

THE  
**CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE**

**NOVEMBER  
1905**



**Vol. XXVI**

**No. 1**

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TORONTO, CANADA.

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No. 1

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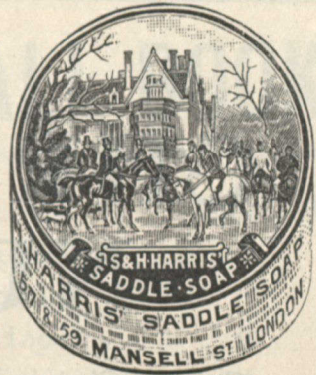
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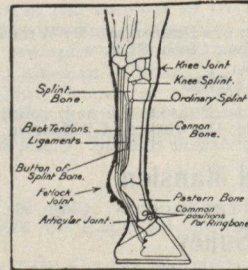
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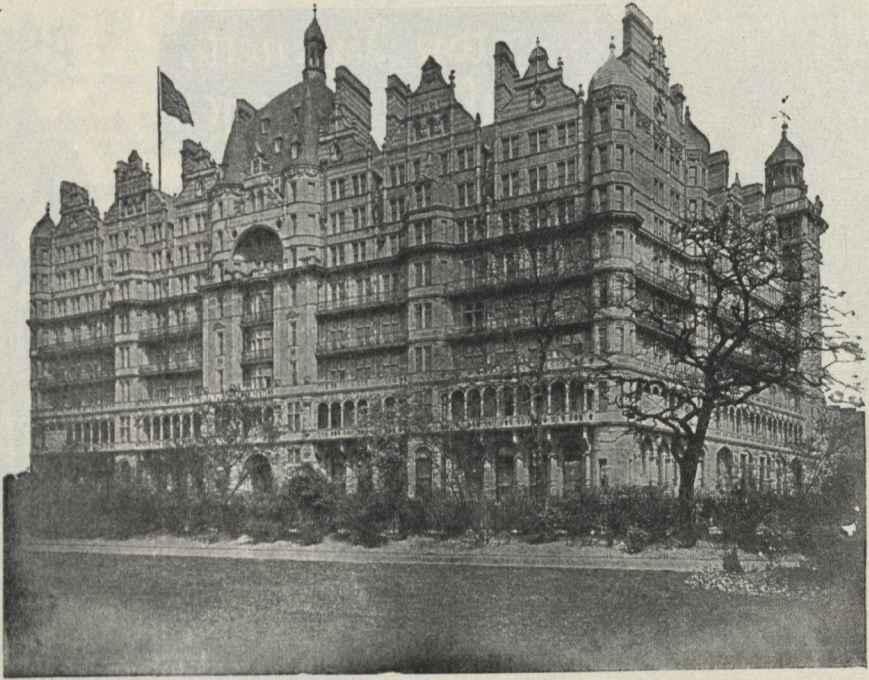
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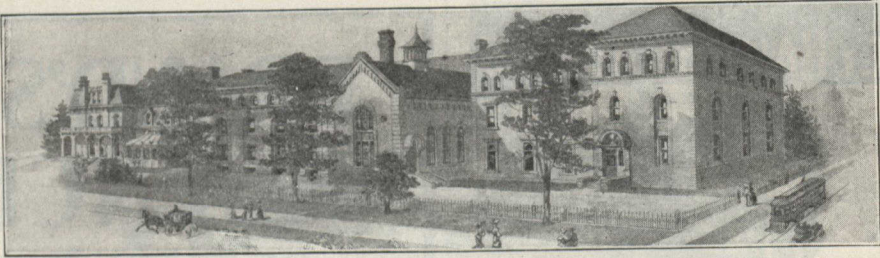
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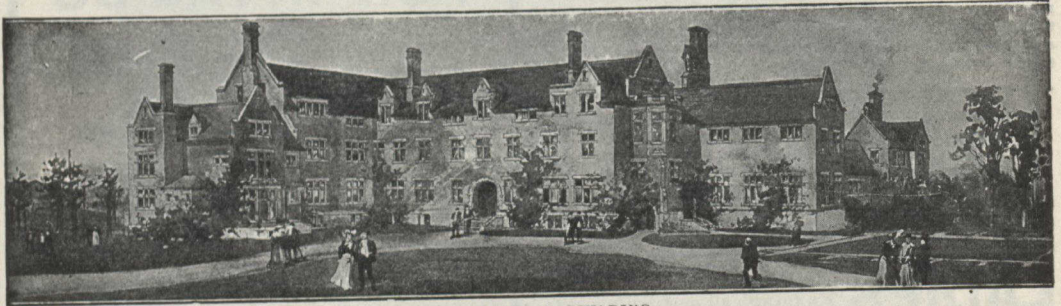




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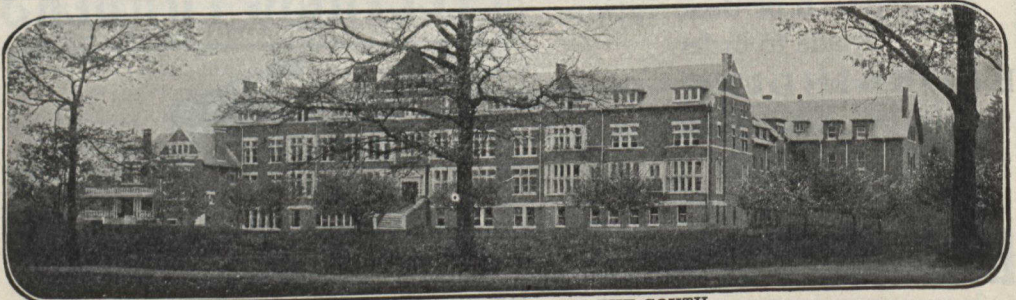
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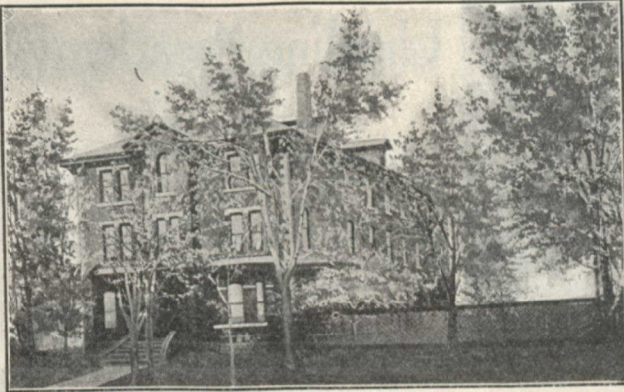
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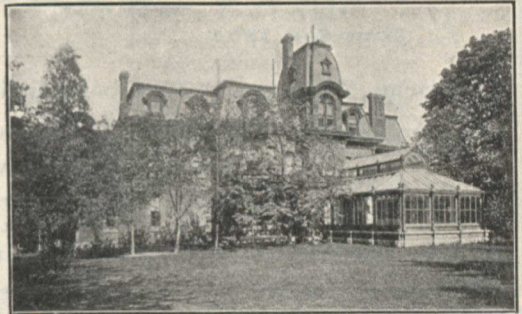
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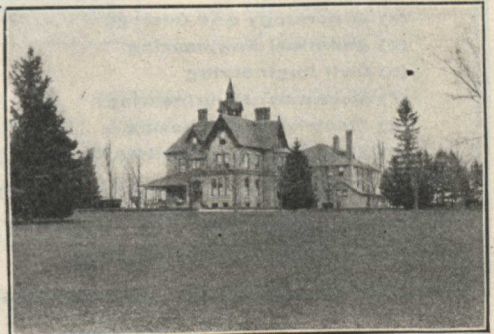
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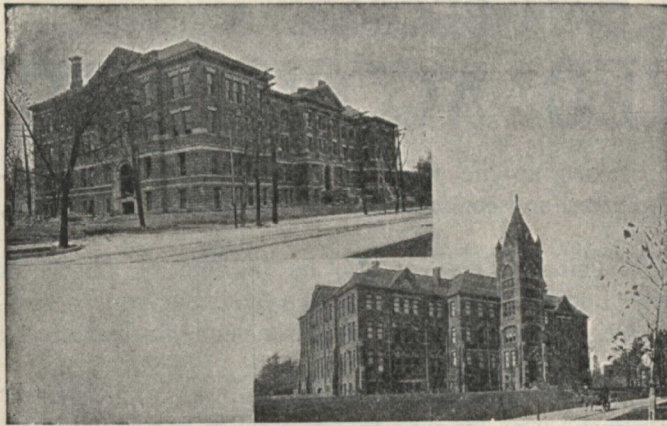
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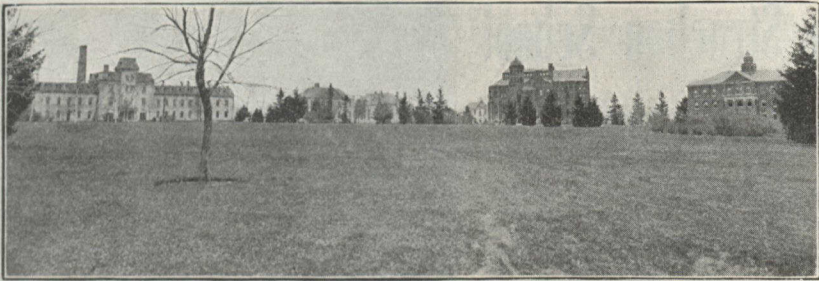
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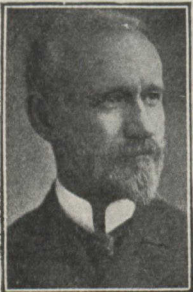
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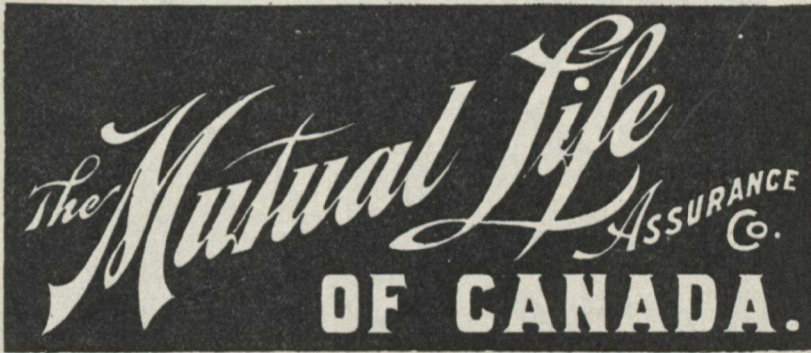


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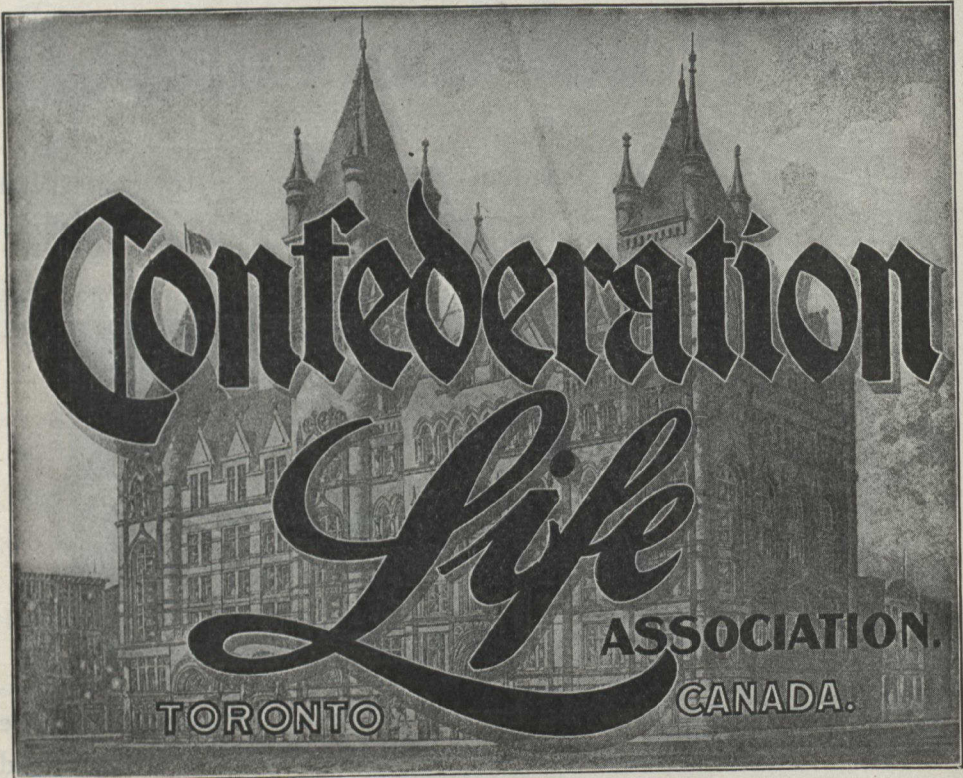
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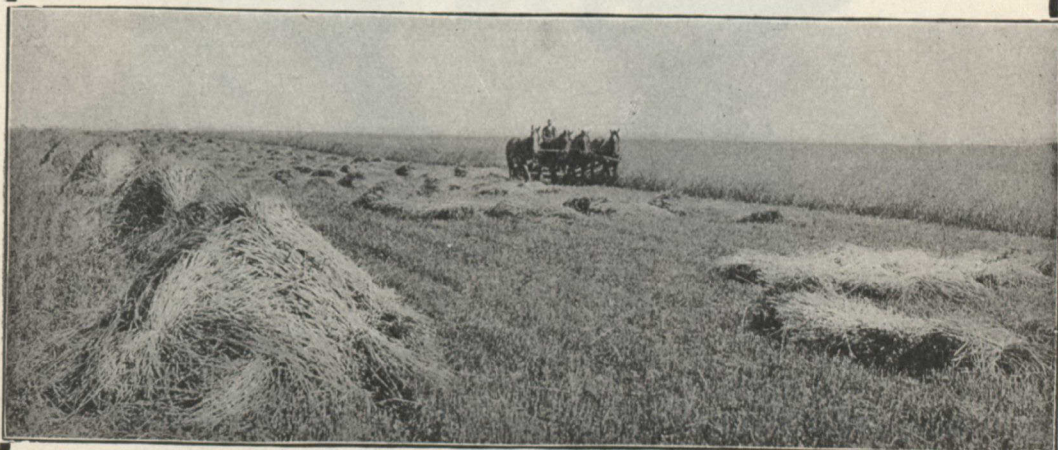
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### FLEET STREET, LONDON

This is a view taken near the Law Courts, looking east. The traffic here is very heavy. The absence of high buildings is a notable characteristic of the whole of this great city.



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 1

## London: The Heart of the Empire

By *NORMAN PATTERSON*

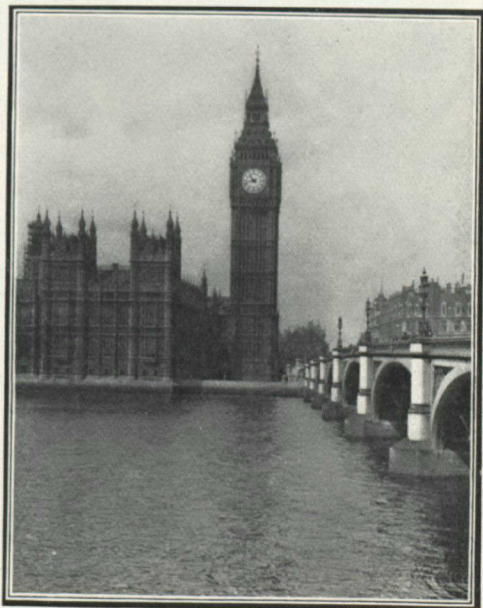


GREATER London, comprised within a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, contains almost a million more people than does the Dominion of Canada. The administrative County of London, however, is smaller, and contains a little less than five million people. This is the district which is usually described as the city of London and which is governed by the London County Council. The accompanying map shows this district and indicates how much smaller it is than that embraced in the fifteen mile radius. The latter is Greater London, or the district under the control of the Metropolitan Police.

The County of London is sufficiently large for the ordinary visiting writer. Only those who revel in such phrases as "the largest city in the world," and who delight in the long rows of figures which are beyond the ordinary human ken, are wont to concern themselves with the greater area. The historic "City" of London covers only 673 acres and contains a rapidly diminishing population which in 1901 was estimated at 26,923. This is referred to by the ordinary citizen when he stands at Charing Cross and says: "I am going over to the City," meaning that he is going to that portion of London which centres around the Mansion House, the Bank and the Royal Exchange.

Taking then this County of London, with its five million inhabitants, we find that it is governed in a most thorough and wonderful manner by the London County Council. This body was cre-

ated by the Local Government Act of 1888, which perpetuated in a large measure what had been created by the Metropolis Management Act of 1855. This Council consists of one hundred and thirty-seven people, of whom nineteen are aldermen and one hundred and eighteen are councillors. The ratepayers elect the councillors, and they elect the aldermen. The aldermen elect the Lord Mayor on Michaelmas Day in each year. It is also pleasant to note that the councillors are elected for three years and the aldermen for six. They do not believe in short term service



THE CLOCK TOWER OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS  
AND WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

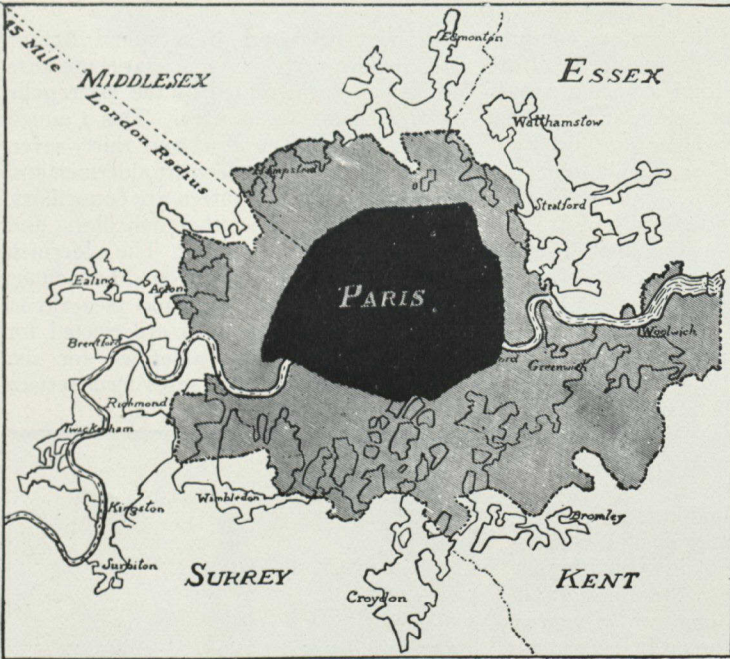


there—only new democracies with professional politicians and labour agitators have that foolish notion.

The visitor to London who sees the thousands of miles of clean, well-kept pavements, with scarcely a depression in the macadam or a worn block in the paved portions; who sees the magnificent police force regulating the enormous street traffic, settling disputes with kind advice, enforcing the laws with strict impartiality and the gentlest of interference, and giv-

heard of the grafting administrations of New York, Philadelphia and other United States cities. He may have seen narrowness and inefficiency in Canadian municipalities. He may have read of the good government in the cities of Australia and New Zealand. He may have high opinions of the military discipline in the cities of Germany. When he examines London he will undoubtedly feel that here liberty and law are combined in the greatest perfection to which man has yet attained.

This London County Council spends sixty million dollars a year; it has a gross debt about the size of the gross national debt of Canada, but it is seldom if ever accused of spending a dollar in vain or of undertaking a large task in a small way. It talks very little, and acts fairly promptly. It is seldom afraid, yet is just as seldom accused of extravagance. It is perhaps the finest administrative body in the world, and to be a member of it is indeed an honour.



MAP OF THE COUNTY OF LONDON, SHOWING PARIS PRINTED UPON IT TO INDICATE THE COMPARATIVE SIZES

From "The Strand Magazine"

ing information every minute to hundreds of anxious visitors and strangers; who sees whole blocks of buildings coming down that an old street may be widened or a new street built; who sees the beautiful parks, embankments and historical structures kept in a scrupulous state of preservation and constant restoration; who sees this greatest of all great multitudes living and working in absolute security and under fairly pleasant conditions—such a visitor will wonder at the efficiency of the L. C. C. He may have

At the present time it is spending millions of dollars widening streets and is building an entirely new street one hundred feet wide through a once crowded quarter from Holborn to the Strand. It is spending fifteen million dollars in building homes for 65,000 working people on 344 acres of land purchased for that purpose; besides doing some excellent work in providing lodging houses for thousands more. It has a fire brigade of 13,000 men; maintains 4,800 acres of parks and gardens, has thirty passenger steamers





LONDON—PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Where four or more streets meet in the busy portion of the city, the corners are pushed back and the space thus gained is called a "circus"



THE WEST STRAND AND CHARING CROSS STATION (RIGHT)

This is a view looking east towards Fleet Street which is really a continuation of the Strand. The Strand has been considerably widened in recent years. Three centuries ago it was bordered by Palaces. The last one to disappear, Northumberland House, remained until 1874. Somerset House farther east is the only one remaining.



running on the Thames, and regulates a vast tramway and omnibus system. It controls the whole system of education within the county at a cost of about twenty million a year. It interests itself in a thousand things which effect the welfare of the people of London as a whole.

The character of the London County Council is but an index of general British character. The average Englishman is honest—honest with his neighbours, honest with those who govern, honest with

ours, he refuses to vote for him. He upholds clean administration with a loyalty to his principles which absolutely prevents graft of any kind. If he finds a man dishonest in business, he refuses to deal with him.

The people of London are not all angels—even the financiers, brokers, lawyers and business men; but if there is one characteristic which distinguishes them as a body from all other bodies of men, it is that they are clean politically. This is also England's characteristic. Almost



LONDON—THE LAW COURTS

These beautiful buildings are situated just about where the Strand merges into Fleet Street

those whom he meets in business, and honest with himself. He despises petty trickery in trade, in sport and in politics. He wants to play fair. He desires to give others the same opportunity as he asks for himself. He throws his travelling bag into a van without a check or receipt and calmly walks up to the pile on the platform at his journey's end and expects to find it there without any trouble. And he does find it. If he has the slightest suspicion as to the honesty of any candidate for municipal or parliamentary hon-

every city in Great Britain is admirably governed and free from monopolies.

The authentic history of London begins with 43 A.D., when Aulus Plautius built a fort there. Eighteen years later, Suetonius found that Londinium was of little importance and abandoned it to the rebels under Boadicea. The first bridge was built a little later by the Romans. In 369 A.D. we first hear of the existence of a wall. In 604 it was the metropolis of the East Saxons. Later it fell upon evil days, until it was refounded in 886





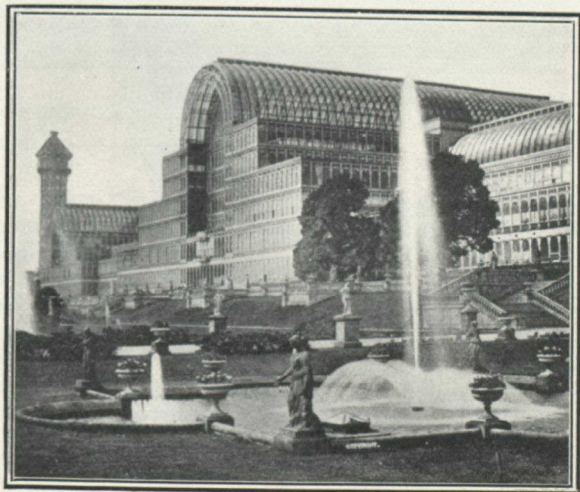
ST. PAUL'S, AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE RIVER

Note the freight scows which are much used for transporting merchandise up and down the river, from and to the docks which are to the east

by Alfred, the father of modern London. For a time under the Romans it was called Augusta, but the older name of Londinium was revived.

From the time of the Norman Conquest, the City of London was assured of its importance. Ludgate, Newgate, Aldergate, Bishopgate, are names which perpetuate the fact that the river was reached through gates in the walls. Two or three of these gates are still to be seen in a decrepit condition, the Tower gate being the one best known. Holborn, Shoe and Fleet perpetuate the names of streams emptying into the Thames. Fenchurch indicates an old hay market and Cornhill a grain market. The houses were built of wood until about the thirteenth century, when stone and tile were introduced. Window-glass came later. The sweeping and lighting of the streets did not commence until about the time of the

Wars of the Roses. The city was mainly given over to the residences of the Knights and other great people, to markets, and to the numerous convents such as Grey Friars and Black Friars. The common people lived outside the walls. Bad drainage and bad water were the curses in these



THE CRYSTAL PALACE, NEAR LONDON



days and caused much mortality. In 1666 came the Great Fire. In the reign of George II, the old walls and gates were swept away and the old houses finally removed from London Bridge. Since then the city has had a more or less modern appearance. In 1801 the population was 864,845.

The London of 1837, when Queen Victoria came to the Throne, has been pictured by Dickens and Thackeray. The new architecture of the Regent period had not touched much of the city, and

ment and no ideal. It drifted just as events directed, into a cholera epidemic, into a chaos which was too stupid and serious to be allowed to go on quite unchecked; and it is only in recent years that it has assumed a conscious existence, capable of definite expression and control of future developments."

This indefiniteness of control is still manifest in the management of its port. Since 1762, the merchants of London have been discussing the "dock" problem and the rights of shippers, dock-propri-



THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

This is the heart of the ancient "City"

there were whole districts of narrow streets, lanes and byways where romance and crime might dwell. The "City" was still full of people; the old Houses of Parliament, the old Law Courts, the old Royal Exchange were still in evidence; Temple Bar and Northumberland House had not disappeared from the Strand; the modern improvements in streets and buildings had not begun. "Above all,"\* says Mr. Gomme, "it had no govern-

ment and no ideal. It drifted just as events directed, into a cholera epidemic, into a chaos which was too stupid and serious to be allowed to go on quite unchecked; and it is only in recent years that it has assumed a conscious existence, capable of definite expression and control of future developments."

mentors, vessel-owners and other interests. Of course, London should have owned and operated all the docks, but one private interest after another was allowed to get leases and franchises. For a century these have been a set of warring factions. To-day there is but slight improvement. Here is a list of some of the most important docks:—East India, West India, Tilbury, London, St. Katharines, Royal Victoria, Royal Albert, Millwall, Surrey Commercial, Regent's Canal. In spite of this chaos, the Port of London

\*London in the Reign of Victoria, p. 76.





THE FAMOUS TILBURY DOCKS

is still one of the most important in the world. In 1853, the tonnage entering the port amounted in one year to five million; in 1873 it had grown to eight million; in 1883 to eleven million; in 1893, to fourteen million, and in 1903 to seventeen million. Over 200 vessels enter and clear every day. The trade of an Empire, yea of a world, passes up and down the muddy Thames.

But enough of history and figures! London is too great to require any defence with statistics. One has but to gain a front seat on the top of a 'bus and ride through Cannon, Fleet and the Strand to the Houses of Parliament, then back again, through Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly, Regent and Oxford, to see the faces of all the nations of the world—to see one of the most picturesque of all the busy sights of a busy world. And here in this little space, though larger considerably than the ancient City, is the clearing-house, the trading centre of the earth. There are no tall buildings piercing the sky. There is a noticeable absence of bluster, fuss or display; there is nothing to over-awe the on-looker and visitor; yet it is here that most of the large transactions of the world are consummated. The restraint,

†Across the Channel, by Gabriel Mourey.

the confidence, the majesty of two thousand years of life and trade is over all. The worship of the past and the religion of Tradition are here united, as an observant Frenchman has pointed out, to an intense love of progress, a keen and never satisfied passion for the future.†

To preserve the traditions and the relics of the past,



A "SANDWICH" MAN AND HIS ADVERTISEMENT,  
ALSO A NEWSVENDOR





THE WESTERN DOCK—LOOKING EASTWARD

and yet to make London more and more modern seems to be the aim of its present rulers. The Thames Embankments are one of the greatest of modern improvements. Nearly forty acres of mud banks have been transformed into gardens, footways and carriageways. The north side of the river from Blackfriars to Chelsea has thus been treated and is now known as the Victoria Embankment. The south side from Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall has been similarly improved and is known as the Albert Embankment. Nearly fifteen million dollars has been spent in this work and it is still in progress. In various places new streets have been built, old streets broadened, portions of streets elevated, as in the case of Holborn Viaduct, and whole districts modernised. Just now they are considering a proposal to build two new thoroughfares, one from north to south and one from east to west with an expenditure of a hundred and fifty million dollars.

One might speak of the hospitals and their excellent work, of the theatres with their nightly audiences of a quarter of a million people, of the great newspapers which supply hourly information to this vast mass of people, of the splendid national

galleries and museums which preserve the records of the people and the reverence for that which is highest in the mind of men. One might devote much attention to majestic St. Paul's, historic Westminster Abbey, and the thousands of churches which indicate the religious enthusiasm of a commercial people. Attention might be given to the magnificent royal palaces, the stately mansions of the nobility, and the beautiful homes of its princes of commerce. Or one might turn to the other side and describe the nightly wickedness of the district around Piccadilly Circus, with its throngs of fallen women and licentious men, of the accompanying collection of gilded saloons and restaurants given over to pleasures which are not wholly elevating. The long rows of Mews, where the poor live over the stables occupied by the hansom-cab horses, might be discussed. Or one might go down into the East End and describe a portion of the city where workmen and idlers live together, with character, customs, and manners entirely their own, with a dialect as distinctive as any in England, with characteristics which mark it out as an almost independent community. All these features are more or less well known and are common to almost





THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCK—LOOKING EASTWARD

all great cities. Any one of these details of this cosmopolitan city might justly have an article to itself, if an exhaustive account were required.

The London of to-day tells the story of the growth of the Empire. When Nelson won at Trafalgar in 1805, the modern era was entered. At that time only a bit of Eastern Canada, a precarious tenure in India, and one or two small spots in Africa formed the entire continental possessions of Great Britain. To-day there are blotches of red on the map of every continent. The land frontiers extend over 25,000 miles, bringing the English people into intimate relations with almost all the nations of the world. The development in India and Eastern Asia, in Australia and New Zealand, in South Africa and Egypt, in North America, the West Indies and in South America, has had a great effect upon the life of the people at home. The United Kingdom has become less and less a kingdom and more and more the central portion of a great Empire. And the heart of that central portion of a tremendous Empire is the City of London. In

that city will be found from time to time the men who are building railways in Japan, China, Australia, Africa and America—talking with the bankers and bondholders on questions of finance. To that city come the great rulers of the world, Chinese statesmen like the late Li Hung Chang; Indian, Persian and other Eastern Princes; Russian, Oriental, African, and American statesmen—coming like Queen Sheba of old to see the glory of a greater ruler, to observe the commerce and finance of a cosmopolitan centre, to discuss those questions in which all the people of the earth are interested. Its hotels and pensions are filled with colonials and foreigners; the shops of Cheapside, Holborn, Oxford and Regent are frequented by customers from every portion of the globe; its clubs open their doors daily to important personages from every country under the sun, and to lesser persons from the isles of the seas.

England, England, England,  
Wherever a true heart beats,  
Wherever the rivers of commerce flow,  
Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,  
Wherever the glories of liberty grow,  
'Tis the name that the world repeats.



# The Terror of the Air

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS



FROM all the lonely salt-flats and tide-washed, reedy shores of the wide estuary, the flocks of the sea-ducks had flown south. After feeding for days together amicably, Golden-eye and Red-head, Broad-bill and Dipper, all hobnobbing and bobbing and guttering in company, without regard to difference of kin, they had at last assorted themselves into flocks of the like species and wing power, and gone off in strong-flying wedges to seek milder tides and softer skies.

Nevertheless, though the marshy levels were now stiffened with frost, and ice-fringes lingered thin and brittle behind each retreating tide, and white flurries of snow went drifting over the vast, windy spaces of wave and plain, some bold, persistent waifs of life clung to these bleak solitudes. Here and there a straggler from the flocks, or a belated arrival from farther north, fed solitary and seemed sufficient to himself; while here and there a few hardy coots, revelling in the loneliness and in the forbidding harshness of the season, swam and dived among the low, leaden-coloured waves.

Across ten level miles of naked marshland another estuary made in from the sea. On the shore of this estuary, so shallow that for leagues along its edge it was impossible to distinguish, at high tide, just where the water ended and the solid land began, a solitary surf duck dabbled among the gray, half-frozen grasses. Of a dull black all over, save for a patch of clear white on his head and another on the back of his neck, he made a sharp, conspicuous spot against the pallid colouring of the marshes. For all his loneliness, he seemed to be enjoying himself very well, active and engrossed, and to all appearances forgetful of the departed flocks.

Suddenly, however, he stopped feeding, and sat with head erect and watchful eyes, rising and falling gently with the pulse of

the sedge-choked flood. Either some unusual sight or sound had disturbed him, or some drift of memory had stirred his restlessness. For several minutes he floated, forgetful of the savoury shelled and squirming creatures which his discriminating bill had been gathering from among the oozy sedge-roots. Then, with an abrupt squawk, he flapped noisily along the surface of the water, rose into the air, and flew straight inland, mounting as he went to a height far above gunshot.

The flight of the lonely drake was toward the shores of the other estuary, ten miles southward, where in all likelihood he had some hope of finding the companionship of his kin, if not a better feeding-ground. Though his body was very heavy and massive and his wings ridiculously short for the bulk they had to sustain, he flew with tremendous speed and as straight as a bullet from a rifle. His wings, however small, were mightily muscled and as tough as steel springs, and they beat the air with such lightning strokes that the sturdy body, head and neck and legs and feet outstretched in a rigid line, was hurled through the air at a speed of something like a hundred miles an hour. As he flew, the flurries of snow gathered into a squall of whirling flakes, almost obscuring the waste of marshland that rushed past beneath his flight, and shutting him off alone in the upper heights of sky.

Alone indeed he imagined himself, while the cold air and the streaming snowflakes whistled past his flight. But keen as were his eyes, other eyes keener than his had marked him from a loftier height, where the air was clear above the storm strata. A great Arctic goshawk, driven by some unknown whim to follow the edge of winter southward, was sailing on wide wings through the high, familiar cold. When he saw the black drake far below him, shooting through the snowflakes like a missile, his fierce eyes flamed and narrowed, his



wings gave one mighty beat and then half closed, and he dropped into the cloudy mirk of the storm belt.

The drake was now about a hundred yards ahead of the great hawk, and flying at perhaps ninety miles an hour under the mere impulse of his desire to reach the other estuary. When he caught sight of the white terror pursuing him, his sturdy little wings doubled the rapidity of their stroke, till he shot forward at a rate of, perhaps, two miles a minute, his wedge-shaped body and hard, oiled plumage offering small resistance to the air even at that enormous speed. His only chance of escape, as he well knew, was to reach the water and plunge beneath it. But he could not turn back, for the terror was behind him. Straight ahead lay his only hope. There, not more than two or three minutes' distant lay his secure refuge. He could see the leaden gray expanse, touched by a gleam of cold and lonely sunlight which had pierced the obscurity of the squall. Could he reach it? If he could, he would drop into the slow wave, dive to the bottom, and hold to the roots of the swaying weeds till the terror had gone by.

A hundred yards behind came the hawk, moving like a dreadful ghost through the swirl and glimmer of the snow. His plumage was white, but pencilled with shadowy markings of pale brown. His narrowed eyes, fixed upon the fugitive, were fiercely bright and hard like glass. His hooked beak, his flat head, his strong, thick, smoothly modelled neck, were outstretched in a rigid line like those of the drake.

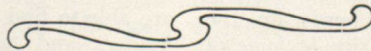
The long, spectral wings of the great hawk beat the air, but not with haste and violence like those of the fleeing quarry. Swift as his wing-beats were, there was a surging movement about them, an irresistible thrust, which made them seem slow and gave their working an air of absolute ease. For all this ease, however, he was flying faster than the fugitive.

Slowly, yard by yard, he crept up, the distance from his victim grew narrower. The drake's wings whistled upon the wind, a strange shrill note, as of terror and despair. But the wings of the pursuing destroyer were as noiseless as sleep. He seemed less a bird than a spirit of doom, the embodiment of the implacable Arctic cold.

The astounding speed at which the two were rushing through the sky on this race of life and death brought the gleam of the estuary water hurrying up from the horizon to meet them. The terrible seconds passed. The water was not half a mile ahead. The line of the drake's flight began to slope toward earth. A few moments more, and a sudden splash in the tide would proclaim that the fugitive was safe in a refuge where the destroyer could not follow. But the noiseless wings were now just behind him—just behind and above.

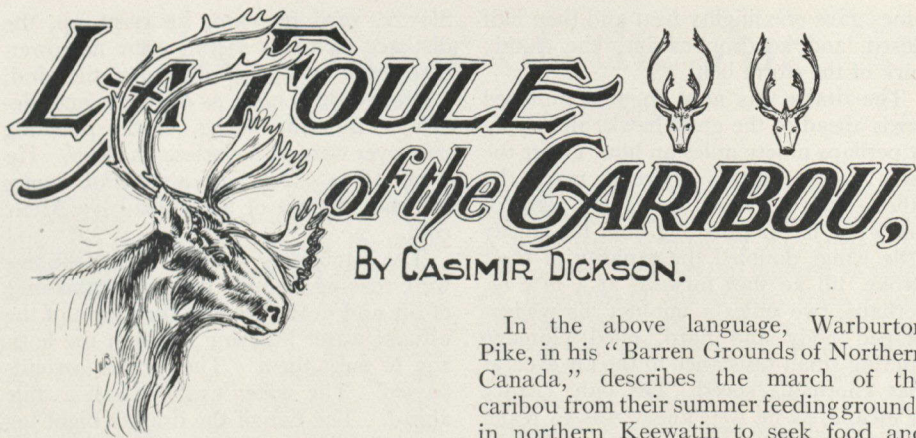
At this moment the fugitive opened his beak for one despairing squawk, his acknowledgment that the game of life was lost. The next instant the hawk's white body seemed to leap forward even out of the marvellous velocity with which it was already travelling. It leaped forward, and changed shape, spreading, and hanging imminent for the least fraction of a second. The head, with slightly open beak, reached down. A pair of great black talons, edged like knives, open and clutching, reached down and forward.

The movement did not seem swift, yet it easily caught the drake in the midst of his flight. For an instant there was a slight confusion of winnowing and flapping wings, a dizzy dropping through the sky. Then the great hawk recovered his balance, steadied himself, turned, and went winging steadily inland toward a crag which he had noted, where he might devour his prey at ease. In his claws was gripped the body of the black drake, its throat torn across, its long neck and webbed feet trailing limply in the air.





# LA FOULE of the GARIBOU,



By CASIMIR DICKSON.



A FOULE! *La Foule!*

Even in the lodge we could hear the curious clatter made by a band of travelling caribou. *La foule* had really come; and during its passage of six days I was able to realise what an extraordinary number of these animals still roam the Barren Grounds. From the ridge we had a splendid view of the migration. All the south side of Mackay Lake was alive with moving beasts, while the ice seemed to be dotted all over with black islands; and still, away on the north shore, with the aid of the glasses, we could see them coming like regiments on the march. In every direction we could hear the grunting noise that the caribou always makes when travelling. The snow was broken into broad roads, and I found it useless to try to estimate the number that passed within a few miles of our encampment. We were just on the western edge of their passage; and there is really no limit to the number we might have killed, if we had been in need of them.

"The passage of the caribou is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen in the course of many expeditions among the big game of America. The buffalo were for the most part killed out before my time; but, notwithstanding all the tall stories that are told of their numbers, I cannot believe that the herds on the prairie ever surpassed in size *la foule* of the caribou."

In the above language, Warburton Pike, in his "Barren Grounds of Northern Canada," describes the march of the caribou from their summer feeding grounds in northern Keewatin to seek food and shelter further west and south in the woods of the great Mackenzie river valley. It was from his camp at Lake Mackay, 100 miles north of Great Slave Lake in latitude 64, that Pike witnessed this truly remarkable sight in the winter of 1889-1890; and his graphic description gives one an inkling of the enormous numbers in which these interesting animals exist in the Canadian Northland. The most vivid imagination fails to grasp the size of this horde of caribou, which occupied six days in their passage, and was even then only a wing of this great army of *cerirdæ!*

The summer habitat of these caribou is to be found in the country to the northwest of Hudson Bay in the vicinity of Chesterfield Inlet, to which the name of "Barren Lands" has been given, although that designation would appear to be a misnomer. We know from the reports of those that have visited it that the banks of the rivers and lakes tributary to Chesterfield Inlet are well wooded, and that on its western edge in the summer time the luxurious grass and the fertility of the soil are said to remind one of the prairies of Alberta. Pike himself speaks of Artillery Lake under the bright sunshine as a perfect northern fairyland. Doubtless large tracts are rocky and barren, especially in the eastern portion, which the Indians speak of as "the country that always slopes down hill," but at any rate it is a fact that these myriads of caribou are able to find there an ample supply of fodder, and make it their stamping ground during the summer months.



As to their enormous numbers, we have the further testimony of Tyrrell, the Canadian explorer, who has traversed the Barren Lands more than once. He speaks of the animals as being so thickly packed together that for acres and acres one could not see the ground, which brings to mind a cartoon on Western Canada and its wheat fields entitled "The Only Drawback," wherein Uncle Sam is making the remark to John Bull, "They say it's a fine-lookin' country, John, but darn it all, you can't see it for the wheat!"

It was well known, even as far back as 1770, when Samuel Hearne explored this region, that deer (as he terms them) existed there in astonishing numbers; and Stewart and Anderson in 1856 also chronicle the fact; but it is only of recent years that more precise information has been obtained. Their range appears to be from the Arctic Isles, of which our territory of Franklin is composed, to the northern limits of Northern Ontario and from Hudson Bay to the Mackenzie River. They always come to the Barren Grounds for the summer; but vary their selection of winter quarters considerably. In 1889-1890 they went west; but more recently they have been going south, and have appeared in thousands around York Factory. Late in October they seek the hanging moss in the woods, immediately after the rutting season is over. These huge bands of caribou, commonly called "*La Foule*," form up and seek the forests and the food and shelter to be found there. A month or so later the males and females separate. The latter return to the north in the spring and drop their young about June, by which time summer is near at hand. The stags follow in a more leisurely fashion, and generally rejoin the does in July, from which time they stay together until once more the snow spreads its mantle over their feeding grounds.

Like most other members of the deer family, the caribou cast their antlers every year. This generally occurs in the months of December or January; and it is not until the following June that the new antlers attain their full size. They are then very beautiful to look at, being "in the velvet" as it is called, and

very soft and pliable. A few weeks later the velvet coating is rubbed off, and the caribou are in prime condition. The antlers give these animals an imposing appearance, and their beautiful coats enhance their looks. Their hoofs, which have a peculiar shape not unlike a snowshoe, are about the only feature that tends to mar their beauty. They closely resemble their cousins of Ungava and the far North-West, the caribou *des bois forts*; but are not their equals in height or weight.

The Indians and Esquimaux find in the caribou their staff of life. It furnishes them with food and raiment, and even more than that. In killing them the hunting lore of olden times is not brought into play by the natives, so long as ammunition holds out; but in case of need the more primitive methods are utilised. In this case the spear is mostly used. The best swimming places are known and carefully watched, and woe betide a herd of caribou if once surrounded by the small hunting canoes! One thrust high up in the loins and ranging forward does the work.

The women dry the meat and make grease; dress the hides for moccasins, mittens and gun-covers; and cut *babiche*, which takes the place of string for lacing snowshoes and other purposes. They make hair-coats and other articles of apparel; and even the backbone sinews are utilised as a substitute for thread.

From the eating standpoint, the ribs and brisket rank highest, while the tongue, the nose, the *depouille* and the udder of the milk-giving doe are regarded as the choicest tid-bits, and the marrow is eagerly sought after. The Hudson's Bay Company formerly exported quantities of these tongues, and they found a ready sale in England under the name of rein-deers' tongues. The *depouille* is esteemed the greatest prize of all. This delicacy consists in a strip of back-fat which is found when the caribou are in prime condition, a foot or more forward from the tail. It extends right across the back and has sometimes a thickness of as much as a couple of inches. Grease and fat that would be nauseous in more temperate countries are readily devoured



by Indian and white man alike in colder climates, a fact which in the case of the white man may be partially accounted for by the enforced abstention from all vegetable foods.

The female portion of the Yellow-Knife and Dog-Rib Indian tribes of this land of the midnight sun may never eat of the gristle of the nose of the caribou! The reason of their being excluded from partaking of this choice morsel is attrib-

What then is to be the fate of the caribou in the future? At present this beautiful animal is the mainstay of the roaming bands of Indians and Esquimaux that inhabit the land. These take their toll of the vast herds, and the ever-present and ever-hungry wolves and wolverines pick off the stragglers, and still the numbers of the caribou remain undiminished. What will happen when the Barren Lands come within the sphere



THE CARIBOU OF NORTHERN CANADA

*Drawn by J. W. Beatty*

utable to a superstition, which has doubtless been invented by the men, and which bears testimony to the greediness of the sterner sex of this primitive race. It is insisted on that if a woman eat of this forbidden fruit she will infallibly grow a beard! Hirsute appendages are not in fashion among these dusky belles, and they therefore religiously reserve the gristle of the caribou's nose for their lords and masters. Who can assert after this that the Indian is without a sense of humour?

of influence of the civilised white man with his commercial instincts and modern firearms? Is the caribou to share the fate of the American bison, and will the Barren Grounds be made a field of slaughter as were the Western Prairies? It is to be hoped that the folly of the past will not find a counterpart in the future, and that for many years to come the traveller may be able to see this antlered army roaming the northland and include them in the "Wild Animals I Have Known."



# Wildfowling in Manitoba

By EDWYN SANDYS, Author of "Trapper Jim," "Sporting Sketches," etc.



ANY attempt to properly cover the wildfowling of the entire Prairie Province within the limits of a magazine article would be a manifest absurdity. Those who know the province, its breadth and infinite variety, and the long list of web-footed fowl it annually harbours, will readily understand why this must be so. Manitoba is a big province, having several important lakes and streams and a host of sloughs, each of which forms a temporary home for a greater or lesser number of the fowl in question. Nor can these northern grounds properly be compared with any of more southern location, for to do so would be something like comparing a retail ammunition shop with the factory where the goods are made. Hence, for this writing, it seems better to select one typical ground and allow a personal experience of that to convey to the reader an idea of what our sporting friends of the grass country are privileged to enjoy.

Taking Winnipeg as a centre, the easily accessible grounds include: Long, Shoal, Whitewater, Killarney, Pelican, Rock, Swan and Dauphin lakes, the fine Lake Winnipegosis, and those magnificent sisters—Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba. Combined, these represent uncounted miles of water, marsh and shooting—much of it such shooting as cannot be matched elsewhere. Having tested the resources of most of these, I shall venture upon the selection of the last-named as the most typical for present purposes, and endeavour to draw a pen-picture of the glorious sport it affords. It must be remembered, too, that I did not touch the cream of it. During my stay the weather was what would be termed "Indian-summery" near Toronto, and it does not require a veteran of wildfowling to guess how a trifle less of sun and more wind might have bettered conditions upon so extensive a ground. There was, however, no just

cause for complaint. The sunshine was mighty pleasant, and if ducks can come any faster when they have a mind to, I want an asbestos palm for my for'rard glove.

Lake Manitoba is a big lake, also, apparently, a duck-factory running overtime. But you don't need to bother overmuch with the wholesale end of its business. There is a retail department attached—a sort of branch shop wherein customers of reasonable resources and ambitions can be sure of the swiftest, satisfying attention and a positively startling delivery of the goods. In this retail department, which is known as Clandeboy Bay, I did my modest trading, and I feel free to say that, if there be a dry goods outfit in all creation which carries a bigger stock of serviceable, water-proof ducks of every width, shade, and wearing quality, I'd be afraid to even look at the samples. I am a bit of an expert on duck fabrics, but I never was so embarrassed in my life as when suddenly called upon to judge the goods at this sporting repository.

Those three arch-villains—"Big Tom" Johnson, "Billy" Georgeson and Eric Helmer, put up the job, and when a job is put up in Winnipeg, it begins so far up north that 'tis indeed bound to be a cold deal for whoever may be the victim. Yet can I testify that death, as claimed, by cold, or at least this sort of cold, is a dreamily pleasant experience.

By the side of Clandeboy stands a small, neighbourless, but strictly weather-proof shanty, possessed of a Devil of comfort, a fine cookstove, four roomy bunks, and a few other things. This shanty also stands upon its dignity and a few odd leagues of virgin prairie, the latter dry enough for slippers, save at the very edge of the marsh, and also a long, narrow strip extending northward from the distance of a gunshot of that side the shanty. To this place we came outfitted for a week, and when we had



dismissed the team which had brought us the last leg from the railway, we were free for the fun. Awaiting us was the rubber-tempered Alfred, a magician in such matters as pot-pie, oolong, 'booyong' and kindred important affairs, and some few miles away lay the Breed village, from whence ere gray dawn would come our punters. After stowing traps and allotting bunks on a sort of weight-for-age basis, I stepped outside for a general look around.

Never did wildfowler view a picture of greater promise. For mile after mile spread the weed-massed level of the bay, be-ribboned with winding channels and spangled with oil-smooth ponds. Not a wing was stirring, but I knew that everywhere in that huge expanse of six-foot reeds were ducks—canvas-back, red-head, bluebill, mallard, shoveler, gadwall, teal, butterball, etc. The growth of reeds proclaimed plenty of deep water in almost any direction, hence the morrow's programme included the privilege of going where one would. Directly before the shanty was a broad river-like channel which curved away and lost itself in the growth to north and south. Pulled up on the firm sod was Johnson's beamy old shooting craft, with its chair fastened midships ('E's a cunnin' ole rat for 'is comfort!'), and, beside it, four overturned Peterboro' canoes. So dry was the ground in this direction, that one might walk to a canoe and push off as though from a boat-house float.

Inland from the house, the true prairie rolled away in long, billowy undulations to where dim blue masses told of the slim, close-ranked brush of the region—the home of countless ruffed grouse and hare, the prairie, proper, of course, being "chicken country" of the best quality. Because it happened to strike me as an interesting proposition, I stood facing the bay, then slowly turned completely around. In that one turn I saw the chosen haunts of swan, geese and duck, sharp-tail and ruffed grouse, hare, snipe, and plover—the farthest not more than an hour's walk away; while a bit farther, yet visible, were the ranges of moose, elk, caribou and bear, and much of it as good ground as is open to sportsmen to-day. Few

indeed are the places where one can see as much in one long, lingering look. And as I completed my turn, there was something else. From the sky above the slough fell a wee dark thing, the sight of which sent me to the shanty at the double.

There were two good hours of sunshine left, and that period wasn't marked down to less than 1.58 when I was out again with the twelve and shells for small, swift things. The result, before the light failed, was ten brace of as fine snipe as a man could care to pocket. There were plenty of plover, too, but they were deemed unworthy. And day after day the stock of snipe was renewed by fresh flights, and these continued until every man in the party had rounded out his bag with a goodly bunch of the dainty fellows.

When we tumbled out in the morning we found a perfect day and four future-perfect Breeds awaiting our pleasure. Darkly mystic, with the Redman's colour, collectedness and coiffure, and the white man's clothes, they gravely saluted and bided the apparently doubtful issue of allotment. They knew my three comrades, and "most 'scruciating idle" was the expression of Alfred, the youngest, when he was awarded to me. Three swift flashes of snowy teeth told how the others appreciated the joke, and sly looks from my comrades told that they, too, were on.

"You—come—now?" slowly rumbled the unhappy Alfred, and because I believe the Redman and his crosses really are my brothers, I went forthwith.

"Don't—need—paddul," he murmured (rather apprehensively), as I knelt for'ard and picked up the old familiar thing. After the third stroke, however, the ghost of a grunt told his quick perception had caught on, and instantly the canoe began to move with that peculiar life-suggesting action which every old hand understands. The complete conversion of Alfred came within five minutes. Tom had loaned me a superbly-finished little arm, and had informed me that she shot closer than a miser and reached most ungodly far. The quick roar of a bunch of rising canvas-backs warned me 'twas time to lay aside the blade and get ready, and when



another lot rose, as it almost immediately did, a couple fell to the first barrel, while the second, intentionally a trifle delayed as a test, doubled up a big snowy-backed drake, in whose red eye, probably, I had become a thing too remote to bother about. As Alfred boated him, I looked at Alfred, and I fancy we understood each other a bit better. There was the suspicion of a wrinkle near one corner of his liberally-designed mouth, while the gleam of his aboriginal optics was strictly of the first water. Later on, he confided to Big Tom—"He—shoot—'an—he—look—so!" at the same time making what Tom described as—"The damdest pair of eyes ever he'd seen outside the head of a great horned owl!"

The peculiarity of that tremendous marsh is the way in which it completely conceals fowl, only to, as it were, fling them up at most unlikely spots and unexpected moments. This means a gun always at the ready, for, especially when it's "Cans" or teal, there's mighty scant time for indecision. So long as we held to broader channels, this sort of shooting was the rule, and it was so like the old-time "jumping" duck at which I had been trained to do my own paddling, that it proved extremely easy. Alfred, meanwhile, had thoroughly sized up his man, and had ceased to grunt whenever a fowl fell. I, too, had learned how extraordinarily good a punter he was, but there were other lessons in my allotted course of education.

For instance, as he acquired confidence in me, his vocabulary extended a trifle—nothing *garrulous*, you understand, just about six words more than a dummy would care to use. There were many "mud-hens" (coot) about, and instead of bare "Dook" or "mud-hen," he began to say "Dook dur." Shortly after he completely let himself out, and to my huge joy, he began in the lowest of molasses-like guttural to name every species. Then it was—"Canvas-back," "Red-head," "Blue-bill," "Mal-lard," "Gray-duck," "Teal," "Butter-ball," "Crow-duck," etc. The latter meant cormorant, and there were great numbers of these snaky-eyed, peculiar-footed gentry, which are harder to kill

than a scandal, tougher than a bowery boy and meaner to swallow than a direct insult.

I should have asked nothing better than about four hours of straight punting, but the Indian in a Breed makes him love a heavy bag and attendant slaughter. So when Alfred had made up his dusky mind that I could stop a fair percentage of things, he altered his private plan a bit. Not a word was spoken, yet somehow his change of heart was what I may term *feelable*. We had got into touch to such an extent that I seemed able to divine the intent of his slightest movement. For this reason, when the canoe presently headed straight for what looked like an impassable wall of reeds, I took a fresh grip on the gun and prepared to dispute with everything in this, his second chapter of revelations.

The Breed's black eyes had marked a minute something unseen by me. Perhaps it was a knotted reed, or a couple of stems drawn together—be that as it may, in a minute the canoe's nose was smelling out the seemingly solid wall of foliage. Inch by inch—silent as a cat—she pushed her way, the rank, half-dried stuff sloping away to either side. Those familiar with the Peterboro' know that if it has a fault it lies in a tendency toward being a trifle noisy under just such conditions. Ducks have marvelously keen ears, and if one thing will start them it is any rustling suggestive of some dangerous approach. Yet, drum-like though our craft was, there was no sound. She stole forward like a drift of fog, and there and then I learned how good a man was behind me.

As the cover, which had parted at the bow, silently closed astern, there was a quiver of the port 'wale and I knew that Alfred's brown hand was signalling to get ready. Then my ear caught a low purr of sound from in front—little squatterings of water and faint chucklings all blended together, and I began to suspect the truth. Crouching lower, I peered ahead where the growth seemed thinnest, and as the canoe slid on and on, there gradually was revealed the greater part of a large pond. My sweater, cap and cords, also the canoe, were of the proper



dead-grass shade, which is the explanation why I was almost clear of the cover before being noticed by one of the thousand-odd beady eyes within forty yards. Never had I beheld such a sight. Ducks of half a dozen species covered the pond almost like a beautiful feather-mat, over which, for a moment, I fairly gloated.

Not so Alfred. The veriest whisper of "Shoot" floated to me and the canoe seemed to quiver all over like a pointer on game. Slight as was the sound, hundreds of heads bristled up like gigantic stubble, and in mental vision I could see the two terrible lanes which the twelve could plough through such a mass. To wag my head a trifle was so easy that, to Alfred's disgust, I did it, and instantly there was action—glorious, maddening action—especially wing-action!

The jarring roar of that first mad beating of fully-matured wings was worth journeying many a mile to hear, for I had not heard its like since the best of the St. Clair grounds—some thirty-odd years ago. Two noble mallards leaped twenty feet into air directly in front, and as I turned up the second, it seemed as if a couple of other duck farther off fell with him. Then the startled host streamed far away. Alfred gathered two mallard, a red-head and two gray-duck, the extra three being victims of accident.

"No shoot in dur water," he grunted, "den we put decoy," and with the words he swept the canoe about and again sent her through the reeds and into the open channel. Within a half-mile, I had a dozen chances at bluebill and red-head, and where another channel joined ours, Alfred threw out the dozen decoys and backed the canoe into cover. In a few minutes he had tied her fast by means of reeds passed under a thwart, whereupon, although in ten feet of water, she became as stiff as a floor.

"Come—soon," he muttered as he seated himself astern and I stood waiting. Like his fellows, Alfred wore a big, black felt hat, which I didn't exactly like, but as his hair was if anything blacker than the tile, and his face but a few shades lighter, there seemed to be no sense in asking him to hide the headgear. As I stood upright, I could just see over the

reeds. There were a few dimly distant fowl moving, and for a moment it seemed hopeless to expect very much in so enormous a marsh. Then arose the memory of Alfred's skill and with it renewed faith, for this lovely bit of bronze undoubtedly was a master of all ducking craft.

Ten, twenty anxious minutes crawled by and I surmised I'd best squat on the grub-box for a spell. I had been seated about two minutes—possibly only one minute and fifty-seven seconds, when the inexorable Alfred rumbled—

"Best get—up—come—soon—dook." There's no manner of use trying to argue with a chap who talks so infernally like a bittern, so up I straightened just in time to sheer off an unsuspected bluebill which probably would have hit me in the ear had I raised a half-second later. As it happened, he failed to hit me as cleanly as I failed to hit him, for which I'm not altogether sorry, for, from what little I saw of him, he really appeared to be a very decent fellow in spite of being a trifle too fast for an eminently proper person to closely associate with. And, after him, the judgment—which is—"Twas *great!*"

From whence came all those fowl, I know not, nor do I care, but within fifteen minutes I was as busy as a country laddie fightin' bumble-bees. First, it was the steamy hiss of electric-gearred teal, then the winnowing of mallard, the purring-beat of red-head, the stooping roar of mighty "Cans," which did not intend to actually stop, and that wonderful, stiff-winged "cutting-down" of hard-feathered, blocky bluebills, which seemed to jar the air to hollow resonance. It was positively thrilling, and for the first time the half-dozen boxes of shells seemed none too many, although at starting, I had laughed at the then outrageous number.

Now, let the reader imagine that sport. A cloudless, windless day, so warm that the chill from the icy water was unnoticed by a man who wore no gloves, but even had doffed the canvas coat for greater freedom and comfort, and that man standing upright in a canoe tied so firmly that a foot upon the wale



couldn't careen her half an inch. The decoys motionless a few yards in front and beyond them fully fifty yards of perfectly open water upon which dead ducks floated like corks, while cripples vainly strove to evade that merciful extra shell which eases duck cares and sportsman's conscience in one swift, smokeless breath. Add to all this an apparently inexhaustible supply of fowl, all whizzing in from right to left, and what more could a wildfowler ask? Plenty of variety, too, for while bluebill predominated, there were many of the larger species. And through it all, the black-and-white flutter of buffleheads—beautiful wee fellows which, probably, did not—"weep that they bin too small to sin," in the matter of tempting a man overmuch. Never in my life had I enjoyed cleaner or better sport, and it was not till in the act of breaking the fourth box of shells, that I gave a thought to the amount of talking the little gun had kept up.

It was then a little past the noon hour, so I turned about and looked earnestly at Alfred. He had long ago forsaken the faith of both his peoples, and had enthusiastically devoted himself to the Paganest kind of idolatry, and while I didn't just know if I were supposed to be a bronze Buddha, or merely a brazen serpent, I felt a trifle of responsibility, for clearly this copper-plated child of nature worshipped me. Just to disillusionise him, I bit into a pork pie, a box of which had been sent by Tom's better half. No handmade god, not even Moloch himself, ever bit into an offering in better style, nor did any one of 'em all ever have a finer excuse for a second bite.

After lunch, a smoke and a trifle of reflection. Ducks kept coming, and when Alfred had got the amazing fact that I didn't care for any more, he smiled like a rat-trap and picked up the gun. I smiled too, but, unlike Alfred's, my smile didn't come off after he had missed four straight. I had expected some such showing, because the pattern was unusually close, which, at short range, necessitated exact holding, something very different from work with the cheap scatter-gun to which Alfred was accustomed. He looked at me rather sheepishly, then

laid down the gun, and no matter if ten thousand fowl flew by, he would not again pick it up.

To his further discomfiture, I decided to gather the fallen. This leaving the stand in quest of birds which were perfectly safe where they lay, was something he could not fathom, for he had not the slightest idea that I would stop while more were to be knocked down. He was in such a hurry to get through that he exerted to the full his wonderful power of marking and remembering, and thereby he gave me a genuine treat. At least twenty duck had fallen into the reeds (those in the open, of course, were easy), but he never hesitated, nor did he have to recover any ground. He just went to each duck in turn, as though only that one had been knocked down, and he had not taken his eyes off the spot. A dozen times he drove the canoe three-fourths of her length into the reeds, and every time the duck was not only there, but right under my hand. I cannot recall having to even stretch my arm to full length to pick up, and, it must be remembered, those reeds were six feet tall and crowded as thickly as they could stand. In one instance, and I fancy he purposely did it, because there was another and easier approach, he forced the canoe for nearly twenty yards through almost baffling stuff, then said—"Red-head dur." That duck was touching the side of the canoe, yet I recalled having dropped it early in the day.

He is the surest marker of all I have seen, his steady training and the wonderful aboriginal eye, no doubt, accounting for it, but he doesn't like knocking off before the last chance has offered. This is sure-enough Indian, and in all likelihood the trait would not displease a certain class of shooters, especially after so long a journey northward. Alfred can count too, as he promptly proved when asked that awful question—"How many?" That beautiful wild spark, which only blood can arouse, was in his eyes, and his teeth gleamed as he answered —, but come to think of it, Alfred hasn't given his permission to publish that answer, which after all is as much his business as anybody else's.



At the end of the week, the total bag formed a truly noble array, for the four guns were in rare good form. And in conclusion, let me say to all interested and that means a good many—a top-notch at wildfowling, which I am not, could make, supposing the thing were right and legal, such a bag of choice duck on that marsh as seldom could be shown anywhere else, and for days at a stretch the average might be kept up.

Only an actual trial can give one the correct idea of what good shooting on Lake Manitoba means. There are other marshes in that country, many of them extensive ones, where the bags might total almost any number in reason, but after testing the best of all, my heart yet turns to that vast, houseless, silent, restful space, where the north breeze drives the long, foamy rollers of Lake Manitoba into the reed-walled, lotus-lazy lagoons of Clandeboy.

## The "Misled" Collie

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.



NE evening in September a "Misle"-coated collie stood watching the door of the Red Lion Inn.

Her attitude was one of pathetic expectancy—the beautiful, slim-tapered head cocked sideways, and ears thrust forward from the heavy neck-ruff, vibrant with the intensity of her interpretation of footsteps.

Suddenly the dog's frame stiffened with joyous anticipation; there was the shuffle of many feet; the swinging door pushed outward; and four men in working garb issued boisterously to the sidewalk.

The collie leapt joyously at her master with a yelp of delight, caressing his rough hand with her tongue.

"There, there, girl—down!" the man said, shoving her gently away.

"But, Watson, you're an old rascal," one of the jovial four ejaculated, clutching Watson's arm and twisting him playfully about.

Suddenly a mottled body with hair bristling, sprang between the two; there was a gleam of white teeth, an ominous snarl, and a pair of weird wall-eyes, fierce in anger, glared at the maker of the horse-play.

"Look out, Dan! have a care!—down girl! she'd bite you in a jiffy, man," Watson cried in broken sentences.

Bob's assilant released his hold, and jumped back, in his eyes a look of admiration for the faithful collie.

"I'll buy her of you, Bob," he said.

"Will you, now? How much will you give, Dan?"

"Ten dollars."

"Not for a thousand, Dannie my boy. I'd sell a wife first—if I had one. Ten dollars for Stracathna Princess! Man, I've been offered fifty; yon's a bench bitch."

Then turning to another of the group, he said, "Come on, Murray, I'll go a bit of the road with you."

Watson walked in silence beside his friend, the collie at their heels.

"What's troublin' you, Bob—you're dumpy?" Murray asked at the end of the block.

"I was thinkin' of Dan's ten dollars. But I couldn't sell the doggie—my heart, I couldn't sell her, Jock. Could I, girl?" he asked, turning to stroke the collie's head.

"D'you see the answer in her eye, man—she's sayin' as plain as anything, 'No, you could na.'"

"She's a wise dog, Bob; she's almost human. But what is it about the ten dollars?"

"I have a chance of a job at Buffalo; I've been on the shelf since the foundry closed down, an' I haven't the price o' a ticket."

Murray pondered over this problem for a little, his hand clutching a slim roll of bills in his breeches' pocket—the week's wage. The money was needed at home—



badly; but Watson would have helped him with his last dollar—he knew that.

With an impetuous movement, Murray crushed the bills into his friend's hand saying, "Here's ten dollars for you, Bob."

But the other drew back, protesting, "You're needin' it yourself, Jock."

For answer Murray shoved the money into Bob's vest pocket, and turned away.

"I'll not borrow it, Jock," Watson said, "but I'll take it if you'll keep the collie."

"I don't want the dog."

"Keep her, man; and when I'm in funds I'll buy her back. If anything happens me, she's yours; and don't you see, Jock, you could get your own back, and I'd die, as I lived, owin' no man. If I'd taken Dan's money, I'd have lost the old girl for all time."

"Well, have your own stubborn Scotch way, Bob; I'll take Princess; you'd better come with her to the house and have a bite of supper."

In ten minutes the two friends came to a little rough-cast cottage, setting back from the street.

"I've brought Watson home for supper, Margaret," Murray said to the slender woman who greeted him at the door.

Murray ate his simple meal in troubled silence. How could he reconcile his wife to the receipt of a dog instead of the needed money!

As they left the table, he said, "Bob's going to Buffalo, wife, an' I've bought the collie from him."

Margaret's face mirrored her dismay. It was just this careless improvidence that frittered away Jack's earnings.

"Are you no likin' dogs?" Watson said, for Margaret's silence brought an ominous lull in the talk.

"I have my hands full with baby; besides—" she closed her teeth on the lower lip and turned away.

"The collie 'll take care of baby for you. She's a gran' hand wi' children."

This was a most bare-faced assertion, for Bob was a bachelor and children had not come the way of the Princess at all.

"Collies are treacherous—they're apt to snap," Margaret retorted; inwardly

she was wondering how much precious money had been wasted over the useless canine.

"I'll just show you, Mistress—bring little Elsie here, and you'll see."

"It will frighten baby," Margaret objected.

"Not a bit of it, wife," Murray asserted. And going to the cot he brought the child and placed her on Watson's knee.

"Here, girl," Bob said to the dog. The collie put her wise head on her master's leg, and looked enquiringly into his face.

"You're to take care o' little Elsie, old girl," Bob said with great gravity. "An' if any one goes to run away with the bairnie just grip him with your teeth."

The collie understood that her master's words had something to do with the child. She put her paws on his leg and, raising herself, stuck her cold nose in the baby's face, and caressed the chubby little cheeks with her tongue.

"Look at her, Mistress Murray; she knows. Didn't I tell you. My word, she'll die for little Elsie. Aye, aye, an' I'm leavin' her behind. But she'll be in good hands, Mistress Murray."

"It's a useless expense, Mr. Watson; a big dog will eat as much meat as a man."

The little woman's face flushed as she said this. Murray had been ill the previous winter and they had got behind; all summer she had been trying to catch up and get even with the world.

"Meat, Mistress!" Watson ejaculated in well-feigned astonishment—"porritch is the very thing for collies. Stracathna Princess—that's her full name, Mistress Murray," Bob said very proudly—"just loves her porritch."

Watson put the baby's legs astraddle the collie's back, and saying "Come on girlie," strode solemnly three times around the room singing—

"Ride a cock horse  
To Banbury Cross."

Little Elsie's eyes, as big and bluer than her mother's, stared wonderingly into the broad, good-natured face of the Scotchman; and Princess paced as proudly as though she were a palfrey carrying a queen.



Margaret forgetting for a second her apprehension of the ruinous expenditure smiled in mother delight.

"There, bonnie blue eyes," Bob said, lifting the child from the collie's back, "give doggie a kiss. Kiss the bairnie, girl."

The baby drew her eyebrows together disapprovingly, but the collie imprinted a kiss after the manner of his kind.

The mother took the child, and Watson proceeded to explain just why Princess was the very best dog in the world.

He detected an atmosphere of trouble for Murray ahead over parting with the money. The little woman's uncordial reception of her husband's announcement set Watson thinking very deeply. He must square the matter for Jack by making the wife satisfied with the deal.

"Jock has come by a grand bargain, Mistress," he said, throwing a touch of envy into his voice.

"But we're needing every cent of his wages, Mr. Watson." It was out; the little woman had let slip the words she was repeating over and over to herself.

"Why, Mistress, the collie's pups 'll be worth more 'n ten dollars.

"Ten dollars!" she exclaimed in horror. "And is Jack bringing pups, too—where are they?"

Bob turned in confusion and whispered to Murray, "Heavens, Jock, I made a bad break."

Then squaring the slip with a little equivocation he continued: "I was meanin', Mistress, that a pup o' this fine breed would be worth ten dollars. Did you ever hear of Cockie or Trefoil?"

"No, what are they?"

"They're just dust now, Mistress Murray, but they were dogs—gran' dogs, the fathers of all gude collies in Scotland. And Stracathna Princess is o' that strain—Jock knows that."

The husband nodded his head complacently, though it was entirely new information to him.

"Praps you heard o' Johnnie Norman, Mistress Murray?"

"I may have, Jack has many friends, but I forget their names so."

Watson buried his face in the collie's neck. "I'm forgettin' you was never in

Scotland, Mistress Murray. You see, there, if a man has just a common dog—not a collie—mind you, they tax him seven-an'-six; but a collie, bein' so wise an' useful goes free, an' they're very plenty. So a good dog's name is a household word.

"Johnnie Norman was a gran' collie that was stolen; an' just among oursel's, Stracathna Princess is o' Johnnie Norman's blood. Murray knows that. He's a good judge o' a dog, is Jock. No man 'll stick him wi' a bad one"; and Bob, stretching out his foot, surreptitiously pressed Jock's corns till he squirmed in agony.

Murray blushed at his friend's tribute so at variance with fact, but answered, "That's right, wife."

It was quite a conspiracy.

"You could put her on the bench," Watson declared, turning to the husband. "She has all the points o' a prize winner. There 's the finest head you ever saw on a collie; the flat, wide skull that carries brain, taperin' like a lady's han' to her eyes. An' the long muzzle an' black nose are strong points. She has small ears too—big ears would throw her oot."

Watson stroked the really beautiful head as though he were a mother caressing a loved child. "Aye, girl, you're a beauty."

"Tell me, Bob," queried Murray; "she's a queer colour for a collie; and her eyes are sort of like glass marbles."

"A collie may be any colour for the bench—it doesna' matter. The Princess is what they call 'misled;' an' the 'wall eyes' always go with a mottled coat. But they must be slitted in like a fox's. I'll tell you the points; you might want to enter her at the Kennel Show. She has a long body and ribs well rounded up; an' the chest is deep an' narrow in front, but plenty o' room o'er the heart behind the shoulders."

Watson was at home on the points of a good collie, and, once started, would talk all night on his favourite theme. And he continued about the straight fore legs; and the well-bent hocks, and long pasterns of the hind; the arched toes, the double coat—the outer hair coarse and the inner soft and furry; until Margaret regretted having expressed any objection.



"I'll show you where the head comes in, Mistress," Bob finally said; "the intelligence that's next to humans. Just stay here, girl," he commanded the collie. "I'll go out the back door—I see it's a latch—an' do you, Jock, say, 'Find Bob,' an' you'll see what'll happen."

Watson went out, and when Murray spoke the mystic words, the collie went to the door and struck the latch with her fore paw until it freed from the hasp. Then she wedged her thin nose in the crack, opened the door, and with a yelp of delight whisked about her master.

Watson came in, his face radiant with smiles, saying: "You see, Mistress, she'll be a companion to you when Murray's at work. Just learn her wi' 'Find Jock,' an' if she once gets the scent of his steps, she'll bring him if he's in the town. You could even go out and leave her wi' little Elsie; I'll guarantee nothing would touch the bairnie."

"She *is* wise," Mrs. Murray admitted. "Are you sure she'd not snap if Baby pulled her hair—the little one's always clutching at things."

"No, she'll not do that. An' now I must be going away home, for it's late."

As Watson put on his hat, the collie sprang eagerly to the door, and stood waiting for him to open it.

"No, no, girlie," Bob said in a husky voice, "you're to stay here an' mind little Elsie. Up, till I say good-bye," and he snapped his fingers at his chin.

Princess put her paws on Watson's shoulders; he threw his arms around her arched neck, drew her head in against his rough cheek, and when he lifted her gently down there were tears in his eyes.

"I'll walk to the corner with you, Bob," Murray said, passing out.

"I made a slip, Jock," Watson said, as they parted. "It was over the puppies. If anything went wrong, an' I couldna send you the money, or you were needin' cash, just sell the puppies. Stick to the mither as long as you can, Jock—I'm feared I'll be very lanesome without her."



Watson went away to Buffalo, and Stracathna Princess waited patiently for his return.

In a dog's life a day is a whole cycle of time. When the collie woke in the morning, she remembered that her master was away, and, as had happened before, many times, would return—of course that day.

Sometimes as she lay on the front doorstep, head between paws, and eyes fixed on the street, little Elsie would creep through the door and fall asleep in the warm sunshine, her head pillowed on the collie's side. When the restless imp of growing strength tingled the baby's fingers, and she tugged at the collie's high-topped ears, or, kneading her chubby hands in the thick neck-ruff, bobbed ecstatically up and down, crowing with delight, Princess would turn her head and nose to the plump-creased neck.

Sometimes the cold caress would bring forth an indignant lament; sometimes the mischievous digits would pick enquiringly at the slitted fox-eyes. But nothing the baby did brought a snarl from the even-tempered collie.

When Margaret reproached her husband for the huge financial outlay, and he answered, "Watson would have helped me if I was broke—I guess the Lord won't go back on a man for doing the square thing," she kissed him apologetically, and said, "If we're very careful, we'll manage, I think, Jack."

It was in the patrician collie blood of Stracathna Princess to guard and watch over something. With her ancestors it had been sheep; so she literally interpreted her master's orders in the supervision of Elsie.

The little one was taught to say, "Find papa, Prin," and Watson's game of find-your-master was played many times in the little family.

Perhaps it was the going away of Watson, who was convivial, or the walks Murray gave the collie that altered the man's life. He went less frequently to the Red Lion, and there was more money for Margaret and her primitive house-keeping.

It was the fourth Saturday from the event of Princess that the household god of content was shattered.

Murray returned from the carpet factory with sullen depression in his face. A strike had been declared, and, as he hand-



ed the bulk of his week's wage to Margaret, he said, "I fought against it, wife, for winter's coming, and God knows we've not much to go on with."

The little woman sat down and cried; she was brave enough, but her slender form was strung with fine nerves that sometimes went to pieces.

The collie, feeling the unrest of something wrong, put her head compassionately in the disconsolate woman's hand.

"She's friendin' you, girl," the husband said; "she's saying to cheer up."

For a week Murray sat about the house smoking, or walked with the dog, and fought against the hypnotic influence the Red Lion thrust into his hours of idleness.

One morning four puppies squeaked and tumbled foolishly over each other at their mother's side—a pair of little dogs, sable-and-white, and two females, "mised" like their mother.

In six weeks the money was all gone; but that day Bob's ten dollars came.

"You see, wife," Murray said, "a man doesn't suffer by helping a friend. We wouldn't have had this money now only for the collie."

Murray tried to get employment; but there were a dozen applicants for every place—sometimes fifty; and a carpet-weaver was not a desirable man for general work.

Bob's ten dollars lasted two weeks. Then hunger sat and jeered at them in the little rough-cast house. People rolled by in their carriages, fur-robed and red of cheek, and the labourer devoid of labour, cursed at the injustice of it all; and strolled many times into the Red Lion, on chance of a casual glass with its fatal warmth for his chilled spirits.

The day after the last dollar had gone, Margaret said to her husband, "Jack, there is no milk for Elsie, and there's very little bread for ourselves."

"I'll have to sell one of the pups, wife," the husband answered; "Bob said I might if I was pinched, and it's a case of sell or starve."

The pup was sold, and when Murray brought home five dollars he said: "This will carry us into work, I think, for they're all saying the strike is about over."

Princess was showing the effect of short rations, and Murray gave away the two females.

They existed two weeks on the five dollars obtained for the little son of Princess; the man did—Margaret absolutely starved herself, furtively hiding this from Jack. She grew weaker, wondering if she could hold out till the time of work.

Hunger-tried in the day when she was alone with the collie and Elsie, she indulged in costless epicurean feasts of fancy; the great juicy joint of beef she would have on the table when Jack was at work again. She held these wild revels in company with the collie; and Princess would blink her wise wall-eyes, and swing her tail gravely because of the faint smile on her mistress's lips.

Before the two weeks were up, Margaret fainted twice of exhaustion. It was the day that saw the last cent of the pup money go, that Margaret tumbled, for the second time, in a crumpled heap on the floor; she was brought out of insensibility by the sympathetic tongue of Princess on her face.

It was the day before Christmas, and it had been rumoured that this day would see the end of the strike.

When Anderson came in in the evening he brought the same bitter tale of the unyielding master and obstinate men.

Margaret sighed as she sat wearily in a chair holding the child in her lap.

"Christmas Eve! and the last shovelful of coal is in the stove, Jack. My God! what's to become of us?"

"We can't freeze, little woman; I've just got to sell the other pup—that's all there is to it. Nolan at the Red Lion'll buy him. I've stood it off till now, but we can't starve."

"We can't starve!" what mockery—she had been starving for days.

Murray picked up the collie saying, "I won't be more'n fifteen minutes." Princess followed him to the door, and, as he stood for a second, looked yearningly at the pup in his arms.

"It's rough on you, old girl," he said, "but it can't be helped."

In ten minutes Murray leaned against the Red Lion bar, saying to the heavy-



faced proprietor, "I've brought the pup you wanted."

"One of Bob Watson's breed?"

"Yes."

"All right, here's your V. Have a drop on the head of it—we'll christen the youngster. By jove! we'll name him Christmas. Here's to you, Jack—Merry Christmas!"

The florid man said nothing about the little starved woman at home; she didn't hear, anyway, so it didn't matter.

Then the glasses were filled again at Jack's order, lest the stigma of meanness should smirch the name of the man.

"Merry Christmas, ha, ha!" some little devil in the clinking glasses had sneered the mocking laugh.

Murray left the saloon, his hand grasping the crisp bill in his pocket; a comforting influence stole up his arm and threw his shoulders back. He had gone in shivering with cold; he issued with a warm glow at his heart—he forgot to button his coat. The cheery liquor enveloped the five dollars with the potentiality of fifty.

The sidewalk thronged with Christmas shoppers, animated of countenance.

A man touched Murray's shoulder, and a familiar voice said, "Well, Jock!"

"Bob Watson! God, man!" Then the two friends held hands for a minute in silence.

"I'm just back from Buffalo to have Christmas with the collie—an' yourself, Jock, o' course," Watson said. "Come an' we'll have a drop for auld lang syne."

Murray complied hesitatingly, objecting, "I must hurry back to the wife."

"Come on, man—I'm goin' with you. We'll just have a smile first."

Watson furnished the smile; and then—a man must be a man—Murray carried the ripple of hilarity along with another smile. And over the glasses with their loosening up power, he told the whole story of his troubles. But Watson had saved money, and declared he would stand by the man who had loaned him his last dollar.

When Nolan saw Watson, he brought forth little Christmas.

Bob's eyes became jewels of delight. He snuggled the pup under his chin; put it on the oak bar, and called them all to witness the glorious points of "Christmas."

"Sable-and-white," he cried exultantly; man, alive! that's the Charlemagne cropping out—a grand strain indeed!"

Murray leaned over and whispered in Watson's ear. "I wouldn't have sold him, Bob, if I could a-helped it."

"Tut, man! he's in good hands—the Princess's enough for me. And, Mr. Nolan, we'll just trouble you to wet the feet o' little Christmas."

Then Watson, as breeder of such a fine dog, felt called upon to do the honours of the occasion. A dozen times little Christmas was brought forth to be shown to the friends of Watson who dropped in. The proprietor had the price of the pup back in an hour.

The liquor had laid its strong grasp upon Murray's half-starved physique, and subdued his consciousness of the flight of time.

At first he repeated at intervals, "I must go, Bob"; now he drank in quiet waiting on his friend's pleasure.



Christmas Eve at the Red Lion; in the little rough-cast house it was this way:

When Jack had gone, Margaret lighted a lamp and peered into the stove; the fire was almost burned out—and the scuttle was empty. She placed Elsie upon a shawl beside the stove, and opened the oven door. As the stored warmth issued, the collie stretched herself beside the child.

Sitting down, the mother tried to rest, as she waited her husband's return. She couldn't. Nerves are all-powerful just before they break; they dragged the weary woman to her feet, they paced her up and down the room.

A half-hour went by—an hour. A gong in the little box of wheels on the shelf said it was eight o'clock. Why did not Jack return—something must have happened him—he had been killed, run over?

The jerky nerves drew fanciful pictures of disaster. Elsie was sleeping nestled against the collie's side, but the room was getting cold—the fire had gone out; she put the little one in her cot. As Margaret rose from the chair, she staggered; and as she stooped to lift the child, glimmering lights, violet and blue-green, blinded her—



she was choking. Then, with a call of "Jack," the little woman pitched forward, the collie's body breaking her fall.

The frightened child set up a wail; and Princess, crawling from beneath her mistress, stood trying to puzzle out the extraordinary happening. Why did her mistress lie there without speaking? The child's wail stirred her heart with a lone-some feeling.

The collie stepped forward and peered into Margaret's face, then caressed it; she lifted her paw and tapped the woman's shoulder pleadingly—there was no response.

Subtle instinct told Princess that her mistress was ill; and her little playmate, Elsie, was in trouble because she cried—just like her own pups used to.

Her brain, that was only a wise dog's brain, worked confusedly at the disturbing tangle; it needed a lead in the right direction from the finer-working mechanism of a human mind.

There was an air of unrest over the room, such as comes before a storm—the child's plaintive cry vibrated her sympathy. It made her restless; she wanted something—her pups or her master, or even if the mistress would but speak. She wandered about the room, sniffing at the nooks into which her puppies used to crawl. A pair of Murray's boots with the man's scent, started a clear thought,—her master and her pup had gone away together. And in the room was but the child's wail; Princess felt a desire to howl in sympathy. She trotted back to the pathetic group on the floor, her nails clicking the boards with a depressing loudness; and put her muzzle against Elsie's face in consolement.

The child pulled at her mother's cold face, crying "Ma-ma,—Papa—want Papa." Then she suddenly became possessed of an idea, born of chance and the dog's cold nose on her cheek, and shoving the collie's head away, she said, "Find papa, Prin!"

The collie stood irresolutely; she had never played that game with Elsie at night, and alone.

"Papa—find Papa, Prin!" the child repeated, with a touch of imperious crossness.

The collie understood it now; it was an order; her master must be just outside, where she had always found him.

Princess trotted to the door, sniffed the crevice, then, rising, tipped the latch with her paw, and clawed it open.

As it closed behind her, she nosed the step, and in her nostrils came the scent of her master's going.

In a dog's mind the present idea obliterates everything. Her desire to howl was forgotten in the new discovery of her master's trail.

Down the path she hurried, along the sidewalk, to the right, to the left, wherever the footsteps led,—crossed and recrossed as they had been by others; on, taking her wonderful way to the door of the Red Lion.

Her shrill collie bark carried to Watson's ear.

"God, man!" he cried, "I'll take m' oath—"

He darted to the door; as he flung it open, Princess sprang against him with a whine of delight. Then she raced to Murray, in whose hands was little "Christmas."

"She's followed the pup," Jack said, as the mother smothered the little chap's face in her caresses.

Then Princess raced to the door, uttering a sharp calling bark; then again to the pup, giving it a hurried kiss; and once more to the door.

Watson watched the collie's erratic movements with intense interest. Suddenly he said: "Jock, she's been sent for you; there's something wrong, I fear—come away, man!"

Watson's words steadied Murray's senses that were swaying because of the liquor. Without a word he pushed through the door, and the two men almost ran; dread, and the cold night air mastering the liquor fumes.

As they swung up the path, the little house was quiet—there was a light. As Murray stood for a second in the doorway, Elsie held up her hands, crying in delight, "Papa!"

Murray lifted the senseless form of his wife to the bed, saying: "Quick, Bob, the doctor—the red light on the corner."

Margaret lay like one dead. The husband put his hand over her heart; it took



a length of time to detect the weak flutter. He chafed her hands, crying in an anguish of remorse, "Margaret, girl, wake up—Oh, my God!"

Elsie was crying on the floor. He put her in her cot, and reproached himself with strong words, "Woe to me; I'll never drink a drop again—I've killed the little woman."

Then the doctor and Bob came hurrying in.

"She'll be all right," the doctor said, after a little. "It's lucky you caught me in, though—she's so weak, that a half-hour might have made all the difference."

"The collie was just in time, Jock," Watson whispered to Murray, as the doctor sat by the bed.

## Canada and United States: A Comparison

By VALANCEY E. FULLER, *New York City*



It is very gratifying to an old Canadian to see that the great Canadian Northwest is at last being appreciated, and that a vast tide of emigration is setting in from this country. Unless the territory can be settled by Canadians, no better class of pioneers can be found than the Americans from the Northwestern States of the United States. Their forefathers were the pioneers of Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and the Dakotas; and it is owing to their enterprise and thrift that the States acquired the greatness and prosperity they enjoy to-day.

Many Canadians are not familiar with the reasons for the rush of emigration from the north-west of this country to the Canadian Northwest. The same motive which impelled their forefathers to settle the west and north-west of this country, actuates their descendants of to-day, viz.: the desire to possess good cheap land which is bound to increase in value.

Indiana was settled by a younger generation of Kentuckians, who were led there by free grant or cheap lands. As land in Indiana was taken up, and the farms became valuable, they were often sold by the Kentucky settlers, who moved to Illinois and acquired virgin soil, either by free grant or at a low cost. This process has been continued as each new State was opened up further west; and as each be-

came settled and the farms increased in value, the whole or part was sold. If the former, the whole family, with their stock, furniture (or their money value), and their knowledge of pioneering, moved to the newer States farther west. When only part of the farm was sold, the old people remained on the farm, and the money which was derived from the sale of part of the farm was for the children to invest in virgin soil in a newer State.

Illinois was settled by people from Indiana, just as Indiana was settled by those from Kentucky; Iowa was peopled by Illinois; Nebraska by those from Illinois and Iowa, and so on, into Dakota. This process has been going on for generations, until at last the descendants of the early settlers of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota have turned their eyes longingly to the great Canadian Northwest, in order that, like their forefathers, they may reap the benefit of the increase in the value of the lands. But, like their forefathers, they will not sit idly by, looking for that increase to come without effort on their part. On the contrary, they will contribute of their means, experience, energy and brains to upbuild that great country, realising that by so doing, they and their children will share the increased advance in the value of their holdings.

It is a most fortunate thing for the future



of the Canadian Northwest that the tide of emigration has set that way. I am a great believer in heredity. Pioneering, progressiveness, acquisitiveness and thrift are born in the people of the American Northwest, those who are now taking up your lands. These traits are all necessary in bringing about that prosperity which is bound to follow the settling of a land teeming with such rich possibilities of wealth to the tillers of the soil as your Canadian Northwest. No people are better qualified by inheritance and experience to build that country up than the Americans now going in. The heritage of their ancestors has shown such to be the case in this country, and I am sure such will be their history.

It is fortunate in still another way. The Americans of the north-west are of the same race as you. They are used to the same laws and language as Canadians, and think like your people. They are possessed of the requisites of success as pioneers in a new country. They will respect and obey your laws and customs, for they will soon learn that the former are made to be obeyed, and not to be evaded, as is too often the case in this country. Last, and not by any means least, they will assimilate with your people. While they will never lose their love for their native land, they will none the less learn to love the land of their adoption.

This country is overrun with foreigners. In theory, the idea of the great United States being a refuge for those who were oppressed or unfortunate or unsatisfied in their native lands, is a beautifully benevolent one, which in the earlier history of the country did not present the features it does to-day, when the cities and towns, more especially in the east, are simply crowded with Germans, Italians, Jews of many nations, and the ubiquitous Irishman. All these people are constantly increasing at an alarming rate, both by constant immigration and by the laws of nature. Broadway, New York City's greatest thoroughfare, is a New Jerusalem. It would take some seeking to find a round dozen Anglo-Saxon names on Broadway, the great retail street, from the Battery to 42nd Street, a distance of five miles. It is said in this city, that New York was "settled by the Dutch, is run by the Irish, and

owned by the Jews," and it is a true saying.

Get into a car anywhere in the five Boroughs of the Greater City, and you will hear any language almost, but English. It is a distinct relief to cross the border to Canada and hear our good mother tongue, instead of a gabble of Italian, German, Yiddish, Swedish, and half a dozen other languages. The same thing applies in other cities, although New York is the most un-American of all, a veritable cosmopolis.

America is no longer for the Americans. Its municipal and public offices are filled by foreigners, far too many of them being engaged in the pursuit of their own pecuniary benefit, rather than the general well-being of the city, state or nation. They lack the patriotism which is developed only by love of one's own country; and having forsworn their own country, this appeals to them by reason of its relation to their own advantage, and only so. Even when a man is born under the American flag, of foreign born parents, he is not American in spirit, he has not the inherited traditions of the country as his birthright—he cannot be called an American.

The United States is no longer governed by the votes of Americans, but by foreigners, many of them illiterate, ignorant of the laws of the land, and lacking in sympathy with them even when they do know them. A vote is with the majority of them a marketable commodity, to be given to the highest bidder—not to put in office a man who will give the best service to his constituents, but the man who will see that those who vote for him get a return in the shape of a "fat job" for themselves or their friends. The consequence is that votes are captured by the men with the greatest "pull" and the heaviest purse, and "graft" stalks abroad in bright daylight almost everywhere. It is in the police force; the municipal departments; in the Legislature; and too often in the Courts of Justice. The country is ruled by a Triumvirate—Pull, Graft and Wealth, which constitutes the Court of Last Resort. It is a common saying that "an American stands no show in this country unless he has a pull"—and the real American is the last one to desire or get it.

This sort of thing is not confined to the



poor and ignorant. We see men who claim to be leaders in finance and commerce passively permitting graft in one of the greatest financial institutions of the country, if indeed they do not share in it; men high in the commercial world defying the laws, the power of the State, and even the National Government; commercial integrity is at a low ebb, and money and "pull" are triumphing over justice and sense of honour.

Respect for the law of the land is the basic foundation of all great nations. To obtain proper respect and obedience for the law, it must be administered with impartiality and justice, and those who administer it should command the respect and confidence of the community.

It is a regrettable fact that those whose duty it is to see that the law is obeyed, are sometimes themselves guilty of a breach of it. The system of electing the bench by the popular vote is, in my judgment, a bad one. Human nature is the same the world over, and those sitting on the bench are not prone to mete out equal justice to the one controlling votes and to the one who cannot make or mar his election or other preferment. Again, a man is not put in nomination alone for his fitness to fill his high office, but rather because he is a vote-getter. Is it any wonder, then, that there are cases in which the "judges" disgrace their high calling? Such a case has recently been reported in the public press. It relates to a judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, next to the highest court of the great Empire State. This justice has been accused of "grafting," and the facts are a matter of record in the Fifth Judicial District of this State. The "grafting" by the justice was in favour of his son, who was appointed to a Court position in his district at a salary of \$1,800 a year. Up to January last this son had been paid by the State \$13,500 for performance of certain duties; but in that time had finished his course at the Syracuse University, had taken a three-year course in the Columbia University Law School in New York City, and had served in a law office in Oswego until about a year ago. Here is a clear case of "graft" by a Judge of the Supreme Court in the greatest State

in the Union. The majority of the judges are fearless, competent and honest, but the case cited shows the extent to which the conscience of the public has become dulled, for although the facts have been published in the public press, they have failed to arouse any great indignation, or even more than passing notice from the public.

The question has often been asked me, "What influence will the American immigration into the Canadian Northwest have on the political future of the country? Will it incite a desire for annexation with this country?" My answer has been, "None whatever." The American settler will find the economic conditions very similar to those of his own country; he will find the school system even more liberal; the laws more fairly and impartially administered; the laws relating to the liquor question liberal, yet conserving temperance; a people of social habits, imbued with a sense of justice, a high regard for the laws of the land, and with so great a respect for them that they are not only prepared to themselves obey, but to see to it that others do likewise. In a word, the American emigrant will be so well pleased with his material conditions, with the laws of the land, the customs of the people and the future of his children, that he will, as soon as he can, become a citizen of a country which guards his rights, his property and his well-being in a way to command his respect and esteem.

There is a warning and a lesson for Canada in these facts, and that is to raise the standard of those taking the oath of allegiance, and to keep the Canadian Northwest for the Anglo-Saxon race if you wish to avoid many of the grave social and political questions, some of them full of menace, which now confront the United States; and which may be attributed to the fact that this country is no longer, as stated above, ruled by the votes of its own people, but by those of foreigners. Canadians have a grand heritage in the great Northwest, and it is their duty to see to it that it is peopled by those worthy of it, those who, by association, will become their people, respecting their laws and adding to the prosperity and honour of the Dominion.





# To the Maple Leaf



BY OCTABLE GILZEAN-REID\*

THOU waving Forest, grandly fair,  
Emblem that men are proud to share,  
Glory immortal made for thee  
From age to age a crown to be,  
Naught can destroy thy supple grace,  
Thy lofty loveliness efface—  
Though wildest storms insist their sway,  
The foaming snow-drift spread its spray  
Like billowy clouds of glistening down,  
Till every leaf of ruby brown  
Is mantled o'er with wings of white,  
Pure as an uncreated light.

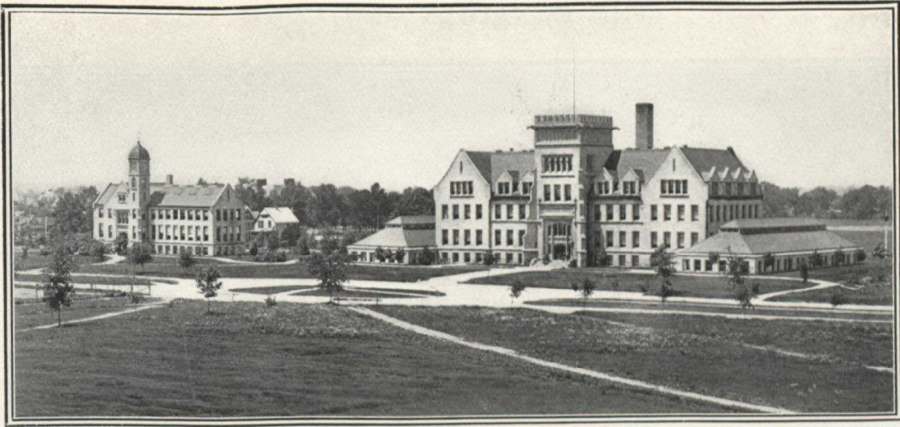
The solitary snowbird's cry  
Sadly recalls sweet days gone by,  
Dear summer days of untold wealth  
When thou did'st drink in dew the health  
Of aged parents' distant strand,  
Bound by Love's bond, no fettered band.  
Love through thy lisp'ing breeze doth swing,  
Love through the bluebird's note doth ring;  
Love's echoings mystic-music make,  
Bidding the forest-world awake.  
Neath silvern moon or noonday glare,  
Thou'rt always beautiful and fair;  
For Nature's God hath fashioned thee,  
Pride of thy Land and Race to be.

O'er myriad souls thou'lt reign supreme,  
And noble hearts that hold thee near  
Shall raise to God their humble prayer,  
Of heaven-born faith and firm belief  
That where'er waves the Maple Leaf,  
There peace and concord aye shall blend.  
Oh! voice of Liberty descend,  
Throughout this promised-land resound,  
Till mountains ring and rivers bound;  
And sweet as benediction tear  
Commingling with holy fear  
Shall light and love in sunlight shower,  
Fall from the heavens as thy dower;  
And glorious Prospects wave o'er thee,  
Thou Greater World, Thou Golden Key—  
Forest of Fortune, Land of the Free!

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\*The author, who is a daughter of Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, visited Canada last year. On Sunday, July 2nd, a number of the Canadian Manufacturers visited Dollis Hill House, Sir Hugh's residence near London, and this poem was written in honour of them. It was sent to the *Toronto Globe* and published, but has since been revised. Dollis Hill House was long the London residence of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and there Gladstone often spent much of his leisure.





BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

# The New High School

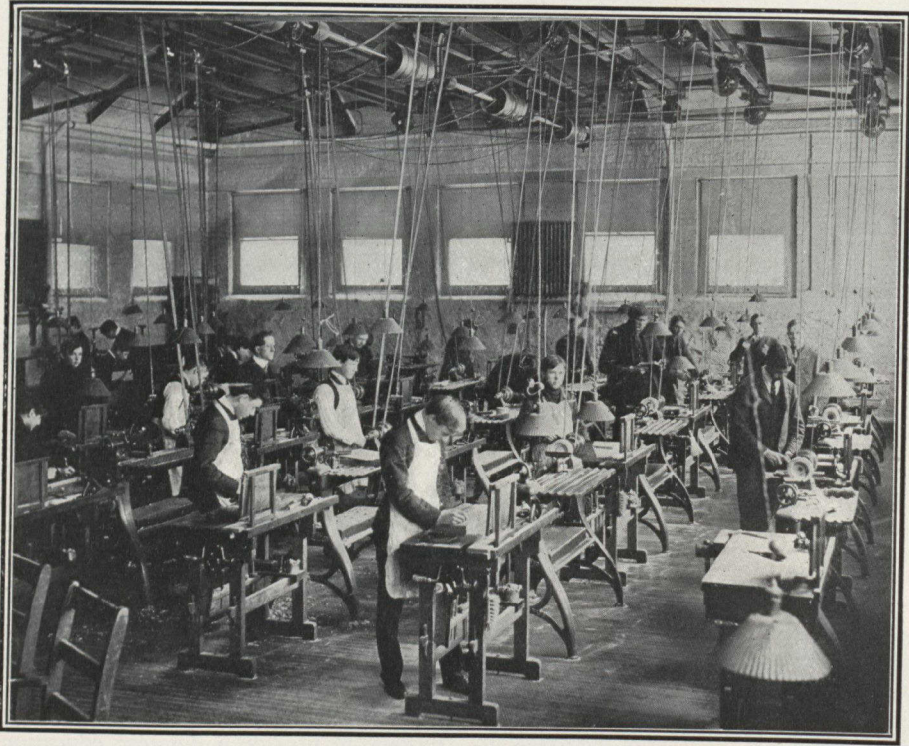
By W. L. RICHARDSON



HERE is perhaps no theme in modern thought provoking so much discussion and debate as the term "Education." Not the least of the topics included under this caption, and one concerning which the time is far distant when the last word will have been said, is that commonly styled the "New Education." The aim of the Old Education—the complete development of all powers, is still the aim of the New Education, but the mark aimed at has ever to be sharply distinguished from that struck. Observant men both of practice and theory have of late years been sceptical concerning the fitness for the business of life of the products of the old regime. The work of the latter, up to only a decade or two ago was beyond question excellent, and the only reason why it would not still continue to meet all demands, is that some of these demands are constantly giving place to new ones. Changes in the world of business are numerous. They crowd so rapidly on one another as to rival the transit problem in metropolitan cities where enormous facilities for handling the throngs of people are being constantly planned and constructed, only on completion to find that the increase in population has outdistanced the increased carrying power. The many

changes going on in the educational world, from Kindergarten to University, are not intended to provide a better education, but are attempts, owing to changed conditions, to provide a different education, so as to meet those changed conditions. Change is the hall-mark of life; stability of death. Newness in itself is no guarantee of worth, but the old must have more to commend it than simply old age. Men have ever been loath to give up the old and tried; consequently radical changes in educational practice have by many, at first, been viewed askance, and have been supported by only a small though gradually increasing number. Common among other changes have been those in the curriculum. Various forms of handwork have proved their worth in the schools of Great Britain, Sweden, France and the United States, and the movement is steadily gaining ground in Canada. In Canadian primary schools, it is practically decided that handwork has an educational value. It is only a matter of time when the child's creative instinct will be given adequate play during each school-day. Our secondary schools are, for obvious reasons, more slowly, but still surely, following in the wake of the primary schools, as is evidenced in the secondary schools of Brantford, Woodstock, Kingston, Hamilton,





BRADLEY—A CLASS IN WOOD-WORKING

and Guelph, which already provide some form of manual training for their students. The High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of other Canadian cities and towns will undoubtedly soon follow this lead. Men of wealth, and school boards are now realising the importance of giving the school-boy early and frequent opportunities to achieve his destiny—to create—and funds are being provided for manual training schools, or for equipments in schools at present existing.

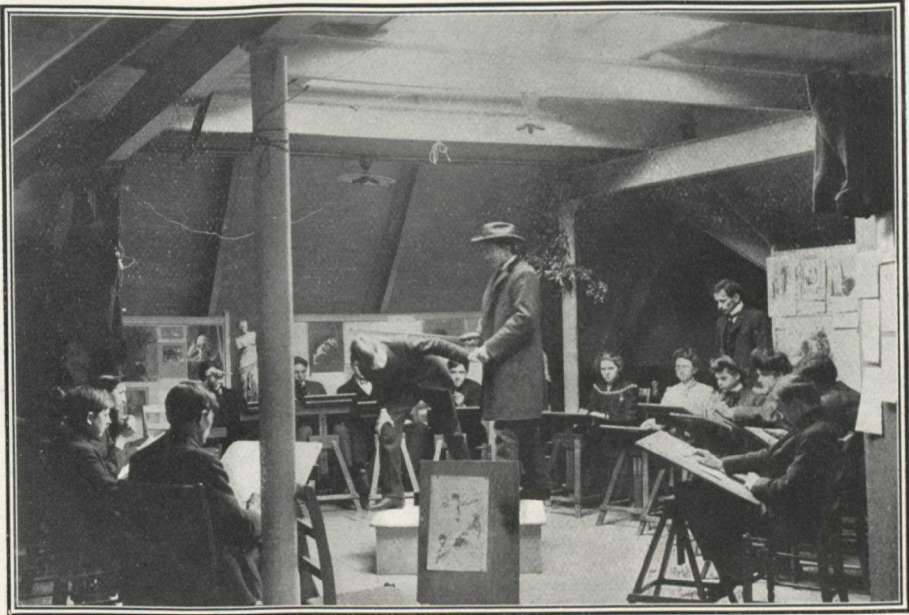
A very notable instance of this in the United States is Bradley Polytechnic Institute, situated in Peoria, Illinois. The buildings, grounds, and a substantial provision for the maintenance of the Institute, are the gift of Mrs. Lydia Bradley, as a memorial to her deceased husband and children. The object in view, as set forth in the calendar, is "to afford the young people of Peoria and vicinity an opportunity to acquire a practical and serviceable education, and particularly to teach them to

work, and to regard work as honourable."

How well this is being carried into effect may be determined by a study of the curriculum, and the accompanying illustrations. The Institute receives as students, graduates of the public schools of Peoria, and provides an education similar to that of the Canadian High School or Collegiate Institute, extended to cover the second year, of the University. It is in affiliation with the University of Chicago, and graduates of Bradley, after two years' study in Cornell, Princeton, Chicago, and other universities of like rank, have been awarded degrees in arts and science.

There is, however, one striking difference between the course of study at Bradley, and that of our collegiate institutes. Bradley makes ample provision in staff and equipment for instruction in the usual English branches, in Latin and Greek, French and German, Mathematics and Science, but has in addition a fully equipped department of Manual Arts. All





BRADLEY—A CLASS IN DRAWING

boys are given courses in mechanical and decorative drawing, and in wood and metal working, including turning and machine shop practice. The girls receive instruction and practice in Drawing, Household Science, and Dress-making. In the final year those students intending to proceed to academic degrees in the University are permitted to omit some of the manual training.

A nominal fee for tuition is asked, but even this is not compulsory. Many pupils by assisting in various ways, in sweeping and dusting class-rooms, mowing the lawns, working in library or office, or helping in the lunch-room at noon, secure all the privileges of the Institute without fee. By this means the idea of the founder, to teach boys and girls to work, and to respect work, is kept well to the front.

Last year the scope and influence of the school was further increased by the organisation of a summer school for teachers, under the direction of Prof. Charles A. Bennett, Dean of the Manual Arts Department. Courses in the history and organisation of manual training, constructive work with various materials, drawing and sewing, were given by several members of

the faculty. Many teachers came from the near-by towns, but almost every State in the Union was represented, and there were also two Canadians in attendance. A rather interesting fact, and one full of suggestion, was that although the summer school was primarily organised for specialists in manual training, a number of regular grade teachers availed themselves of the opportunity to gain a knowledge of what has been termed the "New Education," spending both time and money with this sole end in view.

The writer had the pleasure of engaging in conversation with Mrs. Bradley, in August of last year. Although in her eighty-fourth year, her faculties seemed to be but very slightly impaired. Her interest in current events was remarkable, and equalled only by her memories of time long past. Her inquiries about Canada, Canadian cities, and particularly the orchards and gardens of the Niagara peninsula, through which she had travelled many years ago, indicated a keen memory, and still active mind.

Many of the schools of collegiate grade in the United States have, like Bradley Institute, made ample provision for so-





BRADLEY—THE PHYSICS LABORATORY

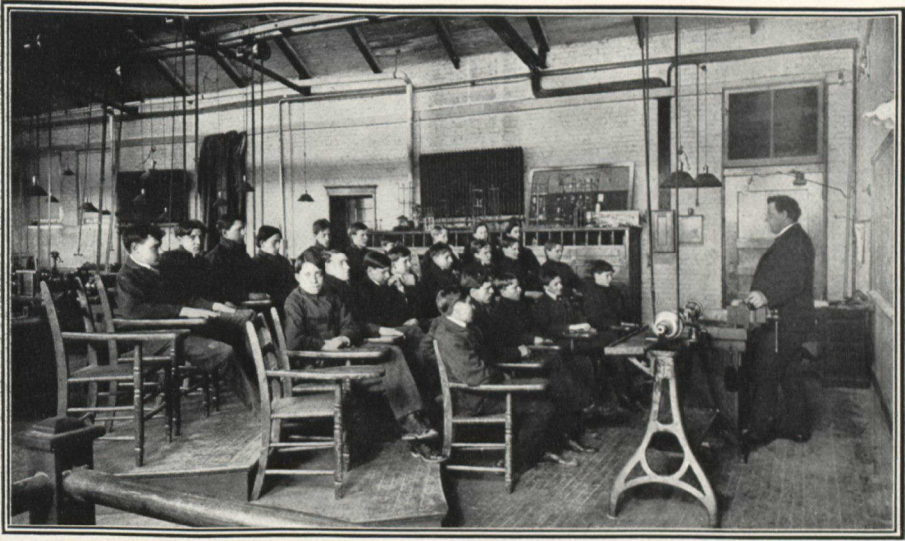
called "Manual Training." In order to afford additional opportunities to our secondary pupils to discover their aptitudes it will be necessary that similar action be taken in our High Schools. Apart from the undoubted educational value of manual training, it is expedient that all the avenues of approach to the business world be opened to our boys and girls. Several practicable plans present themselves, by any of which this object may be accomplished. In cities and counties where there are two or more High Schools, one of these might be converted into a Technical or Manual Training High School. The course in such a school would embrace English, Mathematics and Science, where related to the Manual Arts with a full course in the latter. The other High School would then be free to carry on academic courses, preparing students for the teaching profession or for matriculation into the universities. A second plan would install a Manual Arts equipment in every High School, making the elementary course obligatory to all students of the first year, and afterwards providing Manual Arts courses which would parallel those at present existing in English, Modern

Languages, Classics, Mathematics and Science. Students looking forward to journalism or a learned profession, would omit handwork in the last two years of their High School work. Those whose inclination lead in the direction of Arts and Crafts would devote almost all their time to English, Manual Arts, and related subjects. Those wishing a purely cultural education would, with some manual training, leave the High School with a broader view of the work of their fellowmen.

A third plan would consist in placing in every High School a woodworking equipment capable of continuing for one or two years the work of the public school. In addition to this, have a few thoroughly equipped Manual Training High Schools in the Province to which students intending to specialise in Arts and Crafts might go for advanced courses. To examine minutely the comparative values of these plans would entail the writing of a separate article, but it is evident that certain obstacles being removed the second and third have much in their favour.

By adopting some such course as outlined above, High School Boards will be meeting the changing condition of present

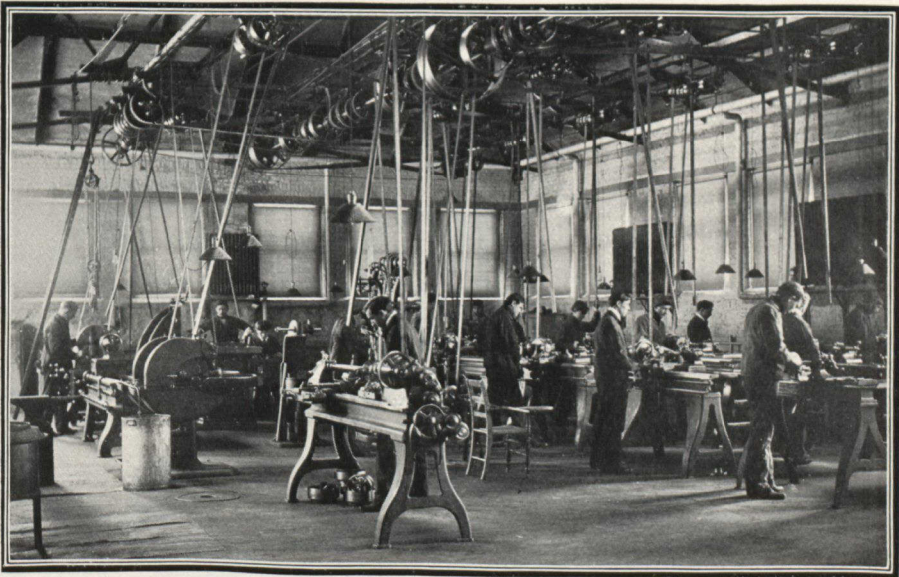




BRADLEY—A CLASS IN METAL-WORKING

day society. They will be giving due recognition to the now generally accepted Pestolozzian theory of "doing." We know that of the scores of handicrafts and occupations carried on in the homes of fifty years ago, but a very few may be found in the homes of to-day. We should realise that this homely instruction must have a

substitute in the school. Physiologic-psychology has determined that besides the utilitarian value of a trained eye, a deft hand, and an active brain, there is no better way of obtaining all three, and especially there is no better way of obtaining well-balanced and completely developed brain centres, than by some form of



BRADLEY—ENGINE LATHE ROOM





BRADLEY—THE LIBRARY

handwork. It is now seen that some latent powers of mind may be made active by reaching the brain through the motor avenues. How frequently many of our boys on leaving school drift from one position to another in the endeavour to find out what they can do. All cannot enter the professions, as seems to have been the object of some educational systems. Educational Manual Training will quickly reveal to the boy his aptitudes. It will be a posi-

tive addition to make of him who enters a learned profession an all-round handy man. His respect for work and for men who earn their living in the shop will be increased to the advantage of both classes. On the other hand, many a boy accounted a dullard in the class-room, springs suddenly to new life in his own estimation and that of his school-mates, when in the workshop he finds that there is something he can do creditably.

## A Gray Day

BY DONALD A. FRASER

GRAY is the sky, and the hills are gray;  
 A gray mist hangs in the heavy air;  
 A gray ship sails on a smooth, gray sea,  
 And dull gray care fills the heart of me.  
 Yea, 'tis sombreness everywhere.

Stay! There's a rift in yonder cloud.  
 A golden beam darts earthward now.  
 The gray ship looks like a fairy craft.  
 Then a ray of hope, like the magic shaft,  
 Lifts care and shade from my heart and brow.



# Golf in Canada

By JOSEPH T. CLARK



RECENT writer has stated that golf is the most popular game in Canada, but there are other games that attract more general attention and are played by a greater number of people. No other sport, however, so thoroughly absorbs the time and enthusiasm of those who follow it. Once a man has begun to play golf he usually loses interest in all other forms of amusement and recreation. In the dead of winter, when golf is impossible—not because the player would not endure the cold, but because the ball is helpless in the snow—a golfer may take up whist or curling; but it is to kill time and to meet with other devotees of the one true game, and to hold soul-satisfying discussions on theories of driving or putting, which when put into effect next season are expected to make all the difference in the world in the quality of game played by these gentlemen. There are yachtsmen who say that golf cannot win men away from the lake, and in proof they mention the names of some very good players who quit the links and reappear on the water two or three times a year, speaking disparagingly of golf and enthusiastically of sailing. But the yachtsmen who quote those examples do not understand. These fugitives who come to them are in disfavour at court. They have gone off their game; they are slicing their drives, m u f f i n g their mashie shots, while on the putting green

the hole which once gaped wide as a tub in their sight, has shrunk to the size of a thimble-mouth. These men seek the lake as hunted Jacobites once sought the English coast to steal away to France, broken in fortune, the light gone out of their lives. To-day there is a strong agitation in Ontario in favour of making a change in the deer-hunting season—putting it later in the year. As yet the authorities and those who are hunters pure and simple, do not suspect that this agitation can be traced to the fact that excellent golf is to be had during all of November, and sometimes in the early part of December. The golfer, who hunts, sees no reason why the deer should not wait. This game has lured away some of the best exponents of every

other game, and, in some cases, has unceremoniously placed them in the back rows of golf, heedless of their fame in other fields. Humbly they submit and persevere. It has seized upon middle-aged men who never cared a rap for any form of athletics, and has set them playing with the ardoir of boyhood. It has taken hold of boys of ten, and so possessed them that as they passed along the street, the baseball or lacrosse of the corner lots could not win a look from them. I know such a boy. One night he was heard moving about his room in the dark long after sleep was supposed to have claimed him. His father called to him to know the reason. "I can't get to sleep think-



The Osler Trophy—Toronto G.C.





ALEXANDER DENNISTOUN, ESQ.  
Captain of the first Golf Club organized in Canada—Montreal, 1873

experience I never knew of anything like that dinner last night. They asked me if we had a golf club in our town, and I said we had not. Then they began telling me what a fine thing it was, but soon forgot me and talked nothing but golf, golf, golf. The women were just as bad as the men, and all talked at once. After dinner there was music, but when the piano stopped golf started again and they were still at it when I left." It cannot be denied that the game has a tendency to monopolise conversation.

Those who do not understand may be heard to say that as much physical benefit can be got out of walking as golf-playing, but men will not walk and they

ing of golf," he explained, and it turned out that he had been groping about his room for his driver to try a swing or two.

So engrossing is the game to some natures that outsiders are rather appalled by what they see and hear. One lady was complaining to another about the way her husband was absorbed in business—he thought of nothing else night or day, and she feared he could not stand the strain. She wished to know if the other lady's husband exhibited the same fierce interest in business. "Why," said the other, "my husband might have quit business altogether so far as we can judge at home. He plays golf all summer and talks of nothing else all winter." These ladies forthwith planned to bring their husbands together in the belief that they would do each other good. A lady from a small country town visited Toronto last winter and was invited out to dinner. On being asked next day how she enjoyed herself, her reply was animated: "I never saw or heard anything like it! I am an old woman and in all my



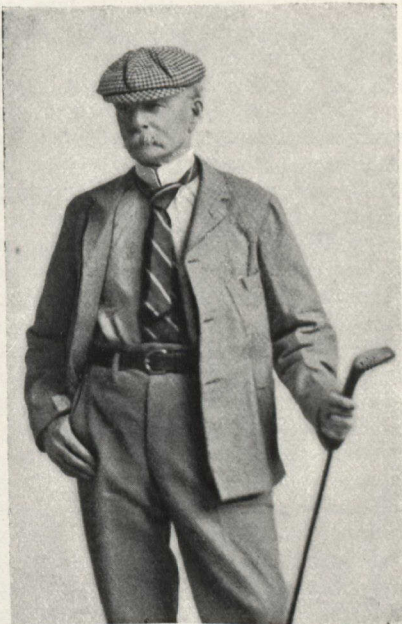
J. LAMMOND SMITH, ESQ.  
Father of Golf in Toronto. Played as early as 1869.  
First Captain Toronto G.C. 1876



will play golf if they once begin it. I have in mind some men who scorned the game and despised all who followed it. Mr. Blank, for instance, used to go up of a Saturday afternoon to the Rosedale grounds in Toronto to see a lacrosse match. From his seat in the grand stand he could catch glimpses, now and then, of a man in a red coat, accompanied by a boy carrying a bag of clubs, both man and boy peering anxiously into the grass for a golf ball. The sight used to enrage Blank, for he felt sure that the man only pretended to be interested in his tomfoolery, and was really bent on attracting notice to himself with his garish coat, his whole outlandish attire, his bag of tricks and his boy servant. Why could not the fellow dress like a native of the country, come in, sit down modestly in the grand stand and enjoy himself watching a manly sport like lacrosse? Occasionally Blank recognised one of these scarlet offenders as a business acquaintance, and thereafter distrusted his judgment in serious affairs. To-day Blank plays golf, and in contrition



J. G. SIDEY, ESQ.  
One of the pioneers of Golf in Montreal, Captain 1890-1



HON. G. A. DRUMMOND  
Captain Royal Montreal G.C. 1888-9

wears the reddest of red coats. Since he essayed his first game he has not seen a lacrosse match or any other attraction of that kind, and perhaps never will, because weather that will permit any sport in the open air is suitable for golf, and if he could get away from business to see a lacrosse or football match he feels that he might better employ his time having healthy exercise on the links. Until snow covers the ground he plays two or three times a week, walks about four miles each time, and never tires. He is no longer a spectator rusting on a bench. He is a performer and takes some pride in his skill. If Vardon and Taylor, those great English masters of the game, were to meet on his own links to give an exhibition and thousands should gather to witness it, Blank would probably follow them for half a mile, and then drop out with some old friend, walk back to the club house and begin playing. The attraction of the links would be too much—the day too fine to waste in watching





F. R. MARTIN, ESQ., HAMILTON  
Amateur Champion of Canada, 1902

preventing all those illnesses that beset ordinary men. There is little reason to doubt that a city man will live longer for having played golf. I have heard doctors aver it between strokes. But the game carries with it a new disease. No sooner is a man's asthma or lumbago relieved, or his liver put on its good behaviour, than an affliction peculiar to golf declares itself. From it there is no release this side the grave. Men leave this northern clime every winter to get relief, and spend months in Florida or California—where the links are excellent—but all to no purpose. Sound as a man may prove under the search of a doctor, yet this baffling new disease may have him in its grasp. He is perfectly well in the morning; by noon he is fidgetty and depressed; by two o'clock he has such a headache, or such a pain in his side or in his leg, that he must quit the office for the day. A walk will do him good. Nor is he so ill that he cares to go home and lie down which would alarm his wife, and lead to the drinking of

other persons when he feels sure he can make the best round of his life and beat this friend of his who has a lower handicap, but a temporary ailment in his play.

There must be benefit to the race in a game that fascinates old and middle-aged men, luring them day after day into the open air and harnessing them to vigorous exercise. Nor can the benefit be physical only, nor personal only, if it keeps these men young and tolerant in their sympathies. If they value a public holiday, because they have a use to put it to, they will not begrudge the holiday to those in their employ. If they learn to speak of the health-giving effects of open air exercise, as shown by their own experience, they will respect this teaching with regard to their families. Observation shows that golf has a strong influence in

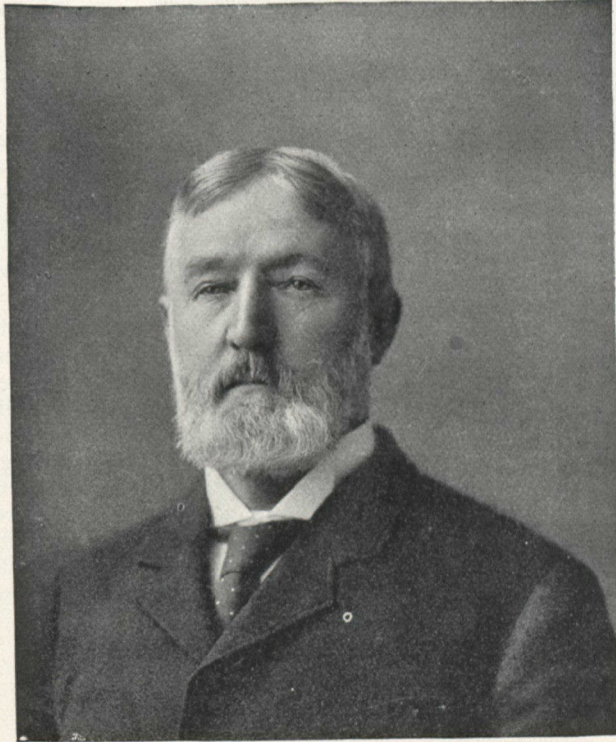
noxious medicines. Moreover the sights and odours of the crowded city offend him, so he boards a car and gets out into the free country air. He feels better already, but not well enough to return. The pain while quite distinct does not rack him so violently. The trolley happens to run to the golf club—at times of distress one turns instinctively toward a familiar haunt. He will not play, of course, but stroll about over the green grass. As he arrives he is hailed with an enquiry if he is looking for a game? He explains that he came out because he was not feeling very well and had really not intended to play, which proves to be also the case with his friend. They arrange to play a few holes, but gently, without hurry, with the decorum of invalids. After holing on the first green in bogey, the disease abates entirely, and



they keep up a spirited contest until dark. Medical men are not themselves exempt from this singular malady, and I know a man who voluntarily stretched himself on a table and had his appendix removed by a surgeon because of his wife's anxiety about his symptoms.

If the game has a beneficial effect on men, this must be much more true of its effects on women, who are induced to take open air exercise, walk long distances and throw off restraining fashions in dress. The game proves almost as alluring to women as to men. As strength does not count for so much as accuracy and skill, it is possible for some women to play better than most men. When Miss Rhona Adair, the British lady champion, played in Canada two years ago, she showed a proficiency that few male players could equal, and Miss Mabel Thomson of St. John, the present lady champion of Canada, usually expects to drive a ball one hundred and seventy-five yards from the tee. Few men do better than that, on a course where the distances are marked. In the short play of approaching and putting strength does not count at all, everything depending on good judgment and delicacy of touch. So far as mere strength is concerned a woman has all of it that golf calls for, but as women have never played games they do not tackle golf with a man's vigour, freedom of swing and decisiveness of intention in the strokes made. When girls start playing golf at ten as naturally as boys take to baseball, a vast improvement in play may be expected, and, perhaps, fifty years hence the champion of the world may be a woman.

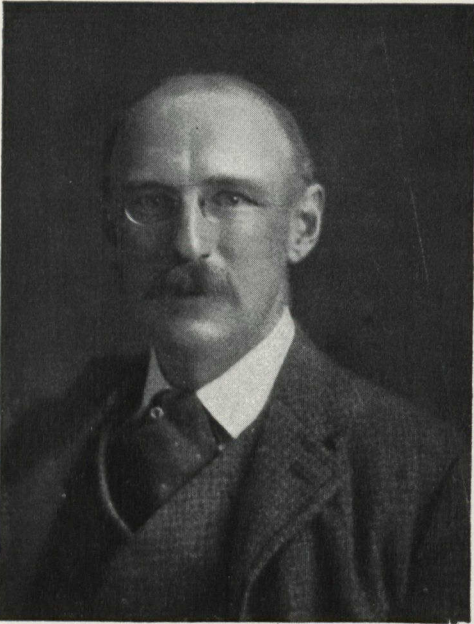
Golf has been played in Scotland for centuries, and its history in Canada dates



WALTER G. P. CASSELS, ESQ., K.C.  
Captain Toronto G.C.

back to the time Quebec fell into the hands of the British. The Scotch officers used to go outside the walls to play the game, and perhaps some of them, coming over with Wolfe, brought their clubs along, thereby showing faith in the enterprise. On the Plains of Abraham the Quebec Club has an excellent course. But the game dropped out of sight in Canada for a great many years. In 1824 a notice was printed in a Montreal newspaper calling on Scotsmen to assemble and play golf on Christmas Day of that year. There is some doubt as to where the game next reappeared. Montreal and Toronto have a little dispute as to this. Montreal led the way in actually organising a club in 1873, which was not done in Toronto until three years later, but as far back as 1869 golf was regularly played in the outskirts of Toronto by a few enthusiasts, chief of whom was Mr. J. Lammond Smith, father-in-law of Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., himself





FAYETTE BROWN, ESQ.

One of the leading Montreal Golfers—Captain Royal Montreal G.C. 1902

a devoted player and supporter of the game. Until 1882 a small group of golfers played at Norway or the Woodbine, when the Toronto Club was regularly formed and the present grounds secured, Mr. R. H. Bethune being elected captain, and Mr. T. M. Scott secretary-treasurer. For eleven years a comparatively few players enjoyed golf, and the multitude did not know enough about it to envy them, and then, in 1893, the fame of the game began to spread across America. In that year the Rosedale Club was formed, and the Toronto Club so rapidly increased in membership that the links had to be extended and the present handsome club-house built. Accurately speaking, the Toronto Club dates from 1876, and its captains have been Mr. J. Lammond Smith, Mr. R. H. Bethune, Mr.

Charles Hunter, Colonel G. A. Sweeney, Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P.; and Mr. W. G. P. Cassels, K.C.

It takes about as long to make a golf course as to build a cathedral, and costs but a trifle less. The Toronto Club occupying its present grounds for a quarter of a century, giving them the utmost care, has brought the course pretty near to perfection. There is an old story of an American tourist, on being shown over a nobleman's estate in England, pausing to admire the beautiful lawns and asking a gardener how they made them. "It's easy enough," replied the man. "You just get them smooth and level in the first place and then cut 'em and roll 'em and keep on cutting and rolling 'em for about five hundred years and then they look like that." Intelligent work counts in making a golf course, but there is part of it that time alone can do.

The Rosedale Club has proved to be a



G. H. BALFOUR, ESQ.

Captain Royal Montreal G.C. 1899-1901



great nursery for golf. This year it has much enlarged and improved its course. Since 1893 other clubs have been formed in Toronto. The Spadina Golf Club flourished for a time, but two years ago amalgamated with the Rosedale Club, having no prospect of securing its links permanently. A nine hole course was laid out at the Country and Hunt Club. The High Park and Highlands Clubs were started to the west of the city, and in 1902 the Lambton Golf and Country Club was organised, the most pretentious undertaking of all.

This club is situated at Lambton Mills, about seven miles from the centre of the city, on the main line of the C.P.R., while the new electric road to Hamilton will pass its gates. The club has 160 acres of land and its buildings are among the finest of the kind in America. The Humber River bounds the property, while the Black Creek winds through it, forming a natural hazard to play. Nature laid out the course for golf, as the land takes the form of four plateaus, and the view, at any season of the year, is hard to surpass. Mr. A. W. Austin is president of the club, and Mr. George S. Lyon, captain. Mr. Lyon is the best and the best known of Canadian golfers, although he did not begin the game until thirty-five years of age. He is the present amateur champion of Canada, a title he has now won for the fourth time, 1898, 1900, 1903, and 1905. Mr. Lyon last year entered in the Olympic Golf Championship at St. Louis, and won the trophy which now adorns the Lambton Club, in the final round defeating Mr. H. Chandler Egan, amateur champion of the United States. On that occasion Mr. Lyon not only made the best medal score of the tournament, but established a new record for the course. This spring he crossed over to England and competed for the amateur championship of Great Britain, but in the second round was beaten by one stroke on the eighteenth green. He also competed in the open championships at St. Andrew's, giving a fairly good account of himself. Going to Chicago this year he competed in the American amateur championship contest, where he met in the first round, Mr. Fritz Martin, of Hamilton, Ont., an ex-champion of Cana-



GEO. S. LYON, ESQ., TORONTO  
Four times amateur champion of Canada. Winner of the Olympic championship, St. Louis, World's Fair. Captain of the Lambton G.C.

da (1902), and lost on the eighteenth green. Mr. Martin was defeated in the second round.

The High Park and the Highlands clubs, with a combined membership of about five hundred, are likely to soon lose their grounds owing to the rapid growth of the city westward, and are looking over new locations ten and twelve miles from the centre of the city. In Toronto there are probably two thousand people who play golf, and many who find it impos-





W. W. WATSON, ESQ.  
Captain Royal Montreal G.C. 1897-8

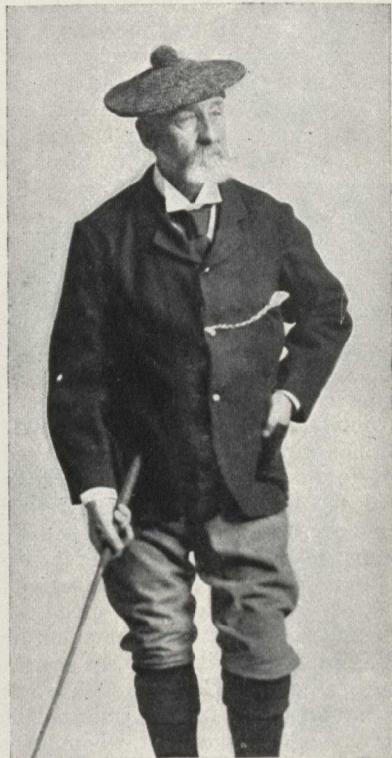
sible to gain membership in one of the clubs, as all have waiting lists.

When the Montreal Golf Club was founded in 1873, the following officers were elected:—President, Alexander Denistoun; Vice-President, W. M. Ramsay; Treasurer, D. D. Sidey; Secretary, Jos. Collins. Among others present were Hon. J. M. Aylmer, J. G. Sidey, Hartland McDougall, and C. Holland. Some of these are still active players. In 1884 the club, by special permission of Queen Victoria, became the Royal Montreal Golf Club, and in 1896 established itself in its fine property at Dixie. Although this club is the pioneer it is by no means alone in Montreal, for other flourishing clubs have arisen, notably the Metropolitan Golf Club which continues to use the links in Fletcher's Field, the Outremont, the Beaconsfield, the Westmount and the Victoria Country Club.

For a great many years annual home and

home matches have taken place between Montreal and Quebec, and between Montreal and Ottawa. The club at the Capital this year plays over a splendid new course on the Aylmer road, destined to be one of the foremost links in Canada. Golf to-day is played almost everywhere throughout the Dominion, for in towns where no club exists one or two devotees of the game are interesting others in the long drive and the high mashie shot, and pasture fields are being pressed into new uses. Flourishing golf clubs are to be found at St. John, Halifax, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Hamilton, London, Brantford, Cobourg, Peterboro', St. Catharines, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Simcoe, Kingston, Port Hope, Lindsay, Murray Bay, and in scores of other places. An immense sum of money is spent annually on golf in Canada, but those who do the spending believe they get value for their money.

The annual contest for the champion-



JOHN L. MORRIS, ESQ.  
Captain Royal Montreal G.C. 1894-6



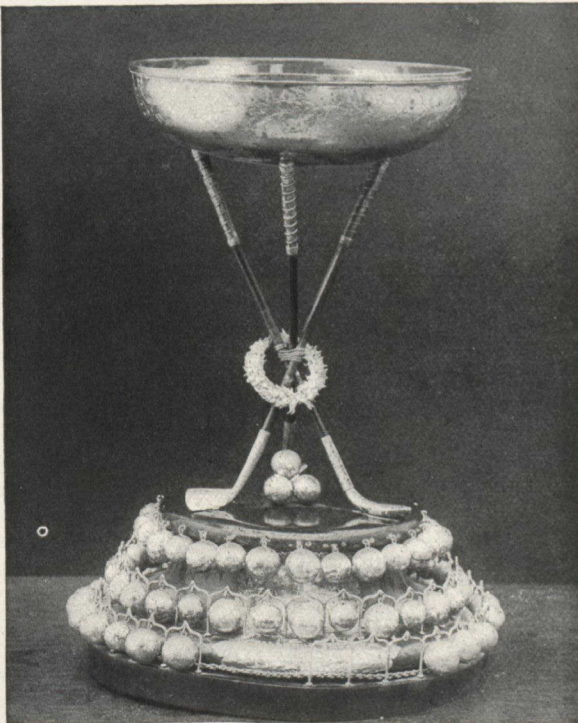
ship of Canada was started in 1895, being played off alternately in Ontario and Quebec. The title has been held as follows: 1895, T. H. Harley, of Kingston; 1896, Stewart Gillespie, of Quebec; 1897, W. A. H. Kerr, of Toronto; 1898, George S. Lyon, of Rosedale; 1899, Vere C. Brown, of Rosedale; 1900, George S. Lyon, of Rosedale; 1901, W. A. H. Kerr, of Toronto; 1902, F. R. Martin, of Hamilton; 1903, George S. Lyon, of Lambton; 1904, J. P. Taylor, of Royal Montreal; 1905, George S. Lyon, of Lambton.

The lady golf champions of Canada have been Miss Young, of Montreal; Miss Florence Harvey, of Hamilton, and the present holder of the title, Miss Mabel Thomson, of St. John, N.B.

For several years an inter-provincial match was played between Ontario and Quebec at the time of the amateur championship meet, but it was found difficult to get the playing strength of a province well represented when the contest occurred away from home, as was the case each alternate year. A strong team would represent the east when the meet was held in Montreal, but the next



A. W. AUSTIN, ESQ., TORONTO  
President Lambton Golf and Country Club



The Inter-Provincial Cup

year in Toronto the team from the east would not be so strong, and the western team stronger. Three years ago the inter-provincial match was abandoned and an open handicap substituted. After a lapse of three years it is expected that the inter-provincial match will be renewed next year, ten men from Quebec playing against ten from Ontario. Although the amateur championship of Canada has in ten years only twice gone out of Ontario, a glance over the leading players of to-day will show that Quebec has a very good chance of putting a team in the field next year capable of winning the trophy. Some excellent players from England and Scotland have come to Montreal this year. Perhaps the day will come when there will be a cup competition with all the provinces represented.



# The Admirals

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

BY the oak walls, and the iron walls, and the walls of tempered steel  
We've hemmed our freedom safe and sure, and bruised the tyrant-heel.  
For a hundred years and a hundred more, and a hundred years again  
(For there was Nelson to drub the French, and Howard to master Spain)  
We've kept the bounds of England wide—gunwalls along the main.

So here's to Frobisher, stout heart;  
And here's to Dashing Drake;  
And here's to Richard Grenville,  
The rare old give-and-take.  
And here's to Howard of Effingham—  
(Soft rest your soul, my lord)  
And here's to little Fisher,  
And husky Beresford.

By the long oar, and the square sail, and the screw of thrashing steel  
We've kept our bulwarks safe and firm and shamed the tyrant-keel.  
For a hundred years, and a hundred years, and yet a hundred more—  
(Since Wolfgang gripped the tiller and Ludgar pulled the oar)  
We've fought our ships in the deep-sea ways and dared our foes ashore.

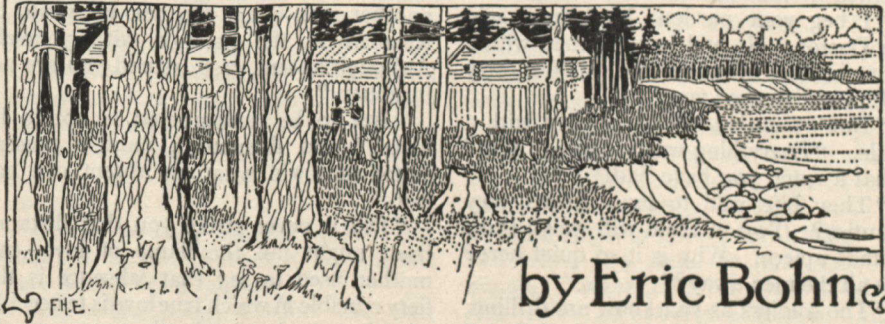
So here's to every Admiral—  
(Be he of old or new)  
Who jumped to take a fighting chance  
Upon the battled blue,  
In barge or sloop, or frigate,  
Or ship of armoured prow—  
To Prowse, who fired a Spanish fleet—  
To Beresford of now.

By the round shot, and the chain shot, and the heads of crushing steel  
We've carried freedom far and wide, and bruised the tyrant heel,  
For a hundred years and a hundred more. For a hundred years to be  
(There's always a Blake in the gunroom, and a Hawkins fit for sea)  
We'll keep the bounds of England wide—gunwalls of liberty.

So here's to every Admiral  
(Be he alive or dead)  
Who had the blue coat on his back  
The old flag o'er his head—  
To Rodney, Blake and Gilbert—  
To commoner and lord;  
And here's to little Fisher  
And husky Beresford.



# THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohne

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal and thence westerly along the Ottawa and Madawaska Rivers. Penetanguishene is reached. The erection of buildings begins, Helen finding refuge on the schooner *Bumble-bee* and discovering in Mrs. Latimer a nurse-maid known long ago. In Halifax new troops land under Colonel Battersby and proceed to the West, Captain Morris being entrusted with a letter to Mrs. Manning from Maud Maxwell. The life at Penetang is described, and one event is Big Thunder's account of the death of Tecumseh. Col. Battersby's men arrive in time for the Battle of Lundy's Lane, where Capt. Morris is wounded. Toronto and Penetang are connected by trail.

## CHAPTER XXXV

THE first summer at Penetang was full of new experiences for Helen. The feminine loneliness was very trying, and if it had not been that her hands and mind were always busy, working and planning, she would have felt the solitude even more than she did. The summer was half gone before the first letters came, and the monotony of waiting was broken only twice afterwards, before the season was over. Fortunately, however, they never came singly and each bore reading again and again, before the succeeding budget arrived.

The absence of congenial companionship of her own sex was what she felt most keenly. Still the presence of the little

Frenchwoman Emmeline gave a break to the monotony. Her lively chatter whiled away many an hour; and with little Louis came new life; for Helen was particularly interested in the welfare of her little god-son. Possibly, also, the best substitute for an absent friend may be the presence of that friend's lover; and as Maud Maxwell was the one that had expressed a desire to be with her in her western home, she probably longed for her the most.

After Dr. Beaumont made Helen his confidant, they had many long talks, and the more they talked, the more she became convinced of his genuine devotion. One afternoon this was particularly impressed upon her. It was the day of the regular



drill. Helen, seated under an oak tree in front of the cottage, was re-reading one of her letters. Everything was still around her, and being deeply absorbed, she was startled by the approach of footsteps.

"I beg your pardon, Madame," said the Doctor. He had just returned with a string of bass from the bay. "I am sorry if I have disturbed you."

"Don't mention it," she replied with a smile. "Everything was so still— Why! What a catch you have had!"

"They bite well to-day. Aren't they beauties? Two of them will weigh three pounds apiece. Why is it so quiet here? Are all the men away?"

"The soldiers as you know are drilling, and the habitants are finishing the fallow."

"I thought it peculiar to find you entirely alone."

"None but the women and the sentries are about."

"I saw you reading a letter," said Beaumont, laying his fish behind a log in the shade, and taking a seat beside them. "Is it a new one may I ask?"

"No, I am sorry to say. I am foolish enough to read the old ones more than once."

"More than once," he echoed. "Why, I read mine every day, sometimes over and over again."

"You extravagant man! You will wear them all out before the next supply arrives."

"Ah, but I am careful," he laughingly replied, "and then I have only had two from her. They both came with yours."

"I hope another will come soon," she returned, following his wistful gaze over the water.

"Oh, yes, mon ami," he cried passionately. "Seven months since we left Halifax, and only two letters."

"It is three since our first ones went over the York trail, so we are sure to receive others soon; and I know from the way Maud writes she is interested in Penetang."

"Interest is one thing—love is another," said the Doctor, dubiously. "If I felt sure that the first would develop into the second, I would praise the gods. But what is there to make it possible—a thousand miles between us? I did not think of

it when with her, but now it is different. Will she ever care?"

"You do not know the ways of a woman's heart, Doctor. She might not love you then, but she loved no other; and before another man could win her, he would be weighed in the balance with yourself. Although absent, rest assured you are not forgotten."

"But to be remembered is not to be loved," said Beaumont, "and a present suitor may win what an absent one has lost."

"Did it never strike you that distance itself might fan the flame of love—my mother used to say that 'absence is the fiery crucible in which true love is tested.' It tries the man, but it tries the woman also."

"If absence has increased hers as it has mine I shall be more than satisfied," said the Doctor.

"Your genuine worth appealed to her then—that I know," said Helen.

"Ah, is that so? She is divine," cried Beaumont, again becoming ecstatic. "I can never forget her."

"Did you never forget her?" asked Helen, demurely.

"No, never."

"Not even when dancing at the citadel with Louise de Rochefort?" she suggested mischievously.

Beaumont's face flushed.

"Pardonnez, Madame, that was a little break—an hour's amusement—une petite Mademoiselle of my own people and in my own old city! What harm? Surely you will not ask a Frenchman to stand at one side, and allow all the beauty and élite sweep past him in the gay valse without saying a word. No, no, Madame, that would never do." And he finished by shaking his curls in a merry laugh.

"And you think you are deeply, earnestly, sincerely in love with Maud?"

"I swear it. She is divine, I say. Her glorious eyes, her ravishing beauty, her inflexible will, her exquisite soul, make me her slave, and I cannot help myself. Madame I adore her. She is my patron saint, my heavenly jewel on earth!"

"You deserve to win her," said Helen, gravely. "Why not press your suit by letter more strongly than you have ever done?"



"That I cannot do. I gave her my word not to attempt it any more until I see her. Of course I shall write, my letters may be full of love. Mon Dieu! How can I help it? But I am never to ask her to be mine until I see her."

"In that case you must keep your promise, and as a true woman she will think all the more of you. But there is one thing I wanted to ask. Have you anything to keep a wife upon besides your salary as surgeon? You see how practical I am."

"Thank the Holy Virgin, I have! My father left me independent of any income I may receive from the army."

"One other point, Doctor. As your confidant you must excuse my queries. How can you, a Roman Catholic, expect so staunch a Churchwoman as Maud Maxwell to consent to be your wife?"

"Truly a serious question—and one that I have not forgotten—but do you know that religion is much more to a woman than it is to a man?"

"It ought not to be."

"That is true, though I am sorry to say it was not so in my mother's case. My father was a French Seigneur of Lower Canada and a Catholic, while my mother was a Scotch Presbyterian. Why she joined my father's Church I could never tell, except that my father was a dominant man, and that there was no Presbyterian Church within fifty miles of where we lived. Consequently, my brothers and sister and myself were all brought up in the Catholic faith. What is more, Agatha, being disappointed in love, entered a cloister and is now a nun in a Montreal convent."

"That is sad."

"Perhaps it is. Yet I would not say a word against the sisterhood or the Romish Church. They are both maligned. But I am sorry that my only sister, a bright and beautiful girl, should be hopelessly consigned to the life of the cloister."

"I appreciate your feelings, Doctor. But will this influence your own future?"

"It may. A sensible man should look to the future as well as the present. If Maud Maxwell should ever become my wife, I would never ask her to renounce her faith; I might even be willing to

espouse Protestantism, for which some of my mother's ancestors died."

"And if you don't marry Maud Maxwell?"

"There's the rub," exclaimed the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders. "I will probably stay where I am, for as I said, religion is not so much to a man—I am broad enough to believe that if a man lives up to the best that is in him—an upright and honourable life—and acknowledges the Eternal Fatherhood of God with Christ as his Saviour—whether he believes in the Blessed Virgin or not—he is all right. He can follow any creed he likes, from the simple Quaker faith of New England, right up to that of the great Roman Church—the mother of them all."

"I congratulate you on the breadth of your creed, Doctor."

"A man's life is his creed."

"That will be the doctrine of the future, but it is not now, unfortunately," said Helen. "Ah! Hear the rifles, the target practice has commenced."

"Yes, and it is time my fish were looked after"; and he took them off to the cook-house at the officers' quarters.

In a few minutes Sir George and Captain Cummings came up from the target field, leaving the other officers in charge; and as Helen had not yet returned to her cottage, they joined her.

"And how goes the shooting, gentlemen?" she asked, looking from one to the other."

"Oh, bravely," returned Sir George. "Your husband is one of the best shots among the officers. They all take a round at it, you know."

"What of Lieutenant Smith? Some one told me he was a capital shot."

"So he is, the best in the regiment."

"Hurrah for the two lieutenants!" exclaimed Helen with a laugh. "What of your own success, Captain Cummings?"

"I don't profess to be an expert," he replied, evasively; "if an officer keeps his men up to the mark, he adequately fills the bill—Smith and Manning have both done excellently, though."

Cummings was smiling serenely, but there was an accentuation in his words that grated on Helen's ear.

"Do you know, my dear?" said Sir



George, turning towards her, "that our fort will be ready in a week, and that we must have a grand opening to do honour to the occasion?"

"With torchlight procession, grand ball, and finest orchestra of the season?" suggested Helen.

"Yes, more than that. We expect every lady within fifty miles at least to accept our invitation."

"I' faith that will be fine"; but her animation was gone. There was dew upon her eyelids.

"I was joking," exclaimed the Colonel; "pray forgive. It is solitary enough for you now, but it won't be for long. 'Twill be better by and by."

"Please excuse my foolishness," returned Helen, bravely keeping back the tears. "But do you really mean to open the fort then?"

"Yes, and joking aside, we intend to celebrate it with all *éclat* possible, and we want you to do what you can to assist us."

"You may rest assured of that, Sir George," she replied, "however little it may be."

"And I take this opportunity," he continued, swinging off his helmet with a graceful bow, "to invite the first lady of the land to be my partner at the opening quadrille?"

Helen had conquered her emotion and, although amazed, was equal to the occasion. With a sweeping curtsy she replied:

"Your request is granted, Sir"; although what in the world he could mean by such an invitation she could scarcely imagine.

Captain Cummings gave the Colonel a sharp glance and bit his lip. Helen noticed it and so did he.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI

TWO afternoons later, Helen went with the women Bond and Hardman to gather blackberries, which were ripening in rich profusion upon bushes scattered along the southern border of a copse of hemlock. The women had been gathering the fruit for days, and on this occasion Helen had arranged to go with them. For a while all laughed and chatted and picked the berries side by side; but as the good

patches became more scattered, they drifted apart, each working on in silence.

Helen's pail was almost full, and she was on the point of hailing her companions to return to the garrison, when the report of a gun in the adjacent woods startled her. There was a tramping, a rustling, a dividing of the bushes, and the huntsman appeared.

"This is a surprise! I hope my shot did not frighten you," exclaimed Captain Cummings, who carried a brace of partridges in one hand, and his fowling-piece in the other. "I had no idea that there was anyone so near. It was lucky that I was not shooting in this direction."

"I am as much surprised as you are," replied Helen. "I thought all the officers were in consultation this afternoon at the island."

"Oh, yes, we gathered together for an hour. Sir George wanted to discuss the arrangement of the guns and port-holes of the magazine. Then some of us were detailed to duty. Lieutenant Manning to the men at the bridge, Captain Payne to planting the guns, Smith to the fort works and myself, for a wonder, for an hour's sport. Don't you think I'm doing pretty well for an amateur? This bird was not by any means near yet I took his head clean off."

Helen acquiesced. She had not forgotten the conversation of the previous day; but was gathering herself together, while thoughts chased each other through her mind.

"That magazine block house will be a credit to Captain Payne," she continued. "Its timbers are so large and square and smooth. One would think they should last a century."

"So they will. The funny part of that little island just now is the presence of a tribe of Indians at one end—while the building of a little citadel is going on at the other."

"But the Indians are friendly, fortunately."

"Yes, they are our allies. The chief has the reputation of being as great a warrior as his daughter, Little Moon, has of being a beauty. Some of our men are wild over her."

"I wish they would leave Little Moon



alone," exclaimed Helen, angrily. "She is a sweet girl and I sincerely hope she has sense enough to keep them in their place."

"She has," returned Cummings with a laugh. "It would not be safe for any of them to trifle with his daughter's affections while Chief Nenimkee is around. But one of the fellows is in genuine earnest, and has already asked the Colonel if he could make her his wife."

"Who is that, pray?"

"Oh, that handsome young Irishman, Patrick O'Neil."

"Did Sir George grant him his request?"

"Yes, conditionally, on good behaviour during the next two months, coupled with the consent of the chief."

"And what about Little Moon? Does she care for him?"

"I think she does, but she is a proud girl, and will need winning—a part of the bargain Pat is ready for."

"My pail is full now," said Helen. "Will you call the women, Captain. It is time to return."

"Wait a moment, please," said Cummings.

Helen turned a questioning look towards him. Again she met that peculiar expression in his eyes which she had seen so often. It was furtive yet piercing, and gave her a little shiver.

"I just want to talk with you a moment," he said lightly. "I so rarely get a chance, that I feel like thanking my stars when one does come in my way."

"Well, what is it?" she asked, reverting her gaze to the women, and regretting to herself that they were nearer to the fort than she.

"In the first place," he said with another laugh, "I wouldn't bother the women about the pail. I can carry it myself until we catch up to them. And in the next; why do you always take me so seriously? What have I done to offend you? I am the Captain of your husband's company, yet apart from Sir George, with whom I often see you chatting, you talk with the Doctor or the Chaplain or Captain Payne, or even Lieutenant Smith on the freest terms; while you almost avoid myself. Come, Madame," he exclaimed, with a forced attempt at gaiety, "give an account of yourself."

Helen felt those piercing black eyes fixed upon her, although she was not looking in his face; while a soothing, dreamy influence seemed to be stealing down from her brain over her body and limbs, which required all her strength of will to resist.

"Well," she replied, with a supreme effort to control herself, and keep her eyes from involuntarily meeting his. "In the first place, I am picking berries to assist the women, and must insist upon them taking charge of my pail. In the second place, I am perfectly aware that you are the Captain, and that my husband is only the Lieutenant, but I have never had the slightest desire to be discourteous to you. It would be unreasonable for me to be so."

"Nevertheless, by my faith, you might have been kinder," he returned with a deep modulation in tone, that was much akin to his look.

"I am sorry if I have not been," there was a slight tremor in her voice, "but I am sure the officers will not expect too much from the only lady among them."

"Do not mistake me, my dear Mrs. Manning," were his next words in the same deep undertone. "Give me, I beseech you, an equal chance with the rest and I shall be more than satisfied."

Helen could scarcely control herself. His manner and bearing, some inner potentiality, were producing an agitation upon her that would have been impossible from the words only.

Cummings saw this and was satisfied, and to add gratitude to the other effects of the interview, he waved for the women to join them. They had been expecting the signal for some time, and hastened to obey; but were too far off to have any idea of what was passing between Captain Cummings and the sweet lady, whom they all loved.

"Mrs. Manning wants you to carry her pail of fruit," he explained to them. "It is very full, and she is tired. Good-bye, Madame," he continued, again lifting his hat. "I want to get another brace before I go in if I can."

In another minute he had disappeared.

Helen's face was calm again, although her heart thumped wildly, and forcing



herself to speak to the women, she talked about the berries.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII

TO Helen, Captain Cummings was an enigma. She could not understand him, and in search of a solution her mind persistently returned to the interview in the woods, and the conversation that passed between them. The more she thought of it, however, the more convinced did she become that there was truth in the Captain's contention; and the question of exhibiting equal cordiality in her relations with the officers of the garrison, presented itself to her mind in a new light. Possibly she had been less impartial than the conditions called for, and if so she was willing to make amends.

Yet there was another side to the question, the other officers were spontaneous and candid in their dealings with her, while obscurity and indefiniteness always seemed to have been impelling forces with Cummings. There was something in his actions and manners that she could not comprehend. Still the fault might be in herself. All men were not open minded; and with a desire to be just, she determined to conquer, if she could, that peculiar nervous tension which his presence when alone with her always produced.

There are things which every true woman fights out for herself. As a complete entity, in certain lines she does her own thinking, unguided and unaided, revealing her inmost thoughts to none. Helen told Harold of the shot she had heard in the woods, and of Cummings' appearance immediately afterwards in the berry patch beside her—even of his offer to carry her pail, and then his return to the woods to resume his shooting. But, paradoxical as it may seem, she said nothing of the real nature of her difficulty with Cummings. Of mental impressions received, she alone had the record. Then why sow distrust between her husband and the Captain? No good could possibly come of it. So unless matters became worse than they had hitherto been, she would not refer to the subject at all.

In a few more days amid general rejoicing the stone fort was ready for occupa-

tion. Downstairs were the living rooms as well as those prepared for Helen and Harold, while the upper ones were devoted to officers' quarters and general defence. Order out of chaos had come at last.

The new fort had a fine appearance on that memorable first of October, when its wide door was thrown open for the first time to admit its future occupants. Above the roof the Union Jack unfurled before the breeze, while the bugle boy with shrill piping summoned all—officers and men—to join in the celebration.

Here and there around the building stood little groups of soldiers, while the Indians had gathered directly in front of the fort, to see how white men conducted themselves on occasions like this.

Early in the day, the last of the goods from Helen's house and the officers' quarters were transferred and arranged; and when three o'clock arrived, Sir George took his place on a little stand in front of the fort, to address the people. Everything was in order. Loud and prolonged cheers greeted him.

"Officers and men of the rooth, and French Canadians," he commenced. "We may all congratulate ourselves on the progress made since we came to Penetang. You have done your best. You have worked with a will; and we have every reason to be satisfied with what we have accomplished. Right through the summer we have had comfortable quarters to live and sleep in; and now through the management of Captain Payne, after six months of working and waiting, we open our garrison—our little stone castle—of which every one of us is proud. Here we have a home for the officers of our troops; and the upper story, when supplied with arms and ammunition, will enable us to defend our harbour against any foe who may dare to invade us. As you know, too, to strengthen our position we have built a bridge across to the island. On that island stands our newly erected magazine, armed with the cannon, which we dragged through the woods all the way from Halifax—and over that little magazine floats our country's flag. (Loud cheers).

"Right in front of me, too, I am glad to see so many of the warriors of the Ojibway tribe. To their brave chief, Nenimkee,



we owe much. I would have them remember that the white men never forget their red brothers; and the Great Father across the sea thinks of them still. When word was sent to him of the death of the brave Tecumseh, the prince of the Six Nations, while fighting the battles of the King, the command came back: 'Build me a ship at Penetang; make its masts strong, let its timbers be of the best woods of the forest; let its braces be of the toughest iron; let its cords be of the purest hemp and its sails of the finest flax. Then it shall be manned with the guns that I will send you; and it shall be called by the name of the mightiest of all warriors, Tecumseh.'

A wild yell filled the air, every Indian bounded off his feet, and for a few moments the terrific war-whoop of the Ojibways deafened the ears of the astonished listeners. The unexpected announcement was only understood by the chief and a few of his men, but the effect upon them was magical. They forgot their accustomed reserve, and in the excitement of the moment, showed their appreciation by a note, the most intense they could utter; and every other Indian took the utterance as the command of his chief. Quiet, however, soon returned and Sir George concluded his speech.

"In the name of the Great Father," he continued, "I thank our red brothers for their approval. The ship will be commenced very soon. Captain Payne will build it and next summer it will be launched.

"Of one other thing I would remind our officers and men. A sweet lady, whom you have all learned to love, will be mistress of our castle; and I know you will treat her with that courtesy and kindness which she so richly deserves. She will adorn the office with grace and dignity; and it will be our pleasure to make her life happy, and to show our appreciation of her bravery, in so willingly casting in her lot with her husband and ourselves."

Again the applause was long and loud, and in this even the Indians joined.

Night came, a score of candles lit up the white timbers of the entrance chamber of the fort. All the ladies within fifty miles of Penetang had honoured the Colonel's

invitation by a kindly acceptance; but they numbered only one.

Painted wooden chairs, imported by Indian trail from Little York, stood around the walls of the room; and the oaken table hewn out of wood from the forest, and covered with damask from England, had been lifted to another room to clear the floor for the opening quadrille.

The bugle boy, who had played his violin for years in the old land across the sea, had brought it with him; and with his old boots polished and buttons shining, stood ready to play again; while the officers, in full regimentals, were chatting over the event and awaiting the entrance of the lady who was to adorn their citadel.

But Harold and Helen in their own little room were slow in coming. The former had finished his toilet and was affectionately fastening a necklet of pearls around his wife's neck.

"I am sorry you are so nervous, dear," he said, noticing that her hand trembled.

"How can I help it, Harold?" she asked. "It is no light ordeal to be the only lady and Sir George tells me he wants to open the fort in the old English fashion with a quadrille."

"If you cannot bear it, darling, I will ask him to omit the dance."

"Oh, no, not for the world. I will be all right after we start. How do I look?"

"Just as you are—the dearest and sweetest woman that ever lived," was his answer.

Helen threw her arms round his neck, and something like a sob broke the stillness, but it was only for a moment.

"I am better now," she said, looking up with a smile. A couple of glittering tears were hanging between her lashes, but he kissed them away.

As Helen and Harold entered the large room, all the gentlemen arose. But there were only seven in the whole company—the two Lieutenants, the two Captains, the Doctor, the Chaplain, and the Commander of all.

Sir George was attired with rigid punctiliousness, as though attending a ball at St. James'. A massive gold chain, which he rarely wore, encircled his shoulders above his epaulets, while medals presented by his Sovereign, for services in eastern wars, adorned his breast. With the gal-



lantry of an old courtier, he bowed to Helen and offered his arm.

"Permit me to have the honour," he said, and accepting his escort, together they walked around the room.

"Our pictures have not yet arrived," he continued gaily. "You know our London artists are slow coaches, and I will have to prod them to their duty, when I get over there."

"That will be very kind," said Helen with glistening eyes. "But just now we are very glad to get the white walls without the pictures."

"Very true," was his comment. "Even glorious old Rome was not built in a day; but I will not forget. Gentlemen," he continued, with a bright smile around the room. "Choose your partners for the opening quadrille of Penetang."

Immediately the officers took their places. It had been prearranged. Captain Cummings and the Chaplain were their vis-a-vis; the Doctor and Harold to their right; Captain Payne and Lieutenant Smith to their left.

The twang of the violin was the signal for the first step, and with their hands on their hearts the gentlemen bowed to their ladies fair. Soon a ripple of laughter went around the room, and Helen was herself again.

Since meeting Captain Cummings in the berry patch, she had been careful to be cordial with him, and this evening was particularly gracious. As his vis-a-vis, she smiled up in his face as she took his hand, and did her best to meet his piercing look of admiration without shrinking. Perhaps it was in recognition that he pressed hers, retaining it for another moment. Then with stately dignity, following the example of Sir George, they stepped through the figures of the dance.

But it was soon over, and leading Helen to the best seat in the room Sir George exclaimed:

"Now I declare the Fort duly opened for the honour and defence of our King and country."

"And let all the people say 'Amen'," cried the Chaplain. And a chorus of "Amens" echoed through the room.

A couple of games of whist followed, and songs were sung by Helen and Dr. Beau-

mont. Then they had coffee and cake and a glass or two of old Madeira. But by midnight the revelries were over, and the opening of the fort which for so many years overlooked the bay of Penetang was successfully concluded.

After all was over some of the men went out for a smoke before turning in for the night, while Helen and Harold returned to their own room; but Lieutenant Smith, the crack shot, the daring soldier, the interested observer, wandered away by himself. Since Helen's care for him when wounded in the beginning of the long march, he had cherished an almost filial affection for her, and the events of the past months had not been unnoticed by him.

Moodily he wandered down to the water's edge and away along the shore.

"She's an angel on earth," he muttered to himself, "and he's a miserable hound. I wonder her husband doesn't see it. By my faith I'll not forget her goodness to me, and rather than see her wronged, I'll call him out whatever comes of it."

The young man stopped speaking but went thundering along the shore, as if to stifle the anger he could with difficulty repress. By-and-bye he quieted down and turned to walk home again; but the muttering came back and was bound to have its say.

"The devil of it is," he soliloquised, "Cummings is to be the Captain of the fort, of higher rank than Manning, while both are to live under one roof; but, never mind, Tom Smith, keep your eyes open, and remember that truth and right are greater than law." Then whistling softly to himself he went in to pass his first night with the rest of the officers in the new fort.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII

BY November the war was over in Canada, and the declaration of peace heralded far and wide. Moreover, it was whispered among officers and men at Penetang, that Sir George would soon be leaving them, and that the wet earth, due to the fall rains, was the chief cause of his delay. He had in fact received orders to transfer himself and bodyguard overland to Little



York, as soon as the road was favourable for the march.

This matter, however, he kept for a time to himself. In some things he consulted his staff before acting; while in others, perhaps equally important, he kept his own counsel. It was this trait in his character that gave him the reputation of possessing a bit of the will of the Iron Duke. Possibly for the same reason he had been chosen to lead the midwinter march to Penetang. Hence the officers of his staff rarely questioned him concerning the future; although they talked among themselves pretty freely about the prospective change.

In the meantime Helen did her best to fill her position to the satisfaction of all at the new fort. Sometimes the strain was very severe upon her, notwithstanding the kindness and courtesy of the men. In this regard Cummings surpassed them all. He hovered around longer, was the first to come and often the last to go; he would read her thoughts, forestall her actions, and often when unobserved, that piercing look of his would appear like a flash. Agitation had not time to occur, and then with a bow and a smile he would pass on.

Gradually the aversion which Helen felt for him became less poignant. Still, as the weeks followed each other in quick succession, she felt more and more unhappy.

Harold was much concerned about her, and dreading the approach of illness desired her to consult the Doctor; but she only laughed, and declared that it was the extra duty of being lady Bountiful that was wearing upon her; and that when winter arrived, she would be well and strong again.

Sir George's eye also watched her keenly. In a bantering way he often tried to read her thoughts, but his efforts usually ended in the relation of some amusing tale, to make her laugh and forget.

But Sir George was not the only observer. Lieutenant Smith always had his eyes open, and at last, availing himself of an opportunity, when alone with the Colonel, he decided to have his say, come what would.

"May I have a private talk with you this morning, Sir George?" he asked with some trepidation. It was a bold thing to

interview his superior officer upon such a subject—and this he well knew.

The Colonel gave him a keen glance for a moment before he answered:

"Yes, but not until noon. This morning I want you to summon all the officers to my room immediately after drill. I have something important to communicate."

There was much speculation among them during the next hour or two, and punctually at twelve o'clock they were all present.

Sir George cast his eye over each as he entered.

"Gentlemen," he said in a decisive tone as he took his seat. "The time has come when it is advisable to make a change in our arrangements here. I find that to carry out my orders on leaving England, it will not be necessary to maintain quite so large a force at Penetang. The war is over. We have not had any fighting since we arrived, and a smaller body of men will be sufficient to man our garrison. It must be remembered also, that one of the main objects to which Penetang will be devoted will be shipbuilding for the lake service. Our engineer, Captain Payne, will require to remain, and in the coming year, his force will be increased. But as our garrison is now in a satisfactory condition, we can afford to part with some of our men, without in any way sacrificing its interests. After thinking the matter out carefully, I have finally decided to leave the fort under the command of Captain Payne. The rest of the officers will remain with him, with the exception of Captain Cummings who, with fifty men, will accompany me by trail to Little York, and from there to Montreal. Weather being favourable we shall march in three days."

"Egad, sir!" exclaimed Captain Cummings. "I always understood that I was to have command of the fort whenever you left. Why so sudden a change?"

"I have already explained," said the Colonel, coldly. "The movements of a body of infantry are never regulated by cast iron rules, neither are those of its officers."

"Can no change be made, sir?" cried Cummings again, his face flushed and angry. "I would much rather remain and do what I can for the growth of the place than go east now."



"My orders are decisive," said the Colonel, rising to his feet, indicating that the conference was over. "In three days everything must be ready for the march of fifty men under the command of Captain Cummings for Little York, now known as Toronto. I shall also march with the company. As many details have to be attended to, all officers will require to assist at once in carrying out the arrangements."

In a very few minutes Sir George was alone in his room. He folded his papers, put them away, and opening the door, said to Emmeline:

"Tell Mrs. Manning that I wish to speak with her."

Helen soon appeared. She suspected nothing of what had occurred. Still her eyes were bloodshot. She had been weeping.

"My child," said the Colonel taking her hand. "Come into my room for a moment." As he closed the door, she looked up into his face with questioning surprise.

"You are a brave girl," he said, "and if you were my own daughter I should be proud of you; but there are some things even you cannot bear. As you know, I

have decided to place the care of the fort in younger hands; but I am not going away alone. Captain Cummings will return to England with me."

"Oh, thank God, thank God!" she exclaimed with a sob, and unable to restrain her feelings any longer, her face flooded with tears.

"Hoity, toity, my dear. I didn't expect all this," cried the Colonel in distress. "If I had known things had come to such a pass, I would have sent the rascal away long ago."

With a strong effort Helen controlled herself.

"Oh, do not mention it again please," she pleaded, "or his name either. Harold even does not know it. I just thought it was something I had to bear, but it was killing me. How can I ever thank you enough?"

For answer the good old Colonel stooped down and kissed the weeping woman.

Three days later the fifty men with Sir George and Captain Cummings at their head, started for Toronto. Adieus were said, but somehow, Lieutenant Smith did not find it necessary to have his conference with the Colonel.

TO BE CONCLUDED

## The Newborn

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

WHITE lamb from a great Father's mighty fold,  
 White star upon the year's stained, darkened blue,  
 White lily 'mid life's rosemary and rue,  
 White soul—the sweetest treasure in Love's gold—  
 Ah! little child! you do not know the cold  
 Or fever of life's struggle; the light dew  
 Lies fresh upon your flowered face and through  
 Your silken tresses sunbeams wade. Behold!  
 In your young heart are sleeping dreams, grown wise,  
 On your red lips the flush of newborn day,  
 And in your soul the peace, too deep for name,  
 Clear mirrored in the sky-blue of your eyes,  
 By cheerful Hope, so richly starred. O may  
 God take you back as pure, child, as you came!



# At the Harbour's Mouth

By ALICE JONES, Author of "Bubbles We Buy," etc.

EDITORIAL NOTE—In the Province of Nova Scotia, the great tragedy of the period is the migration of the young people to New England. This story gives a glimpse of the effect of this migration and of some typical results.

"Into the mist my guardian prow put forth,  
Behind the mists my virgin ramparts lie;  
The Warden of the Honour of the North,  
Silent and veiled am I."



LD JOSEPHINE PERRIER had never heard of Rudyard Kipling, nor of the "Seven Seas" of which he has sung, but for seventy years and more she had watched the "guardian prow put forth" into Chebucto Bay, had heard the boom of salutes, loud on the north wind, dull on the south, from the "virgin ramparts" on the hill above the town, up the harbour.

It was a bit of world's history that she had looked out on from her white-washed cottage on its small patch of level land below the steep fir-clad slope—crowned by the great new fort that the men from along the shore had worked on for the last three winters. How good of Queen Victoria to give them work through the bad time of year—and what a pity she had died! How the guns had roared that fierce January day of bitter north wind and driven snow!

The old woman remembered, as though it were yesterday, the years when light painted, slimly-rigged steamers lurked inside the harbour's mouth, often being there at night and gone at daylight. The pilots had called them blockade-runners, and said that they were dodging the Yankees outside, and that there was war.

She had watched disabled craft, like wounded duck, towed in out of reach of the winter storms, had seen a cholera ship over there at the quarantine island and had helped secure and tow out to deep water the straw mattresses thrown overboard from it.

She had seen two Princes of Wales, father and son, at an interval of forty years, steam up the harbour with thunder

of salutes and fluttering of flags, to visit Britain overseas. Last year she had seen shiploads of Canadian soldiers sail away to fight for the Empire, and had seen some of them return.

All these sights had woven themselves into the philosophy of her tenacious, shrewd brain. There was, however, only one passing that ever had a personal interest to her and that was the going to and fro of the Boston boat.

Friends, kinsfolk, children, grandchildren had gone in that boat, waving a handkerchief to the white cottage below the fort. Some had returned, some had prospered in that mysterious "Boston town," some had died there, or worse, had sunk into its depths. That distant city was ever in her mind as some fatal, alluring syren which had drawn away her children, which might yet draw her if she did not cling very closely to her boulder-hedged cottage.

It was with the attraction of terror now that she watched the weekly boat pass, for were not her middle-aged children writing urgently that she must come and end her days with them. They had stranger husbands and wives, and children, whom she only knew from photographs. All, except one, and that was her orphan granddaughter, whom she had brought up here by the shore.

And what a part of the shore life the girl had seemed, always about the boats and the nets, until suddenly she had taken a fancy into her head to leave the cottage and Josephine, and even Louis Minette, who, when his pilot boat was waiting behind the point, was always at her elbow, to leave this old life and go up to the town to learn dressmaking.

Her too, in time, the Boston magnet drew, and Josephine shed one or two of the scant, weary tears of old age as the



steamer smoke mixed with the sea-fog on the horizon.

The girl was good though, writing every Sunday, and sending money to buy the barrel of flour, the tea and the pork, staples of longshore life. She had prospered. And when the other women came in for a gossip Josephine was never tired of showing them the letter in which Julia told of the three girls she employed, and the photograph of Julia in a beautiful big hat and with wonderful lace frills around her neck.

"Them French is always the same. They'll spend every penny on their backs, be they high or low," said a virtuous dame of Scotch descent, as she and her crony left the cottage.

Now that, even on the sea shore, the August sun was hot, Julia wrote that she was coming home. Work was slack, the heat had been terrific, "and I lie awake, and think and think of the wind blowing in from the sea, and the tide lifting the seaweed around the rocks."

"Bless the child's heart, she isn't changed after all! But it's a wonder that she never so much as asks after Louis Minette, and them such friends once," the old woman pondered wistfully.

Joyful thought! Her new rag mat with the red and grey squares was nearly finished. That would make the third that Julia had not seen. How glad she was now that she had not sold them, though it seemed extravagant at the time! She had honestly meant to sell the red and grey one before the winter, but now she must keep it to put in front of Julia's bed.

She was of too grandly simple a soul ever to think that the girl might find her old home poor and mean; but all the same, she limped about, scrubbing inside and white-washing out, to give everything its best air. A neighbour brought her from town, on market day, a roll of common brown wall paper, rudely stamped with gay bunches of poppies, and with this she papered the slanting attic that had always been Julia's. She, herself, slept in the downstairs room behind the kitchen.

There was only one thing more to be done, and that was to have a flag and some sort of a pole ready for the Sunday evening when the Boston boat should

pass up the harbour. "For sure, it will bring one back of all it has taken away," she said to herself with vindictive satisfaction.

Once she had had a real flag, a beautiful printed Union Jack, that had flared out red against the sombre hillside. It had been torn to bits though in that fierce October storm after Julia went away, when she was down with the rheumatiz, and the neighbours had forgotten to take it in for her. Now she must do the best she could with some bits of red flannel which the officer's wife, who came sometimes in summer time down to the Fort, had given her for her mats.

"Well, I never saw such a crazy thing! Old Josephine would make merry with a skitter's leg," said the critical Scotch neighbour, as she saw the thing of rags and patches flaunting bravely in the wind, and thereby symbolising Josephine's seventy years of life.

At last came the Sunday when the Boston boat, poking her nose round Sambro, would bring Julia home. All through the summer her whistle sounded about four o'clock, and there would be plenty of time for David Minette, Louis' elder brother, who kept a fish-shop in town, to bring Julia down in his whaler before dark.

Everyone was so kind about this home-coming of Julia's except Louis Minette, who, when his pilot boat was lying in the cove, never came along the shore to the cottage as he used to, never asked news of her.

The sun was still high when the *Chebucto* steamed up the harbour, near enough for the flutter of a white handkerchief to be seen from the shore.

An hour or so later, amid the evening opalescence of sea and sky, a tawny-sailed whaler slid down on a last puff of wind, losing which under the shadow of the land, a few vigorous oar strokes ran her in on to the skids below the cottage.

David Minette who managed her was still, in spite of the town fish-shop, a pilot all over, from his peering eyes and tanned face to his Sunday suit of shiny black broadcloth.

"Here's the stray lamb, Josephine," he called out, but the old woman, seated on



her boulder perch, because somehow her legs refused to carry her to the shore, had eyes and ears for nothing save that one figure steering in the stern, a figure curiously out of keeping with the surroundings.

By some atavistic freak, no sooner had Julia Perrier become acclimatised to city life than she had developed into the type of the little Parisian dressmaker. She may have learnt that fashion of dressing her shining black hair, of trimming that big, poppy-wreathed hat in Boston, but she had made them French, and her counterpart might have been found that August Sunday afternoon on the promenade of any provincial town of old France.

The grey, black-fringed eyes, the clear, pale skin, the trim, small figure, all were French, without any Norman or Alsatian dilution. Her voice, however, was that of her surroundings, as she called out, "Ah, Grandma, here I am, home again to bother you!"

There were tears over the smiles on Josephine's cheeks as she stretched out her hands.

"Little Julie! So big and fine!" she sobbed.

A light spring from the gunwale of the boat landed Julia on the seaweed, and she was up the bank and in the old woman's arms, being fondled, patted and crooned over like a child's recovered toy. There was a pleased, childlike admiration in Josephine's face as she held the girl off to inspect her.

"What clothes! I never knew that there were such beautiful clothes in the world!" she said, laying a timid hand on the pretty green and white dress.

Julia laughed.

"*This*, Gran'ma! Why the ladies would scarcely think it good enough to wear shopping of a morning! You ought to see the silks and satins I make for them. But you shall see them, for I've brought you a bundle of silk scraps, enough to make a whole patch-work quilt, and I've got woollens, too, for the mats, every bit of them bright colours. Just wait till you see them."

The wrinkled old face was transfigured with joy.

"Bright colours? Greens and blues—

and perhaps *pinks?*" she queried in incredulous delight.

"Greens, and blues and pinks, every one of them, and red too, bright red. They're the colours worn this year, and I saved the very best of them. You see!"

A rapturous thought struck the old woman. "If only I could finish up a mat for the show in town in October. Simon Devreau's wife over at Tuft's Cove, she got a prize last year for one that wasn't near a patch upon mine, but I never had a chanst with good scraps, real good ones that is to say.

Her granddaughter looked at her with a dawning comprehension.

"You always liked pretty things around you, didn't you, Grandma? I shouldn't wonder now but what I got my ideas about clothes—what the ladies I work for call my 'French taste' from you."

"Oh, child, why I don't know enough about anything to teach a baby—and you so smart and clever," Josephine protested.

The girl made no further effort to propound her dim theories of heredity.

"Never mind, Grandma. Come up and let's give David his tea."

"Lord sakes! And I was forgetting you would be hungry, and I've got hot cakes for you"—then, peering anxiously into Julia's face—"now that I think of it, child, you look thin and peaked, like as though you hadn't been eating overmuch of late."

"Oh, that's nothing. The heat pulls everyone down till they look like tallow candles," Julia said, though she flushed nervously.

There was a great reception that evening in the cottage kitchen and general living room, a reception that once or twice overflowed on to the steps as the indoor space proved inadequate. To one and all Julia had the same tales to tell of Boston, its streets and shops, and theatres, and even the cynical Scotch neighbour, listening, took it for granted that she was a successful and self-satisfied girl.

"Goin' to the theatre in what she calls a flowery foolard dress—old Josephine's gran'darter! Well! and there's my Jenny's girl glad to get a place as a general! Talk about the devil's own luck! Them Papists!" the neighbour sniffed on her home-



ward way, though all the same, she made occasion the next day to walk over the hill to her cousins, the MacNaughtons, up by the Presbyterian Church at Falkland to tell the news.

## II

THE next morning Josephine sat in silent happiness among shining heaps of vari-coloured silk scraps.

"And to think I never even dreamt that such things were in the world. Seems as though God must ha' made them colours like the flowers without any man's help," she murmured in her soft old voice. "Ah, child, you must be happy to live among stuffs like them, and to touch them with your hands!"

Julia had been smiling down at the old woman in her rocker, but at the word "happy" a little shadow came over her face, though she laughed carelessly.

"Happy! Oh, I suppose so, though you see, maybe one's best workgirl says she has a headache and must go home, or maybe one is tired, and has a headache one's self——"

"A headache?" and the anxious eyes peered up tenderly at her. "But for sure, you never had headaches when you run about among the rocks, Julie."

"No, Grannie, perhaps life was easier then. But you see, if I had gone on running about among the rocks where would these scraps have come from, and my clothes——"

"And the warm winter dress of beautiful black woollen, and the wadded quilt you brought me. Ah, my girl you've worked for me!"

"Don't talk about black woollens and wadded quilts to-day, Grannie. It's too warm. I'm going out to pick blueberries to make a pudding like we used to have, and to feel the wind coming in from the sea with the tide. The tide is nearly full now. I know by the smell of it."

And the girl standing in the cottage door, silhouetted against the blue plain of sea, threw back her head to sniff in the crisp air.

The tide was full, brimming up among the granite ledges and boulders, swaying the tawny seaweeds, and splashing against the pulled-up dories and flats on their skids with suggestions of wayfaring.

A little black tug had puffed into the military wharf, and was disgorging a string of khaki-clad men in broad-brimmed hats.

Julia, watching this operation with interest, broke out suddenly: "Gracious goodness, Gran'ma, whatever are those queer brown men that look like the mountain dwarfs in a play I saw once, called Rip Van Winkle—surely they're never soldiers—English soldiers?"

"That's just what they are, my dear. The sergeant up to the fort told me, when they went to fight last year away out there somewhere across the sea—I saw the ships go—the Englishmen in the pretty red coats that are plain to see, was all shot down, while the Canada men in that dingy colour was safe as could be. So, says the English officer to his men as wasn't shot—'You'll wear it too,' says he. 'No more men in red for me'—and that's the way of it, but I'm sorry, for there's no one as wants to shoot them here, and the red coats were nice and cheerful to see on a dull day—that they were," she ended, regretfully.

Julia seemed to have lost interest in His Majesty's troops.

"Any pilot-boats up in the cove?" she asked in the most casually conversational tone.

"Let me see," Josephine meditated. "It was Saturday as No. 4 went up, and she must be there still, for only this morning early did I see No. 3 beating out, and it won't be their turn outside yet awhile. Yes, there's most always two of them there."

"No. 4's the Minettes' boat, isn't it?" asked Julia, still watching the dun line of figures winding up the road to the fort.

"Yes, Simon and Louis Minette, both, and some day when Simon settles on shore Louis will be Captain."

"Well, I mustn't stay talking if I'm going to have blueberry pudding for dinner," Julia announced, swinging her basket with a fine air of energy as she set off down the pathway, a trim figure in her navy blue cotton. She had too innate a sense of the fitness of things to appear this morning in the smart green and white dress of yesterday.

It was natural that Julia should take



the path leading up towards the Cove, for there the granite cliffs and stunted spruce woods gave place to the sweep of open blueberry barrens, but it was not natural that as soon as she found herself alone, the brightness should pass from her face, leaving evident marks of the toil and strain of city life.

The curve of her cheeks sank into two little hollows, and under the velvety grey eyes were dark shadows, telling of long vigils. The south wind stirred her loose hair and flapped her skirts with its message of summer gladness, the wavelets flashed up their welcome from among the boulders, the birch trees rippled their delicate tracery of leafwork, turning her blue cotton into the semblance of an elaborate brocade, but the subtle joy of these summer sights and sounds was dulled by a grim column of figures that haunted her night and day.

To the simple home folk, Julia seemed a successful and magnificent young woman, but she herself knew another side to the story, a side that spelt failure. She knew now how careless she had been when she first worked for herself; careless in the trifles spent on small pleasures; careless in giving credit and in ordering materials from the amiable young salesman who came to her with samples, and with vaguely polite statements as to the credit his house always gave to dressmakers. Never had this young salesman been anything but amiable and polite, even when he had had to ask in vain for his money.

"I'll make it all right with them, for sure I will, Miss Perrier. Don't you go and worry about it now. You just quit working for a spell and go home and have a rest down there among those Bluenoses of yours, and when you come back you make up your mind to marry me. Between us, what with your taste and my hustling, we'll soon have one of the smartest shows in Boston, and, you bet, you won't have any worrying about bills then. A cute little thing like you wants a man to take care of her anyway."

Julia knew that he was right, and that between them they could command success; but why, as the pink-faced, sleek little man beamed affectionately upon her, did a sudden vision come of a young face,

weather-tanned and impassive from sea-vigils, that impassiveness belied by the pleading of grey eyes?

Miss Julia was too fond of approbation, too frightened of hurting people's feelings, ever to find it easy to say "No" outright, and so there was a certain amount of prevarication in her answer. The salesman, assured that no moneyless girl could reject so magnificent an offer, saw her on board the *Chebucto* with many amorous references to the September that was to bring her back again.

"If only the bill was paid, and I never need go back at all," Julia was saying to herself. "I ain't fit to run things for myself, that's a fact. If I was free of it all, I believe I'd just stay here up in town and go out by the day. Only, if Grannie got sick and couldn't get about, would I have enough then for us both? No, I've got to go back; I've got to go back."

As the words repeated themselves like a weary refrain, she heard the sound of a heavy step on the pathway behind her, and glancing back, saw a smart young artilleryman coming along at a pace that would surely overtake her.

No dull khaki here, but the dark blue with its touches of red and gold that had once been so familiar a sight to her, though the slouch felt hat was a change from the jaunty little cap of yore.

The girl's neat figure and well-set head almost unconsciously trimmed themselves up for masculine inspection, as the steps drew nearer.

"Beg pardon, Miss," came a hoarsely amiable voice behind her, and she paused and stood still, as the remarkably red-faced young warrior addressed her: "You didn't 'appen to ha' dropped this 'ere letter in the path as you come along, did yer?"

The paper he held out was a folded one without address, and something in the twinkle in the round blue eyes suggested that it probably belonged to the youth who produced it as a trumped-up excuse. This, however, was no great sin in the eyes of Julia, who was quite ready to take what small diversions came in her way; even though No. 4 pilot-boat might be lying in the Cove. Most likely her crew were all up in town amusing themselves. And so



she smiled sweetly, with just a shade of polite reserve as she answered:

"No, I'm sure it isn't, for I haven't got a pocket in this dress, and I put away my purse and letters in my trunk this morning. Thank goodness, one doesn't need those kind of things down here!"

"Down here!" the artilleryman repeated diplomatically. "Now I didn't see any picnic parties landing to-day; but—"

Julia felt the implied compliment, that she could not be of local origin, suspecting all the time that her identity was known.

"Oh, David Minette brought me down last night in his whaler. I'm Josephine Perrier's granddaughter, and I came in the Boston boat yesterday."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated the youth. "Did you really, Miss? It seems to me that every man, woman and child in this blessed country has either gone to Boston or just come from it, or got the rest of their family there. I suppose it's like London is to us at 'ome," and he jerked his thumb eastwards, "and draws the restless ones. Now, might you say, Miss, as this 'ere Boston would be a likely place for a smart young time-expired man, who's a fair hand at electric lights and such, to make a start in the world?"

This last question was brought out with bashful earnestness, showing a forgetfulness of his neighbourhood to a pretty girl, in the revealing of an air-castle.

Julia answered with corresponding frankness:

"I think it is a good place for anyone who ain't afraid to work; but lord, one must work; no mistake. The folks round here seem half alive after the stir there."

"And you, Miss? Might I make bold to ask if you did well there yourself?"

The downright question checked Julia for a moment, then she laughed out:

"Oh, yes. I went there just as a sewing girl, and now I work at home with two girls under me. I suppose that's doing well?"

The round blue eyes stared at her in greater admiration than ever.

"I should just think it was!" came the hearty comment. "But, then, anyone can see with half an eye as you're clever—downright clever, that's what you are, Miss."

This sincere homage was not unpleasant.

"Oh, I don't know as to that!" she disclaimed. "Well, if I'm going to pick any blueberries to-day, I guess I must be on the move."

"If I might make so bold, I'm on my way to the ferry myself—it being Bank 'Ooliday at 'ome, and us 'aving a day orf in consecens," the youth suggested.

"What's Bank Holiday?" Julia asked, as they set off up the old grassy road.

"Bank Holiday? Why—it's just Bank Holiday you know. Comes four times a year, and every one as can stops working."

"Oh, something like the 4th of July, I guess, though there's only one of it."

"What's the 4th of July?" asked the English youth, perplexed in his turn.

"That's the great day in the States when people make speeches and let off fire-crackers," she explained.

"Lord! what a queer way to amuse themselves? I shan't want to do that if ever I goes to live there."

Again Julia laughed.

"Oh, well, I guess you wouldn't be a big enough man to make speeches, or a small enough boy to let off fire-crackers, so you'd be safe."

"Well, but what would I do then?" he persisted, with the tenacity of a slow mind.

"Oh sakes, how do I know? Sit in the shade and eat watermelon."

"What's watermelon?"

Julia was rapidly tiring of the ingenious youth, and this last question so exasperated her that she answered recklessly. "Oh, a sort of apple!" a retort which bore inaccuracy on the face of it.

Her mind was busy with the unpleasant possibility of a certain young pilot making a reconnoitring tour on this pathway, and that the plump artilleryman would, in that case, spoil a very effective meeting. It is always the unpleasant possibility that becomes a fact. Just as she was making up her mind to desert the path and her admirer on the plea of berry-picking, a trailing blackberry vine caught her skirt so securely that the artilleryman had to go down on his knees to disentangle her, forming an idyllic group for the benefit of a youth who came strolling around a turn in the path in the leisurely fashion of sailors ashore. At the sight, the grave, bronzed face darkened, and the loosely hanging



hands clenched, but Julia made a brave effort to control the situation, crying with somewhat forced gaiety:

"Well, I never, if it ain't Louis Minette! Come along and say 'welcome home' to me, like the blackberries do."

"Seems to me as you look pretty much at home already," came the grim retort, with a scowl at the artilleryman, red-faced from his struggle with the bramble.

"Well, and did you think as I'd be sitting on the shore waiting for you to give me leave to come home?" she answered shrilly with a note of rising anger.

"I knew you too well for that."

Just as she caught the bitter words, the bramble condescended to disentangle itself, and the soldier picked himself up and stood first on one leg and then on the other to relieve his embarrassment. Julia's face was very pale, and her voice came in a little breathless way as she said:

"Thank you most kindly for the trouble

you've took." She hesitated, wondering what his name was, but it did not occur to the youth to supply it.

"So she goes walking the very first day with a sodjer as she don't even know the name of," commented a jealous heart.

"Well, and I guess you'll be getting on to the ferry now," she said amiably to the stranger, "and as I'm going up this path to the blueberry patches, I'll say good-bye"; then, with a sudden chill in her manner, "If you're going towards the Fort, Louis, and happen to see Gran'ma at the door tell her I'll be back in plenty of time to peel the potatoes."

And with a flounce of blue skirts the young woman turned to climb the hillside, while, the soldier and the sailor went on in different directions.

Not for anything would Louis Minette have turned back to the Cove with the intruder, though the object of his walk was gone.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN DECEMBER

## On the Limited

By CY WARMAN



NE Sabbath evening, not long ago, I went down to the depot in an Ontario town to take the International Limited for Montreal. She was on the blackboard five minutes in disgrace. "Huh!" grunted a commercial traveller. It was Sunday in the aforesaid Ontario town, and would be Sunday in Toronto, towards which he was travelling. Even if we were on time we should not arrive until 9.30, too late for church, too early to go to bed, and the saloons all closed and barred. And yet this restless traveller fretted and grieved because we promised to go into Toronto five minutes late. Alas, for the calculation of the train dispatchers, she was seven minutes overdue when she swept in and stood for us to mount. The get-away was good, but at the eastern yard limits we lost again. The

people from the Pullmans piled into the café car and overflowed into the library and parlour cars. The restless traveller snapped his watch again, caught the sleeve of a passing trainman and asked "smatter?" And the conductor answered "Waiting for No. 5." Five minutes passed and not a wheel turned; six, eight, ten minutes and no sound of the coming west-bound express. Overhead we could hear the flutter and flap of the blow-off, for the black flyer was as restless as the fat drummer who was snapping his watch, grunting "Huh!" and washing suppressed profanity down with *caje noir*.

Eighteen minutes and No. 5 passed. When the great black steed of steam got them swinging again we were twenty-five minutes to the bad. And how that driver did hit the curves that night! The impatient traveller snapped his watch again



and said, refusing to be comforted, "She'll never make it."

Mayhap the fat and fretful drummer managed to communicate with the engine driver, or maybe the latter was unhappily married or had an insurance policy, and it is also possible that he is just the devil to drive. Anyway he whipped that fine train of Pullmans, café and parlour cars through those peaceful, lamplighted, Sabbath-keeping Ontario towns as though the whole show had cost not more than seven dollars and his own life less.

On a long lounge in the library car a well-nourished lawyer lay sleeping in a way that I had not dreamed a political lawyer could sleep. One Gamey, M.P.—double P.—I was told, had been robbing this same lawyer of a good deal of rest recently, and he was trying now at a mile a minute to catch up with his sleep. I could feel the sleeper slam her flanges against the ball of the rail as we rounded the perfectly pitched curves, and the little semi-quaver that tells the trained traveller that the man up ahead is moving the mile-posts at least one every minute. At the first stop, 29 miles out, the fat drummer snapped his watch again, but he did not say "Huh!" We had made up five minutes.

A few passengers swung down here, and a few others swung up, and off we dashed, drilling the darkness. I looked in on the lawyer again, for I would have speech with him, but he was still sleeping the sleep of the virtuous, with the electric light full on his upturned baby face, that reminds me constantly of the late Tom Reed.

A woman I know was putting one of her babies to bed in lower 2 when we wiggled through a reverse curve that was like shooting White Horse Rapids in a Peterboro'. The child intended for lower 2 went over into 4. "Never mind," said its mother, "we have enough to go round," and so she left that one in 4, and put the next one in 2, and so on.

At the next stop where you "Y" and

back into the town, the people, impatient, were lined up ready to board the Limited. When we swung over the switches again, we were only ten minutes late.

As often as the daring driver eased off for a down grade I could hear the hiss of steam through the safety-valve above the back of the black flyer, and I could feel the flanges against the ball of the rail, and the little tell-tale semi-quaver of the car.

By now the babies were all abed, and from bunk to bunk the little mother moved, tucked them in, kissed them good-night, and then cuddled down beside the last one, a fair-haired girl who seemed to have caught and kept, in her hair and in her eyes, the sunshine of the three short summers through which she had passed.

Once more I went and stood by the lounge where the lawyer lay, but I had not the nerve to wake him.

The silver moon rose and lit the ripples on the lake that lay below my window as the last of the diners came from the café car. Along the shore of the sleeping lake our engine swept like a great black wingless bird of night. Presently I felt the frogs of North Parkdale, and when, from her hot throat, she called "Toronto," the fat and fretful traveller opened his great gold watch. He did not snap it now, but looked into its open face and almost smiled, for we were touching Toronto on the tick of time.

I stepped from the car, for I was interested in the fat drummer. I wanted to see him meet her, and hold her hand, and tell her what a really, truly, good husband he had been, and how he had hurried home. As he came down the short stair a friend faced him and said "Good night," where Yankees say "Good evening." "Hello, Bill!" said the fat drummer. They shook hands languidly. The fat man yawned, and asked, "Anything doing?" "Not the littlest," said Bill. "Then," said Jim (the fat man), "let us go up to the King Edward, sit down and have a good, quiet smoke."





# Municipal Home Rule in the N.W.T.

By S. MORLEY WICKETT



AN account of how the great Canadian West is providing for its own local government is an interesting story. Everywhere, with the rapid increase of population, springs up, almost before one's eyes, a rational system of districts, villages and incorporated municipalities with a paraphernalia of rate-payers, overseers and councils, assessments, taxes and sinking funds.

The municipal history of the West has, of course, really only begun, for the provisional districts of Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Athabasca were only created in 1882, and the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan but yesterday. Unfinished as the process is, it strikes one as being very typical of our modern Anglo-Saxon administration which brings self-government to every door, assuming that every settler is also a citizen. It is equally suggestive of the line of organisation and development taken in the new parts of the new world.

Popular usage long applied the name the Northwest Territories to the three southerly districts, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, which are now attracting the most settlers. Properly speaking, however, the name covered all the country not organised as a separate province or territory, which formerly belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company; that is, all lands around Hudson's Bay and away to the west as far as British Columbia and Alaska. From the south-east square on this huge territorial checkerboard was formed, in 1870, the Province of Manitoba, which has a present area of 73,956 square miles. But there still remained an area representing more than 300 equally large squares, whose affairs were in the hands of the Dominion Government. Out of the eastern part was carved in 1876 the district of Keewatin, with an area of 498,000 square miles. The four districts mentioned as organised in 1882, had a land area of over 537,000 square miles; the

Yukon has another 196,000; Mackenzie 481,000, Ungava 276,000 square miles, not to speak of the northerly Franklin territory wrapped in an arctic shroud. The last four territories were formed in 1895, though three years later the Yukon was separated and placed under a commissioner and a council partly appointed by the Dominion Government, partly elected by popular vote. The two new provinces have an area of about 250,000 miles each.

By the original Northwest Territories Act of 1869, power was given the Governor-General-in-Council to appoint a Lieutenant-Governor who was to provide for the administration of justice, always acting, however, as the agent of the Federal Government, and to appoint an advisory council of from 7 to 15. Then came the half-breed rebellion and nothing was done for another four years. Down to 1876 the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba acted in the same capacity for the Territories. In that year the first resident Lieutenant-Governor of the Territories (Hon. David Laird) was appointed and given a small advisory council of five, two being magistrates.

This little body took charge of all local territorial matters, municipal as well as other, much as does the Provincial Assembly in Prince Edward Island to-day. In 1881 part of the councillors were made elective, and their number was to increase with the population. As soon as the number reached 21, which it did in 1888, the council was to be transformed into an Assembly. For the Assembly an electoral division was characteristically large; "an area not exceeding 1,000 square miles having 1,000 inhabitants exclusive of Indians and aliens." It must be remembered that the townships laid out by the Dominion in the seventies were not for government but only for settlement. A township, as in the western United States, is six miles square, equal to six sections. To-day, curiously a western farmer meas-



ures his farm in sections and fractions of a section.

#### FIRE AND STATUTE LABOUR DISTRICTS.

The early municipal bodies appear to have been very simple and business-like in their structure. They were offsprings of local conditions, not copies from Eastern Canada or other countries. Fire and Statute Labour Districts are examples. According to an ordinance of 1886 the majority of those living for three months in a locality might ask by petition to be formed into a Fire District. Such a district was not to be smaller than 6 or more than 12 miles square, and was under an overseer appointed from among the residents by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council. Expenses were defrayed by each resident paying \$4 a year or its equivalent in work. In Statute Labour Districts, which were provided for one year later, the overseer was not appointed but was elected and rates paid were according to the size of one's farm. Some twelve years after this the two classes of districts were combined, and arrangements made to pay the overseer a salary, now that his duties had grown, and to collect the rates by process of law. Shortly after this again, that is in 1899, it was provided that the ratepayers might by a two-thirds petition abolish all statute labour in favour of money taxes, and in large improvement districts, which will be described directly, commutation was abolished. This same tendency to do away with statute labour one notices also in many parts of Ontario.

#### LOCAL IMPROVEMENT DISTRICTS.

These earlier municipal types are now replaced by more developed forms. The first local improvement ordinance appears to date from 1898, the last revised one being passed in 1903 to take effect on the 1st January, 1904. These improvement districts mark a tendency towards uniform municipal units, and though unincorporated they suggest a loose comparison with the county in Eastern Canada. There must be merely a resident population of one inhabitant to three square miles. The inhabitants elect a council of from three to six members

who may vote themselves a small remuneration of 10 cents a mile and \$2 a day for attendance at council meetings up to six meetings a year. A tax of from 1¼ to 5 cents per acre is levied on each owner and ratepayer. There is also a still larger municipal organisation called a "Large Local Improvement District," with a lower limit to its taxation and other distinctions of minor importance. Irrigation districts under Territorial Commissioners also exist for the special purposes indicated by their name.

#### VILLAGES.

For localities a little more closely settled the village ordinance applies. A village may be two miles square, and must have fifteen dwellings. The villagers in meeting assembled, following the custom of their fathers, elect an overseer, who holds office for two years and may be paid a salary of \$50 and 2½ per cent. of all monies he receives. The overseer must not incur debts for the village of over \$100, and must render a yearly account of his stewardship to the Commissioner of Public Works at Regina. Suit may be entered against the village through the overseer, but as the village is not incorporated any property it owns is held in trust by the Commissioner. In fact, this same Commissioner is the general supervisor of all municipal units, appoints auditors for the districts and villages and receives their reports on prescribed forms.

#### INCORPORATED RURAL MUNICIPALITIES AND TOWNS.

There is a so-called general Municipal Ordinance, but it does not provide for districts, villages or cities. Cities are incorporated by special ordinances and fall under the provisions of the Municipal Ordinance only in so far as expressly provided. The general ordinance is modelled on the Municipal Act of Ontario, which is the most mature general municipal act in Canada. A town must have a population of 400 within two square miles; a rural municipality has a more scattered population and usually a larger area. The one is under a mayor and a council of six, the other under a reeve and a council of four,



the councillors being elected every two years, one-half retiring each year. A property qualification is required for office, and voting is by ballot.

As in Eastern Canada, every municipality is held responsible for the good repair of its local works, such as sidewalks, sewers, culverts, etc. The municipal responsibilities and powers, which are enumerated, recall Ontario municipal legislation. But here and there one is struck by the more generous measure of municipal home rule given to the western municipality; for example, in connection with tax exemptions, granting of bonuses and municipal ownership.

It is too soon to say whether this means that the western municipality is being fortunate enough in gaining a more definite status, recognised and respected by the territorial legislature, than municipalities in Eastern Canada possess. Probably no such inference can be drawn as yet. In 1899 the National Municipal League of the United States adopted the recommendation that local bodies be given wider discretionary powers, which of course means a departure from the traditional rules of the law of public corporations. The same recommendation might be made for Canada as well; though on the other hand the restraining and educative influence of the legislature on municipal councils is very valuable, particularly in new sections, and is at times greatly underrated.

A town must make a yearly assessment; but a rural municipality may make one only every three years. Both real and personal property are taxed, \$1,000 of personal property being exempt. A poll tax of \$2 is collected from all adult men not otherwise assessed, residing in the town or doing business there. Under certain conditions an employer must pay the taxes of any of his employees and deduct them from their wages. The levying of a single tax is provided for "on the actual value of all land without improvements." It requires, however, a two-thirds vote of the council. The single tax may also be adopted in villages.

School rates as in Eastern Canada are uncontrolled by the municipal council; but they must not exceed 12 mills on the dollar,

or be less than \$2.00. Municipal debts are limited to 10 per cent. of the assessable property and must ordinarily be repaid in twenty years. Every municipal auditor is to transmit a copy of his report to the territorial treasurer. At present there are four incorporated cities—Calgary, Regina, Moose Jaw and Edmonton, 24 incorporated towns and 60 incorporated villages. In Edmonton is now being built the first street railway in the Territories.

Liquor licenses, as in most of our provinces, are in the hands of three license commissioners, appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor. The sale of intoxicating liquors has long been closely safeguarded as a protection to the Indians. The policing of the Territories is in charge of the well-known Mounted Police, formed in 1873.

Generous provision is being made for education. Four persons liable for assessment, with twelve children, resident within a block five miles square, may have this block formed into a school district. The Territorial Government supplements the municipal rates by grants fixed according to attendance of scholars, qualification of teachers, and time during which school is kept—an admirable plan to secure the greatest possible efficiency. The schools are in charge of boards of trustees elected in villages every three, and in towns every two years.

The existing cities, we have seen, are incorporated by special acts. It would seem preferable for the new provinces to provide for all present and future cities by single uniform acts. A general municipal act always helps to keep alive widespread interest in municipal legislation, and safeguards the Assembly against log-rolling between the municipalities. The provinces will doubtless undertake before long a general consolidation of all municipal ordinances.

These were some of the conditions of municipal organisation in the Northwest Territories at the date of their transformation into provinces. There is an inspiration in considering the rapid growth of a system of government which is being adapted year by year to the requirements of a region of great area and great political and economic possibilities.



# SIR HENRY IRVING

BY VIRNA SHEARD

"Thou trumpet made for Shakespeare's lips to blow!"

**N**O more for thee the music and the lights,  
Thy magic may no more win smile nor frown;  
For thee, Oh dear interpreter of dreams,  
The curtain hath rung down.

No more the sea of faces, turned to thine,  
Swayed by impassioned word and breathless pause;  
No more the triumph of thine art,—no more  
The thunder of applause.

No more for thee the maddening, mystic bells,  
The haunting horror—and the falling snow;  
No more of Shylock's fury, and no more  
The Prince of Denmark's woe.

Not once again the fret of heart and soul,  
The loneliness and passion of King Lear;  
No more bewilderment and broken words  
Of wild despair and fear.

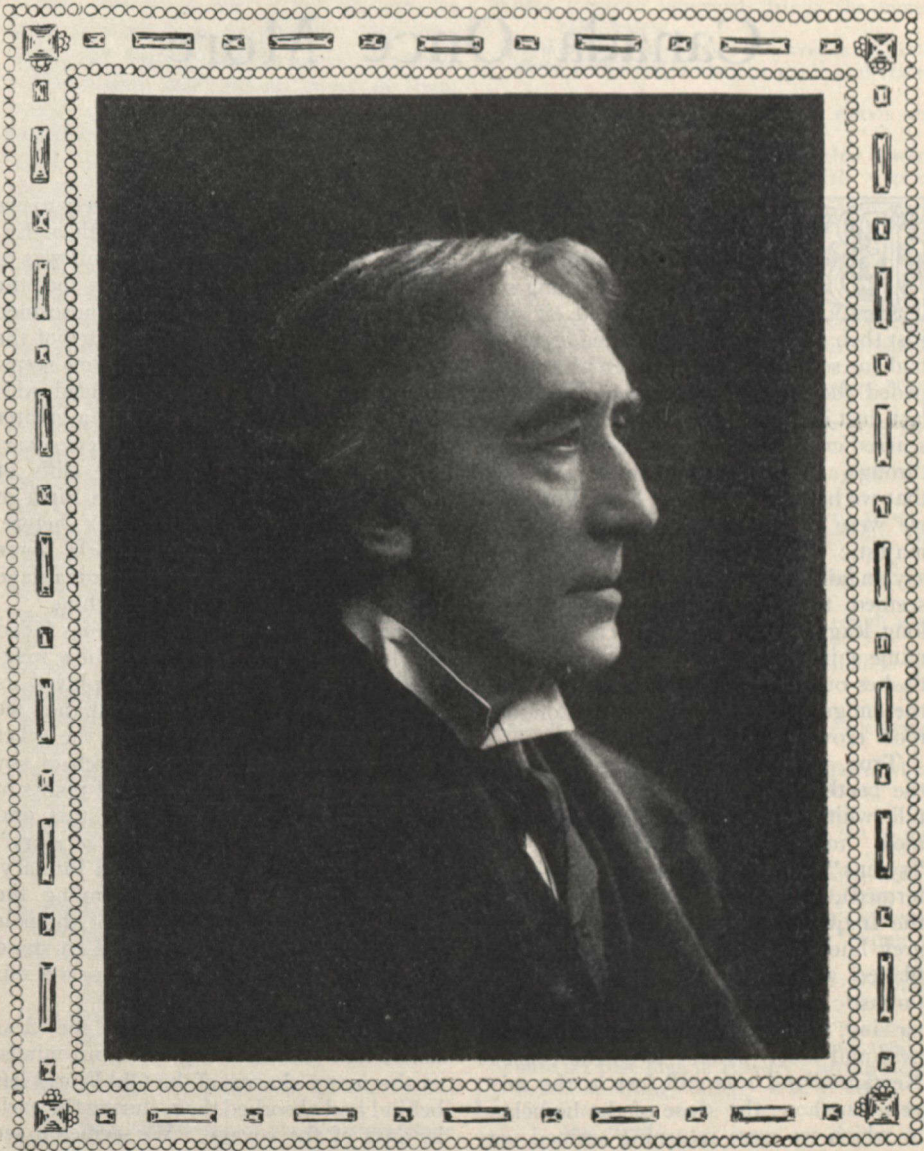
And never wilt thou conjure from the past  
The dread and bitter field of Waterloo;  
Thy trembling hands will never pluck again  
Its roses or its rue.

Thou art no longer player to the Court;  
No longer red-robed Cardinal or King;  
To-day thou art thyself—the Well-Beloved—  
Bereft of crown and ring.

Thy feet have found the path that Shakespeare found,  
Life's lonely exit of such far renown;  
For thee, Oh dear interpreter of dreams,  
The curtain hath rung down.

OCTOBER, 1905.





Very truly yours  
Henry Irving.  
1903.



# Canada Once More

By AGNES MAULE MACHAR (*Fidelis*)

"**B**ELLE ISLE in sight," exclaimed the deck steward cheerily, as we came on deck after the morning service. And indeed it was just then no small boon that the fog, which had for some hours hung over us and impeded the vessel's progress, had lifted at last, just in time to discern the grey, storm-scarred crags of the rocky island gleaming through the scattering mists. We felt that we had arrived in the New World, for we were within the estuary of our own majestic St. Lawrence—back, we might say, in fair Canada, which, for months, had seemed to be beckoning us over the long leagues of ocean distance; her very name shining out like a star of hope, as it flashes out nightly in letters of light from the emigration office, on one of London's most crowded thoroughfares.

True, we could see nothing as yet but the beetling crags of the island, with its tall white light-houses, that discoursed most melancholy music from their "syrens" (as they are not very aptly termed), in order to pilot vessels through the frequent fog; and beyond them, the grey line of distant Labrador Coast, enfiladed with glittering icebergs, strange, fantastic shapes, which we were constantly passing, as they sailed by in ghostly whiteness and lonely state. Even the coast of Newfoundland was still lost in the mist; yet, somehow, the sense of the homeland to which we were returning seemed very strong, and during our thousand-mile cruise up gulf and river, continued to give that indescribable sense of satisfaction in the recognition of familiar scenes and objects, which has been once for all crystallised in the simple words—"Be it ever so humble,—there's no place like home!"

But the majesty and mystic spell of the north made itself, also, strongly felt. There was a lucent clearness in the high-arching sky never seen in the misty

British Isles, not even in the lovely azure and gorgeous sunsets of the south of Europe. The first sunset in the Gulf was of such wondrous crystalline beauty that the brilliant amber light on the horizon seemed to throb with the glory of the gates of the New Jerusalem, while the sea below seemed indeed a "sea of glass mingled with fire." Nothing could have been a greater contrast to the dull and fog-laden sunset that had descended about the cliffs of Arran, as we emerged from the Firth of Clyde, little more than a week before. And we felt that our New World home could claim, at least, the great advantage of clear skies and full-orbed sunshine.

And then, as the rich sunset hues faded slowly into the purple twilight, how magnificently the celestial vault displayed its glittering firmament with a brilliancy we had never seen approached on the other side of the sea! The purple arch of sky was literally sown with diamond points of light, amid which the greater stars and planets shone with a "radiancy of glory" which we usually associate with a January, rather than a July night. Among the glittering host, the silver lustre of the pole star, faithful to its post, seemed to stand sentinel of the night, to guide us on our farther way.

We accepted the omen for the dear native land that now engrossed our minds, as the many charms of the Old World left behind had absorbed them during the earlier days of the voyage. We seemed to see the great future of Canada spreading itself before her while the moral pole star shone steadfastly out above. She herself is indeed a pole star to millions in the old world, for whom, as literally in London, her name shines out metaphorically like a star of hope through the darkness of their night. They are ready to face even what is to them the terror of our long, cold winters, for the sake of the golden summers, of which they have also heard, and



of the "chance in life" which hitherto so many of them have never had. Our own vessel was taking out its quota of sturdy Scottish lads and lasses, most of them bound for the far away plains of Manitoba and the Northwest; bright-faced young women who were looking forward to happy domestic lives in the unknown homes which faithful lovers had been preparing for them. Young couples, too, were going out together, bent on subduing the distant wilderness, and realising the visions of future prosperity which they had heard so glowingly described. May their hopes meet a full fruition!

And as for the country itself! We have been frequently reminded, in the words of one of our most gifted and lamented public men, that the present is its "growing time." Another eminent Canadian and veteran statesman has recently declared that the *present* years are emphatically Canada's opportunity to mould her great western empire, to fuse her heterogenous population, to set her free institutions on the firmest basis, stamping out the noxious growths of ignorance, brutality and oppression, wherever they may show their heads; and in moral force as well as in material prosperity, taking her rightful place as one of the two great powers of the American Continent. Such hopes as these gradually took shape in the following lines:

In yonder star-sown vault that arches over  
The hill-tops, rising high on either hand,  
The silver pole-star beckons on the rover  
From devious wanderings on a foreign  
strand,  
To greet, once more, his own fair native  
land!

What though she wear not all the mellow  
graces,  
The lush luxuriance of the southern clime,

Where terraced vineyards fringe the moun-  
tain bases,  
And dusky olives hide the wrecks of Time,  
Mute witnesses of ancient pride and crime!

We see not gleam, from emerald woods and  
meadows,  
Column and arch and ivy-mantled towers,  
Old crumbling ruins, set in with cypress  
shadows,  
Nor castled crags, enshrined in linden  
bowers;  
Not these thy native charms, dear land of  
ours!

Not thine the beauty of the old home-islands,  
Whose white cliffs bound the "silver streak  
of sea,"  
Their sylvan banks and copses,—misty High-  
lands,  
With heather clad—that tower o'er loch  
and lea,—  
Nor stately fanes of old-time majesty!

Thine is the grandeur of the rushing river,  
Whose foam-flecked rapids proudly rise  
and swell;  
Of the great cataract, thundering on for-  
ever,—  
Of cloud-wrapped mountains, rough with  
crag and fell;  
And boundless plains, where millions yet  
may dwell!

And thou hast high traditions—memories  
holy—  
Of hero-hearts that laid down life for thee,  
In battle strife, or labour rude and lowly,  
To lay thy keystone well, and make of thee  
A western Britain—spread from sea to sea!

So, on thy shaggy forests, mountains hoary,  
Is writ the promise of a future bright,  
Of a great people, wearing Britain's glory,  
Homing the homeless, turning wrong to  
right,  
Standing with face turned ever to the light!

And looking through the vista of the ages,  
We fain thy horoscope would truly read,  
Would set thee high in History's future pages,  
A nation strong, united—bold at need;—  
"God and the right" thy watchword and  
thy creed!







# Current Events Abroad.

IT would be hard to exaggerate the far-reaching effects of the new Anglo-Japanese Treaty. By this new instrument of alliance the Marquis of Lansdowne is able to abstain from entangling alliances with European powers which has been the steady policy of British Governments, whether Conservative or Liberal, while at the same time increasing the influence of the Empire incalculably. In Europe the island position of the United Kingdom enables it to stand aloof from the intrigues and combinations of the continent. In her overseas possessions she is not so independent. Her vulnerable points are India and Canada. In both, her territories may be attacked by land by powerful nations. The fears with regard to India have been derided, for it has been argued that the Hindoo Koosh is sufficient protection from any attack from that direction. There was always, however, a national nervousness about India and the alleged designs of Russia upon it. The treaty with Japan is a guarantee that that bug-bear may be laid to rest for many a year. It removes a care which has oppressed British statesmen since the days of Palmerston.

The treaty is indeed a guarantee of peace. It declares for the *status quo* in Eastern Asia and India, thus confirming to all powers their present Asiatic possessions and gives force and authority to the doctrine of the open door. Even in Korea, where Japan's interests are acknowledged to be paramount, it is stipulated that Japan shall take no measures contrary to the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations. Lord Lansdowne's letter to the British Ministers at Paris and St. Petersburg accurately describe the alliance, when he says that "it is not intended

as a menace, but rather as a guarantee of peace and prosperity in the far east, in which all countries may participate.

This is the distinctive Anglo-Japanese note. The nations which hoped for a Russian triumph in the recent war were hoping for something that would have been a disadvantage to their commerce. Every square mile of territory added to the Czar's dominion would have been a restriction on the commerce of other nations to that extent.

Germany, which is one of the keenest of the trading nations, is, nevertheless, exceedingly displeased with the turn events are taking. The Moroccan incident seems to be closed, with the exception of the conference of the powers which is soon to take place with regard to it. But the harmony of the two nations has not been improved by it. The Paris *Matin* the other day stated that France had the assurance in case she was attacked by Germany that Great Britain would make common cause with her. The German newspapers refuse to believe that the Balfour Government were encouraging France to go to war, while at the same time they resentfully declare that *Le Matin's* information comes from Delcasse. Great heat is shown in their columns against Delcasse, and it is quite evident that his restitution to the French chancellery would be tantamount to a declaration of hostilities.

There ought to be no mystery about this. To say that Great Britain was urging France into war is, we may be sure, beside the fact. We may well believe, however, that the British Government assured France that the terms of the agreement





## A DREAM OF POWER

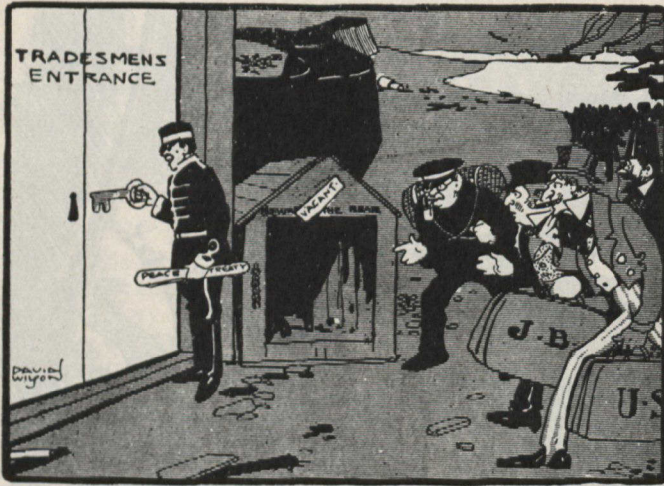
SIR H. C-MPB-LL-B-NN-RM-N—"Help! Help! Save me from my friends!"—*Punch*.

with regard to Morocco would be supported with the full might of Britain. The manner in which the Kaiser intervened in the affairs of Morocco caused the British public to rush to the conclusion that his object was to demonstrate to the French the futility of Britain as an ally. The earnest desire of the Government and people of Britain for peace cannot be doubted. They have recently had a costly lesson in the sacrifices that even a small war exacts, and they have nothing to gain and everything to lose by becoming again involved in strife. But the nation would have lost its old spirit if it had allowed Kaiser, Czar or King to make a mock of it in the face of Europe, and endorse the idea that an understanding or an alliance with Britain was a valueless thing which would not stand the test even of a threat of stormy times. If France was assured that Britain would stand by her to the last ditch in support of the Morocco arrangement the Kaiser has only himself to blame for eliciting an official recognition of the popular distrust of Germany which has

been slowly growing in many quarters in England.

The position of Germany is a remarkable one. The Kaiser is the most powerful living ruler. It is now as clear as anything human can be that on all hands he is recognised as wielding the greatest single power in Europe. The only possible exception is France, and even towards that ancient and powerful people, with their traditions of military glory, he assumes a dictatorial attitude, dethrones her foreign minister, and practically demands that he shall never be admitted to that position again. He is for the moment master of Europe, and like its former master, Napoleon Bonaparte, he finds one country which his vast armies could in all probability overwhelm could they only get at it. But there it sits, "set in its silver seas," inaccessible and invulnerable. Napoleon Bonaparte was an extraordinary personage. In achievement and genius he was fitted for the dominion of the world. His vast powers, however, were brought to naught





THE TREATY—AND AFTER

"So far as commerce is concerned, Japan throws open freely to the world the fields for trade and industry which she has secured in the Far East."—*London Chronicle*, Sept. 5.

largely by the grim, unrelenting hostility of that one little people who by combining with his enemies eventually destroyed him.

He ended his days on a dot of British rock in the Atlantic like a rat in a trap. Does the Kaiser desire to stir up the same power and force it into combinations with his enemies? The deep hatred that had its birth in '71 and which was nurtured by the sight of the German standard flying over two French Provinces, was becoming ameliorated when it is suddenly revived by the Emperor's course in regard to Morocco. The effect of his action is to make possible an aggressive alliance between France and the power whose dogged persistence brought the most remarkable leader of men whom the world has ever seen to die a prisoner on a lonely, far-away Atlantic island. Germany is immensely strong, but her very power exposes her to that envy and uncharitableness which is ready to burst into flame at some inopportune moment. While no single continental power might hope to stand before the Kaiser, a combination of them might be his undoing. Germany's very strength demands the skillful piloting of a Bismarck. Do the Emperor and Von Buelow together

supply the wide foreseeing view and the intuitive sense of what is needed to be done on every possible occasion that characterised a Bismarck? It may be doubted, and yet it would need such guidance to steer through the next few years a nation occupying the dominating and provocative position that Germany does.

An alliance with Russia is believed to be Germany's aim, and such a combination would undoubtedly be all-powerful.

The unlikelihood of it lies in the fact that by making such a friend Russia would lose the friendship of her present ally, France, and drive her completely into the arms of Great Britain. What could Germany do for Russia? Their aims are too likely to be conflicting. Strange as it may seem there is fully as much likelihood of a Russian understanding with Great Britain. The passage of time only demonstrates the more clearly the utter hopelessness of expecting that the rule of the Turk can ever be mended, and that soon, rather than late, it must be ended. In the break up of the Empire will Russia achieve the dream of Peter the Great and plant her feet on the Golden Horn? English publicists are beginning to say that the day has arrived when it should be possible to come to an understanding with Russia and part of that understanding might be that Britain would not oppose the acquirement by Russia of Constantinople.

In view of a possible identity of interest of this sort between Britain and Russia the Kaiser might well be exceedingly circumspect of his comings and goings. That an understanding between Russia and Britain is not impossible may be gathered



from the words attributed to Mr. Gladstone. He is reported as saying during his lifetime: "I like Russia, not without reason. I recognise in her a true and logical ally of England. The vital resources of the states of Europe are rapidly becoming exhausted. Their bone and sinew are going to Asia, Africa and America. But long experience proves that there are only two nations who know how to colonise—England and Russia. The other nations totally lack this quality. Therefore, England and Russia only have a future. The other powers are on the decline. The time is not far off when Germany and France will disappear from the horizon of first-class powers. I hold, therefore, that it is bad policy for England and Russia to quarrel. Let us look at the question from the standpoint of mere profit. Where are the principal interests of Russia? In the Balkan peninsula. And ours? In India and Africa. Therefore we might easily, and advantageously to both, draw our limits. We prefer Russia as an ally also, because she has already land enough to last her for centuries. Russia is the most powerful country on land, and England is the most powerful country on sea. In this difference there is a mutual guarantee of our friendship."

The Hungarian crisis flickers and flames, every day revealing some change in the situation. Race incompatibility is at the root of the trouble and there seems no cure for it. The racial pride of Slav and German will not give way the one to the other. The Slav sees his brothers enthroned and playing a great part in the world as embodied in the imperial fortunes



#### THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS

It is interesting to learn from a Blue-book issued yesterday that more tea is consumed yearly per head of the population in the United Kingdom than in any other country in Europe, or in the United States—*London Chronicle*, Sept. 8.

of Russia. The German is not disposed to play a secondary part while the German confederation and its war-lord are so mighty a factor not only in Europe but in the world. The only influence that both acknowledge is the aged Emperor of Austria, who may be truly said to have one foot in the grave. If the dual kingdom lasts his time, how long will it last after? That Francis Joseph retains authority over the turbulent elements of Austro-Hungary is a tribute to the influence of moderation and justice extended through nearly 60 years of sovereignty. It is not the influence of a strenuous personality or of a commanding intellect, but those humbler qualities of homely wisdom and constant integrity.

Cuba is beginning to show some signs of backsliding. During the general elections the other day the leader of the Liberals was murdered, and his followers charge the crime to the mercenaries of the Government. The United States watches the progress of events and will promptly deprive the Cubans of their autonomy if they show anything like undoubted signs that they are not fit to be trusted with such responsibilities.



# WOMAN'S SPHERE



"Sing me a song of the Autumn clear,  
With the mellow days and the ruddy eves;  
Sing me a song of the ending year  
With the piled-up sheaves.

Sing me a song of the apple bowers,  
Of the great grapes the vine-field yields,  
Of the ripe peaches bright as flowers,  
And the rich hop-fields."

*Duncan Campbell Scott.*

## THE FRESH AIR WOMAN

THERE are some people who will raise hands of pious protest when you sing the praises of the woman who loves fresh air, whether it is blowing through the rooms and corridors of the house or brightening her own face as she takes a country tramp. "It's a wicked waste of time," says one critic; "what is going to become of her house if a woman goes off for long walks?" But the same and aforesaid critic will consider it no waste of a precious hour to spend it in the vitiated air of a departmental store on a hunt for bargains, or to expend it on a round of calls or a series of teas. In fact, her house is all the better for a woman's daily walk, however brief it may be, for the freshness and energy which she brings back mean new interest in all the work of life. The nervousness about which nearly every modern woman complains can have no better treatment than it receives from the pure air and sunshine, and the small cares and annoyances that make one feel "as if her head were coming off," have a cheerful fashion of blowing away in the October woods, and falling at last with the leaves.

If there is ever a time when the earth seems full of healing it is in these golden autumn days when Canada is looking her very fairest, for this is our season, as every Canadian poet arises to testify. In the

spring the Land of the Maple may smile, but in the days "when the river blue is deepest," it seems to break into a deep, rich laugh that is first heard somewhere near the Pacific, and rings all the way to Cape Breton Island. It comes from the harvest of the west, from the purple shores of Pelee Island, from the shores of the St. Lawrence and Fundy, where "the scarlet of the year" is at its brightest. So, the fresh air woman takes one bright holiday from the tomato catsup, the mustard pickles and the home-made wine (unfermented, *bien entendu*) for blissful hours in the gorgeous woods where she finds a rarer tonic than any of the weird decoctions so lavishly recommended in the advertisements of those invaluable educators, the daily papers.

## ALMA-TADEMA'S ACADEMY PICTURE

A WRITER in the *Grand Magazine* in describing Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's great work says:

"Thanks to the newspaper paragraphs, most people are aware that the subject of the picture is the 'Finding of Moses,' though only those who have been admitted into the intimacy of the painter's life are aware that it represents the steady and persistent labour of close on two years. Those with whom the artist has consented to share his ideas know that to him the finding of Moses appeals from the emotional side, as every subject must to an emotional and imaginative nature. The artist has sought to portray far more than the discovery of a Jewish child by an Egyptian princess. What he sees is the beginning of a new civilisation, the birth of a new moral force which is to overwhelm the old order and bring about a new development, for until Moses destroyed its power Egypt lorded it over the Oriental world.

"In carrying out his idea, Sir Lawrence has seized the subtle moment when Pharaoh's daughter, borne on her litter by her slaves, is having the infant carried into the gateway



of her father's house. The beauty of the grouping of the figures, the decorative scheme of colour of the canvas are qualities which it is impossible for words to suggest. What may be noted is the way in which the painter's erudition appears at every point; not, however, to force itself on the spectator as if to say, 'Do you see how learned I am?' but to give that added beauty which comes from truth. It was, for instance, the custom of the Egyptians to use lotus blooms for decorative purposes on any object they desired to mark with particular significance. Following out this idea, Sir Lawrence has decorated the ark of rushes with these typically Egyptian blossoms, and the delicacy of their blue colour suggests at once the beauty and purity of the child, as they are emblematic of the heaven towards which his thoughts tended."

#### PATENT MEDICINES

AMONG the subjects recently investigated beneath the searchlight of the modern magazine we find those drugs commonly known as patent medicines. The publication which has taken up the matter most strongly declares that women are the chief offenders in the absorption of this "perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart," and most of us will admit the truth of the accusation. Not only do women place too much faith in the testimonies as to the worth of these marvellous preparations, but they are too ready to discuss the whole question of ill-health, some of them appearing to gloat over the accounts of operations. The old rule that "distress, diseases and domestics" should be kept out of polite conversation is worth observing. When women cease to discuss their ailments, the vendor of patent medicines will suffer a decline in fortunes.

#### ÉTOFFE DU PAYS

THE linen and woollen homespuns known as *étouffe du pays* which the French-Canadian woman weaves in her home have become fashionable fabrics and, according to the latest authorities, every Canadian woman should have at least one gown of this material in her wardrobe. The workers in this industry are the Indian women of the missions and reservations to the west, the wife of the *habitant* in Quebec, and the Irish and Scotch women of the Maritime Provinces.

The report of the Woman's Art Association declares that "the two latter classes have been induced to plant flax and bring out once more the spinning wheel and the loom of former times, and vary somewhat in colour and weave from the work of other days to suit modern requirements. As a trimming for this *étouffe du pays* the Persian, Russian and Galician women produce embroidery and lace, brilliant in colour and Oriental in design—thus do the east and west co-operate. The revival of the bobbin and pillow lace is also commented upon."

#### THE ENGLISH ABROAD

THE loyalty of the Englishman to home customs and traditions has often been remarked by those who have met him in remote corners of the earth where it seemed to matter little what one wore or when one dined. This sturdy observance of the ways of England is commented upon in a graphic style by a Lieutenant of the United States Navy in a story "Beyond the Outposts," which tells of how the writer met a young English railroad official in a desolate district of Venezuela:

"My Englishman never let droop for a moment the colours that a true son of the Empire flies over his actions. He had his little garden where he raised English vegetables. In his flower-beds he had planted English flowers. He had built a barnyard where English-looking chickens pecked for English-looking worms.

"He lived in the same healthy, uncomfortable fashion that I suppose Alfred the Great suffered from. He had coffee served in bed at dawn, and dragged me out, an unwilling martyr to patriotism, to scale virgin mountains for two long hours. Then we tubbed in a great stone tank he had built, and afterwards we breakfasted on bacon and greens and eggs, and marmalade from Dundee. Next he was off to work, leaving me to smoke my pipe and talk to Jack and read back numbers of *Punch*.

"We always dressed for dinner. He told me that even when he was quite alone he never failed to do it. You may find something humorous in the thought of that solitary man, fifty miles from the nearest edge of a trackless forest, gravely putting on full dress every night to drink his cocktail, and dine and smoke his cigar alone. You may smile at it and say, 'The bull-headed Englishman!' or something of the kind. But to me it was not a joke. For I sat with him watching the stars blazing over the mountains towards the unknown west, and talked with him of home,





MISS MABEL G. THOMSON, ST. JOHN  
Lady Amateur Golf Champion of Canada, 1902 and 1905

and the football games at his public school, and the 'place' his people had, and the plans that lay deep in his heart some day to go back with his wife and live again in the England they loved. He clung to the old forms and ideas and habits as Napoleon's broken battalions in 1812 clung to their ragged colours as they left Russia. To him they were the mark of the Blood—the outward token of his honour."

#### MISS ANGLIN'S SUCCESS

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN, who has quite recovered from the effects of last summer's painful accident, is winning fresh laurels in New York, where she is playing the part of "Hester Trent" in

"Zira," a drama adapted from a novel by Wilkie Collins. Mr. Henry Miller, a Canadian actor under whose management Miss Anglin is playing, is the adapter. Canadians have always been interested in the gifted Ottawa girl whose dramatic work has been both serious and successful. There is a delicacy about Miss Anglin's interpretations that is refreshing in these days of cheap theatrical effects. She is far from the screeching and clamour which Mrs. Leslie Carter seems to think necessary for the desired impression, and Miss Anglin's rich, sweet voice, joined with a graceful stage presence, win popular favour which her deeper histrionic qualities retain.

#### THE LETTER WE LIKE

THERE are a few of us who may have seen packages of our grandmothers' letters, with the old Italian hand and the prim

phrases which are so much more fragrant than our "awfully pleased" and "so glad you know." A woman was speaking of a girl who had been a welcome guest last summer and concluded her remarks by saying "We all enjoyed her visit so much, but the letter she wrote me, a week after she left, was simply delightful." The appreciative letter from a valued guest is one of the little attentions that make life less hard and exacting than it sometimes seems. Another girl had visited the same household some time ago, and wondered why her former hostess was so cold on their meeting a year afterwards.



But during those twelve months not a word of appreciation came from the young visitor who will not be asked a second time to spend a fortnight in a home whose charm she really values. She was so busy and she always intended to write, and in the meantime a year slipped away, and she had lost the regard of a good friend. But her grandmother would have known better than to neglect the small things which mean much.

#### WHEN AN AUTHOR'S ADMIRER

A STORY is told about an English school-girl who admired the works of Mr. Kipling with that extreme enthusiasm which alas! seems to depart with school-days. At last, she met her adored author who is short and—unhandsome. She spoke a few, faltering words and then her eyes filled with tears.

"What is the matter?" said the alarm-gentleman.

"N-nothing," she sobbed. "Only I always thought you were tall and dark—and—and handsome."

A similar story is told about another woman admirer who at last met the man of the "Plain Tales."

"You!" she said, staring at him, "you, you are Rudyard Kipling!"

Rudyard felt embarrassed.

"Yes," he murmured modestly.

The lady continued to marvel.

"But I thought," she explained, "I thought you were—oh, how shall I say it?—something quite, quite different."

"Oh, I am," Kipling interposed hastily and confidentially; "I am, Madam. Only, you see, this is my day off."

#### PRINCESS PATRICIA

TO be a princess, pretty, and only nineteen years old seems a desirable lot. There is an amiable fiction to the effect that all princesses are pretty, and since Anthony Hope's "Princess Flavia" set a band of lesser novelists to work with heroines of that exalted rank, the beautiful princess is tiresomely common in modern fiction. But even the reddest radical in England admits that the younger daughter of the Duke

of Connaught is a pretty girl, and no doubt wishes her no harm. She was born on the seventeenth of March, 1886, and since she belongs to St. Patrick by right of birth, it was only becoming for her to drop the name "Victoria" and be known by the Irish Patricia. Whether it be from the influence of this Hibernian name or her long residence in the Land of the Shamrock, Princess Patricia is said to be possessed of a wit and merri-ment somewhat unusual in young persons with royal responsibilities. Her elder sister, now the bride of the Swedish Prince, Gustavus Adolphus, was of a much more serious temperament. The gossip about a match between the young Spanish King Alfonso and this bright young princess seems to have been without foundation, and England is probably quite content not to have King Edward's niece on the throne of Spain. Taking the history of Great Britain, Spanish marriages have not proved fortunate, the most uncomfortable instance probably being Mary and Philip.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD LEAK

A MAGAZINE for women recently made earnest inquiry into the subject of waste in household affairs, and received from many correspondents widely differing replies. The following was perhaps the most pointed, as women will be ready to admit:

"The greatest leak in housekeeping comes from the waste of time, that commodity which no woman possesses in abundance, and for want of which many good deeds are left undone. Lack of system in work causes a great leak. The 'back-door caller,' who 'runs in for a minute,' and stays to gossip an hour—how shall we put her out? The ever-present peddler, who knocks at the back door when the housekeeper is upstairs, and who 'will not take "no" for an answer' when she traversed the length and breadth of the house—oh, the minutes he leaks into the bottomless pit! If all the wasted minutes could be collected into hours, women would have time for rest, for study, for recreation, for philanthropic and church work, and for their neglected friends. More than they need the right of franchise women need to learn the value of time and the best methods of saving the minutes which now count for nothing."

Jean Graham.



# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## AN IMPROPER PRACTICE



HERE is a political custom in this country which cannot be too strongly condemned. When a by-election comes on, or even in a provincial contest, the leaders of the Government at Ottawa take an undue interest in the campaign. This practice dates back to remote periods in our history and has been followed most tenaciously by each party when in power. Notwithstanding its antiquity it is unjustifiable.

Sir John Macdonald believed most thoroughly in it, and was always tremendously careful while he was Premier, that by-elections should result favourably to his party. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has followed in his footsteps and has even gone so far as to arrange the new provincial cabinets. No doubt these two statesmen, perhaps the ablest of Canada's parliamentarians, were quite conscientious in their adherence to this practice and felt that they were but performing a political duty—a duty which they owed to their supporters and to the parties whose acknowledged leaders they were. Nevertheless one may venture to point out that such conduct is incompatible with the dignity of a Minister of the Crown.

Not only is it undignified but it frustrates the purpose of by-elections. These should be a test of the changing feelings of the country, a reading of the political barometer. The result is usually given that interpretation. Yet, the party in power is quite willing to build a few extra docks, a post office or two, an armoury, or incur some other trifling expenditure in order to influence the result. "We must win" is the cry. Party workers from other districts are imported; all kinds of influence are brought to bear; cajolery, threats, inducements are used in a most indecent manner. For what? That the public verdict should be truly representative of

the feelings of the people? No, indeed. Rather, that the real opinion of the people should be stifled.

I do not go so far as to claim that a Cabinet Minister should not enter the constituency and deliver one or two addresses on the questions of the day. I do not object even to a political garden-party or picnic. It is the "machine" which brings disgrace upon political life—the machine which invades the bar-rooms, the kitchens, the places where men resort and tampers with their judgment. When the Cabinet Minister becomes a wheel in that machine, or when he becomes part of its motive power, he travesties his high office. And since as far back as my memory extends, Canada has had few Cabinet Ministers who have refused to stoop so low. They have trampled decency in the dust, even when their majority was over fifty, and quite large enough for all practical purposes.

There is an insensate desire to win, to win always, to prove that your opponents are fools, even though they are among the best citizens in the land. It is ludicrous. It is elementary in its conception. It is entirely destructive of those high principles of political conduct which have made British public life the most admirable and valuable political product of a political age.

Canada has arrived at a stage when she should put away childish things. Both Government and Opposition at Ottawa should take a larger view of political actions than has been the custom in the past. The pettiness of parish politics should vanish before the rising sun of a great nation's self-respect and international reputation

## A PUBLIC DANGER

IT would be exceedingly unfortunate, if the relations between the two races in Canada should be strained. If this country is to prosper as it should, the



French must show some respect for English peculiarities and ideas, and the English must exhibit some sympathy with French ambitions and ideals.

The year 1905 has been rather trying to the English portion of the population, and I speak frankly as one of them. So long as the English Catholics are in favour of separate schools, so long must the English Protestant allow them to institute and support such institutions under state supervision. This is a question on which compromise is necessary at the present time, though it is to be hoped that the time will soon come when education will not be used as a flying buttress to the church. Yet the demands of the French people with regard to separate schools in the new Provinces has been pressed with an insistence which, to say the least, is not encouraging. Scarcely a French publicist showed the slightest sympathy with the English Protestant ideal of non-sectarian, national schools. From the Premier down, there was an unnecessary vehemence which is rather discouraging. The settlement arrived at with regard to schools in the new Provinces may turn out for the best. I am not arguing that point. I am simply pointing out that the English Protestants have susceptibilities to be wounded, as well as French Catholics.

Again, just at a moment when the English people of Ontario have given the French Canadians a representative in the Ontario Cabinet, the French people of Quebec have been turning the screw on the English people of that Province. The ancient English street names of Montreal are being displaced by French names; Craig Street has become St. Antoine. The Quebec Legislature has, as has been the case before, interfered with Montreal domestic affairs in order to give certain people there financial rewards which are



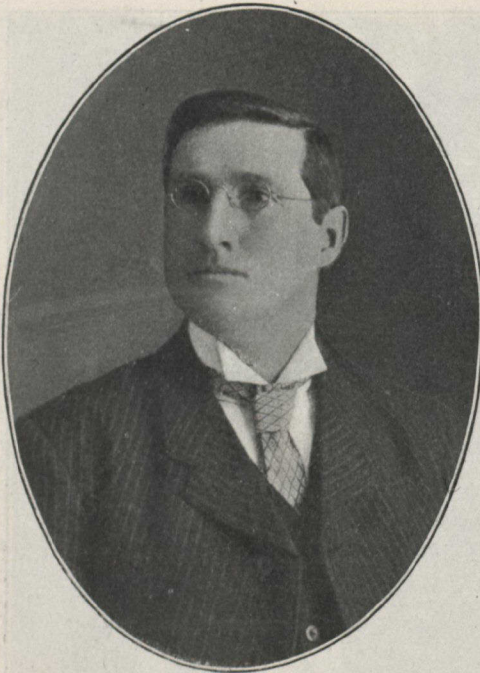
A SNAPSHOT AT OTTAWA

The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux and Sir Wilfrid Laurier

unjust; by special legislation, the cost of widening lower Amherst Street has been increased by \$81,000. The Legislature seems to take a delight in passing special laws which will bear heavily on the English portion of the population.

This state of affairs is not pleasant. It does not make for national unity. It is causing many people throughout Canada, Liberals as well as Conservatives, to declare that there must never be another French-Canadian Premier. If the English people arrive at this decision and follow this line, it would be exceedingly unfortunate. Sir Wilfrid Laurier won his pre-eminence because he commanded the respect of all portions of Canada. He won that respect by worthy conduct. If all other French Canadians are to be debarred by a prejudice, born of unfriendliness, from attaining similar high honours in the Dominion Government, a highly





HON. J. H. LAMONT  
Attorney-General of Saskatchewan

regrettable state of affairs would ensue. The French Canadian is entitled to equal opportunity with the English Canadian, but he must neither expect nor demand more than that.

#### MILITARY EFFICIENCY

**SIR FREDERICK BORDEN** has thrown out a hint that every young man in the country should perform three annual drills of twelve days each before he is twenty-one. The idea is an excellent one, so long as the service remains voluntary. To make it obligatory would be difficult and in many cases disagreeable.

He has also gone farther in the development of this idea and now advocates physical training in the schools. Perhaps he has seen the danger of obligatory annual trainings, and seeks to gain his end through the schools rather than the militia camps. The new development is preferable because it would be less expensive and much less irksome to the average youth.

Physical training is good; annual drills are good; but well-muscled, well-trained soldiers would be useless without a knowledge of the rifle. Of the 40,000 militia now on the rolls, not more than 10,000 could shoot well enough to hit a man at 500 yards. In the city of Kingston there is a splendid garrison which has been without a rifle range for six years. Not a shot has been fired by those citizen soldiers in that period. The great need is not expensive armouries, not a half-million men who know "right turn" and "left turn," but more rifle ranges and more shooting practice. Sir Frederick must not allow himself to believe that the public is watching only his speeches and neglecting to observe the practical side of his proposal. As Minister of Militia he has done much; nevertheless, he has left some things undone.

#### TWO IMPERIAL LOSSES

**G**REAT BRITAIN has recently lost two great men, and Canada shares in the Imperial sorrow. Dr. Barnado was engaged in rescuing the boys and girls who, by reason of their being left in the East End of London, without parents or guardians worthy of the name, were likely to drift into useless lives. Over 17,000 of those were collected in the last forty years, fed, schooled and transported to the colonies. Half as many more are now in charge of the Association which he founded. Truly he did a noble work; in comparison with what he accomplished, the multi-millionaire appears but a selfish gatherer of other men's earnings.

Sir Henry Irving has passed away, and the English stage loses its most brilliant ornament. He had long stood for what is highest and noblest in the drama, and his career has been one long protest against the frivolous, the licentious, and the decadent elements which threaten the usefulness of the play-houses. He led his audiences up and out of the atmosphere where the bar-room jest flourishes, and where the irregular is regarded as interesting. He pursued an honourable and



noble career, and his memory is, as has been said, a national possession.

GREAT BRITAIN vs. GERMANY

THERE seems to be an impression in some quarters that Germany's foreign trade is progressing faster than that of Great Britain. Germany is certainly doing very well, but the system of bounties to shipping and exporters means "forced" business; on the other hand, Great Britain's business is on a purely economic basis and proceeding without artificial stimulus. Great Britain has not yet found it necessary to resort to these governmental aids to maintain its supremacy, and is thus in a superior position commercially.

Germany's population is fifty-six millions, or fourteen millions more than that of the United Kingdom; nevertheless, Germany's export trade is less than that of England. During the first six months of 1905, the figures are as follows:

	EXPORTS.	INCREASE.
United Kingdom	\$778,530,000	\$65,000,000
Germany.....	647,335,000	54,000,000
United States...	759,425,000	48,000,000
France.....	454,615,000	38,500,000

Compared with its population, Great Britain's exports are higher than those of any other country and its rate of increase is fully equal to any of its rivals.

When the figures of British shipping are considered, an even more favourable showing is made. The tonnage of British ships is about five times that of the German ships. There are 9,236 British ships in trade, as against 1,935 German ships. In 1903 Great Britain launched 697 vessels with a tonnage of 1,190,618; while Germany launched only 97 vessels with a tonnage of 175,395.



THE LATE SENATOR FULFORD

From a snapshot taken on the Senator's yacht in Toronto Harbour a few weeks before his death

JAPAN vs. BRITAIN

LORD ROSEBERRY, in an introduction to a recently published book on Japan by Alfred Stead, remarks:

"It is the curse of our country that so many, especially in high places, should worship it (party) as a god. It has become so much a part of our lives that even those who think ill of it think it as inevitable as the fog; so inevitable that it is of no use thinking what we should do without it. And yet its operation blights efficiency."

What a sad verdict to render! Canadians will sympathise with Lord Rosebery in his despair.

The story comes from Japan, through a Canadian, that Marquis Ito, the great patriot of Japan is chiefly noted for his instability with regard to his geishas and for the great wealth he has amassed by using his inside information as a guide to his dealing in stocks. When Lord Rosebery learns this his despair will be truly unbearable.



# About New Books.



## TWO NOVELS

TO compare two novels may occasionally be the best method of bringing out the characteristics of each. A comparison of "The Mother,"\* by Norman Duncan, with "St. Cuthbert's,"† by R. E. Knowles, is especially useful. Each is written by a Canadian, Mr. Duncan, a native of Brantford, and Mr. Knowles a clergyman in the neighbouring town of Galt. Mr. Duncan has gone to New York for his story; Mr. Knowles has found one at home. Each deals with the "up-lift" of the human soul, Mr. Duncan choosing one character of a class, and Mr. Knowles selecting individuals from several classes. Mr. Duncan's book is the story of a single soul; Mr. Knowles deals with a whole parish.

Mr. Duncan's theme is the mother-love of a vaudeville actress, and to those who do not know, it may come as a surprise that such a person could exhibit mother-love. Only those like Mr. Duncan, who have studied the vaudeville actress in her habitat, will appreciate without an effort the possibility and probability of such a set of circumstances. Mr. Duncan has gone into hades—otherwise, New York's vaudeville world—and found that the people there have souls and ambitions and aspirations. He found the beauties of soul in one of the tawdriest creatures imaginable. She lied to her young son that he might believe her better than she was, that he might worship her as the greatest lady of the land is worshipped by her children. She deceived him that he might not know her limitations or her tawdriness. When the time came that he must take on the

\*The Mother, by Norman Duncan. Cloth, 220 pp., \$1.25. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

†St. Cuthbert's, by Robert E. Knowles. Cloth, 339 pp., \$1.50. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

burden of life, when her arms and lap had become too narrow a world for him, she gave him up—sacrificed all her hunger and yearning and passion, and allowed herself to pass out of his life. He goes to live with the curate who has discovered his voice and wanted him for the church choir. Was there ever a greater sacrifice?

Molly Slade thought she had given him up forever, her only and dearly beloved son. It happened that after the boy had learned of God and Sin and the Great Sacrifice, that he accidentally discovered his mother in a small vaudeville theatre. He was shocked—stunned; he rallied, and fought it out. Then he went back to his mother.

"Let them go! Why not? Let them depart into their world! It needs them. They will glorify it. Nor will they suffer loss. Let them go! Love flourishes in the garden of the world we know. Virtue is forever in bloom. Let them go to their place! Why should we wish to deprive the unsightly wilderness of its flowers? Let the tenderness of this mother and son continue to grace it!"

This is no picture of smug piety, no story written for profit only. It is a bit of life's drama, painted in vivid language by an artist. It is a piece of writing by one who is original in every thought and impulse. It has as its background the mind of a great man—one from whom we may expect much in the years to come.

"St. Cuthbert's," on the other hand, is a combination of cheap sentiment, commonplace wordiness and slovenly thinking. The writer is clever, but his cleverness dominates his mind. The book is filled with such maudlin righteousness as one finds in the Pansy and Elsie books, and in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is splendid reading matter for Sunday School children and the uneducated adult mind. The rhetoric flowers and blossoms on every page. The same thought is given on a





"I must answer for myself."

Illustration from "The Cherry Ribband" by S. R. Crockett

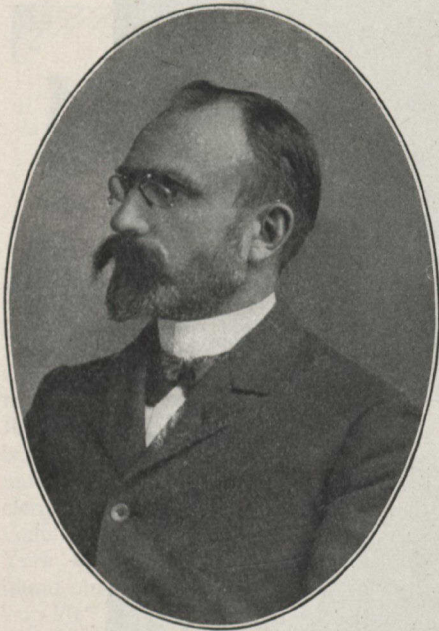
dozen different pages, in a dozen different dresses. It reminds one of the beautifully tender editorials written in the party journals to defend a government or a party which cannot be defended; and of the highly-coloured orations of the scores of clergymen who preach most gloriously against sin on Sunday and coddle it on the other six days of the week.

And yet, I would not be taken as one who blames the author of "St. Cuthbert's." He has lived long in the province which contains the most self-satisfied people on earth; whose children have been nurtured on Pansy, Mrs. Southworth, and *The*

*Family Herald*, and who have a stern pride in the religion which takes them to church on Sunday but which affects neither their business methods nor their politics. If these people would look themselves plainly in the face, they would be a great people. If they were as honest and frank as they think they are, the novels written for them would not be as full of maudlin piety and cheap heroics as are "St. Cuthbert's" and the works of Ralph Connor.

Mr. Knowles has joined the well-filled class of writer which appeals to the public with the ordinary type of novel. Yet there are chapters in this volume which





ALEXANDRE GIRARD

Editor of the *Journal of Agriculture* and author of "*La Province de Québec*"

exhibit a splendid sense of humour, coupled with an intimate knowledge of some of the commonest weaknesses in our present civilisation. A man with his gifts must chuckle to himself when the cheque for his royalties drops out of the envelope. Perhaps in his next novel he will give us some plain men who are not as Angus was, "robed in health and draped in a kind of pathetic modesty." Perhaps he will not be so unwise as to make such foolish and inartistic statements as "if there be games in heaven, I do not doubt it [billiards] will have an honoured place."



#### A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE\*

EVER since 1860, the year of the publication of the famous "Essays and Reviews," it has been evident that popular views about the Bible were in need of some revision. Of late years historical criticism has been busy with this problem. Great

\*A Struggle for Life: The Higher Criticism Criticised, by Rev. John Langtry, D.C.L. Toronto: Author's Edition, 1905.

masses of facts have been laboriously collected, and new views of the composition and inspiration of the Bible have been put forward. The Agnostic has taken advantage of this situation, only to find that Christian scholars have not been idle. As *Lux Mundi* advertised to the world some years ago, Christian teachers welcomed the new light of science and criticism. And to-day many leaders of thought in all the churches are finding in the higher criticism the solution of difficulties which have disturbed Christian students of the Bible from the second century downwards. It is refreshing in this connection to recall that the Bishops of the English, American, and Colonial churches, assembled at Lambeth, in 1897, took this view of criticism, and in their Encyclical Letter to the Faithful advocated the study of the Bible on critical lines. Leading divines of the Presbyterian, Methodist and other churches both in Canada and elsewhere, have done the same, with the result that a new view is now taken of the way in which God reveals himself to the world.

Such a revolution cannot of course take place in Christian thought without controversy. And nothing is more desirable than that the critical reconstruction should be watched at every step. Truth is reached through criticism and counter-criticism. But the debate must be carried on in a fair and charitable spirit. Into this arena Dr. Langtry has descended. But the result must be a great disappointment to his friends. The book from start to finish is highly controversial, and as such, a shining example of how controversy, especially on such a subject, ought not to be conducted. From a literary point of view the book is a jumble of undigested materials. The language too often reminds us of the recriminations of angry politicians. The principles of criticism are misunderstood, the arguments of the critics are caricatured and their positions and views are misstated and perverted. How Dr. Langtry came by his facts we are at a loss to conceive. In fine, the conservative element in the Episcopal Church is unfortunate in its champion.

We can only express the hope that those of his readers who are gaining their first impressions of criticism from this book



will not allow themselves to be persuaded that the churches are full of teachers who hold the views which are here attributed to them. Such a result would be a calamity. Those who are interested in this subject will find the questions discussed in a temperate and scholarly fashion by Professor McFadyen in his work entitled "The Old Testament in the Christian Church," a book which deserves the gratitude of Christians in every Communion.



#### FOUR ANIMAL BOOKS

FOUR Canadians have each produced an animal book for this year's holiday trade,\* and each has something to recommend it. "Sporting Sketches," by Edwin Sandys, is perhaps the most valuable one of the lot, though the least entertaining to the average reader. It is a volume for the hunter and the fisherman—the best that has ever been produced by a Canadian writer. The information is dressed up with incidents, stories, and delightful descriptions until the product is wonderfully tasty. Any one who has shot snipe, duck, hare, turkey, geese, or other small game, and any one who has fished in Canadian waters will find a chapter of especial value and interest.

"Animal Heroes," by Ernest Thompson-Seton, is a beautiful volume, for Mrs. Seton certainly makes suggestive designs and illustrations with a cunning pen. As for the material in the volume, there is some doubt. The stories are somewhat aimless and somewhat lacking in artistic value. One wonders if they are really worth while. The Slum Cat was a wise creature, but the person who has missed her life story is not necessarily to be pitied. "The Boy and the Lynx" is better because it throws a sidelight on the early days of the new settlement.

"Red Fox," by Charles G. D. Roberts,

\*Sporting Sketches, by Edwyn Sandys. \$1.75. Macmillan.

Animal Heroes, by Ernest Thompson-Seton. \$2.00. Morang.

Red Fox, by Charles G. D. Roberts. \$2.00. Copp, Clark.

Sa'Zada Tales, by W. A. Fraser, \$2.00. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

comes nearest to being literature. As a Christmas present for a boy it is ideal. The amount of brush-lore in it is wonderful, and the story is one that is bound to retain the attention and interest of every wholesome-minded youth. The illustrations by Charles Livingstone Bull are excellent. In fact, as an animal story, pure and simple, it is the best thing Roberts has yet done. The author in his prefatory note warns the reader that the emotions described are not human emotions, but allied to them. "Any full presentation of an individual animal of one of the more highly developed species must depict certain emotions not altogether unlike those which a human being might experience under like conditions."

"Sa'Zada Tales," by W. A. Fraser, with illustrations by Arthur Heming, is a volume which will appeal to the people of this country, though the stories are not native. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to welcome a book written by one Canadian, illustrated by another, and issued primarily in a foreign country. Sahib Zada, corrupted to Sa'Zada, was the keeper of the animals in the Zoo. For twelve nights he allowed the animals to gather in a family group to listen to stories told by themselves. Each story fills a chapter and the twelve stories make the book. Fraser differs from the other story writers in that he has the art of making good animal dialogue. The beasts talk wisely and characteristically, each after the manner of his kind. This of course requires much imagination.



#### A REVIEW OF FICTION

"THE Makers of English Fiction,"\* by W. J. Dawson, is a volume which should find many admirers. Dr. Dawson is an English critic of repute and his work is marked with a sympathetic scholarly insight which is worthy of the highest commendation. This volume should be welcomed by all those who delight in fiction yet desire also to know wherein lay the peculiar charms which make each of their favourite authors. Dr. Dawson starts with Dafoe, the father of English fiction,

\*The Makers of English Fiction, by W. J. Dawson. Cloth, 316 pp., \$1.50. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.



and deals with Richardson, Fielding, Jane Austen, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, the Brontës, George Eliot, Charles Reade, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy and Robert Louis Stevenson. There are additional chapters on Religion in Fiction, and American Novelists, besides a "concluding survey."



#### NOTES

Paul S. Reinsch, Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin, has contributed to MacMillan's Citizens' Library, a volume on "Colonial Administration." He prefaces his work with a statement that the entire policy of governing distant and alien dependencies is still on trial, but nevertheless a comparative study of methods is possible. Colonial Finance, Land Policy, Labour Question, Colonial Commerce and Communication, are some of the chief heads. The references at the end of each chapter are very valuable. (Toronto: Morang & Co., \$1.25).

As an historical student and as publisher of his own works, Dr. J. Edmond Roy, of Levis, has shown remarkable activity. He has just issued the fifth volume of his exhaustive work, "Histoire de la Seigneurie de Lauzon," which covers the period from Champlain to George IV, and gives much interesting information about the original portion of Canada.

"La Province de Québec," is the title of a splendidly illustrated octavo volume, edited by Alexandre Girard, editor of the *Journal d'Agriculture* and published by Dussault & Proulx, Quebec. It is really a handbook dealing with the political organisation and administration, with the agricultural, mineral and industrial resources of that Province. There are statistics also, but the volume is not overloaded with these.

Working quietly at Westgate-on-Sea, where he now lives, Mr. Justin McCarthy has finished the two volumes in which he brings his "History of Our Own Times" up to the accession of King Edward, and

they will be issued by Messrs. Chatto on October 19. They give a clear and comprehensive account of events and affairs in the closing years of Queen Victoria's reign, and besides that a retrospect of the important changes which have come about in British public life, literature, art and science.

Another volume of sketches of early life in British Columbia is given to the public by Hon. D. W. Higgins, ex-Speaker of the Provincial Legislature and one of the pioneers of the West. Last year, his first book, "The Mystic Spring and Other Tales of Western Life," proved a highly successful venture. This second volume of stories he entitles "The Passing of a Race: More Tales of Western Life." A fine series of illustrations for the book and a striking cover design in colours have been executed by Charles W. Jeffreys.



#### OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

THE REMINISCENCES OF SIR HENRY HAWKINS, BARON BRAMPTON. Cloth, 6 sh. London: Edward Arnold.

THE DIVINE PHILOSOPHY, by G. J. Fercken. Cloth, \$1.00. Nunc Licet Press.

THE FLIGHT OF GEORGIANA, by R. N. Stephens. Cloth, illustrated. Copp, Clark Co.

SIR RAOUL, by James M. Ludlow. Cloth, \$1.50. Revell Co.

PLAIN MARY SMITH, by Henry Wallace Phillips. Cloth, \$1.50. Morang & Co.

THE MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, by Robert Herrick. Cloth, \$1.50. Morang & Co.

THE ROAD BUILDERS, by Samuel Merwin. Cloth, \$1.50. Morang & Co.

HEART'S DESIRE, by Emerson Hough. Cloth, \$1.50. Morang & Co.

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC, by Anthony Hope. Cloth, \$1.50. Copp, Clark Co.

CAMERON OF LOCHIEL. Translated by Charles G. D. Roberts from De Gaspé. Cloth, \$1.50. Copp, Clark Co.

NEDRA, by George Barr McCutcheon. Cloth, \$1.25. Wm. Briggs.

A SPECIMEN SPINSTER, by Kate Westlake Yeigh. Cloth, \$1.50. Copp, Clark Co.





# Idle Moments.

## AN UP-TO-DATE JOKE

"YOU ought to carry life insurance."

"Don't need it."

"But your family—"

"Haven't any."

"Provide against old age."

"My fortune is ample."

"It's a good investment."

"I have better ones now."

"But we are going to raise our president's salary."

"Oh, well, why didn't you say so?"

—*Life*.

## QUERY

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN once told this good story against himself. He was the guest of honour at a dinner in an important city. The mayor presided and, when coffee was being served, the mayor leaned over and touched Mr. Chamberlain, saying, "Shall we let the people enjoy themselves a little longer, or had we better have your speech now?"

—*The Independent*.

## GIVE AND TAKE

A NATIONALIST M.P. tells a good story. On one occasion when engaged in canvassing, he visited a workingman's house, in the principal room of which a pictorial representation of the Pope faced an illustration of King William, of pious and immortal memory, in the act of crossing the Boyne.

The worthy man stared in amazement, and seeing his surprise the voter's wife explained:

"Shure, my husband's an Orangeman and I'm a Catholic."

"How do you get on together?" asked the astonished politician.

"Very well, indade, barring the 12th of July, when my husband goes out with the Orange procession and comes home drunk."

"What then?"

"Well, he always takes the Pope down and jumps on him and then goes straight to bed. The next morning I get up early, before he is awake, and take down King William and pawn him and buy a new Pope with the money. Then I give the old man the ticket to get King William out."

—*Tit-Bits*.

## SUBDUED

HE was an earnest student of modern literature, and the little man opposite would persist in trying to talk as the train



"Money is not all."—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

For instance, as a pedestal it is wobbly.—*Chicago News*.





A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS

moved on. After countering several conversational gambits, the student began to grow tired. "The grass is very green now, isn't it?" said the little man, pleasantly.

"Yes," said the other, "such a change from the blue and red grass we've been having lately." And in the silence that followed he began Chapter XII.—*London Globe.*

THE PRIDE OF RACE

A CONDUCTOR on one of the Brooklyn cars was collecting fares before leaving the bridge, and as he called out "Fares" to two Jews who were in front of me, one of them held up a dollar bill, saying, "Two shintlemen." This was too much for an Irishman across the car, and as he handed the conductor his nickel he said, "Wan sheeney."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

DEFINITION OF AN ORPHAN

"WHAT is an orphan?" asked the teacher of a class in definitions. Nobody seemed to know. "Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, seeking an illustration that would not reveal too much. At this a hand popped up and the owner of

it exclaimed: "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."—*Exchange.*

BOBBY'S JUDGMENT

BOBBY'S father had given him a ten-cent piece and a quarter of a dollar, telling him he might put one or the other on the contribution plate.

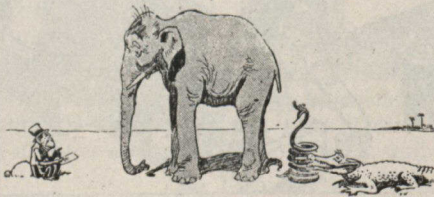
"Which did you give, Bobby?" his father asked, when the boy came home from church.

"Well, father, I thought at first I ought to put in the quarter," said Bobby, "but then just in time I remembered: 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and I knew I could give the ten-cent piece a great deal more cheerfully, so I put that in."—*The Independent.*

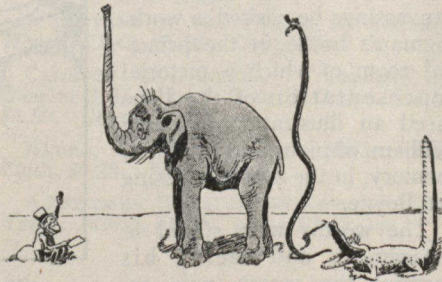
UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED

JUDGE: You are sentenced to twenty years in State's prison. Have you anything to say?

PRISONER: Yes, your honour. Will you please send word to my wife not to wait dinner for me?—*Translated for Tales from "Fliegende Blätter."*



MR. MONK (at the Jungle Election Meeting)—"All those in favour, please show—



—in the usual way."



# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



## INDIAN LIFE ON THE LABRADOR

THE Indians on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence belong chiefly to the Montagnais and Nascopie tribes. Year after year they go to the woods, and after hunting and trapping all winter, return to the Hudson's Bay Co.'s settlements, which are situated all along the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

They are visitors at the H. B. Co.'s stores from early morning until night. Often they will be found waiting patiently for the store door to be opened in the morning. They are most particular in their purchases and nothing but the very best will suit them. Frequently a squaw, after spending half an hour in choosing a shawl, will, on at last selecting one, lay it on the counter and tie her flour and tea in it. On reaching home the contents are shaken out, and the shawl is relegated to its original purpose again.

The Oblat Fathers, who are special missionaries to the Indians, have built them churches at the H. B. Co.'s settlements. Although the Indians of Mingan only see their priest once a year, they hold a short service themselves every Sunday morning. This is interesting and somewhat pathetic.

Most of the squaws are very clever with their needle, and do very pretty work both with beads and silks. One of the pictures represents the four best silk and bead workers on

the north shore. The caps worn by the squaws are made of the best quality of red and black cloth, very much embroidered with ribbon and silks. A cap is a Mingan squaw's most valuable possession, and she is never seen without it.

The Indian babies are wrapped in skins and carried about till they are three years old. This photograph shows a little papoose's first walk.

## SOME NEW PROBLEMS

SMALL cash prizes will be given for correct solutions to the following problems, but only to those who solve *all*,



LABRADOR INDIANS—THE FOUR BEST SILK WORKERS ON THE NORTH SHORE





LABRADOR INDIANS—THE BABY'S FIRST WALK

and who furnish evidence of being less than twenty-one years of age. Those who send a fair collection of good solutions will be rewarded with a special mention in these columns. The competition closes December 15th; results in the January number.

## I

Divide a block of copper weighing 40 lbs. into four weights in such proportion that by using a pair of balance scales you

may weigh any number of pounds (not fractional) from 1 to 40.

## II

How must a board 16 inches long and 9 inches wide be cut into two such parts, that when they are joined together they may form a square?

## III

A man has \$100.00 with which he wishes to purchase 100 head of stock, consisting of cows, sheep and pigs. He pays \$10 each for cows; \$3.00 each for pigs; and 50 cents each for sheep. How does he acquire 100 head of stock for \$100?

## IV

Three men go to market with eggs. "A" has 50 eggs. "B" has 30 eggs. "C" has 10 eggs. They all sell their eggs at the same price per egg, and bring home the same amount of money. How do they do it?

## V

Three persons bought a quantity of sugar weighing 51 lbs., and wish to part it equally between them. They have no weights but a 4 lb. weight and a 7 lb. weight. How can they divide it?



LABRADOR INDIANS—COMING OUT OF CHURCH



# CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

*A Department For —  
Business Men.*

## COST OF ELECTRIC POWER

THOSE who are interested in the cost of electric power will remember that in the Government's contract with M. P. Davis for energy to be used on the Cornwall Canal, the rate arranged for was \$63 a horse power. This contract was criticised in Parliament, and a special illustrated article on the subject appeared in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* for March, 1905. As an evidence of the extravagance of this price, it

may be mentioned that the town of Orillia offers power to manufacturers at \$16 a horse power per annum, for a twenty-four hour service. The conditions under which energy is produced at Cornwall and at Orillia differ very little, except that at Cornwall it has to be carried some six or seven miles and distributed. Taking this into consideration, Mr. Davis should be able to supply power at \$20 and make a fair profit. The difference is \$43 a horse-power.

The Government stands to lose \$43 a h.p., for 125 h.p. for 80 years. This means a total loss of \$430,000. If the Government uses more power, and it probably will, the loss will be increased.

And in spite of such instances as this, some people wonder why the believers in government and municipal ownership increase in number. A few more revelations of official extravagance and the die will be cast.

## MADE IN CANADA

IT was a telling point that Mr. Ballantyne, the new President of the Manufacturers' Association, made in his speech at the banquet which closed the convention, when he referred to the fact that the old antipathy to goods manufactured in Canada had not only died out among Canadian consumers, but had been replaced by a decided preference for goods of Cana-



TWO WELL-KNOWN IRISH CANADIANS

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, and Mr. M. P. Davis, the Ottawa contractor



dian make. It is not so many years ago many a Canadian manufacturer would not have cared to proclaim that his goods were of Canadian make; now, a great many make this the feature of their advertising. The change means that goods of Canadian manufacture have worked their way into public appreciation on their merits. The mere fact that an article is imported no longer secures for it the preference it once possessed. It is no longer necessary for retailers to misrepresent Canadian wares as of foreign manufacture. Instead of this the Canadian article can be shown side by side with the imported without fear of its being set aside in favour of the latter. The products of the factories of Canada are up-to-date, and of honest manufacture. Too often foreign wares are produced for the special purposes of being exported, quality being sacrificed on the altar of cheapness. Cheapness no longer appeals as it once did to the great majority of purchasers; quality is also demanded, and consumers are growing more and more ready to pay for it, convinced that it is the more profitable in the long run. The result is gratifying testimony to the general excellence of Canadian manufacturers.—*Montreal Gazette*.



#### TAXING THE OUTSIDER

A BUFFALO commercial traveller who desired to evade the \$300 tax imposed on bagmen who enter the Province of Quebec to take orders, went to Ottawa, opened up his samples, sent for his Montreal customers, and took their orders there. Montreal merchants who buy from outsiders are thus finding a way out of a difficulty.

At the time of writing, it looks as if the Quebec Government would reconsider its legislation at an early date, and reduce or abolish the tax. The protests have been numerous, and the law has created a very bad impression in England. It is to be hoped that wisdom will prevail.

British Columbia and Prince Edward Island have similar laws and these, too, should be repealed. Petty legislation of this kind brings our country into disrepute.

#### SCRAPS FROM THE LONDON PRESS

SOCIAL history is strewn with the corpses of dead amusements.—*Daily Graphic*.

Very few individual Americans have the influence of individual Englishmen.—*Sphere*.

There has always been an unconquerable fascination for the many in following the careers of great criminals, and at the present day the love of sensationalism is particularly vivid. Modern press methods have been great factors in fostering it and in crowning celebrated criminals with something of a halo.—*Lancet*.

Religion has its source in sudden gusts of inspiration, in momentary contacts between the mind of God and the mind of man. It is a matter of revelation, not of arithmetic. It is not anything which can be puzzled out by rule.—*Spectator*.

Not a serious subject can be named to which the nation troubles to give half the thought that it devotes to the study of cricket scores and football contests, or half the time that it spends on Bridge parties or on the so-called "musical comedies" that have replaced the drama at most of our theatres.—*Daily Graphic*.

Cricket is a noble game, but the newspapers have done their utmost to vulgarise it past all endurance. One can still look at a great match with pleasure, but not with as much pleasure as one could once. There is too much business about it all now. First-class cricket has become so serious a matter that all who play in it are virtually professionals.—*Saturday Review*.

It is hard to define the typical Englishman. One might take a London policeman, a naval officer, a successful farmer, an honest city man, a manufacturer, the British workman, a bishop, an eminent Nonconformist divine, and a large landowner, and roll them into a kind of composite being. Perhaps the result would represent the type. One has had no word to say of the Englishwoman—typically deep-voiced, sane, strong, handsome, and unafraid—but it is a brave man who ventures to criticise her. At any rate, a braver man than the writer is.—J. H. M. Abbott, in the *Spectator*.





"LITTLE LADY BOUNTIFUL"

This beautiful gravure which measures  $28\frac{1}{2}$  x  $19\frac{3}{4}$  inches, is printed on fine plate paper, 40 x 30 inches and is quite Free From Advertising. It will form a magnificent companion to our last year's picture, "The Leopard Skin."

Information as to manner of obtaining this picture is contained in a circular wrapped around every Bottle of BOVRIL.

**SAVE THE COUPONS** and see that you get one with every bottle purchased.

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## The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



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(LONDON)



\$15.00

\$15.00

## OSTERMOOR MATTRESSES

are guaranteed by us to be better than the **BEST** hair; more sanitary; very much more comfortable; more durable, and to

**PLEASE YOU**

Write for name of dealer handling them in your town, to Dept. S, at our Toronto office.

**THE Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd.**  
MONTREAL — TORONTO — WINNIPEG



# Delicate Skins and Dainty Fabrics



are most easily—most safely washed with

## Pearline

The more DAINTY—the more DELICATE—the greater the need of PEARLINE'S help. SAVES your labor—SAVES your fabrics—ELSE millions would not have been convinced simply by the use of a trial package.

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In all cases of  
general debility  
and  
convalescence.





# *Brains Rule This World—*

Not muscle, but brains governing muscle.

The quality of brain can be changed by certain selection of food.

A food expert perfected a brain-building food by preparing certain elements in wheat and barley in a way that nature would make use of. That food is

## *Grape-Nuts*

In it the Phosphate of Potash, obtained from nature's grains (not from the drug shop), is retained in minute particles. This has an affinity for Albumen, and together they make the soft gray matter in the brain and nerve centres.

A solid fact you can demonstrate by the use of Grape-Nuts.

### *In 10 Days*

you can see the difference in yourself.

Read "The Road to Wellville" found in packages of Grape-Nuts.



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**EGYPTIAN**  
**CIGARETTES**

*J. Mangano*

**CORK TIPS 15¢**  
**PER PACKAGE.**

NOTE: GENUINE UNLESS  
 OTHERWISE SPECIFIED  
*Mangano*



# The Thanksgiving Dinner

By CHARLES B. KNOX



IF CANADA should celebrate Thanksgiving Day the same as we do in the United States, and His Excellency, the Governor-General, in his proclamation, should wind up with, "Every housekeeper in the land should have her dessert for Thanksgiving dinner made from Knox's Gelatine," he would confer the greatest favor to young and old throughout that great country. But all he could do would be to announce the day and leave it to the good judgment of the housekeepers what the dessert should be.

Even though you do not celebrate Thanksgiving, I would like to suggest that the next time you have a big dinner you have for dessert Charlotte Russe with Jelly, and I would like to furnish free the recipe for making it, for it is something that is delicious. It not only winds up the heavy dinner with something delicate, which it should be, but gives you a beautiful ornament for your table as well. I have this recipe done in colors, so you can see just how it looks. It is yours for a postal card. I have another, not done in colors, called Angel Charlotte Russe, for which I gave the originator, Mrs. J. E. Randall, Cleveland, O., a Steinway Grand Piano. I know you will be pleased with both.



When you use Gelatine—use a pure Gelatine—not a mixed or flavored package. Then you will know just what you are feeding your family. Knox's is guaranteed pure.

If you prefer an Ice Cream dessert use one-fourth box of Knox's Gelatine, because it will be smoother and better, besides you will not have to use so much pure cream.

Hoping you have a great deal to give thanks for this year, and knowing I will come in for some of it if you have Knox's Gelatine for dessert, I am,

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES B. KNOX.

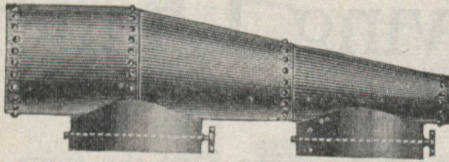
**FREE** For the name and address of your grocer I will send my recipe book, Dainty Desserts for Dainty People, and list of 1904 prize-winning recipes. If he doesn't sell Knox's Gelatine send me 4c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint package. In view of the popularity of the 1904 recipe contest, I have decided to hold three this year. Write for particulars. Last year I gave a Steinway Piano for the best recipe.

**CHARLES B. KNOX**

77 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK.

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¶ If its about Steel Plate Work write us.

¶ Steel Penstocks, Steel Smokestacks, Smoke Connections, Steel Tanks or Refuse Burners, it doesn't signify; we are equipped for making and erecting Steel Plate Work of every description.

¶ Size doesn't count.

¶ We build Smoke Connections, for example, as small and smaller than the one shown at the top of this page.

¶ Three years ago we built a mammoth Refuse Burner, 35 ft. diameter and 175 ft. high, for J. R. Booth, Ottawa.

¶ Last year we furnished a Steel Penstock, 18 ft. diameter and 6,100 ft. long, to the Ontario Power Co., Niagara Falls, erecting it in place.

¶ Our experience stretches back over many years, and our equipment is the best obtainable.

¶ We furnish estimates cheerfully and promptly.

¶ We invite correspondence.

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LIMITED

50 LANSDOWNE ST. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

## For the Asking

The best table salt costs no more than the poorest—and can be had for the asking.

# Windsor SALT

is sold in practically every grocery store in Canada—and is the best.

Ask for it.



## IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,  
And I'd order it home  
by the car lot,  
By the Cross of St.  
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge  
Of the kind that they call

**"LADY CHARLOTTE"**

**INDIGESTION  
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**  
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH  
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

# SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous Skin Fluid  
English.....

**ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES  
Disappear in a few Days**

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blisters, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalcules which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin. Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada:

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**PRIESTLEYS'**  
**PANNEAU**  
**CLOTH**

The  
Fashionable  
Fabric  
for Fall



In Popular  
Shades of  
Green and  
Brown



FOR SALE AT ALL  
THE BEST  
DRY GOODS STORES

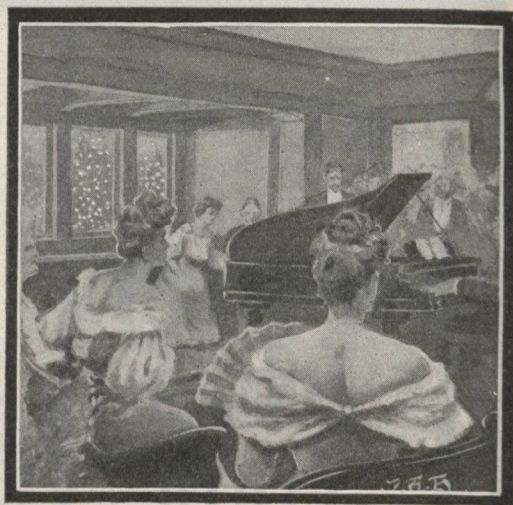




GANONG'S



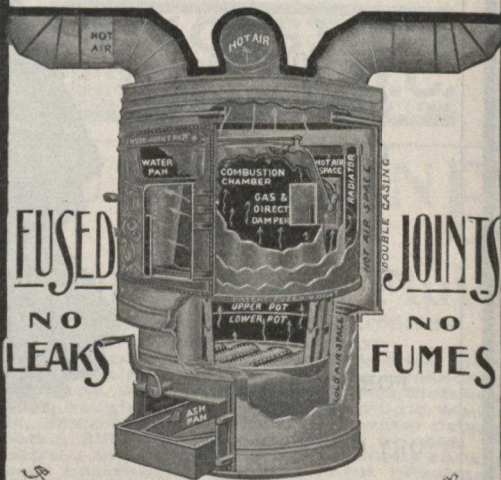
G.B. CHOCOLATES.



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THE HECLA is a CANADIAN Furnace—made from a CANADIAN design, by CANADIAN workmen, for a CANADIAN climate. Because our winters are more severe than those of the United States the Hecla was built more powerful and more durable than those furnaces built from American patterns.

The Hecla is of the most careful construction, and its design secures in a marked degree those essentials of a successful furnace—durability, power, economy, and ease of management.



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NO  
LEAKS

JOINTS  
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PRESTON — AND — WINNIPEG.

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Creams, Nougatines, Car-  
amels, Fruits and Nuts.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1,  
2, 3 and 5 pounds. Full  
weight in every box.

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ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



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# CELESTINS

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property of the French Republic.

Boivin, Wilson & Co. Montreal.

Agents.



## IN YE OLDEN TIME

Our ability to transform the old, the soiled, and the shabby into the new, the spotless, and the smart, would have earned us the reputation in the olden time of being in league with the evil one.

Even now many people accuse us of being magicians after seeing the manner in which we dye and color ostrich plumes and boas.

But with us it is a surprise all around the way we dye carpets, curtains, dresses, and pretty nearly everything else.

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Handsome Stores in Montreal, Hamilton, London, Galt, Woodstock, Brantford, St. Catharines





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*Infants, Invalids  
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,  
admirably adapted to the  
wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-  
tion, London, (Eng.), 1900.

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Neave's Food is regularly  
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RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY

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of the quality of our Silverware. Look for it when selecting your Christmas Gifts. It stands for everything that is best in richness of design and style. All first-class jewellers in Canada carry our goods in stock.

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**COWAN'S**



Such dainty and delicate Confections are

**COWAN'S**

Milk Chocolate,  
Croquettes, Wafers,  
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.  
Chocolate Cream Bars

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**A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER  
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S  
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

**PURIFIES**  
AS WELL AS  
**Beautifies**  
the Skin  
No other cosmetic  
will do it.



**REMOVES** Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 56 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's

*Cream* as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

**Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

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**FASHIONABLE HAIR GOODS**

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HIGHEST AWARDS—PARIS, LONDON.

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**TRANSFORMATIONS, FRONTS, WIGS, BANGS**



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Satisfaction Guaranteed.



**Beautiful Glossy SWITCHES**  
Natural Wavy, from \$3.00.  
Straight, from \$2.00 up.

Use **Armand's Famous Grey Hair Restorer**. 1 box, \$3.00; 2 boxes, \$5.00.

Use our **Green Soap**, leaves the hair beautiful and glossy. 50c., \$1.00.

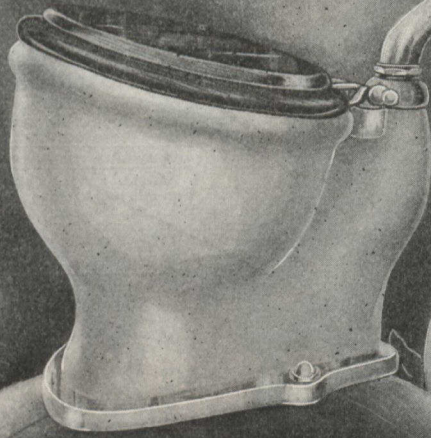
**Capillierine**. Removes hair on face and arms—destroys root entirely. Price, \$2.00.

Sent by Mail. Write for Catalogue, 1905.

**JULES & CHARLES**  
431 Yonge Street, TORONTO



# NATURO



## NATURO

the Closet with a slant. A universal favorite, because a universal necessity. The first closet to meet in full the Natural Laws of Physiology and Hygiene. Because of this fact it has the immediate endorsement of physicians and architects. We cannot enter into the details of the "why and wherefore," but give them to you in our Book 8, which is mailed to you post-paid on request. There is nothing of theory, there is nothing of "fad." The **NATURO** is a common-sense, reasonable and necessary equipment to every home. It means not only longer life, but fuller enjoyment of life. This is a very important claim. Surely you will be sufficiently interested to write for our Book 8.

THE **NATURO** COMPANY  
SALEM, N. J.



Absolute  
Purity.

Not  
Bleached.

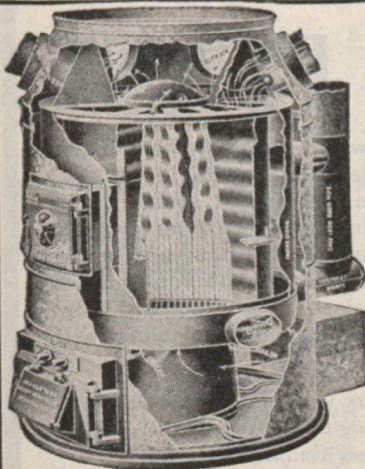
The Symbol



of Quality.

*"Correct Milling  
makes a delicious  
creamy silken loaf"*

LEITCH BROTHERS FLOUR MILLS.  
Oak Lake — Manitoba — Canada.



**"KELSEY"**

MADE IN SIX SIZES

MADE IN BROCKVILLE — SOLD ALL OVER CANADA

## "KELSEY" CORRUGATED WARM AIR GENERATORS (Pat'd)

A "MONEY-SAVER" IN MANITOBA

Elkhorn, Man., April 7th, 1904.

The James Smart Mfg. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Gentlemen,—Yours of March 30th to hand regarding the Warm Air Generator in use in our church during the past cold winter. As to its particular features—

1. **Efficiency of warming.** I have no hesitation in saying it surpasses everything on the market.
2. **Economy of fuel.** It has surprised beyond all measure the members of our congregation. From its commonsense mechanism, every stick of wood or piece of hard coal must send the heat up the main registers. Two tons of hard coal put us through the winter.
3. **Quality of warm air produced, Not dry,** like other furnaces, and burned, but always pure and free from gases.
4. **Freedom from escaping gas and dust.** We have not known the meaning of gas odor from our Generator thus far, and find it also absolutely free from dust.
5. **Non-radiating of heat in cellar.** The cellar has been perfectly cool when the hottest fires have been built.
6. **Coolness of smoke pipe.** This, above everything else, convinces one of the great perfection of the Generator and how all heat is forced up the registers.

To any person or Church Board needing a **money-saver**, so far as fuel and comfort are concerned, I heartily recommend the "Kelsey" Warm Air Generator above anything on the market.

Yours sincerely,

(Rev.) R. A. SCARLETT, Pastor Methodist Church.

**MORE THAN 26,000 SATISFIED USERS**

DIRECT CONTRACTS MADE—PROPER RESULTS GUARANTEED.

"KELSEY SPECIALISTS" SUPERINTEND THEIR PROPER INSTALLATION.

"Kelsey Booklet," No. 24, tells all about them.

**THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

LIMITED

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

EXCLUSIVE CANADIAN MAKERS

BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO





# THE MAN WHO SPENDS

a little time investigating the pedigree of varnish before he permits its use on his woodwork usually gets big interest on the investment.

An indifferent attitude towards varnish is responsible for many a spoiled interior.

The use of LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH and LIQUID GRANITE gives the highest results in the way of a finish attainable on wood.

Under its old name of Berry Brothers' Hard Oil Finish, LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH has been known for forty years. Use it on general interior woodwork.

For floors, bathrooms, window sash and sills, inside blinds, and front doors, use LIQUID GRANITE. It is the extraordinary wear resisting qualities of LIQUID GRANITE that make it equally valuable for floors and all woodwork where the exposure is severe.

Samples of finished woods and interesting booklets on wood finishing sent free for the asking.



This is the celebrated Toy Wagon that we give away free under certain conditions. Since we introduced it a few years ago it has found its way to all parts of the world and has made thousands of boys and girls happy.

Copy of picture and full particulars sent upon application.

**BERRY BROTHERS, LIMITED,**

NEW YORK  
BOSTON

PHILADELPHIA  
BALTIMORE

**Varnish Manufacturers**

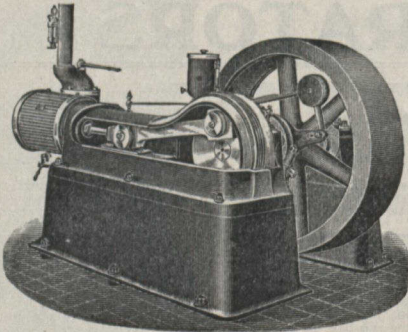
CHICAGO  
CINCINNATI

ST. LOUIS  
SAN FRANCISCO

Factory and Main Office, Detroit

Canadian Factory, WALKERVILLE, ONT.

# A FINE STEAM PLANT



"I will say without qualification that it is as fine a boiler and engine plant as I have ever had the pleasure of seeing for its size. The engine was working without heating and absolutely without any noise. I wish to congratulate you on your success in building this class of engine and hope that we may have pleasure in dealing with you again."

The above refers to a 350 horse-power Robb-Armstrong Corliss engine and two 175 horse-power Robb-Mumford boilers installed by us.

## Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

Agents { William McKay, 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto  
Watson Jack & Company, Montreal  
J. F. Porter, 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg



**Wet** style 494 **Wet** crest 401

We never sacrifice health and comfort to style. We combine them. The above Corset is intended for a slight figure, straight front model, and ideal Corset. This accounts for its enormous sale. Price \$1.00.

This is a Corset of perfect ease, superior grace and stylish elegance; and it positively will not break at the Waist Line. It has fitted over 2,000,000 of women and will fit you.

ART-DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

**E. B. EDDY'S**

**"SILENT"**



**PARLOR  
MATCH**

Is asked for every time by those who have once tried it, which is a sure proof of its superiority.

It will, with the least possible friction on any kind of a dry surface, and with absolute safety, without fire dropping or head flying off, create an **instantaneous, brilliant light entirely free from crackling, sputtering, or noise of any kind.**

Ask your Grocer for a Box and give it a Trial



# REINDEER

## Condensed COFFEE

COMBINES  
 PURE COFFEE  
 RICH MILK  
 AND SUGAR

A CUP OF EXCELLENT COFFEE IS PREPARED  
 BY SIMPLY ADDING BOILING WATER.

It is convenient in the home—indispensable to the traveller, to the sportsman and to picnic parties. No outing kit is complete without a supply. Every one should have it at hand all the year round.

EVERY CAN GUARANTEED.

TRURO CONDENSED MILK CO., Limited

TRURO, N.S.

### ALL WOOL UNDERCLOTHING

WILL  
 NOT  
 SHRINK  
 IN  
 WASHING.  
 EVERY  
 GARMENT  
 GUARANTEED



ANY  
 GARMENT  
 SHRUNK  
 IN  
 WASHING  
 WILL  
 BE  
 REPLACED

IN WEIGHTS SUITABLE FOR ALL SEASONS.

## The Better Underwear

"Britannia" underwear is for those who are not satisfied with ordinary grades, and don't care to pay for silk. It's the happy medium—the finest wool, with a finish as soft as silk.

## "Britannia" Underwear

is more durable than silk, fits as perfectly, holds its shape, is warmer and more comfortable, with a difference in cost that is not to be overlooked.

A new garment for any one that shrinks in washing.

Look for the "Britannia" trademark on every piece you buy. There is nothing else "just as good."



# Dr. Deimel Underwear

From any point you choose to consider the subject, nothing worse was ever invented for a skin covering than wool in the form man gets it—non-absorbent—prickly—itchy—non-ventilating and shrinkable.

Can you imagine anything more uncomfortable to put next the body? Yet a great many people wear it simply because they don't give the matter of underclothing much thought. What they do worry about are the Colds, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, etc., to which wool wearing makes them subject.

If they thought about their Underwear they would cease thinking about their health, because they would wear The Dr. Deimel Underclothing, which keeps the body dry, warm, comfortable and healthy.

Send for booklet and free sample of fabric.

THE DEIMEL LINEN MESH CO.  
2202 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL

NEW YORK   SAN FRANCISCO   WASHINGTON   MONTREAL  
BROOKLYN   BALTIMORE   LONDON



# MOTT'S



## CHOCOLATES AND COCOAS

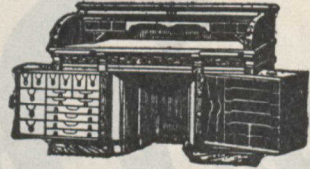
For Sale at all  
First-class Grocery  
Stores in Canada.

JOHN P. MOTT  
& CO.

HALIFAX, CANADA

Works—Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

— Art Dept. Canadian Magazine



### THE DESK OF THE AGE.

#### Every Device

necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail. **Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.**

PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.  
Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

### GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY


## BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS

The late Sir Samuel Baker said: Blair's Pills have rendered me immense service."

Mr. R. McClelland, Queensland, writes: "Once people try your Pills they will take no other medicine for Rheumatism. I consider they are worth a pound a box."

LYMAN, SONS & Co., Montreal and Toronto.  
All Druggists and Stores, 40c. and \$1.00 a box.

## TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH



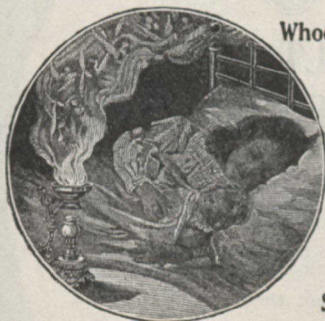
This standard Canadian Dentifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aroma of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—Harmless and efficient.

At all druggists, 25c.



# Vapo-Cresolene

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP



Whooping Cough,

Croup,

Bronchitis,

Coughs,

Grip,

Hay Fever,

Diphtheria,

Scarlet Fever.

Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

ALL DRUGGISTS

VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 1651 Notre Dame St., Montreal

10,000 Dealers Sell the Parker Pen

SIDE TALKS about the  
**PARKER** LUCKY  
CURVE  
**Fountain Pen**

Standard or Self-Filling

TALK No. 2—See our Christmas ad. next. Last month we told you about the function of the famous "Lucky Curve." This month, about another matchless Parker feature, the

**Spear Head Ink Retainer**

In the common kind of fountain pens, frequently when the ink gets low in the barrel, the pen is apt to flow too freely and ink will escape from the channel, form at the end of the feeder, then drop off the point of the pen. This is called leaking or blotting—a most annoying thing. The **Spear Head Ink Retainer** provides a series of notches on side of feed, which, in conjunction with the walls of the pen, form little reservoirs, retaining this overflow and preventing the leaking or blotting that might otherwise ensue. This is to a fountain pen what a governor is to a steam engine, and is the most important improvement made in fountain pens in many years.

When you buy, buy the best—a **Parker Pen**—and thus get the benefit of this most valuable improvement. Guaranteed by the manufacturers and by more than 10,000 dealers.

If you are interested, we would like to send you our beautiful Catalogue and the name of nearest **Parker Pen** dealer.

**PARKER PEN COMPANY**

450 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.



GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE

**CEETEE**

PURE WOOL

# STRONG POINTS

## OF THIS UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN, WOMEN  
AND CHILDREN



It is made to fit the body. Has no rough seams. Made from 2 and 3 fold yarn. Will outwear any garment made from single yarn. Soft, warm and elastic. Never gets out of shape. No burrs, no scratching. Made from pure Australian wool and silk and wool. And to complete its good qualities, is guaranteed unshrinkable. Any garment replaced that shrinks. Ask your dealer for this brand.

MADE BY

**THE C. TURNBULL CO., Limited**  
GALT, ONTARIO





**THE  
DOMINION  
PIANO**

**BUILT ON  
A SOLID FOUNDATION**

In the "DOMINION" Piano a solid iron frame supports the twenty tons of strain from the strings, where other pianos have wood, which, as you know, is affected by the weather.

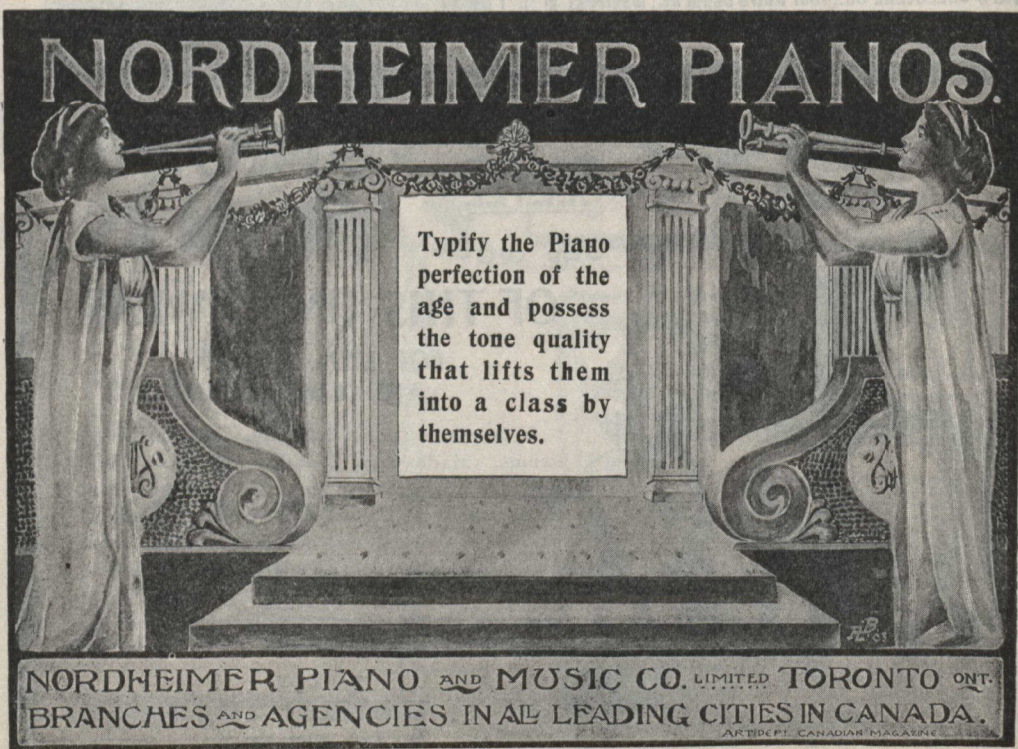
This foundation gives and preserves its wonderful tone.

It makes it stay in tune.  
It makes our superior workmanship and materials "worth while."  
It makes permanent the benefits of our 34 years' experience.  
It makes it worth your while to

**"Get Familiar" with  
"Dominion" Pianos**

**The DOMINION ORGAN  
& PIANO CO., Ltd.  
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.**

**NORDHEIMER PIANOS.**



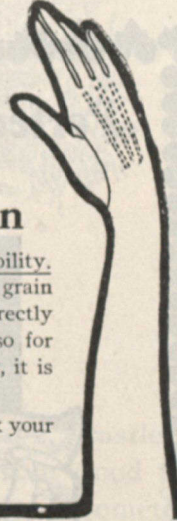
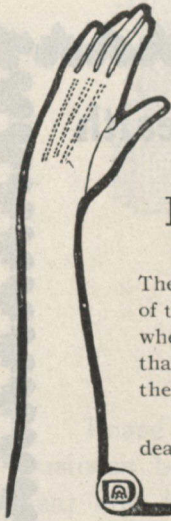
Typify the Piano perfection of the age and possess the tone quality that lifts them into a class by themselves.

**NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO. LIMITED TORONTO ONT.  
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL LEADING CITIES IN CANADA.**

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# PERRIN GLOVES



## Perrin Gloves for Ladies and Gentlemen

They are a combination of style, fit and durability. They fit perfectly, because in cutting them the grain of the kid or leather is placed so as to stretch correctly when the glove is on; they will wear better also for that reason—while this entails waste of leather, it is the only way to make a perfect glove.

If you want a stylish, well-fitting glove, ask your dealer for a **PERRIN.**



## OUR FALL IMPORTATION OF GENUINE HIGH-GRADE ORIENTAL RUGS

HAS JUST ARRIVED

We feel quite safe in stating that this is the finest and largest collection of high-class Oriental Rugs ever brought into Toronto, every piece being personally selected by our Mr. Babayan in the Eastern markets. It comprises masterpieces of

**Kirmanshah, Serebend, Shiraz, Afghan, Boukhara,  
Tabriz, Kazak, Sine, Iran, Amritzar, Lahor, Cashemir,  
Shirvan, Anatolian, Etc., Persian Silk Rugs, Etc.,  
Antique and Modern**

It will be impossible to specify the sizes and prices of such a large collection; only a visit to our Art Rooms will convince you of the merits of these importations.

*We send our goods on approbation. We give prompt attention to Mail Orders.*

**COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.**

40 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

OPPOSITE KING EDWARD HOTEL



## Perfect Digestion Means Health



**You Can Also Enjoy Mince Pie if You Take Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.**

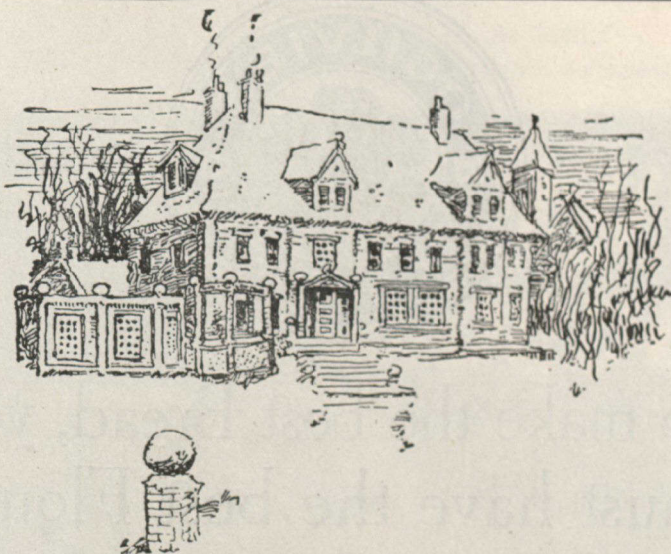
When the food is properly digested, the blood carries the nutriment to all parts of the body and the process of assimilation and repair is kept up uniformly, resulting in healthy organs and members.

## Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

guarantee perfect digestion, no matter what the condition of the stomach is. The reason is plain. They themselves digest the food and permit the stomach to rest and get well.

**ALL DRUGGISTS, 50 CENTS A BOX.**





Pease Heating in a building, cottage, castle, or business block, means comfort—comfort from good fresh heat and from absence of worry and it means something else—small coal bills.

**PEASE ECONOMY HOT WATER BOILERS**  
**PEASE ECONOMY COMBINATION HEATERS**  
**PEASE ECONOMY WARM AIR HEATERS**

If you have a furnace or boiler that does not work properly, consult us about the "Pease." It won't take long to make the change and then you'll get everlasting comfort.

*Write for Catalogue.*

**PEASE FOUNDRY CO., LIMITED      TORONTO**

WESTERN REPRESENTATIVES:

**PEASE-WALDON CO., LIMITED      WINNIPEG, MAN.**







## To make the best Bread, you must have the best Flour

When the dough is flat, sour, heavy, will not rise, —when the bread is soggy, tasteless, indigestible— then you have cheap and inferior flour.

You may use pure fresh yeast, faithfully adhere to the old-time successful bread-making traditions, the methods usually successful—but the baking turns out badly—simply because you have not used the right kind of flour.

Royal Household Flour is purified and sterilized by electricity; it is, therefore, uniformly pure and wholesome.

And because it is thoroughly purified, it will yield a sweet, wholesome, light sponge that will bake into flaky, deliciously flavored, nourishing bread or pastry.

It is really the only absolutely pure flour you can get.

Guaranteed by its makers and Branded

**Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.**



"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

*Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Ex-President Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*



"No Better Food."—*Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., Etc.*

D. MASSON & CO. { 326 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL  
Agents { 8 Colborne Street, TORONTO



# OUR 20 YEARS OF FILM EXPERIENCE

---

---

If there is any one line of business in which experience is more important than in any other, that line is the manufacture of highly sensitive photographic goods. And of all photographic processes, film making is the most difficult. It has taken us more than twenty years to learn what we know about making film.

And in that twenty years we have also learned how to make the perfect raw materials which are absolutely essential to the manufacture of film—materials which cannot be obtained in the market with a certainty that will be what they should be. We nitrate our own cotton for the film base; we nitrate our own silver for the emulsion. We go further, we even make the acid with which the cotton and silver are nitrated. Wherever it is possible to improve the completed product by manufacturing the raw material, we erect a factory and make that raw material.

Five years ago we felt that we were approaching film perfection, but no concern, even if it could make film as good as that *was*, could compete in quality with the Kodak N.C. Film of to-day. But experience is not the only advantage that our chemists and film makers enjoy. They have access to the formulae of the chemists who make the best dry plates in the world. The Kodak films of to-day have in them the combined knowledge of the most expert film makers and the most expert plate makers.

The wise amateur will be sure that he gets the film with experience behind it. There are dealers, fortunately not many, who try to substitute inferior films from inexperienced makers, the only advantageous feature which these films possess being the "bigger discount to the dealer." Amateurs, especially those who leave their Kodaks with the dealer to be loaded, should make sure that substitution is not practised against them.

The film you use is even more important than the camera you use. Be sure it's Kodak film with which you load your Kodak.

Remember:

**If it isn't Eastman, it isn't Kodak Film**

Look for "Eastman" on the box. Look for "Kodak" on the spool end.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED  
TORONTO, CANADA



# SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years.  
PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND  
The leading numbers for Canada will be sent  
postpaid on receipt of Canada stamp.



SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING  
Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.  
For Samples apply to the Proprietors,  
SPENCERIAN PEN CO., - - New York City



## Beautiful Pictures

are produced only by  
pure rich colors.

## Winsor & Newton

are artists' colormen to  
the Royal Family and their

## Oil and Water Colors

are the world's stand-  
ard. Not dear. For  
sale at all Art Stores.

## A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.

Wholesale Agents for  
Canada.

## A PERFUME FOR THE MOST REFINED TASTE

A Leader Amongst Leaders

AFTER BEING IN USE FOR

NEARLY A CENTURY

## MURRAY & LANMAN'S

## Florida Water

is just as popular as ever

### BECAUSE

It is a Floral Extract of absolute  
purity and enduring fragrance;  
It refreshes and revives as does no  
other Perfume;  
It is delightful in the Bath, and the  
finest thing after Shaving;  
It is, in fact, the most reliable and  
satisfactory Toilet Perfume made.



PREPARED ONLY BY

## LANMAN & KEMP, NEW YORK,

SOLD BY LEADING PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT  
THE WORLD.



## Bird Bread

COTTAM'S famous food for birds,  
formerly only sold with COTTAM  
SEED. Now sold separately at 10c.  
the package, two large cakes.  
The high reputation enjoyed by  
BIRD BREAD has caused us to  
make this departure after re-  
fusing for years to sell it  
apart from COTTAM SEED.

Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart  
from COTTAM SEED, with 6c. in stamps and get free  
two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (1)

## Cottam Bird Seed

Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers.  
Advice FREE. about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.

Burt Cottam Co., 64 Dundas St., London, Ont.

# IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY

Sold By All First-Class Dealers





## FREE INSURANCE

The man who takes an Endowment Policy in the Manufacturers Life is practically getting Free Insurance.

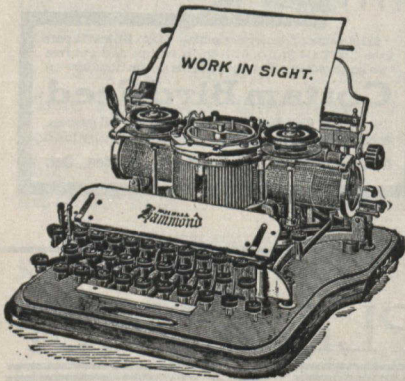
True, he has to pay a small annual premium for 10, 15, 20, or 25 years as he may choose, but at the end of that time he gets all his money back with good interest thereon, and his 10, 15, 20, or 25 years of insurance will have cost him nothing.

Write for rates to

**The Manufacturers Life Insurance Co.**

Head Office, Toronto, Canada

## The Hammond Typewriter



*Captured the First Prize*  
*At Brandon and Winnipeg*  
*Exhibitions, 1905*

*Also Awarded*  
**FIRST GOLD MEDAL**  
*World's Fair, St. Louis,*  
*1904*

## The Hammond Typewriter Co.

TORONTO—45 Adelaide Street East  
MONTREAL—185 St. James Street  
WINNIPEG—The John A. Hart Co.

BRANDON—The Wheat City Business College  
VANCOUVER—Ernest F. G. Richards  
KINGSTON—Harvey Milne  
PICTOU, N.S.—Geo. S. Carson





**Smith Premier  
TYPEWRITERS**

**Appeal to your sense and your senses**

Letters written upon the Smith Premier always present a slightly appearance, because of faultless alignment and clean type-impression—due to mechanical accuracy.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.  
*Branch Stores Everywhere*

Smith Premier No. 2

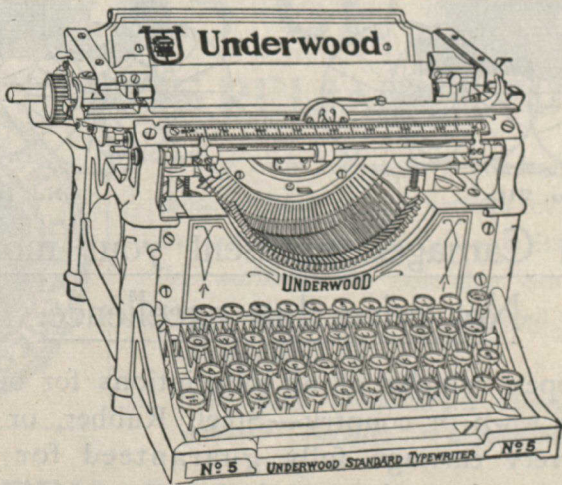
# The Strip Floor

we sell is made of selected oak inch and three-quarters wide, three-eighths thick, run through a machine which makes it absolutely true and uniform, and when laid is the most perfect plain hardwood floor possible. Ends square, therefore no waste. From this to the most elaborate parquet pattern is our range. Write for catalogue and price list.

Sole agents for Butcher's "Boston" Polish.

**ELLIOTT & SON**  
LIMITED  
79 KING STREET WEST

# UNDERWOOD GROWTH

July 1898		July 1905
390		5601
Underwoods		Underwoods
in use in Canada		in use in Canada

**NO BETTER ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF THE UNDERWOOD UNITED TYPEWRITER CO., LIMITED, TORONTO**

MONTREAL, QUE.      HAMILTON, ONT.      LONDON, ONT.      ST. JOHN, N.B.



TWO GOOD THINGS.

# SYMINGTON'S

## Pea Flour



TRADE MARK  
Established  
1827.

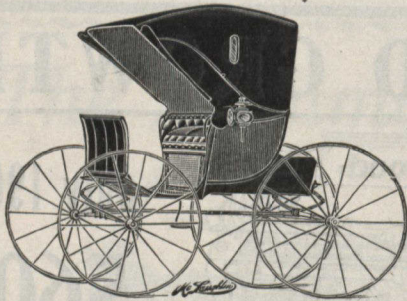
## Pea Soup

*High-pressure Steam Prepared.  
For thickening Soups, Gravies, etc.*

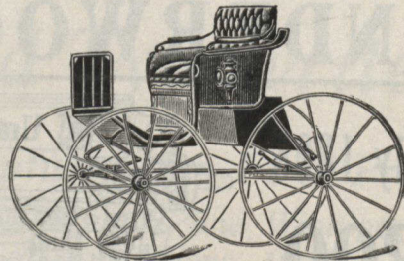


*Boiling Water only required.  
Cheap. Nutritious. Made in a moment.*

W. SYMINGTON & CO. Ltd., Market Harborough, England.



No. 210



No. 165

McLaughlin Carriages represent your money's worth.

Not price, but excellence.

Top and open vehicles of all descriptions for business and pleasure in town or country—Steel, Rubber, or Pneumatic Tires. Every carriage fully guaranteed for one year. Catalog free to intending purchasers.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., Limited, OSHAWA, ONT.



There Is  
Only One

# Hunyadi János

Innumerable "cures" for constipation are daily advertised, but there is only one Hunyadi Janos which has for nearly half a century stood at the head of all remedies of this class.

## Be On Your Guard

against substitutes which are often harmful, whether they be Mineral waters or drugs.

They all lack the peculiar curative properties with which Nature in her own inimitable way has endowed Hunyadi Janos, the Great Natural Laxative Water.

## The Water of Health

Hunyadi Janos cures in a natural, easy, certain way, Constipation, Indigestion, Disorders of the Stomach, Bilioussness and Torpid Liver.

The average dose is half a tumbler, to be modified according to age and constitution. It is best taken in the morning half an hour before breakfast, and may for greater efficiency be mixed with an equal quantity of hot water. Sold at all druggists. Try a small bottle, it contains several doses.

# RODGERS CUTLERY

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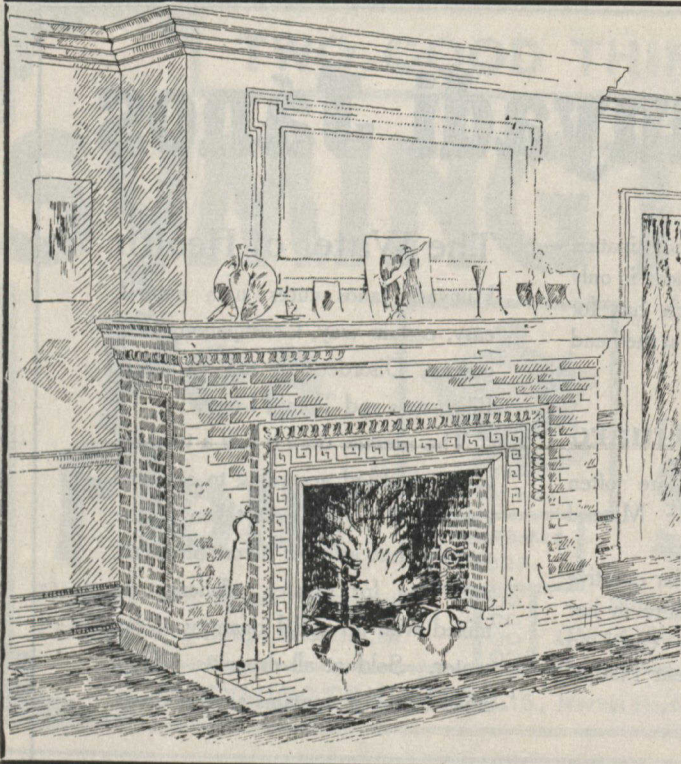
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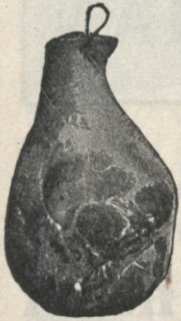
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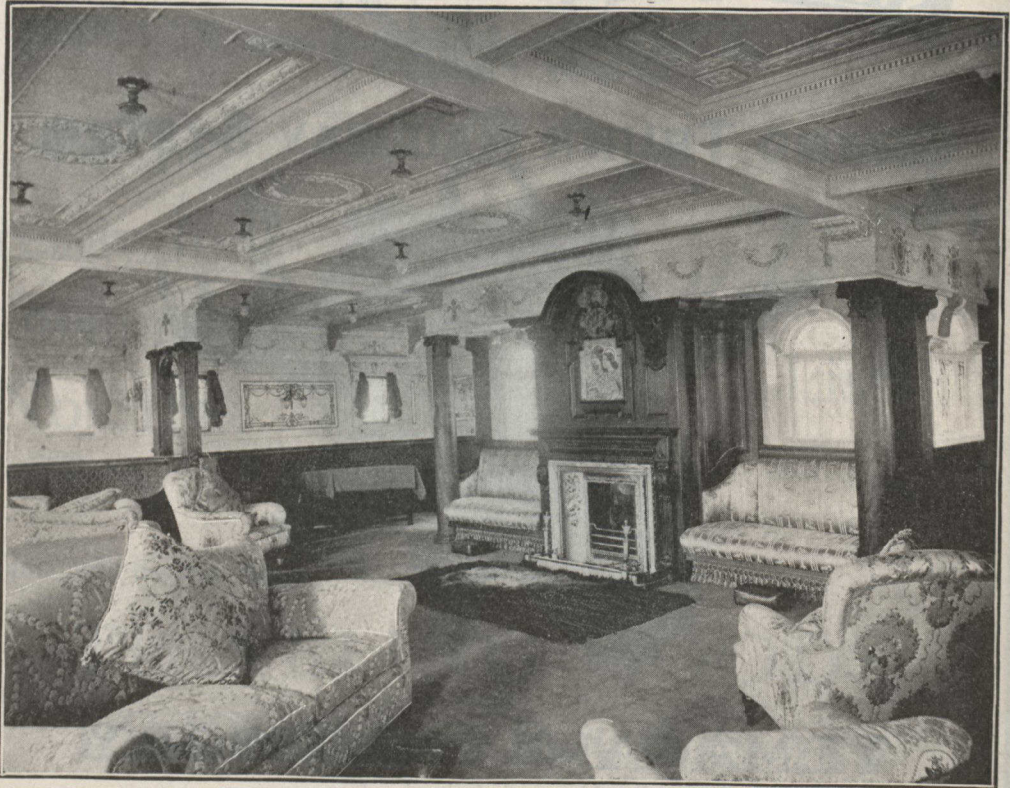
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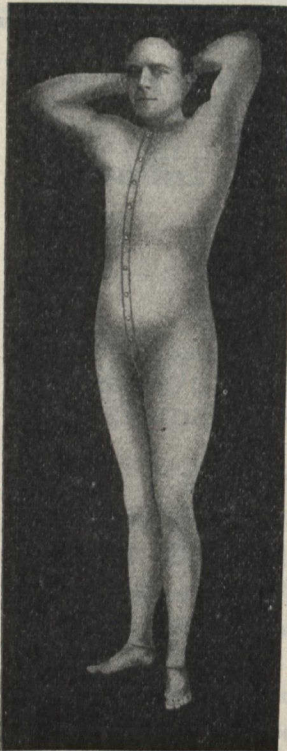
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Then I know that I can snore  
For a half an hour more,  
Till brother comes to bang my door.

For fifteen minutes more I lie,  
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And on and on I snooze until  
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Talk about your breakfast bells,

For Johnny!

Quick I slip my panties on,  
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'Fore that Chase & Sanborn's gone.

Guess I'm lazy! Pa says so.

Ma says, “So tormented slow

Is Johnny!”

But 'tis Johnny-on-the-spot,  
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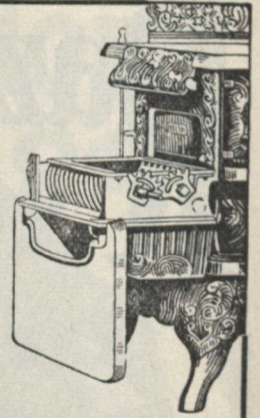
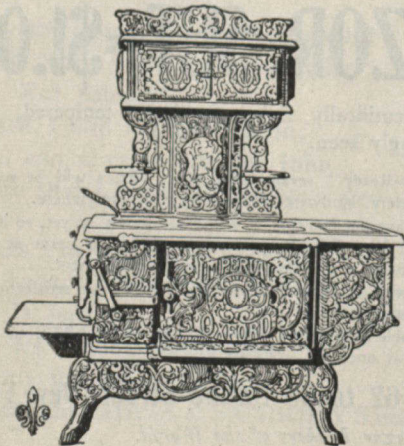
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The Imperial Oxford Range has a patented draw-out duplex grate. By this construction the grate and frame is readily drawn out over the ash-pan without even disturbing the linings. Repairs are thus easily effected even by one without experience.

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of cocoa or coffee  
the brain and

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MAKES "SCRUMPTIOUS" CANDY

Which appeals irresistibly to everyone who appreciates an uncommonly good taffy. Add some butter and sugar and your favorite flavoring. The result will be a luscious creamy candy of exceptional purity and wholesomeness. Much better for children and adults than the ordinary sugar confections made by stores.

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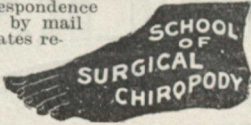
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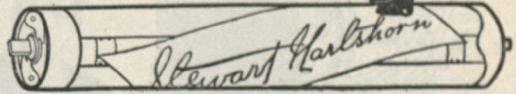


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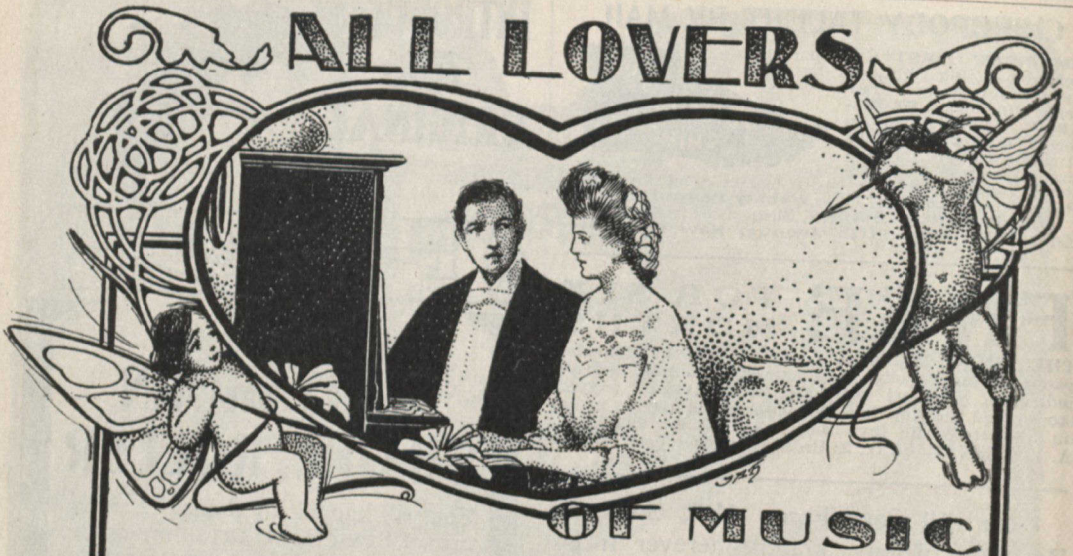


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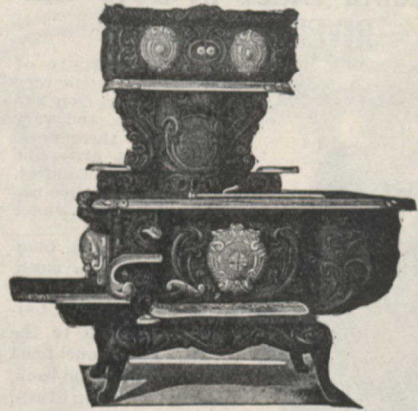


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