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April 27th, 1907

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



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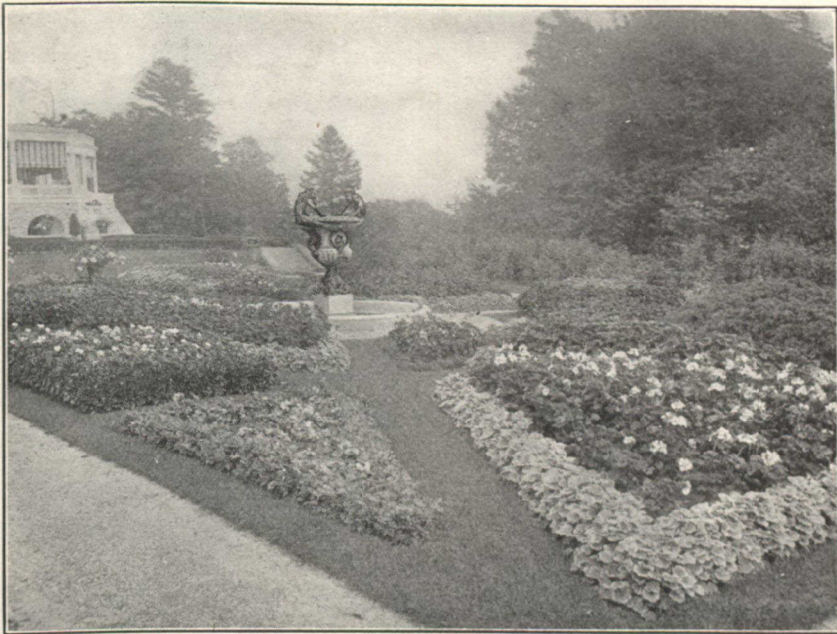
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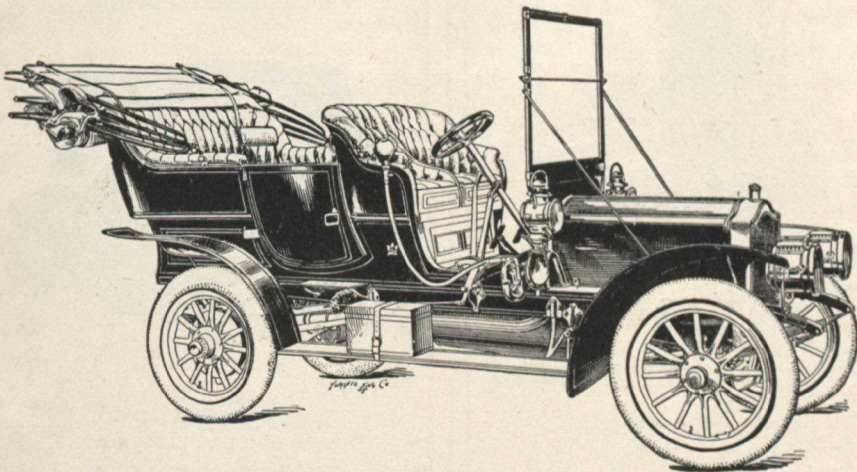
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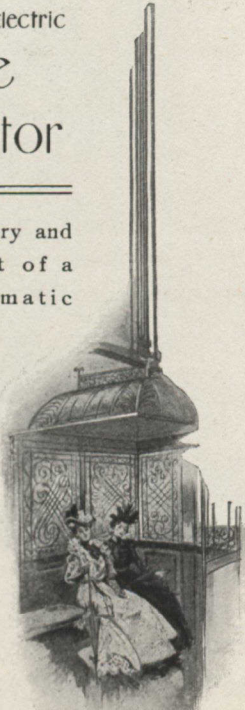
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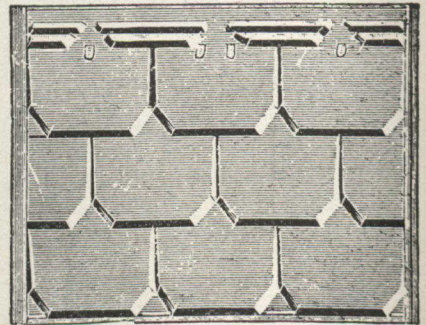


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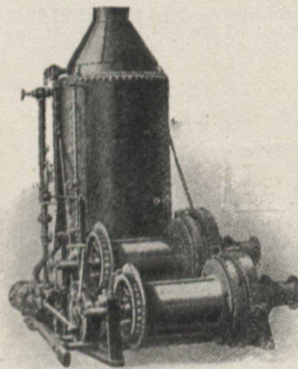
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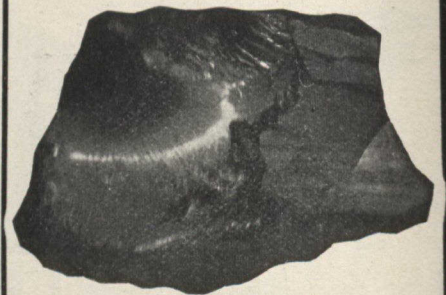
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Editorial Chat

CANADIANS are great runners ; the climate of Canada gives red men and white men and red-white men the "staying" power for a long race. Will the reader excuse our mentioning it—this is the twenty-second lap in the race to establish a national weekly. During the first few weeks we encountered a head wind of considerable proportions, and the weather was slightly chilly, nevertheless we made fair progress. The wind of indifference is still trying to beat us back, but it is slowly dying down.

One of our friends who should have been giving us encouraging cheers, shouted as we went by : " You'll last about seventeen laps." We haven't seen him during the last five rounds ; he must have hidden behind the crowd of spectators. His " I told you so ! " is dead within him.

During the past few weeks, a number of hands have been stretched out to shake ours. The congratulatory phrase, " You are doing well," spurs us on ; it gives us new spirit and encourages us to do better.

For next week some interesting features have been prepared, and readers may be assured that there will be no falling off. Suggestions as to subjects which might be discussed or developments which should be described, will be welcomed from any source. The staff is anxious to have the co-operation of the readers, to get their point of view, and to follow public opinion as well as to lead it.

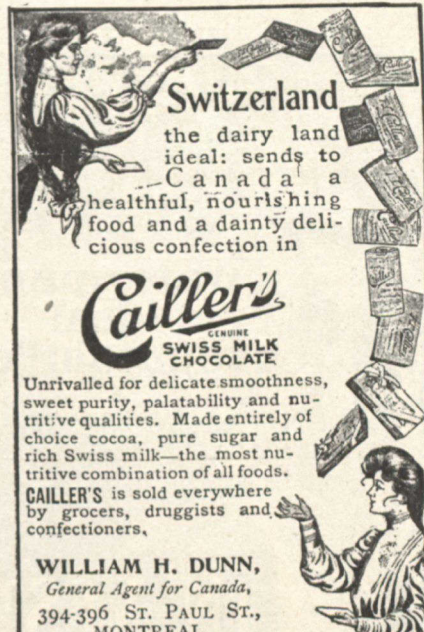
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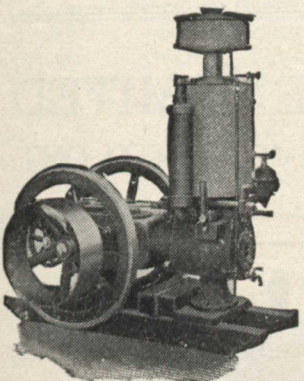
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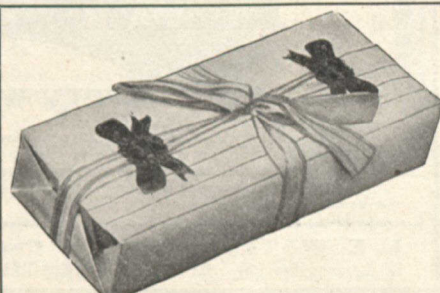


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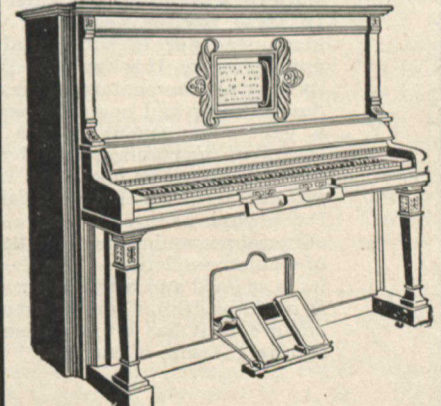


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Vol. I

Toronto, April 27th, 1907

No. 22

Topics of the Day

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has for a few weeks doffed the garments of the political leader and now stands in the Council of the Empire as Canada's leading citizen. For a few weeks the people need not remember whether he is Conservative or Liberal and may watch his actions as those of her chief representative.

It was quite proper, and in this all classes will agree, that he should state to a British audience "I have given Canada the best of my heart and the best of my soul, and I intend to do so so long as God gives me health and strength." Whatever Sir Wilfrid has been, whatever he may have done, he has been loyal to what he deemed to be his country's best interests. Sir John Macdonald, Hon. Alexander MacKenzie, Sir John Thompson, Sir J. J. C. Abbott, Sir MacKenzie Bowell and Sir Charles Tupper were British in descent and speech. Of this list of Canadian Premiers, Macdonald and MacKenzie were born in Scotland, Bowell was born in England, Abbot was the son of an Anglican clergyman and was born in Quebec, Thompson and Tupper were born in Nova Scotia. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the only French-Canadian Premier since Confederation. He is the only French-Canadian to fill that office since Sir George Etienne Cartier tendered his resignation on May 21st 1862.

* * *

There never was a Canadian more loyal to British institutions in Canada than Sir George Cartier. He was mainly responsible for ranging the Roman Catholic Church on the side of Confederation. Even after Confederation, in the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, he was looked upon as a leader of the British section.

Sir Wilfrid has combined within himself the representation of both races in even a greater degree than did Cartier. In the end, the people of Lower Canada withdrew their support from Cartier and he was forced from his high estate as leader in the then Canadian parliament. It is questionable if this will be Sir Wilfrid's fate. He has retained the undivided affections of his own people, while gaining a great measure of respect among the people of British descent. Neither his diverging attitude on the question of separate schools, his reluctant but full support of the South African contingents nor his leadership in the drawing together of the Empire, has caused him loss of support in either section of the Canadian public.

* * *

The secret of it all is, perhaps, that Sir Wilfrid, like his predecessors in the highest office in the gift of the people, has stood first and last for Canada. If on one occasion he faltered and seemed to lean toward the United States, he has amply atoned for that weak moment. In his speech to the Nineteen Hundred Club in London, he declared with great emphasis that it was Canada's desire and intention to make trade flow, not north and south, but east and west between Britain and Canada. He asserted with equal emphasis that, whether or not Great Britain granted a preference to colonial products, Canada would never seek the markets of the United States. Could even Mr. Chamberlain ask more than that of Canada's spokesman?

The historian, John Charles Dent, in his short biography of Cartier, says that he was wont to describe himself as "an Englishman speaking French." He also states that on St. George's Day he would wear the flower of England on his breast, because it was the festival of his Patron Saint. Sir Wilfrid might almost do the same this week.

* * *

Among Canada's unique characters, Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., holds a leading place. He is the eldest son of a man who has been described as "the father of Protection" and was born to active journalism. Since he established the Toronto "World" in 1880 as an independent Conservative journal, he has played a leading part in politics. He has supported protection, advocated preferential trade, and has stood out as champion of economical and progressive government. His leadership, however, is of a peculiar type. He prefers to fight alone. He never ranges himself beside any particular party or section in a combat. He prefers to scout in advance. When the fighting line comes up to him, he runs ahead and takes up a more advanced position. The more dangerous and more extreme that position is the better he seems to like it.

Mr. Maclean's second political contest was in East York against the Hon. Alexander MacKenzie in 1891 and he was defeated. When the ex-Premier died in the following year, he was the successful candidate and has ever since represented that constituency. It is said that he was willing to become leader of the Conservative party when Sir Charles Tupper retired and again when Mr. Borden was defeated in Halifax, but the party did not recognise in him the qualities of permanent leadership. His policy of "the lone hand" is not likely to commend itself to any political organisation.

* * *

Premier McBride of British Columbia sailed from St. John on the 19th for London. He will ask the British Government to make British Columbia's increased subsidy one million instead of one hundred thousand dollars.

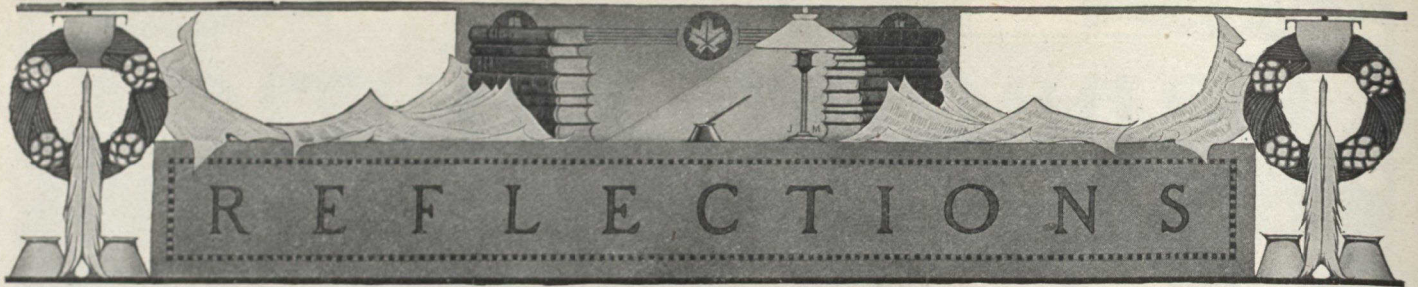
There would be much fun for the observer if the Colonial Secretary, after hearing what Mr. McBride has to say, should call in Sir Wilfrid Laurier and ask him why he did not treat Mr. McBride's province more fairly. He would probably answer in his most frigid tones that if Mr. McBride was not satisfied with his allotment he should appeal to the Parliament and People of Canada who were the real owners of the Dominion Treasury.

* * *

Sympathy for the newly arrived immigrant should be the watchword of all fair-minded and intelligent citizens. In Toronto they have founded a Welcome League to the expense of which public-spirited citizens are contributing. This is an idea which might be followed in all the larger Canadian cities and towns to which immigrants are coming in considerable numbers. Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton especially could afford to have institutions of this kind. The new citizen does not need money; he needs sympathy and advice. A cheery, well-informed, hustling secretary of a Welcome League could smooth many a pathway and cheer many a sad and lonely heart.



Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P.



IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

IT is reported that just before he left Ottawa for London, Sir Wilfrid Laurier accepted the presidency of a new League to be known by the mystic letters "A.W.W. & G." He went further and compelled every member of the Cabinet to join it, as well as several prospective cabinet ministers. It is further understood that any minister or aspirant for ministerial honours violating any one of the three rules of the League will be forced to retire, and any one breaking two of the three rules will receive neither a judgeship nor senatorship on retirement.

Even before the ship left Halifax with Sir Wilfrid on board, it was reported to him that a prominent member of the League had broken one rule at least. Consequently there is a cabinet position practically vacant. This member was slated for promotion to a very high honorary position, but it will now be denied him. It is believed he will retire into private life.

There seems to be little expectation that any other member of the League will be so impetuous as to violate any of its regulations. Indeed, some people say it was formed to catch this particular Minister, there being none other in the Cabinet of a sinful nature.

Other persons maintain that the whole story is absolutely without foundation. Of course, the truth will not be known until Sir Wilfrid returns from Europe and reconstructs the cabinet. There will likely be one or two retirements from the cabinet, other than for violation of the rules of the League.

THERE are certain classes in the community, such as journalists and preachers, who are always in need of money. It is only on occasion that merchants, manufacturers, capitalists and bankers are actually "hard up." Yet such is the case at the present time. There are men worth hundreds of thousands of dollars who are going about saying "I was never so pressed for ready money in all my life."

The trouble is due chiefly to the rapid expansion of the country but also to several definite causes. There is fifty million dollars' worth of wheat in the West awaiting shipment to Liverpool. It cannot be moved until navigation opens, which will not occur for a few days yet. Again, the lumber cut this year has been very large, the winter having been so steady. The men come out of the camps about May 1st and must be paid in cash; in addition, the lumbermen require advances on their unmarketed product. The recent slump in the stock market has added its influence by locking up considerable extra cash.

The Canadian bank statement for March shows an increase in "loans" of seventeen million dollars. The figure reached, \$579,000,000, has never been exceeded in Canada's financial history. The loans outside of the country, that is in New York, decreased only one million, so that the banks must have been getting the extra money from special sources. It was not from deposits, as these decreased about seven millions.

The situation is quite serious for many institutions. Development will be hampered and there will be room for rejoicing if some of the weaker firms are not forced

to the wall. It is a time for business men to act conservatively.

IT is a question whether the Canadian banks are not discouraging depositors to their own and the country's disadvantage. They are paying only three per cent. on deposits and charging their customers six, seven, eight and ten per cent. This is unfair. At a time like this, when money is valuable, the depositor should get some of the benefit. It should not all go to the shareholders.

The Canadian banking association is the greatest monopoly in Canada and in some ways it has been the most beneficial. Nevertheless, when it refuses to pay more than the historic three per cent. on deposits when money has risen in value two to five per cent., it is taking an undue advantage. The bank deposits should be rising rapidly, yet in March they declined several millions. People are drawing out their savings and investing them elsewhere.

The banks were so short of cash recently that the Ontario Government was forced to come to their assistance and take part of its huge deposit in the Bank of Montreal and divide it up among the other institutions in hundred thousand lots. Probably the Dominion Government would have done the same thing if its expenditures were not jumping ahead so fast. Yet the banks in the face of this situation refuse to advance the rate of interest which their monopoly has fixed.

WE Canadians have never been accused of being unduly emotional, but there must be amongst us a certain number of estimable persons whose goodness of heart transcends their judgment. They fill the newspapers with demands for better treatment for the immigrant and tell hard-luck tales of how so many men were unable to get the sort of employment they desired.

There exists no necessity for coddling the immigrant: there is no disposition to do him any injustice. If he is ready to work, work is ready for him. Of a squad of eighty newcomers who arrived in Toronto the other day not one would accept \$25 a month and board as farmhands. The men wanted to stay in the city. A town of the size of Toronto, no matter how rapidly it may be growing, can assimilate only a certain number of additional industrial workers, and, if the newcomers insist upon staying within Toronto's boundaries, the overflow is bound to remain idle or else to displace men who were here before them. The question is one of simple arithmetic, and misplaced sympathy will do the newcomers who loaf about the streets no good but much harm in that it tends to make them objects of at least semi-charity before they have been a fortnight in the country.

Twelve and thirteen years ago, when times were hard all over North America, there was not as much newspaper talk about the hardships of the native Canadian unemployed as there is to-day about the alleged evil case of a very small percentage of the newly arrived immigrants. At the present juncture the excitability of

some honest and well-meaning persons bids fair to have evil results in several different directions. And not the least important of these is the possibility that certain immigrants who should be Canadians in the making will become impressed with the idea that they are entitled to special consideration and that self-reliance is unnecessary. It was self-reliance that characterised the pioneers of sixty and seventy years ago, and self-reliance will do more for the honest newcomer of to-day than can be done for him by any number of organised committees and weepy newspaper paragraphs setting forth the pitiful story of his hard experiences.

LAUGH, laugh, my merry fellow-citizens, for you are soon to be found marching arm in arm with our friends across the line—those who have for years tried to injure us commercially. The Washington correspondent of the "Dry Goods Economist" says that Secretary Root is convinced that Canadians are coming to a realisation of the necessity of much closer relations between the two countries." The word "necessity" is badly chosen. The writer might better have used "advisability." In that case it would sound much less unreasonable.

This gifted correspondent then goes on to tell some more of Secretary Root's feelings. "The old feeling of absolute allegiance to the mother country in all things, sentimental and otherwise, is giving way rapidly to the idea that their material interests lie in other directions." Where did these gentlemen get that impression? Not from the recent changes in postage! Not from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speeches in London! Not from Lord Grey who was Mr. Root's host at Ottawa! Not from Mr. Bryce, who was plainly told that Canada would seek no further for Washington favours!

Secretary Root's visit was an absolute failure, and the people of the United States may as well recognise it. Secretary Root is gentlemanly and clever, but he cannot perform the impossible. Canada is paddling her own canoe and that canoe travels east and west, from Japan to Great Britain, not north and south.

MR. W. T. STEAD has discovered that he inspired the British Government to grant the Transvaal a constitution. Nobody need be surprised. The old gentleman is a fine example of the value of well directed megalomania. His Review of

MR. STEAD, THE VAGARIOUS Reviews is a valuable property; his vociferous eccentricity attracts the lovers of the grotesque while it interests the student of passing events. The Canadian Club of Toronto does well to invite this prince of journalistic charlatans to visit it; to break bread and to become vocal with the merits of his latest proposals towards securing the world's peace. The Canadian Club members will be amused if they are not benefited by hearing the remarks of the individual who loudly demanded of the British people "Shall I kill my brother Boer?" The British people, as we all remember, refused to become entangled in Mr. Stead's family affairs.

A universal and permanent peace would be a glorious step towards the millenium—which, however, none of us expects to arrive for some time. While Mr. Stead is in the United States he might do something towards securing for Brother Jonathan a colourable imitation, at least, of a national peace. Over there the advance agent of the lirenicon might well make a few speeches calculated to place United States affairs on a permanent peace footing. It is all very well to talk about the abolition of international wars, but, before that step can be taken, the fighting microbe must be eliminated from the blood. The individual squabble often produces the international conflict. The differences of two bodies of individuals brought on the Civil War.

So, let Mr. Stead apply his mind, for instance, to the

problem of settling the negro question in the republic. Also, he might be able to bring about a lasting and profitable peace between capital and labour. No more strikes, it fairly may be said, would be a more glorious achievement than no more war. Perhaps, too, Mr. Stead might be able to arrange an accommodation between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Harriman, after which the Western farmer and the New England manufacturer might be induced to lie down together.

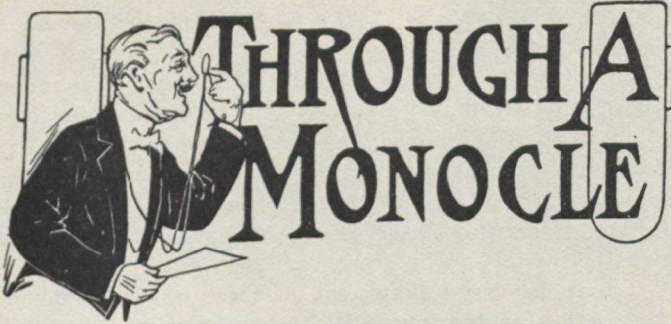
It may be urged that none of these issues would afford to the London journalist the opportunity for vocalism which is offered by the international peace propaganda. Probably the objection is valid. Opportunity for rhetoric is to W. T. Stead much dearer than any possibility for silent well-doing.

MR. W. R. HEARST of New York is a frequent if not a cheerful loser. Three years ago he suffered a national defeat, a metropolitan defeat two years ago, a State defeat, last year, a concurrent State defeat in California and now another "throwdown" at Chicago. Evidently he is not the people's

NOT A WINNER William, although he commands all the resources of ogre and ochre which sensational journalism enjoys. This year, Chicago reversed, by the significant plurality of 13,016, her former judgment in favour of comprehensive municipal ownership. Mr. Hearst supported Mayor Dunne (no relation to "Dooley") who, representing the principle of municipal ownership, had attempted to bring the street car system and other public-service interests under direct municipal ownership and operation. The city council proposed a plan by which the general street car franchises in Chicago should be extended for a period of twenty years with payment to the city of 55 per cent. of their net income, and with a concession to the city of an option to purchase at a fixed price. An ordinance to this effect had been vetoed by the Mayor and the electors of the city gave judgment in favour of the City Council. The majority, while of respectable size, is not large when it is considered that the total ballot was about 300,000. Mr. W. R. Hearst, although a Gothamite, hastened to the scene to assist Mayor Dunne and soon all the paraphernalia of a yellow journal campaign could be recognised. But, whatever the people may have thought of the cause in the first place, Mr. Hearst's championship proved fatal and he retires from the scene a poorer if not a wiser man. It looks as if the San Francisco "Argonaut" were in the right regarding the attitude of the American people towards Hearst: "They turn in disgust and resentment from the spectacle of a man of questionable character seeking to ride into authority and power upon a demagogic principle and by the methods of the circus."

THE civic landscape artist of Montreal who designed the improvements in Ottawa, has been recently occupied in drawing up a plan for beautifying the new capital of Alberta. This little city in the far north, this recently emancipated fur station, this ambitious young thing has the audacity to attempt to do what Ottawa rose to only after fifty years of prominence as a capital. Even Toronto, seventy-three years a city, has never aspired to a civic scheme looking for beauty. The idea of working to a plan sounds almost socialistic!

BEAUTIFYING A CAPITAL The report was read the other day to the Edmonton Canadian Club and that leads to another remark. These Canadian Clubs are getting too much in the foreground. They are too fond of the lime-light. They are really doing much of the leading that once fell to the lot of distinguished journalists. No one will object, probably, if they pursue such worthy objects, although some of us may not be wholly pleased at being summarily pushed into the background by a new generation of enthusiasts.



MR. FIELDING has been giving the Commons a sort of "trial trip" with himself as Premier, so that they may know what to expect if he ever comes to succeed Sir Wilfrid. It is true that he is not the real "acting Premier," Sir Richard Cartwright holding that honour in the Senate; but he has been the active Premier while Sir Richard has been the passive. Mr. Fielding bids fair to found a new school in Canadian politics. He is not in the least like Sir Wilfrid or Sir Charles Tupper or Sir John Macdonald or any of the great men in the past. He does not "address the country" in stately fashion. He merely does business in the House of Commons and lets the country look on. If he ever takes up the baton, he will be the quietest conductor of the orchestra that this nation has ever seen. Sir John Thompson approached him; but, upon occasion, Sir John would deliver an oration. Mr. Fielding will be the managing editor of his devoted country if he ever takes her in charge. He learned how to run things in a newspaper office, and he has seen nothing since which makes him think that one can do anything better for a nation than to "edit" it.

It is curious to remind ourselves how the big men have fallen away from about Mr. Fielding and left him master of the situation—so far as the heir-apparent business goes. Mowat, Cartwright and Joly were, of course, never candidate "heirs." They were the "Early Liberal Fathers" who came into the Cabinet to give "young Laurier" their blessing when he started out on his trying journey in 1896. But a number of the younger Ministers looked then quite as big as Fielding. There were Davies of Prince Edward Island, Blair of New Brunswick, Tarte of Quebec, Mulock of Ontario and Sifton of Manitoba. Not one of them now sits in the Cabinet. Mulock made the best race of it; but ill-health tripped him up some time ago. Meanwhile Fitzpatrick entered the competition and looked like a possible winner for a while; but he, too, was hampered by uncertain health and retired to the Supreme Court. There is now no one in sight but Fielding—unless it be Bourassa.

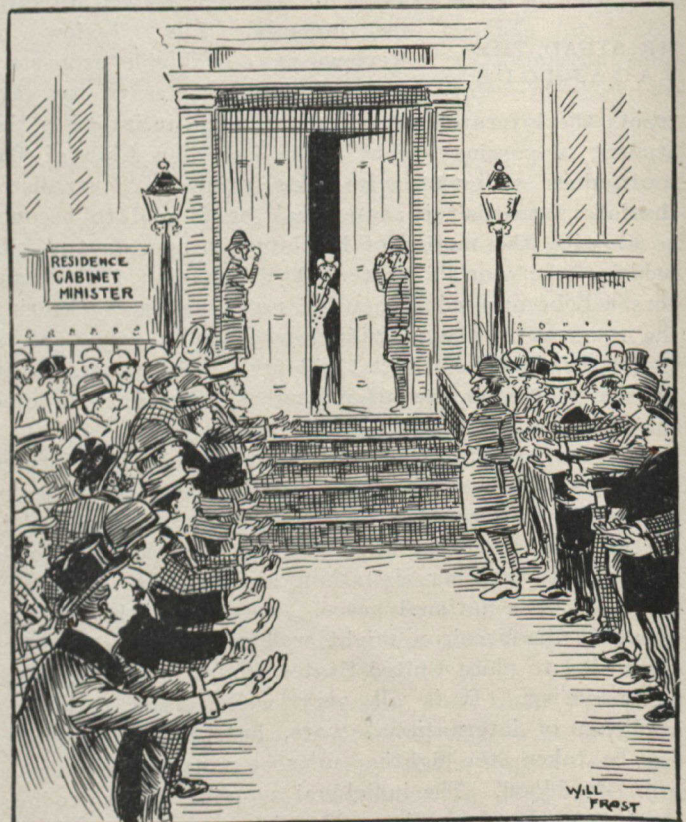
Sir Wilfrid has been coming in for a good deal of criticism in the British press because he would not "go the pace" at the Conference to suit the Imperialists. He appears to have been guilty of agreeing in the main with the programme of the British Government, and this has amazed and annoyed the people in England who have been in the habit of using the Colonies as pawns in their domestic political game. When the prudent Britisher has objected that they seemed to be working up to a dangerous speed forward, they have always replied—"But we must; for the Colonies demand it. If we do not keep up with the aspirations of the Colonies, we will lose them." Particularly have they dwelt upon the danger of losing Canada to the United States, as there was no one handy to lose Australia or New Zealand to; and now here comes the Premier of Canada to assist the Liberal Colonial Secretary in putting on the brakes. Moreover, he declares that there is no question of "losing Canada," that we have definitely cast in our lot—even in trade—with "the old Mother land"; and that we do not want a preference at British ports unless the British voter is convinced that it would be a good thing for him as well.

Yet surely this might have been expected. Sir Wilfrid is a Liberal. Those who imagined that he had turned Tory because he has been compelled by circumstances to accept certain phases of the Conservative policy, have entirely misunderstood the man. He has taken every such step with obvious unwillingness. Very lately he told the House of Commons that he was a free trader; and this was not a joke but a statement

of fact. Of course, like every successful politician in this country, he is a good deal of an opportunist in practice; but he has never been an opportunist at heart. From the days when he stood for liberty in Quebec as a young soldier in the outlawed Rouge party, Wilfrid Laurier has been a passionate Liberal; and now he finds himself perfectly at home in London with the leaders of the historic Liberal party which has at long last come into its own. He has no intention whatever of lending himself to "the Tory campaign." He is a believer in "free trade as they have it in England"—no matter what he may have been compelled to swallow in Canada. He is a believer in "Home Rule" all round. He will never enter willingly "the vortex of militarism."

But Sir Wilfrid—like his great predecessor, Sir John Macdonald—believes that it is important that he stay in power. He will not stand up stubbornly to be broken by any popular gale of feeling, when, by bending gracefully, he can survive the blast. If this country wants Chamberlainism—and it undoubtedly wants it if Chamberlainism means a bigger price for our wheat—he will give it Chamberlainism. Who is he to set himself against the will of the Canadian nation? But that does not mean that he is going to campaign for Chamberlainism when it looks like "a lost cause" and when its opponents—his own brother Liberals—are in command of the British parliament. His attitudes on the Manitoba School Question and on the Western Autonomy Bills reveal the man. As a Liberal, he believes in protecting the rights of minorities. The Constitution does not overawe him very much. He thinks more of eternal principles. It is not at all likely that he took much pleasure in Joe Martin's jihad against Separate Schools in Manitoba; but he was a politician playing the game and he took advantage of it to get into power. But when he came to write autonomy bills for the other Western Provinces, and felt himself strong enough to indulge his own feeling in the matter, he gave them separate schools. He likes power, and he loves Liberalism. Moreover, he believes that it is better for Liberalism for him to be in power at the cost of a few compromises than for the Tories to occupy "the seats of the mighty."

British Columbia's budget shows an income of four thousand dollars above the three million mark, which is a most respectable amount. The expenditure was controlled so as to leave a surplus. Next year, the Government proposes to be lavish and to expend more than its income, believing, apparently, that such a policy will appeal to the progressive spirit of its people.



"Under the spoils system, the life of a newly-elected Cabinet Minister is that of a hunted animal."



The Cathedral, Mexico, from Roof of National Palace.
Copyright Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

The Mexican Earthquake

ON the fourteenth of April, almost a year from the San Francisco upheaval, a similar disaster in Mexico laid three cities in ruins, resulting in the loss of many human lives and a great destruction of property. The cities of Tixtla, Chilapa and Chilpacingo were almost completely destroyed and the panic-stricken survivors are encamped in the open air. The greater loss of life was at Tixtla, where many people were caught in the falling buildings and crushed to death. Scarcely a building was left standing in any of the towns on the earthquake zone.

On Monday, April fifteenth, the ground continued to rock at half-hour intervals and many minor shocks completed the first earthquake's work of devastation. Chilpacingo is the capital of the State of Guerrero and four years ago was visited by an earthquake which killed and wounded many of the inhabitants and destroyed a large part of the town. The population of the city is 7,496 and that of Chilapa is placed at 15,000. Both the volcanoes of Colima and Jerullo are in the affected region and the people fear that the seismic disturbances may cause these mountains to become more active.

Another shock occurred on the seventeenth. On the



Guanajuato—Typical of Mexico's Mountain Cities.
A water-vendor in the foreground.
Copyright Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

same day it was discovered that the cathedral of Mexico city, one of the most famous churches in the world, was cracked from top to bottom by the recent earthquake. The fissure is an eighth of an inch wide. An engineer has been appointed to examine the building. The cathedral is centuries old and is built on the former site of the Aztec Temple. The discovery of this injury has created general uneasiness in the capital city and further disturbance is feared. The seismologist has found the last fifteen months a season which has brought him into unenviable prominence.

Mr. Pope on Us and U.S.

MR RUFUS POPE, Ex-M.P., has been giving some free advice through an interview which appears in the Montreal Star. Two paragraphs are quoted to show what Mr. Pope thinks of the recent flirtations between Washington and Ottawa.

"The American is, perhaps, the best business man in the world. He wants anything that is profitable, and he is just waking up to the fact that Canada is full of profit for him if he can only get in here in the right way. He wants our trade—of course he does. He wants our raw materials for his industries. Some of our raw materials he will have to have soon to keep his industries going. He now gets a lion's share of our trade. For instance, for the year ending June 30th, 1906—the last complete fiscal year—the Americans sold us goods to the value of \$175,000,000, while Great Britain, which came next, was only able to sell us less than \$70,000,000 worth. And do you think that he



McGill Medical College, Montreal, destroyed by Fire April 16th.
Copyright Photograph by Notman.

pays dollar for dollar for this trade? Just listen. He bought from us during this same year only \$97,000,000 worth of goods, while Great Britain bought \$133,000,000. That is the way that the American likes to do business. That is the way that most people like to do business; but it is our business to try and see that we do not continue to get the short end of the stick.

"We ought to go upon the plain principle that Canada is for the Canadians. If we have any natural advantages here—and we have many—we should see that they are developed to the utmost in Canada by Canadians. Now any American who wants to share in our national wealth—in our immense opportunities—has only to come over to Canada and become a Canadian, to settle down here and live and work amongst us, and he can share and be heartily welcome. Old Sir John Macdonald used to say—speaking politically—that his 'was not an exclusive party,' which we thought a pretty good joke for the old man to crack. In the same way, ours is not an exclusive country. But he who desires to make profits out of Canada's fabulous natural advantages ought to be compelled to come to Canada to develop them. We want him as a citizen; we want his capital, and we want the chances in his industry for Canadian workingmen."

The winter port business of St. John is drawing to a close. Over 100 steamers have taken away goods valued at more than sixteen million dollars during the winter months. The grain shipments amounted to more than four million bushels.

Some St. George's Days

WE are informed almost daily that this is the transportation era. But as we go away back and pick up "The Patriot," published in Toronto in 1838, we find the announcement that on April twenty-third of that stormy year, for the first time two English steam vessels, the "Sirius" from Cork and the "Great Western" from Bristol, arrived in New York harbour, the former having taken nineteen days for the voyage and the latter, fifteen. It was a great event and was properly celebrated by a dinner given by Captain Hoskin of the "Great Western," on which occasion a New York alderman proposed the toast to Britain's eighteen-year-old sovereign: "Victoria Regina: The dominion of youth and beauty extends throughout the world." That distinguished statesman, Daniel Webster, was present and made eloquently amiable references to the relationship between England and America. Others spoke glowingly of the new era in the commercial world and altogether it was a glad occasion.

But Canada was having turbulent times in 1838, and St. George's Day in Toronto was a more stirring celebration. In the afternoon the members of St. George's Society paraded on King Street, attended a service in St. James' Church and in the evening held a banquet at the North American Hotel, with Captain Macaulay presiding. "The Queen" was, of course, the first name honoured, then the Governor, Sir George Arthur. The reply to the toast of the Duke of Wellington was made by Aemilius Irving, a Waterloo hero. But the historic health of the occasion was proposed by no other than the famous novelist, Captain Marryat, who arose and called for a toast to "Captain Drew and his Brave Comrades who cut out the Caroline." His speech was of no pacific order, and reversing the object of the tail-twisters at Uncle Sam's banquets, he ruffled the feathers of the American Eagle until that noble bird screeched loudly. The press of border cities in the United States exhausted their stock of uncomplimentary adjectives, "infamous" and "nefarious" being among the terms used to describe the gallant captain, who had dared to drink to his own. At Lewiston a large mob collected all the copies of "Midshipman Easy" which could be obtained, set them afire and then burned the British novelist in effigy. For about a fortnight there was much wild talk about that St. George's Day celebration.

In the following year a hostile Toronto paper gave this account of the keeping of the day: "This loyal body paraded through our city on Tuesday. It was without exception the most miserable turnout we have witnessed for years. No military band, nothing but a Scotch piper bare at the knees and all the spectators laughing at them. The society keeps pace with the Government and the people: all are in a state of bankruptcy! Had we known that they were unable to raise the wind and hire musicians, we should out of pure love for the day we highly honour, have turned out with our clarionet." Those were times of strenuous criticism.

If Englishmen were asked what man of their race has exerted the widest influence in the intellectual world, the reply would undoubtedly be "Shakespeare." Curiously enough, the day of the great poet's birth and death is that known as St. George's Day—April twenty-third. So the name of England's patron saint naturally associates itself with the name of the myriad-minded genius who was born and who died in one of the Old Country's fairest counties.

St. George's Day, 1907

By W. J. PITTS

UPON the twenty-third day of the present month, Englishmen and the sons of Englishmen in Canada, throughout the Empire and, in fact, the whole world over, met in a spirit of healthy patriotism to celebrate the anniversary of their patron saint's birthday, and to drink a thousand toasts to the success of those political institutions which are essentially English in origin and character, to the memory of all England's great men who were famous because they did noble things.

Why Englishmen should rejoice upon the anniversary of a personage who was not English, who lived at a remote period of modern history, probably has mystified many men of Anglo-Saxon stock, whose sentiments would favour the laudation of well known and much-discussed men of action, such as Cromwell or the Vanquisher of the Little Corporal—some man who was not

only conservatively English in act and thought but a maker of English history. The name of St. George will undoubtedly never possess the immense significance to the English race, as does the name of Saint Patrick to the Irish. To some he may seem an imported mythical figure designed to attract the national imagination during the Middle Ages. St. George, however, like his famous namesakes of the eighteenth century, the Georges of England and the George of Virginia was a fact and very much so.

Historians unite regarding the following knowledge of his life: He was born in Cappadocia of noble Christian parents, took military service as a knight under the Emperor Diocletian, but sacrificed his rank upon that ruler persecuting the adherents of Christianity. After undergoing innumerable vicissitudes, the majority of which tradition has coloured into fable, he was finally beheaded, thus becoming the first great soldier-martyr of the Christian church. In Constantinople, six churches were erected in his honour; one by Constantine the Great. Pope Gelasius canonised him in 494, although admitting that the Saint "was one of those whose names are justly revered among men, but whose actions are known only to God."

His name was probably greatly honoured in England long before the Conquest, but it remained for the lion-hearted Richard to place St. George in the front rank of England's hero-saints. Some old chronicles have stated that the Saint appeared before the King in a dream while the latter's army lay encamped before Jerusalem. Much more picturesque is the legend which declares that as the little army of the Cross retreated stubbornly from the walls of Antioch, their bodies famished and hopes shattered, the huge figure of a knight mounted upon an enormous white horse, and pointing his drawn sword with a gesture of triumph towards the Eastern city, appeared upon the summit of a lofty hill, and urged the Crusaders back to victory.

Whatever legend is the most acceptable to us, is not of any great consequence, for all the vague statements of tradition and the express declaration of the great National Council of Oxford in 1222 have combined to make St. George England's patron saint. His was a life that must have irresistibly appealed to the high-wrought, childlike, yet fierce imagination of England's great warrior kings. It is not improbable that the now much-ridiculed story of the slaying of the dragon may have crossed the mind of Henry the Fifth at Agincourt. Likening his own small army to the Cappadocian knight and the vast host of France to the monster of mythology, the forming of such a poetic and intensely patriotic analogy in the Plantagenet ruler's brain may well have found expression in those clarion-like sentences which are credited to him by Shakespeare.

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'"

As long as mediaevalism enthralled men's intellects, the name of St. George remained the death shout of a thousand heroes. The Renaissance swept away the cobwebs of the centuries and established a new order in the minds of men. The fantastic, chivalric lore of the day of chain armour found no footing before this resurrection of classicalism but passed along beneath the universal flood. With it went the legend of the slaying of the dragon, giving place to a truer and more spiritual interpretation of the life of the great Hero Saint. His physical triumph over a fire-belching monster was declared an allegory of the saint's conquest of the Powers of Darkness. Saint George has remained the patron of England and of the English beyond the seas, his spiritual heroism being recognised as a grand fourth century equivalent of English liberty, progress and democracy which have impressed themselves indelibly along with the constitutional virtues of other races upon every continent of our globe.

The Banner of St. George

It comes from the misty ages,
The banner of England's might,
The blood-red cross of the brave St. George,
That burns on a field of white!
It speaks of the deathless heroes
On fame's bright page inscribed,
And bids great England ne'er forget
The glorious deeds of old!

—Elgar.

Mining Troubles in the West



Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey,
Mgr. Crow's Nest Coal Co.

MINING troubles in the West is apparently a never-ending theme. To-day the situation is serious, even more serious than it has been on several similar occasions in the past few years. The conference at Calgary broke up without an agreement being reached. Some of the operators have posted a notice of reduction in wages and many of the miners are quitting work. The relations between employer and employee are strained to the breaking point, and the West is short of coal.

Two boards of conciliation are being formed. Four companies, Crow's Nest, Canadian-American, International and the Western Canada, employing nearly three thousand men, have appointed one representative to act for them on a Board. Three other companies, Breckenridge & Lund, McNeil, and Pacific, have named a representative of their own. Thus, there will consist of three persons, one appointed by the miners, one by the operators, and a third chosen by these two or by the Minister of Labour. These two boards may meet separately or jointly.

A conference is being held this week which may be productive of a temporary truce. This is being held at Fernie, the headquarters of the Crow's Nest Coal Co.

The miners in Western Canada are controlled by the Western Federation of Miners, a Colorado body which is part of the United Mine Workers of America. The Colorado body has not a good reputation, and seems to prefer war to peace. There are those who assert that if the Canadian miners were not under the thumb of the International body that there would be more peace and less war. One Royal Commission has already asserted that the Colorado body is "not a labour union at all, but a secret political party," and it suggested that they

should be declared illegal by the Canadian Parliament. Governor Peabody of Colorado has referred to the organisation as a criminal organisation.

There is no doubt another side to the picture. The capitalists of Canada have not always shown that keen sense of regard for the earnings of their employees which should distinguish them. They are sometimes too eager to pick flaws in agreements to which they have been parties and not always as observant of the spirit of these documents as they might be.

A statement was issued from the miners' headquarters late last week and reads as follows:—"The men stopped work because the mine operators, though a board had been applied for and promised, had posted in their mines notices of the reduction from ten to twenty per cent. It was impossible to convince the men that what was stated in that notice would not be done, the dissatisfaction being general, and hundreds of men acted upon their own interests at once and quit work. They call attention to the fact that it was the employers who asked for the Conciliation Board, and that it was the employers who have been blocking it. For instance, though the demands of the miners were made known to the operators at the mine and a copy of the proceedings filed with the application for a conciliation board, the operators filed objection to the application on the ground that specific notice had not been given of their demands."

The operators claim that the leaders of the unions are deceiving the men both as to the law and as to the intentions of the operators, and that there would be no strike if the men were not misinformed as to both. Mr. John Mitchell, the president of the International, wired to the local leaders to have the men remain at work. In spite of that, the men walked out.

A meeting of the board of trade of Nelson was held last week, with members from Kaslo and Cranbrook in attendance, and a strong resolution was passed. This condemned the practical refusal of both parties to submit to the new Dominion Conciliation Act and asked the Federal Government to assume the responsibility of operating the mines until the differences were settled. The president of the board was instructed to attend the conference at Fernie on the 23rd.

If a truce is not arranged this week, the situation in the West will be serious. Fortunately the weather is moderate and there will not be much suffering. The most serious feature is the shortage of coal at all factories and railway coaling points.



A General View of the Crow's Nest Coal Co. Property, at Fernie, B.C.

The Gallinule as Seen Through the Lenses

THE BIRD MORE COMMONLY CALLED THE MUDHEN. WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

WHEN the April days are lengthening, towards the end of the month, the first pairs of these very interesting birds may be seen standing on the edge of the bog that outlines the mouth of the Otonabee, in the Province of Ontario. They are nocturnal migrants, and the Mississauga spoke mysteriously about their coming. These "Muskeeg Pukuhahou"—marsh-hens as he calls them—puzzled him with their unseen arrival.

It was the twentieth of April; the Indian and I were hidden behind a growth of tall wild oats. With my glass I was watching a couple of faint dots on the southern sky-line. The dots developed into flying birds, the birds themselves into mud-hens, and as I hastily arranged my big machine, Hawk asked "Ahneen" literally—"what is the matter?" This is one of the few words in their many syllable language that is brief and full of meaning.

Straight as an arrow from a bow the bird sped to its target in the marsh, a target of which we, luckily, were the centre. I had the focal plane set for the one thousandth of a second, and just as the bird relaxed its efforts and allowed its legs to hang into the position of alighting there was a "Clang!" and the sensitive film recorded a flying mud-hen.

This pair of birds, positively the first and only pair I have seen migrating in all my days afloat, settled onto the bog intent on resting themselves after their long flight. Their migration is not in a direct line, as is that of so many of the game birds. Instead they follow the course of the rivers, circle the shores of the lakes, making many a short flight because their wings are all too small for the long plump white-fleshed body of the bird.

A full three weeks passed. Nature had ordained for a certain supply of water for these marshes, but she had figured without the lumbermen and the powers that are digging the seven-foot waterway called the Trent Valley Canal, a shallow ditch marking the way for what will ultimately be a deep canal. These united had raised and lowered the water with maddening persistency. Now these birds can read aright the natural signs, but not being gifted with telepathy they were far astray as to the right time to build their nests. They simply fed and loafed and made love, filling the "drowned lands" with their booming notes. Of these they have a great variety, as indeed all the rail family have, from the low contented cooing note of the love-making, all through the sharp strident alarm calls, into the deep booming whereby they answer each other across the marshes. The variety is such as to often mislead the water-student as to the breed of the bird.

Building a Nest.

The entire bird kingdom represented here guessed correctly as to the low water time, and with wonderful accord all started to build. The mud-hens chose the thick flags for a nesting place, building amid its interwoven sword-like leaves a basket of fine proportions and exquisitely woven. Day by day Hawk and I sat with the telescope glued to our strained eyes watching the work. The female did nearly all the work. Her lord sat contentedly by and nibbled a few delicate shoots, picked up a fat snail and lazily watched the trim bluish slate-coloured bird working. Her back seemed to shade brownish, with a touch of white on the belly, edge of wings and beneath the tail. His bill was more distinctly marked, shading from a pea-green at the tip to the most brilliant red at the base.

The female cut off the flags into lengths of about six inches; these she laid flat and, holding down one end, deftly inserted the other beneath the partly laid floor of the nest, interweaving them like a basket. It took two full days. The bird did not work much from the time we left at night until we paddled in again the next morning. On the evening of the second day she strutted out beside the male, so full of importance and uttering so many odd notes, bugle-like in sound, that the Indian

promptly said, "O-keezhetooh," which means "He finished it." He was wrong in sex but right in theory, as we saw when we drew up alongside the bog-edge that held the clump of flags. No nest could be better built—a dainty basket, as carefully woven as if the women of his Ojibway tribe had fashioned it.

In the many places that I have met this bird it is despised by the hunter as a table bird. This Florida Gallinule (called in the South the Mud-pullet, on the Atlantic coast the Water-chicken, throughout the West the Rice-hen and Mud-hen, oftentimes the Moor-hen), allowing that it is fed as here on Rice Lake, fed on wild celery, wild rice, spatter-dock, the tender shoots of the water lily, is fitted for any table. In fact we have time and time again given away the choicest ducks and served the mud-hens for our table.

The Young Birds.

The birds breed here in great numbers, averaging about a dozen eggs a nest. They are well protected by the fierce fighting sentries of the marsh, the red-winged blackbirds, who drive every flying enemy away from their own nests and incidentally protect all the game birds nesting near by. Nevertheless, I am sorry to record, that only forty per cent. of the eggs laid bring out a bird that arrives at a mature age enough to fly.

This family has the same number of enemies that all the marsh-nesting game birds have to contend with. A big frog will greedily gulp down a downy youngster. A silent-footed mink will creep at night close to the nesting brood and kill several before the little black chaps can scurry off and hide beneath some friendly leaf. Weasels and stoat take their share. Hawks and owls and crows take what they can catch. Luckily for these marsh babies they can dart off and hide in a hurry, diving almost from birth.

It is wonderful how they can hide. Hawk and I suddenly rounded a corner of the bog, stopping the canoe close beside a mud-hen's nest. Instantly the old bird sidled off and ran under the cover, leaving about twelve black hairy, downy youngsters in the woven basket. Immediately there was a shower of wee mud-hens from that nest into the water. Once on its as yet unfamiliar surface they soon were thoroughly at home, scurrying off and hiding under the arches of the dry flags or diving and coming up under a leaf. It is wonderful the instinct implanted by nature in these tiny heads. We picked one up; it was imperfectly feathered; the head was a mass of bright blue skin stretched over the minute atom of gray matter it used for a brain; from out of this brilliant blue poked great black eyes and an odd, black little bill. The nestling's body was covered with the blackest of down, only imperfectly covered at that, yet it could dive and swim beneath the water and come up as light as a cork and as dry as one also.

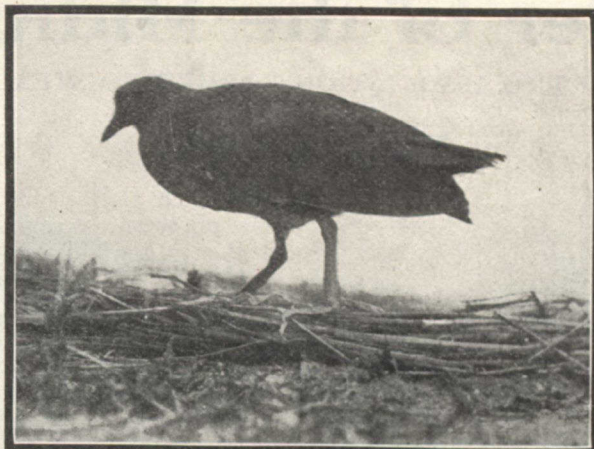
The mother bird uses the nest for many nights after the young are hatched. I have found her there with her whole brood when they were as large as robins. It is possible for her to hear any marauder coming through the dry flags, or splashing in the water on its way to rob her of her babes. I have seen them scatter, watching them through the big telescope. A passing hawk halted a moment over the mother and her brood, fluttered on soft slow-moving wing beats. Quickly the mother bird stepped off the nest and hid in the cover. A perfect mob of dark bodies crowded over the side of the nest and disappeared below the surface of the water. The hawk, seeing the feast, fell through the air with the noise of a rushing flame. Swift though its flight, it was all too late, as I saw it curve upwards from the lowest point of its stoop without any of the downy wee mud-hens in its cruel talons.

Waiting for the Photographs.

Many a time, mosquito-bitten and sun-scorched, Hawk and I have waited on the edge of the bog to picture the



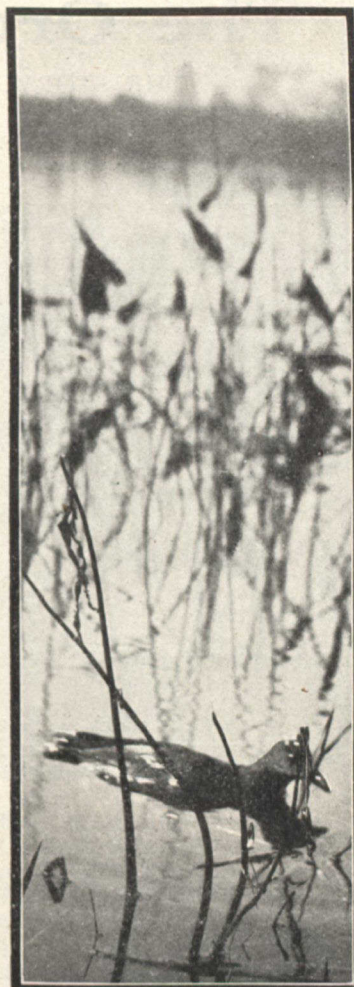
Among the Rice.



A Male Gallinule.



A Nesting Bird.



Swimming.

SOME RARE PICTURES OF THE GALLINULE OR MUD-HEN.

adult birds. Day after day we returned across the wide lake beaten but not discomfited. At length, one day, as we sat in the canoe hidden behind some swamp grown black elders, a big handsome mud-hen swam out among the arrow-shaped leaves of the "Muskrat Apple" directly in front of our camera. There was a rapid pressing of bulbs, a merry clamour of curtains, and we offer you her photograph.

It was almost migration time before I secured a picture of the big, plump, well-fed male. There was one spot on the shores of a tiny sandy bay, where a male of this breed loved to sun himself. Taking advantage of the telescope's disclosure I paddled there and hid a machine six feet from the water's edge. Connecting it with tube and bulb I concealed myself far back among some luxuriant ferns, in themselves worthy of a picture. It was October: all the woods were brave in scarlet and gold. Many wild ducks were in sight and many varieties of the plover family made the air eloquent with their calls. When I awoke an hour later the male Gallinule stood picking from the shore-drifted mass. I waited fully a minute for him to step along until he was directly under the twig that marked the centre of the film. Just as he turned and lowered his head for another bit of spatterdock he had his picture taken. Very gravely, yet in an alert manner, he raised his head and the bright black eyes and the brilliant red and yellow shaded bill were pointed my way, then he flew away off and ran into the bog complaining in a querulous note.

A heavy frost settled on bog and bay, reeds and wild rice covers that night, and next morning, when the Mississaugan and I sought the mud-hens in all the most likely places and found them not, we knew they were threading their way along the lakes and rivers on their southern migration.

A Distinguished Canadian Family

THAT one of the peaks in the Mountains of the Moon should receive its name from a family long established in a Canadian city is a fact of more than local interest.

The clan of Stairs has been a force in Halifax for

over a century, chiefly in the domain of commerce. It has several strong branches and is allied by inter-marriage with the most influential families in the place. The story of Captain John Stairs, the mutiny of his crew, the attempt to murder him, his well-nigh miraculous rescue, the trial and conviction of the mutineers is one of the most romantic incidents in provincial annals. The Hon. William Stairs, recently deceased, the head of the family, was a typical merchant prince of the dignified old school. His eldest son, John F. Stairs, represented the city in the Dominion Parliament for several years in the Conservative interest. He was foremost in organizing the Nova Scotia Steel Company and other industries. His untimely death three years ago was regarded by the whole community as a blow to the commercial prosperity of Nova Scotia. His son, Gilbert S. Stairs, was the first winner of the Rhodes scholarship in Nova Scotia; he is this year completing his course for the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford. A cousin, Major H. B. Stairs, D.S.O., commanded a company of the 2nd Royal Canadian Regiment at Paardeberg, when the wearers of the maple leaf badge had orders to advance till fired on. They did advance to within sixty yards of the Boer trenches, and when Majuba Day dawned they saw the white flag flying over Cronje's useless camp. "Present at Paardeberg, 18-27 Feb., (1900 despatches, Queen's medal, 4 clasps, D.S.O., Brevet Majority), Driefontein, Hout Nek, Sand River, Johannesburg, etc., etc." is the laconic record of Who's Who. His brother, Capt. W. G. Stairs, R.E., was Stanley's trusted lieutenant in the expeditions to rescue Emin Bey. Stanley wrote of him: "Stairs is the military officer, alert, intelligent, who understands a hint, a curt intimation, grasps an idea firmly, and realises it to perfection." He died in 1892 at Chinde, a young man, of gastric fever, but he is not forgotten. The other day, in his lecture before the Royal Geographical Society in London, the Duke of Abruzzi stated that he had named two peaks in Ruwenzori, the one Stanley and the other Stairs, after the young officer whose untimely death is still lamented. The Duke had completed the ascent which Stairs had not been able to accomplish through lack of supplies, in 1889. Nor is Stairs the only graduate of the R.M.C. that Africa has claimed. The story is told at length in the D. N. B.

The Order of the Midnight Sun

THE STORY OF THE ASSOCIATION FORMED TO STEAL THE YUKON.

By H. A. CODY



In wintertime Dawson City depends on sleigh transportation for Mails and Supplies.

AN important work is being carried on by the Dominion Government in North West Canada, concerning which people in general know but little. This is the building of a trail, or more properly a military road from Edmonton to the Yukon Territory. For two years the construction has been under way in charge of the Royal North West Mounted Police. From Edmonton the road stretches seven hundred miles away to Fort St. John on the Peace River, and then takes an almost direct course over the Rocky Mountains for two hundred miles to Fort Grahame in British Columbia, and thence in a north westerly direction for seven hundred miles more to Atlin. This long trail of sixteen hundred miles lies through a region, as a rule but little civilised, and where Nature at times opposes her sternest barriers. It is not a wide road, only eight feet, and at regular intervals of twenty miles small rude log houses are erected as halting places. The principal work so far has been from the eastern side of the mountains, and last fall the construction party, under the command of Captain Camies, reached Fort Grahame, where they have wintered. This summer another party of workmen in charge of Inspector McDonnell, of Whitehorse, will push the work from Atlin until the two forces meet, which they hope to do before winter.

And what is the purpose of it all? Why this great expense in stretching a narrow winding thread-like way through a great wilderness? Why? Because one of Canada's richest treasure houses, the golden Klondyke, lies cooped up beyond the great mountains.

The two front doors to this country lie in the United States Territory of Alaska; one opening in from Skagway by means of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, the other farther north, the estuary of the Yukon River at St. Michael. Should these doors swing to; should international difficulties arise between England and the United States, and men of war of the latter country lie off from Skagway and St. Michael, what would happen to the Yukon Territory? A blockade—starvation, and who knows what?

Of course in summer there are certain escapes over the Rocky Mountains to the east, as for instance by way of the Pelly and Laird Rivers into the Mackenzie, the route that prince of explorers, Robert Campbell, followed years ago. But so great is the distance and so tremendous the difficulties to be overcome as to be almost useless as a highway either for the carrying of supplies or the transporting of troops. A more direct and less difficult way was needed—hence the present projected plan of a road from Edmonton to Atlin.

The question naturally arises, Is this only the idea of dreamers, the outcome of pessimistic minds? Has there been any token in the past to warrant such an undertaking? Has not the Yukon Territory been one of great peace and security, unparalleled in any great mining district? Are not our neighbours adjoining us on most friendly terms, and so engaged about their own affairs as not to trouble themselves about us? Many of the noblest and best thinking among them undoubtedly are, and would regret any step that would tend to sever the friendly bond with England, but there are others, and they are not a few, the baser element, who would only be too glad on the least pretext to strike

the match that would lead to an explosion, and seize this northern treasure house.

It was the time a few years ago when many people of the United States were in the Yukon Territory—people who sympathised strongly with the idea that the golden Klondyke should be joined to Alaska, and that the Stars and Stripes should float over all the country. This did not end in feeling only for at Skagway a Society was formed called the "Order of the Midnight Sun," with branches at Juneau, Atlin, Whitehorse, and Dawson. Literature was carefully circulated among the members and the order grew. Plans were then deliberately arranged for the great movement. On a certain day the scheme was to be launched. The wires along the railway were to be cut at various places, the train to be captured a short distance out of Skagway, armed men were to fill the coaches and the number to be augmented at Caribou Crossing. With this strong force, and without a word of warning they were to sweep down upon Whitehorse, and being joined by the sympathizers there, were to overpower the Police, capture the town. This done the next move was to be upon Dawson, where the Order was very strong.

For some time it was kept a dead secret among its members, and the movement had made strong headway before word reached the Mounted Police. And this was by the merest accident. At Whitehorse a ferry was conducted by one of the sympathisers, and an active worker in the Order. One day, having imbibed too much of the fiery element, his tongue became loosened, and he dropped a few casual remarks which aroused suspicion. Word soon reached the Officer Commanding the Division, Major Snyder. The ferryman was judiciously "pumped" when facts of an alarming nature came to light.

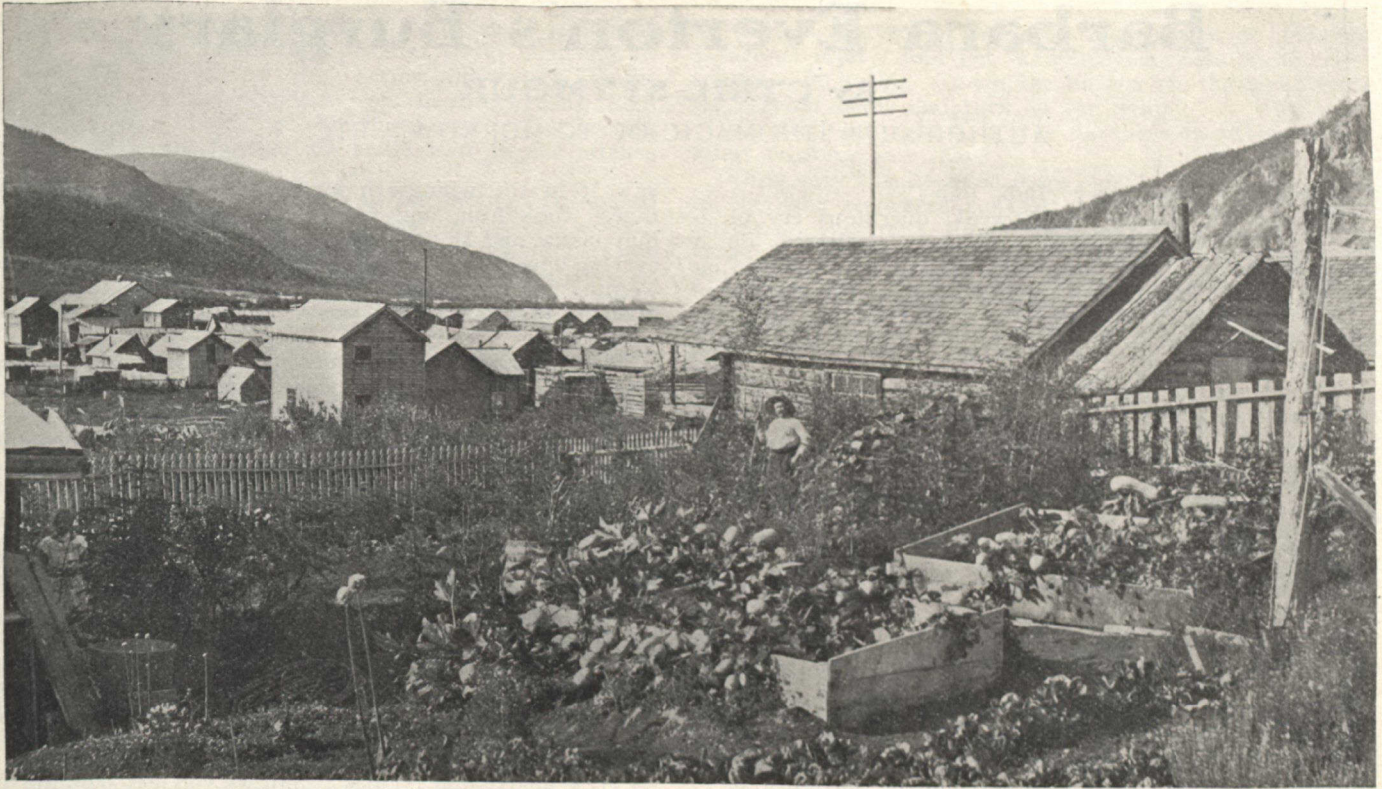
Upon this information active steps were taken. An eternal vigilance was kept up. Two gatling guns, from the brow of the high hill near the town, covered the railway track for some distance, to blow the train to atoms should the raiders approach.

But though these precautions were taken, still the Police needed further evidence. All they had was the information of one man, and perhaps after all it was a hoax. With that thoroughness, shrewdness and ability which have always characterised the Mounted Police, the investigation was carried on, when, lo and behold, the plot began to unravel.

In a building, used partly as a stable and partly as a store room, a box was discovered, which contained a quantity of literature, published by the Order of the Midnight Sun, setting forth the plans of the Society in a most inflammatory manner. Together with the papers was found the Seal of the Order—showing how far it had advanced. This discovery proved that no hoax was meant. The Police no longer hesitated, they had the facts, and began to turn the screws. So sudden and mysterious was the exposure, and so promptly did the Police work, that the members of the Order took fright. Some offered to stand by the English flag, while others thought it more prudent to leave the country. Thus, without any unnecessary commotion the plot was defeated, the raid never took place, and the matter was quickly hushed up. Some to-day are fond of saying that it was all a joke; but the Seal of the Order, the inflammatory literature still preserved by the Police, the hasty departure of many of the sympathisers, and the further information which came to light later, tell their own tale.

Just what was the exact purpose of this intended raid does not seem altogether clear as there are various views. Some believe it was the wild attempt of a party of filibusters, fond of adventure, who wished to seize the territory, set up laws of their own, and then call upon the United States for protection. Others think it was the scheme of a few worthless fellows, who, as soon as the raid was made, would seize what gold they could from the ravaged banks, and dropping down the river would leave their co-members to bear the brunt of the vengeance which would be sure to follow.

Be these as they may, the fact remains patent that the Yukon Territory is in a position to be cooped up by any party of worthless villains who can obtain followers enough. The Dominion Government, knowing this, has wisely decided to carve a back door, as a military road into the country, in case of emergency.



A Vegetable Garden in Dawson—Photographed August 15th.



Sweet Alyssum and Candy Tuft, Dawson City.



Many Fruits and Flowers are grown under glass.



Even Grain may be grown in the Yukon—Harvesting, August 15th.
SOME INTERESTING PICTURES FROM THE YUKON

Barbara Everton's Burglary

By CYRIL SEYMOUR

AUTHOR OF "THE MAGIC OF TO-MORROW," ETC.

"BAB, I want 'oo! Bab, Bab!"

It was the shrill, weak, querulous cry of a three-year-old child tossing restlessly on a couch shaded from the lamplight and the cheerful fire on a chill autumn night by a folding-screen. The scene was a well-furnished sitting-room on a first floor, that bore everywhere evidence of the taste and dainty touch of a woman.

The person addressed—a tall, fair girl of twenty summers—laid down her book upon the table by which she sat, and moved lightly and gracefully across the apartment, her abundant hair glinting like new-minted gold as she passed through the focus of a brilliant standard lamp.

"Yes, Tommy darling, sissy is here," said Barbara, bending her young head until her rosy lips touched the pallid cheek of the little sufferer. "Does sissy's pet want a drink?"

"No! No! No! Don't want a dinky!" protested the child, lifting a white arm above his curly flaxen head. "I want—I want Black Jacky!"

"Black Jacky?" queried Barbara, in wonderment. She paused, and then went on hurriedly: "Yes, Tommy love, go to sleep. There's a deary. I'll ask Black Jacky to come and see you first thing in the morning."

She had not the faintest idea as to the identity of the ebony individual in demand, but it was essential that the child should be pacified at once. Tommy's serious illness was just passing its crisis, and, as the doctor had warned her but an hour before, a relapse meant something too dreadful for contemplation.

"No! No! No!" urged the child raising his thin high voice almost to a wrathful shriek. "I want Black Jacky—now, now, now!"

Barbara arose, and stepping quickly across the room, took an elaborately-dressed doll from a low shelf, and strove to place it in her little patient's arms.

"No! No! No!" yelled the child, now fairly roused, thrusting the doll furiously away and beating it ruthlessly with his tiny fists. "Black Jacky! Black Jacky! Black Jacky! Nothin' but Black Jacky!"

Diplomacy, to put it mildly, became imperative, if absolute hysterics were to be averted.

"Hush, Tommy dearest, hush!" said the girl soothingly, "I'll bring Black Jacky. I'm going to ask him to come upstairs and see you."

Tommy's wild outcry ceased instantly. He lifted his weary, fevered head almost erect, and opened his wan blue eyes to their widest.

"Sollem troof?" he asked gravely, fixing the dissembling Bab with a penetrating stare.

"Yes, pet, solemn truth. I shan't be long in getting him, and Annie shall come up and sit with you while I'm away."

The child lay back satisfied. Barbara adjusted the coverlet over his cosy couch, and then she withdrew noiselessly.

Down in the kitchen the middle-aged maid-of-all-work of the little household was engaged in some domestic occupation by the hearth. She rose from her knees as her young mistress entered.

"Did you hear Tommy crying?" asked the girl.

"Yes, Miss Barbara. It is very bad for him, too, just now. I was coming up to see if I could help you to quieten him."

"I don't know what to do, Annie. I fear that delirium is setting in. He is talking very queerly. What do you think he is asking for now!" A smile shewed through even her deep concern. "Nothing will suffice for him but some strange, unknown individual whom he speaks of as Black Jacky! Black Jacky! Black Jacky! Who on earth is the gentleman?"

A curious look of humour passed over the maid's face. Evidently she had knowledge where Barbara had none. "Oh, it's all right, miss. It's nothing. Black Jacky's a toy—a big Jack-in-the-box in the shop next door."

"Indeed! You'd better go and buy him at once. How much is he ticketed?" The speaker paused, with a sudden look of blank disappointment on her erstwhile animated face, and then continued: "But I'm afraid the shop's shut for the night."

"I'm certain it is, miss. The lights went down some time ago." Then the maid went hurriedly on: "Tommy

saw it in the window a fortnight ago, just before the illness took him, and young Mr. Benson kindly carried him inside and showed him how the figure worked. He's ever so nice a gentleman is Mr. Benson. He talked to Tommy for quite a quarter of an hour, and told him to give his respects to his sissy. Didn't you get the message?"

Barbara ignored the question, flushing and turning away. "Like his impertinence," she said, with an assumption of dignity and utter indifference, taking two or three steps across the kitchen. "Why, I have never once spoken to the man, and I don't want to," she added.

The discreet Annie suppressed a smile. She was fully aware of the secret ardent devotion of Benson, Junior, for haughty, handsome Barbara. The one-sided love affair had, as yet, made not an atom of progress. All the same the observant maid was inwardly convinced that Barbara's scorn of her unavowed courtier was all on the surface. How could it be otherwise? Was not Harry Benson a man of whom any girl might well be proud? Still, maybe Annie was wholly in error. Mistress and maid, whilst having much in common, did not always look at matters of the heart from identical points of view.

"It's nearly ten o'clock; but we can get Tommy the Jack-in-the-box at nine in the morning, Miss Barbara," said the elder woman. "The shop opens then. As I told you, it's marked at half-a-crown."

"Yes, I suppose so," responded Barbara absently. Then she stole quietly upstairs. Tommy was lying motionless, with closed eyes, seemingly sound asleep.

"Thank Heaven!" breathed his sister. But the prayer of gratitude was all too prematurely uttered.

Tommy was bolt upright a second later, his wide eyes sweeping the full extent of the room in fiercest expectation. "Not got 'im! Not got 'im!" he wailed reproachfully. "Black Jacky! Black Jacky!"

Barbara ran to his side, and took him tenderly in her arms. "Oh, yes, I am getting him, Tommy dearest. I'm going right away to the shop next door. I shall be only a few minutes. You will be a good boy while I'm away?"

"Yes, good boy," he whimpered, in tones of dubious content.

II.

Breathless, and burning with a suppressed excitement that made her tremble and tingle in every fibre of her slight being, Barbara Everton stole round to the darkened drawing-room on the first floor at the front of the house. She approached the window, unlatched it, and raised the lower sash. It creaked horribly in her ears.

Suddenly the great doomful boom of the big bell of the church a hundred yards away struck upon her ears. It was ten o'clock. Here was a mad, hair-brained venture. How might it not end? Had she not better turn back whilst yet there was time?

But the thought of the child in the sitting-room nerved her for her mission, and cautiously Barbara clambered over the sill down on to the leaden floor of the narrow railed balcony. Step by step she went onward, groping her giddy way in the gloom. The distance to be traversed was but half-a-dozen yards. Yet it seemed quite a journey.

She had gained the first front window of the spacious warehouse above the shop occupied by Messrs. Benson & Son. Trembling in every limb, she came to a halt before it on the cramped balcony. She turned and looked down into the sheer, shadowy depths below.

The measured sound of heavy footfalls rang upward through the black air, and she caught a faint glance of a burly uniformed figure. Instinctively, she crouched down behind the big signboard, covered, as she knew, with great gilded letters, which lined the front of the railing.

The sound of passing footsteps ceased, and, after a little interval, she lifted herself from her crouched position, and applied all the energy she could master to the task of raising the heavy sash. It was, as she anticipated, unlatched. For reasons of their own, Messrs. Benson and Son occasionally left the window lowered an inch or two from the top.

With a supreme effort, she gained the inside of the warehouse, and rested for a few seconds against the wall. Then she set herself to cross the floor, counting her steps

as she went . . . Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty! she had reached the further wall. Turning to the left, she groped her way across the rough, worn, bare boards; with unknown apprehension rising high within her and above her beating heart, the hurried throb of which she fancied she could hear in the intense silence.

Her hand touched the knob of the door. It opened easily, and, fearing a fall, she crept on to the landing without, inch by inch. Closing the door behind her, she ignited a wax vesta on the little box she carried. It spluttered feebly, and then sprang up into a clear small flame.

The broad staircase leading to the shop below was before her. Her further path was plain and easy.

The flickering light of a street lamp opposite made objects dimly visible in the interior of the great emporium, packed, and littered everywhere with a fairyland profusion of childhood's treasures. But Barbara was a burglar, with one sole, single purpose—the gigantic Jack-in-the-box in the background of the window to her right. She reached out and took the object of her quest in both hands.

The weird, grotesque figure, disturbed by the girl's frantic clutch, nodded its ugly head familiarly in her face, and incontinently she dropped the box to the floor with a faint, hysterical cry. But the attack of foolish terror was only momentary. She recovered herself at once, pushed down Black Jack's fuzzy head into his abiding-place, and closed and latched the lid.

With Tommy's prospective prize in her arms, she glided away along the outer side of the counter on her left, depositing upon it as she passed a little packet, which fell with a slight chink upon the hard, polished mahogany surface.

Her foot was upon the stairs, and it seemed as though her strange madcap enterprise was to all intents and purposes safely accomplished. Not so, however. Woman's fatal spirit of curiosity overcame her and wrought her undoing.

There was a Blue Beard's chamber in this innocent-seeming shop. What harm could there be in her taking one furtive lightning peep into it? She halted in cogitation, to soon realise the truth of the proverb that she who hesitates is lost.

Eventually she withdrew her foot from the lowermost step of the staircase she was on the point of ascending. Then, fearfully, she looked around. Some of the countless queer conceptions of toydom appeared in the uncertain light to be beckoning her towards them, as though intent on her downfall; but, summoning up all her courage, she made straight for the forbidden chamber, diving desperately past a great pantomime mask that leered in her face.

The scientific toy department was a great feature at Benson's. Indeed, "toy" is an inadequate word. The elder member of the firm revelled in an apartment filled to overflowing with phonographs, model steam-engines, fire-arms, magic-lanterns, cinematographs, motors and dynamos, and other mechanical and electrical apparatus. This apartment was the sanctum of Benson Senior, at the back of the shop.

The glass door of this office was shut. Barbara opened it and stepped inside. It closed behind her with a clang, and a faint, bee-like hum broke immediately upon her ear. She struck a second match and saw that a great safe faced her. By her side was an arm-chair. The match burnt out, and she turned to depart. But she was not yet fated to go forth. She had invited dire calamity, and it was now jogging her elbow with its bony hand. A terrible moment was come.

"Throw up your hands or I fire!" spoke the unknown owner of a harsh, measured, metallic voice through the darkness.

Barbara's Jack-in-the-box dropped to the floor with a crash.

"Sit down in this armchair or die!" went on the unseen speaker, in deliberate accents and a tone of heartless blood-curdling menace.

With a gasp of horror, Barbara fell back into the chair, a helpless bundle of quivering femininity. The arms of the chair clipped inward as she dropped and wrapped themselves in some mysterious fashion around her dainty waist.

Then her unseen captor laughed merrily aloud.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! He, he, he! Don't die of utter terror, Mr. Burglar please," the mysterious unearthly voice continued. "There's no immediate danger, but you may reckon on trouble in the morning. The fact is you've fallen into Hiram Benson's patent electrical burglar-trap. I shouldn't advise you to struggle,

for there's no escape, and you may easily do yourself a serious injury and get a paralysing shock of electricity. Be calm. Touch the button on the right front leg of your chair and turn on the light."

Barbara sat aghast in the darkness in utter silence. What trickery was this?

"For pity's sake release me, sir," she pleaded, when at last she recovered control of her speech. "I am no burglar. I know I shouldn't have done it; but I only came in to get a toy for my little sick brother. I'll pay for it—of course, I will—for the Jack-in-the-box!"

But the dead silence remained unbroken. There came no answer to Barbara's piteous appeal for mercy and relief. What further mischief, she asked herself, could her hidden captor and foe be meditating?

Accidentally, she touched a projection at the side of her chair, and instantly the cool, steady rays of an electric lamp flooded the office with light.

The apartment was empty. She was the ridiculous victim of a mechanical chair and a phonograph set in action by herself on opening the door! But there was no way of escape. She dare not even move for fear of being electrocuted in accordance with the threat that had been uttered!

III.

The clock in the steeple of St. Barnabas was chiming a quarter past ten when Harry Benson returned hastily to the shop occupied by his father and himself. He had forgotten to take for the post an important letter, and the fact had only dawned upon him after he had got into the Twopenny Tube train at Marble Arch station, en route for the parental roof at Holland Park. So he had got out at Lancaster Gate, and made a quick return, the communication in question being of an imperative nature.

Unlocking the front door, he stepped into the shop and switched on the electric light. Upon the counter, directly before him, just where he had placed his half-smoked cigarette, lay the letter he had neglected, and by its side was a pink Court envelope addressed to himself. How had it come hither?

He picked up the unaccountable letter, after placing the other in his pocket, tore away the cover, and took out the enclosed sheet of paper, from which a large silver coin dropped. The letter read:

"Dear Sir,—I trust you will pardon my offence, extraordinary as it is. A little friend of mine is lying ill, almost dying. He pleads in a fashion that will not be denied for a toy in your window. I have taken it by French leave. It is the big Jack-in-the-box ticketed at half-a-crown. I enclose the money, and beg to subscribe myself, with many apologies, your deeply-obliged Servant."

The perplexed shopkeeper wheeled round, and turned the corner leading to the inner office. A blaze of light was proceeding from it! For a second he stood in startled irresolution. Then his right hand went swiftly to his hip-pocket, and his fingers closed over the butt of a revolver.

With the weapon cocked, and raised in a line with his breast, he crept steadily up to the office and flung open the door, to start back astounded.

A bare-headed girl, in a charming indoor dress, with a great wealth of spun-gold hair tossed in disorder over her concealed face, lay mute and motionless in the implacable grip of his scientific dad's great invention!

The fair prisoner lifted her white rounded arms, raised her head, and pushed back her streaming tresses, making visible her face. A pair of big, dilated, terror-stricken blue eyes glared up into his to drop their glance immediately to the floor in utter shame and confusion.

"What?" he ejaculated. "What? Not you—not Miss Barbara Everton?"

She nodded her head feebly, humbly. Her lovely face and lifting throat and bosom had gone of a sudden almost crimson. Her lips parted and quivered.

"Ye-es!" she stammered through a chattering double row of pearls. "I came for the Jack-in-the-box." She laughed foolishly. "Did you get my note? I left it in the shop."

"I did," answered the young man, smiling now. "But it's so sudden. I can't make it all out. How did you get in here?"

"Along our balcony—by your upper window." Then Bab put her hands to her face and wept convulsively.

"Don't take on so, please, Miss Everton," said the man soothingly. "I'm awfully sorry. I can't tell you how much, for you wouldn't believe me. I am really pained and shocked that you have suffered such an experience."

Barbara had ceased her outburst, but she did not

speak. How radiantly beautiful she looked even in her distress, thought Benson, who at last found voice and added, with reckless enthusiasm: "It was enough—enough to frighten you to death, my—my poor little darling!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Barbara, raising her head erect, tightening her lips, and rewarding the venturesome mortal with an icy stare.

"Oh, the folly of it, the shame, the madness!" she wailed. "And I meant no harm. I only came for Tommy's sake. Oh, let me go! Free me instantly from this hateful chair!"

"Of course you meant no harm, Miss Everton, and you have done none," said Benson, coming up to the girl's side and daring to lay a sympathetic hand upon her arm. "Console yourself. You will rouse the street, and then what is to be done?"

Barbara ceased her outcry, but continued to sob softly, "Only let me go," she whimpered, like a naughty, detected, abjectly-penitent child. "I will do—anything!"

"Of course I will," replied Harry, reassuringly. "I would not harm a hair of your beautiful head. You came in, as you say, by the balcony? I can see it all. You dear, sweet, brave, innocent baby!"

He rose as he spoke, and drew down a brass lever in a corner of the room. The arms of Barbara's prison-chair unclasped themselves, and the girl rose tremblingly to her feet. But her recovery was speedy, and the light of freedom came back into her eye.

"How good of you," she said, coming close up to him—so close that the sleeve of her dress rustled deliciously against his shoulder. "May I go now—by the front door?"

"Yes," he answered, "on one condition—that you take the Jack-in-the-box with you."

"How forgetful of me," she cried, a smile dawning on her face. "I suppose I may?"

"Certainly," he made response. "You have paid for

it. Shall I make you out a bill, duly receipted?"

Bab laughed aloud, a little nervously, perhaps, and Harry stooped and picked up the square green box at her side and sought to place it in her hands. But she drew slightly away.

"No," she said. "I haven't actually stolen it yet, have I?"

Harry shook his head. "No," he answered with mischievous gravity. "You might perhaps be charged with burglarious entry, but scarcely with theft."

"Then I won't carry off my plunder," she said. "So will you—will you, please—walk round with me and see Tommy—you know him—and give it to him yourself?"

"With the very greatest pleasure in the world," responded Benson, Junior, his face beaming with sudden rapture. "And may I say Barbara—thank you, Barbara—for just this once?"

"I suppose you must, if you wish it. Besides, I've no other choice," she whispered cooly.

He was in the act of tucking her fluttering right hand under his arm, but she started away from him.

"You forget," said the girl, "you forget the open window upstairs. Please go up and shut it. But, oh! don't be long. I'm terrified to be left alone in this dreadful shop! I believe there are ghosts in it."

Benson was upstairs and down again in a trice, and then proudly took the girl's arm in his and led her out into the street to the house next door, to cross for the first time a fateful doorstep.

"Lawks!" said Annie, the maid-of-all-work, to herself, as Bab and Harry tripped upstairs together to Tommy's territory and kingdom, "I wouldn't have thought it of her, the sly puss! It's a clear case of courtship now. And she pretended not even to know, much less to care for him, only a quarter of an hour ago! The wedding itself may come upon us before we know where we are. I must lay in a good stock of rice to-morrow! Where's my kitchen slate?"

The Doll of Gabrielle

By MRS. C. F. FRASER

AS his sleigh swung round a sharp turn of the deserted country road, the sleep-starved eyes of the village doctor grew suddenly bright and attentive. Before him, on the edge of a half-cleared woodland, a wigwam of satiny birch-bark glistened in the light of the tardy-rising sun.

"So spring is come," commented the doctor sardonically as he drew rein.

The mare, impatient of even momentary detention in the biting March wind, beat the snow-covered ground with her feet till a volley of frozen pellets rattled against the dashboard.

"Glode," cried the driver lustily, "Glode!"

A grizzled, pock-marked Indian of the Micmac tribe slowly undid the teepee fastening and came haltingly to the road side.

"Your wigwam was not here when I passed by at dusk," said the doctor, "Why have you come back at this inclement season of the year?" He spoke sternly, almost accusingly, yet his interested, kindly glance belied the severity of his tone. A memory of bygone years when the Indian settlement had been scourged by small-pox and when Glode had been first the doctor's patient and then his devoted assistant, was a lasting link between these dissimilar men.

"Spring is here, Dr. Furness," replied Glode in defensive stolidity.

The doctor's glance swept the barren white country side. "That is purely a matter of opinion," he commented, "but even supposing it to be the case, may I ask once more why it is that you deliberately come back each year to this solitary life?"

A curious light illumined the Indian's face. "Winter and I guard the Fountain farm," he muttered.

Vainly during his homeward drive did the doctor ponder the cryptic saying. Middle-aged and intensely practical though he was, he yet yielded himself anew to the peculiar fascination of the aborigine. Remote and uncanny as his father and grandfather before him, he seemed to lead a life far removed from that of his generation. To the physician he had long stood as the sole type of romance or mystery in the prosperous Nava Scotian community where the seeming realities of seed-time and harvest, birth, marriage and death, kept men

so occupied with material affairs that wider issues were undreamed of. Yet for all the smug content of the present, everywhere about was a land of history and of legend. Long ago the beautiful valleys and water courses had been known and loved by the French settlers who had sought fortune in this new land beyond the seas. There were many silent witnesses of these early Acadian days—huge-trunked, gnarly apple trees still bloomed in many a trim modern orchard, stiff poplars of old Lombardy, alien to the landscape even in their decrepit age, betrayed the sites of vanished habitant homes, and clumps of undying French willows bordered the brook runs. Sometimes, in the fields, the ploughshares would turn up a length of rusty ox chain of antique make, or a well digger would chance upon some rust-gnawed household utensil. Old names too hinted of other days and recalled former owners. The Fountain farm, for example, had been in other ownership for some three generations yet the name of the original Bellefontaine who had claimed its broad acres from marsh and woodland—the Bellefontaine of the sad days of the expulsion—still persisted in its anglicised form. The very presence of the Indian on its furthestmost boundary attested to the friendship which had existed between the French settlers and their humble neighbours.

Glode proved indeed to be the harbinger of spring. Heavy rains followed by a week of sunshine bared the fields, brimmed every brook to noisy fulness, and caused the iron-bound soil to relax into steaming softness until the whole great fertile land lay once more open to cultivation. Later on in the season when the orchards had shed their glorious shell-pink blossoms, two strangers came from afar to board at Fountain farm. They were a curious pair—a wan-faced, motherless little lad slowly struggling back to life after an illness which had already cost him the sight of his beautiful dark eyes, and a gentle-faced white-uniformed nurse.

Hand in hand they spent the long summer hours roaming the far-stretching fields and pastures. There was a remote chance, largely dependent upon a greatly improved health condition, that later on an operation might restore the child's sight. Dr. Furness, who had chanced to be a college mate of the great oculist who had undertaken the case, was given the general

oversight of the patient, but it was not long before he recognised that he was dealing with a subtle malady which would yield, if at all, only to nature's treatment.

Unreconciled, perplexed, tormented by unspeakable though indefinite fears, the child was held prisoner by this affliction. He brooded over it unceasingly. Often he would close his violet-veined eyelids tightly and then suddenly open them as if hopeful of surprising a glimpse at least of the hidden world about him, and always in his bitter disappointment he would press close to his nurse for solace.

"Tell me what you see," he would beg pathetically.

Strangely enough, along with the languid days of summer which had been greatly dreaded for him, there came a change for the better. His fancy was no longer for restless roaming. Rather he preferred to lie for hours in a sun-drenched dimple indented in the top of a great knoll not far from the farmhouse. For a time his chief wish was to be read to—tales, history, poetry—anything that pictured for him the land in which he unseemingly lived; but when the small store of such literature had been exhausted he fell into long day-dreams taking his pleasure passively in the weird rustles and creakings of a half-dead poplar tree and in the musical ebb and flow of the tidal creek whose wine-coloured waters glimmered in the fields below. The scions of a runout apple tree, growing almost vinewise along the ground above the hollow gave some slight shade, and as the leisurely days went by both doctor and nurse rejoiced to see their charge becoming both plump and brown. His mental state they did not profess to understand. Content was not yet, but the restlessness and the desire for constant entertainment had alike passed. He seemed as one lost in an absorbing though not wholly pleasing dream. More than once he roused himself from his sun-warmed couch to ask troubledly, "Where am I? Where am I?"

One morning Glode climbed the knoll and peered silently at the strangers. So noiseless had been his approach that the boy's quick ears failed to detect it, yet scarce had the nurse caught sight of the vanishing figure, when he made answer to his self-asked question. "It is the hearthstone of Bellefontaine," he said with quiet conviction.

From that moment he lived in a dream country all his own. He talked much of Gabrielle, the child playmate of his imagination, and of one Raoul Bellefontaine who seemed to be her father. Sometimes the mental pictures were all of brightness and happiness, but again there would come a presentment of disaster or perhaps bitter lamentation over the flight of Gabrielle who wept for her child and refused to be comforted. With quick divination he perceived the contented incredulity of his listener and gravely would he remonstrate with her as he lay face downward on the sod. "Should I not know?" he would question. "Am I not the guest on their hearthstone?"

Restless and troubled as the child had so lately been, did Glode now become. He haunted the knoll at all hours gazing at the boy with strangely jealous eyes, yet, as was afterward remembered, no spoken word passed between them.

In the late autumn when the orchards of Fountain farm were loaded with ruddy fruit—a gracious season when even the degenerate sapling of the knoll displayed a dozen hard, red knobs as earnest of the stock from which it claimed descent, the great specialist came to the village. It was a hurried visit for he had only the time between nightfall and dawn at his disposal but all was in readiness for him. Although the old yearning for sight had disappeared, the boy submitted himself with passive indifference, yet no sooner had Dr. Furness administered the first whiff of chloroform, than he roused himself excitedly and bent his unseeing eyes on the darkness of the outer world. In hurried snatches he told again the story of the expulsion of the Bellefontaines from their loved home and of the weeping Gabrielle. "Do you not hear her crying for her child?" he questioned shrilly.

A dull blurred sound from the outer world—a muffled clink and thud—soothed him strangely. "They have come to claim their own," he said in deep content, "Gabrielle will have her child once more."

"More chloroform," interrupted the specialist shortly.

A most unprofessional thought crossed the mind of the assistant as he obeyed the curt instruction. Was it possible, he wondered, that his old classmate, for all his world-wide fame, was yet a materialist mentally akin to the people of the countryside—then he lost himself wholly in admiration of the delicacy and skill of the swift-moving fingers.

There was joy among the kindly farm-folk next day when it was known that the child whom all had grown to know and love was to regain his sight. The specialist, well-pleased with his work, returned to the metropolis from which he had come, confident that the lesser skill of his friend would suffice to assist nature in her recovery, and presently there came the glad day when it was thought that the boy could bear the full light of morning. It chanced that both doctor and nurse were on hand to accompany him as with tottering limbs, but with wide-open, wondering eyes, he set out to climb to his beloved knoll. Many and joyous were his exclamations as at each turn of the way some touch-remembered object came to view, but he pressed feebly on, intent on seeing for himself the turfed hollow in which he had passed so many summer hours.

Vainly he looked for the recumbent apple tree whose branches had given him so grateful a shade. There remained but a stump chopped close to the ground. The branches, rudely trimmed, and the scarlet-cheeked apples lay in the hollow whose once smooth lining was now scarred and broken. Heaps of fresh brown earth lay everywhere within its borders, a discolored slate stone, rounded at the outer edges, lay slantingly against the largest mound, and in the very spot where the lad had been wont to couch himself, there yawned a deep hole. A sunbeam gleaming in its depths revealed a golden coin.

With an exclamation of wonder, the doctor lowered himself cautiously into the opening. It was evident that a great pot or cauldron had but recently been removed for the soft earth still bore the impression of its bulging sides and its prong-like legs. He gazed wonderingly at the coin. The date and wreathed head told the story plainly enough. He clambered up to find his patient, pressing upon his pallid, trembling nurse, "What would a boy want with a doll?" he was saying merrily.

The two older people stared at the curious object as if it was now their turn for dreams. It was a wooden puppet rudely carved and coloured, fully garbed in the homespun kirtle and cap of olden days. Brass earrings depended upon her painted ears and her inscrutable black eyes met theirs in an unchanging stare.

"I found it in the grass at my feet," said the lad indifferently, nor did he make any sign of comprehension when the nurse quoted with a far-off sense of the possible meaning of this mystery—"Gabrielle weeps for her child."

"The place is not at all as I fancied it," he said presently. "Let us go to the potato fields where the men are at work. I used to like to see things going on."

In vain did they question him. It was evident that the joy of returned sight had completely effaced his associations with the once well-beloved retreat. Soon strange rumours began to travel about—tales of two dark-eyed strangers who had been seen one morning at dawn, making their way slowly along the road, heavily weighted down with a cauldron which they bore between them on a pole. Others there were who had seen a sailboat of curious build beating her way up the tidal creek, and the post-mistress of a neighbouring village recalled that a curious postcard, which she had thought the passing vagary of a tourist, had been included in an outgoing mail. It was an oblong of satiny birch bark directed to a Bellefontaine in far Louisiana. The reverse side had borne a rude sketch of a wigwam.

Wondrous tales of treasure trove passed from mouth to mouth, but the prosperous and worthy farmers remained of their old opinion that but little came out of the ground that they did not first put in and sedulously discouraged the unsettling talk of their credulous helpers.

The nurse and her charge returned happily to their distant home. The busy season of apple-picking came on, and its needs still afforded sufficient scope for most people's thoughts.

Dr. Furness, alone, still pondered the mystery. Once more he drove over the disused road to the clearing but Glode and his wigwam had alike disappeared. A sudden sense of loss oppressed him as there rose before him, as in a panoramic picture, the hereditary faithfulness of the Indians to their long trust, the unconscious revelation of the secret by the clairvoyant mind of a child, the eloquent, wordless summons, the response and the restoration of the treasure, the careless loss of the puppet once so tenderly loved, and the disappearance of the sentinel who needed now no longer to take turn with the iron-bound frosts of winter in guarding the secret of the Fountain farm.

She: "Isn't it strange that women don't stutter?"
He: "They haven't time."

British Gossip

THE entertainment of visiting colonials seems to be the chief business of the political world of London just now. Premier Botha is naturally the chief figure among the visitors, as the English take more interest in a quondam foe than in a monotonous ally, especially when the fighting of the former has been of excellent quality. The humorous remark attributed to Premier Botha on his arrival: "I was once not so pleased to find myself surrounded by Englishmen"—has appealed to the popular taste and it will not be the fault of his English hosts if the "latest premier" escapes with unimpaired digestion. The list of dinners and receptions for the visitors is somewhat alarming to those who are not possessed of what an amiable journalist calls "superb livers." No one can be a more delightful host, (when he is assured of his guests' respectability) than John Bull.



Lady Beauchamp.

But the fear has been openly expressed in Melbourne, Ottawa and Cape Town that the social joys of British hands-around-the-Empire may interfere with the discussion of tariffs and cables, not to mention postage stamps and preferences. Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand, was the first prominent minister to arrive. He proceeded to take up his residence at the Hotel Cecil and to receive the representatives of the metropolitan press. The King and Queen are in Southern Europe, but the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Derby, Lady Beauchamp, Lord Strathcona, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Crewe, Lady Wimborne and Lady Portsmouth are to entertain the lions of the Colonial Conference. Lord Elgin is of course, one of the most deeply interested statesmen and will be an extremely busy man for the next fortnight.

* * *

During the reign of Queen Victoria, a certain great ruler from Eastern Europe, when he was visiting England, was to attend a banquet in a place where a standard captured from his troops was in a conspicuous position. A distinguished personage suggested that the standard should be temporarily removed, but a more authoritative magnate decided that it should be undisturbed. A similar question of flag etiquette arose in connection with Premier Botha's visit. Above the entrance to the Great Hall of the Guildhall, where the Premier of the Transvaal was recently entertained, there hung the small orange flag captured at Jacobsdaal by the C.I.V. There was much surmise in connection with



The Duchess of Sutherland.

the disposition of this "conquered banner." However, when the day and hour of feasting arrived, it was seen that the committee had considered magnanimity the better part of valour, for the Orange flag had retired from the scene and Premier Botha was allowed to exchange military jokes with Lord Roberts without having the grim reminder of the late unpleasantness before his eyes. The removal of the standard was a diplomatic act which even Mr. W. T. Stead could scarce forbear to cheer. John Bull is a cheerful loser and a graceful forgetter on occasions when it is desirable to remember only "the City's unexceptionable wine and cigars."

* * *

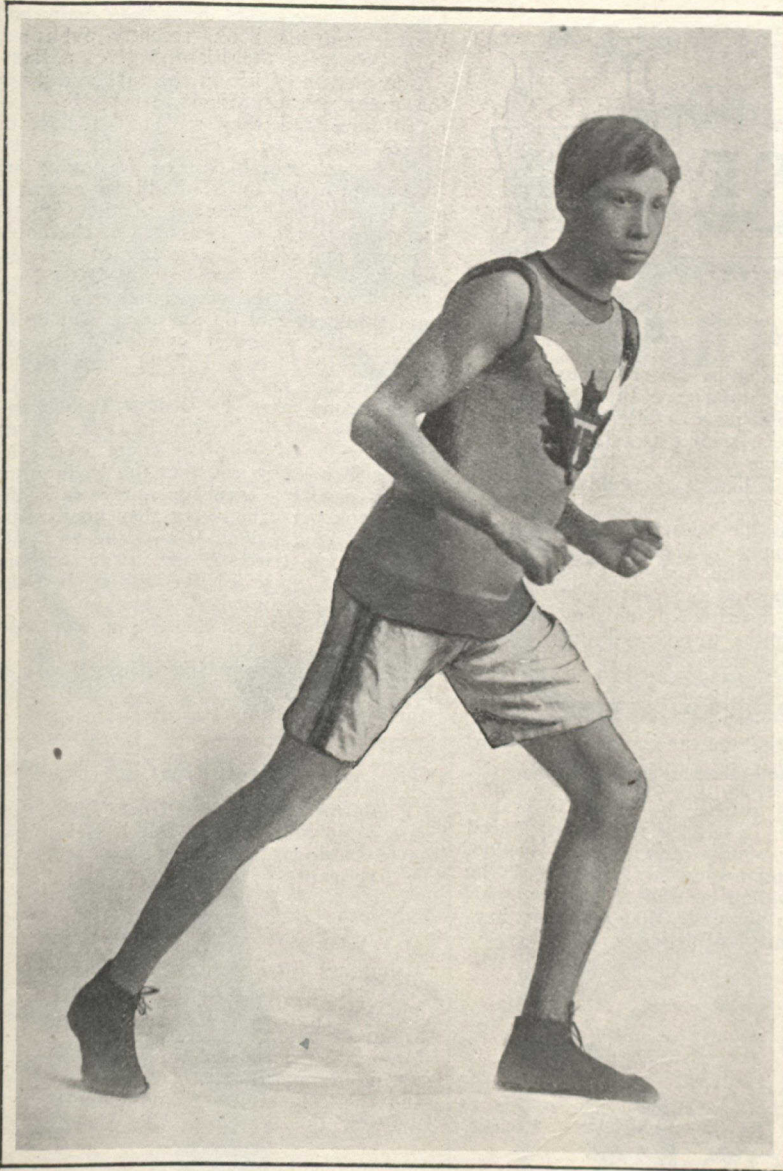
To be a Russian royalty is to be the object of eternal surveillance. Since the departure of the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia from England, some particulars regarding the care with which she was protected have been published, showing how strictly guard was kept. The authorities at Scotland Yard must heave prodigious sighs of relief when a Russian guest of high degree takes his or her departure. Even the gold pin, the diamond and ruby ring and the gold watch with the black Russian eagle on the case which were bestowed upon the inspectors could hardly compensate for the anxiety suffered during the stay of Queen Alexandra's sister. To the last, police precautions were of the most vigilant order. At Victoria Station, on the occasion of departure, there were not only the men in uniform but the most expert members of the special service branch familiar with every Anarchist or Terrorist in London. But the gentlemen of the dynamite denomination are less likely to perpetrate an outrage in the English capital than in any other great city, for it is their ideal hiding-place and they are hardly foolish enough to deprive themselves of its vast resources for concealment. They may live in London, but they blow up abroad.

* * *

Father Bernard Vaughan, who has been preaching against the excesses of fashionable society, is continuing his condemnation even after the season of Lent. There is little doubt that the clerical exhorter is telling the truth about the vulgarities and vices of the "smart set." But the incongruous result is that he himself has become the fashion, and even the devotees of bridge and Bacchus absent themselves from their follies for an hour or two and enjoy Father Vaughan's vigorous denunciations. Little good is done by these attacks, say most observers, for the "climbers," who are the chief offenders, are utterly beyond being hurt or warned and merely consider themselves important in the hour of onslaught. But, in the meantime they throng the church where their sins are so picturesquely described and regard with some curiosity a preacher who is in deadly earnest. Father Vaughan and Rev. R. J. Campbell are attracting more attention than any other members of the clergy, although their activities and opinions are very diverse. It is not the aristocracy of the land at whom Father Vaughan's shafts are aimed but the "new rich" whose extravagances keep the yellow journals busy and who are rather delighted to hear themselves berated.

* * *

The new Governor of Jamaica, Mr. Sydney Olivier, is not likely to make the mistake of objecting to apologise to an officious United States Admiral. Mr. Olivier has had a long connexion with the West Indies and especially with Jamaica. He was Colonial Secretary there from 1899 to 1904 and Acting Governor in 1900, 1902 and 1904. Previous to that he went to Washington nine years ago to assist in the reciprocity negotiations on behalf of the British West Indies. Mr. Olivier once appeared before the public as a Socialist but that was in his salad days. One wild journalist suggested that Lord Alverstone would be a good man for the position of earthquake superintendent. But Lord Alverstone plays queer tricks with islands, as Canadians have sad reason to know, and Kingston might wake up some fine morning to find itself under a counterpane of Stars and Stripes with Admiral Davis and all the United States navy in possession. It was a grim joke, indeed, to suggest the noble lord, so dear to the heart of the Canadian Commissioners. It's a trifle risky to send an ex-Socialist and a former secretary of the Fabian Society to govern an island somewhat given to upheaval. Jamaica is in need of a sedative, and it is possible that Mr. Olivier knows how to administer it. The reason for Sir Alexander Swettenham's resignation is alleged age, but the public prefers to believe with the French that a man is as old as he feels. Probably the ex-Governor is merely tired.



Longboat—Champion Long-Distance Runner.

Copyright Photograph by Aylett, Toronto.

Canada's Marathon Runners

WHEN Tom Longboat, the Onondaga Indian from Toronto, won the Boston Marathon and incidentally clipped over five minutes off the record for the race, he proved for the third but not the last time that Canada is the home of champions of road racing. In the history of the sport, in which men require stamina as well as speed, three names stick out well above the surface. They are Jack Caffery, William Sherring and Tom Longboat. It was Caffery who first brought Canadian distance runners into prominent notice. In 1901 he went to Boston, and not only came home in front but also lowered the record for the twenty-five miles by over nine minutes. That record stood till April 19th, 1907, when Tom Longboat, carrying the colours of the West End Y.M.C.A., of Toronto, came home nearly half a mile ahead of his field of 102 starters, and put the record down to a point where it is not likely to be interfered with for some years.

Between these events, "Billy" Sherring, the wiry little chap from Hamilton had journeyed to Greece and at the Olympic games led all the greatest distance runners of the world over the original Marathon course and spread the fame of Canadian runners in every country that practises athletics. And when you come to think that Caffery and Sherring are Hamiltonians, while Longboat comes from Caledonia in the same neighbourhood and first showed symptoms of greatness in the Ambitious City, you begin to realise how much road racing owes to the Herald Road Race. This event, established by the Hamilton Herald, takes place every Thanksgiving Day and for years had a practical monopoly of the Canadian field. It produced Caffery, and other towns and cities began to sit up and take notice. Then it brought out Sherring and when he returned from Greece a victor and was met everywhere by brass bands, cheering crowds and more material tokens of his country's esteem, road races and "Marathons" began to spring up all over the country.

And now comes Tom Longboat, also chargeable to

the Herald race. He's a Canadian through and through for his forefathers trod the forests ere Columbus had figured out where the new continent ought to be. He is probably not only the greatest distance runner of his day, but the greatest the world has ever seen. He is popularly described as a "running machine" for his long easy lope seems to carry him over the ground with the least possible exertion. He swung along over the twenty-five miles of hills and dales of the Boston Marathon route at an average rate of a little over five minutes to the mile, finished alone and was apparently little worse for his journey. His other two big wins, the Herald race and the Ward Marathon race in Toronto, were won in the same easy fashion.

But Tom Longboat is not the last champion runner Canada will produce. The sport is growing in popularity and among the hundreds of young Canucks training for road races there are boys who will yet be heard of. Don't forget that it was a Canadian boy, C. E. Petch of Toronto North End A. C., who fought it out with the Indian for twenty-two miles and forced him to cut such a slice off the record to win. Petch is only eighteen years old. He has not arrived yet.

Canadian Club News

ON Monday last, Dr. Alfred Thomson, M.P. for the Yukon, addressed the Montreal Canadian Club and claimed that the climate of his constituency is salubrious. The atmosphere is dry and winds are never strong. The summers are beautiful with hardly any spring or autumn. Timber, fur and gold are the chief products. The fine fish and game of the country should attract sportsmen.

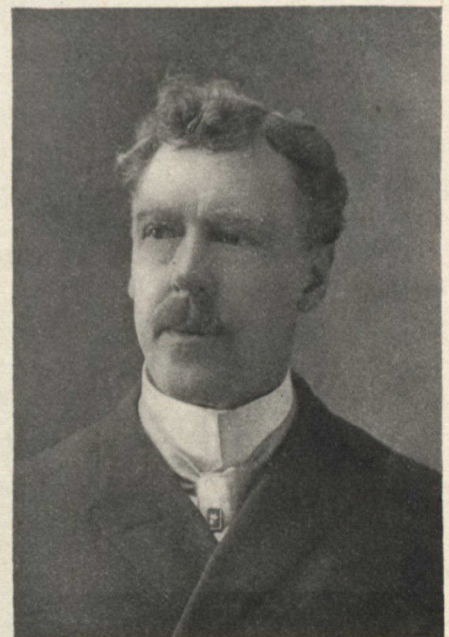
On the same day, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, K.C., addressed the Toronto Canadian Club. It was a plea for individual honour and uprightness on the part of all citizens, whether in business or in public life. He commented severely on the tendency to elect to parliament men without sufficient character and public spirit. Too great leniency is shown all sorts of political offenders against law, honour and decency.

The Rev. Canon Murray addressed the Winnipeg Canadian Club on the 17th, giving them a talk on the work of the University of Manitoba. He protested against modern materialism and pleaded for a higher standard than that of gold.

The Mayor of St. John

THE Mayor of St. John, N.B., is an interesting figure at the moment. He has been a leader in the movement to nationalise that port; in other words, to have it placed on the same basis as the port of Montreal, with the Dominion Government bonusing and financing its improvements and development. Again, he may run as an independent Liberal against the Hon. Mr. Pugsley, who is heading from the Premier's chair at Fredericton to the Minister of Railways' chair at Ottawa.

Mr. Edward Sears was born in St. John nearly fifty-five years ago and got some of his business experience in New York and Europe. In 1886, he made his first bid for the mayor's chair and was defeated. He has been several times defeated and several times elected.



Mayor Sears, St. John, N.B.



A FEW "ASIDES."

Hon. C. S. Hyman (to the Toronto "News")—"Well! I hope you're satisfied."

Mr. W. T. Stead (to Himself)—"Don't I make George Bernard Shaw and Elbert Hubbard look like tuppence when I start out to advertise? It takes little Willie!"

Sir Frederick (to the Ottawa "Journal")—"We're having just the loveliest time. I don't care if I never come back."

Colonel Sam (to R. L. Borden)—"Just watch me retract!"

Hon. G. P. Graham (to Reform Party)—"The Cabinet Ministers need the money. Besides, we'll be in some day, ourselves."

* *

EXIT REQUESTED.

We don't care what becomes of him,
Or anything about his "Maw."
We merely wish he'd melt away—
That dull degenerate, Harry Thaw.

* *

A REVISED VERSION.

Two Canadian medical students recently left a boarding-house in which they had found cold comfort and meagre fare. Their landlady was considerably startled to discover after their departure that they had pinned beneath a hideous crayon portrait of herself, a card bearing this pious wish: "Peace to her hashes."

* *

NOT HIS ROLE.

A young man who has lately invested not wisely but too much in mining stock was telling of his losses, declaring that they had landed him in debt.

"But doesn't the thought of your creditors worry you?" he was asked.

"Not a bit. You see," he added cheerily, "somebody's got to keep cool."

* *

OF UNUSUAL RANK.

A number of military men in a Washington hotel were giving an account of an incident in the Civil War. A quiet man who stood by at last said: "Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and might be able to refresh your memory as to what took place in reference to the event just narrated."

The hotel-keeper said to him: "Sir, what might have been your rank?"

"I was a private."

Next day the quiet man, as he was about to depart, asked for his bill.

"Not a cent, sir; not a cent," answered the proprietor. "You are the very first private I ever met."

* *

WHY HE REFUSED.

In "The Causeries of the Grand Club," an English magazine discourses of certain stories told by prominent Canadians and attributes the following to Hon. W. S. Fielding:

"Once," said a Western politician, whom Mr. Fielding knew, "I was making a long journey on horseback across the prairie. It was winter and bitterly cold. As it grew dark, I was startled by the sound of other footsteps in my rear and a moment later a hand was laid on my broncho's bridle. I turned and beheld an Indian. 'White man,' said he, 'give Injun drink of whiskey and Injun give white man blanket.' Oh, think of it, gentlemen—think of this wild, free, untutored child of the forest ready to barter his warm blanket for a single mouthful of strong drink! It was awful. I shook my head and urged my broncho on faster.

But the Indian again spurred alongside and cried, 'If white man give Injun drink, Injun give white man saddle and blanket.' Oh, my friends, such depravity was terrible! But it was not all. When I refused, he offered his blanket, saddle and horse for a single drink of whiskey." At this a rough man in the audience could restrain himself no longer. "Well," he cried, "why didn't you give him a drink of whiskey?" "What!" thundered the orator. "Give that blamed Cree a drink of whiskey and me with thirty miles to go and only half a pint!"

* *

APPROPRIATE.

"Yes, that Spitzmeyer is a clever fellow. You know that he deals in all kinds of goods—typewriters, gramophones, automobiles, and, of course, he is an insurance agent as well. Not long ago I introduced him to a lady who is married to a Hindoo. What did Spitzmeyer say? He told the lady of the Indian custom of burning widows, and then persuaded her to insure herself against fire."—Fliegende Blaetter.

* *



"Dementia Americana!"

(Drawn for the Canadian Courier)

* *

KEPT THEM GOING.

A story is told of a Scottish minister who arrived at the kirk without the manuscript of his sermon. He could not preach without it, but it lay in his manse a mile away when the time had come for him to mount into the pulpit. Here was a poser only to be solved by giving out the 119th Psalm. While the congregation were singing it, off to his manse for the sermon galloped the minister, and with equal celerity galloped back. When he returned, the congregation were still at it, and he asked the clerk with some trepidation, how they were getting on.

"Oh, sir," was the answer, "they've got to the end of the eighty-fourth verse, an' they're just cheepin' like wee mice."—Bellman.

* *

THE GENIAL GUEST.

There was a young fellow named Clyde,
Who was once at a funeral espied;

When asked who was dead,
He smilingly said,

"I don't know; I just came for the ride."
—The Scrap-Book.

* *

THE BISHOP AND THE TRAMP.

The experiences of Bishop Talbot, long the "Cowboy Bishop," but now Bishop of

Central Pennsylvania, have been many and varied, and his book, recently published, "My People of the Plains," gives a fascinating picture of life in the earlier days of the great West. Miners, cowboys — all loved him, and they still tell a host of stories about him. Once, says "Harper's," while he was still Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho, he went to St. Paul to attend a meeting of the dignitaries of the Church. There, one noon, on the porch of the hotel, a tramp approached a group of bishops, and asked for aid.

"No," one of the churchmen replied, "I don't think we can do anything. But down there is the youngest bishop of us all" (pointing to Bishop Talbot) "and he's a very generous man."

The tramp went to Bishop Talbot and the others watched with interest. They saw a look of surprise come over the tramp's face—they saw that the Bishop was talking eagerly, earnestly—they saw the tramp look perturbed—but they finally saw that something passed from hand to hand.

The tramp tried to get away without speaking to those of the group, but the former spokesman called to him.

"Well, did you get something from our young brother?"

The tramp grinned sheepishly. "No; I gave him a dollar for his blamed new cathedral at Laramie's."

* *

A DIFFERENCE.

"I admires a man," said Uncle Eben, "dat keeps hopin' foh de best. But I doesn't like him to sit down 'n call it a day's work."—The Argonaut.

* *

A SONG FOR TO-DAY.

Bring my fur-lined coat and mittens
When you wake me on that day,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May.
Have a bowl of something hot, dear,
And a mustard bath, I pray,
It's the coldest job I know, mother,
Being the Queen of the May.

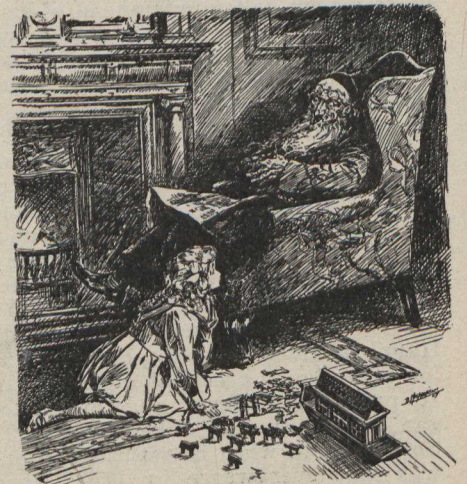
J. G.

* *

RATHER MIXED.

It is the Irish members of the British House of Commons who are generally accused of becoming entangled in metaphors. But during the recent session two Scottish members have provided hilarious moments by their unconscious confusion of comparisons. An ardent golfer, in alluding to a red herring that had been dragged across the trail, remarked "That red herring has come home to roost." During the debate on the enfranchisement of women, Mr. Cathcart Wason complained that on some previous occasion Lord Robert Cecil had used the woman's suffrage question in order to angle for the vote of the Liberals. "He cast his fly over us very skilfully," continued the melancholy member, "but, Sir, we are too old birds to rise at that fly again."

* *



"Were you in the Ark with Noah, Grandpapa?"
"No, my child, I was not in the Ark with Noah."
"Then why weren't you drowned?"—Punch.



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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

THE appearance of the San Carlo Opera Company from Covent Garden, London, at Massey Hall, Toronto, this week, is one of the most important events of the season. This company was organised three years ago in Milan by Mr. Henry Russell. It was first heard in London at the Covent Garden Opera House, where it met with pronounced success. Signor Caruso and Miss Alice Nielsen were the most brilliant stars in its firmament, while the orchestral equipment was admitted to be exceptionally satisfactory in smoothness. Mr. Russell is said to exercise great care over every detail of chorus and orchestra, not contenting himself with securing a few stellar attractions.

While it is reassuring to be informed of Mr. Russell's methods in securing an artistic ensemble, undoubtedly the most interesting fact to the public is that Madame Lillian Nordica, the city's favourite grand opera singer, is the leading member of the San Carlo Opera Company. On Friday evening Miss Nielsen, Mlle. Dereyne and several other well-known artists appear in Puccini's "La Boheme." At the Saturday matinee "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Don Pasquale" form the programme, while on Saturday night "Il Trovatore" with Madame Nordica in the leading part will doubtless prove the climax of an exceedingly enjoyable engagement. Constantino, the Spanish tenor, who is to sing on Friday evening is said to be a great artist who makes even Caruso look to his laurels. During the first week of this month he received most favourable criticisms in San Francisco, a city which, according to local admission, "has become rather spoiled and pampered in the matter of notable singers."

* *

Those who saw Mr. Dallas Welford in Mr. Carton's farce, "Mr. Hopkinson," in his first Canadian engagement, will need no urging to see "Hoppy" again. Mr. Welford will be at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week in the former play and in another Carton production, "Public Opinion." "Hoppy" is a creation which it is utterly impossible to forget, however one may try to put the loathsome little boulder out of mind. But though he may have inspired the beholder with a desire to see him heartily kicked, "Hoppy" also inspired so many healthful chuckles that the news of his return is received with gladness.

* *

Mr. Arthur Symons in discussing the British ear for music says: "To have an ear for music is not at all the same thing as having taste in music. I am not sure that the British as a race, have not rather an ear than a taste for music, while the Germans seem to an exceptional degree to have the taste. The Italians, it must be admitted, have only the ear; so that we come somewhere between those extremes."

* *

The May Festival Chorus will give their first concert in Massey Hall, Toronto, on Thursday, May 16th. The Executive have secured the services of Mr. H. M. Fletcher, the conductor of the Schubert Choir and the People's Choral Union. The chorus numbers 225 men, forming the largest male chorus that has ever sung in Toronto. Madame Le Grand Reed, the Canadian prima donna, and Mr. J. R. Page, baritone, will be the assisting artists.

* *

Miss Katherine Parlow is a young Canadian violinist at present studying with Auer, the celebrated master of the instrument in St. Petersburg. Miss Parlow played before Auer when he was in London a year ago and the great Russian violinist was so struck with her undoubted genius that he proposed she should return to Rus-

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sia and study under him for two years. "Citoyenne," the clever English correspondent of the Toronto "News," is enthusiastic about the future of her gifted young countrywoman, whose letters speak of the brilliant social life of Russia, indicating that in fashionable circles there is no hint of the revolution which seems threatening the Empire of the Czar.

* *

Miss Marie Hall, who has delighted the music-lovers of Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton this season, was in the West of Canada last week where she was warmly received. So much has been written about this wonderful young player that her own article on the subject of her career has unusual interest. In the May issue of "Ainslee's" there is a sketch, "Episodes in the Career of a Violinist," which treats with reserve and yet with enthusiasm of her musical work. Miss Hall says naively: "A great deal has been written about me and about my work, and in what I have read I find that much stress has been laid upon the so-called 'romance' of my life."

The writer frankly denies that there was anything extraordinary about her childhood days. She says, when asked about her own magnetic power: "I could not play unless my soul were in the music, and then there is room for nothing else, and nothing external can intrude itself upon me. I feel surrounded by the presence of the great composers, the souls of those men whose music I am making live again, and I feel that they are watching me; listening to me and to the work they love so well. If you write anything, even a letter, and then hear some person read it aloud, you who listen will note every inflection of tone, every shade of understanding and appreciation of what you have written. That is the way it seems to me with music; they are watching you in poised suspense, wondering if their thoughts will be understood—will be appreciated merely from the notes of music, which are all they could leave behind."

"And Paganini! I hold in my hands his very own violin—the gift to me from a great nation—he loved it—he watches it jealously; with all my soul I must play, in order that he may know that I, too, understand and love."

Anyone who heard Marie Hall's playing can readily believe that there is no pose in her expression of such sympathy with the great dead who yet "rule our spirits from their urns." She is sincerity and simplicity itself.

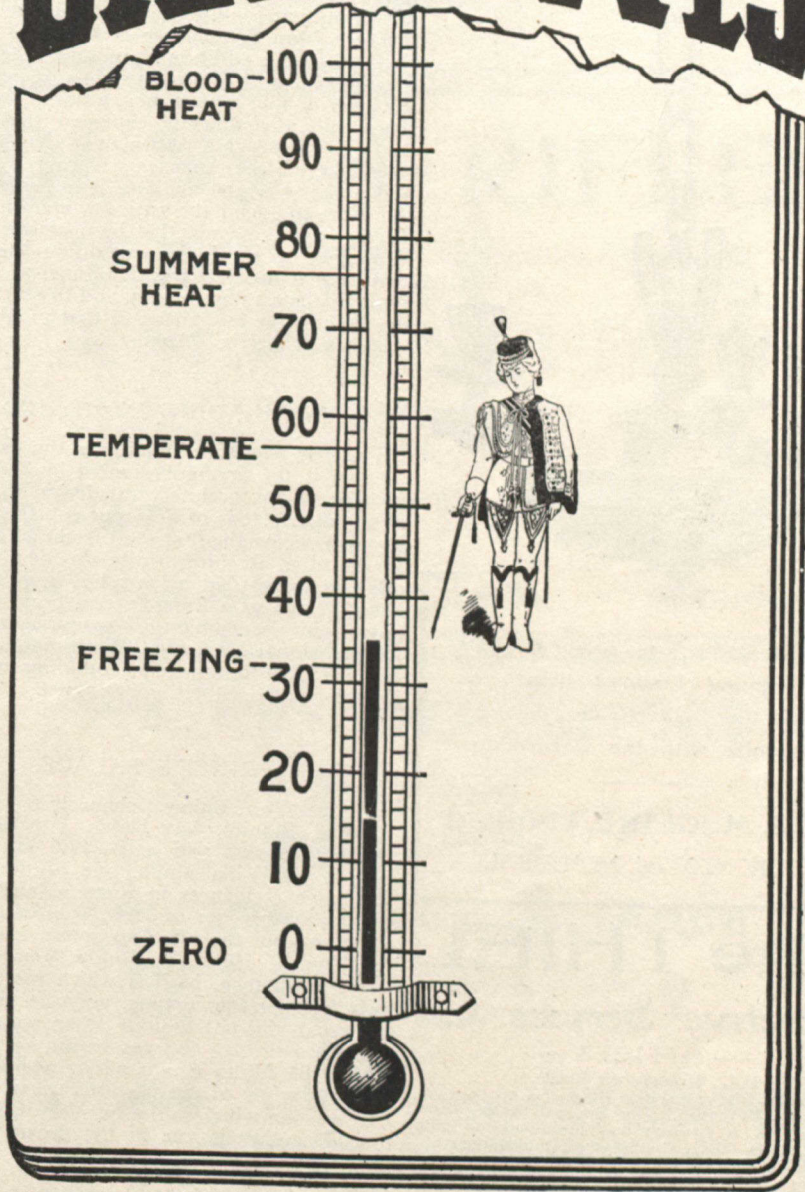
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So much has been said in sentimental gush about her playing in the streets that her own account is satisfactorily conclusive: "My father and I played together in the Bristol streets, he with his battered old harp, I with my violin. Hungry, sad faces there were in those Bristol crowds, especially when we played along the docks and the water-fronts—down among the great idle ships and upon the empty quays in the chill dreary fog. . . . They used to gather closer and closer about us as we played and for a time they would forget their own misery. I remember they used to like 'Ben Bolt' best of all we played."

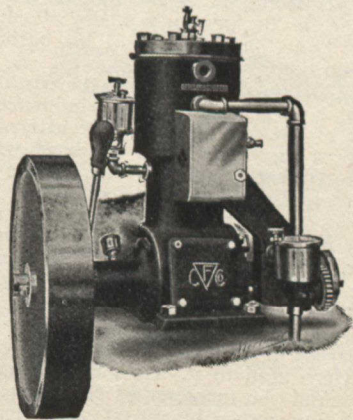
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Mr. E. W. Schuch's Opera Company, an amateur association, gave a highly creditable presentation of Sullivan's popular old-time opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," at Massey Hall, Toronto, last week, under the auspices of the Queen's Own Rifles and the Argonaut Rowing Club. Miss Bertha Crawford's light and flexible voice was heard to advantage as "Mabel," Miss Margaret George carried off high histrionic and musical honours in the role of "Ruth," while Mr. Hamilton Macaulay as the "Pirate King" and Mr. A. T. Pike as "Lieutenant" were vigorously realistic. Mr. R. L. Cowan was excessively comic as "Frederic" and Captain Barker and Mr. Bissett proved efficient members of the cast. Miss Dottie Lamont, Miss Violet Hunt and Miss Maude Butler as the "General's" daughters were, perhaps, the daintiest and most picturesque feature of the presentation.

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Miscellaneous

AN AIRSHIP TO THE POLE.

MUCH interest is being taken in the attempt to reach the North Pole by airship which Mr. Walter Wellman will make during the coming summer. The balloon part of the airship America has been rebuilt in the ateliers in Paris of M. Mallet, the well-known constructor. The great ship is now 183 feet in length, with a greatest diameter of 52 1-2 feet. Its volume is 265,000 cubic feet, and when inflated it will have a lifting force of 19,500 pounds. The principal motor, a 60-70-h.p. Clement, works directly on two steel screws, 11 1-2 feet in diameter, placed at each side of the car. The speed of this airship is 16-18 statute miles per hour, and the fuel carried gives 150 hours of motoring at full speed; radius of action over 2,250 miles, or nearly double the distance from Spitzbergen to the Pole and back again. In addition to motors, machinery, nearly three and a half tons of petrol, the crew of four or five men, a dozen sledge dogs, and a completely equipped sledging party for a possible return over the ice in case of need, the America will carry a ton and a half of food, making it possible for the crew to spend the entire winter in the Arctic regions should that be necessary. It is planned to reach the expedition base at Spitzbergen the first week in June, to have trials of the airship in July, and to start for the Pole in the latter part of that month or in the first half of August.

* *

NEW BUILDING IN MEXICO.

The new postoffice building in the City of Mexico is the first government building in Mexico of any architectural design worthy of the name. It is of fireproof construction, its frame being the first steel frame to go up in the city. Architecturally the new post-office is unexcelled by any building in the country, and as a thing of real beauty surpasses, in the opinion of many, even the Congressional Library at Washington. It is far superior to any office building owned by the United States government.

* *

A PRINCE'S PALACE.

Prince Von Bulow, chancellor of the German Empire, has begun a period of well-earned rest and will spend his vacation at the Villa Malta, one of the most delectable residences in Rome. Margharita, the queen dowager of Italy, wanted to buy the place, but the price staggered even her royal purse. Herr Von Bulow, however, is a very rich man, besides which his Italian wife has a large fortune, and the German statesman did not hesitate when possession of such a lovely spot was within his reach. The Villa Malta commands a wonderfully beautiful view of the Mediterranean, has a rose garden which is the wonder of Europe and altogether is one of the dream places of Italy.

* *

PACHMANN'S DRY SHAMPOO.

The pet stimulant of the famous pianist, Vladimir de Pachmann, is a dry shampoo. I have it on the authority of his barber—and who knows better?—says M. A. P., that Pachmann's success with the works of Chopin is largely due to the influence of the art of the hairdresser. One afternoon, recently, I discovered that the head which was protruding from pink striped overalls in a West End barber's chair beside my own was the head—one might excusably say the Pole—of the chief of Chopin interpreters. After his shampoo, and almost before the barber had had time to dry his hair properly, the great man suddenly tore off his overalls and tore out of the shop. The barber and his men took no notice. They were used to it. He had an account there. And the manager of the place, observing my astonishment at this strange exit, explained that the pianist was rushing off to his recital while the tingling of the shampooing process—"ze crackle—crackle of ze ammonia," as he called it—was still upon him!

Mothers, Listen!

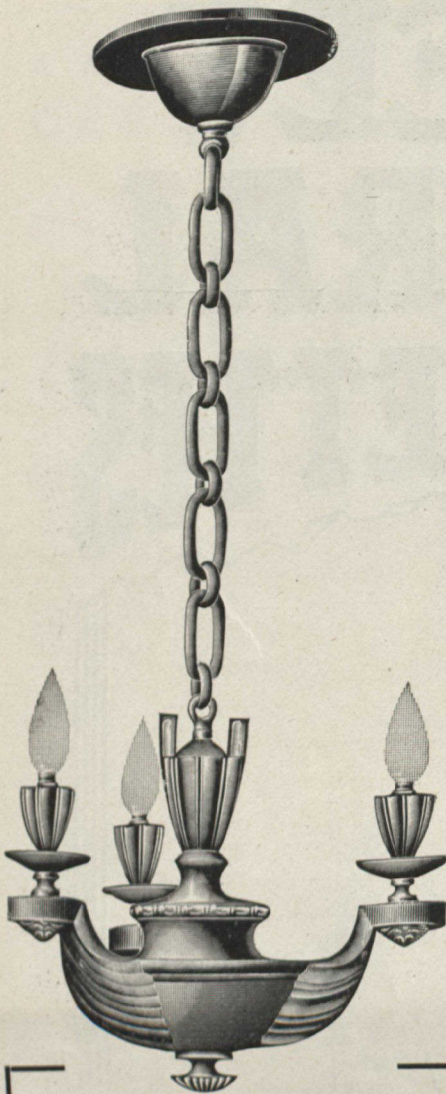
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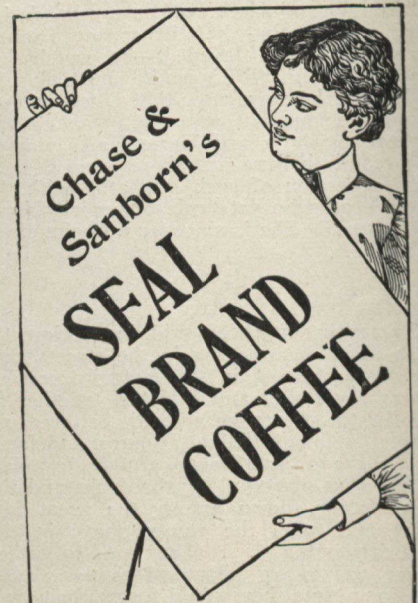
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Literary Notes

THE "Metropolitan Magazine" for May contains a dainty two-stanza poem, "The Green Month," by a young Canadian writer. Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

"What of all the colours shall I bring you for your fairing?
Fit to lay your fingers on, fine enough for you?
Yellow for the ripened rye, white for ladies' wearing,
Red for briar-roses, or the sky's own blue?"

"Nay, for spring has touched the elm,
spring has crowned the willow,
Winds that call the swallows home sway the boughs apart,
Green shall all my curtains be, green shall be my pillow,
Green I'll wear within my hair, and green upon my heart."

* *

"The Long Road," by John Oxenham, is a novel based on the long tramp of the exiles from Russia proper to Siberia. It has sadness in it, nay even tragedy, and the deepest tears of human sorrow. It is a solace to know that these murderous journeys have become a thing of the past and that slowly but surely the peasant of Russia is being classed as a human being. The story is not one to make one feel joyous and glad; but it is good. (Toronto: the Macmillan Co.)

* *

The latest in the English Men of Letters Series is Ralph Waldo Emerson, by George Edward Woodberry. Here are the opening sentences: "Emerson leaves a double image on the mind that has dwelt long upon his memory. He is a shining figure as on some Mount of Transfiguration; and he was a parochial man. In one aspect he is of kin with old Ionian philosophers, with no more shreds of time and place than those sons of the morning who first brought the light of intellect into this world; in the other he is a Bostonian, living in a parish suburb of the city, stamped with peculiarity, the product of tradition, the creature of local environment. One is the image to the mind; the other to the senses. One is of the soul, of eternity; the other, of the body, of time. It is difficult to focus such a nature; to find the axis of identity; even the ray of truth is here doubly refracted, on one side into ideality, on the other into incompleteness, the meaninglessness of matters of fact, unconcerning things. But to Emerson himself his life was of one piece, and seemed so, because he looked on it from a point within, from that centre of integrity upon which his being revolved as a personal law unto itself. It is there that the mind must fix its insight. The 'process of a soul in matter' was his biography. It is a singularly personal life whose overmastering interest is in the soul that lived it, not in events, not in the crisis of the times, not in circumstance, in family, in friendships, in nothing but the man himself—a strangely isolated, strangely exalted soul who came to light in New England as other such souls have been born in out-of-the-way places on earth since the spiritual history of man began. And, as was the case with them, there was nothing out of the ordinary in his origins and the condition of his life; he was, in all ways, one of his own people."

* *

Mr. Archibald Sullivan is another young Canadian who is rapidly making his literary way in New York. These lines on "The Rose" are among his latest work:

Fold upon fold in close and royal red,
Chanted by birds and sanctified with dew,
Like some proud acolyte I stand and swing
My censer in God's chapel of the blue.

The surpliced lily leans within the choir
Silent—with sunset's halo on her head;
But I in velvet vestments stand and sing
Beneath God's stars my litany of red.

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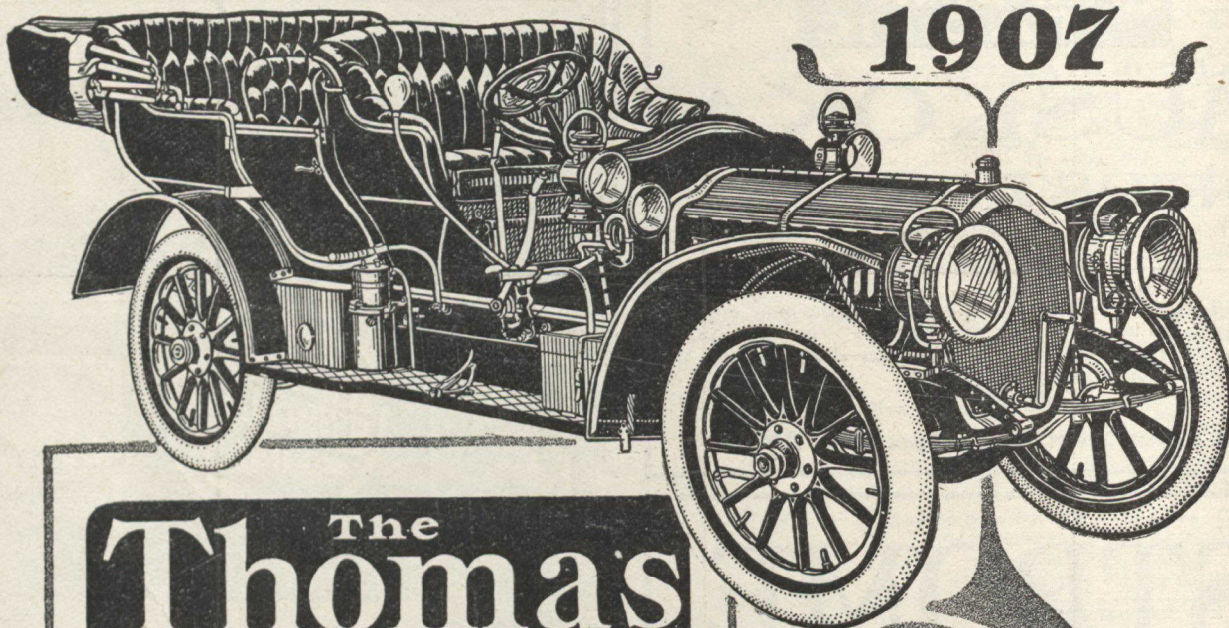
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