scattered congregations where the services of a clergyman could not be obtained. The Holy Communion, where there was a church erected, was administered generally on the first Sunday in the month, and baptisms, when they took place in the church, after the reading of the second lesson at morning or afternoon prayer. Marriages were often solemnized in the church, but just as often in the house of the father or guardian of the bride, or in the clergyman's own house. These latter customs have even yet by no means fallen into desuetude.

In the days spoken of evening services even in the towns were unheard of; it was not until the "forties" were well advanced that they were introduced in Toronto, though they are now all but universal in towns and country alike. Choral services, surpliced choirs, harvest festivals, Easter decorations, were undreamt of, and by the vast majority of Church people, both lay and clerical, would have been looked on with suspicion as being in a direct tendency towards Rome.

But gradually a change came in the feelings of Anglicans towards more frequent services and more elaborate

ritual. In 1835 commenced in England what has been variously described as the "Oxford movement," the "Tractarian movement" and "Puseyism." This latter ill-timed appellation has now happily wholly died out. The leaders of this religious revival were Hurrell Froude, John Keble, the saintly author of *The Christian Year*, John Henry Newman (afterwards Cardinal Newman), Robert Wilberforce, and some others of lesser note. Their object was, as Newman himself has stated: "The vital question was, how were we to keep the Church from being liberalized?" Just prior to the appearance of the *Tracts for the Times*, the Home Government of the day had suppressed ten of the bishoprics in the Irish Church, in defiance of the expressed wishes of both the prelates and clergy of the English and Irish Churches. This thoroughgoing display of Erastianism alarmed the more thoughtful among English churchmen and was one of the causes which led to the Oxford movement and the publication of the *Tracts for the Times*. It is a mistake to suppose that the doctrines Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble taught in the famous *Tracts for the Times* were unknown to the Anglican Church up to that date. They were the teaching of the Fathers, of pre-Reformation teachers, who were not Romish, of Laud, of Ken and of others. Pusey and his fellow-labourers did but resuscitate, in a time of religious indolence, apathy and indifference teaching that is as old as Christianity itself. True, some of the Tractarians in seeking to set before the people what they regarded, and what the great majority of Anglicans now regard, as Catholic truth, lost themselves, and forgetting or renouncing their own teaching, embraced a system of theology which is as distinctly Romanism as it is opposed to Catholicism. But with Pusey and Keble it was not so; they taught the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures, the absolute truth of the Incarnation and Atonement by the Saviour, a Church founded by Him with a Divinely appointed threefold ministry, the supreme importance of the Sacraments

of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and contended that the Anglican Church was the Catholic Church, the only one which fulfilled, or sought to fulfil, the commands of its Divine Founder. In addition to this, the Tractarians insisted on more frequent services, on more elaborate ritual, and on a close adherence to the instructions contained in the Book of Common Prayer.

Clear dogmatic teaching of this sort at a time when latitudinarianism was prominent in the teaching of many of the leading Doctors at Oxford University, and when the Evangelical party—whom the Tractarians taught had only set forth a part of the Truth, though doing so most earnestly—were beginning to lose touch with their people, caused, as was to be expected, a great stir in Church circles. Counter tracts were published, sermons were preached, some of the Bishops' "charged" against the Tractarians, but all to no avail, the mind of the people had been awakened and the ultimate result was as is seen in the Church of England to-day throughout the world, an enormously extended episcopate, a multiplied clergy and a vastly greater number of church members.

The Oxford movement was at first received but coldly in Canada, but Dr. Strachan, the Bishop of Toronto, gave it not a little sympathy, though he was no friend to some of the extravagances in ritual by which, in some few isolated cases, it was afterwards accompanied. Among the earliest advocates and earnest teachers among the High Church party in Canada was the Rev.

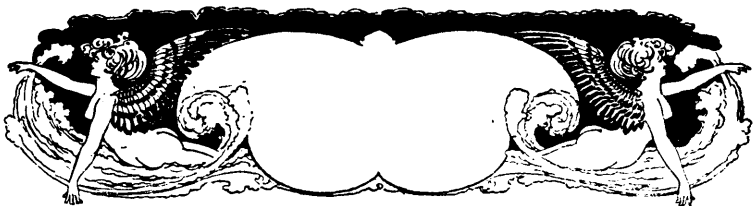
W. Stewart Darling, of Toronto, and the Rev. A. Townley, D.D., of Paris, Ont. Later, Bishop Binney was a pronounced adherent of this school, as was also Bishop Bethune, Provost Whitaker of Trinity College and James Bovell, M.D., afterwards a clergyman in the West Indies.

Less than forty years ago in Canada, as has already been stated, the church services were confined almost wholly to the Sunday, and the ritual and mode of conducting public service was calculated to repel rather than attract worshippers. Now there are bright, hearty services in every church, early celebrations of the Holy Communion, as well as a mid-day celebration, are the rule, and not the exception, and the congregations are well visited, not only by the clergy, but by scores of willing workers. As regards their numbers, it is hard to obtain reliable statistics, but in the twenty dioceses into which the Dominion is divided there are twenty bishops, more than 1,300 clergy, with about 1,500 churches and mission stations. By the last census the numbers of adherents of the Anglican body was given as 646,059, a little more than one in seven of the population. The probability is that the same proportion has been maintained since 1891, the date of the census, possibly been slightly increased.

These papers must now come to an end. In them it has been sought to give a concise history of the Anglo-Canadian Church; it is for the readers of the Magazine to say how the writer has succeeded.

*Thomas E. Champion.*

THE END.



# HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS : Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are being related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

## X.—THE NINTH CUSTOMER AND THE CASKET.

HAGAR had almost a genius for reading people's characters in their faces. The curve of the mouth, the glance of the eyes—she could interpret these truly; for to her feminine instinct she added a logical judgment masculine in its discretion. She was rarely wrong when she exercised this faculty; and in the many customers who entered the Lambeth pawnshop she had ample opportunities to use her talent. To the sleek, white-faced creature who brought for pawning the Renaissance casket of silver she took an instant and violent dislike. Subsequent events proved that she was right in doing so. The ninth customer—as she called him—was an oily scoundrel. In appearance he was a respectable servant—a valet or a butler—and wore an immaculate suit of black broadcloth. His face was as white as that of a corpse, and almost as expressionless. Two tufts of whisker adorned his lean cheeks, but his thin mouth and receding chin were uncovered with hair. On his badly-shaped head and off his low narrow forehead the scanty hair of iron-grey was brushed smoothly. He dropped his shifty grey eyes when he addressed Hagar, and talked softly in a most deferential manner. Hagar guessed him to be a West-end servant; and by his physiognomy she knew him to be a scoundrel.

This "gentleman's gentleman"—as Hagar guessed him rightly to be—gave the name of Julian Peters, and the address 42, Mount Street, Mayfair. As certainly as though she had been in the creature's confidence, Hagar knew that name and address were false. Also, she was not quite sure whether he had come honestly by the casket which he wished to pawn, although the story he told was a very fair, and, apparently, candid one.

"My late master, miss, left me this box as a legacy," he said deferentially, "and I have kept it by me for some time. Unfortunately, I am now out of a situation, and to keep myself going until I obtain a new one I need money. You will understand, miss, that it is only necessity which makes me pawn this box. I want fifteen pounds on it."

"You can have thirteen," said Hagar, pricing the box at a glance.

"Oh, indeed, miss, I am sure it is worth fifteen," said Mr. Peters (so-called); "if you look at the workmanship—"

"I have looked at everything," replied Hagar promptly—"at the silver, the workmanship, the date, and all the rest of it."

"The date, miss?" asked the man in a puzzled tone.

"Yes; the casket is Cinque Cento, Florentine work. I dare say if you took it to a West-end jeweller you could get more on it than I am pre-



pared to lend. Thirteen pounds is my limit."

"I'll take it," said Peters promptly. "I don't care about pawning it in the West-end, where I am known."

"As a scoundrel, no doubt," thought Hagar cynically. However, it was not her place to spoil a good bargain—and getting the Renaissance casket for thirteen pounds was a very good one—so she made out the ticket in the false name of Julian Peters, and handed it to him, together with a ten-pound note and three sovereigns. The man counted the money, with a greedy look in his eyes, and turned to depart with a cringing bow. At the door of the shop he paused, however, to address a last word to Hagar.

"I can redeem that casket whenever I like, miss?" he asked anxiously.

"To-morrow, if it pleases you," replied Hagar coldly, "so long as you pay me a month's interest for the loan of the money."

"Thank you, miss; I shall take back the box in a month's time. In the meantime I leave it in your charge, miss, and wish you a very good day."

Hagar gave a shudder of disgust as he left the shop; for the man to her was a noxious thing, like a snake or a toad. If instinct were worth anything, she felt that this valet was a thief and a scoundrel, who was abusing the trust his employer placed in him. The casket was far more likely to have been thieved than to have come to Mr. Peters by will. It is not usual for gentlemen to leave their servants legacies of *Cinque Cento* caskets.

The box, as Peters called it, was very beautiful; an exquisite example of goldsmith's art, worthy of Benvenuto Cellini himself. Probably it was by one of his pupils. Renaissance work certainly, for in its ornamentation there was visible that mingling of Christianity and paganism which is so striking a characteristic of the re-birth of the Arts in the Italy of Dante and the Medici. On the sides of the casket in relief there were figures of dancing nymph and piping satyr; flower-wreathed altar and vine-crowned priest.

On the lid a full-length figure of the Virgin with upraised hands; below clouds and the turrets of a castle; overhead the glory of the Holy Ghost in the form of a wide-winged dove, and fluttering cherubs and grave saints. Within the casket was lined with dead gold, smooth and lustreless; but this receptacle contained nothing.

Without doubt this tiny gem of goldsmith's art had been the jewel-case of some Florentine lady in that dead and gone century. Perhaps for her some lover had ordered it to be made, with its odd mingling of cross and thyrsus; its hints of asceticism and joyous life. But the Florentine beauty was now dust; her days of love and vanity and sin were over; and the casket in which she had stored her jewels lay in a dingy London pawnshop. There was something ironic in the fate meted out by Time and Chance to this dainty trifle of luxury.

While examining the box, Hagar noticed that the gold plate of the case within was raised some little distance above the outside portion. There appeared to her shrewd eyes to be a space between the base of the casket and the inner box of gold. Ever on the alert to discover mysteries, Hagar believed that in this toy there was a secret drawer, which no doubt opened by a concealed spring. At once she set to work searching for this spring.

"It is very cleverly hidden," she murmured, having been baffled for a long time; "but a secret recess there is, and I intend to find it. Who knows but that I may stumble on the evidence of some old Florentine tragedy, like that of the Crucifix of Fiesole?"

Her fingers were slender and nimble, and had a wonderfully delicate sense of feeling in them. She ran them lightly over the raised work of beaten silver, pressing the laughing heads of the fauns and nymphs. For some time she was unsuccessful, until by chance she touched a delicately-modelled rose, which was carved on the central altar of one side. At once there was a slight click, and the silver slab with its sculptured figures fell downward on a hinge.

As she had surmised, the box was divided within into two unequal portions; the upper one, visible when the ordinary lid was lifted, was empty, as has been said; but in the narrowness of the lower receptacle, between the false and the real bottoms of the box, there was a slim packet. Pleased with her discovery—which certainly did credit to her acute intelligence—Hagar drew out the papers. “Here is my Florentine tragedy!” said she with glee, and proceeded to examine her treasure-trove.

It did not take her long to discover that the letters—for they were letters, five or six, tied up with rose-hued ribbon—were not fifteenth century, but very late nineteenth; that they were not written in Italian, but in English. Penned in graceful female handwritings upon scented paper—a perfume of violets clung to them still—these letters were full of passionate and undisciplined love. Hagar only read one, but it was sufficient to see that she had stumbled upon an intrigue between a married woman and a man. No address was given, as each letter began unexpectedly with words of fire and adoration, continuing in such style from beginning to end, where the signature appended was “Beatrice.” In the first one, which Hagar read—and which was a sample of the rest—the writer lamented her marriage, raged that she was bound to a dull husband, and called upon her dearest Paul—evidently the innamorato’s name—to deliver her. The passion, the fierce sensual love which burnt in every line of this married woman’s epistles, disgusted Hagar not a little. Her pure and virginal soul shrank back from the abyss revealed by this lustful adoration; trembled at the glimpse it obtained of a hidden life. There was, indeed, no tragedy in these letters as yet, but it might be—with such a woman as she who had penned them—that they would become the prelude to one. In every line there was divorce.

“What a liar that valet is!” thought Hagar as she tied the letters up again. “This casket was left to him in a

legacy, was it? As if a man would entrust such compromising letters to the discretion of a scoundrel like Peters! No, no; I am sure he doesn’t know of this secret place, or of the existence of these letters. He stole this casket from his master, and did not know that it was used to hide these epistles from a married woman. I’ll keep the casket safely, and see what comes of it when Mr. Peters returns.”

But she did not put the letters back in their secret recess. It might be that the valet would return before the conclusion of the month, and if she were out of the shop at the time, her assistant would give back the casket. Hagar felt that it would be wrong to let the letters get into the hands of so unscrupulous a scoundrel as she believed Peters to be. Did he find out the secret of the hiding place, and the letters were within, he was quite capable of making capital out of them at the expense of the unhappy woman or his own master. He had the face of a black-mailer; so Hagar re-closed the casket and put away the letters in the big parlour safe.

“She is a light woman—a bad woman,” she thought, thinking of that Beatrice who had written those glowing letters, “and deserves punishment for having deceived her husband, but I won’t give her into the power of that reptile; he would only fatten on her agony. If he comes back for the casket, he shall have it, but without those letters.”

Hagar did not think for a moment that Peters knew of the existence of these epistles, else in place of pawning the box he would have levied blackmail on the wretched Beatrice or her lover. But when in two weeks—long before the conclusion of the month—the valet again appeared, he showed Hagar very plainly that he had learnt the secret in the meantime. How and from whom he had learnt it Hagar forced him to explain. She was able to do this as he wanted back the casket, yet had not the money to redeem it. This circumstance gave her a power over the man which she exercised mer-

cilessly; and for some time—playing with him in cat and mouse fashion—she pretended to misunderstand his errand. But at first sight she saw from his greedy eyes and the triumphant look on his face that he was bent upon some knavery.

"I wish to look at my box, if you please, miss," said he on first entering the shop. "I cannot redeem it as yet, but if you will permit me to examine it I—"

"Certainly," said Hagar, cutting him short; she had no patience with his flowery periods. "Here is the box. Look at it as long as you please."

Peters seized the casket eagerly, opened it, and looked into the empty space within; then he shook it, and turned it upside down, as though he expected the inner box to fall out. In a moment Hagar had guessed that he had become aware, since pawning the casket, that it contained a secret receptacle, and was searching for the same. With an ironic smile she watched him fingering the delicate carvings with his clumsy hands, and saw that with such coarse handling the casket would never yield up its secret. She therefore revealed it to him, not for his satisfaction, but because she wanted to know the history of the love-letters. For these, without doubt, the creature was looking, and Hagar congratulated herself that she had obeyed her instinct, and had placed the letters beyond his reach.

"You can't find it, I see," she observed, as Peters put down the casket in disgust.

"Find what?" he asked, with a certain challenge in his regard.

"The secret drawer for which you are looking."

"How do you know that I look for a secret drawer, miss?"

"I can guess as much from the persistent way in which you press the sides of that box. Your late master, who left you the casket as a legacy, evidently did not explain its secrets. But if you wish to know, look here!" Hagar picked up the box deftly, touched

the altar rose with a light finger, and revealed to Mr. Peters the secret recess. His face fell, as she knew it would, at the sight of the vacant space.

"Why, it's empty!" he said aloud, in a chagrined tone. "I thought—I thought——"

"That you would find some letters within," interrupted Hagar smartly. "No doubt; but you see, Mr. Peters—if that is your name—I happen to have anticipated you."

"What! You have found the letters?"

"Yes; a neat little bundle of them which lies in my safe."

"Please give them to me," said the man with tremulous eagerness.

"Give them to you," repeated Hagar, contemptuously. "Not I; it is not my business to encourage blackmailing!"

"But they are my letters!" cried Peters, getting red, but not denying the imputation of blackmailing. "You cannot keep my letters!"

"Yes, I can," retorted Hagar, putting the box on the shelf behind her; "in the same way that I can keep this casket if I so choose."

"How dare you!" said the man, losing all his suavity. "The box is mine!"

"It is your master's you mean, and the letters also. You stole the casket to get money, and now you would steal the letters, if you could, to extort money out of a woman. Do you know what you are, Mr. Peters? You are a scoundrel!"

Peters could hardly speak for rage; but when he did find his voice, it was to threaten Hagar with the police. At this she laughed contemptuously.

"The police!" she echoed. "Are you out of your mind? Call a policeman if you dare, and I give you in charge for thieving that box."

"You cannot; you do not know my master's name."

"Do I not?" retorted Hagar, playing a game of bluff. "You forget that the name and address of your master are in those letters."

Seeing that he was baffled in this

direction, the man changed his high tone for one of diplomacy. He became cringing and wheedling, and infinitely more obnoxious than before. Hagar could hardly listen to his vile propositions with calmness, but she did so advisedly, as she wished to know the story of the letters, the name of the woman who had written them, and that of the man—Peters' master—to whom they had been sent. But the task was disagreeable, and required a great deal of self-restraint.

"Why not share the money with me?" said Peters in silky tones; "those letters are worth a great deal. If you let me have them, I can sell them at a high price either to my master or to the lady who wrote them."

"No doubt," replied Hagar with apparent acquiescence; "but before I agree to your proposal I must know the story."

"Certainly, miss, I shall tell it to you. I——"

"One moment," interrupted Hagar.

"Is Peters your real name?"

"Yes, miss; but the address I gave was false; also the Christian name I gave you. I am John Peters, of Duke Street, St. James', in the employment of Lord Averley."

"You are his valet?"

"Yes. I have been with him for a long time; but I lost some money at cards a week or two ago, so I—I——"

"So you stole this casket," finished Hagar sharply.

"No, miss, I didn't," replied Peters with great dignity. "I borrowed it from my lord's room for a few weeks to get money on it. I intended to redeem and replace it within the month. I shall certainly do so if our scheme with these letters turns out successful."

Hagar could scarcely restrain herself from an outbreak when she heard this wretch so coolly discuss the use he intended to make of the profits to be derived from his villainy. However, she kept her temper and proceeded to ask further questions with a view to gaining his entire confidence.

"Well, Mr. Peters, we will say you borrowed it," she remarked, ironically;

"but don't you think that was rather a dangerous proceeding?"

"I didn't at the time," said Peters ruefully, "as I didn't know my lord kept letters in it. I did not fancy he would ask after it. However, he did ask two days ago, and found that it was lost."

"Did he think you had taken it?"

"Lor' bless you, no!" grinned the valet. "I ain't quite such a fool as to be caught like that. My lord's rooms have been done up lately, so he thought as perhaps the paperhangers or some of that low lot stole the box."

"In that case you are safe enough," said Hagar, enraged at the circumspect villainy of the creature. "But how did you come to learn that there were letters hidden in this box? You didn't know of them when you pawned it."

"No, miss, I didn't," confessed Peters regretfully; "but yesterday I heard my lord say to a friend of his that there were letters to him from a married lady in the secret place of the box, so I thought——"

"That you would find the secret place, and use the letters to get money out of the married lady."

"Yes, I did. That's what we are going to do, ain't it?"

"Is the married lady rich?" asked Hagar, answering the question by asking another.

"Lor', miss, her husband, Mr. Delamere has no end of money! She'd give anything to get those letters back. Why, if her husband saw them he would divorce her for sure! He's a proud man, is Delamere."

"Has he any suspicion of an intrigue between his wife and Lord Averley?"

"Not he, miss; he'd stop it if he had. Oh, you may be sure she'll give a long price for those letters."

"No doubt," assented Hagar.

"Well, Mr. Peters, as I am your partner in this very admirable scheme, you had better let me see Mrs. Delamere. I'll get more out of her than you would."

"I dare say, miss. You're a sharp one, you are! But you'll go shares fair?"

"Oh, yes; if I get a good sum, you shall have half," replied Hagar ambiguously. "But where does Mrs. Delamere live?"

"In Curzon Street, miss; the house painted a light red. You'll always find her in now about seven. Squeeze her for all she's worth, miss. We've got a good thing on in this business."

"It would seem so," replied Hagar coolly. "But if I were you, Mr. Peters, I would redeem this casket as soon as I could. You may get into trouble else."

"I'll take the money out of my share of the cash," said the scoundrel.

"Don't you take less than five hundred, miss; those letters are worth it."

"Be content; I'll see to all that.

To-morrow I shall interview Mrs. Delamere; so if you come and see me the day after, I will tell you the result of my visit."

"Oh, there can only be one result with a sharp one like you," grinned Peters. "You squeeze Mrs. Delamere like an orange. Say you'll tell her husband, and she'll pay anything. Good day, miss. My stars, you're a sharp girl! Good day."

Mr. Peters departed with this compliment, just in time to stop Hagar from an unholy desire to throw the casket at his head. The man was a greater scoundrel even than she had thought; and she trembled to think of how he would have extorted money from Mrs. Delamere had he obtained the letters. Luckily for that lady her foolish epistles were in the hands of a woman far more honourable than herself.

Although untitled, Mrs. Delamere was a very great lady. Certainly, she was a beautiful one, and many years younger than her lord and master. Mr. Delamere was a wealthy commoner with a long pedigree and an overweening pride. Immersed in politics and Blue-books, he permitted his frivolous and youthful wife to do as she pleased, provided she did not drag his name in the mud. He would have forgiven her anything but that. She could be as extravagant as she desired;

gratify all her costly whims; and flirt—if she so chose, and she did choose—with fifty men; but if once the name of Delamere was whispered about in connection with a scandal, she knew well that her husband would seek either a separation or a divorce. Yet, with all this knowledge, pretty, silly Mrs. Delamere was foolish enough to intrigue with Lord Averley, and to write him compromising letters.

She never thought of danger. Averley was a gentleman, a man of honour, and he had told her a dozen times that he always burnt the letters she wrote him. It was therefore a matter of amazement to Mrs. Delamere when a gipsy-like girl called to see her with a sealed envelope, and mentioned that such envelope contained her letters to Averley.

"Letters! letters!" said Mrs. Delamere, brushing her fluffy yellow curls off her forehead. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that your letters to Lord Averley are in this envelope," replied Hagar, looking coldly at the dainty doll before her. "I mean also that did your husband see them he would divorce you!"

Mrs. Delamere turned pale under her rouge.

"Who are you?" she gasped, her blue eyes dilating with terror.

"My name is Hagar Stanley. I am a gipsy girl, and I keep a pawnshop in Lambeth."

"A pawnshop! How—how did you get my—my letters?"

"The valet of Lord Averley pawned a silver box in which they were concealed," explained Hagar. "He intended to use them as a means to extort money from you. However, I obtained the letters before he did, and I came instead of him."

"To extort money also, I suppose?"

For the life of her, Mrs. Delamere could not have helped making the remark. She knew that she was speaking falsely; that this girl with the grave, dark poetic face was not the kind of woman to blackmail an erring sister. Still, the guilty little woman saw that

Hagar—this girl from a pawnshop of the slums—was sitting in judgment upon her, and already, in her own mind, condemned her frivolous conduct. Proud and haughty Mrs. Delamere writhed at the look on the face of her visitor, and, terrified as she was at the abyss which she saw opening at her feet, she could not help making a slighting remark to gall the woman who came to save her. She said it on the impulse of the moment; and impulse had cost her dearly many a time. But that Hagar was a noble woman it would have cost the frivolous beauty dearly now.

“No, Mrs. Delamere,” replied Hagar, keeping her temper—for really this weak little creature was not worth anger—“I do not wish for money. I came to return you these letters, and I should advise you to destroy them.”

“I shall certainly do that!” said the fashionable lady, seizing the envelope held out to her; “but you must let me reward you.”

“As you would reward anyone who returned you a lost jewel!” retorted the gipsy, with curling lip. “No, thank you; what I have done for you, Mrs. Delamere, is above any reward.”

“Above any reward!” stammered the other, wondering if she heard aright.

“I think so,” responded Hagar gravely. “I have saved your honour.”

“Saved my honour!” cried Mrs. Delamere furiously. “How dare you! How dare you!”

“I dare, because I happen to have read one of those letters; I read one only, but I have no doubt that it is a sample of the others. If Mr. Delamere read what I did, I am afraid you would have to go through the Divorce Court, with Lord Averley as co-respondent.”

“You—you are mistaken,” stammered Mrs. Delamere, drawn into defending herself. “There is nothing wrong between us, I—I swear.”

“It is no use to lie to me,” said Hagar curtly. “I have seen what you said to the man; that is enough. However, I have no call to judge you.

I came to give you the letters; you hold them in your hand; so I go.”

“Wait! Wait! You have been very good. Surely a little money—”

“I am no blackmailer!” cried Hagar wrathfully; “but I have saved you from one. Had Lord Averley’s valet become possessed of those letters you would have had to pay thousands of pounds for them.”

“I know, I know,” whimpered the foolish little woman. “You have been good and kind; you have saved me. Take this ring as—”

“No; I want no gifts from you,” said Hagar, going to the door.

“Why not—why not?”

Hagar looked back with a glance of immeasurable contempt. “I take nothing from a woman who betrays her husband,” she said tranquilly. “Good-night, Mrs. Delamere—and be careful how you write letters to your next lover. He may have a valet also,” and Hagar left the magnificent room, with Mrs. Delamere standing in it white with rage and terror and humiliation. In those few contemptuous words of the poor gipsy girl her sin came home to her.

Hagar had come to the West-end to see the woman who had written the letters; now she walked back to her Lambeth pawnshop to interview the man to whom they had been sent. She was not a girl who did things by halves; and, bent upon thwarting in every way the scoundrelism of John Peters, she had sent a message to his master. In reply, Lord Averley had informed her that he would call on her at the time and place mentioned in her letter. The time was nine o’clock; the place, the dingy parlour of the pawnshop; and here Hagar intended to inform Lord Averley of the way in which she had saved Mrs. Delamere from the greed of the valet. Also, she intended to make him take back the casket and repay the money lent on it. In all her dabbings in romance Hagar never forgot that she was a woman of business, and was bound to get as much money as possible for the heir of the old miser who had fed and sheltered her when

she had come a fugitive to London. Hagar's ethics would have been quite incomprehensible to the majority of mankind.

True to the hour, Lord Averley made his appearance in Carby's Crescent, and was admitted by Hagar to the back parlour. He was a tall, slender, fair man, no longer in his first youth, with a colourless face, which was marked by a somewhat tired expression. He looked a trifle surprised at the sight of Hagar's rich beauty, having expected to find an old hag in charge of a pawnshop. However, he made no comment, but bowed gravely to the girl, and took the seat she offered to him. In the light of the lamp Hagar looked long and earnestly at his handsome face. There was a look of intellect on it which made her wonder how he could have found satisfaction in the love of a frivolous doll like Mrs. Delamere. But Hagar quite forgot for the moment that the fullest delight of life lies in contrast.

"I have no doubt you wondered at receiving a letter from a pawnshop," she said abruptly.

"I confess I did," he replied quietly; "but because you mentioned that you had my casket I came. It is here, you say."

Hagar took the silver box off a near shelf and placed it on the table before him. "It was pawned here two weeks ago," she said quietly. "I lent thirteen pounds; so, if you give me that sum and the month's interest, you can have it."

Without a word Lord Averley counted out the thirteen pounds, but he had to ask her what the interest was. Hagar told him, and in a few moments the transaction was concluded. Then Averley spoke.

"How did you know it was my casket?"

"The man who pawned it told me so."

"That was strange."

"Not at all, my lord. I made him tell me."

"H'm! you look clever," said Averley, looking at her with interest.

"May I ask the name of the man who pawned this?"

"Certainly. He was your valet, John Peters."

"Peters!" echoed her visitor. "Oh, you must be mistaken! Peters is an honest man!"

"He is a scoundrel and a thief, Lord Averley; and but for me he would have been a blackmailer."

"A blackmailer?"

"Yes, there were letters in that casket."

"Were letters!" said Averley hurriedly, and drew the box towards him. "Do you know the secret?"

"Yes; I found the secret recess and the letters. It was lucky for you that I did so. Your indiscreet speech to a friend informed Peters that compromising letters were hidden in the casket. He came here to find them, but I had already removed them."

"And where are they now?"

"I returned them to the married woman who wrote them."

"How did you know who wrote them?" asked Lord Averley, raising his eyebrows.

"I read one of the letters, and then Peters told me the name of the lady. He proposed to blackmail her. I ostensibly agreed, and went to see the lady, to whom I gave back the letters. I asked you here to-night to return the casket; also to put you on your guard against John Peters. He is coming to see me to-morrow, to get—as he thinks—the money obtained by means of the letters. That is the whole story."

"It's a queer one," replied Averley, smiling. "I shall certainly discharge Peters, but I won't prosecute him for thieving. He knows about the letters, and they are far too dangerous to be brought into court."

"They are not dangerous now, my lord. I have given them back to the woman who wrote them."

"That was very good of you," said Averley, satirically. "May I ask the name of the lady?"

"Surely you know! Mrs. Delamere."

Averley looked aghast for a moment, and then began to laugh quietly. "My dear young lady," he said, as soon as he could bring his mirth within bounds, "would it not have been better to have consulted me before returning those letters?"

"No," said Hagar boldly, "for you might not have handed them over."

"Certainly I should not have handed them to Mrs. Delamere!" said Averley, with a fresh outburst of laughter.

"Why not?"

"Because she never wrote them. My dear lady, I burnt all the letters I got from Mrs. Delamere, and I told her I had done so. The letters in this casket signed 'Beatrice' were from a different lady altogether. I shall have to see Mrs. Delamere. She'll never forgive me. Oh, what a comedy!" and he began laughing again.

Hagar was annoyed. She had acted for the best, no doubt; but she had given the letters to the wrong woman. Shortly the humour of the mistake struck her also, and she laughed in concert with Lord Averley.

"I'm sorry I made a mistake," she said at length.

"You couldn't help it," replied Averley, rising. "It was that scoundrel Peters who put you wrong. But I'll discharge him to-morrow, and get those letters of Beatrice back from Mrs. Delamere."

"And you'll leave that poor little woman alone," said Hagar, as she escorted him to the door.

"My dear lady, now that Mrs. Delamere has read those letters she'll leave me alone—severely. She'll never forgive me. Good-night. Oh, me, what a comedy!"

Lord Averley went off, casket and all. Peters never came back to get his share of the blackmail; so Hagar supposed he had learnt the truth from his master as to what she had done. As to Mrs. Delamere, Hagar often wondered what she said when she read those letters signed "Beatrice." But only Lord Averley could have told her that; and Hagar never saw him again; nor did she ever see Peters the blackmailer. Finally, she never set eyes again on the Cinque Cento Florentine casket which had contained the love-letters of—the wrong woman.

*(To be Continued.)*

## THE IDEAL.

OFTEN, when Spring was abroad in the land,  
 And her harp-strings thrilled to her magic hand,  
 I fled from the city's walls of stone  
 And wandered among the hills, alone.  
 There I heard the flower-crowned goddess play  
 Such matchless strains at the break of day;  
 It seemed, as I watched day's golden birth,  
 That Heaven had come upon the earth.  
 But once, by a stream, as I wandered there,  
 I met with a maiden passing fair;  
 She held in her hand a golden lute,  
 She touched the strings and the Spring was mute.  
 I still return, in the Spring's sweet prime,  
 To the hills, but there haunts me all the time  
 Stray chords from that maiden's wondrous theme,  
 More sweet than the music of a dream.

*Bradford K. Daniels.*



## TRIFLE AND TRAGEDY.

LIFE may be largely made up of what we call trifles, but once in a while we run up against one of its tragedies. We then know how trifling some of our lives are. The best friend I ever had in life, Muckleson of New York, was saved to me because an Indian woman was a human pagan and sinned. Muckleson and I would be passing each other with cold, haughty stares to-day if it were not that her husband invoked the law of the Sarcee nation in such cases made and provided and shot her.

With a half-breed guide we, that is, Muckleson and I, were sheep-shooting a few years ago at the head waters of the North Fork of the Saskatchewan River in that part of the Rockies known as the Big Horn Hills. And we were in hard luck. The guileless Rocky Mountain sheep requires a considerable amount of toil, energetic climbing ability and an aptitude to hit a mark at several hundred yards on the part of any one who desires to carry it, dead and hollowed out, in triumph into camp. Muckleson and I had hunted for two weeks steadily and conscientiously. We had an occasional glimpse of a picturesque-looking ram standing sentinel on a distant jutting cliff, but the heads that were to ornament prominent positions over our respective fire-places were yet attached to their natural owners: Two weeks of that sort of thing is not conducive to the higher spiritual nature of man, and Muckleson and I were not agreeable companions before the end of the first week. Ten days of fruitless endeavour made us drop "old fellow" and "old man," and confine ourselves to surnames and laconic sentences abusive of the grub, the weather and things in general.

One afternoon after a long day's wearisome work, climbing over boulders and scaling heights, Muckleson and I met at the base of a snow-capped mountain that we had encircled, each

taking a side. Away up at the top of a precipice so perpendicular that it seemed as if built by human hands, as the wall of some enormous castle, we saw a flock of sheep. They were almost at the snow-line and fully five hundred yards away. The patriarch of the flock stood as a sentinel on what looked like one of the ramparts, and we looked with longing in our hearts at his magnificent horns outlined against the sky. They had been paying their periodical visit to the salt-lick, a bed of alkali lying at the foot of the precipitous cliff. Stalking was impossible under the keen eyes of the sentinel, and there was no cover on the lick below us. The range was long, for we both had Winchesters of the same calibre, a heavy rifle being too cumbersome on such hunting ground; but there was an off chance, and sighting at five hundred, we fired together. The sheep on the heights disappeared as if by magic. We had missed. But in the midst of the myriad echoes of our rifle shots from the surrounding mountains I heard Muckleson yell out, "Quick! Look to the right," and I saw bounding up one side of the lick over the scattered boulders fifty yards away, a fine young ram. I fired almost at the same instant as Muckleson. The game was hard hit we could see, but still gallantly sprang from rock to rock, on and upwards. Again both rifles belched forth, and the plucky mountaineer fell short in its last leap and after a few convulsive kicks lay dead.

"I flatter myself," said Muckleson, with a smile of self-congratulation that overspread a considerable portion of his face, "that I made pretty good shooting, considering that it was on the run." I was surprised at Muckleson, for I knew I had a dead sight on the sheep at my second shot anyway, and had wounded him at the first, and I told him so as politely as I could in order not to hurt his feelings. For

Muckleson prided himself on his shooting. "There are my two shots," he calmly said as he turned the animal over with an air of proprietorship that I naturally resented, knowing that I had shot it.

Now Muckleson was as decent a fellow as one wants to meet, but he shouldn't be met out hunting, especially when the question of shooting comes up. But I couldn't help feeling indignant at the manner in which he admired the curling horns, which he said would just set off his smoking-room; and I reiterated the statement that I had a dead sight on that sheep when I fired. Muckleson then drew himself up and with eyebrows uplifted asked in a tone that made me feel like hitting him, "Do you mean to say, Mr. Lewis, that you consider that you killed this sheep?" And I said, "Most assuredly, Mr. Muckleson." And there on the mountain side we talked coldly and quietly for fully half-an-hour over the prostrate body of the ram.

It would have been better if either had flown into a rage and had the matter over with; but no, I knew that that sheep was mine, and Muckleson talked as if he believed it was his. And we got cooler and quieter and more polite the longer we talked. Muckleson remarked that it was strange that the restraints of civilization and public opinion were the influences that kept some men straight in town, and the moment they were released from them they showed themselves in their true colours, and he said something about scratching a Russian. And I retorted that selfish egotism was never so easily detected as on a hunting trip and that he could have *my* sheep, hang *my* horns in his drawing-room, and use *my* sheepskin to get out of bed on every morning during the rest of his natural life, if he so desired.

And Muckleson said that he would see himself hanged before he would take a sheep that another, under a hallucination or something worse, contended belonged to him. And I told Muckleson the blooming thing could

rot where it was before I would have anything that a man claimed because he happened to shoot off a rifle in the neighbourhood. And then we walked in silence the three or four miles to camp, and the only trophy of our bows and spears was left lying on the mountain side with its very presentable-looking horns. And the guide is yet wondering why there was that fusillade in the afternoon and that Muckleson and I always talked to and sometimes at each other through him for ten days.

That sheep put a stop to the hunting. We broke camp and journeyed along the foot hills southwards to strike Calgary or Cochrane on the Canadian Pacific Railway. And Muckleson and I continued to make asses of ourselves by only speaking to each other when necessity made it unavoidable. But after a month's time devoted to sheep hunting, with all its attendant hardships, to find that the only one you shot is claimed by another has a tendency to embitter a man. If we hadn't struck that camp of Sarcee Indians four days out from Calgary, Muckleson and I would be abusing each other through life.

When we jogged into the temporary village of forty or fifty tepees that morning, anyone could see that something unusual was in the wind. This was no hunting party. It was evident the camp had been made for several days. Everything pointed to one of the usual migrations of the plain Indian; but what could explain the stop in the little valley of the foot hills far from the mountain hunting grounds? There was a strange quietness throughout the tepees. The squaws and children were within, and even the multitude of dogs common to every Indian encampment forgot to herald our arrival with their sharp, wolf-like barking. The Indians we met looked as if some serious business was on hand. Our guide said there was a council, and after we had pitched our tent on a knoll overlooking the village, Muckleson and he went down to see what was up. In about half an hour Muckleson burst in on me: "Great heavens! Lewis, come

down with me to those brutes of Sarcees. They are going to kill a woman!" And the sheep lying on the mountain side was forgotten. "She would have been killed off hand," Muckleleson continued, "if she were not the chief's daughter and the best looking girl in the tribe. But they gave her a trial. Pierre (our guide) found it all out. We must do something, and at once. Why are they going to kill her? The old, old reason—married the wrong man, and the right one turned up at the wrong time. You know the penalty among the Blackfeet and Sarcees. And the husband has insisted on his rights. And he will kill her to-day."

A Sarcee is a devil in a red skin. Although we knew how conservative the Blackfeet and their blood allies the Sarcees were as to their tribal customs and laws, and how they repelled the advances of missionaries and Indian agents, we interceded for the unfortunate woman before the Chief. He told us the husband had demanded his right to slay and the law of the Sarcees said he might. We offered him, and offered the husband, money, rifles, ponies, blankets, everything that we possessed that wasn't essential for the completion of our journey, to forego what we looked upon as a cold-blooded murder. But the husband didn't deign to answer what he considered insults to his manhood beyond the scornful refusal seen in his dark eyes. Muckleleson at last hinted something about the Mounted Police and Canadian law, and so forth. But the Chief's eyes flashed and there was an ominous murmur amongst the assembled Indians at the thought of White interference with a law the Sarcee held before the pale-face dreamt of the prairies of the west.

"Can we not rescue the poor creature?" asked Muckleleson desperately. "She is only a savage, and with all the instincts of a savage. And the beast who is going to kill her bought her against her will from that avaricious old scoundrel her father." But what could three men do against two hundred, and we returned

to our camp and grew half sick with horror as we thought of the young girl, for she was little more than a child, that had crouched in the middle of the council tent while she listened to the judgment of death pronounced against her by the father who had sold her.

The afternoon grew on and we sat and watched the tepee where the husband and wife, the executioner and victim were. The suspense grew horrible. Muckleleson couldn't stand it, and went to the Chief and offered his gold repeater and his Winchester if he would postpone the execution for two days, in the hope that something might turn up. But the Chief said the matter was out of his hands. It was between the husband and wife.

As the sun was tipping with silver and gold the snow-crowned mountains in the west, the man stepped out from the tepee with his rifle on his shoulder and was followed immediately by the graceful-looking young squaw. He strode ahead without looking behind, for he knew his victim was meekly following. Indians, squaws and papooses were in their carefully closed tepees, and as the two walked through the silent village we seemed to be the only ones that saw the march of death. There were no tears, good-byes, or priestly comfortings for the unfortunate girl who followed the long strides of him who was about to kill her. She looked neither to the right nor to the left till she came to the bluff behind which the deed was to be done, and then she turned and took her last look of home and people. A few minutes afterwards there was a shot, and the man came out of the bluff alone.

"My God!" muttered Muckleleson, "I feel like taking a shot at that murderer."

"If you do, so will I," I said, "and, like the sheep, we can both claim having shot him."

Muckleleson gave a sort of hysterical laugh and held out his hand meaningly, and said, "Let us get out of this; I seem to be choking when I'm near those cut-throats."

## AN UNEXPECTED BEAR.

*With Drawings by Simonski.*

"EF you'll set quiet right yar by thet big hemlock, fernenst the runway, an' not git meanderin' off after specermins, ner yet shootin' at patridge, or groundhogs, or enny thrash that cums along—I'll run a deer slap over you in about ten or fifteen minutes," remarked the guide, as we stood together at the mouth of a queer place called the "Frying Pan," not far from Lake Joseph, in Central Muskoka.

The name "Frying Pan" described the place well. A high amphitheatre of rocks enclosed a dense cedar swamp, with a small beaver meadow in the centre of it, the whole swamp not containing more than eight or ten acres of ground. The only exit, unless you climbed up the high surrounding rocks, was a straight, narrow pass about twenty paces across, corresponding exactly with the handle of a frying-pan.

"Now you kin shoot straight enuff, when you're put to it," continued the guide, who was the well-known Blackburn, a celebrity in Muskoka at that somewhat distant day. "What I objec' to, is thet permiskyus habit of gunnin' at patridge, rabbit an' sech, on a runway; when yer whole soul ortal to be sorter glued onto shootin' nothin' but buck." And as he led off the three hounds to put them in at the further end of the frying-pan, he delivered the following aphorism for my benefit, which I commend to the attention of every young sportsman: "When yer after patridge, shoot patridge; when yer after deer, shoot deer an' nothin' else."

Left alone, I seated my-

self on an old log close to the runway, where I was well concealed by the great trunk of the hemlock referred to, and composed myself to wait the twenty minutes or so that would elapse before he could get the hounds into the further end of the cover.

It was very quiet that calm October morning in the great wilderness that surrounded me; so quiet that a woodpecker pounding the shell of a dead pine near made a noise that was positively obtrusive. Now and then a dead leaf fluttered to the ground, or a chipmunk ran across the runway; and once, a partridge ran from among the cedars, almost to the log I was sitting on, saw me, stopped a moment with



BLACKBURN AND HIS DOGS.



DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

I SIGHTED AT HIS CHEST AND FIRED.



"I waited some minutes, tense and rigid."

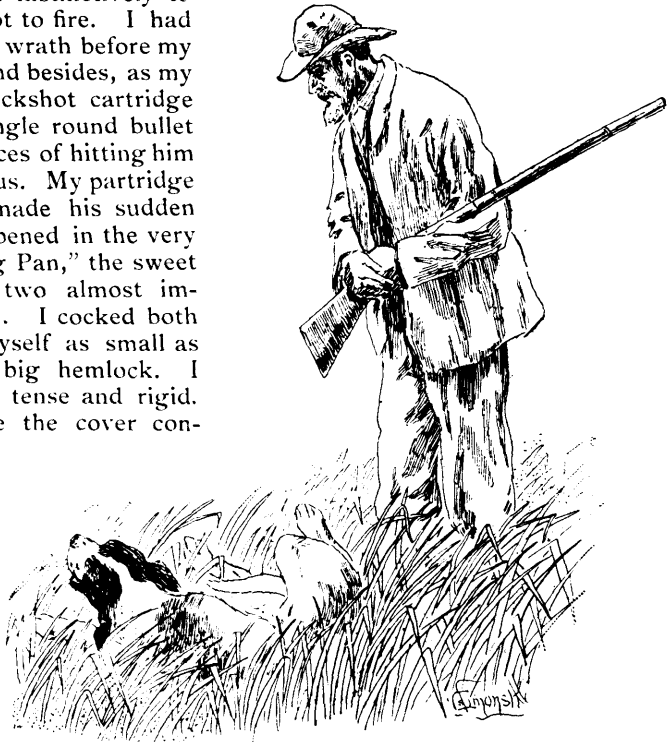
his ruff out, and was off with a whir-r-r, that brought my gun instinctively to my shoulder. But not to fire. I had the fear of my guide's wrath before my eyes for one thing; and besides, as my twelve-bore had a buckshot cartridge in one barrel and a single round bullet in the other, the chances of hitting him were more than dubious. My partridge visitant had hardly made his sudden exit, when a hound opened in the very centre of the "Frying Pan," the sweet voices of the other two almost immediately chiming in. I cocked both barrels, and made myself as small as possible behind the big hemlock. I waited some minutes, tense and rigid. The pow-wow inside the cover continued. Now, I was at this time, as the sporting reader has probably discovered for himself, a champion greenhorn about deer shooting. Still, I had just sense enough to know that a deer, in such a small cover, with

hounds after him, would have been out long before. Besides, I had become impressed with the fact that the hounds were following no trail, but were "bay-ing" something.

I feared, too, that it might be a porcupine, that dreaded enemy of dogs. Most sportsmen know what their quills are in a dog's mouth and throat, and what fun it is, both for you and the dog, getting them out.

So I resolved to go and investigate. Next moment found me forcing my way through one of the vilest and thickest cedar swamps I ever traversed, and I've been through a good many. There was some black ash in it, too, of whose thorns I have a vivid recollection to this day.

After a few minutes of real hearty exercise in this "forest primeval" I emerged on the edge of the beaver meadow, and then I found out what the hounds were after. Raised on his hind legs, and evidently in an awfully



Did ye shoot the dog, too?

sinful passion, for the foam was dropping from his jaws, was a fine black bear. Not of the largest size perhaps, but a good average bear for all that. The hounds were baying him at a respectful distance, and he was occupied in trying to get hold of one of them with all the energies of his being, when I appeared on the scene.

The instant I grasped the situation I fired my right (the buckshot) barrel at him; but whether from the quick movement of the brute, or whether I was experiencing a slight touch of that ignoble feeling which schoolboys denominate "funk," the shot struck far back, hitting him in the flank. He immediately dropped on all fours, and came straight at me. It was at this stirring moment that I distinctly remember the generous wish, crossing my mind, that Blackburn were with me to share the glory—and the danger.

Luckily, the hounds were animated by the shot, and ran in on him; the youngest hound, whom his master in some prophetic moment had called "Sorrow," on account probably of the mournfulness of his howl, literally jumped on the bear's neck, and seized him by the back of it. The bear rose on his hind legs, and wiped poor Sorrow off like a fly.

As he did so, I sighted at his chest and fired, and the bear fell stone dead. The heavy round 12-bore bullet made a

hole you could put three fingers into, and at that short range, no rifle ball would have stopped him as effectually.

I had driven the other hounds off my game, and was standing over him, hardly able to realize my good luck, when Blackburn appeared on the scene.

"So you left yer stand agin, sir," he called, in reproachful accents. "What did you git?" he added, with fine scorn, "a nice leetle rabbit?"

"No," I said, "I've shot a bear."

He looked at the bear, then he looked at me, then he sat down on the ground.

"Wal, wal!" he remarked, after a moment's reflection, "beginners hes luck! Did ye shoot the dog, too?" he pursued, rising and going over to the inanimate form of poor Sorrow.

We did our best to revive the poor dog, but he was gone. In fact, as the Irish gentleman remarked of his adversary after the fight, "He wasn't worth pickin' up out of the gutter." So we interred him on the field of battle. Shortly after, two dishevelled-looking hunters might have been observed paddling a dug-out down the beautiful river that flowed close to the scene of action. A short pipe was in each man's mouth, and an expression of infinite content rested on the features of each. They were Blackburn and myself, conveying to camp the remains of "The Unexpected Bear."

*Reginald Gourlay.*



## GOING DOWN TO SEA.

I N times of solitariness and pain,  
Far spent with fevrous madness and disease,  
Haply to me there comes an hour of ease,  
Of brightness for the weary heart and brain.  
Though but in fancy thou art once again  
My own as in the vanished, peerless days,  
When we went wandering down the orchard ways  
Indulging hopes that were to be in vain.  
Nor ever all in vain, O love of mine,  
For if the dread unknown be paradise,  
There shall our love be unity divine  
And should oblivion catch me from the steep  
Of time, thy loveliness shall fill my eyes  
Before I sink into eternal sleep.

*William T. Allison.*







THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY EXHIBITION, TORONTO, 1898.

(PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE CARBON STUDIO.)

1. The Modeller, by E. Dyonette 2. After a Day's Sport, by T. Mower Martin. 3. "Jeanne," by Miss Tully.  
4. Landscape, by W. E. Atkinson. 5. The Goose Girl, by Chas. E. Moss.]



## MY OLD GUITAR.

“Where softly sighs the light guitar.”

—*Song.*

WELL, my long day in the office is over at last! Long rows of figures and the daily grind of writing the like thing over and over become monotonous; and I am glad!

It is rather depressing, this heat, though I feel somewhat revived since tea. Those wild raspberries and cream were especially nice and refreshing—just the thing after a hot, wearing day to tempt one's truant taste. Now I shall pick up this old, constant sweetheart of my bachelorhood, and sitting here by the window in the dying light, with the cool air breathing soothingly in through the sweet pea vines, coax it into charming me into all sorts of moods and tenses. Perchance it may even betray me into showing some of those shifting canvasses of my life—old simoleon that I am—if it touches those hidden springs this evening as warmly as it sometimes does. What a power is there in the taut steel and gut and silver!

I want something to help me fling off this lingering sense of lassitude. “Sebastopol” should do it.

I see the Tower of the Malakoff and the armies of the allies and of the enemy. There has been a lull in the fighting, but now the English and the French begin another advance against the terrible Tower.

“‘Ark to the fifes a-crawlin’.” The bugles blow, the drums roll. Listen to the band! It is far off yet, and the sound comes faintly over the hollow distance. After the awful experiences through which they have passed—the cholera, the famine, the frightful battles where blood ran like water, the trenches gorged with dead—how bravely, almost jauntily, step the scarlet and the grey to the inspiriting measure! Now they move more swiftly and more soberly as the music swells, louder, deeper. There is a strain, a pretty,

crescendo strain—but with a pensive catch in the clear, high notes which suggests: “Do your duty, men, though it be for the last time,” and a tinge of sadness mingles with the stern, determined look on some of the faces.

Ah! there comes the cavalry. Let us stand here, off from the Malakoff, and watch them as they move up to the attack. How beautifully the horses round the plain—swords and accoutrements flashing—in swing with the full, galloping melody which floats with them!

The bugle sounds to form up for the attack, and there is a temporary cessation of the advance while all draw together to receive the commands. Now they are ready. The bands are playing again—not very loudly, but with a deadly, earnest intensity, as it seems, pouring from the brass and silver throats. It is a time for great deeds, a time to die if so be for the honour of one's country. “If I fall to-day,” thinks the soldier, “they will say at home, proudly through their grief: ‘He died before Sebastopol.’”

Hark to the great guns before the Malakoff and the thundering replies! They are in the thick of the fight now. There is not much music—only sound, heavy, dolorous, awful; confusion and fierce, fateful strife!

But it is over. The enemy give way, the band plays out clearly once more, and the cavalry sweep to the front with a proud glitter, charging the guns before the Malakoff. The foe falls back, the bugle sounds. A light echo comes from the far-off hills. The infantry—all that are left of them and are able—draw compactly together over the senseless, unheeding form of foe and of comrade. The band is playing again the sprightly air, which grows faint and more faint as they step triumphantly forward—over the fortifications—into the city—Sebastopol is won!

How it stirs one's pulses!

But enough of war. Here are "The Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes," by Strauss. Let us linger for a moment beside the glorious old stream which flows, flows and wheels and curls darkly under the peeping stars. The tiny hand of a lady is placed lightly on the casement of that latticed window yonder—

"A face looks out as from the river shore,  
There steals a tender serenade. . . .  
But ah! the river flows along  
Between them evermore."

—flows, flows and wheels and eddies, slowly and softly lapping the shore gently, while the chords from the strings pour soft, mellow, clinging sounds through my window and the flowers, out into the deepening twilight, in imitation of it. And yet

"The faint, sweet echo of that serenade  
Floats weirdly o'er the misty tide"

after the guitar is silent. I am listening to it still.

Ah! this is a river nearer and dearer to us of this New World—the Suanee—and "The Old Folks at Home." I see them all. There is my good old mother, with her silvering hair. She is wondering, I know, where her first-born is to-night; if he is well—the one who went into the great Wild West many years ago, full of hope, to find his fortune—and has not yet found it. I see her as she stands on the threshold that summer morning that I went away—her hair was not silvered then—with her dear, anguished face, and lips too tremulous, and voice too choked to say the sad, sweet words, "Good bye!"

I see my father, too, but it is a vision of childhood and of a bedside, where he went to sleep that still September afternoon, with one hand in mine and another in that of my mother.

This is my youngest sister, the only one left now with "the old folks at home," a girl just budding into womanhood, wondering, too, of all her brothers and sisters, while she sits at the feet of mother, talking in low tones in the waning light; musing, too, doubt-

less, on all the possibilities the future may hold for her.

There are my two elder sisters—though they are *not* there. They have each other ties and cares and troubles and happinesses, and are solving the great problem of life, each for herself, widely separated from "the old folks at home" and from each other. Yet I see them—at home. She is sitting, the younger one, the little one, behind me on the bare floor of the "store-room" in the old house; but I am not noticing her very much just now. I am very much engaged, by the aid of a lamp, also on the floor, preparing to seek my fortune. I am packing my trunk to go forth on the morrow into that great unknown West. After a time I catch a slight suspicious sound and turn at once. Then I clasp her head to my breast, and she bursts out:

"I—I—I—don't want—you—to—go—a—a-wa-ay!"

Memories, too, there are of my other sister and of days too bright and too many to think all over now.

"When I was playin' wid my brother  
How happy was I!"

I wonder where *he* is to-night, my "little" brother—bigger than I now—the only brother I have. Perhaps, with his hand on the wheel, where the great waves of some distant sea beat fiercely against the windows of the wheel-house; for he has long been a sailor. Heaven guard him! I have many memories of him, but one is forever ineffaceable. I had just passed through a great danger. I put out my hand when I met him again and said simply: "Well, Charlie."

His eyes were upon mine and they were full, but he took no notice of my hand. Suddenly he stepped forward, pushed it aside, caught me in his arms, patting my back impulsively—and *kissed* me, while two great drops rolled slowly down his cheeks. Men looked on, but they looked on reverently; they did not laugh. I had just come with my life through an Indian massacre and two months subsequent captivity in the hostile camp.

It was during that two months, also,

that my mother's hair turned from black to silver.

There is just one other old, sad, sweet tune ; then my sweetheart must be put lovingly aside and reverie will

away in wreaths of smoke and the pages of "Treasure Island," for I am still a boy, though an old one. It is—

"Home, sweet home."

Good night, mother !

*Musquash.*

## CANADA : AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

### *A Review.*

CONSIDERABLE criticism was made upon the first volume of "Canada: An Encyclopædia."\* The second volume is of such a character as to disarm any further remarks of a like character. Some of the quotations in the editor's notes are made from such books as Begg's "History of British Columbia," when it might have been better to make them from the original authorities which Mr. Begg and other Canadian historians must have consulted. This endless quotation from Christie and Garneau and Bourinot and Kingsford is not the best method in historical books which claim originality. There is some overlapping in these same notes by the editor which might have been avoided. But after all these are small points. The great question which the reviewer must ask himself is: "Is this work a valuable contribution to any branch of our literature?" The answer in this case is in the affirmative. Mr. Hopkins is doing historical work, the value of which is fully equal to the historical work done by Parkman and Kingsford. He is collecting and arranging material hitherto inaccessible to the ordinary reader or student. Moreover, he is "creating" material; because, had such a work not been undertaken, Canada would never have seen much of the information which the staff of clever Canadians contributing to the undertaking are now writing down for the benefit of the public. For example, Lord Strathcona might never have written a book on "The History of the Hudson Bay Company," yet the first article in this second volume is by this writer on

this important subject. So with Sir Sandford Fleming's "Historical Sketch of the Intercolonial Railway," Dean Harris' valuable article on the "History of the Roman Catholic Church in Ontario," Father O'Leary's "History of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec," prepared under the direction of Archbishop Bégin, or with a dozen others to be found in this volume. These men would not write books, but they possess information which, if put in permanent form, as is done here, will be of immense assistance to our future historians and to our present citizens. It is only by knowing the history of this country thoroughly from beginning to end, inside and outside, that citizens and statesmen of value can be produced. The leaders of Canadian thought are those men who know Canada best, and no one can know Canada without knowing every part of her history. Moreover, Canadian history is not merely a collection of dates and short statements of political events as our school histories would teach us. It is an account of the men who made this country, of the traders who first threaded the forest defiles and established posts along the great lakes and through the Northwest, of the explorers like LaSalle and Mackenzie, and Fraser, of the priests and preachers who moulded the early life of the pioneers, of the men who changed the pathless forests to cultivated fields, of those intellectual and brainy giants who built our railways and our canals, established our first steamship lines and laid the foundations of our internal and external trade, of the various influences which have gone to

\*Linscott Publishing Co., Toronto.

make Canada what she is and what she will be—it is an account of these men and these influences which is history, and this is the kind of history which Mr. Hopkins is endeavouring to collect in the volume which he is editing.

The introduction to this volume is written by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Section I. deals with the Hudson Bay Company and early North-West annals, and the chief article in it is contributed by Lord Strathcona. Section II. gives the History of Canadian Railways, and among the contributors are Sir Sanford Fleming, Thomas C. Keefer, J. J. Lanning, Molyneux St. John and the Editor. Section III. is entitled History and Doctrines of Canadian Methodism, to which Dr. Carman, Rev. T. W. Smith and Professor Badgley contribute. Section IV. deals with the Church of England, and the names of some of the leading Anglican divines

are found at the heads of the various articles. Section V. gives the history of the Roman Catholic Church in five articles. That on the Doctrines and Polity of the Church by Archbishop Walsh is exceedingly important, and will be read with great interest, especially by Protestants.

The editor's notes in each of these departments exhibit a great amount of careful research and a wonderful knowledge of where historical information is to be found. It must have taken years of patient work on the part of Mr. Hopkins to acquire this knowledge of official documents, records, and historical data.

One other feature should be mentioned, and that is the portraits which accompany the text. These are exceedingly valuable, and are not so numerous as to give the work a cheap appearance. The letterpress and binding of the volumes leave little to be desired.

*John A. Cooper.*

### EN ROUTE TO ALASKA.

UP from the fence-row and the hedge,  
 In the burst of the sunrise glow,  
 From the leaf-strewn path and the water's edge,  
 Where the rippling breezes blow,  
 The sparrow is tuning his voice to sing  
 The old, but ever new song of spring,—  
 Fox-hued sparrow, the bird books say,  
 And the brown of his coat is tinged that way.

Far from the land of woe and strife,  
 To a land of forest and gold,  
 The sparrow, with his dainty wife,  
 Is skimming wood and wold.  
 And by-and-bye, when the journey's o'er,  
 From Cuba to Alaska's shore,  
 Nesting close by the Yukon's wave  
 They will sing o'er the miner's lonely grave.

Many a traveller wends his way  
 To that distant land of gold,  
 And from early morn till the close of day  
 He gathers wealth untold ;  
 But I'd rather be the sparrow brave  
 In his home by the swollen Yukon's wave,  
 Than a Klondike miner with all his hoard,  
 But never a note on love's sweet chord.

*Henry K. Rowe.*

## “GEOFF.”

*By the Author of “Winifred’s Whim,” “A Bad Quarter of an Hour,” etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER I.

“**W**HOSE portrait is that, Mrs. Baxter?”

“That is Master Geoffrey’s likeness, Miss Huntley,” returned the old house-keeper, as she bustled to one of the farther windows and drew up the blinds.

We were standing in the great state drawing-room of Chesunt Manor. Although nearly seventeen, this was the first time that I had ever seen the place which for many years had always been spoken of to me as “home.” Sir Harold Chesunt, with whom I lived, was not my grandfather, although I called him so. His only daughter had become my father’s second wife when I was but an infant; and upon his death, little more than twelve months afterwards, my step-mother, who was very delicate, took me abroad, where we had lived ever since, in first one warm spot and then another.

I used to stand in great awe of grandpapa at first, he was so tall, and looked so grave and stern; but I soon grew accustomed to the stately old world courtesy of his manner, and learned to know, with the quickness of childhood, that however cold to others he might be, there was always a warm corner in his heart for me. For the last two years of my mother’s life he lived with us altogether, and I do not think that either of them ever cast a thought to the fact that I was not really the child and grandchild I seemed to be. I am sure I never did!

“You will take care of my little Dolly, papa?” I heard my mother say once.

“Assuredly, my dear Beatrice,” was the reply. “I love the child for her own sake, and she will be all that I have to care for when you are gone.”

Then mamma sighed, and looked

earnestly at him; but he shook his head, replying:

“No, my love, I can make no advance; and who knows what may have happened during the years that are past.” Then she turned away and said nothing more.

It was two months after we had lost her that grandpapa said one morning:

“Dolly, how soon could you be ready to start for home?”

Any time, I told him. Was it not the one thing that I most wished for? Though I had made the best of our sojourn abroad for my mother’s sake, yet I always longed to return to England, whither I had never been since I had left it as a child, and of which I was always dreaming, and I knew that grandpapa was equally anxious to do so. So homeward we came, as fast as wind and weather, boat and rail, would bring us; and one mild spring evening a week later saw us driving under the great old stone gateway of Chesunt Manor, with the well-worn coat-of-arms in the masonry above the centre arch, that looked as if it had stood the battle and the breeze since at least the times when good Queen Bess was mistress of the realm, while two large stone griffins kept guard on either side, and behind was a pretty little lodge covered with ivy. Through the park, up a drive between rhododendron bushes, and finally up to the manor, at the sight of which I could not repress my exclamations of delight; for of all the stately houses of England, this was certainly one of the most beautiful. I loved it at first sight, and have loved it ever since.

I think that grandpapa felt this home-coming very much, for though he sat looking as calm as usual, his eyes glanced restlessly from one familiar object to another as they appeared in sight, and coming through the park

I heard him sigh deeply. I thought then that perhaps he was thinking of mamma, whom he had hoped to bring with him. I knew nothing of the skeleton in the cupboard that the sight of the undulating woodlands, the park, and the old grey pile were bringing back so vividly to my grandfather; and when I thrust my fingers into his for sympathy, and felt him gently pat them with his wrinkled, well-bred, brown hand that never, during the seventy years of his life, had been raised to do a mean or dishonourable action, how little I guessed the bitter memories that were crowding in the proud, reserved heart.

We had been home a week, and already I felt as if I had known the Manor all my life, when one morning, having nothing particularly to do, I got Mrs. Baxter to come with me on a tour of inspection all over the house. Grandpapa did not care to visit, and we lived principally in the south wing, where the rooms were warmer and more cosy; so when the housekeeper, keys in hand, and her round face beaming with pleasure and importance, proceeded to show me the departed glories of the place, I followed her from room to room with the greatest interest. There was a deserted air about the great apartments, with their carefully swathed-up and mummy-like furniture, that I remember impressed me with a vivid sense of neglect and decay, and made me realize the old histories and romances that I was so fond of poring over far better than I had ever done before, when I had read them at Cannes or elsewhere. The great drawing-room was the last apartment that we visited; and there, from the numerous long windows, we had a beautiful view right down into the valley just beneath, with the woodland on either side, the trout stream flashing in the sunlight like a silver streak of light, and the blue and purple hills beyond lifting their hoary heads to the clear sky. But I did not see all this at first, for my glance fell at once upon a large, full-length portrait, the painted eyes of which seemed to be smiling

down on me, and so I asked the question with which this story opens.

It was that of a young man in full hussar uniform; his busby was on the table beside him; from his left shoulder hung the dolman—I am told they do not wear it now—while his arm was raised and his hand rested on the hilt of his sword. He appeared to be standing looking straight down on us, with his chin slightly in the air and a smile on his face. He was the handsomest man that I had ever seen, and therefore I gazed at him with proportionate admiration.

Perfect features, deep blue eyes, sunny brown hair, which, in spite of being so short, insisted on curling over his broad, low forehead; a well-cut mouth, partly hidden by a drooping fair moustache, and the most utterly easy, devil-me-care expression I had ever seen on a face before. He seemed very tall, taller even than grandpapa, and looked magnificent in all his fripperies.

"It must have been a great blow to grandpapa when he died," I remarked calmly, still with my eyes fixed upon the painted blue ones above me.

"Died, Miss Huntley!" cried Mrs. Baxter, the colour fading out of her ruddy face. "Has Sir Harold heard?"—then coming a little nearer and looking round, she proceeded in a lower tone—"Oh, Miss Huntley, my dear, you'll just tell me about it; for, wrong or right, somehow I always have thought we should see the young master come back to his own again. Oh, Master Geoffrey! Master Geoffrey! to think that you should have gone, with never a word to one of us, who loved you so well;" and much to my dismay the poor old dame burst into tears.

"I am sure I would tell you if I knew; but I don't even understand you," I exclaimed hastily, whereupon she seemed rather relieved, and, drying her eyes, inquired—

"But, dear me, Miss Huntley, your poor mamma must often have told you about her only brother, Master Geoffrey?"

"Hardly ever," I replied; "and it



always made her so miserable that I never asked. Where did he die?"

"There are worse things than death, Miss Huntley."

"Do you mean to say that he is alive?" I demanded breathlessly, my mind rapidly galloping to a hundred conclusions, as I brought my astonished eyes down from the canvas and fixed them upon her.

My question seemed to embarrass her seriously. She hesitated, and then appeared to be suddenly struck with the idea of showing me all the beauties the room contained, uncovering with trembling fingers the inlaid tables, ornaments and works of art. But I had found a real live mystery, a splendid and fascinating one, too, and was determined to get to the bottom of it; so my eyes kept wandering back to the smiling, insouciant face of Uncle Geoffrey.

"This was my Lady Chesunt's favourite place," said Mrs. Baxter, fussing round near one of the windows, and carefully dusting the top of the little malachite and ormolu table she had unswathed. "And this was her favourite chair; many and many an hour would she come and sit here working and looking towards the hills. 'For,' she would say, 'I do think that there is no view on earth more beautiful than the one from the windows of the great drawing-room,' that being what this room is called, Miss, to distinguish it from the blue drawing-room."

"Indeed."

"And this is the grand piano," continued the housekeeper, uncovering it as she spoke, and doubtless by this time fondly hoping that my attention was diverted.

But she little knew Dorothy Huntley. I might be small, and look childish for my seventeen years, but if once I made up my mind to a thing I generally accomplished it. So I struck a few chords on the piano, which was sadly in want of tuning, and took a few cursory looks at the other things that she displayed, listening with half an ear to her descriptive remarks on the same; and then, taking her by the arm, led

her back to the portrait, and said with calm firmness—

"Now, Mrs. Baxter, you will please tell me all about Uncle Geoffrey at once; because I am determined to know, and if you do not I must ask grandpapa."

This was a thing I should never really have dared to do, dearly as I loved him and much as he had indulged me. I knew too well the nature hidden behind that keen, eagle face to think of asking unwelcome questions, but it had just the effect that I desired on the old housekeeper.

"Ask Sir Harold, Miss," she gasped, evidently considering that my rashness could no further go. "Why, for all I know, he has never so much as mentioned Master Geoffrey's name these twelve or thirteen years."

"He must have behaved very badly, then," I artfully insinuated; and Mrs. Baxter, seeing that there was no help for it, rose to the occasion.

"Badly he may have behaved, and did, Miss Huntley," she began; "but I won't say there was no excuse for him, for he was one of those no one could say no to, and he had his own way from the time he was born. Even master himself, for all his great and haughty air, could not stand against him. I have seen him many a time, when he thought no one would notice, following Master Geoffrey with his eyes, and looking that proud of him, and they were so like in some of their ways, I have laughed to see them; though Sir Harold was always reserved and stately, and Master Geoffrey had a pleasant word and smile for every man, woman and child on the place; but they were both tall, you see, Miss, past the common, and—"

"I can see there is a likeness between them," I remarked.

"Then, from the time he was getting his schooling at Eton, nothing would suit him but that he must be a soldier."

"Quite right," I again interposed, approvingly, for I admired a military hero above all others, and glanced critically at my uncle's magnificent uniform.

“So a soldier he was,” she continued, “and Master and Miss Beatrice were as proud as proud could be of him, and us, too, Miss Huntley; for there was not one of us as would not have cut off our right hand to serve him. You see, my lady died when your mamma and he were but children, and whatever he wanted he would come dashing to me for in his quick, bright way, and it was, ‘Baxter, do this,’ or ‘Baxter, you’ll get me that,’ half-a-dozen times a day when he was home from school. But he had not been an officer long before I began to hear, one way or other, that he was always wanting money. He never had any care of his money, throwing it about like a prince, and seeming as though he always thought there was sure to be plenty more where that came from. I heard from his man, when Master Geoffrey was at home for a bit, and some of his brother officers with him for the shooting, that Master Geoffrey’s was one of the fastest light cavalry regiments as the Queen had, and that Master Geoffrey was the handsomest man in it, and run after everywhere. And, dear, dear, Miss Huntley, old stupid that I was, though I felt uneasy for the moment, remembering his ways, I was that proud to think how everyone was admiring our young gentleman that I could hardly think of anything else. For of all the handsome, easy-going, open-handed gentlemen Master Geoffrey was the topmost, and yet that forgetful and wilful he would order a thing and then forget all about it; and he would say he would do one thing and then go straightway and do another; and when he had driven everyone half wild, in he would come himself, looking that pleasant and smiling that no one would remember anything but how glad they were to see him, and how they loved him.

“Well, time passed on, and Master Geoffrey was for ever in debt, and as I afterwards heard, he would write home and own to half of them, and these Sir Harold would pay. Then he would appear to go on all right for a bit, and then, perhaps, it would all

come out, and there would be awful doings, and Sir Harold that angry and bitter, until Master Geoffrey would come home instead of writing, and at the sight of him Sir Harold would forgive everything and pay all he was told of again; though I knew by this, from many a little thing, that it was getting hard to find the money.

“It was after one of these times that Sir Harold had that picture painted, and Master Geoffrey was here when it came home. It had been unpacked and placed just up against the wall there, and I was standing as I am now, looking at it, when in clanked Master Geoffrey, just as you see him in the picture, sword and all, and that extra jacket, or whatever it be, hanging from his shoulder, as graceful as you please—not that I see any call for it—and came and stood looking at himself with just that selfsame smile on his face, and the setting sun shining on his bonny curly head.” Mrs. Baxter’s voice failed her for a moment, and she looked up at the picture with tear-dimmed eyes, then proceeded:

“There was a grand ball at the Lord Lieutenant’s that night, and the family were all going. ‘Well, Baxter,’ he said, in his laughing way, ‘ain’t I a handsome fellow? When I come home from the wars without a limb left, that will be something to look at, won’t it, eh?’ ‘Don’t you go fighting, Master Geoffrey,’ I made answer, and then he laughed again, and, after talking a bit, went clattering and clinking off, the handsomest thing in the whole house; and as I looked after him I thought it little wonder that everyone should love him. Oh, Miss Huntley! that was the last time he ever came home. The next thing that I knew was that the timber was being cut in the park. I believe that it broke Sir Harold’s heart to see it done. Miss Beatrice was married by this, and he was alone, and night after night he would come and walk up and down in this room, stopping every now and then to look at this picture, and after a minute he would sigh and go on. He had done all he could now, and I

fairly trembled for what would come next.

"It came very quickly. Sir Harold got a letter one morning that took him straight up to town by the first train. He came back in a fortnight, but oh, Miss Huntley, my dear, I should hardly have known him. When he left, his hair was just as you may say turning, and when he came back it was just as white as you see it now. He ordered that Master Geoffrey's name should never be mentioned, and he went himself to the young master's room, and after staying there a long while, came out and locked the door, and he has the key to this day. I never rightly knew what it was that Master Geoffrey had done, but there were terrible things said, and it must have been bad for Sir Harold to act so by his only son, whom he just idolized."

"And has nothing been heard since, Miss Baxter?" I inquired breathlessly.

"Not a word, Miss," she returned. "They say Sir Harold gave every penny he could raise to pay Master Geoffrey's debts of honour, but said that he was no longer a son of his, and could do as he would, and he made answer, 'All right, you will never hear of me again!' Some years after Major Huntley—your father, Miss—died, a friend of his, who was very fond of Master Geoffrey, did hear something which made him think that he had been fighting with them Turks against the Russians, but he never could rightly find out, though he did all he could for your mamma, and she, poor lady, never left a stone unturned, as the saying is, to find her brother. My opinion is that he was there; for wherever there was fighting you might be sure Master Geoffrey would get into the middle of it somehow. Miss Huntley, he may be somewhere now, suffering and without his limbs, as he said, with no one to care for him; and any one of us would gladly beg round the country to help him. Oh, my darling, darling Master Geoffrey!"

"Does grandpapa ever come in here now?" I asked nervously; for I did

not wish him to discover us, especially as Mrs. Baxter was again in tears.

"Never since the night he got that letter, Miss," was the reply. "I don't think he ever will come to look at him again. The handsomest of all the Chesunts was Master Geoffrey; and the family was always noted for its looks; and he was the first to cast a stain on the old name. Yet, Miss Huntley, I never hear the story of the prodigal son that I don't think of our young master—he that was more splendid than anyone else's, and has gone away to a far country, and wasted his substance in riotous living, and now, happen, would be glad of the husks that the swine did eat; and likely no one to help him; and he never knew what it was to help himself."

Long after Baxter had left me I stood leaning against the piano, looking up at the picture and pondering deeply upon what I had heard; and I think it was from this day that my Uncle Geoffrey took as complete a hold of my thoughts and imagination as he seemed to have done on the hearts of all who had known him. I tried to picture that brilliant face grown thirteen years older and worn by suffering, and I wondered if he would have cared at all for the little niece who never let a day pass now without coming to gaze up at him. I believe, as time rolled on, I could quite as easily have forgotten my daily ride with grandpapa as my visit to Uncle Geoffrey's portrait; and at last I could almost persuade myself that the smiling blue eyes saw me and looked for my coming. In one light, too, when only the blinds of the farther windows were drawn up, the smile was almost melancholy. Perhaps he was dead—had been killed in that Turko-Russian war, and would never be heard of again! And though I knew it was dreadfully childish, I could not help wondering if he were sorry that grandpapa no longer came to look at him. I made Mrs. Baxter tell me every trivial detail that she knew of my uncle's history, and I went and stood close by the door of his locked-up room, and wondered what it could

look like after all these years. In fact, Uncle Geoffrey became my hero, as he had been to many others before me; though by what deed he had ever obtained such a position it would have puzzled anyone to define. And when grandpapa would put his kind arm round me and ask, “What is my little girl thinking about, I wonder, with those great solemn eyes?” I would redden guiltily, as if he could read my thoughts.

I once tried, in a very mild way, to draw him into speaking of the past, going so far as to ask what he thought of the war between Turkey and Russia; but I cannot say that I had any success. He contemplated me for a moment with his keen eyes, and then remarked:

“I have not decided yet, Miss Huntley.”

As the months passed by we settled into a quiet, desultory way of life. I rode a great deal with grandpapa, and occasionally he would meet some of his old friends. They generally had a pleasant remark or an elaborate compliment for “your beautiful little grand-daughter;” with the latter of which, I think I was rather pleased. It happened that there were no young people near us, but for this I cared nothing. I had never had associates of my own age, and grandpapa liked me to be with him, grudging to anyone else the love of one person left to him.

## CHAPTER II.

Twelve months had gone over our heads, and summer was coming. The trout stream, that ran through the valley at our feet, began to murmur quietly over the stones once more, instead of overflowing its banks and rushing onward in such mad hurry. The birds sang jubilantly from morning till night, and there was an air of fresh life and springing vegetation all round.

“A splendid morning for our ride, Dolly,” said grandpapa, as he entered the breakfast-room, and bent his tall head to receive my customary salute.

Then he looked through the letter-bag, and I poured out the coffee and drew up a plan of our route until on

receiving no answer, a thing to which I was unaccustomed. He sat holding a letter in his hand, and there was an expression on his face such as I had never seen there before. I cannot describe it. It was the look of one who had suddenly been brought face to face with something from the dead—who, after long years, had received a message from the past. He sat perfectly still for a moment, then, passing a brown hand rapidly over his face, rose and went to the window, and I could see his great shoulders shaking with emotion as he slowly perused the closely-written sheets of foreign paper.

To say I was alarmed is to say little, for I had never seen grandpapa so moved before—even when mother died; and when I caught sight of the foreign paper, my heart seemed to stop beating. Was it about Uncle Geoffrey? It appeared a long time ere grandpapa turned round, and I hardly dared to look at him until he said, in a voice I scarcely recognized, and placing a trembling hand on my shoulder:

“Dolly, my little girl, God has been very good to me, and is giving me back my son!”

It was a long time before we could settle to anything that morning. Grandpapa had to read his letter over again, and then he told me part of it. Uncle Geoffrey had been in the Turko-Russian war, as Baxter said, then at the Cape, and was now in Australia. He had been very ill with fever, but was better now. He had meant to write before, but somehow or other he could not make up his mind. “For pride takes a good deal of killing, Dad, especially in a Chesunt.” Then he got fever, and every cloud seemed swept away; and the thought of his father and the trouble he had caused him became stronger than all else. And so, at last, like the prodigal son so many hundred years ago, he felt that he must arise and go to his father, and confess his sins. I am sure in that letter Uncle Geoffrey owned everything, for I heard grandfather mutter, as he read it for the fiftieth time:

“No, no; it was not all your fault

there, my boy; I fear I was hard on you. But Geoff never was one to do things by halves." And I knew that deep, loving old heart was ready to forgive everything without a second thought.

Mrs. Baxter would not believe me when I ran to tell her on my way to put on my habit, but when she did, words failed to express her joy, and she wept like a mountain torrent. "Who nursed him through that fever, I should like to know!" were her parting words as I went upstairs.

The butler and the old footman were in the hall as I came down, and a glance at their smiling faces assured me that they too had heard the news. Indeed, long before the day was over everyone on the place knew that the "young master" was coming home once more.

"How did you find out that I knew anything about Uncle Geoffrey, grandpapa?" I asked as we rode through the park.

He smiled.

"Baxter is a good woman and a faithful servant," he returned, in his stately way. "When this—this trouble came, I imposed a silence on the subject, which, I think, she did her best to keep. But it was a hard thing for her to do, and I knew that she would not manage it with you, even before those great eyes told me that you knew."

This was the only allusion I ever heard grandpapa make to that miserable period. We talked incessantly of Uncle Geoffrey now, but it was always of the time before things grew so bad.

The days had flown fast for us before; but how wearily they dragged now! And oh! what a long way it seemed to Australia. Grandpapa wrote at once, yet months must elapse ere we could really behold Uncle Geoffrey in the flesh; and very slowly they appeared to go by for us. The evening of that memorable day, when I thought grandpapa safe in the library, I ran quickly through the hall and down the corridor to the great drawing-room, intending to say my usual good-night to

Uncle Geoffrey's portrait while the sunlight was still lingering in the golden west; but as I approached the door I saw that it was open. Looking quietly in I recognized with a start the tall, upright form and white head of the father who after long years had returned once more to gaze on the face of the son whom he had idolized, who had nearly broken his heart, and brought disgrace and almost ruin on his proud name. The handsome old face was raised to the portrait, and the sunlight threw out his sharp, well-cut features like a cameo against the light, and shone on his silvery hair. His hands were clasped loosely behind him, and on his upturned face was a look of absolute peace and rest that had long been foreign to it.

Summer had left us, and the woodlands were turning from their leafy green to brown and orange, red and gold, before we really began to look for Uncle Geoffrey. Grandpapa had heard from him again, and we knew that he had sailed, and I, for one, lived in a fever of expectation. It was a very cold autumn that year, and we had fallen into the habit of having fires in the great old hall; and there we would mostly sit.

One evening we were sitting there, I on the rug, and grandpapa in his tall chair. We had come in from our ride earlier than usual, because a heavy, drizzling rain had come on, with a thick mist; there seemed very little air, either, and it was very dark, so I opened wide the hall door, and we sat looking out into the gloom. It was a full hour to dinner time, and I had been talking away to grandpapa; but at length a silence appeared to have fallen upon us. Suddenly grandpapa sat up and listened; so did I, but I heard nothing. He did, however, for he rose, and with bent head listened again, and then I certainly heard quick steps.

A moment later the figure of a tall man appeared through the gloom. But grandpapa had seen him long before I! "even while he was yet a great way off," and before I could scramble

from my lowly seat upon the rug they had met. I heard a voice say, “Dad!” and then grandpapa’s “Geoff, my boy, Geoff!” and then I fled upstairs, for the meeting between father and son was too sacred for other eyes to witness.

I was very curious, yet nervous, when I once more descended. With the bright young uncle in the drawing-room I was well acquainted; but of the uncle who had fought and suffered, I had no knowledge; and when grandpapa said:

“This is my little Dolly, Geoff.” I hardly raised my eyes, until a voice I knew at once must have been the voice of the hussar in the picture, answered pleasantly, and my hand was taken in a firm grasp.

Presently, when he was talking to grandpapa, I took the opportunity of looking at him. Where was my toil-worn sufferer? Where the elderly uncle I had pictured? Gone, at the first glance, never to return! The man I saw before me was older, graver and quieter, without the reckless light in his eyes, but he was yet the man whose face I had grown to know so well from the picture; the sunny hair that would curl and the drooping moustache were untouched by grey; the figure was so soldierly and upright; and when he threw back his head with a smile, I could almost have imagined that he had just walked out of his frame. Time itself seemed to have treated gently that handsome face and form, and no one would have thought that Uncle Geoff was past forty.

But closer inspection showed there was a difference. There was much more in this face than the other, and in repose there were lines that showed the lessons of life had not been without effect on that reckless nature; and I liked the look in his eyes when they rested on his father.

Life was considerably altered for us after Uncle Geoff’s return; somehow we all seemed to be more alive. Though he did not care much more for visiting than grandpapa, he was of a very cheerful, active disposition, and I soon found out there was a determined

nature hid behind that smiling face. Mrs. Baxter quickly discovered that the young master had now no faults; and to all around he speedily became the idol he had been before, for I noticed that the people would often linger about when they saw us out riding, to have a word from Master Geoffrey.

It was Uncle Geoff who taught me to skate that winter; and during the long, dark evenings we would sit in the hall by the great fire, while he smoked and told us his adventures. That is to say, he told us of the things he had seen, and retailed the gallant deeds of his friends and comrades; but he never would mention his own, whereat I used to grumble.

“I do not care to hear so much about your friends, Uncle Geoff,” I remonstrated, looking at the long blue scar on his forehead, partly hidden by his short curls. “I want to hear about you.”

One spring afternoon I had gone down the park with him, and we came upon a wide space of springy turf, where every now and then the roots of some great tree were visible.

“This was where the oak avenue began,” said Uncle Geoff, deep regret in his tone. “Dolly, there are some things that the bitterest remorse cannot accomplish. It cannot blot out the years of suffering I caused my father, or set back these old giants under which my ancestors doubtless walked, and perhaps made love!”

I made no answer, because it was obviously true; and we walked on in silence.

“I don’t think I have ever seen anyone smoke so much as you, Uncle Geoff!” I said at length, as he proceeded to light a fresh cigar. “You are a perfect walking chimney.”

Uncle Geoff laughed; then, drawing his eyebrows together with a frown, remarked:

“Dolly, we are not really related, you and I; why do you call me Uncle Geoff?”

I stopped, utterly dumbfounded at his words, and for a moment unable to speak.

"I don't know," I muttered, when I could collect my scattered senses. "I never thought that you would mind—I am sure—that is—" Then with a sudden flash of temper that astonished even me: "But of one thing I am quite certain, and that is, I never will again!"

Uttering this with great heat, I turned and fled to the house, and as Uncle Geoff called after me and begged me to stop, I flew all the faster.

I was very angry; I thought him so unkind, for I loved him so dearly, and he would not even be my uncle! Perhaps he was tired of me, and would rather be alone with grandpapa. Somehow I seemed to have lost both my uncles at one stroke; for what was the painted to the real one now?

The following morning I was alone in the breakfast room when he came in.

"Good morning, Captain Chesunt," I hastened to say, with what I considered cutting coldness.

"Good morning, Miss Huntley," he answered.

Then grandpapa entered, and somehow we both seemed anxious that he should not see anything was wrong, so hostilities ceased for the time being. The next few weeks were wretched. I could not understand Uncle Geoff; and though I could only suppose that he did not like me, still he never seemed to wish me to take the least notice of anyone else.

Some delightful people, to whom Thurston Hall, the place nearest to us, belonged, had returned home at last, and we became friends. One day, when we were out riding, we met Miss Rycroft and her brother. I kept close by grandpapa, as had been my custom lately; and after Uncle Geoff had addressed several remarks to me, and I had answered in monosyllables, he rode on with Miss Rycroft, and I was left to follow with grandpapa and her brother Herbert. The latter was not very amusing—not a quarter as amusing as Uncle Geoff; and I began to hate my ride, though whenever Uncle Geoff turned round I took care to ap-

pear attentive and happy. How contented the pair in front looked, too! I began to hate Miss Rycroft with a good, honest hatred, for Uncle Geoff seemed to like her, and he was my uncle and not hers.

Then he sometimes went to Thurston Hall, though he always drew his brows together with a frown when Herbert came to the Manor, and by and by he nearly quarrelled with me for everything I did, and Mrs. Baxter used to say that Master Geoffrey had the sweetest temper on earth.

I was sitting in the library one afternoon, reading, when he came in. I had thought him out, and started as his tall form appeared in the doorway.

"Dolly!" he said in a determined tone, coming toward me. "What have I done that you should try and avoid me right and left? I will not go on in this way any longer. For the last three weeks you have treated me as if I were the plague. Come, what have I done?"

"Nothing," I murmured, feeling that somehow I was in for it.

"You ran away from me in the park; was it anything I said then?"

I looked up and met his eyes.

"I was so disappointed in you," I confided to my book.

"You are not disappointed in young Bycroft, are you?" he inquired ironically.

"He is always polite," I rejoined, with spirit.

"And what am I?" he asked.

I sat up and looked at him steadily for a moment, my handsome Uncle Geoffrey, who had been my hero of romance for so long, and then, crying with sudden passion, "You are very unkind to me, very!" I buried my face in the cushions and began to sob bitterly.

All at once I found that I was not on the couch at all, but in Uncle Geoff's arms, with my head on his shoulder, and he was saying:

"Dolly, my love, my darling, my sweetheart, don't sob in that way, or you will break my heart. I would not hurt a hair of your pretty head. Look

up a moment, Dolly, will you—will you marry your Uncle Geoff?"

But it was such a relief to find that Uncle Geoff still cared for me that I by no means obeyed his first injunction, until the last sentence reduced me to a state of utter silence, when I stood as still as a mouse in his arms, and thought I must be dreaming. We stood in this way for a minute, then he raised my head a little, and somehow I found, much to my amazement, that I was engaged to my Unc—to Geoff.

"Then you always liked me?" I murmured shyly, at length, twisting round one of the buttons of his shooting coat, to which I had glued my eyes.

"Liked you!" he echoed, with a low laugh. "Why, Dolly, I managed to get all around the world scot free, only to surrender the very night I got home to a pair of soft brown eyes peeping at me from round Dad's shoulder. I tried to tell you so before, but you would insist upon having an uncle."

Then I was made to explain my ideas, which I found very difficult. We stayed in the library talking until quite late, utterly oblivious of the flight of time in our complete contentment with all the world, and then Geoff said that he would go at once to grandpapa and ask properly for me.

"Why not wait until after dinner?" I suggested, hanging back.

But I found I was walking along the passage by Geoff's side, and when I gave a furtive glance at the staircase, he took my hand with a smile.

"Are you going to run away again?" he said, laughing. "What a nervous Dolly! Well, go, and I will get it over with Dad alone; it is a shame to tease you."

But I knew he wanted me; so I went on, for I think Geoff wished it over himself; and he told me afterwards that he would rather have faced a dozen Russians. Grandpapa was standing on the rug in the hall, looking absently into the fire; but he turned as we came towards him. Geoff went up to him, and putting his hand affectionately on his shoulder, said:

"Dad, you have always done fifty times more for me than I have deserved. Do one thing more for me, the greatest I can ask you. Give me Dolly?"

There was a dead silence. Then grandpapa's voice, trembling with that rare tenderness his reserved nature so seldom allowed to show, said: "Dolly! why Dolly?"

I looked at anything rather than grandpapa, while my cheeks grew more burning every moment, and but for the fact that I had cried so much that I really could not cry any more, should certainly have begun again. So I earnestly studied the point of my shoe, and tried how far I could bury it in the rug, until something impelled me to look up at him, and that appeared to settle the matter; for taking my hand, he drew me towards him, and then putting it into Geoff's, said very quietly:

"Geoff, in giving you my little girl, I give you the most valuable thing I possess. She has been my greatest blessing. You will take care of her?"

Then Geoff, instead of taking my hand, as he ought, took me in his arms, and I was only too thankful to hide my face on his shoulder while he answered gravely—"So help me God." And grandpapa said, in a husky voice, that sounded a long way off—"God bless you both," and walked to the far end of the hall to study a suit of armour.

By and by he came back, and as we sat by the fire Geoff tried to arrange our somewhat mixed relationships.

"You doubtless laboured under the delusion that you had not only an uncle, but a grandfather, Dolly," he remarked. "But you see that you are mistaken."

"I am not; he is my grandfather," I returned, with remarkable lucidity.

"Dorothy, my love, Dorothy!" he remonstrated.

"He was papa's father-in-law, and mamma's father," I answered. "At least she was the only mother I ever knew."

"He is my father, and will be



yours," retorted Geoff, tapping his pipe against the bars of the grate, and looking at me with a smile.

The old face, only fifty times handsomer to me now than my gallant hus-

sar in the great drawing-room, still smiles upon me.

And that tall and upright old gentleman, with silvery hair, may still be Geoff's father, but he is still grandpapa to baby and me.

*Elton Harris.*



### A POT OF GOLD.

ONE eve I strolled, in sunset's gold,  
 When the rain had ceased to fall,  
 And the cloud's bright bow, with brilliant glow,  
 Had crowned the tree-tops tall.  
 Within a glade I met a maid :  
 "And are you lost, pray tell?"  
 She looked and smiled, the happy child,  
 "Oh! no, indeed," said Nell ;  
 " I'm on my way to where they say  
 A treasure may be found ;  
 'Tis over there, where the hills are bare,  
 And the rainbow touches ground.  
 The story of the rainbow's gold they tell me is quite true ;  
 And Papa says, with money there is nothing you can't do.  
 So I'll hire a big policeman to scare the ghosts away,  
 I'll buy the world another sun to change the night to day,  
 I'll turn winter into summer, and have snow that isn't cold ;  
 I guess I'll make folks happy when I get the Pot of  
 Gold!"

I tried to tell this little Nell  
 Her errand would be vain ;  
 She only smiled, the careless child,  
 Allowed me to explain ;  
 Then shook her head at what I said,  
 And on her quest *would* go ;  
 For she'd been told of a Pot of Gold,  
 At the foot of the bright rainbow.  
 Full many a day has passed away,  
 Yet from yon woodland wild  
 I seem to hear, still echoing clear,  
 The accents of the child :  
 " The story of the rainbow's gold they tell me is quite true,  
 And Papa says, with money there is nothing you can't do.  
 So I'll hire a big policeman to scare the ghosts away,  
 I'll buy the world another sun to change the night to day ;  
 I'll turn winter into summer and have snow that isn't cold ;  
 I guess I'll make folks happy when I get the Pot of  
 Gold!"

*Frank Lawson.*

## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

BEFORE this number of "The Canadian Magazine" is in the hands of readers, Spain and the United States will be embroiled in war. We are about to see one of those curious instances where events widely separated in time are to be brought together in seeming antagonism and strange contrast. We are to see the proud power that in the closing years of the fifteenth century, not content with weeping for new worlds to conquer, went forth and found them, now brought low and deprived of the remnant by a power flourishing on the splendid memorials of her decay. Men are prone, when their sympathies are not otherwise engaged, to side with the under dog. In this case, however, the weakness of Spain's cause forbids one who gives the least thought to the matter to wish success to the arms of Spain. Canadians are peculiarly well situated to judge of the matter, for we, too, bear the colonial relationship towards a European power, and can cross-examine ourselves candidly as to how long we would endure the conditions under which Cuba groans. The aspiration for self-government was answered a few years ago by giving the Island representation in the Spanish Parliament to the extent of 16 senators and 30 deputies. As there are 360 senators and 431 deputies, the influence of these representatives in the two bodies, even if they were disposed to struggle for Cuban rights, is next to nothing. These chambers in which they have so little voice nevertheless settle the extent and method of taxation, and Spanish finance ministers have always regarded Cuba as a convenient field for increasing the revenues of the home government and for affording rewards for greedy and unfortunate place-hunters. The statement is now made that Cuba has been a source of expense rather than a help to Spanish finance, and current figures seem to bear out

this statement; but it is Cuba rebellious and impoverished of which this can be said, and Spanish rule has tended to produce both of these conditions.

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Will Cuba free be in any better position than it is now? is a common question which cannot be answered with any certainty in the affirmative. There is not much confidence abroad in the capacity of its people for self-government. Indeed, how could there be? They have had no training in the humdrum ways of social order and political management. A part of the population was in slavery a few years ago. The great bulk of it is akin to that of those buoyant South American republics whose national game is revolution, just as baseball is the national game of the United States, and lacrosse of Canada. We have no reason to expect anything different from the emancipated Cubans. Self-inflicted woes, however, would but little offend the sensibilities of humanity.

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Why is it assumed that Spain will be the sufferer in the contest? it may be asked. Does any one doubt it? It is possible that the United States may experience some reverses, but of the ultimate outcome there can be no doubt. War is a trade that has to be learned, and the people of the United States are certainly out of practice, but if Spain was unable to suppress the insurgents, it needs no great optimism to believe that all that is needed to drive her out of the island is to reinforce the rebels somewhat, give them food, arms and ammunition, and they will do the rest. There is an enemy in the fortress, in fact; an enemy who has proved himself on several bloody fields quite the equal of his would-be masters. It was found impossible to prevent the landing of men and supplies even when both Spain and the United States were working to prevent

it. Now that the latter has passed over to the other side, and when there will be no lack of the latest and best munitions of war, there can be little doubt that the Spaniards on the Island will soon be on the defensive. Those of the population of the Island who have anything to lose have hung off from both parties. If they sided with the insurgents their estates would have been confiscated, and if with the mother country the ruthless machete would probably have put them out of all their heritations. Now, however, there will undoubtedly be large accessions among these men to the rebel side in hopes that peace may be speedily brought about, and the industrious population be allowed to resume its occupations.

It is hard to believe, therefore, that the Spaniards can long hold the Island, and when that is gone they will have but little stomach for the fight. The powers will have a chance to intervene in the interest of peace. What the Americans will do with Cuba when they have it is an interesting question. We believe that the predominant feeling is sincerely opposed to annexing the Island. Land-hunger is, however, a prevailing vice among nations, and the United States is no more free than are the other nations of the earth, although it is tempered in their case by a sheaf of political maxims that have come down to them from the fathers. They have been in a position any time within the past two years to stretch out their hand and take Hawaii, but so far have hesitated to do so. Hawaii, however, is almost as far from their shores as Ireland, while the Pearl of the Antilles is within twenty-four hours' sail. Its area is equal to that of Ohio, and it has about half the population of that state. Not more than a tenth of it is cultivated and under the fostering influences of enterprise and security it would become the most notable isle of the sea. When Uncle Sam has this tempting morsel at his lips it will need an enormous accession of self-control to restrain him from swallowing

it at a gulp. The people themselves will, of course, have a powerful voice in deciding what their destiny shall be. It would be a strange spectacle to see the liberator coercing the Island into a course repugnant to the majority of its people. If the United States would make provision for free markets in Cuba it would be establishing a principle which has suddenly sprung into importance, namely, that no nation by the mere acquirement of barbarian or semi-civilized countries can close them against the commerce of other nations. If Brother Jonathan established this principle in Cuba, he would be hailed as a deliverer indeed.

As to Canada's attitude towards the belligerents, it will, of course, be one of strict neutrality so far as acts are concerned, although our sympathies will undoubtedly be with our kinsmen. To be thoroughly candid, it cannot be denied that some resentment lingers in places over the Venezuela incident, the Dingley bill and the alien labour law, but any disaster to American arms would be profoundly regretted in all parts of Canada. The dominant civilization there is the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and the dominant races are Celtic and Saxon, and it would be impossible to see the defeat of what these stand for without a painful feeling that we had sustained a blow also. Indeed, a remarkable efflorescence of these events has been the access of what, for lack of a more precise phrase, we call the Anglo-Saxon feeling. It is the first time in history that it has received a world-wide manifestation, and it is no mere bounce to say that it is a force that may have to be reckoned with in the future, but let us hope that it will never be employed save in the best of causes. We in Canada have a distinct mission in this regard. It need not be pointed out here, or now, but the promotion of friendly feeling between the representatives of Anglo-Saxondom on this continent is the most important service that could be rendered to this great racial idea.

Perhaps the first rapprochement of the representative Anglo-Saxon communities was on an Eastern topic. It was recognized that Britain and the United States had some identity of interests in keeping the markets of Asia open to the world. The political principles by which the United States are guided forbid them engaging in the popular pastime of appropriating territory the owners of which are not capable of defending. Britain has the reputation of being a most skilful practicer of this sport. But, at all events, she does not appear to be disposed to participate in it so far as China is concerned. Both powers, however, are interested, so that no matter who holds the territory all nations will be on a perfect equality in selling their goods there. This point seems to be gained in connection with the occupation of Chiao-Chou and Port Arthur. The *New York Tribune*, in an article headed "Saxondom in Asia," declared that there is no fear of the final result. "The Anglo-Saxon race," it says, "is dominant in China and Japan above all other aliens and is likely to remain so." The English language is spreading there, and the *Tribune* applies to the case the language of Macaulay to the siege and defence of Londonderry: "It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations; and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilization, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution."

Two other events may be noted which have a filamentary connection with this subject and with each other. They are the defeat of the Dervishes, and the triumph of Cecil Rhodes in the Cape Colony elections. Imperialists look wistfully at the southward march in Egypt and the northward march in Rhodesia. A band of territory right down the map of Africa over which British rule prevails has a fascinating interest for a great many minds. Among others is the compelling mind

of Cecil Rhodes. The South African Warren Hastings, in winning the elections in Cape Colony by the aid of a combination of Dutch and English electors, is on the right track, as he was on the wrong track when he tried to do by force what had much better be left to the natural and peaceful and permanent settlement of time. The Jamieson raid delayed many years what it was intended to promote. The peaceful election just closed has recovered much lost ground. South Africa can only be consolidated by the two races working together and by the gradual enfranchisement of the English in the Transvaal. The Boers who oppose the extinction of their little state will delay the process as long as possible, but they cannot defeat fate, and the change was inevitable from the moment that gold in paying quantities was found in the Witwatersrand.

The defeat of the Dervishes and the capture of Mahmoud and 4,000 of his men is probably the climax of that drama. It is a result on which the greater part of the world will look with complacency, if with no stronger feeling. The recreation of Egypt and the promotion of the reign of justice and humanity there is one of the best services which we owe to the British genius for administration in recent times. The sneer is sometimes heard that all recent British victories have been over ill-armed savages or semi-savages. It must in fairness be allowed, however, that if the subjugation of such peoples is an easy task, other nations have had ill-luck in performing it. Italy's attempt to gain a foothold in Africa ended in disaster; Spain has spent three years in endeavouring to subdue outbreaks in Cuba and the Phillipine Islands, and is no nearer a finish than it was at the beginning. The various French expeditions in Africa have almost all come to grief. Britain alone sticks at her tasks, with varying incidents by the way, but eventual accomplishment always.

*John A. Ewan.*

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

IT is fitting that a new volume of this publication should be opened with some special feature. That which distinguishes this, the first number of the eleventh volume of "The Canadian Magazine," is the introduction of two writers who are new to our pages. Professor Shortt is a Canadian who was born in Western Ontario; was educated at Queen's, at Glasgow and at Edinburgh; travelled for some time in Europe, and who is now professor of Political Science in Queen's University, Kingston. He has already gained considerable reputation as a writer, as a speaker and as a scholar, and it is a great pleasure to have him enrolled amongst the contributors to our national publication. W. A. Fraser is a short story writer who has also already won a reputation for himself. His stories have appeared in leading foreign magazines, and have been eulogized by competent critics. The work of these two gentlemen has one characteristic which the work of Canadians too often lacks—it is thorough. Though working in entirely different fields, both men are alike in being earnest, thoughtful and sincere.

The observant individual who listens to the current comment of the Canadians who are watching closely the progress of the struggle between Spain and the United States for the control of Cuba, will find much to amuse and interest him. The average Canadians feel that the Spaniard is a man beneath contempt, that he is a relic of mediævalism which cannot be admired, that he is unprogressive, and that he is cruel. He should not win, because the interests of humanity and liberty would suffer if he were triumphant. On the other

hand, most of these same individuals are not quite anxious to see the United States supremely successful. The great Republic to the south of us has done little to win our esteem and regard. At one time it tried to bag all our territory, and it has since shown a tendency to love our fisheries rather than our prosperity. It encouraged—negatively, be it admitted—filibustering expeditions in 1837, 1866, and 1870. It has built up a barrier wall which excludes our exports from its markets. It has absorbed the best educated of our surplus young men and has excluded the others by an alien labour law. It has intimated that we had better get down on our knees and crave admission to its Union. Therefore it is but natural that some Canadians should feel that if the United States nation were to be slightly humbled, it would be some satisfaction. Nevertheless, there is no Canadian who is anxious to see the United States thoroughly beaten. Every person recognizes that the blood of the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt flows in the veins of the men who live on either side of the International Boundary Line, and that we are all of one family, although the members of it may not be in the fullest accord in all matters. While feeling that if justice were done, the United States deserves little consideration at our hands, yet we feel that Great Britain, Greater Britain and the United States are the salt of the earth, the guardians of liberty, of peace, and of righteousness. The present misunderstandings must ultimately pass away, and to-day, if the United States was in danger of being obliterated from the map of the world, the first to stretch out a helping hand would be the million Canadians that are able to bear arms. We will wear no yoke, we

will bend no knee, we will tolerate no insult, and we will ask no favour, but if a brother be in need, our assistance is ready.

Such sentiments as these have been expressed by others on previous occasions, and have been misinterpreted. An offer of friendship and an expression of sympathy do not mean that Canada has any desire for annexation to the United States. She is satisfied with Mother Britain, and she knows her position :

She's daughter in her mother's house,  
She's mistress in her own.

The thought of making a change is seldom harboured by any citizen, and there is no prospect that a preference for either independence or annexation will ever be created.

The system of modern finance makes war almost impossible. War destroys much property on which labour has been expended, and the sum of the wealth of the community is thus seriously lessened. It not only delays progress, but destroys much of the progress which has already been accomplished. Hence those interested in material and social progress, in the production and the transportation of goods and merchandise, are opposed to war. This opposition is much greater than the opposition in previous centuries, because the financial and commercial interest is stronger, broader and deeper.

Not only is the product of labour destroyed by war, but much of what is commonly known as capital vanishes even with the prospect of war. For example: a man owns five million dollars' worth of railroad, telegraph, cable, insurance and other stocks. These stocks do not always represent actual, tangible wealth. They represent franchises, good-wills, possibilities, and such like. They may have cost the man who owns them only a million of dollars; but because these franchises, good-wills and possibilities have in the eyes of the public acquired greater value by changed circumstances, they are now worth five millions of dollars.

This five millions is intangible capital. Its chief characteristic is not its power of being converted into cash, but the fact that interest is paid on that amount.

To take a local example of this intangible capital which vanishes even with a report of war : in a recent issue it was shown that the Street Railway of the City of Toronto cost the present company about three millions in actual cash, but that stock and bonds have been issued against it to the extent of nine millions of dollars. That is, certain persons have capital to the extent of nine millions of dollars represented by the Toronto Street Railway. But if there was a likelihood that Toronto would be attacked and burned by a United States army, as it was in 1813, the moment this became apparent the nine million dollars worth of capital (in stock and bonds) would shrink to, say, six millions. The other three millions would vanish into thin air.

A more general example of this "intangible capital" is to be seen where there is a real estate boom. There were in the recent booms in Winnipeg and in Toronto numbers of men who counted themselves millionaires when they totalled up the value of their building lots and their houses. To-day these same men are not worth a five-cent piece, yet their houses and lots are still in existence, some of them possessed of even more conveniences and advantages than before. Where did these millions go? As a matter of fact, they never really existed. The people thought they existed while they were crazed with the boom, but when the fever died out and their senses returned, they saw that they had been living in a state of hallucination.

Modern finance is the result of a similar state of belief, more or less reasonable. When wars, or rumours of wars, come, this intangible capital disappears like the evening wind, and leaves no trace to indicate the direction of its disappearance. Because this is so, the modern financier is against war, just as much as the owner of merchandise, of a factory, of grain, or of any of

the products of labour can possibly be. Both kinds of wealth are destroyed if there be war, but there is this difference: the intangible capital disappears with the probability of war, because it exists only in the imagination; the wealth which has been produced by labour, disappears only by actual, observable destruction.

On the other hand, there are certain financial interests which are always in favour of war. Those who have material to sell to a government are inclined to try to arouse the popular feeling; and popular feeling, in a country like the United States with amateur politicians at its head, is bound to affect very much the policy adopted by the Executive. Every army contractor, every shipbuilder, every person interested in any particular contract which the Government may be called upon to make, is anxious for war. And, according to recent development, the leading newspapers of the United States are playing an important part in bringing on war. If they can furnish their readers with unusually exciting news, the profit and name of the large newspaper will increase at the expense of the smaller paper. A third-class who favour war are the speculators. A number of persons in the United States have bought up Cuban bonds. If Cuba is freed from Spain and given her independence or annexed to the United States, these bonds will double in value.

Nevertheless, there have been recent wars, and there will probably be many more. The chief cause of these seems

**The Chief  
cause of  
War.**

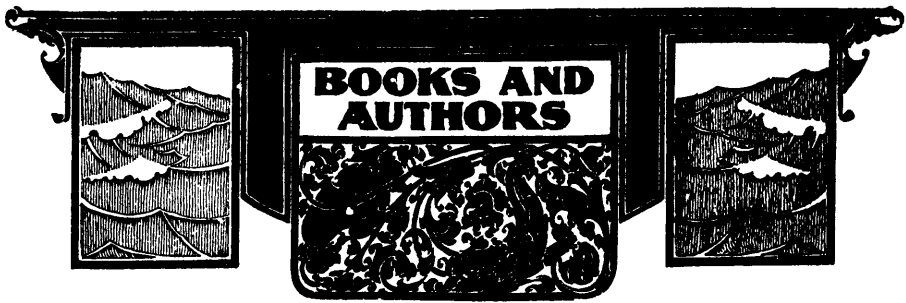
to be the development of strong national feeling. If the United States and Spain fight it will be because the national policy of each demands war. Spain's policy is to maintain her territory intact, and this policy is based upon the national feeling which animates the Spaniards. An enemy desires to see Cuba estranged from Spain, and the Spanish national feeling forbids its surrender. In the same way, the

United States is driven by a national feeling to demand that Cuba be released. Spain is a European power, Cuba is an American possession. The United States national policy is to drive all European powers out of America, hence it is attempting to drive Spain out of Cuba.

The Christian religion has for nearly two thousand years been teaching the brotherhood of man, but the doctrine is only partially accepted. The United States Constitution declares all men to be free and equal, but the United States people believe this to mean only that all United States subjects are equal, not that a Spaniard is the equal of a United Stateser. The people of the United States believe that Europeans have not yet learned the proper principles of liberty, equality and freedom, and hence they are not fitted to hold and govern any part of the American continent. France recognizes a certain equality among the citizens of France, but a Frenchman does not consider a German his brother or his equal. Similarly, the Russians, the Germans and the Britishers do not consider the Chinese to be their brothers or their equals. The brotherhood of man exists only within national limits.

Cosmopolitanism has not made much progress in the present century. National feeling has grown stronger than ever. In Great Britain it authorizes the yearly expenditure of over two hundred millions of dollars to keep up a navy and an army; it authorizes wars in the Soudan, in South Africa, in India and in Asia. In Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, the United States and other great nations it supports similar expenditures of money and effort. In nearly all the commercial nations of the world national feeling supports the erection of hostile tariffs to keep out the goods manufactured by other nations, and to encourage the home producer. How long the civilization of the world will be burdened with this narrow national feeling it is difficult to surmise.

*John A. Cooper.*



#### HENRY GEORGE'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

I CONFESS to having taken up Henry George's new book with the expectation of finding some confusing theorising. "Progress and Poverty" never appealed to me, nor have I ever been able to see the reasonableness of the "single-tax." Nevertheless, as a conscientious reviewer must, I resolved to examine "The Science of Political Economy"\* thoroughly before giving an opinion. I have not read it all, but I have read enough of it to convince me that the book reveals a new Henry George. The Henry George of "Progress and Poverty" has almost disappeared. He appears in isolated passages; for example: "Increase in land values does not represent increase in the common wealth, for what land-owners gain by higher prices the tenants or ultimate users, who must pay them, are deprived of."

But such sweeping, unmodified statements are very seldom seen. Everything is argued out clearly and dispassionately. His chief aim in the book seems to have been to rebut the ideas put forward by the Austrian school through such men as Professor Marshall and Bohm-Bawerk. This school deals with value and not with wealth. It has introduced as a science of economics a system of juggling with words and phrases. Speaking of Professor Marshall's failure to define wealth, Henry George says: "I can convey the impression produced on my mind by repeated struggles to discover what the Professor of Political Economy in the great English University of Cambridge holds is reckoned as wealth, only by saying that it seems to comprise all things in the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, that may be useful to or desired by man, individually or collectively." He cannot see the need for such terms as material-external-transferable goods; personal-external-transferable goods. He defines wealth as "natural products so secured, moved, combined, or altered by human labour as to fit them for human satisfaction." Everything which is the product of labour, and which adds to the wealth of the community, is wealth and nothing else. Bonds, notes, mortgages and franchises may be wealth to an individual, but as they are only stipulations for the transfer of wealth, they cannot be included in the general term wealth. "Wealth is the result of human exertion, but all human exertion does not result in wealth." "That part of wealth devoted to the production of other wealth is what is properly called capital." Wealth is stored labour, while capital is stored labour raised to a still higher power by being used to aid labour in the production of fresh wealth.

Henry George's book seemed to be a revised edition of Francis A. Walker's "Political Economy." It possesses much the same classification, defines value, wealth and capital in almost the same way, and is marked by the same clearness and directness. The complex, aimless, confusing mathematical problems and the senseless creation of phrases of the Austrian school are avoided, and something rational is offered to the general reader. In view of the growing importance of this new "Science of getting a living," this the most practical and human of all the sciences, it is a matter of great satisfaction that Henry George

\* Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth, 545 pp.



has produced a text-book which may be read and understood by the average citizen.



### THE CONQUERING TURK.

With rumours of wars in our ears, the book about a war is the one most likely to attract attention. G. W. Steevens' new book, "With the Conquering Turk,"\* is opportune, even though he was with the Turk, defends the Turk, and despises the Greek. He throws new light on this queer character and endeavours to dispel some popular illusions. To him the Turk is long-limbed, big-featured, masterful bearing, and "beyond all mistaking a man." The only uniform thing in the uniform of the Turkish soldier is the fez. The coat is generally blue or black, with here and there a trace of facing. He has no boots, but in active campaigning is supplied with a pair of sandals or canvas slippers. The Turkish soldier is better clothed than the Turkish peasant, hence what would seem to us poor clothing is to them a luxury. Mr. Steevens visited a hospital, and says: "But if this hospital does not prove much, it does prove that the Turk is not the incapable savage that British fancy delights to paint him." He describes his trip to Salonica, on to Karaveria, where the Turkish troops left the railroad to advance over mountain roads into Larissa (town) and Thessaly (province). He shows how frail was the Turkish power of getting troops to the front, how poor the means of sending forward supplies to keep them there, and how the Greek fleet might have cut the line of communication. He traces the Turkish advance step by step, and shows how there were only two or three sharp engagements in the whole war, and the Greeks won only one of these. The Greek fired a shot as soon as the Turk came within range; the Turk replied to the shot; the Greek ran away; the Turk in order to be courteous, immediately sat down and gave the Greek a day or two's start. Such was the campaign won by the superior artillery of the Turks, and lost by the cowardice of the Greek.

This is the most entertaining book I have read for many a long day. It is filled with little scraps of information which throw strong sidelights on the respective characters of the Turk and the Greek. Mr. Steevens tells what he saw, and tells little else; but what he does describe, is made to stand out clearly and boldly. It is a clear and courageous statement of fact and opinion, which contradicts much of our previous fact and opinion. Only a thorough, earnest and experienced journalist could have done so much and have done it so well.



### A NEW EDITION OF GIBBON.

J. B. Bury, M.A., Professor of Modern History, is editing† a seven volume edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It possesses an introduction, each page has several footnotes, each volume has a lengthy appendix, and there is a general index. The learned professor has performed a monumental work, which deserves patronage. It is printed on thin strong paper, with over 500 pages to each volume. The binding is done in dark blue-gray cloth, gilt back and front; a truly handsome edition. Gibbon's work will never be out of date, and no library is complete if it be not present.



### NINETEENTH CENTURY FRENCH LITERATURE

Paul Chauvet of the Paris University has just published‡ for English readers the first of his two volumes of Nineteenth Century French Literature. The

\*New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, large 12mo., 315 pp.

†London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Tyrrell's Bookshop, 12 King St. W. Seven volumes, \$2.00 per vol.

‡The Nineteenth Century in France, or Selections from the Best Modern French Literary Works; with English translations; by Paul Chauvet, B.A. Two volumes. London: Digby, Long & Co., 18 Bouverie St., E.C.

text of his selections is in French, but at the bottom of each page there is an English translation of the text of that page. In this first volume he gives the best poems of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Musset, twenty-seven in all. As an example of text and translation, the following may be given :

## L'OCCIDENT.

Et la mer s'apaisait comme une urne écumante  
Qui s'abaisse au moment où le foyer pâlit,  
Et, retirant du bord sa vague encor fumante,  
Comme pour s'endormir rentrait dans son  
grand lit ;

Et l'astre qui tombait de nuage ne nuage  
Suspendait sur les flots un orbe sans rayon,  
Puis plongeait la moitié de sa sanglante image,  
Comme un navire en feu qui sombre à l'horizon ;

Et la moitié du ciel pâlisait, et la brise  
Défaillait dans la voile, immobile et sans voix,  
Et les ombres couraient, et sous leur teinte  
grise  
Tout sur le ciel et l'eau s'effaçait à la fois ;

Et dans mon âme, aussi pâlisant à mesure,  
Tout les bruits d'ici-bas tombaient avec le  
jour,  
Et quelque chose en moi, comme dans la nature,  
Pleurait, priait, souffrait, bénissait tour à  
tour ;

Et, vers l'occident seul, une porte éclatante  
Laisait voir la lumière à flots d'or ondoyer,  
Et la nue empourprée imitait une tente  
Qui voile sans l'éteindre un immense foyer ;

Et les ombres, les vents, et les flots de l'abîme,  
Vers cette arche de feu tout paraissait courir,  
Comme si la nature, et tout ce qui l'anime  
En perdant la lumière avait craint de mourir !

Là poussière du soir y volait de la terre,  
L'écume à blancs flocons sur la vague y flot-  
tait ;  
Et mon regard, long, triste, errant, involon-  
taire,  
Les suivait, et de pleurs sans chagrin s'humec-  
tait.

Et tout disparaissait ; et mon âme oppressée  
Restait vide et pareille à l'horizon couvert ;  
Et puis il s'élevait une seule pensée,  
Comme une pyramide au milieu du désert.

O lumière ! où vas-tu ? Globe épuisé de  
flamme,  
Nagues, aquilons, vagues, où courez-vous ?  
Poussière, écume, nuit ; vous, mes yeux, toi,  
mon âme.  
Dites, si vous savez, où donc allons-nous tous ?

A toi, grand Tout, dont l'astre est la pâle  
étincelle  
En qui la nuit, le jour, l'esprit, vont aboutir !  
Flux et reflux divin de vie universelle,  
Vaste océan de l'Être où tout va s'engloutir !

## THE WEST.

And the sea was abating as a frothing urn  
which shrinks as the fire grows pale, and,  
withdrawing from the shore, its waves still  
reeking, it was re-entering its huge bed, as if  
to go to sleep ;—and the sun which was falling  
from cloud to cloud suspended over the billows  
its beamless globe, and then divided into the  
sea half its blood-coloured image, as a ship  
on fire sinking on the horizon ;—and half the  
sky was growing pale, and the breeze was  
dying away in the veil, motionless and voice-  
less, and shades were running about, and,  
under their gray tinges, everything on the sea  
and sky was being effaced all at once ;—and  
in my soul, which was growing pale in pro-  
portion, all the sounds of here below were  
falling down together with daylight, and there  
was something in myself, as in nature, which  
wept and prayed, and suffered and blessed by  
turns !—And, to the West only, a shining door  
showed the undulating golden waves of light,  
and the purple clouds looked like a tent which  
veils an immense fire without quenching it ;—  
and the shades and the winds and the waves  
of the deep and everything seemed to run to-  
wards that arch of fire, as if nature and all  
that vivifies it, because they were losing their  
light, had been afraid to die away !—The  
evening dust was flying towards it from the  
earth, towards it the white-flaked foam was  
floating on the waves ; and my long look, sad,  
wandering and involuntary, followed them,  
and was growing moist with tears without  
grief.—And everything disappeared, and my  
oppressed soul remained empty and similar  
to the overcast horizon ; and then a single  
thought arose as a pyramid in the midst of  
the desert.—O you light ! where are you go-  
ing ? And you, exhausted globe of flame,  
clouds, winds, waves, where are you running  
to ? Dust, foam, and night ; and you, my  
eyes, and you, my soul, tell me, if you know  
it, whither we are going all ?—To you, great  
Whole, of which a pale spark is a star, and  
to which tend the night and the day, and the  
mind ! Divine ebb and flow of universal life,  
vast ocean of the Being by which everything  
is engulfed !

## FRANK R. STOCKTON.

There are novels which contain nothing but a story, and there are novels which contain much besides the story. Anthony Hope and Stanley J. Weyman have made us familiar with the first kind, and Frank R. Stockton is making us familiar with the second. His latest book, "The Girl at Cobhurst,"\* will not satisfy those who take Weyman and Hope as their models. Why, he even dares to write his two first chapters without bringing in the hero, and a dozen before introducing the young lady! For such heresies as this, a recent Canadian novel has been condemned by some Canadian critics. But as Frank R. Stockton publishes his books in New York as well as in Toronto, and as he is not a Canadian, he will not be condemned.

This new novel of Stockton's gives a delightful picture of village and country life in—well, in some northerly southern States of the American Union. He shows the work done by match-makers where every person knows every person and every person's love affairs. He pits a match-making old maid against a French cook, and the hero is influenced by each in turn and at the same time. Both are humorous characters, handled in Stockton's peculiarly clever style. The old Doctor, the Irish-African man-of-all-work, the boarding-school girl, the gossiping servants—all are cleverly drawn, and are types of the various characters that may be met with every day. Some authors seem to choose only extraordinary characters and extraordinary incidents. Stockton does not. Neither do Octave Thanet, Mary E. Wilkins, William Dean Howells or Joanna E. Wood. All of these and many more are attempting to search out and delineate what is picturesque in what is usually considered an unpicturesque civilization. The writers are not Nathaniel Hawthorne's but they have caught some of Hawthorne's spirit.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

Chas. M. Sheldon's story, "In His Steps," issued in Chicago, has made a decided hit. Already nearly 150,000 copies have been sold and the demand for it is growing rapidly.

The transactions of the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto for the year 1897 have been published in a neat volume by Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto (\$1.00). Many valuable papers are to be found in its hundred and sixty pages.

Mrs. Mason, of Muncey, wife of a retired clergyman, has written a little volume of racy and clever sketches entitled "Faces that Follow," and a Toronto artist, Mr. Geo. R. Semple, is illustrating it. The book will be issued early in May by William Briggs.

The latest book on the Cabots is published by the Royal Society of Canada. It is entitled "The Voyages of the Cabots: Latest Phrases of the Controversy," and is from the pen of Samuel Edward Dawson, Lit.D. The scholarly Doctor has attempted to crush out all Newfoundland's claim to Cabot's landfall, and maintains that this honour belongs to Cape Breton, and thus to Canada.

"Wolfville," by Alfred Henry Lewis (Dan Quin), is now in its third edition. † The illustrations by Frederick Remington are exceedingly clever, yet I cannot think that the book would be exceedingly agreeable to the majority of the readers of "The Canadian Magazine." It contains a series of sketches told in the Western States dialect. These are humorous, picturesque, slangy and clever; but scarcely elevating.

The Philadelphia *Citizen* has this to say of the work of one of our Canadian

\*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth and paper, 408 pp.

†Toronto: George N. Morang.

lady writers, Miss McIlwraith, of Hamilton, daughter of the well-known ornithologist: "It is much to say of any book intended for young people, and concerned with Shakespeare, that it may have a place on the shelf beside the 'Tales' of Charles and Mary Lamb. This meed of praise is fairly due to 'A Book about Shakespeare,' by J. N. McIlwraith" ("Jean Forsyth").

For a sight of the Negro as he is, or, rather, the Negro and Negress as they are, Paul Dunbar's "Folks from Dixie," (Toronto, George N. Morang) "takes the cake"—to use a colloquialism of cognate derivation. Himself a Negro, the writer not only makes a point of always spelling the word with a capital letter, which is of course proper, but of keeping to the subjects of which he knows most. His "Lyrics of Lowly Life" has had a great success. In this book he shows himself the Ian Maclaren of the land that lies south of Mason and Dixon's line.

A good deal has been said by the reviews about "The Celebrity," and the balance of critical opinion seems to be decidedly in its favour. The public, it appears, has given a verdict that is by no means an uncertain one by buying the book in comfortable quantities. It has a good deal of comedy in it; the surprises that usually occur when a man masquerades under another's name and personality; and a couple of studies of Young Woman that are rather entertaining. It is a lively volume of to-day and shows strong natural talent for writing on the part of the author.

The history of Poland was romantic in its beginning and in its ending. The career of the two Slav States, Russia and Poland, has been very similar and very different. The similarity and intimate relation between the two is the foundation of Henry K. Sienkiewicz' famous historical novel, "With Fire and Sword."\* A translation of this, by Jeremiah Curtin, has been published in Toronto and New York. "Quo Vadis" has very materially increased the popularity of Sienkiewicz in this part of the world, and "With Fire and Sword" should attract many readers. It is a very lengthy novel, but it is a magnificent tale, aside from its value as a side-light on European history.

The New York *Bookman* gives a flattering review of Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada," in which it remarks that the "decidedly well-told story of the trip of these bright young Canadians shows them capable of as high heroism as the better known explorers," and closes with the following jocular references:

"The Canadians take themselves seriously, as well they may. They have a mighty country, whose resources are but beginning to be appreciated. Yet to us of 'the States' their ultra-British tone, outrivalling that of the inhabitants of the 'tight little island,' from whence their ancestors and ours came, their reverence, not only for royalty, but for the titled dignitaries lent them chiefly for show purposes by the mother country, seems, to say the least, amusing. All this is incidentally illustrated in this narrative. After all, we have little to say. We bow down before our bosses with less reverence, but more abjectly than our northern neighbours."

Much interest is being manifested in the forthcoming book "Canada and its Capital," by Hon. J. D. Edgar, which is said to be one of the best of its class, and something very much more than a mere guide-book. There is enough in the history of Ottawa and in its present features and society to make a most attractive volume, and Mr. Speaker Edgar has, of course, had specially good opportunities of getting all necessary information. From advance sheets which we have had the opportunity of perusing we should judge that this account of Ottawa will take its place as a standard work. It appears to be very comprehensive and has good literary quality. Mr. Morang is devoting considerable attention to its get up, and it will be illustrated with many fine engravings and will possess that estimable boon a complete and careful index.

\*Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth, 780 p.p.

Mr. G. U. Hay, editor of the *Educational Review*, has started a series of Canadian History Leaflets, to be issued quarterly at 15 cents a copy. The first contains: Physical Growth of Canada, by G. F. Matthew; The Legend of Glooscap, by J. Vroom; Cartier's First Voyage, W. F. Ganong; Winter at St. Croix Island, by G. U. Hay; The Story of Lady La Tour, by James Hannay; The Story of the Loyalists, by J. G. Bourinot. 29 pages.

"Le Courrier du Livre," edited by Raoul Renault of Quebec, seems to be succeeding. It contains a great deal of matter which must considerably interest the student of Canada's antiquity. It is printed partly in English and partly in French.

The Copp, Clark Co. have brought out three more volumes of the new edition of Gilbert Parker's works. The printing and type show a decided improvement over the second volume, and leave little, if anything, to be desired. "A Romany of the Snows" is especially interesting, containing as it does the continuation of the stories of "Pierre and His People." These are even more interesting than the first volume of tales, and are much more artistic from a literary standpoint. In fact, the best short stories Gilbert Parker has yet penned are included in this volume.

## TWO LETTERS.

*To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE:*

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great pleasure your Easter number. Some of the articles are charmingly written, especially "Rome During Holy Week," and the illustrations are also very good. But in the article on "The Anglican Church in Canada," I was surprised to find no mention made of "Edgehill" among the schools of the Maritime Provinces. It is a well-known School—Church School—most beautifully situated in Windsor, Nova Scotia, has over 70 pupils, from all parts of Canada and also from the United States. It has done good, thorough work for several years under Miss Machin's charge, and now under a lady from England. As your Magazine is widely read, I think this omission should be rectified.

Sincerely yours,  
ONE WHO KNOWS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In the article on "The Makers of the Dominion of Canada" I should like to have seen some other names mentioned. Rev. Samuel Andrews gave up a good Parish in Connecticut and came to Canada, bringing with him from his Church there the Royal Coat of Arms, which is now in "All Saints' Church," St. Andrews, New Brunswick, of which he was the first rector. Capt. Angus McDonald gave up his estate and slaves in North Carolina and raised a company at his own expense to fight for his king and country. He came to Canada and settled on a place near St. Andrews, in New Brunswick, which he called "Highland Hill;" it now belongs, I believe, to Sir Charles Tupper. Capt. McDonald died at Highland Hill. His son, Major McDonald, a clever man, occupied several important offices in St. Andrews, one being "Registrar of Deeds and Wills." Both these men were true and good Loyalists and deserve to have their names remembered. In mentioning the descendants of the Loyalists, two others are still spoken of with much respect, viz.: Robert and Neville Parker, who occupied important positions in New Brunswick, one as Chief Justice and the other as Master of The Rolls. Hoping I have not trespassed too long on your time,

I remain, sincerely yours,  
LOYALIST.

## NATIONAL SPORT.

### CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPION.

**G**EORGE W. Orton has again won the cross-country championship of America. The race was held about a month ago at Morris Park, New York, and about seventy runners competed. Orton's time was 35 m. 41 2-5 secs. His time when he won the same honour in 1897 was 35 m. 58 secs. Orton ran under the colours of the Toronto Lacrosse and Athletic Association. The following description of the race is taken from the New York *Herald* :

"Forty-four jumps were taken during the progress of the race, which was over the regular steeplechase course, including the Liverpool, brush, bank and gripe, bank, hedge, natural brush, Liverpool, hedge and water jumps. The course was over one and three-eighths miles, making the full distance negotiated nearly seven miles. The efforts of some of the athletes to clear the water jump, which was ten feet wide and faced by a hedge three feet high, were ludicrous in the extreme, many of them being saturated by the icy water.

"Seventy-one men responded to the call of the clerk, and sixty-three finished, the tail-enders being more than a mile in the rear of the first division. Orton was the individual favourite, and that he justified the confidence was apparent, as he led pretty much throughout. At the pistol fire he assumed the lead, closely followed by Grady, one of the Knickerbockers, who jumped in front and led to the three-quarter mile mark, with Hollander second and Orton fourth. Racing across the eclipse Orton was in front, three hundred yards ahead of the last man. Going over the water jump the first time the order was Orton, Ryan, Tobin, Hall, Walsh and Grady, the time of the first lap being 6m. 51s. Immediately upon entering the second lap Tobin essayed to take the lead, but it was a mere flash in the pan, and Orton soon rushed to the front, having shed his heavy sweater. Up the back stretch he was going great guns, and it became quite evident that so far as individual honours were concerned there was but one in it, and that one Orton.

"Twenty-one minutes twenty-seven and one-fifth seconds was the mark at three-fifths of the distance. At this point a chill west wind struck the runners, accompanied by a deluge. Orton led by one hundred and fifty yards, entering the backstretch for the fourth time, Herche, Walsh, Malloy, O'Connell and O'Connor being the order which was maintained for another lap. Across the eclipse for the last time the ultimate winner was romping three hundred yards in the van. The last jump was cut out of the finishing lap, the run home being on the last two hundred yards of the T.Y.C. The finish was:—Orton, by three hundred yards; Malloy, by twenty; Herche, by fifty; Walsh, by two hundred; Hall, by twenty; Trede, by twelve, and Hollander and Lighthipe like distances apart."

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### UNIVERSITY ROWING CLUB.

Early in 1897, a Rowing Club was formed at the University of Toronto with the approval and co-operation of the University authorities. An undergraduate crew visited the North-Western Regatta at Detroit last summer and carried everything before them. Now the club—the first University Rowing Club in Canada—is endeavouring to raise the funds to purchase an eight-oar shell. Every graduate of Toronto and every person interested in encouraging a sport of this character is being asked to contribute, and the movement is worthy of support. Subscriptions may be sent to President Loudon, or to F. A. Young, Hon.-Secretary, 46 Hazelton Ave., Toronto.

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### THE C.W.A.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Canadian Wheelman's Association was held in Toronto on the 8th of April. Nearly one hundred clubs were represented at the meeting, and the total vote was 7,016. Peterboro' won the provincial meet, and Winnipeg the national gathering. T. A. Beament, of Ottawa, was elected President, Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, Vice-President, and A. E.

Walton, of Toronto, Chairman of the Racing Board. No changes were made in the constitution or the fees.

Speaking of the growth of the Association, President Geo. H. Orr said :

"It has been stated in the public prints that our membership shows a falling off. This is not true. The impression that it had probably arose from the fact that a year ago your Executive placed the mark at which we should aim at 15,000. There was a reason for this hope—a year ago we were prosecuting a vigorous fight against the allied railroad interests of the Dominion. Our object was to secure what we claimed to be a just right for cyclists generally. Our thought was that the unattached would rally to our assistance, and by joining our Association and contributing their quota to our income, show their appreciation and gratitude of our efforts in their behalf. But we evidently over-estimated either our claim upon Canadian cyclists or their ability to give us credit for what we were doing. We failed in getting our 15,000 members; as a matter of fact we did not quite reach 10,000, but we did place our membership at high-water mark. Numerically, the C.W.A. was never so strong as it is to-day."

Secretary-Treasurer Hal. B. Donly, made his report, and from it the following quotations are made :

"Time was, in years past, that the report of the Secretary had to cover the entire ground of the association work. To-day, thanks to the wider interest taken in C.W.A. affairs by most members, and a more generous division of the labour of directing its progress among numerous chairmen of committees, my report may now be confined to a few dry statistics in regard to my office. Our advancement in the matter of membership since last Good Friday has nothing like kept pace with our expectations. At the close of the association year 1896-7 we had on our membership register 9,386 names—a figure which had only grown to 9,602 by March 15th. We are in a position to say we have not retrograded numerically. There has been no falling off in that respect. But, unfortunately, our Executive Committee last spring felt so certain that the association would, as a result of the baggage bill fights, enjoy a boom in membership that we entered upon some expenditures that were needful and which we considered our expectations as to income warranted us in doing. The result has been that while numerically we can still claim to have progressed, so far as finances are concerned, we are not so well off as we were twelve months ago. At that time our surplus of assets over liabilities was \$555.29; now the surplus is turned into a deficit of \$363.07.

"The membership register showed 9,632 members on the roll.

"A year ago we had 214 affiliated clubs, now we have 249. During the year 79 new clubs joined the association, and 44 were expelled.

"The financial report showed that the receipts from all sources amounted to \$9,554, and the disbursements \$10,374.18, a loss of \$820.45."

#### THE C.L.A.

The Canadian Lacrosse Association held its annual meeting in Toronto on the same day as the Wheelman's Association. The finances showed a balance on hand of \$428.43. The following officers were elected :

Hon. President, J. J. Craig, of Fergus; President, T. Herbert Lennox, of Aurora; 1st Vice-President, T. R. Glanville, of Mount Forest; 2nd Vice-President, P. McMillan, of Beaverton; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. A. Hartley, of Toronto.

Councillors—E. F. Seagram, of Waterloo; B. R. Kean, of Orillia; Jos. Phelan, of Arthur; H. W. Thomson, of Mitchell; W. McIntyre, of Grand Valley; Lionel King, of Peterboro; W. H. Hall, of Markham; J. D. Bailey, of the Elms, Toronto; H. B. Clemes, of Port Perry; and J. Cameron, of St. Catharines.

The Council reported that the game had been supported with much interest last year and that very keen competition was developed. The junior competitions had proved of great benefit.

The holders of the championships are :

Senior—Tecumsehs, of Toronto.

Intermediate—Dufferins, of Orangeville.

Junior—Elms II., of Toronto.

District winners—Central, Dufferin, of Orangeville; Ontario, Electric, of Uxbridge; Grey, Dauntless, of Shelburne; Huron, Twin-city, of Berlin; Northeastern, Orillia; York, Markham; Northwestern, Arthur; Quinte, Madoc; Southern, Simcoe; Royal, Streetsville; York, junior, Elms II., of Toronto.

# **It Stands Alone.**

**Cod Liver Oil is peculiar in that it widely differs from every other oil.**

**Its origin, its ease of digestion when emulsified, its quick absorption, and its remarkable curative properties, all combine to make it "the most wonderful agent known to medical science."**

**The question of "a perfect substitute" for such a remedy becomes simply a question of ignorance, a question of an absolute impossibility.**

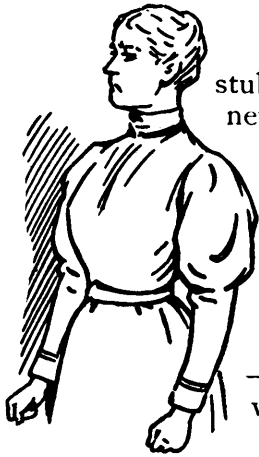
**Neither is it possible to extract any part of this oil without utterly destroying all its therapeutic power.**

**The whole question is simply resolved into the proposition that when you need cod liver oil you must take cod liver oil, and nothing else. No other oil will answer, for no other oil resembles it in any manner. Neither can any part of the oil take the place of the whole oil.**

**In Scott's Emulsion you have the whole oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine.**

**For thinness, weakness, nervous exhaustion, for the wasting diseases of early life, and for weak throats and lungs, Scott's Emulsion has been the standard remedy for a quarter of a century.**





## To stiff-necked,

stubborn women :—“ Only two kinds of people never change their minds—fools and dead men.” And you can't be either one.

Change your mind, then, about the best way of washing; look into the matter carefully; lay aside prejudice; hold yourself open to conviction. The best way of washing is with **Pearline**. Ease, economy, safety, health, quickness—these are the arguments for **Pearline** washing. Every woman who wants these things can satisfy herself that this is so. 556

**Millions NOW USE Pearline**

## Get the most For your Dollar

Not the greatest weight, for that is not the proper way to estimate its value, it is the strength and flavor that determine it. What is called tea can be bought for a few cents per pound, and yet it is expensive.

## RAM LAL'S PURE INDIAN TEA

has never been known as a “cheap” tea, yet it is economical because of its purity, flavor, and great strength. It will brew nearly double the number of good cups of tea that any “cheap” brand will. Cheap bulk teas not only lose their strength, but the fine flavor is altogether wanting.

Ram Lal's Tea is a pure Indian Blend put up in sealed packets, which retain all the strength, original delicate aroma and delicious flavor.

**Ask your grocer for a package of Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea.**

# BAD FUEL MAKES A BAD FIRE.

And food is the fuel which keeps the fire of life bright, for it is as impossible for a "run down" system to exert itself efficiently as for a mere mass of inert metal to develop into a powerful locomotive without steam.



A strengthening, stimulative nourishment, which will fortify the system against prevalent ailments **MUST BE HAD**, and

## BOVRIL

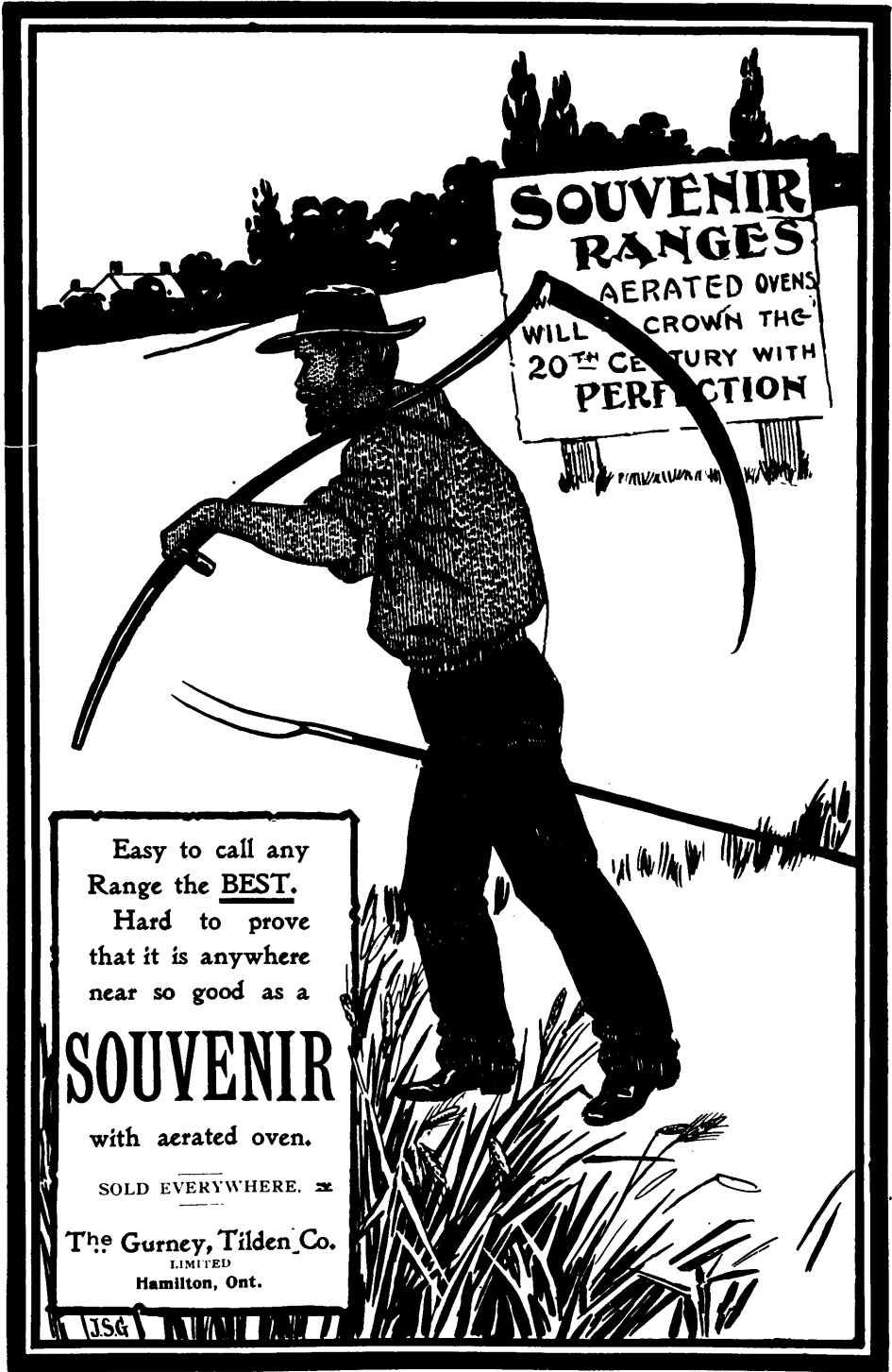
supplies it by forming a perfect food for Brain, Blood, Bone and Muscle. Whether taken as a beverage for Luncheon, Supper, or at "odd times" to relieve the mental and bodily overstrain common to this high-pressure age; or used in the preparation of Soups, Gravies, and all made dishes, it provides the perfection of strengthening, stimulating, appetising, and easily digested nourishment.



**BOVRIL, Limited,**

**27 St. Peter St.**

**Montreal, Can.**



**SOUVENIR  
RANGES**  
AERATED OVENS  
WILL CROWN THE  
20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY WITH  
PERFECTION

Easy to call any  
Range the BEST.  
Hard to prove  
that it is anywhere  
near so good as a

**SOUVENIR**  
with aerated oven.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.  $\infty$

The Gurney, Tilden Co.  
LIMITED  
Hamilton, Ont.

JS&G



# CHURCH'S ALABASTINE

The Permanent Wall-Coating.  
 Does not RUB or SCALE from any hard surface.  
 Coat over coat can be applied.  
 No more washing or scraping of walls necessary.  
 Alabastine is The Sanitary Wall-Coating.  
 Displaces Kalsomines, which decay on the wall.  
 Equally adapted for Ornamental work and plain Tinting  
 Pleases Painters as well as the general public.  
 Easily applied by anyone who can handle a brush.  
 Sixteen beautiful tints and White.  
 Put up in Five-pound packages, and never sold in bulk.  
 Ready for use by mixing in Cold Water.  
 No hot water being needed, SAVES TIME AND WASTE.  
 Full directions for use on every package.  
 "The Decorator's Aid" furnished painters, free.  
 Ask your dealer for Tint-Circular showing colors.  
 BEWARE OF IMITATIONS bearing similar names.  
 Sold by leading Hardware and Paint dealers everywhere.

THE ALABASTINE CO'Y. (LIMITED) PARIS, ONT.

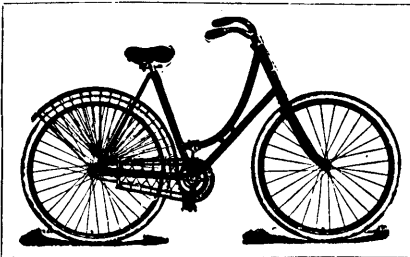
## ANYONE CAN BRUSH IT ON, NO ONE CAN RUB IT OFF.

# "Welland Vales"

"It's as easy as riding  
on a Pullman Car"

## The Welland Vale

Bicycle runs so smoothly  
and quietly . . . . .



Toronto Store :

147 and 149

Yonge St.

# WELLAND VALE MFG. CO. LIMITED

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

# Oxford Gas Ranges for '98

Have some new features that will give them precedence over all others.

Both their ovens are the same size—and extra large.

Their oven burners are reversible—they may be turned either up or down to accelerate the heating of whichever oven you wish to use. This saves time as well as gas.

They have slotted burners and needle pointed valves, so perfected that an intense heat is furnished from a very small supply of gas.

Consider these points, and make sure of summer comfort and economy by buying the low-priced

 **OXFORD**



**THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, TORONTO, CAN.**

The Gurney-Massey Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Ltd., 75 Finsbury Pavement, London, Eng.



**HOLDERS OF TWENTY ROYAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT**

To

Her Most Gracious Majesty The Queen,  
 H.R.H. The Princess of Wales,  
 H.M. The Empress Frederick,  
 H.M. The Queen of Denmark,  
 H.M. The Queen of Greece,  
 H.M. The Queen of Sweden and Norway,  
 H.M. The Queen of Italy, &c., &c.

And under the Patronage  
 of the Courts of Great Britain,  
 Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy,  
 Denmark, Spain, Sweden and  
 Norway, Greece,  
 &c., &c.



**Egerton Burnett's  
 Royal E.B. Serges**



**THE "EGERTON" PERMANENT DYE**

Specially woven from **Pure Wool** for strength and usefulness, for **LADIES', CHILDREN'S, and GENTLEMEN'S** Dress in all Climates and Seasons. Will not turn a bad colour by exposure to Sun, Rain, or Salt Water.

Prices for Ladies and Children, 1/1½ to 8/6 per yard; and for Gentlemen, from 1/5 to 13/6 per yard.

**E. B's. IMPERIAL DRESS MATERIALS,**

TWEEDS, HOMESPUNS, TROUSERINGS, Etc., comprise a vast variety of shades and prices.

**LADIES' TAILOR-MADE SKIRTS FROM 10/, GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS, Etc., MADE TO MEASURE.**

Patterns, Illustrated Price Lists, and Self-measurement Forms Post Free.

ANY LENGTH SOLD. GOODS PACKED FOR EXPORTATION. SPECIAL TERMS FOR THE COLONIES, ETC.

RESIDENTS IN CANADA are invited to deal direct with

**EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.,** Royal Serge Warehouse, **Wellington, Somerset, England.**

KINDLY MENTION THIS MAGAZINE

**JOHN KAY, SON & CO.**

IMPORTERS OF

**FINE LACE CURTAINS**

**NEW GOODS NOW ARRIVING**

Brussels Point, Louis XIV., Renaissance Point, Point Colbert, Tambour and Real Shiffle Frilled Nets. Specialties in Embroidered and Frilled Swiss Muslin Curtains for Bedrooms, etc.

Clearing out odd lots of one, two, and three pairs at much below regular prices.

**John Kay, Son & Co.,** 34 King St. West, **TORONTO.**

# FROM MAKER TO USER.

Singer Sewing-Machines cannot be obtained through department stores or merchandise dealers; they are delivered directly from maker to user only through our own employees. They are offered to the public on their intrinsic merits as the best device obtainable for family sewing.

**CAN YOU TRY ONE FREE? CERTAINLY.** Deliver it at your door, in our own wagon, upon application to any of our offices, located in every city in the world.

EITHER LOCK-STITCH OR CHAIN-STITCH.  
ANY STYLE OF CABINET WORK.

Sold for Cash, or Leased.  
Old Machines Exchanged.

## THE SINGER MFG. CO.



## STEBEN SANITARIUM

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.

**A Luxurious Home** for the invalid, as the HEATING and VENTILATING is so perfect that the TEMPERATURE DOES NOT VARY MORE THAN TWO DEGREES, and the AIR CAN BE COMPLETELY CHANGED IN EVERY ROOM WITHIN TEN MINUTES.

BRICK AND STONE FIRE-PROOF STRUCTURES with ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, located in the healthiest and most beautiful part of the state.

Separate SURGICAL DEPARTMENT, where SPECIAL ATTENTION is paid to the PREPARATION of patients for intricate operations. The advantages afforded are such as are not found in any general hospital.

Every form of HYDROTHERAPY, ELECTRICITY, MASSAGE, PHYSICAL CULTURE, etc., given by TRAINED NURSES AND ATTENDANTS.

Excellent facilities for treating NEURASTHENIA, RHEUMATISM and PARALYSIS, as well as ALL conditions arising from defective elimination or perverted nutrition.

Fifteen consulting specialists—with a house staff of twenty years' experience, both in this country and Europe,  
**DR. J. E. WALKER, Supt.**

# LUBY'S RESTORES THE HAIR

# Pabst Malt Extract

The "Best" Tonic



AT  
ALL  
DRUGGISTS

BINNER CHI.

"A Malt Extract without an Imperfection"



**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.**  
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S**  
**Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier**

**PURIFIES**  
 AS WELL AS  
**BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN**  
 No other cosmetic  
 will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 48 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "As young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.  
 For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in N.Y. City at R. H. Macey's, Stern's, Ehrlich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

SEND TO

**H. W. PETRIE** FOR CATALOGUE  
 OF  
**NEW & 2<sup>ND</sup> MACHINERY**  
 TORONTO CANADA.

**TO THE DEAF**

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free. Address, H. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

**TOOTH TALK....**

Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth, you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—**Use Odoroma.** You want them preserved, and any tendency to decay checked—**Use Odoroma.** You want your breath fragrant and your gums a healthy red—**Use Odoroma.**

**'Tis the Perfect Tooth Powder.** Expert chemical analysis says so. Your own experience will teach you so.

**Price, 25c. All Druggists, or THE AROMA CHEMICAL CO.**  
 Toronto, Ont

**The Densmore**

Lightest Touch—  
 Longest Wear

**FASTEST,  
 HANDIEST,  
 BEST FOR CORRESPONDENCE  
 AND MANIFOLDING.**

**DENSMORE TYPEWRITER CO. 316 BROADWAY,  
 NEW YORK.**

**FREE**

**To Advertisers.**

Our knowledge as to the value of mediums—  
 Our knowledge of correct prices for advertising space—  
 Our experience in preparing business-bringing announcements—  
 The services of a well-equipped staff to check the insertion of ads. and look after all the details of changes, etc.

Estimates prepared without charge.  
 Correspondence solicited.

THE  
**E. Desbarats Advertising Agency,  
 MONTREAL.**

**CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LIMITED**  
**PRESTON, ONT.**



**OFFICE, SCHOOL, CHURCH, & LODGE FURNITURE**

FINE BANK, OFFICE, COURT HOUSE AND DRUG STORE FITTINGS

**A SPECIALTY** **SEND FOR CATALOGUE**

**FREE TO LADIES.**

We will give one lady in each town or village a full sized \$2 case of **LUXEKA**, the only Toilet article in the world that will develop the bust or any part of the female form, remove wrinkles, etc. Write to-day for it. **G. M. WIGGINS, 112 West 32d Street, New York.**

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

**AFTER BATHING**



**Delightful After Bathing.**

A Positive Relief for Prickly Heat and All Affections of the Skin. Banishes All Odors of Perspiration.

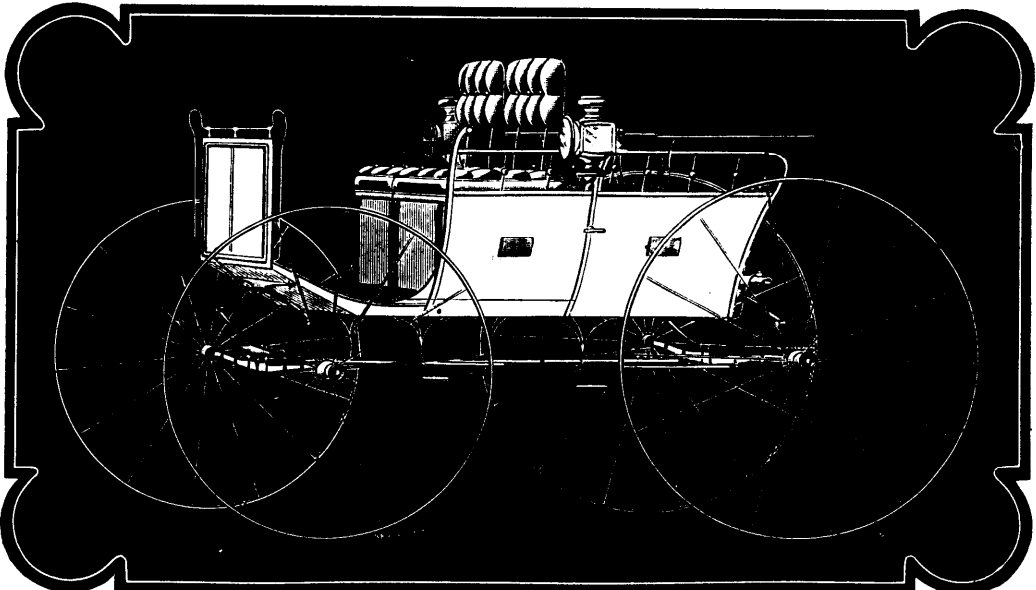
**Get MENNEN'S** (the only Genuine)

**Refuse all other Powders which are liable to do harm.**

APPROVED by the MEDICAL PROFESSION and TRAINED NURSES for the use of Infants and Adults.

Sold Everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free).

**GERHARD MENNEN CO., NEWARK, N. J.**



**THE ARMSTRONG TRAP.**

Newest Design. Very Stylish, Roomy, Comfortable Carriage. Light enough for Shaft use. Ask for Catalogue describing fully this and our other Styles. For sale by all the leading Carriage Makers and Dealers.

**J. B. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., Limited**  
**GUELPH, CANADA**

# Lamplough's Pyretic Saline.

## The Specific for Every Kind of Stomachic Disturbance.

The following has been communicated by Rev. W. J. Buckland, Vicar of a parish in Wiltshire, and will be found interesting. The original manuscript may be seen at the Chief Office of the Company, 113 Holborn, London, E.C.

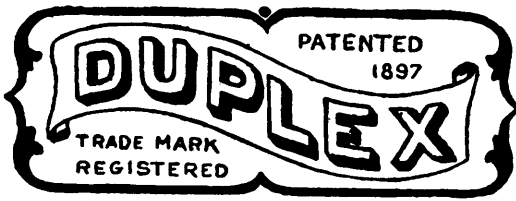
### A TRUE STORY.

It was a morning in the late autumn, heavy mist hung round, sodden leaves lay under the feet, and the air was damp and—what country people call—muggy, just the time for fevers and ague, when a country parson was at work in his study, his wife employed in household duties. A woman came up from the village to ask them to go and see a child who was in a very bad way. They immediately started, and found the poor child very ill; her pulse alarmingly high, but hot, burning cheeks, sore throat, foul tongue, hot dry hands, and headache. The clergyman and his wife telegraphed to each other that they thought very badly of her. "This is a case for LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE," said the lady. "Very decidedly," replied the parson. They returned home for a bottle—you may be sure they had it at hand—and administered a dose. Later in the day they returned to find the child a little better and decidedly quieter. They then administered another dose. The next day they called again with their bottle, to find to their satisfaction that the feverish symptoms were greatly abated, and the child beginning to look like herself. By continuing this treatment the little girl entirely recovered. The story got abroad, and the parson was besieged with requests for LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE, which, I need hardly say, he never refused, and its results—in I may conscientiously say "every" case—have been most beneficial.

*In Stopped Bottles, with full directions for use, 2/6, 4/6, 11/-, and 22/- each.*

Sold by all Chemists throughout the world.

**TRY IT.**

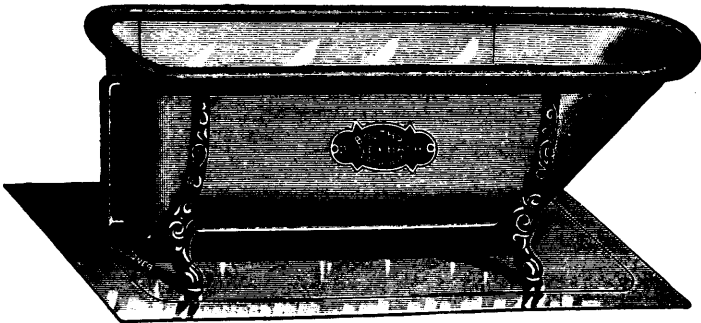


**SANITARY  
EXCELLENCE**

Price  
Complete,  
as shown,

**\$17.00**

Ready  
to  
Attach.



**The Toronto Steel-Clad Bath and Metal Co., Limited,**

125 Queen Street East,

TORONTO.

# Neave's Food

For Infants, Invalids,  
Children and the Aged.

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D.

In 1lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins

Burn

E.B.Eddy's  
Matches

They never fail

# The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited

ENVELOPE MAKERS AND  
PAPER DEALERS :: :: :

## PLASHWATER

**PLASHWATER**—The best material for note paper.  
**PLASHWATER**—For private correspondence. In five quires, note size.  
**PLASHWATER**—Envelopes, large and small square.  
**PLASHWATER**—In boxes, note and envelopes.  
**PLASHWATER**—Cream and white, smooth and kid surface.

## PEPYS PARCHMENT

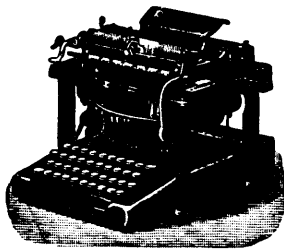
An elegant paper in five-quire boxes, and envelopes—one hundred in a box.

## OLD ENGLAND VELLUM

A laid paper, extra quality, note paper and envelopes to match.

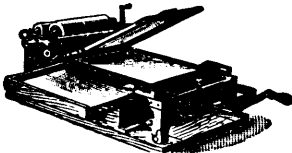
Nos. 43, 45, 47 and 49 Bay Street, Toronto.

# The Remington



1898  
New Models  
ARE  
The Improved  
No. 6  
and The New  
No. 7

Latest Improvements contained in no other.



AUTOMATIC

HOW TO WRITE BUSINESS-SEEKING LETTERS  
Write one and copy the rest on an

## EDISON MIMEOGRAPH

It produces any number of copies from a hand or typewritten original at the rate of one thousand per hour. Any one can operate it.

Endorsed by over 150,000 Users.

Simple—compact—cleanly—cheap. Send for samples of work and price list.

CHAS. E. ARCHBALD,  
45 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO

Lithographing and Printing a Specialty.

Fire-Proof Safes  
Fire and Burglar-Proof  
Safes  
Burglar-Proof Safes  
Vault Doors  
Steel Vaults, for Banks and  
Deposit Companies.  
Jail and Prison Work  
All kinds of Iron Work

MANUFACTURED BY

# J. & J. TAYLOR

TORONTO SAFE WORKS

145 and 147 Front St. East

TORONTO, CANADA

NOTHING SO NICE  
AS  
**HAMILTON'S**  
SUPREME  
DELICIOUS  
**Chocolates**  
ASK FOR  
THEM.

G. J. HAMILTON & SON, Pictou, N.S.



## A Stove Tonic.

**Royal Blacklead** is pure blacklead. It acts on the iron stove as a tonic, filling up the pores, preserving it from rust and wear, while giving it that polish dear to the house-keeper's heart.

Beware of paste and liquid polishes, as they stain the hands, and are as bad for the stove as for the human beings who inhale their poisonous fumes.

## Boeckh's Brooms and Brushes

Are sold by progressive dealers everywhere because they give such excellent service to the users.

**For**

Quality, workmanship, experience—these three strong points about them save money for house-keepers.

**Woman's**

**Eye**

you'll get the best there is—ask for the "best" and you'll get Boeckh's.

Chas. Boeckh & Sons., Mfrs.

Toronto, Ont.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

A Better Cocktail at Home Than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.



# THE CLUB COCKTAILS

**Manhattan, Martini,  
Whiskey, Holland Gin,  
Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.**

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**AVOID IMITATIONS.**

**C. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.**

39 Broadway, New York.

Hartford, Conn.

20 Piccadilly, W. London.

**WALTER R. WONHAM & SONS, Distributing Agents for Canada.**

**315 Board of Trade Building, MONTREAL, CANADA.**

## The Best Beef

free from fat and bone, forms the basis of every one of Lazenby's Soup Squares.

The soluble parts of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of Beef goes into each Square. See how nutritious it must be. Cheaper than canned soup. Each Square (your grocer sells them) makes  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints of Soup. Try one of

**Lazenby's  
Soup  
Squares.**

# WHAT IS YOUR FORTUNE

A woman's hand tells the tale!  
If it is smooth and white it shows she uses her head to save her hands—that she uses

## GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER

to do her cleaning. If her hand is rough, wrinkled and shrunken, it shows she is still using the old soap and soda combination.

Why don't you use Gold Dust Washing Powder?

Largest package—greatest economy.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,  
Montreal. Chicago. St. Louis.  
New York. Boston.

**Famous Five Active Range**

**BARREL OF FLOUR**  
INTO 212  
**LOAVES**  
IN 8 HOURS  
USING ONLY  
**ONE FIRE POT**  
OF COAL.

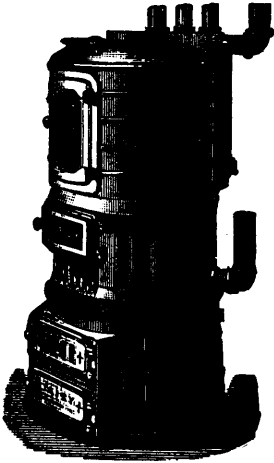
The illustration shows a woman in a white dress and apron standing next to a large barrel of flour. In the background, a brick oven is filled with many small loaves of bread. A stove with a single fire pot is in the foreground.

# THE McCLARY M'FG. CO.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER  
IF YOUR LOCAL DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY WRITE OUR NEAREST HOUSE



The  
"DAISY"



THE "DAISY" Hot Water Heater gives the best results for all classes of work where hot water is used for heating purposes.

The Daisy is now in use in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

Made in 12 Sizes and with twin connections for large institutions.

Sole Manufacturers,

**Warden, King & Son**

MONTREAL.

Toronto Radiator Co., - - Toronto

Selling Agents for Ontario.

# GARDEN

Rollers,  
Wheelbarrows,  
Rakes, Shears,  
Hose, Sprinklers,  
Syringes, Etc.

~~~~~  
**RICE LEWIS & SON,**  
(LIMITED),

Cor. King and Victoria Sts.,

Toronto.



**It is Easy  
to use the  
Electropoise**

A few minutes, while  
reading the favorite  
magazine, often suf-  
fices for an application

It can be used whenever the  
patient is at rest, whether  
standing, sitting or re-  
clining, or applied at  
night when in bed.

*The*  *Electropoise*  
**Electropoise**  
TRADE MARK

**An Oxygen  
Home Remedy  
Without Medicine**

**Price, \$10.00 Formerly \$25.00**

DELIVERED FREE OF DUTY.

A 112 page *illustrated* book descriptive  
of the Electropoise free by mail  
to any address.

**Electrolibration Co., 1122 Broadway, New York  
(Room 40)**

**Often Cures  
Cases  
Pronounced  
"Incurable"**

**"How?"**  
By its new method of in-  
troducing oxygen di-  
rectly into the entire  
circulation . . . . .

"I greatly prefer the Electropoise to any and all agencies for the cure of the sick of which I have any knowledge."  
C. COLEGROVE, M.D., Holland, N.Y. (Graduate University of Buffalo).

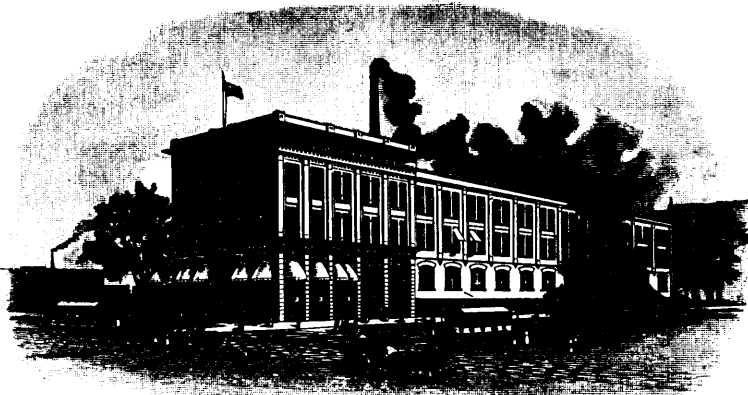
"A friend has been using my Electropoise for sciatic rheumatism. The first application reduced the swelling and within eight days he was free from pain. I consider your invention a wonderful machine."  
C. S. WALLACE, Terrebonne, Que. (With Matthew Moody & Sons).

"The Electropoise has been used in my family for the past eighteen months with most satisfactory results."  
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"I bought an Electropoise four months ago and used it for nervous prostration. I am now about as good as new and have discontinued the use of it. Some of my neighbors have used it with equally good results."  
A. W. HENDRY, Liverpool, N.S. (Agent for Yarmouth S.S. Co.).

have given a very thorough trial to the Electropoise for Rheumatism, and find it to be a very valuable remedy."  
Judge WM. FULLERTON, 45 Broadway, N.Y.  
(Ex-Ass. Justice Court of Appeal).

The Largest Lithographic Establishment in the British Colonies.

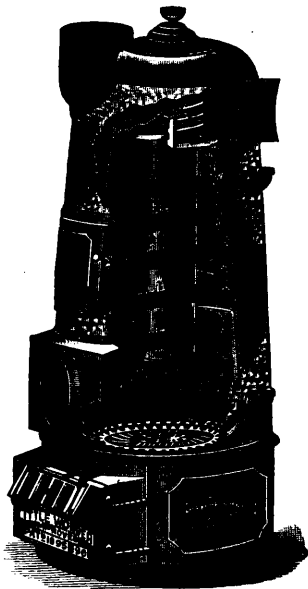


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All Processes for all Purposes.

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# The Little Wonder



HOT WATER HEATERS

ARE THE MOST

Simple, Efficient, Economical,  
Durable and Healthful,

AND AFFORD AN

Excellent Ventilating System.

First cost and cost of running much lower than  
any other system of Hot Water Heating.





THE McEACHREN

Heating and Ventilating Co.,  
GALT, ONT.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.



**The use of the Right Advertisement  
in the Right Newspaper  
Always Pays.**

*Regular Advertiser*  *Casual Advertiser* 

**In reply to the Question,  
Which is the Best Advertising Medium  
in Canada ?**

**The universal answer is  
THE GLOBE.**

**It Covers the Richest Field.**

*Large Advertiser*  *Small Advertiser* 

During the first Three Months of 1898  
The average Daily Circulation was 34,627.  
Saturday Illustrated, 40,131.  
Weekly Globe and Canada Farmer, 24,320.  
Rates and Sworn Statement of Circulation Cheerfully Mailed

**THE GLOBE, - TORONTO, CANADA.**



**THE WILLIAM BUCK STOVE CO. LIMITED.**

**BUCK'S**

**STOVES · RANGES · FURNACES**

**CANADA'S BEST**

**BRANTFORD ONTARIO**

# VIN MARIANI

The Ideal French Tonic for Body, Brain and Nerves.



"Vin Mariani aids the voice, and is quite invaluable in resisting fatigue. I speak from experience, having used it at home and at the theatre."

LILLIAN RUSSELL,



"In remembrance of the excellent Vin Mariani. I always sing the praise of this most delicious and efficacious tonic stimulant."

ADELINA PATTI.

LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO.,

Sole Agents for Canada.

MONTREAL.

ESTABLISHED 1778.

# THE GAZETTE

MONTREAL, QUE.

Daily and Weekly Editions.



The Leading Daily Commercial Newspaper of  
Canada, and the most Profitable and Reliable  
Advertising Medium in the Dominion.



Rates on application to

RICHARD WHITE,

Managing Director,

GAZETTE PRINTING CO., MONTREAL.

*Delicious, Nutritive, Digestible.*

# BENGER'S

**FOOD FOR  
INFANTS,  
INVALIDS,  
and the  
AGED.**

*The LANCET says—*  
"Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

*The LONDON MEDICAL RECORD says—*  
"Retained when all other foods are rejected.  
It is invaluable."

**GOLD MEDAL awarded Health Exhibition, London.**  
*Wholesale of Leading Importers, or of Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto.*

*Benger's Food is  
Sold by  
Chemists, &c.,  
everywhere.*



Binding and Closing the Tick.

## Unwholesome Mattresses Undermine Health.

~~~~~  
**Think a Minute—**

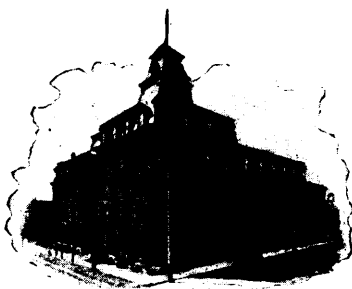
If you spend eight hours a night breathing the tainted air exhaled from a shoddy-topped mattress, is it any wonder the mornings find you with throbbing head and furry tongue?

Yes, a hair mattress is expensive—but you don't need one. Get a Patent Felt Mattress. It is made altogether of pure elastic felt, carded and interlaced, and is just the restful, healthful, comfortable bed you need.

**ONLY \$15.00 (FOR THE DOUBLE SIZE)**

Order through any respectable furniture dealer (showing him this advertisement). Your money will be refunded if the mattress does not suit after 30 days' trial.

~~~~~  
**THE ALASKA FEATHER AND DOWN COMPANY, Limited,**  
**290 Guy Street, MONTREAL.**



## The Grand Union

H. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

OTTAWA, - - - ONT.

Opposite City Hall and Russell Theatre.  
One-minute's walk from Parliament Buildings.

# MASON & RISCH PIANOS

Retain their prominence in the musical world  
Because of their musical excellence and durability.



They outlast all others and give more satisfaction from the start.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Limited,  
32 King Street West, TORONTO.

# The Human Equation.

In the opinion of the London *Lancet* (an admitted authority), the chief gain to medicine during the reign of Victoria has not been so much in the actual treatment of disease as in its prevention. The Victorian era has been characterised by the rise and development of sanitary science, the aim of which is to promote the public health by securing cleanliness of air, water, food and drink; the construction of dwellings on hygienic principles, the avoidance of over-crowding, the control of unhealthy occupations, the better management of factories, and so on.

No doubt sanitation and hygiene deserve the high estimate set upon them. They are able largely or wholly to prevent epidemics of contagious or infectious diseases, for which the community has every reason to be thankful; but even if it were possible to enforce the general observance of the laws of health to an extent far beyond the limit likely to be attained, there would still remain the individual element of the human equation to deal with, and no system or aggregation of principles has ever been able to do much with that. After all we can say or do, every man must fight the battle of life for himself, and meet death for himself; and that, too, under conditions different from those peculiar to any and all others.

Buddha, founder of the religion which bears his name, and one of the profoundest thinkers that ever lived, says it is vain to hope to overcome grief and sorrow until men overcome the sense of *personality* in which sorrow takes its rise.

Exactly. And *personality* will continue to defy all wholesale ways of helping or hindering to time's end. Why, look at the point for yourself. The fact is, that in the very face and eyes of these protective and salvatory contrivances, people fall ill precisely as they did a hundred years ago, and cry out for a *cure*—precisely as they did then. Out of the great grist ground in Life's Mill the angel

of death takes the same "toll" as he did when sanitation and hygiene were words unknown to the English language. So the Victorian era closes with the people using more *medicine* per capita than when it began; remedies imperatively needed and often successful. As, for example, in the case of Mr. Henry Gunning, who says:—

"In the spring of 1892 my health began to give way. I felt languid and weak, and had no energy. I had no appetite, and after eating experienced great pain around the chest and a gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach. At night I was in such pain I got no proper sleep or rest. Cold, clammy sweats used to break over me, exhausting my strength. I became extremely weak, and although I kept at my work it was with difficulty.

"I grew weaker, and felt that I was going down the hill. I took medicines prescribed by a doctor, but they did not suit my ailment.

"In this distressful condition I continued up to March of last year (1896) when my brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas, recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I procured a supply from Mr. Hughes, chemist, of this place, and on taking it a short time I began to improve. My appetite returned and food caused me no pain. Continuing, I grew stronger daily. When I had taken six bottles I was completely cured, and have since enjoyed good health. But for Mother Seigel's Syrup I should have been in the grave. You may publish this as you like. (Signed) Henry Gunning, Broomfield Yard, Mold, North Wales, June 15th, 1897."

This man suffered from chronic indigestion, the most common and (considering its consequences) the most dangerous of diseases; *not preventible or curable by any sanitary or hygienic arrangements*. Let us by all means favour the adoption of these latter, on general principles, but when attacked by dyspepsia, follow Mr. Gunning's example, and use the medicine that cured him.





**You'll Notice**  
 . . the . .  
**Difference**

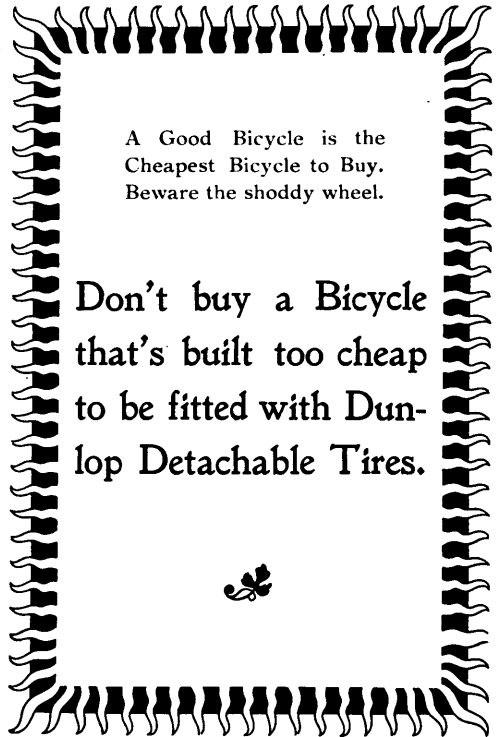
In the length of time your kitchen utensils **last**—if you find Kemp's

**"GRANITE"**  
 or  
**"DIAMOND"**

label on every piece you buy.

These wares are perfectly pure, with a fine finish—they cost no more than others, but will last longer.

We guarantee every piece. Try them.



A Good Bicycle is the Cheapest Bicycle to Buy. Beware the shoddy wheel.

Don't buy a Bicycle that's built too cheap to be fitted with Dunlop Detachable Tires.






A cure for deafness that makes audible the faintest sound, heals and protects the inner ear, stops all pain and prevents head noises—

The only Scientific Sound Conductor.

**WILSON'S**  
**"Common Sense"**  
**EAR DRUM**



**Safe, Comfortable, Invisible.**

New York City, Jan. 13, 1897.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.:  
 Gentlemen—I take great pleasure in saying that the Ear Drums purchased of you in July, 1895, have given me the most perfect satisfaction.



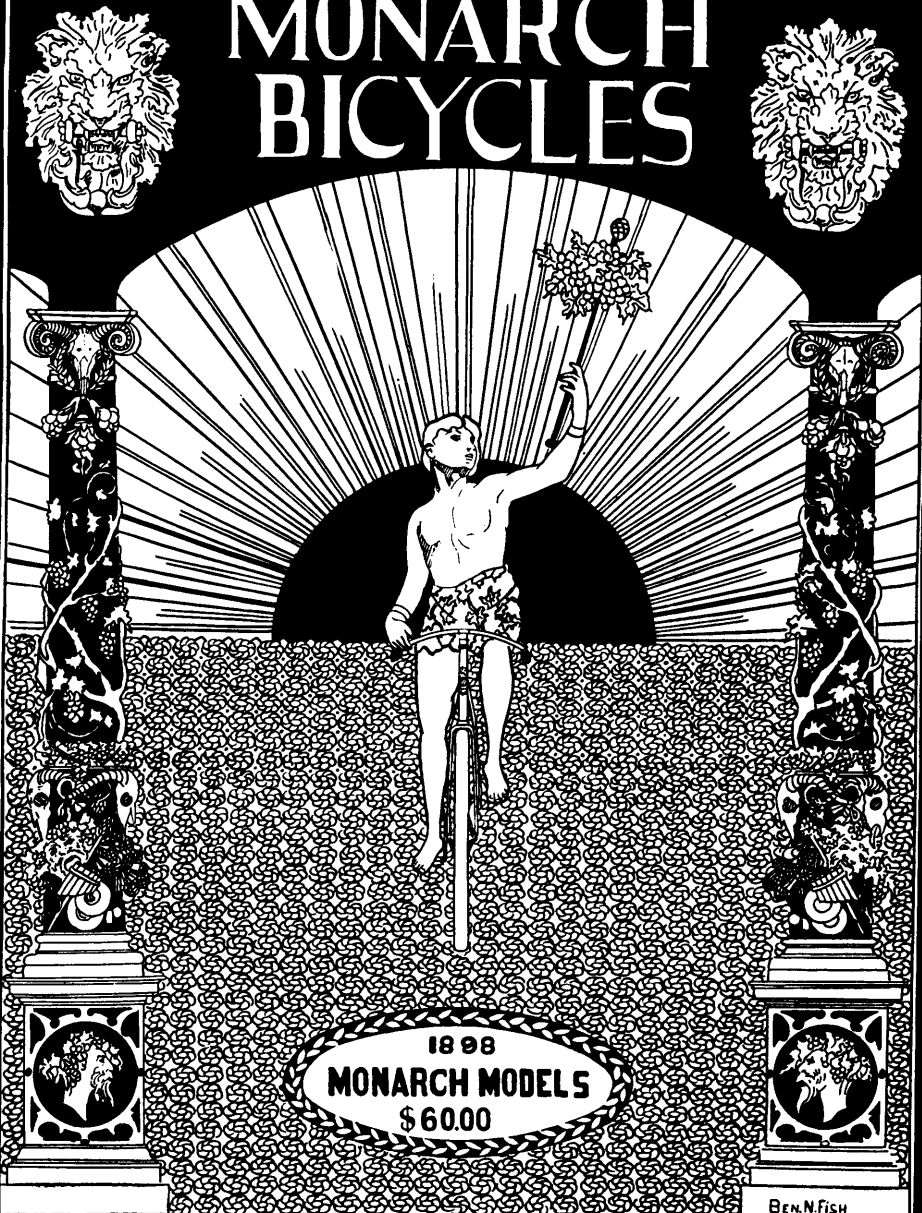
I have worn them constantly since that time, and have taken occasion to recommend them to every person I have met since I have had them that were afflicted with deafness. I will heartily recommend them to any one you may desire to refer to, me.

Very truly yours,  
 A. F. WHITE, 78 William St.

The above is one of hundreds of enthusiastic testimonials printed in our interesting book. Mailed Free.

**WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,**  
 OFFICES:  
 377 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.,

# MONARCH BICYCLES



1898  
MONARCH MODELS  
\$60.00

BEN. N. FISH

MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO.  
CHICAGO NEW YORK LONDON HAMBURG.  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE



ESTABLISHED  
21 YEARS

THE WORST MONTH IN THE  
WHOLE YEAR FOR

# Lung and Bronchial

AFFECTIONS, AND FOR ALL  
CHEST TROUBLES, COLDS, COUGHS,  
· WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, Etc.

# Owbridge's Lung Tonic

Will cure when others fail. Have you tried it?

## Owbridge's Embrocation

for outward application is unexcelled by any  
Liniments, or Application of any kind.

PRICES OF LUNG TONIC, 50c., \$1.25 and \$2.00 per Bottle.  
EMBRICATION, 50c. per Bottle.

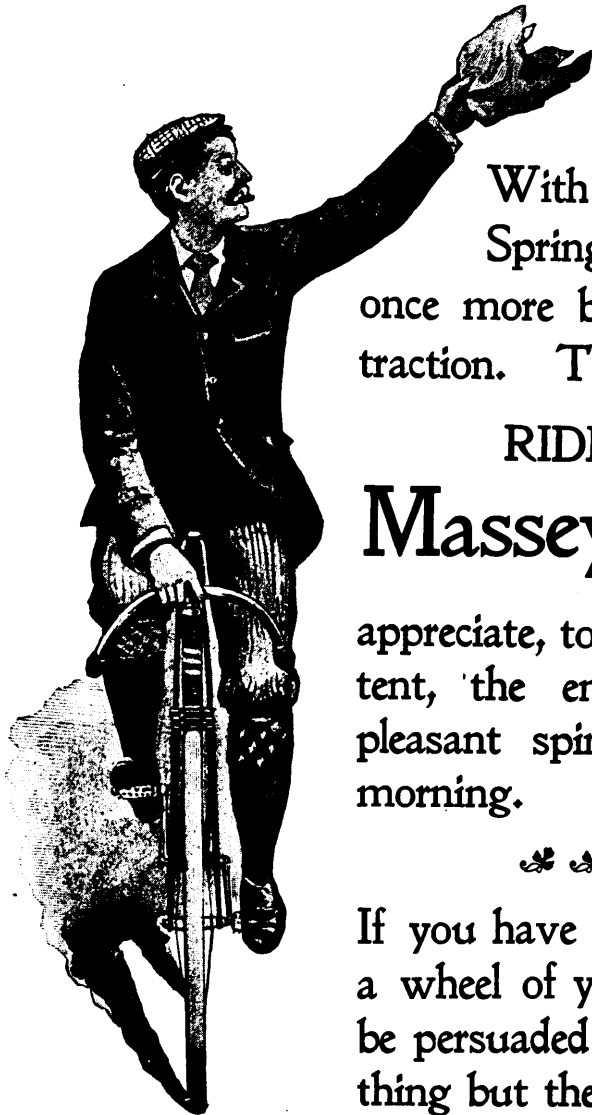
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Druggists' Corporation of Canada

(LIMITED)

TORONTO, ONTARIO

Sole Wholesale Agents  
for Canada.



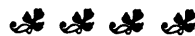
# Farewell

To Winter!

With the approach of Springtime the wheel once more becomes an attraction. Those who

## RIDE THE Massey-Harris

appreciate, to the fullest extent, the enjoyment of a pleasant spin in the early morning.



If you have not yet bought a wheel of your own, don't be persuaded to accept anything but the highest grade.

Cheapest in the end.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

**MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Limited,**  
TORONTO.

# SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous **Skin Fluid**  
English.....

**ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,  
Disappear in a few days.**

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness vanish as if by magic; whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin.

Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., TORONTO**

## FREE

A positive, quick and lasting cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Poor Blood, Rheumatism, Corpulency, etc. Thousands of testimonials from grateful people who have been cured. We send the Medicine free and post-paid. You Save Doctors' bills and get well. Good Agents wanted. Write to-day. Address **EGYPTIAN DRUG CO., New York.**

### A SIMPLE CATARRH CURE

I have spent nearly fifty years in the treatment of Catarrh, and have effected more cures than any specialist in the history of medicine. As I must soon retire from active life, I will, from this time on, send the means of treatment and cure as used in my practice, **Free and post-paid** to every reader of this paper who suffers from this loathsome, dangerous and disgusting disease. This is a sincere offer which anyone is free to accept. Address, **PROFESSOR J. J. Lawrence, 114 West 32d St., New York.**

ESTABLISHED 1856

## VICTORIA WHEEL WORKS

R. SCOTT & SON, PROPRIETORS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

**Sarven Patent, Plain Wood Hub, Warner and Shell Band Wheels,**

HUBS, SPOKES, RIMS, SHAFTS, ETC.

**GALT, ONT., - - CANADA.**

The Old English Remedy For All  
Rheumatic Affections - - -

### PATERNOSTERS' GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS

Are still prepared from the original recipe, and are as efficacious now as a century ago—that is to say **THEY DO NOT FAIL.** PRICES, 25c., 60c. and \$1.00 PER BOX. Sold by Chemists all over the world.

Proprietors—

**POINGDESTRE & TRUMAN,**

71 Old Kent Road, LONDON, (S.E.) ENGLAND.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

## Rice's Pure Salt

BEST FOR TABLE, DAIRY AND FARM

## John Bertram & Sons,

DUNDAS, ONT.

High-Class Machinists' Tools.

Locomotive and Car Machinery.

Bicycle and Automatic Machinery.



## DIXON'S GRAPHITE

In Stick or Paste,

lubricates a bicycle chain as no other lubricant can. If dealer does not keep it, send 10 cents for sample of either.

**JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N.J.**

**Dr. Sproule, B.A.**  
**Specialist.**

**Chronic Diseases Only.**  
**Consulting Physician.**

**In Nervous Disorders**, whether acquired or constitutional, resulting in nervous depression, irritability or excitability.

**Catarrh**, whether affecting nose or throat, or if extending to head, eyes, ears, or bronchial tubes.

**Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Female Complaints.**

**Impoverished Blood.**



There are numbers of people all over the Dominion who have tried doctors somewhat and many patent medicines, and yet are not well. Their lives are failures.

Perhaps you, my reader, are among this class, you are just wearing out in misery and wretchedness, and have almost given up in despair. Yet you long for health and vitality once more. For such as you I have established a system of letter correspondence, by which you can consult me without leaving home. All you have to do is to write me a history of your case, telling just how you feel, and I will treat your communication as confidential, answer your letter kindly, explain your case thoroughly, and advise what is best to do.

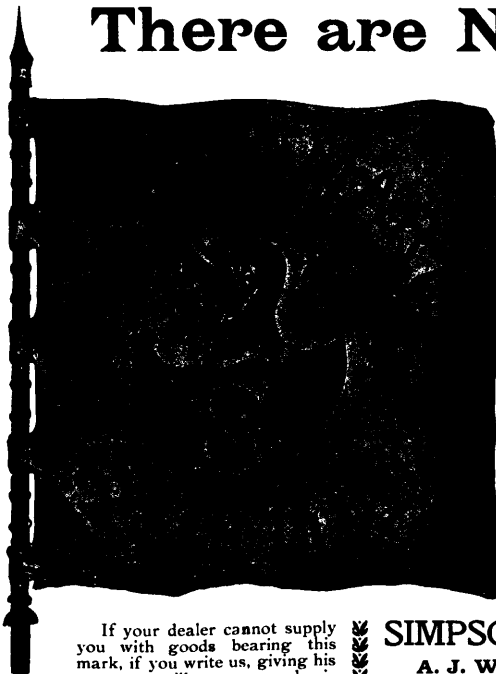
**DR. SPROULE,**  
93 Carlton Street, TORONTO



**ATHLETICS.**

*Sporting Life, London, Eng., says:*  
"One of the most excellent remedies for sprains, bruises, strains, over-tension of the ligaments, and other ailments incidental to athletic sports, is St. Jacobs Oil." The same is said of it by the sporting journals of the States.

**There are No Laws  
in Canada**



regulating the stamping of silverware.

As a result, the word "sterling" on silverware is absolutely no protection to the purchaser.

BUT—if the word Sterling is accompanied by the Trade Mark, as shown on Standard in this advertisement, the purchaser is protected.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO., one of the largest, oldest and wealthiest firms of silver manufacturers in America, guarantee that all goods bearing this mark—their firm's trade mark for silver—are or

**STERLING SILVER <sup>925</sup>/<sub>1000</sub> FINE**

**SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.**

**A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada,**  
Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

If your dealer cannot supply you with goods bearing this mark, if you write us, giving his name, we will see your order is filled.

# Columbia Chainless



Painted  
aloft in bold  
letters -

Crowned  
with the  
wreath of  
success -

Victory  
proclaims  
the vast  
superiority  
of

**COLUMBIA  
CHAINLESS  
BICYCLES  
STANDARD  
OF THE WORLD.**

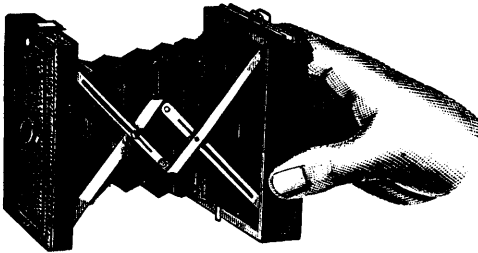
**POPE MANUFACTURING CO.**

**HARTFORD, CONN.**

**CATALOGUE FREE FROM ANY DEALER. OR BY MAIL FOR ONE TWO CENT STAMP.**

# Most Compact Camera in the World.

Taking  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  and  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  Pictures.



CAMERA OPEN.

Only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick when closed, including double plateholder.

Complete with extra quality Achromatic Lens and Brilliant View Finder.

Every camera tested before leaving factory, and will produce **PERFECT PICTURES.**

Also full line Long and Short Focus Hand and Tripod Cameras,  
 $4 \times 5$ ,  $5 \times 7$ ,  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$  and  $8 \times 10$ .

ALL MOVEMENTS. LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. SUPERBLY FINISHED.  
MORE COMPACT THAN ANY OTHERS MADE. PRICES, \$10.00 to \$65.00.

Ask your dealer for them, or write for free Booklet to

**MONROE CAMERA CO., 46-50 Stone St., ROCHESTER, N.Y.**



This Stamp on  
**Silver Plated Knives**

... Is a ...

**Positive Guarantee**  
that they will wear well.

Your dealer will replace **Free of Charge** any that do not prove entirely satisfactory.

Ask for this brand and you are sure of getting **Good Goods.**

Guaranteed by the  
**STANDARD SILVER CO., Limited,**  
Toronto, Canada.



ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE TRAVEL BY THE

# CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

WHEN THEY GO TO THE -

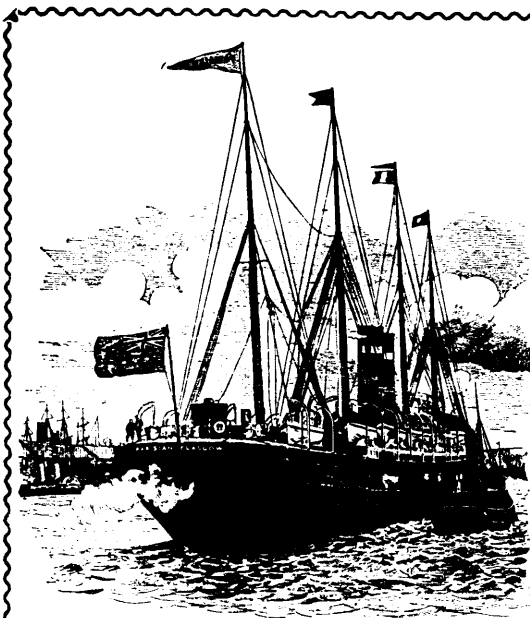
NORTH-  
WEST,  
PACIFIC  
COAST



CHINA  
JAPAN  
AUSTRALIA  
HONOLULU

OR

AROUND THE WORLD



# Allan Line

Established 1854.

32 Steamers. 126,137 Tons.

The St. Lawrence Route,  
Montreal to Liverpool,  
Shortest Ocean Passage.

Three days smooth sailing.  
Magnificent Scenery.  
Steamers Sail Weekly on ar-  
rival of Trains from West.  
Rates of Passage 25 to 50 per  
cent. lower than via New  
York.

For further particulars apply to any  
Agent, or

H. BOURLIER, 1 King St. W., Toronto  
or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal.

S.S. PARISIAN, 5,500 Tons.  
S.S. CASTILIAN, 8,800 Tons.  
S.S. TUNISIAN, Twin Screws, 10,000 Tons.  
S.S. BAVARIAN, " " 10,000 Tons.

NORWAY NORTH CAPE SPITSBERGEN

ACRUISE  
TO THE  
LAND OF THE  
*Midnight*  
Sun

BY  
**HAMBURG-AMERICAN  
LINE'S**

Twin-Screw Express Steamer  
**AUGUSTE-VICTORIA**

Leaving New York on June 23, at 9 a.m.

**ITINERARY**—From New York, June 23, 1898. Due Hamburg July 1. Leave Hamburg July 5, for Hordangerfjord, Odde, Molde, Romsdalsfjord, Veblungnaes, Trondhjem, Spitsbergen (Icefjord), North Cape of Europe, Tromsø, Lofoten Islands, Digermulen, Vestfjord, Storfjord, Styngefjord, Sunelvsfjord, Geirangerfjord, Geiranger, Joerundfjord, Sognefjord, Aurlandsfjord, Naerøfjord, Gudvangen, Naerødal, Stalheimsklev, Vossevengen, Bergen Hamburg, New York.

Passengers have the privilege of extending their stay in Europe, or they may return to America by the first steamer leaving for New York after their return to Hamburg. The entire trip can be made in about six weeks. For further particulars, descriptive pamphlet, rates, etc., address

**HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE**  
New York: 37 Broadway. Chicago: 159 Randolph St.  
San Francisco: 401 California St. Boston: 70  
State St. Philadelphia: 337 Walnut St.  
St. Louis: 100 No. Broadway.

# CALIFORNIA

Arizona, New Mexico and Oregon



## THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

OFFERS THE CHOICE OF

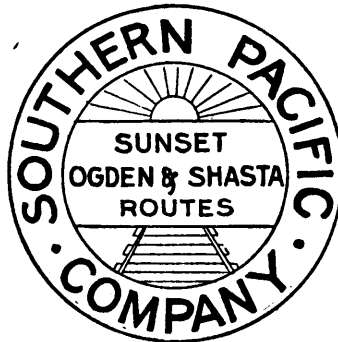
Three

via

Chicago



*First  
Class  
Pullman*



Routes

or

Cincinnati



*Tourist  
Sleeping  
Cars*

✽ BY EITHER ROUTE ✽



Best First and Second Class Service to  
Los Angeles, San Francisco, and points in  
Louisiana, Texas, Arizona  
and New Mexico



For maps, time tables and further information pertaining to rates, route and service apply to

S. F. B. MORSE, G. P. A.,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EDWIN HAWLEY,  
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343 Broadway, NEW YORK.

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W. G. NEIMYER, G. W. A.,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

# GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE POPULAR ROUTE AND TOURIST LINE OF AMERICA

To -  
**NIAGARA  
FALLS AND  
BUFFALO  
QUEBEC**

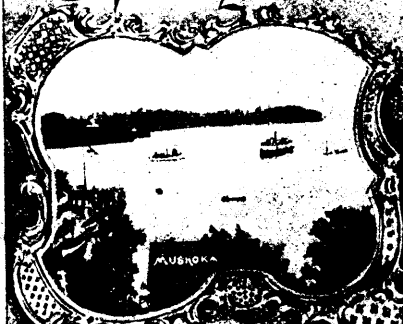


**MONTREAL  
TORONTO  
LONDON  
DETROIT  
CHICAGO**

AND, BY ITS CONNECTIONS TO ALL PARTS OF THE WESTERN STATES AND CANADA

including THE **KOOTENAY, KLONDYKE & YUKON** DISTRICTS

The only line reaching the beautiful



**MUSKOKA LAKE** DISTRICT  
IN NORTHERN ONTARIO  
THROUGH TRAINS TO **WHITE MOUNTAINS  
AND ATLANTIC SEASIDE RESORTS**

FOR DESCRIPTIVE GUIDES,  
TIME TABLES, ETC.

APPLY TO  
TICKET AGENTS  
OF THE



**CHAS. M. HAYS,**  
General Manager,  
MONTREAL.

**GEO. B. REEVE,**  
General Traffic Manager,  
MONTREAL.

**W. E. DAVIS,**  
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MONTREAL.

**GEO. T. BELL,**  
Asst. Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.,  
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CHICAGO.



# THE Wabash Railroad

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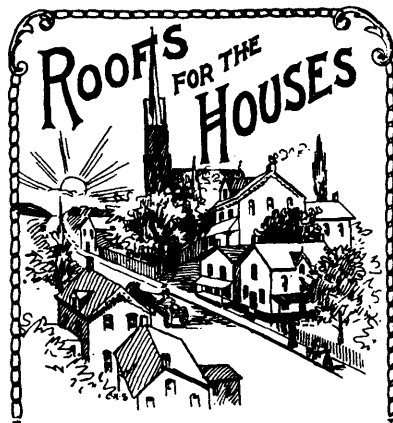
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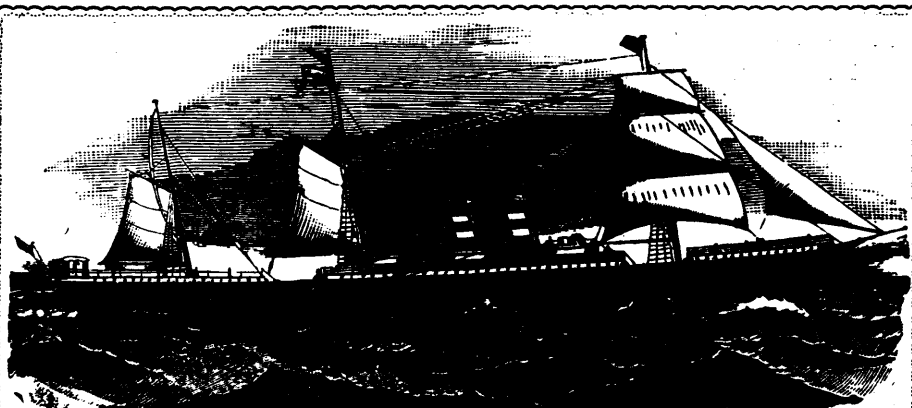
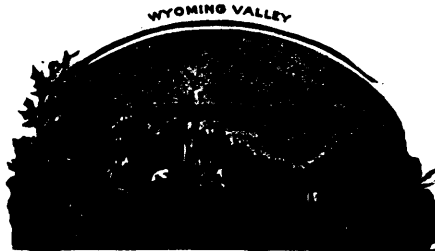
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| " " 23          | Lake Winnipeg | " " 11         | " " 18          | Gallia        | " " July 6     |
| " " 30          | Lake Huron    | " " 18         | " " 25          | Lake Ontario  | " " 13         |
| " May 7         | Lake Superior | " " 25         | " July 2        | Lake Winnipeg | " " 20         |
| " " 14          | Gallia        | " June 1       | " " 9           | Lake Huron    | " " 27         |
| " " 21          | Lake Ontario  | " " 8          | " " 16          | Lake Superior | " Aug. 3       |
| " " 28          | Lake Winnipeg | " " 15         | " " 23          | Gallia        | " " 10         |
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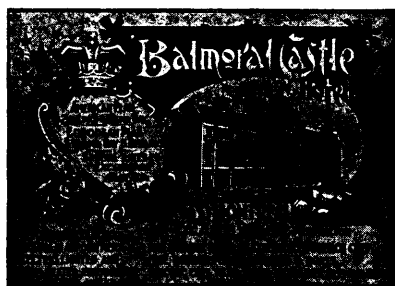
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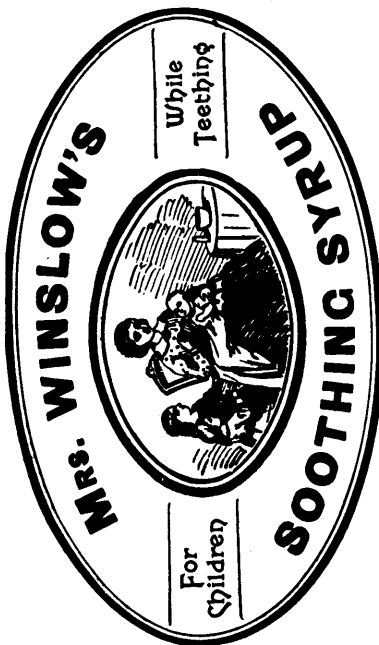
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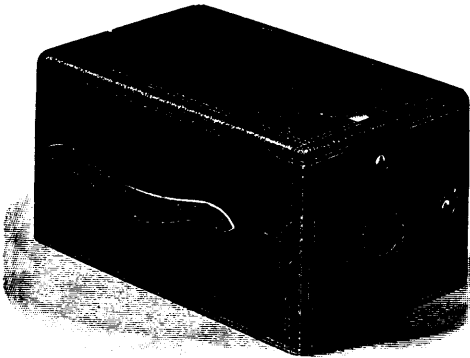
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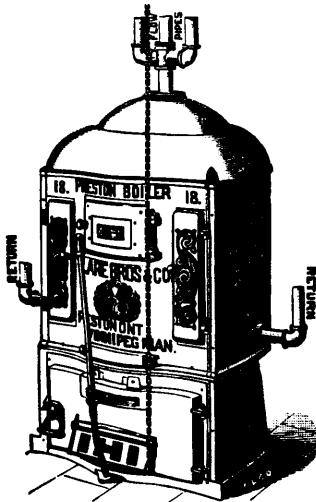
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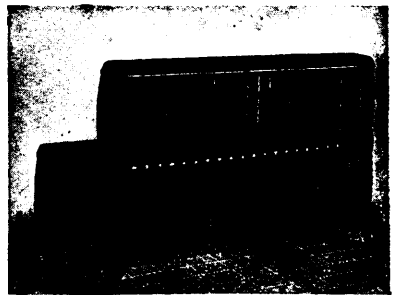
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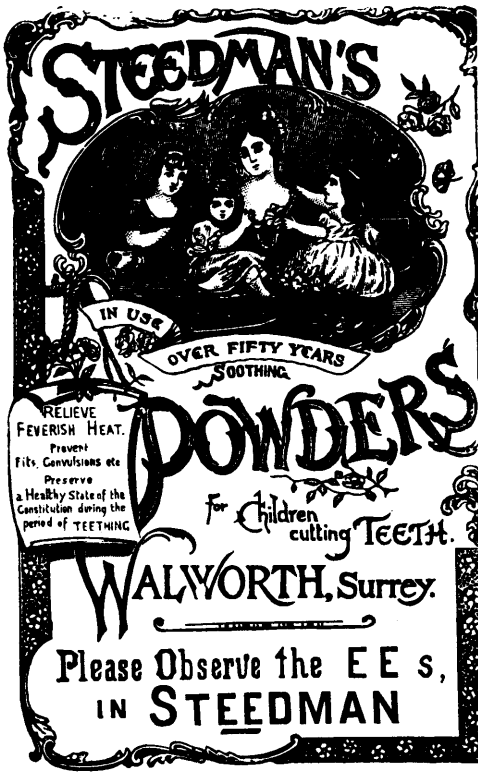
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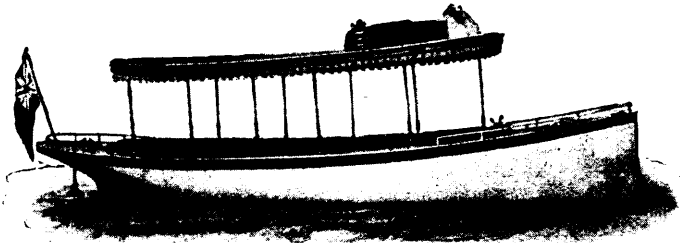
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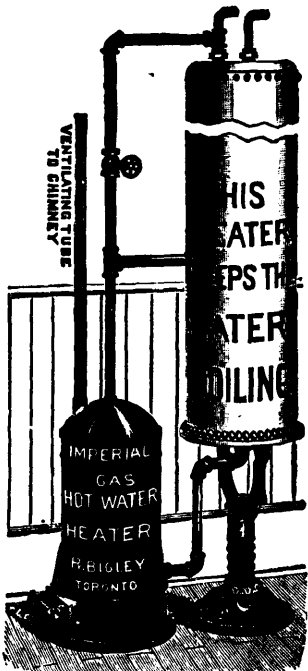
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FOR months past our factory has been running twenty hours per day with two staffs of men employed. Every available inch of floor space is occupied and the entire factory is a mammoth hive of industry. Exclusive of office employees or agents, nearly 500 men are working night and day to supply the unprecedented demand for Brantford bicycles that comes from every corner of the Dominion, from many countries of Europe, from Australia and South Africa. Never before in the history of the company have we experienced so much difficulty in filling orders promptly, and never before have our agents been so grievously disappointed in getting goods. While we sincerely regret our inability to turn out more wheels, we ask our agents and customers to wait and be patient. There are many important features in connection with our '98 Red Birds that will repay them for any delays from which they may suffer, among which are the following :

|                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Positively Dust Proof Bearings | D Rear Fork Tubes                 |
| New Narrow Tread               | Best Quality One-Piece Rims       |
| New One-Piece Crank Axle       | Double Swaged Spokes              |
| New Blind Nuts                 | Herring Bone Tread Electric Tires |
| Patent Ball Oilers             | New B-Shaped Chain                |
| New Dust Proof Hubs            | Flush Joint Construction          |
| Handsome New Style Front Forks | New '98 Chain Adjuster            |
| Strong Double Crown            | New Wilson Rear Hub Brake         |
| New Short Head                 | New Easy Adjustments              |
| Hardened Steel Frames          | 2½ inch Drop Frames               |
| New Style 1898 Saddles         | Diamond Shaped Cranks             |
| Patent Seat Pillar Adjustment  | Solid Steel Centre Pedals         |
| Extra Strong Rear Fork Brace   | Etc., Etc.                        |

Our New 1898 Catalogue is now ready and will be sent on receipt of address.

The GOULD BICYCLE CO.,  
BRANTFORD, ONT.

# Kootenay Cure

Rev. Thomas Geoghegan, Rector St. Peter's Mission, Hamilton, Ont., writes:—"I have made personal inquiries from 25 persons of different ages and various social conditions who have been suffering from Blood and Kidney diseases, as to the effect of your medicine upon them. From each and every one the testimony was the same, "**Kootenay Cure**" has saved me. Several very striking **cures** came under my notice, and had it not been for the personal testimony of the patients themselves I could not have believed that such results were possible. From young and old came the same hearty and grateful testimony of pain removed, health restored, and a new lease of life gained. Wishing you continued success, I am, yours faithfully,

Thomas Geoghegan, Rector.

## Drives Out

From London, Ont., comes the sworn testimonial. Mrs. Sarah Burdick, 440 Park Avenue, says that she is completely cured of Eczema, with which she suffered for over five years, and although she was treated by three physicians and tried many patent medicines, yet none of them cured her. The disease spread all over her body, and was a constant and harassing source of irritation and pain. Eight bottles of Ryckman's "Kootenay Cure" purified her blood, and she now has not the slightest symptom of Eczema or any other eruption on her body. She had the disease in its worst form, and now gladly recommends the medicine that cured her, namely, "Kootenay Cure." Declaration made before C. G. Jarvis, Notary Public, August 25th, 1896.

## Eczema

Eczema from her birth is what troubled little Louisa White, aged nine years. She was always a delicate child, and did not appear to grow any stronger until last winter when her mother, Mrs. George White, 139 Stinson Street, Hamilton, began giving her Ryckman's "Kootenay Cure," and as a result the child is now without a blemish on her body, her appetite is good, and her general health greatly improved. "Kootenay" has no equal. Declaration made July 3rd, 1896, before J. F. Monck, Notary Public.

## Purifies the Blood.

If your druggist does not handle the medicine send direct to

**The S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., Limited, HAMILTON, ONT.**

Price, \$1.00 per Bottle, or 6 for \$5.00 by Express.

"KOOTENAY PILLS" are carefully prepared, also contain the "New Ingredient." They cure Headache, Constipation, and Torpid Liver. Pills mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

# Grand Trunk Railway System.



What the Sarnia Post has to say regarding the New Route:—

## A POPULAR ROUTE.

District Passenger Agent M. C. Dickson and Travelling Passenger Agent C. S. Proctor, of the G. T. R., came through to the tunnel, arriving Wednesday from Toronto, with special trains containing 300 passengers for Manitoba, Dakota and Pacific Coast points. The passengers are loud in their praise of the excellent service of the old pioneer road and the treatment accorded them by the above officials. This new arrangement of service over the Grand Trunk to the Northwest and seaboard is becoming vastly popular, and there is no better proof of this than the large numbers that are travelling to the prairie province, the seaboard and B.C. and Klondike gold fields via this route.

## The Public Appreciate the Route

which the G. T. R. System has provided via Chicago, St. Paul and the Grand Trunk lines to

Winnipeg, Manitoba,  
Canadian Northwest Territories,  
British Columbia, etc.

## IT IS THE POPULAR ROUTE

The Colonist Cars furnished free to Colonists for Manitoba are the best ever put into this service.

These cars leave Toronto on Settlers' trains every Tuesday evening at 7.00 p.m. and 11.20 p.m., and 7.50 a.m. every Wednesday, on through express trains.

For full information about this admirable service, call on Agents G. T. R. System, or write M. C. Dickson, D.P.A., Toronto.

It's Not  
**Good Luck**  
BUT GOOD WORKMANSHIP THAT  
MAKES  
**Hartshorn  
Shade Rollers**  
The Most Perfect Acting in the World.

You'll never have trouble with your shades if you will take the precaution of seeing that the signature of Stewart Hartshorn is on the roller offered you.

WOOD ROLLERS.      TIN ROLLERS.

# Heat and Ventilation

Equally important. Both secured by the

**"Hot Blast System."**

Make sure, however, that it is put in by a reliable firm.

**George W. Reed & Co.,**

Heating and Ventilating  
Engineers

**Montreal.**



**SEE THAT LINE**

**It's the wash,  
out early, done  
quickly, cleanly,  
white.**

**Pure Soap did it  
SURPRISE SOAP  
with power to clean with-  
out too hard rubbin'g, with-  
out injury to fabrics.**

**SURPRISE  
is the name. don't forget it.**

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# PSYCHINE

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**T**HIS is par excellence the greatest of all tonics, and is now prescribed by the medical profession throughout Europe and America. It aids digestion, combats stomach affections, creates appetite, nourishes and strengthens the whole human system. For **tuberculosis, throat and lung troubles**, its effect is immediate and lasting. Tested on its own merits, it proves its great reputation as the renovator of the vital forces; and it is without exception the best remedy for mental and nervous exhaustion. And where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic.

"After making a careful examination of the Compound called 'Psychine,' and having tested its action on several cases that came under my observation, I believe it to be a most valuable tonic, and when judiciously taken should prove beneficial in creating a healthful appetite for food tending to build up nerve tissue, etc., during convalescence from wasting diseases.

"It is pleasing to know that it contains no metallic compound.

"A. R. PYNE, M.B., Dominion Analyst."

*Sample Bottle sent to any afflicted reader of the "Canadian Magazine" having Consumption, or Throat and Lung troubles.*

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For Sale by all Druggists.

**THE T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED,  
TORONTO, ONT.**