

**PAGES**

**MISSING**





THE  
**NATIONAL**  
**MONTHLY**  
 OF CANADA

**CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER**  
**1903**

**CURRENT COMMENTS—**

PAGE

Made in Canada	241
Exhibitions of Progress	241
Canada's Dairy Industry	242
The Shortage of School Teachers	242
Life Insurance in Canada	243
A Way Out of Labor Troubles	243
A Protracted Parliament	244
Expert Forestry for Our Cities	244
The National Park at Banff	244
President Roosevelt on Labor	245
Affairs in England	245

**THE FABLE OF THE FOOL AND THE WOMAN WHO DID NOT UNDERSTAND** . . . . . 246  
 By JAS. P. HAVERSON.

**CANADA'S OPPORTUNITY ON THE GREAT LAKES** . . . . . 247  
 By J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

**A GREAT ENGINEERING ENTERPRISE** . . . . . 252

**ROMANCE AND A DRAGON** . . . . . 269  
 By THEODORE ROBERTS.

**A BAG OF MARBLES** . . . . . 278  
 By KNOX MAGEE.

**THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME** . . . . . 283  
 By EMILY FERGUSON.

**HOME DEPARTMENT** . . . . . 291

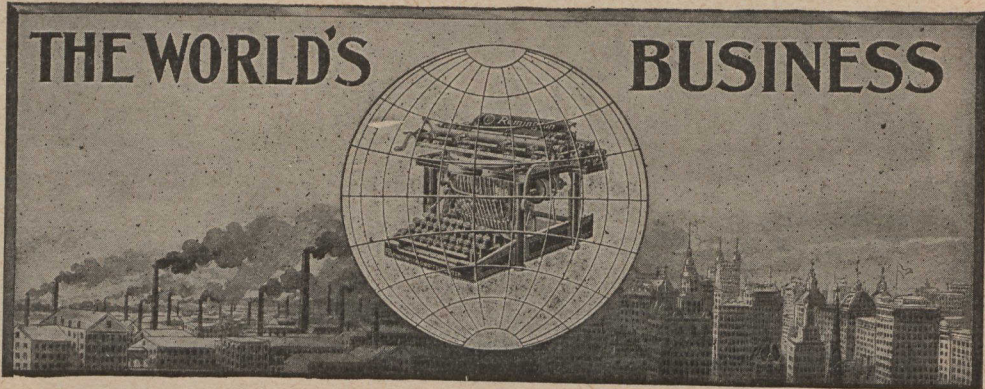
**LITERATURE** . . . . . 295

**SUPPLEMENT** . . . . . 300

**SWORN STATEMENT** . . . . . 301







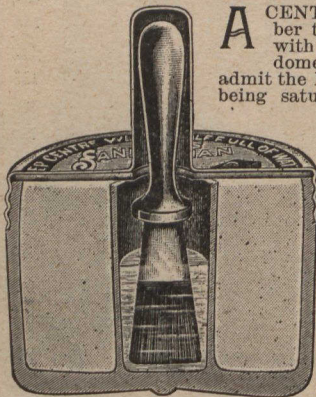
is transacted with ease and despatch through the universal use of the

# Remington Typewriter

The Speed, Strength and Reliability of the Remington, and its capacity for years of heavy work, make it the STANDARD writing machine in every department of commercial life.

**THE REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO., Limited,**  
6 Richmond Street East, Toronto, Ont.  
(Branches Everywhere.)

## Library Paste



A CENTRAL water chamber to hold the brush, with a corresponding dome in the screw top to admit the handle. The brush being saturated with water will reduce the paste, as it naturally dries up through exposure when open, thus keeping the proper consistency.

### Price List

5-ounce, each, 25c.  
8-ounce, each, 40c.  
Pint, each - 60c.  
Quart, each - 90c.

For mounting photographs and general use. Pure white. Sticks instantly. Will not discolor anything. Specially convenient for amateur photographers and general office use. The paste is always in perfect condition. Supplied with a first-class handsome brush.

### GRAND & TOY, Limited

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS

Cor. Wellington and Jordan Sts., Toronto  
Telephones, Main 4169, 4170



BY  
APPOINTMENT  
TO

H.R.H. THE  
PRINCE  
OF WALES.

## STOVEL & O'BRIEN

GENTLEMAN'S TAILORS ONLY

67 KING STREET WEST

Our IMPORTED WOOLLENS for this season's trade are the finest patterns ever shown by us, and are strictly confined to us for our high-class trade.

NOTE OUR NEW ADDRESS

67 KING STREET WEST



# THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

VOL. III

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1903

No. 5

## CURRENT COMMENTS

### "Made in Canada"

NO phrase was ever fuller of a nation's rising pride in its own resources than this which has of late become the cry of both makers and buyers. It points to a new industrial activity as well as toward a rising self-consciousness, and as it gains in popular favor it will bring increased prosperity to the nation. For after all, business and sentiment go together, and the soundest commerce is built upon just such principles of patriotism as this brief, but meaning, motto implies.

There was a time, not so many years ago, when to have confessed to "made in Canada," would have doomed the goods so offered. Canadian-made goods were not wanted, were not supposed to be of purchasable merit, and were, in multitudes of cases, passed by for the imported article, which was by no means of necessary superiority. Even now, when times and opinions have changed, there is still a lurking idea abroad that the foreign-made article is better worth buying than the home-made. Clothiers are repeatedly found putting Canadian wares forward under the name and guise of American or English. A large manufacturer of woollens is this year, for the first time, putting the Canadian label on his goods; for years he has been manufacturing in Canada and calling his wares imported, because they sold better thus. There is a feeling rising now that this kind of thing should cease. In some cases there has been a measure of

truth in the claims that Canadian wares were inferior, but Canada's manufactures are rapidly and wonderfully improving, and in very many lines cannot be excelled in the world. Where we fall short we are meanwhile learning.

It is true patriotism to buy the things that one knows to be made in Canada. An organization of public-spirited women in Hamilton recently held a "Made in Canada" exhibition, which was a unique success, and which served as a practical illustration of this new spirit. Canada will grow into the prosperous nation we all hope to see her become, as the Canadian people learn to be proud of her progress, and to recognize the fact that the home-supplied, home-patronized market is the best and most profitable.

### Exhibitions of Progress

OVER two hundred fairs and industrial exhibitions have been held in various parts of Canada this fall. The greater number of these have been in Ontario, where the exhibition idea has become much more general than in the other provinces. With the exception of the larger fairs, such as those of Toronto, Ottawa, London, Halifax, and a few other cities, these shows are chiefly agricultural, and are held, under Government encouragement, for the purpose of giving impetus to the local agricultural industries and awakening an interest in their development. Nearly every county has its agricultural associations, and within recent



years these societies have effected great improvements in farming methods, one means of doing which is the fall fair.

There is no doubt that the average fair falls short in many respects, and fails to be of the practical value that it should; the system of prizes is not always based upon real merits, and competition has sometimes more of luck than science. But the tendency of late years seems to be to reduce these faults, and with the direct assistance of the Government, the fall fairs are being made increasingly practical. The new methods include such features as popular demonstrations, lectures and exhibitions of proper fruit-packing, dressing, and shipping of meat and poultry, dairy processes, and other information of a like kind. With such new ideas as these, joined to the established features of local exhibitions, there is a purpose to be served by the annual fall fairs that justifies their existence.

The larger industrial fairs are of value chiefly, perhaps, in educating our own people in the resources and achievements of the country. An exhibition such as that in Toronto is an eye-opener to those who believe that Canada has no industrial life. From year to year the progress that is being made in the manufacturing industries is most clearly illustrated at the half-dozen or so large exhibitions held in the chief centres of trade, and these industrial fairs furnish one of the most hopeful evidences of the approach of the day when Canada shall be industrially independent.

#### Canada's Dairy Industry

**A**N industry that thirty years ago was carried on chiefly by a few who marketed their product at the "corner store" has grown to a present export value of \$30,000,000 per year. No other industry in Canada has shown a more remarkable development than that of the dairy, and there is none for which the country is more eminently fitted. The increase in cheese exports has been greater than that of wheat, four-fifths of the total value of dairy products being cheese alone. By far the greater portion of these exports goes to the English market; indeed, so popular has the Canadian

article become in England that its own cheese industry, once world-famous, has very greatly declined.

There is room for expansion of Canada's dairy trade in the direction of butter exports, which last year amounted to 13,238 tons, while of cheese there were shipped 87,883 tons. Only five per cent. of Britain's butter supply is furnished by Canada. The reason for this is probably that the Canadian farmer finds cheese more profitable, but there would seem to be a most promising field open for the butter-maker as well. Britain now buys her butter from all parts of the world.

A thirty-million-dollar industry is a big factor in the nation's commercial life. The dairy is now one of Canada's greatest assets. It is, moreover, a well-distributed one, in which nearly every farmer may have a share, and the recent establishment of creameries and cheese factories in various parts of the country has done much to encourage local enterprise. In this, as in ever other industry, it is absolutely essential that Canada's reputation for good quality be maintained, and very rightly there is a system of inspection now in force which aims at a standard of honest excellence.

#### The Shortage of School Teachers

**I**T plainly points to a defect somewhere in Ontario's educational system that in a large number of the rural sections there is at the present time a serious shortage of teachers. Considerable difficulty was found last year in providing schools with adequate teaching staffs, and the conditions are worse rather than better, this year. The Department has been forced to admit students to the Normal School who do not possess the required qualifications, and the employment of only partially equipped teachers is the only alternative if present conditions continue.

The only apparent reason for this dearth of teachers is the insufficient remuneration which is offered. The office of public school teacher is a poorly paid one, and although the work is of the first importance an ambitious young man or woman can earn considerably more in almost any of the busi-



ness or mechanical pursuits. So long as the teaching profession remains on this low standing, men of ability and experience can hardly be expected to enter its ranks.

Nor should the local school supporters be allowed the doubtful privilege of employing under-trained teachers at under-paid prices. School taxes are light and Ontario is prosperous; the cause of education should be held of sufficient importance to give its chief employees adequate remuneration. The granting of licenses or teaching-permits to partially equipped teachers, in order to meet the shortage, is a direct encouragement to these unprogressive communities and a policy which the Department will surely not endorse.

#### Life Insurance in Canada

LIFE insurance figures largely in modern financing, and next to systematic savings accounts, bears most closely upon family welfare. The remarkable increase of late years in this class of business shows that insurance has a place in the private economy of many thousands of Canadians, the total amount of policies in Canada being at present \$508,812,305. This is an increase of 500 per cent. in twenty-five years. A quarter of a century ago people were more or less suspicious of insurance companies, and some failures aggravated their disfavor in certain districts. But improvement of methods has kept pace with the increase of business, and the present insurance laws of Canada are safe. The principle of life insurance has always been of undoubted soundness.

A very pleasing feature of the insurance business as it now stands is that more than three-fifths of the total amount in force is held by Canadian companies. Of the balance about \$160,000,000 is in American companies and \$40,000,000 in British. Twenty-five years ago Canadian companies carried only \$28,650,000. Thus, while the annual figures show a steady increase in the aggregate business, they also testify distinctly to the enterprise of our home companies. A number of excellent American and British companies are doing business in this country, and are no doubt serving

a good purpose by affording healthy competition and the example of progressive methods, but it will be a matter of satisfaction to patriotic Canadians that an increasing amount of the people's insurance is "made in Canada."

#### A Way Out of Labor Troubles

WITH existing conditions and methods there seems to be no practicable way of escape from the oft-recurring disturbances of the labor situation. The strike is the accepted instrument of the labor element, and capital, jealous of its own rights, is powerless to prevent it. Resistance to the demands of the unions is sometimes successful, sometime quite futile; but the usual ending of the labor troubles is a compromise, with heavy losses meanwhile to both sides. However successful this resistance to the demands of unionism may be, it is impossible to deny the fact and the influence of unionism as a factor in the industrial world. Here is where many employers have made their great mistake; they have denied the right of existence to the trades unions, whereas if proper relations could be established between them, unionism could be made of great benefit to both. With some nine hundred unions now organized in Canada it is useless to deny their existence. The question becomes: how to reconcile the two parties.

A manufacturer who has had a large experience recently proposed what he believed would prove an effective means of establishing and maintaining good-will and harmonious relations between the employer and his employee. His suggestion was that a fair wage be paid the employee, and that in addition he should be given a percentage of the net profits of the business, based upon his scale of wages. The employee would thus have a direct interest in the welfare of the business, and it would be to his own advantage to put in as much work as possible, thereby increasing the earnings of the establishment. As strikes would interfere with business, and reduce those earnings, he would naturally cast his influence against them. In case of no profits he would still have his regular wages.



This method has been given actual test in a number of individual cases here and there. It has always been adopted voluntarily, and seems to work out very satisfactorily. A large manufacturing firm in Halifax gives its staff each year a share in its profits—a small share, but enough, it is worth noting, to have prevented any form of labor trouble on its premises since the plan was adopted. There would doubtless be considerable opposition at first to such a suggestion, but the chances are that it would prove the surest safeguard against strikes that has yet been proposed.

### A Protracted Parliament

SEVEN months is an unusually long session for the Parliament of Canada, and October is an unusual date for prorogation. The Parliament just closed established, in some respects, an unfortunate record. Important business was transacted, but there was far too much speaking for the work done. It is to be regretted that the habit of wordiness, everywhere an offence and a nuisance, has gained so strong a hold upon our politicians. One-half the time and one-half the talking would be sufficient if the pointless arguments and vain repetitions could be eliminated. Full discussion is desirable, but there has been this year too much delay and obstruction and too much talking. The members themselves suffer, for seven months' absence from their business is sure to interfere with their personal affairs.

The past session was marked especially by three measures: the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Bill, the Railway Commission Bill, and the Redistribution Bill, all of which elicited very heated discussion. They were, however, very important measures, and the first especially is of vital concern to the nation. The financial aspects of the Canadian Parliament nowadays reveal most clearly the development which is going steadily on from year to year. A great country produces great public questions.

### Expert Forestry For Our Cities

THE value and desirability of foliage trees as an ornament to any town or city is something that has not yet been fully

appreciated in this country. Trees are not only ornamental, but they have a still more useful function as purifiers of the atmosphere, and in a city where there are floating gases, shade trees are essential from a hygienic point of view. A hint might well be taken from the city of Washington, D.C., where there are 80,000 trees, cared for by a special city commission. Toronto and Montreal, both fairly well provided with foliage, have park commissions, but the care and planting of trees forms but a secondary part of their duties. There should be forestry experts, through whose services much could be done to improve the appearance of our thoroughfares.

Credit is due to the originators of local garden competitions in one or two Canadian cities. In Ottawa the initiative was taken by Lady Minto, and partly as a result of her interest a general agitation for civic beauty has arisen. A great deal can be done to give our Canadian cities a handsomer appearance by improving their green spots.

### The National Park at Banff

CANADA has the distinction of possessing the largest national park in the world. The reservations at Banff, in the Rocky Mountain country, comprise 6,700,000 acres, twice as large as the much-famed Yosemite Park in the United States. Within that area is some of the finest scenery in Canada, and the Government has done wisely in apportioning it for a great national pleasure-ground. There are at present one hundred miles of macadamized roads, which are being added to every year, and sufficient clearings are being made to render all the scenic points accessible. Of these one of the finest is the Takakaw Falls, which have a fall of 2,300 feet, and are fed by a glacier. There are also hot springs, in the vicinity of which a complete set of bathing-houses is being built.

One thousand acres are enclosed in which moose, deer, antelope, mountain goats, etc., run at large. There is a herd of thirty-six buffalo. All these animals are protected with jealous care.

The value of such a national park, maintained in its natural state, is inestimable. To the tourist, the naturalist, and the



student it will prove of increasing benefit, and in a few years' time it will have become one of the attractions of the continent. Fortunately the land-grabber has been forestalled, and the nation has the great Banff Park to its credit.

#### President Roosevelt on Labor

THE labor situation is undoubtedly more acute in the United States than in this country and affects a far greater number of people. In some of the largest cities the unions have played into the hands of unscrupulous agitators and the result has been that industrial "corners" have been made that reflect shamefully upon the working-man's moral status. Indeed, as a recent article in a leading magazine showed, the two opposite parties, labor and capital, have in Chicago made such an alliance against the public that certain lines of business are absolutely in the hands of a labor trust, imposing most tyrannical terms. When unionism descends to such a level as this, there can be no public sympathy with it, and its flagrant offensiveness must sooner or later be its own end.

Against unionism which seeks to do the least and get the most, President Roosevelt has pronounced with no uncertain sound. He, a short time ago, reinstated an official of the Government printing bureau who had been dismissed because he had offended the union, his offence being that he had insisted "that workmen in Government employ should do a reasonable amount of work for fair wages." The President declares that the Government will submit to no dictation. In a speech at Syracuse, he boldly emphasized such views as the following:

"In the long run neither the capitalist nor the wage-worker can be helped in healthy fashion save by helping the other; but also to require either side to obey the law and do its full duty toward the community is emphatically to that side's real interest. . . . The times of most suffering for our people as a whole, the times when business is stagnant, and capital suffers from shrinkage, and gets no

return from its investments, are exactly the times of hardship and want, and grim disaster among the poor. . . . The wage-worker is well off only when the rest of the country is well off, and he can best contribute to this general well-being by showing sanity and a firm purpose to do justice to others."

#### Affairs in England

THERE is nearly always an excitement of some kind in England, but not since the days of Gladstone and the Home Rule question have British politics been in so bad a mix-up as at present. The cause of this political crisis is Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy, which, being too drastic for Premier Balfour's acceptance, has created a serious cleavage in the ranks of the party. It was evident some months ago that the persistence of the Colonial Secretary in his protectionist theories would lead to either the conversion of the Premier or the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain. But it was too far a step for the Premier to take. The chances are still very good for the success in the country of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. His personal following is large, and the principles for which he stands are undoubtedly gaining in strength. Joseph Chamberlain is easily the man of the hour in England.

Another matter which has awakened much interest in Great Britain is the report of the Commission on the South African War. The facts revealed therein are not at all pleasing to the British temper. Lack of preparedness, mismanagement of army affairs at home, inadequate supply service, and official inaction are some of the shortcomings charged up to the War Department. And even now, although the war was a most costly one, its lessons and experiences are not being made use of as they should be; more thorough training of army corps is absolutely necessary. The Commission points out that the situation was saved for England by her ability to raise an immense volunteer force, and that Canada's part in the campaign was an eminently creditable one.



# THE FABLE OF THE FOOL AND THE WOMAN WHO DID NOT UNDERSTAND.

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste,  
And the work of our head and hand,  
Belong to the woman who did not know,  
(And now we know that she never could know)  
And did not understand.

KIPLING.

**T**HERE was once a Fool who loved  
The Woman Who Did Not Under-  
stand. I think the reason the  
Woman did not understand was that she did  
not care, but the Fool loved her very much.  
The Woman said that she loved the Fool:  
she also said that she admired men who  
"did things." The Woman said many  
things lightly, and because they sounded  
well; the Fool said very little, but went  
away and worked night and day striving  
constantly to "do things" that he might  
come to the Woman and say, "Look, I  
have done this, and I have done it for you."  
The Fool was only a fool about some things,  
so when he worked so hard and so earnestly  
he accomplished much. His friends who  
saw his work and who really thought a great  
deal of the Fool would tell him how good  
his work was, but the Fool scarcely heard  
them, although it pleased him to hear their  
praise. He would take his work and lay it  
before the Woman, and would tell her how  
it had all been done for her. If the Woman  
was pleased, the Fool was happy, but some-  
times the Woman was tired or cross when  
the Fool came with his work, then, as she  
did not understand, the work would not  
please her and the Fool would be very  
miserable.

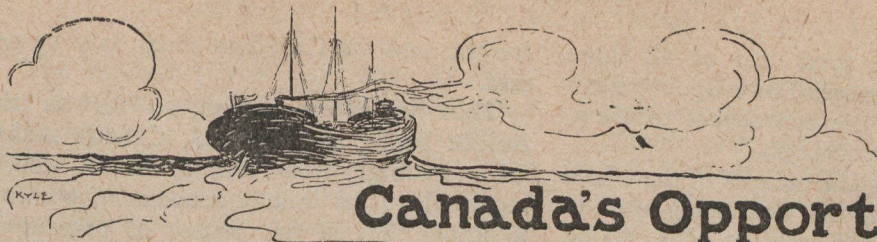
I think the Woman really meant to marry  
the Fool, but one day she met the Other  
Man, and as he was very rich, much richer  
than the Fool could hope to be, with all his  
work, and as the Woman loved pretty  
things and ease and admiration, she mar-  
ried the Other Man and sent the Fool an  
invitation to the wedding, which I don't  
think the Fool accepted.

After that the Fool really did not amount  
to much. His friends came to him and were  
very kind and very gentle with him. They  
told him to work on, for his work's sake,  
that it was good work, and would, they  
said, reward him in the end. The Fool only  
laughed bitterly, and said, that "the stuff  
didn't amount to much, anyway." Then  
one friend (I think it was a woman friend)  
told him that the woman was not worth  
worrying about, that she did not under-  
stand his work or his love, never had and  
never could. The friend told him how  
proud some women would have been of  
both, and how proud some woman would  
some day be, but the Fool only shuddered a  
little, for he saw that what she had said  
of the Woman was true. He thanked the  
friend, but said he was tired and wouldn't  
bother any more. You see he must have  
been a Fool from the beginning.

Moral—Don't be a fool; but if you can't  
help it, keep away from women; but if you  
are a fool you won't do this.

—JAS. P. HAVERSON.





# Canada's Opportunity on the Great Lakes.

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY



THE vast inheritance of Canada" is a phrase that has become so trite by incessant repetition as to have lost some of its significance among the very people who have not yet reached a full realization of what it connotes.

Yet the particulars of that inheritance are certainly most imposing, for they comprise the cod fisheries of the Atlantic Coast, and the salmon fisheries of the Pacific; the illimitable forests of the eastern provinces, and the inexhaustible ore deposits of the western; the uncounted acres of the finest wheat lands of the world, and the fathomless coal areas of Nova Scotia and British Columbia; and finally an undivided half-share in the greatest inland water-way on the globe, which must ever be the channel of a stupendous and constantly increasing commerce.

It is the last item in this splendid schedule that we now purpose to consider all too briefly.

Of the five great lakes, Canada holds joint ownership with the United States in Superior, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, Michigan alone being wholly in the Republic's territory. Upon the shores of these lakes, and their outlet through the St. Lawrence to the ocean stand her three chief cities, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto; not to mention Kingston, Hamilton, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Fort William. Through her administration of this part of her inheritance, more than any other, perhaps, is the proper destiny of the Dominion to be achieved.

There is but one way of clearly conveying the idea of magnitude, and that is

through the medium of figures. Let us, therefore, in order to get some conception of the gigantic commerce of the Great Lakes, have recourse to the statistics that are available.

Without attempting to take any account of the purely local traffic which does not pass through the canals of the "Soo," we will confine ourselves to the records of these canals including both Canadian and American.

These canals have a history of their own that is full of interest. They are rendered necessary by the turbulent St. Mary's Rapids, which have a fall of twenty feet. To Canada belongs the honor of building the first lock. This was done by the Hudson Bay Fur Company in 1798. It was a tiny affair with a lift of only nine feet, adapted simply to batteaux and canoes, and was destroyed by the United States troops in 1814, save for the foundation, which is still carefully preserved.

The next locks were built on the United States side in 1855, and these were enlarged in 1881, and again in 1896 at enormous cost, until now there are two magnificent locks, one of which, the Poe, is the largest in the world, being 800 feet in length by 100 in breadth. The Canadian Canal, whose lock is the longest in the world, viz., 900 feet, was completed in 1895, with a width of 60 feet.

The Canadian and the Poe locks each have a depth of twenty-two feet on the meter-sills, and the other United States lock has seventeen feet. Hydraulic power is used for operating the United States locks, and electricity generated by water-power for the Canadian.



The approximate total cost of all three together, with the expenditure upon widening and deepening the approaches to them, has been about \$15,000,000.

Hastily surveying the records of the whole series of locks one cannot help being amazed at the enormous growth of the traffic through them.

Going back to 1855, we find that there were 193 passages of vessels under sail and steam through the locks, the freight they carried totalling the mere trifle of 14,503 tons. Thenceforward the development proceeded as follows:

Year	Passages	Total, tons, freight.
1865	997	181,638
1875	2,083	835,465
1885	5,380	1,321,000
1895	17,956	15,062,146
1902	22,659	35,961,146

It may be added that the figures for 1903 will certainly show no falling off in the rate of increase.

With the vast traffic thus simply indicated, not even that passing through the famous Suez Canal can be compared. It has no parallel in human history.

Of this total of nearly 36,000,000 tons, five-sixths passed downward, being from Lake Superior ports, and only one-sixth passed upward to Lake Superior. The value of the whole was estimated at \$358,306,300.

Now what was Canada's share in it all? We will consider it from different points of view.

First in regard to the number of vessels. The whole business was done by 656 steamers and 279 sailing craft, and of these Canada owned only 67 and 17 respectively, the remainder belonging to the United States.

The total tonnage of the 84 Canadian vessels was but 51,000, and of the 851 owned by her neighbor 1,140,000. The freight carried was divided between them in the ratio of 1 to 34.

Turning now to the business done by the canals on the opposite side of the St. Mary's Rapids, it appears that the United States canal passed 87 per cent. of the total

freight, and the Canadian canal only 13 per cent.

Thus in every regard, so far as the freight traffic is concerned, Canada makes an exceedingly poor second, and it accordingly affords at least a soupcon of comfort to know that in the matter of passengers carried she has very much the best of it. During the year 1902, Canadian vessels carried 72 per cent. of the total passengers, and of these 62 per cent. passed through the Canadian canal.

Now, seeing that the Canadian waterfront on the Great Lakes is almost equal to that of the United States, the disparity between the volume of freight traffic respectively transacted is so great that at first blush the Dominion would seem to stand convicted of shameful indifference to a great interest.

That she has not by any means lived up to her opportunity, we verily believe. At the same time there are certain features of this vast traffic which must be taken into account, and may be pleaded in her behalf.

Out of the total of 36,000,000 tons of freight passing through the canals, more than 30,000,000 were east-bound, and of these the chief items were iron ore, grain, and lumber, billed from one United States port to another, and therefore not to be carried in Canadian bottoms. Thus there were 21,800,000 tons of iron ore, 60,000,000 bushels of wheat and other grain, and 1,028,848 M. ft. B.M. of lumber.

In the item of grain and wheat alone do the Canadian totals stand comparison, it being 34,000,000 bushels as against 60,000,000, which is not at all discreditable.

In the west-bound freight, the largest factor is coal whereof the United States practically have the monopoly. Nearly five million tons in all were carried, of which the Canadian share was a little over half a million tons.

The coal is for the most part taken by the ore vessels as return cargo, but to such perfection have the facilities for loading and unloading the ore been brought that many vessels now will not delay to fill up with coal, preferring to work in more trips with ore by making as rapid a return as possible.



The impossibility of Canadians obtaining any considerable share of the traffic must be accepted. Inspired by its wonderful growth, their neighbors have applied their characteristic ingenuity and enterprise to the problem not only of carrying the largest cargoes at the smallest cost, but of handling them with the utmost economy of time and labor.

The sight presented at the great locks of the "Soo" in the height of the shipping season is certainly an impressive one. From the insignificant, snorting, panting, grimy, little tug to the snow-white floating passenger palace a procession bewildering in variety passes up or down ceaselessly.

Oddest and ugliest of all craft is the well-known "whale-back," or "pig," invented by Captain McDougall some years ago, which, it was asserted, was to revolutionize the water carriage of heavy freight. But it has not realized expectations. In one way and another it has been found unsatisfactory, and no new ones have been built for the last eight years, although many are still in use.

They have, however, served a good purpose in giving the idea for the present long, low freighter, whose deck is simply a series of huge hatches, the number ranging from ten to twenty. These offer more comfortable and commodious quarters for their crew, and are altogether better boats. They are steadily growing in size and carrying capacity, and have now reached dimensions of 500 feet length, and 53 feet beam, with a tonnage exceeding 8,000.

What these steamers can accomplish in a single season may be judged from the fact that one of the Pittsburgh Steamship Co.'s steamers carried 8,441 tons at once, while her barge, *John Smeaton*, held 8,485 tons, and their steamer, *William Edenborn*, transported no less than 185,270 tons during 1902.

It will be remembered that the traffic returns for 1902 gave Canada the bulk of the passenger business, which may seem somewhat strange in view of the condition of the freight business. There are several reasons for the difference.

In the first place, barring those two

splendid snow-white palaces afloat, the *Northland* and *North-West*, Jim Hill's unprofitable pets, which speed so swiftly between Buffalo, Chicago and Duluth, and which only plutocrats can afford to patronize, the Canadian passenger boats are by far the best. The *Huronic* of the North-West Transportation Company—the outcome of the famous Beatty line—is a superb steamer, as luxurious as an ocean greyhound, and her companion vessels, the *Monarch* and the *United Empire*, although not on so handsome a scale, are thoroughly comfortable. They make the round trip from Sarnia to Duluth *via* the Soo, Port Arthur, and Fort William, three times every week, and undoubtedly afford the finest fresh water voyage in the world.

Other steamers of the same line make the tour of the ports on the Georgian Bay, and carry a very large number of passengers every season.

Second in size and equipment only to the *Huronic*, are the steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the *Manitoba*, *Alberta*, and *Athabasca*, which ply between Owen Sound and Fort William. They are built on the lines of ocean-going craft, and are replete with every convenience.

During the fine summer weather the majority of the first-class passengers going to or from the North-West take these steamers in preference to the long dreary ride around the north shore of Lake Superior, and their patronage is consequently heavy and well-sustained.

Finally, in regard to beauty and sublimity, the Canadian shores have well the best of it, and those who travel in quest of the picturesque are in no danger of being disappointed. Hence Canada gets the great bulk of the passenger traffic, and will continue to do so, especially as the owners of the *Huronic* are already planning for a sister ship, and other good vessels are in contemplation.

Returning now to the freight question, let us ask ourselves what promise there is of the Dominion being a more important factor in it.

In the first place, so far as the traffic of the North-West on both sides of the forty-



ninth parallel is concerned, Canada undoubtedly has the best of the situation geographically. Lake Superior is the natural outlet of the West, and the key of the St. Lawrence route. Since the rapid increase of settlement throughout the West, Duluth has been growing at the expense of Chicago. Her wheat receipts in 1901 were 18,000,000 bushels, and in 1902 were 41,000,000, while Chicago received 43,000,000 bushels in 1901, and only 38,000,000 in 1902. According to Mr. J. J. Hill, the output of the greatest shipping cities on the globe during the year 1901 was Duluth, 17,000,000 tons; London, 16,000,000; New York, 14,000,000; Chicago, the same; and Liverpool, 12,000,000.

Yet Canada can offer a shorter route from Duluth than can be obtained through United States' territory as the following shows:

Duluth to Depot Harbor on Georgian Bay, 644 miles	
Depot Harbor to Montreal by rail.....	379 "
	<hr/>
	1,023 "
Duluth to Buffalo via lake .....	997 "
Buffalo to New York via rail .....	440 "
	<hr/>
	1,437 "
Difference in favor of Montreal.....	414 "

Again, the distance from Port Arthur to Depot Harbor or Midland is 510 miles, that is 130 miles shorter than from Duluth, and adding this to the 414 we have a difference of 544 miles in favor of Montreal as against New York, while there is a further advantage of 284 miles in the ocean passage to Liverpool, making a total of 828 miles shorter haul between Port Arthur and Liverpool than from Duluth to Liverpool.

Now not only does money talk in business, but distance talks too. Every hundred miles of transportation saved by a route is a powerful argument in favor of that route, and in this case nature is decidedly on the side of Canada.

Not only from Duluth, but from Chicago, Milwaukee, and other great shipping ports the distance to Canadian ports, to the port of Montreal, is shorter than to Buffalo and New York. Besides Depot Harbor, which

is practically the creation of the Canada Atlantic Railway System, there are other equally good harbors on the Georgian Bay, which may be made effective for the grain traffic, such as Collingwood, Owen Sound, and Meaford, as well as Goderich on Lake Huron.

A large quantity of grain is already passing through these ports, but nothing to what it would be if they were equipped as their rivals in the United States are with every modern appliance for handling the traffic, and it is useless to expect that it will reach the proportions it should until this equipment is effected.

Fort William and Port Arthur are the natural and necessary outlets of our North-West domain. The one is the lake terminus of the Canadian Pacific System, and the other of the Canadian Northern. It is imperatively necessary that a large expenditure should be made by the Federal Government upon both these harbors in order to put them in a proper condition to handle the trade they can then command.

The Mission River should be considerably widened and deepened, because the ice accumulates just at the entrance to Port Arthur, and by thus improving the river two or three weeks' additional navigation in the autumn might be gained, which would mean a great deal.

Coming down the lakes, the waters should be carefully surveyed, and testing machines, such as are in use on the St. Lawrence, should be introduced, so that the depth of water may always be accurately known.

Proceeding eastward, much should be done to improve such ports as Depot Harbor, Collingwood, Owen Sound, and Goderich, which, if properly equipped, might all become factors in the transportation problem.

Then at Port Colborne, it is immediately necessary that provision should be made for a harbor wherein the largest vessels engaged in the carrying trade could load and unload. This means not only a breakwater on the south side as well as on the north, but elevator and warehouse accommodation on an extensive scale. At Buffalo there are twenty-



two elevators, and a good and safe harbor. At Port Colborne practically nothing. This disparity must be removed.

The distance between Port Colborne and Montreal is 367 miles whereof 63 are canals, and the rest lake waters. Every mile of this should be thoroughly overhauled, the channels made wider and deeper, the lights multiplied, and every facility afforded for rapid and safe passage.

At Montreal we reach the strategic point of the whole system. It is the centre to which not only the traffic from the lakes, but that from the ocean, converges. Upon Montreal and the St. Lawrence route, whether or not Canada shall realize, her opportunity depends, and the secret of the whole thing lies in this—that *Montreal should as far as possible be made a free port*. As the canals are free, let this national port also be free and then we will be able to compete successfully with our rivals on the south side of the great river.

To properly equip Montreal means an expenditure of many millions of dollars, but there should be no haggling about it. The wharves must be extended, the warehouses increased, the elevators added to. The Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, and Canada Atlantic Railways complain that they cannot direct trade to Montreal because of the lack of necessary accommodation, and they are in the right when they say so.

Yet despite all these drawbacks the trade of Montreal last year reached the enormous total of \$191,000,000, nearly one-half that of the whole country! What, then, would it be if proper facilities were afforded?

Finally, the St. Lawrence channel must be deepened to at least thirty feet, and widened to 450 feet, and elevators provided at Three Rivers, Quebec, and Levis. With all this done, the control of Canada of the traffic to and from the North-West will be ensured beyond all peradventure.

That this is no empty boast, the recent trend of affairs clearly shows. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia have awakened to the fact that they are in danger of losing their grain traffic to Montreal. Last year over seven million bushels of grain went from Duluth through Canadian channels,

and fourteen million bushels of Chicago grain. In all, about 20 per cent. of the grain crop of the United States shipped by water from Duluth and Chicago passed through Canadian ports.

The grain exports from Canadian sea-ports totalled 24,000,000 bushels, whereof Montreal got 20,000,000, and Quebec and St. John the remainder, while 22,000,000 bushels of Canadian grain found its way to New York, Boston, Portland, and Philadelphia. Canadian grain last year supplied over 21 per cent. of New York grain exports, 40 per cent. of Boston, and 65 per cent. of Philadelphia.

The gain accomplished by Canada in 1903 is conclusive as to what the future holds out. During the first seven months over 9,000,000 bushels of wheat and 4,000,000 of corn have passed through Montreal, as against over 1,000,000 of wheat and 4,000,000 of corn through Boston. The grain shipments through Boston show a decline of 60 per cent., and through New York of 29 per cent. Grain can be shipped from Chicago to Montreal for export to Liverpool three cents a bushel cheaper than it can be routed by part lake part rail through Boston.

This is mainly due to the action of the Government in making Canadian canals free, and if steps be taken towards making Montreal free also, the gain will be vastly greater.

But, of course, there must be an increase in the number and size of Canadian vessels if the trade is to be controlled. At present the available vessels have an aggregate capacity of over 4,000,000 bushels, and, allowing each vessel to make ten trips a season, it follows that they could deliver at Depot Harbor, Midland, Collingwood, Meaford, Owen Sound, Goderich, and Sarnia, about 40,000,000 bushels during the season of navigation.

That this capacity is inadequate, therefore, needs no argument, and it is encouraging to note that Canadian vessels of large carrying capacity are increasing in number. Prior to 1900, the grain freighters ran from only 20,000 to 80,000 bushels each. The



fleet now includes one barge of 210,000, two steamers of 200,000 each, two of 120,000, and several of 100,000.

Over against these, however, place the two giant steamers which Mr. A. B. Wolvin, of Duluth, has commissioned the American Shipbuilding Co., of Cleveland, to build for him. They are to be 550 feet in length over all, 57 feet beam, and 31 feet deep, and to have a carrying capacity exceeding 10,000 tons!

Such, then, in brief, is the problem before us. The freight traffic with the North-West must increase by leaps and bounds as the years advance. Unless our people are alive to their opportunities, and make this traffic their own it will be appropriated by the

United States. There is no time for a halting, cheese-paring, parsimonious policy on the part of either government or people. Money must be expended freely on public works, and in private enterprises. Ports must be dredged, channels enlarged, buoyed, and lighted, breakwaters built, elevators constructed, and warehouses provided. The Trent Valley canal must be carried to a completion, and the Georgian Bay canal pressed forward. Steamers and barges of large capacity must be multiplied, the tolls upon them reduced to a minimum. Then will Canada really take possession of her heritage, and go farther towards realizing her high destiny than may be possible by any other course.

## A GREAT ENGINEERING ENTERPRISE

THE Trent Valley Waterway is a system of natural rivers and lakes, connected by canals, by which connection will be made between Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario. By this new route it is claimed that western produce can be transported to the St. Lawrence at a saving of 250 miles over the present lake route. In the total distance of 200 miles, *via* the Kawartha lakes, some twenty miles are canals, with a total drop of 600 feet from the highest point to the level of Lake Ontario. The greatest single drop is sixty-six feet, at Peterboro, which has been overcome by the construction of the largest canal locks of their kind in the world. These locks consist of two water-tight steel boxes, or pontoons, in which vessels will be raised or lowered by hydraulic power from one reach to the other. The pontoons are 150 feet long, eight feet deep and thirty-eight feet wide, and the pistons on which they are supported are five feet in diameter, of seven-inch steel. Only two minutes is required for the raising or lowering of one of these pontoons, and as they work independently or together, one vessel may go up while another goes down. In the masonry 25,000 cubic yards of cement were used. The side towers are 114 feet high, and a public driveway passes through the main structure. The pumps and other

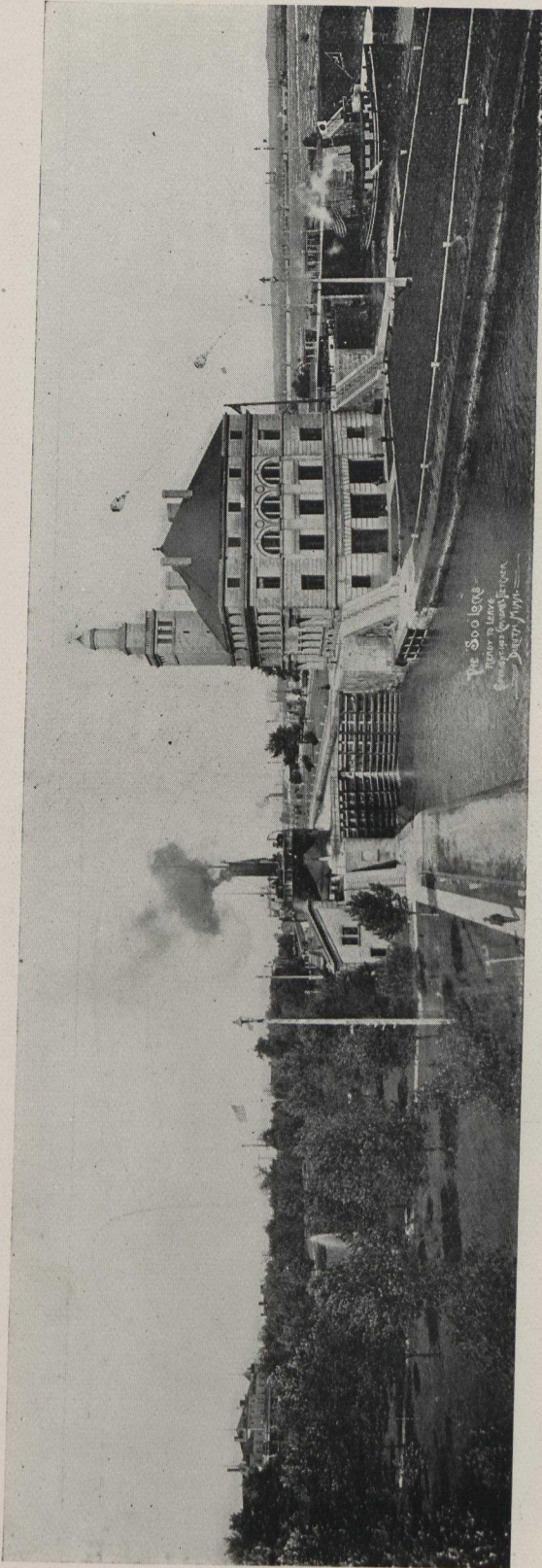
machinery by which the locks are operated are in a series of chambers between the driveway and towers.

There is only one other such lock in the world, and that a much smaller one, in Germany. The Canadian lock has been made after similar plans, but considerably improved. Canadian engineers and contractors are responsible for its successful working, and have used Canadian material in its construction. Its cost was \$1,000,000. Editorial mention has already been made of the Trent Valley scheme, but the pictures accompanying this show more plainly the immense proportions of the Peterboro canal.

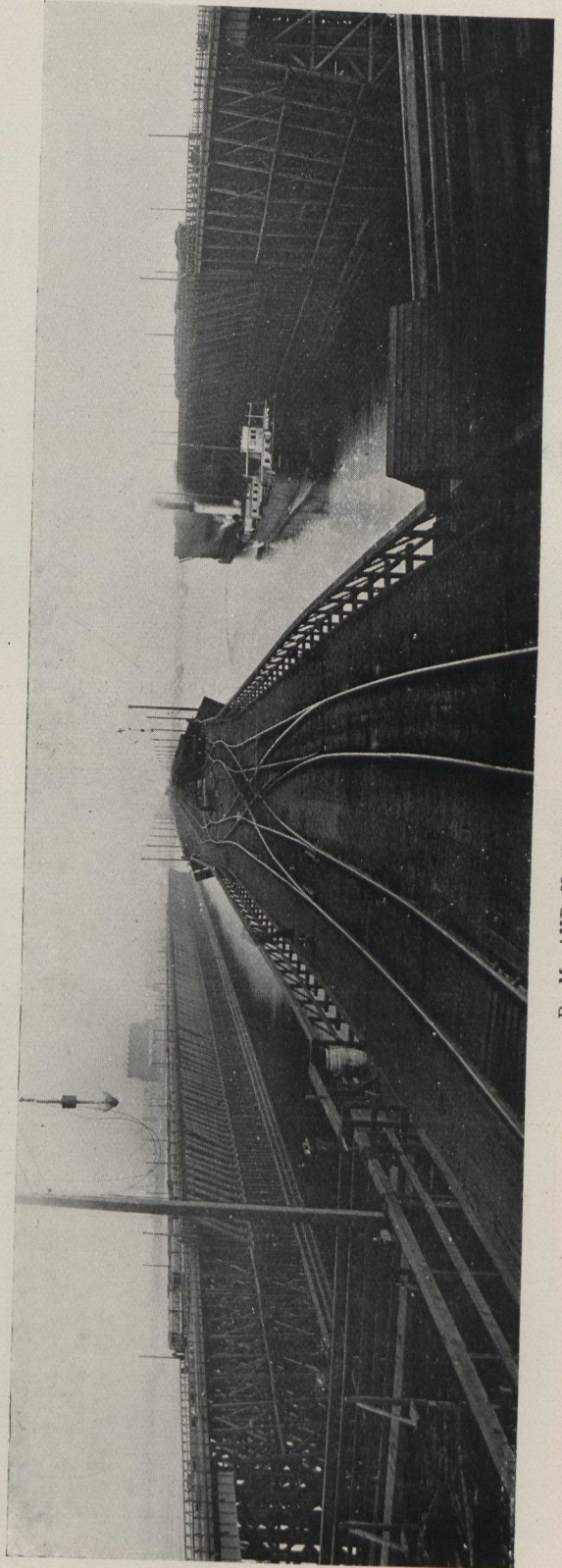
The Ontario Power Company will have its intake near the Dufferin Islands, the water being led through pipes to the powerhouse below the Falls. The trench for these pipes, as illustrated, passes behind the premises of the other company.

An examination of these pictures, in conjunction with the very full description of the works in our August number, will give readers of the NATIONAL MONTHLY an intelligent idea of the immense project by which Niagara power is to be sent all over south-western Ontario. As an engineering enterprise it is one of the greatest in the world.



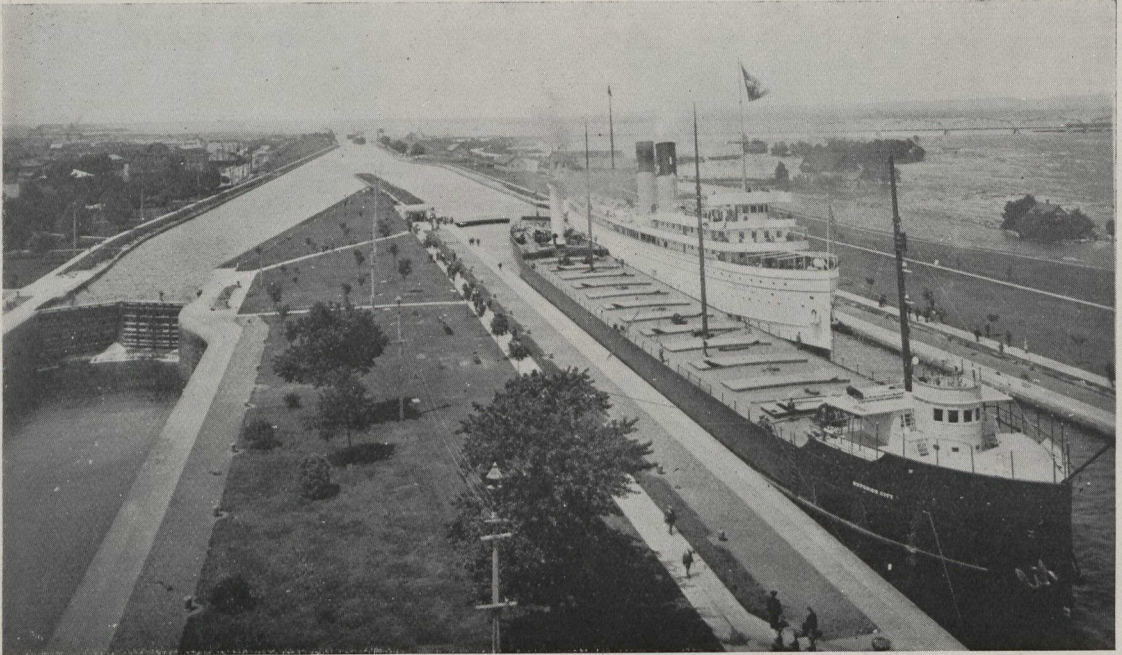


THE "SOO" LOCKS—READY TO LEAVE

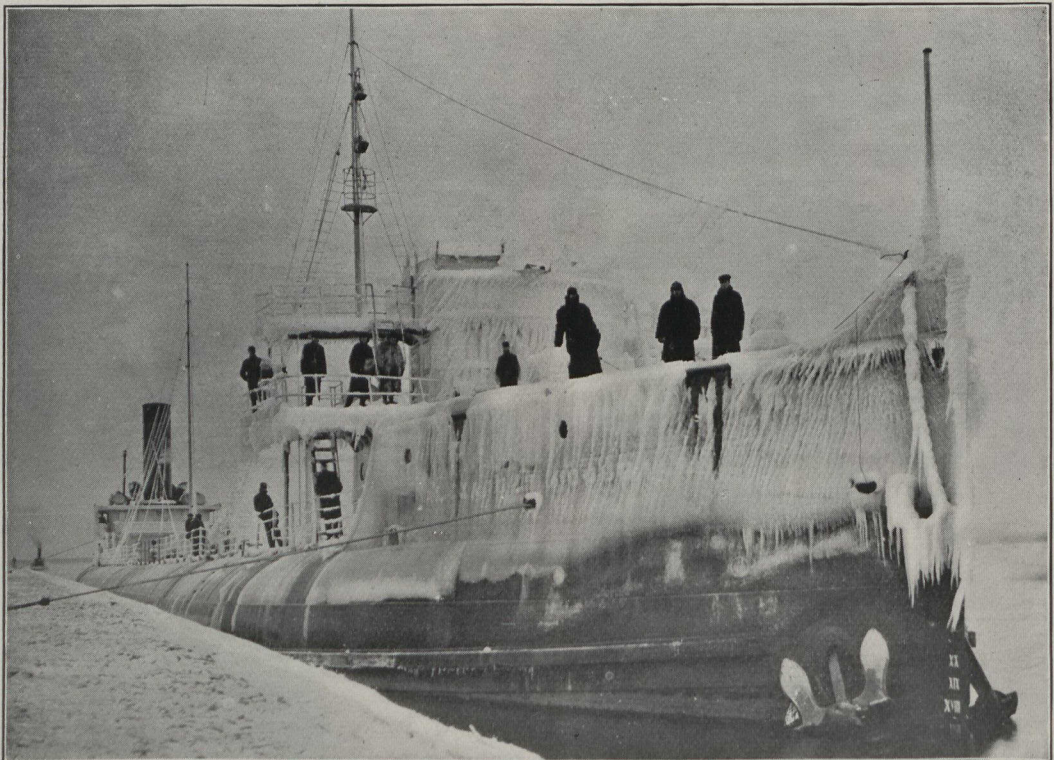


D. M. AND N. DOCK—SAULT STE. MARIE





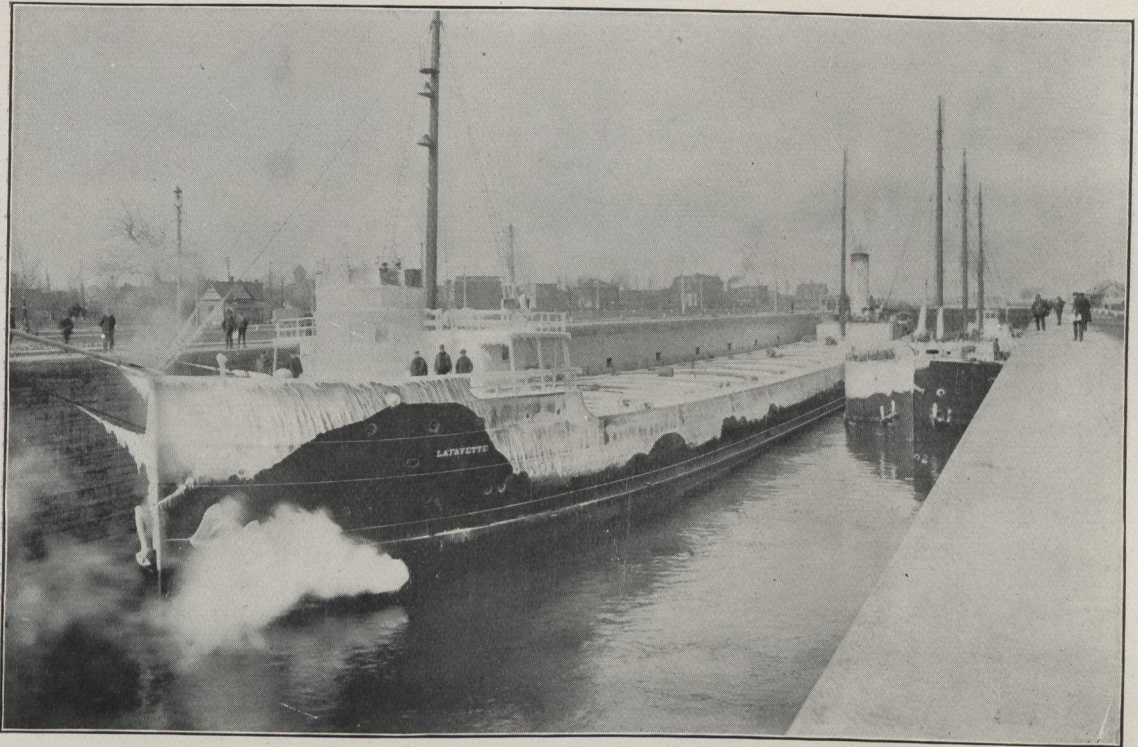
THE POE AND WEITZEL LOCKS—U.S. SIDE SAULT STE. MARIE



THE LAST TRIP OF THE SEASON

This is Red Seal Coated Paper made by Ritchie & Ramsay, Toronto



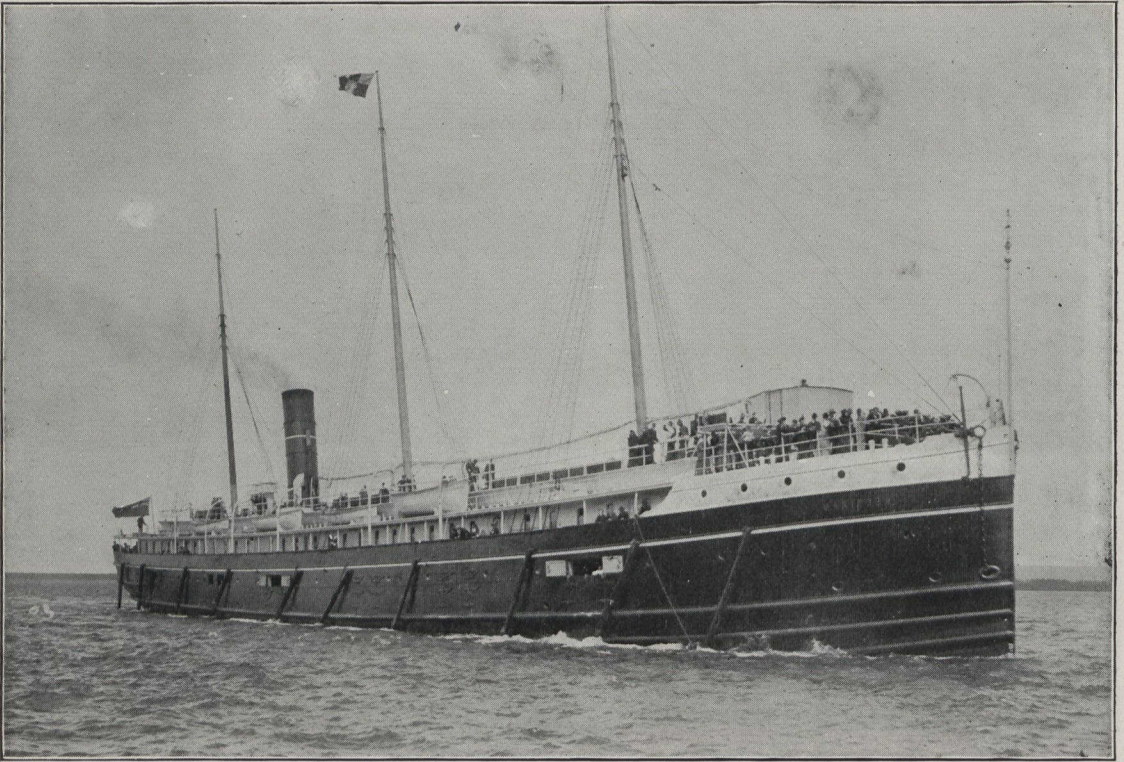


UNITED STATES FREIGHTER—NEW STYLE

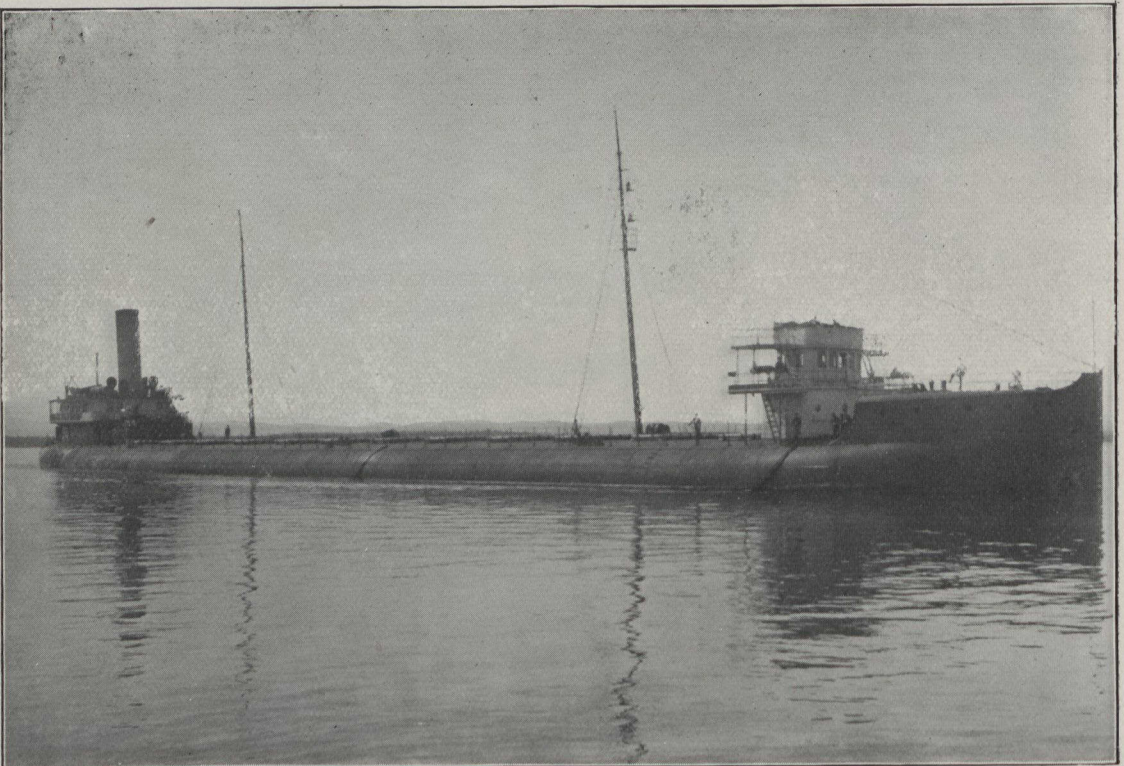


SS. "MONARCH"—NORTH-WEST TRANSPORTATION CO., CANADA



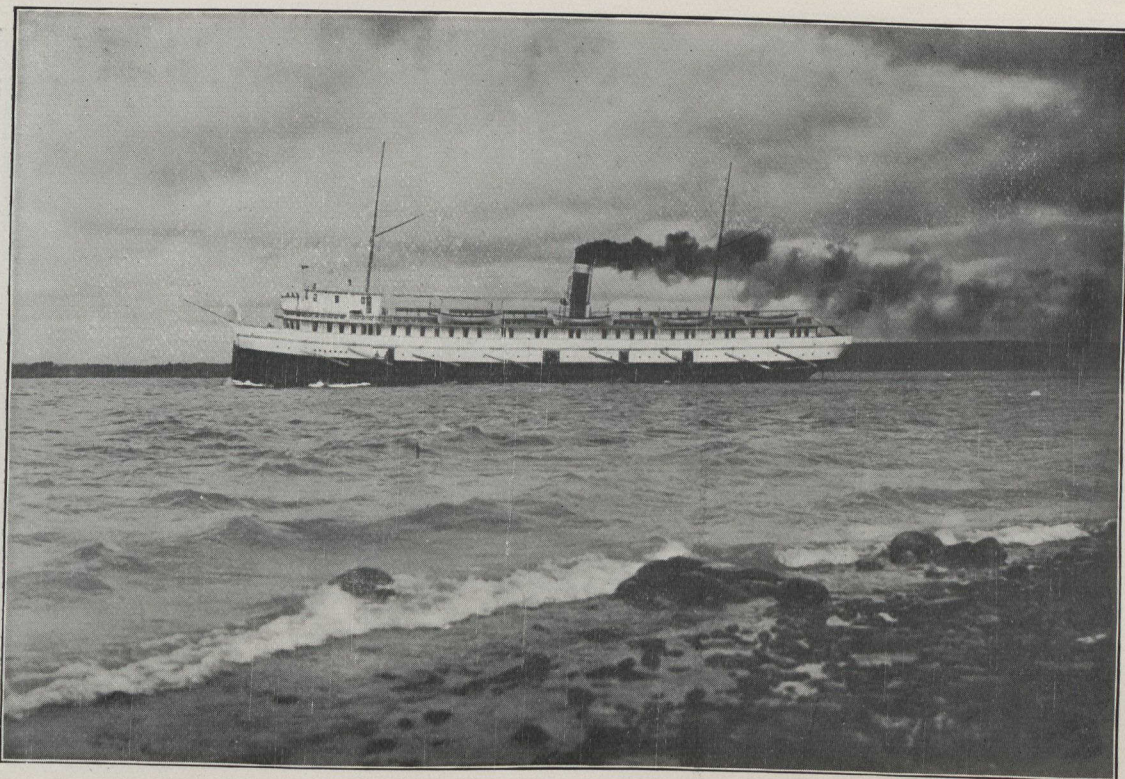


THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.'S "MANITOBA"

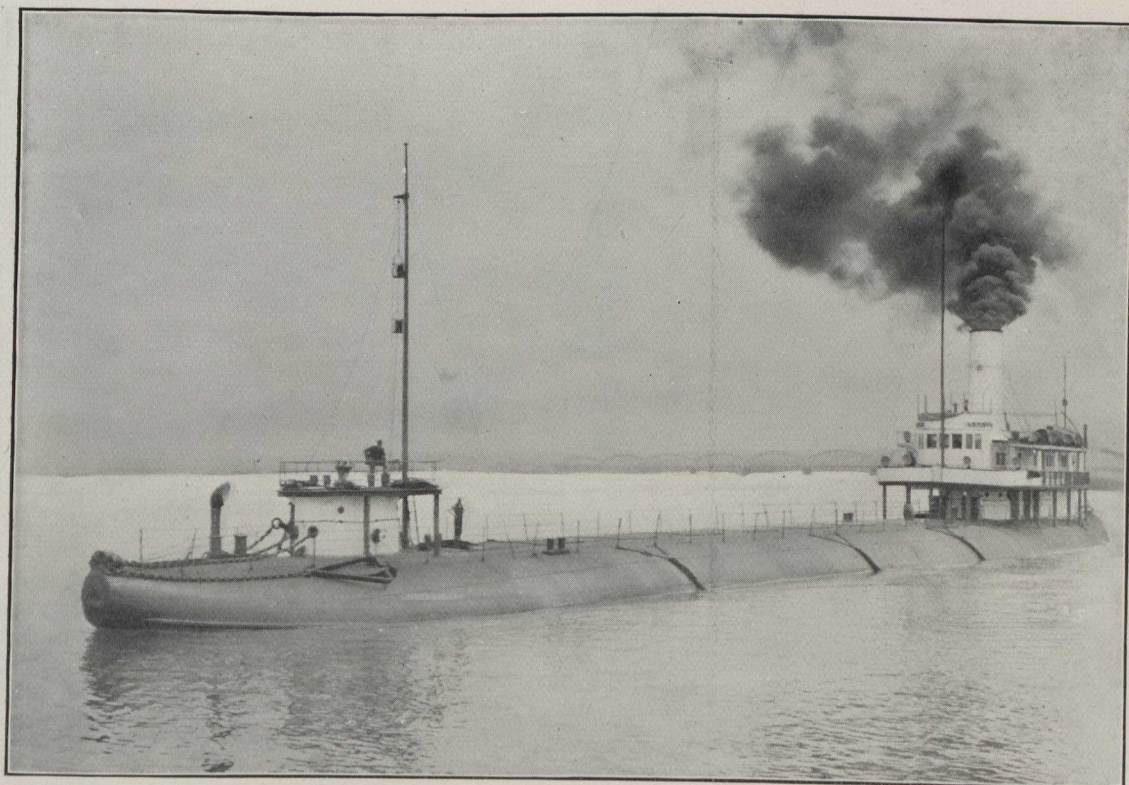


MODIFIED WHALE-BACK



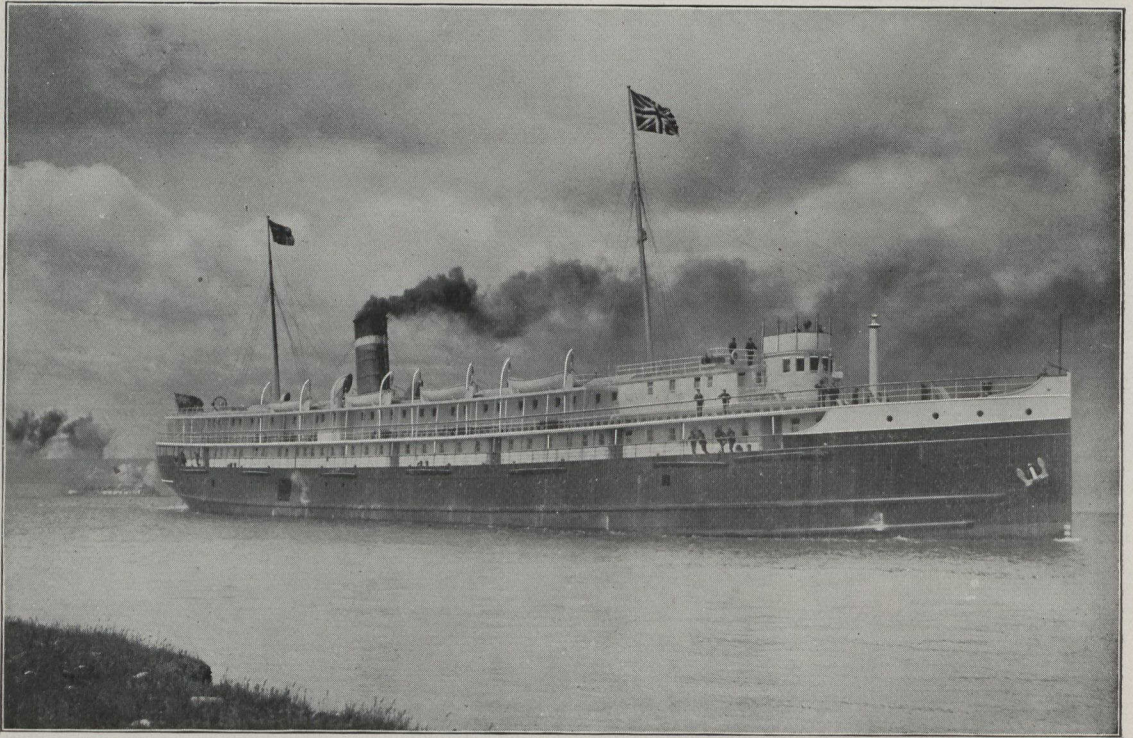


CANADIAN SS "MAJESTIC"

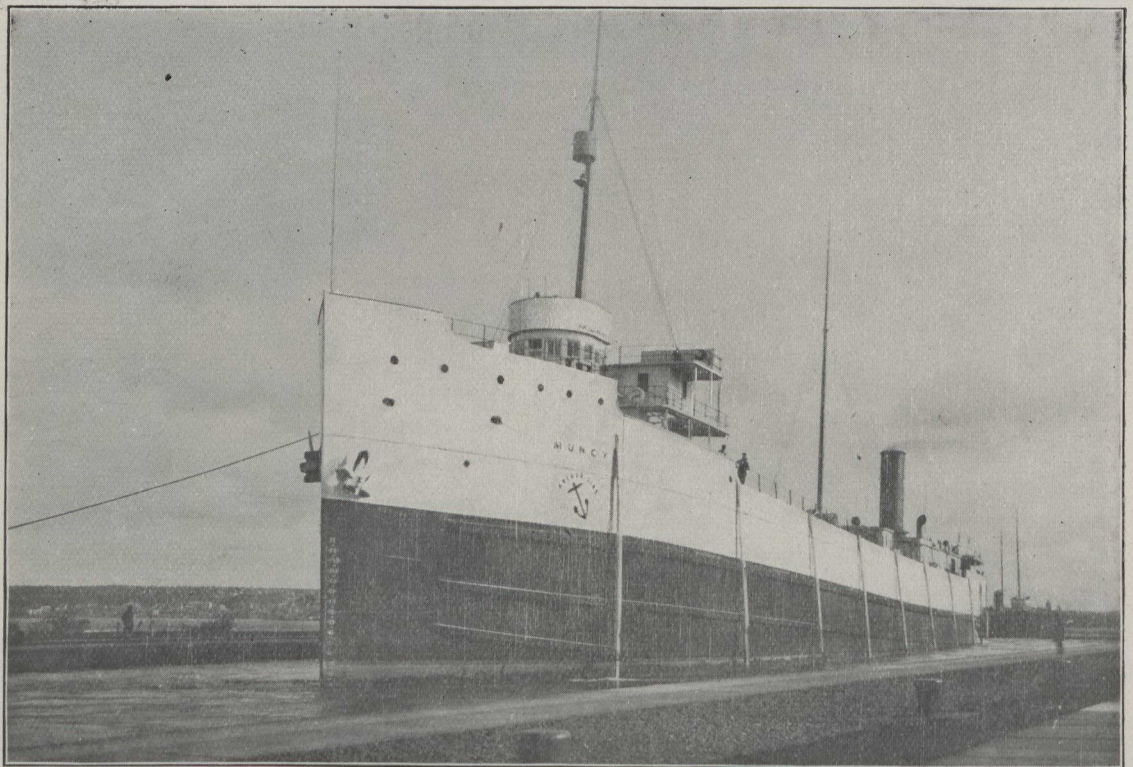


THE WHALE-BACK OR "PIG"



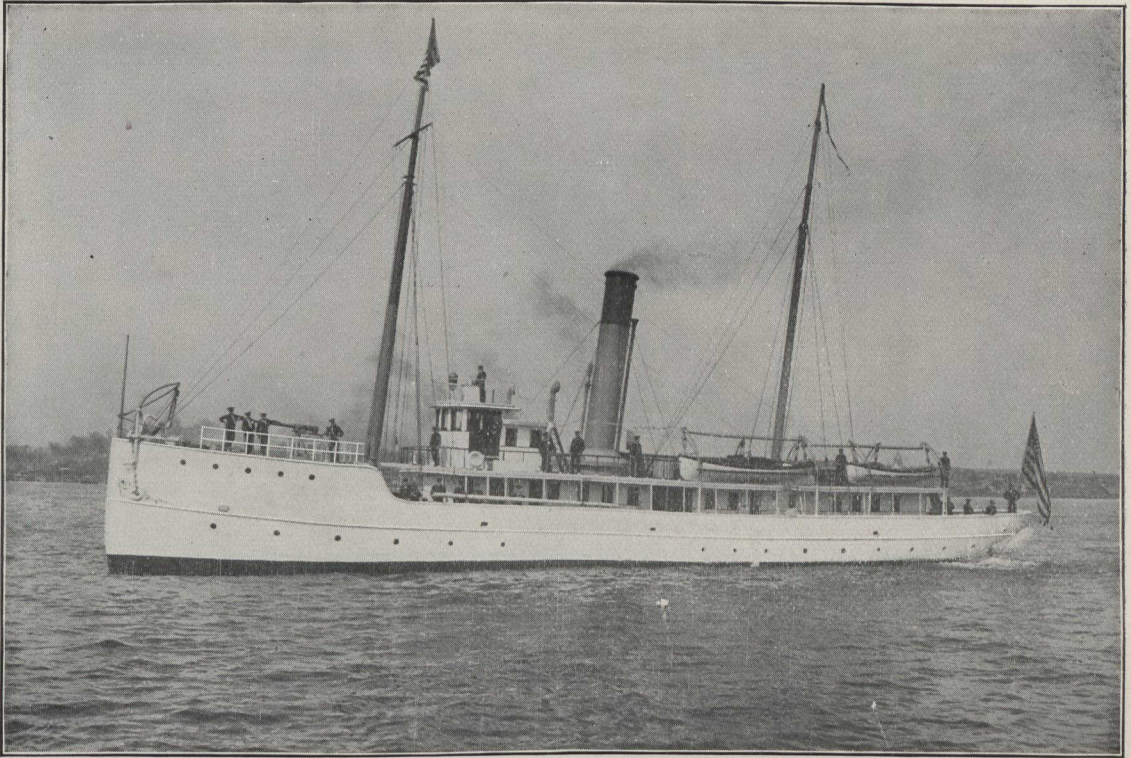


SS "HURONIC"—NORTH-WEST TRANSPORTATION CO. OF SARNIA

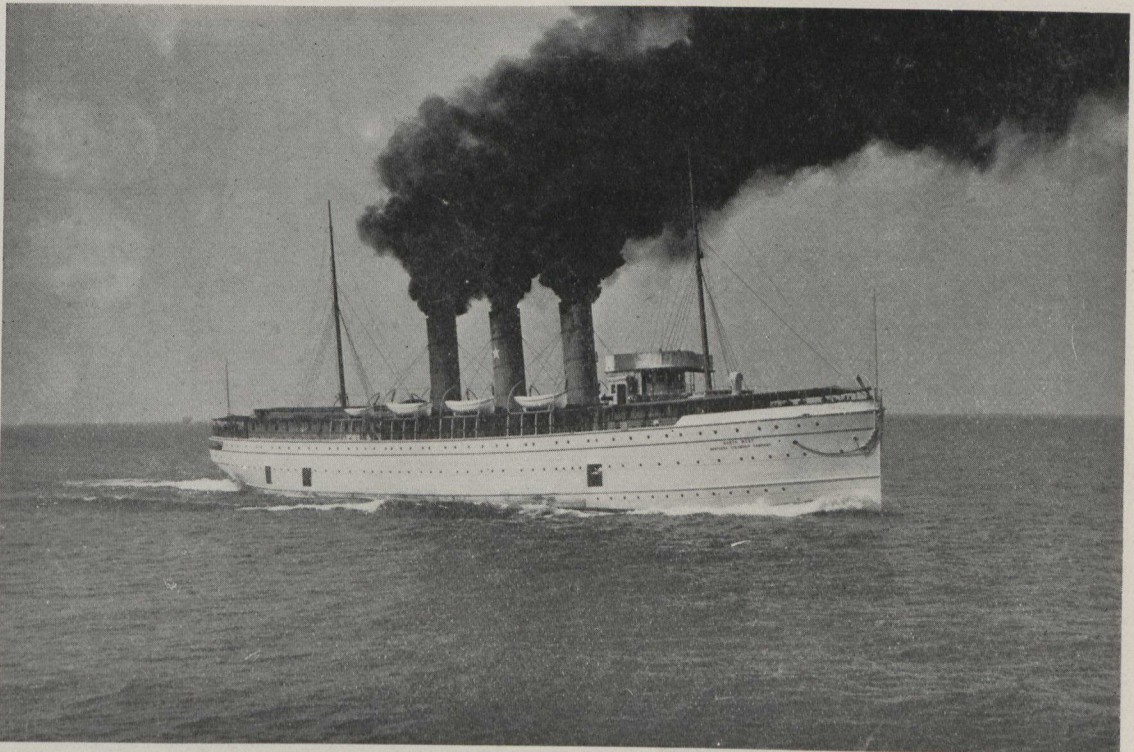


IMPROVED TYPE OF FREIGHTER





U. S. REVENUE CUTTER REGULATING TRAFFIC

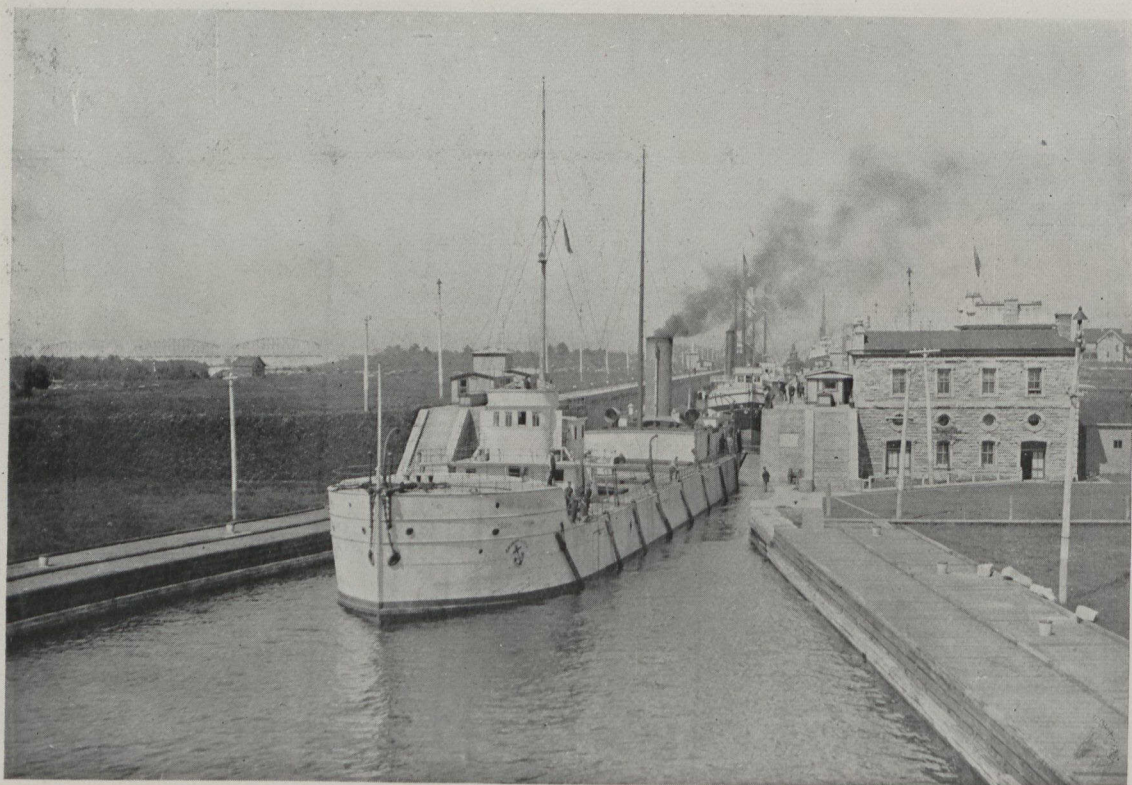


THE "NORTH WEST"—A J. J. HILL STEAMER





AWAITING THE OPENING OF NAVIGATION—SAULT STE. MARIE



THE CANADIAN LOCK—EASTERN ENTRANCE—SAULT STE. MARIE



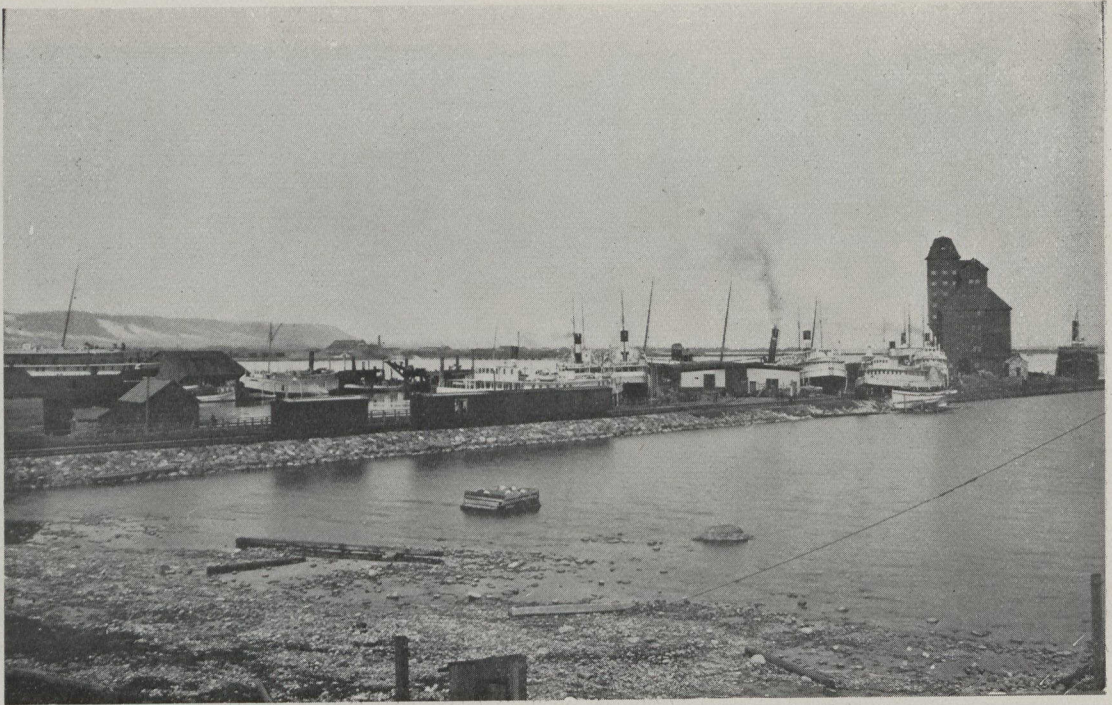


THE CANADIAN LOCK ON A BUSY DAY—SAULT STE. MARIE

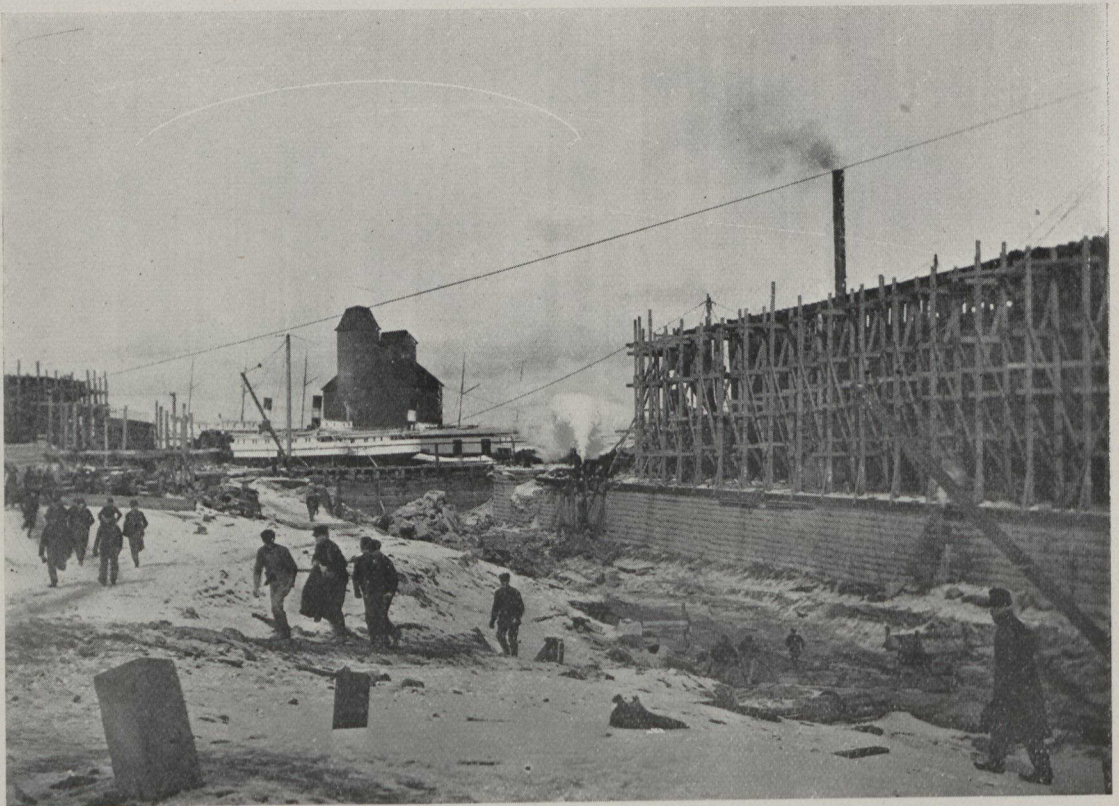


INDIANS "SHOOTING" THE SAULT STE. MARIE RAPIDS





GENERAL VIEW OF HARBOR—COLLINGWOOD

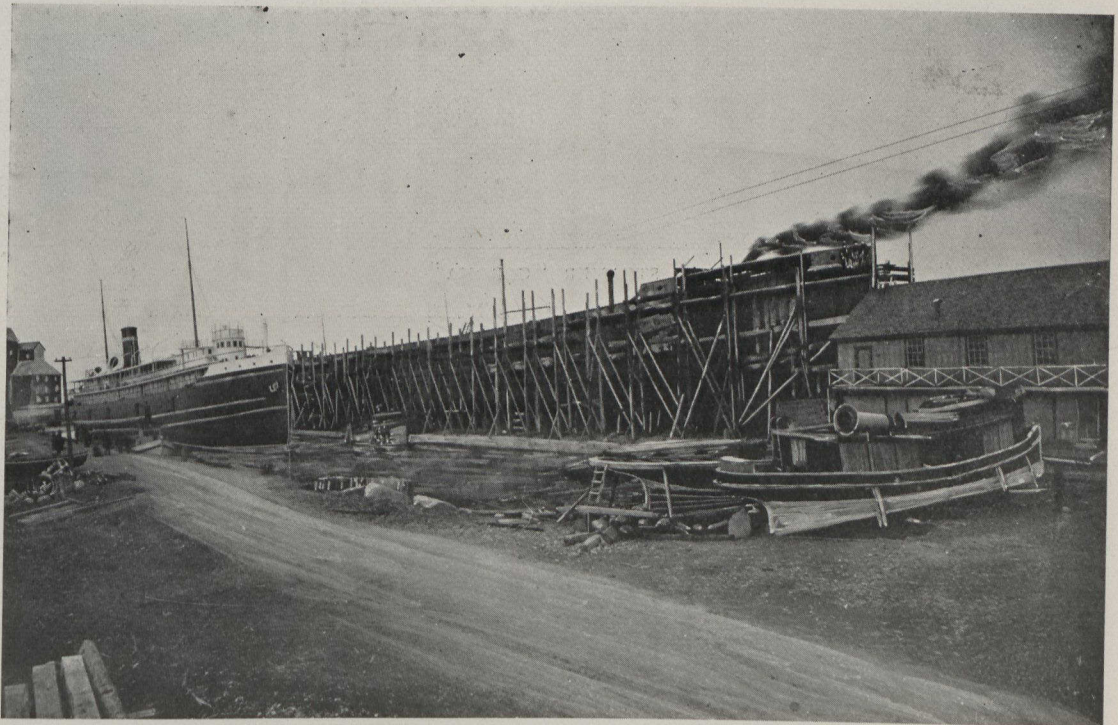


VIEW OF DRY DOCK—COLLINGWOOD



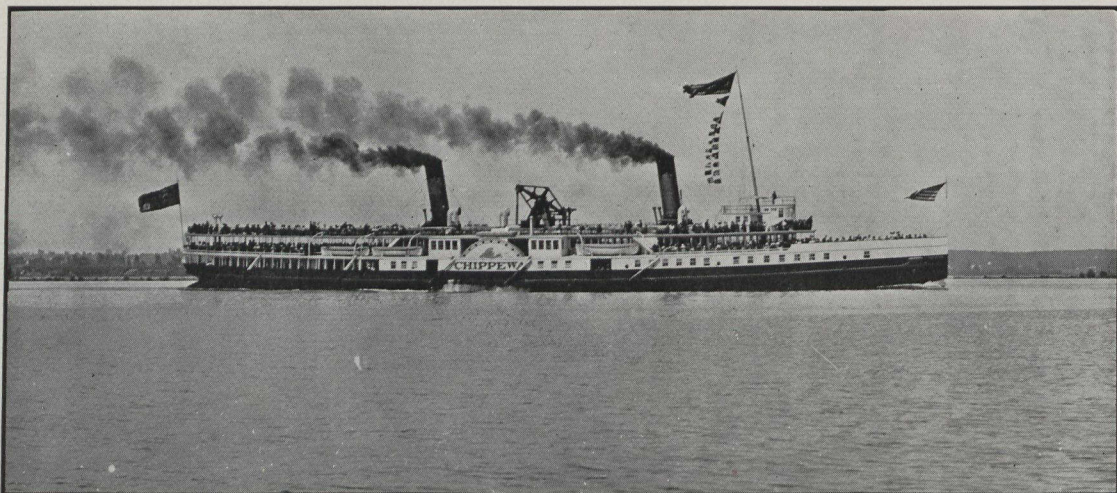


GENERAL VIEW OF TOWN LOOKING SOUTH—COLLINGWOOD



VIEW OF SHIPYARD—COLLINGWOOD

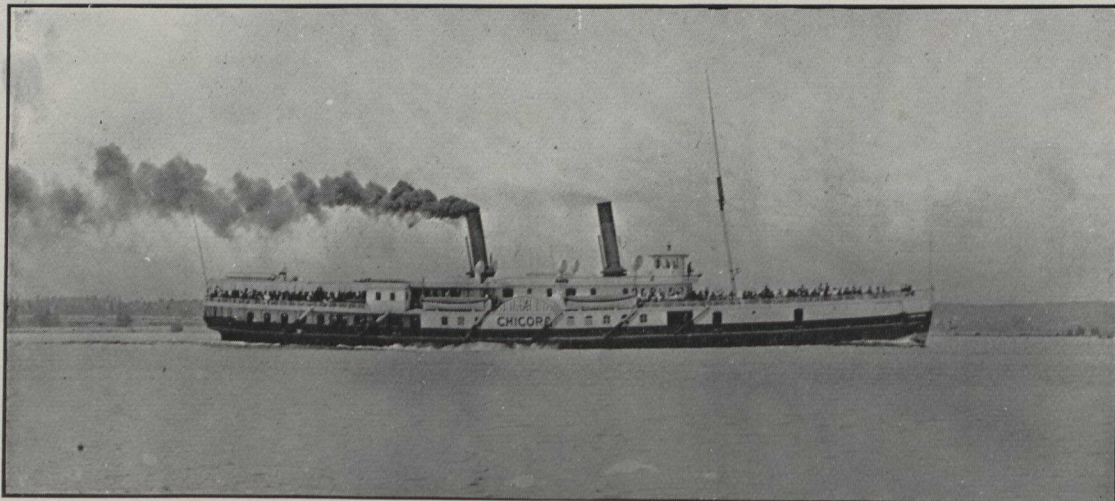




STEAMER "CHIPPEWA"

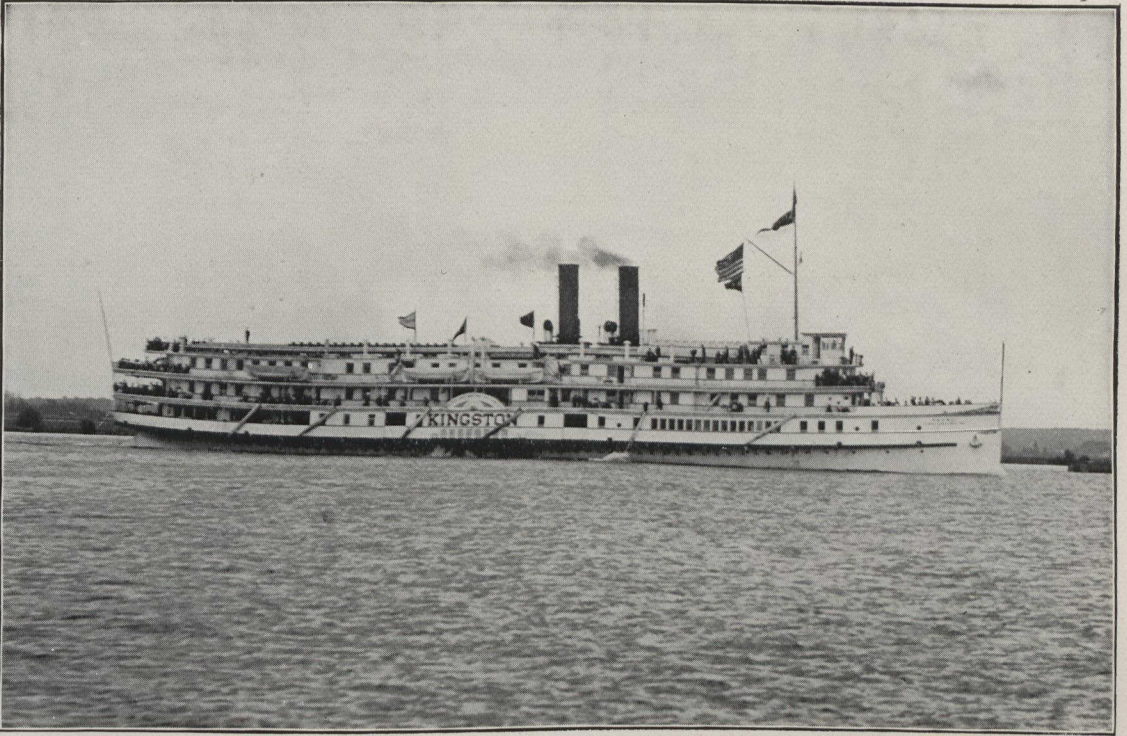


STEAMER "CORONA"

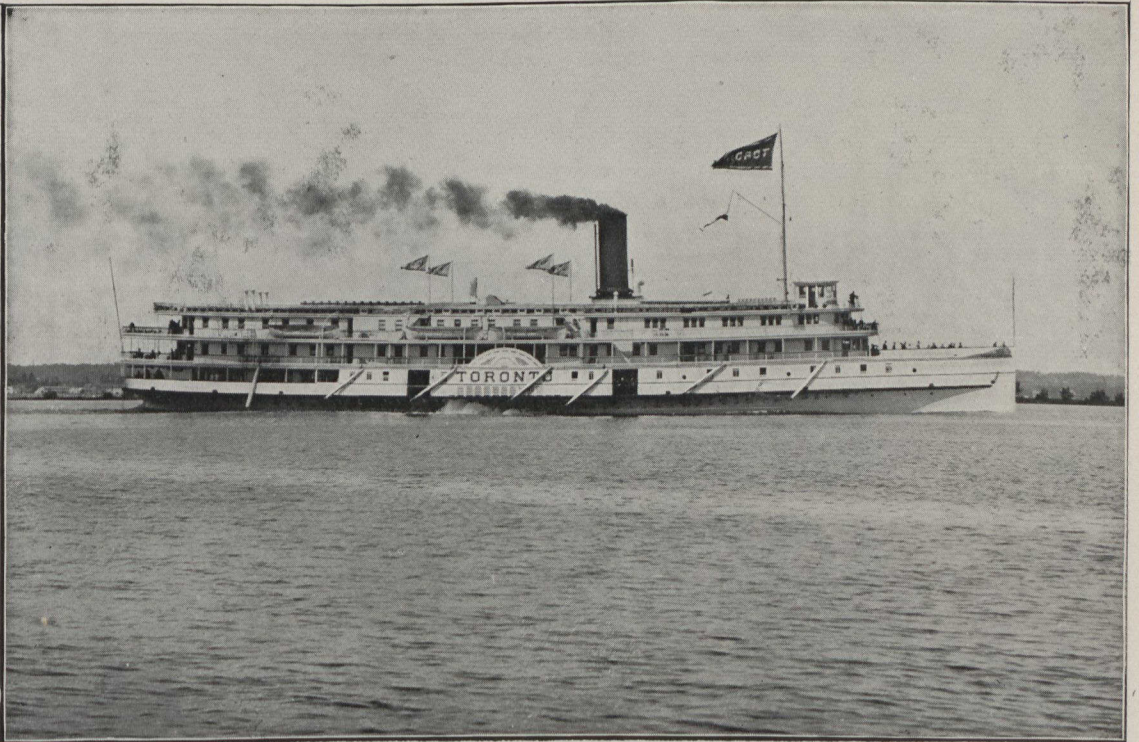


STEAMER "CHICORA"



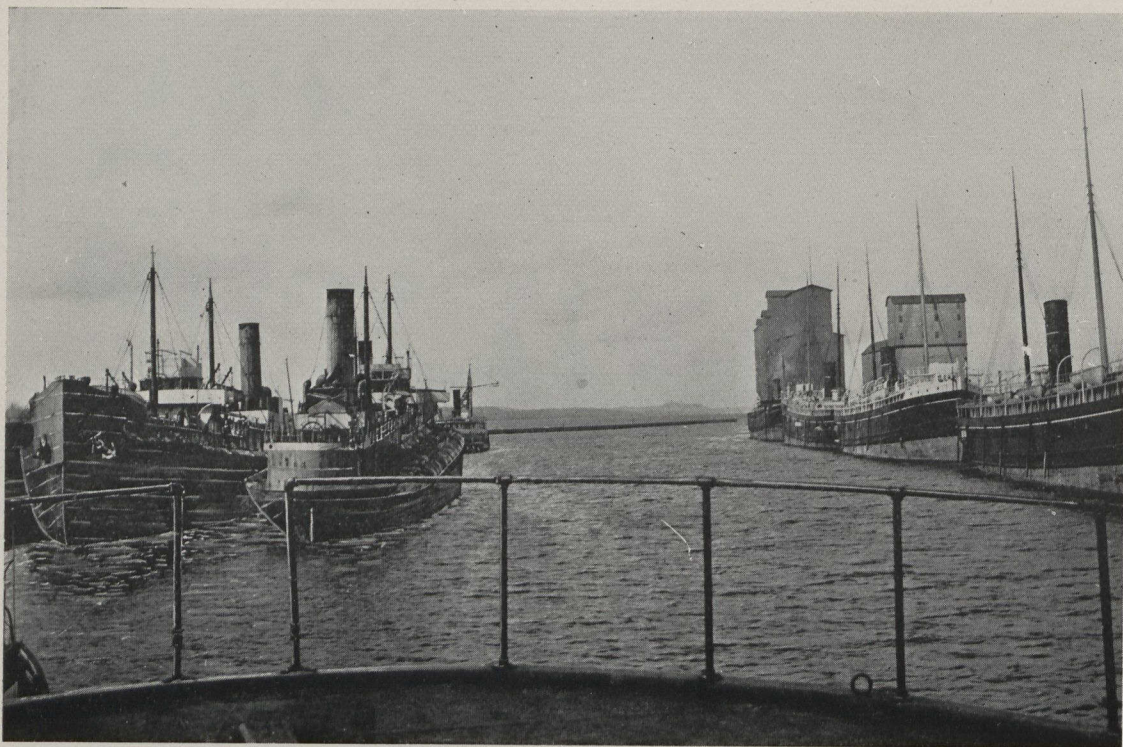


STEAMER "KINGSTON"

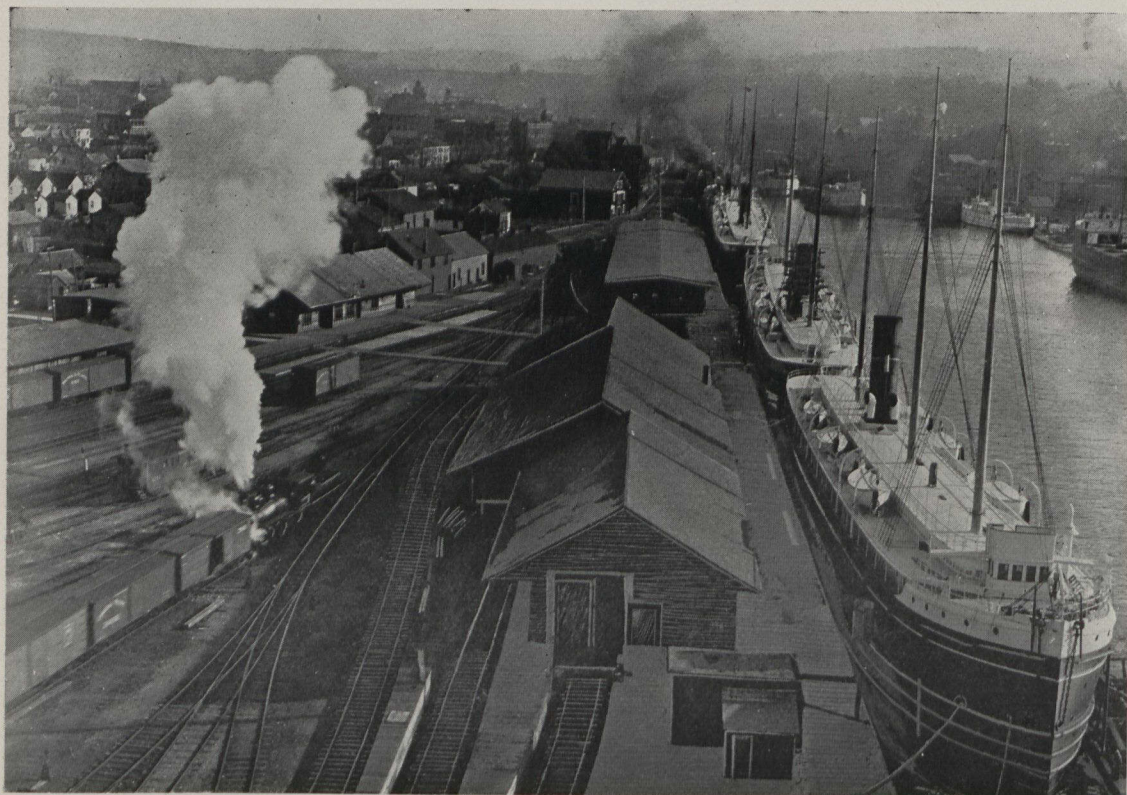


STEAMER "TORONTO"





OWEN SOUND HARBOR—LOOKING NORTH

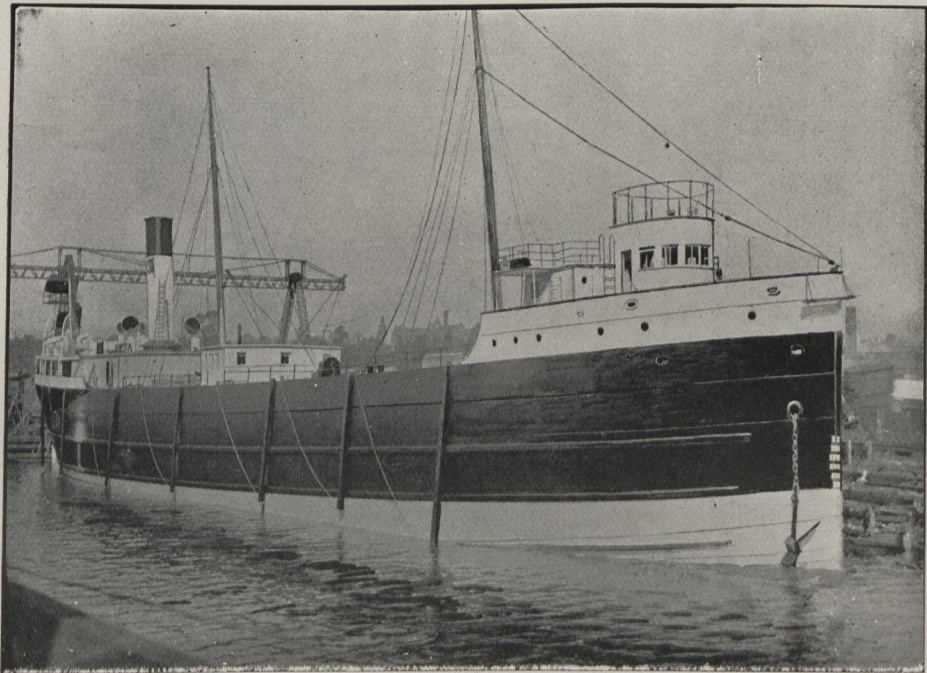


C.P.R. YARDS AND STEAMERS—OWEN SOUND



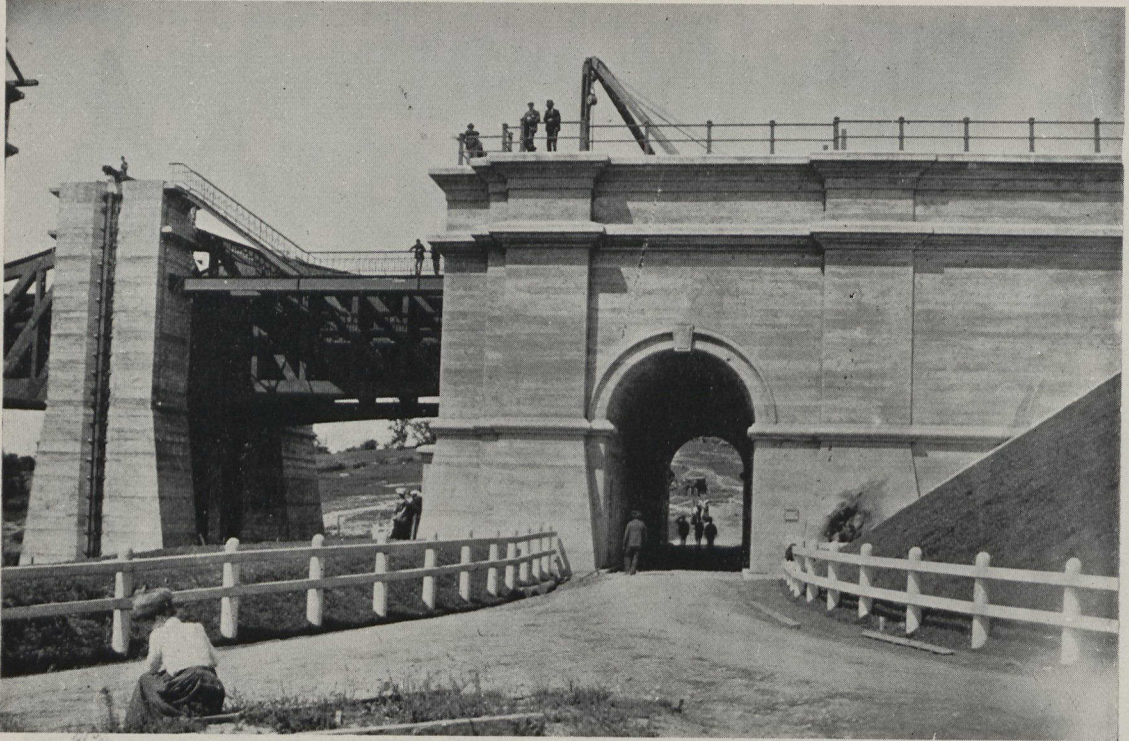


OWEN SOUND HARBOR



A NEW FREIGHTER—"TADOUSAC"





LIFT LOCK NEAR PETERBORO'  
THE PUBLIC DRIVEWAY THROUGH THE STRUCTURE



LIFT LOCK NEAR PETERBORO'  
ONE OF THE PONTOONS AND THE PISTON ON WHICH IT IS SUPPORTED



# ROMANCE AND A DRAGON

By THEODORE ROBERTS

## CHAPTER IV.

### BACK TO THE PRESENT.

THE Hon. H. Hyde Prendergast (honored for life by the command of his sovereign) called his daughter into his study. He remained standing until she had taken a seat.

"My dear daughter," he said, patting her hand, "I think you will own that it is not often that I—ah—assert my authority, in your case." His smile was bland.

"I own it, father," she replied.

"But once," he continued, "now almost a year ago, I told you never to see a certain young man, without my permission, and never to hold communication with him by mail."

"Yes," said Catherine, "and I have obeyed you." She was about to add "to the letter," but thought better of it.

"You remember the old story, my dear," said Mr. Prendergast.

The girl's only reply to this remark was an unpleasant smile.

Her father flushed before it. "You think lightly of the story," said he, "but I can never forget, and I wish you never to forget, that it concerns the family's pride."

"Family's rot," remarked Catherine.

The Hon. Hyde Prendergast sat back in his chair as if he had been shot. He gazed long and anxiously at the straight-limbed, dainty figure and flushed, high-bred face before him. "Can this be my daughter," he wondered, "and Arabella's child?"

"Heaven help me, sir, and why not? Why expect your own daughter to be less of a woman than another gentleman's? Do you forget that incident of your own youth, when Arabella, the accomplished and the beautiful, and the supporter of Church charities, hit her own Lord Bishop with his own umbrella, because he hinted to her some story of your wild oats. You thought

it very fine of her then, and you think so still. But you expect the daughter of this same Arabella to behave like a milksop."

Partially recovered, Mr. Prendergast rose to his feet. "You grieve me, Catherine," he said.

"I am sorry, father," she replied, "but when you consider the fact that I am obeying you at the expense of my own happiness and another's, I think I might be excused the lecture."

Mr. Prendergast felt confused, and, for once in his life, awkwardly placed.

With the usual note of tenderness in his voice again, he said, "Some day, daughter, you may thank me for this."

To hide her tears, Catherine left the room without answering. Mr. Prendergast paced the room for several minutes. He felt a troubling suspicion that he had come out of the interview second best. But the thought that he had behaved like an ass did not occur to him. Though he seldom smoked so early in the day he lit a cigar before leaving the room.

With his greatcoat buttoned to his chin, he set out on foot for the office, a tall, well-filled figure of a man, with a ruddy face, white moustache, and blue eyes devoid of humor. He was full of virtues. His one vice was a lack of sympathy that sometimes amounted to stupidity. He found it difficult to see beyond his pride. Otherwise he was honest and generous. He loved his family—the living members of it as sincerely as the dead. Its honor was his honor. He considered Mrs. Prendergast little less than a goddess in her own right, and a Personage as his wife. He was loyal to his friends, and had a remarkable memory for the faces of his enemies. In all his affairs, business and social, he was the soul of integrity. He was charitable, in the ordinary meaning of the word, and honored his rector. In short he was as fine a specimen of a Prendergast as had been created



for many generations. But he lacked his grandfather's pretty wit, and his son's cheerful humor and imagination. Catherine and Bob and the gentleman in India all had their mother to thank for their most winning traits of character.

The Bachelors' Dance was a week-old memory, when one morning Sir Hardwick Brice drew Tom Burton into a quiet corner of the club billiard-room. He produced something from his pocket and pressed it into Burton's hand.

"Something you dropped the other night," he said.

Burton opened his hand, and stared in bewilderment at a tiny gold locket in his palm. Upon one side of it was a monogram, the letters of which he made out to be C.P. He looked enquiringly at the baronet, wondering if the affairs of state had unsettled his mind. "You are wrong," he said, "I never saw it before."

"Sorry to have troubled you, old chap," said Brice.

"Where did you pick it up?" asked Burton.

Sir Hardwick returned the trinket to his pocket, and went downstairs, smiling to himself like one who has just heard a good story, or maybe invented a Limerick. He had forgotten entirely to answer Burton's question. "Thought I noticed it on that big chap's watch-guard," he said to himself. Later in the day he met Bob Prendergast on the street. He dangled the locket before his friend. "Found it on your drive, morning after the Bachelors'," he explained. Bob stared a moment, and then made a violent grab.

"It's Jack's," he exclaimed.

"Beg pardon?" queried Brice.

"It's my sister's," said Bob, and he smiled above Sir Hardwick's head. A light came to him. He remembered Catherine's seeming desire to fall out of the carriage, over the half-door, and her whisperings, and he understood. A conviction that those two would be able to win out their troubles came to him and warmed his heart.

"Thanks ever so much," he said, "I'll take it to Catherine and tell her you found it. She thinks no end of it, I know. Here

we are at the club. Don't you think we had better—?"

"Not so soon before lunch," interrupted Brice.

"A cock-tail," suggested Bob.

"Manhattan?" enquired Brice.

"Better than that," replied Prendergast, "we'll try a new one of my own invention."

The baronet appeared delighted, and forgot his scruples about the time of day. The cock-tail pleased him, and, after promising to give him the recipe, Prendergast left him considering the flavor, and hurried to the nearest jewelers. Here he had the locket put up in a small box, with a scribbled note on a card. This he addressed to Farley, in London, and had it posted in time for the English mail.

After lunch Bob invited Catherine up to his den. "You don't want to play the flute, do you?" she asked suspiciously.

"Pon honor, no," replied Bob. "Safe at the top of the house he pushed her into a chair.

"Next time you meet Sir Hardwick Brice, you might thank him for picking up that locket," he said.

"What locket?" she enquired.

"A little gold locket with your monogram on it," he explained. "He gave it to me this morning. Found it on our drive, in the mud, the morning after the Bachelors' Dance."

"Give it to me," cried Catherine, holding out her hand.

"Can't," said he. "I've just mailed it to a chum of mine in London. It will get there almost as soon as he will."

For several seconds she gazed at him, and he began to blush and wanted to swear. Then she sprang up and caught him around the neck. "You dear," she cried. "You are the dearest, kindest man alive—almost."

Bob wriggled in her embrace.

"Now, you may play the flute," she concluded, with a fine color in her cheeks.

Bob grabbed the instrument from the floor, and blew his wind and his feelings into it in a wild attempt at "You'll be the Honeysuckle." Catherine leaned back in her chair. In her eyes shone a pensive and



melting flame that in some way seemed to alter their shade. Bob toiled at the flute until he felt as if his head would spin off and his chest collapse. At last he fell back upon the couch and puffed.

"That was delightful, dear," said Catherine.

"It takes a divil of a lot of wind," said Bob. "You try, Kitty. Bet you can't even get a squeak out of it."

---

## CHAPTER V.

### UNCLE MONTGOMERY—NEW FRIENDS.

Colonel Montgomery Farley was the jovial, yet dignified, head of that one-time substantial family. He was the eldest of the late Richard Charles Farley's three children. His sister was still alive, and lived somewhere in Canada, the wife of a gentleman of high scholarly attainments and considerable political importance. Her money had enabled him to revive, in a measure, the waning influence of his family. Colonel Farley's brother, Jack's father, had died of fever in Demarara, at the age of thirty-two, and his widow had speedily returned to her home in England and captured a second husband. This Farley had always been spoken of by the connection as "poor, dear John," because he had laughed and written a poem when his fortune had dropped out of sight with the price of sugar. There were other reasons, too. He had married a woman who did not love him, just by the strength of his love for her, and the charm of his personality. Then he had tried to make money by digging in the gold fields of British Guiana. When he died, alone and in poverty, in the early prime of his manhood, Colonel Montgomery Farley had called the boy to his own kindly bachelor wing, and planning for him a comfortable allowance, had placed him at a school in Devonshire. "As for Mrs. John," said the Colonel, "she has money of her own, which she was damned careful poor John never got hold of, and she can navigate her own craft for all of me. So the good colonel gave himself no trouble over her affairs.

Jack Farley's mother did not seem to care where her son went, or whether she ever saw him or not, so long as he kept respectable in the eyes of the world. As to the memory of "poor John," why, I do not think it ever gave her ten minutes trouble. She had gold hair and an arched mouth, but her heart was as hard as nails.

Colonel Montgomery Farley was very fond of his nephew. In the school time, they always spent the holidays together. Jack reminded him, in voice, and manner and appearance, of the dead brother. But the lad's chin was a shade squarer than the father's had been, and the eyes steadier. The colonel retired early from the service, owing to a taste for books and city comforts, and a game leg. The game leg was the result of a tumble while pig-sticking. He took apartments in London and joined a club or two. Jack went up to Oxford when he had done with school, and remained there three terms. During that time he distinguished himself only once. That was when he did a slashing review of a book by a tutor of his own college, and had it printed over his own signature in a county paper. The tutor had not liked him before, and afterwards he liked him less. Jack wrote to his uncle that he had done with classics and wanted to see the world. The colonel kept him a year in London, to see that his manners were up to the mark, and to introduce him to the right people and the correct tailor. Jack made a favorable impression both on the people and the tailor, and put in his time and his uncle's money to advantage. I doubt if the colonel himself could judge a cigar or a scarf-pin with a greater nicety. The four years following, Jack spent in looking at the world. He saw the islands of the South Pacific. He chummed with the troopers of the Mounted Police in the Canadian North-West. He mixed himself up in a revolution in South America and got slashed across the knuckles by a full-fledged general. He looked up some old friends of the family in Barbadoes, and visited his father's grave in Georgetown, Demarara. He spent a year in New York and there met Bob and Catherine Prendergast, and first scented the old trouble. There



was a scene one day, in which Mrs. Prendergast, much against her will, took a leading part, and after that Jack returned to his uncle and put in six months trying to forget. Failing in this, he returned to New York, and, by the help of a mutual friend of theirs, he communicated with Catherine. Then followed his trip northward, and the incident narrated in the first chapter of this story.

The friendly attitude displayed towards him by Bob Prendergast, on the morning of the *Dahome's* departure for England, filled Jack with hope. He was now sure that Catherine loved him, with a heart brave enough and loyal enough to stand any test, and it was comforting to find her brother on their side. Shortly after the sailing of the steamer, he discovered the loss of the locket that he had worn on his watch-guard for so many months. This may seem a small thing, but it dulled his spirits like a failure. His heart rebuked him as if he had failed in some trust of love. The present bitterness mastered him, and the thought of the gray, tossing, and ever-increasing hills of sea between them, clouded that memory of the touch of her lips in the dark. He went to the smoke-room forward, and listened to a conversation between two of his fellow-passengers. One of these, the listener for a wonder, was a Canadian drummer. The talker was a sun-tanned skipper of the merchant marine, bound for Appledore, where his good barquentine, *Southern Cross*, was being reclassified. He was relating some of the diverting adventures and remarkable hardships of a seafaring life. In the course of his narrative he named several ports, consuls, and shipping-houses with which Farley was familiar. A liking for this romantic mariner awoke in Farley's heart. He felt a tender consideration for the drummer even, who, unlike his kind, listened with a good show of interest, and a charming attitude of modesty. In the middle of a highly-colored description of a South American port the skipper turned suddenly to Farley.

"You'll bear me out in that, sir?" he said.

Jack nodded, smiling. The skipper eyed

him up and down and square in the face, but all without any hint of offence. He seemed satisfied.

"Those little beggars in red bloomers have hustled me many a time," said he, "but I never saw them fight. Did you?"

Jack held out his left hand, back up.

"Cozarro helped me to that, in '99," he remarked.

Both the drummer and the mariner bent forward and examined the scar.

"Cozarro—the old devil!" exclaimed the mariner. "Well," he continued, sitting back, "I've not lost my trick of reading men. When the time comes that I can't mark my man inside ten minutes, even without hearing him talk, then I'm ready to give up all the fun and live ashore—or, better still, die."

The drummer bent upon his romantic companion a gaze of admiration.

"Do you refer to me?" enquired Jack, lighting his pipe.

The sailor nodded. "Yes, sir, I do," he exclaimed.

"What did you mark me for?" asked Jack.

The other considered him in silence while he opened his cigar-case and laid several black cigars on the table.

"I marked you for a traveller," he said. "Not a drummer, mind you—begging your pardon, Mr. Smalley—nor yet a tourist, but a real, handy, open-eyed traveller."

"Don't mention it, Captain Sparks," said Smalley, good-naturedly. "No one thinks less of my profession than I do myself. But you see, gentlemen, there's money in it, and it's money that keeps my mother comfortable in her cottage up there in Ontario."

"I was correct in my estimation of you, too," said Captain Sparks, "and I'll be proud to shake hands with you again, sir."

They shook hands with vigor. Jack, in the meantime, had been sniffing one of the captain's black cigars.

"Twelve milreis a hundred," he remarked.

"Wrong," said the skipper. "I paid thirteen."

Jack turned and pressed a white button in



the bulkhead behind him. "I want a Scotch and soda," he explained, "and I hope you two will join me."

"Certainly," replied Sparks.

"Why, yes," replied Smalley.

The three were alone in the smoke-room, and though to all outward appearances of such different interests, Jack felt that there was no discordant note in the smoky air.

"Captain," said he, "I do not think you displayed any remarkable discernment in marking me for a traveller of the kind you mention. If I were a tourist I would not be a passenger on this boat, and if I were a commercial traveller, I would not be wearing this shocking old jacket."

His hearers laughed, and Smalley placed his elbows on the table.

"But I make more of you than that," retorted Sparks. "You are a 'Varsity man. You are in a hurry to get away from a place, though you have plenty of time, and you are worrying about something. I don't know whether you have a private fortune or write books, but whichever it is you don't have to practice economy, though you do happen to be a passenger on the *Dahome*. If I knew your name maybe I could tell you more."

Just then the Scotch-and-sodas arrived.

"My name is Farley," said Jack, "and I am a West Indian by birth."

The three exchanged cards.

"I have always been of a romantic turn," said Captain Sparks, setting down his glass, "and I find it grows on me with years. Keep your eyes open, and maybe your heart, and there is a deal of fun and entertainment to be had out of life. I've made a study of it, and by George, if I could write I'd make a book or two that people would read. But writing makes my head ache and cramps my legs. A letter now and then to the owners, or my sister, is about as much penmanship as I can stand."

It was an eleven days' passage to Liverpool, and during the voyage Jack and Sparks became firm friends. At Liverpool they parted with Smalley, who had proved himself a very decent chap despite his cases of samples, and the captain went up to London with Jack.

"Dine with me at the club to-night, and I'll bring along my uncle," said Jack, after seeing the skipper safe in his hotel. Then he hurried around to the colonel's rooms. They greeted each other affectionately.

"You look hearty, my boy," said the colonel, holding his nephew at arms' length.

"And you look fit, sir," replied Jack. "How's the leg?"

"About the same," answered the soldier, "but bless me if I haven't gout in my other foot. I've been lonely without you Jack," he continued, "and even my books seem dull. Have half a mind to go galavanting with you, some day."

"Wish you would," said Jack, looking about the familiar library. He caught sight of a small package on the table addressed to him.

"It came yesterday," explained the colonel, following his eyes.

Jack opened it, read Bob Prendergast's note at a glance, and kissed the locket. He had forgotten his uncle. When he looked up, the colonel's eyes were studying him, with a world of amusement and wonder in their depths.

"Bitten!" remarked the stout bachelor.

"I beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed Jack, red and purple with embarrassment, "but I forgot all about you."

"Don't apologize, my dear boy," laughed his uncle. "I can hardly expect all men to be as sane as myself. Fact is, I've seen good fellows hit the same way."

## CHAPTER VI.

### A DINNER—CONFESSIONS.

Colonel Farley did not question his nephew just then. They had a short and satisfactory talk over business matters. "I have settled what is left of the old place in Barbadoes on you, my boy, and thanks to a new hotel, the rent is looking up," announced the colonel.

"You are too good to me, sir," said Jack.

"Stuff," exclaimed his uncle. "Don't you know that you and I are the only Farleys left?"



Jack wrote a letter or two, and unpacked some of his things.

Then they dressed for dinner, and went for Captain Sparks in a hansom. They found the mariner before the mirror in his bedroom, struggling with his tie. He was attired in evening clothes much too small for him.

"I've put on considerable weight in the last ten years," he explained.

"Let me help you with the tie," said the colonel. The sun-tanned sailor held up his chin, and the stout, full-blooded soldier closed on him, and had all ready for parade inspection in a turn or two of his white hands. Jack enjoyed the scene, and congratulated himself in having brought about the meeting. Here were two men of mature years—the colonel was well past sixty and Sparks close on fifty—who had seen, each in his own way, a considerable portion of the world and the dwelling-places of men. Here were two bachelors, with heaven alone knows how many romances and heartaches behind them. Here were two romancists, both of whom had read life with peculiarly sympathetic eyes. The meeting promised some entertainment.

Captain Sparks completed his preparations for the trip to the club by donning a fairly respectable silk hat and a full-skirted greatcoat, and tucking a walking stick, made of the backbone of a shark, under his arm.

"Call away the gig," he cried, and with a fine glow of friendship beneath each spotless shirt-bosom the three went, arm in arm, down to the waiting cab. Arrived at the club, the skipper's unique walking-stick caused not a few stares of wonder, and whispered comments. To see the fastidious Montgomery Farley in company with a man who looked, for all the world, as if he had been robbing the British Museum, was cause enough for surprise. The trio had a table in a quiet corner of the dining-room. The colonel chose the wines. Two or three men came over and welcomed Jack, and greeted the uncle politely, and stared at Sparks. But they were not introduced to the stranger, and were soon chilled back to their own tables. As one of them remarked—"Old Farley doesn't have to throw a brick

at a man to let him know he's not wanted." They decided that the little, brown-faced man with the quick eyes was either a poor colonial relative or a wealthy diamond hunter just out of his mole-skins, and straightway they forgot him.

Sparks looked about him with an open show of interest, and whenever his glance rested on either of the Farleys it lighted with approval. He had met gentlemen before, and had even been flattered and wined by them—but never in London. He had been put up at clubs before—but never in London. Men had never before taken his romantic outlook upon life seriously. Women had, God bless them, and one or two sailors. Merchants and consuls and fellow-skippers had always measured his worth by his luck as a navigator, and his shares in the *Southern Cross*. But here were two men, by George, who cultivated his acquaintance for the charm of his wit and personality. Captain Sparks was pleased.

Conversation in the quiet corner did not flourish during the dinner proper, for Sparks and Jack had brought sea appetites ashore with them, and the colonel, though eating little, was giving a good deal of critical attention to the dishes—for this was a club to which he did not belong. It was one of the junior clubs, and the colonel suspected it of a swelled head. But he could find little fault with the cooking, and none whatever with the wines. All went well with the captain. The harsh, weather-beaten complexion took on a mellower tint as vintage after vintage came his way. At last he crossed his legs and lit a cigar, and even the fact that the lining of his coat was gently and audibly splitting, every time he drew a breath, did not disturb him. He mounted his hobby, which was Romance-of-Life, and put it through its paces to the sincere admiration of his new friends. Stories of sailors and pilots, merchants, gentlemen-at-large, consular agents and ship-chandlers, followed one another in vivid and rapid succession.

"You are the master of a rare gift, my friend," said the colonel, leaning half-way across the table. "You are a most delight-



ful entertainer. You have observed life with not only open eyes and ears, but also a quick heart. I have tried to do it myself, and until to-night flattered myself that I had missed very little. You should write a novel, Sparks."

Sparks was in no way abashed at this praise.

"Collaborate with some one," suggested Jack.

"A fine idea," cried Sparks.

The colonel glanced furtively at his big nephew, and lit a cigarette.

Sparks and Colonel Farley conversed in an undertone at the top of the steps, while Jack, from the edge of the pavement, hailed a cab. Jack had some calls to make, and the others intended walking around to the colonel's rooms for a game of crib. As the cab drew up Jack called to them that he'd be back by eleven. The mariner and the colonel watched the retreating hansom for a second or two. Then, arm in arm, they set out on foot for Piccadilly Circus. Farley, indicating the traffic, the people, the windows, and the housetops, with a wave of his stick, exclaimed "Stevenson called it the Bagdad of the West."

"Good old Stevenson," said Sparks.

"You may well say so," replied the colonel. "Why, my boy, it was for more time to read Stevenson that I left the army." All the way to the rooms the skipper's eyes were busy. Now and then he chuckled to himself. At times he moved so slow that the colonel had to hustle him. Next moment he would sprint along at a pace that tried his companion's game leg and scanty breath to their uttermost.

"Bless me," exclaimed the colonel, "can't you keep your formation?"

"Forgive me," said Sparks, "but it's my nature. A capfull o' wind that would no more than flap another man's jib will send me clear out of my course."

Jack got home soon after eleven, and found his uncle alone, smoking before a scanty fire. Upon the library table lay close upon a dozen books, and the shelves behind gaped here and there. A couple of charts were spread out and weighted at the corners with silver candlesticks and a

tobacco jar. Upon the floor, against the legs of the table, leaned two volumes of the colonel's beloved and comprehensive set of scrap-books. Jack noticed all this from the doorway, as he removed his greatcoat. "Where is the captain?" he enquired, drawing a chair up to the grate.

"He left only a few minutes ago. He goes down to Devonshire to-morrow to see after his ship, and has to start early," replied the colonel. After a short silence, the colonel turned in his chair and looked at his nephew. Again he noted the tiny patch of grey hair above the left temple, the kindly mouth and dauntless chin, the straight shoulders and long limbs. "He is better set up than I ever was," he thought, "but he's a Farley, every inch of him."

"Who's the lady?" he asked, suddenly.

Jack started, and blushed. He unfastened the watch-guard from his waistcoat—a thin black cord worn only for the locket, as his watch was on his wrist—and passed it to his uncle.

"You will find a little picture of her in the locket, sir," he said, "but it hardly does her justice."

"Of course not," replied the colonel, with a courteous inclination of his head above the trinket, as if in acknowledgment of an introduction. He pried it open with gentle fingers. The picture disclosed to his view, though small, was wonderfully clear—just the face and throat of a young girl.

"Charming!" exclaimed the colonel, "charming, my boy. Brilliancy, wit, and beauty, or I'm a fool. What a chin. There's determination, for all the dimple. Jack, I don't blame you. Who is she?"

Jack watched his uncle's face for a second or two, and smiled.

"Hit, sir?" he enquired.

"By gad, yes, sir," he said. "She is fascinating."

"Her name is Prendergast—Catherine Prendergast," announced Jack.

The colonel started so violently that Jack wondered if a spring had suddenly unwound in the seat of the chair. He stared blankly at the picture of the girl, and then at Jack.

"Hyde Prendergast's daughter?" he enquired, presently.



"Yes, sir."

The colonel meditated, with puckered brow and clinched jaws.

"I don't like the stock," he said. "No, my boy, I don't like them. They think that where there is no Prendergast there is no honor. But one of them played the lowest kind of trick on your grandfather, sir."

"I've heard of it," said Jack.

"Who from?" asked the colonel.

"Their side of it from Mrs. Prendergast, a long time ago in New York, and one side of it from Catherine's brother, Bob," replied Jack.

"Put her out of your heart," cried the colonel.

Jack was not frightened at this outburst. He knew his man—though not quite so thoroughly as he supposed.

"Mr. Prendergast will not let her have anything to do with me—not even write to me, or receive my letters. He says she would disgrace the family if she married a Farley," replied the young man, quietly.

This time the colonel came right out of his chair. His game leg was forgotten.

"By gad, he said that, did he?" he cried. "Hyde Prendergast said that. The devil take him and his impudence. Disgrace the family—bless my soul!"

After a prance or two up and down the hearth-rug, he became cooler.

"Does she love you, my boy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

"For thick or thin—or whatever it is the prayer-book says?"

"Yes," replied Jack.

"Then marry her, my boy," said the colonel. "Would you see a lady unhappy just for lack of a little courage on your part? Use your brains and my money, my boy, and don't let any damned Prendergast ruin your life."

Jack refrained from smiling at his uncle's unusual manner of expressing himself, and they shook hands.

The colonel returned to his chair, still snorting, and Jack with hope burning high within him, searched the mantel-piece for a cigarette.

"Well, I must say you have given me a start," said the colonel, when his breath and

pulse were normal again. Jack grinned, and thought that he had.

"Now, let me try and give you one," said the colonel.

"Fire away, sir," said Jack.

"Next week," he began slowly, "I sail from Appledore, on the barquentine, *Southern Cross*, with Captain Sparks. We are going to write a book."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Jack.

"And why not, you young rascal?" roared the colonel, slapping his knee. "Do you want all the fun? Gad, you stare at me as if you thought me over a hundred years old."

"'Pon honor, sir?" queried Jack.

"'Pon honor, my boy."

"But your leg, sir."

"Sea air is just what it needs. Sparks had a grandfather who cured his leg by going to sea. He was drowned just after it healed, but that wasn't the fault of the sea air."

"But won't you miss the comforts of London, sir? And won't you weary of the captain's society after a day or two?"

"No fear of that," replied the colonel, heartily. "The *Southern Cross* has a splendid bath-room. We intend taking three sea-chests full of books, and all sorts of food over and above the ship's stores, and Sparks is a most entertaining companion. He plays crib, chess, poker, german whist, and the fiddle. We'll work an hour or two every day at the book—the captain's ideas and coloring, you know, and my craftsmanship."

"Is this wise, sir? Think of your wound and your gout," said Jack.

"I've fooled away quite enough of my life thinking of my legs and my liver," cried the colonel, "and now I'm for some enjoyment. Do you think, my boy, that while you are entertaining yourself trying to tear a beautiful woman from the arms of a fond papa Prendergast, that I'm going to stay home and ornament my clubs?"

Jack laughed. "I admire your spirit, sir," he hastened to say, "and I raised these groundless objections simply because I considered it my duty. I really believe the change will do you good, and that you will



write a smashing story, and I hope you'll have no end of a good time. Sparks, I have no doubt, is the best of company."

"I knew you would be reasonable," said the colonel, "and I just put all my affairs in your hands. My lawyers are sound, so do not worry about them. I'll write and tell them to do whatever you say. I'll take what money I need along with me in gold. Use my money as if it were your own, and don't hedge on expenses when it comes to outwitting old Prendergast."

"But how long do you expect to be away?" asked Jack aghast.

"I can hardly say," replied the colonel, "but I'll write to you now and then when we are in port."

"But you are putting rather a heavy responsibility upon me," protested Jack.

"Don't let it worry you. It never worried me," said his uncle, "and gad about to your heart's content. Blake and Spotford are the most honest lawyers in town."

They smoked and talked until well on into the morning. Jack dreamed hard on his improvised bed in the library. He saw his uncle and Captain Sparks reading quires and quires of manuscripts to Mr. H. Hyde Prendergast, who lay on a cabin floor, bound hand and foot. He raced through endless fog-hung streets in a hansom, with Catherine beside him. He broke open doors by throwing bags of the colonel's money against them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



ON THE HUMBER RIVER—TORONTO



# A BAG OF MARBLES

By KNOX MAGEE

I HAD spent a week at my friend Raymond's ranch, and seen poor Billy a dozen times before I finally caught the old fellow at his devotions. I shall not soon forget the occasion.

We had just finished breakfast, and stepped outside for a smoke, when my friend touched my arm and nodded towards one end of the verandah. The old man crouched upon the steps, with one elbow on the floor, and his head in his hand. With his other hand he fingered his precious toys—about thirty rough, clay marbles—which rattled as they rolled unevenly across the planks. Evidently he was unaware of our presence, for he fumbled with his playthings, and giggled and chattered without restraint.

"Funny thing, isn't it?" said my host.

At the sound of the voice the little man nervously looked up and spread both hands over the toys.

"He's afraid of me," I whispered.

Raymond laughed. "No, he's secretive, not afraid," he explained. "There are only two things in the world that poor old Billy fears—an Indian and fire."

At the words "Indian and fire," Billy sprang to his knees and stared around, his sharp little eyes snapping like a snake's.

"Oh, no, Billy; it's nothing, Billy!" my friend hastened to assure him. "There isn't an Indian around; they're all gone—gone away, away off!"

The little man heaved a sigh that was like a shiver. "All gone?" he whined.

"Yes, yes; all gone, Billy." Raymond smiled humoringly, and then turned angrily to me.

"By thunder!" he swore, bringing a huge fist into a correspondingly huge palm with a smack like the crack of a whip, "every time I see a redskin I'd like to roast him, just for that old fellow's sake."

Billy sat watching us with blinking eyes; and while he watched he dropped the marbles, one by one, into a greasy little deerskin bag.

It was an unusual case. I had made a fairly careful study of insanity, but had never come upon a subject of the disorder that held out stronger inducements to in-

vestigation. I could not resist the temptation to take a peep at the scar that Raymond had told me of, so I stepped over to the old man's side and removed his hat.

The scalp was almost completely bald; only a snow-white fringe ran round from ear to ear, an inch above the neck. But the skin was not smooth and shiny, as one might expect to find it. It was wrinkled and drawn and checkered with little lines as fine as a spider's web. And the cause was not far to seek. My own scalp began to creep and ache as I looked. On the crown was a patch about the size of a half-dollar piece, around which the flesh was drawn and twisted like the mouth of a purse. In the centre of this patch was a hole through which the skull could be seen, only a thin, dry film covering it.

"And this was a burn, you say? Horrible!" I shuddered and unconsciously shut my fists.

Billy sprang upon my hand as a cat springs upon a mouse. He held it before his eyes, and chattered out words in an unintelligible jumble. So sudden and vehement was the outburst that I sprang back and tried to shake him off. But he clung to my hand with one of his, while with the other he clasped his withered forehead in a grip that sunk the points of his fingers deep into the hollows of his temples. His eyes were starting from their sockets, and glowed with the fire of furious insanity.

"Good Lord! What's this?" Raymond muttered, and drew nearer.

"Hush!" I said. "Watch."

I had noticed the thing at which the old man stared. It was the ring on my fourth finger. It was set with a stone in which I take some pride: a two-carat diamond of uncommon brilliancy. I seated myself on the steps, and permitted him to retain my hand.

He stared and swayed from side to side and chattered and grinned and moaned and laughed and wept with the changeability of a child, in a fit of terror. Chattering succeeded apparent strenuous thought, a stupid grin followed a shudder or a groan, and giggling was bathed in tears. And all the



while he grasped his forehead and twisted at it with a fury that was dangerous; for he seemed too frail to endure such emotion.

At first I was lost for an explanation; then I remembered the hypnotic influence of dazzling reflections, and began to hope for a discovery.

"Better give it up, doctor; the poor devil looks as if he is going to choke," Raymond interrupted.

At that moment Billy moved my hand, and a direct ray of sunlight fell upon the stone. The effect was magical. The little man lapsed into silence; his hand stole slowly from his forehead; his jaw dropped a little; ten years of wrinkles faded from his face; and his brows contracted into a frown of quite intelligent, though painful, concentration. I sat for what seemed an age, scarcely daring to breathe, lest I should extinguish the spark of intelligence that was kindling and fading, and rekindling and flaring. Several times his lips framed deliberate words, but before he could utter them the look of reason faded, and his troubled frown deepened. But at last he made a great effort, and five words with thought in them came to me faintly but clearly.

"Where—did—you—come—from?" he pleaded. Then his hand went to his forehead again, and rubbed back and forth, as if wiping the numbing clouds away.

"Billy," I said presently, "listen carefully to what I say. Will you listen, Billy?"

He seemed to be passing into a stupor now—a stupor not unlike that produced by opium—so I spoke impressively, that I might catch his attention without disturbing his calmness.

"Will you listen, Billy?" I repeated.

He nodded, but his eyes remained fixed on the stone.

"What do you see, Billy?"

"Fire," he said, and trembled.

"Nothing else?"

"No, no, no! Don't be a fool! Don't bother me; I'm busy!" he snapped impatiently.

I gasped.

"Well, I'll be—," my friend swore, and pulled furiously at his moustache.

For a few minutes Billy pondered without interruption. Then I broke in again.

"What are you thinking about? Tell me, Billy; you must tell me."

"Oh, must I!" he replied, without moving his eyes. His voice and manner were surprisingly intelligent.

"Yes, you must, Billy; I wish you to tell me."

"You annoy me," he said, quite coolly.

"Well, by thunder!" I heard Raymond mutter in amazement.

"Billy, listen," I persisted. "If you don't tell me what you are thinking about, you shall not look at the stone any more; I shall take it away."

He let my threat pass unnoticed.

"Quick!" I warned again.

"Well, I was a fool," he muttered to himself, still ignoring me. His eyes had a vacant stare.

I seized the opportunity to work myself into his confidence.

"I don't see it in that light," I ventured. "Why should you blame yourself?" It was only a chance shot, but it took effect.

"Why do I blame myself? Because I was fool enough to leave home; that's why." Not for a second did he withdraw his eyes from the diamond. He seemed unconscious of my existence; to him, it was the stone that questioned; and to it he made his replies.

"Yes," I admitted, "Perhaps it was a mistake. But you never have told me how you came to do it."

"Why, you know," he assured me. "It was that letter from my father that brought me out. You remember. He said that he was dying, and told me that I must come out and get them; for, of course, he would not dare to come back to England, even if he had been able."

"Oh! And why not?"

"Well, after what happened, how could he? Every one suspected him; and they would have had him long ago, if they had not thought him dead."

"Yes, yes; of course," I put in.

"I should have stayed at home and let the cursed things go," he went on again.

"What?"

"Why, the—ah—the—now what—"



He broke off and whispered to himself. Then his eyes half closed, and he swayed and leaned almost against the ring. "The what? Oh, come, come, you know—but, I confess, it has escaped my mind for the moment. Well, any way, I should have let them stay out there, and then they would not have burned me. Oh, the devils, how they burnt me! Oh, my poor head! My poor head!" His voice sank to its cracked and whining key, and the tears welled up in his eyes. "You saw them burn a hole in Billy's head—a hole right through the top—and his poor old backbone sticks up through it! Poor Billy!" he sobbed.

I gave the stone a little shake, and so got a better light from it.

"Burnt poor Billy," he repeated.

"Yes, Billy, yes; but listen. How did they catch you?"

"They found out that I had changed them," he answered quite brightly.

"No, I don't mean that. How did you fall in with the Indians?"

"Oh, you know! When I reached Canada I went away out West till I came to the place he mentioned."

"Who mentioned?"

"Why, my father, you blockhead!"

"Ah, yes. And then?"

"He was dead when I got there, and the tribe that he had been with were moved."

"So your father was with the Indians?"

"No, you fool, he was dead!"

"But he had been with them. Why?"

"Because he was afraid of being found."

"By whom?"

"By the police, of course!"

"Oh, I see!"

"Do you really, now!"

"And why did he fear the police?"

"Don't be silly! Because they said he had killed Blachford, of course; and because he took them with him."

I could not help softly whistling my surprise. "So it was murder, eh?"

"I didn't say so," he snapped out with evident irritation; and he stared at the stone with a more cunning expression.

I began to see light ahead.

"What did you say your father brought with him from England?"

"I said he took *them* with him. So he

did. He took all of them. That is what I came out for. I wanted to get them before he died."

It seemed impossible to keep him in a regular line of thought—or, to be more exact, to draw out his unthought recollections in their proper sequence. I gave up the attempt to learn what the "them" were, and returned to his search for his father.

"When you reached the place where you were to have met your father, you learned that the Indians had moved," I reminded him.

"But I found them at last," he said, brightening up. "They had just moved over near the Foot-Hills."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes, I found them! They were too large a band to be easily lost. And when I got in with them, they made a great fuss over me, because I was my dead father's son. I might have stayed and been made a chief in time; but I wanted what I had come for; so they tied poor Billy up and burnt him. You see, this man Billy Anderson was just a little fellow, who couldn't do anything but scream; and, you know, when a man screams an Indian laughs; and then the fire gets heavier and heavier, till it runs right down into your heels; and, after a while your head comes off, and they put it in a little deer-skin bag with strawberries on the side."

His lips trembled, and he leaned toward the stone, his eyes pleading for sympathy.

"I didn't want to be a chief. I didn't have to hide from the police. I didn't need to stay in Canada. I didn't kill Blachford," he snapped in sudden anger.

"No, no, of course not," I hastened to assent.

"You see, when I got in with the Indians, they made a big fuss over me," he resumed. "O Lord, what a fuss they did make! But at first, they were going to turn me out—out on the cold plains, where the ground is frozen hard, and the grass gets in between your toes, and then cuts away in and in again; and Billy goes on and on, with his feet all cut and the top out of his head."

"Yes, yes; the Indians took you in," I interrupted, that I might get him back to his narrative.



"Oh, yes, they took me in and made a big fuss over me—my word, they did! But I was on the look-out for *them*; that was what I came for; and I wasn't going back without them, even if they did put my head in the little deer-skin bag, and hang it up in the medicine lodge with the rest of the charms. And I found them, too, after a while. He suspected me from the first, I think, but I just waited my time—you know how it was—and gradually worked my way into his confidence. He was the most important one to deceive, for the Medicine Man is a big gun with the savages; and he had charge of them. He had them hung up in his lodge for a charm. He used to take them round with him when any one was sick. Billy got sick." He grinned and wagged his head knowingly at the stone. "Billy got sick and the Medicine Man came to see him; but he didn't bring them with him. So I had to get worse, and worse, and worse; and at last he brought them, and I saw them." He lowered his voice to a husky whisper that sounded almost unearthly. "They were in a little deer-skin bag with strawberries worked in quills on the side!" He giggled foolishly, and said nothing for a moment. "It didn't take me long to recover after that. I was after that deer-skin bag with the strawberries on one side. But I had to be careful, for that wonderful cure made them far more holy than ever; so the Medicine Man watched more closely. But Billy had patience, lots of patience; for Billy knew that he must have that bag, for his head was in it—his poor, old, burnt head, with the hole in the top, and the marbles running all around it and dropping through into the fire. You see, he couldn't go back to England without them, and he couldn't get them without waiting and watching, night and day; so he waited and watched, and he got them."

He paused for a long time. His eyes blazed; his hands shook; his excitement was intense.

"If it hadn't been for that moon!" he broke out suddenly. "It shouldn't have been up, and then they wouldn't be able to see me as I got near the river. You know how it happened. I was just on the top of the bank when I heard the yell of a devil,

and when I looked back, there was the Medicine Man, as tall as a pine-tree, coming after me, and all the others bundling out of their wigwams to see what the row was about. But when I got down to the water, I just ran along a little way and stepped into it; then I turned and ran back the other way, and dropped them under a stone in the water, and ran on again. But that's just where the bank turns, there's where the moon comes out again, and there is where I ran right into them.

"They hadn't any more right to them than I had, but the Medicine Man thought they were a charm, because they had cured me when I wasn't sick. You see, he was a savage, so he thought he could find out where I had put them if he should burn the top of my head off. He didn't know they were under the stone in the water, for he turned up almost all the others. But he didn't find them in my head either. For they were right in the fire, and they kept running all around the edge of the bag with the strawberries on the side, and dropping through the hole, one after another; and every time they dropped, it hurt—oh, it hurt!—and the sparks would fly. So what could a poor chap do? I just had to dodge every time I'd feel one getting ready to drop; and that crouching down and dodging every minute makes a man's neck very short, and his shoulders all hunched up and sharp and bony."

He paused, crouched into the shape of an interrogation mark, clenched his teeth, screwed up his face till he looked like a terrified cat, and stared between tensely wrinkled lids at the stone, while his hands opened and closed stiffly, like the claws of a dying bird.

"Stop! What is it?" I shouted in his ear.

With a sudden little start he crouched still lower, and a groan escaped him. "One dropped then," he shuddered—and I saw beads of perspiration form on his forehead.

"You were saying that they burnt you," I reminded him.

"Well, do you doubt it?" he snarled. "I can assure you, they did. If it hadn't been for that thunder-storm they would be at it yet! But the moon went back behind the clouds again, and by the time they had me



tied up, so that I couldn't move a finger, with the pan of red-hot coals on my head, the thunder and the lightning came on."

He moaned, and his trembling hand stole to the scar on his head.

"At first they all laughed and jumped around like devils, and poked me in the ribs and blew the fire. But the thunder got louder and the lightning brighter, and the rain came down in torrents and put out the fire, then they got frightened, and cut me loose and crawled around my feet and yelled; and I screamed and bit my fingers. They said my screaming had brought on the storm. The rain got in the hole in my head, and knocked me down; and there was ice in the rain, and it got in and froze my backbone. And when Billy couldn't scream any more, he—he died. And when the storm was over, they found a snake. That frightened them all the more, for they said it had come out of the ground to eat everything up. So they left the snake and Billy some dried meat, and all moved away."

His voice had degenerated into a pitiable, cracked whine that was half a sob, and he swayed painfully from side to side, while the tears dripped down his furrowed old cheeks.

"The grass is very long, and the sun pinches and sucks at my head, and the moon freezes it. I'm tired, tired, tired, and thirsty, oh, so thirsty! Poor Billy! Poor Billy! I want to go home, away across the plains and the ocean; but it's too far. A man can't walk forever—no, a man can't walk forever; for a man's feet will wear only a certain length of time. The grass soon cuts them all to pieces, and there's no place on the prairie where you can buy new ones. No, there's no use in trying to go on forever. I'll just sit down here, and let the sun bite all it likes."

He mumbled and sighed wearily.

"But you got them," I broke in sharply, that I might arouse him from his stupor.

He started. "Of course I got them! But—but—" He blinked stupidly, and wrenched at his forehead once more.

"Yes, yes; but what? Think! Think!" I shouted.

He turned from the stone to me, and grinned foolishly. "Marbles," he whined in the tones of an idiot.

"Quick! You must think!" I insisted, and thrust the gem before his eyes again.

But he only stared, grinned, giggled, and looked cowed by turns; no spark of intelligence brightened his features.

"Marbles," he whined again, and his left hand left mine and fumbled with the bag. He poured the contents into his hat and resumed his play.

Raymond moved. Billy was nervous; he straightened himself with a jerk, and looked up expectantly. I took advantage of the opportunity, and secured a marble. A moment later I put my whole weight upon it, and ground it beneath my heel. A savage cry, like the snarl of a wild beast, broke out beside me, and a bony claw sank into my shoulder. The madman threw himself upon my foot and roughly pulled it to one side. The next moment he sprang into the air, screaming and gurgling in wild laughter. Between his thumb and forefinger he held a large and beautifully sparkling stone. He suddenly dashed back to where his hat lay, swooped down upon the marbles as a hawk swoops down upon a chicken, scooped them up in his hands, slipped two or three into his mouth, and made fruitless efforts to crush them between his teeth.

"Hurrah!" he shouted thickly. "I have them! Hurr—" He broke off with a grunt and clutched at his throat. He stood perfectly still for a moment; then his mouth opened wide, two or three times, and two marbles fell out. His eyes bulged, he was black in the face, he staggered and fell before I recovered from my surprise—and then it was too late. I did everything in my power to save him, but without success.

For more than fifteen years—so Raymond told me—he had carried the precious stones in his bosom, the knowledge of what they really were destroyed by torture and exposure; and now, at the moment of revelation, his idols turned on him and choked him. Poor old Billy! Whatever his error may have been, he atoned it a thousand times.

But now to discover who this man Blachford was. That duty has fallen upon Raymond and me. I may say that, so far, we have not received any light on the matter.



# THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

BY EMILY FERGUSON

Any clearing along the river is called "a ranch." Over there is a strawberry ranch owned by a Scotsman who is mated with a squaw. Just round the bend is Fisherman's Point. The town consists of one little camp inhabited by fishermen, who make their living by hook and line. That other house is Burton City. Halcyon Hot Springs is a very, very large place. That is, it has a fair-sized hotel, and is said to be a favorite health resort. One cannot understand people getting sick in this district. Perhaps they come here to "enjoy bad health." I asked the captain about it, and he ungallantly replied that the guests were generally "dumpings" from the East.

In desolately out-of-the-way places, under the coverture of the trees, we caught a glimpse of an occasional log "shack," with nothing going on but time and the river, the inhabitants will have an abundance of leisure to nurse their feelings and feed on their hearts. Over the door of a miner's cabin, we descried a horse-shoe. I verbally wished the inhabitants unlimited four-leaved clovers and silver spoons, with no Fridays, 13ths, or opals. The Padre sneeringly remarked that any man can be lucky if he tries, and although a blind pig does occasionally find an acorn, luck is usually awaiting the tireless man who goes ahead and keeps on digging.

The C.P.R. shine nobly in the commissariat. We had excellent meals on the boat—"chuck," they called it—but we were regularly held up by the tip-taking waiters.

No one who goes West should miss this trip, not only because it gives one an excellent idea of the interior of the country, but because of its great beauty. British Columbia has been described and re-described *ad nauseum*, and often with auction-room rhapsodies, but it is not until you visit it and stand in the towering presence of the great hills, that you realize

how its awesome grandeur and serenity infinitely outreach anyone's power of expression.

Down the quiet reaches of the river, through a gigantic avenue of mountains, in the languorous tranced air of "a land in which it seemed always afternoon," we sailed and sailed and wanted to sail for ever.

"How sweet it were, bearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half dream,  
To dream and dream  
Eating the Lotos day by day."

It was late when we reached Nakusp, and took the Slocan Branch of the C.P.R. for Nelson.

Nelson is built on hills. The main street is a gully, but has been built up thirty-five feet. It has a population of 5,000 people, chartered banks, a hospital, a smelter, an electric street railway, saloons, mortgages, and other modern conveniences. The town is not old enough to be dignified, and too young to be smart. I am told there is a lull in business just now, but the tide will turn this way again.

From Nelson, we took the trip down the Kootenay River in the steamer *Moyie*, a large, well-equipped boat, which only carries two and a half feet of water. The shooting in this district is said to be unexcelled, and anywhere in it you may take a heavy toll of duck, grouse, and big game. The fisherman is always assured of a good basket, and the Kootenay trout are the finest that ever tested a fisherman's staying powers and fertility of resource. Gigantic charr may be taken by trolling. The Kootenay is beautiful; perhaps rather awful in its beautiful grandeur. The river stretches and winds through the mountains like a marvellous greeny-blue ribbon. Down to its edge creep braided blooms and



banks of syringa in barbaric magnificence. Nowhere has the fair face of Nature been vulgarized by man, not as yet mowed or squared by human artificiality.

Not the least pleasurable part of the trip was making the acquaintance of three tourists from Missouri. "Mommer" and daughter are travelling, and "Popper" accompanies them to put up the outfit. "Mommer" asked me some questions about the country, which was just her easy way of introducing herself. In five minutes she was my bosom friend. I knew where she had been, where she was going, how she was "fixed" financially, and some minute particulars of her domestic affairs, for this type of person seldom errs on the side of reticence, and most things are blurted out sooner or later.

It was easy to see that "Mommer" was a petticoated edition of Napoleon, who ruled the family by the right of might. She does not like Canadians, and from the number of times she spoke of our "granitic conventions," and of our "oozing with dignity," I strongly suspect that she had memorized the words before leaving home.

Daughter was a tall handsome blonde, with a well-developed style of beauty. She has been at "the Academy," and is travelling in order that her remaining crudities may be sandpapered down.

But there came a lull in the conversation, when "Mommer" could not think of anything more to tell me. It was then that it occurred to her that there might be something of interest in my affairs. Where was I going? Where did I come from? Was I English? Had I any children, and did I expect——? She was what the Methodists call "an anxious inquirer."

Now, I have a firm, well-seated idea that inquisitiveness is the unpardonable social sin, and while ordinarily a fairly truthful person, at times like this my answers cannot be depended upon like the multiplication tables. It is diverting once in a while to sublimate the realities, and give your gifts of originality and color a chance of exercise.

I got along very well for a while. I have no doubt she found my history racy,

alluring, and even mysterious, until she remarked that the Padre was "distinguished looking." Was he an actor? Now, just here is where I fell from grace, and, incidentally, got rid of her, for I told her that while some of our friends thought he was gifted in that particular way, the fact of the matter was he was *travelling for ozone*.

When I told him, the Padre felt a trifle ruffled by the indignity I had put upon him, but he could not deny that while he had nothing to do with Powley, he was drinking in ozone with every breath.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE CROW'S NEST.

Kootenay Landing is the terminus of the Crow's Nest Pass Road, and here we entrained for the trip through this great new coal empire. At the Landing, the trains run on a gigantic slip and disgorge their freight, which is carried by barges to Slocan, Nelson, Rossland, and the mines.

Leaving Kootenay, we follow the western slope of the Purcell Range to Sirdar. Passing on, we run by the extensive works which have been constructed by an English syndicate, the object being the reclamation of these lands. It seems to me strange that anyone should try to make land out here, when there is so much already made and unoccupied. Perhaps, it is because the shareholders are a long distance off.

Arrowy-winged wild ducks, waxies, and wild geese resort to these flats in thousands for feeding.

Leaving the marshy land, we follow along the southern slope of the Goat Mountain, and across the Goat River, which is spanned by a huge bridge. Over the torn and jagged rocks, nearly two hundred feet down, the water, "churned thick like devil's broth," foams and tumbles, hisses, and screams in a boiling flume.

Leaving Kitchener, the railway follows Kid Creek, the train groaningly proceeding up the heavy gradient, until we reach Summit Meadow, the height of land of the Purcell Range of the Selkirks. The scene



is sombre-hued and forbidding. Oh! for Dore's bizarre pencil and Turner's palette.

Running down the slope, we pass the stations of Yahk, Tochty, and Aldrich, and along the bank of the Moyie River, penetrating a country that is heavily wooded with cedar, larch, cottonwood, tamarac, and fir.

Moyie is a mining village. The mines are of silver and lead ore, and are operated by the Eugene Company. From the trains you can see the ore being slid down the mountain side to the crusher. A noticeable feature of these mining camps are the saloons. A saloon seems to be the first need of any civilized community in the West. A "town" will often consist of three log drinking shops, where the diggers "anoit their breath" at ruinous prices.

Our course now lay along the beautiful Moyie Lakes, which in one place squeeze the railway into the mountain side. We emerge into an open park-like country, seamed with pretty brooks, until we arrive at Cranbrook, a flourishing town that is guarded by Mount Baker. The town boasts four lumber mills, large brickyards, car shops, cattle yards, well-stocked stores, a small Chinatown, and a civic electric plant. Colonel Baker has a ranch here of several thousand acres, and on it all kinds of farm produce are raised.

For half an hour we climb up the banks of the Kootenay River, until at Wardner, where the river is 780 feet wide, we cross it on a magnificent bridge which has 170 feet span to allow the passage of steamers. And now comes a rapid run through another grass-covered country, a long, sunny savanna, until we cross the Elk River, a formidable mountain torrent, and Morrisey Creek.

Fernie has not quieted down yet, after the awful catastrophe which has desolated so many hearts and homes. As you look at the shafts tunnelled into the mountain sides, it gives you an idea how the men were caught like rats in a trap. There are three hundred coke ovens here, and they all seemed attending to business. Six tons of coal-dust, "refuse" they call it, is put into each oven, and this gives four tons of

coke. The coke finds its market in the smelteries.

From Fernie, we follow the Elk River, which foams and tears along down the canyon like a mad thing. I heard a Westerner say it was "cussing around permiscuous."

Between M'Gillivray and Crow's Nest Pass, we ran by huge out-croppings of wasteful ore. Ah, if we could only grow banks like that in Ontario!

I hardly know how to describe the "Loop" at the Crow's Nest. All I fairly grasped was that we were twisted around in cork-screw style for three miles in order to make a distance of 200 feet. We had now reached an altitude of 4,410 feet above the sea-level. Looking down the mountain side on scenery of the wildest aspect, we could see the Michel Creek hundreds of feet below, crawling in and through the valley like a sluggish serpent of silver. Our performance was an exploit rather than a pleasure. The distance down was fairly sickening, and what if one of these wooden trestles broke? We were almost afraid to throw our weight on the off-side of the car. The engine shrieked in its "fierce-throated beauty." How could it be so reckless? The Loop is, indeed, a wonderful engineering feat, and the Canadian Pacific is a great railway. It is an irrigating ditch which carries streams of populace into unsettled lands. It is a royal road to learning—a kindergarten for adults.

Soon we pass the dividing lines between Alberta and British Columbia, and at Island Lake, have reached the summit of the Rockies. The Lake is land-locked on every side. It is a beautiful jewel of aqueous pearl set in granite.

Running through scenery that continually shifted and changed, we came to the Crow's Nest Lake, which is often described as the birthplace of the wind which blows across the prairies. We were glad to berth up at Blairmore, so did not see Pincher, Macleod, or intermediate stations, but as our engine broke down several times, we had a chance to "take in" Lethbridge and other points to Dunmore Junction, where we waited some hours for the train east on the main line.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE INDIANS.

After a twenty-four hours' run we reached Elkhorn, in Manitoba. It was the witching hour of 4.18 when we and our luggage were bundled out on the platform. The car had been hot, hot as Pullmans usually are, and the prairie air made me shiver. Ugh! there was no one to meet us. We found out later that the Wilsons had not received our telegram, and did not expect us until the next train.

In our dense Eastern innocence we had prepaid the telegram, and so it was not sent. I was absurd enough to write and make complaint, but that "doesn't work" out West, for the agent threatened to sue me for defamation of character. Oh, horrors! I wrote and humbly craved his pardon. I was *sure* his character was all right. I had *never* sent a telegram, much less paid for one, and would never *dream* of doing so in the future.

We had visited Elkhorn on our way West, so were not strangers within the gates; this is how we knew our way to the Waushakada Indian Home. I don't know what the Padre did, I was too tired to even care, but I crept into the Principal's house (no need for keys or bolts on the prairie) tiptoed into the drawing-room, tucked myself up on a couch and slept.

A genuine home-welcome from the Wilsons, a hot bath, a hot breakfast, and I felt "fitter" than ever.

I think the Indian children were glad to see us again. They are not demonstrative, but have a shy, engaging softness, an unconscious wile, that is very enticing. The little girls had a pretty habit of slipping me flowers and ripe strawberries, and once it was a baby meadow-lark I got. In leisure hours they taught me how to play knife. I think they were rather suspicious of my dexterity, but would not dream of questioning my veracity. Then, I would tell them stories of battle, murder, and sudden death, and in turn they would sing "To the home of the Esquimaux."

I was much taken by a fair-haired wean-

ling (some of the half-bloods are blondes) that was limbed like a sculptured love. But with a temper out of all proportion to its diminutive size, and with a precocity of depravity that was disconcerting, the "thankless atom" would have absolutely nothing to do with me.

The children of the prairies do not know how to climb. They have no way of exercising that gift. I met a young woman of twenty who had never seen an apple grow. The children have a vague idea, too, of lakes. The principal's little daughter, when she first saw one, called it a "bath."

Ah! it is good to be on the prairie again: good to "run about the braes and pu' the gowans fine": good to lie full length in the sunshine and feel a sensation of softness as if caressed by firelight, to feel it pervading the body even to the palms of the hand.

The Waushakada (Indian for "Ever ready") Indian Home is a fine large building supported by the Dominion Government. The great success of the work is due to the industry, practicality, and determination of the Principal, Mr. A. E. Wilson. Mr. Wilson has known the Indians from his earliest boyhood (his father, the Rev. E. F. Wilson, being a pioneer worker among them), and this is one reason why he is so eminently fitted for the post.

There are not many full-blooded Indians among the eight tribes represented in this institution. In a few years more there will be no full-bloods. Now, it is an old saying that a half-breed inherits only the bad qualities of both nationalities which he stands for, but an old saying is not necessarily a true one, and it must be borne in mind that the half-breed sees only the seamy side of civilization. Church and State are, to-day, giving him a chance to take on a new and clean civilization and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow like other people. They are endeavoring to train him in a love of honest labor and a dislike of pauperism. He must not only be taught to pray, but to work. The Bible and the plough are the complements of each other.

And the half-blood is worth saving. He is amenable to the same laws as we are, and pays tribute to the same Cæsar. Like the



white man, too, he is subject to the laws of nature, and the fittest will survive, and the weakest will decrease, go down and out.

The Indian is not lazy, but the white man has introduced a different kind of work, and other muscles are called into play. In like manner, it would tire the life out of a white man to follow an Indian in his prairie craft. For generations nearly all the natural instincts of the Indian have been developed in fishing and hunting, and the inclinations have been intensified by transmission from generation to generation, but while the Indians are drifting towards farming, ranching, and various branches of industrial, domestic and mechanical arts, their progress must of necessity be slow. It has been pointed out that the Picts, Celts, Scots, and Gauls in the early centuries of the Christian era had a lower state of civilization than most of the Indian tribes of to-day, and were hardly more industrious.

At the present time, in Canada, the Indian farms 150,000 acres of land, including fallow, new breaking, meadow and pasture, and the value of their farm products is about \$1,000,000. That they can make the land bring forth abundantly is shown by the agent's report this year on the Oak River Reserve, twenty-three miles west of Brandon. A Sioux band of 316, who received no Government aid, raised 15,000 bushels of wheat, 1,257 of oats, 1,189 of potatoes, 229 of corn, 162 of turnips 1,264 tons of fodder, and one Indian sold 100 dozen of eggs, and 180 lbs. of butter. They have ploughed forty-three acres new breaking, 391 summer fallow, and 160 of fall ploughing. From these figures it will be seen that the case of the "men of the restless eye and wandering foot" is by no means a forlorn hope.

One of the greatest difficulties in the Indian educational work is the handling of the young men and women when they leave the Government institutions. The training has tended to offset the habits, weaknesses, and ill-regulated passions of the Indian. This being the case, it is not wisdom to send them back to the Reserves and herd them there, for no Indian can leave the Reserve without the permission of the agent. The

tendency is to destroy their energy and independence, and teaches them pauperism. We should push them out and let them work, paying them for their labor like a white man, leaving the collecting of rations to the aged and infirm.

As far as we know, there has never been a conference of the workers among the Indians to compare methods, to discuss vital questions, and to map out definite lines of work for the future. Such a convention would undoubtedly be a great benefit to all parties concerned.

We were in time for the annual Game's Day at the Waushakada, and found the contests between the Indians and the whites from the neighboring villages extremely interesting. The Indians won in every contest. This rather surprised us as we had always seen Indian clubs ignominiously worsted. I think the fact of these youths being well-fed and cared for made all the difference. Besides, playing together year after year, they have learned to combine and play into each other's hands in a more scientific manner than the whites. Certainly they did less work and showed better results than their competitors. They are adept curlers as well, and I am told that at a recent bonspiel, out of ninety-four contesting rinks, the Indian lads captured fourth place.

We think the authorities do well to foster in the Indians a love of sport. These games are wholesome recreation, and meet a physical necessity. They put good red blood into the veins, and do for the loosened nerves what the piano-tuner does for the chords of the instrument. They have an important function, too, in the development of character. To carry a football down the field past all his antagonists, and to send it spinning through the goal, requires courage, self-reliance, and strenuousness. The tendency is also to develop in the boys a sense of fair play and a passion for justice. The Indian who can run up against a white rival on the field and hold his own, will be all the better for it when he comes to face him as a competitor in the sterner affairs of life.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## SUNDAY ON THE PRAIRIE.

There were no big Sunday newspapers here to tempt the people to stay home from church, and, although the thermometer stood at 95 degrees in the shade—or would, if there were any shade—all the whites bundled into a waggonette and started off to church.

People do not run to fads here about the heat, cold, and all the intermediate degrees as they do down East. At least, I rarely heard them speak of the weather. Indeed, I was almost ashamed to mention the mosquitoes, for the prairie folk do not seem to mind them at all. And they are awful mosquitoes. Ah! if fish would only bite as greedily! They arouse the old Eve in a woman, no matter how circumspect or unco' guid she may be. I had hard work to explain to the Padre that I was not using vulgar language, when I said I wished they would leave off their "bloody" business. He thought "sanguinary" had been a better word. To avoid these insatiable little beasts, you should always sit beside a fat person dressed in black. Black is their passion.

It was a twelve-mile drive to the church, so that we passed a number of homesteadings. Some were well-kept and prosperous looking, and one had a pretentious stone house. A common style of outhouse is built of sods, and has a framework of willow poles. It really looks better than it sounds.

The lack of trees give the houses a bare, unhomelike appearance. Old trees here are, in every sense of the word, family trees. They are heraldic emblems, showing that the family are no "new people." One does not realize how greatly our Ontario farms are beautified by orchards till one sees those of Manitoba. A farmer in this Province must not indulge in any such vagary as the great geometer, Bolyar, who, when dying, imposed on his heir the obligation of planting on his grave an apple-tree in remembrance of Eve, of Paris, and of Newton.

Now, while Ceres has done her duty by

this country, the people feel sore that Pomona has so signally slighted them. The apple is the forbidden fruit, and so the land can never be quite an Eden. The Padre has been trying to persuade me that the apple of Eden was not identical with our Canadian fruit. It may have been the fig, the orange, the apricot, the banana. Indeed, old Mandeville speaks of bananas as "Apples of Paradise." He describes them as "Long apples, very sweet, and of good savor, and although you cut them in ever so many slices or parts, across or endwise, you will always find in the middle the figure of the Holy Cross." But this explanation does not mend matters. On the contrary, it makes them worse; for, if apples are doubtful in Manitoba, bananas are hopeless.

Nor is there much of an attempt at ornamentation about the farm-houses. In these strenuous days of pioneer life, all energies are needed to meet the demands of food, clothing, and fuel. "Vacant lot cultivation," "backyard sanitation," and "fence gardening," have as yet struck the West gently—if at all. In truth there are no fences to garden *on*, and the Government says you must not garden *in* them, for the only fence about the homestead is a ploughed one, a fireguard, four furrows wide.

Life in these isolated homes is apt to drag painfully in the winter months when there is little work to be done, and the land lies buried in snow. It is at this period of the year the wise sons go to Ontario to scatter what they have gathered in summer. The burden falls on the house-mother who struggles "womanfully" to keep up health and spirits under the strain. "If one thinks about it," says Mrs. Craigie, "but one mustn't—it seems that the mothers as a race are ominously silent about the joys of existence." It is no wonder so many women go insane on these Manitoba farms. There is one consolation; they will have plenty of company in the asylum.

Sometimes, the farmer moves to the village for the winter, in which case the women are in rare good luck. They have the advantage, too, of a change of diet. It is said



that the farmer in Manitoba sets ice-cream and oysters as the greatest luxuries of life, just as the cowman dreams of "garden stuff."

There is a deal of truth after all behind the Prime Minister's cynicism that the great need of the rural laborer is not a parish council, but a parish circus. In town, existence may be precarious, yet there is life for the brain and spirit, and stimulating social intercourse. We worry and talk a great deal about "the city problem," and iterate the parrot-scream, "Back to the land." Some, like General Booth, have gone so far as to establish a "Utopia, Limited," but to little purpose, for too often it is the play without Hamlet. The people won't stay in the country. Life there is too colorless and monotonous. After all, it would seem that we are looking at the wrong end for solution. The key of the country problem lies in the city.

The men of Manitoba, very often, are stoop-shouldered. I thought it merely a slouchy habit of carriage until told that it was the result of long-continued ploughing.

There are some bachelor farmers, too, and the lads may whistle as alluringly as they please, and until they are quite short of breath, without receiving any answer from possible mates. Down East, as a rule, girls have to take what they can get, and make the best of it, and fortunately they have a decided talent for making a pretty fair article out of a bad husband. The East suffers from a superabundance of women, so that girls are impelled into ill-assorted marriages on the principle of "any port in a storm." The pursuit of husbands is often the supreme struggle for existence, and devil take the hindmost. But in Manitoba and the Territories, My Lady may pick and choose. She is no "cheapened Paradise," and the witch knows it—knows that ever since the days of Mother Eve a woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.

One of these bachelor "shacks" is inhabited by Billy Barker. He came out to "pass the time of day" and to tell us the shortest way out of the big sticky slough into which we had wandered. "Come to

church, Billy," called out Madam. "We have such a nice clergyman to-day." "Oh, they are all nice—like the ladies," replied Billy, clearly showing us the drift of his thoughts.

"Put on your hat, Billy, and jump in," said the master. "Can't, can't possibly," answered the lorn bachelor, "I have to wash my shirt."

"Huh! huh!" snorted our 'breed' driver, "the fellow never wears a shirt, never," and I expect he knew.

I think I like going to church in the country better than in the town. There are fewer distractions. I do not suppose that the people are any sincerer, but they *seem* so. They sing as if they meant it. They pray as if they meant it. One is not squeezed into a certain corner of a certain pew and ticketed by a certain envelope. The clergyman talks simpler, too. The sermons are not so technically theological, nor the methods intensely churchish.

In the city, religion is often thickset with mysteries, profound and difficult of comprehension—a system of darkling truths and thorny questions that are hard to handle and by no means "to the edifying of the Church." Most city people suffer from sins, temptations, and heartbreaks which the parson never speaks of. And yet, we often wonder why people leave the church, and it never occurs to us that the church has left the people.

There are some of us—in truth, many of us—who do not care much about the terrible something in the past, and the wonderful something in the future, nor do we desire in the present darkness, morbid self-inspection, and gloom. We ask the Church to teach us how we may have life just now, how we may have it in large abundant measure. We want to know how to lift our faces to the sweet light of heaven and be strong, healthy, holy or wholesome, happy, wise. And if there is another world, we want those same things there.\*

\* I talked this over with the Padre. He said it sounded well, and plenty of people thought that way, but it was a mistake. The terrible past must be adjusted to the wonderful future, if we would have a profitable present.



We had tea with a widower and two bachelors, all Englishmen, and one of the latter fought with the London Yeomanry in South Africa.

Do not think that our hosts were at all embarrassed to get tea, for this merry trio keep an open home to the music of knives and forks. The cakes, which were of home manufacture, proved particularly light and toothsome. When I expressed my pleasure and surprise, the gentlemen quite overwhelmed me by the display of their plum puddings and other dainties. They do their own laundry work, make pretty cushions for their big couches, and sew on the machine. They have an organ, a gramophone, beautiful plants, a well-selected library, dainty china, and some good pictures.

Put an Englishman down anywhere in the world, and he retains his national traits, and what more dominant characteristic does he possess than loyalty? This is why these men took us out to view their coronation arches. I was eager to see them, as there are no firs here, and I was somewhat curious as to their make-up. The arches, I found, were composed of hops and hoops. The green creepers, with their curling tendrils and airy pendant bunches, completely covered the enormous hoops and made quite effective arches. Besides, they had the

superlative advantages of usefulness and permanency.

Now, our widower host laid an injunction on me which I promised to do my best to fulfil. I had almost forgotten it until now, but it is never too late to mend—or to wed. I was to keep open a very wide eye for a bright girl, who would take permanent charge of *himself*—big, handsome, intellectual, good-tempered, military bearing, courteous in manner; *his house*—two stories and very comfortable; *his estate*—a whole section well under cultivation; and *all his worldly goods*—a fair surplus in the bank.

He is not particular about a fortune *with* her, but there must be a fortune *in* her. She must be reasonably good-looking, refined, and accomplished enough to play on the washboard as well as the church organ.

Mr. A—'s first wife was the widow of an English officer, and it is said she was very happy with No. II., but then you can't blame No. II. for "noticing" again. Men, as a rule, are not sentimental, and prefer something more substantial than grief, and all agree there is no easier or more practical way out of it than by marrying again.

If any of my unattached readers should think seriously of this proposal, let her straightway address a letter, containing her qualifications, to "Janey Canuck," care of my publishers. I shall most assuredly give Dan Cupid my best assistance.

(TO BE CONTINUED)







# HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

## LAW OF THE LIP, LADIES!

WHEN the doctor comes to your sick-bed, he looks at your tongue because it shows the state of your whole body. He can tell what is the matter with you in this way. We could almost do the same. Your tongue shows your whole character. It tells what is within.

\* \* \*

It is said the devil makes his Christmas pie of lewd tongues.

\* \* \*

At a school examination, the children came to the word *scandal*, and the inspector stopped to inquire who knew the meaning of the word. Silence ensued, till a bright-eyed child held up her hand. "Please, sir, scandal is when nobody does nothing and everybody talks about it."

\* \* \*

A fool's tongue is always long enough to cut her throat.

\* \* \*

Socrates, when asked what was the beast most dangerous to man, answered, "Of tame beasts, the flatterer; of wild beasts, the slanderer."

\* \* \*

The tale-bearer carries the devil in her tongue; the tale-hearer, in her ear.

\* \* \*

Never forget the "tongue" includes the "pen."

Cuvier, it is said, could from a bone reconstruct an antediluvian animal, but some people do not even require a fact to supply a wonderful chapter in their neighbor's history.

\* \* \*

There is a biting spice of truth in the dictum—"There is something pleasant to us in the misfortunes of even our best friends."

\* \* \*

It does not require much intellect to be a scandal-monger. The chief requisite is that the woman has a small family, or no family at all. It is likely that "a lusty brace of twins would weed her of her folly," for she would have to stay at home and mind them.

\* \* \*

The tongue is loose at one end, and can swing either way, but at one end it is fastened to your throat, and that makes you responsible for the way it wags.

\* \* \*

No, madam, you cannot deliberately smirch your sister's reputation, however bad a woman she may be, without making yourself a worse woman.

\* \* \*

There is a story that Amasia, King of Egypt, sent a sacrifice to Bias, the sage, asking him to send back the best part and the worst. Bias sent back the tongue.

\* \* \*

"Have you heard about Mr. Blank?" asks Miss Babblor Innuendo. "No? Ah, well, the least said soonest mended."



The Paradise of Madam Tattler is a country town where everybody knows everybody. She can see more through a keyhole than most people can see through a door ajar. She talks, talks, talks, talks, talks. We all smile on her, and at decorous intervals we call on her because we know it is dangerous to run foul of this she-dragon.

\* \* \*

Nature has set a double guard about the tongue, namely the teeth and lips.

\* \* \*

Some folk so torture and change events that when they get through there is not much of the original truth left. They do as the wolf did with Baron Munchausen's horse, who began at the horse's tail and ate into him until the Baron drove home the wolf harnessed in the skin.

\* \* \*

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak, Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

\* \* \*

A slander may be circulated by imputation. Shoulders, eyes, lips, hands, may all be eloquent with calumnious insinuation. You may

"Convey a libel in a frown  
And wink a reputation down.

\* \* \*

It may be circulated confidentially. "I wouldn't let anyone know it for the world! It may not be true you know." In strictest confidence she tells it to only one solitary person, who ditto, who ditto, who ditto, etc., etc., and so on.

\* \* \*

It may be circulated negatively: "I don't believe it; now, do you?"

\* \* \*

The slanderer is a treacherous footpad whose face is never seen, and whose step is never heard. She comes up behind her prey in the dark, and leaves no trace behind but a mortal sword thrust.

The meanest whisperer is the one who, under the garb of loyalty, tells you all the mean things she has heard against you. She rubs you raw, and then she rubs brine, lye, and turpentine into you. She finishes up with a flesh brush.

\* \* \*

To the professional backbiter nothing is as it appears on the surface. There is a sinister design in every action. Each mote is a mountain. There is always a wheel within a wheel.

\* \* \*

This is how she drugs her conscience when she has a piece of despicable filthiness to roll off her tongue: "I don't believe it, you know, but it was really so rich I couldn't keep it to myself."

\* \* \*

Adder's poison is under her lips. She is a human viper whose "words are smoother than oil, yet they are drawn swords." Her envenomed fangs are barbed by "They say." Take her up sharply and she will argue, "Pshaw! when I say an ill-natured thing 'tis out of pure good humor."

\* \* \*

Don't hold the sack while she fills it. You cannot be a receiver of lies if you are not a kindred spirit with the liar.

\* \* \*

An ancient writer declares that the man who slanders, and the man who receives a slander, ought both to be hung—the one by the tongue, the other by the ear.

\* \* \*

Well! if it *is* true. Never mind. Go about your business.

\* \* \*

The tattler has a relish for tainted meat—in culinary parlance, *high* game—but she lards her piquant dishes with protestations of reluctance. If she will make mince-meat out of hearts and reputations, decline firmly to be her chopping-bowl. She is carnivorous and insatiable. She hunts her preserves with the acute sense and keen temper of a pointer a-field. It will be your turn next.



If you quarrel with your friend, don't turn yourself into a slandering monomaniac.

\* \* \*

"See the ladies how they walk,  
Pittle pattle, pittle pattle ;  
Hear the ladies how they talk,  
Tittle tattle, tittle tattle."

\* \* \*

Never strike at a wasp unless you are sure of killing it. You only exasperate it, and invite trouble for yourself. Moral: A poor defence is worse than none.

\* \* \*

If a person calls you an offensive name, comfort yourself by knowing that she has but drawn her own picture and written your name under it.

\* \* \*

Who keeps her tongue doth keep her soul.

---

### WIDOWERS.

A WIDOWER mourns for his loved one; a widow for her lost love.

\* \* \*

Love, like the measles, is worse when contracted late in life. This is why it is impossible to persuade Grandpapa Moneybags that Dottie Dimple loves him for anything but himself. But it is an old story, and likely to be repeated while women are ambitious, and men are men.

\* \* \*

A man mentally bargains with himself that he will remain a widower for *at least* twelve months, but eventually cuts six months off the term for good behaviour.

\* \* \*

A widower should never dance a quadrille or try to cut a caper except he is sure of going through with it. If he is once laughed at in public, it is all up with him. He had better be poor, or a bachelor.

We heard once of a desolate widower who engraved on his wife's tombstone, "The light of my life has gone out." It was after his second marriage that a wag wrote underneath: "June 10th; struck another match."

\* \* \*

Speaking of epitaphs written by widowers, here is one I copied in a graveyard in Raleigh Township, Kent Co., Ontario:

"My wife, so dear, be of good cheer,  
We will meet you there, your children dears,  
In a few more years if the Lord so please,  
Your worldly gears you left your dears,  
In their small years, with hopes and fears,  
Without your tears what sadly vexed the little dears.  
Your voice so clear, your mare can't hear,  
Your feathery tribe, the same my dear,  
The loving kind, likewise the swine,  
The lambs in time will miss your sair  
If they should loose their mother dear,  
Wheeler, my dear, has not been here,  
So Gerry is safe for this new year.  
A loving mother who lies here,  
As ever left her children dear,  
Heavens rest her soul where ere she is  
The prayer of those left here."

The "Wheeler" referred to is a well-known Chatham butcher, and "Gerry," a young steer.

\* \* \*

It is strange that the love of a widower is always instantaneous, and he *knows* he *never* felt love before.

\* \* \*

The Prayer Book has petitions for every class of people in the world, for "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks"—except only widowers. Ah! they were knowing scribes of old time.

\* \* \*

When a man promises his wife he will never marry again, it is because he thinks he is going to die too.

\* \* \*

But there are exceptions! Lord Hervey, in his memoirs, tells that when Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., was dying, she advised the King to marry again. He heard her in sobs, and with much difficulty got out the sentence, "*Non, j'aurais des maitresses.*"



If you want proof positive, my dear sir, of the disinterested affections of Dottie, it would be wise to circulate a rumor of your actual bankruptcy.

\* \* \*

"Man was made to mourn," sobs the poet, and the blamed fool thinks he can get out of it by marrying again, sneers Cynicus.

\* \* \*

Browning has a poem on widowers. Read it. The title is "Any Wife to Any Husband."

\* \* \*

The favorite text of widowers is found in Genesis ii. 18. This text is the first reflection of the Creator on the species.

\* \* \*

And when you get "that lonesome feeling," Milord, you will find a heap of women to select from. There is the domestic broad-faced woman, who cooks good dinners at a small cost; and the animated talking machine, who is a queer compound of hysterics and affection, as well as the impassioned, languid-eyed woman, who needs a world of looking after; and the rosebud, and the smart, vivacious little woman of the irrepressible kind. But what odds about her style? She is a woman anyway, so shut your eyes, put your hand in the bag, and *grab*.

\* \* \*

If you are at all doubtful as to your true feelings for her, just notice how you feel when a bachelor monopolizes her time and attention. If you feel "queer," and want to smash him—well, don't lose any time in proposing.

\* \* \*

And when she accepts you, don't enact the turtle-dove before all the company, unless you positively can't help it. People say such horrid mean things sometimes.

### WHAT WE EAT

**H**ELEN WILMANS does not believe we derive our character nor our bodily appearance from what we eat, in spite of the experiment of an old hen she tells about. The hen got the reform diet craze, and began to live on sawdust. When

she hatched out her next brood of chickens, eleven of them had wooden legs, and the other was a woodpecker.

It was along this line, too, an ardent swain explained to his sweetheart the famous dictum "what a lion eats is lion." She asked him if he believed there was anything in the notion that people became what they eat. The wise fellow said if there were she must have eaten venison, she was such a little dear. We wonder if he were making game of her.

Be that as it may, always eat the best you can get. If you stint the table to decorate your back, you deserve to forfeit head, stomach, and electoral franchise.

We have a poor idea of the physical and mental capacity of badly fed people. If Lazarus had insisted on better food than crumbs, he would not have remained a beggar.

The woman worth anything is built and sustained by hearty feeding, and there is no grossness either in eating heartily, if she work sufficiently to consume the strength afforded.

The trouble with the table in many homes is monotony, and monotony is as bad for the digestion as the temper. It is not change of air that benefits the average holiday-maker so much as change of diet.

Another error in household management is the permitting of hurried and slipshod breakfasts. This meal is really the most important of the day, because it supplies the fuel for the day's work. Paulding was right when he said, "Next to a good appetite for dinner, a keen relish for breakfast constitutes the happiness of our existence."

In some homes, it is the order of the week to eat cold dinners on Sunday. Perhaps there is logic in it, and religion, too, but as for ourselves, we will cling to the amended maxim, "The better the day, the better the feed."

It is an error to hold to the idea that "healthful food" should taste badly. On the contrary, "halesome farin'" should be the most toothsome. There is no reason why the staples which make up the bulk of our diet should deserve anything else than a prayer of thanks. It is quite possible that a plate of soup may be a comfort to the soul.



# LITERATURE

THE CORRECT THING. By Florence Howe Hall.

NOT infrequently what is called "etiquette" is the essence of untruthfulness, but not so with this book, because its pithy, pointed rules are based on a genuine wish to be thoughtful for others.

"The young person" should have a copy of "The Correct Thing," because it teaches the happy way of doing things, and because courtesy is the "open sesame" everywhere. There is scarcely a moment in our lives when our value may not be materially increased by good manners. In the commerce of life, the small coins of civility will of a surety prove more valuable than minted gold.

This work is the best and most comprehensive one that has been published on the subject, and the price is not prohibitive. It deserves to have a large sale.

*Dana Estes & Co., Boston.*

POEMS OF PHILIP FRENEAU. Poet of the American Revolution. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association. By Fred Lewis Pattee.

THIS is one of the most noteworthy issues of the year, and no American library can afford to be without it.

Of a truth, Philip Freneau is rightly styled "the Father of American Poetry," for he was the first man born on American soil who possessed the true spark of poetic fire.

Although Freneau is dead seventy-one years, this is the first complete edition of his poems. We cannot well understand why they have so long been hidden away in dark corners.

The poems are nearly all concerned with the affairs of his time, and to follow their lead is to live for the nonce in the intense days of the revolution. The poet was the bitter opponent of slavery, and of every form of oppression. He was one of the first to demand equal rights for men and women. This is why he has been called "the lyricist of a righteous revolution, and above all, the people's poet."

Because of his Celtic temperament, Freneau was impetuous, sensitive, sanguine, proud, and a passionate lover of beauty. His muse is in turns satirical, caustic, and mournful. Now he sings a tender lyric, thrills in a pæan of victory, or again shrieks a song of vengeance. Sir Walter Scott said that his mournful wail for the dead in "Eutaw Springs" is as fine a thing as there is of the kind in the language.

Fred Lewis Pattee has edited the poems in a remarkably sympathetic and able manner. May each of us deserve and have so kind a biographer!

The edition is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

*The University Library, Princeton, N.J.*

HOW PARIS AMUSES ITSELF. By F. Berkley Smith.

ONCE see this book and you will never be happy till you own it, not only because of its tasteful dress, but because it has all the interest of a peep into mischievous matters which you feel you have no business to know about.

The book is an accumulation of vivid impressions, interesting facts, and striking pictures, so combined that we learn while we only seem to be entertained.

The author, who has a fine genius for color, takes us to the risqué plays of the Palais Royal, to the Opera Comique, and the Bouffes Parisiennes; to the Theatre Libre, the cafes, circuses, bars, boulevards, and we finish up with him on a fishing bout along the Seine. Ah! he is like the obliging Parisian "cabby" of whom he writes—"Just raise your finger. *He will take you anywhere.*"

The author says Paris is the easiest place in the world to spend a dollar, and the hardest place to earn an honest one. It would seem that the schoolboy was right after all. When asked what the people in Paris were called, he replied, "parasites."

*Funk and Wagnalls, New York and London.*



ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH POETRY. By Robert N. Whiteford, Ph.D.

THIS work on the technique of poetics is intended primarily for schools, colleges, and general literature classes, but its faith is quite as much needed by the stay-at-homes who are interested, or who pretend to be interested, in poetry. To literary critics it is indispensable.

It teaches us how to look at a poem emotionally, ethically, and intellectually—teaches us to note its technical construction, the aesthetics of effect, and the sources for conception, and so to become critics and analysts of the highest kind.

In this "Anthology of English Poetry," the epoch from Beowulf to Kipling is divided into eight periods—the Formative, the Compactive, the Initiative, the Renaissance, the Puritan, the Augustan, the Georgian, and the Victorian. Poems representing each era are given and annotations are made thereon. The book is of the utmost value to literary students.

*Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston.*

A FIELD OF FOLK. By Isabella Howe Fiske.

IN these poems we find a happiness of fancy and expression, with a delicious blending of sense and sound. Nowhere is the work hurried or careless, but each stanza is a gem of exquisite polish and delicate chiselling.

The poems deal with nature and life, and show both deep feeling and a warmth of susceptibility to the beautiful.

The following lines are on "Smoke:"

"I am the scroll of history for every land and age,  
And mark the progress of the race throughout its pilgrimage;  
The camp-fire of the savage; the tribal signal light,  
The city's conflagration that rides the winds of night,  
The industry of river-towns; the onrush of the train,  
The massacre of battle; and the hearth-light once again."

*Richard G. Badger, Boston.*

AMERICAN HEROES AND HEROISM. By Mowry

A BOOK we admire immensely. It is readable from end to end, and is replete with human interest.

Philosophers tell us that the history of civilization is the history of great men. Granting this premise to be right and true,

the best things the American nation possess are not their cornfields, mines, fleets, and harbors, but their great, good men, whose examples and influence repeat greatness in their people.

The Anglo-Saxon hungers for heroes, but heroes are rare. We say "hungers" because the heart, like the body, needs food and finds it in the heroic deeds and noble traits of those who have gone before. The records of their lives that have been harvested by historians strengthen the generations that come after.

It is because of these facts we are indebted to the author of this book for something more than interesting stories. They have given us stories that cannot but inspire us with ambition and high resolve.

Note it down as a Christmas gift for the boy.

*Silver Burdette & Co., New York, Chicago, Boston.*

THE COUNTRY JAKE. By Oliver Woodruff Gogin.

THE sub-title tells us that these are the "Recollections of a city boy who 'lived, moved, and had his being' with the Suckers in the Backwoods of Illinois in the 40's."

If you asked in those days what a "Sucker" meant, you would be told that in "airly times the first settlers found that water was moughty skase in Elinoise country, and when thirsty you could hunt for a hollow weed, and by a-pushin' the weed down a craw-fish hole (of which thar was a God's plenty), you could make a sucker connection atwixe your mouth and the water at the bottom of the crawfish hole."

This book should be read by everybody who desires to be informed on the lives of the early settlers, and we have a poor opinion of their descendants who do not wish to be.

The work is full of colloquial raciness and humor, for the author has caught the very spirit of youth with its laughter, its enthusiasms, its light-hearted mirth. He is especially happy in his delineations of everyday experiences, and we turn the last pages with regret, for we have grown to



love with him the simple, morning-hearted folk of the "Elinoise" back-country.

*Broadway Publishing Co., New York, Montreal, & London.*

#### THE WORKINGMAN AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

By Charles Stelzle.

THE author of this book sent out several hundred letters to the great labor leaders in different parts of the world asking their opinions on various social problems relating to the welfare of the workingman, and in this book gives us in an interesting form the digest of their answers.

This makes the work in reality a symposium, and, consequently, of great value, putting as it does its hand on the strong, quick pulse of the labor world.

The work deals with the workingman and his environment, his saloons, shop ethics, leaders, social reforms, and church.

It is by a long odds the best thing on the subject that has been published for a long time. It is a practical book for practical people, strong in mental grasp, and singularly free from prejudice or rancour.

A copy of it should be found in every library.

*Fleming H. Revell, Chicago, New York, Toronto.*

#### THE ANNIE LAURIE MINE. By David N. Beach

THIS book which is written along the lines of Charles M. Sheldon's works, is a novel of interest and power dealing primarily with conomics and religion, and subsidiarily with "the course of true love."

The author gives us the record of a successful experiment in co-operation and profit-sharing by the managers and laborers of the Annie Laurie Mine. He says, too, plain things in plain language regarding the subjects of religion and economics. This is why every thinking man and woman will find the book of absorbing interest.

All the characters are clearly and firmly drawn, and well individualized. We think, however, that David N. Beach must be a very good man, for, by the Lord Harry, he knows how to draw a bad one. He has given us a good example of badness in *Bonaparte Sharp*, a human bloodhound of

trade, with as much mercy as the asphalt that stretches on the street.

The work, which is a wholesome one, will clarify thought and tend to definiteness of opinion. It is printed in large, clear type on heavy paper, and the cover design is especially tasteful.

*The Pilgrim Press, Boston.*

#### WITH THE BIRDS: An Affectionate Study. By Caroline Eliza Hyde.

THIS is a short essay on birds to be read at one sitting. We are sorry the authoress did not give us more, for she has an engaging style.

The book takes the most commonly known birds in their alphabetical order and tells us where they are indigeneous and something of their history, looks, and habits.

We admire the tasteful sky-blue cover with its white-winged, migrant birds.

*Broadway Publishing Co., New York.*

#### THE TU-TZE TOWER. By Louise Betts Edwards.

THE publishers are to be congratulated on securing the copyright of this book, for it will indubitably make a stir in the reading world.

"The Tu-Tze Tower" is an unusual story, unusual in scene, characters, and theme—in truth, a story of more than ordinary merit.

The heroine, Winnifred Blaize, turns her back on "the world that wears monocles, uses electric transit, and dies of appendicitis," and faces Tibetwards on a trip of exploration. There this American woman, with her yellow eyes and soft manners, rouses the hot Oriental passion of Tu-Tze, the Tibetan ruler, and is herself eventually swept of her feet with the glowing tide of fire. It is another Desdemona and Othello with a happier ending.

In these days when so many "alliances" are "arranged," it is a good thing, now and then, to give Sir Primitive a hand in the game. It keeps the race from running entirely to head, and puts good, warm blood in Northern physiquies.

There is a keen vein of humor running through the book, which is chiefly personi-



fied in Emma Guthrie, the New England maid. Her quaint, shrewd sayings are irresistible.

*Henry T. Coates. Philadelphia.*

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BEGGAR.** By I. K. Friedman.

**T**HIS is the veritable "human document" of a beggar who has had many varied experiences, mendacious and mendacious.

In these pages, we follow the inexhaustible impositions, boundless impudences, and moving recitals of Hungry Henry, Deaf Dan, Blind Bill, One-Armed Jake, and a host of other greasy Bedouins of the streets who stake their fortunes on the poverty of their appearance.

The book is thoroughly amusing. That is all it sets out to be, but incidentally, will be a blessing to tired minds which wish to flee from care for a few hours.

The book will be a comfort also to many of us, in that it shows how people unlike ourselves, and totally unlike anything we want to be, may live happily—even jovially—under conditions that would kill us in something less than a week.

Be sure and read it.

*Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.*

**LOVE LETTERS OF MARGARET FULLER.**  
Introduction by Julia Ward Howe.

**F**MERSON, who knew Margaret Fuller intimately for ten years, says he never saw her without surprise at her new powers. Horace Greeley says she was the most remarkable, and in many respects, the greatest woman America has yet known.

In 1850, before setting sail for Italy with her husband and little son, Margaret Fuller wrote these apprehensive words to a friend: "I shall embark more composedly in our merchant-ship, praying fervently, indeed, that it may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea, either by unsoled illness, or amid howling waves; or, if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief."

On that voyage the boy became seriously ill, and lost his sight. Off the coast of New Jersey, all three were drowned together in the wreck of the barque *Elizabeth*.

The letters were written to James Goten-

dorf, formerly James Nathan, and are published now for the first time. They reveal a keen and cultured intellect, and the lofty ideals of a woman who lived with great thoughts. It is a volume whose sweets are to be sipped leisurely.

The cover is of heavy, snuff-colored canvas, with stamping of gold. Indeed, of good bookmaking, the whole volume is an excellent example.

*D. Appleton & Co., New York.*

**A COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY.** By John N. Tilden, M.A., M.D.

**I**N "The Tu-Tze Tower" reviewed on this page, the following words are written about the fascination of a map: "It is like the calling of the sea, or the artist's impulse to express; it suffuses the mind with its visions, and urges the heart with its promptings until the victim arises, like one in a trance, to set his feet in the roads his eyes have so often travelled."

If ever any maps contained this strangely irresistible fascination more than others, it is those of this new geography just hot from the Sanborn press of Boston. The geography is prepared with the object all sublime of instructing grammar-school pupils with a comprehensive knowledge of production and exchange of industries, and of the great staples as they exist to-day all over the world.

It teaches, too, what are the principal natural resources of the world, and where the great centres of manufacture are, and what contributes to commerce.

But this is the smallest part of its mission, for there is not a travel microbe in one's whole being that is not excited by the really wonderful charts that are given of the steamer, railway, and caravan routes, of the wind charts, and the cables with their connections. You want to travel under, through, and over them, and, perhaps, you will some day.

The maps are also colored to show the wheat, cotton, rice, tobacco, minerals, sugarcane, and wooded portions of the world.

The waters are colored according to the seasons that are open to navigation.

Every man interested in mercantile pursuits should have a copy of the book.

*Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston.*



EARLY MACKINAC. By Meade C. Williams.

THIS is the fourth edition of "Early Mackinac," and indubitably there will be more to follow, for the book not only meets a need, but meets it handsomely.

In its pages we find not only the fruit of unwearied industry and patient research, but a history that is as absorbing as a romance.

Whether the author is writing of legends, Indians, soldiers, *voyageurs*, fur-traders, physicians, missionaries, battles, or scenery, it is always with verve, and in a pithy, pointed, practical manner. Dr. Williams has a decided faculty for interpreting the commonplace.

Canadian readers will be specially interested in the chapters which pertain to the early occupation of this region by the British.

The Northern Navigation Co., of Sarnia, Ont., would confer a boon on the tourists they carry to Mackinac, if they recommended this book on their circulars.

*W. Tyrell Co., Toronto.*

JOLIFFE. By Maxwell Sommerville.

THE author of this book is Professor of Glyptology in the University of Pennsylvania, and is author of "Engraved Gems" and "Sands of Sahara."

The work before us is a study of the faith and religious sentiments of the people who live in meridional France. The author contends that all people have faith in some superhuman power, or in an object they have endued with divine attributes.

We deem the subject to be most important, and one well worthy the study of our best scientists, for faith does for the soul what the senses do for the natural life.

The author puts the incidents of faith into the mouths and actions of the peasants, gypsies, and other folk whom he meets on his travels, thus teaching us while he only seems to interest.

The book reads smoothly, and cannot fail to please. It contains some particularly fine colored plates.

*Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.*

### 'TEND TO YER KNITTIN'.

The greatest rule I've ever knew,  
W'ether 'twus spoke er writtin',  
No mattur what ye 'ply it to  
Is jest "'Tend to yer knittin'."

I hate the man who never keeps,  
In mannur rite an' fittin',  
His 'tention, when he ploughs er reaps,  
Jest 'tendin' to his knittin'.

If in a farmin' way ye be  
Er in a office sittin',  
Jest take this here advice frum me,  
Keep 'tendin' to yer knittin'.

Perhaps y've chose to keep a store  
Yer way uv money gittin',  
I 'dvice ye same's I done before  
Be 'tendin' to yer knittin'.

An' so I tell ye oncet agin  
Mind dogs if ye've ben bitten,  
But here's the most important thing,  
Keep 'tendin' to yer knittin'.

JAS. P. HAVERSON.



S U P P L E M E N T  
of The  
NATIONAL MONTHLY  
OF CANADA

THE LISZT PIANO COMPANY

FRANZ LISZT, "the Paganini of the piano," was a Hungarian, and the possessor of marvellous musical gifts. His career was a perpetual series of triumphs throughout the capitals of the world. He was also an industrious original contributor to musical literature.

The new piano company of Toronto could not have selected a more apt or fitting name under which to do business.

Talking to the head of the firm the other day, he said, "Pianos are no longer a luxury in the home. They are a necessity, and no home can be considered complete without one.

All over Canada, there has taken place of late a great musical awakening, and before many years our Dominion will make for herself a musical status among the nations.

The public schools, churches, and conservatories of music are making strenuous endeavors to instill a knowledge and enthusiasm for music into our people, and these efforts are being rewarded by a marked improvement in the musical standard. This means more than mere superficial knowledge and technique. It means culture and refinement in the home and nation, for music is the most emotional and the most spiritual of all the arts.

To meet this increasing musical interest in Canada, it is our aim to *turn out a piano perfect in every particular*—in tone, touch, durability, design, and finish.

When our patrons are ready to invest in a Liszt piano, we will give them an instrument that is *first-class*. We emphasize "first-class" because it is a comprehensive

phrase, and one that expresses exactly what we mean. We aim not only to excel, but to lead."

After a thorough examination of the Liszt piano, I concluded that the head of the firm had in no way overstepped the mark. The pianos are all he claims for them.

The action of this superb instrument is the very best that money can procure. The touch is light, prompt, responsive from the lowest note to the highest, and the tone, which is nicely balanced, is pure, full, and sonorous. The treble is exceedingly brilliant, without a trace of harshness.

John Philip Sousa was entirely correct when he said in his novelette, entitled "The Fifth String:" "I never hear a pianist, however, great or famous, but I see the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. I never hear the plaudits of the crowd for the artist, and watch him return to bow his thanks, but I mentally demand that these little acrobats, each resting on an individual pedestal, and weary from his efforts, shall appear and receive a share of the applause."

The case of the Liszt Upright Grand is double-veneered with mahogany or walnut, and is a gem of the piano-maker's art. The back is of hardwood, finished in oil, and the music desk is a full swing front.

In design, this piano is a modified colonial—plain, yet strikingly beautiful and artistic in appearance—one well calculated to adorn any home.

The piano has a full metal board, overstrung scale, trichord, 7 1-3 octaves, ivory keys, ebony sharps, and three pedals with non-squeakable action.

Each instrument is supervised by rigid



experts in every department, so that the purchasers of the Liszt may rely upon each piano being perfect in every respect.

The men at the head of this firm are personally known to us. They are men of brain power as well as horse power—alert, energetic men who mean what they say and say what they mean—men of actuality and

practicality. Above all, they have made a success of every business venture they have undertaken.

Here's to the pluck of the Liszt Company, managers, workmen, and agents! May every success await you, gentlemen!

For particulars apply to the Liszt Piano Co., 190 Wright Ave., Toronto.

## SWORN STATEMENT

DOMINION OF CANADA,

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO,

COUNTY OF YORK.

I, William Briggs, Book Steward of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, of the City of Toronto, and County of York, do solemnly declare that I am doing business in the City of Toronto; that said House prints the magazine known as THE NATIONAL MONTHLY of Canada for Joseph Phillips; and that I personally know that the number of copies of the October, 1903, issue of that magazine printed was 22,000.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1893."

Declared before me in the City of Toronto,  
in the County of York, this 7th day of  
October, 1903.

ALF. W. BRIGGS,  
*A Commissioner, &c.*

WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
*Book Steward.*  
METHODIST BOOK AND PUB. HOUSE,  
TORONTO, ONT.

I, George D. Case, of the City of Toronto, and County of York, do solemnly declare that I am Manager of the Mailing Department of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY of Canada; and that circulation of said magazine for the month of October, 1903, was 21,385 copies.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1893."

Declared before me in the City of Toronto,  
in the County of York, this 20th day  
of October, 1903.

W. H. HUNTER,  
*A Commissioner, &c.*

G. D. CASE.



*The*  
**NATIONAL MONTHLY  
OF CANADA**

**CONTENTS, VOLUME II.**

(First Three Numbers)

**JANUARY, 1903**

Current Comments  
The Utilization of Natural Resources  
The Levelling of Hodgson's Summer Island  
The Man Who Did Not Swear  
A Message from Benedictus Levita  
The Impressions of Janey Canuck Abroad  
Literature: Of Interest to Ladies: Home Department

**FEBRUARY, 1903**

Comments on Current Events  
Current Events  
A Paolo of the Pine Lands  
The Fencing-Master  
In Time of Need  
The Impressions of Janey Canuck Abroad  
Of Interest to Ladies  
Home Department: Financial

**MARCH 1903**

Current Comments  
The Spirit of the North  
His Sweetheart  
"Pickles" and the Election  
Rainy Weather  
Borrowed Plumes  
The Impressions of Janey Canuck Abroad  
Of Interest to Ladies  
Household Economy  
Home Department: Literature: Financial

**Any of the above numbers will be supplied by applying  
to Publisher, 245 Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto**

**SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS**