PREFERENTIAL TRADE—By the Hon. G. W. Ross

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1903

PUBLISHED BY
THE
ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
TORONTO

THE ROMANCE OF SEALING. By J. Gordon Smith. Illustrated.

THE WOMAN IN BUSINESS. By Annie Merrill. Illustrated.

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI SEPTEMBER, 1903 No. 5

CONTENTS

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered, and should be addressed to

The Canadian Magazine, Traders Bank Building, 63 YONGE STREET TORONTO, ONT.

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Autumn Number

The keynote of the October number of The Canadian Magazine will be the cool, coloured Autumn, with its talk of shooting and its reflection of the summer that is passing. And it is a serious note in a way, hence the following programme:

The British Embassy at Washington, by Waldon Fawcett, describes the building in which the ambassador lives. There will also be a photograph of Sir Michael Herbert, the present occupant of the post.

The Charm of Angling, by Piscator, with two drawings by the author, will be of interest to those who have appreciated the delights of the quiet pool and the beguilement of the wary fish.

The Threshing of the Grain, by W. H. Belford, will describe a windless Autumn day in the wheat-fields, when the hum of the huge threshing machine, the piercing whistles of the engines, the rumbling of the grain trains, and the drum-like beating of the prairie chickens, are borne far and wide upon the quiet air. This will be fully illustrated.

Robert White, Jr., by Edwyn Sandys, will describe the birth, growth, life and death of a young quail—a story full of interest to all lovers of nature. Mr. Sandys' pen is dipped always in the well of humour, and his sketches are always bright and vivacious.

Ancient and Modern Conceptions of Liberty, by Professor W. S. Milner, will interest the young student of politics and public affairs.

The Approaching Timber Famine, by E. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry, will perhaps startle many people. Mr. Stewart, however, is in a position to know his facts, and has a reputation for being a man of excellent judgment. Briefly and pointedly he indicates the possibility of this famine and the attitude which Canada should now assume.

A Note of Spring is the title of a beautiful little short story by Eve Brodlique Summers, a Canadian whose work is finding much favour across the line.

The War of 1812 will reach its tenth instalment. Lundy's Lane, the greatest perhaps of all the battles of the war, will be fully described.

The Usual Stories and Departments, bright, up-to-date, varied and courageous.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND AND MOST OF THE COLONIES THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR POSTPAID

[ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.]

FACTS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT THE I.O.F.

BENEFITS PAID

BY THE

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

During the Year 1902

CLASS OF CLAIMS	NUMBER	AMOUNT
Insurance or Mortuary	1,272	$1,452,068.03
Expectation of Life	2	1,600.00
Total and Permanent Disability	148	97,367.50
Old Age Disability	130	17,600.00
Sickness	8,774	166,882.64
Funeral	259	12,832.88
Totals, - - -	**10,585**	**$1,748,351.05**

Benefits Paid Since Establishment of the Order

Insurance or Mortuary	$10,621,823.59
Total and Permanent Disability	532,706.76
Old Age Disability	53,970.28
Sick and Funeral	1,523,155.84
Grand Total, - - - - -	**$12,731,656.47**
Benefits Paid first six months of 1903 about	950,000.00
Total payments to 1st July, 1903, about	$13,681,656.47

Average Daily Payment for Benefits
Since 1st January, 1903 (exclusive of Sundays) about **$6,167.00**

Average Hourly Payment for Benefits
Since 1st January 1903 (exclusive of Sundays) allowing 10 working hours to the day. **$616.00**

And while these Magnificent Payments were being made the BENEFIT FUNDS continued to ACCUMULATE.

Accumulated Fund, 1st January, 1903	$6,219,071.17
" " 1st June, 1903	6,599,976.30
Increase since 1st January, 1903	380,905.13

For further information respecting the I. O. F. apply to any officer or member.

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(COUPON)

Twelve Errors

IN THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPH

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A SEAL ROOKERY

A PICTURE TAKEN AT ST. PAUL, ONE OF THE PRIBYLOFF ISLANDS OF THE BEHRING SEA. THE LARGE DARK SEALS ARE THE BULLS, THE OTHERS THE FEMALES AND BABIES

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1903 No. 5

THE ROMANCE OF SEALING

By J. Gordon Smith

"And since our women must walk Gay
And Money buys their gear,
The Sealing boats must go that way
And filch at hazard year by year."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THAT the women may walk Gay in their sealskin sacques some sixty schooners, ranging from 34 to 90 tons, sail twice a year from Victoria into the wintry gale at hazard—and oft at great hazard. Little they reck the danger, these jolly sons of the sea who wrest the seals from the face of the waters of the North Pacific, now off the coast of California, then off the rocks of Alaska, or in the mists of smoky Behring Sea, the kelp-littered waters of Japan's salt seas, or the holluschickie banks of the Komanderofski isles. Storms may blow and dangers threaten, but the sealers laugh if the seals be plentiful. They are a varied gathering of sailormen these sealers, but for adventure, or for fun and story, the jolly Cape Breton boys, or the hardy men from Nova Scotia or New Brunswick lead them all. Some of the old-time sealers, the men of the daring raids on the cutter-guarded rookeries of Behring Sea or Copper Islands, have gone; some are dead, and some are "steamboating." He who won, perhaps, the greatest notoriety for his dashes on the rookeries, Capt. Hansen, "The Flying Dutchman," lies at the bottom of the Pacific, near Kyuquot. Capt. Ogilvie died at Sitka, by his own hand, when his schooner was seized and his crew imprisoned by the U.S. authorities. Old Kearney, of whose projects Rudyard Kipling wrote "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers," has started a sailors' boarding house in Yokohama. Others have gone too, but there are still a number of the old-time sealers who retell the interesting tales of the romance of the sealing industry.

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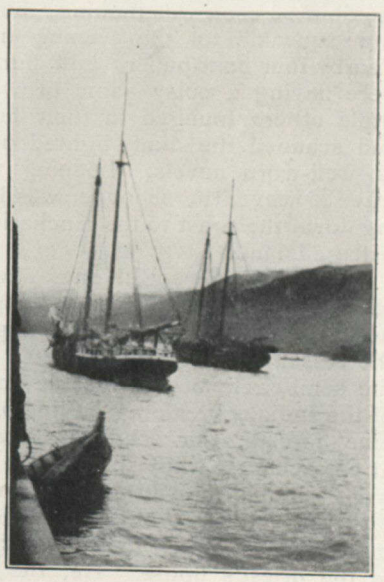
The *Vera* was one of a fleet of ten skimming over the moonlit waters out



SEALING SCHOONERS LYING AT OUNALASKA WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF THE SEASON

"HIYU MUCK-A-MUCK"—PLENTY FOOD

to the Cape. Capt. Burns was at the wheel, two or three of the hunters were lounging on the hatchway watching the lights fading astern—the lights they would not see for nine long months—while in the little cabin aft the Chinese cook was making "bubble and squeak" for the evening meal. Nearby four boat-pullers and hunters were having a noisy game of whist, while others lounged in their bunks and scanned the dimly lighted pages of well-worn novels. Lopping from wave to wave, the schooner was beating down the coast to the rancheries of Village Island.

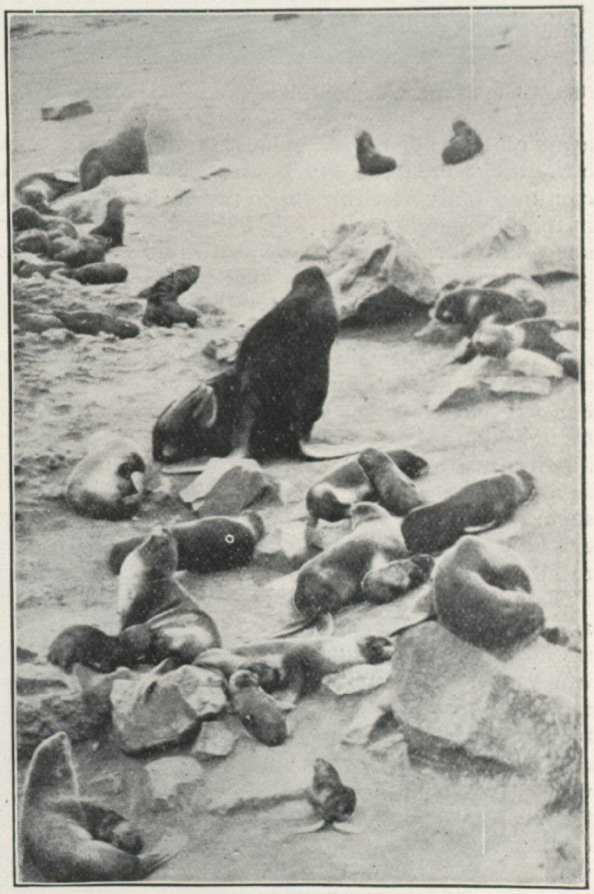
After two uneventful days she lay off the row of "illahees" (lodges), where the Siwashes were waiting for the vessel. Lying in the pretty bay, the semi-circle of ramshackle shacks of the Indians breaking the line of the pine forests, the schooner strained at her anchors, while some of the crew went gunning for wild ducks in a nearby creek, and the "old man" and the mate were smoking their own cigars in the priest's house. He, the missionary and shipping master of the coast village, was shipping the crew. Outside the "boss man" stood haranguing the score of hunters, who were impatiently watching the big fires at the further end of the rancherie, where the hamatsu was dancing and the chief and his council were pouring the oolichan grease into the cans of the assembled Indians. Soon one after another of the Indians sat in the house of the priest and made his mark on the articles. Then the night was given over to the dancing and the feasting around the driftwood fires in the big lodges, where with painted faces, aglow in the firelight, the Siwashes made a weirdly picturesque appearance. At daylight the Indian canoes, twelve in all, with three klootchmen as steerers, came alongside. One after another they were hoisted on board and lashed and then the roll was called— Louis-Willie, William, John, and so on. Willie was missing, and the "old man" spoke in language most impolite of Willie and his pedigree as the stern boat was lowered. All day the search for Willie was maintained without avail, and then in the evening when Napoleon, the chief, and a dozen or more had searched with lanterns they found him in one of the fishing camps at the end of the illahee, and with him the daughter of John, betrothed of Paul, his rival. Willie had offered blankets for her—that is the custom—and his offer was refused. Therefore he took her and made her his bride—a marriage of capture. Not until Willie learned that his rival was on board was he willing to go aboard, and trust to a race with his rival when the schooner neared the home village after the season.

. . . . . .

With all hands aboard, the schooner spread her white wings, and with her course set N.N.W., she headed for the Smoky Seas which Behring sailed.

Through gale after gale she bounded, weathering them all, for the schooner rides the storms much better than the liner. For 25 days she sailed, her crew playing cards, thumbing their twice-read novels, making knife-carved picture frames and checker-boards from the lids of salt pork barrels, and three or four times a day the Chinaman cooked. These were the days of ennui aft and quarrels forward, for Willie and Paul had a daily argument with fists regarding that klootchman for which both rivalled, and the Siwashes of the foc'sle took sides. They fought in the foc'sle and fought on the hatch, now and then coming aft to the skipper to have bandages tied around their wounded faces or hands, or beg medicine for their bruised bodies. The crew aft were lolling about in idleness, the Indians interesting themselves, until at last the flame-spitting mountain near Unimak was in sight and the schooner sailed into Dutch Harbour. There were twenty-three others there and more on the way, and for five days the sealers made merry in old Ounalaska, until the season opened under the terms of the Paris tribunal. Then one after another the sealers sailed through Unimak into the smoky seas, and on July 1st the canoes went overboard. The schooner was "hove to" under a cloudy sky, with the barometer falling, and with their little brown sails filled, the canoes were putting some miles between them and the vessel. Suddenly one canoe hauled down its sail, the paddles were silently dipped, and quietly, stealthily, the old klootchman—the squaw of one of the hunters, mother of the other—steered the canoe towards the sleeping seals. Their flippers spread on the waters, their bodies rippling with the swell, were two great wigs, three females and a couple of holluschickies—all asleep. Suddenly two spears flew quickly through the air, two little tinges of blood were seen on the face of the waters, and two seals floated dead. The others dive beneath the water; and, with the rapidity for which the seal is noted, they were off. The first skins had been taken.

Meanwhile other canoes had had success in their hunting, and some had not. The rain was falling heavily and the smother creeping up as the afternoon waned. One by one the canoes were tacking back to the schooner



THE BULL AND HIS FAMILY—A PICTURE TAKEN ON ST. GEORGE ISLANDS, PRIBYLOFF GROUP

TWO INDIAN CANOE-STEERERS ON BOARD A SEALING SCHOONER

away off in the distance. One after another they were hauled on board. The captured seals were thrown on the deck in the schooner's waist, where they are soon skinned. The blubber was thrown overboard, for the Siwash had better "muck-a-muck" (food) in the frying-pan which the klootchman was warming over the stove for the evening meal, than the blubber of seals. Blubber was only emergency food. One after another the pelts were laid out on the hatch, and then the "old man" carefully salted them and hurled them below into the schooner's hold. Fourteen skins were totalled—not a bad start.

Thus the days pass. Now a gale sweeps the schooner from momentary valleys of waters on to mountains of foam, the spray breaking over her decks and wetting the oil-skin clad crew, while Siwashes cry with fear in the foc'sle, and the medicine man with painted face chants his "hamatsu" songs from the top of the foc'sle companion-way as he takes innumerable shower baths in the spray. The gale stops the sealing and the great swell which follows it prevents the lowering of boats or canoes, and another day is lost. Then comes another day of sunshine; the bright sun is shining on the rippling waves, and merrily the sealers lower their boats, and, spear in hand, they paddle and row across the waves watching for the seals on the face of the waters. Sleepers are few, the storm having excited them, but the skilful hunters manage to kill some, and before the fog-bank of the late afternoon shuts out the schooner from sight the flotilla of canoes and boats are homeward bound to the schooner with a score or more seals in their boats. This is a good day, but again comes a day when the deceptive sunshine shines through the storm clouds, and far away from the schooner the canoes are caught in the fogs. All except one are in luck. Straining their ears for the fog-horn's sound, they are guided to the vessel—but one canoe fails to reach the vessel. It has drifted away in the darkness of the night. For three days the skipper and second mate are out with the sternboat, and

INDIANS PADDLING A LOADED CANOE BACK TO THE SCHOONER

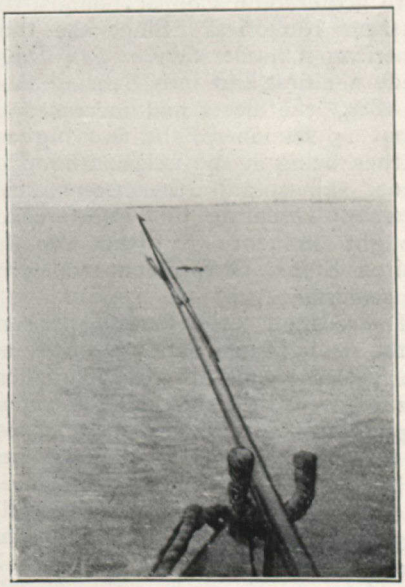
SKINNING A STRANGELY-MARKED SEAL

the canoes are scouring, not for seals, but for poor Peter and Louis, of Uclulet—but the search is unsuccessful, and in the log of the *Vera* is inscribed "July 20th, Lat. 59.10, Long. 165.20, lost one canoe. Louis and Peter." Two more sealers have gone to pay the price of a woman's garment.

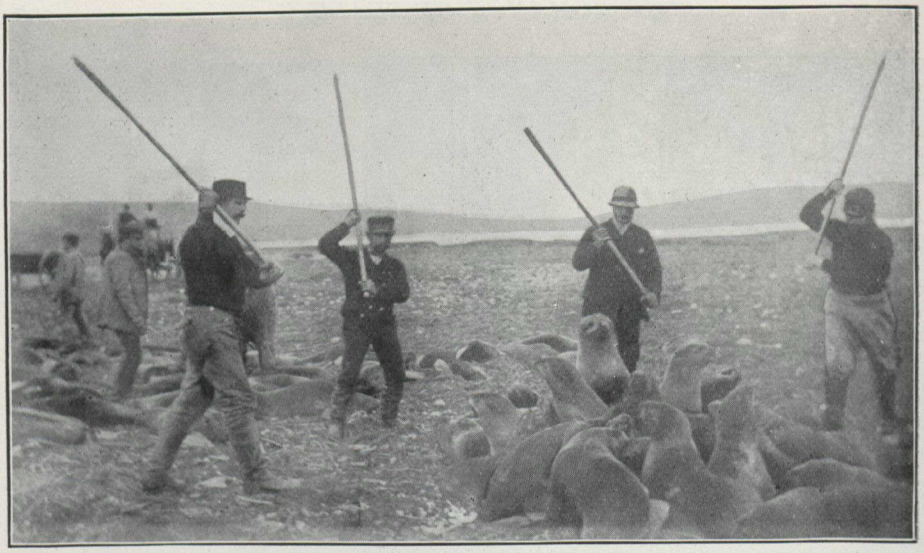
For two months of sunshine and storm, of fog and rain, the sealers follow the little patches of seals as they follow the feed, now to the northwest of the Pribyloffs, now to the south, always taking care to remain outside the prescribed limit of three miles around the Behring Sea islands. Now and then a British or United States cutter's smoke is seen on the horizon and the schooner is sailed away, for the coming of a cutter is not good whether the sealskins all show plainly the spear point, without suspicion of a shot. If the cutter has reached down close to the schooner though, the latter lays to, and then, in his little jolly-boat, the brass-bound lieutenant of either John Bull or Uncle Sam is rowed across. He tramps aft and calls for the log. Then he asks to see skins to look for gunshot wounds, and the investigation is complete. If the whiskey bottle or the cigar-box is not empty the sealer is hospitable, or if both are empty he is just as hospitable as far as he can go. Then the lieutenant again boards his jolly-boat and the waiting tars row him back to the cutter while the sealers wink at one another.

. . . . .

Many are the incidents of the never-ending differences between the sealers and the patrol cutters. It is on record in the log of the sealing industry that in 1882 when the revenue cutter *Corwin* pursued the little German schooner *Adele*, commanded by the notorious "Flying Dutchman," the *Adele* sailed over shoal ground, for she had a light draught, and the following cutter grounded in the chase, while the sealers laughed. Again, years later, the since wrecked *Sapphire* sailed away from a pursuing cutter while the shot



SLEEPING SEAL AND SPEAR READY FOR ACTION



KILLING AND SKINNING THE SEALS ON ST. PAUL ISLAND

flew after her, and escaped in the fog.

In 1886 the United States seized a large number of the Canadian sealers, an act for which they afterwards paid the sealers the sum of $425,000, after lengthy sessions of arbitrators. The Alaska Commercial Company had secured the right to kill 100,000 seals annually on the rookeries of St. Paul and St. George and similar privileges were acquired on Copper Islands, the Russian rookeries. Since the then American schooner *City of San Diego* made her first trip into Behring Sea, in 1883, the fleets had increased to about 25 schooners, the two highest catches being in the neigbourhood of 2,300 skins, and the Commercial Company resenting this interference, brought influence to bear on the United States Government to harry the sealers.

The revenue cutter *Corwin* was sent to the sea with instructions to seize all the sealers found there. The first seizures were those of the *T. Hornton*, Capt. Guttomansen, the *Onward*, Capt. D. Munro, and *Carolina*, Capt. James Ogilvie. These vessels were all seized on the high seas, a territory universally regarded as a free highway. The Canadian sealers were engaged in their peaceful avocation when the *Corwin* swooped down upon and took possession of their schooners, turned part of their crews adrift several hundred miles from their homes, without food and shelter; while others, masters and mates of the captured vessels, were thrown into prison and fined. After several months' imprisonment at Sitka they were released, and, literally destitute, made their way back to Victoria. One of the unfortunates, Capt. Ogilvie of the *Carolina*, never returned. He worried and brooded over his wrongs—and he was taunted ever by his guards—until he became a wandering maniac, and was found a few days after his release, lying at the back of one of the Indian lodges of the Sitka village, with his throat cut and an open razor in his hand, showing his life had been self-taken.

The United States did not, however, confine itself to seizing Canadian sealers, for there were several schooners flying the United States flag which were operating contrary to the wishes of the Commercial Company, and with the announced purpose of protecting the seal herds some of these vessels were seized sixty miles from shore. The *T. Hornton*, *Carolina* and *Onward* had been lying rotting on the beach for several months, when the attention of the United States Government was called to a case which proved a boome-

ALEUTS IN THE EMPLOY OF THE UNITED STATES LESSEES OF THE ISLANDS SKINNING THE DEAD SEALS

rang. Sixty-five years before, the Russians had seized the American whaler *Bounty*, an act which occurred in 1821, and there was of course a virtuous roar of indignation from the United States press. The United States protested and the *Bounty* was released on the ground that Russia had no jurisdiction outside the three mile limit—a decision which was declared satisfactorily by the nations interested. When two years afterwards this case had been drawn to the attention of the United States that Government ordered the release of the sealing vessels. The sealers who had been deprived of their liberty, housed in squalid prisons, and deprived of their livelihood, did not even receive an apology—until years afterwards when the arbitrators found a verdict for them and awarded them damages to the sum of $425,000.

In 1891 a *modus vivendi* was made between Great Britain and the United States for the restriction of pelagic sealing, whereby the season was limited to a few months in the Behring Sea, and shotguns and firearms were prohibited, all seal to be taken outside the three-mile limit with spears, and any schooner going within the limit to be seized. The Behring Sea has been since then jointly patrolled by warships of both Britain and the United States. The first seizure under the new arrangement was that of the *E. B. Marvin*, and a fleet were ordered out of the sea. Many of these went across to the Cooper Islands to hunt.

In 1892 quite a fleet of the Victoria sealers were seized by the Russian cruisers, *Zabaika* and *Aleut*, on the high seas far out from the three-mile limits of the Copper Islands. The *Rosie Olsen*, *Carmelite*, *Vancouver Belle*, *Ariel*, *Willie McGowan*, and other schooners were taken, and while the vessels were left "rotting contrabands on Vladivostock slip," the crews were jailed at Petropaulofski. Cooped up in what had been henhouses, they fared badly, their food being a scant supply of black bread. Several died in their far-off jail, and many were treated most severely, the slightest breaches of prison rules being harshly treated; but the imprisonment did not last long, for the British Government soon stepped in and demanded the release of the imprisoned sealers. They were sent back, some on board the schooner *Rosie Olsen*, given back for the transportation, some on the bark *Majestic*, and others sent to Yokohama, and thence by the passenger steamers. The sealers were almost naked when released.

Imprisonment and confiscation of the vessels did not stop the daring raid of the former years of the sealing industry. One of these raids gave the theme for the poem of Rudyard Kip-

ling, "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers," and the incident was partially as described in the poem, aside from the tragic features. It was comedy throughout, without the tragic side. The schooner *Silver Fleece* started out from Yokohama for the Copper Islands, and on the way she passed a small Russian rookery, where formerly a garrison was maintained. The sealers clubbed a few seals there, and stole a number of old Cossack uniforms from the abandoned garrison. Later they determin- to raid Robin Island, where the Russians have a rookery. On their arrival there the schooner *Henry Dennis* was seen, with her men ashore, clubbing the seals, and no Russian guards were in sight. The ever-present mist prevailed, and Capt. Kearney painted some ports on the schooner, while the crew donned the Cossack uniforms. A stove pipe was rigged up for the smoke-stack, and wooden guns were run out, so that the schooner seen dimly through the fog could easily be mistaken for a Russian cruiser, for, as Kipling says, "A stove pipe seen through the smoky mist looks like a four-inch gun."

The crew of the *Henry Dennis* did not bother to pick up their stolen skins. They ran to the boats, and quickly rowed to the schooner and cutting the anchor they fled. The bogus cutter sailed in and stole the stolen skins. This was the incident, but the famous rhymer has added other features and evolved a splendid fiction, but fiction is fiction and fact is fact, and never the two shall meet.

There were raids galore in days gone by. Capt. Hansen went one dark night to St. Paul, and with his boat's crew he made his way through the seal herds to the salt-house, around which was the Aleut guard who watched the rookeries. Covering the Aleuts with their muskets, the sealers asked the guards whether they preferred the lead in the muskets or the rum in a cask which Hansen carried. They preferred the rum, and as they drank the sealers carried off the already salted skins from the salt-house to the sandy beach, where their boats were moored. They took nearly a thousand skins, and when daylight came these skins were below decks in the schooner *Flying Mist*, far out from the islands.

Hansen well earned his name of "The Flying Dutchman," for on another occasion on a dark night he made a raid at St. George, when the revenue cutter lay anchored off the rookeries. His boat, with muffled oars, was rowed in past the anchored cruiser, and Capt. Hansen and five men landed to club the seals. As they went on with the work a big bull jumped up, and Hansen, thinking it one of the guards, ran for the beach to the boats, but the others refused to budge until the skins were in the boats, and slowly they made their way back to the schooner hidden in a cove. They sailed away under cover of night, and next day were far outside the sealing limit, hunting peacefully, as though they had never raided the islands.

Terrific gales have spoiled the past few seasons off the British Columbia coast, for the sealer must hunt in the spring season only and cease work when the fine weather starts at the beginning of May — such are the terms of the Paris Tribunal. The work in the Behring Sea has also been spoiled by bad weather for the most part of the last two or three seasons, for it is but during the months of August and September that the schooners hunt in Behring Sea. The Copper Island fleets have also made poor catches, for sealers are coming to the conclusion that the herds have decreased considerably there, while the rookeries of the Japan seas show a great increase, and the Victoria sealers—Victoria is the sealing headquarters of this continent—are planning to send larger fleets to the Japan seas as well as to further exploit the grounds off the Falkland Islands, where two schooners, the *Edward Roy* and *Beatrice L. Corkum*, each took over two thousand skins last year. Two other schooners have just left Victoria for there and five others will be despatched. Sealing experts of the United

States claim that the herds on the Pribyloffs are decreasing, but the logs of the sealers for the past few seasons show that the vessels have been amongst as many seals as ever, but the gales have made them restless and hindered the sealers from hunting, and the catches have, in consequence, been very small. The sealers have lost heavily, too, within the past few years, both in lives and property, for several schooners have foundered with all on board, never having been heard of after leaving port. Despite the bad weather, the harassing restrictions and other causes, however, the sealers continue to plan their work for coming seasons, and all are looking forward to the next season with the hope that weather will be good and seals plentiful.

It will be difficult to find a hardier or more daring class of men than these brave fellows who man the sealing fleets. With their small schooners they fly before gales which sweep from existence the largest ships, dodge among treacherous reefs and islands of the north, and are hurled hither and thither by the strong currents and tide rips of the Japan coast. Their life is one of perpetual danger, for in the North Pacific the skies are nearly always overcast; heavy gales are frequent; fogs settle down without a moment's warning, not to rise again for days or weeks; yet, surrounded by all these perils, the seal hunter will lower his boat, and with a keg of water and little hard tack, pull out on the ocean waste with as little concern as though sculling about in a land-locked harbour.

The tale of the flirtations with death ever receives additions as long as the sealers sail in pursuit of the seal, for

"Since our women must walk Gay
And Money buys their gear,
The sealing boats must go that way
And filch—*at hazard*—year by year."

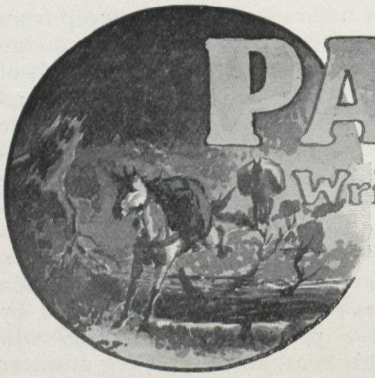
HARVEST MOON ON THE GATINEAU

BY MARY STEWART DURIE

HARVEST moon sails serene in cobalt sky;
On the dark Gatineau her beams glint white,
A night-hawk swoops, and screaming, wingeth by,
The cry of loon and whip-poor-will pierces the night.
"*I'ya longtemps que je t'aime*
Jamais je ne t'oublierai!"

From the dim shore strong raftsmen's voices come
As seated round their camp fire's ruddy blaze,
They sing *chansons* of Canada their home,
Of early loves, of old Canadian days.
"*I'ya longtemps que je t'aime*
Jamais je ne t'oublierai!"

Now die away the strains of "A la Claire Fontaine,"
Through darkling waters glides a bark canoe,
Moist paddles softly dipping, and again
Harvest moon reigneth silent in the blue.
"*I'ya longtemps que je t'aime*
Jamais je ne t'oublierai!"



PACKING

Written and Illustrated by John Innes

THE crying need of the British army to-day is mobility. The latest despatches from Somaliland indicate that the lessons of South Africa are still unheeded and that the troops are encumbered with non-combatants, baggage and supplies.

The great reproach of the army in South Africa was the lack of mobility. The horses of the mounted troops were weighted down with accoutrements, ammunition and rations. Conan Doyle in his book emphasizes this point, as do other critics, and states that the war was prolonged many months by this circumstance alone. De Wet and De la Rey discarded waggons altogether in the later stages of the war, learning the lesson from Cronje's capture and the numerous British reverses. The Boers, though abandoning their waggons, did not make the mistake of overloading their horses. They put much of the weight on a pack-horse and were still able to outfoot the heavily laden British troops.

To Canadians this is an important problem. Mobility of troops is an essential in such a country as this. The consensus of opinion, as well as the dictum of common-sense, points to the desirability of lightening the overburdened animal which carries the man in order to secure mobility. This lightening is apparently only to be secured by means of another animal of the same kind who can go where the others go and who can travel at the same rate of speed—a pack-horse for every three or four mounted men. This suggestion has been made in several quarters, and has been strongly advocated by Major W. Hamilton Merritt, commandant of the Governor-General's Body Guards, an officer who served ten months with the Cape Colony forces in the early part of the war and later with the 2nd C.M.R. When the 2nd C.M.R. went out they took with them several pack-saddles. These troops were inspected by Lord Kitchener at Newcastle, and an exhibition of the Canadian pack-saddles was given. In less than ten minutes, the practical Commander-in-chief saw the utility of it and declared that he would have them made, and he did. The war, however, was over before any general test was possible.

Ever since the question as to the advisability of introducing the pack-saddle as a branch of army transport was mooted, the merits of the idea have been more or less intelligently discussed by the many persons interested. Ordinary Imperial officers, when the matter was mentioned, pooh-poohed it, or languidly waved it into oblivion as far as they were concerned. Less ordinary specimens showed a fair knowledge of the subject—as far as they knew it—but impressed one with the idea that they considered anything they did not know to be non-existent. Next in order came the really intelligent men, who would listen, offer comment and take the thought away with them for further consideration. Last appeared the practical soldiers—Lord Kitchener, Baden-Powell, Walter Kitchener *et al.* They came; they saw; they approved.

SECTION OF MOUNTED RIFLES WITH PACK-HORSE, AT MILITARY TOURNAMENT, TORONTO, 1903

The work of this section over hurdles, and through obstacles impossible for wheeled transport, created much favourable comment. The pack horse is carrying tent, overcoats, blankets, ammunition, nosebags and provisions for four men for four days; also emergency rations for horses.

However, it is not only in the Imperial army that skepticism as to the real use of the pack-saddle for military ends is found. Here in Canada there are many officers who are inclined to dismiss the subject as unworthy of consideration, and it is for this reason that I am about to treat of it in a new way. Let us forget that the United States army in the west find it indispensable, and, as Canadians, see how, and for what purposes, it is used in civil life. It will then be easy for such military men as feel inclined, to apply any merits shown to the conditions of actual warfare.

So, having arrived at an eminently fair starting-point, I shall proceed to give some pen pictures of every-day occurrences in the life of western men —the men who made the pack-saddle.

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Far up in the mountains there is a valley, and in this valley is a lake, fed by mountain streams, which swirl and flash down their rock-strewn beds and under the shadowing trees and cliffs; an ideal home for trout. At one end of the lake, where a small rivulet splashes from the peaks, is a beaver-dam, and meadow of huge dimensions, about which the many young poplar stumps attest that the winter's supply of food for the beaver families is being laid in. Along the shore of the lake itself the tracks of wild things are numerous, and numberless runs of deer, sheep and goats struggle through the bush from the high rocks to the water's edge.

The valley is hard of access. It is merely a grass and tree-strewn depression amongst the mountains. No roads lead to it; no man inhabits it; for, though the ground is good, the winter snows block all openings to the spot with impassable drifts, which lie for fully six months.

In spite of this a wandering hunter has marked the place; and so, in the fall, two mounted men and four pack-ponies come toiling up the rocky way

SECTION OF 2ND C.M.R. AT HALIFAX—TEST OF DIAMOND-HITCH AND BROAD OVER-GIRTH

Sixteen miles were made over rough conutry in 1¾ hours, 8 miles of which were done in 42 minutes, and not a sore back or a girth-gall.

by which the valley is reached: Over the fallen trees and round the face of the cliffs they crawl till they have entered the pass and moved on to the shores of the lake. Soon a rough shanty is built, and hardly is it completed when the snow comes down blocking all exit to the outer world. The situation would seem quite desperate to many; not so to the hunters. In the packs are bacon, beans, flour, coffee, tea, salt, tools, bedding, clothing, spare rope and endless other necessaries in plenty. All through the late fall and winter the valley is startled by the crack of the rifle, and many a wild thing is caught by the traps.

Springtime sees them once more crawling over and about the various obstacles with which nature has guarded their hunting ground, but this time their faces are turned towards the plains, and, instead of being laden with food, the pack-ponies carry costly furs.

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Then take the case of a couple of chaps at some outlying spot, say two hundred miles from a railroad. An urgent call reaches them. The waggon trail is winding and difficult. What do they do? Pack their parfleches with necessaries; saddle up a pack-horse; throw their stock-saddles on their own beasts, and they're off. No roads for them when they can cut a corner. Their pack-horse, with their necessaries, can travel as fast as they can, and that is much faster than wheels.

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Once again, a prospector locates a rich claim high in the hills. Engineers laugh at the proposition as useless on account of inaccessibility. One—more knowing than the rest—finances the thing. What happens? Mules, carrying pack-saddle laden with machinery, labour up and about the steep slopes and rocky ledges. Up and up till the claim is reached. A temporary shed is built, and hoisting gear put in place. Before long a mill is erected, and metal is being sent over the route that could not have been made practicable except for the pack-saddle.

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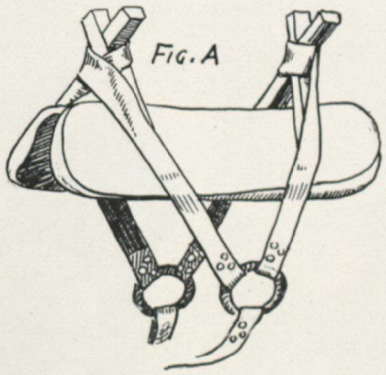
So—in the three little examples

given, out of the thousands which might be given, of this article and its uses—we have, first, the means of sustaining life for long periods in out-of-the-way places. Second, speed. Third, stability and capacity for standing hard strains. And now a few words as to the build of the saddle.

It must be remembered that the pack-saddle is, above all other things, the child of hard necessity. Born, then, of necessity, it has been perfected by experience. And experience has taught men a few of the following things: It must be very simple—for men often want a saddle when they have nothing but a hatchet and hunting knife to work with. It must be very strong—for not only is the pack heavy at times, but also the animals bearing the load are liable to make every endeavour to get rid of it. It must be very light—for every ounce of weight taken off wood or metal, means an ounce more of some necessity. It must (greatest point of all) be so modelled as not to hurt a horse's back. An expert packer can turn out, with a hatchet, a set of side-planks of a perfect conformation. They will not be of too flat an angle in front nor too acute behind, as is very often the case, and results in galling the horses' shoulders and hurting his kidneys. A really well-built saddle will fit almost any horse.

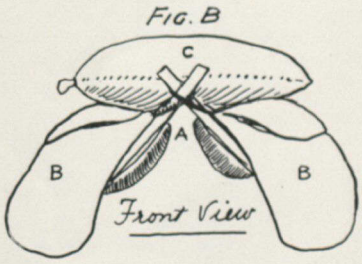
The saddle is made in six pieces. Two pieces to form each tree, and two side-planks. It is cinched up like any ordinary stock-saddle. The accompanying cut (Fig. A) will show how easily it is made.

The cross-pieces at each end are used to sling the parfleches (or saddle-bags) upon (Fig. B); or else to hold the sling-rope bearing the side-packs, where parfleches are not used (Fig. C). Across the saddle, and on top of the side-packs, is hoisted the top-pack; the whole being held in place by a lash-rope. It is in securing the pack by means of the lash-rope that the famous "diamond" hitch is thrown. There are many hitches in use, but the "two-man diamond" is accepted by all as the most perfect; a "single hitch," also of the diamond pattern, being a good second.



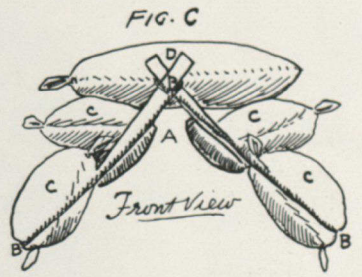
A CANADIAN PACK-SADDLE

Many deluded individuals have endeavoured, from time to time, to instruct the public as to how to throw a hitch, through the medium of print. As it may be concluded that they were quite as capable as myself to make a success of the thing were it possible,



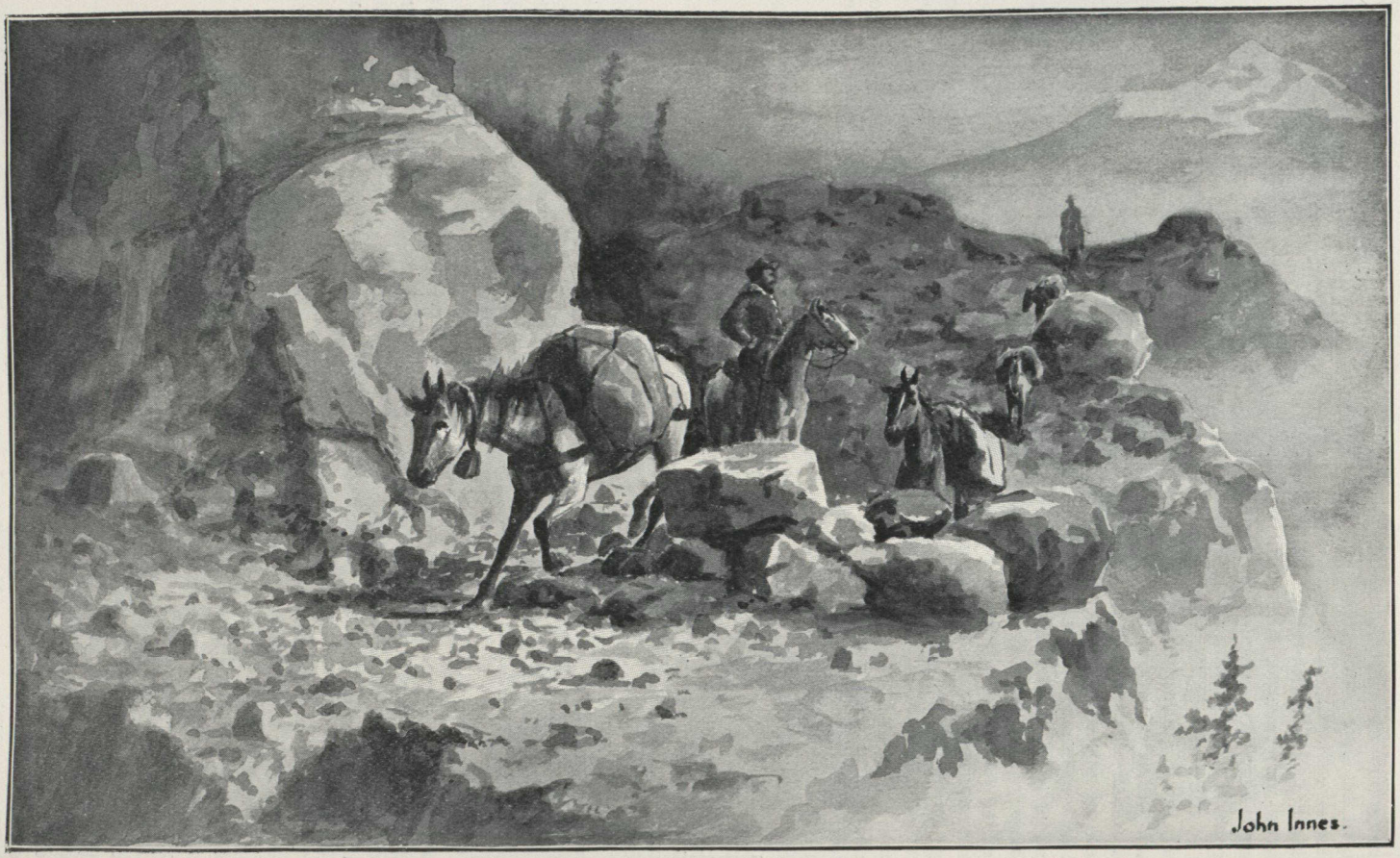
CANADIAN PACK SADDLE

(A) Saddle; (BB) Parfleches; (C) Top Pack.



SADDLE WITHOUT PARFLECHES

(A) Saddle; (BBB) Sling Ropes; (CCCC) Side Packs; (D) Top Pack.



PACKING—"THE ROCKY WAY BY WHICH THE VALLEY IS REACHED"

DRAWN BY JOHN INNES

I don't see why I should waste paper and ink trying to succeed where they failed. Suffice it to say that the whole outfit, as used in the Canadian west, is light, easy on the horses and of absurd simplicity.

Now, a last word. The pack-saddle is a necessity, or it would not exist. If necessary for civilians, under conditions in which speed, and the elements for sustaining life are of paramount importance, why not for the military?

Only last spring, at the Toronto Horse Show, an exhibition was given of mobility, as exemplified by the pack-saddle. Many saw the crux of the question; many did not.

Let me repeat myself. If the pack-saddle is habitually used by alien and intelligent people in both civic and military life, does not that prove its usefulness—leaving ourselves on one side? If this article is indispensable in our own civil life; why, in the name of common-sense, can we not use it as a means to increased mobility in the affairs of our military organizations—Imperial or Colonial?

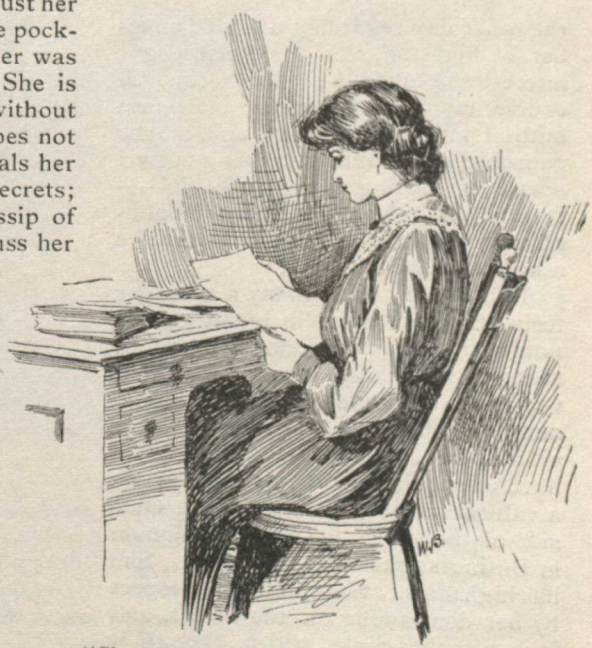
THE WOMAN IN BUSINESS

By Annie Merrill

THE Serious Woman in Business does not ask leniences. She takes her work as a man should. She is punctual. She is tidy. She does not shirk the disagreeable work. She does not demand a boy to dust her desk. She acts promptly. She pockets her sensitiveness (there never was a woman made without it). She is courteous and respectful—without being servile; is not flippant; does not grumble, but is ever cheery; seals her lips tightly upon business secrets; closes her ears against the gossip of her co-workers; refuses to discuss her management with the fault-finder or disgruntled employee; defends her employer even though his methods seem all wrong; though she cannot read his motives, she trusts that they are wholly good.

The Serious Woman in Business works as conscientiously when left alone in the office as though the manager's keen eyes were upon her. She does not do "fancy work" in the office. If she has any spare time she studies to improve herself along the lines of work in which she is engaged, thus making herself more valuable to her employer, and increasing her chances of advancement.

"What I like about that girl," said the manager of a big concern to me



"She takes her work as a man should"

"She dresses plainly"

the other day regarding a valued member of his staff, "is the keen, eager interest she takes in all her work. Of course, many of our young ladies are faithful and conscientious, and maybe painstaking enough, but this quality I speak of distinguishes Miss R—— from all the others. In fact," he added with enthusiasm, "she is more like a bright, ambitious boy!"

And it seems that many a manager feels that the Woman in Business does not take her work seriously enough; that she is lacking in ambition; that very often her mind is on other things, and that she is entirely without that vital interest which is so necessary to have or acquire before she can become a valued member of any staff. Outside of the office the Serious Woman in Business takes life seriously. She has high aims. She commands respect by her demeanour on the street, and in her social circle, which, though it may not be a large nor a fashionable one, yet represents the world to her. She is careful to avoid being conspicuous in her manner. Dresses plainly. Does not try to ape the "lady," with gaudy imitations in gowns and jewels. She keeps good hours. She takes care of her health that her work may not suffer. She avoids the "pie and ice-cream" lunch, that her digestion may not suffer.

This Serious Woman in Business will not allow men to squander money upon her, remembering the admonition of her good old grandmother, that such a course would be vulgar. She insists upon bearing her share of the expense when going about with her men friends, and the nice man will appreciate her position, amiably permitting her to feel a comfortable independence which to-day is making real comradeship among men and women such a delightful possibility. This independent plan—or the "Dutch treat"—is a subtle compliment from a woman to a man; to the man, that is, who has sufficient discernment to read the signs

"She commands respect"

correctly. It proves to him that she values his friendship and companionship for its own worth; that she is not accepting his attentions merely for the "good time" he is able to give her, in the way that the mercenary girl "makes use of" many a generous-hearted and blindly-devoted man.

Because this nice-minded Woman in Business insists upon such a course, she is not necessarily mannish. Indeed, one of the most feminine women in town is a little stenographer of my acquaintance, who works eight hours a day in an office, pays her own way to the theatre (where she is seen weekly, and never without a masculine escort) and always drops her little blue, or red, or white car-ticket in the conductor's box. An invalid mother is never without her weekly allowance from this same little lady—who is small in stature only.

"She is ever cheery"

. . . . . .

Business is unlovely for a woman, and in many ways she were better out of it. It tends to make her cynical. It too often takes away her pretty superstitions, her sweet faith, her treasured beliefs regarding men. Her sunny disposition grows clouded, and where are her happy, careless, girlish little ways that so endeared her to her friends? They are gone—gone with her inability to keep her own expense account.

Business makes many a woman severe. It leads her to wear a false independence—the sort of independence in which a woman cloaks herself to hide her miserable loneliness, a bravado that the woman who is so unfortunate as to have no man friends flaunts in the face of an envied sister, the quality of mind which could alone inspire the words heard from the lips of a "lady" bookkeeper not long ago: "Huh! I could get a position before a man any day."

The fascinations of the constant excitement in a busy commercial life make the thought of house-keeping seem tame to the very young woman. Her immature judgment is not capable of giving correct values to the things of life. In common with the discontented "domestic," who has left the goodly, if monotonous, kitchen, for the doubtful factory, she likes the regularity of business hours, remembering that at home her work seemed never really to end.

Every young woman who launches forth into the business career must meet many disagreeable things—if not in her own office, then in other places where the work makes it necessary for her to enter. She sometimes encounters rudeness, a lack of consideration,

"It broadens her mind"

undesirable attention, and now and again, alas, a decided coarseness. But happily this is the exception, for the majority of men are nice to the woman who shows by her manner that she can appreciate and be grateful for a gentlemanly deference. When this is not granted to a woman it is not always the man's fault—be it confessed with shame. There are times, however, when the most careful woman finds it difficult to steer an even course among all classes and conditions of men, in order to avoid the accusation of prudishness on the one hand, and yet not invite that unwelcome familiarity which to-day breeds the same amount of contempt that it did when her grandmother was a girl.

Following natural impulses instilled in the home life, the young girl hurries to make friends with her desk neighbour. There is on both sides much enthusiasm, which dangerously approaches the vulgar state of "gush" —and the inevitable end is a crash. This is sometimes the fault of an unwise man at the head of affairs. The most quarrelsome and badly-conducted business house into which I was ever permitted a "private view," was one where the manager welcomed each new employee with the well-meant greeting, "We have no hard-and-fast rules here like you find in ordinary business concerns. We are more like one big family."

Family, indeed! but like many a family among the tenements, a place where there was strife and discontented mutterings, and, not infrequently, open rebellion.

. . . . . .

But, from another point of view, it might be well if every girl could have even a year's experience in the busy world of men. The wife or the daughter can never truly know all that a man's evening at home means to him until she has once actually slaved in the field of business. She can never guess how sacred is that time to him, when at the end of a weary, anxious, harassed and strifeful day, he comes home, praying for rest and happiness there, unless she has worked and fought in the ranks, unless she has once felt the terrible strain that nearly every business career forces a man to endure. Shall the inexperienced woman be too severely blamed for dragging her faithful provider from his home night after night to the place of amusement or the social function, for her gratification? Believe me, she does not realize the crime she is committing.

And there are other arguments in favour of the business training for a woman. It broadens her mind. It makes her more averse to gossip. She is enabled to give a saner value to the things of life. She recognizes the attainments that are worth while striving after. She acquires the priceless value of order and punctuality. She learns to keep and guard a secret.

And yet, after all, does not every Woman in Business, in her own soul, feel—whatever she may admit with her lips—that the home life is the better life?

PREFERENTIAL TRADE IN ITS RELATION TO CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

By Hon. George W. Ross, Premier of Ontario

UNDER a preferential tariff goods imported from a country to which such a tariff applies pay a lower rate of duty than similar goods from other countries. By our Customs Act, Great Britain is allowed a preference of 33⅓%. No doubt this preference was intended as a proof of our regard for the Empire rather than as an incentive to a similar consideration in return. It is not, however, all sentiment; it has its practical side and carries with it other material advantages of a practical character. For instance, (1) it reduces the cost of the goods to which the preference applies to the consumer. The consumer may not save the entire rebate of 33⅓%, but he doubtless saves something, and to that extent is benefited; and were it possible to admit British manufactures free, the benefit would be still greater, but this is impossible. The limit of rebate without injury to home manufactures and industries has been fully reached. In fact, many who approve of the preference itself, consider that the rebate now allowed imperils some of our own industries, particularly the woollen trade. Had the imports from Great Britain been taxed the full customs duty imposed upon the same classes of goods from other countries, the Treasury Department would be richer by about a couple of million dollars, the greater part of which of course the consumer would have to pay. So that in granting a preference to Great Britain, we saved in duty all we have lost in revenue.

The preference to Great Britain also warrants a higher tax on goods from other countries than would have been necessary provided imports from Great Britain paid the full tariff without rebate. As a rule, British manufacturers never make Canada a slaughter market. If they cannot get their price, they do not sell. The manufacturers of the United States, on the contrary, supply their own market at ordinary trade prices and sell the surplus in Canada at a sacrifice, sometimes to the great detriment of the Canadian manufacturer. The higher the duty upon American goods the less the injury to the Canadian producer, as a high tariff necessarily limits to some extent slaughter sales in Canada. A preference to Great Britain, however, is a direct gain to the consumer, and quite defensible, so long as it is just to the Canadian producer.

(2) A British preference is a direct stimulus to transportation between Canada and the mother country. Transportation is largely a matter of supply and demand. So long as we had a reciprocity treaty with the United States our commerce worked into American channels. By increasing our trade with Great Britain (and a preferential tariff has already served a useful purpose in that way) we stimulate the establishment of a better system of transportation on the lines demanded by British trade. The Canadian Pacific Railway has now a fast line of steamships of its own on the Atlantic and the Pacific. If the trade of the Canadian Pacific were chiefly with the United States it would need no Atlantic steamship service. The Grand Trunk will no doubt inaugurate in a short time a similar service. The more British goods we buy, the more profitable will such systems of transportation become, and their effect will be seen in the improvement of our harbours, in the lighting of our rivers and in the establishment of various lines of internal communication, which would otherwise be unnecessary. It only remains for the Canadian Parliament

to see that the preference for British goods will not be allowed except upon goods imported in British bottoms by way of Canadian seaports. Then transportation and commerce would go hand in hand, and capital would be much more available for the improvement of both the internal and external trade of the Dominion.

(3) The offer of a preference to Great Britain calls the attention of British manufacturers to the value of the Canadian market. The average citizen of Great Britain has very imperfect ideas of Canada and its resources. To him Canada is still a land of Arctic winters and sterile soil—a land which civilization has lightly touched and where the comforts of life are limited to a few favoured and successful British immigrants. He knows that we have lumber, and wheat and furs to sell, with occasional consignments of cattle and fish, but very little of any other goods required in modern life. To tell him that we are prepared to admit his manufactured goods on more favourable terms than the goods of any other nation is to give him an intimation that we really have a market, which he scarcely thought had any existence, and as a matter of course the inducement of this rebate leads to an investigation—an investigation leads to a sale, and as a consequence British manufactures find their way to Canada now in greater quantities than ever they did before. And so we gain in the cheapness and quality of the goods purchased, in the knowledge which the people of Great Britain acquire of our resources, and in the better opinion which they form as to our possibilities. Investments of capital naturally follow the improved condition of the opinions so formed. The British artisan is more inclined to come to us because he can purchase goods in Canada to which he is accustomed at home, and as the circle of knowledge widens, a larger immigration and a larger trade follow. That this is no fancy sketch is proven by the accession of 40,000 British immigrants during the current year, and by the confidence of the British capitalists in the large schemes of transportation as well as of industry to which they are lending their support. As an advertisement, putting it upon no higher ground, the preference given to Great Britain has been a good investment.

(4) A preferential tariff accentuates our relation with the Empire. Britain has a right to ask for evidences of our kinship just as she has given evidences, time and again, of her interest in the Colonies. True, her statesmen have at various periods shown an indifference towards the colonial relationship, which, in the light of recent years, is quite incomprehensible, but even they, indifferent though they may have been, would have defended the honour and integrity of the Colonies against attack from every quarter. Canada might be allowed to go, so Beaconsfield thought, and so Gladstone thought, but neither would allow Canada to be forcibly severed from the British Crown. If put to the test, the whole force of the Empire would doubtless be marshalled in defence of colonial autonomy. In return for this good will, the colonists could do nothing except to express their affection and esteem for the Empire to which they belong. Australia and Natal and New Zealand did contribute one or more battleships for the defence of British commerce, but the gift, substantial though it was, forms but an insignificant item in the maintenance of the British navy. Canada contributed nothing directly, but none the less effectively did she strengthen British influence in the Western hemisphere, and when her own soil was attacked repelled the invader with the utmost energy and vigour. To have founded this Dominion, to have built 18,000 miles of railway and to have improved nearly 3,000 miles of navigation, chiefly at our own expense, to maintain an effective militia and postal system, to have built large cities and to have made a great wilderness the abode of civilization and comfort under the British flag is in itself no small contribution to the strength and glory of the Empire. If we have not sup-

plied Britain with battleships, we have nurtured a population here that can render equally effective service in the time of need. And in addition to all this, we have shown our desire that the British manufacturer should profit from the advantages which our growing wealth affords, by allowing him a preference against all other competitors in the markets of six millions of people. Great as were the encomiums passed upon Canadian loyalty on account of assistance in the recent war in South Africa, the concessions made to the British manufacturer and exporter in our preferential tariff are still greater proof of our desire that Great Britain should share in the prosperity that we enjoy, and that her industries that have given her such a masterful position in the trade of the world should receive special encouragement among her kinsmen beyond the seas. We do not accept British protection as a free gift—we give something for it in return. We do not treat the British manufacturer or workman as we treat a foreigner or an alien. We treat him with some of the consideration due to the relationship that exists between us, because in the perpetuation of that relationship the future of Canada and the Empire is intimately concerned. The golden coin of sentiment, as it may be called, bearing the trade mark of Canadian preference, is no longer at a discount, but passes current in the markets of both countries.

My argument so far goes to show that the preference given to British goods in the Canadian market is of sufficient advantage to Canada to warrant its continuance whether Great Britain reciprocates or not. Loyalty, like virtue, has been in this case its own reward. The natural complement, however, to the action of the Canadian Government would be similar action by the Imperial Government. No matter what the benefit to Canada from the adjustment of its tariff in favour of British goods may be, so long as Great Britain refuses a corresponding preference or a preference of any kind, there must and will remain a feeling of disappointment. As we have acted on our own initiative, however, without any promise or assurance on the part of the British Government of preferential reciprocity, we must not complain if the people of Great Britain take time to consider how such a preference would affect British industries. They have the larger market, and stand to gain or lose more than we do, and it is for them to say how such a preference would affect their financial and commercial interests. From the discussions in the press and on the platform, it is quite evident that the question is being fully and seriously considered, So long, however, as the Colonies or the United Kingdom discuss this question from an individual standpoint, both parties will fail in grasping its full significance. It is not a question of the Colonies versus the United Kingdom, it is rather a question of the Empire. If discussed from a purely colonial standpoint, it will be simply a balancing of the colonial ledger, and similarly if discussed from the standpoint of the United Kingdom ; but if it is discussed as an Imperial question, we obtain the larger view and the only proper view, and our trial balance must include this view if we are to obtain the true results of the discussion. Let a few of these considerations be briefly noticed.

(1) It is argued that one of the great obstacles to the adoption of a preferential tariff in favour of the Colonies, is the established conviction that any encroachment upon the Free Trade policy of the Empire would be fatal to British industry. To discuss the doctrine of Free Trade, however, as one of local or territorial application is not the true way to appreciate the full significance of a policy affecting the whole Empire. Even admitting for the purpose of argument that Free Trade was to the advantage of Great Britain locally, when we come to consider a policy which applies to the whole Empire, with its three hundred and fifty millions of a population, and which affects its solidarity and its future expansion, all local issues must be discard-

ed or absorbed in the larger view of the situation. When the Australian Commonwealth was organized, some of the States composing that Commonwealth were dominated by Free Trade principles, others by Protectionist principles. In the Parliament of the Commonwealth, however, these two opposite views had to be reconciled and were reconciled, doubtless in the interests of the Commonwealth as a whole. If the States of the American Union had to discuss a tariff from the standpoint of individual States, doubtless not a few would adopt a very low tariff on account of their own peculiar local conditions. But Congress in surveying the whole field, and in framing a policy for the United States, rejected the extreme views of the Free Traders and the Populists, and adopted a tariff which is generally acceptable to the whole people. Canada affords a somewhat similar illustration of the adjustment of apparently antagonistic interests in a revenue tariff which gives reasonable protection to manufactures without doing any serious injustice to the Provinces whose local interests would favour a very low tariff. In order, therefore, to the proper discussion of the financial aspects of a preferential tariff to the Colonies, the interests of the whole Empire, rather than any part of it, no matter how important in itself, should be first considered. Only in that view, and it may be too by sacrifices on one hand for compensation on the other, that the interests of the whole can be properly subserved. A few practical illustrations will make this clear. For instance: at first blush it might appear unreasonable to expect that the British workingman would agree to a duty upon foodstuffs. Even with cheap bread he finds it hard enough to keep above the poverty line. What would his position be if the cost of living were advanced? It requires no argument to show how precarious the position of Great Britain would be in the event of a war which could cut off her present imports of wheat and flour, the annual consumption of which amounts to 240 million bushels, of which only 60 million are produced at home, 20 million imported from the colonies, the remaining 160 million being imported from foreign countries. In view of the security of the Empire in having her food supplies provided by her Colonies, the additional cost (if any) to the British consumer is a very small consideration. A nation that spends £35,000,000 annually on a navy for the protection of her commerce, and about as much on an army for the protection of her flag, should not run the risk of starvation at home, if by any reasonable expense she could be assured of an ample supply of food within her own domain. If the cost of the workingman's food is enhanced, his security against starvation is also improved and herein is compensation.

2. Another view is one affecting British industries. In order to keep the markets of the world, Free Traders insist upon cheapening not only the food supply, but also the raw material which enters into the production of all her industries. As to the soundness of this view there can be no question up to a certain limit. But you may have cheap raw material, and still manufacture on such a limited scale as to be entirely outclassed by a competitor who pays quite as much for his raw material, but manufactures on a much larger scale. The extent of the output has as much to do with the cheapening manufactures as the price paid for raw material; that is to say: the extent of your market determines to a certain extent your powers of competition. Now it is evident from the statistics of the British Board of Trade that Great Britain is not extending perceptibly the foreign market of her manufactured goods, as shown by the table on the next page.

With an increase in population, and an increase in the number of her operatives, the export of manufactured articles from Great Britain was not appreciably greater in 1902 than in 1882. Cheapness in raw material, therefore, while it may have helped her to hold

STAPLE EXPORTS OF MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.*

	1882.	1902.
Iron and Steel	£ 31,500,000	£ 29,000,000
Steam Engines and Machinery	11,900,000	18,700,000
Hardware and Cutlery	4,100,000	2,100,000
Cotton Manufactures	62,900,000	65,000,000
Linen	5,900,000	5,400,000
Woollens	18,700,000	15,200,000
Apparel	4,100,000	6,200,000
Haberdashery	4,200,000	1,700,000
Glass	1,000,000	1,000,000
Earthenware	2,300,900	2,000,000
Chemicals, Drugs, Etc	7,600,000	9,500,000
	£154,200,000	£155,800,000

the market she had, has certainly not enabled her to extend her sales in foreign markets. But there is still another market, viz.: the home market of her own people, into which the foreigner has entered, and despite the expense of transportation and commissions and exchange has displaced British manufactures to an extraordinary extent. The following table of six staple imports of foreign goods should be conclusive on this point :—

MANUFACTURED IMPORTS INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM.†

	1890.	1900.
Cotton Manufactures	£ 2,300,000	£ 4,700,000
Glass Manufactures.	2,000,000	3,200,000
Iron or Steel Manufactures	3,100,000	8,300,000
Leather	6,300,000	8,700,000
Silks	11,300,000	14,200,000
Woollens and Yarn ..	11,100,000	11,400,000
	£36,100,000	£50,500,000

Now the problem for the Imperialist to settle here is not whether Free Trade is theoretically or academically orthodox, but whether practically it meets the conditions upon which the greatest prosperity will accrue to the Empire. A slight duty on the importation of manufactured goods would preserve to her own people a home market for the six staples named of $250,000,000, and for manufactured goods of all descriptions of $500,000,000. This represents the labour of a great many thousand operatives, and the profits of an immense amount of capital; and if that home market was a preferential one for the Colonies the manufactured goods which the foreigner sells in Great Britain would be displaced to a certain extent by the manufactured goods of her own Colonies, and employment given to her own people instead of to her rivals and her enemies. From an Imperialist point of view it is not of so much consequence whether great industries are developed in the United Kingdom or in the Colonies so long as the labour and profit are enjoyed by British subjects. Even if Free Trade were right as a theory, as already argued, when applied locally, if the desired results cannot be obtained when extended to the whole Empire, then it fails, and should be discarded as unsuited for Imperial purposes.

3. A preferential tariff in favour of the Colonies means the unifying of the Empire. The British Empire of the future is not to be one of "splendid isolation" but one of resplendent universality. The British Empire of the future will be composed of a variety of racial types, produced under colonial and climatic conditions entirely dissimilar but with one purpose—the reproduction of British ideals of civil and religious liberty. Its different possessions may have social and institutional predilections incompatible with each other, but all will be made subservient to the one purpose of national sovereignty. It will permit of the most varied opinions and practices as to trade and commerce which the exigencies of business may require, all tending, however, towards the security of its own subjects. Its first care will be to co-ordinate its capital, its industrial skill and the overflow of its population so as to make its possessions, wherever they are, partakers in the fruits of its own industry and the skill and energy of its sons. Tariffs will be framed not alone for the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire or the ironworkers of Sheffield,

* This table is from the *Fortnightly* for July.
† From the July *Fortnightly*.

but for the millions whose colonial life is equally worthy of its care. The estimate of its greatness will not be based upon the balance to the national credit in the Bank of England, or to the extent of its merchant shipping, or its foreign investments, but upon the diffusion of wealth throughout its possessions in every quarter of the globe. Its prestige will not be the battles fought and won, but the Colonies it has peopled and the inspiration it has given them to work out the principles of personal liberty under an almost endless variety of conditions. The keynote of the new Imperialism will be a united Empire and a recognition of the Colonies as essential to its future greatness. Even now the Colonies reflect its capacity for empire and contribute largely to its distinction among the nations of the world. The rapid development of Australia and New Zealand has attracted the attention of Oriental countries and adds greatly to the prestige of Great Britain under the line. Her possessions in South Africa will modify the institutions of every race and tribe in Africa and when the railway from the Cape to Cairo is completed the name of Britain will be the only potential name on the Dark Continent. Her possessions in North America have exercised a powerful influence upon the diplomacy of the United States, and will to a certain extent determine the highways of commerce of the Eastern and Western hemisphere. Take these all away, and let the British Empire shrivel into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—firm and resourceful as her people are—and who will say that the Empire with its Colonies is not far greater than the Empire without its Colonies? If our fellow-subjects in the United Kingdom would only realize that every commercial transaction between themselves and the Colonies was for the benefit of the whole Empire, and that it was a contribution to the wealth of the family rather than to the alien, a fresh inspiration would be given to the loyalty of the Colonies and an additional security to the permanence of the Empire itself. Under these conditions, capital would seek investment in colonial rather than in foreign enterprises, the emigrant would seek a home where he could maintain his early affiliations and foreign nations would feel that their greatest rival was beyond the reach of menace or attack.

HEART-WORDS

BY INGLIS MORSE

LOVE, Home and Children—these heart-words of life
Have power to move each soul to joy or tears.
Borne on the silent footfalls of the years,
They bring repose to each lone wanderer's strife;
And urge him homeward from the sea of Time
To claim his own again, his treasure all,
That men in every age and station call
The goal of Earth's sweet memories sublime.

Heart-words! Lo, these shall never die! They cling
To each glad soul: they wake the trembling lyre
In Passion's house, where death gives place to birth:
They wake in each bird-life impulse to sing
When dreary winter has passed from the earth
And nature clothes all things in sweet attire.

THE WINNING OF MARIE-LOUISE

By Duncan Campbell Scott

THERE is, not many miles above the High Falls on the Rivière des Lièvres, a level plateau from which the hills seem to have withdrawn to leave an arena for some spectacle, some ancient savage pageant. Here, in days before the white man, trooped the Indians, Algonquins and Ottawas; streaming through the rift in the mountains from the east towards Timiscamingue, or coming up the river in canoes like a cloud of dragon-flies from the wilderness of the south, pitching their tepees at sundown and trading there for weeks in the yellow sunlight, while he river flooded by and the hills kept watch around. Here, now, lies the Iroquois farm, and a little farther Notre Dame de Low, and beyond that the loneliness of Lac des Sables, and beyond that again the river in its sources, fed by the north snows melting until midsummer.

At the Iroquois Farm lived Monique Bellefontaine, and this is the story of how Marie-Louise Bellefontaine won her husband and is Madame Pierre Voyer at this date. Monique's house stood back from the river, where he had built it with his own hands, and it was a famous house from Buckingham to Lac des Sables. People who knew not the house had heard of the fame of Monique, for he was a mighty man in those parts, and was renowned for fiddle-playing and dancing and hewing and fighting. In his young days no one could beat him at shooting with a rifle; no man had ever knocked him off his legs. He could follow a trail in the woods like a hound, could make a canoe like an Indian, and had been known to walk over a hundred and fifty miles on snowshoes without eating, resting or sleeping. And when his fame was becoming a trifle dim by reason of age, his daughter, Marie-Louise, revived the tradition of the house, and became the noted beauty, as he in his day had been the noted bravo, of the river. In the wintertime many a teamster stopped his horses and wended his way to Monique's, for no reason at all but to renew an impression of Marie-Louise's laughing eyes. And in the summer, when the "drive" came down the river, the longest stage they had was the ten miles above and below Monique's.

There is something fateful in being a beauty and having a mighty man for a father, for amid all Marie-Louise's lovers was not one who had the courage to walk up to the hero and demand her hand. It had become noised abroad that the man who had that courage would have to prove his right by a series of hand-to-hand encounters with Monique, and there were traditions of fights in which he had broken jawbones and cracked brain-pans, and of milder meetings in which he had danced every adversary off his legs, and played fiddle until only one hair was left in the bow. For modest men, these recollections of their fathers were deterrents; and as time went by it became clear that the strength and prowess of her father's hands were to rise up against Marie-Louise and be the blame of her maiden days.

But even such destinies are altered by circumstances from without, and it was the advent of Pierre Voyer, from some region beyond the Lièvres and its environs, which gave Marie-Louise joy. In October of a certain year she was looking from her window upon the river. It was toward evening. From the dusk of the point where the water turned she could hear faint singing, and the hard, short blow of the oars in the rowlocks. Soon the boats rounded the point; one, two, three. Twenty men in each boat, pulling all together, they sang:

> Deccendez à l'ombre,
> Ma jolie blonde.

They made gay colour in the boats with their bright shirts and their red caps and blue tunics. Each brilliant group doubled itself in the still water. Madame Bellefontaine was adding the last loaves to a cord of bread which she had made in two days. "Here they come," she cried. Monique sauntered down to the landing. Soon the song began to die off, and individual voices came out in halloos, and laughter rang clear. Some one threw a dog from a leading boat, and he swam on in front yelping with excitement. This was the arrival of the first gang of men for the upper river; and on this evening, for the first time, Marie-Louise saw Pierre Voyer. He was not very tall, but taller than he looked. Dark hair he had, and blue, resolute eyes. That evening he had a red handkerchief tied about his hair, and blue leggings, and looked a bit of a dandy in his high-heeled shoes. An earring he wore in his left ear, and his right arm was tattoed with a figure of a heart with a dove fluttering over it. There was a bold, free look about him as he strode around the open fires where the cooks were making the supper. When he stood still he was like a young pine in a clearance of the forest.

Old Monique took a fancy to him, and asked him his name, and swung his hand and hit him two or three blows in the chest to see if he was as sound as he looked. He was; so Monique brought the handsome fellow up to the house and said, "Here, old woman, Madame Bellefontaine, here's a young fellow called Voyer from away beyond. This is Marie-Louise." So down they sat and had supper, and it was found the young fellow had a tongue in his head. Oh! he made them laugh. Then he told a story about a friend of his, and everyone knew that it was a story about himself. Old Monique slapped his hand on his thigh and cried out, "Just like me when I was a lad!" And then he felt sorry that he had so flattered the young fellow. All the while, as Pierre Voyer talked, his eyes kept up a conversation with Marie-Louise, until old Monique, who was as sharp as a weazel, felt that there was something in the wind, and broke up the party *sans cérémonie.*

On the edge of the river the men had set up their tents, and there was a hubbub of fiddles and songs, disputes and loud laughter. The scene was illuminated by the smoking fires, and here and there a glaring birch-bark torch. Presently the men had wrangled themselves to sleep, and, as Marie-Louise looked from her window, the only sound she heard was the strong current of the river; the dark tents she saw rising upon the bank, and now and again roving sparks started out in little golden companies from the half-dead fires. Across the river, moving ever in a faint light of its own, she saw the black mountains behind which fell the stars. Marie-Louise wondered if down there under one of the tents merry Pierre was planning to dare Monique and marry her.

In the morning on the way they went, bound for the pineries at the head-waters of the Lièvres; and Monique Bellefontaine, who was foreman of the gang, went with them. Marie-Louise remained at home to watch the river freeze over and the snow sift in behind the trees on the mountain, and to remember Pierre Voyer, whose memory she adored, even to the earring in his ear.

It was not until near the middle of the winter that Pierre Voyer mentioned Marie-Louise Bellefontaine's name to anyone, but he had thought of it many, many times. He had heard talk around the camboose, and at noon in the still, snowy pine woods when they stopped work for lunch, that the man who married Marie-Louise must be a better man than her father. He had taken time to measure her father. Occasionally he would take an axe, just to show the boys how to chop a tree; casually he would leap two feet farther than the best jumper in the camp; with an instructive air he would sometimes take a fiddle in hand and play a tune in the second position. Pierre Voyer had taken note of these things.

One day Monique Bellefontaine and

Pierre Voyer slipped on their snow-shoes, took each a wedge of bread and three square inches of pork, each an axe, and started. The foreman wanted to look at a new area of pine, and he chose to take Pierre Voyer because—well, because, for a youngster, he had less ignorance about pine than anyone Monique had met. They walked fifteen miles, and began to get into the new region. They did not talk much; Monique was estimating the trees on one side, Pierre on the other. They spoke little on matters foreign to their speculation; about them was the great silence of the wood.

They rested for lunch on the border of a lake. It looked like a cleared plain in the centre of the forest. The level snow was fretted all across in ripples, delicate in blue shadows and crystal curves. A chickadee came down and chirped about as they sat munching in the cold. Pierre Voyer thought that was a good time to speak, so he stood up as formally as he could, and, as if making an announcement, he said: "My name is Pierre Voyer. I come from Sagamook; my father has the big farm there; I want to marry Marie-Louise Bellefontaine."

His heart thumped his ribs like a woodpecker trying a hollow tree. All his instinct told him, by the way Monique kept silence and seemed to look at the chickadee, that his work was before him. By and by Monique spoke. "Very well, we will see. Pierre Voyer has got to be a pretty good man to marry Marie-Louise." He did not propose any trial of strength, like the ancient heroes, but went on with his work. Pierre was expectant. The afternoon began to wear away, and long after the time when they should have started for the shanty Monique was staring at the pine-trees. Suddenly he straightened himself, threw his axe over his shoulder, and broke into a trot. Pierre gave a tug at his belt and followed. Close he kept at Monique's heels. He went for a mile or two at that rate, and then began a long, moose-like stride, rapid and powerful, that seemed to lift him over the snow. Pierre laboured after him, seeing the wide space between them gradually widen. Then Monique stopped to fix his shoe, and Pierre overtook him. But in a moment he was flying on ahead, snow dancing about his heels.

Unexpectedly they came to a drop over a brow of rock. Monique leaped down ten feet and lit like a bird, and on he went. Pierre hesitated a moment, thumped down clumsily sideways, slid two feet and came to a dead stand, his shoes weighted with a mass of snow. On went the terrible Monique, up a hill, never once looking behind. They had gone for five miles, when Pierre began to lose sight of him. He had a stabbing stitch in his side; his breath seemed all in his throat. Then he began to think that Monique was a tree moving, and then that the tree was Monique standing still; and then he lost him hopelessly.

He kept on in a vexed, blind, maddened way until his lungs became like stone. When he had rested awhile, he took up the trail and followed those tremendous strides to the shanty. Supper was well over. Monique reclined in his bunk, and never glanced toward the door when Pierre came in. He felt that throughout the company, from the cook to the culler, the rumour had spread that someone had asked for the hand of Marie-Louise Bellefontaine.

It took Pierre ten days to swallow the chagrin of that defeat. When one night Monique nodded to him as he passed through the door, Pierre followed like a man who obeys a dictator. The moon stood straight overhead. Monique walked along the hard snow road for a mile, and then he turned and said to Pierre: "You and me are going to wrestle."

At it they went in the moonlight that flooded the snow and chased it with the shadows of the hardwood trees. First it was catch-as-catch-can. Pierre got the best hold, and heaved at Monique as if he were lifting a ton. He seemed rooted in granite like a mountain. They crouched almost im-

movable; a mass of iron muscle on the strain. Pierre, through his starting eyes, saw their shadows thrown on the snow in a strange, dwarfed shape.

Suddenly he felt as if some weight were crushing him. He strove against it terribly. One foot was forced out of the snow. All the blood of his body seemed in his eyes. Then he went up very slowly into the air; all his grasp was broken away, and in a moment more he flew over Monique's head and lay in the road. The moon looked down on him.

Then they tried collar-and-elbow. Pierre was a valiant lad, and he was fighting for Marie-Louise. Monique's arms were like bars of iron. Pierre could not move him. Then Monique began to play him back and forth and give him sudden jerks that made his head feel as if it would be snapped off. Then slowly he turned him over on his side as if he were a tired child and let him rest in the snow.

Pierre's sensations gave him matter for thought for weeks. Spring was coming on, and if he had been fortunate in his encounters he might have looked forward to meeting Marie-Louise with confidence. There was one test left. He could play the fiddle; yes, he was aware that he could play the fiddle. He did not believe that Monique could equal him in that, which was surely why he had never accepted the challenge, as Pierre had often played before him. One night, just before they began to drive the logs into the Lièvres, Pierre took his fiddle and played as he had never played before. Such fire, such tone, such extraordinary sweeps and gyrations of the bow! Could anything surpass that? he thought.

By and by, some time after he had ceased, amid the chatter and laughter of the camp arose a penetrating sound which made the silence fall as stars come out after rain. Low and firm and equal, note followed note; flowing strongly, slowly, earnestly, note followed note. What was the melody he played? No one there had heard it before, and still each man seemed to recognize it. It grew up like a flower in the ferny spaces of deep woods. It gathered depth as does the night, star following star. It ceased as the dawn comes with quiet colour. A few deep notes and it was done. Pierre covered up his head in silence.

When the drive reached Bellefontaine's place, Marie-Louise heard all about these adventures from her cousin Ulric, who was in the camp, and her heart burned for Pierre. He would not come near the house, as he had no right to; and he sulked in his tent. Marie-Louise remembered him just as he looked the night he came up the river with his earring in his ear, his black locks bound with the red handkerchief. She longed to see him again, and crown him for his valiancy. But Monique stood between, and she did a better thing. She wrote him a note, which was borne to him by the cousin. Pierre Voyer read it by the waning light the same evening. It bore these magic words:

"DAD KANT SWIM—MARIE-LOUISE."

Pierre studied these words. What did they mean? Suddenly light broke in upon his dark mind. He knew that Marie-Louise loved him; that if she had her will his labours would be closed; that she had heard of his defeats and honoured them. For, what did she say? DAD KANT SWIM. He put the scrap of paper over his heart. Monique, like Achilles and many another hero, had one vulnerable point. His daughter had betrayed it.

A week after this Bellefontaine was as quiet as before, and the drive had reached the High Falls. Here the river takes a sharp turn and rolls all its brown water over two preliminary cascades, and then down one tremendous leap of a hundred feet. Every log that slips the boom and goes over the fall is marred and broken. Every log that goes down the prepared chute glides like an arrow, swift as light, and drops uninjured into the pool. This chute begins in the placid water at the head of the first cascade. It is a V-shaped trough supported on trestles, six feet wide at the top, three

feet at the bottom; it is about four feet deep. It slopes and bends down among the trees for four hundred yards. The timbers which form it are bleached clean as bones by the sun and rain. Through this trough spins constantly a solid stream of rapid water.

Until they reached the Falls Pierre had no opportunity of using his newly acquired knowledge. But one day as he stood in the sunshine at the head of the chute guiding the logs into the current an idea came into his head. He looked down the chute and followed the hurrying logs and water with his eyes. He had heard of men going down there, some alive, some who were merely names forever after. He weighed the chances, and he remembered Marie-Louise and his lost battles for her in the woods. He knew he could swim. Monique was working very near him, directing operations from a stout timber which bridged the chute. Gradually, without attracting attention, Pierre drew closer to him, closer to him. He waited his opportunity. It came. Monique turned to call something down the chute; he had one foot off the timber and was raising it on the other. Quick as a flash, Pierre slipped his pike-pole under that foot and pried it up. Without knowing what had happened, Monique found himself in the terrific water. All the men saw, after they heard him yell, was a flash of red at the turn. He was gone. Before anyone could move Pierre had plunged into the stream and was drawn, head first, out of sight.

He could not realize the speed at which he was rushing. The two iron bars let into the sides of the chute, polished like silver, looked like ribbons spinning by. There were flashes and yells as he shot past the points where the men were stationed. He saw the calm blue sky far, far above him. And in an instant he felt the deep waters cover him. He fought with them, and came into the light again, swimming strongly. He was in a whirlpool, and just beyond him he saw Monique's face, whiter than the white foam. It disappeared. Pierre struck out desperately. Then he found Monique under his hands; he grasped him. They were locked together, and for a moment Pierre held him by the throat and spoke to him and shook him.

Then Monique gave himself up in fear, and Pierre battled for their lives. Slowly, with enormous power, he edged out of the whirlpool, and felt the sucking of the cross-current that set out of the bay around the point. Beyond that point lay the rapids, short but fierce and dangerous. He struggled to gain that point, but swiftly it turned and flew by.

Then in the mighty pull of the current he floated and saved his strength. Monique lay back, his eyes closed, his mouth catching the water. Up came the roar, the clamour from the rapids, louder and louder. Suddenly Pierre grasped Monique around the body, his arms like the grip of a vise, and they went into the waters that seemed to hurl them on and crowd upon them for their lives. It was only a minute of confusion, without breath, without sight, without heart-beats. They were covered and overwhelmed. The water forced them until the sinews of Pierre's arms cracked with the strain; together they rolled into the deep quiet eddy at the foot of the last plunge. Together and alive!

When Monique wrung the water out of his eyes he saw Pierre standing on the shore. He knew Pierre's arm was broken by the way it hung. "I'm all right," he was saying, with the blood trickling out of the roots of his hair from a wound concealed by it.

A few minutes later Monique was yelling to his gang, "Look alive, you fellows! Do you think I keep you to look like sheep in a thunder-storm? Get a canoe and paddle to Notre Dame de Low and bring back Dr. Boisblanc. And you, Ulric," he called to his nephew, "go up to the house and bring Marie-Louise down, if she wants to come. Tell her there's a man down here that knows how to swim, and his name is Pierre Voyer."

Marie-Louise came.

A SOFA'S REMINISCENCES

By Jane Jones

"WELL! I've come down in the world, and I don't see any good in denying the fact. Here I am, I who am believed by the credulous to have breathed the rarified atmosphere of Louis XVI, to have borne the happy weight of Beauty's frills and furbelows, to have been impregnated with highly seasoned scandal, saturated with regal irregularities, I am (through the cruelties of fate) compelled to hobnob with horse-hair music stools, with over-dressed arm-chairs, carpet-backed and weak-kneed lounges, moth-eaten and pompous old sofas and every other article of four legs the heart of man can conceive. Singled out from several hundred we have a little coterie of our own. There were forty of us, but the late deceased was dismembered for firewood during the coal strike, and the opposition have now labelled us 'The thirty-nine articles.'

"Among our interesting members are the little, old maid, cretonne-covered chair, prim and well regulated, her most exciting experience being a prolonged stay at a young Ladies' Seminary. She simply *breathes* Treacle Possetts, Reticules and Pattens. The Clown is an old fat wooden article with large chintz frills where none should have been, and a gaping wound over the left ventricle. He and T. P. (Treacle Possett) are always at it. Yesterday T. P. commenced hostilities by claiming ancestry with Adam and Eve, and calling him a blackleg. The Clown protested that they had only Cain chairs in those days and that Eve was only a side issue, anyway.

"I think for all his fun, the Clown has his moments. At night-time when T. P.'s spiteful tongue is silent, and when she has ceased eating lemon drops—when the music stool, or Rest as we call her, has wept herself to sleep thinking of past triumphs when Beethoven or some other hand has twirled her round a harlequin in silk and gold—when the old rocking chair dozes heavily dreaming of the sportive youngsters that clambered over her rungs—when the grey and well groomed old Chippendale beau who speaks to none of us—when all these are slipping back into the past, when the gloom grows deeper and deeper, and the life outside more still, then I think the Clown relaxes—and because I know, I do not speak of it.

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"Of all the experiences I have had there are three impressed on my memory – two concern the same woman.

"I had only been re-covered three days, when I was bought by a charming woman, who (like the majority) judged by the exterior. 'What a lovely curved back and what dear legs!' I was put into the nursery and saw my mistress constantly.

"Before I go further I must explain how it is I feel and know what is going on around me. I am acknowledged by everybody to be an exceptionally fine piece of work. My lines are Greek in their simplicity, but as there are spots on the sun, so on the most conspicuous part of my anatomy is a knot about as big as a shilling. On an indefinite number of times I have been on the eve of destruction, but have been saved at the eleventh hour. Now, this knot, that is considered a draw-back, is nothing less than my heart! Don't you know that phrase—'the heart of an oak?' Well, here is an example. Why human beings should imagine they are the only things with hearts, I don't know: the omission is more frequent.

"Well, one morning I felt something warm pressing me in a most delightful manner. I was almost afraid to look, but there, curled up like a tired little flower, was a baby. I can't tell you what I felt like. Inadequately i was like sitting in a bath of honey

"I could feel its little feet pressing the roses of the chintz"

drinking sugar and syrup, and listening to music. Every day it lay there for an hour. I could feel its little feet pressing the roses of the chintz, and its hands and forehead rested against the violets—and think it must have dreamed of them. I tried so hard to press it closer to me so that the violets would get into its brain and make it good and sweet; and I believe they did, because one day its mother took it up and said, 'Just look at the little blue mark on baby's forehead; it's like a flower.' When she grew older we were great friends, and it was to me she would run and beat her little hands on the violets and roses in a tiny tempest. Then she went away and things settled to a colourless monotony for a few years.

. . . . . .

"For me, too, all was changed. Instead of powder puffs, and canary birds, and softness, it was a coal-oil stove, tinned meats, and great men's clothes smelling of tobacco. There were four of them, and a nicer lot of chaps you couldn't meet—all down on their luck, all trying to win some success from that fickle jade Fortune before the Juggernaut of Competition ground them down. For old Aladdin's cry of 'New lamps for old, new lamps for old,' read 'New Brains for old; bring them on, we have squeezed the old ones dry. We don't care how you live but you must write an Illiad on a diet of cracked wheat. Your fancy must recognize no such limitations as ragged boots and fifteen cents in your pocket. Dress your paper puppets in glowing phraseology. Let the warmth of your imagination close the cracks in the window, be a fire for your frozen hands, and thaw the stalactites in your brain.' Many a mute, inglorious Milton has carried coals for his landlady for seven cents a day. So David Strong tried to argue with himself (he was the one I liked best of all), but he

felt the blasting finger of poverty more than the others. Baulked desire did not spur him on as it might have others. It lamed him. He drew tolerably and wrote in about the same degree, had nice ideas but not much originality of expression. All Sunday he worked at the Free Art class and wrote during the week days. The other fellows were very good to the Kid and many was the funny story and joke made 'to get a rise out of Dave.' After a little things grew worse. David got thinner and thinner; there was a suppressed stillness about him like the river ice before it breaks. His eyes, instead of looking out expectantly, seemed to be looking deep into himself. Day after day came long envelopes with the editor's regrets. One day one of the men brought in another of these hateful envelopes and threw it on the top of me. My old chintz heart leaped. 'I will hide this thing,' I said; 'he shall be saved something,' and I wriggled and squirmed till the hateful thing slipped into a crack. Later David came in, exhausted with snow shovelling and earning seventy-five cents. He divided it. The men went out and David and I were left. He cleared some of the stuff off me—a sauce-pan, a shaving mug, bundle of sketches, and some socks Peter had been mending—winding a piece of thread round the base of the holes till they stood up like blackberries constituted the mending. 'Well, it's not come,' he said in a hard, tight voice I did not know. He pulled a funny shiny thing out of his pocket, and leaned against my back and talked to himself—about everything in heaven, and hell and earth. And sometimes it was pitiful like a little child and then it was strong and wonderful. It seemed like a great sea that was surging up, and up, and was about to burst. I knew something would soon happen if I could not prevent it. Everything in the room seemed to be eyes and to be looking at him. I tried to move my arm to get the shiny thing and strained, and stretched, till it broke. Would no one come? He was standing up now, and he put the shiny thing to his head. A little puff of smoke came and he fell back on me. And it was so still you heard the silence fizzing like soda water.

"They took him away, and Peter said 'Let's burn this sofa—he used to sleep on it. And, I say, you fellows, I can't bear to see it. See, he broke the arm'. (But only I knew how the arm got broken.) The yellow envelope fell out as they were moving me—it was an acceptance of a story and $25.

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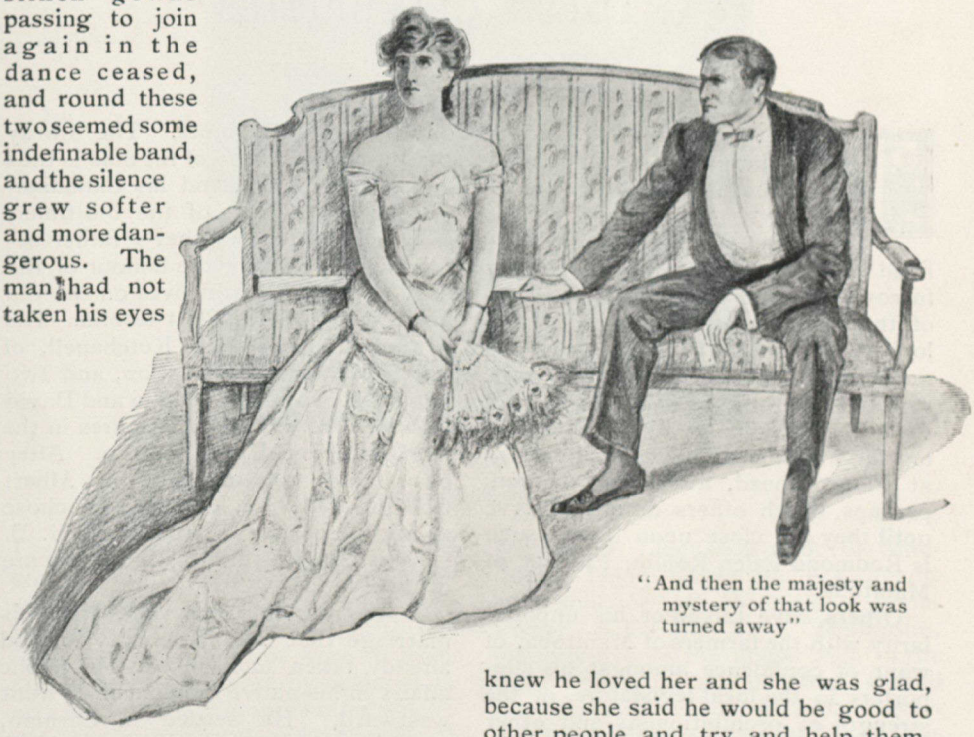
"In due time I was again in the auction room, re-covered, my arm mended and my legs painted and enameled. I was taken to a new home in a great hurry, as there was going to be a dance, and I was required. It was like old times to be back among dancing and music, and a room full of laughter and chatter. A man and a woman came towards me. Such a vision! Sunlight and snow dressed in moonlight, with dark blue stars for eyes. Do you ever notice eyes? Some are lined with tin and some with velvet. Hers were the deepest eyes I ever saw. She sank down on me with a pretty air of weariness and drew off her long gloves. They talked a lot of rubbish about the floor and the music and all that. I wanted to say, 'Hurry up, I am waiting for some conversation suitable for a child over seven.' Only she had such a voice (I could have listened all night if she had read cooking receipts). Just to hear it made the walls and ceiling fade away, and the sunlight, blue sky, and clouds leak in. It made you think of big things. It murmured and cooed like birds; it rippled and gurgled like a happy stream; it wound round and round your heart and cajoled you into merriment; it caressed and patted you and playfully thumped you. In fact, you expected to see her voice sitting beside her, such a perfect and separate entity it had, and, by my springs and castors, its colour would be pink—rose pink. I think every voice has a colour. Clergymen's are mauve.

"Well, they took up that floor again, hammered the life out of it and put it down—not finally—but as if they might be forced to resurrect it again. But there were a good many silences now—and some kind are silent silences, and some are shrieking ones, and these were full of trumpets. I knew in a minute one silence would be counted out, and then something would occur. It did. The music drifted up from below, the swish of silken gowns passing to join again in the dance ceased, and round these two seemed some indefinable band, and the silence grew softer and more dangerous. The man had not taken his eyes from hers, and in obedience to his look she turned towards him. I think that for one second the whole world stood still. She looked at him, and eternities were compassed in the instantaneous. I seemed to see the birth of worlds in their primeval nakedness. I seemed to see the curtains which cloud Truth torn away, and a soul as God had made it. I seemed to see unfathomed deeps of Pain and unscaled heights of Happiness. And then the majesty and mystery of that look was turned away.



"And then the majesty and mystery of that look was turned away"

"'You know?' the man said softly, and closed his hand over hers. But she moved her other hand over his, her left hand, and there I saw a simple band of gold. Then she spoke, looking straight ahead, and very carefully, as if it were a difficult lesson she was repeating—and her voice was very low, and deep, and still, like a great strong river. I don't know all the words of it, the music of it made me forget the words. But she said she knew he loved her and she was glad, because she said he would be good to other people and try and help them, and it was a song in her heart; and because he loved her he would go away, she said. I looked very closely at her, for I wondered who this brave woman was, and there on her white forehead I saw a little blue mark like a violet—My Baby! The man began talking very quickly and his face got very red; but she smiled at him, as if it were all so simple. 'You would not hurt what you love,' she said. He got up and leaned his head against the dark window pane, but then came back and knelt at her feet, pressing hard on my

broken arm. He looked like another man. Then he took her hands and held them to his forehead for a minute, pressed his lips to a fold of her moonlight gown, and left her alone. She just turned around to me and rested her head, with her eyes closed, against my back. I know she said a prayer, something about going softly all her days. Her husband (an ugly black man with a Pullman car expression, you know, sort of dirty and sleepy face) came up for her.

"So I knew that the violets and roses had sunk into my Baby's brain."

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

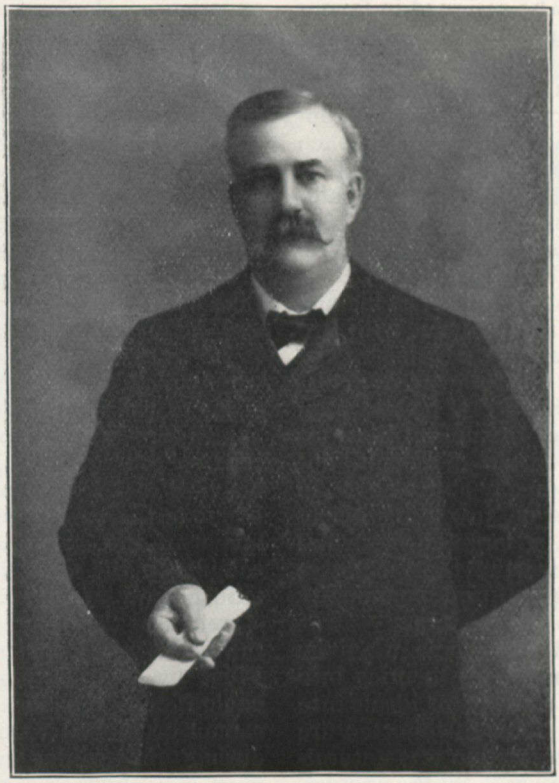
XLVI.—RODMOND PALEN ROBLIN

TALL, broad of back, with a square, resolute face, and strong, almost obstinate jaws, a fairly massive brow, the face almost unlined by the petty cares which dig deep furrows on some men's features, eyes of that peculiar greyish-blue which look at, and through you, penetrating motives and lifting the mask of conventionality, the eyes of a sailor facing the salt-sea spray day by day, and gazing far over the wide waste of waters at things ahead, foreseeing dangers perhaps, which others do not observe until they are close upon them—such is Rodmond Palen Roblin, Premier of Manitoba.

Others have talked of his unpopularity with the farmers of Manitoba, of want of confidence amongst his supporters in the local legislature, of the strength of prohibitionists and other *ists* and *isms* united against him, but he himself has consistently maintained a belief in himself, his party, and his policy. Of such is the kingdom of successful men. No leader ever failed to respect his own abilities, or to appraise his own capacities aright. Belief in yourself is essential if others are to believe in you.

Mr. Roblin was born February 15th, 1853, in the Township of Sophiasburg, Prince Edward County, Ontario, so he is in his fifty-first year. Both his father and mother were descendants of U. E. Loyalists who settled in 1777 on the Bay of Quinte. The sturdy British conservatism of the man is thus an hereditary trait, and his Canadianism is similarly that of the old-timer, whose father, and father's father before him, fought for the honour of the flag. His father still lives on the old homestead—James Platt Roblin. His mother was Deborah Kotchapell, of good solid Dutch extraction, and two of his uncles, John P. Roblin and David Roblin, were well known figures in the Legislature of Upper Canada. After completing his schooling at Albert College, Belleville, Ontario, he chose as his life-partner a woman of U. E. Loyalist stock—thus his four sons are of loyal blood.

It was not until two years after his marriage that Mr. Roblin, who had already taken some interest in public affairs in his native municipality, went westward. He settled in Carman, Manitoba, in 1880, entering business as a grain merchant there. Seven years later he removed to the city of Winnipeg where he has since resided. He began his public life in the Prairie Province by holding the position of warden and reeve in North Dufferin for five years. In December, 1886, he stood for North Dufferin as a candidate for the Provincial Parliament on the "No Disallowance" cry, then such a live question. The Ottawa Government of that day had been asked to disallow the Province of Manitoba's legislation for the Red River Valley



HON. R. P. ROBLIN, PREMIER OF MANITOBA

PHOTO BY STEELE & CO.

Line, now part of the Canadian Northern system. Young Roblin threw himself into the fight and proved a keen and able debater. His sincerity and his personal magnetism were so great that although temporarily defeated he was elected a few months later when a bye-election occurred, and sat for North Dufferin until 1892. He was elected nominally as a supporter of the Liberal administration of the Hon. Thomas Greenway, but shortly after the general election of July, 1888, a special session was called to confirm a contract made by the Greenway Government with the Northern Pacific Railway. Roblin at once made a stand. His contention was that no Government should give aid to a railway unless they obtained control of rates. With rare courage he crossed the floor of the House, while the Hon. D. H. McMillan (now Sir Daniel and Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba), Isaac Campbell, K.C., now city solicitor of Winnipeg, James Fisher, K.C. and S. J. Thompson, possibly five of the ablest men in the local legislature at that time, shared his defection. Sir D. McMillan afterwards returned to the fold, and was rewarded with the post of Provincial Treasurer, followed in due course by higher honours; while Isaac Campbell, although for a long time absent from political life, has since quietly gone back to the friends with whom he for a time disagreed. Mr. Roblin, however, never swerved from the responsibility of the action he then took and has since been one of the ruling spirits in the Conservative party in Manitoba.

He was elected leader of the Conservative Opposition of Manitoba in 1889, and held that position until ten

years later, when he resigned in favour of Hugh J. Macdonald, who led the party to victory in December of that year. During all this time Roblin had persisted in his railway policy, and opposed every project which failed to reach his standard of perfection. He was offered a portfolio by Hugh John Macdonald, but for business reasons refused it. In October, 1900, Mr. Macdonald resigned the Premiership, and Mr. Roblin was unanimously elected as his successor. He became Premier with two portfolios, those of the Ministers of Agriculture and of Railway Commissioner. Until this period he had been president of the Dominion Elevator Co. and a large grain merchant, but he withdrew from any active share in these businesses on accepting office. He is, however, a large farmer, and therefore no unworthy representative of the great agricultural community whose affairs he administers.

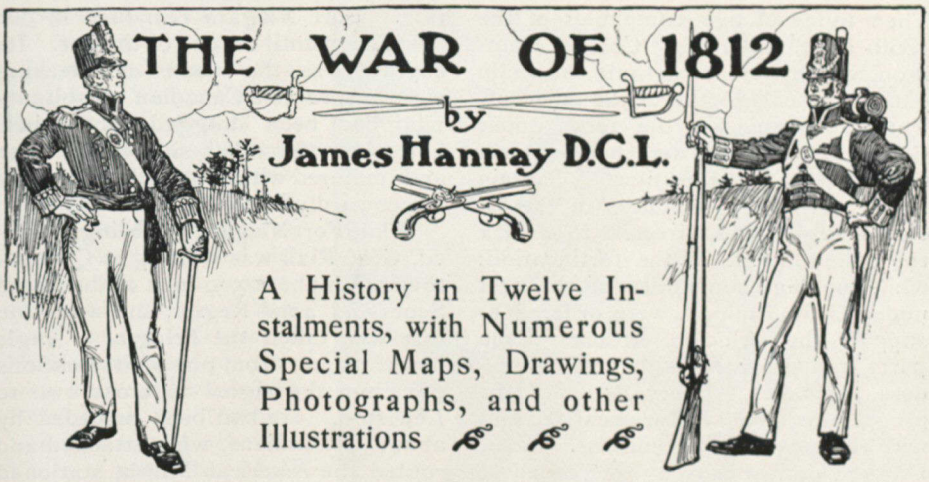
The time had now come when he was able to translate his theories into practice, and to convert his ideals into hard facts. The distinguishing feature of his first administration was naturally his railway policy. By the acquisition of the Northern Pacific lines in Manitoba, and by the subsequent arrangement with the Canadian Northern, he has secured control of the freight rates on that system throughout Manitoba and between the Prairie Province and the lakes. Through this control he has been able to give substantial benefits to the country served by the Canadian Northern.

Mr. Roblin is quick in arriving at a decision—impulsive, perhaps. He goes straight to the point, and never admits that any obstacle can long bar his way. While his friends are looking for the trail, he is apt to cut his own path through the bush. Whether it is sending a telegram to passing a bill, as soon as he makes up his mind he desires to act. He has that instinctive judgment of men and affairs which is characteristic of the leader. Still in the prime of life, full of vigour, daily gaining in experience, eloquent of tongue and impressive in his sincerity, the Premier of Manitoba is entitled to rank as a statesman. He has made many enemies, as is usual with men of energy and action, but the results of the recent elections show that he has friends and admirers outside of his own party.

Apparently Mr. Roblin is laying plans to extend his political sphere. Like most successful provincial premiers, he may be attracted to Ottawa. If he goes there it will be on a railway policy consistent with the principles of railway economics which he has so persistently upheld. In a recent speech in Toronto he indicated his view of the railway duties of the Dominion Government. He is in favour of the extension of the Intercolonial to the Georgian Bay, the establishment of great elevators and storehouses there for the reception of the wheat which comes down from the West by boat during the season of navigation. His idea is that wheat cannot be moved economically all rail during the winter months, that it must move by the rail-and-water route. Hence the Government should build to secure the rail-and-water route, rather than an all-land road from Quebec to Winnipeg. Further, if the rail-and-water route is to be the route for wheat shipments, the rates on it must be kept low in order to place Canadian farmers in equal position with United States farmers. A government road to Georgian Bay would help to control rates. This is the vital point—the control of rates.

Whether Mr. Roblin is right or wrong on this railway problem, he has certainly given it much attention. If he were to change from Provincial to Federal politics, his knowledge of the railway situation would undoubtedly have considerable effect on the future railway policy of Canada, especially if the Conservative party should be strengthened at the next general election.

R. H. McDonald



NINTH INSTALMENT

INVASION OF NEW YORK

THE destruction of Newark excited the strongest feelings of indignation throughout Canada and led to speedy retaliation. As it was evident that Sir George Prevost's system of conducting warfare without offending the enemy was a failure, some other method of bringing the Americans to a due sense of their conduct had to be found. Lieutenant-General Drummond had arrived from England to relieve Major-General De Rottenburg of the Presidency and Military command in Upper Canada, and he, with Major-General Riall, reached the Niagara frontier soon after the flight of the Americans from the Canadian shore. Murray represented to him the demoralized condition of the enemy, and the probability of a retaliatory attack being successful, and General Drummond ever ready where prompt action was demanded, gave the enterprise proposed by the daring Colonel his immediate approval. It was resolved to capture Fort Niagara, if possible, and sweep the Americans from their own frontier. To effect this a sufficient number of bateaux had to be brought overland from Burlington Bay, and this arduous work was effected by the active exertions of Captain Elliot, of the Quartermaster-General's Department, and Captain Kirby and Lieutenants Ball, Servos and Hamilton of the Militia.

All necessary preparations being completed, on the night of the 18th Colonel Murray crossed the Niagara river, and landed the detachment intended for the assault on Fort Niagara at Five Mile Meadows, about three miles distant from the fort. The force under Colonel Murray's command numbered about 550 rank and file, and consisted of the effective men of the 100th Regt., the grenadiers of the 1st Royal Scots; the flank companies of the 2nd Battalion of the 41st which had recently arrived from England, and a small detachment of Royal Artillery. Fort Niagara was a very strong work, mounting 27 cannon, and had a garrison of 440 Regulars. To capture such a fortress by a night assault was certainly a most daring undertaking, yet this was what the British attempted and accomplished. At 4 o'clock that Sunday morning the attack was made. Murray's dispositions were admirable, and calculated to win success even in the event of a desperate resistance. An advanced guard consisting of 20 men of the 100th Regt. under Lieut. Dawson was followed by the grenadiers of the same regiment under Captain Fawcett, and a few artillerymen.

Then followed five companies of the 100th Regt. under Lieut-Colonel Hamilton, which were to assault the main gate and escalade the works adjacent. Three companies of the 100th under Captain Martin were detached to storm the eastern demi-bastion. Captain Bailey, with the grenadiers of the 1st Royal Scots, was directed to attack the salient angle of the fortification; while the flank companies of the 41st under Lieut. Bullock, were ordered to support the principal attack. Each party was provided with scaling ladders and axes. Every detail of the programme of assault was carried out with the most brilliant success. Lieut. Dawson's advance party succeeded in cutting off two of the enemy's pickets, and surprising the sentries on the glacis and at the gate, by which means the watchword was obtained. While Captain Martin with his three companies of the 100th Regt. were storming the eastern demi-bastion, five companies of the same regiment under Colonel Murray in person entered the fort by the main gate, which had been left open for the return of the guard from relieving sentries. The main-guard rushed out of the south-eastern blockhouse and attempted to drive the British back, but were instantly overpowered. Some of the garrison escaped to the old messhouse, and kept up from it a severe fire on the British, but they were speedily compelled to surrender. In a few minutes all was over and the British flag was waving over Fort Niagara.

The capture of this formidable stronghold was certainly one of the most brilliant passages of the war, and it was accomplished with the inconsiderable loss of six killed and five wounded. The loss of the Americans was 65 killed, 14 wounded and 344 taken prisoners. Of the entire garrison only about 20, some of them badly wounded, escaped. The spoils captured consisted of 27 cannon, 3,000 stand of arms and many rifles, besides an immense quantity of ordnance and commissariat stores, as well as of clothing and camp equipage of every description. Fort Niagara remained in our possession until the end of the war. Its capture was the means of releasing eight respectable Canadian inhabitants who had been dragged from their homes on the other side of the river and immured within its walls to gratify the cowardly McClure.

While Fort Niagara was being stormed, Gen. Riall was waiting at Queenstown with about 500 men of the Royal Scots and 42nd Regts., and when the fort was taken the firing of a single large cannon from one of its bastions gave him the signal to cross over to Lewiston. He had been preceded by about 500 Indians, who attacked and routed the American Militia stationed there with the loss of eight killed. The Indians then set fire to Lewiston. When General Riall crossed the enemy had disappeared, but he captured two cannon, a considerable quantity of small arms and ammunition, and 200 barrels of flour. The villages of Youngstown, Manchester and the Indian Tuscarora were also burnt, and Fort Schlosser was destroyed. Major Mallory, who with a band of traitors styled "Canadian Volunteers," undertook to stop the British advance guard, was driven back with a loss of eight or ten killed. The whole American Niagara frontier from Lake Ontario to Tonewanto Creek, a distance of twenty-five miles, was cleared not only of the armed enemy, but of houses and inhabitants. Only the breaking down of the bridge over this creek prevented General Riall from advancing immediately to Buffalo.

Lieut.-General Drummond took up headquarters at Chippewa on December 28th, and on the following day reconnoitred the enemy's position at Black Rock. That night, Gen. Riall with four companies of the 8th Regt., 250 of the 41st, the light company of the 89th, the grenadiers of the 100th Regt. and 50 volunteer Militia, the whole numbering less than 600 rank and file, with 120 Indians, crossed to the American shore and landed about two miles below Black Rock. The light infantry of the 89th being in advance, surprised and

captured the greater part of the enemy's pickets and secured the bridge over the Shegoquody Creek, the planks of which had already been loosened ready to be carried off. The 41st and the grenadiers of the 100th Regt. crossed the bridge and took possession of the "Sailors' battery" there. General Hall, whose headquarters were between Buffalo and Black Rock, sent forward Lieutenant-Colonels Warren and Churchill with a body of Militia and Indians to dislodge the British, but the brave Americans fled at the first fire. Colonel Chapin and Major Adams, with about 500 Militia, were then ordered to the front, with precisely the same result. As soon as the British gave them a volley they fled.

CAPTAIN OF UNITED STATES INFANTRY, 1813

At daybreak, General Riall moved forward with his force, the four companies of the 8th Regt. and the light company of the 89th leading, and the 41st and grenadiers of the 100th being in reserve. At the same time the 1st Royal Scots, about 800 strong, with a detachment of the 19th Dragoons, the whole commanded by Lieut.-Col. Gordon, were crossing the river for the purpose of effecting a landing above the batteries at Black Rock. General Hall had succeeded in drawing up his whole force on the beach in order to oppose the landing of the British, and owing to some mistake of the pilots several boats in which were the Royal Scots, grounded, and were exposed to a heavy fire from the four guns in the Black Rock battery and Hall's infantry on the beach. The five British guns on the Canadian side of the river, however, responded vigorously, and Riall's force advancing on the enemy's right, a landing was effected after the gallant Scots had suffered severe loss. Hall's 2,000 Militia, Volunteers and Regulars made a very poor fight of it after

the British had succeeded in landing, and, in the course of a few minutes fled towards Buffalo, about two miles distant. Near Buffalo an attempt was made to check the pursuing British by the fire of a field-piece, posted on a height which commanded the road, but the Americans, although in considerable force, were unable to maintain their position for a moment and fled to the woods, leaving Buffalo to its fate. Hall, with about 300 of his men, escaped to Eleven Mile Creek, about three miles from Buffalo. About 130 of the Americans were taken prisoners, but their loss in killed and wounded has never been officially stated. General Riall estimated it at between three and four hundred. The British had 31 killed, 72 wounded and 9 missing. Of the killed and wounded, six were Indians. The Militia Volunteers suffered a loss of three killed and six wounded out of 50 men engaged.

The British captured at Black Rock and Buffalo eight cannon, which had been used in the defence of these places. They took and destroyed a large quantity of public stores, and they burnt the United States war vessels *Ariel*, *Little Belt*, *Chippewa* and *Trippe*, all of which had been engaged in the battle of Lake Erie a few months before. Both Buffalo and Black Rock were committed to the flames, and thus in less than three weeks from the date of destruction was Newark signally avenged. The British, having completed their work, retired to the Canadian side of the river, holding possession only of Fort Niagara. The retaliation by which the whole American frontier on the Niagara was laid waste, was no doubt severe, but it was only by the exercise of such severe measures that the American people could be brought to their senses and taught to respect the methods of civilized warfare. Sir George Prevost, in a proclamation dated January 12th, 1814, stated that it was not his intention to pursue farther a system of retaliatory warfare unless the future measures of the enemy should compel him to resort to it.

GENERAL RESULTS IN 1813

When the general results of the land operations of the year 1813 are considered, it will be seen that the balance of advantage was greatly with the British, notwithstanding Procter's defeat on the Thames, the repulse at Sackett's Harbour and the capture of York and Fort George. Although the Americans had strained their resources to the utmost and collected an army of more than 14,000 men for the capture of Montreal, they were foiled and defeated by a comparatively small British force. Their brief occupation of the western peninsula brought them no substantial advantage, and on the Niagara frontier their strength gradually withered away, until so far from being able to hold Canadian territory, they had no longer the power to defend their own. The year closed with Fort Niagara in possession of the British forces, and the State of New York open to their attack. The American Militia had become so demoralized that they were no longer able to make even a pretence of resistance, and after nearly two years of warfare, the conquest of Canada seemed to be more remote than ever.

While the land operations detailed in the foregoing pages were in progress, the whole coast of the United States was blockaded by British vessels, so that the commerce of the country was almost ruined. The officer commanding on the North American station was Rear-Admiral Cockburn, who by the efficient manner in which he attended to his instructions, has earned the violent hatred and abuse of most American writers on the war. On the 4th of March, 1813, Cockburn in the *Marlborough 74*, and with a number of frigates and smaller vessels, entered Chesapeake Bay. He was charged with the duty of threatening and harassing the enemy so that he might be obliged to gather troops for the defence of Washington, which would leave him fewer to use for an attack on Canada. Later in the same month Admiral Warren himself came with a reinforcement. The operations

of the British fleet in Chesapeake Bay during that summer, although they were effective, do not properly come under the scope of this history. The Americans were kept constantly in a state of alarm, much public property was destroyed, and the Militia, who were frequently attacked on shore, as regularly ran away. A great many slaves sought refuge on board the British vessels from the tyranny of their masters. These slaves were taken to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and provided for by the British Government, and their descendants to the number of several thousands are living in these Provinces to this day.

Only four single ship engagements took place during the year 1813, in two of which the British were successful. The most important of these, which was between the British frigate *Shannon*, Capt. Broke, and the United States frigate *Chesapeake*, Capt. Lawrence, took place six leagues east of Boston light on the 1st of June, 1813, at 5.40 p.m., the *Chesapeake* having left Boston the same day at noon to engage the *Shannon*. In the other frigate actions in which the Americans had been victorious they had immense superiority, but here the combatants were more evenly matched. The *Chesapeake* carried 50 guns, 26 in broadside, 28 long 18's on the gun deck; on the spar deck two long 12's, one long 18, eighteen 32 lb. carronades and one 12 lb. carronade. The *Shannon* carried 52 guns, 26 in broadside, viz., 28 long 18's on the gun deck, and on the spar deck four long 9's, one long 6, sixteen 32 lb. carronades and three 12-pound carronades. The respective force of the ships may be seen by the following table:—

	Guns in Broadside.	Weight of Broadside.	Number of Men.
Chesapeake	26	582	379
Shannon	26	544	330

The American vessel was thus superior both in weight of metal and number of men, yet she was captured by boarding after an engagement which lasted just fifteen minutes. The *Chesapeake* had 61 killed or mortally wounded, including Capt. Lawrence and Lieut. Ludlow, and 85 severely and slightly wounded. The *Shannon* had 33 killed and 50 wounded, Capt. Broke being among the latter. The *Chesapeake* was taken into Halifax, and the large fleet of pleasure boats and yachts which had attended her down the bay to see how readily she would "whip the Britisher," had to return grievously disappointed.

Capt. Lawrence, who fell in the engagement, had been the commander of the American ship sloop *Hornet*, which, on the 24th of February previous, captured and sunk the British brig *Peacock* off the Demerara River. The *Hornet* carried eighteen 32-pound carronades and two long 12's, so that she threw a broadside of 300 lbs. Her crew numbered 142 men. The *Peacock* carried sixteen 24-pound carronades, two long 9's, one 12-pound and one 6-pound carronade. Her broadside weight of metal was 210 lbs., and her crew numbered 122 men. With such odds against her, the defeat of the *Peacock* is easily accounted for, although it was made worse than it need have been by the bad gunnery of her men, who, instead of being drilled at the cannon were kept most of the time polishing brass work in order that the vessel might retain the title of "the Yacht." Her foolish martinet of a captain, Wm. Peake, was killed in the action with seven of his men, and 28 were wounded. The *Hornet* lost only one killed and two wounded. The *Peacock* sunk almost immediately after her surrender, taking down with her nine of her own men and three of the *Hornet's* crew.

On the 14th of August the American brig sloop *Argus*, which had been committing depredations in St. George's Channel, was encountered and captured by the British brig *Pelican*, Capt. Maples. The *Argus* carried 18 24-pounder carronades and two long 12's, and her crew numbered 121 men. The *Pelican* carried 16 32-pound carronades, two long 12's and two long 6's

as stern chasers. The action lasted 45 minutes, the American brig hauling down her colours as the *Pelican's* men were in the act of boarding. The British vessel had but two men killed and five wounded, the *Argus* had 10 killed and 14 wounded, her commander, Lieut. Wm. Henry Allen, being among the slain.

The last single ship engagement of the year was between the British brig *Boxer*, Captain Blyth, and the American brig *Enterprise*, which was commanded by Lieut. Wm. Burrows, and resulted in the capture of the former. The *Enterprise* carried 14 18-pound carronades, two long 9's, and her crew numbered 102 men. The *Boxer* carried 12 18-pound carronades and two long 6's, and her crew numbered but 66 men. The *Boxer* was desperately defended, and was not surrendered until she was almost a wreck and three of her guns dismounted. Three of her men were killed and 17 wounded, four of them mortally. Among the slain were Capt. Blyth of the *Boxer*, and Lieut. Burrows of the *Enterprise*, and the two commanders were buried side by side at Portland, with the honours of war. Capt. Blyth had nailed his colours to the mast and declared that the *Boxer* should never be surrendered while he lived, and he kept his word. This gallant officer was killed by an 18-pound shot at the very beginning of the action. No doubt his death contributed largely to the defeat of the *Boxer*, but in any case the odds were so greatly against her that success would have been difficult to achieve. No honour was lost to the British flag by the *Boxer's* defeat.

The people of the United States were very ill satisfied with the results of their two years of warfare, and those of New England made no attempt to conceal their sentiments. Governor Strong of Massachusetts in his message denounced the war as cruel and unjust, and asked the Legislature to adopt measures for bringing about a speedy peace. The two Houses agreed to a remonstrance in which they declared the further prosecution of the war to be impolitic and unjust and implored Congress to adopt measures for arresting it. This remonstrance was presented in June, 1813, but no attention was paid to it, for the was party in Congress was strong and truculent and still hopeful of the conquest of Canada. The leaders of the peace party in New England were so impressed with the hopelessness of their position, that they suggested the propriety of the New England states taking care of themselves, and concluding a separate peace with Great Britain, leaving the states beyond the Hudson river to fight as long as they pleased. Even at this early period the interests of New England and those of the slave-holding states of the South were in direct conflict with each other.

A conspicuous proof of the predominance of the South, was afforded by the passage in December, 1813, of an embargo act, forbidding, under heavy penalties, the exportation by land or water, of any goods, produce, specie or live stock. This act was intended to prevent supplies reaching the British from American ports, but was so strictly enforced while it lasted that it entirely stopped the local coasting trade and put the small towns on the New England coast to great suffering and inconvenience. But while the war party in Congress were exulting over this last exhibition of their power, news came from Europe which put them in a state of great consternation. They learned that their good friend and ally, Napoleon, had been defeated at the battle of Leipsic, and that the French armies had been driven out of Spain by Wellington. Visions were before them of the forlorn condition to which they would be reduced when the British had the war with Napoleon off their hands and would be able to turn their attention exclusively to them.

THE THIRD YEAR OPENS

In March, 1813, the Emperor of Russia, through M. Daschkoff, his representative at Washington, form-

ally offered the United States his friendly services in bringing about a peace with Great Britain. This offer, which came at a time when the disasters which Napoleon had met with in Russia seemed to point to his speedy downfall, was accepted, and Albert Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury and James A. Bayard, Senator for Delaware, were appointed envoys extraordinary, to act jointly with Mr. Adams, and negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain at St. Petersburg. The British Government refused to treat under the mediation of Russia, but offered to open negotiations in London or at Gottenburg in Sweden, "upon principles of perfect reciprocity, not inconsistent with the established maxims of public law, and with the maritime rights of the British Empire." Although it was evident from this offer, which was received early in January, 1814, that Great Britain did not intend to recede from her position as to the right of search, President Madison was so terrified at the prospect of having to conduct the war without French aid that he appointed Henry Clay and Jonathan Russell, as additional commissioners, and the five by the concurrent action of the Senate were duly commissioned to treat for peace with the British representatives at Gottenburg. Clay and Russell sailed from New York on the 23rd of February, 1814, carrying with them instructions to insist that the British should abandon the right of search, and cease to impress seamen on board American vessels. "Our flag," said the instructions, "must protect the crew, or the United States cannot consider themselves an independent nation." These instructions were wholly disregarded in the peace which was eventually concluded.

THE SHANNON TAKING THE CAPTURED CHESAPEAKE INTO HALIFAX HARBOUR

FROM AN OLD PRINT

Not only had the continuance of the war pressed with great severity upon the commercial interests of the United States, but it had greatly embarrassed the government financially. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the American people had enter-

ed upon the contest, it was found extremely difficult to obtain recruits for the regular army. This army was intended to have a strength of 61,000 men, but at the beginning of 1814 its number did not exceed 40,000. To bring the force up to the required strength, great inducements were authorized by Congress to be offered to recruits. Men willing to enlist were to receive a bounty of $124 ; their pay was increased and each private was to have a grant of 160 acres of land in Illinois or Missouri. At the same time the President was authorized to call out the Militia for six months instead of three.

It has been already stated that when the war commenced there were but eight British regiments in Canada, including the 10th Veteran Battalion and the three Provincial Corps, the Canadian Fencibles, Glengarries and Newfoundland Regt. The whole force, including a detachment of artillery, numbered but 4,450 rank and file. At the beginning of 1814 the number of regiments in Canada had been increased to fifteen, viz: the 1st, 8th, 13th, 41st, 49th, 89th, 100th, 103rd, 104th Glengarries, Canadian Fencibles, Voltigeurs, Newfoundland Regt., De Watterville's and De Meuron's Regts. The two latter were foreign corps, and the five preceding them provincial regiments. The 41st had two battalions, but the greater part of the 1st battalion had been captured after the battle of the Thames. The regular force in Canada was therefore considerably less than 10,000 rank and file. The strength of the six battalions of the embodied Militia of Lower Canada was, at this time, a little less than 4,000 ; that of Upper Canada was of course much less. These figures will serve to show what a strain was put upon the zeal and courage of the sedentary Militia of both provinces, but especially of Upper Canada, in the year 1814.

In February, a welcome reinforcement came from New Brunswick, in the second battalion of the 8th Regt., which had been stationed in that province after the 104th left there. As soon as their own regiment was summoned to the front, the people of New Brunswick with that loyalty and zeal which have ever distinguished them, organized another regiment, "The New Brunswick Fencibles," of which Lieutenant-General John Coffin, a resident of the province, became Colonel. The formation of this corps relieved the 2nd battalion of the 8th, from garrison duty in New Brunswick, and made them available for service in Canada. They reached Quebec by the same overland route, through the wilderness, which the 104th had traversed the year previous, and were followed by 220 seamen for the lakes. To expedite the progress of these reinforcements, the Legislature of New Brunswick voted 300 pounds, and the city of St. John gave an equal sum to defray the expenses of conveying them in sleighs as far as the nature of the roads would permit. Private individuals showed equal public spirit in giving the use of their teams for the transport of the gallant soldiers and sailors. At that period, although the British North American Provinces were widely separated by natural obstacles, they were closely united in spirit and patriotism. Politically they are now one, and three independent lines of railway render communication between New Brunswick and Quebec easy and rapid at all seasons so that it takes fewer hours to accomplish the distance than it took days ninety years ago.

The first serious operation undertaken by the Americans in 1814, was in Lower Canada. Secretary Armstrong, indeed, had views of his own, which, if carried out, would have made the Niagara frontier the first point of attack, and in a letter written to General Wilkinson on the 20th January, he proposed that Colonel Winfield Scott should have 2,400 men placed under him with which to recapture Fort Niagara where the British maintained a garrison of less than 300 men. This plan miscarried owing to the opposition of General Wilkinson who

was ambitious to distinguish himself on the northern frontier and wipe away part of the disgrace of the failure of the previous autumn. After the abandonment of the expedition against Montreal in November, 1813, Wilkinson's force was hutted in winter quarters on the Salmon River, near French Mills, but in January orders were received from the War Department to break up this post. Early in February these orders were executed and General Wilkinson burnt his 300 boats and bateaux, which had been used for the carriage of his troops, twelve gunboats, which had been employed to protect his flotilla, and the barracks, blockhouses and huts for his troops, which had been built at great labour and cost. All this property having been committed to the flames, the American detached General Brown with 2,000 men, besides artillery, to Sackett's Harbour, and with the remainder of his force and as much of his stores and baggage as he could carry with him, retreated to Plattsburg. Colonel Scott of the 103rd Regt. with detachments from that corps, the 89th, the Canadian Fencibles and a few light cavalry, the whole force amounting to about 1,100 rank and file, pressed on Wilkinson's rear as he retreated, and captured about 100 sleigh loads of stores and provisions. Scott returned to his post at Coteau du Lac, after having advanced to within a few miles of Plattsburg, without encountering any opposition.

LA COLLE MILL

General Wilkinson had not been long at Plattsburg before he began to grow impatient to be in the field once more. He had become impressed with the idea that the British meditated some serious movement against him, and he determined to anticipate it. On the 19th of March he advanced with his army from Plattsburg to Chazee, which is on the road from Plattsburg to Champlain, and there detached Brigadier-General Macomb, with a corps of riflemen and a brigade of infantry, across the Lake to St. Armands where they remained until the 26th, when they were suddenly withdrawn and rejoined the main body of the army at Champlain. On the 29th, General Wilkinson called a council of war at that place, which was attended by Brigadiers-General Macomb, Bissel and Smith, Colonels Atkinson, Miller and Cummings, and Majors Pitt and Totton. At this Council the American General stated that the British had 2,500 Regulars at Isle Aux Noix and La Colle Mill, of whom, after leaving a garrison of two hundred men at Isle Aux Noix, 2,300 might be brought into action. Wilkinson stated his own force at four thousand combatants, including one hundred cavalry and three hundred artillery with eleven guns, and he propounded the question, "Shall we attack the enemy?" The council expressed the opinion that the light troops should cover a reconnaissance towards La Colle Mill and, if found practicable, the position should be attacked and the British works destroyed, and that the whole army should move to support the light troops. The council also approved the order of battle which the General had submitted to them. On the same day Wilkinson issued a general order directing the men to be supplied with sixty rounds of ammunition and four days' cooked provisions. He said to his soldiers: "Let every officer and every man make the resolution to return victorious or not at all; for, with double the force of the enemy, this army must not give ground." The troops in approaching the enemy were ordered to be profoundly silent and by way of screwing their courage to the sticking point the following interesting information was communicated to them: "An officer will be posted on the right of each platoon, and a tried sergeant will form a supernumerary rank, and will instantly put to death any man who goes back."

On the 30th March General Wilkinson, with his 4,000 men divided into three brigades, commenced his march to La Colle, which was distant about

MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOUR OF GENERAL BROWN

seven miles from his camp at Champlain. The American general had been misinformed as to the strength of the British and consequently his army was out of all proportion to the force to be encountered. Instead of there being 2,500 men at Isle Aux Noix and La Colle Mill, there were less than 750 troops between both places, and not more than 1,500, including 500 Militia, within 25 miles of La Colle. The mill at La Colle was a stone structure, 50 feet in length and 36 in width, with walls 18 inches in thickness. To make it capable of defence the windows had been filled up with logs, leaving horizontal loopholes for muskets. It stood on the south side of the La Colle River about three quarters of a mile above its junction with the Richelieu. The river at this point was crossed by a wooden bridge which formed a means of communication with a small wooden blockhouse which stood on the north bank of the river. To the north of this blockhouse was an ordinary wooden barn. The clearing extended about 100 yards to the northward of the blockhouse and about 200 yards to the southward of the mill; beyond these points was a thick wood which on both sides ap-

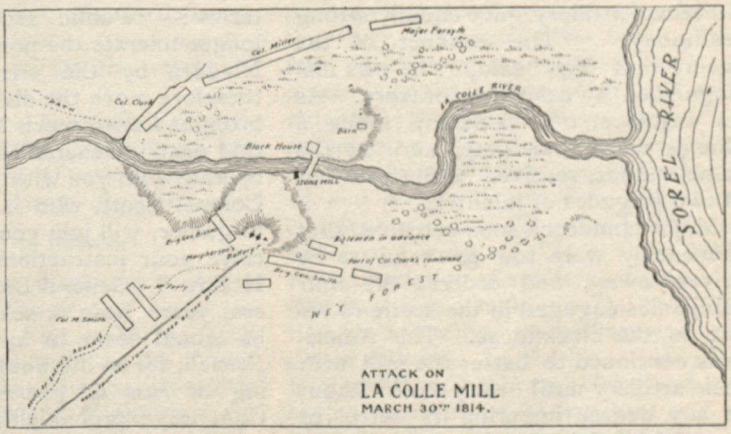
MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOUR OF GENERAL RIPLEY

proached quite close to the mill and blockhouse. The mill was occupied by a garrison of 180 men under the command of Major Handcock of the 13th. It consisted of Capt. Blake's company of that regiment, a small detachment of Frontier Light Infantry under Capt. Ritter, 70 Marines and four Marine artillerymen.

General Wilkinson's army commenced its march at 10 o'clock, but did not arrive in front of the mill until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The advance had been delayed by the badness of the road, which was covered with melting snow, and also obstructed for some distance by trees which had been felled across it. In its march, Colonel Bissel's brigade encountered a British picket and lost 13 men killed and wounded by its fire. This incident showed the Americans that Major Handcock had noticed their approach. He had been early informed of their advance against him, and had sent to Isle Aux Noix for reinforcements, which, however, did not arrive until the action had commenced.

When General Wilkinson's army reached the mill, the very elaborate plan of operations which he had formed for its investment and capture were fully developed. Colonel Clark and Major Forsyth who commanded the advance, were sent across the La Colle to the rear of the blockhouse, and were immediately followed by Colonel Miller with his regiment of 600 men. The duty of this detachment was to cut off the British garrison in case it attempted to retreat, and to prevent the arrival of any reinforcements. The remainder of Wilkinson's force was drawn up in front of the mill, Captain McPherson with his artillery being covered by the brigades of Generals Smith and Bissel. General Macomb commanded the reserves.

Macomb endeavoured to place an 18-pounder in a favourable position to breach the walls, but the carriage broke and it could not be sent forward. McPherson's guns, a 12 and a six pounder, and a five and a half inch howitzer were then brought to the front, and placed in a good position in the woods about 250 yards from the mill. They opened fire upon it briskly but produced no impression upon its thick and honestly built walls. The garrison of the mill responded with an equally vigorous fire of musketry. Soon after this cannonade commenced the two flank companies of the 13th Regt., under Captains Ellard and Holgate, arrived from Isle Aux Noix, and occupied the blockhouse on the north side of the La Colle. Major Handcock, who from the nature of the ground they occupied, was unaware of the strength of the enemy, at once ordered these two companies to charge the guns. This they did with the utmost intrepidity, but a charge executed by hardly more than 100 men against a numerous force of artillery supported by two brigades of infantry, could not be successful. Capt. Ellard was severely



MAP OF THE ATTACK ON LA COLLE MILL, MARCH 30TH, 1814

wounded and his two companies had to retire to the blockhouse. At this moment the grenadier company of the Canadian Fencibles under Capt. Cartwright, and a company of Voltigeurs, arrived from Burtonville, and a second charge was ordered, which was headed by Capt. Blake of the 13th Regt. The four companies advanced against the guns with such resolution that the artillerymen deserted them, and they were only saved from capture by the powerful force of infantry behind them. This fact was attested to both by General Bissel and Lieut.-Colonel Totten of the American Engineers, at General Wilkinson's court-martial, and Capt. McPherson, who commanded the American artillery, gave equally strong testimony. "The conduct of the enemy that day," said, "he was distinguished by desperate bravery. As an instance, one company made a charge on our artillery, and, at the same instant, received its fire and that of two brigades of infantry."

Major Handcock soon perceived that the enemy were too powerful to be driven away, and ordered the four companies engaged in the sortie to retire to the blockhouse. The Americans continued to batter the mill with their artillery until nearly dark without in any degree imparing its defensive strength, and finally, about six o'clock, they retired from the field and retreated by the same road by which they had advanced. They had lost 13 killed, 128 wounded and 13 missing, a total of 154. The British lost 11 killed, 44 wounded and four missing. The whole British force engaged that day did not exceed four hundred men and the defence of the post of La Colle was one of the most gallant affairs of the war. Wilkinson retreated to Plattsburg and the La Colle episode closed his military career, for a few days later he was relieved of his command by an order from the War Department. He was afterwards tried by court-martial, but as he proved that he had acted throughout under the instructions of Secretary Armstrong, he was acquitted. On the retirement of Wilkinson, General Brown became Commander-in-chief in the Northern department.

General Brown had arrived at Sackett's Harbour with his 2,000 men from French Mills on the 24th of February, and a few days later received a despatch from Secretary Armstrong in the following terms:—"You will immediately consult with Commodore Chauncey about the readiness of the fleet for a descent on Kingston the moment the ice leaves the lake. If he deems it practicable and you think you have troops enough to carry it, you will attempt the expedition. In such an event you will use the enclosed as a *ruse de guerre*." The enclosure thus referred to was in the following terms:—"Public sentiment will no longer tolerate the possession of Fort Niagara by the enemy. You will therefore move the division which you brought from French Mills and invest that post. General Tompkins will co-operate with you with 500 Militia, and Colonel Scott, who is to be made a brigadier, will join you. You will receive your instructions at Onondago Hollow." General Brown had for several years been a schoolmaster, but he would seem to have forgotten his French, for he did not know the meaning of *ruse de guerre*; neither did Chauncey; probably they took it for a new kind of howitzer. At all events, both of these capable commanders wholly misunderstood the Secretary's intention, and Brown set out for the Niagara frontier. His force consisted of the 9th, the 11th, 21st and 25th Regts. of infantry, the 3rd Regt, of Artillery, and Capt. Towson's Company of the 2nd Regt. of Artillery, in all more than 2,000 men. When Brown arrived at Onondago Hollow, there were no instructions at that place for him, and General Gaines, with the help of a French dictionary, succeeded in convincing the American Commander that he had made a mistake, and that Kingston was the place he had been ordered to attack. Brown accordingly retraced his steps to Sackett's Harbour. There Chauncey, who did not desire any nearer view of

Kingston than could be had from a spyglass, made Brown believe that the first interpretation of the Secretary's orders was the correct one, and that officer again marched westward with his army. These pendulum-like movements necessarily took a good deal of time, and it was the end of March before Brown reached Batavia. Here he remained about a month, and then moved towards Buffalo. In the meantime he had heard from the Secretary and been told that he had misunderstood his orders. The Secretary, however, does not appear to have been much worried at the failure of his own plans against Kingston, for he wrote Brown :—"If you left the harbour with a competent force for its defence, go on and prosper. Good consequences are sometimes the result of mistakes."

Whether Brown had left a competent force at Sackett's Harbour for its defence was not tested, for the British made no attack upon it.

ATTACK ON OSWEGO

Sir James Yeo displayed a great deal of energy during the winter in strengthening his fleet. On the 14th of April two new frigates, the *Prince Regent* 58, and the *Princess Charlotte* 42, were launched at Kingston, and their rigging and equipment were advanced so rapidly that they were ready for service on the 3rd of May. The *Prince Regent*, the largest of these frigates, was a more heavily armed ship than the *Constitution*, while the *Princess Charlotte* was a more powerful vessel than the *Shannon*. Commodore Yeo's original six cruisers had all been renamed, some of them rearmed and both the schooners changed into brigs. Besides the two large frigates already mentioned, his fleet consisted of the ships *Montreal* 25 and *Niagara* 22, and the brigs *Carwell* 16, *Star* 16, *Netty* 16 and *Magnet* 12. With such a force at his disposal, Sir James did not propose to remain idle, and on the very day his ships were ready for sea, he set sail from Kingston for Oswego.

Sir James Yeo, with his fleet, was off Oswego by noon on the 5th of May. General Drummond had command of the land forces, and the troops embarked with him consisted of six companies of De Watteville's Regt. under Lieut.-Col. Fischer; the light company of Glengarry Light Infantry, under Capt. McMillan; the 2nd battalion of Marines under Lieut.-Col. Malcolm ; a detachment of Artillery, with two field pieces, under Capt. Cruttenden; a detachment of the rocket company, under Lieut. Stevens, and a few sappers and miners, under Lieut. Gosset of the engineers, the whole numbering 1,080 rank and file. Oswego was defended by a fortification called Fort Ontario, which stood in a commanding position on a bluff on the east side of the river, overlooking the lake. The fort, which was star-shaped, covered upwards of three acres of ground and mounted six guns, three long 24-pounders, a long 12 and two long 6's. The batteries had been recently repaired and picketed, and new platforms laid for the guns. The fort had a garrison consisting of Lieut.-Col. Mitchell's battalion of artillery, numbering upwards of 300 rank and file, in addition to a number of artillery and engineer officers. In the river was the United States schooner *Growler*, having on board seven heavy guns and a large quantity of stores and ammunition intended for the fleet at Sackett's Harbour.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the day of their arrival at Oswego, the ships lay to, within long gunshot of the fort, and the gunboats, under Captain Collier, were sent close in for the purpose of inducing the enemy to show his fire and particularly the number and position of his guns. A mutual cannonade was kept up for an hour and a half, the Americans replying to the British fire with four cannon from the fort, and a long 12-pounder which was posted on the beach. The object of this reconnaissance having been fully accomplished, the gunboats withdrew, and arrangements were made for the attack which it was intended should be made at 8 o'clock in the

evening. But at sunset, a very heavy squall came up from the northwest, blowing directly on the shore, and compelled the fleet to gain an offing. Four of the supply boats had to be cast adrift and one of them went ashore, and this circumstance has enabled some American writers like Lossing, with no regard for truth, to concoct a remarkable narrative describing the gallant fashion in which the British were driven back by the fire from the fort. That evening the British fleet disappeared from in front of Oswego, but Mitchell was under no delusion as to the cause of their departure, and, knowing that he might expect them back next day, he sent out messengers to bring in the Militia, and ordered the Commander of the *Growler*, to sink that vessel and join him with his 40 seamen in the fort. Two hundred of the Militia of the county, burning with ardent patriotism, came into the fort in the course of a few hours, so that the American commander had about 600 men at his disposal, two-thirds of them Regulars.

On the morning of the 6th, Sir James Yeo's fleet was again in front of Oswego, and preparations were at once made for an attack. The *Princess Charlotte*, *Montreal* and *Niagara* engaged the batteries as close to the shore as the depth of the water would permit them. The *Magnet* took a station in front of the town on the opposite side of the river, to keep in check any Militia who might attempt to enter the fort from that quarter, while the *Charwell* and *Star* towed the boats with the troops, and then covered their landing by scouring the woods on the low point towards the foot of the hill to the eastward of the fort, by which it was intended to advance to the assault. The attacking party consisted of the two flank companies of De Watteville's Regt., under Captain De Bersey, the light company of the Glengarries, under Captain McMillan, these three companies numbering 140 rank and file; the battalion of marines, 400 strong, under Lieut.-Col. Malcolm; and 200 seamen armed with pikes, under Captain Mulcaster. The whole force numbering about 740 rank and file, was under the immediate command of Lieut.-Col. Fischer of De Watteville's Regt., but both Lieut.-General Drummond and Sir James Yeo went ashore with the troops.

The *Princess Charlotte* drew too much water to get within effective range of the batteries, but the *Montreal* and *Niagara* took stations within a quarter of a mile of the fort and gallantly performed the service assigned to them, although assailed with heavy discharges of red-hot shot which set the *Montreal* on fire three times, and cut her up greatly in her hull, masts and rigging. The troops landed in excellent order under a heavy fire from the fort, as well as from a considerable body of the enemy drawn up on the brow of the hill and in the woods. They then formed on the beach, and while the company of Glengarry light infantry cleared the woods on the left and drove the enemy into the fort, the marines and sailors and the two flank companies of De Watteville's Regt. charged gallantly up the hill and carried the fort after a brief struggle. The brave Militia took to their heels the moment the terrible men of Glengarry made their appearance in the woods, and the American Regulars were driven out of the fort within ten minutes of the appearance of the British on the height on which it stood. Lieut.-Col. Mitchell retreated with what remained of his force, to the Falls of Oswego, twelve miles from the lake. The American loss was stated in their official returns at six killed, 38 wounded and 25 missing. The British took sixty prisoners, more than half of whom were wounded.

The loss of the British in this spirited affair was 22 killed and 73 wounded. The capture of Oswego was deemed important because the place was a depot of stores passing from New York to Sackett's Harbour. A large part of these stores had been removed to the Falls previous to the attack, but a very considerable quantity still remained. The British captured thirteen

cannon, destroying the six they took in the fort, but carrying away the three long 32-pounders and four long 24-pounders sunk in the *Growler*. They also carried off a large supply of shot of various calibres and of ammunition; 800 barrels of flour, 500 barrels of bread, 500 barrels of pork, 600 barrels of salt and a large quantity of rope and cordage. They raised the *Growler* and took her away, besides another schooner and several boats and smaller craft, and they destroyed the barracks and all other public buildings. The Americans professed to regard the capture of Oswego as of little moment because they did not lose all the stores that had been there, but the material loss was certainly large and the affair was a most humiliating blow to their prestige.

THE NIAGARA PENINSULA

We now approach the most important campaign of the whole war, the one garnished with the names of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie; a campaign which every loyal Canadian can regard with feelings of pride. The new American Commander-in-chief had resolved to make one more supreme effort to win the Niagara frontier, and he did not doubt his ability to march down the north side of Lake Ontario and capture Kingston, provided the fleet would co-operate with him. In justice to General Brown, it must be admitted that he adopted the only method by which success was possible, and was unwearied in his efforts to drill and discipline his army. The months that had elapsed between the close of the last campaign in Lower Canada and the summer of 1814, were spent in constant exercises. The troops were drilled from seven to ten hours a day and, as most of them had been two years in active service, Brown's army had acquired a mobility and efficiency which no American force that had appeared in the field during the war possessed. But this circumstance, while it accounts for the obstinacy with which the battles of this campaign were contested, only makes the triumph of the British Regulars and Canadian Militia over Brown's force more glorious.

General Brown was at Buffalo, when on the 1st of July he received orders from Secretary Armstrong to cross the Niagara River, carry Fort Erie and "beat up the enemy's quarters at Chippewa," and if assured of the co-operation of the fleet, to seize and fortify Burlington Heights. The co-operation of the fleet was considered essential to any permanent lodgement at the head of Lake Ontario, for without it, so long as the British held Fort Niagara and Fort George, the American line of communication would be liable to be cut at any time if they advanced into the interior of Upper Canada. But this co-operation was not at this time possible, for Chauncey had not yet got out of Sackett's Harbour with his new and powerful ships. Indeed the American Commodore was not on the Lake until the 31st of July, and by that time the opportunity had passed, for Brown's army had been defeated and the survivors of it were fugitives seeking protection behind the bastions of Fort Erie.

On the 2nd July, Brown issued his orders for crossing the river before daylight on the following morning. His army consisted of two brigades of regular infantry, numbering, according to American accounts, 2,600 rank and file, commanded by Generals Scott and Ripley. To each brigade was attached an efficient train of artillery, commanded by Major Hindman and Captain Towson. There was also a squadron of dragoons commanded by Captain Harris. These were all Regulars and their strength may be placed at 3,100 rank and file. There was also a third brigade under General Porter composed of 600 New York Volunteers, 500 Pennsylvania Volunteers and 600 Indian warriors. One hundred of the New York Volunteers were mounted. Brown's force immediately available for the invasion of Canada was therefore 4,800 men. Besides these he had at different posts between Erie and Lewiston, the 1st

Regt. of U. S. Infantry, a regular rifle corps, 150 Canadian refugee Volunteers, and 300 New York Volunteers, under Colonel Philetus Swift. These additions would bring Brown's strength up to fully 6,000 men, independent of the Militia of the State. All these figures are from United States authorities, but there is good reason to believe that they are much too low.

LOSS OF FORT ERIE

The British force on the Niagara frontier, including the garrisons of Fort Erie, Fort George, Fort Niagara, Mississaga and the post at Burlington Heights, did not exceed 1,800 men. It was under the command of Major-General Riall, who is described by an officer who served under him at this time, as a gallant man, but possessed of very little military skill; who had attained his rank by the purchase of all purchasable grades. This criticism seems to be amply justified by the fact that Riall left a garrison of 170 men of the 8th and 100th Regts., without proper defensive works in Fort Erie, where they were certain to be captured, if the enemy advanced in force. On the morning of the 3rd July, General Scott's brigade crossed the Niagara River, and landed below Fort Erie, unmolested. General Ripley soon afterwards landed with his brigade above the Fort, which was immediately invested and summoned to surrender. After the exchange of a few cannon shots, by which one British soldier was killed, and seven Americans killed and wounded, Major Buck surrendered Fort Erie, and he and his men became prisoners of war. The place, no doubt, was incapable of successful defence, but had it been otherwise and Buck in a position to maintain himself for a few days, General Brown might have had reason to regret his rashness in crossing the Niagara River, as he did with an uncaptured fort in front of him and an enterprising enemy on his flank. As it was, Fort Erie was taken without any serious resistance, and the Americans became possessed of a place of retreat to which they could fly in the event of any great disaster to their army.

BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA

The nearest British force to Fort Erie at this time was at Chippewa where there were less than 800 Regulars and about 300 sedentary Militia. General Riall, who received news of the American invasion about 8 o'clock the same morning, immediately ordered five companies of the Royal Scots to Chippewa, under Lieut.-Colonel Gordon, to reinforce the garrison at that place, and sent out Lieut.-Colonel Pearson of the 100th Regt., with the flank companies of that corps, some Militia of the 2nd Lincoln Regt., and a few Indians to reconnoitre the enemy's position and ascertain his numbers. The Americans were seen to be posted on the ridge parallel to the river near the ferry opposite Black Rock and in strong force. As the 8th Regt., which was hourly expected from York, had not arrived, General Riall did not deem it prudent to make an attack that day. On the following morning General Scott advanced towards Chippewa with his brigade, which consisted of the 9th, 11th, 22nd and 25th Regts. of infantry accompanied by Towson's Artillery Corps. He was followed later by Ripley's brigade, composed of the 17th, 19th, 21st and 23rd Regts. of infantry with Hindman's Artillery, and by Porter's Brigade of Volunteers. Scott's brigade encountered the British advance consisting of the light companies of the Royal Scots and 100th Regt. and a few of the 19th Dragoons, under Lieut.-Colonel Pearson. There was some slight skirmishing, as the light companies retired, by the dragoons, in which the latter had four men wounded. The bridge over Street's Creek was destroyed by Pearson's men, his little detachment being at that moment threatened by a flank attack from a body of artillery and infantry which had crossed the Creek at a point some distance above the bridge. The bridge was repaired by the American pioneers and their army crossed over while Pearson and his men retired be-

yond the Chippewa. The Americans encamped that night on the south bank of the Creek close to the Niagara River. The British camp was north of the Chippewa River.

Between Street's Creek and the Chippewa River is a tract of level land a mile and a half in length and flanked on the east side by the Niagara River, along the side of which the road from Fort Erie to Queenstown passes. This plain in 1814 was about half a mile in width, and was bounded on the west by a wood. It was here on the 5th of July that the battle of Chippewa was fought.

General Riall had been joined that morning by the 1st battalion of the 8th Regt., 480 strong, and his force now consisted of that corps, 500 of the Royal Scots, 450 of the 100th Regt., one troop, numbering about 70 of the 19th Dragoons, and 30 of the Royal Artillery with two light 24-pounders and a 5 1-2 inch howitzer, in all 1,530 rank and file of Regulars. With these were 300 Militia, mostly of the 2nd Lincoln, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dixon and Major David Secord, and about 300 Indians, or about 2,130 rank and file in all. The American force at Street's Creek, consisted of the infantry brigades of Scott and Ripley, numbering 2,600, 400 artillery with nine field-pieces and howitzers, 100 cavalry and 600 New York Volunteers, 500 Pennsylvania Volunteers and 600 Indians under General Porter; or 4,800 men altogether.

General Riall, whose position on the Chippewa was strong and not easily turned, might have been readily excused, if, with his force so greatly inferior in numbers, he had remained on the defensive, but he was resolved to attack the enemy and made his dispositions accordingly. The British forces crossed the Chippewa and advanced to the attack about four o'clock in the afternoon. The position occupied by the American army had been well chosen for defence. Its right rested on some buildings and orchards close to the Niagara River, and was strongly supported by artillery, and its left on the woods, which were occupied by Porter's brigade. The British advance consisted of 300 Lincoln Militia, the light companies of the Royal Scots, and of the 100th Regt. and 300 Indians. The latter, who were in front, in traversing the woods, for the most part, kept too far to the right, and only about 80 of them, under Captain Kerr, were brought into action. This small body of Indians encountered General Porter with 300 Pennsylvania Volunteers, 600 Indians and 80 Regulars, as he advanced through the woods on the left of the American line, and fell back on the advancing Militia. Almost at the same moment that the Indians fell back on the Militia, the two light companies joined the latter, and Porter's 900 Volunteers and Indians, and 80 Regulars received such a deadly fire and were charged with such fury that they instantly broke and fled, and even Lossing has to admit that their retreat "became a tumultuous rout." The 300 brave Pennsylvanians got out of the reach of danger with such alacrity that only three of them were killed and two wounded. They were pursued to Street's Creek, where their flight was checked by the advance of Ripley's brigade, on the extreme left and of the 25th Regt., under Major Jessop.

General Riall's main body advanced in three columns, the 8th Regt. being in front. Towson's Artillery with four guns, was posted on the American right and the four regiments of Scott's brigade, the 22nd, 9th, 11th and 25th were stationed in the order given from right to left. To the left of Scott's brigade was the 19th Regt. of Ripley's brigade, and that general with his remaining three regiments was moving through the woods with a view to turn the British left. Such was the posture of affairs when Porter's brigade was broken and compelled to fly as already described. To the south of Street's Creek the batteries of Ritchie and Hindman were posted in a commanding position, while Biddle's battery was advanced on the left in the rear of Scott's brigade. Thus each of the enemy's nine field pieces was brought

into a position where it could be most effective.

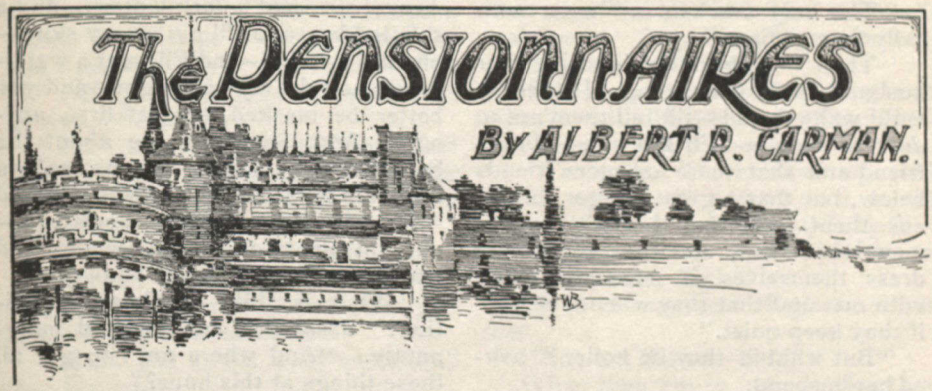
General Riall placed his two light 24-pounders and 5½ inch howitzer against the right of the enemy's position and formed the Royal Scots and 100th Regt. with the intention of making a movement upon the American left. The 25th Regt. on Scott's extreme left deployed and opened a very heavy fire upon the British, upon which Riall immediately moved up the 8th Regt. to the right, while the Royal Scots and 100th Regt. were directed to charge the enemy in front. This charge was most gallantly executed, but the ground over which the soldiers had to pass was very uneven and covered with long grass, and the fire of the enemy's infantry and artillery was so heavy that the charge had to be abandoned after both regiments had lost nearly half their number in killed and wounded. Riall seeing that any further effort could only result in greater losses without compensating advantage, ordered his troops to retire upon Chippewa. His order was executed with the greatest regularity, being covered by the 8th Regt. and the light companies of the two other regiments engaged. Not a single prisoner except those disabled with wounds was taken by the enemy.

The gallantry of the British army was never more signally displayed than in the battle of Chippewa, and its losses were very severe. Three captains, three subalterns, seven sergeants and 135 rank and file were killed; three field officers, five captains, 18 subalterns, 18 sergeants, and 277 rank and file were wounded; and one subaltern, one sergeant and 44 rank and file were missing. Of the latter nearly all were killed or wounded, only 14 unwounded prisoners being taken by the Americans. The total British loss was, therefore, 515. The Americans had 61 killed, 255 wounded and 19 missing; a grand total of 335.

The Americans claim the battle of Chippewa as a victory, and it was so in the sense that an army which attempts to drive an enemy's force from the field, and fails to do so, is defeated. Lossing, with deplorable inaccuracy, states the American troops engaged at only 1,300 and the British at 1,700. The British and Militia on the field, as we have already shown, numbered 1,830, while the American returns show that five of their infantry regiments were under fire, besides their artillery and Pennsylvania Volunteers, to say nothing of the Indians.

Brown remained inactive on the two days which followed the battle, but on the 8th he prepared to advance. The passage of the Chippewa River at the bridge appeared to him to involve too much risk, but a way was pointed out to him by which he could cross the river at a point higher up. Riall found with his insufficient cavalry it would be impossible for him to oppose the American advance, his force being now reduced to about 1,300 rank and file of white troops, so on the morning of the 8th he broke camp and retired to Fort George. The bridge over the Chippewa had been destroyed by his orders, but by the help of their boats the greater part of the American army succeeded in crossing the river the same day, and on the 10th they encamped at Queenstown. Riall reached Fort George on the evening of the 8th, and was there joined by the Glengarry Regt., 350 strong, and 300 incorporated Militia, recently arrived from York. Leaving in their places at this fort and Fort Mississaga, which had been recently erected, what was left of the 100th Regt. and detachments of the 8th and Royal Scots, he started on the morning of the 9th for Burlington Heights to effect a junction with the 103rd Regt. and the flank companies of the 104th. He was fortunate enough to meet these reinforcements at Twenty Mile Creek, and with a force now increased to about 2,000 Regulars and Militia he marched back to Fifteen Mile Creek, thirteen miles from the American camp at Queenstown, and there took his station to await the enemy's further movements.

TO BE CONTINUED



Resumé—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, the Albrechtsburg. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is re-created by her experience with peculiar results. She sings and talks with enthusiasm to the delight of Vogt and Werner and to the disquietude of Hughes. The party move to a pension in Lucerne, where Werner extends his influence over Jessica. Goaded beyond endurance, Hughes plans a kidnapping.

CHAPTER XV.

"SAM" was dead against the enterprise. The things he said to his wife would have assured her a divorce in any civilized court. He began by belittling her judgment and ended by challenging her sanity, and all the time Hughes sat silent, firm in eye and lip. "Sam" showed that the plan was impossible, but Hughes had a racial contempt for the impossible, and the lady from Maine loved it with the passion of the "ten swords to one" romance reader. "Sam" said that the police would run them down in a day if they succeeded, and this nearly frightened his wife into giving the sweet adventure up. But Hughes spoke for the first time, pointing out that they were not dealing with Scotland Yard, and that, in twenty-four hours, the Murneys would be blessing them as their rescuers from an awful fate. Then it would be Herr Werner who must look out for the police. The baffled "Sam" shouted out in helpless disgust that it would be ridiculous — absurd — that they would be the laughing-stock of Europe, and at this Hughes winced, but the lady from Maine hardly considered it in her hurry to get to details.

This much favoured them—Hughes knew that the Murneys had a corner room opening on the second veranda, and that the room next to it was vacant.

"Well, how are you goin' to get 'em out?" asked the exasperated husband. "I fancy I see myself prancin' about in the sleeping apartment of two ladies whom I know and who knew me, draggin' 'em out of bed with a pistol to their heads."

There was a flash in the eyes that Hughes turned on him, and his hands unconsciously closed.

"Why, what nonsense you do talk, Sam," said his wife. "It's as simple as can be. You and Mr. Hughes will just boost me up on that top veranda, and you'll stay down at the bottom of the ladder. Then I'll tiptoe across the battlement to their French window—"

"The 'bat-tle-ment'!" snorted her husband.

"Well, you know what I mean. Then I'll have a 'jimmy' with me, and I'll force the window—quietly, you know."

"The lady cracksman!"—sarcastically from "Sam."

"Then"—elaborately ignoring her husband and addressing Hughes—"I'll wake them!—I'll tell them not to *dare* to scream—I'll tell them I'm a friend and that there are more friends below, but that a great danger threatens them, and that I can't answer questions—then, and that they must dress themselves at once and come with me, and that they will not be hurt if they keep quiet."

"But what if they do holler?" asked her husband.

"Then I'll flourish my revolver"—with a fine air of bravado.

Hughes looked alarmed. "Ought you to have a revolver, do you think?" he asked.

"Oh, I won't have it loaded—I wouldn't for the world," she assured him. "Why, it might go off."

"They'll recognize your voice, as sure as eggs," snarled her husband.

"No, they won't. I'll talk gruff—like—this. Dead—women—tell—no—tales!"

"You must be careful not to frighten them, mustn't you?" said Hughes.

"Only just enough to keep them quiet," she answered airily. "And then if they do recognize me, I'll just sit down on the edge of the bed and tell them all about it—how they are in the power of a villain and don't know it, and how anxious all their friends are, and how their only chance is to escape at once with me, and that my husband is waiting outside to help, and all that, you know."

"And what'll we be doing all this time?" asked "Sam."

"Standing to your posts like true knights in the service of distressed beauty," answered his wife, with a gaiety that was meant to cover good advice.

"Standing in the wet grass like true idiots, catching rheumatism," was his rendering.

"Now, Mr. Hughes," she said, turning to him with the air of coming at last to the practical side of it, "you've got to get me a 'jimmy' and a revolver—and a dark lantern—and a safe ladder; and I'll pin up my skirt—oh, and a mask—and I'll wear a waterproof, and do my hair tight—and you better be masked, too; at first, anyway. And, Sam, you see about the boat and store it with—let me see!—a basket of potatoes, four loaves of bread—no, six loaves—some beefsteak—oh, and plenty of canned goods; and tea and sugar and butter and—"

"What is this?—a Polar expedition?" demanded her husband indignantly. "And where am I to get all these things at this hour?"

His wife looked at him with suppressed opinions bristling from her face. "When a lady asks—" she began, and then gave it up with a little sigh of futility. "Mr. Hughes," she added, impressively, "hasn't asked me where to get a 'jimmy.'"

"P'raps he knows a burglar off duty," growled the unabashed "Sam," whereat Mr. Hughes allowed himself the first smile of the night. After all, was it not too absurd? But if not this, what? He could hear a sweet voice—a voice whose cadences moved him to his soul's centre—saying, "Out there in the purple dark I seem to see a great god sleeping;" and then Werner's voice replying, "You see him because he is there." This fantastic plan of the Maine lady's might succeed; and, knowing no other, he would try it.

So he went out to improvise a "jimmy" and carefully unload his revolver. He had a carnival mask that would do for the lady, while he could use a handkerchief himself—but the ladder, that was the puzzler! "Sam" found a man with a boat and hired them both for an indefinite time—they would keep the man at the house and he could tell nothing; then he filled the boat with supplies and told the boatman to await him opposite the Casino from one in the morning until he came.

"Ha! All goes well!" said the lady from Maine when they had reported to her; and at a little before one they let themselves out of the hotel, Hughes

two minutes ahead. He had stolen a ladder and hidden it in the garden of the "pension."

"Let's go round the easy way," suggested "Sam."

"No. No. That's through that ghastly little graveyard," said his wife; "and I just won't go through a graveyard at midnight."

"Pshaw! It won't hurt you."

"Well, I—don't like it."

"You're a pretty house-breaker, you are!—afraid of a tombstone!"

"Well, I'm not a body-snatcher," was her retort.

Then they trudged for a while in silence up the steep road.

"Isn't this really romantic?" gurgled the lady from Maine. "I feel like a knight-errant. So—so—you know."

There was no comment on this, unless a low rumble from "Sam's" direction might be taken as one. After a little, he spoke on his own account—

"I'll be dinged if I like this early-in-the-morning business," he grumbled.

"Sh—sh!" whispered his wife; "you mustn't talk." But soon she said to Hughes, "My mask won't stay on. It keeps bobbing down over my mouth."

"It wants tightening, I fancy," said Hughes; and he laid down the "jimmy" and the dark lantern while he tightened it.

"However am I going to hold a 'jimmy' and a lantern and a revolver in my two hands?" she now inquired anxiously.

"Carry your revolver in your teeth," sardonically suggested her husband. "It will keep you from betraying yourself by talking."

"Keep it in your pocket," diplomatically proposed Hughes.

"Well, then, I'll have to lay down the 'jimmy' and the lantern when I want to take it out," she fretted. "It takes two hands to get anything out of a woman's pocket, you know; and they would scream their heads off while I was doing it."

"We should have gone to some good night school in burglary before we tried this," was her husband's opinion. "They'd teach you how to carry yer tools."

"You might leave the 'jimmy' outside," said Hughes. "You won't need that in the room."

"Tarnation! There comes my mask down again. If it does that in the room, however am I to get it up? I could never push it up with the revolver barrel. Ugh!"

"It is not loaded," Hughes assured her.

"No; but it's co—old."

When they got to the garden they walked on tiptoe, and each thought that the others were making a terrific noise. Pebbles would crunch and even roll, and the ladder the men were carrying up the path scraped against the branches of the trees, and even banged on the steps. But they roused no one, and, after a time, stood in the open space before the house, now dark, tall and silent. Hughes lifted the ladder into place against the second veranda.

"W—will it hold?" asked the lady from Maine, chattering—whether with cold or with nerves, who shall say?

"Yes," said her husband, testily; "if you're fool enough to go up it."

"Is it—is it s—safe, do you think, Mr. Hughes?" she repeated.

"Perfectly," said Hughes, calmly. "And we'll hold it."

"Now give me the things," she said, and put the revolver carefully in her pocket. "Now light the lantern," in a tremulous whisper, and she picked up the "jimmy" and held it firmly in her right hand. "Isn't this f—fine?" she went on. "So old world—so—"

Just then her husband sneezed loudly, and showed signs of doing it again.

"Don't do that!" in the shrillest, fiercest whisper. "Don't do that again, I tell you. Do you want to spoil everything?"

"I want to go to bed," he said, gloomily.

"You've no romance in you—no spirit—"

"Not a drop," mournfully wiping his nose.

"Here's the lantern, madam," said Hughes.

"Thank you s—so much," taking it in her left hand and then moving toward the ladder. Then, suddenly—

"Oh! oh! I can't go. We'll have to give it up."

"Why?" asked Hughes.

"Why," almost crying, "with these things in my hands, I can't hold up my skirts to—to climb the ladder. You see—you see now how we women are handicapped in life."

"Sam" grinned unfeelingly. "Can't compete in the burglary business, eh?" he said.

"Why, of course," said Hughes. "I quite forgot. I'll take them up for you. I'll go first and leave them on the veranda."

"And you'll have to come up for them afterwards."

"Oh, yes," said Hughes, pocketing the house-breaking "kit" and starting up the ladder. At the top he found it rather difficult to get down inside the railing; so, leaning over he whispered—

"You'd better come up while I'm here, and let me give you a hand off the ladder."

"All right," whispered the lady from Maine, and started heavily up the ladder, which creaked and bumped and swayed under her.

"Hold it tight, Sam," she hissed down urgently.

"Oh, I'm holdin' it," he assured her ungraciously. "This personally conducted burglary business is a screaming farce."

"I'll wake 'em sure," she muttered to herself. "There's my waterproof caught! Oh, dear!—My! How far is it? This ladder *will* fall—I can never ask them to come down it. Oh, Mr. Hughes, *so* glad to get—oh, but you will have to be grateful to me for this!"

"You're doing bravely," he assured her, helping her down. "Now get your breath and calm yourself before you begin on the window." And with a doubtful may-heaven-help-us look about he disappeared down the ladder.

The lady from Maine leaned on the railing and rested. It was so quiet that she could hear the ripples of the lake break on the strand away below. Gradually her excitement subsided and the shifting of her husband's boots on the gravel beneath warned her that time was passing. So pushing her mask into place and picking up the 'jimmy' and the closed dark lantern, she approached the window. First she put down the "jimmy" and opened the lantern-slide, when a shaft of light danced over the trees. "My!" she exclaimed in a suppressed voice, and turned it quickly on the window when it flooded the room. "Goodness!" and she shut it off with a sharp click, and then waited with a thumping heart to see if she had wakened anybody.

"Don't need a light anyway," she assured herself. "I'll just pry the window open." So she adjusted the "jimmy" and applied her strength.

Bang! Crash! To her excited ears it sounded as if the Crystal Palace had fallen in, and then a howl of dismay came from within the room.

"Hush, hush!" she cried excitedly, pushing her way through the swaying windows. "Hush-sh! Or you will wake the people in the house." But even this contingency did not appear to still them, for the howl broke out louder and more hopeless than before, and several different qualities of piercing screams joined it. "What is it?" asked a sleepy voice. "We are being killed!" wailed some one in answer.

"Excuse me, I'm in the wrong room," cried the lady from Maine, now quite flustered, and she rushed out on the veranda. But she was mistaken. It was the right room—only the Vassar party had come back unexpectedly that evening, and, it being a large room, the landlady had borrowed it from the Murneys to put them all into it, that being the best she could do on the spur of the moment.

Outside the lady from Maine paused in perturbation.

"Why—it's—a—woman," she heard

a voice, weighted down with astonishment, exclaim within the room.

"And an American, too, I'm sure," said another.

"It's Mrs. Murney mistaken her room," conjectured a third.

"But she wouldn't come in the window," was snapped out.

"Get up, Jennie, and see! You're near the window," urged a shaking, nervous voice. To this there was no response, and an awful silence followed.

"Come down, you old fool," came in hushed but wrathy accents from below.

"Bring the things," whispered Hughes.

So she stepped back to the window to get them when another howl went up—"She's coming again! She's coming again!" it wailed. Then rose a German voice, strong and resonant, calling for help and police and other things in German. But the lady from Maine heroically grabbed up the lantern and the "jimmy," and, rushing to the edge, hurled them at Hughes, crying, "There they are!" and then began the perilous journey down the ladder.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" hissed her husband, and once upon the ground he caught her arm and ran her at a break-neck pace down the winding path. Hughes picked up the lantern and "jimmy," and followed quietly, and now lights were appearing at the windows, and a maid was leaning out of an upper casement and calling upon the police to arrest the robbers.

This might readily have happened before the skurrying three reached their hotel, if the whole night force in that part of the city had not been waiting with the public-spirited boatman opposite the Casino to arrest the suspicious character who had hired a boat for the astonishing hour of one a.m., and then secretly victualled it as if for a voyage. That looked like kidnapping, and the boatman had hastened to inform the police, and the police had gathered in full force to trap the villain.

CHAPTER XVI.

The first person to reach the door of the vociferating Vassarites was the young American husband.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, rattling the door vigorously.

They all told him at once and each at the top of her voice; so that he was still in doubt."

"Shall I break in?" he asked; but there was no mistaking the chorused "No!"

"Oh," he said, knowing less what to do than ever.

"They're on the veranda," some one shrilled faintly.

"Who?" he asked promptly.

"A lady," was the astonishing response.

"What is the trouble?" came from behind him. It was the unruffled voice of the landlady.

"There's a lady on the veranda," he explained, as if in doubt of his own statement.

"Well, can she not get in?" asked the landlady in amazement.

At this the French doctor arrived from downstairs at a breathless trot, still buttoning his shirt, and demanded in excited French the cause of the disturbance. Had anyone fainted?

The landlady answered in disgusted French that the American gentleman said there was a lady on the veranda, who wanted to get in.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the Doctor, still in French. "Why don't they let her in, the poor little thing!"

The landlady pounded on the door and then asked in English, "Don't you know how to open the window?"

"It is open," cried several of them. "She broke it open," one added by way of further horrification.

"Oh; and is she in now?" the landlady asked in a tone which indicated that all this would be charged in the bill.

A confused soprano babel which seemed to be a negative, arose at this; and then the voice of the Fraulein, "Keep quiet, and I will explain," which she did fully and in German.

"Zo!" said the landlady; and she

went off briskly to rush the servants around to the front to see if they could catch the mysterious lady burglar, while the Frenchman explained the situation to the American.

"She's no lady, anyway," was his laconic verdict.

"She was," said one of the girls earnestly from behind the door; "and an American lady, too."

"How do you know?"

"Heard her speak."

"*L'Americaine terrible*," marvelled the Frenchman.

It was an excited party that came early to breakfast that morning. The exclamatory Vassarites had decided by then not only that the lady burglar was an American but that they had heard her voice somewhere before.

"It seemed as familiar to me as possible," said one of them.

"That was because it was American," explained Herr Werner, who had slept all through the disturbance, his room being at the back of the house.

"Do all Americans talk alike to you?" asked another with an enquiring laugh.

Herr Werner denied this, but explained at some length that they, naturally expecting to hear a native voice under such circumstances, found something strangely familiar in the unexpected American accents.

"Americans," said the French doctor, "have not cut the connection between their emotions and their vocal cords, as the English have."

"Nor have they," acidly remarked the Amazon, "substituted their emotions for their judgment."

"Can you anything on the gallery this morning see?" asked the German girl, and the conversation went back to the great event. The servants had found a ladder standing against the balcony, the marks of much trampling on the gravel, the catalogue of a Lucerne porcelain dealer—and that was all.

"I think it was a foreigner," said the landlady with a little smile; "for the prices on the catalogue were intended for tourists."

"Oh, ho!" cried the American husband. "That is a new touch in detective work. Think of a criminal traced by the prices quoted to him in estimates found in his pockets."

Jessica and Mrs. Murney went to Herr Vogt's after breakfast for the regular lesson, and found him full of a plan for going at once to Paris. Jessica, he said, was now ready to commence her career; and Paris was both a good stage for her debut and a capital place to get a sort of finishing varnish by studying the great artists of the French opera. He should be back soon in Dresden, and the engagements for the Parisian season were now being made —two good reasons why their start for Paris should be made immediately.

"Paris," he said, "is where you should begin for New York. It is no better than Dresden—*nein! nein!*— Dresden incomparable, out-of-sight, is —but for New York, Paris is the better known."

The Murneys were amazed. They had just begun to feel at home in their Lucerne "pension," and Jessica never had experienced more keenly the exaltation of the great in heart. To leave the Alps, for flat, clattering, pushing Paris! She felt her spirits sink at the thought. Again she must hunt through muddy, sticky streets for a new "pension"—again she must face a strange language of which she knew little—

But Herr Vogt was going on to say that they would go together to Paris; that he had a place for them, cheerful, home-like, artistic; that they would to the great opera go, again and again—a temple where music could be worthily worshipped; that she herself should sing to the never-could-they-get-done applauding French; and then to New York and fame and fortune.

Jessica flushed to the edge of her silken black hair, for the great Herr Vogt was to her the high-priest of song; and his words were not flattery, for those who dwell on the altar never stoop to flatter. And Mrs. Murney smiled the quiet, modest smile she was practising for that spacious drawing-room on Murray Hill.

CHAPTER XVII.

That afternoon, Mr. Hughes walked up the gravel path he had hurried down the night before, and called on the Murneys. He felt a slight touch of pleasant elation at the risk he was running ; but neither of the ladies so much as mentioned the previous night's disturbance—and, of course, he could know nothing of it. The truth was that they were too full of the projected move to Paris where they were to hear great music, and get a French finish to their German ground-work—and, perhaps, sing a little themselves. They said nothing about Herr Werner in this connection, but he felt an oppressive certainty that the ballooning German would follow them, if, indeed, he was not at the bottom of the new plan. Herr Vogt, who was a fellow German, seemed to have the whole affair in charge, the ladies not even knowing where they were to live. It was not like Americans, in their senses, to trust such details to an impractical German music teacher.

After a time, Mrs. Murney went indoors, and the afternoon shadows began to fall into the broken mountain masses across the lake. The ladies had talked as if they might leave for Paris at a day's notice ; and even if he could get their address, he did not like to think of the figure his self-respect would cut if he followed them in purposeless fashion again. Jessica had had little to say since her mother had left them ; for she was in the lotus mood of silence, her eyes resting dreamily on the play of light and shade over the wide scene before her. Hughes looked at her cheek, and thought, with a movement of pity, that it was pale ; then at her pose and, with a sudden, furious, inner anger, cursed it as sentimental—as Werneresque. What could he do to rescue her from that impassive, blonde vampire? Her hand that lay in her lap nestled itself a little more cosily among the folds of her dress, thus calling the attention of his wandering eyes. It had a strange familiarity for him. He had so often looked at it, half-unconsciously, with a subtle sense of its appealing beauty. He had watched it weaving together the flowers of his wreaths ; he had seen it, lithe and quick and white, playing a mock melody on the net of her tennis racket ; and now he saw it, inert and relaxed, but of a shapeliness that called something to life at the seat of those emotions whose language is the caress.

In a moment, the knowledge surged up in him—was it from his memory? —that what he wanted was no mere rescue from Werner, but possession for himself. And did he know now any other even possible way of accomplishing the rescue? This plan had itself the appearance of the impossible; for surely his case was hopeless while she sat under the spell of Werner! But there was the odd chance; and he had an innate love for the odd chance. And then Jessica should at least know that a lover stood at her hand, and would stand there so long as it was in him to stand anywhere. The day might come when she would feel the need of him.

But the plan was hard trying. The conversation would not be led so much as in the direction of a tender avowal; and there was imminent danger that Mrs. Murney would abandon her attempt, audible from the drawing room, to convince the young American wife that where the Germans differed from the Americans they were patently and wilfully in the wrong, and come out on the veranda. Then her manner, at times, seemed to take her out of his reach; but he felt that that would not be so, once she was his and Werner were banished.

"Miss Murney," he broke in at last, facing the plunge, "I have hardly a fighting chance, I know; but I wish you would tell me, for my comfort, one thing. Do you think—or—eh!—rather —did you ever think—of me—of me as a lover?" It was a quick change from the present to the past tense—as quick as the "side stepping" of a boxer to avoid a blow.

Jessica looked swiftly at him, but it was plain that the summoning of her mind back from the awing Alpine

scene to his question was a slower business.

"That *is* a queer way to propose, isn't it?" and he smiled feebly; then his face drew into a stern earnestness, and he said, "But I love you, and I want you to know it—and"—with a rush of anger—"I know well that you are being taken from me by black means."

"Taken from you?" quoted Jessica in offended surprise.

"Yes," he said doggedly; and then —"Please answer my question—strange as it is. It has a purpose. Search your memory, for God's sake —for all our sakes—and answer it truthfully." His voice had the ring of command, but his eyes shone with the humbleness of supplication.

Jessica, with a woman's true instinct, gave heed to the eyes. "I am afraid," she began gently, "that you and I are not exactly suited to—"

"No, no!" he interrupted; "that was not my question. I know I've no chance now. But hadn't I once? Forgive me for asking so strange a question, but do answer it!" The supplication had now got into his voice.

Jessica considered. An enlivened imagination loves to toy with the past of its possessor. Was there ever a time when she could have thought of Hughes as a husband without this dread that he would stand, an earth-bound figure, between her and the beautiful in life? Undoubtedly, there was. That other Jessica of the valley —and the mad tennis court—would have felt no such fear, at all events. In fact, she had liked very much the nonchalant, capable, quizzical Hughes; and Jessica could hardly keep from smiling at the oddness of her self-analysis while Hughes waited in stern, reserved patience for his answer. But could she say this to him? It was so—so—. Then she looked at him and was touched by the gray suffering which even his resolute self-suppression could not keep from his face.

"Mr. Hughes," she said in a voice as soft in touch as a grieving mother's, "I think there was once a time—once before my awakening—when we could have been better friends."

Now that he had got his answer, his mind seemed to go to pieces. There were things in plenty that he ought to say—something about that "awakening," for instance—but he could get none of them in marching order. That damnable past tense blocked the gateway of his intelligence.

"And now?" was what he said—what he cried, his reserve for once all gone and the man of him looking out from his strong face in stark earnestness of vital questioning upon the woman in her.

"And now!" she echoed emptily, timidly, the ancient fear of woman in the presence of a compelling suitor cowing her modern spirit for a moment.

At the sight of her shrinking, a sort of shame seized him.

"Forgive me again," he pleaded, "I am badgering you to no purpose. I have had my answer. If I could only believe it is you who have given it, I could go away decently—"

At his resumption of the modern attitude, Jessica regained her position of conventional superiority.

"Mr. Hughes," she said calmly, "you are mistaken in supposing, as you seem to do, that I am not thoroughly myself—"

"You are not," he interrupted gloomily. "It sounds ridiculous to say it to you, but you are hypnotized."

"Hypnotized?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Hughes, you are joking."

"Never was more serious in my life."

"Who has hypnotized me?"

"Herr Werner."

"Absurd!" and Jessica sprang angrily to her feet.

"Well," said Hughes, getting up, "as we are to part, it perhaps is as well that we should part this way. But I shall tell you the truth before I go. That villain has made you a copy of himself with all his moony nonsense. You were as sensible as—"

"As Mr. Hughes himself, I presume," she broke in, ironically.

He straightened back as if he had been struck a blow; and then stiffened into his habitual reserve.

"I think I should tell *you* some truth," Jessica went on in a voice that cut out her words in high relief. "I was a girl with a splendid gift, but very, very unworthy of it. Music and the great in life awakened a better self in me. That is all. Herr Werner was one of those who showed me where the great was to be seen. I was impatient at it myself once," she continued, a little more kindly, "when I looked at it as you do now."

Hughes had not moved a muscle while she talked. Now he tossed his head. "'The great in life,'" he remarked savagely, "is beyond my ken, I suppose."

"You blind your eyes to it," she responded quickly.

To this he made no reply, but said, after a moment of silence, in what might have sounded like dull repetition to some ears—but Jessica knew that it was pain that numbed his mind—

"Well, I have my answer—I have—" Then he stopped. "Either you or I are mistaken," he began in another key, high and tense. "But if you are really on solid ground up among your clouds, then I must jog along down here by myself. Yet—" and he turned his deep eyes on her firmly—"if you ever find that you are not, you—you can count on me." And he stood looking at her with the effect of a mighty emphasis.

"Mr. Hughes"—and she impulsively held out both her hands to him—"you're not going—far?" A sudden, unformed fear had shot into her heart.

"I will stay at your elbow if you want me," he said quickly, taking her hands.

But the fear had passed. It was an eruption of that lower Jessica, she told herself. "No, no," she said slowly, withdrawing her hands which he instantly released. "You—you are—what can I say to you that will not sound false? But I feel that in your esteem I have something that I cannot quite let go. Though—"

"It is not my esteem," said Hughes quietly, "it is my heart's love; and you can never lose it, whether you will or no."

Before this Jessica was dumb, and tears shone over her lower lids ready to fall if her tenderness so much as breathed again. Once more the heart within her wavered. This was a man clear through. But, as they both gazed in their helpless silence upon the silent Alps, rose-tinted now on the distant snows and a fathomless green in the lower depressions, Jessica felt that she saw what he did not, and that, in some way, that must separate them. He could have died with the Swiss Guard, she knew; but would he have known the nobility of his own action?

He put out his hand to her, still in silence. She laid hers softly in it.

"Remember," he said—and he tried for a careless smile—"if you find it cloud-land after all, a word and I will free you from it, though I have to upset the European Concert to do it. Here, I'll scribble you my father's address"—and he did so on one of his cards—"There! That will always find me." He took her hand again, and the poor, lifeless smile vanished from his face—. "Heaven's! I wish you had a brother."

Then he gripped her hand tight, tighter than he knew; and again he strode down the gravel path. Jessica watched him until he disappeared, straight, square-shouldered, potent to the last. Then she turned to the Alps, but the rose was now a blood-red, and the fathomless green a hungry black. It was not only beautiful—it was terrible, menacing. And she was alone! The Man was gone.

Her eyes narrowed with an unnamed fear again; and, running round the house, she plunged into the field of wild flowers just outside the gate, carefully keeping the bulk of the "pension" between her and the awful Alps.

TO BE CONTINUED

'TWIXT FIRE AND WATER

By J. Macdonald Oxley

AMONG the small and select band of good fellows which made up the Sand-Paper Club, there was none more popular than Jack Sprague. Although charged with the serious responsibility of keeping the world straight by means of the editorial counsels of a prosperous morning paper, rejoicing in the modest name of the *Daily Diamond*, Jack left care and work behind when he entered the cosy room in which we held our weekly dinners, and never failed to contribute his full share towards the hilarity of the occasion.

One night our talk centred about strange or startling personal experiences, and after several members had given us leaves out of their life-books, Jack laid down his cigar, pushed his chair away from the table a little, and with that glint of the eye and curl of the lip which held the promise of something good, said quietly:

"Did you fellows ever know that I was once on the stage?"

"Why, no!" was the response. "We never suspected you of anything so distinguished."

"Well, I was," returned Jack imperturbably, "and if you care to hear it I'll tell you the story of my last appearance."

"Let us have it by all means," we chorused, and settled back in our chairs to listen.

"I was quite a bit younger than I am now," began Jack, "and allowed myself to cherish some ambitions that I have long since cast aside. Among them was the wild notion that I could shine upon the stage. Accordingly I joined an Amateur Dramatic Company which had been organized in our town by a veteran professional actor, retired through over-much crooking of the elbow. After he had trained us for a couple of months we had the hardihood to seek the plaudits and, incidentally, the shekels of the play-goers in the small towns of our own State that were within easy reach. We did not aspire beyond one-night stands, trusting that the self-control of our patrons would be able to endure that much strain, and for a time we did fairly well, the novelty of the undertaking, and the real excellence of our manager's work, both in schooling us and in his own rendering of the leading parts, serving to make amends for our other shortcomings. Our usual method was to start out on Thursday, playing that night, Friday and Saturday, and getting back home on Sunday morning. We, of course, undertook only one play in each circuit, and when what I am going to tell you happened, we were giving an English comedy called, 'All is Not Gold that Glitters,' if my memory serves me.

"In this piece my part was not just what an ambitious aspirant would covet as I had to enact 'Jeremy Snigg,' an intrusive bailiff, whose enterprise in prying into other people's affairs was surpassed only by his dread of personal violence. Arrogant and impertinent whenever he had the upper hand, he was the very essence of cringing servility when he was the under dog. I naturally disliked the role, but our autocratic manager when I protested said curtly that I could take it or leave it, and so I swallowed my pride and did my best.

"In the course of our peregrinations we had reached a small town in Michigan where the so-called Grand Opera House was positively the worst old shell of a barn that we had struck, and I remember I remarked to our prompter that if a fire should start in any part of the ramshackle structure it would surely have the whole place in flames ere you could say 'Jack Robinson.'

"Thanks to our energetic distribution of hand-bills (we could not afford expensive coloured posters), and to the

judicious dispensing of free passes, the dingy, dusty old theatre was quite well filled, and we all felt in good spirits when the curtain rose.

"As I have already told you, I had a very ungrateful part to play, and the plot required that I should not only be badly fooled by the handsome hero, but come in for some ignominious treatment into the bargain, as I shall now proceed to explain.

"The hero was not only handsome—and poor Charlie Blake, whose good looks we all envied, needed no making up to fill the part admirably—and of course virtuous, but he was 'confoundedly hard up' owing to the miscarriage of his financial enterprises, and it was my mission to *capias* him for the claim of a hard-hearted noteshaver.

"In pursuit of this object I had the hardihood to make my way into the rooms he occupied in a private hotel where he was temporarily sojourning until the return of brighter days. Considering my intense dread of a thrashing it took all my resolution to nerve me for this enterprise as I knew that Reginald Vavasour, my intended captive, had many friends in the house who would not hesitate to co-operate in giving me particular fits if I fell into their hands.

"I was supposed to gain admittance under the pretence of being a tailor come to see Vavasour about repairing his wardrobe, and I had been in the room only a few minutes, alternating in my feelings between triumph at the success of my ruse, and trepidation lest I should not come out of it with a whole skin, when the sound of manly voices accompanied by shouts of laughter set me all of a shiver.

"'Bless my soul,' I exclaimed in a stage whisper, 'here comes Vavasour and a lot of his chums; they'll hammer the life out of me if they catch me here.'

"Looking about anxiously for a hiding place I espied a large deep trunk, and on lifting the cover found it empty. Like a flash I popped in, and on the cover coming down over me, there was a significant snap that plainly meant, 'spring lock,' and I was consequently a helpless prisoner in a decidedly narrow cell.

"A moment later Vavasour and his companions, three in number, entered and proceeded to dispose themselves about the room in the sprawling fashion characteristic of their class. According to the plot they were to amuse themselves for a couple of hours playing poker, and then all were to go off, leaving me still 'cribbed, cabined and confined,' to the vast amusement of the unsympathetic spectators.

"But on this occasion they had hardly settled down to their game when the appalling cry of 'fire' rang out from the back of the house, and instantly both audience and actors were thrown into a panic which drove from their minds all other thought than the saving of their own lives.

"An awful uproar filled the place. Men shouted, women screamed, boys yelled, and all fought fiercely to get outside. The fire having started near the ticket office, and the smoke very quickly filling the lobbies, the terror-stricken crowd was driven back from the proper method of egress, and, there being no side exits, charged frantically at the stage, determined to make their way out by the rear.

"Of course the few members of our troupe were powerless to prevent them, and cooped up inside the trunk, which no effort of mine availed to open, I could hear the frantic throng surging around me. Shouting and kicking with all my might I madly strove to attract attention.

"But I might as well have spared my lungs and muscles. It was a case of each one for himself, and the devil—the fire—take the hindmost; and even had I possessed the vocal power of a bull or the sinews of a Hercules I could have done nothing to secure succour.

"I tell you, fellows, it was a horrible fix for a chap to be in. To face death in the open with the chance of at least making some sort of a fight for life brings out whatever there may be of the hero in one's composition, but to be burned to a crisp while cooped up

in a confounded trunk that was already half smothering the life out of a body —who could be heroic in such a crisis? I don't mind confessing to you that I clean lost my wits, and became as crazy as a loon.

"Whenever I stopped my own noise I could hear the uproar of the frenzied mob stampeding past me, until presently this began to slacken as they succeeded in finding their way into the outer air, and in its place came the appalling sound of crackling flames.

"'Oh God!' I groaned, 'must I die in this horrible way!'

"Just then a new sound made itself heard. It was the swish of water spurting from hose, and the roar of the flames at the point where the fire and water met changed into a hissing and spluttering that seemed to me sweeter than any music I had ever heard.

"The fire department had evidently got to work and if they could only stay the progress of the flames I might still be saved. Imagine, if you can, the intensity of my feelings as the two hostile elements thus fought a duel with my life staked upon the issue.

"A moment later the water fell upon the trunk, deluging it completely, and reviving me by its coolness as well as thrilling me with hope. How long the contest continued I hardly know, but at last on my straining ears the swish and splurge of the heaven-sent water overbore the angry hissing of the baffled flames; and just as I utterly collapsed I could feel the trunk, that came so near proving my coffin, being lifted up and carried away.

"When I recovered consciousness I was lying upon the lounge in a druggist's back room with old Brander gazing down at me while he held my right hand between his own. Near by stood the rest of our troupe, their eyes concentrated upon me.

"'Thank Heaven, old chap,' exclaimed Brander fervently; 'you've had a close call, but you'll soon be all right again.' The others crowded around with their congratulations, and stiff, sore and weak as I was, I did my best to respond in some sort of fashion.

"A couple of days' rest put me on my feet again, but the experience quite cured me of my love for the stage. That awful night was positively my last appearance."

ON THE PONOKA RESERVE

By Jean Blewett

THE squaw turned her black eyes on me disapprovingly, and muttered something in Cree. The Indian favoured me with a scowl, and spoke to the agent almost angrily. Evidently I had transgressed in some fashion.

"Why are they put out with me?" I asked of the agent.

Before he could answer, the Indian spoke up in fairly good English: "You no good visitor, you bring no wedding present. Young Bear held out his hand, you shake it, but put no tobacco in it—humph!" this last exclamation a snort of disgust. "Watona gave you hers, you let it fall empty. We like you not."

"No more of this," said the agent sternly. "I am surprised. A chief, the son of a chief, ought to be ashamed to beg in his own lodge."

"Watona wants beads," he was apologetic, but stubborn; "three strings, five strings yellow beads."

"Watona will go right on wanting them," returned the agent cheerfully. "From present appearances she has about all the beads she has neck-room for—eh, Watona!"

Watona, finding herself the subject under discussion, dropped her head

and began a series of giggles, deep, explosive giggles.

Young Bear, vulgarly known through the length and breadth of the Ponoka reserve as big Pete Dodge, looked upon her proudly.

"Fine squaw, Watona," he bragged, and held up a strand of her black hair to show its length; "the light of Young Bear's eyes."

She shook herself free of his hand coquettishly, and bending down drew a handsome pair of mocassins on her feet.

"Too big," she simpered, thrusting them out for our inspection, "heap too big. Lala's feet are the feet of a buffalo, Watona's are small and light; they go swiftly and make no sound on the prairie grass."

"Who is Lala?" I asked. Young Bear's eyes went to the floor, and his face set grimly, but he said nothing. I turned to Watona; she was giggling again.

"Come," said the agent, suddenly finding out that he had many affairs to attend to, "we mustn't stop here all day. A man likes his place to himself the first moon of his mating—eh, Young Bear?"

Young Bear grunted.

"Oh, a bride!" I exclaimed, "then I must present a little gift." But what should it be? A three weeks' sojourn in the very precincts of an Indian village had left me with few possessions. The trinkets which I had brought with me for the purpose of winning my way to the hearts of the women and children had vanished like mist before the morning sun. Anything more zealous, more importunate than an Indian in search of a gift I have never met. My store of thimbles—used for decoration purposes only—necklaces, gun-metal buckles, scarlet belting, and cambric sashes was exhausted. Yet I must find a wedding present. I had it. From the shopping-bag which I carried in my tramps with the agent as a receptacle for the different specimens of wild-flowers to be found, I drew a gaudy silk handkerchief. It gave me genuine pleasure to pass it on. It had come into my possession rather against my will, only the day before. I had been taking a solitary ramble along the trees bordering the river, and a great, fierce-looking Indian woman had met me, and thrust the thing in my face with an imperative, "Buy, buy, buy." To humour her I had taken it, giving her at the same time a piece of silver. Then, thinking to make her a little more human, a little less fierce, held it out to her again.

"Take it," spoken in my most winning tones, "and tie it about your neck. I am sure you would not wish to part with it."

She had thrown, actually thrown it back at me, and sped away with a curse for someone on her tongue. Assuredly I was glad to pass the 'kerchief on to Watona.

With pardonable pride I shook it out of its folds, and laid it on the knee of the bride. Her eyes lighted greedily, but before she could grasp it Young Bear had it in his hands. "So!" he muttered; then again that retrospective "So!"

Watona made two ineffectual attempts to get the thing into her possession. "It is mine, mine, mine!" she kept reiterating, but he did not pay the least attention. Once I caught his eye flashing swiftly toward a distant corner, and following his glance I made a curious discovery. What I had thought to be a dog lying under a gray blanket was no dog, but a human being. A hand pushed the blanket aside, up came a dark face; two blazing eyes fastened themselves on the Indian and his bride. Watona began pushing her brass bracelets up and down excitedly, clamouring the while for her possessions. Big Bear sat unheeding, a curious air of shame about him. He kept fast hold of the scarlet and blue rag, and once again his eyes flashed toward the gray blanket.

Suddenly the recumbent figure in the corner rose to its full height and came forward. With a start I recognized the Indian woman who had sold me the handkerchief. There was no mistaking that strong face, that great

figure, no mistaking the eyes which seemed demanding that some wrong as deep as hell be righted. Yet, when she spoke, her voice was calm, almost contemptuous. "Give it to me." She held the 'kerchief off, and looked at it, her fingers lingered on it. "It was mine. My man, *my* man, Watona, laid it on my first-born's cradle as a gift for me. My young chief, my straight thing, my strong and laughing thing put out hands for it, would have it."

Young Bear called out savagely, but as it was in his native tongue I could only conclude from the way she met it that he was commanding her to leave the lodge.

"It is not time," she said. All through she spoke in English as though wishing me to understand what was going forward. "I will not go yet. Shall Lala go back to her own people and cry for all to hear 'my head is in the dust?' You cast me forth, you take *her*"—O, the scorn immeasurable in that word—"to your bed, you put my chains on her—see my neck is bare, put my moccasins on her—see my feet are bare—put all on her, Lala is naked. You give her fish, and bread, and game, Lala hungers. You say go, yet Lala stays. She will not go in disgrace to her people. She bides her time."

Watona gave her a malignant glance. "You are no longer Lala the strong; you die soon, very soon," she said tauntingly. The other shook the 'kerchief to and fro, holding it where the sun crept through the entrance to the lodge. "He is dead, my little warrior, and so—and so it does not matter; let her have it." With a quick motion she flung it fair in Watona's face. The great figure swept out of the lodge. There was that about her which brought a mist to my eyes; she had the expression, the bearing of some big animal of the wood, mortally wounded and shelterless, no spot in which to hide.

"Lala the discarded!" called the odious Watona after her. "Lala, a dog that skulks at the door she is ordered from; a dog that eats crumbs from an enemy's table. Yah! Yah! Yah!"

Young Bear's face expressed admiration.

"Good squaw, Watona; fine squaw!" he said, with a servile smile which filled me with rage, "the light of Young Bear's eyes."

The discreet agent had me away from the place in no time. His policy was to keep on friendly terms with this big Pete Dodge, the most influential Indian on the Ponoka Reserve.

It was a sad case, yes, a sad case. An uncommon case, too, for they were a law-abiding lot on the reserve. The man had evidently tired of wife number one, and divorced her according to a fashion of his own. He had turned against her on the death of their only child, a bright youngster. Dodge was off in a round-up when the child took ill. Gossips—squaws are inveterate gossips—told him that Lala had neglected it. He accused her of causing its death. Later he discarded her, and took up with Watona.

"But why do you not interfere," I demanded. "Could he not be punished?"

He gave me a droll smile. "Never stir up a hornet's nest unless you're hunting trouble," he answered evasively.

This was in early summer, when the prairie grass was green and the wild strawberries white with bloom. The sequel to the story came when the sky was rose and turquoise above the harvest field, and the corn flaunting its tassels in the breeze.

An illness had broken out among the Indians at White Whale Lake, a deadly illness. First a chill seemed to strike to the heart of the victim, then a fever to burn and burn—then the end. It was enough to affright the Ponoka Reserve when the word went abroad that Young Bear had been stricken. The Indian is almost invariably a coward of disease. There was a flitting. Young Bear laid him down on his bed of boughs one soft August day when the sun was hot and the

trees smelling of pitch and balsam. He woke after what seemed to him a long sleep. He was lying flat on the warm earth, and about him reigned a great stillness. He looked around languidly. Where were the tepees? Where were his people? The corn, green when he had seen it last, was golden. The grass was sere and withered.

"Watona," he called weakly; "Watona, the tall and fleet-footed!"

The old medicine man sitting beside him smiled grimly. "Sleep, my son," he said; "the fleet-footed does not hear."

He slept. The gray and purple of the autumn night was on the world when he awoke. He was hungry, he was thirsty. "Watona!" he called again.

Someone came to him in the dusk, lifted him easily—as easily as Lala used to lift the little one—carried him to the lodge, laid him on his bed of boughs, gave him to eat and drink.

"Thou art too good to him," he heard the old medicine man say moodily. "Twelve nights you have watched beside him, twelve days you have carried him forth that the hot earth might steal his fever, thought only of him, the unfaithful. Go to your rest."

"He is my man." Patient was Lala's face with the bitterness all faded, patient her voice, but stubborn.

"My man, my place is here."

Then the sick man spoke. "Lala's place is here. But why is it so still? Where are the others?"

"At the word fever they fled." It was the medicine man that answered. "All save Lala, Watona and myself. This was at sunset, at daybreak Watona followed in hot haste."

"Send what was hers after her," commanded Young Bear; "she comes not here again."

"Never fear, she has taken all that was her own, and most of what was thine." The medicine man had no notion of sparing Young Bear. Was not Lala the medicine man's own cousin?

"She has robbed Lala of all, all."

"Not all." The sick man was fumbling about his neck in search of something. He drew forth a string on which was suspended a great brass ring set with red stones.

"It is yours, Lala," he said. "I put it not on her finger. I thought to, but I could not."

The big patient face softened into positive beauty. She huddled close to him.

"There is another thing she bore not away," and she drew from her bosom the scarlet and blue bit of silk. "I took it from her by force ere she left. I want it," proudly yet bashfully, "to wrap about the little one that will sleep in our cradle ere the snow flies—thy child and mine, beloved."

"It was well done, good Lala," said Young Bear, and smiled, well content.

LORD DUFFERIN IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

By Harold Sands

".....—Broken terms!
Must we now quietly fold our arms and stand
As wretched pigmies—Lilliputian drones—
And still remain a portion of a land
Which claims the carcass and gives us the bones?
No! no! though blundering heads may rein
And curb the steed of Railway Enterprise;
The time will come when men of mightier brain,
Will fill the ranks and see the Phœnix rise...
Farewell! I speak it softly now;
Sleep on; farewell! The pen shall never rust
That wrote REPUDIATION o'er thy dust."

WHEN verse like that could be given prominence in a British Columbia newspaper, it can readily be understood that the province was in a lively state. That ode was published at the time the late Lord Dufferin made his memorable visit to the Pacific

coast. This was in 1876, when British Columbia was bordering on rebellion because the terms on which it had entered Confederation had not been fully observed by the Government at Ottawa. The feeling in the westernmost province was extremely bitter, principally because of the delay in the construction of a transcontinental railway.

It has to be remembered that Mackenzie's administration took hold of the government of the country at the time that the late Sir Hugh Allan had failed to make the necessary arrangements for the building of the line. Mr. Mackenzie made fair promises to the people of the province and sent Mr. Edgar, afterwards Sir James, to assure the people of a prompt commencement of the great work. The Hon. Mr. Walkem, then Attorney-General of British Columbia, went to England and finally the Colonial Secretary, Lord Carnarvon, arbitrated on the dispute and forwarded to the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, what will ever be known in British Columbia history as the Carnarvon Terms.

But when the first Parliament of the Pacific prorogued on April 22, 1875, the terms had not been carried out. Such was the tumult in the province that it was then Lord Dufferin's trip was decided on. His visit was made, as can be seen, at a most unfortunate time. Moreover the Mackenzie Government had submitted to the legislature proposals strongly at variance with Lord Carnarvon's conditions. These proposals were unhesitatingly declined. The diplomatic and polished Dufferin went Pacificwards with the Marchioness. They travelled from Ottawa by way of San Francisco, where a British warship met them and conveyed them to Victoria. Lord Dufferin was quickly shown the temper of the people.

The route of the procession had been designed to pass up Fort Street, then, as now, one of the principal business thoroughfares of the coast capital. Private citizens, who had nothing to do with the official welcome, had erected an arch on that street upon which in big letters were the words:

CARNARVON TERMS OR SEPARATION

To pass under such a conspicuous sign was not to be thought of and the Governor-General declined. He said, genially, that as a private citizen he would not have the slightest objection to going beneath the sign, but, in his representative capacity, he must refuse to do so. Within a few minutes he was again placed in a most embarrassing position. An address was read to him bristling with contempt of the Dominion Government and declaring that unless the Terms were fulfilled it was the opinion of a large number of the people of the province that British Columbia must break its newly-formed Confederation tie. Very skilfully His Excellency evaded receiving the address. He stated that "it is not in accordance with the usual practice for me to deal with addresses other than those of a personal or complimentary nature, except under the advice of my responsible Ministers."

It was at this time that James MacBraire Smith wrote the ode, extracts from which front this incident. The local poet dedicated his lines, "without permission," to the Executive of the Dominion, and particularly to Alexander Mackenzie himself.

In an address to the people, delivered in his well-known oratorical style, Lord Dufferin exerted his arts of pleasing. He complimented the people on their loyalty, dwelt on the idyllic beauty of their surroundings, the vast resources of the country, the proudness of Canada whose "association with the Union the Dominion ought to regard as the crowning triumph of Confederation." All was in vain. The people had dwelt so long on Broken Terms and Repudiation that it took more than polished speeches to allay their dissatisfaction.

Two years later the matter reached a crisis and separation was as near as it ever could be. The Dominion Government having taken no decisive

action in the matter of the railway, the British Columbia Legislature, in Sept., 1878, forwarded an address to Her Majesty Queen Victoria setting forth their grievances and asking that, if before May 1, 1879, the Dominion failed to carry out the agreement, British Columbia be given leave to collect exclusively and retain customs and excise duties and withdraw from the Union.

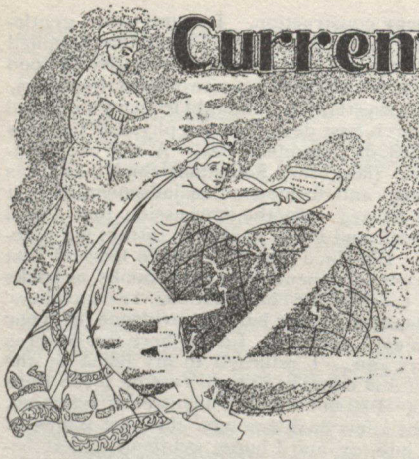
Meanwhile men from the United States were busy sowing the seeds of annexation in the minds of some of the inflammable. Just at this time the Macdonald Government got back to power at Ottawa and early in 1879 the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway was fixed as Port Moody on Burrard Inlet. Later the site of what is now Vancouver was chosen. As this meant the virtual fulfilment of the railway clause, of the terms of Union, the agitation against the Dominion ended and a period, the most critical in British Columbia's history, was brought to a satisfactory close.

The completion of that stupendous undertaking, the C.P.R., after many trials, troubles and tribulations, and yet in record time, is a matter of knowledge to the present generation. But an incident in connection with the debates in the House of Commons and a sequel in which the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., figures, may be brought to attention here, especially as it shows that Mr. Blake has a fund of humour which he has never sufficiently drawn upon.

It will be remembered that Mr. Blake once described British Columbia as a "sea of mountains." He referred to that unfortunate phrase at a banquet in Vancouver, on the arrival there of the first *Empress* liner of the C.P.R. The time was 1891 and Mr. Blake was the principal speaker at the festivities. In accounting for his former policy towards the C. P. R., the member for Longford said:

"I unfortunately conceived the idea that it would be a somewhat difficult country for railway construction. It seems to me, gentlemen, that the phrase that I found that I applied to it was one that was for a while given a good deal of prominence in some of the newspapers, and it was this that I thought from my study and research best described the physical features of British Columbia, viz., 'A sea of mountains.' (laughter) Some may think that I was wrong and formed a misjudgment, but it was at any rate the impression that I had formed, and I was unable to retract my opinion. But since that time I have learned that you cannot depend upon guide books, or books for tourists for information, or travellers' tales, or anything but the evidence of your own eyes. (cheers) I came here two or three years ago. I returned to my home in the East and came back here two or three days ago. I have naturally, upon each occasion, spent a few days amongst the vast plains of the interior, and I hope, gentlemen, that before I go back again I will spend a few more days there. As I approached that beautiful and level country, I felt what a refreshing change it was from the long ranges of mountains, and the high snow-capped peaks and few fair valleys of the Northwest. (laughter) As I ascended the plains of the Rockies and came down the mountain side with the boundless level prairies of British Columbia, I turned my attention as we passed to the languid Bow, and the quiet desolation of the undisturbed Kicking Horse. (renewed merriment) Then we crossed the calm Columbia, were gently driven down past the dead waters of the Beaver, meandered past the placid Illecillewaet, then over the vast levels of the Selkirk prairie, and on past the stagnant pools of the Skuzzy. Then we passed down by the silent and motionless Thompson river, and ran along the slightly elevated neck of land within which the Fraser slowly, quietly and serenely winds its sluggish way towards the great ocean. (laughter) I turned from all this scene of quiet beauty and serenity and stretched my tired vision to the utmost to distinguish the horizon that, with uninterrupted view, one could see over the beautiful meadows of the Selkirks and the level prairies of the Gold Range. The scene presented was one vast expanse of cascade and coast, and I came here a convert." (laughter)

And in that laughter ended all the enmity of British Columbia to Confederation. The cry of "Broken Terms and Repudiation" was smothered in merriment and the man who was responsible for the rippling sound was he who was one of the bitterest opponents of the railway and who was not known to possess the power of raising a smile.



Current Events Abroad

By John A. Ewan

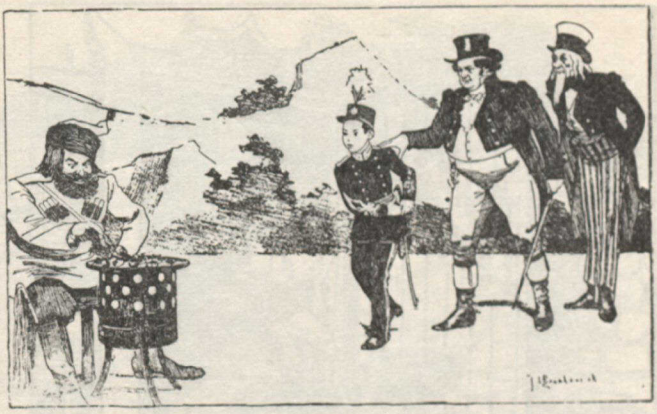
TO the superficial eye at least the most important events of the month were the death of Pope Leo XIII and election of his successor, Cardinal Sarto, the Patriarch of Venice. The election of a new Pope while primarily an ecclesiastical event, touches so nearly the internal politics of all Christian States that it may well be referred to in a column devoted to Current Events Abroad. The late Pope Leo was elected to the Pontificate in 1878, within a few days of his 68th birthday. No one would have guessed that the man who was within two years of the allotted span would be governing the Catholic world twenty-five years thereafter. That he was granted such a heaping measure of years was fortunate for his own fame and for the Church which he administered. At no period of his career did he ever give indications of that state of mind which has been described as "an old man in a hurry." He had essentially the temper of the highest statesmanship, namely, that which sows seeds whose harvest it never expects to see.

His self-control was admirable and his patience, that indispensable quality of the great ruler, was inexhaustible. The metal of which he was made was admirably revealed in the relations which he established with the French Republic. When he came to power the ecclesiastics throughout France were bitterly hostile to the new order of things. In good time, however, Leo put himself definitely on record, directing that his clergy should yield a loyal obedience to the existing Government. The measure of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, virtually suppressing the religious associations throughout France, followed fast upon this advance towards peace. It is not difficult to understand what were the feelings of the aged pontiff as he saw the venerable brotherhoods and sisterhoods of France driven from their holy houses and sent as wanderers over the earth to look for places of refuge. A weaker man, or a man of more pugnacious temper, might have practically withdrawn the olive branch which had been extended and given his prelates and priests permission to resume their attitude of sour discontent against the Republic. That he did not follow so wholly human a course shows as much as any act of his life the far-sighted wisdom that he constantly displayed. In such a struggle there was nothing to be gained, whereas a remedy and an atonement may be found in the fullness of time. One of the immediate results was to awaken the sympathies of the world, independent of religious persuasion, for the good gray prelate whose latter days were saddened by the calamities visited on the congregations of his Church by the hand of the secular power.

In this feeling even Protestants joined. It has, indeed, frequently been remarked that the old animosities had become much weakened during the reign of Leo. The part which religious rancour has played in the history of the world is familiar to all, and it is not too much to say that the sym-

pathy of the English masses with the struggle for Italian unity gained as much from the fact that the Papacy stood to lose by its success as from any high aspirations for the widening of the bounds of freedom.

When the street gamins in English cities sang about their desire to fight for Garibaldi, it was preceded by a request for "a rope to hang the Pope." It is an evidence of the changed feeling of the time to realize how harshly such words would fall on the ear to-day. It is a still more striking proof of the changed feeling of the time that the possibility of a reunion of the Church of England with the Church of Rome should have been discussed with so little heat and bitterness. The advances came from the Protestant side of the House and were responded to in an encyclical letter to the "illustrious English race." Of course nothing came of it, for while his Holiness spoke with fervour of the "reunion of Christendom," the sort of reunion he contemplated was that which takes place when the lion swallows the lamb. After the operation the lion is quite in evidence, but the lamb is wholly indistinguishable.

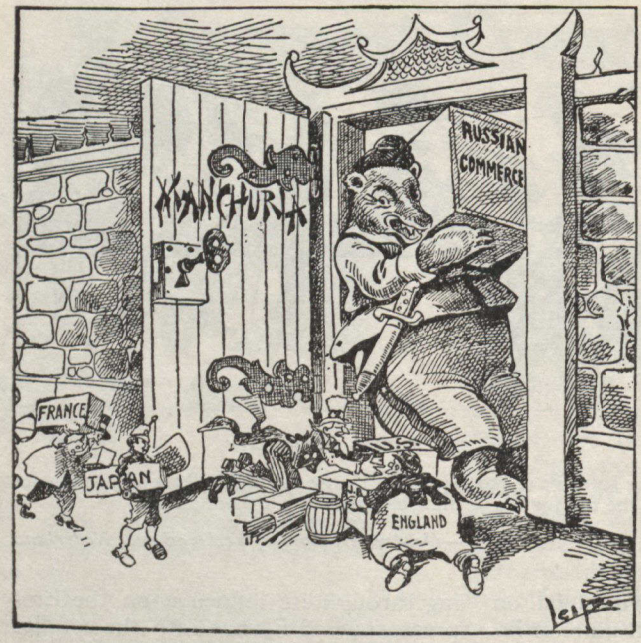


MANCHURIAN POSSIBILITY

JOHN BULL (to Japan)—"Hurry up, and pull the chestnuts out of the fire for us, or the Cossack will eat them all up."

—De Amsterdammer Weekblad voor Nederland

Allusion has been made above to the influence that a Pope may exercise in all Christian countries. This was well illustrated in the case of Germany. The German reigning family is, of course, Protestant, and the bulk of its subjects are of the same persuasion. With this national opinion behind him, Prince Bismarck in the height of his power fell foul of the Roman prelates of Germany. The Iron Chancellor was inclined to blame the Church for having through its influence on the Empress spurred France into the conflict with Prussia. Flushed with the success of that war he determined that the Catholic children of Germany should be educated by the State and not by the Church. It is indeed the same question that is being fought out in France at the present moment, and which is taking there the form of the expulsion of the teaching associations of the Church. The beginning of the quarrel in Germany was in the time of Leo's predecessor, but its treatment devolved wholly upon the former. The Churchman undoubtedly showed himself to be a full match for the unbendable Bismarck. King, or rather Emperor, William did not sympathize wholly with his Minister, but the latter went on his way in his usual irresistible manner. He declared that he "would not go to Canossa," and he imprisoned cardinals and archbishops as if they were ordinary malefactors. The policy of Leo was admirable. Bismarck would have welcomed a fulmination in the style of Gregory. But he was disappointed. The Pope wrote a personal letter to the Emperor, and then began a steady and consistent course of conduct that virtually brought Bismarck to Canossa. The



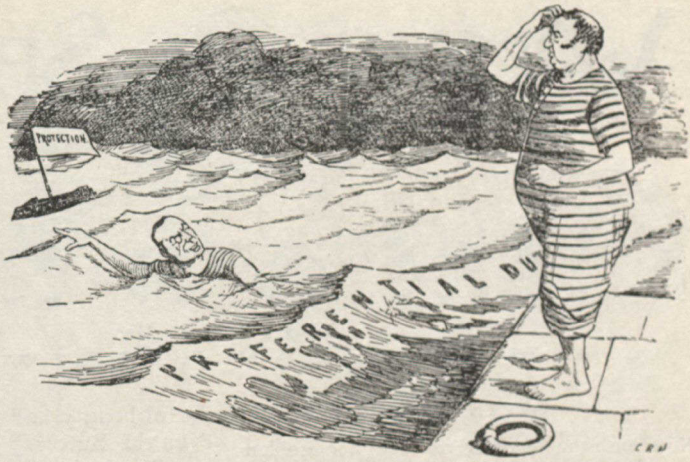
"THE DOOR IS OPEN, GENTLEMEN, GET IN AS MUCH AS YOU CAN."—Detroit *News*

great Chancellor found that he needed the aid of the solid Catholic party in the Reichstag, and gradually the Falk laws were remitted in order to gain the support of Herr Windthorst and his followers for Bismarckian plans. This influence, it is easy to see, can be employed with equal effect in more countries than Germany.

The attitude of Pope Pius to the Italian monarchy is, of course, the immediate interest created by the new régime. Will he maintain the irreconcilable relations that prevailed unbroken in the time of his predecessor. As Patriarch of Venice he showed in several ways that he does not share the feelings generally entertained by the prelates of the Church towards the House of Savoy and the national aspirations of the Italian people, of which that house is the concrete manifestation. While we may be sure tradition will be stronger than the predilections of any one man, even though that man be Pope, and therefore absolute in every respect, nevertheless we can equally be sure that the tendency in such case will be towards a gradual diminishment in the assertion of the temporal sovereignty. If the matter is looked at in the dry light of reason it is impossible to see any hope that the hands of the clock will move backwards. Is it thinkable that the Italian people would ever again abandon Rome as the capital of their kingdom or recede to any power the States of the Church? Nothing but a political convulsion could lead to such a result, and even a convulsion would hardly effect that sort of a freak. Expediency, if not wisdom, points to the necessity of recognizing facts that are almost as inevitable as gravitation. What can it profit to keep up a fiction that leads to the permanent alienation of one of the great Catholic nations from the Church. The leaders in the struggle for Italian unity were not hostile to the Church. Mazzini was eminently a religious man. He adjured Pius IX in a memorable letter to lead the patriotic hosts of his countrymen to the realization of their national dreams. A reconciliation of the Vatican and the Quirinal would be good for the Papacy and good for the Italian people. It could be brought about by merely recognizing facts that cannot be altered by pretending that they are not there.

The Irish Land Bill has passed both Commons and Lords. The latter made some amendments, but they were not important. Many measures have been passed in the last hundred years for the pacification of Ireland by

effecting changes in the land laws, but this is the first measure that has flowed from an agreement, it might almost be said a treaty, between the two parties chiefly concerned, the landlord and the tenant. It is not much wonder that more than usual results are expected to flow from it. It should not be forgotten, however, that the bill does not provide for compulsory sale, and that may be found a considerable weakness. It may be true that with the sum of public money set aside for making up the difference between what the tenant is willing to give and what the landlord is content to take, the purchase-money will be sufficiently large to tempt many landlords to part with their estates. But it is a matter in which sentiment is apt to play a large part. They are the acres of their ancestors, from which they take in many cases their titles of nobility, and from which they draw a large part of their consideration in the world. Without a compulsory clause it may be found difficult in many cases to effect that transference from the lord to the cultivator, which is so much to be desired.



A NATURAL HESITATION

RIGHT HON. PLUNGER—"Come on, John, it will do you a world of good."

JOHN BULL—"Excuse me, Joseph, if I seem to hesitate; but it's a big plunge for an old chap like me."—*Pall Mall Gazette*

The relations between Great Britain and France have been steadily improving. France showed a disposition to unbend when a portion of the British press protested against the German alliance to discipline Venezuela. There is a suspicion of an automatic balance about the matter, and it may be suspected that the British Foreign Office is guilty of the Machiavellian policy of playing one against the other. The recent visit of eighty French deputies to the House of Commons on a mission of peace and reconciliation should at least be a rebuke to any such cynical purpose, if it exists. M. d'Estournelles de Constant, a long-time advocate of arbitration as the just and civilized method of accommodating disputes between nations, was a prominent speaker at the dinner given to the visitors in the House of Commons dining-room. He dwelt on the constantly increasing military budgets of the Continent, which were already too great to be borne. An arbitration treaty between the two countries was pressed by speakers on both sides, and it is being strongly urged on the British Government by some of the most influential journals in Britain.

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

SEPTEMBER

Now hath the Summer reached her golden close,
And lost, amid her cornfields, bright of soul,
Scarcely perceives from her divine repose
How near, how swift, the inevitable goal:
Still, still, she smiles, though from her careless feet
The bounty and the fruitful strength are gone,
And through the soft, long, wondering days goes on
The silent, sere decadence sad and sweet.

. . . . . .

Thus without grief the golden days go by,
So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
The summer passes to her quiet end.
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
Sly frosts shall take the creepers by surprise,
And through the wind-touched reddening woods shall rise
October with the rain of ruined leaves.

—*Arch. Lampman*

THE sun was setting over the St. Lawrence. It gleamed across the purple hills in gold and crimson glory, and flashed a broad belt of liquid fire across the great river, shattering its calm, majestic dignity by a thousand tiny darts of flame that dimpled where they burned. A small sail-boat drifted slowly into the bright flood of crimson splendour; its sails caught the ruddy light and glowed and burned until the tiny craft seemed bathed in flame.

The little group on the hotel veranda were silent for a space as the boat passed slowly out of the radiance and the glory faded from it. The wonderful beauty had stilled for an instant even the Butterfly's tongue.

"Oh, isn't it lovely, *lovely!*" she cried presently. "Eleanor, did you *ever* see such colours?—I'd give *anything* for a ball dress of those golden clouds, and wouldn't that soft shade of pinky-gray make a perfectly *ravishing* tea gown!"

The Woman of the World rose suddenly and turned her back on the pageant. "It is *too* beautiful," she answered almost impatiently. "It's too much, it oppresses me. Perhaps" —with a little laugh—"my soul is too small to appreciate it, yet it makes me feel queer—shivery and half afraid, the way I feel after one of the Bishop's sermons has lifted me for a moment away up to a mountain peak of exaltation. I'd rather not be taken up either by sermon or sunsets, for I can't stay up there and it's horrid coming down. Take me for a walk, Oswald, and let us forget it."

The Prince of Finance followed her with alacrity.

"It seems almost a wicked waste to me," he said, "such prodigal lavishness. She's a poor business woman, Dame Nature, with no vestige of an idea as to the basic principles of the law of supply and demand—holds back her suns and her rains just for a freak, when a whole nation is praying for them, and then flings out broadcast such things as this just because she has a mind to, whether anybody wants 'em or not. I suppose that up in the north she gives free shows like

this every night in the year for the sole edification of the moose and the grizzlies. I wish we could control her market for a while, Eleanor, we'd show her a thing or two, eh?"

As the Artist went off with the Butterfly he grumbled enviously:

"It's because there's no end to her paints or her genius that she can show such pictures night after night, all of them different, and everyone a masterpiece. I'd give half my life to be able to reproduce just one of them exactly as she does it. Gad, it would be fame and fortune for me, all right!"

And so they all went their ways, and thought no more of the sunset except that it was over.

But in a secluded corner of the veranda sat a little girl who was nobody and nothing in particular. Long after the voices of the others had died away she remained there, motionless, silent, while the rich blaze of vivid colours paled gradually, lingering reluctantly in faintest opalescent tints before they passed entirely; and the stars came glimmering out one by one, golden sheep following their regal moon-shepherd over the limitless pasture-field of the blue-black sky.

And still the little girl who was nobody and nothing in particular sat in her quiet corner, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, knowing nothing, feeling nothing but the ineffable, wonderful beauty and mystery of it all—feeling it with a joy that was almost pain in its acuteness, a rapture that awed and hushed while it transported. To her the moon-shepherd was a glorious high priest, and the golden sheep of the sky a train of haloed choristers come forth "to listen to the solemn litany." And for her, alone in her quiet corner, Nature, who never errs, set free her most glorious harmonies —the great crashing chords and tender minor strains that she sometimes plays on the heartstrings of the few who can hear and understand: for, the Prince of Finance to the contrary notwithstanding, she is no wasteful prodigal, Dame Nature; she follows the law of supply and demand with rigid exactness, holding back and giving forth in strict proportion to the earnestness and sincerity of each mortal demand, and to each individual need of and capacity for receiving.

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One of those ladies who, through the columns of a Sunday "Supplement," week by week reveal to Feminine America the royal road to Health and Beauty, has recently discovered that as health and beauty builders "gymnasiums with their bars and ropes and scientific instructors" are simply not to be mentioned in the same breath with "a strong, ordinary step-ladder, loose clothing, and fearlessness — natural or acquired." With this simple equipment all things—in the way of health, beauty and grace—will be added to you.

"You may not step straight up to beauty all at once," writes this ardent advocate of the ladder, "but you will step steadily away from awkwardness and ungracefulness, and you will be continually climbing healthward.

"Your tread on the ground will become more springy and elastic when your feet have learned to clear the rungs of the ladder with nimble, agile bounds.

"Your eyes will hold a brighter glow as you find gradually that you can mount fearlessly to the ladder's very top and look exultantly down the once dreaded distance.

"Your back will grow straighter, your figure more gracefully erect because of the steady balance and poise you must practise in seemingly precarions positions on the ladder."

A list of exercises is given, the first of which is to walk up and down the ladder, varying the monotony of the performance by making agile hops from step to step; this is very excellent, we are told, for developing the muscles of the calves and ankles.

Another exercise is begun by having someone decapitate a broom, the handle of which the aspirant to beauty is to use as a vaulting pole, leaping with its assistance from the floor to the

middle rung of the ladder, then back to the floor again; while a third instructs the budding gymnast to sit on a box at the foot of the ladder, grasp the rungs with her hands, and swing her feet about in the air.

As the house-cleaning season once more draws near, surely it is cheering and encouraging to learn that the once-dreaded seances with the family step-ladder may now forever lose their terror for us, and that instead of shrinking from them with loathing and disgust, we should eagerly welcome such golden opportunities, realizing that we are now climbing on that erstwhile instrument of torture, no longer to mere dust and cobwebs, but to health and beauty!

Surely, if simply walking up a ladder will give grace and strength, walking up a ladder with a pail of water in one hand and a cake of soap and wash-cloth in the other will double the muscular development. If sitting at the *bottom* of a ladder and waving one's feet in the air will bring to the face of the waver the bloom of beauty and the glow of health, will not sitting at the *top* of a ladder and waving one's arms around—attached to a soft cornice-caressing cloth—have the same beneficial effect?

As to the broom-handle feats—why discriminate so impolitely against the broom part? Passing the bushy end of an unmutilated broom rapidly backwards and forwards over a heavy carpet has long been advocated—by those who never do it—as a healthful and stimulating pastime; and certainly after performing this exercise in the old-fashioned way one has more to show for it than if one expended the same time and vigour in hopping back and forth "with nimble, agile bounds" from floor to ladder and from ladder to floor.

Personally, if I went into that kind of thing for health-and-beauty's sake, I should choose the regular gymnasium and "its scientific instructor," but *chacun à son goût*. Since in this world of labour it is inevitable that most of those who "puff wearily upstairs" must at some time or other climb unwillingly up ladders, it will perhaps sweeten the toil of it if the climbers will remember the dictum of this admirable authority on Beauty and Health:—"climbing the ladder is pleasanter than puffing wearily up the stairs, and the effects resulting from an accomplished feat are always more beneficial than similar effects half lost sight of in the sense of a mere task."

●

The death, a few weeks ago, of Pope Leo XIII, without doubt the most wonderful old man of his century, brings to mind a little poem on Death which the late Pontiff wrote as long ago as 1897, and the lines which he wrote on a portrait of himself presented to the Roman Society of Catholic Youth.

The lines are:

"Enter at once the 'narrow path';
No Open, Sesame, it hath;
Long heats and burdens you must bear—
Wet are the brows that laurels wear!"

The poem on Death is as follows:

"The westering sun draws near the cloudy bed,
Leo, and gradual darkness veils thy head;
The sluggish life-blood in thy withered veins
More slowly runs its course—What then remains?
Lo! death is brandishing his fatal dart,
And the grave yearns to shroud thy mortal part:
But, from its prison freed, the soul expands
Exulting pinions to the enfranchised lands.
My weary race is run—I touch the goal:
Hear, Lord, the feeble pantings of my soul;
If it be worthy, Lord, thy pitying breast,
Welcome it unto everlasting rest!
May I behold then, Queen of earth and sky,
Whose love enchained the demons lurking nigh
The path to heaven; and freely shall I own
'Twas thy sweet care that gained my blissful crown."

●

A magazine devoted to "all outdoors," publishes the following interesting explanation as to how the trees obtain their magnificent Autumn finery:—

"Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change

their colour in the fall," remarked an eminent botanist the other day. "The common and old-fashioned idea is that all this red and golden glory we see now is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the colouring of the leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in proper language, those causes are these:—The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colours, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the fall, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. This difference in colour is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall; and the other should turn yellow; or why one branch of a tree should be highly coloured and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint, are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have the brightest colours."

MISS ETHEL M. SMYTH

Her opera, "Der Wald," is the first by a woman ever produced in America. It was well received in London.

●

An Atlanta school-girl has produced the following composition on boys:—

"Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are young women that will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam he said to himself: 'Well, I guess I can do better if I try again,' and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam, that there has been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble; they are wearing on everything but soap. If I had my way half the boys in the world would be girls."

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

IMPERIAL SCHEMES.

THE scheme for an Imperial Parliament having fallen through, those for an Imperial Privy Council, an Imperial Consultative Council, and an Empire-supported navy having been laid on the table for future discussion, some quite practical people have formed a League of the Empire. This apparently is to do work similar to that done by the British Empire League, Daughters of the Empire, and other organizations. Its first attempt is directed towards a scheme to "link together for mutual interchange the schools of the whole Empire." Those words "mutual interchange" are splendidly conceived to hide their meaning. They are quite impressive and beautifully general. The interchange is to consist of "pupils as well as work." Any school teacher in Canada who is not satisfied with his pupils may, through the League of the Empire, exchange them for another set of pupils from Jamaica, Fiji, India or Cork. The parents of the children would not object when such a movement tends to Imperial co-operation, understanding, reciprocity and peace. Besides, the names of the officers are a splendid guarantee: Meath, Strathcona and Mount-Royal, Parker and others.

POPE PIUS TENTH

Formerly Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice.

It is currently reported, though it may not be true, that one university in Toronto has arranged to exchange its president and two of its professors for three prominent educationists from Borneo, while Nova Scotia is considering the advisability of exchanging one of its ten-student universities for a large-sized public school from Tristan de Cunha. That the latter Imperial colony has only seventy inhabitants is no drawback to the excellence of the proposed "mutual interchange." Lord Strathcona is now on his way to Canada to arrange the details, and Sir Gilbert Parker will arrive with the necessary seals as soon as notified by cable of the consummation of this daring Imperial project.

The Empire is growing fast these

days. Let us have a Servant Girl League of Empire which will enable us to supply our kitchens with willing workers, who are not filled with any false sense of the inferiority of domestic service. All refractory servants could be mutually interchanged for the general welfare of the various communities.

ÆMILIUS JARVIS

The Skipper of the "Strathcona" which was beaten at Toronto in the contest for the Canada Cup. Mr. Jarvis has the reputation of being the most skilful yachtsman on the Great Lakes.

MILITARY NONSENSE.

Some time ago a Canadian mounted rifleman who had served in South Africa was asked what weight his horse would carry if he started off to war with all the accoutrements supplied by the British or Canadian Governments. It would seem from the regulations, and his explanation of them, that these articles are too numerous. The man would have on him: clothing, boots, sword, belts, pouch, revolver, carbine and ammunition, making a total of 38 pounds, or, without the sword, 33 pounds. In addition the horse carries: saddle, wallets, blankets, picketing gear, water bottle, extra clothing and boots for man, cutlery, great coat, cape, water-proof sheet, forage net, corn sack, rations and extra ammunition, totalling 87 pounds. If the man weighs 160 pounds, the total burden on the horse is thus about 280 pounds. This seemed so outrageous that the question was followed by another. "Did you really make your horses carry all that weight on the trek?" The answer was sharp and decisive: "Not by a hanged sight. We opened the first ant hill we could find, and chucked the unnecessary stuff into it."

This is a strange commentary on the red-tape of the British War Office, whose regulations are followed in Canada. Equipping troops with unnecessary and expensive equipment is hardly a good use of the people's money.

But there is another point. The soldier's horse is sadly overloaded. This need not be discussed here, as it is ably treated in an article in this issue entitled "Packing." The writer, Mr. John Innes, has had experience with horse-transportation in the Rockies, and also served with the C.M.R. in South Africa. His criticism is constructive, and hence most valuable.

The lack of humour and gaiety may be said to be a Canadian characteris-

LOU SCHOLES

The Toronto Oarsman who again won the American Intermediate Championship at Worcester, Mass.

tic. There are few of our writers who have the light touch

HUMOUR. which good old Judge Haliburton had. Our newspapers are daily miniatures of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Our periodicals are as dull and as heavy as brains and scholarship can make them. We have no bright weeklies such as *Puck*, *Judge*, *Life*, *London Truth*, *M.A.P.*, and others that might be named. Even the people on the streets, the children in the schools, and the crowds out on pleasure-jaunts are seldom smiling and hardly ever laughing. Our public speakers are not often humorous and witty. We are a serious people.

This seriousness, this tendency to make life a constant melodrama, is not to be encouraged. There is a time to smile, a time to be happy and a time to be seriously-minded. It was Robert Louis Stevenson who asked in his prayer that we might go blithely about our business. He might have added, "and merrily about our play." If we were more given to appearing blithe and merry it would not make us less successful as a people. No nation in the world has less reason to be sober than Canada. Nature smiles upon us all the time. Our sunshine is equal to any in the world. Our wheat-fields, our landscapes, our forests, our mineralized mountains glow with all the colours of the rainbow.

A contented mind and a smiling face will carry a man where pure intellect and ability may fail. Let the individual laugh and grow fat. Let the nation do the same. Let our lives be bright and cheery and we will reflect something upon the world which will give us a name among all peoples.

Again this year Canada has been proving her superiority in athlet-

ATHLETICS. ics and sports. The yachtsmen of Montreal have successfully defended the Sewanakha Cup with a small racing yacht suitable for the breezes of the St. Lawrence lakes. The yachtsmen of Toronto lost the Canada Cup for forty-foot yachts, but they lost it gamely—beaten by a nose in three out of five races. The Rochester Club won it with a better boat, but they were forced to send to New York for a skipper who could hold a "stick" with Commodore Jarvis. A Canadian swimmer went to England and brought back some decided honours. Our oarsmen went from Winnipeg and Toronto to Philadelphia and Worcester, and proved their brawn and manhood in competition with their United States brothers, as they have done at the new Canadian Henley.

We are an out-door people, fond of exercise and fresh air. The wind that blows over the pine-needles has given us endurance and strength. In amateur sport we have always held our own, and this makes for the vigour of race. It means much for the purity and supremacy of our national life, for right living and high thinking. It means much to the future generations of Canadians who will be compelled to struggle in the enlarging spheres of commerce and industry.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS

NEW NOVELS

THE reviewer sits down with his pencil and the pile of books which he has read, perused or glanced through and wonders what it would be best to mention. When he meets his readers at home, or in the club, or in the railway train, he finds them talking vaguely of the books of the day. They are glib with titles and names of authors, but seldom are they able or willing to distinguish between a novel with a problem and the novel whose object is pure art. They seldom distinguish between the style of Dickens and Howells, except to realize that Dickens is funny and Howells is not, or make any serious attempt to clearly define each author's art or literary position. They read books apparently with the same inattention with which they live their lives. To them love is a fact, not a purpose, not a virtue, not a glory; and so are hate, envy, malice, ambition, success, wives, children, friends—mere facts.

If this be a true picture of the average reader, why write book reviews? Why indicate the subtle qualities which distinguish one book or one author from another, if the reader is not anxious to see the distinction? So long as people are desirous of knowing only whether books are bad or good, why not merely publish the titles and put "bad" or "good" opposite each?

Professor Jordan, of Queen's University, tells of a young United Statesser with a long and honourable college career who was discussing Mrs. Ward with him. The professor spoke of Gladstone's criticism of "Robert Elsmere," and proceeded to outline the remarks of that dogmatic old scholar. But the young man was not interested; all he wanted to know apparently was, "Did Gladstone condemn it or commend it?" Too many readers come to the reviewer with that question, "Do you condemn or approve?" In truth, it is seldom the business of the reviewer to either condemn or approve. He should, however, indicate the character of the book and its particular qualities—unless he be a reviewer on a daily paper, and there he must keep a quick-lunch counter, embodying the contents of the book in a short story couched in the plainest of everyday language, without style or philosophy or analysis.

It is just this difficulty which has made James Lane Allen's book "The Mettle of the Pasture"* a subject of discussion in the United States. One of the characters has, when a college youth, committed an indiscretion, and later, when proposing to the young lady whom he desires to make his wife, confesses to her the one great sin of his life. Immediately the public asks, "Should he or should he not have confessed?" Mr. Allen does not answer yes or no, but the public yearns for a definite decision. Is this another result of the commercialism of the age, which sums up the success of a man in the dollars he commands, and that of a woman in the dresses and diamonds she wears?

Mr. Allen has painted a striking canvas, and it can never be summed up in "yes" or "no." Rowan and Isabel grow up together, each a member of a strong family with a history and a pride. They drift towards each other, happy in the drifting, each with

*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

hope and youth on either hand. Just as their lives are about to coalesce, this confession drives them apart. Isabel shudders and flees. Rowan works on with the great lamenting cry: "To have one chance in life, in eternity, for a white name, and to lose it!" What they suffered, what their families suffered, what their friends suffered, is clearly indicated in a wonderful picture of contrasting love and hate; dullest stupidity and divinest spiritual exaltation; some happiness and some blessedness; a little humility, a little shame, and a little satisfaction.

"Whatsoever the names under which men conceived and worshipped their gods or their God, however much they have believed that it was these or it was He who overthrew them and made their destinies inescapable, after all it is the high compulsion of the soul itself, the final mystery of personal choice that sends us forth at last to our struggles and to our peace. 'Mine own soul forbiddeth me'—there for each is right and wrong, the eternal virtue of beauty."

The title of the book is from Shakespeare, where the king asks his yeomen to show "the mettle of your pasture." Mr. Allen was apparently taken with the idea that the world is a pasture, and men derive their mettle from the civilization in which they live. Yet how many fail to show the mettle which fathers and circumstances and training should have produced.

The "Lions of the Lord,"* by Henry Leon Wilson, author of "The Spenders," is another United States novel which is far above the average drivel sent out from the presses of that country. It is a thrilling tale of the sufferings of those western pioneers who, for the sake of their Mormon beliefs, took the old Salt Lake trail. The followers of Joseph Smith suffered severely for their beliefs at the hands of the mobocrat—a term which even to-day accurately describes certain classes in the United States with their intolerance of those who do not live as they live, speak as they speak, think as they think, and their impatience of organized and slow-marching Legal Justice. What the Mormons suffered from the mobocrat, the white and coloured criminal of to-day is suffering. The Mormons, however, found a haven of rest and built a new sacred city. Mr. Wilson does not sympathize with the elders of that community, and very plainly indicates the lasciviousness and sensuousness of the later rulers who were more concerned in securing as wives the pretty girls of the colony, and in maintaining their political power, than they were in the triumph of truth and righteousness. It is unfortunate that the novel is so long, but it is a drama of undoubted power and brilliancy.

"The Sacrifice of the Shannon," mentioned last month, promises to be the most popular Canadian novel of the year, and deservedly so. Mr. Hickman is now visiting in Canada, and is intensely pleased with the generous reception with which his story has met. He does not believe in short stories, maintaining that the author has not a sufficient opportunity to work up to the great crisis with which he must impress and captivate his readers.

"A Parish of Two"* is a series of letters by two authors in collaboration. One is a man of the world, and the other an invalid clergyman. They both satirize modern society in its excesses, and playfully paint the modern follies. Sometimes they are coarse and sometimes they exaggerate, but on the whole they are interesting as well as critical. The book has some literary quality in spite of a tendency towards smartness and frankness, which has the appearance of being forced and artificial.

DIPLOMACY

Lord Dufferin's definition of diplomacy, "to turn the corner of a brick wall rather than run your head against it," is worthy of a place in the memory. Lord Dufferin was undoubtedly one of the greatest English diplomats of the nineteenth century. His birth

*Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Company. Cloth, 520 pp. Illustrated by Rose Cecil O'Neill.

*"A Parish of Two," by H. G. McVickar and Percy Collins. Cloth, 415 pages. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

and training eminently fitted him for this career, and his urbanity, eloquence and ability made his life remarkably successful. His father was Price Blackwood, third Baron of Dufferin and Clandeboye, and his mother was Helen Selina Sheridan, a beautiful and accomplished member of a notable family. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and early did some travelling which broadened his knowledge of the world. In 1860, he was entrusted by Lord Palmerston with a mission to Syria, where the Druses and Maronites were making Lebanon a scene of internecine bloodshed. He afterwards served in the India Office and in the War Office, and took a prominent part in the discussion of Irish affairs. In 1871 he was made Earl of Dufferin, and next year came to Canada as Governor-General. Later on he duplicated his Canadian successes in Russia, Egypt, India, Rome and Paris. He himself remarked that, "To be an ambassador in Paris is recognized in every country as the ultimate reward and prize of the diplomatic profession." From his point of view he was right. In Canada and the United States, however, the London post is greater reward than the Paris.

Mr. Black's new biography* hardly does justice to this able, versatile and fascinating publicist. It contains a great number of quotations and newspaper extracts which are interesting reading, but hardly suitable for a serious biography. The chapters on Canada are somewhat lacking in comprehension, and the author seems to know little of this country. He relies almost wholly on the works of Stewart and Leggo. The chapters on the viceroyalty in India are much better, as here the author seems to be treading more familiar ground. Nevertheless, the volume is an interesting addition to any library, as it contains much valuable information though in a somewhat undigested condition. The author himself realizes that he has not been able to say the final word concerning Lord Dufferin's career.

Mr. Black re-tells one incident of present interest. Lord Dufferin paid a vice-regal visit to British Columbia in 1876, going necessarily by Chicago and San Francisco. The people of that province were fighting hard for a transcontinental road and the mottoes on the arches indicated this: "Confederated without Confederation," "Railroad the Bond of Union," "Carnarvon Terms or Separation." When Lord Dufferin heard of the latter motto, he asked them to change one letter and make it "Carnarvon Terms or Reparation," but the committee refused. As a consequence the vice-regal party declined to pass under that arch. The incident caused some dissatisfaction, but the diplomatic governor smoothed out most of the wrinkles and eventually the idea of separation was forgotten in the hope and confidence stimulated by his promises and by the subsequent events which culminated in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.*

Canada has good reason to remember this eloquent and progressive diplomat, and her sons are amply justified in fully acquainting themselves with his remarkable qualities and his successful career.

ANNEXATION

In an article in last month's issue the editor of this publication spoke of the possibility of an Anglo-Saxon union. The idea is in the air. A New York lawyer has written an able volume dealing with it, and has given it the title, "The Anglo-Saxon Century."† It is the most important contribution to this subject since Goldwin Smith's "Canada and the Canadian Question." Mr. Passos thinks Ca-

* The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, by Charles E. Drummond Black. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, 409 pp. Illustrated.

* See "Lord Dufferin in British Columbia," p. 461 of this issue.

† The Anglo-Saxon Century and the Unification of the English-Speaking People." By John R. Dos Passos. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE LATE MAX O'RELL

nada is the only possible bone of contention between Great Britain and the United States, and urges the peaceful annexation of Canada to the States. All other questions might be settled by agreement or agitation. With Canada a part of the Union, an Anglo-Saxon league would be possible. The elements which make such a league both important and advisable are the common race origin; the common language; the same literature; the same political institutions; similar laws, customs and general modes of legal procedure; the same tendency and methods of religious thought and practice; the numerous intermarriages; the innumerable similarities in sports, pastimes, drama and habits of living; the same general principles and methods of thought.

The volume is one of the sanest works on the relation of the United States to Great Britain and to Canada which has ever been written in the United States or out of it. There is much in its pages worthy of careful consideration by Canadians, even though they are thoroughly opposed to any form of annexation. Mr. Passos believes in the future of the Anglo-Saxon race, and this belief is the basis of his study. He is desirous of seeing Anglo-Saxon peace maintained, because of the common enemies and because of the good which could be accomplished in the interests of Christianity and civilization by such an Anglo-Saxon power. His work is an evidence that the thinking Yankee is not the bloodthirsty villain which his yellow journals might lead an outsider to believe. It is also an evidence that there is a well-ballasted portion of the great republic which is seriously studying the problems of the world from the standpoint of human progress. It is a compliment to Canada's growing importance that such a book should have been written and published in the United States.

NOTES

Professor Goldwin Smith has just celebrated his eightieth birthday at the Grange, Toronto. This distinguished scholar has still the full use of his acute faculties, and maintains his keen interest in historical study and critical research.

The Privy Council has decided that the British copyright on pictures does not hold in Canada. It will now be in order to have a Canadian law allowing a holder of a British copyright to extend it to Canada by registration at Ottawa.

Mrs. Carr-Harris' volume, "The White Chief of the Ottawa," will be illustrated by John Innes.

Mr. Morgan's biographical volume, "Types of Canadian Women Past and Present," will be issued within a very few weeks. The work is very nearly completed, and announcement of date of issue will soon be made. Mr. Morgan has added very materially to the value of the volume by including in it an exhaustive name-index and subject-index. There will be in all more than 350 portraits, printed on fine plate paper, and the binding will be quite in keeping with the high-class character of the work.

The character of Jonathan Bauer in "Bubbles We Buy," Miss Jones writes, is founded on the history of an actual

resident of Nova Scotia, who began life as a privateer on the Spanish Main and ended it as the richest man in his province. He pillaged churches, as described in the novel, and once, in sending some spoils to Halifax, wrote: "The candlesticks are plated, but the little Jesuses are solid silver." The vows of hate made to the statue were based upon similar vows in an old Breton legend. The symbolical painting of "Bubbles We Buy" was suggested by a painting of Gotch's, exhibited at the Royal Academy some years ago, representing a veiled figure standing in a field of poppies. This the author amplified with the true tale of Guy de Maupassant's madness, when he was haunted by good and evil spirits in the form of butterflies. These facts will be interesting to those who have read or will read Miss Jones' story.

Those fathers of boys who have not yet secured "Trapper Jim" are missing the best book of the year—of its kind. Because Mr. Sandys was a poor Canadian boy to whom a quarter-dollar was a large sum, he has the necessary experience to write about traps and fishing tackle for other boys. His suggestions are always reasonable and practicable. Besides, Mr. Sandys never loses sight of the clean and the wholesome. Jim gradually develops from a timid home boy into a sturdy, manly fellow.

James Barrie is said to have the largest head and the largest purse of the English novelists. If it be true, however, that Conan Doyle is to get one dollar a word for eight more Sherlock Holmes stories, there seems to be no reason why he should not soon amass a fortune. The world stood aghast when Kipling got a shilling a word, but now Mr. Doyle gets four times that amount. As a matter of fact, a shilling a word is a common rate of payment.

Those who are interested in art and architecture will find much useful and interesting information in the Annual Report of the Ontario Association of Architects (96 King St. West, Toronto). Perhaps the most notable address in it is Prof. Shortt's "Architecture as a Social Art," in which he traces the history and growth of the social idea in relation to architecture. The final plea in it is for appropriateness in adapting building to their uses and their settings. Mr. Price's paper on design is another notable contribution to this excellent though inartistically bound volume.

Bliss Carman's two volumes of the "Pipes of Pan" series should attract not a few Canadian readers. True, Mr. Carman does not write for the masses. There are, however, a few people who have not yet bowed the knee to the American dollar, and who have not yet been affected by the superciliousness and blue-mouldiness of the Canadian universities. These few will be able to appreciate the delicate art of the man who breathes sentiments and pictures because of the beauty he has seen in them. These volumes will receive more attention at another time.

The Hon. Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is as celebrated in letters as he is in politics. He has collected and edited Shakespeare's Poems, and has brought out an edition of North's Plutarch. One of his latest literary efforts is a delightful children's book called "The Ballad of Mr. Rook," which he wrote for the benefit of his own little boy. It is in verse, and tells of a company of rooks who gathered in the neighbourhood of Clouds, Mr. Wyndham's family seat, and were fed by the charitable lady of the house. The story goes on—

> "All flew away. Ah, no, not all!
> For one bird had a heart
> Responsive to a loving call
> And could not so depart.
> Old Mr. Rook loved well the wood
> Where he was wont to nest,
> Yet beat his heart in gratitude
> Beneath his glossy breast."

The grateful Mr. Rook and his wife build their nest near Clouds, and resolve to teach the young heir that love of rooks brings its own reward. The book, which is charmingly got up, is pictured by the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham.

A VAN HORNE STORY

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, was interviewed in New York not long ago by a young gentleman who insisted on treating him like a foreigner. The Montreal capitalist took it as a matter of course until the interviewer asked, innocently:

"Did you ever have anything to do with our American railroads, Sir William?"

The good knight's eyes sparkled as he answered: "O yes. I served on both the Alton and Illinois Central."

"In what offices?" asked the scribe, with pencil ready.

"I sold books on Alton and oranges on Illinois Central," said the chairman of the Canadian Pacific quietly; "but that was some little time ago."—*New York Times.*

■

A GOOD THING GONE WRONG

Once upon a time, a man who lived in the city by choice all the year around sent his family away for the entire summer. And as he came home in the cool of the evening and sat down in a comfortable armchair, while the soft wind blew the draperies around, and he put on his pajamas and lighted a fragrant cigar and ordered his evening meal sent up, he said joyfully to himself:

"Life with me from this time on is indeed one long, sweet cinch. I can smoke all over the house, take a bath every hour, live without curtains, and have things my own way. All I want is the companionship of a few congenial spirits."

The next day he went around and told everybody what a grand spot he had, with a bursting sideboard full of real old stuff, and he urged the boys, with tears in his eyes, to make it their home, and drop in every evening and feel that they were always welcome.

And all the city boys he knew took him at his word, and night after night they made merry at his expense. Not only this, but they took his money away from him, told him stories that he had heard many times before, and made his life so miserable, that in four weeks' time he sent the following telegram to his wife:

"Come at once. Bring all the dogs and children."

MORAL: Home is all right, when you don't abuse it.—*Life.*

■

THE NEW EXCELSIOR

(*By an Old Fogey.*)

When first our infant eyes surveyed
  The wonders of the world,
With rattles or a drum we played,
  In cradles closely curled;
But as we scaled the peaks of life
  (With sundry halts and drops)
Ambition chose a pocket-knife,
  And turned to hoops and tops.

In College days, when lordly down
  The cheek began to tint,
On cinder-paths we sought renown,
  And revelled in a sprint;
Or football made the pulses throb,
  Or, rapturous of cricket,
We learn to smite the subtlest lob,
  And take the soundest wicket.

But now, when years have dulled our fire,
And Autumn rings its knell;
When muscles seem too apt to tire,
And waists too apt to swell;
When youngsters reckon us as "past,"
And whisper ribald names,
Behold us qualified at last
For Golf, the King of Games!

—*Punch*

■

ON A SUMMER EVENING

'Twas dark upon the balcony,
I knew not what I did,
The moon (maybe conveniently)
Behind a cloud was hid.

I only know, lured on by charms
Quite dear to any man,
I pressed a shirt-waist in my arms
And kissed a coat of tan.

—*Life*

■

AN ADVERTISEMENT

Secgrohic! Something entirely new! The greatest discovery of the age! A revolution in breakfast foods! All the wood that's fit to eat! Secgrohic is the sawdust of second-growth hickory. It sells at the same price as do the ordinary breakfast foods made of dead and down timber. Why not have the best when it costs no more? Every package sterilized.—*Puck.*

■

HARMLESS

At a Scottish town, the other day, a Londoner on his way to a hotel, addressed the porter who led the way: "Not a large place this?" "Na verra," was the answer. "Has it a corporation?" "A what, sir?" inquired the baggage-bearer. "I mean, who rules it?" "Rules it? Jist the provost." "Ah, the provost. Like our Lord Mayor? Has he got any insignia?" remarked the Cockney. "Insignia! What d'ye mean?" asked the puzzled Scotsman. "Yes, insignia; that is to say, has he a chain?" the polite visitor hinted. Whereupon the almost dumfounded native gasped out: "A chain, sir? The provost chained? Na, na! He gangs loose; but dinna be feared, he's quite harmless."

■

CLASSICAL ALLUSIONS

He was a commercial traveller of the more flashy type, and had just finished telling a startling story to his newly-made acquaintance in the railway carriage.

"That reminds me of one of Munchausen's yarns," remarked the victim, for want of something better to say.

"Munchausen! Who is he?"

"Why, don't you know about him? He is the most colossal example of mendacity that civilization has produced."

A brief, painful silence ensued, which

HE—"Sing a song of sixpence? Oh, no! Far more than that, when four and twenty dicky birds decorate a hat."—E. H.

was broken by the traveller, in a tone that was almost timid.

"Excuse me, my friend," he said, "if I seem inquisitive, but would you mind telling me what house he travels for?"

■

CAUGHT AGAIN

Young clerk (to his employer): "There's a lady wishes to speak to you, sir."

Employer; "Good-looking?"

Clerk: "Yes, sir."

Employer (very indignantly, on returning to the office), "A nice judge of beauty you are, I must say!"

Clerk: "You see, sir, I didn't know but the lady might be your wife."

Employer: "So she is!"

■

THUS EARNED

While travelling recently, Mark Twain was asked by a friend and fellow-passenger if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively at his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of five dollars or public chastisement.

"Happening to violate the rules on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the money. At that period of my existence five dollars was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so"—here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first money."

■

A RE-VAMPED STORY

A young American once found himself in an English country house; he was not a bad young fellow, but he carried the habit of self-glorification beyond the possible point, so that he got himself disliked, and ordinary men said that he was a romancer. A son of the house took him aside and spoke to him delicately upon the subject.

"Wal," the American said, "it would hurt me to offend any of your insular prejudices; but the fact is that when I commence to bluff my tongue sorter runs away with me. I'd take it kindly if you'd give me a nudge, or a kick, or something, when you think I'm spreading it too thick."

The son of the house said he would. That night the American took an English heiress in to dinner, and she happened to refer to conservatories. It started the American.

"I had a cousin in Virginia who built himself a greenhouse that was thought remarkable. It was 413 feet long, 90 feet high, and—" Here his shins were barked under the table and the son of the house caught his eye. He rubbed the dent and added, with a sigh: "And about an inch wide."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MOTHER—"Eleanor, what is the matter?"

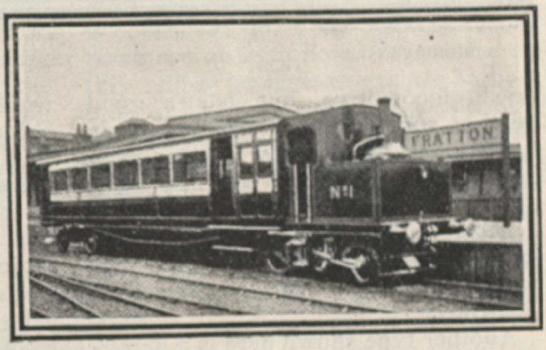
"Oh, mamma, I got a terrible error of the mind in my stomach." —*Life*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

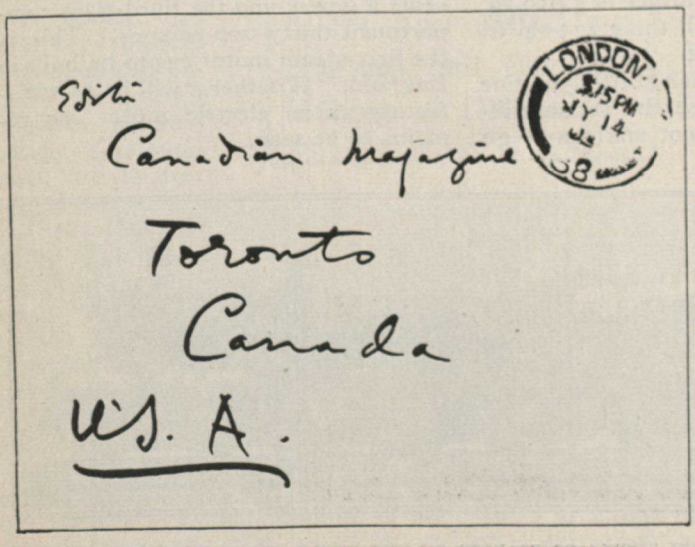
SOME people refuse to believe that there are thousands of people in London, England, who do not know that Canada and the United States are two separate and distinct countries. A few days ago the editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE received a letter from a London litterateur and correspondent asking if he could be of any service in supplying correspondence and articles. The letter came in an envelope addressed:

The Canadian Magazine,
Toronto,
Canada.
U.S.A.

That there may be no misunderstanding, the superscription is reproduced herewith so that each reader may judge for himself of the motive of the person who wrote it. Apparently, it is true that any falling back in the race by Great Britain is due to her inferior system of education. Colonial geography is one subject which might receive more attention than it gets at present.



A STEAM TRAMCAR, A POSSIBLE SUBSTITUTE FOR ELECTRIC CAR

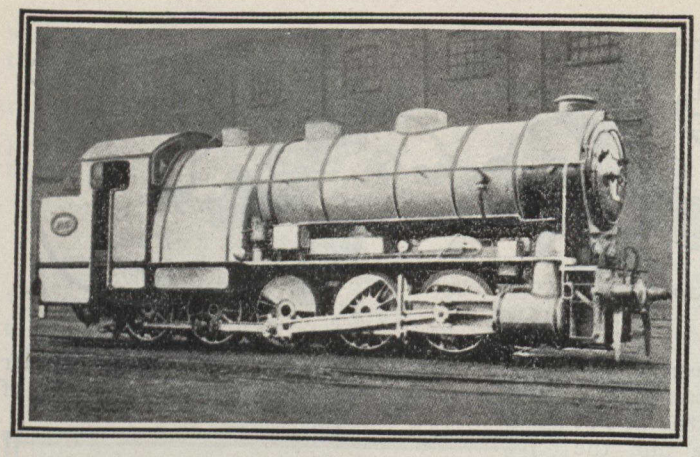


AN ENVELOPE RECENTLY SENT FROM LONDON, ENGLAND

*

ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVES

The English railways are making all sorts of experiments with engines. The Great Western Railway is trying a new French engine, whose boiler is not as high as an Am-



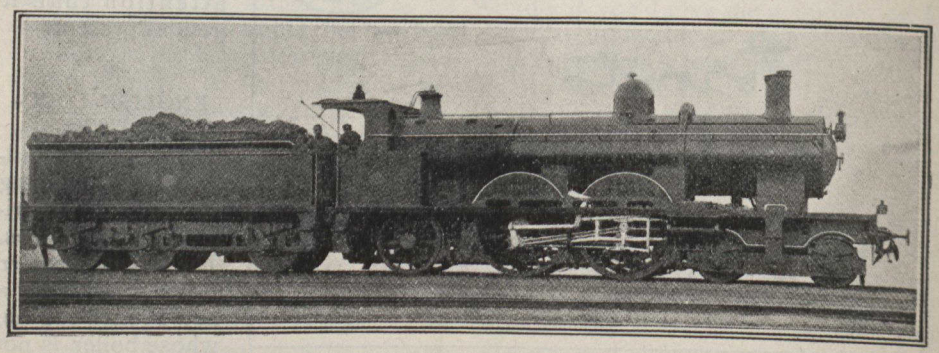
A SUBURBAN LOCOMOTIVE ON THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY

erican locomotive, but has a good heating surface. The weight is only 63 tons, but the tender weighs 45 tons, and carries five tons of coal and 4,225 gallons of water. It is known as a de Glehn compound. The high and low pressure cylinders drive separate pairs of wheels, which are coupled by side-rods.

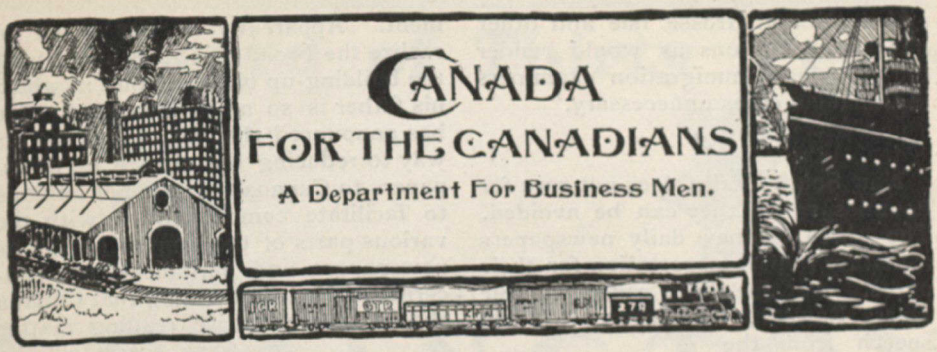
Another type shown here is a suburban locomotive for quick-starting trains. It has ten coupled 4 ft. 6 in. driving wheels, and is known as a decapod tank engine. It carries its own coal and water, and weighs 60 tons. Its heating surface is 3,010 sq. ft., as compared with the 2,275 sq. ft. of the French engine.

This particular quick-starting engine is being tried because the steam railway companies are not anxious to go to the expense of equipping their suburban lines with electric cars unless they are certain that the latter will give better results. The Central London Company installed electric locomotives, and now have decided to replace them with the "Multiple-unit System." The other companies are carefully feeling their way to avoid mistakes which would be disastrous for their shareholders.

A steam motor car, shown on the preceding page, has been built to run on the railway between Fratton and East Southsea stations in lieu of the ordinary train and engine. Each car is 50 ft. long, and is built with two pairs of wheels at each end. The whole car—engine, luggage van, and passenger compartments—is in one body. Between the engine and the third-class compartment is a space for luggage, and at the end is a first-class compartment. The first-class section seats a dozen, and the third-class compartment thirty-two persons. This is the first steam motor car to be built in England. Whether it will be as satisfactory as an electric motor car remains to be seen.



THE NEW FRENCH ENGINE TO BE USED ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY



AT the annual meeting of the Montreal Branch of the Manufacturers' Association the Hon. J. D. Rolland made some notable remarks. He referred to the movement in the United States looking to reciprocity with this country, pointed out that last year the United States sold us $70,000,000 worth of manufactured goods, and bought in exchange less than one-tenth of that amount, and then asked, "What system of reciprocity can give them more than they have?" The Senator then turned to the question of an Imperial Tariff, and recalled that from 1872 to 1902, Great Britain's exports to foreign markets decreased by £42,000,000, while her exports to her colonies increased by £46,000,000. She sells more to India than she does to Germany; more to Australia than she does to the United States; more to Cape Colony than to France and Belgium combined; more to Canada than to China. "There is strong reason to adduce that she must look to the colonies for the maintenance of her trade supremacy." Yet, free trade within the Empire is an impossibility, in the Senator's opinion. We must simply protect our own Canadian industries. Half the population of the Dominion is dependent upon her manufacturing industries. A tariff is a necessity to this country because wages are higher, interest higher, the cost of production higher, and our home market limited. Nevertheless, there are some lines of goods on which a greater preference might be given, because these are not manufactured here. By raising the tariff against foreign countries the purchases in certain other lines might be changed to Great Britain.

Canada's Surplus Revenue

In the Year 1902-3 was Fourteen and One-Half Millions of Dollars.

The United States is continually receiving European immigrants through the steamships which land their passengers at Montreal. To see that none of these are diseased, they have established a medical board in that Canadian city to examine those who are ticketed through to United States points. During the month of July eighty-five persons were rejected by that board and compelled to stay in Canada. No wonder the Montreal *Star* says that we are on the dirty side of the sieve, and that its opinion should be, "It is time that the Canadian authorities established such a rigorous

examination at Grosse Isle and other quarantine stations as would render the American immigration examiners in Canadian cities unnecessary."

New South Wales does not care for bounties where they can be avoided. The three Sydney daily newspapers asked for free transportation for their parcels over the State railways. Sir Harry Rawson, the Governor, in his speech from the throne, says that his Government has decided to refuse the request or to make "any special concessions in connection with the use of the railways which other members of the public do not enjoy, and have determined that in future newspaper proprietors shall pay a fair commercial equivalent for the carriage of the commodities which they desire to sell." As the railways are owned by the Government, this is another evidence that this advanced system can be worked on business principles just as well as private ownership. All that is required is a sense of justice on the part of those who administer public affairs.

Canada's New Citizens

In the Year 1902-3 numbered about 110,000.

In July 7,132 Britishers left for Canada.

There is land for several Millions more.

It was hoped that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the new Postmaster-General of Great Britain, would realize that the post-office is conducted for the convenience of the Empire, not for the convenience only of the people of Great Britain and of the post-office department. Apparently he has failed to realize the broad principles underlying the building-up of an Empire in which his father is so much interested. He has announced that he cannot see his way to reducing the charge on newspapers to Canada. He is not anxious to facilitate communication with the various parts of the Empire so far as newspapers and periodicals are concerned. He is not willing that Canada should secure British reading matter as easily as she secures United States publications. Surely the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain should be expected to convert first the members of his own family. But then, many great men have been afflicted with narrow-minded and unintellectual sons.

A London cablegram dated August 8th reads: "The emigration returns of the Board of Trade show that in July 7,132 emigrants of British origin left these shores for Canada, as compared with 2,657 in July, 1902. The total increase in British emigration to all parts of the world in July was 4,340, showing that it all went to Canada. The returns for the seven months show that 43,597 British people emigrated to Canada, as compared with 15,321 in the same period of last year. The total British emigration to all points for the seven months was 146,763, as compared with 101,857 in the same time last year, Canada securing nearly one-third of the total."

Tampering with the Wires

Against the Law and Dangerous

Coffee directly attacks the heart and nerves to such an extent that life insurance companies have recently added the term "Coffee Heart" to the list of dangerous maladies. Coffee is also responsible for most of the indigestion and dyspepsia in the world, and the fact that it is a pronounced diuretic irritant causes many cases of kidney trouble.

Medical science tells us coffee is responsible for more suffering than any other drink in common use. In its concentrated form coffee is a dangerous drug, to be rated with morphine, strychnine, etc. The man, woman or child who drinks coffee puts him or herself at odds with Nature's laws and tampers with the network of delicate nerves.

Many sufferers know all these facts yet continue drinking coffee or tea because they feel the need of a hot drink at meal-time. They cannot (or think they cannot) quit. It is easy to break away by shifting to POSTUM COFFEE boiled the proper length of time and served with rich cream.

The disease symptoms begin to change the day POSTUM replaces coffee, and the POSTUM will steadily break down those diseases which coffee has set up and bring back the delicious feeling of returned health, steady nerves, clear head and a generally invigorated system.

If health and steady nerves are worth while, make the change. It's a very simple matter to give POSTUM a ten days' trial. Results will tell.

There's a reason.

Priestley's

Black Dress Goods

ARE KNOWN THE WORLD OVER FOR

Style and Finish

THEY NEVER DISAPPOINT

ONLY GENUINE IF WRAPPED ON VARNISHED BOARD

FOR SALE AT ALL THE BEST DRY GOODS STORES

"Engines in successful operation from Halifax to Vancouver."

The "TRITON"

Marine Gasoline Engine

$95 buys the 2-h.p. "Triton Special" Marine Gasoline Engine, with Propeller and complete outfit.

$175 buys the 5-h.p. "Triton Special" Marine Gasoline Engine, with Propeller and complete outfit.

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Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

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 55 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 on* (a patient):—"*As you 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 New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stern's, Ehrich'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.

CHEAP RATES and Through Service on Household Goods to and from **California, Colorado, Oregon, Washington.** Write for rates. Map of California free.
Trans-Continental Freight Co. H 325 Dearborn St., Chicago

$5 PER HUNDRED for addressing envelopes; send dime and stamp for material and instructions; steady work. C. E. MILLER, Dept. Q, Ely Building, Chicago.

When you purchase a

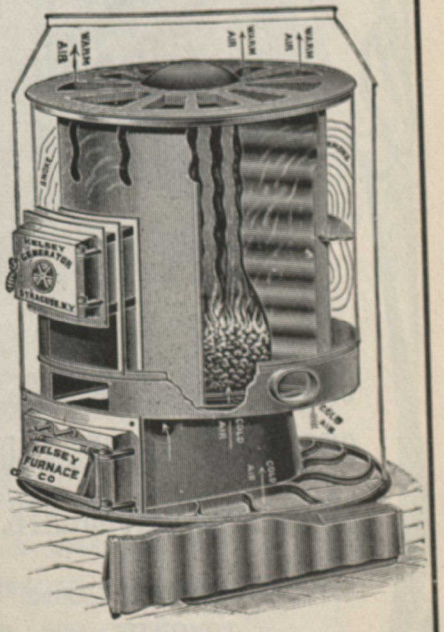
KELSEY

Warm Air Generator

you purchase the best heater on earth. Why? Because it will heat every portion of your home perfectly, consuming one-third less coal than the common hot air furnace—and the air that is generated by the Kelsey is of a pure, mild nature.

The Kelsey Warm Air Generator

is built on lines to ensure Economy and Durability. Our Kelsey booklet fully illustrates its construction, besides demonstrating by illustrations and opinions from a few of the 2,000 Kelsey purchasers that the



Kelsey Warm Air Generator is the Heater you want

Write for Copy of Kelsey Booklet.

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING CO., Limited
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CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS,
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THE COWAN CO., Limited
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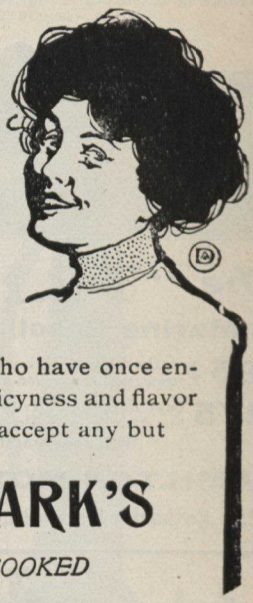

Those who have once enjoyed its juicyness and flavor will never accept any but

CLARK'S

COOKED

LUNCH TONGUE.

If you eat **PORK and BEANS** be sure and get **CLARK'S** they're delicious.

W. CLARK, MFR., - MONTREAL.

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CLARK'S

Pork and Beans

APPETIZING
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With or Without Chili or Tomato Sauce.

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BREWERS AND MALTSTERS

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Manufacturers of the Celebrated

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An Invaluable Nerve Tonic,
A Cure for Indigestion and Constipation,
A Blood Maker and Purifier,
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A GASOLINE LAUNCH TO CARRY EIGHT PERSONS

For $220

We are making a specialty of them and carry them in stock. Call and see them running, or write for particulars.

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The "Royal Muskoka" Hotel

was built in 1901 at a cost of $150,000, and is without doubt the largest and most magnificent summer hotel in Canada; in fact, there are none better on this continent. Its location is unsurpassed, being in the centre of the famous Muskoka Lakes District, a thousand feet above the sea. The interior of the Hotel is planned to the best advantage for comfort and convenience, special attention being given to sanitary arrangements. Single rooms, with or without bath, and magnificently furnished suites with private baths; hot and cold water, electric light and bells in each room,

open fire-places, steam heat, etc. The cuisine is unsurpassed, and is a model of epicurean achievements. The grounds of the hotel, one hundred and thirty acres in extent, contain many beautiful walks and cool resting places, all commanding lovely views. There are **TENNIS, GOLFING, BOWLING, BOATING, FISHING, BATHING** grounds and **BOWLING GREEN,** and many enjoyable water trips. Launch service and Recreation and Billiard Room in connection with the hotel, also direct telegraph service.

"A very beautiful palace is the 'Royal Muskoka,'" writes a tourist, "reached by a woodland walk that mounts the height easily, and conceals the great hotel until one is just before it. There is a vast central rotunda, from which long wings spread, each housing two hundred people, so cunningly contrived on different levels that one has scarcely any idea of going up or down stairs to reach even the third floor. The rotunda is forty by one hundred feet, the open-rafted roof forty feet high. The banquet hall is as large, and on the floor below them is the most delightful huge café, with dark stained floor, dark square pillars girdled with twinkling electric bulbs, and a great fire-place of brick and rough stone."

Rates are $3.50 and upwards per day, and $20 and upwards per week. ALAN F. CAMPBELL,
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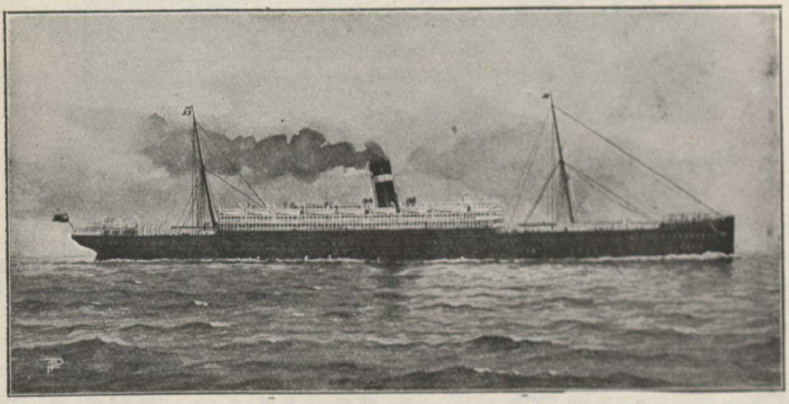
ALLAN LINE

St. Lawrence Route Royal Mail Steamers

Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool

CALLING AT MOVILLE, LONDONDERRY



The Allan Line Twin-screw Steamer "Tunisian."

IONIAN, New, Twin Screws, 9,000 Tons

BAVARIAN, Twin Screws, 10,375 Tons
CORINTHIAN, - - 6,500 Tons
PRETORIAN, - - - 6,300 Tons
TUNISIAN, Twin Screws, 10,575 Tons
SICILIAN, - - - 6,500 Tons
PARISIAN, - - - - 5,500 Tons

These fine new steamers sail **Weekly** to Liverpool from Montreal, calling at Londonderry.

The steamers are amongst the largest and finest in the Transatlantic Lines and are excelled by none in the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The Saloons and Staterooms are amidships, where least motion is felt, and bilge keels have been fitted to all the steamers, which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum. The vessels are also fitted with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

Electric lights are in use throughout the ships, and the cabins have all the comforts of modern first-class hotels. Cuisine is unsurpassed.

No expense for transfer of baggage from the railway stations to the steamer.

The distance on the Atlantic is almost 1000 miles shorter via this route than it is from United States ports. The scenery in the River and Gulf makes this the picturesque route between America and Europe.

1903 PROPOSED SUMMER SAILINGS 1903

Subject to change.

From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL	From QUEBEC
6 Aug.	*BAVARIAN	Sat., 22 Aug. 5.00 A.M.	Sat., 22 Aug. 4.20 P.M.
13 "	*IONIAN	" 29 " 5.00 "	" 29 " 3.30 "
20 "	*TUNISIAN	" 5 Sept. 5.30 "	" 5 Sept. 4.30 "
27 "	*PARISIAN	" 12 " 5.30 "	" 12 " 3.30 "
3 Sept.	PRETORIAN	" 19 " 6.00 "	" 19 " 4.00 "
10 "	*BAVARIAN	" 26 " 6.00 "	" 26 " 3.30 "
17 "	*IONIAN	" 3 Oct. 6.00 "	" 3 Oct. 4.00 "
24 "	*TUNISIAN	" 10 " 6.00 "	" 10 " 4.30 "
1 Oct.	*PARISIAN	" 17 " 9.00 "	" 17 " 7.20 "
8 "	PRETORIAN	" 24 " 6.00 "	" 24 " 4.30 "
15 "	*BAVARIAN	" 31 " 6.00 "	" 31 " 9.00 "
22 "	*IONIAN	" 7 Nov. 7.00 "	" 7 Nov. 3.00 "
29 "	*TUNISIAN	" 14 " 7.30 "	" 14 " 9.00 "

*These steamers do not carry cattle.

TUNISIAN embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, August 2, 9.15 a.m.; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, August 9, 9.00 p.m. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 6 hours, 45 minutes.

BAVARIAN is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10.375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 15 hours, 27 minutes, via Cape Race.

PARISIAN sailed from Rimouski Sunday, Oct. 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Moville Sunday, Oct. 27th, 7.30 a.m. Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 16 hours, 50 minutes.

For rates or further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto
or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal

SAVE TIME

AND TRAVEL VIA

NEW SHORT ROUTE TO MURRAY BAY

2 TRAINS

BETWEEN

Montreal and St. Denis Wharf

	No. 152 EXPRESS	No. 154 EXPRESS
Lv. Montreal.....	† 7.40	† 19.45
Levis.....	13.10	¶ 24.50
Riviere Ouelle.	15.55	6.00
Ar. St. Denis Wharf	16.25	6.30
	Str. "Admiral"	
Murray Bay...	17.50	8.00
Cap a L'Aigle..	.....	8.30

† Daily, except Sunday.
¶ Daily, except Monday.

2 TRAINS

BETWEEN

St. Denis Wharf and Montreal

	Str. "Admiral"	
Lv. Cap a L'Aigle.....	† 10.00	.....
Murray Bay.....	11.00	* 18.00
	No. 153 EXPRESS	**No. 151 EXPRESS**
St Denis Wharf.....	12.45	* 19.45
Riviere Ouelle.....	13.18	‡ 20.28
Ar. **Levis**.....	16.05	‡ 23.20
Montreal.....	22.00	† 7.00

* Daily, from Murray Bay and St. Denis Wharf to Riviere Ouelle, connecting for Levis only on Saturday with train leaving Riviere Ouelle 23.48.
‡ Daily, except Saturday.
† Daily, except Sunday.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

THROUGH SLEEPING CARS between MONTREAL and ST. DENIS WHARF for Passengers to and from MURRAY BAY, on Trains 154 and 151.

Dining Cars on Trains 152 and 153, between Montreal and Riviere Ouelle.

SPECIAL NOTE—Dining Car on Train 152 serves breakfast after leaving Montreal.

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—strong—sharp, perfectly made, is the pride of the boy and his constant companion.

Boys will never willingly take any other make instead of a Rodgers.

SEE THE TRADEMARK ON EVERY BLADE

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited, CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

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After many years of crucial examination and severest testing, the

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has been conceded first place among all writing and tabulating machines because of absolute superiority and durability. Of course much time is saved by visible writing, and the Underwood is the only machine giving this great convenience. We have second-hand machines from $25.00 up.

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Sole Canadian Dealers

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Mr. Alexander T. Brown, inventor of the Smith Premier Typewriter, is unquestionably the foremost writing machine expert of the world. Besides, he is a practical and successful business man. He built the first

Smith Premier Typewriter

not only for handsome and speedy work, but to endure under the severest demands of actual business. The Smith Premier is free from the weaknesses of eccentric, unpractical construction, and to-day embodies the latest ***demonstrated*** improvements of this typewriter expert. Mr. Brown, as Vice-President of this company, will continue to devote his entire time and inventive genius to maintain the Smith Premier where, more than ever, it now stands as

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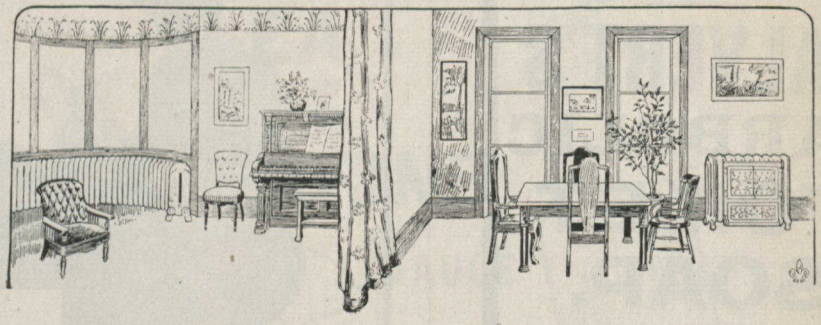

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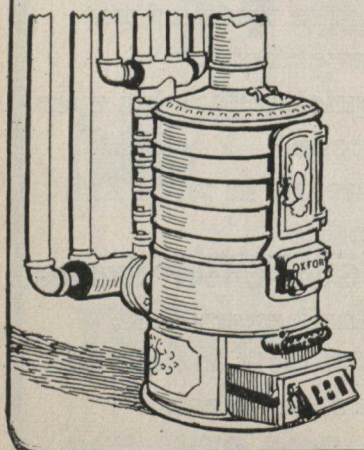
is the acme of hot water heating. It supplies the house with even warmth, keeping the atmosphere pure and healthful. It is compact, very easily run and a great fuel economizer.

In connection with Oxford Radiators it makes a perfect heating system for the home. The radiators are artistically designed and can be decorated in harmony with the color scheme of the room. Write for our booklets.



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Get Rich Growing Ginseng

If you will send two two-cent stamps to help pay postage, we will mail you immediately our 55-page book telling all about the enormous, easily-earned profit in this wonderful plant, Ginseng, which has been marketed from its wild state for 175 years; cultivation in the United States just beginning; also copy of the current issue of our magazine, "The Ginseng Garden."

Ginseng Root brings from $6 to $10 per pound in American market. Seeds and young plants bring splendid profits from American growers.

Anybody can cultivate it; little time is required. Can be grown either in city garden or on farm; a square rod easily holds 1,000 plants. Hardy anywhere in United States and Canada. Demand increasing; supply very limited; prices continually advancing.

A $10 garden will pay you a dividend the first year; in ten years' time its annual yield will have aggregated $7,000. A Missouri man sold $25,000 worth from one-half acre one year.

FIG. 1.—American ginseng.
Reproduced from Bulletin 16, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

You can start a garden for from $5 up. Will pay a dividend of from 50 to 75 per cent. on your entire investment the first year.

A Missouri man sold $25,000 worth from ½ acre one year; a Michigan man sold $15,000 worth from ⅓ acre one year. Ginseng has always grown wild on the American continent—now almost extinct; cultivation just beginning.

Ginseng root is exported to China, where it brings immense prices. Seeds and young plants are sold to growers at big profits.

Now is the time to buy, as Ginseng must be planted or transplanted in the fall.

We sell stratified seeds and cultivated plants. Our copyrighted directions, fully covering every point of cultivation, sent free with each order. We guarantee safe delivery and prepay express.

Ginseng is the most profitable crop known. Will soon be one of America's biggest industries. Investigate at once. **Send to-day for our complete 55-page book. It tells the whole story. Enclose two 2-cent stamps to help pay postage.**

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Keep strong always. Make every atom of your vitality count. Build new tissues before the old give way. You can make poor health good—good health better—by taking a glass of

Pabst Malt Extract
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before each meal and upon retiring. The "Best" Tonic aids digestion—strengthens the muscles—steadies the nerves—and the "Best" Tonic is Pabst Malt Extract. The BEST for you—the BEST for everybody.

Enclosed please find five dollars for which send at once two dozen Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic. I have now taken eight bottles of The "Best" Tonic and it has done me more good than twenty-five dollars' worth of medicine I took before I began taking your malt.—H. A. SERGENT, South New Berlin, New York.

Allow me to congratulate you on your superior preparation of malt extract. I found it excellent as a tonic for myself and prescribe it in all cases of Tuberculosis, Anemia, Chlorosis and General Debility. As a tissue builder it has no equal.—DR. H. BLAKE HANNON, Cairo, Ill.

Avoid cheap imitations—lacking the strength and purity of Pabst Extract—they are frequently adulterated and usually harmful. Your system demands THE BEST—and Pabst Malt Extract is The "Best" Tonic. The proof lies in the using. At all druggists. Send your name and address for Booklet.

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New patterns were designed and carved for every part of the Pandora range.

So many new features and improvements have been embodied in its construction that much of their fuel and labor-saving value would have been lost if any old patterns had been used.

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This is what a musician means when he speaks of the durability of a piano. It is not the case nor the mechanism merely to which he refers. The longer you own and use a **Knabe** the more you will be convinced of this fact. An inferior instrument may, when first purchased, ring true, but its retrogression is fast. This difference is so marked, so distinct, that once thoroughly understood, you will not, if it is your desire to own a high-grade piano, permit yourself to invest in any other instrument than the **Knabe**, or one that approaches the **Knabe** ideal.

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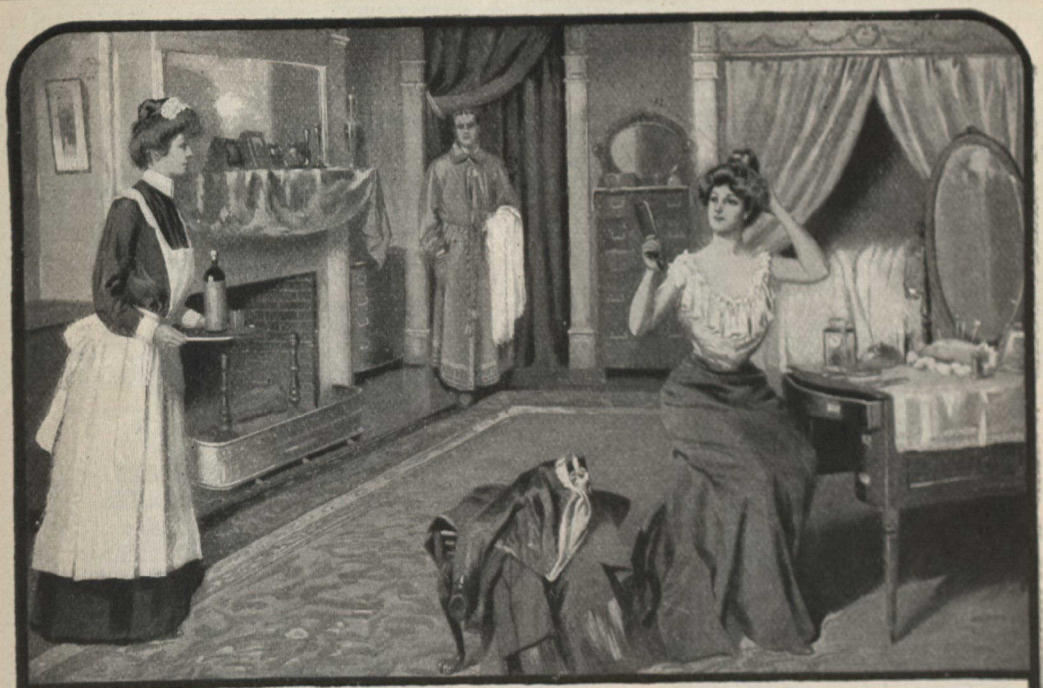

Good morning, Carrie. Thank you for bringing the Hunyadi János. Always be sure to get **Hunyadi János** (full name) and bring two glasses. My husband takes it before breakfast—half a tumbler. It always relieves him of **Constipation** as it does me of biliousness.

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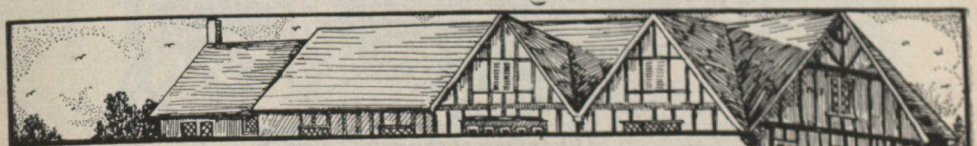

Don't allow your house to look shabby for lack of Paint. But don't make the mistake of spending your time or of hiring others to apply inferior paint. The cost of the work is the same—in fact somewhat less when the Best Paint is used—as it goes on easier.

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Look well when fresh, are easy to apply, cover well, and last a long time.

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When you are at loss to know what to serve for luncheon—when you crave something both appetizing and satisfying, try

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Among the many Libby delicacies are Boneless Chicken, Melrose Paté, Veal Loaf, Peerless Wafer-Sliced Dried Beef, Potted Ham and Corned Beef Hash—wholesome foods that are as dainty as they are good—as substantial as they are appetizing. Every Libby Product is as wholesome as though made in your own kitchen, under your personal direction.

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