




SEPTEMBER
1908



THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

The Gospel of Hades
The Souls of Anecdotes
Our Three-Hundredth
Birthday
Birds that Nest in the City
A Crisis of Confederation
Our National Arm

Four Short Stories by
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI.

No. 5

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October Number

The subject of War will be considered by Dr. Goldwin Smith in the October number of The Canadian Magazine. As this subject is of more than passing concern just now, in view of so much being said about the strength of the armies and navies of various nations, it will be of unusual interest to read what so keen an observer as Dr. Goldwin Smith has to say.

Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, the celebrated criminal lawyer, occasionally deserts his briefs, and in the October number he will write on "Art and the Work of Archibald Browne."

"The Gospel of the Hereafter" will be continued by Rev. J. Paterson Smyth.

Government Ownership in the West will be reviewed by Mr. George Fisher Chipman.

Mr. John E. Webber will contribute an article entitled "Prominent Canadians on the Stage."

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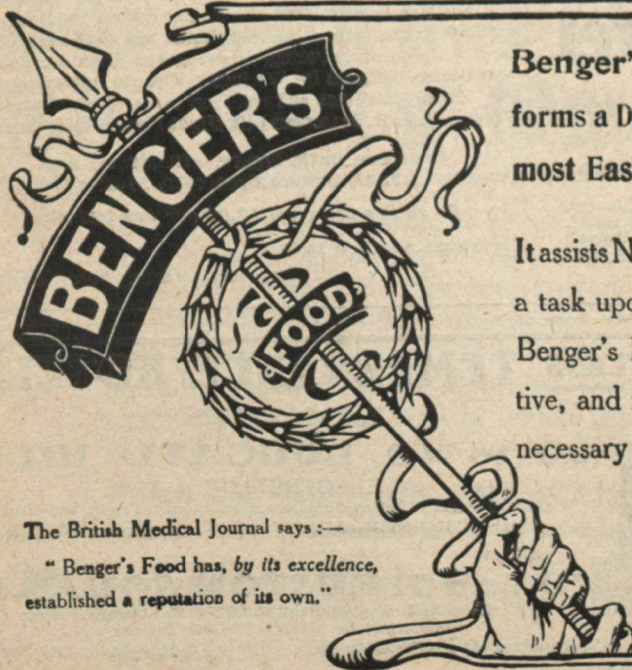
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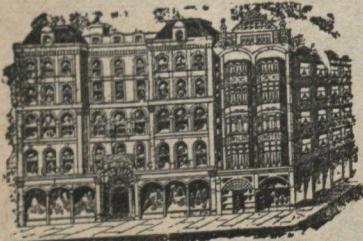
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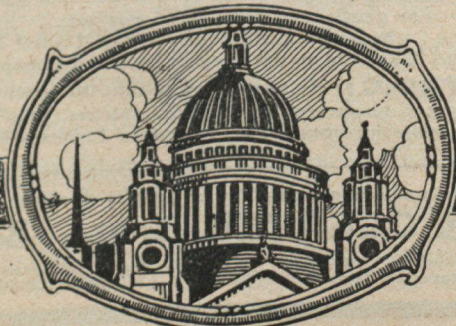
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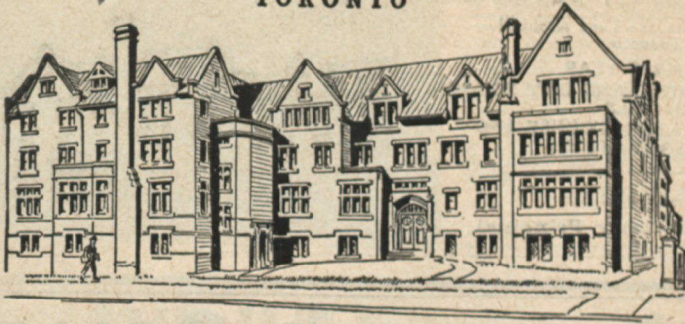
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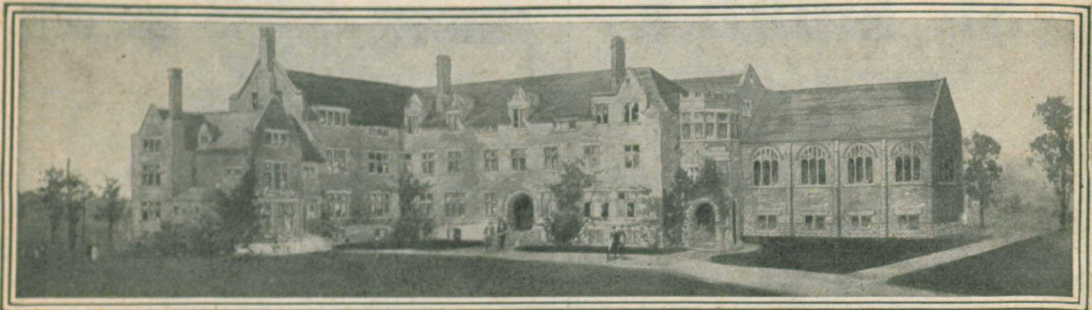
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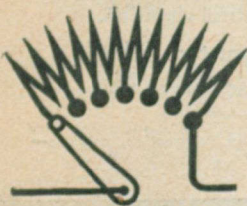
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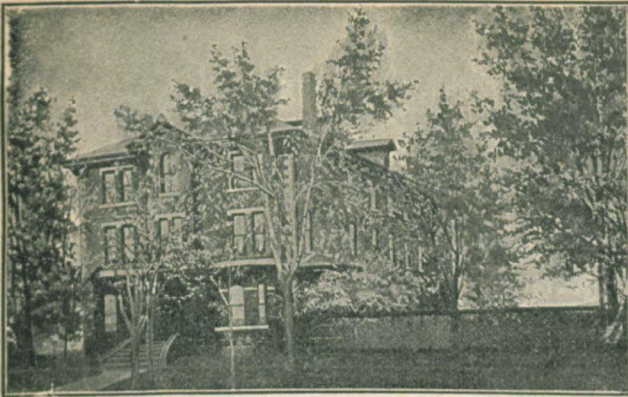


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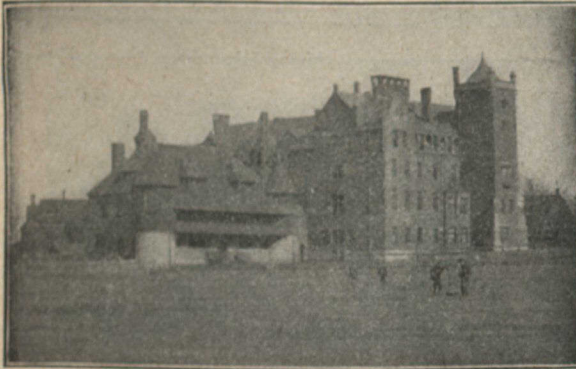
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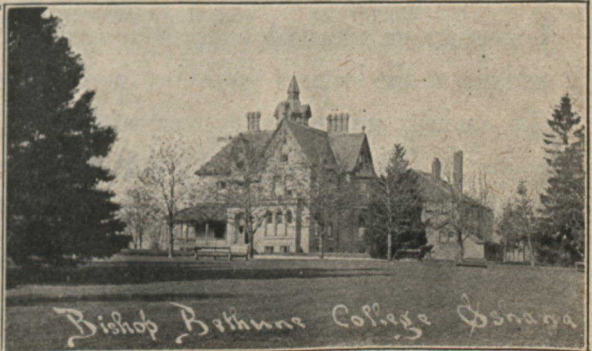
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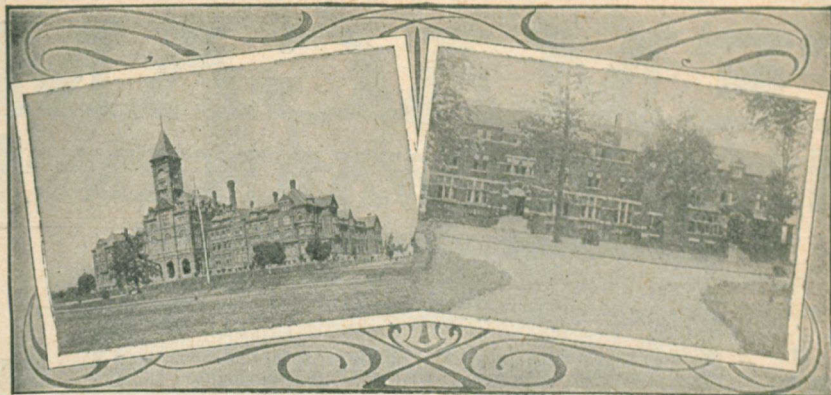
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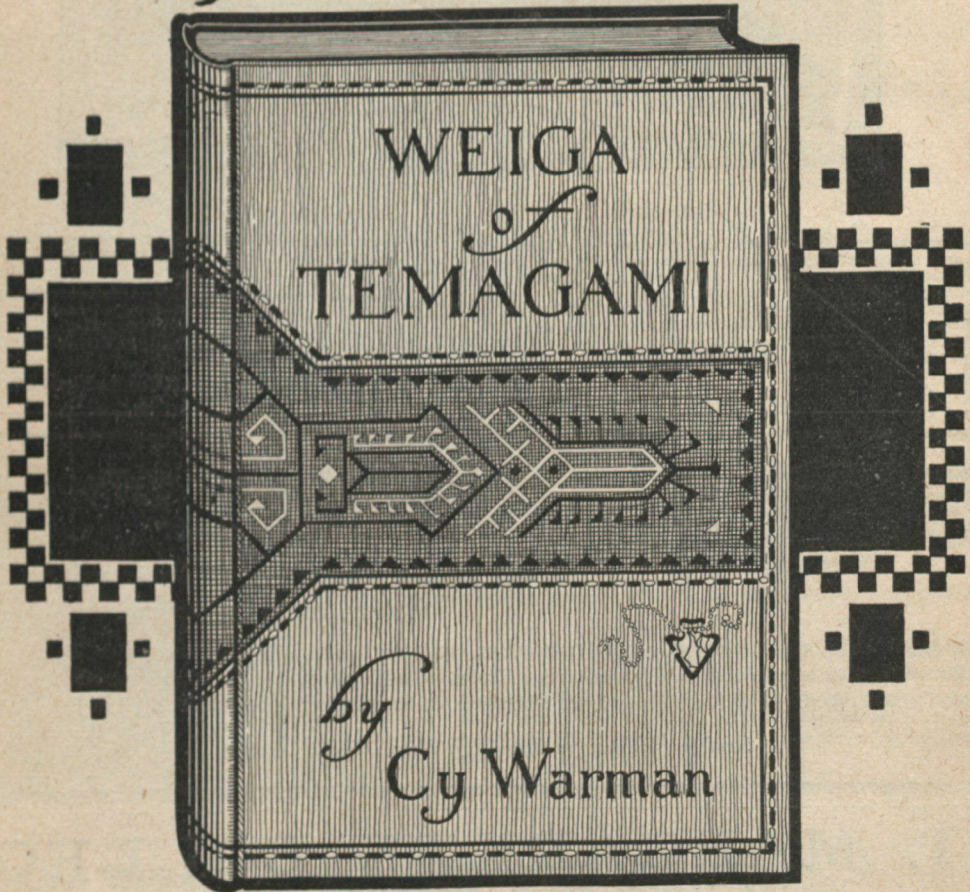
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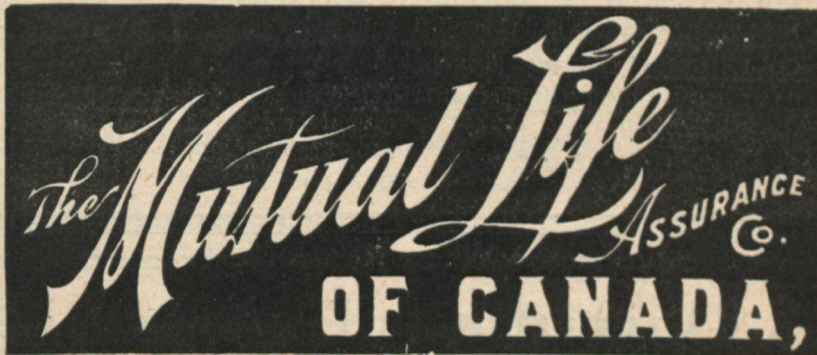
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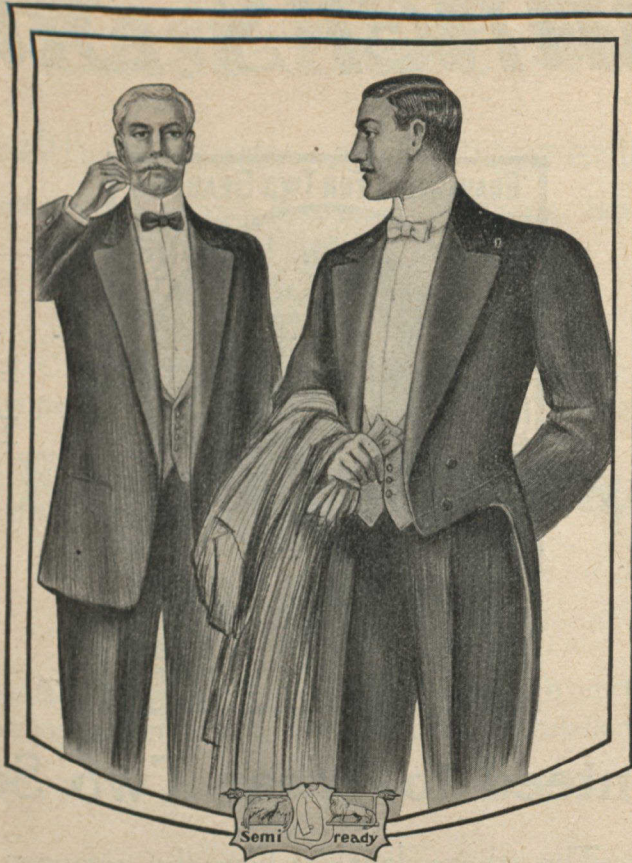
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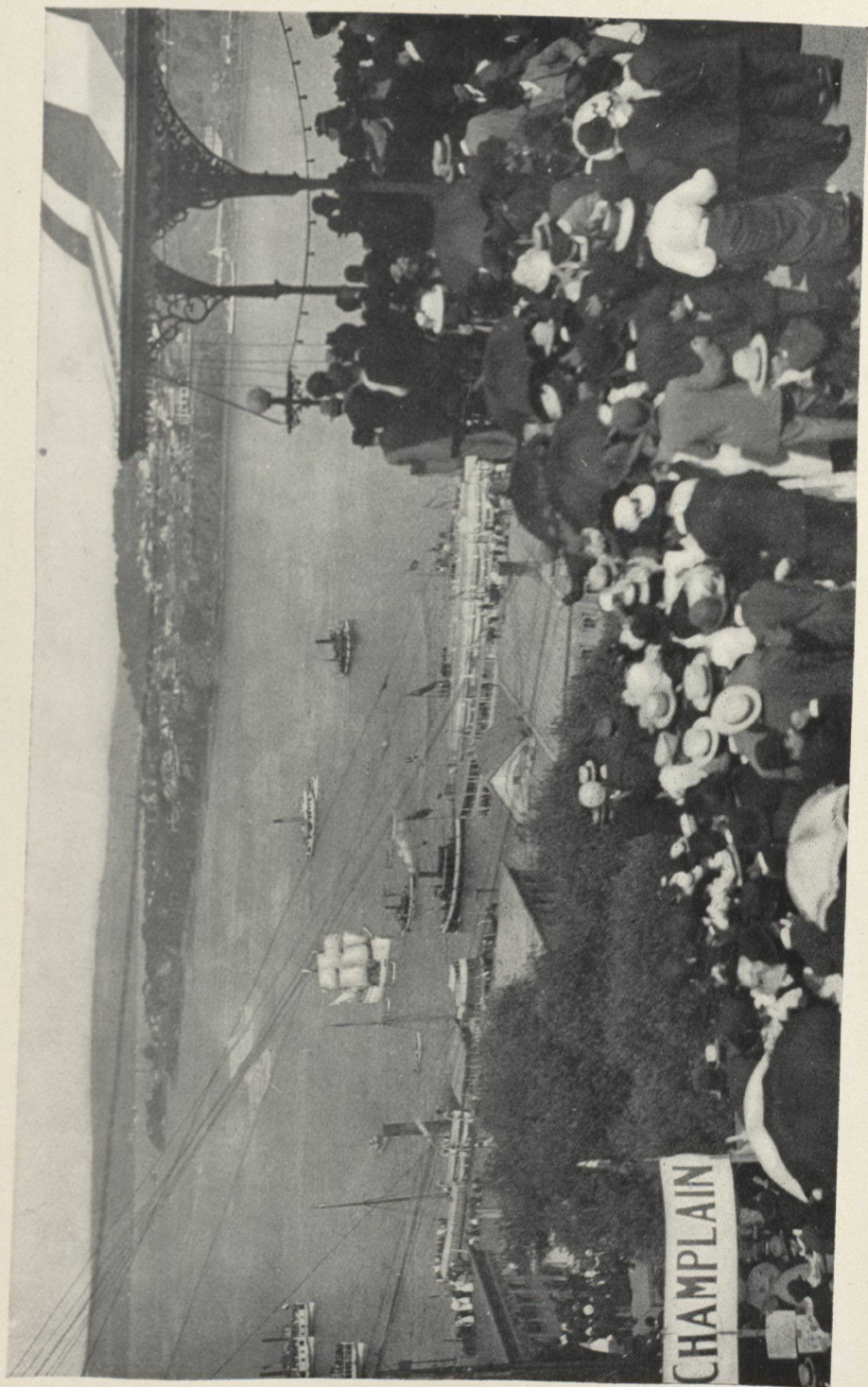


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THE QUEBEC TRICENTENARY
Crowds on the heights witnessing the arrival of Champlain's ship the *Don de Dieu*

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1908

No. 5



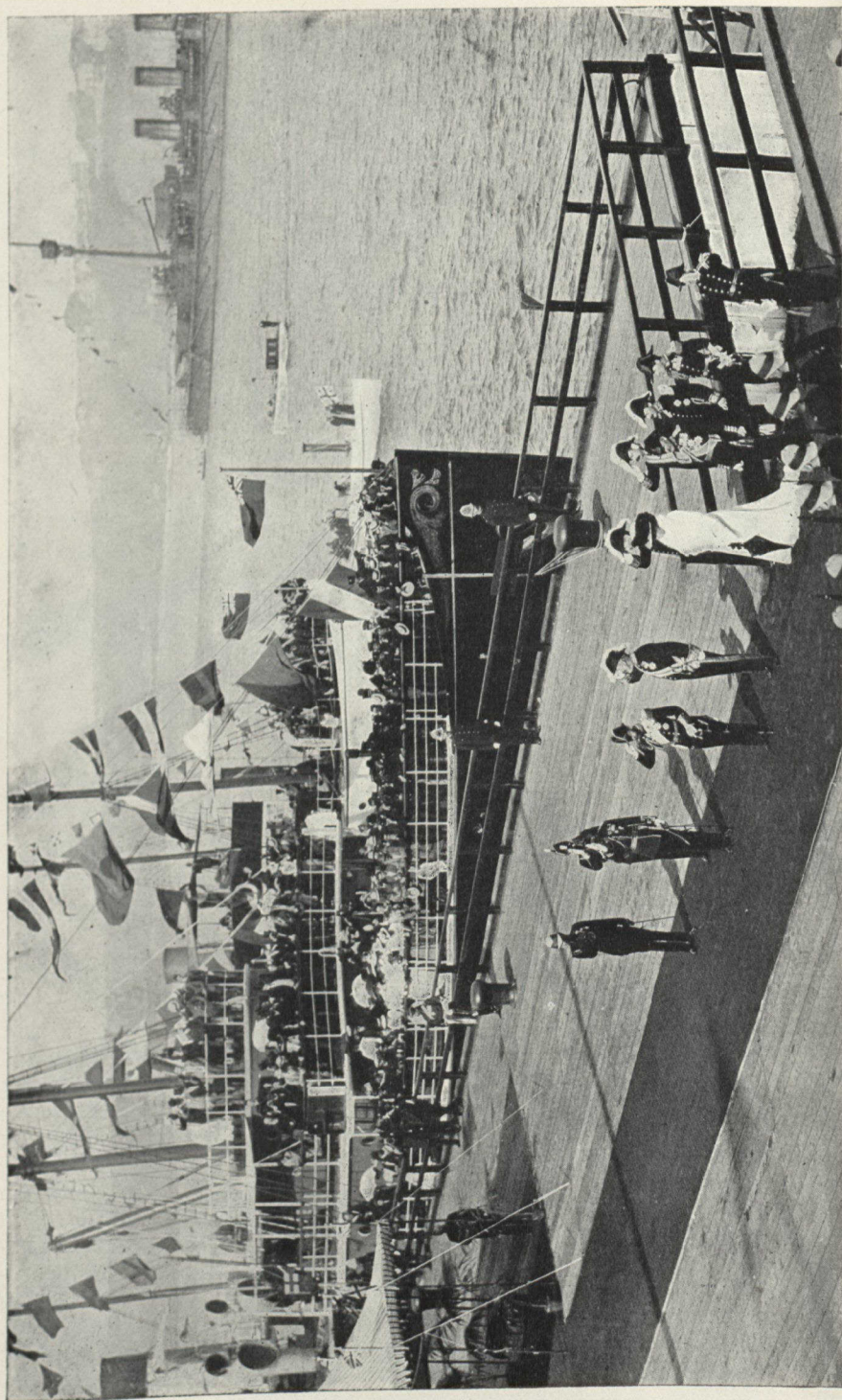
THE INDIAN WAR-DANCE

OUR THREE-HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE celebration of the Quebec Tercentenary presented a remarkable paradox. In its outward aspects it was nothing short of a tremendous panorama of arms, and yet in reality it proved to be an imposing spectacle of peace. Never before in Canada had so many men under arms mustered to the bugle call, and never before, anywhere, had defenses of the greatest Empire and the two greatest Republics in the world stood out on so magnificent a stage in demonstration of the supreme triumph of concord and good-will. A military aggregation of ten thousand infantry, three thousand cavalymen, and four thou-

sand jack-tars presents to the undisciplined eye a veritable bulwark of defence, and when an army of that size (twice as large as the combined armies of Wolfe and Montcalm) passes in review, trooping their colors in the presence of royalty and stepping smartly to the measure of martial airs, one almost instinctively swells with pride at the sight and almost with equal instinct assumes a defiant attitude, inwardly laughing with exquisite scorn at those who give warning of wars and invasions and conquests. Perhaps, strange to say, that was not in every instance the sentiment inspired at Quebec. It was really the



THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY

The landing of the Prince of Wales, the second figure to the left from Lady Grey



THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY
Indian Escorts of Champlain's ship the *Don de Dieu*



A SECTION OF THE MILITARY REVIEW

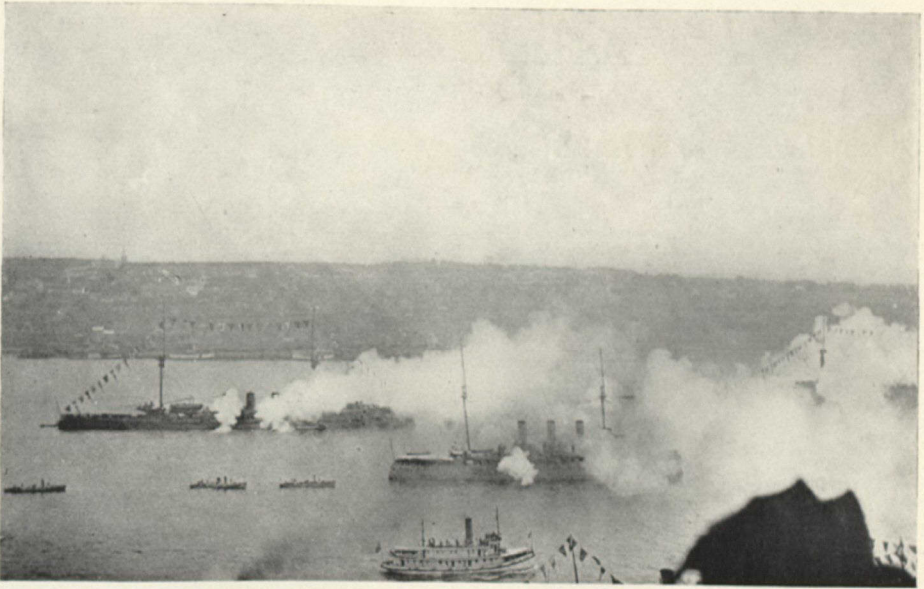
The Prince of Wales and Earl Roberts are the foremost figures, mounted, on the right

very opposite, for men-of-war of three great nations lying in quiet majesty on the face of the river, and fighting men on the heights marching under three distinctive flags, dissolved all forecast of strife and bloodshed, and inspired the feeling that for Great Britain, the United States, and France this era of peace shall endure.

The presence of so many soldiers and seamen was not a unique realization for those who saw the great review on the Plains of Abraham; it was manifest everywhere. The whole city throbbed with a martial pulse, and the air was full of the noise of soldiery. Scarcely could one get away from the booming of cannon, the beating of drums, the clanking of scabbards, or the stamping of iron hoofs on cobble-stone and cement. Red-coats and gray-coats and blue-jackets lined the streets and filled the streets and marched through the streets. It was up the hill and down the hill, here, there, and everywhere—marching from camp or marching to camp, forming an escort, or mustering

for a special event. Some of the corps were encamped several miles out from the city, which necessitated many a hard and fatiguing march. The military arrangements were even more elaborate than they would have been in time of war, and everything was carried out in so excellent a manner that the Prince of Wales was constrained to send a message of congratulation to the Minister of Militia and Defense, Sir Frederick Borden.

But why, it might be asked, did France and the United States send war vessels to take part in the celebration of an event that had not ended in glory for them? Great Britain, France and the United States had all taken part in the protracted struggle for possession of that section of North America that is now called Canada, and to-day they are bringing glory upon themselves because they have taken recognition of the pioneer work of Samuel de Champlain, the man who founded the first colony and made worth while the struggles that followed.



WARSHIPS FIRING A SALUTE

At times during this performance the vessels could scarcely be seen because of smoke

It is almost platitudinous to say that the Tercentenary was a great success. It was worth many times over every dollar of the many thousands that were spent on it, and it will stand out in history, not merely as the occasion of a patriotic demonstration of enthusiasm of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first colony in Canada, but also as our real awakening, as the awakening of the whole world, to the great fact that Canada is no longer a nursling, that she has been aroused to her place among nations, and that she has taken her place with messages of good-will from the seven seas. That is the feature that we must keep in mind: our place has been taken without the much-flaunted "baptism of blood," and for Canada there is a unique opportunity to show that greatness rests more in right than in might, and that it can be attained in larger and ever larger measure without a call to arms or a single act of offense.

It is difficult to give a comprehensive idea of the sumptuousness of the

celebration as a whole and not fall into the trap of petty detail. First, an effort should be made to form a mental picture of Quebec City and its magnificent setting. Perhaps the simplest way would be to imagine a rocky promontory, capped with a fortress, just beneath which stretches a great promenade about a hundred feet wide and a quarter of a mile long, with the Chateau Frontenac and the Champlain statue at the farther end from the fortress or citadel. From that end of the promenade, which is known as the Dufferin Terrace, streets curve in several directions—downward to Lower Town, where flat land, all built over, runs parallel with the St. Lawrence; and upward and back of the citadel to the upper residential section, and, still running parallel with the river but on the heights above, the Grand Alley, leading out to the Ste. Foye road and the Plains of Abraham. Having got that setting fixed in the imagination, the person who has never had the good fortune to visit Quebec can at least



REVIEWING THE TROOPS

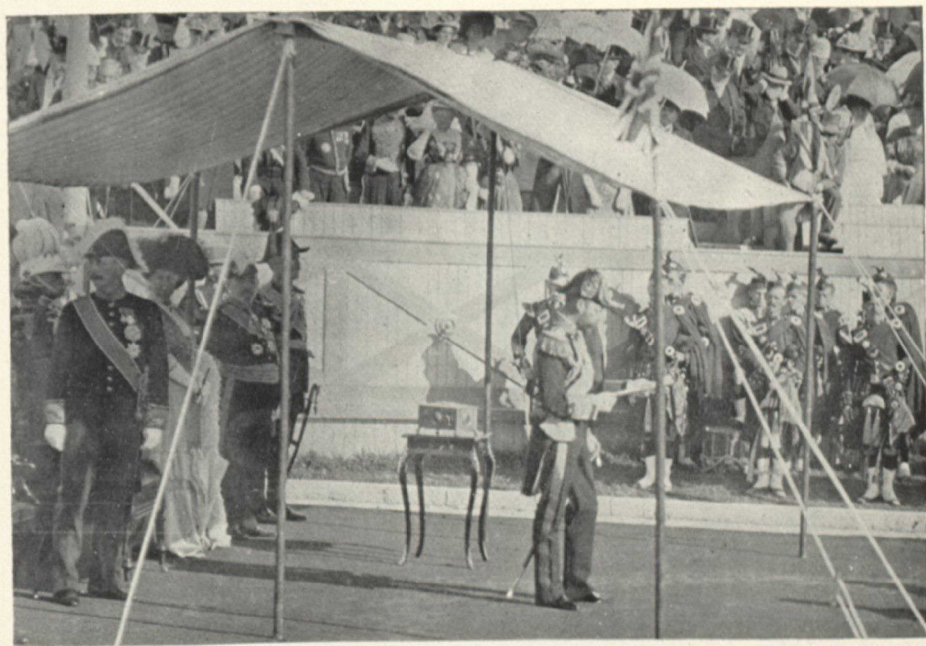
The Prince of Wales (in front, saluting) Earl Roberts (immediately behind the Prince) and Earl Grey (head and shoulders in rear). A column of jack-tars is passing in review

form an appreciation of its natural advantages for display. For instance, when the Prince of Wales landed from the *Indomitable* at the wharf in Lower Town, thousands of persons on the Dufferin Terrace looked down on the scene, while those above them again, on the grassy slope that reaches up to the deep trench surrounding the citadel, had an equally good outlook. As many as could pressed into the vicinity of the wharf below, and the streets all the way up to the citadel were crowded with an eager multitude. But from the Dufferin Terrace the landing of the Prince was only part of a stupendous picture. In the river lay eleven great battleships—eight British, two French, and one American, with the Canadian revenue cutter making up the even dozen. Across the river lay the interesting and picturesque town of Levis; in the middle distance the emerald island of Or-

leans, and away beyond that along the purple crests of the Laurentians the eye wandered in a maze of enthrallment until it rested for a moment on the noble brow of Cap Tourmente, down towards the sea.

But that was not all. On the right hand, and upwards and backwards, stood the grim old citadel, with the muzzle of dreadful cannon pointing their eager noses out across the edge of the King's bastion, and threatening evil hap to whatever foe might dare to stir forth on that majestic river. But had we not been talking about peace? Nevertheless, the likelihood is that now more than ever before the guns of that citadel will never have an opportunity to be anything but picturesque ornaments.

Surely the panoramic scene has not been forgotten in the desire to prophesy good. The point of vantage was the Dufferin Terrace,



THE PRINCE OF WALES

Reading his reply to the Civic Address of Welcome. In the front row under the canopy stand Earl Grey, Lady Grey and the French Admiral. Earl Roberts' head is visible immediately behind

and, having looked in all directions, not forgetting the little park and the imposing Chateau Frontenac, immediately behind, it is necessary to imagine the terrace thronged with thousands of spectators, many of them important personages, passing and re-passing every hour of the day. Of course the Prince of Wales is not of that cosmopolitan crowd, but he has landed, has been welcomed, has been cheered by thousands, and now he is resting up at the Citadel.

Who is that man yonder with the bushy black beard, top hat and rather short sleeves? That is the great Duke of Norfolk, the premier Duke of all England, the one man whom etiquette permits to enter uncovered into the Royal presence. And that dashing-looking woman in the green hat? That is the great Irish beauty, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew. With persons of such rank and beauty within sight,

one was rather likely to receive nothing more than an *en masse* impression of the rest of the brilliant gathering. Knights and baronets, premiers and cabinet ministers, military officers and naval officers, bank presidents and railroad presidents, millionaires and gentlemen of ease, with ladies of great beauty of face and form and dress, passed up and down in the ever-changing scene of color and action. In this respect the Terrace was a rival of the historic pageants. But of the pageants too much could not be said. To attempt to describe them seems like a hopeless undertaking. They were presented under the direction of Mr. Lascelles by about 3,500 men, women and children belonging to some of the best families in the city of Quebec. The grandstand for spectators could seat about ten thousand persons. The stage, if so it might be called, was a portion of the Plains of Abraham,



THE QUEBEC TRICENTENARY

Wolfe's Highlanders drawn up for review

just above Wolfe's Cove, and one would almost conclude that a more suitable site could not be found. The time of presentation was from five to eight in the evening, and in the after-glow of sunset the splendor and beauty of some of the scenes were really superb. The pageants covered a period of about 150 years of Canadian history, beginning with the arrival of Jacques Cartier, and ending with the taking of Quebec by Wolfe. The trappings of those who took part and personated leading characters and enacted important events were gorgeous but real—real silk, real satin, real velvet, real leather, with real Indians and real outdoor scenery, beautiful green sward and wooded glades bordering a beautiful river. These pageants, as well as almost everything else, showed

conclusively that the celebration of the Tercentenary had not been turned into an occasion for the glorification of Wolfe. Everything was produced as historically correct as it could be, but when it came to the battle of the Plains of Abraham, instead of showing a defeated French army, the director, with admirable taste, marched the two armies into the field side by side, and after putting them through peace drills to the accompaniment of inoffensive music, the whole company of performers tramped upon the scene, and the end was reached without a note that could be resented. True, the military review on Friday gave opportunity for the transfer of money for the purchase of the Plains by the Quebec Battlefields Commission. Addressing Earl Grey, the Prince of Wales said:

"It affords me the greatest pleasure to hand over to your Excellency, the representative of the Crown in Canada, the sum of \$450,000, which, through the patriotism of British citizens in all parts of Canada and of the Empire, and the generosity of French and American sympathizers, has been entrusted to me, in order that the historic battlefields of Quebec, on which the two contending races won equal and imperishable glory, may be acquired for the people of the Dominion, and preserved, under special supervision of the Sovereign, as a permanent shrine of the union of peace.

"I place in your hands, as the representative of the Sovereign, the charge of this sacred ground, which it is my pleasure to be able to present to you, on the 300th birthday of Quebec, as a gift to the people of Canada and the Crown."

Earl Grey replied:

"As Governor-General of Canada, and in the names of the Government and of the people of the Dominion, I accept this sacred trust, which your Royal Highness, the heir to the throne, has graciously placed in my hands."

There was peace-making in that event. There was peace-making in the pageants, and there was peace-making at the very outset of the celebration, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, reading the

Dominion Government's address of welcome to the Prince, said:

"We cannot doubt that your Royal Highness will agree with us in believing it fitting that the scene of these exploits, and especially the ground upon which Montcalm and Wolfe strove with equal valor for the mastery, should be set apart as a perpetual memorial by English and French Canadians of the great deeds in which both peoples feel an equal pride."

There was peace-making in the words of the Prince of Wales, when he replied in part as follows:

"And here in Quebec I recall with much pleasure the no uncertain proofs which I have received on my several visits to Canada of the loyalty of the King's French-Canadian subjects. Their proved fidelity in times of difficulty and danger, happily long past, is one of the greatest tributes to the political genius of England's rule, and the knowledge that they and their fellow-Canadians of British origin are working hand in hand in the upbuilding of the Dominion is a source of deep satisfaction to the King, as well as to all those who take part in British institutions. I cordially agree with you in the propriety of setting apart as a memorial for the present and future generations the battleground of the Plains of Abraham."



PART OF DUFFERIN TERRACE
Showing Chateau Frontenac and Champlain Monument



THE QUEBEC PAGEANTS
Procession of Nymphs and Fauns

There was peace-making in King Edward's cablegram to Earl Grey:

"Please convey to Mayor and citizens of Quebec my congratulations and good wishes on the joyous celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the foundation of their city by Samuel De Champlain. I am much gratified to learn of their cordial reception of the Prince of Wales, whom I have sent to represent me on this great occasion. I received with pleasure the renewed assurances of loyalty on the part of my Canadian subjects, in whose welfare I am deeply interested and to whom I wish an ever increasing measure of progress and prosperity."

There was peace-making when the Prince, in replying to the civic address of welcome, said:

"The King, whose earnest desire is always to promote the best and closest relations between nations, has specially desired me, as his representative, to convey to you, Mr. Vice-President of the United States, and to you, Monsieur l'Amiral, and to your colleagues, not only a hearty welcome, but also a warm expression of thanks, both to you

and to your Governments, for your presence on this auspicious occasion. Your attendance is not merely an indication of your interest in the proceedings attending the celebration of the Tercentenary; it is an outward and visible sign of the friendship, concord and good-will between ourselves and the two great countries which you represent with so much distinction. We think to-day of the United States as having given the example of energy and courage in conquering and cultivating the forests and boundless prairies which now yield harvests of illimitable wealth. We think of France as the giver of the man whose greatest deed we are here to celebrate; one of the first of those heroes who found his way from the old world to the new, and left there an imperishable name.

"We recognize that the presence of representatives of France and of the United States amongst us testifies to the growth of the spirit of friendliness between nations. On that spirit the progress of humanity largely depends; in it, I hope and believe, true progress will express itself more and more during the years to come. The high ideal of universal peace and brotherhood may be far from realization, but every act

that promotes harmony among nations points the way towards its attainment. This celebration is such an act, for it appeals to Canada, to the British Empire, and to the whole civilized world. I, therefore, rejoice to be here, to take my part with you during these memorable days in paying homage to Champlain and doing honor to Quebec."

There was peace-making in Vice-President Fairbanks' reply:

"There are no fortifications upon our frontier and no battleships upon the waters which divide us, and we believe and fervently hope that there will never be need of any defensive preparations between us. To advocate measures for the maintenance of international tranquillity, and to endeavor to substitute reason for force, is not evidence of any decay in the courage or manhood of nations, but it is the proclamation of the great truth that modern civilization is not a failure. It is a failure if it does not substitute for force the serene and all-powerful chamber of reason and deliberation. There is such a thing as righteousness among nations. Let them bring their differences into international courts of justice, and there let reason and righteousness prevail. Let nations by every honorable means which enlightened statesmanship may suggest avoid an appeal to that court where might alone turns the balance. We have no need to fear that the relations between the United States and Great Britain will ever again be disturbed. We have faith to believe that our flags, which grace this historic occasion, and which mingle together and salute each other upon the Plains of Abraham, will never confront each other in conflict upon either land or sea."

There was peace-making in Admiral Jaureguiberry's reply:

"Having been commissioned by the Government of the Republic to represent it on this important and interesting occasion, I am instructed to declare once more the cordiality of its relations with Great Britain, and to express the sentiments of affection which every Frenchman feels towards Canada. My Government has charged me with the great honor of greeting in its name his Royal Highness, the Government of the Dominion, and the Province of Quebec. The words of his Royal Highness will be re-echoed in France, and will add to the never-to-be-forgotten welcome given in England to the President of the French Republic."

There was peace-making in these words by Earl Grey at the banquet given by him at the citadel:

"To-day, sir, you have given us ideals of race fusion and harmony as the ideals to which we should endeavor to attune our

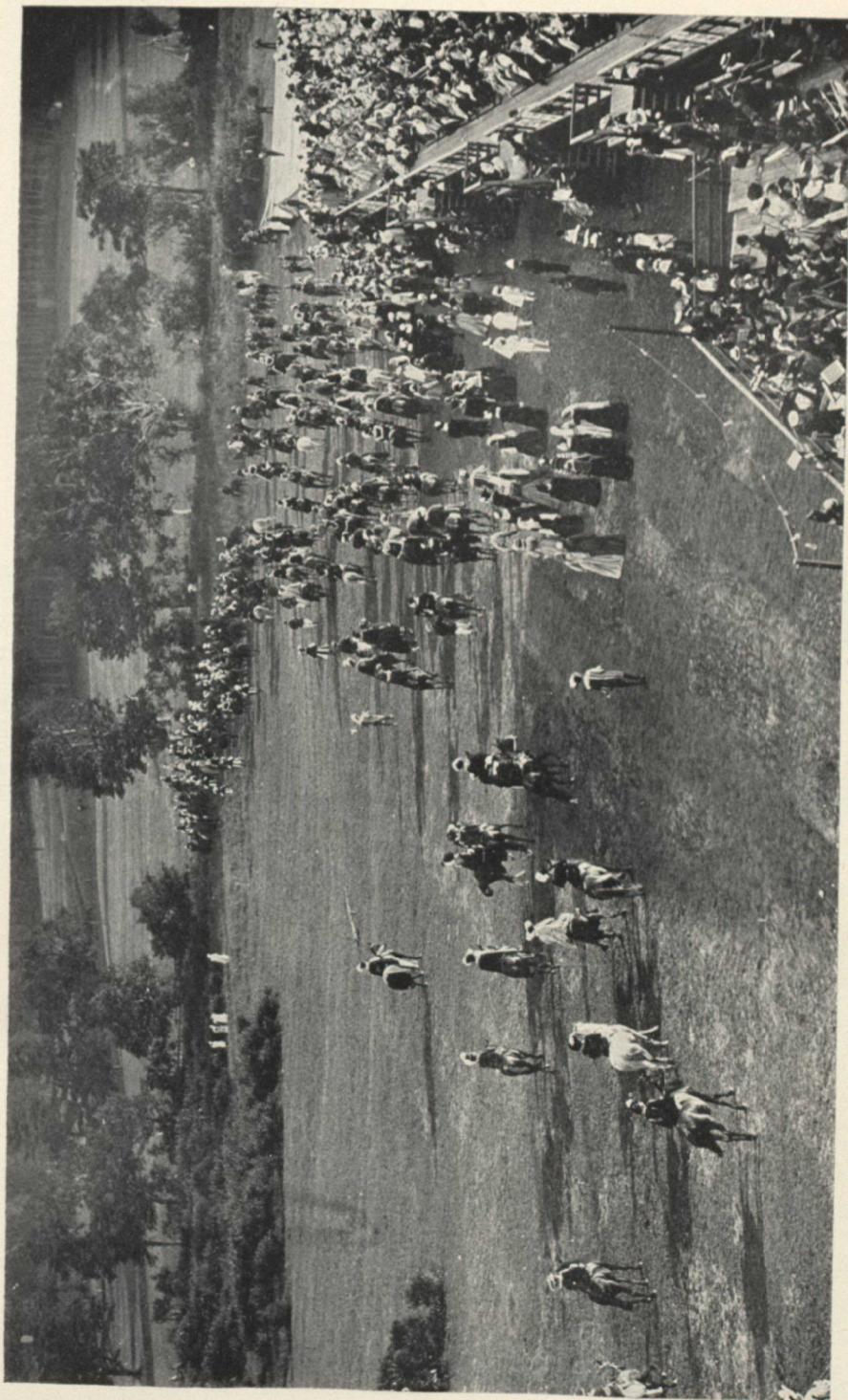
national life. I am happy to believe that this Tercentenary week will do something to promote in the life of the Canadian people, and perhaps also in the life of the Empire, that fusion and sympathy upon the full realization of which the character of Canada's destiny and of the Empire depends. Thanks, sir, for the deep interest which you have taken from the bottom of your heart in this national and Imperial celebration; thanks to your Royal Highness' presence, for which we shall never cease to be deeply grateful, this Quebec Tercentenary is proving itself to be an instrument for fusing the two great races of the Do-



HOW SIR FREDERICK BORDEN, MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENSE, LOOKED AFTER THE MILITARY REVIEW



THE QUEBEC PAGEANTS
Arrival of the Hospitalliers and Ursuline Nuns



THE QUEBEC PAGEANTS
The departure of the Gorgeous Court of Francois I.



THE QUEBEC PAGEANTS
The Court of Henri IV of France

minion into a more united people, for welding the Provinces into a more consolidated nation, for strengthening the ties between Canada, the mother land and sister States, so well and worthily represented on this occasion, for uniting the whole French and English-speaking world in a point of common interest at Quebec, and for strengthening the entente cordiale between the British Crown, and first our ancient ally, France; secondly, our powerful neighbor, the United States.

And as it was a great spectacle of peace, it is perhaps in keeping with the spirit of the occasion to add these verses:

THE AWAKENING.

(Dedicated to Dr. Goldwin Smith.)

Roused from our lethargy, we greet
the light,
The great white light of world-wide
fame,
We who have counted heroes slain,
And cheered our valiant warriors to
the fight;
Our nursling Canada, weaned at
last,
A paragon 'mongst nations classed.
And yet may we on glory bent
Be spared the debt of discontent—
The nations' crucible.

Back to the age when native races
clashed
In barbarous pageantry of blood,
We who have met life at the flood
Look, and in abject horror stand
abashed:
At cruel deeds of savage foes
Our sense of indignation glows.
And yet may boasting patriotism,
Beware the debt of jingoism—
The nations' crucible.

Still in the minds of men yet spared
by God
Mem'ries of armed conflict rise,
Of conflict 'neath Canadian skies,
When foreign foe sought prestige on
our sod.

But now our only call to arms
Is mimic warfare's false alarms.
And yet might eagerness for war
Uplight the very sledge of Thor—
The nations' crucible.

Human it is when white bread fills
the land,
And fame comes pomping at the
gate,
For affluence to gloat and prate
And supercilious indolence to brand.
But we have proof against such
stain;
Our undeveloped hill, uncultivated
plain.
And yet may we in penitence
Be spared the debt of affluence—
The nations' crucible.

Prone even yet are we to over-ride
The common founts of glory and
renown,
And all our better aspirations drown
By arrogance and unremitting pride:
For we have felt the thrill of might,
Of giant chafings for the fight.
And yet might unrestrained zeal
Provoke untimely clash of steel—
The nations' crucible.

It is but meet in glorious time of peace
To grave great names like Wolfe
and Brock
On marble slab and chiselled rock,
To give our human plaudits full re-
lease.
But other champions now call we,
Champions of concord they must be.
And yet may we in time of joy
Forget not Rome or Greece or Troy—
Their fatal crucibles.

Throbbing with strains of diverse
blood and creed,
We latest generations rise,
With eager hand to grasp the prize
And all this mighty heritage indeed—
The mine, the forest, waving plain,
And right of forage on the main.
And yet in this our sacred trust
May we be spared the debt of lust—
God's awful crucible.

GOSPEL OF THE HEREAFTER

BY

REV. J. PATERSON SMYTH, LL.D., D.LITT., D.C.L.

Rector of St. George's, Montreal; Late Professor of Pastoral
Theology, University of Dublin

FIRST ARTICLE: HADES

I HAIL it as a sign of the times, a sign of deeper interest in religion and more serious thought about the life to come, that the Editor of a secular magazine should ask me for these articles on "The Gospel of the Hereafter." As I am preparing a book on the subject, I gladly give the substance of the rough notes which I have made, merely asking that they shall be considered as only rough notes, very incomplete, and not at all touching the difficulties and objections which may occur to readers, but which can only be dealt with in a complete book.

I entitle this article "The Gospel of Hades"—the good news of the Waiting Life that comes immediately after death—the life within the veil into which our departed ones have gone.

I.

With educated people it should not be necessary to combat the foolish popular notion that at death men pass into their final destiny—heaven or hell—and then (perhaps thousands of years afterwards) come back to be judged as to that final destiny.

To state such a belief should be enough to refute it. Those who hold

it "do err, not knowing the Scriptures," for the Scriptures have no such teaching. They tell of three stages in the life of man; the first in this earthly life when soul and body are united; the second beginning at death when soul and body are parted; the third at the "end of the age" at the General Resurrection when the soul again clothes itself with a body, but a spiritual body. Or, to put it in another form, there is "this age," in which the life of earth runs its course side by side with the life of the Waiting Souls within the Veil. Then "the end of the age," marked by the coming of our Lord and the General Resurrection. Then the "Age to Come," in which the inspired writers place Hell and Heaven.

The Jews of our Lord's day believed in a great waiting life before the judgment. The general name for it was Hades. The abode of the blest and good in it was called "Paradise" and "Abraham's Bosom." Our Lord distinctly sanctions that belief in His promise to the dying thief and in His picture of Dives in the Hades life and Lazarus in Abraham's Bosom, while the life of Dives' brothers and

all the ordinary life of men moved on still on earth. And the Apostles always assume this point of view. In the New Testament, Heaven and Hell are always spoken of as states *after* the judgment. The Bible never thinks of death as *the* important thing. In the Bible men are never exhorted to be ready for death. The important thing is "*the day*" when the Lord shall appear. Warning, reproof, exhortation, encouragement are all directed to that great day at the end of the Waiting Life—the judgment at the second coming of the Son of Man.

Until then all men after death pass into that waiting life in Hades. Even our Lord Himself had to undergo the common lot of that humanity which He took on Him. Not even Christ Himself went to Heaven when He died. He says, after His resurrection, "I have not yet ascended unto My Father." Where, then, did His spirit go? The whole Church throughout the world repeats every Sunday, "He was dead and buried, and descended into Hades"—the life of the waiting souls. St. Peter tells us in his first Epistle that in those three days Christ's living spirit went and preached to the spirits in safe keeping, who had been disobedient in the old world. For which cause, He says, "was the Gospel preached to them that are dead." (1 Peter iii.)

II.

One does not wonder that this is not evident to all men while the mis-translation of this word "Hades" remains in the Authorized Version of the Bible. The word unfortunately is still translated "Hell." The old English word *hell*, otherwise the hole, the unseen, had not yet stiffened into the awful meaning that it has attained in our day. Even in games it was used. In the old English game of forfeits, on the village green, the "hell" is the hidden place where the girls ran away

to escape being kissed. You can see it had no awful meaning necessarily connected with it. The old word only means the "unseen place." Therefore it did not seem repulsive to translate the Greek word "*Hades*," the *Unseen*, by the English "*hell*."

The revised version has put all this right. Take a few examples out of many. "His soul was not left in Hades (not hell), nor did His flesh see corruption" (Acts ii. 31). "I have the keys of death and of Hades" (Rev. i. 18). At the end of the world "death and Hades gave up the dead" (Rev. xx. 13). In Hades (not hell) "the rich man lifts up his eyes, being in torment," and so on.

To the readers of the Revised Version, all that I have been saying is quite unnecessary. Unfortunately for this doctrine, most people are reading the Authorized Version and so perpetuating the old mistakes. Unfortunately, too, our conservative instincts prevent our altering the word in the Creed, which is a great loss. In repeating "He descended into hell," people miss all the glorious meaning that it had for the early Church. (1) The proof of it in our Lord's perfect manhood, since He went into Hades just like ourselves; and (2) the joy and comfort in the completion of the victory of the Cross. No longer should men think that the old world before Christ was forgotten in the Atonement. The gifts of God had been carried by Christ into the great world of the departed.

III.

The Bible, then, teaches to every careful student that there is the intermediate life beyond the grave, a vivid conscious life, that all men go there when they depart this life. No man has ever yet gone to Heaven. No man has ever yet gone to Hell. No man has ever yet been judged. No man has ever yet been damned. Thank God for that at any

rate. The Bible teaches that all who have ever left this earth are waiting yet—from King Alfred to Queen Victoria; from St. Paul to Bishop Westcott; from the poor struggler of the ancient days in the morning of history to the poor struggler who died in Canada last night.

It teaches too that the waiting life before the judgment is not an unconscious sleep—which is an idea one sometimes hears of—but a *real, vivid, active* life into which our dear ones are gone. The word sleep evidently refers only to the bodily appearance. This sleep theory is condemned as a heresy by the early Church, and declared by our reformers to be contrary to Scripture. That life is a life so vivid that our Lord's spirit is said to have been quickened, made more alive, as He passed in. So vivid that the men of the old world could listen to his preaching. So vivid that Moses and Elias—those eager, impetuous leaders—in that wondrous life could not be held by its bonds, but broke through to stand on the mountain with Christ a thousand years after death. So vivid that Lazarus (whom our Lord describes as in Abraham's bosom) is depicted as living a full, clear, intelligent life; and Dives is suffering and thinking anxiously about his five brothers on earth. Do we want further proof? Look at our Lord and the thief on the cross. The two men had been hanging together dying on the cross, just about to get through the veil to the world beyond. The poor thief did not know what was beyond that veil—darkness, insensibility, stupor, oblivion. The only one on earth who did know hung there beside him. And when the poor dying one turned with the words, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom," He promptly replied, "To-day you shall be with Me." If anyone knew, surely He knew. If it meant anything, it meant "There shall be no oblivion,

no unconscious sleeping. To-night, when our dead bodies lie here upon the cross, you and I shall live and know each other as the two men who hung dying together on Calvary." Ah! the wonder to him as he went in beyond the veil, as though the Lord would lead him, lest he should be afraid.

IV.

Furthermore, it teaches that the faithful who have died in Christ are happy and blessed; they depart to be with "Christ," into the beautiful training school, the preparation for Heaven, "The Paradise," or "Park of God," as the Jews called it. The park is not the palace, but it is the precincts of the palace. Paradise is not Heaven, but it is the outer court of Heaven. And they are "with Christ," though unclothed, waiting to be clothed with the body which is from heaven, growing, we doubt not, nobler and purer, progressing as they learn more of unselfish self-sacrifice; fitting themselves for the eternal life of unselfish activities that shall go on for ever in their final state.

And it teaches us those who have died outside of Christ are not happy; but at any rate they are not yet judged. They are not in Hell. And who can doubt, if they are unhappy, that it is because the loving Father sees it to be the best for them. Perhaps my readers will not care to follow me so far. That subject of their fate is too large to touch in this article, but at any rate the Bible is clear about this, that their judgment is still in the future, that even the sinners of Sodom and Gomorrah are not yet judged, that God willeth not the death of a sinner, that the Judge of all the earth will do right—aye, and *far more than mere right* for every poor human soul that He has made.

We have no reason to doubt that character is continuous. A man is the same character when

he lays down his body and passes within the veil—the same man that he was before. That is what makes this earth-life so solemn—its making of character, and therefore making of destiny for that unseen life.

Nor need we doubt that they remember the things on earth. "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime," says Abraham to Dives in Hades. Our Lord came back from Hades remembering all the past. The redeemed in the spirit-land praise God for redeeming them from their past sins on earth. And so we may well hope they all can remember us and love us as they ever did—only infinitely more. Indeed I think we may even hope that they are watching with deep interest our present life. Reason would certainly lead us to hope this. Think of a mother going from her children into a full conscious life and bestowing no further thought on them. Reason would suggest that since growth in love is God's highest aim for her that He would probably not shut out her vision of them. Even though that vision would sometimes sadden her, yet one would think her sadness and her pleadings with God for them and her new-found knowledge of God's deep solicitude about them would tend to more good in her spiritual development than the maiming of her noblest part by letting her forget them. Of course this is mere guessing. But even Scripture in its dim hints points rather that way. Dives in the parable seems watching his brothers and Abraham knows about Moses and the prophets, and Moses and Elias come out on the Mount of Transfiguration to talk of the coming sacrifice of Christ. Strange if their comrade spirits within the veil just then were not watching that drama of redemption on earth. There is not much to go on, but there is enough to warrant some dim hope, at least, that our dear ones are knowing and watching

and caring and praying and keeping much nearer than some of us suspect.

V.

Now try to realize, to concentrate thought and imagination, on our own relation to that world of the departed—that *wonderful, wonderful, wonderful* world, where our dear ones are gone within the veil.

Many years ago I met with a story in a sermon of Canon Liddon. The story caught on to me. An old Indian officer was telling of his battles of the Indian Mutiny, of the most striking events in his professional career; and as he vividly described the skirmishes, and battles, and sieges, and hair-breadth escapes, his audience hung breathless in sympathy and excitement. At last he paused; and to their expressions of wonderment he quietly replied, "I expect to see something more wonderful than that." As he was over seventy, and retired from the service, his listeners looked up into his face with surprise. There was a pause; and then he said, in a solemn undertone, "I mean in the first five minutes after death."

That story caught on to me instantly. That has been for years my closest feeling. I feel it at every deathbed as the soul passes through. I believe it will be my strongest feeling when my own death-hour comes—eager, intense, glad curiosity about the new, strange world opening before me.

A short time ago I stood by a poor old man as he was going through into the Unseen. In the early morning he was, as it were, fumbling with the veil of that silent land—wishing to get through; and we were talking together of the unutterable wonder that was only an hour or two ahead. I left him and returned to see him in a couple of hours; but I was too late, he had just got through—got through into that unutterable wonder that I had been stupidly guessing about,

and the poor old worn body was flung dishevelled on the bed, as one might fling an old coat, to be free for the journey. He was gone.

Just got through—and I felt, with almost a gasp, that he had solved the riddle of life; that I would give anything, risk anything, for one little glimpse through; but I could not get it. I could only guess the stupendous thing that had come to him. For all the stupendous changes that have ever happened here are surely but trifles compared with that first few minutes in the marvellous life beyond, when our friends pass from us within the veil, and our hearts follow them with eager questioning—"What are they doing? What are they seeing? Are they remembering and thinking of us?"

More and more of late years I keep asking those questions at deathbeds. I seem to myself constantly as if trying to hold back the curtain and look through. But the *look through* is all blurred and indistinct.

Oh! how one longs and agonizes for a glimpse of them, for some communication. How one rebels at the inevitable silence. But it seems inevitable at present.

Our faculties of apprehension are not adapted to that sphere of existence. Between the material and spiritual there is a great gulf fixed. A mighty change has passed on those who are gone. They are spiritual—I am but material, and with material senses only. I suppose that was why St. Paul could not utter what he saw when in some tranced condition, that life was shown to him—"whether in the body or out of the body," he could not tell. I suppose that was why Lazarus could tell nothing of these marvellous four days in which his disembodied spirit mingled with the spirits of the departed.

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"

There lives no record of reply,
Which, telling what it is to die,
Had surely added praise to praise."

I suppose it was all unintelligible to mortal ken when his spirit had come back to the body it had left. If, in a crowd of blind men, one got his sight for a moment, and then his blindness returned, what could he tell to his comrades or realize to himself? No; we cannot picture them in that hour of passing through. We can but think dimly of what we know from Scripture about them. But, without picturing, we can guess what they are doing.

And when one day we stand by our dead, and look at the calm face, and feel the intolerable pressure of the questions: Where is he? What is he doing? What is he seeing? In that solemn hour after death, believe it, your boy, your wife, your husband is experiencing the startling, wondrous revelations of the new unseen life—a real life—an unbroken continuance of the life begun on earth, where he shall be the same boy or man that he was an hour ago, with the same character, aspirations, desires; but oh! with what a different view of all things! How clearly he recognizes God's love, God's holiness! How clearly he sees himself, his whole past life! If he ever cared for Christ and His will, how gladly, wonderingly, he is reaching out his hand to Christ! And how blessed will seem to him the beautiful discipline, the training in self-sacrifice, beautiful deeds, the vision of the coming glory of heaven in the future!

VI.

May we go a step further? Is it allowable to make a venture of faith and speculate on a matter of which we cannot give definite proof? There is a beautiful old allegory of Knowledge, the strong mailed knight, tramping over the great tableland that he surveyed, and testing and making his ground sure at every step, while beside him, just above the ground, moved the white-winged angel of *Faith*.

Side by side they moved, till the path broke short off on the verge of a vast precipice.— Knowledge could go no further. There was no footing for the ponderous knight; but the white-winged angel rose majestically from the ground and moved across the chasm, where her companion could not follow.

Our path has broken off; knowledge can go no further. May we speculate with faith on something we cannot prove? I am thinking of a speculation very dear to myself, about that progress of our dear ones in the presence of Christ. Will not much of that progress in the life beyond come through unselfish ministry to others? Let us see what reason there is to hope it.

(1) All the true hearts who lived here the sweet life of unselfish helpfulness can you imagine them doing it less in that land with Christ?

(2) Think you that Christ, who, in His quickened spirit, went down into Hades to preach to the spirits in prison would not have all helpful souls to follow His lead?

(3) Think how else could the word of Christ be fulfilled by His Church, "Go preach the Gospel to every creature"? *Every* creature. What a mockery it would seem, as the heathen die at the rate of several thousands each week, if the Church's work did not go on in the unseen! Think if the men of ancient Tyre and Sidon would have repented at the teaching and work of Christ if the mighty works had been done in them, do you not think he has taken care since that the men of Tyre and Sidon should have their chance? If the heathen Socrates, and Plato, and Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus would have fallen at His feet as their Master and Friend—and you know they would—do you think they have not learned to know Him by now? If the millions of those Hindoos who have died without Christ's Gospel would have accepted it, do you think

it is not being taught to them now? And if possible it be, does it not give us some glimpse of the glory and delight of the Hereafter for every unselfish soul that wants to help another? And does it not help one to guess why young useful lives are called away from earth if God has glorious work for them in the Unseen?

"You have preached your last sermon," said one to Frederick Denison Maurice as he was dying. "Aye," he said; "but only my last sermon in *this* life." He believed he was going through the veil to preach to men. I believe it too, though I cannot prove it, nay, even though there be difficulties in the way of believing it. Yet, many men greater than we are believing it, impelled by the stirring of Divine impulses within.

If it be true, ah! think of it, you who are trying to forget yourselves, and live for others—think of the blessedness of your life in the waiting land. With the weak and the ignorant needing to be helped; with the little children needing to be mothered and loved; with the great heathen world which has gone within the veil never yet having heard of Christ; with the Canaanite and the Amorite cut off in their sin, and yet not come to their Day of Judgment.

VII

Ah! that wonderful Paradise land—that wonderful Church of God in the Unseen; with its vast numbers; with its enthusiastic love; with all its grand leaders who have been trained on earth. We and they together form the great continuous Church of God. We are all one long procession; they at the head in the Unseen. What a life it is! What a work it has!

I have called this article a Gospel of Hades. Am I not right in so calling it? It will make us solemn as we feel that character passes on unchanged. That is good; but it will do more. It will take away the sting

and the horror of death. It is not the pain of dying that makes that horror when I come to die. After all, men bear far more pain without flinching. It is not merely the parting for the present with those I love. We have constantly to do that when they go to other lands without breaking our hearts about it. It is not even any doubt about a future Resurrection at the second Advent. I may believe that, and yet, get little comfort from it. That Advent seems so far away. It may be next week; but it may be 5,000 years hence, and meantime what of my life? Sleep? Unconsciousness? Darkness? What? No wonder I should shrink from that mysterious unknown.

But teach me the ancient Scriptural doctrine of the Hades life as it appears in the Bible. Teach me that in the hour after death I shall pass into the Unseen with my self, with my full life, my feelings, my character, my individuality, and in that solemn hour death will lose its horror. Teach me that my dear ones departed are but little more parted from me than if they had gone to India and could not write home; that they are living their beautiful life of progress in the blessed environment of the law of God; that therefore I may keep them in my thoughts and that I ought to keep them in my prayers, just as I did heretofore in their life on earth. Is not that a Gospel?

In the awful days of bereavement it will bring God's peace, and it will bring elevation of character. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

I think of my boy as serving at one side of the veil, and I at the other; each in the presence of Christ.

I think how he is being lovingly trained and disciplined. How all his abilities are being used in self-sacrificing deeds for others. Not in a glorified selfishness in thanking God that he is safe though his brethren be lost. Ah, no! but in perfect self-sacrifice, even as his Lord. I think of him as learning to fight for righteousness—to help the weak, aye! mayhap, to go out — God's brave young knight — out into the outer darkness after someone who has missed of Christ on earth. As I realize that, my whole life must perforce grow nobler. And I realize that I shall not have to wait for the Resurrection or the Advent to meet him and learn all.

"He is not dead, the child of your affection,

But gone into that school
Where he no longer needs your poor protection,

And Christ Himself doth rule."

When my death comes he will be waiting for me. He has been praying and watching over me. He will tell me of all that has been happening. And together in Christ's loving presence, side by side, we shall work and wait, and help our brethren; and look forward to the glory of the heaven that is still in the future. Is not that a Gospel worth the preaching?

That is all that I have space to say in this article. I know all the difficulties and objections that may be raised. But it must be evident that I cannot deal with them here. This is but a bare outline. It may set men thinking, and what is of much more importance, it may make some lonely ones more hopeful and more thankful to God for the life of those

"Whom they have loved long since
and lost awhile."



THE SOULS OF ANECDOTES

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

SOME difficulty has been experienced in answering the question, Where do the lost souls of anecdotes go? Good anecdotes seldom lose their souls, but when they do shuffle off this mortal coil it is a reasonable presumption that they haunt the people who killed them by telling them too often, or murdered them by the way they told them.

I know a clergyman who, in a dream, found himself in a strange land, where every worn and wasted form had a laughable suggestion about it of better days, where every tearful voice had a faint, far-off echo of mirth and merriment, and every groan was the ghost of a laugh. Some of these strange forms cast reproachful looks of blame at the dreamer. At length, he discovered that he was in the weird ghostland of anecdote, and that the weary, wasted ones who looked blame upon him were the ghosts of the stories he had worn the life out of by telling them so often in his sermons.

The souls of many good anecdotes are never consigned to any hades of this kind. They merely undergo a transmigration, or reincarnation. They live again in a different body with a rejuvenating change of environment.

A capital anecdote was told a few years ago by a leading Boston journal, how Booker T. Washington, when a poor, friendless boy came to Boston with an enormous carpet-bag, containing all his belongings. It was

more than he could carry comfortably, so it was necessary for him every little while to rest himself by setting it down on the sidewalk. A kind-hearted man meeting him, asked to be allowed to help him carry his bundle. A warm hand was placed side by side with his on the handle of the valise, and the poor colored boy learned, as the wise man did in the long ago, that two are better than one. That kind-hearted gentleman was Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the lend-a-hand man.

This is a beautiful story, and many a time it has been told; but like all good stories it has been subject to the laws of transmigration. To-day it appears in a reputable Chicago paper with a different local inhabitation and a different name. Dear old Dr. Hale has been compelled to let go the handle of young Booker's carpet-bag, to give place to another man. It is now Theodore Roosevelt who finds the colored boy in the streets of New York City, with two carpet-bags, or rather with a heavy dress-suit case and a heavier valise.

I am sorry young Booker did not keep to the one big carpet-bag. It is more picturesque and effective in every way to have the President and Booker ahold of the same valise. But I must give the story in the very words of the Chicago paper:

"A negro was walking along Forty-second street in New York one night some years ago, from the depot to his hotel, carrying a heavy dress-suit case in one hand and a

heavier valise in the other. Suddenly a hand was laid on the valise, and the pleasant face of a stalwart young man looked into the negro's face as he said: 'Pretty heavy, brother. Suppose you let me take one. I'm going your way.' The negro protested, but the man already had the valise, and for several blocks they walked on together, talking like two cronies, until the hotel was reached. 'And that,' said Booker T. Washington, recently, 'is the first time I ever met Theodore Roosevelt.' "

This is called a new story of thoughtfulness and helpfulness worth remembering. After this who can doubt the transmigration of the souls of anecdotes?

When I was a boy our minister used to tell a most interesting story of how Benjamin Franklin read the Book of Ruth to a fashionable group of English ladies, who were charmed with the exquisite beauty of the pastoral story, who pronounced it the finest thing of the kind they had ever heard, and insisted upon knowing the name of the author.

This is a story with a touch of immortality about it, a story which cannot easily be murdered. In its revelation of a lack of knowledge of Biblical history it is worthy to rank with that of the local preacher who when undergoing examination before his church court said that the Sons of Boanerges were the sons of Mrs. Beau Anne Urges, so-called because Miss Anne in her younger days always had an admirer.

After I had begun as a boy to associate Benjamin Franklin with the Book of Ruth, rather than with that familiar, but most unpopular maxim, "Early to bed," I was shocked one day to hear a visiting clergyman tell the story with Samuel Johnson substituted for Benjamin Franklin. I had no reason to dislike Samuel Johnson — my sympathies rather went out to the man who as a boy could not bear to have his books and

clothes removed from the floor where he always left them, and have them hidden away in some inaccessible, almost unthinkable place; but I did not like to have poor Ben so rudely and unceremoniously driven out of his own anecdote. I felt that the foundations of things were being shaken. I feared to open my Shakespeare lest I should find some strange body in Hamlet's place.

Since that time I have learned more about the transmigration of the souls of anecdotes—how they appear and reappear with a change of raiment—how they live on from age to age, till it would not surprise us if Jack London should find some of them in that interesting period of the world to which he has given a good deal of attention in the æons before Adam.

We are told that when the late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, was going to a great Christian Endeavor convention at Ottawa, a man on the train remarked: "I don't believe in all this display. Why is not the money wasted on these conventions given to the poor?" Dr. Grant replied: "I have just been reading where a noted man said that very thing." "Is that so?" exclaimed the other. "What did he say?" "Simply that the money wasted on such nonsense should be given to the poor," answered the Principal. "Well, I'm glad to hear it. What is his name?" "Judas Iscariot," Dr. Grant replied. "This Judas said, not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein."

The soul of this excellent story seems to have undergone a great many transmigrations. No one has yet traced it beyond the Christian Era, and the historical allusions in it would seem to render it impossible to get farther back than Judas, although Mark Twain who has discovered Niagara Falls in the Garden

of Eden should not find even Iscariot an insuperable barrier.

Nearly all good anecdotes are endowed with a touch of earthly immortality. If they are not privileged to join the "Choir Invisible," they enjoy the rarer distinction of making a good deal of music in this world,

where the conditions of life are less musical than in some other realms. The century-living crow grows old and dies, but these sunny little immortals that do so much to make the world brighter, to convert groans into laughter, seldom die, except when cruelly murdered.

DOCTOR DRUMMOND

By CY WARMAN

A friend, whose lips lie motionless,
 Whose name I breathe, not without pain;
 Yet, what rich gifts he left to us—
 The cheerful children of his brain;
Leetle Bateese an' Dieu Donné
 Dose feller will not pass away.

You, who have broken bread with him,
 Have lingered, laughing late at night,
 You will know why mine eyes are dim
 With tears that blur the lines I write;
 Dere's one, he's frien', I'm not forget—
 Dat small *Curé of Calumette*.

Time rolls and brings us frost and flowers,
 Set changes of the changeless years;
 He passed away 'mid early April showers,
 As tho' the world were moved to tears.
De Rossignol sing on an' on,
 More sadder now, cause he ees gone.

He would not have his friends repine,
 He fought, and wrought, and made a name;
 His work—I'd gladly make it mine,
 Believe me, not for wealth or fame,
 But just because he had to go
 And leave it, when he loved it so.

BY GRACE OF JULIUS CAESAR

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

MELISSA sent word on Monday evening that she thought we had better go round with the subscription list for cushioning the church pews on Tuesday. I sent back word that I thought we had better go on Thursday. I had no particular objection to Tuesday, but Melissa is rather fond of settling things without consulting anyone else, and I don't believe in always letting her have her own way. Melissa is my cousin and we have always been good friends, and I am really very fond of her; but there's no sense in lying down and letting yourself be walked over. We finally compromised on Wednesday.

I always have a feeling of dread when I hear of any new church-project for which money will be needed, because I know perfectly well that Melissa and I will be sent round to collect for it. People say we seem to be able to get more than anybody else; and they appear to think that because Melissa is an unencumbered old maid, and I am an unencumbered widow, we can spare the time without any inconvenience to ourselves. Well, we have been canvassing for building funds, and socials, and suppers for years, but it is needed now; at least, I have had enough of it, and I should think Melissa has, too.

We started out bright and early on Wednesday morning, for Jersey Cove is a big place and we knew we should need the whole day. We had to walk because neither of us

owned a horse, and anyway it's more nuisance getting out to open and shut gates than it is worth while. It was a lovely day then, though promising to be hot, and our hearts were as light as could be expected, considering the disagreeable expedition we were on.

I was waiting at my gate for Melissa when she came, and she looked me over with wonder and disapproval. I could see she thought I was a fool to dress up in my second best flowered muslin and my very best hat with the pale pink roses in it to walk about in the heat and dust; but I wasn't. All my experience in canvassing goes to show that the better dressed and better looking you are the more money you'll get—that is, when it's the men you have to tackle, as in this case. If it had been the women, however, I would have put on the oldest and ugliest things, consistent with decency, I had. This was what Melissa had done, as it was, and she did look fearfully prim and dowdy, except for her front hair, which was as soft and fluffy and elaborate as usual. I never could understand how Melissa always got it arranged so beautifully.

Nothing particular happened the first part of the day. Some few growled and wouldn't subscribe anything, but on the whole we did pretty well. If it had been a missionary subscription we should have fared worse; but when it was something touching their own comfort, like cushioning the pews, they came down

handsomely. We reached Daniel Wilson's by noon, and had to have dinner there. We didn't eat much, although we were hungry enough—Mary Wilson's cooking is a by-word in Jersey Cove. No wonder Daniel is dyspeptic; but dyspeptic or not, he gave us a big subscription for our cushions and told us we looked younger than ever. Daniel is always very complimentary, and they say Mary is jealous.

When we left the Wilson's Melissa said, with an air of a woman nerving herself to a disagreeable duty:

"I suppose we might as well go to Isaac Appleby's now and get it over."

I agreed with her. I had been dreading that call all day. It isn't a very pleasant thing to go to a man you have recently refused to marry and ask him for money; and Melissa and I were both in that predicament.

Isaac was a well-to-do old bachelor who had never had any notion of getting married until his sister died in the winter. And then, as soon as the spring planting was over, he began to look round for a wife. He came to me first and I said "No" good and hard. I liked Isaac well enough; but I was snug and comfortable, and didn't feel like pulling up my roots and moving into another lot; besides, Isaac's courting seemed to me a shade too business-like. I can't get along without a little romance; it's my nature.

Isaac was disappointed and said so, but intimated that it wasn't crushing and that the next best would do very well. The next best was Melissa, and he proposed to her after the decent interval of a fortnight. Melissa also refused him. I admit I was surprised at this, for I knew Melissa was rather anxious to marry; but she has always been down on Isaac Appleby, from principle, because of a family feud on her mother's side; besides, an old beau of hers, a widower at Kings-

bridge, was just beginning to take notice again, and I suspected Melissa had hopes concerning him. Finally, I imagine Melissa did not fancy being second choice.

Whatever her reasons were, she refused poor Isaac, and that finished his matrimonial prospects as far as Jersey Cove was concerned, for there wasn't another eligible woman in it—that is, for a man of Isaac's age. I was the only widow, and the other old maids besides Melissa were all hopelessly old-maiden.

This was all three months ago, and Isaac had been keeping house for himself ever since. Nobody knew much about how he got along, for the Appleby house is half a mile from anywhere, down near the shore at the end of a long lane—the loneliest place, as I did not fail to remember when I was considering Isaac's offer.

"I heard Jarvis Aldrich say Isaac had got a dog lately," said Melissa, when we finally came in sight of the house—a handsome new one, by the way, put up only ten years ago. "Jarvis said it was an imported breed. I do hope it isn't cross."

I have a mortal horror of dogs, and I followed Melissa into the big farmyard with fear and trembling. We were halfway across the yard when Melissa shrieked:

"Anne, there's the dog!"

There was the dog; and the trouble was that he didn't stay there, but came right down the slope at a steady, business-like trot. He was a bull-dog and big enough to bite a body clean in two, and he was the ugliest thing in dogs I had ever seen.

Melissa and I both lost our heads. We screamed, dropped our parasols, and ran instinctively to the only refuge that was in sight—a ladder leaning against the old Appleby house. I am forty-five and something more than plump, so that climbing ladders is not my favorite form of exercise. But I went up that one with the agil-

ity and grace of sixteen. Melissa followed me, and we found ourselves on the roof—fortunately it was a flat one—panting and gasping, but safe, unless that diabolical dog could climb a ladder.

I crept cautiously to the edge and peered over. The beast was sitting on his haunches at the foot of the ladder, and it was quite evident he was not short on time. The gleam in his eye seemed to say:

“I’ve got you two unprincipled subscription hunters beautifully treed and it’s treed you’re going to stay. That is what I call satisfying.”

I reported the state of the case to Melissa.

“What shall we do?” I asked.

“Do?” said Melissa, snappishly. “Why, stay here till Isaac Appleby comes out and takes that brute away? What else can we do?”

“What if he isn’t at home?” I suggested.

“We’ll stay here till he comes home. Oh, this is a nice predicament. This is what comes of cushioning churches!”

“It might be worse,” I said comfortingly. “Suppose the roof hadn’t been flat?”

“Call Isaac,” said Melissa shortly.

I didn’t fancy calling Isaac, but call him I did, and when that failed to bring him Melissa condescended to call, too; but scream as we might, no Isaac appeared, and that dog sat there and smiled internally.

“It’s no use,” said Melissa sulkily at last. “Isaac Appleby is dead or away.”

Half an hour passed; it seemed as long as a day. The sun just boiled down on that roof and we were nearly melted. We were dreadfully thirsty, and the heat made our heads ache, and I could see my muslin dress fading before my very eyes. As for the roses on my best hat—but that was too harrowing to think about.

Then we saw a welcome sight—Isaac Appleby coming through the yard with a hoe over his shoulder. He had probably been working in his field at the back of the house. I never thought I should have been so glad to see him.

“Isaac, oh, Isaac!” I called joyfully, leaning over as far as I dared.

Isaac looked up in amazement at me and Melissa craning our necks over the edge of the roof. Then he saw the dog and took in the situation. The creature actually grinned.

“Won’t you call off your dog and let us get down, Isaac?” I said pleadingly.

Isaac stood and reflected for a moment or two. Then he came slowly forward and, before we realized what he was going to do, he took that ladder down and laid it on the ground.

“Isaac Appleby, what do you mean?” demanded Melissa wrathfully.

Isaac folded his arms and looked up. It would be hard to say which face was the more determined, his or the dog’s. But Isaac had the advantage in point of looks, I will say that for him.

“I mean that you two women will stay up on that roof until one of you agrees to marry me,” said Isaac solemnly.

I gasped.

“Isaac Appleby, you can’t be in earnest?” I cried incredulously. “You couldn’t be so mean?”

“I am in earnest. I want a wife, and I am going to have one. You two will stay up there, and Julius Caesar here will watch you until one of you makes up her mind to take me. You can settle it between yourselves, and let me know when you have come to a decision.

And with that Isaac walked jauntily into his new house.

“The man can’t mean it!” said Melissa. “He is trying to play a joke on us.”

"He does mean it," I said gloomily. "An Appleby never says anything he doesn't mean. He will keep us here until one of us consents to marry him."

"It won't be me, then," said Melissa in a calm sort of rage. "I won't marry him if I have to sit on this roof for the rest of my life. You can take him. It's really you he wants, anyway; he asked you first."

I always knew that rankled with Melissa.

I thought the situation over before I said anything more. We certainly couldn't get off that roof, and if we could, there was Julius Caesar. The place was out of sight of every other house in Jersey Cove, and nobody might come near it for a week. To be sure, when Melissa and I didn't turn up the Covites might get out and search for us; but that wouldn't be for two or three days anyhow.

Melissa had turned her back on me and was sitting with her elbows propped up on her knees, looking gloomily out to sea. I was afraid I couldn't coax her into marrying Isaac. As for me, I hadn't any real objection to marrying him, after all, for if he was short of romance he is good-natured and has a fat bank account; but I hated to be driven into it that way.

"You'd better take him, Melissa," I said entreatingly. "I've had one husband and that is enough."

"More than enough for me, thank you," said Melissa sarcastically.

"Isaac is a fine man and has a lovely house; and you aren't sure the Kingsbridge man really means anything," I went on.

"I would rather," said Melissa, with the same awful calmness, "jump down from this roof and break my neck, or be devoured piecemeal by that fiend down there than marry Isaac Appleby."

It didn't seem worth while to say anything more after that. We sat there in stony silence and the time

dragged by. I was hot, hungry, thirsty, cross; and besides, I felt that I was in a ridiculous position, which was worse than all the rest. We could see Isaac sitting in the shade of one of his apple trees in the front orchard comfortably reading a newspaper. I think if he hadn't aggravated me by doing that I'd have given in sooner. But as it was, I was determined to be as stubborn as everybody else. We were four obstinate creatures—Isaac and Melissa and Julius Caesar and I.

At four o'clock Isaac got up and went into the house; in a few minutes he came out again with a basket in one hand and a ball of cord in the other.

"I don't intend to starve you, of course, ladies," he said politely, "I will throw this ball up to you and you can then draw up the basket."

I caught the ball, for Melissa never turned her head. I would have preferred to be scornful, too, and reject the food altogether; but I was so dreadfully thirsty that I put my pride in my pocket and hauled the basket up. Besides, I thought it might enable us to hold out until some loophole of escape presented itself.

Isaac went back into the house and I unpacked the basket. There was a bottle of milk, some bread and butter, and a pie. Melissa wouldn't take a morsel of the food, but she was so thirsty she had to take a drink of milk.

She tried to lift her veil—and something caught; Melissa gave it a savage twitch, and off came veil and hat—and all her front hair!

You never saw such a sight. I'd always suspected Melissa wore a false front, but I'd never had any proof before.

Melissa pinned on her hair again and put on her hat and drank the milk, all without a word; but she was purple. I felt sorry for her.

And I felt sorry for Isaac when I

tried to eat that bread. It was sour and dreadful. As for the pie, it was hopeless. I tasted it, and then threw it down to Julius Caesar. Julius Caesar, not being over particular, ate it up. I thought perhaps it would kill him, for anything might come of eating such a concoction. That pie was a strong argument for Isaac. I thought a man who had to live on such cookery did indeed need a wife and might be pardoned for taking desperate measures to get one. I was dreadfully tired of broiling on the roof anyhow.

But it was the thunderstorm that decided me. When I saw it coming up, black and quick, from the northwest, I gave in at once. I had endured a good deal and was prepared to endure more; but I had paid ten dollars for my hat and I was not going to have it ruined by a thunderstorm. I called to Isaac and out he came.

"If you will let us down and promise to dispose of that dog before I come here I will marry you, Isaac," I said, "but I'll make you sorry for it afterwards, though."

"I'll take the risk of that, Anne," he said; "and, of course, I'll sell the dog. I won't need him when I have you."

Isaac meant to be complimentary, though you mightn't have thought so

if you had seen the face of that dog.

Isaac ordered Julius Caesar away and put up the ladder, and turned his back, real considerably, while we climbed down. We had to go in his house and stay till the shower was over. I didn't forget the object of our call and I produced our subscription list at once.

"How much have you got?" asked Isaac.

"Seventy dollars and we want a hundred and fifty," I said.

"You may put me down for the remaining eighty, then," said Isaac calmly.

The Applebys are never mean where money is concerned, I must say.

Isaac offered to drive us home when it cleared up, but I said "No." I wanted to settle Melissa before she got a chance to talk.

On the way home I said to her:

"I hope you won't mention this to anyone, Melissa. I don't mind marrying Isaac, but I don't want people to know how it came about.

"Oh, I won't say anything about it," said Melissa, laughing a little disagreeably.

"Because," I said, to clinch the matter, looking significantly at her front hair as I said it, "I have something to tell, too."

Melissa will hold her tongue.

AN ECHO

BY A. L. FRASER

He deemed it dead,—the sound of that which flew
 From his once careless hand, when morning dew
 So softly lay upon his verdant field;
 But, Ah! that missile struck Convention's shield;
 It whizzed and sang above dead years, so when
 He stood on life's sere slopes,—they met again.

BIRDS THAT NEST IN THE CITY

BY HENRY F. PULLEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

NOT many birds choose the British Columbia forests for a home. Some prefer the open places, the clearings, especially those that have been made by the hand of man. There are many more birds living right in the city than in the solitude of the forest. This is accounted for largely by the fact that wherever man has gone there is food for the feathered tribe. The insects are much more plentiful in the fields or near the homes of men than in the woods, and insects form a large part of the food of most of the British Columbia birds. Except for the English sparrow and a few finches there are hardly any birds either visitors or of those that live in the Province all the time that eat seeds or grain.

Last summer I made a small attempt to study some of the city-dwelling birds, and it is largely on the information gleaned in the past season or two that the following notes are based. They are not meant to be exhaustive, but to those who have not made a close study of the question they may be interesting. It will be well to state that within the city of Victoria there are many vacant lots, and a few large tracts of several acres. That is of course in the outlying parts of the city. It is, however, noticeable that many of the birds nest in the gardens, among the rose trees, in the raspberry bushes, or in the vines which surround the porches. There they sit

on their eggs with perfect faith in the people who pass and repass, but, sad to say, that faith is often broken, although in the majority of cases it is not.

The most prominent bird of recent years is undoubtedly the house sparrow, or, as he is more commonly known, the English sparrow. He is found everywhere, but especially on the streets of the business part of the city, feeding right amid the rush of traffic, often between the legs of horses or underneath the vehicles. His favorite nesting site is in the upper part of the electric lights which are suspended from tall poles. These they cram full of hay and other material with a soft little nest in the centre, and every day a man comes around and lowers the lamp to the ground while he trims the carbon. This does not seem to disconcert the sparrows in the least for they never desert their nest unless deliberately turned away.

Last summer on my way to work I met a friend carrying a stray youngster from a sparrow's home, having gone out to seek its fortune too early in life. It was not a bit alarmed, but sat perfectly unconcerned while it was transferred from my friend's finger to my own. When I looked up after examining the little fellow, my friend was gone, and then I remembered that I too had duties to perform, so I left the birdling on the letter box where he



WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW'S NEST—IN A TOMATO CAN

was sitting when I turned the corner of the street, while a small crowd gathered around. Its ultimate fate I did not learn, but it was hardly to be expected that it could survive, although in a general way its very helplessness was a protection.

I knew several people last winter who were in the habit of feeding the sparrows with crumbs during the cold weather. The birds would come to the window sill regularly, and if there were not any crumbs there, they looked so dejected that those who saw them could not resist the temptation to fetch the crumbs at once.

Not many birds remain in the city of Victoria during the mid-winter. There are usually a good many thrushes of the varied variety, robins in small numbers, a few rusty song sparrows, towhees, Townsend's sparrows, and now and then a woodpecker, a flock of chickadees or one or two birds of prey. Crows remain in large numbers, and in January last, when some gardeners were planting potatoes in a small field,

they were to be seen following up the plow and picking up the worms as they were exposed to the surface.

Early in February the meadow larks may usually be seen and heard on a warm day singing and calling, from the bare boughs of the large oaks. The other birds follow and very soon the woods and fields resound with their love songs, and they set to work to build their nests and rear their young.

Although the meadow lark is heard so early it is often April before it lays its eggs. The nest, as everybody knows, is built on the ground and is constructed wholly of dry grass. Last year I found several, but the parent birds were very shy, leaving the nest quickly and stealthily on my approach, and not returning while I was in the neighborhood. In one case I knew of an old couple deserting their nest after it had been visited several times by some boys; but another that was visited regularly every day, and the eggs and young birds handled, remained with their progeny until



LUTESCENT WARBLER'S NEST—IN A SHOE

they were able to take care of themselves.

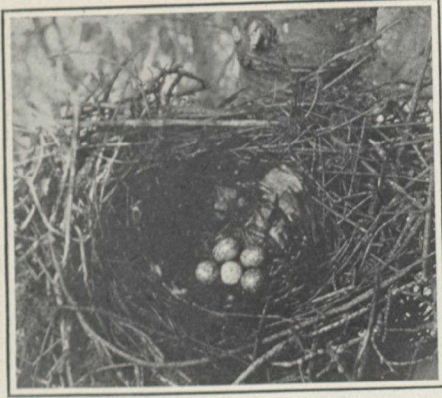
One of the oddest nests I found last season was that of a white-crowned sparrow, scientifically known as Nuttall's sparrow. The nest was built in an old tomato can that was lying on its side on a vacant lot. There the old ones laid their four greyish green eggs and sat on them for awhile, until a boy, happening to kick against the can, the old mother flew off. The home was discovered and was soon known to all the boys in the neighborhood. A few days later one egg was taken, and a week after that none was left.

Usually the white-crowned sparrow nests on the ground under a bush or a short distance from the ground, in the bush.

Another queer place for a nest was an old shoe that had been thrown out into a back yard in the James Bay district of the city. When the nest was found the little birds had flown, but it was not difficult to surmise that the owner had been a lutescent warbler, one of the com-

monest of the feathered visitors to Victoria. In order to illustrate how the nest looked when the eggs were in it I placed a set there before photographing. It is now in a collection of odd nests made by the pupils and teachers of the Kingston street public school.

The lutescent warbler, often known in the west as the wild canary, builds his nest in very similar situations to those chosen by the white-crowned sparrow. Its relative the Alaskan yellow warbler, also nests in the city. Last year I was shown one that was trying to incubate its eggs in the honeysuckle vine around a porch in the thickly inhabited part of the city, the nest being within about a yard of the front door of the house which was used regularly by the inmates. There the young were reared and came to no harm. In the same garden a humming bird built its nest among the clusters of *Gloire de Dijon* roses just beneath the eaves of the house, and it, too, raised its two tiny progeny until able to support themselves.



CROW'S EGGS. ONE MUCH LIGHTER THAN THE OTHERS



LUTESCENT WARBLER'S NEST—ON GROUND, BENEATH A BUSH

A large number of these rufus backed humming birds breed in the city, sometimes in a rose tree or shrub in the garden, or perchance in the pendant branch of a fir tree. One I found in a branch twenty-five feet from the base of a Douglas fir tree almost overhanging the salt water of the straits of Juan de Fuca. On one occasion last autumn a large number of the beautiful little hummers gathered in the garden of a nurseryman near my house and there disported themselves among the brilliant gladioli that at that time were in flower. They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely and probably were gathered in readiness for the long flight southward which they must have taken shortly afterwards.

One of the favorite nests with the boys is that of the little chipping sparrow. The four blue eggs are very attractive and the parents are usually tame. The nest is sometimes found swinging in the limbs of a Douglas fir; set in the crotch of a hawthorn; or beneath the foliage of a small shrub. Last year I found one in a garden in the middle of a bunch of raspberry canes. Another was in a lonely bush in the middle of a field. I tried to get a photograph of the old one on her nest,

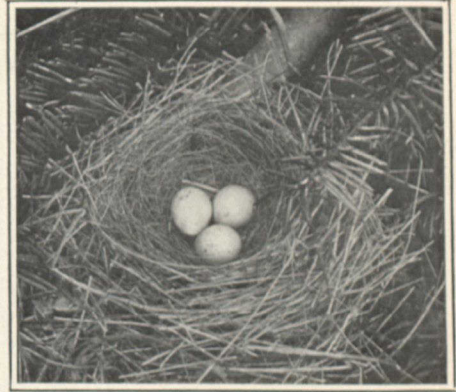
and succeeded to some extent, but the result is hardly good enough for reproduction.

The American robin is one of the favorite birds with everyone. It is a familiar sight on almost any lawn in the city to see one of these birds give its curious hop, then stand and listen with head to one side, and a moment later with a sudden impulse dart its bill into the moist soil and bring up the big fat worm which is its delight. Perchance he swallows it himself, or, if he has a share in the support of a family, he carries it off; and a moment later can be heard the clamor of the nestlings as each one asks for the morsel. When an intruder goes near a robin's nest the old ones make a great fuss. They will sometimes do this even if the eggs are not yet laid. Last year I discovered a robin's nest on the top of a stump. I was examining it when the owners both returned and then there was a great hubbub for a few minutes, which did not cease until I left the neighborhood. I fear this excitable nature of theirs was the cause of the misfortune which befell them later. Only two days after the last of the four eggs were laid someone found the nest and took all of the eggs.

The russet backed thrush, a small



YOUNG WREN AT ENTRANCE TO ITS NEST



EGGS OF THE CHIPPING SPARROW

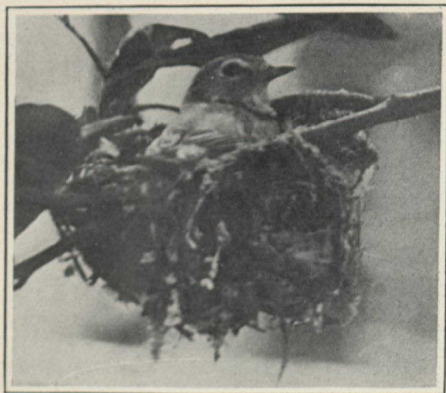
cousin of the robin's, is much shyer than its relative, leaving the nest quietly when disturbed and usually remaining away until the intruder has gone. Should it make any noise it is simply the soft whistling call which has given it the local name of whistling Jack, or whistling thrush. These birds are not very numerous in British Columbia and they build their nests very late, often after most of the other birds have finished nesting operations.

The bluebird is fairly sociable, and, like many of the older winged creatures, seems to prefer the haunts of men to the wilds of the backwoods. Usually during the summer these birds come on my lawn and bathe in the spray from the hose when the garden is being sprinkled. They seemed to hob nob with the warblers whose company they keep.

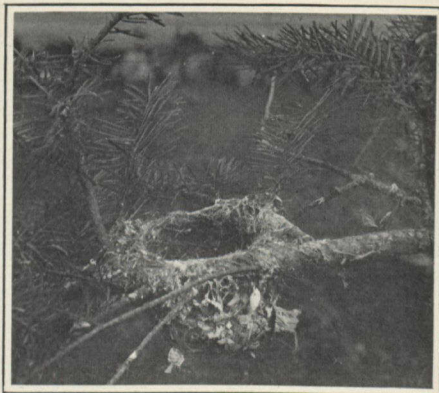
The bluebird nests in a hole in a tree where it raises a large family. One day last spring I tried to photograph some young ones that some boys took from a nest for me, but they were so frightened and crouched so much that the portrait was not what might be called a success, for the birds were certainly not looking their best. The boys handled them very carefully and after the operation replaced them. The following day some young wretches,

that wanted to try to make them fly, took them out of the nest and were seen throwing them into the air for that purpose. They evidently had the savage very highly developed in their natures. They knew they were doing wrong for the moment they were discovered they took to their heels and did not return.

The wren is one of the most familiar and trusting of birds. The one that builds its nest in the city generally chooses a hole in a tree for its temporary home. Last year I was shown a nest a few yards outside the city limits in a hole in a tree about three feet from the ground and right alongside the street car line. The hole was too small for me to insert my hand, but a boy took out two of the little ones for me and we posed them in the entrance to their nest. Just as the bulb was being pressed one jumped. It was caught and I took the tiny creature between my fingers to replace it. I scarcely touched it but it suddenly drooped its wings, and a moment later turned over on its side and expired. I must have pressed its side in a tender place for I scarcely touched it. I was afterwards told that these little birds are very fragile. I was very sorry for the tragedy, but it was quite inadvertently done, and I do not feel guilty of murder.



WARBLING VIREO ON NEST, FOUR FEET FROM
GROUND



NEST OF CASSIN'S VIREO, CONSTRUCTED
PARTLY OF CAR TICKETS

The wren is one of our best singers. It perches on the top of a branch or spray, and with its head turned towards heaven pours forth its joyous song until one wonders its little throat does not burst with the effort.

The crow, the scavenger of the beach, and the thief that steals eggs, birds and chickens, sometimes builds its nest in the city of Victoria in the tops of fir trees. Not many do this but those few manage to select a tree that is difficult for a boy to climb. Most of the crows in the neighborhood nest on Chatham or Discovery Islands, about three miles from the city. It was there that the accompanying photograph was taken.

The crows choose any kind of tree in which to build. I visited Chatham Island on May 12th, and found something like one hundred nests, nearly all of which contained eggs just ready to hatch. The crows flew away when we hammered on the trunks of the trees and usually stayed away for ten minutes. If we were still there, they then came near to see what we were doing. Four or five eggs were usually found, although one or two nests contained only three eggs. In a few nests the little ones were just hatched. They

had mouths almost like a cod fish and necks like a giraffe, just strong enough to elevate the head for a few seconds at a time, while the immense mouth was held wide open for the reception of the expected tidbit.

The only hangbird in British Columbia is the vireo. Two or three varieties frequent the wooded parts of the city although they are not numerous. Two years ago I found a nest of Cassin's vireo with one young one in it. A few days later when the little one had flown I photographed the nest. The oddity about it was the fact that street car transfer tickets had been woven into the nest and "Oak Bay" could very plainly be read on one of them.

Another vireo's nest was shown me about a mile from the city. It was swinging in the breeze about three feet from the ground under a fir tree but not built in the fir. The day I visited the spot it was rather windy and the bough was swaying back and forth, making it very difficult to get a photograph. There the little mother sat watching me as I approached very carefully with my camera. At times she would almost get up out of the nest, but when I kept still for a few seconds she would again settle down on the eggs. I focussed as carefully as possible



EGGS OF WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW



EGGS OF THE MEADOW LARK

considering the movement of the nest and took a snap. Six times I did this, approaching as near as I dared, and then at last when preparing for the seventh exposure, my birdie reluctantly left the nest. Only one negative was any good and that one is here reproduced. This bird was the warbling vireo, a good singer and a faithful little mother.

There is one more bird about which I wish to speak, although I have said nothing about the swallows and a number of other city dwellers. The skylarks were imported from England by the Victoria Natural History Society four or five years ago. They have made their headquarters in some open fields just to the northeast of the city, now and then coming within the city boundaries. Any mild morning, winter or summer, they may be heard singing their long continued warble with its large variety of notes, while at the same time soaring toward the skies.

The first year after the birds were liberated it was thought that they had failed to adapt themselves to the new conditions. The next year rumors of their having been seen, floated around, but nothing very definite could be made of the rumors. Last spring I decided if possible to satisfy myself of the truth

or falsity of the statements, so I went out to the fields very early in the morning. For some time I rambled about without being sure of my birds. Then I saw a brown bird on the ground at some distance and advanced towards it. When within fifty yards or less the bird rose into the air singing as it went, and I was carried back in thought to the fields of old England where these songsters are so numerous. He went up almost out of sight still singing, and then, as is the custom, he descended to within fifty feet of the ground before stopping his music, from which point he dropped suddenly and all was still.

I published the fact in the newspapers and many other people went out and heard the songsters, and one morning last December when the Chinook wind was wafting soft breezes from the southwest, the editor of one of the Victoria newspapers heard one singing as if it were spring.

Most children of to-day are growing up to take an interest in birds, but there are still a few parents who fail to train their offspring to know their best friends, and these through thoughtlessness, often destroy many of the most beautiful creatures that God has created.



HON. WILLIAM MILLER
SENIOR SENATOR OF CANADA

A CRISIS OF CONFEDERATION

SENATOR MILLER'S REMINISCENCE OF HOW THE CAUSE OF UNION NARROWLY
ESCAPED SHIPWRECK IN NOVA SCOTIA

BY ERNEST J. CHAMBERS

ONE of the satisfactory results of the discussion during recent years of the question of Senate reform—a subject to which the Senate has addressed itself with zeal, searching introspection and decided ability—is an appreciable increase of public interest in the upper branch of the Canadian Parliament. The lack of popular interest in the Senate as compared with the other representative branch of Parliament has naturally resulted in the people at large failing to recognize the services of the Senate to the country

and to appreciate the strength and capacity of the Upper House as a wise and useful legislative body, comprising, as a matter of fact, a much larger proportion of tried and seasoned men than the House of Commons.

The fact that a considerable proportion of the Senators are men whose public careers have left noteworthy marks upon the history of Canada soon impresses itself upon one who has occasion to spend any of his time within the Senate precincts. Even among the younger Sen-

ators—and there has been a very large infusion of new blood into the Senate during the past ten or twelve years—are men who as pioneers in the great West, as Ministers of the Crown, as members of the House of Commons, or as the winners of honors in the arena of Provincial politics and administration, merit the distinction of being classed among the makers of Canada.

Among the senior Senators there is an interesting group, gradually diminishing in numbers, alas! representative of the political gladiators who waged that great, bitter, and to the last, doubtful fight while the Dominion was in the making.

What sidelights some of these veteran statesmen can throw upon the great historical occurrences of the past eventful forty years!

The writer of these few introductory lines had this fact forcibly impressed upon his mind upon the occasion of a casual visit, recently, to Senator Miller, in his room at the Senate.

It is perhaps unnecessary to write much by way of introduction on behalf of such a well-known Canadian Parliamentary veteran; but a few facts regarding the gentleman, one of whose reminiscences is the subject of this article, seem called for.

The Honorable William Miller is now the senior Senator of the Dominion, having been called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation in 1867, and being the only one remaining of the first appointees to the Senate whose names were contained in that proclamation. Prior to Confederation he had taken an active part in the politics of his native Province, Nova Scotia, and he sat in the Provincial Assembly from the general election in 1863 until the Union. He was not yet thirty years of age when first elected to the Legislature, having been born at Antigonish, of Irish descent, February 12, 1834.

While in the Nova Scotia Assem-

bly he rendered important assistance to the Union cause. Being in favor of Confederation, but opposed to the financial conditions and other details of the Quebec scheme, it was on his initiative that the delegation of 1866 to England was appointed, in order to secure, under the auspices of the Imperial authorities, such modifications of that scheme as would make it more satisfactory to Nova Scotia. He was nominated a delegate to the London Colonial Conference of 1866-67, but declined the appointment.

Since his elevation to the Senate the Honorable Mr. Miller's career has been distinguished. He has, at various times, been chairman of all the leading standing committees and of several special committees. As chairman of the Joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament that reported the existing Criminal Code, he rendered conspicuous service. He was Speaker of the Senate from October 17, 1883; to April 4, 1887, and was called to the Privy Council for Canada May 30, 1891.

Senator Miller thrice declined a seat on the Bench, that honor having been first offered by the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and later by Sir John A. Macdonald, and lastly by Sir John Thompson.

It is not generally known that Senator Miller was recommended by four Conservative Prime Ministers of Canada (Sir John Abbott, Sir John Thompson, Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Charles Tupper) to the Governor-General for Imperial honors, and was twice strongly recommended therefor to the Colonial Office by His Excellency Lord Aberdeen.

But to return to the visit to Senator Miller in his room at the Senate.

Conversation chanced to turn to Senator Miller's participation in the events which extricated the cause of Confederation from the political complications in Nova Scotia which threatened to overwhelm the whole

project with disaster. By way of emphasizing a remark, Senator Miller drew from his desk a memorandum he had prepared some years ago, describing in interesting detail an incident of historical importance generally unknown to historians of the stirring pre-Confederation period in Nova Scotia, or overlooked by them.

This document, written in the pithy, direct manner characteristic of Senator Miller, apart from its merit as a modest, straight-forward relation of an incident of decided historical importance, struck the honorable gentleman's visitor as throwing considerable light upon certain phases of the fight for union in Nova Scotia, and as indicating the precarious foothold of the champions of Confederation in that Province at this supremely critical moment in the history of Canada.

Feeling that the publication of this memorandum, particularly during the lifetime of Senator Miller and several others whose names are mentioned therein, would be a useful contribution towards the history of the Confederation period, the writer induced the veteran Senator to consent to its publication, and it appears below in exactly the shape in which it was handed over by the honorable gentleman:

A REMINISCENCE OF CONFEDERATION.

"Circumstances which I need not here relate have recently brought vividly to my mind an incident in the struggle for Confederation in Nova Scotia, in 1866, hitherto unpublished; but which I have more than once intended to place on record while all the principal persons concerned—Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. James Macdonald (ex-Chief Justice of Nova Scotia), Sir Sandford Fleming and myself—are still alive; and when I held very much in my hand the fate of the Union cause, as well

as the future of these distinguished men. The following lines contain the facts relating to this incident, some of which already belong to history, although the gist of the present narrative has never yet seen the light of day.

"In the year 1865, the Union agitation was being carried on with unabated vigor in the Maritime Provinces—the anti-unionists apparently having everything their own way. In the autumn of that year, a trade delegation, consisting partly of the Hons. William McDougall, Thomas Ryan, James Macdonald and Isaac Levisconte—the two last representing Nova Scotia—was sent to the West Indies to ascertain how far commerce could be pushed with those Islands. Hon. James Macdonald was Financial Secretary in the Government of Nova Scotia, of which Hon. Dr. Tupper was Premier, and was, next to Tupper, the strongest and most influential man in the Cabinet.

"During the absence of the Financial Secretary on this delegation, there occurred in Nova Scotia an event by many people called 'The Pictou Railway Scandal,' which created comparatively in the smaller arena of Provincial politics as much excitement as was caused by 'The Pacific Railway Scandal,' within the wider boundaries of the Dominion, some years later.

"Provision had been made by law during the session of 1865 for the extension of the Provincial railway from Truro to Pictou. Mr. Sandford Fleming was at the time chief railway engineer of the Province of Nova Scotia, and a gentleman named McNab was his assistant.

"The contracts for the construction of the road had been awarded to several firms of contractors, who had influential friends in both political parties. Some of the leading Conservatives and Liberals in Halifax, Pictou, Col-

chester, Hants and Cumberland counties were at the back of these contractors. Suddenly every one of these firms broke down, and it was alleged that the general disaster was due to the harsh and unfair way in which the chief engineer enforced the terms of the several contracts, which, it was said, were designedly vague, ambiguous and misleading, and intended by Tupper and Fleming as a preparatory step to what subsequently took place. Mr. Fleming's estimate for the whole work before the commencement of operations was \$2,100,000. Three or four weeks before the meeting of the Legislature in 1866 it was announced that the Government—which really meant Dr. Tupper, in the absence of Mr. Macdonald—had taken the work out of the hands of all the stranded contractors, and entered into a new contract for the entire job with Chief Engineer Fleming, on the basis of his own estimate — less \$100,000. Fleming then ceased to be chief engineer, and McNab, his assistant, was appointed in his stead. This transaction was fiercely denounced alike by friends and foes of the Government as a most high-handed act of the administration, on the eve of the meeting of the Legislature, and as nothing else than a corrupt deal between Tupper and Fleming. On the meeting of the Provincial Parliament in '66 the Hon. Adams Archibald, leader of the Opposition, in the greatest effort of his public life, made a motion of want of confidence, in connection with the Pictou Railway charges, which threatened the Government with almost certain defeat.

“While the debate was going on, and the excitement in consequence was at fever heat, Messrs. Macdonald and Levisconte arrived home from their West Indian mission on a fine Saturday morning in March, and the Conservative M.P.P.'s, who were in an overwhelming majority in the

Assembly, appealed to the Financial Secretary to repudiate Tupper's railway policy, and oust him from power, and thus annul Fleming's contract, in which Tupper was freely charged with being a sleeping partner.

“On that same Saturday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, as I was passing ‘The Province Building’ along Hollis street, I heard a voice shouting my name from the eastern door of the fine old edifice, and on looking up saw James Macdonald, the Finance Minister, approaching me. After exchanging greetings, he said to me: ‘Miller you are the very man I want to see. I have just left Tupper, and I have left with him my resignation. My friends insist on my repudiation of the Fleming contract, and they are mad enough to eat me, if I refuse. But Tupper tells me that you intend shortly to take a step which will result in the success of Confederation. He says if I resign the Government will go down—the Conservative party will go to pieces—Confederation will be defeated—and all will be lost. He asked me to see you for confirmation of what he said, and I promised him to do so, and I also told him if your answer was satisfactory I would withdraw my resignation on Monday.’

“We walked together until we arrived at Macdonald's residence on Morris street, which we entered, and where we spent the night together very pleasantly. I gave the Finance Minister all the assurances he wanted respecting the anticipated success of the Union cause—on my early initiative. When I was leaving his house at gray dawn on Sunday morning the last words he addressed to me on the stoop, accompanied with a hearty shakehands, were these: ‘I will withdraw my resignation bright and early to-morrow morning and stand by the ship’—which he did.

“Macdonald at once rallied his friends to the support of the Gov-

ernment, and this meant to Dr. Tupper the salvation of his leadership of the Conservative party, which was easily within his colleague's grasp, had the latter allowed his ambition to override his sense of duty, and loyalty to his chief. But he was not that sort of man—and he was an ardent Unionist.

“Archibald's want of confidence motion—thanks to Macdonald's action—was lost by a large majority, and my proposition, made on the third day of April following, in my place in the Assembly, for another conference in London to revise the Quebec scheme, was soon accepted by both branches of the Legislature.

“Knowing as we do from the world's history what trivial causes, and insignificant factors, often shape great ends, who can say how much of the history of Canada was or was not involved in the main incident of

the foregoing revelations?

“In conversation with Sir Adams Archibald some years subsequently, in relation to the Pictou railway episode, he expressed a strong opinion that there was nothing wrong in Sir Charles Tupper's dealing with Sir Sandford Fleming—except the high-handed manner in which he ignored his colleagues in the Government, as well as the Legislature, in the crisis resulting from the breakdown of the contractors. He then believed that Sir Sandford and Sir Charles had both acted throughout the whole business for the best interests of the Province; and this was ultimately the verdict of the people. When trouble appeared, Sir Sandford at once offered to throw up his contract, and even leave Nova Scotia, if this was thought necessary to allay the excitement and bitterness that were endangering Confederation.”

SUNRISE ON LAKE ERIE

By S. JOHN DUNCAN-CLARK

Like a mysterious veil that hides the face
 Of some fair angel, so the tenuous mist
 Hung shyly o'er the waking eyes of day,
 While on her placid bosom's virgin grace,
 Iridescent, the pale-hued amethyst
 Of Erie's jewelled surface shimmering lay.

Then through her eastern windows peeped the sun,
 An ardent wooer bent on love's surprise,
 His amorous breath, the mystic veil dispelled,
 Day from her star-decked couch of night was won,
 And tripping forth—the sun's smile in her eyes—
 There at her feet the world—his gift—beheld!

THE MEETING AT TILLMAN'S

BY DICK DARIUS

HER face under the wide-rimmed straw hat was flushed by the walk in the hot sun, and she panted and gasped from the exertion of climbing the crooked rail fence. The two tin pails which she carried on her arm, the smaller inside the larger, rattled together with a cheerful tink-tink. Once or twice she paused for a moment to pick a few berries from the bushes which everywhere reached out long arms to clutch her dress as she passed. Suddenly she stopped.

"Why, there's a man's hat, but I'll bet a cow there's a woman under it!" She mounted a log to get a better view.

"Why, bless my heart, Jane Reiner!" she cried. "Ain't you got loads of berries in your garden, without comin' out here in the bilin' sun to pick wild ones?"

The hat was violently agitated as its wearer struggled out of the clump of bushes.

"For pity's sake, Melissy Upton, what are you doin' here? I bet there's berries spilin' on your bushes at home!" she cried in retort.

Mrs. Upton laughed good-naturally.

"I saw them girls in here yesterday; an' from where I set, knittin' on the verandah, I could hear them laughin' an' shoutin' to each other. It put me in mind of the good times I used to have when I was a girl

goin' berry-pickin'. So I thought I'd try it again, for the sake of old times."

"I saw 'em, too," Mrs. Reiner hastened to say. "I remembered how nice the wild berries tasted when ma used to do 'em down pound for pound. So I made up my mind I'd come over an' get enough to do down a gem-jar, anyway."

"How long have you been here?" asked Mrs. Upton, as she peeped into the other's pail.

"Well, I've been here long enough to get sick of bein' tangled up in brush-heaps an' rammin' my hand into wasp nests."

Mrs. Upton laughed again, and wiped her heated face on her apron.

"I was just wonderin' as I come through here," she said, "tumblin' over logs, steppin' into water-holes, an' tearin' my clothes on the bushes, whether the sun used to shine so hot when we was girls, an' whether the berries was such mean little no-'count things twenty year ago like they are now. I see you brought a lunch same's me. I only calc'lated to stay an hour or two, but we always used to take a lunch—that was half the fun. Well, there ain't no fool like an old fool, an' that's a true saying."

"Ain't the grass nice an' green under that old butternut tree?" said Mrs. Reiner abruptly.

"Yes, it is. I move we set there

an' eat our lunch, an' pick berries by proxy. We won't get near so het up an' cross that way."

"My! I'm glad you brought that jar of cold tea," said Mrs. Reiner, as they settled themselves on the grass. "I'm thirsty as a fish a' ready."

There was a marked contrast in the two women who leaned against the tree, eating chicken sandwiches, and looking out contentedly over the tangle of berry bushes and scrub willows. Mrs. "Sile" Upton was stout and good-natured, pretty still, despite—or perhaps because—of her forty years. She was a woman who, like wine, is improved by age. Mrs. "Ed" Reiner was thin and sharp-featured, and took life with acid seriousness.

"How'd the Ladies' Aid meetin' at Tillman's come off?" she asked. "I was already to go, had my hat on, even, when that red-headed boy of Reade's come with a telegram from Ed's sister, askin' us to meet her at the station next mornin'. So I just yanked off my things an' went to work, bakin' up. I wouldn't for any money have her come an' find me with less'n three kinds of cake in the house; besides pie an' tarts an' sech. She ain't no great bake herself, but—"

"Do you mean to say you ain't heard what happened at the meetin'?" interrupted Mrs. Upton, incredulously. "Why, I thought everybody from Dan to Beer-sheba had heard about that!"

"Why? Did anything happen out of common? Didn't they make the presentation to Mrs. Lynne? Did they give her the silver biscuit jar, like they planned?"

"Yes, they give her the biscuit jar; but there wasn't much silver about it."

"Why, they had over fifteen dollars gathered up! That ought—"

"They had eighteen dollars an' sixty cents. I was one of 'em that went around, an' I had the money.

They'd put Mrs. Jim Braydon in to buy the biscuit jar; so I sent Sile over to Braydon's with the money, an' went over the next day myself to see if he'd forgot to give it to her. It's risky trustin' a man with anything important. I never really enjoy a visit at Braydon's either; I always feel as if I'm standin' on a volcano that's liable to bust up any minute. Do you feel that way when you go there?"

"Yes, I do. Mrs. Jim's so kind of martyr, an' Jim's so hog stingy you can't help despisin' him; an' you feel that Mrs. Jim despises him, too, an' that he thinks she's a regular fool. An' they talk so stiff an' polite you just know they're shuttin' their teeth hard to keep from throwin' bricks at each other. It is tryin' a body's nerves."

"They haven't got along a bit well, have they? I've heard folks say they thought she'd leave him if it wasn't for the children. But, I believe she'd rather die than do that; she's proud; she wouldn't give people such a chance to talk."

"Proud! I should think she is! Ed was there when they got word her mother was dyin' an' wanted to see her. Ed an' Jim was in the barn. Ed was gettin' some seed grain. She come out with the letter an' handed it to Jim, who read it an' handed it back to her, an' went on turnin' the handle of the fannin'-mill. After a minute he says, surly like: 'It'd cost ten dollars for you to go. I can't spare the money.' An' what do you suppose she done then? Clout his ears, like she should ha' done? Not much she didn't! She just drew herself up like a duchess, her eyes blazin', an' marched off without a word. Ed said he thought then she'd never get to go. An' she never did. If Ed Reiner had said sech a thing to me at sech a time, I'd ha' had that money if I'd had to yank every hair out of his head to get it. You bet, I would!"

"Yes, Mrs. Jim's awful proud," agreed Mrs. Upton. "She believes in woman's rights; but she doesn't say much about it, bein' proud. She thinks that when she works as hard as Jim does she ought to have money for the things she needs without havin' to ask for it. An' she should, of course. But law sakes! there ain't one man in ten thousand—maybe ten million—that's built that way. Our great-great-ever-so-great-granddaughters may be able to get their rights without askin' for 'em, but unless we are goin' to be martyrs like Mrs. Jim, we've got to do the way Eve did,—coax 'em, or boss 'em, or both if the occasion calls. An' I don't know, for my own part, that I'd have it changed if I could. It's such fun to see 'em thinkin' they're Lords of Creation, when the women's bossin' 'em all the time, an' they don't know it." She laughed softly. "Did I ever tell you how Sile come to give me that oak rocker, this spring? Well, I was goin' to paper the parlor—had the paper in the house a' ready; generally, I don't say anything about it, just put it on when he ain't 'round, an' he never knows the difference. But this time, havin' some company, I got talkin', an' forgot Sile was there, an' spoke about my intentions of paperin' the room. When the company left, Sile pitched into me, as I expected he would, about bein' extravagant; he said the old paper would do. I says: 'All right, Sile. You know best'—sweet as molasses runnin' out of a jug. He says: 'Melissy, you're a sensible woman.' I see that he was so tickled at havin' his own way, an' savin' five dollars, he wouldn't mind spendin' twenty-five. So I says, wishful like: 'Mrs. Lynne is the most fortunate woman! She's got the loveliest oak rocker ever was!' He didn't say anything, but I see he'd swallowed the bait without winkin'. Next day he let on he had to go to town; an' while he was gone

I slapped on the paper. When he come back he had the rockin' chair all right, as I knew he would."

"That was good!" said Mrs. Reiner, approvingly. "But I'd like to hear what happened at the Ladies' Aid meetin'?"

"Well, I'm tellin' you; only I strayed off. Where'd I get to?"

"You was goin' over to Mrs. Jim Braydon's, if that has anything to do with it."

"Oh, yes, it's of the utmost importance, as the doctors say about measles. Mrs. Jim was more stiff than usual, an' that's sayin' a good deal. She said Sile had give her the money, an' hadn't lost any on the road. After that I couldn't get a word out of her, edgeways; she didn't seem to want to talk about the presentation at all. I was just makin' up my mind that I'd get out of there as quick as I could decently, when she jumped up an' ran into the sittin'-room, like as if she'd thought of something all of a sudden. She come out with a sofy cushion that she'd worked the cover for when she was a girl. When it was new I had admired it, an' once, more in fun than anything else, I'd asked her if she'd sell it; but I hadn't seen it, nor thought of it, for ten years; an' you could ha' knocked me down with a feather when she asked me to buy it. I was kind of mad at first, for I wouldn't hardly have picked it up off the road, it was so faded an' wore; but when I see how anxious she looked, as if a lot depended on it, an' when I thought how the poor thing never had two fi'-cent pieces to rub together, I said I'd take it. I give her all I had with me, a dollar an' a half, an' ripped the cover off, an' went home with it under my arm—though I felt like throwin' it away as soon as I got off the place; but I felt awful sorry for Mrs. Jim."

"Well, it come the day of the Ladies' Aid meetin' at Tillman's.

We was most all there when Mrs. Jim come; she'd walked across the fields—trust Jim Braydon to be as stingy of his horses as he is of his pocket! She had her parcel with her; an' she brought it in, an' set it down on the centre table right under Mrs. Lynne's nose! We hadn't intended to make the presentation till the religious part of the meetin' was over; but everybody thought it was better to give it now, when Mrs. Jim had brought it in that way. Mrs. Perkins—she'd been put in to make the speech, you know—slipped around an' whispered to ever so many; an' Mrs. Tillman took the dish out in the kitchen to unwrap it, an' have it ready to bring in at the right place in the speech. After Mrs. Perkins had busied around till our nerve was all on edge, she started to read the speech,—the preacher had writ it,—Mrs. Lynne lookin' as surprised an' innocent as if she hadn't suspicioned it all along. I was sittin' close by the kitchen door, an' I could hear the paper rattlin' as Mrs. Tillman was takin' it off; an' then I heard her say: 'Oh!' like that, as if she'd seen a snake. I could feel my face gettin' red, an' I didn't need to see that dish to know that it was horrid, an' that Mrs. Jim knew it an' brought it in like that so's to get it over. Mrs. Perkins stopped for a minute when she got to 'accept this humble token,' an' then she went on an' read it all through; an' still Mrs. Tillman didn't come in with the dish. Mrs. Perkins' face got red as a biled beet; then Mrs. Tillman come in with the biscuit jar, an' I really thought Mrs. Perkins would drop. Act'ally, Jane, it was the hatefulest thing I ever see. There wasn't a bit of silver about it—just ironstone china, coarse as a brick. Everybody just give one look at it, an' then at Mrs. Jim, an' gasped like the whale swallerin' Jonah. Mrs. Jim set there with her face set hard as flint, an' her hands clin-

ched, like she was makin' herself stand it. Mrs. Lynne put her handkerchief up to her mouth, an' there was little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes; she was always a woman that could see a joke, an' I suppose it seemed mighty funny, after that speech—the preacher had laid on the taffy middlin' thick—to hand out a common thing like that. But she was just as nice about it as she could be, too. She said that anything she'd done had been a pleasure, an' its own reward, an' so on. She said briar roses had always been her favorite flower; she turned the dish around so's we could see the queer-lookin' flower on the side—it might ha' been a briar rose or it might ha' been a Scotch thistle; but, anyway, she called it a briar rose, an' she said she would never look at it without thinkin' of us—an' I bet that was true enough. Then she set down the dish an' went right on with the meetin'. Mrs. Perkins should ha' taken it, but it didn't need no doctor to tell she wasn't able; she looked like she was petrified. Mrs. Lynne read the chapter where it says: 'Charity thinketh no evil.' It fit; for I reckon there wasn't one of us but thought Mrs. Jim had kept most of the money; an' it looked like that, didn't it? Mrs. Barton set next to me, an' she whispered she'd seen them dishes in Smith's store an' they was only a dollar an' forty-nine cents. Of course, I knew then that Mrs. Jim didn't have the money, that something had happened to it—all of it; an' that she'd bought that biscuit jar with the money I'd give her for the cushion top. Mrs. Lynne kept everybody busy, an' never let the meetin' drag a minute; she was just bound not to give anybody a chance to jump on poor Mrs. Jim. She was callin' the roll, when that youngest Tillman girl come in to the door an' said Mary Braydon was in the kitchen, an' wanted to speak to her ma. Mrs. Jim kind of stag-

gered when she got up to go out, an' her face looked so white an' old. I just wanted to yell, I felt so sorry for her. She was only gone two or three minutes, an' when she come back her eyes was shinin' like stars, an' her cheeks was pink as anything; I never see such a change in a few minutes, never. Mrs. Lynne shut up the book quick, an' says: 'Sister Braydon wants to speak to the meetin'.

"Mrs. Jim stuck out her hand, an' there was the roll of bills, all tied up like I'd give 'em to Sile! 'There's your money, ladies, just as it come to me,' she says, speakin' fast an' eager, like she couldn't say it fast enough. She says: 'I put the money in a drawer in the bureau, where I thought it would be safe, an' when I went to look for it again it was gone. I thought'—she kind of stopped as if she didn't know what to say, then she says: 'I thought it was lost. So I bought that biscuit jar with my own money; it was a cheap thing, but it was all I had to spare. It seemed like it would kill me to come without anything, an' say I had lost the money. Oh, I've been so foolish and blind, sisters!' she says, an' seemed like she was goin' to cry; but she braced up, an' went on to say that after she'd come away that afternoon, Mary had been lookin' for something in the drawer below the one where she'd put the money, and had found the roll of bills, where it had dropped down through a hole from the drawer above. 'An' now I can look you all in the face, an' say I never cheated you,' she says. Mrs. Lynne kissed her; an' we all crowded round an' made much of her, sorry we'd had such mean thoughts about her. When she made that little pause before she said she thought it was lost, it just popped into my head that she'd thought Jim had taken it. I can't give no reason for it; but I just knowed that was how it was."

Mrs. Upton plucked up a handful of grass and let it fall slowly through her fingers.

"An' that's all that happened at Tillman's," she said.

Mrs. Reiner leaned forward eagerly. "An' did you find out if it was so? What you thought about Jim, I mean."

"Well, Jane, Mrs. Jim told me private, but I'll tell you, an' I know it won't go no farther. I see Mrs. Jim was just dyin' to talk, there's times, you know, when even the reservedest has got to tell what's on their mind. I didn't want anybody to get hold of it that would tattle it around. So I asked her to ride home with me, 'cause I could drive round by their place just as well as not. Almost fore we got onto the road she started to tell me about it. It seems she didn't say a word to Jim about bein' put in to get the present, or anything, so he didn't know she had the money. She put it in the bureau drawer, like she said at the meetin', an' there wasn't anything in that drawer belongin' to Jim—just little knick-knacks, things she'd had when she was a girl, an' such like. But, she said, sometimes Jim would open it, an' tumble things all about—she thought he did it a-purpose, but I told her Sile did the very same way, men are all alike, never know where to find anything. Well, the next day after she'd got the money she came into the room an' found Jim pawing 'round in that drawer; an' then when she went to look for the money it was gone. She said she didn't think, for a minute, that Jim would take it if he knew it was church money; but, if he thought it was money she'd been saving up, on the sly, she did think he would take it. She said she would rather ha' been tore to pieces with wild horses than to ask Jim for that money. She said she thought it was just as bad for him to steal from her, as from the

Ladies' Aid; an' she was just about wild, an' most hated him. 'But he didn't do it!' she says, happy an' excited like. When we got to their gate she made me let her out, she said she'd rather walk up the lane than not. Jim was fixin' the lane fence; an' she 'most run till she got up to him, then I see her touch his arm an' speak to him. I turned my head, an' drove on; but, somehow, after a while I couldn't help lookin' again. They was walkin' towards the house, his arm 'round her waist—spoony as any young-married couple. Where's that jar of tea? My throat is as dry as a sermon."

Mrs. Upton lifted the jar to her lips and took a long, refreshing drink.

"Well, I s'pose they are kind of like that," said Mrs. Reiner, thoughtfully.

"Like what?"

"Like a young married couple; they was startin' all over again. Well, I hope they get along better now. An' do you know, I believe they will!"

"So do I," said Mrs. Upton heartily, as she screwed on the lid of the jar. "An' I s'pose instead of datin' things from their weddin'-day they'll date from the Ladies' Aid meetin' at Tillman's."

DESOLATE BEAUTY

By E. M. YEOMAN

Here is a violet growing all alone.
 Far in the dark wood's heart it hath upgrown,
 The forest's only flower.
 And all about it brown pine-needles lie
 And giant gnarled trees tower,
 And press their green against the quiet sky;
 And moaning sighs from out the west go by.
 But all alone the little flower blooms,
 A drop of blue amidst the forest glooms.
 It is the forest's child, but yet
 All different it's estate:
 All single the blue violet,
 All lone and desolate.

The beauty of my love is like this flower,
 Or like a desert-girt oasis bower,
 Lonely in excellence,
 That seems a vision, foreign and apart,
 To the wan traveller's sense.
 And to the kingdom of her mind and heart,
 The magic Faith hath summoned by his art
 Chimeric angels out of Paradise,
 With lore and legend of their native skies.
 She is a child of Earth, but she
 Is all unlike the Earth:
 All lonely in sublimity,
 All desolate in worth.

THE LOG OF A CANADIAN PRIVATEER

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN

DURING the early part of the nineteenth century it was a very common thing for a country at war with her neighbor to allow her citizens to arm small craft for the purpose of preying upon that neighbor's shipping. This piratical warfare was legalized under "Letters of Marque." While the war of 1812 was in progress, and long after, the coast of New England swarmed with Canadian privateers, which wrought such havoc among the coasting vessels of the United States that *Poulson's Almanac*, a Philadelphia publication, dated June 5, 1813, headed its column of shipping news with these words: "To keep up an appearance of commerce and navigation, we shall report all fishing boats and smacks as they arrive in port."

The *Boston Messenger* for December 15, of the same year says: "The melancholy list of captures by the enemy hourly increases. Since the beginning of November we have heard of more than one hundred captures on the coast of the United States by British cruisers, and of the arrival of only two or three American captures. Many of the vessels taken by the British had valuable cargoes." A large number of these British cruisers were fitted out and owned in St. John, New Brunswick. Among their number was the sloop "Dart," commanded by John Harris,

of Annapolis Royal, N.S. She sailed on May 22, 1813, from St. John, on a cruise along the New England coast, and returned to the home port on June 30, having chased twenty-five vessels, boarded twenty-one and captured five. The log of her voyage, with the exception of lengthy references to wind and weather, is here given verbatim, from the original in the possession of Mrs. Edwin Gates, a grand-daughter of Captain Harris.

Saturday, May 22nd, 1813—

Moderate breeze and pleasant weather.

At noon mustered the men by the custom house offices. At 1 p.m. got underweigh and dropt down to the beacon and came too with the best bower.

All hands employed getting the vessel ready for sea.

Sunday, May 23—

A. M. employ'd preparing for sea. This day contains but 12 hours.

Monday, May 24th—

2 p.m., got underweigh and proceeded out of the harbor on a cruize. At 4 spoke a schooner, a prize going in. At 8 p.m. tacked to the westw'd Annapolis, but bearing S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. dist 5 leagues.

M. N. blowing a gale. Hove to under ballane'd main sail.

At 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ (a.m.) tack'd to S. E'd—Musquash—bear'g north 3 miles.

Tuesday, May 25th, 1813—

First part of this 24 hours moderate breeze, hazy weather and drizzling rain.

Midnight inclinable to calm. At 8 a.m. the north end of Grand Manan bore W. N. W., the Wolves N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.

All hands employed in making wads, points, and getting the guns and small arms in order.

Wednesday, 26th—

At 6 p.m. came to anchor in the northern harbor, Grand Manan, in ten fathoms with the best bower. Went on shore to procure men.

Thursday, May 27th, 1813—

Employed setting up the rigging, filling up water, etc.

9 a.m., cleared off, got underweigh and stood out.

Meridian West Quaddy light bore N. W. Dist. 3 miles.

Friday, 28th—

At 4 p.m. saw a schooner making into little river.

At 6 p.m. sent Mr. Ross, 1st Lieut. and six men in the boat to bring her out. At 10 the boat returned, had boarded her. She proved to be the Sally of and from Eastport, bound to Machias, having a License and in ballast. At ½ past 2 a.m., being dark thick weather, fell in with his Majesty's ship Rattler, Capt. Gordon. She fired two shots at us in quick succession, one of which came into our larboard bow between wind and water — came to anchor immediately and Rattler's boat boarded me. Went on board the Rattler. Captain Gordon sent his carpenter. He plugged and leaded the hole. At 4 returned on board and continued on our cruise.

The Rattler had Schooner Ploughboy, a prize, with her.

Saturday, May 29th, 1813—

At 2½ p.m. hove to under balanced main sail, head to the southeastward, the vessel making water at the shot hole.

Daylight, almost calm and very thick fog.

9 a.m., heard the roar of the shore, tacked and stood off, having made sail at 6 a.m. 11 cleared off a little saw Wooden Ball Rock bearing N. W. 12 miles, tacked toward it, intending to go into Metimucus to repair our leak.

At 12 saw 2 sails to the northeastward among the islands, made sail in chase.

Sunday, 30th—

1 p.m., light wind came on, very thick fog, and being in among the islands had to give over the chase and haul off.

10 p.m., being between the Isle of Hauti and Stroud Island, very thick fog, out sweeps and pulled off from the breakers. 2 a.m., hove to. At 8 a.m. made sail—to work out clear of the islands at Meridian, heard the roar of the Seal Rock to windward.

Monday, May 31st, 1813—

Moderate breeze and very thick fog. 2 p.m., came to anchor on the N. W. side of the seal rock, trim'd the vessel by the stern and secured our leak.

5 p.m., having completed our business,

got underweigh and proceeded out at 6 p.m. Wooden Ball Rock bore S. W. by W. 4 or 5 leagues.

8 a.m., west end of Matinick Island bore N. by W.

10, cleared off.

11, saw three sail in shore standing to the eastward. Gave chase immediately. Mad breeze and pleasant weather.

Tuesday, June 1st, 1813—

Chasing the aforesaid vessels, they standing for Whitehead. 3 p.m., boarded a chebacco boat, fair play from Portsmouth for Eastport with women passengers. Cargo potatoes and 1 barrel pork. Released her after taking the barrel pork and some potatoes. Boarded schooner Union from Portsmouth for Penobscot, having nothing in released her. Latter part of this day stood round the Mush Ledges and bore up Penobscot Bay in chase. At 8 p.m. our chase put into a harbor in the North Fox Island. Manned the boat and sent her in with the first Lieut. to bring her out if of any value. At 9½ the boat returned, the schooner having run on shore and deserted. Took from her some stores and left her. Stood down the bay, and in the morning was off Metinuers. After which stood in to the westward of Metinick to intercept vessels passing.

Took from the schooner drove on shore at Fox Island was three barrels bread and one box containing cotton yarn.

Wednesday, June 2nd, 1813—

All hands employed in chase of vessel standing for Whitehead. 4 a.m., chased a boat in with whitewood, fired four shots at her but could not bring her to. At 4 p.m. brought to and boarded and captured Schooner Joanna, Capt. Newcomb, from Boston, bound to Eastport, laden with fifteen hundred bushels corn for clearance. Put Nathaniel Ricker, prize master, and three hands on board and ordered her for St. John, N.B. Allowed the master to go on shore in his boat. He wished to continue in the prize, but had made use of such threatening language that it was thought prudent to send him on shore. During the night worked out between Green Island and Matimacus—Mr.—Wooden Ball Rock bearing N. E. by E. Dist. 4 leagues, lat. 43 degrees 35 N.

Thursday, June 3rd—

6 p.m., the Island of Monhegen bore N. N. E. 5 leagues. I gave chase to some small vessels to the N. W. 8 p.m., Sequin bore North 3 or 4 leagues. Gave up chase.

6 a.m., Cape Elizabeth bore N. W. by W., Dist 4 or 5 leagues. Several sails of fishing boats in sight.

11 a.m., lay by and caught some fish. With light wind and hazy, made sail and stood to the south.

June 4th, 1813—

“God Save Great George Our King.” Several small sails in sight. 1 p.m., tacked to the windward in chase of a brig on our weather bow, standing in for the land by the wind. At 8 raised the stern of the chase. 9 p.m., lost sight of the chase, being hazy, though moonlight and pleasant.

Midnight, spoke a sloop from Portland for Boston, cargo wood. Boon Island light bore N $\frac{1}{2}$ W and being near in with the Isle of Shoals tacked to southward. At 4 a.m. inclinable to calm, saw Cape Ann lights.

8 a.m., saw a suspicious sail appearing to be a privateer schooner working within the Salvages, stood toward her, she having a chebacco boat with her which kept close by. Fearing we could not cut her off, tacked to the north in hopes to decoy her out. They tacked after us, but soon tacked again into Sandy Bay. We stood in after but was too late to cut her off. Tacked and stood off by the Salvages. 10, saw a large ship to the westward of Cape Ann. A fishing boat spoke us and cautioned us from going round the lights, saying the ship we saw was an English frigate and that the Chesapeake frigate was chased in or taken by the Shannon—could not ascertain which, not wishing him to come near us.

Saturday, June 5th, 1813—

Standing off and on in sight of Cape Ann. A number of chebacco boats about us. Evening employed exercising great guns and small arms. 8 p.m., stood toward the shore, intending to try to cut out the pilot boat schooner in Sandy Bay. Midnight, hazy, close in with Halibut Point.

Out boat and manned her with 7 men, under the command of Mr. Owen, 2nd Lieut., armed with one swivel, small arms, cutlasses and pistoles and ordered her into Sandy Bay to bring out the aforesaid schooner.

3 a.m., the boat returned and reported had examined the Bay and that the schooner had escaped. In boat and manned the sweeps and rowed out past Thatcher lights. 5, in sweeps and made sail, having a light breeze from the southward. Saw a schooner to the westward standing to the eastward.

6 a.m., almost calm, being about 3 miles from the schooner. Sent Mr. Ross with the boat to board her.

7 do., got sight of the pilot boat schooner working along shore near Glos-

ter point. 8, Mr. Ross returned, the schooner was the Mary of Dorchester, Capt. Wilson, from Boston for Portland, being light and an old vessel, allowed her to proceed. Housed our guns and kept all hands below, lest the schooner should suspect us and escape into a harbor. 11, coming up with the chase. At 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ a.m., brought her to, being off Salem harbor, near the Half Way Rock. Sent Mr. Ross and boat's crew on board, ordered him to make sail out of the Bay immediately, while I boarded and took in tow the chebacco boat—and stood out again—the boat was called Ye Superb of Portland, Lemuel Sawyer master, cargo salt; and the schooner proved to be the Washington, of Portland, from do. for Boston, Elisha Sawyer, master and owner, cargo of lumber—a beautiful pilot boat of 65 tons burden, entirely new, pierced for guns, completely fitted, and I expect was intended for a privateer.

Moderate light airs off Gloster point. Sunday, June 6th, 1813—

Making the best of our way out of the Bay with our prize. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, boarded Schooner Luce, belonging Mr. Elen'r Parsons, of Boston, William Morse commander, a fisherman of about 60 tons—allowed her to proceed. Took the prisoners from the Washington and put them on board the Superb and kept her in tow until I should get clear of the Bay. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ p.m., released the Superb and sent her in with the prisoners, one lady passenger with them. 3 p.m., boarded a Marblehead schooner, Capt. Weat, from ——— bound to Marblehead, loaded with wood, being poor men to all appearance allowed them to proceed. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ p.m., sent William Owen, 2nd Lieut., and two men on board the Washington and ordered her for St. John, N.B., having previously put on board 1 swivel, two muskets, two cutlasses and sixty rounds. She being so fine a vessel, and having a warlike appearance, judged proper to arm her likewise, put on board, etc. 6, lost sight of her to leeward. 8 a.m., tacked to leeward. A number of chebacco boats in sight, being on the ——— bank 5 leagues westward of Clasher Ledge. , went on board a boat and got some fresh fish, for which I gave them a bottle of rum.

Monday, June 7th, 1813—

1 p.m., saw a sail to the westward. Made sail and gave chase immediately.

2 p.m., found she was standing to the westward. 3, found we gained on her, all sail set to advantage. 4, began to raise her hull. 5, ascertained the chase to be steering N. N. W. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, being

about 1 league from her, gave her two shots, when she brought to and showed American colors. 6, brought to and sent the first Lieut. on board. She proved to be the ship Cuba, of New York, George Thomas master, from New Haven bound to Portland, laden with fifteen hundred barrels and two hundred half barrels flour. Shipped the prisoners, leaving the master and a passenger on board. Gave Mr. Ross the charge of her with 7 of our men with him and ordered him to proceed to St. John, N.B., and the Dart would convoy him in.

10 a.m., went on board the prize. Saw the land to the northward, judge to be the Isle of Haute.

Tuesday, June 8th, 1813—

Under short sail keeping company with the Cuba. Employed sharpening cutlasses, cleaning arms, preparing swivel cartridges, etc. 7 p.m., Mount Desert Hills bore N. N. W. Dist. 11 or 12 leagues. Sealed our guns and loaded again.

Midnight, under the prize's quarter and great attention to keep in sight of her. 10, light wind and some fog. Moderate light weather, Petit passage bearing S. E. by E. Out boat and sent some steering sails on board the Cuba.

June 9th, 1813—

4, we keeping close by the prize. Midnight, saw land to the westward.

2 a.m., lost sight of the Cuba. 4, being close in with the rocks, came to anchor.

Daylight, still foggy, found the Cuba and ourselves at anchor near Musquash head. 7, got the Cuba underweigh with light airs at N. E. She got about 1 mile off when falling calm, she drove in very near the Head and let go an anchor. Out boat and took our small cable and anchor to her assistance and succeeded in getting her off. Got our boat stove under our bowsprit.

9 a.m., got underweigh and stood up after the ship. Thick fog. 10½, off Negro head, took a pilot and sent him on board the Cuba. 11½, near Partridge Island; the Washington joined us.

Passed Partridge Island. Saluted the fort. Discharged our small arms and prepared for coming to anchor.

Wednesday, June 10th, 1813—

2½ p.m., came to anchor in the harbor of St. John, with our prizes, Ship Cuba and Schooner Washington, and moored them.

Thursday, 11th—

No duty doing on board, all hands ashore.

Friday, 12th—

All hands ashore.

Saturday, 13th—

Some hands stripping the Washington.

Sunday 14th—

Got some our men on board.

Monday, 15 June—

Got part of our crew on board, filled our water and got sundry stores on board. Got another pump made, our leak stopped and preparing to sail again.

Tuesday, 16th June—

Employed getting stores, etc., on board also a 12 pounder cannonade with materials thereto. Got some carpenter's work done.

6 p.m., Mr. Ross, 1st Lieut., Ganet Tool and George Ernest deserted the vessel. Ship Doane Snow, 2nd Lieut., Mr. Vail, carpenter, and some other hands. 7 p.m., hove up out sweeps and rowed out of the harbor. 9, without the Island.

Wednesday, June 17th, 1813—

Standing towards Annapolis Gut, intending going there to get the vessel in order and the crew sober and some more officers.

Saw the fleet from Halifax to St. John off Point Lapreau. 5 p.m., got in the gut and at 6 p.m. went on shore at Digby and engaged Capt. Burnham as prize master. 7½, got on board and made sail for Annapolis. 10 p.m., died away calm. At midnight anchored two miles below Annapolis and went on shore.

Thursday, 18th—

This day employed fitting our cannonade, pump, etc. Boatswain and gang sent down our yards and refitted them; fitted the new foreyard, etc.

Friday, June 19th—

Shipt. John Fowler prize master and John Ruggles Lieut. of Marines and a surgeon. Prepared for sailing as soon as the tide would answer (this day contains but 12 hours).

Saturday, 19th, 1813—

Employed fitting rigging of the yards, filling water, making wads, etc., etc.

4 p.m., weighed and made sail and stood down Annapolis River. 7 p.m., out of Annapolis Gut. Spoke schooner Fair Trader, Capt. Byrn.

Sunday, 20th—

4½ p.m., about 2 miles above the Grand passage.

7 a.m., light wind. Saw a sail from the masthead to the S. E. 8, she made the signal for His M. ship, which we answered with our signal. She made signal to speak us, and we bore down for her. At 9 her boat boarded us—proved to be H. M. ship Rattler. They informed us the Liverpool packet was taken by the American privateer schooner Thomas. 10, stood to the westward.

Monday, June 21, 1813—

Saw a small sail off the lea beam, and a sail ahead. Saw the land bearing N. W. In, flying jib, 3rd reef m. sail.

7 strong gales and short sea. Balanced reef main sail and bonnet off the jib and hauled by the wind, the vessel much under water. 9 hove to under balanced main sail.

Tuesday, June 22nd, 1813—

1 a.m., blowing a gale and thick foggy weather, with short high sea. 6, less wind, but balanced reef main sail and set jib with sheet to windward.

8 p.m., employed at sundry jobs. Latitude by observation, 43 degrees 8, uncertain.

Wednesday, June 23—

All hands employed making bags for grape shot, swivel shot pouches for cartridges, etc; carpenter fitting pumps; boatswain and crew at the rigging.

7, saw a sail to the southward, suppose her standing to the westward. Tacked to the westward.

Midnight, took in flying jib reefed main sail and hauled jib sheet to windward.

4, hove to jib sheet to windward. 6, tacked to the westward. 7, sounded, no ground at 70 fathoms. Out reef and set flying jib. 8, reefed main sail in and flying jib. 10, no ground at 70 fathoms. People employed at sundry jobs.

Thursday, June 24th, 1813—

2 p.m., sounded no ground at 75 fathoms. Boatswain's gang making reef gear. Gunners do fitting and providing for the swivels. Lieut. Marines and men making pistol cartridges. 4 p.m., sounded no ground at 75 fathoms. Spoke a fishing boat belonging to Cape Ann, who informed us Cape Ann bore W. S. W. 6 leagues.

7 p.m., wore ship and hove to on the starboard tack and sounded in 25 fathoms. Fresh gale and very thick fog. From 8 till 10 p.m., heavy rain. Midnight, vessel tumbling about very much. 8, several sail of fishermen in sight to the N. E. 9, cleared up and the sun made his appearance, which gave us new life, having been five days and nights enveloped in the fog. Employed drying and changing after the fog.

Meridian, all well on board. Some vessels in sight to the westward of Cape Ann.

Friday, June 25th, 1813—

Several sail standing by Cape Ann to the northward. Stood by the wind to the N. W. to cut them off.

3½ p.m., being within the Isle of Shoals and being ahead of twenty odd

sail standing from Cape Ann to the northward—except one, which appeared to be loaded. Found we could not come up with her before she could get into Portsmouth. Gave over chase and tacked and spoke two schooners. Let them pass.

3¾, boarded schooner Mary, Captain Boardman, from Boston, bound to Portsmouth. Let her proceed.

4½, captured sloop Experiment, Captain Boardman, from Boston, bound to Portsmouth, put Mr. Fowler prize master and two hands on board her and ordered her for St. John. Then gave chase to several sail more of the fleet to the north-eastward, several having put back. Sent up top sail yard, set square sail steering sails and king sail. 5 p.m., saw a brig standing out from the land to the northward of the Isle of Shoales. Judging she might be a valuable prize, we gave up the chase of the other vessels and stood off for her. At 7 p.m., being nearly up with her, gave her a shot and she brought to. Boarded her. She had Swedish papers. The Westerwick, Captain Wilhelm Nettelblad, from Portsmouth, bound to Cayene. They informed me that the American schooner Thomas sailed from Portsmouth one hour before them on a cruise—that she had carried in the privateer Liverpool packet of Liverpool, N.S., and that the U. S. brig Enterprize was laying at Portsmouth.

At 9 p.m., boarded schooner Becky, from Marblehead to Kenebeck. Put Captain Boardman and man on board her and let her proceed.

Midnight, Boon Island light bore W. N. W., Dist. 3 or 4 leagues. 2 a.m., out reef of the main sail and set flying jib. Several sail in sight in different directions.

At 5 a.m., boarded sloop Jane, Joseph Grundel master, from Boston for Castine; let her proceed. At 7 a.m., boarded sloop Hannah, James Smith master, from Boston for Sullivan, owned by William Wooster of Sullivan; let her proceed, having no cargo.

At 8 a.m., Boon Island light house bore W. N. W. 4 leagues.

At 10 boarded sloop Industry, of Boothtay, Thos. Alley master, from Wiscasset town to Boston, with wood and bark; let her proceed.

At 11 a.m., boarded sloop Betsey, of Newberryport, Linson Lanfort, from Boston, bound to Buckstown, Penobscot, John Silver, owner, etc. Schooner Stack, Jonathan Bray master, from Boston, bound to Deer Island, owned by Solomon Hutchins, Deer Island. Meridian,

Boon Island, bore W. N. W. Distance, 2 leagues.

Saturday, June 26, 1813—

Several of coasters in sight. 2 p.m., sent down yards. 3 p.m., stood close in to the northward past Boon Island, being employed exercising our guns the people on the island were standing looking at us.

Saw a chebacco boat speak several vessels which we had boarded and then stand away for Portsmouth. Judged she went with intelligence of us to the U. S. brig Enterprize which lay there, therefore judged it most prudent for us to be off. Stood to the N. E. intending to get out of sight of Boon Island before I hauled off the coast.

A number of coasters in sight, but none appeared worth boarding. 7 p.m., Agamenticus Hill, bore W. by S. 7½ p.m., hauled our wind to south. 10 p.m., Wood Island light bore N. W. by W.

M., all hands employed fitting rigging, overhauling sails, cleaning vessel, preparing the artillery, etc., etc. Several sail of fishermen in sight.

Sunday, June 27th, 1813—

At 1 p.m., hauled top sail. At 2 p.m. saw a sail off the weather beam; gave chase. At 3 p.m., made her to be a ship steering to the westward. At 4 she bore S ½ E. Fresh breeze and hazy. Continuing the chase with all exertion and coming up and weathering on her fast. From 6 to 7 saw the land of Cape Ann and Salem to the northward of us. At sun set, being about 3 miles to windward of us, we could count eight guns on the side. Somewhat suspected her to be an English Lettre of Marque—taken—turned hands to quarters and everything prepared for action.

9 p.m., saw the pilot boat go alongside the ship and sheer off and on. Came up with him on his starboard quarter, hailed and ordered him to bring to. Thinking he did not round to quick enough, and judging they were preparing to fire into us, we gave them the bow gun. They brought to and we boarded them. She proved to be the Union, Captain Paul Post, from Cadiz for Boston. Cargo, salt, fruit and block tin. Man-

ned the ship with eight men, Mr. Snow as prize master, at which time Captain Post showed me a license from H. Wellesly. Not being satisfied with it, considering the block tin as an article of war, detained and sent her on for St. John.

11 p.m., made sail to the eastward, Boston lights bearing S. W. by W, distance 3 or 4 miles. 4 a.m., do, we still in company with the ship. 7, saw a brig standing to the westward. Boarded the Union, ordered them to proceed and gave chase to the brig. Midnight, coming up with her fast. Light wind.
Monday, June 28th, 1813—

Fresh breeze and clear weather, all sail set in chase of the brig, coming on to blow fresh. She held us a taut chase. At 3½ p.m., gave over chase, chase being within a few miles of Boston light house, and immediately gave chase to a brig which came out from Salem, standing to the E. S. E. 4 p.m., Cape Ann lights bore N. W., distance 3 leagues.

5½ p.m., brought our chase to, she proved to be under Swedish colors, the Mareponstaat, of St. Bartholemews, Captain Mathewson, from Salem to Cayene; let her proceed.

Tuesday, June 29th, 1813—

Fresh breeze with thick fog. 8 p.m., sounded 37 fathoms. Midnight, calm and hazy, heard the roar of the shore and saw the land to the south-eastward. The tide of ebb running strong, came to anchor in 14 fathoms. Judge the land to be Cape St. Marys. Midnight, moderate breeze and clear weather in the Petit Passage, trying to get through.

Wednesday, June 30th, 1813—

2 p.m., got through the Petit passage. All sail set to test advantage. 4, strong breezes. Breeze in small sails, double reefed main sail. 5, out reefs and set flying jib. 7, set square sail, discharged the guns. 10, came to anchor in 8 fathoms. Partridge Island bearing N. E., 1 mile distant. 5 a.m., went on board H. M. ship Rattler, from thence on board the Union, and from thence ashore. Midnight, mad breeze and clear, got the Dart into the harbor and moored her. Thus ends the cruize with the Dart.

JNO. HARRIS.





THE ROSS RIFLE, MARK II, WITH MARK III SIGHT

OUR NATIONAL ARM

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

THE Ross rifle, the national arm of Canada, by being made an issue of party politics in the House of Commons and the object of severe charges by Opposition sharpshooters, has received a distinction quite unique among weapons of defense. Not only has its selection as the national arm been set up as a question for Parliamentary debate, but it has been subjected in time of peace to practical tests more severe than it is ever likely to experience in time of war.

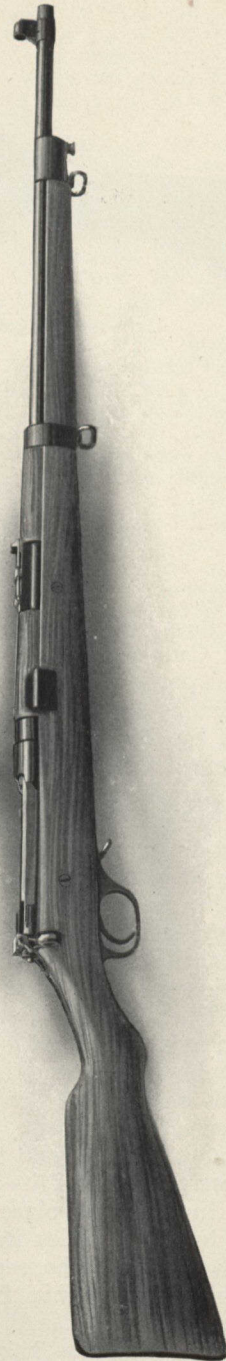
In view of the great importance attached to a national weapon of defense in any country, it is worth while to know how the Ross rifle became the national weapon of Canada, and to learn something about the various vicissitudes it has passed through during the five years of its existence as such. In the first place, it was invented by Sir Charles Ross, a young Scottish Knight, who seems to have come honestly by his fondness for weapons of defense. At the time of the Reformation the holy relics and church plate from the Abbey of Fearn were sent for safe keeping to Balna-

gown Castle. The Ross of that day promptly sold the plate, bought a cannon, blew up the house of his most objectionable neighbors, and went to jail. And now, after the lapse of several centuries, the direct descendant of that old-time fighting Scot has raised nearly five hundred thousand dollars, not by selling church plate, but by calling on the resources of his great estate, and invested it in the manufacture of firearms on the site of the battle of the Plains of Abraham, near the city of Quebec.

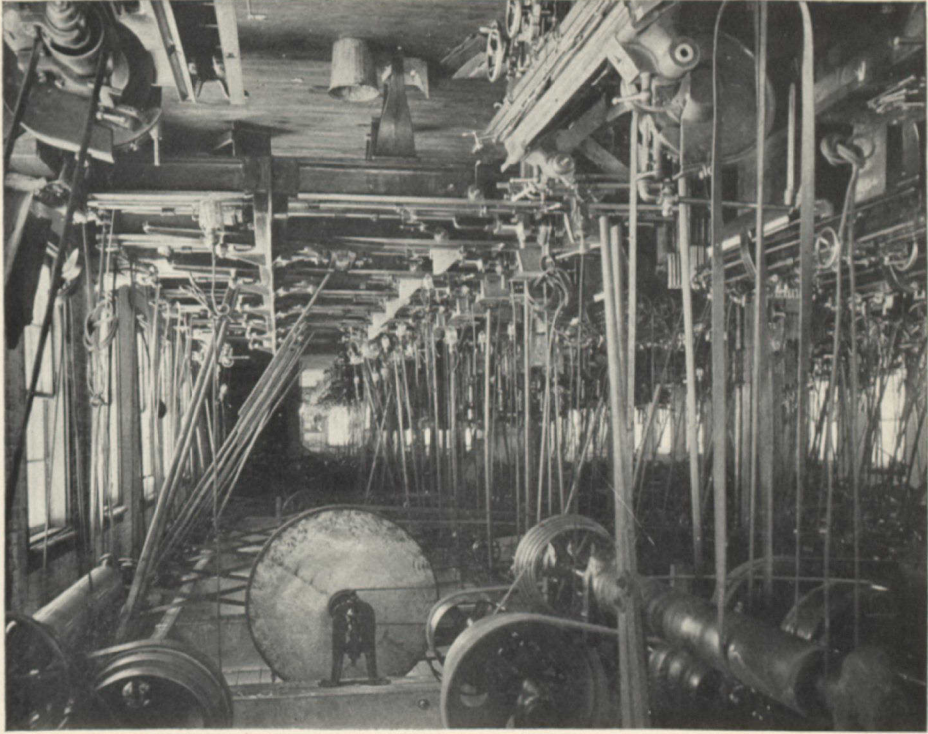
How did this come about? There had long been a growing conviction that in materials of defense the colonial Governments of the British Empire should as far as practicable carry on the manufacture of at least small arms and ammunition, and not depend on supplies from the mother country. In accordance with that view, Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia and Defense for Canada, proceeded to ascertain what could be done to provide for the manufacture in Canada of an adequate supply of rifles for the various regiments of

the Dominion. His policy has been signally endorsed by eminent authority in Great Britain, for at the Imperial Conference in 1907 a paper from the Secretary of State for War was laid before the Conference. In part it recommended as follows: "It is most desirable that the area of supply of the warlike store under reference should be as wide as possible, and, therefore, the colonial Governments should be urged to arrange for local manufacture and provision, rather than to rely on the resources of the United Kingdom." It would seem, therefore, as if Sir Frederick Borden had actually anticipated the sentiment of the highest authority on questions affecting the defense of the Empire, and that his recommendation to the Canadian Government in favor of the establishment in Canada of a factory for the manufacture of small arms was a step in advance of the Imperial policy. At any rate, to the Minister of Militia and Defense for Canada belongs the credit for the initiation of a departure that has resulted in the establishment under the very guns of the citadel of Quebec of an industry that has already meant much, not only to the people of Quebec, but to the Dominion as a whole.

But there was another reason, and a very grave reason, too, which prompted the Minister of Militia and Defense to make an effort to have a rifle factory established in Canada. In 1900, after the Canadian contingents had been despatched to South Africa, the Government of Canada wished to buy 10,000 rifles through the Imperial Government. They found that it was impossible to procure even a thousand. It may be argued that, as a matter of circumstance the Imperial Government would be unable to provide rifles during a time of stress like that, and such is the very condition of affairs that impressed on the Minister of Militia and Defense the necessity for some provision whereby Canada could sup-



THE ROSS TARGET RIFLE



RIFLING DEPARTMENT, THE ROSS RIFLE COMPANY'S WORKS.

ply her own rifles and be independent of assistance from abroad during any possible time of war. The sending of the contingents to South Africa had depleted the supply of small arms to the extent of 7,000, and when it was learned that none could be procured in England, the seriousness of the situation, should Canada at such a time be attacked, became apparent.

Then arose the problem, How could a factory for the manufacture of rifles be established in Canada?

Sir Frederick Borden, according to his own statement on the floor of the House of Commons, went to the Birmingham Small Arms Company and tried to induce them to manufacture in Canada, but it was found impossible to induce them or any other small arms manufacturers to make the venture. The project stood in abeyance for a short time. Then Sir

Charles Ross volunteered to establish a factory in Canada, provided the Government would enter into a contract for the purchase of enough rifles to justify the undertaking.

Sir Frederick consulted with his colleagues, and as a result he called on General Otter, now chief of the General Staff; Colonel Gibson, who for many years was President of the Dominion Rifle Association; Colonel Sam Hughes, M.P.; Colonel Anderson, a distinguished engineer, and Major Gaudet, head of the Dominion Arsenal, to make a report on the rifle. Their report is worth republishing here:

“On the whole, the Board find that the Ross rifle has features which, in their opinion, afford advantages over the Lee-Enfield.

“All agree that the straight pull is a very important advantage over



BARREL DEPARTMENT, THE ROSS RIFLE COMPANY'S WORKS

the Lee-Enfield action. The simple mechanism is evidenced by the fact that the breech can be taken entirely apart and put together again without tool other than an ordinary knife, and the operation of taking apart and assembling the parts takes considerable less time than the Lee-Enfield. Another important advantage is the strength of the breech mechanism, while the limit of the Lee-Enfield is restricted. It may be said that any increase of velocity which is ever likely to be required can with absolute safety be obtained in the case of the Ross rifle.

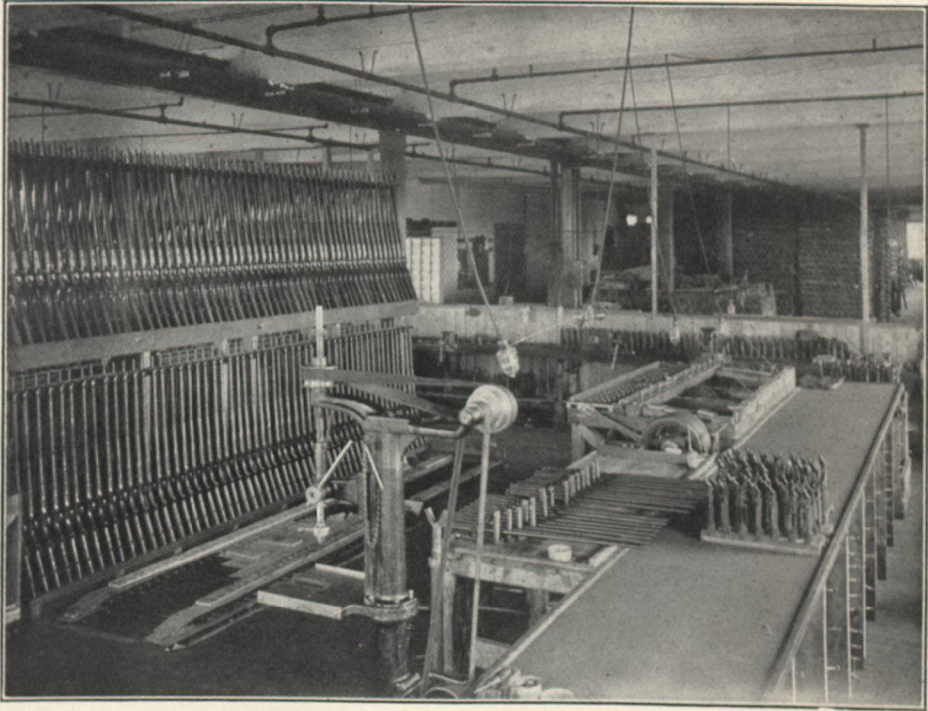
"The Ross rifle is approximately a pound lighter than the Lee-Enfield.

"The chief objection or difficulty which was found in connection with the test to which the Ross rifle was subjected was brought out in the endurance test. While in the firing

1,300 rounds out of each of the rifles, the Lee-Enfield did the test quite satisfactorily. It was found that after heating, the breech of the Ross rifle closed with more or less difficulty, the action being very stiff, with occasional jamming, besides which a possibility of 'double loading' exists.

"Were this an inherent objection to this rifle, independent of details of mechanism, the Board would regard it as a very serious matter, but Sir Charles Ross states that any difficulty in this respect can be effectually obviated, and the Board submit herewith a memorandum, 'Exhibit D,' from him, in reference to this point, which, in his opinion, affords an explanation of the unsatisfactory result of this test, and the manner in which the same may be overcome.

"Speaking generally, the Board believe that the Ross rifle has features



ASSEMBLING DEPARTMENT, THE ROSS RIFLE COMPANY'S WORKS

which are a positive advantage over the Lee-Enfield, while it is contended by Sir Charles Ross that he can easily remedy any of the drawbacks which have been pointed out.

"The rifle has been on the ranges during the week of the Dominion Rifle Association meeting, and has been examined and fired more or less by many riflemen of experience, and while it is not suggested that any conclusive testimony has been afforded from such desultory examinations and tests, it is significant of the favorable impression of riflemen that no adverse comment were known to have been made, and all seemed to be pleased with the action of the rifle.

"The Board do not profess to pronounce upon the question of a complete remedy of this objection, but, having called attention to it, assume that due precaution and provision with reference thereto will be taken

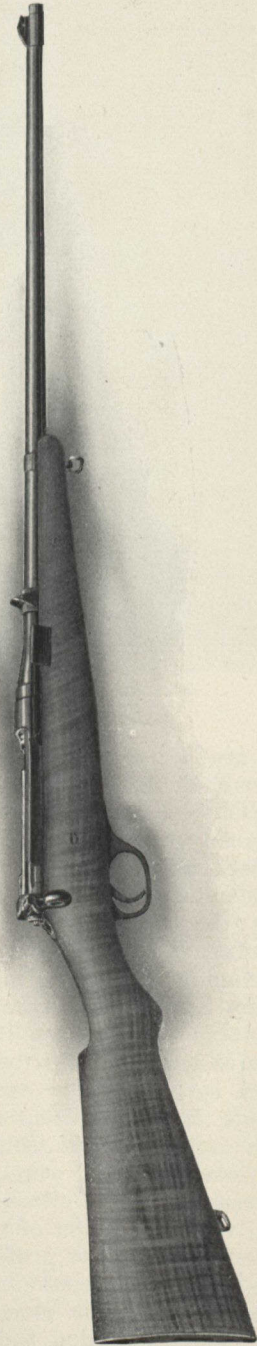
in event of the rifle being adopted."

On the strength of that report and the fact also that practically the same rifle (the Mannlicher), 1,000,000 of them, was in use in the Austrian army, induced the Government to give the Ross Rifle Manufacturing Company a contract for 12,000 rifles and whatever rifles the Government might afterwards require, provided, however, that in case of emergency, such as war, the Government could demand immediate delivery of whatever number might be required, and if the Rifle Company could not deliver them, then the Government might buy them elsewhere. That looks like a fair business arrangement.

Since then, experts, both prejudiced and unprejudiced, have examined it under special and extremely rigorous conditions, and as a result it is safe to say that the latest model of the Ross rifle is the best all-round

light military weapon in the world. That is a pretty strong statement, nevertheless it has excellent support. Tested in the United States in comparison with the Springfield rifle, the light arm of the United States, it stood out well, and in many respects it proved to be a superior weapon. But perhaps the most flattering comment that has ever been made on it comes from the President of the Standing Small Arms Committee of Great Britain, whose report to the Army Council of a recent comparative test at Hythe of the qualities of the Lee-Enfield rifle, the New Springfield rifle, and the Ross rifle. Mark II. gives the national arm of Canada a most favorable standing, and places it in some respects above either of the others. Recently some highly creditable scores have been made in England with the Ross rifle. In June it made fifteen consecutive bull's-eyes, fired by F. W. Jones, winning the gold jewel and the championship of England at 1,000 and 1,100 yards. This competition was open to all rifles and all comers. At Bisley it took first place in the "Edge" match, won the challenge cup in the "Halford" Memorial by taking first place against all comers and all rifles. It also took second place in the "Waldegrave" match.

The Ross Rifle Company began to manufacture, and up to the present time they have delivered about 46,000 rifles, and have received in payment from the Government about \$1,150,000. After a time complaints regarding the rifle began to be lodged, and Mr. Wallace Nesbit, in Parliamentary Committee at Ottawa, said that a pre-arranged campaign had been started, mostly by rifle manufacturers in Great Britain, the object of which was to discredit the Ross rifle and effect a discontinuance of the contract between the Company and the Government. Members of the Opposition in Parliament began to urge charges of deficiency in the mechanism of the



THE ROSS SPORTING RIFLE

rifle. It has not been denied that the rifle was not in every respect a perfect weapon, and improvements have been made in it from time to time as their advisability was determined as a result of actual service. It is worth knowing in this connection that, for

in number as Mark III., and its friends believe that it is now the most perfect rifle in the world. Major-General Lake, speaking of it at the annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association, spoke as follows:

“Finally, I would add my word to

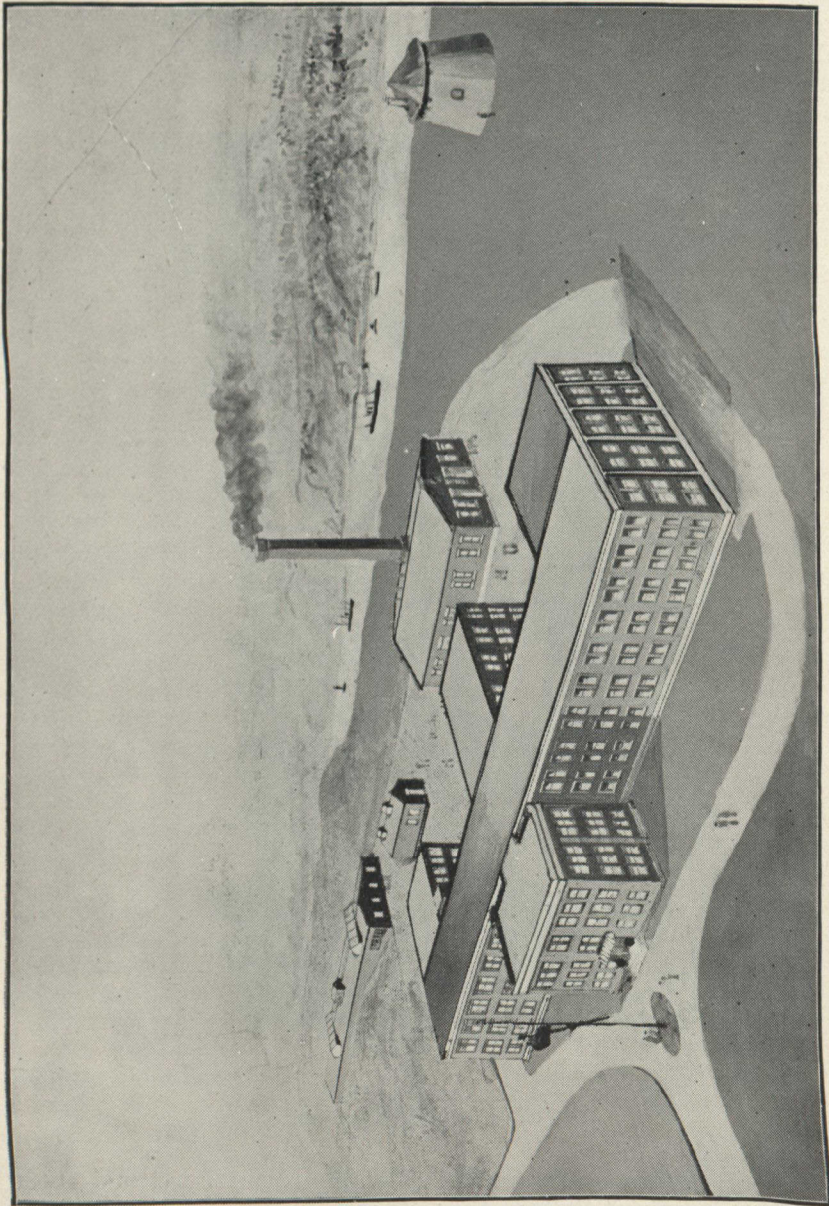


From an oil painting

SIR CHARLES ROSS,
INVENTOR OF THE ROSS RIFLE

instance, the Lee-Enfield rifle, which is the small arm of Great Britain, has reached Mark XIV. in its manufacture, meaning that the rifle has been manufactured on fourteen consecutive improved models. So far the Ross rifle has reached only as high

what the Minister has said about the Ross rifle, and with him beg you to suspend your judgment and give it a fair trial. I can say this perhaps with the more freedom because the rifle was selected and adopted for the service rifle of the militia, and the



THE ROSS RIFLE FACTORY, ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC

contract for its manufacture was entered into, before I had the honor of receiving my present appointment; and I have not been connected in any way with the Boards of expert riflemen who have discussed and approved the arm, nor am I in any way pledged to this rifle or another. Speaking personally, I can only say that I fully endorse what the Minister has said about the defects discovered, they are faults of detail, and, so far as I have seen, are neither irremediable nor inherent in the Ross rifle. They can be, and many have already been, remedied. The body and action generally of the rifle seem strong and good. Similar defects to those found in the Ross have come out, more or less, in all new rifles, when put in the men's hands before the pattern is finally adopted—to find out these very points. The men use the rifles in their usual rough and ready fashion, and certainly do not bestow on them the care an expert shot bestows on his target weapon. Hence, hitherto unsuspected weaknesses are discovered. They are certain to be found. I have, therefore, no hesitation in advising the members of the D. R. A. to suspend their judgment and do nothing to excite prejudice against the rifle until it has been fully tried. Distrust is easy to create, most difficult to eradicate. I see no reason why it should not eventually turn out to be an excellent weapon."

So far about 46,000 rifles have been delivered to the Government, and in this connection it is proper to notice the significant statement made by the Minister of Militia from his place in the House of Commons:

"There is not a single rifle of the number which have been delivered that is not a serviceable rifle and is not fit and safe to use in the Canadian army if it were necessary to use it. I make this statement here and accept full responsibility for it. I make it upon the report which I hold of those who are competent to advise me as to

matters of that kind. I shall read the particulars necessary to show that of those rifles which are not now serviceable, there is not one which cannot be made serviceable with a very slight expenditure. Yet we have this hon. gentleman trying to terrify the militia, trying to persuade the House that we have purchased rifles which are only fit to be placed on the scrap heap. I assure you there is not one word of truth in it."

Sir Frederick also pointed out that, unlike the Lee-Enfield, the Ross rifle is inspected in all its main parts, so that the parts are practically interchangeable, although where accuracy as fine as the five-thousandth part of an inch is required, it is scarcely possible to produce a rifle that will never fail to interchange with another of the same type.

Ever since the rifle was first issued it has been the object of the keenest criticism. In service, from time to time, points where improvement could be made have been noted and these improvements have been made, until now the Ross rifle is regarded by its friends as being the best military light arm in the world. Many times since its manufacture began in Canada it has been tested by committees of experts, and it has undergone the ordeal with credit and satisfaction. When it was proposed that this rifle be adopted by the Northwest Mounted Police, a commission consisting of J. H. McIlree, Superintendent Morris, and Inspector Gilpin Brown, were appointed to examine it and present a report. Their report was as follows:

"The Board proceeded to the range with Mr. Paddon, representing Sir Charles Ross, the inventor of the arm, and a number of shots were fired at the 200 and 600 yards range. Two rifles were submitted for trial, one long 28-inch barrel, and the other a shorter 25-inch barrel. 150 rounds were fired from the long rifle in ordinary practice, and the scores made

are shown. The barrel is the same as used in the Lee-Enfield and adopted by the English Government.

"The carbine was put out of action by the complete fracture of the shoe, at the point of the greatest pressure, showing weakness in this particular case. On examination by the armourer, he reported the factor was due to the shoe being made of cast instead of wrought steel.

"Two trials at rapid fire were made at 200 yards with a short rifle; time limit, two minutes. Mr. Paddon fired 32 shots within 32 minutes, scoring two centres, 10 magpies, and 18 outers, or a total of 30 hits out of 32 shots. This, he stated, was the best he had ever made.

"On the morning of the 10th instant a further test was made of the accuracy of shooting with a long rifle. The light was good, but the wind was strong and gusty. The shooting was good and the scores are appended. You, the Commissioner, tried the rapid firing game at 200 yards, and fired 30 shots in two minutes, scoring one bull, eight centres, six magpies, and 11 outers, a total of 26 hits out of 30 shots.

"From this we conclude that the method of loading is expeditious, and that the straight pull, working smoothly and rapidly, allowed the rifle to be fired continuously from the shoulder, without removing it and without disturbing the position of the rifle at the shoulder to any great extent.

"The Board is unanimous in its opinion that the rifle is very accurate.

"The Ross rifle is very much lighter than either a Mauser or Lee-Enfield, the weight being approximately:

Lee-Enfield	9 lbs. 4 oz.
Mauser	9 lbs. 12 oz.
Ross	7 lbs. 15 oz.

which is 11 oz. heavier than our Winchester Carbine, 7 lbs. 4 oz., so that, if adopted, no increase in weight would be made to the equipment.

"We are given to understand that

the short rifle weighs only 7 lbs. 4 oz.

"To sum up, the Board is of the opinion that the strong points of the rifle submitted are:

1. Lightness.
2. Straight pull of bolt.
3. Ease of loading magazines.
4. Practical nature of cut-off.
5. Bolt being secured in shoe, and not as in Lee-Metford.
6. New parts and construction of bolt, and apparent strength of all.
7. The novel and efficient principal of the extractor.
8. Ease of stripping and re-assembling.
9. That the above can be done without tools, an empty cartridge case sufficing.
10. The duplicate arrangement of sear, whereby, if sear spring is broken the action can still be used.
11. The most complete absence of recoil when firing.
12. The woodwork of stock and forearm being in one continuous piece."

The changes and improvements in the Ross rifle so far are few compared with those that have been made in the Lee-Enfield, for instance. The Lee-Enfield Mark I. was issued in November, 1895; Lee-Enfield Mark I.* in 1898, about the end of the year. These are long rifles. There have been one or two marks of the long Lee-Enfield since. Then there was the Mark I. short Lee-Enfield, issued in 1903, and there have been two different marks since then to my knowledge, and I am told three or four more. That is, in the long and short Lee-Enfield, the official arm of the British service, we have ten or twelve distinctive issues and distinctive marks. The changes that have been made in some of these are shown in the official red book. In one change alone, that is, from Lee-Metford Mark I. to Lee-Metford Mark II., the first issued in January, 1892, and the sec-

ond in April, 1892, the changes made in the rifle, as tabulated, item by item, at pages 314 and 315 of the red book of the British army, are no fewer than one hundred and twenty-five in number. In other words, in that one change alone from the Lee-Enfield Mark I. star to the Lee-Enfield Mark II., there were more important changes twice over than have taken place in the Ross rifle from start to finish.

The latest model of the Ross rifle is called Mark III. It is really Mark II., with the same sight as is used on the Lee-Enfield. As a matter of fact, it is adapted for any of the various sights, so that a marksman may change the sight if he sees fit. It is almost impossible to get a sight to please all marksmen, because some prefer one kind and others another kind. In the Ross rifle, Mark III., the difficulty has been overcome as far as possible by supplying the Lee-Enfield sight, with provision to change to any of the other standard sights when preferred.

According to a statement made in the House of Commons, the highest score ever made by any rifle in the world was made by Lieut. Mortimer with a Mark II. Ross rifle. Mortimer hit the target thirty-five times in one minute, and he made thirty-four hits in the same time with Mark III. These were all aimed shots. Wallingford is said to have made twenty-seven hits in one minute with the Lee-Enfield, and that is credited as being the highest record next to that made by Mortimer. The record for the Springfield rifle is said to be twenty-five.

Another record is that a Ross rifle fired 300 shots at Quebec and made 294 hits, aim fire, at target, 101 being bull's-eyes and that was done in 14 minutes and 11 seconds, a record which no two rifles together have ever approached before in the world, and half of them were single fire.

What is the record of the Canadian rifle? Mark I. was issued, and later

some improvements were made in it. Mark II. came next, and certain changes were made from Mark I. to Mark II., but they did not turn out to be very advantageous. These were changed back again from Mark II. to Mark III. The old lever back sight has been abandoned, and a return has been made to the form presented in old Mark I. The thread attaching the barrel to the receiver in Mark II. has been abandoned and a return made to the thread in the old Mark I. This is the Whitworth thread. When Sir Charles Ross presented his rifle to the committee it had a double trigger action, a gathering pull and a final pull. That was in the rifle which he presented for adoption. The single pull has been abandoned and a return made to the double trigger pull as presented in the original rifle. Like the Lee-Enfield, the Ross rifle is made with either the long or short barrel, according to requirements. There is what is regarded as an absolutely perfect safety catch, which acts the moment the sear is released from the cocking piece bent, and insures its safe re-engagement. There have been some small changes, such as screws, bands and swivel straps, which are of no account. The difference between the Ross rifle and the Lee-Enfield rifle involves some important features, but most important is the one great principle of the straight pull; that is, only two motions, in loading and firing; simply pulling the bolt back and pressing it forward again, as against four motions in what is called the lever or rotary motion rifles. The two nations that use straight pull rifles are Austria and Switzerland. The other nations largely use the rotary motion. The Ross magazine differs materially from all other magazine rifles, being much more rapid. There are what may be called two types of magazine rifles, the clip and charger loader and the single cartridge loader. The cartridges are all placed in an iron fixture called a clip, and are put into the rifle and are

fired shot after shot. The charger type slides them all into the magazine at once. The second class, or slow loader, places cartridge after cartridge in the magazine. One class is a quick loader and the other a slow loader, as in the British rifle, where you load shot by shot. The Ross rifle differs from both in that by a lifter piece worked by the left hand you can depress the bed of the magazine and catch the cartridges all loose, throwing them into the rifle, and, by working the fingers on this lifter piece a couple of times, the cartridges are all placed in position so that it is not possible to have a jam unless the soldier is not sufficiently trained in the use of this lifter piece.

The intricate mechanism of a military rifle may be imagined when it is known that the Ross rifle contains almost 100 parts; but from the rigid tests to which it has already been subjected, it may be accepted as certain that the people of Canada have a highly creditable military weapon, if not the best light arm in the world.

It has taken Sir Charles Ross a good many years to perfect this weapon, but the faith that the Ross Rifle Company have in it may be judged from the fact that they will soon place on the market a sporting rifle that is calculated to meet all the requirements of a rifle for purposes of sport in Canada. It is made on the same general principles as the military weapon, but is much lighter and handsomer. It will be noted for its great penetrating power, accuracy, absence of recoil, with the special advantage of its rapid-firing mechanism.

Sir Charles Ross is much better known in Great Britain than in Canada, but he is naturally cosmopolitan, and therefore by this time he has become a thorough-going Canadian. He is a young man, little more than thirty, and, unlike the popular opin-

ion respecting those of the Old Country aristocracy, he "does things." His education was obtained at Eton and Cambridge, at both of which places he was distinguished in various branches of athletics—sculling, throwing the hammer, putting the weight, etc. At Eton he was second captain of the boats, member of the shooting eight for four years (captain, three years), member of the college rifle volunteers (five years), and on leaving joined the 3rd Battalion, Seaforth Highlanders. He rowed for 3rd Trinity in the Visitors' Fours and for the Ladies' Plate at Henley, winning in the former, and he also rowed for Cambridge against Oxford.

Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for Ross and Cromarty, he raised a battery in the South African War, served on Hutton's staff, and later took part in the organization of the Pretoria or South African Constabulary (four clasps).

Sir Charles Ross' list of patents on the rifle is quite formidable, beginning as far back as 1893. Among other honors in this connection, he received a special award of merit at the Paris Exposition and a gold medal at Earls Court, the only two exhibitions to which he contributed. The London *Times* commented on the rifle, saying that it would become the rifle of the future. Sir Charles Ross is one of the largest landowners in Great Britain, and the Ross family antedates the Bruces. Just six hundred years ago one of Robert Bruce's family married a Ross at Balnagown. Away back in the eleventh century the Ross of that day married the Robber Chief's only daughter. The dowry consisted of Strathoykel and Strathcarron, both of which are still owned by Sir Charles. The family history is full of romance and stirring episodes, but they must be left for another occasion.

THE ELOPEMENT OF KIDNAPPER SPORUM

BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

I.

THE new dawn had not yet penetrated the forest. The Ottawa lay a broad white strip between shadowy banks, and a great silence rested over all. By and by those banks assumed the shape of myriad pine trees, and a little breeze stirred the needle canopy into soft, swishing song. A cock grouse glided, a streak of brown, across the earth's brown carpet, from his roosting place to the water side. On a black, half-sunken stump a sleek-coated mink lifted his head ever so little, and with trembling whiskers hoped and waited. As the tufted head reached toward the water, he sprang. There was the whirr of wings, an eddy on the river's bosom, and down the current a few brown feathers floated.

This was all the man carrying the long rifle saw of one of the numerous tragedies so common in this great wood's fastness. But to him it was as though he had seen it all. Being himself a creature of the forest, he understood.

The man was tall and gaunt, with long beard and hair gray-tinged and curly. His complexion, too, was of that grayish whiteness forest life gives; he looked to be some years beyond middle life. His hat was of soft felt, and weather-stained. He wore a red flannel shirt bloused into deer-skin trousers, and on his feet were high cowhide boots.

Between his eyes that narrow line with which alertness furrows the visage was scar-like in its conspicuousness. The eyes themselves were a penetrating black, and their corners drooped to the compelling demand of watchfulness.

This man was Bob Sporum. He was a trapper and hunter. This was his quiet season, the time between the yellow haze of summer and the red gold of summer's decline.

Soon the pine needles would fall from the trees and the wind now swaying the tree-tops to swishing music would bear on its wings the chill summons to all forest verdure. Then he would set his traps, and in his work forget the guest, Loneliness, that oft-times sat by his camp-fire.

As he stood gazing across the wide, white river, his head was suddenly lifted as though he listened. Then as suddenly he dived into a thicket of wild hazel-nut, and drew forth a slender canoe. Launching it, he paddled swiftly down stream.

After a time the glossy mink climbed up on the half-sunken stub again.

II.

As though expecting the man's coming, the girl stood at the river's edge looking toward the curve one hundred yards distant. The morning sunlight streamed down through the trees and, kissing her cheeks, made the plain face almost beautiful.

It was a thin little face with big, pathetic eyes in which rested a startled, hunted look.

The girl herself was thin and little. At her feet, its painter attached to a sapling, was a birch-bark skiff, freighted as though for a voyage. When the canoe for which she watched at last shot round the bend, the girl placed her finger on her lip. Understanding, the man spoke no word until he had beached the canoe and stood beside her.

"Has *he* come back?" he asked her then, the line between his eyes deepening.

She nodded and glanced back over her shoulder, apprehensively.

"Whar is he, Mary Ann?"

"In th' valley thar," she answered. "Thar's two others with him. They've been drinkin' all night. Dad says as I'll have t' go this time, he does."

For the first time since their meeting, his eyes met hers.

"Might it be as you're not hankerin' t' go, Mary Ann?" He asked the question gently, pityingly, as though he had a fatherly sympathy for this young, slender girl.

"It can't be 'cordin' t' what I want," she said, chokingly. "They've bought dad, they have."

The man looked away, dumb before the pitiful helplessness of her eyes.

"I thort as maybe you was a-wantin' t' see me," he said at last, slowly. "I thort as you was, an' now it do seem purty hard luck as I can't help you none."

She was silent. After a time he sighed deeply, and repeated as though to himself, "Can't help you none."

She laid a tiny brown hand on his arm.

"Seems like I couldn't jest go without a-sayin' good-bye t' th' man as has been good t' me," she said, wistfully.

"Wall, Mary Ann, *he* may be a

better man than people gives *him* credit for bein'. If he's good t' you I'll be glad fer it. If he ain't," the heavy brows came together and a dark flush chased the whiteness from his cheeks, "if he ain't I'll kill him, as sure as thar's a sky above us, I will. Seems like," he continued, "seems like you're my own darter er leetle sister er sumthin', Mary Ann. I've knowed you ever since you was a toddler, an' I reckon I have some claim t' pertect you seein's you've no one else."

His fingers played nervously with the trigger of the long rifle he held.

"I s'pose it's best thet I be goin' now," he said.

The sound of approaching voices, high-pitched and profane, came from the bush.

"Hurry," said the girl, in a tense voice. "Oh, I wants t' go with you, I do."

"Then come, leetle gal," he said, gently.

He held out his hand, and she ran forward with a glad exclamation. A moment later they were out on the great river, while the long canoe tied to the tree was fast settling in the water. A ragged rent in her bottom marked the death-blow Bob Sporum had given her with his sharp paddle blade as they passed.

III.

Twenty yards from the curve the girl spoke.

"Best hand me th' rifle. He's goin' t' shoot."

He did as she asked, and sent the canoe bounding onward by a stroke of the paddle.

She flashed him a look, and, understanding, he turned the bow of the craft ever so slightly, just as a rifle crack broke the morning's stillness.

The man swayed slightly, but his eyes never left the face of the girl, who, on bended knee, held the long rifle poised and sighted.

At its report he turned quickly

enough to see the foremost of the little group on shore throw up his arms and pitch forward into the river.

"Bullet for bullet," he mused grimly, and sent the canoe speeding swiftly on.

A mile beyond the curve the girl spoke again.

"It seems t' be bleedin' purty free. Is 't in th' shoulder?"

He laughed and held out his left arm.

"Jest a prick 'bove th' elbow. No bones gone," he answered.

After a time she asked another question.

"Would th' law call it self-defense, d'you think?"

"Couldn't help it, Mary Ann," he answered. "But we're not carin' what th' law calls it. We knows what it was."

IV.

"We're away on past your place," said the girl.

The sun was high in the sky now, and the wind was playing through the trees and along the water in boisterous puffs. Something akin to a smile flashed across the man's face.

"Thirty mile er well nigh onto it t' paddle yet," he said.

She looked at him inquiringly.

"I've a sister at th' settlement," he explained.

The girl let her brown hand trail in the water, and, after lighting his pipe, the man dipped his paddle again.

Silently, swiftly, they passed on. Now in mid-stream, now close to shore beneath the shadow of some great beech or maple overhanging the water and seeming to reach out toward them as they advanced. Sometimes in rounding a curve they would come upon great flocks of wild ducks feeding or resting on the river's bosom; these would spring in air and flash whistling away on their strong wings.

Miles further on, when the sun had sunk below the tree-tops and the early shadows of forest evening came creeping, mist-like, along the river, the girl lifted her face and for the second time that day the man looked into her eyes.

"What be we a-goin' thar fer?" she asked.

"Wall, Mary Ann," he answered hesitatingly, "I be takin' you thar t' be looked arter. My sister, she has gals of her own an'—wall, you see, I'm goin' t' be your daddy now till things blows over." He laughed, trying to make light of it, trying to make her make light of it. But in his heart was a feeling he could not name, as, remembering her look, his mind travelled back to a morning when he had looked into the eyes of a wounded fawn his bullet had brought to earth. In their depths he had seen mirrored the stupefaction that sudden helplessness brings, the rebuke of a crippled perfection and the defiance of a puny strength.

"Then you best take me back whar we started from."

Mechanically he paddled on, as though unhearing.

"I wants t' go back, I tell you," she cried, a choke in her voice.

The man had worked hard and the wound in his shoulder had commenced to pain him.

"We're far nigher th' settlement, Mary Ann," he reasoned gently.

"I won't go thar. You gotter take me back whar we started from."

Helpless in a storm so new to him, he allowed the canoe to come to a standstill. Then slowly he turned it about and paddled down stream.

From the little huddled figure in the bow came something that sounded like a sob.

His lips framed the words, "Poor leetle gal," and he put aside weariness and pain, and paddled on.

A long time the girl set huddled there. The man thought she slept. But when a big moon crept above the

forest and swept across and adown the water in silvery glory, she lifted her head and spoke, her voice sounding like the voice of a weary, scolded child.

"If I'd a-knowled it was my *daddy* you wanted t' be—" she commenced; then hid her face in her hands.

He threw the paddle across his knees and leaned forward to catch her next words. A great, undreamed-of hope was stirred in his breast.

"If I had thort thar was anythin' else I could be t' you, Mary Ann, I wouldn't have thort of bein' yer daddy. But with me old enough t' be—Mary Ann," he broke off, "you must know why it is I wants you taken keer of. It's 'cause I love you, Mary Ann."

Then she lifted her tear-wet face and whispered:

"I'm willin' t' go t' th' settlement."

BOBOLINK

By P. M. MACDONALD

Sweet-throated lover of the meadow-land,
 When June is tender and ablush with love,
 I hear the kling-klang of thy reprimand
 As o'er these river-married fields I rove.

Chide on! dear bird, chide on! nor cease to chide!
 I come intruding that thy rare protest
 So passionate, so pure, so amplified,
 Might stir a finer feeling in my breast.

What music-master captured, long ago,
 Thee and the Oriole, thy brother elf,
 And taught thee this entrancing allegro
 That rids me of my morbid, darker self?

How often I have sought thy still retreat,
 Where grasses bend to let the breeze go by,
 To hear thee thread the silence with thy sweet
 And soulful songs that soothe and satisfy.

Here in this northern land you rest awhile,
 Bird of the springtime and the bursting bud,
 Far, far away, where year-long summers smile
 Lies thy true home beside the southern flood.

I, too, am far from home, that Better Land
 Where never night nor tears their powers employ,
 And thy heart song helps me to understand
 How exiled souls may fill their days with joy.

ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHT

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS

ABE Zwicker leaned upon the stone ledge and looked out across Sanders Dike through the barred window of his cell. In the distance, the Bay of Fundy romped gleefully with a strong sou'-wester; against the plank-faced wall of earth that shut out the tide the waves broke in a smother of spray; upon the greening dike-land hundreds of cattle grazed.

A farmer with bared brown arms, holding a plow behind a yoke of snail-paced oxen, appeared round the shoulder of a hill. Abe glanced contemptuously at his own arms, now white as a girl's from months of prison idleness, looked half-way up the slope of the hill to his farm, springing up to weeds for want of someone to plow it, and then began to tramp up and down his cell with the sullen ferocity of a caged animal.

A tow-headed boy with a fishing-pole framed his freckled face in his earth-stained hands and peered in through the bars with the unfeeling curiosity of youth. Abe scowled him out of countenance, and then, resuming his restless pacing, began all over again the fight that he had been waging with himself for five bitter months. During the winter it had not been so difficult to put down the temptation; but now the spring was tugging at his heartstrings.

The flute-like voice of a girl drifted in through the window, and at the sound Abe stopped abruptly and listened with rapt attention, his stormy face subsiding and taking on

a look of rugged tenderness. Joyce Merton was calling the hens from her father's porch. In imagination he could see her there, her round white arms bared, the morning sunlight tangled in her brown hair, shaking the crumbs from the tablecloth.

"It's cruel hard on her," he mused, seating himself on the window ledge; "but it 'u'd be a deal harder on her if I give way—a deal harder."

Suddenly Abe sat bolt upright, staring incredulously for a moment across the dike-land to Muskrat Aboiteau, and then sprang into the window recess and pressed his face between two rusty bars for a better view. Yes, his eyes had not deceived him; a column of water was shooting through the aboiteau half-way down the forty-foot rampart of sods and brush!

Abe leapt across his cell, seizing his chair as he went, and in two blows smashed it to splinters upon the unyielding door. No one answering his summons, he sprang back into the window recess, and placing the back of his great neck and shoulders against the low granite cap-piece, straightened up, for the first time in his life exerting all his tremendous strength. A grating sound of stone slipping past stone, and the side of the jail toppled with a dull thud into the street.

Coatless, hatless, and with lime from the avalanche of brick still powdering his hair, Abe slipped from

under the *débris*, and leaping a stone wall, dashed across the cemetery to the church, where he clanged out a warning upon the bell that made a thousand people scattered over the surrounding country exclaim "The dike!" and rush out of doors to stare with blanched faces at their old enemy, the Bay of Fundy.

They sped across Sanders' Dike like runners competing for a prize worth a king's ransom. Abe Zwickler was in the lead. With a five-tined fork in one hand, he cleared barbed-wire fences, ditches and creeks with great bounds which no other man in the country could equal. A few rods behind him ran "Pinky" Moore, a youth with the face of a cherub and the body of a Greek athlete; close behind him followed "Stub" Mosher, humping along at a bias on his mill-posts of legs, with one long stride and one short one, like some unwieldy animal. After him streamed the entire male population of the settlement.

Abe reached the aboiteau just as the avalanche of sods and brush fell into the backwater with a thunderous splash, and the tide rushed in through the breach, carrying all before it. The muddy water wound like giant brown snakes in and out among the numerous creeks, huddling cattle and people together in jostling clusters upon the higher places, which mercifully the half-ebbed tide did not cover.

Abe took charge by a sort of "Divine Right" which no one questioned. He was a jailbird, but he was the only man among them to whom the stupendous task of repairing Muskrat Aboiteau could be entrusted with any hope of completion before the next tide, and by the time the water had fallen till the five forty-foot sluices at the bottom of the ruined aboiteau lay bare, he had organized his men, and already a row of sod-laden barrows stretched from the right of the breach back to

the grass-land, where the sod cutters were working with might and main.

Abe stood in the middle of the aboiteau, laying face sods with a swiftness and skill that made him easily the best diker that had ever wielded a fork in those parts. Behind him a score of men, waist-deep in mud, were clearing away the sods and brush that clogged the sluices.

The receding tide had now left the great flats beyond the dike bare, and the rounded ridges of mud resembled sleek brown monsters just emerged from primeval slime, basking there in the sunshine. Abe looked across the crouching shapes to the shrunken water of the bay, and then at the sun. Six hours yet before the flood came seething back over the flats, and a wall of earth forty feet high to be constructed before it arrived. Could it be done—?

Abe stood still in sudden consternation. There was no brush, and to build an aboiteau without brush to bind the sods together would be folly. Word of the difficulty spread. The carriers, dazed by the discovery, lowered their barrows and looked blankly at each other.

Then Abe had an inspiration, "As genuine as any recorded in Holy Writ," Parson Porter subsequently declared. "Bedquilts!" he called. "Strip every bed in Sanderville, and let every woman and youngster that can crawl bring a bundle. Here, Sam; your legs is the best part of you. Light out of here lively and spread the word. The rest of you pass along every dud that you can spare, and we needn't stop work a minute."

Soon coats, vests, overalls and shirts were being spread upon the sods in place of brush.

"Hold on a minute! There's a quarter in my vest pocket," shouted Deacon Langley, as his contribution was tossed upon the aboiteau.

"Then we'll bury it for good luck," called back Abe, planting a

fifty-pound sod squarely upon it, amid a roar of laughter that even the danger of the situation could not suppress.

When the last of the garments had disappeared under the steadily rising wall, the first of the women hurrying across the dike-land came panting up and tossed her bundle upon the aboiteau. Abe glanced up, then started so violently that the sod upon his fork slipped from the tines and fell with a splash into the mud at the foot of the wall. There stood Joyce Merton, with flushed face and heaving breast, looking straight at him with her fearless brown eyes.

"I'll spread the quilts out; the rest of you have all you can attend to," she explained, jumping down upon the aboiteau and untying her bundle.

Abe started to protest, but the words died in his throat. She was spreading out the fancy quilt that she had made for their bridal bed! At first he could not bring himself to plant a sod upon it; then, when once started, he set about burying it with a fierceness that had all the appearance of hate.

Steadily the aboiteau rose under the eye and hand of the tireless Abe, Joyce covering each layer of sods with quilts that made it resemble a highway carpeted for some triumphal procession. Joyce moved noiselessly about, without so much as glancing up at Abe's face, watching closely for the first ripple along the mud flats, calling quietly for more quilts. Once, as she reached to spread out the corner of a counterpane, her cheek touched the back of his hand. For a moment both were robbed of all power to move. They stood mute, thrilled through every fibre. Then Joyce sprang away with flaming cheeks; and Abe, a sudden mist before his eyes, lunged blindly at a sod, and nearly pinned Stub Mosher's foot to the aboiteau with the tines of his fork.

The wind freshened, veered about for a half-hour, and then swooped down out of the northeast, striking icily upon perspiring backs. Soon a ragged scud came driving across the sky, and sea-gulls drifted in with warning cries, Abe glanced at the sun as it was blotted out, and then at the end of the broken dike, still twelve feet above him. Only two more hours to work and a storm upon them!

"Pass along the sods a little faster, boys; tide's turned," he called cheerily to the stumbling, lurching men, who, comprehending, bent doggedly to their work.

Behind the dike the cutters no longer straightened up to groan and mop their foreheads; they remained doubled over their spades, their backs grown numb. A stinging rain came driving across the mud flats, wetting the handles of barrows and spades till they slipped as if greased through blistered, nerveless fingers. The mud stuck to heavy brogans in ever thickening layers, clogging tired feet like ball and chain. Still they toiled on, blindly, animal-like, desperate, moved by the sheer will of the intrepid giant upon the aboiteau.

Through the rain Abe saw a white wall of foam racing shoreward. "Cut the sods two inches thicker, boys!" he called.

The carriers glared at him like bated animals. He was a heartless brute; they couldn't carry another pound. But every man floundered on.

Nearer and nearer came the foam-crested bore. It hurled itself in headlong fury along the mud banks, split upon the brown, slimy headlands, and then tore up the intervening channels, converting the soft surface into torrents of liquid mud.

On the aboiteau, the rain dripping from his matted hair, his broad back steaming like a pot, Abe toiled and watched. Could he hold these ex-

hausted men to his purpose for another hour? For a moment the responsibility pressed upon him like a great weight, threatening to crush him; then he caught a glimpse of the rainy cheek and hair of the brave girl beside him, and at the sight of some new thing—that latent power in a man which, for the most part, lies undiscovered, uncalled-for to the end—awoke in him.

“Hurrah boys! We’re going to win!” he called in his big, inspiring voice, that was victory in itself.

A cheer such as might have arisen from the deck of a sinking ship went up, and for the next half-hour the men worked in a sort of blind frenzy, raising the aboiteau faster than ever before.

Then a youth who had been carrying sods for five unbroken hours, toppled over into the mud, paying no heed to the entreaties, threats, curses of the burly chap at the other end of the barrow. Carriers who had long been ready to drop, but whose senses were too deadened to warn them of the fact, seeing the young fellow sprawling senseless there, suddenly realized that they too were exhausted, and let their barrows slip from their hands.

Like a flash, Joyce sprang down among the women, her feet scarcely seeming to touch the intervening mire. “Here, Eunice Bezanson, you’re as strong as an ox. Tuck up your skirts and take hold of that barrow.”

Eunice looked at Joyce blankly for a moment, and then, comprehending, jerked off her overskirt and tucked up her petticoat. “I’ve been just dyin’ to help, but somehow I was too scared to think how,” she blurted out, as she sprang to the barrow.

Fifty more rushed after her, and with a strength born of generations of outdoor toil, soon changed the situation. Flagging men, ashamed to give way to women, gripped once

more the handles of their barrows with numb fingers that remained mechanically clutched like those of dead men, and reeled drunkenly on.

Topped with dingy foam, the oncoming bore was now assaulting the mud banks like an enraged blind monster. Every twelve hours within the memory of the oldest inhabitant among them—since the beginning of the world, for aught they knew—it had come ramping thus across the flats, muttering, insatiable, sinister, and the fear of it was in their very blood, an inredicable instinct. Thrice it had battered through the dike and claimed their crops as tribute; twice, in the dead of winter, it had flooded their houses and drowned the cattle in the barns.

The muffled roar of the approaching wave grew louder, and at the ominous sound the dikers seemed to rouse as from a dream. Until a few moments ago, the fearful thing had remained beyond the mud banks, enveloped in a haze of rain; now, it loomed before them in all its naked ugliness.

It was almost upon them now, the front striped and glassy, the crest leaning forward as if eager to get at them. A slight tremor passed under their feet, and then the crash came. Here a man leapt aside as though avoiding a deadly missile; there, a woman put up her arm as if to fend off a blow. For one awful moment it towered motionless above them, then descended with a deafening roar, sweeping sods and barrows, men and women, into a chaotic heap at the foot of the slope.

Abe tossed a sod-barrow from his chest and shook the water from his eyes, expecting to see the aboiteau in ruins and the tide pouring through the breach. But it had withstood the shock, and before the next tide it could be faced with planks and made secure.

For a moment the spume-flecked heap of humanity sprawling there

in the mire looked about them incredulously; then, as the truth dawned upon them, they scrambled to their feet and burst into a wild cheer.

"Three cheers for Abe Zwicker!" shouted Pinky Moore, reaching instinctively to his black, dripping curls for the cap that the bore had washed away. And they did cheer—cheered as they had never done before, not even when Squire Moss was elected to Parliament.

Abe, profoundly moved, but looking exceedingly foolish, sought to divert attention from himself by hunting for his fork. As he splashed through the mire towards the breakwater, Peter McFarlane, the deputy sheriff, coughed deprecatingly, and sidling towards him, sneakingly produced from his hip pocket a pair of handcuffs. The third and greatest shout for Abe ended abruptly in a silence that was absolute, save for the smart clapping of the waves against the dike. Men glanced at each other and then looked down at the ground, as if those two bands of steel were something shocking, indecent.

Someone drew a foot out of the mire, and the smack sounded like an explosion. At the rear of the crowd a woman began to sob. Abe, his shaggy head bowed, his muddy arms folded across the big dome of his chest, stood like a man lost in profound meditation.

Peter sidled a little nearer, and the motion roused Abe. He looked intently at the thing twitching with fear before him, as though he had never seen it before; then, with a sudden light of comprehension that made his blue eyes blaze, he took one step towards the deputy sheriff, so startling that presumptuous official that he retreated hastily, tripping and falling backwards into the muddy channel with a resounding splash.

Without another glance in his di-

rection, Abe turned and strode away through the astonished dikers towards the county jail.

"Abe!"

Abe, now half-way across the dike-land, sprang around at the sound of that flute-like voice, and then stood motionless as Joyce hurried towards him through the rain.

"You didn't do it, Abe! It came to me like a shining light out there on the dike that you never could have done it," as she stood before him, panting, bedraggled, triumphant, her tired young face spiritually aglow.

Abe uttered a half-inarticulate cry, took one stride towards her as if to sweep her into his arms, then wheeled and hurried on towards the jail. "You didn't do it, you didn't do it," kept sounding in his ears, but whether it was Joyce calling or the crying of his own heart he could not tell.

Presently he stopped short, staring unseeingly for a moment at the blurred outline of the jail, then turned and ran back along the path that his feet had traced across the grass. Joyce was standing as he had left her, her wet clothes clinging to her like the drapery of a statue, the light that her sudden and overwhelming faith in him had rekindled not yet wholly faded from her face.

"Who are you wearing black for?" he demanded with almost fierce importunity, his head thrust forward within a foot of her face.

"Why, for brother Jim!" her voice and eyes revealing her astonishment at his ignorance.

Abe straightened slowly up, dazed by the confirmation of his suspicion, and then looked at the ground.

"Did Jim have anything to do with it?" she asked suddenly, looking intently into his averted face.

Beads of perspiration broke out upon Abe's burnt forehead; he swallowed painfully as though his throat were parched with thirst; and his

big hands, stained with earth and the blood of broken blisters, moved uncertainly, slowly clutching and unclutching, as if expressing the blind gropings of his baffled soul.

Joyce came a step nearer, and laid upon his shoulder a beseeching hand through which her bleeding woman's heart spoke.

"'Tain't binding any more! No, 'tain't binding any more!" Abe exploded, as if in fierce protest against the argument of some invisible third person.

The girl watched his tempestuous face with parted lips.

"Jim did it—did it when he was

crazy drunk," he went on with a sudden rush of words like the bursting of water through a dam. "He said that if he went to jail the disgrace would kill you."

For a moment Joyce looked into his face with the perfect adoration which a man receives but once in life.

"Then you didn't do it! Oh, Abe!"

And Abe, as he gathered the girl into his arms, looked at the rain-drenched face lit with its beatific vision, and understood—at least, as far as it is granted unto man to understand the heart of a woman.

THE LURE OF THE OPEN ROAD

By CHARLOTTE EATON

The great white highway beckons me with strong and new appeal,
 And I know its still insistent voice I may not disobey;
 For the more I would elude its call, the more its lure I feel,
 Which fills me with strange restlessness to be upon my way.

And I take my little treasured things and pack them one by one,
 Remembering the old romance from which each took its form;
 And my heart is glad exceedingly, because the noon-day sun
 Shines out upon my path to-day, as vital and as warm.

Within me there are no regrets, no murmur on my tongue,
 As I again step forth upon the ever-welcome sod;
 And I think that deep elation that within my heart has sprung
 Is just the very acme of Man's native love of God.





Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

NOTHING remains to be said of the celebration at Quebec. It was not less brilliant and imposing than expected. If any latent ill-feeling or coldness towards the great affair existed anywhere, it remained happily hidden. The distinguished guests, the Prince of Wales, Lord Roberts, and the various representatives of the other sections of Greater Britain, were received with the utmost enthusiasm, and nowhere does there appear to have been the suggestion of a discordant or unpleasing note. The speeches at the citadel banquet were of an elevating character, worthy of the occasion and becoming to the eminence of the speakers. Never before did Canada receive such homage from the representatives of other nations; never before were the representatives of other nations greeted in Canada by such an assemblage of Canadian talent, worth and intellect. Let us hope the many kind and true things said of each other by French and British, Americans and Canadians, during these days of delightful recreation, will serve to soften the feelings that are apt to arise when men and nations turn from pleasure to business.

* * *

Everyone will approve the inclusion of the Premiers of Ontario and Quebec among the recipients of the honors distributed at the Tercentenary. While knighthoods continue to be worn by Canadians, there are none who should receive them before the

Premiers of the two great Provinces of Confederation. There is no indication that the people of Canada regard the distinction as any other than a decoration from the Sovereign, a token of admitted excellence of achievement in some field of honorable labor. It is unfortunate that as a rule the exigencies of party government—in England not less than in Canada—cause these and similar distinctions to be given to members of the political party for the time dominant, and it is the pleasanter in the present case to find the honor going to the Conservative Premier of Ontario, as it goes to the Liberal Premier of Quebec. Were the distribution of knighthoods the preliminary to the introduction of hereditary titles they would be most unwelcome, but the isolated instances where baronetcies or peerages have been awarded in Canada show that there is little danger of this condition being reached.

* * *

South Africa is beginning to recover from the effects of the terrible war that devastated it a few years ago. One of the most hopeful signs of progress is the movement towards union, and another is the fact that the deciding influence in that movement came from Premier Botha, of the Transvaal, who paradoxically found himself in opposition on the question to Mr. Merriman, the English-born but anti-British Premier of Cape Colony. It will be a curious development of Imperial politics if that union of



NICHOLAS: "Here we are alone in the infinite peace of the sea."

EDWARD: "Peace! Peace! Have you forgotten the swordfish?"
—Pasquino

all South Africa, for which British statesmen have striven in vain since Lord Carnarvon's time—thirty years ago—should be accomplished ultimately by the man who fought so strenuously to keep his country outside the Empire. In the meantime, the various colonies concerned are proceeding cautiously, and Sir Henry de Villiers, their joint representative at the Quebec Tercentenary, intimates that a careful comparison will be made between the systems obtaining in Canada and Australia respectively before any serious step is taken. Premier Botha, in his letter to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, read by Sir Wilfrid at the great banquet at the citadel, was emphatic in declaring that South Africa would follow in the footsteps of Canada, though perhaps this was meant to be taken in a general and not a particular sense.

* * *

That the South African union will be federal, however, rather than legislative, may be taken for granted. The example of Canada in this respect

also is a profitable one, and shows what experiments to avoid, as well as what to follow. A legislative union in South Africa would appear to be foredoomed to failure in view of the duality of race in every Province, and the predominance of one race or the other in each case. A federal union offers at least a certain amount of elasticity. It is true that at the present time three of the four contracting States are under Dutch control, though in one of these, the Transvaal, there is a British majority; but we may reasonably assume that no measure of union will become law which does not give adequate protection to a British minority, just as none would be allowed which does not protect a Boer minority.

* * *

A few years may see the situation greatly changed, moreover. There is no immigration to South Africa at the present time, it is true. Economic conditions have, on the one hand, not warranted immigration, and on the other the emigration from Britain to Canada has been very heavy, and the streams of population from Britain to the United States and Australia have been considerable. There may be no possibility of great agricultural development in Cape Colony and the Transvaal, but there are other resources, apart from gold, the development of which will give employment to a large and industrious white population. To the north also there is the great new Province of Rhodesia, awaiting the psychological moment only to become the Mecca of hundreds of thousands of homeseekers. With a populous British Rhodesia in the union of South Africa, the British race may be left to work out its destiny in the sub-continent without more assistance or overlooking on the part of the paramount power than has been necessary in the case of Australia or Canada.

* * *

Sir Wilfrid Laurier took occasion in

his speech at the citadel banquet, in commenting upon Premier Botha's declaration that South Africa would follow in the footsteps of Canada, to express his own conviction that the Canadian system offered some advantages over that of Australia, which latter country, Sir Wilfrid remarked, had in some particulars taken the United States, rather than Canada, as its exemplar. One of the chief variations of the two systems, it may be noted, is that relating to the final judicial appeal. In Canada the decision of the Supreme Court may be appealed to the Privy Council. In Australia no appeal from the decision of the High Court of Australia is possible on questions involving the limits of the constitutional powers of the commonwealth or of the different States unless the High Court certifies that the question is one to be determined by the Imperial Privy Council. Only in these latter cases lies an appeal to the Privy Council. These larger powers, which were insisted upon by the Australians in framing their Constitution, are not apparently making for harmony among the members of the Commonwealth. The Federal Excise Bill, a measure enacted in response to the wishes of the radical labor party, undertakes to regulate wages in the manufacture of agricultural implements, by means of excise duties, which are to be levied by the Commonwealth when the wages paid to employees by those companies are not adjudged to be fair. Two manufacturers having appealed to the High Court on the ground that the Act was ultra vires, the appeal has been sustained. Under the Australian Constitution no appeal is possible, and it is now proposed that an amendment should be made to the Constitution to overcome the decision of the High Court. On the whole it seems that the Canadian system, which would have removed the final judicial action in such a case far from the atmosphere of domestic politics, is

much the preferable, as this incident shows.

* * *

The Dominion Senate, by a narrow majority—19 to 18—threw out the co-operation bill which had passed the House of Commons unanimously, the assigned reason being that it was an invasion of Provincial powers, though there were not wanting evidences that many of the opponents of the measure disliked the whole scheme and tendency of co-operation. No doubt such opposition was superficial, and would have been lessened or removed by a closer study of the subject than circumstances permitted. Legislation which has had such excellent results in Britain and in many continental countries, is not likely to have been harmful to Canada, and the measure rejected is said to have been modelled closely on the lines of the English Act. One feature at least, moreover, of the Dominion Act, which would appear to be outside provincial jurisdiction, was that relating to co-operative banking. Co-operative banking is believed to be the best of all methods of fighting the evil of usury, an evil which is understood to be very prevalent in Canada, though from its very nature comparatively little of it appears in public. A loan society based on the simple methods of co-operation, its operations carefully guarded by legislation, would be a boon to most communities, and would free many a man from the octopus-clutch of the usurer. It is to be hoped that this aspect at least of co-operation will receive further and closer attention at the next session of the Dominion Parliament.

* * *

There has been a good deal of loose talk about the danger to the equilibrium of Confederation in the recent additions to the territory of different Provinces, notably to that of Quebec. The Maritime Provinces, particularly, looking at the vast territory of Un-



JOHN BULL (*loq.*): "William, you won't be William the Conqueror any more than you can be William the Silent"
—*Le Cri*, Paris

gava, part now of Quebec, and having in mind that Quebec is the pivot of representation in the Dominion Parliament, objected through their representatives at Ottawa that the tendency would be to increase the unit of representation to the detriment of the smaller Provinces, whose numbers at Ottawa would in all probability be reduced as the population of the pivotal Province increased. Quebec, in fact, under Confederation has 65 members, and the relation of 65 to the population of Quebec must determine the representation at Ottawa of each other Province. The stationary condition of late years of the population of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and the rapid growth of Quebec, may well make the easterners tremble for their membership unless an amendment to the Confederation Act comes to their rescue; but it would not appear that the addition of Ungava makes the prospect better or worse. Representation is based on population, not on territory, and the population of Quebec is not likely to be increased at any

time by the addition of Ungava to its territory.

* * *

The objection of the Maritime Provinces does not apply to the territorial additions to Ontario and Manitoba, though it is doubtful if, in the case of Ontario, the new territory will ever see development. Manitoba is better off, and with the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway, now apparently a certainty, some real importance may attach to the ports on the great inland sea. This advantage will not be grudged Manitoba by the other Provinces, her territory having been somewhat circumscribed previously, as we are accustomed to regard territories on this continent, though it must be remembered that while Manitoba described herself, with true western humor, as a mere postage stamp of a Province, her territory of 73,000 miles almost equalled that of England and Scotland put together. With the rearrangement, Quebec takes precedence as to area among all the Provinces, depriving British Columbia of the honor, while Ontario makes a good second. The figures of these enlarged areas are useless, however, save for geographical purposes, and can not, of course, be taken to indicate anything of the relative wealth and importance of the Provinces concerned.

* * *

The terrible spectre of a war between Germany and Great Britain continues to haunt the minds of the public men of both countries, and the despatches and articles in current newspapers and magazines only reflect this agitation. Lord Cromer, a veteran in foreign politics, has given definite expression to the fear that a great European war is coming, for which England must above all things prepare, and advances this as his greatest reason for opposing the old age pensions bill, taking the ground that the money will be needed for

war. Sir Edward Grey, the brilliant Foreign Secretary of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet, took swift occasion to minimise the importance of Lord Cromer's utterance, by declaring in the House of Commons that it was no part of Great Britain's policy to isolate Germany. It was an unusual declaration, and would only have been made because the Foreign Minister saw offence to Germany in Lord Cromer's words, and realized that Germany is seeking—not perhaps excuse for war, for which she is at present unprepared—but excuse for further additions to her navy.

* * *

The British nation could save from ten to fifteen million pounds yearly on her present expenditure if Germany would abstain from carrying out her ambitious programme, a programme which, however, threatens to paralyse her financially before it is achieved, and therein perhaps lies Britain's chief hope. According to present programmes in England and Germany respectively, the German navy will contain in 1912 a larger number of battleships of the famous Dreadnought type than the British navy includes; and the Dreadnoughts are being built, it must be remembered, because of the theory that this type of ship must be the determining element in the next great naval war. When money is being spent at this furious rate, it must be for some definite object. It remains to be seen whether Germany can re-arrange her finances sufficiently to meet the financial strain of her great shipbuilding programme. The deficit of fifty million dollars on last year's account forces German statesmen to resort to new taxes, and they, as well as outsiders, realize that their whole programme may collapse when the details of the new taxation come to be arranged. In the meantime, the consciousness of the English workers that they must under any



Quoth the Raven: "Evermore!"

—New York American

circumstances meet the enormous expenditures of Germany does not tend to promote a friendly feeling.

* * *

The fight for the Presidency of the United States is, as it was expected to be, between Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan. The Democratic platform is somewhat more radical in tone than was the Republican manifesto, the chief points of difference perhaps being the demand for an immediate reduction of the tariff to a revenue-only basis. The national inheritance tax plank savors somewhat too strongly of the hustings in its quoted reference to "swollen fortunes," but is a reasonable one. In the appeal made by the Democratic party for lower duties, for an income tax, and for a national inheritance tax, one cannot but be impressed by the fact that Great Britain has very largely set the pace in legislation on all these matters, and that the United States is working slowly up to it.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



THE WAY TO WAIT

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

O, whether by the lonesome road that lies
 across the lea,
Or whether by the hill that stoops, rock-
 shadowed to the sea,
Or by a sail that blows from far, my love
 returns to me!

No fear is hidden in my heart to make my
 face less fair,
No tear is hidden in my eye to dim the
 brightness there—
I wear upon my cheek the rose a happy
 bride should wear.

For should he come not by the road, and
 come not by the hill,
And come not by the far seaway, yet come
 he surely will—
Close all the roads of all the world, love's
 road is open still.

My heart is light with singing (though
 they pity me my fate
And drop their merry voices as they pass
 my garden gate),
For love that finds a way to come can find
 a way to wait!
—*Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

* * * * *

THE WOMAN EXPLORER.

A NEW ENGLAND woman once made the plaintive query, "How is it that we hear so much about the Pilgrim Fathers, while so little is heard about the Pilgrim Mothers?" The question might well be asked regarding all pioneer settle-

ments. It is usually taken for granted that the adventurous spirit belongs to man only, and that, when woman ventures into the wilderness, it is only as the loyal wife, mother or daughter who sacrifices her own longing for a more conventional fireside in compliance with the man's desire or will. Such, however, is a mistaken idea. Many of those pioneer dames enjoyed the struggle with primitive forces and exulted when the rude homestead was built. Is it unreasonable to believe that the great-granddaughters of men who sailed the Seven Seas, taking possession of an island here and there in the name of the British Sovereign, and leaving a bit of red, white and blue fluttering in bright crosses from a staff, should have something of the wandering instinct of their ancestors? *Home, Sweet Home* is a song the Saxon sings with vigor, but under a variety of skies. History seems a series of migrations, and the women have bravely borne their share in the crossing and trekking which have made the continents. In fact, Mother Eve was the cause of the first migration. The sojourn in the Original Home was so brief that it seems as if it were the human lot to "move on." The centuries have never lacked for women who were fond of "the long trail" and who were willing to face discomfort and even danger in traversing a new territory.

During the last few years a Canadian woman undertook an expedition into unknown Labrador, which was of romantic and even pathetic interest. Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard is a Canadian by birth, belonging to the Province of Ontario. In 1901 she became the wife of a stalwart young Michigan journalist, whose dearest ambition was to explore the remote quarters of the continent. In April, 1902, Mr. Hubbard became assistant editor of *Outing*, and in January, 1903, he decided on the long-anticipated trip to Labrador. On the twentieth of June in that year the small party sailed from New York, and in the following January came the brief message: "Mr. Hubbard died October 18th in the interior of Labrador." Mr. Hubbard's journey had been undertaken in the hope of exploring and mapping the course of one, and perhaps two, large rivers—the Northwest River, draining Lake Michikamau to Lake Melville, and the George River, draining the northern slope of the plateau to Ungava Bay.

The story of the ill-fated trip and of Mrs. Hubbard's subsequent efforts is simply summarized in the latter's recently-published book, *A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador*: "Misled by information obtained at the post, which corresponded with the indications of the map he carried, that of the Geological Survey of Canada, Mr. Hubbard took the Susan River, which enters Grand Lake at the head of a bay five miles from its western end. The Susan River led them, not by an open waterway to Lake Michikamau, but up to the edge of the plateau, where they became lost in the maze of its lakes. When within sight of the great lake the party was forced to begin a retreat, which Mr. Hubbard did not survive to complete. He died in the far interior, and the object of his expedition was not achieved.

"It seemed to me fit that my husband's name should reap the fruits of service which had cost him so much,



MRS. LEONIDAS HUBBARD

and in the summer of 1905 I myself undertook the conduct of the second Hubbard Expedition, and, with the advantage of the information and experience obtained by the first, a larger crew and a three weeks' earlier start, successfully completed the work undertaken two years before.

"My decision to undertake the completion of my husband's work was taken one day in January of 1905. That evening I began making my plans and preparations for the journey. Towards the end of May they were completed, and on the evening of the 16th of June I sailed from Halifax for the Labrador, arriving at Northwest River post, the real starting point of my journey, on Sunday morning, June 25th."

It may be said that Mrs. Hubbard's expedition was merely the outcome of a desire to complete her husband's work, to show that his death was not the consequence of blunder, but of a deplorable collapse, due to trusting in official but inefficient guides and information that should have been reliable. However, as one continues to read this chronicle of a journey of nearly six hundred miles through un-

known northern districts, one comes to the conclusion that the wife of Leonidas Hubbard has a spirit akin to his own, and that the canoe trip over stretches of unexplored lake and river appealed to her love of the remote and primeval.

This modern expedition was not without modern comforts and equipment, wild as was the region into which the explorers penetrated. Mrs. Hubbard informs us: "My crew numbered four, chief among whom was George Elson, who had loyally served Mr. Hubbard in 1903, and who, with rare skill and rarer devotion, had recovered Mr. Hubbard's body and his photographic material from the interior in the depths of the following winter. The other two men were Joseph Iserhoff, a Russian half-breed, and Job Chapies, a pure blood Cree Indian. These three men were expert hunters and canoe men, having been born and brought up in the James Bay country, and they came to me from Missanabie, some 700 miles west of Montreal. The fourth was Gilbert Blake, a half-breed Eskimo boy trapper, one of the two lads of the rescue party George Elson had sent back two years before, when his heroic, but unsuccessful, efforts to save Mr. Hubbard's life had brought him to Donald Blake's house." The description of equipment and clothing shows us how fully Mrs. Hubbard had prepared for the six hundred mile trip. It may seem that with such a capable quartette as crew that she would know little of pioneer hardships; but even with such experienced and cautious companions, the trip was such as only a brave and indomitable woman would undertake.

Many Canadians think of the Ungava District as an entirely drear and barren stretch of country. Such is not the impression gained from the paragraph describing the commencement of this journey: "It was a perfect day. The air was clear as crystal, and the water, the green woods, the

hills and mountains with lines and patches of white upon them; the sky with its big, soft clouds, made such a combination of green and blue and silver as I have never seen except in Labrador. Before five o'clock we had passed the rapid at the head of the three-mile stretch of river draining Grand Lake to Lake Melville, to which alone the natives give the name Northwest River, and turned into Grand Lake."

Although the journey must have constantly recalled the name and endeavors of the man who had laid down his life in that far country, no morbid wailing creeps into the narrative. There is profound regret for the mistaken wanderings, but also a proud belief in the dead explorer's purpose and a firm faith that his work has not been in vain, that his spirit still aspires somewhere "in the sounding labor-house, vast, of Being." There is a buoyant delight in the unspoiled wilderness, an appreciation of Nature's stern aspects which shows the spirit of the born pioneer.

While every chapter of Mrs. Hubbard's story is of deep interest, the twelfth, which deals with "The Migrating Caribou," will probably appeal most strongly to the readers of these adventures. The writer is keenly alive to every picturesque feature along the way, and her description of the small Indian burying-plot, near the point where the caribou trails were found, shows this sympathy with every trace of human associations.

"Back of this solitary resting-place were the moss-covered hills with their sombre forests, and as we turned from them we looked out over the bay at our feet, the shining waters of the lake, and beyond it to the blue, round-topped hills reaching upward to blend with exquisite harmony into the blue and silver of the great dome that stooped to meet them. Who could doubt that romance and poetry dwell in the heart of the Indian who chose this for the resting-place of his dead?"

The migrating caribou of Labrador is a sight not often witnessed, and Mrs. Hubbard is probably the only woman who has watched the magnificent herds crossing in the direction of the high lands between the Atlantic and the George River. Judging from an illustration, "A Bit of the Caribou Country," that district must possess a wild charm of its own.

Finally, on August 27th, Ungava Bay was reached and the journey triumphantly accomplished, resulting in the pioneer maps of the Nascaupe and George Rivers, and the vindication of Leonidas Hubbard's belief in the possibilities of that exploration. The conclusion of the pilgrimage and the return to the writer's own people is simply related.

"The hills were white with snow when the ship came to Ungava, and it was not until October 22nd that I said good-bye to my kind friends at the post. In ten days the *Pelican* landed us safe at Rigolette. Here I had the good fortune to be picked up by a steamer bound for Quebec; but the wintry weather was upon us, and the voyage dragged itself out to three times its natural length, so that it was the evening of November 20th, just as the sun sank behind the city, that the little steamer was docked at Quebec, and I stepped from her decks to set foot once again in 'God's country.'"

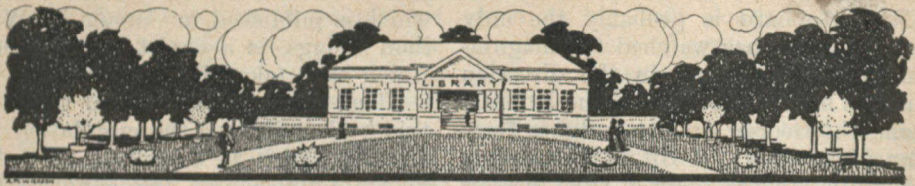
The book contains, in a pocket of the back cover, a map of the explored territory, showing the course taken.

The illustrations are unusually clear and attractive, and the whole volume, which is published in Canada by William Briggs, is a credit to the firms which have taken it in hand.

There is a question as to whether this book will have the circulation in Canada which it deserves. A well-known publisher of this country recently remarked that ninety per cent. of the books read by Canadian women consists of fiction—and trashy fiction at that. Certainly we lack the book clubs which, in spite of certain crudities, keep the women of United States cities in touch with books beyond the ephemeral society novel. There is far too much wretched stuff of the Harold Magrath order read by Canadian girls and women, who would vote such a narrative of real adventure as that of Mrs. Hubbard's a dull matter in comparison with the story of some pinch-beck heiress from Chicago. However, let us hope that there will be a saving remnant which will appreciate this vivid account of a Canadian explorer's work. In England and the United States, Mrs. Hubbard's Labrador travels have already attracted attention and won official recognition. Canadians are remarkably slow to honor worthy achievement by their own sons or daughters, but they are gradually rousing to the fact that foot races are not the only contests to be applauded, and the Canadian public may some day honor a woman whose claim to recognition rests upon pluck and brains.

Jean Graham.





The WAY of LETTERS

(6)

intense agitation
 Will I could not answer
 "I've been wantin' t' be
 fingered first ^{by} *beating The Table*
an' waitin' for
 I was conscious of no

"I've a eye,
 idunnie!" says he.
 It I exposed my
 soul. It

"That's good," says he
 very good. I'low I've
 well. "

Part of a page from the original draught of "The Cruise of the Shining Light," by Norman Duncan, a successful Canadian writer

ROMANCE OF THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

In "Captain's Love," Mr. Theodore Roberts gives us a story that is a decided advance on anything else that he has produced in book form. It would be wrong, however, to say that it is a particularly good novel or that it ventures upon anything but flatly beaten ground. It is the story of a young English blood who loses his identity as a result of an attack by highwaymen on the road to London. While his memory, such as of his name and place of residence, has entirely failed, he is nevertheless able

to disport himself after the manner of the dandies of London coffee-house days and to make a good living for a time by gaming on the spoils of a successful encounter with a robber shortly after he has recovered from the attack in which he lost his memory. His memory serves him in one particular: he never quite loses the impression of a gentle face and form, and when at last he is discovered by those who knew him before and brought him back to his own country, he finds there, to his satisfaction, the girl whose features had haunted him,

although all else had been and was still forgotten. It is to be wondered why Mr. Roberts should seek for indifferent material outside of Canada, when there is so much to tempt the pen and imagination right within our own gates. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, 1.50.)

* * *

MR. MORSE'S POEMS.

William Inglis Morse, who for eight years has been a frequent contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*, has had a selection of his poems published in book form under the title "Acadian Lays and Other Verse." Many of the poems in the volume appeared originally in *The Canadian Magazine*, and therefore it would scarcely be in good form to warmly praise here. It might be said, however, that the book displays a sympathetic touch and a philosophic bent. Doubtless Mr. Morse has found numerous friends for his verses, and these will be glad to obtain his work in compact form. It is of general interest to know that the author was born on June 4, 1874, at Paradise, Nova Scotia, the early home of French-Acadians, some of whom settled at Annapolis. The Morses were of English origin. They came to Canada from Plymouth Colony, Mass., at the time of the American Revolution. Mr. W. Inglis Morse was educated at Paradise Academy, Horton Collegiate Academy, Acadia College, Episcopal Theological College, Cambridge, Mass.; Harvard University; Westminster School, Gimsbury, Conn. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1902, and is at present rector of the Church of the Incarnation at Lynn, Mass.

* * *

STYLE OVERDONE.

Readers who noted with appreciation the somewhat novel style and plot of "Alain Tanger's Wife" will open "Chateau Royal," a new book by J. H. Yoxall, with decided expectation. They will find the oddity of style exploited to a degree which may,

or may not, prove pleasing, but with the plot they may perhaps be disappointed, for in this respect the freshness which characterized "Alain Tanger's Wife" is lacking. In saying this we have no wish to belittle a book in many ways interesting and bearing marks of careful writing; indeed, the very excess of "manner" which mars the opening of the story is in grateful contrast from the slipshod method which we have always with us. The plot, which develops somewhat tardily, has to do with yet another version of the probable fate of the descendants of that unfortunate child of mystery, the last Dauphin of France. We are introduced to the unique spectacle of a king of France emerging from the chrysalis of a retired merchant and setting up a belated court in an old French chateau. Although the Court is composed of an old nurse, a steward, a nephew and a daughter, the entire belief of the old merchant in his exalted position is one of the good things in the book. To this last refuge of royalty comes Francis Benediek Stewart, knight-errant, in search of a face whose fresh beauty, seen by accident in the gloom of a London street, has haunted him to the destruction of his peace of mind. Little does the enamored youth dream that the object of his search is no other than Madame Royal of France—with a kingly father who takes himself quite seriously. The adventures of the hero (himself entitled to spell his name "Stuart") in invading the royal seclusion are varied and entertaining, so much so that we are ready to forgive a lack of originality in the time-honored expedient which finally gains for him the exalted lady of his desire. The most hopeful sign of Mr. Yoxall's work is the undeniable vitality of his characters, even the least interesting of whom move through their mimic world with a brave show of reality and that spontaneous adaptation to circumstance which must always re-

main one of the supreme charms of fiction. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50.)

* * *

PERSONALITY AND THE SEASONS.

Not infrequently a person may hear someone say with reason that he is unable to find pleasure in the short stories which appear in current magazines. Personal change of taste may account for this. Anyway, it is the opinion of others that as brainy and as careful writers are at work to-day on the making of short stories as there were ten or more years ago. Good short stories, like good long stories, are always less numerous than poor ones; but good short stories are not a thing of the past. And this is once more exemplified by Mabel Osgood Wright in her latest book, "The Open Window," which bears the name "Barbara" on its title page. The book is made up of a collection of twelve unique tales, some better than others, but none lacking merit. Beginning with January, every consecutive month of the year is represented by a story which may cause readers to see in it the effect or influence the particular season dealt with has on temperament or personality. Some of the characters which were introduced by the author in her earlier books figure in "The Open Window." This fact need hardly make the book less delightful. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50.)

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HUMOR FROM THE WEST

Mrs. Ruth Everett, who has a list of several books to her name, is the author of a recent publication entitled "That Man From Wall Street." This novel pretends to be a story of the New York studios, but only once does the readers get a glimpse into that land of Bohemia, and that one look reveals nothing but a small inconsequential studio. The book deals, however, with the peculiar temperament of women artists whose work

does not rise above the tomato-can type. The characters throughout are almost pathetically commonplace, and the development of the story is anything but enthralling. The morals of the book are questionable, and the writing possesses no literary distinction. (New York: George Thriell Long. Cloth, \$1.50.)

* * *

A WESTERN STORY.

Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, a Western Canadian writer of more than ordinary promise, is the author of a story that doubtless will be widely read. "Sowing Seeds in Danny" is the title, and it sketches in a quaint, humorous way a number of characters who live in a western town. The story has something of the quality of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is equally refreshing, and by many will be regarded as a better product. The principal character is a young girl named Pearlle Watson, daughter of Irish parents who are not financially well placed in life. Pearlle, as the oldest of a large family of children, confronts many difficulties, but in the face of everything she develops a quaint and uplifting philosophy, which in the end wins the heart of a young doctor who has come to practice his profession in the community. The first chapter of the book appeared a few years ago as a short story in *The Canadian Magazine*, and since then the author has enlarged its scope and introduced new characters. It is perhaps a little too sketchy and heterogeneous, but withal it is a wholesome book to read—a book distinguished by its fresh, original humor. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.00.)

* * *

A NEUROTIC NOVEL.

Those who have read "Together," a novel by Robert Herrick, may well inquire why the writer did not give his production the title "Asunder,"

since it is a dreary presentation of several unhappily-married couples, whose woes and follies consume nearly six hundred pages of good type and paper. They are an utterly tiresome group of matrimonial incompatibilities to whom the author introduces us, and one is extremely bored by their futile talk and performances. The chief household of infelicity has for its head a grafter of the railroad class, whose wife is a silly creature who finally becomes neurasthenic and falls in love with a long-haired *poseur*. The latter murders the lady's brother, who is a minor poet of a feeble pattern, and this justifiable homicide causes an indefinite postponement of the elopement. Suicide, murder and divorce ought to make even a sensational gleam of brightness in this neurotic yarn; but, perhaps because the author is intended for better work, the book drags along as wearily as life at the sanitarium which it describes so realistically. This novel is a decided falling-off from the standard of Mr. Herrick's "The Common Lot." (Toronto: The Macmillan Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

* * *

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It is interesting to note the impression that the title of a book frequently makes; for instance, "The Cottage on the Fells," the latest novel by H. de Vere Stackpoole, author of "The Blue Lagoon." The title at once gives one the idea of a sweet pastoral romance, a story that is quiet and solacing, breathing rural airs and rural manners. But the book is very different from that; it is actually a blood-stirring detective story—not of the cheap, trashy order, but a plaus-



MRS. NELLIE L. McCLUNG,
AUTHOR OF "SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY"

ible yarn, full of action and color and mystery. It is the story of a man who, by perfecting the art of make-up, manages for a number of years to commit a series of murders and avoid detection. He is what is known as a criminal of highly cultivated mentality, one whose capture depends on pitting against him a man of superior intellect to his, one who uses his brains to catch the criminal rather than the usual methods of detection. "The Cottage on the Fells" is therefore quite an absorbing novel. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

A BOOK FOR SPORTSMEN.

It is a recognized thing that a good deal of the glory of the chase rests in the telling of the experience, and in the telling the listeners enjoy a share of the pleasure. It was this feeling that prompted Richard D. Ware, an



MR. W. INGLIS MORSE,
AUTHOR OF "ACADIAN LAYS AND OTHER VERSE"

enthusiastic huntsman, to write "In the Woods and on the Shore," and to thereby give to others who thrill with the quickening of man's primal instinct to hunt, some acquaintance with his personal adventures. The book is a very handsome publication, well illustrated with reproductions of photographs and water-color drawings. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company; Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$2.00.)

* * *

NOTES.

—The People's Library now contains a good three-volume edition of Shakespeare's complete works. (Toronto: Cassell & Company. Cloth, 25 cents a volume; leather, 50 cents.)

—A recent publication that claims no literary value, but that is invaluable to bicyclists and motorists, is Radford's road map of Ontario. (To-

ronto: J. A. Radford, publisher.

—Mr. Saint N. Sing, journalist and lecturer on India, has issued a booklet entitled "Essays on India." It contains the addresses he delivered during his tour of Canada last year.

—"A New Self-Help" is the title of an excellent book for young men. It surveys the avenues by which success has been won, and by which it is still obtainable, and sketches the careers of notable figures in the respective domains of science, invention, industry and commerce. (Toronto: Cassell & Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

—The publication of two poems—"Wolfe and Montcalm," and "The Atalante"—by Mr. John Boyd, of Montreal, has elicited more attention and praise than is usually elicited by a whole volume of poems by some of our best-known poets. Two stanzas of the first appeared in the July number of *The Canadian Magazine*, and shortly thereafter the entire poem appeared in a number of the leading newspapers of Canada. It was followed by "The Atalante," which is a praiseworthy tribute to a heroic French seaman, Jean de Vauquelin, who was defeated by the English off Pointe aux Trembles, in the St. Lawrence, shortly after the taking of Quebec by Wolfe. It was presented to *l'Union Nationale Francaise* on the occasion of the recent anniversary of the society in Montreal, and afterwards appeared in a number of newspapers in both French and English. By French-Canadians it was particularly well received and praised for its lofty conception and poetical treatment. Mr. Boyd is a seasoned journalist, but it was not until recently that he has found opportunity to seriously court the poetic muse, which he has done in both these instances with singular success. The two poems have been published in a brochure for private circulation.

THE EDITOR'S COPY

Newspaper and magazine writers from Great Britain, the United States and important points in Canada were sent to Quebec during the celebration of the Tercentenary to chronicle their impressions of this great event. It is gratifying to note that the Canadian writers rose to the occasion in most creditable manner, and their style of writing will compare with anything published on this occasion. Some of the Toronto and Montreal dailies maintained two or more "crack" staff writers at the Ancient Capital. The departure of the Prince of Wales aroused these chroniclers to an extra effort at description, and, although their despatches are unsigned, they nevertheless give evidence of good craftsmanship.

The special writer for *The Mail and Empire* was solemnly impressed with the departure of the fleet. He wrote as follows:

Silently, stealthily, almost imperceptibly, eight great war vessels, the mightiest bearing the heir to the throne of the vastest empire that has been, slipped out of Quebec harbor in the hour of dawn and melted into the mist before they had reached the turn in the channel which hides the city on the hill from ships down the river. Impressive and spectacular as was the scene on the day of the Prince's arrival, this morning's departure was vastly more solemn, and suggestive of the might of Great Britain. One by one, with no more noise or commotion than that of a ferryboat leaving its dock, the great engines of war weighed anchor and dropped down the majestic river with the tide. Instead of the tens of thousands of animated observers who viewed the arrival of the Indomitable and Minotaur, and the landing of his Royal Highness,

less than a hundred eyes viewed the sailing of the fleet. A couple of little newsboys, smoking cigarettes, a youthful soldier, obviously disgruntled at the absence of noise and cannon smoke, a nighthawk calash driver and a belated chauffeur, a dozen newspaper men who never sleep, two or three sleepy-eyed guests peering from behind the curtained windows of the Chateau Frontenac, a couple of loungers passing the night on the terrace benches, and the sentries up at the Citadel, these represented the four million people of Canada in saying farewell to the future ruler of Great Britain.

The Globe's writer saw much in simple and yet elaborate details, as follows:

With the breaking of dawn to-day, the British fleet departed from the harbor of Quebec. Very quietly the ships stole away, and only little handfuls of spectators gathered on Dufferin Terrace to see them go. The night and early morning hours were perfect so far as weather conditions were concerned. There was practically no wind, and, while it was occasionally cloudy overhead, the sky did not portend a storm.

Last night the Prince of Wales gave a dinner on the Indomitable, at which a number of distinguished Quebecers and visitors were present. After the guests had been conveyed ashore in the ship's pinnaces, all but one of the latter were hoisted aboard. The exception maintained a steady, unceasing patrol around the Indomitable all night long and to within a few minutes of her commencing the return journey to the old land with the heir to the British throne on board.

At 2.20 in the morning a preliminary signal rocket went up from the Exmouth, to which the Albermarle made reply. There followed an exchange of light signals from ship to ship, twinkling lights that to the uninitiated meant nothing, spelling a great deal to the British fleets. A second rocket, bursting with a vivid distinctness against the dark outlines of Levis Heights and a dull sky, was fired from the Exmouth at three o'clock.

A bugle call, on one of the ships was plainly heard ashore, and at times it was possible to hear portions of the words of command, and the rattle of the anchor chains being drawn in, telling its own story as to what these meant. Then very slowly, and with an absence of noise that was wonderful, the Exmouth, the flagship of the Atlantic fleet, began her voyage down the river, showing only the lights usual to a vessel at sea. She steamed between the Indomitable and the Minotaur and between a big private yacht and a French warship, Admirable Aube. The Duncan and Venus followed her at a distance of not more than two ship lengths each.

It was now a few minutes past three o'clock, and, while still dark, the dawn was beginning to paint the sky with a promise of a glorious sunrise. As the Exmouth and the other vessels mentioned passed the Minotaur and Indomitable, even in the semi-darkness the black-gray of the latter two made a noticeable contrast with the slate gray of the other ships. There was more signalling, and at 3.45 the Albemarle, Russell and Arrogant weighed their anchors and followed in the course of the Exmouth and her consorts. By this time it was getting quite light, and forms of men running about on the Indomitable and Minotaur were plainly discernible.

The former started down the river at four o'clock. The Albemarle, Russell and Arrogant, barely distinguishable and looking in the slight haze that enveloped them like big shadows, were just rounding Indian Cove. Ten minutes later the Indomitable started. The Royal Standard fluttered to her masthead as she began to move, and a string of flags spelled a farewell to Quebec. Like the other ships, she moved with the greatest of ease, and yet seemed to be making fair speed. So departed the Prince of Wales and the British fleet—quietly, almost in dead silence, no confusion, no fuss, no brag or show.

The *Toronto Telegram* published the following despatch:

The Prince has gone.

In the cool hours of this morning, when the early grays crept into the sky, throwing strange and creepy shadows over the dull restless St. Lawrence, a great frowning figure of dull gray steel could be seen gliding in awesome silence down the broad waterway, a heavy black cloud of smoke flowing from her stumpy funnels.

A similar figure glided near her, stern, sullen, defiant, awesome. And as the morning grays grew brighter and the first faint streaks of the sun were sketched on the distant horizon, the glories of the river banks grew plain. The big blue moun-

tains, the tall, shapely pines, the graceful bend in the waterway, the gild tipped spires of a dozen churches "reaching into heaven," the whitewashed farm houses of the habitant, and the great silence that lay over the whole made an awe-inspiring setting for the great ships that glided slowly from view.

The first was the great British battleship the Indomitable, bearing to the white cliffs of dear old England the august person of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; her attendant was the Minotaur. Slowly, and with great majesty, they disappeared from view.

And as the Indomitable and the Minotaur passed slowly to the sea, the remainder of the British fleet were seen to move restlessly in their river cradles, and one by one anchors were raised and heavy black smoke flew from funnels. So passed the British fleet from view. "O, hear us when we cry to Thee for those in peril on the sea."

The Prince's motor ride down to Cap Tourmente elicited from another *Globe* writer the following description:

The formality of the last few days' reception and entertainment of the Prince of Wales gave way to-day to a journey through what is probably the most picturesque and interesting region in Canada. This was no less than a railway journey down the shore of the St. Lawrence to Cap Tourmente, where the Prince was entertained at the ancient Chateau Bellevue, and a motor journey back through the storied parishes, whose every inch of soil is rich in historical associations. Through all this ride the fame of the future King had spread, and flags and banners were displayed everywhere as signs of welcome, and the people came to their doorways or ceased working in their fields to wave a greeting in the old-fashioned courteous manner of the habitant farmer. As the train dashed through St. Gregoire, the Prince was greeted by a mass of white-frosted children, who waved flags and cheered under the wings of the aged nun who is charged with their youthful education. At many a doorstep a habitant farmer stood in his Sunday clothes for hours in order to see the future King pass on his tour. The welcome of these sincere and hearty people culminated at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, the world-famous shrine, which the Prince reached shortly after three o'clock.

Here his Royal Highness was caught without the inevitable cordon of secret service men, or at any rate he was left to the mercy of the people. They broke custom and precedent to bits, and crowded around for a handshake and welcome. This

was the first occasion of this kind since the Prince arrived, and it was fitting that it should occur in this scene of charity and good-will. The town, which is fast losing its quaintness under the necessity of establishing new hotels, and which is visited at this season by more tourists than pilgrims, gave the Prince a reception which he will long remember. Tourists and habitants united in the handshaking, and the Prince and his party were immensely pleased and diverted by the incident.

Despatches of the quality of the foregoing are a credit to Canadian journalism.

A graphic picture of the leave-taking is furnished by the *Toronto World*:

In the early hours of morning scarcely a soul was to be found on Dufferin Terrace. The big chateau slumbered after the bustle of the day. The river, black as night, gleamed with the reflections of many electric signs on the Levis shore. Harbor lights indicated the big ships lying silent in the gloom, except the Indomitable, whose deck lights were all ablaze. Round and round the deep sea cradle of Sailor Prince, a little launch, showing a red eye as she turned down the river, circled with ceaseless vigilance at 1 o'clock in the morning.

Two reporters sat on the terrace pavilion. A family, father and mother and two daughters, from the historic ball, came along to see the last of a relative on the Duncan. Two old ladies followed to swell the group, which a casual night hawk completed. In the far eastern corner a little knot of men also watched and waited. Perhaps there were a dozen all told.

This was Quebec's farewell to the Prince of Wales. The ferryboat for Levis shuttled backward and forward across the reserved stretch of river every little while, and broke the shimmering reflection of the I. C. R.

illuminations into golden spangles. A night-bird screeched and screamed overhead. The stars shone steadily, and a shifty breath of wind blew up and then down the river. It was gratefully cool in the darkness after the sultry turbulence of the crowded streets.

In spite of the silence all was activity in the fleet. Winking signals had been rapidly flashing from mast to mast since midnight, and suppressed noises of steam and machinery now and again jarred the stillness. At 2.20 a rocket from the Exmouth rose quietly and fell in silvery light. It was answered from the Albemarle shortly. Then five bells were tapped and answered from ship to ship, the Yankee and the Frenchman also counting the hours.

Then, just before three, a whiteness spread over the eastern heavens; it was not light or color, only a bleaching of the night. Two roosters were fully alive to the romance of scene, and cock-a-doodle-doo rose clear and shrill from the back yard of the Chateau. It was the brave bird of La Belle France. In fact, there were two brave birds, and they exchanged compliments.

At six bells another rocket from the Exmouth announced that sundry heavings and creakings had been successful and the anchor was apeak. Dawn was slowly lighting in the east and the morning star glowed with pale fire above the Isle of Orleans. Rockets rose at intervals from the Exmouth, and finally one sprang from the Indomitable. A boat flitted past at 3.15 and the watchers cried out, "There she goes." The Exmouth was free of her moorings and moving with stately leisure down the broad flood. The tide was just about turning and the vessels still at anchor began to swing at their cables. Two or three ships' lengths behind the Exmouth followed the Duncan, and at a similar distance the Venus. Not one of them had made as much noise as the little ferry boat, yet their great anchors had been shipped, the pinnacles and launches made snug, and, with lights still shining, they were putting out for sea.

The Editor



THE MERRY MUSE

WHEN THE HARVEST APPLES FALL

BY KITTY CLOVER

When the harvest apples fall beneath
my window,
Who could stand it when they hit
the tin pan there?
If they miss it, it would be an awful
sin to
Say anything that sounds much like
a swear.

But I swear I swear a blue streak on
towards morning,
Lying there and listening mighty
hard to tell
Just how many hit the tin pan 'neath
my window,
And how many never hit it—only
fell.

I could sleep all right and never mind
the crickets,
Never even mind the neighbor's
baby bawl,
But there's no sleep for the one who's
in the country
When the harvest apples once begin
to fall.

* * *

A TRIFLING OFFENCE

In the golden summer-time
Molly stole my heart from me;
Now she glories in the crime,
Calls it petty larceny

J. G.

CALLOUS CUPID

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Cupid does not care for sighs,
Does not care for lover's weeping!
Fair one, dry your pretty eyes:
Cupid does not care for sighs;
Laugh with him if you are wise;
Steel the heart he has in keeping.
Cupid does not care for sighs,
Does not care for lover's weeping!

* * *

DIMINUTIVES

BY J. EDGAR MIDDLETON

The brooklet babbles on its way
Adown the tiny vale.
The merry lambkin in its play
Laughs with its little tail.
The flow'ret giggles at the sun,
The birdling sings in joy;
And little puppies, full of fun,
Play with a little boy.
'Tis thus the Poets rant away
In ev'ry magazine.
They love diminutives, and say
A deal they never mean.
They gurgle o'er a little maid,
Call her a Dresden doll,
But six-foot girls of Three X grade
Don't get a line at all.

It is a human tendency
O'er little things to coo.
Why blame the Poet, glad and free,
For what most people do.
The smoking chowder's single clan
We call a darling clamlet,
And e'en the histrionic "ham"
Oft sighs to be a Hamlet.

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(Signed) H. SCHILLES.

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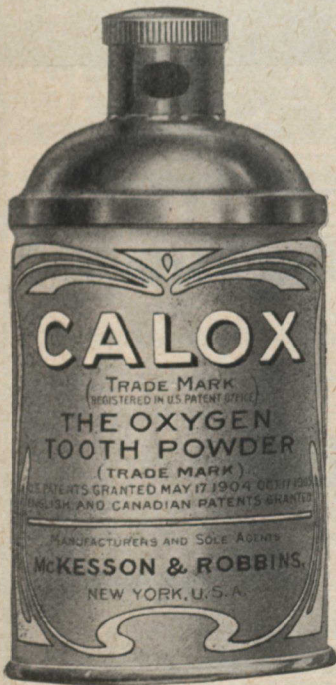
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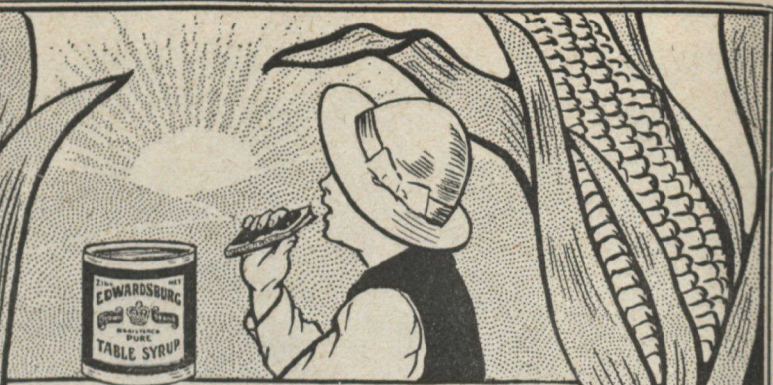
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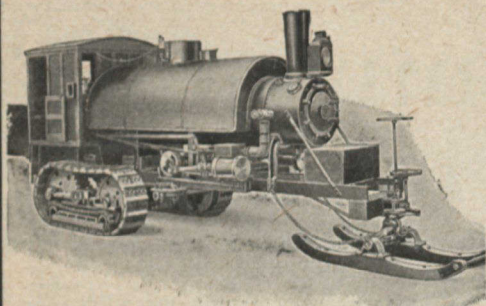
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Williams' Shaving Stick comes in the Nickered Box, Hinged Cover.

It can also be had in the leatherette-covered box as formerly. Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.



YOU can get an attractive soap box free by buying 4 cakes of

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

Every day more people are learning the value of Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. There are still many who are unfamiliar with its fine qualities. To persuade these people to become acquainted with it, the druggist will give them, for a limited time, a beautiful, nickered traveling soap box with every four cakes they buy. If anyone buys four cakes, he will be sure to try it and so will his family, and not one will be willing to give it up. That is why we make this offer.

Ask your druggist. If he fails to supply you, send 60c. in stamps and we will send the 4 cakes of soap and soap box by return mail.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.

How the Egg Resembles the Wheat Berry

Just an ordinary, every-day egg and the wee wheat berry. Each has a hard protective covering; each a living germ surrounded by its food supply.

In wheat, the germ is the microscopic plant; the shell, the hard indigestible brain coat; the food supply, the white inside part of the berry from which flour is made. It's Nature's self-prepared manna in its purest, most nutritious form.

When one considers that FIVE ROSES flour is milled exclusively from the pick of Manitoba hard wheat containing the highest percentage of this natural food, that only the soundest and cleanest berries ever reach the mills, it's no longer a secret why FIVE ROSES imparts to good bread that rare and subtle flavour which is already half a meal.

Treat your palate to a new sensation—buy a bagful of FIVE ROSES.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LTD., - MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, KEEWATIN

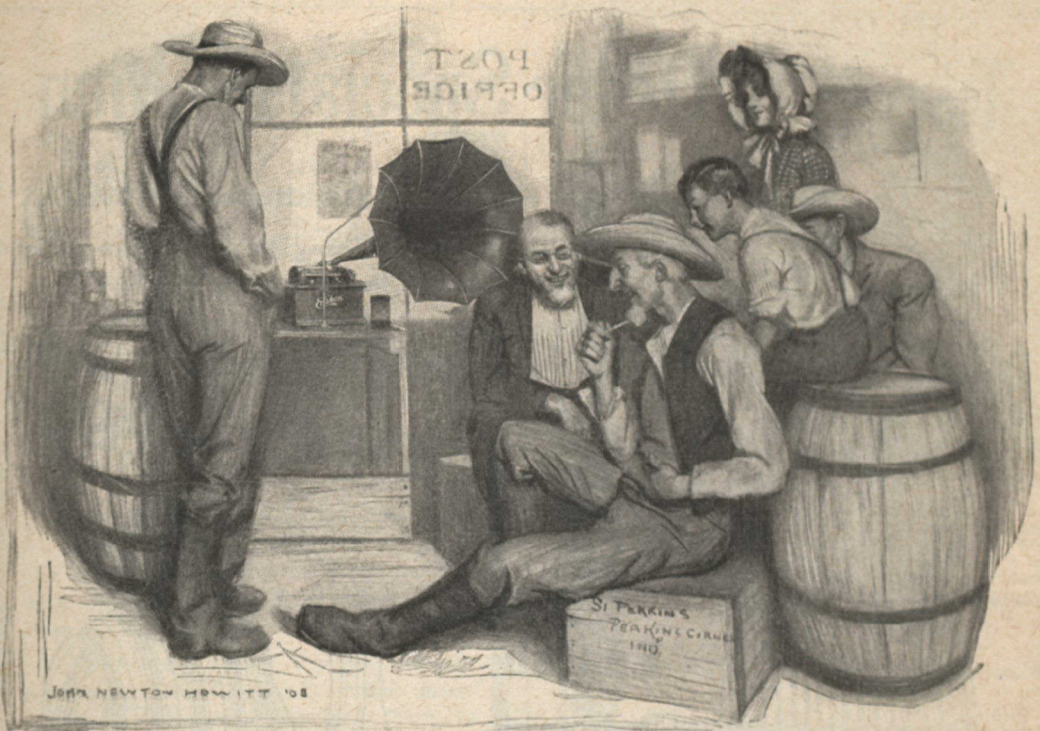
Ganong's **G.B.** *Chocolates*

"EVANGELINE" ART BOXES and other attractive packages.

GANONG BROS. LTD. ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts
covered with a smooth rich chocolate

LOOK FOR THE "G.B." STAMP ON THE BOTTOM. IT IS ON EVERY "G.B." CHOCOLATE
GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.



"Broadway Vaudeville at Perkins' Corners"

THE thing to consider in purchasing a sound-reproducing instrument is the fidelity with which it reproduces the human voice in songs or speeches and the musical notes of instruments. Until you have heard

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

you cannot appreciate how far Mr. Edison has carried his invention in this respect. Every note of music and every syllable of a speech is not only clear and distinct, but also a perfect reproduction of the singer, band, orchestra or speaker who made the original Record.

The mechanical excellence of the Phonograph, its delicate reproducers, sensitive wax cylinder Records and smooth, indestructible reproducing point—all exclusive features—give the Edison a richness of tone and a faithfulness of reproduction of all sounds not to be found in any other type of machine.

SEPTEMBER EDISON RECORDS READY AUGUST 25th.

Hear them at the nearest Edison store and pick out those you like.

There's no end of fun in making your own records. Ask your dealer to show you how easily and cheaply this can be done in your own home with the Edison Phonograph and with Edison Record Blanks.

Ask your dealer or write to us for the new catalogue of Edison Phonographs, The PHONOGRAM, describing each Record in detail; the SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE, listing the new September Records, and the COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records now in existence.

National Phonograph Co., 6 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.



TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison

Two Mail Order Specials for Men

Men's Flannelette Nightrobes for 49c.

K2-10—3,000 Men's Heavy English Flannelette Nightrobes, 54 and 56 inches long, 56 and 60 inches chest measure, double stitched seams, collar and pocket, large variety of blue and pink stripes. Sizes 14 to 19. Special price to our M. O. D. customers **49c.**



K2-10



English Pyjamas at a Bargain Price

K2-20--1,000 Men's English Pyjamas, made of heavy flannelette, turn down collar and pocket well made, roomy bodies, in pink, blue, mauve and grey stripes. Sizes 34 to 42. A \$1.50 value. While they last, to M.O.D. customers only, per suit **98c.**



K2-20

THE ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO



A Man
who loves
Music will
Revel in
the

New Scale Williams Player Piano

It is what he has always wanted—something that will enable him to enjoy any music he likes—that will amuse him with light pieces or stir his soul with the classics.

It makes every man a pianist because it plays all the notes. It makes many musicians, because it enables them to express their thoughts in music.

To the busy business man—who has no time or opportunity to practice—the New Scale Williams Player Piano means rest, recreation, pleasure and musical education,

Our purchase plan enables you to have a New Scale Williams Player Piano in your home without inconvenience to you.

Write us about it—and also for free booklets. Cut out the coupon and mail to us to-day.

The Williams Piano

CO., Limited
OSHAWA,
ONT.

23

Please send me, free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Player Piano and special easy purchase plan
Name.....
Address.....
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T.C.M.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The Pen with the Clip-Cap



First Day

last day, and all other days, are the days that prove the value of Waterman's Ideals. Examinations, class-room notes, study hour memoranda, and all your writing can be done *right then*, done better, and more quickly and conveniently when you use a Waterman's Ideal.

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GENUINE STYLE, DURABILITY and
VALUE.

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Shall be pleased to show Samples and quote prices

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Keeps Hot Drinks Boiling Hot Keeps Cold Drinks Ice Cold

Summer or Winter—it's all the same—what goes into a Thermos Bottle *hot* comes out *hot* 24 hours later—what goes in *cold* comes out *cold* 72 hours later.

The Thermos Bottle

is *wonderful—useful—but absolutely simple*. It's double—one glass bottle inside a larger one—and between them there's a *vacuum* through which neither heat nor cold can pass. That's why you can fill the Thermos Bottle with either hot or cold liquid and know that it will stay hot or cold.

Motoring Take Thermos Bottles filled with any liquids you want at any temperature you like, and no matter where you go or what happens you have refreshments at hand. There's a Thermos Bottle Basket for 6 bottles made for automobiles. Also a leather auto case for two bottles.

Outings When picnicing, yachting, hunting, canoeing—on any kind of trip—you can have hot drinks or cold drinks always ready if you put them into Thermos Bottles before you start.

Traveling No more vain longing for a refreshing drink on tedious railroad journeys. Simply put into your grip one or two Thermos Bottles filled with hot or cold liquids of any kind.



Luncheon At the office, the shop, anywhere, the Thermos Bottle will provide you with hot coffee or cold milk for luncheon, making the noon-day meal more enjoyable, refreshing and invigorating.

Sick Room The Thermos Bottle will keep medicines and nourishment at the right temperature. By doing away with the germ-collecting open pitcher the Thermos Bottle prevents infection. Saves steps for nurses—a boon for invalids who are left alone.

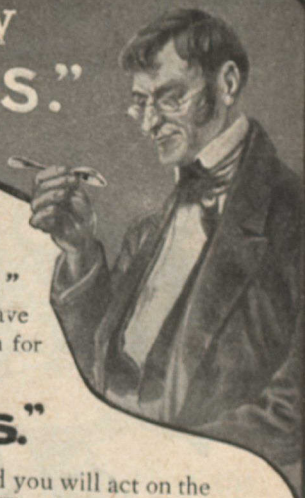
For Baby The Thermos Bottle keeps baby's milk warm and sweet day or night, making it easy for mothers and nurses. Filled, cleaned and emptied same as any ordinary bottle.

Thermos Bottles are sold at the leading department stores, automobile supply stores, hardware stores, drug stores, jewelry stores, leather goods stores—everywhere. Pint and quart sizes. Prices from \$3.50 up. *Send for free booklet.* Always ready—never requires any preparation.

CANADIAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., Ltd., MONTREAL

YOUR GRANDFATHER KNEW "1847 ROGERS BROS."

Those of the older generation know that the name, "1847 ROGERS BROS." on spoons, forks, knives, etc., has for over half a century stood for the original and genuine—the "*Silver Plate that Wears.*" They remember the days of its origin and have lived to see it maintain and retain its reputation for superiority. Let the



"1847 ROGERS BROS."

trade mark be your guide in buying silver plate and you will act on the wisdom of the past and present generations. The beauty of a few designs is shown in the accompanying illustration and our new catalogue "37" just published. It contains facsimile illustrations of all patterns and is a valuable help in making selections. Leading dealers sell "1847 ROGERS BROS." goods.



MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor)
NEW YORK CHICAGO HAMILTON, CANADA

EASY TO PUT ON

Just add cold water to Alabastine and apply with a brush. Sounds easy, doesn't it? And it is easy. With Alabastine any woman can be her own decorator and readily accomplish most dainty and artistic effects.

Many new and beautiful ideas for home decorations are illustrated and explained in our handsome book, "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful." Former price, 10c. On request mailed free to readers of this publication.

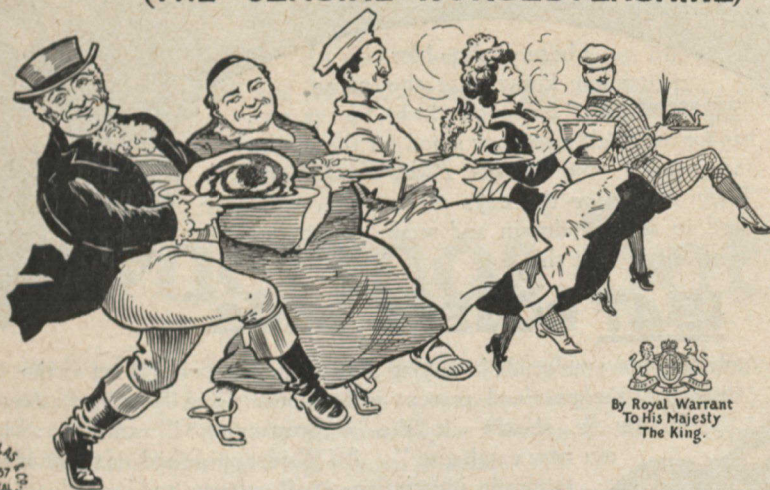
Alabastine is a hygienic cement, made from white gypsum rock. Quickly hardens and becomes part of the wall. Most indestructible as well as the most healthful and artistic wall covering in existence.

Alabastine is sold by hardware and paint dealers everywhere—a 5-pound package for 50 cents. Ask your dealer for tint card. Never sold in bulk.

THE **Alabastine Co.** LTD.
62 WILLOW STREET. PARIS, ONT.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

(THE GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE)



By Royal Warrant
To His Majesty
The King.

W. A. DOUGLAS, LTD.
EST. 1857
MONTREAL
CANADIAN AGENTS

"FOR FEAST DAYS & EVERY DAY"

CLARK'S

FOR INDOOR
OCCASIONS.

OX

FOR OUTDOOR
OCCASIONS.

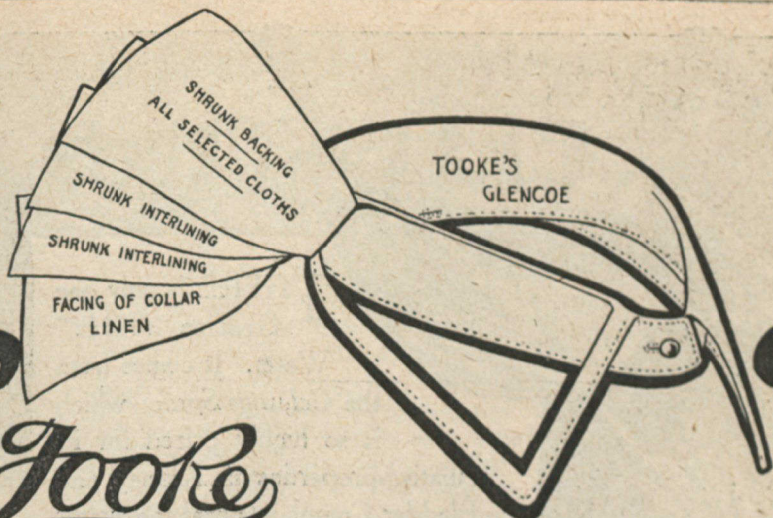
TONGUE

CLARK'S OX TONGUE helps to solve the hamper problem for picnics and all outdoor parties.

It is the principal contribution.—The rest is easy!

It appetizes under ordinary conditions—but under picnic conditions it vanishes.

WM. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL.



Tooke
COLLARS

This cut speaks for itself,—shows the thoroughly shrunken interlining. It's this interlining that makes the collar keep its shape when laundered. These collars are 4-ply. It's the careful attention to these details that makes these 2 for 25c. Tooke Collars, the most popular and best collar value in Canada.

TOOKE BROTHERS, LIMITED

MONTREAL

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CARLINGS

CELEBRATED
ALE, PORTER
and LAGER

NOTED FOR PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND
UNIFORMITY



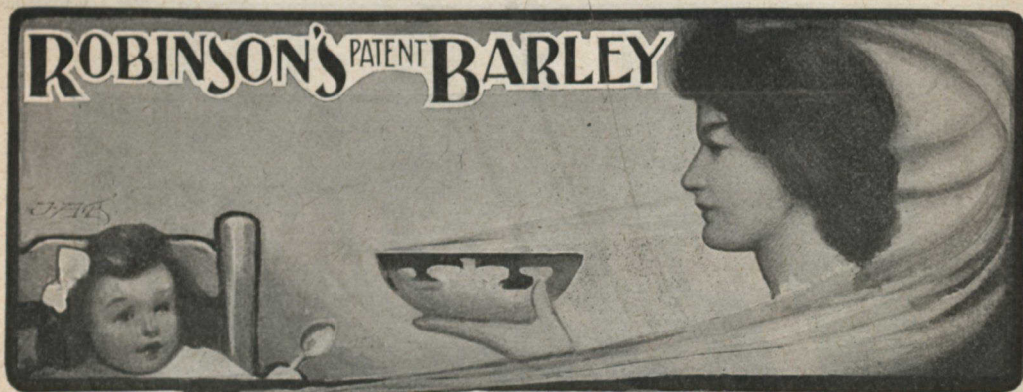


VICHY CÉLESTINS.

THERE is only one
Genuine "VICHY"
Water. It comes from
the *Celestins Spring*, which
is so highly prized for its
curative-properties in Kidney and
Bladder Complaints that the water
is bottled under French Government Super-
vision and sealed with a special label to
prevent substitution.

ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY



← FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS →

Robinson's Patent Barley

☞ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable prepara-
tion of its kind. ☞ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders
milk easily digestible. ☞ But insist on having ROBINSON'S

FRANK MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL



Singer Talks

6. Singer First Cost is the Whole Cost

- ☐ Of course you can buy a sewing machine for less money than you would pay for a Singer—all the world knows that. But consider this: When a Singer is bought and paid for, *it is paid for*—it lasts a lifetime.
- ☐ A cheap machine is *never* paid for. Every cent expended for repairs must be added to the original cost—it's an endless system of instalments. These instalments added to the first cost of the machine, soon exceed the cost of a Singer, and after each successive repair (*if you can get another part*) the cheap machine grows more and more second-hand—one step nearer the junk heap.
- ☐ The time lost, the trouble and the worry outweigh many times over the difference in the cost between the "cheap" machine and the Singer.
- ☐ There are two kinds of machines—good and bad—and the good kind is the Singer.

Sold only by

Singer Sewing Machine Company

If a Singer Store or Singer Salesman is not available, address us at

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or

308 Manning Chambers, Toronto



The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of

**MINARD'S
LINIMENT**

Sea and Car Sickness Quickly Cured

By Motherill's Seasick Remedy, The
Only One for Sale and Recommended
on All Steamships

Do not hesitate buying tickets by Ocean, Lake or through Mountains, from fear of sea or car sickness, for Mothersill's Seasick Remedy will guarantee you all the pleasures of travel.

Mothersill's Seasick Remedy is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium or other injurious drugs. It is the only remedy for seasickness or carsickness which has been unhesitatingly recommended by all first-class steamships.

Guaranteed to produce no unpleasant or injurious effects on the weakest system.

Guaranteed satisfactory or money returned.

Mothersill's Seasick Remedy is put up in small gelatine capsules in 50c and \$1.00 vest pocket size boxes. For sale and recommended on all steamships and at drug stores or order direct, enclosing price and you will receive remedy all charges prepaid. Write for information and testimonials from prominent people, to the Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd., 196 Cleland Building, Detroit, Mich.



HEALTH AND BEAUTY

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

(A la Quina du Pérou)

is the best of all blood makers. It not only purifies and enriches the blood, but strengthens every organ of the body, giving both **Health and Beauty.**

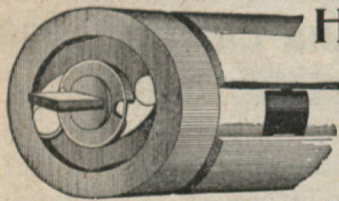
Dr. Jules Lafleur, St. Johns, Que. says:

"I have found *Wilson's Invalids' Port* a valuable stimulant for debilitated persons. I prescribe it specially to young women, feeling sure to have in the majority of cases most satisfactory results."

BIG BOTTLE

All Druggists

Everywhere



Hartshorn Shade Rollers

Wood Rollers,
Tin Rollers

Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Stewart Hartshorn



LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR

"GURD'S" Ginger Ale "GURD'S" Caledonia Water

There is nothing quite like either, for both are "THE BEST"

CHARLES GURD & CO., Limited - - - MONTREAL

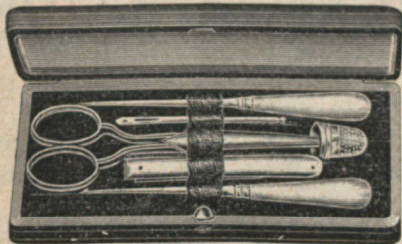


Rodgers Cutlery

for the Household

when buying cutlery be it a carver, knives, scissors, etc., always ask for "Rodgers" and look for the above trademark.

Such precautions will ensure you obtaining the best cutlery that is or can be made.



JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS

LIMITED

Cutlers to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD, - ENGLAND

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chafing, Sunburn, Prickly Heat and Chapping. For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample Free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
 Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor { *No*
 Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) { *Samples*
 Specially prepared for the nursery.

FEARMAN'S

English Breakfast

BACON

is made from Selected, well-fed Canadian hogs only, cured mild and sweet and under Government inspection. When going to your summer home take a good supply with you. Your grocer will procure for you, if not, we will send it to you direct.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited
HAMILTON, ONT.

STANDARD SILVER Co. Ltd.



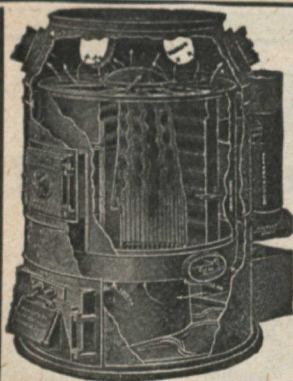
Standard Silverware

is at once distinctive and has always found favour with fashionable people. This is because of its superior quality and style.

STANDARD SILVERWARE can be had at all respectable jewellery stores in Canada. See that this trade mark is stamped on each piece which is a guarantee of quality.



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3 sold in 1889.
33,000 now in use.

Direct Contracts taken

Results guaranteed

Our Kelsey Book sent
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Fuel Saving WITH THE

KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR

The chief reason why is based on the construction of the Zig Zag Heat Tubes.

The Zig Zag Heat Tubes have immense heating surfaces. They are very heavy and retain the heat for an indefinite period.

They warm large volumes of air in separate currents.

They can be capped in groups to heat distant rooms.

They are corrugated and deflect the air from side to side, thoroughly mixing and warming it.

They are the means whereby the Kelsey has three times as great an area of heating surface as any other heater

PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED BY KELSEY EXPERTS

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED
Winnipeg, Man. Brockville, Ont.



**Cure
Yourself
Without
Drugs**

Hercules Sanchez

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OXYDONOR appeals to you because it makes you master of your own health, master of the health of your family, without drugs or medicine.

OXYDONOR is simple and easy to apply, and will last a lifetime without any additional expense after the purchase price is paid. One **OXYDONOR** will treat the whole family.

OXYDONOR has cured scores of cases of Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Stomach Trouble, Indigestion, Erysipelas, Dysentery, Lung Trouble, Bronchitis, Blood Poison, Dropsy, Abscesses, Ulcers, Tumors, Spinal Disease, Pneumonia, La Grippe, Croup, Diphtheria, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles and Paralysis.

Mrs. E. Poyner, Uxbridge, Ont., writes:

"Your Oxidonor has improved my health wonderfully in a short time, so much so that I have gained 11 lbs. My heart was very bad and I had violent pains in my head, and I could hardly walk across the floor. Now I can walk down town and back and the pains have left me."

Why go on suffering and dosing? It will only take a post card to write us to-day, and we will send you full particulars about **OXYDONOR** and the wonderful cures it is performing. If it cures others, why not let it cure you?

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Remodelled, Handsomely Furnished New Throughout

THE ALBANY

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ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF In the heart of the City
500 Rooms **300 Bath Rooms**
European Plan Cuisine Unexcelled
Gentlemen's Cafe, Ladies' Restaurant and Moorish Rooms Popular Prices
Plenty of life—but home-like
Single Room and Suites with and without Bath
\$1.00 per Day and up

Send for Booklet **ROBERT P. MURPHY**

Meet me at the College Inn, under The Albany, New York's Leading Rathskeller, a place to eat, drink and be merry Music

"MAGI"

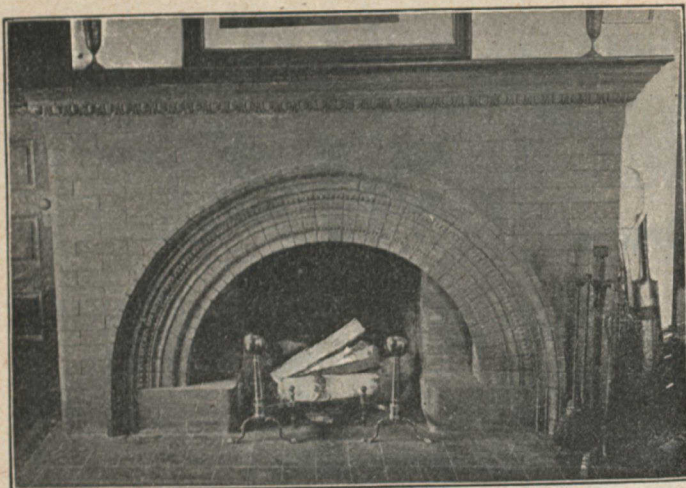


The daily use of "MAGI"—the best of table waters—frees you from many of the ailments of life.

Commence its use to-day!

Caledonia Springs Co. Ltd.
Caledonia Springs, Ont.

Distributing Depots:
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We Make

Brick Mantels

which harmonize with any style of interior decorations. We will send you one of our catalogs showing different designs if you will write us.

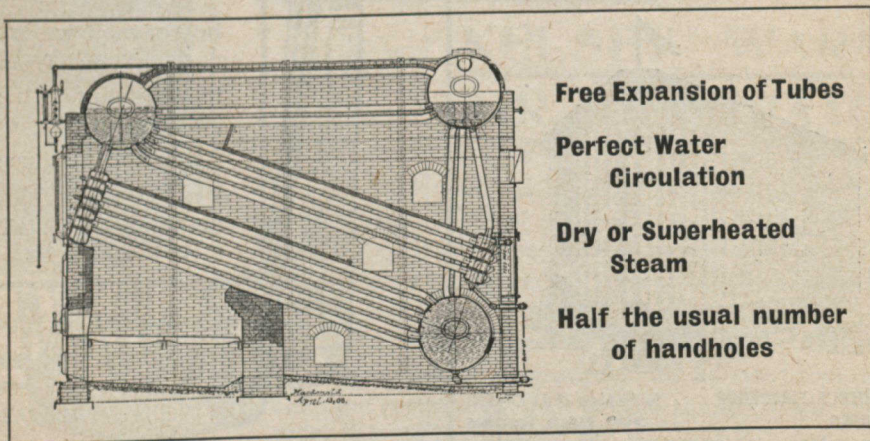
No house is complete without at least one brick mantel in red or buff colors.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO., Limited

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Robb-Mumford Water Tube Boiler



Free Expansion of Tubes

Perfect Water Circulation

Dry or Superheated Steam

Half the usual number of handholes

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District Offices : { Traders Bank Building, Toronto, William McKay, Manager
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You write
capital "A" by
striking this key



You write
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You do not need to strike two keys to write any one of the 84 characters on the simple, straight-line keyboard of the easily operated

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THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Syracuse, N.Y.—Branches Everywhere

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM or Magical Beautifier

Purifies
as well as
Beautifies
the Skin
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) — "As you ladies will use them, all the Skin preparations."

I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

GOURAUD'S POUDDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair

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FRED. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., New York City



Underwood

The World's Best Typewriter



In buying a typewriter you ought to have the best; your business deserves it. And despite a few dollars difference in the initial cost, the best is the cheapest.

The Underwood is the best typewriter. If you desire further assurance, ask the man who has one.

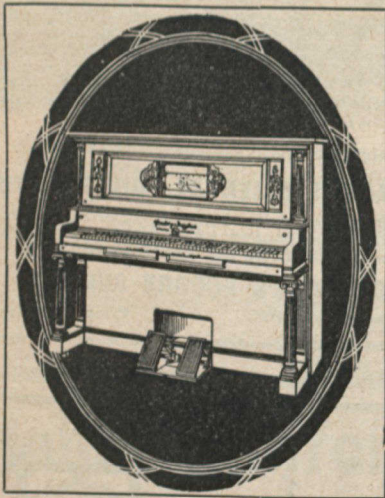
United Typewriter Company, Limited.

ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO

Gourlay-Angelus

Player-Pianos

Canada's Artistic Player-Pianos



Bring enjoyment to every member of the family every day of the year. All will enjoy the increase of music which it invariably brings. All can, if they wish, help make it.

The piano is no longer silent, nor is one dependent on any one else for music. Though the piano is always available for hand playing, the ANGELUS inside the case gives every one the ability to play, and there is no limit to the character of the selections one may choose from. The repertoire includes every class of music—popular, standard, classic, operatic, dance, accompaniment and sacred, down to the very latest successes in each class.

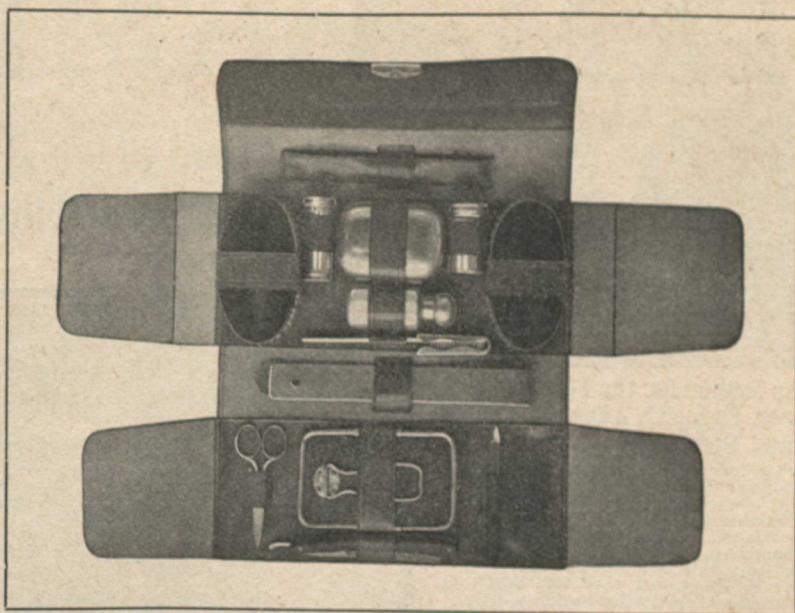
The GOURLAY-ANGELUS will give an artistic rendering of the most difficult music. Its patented inventions—the MELODANT and PHRASING LEVER provide for that. The Melodant accents every note of the melody, subduing the accompaniment; the Phrasing Lever gives the operator absolute control of the tempo, every infinitesimal gradation being possible. The GOURLAY-ANGELUS is the only Canadian piano in which the Melodant or Phrasing Lever is procurable.

If you have listened to other player-pianos that are mechanical, come and hear how artistic and human is the GOURLAY-ANGELUS.

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GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 Yonge Street, Toronto



Dressing Cases

The "Julian Sale" Dressing Cases are all arranged in compact form and the fittings are of the best quality, special care being taken to have the hair brushes that will last for years. We are the only makers in Canada of these goods and make no less than forty different styles. If you buy from a dealer insist on the "Julian Sale" brand.

Catalogue C, containing illustrations of the principal lines of Traveling and Leather Goods we make sent free. Express paid in Ontario and liberal allowances to other points.

The **JULIAN SALE**

LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited

105 King Street West, Toronto

TEMAGAMI



"Half an Hours Catch - Lady Evelyn Lake"

A Land of Lakes and Rivers

**GRAND
TRUNK
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**A Peerless Region for the Tourist,
Camper, Canoeist, Angler
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A new territory accessible by rail and offering the best fishing and shooting in America. Scenery unexcelled, hay fever unknown, magnificent canoe trips.

Black bass, speckled trout, lake trout, wall eyed pike in abundance. Moose, deer, bear, partridge and other game during hunting season.

Handsomely illustrated book telling you all about it sent free on application to

J. D. McDonald, District Pass. Agent, Union Station, Toronto
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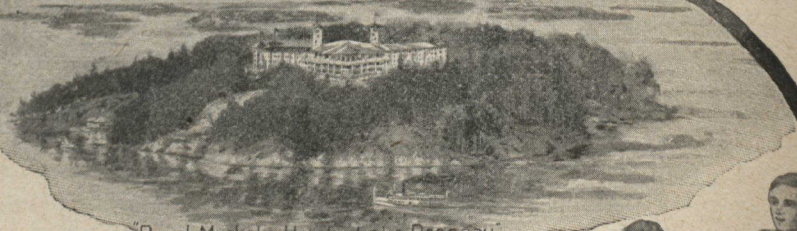
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MONTREAL



"A String of Beauties - Granite Lake"

MUSKOKA



"Royal Muskoka Hotel - Lake Rosseau"

THE ROYAL MUSKOKA HOTEL
Muskoka Lakes, Canada.

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(Subject to change)

Pretorian	22nd August	*Grampian	10th October
*Hesperian	29th “	Pretorian	17th “
Ionian	5th Sept.	*Hesperian	24th “
*Grampian	12th “	Ionian	31st “
Pretorian	19th “	*Grampian	7th Nov.
Hesperian	26th “	Pretorian	14th “
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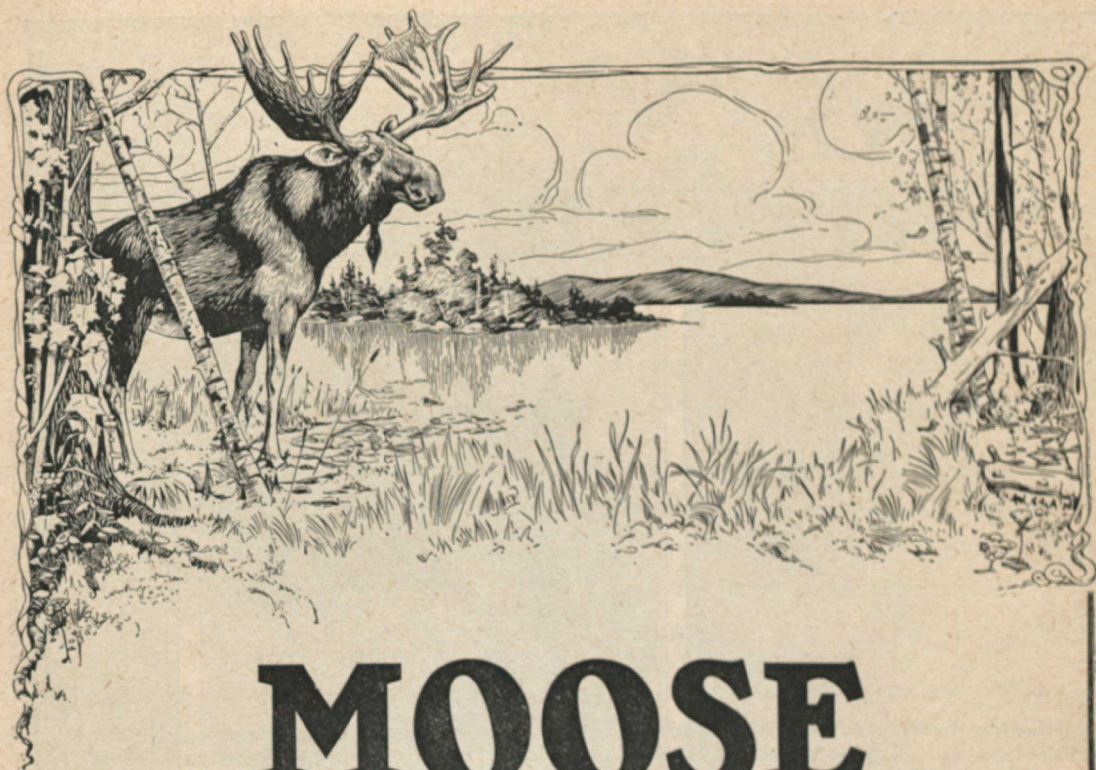
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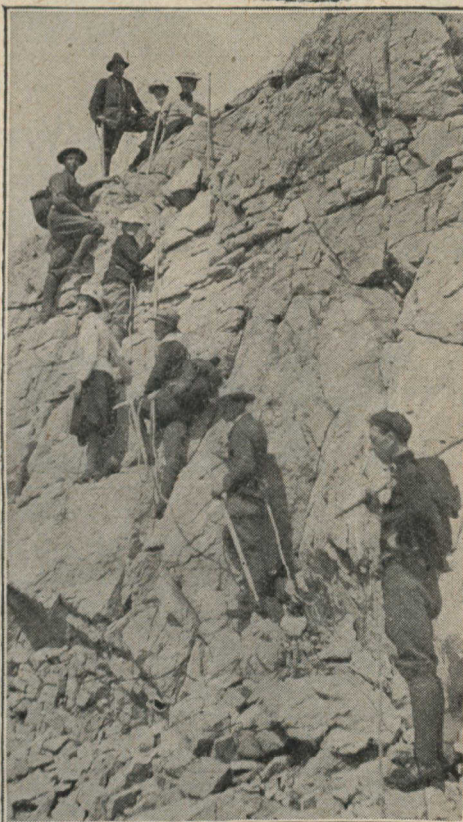
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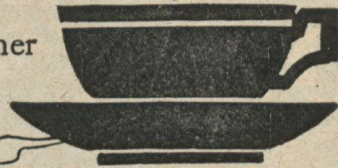
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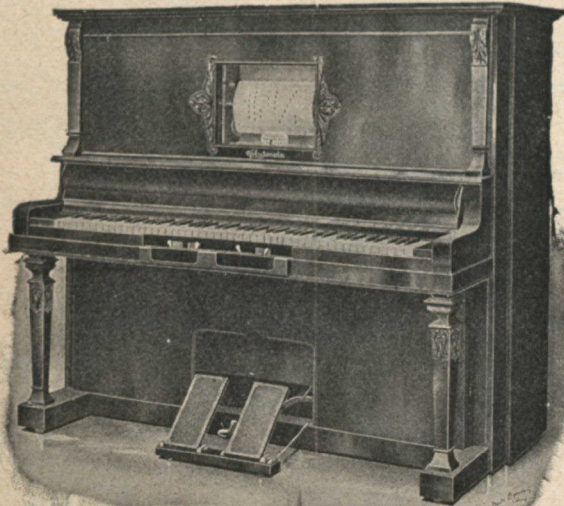
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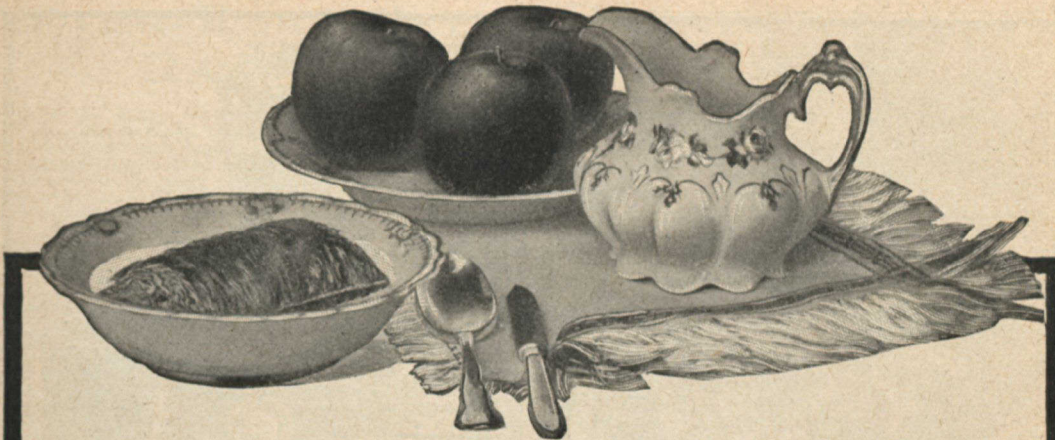
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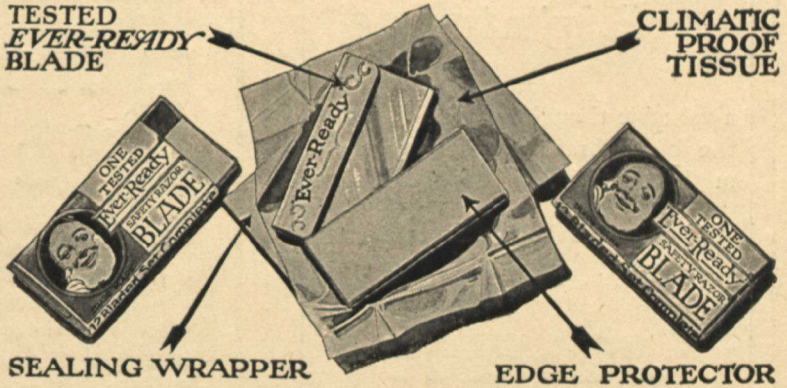
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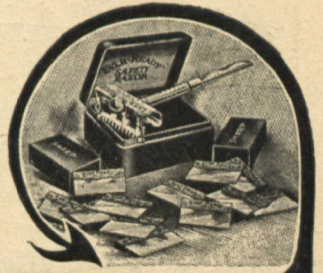
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